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Early Times at Northeastern

Duke Frederick

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**EARLY TIMES AT
NORTHEASTERN**

duke frederick





**EARLY TIMES AT
NORTHEASTERN:**

A MEMOIR

By DUKE FREDERICK

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EARLY YEARS
MEDICAL CARE
A MEMOIR
BY DUKE FREDERICK

To President Williams
With best wishes and
high hopes for the future.

Duke Frederick
May 12, 1977

FOREWORD

I am pleased to have the opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Duke Frederick for writing this memoir even though, in all honesty, I must state that his interpretation of my role is far too generous. The timing for such recollection is right. If the memoir had been written earlier it might have been too much influenced by the emotions associated with rapid change. Written later, it might have been subject to what Professor Robin Winks has called "the mischief wrought by time." As it is, the memories are still fresh, the pictures clear. The interpretations are more measured. The villains, with the passage of time, have become a little less villainous, the heroes just a shade less heroic. What seemed high drama against a background of tragedy now looks more like frustration with some overtones of humor. What seemed at the time so original and creative now appears to have followed rather naturally, even inevitably. The pictures of events are still sharp, but the quick judgments are somewhat blurred.

Early Times at Northeastern will jog the memories of those who have shared all or part of the author's experiences. Some will have other interpretations of the events recounted. Each of us looks at the action through a personal set of lenses which focus on the aspects of the scene he regards as most important. I think that most readers will agree that the major events are faithfully reported and the differences in perspective only add to the pleasure of reminiscence.

For those who came after the period of this memoir, it will serve as an important addition to background material. To know what Northeastern is and what it can be, it is necessary to know what it was. Duke clearly states his disclaimer - this is not historical research - but he is a good historian and sees with trained eyes. It is not, and is not meant to be, an organized, objective presentation of all available data. It is a series of pictures - personal, warm and vivid - which may give a newcomer the feeling of the past better than a definitive history could.

Duke deserves our thanks for taking this initiative. As one would expect from Duke, the memoir is well written and reflects his personal conversational style. Some who read it can perhaps best express their thanks to Duke by sharing with others their perspectives on early times at Northeastern.

J. M. Sachs
President Emeritus

I.

A couple of recent experiences have given me a strong impulse to write something about the ancient history of Northeastern Illinois University and its various predecessor institutions. One of these experiences was the fifteenth anniversary dinner, commemorating the opening of the present campus in 1961. Some thirty-five survivors gathered at Monastero's Restaurant for food, drink, and nostalgic talk. Miroslav Samchyshin, the chief organizer of the tenth anniversary party in 1971, was also involved in this one, but Ely Liebow was in charge of arrangements. During the course of the evening, Ely called on me to make some remarks. It was completely unexpected, and I had prepared nothing at all. But it was easy to talk ad lib for ten or fifteen minutes about those stirring days, and in fact I could have gone on for hours. Still, it didn't come out exactly the way I would have wished. I probably said some things I shouldn't have, and left out some things that should have been said.

Several days later, in an extended conversation with two members of the administration, I found myself answering questions about those early days again. One of the administrators said he felt he knew too little about the university's history, and that he needed a "usable past" to understand some of the problems of the present.

So, I decided to write something about the past of this university. I'm not sure how usable it will be. I'm doing it mostly for my own amusement, and to try to sort out things for myself. Probably what I write will be interesting only to a small number of people who may remember, in different detail and with differing emphasis, some of these events.

What follows should not be confused with formal history. I have done little research. This is a memoir, not a history. I've talked informally with some of the people who also lived through it, but that's about the extent of my research. The rest is what I remember.

Another speaker at the anniversary dinner was Jerry Sachs. He concluded his brief remarks with the most appropriate, and most poignant, suggestion of the evening: that we drink to the memory of Gus Ziagos. Those who were lucky enough to know Gus know that he was the gentlest of men, who could find something good to say about just about anyone, and who seldom, if ever, permitted himself to say anything bad or unkind about anyone. That's an ideal of conduct that I have never attained, and can't hope to. But to the extent permitted by my limitations, I want to write these recollections in that spirit.

II.

The institutional heritage of Northeastern goes back to the 1860's (I don't remember this part). Our earliest forebear was the Cook County Normal School, which eventually evolved into Chicago Teachers College.

In the 1930's, during the Great Depression, and even into the 1940's, Chicago Teachers College had a monopoly on the preparation of teachers for the Chicago public school system. To get a job teaching in the Chicago system, you had to be a graduate of CTC. Jobs were scarce. Teaching jobs in the Chicago system were coveted, even though there were years when teachers weren't paid. To get into Chicago Teachers College, you had to have a recommendation from your Ward Committeeman. This situation lasted until after World War II. In the late

1940's there was a big scandal in the Chicago school system, and then a comprehensive reform. CTC lost its monopoly.

Until the early 1950's, Chicago Teachers College was strictly a South Side school. The campus was located at 68th and Stewart, in a complex of buildings CTC shared with Woodrow Wilson Junior College (now known as Kennedy-King Community College). But in the early 1950's CTC expanded by establishing a North Side Branch. At first it was located at Schurz High School. A couple of years later it was moved to Sabin Elementary School, at 2216 West Hirsch Street.

III.

My connection with Chicago Teachers College started in 1956. In the summer of that year I joyfully accepted an offer of a job on the Sabin faculty, to begin in September.

For the past two years I had been on the faculty of General Beadle State Teachers College, at Madison, South Dakota. That was my first teaching job. General Beadle was a small college, with a student body of substantially fewer than 500, mostly girls, and a faculty of something like thirty-five. We taught a sixteen-hour load, on a quarter system. If you were lucky you might get to teach in summer school, for \$700. Summer school classes began at 7:00 A.M.

At General Beadle I was a one-man history department. During my two years there I taught Modern Europe, Western Civilization (cave men to the present), U. S. History, History of England, History of Latin America, History of the Far East, and a required course in current events, for which the required reading was *Time* magazine. I also served on faculty committees, and was expected to help chaperon college dances and attend all basketball and football games. (Neal Tremble, present Director of Athletics at Northeastern, was the football coach at General Beadle during my second year there.)

There were some fine, intelligent, friendly people on the faculty at General Beadle, and I had some really excellent students. Teaching all those courses, with a couple of new preparations every quarter, was no doubt good experience. Still, after two years there I was ready to leave. Madison was a town of 6,000. The atmosphere was straitlaced. For my first few months there I always went to Wentworth or Howard, the nearest towns to the east and west, if I wanted to buy liquor, or even a six-pack of beer, but I later decided this was ridiculous and bought it in Madison. Politically, the town was quite conservative. It was the home town of Senator Karl Mundt, who had once been the college speech teacher and debate coach, and had been one of the leading apologists for Senator Joe McCarthy. (George McGovern was already secretary of the Democratic Party in South Dakota, but he hadn't gotten around to organizing Madison yet.) The nearest good-sized town was Sioux Falls, population 50,000, fifty miles away. The weather was extremely hot during the short summer, and unbelievably cold in winter, which lasted from early November to late April, at least. During my second year at General Beadle I got a raise, to \$4,300 per year.

These details about my pre-CTC life are not important in the history of Northeastern, but may help explain why I jumped at the chance of a job at Sabin. I would have come for my General Beadle salary, but, wonder of wonders, I was offered the princely sum of \$6,000 per year, with the possibility of being able to teach summer school at my regular salary rate.

IV.

Chicago Teachers College was under the control of the Board of Education of the City of Chicago. Formally at least, the president of the college was the Superintendent of the Chicago school system, who was, in 1956 and for some years thereafter, Benjamin C. Willis. The operating head of the college was Dean Raymond Cook. (Dean Cook had a little joke about his name and the prospective name of the soon-to-be-enlarged college. He thought the Detroit-Wayne County precedent, naming the college for the county instead of the city, should be followed in Chicago, too: Cook College.)

Dean Cook was a portly, white-haired, red-faced man, with an easy manner and a sardonic way of speaking. I always liked Dean Cook, partly because he was a Civil War buff, so that we had something to talk about other than college affairs. He had a hard and frustrating job, I'm sure, dealing with the Board bureaucracy and the domineering superintendent. He ran a fairly big operation. CTC had several thousand students, and a faculty that probably numbered a couple of hundred. CTC still, in spite of the loss of its monopoly, prepared the vast majority of Chicago public school teachers.

The main location, the South Campus, was obviously Dean Cook's chief concern. But he took a keen interest in expansion on the North Side. I think he hoped, eventually, to preside over a much bigger, city-wide system of teachers colleges, or possibly even a city university with a number of campuses.

V.

Sabin School, built at the turn of the century, was a dingy, buff brick, nondescript building in a decaying neighborhood not far from the corner of North and Western. The concrete and cinder playground, surrounded by a high iron fence, had been converted into a parking lot for the faculty.

Physically, nothing had been done to change the building from its former purpose. It was an elementary school. The water fountains were about knee-high. The desks in the classrooms were elementary-school-sized. The ceilings were very high, and the halls quite wide. The main feature of the building was a huge auditorium, complete with a big stage and a balcony, and with miserable acoustics. On the second floor was a gymnasium, big enough to hold a basketball court; the floor of the gym sagged.

There were no provisions for the usual kind of faculty or administrative offices. The assistant dean in charge and the rest of the administration occupied the former principal's office. The faculty of the Social Sciences Department, the Music Department, the Psychology Department, and the Education Department had a classroom on the second floor for office space, and English, Art, and Science had another classroom on the third floor. Each faculty member had a desk, but there was no privacy at all for work or reading or counseling students.

There was a kitchen and cafeteria and a small faculty dining room on the first floor. Faculty meetings were held in the faculty dining room.

Cramped and inadequate as the building was, it wasn't all ours. We shared it, for a time at least. Overflow classes from Tuley High School (now known as Roberto Clemente High School) met in a couple of rooms on the first floor.

Ben Lease once complained that the janitor's broom closet was bigger than the space available for editing and publishing the school newspaper.

VI.

Raoul Haas, one of the original pioneers at Schurz High School, was Assistant Dean in Charge at Sabin.

Raoul's assistant was John Pfau. John got me my job at Sabin. He and I had been fellow graduate students in the History Department at the University of Chicago in the late 1940's and early '50's. John had finished his Ph.D., and got a job at the Teachers College. (I was an A.B.D.)

John went off to establish the branch at Foreman High School not too long after I arrived at Sabin. A couple of years later he left for California, and now he's president of California State College at San Bernardino.

Without downgrading or disparaging anyone else at all, I have to say that John Pfau was the best academic administrator I've ever encountered, anywhere. He had an almost uncanny ability to get things done. He could work through or around the Board of Education bureaucracy like no one else I've ever seen. But the great thing about John was that he never forgot the purpose of academic administration. He never fell into the error of regarding administration as a thing or end in itself. He worked for the faculty, not against it. He was our friend, not our enemy. His reward was the absolutely undivided loyalty and support of the faculty.

Conditions for the faculty at Sabin were not exactly ideal. We had to sign in and out on a time sheet, six hours a day, five days a week, just like other teachers in the Chicago school system. The normal teaching load was fifteen hours. There was no faculty ranking system. We were all instructors, or "teachers." Pay differentials were based upon longevity and education. Your salary varied: M.A.; M.A. plus 36 hours beyond the M.A.; Ph.D. There was an annual longevity raise of \$20 per month.

The tenure system for the faculty was also peculiar. We were under the same system as the other teachers in the Chicago schools. After a probationary period (normally it was three years, I believe, and the experience at other schools could be counted in the three years), you were supposed to take a written examination, which was devised and administered by the Board of Education. If you passed the written exam, then you took an oral exam, at which you were quizzed by a group of people chosen by the Board. It was reminiscent of a Ph.D. oral prelim, except that instead of being grilled by a group of senior professors in your own field, who presumably knew something about you and your work, you had to satisfy a bunch of strangers who were probably from other fields and specialties, mostly likely from Education. Actually, it seems to have been a personality test, designed to weed out those the examiners deemed temperamentally unfit to be teachers.

This was a tenure system that seemed to us to be entirely inappropriate for a college, and a violation of the customs and usages of the academic profession. Still, it was, perhaps, better than nothing. If you successfully jumped these hurdles, you became a "certified" teacher in the Chicago system, and had what amounted to tenure.

The trouble was that, for a year or so before I arrived at Sabin and for several years thereafter, the examination for college teachers was not offered by the Board, for reasons that escape me. So, probably a third to a half of the Sabin faculty didn't have tenure, and had little prospect of acquiring it any time

soon. We felt vulnerable. It wasn't that we felt threatened by Raoul Haas, or even by Dean Cook. But we did feel that the Chicago Board of Education, under Superintendent Willis, could be and often was arbitrary and capricious, and that further, Dr. Willis and his bureaucracy had little understanding of higher education, and no intention of listening to us or taking us into account.

VII.

At General Beadle I had been a one-man history department. At Sabin I was part of a three-man Social Sciences Department. My colleagues were John Pfau (who also had administrative duties, and left to prepare for the opening of the Foreman Branch early in 1957) and Ellsworth Faris. We were all historians, but we had to teach all the other social science subjects as well. I gradually took over American history from John, and Ellsworth did the European history. But John also taught geography (until he left for Foreman), Ellsworth did sociology, and I taught political science. After John departed, Ellsworth switched to geography, I did sociology, and we got a political scientist in the fall of 1957 (though I sometimes taught American Government in the evening even after that, until the new campus was opened in 1961).

Ellsworth's father was a famous sociologist, so perhaps he had learned some sociology by a kind of educational osmosis. I had taken some political science in graduate school, though not with the thought of ever teaching the subject. But I had never taken a course in sociology in my whole life. The fact that I nevertheless had to teach it illustrates another of the facts of life of that period.

My magnificent salary of \$6,000 for a ten-month year turned out to be barely sufficient for my needs. I had to teach summer school or go on short rations. Summer school in those days paid twenty percent of base salary. The problem was that sometimes there was a shortage of summer school jobs. Such was the case in my first summer at Sabin, 1957.

Actually, I could have taught summer school at Sabin, except that I got bumped by a faculty member with more seniority. In fact he was not a regular member of the Social Sciences Department. He was a temporary member of the Education Department, a man who had passed the principal's examination and was waiting for an assignment. (This is an aspect of life at Sabin that I'll go into later.) Still, he claimed he could teach American history and political science, and he had longer service at Sabin than I, so he got the job.

But I learned that there was a job available at the South Campus teaching American history and sociology, so in order to pay the rent and the grocery bill I took it. I asked Ellsworth Faris for suggestions, and did some fast reading, but in the end it came down to staying one chapter ahead of the students as we went through the textbook. I can look back on it now and realize that it was a good experience, broadened my intellectual horizons, and probably made me a better history teacher. Those blessings were not, however, so apparent that summer as I stayed up late every night cramming for the next day's class, wondering if I would have enough to get through the two-hour period.

Anyway, that's how I started teaching sociology. If I hadn't taught that, I would have had to learn and teach geography, and I had never had a course in that either. At CTC, you had to be adaptable in order to survive.

VIII.

A year after I started at Sabin, in the fall of 1957, the Foreman Branch opened, with John Pfau as Assistant Dean in Charge. Foreman High School is on the northwest side, appropriately located on School Street, near the corner of Belmont and Laramie. Physically, it was a big improvement on Sabin. The building was much newer, in better shape, better maintained, and in a much more pleasant neighborhood.

CTC had a wing of the third floor. We still didn't have individual faculty offices, but the situation never seemed as depressing at Foreman as at Sabin. Everything was brighter and cheerier, and there weren't as many faculty members anyway.

Another cause for cheer at Foreman was the dining room. The Foreman High School dining room was spectacular living proof that institutional food can be good food. The manager, Mrs. Pieschke, was simply a genius. Every day she served delicious food, remarkably varied, attractively presented, reasonably priced. She made a special effort to please the college faculty, no doubt in part because John Pfau had established friendly relations with her, and also because of our enthusiastic appreciation of her work. She was always ready to provide special delicacies for college functions, even if they were held outside regular dining room hours. If she could have served wine you might almost have thought you were eating in a restaurant that catered to the gourmet trade.

(The dining room at Foreman was especially remarkable when compared to the lunchroom at Sabin, which was crowded, noisy, and served food that ranged from bad to mediocre. We had a succession of managers. The one I remember best was a loud uncouth woman we called Big Bertha. The sight of Big Bertha, dressed in a soiled white uniform, standing over the steam table, dripping sweat into the mashed potatoes, is a memory that will always linger, I'm afraid.)

Foreman was always a smaller operation than Sabin. I'm not sure why this was the case, but it may have been space limitations. At any rate, everyone who was connected with Foreman had good feelings about it, and the pleasant memories still remain. I'm sure John Pfau's leadership was the chief reason. John left after a couple of years for Chico State College, in California, but no doubt the pattern he established was continued by Maurie Guysenir, who succeeded him.

The big drawback to the opening of the Foreman Branch was that the faculty, especially at first, also taught classes at Sabin, and the two places are widely separated. Some days we had classes at both campuses, and this meant a long drive across the city in heavy traffic. Whenever I could, because I needed the money, I also taught an evening class at one of the junior colleges, usually Amundsen, at Foster and Damen. Some days, I drove from my apartment in Hyde Park to Sabin, then to Foreman, back to Sabin, and then to Amundsen, and finally back to Hyde Park. We didn't get a mileage allowance, either. And the expressway system hadn't yet been built.

After a couple of years the Foreman Branch took on a more separate identity and existence, with pretty much its own faculty. Most and finally all of my teaching program was at Sabin in the last couple of years before the new campus opened.

IX.

The faculty at Sabin was always small, never much over forty. Small as it was, it was divided into several categories. The most obvious division was between the old-timers who had come to Sabin from the South Side, and the newcomers like me. In addition to Raoul, John, and Ellsworth, the South Siders included Charlie Moran in math, Bob Goldberg, Art Scharf, and Bob Betz in biology, Bill Groenier in chemistry, Jackie Krump in English, and Gus Ziagos and Louise Christensen in physical education. Actually, though, there was very little conflict between these two groups. Probably the main difference was that some of the old-timers (though not necessarily the ones I've named) had a greater tendency than did the newcomers to accept conditions at Sabin as they found them: they probably complained less about such things as signing the time sheet, or the tenure system.

Another division, and one of somewhat greater importance, was between the faculty in the liberal arts and those in education. We were, after all, a teachers college, and the only degrees we granted were the B.Ed. and the M.Ed. There was a rather heavy requirement for courses in education. The education people, naturally enough, defended this, but the rest of us were critical of what we sometimes referred to privately as Mickey Mouse courses. We wanted to de-emphasize education courses and requirements at the expense of the arts and sciences. Ultimately, we hoped that the college would offer a regular B.A. and M.A., and become a "real" college.

One anomalous and sometimes discordant element on the faculty consisted of the principals. These were people, such as the man who bumped me out of a summer school job at Sabin, who had passed the principal's examination, but hadn't yet been assigned to schools. I don't know why the Teachers College was considered to be an appropriate place for them to wait until their regular jobs opened up, except possibly that Chicago public school principals were *ipso facto* considered to be experts in all things, and therefore capable of teaching anything. There were never more than two or three of them on the faculty at a time, but some of them stayed more than a year. Some of us resented their presence, no doubt for symbolic reasons: They were a constant reminder that we were only a small part of a system that included many elementary and secondary schools, which were probably valued more highly by the system than we were.

Another distinction, rather more subtle than the others: some of us--it would probably be an oversimplification to call us the University of Chicago crowd--had dreams of turning the North Side branches into a real honest-to-God first class college, a kind of public version of the University of Chicago, on a somewhat more modest scale, perhaps, but based on the same kinds of ideas and standards. This was, however, just a dream for the future. Obviously it would have to wait until Ben Willis retired as Superintendent of Schools, since he didn't seem to be interested in such matters. Or possibly, one day, the state of Illinois could take over and use the North Side branches as a nucleus for such a development.

This attitude, this belief that we ought to settle for nothing less than the best, may be illustrated by an incident I remember from around 1957. Another man who joined the faculty when I did, in 1956, was Henry Natunewicz, who was in the Psychology Department. He had gone to Harvard, and had a Ph.D. from Columbia. He was somewhat eccentric, and had a reputation for giving very difficult exams. Like all of us, he taught night classes which were made up mostly of Chicago public school teachers who had worked all day, and some of

whom didn't want to do much work in their evening classes. One evening in our communal office I couldn't help overhear Natunewicz defending himself against the objections of a teacher-student who claimed the standards and requirements were too high, and at one point exclaimed, "Dr. Natunewicz, this isn't the Ivy League!" I was proud of the reply: "Sir, wherever I am, there is the Ivy League!" Although I never said it, I liked to think that wherever John Pfau and Ellsworth Faris and Ben Lease and I were, there was the University of Chicago. There were some really excellent people on the faculty too who weren't from the University of Chicago, but would have been assets to any good college faculty. So, while we taught fifteen or sometimes eighteen hour loads, signed in and out on the time sheet, shared huge communal offices, drove back and forth between Sabin and Foreman, had no faculty rank and no proper tenure system, had little voice in college government, and seemed to be often-forgotten stepchildren in the Chicago public school system, we could still dream of better days to come.

X.

A college, properly considered, consists of its faculty, its library and its students. The faculty was a mixed bag, with some excellent people, some average, and some deadwood. The library, in early Sabin days, was pretty much a joke. It was located, like everything else, in a former classroom. There were only a pitifully few volumes. Reading space was entirely inadequate. The whole thing was simply nowhere near the minimum standards for a college. Even the library at General Beadle was like the Library of Congress by comparison with what we had at Sabin when I first went there. The only way Sabin could be accredited by the North Central Association was to count it as part of the Teachers College on the South Side, which did have an adequate library.

These inadequacies in no way reflected, however, the abilities and dedication of the librarian, Lucien Palmieri, who came to Sabin at the same time I did. Lucien was a small, wiry Bostonian, with a huge black moustache. (Moustaches were uncommon in those days; Lucien and I had the only ones on the faculty.) He had an elliptical manner of speaking, in a thick Boston accent. He had a Ph.D. in philosophy, and in fact published a textbook in symbolic logic when he was at Sabin, but had concluded some years earlier that he could make a better living as a librarian, and got a degree in library science.

Lucien struggled valiantly with an almost impossible situation. Certainly he improved things, and laid the basis for a good library sometime in the future. But the handicaps seemed just about insurmountable for any immediate future. It was impossible to do much within the basic limitations, which included not only the space available, but also entirely too little money, since we got a small portion of the total appropriated for the entire Teachers College. While we were at Sabin, the library remained small and inadequate.

XI.

The student body at Sabin was sharply divided into two groups, day students and night students. The day students came mostly from the North and West Side of Chicago, with a few from the north and west suburbs. Unlike the South Side Teachers College, which had a student body that was forty or fifty percent black, nearly all the Sabin students were white. It should be recalled that in those days the West Side was still largely white; the great transformation that has by now made the West Side predominantly black had barely begun.

Though the term had not then become trendy, most of our day students were what would now be called "ethnics." They were Irish, Polish, Italian, German, Czech, Greek, Jewish. Many of them were from working class or lower middle class families. I think nearly all of them were the first members of their families to attend college. Some had apparently never been very far away from the neighborhoods in which they had been born and reared. A few, though they had lived in Chicago all their lives, had never been to the Loop, and had never seen Lake Michigan.

I don't have any exact figures on it, but a high percentage of these students were Roman Catholic, with considerably smaller proportions who were Eastern or Greek Orthodox and Jewish. A high proportion of the Roman Catholics had gone to parochial elementary and high schools. Those were the days before Pope John and the Vatican Council reforms. Also, the Cold War was still very much a reality, and the traumas of the era of McCarthyism weren't very far in the past. The Catholic Church stood in adamant opposition, both actual and symbolic, to Communism, but also to anything else that could be conceived as even remotely resembling Communism. It is my strong impression, gained in large part from my experience with the Catholic students we had at Sabin, that the parochial schools of that time taught a very narrow and restrictive "party line" on the social sciences and history, that they were in fact strongholds of reactionary thinking and teaching.

Those students who had attended public high schools suffered from another serious handicap, as far as I was concerned. Many of them, perhaps most of them, hated history. They thought history was dull, boring, that the study of history consisted of memorizing long lists of names and dates that had little or no relevance to themselves or their lives. American history was a required subject for prospective teachers in the Chicago system, and many students groaned at the thought of having to take it. Apparently this was the result of some appallingly bad teaching in the high schools. Well, at least teaching these students history was a challenge.

Students looked different in those days. They were much neater and better-groomed. The boys wore sweaters or sport jackets, and many of them actually wore ties. They had neat haircuts. The girls wore blouses or sweaters with skirts, and, many of them, nylon hose. Seldom did they appear in slacks or pants, except perhaps in very cold weather. But in late spring or summer some of the girls would appear in class wearing shorts, and this, beginning around 1957, precipitated a crisis. One male faculty member, who shall be nameless here, was shocked by the spectacle of girl students wearing shorts to class. In a faculty meeting he proposed that a rule be adopted forbidding the practice. After some rather hilarious debate, his motion lost. But every spring thereafter, until we moved to the present campus, he brought the subject up, always with the same result. (During one of these annual debates, the question of "long shorts" and "short shorts" came up. Ely Liebow proposed an amendment to the original motion, the amendment being to ban only the wearing of long Bermuda-type shorts.)

In addition to the educational handicaps some of these students had to overcome, many of them worked at part-time or even full-time jobs. Some of them also faced parental indifference or even hostility to the idea of going to college. Those who drove cars to work had no place to park them except the streets around Sabin. And they knew as well as we did that they were attending college in an unsuitable building with inadequate facilities.

The night students were an altogether different set of people. Nearly all of them were Chicago public school teachers who were either working on masters degrees or else accumulating hours beyond the M.A. or M.Ed. so they could move into the next higher salary bracket.

They came to class after putting in a full day teaching. Some of them had difficulty staying awake during the typical three-hour classes. Some seemed to expect free rides, with high grades for minimal work, like the man who tried to tell Natunewicz he wasn't in the Ivy League; after all, they were saying, we're all in the system and should take care of each other. But many of them were excellent students who were willing to work hard and were quite serious about learning more about their subjects. Sometimes, a night class could be a real joy to teach, but some were a drag. It was all very chancy.

Different as they were, these two student bodies had at least one thing in common: they were all, to use the jargon of sociology, upward mobile. In one way or another they embodied the Puritan work ethic. They were struggling, some of them against heavy odds, to better themselves.

XII.

Much of what I've written sounds very grim: an overworked and underpaid faculty, a huge system over which we had little influence and no control, no rank, uncertainties over tenure, unsuitable facilities, an inadequate library, a student body much of which was not properly prepared for college work.

The remarkable thing about the experience is this: just about everyone I've talked to about it, both faculty and students, looks back upon those days at Sabin and Foreman with nostalgic affection, even, almost, longing. For example, the other day I had occasion to get in touch with my Horace Mann Insurance agent. He reminded me that he had been in my American history class at Sabin, and suddenly, yes I remembered him. He told me that he and a half-dozen others who were there then, regularly get together to talk over and re-live those days. And, without exception, other students from Sabin and Foreman that I've talked with have positive and affectionate memories of their experiences there; they feel that, although there were problems, still they got an education anyway.

By and large, the same attitude seems to be held by the faculty who were there. Things were terrible, and yet we had something there that has long since been lost.

Part of the explanation must be that we were so few, and so everyone knew everyone else. We could be, and were, what the sociologists call a primary group. The problems that beset us seemed to bring us closer together. I don't mean that we were always just one big happy family, with no conflicts at all. Conflicts and disputes there were, but they never seemed to get out of hand. I am simply not aware that, until the very end, there was any of the backstabbing that sometimes occurs on college faculties.

We were also a lot closer to the students than than can be possible with a student body of thousands. The student-faculty ratio was high, but still the students were few enough that we could know them all. At commencement it almost never happened that a student walked up to get his diploma who was a stranger to any of the faculty. And surprisingly few times did I watch a student receive his diploma and say to myself, "My God, is that one going out of here to teach?"

Small size also contributed to good morale in that on the local level we weren't heavily bureaucratized. At Sabin and Foreman we didn't have a huge array of administrators and clerks operating an impersonal system. Raoul Haas and John Pfau did much of the work themselves. Within the limitations of the Board system and rules, they both worked in a fair and humane way. The other administrator we were most concerned with was the registrar. A year or so after I went to Sabin, Dolores Petty replaced Louise Christensen as women's P. E. teacher, and Louise became registrar. She did a fine job, always managing to be fair, impartial, and flexible, and never attempting to usurp the functions or prerogatives of the faculty.

We had to teach a heavy load, and much of our work was in fairly basic stuff. Still, it was possible to pursue your special interests, and we were encouraged to do so. It was at Sabin that I first began to develop in a serious way my ideas on the Civil War and Reconstruction. I worked up a course on the subject which I offered several times. Others were doing similar things.

Small size and a sympathetic administration were important circumstances that permitted Sabin to become a sort of hotbed of interdisciplinary teaching and thinking. For those of us who came out of a University of Chicago background, this was a natural development: we knew about, and some had experience with, such interdisciplinary committees as Human Development, History of Culture, Social Thought, and Planning. We couldn't do anything as ambitious as that. But what could be done was to schedule a group of students into coordinated classes in Western Civilization, Introduction to Literature, and Introduction to Art, and run them in such a way as to show the relationships between the various subjects. Ellsworth Faris, Ben Lease, and Leo Segedin were the spark-plugs of this. There were also efforts to coordinate classes in American history and American government and politics.

Interdisciplinary thinking and experience also affected the way some of us taught our individual courses. Ellsworth Faris, when he taught the sociology survey, brought in materials, including a series of Chicago ward maps, that related patterns of urban settlement to political behavior, in what amounted to an ecological approach. I borrowed this material, including the maps, when I took over sociology. The fact that I taught sociology influenced the way I taught American government, as well as American history. My daily companions on the faculty included people from English, art, music, psychology, and education.

From this interdisciplinary contact emerged the faculty seminar. I don't remember who first had the idea; it probably just occurred simultaneously, an idea whose time had come, to various people that it would be a good thing to have interested faculty meet to read and discuss papers on what we were doing and thinking about. Some were working on dissertations, and welcomed the opportunity to tell others what they were doing. Some were doing various kinds of post-doctoral work. Others, like me, were looking around for manageable dissertation topics, and needed to refine and define our notions. (I had abandoned a previous partially-finished dissertation, largely because my major professor had retired.)

A meeting of the faculty seminar was both a social and intellectual occasion. We met at a restaurant such as the Como Inn on Milwaukee Avenue, or Ricketts on the Near North Side, had cocktails and dinner, and then listened to and discussed a paper. Among those I particularly remember were one by Leo Segedin on modern art, one by Lucien Palmieri on John Dewey's philosophy of educa-

tion, and one by Courtney Lawson on *Finnegans Wake*. I did one which was an attempt to fit the Civil War and Reconstruction into the analytical framework Crane Brinton developed in *The Anatomy of Revolution*.

The faculty seminar didn't meet on a regular schedule, but it worked out that we met once or twice each semester at least for the last two or three years at Sabin. Attendance was remarkable; more than half the faculty always came, along with their spouses. On one occasion we used the faculty seminar to try to make some points with the Board of Education. One member of the Board, a prominent businessman, seemed to have some interest in and knowledge of higher education, so we invited him as a special guest, hoping that we would thereby acquire a friend who would at least be aware of us, and perhaps put in a good word for us on the Board. He seemed favorably impressed with us, but I'm not sure there were any tangible effects.

XIII.

The situation of the faculty did improve somewhat in the years from 1956 to 1961. We had an elected Faculty Council which took an increasingly assertive position on questions involving the rights of the faculty. Around 1958 some of us at both the North Side branches and at the main campus organized a chapter of the AAUP, and began to agitate for recognition and adoption by the Board of Education of the AAUP principles concerning the proper role of the faculty in governing the college.

On one occasion we even gained a significant victory in a case involving proper notice to a faculty member who was being terminated. One man at Sabin who, like me and numerous others, hadn't been "certified" and so didn't have tenure was told sometime around the end of May that he wouldn't be needed during the following academic year. This was obviously a blatant violation of AAUP standards, as well as totally inhumane, so the faculty councils at both campuses took up the man's cause, protested to Superintendent Willis and the Board, prepared to mount a publicity campaign, and threatened to call in the national office of the AAUP. Somewhat to our surprise, the Board backed down and agreed to extend the man's contract for another year. (As I recall, Sargent Shriver was chairman of the Board of Education at the time; possibly he was a good influence. We did address our messages to him.)

Another important development was an announcement by the Board that the written and oral examinations for certification of college teachers would be given, for the first time in several years. This was in the spring of 1958. Those of us who were eligible, a substantial portion of the Sabin faculty, took a written exam which was the same for all, no matter what our respective fields. As I recall it, the questions were rather stupid, but posed no problems for anyone with expertise in taking essay exams. The oral exam was even more stupid, I thought. My committee consisted of Dean Cook, a man from the Board of Examiners, the president of Wright Junior College, and a professor of education from one of the local private universities. Their purpose seemed to be intimidation. The professor of education asked me how many courses in professional education should be required of college teachers, and I answered none at all, and spent the remainder of the time defending this proposition. I passed, and got my certification, but so did everyone else. The whole process was an irritation and a waste of time, but at least we now had what passed for tenure.

For several years the faculty councils at Sabin and the South Campus had been agitating for the establishment of a faculty ranking system. At last, in 1959,

the Board gave in, and the system went into effect in September of that year. It wasn't perfect, but it was better than nothing.

The emphasis in the new ranking system was on longevity. Those faculty members who had earned doctorates and had been on the faculty a very long time were to become professors. I don't recall the length of service for sure, but I think it must have been fifteen or twenty years. Those with earned doctorates and less than the time required for professorships were to be associate professors. Those with masters degrees and at least thirty-six hours beyond the masters were to be assistant professors, and the others were to be instructors. The promotions committee would consist of the professors, with no representation for the lower ranks.

I qualified for the rank of assistant professor, which seemed fair enough. To be promoted I had to finish my Ph.D., which was proving to be difficult under the circumstances. At the South Campus there was a lot of indignant moaning and groaning among the old timers who didn't have the doctorate, and were condemned to spend the rest of their lives as assistant professors. I think some special provisions were later made to take care of some of these people.

At Sabin the faculty gained some control over admission policies, which had previously been determined by the practice on the South Campus. There, anyone with a high school diploma was admitted to the freshman class, but there was a very high attrition during the first year; around eighty percent flunked out of some classes, and were thereby eliminated from the school. Some of us at Sabin thought this was inefficient, as well as cruel, and wanted to introduce a selective admission policy. Test scores on the CAT exam were used at Sabin as a screening device. The cutoff point in the first year was very low, the tenth percentile as I recall, but it was raised every year thereafter. The faculty's impression was that this policy improved the quality of the students. This whole development was made possible by the fact that our space was sharply limited by the size of the building. We couldn't admit everyone who wanted to come to Sabin, because there wasn't enough room for them.

These gains by the faculty, slow yet important, helped sustain us. Another hopeful development was the persistence of rumors that one of these years we would move to a new North Side campus and become, not just an appendage of the South Side, but an entirely new college.

XIV.

The rumors of a new campus began to sharpen in focus early in 1960, and it became apparent that the stories were true. The decision to establish a new teachers college on the North Side was made by Superintendent Willis, who made all the big decisions in those days. I don't know how much influence Dean Cook had in this; I suspect it may have been considerable.

Presently the information became more concrete. A site had been chosen, a big open field at Bryn Mawr and St. Louis. I think everyone on the faculty, soon after hearing this, must have driven over to see the place. It was a part of Chicago I was unfamiliar with, and I foresaw problems in driving there from Hyde Park. Still, it was great news, perhaps the beginning of the fulfillment of the dream we had indulged ourselves in. Shortly after the site announcement, we heard that one of the big Chicago architectural firms, Perkins and Will, would design the new college. *Marvelous!*

Now we all began to wonder and speculate: who would be the head of the new college? My own favorite was John Pfau, but he had gone to California, was moving up rapidly in the state college system, and was committed to staying there. Dean Cook presumably wanted to be either dean of the new campus or chancellor of the system, but we all were aware that Ben Willis didn't like him and probably wouldn't appoint him.

Some thought Jerry Sachs might get the job. Many of us knew Jerry. He had been on the South Side faculty, had been dean of Southeast Junior College, and had recently been involved, as the star performer, in an innovative TV teaching program on WTTW, teaching mathematics from an airborne studio flying over the Chicago area. Ben Willis was thought to have a very high opinion of Jerry, but Jerry was on an appointment as visiting professor at Berkeley during the year 1960-61, and may not have been considered for that reason. He would have been a fine choice.

Instead, as we heard in the fall of 1960, Willis picked a man from outside the system, Roy N. Jervis. None of us had ever heard of him, or knew anything about him. About all we could find out before we met him was that he had a Ph.D. in biology from the University of Michigan, that he had been teaching at East Texas State College, at Commerce, Texas, and that he pronounced his name "Jarvis." I'm still not sure how he met Ben Willis and persuaded the president-superintendent to give him the job.

We first met Dean Jervis when he visited Sabin in the fall of 1960, and spoke to the faculty. He was a tall, rather gangling, dark-haired man with a pleasant manner. The meeting was in the auditorium, and Jervis spoke for about an hour. He had a fervent, emotional, almost messianic way of talking, as he laid out his views on what the new college was to be. Like nearly everyone else present, I was bowled over. I found myself agreeing with just about everything he said. Essentially, he took a liberal arts-general education approach to teacher education. We would grant only the B.A. degree, not the B.Ed. He put a heavy emphasis on the social sciences, and indicated there would be a large number of required hours in that area. He also stressed the necessity of training in the humanities, and in foreign languages. He talked about linguistics, and mathematics. He also insisted that proper education in ecology was a requirement in our times, and was one of the earliest advocates, so far as I know, of that field of study. He came out strongly in favor of an interdisciplinary approach, said he didn't like the traditional departmental organization, and indicated that there would be a divisional structure in the new college. He also told us we would have at our disposal all the resources of technology that could be adapted to teacher education: television, a teleprompter system for using audio-visual aids, advanced data-retrieval systems, even a special phone dialing system for dictating letters, memos, and scholarly papers. He also indicated that he intended to see that we got substantial salary increases. Together, we were going to build the most innovative and greatest college in the whole country, maybe the world.

This was heady stuff. Most of us came out of that meeting walking on air. The only exception I recall was Bill Groenier, who remarked, as we walked out, "That sounded like a lot of bullshit to me." But, I thought to myself, Bill was a very nice guy and a very solid man, but still he was an old timer, and unduly suspicious of this bright new order of things. But in a fairly short time it became apparent that he might be at least partly right about it.

From that first meeting, with Dean Jervis doing all the talking, charming us with his enthusiasm and his ideas, it was all downhill. We wanted to cooperate with him, to help him in the great work he had called us to. We formed a committee of the faculty for liaison purposes, and informed him that we were at his disposal to begin planning the new college. To our surprise and dismay, we found that he didn't want to hear from us. He was going to do it all himself. Or, if he had any help, it wouldn't be from us, but from others of his own choosing.

Dean Jervis's attitude became very clear in our subsequent meetings with him. There were a couple of other sessions with the Sabin faculty or with smaller groupings which apparently corresponded to the anticipated divisional organization of the new college. We discovered that the dean always said the same things. We heard the first speech repeated every time we met with him. He himself referred to it as "The Speech," and the only variations were in the points of beginning and ending. He didn't like questions or interruptions. He didn't wish to discuss anything with us; he merely wanted to tell us what was what.

Most of the faculty at Sabin had already accepted the general outline of what Jervis seemed to be intending, but we assumed from the first that we would be included in the planning. We had been struggling to get more influence in the formation of college policy, with some success. We were enthusiastic supporters of the idea that the faculty should have the predominant voice in matters such as curriculum. We felt that our experience at Sabin and elsewhere made us eminently qualified to take part in the planning process. We had hoped for years for just such a development as was now about to occur. We had two organizations, the Faculty Council and the AAUP, which could be used to present the faculty's position. After all these years, we certainly weren't going to yield everything without an argument.

As the conflict with Jervis developed, it gradually began to appear that he not only didn't want to hear from us: he also really wished we'd somehow go away, so he wouldn't have to bother with us at all. He was apparently convinced that he was stuck with a bunch of people who didn't understand or sympathize with his great plans. I'm fairly sure he would have dispensed with us entirely if he could have. At any rate, he was increasingly hostile and contemptuous.

Our contest with Dean Jervis was a very unequal one. All we could do was protest, complain, pass resolutions, or write letters. The dean, with the backing of Superintendent Willis, had full power to organize and plan the new college as he saw fit.

We did complain. We complained to Dean Cook, to Ben Willis, to Sargent Shriver. Dean Cook, who himself felt left out, was sympathetic, but couldn't help. I don't recall that Ben Willis even bothered to answer us. Sargent Shriver wrote us that our complaints were "interesting," but didn't do anything about it.

In desperation, Lucien Palmieri, who was the president of our local AAUP chapter, secretly got in touch with Len O'Conner, the muckraking TV commentator who was very critical of Willis, and tried to enlist his help, but Len apparently decided there wasn't enough in the story to make it worth his time.

One thing Dean Cook could do for us was to offer an escape hatch. He let it be known that anyone who wanted to could transfer to the South Campus, and

at the same time said anyone who wanted to move north could do that. There was some exchange. A few people at Sabin and Foreman who felt they couldn't take Dean Jervis and his new order transferred to the South Campus, beginning in the summer term of 1961. I believe all of these people were in education; they felt more threatened by Dean Jervis's plans than the rest of us. A few people from the South Campus came north.

One man was able to get away from the whole mess. Ellsworth Faris, my colleague in history, got an offer from Chico State College in California and accepted it. I didn't blame him, and would have done the same thing myself if I could have; but I was very sorry to see him go. Since John Pfau had also left, I was the only remaining historian.

The group at Sabin, during this conflict with Dean Jervis, showed a really remarkable solidarity. Adversity drew us closer together than ever. There was only one exception. One man, Professor X, a colleague of mine in the social sciences and a man I had regarded as a good friend, sold out. Some time early in 1961, not long after Dean Jervis's first appearance at Sabin, Professor X secretly got in touch with Jervis and began to act as the new dean's informant in our midst. He was a member of the Faculty Council and of the AAUP, and so was privy to all our plans and conversations, which he promptly communicated to Jervis. Apparently Professor X also carried slanderous tales, and encouraged Dean Jervis in the belief that he was dealing with a group of soreheads and mossbacks.

It took some time for this revolting development to become apparent to the rest of us. I was one of the last to believe it could be true, but finally even I had to admit that my former friend was betraying us. Professor X became a virtual pariah so far as the Sabin faculty was concerned. His reward was appointment by Dean Jervis as chairman of the Social Sciences Division at the new college.

XV.

Meanwhile, through the winter and early spring, Dean Jervis was recruiting faculty--his faculty, as opposed to those of us he had to put up with because we were already there. I'm not sure just what his methods and principles were; apparently he relied heavily on recommendations from people he felt he could trust. It appears that he wanted people who had experience or interests in more than one field: a political scientist who had done social work (Edris Smith); a historian who was also a lawyer (Art Sabin); an "ethno-botanist" who had done some exploration (Professor Y, about whom I will say more later); a geographer who had done work in oceanography (Roger Charlier).

Dean Jervis's interviewing methods were peculiar. In all the cases I've heard of, he asked no questions of the person being offered a job. Instead, he delivered "The Speech." One person so interviewed told me that "Dean Jervis knew no more about me at the end of the interview than when it began, except what I looked like." In some cases, though not all, the dean told the applicant that he was in a conflict with the Sabin faculty over organization and control of the college, and that he expected the support of the newly hired faculty in the continuing struggle.

Dean Jervis emphasized to us, at every opportunity, the importance he attached to the use of the concepts of "structural linguistics" in the teaching of communication. This seems to have been a corollary to his dislike and mistrust

of the field of English, as he conceived it to be. He apparently believed traditional teachers of English spent most of their time doing such things as diagramming sentences, and he often admonished the English department to cease such practices. Structural linguistics was to be the new approach.

The dean told us with great relish that he had conducted a nationwide search for the greatest authority available in structural linguistics. To his astonishment, the man he discovered, who was teaching at Crane Junior College, had previously been at the South Campus. Professor Z was therefore known to the English faculty at Sabin, who greeted the news that he was the world's greatest authority with considerable skepticism, even, in some cases, with hilarity. Still, Professor Z was now obviously a man to be reckoned with, since he was to be in charge of the whole communications program.

Indeed, the dean informed us, there wasn't even going to be an English Department at the new college. Instead, there was to be a program in Literature, which was to be completely separated from Communications.

Dean Jervis thought every teacher should learn a foreign language, but he was dead-set against the traditional scholarly languages, French and German. Instead, he said, we should teach those languages which were spoken by the largest number of people in the world. Therefore, he was recruiting people to teach Spanish, Russian, and Chinese. Later on, he indicated, we would have programs in Portuguese, Hindi, and Swahili. I don't recall that he ever mentioned Arabic, but perhaps it was an oversight.

He did find some very good people for the language program, among them Rosalyn O'Cherony in Spanish, Miroslav Samchyshin in Russian, and Bill Lile in Chinese. But the other languages never materialized at the new college.

As for the social sciences, Dean Jervis didn't like history any better than he liked English. He seems to have thought historians spent their time in class compelling their students to memorize long lists of names and dates, and the details of forgotten battles. He was determined, he said, that this wasn't going to happen in the new college. In fact, we weren't going to teach history as such at all. History would have to find its place (presumably a rather small one) in the program of "Comparative World Cultures." This was to be a four-course sequence, required of all students, in which an interdisciplinary team of teachers would cover the spectrum of the social sciences, bringing it all together in a grand synthesis. To this end the dean recruited a political scientist, a geographer, two anthropologists, an ethno-botanist, and a human ecologist. These were to work with the political scientist, geographer, and historian (me) he inherited from the existing faculty in the creation of the new sequence. (Dean Jervis also hired Art Sabin, another American historian, but Art had a previous commitment which prevented him from joining the faculty until the spring of 1962.)

Unfortunately, from the dean's point of view, the state required a minimum of two hours of credit in American history or government. This was to be taken care of by requiring a course to be called, "American Institutions," which, the dean emphasized, should not be a regular history course, though obviously it had to have some historical material in it.

In all, Dean Jervis recruited about thirty or thirty-five new faculty members, to go along with the approximately forty or forty-five from Sabin, Foreman, and the South Campus. We were to assume our duties at the new college in

June, 1961, though classes were not to begin until September. During the summer we were to assemble at Mayfair School, on Wilson Avenue, for orientation, indoctrination, and planning.

XVI.

While Dean Jervis went about the business of rounding up his new faculty members and planning the new college, fending off our attempts to join him in the process, the new physical plant began to take shape. Most of us knew of the early stages of this only by hearsay.

Ben Willis was said to think of the new college as his monument. (His press nickname was Big Ben the Builder.) So, the superintendent-president kept the early building plans in his own hands. We did read in the newspapers that Perkins and Will had been chosen to design the new campus. Dean Jervis assured us that the facilities would be the latest and best in all features. We had to take his word for it, since, to my knowledge, only two members of the Sabin faculty got a glimpse of the plans in advance of construction.

Gus Ziagos was shown the drawings of the physical education facilities, and Lucien Palmieri got to look at the library plans. Both threw up their hands in horror, and pointed out obvious defects to the architect, but their suggestions were not heeded, since, they were told, Ben Willis wanted it this way. Gus's main objection was to the gymnasium, which he thought totally unsuited to basketball. He also wondered about the swimming pool, which, though of Olympic size, was six-sided, instead of the usual rectangular shape.

As for the library, Lucien noted the eccentric shape of the main area, which was also six-sided, the tremendous amount of wasted space, the lack of stack space, and the virtual impossibility of maintaining security with so many doors. But his criticisms were of no effect.

The original campus buildings included a main office building for faculty and administration, the A and B buildings for classrooms, D building which was originally for music, library, Little Theater, dining room, auditorium, and physical education building, with a separate power plant. All but the power plant were connected with covered walkways, some of them glassed in.

The buildings started going up in the spring of 1961, so we were able to get our first look. One striking feature was the hexagonal motif. Everything was six-sided: library, swimming pool, office building, office building window framing, classroom buildings, even the classrooms themselves. By midsummer, when the office building framework was in place, it occurred to about everyone simultaneously that it looked like a beehive, and we started calling it that. But Bob Goldberg, who had served in the Navy in World War II, said he thought the whole thing looked like a Japanese aircraft carrier.

Whatever the shortcomings in the design of the new campus might be, however, it would obviously be a great improvement on Sabin and Foreman. It would be new, clean, and designed for its proper purpose, instead of being a converted elementary or high school.

One feature we all looked forward to enjoying was that the faculty would have private offices. They were specified in the plans, we understood, and when we were able to get a tour of the unfinished Beehive in the summer we

saw that it was indeed true. After the huge communal offices at Sabin and Foreman, we were now about to enter into an office Utopia.

Alas! It was not to be. Dean Jervis strongly believed in free exchange of ideas among faculty members, and opposed departmental or individual exclusiveness. He decided that private offices would hinder proper faculty communication. Therefore, he ordered the partitions removed, and those lovely private offices became two-person offices. We heard that this last-minute switch in the architecture cost many thousands of dollars, to effect a change that bitterly disappointed us

XVII.

Nearly everything I know of the orientation and planning sessions at Mayfair School in the summer of 1961 is hearsay. Almost alone among the Sabin-Foreman-South Campus faculty, I didn't take any part. By late spring I had become thoroughly disheartened by events. When Ellsworth Faris told me he was going to California, I decided that I, too, would try to get out. I got in touch with Dean Cook, and asked him to take me on at the South Campus, but I had waited too long to make up my mind, and he no longer had any room for me. I looked around elsewhere, but I didn't have a Ph.D., jobs weren't too plentiful at that time, and I had relatively little mobility. So, I resigned myself to the new college.

Still, I got a last-minute reprieve from Mayfair, the prospect of which repelled me. Raoul Haas told me he needed someone to teach a history program in summer school at Sabin, so I took that rather than go to Mayfair. As I recall it, I attended only one or possibly two sessions during the entire summer.

The purpose of the Mayfair experience was orientation and planning for the coming academic year. The general notions Dean Jervis had presented had to be put into concrete form, with an actual curriculum. Course content was to be spelled out. The philosophy that animated the whole enterprise needed to be related to the actuality that faced us all in September—a new college was opening, one that presumably was to be quite different from what any of us had experience with.

To understand the impulse and the ideas behind the new college, it is necessary to recall the times and the circumstances of the early 1960's. In the first place, we were in the midst of the civil rights movement. In the wake of *Brown v. Board of Education*, the legal framework of racial segregation was being demolished. Martin Luther King, Jr., leader of the Montgomery bus boycott, founder and leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, was one of the best-known Americans in the country and the world. But the black power movement and black nationalism were still just over the horizon. It was a hopeful time for liberals, both black and white. It was possible to think that the ancient curse of racial prejudice would at last, in our time, yield to enlightenment and good will. What was needed was to continue to get away from all forms of ethnocentrism and cultural chauvinism, to understand and appreciate other societies and cultures. This was a problem in education, and the schools had an imperative duty to get on with it.

Second, we were in the post-Sputnik era. When the supposedly backward Russians put their first satellite into orbit in 1957, before we did, a shock wave went through the American educational system, but especially those branches concerned with science and technology. There must be something wrong with

us, if the Russians could beat us to a technological achievement of this magnitude. The supposedly lax and permissive ways of American education got a large share of the blame for the fiasco. And American education was thought to be under the baneful influence of John Dewey's philosophy. Already, for some years, there had been a movement to limit Deweyism, by restoring the more traditional, "basic" approach. (One of the leaders in this movement was Professor Arthur Bestor, a historian who was then at the University of Illinois. A sure way to induce apoplexy in a member of the Education Department was to say the words "Arthur Bestor.")

At any rate, the soul-searching following Sputnik did lead to serious re-examination of American education, from top to bottom, and one result was a new emphasis on the importance of effective teaching of science and technology, so we could keep up with and surpass everyone else, especially the Russians.

The science and technology emphasis, along with the rising interest in computers, was probably behind the new fascination with possible applications of electronic technology to teaching. There was a lot of talk about teaching machines, programmed learning, use of television in teaching, and the like. This was linked to criticism of traditional teaching methods, and general dissatisfaction with what was felt to be too low levels of achievement.

Another important development of the late fifties and early sixties was the discovery of ecology by a fairly large educated reading public. Two reasons may be cited. One was the wide publicity given to the fact and problems of fallout from the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. We heard serious warnings of the dangers to present and future generations from such things as high levels of Strontium 90 in the milk supply. Demands were heard that both the United States and the Soviet Union cease atmospheric testing. A second reason for increasing recognition and attention to environmental problems was publicity about advancing air pollution by industry and automobiles. Obviously, air pollution was nothing new, and anyone who had lived on the South Side for years, as I had, needed no elaborate studies to find out what the steel mills and the stockyards were doing to air quality; all you had to do was breathe. Still, there was a lot more talk about it in the late fifties and early sixties; things were getting worse. Possibly the new concern was also related to the mounting evidence of a link between cigarette smoking and lung cancer.

It seems fairly clear, then, that Dean Jervis, with his exhortations and plans for a new approach to teacher education, was giving voice to some advanced thinking in those upper regions in which new directions in educational policy are discussed, foreshadowed, and advocated.

I don't really know how it happened that Dean Jervis became the instrument for the establishment and realization of the new order of things. It appears that the early plans for the new college and new curriculum were made at two conferences, attended by a number of high-powered educational leaders, in late 1957 and early 1958. These conferences seem to have been jointly sponsored by the Chicago Board of Education and the Ford Foundation. (Reference to these conferences, and lists of the participants, may be found in the earliest editions of the new college catalogs, issued in 1961 and 1962.)

Until I recently looked at a 1961-62 catalog, I had forgotten that I ever knew about these conferences. At Sabin we were hardly aware that they were happening. I think I dimly remember hearing Dean Cook make a couple of

sarcastic remarks about them. We certainly didn't realize that our future was being planned for us. None of the participants in the conferences seem to have taken any direct part in establishing the new college; they were just the idea men. And I don't know how the linkage between the conferences and Dean Jervis's appointment occurred.

At Mayfair, in the summer of 1961, we did find out the identity of the dean's chief advisors. They were Harold Lasswell, V. C. Arnsperger, Professor Y (the ethno-botanist), and Professor Z (the world's greatest expert on structural linguistics, from the Crane Junior College).

The name Harold Lasswell was well known to me. He was one of the most famous political scientists of his time, formerly at the University of Chicago, author of one of the classics in the field of politics, associate of Charles E. Merriam and the other giants of a brilliant bygone period of scholarship. More recently, Lasswell had been at Yale, and I had heard very little about him for a long time. He appeared at Mayfair for a week or so and spoke to the assembled group.

A more immediate influence, it seems, was V. C. Arnsperger. None of us had ever heard of him before. He was a former colleague of Dean Jervis at East Texas State College. I don't really know what Arnsperger's actual qualifications were, but the dean regarded him as the world's greatest expert on the subject of the relationships between the individual and society. Arnsperger served as a consultant at Mayfair through most of the summer, as a consultant's fee, it was said, of \$100 per day.

Professor Z, from the South Campus, was the chief indoctrinator and organizer in the communications field. He conducted sessions on the new subject matter and teaching methods for American English, which was to replace the more traditional English composition and rhetoric.

As for the social sciences, we already knew that Professor X, the turncoat from Sabin, was to be chairman of the division. But it became apparent rather soon that the dean's spokesman in this field was Professor Y. (Perhaps he wasn't considered for the chairmanship because he didn't have a Ph.D.) Professor Y was a youthful-appearing, vigorous man of around thirty-five. He had a friendly manner, but could be very blunt in conveying to us the dean's wishes and demands. In one of the few planning sessions I attended, late in the summer, he told me that if I disagreed with the dean I shouldn't argue about it, but should instead resign and get out.

I believe Dean Jervis himself, who had a Ph.D. in biology, took a hand in the indoctrination sessions with the people in the natural sciences, as well as in the overall meetings with the entire faculty.

Things did not go smoothly at Mayfair that summer. I heard reports that led me to congratulate myself for having arranged to be absent. There were a number of public confrontations and shouting matches. Most of these apparently involved Professor Z, who brooked no opposition or discussion in the planning of the courses on communication. He ostentatiously expelled two of the Sabin English faculty, one on the grounds that the offender has cast doubt on the logical consistency of certain passages in the textbook that was to be used, and the other for no discoverable reason except that Professor Z doubted the sincerity of her commitment to the new order.

Dean Jervis had one public altercation, with Art Scharf. I happened to see Art the next day in the lunchroom at Sabin, and asked him about it. Art growled, "When I see bullshit, I call it bullshit."

The Mayfair situation seemed bad enough to justify an appeal to the AAUP. The local chapter had already been in touch with the Washington office, seeking advice and counsel as to what the faculty ought to do. During the summer, we asked the Washington office to send someone to Chicago, hoping that kind of pressure might induce the dean and Ben Willis to moderate their attitudes, and even, perhaps, obtain for the faculty our rightful role in planning the curriculum.

Bertram Davis, then a field representative, later Executive Secretary of the national AAUP, came, in late July I believe. He met with the local chapter and its officers. To that meeting, uninvited and unwanted, came Professors X and Y, presumably to keep an eye on the situation for the dean, but we managed to exclude them from the more confidential sessions.

Later, Mr. Davis saw Ben Willis and Dean Jervis, and extracted from them a promise, in writing (signed by the dean), that the faculty would be included in the planning of the new curriculum, and in the governance of the college. I am not sure just how much practical effect this had on what was happening. I think probably the AAUP's intervention may have changed the tone somewhat. It seems likely that neither Jervis nor Willis wanted an all-out confrontation with the AAUP, with the possibility of adverse publicity. In most or all of the essentials, however, the dean continued to have his way.

The finale and climax of the summer planning of the new college was a banquet, in August, at Tam O'Shanter Country Club. Nearly the entire faculty of the new college attended. Ben Willis, Harold Lasswell, Arnsperger, and Jervis were all there. But for me and many others from Sabin, the highlight of the occasion was the return of Jerry Sachs.

We had heard some time earlier that Jerry had been appointed assistant dean for academic affairs, but he had been in Berkeley during the summer, winding up his commitments at the University of California. Now he was back, and we greeted him as our saviour, the man who would bring some sanity and order into the situation.

Willis, Arnsperger, and Jervis all made speeches that night, exhorting us to great deeds in the cause of the new education. But the man who made the biggest impression on me was Harold Lasswell. There he was, one of the legendary scholars, now getting along in years, but, still, one of the great names. He made one of the weirdest speeches I've ever heard. He fixed us with his glittering eye and speculated about the marvels of the future. The time was coming, he said, when it would be possible to solve all the problems of the human race, even the problem of death. Yes, death itself would be abolished, and men would live forever. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

XIX.

Chicago Teachers College North opened on schedule just after Labor Day in September, 1961, despite the difficulties of the preceding year. The buildings weren't quite finished, but they were usable. The curriculum had been laid out by the dean and his advisors, but it, too, was unfinished, in that the actual content of the various courses would have to be specified, even improvised, as we went along.

As for the faculty: well, the dean had admonished us to show up for work that first morning "bright-eyed and bushy-tailed." I'm not sure that's how we were though. The Sabin-Foreman group was probably more wary than eager.

Most of the administration was brand-new. I have already noted that Jerry Sachs was the assistant dean for academic affairs, though I'm not sure that was his exact title. Jerry's qualifications for the job were first-class. I don't know for sure how he got the job, but I have an idea that Ben Willis wanted someone he knew and could trust in a position close to Jervis, who was something of an unknown quantity.

The assistant dean for "operational services" was Matt McBride. Matt was a nice guy, but his qualifications were not so apparent. He had been director of athletics at the South Campus. He also had a commission as colonel in the Air Force Reserve; maybe that was what recommended him to Dean Jervis, who was, after, all, a Texan.

The director of research and development, and a key man in the Jervis team, was Murray Tondow. He had been director of research at Science Research Associates. During the summer, he had played an active part in recruiting for Dean Jervis. During the subsequent year, I had the impression that he had more influence with the dean than any of the others in the top administrative group.

Humphrey Stevens was Director of TV Education and Learning Services. I wasn't too clear about his background, but presumed it was in the world of television.

Of the dean's four immediate associates in administration, only one, Jerry Sachs, had a background that was predominantly academic. The others were an athletic coach, a man from a private educational research firm, and a man from TV. Somehow, the balance seemed wrong.

Notably missing from the administration was Raoul Haas, the assistant dean at Sabin. Raoul apparently sensed early that he was going to be left out, so he applied for and got a sabbatical leave for the year 1961-62. When he returned the following year he became chairman of the Education Division.

The faculty was seriously divided. The most obvious division was between "them" and "us": that is, between the people Jervis had hired and the people he had inherited from Chicago Teachers College. We outnumbered them; there were about forty of us and about thirty of them present in September. (But some of the Jervis people didn't arrive until later: in the following June in the case of Art Sabin, in history.) Both groups were acutely conscious of this division. We discovered that the Jervis people privately called us "The Sabin Syndicate."

A further jarring note was sounded early in the fall, about the time we got our first paychecks. In the previous winter or spring, Dean Jervis had told us that we would go onto a trimester schedule in the fall. To compensate for the increased work load, he had told us we would get substantial raises in salary. The increases we did get were quite modest, only slightly better than we could have expected under the old system. And then we, the Sabin-Foreman-South Campus people, discovered that the dean had brought in his new people at salaries that were substantially higher than ours. To us, it was an unforgivable injustice, and further evidence, if any were needed, that we were the victims of discrimination.

Actually, however, this simple division between oldtimers and newcomers was misleading and too simple to be entirely true. Professor X, from Sabin, was really one of "them." Rather soon, some of "us" found that some of "them" weren't such bad people after all.

Complicating that division was one involving the faculty of the social sciences and the natural sciences. In allocating the required hours in the new curriculum, Dean Jervis had favored the social sciences over the natural sciences by a considerable margin. This was, perhaps naturally, laid to the malign influence of Professors X and Y, but the people in the natural sciences seem to have blamed everyone in the social sciences for the situation. The resentment and mistrust lasted for several years, long after X and Y had lost their power and influence.

Other fears and suspicions were also present. I think nearly everyone watched Professor Z, the structural linguist, with a wary eye, and feared his influence over the dean. The education people, especially those from Sabin and Foreman, felt oppressed by the new order, and left out.

The situation of the faculty was simply not one that seemed favorable to the accomplishment of our task: somehow, these warring elements had to work together well enough to translate the new curriculum into the realities of the classroom. It didn't look very promising.

XX.

The organization of the college reflected the dean's ideas about the curriculum. We were organized into five divisions, the original names of which indicated the dean's apparent preference for highfalutin, resounding titles. I was a member of "The Division for the Study of Society and the Institutions of Man." The areas of study were mostly the ones usually found in a social sciences division, with one innovation, human ecology.

"The Division for the Study of Interpersonal Communication of Ideas" provided a somewhat more eccentric mix of subject areas. Included were the arts, "American English," linguistics, foreign languages, reading, speech, mathematics, and "technical media." No doubt one could make a philosophical case for this grouping, but at the very least it was unusual to have mathematics in an entirely separate division from the natural sciences.

"The Division for the Study of Human Personality" also contained some surprises. Here were to be found philosophy, ethics (regarded in some schools as a branch of philosophy), "human relations," human biology, psychology, health, and recreation. Here it might be noted that the dean had decided that we were to have no intercollegiate athletic program, and no physical education program as such. All athletics were to be intramural. I might also say that I, as a veteran of the era of the Hutchins ban on football at the University of Chicago, was very much in favor of this feature of the new program.

"The Division for the Study of Natural Science" contained the usual subject fields, including biology; since "human biology" was in the Human Personality Division, the biology studied in the Natural Sciences Division must have been non-human.

"The Division for the Professional Education of Elementary School Teachers" was also conventional, except that psychology was not included, since that was in Human Personality.

For several years, the college was to offer two curricula: the Sabin curriculum had to be continued for the Sabin students, until they had all graduated; the new curriculum was to be required of all new students, and would be gradually phased in while the old one eventually faded away.

Probably the most unusual feature of the new curriculum was the extraordinary number of required hours. Of 120 academic hours necessary for graduation, no fewer than 88 hours were to be in courses required of all students. Eight additional required hours were to be in "activities" such as health and recreation, and what the dean insisted on calling "seminars," though that's not what they were in the traditional meaning of the term.

The distribution of hours among the various divisions was interesting and significant. Thirty-six hours went to Interpersonal Communication of Ideas, 16 to Natural Sciences, 12 to the Study of Human Personality, and 24 to the Society and the Institutions of Man (which I am going to call Social Sciences in the remainder of this memoir). Fifteen hours were also required in Education, but something like nine of these hours were actually included in the required academic program: six hours of Human Personality, and three of Human Growth and Behavior.

In principle I had no objections to the idea of requiring all students to take a large number of required courses in a core curriculum of general education subjects. I was in favor of it. But 88 required hours left almost no leeway for the development of academic majors, and so the number seemed excessive. I might have distributed the hours somewhat differently. But my main objection was to the fact that the faculty had had nothing at all to say about it.

My immediate concern was the social sciences curriculum. There were to be 24 required hours. Twelve of them were to be in a sequence known as Comparative World Cultures I, II, III, and IV. All these courses were specified as being "interdisciplinary and cross-cultural." CWC I was suppose to be "origins, patterns, and dynamics of culture," which sounded something like an introductory anthropology course. CWC II was "social institutions, processes, and structure," which seemed to resemble introductory sociology. CWC III was "origins and development of western cultures," presumably a history course. CWC IV was "contemporary political, economic, and social problems in world perspective."

The additional required courses were Urban Ecology (which might perhaps be anticipated as being something like urban sociology), Comparative Political Systems, Comparative Economic Systems, and American Institutions, which was from the first a kind of history course.

In practice, however, as it turned out, this general outline is much more rational and understandable than the reality of the situation as it was that first year. We had to thrash everything out, and it wasn't easy.

I know far less of the requirements in other divisions. In the Human Personality Division, everyone had to take a course called "The Individual in the Social Process" (ISP); this one was based on Arnsperger's notions, and the textbook was written by him. Additionally, everyone took "The Study of Human Personality" (abbreviated as "St HumPers"), I, II, and III.

In the Interpersonal Communication, etc., Division, the requirements included courses in "Structure and Function" (this was Professor Z's bailiwick); Amer-

ican English: Writing (also a part of Professor Z's domain); a foreign language requirement; two math courses; and various requirements in the arts.

XXI.

Our student body at the new college was somewhat different from the one at Sabin. It was larger and more diverse. To our former "ethnic" student body was now added a significant element from the North Side and a number of students from the north and west suburbs. We also had a few black students, though we had had almost none at Sabin and Foreman.

It may be that the new student body was somewhat better prepared for college work, though I'm not sure of the point. Probably a smaller proportion were graduates of Catholic high schools. Girls were still in the majority, though not so overwhelmingly as before.

The new buildings were designed to serve a student body of 1,200. We didn't have that many the first year. I think the students numbered around 900.

There were some problems. They complained about the absence of lockers; they had to carry their coats, books, and other paraphernalia with them everywhere they went. And then, there were the carrels. These lined the halls in the A and B buildings. In the original plans, these carrels were supposed to be "individual learning centers." They were to be connected electronically with an elaborate computerized data bank, and the students were supposed to be able to push buttons which would enable them to hear tapes and get all kinds of sophisticated information through data retrieval systems. But in fact they never worked properly. And the carrels were located in traffic patterns which prevented their use as study areas. Since the library was much too small to be used by any significant number of students, there was really no place to study.

XXII.

Within a short time after we moved into the new buildings we discovered that they had some serious flaws in design and execution. I've noted above the absence of lockers for the students, the lack of study space, and the unusable locations of the carrels. The classrooms also turned out to be something considerably short of perfect. Here, the main problem was noise. The classrooms in the A building, where most classes in the Social Sciences Division were held, were quite large, too large for most classes, but they were provided with movable folding walls, which divided them into two smaller rooms. The trouble was that little or no insulation had been built into the folding walls. Any sound much louder than a low whisper carried right through into the next room. And, as often as not, the folding walls didn't work; they were operated by electric motors which were unreliable, and the walls couldn't be moved by hand.

The elevators in the Beehive were also notoriously unreliable. Virtually everyone in the college had the experience, at one time or another during the first couple of years, of being stuck in an elevator. Much of the time, one or both were out of service.

There were problems with the auditorium, where the big CWC classes met. The seats were not provided with folding arms, so students found it awkward to take notes. The lighting was inadequate for notetaking.

Perhaps more serious was the fiasco of the teleprompter system. This was suppose to be an elaborate and sophisticated setup for presenting audio-visual materials in large classes. There were fancy curtains, a screen for movies, and on the stage a truly imposing lectern equipped with two microphones and a mind-boggling array of pushbuttons, switches, and signal lights. The joke was that you had to have a degree in electrical engineering to give a lecture in the auditorium. The real joke, though, was that the equipment seldom worked properly.

Actually, however, on those rare occasions when everything went well the teleprompter could be an effective device. But it also appeared that preparation of a lecture using the equipment to its full extent was extremely time-consuming and extremely expensive. We understood that the cost of a fifty-minute teleprompter lecture was about \$1,800.

Another curious feature of the auditorium equipment was a device that was supposed to give the lecturer "feedback" from the audience. I guess as to whether they understood or liked what he was saying. There was a row of buttons on the armrest of each auditorium seat, and the students were supposed to push the buttons to indicate their responses. These responses were supposed to be fed into a dial on the lectern; the lecturer could read the dial and discover how he was doing. So far as I know this gadget never worked and was never used. The buttons were removed from the armrests years ago, but the plates that held them are still there, quaint relics of a bygone electronic marvel.

It turned out, too, that there were problems in the library, beyond those I've already mentioned. The architect had specified some custom-made cabinets and drawers, which, though they were very handsome, were found to be unusable because they were the wrong size, and nothing would fit. The firm that had supplied these cabinets was required to replace them with others of the proper size, and we understood that the company went bankrupt as a result of this added expense.

And then, there were the offices on the south side of the Beehive. They were found to be uninhabitable on sunny warm days because of the glare and the heat. I myself saw a thermometer in one of these offices registering 115 degrees. (Luckily, my office was on the north side of the building.) Eventually, the Beehive offices were to have draperies, but they hadn't been installed yet, and neither had the rods. The only remedy was to tape paper over the windows, and very soon every window on that side of the building was a display of posters, newspapers, drawing paper, or anything else human ingenuity could devise to keep out the sun. Complaints were made to Perkins and Will, the architect. Perkins and Will replied that the complaints could not possibly be true; the building's overhangs had been scientifically calculated in such a way that the sun absolutely could not shine in.

Some of these difficulties were no doubt attributable to the arrogance that seems normal to architects in big firms, and some others to a ridiculous infatuation with an abstract shape, the hexagon. I don't know who was to blame for the over-elaborate and defective gadgetry. But at least some of the errors could have been avoided if the architect had sought the advice of the people who would be using the buildings.

In spite of all the defects (and I haven't even mentioned all of them), Perkins and Will received a prize from one of the architectural magazines for the design of the place. One day in the fall, photographers from the magazine, accompanied

by representatives of Perkins and Will, appeared on campus to take pictures. The trouble was that all that paper taped and pasted to the windows on the south side of the Beehive spoiled the desired effect. So before the pictures were taken, the people from Perkins and Will went through the building, in some cases entering offices whose occupants were not present, and removed the offending paper. (Obviously this could not have been done without the cooperation of the dean.) The pictures were taken, and back into place went the paper. It stayed until the following summer, when the draperies were at last installed.

One more oddity in our situation was the mixture of faculty throughout the Beehive. Dean Jervis thought locating all the members of a division or subject area together would impede communication among the faculty. This was an extension of the impulse that led him to order the removal of the partitions in the originally private offices. So, like all the other divisions, Social Sciences faculty were scattered through the building, sharing offices with members of other divisions on all of the four upper floors, on an apparently haphazard basis. Seemingly, the only rule followed was that no one should be too close to anyone else from the same division.

I'm not sure whether or not this arrangement had the desired effect of improving communication and promoting the interdisciplinary atmosphere. Conceivably it did. But the scattering also made communication within the division very inconvenient. There was an awful lot of coming and going, riding elevators, dashing up and down stairs. Maybe it was good for our physical condition.

As I noted above, we didn't have our full complement of students in the fall of 1961, and this was also true of the faculty. As a result of that, a few faculty members had large double offices to themselves, for the time being. For the first two trimesters I shared my office on the third floor with the student aide for the Social Sciences Division. I didn't really mind, since she was a very attractive young lady.

XXIII.

That first year at Chicago Teachers College North was just about the weirdest I've ever experienced. It seemed that there was some new crisis every day, or at least a minimum of one a week. Without a doubt, part of the confusion was simply due to the fact that we were beginning something new which had to be worked out as we went along. But of course the fact that we had to operate in this way also resulted from insufficient time to plan and prepare before the place opened for business.

Some of the confusion and conflict arose from intellectual and philosophical disagreements about the new curriculum. Clearly, not all of the oldtimers accepted the new order. Many did agree with the general ideas embodied in the new curriculum, at least in principle. But we (and I was among these) had been seriously alienated by the attitudes and tactics of the dean and his close advisors. We were so suspicious of his intentions that we tended to suspect ulterior motives in all that he did or said. Further, some of us had pretty much lost any respect we originally may have had for his intellectual qualities, and doubted that he really understood what he was advocating.

The whole atmosphere was shot through with something close to paranoia. A few incidents may illustrate the point. The first, seemingly rather trivial in substance, was a public controversy between the dean and the editor of the

student newspaper over the quality and price of hamburgers in the dining room. The dean responded to complaints about this with what some thought was a ludicrously childish display of temper. More ominously, the dean seemed to be making an implied threat to censor the newspaper, to ban criticism, and to fire the editor. Cooler heads finally prevailed, probably Jerry Sachs and Murray Tondow; but the incident seemed symptomatic of an underlying attitude that was unhealthy.

A somewhat less serious episode reminded one of the annual controversy at Sabin over the propriety of the girls' wearing shorts. Dean Jervis issued a decree banning the wearing of slacks by girl students; his reason was that wearing the offending garments was not seemly behavior in those who were to become teachers of the young, and would lead to unprofessional conduct. There was some grumbling about this among the students, but it didn't come to a focus until Professor Y entered the controversy on the side of the oppressed students. Professor Y, apparently feeling the need for some excitement, for once defied the wishes of his friend the dean. Y issued a ringing call to the girl students to wear slacks on an appointed day, and assemble in the parking lot. He, Professor Y, would lead the students into the buildings in defiance of the dean's edict.

Dean Jervis met this challenge to his authority by appointing Matt McBride his deputy to repel the invasion. Matt, with his military background, was no doubt an appropriate choice. On the day of the confrontation, Matt went out to the parking lot and told the assembled girls to disperse and not try to enter the building. Meekly, they did, in spite of Professor Y's appeals.

The dean couldn't hold the line on this dress code very long, though. One of his own key faculty recruits, Professor L, was a strong-minded lady who presently began to appear at the school attired in slacks. One shudders to imagine what might have happened if Matt McBride had said anything to her about what she was wearing. That was the beginning of the end, and the dean gave up the fight.

A potentially much more serious episode occurred in the spring of 1962. I heard a story from some students that the classrooms were, in effect, bugged. There were loudspeakers in each of the classrooms, connected to a school-wide public address system. But, I was told, the speakers could also be used as microphones; there was a listening room somewhere in the basement where events in any classroom could be monitored.

I doubted the story at first. Still, if it were true the implications were rather frightening. I decided to investigate. I told Bill Howenstine about it, and he was also quite concerned. We went to see one of the electronic technicians and asked him about it, and he confirmed that the system did indeed exist, and showed us the listening and control room, which was in the basement under the dining room.

We also were told that the system had already been abused. A technician had listened to the conversation in the girls' locker room in the gym, and had responded with obscene comments.

Bill and I went to the dean, informed him of our discovery, said we thought there were serious possibilities of abuse of the system, and told him we thought he should immediately order that it be made inoperative. Dean Jervis was defensive about it. He denied that he intended to use the listening devices for any sinister purpose. With an air of self-denial, he told us he had rejected a suggestion

that the listening post be installed adjacent to his office. But we persisted, and he finally agreed to have the listening part of the system disconnected. He must have been impressed with the fact that Bill Howenstine wasn't one of the mossbacks, but one of his own people. And then, there was the possibility that we might have made a public issue about it.

Bill and I watched while the technicians broke the connections and took out the wiring. We were told, and hoped it was true, that it was done in such a way that it couldn't be easily reactivated.

Another episode of some significance occurred when Art Sabin joined the faculty in May, 1962. Art was assigned the office space that had been occupied by the student aide, and so became my office mate. We became good friends. Much later, Art told me that when he first reported to work Professor X tried to recruit him as an informant. Professor X told Art that he and the dean were concerned about my troublemaking proclivities, and would like to get something on me. Art was asked to report any subversive remarks or activities that might come to his attention. I have no idea whether or not the dean had anything to do with this. I doubt it, since I think he had more serious problems to worry about.

But even if in this instance the dean had nothing to do directly with an attempt to recruit an informer, I nevertheless think that his methods and style of administration were responsible for this and other similar developments. He seemed to think personal loyalty was the all-important consideration, and could not conceive that there could be any such thing as principled opposition to what he wanted to do. Therefore, the faculty was divided into friends and enemies. He apparently wanted to get rid of as many of his enemies as possible; in time, a majority of the faculty would be people he had recruited, and hence his supporters. When that time came he would be in a secure position. Meanwhile, the faculty bore some resemblance to a Renaissance Italian city-state operating according to the principles of Machiavelli. The only missing ingredients were actual poisonings and back-stabbings, but figuratively speaking there was plenty of that, too.

The turmoil I was most familiar with was in the Social Sciences Division. Much of it centered around the supposedly joint effort to design and carry into effect the new curriculum.

There were nine of us during the first two trimesters. Three of us were from the Old Chicago Teachers College: Professor X and I from Sabin, and Wally Dierickx from the South Campus. Professor X was a political scientist, Wally a geographer, and I a historian. The other six were Jervis recruits. They were: Professor Y, the anthropologist-ethno-botanist; William Shack, an anthropologist; John Mann, another anthropologist; Roger Charlier, a geographer; Edris Smith, a political scientist; and Bill Howenstine, a human ecologist.

What we had to do was plan and teach Comparative World Cultures I and II, and perhaps also agree as to the general nature and outline of CWC III and IV, which would be offered in the following year. All of these courses were supposed to be "interdisciplinary and cross-cultural," and so we were all supposed to participate.

The planning work was done in weekly divisional meetings, which sometimes lasted for hours. Except when planning for CWC III was involved, I was on the

periphery of this activity. But I had to go to every meeting and stay to the bitter end, for fear that Professors X and Y might try to pull a fast one. Every week I groaned at the prospect of still another hours-long divisional blood-letting. But I felt I couldn't afford to stay away.

CWC I was supposed to be a kind of introduction to the subject, and might be thought of as being something like an introductory course in anthropology, with some geography thrown in. The problem was that the anthropologists and geographers couldn't agree on how to do it. Bill Shack was an expert on the cultures of Ethiopia. John Mann had done his field work in Polynesia, and also had a strong interest in physical anthropology, as well as psychology. Professor Y's special interests were harder to define, and I never did hear him hold forth on his specialty, ethno-botany, but he was believed to represent the dean's point of view. Wally Dierickx had done his field work in Tanganyika (as Tanzania was then called). Roger Charlier was not only a geographer but an oceanographer and had interests in the earth sciences. Professor X, the chairman, regarded himself as an expert on all subjects. He tried to play the role of mediator and decision-maker, but without notable success; his credibility as a leader eroded steadily through the year.

These weekly planning sessions were also used for evaluation of the previous week's work. The comments and complaints grew more and more bitter as time went on. John Mann became so dissatisfied that he announced in the spring that he was withdrawing from the division and joining the Human Personality faculty.

John Mann was not, of course, the only one who was becoming disaffected. A controversy developed during the fall trimester, and erupted in the spring, over possible publication of the material that was being developed and used in CWC I and II. Professors X and Y were apparently convinced that what was being done was of such an original and creative nature that a publishable book could be put together embodying this material. It was proposed that all the lectures be taped, but the purpose of the taping was not made clear. X and Y seem to have intended to use the tapes to prepare the book. Bill Shack apparently was suspicious of their intentions; he didn't want his material used without his permission, and so he forbade taping his lectures. (But I believe they were taped anyway.) Professor X agreed that he would not approach a publisher without the permission of everyone involved. But it developed in early spring that he had in fact begun negotiations with a publisher, and without telling anyone else, even Professor Y. When this became known, indignation in the division was general, and a number of people denounced Professor X. For a time, even Professor Y was alienated from the chairman, and X was isolated. I'm not sure he realized, however, just how alone he was at this point. Rather petulantly, X announced that the division was a standstill, and that he would seek a vote of confidence so as to renew his authority.

This unexpected development seemed to open the way for a possible coup d'état. Maybe we could depose Professor X and elect someone else chairman. We had a week to work on it.

The main organizers (perhaps I should really say plotters) of this effort were Bill Howenstine, Edris Smith, and I. Bill and Edris were Jervis people, and in fact she was the appointed secretary of the division. Through the months of turmoil, though, both had become disillusioned with the situation, and were ready to try for a change. Through it all, the three of us had come to know and

trust each other. We agreed that we should try to elect Bill chairman. He was a Jervis man (by origin at least), he had a Ph.D., he was respected by virtually everyone in the division (with the possible exceptions of X and Y), he had a conciliatory disposition, and he was committed to going ahead with the educational experiment we were engaged in.

We held a number of discreet meetings with other members of the division, counted noses several times, tried to estimate the possibilities, and concluded that it could be done. But there was also the question of the attitude of the administration. There was no precedent for what we were planning. There was no faculty constitution, no divisional by-laws. But another unusual circumstance favored us. Dean Jervis was having health problems, and was absent from the campus. Temporarily, Jerry Sachs was in charge. I went to see Jerry, explained in a very general way the situation and what might happen, and asked him if the administration would accept Bill Howenstine as chairman of the Social Sciences Division. He said yes.

So we went ahead. What had been intended by Professor X as a plebiscite to ratify his leadership was turned into an election of a divisional chairman. It was close, closer than we had thought it would be; we had made a wrong guess in one case. But Bill got a small majority of the votes. Professor X resigned. He didn't, to my knowledge, try to undo the result by appealing to the dean.

This was the beginning of a new day for the Social Sciences Division. Bill turned out to be fully as capable as we'd hoped and believed he would be. The atmosphere and the morale of the division improved immediately. Even the weekly meetings became less acrimonious. I don't mean to say that all our problems were instantly solved by this change, but at least it now became possible to address them rationally and with a minimum of decency and good will all around. At least one burden had been lifted from our backs.

This election also had a further significance for the college as a whole. We had set a precedent for the election of divisional officers, and this change was formalized the next year in a new faculty constitution.

XXIV.

Similar conflicts were taking place in other divisions, though I know relatively less about them. I heard various rumors and horror stories.

The local AAUP chapter, with Lucien Palmieri as president, continued to try to get the dean to moderate his behavior, but with small success. We were handicapped by the fact that Professors X, Y, and Z were all members; they worked diligently to thwart our efforts and promote the dean's cause. Professor Z, in particular, tried to use various parliamentary maneuvers to keep the AAUP from being effective. He charged Lucien and the executive committee with operating "in camera," and made a specialty of invoking quorum rules to block action. It was all very frustrating.

I don't mean to indicate, however, that that first year was entirely negative, or a total loss. Far from it. For one thing, it became apparent that our student body was superior in preparation and readiness for college work to the students we'd had at Sabin, and the equals of the Sabin students in motivation. Most of them were a pleasure to have in class.

The old bunch in the faculty, the "Sabin Syndicate," found that, with a few exceptions, the new faculty recruited by Jervis and Murray Tondow were able and pleasant colleagues. The suspicions and animosities we felt in the beginning moderated a great deal as we got better acquainted. (But for quite a while we still resented their higher salaries.)

I especially came to have a very high opinion of Bill Lile, who joined the faculty in January and started the program in the Chinese language. He had learned Chinese in the army and during a period of residence on Taiwan, and at the time he was on our faculty was working on a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. He was an excellent colleague, and so important to the Chinese program that when he left us for Ohio State his program withered and died.

The people who had been recruited to teach ISP were an interestingly varied lot. Hugh Moorhead, who had been working for the Great Books Program at the University of Chicago, was one who became a friend; he and I were fellow Hyde Parkers and fellow aspirants for the Ph.D. at Chicago. Another, who joined the faculty in the spring, was Harold Berlinger, a pianist. Sophie Black was a librarian. It may well be that the ISP program was the most successful of the Jervis innovations. Those original faculty members I've talked to have good memories of ISP, though they seem to think the Arnsperger textbook was a handicap.

One further change for the better might be worth mentioning: I assumed that when we came to the new campus we would no longer have to sign in and out on the time sheet; that was a demeaning requirement which didn't seem compatible with our new situation. But we were still under the Board of Education, and I was outraged to hear that signing the time sheet was still to be required. I decided on an act of civil disobedience: I would refuse to sign. I never did sign the time sheet after we moved to the new campus. No one ever made an issue of it. About a year later the requirement was changed: we were to be permitted to sign once a week, rather than every day, but I still refused. Again, no one bothered me about it, and I thought I had scored a moral victory over the system. To my great surprise I discovered several years later that Jerry Sachs' secretary had signed the time sheet for me every day and then every week for all those years. So, my moral victory had been an illusion, but even so, not knowing the truth, I felt better about the situation.

XXV.

My teaching load the first year was mostly confined to courses in the old curriculum. My additional responsibility was to prepare for CWC III, which would be offered for the first time in the fall of 1962. Like the other CWC courses, this one was supposed to be "interdisciplinary and cross-cultural," but I had been able to convince the division that it had to be predominantly a history course. Until May, when Art Sabin arrived, I was the only historian on the faculty, so the responsibility was largely mine.

My chief associate in getting ready for CWC III was Edris Smith. Her Ph.D. was in political science, but she had also had some work in history.

I had long thought that the best thematic approach to a course in Western Civilization was the expansion of Europe. After a necessarily brief look at the ancient Near East and the classical civilizations of Greece and Rome, in order to see what some of the historical roots of Western Civilization consisted of, one could use the expansion theme from medieval times right down to the present.

Since World War I, and more especially after World War II, the West had been in retreat politically and militarily, but from the point of view of culture and economics the expansion of the West had continued.

There was a lot of material to organize and fit into one trimester's work. We had some problems finding suitable readings. To fill two of the gaps, Edris and I edited and published, locally, small collections of readings on Magna Charta and the Boxer Rebellion. It was hard work, but the course began to shape up, and we were ready to go by the fall of 1962.

By that time we had two more historians to help. Art Sabin arrived in May, 1962, and Joyce Sochen joined us in the summer of that year. Art had an M.A. in history from Northwestern, had taught history in high school, and also had a law degree. Joyce had a B.A. from Chicago and an M.A. from Northwestern. Both were fine colleagues, as well as good friends.

XXVI.

By the spring of 1962 it became apparent that Dean Jervis had serious health problems. Twice he was absent from the college for periods of a couple of weeks or longer, and I believe he had some surgery. Inevitably, I suppose, rumors began to go around that he would resign.

Late in the spring Dean Jervis confirmed it. His health had deteriorated, he said, to the point where he could not continue as dean. His doctor had insisted that he have a complete rest; therefore, he was returning to his former position as professor of biology at East Texas State College. (It seemed an odd way to put it, since the implication was that as professor of biology at Commerce he would do no work.)

Dean Jervis said he would be available as a consultant whenever needed. He departed early in July, and so far as I know he returned only once, later in the summer, in his role as consultant.

Like everyone else I heard discuss it, I regretted the circumstances of Dean Jervis's resignation. It was too bad to have to go for that reason. But it would be hypocritical to pretend that I was sorry he would no longer be the head of the college. To say the least, I thought he had been something less than successful at the job.

Roy Jervis was alert to the main trends in teacher education in the late fifties and early sixties. He knew changes were in the wind, and what they would be. He was certainly one of the earliest advocates of the study of ecology. (He was the first person in his kind of position that I ever heard talk about ecology, but of course I didn't really keep up with that kind of thing.) He was advocating what might be thought of as basic general education, but approached in a new and innovative way. He wanted heavy requirements. He wanted to make sure every elementary school teacher had a thorough knowledge of basic subject matter, attested by the acquisition of a bachelor of arts degree, not a B.Ed. It was all this, along with his persuasive, fervent advocacy of his ideas (the first couple of times you heard him), that made him appear to be, when we first encountered him in 1960, such an ideal choice for the leadership of the new college.

It was really too bad that Dean Jervis's personality and administrative methods got in the way, and prevented him from accomplishing his goals. Originally, a

large majority of the faculty was eager to cooperate. Very early, as I have related, he rejected and made enemies of the Sabin-Foreman group. Within a few months after the opening of the new college in 1961, the dean had alienated a significant number of the people he himself had recruited. He also had problems in his relationships with students, even the relatively conforming students of the early sixties. I shudder to think how he might have reacted to the student disorders of the late sixties and early seventies.

Roy Jervis's legacy to the college was an important one, despite all the difficulties he created for himself. He left an institution that was innovative, and which was committed to maintaining the highest standards both for the faculty and the students. Perhaps the college was better after he left, and because he left. And yet, he set the goals, and started us on the course we followed in our best years. For that he deserves a large measure of credit, and the gratitude of those he left to carry out his tasks.

XXVII.

When Dean Jervis announced his resignation, Ben Willis told us about the new leadership. Amazingly, we weren't to have a new dean, but a triumvirate, a troika. Jerry Sachs, Matt McBride, and Murray Tondow were to be jointly in charge.

The whole idea seemed crazy and unworkable. In practice, it was just that. Some time during the next few months, Jerry Sachs was made *de facto* head of the college, and he was confirmed as dean in charge some time later.

Not too long after Dean Jervis left, a number of his key people also departed. Murray Tondow left for a job in California in the spring of 1963. Professor L, the formidable lady who broke the ban on slacks, left about the same time. Professor Y, the ethno-botanist, who married the beautiful student aide in the Social Sciences Division, also resigned in the following spring. Professor Z, the structural linguist, lasted a couple of years longer; he departed for a job in an eastern university after being defeated in an election for chairman of his division. Matt McBride also went back to the South Campus, after a somewhat longer interval. Professor X had little influence after his defeat in the chairmanship election.

It wasn't quite a clean sweep, but it was almost that. Those who remained after the dust settled were for the most part, in my opinion, the best of the Jervis people, plus the Sabin-Foreman group. They were an excellent core around which to build a fine college faculty.

The new administration made a very important difference in the way things were done, but the substance of what was being done remained essentially the same. Jerry made it clear that we were to continue on our previous course: we would still be committed to excellence in all things, and we would be an innovative experimental college. Jerry was in fact one of the organizers of a union of experimental colleges which included such prestigious schools as Antioch, Sarah Lawrence, Goddard, and—Chicago Teachers College North.

There was a big change in style. Jerry didn't insist on having a monopoly on ideas. He welcomed ideas and suggestions from anyone and everyone. I think just about any proposal that wasn't totally impractical economically or administratively had a chance of being tried. Both the off-campus "field centers" and the Center for Inner City Studies had their beginnings during this time.

The faculty now began to assume its rightful place in the governance of the college. We wrote the first of umpteen faculty constitutions, which provided for an elected faculty council and various faculty committees. One of these had the responsibility of making recommendations for promotions in rank. The lower ranks had disliked the old system, which confined membership on the promotions committee to professors. We were able to liberalize this one by including associate professors and assistant professors, but no one could vote on promotions to a rank above his own. Recommendations came to the college committee from divisional promotions committees.

Tenure was a more complicated matter, since the Board of Education still retained its power, through the same system we'd had to endure at Sabin and Foreman. A year or so after the establishment of the new campus, the Board announced a certification examination for college teachers, and the new people were eligible to take it. Some of them raised strenuous objections to this method of acquiring tenure, but they didn't have any more choice in the matter than we had some years earlier, so most of them swallowed their resentment and went through with it.

An elected faculty committee began to revise the curriculum. Just about everyone agreed that the number of required hours in the Jervis curriculum was excessive. Practically speaking, it was impossible to have academic majors with 88 required hours. So, a process of reduction began. Inevitably, it was difficult. There was no way to avoid stepping on some toes and encroaching on vested interests. I think a substantial majority of the faculty agreed that the essentials of the original curriculum should be preserved. The hard part was deciding just what the essentials were.

Complicating this problem of curriculum revision was the growth of the faculty. As I noted earlier, we didn't have our full complement of faculty when we opened in the fall of 1961. In the next couple of years, however, we expanded to our planned numbers both of students and faculty. There got to be enough of us so that it was possible to think in terms of the traditional academic departments, even though such departments didn't exist on paper. In the Social Sciences, the historians thought of themselves as a special group, even though we also still identified ourselves as members of the division. By 1964, we had a kind of informal history department, even though there were only four members (including Carl Hammond, who joined us in 1964). I think similar developments were taking place in other divisions.

The result of this incipient departmentalization was that in some cases there was a movement toward what amounted to departmental majors, as well as divisional majors.

In one case, this incipient departmentalization resulted ultimately in the elimination of a part of the original Jervis curriculum. That was the ISP requirement. As I remarked earlier, this may well have been one of the more successful of the Jervis innovations, despite some dissatisfaction with the original textbook. At least that is the opinion of most or all of the people who taught the course. Bill Kuschman, who was the coordinator, seems to have been a pleasant and able fellow, and unlike some of the key Jervis people he was not a threatening personality. The problem was that the people in psychology regarded ISP as an encroachment on their domain. One purpose of the course was to promote self-awareness in the students, and a sense of their involvement in society, and the psychology people seem to have thought this could only be done by themselves.

After a great deal of soul-searching, anguished protest, and academic politicking, ISP was dropped as a requirement. Bill Kuschman left the faculty, and the others in the program joined regular divisions: Hugh Moorhead did some administration and also taught in the Social Sciences, Harold Berlinger went into the Humanities, and Sophie Black became a librarian.

This first major curriculum revision took considerable time. When it was done, there was no doubt some dissatisfaction. The whole thing was done through a process of academically political compromise, but in an atmosphere that was on the whole reasonable and non-destructive. Perhaps it was easier to give up something because really all the divisions had quite a bit to start with. No one was fatally damaged, except the ISP people, and even they could and did find places elsewhere on the faculty.

The new curriculum had a required core of courses totalling 62 hours. By the standards of 1977 this may seem unbelievably high. I thought it was about right, and I still do. With that kind of requirement one could have some confidence that a college degree had some substantive and generally understood meaning. There was plenty of room for sound academic majors, and the program was a good preparation for those students who wanted to go into graduate work.

As our students increased in number, they continued, I think, to be even better in quality. I don't have any quantitative evidence to back up this statement, but my impression is that our students in the early and middle sixties were highly motivated, willing and able to do high-level college work, and reasonably well-prepared for it. Grading standards were high; we demanded and expected a lot of them. Teaching those students was a real pleasure.

Even during and after the curriculum revision, the Social Sciences Division retained the interdisciplinary and team-teaching flavor we had begun with. In the CWC sequence my chief responsibility continued to be CWC III, but I also took part on an occasional basis in the others. CWC III was predominantly a history course, but not entirely so. Bill Howenstine and Edris Smith, especially, continued to be involved.

Art Sabin, Joyce Sochen (who got married and became Joyce Schrage), and I taught American Institutions on a team basis. I think it was most successful when we did it as two big lectures and one small quiz session each week. We divided up the lectures by mutual agreement, each taking the subjects we felt most expert and comfortable with. All three of us always attended each lecture, no matter who was primarily responsible for that day's work. Always, the principle lecturer left time for comments by the other two. Sometimes rather lively exchanges developed among the three of us, who brought somewhat different perspectives and areas of special knowledge to the subject. It was a wonderfully stimulating way to teach. It was fun. It kept us on our toes. It was a living illustration for the students that history isn't a cut-and-dried or dull subject. The weekly quiz sessions gave us the opportunity also to clear up any difficulties that might have arisen from the lectures and the discussion between the three of us.

Joyce left us in 1964 to raise a family. Her replacement, to our great good fortune, was her sister June, who was equally able and dedicated. Even after the college became a part of the state system and increased in size, and after we hired European historians and became a department, Art, June, and I continued

for several years to teach American history in the way that had become traditional for us. All in all, those were the most enjoyable and, I firmly believe, the most successful years of teaching for all of us. When bureaucratic and financial considerations forced us to give up that kind of team teaching, the university was the poorer for it.

XXVIII.

In the wake of Dean Jervis's resignation, some other changes took place. One was a renaming of the divisions. Now, we became the Social Sciences Division, officially. The faculty offices in the Beehive were reshuffled, so as to group members of the divisions together. This perhaps reduced wear and tear on the elevators.

We still had to put up with double offices, however, until Art Sabin took the initiative in bringing about a change. Art and I shared a double office. We were good friends, but both felt the lack of privacy. We could put bookcases and file cabinets between us, but we still didn't have private offices. Finally, Art did something about it. Somehow, he persuaded a contractor to build a real wall between our two halves of the office. This was done without charge to the Board of Education. The idea was that other faculty members would see what we had and demand the same thing for themselves, and the contractor would get the job of building all of them. When the wall was finished we invited everyone to come and see it. As anticipated, everyone wanted one, and over the next several months the original private offices were restored. It was a big improvement, both practically and for morale purposes.

XXIX.

In September of 1964 I began what passed for a sabbatical leave, to finish up my Ph.D. Under the Board of Education, a faculty member could take ten months of leave, at regular salary minus the current rate of pay for substitute teachers. As I recall it, for me this meant that I received somewhat less than half my regular salary for the ten months. Also, the Board had very strict regulations to try to insure that a person on leave wasn't just goofing off. I had to fill out and send to the Board every month a form indicating where I had been and what I was doing. It was annoying, and smacked of the same attitude that demanded that we sign the timesheet. Still, it was better than nothing, and I felt that I had to get on with finishing the degree.

What I did that year really isn't a part of the history of the university, but some of it may serve to illustrate what things were like.

My dissertation was to be about the origins and passage of a major piece of antislavery legislation during the Civil War. In the preliminary stages of my research I ran across a book, written by a political scientist, which presented a method of studying, quantitatively, voting patterns and party structure in legislative bodies. That particular study was of the 81st Congress, but it seemed to me that the method could be used to study the Congress I was interested in, the 37th. The problem for me was that a computer had to be used for such a study, and I knew absolutely nothing about computers.

In those days we had a computer right on campus. It was a small one, an IBM 1620, and was located in the basement underneath the cafeteria. Norm Mittman was the director of computer services. Most of the work he did was

for the administration, in connection with such things as registration. Norm had an assistant, a young fellow named Pete Abrams who, in addition to his other duties, was supposed to help with faculty research projects. When I went to Norm to ask him about the possibilities of doing a computer analysis of voting patterns in the 37th Congress, he referred me to Pete.

I explained to Pete, as best I could, what I wanted to do, and finally gave him the book to read. (It was *The Congressional Party*, by David B. Truman.) Pete caught on instantly, and said it could be done. He told me what information he would have to have, coded on IBM punch-cards, and we worked out a procedure and method for doing it.

The next step was to find a student aide to help with the clerical work and the card-punching. The one I found, Rosemary Rogan, was absolutely the best I've ever seen. She didn't make mistakes! She worked in my office and in the computer center, where Pete showed her what to do, transferring information from the *Congressional Globe* to IBM cards. At first, I had to pay her myself, but later she became a Social Sciences Division employee.

Since our computer had a relatively small capacity, there were problems in devising a way to permit it to process the large quantity of information. Pete modified a program which was normally used to grade objective exams, and used that to run my cards. When the great day finally came, Pete himself ran the cards through the computer and the sorter and the printing machine. The whole process took something like seventeen hours. When it was done, I had information about Civil War Congressional politics that no one had ever had before, and the essential beginning of the material for a dissertation.

I had a lot of library research to do, too, and in this I also got important personalized help from the library. Some of my material was available on microfilm, and could be obtained on interlibrary loans. The librarians helped me locate what I needed, got it on interlibrary loan, and set up what amounted to a private room for me, complete with a microfilm reader, to do my research. Palmieri had left by this time, and his successor, Seymour Schneider, along with Jeanne Aber and Alice McDonnell, were the people who arranged all this.

I suppose I could have finished a dissertation anyway, but the help these people gave me certainly made it easier. Somehow, I don't think it would have happened the way it did if we had been a big and relatively impersonal bureaucratized institution. And I know as a certainty that I couldn't have done the computer part, in fact wouldn't even have considered it, without Pete's help, which was possible only in the rather special circumstances of that time. Indeed, I was lucky.

XXX.

I'm not sure just when the talk about our becoming a state college began. It was probably around 1962, maybe 1963. All of us chafed under what we felt was the yoke of the Board of Education. The petty and restrictive rules of the Board seemed almost intolerable at times. Added to that was the symbolism of Ben Willis. By that time Willis had become not only the symbol of autocratic rule of the whole school system, but also of opposition to racial desegregation of the Chicago public schools. He was not only a tyrant, he was embarrassing.

Ah, we thought, if only we could get out from under the Board and become

a state college. Then, we could become a real college, not just a teachers college. If we could only go state the future seemed limitless.

Soon, desire and reality merged. The Board wished, we learned, to shed its responsibility for higher education. Negotiations were under way between the Board of Education, the state legislature, the governor, and the Board of Governors of State Colleges. The city junior colleges were to have their own board. We, along with Chicago Teachers College South, were to become a state college under the control of the Board of Governors; we would be a part of the system that included Eastern and Western State Colleges. Hallelujah!

This momentous change was consummated while I was on leave, in the academic year 1964-65. Those years were euphoric. Edris and I got married, I finished my dissertation (the Ph.D. was awarded in 1966), we became a state college. What more could any man want?

The faculty was assured, in writing, that we would be protected in all the rights we had under the Board of Education, and would now acquire all the rights and privileges of faculty members under the Board of Governors system. The practical meaning of this was that we would have the rank we then held, that those who had acquired tenure under the Board of Education would have tenure under the Board of Governors, and that we would be taken into the Board of Governors retirement system with full protection of the rights we had accumulated under the Board of Education.

The change became official on July 1, 1965. As of that date, Chicago Teachers College North became Illinois Teachers College, Chicago, North. An awkward name. Soon, we were sure, it would be changed to something more euphonious: something like Northeastern Illinois State College.

Once we had become a state college, the big question was who was going to be president. Jerry Sachs had done a fine job as dean. It seemed logical to suppose he would be president under the Board of Governors. The problem was that the Board of Governors had an inflexible policy against promotion to president from within. But to us this didn't seem to be relevant. Jerry was already operating head of the college. Making him president would simply be a change of title, and a well-deserved recognition of a job well done.

As it turned out the Board of Governors agreed with this view of the matter. There was a search and screen committee (with no representation of the faculty). The committee recommended, and the Board agreed, that Jerry Sachs should be the president. It was the first time in the history of the Board that a man already in the system had been made president of one of the Board institutions.

XXXI.

Those years from around 1962 to around 1966 or '67 were, in retrospect, the Golden Age of the college. We still had our special identity. The essentials of what made us unique were still intact. The quality of the faculty was excellent and improving. The library was growing. Our students were of high quality. The college was still small enough to be comprehensible and manageable. Many of the suspicions and conflicts of the past were being laid to rest. That was a time of accomplishment, of promise, of hope.

In a way, the symbolic high point of the college's history came on a fall

day in 1966 when Jerry Sachs was installed as president. Many dignitaries were here. There was a good deal of pomp and academic pageantry. The whole campus seemed to be overflowing with good feelings and good will.

Among those present was the chairman of the Board of Governors, Paul Stone. Mr. Stone was an affable man, a politician, from downstate. I met him, and chatted with him briefly. I uttered some pleasantries about how great it was to be part of the state system, and how we were all looking forward to our future as a state college. In reply he made a remark I found only vaguely disturbing at the time; since, I've come to think of it as a pronouncement of doom. "Now," he said, "you have to grow. Numbers is the name of the game."

The implications of those words only gradually became apparent over the next several years. They were also the years that brought us the "student revolt," the SDS, black power, and a general erosion of the authority of rationality and academic learning. In that time the college was changed, fundamentally and permanently. Those were interesting years, in the sense implied by the ancient Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times."

But that's another story.



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