

THE entrance
of University Hall



MY SIX YEARS AT HAMLINE

JOHN D. HICKS

MR. HICKS, who is Morrison Professor of History, Emeritus, in the University of California, Berkeley, is well known for his many books and articles, particularly those dealing with the history of agrarian protest. He is not a newcomer to the pages of Minnesota History, for his first published article appeared in this quarterly in February, 1918, and three more, plus numerous book reviews, followed in later years. The present article is the third in a series of autobiographical pieces, of which the first two have appeared in the Pacific Northwest Quarterly and the Wisconsin Magazine of History.

HAMLIN UNIVERSITY, when I first set foot on its campus in 1916, was still definitely in the small college category, with a student body of well under five hundred. It was located where it is now, in the Midway district of St. Paul, along Snelling Avenue. Efforts to move to a location less threatened by industrial penetration had

long been persistent, but while I was at Hamline the governing authorities finally decided against a new campus. Talk of altering the name of the institution by substituting "college" for "university" was likewise rife but failed to achieve results, primarily because of the risk (real or fancied) involved in seeking a charter amendment. Incorporated in territorial times, Hamline had obtained valuable special privileges, including tax exemption, that it could not afford to lose.

Until after World War I there were only five buildings on the campus proper, two of which, University Hall and Science Hall, took care of all the classes; the other three were a library, a gymnasium, and Goheen Hall, a dormitory for women. Nearby, however, were a president's house, a converted residence known as The Annex which accommodated the overflow from Goheen Hall, and the inevitable football field with bleachers.

Hamline was affiliated with the Methodist

church, and abundant evidence existed to demonstrate that this connection was not merely a technicality. The president of the university, Dr. Samuel F. Kerfoot, was a Methodist clergyman, and so also were two or three other members of the faculty. Chapel was a daily exercise. While faculty members were expected to take their turns in leading the service, the president was usually on hand and more often than not delivered a little sermon. Invited guests, of whom a disproportionate number were clergymen, also spoke at chapel.

While the Middle West was growing up the Methodist church had a definite policy of establishing an institution of higher learning in each state, and Hamline University served that end for Minnesota. The purpose of such an establishment was not only to spare the children of the faithful such dangers as were involved in attending the "godless" state university, but also to save for the church as many potential preachers and lay leaders as possible. Across the street from the campus was the Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church, which a large proportion of the faculty and the student body attended regularly. On campus the YMCA and the YWCA enjoyed much official encouragement.

The president of the university held and exercised wide prerogatives at that time. He might act occasionally in the name of the board of trustees, to which the Minnesota Annual Conference of the Methodist church had entrusted the university, but in practice the authority was his. He could hire and fire all members of "his" faculty at will. Ordinarily he respected tenure rights acquired by long service, but neophytes took their chances—if he thought they hadn't made good, they had to go. He made it a definite policy, I'm sure, to hunt out bright young men for such openings as occurred, and then to keep them as long as he could. The financial resources at his disposal were limited, and the turnover in the faculty was high, but he did recruit many able young men. I suspect, however, that two reasons why he

chose me for the vacancy in the history department had little to do with scholarship. One reason was that my father was a Methodist preacher, and the other was that I had myself once held a local preacher's license. But I had also just achieved a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin, and the more Ph.D.'s an institution like Hamline could point to on its faculty, the better its standing with the various accrediting organizations that were beginning to throw their weight around.

Kerfoot was the president of Hamline all the time I was there, and we always got along well together. He was a tall, spare, fatherly type, slow to anger, and benevolently tolerant of youthful shortcomings. His earnestness and honesty of purpose could hardly be questioned. He consulted the faculty freely, both as individuals and as a group, and left to them most decisions on academic matters—the curriculum, for example. He believed in high standards and did what he could to promote them, but he believed also that the students under his care had precious souls that at all costs must be saved.

KERFOOT brought me to Hamline to modernize the teaching of history in the college. Before my time Dr. George S. Innis had been in charge of the department. He was a dedicated Christian whom everyone loved, but his attainments as a scholar were moderate. Students rarely failed to get high grades in his courses; gossip had it that he only counted the pages of examination blue-books instead of reading them. Some perverse characters even claimed that they had won their "A's" by writing and rewriting the Lord's Prayer, page after page. Whatever the truth of such rumors, it was decided to place Dr. Innis in charge of education courses and to give the new man a completely free hand in history.

Since I was the entire history department, decisions were easy to reach—I could have a department meeting standing on a corner waiting for a streetcar, and often did. In



SAMUEL F. Kerfoot, 1916

working out the new history program I took account of what the catalogue set forth as previous practice and what I could at least pretend to be qualified to teach. I found Greek and Roman history in the lead positions, and I let them stand, although in each case followed by a helpful rubric that the course would not be given during the current year. That device also let me out of English history, which I might have undertaken except for the conviction that European history, beginning with the fall of Rome (whenever that was), would serve better as a freshman course. For the sophomores I decided in favor of American history, after the pattern laid down at Wisconsin by Carl Russell Fish, whose assistant I had been. There would also have to be an advanced course for juniors and seniors, and on that I floundered for a while. I can recall giving American colonial history one semester, and problems in American history probably more than once. But the pattern soon worked itself out nicely; experience proved that in the freshman course on European history I could get no further than the Peace of Westphalia (1648). So the junior-senior course became European history,

1648 to the present. I also explained to the president that it was impossible for any one person to teach all history and that we would definitely have to get someone better qualified than I was for the projected courses in ancient and English history. As for Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the islands of the sea, we left all that over for unforeseeable expansion.

My propaganda in favor of a larger staff soon showed results. President Kerfoot had long had his eye on Harold Scott Quigley, a Hamline graduate and former Rhodes scholar from Minnesota who held a Ph.D. in political science from Wisconsin. Quigley had taken his degree the same year I had, but got his first job at Princeton. I had known Quigley at Wisconsin and strongly supported the idea of adding him to our faculty, although I wasn't very optimistic about Hamline being able to take a man away from Princeton. I also planted the thought that Quigley could teach English history, as well as political science—a dirty deed, I'll admit, but I needed help. The net result was that Quigley left his instructorship at Princeton for higher rank and pay at Hamline to teach both political science and English history.

As might have been expected, "Quig" took the double beating for only one year, and I joined him in his demand for emancipation from English history, pointing out, however, that we simply had to have someone else to teach that subject. By good luck, I had just the man to nominate for the place in my old friend and classmate at Northwestern, W. Freeman Galpin, who had acquired a Ph.D. from Pennsylvania and was available. Galpin got the job, but I saw to it that he also took over those courses in Greek and Roman history that I had marked "Not Given" for two successive years. Galpin stood it for a year and then took off for Michigan, where he had been offered an instructorship strictly in English history. I then turned to the University of Minnesota for help and plucked a great prize in Theodore C. Blegen, another Americanist like

myself, but willing to teach temporarily outside his field. Blegen outlasted me at Hamline, but my friendship with him and Galpin and Quigley grew mightily over the years, surviving all our various moves.

My experience in teaching at the college level was one of the best things that ever happened to me. In any large university I would have had little, if any, opportunity to teach outside my specialty. At Hamline I was obliged to draw upon everything I had ever known about both European and American history and to find out a great deal more about both.

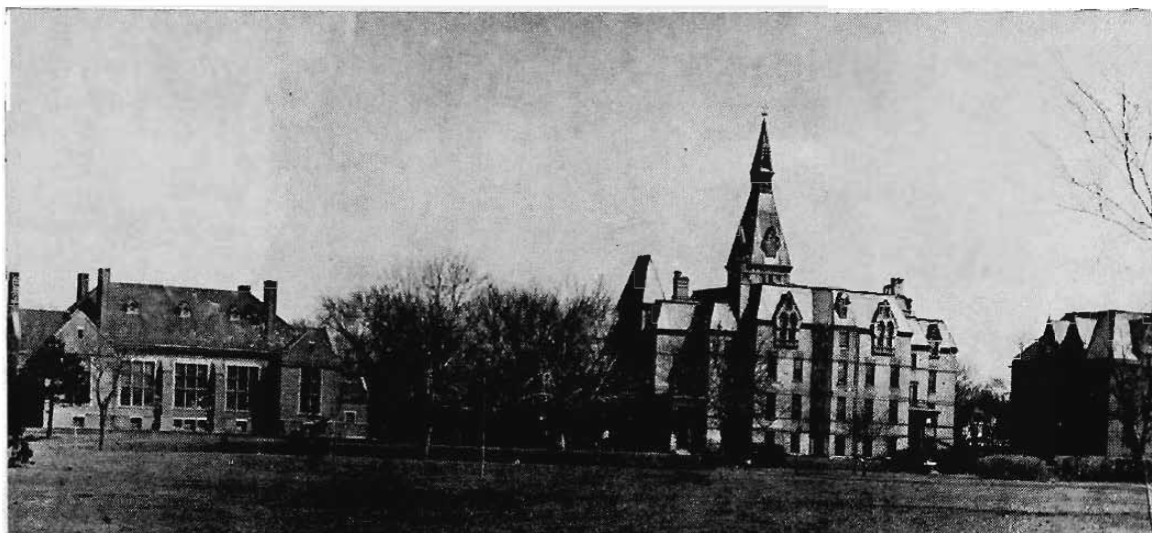
I doubt if I have ever worked as hard either before or since as I did during my first two teaching years. Despite the illusion that a small college means small classes, my classes were relatively large. I had to take care of about 150 freshmen, and since the classroom assigned to me would accommodate only half that number, I met them in two sections of about seventy-five each. Two days a week I lectured; the third day I quizzed the class orally on the work of the week. By keeping before me a seating chart, I soon learned the name of every member of the class and developed a technique for asking each person at least one question in each quiz period. I followed much the same practice with my courses in American history and in modern European history—both of which normally came close to filling the room. My teaching load was twelve hours a week, not bad, considering that one of my three-hour courses was a repeat. Also, by my own choice, my class schedule was concentrated on eight o'clocks and ten o'clocks six days each week. That program continued until after I was married, when my bride drew the line against eight o'clocks. I read all my own bluebooks. With a total of about 250 students in my classes, this was no mean chore.

During the early years, however, it was the lectures that threatened to get me down. I had been too well brought up at Wisconsin ever to go to class unprepared; hence, every lecture I gave for the first time cost me two,

three, or more hours by way of preparation. My library resources on campus were not especially good, and as yet I owned few books, but there were materials enough available to keep my nose to the grindstone. I tried to make each lecture a self-contained unit, as most of my Wisconsin teachers had done. Each day I used a blackboard outline to give my students advance notice of what I intended to say.

At first I used full notes, sometimes even writing out whole introductory sentences, but I took pains not to read my lectures (or at least not to seem to read them), and as time went on the notes became less and less essential. I also adopted early the practice of writing memos to myself after each lecture as to what was wrong with it; on the basis of these criticisms, together with whatever new information I had gleaned, I reworked my lectures, year after year. My lecture notes, like my research notes, I kept on three-by-five-inch paper slips, so that it was easy to make modifications by taking some slips out and putting others in. During my early years—I think this was true for all of my time at Hamline—I brought in far too many details and tried to say too much, with the result that I talked too fast. Later I slowed down, said far less, but probably got over more to the class. Eventually I discarded full notes in favor of brief outlines designed primarily to keep my attention fixed on a few main points. Without such guidance I found the temptation to chase rabbits all over the field well-nigh irresistible. I always stood to lecture, made the most of what I had learned by precept and example about public speaking, and used every device I thought legitimate to command the attention of the class.

MOST Hamline students came from Minnesota, probably in greater proportion from the small towns than from the cities. They reflected fairly accurately the national origins of the Minnesota population, a fact that the names on my class rolls demonstrated clearly. I soon learned to pronounce



A view of the Hamline campus in the early 1920s

Scandinavian and other non-English names correctly. With respect to church affiliation, Methodists were understandably numerous among the students, but nearly every other Protestant denomination was also represented. There were even a few Catholics, one of whom, Daniel C. Gainey, was a universal favorite, and later became a prominent Minnesota businessman and a member of the board of regents of the University of Minnesota. Dan was one of the many boys who "worked his way through" Hamline, and he claims to have made some money by "pressing the professors' pants." We had a few foreign students — Chinese, Japanese, and European — but not enough to give the campus the kind of international flavor so characteristic of American colleges and universities today. I remember only one Negro student, a friendly, dark-skinned boy who was accepted with no slightest evidence of discrimination — unless, indeed, in his favor. He enjoyed a kind of special status that a representative of his race might resent today.

In quality of scholarship the Hamline students showed every gradation, but the best of them were as capable as any I have taught. Sometimes students who couldn't "get by" at the state university tried to transfer to Hamline, and a few may have succeeded. But the stock retort of the official

who ruled on their transcripts was: "Sorry, but our hospital facilities here are overcrowded already." We had the customary dropouts, usually due to poor grades or inadequate finances, and we lost a good many students who transferred, usually at the end of their sophomore year, to other institutions. However, some others who had expected to leave developed a warm loyalty to Hamline and stayed on for graduation. As a group the Hamline students were earnest, eager young people, determined to make their way in the world.

To my great delight the students seemed to like my courses about as well as I liked giving them. Discipline was no problem despite the easy familiarity that engulfed the campus and my youthful looks. (I was only twenty-six when I came to Hamline and was often mistaken for a freshman.) I made it a point in class to address all students by their last names, "Mr." or "Miss" as the case might be, but on campus I called them by their first names, and they generally called me "John D." I had come by that handle accidentally. As a child everyone had called me "Don" for Donald, my middle name. But at about twelve years of age I struck at this — "Don" was too undignified; even dogs were called "Don." So I demanded to be called Donald, and thanks to an opportune move to another town I got away with it pretty well. Until I

went to Northwestern in 1909 I parted my name on the side; in all my high school textbooks it appears as "J. Donald Hicks." The "J" was for "John," my father's name, and one member of the family by that name had seemed enough. When I entered Northwestern, however, by an understandable error my name got into the student directory as "Hicks, John D." That did it. My financial status was so unlike that of another John D. who was then current in the news that his name (and mine, really) became my nickname—on the same principle, no doubt, that a six-foot six-inch giant is sometimes called "Shorty." Finally, almost of necessity, I accepted the rearrangement of my name as official.

MY MAJOR professor at Wisconsin, Fred-eric Logan Paxson, had told me abruptly one day: "You can't get married until after you've taught for five years." He needn't have worried, for I came to Hamline with a ready-made family. Because of high blood pressure and a serious heart condition, my father retired from the ministry (or, to use the cruel church term, was "superannuated") at the same time I got my first teaching job. By common consent, he and my mother and my younger sister, Hattie, who had completed two years of college work at Baker University (the Kansas equivalent of Hamline), came to St. Paul to make a home for me. By pooling our financial resources we knew we could make ends meet. Father's annuity from the church after twenty-seven years of service was \$300, and my beginning salary at Hamline was \$1,400. That made \$1,700 a year, a lot more than Father had ever received.

My mother soon had things all figured out. I had borrowed \$700 from my parents to see me through graduate school, and with interest at seven per cent, compounded annually, I owed them substantially more than that. As an undergraduate at Northwestern I had borrowed about half that much from a Methodist church fund, but the church, fortunately, could wait. By way of repayment

on the family loan, I would take care of the \$25 a month rental for which we got a comfortable little six-room house. In addition, I would pay my parents \$35 a month for my room and board and a like sum for my sister. That brought the old pay check down to pretty slim proportions, but I had lived on less and felt no grievance. We continued this arrangement for two years until my sister had been graduated from Hamline and was prepared to teach in high school. Then my father, critically ill, decided to move back to Missouri, the scene of his early pastorates, where my sister had fortunately obtained a teaching position. I continued to send home about half my salary each month until my father's death in 1919 and substantial sums to my mother after that. I gave up bookkeeping on my obligation, but my mother never did. Thanks in no small part to her interest in my finances, I was \$700 ahead of the game when I got married—exactly five years after I began to teach. Meantime my sister had helped me pay off my Methodist church debt. Maybe we had to pool our resources during these years, but if anyone thinks we were poor he has another think coming. We were rich.

BEFORE the end of my first year at Hamline the United States entered World War I. War fever ran high on the campus and led almost immediately to the organization of an ambulance unit for which about forty of our best students volunteered. The unit saw active service in France and sustained serious losses. On June 5, 1917, along with over nine million other young Americans (including many of my students), I registered for the draft, but for better or for worse my family commitments saved me from military service. The selective service act of 1917 provided for five classes of enrollees, the first of which consisted of all able-bodied young men who were unmarried, had no dependents, and were not needed at home in agriculture or industry. Class three, which included unmarried men with dependents, was exactly tailored to my condition, so that

HAMLIN UNIVERSITY



S. A. T. C.

Students' Army Training Corps

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without hesitation or argument I was deferred. Undoubtedly if the war had lasted longer I would have been transferred to class one, but in those days before social security it was deemed expedient not to complicate conditions on the home front by calling up men with dependents unless absolutely necessary. Later in the war Professor Paxson, who had joined the committee on public information in Washington, offered me a first lieutenancy to come to the national capital and help him. I declined on the ground that my family needed me and that I was at least equally useful to the war effort as a teacher. I think I was right, but for a long time — both during and after the war — I felt stigmatized because I had not worn a uniform.

I taught fledgling soldiers, however, or at least I tried to teach them, in the Students' Army Training Corps (S.A.T.C.), a device designed to keep the nation's colleges and

universities alive despite the draft that fell so heavily on men of student age. The idea was to make each campus over into an army camp in which most of the male students divided their time between ordinary classroom activities and military instruction. Beginning with the fall of 1918, our Science Hall was transformed at government expense into an army barracks, practically the entire male section of the student body donned uniforms, and the campus resounded to the unmistakable sounds of military drill.

The program was, of course, unworkable; there is good authority for the dictum that no man can serve two masters. What can a distracted teacher do when an army sergeant appears at his classroom door, interrupts the proceedings with a loud command for Private So-and-So to report to such-and-such a place p.d.q., then departs noisily, followed by the uneasy victim? Try to pick up the pieces after a few such incidents. And who has priority when it comes to study time, or scheduled tests, or other requirements? And just where do the coeds and the nonuniformed students fit in? We all tried hard to make the proper adjustments — the president, the faculty, the students, and the somewhat unlettered military commandant — but it just couldn't be done. The college authorities knew nothing about how to run an army post; the army knew nothing about how to run a college. One well-intentioned (but deeply revealing) order posted by the commandant recited: "There will be improvised study every night from eight to ten." Supervised? But, whether "improvised" or "supervised," it was all the same.

To add to the general confusion there was an outbreak of influenza among the student-soldiers, but a sensible local doctor commandeered a large residence, kept the sick boys in it until they got well, and didn't lose a single patient. Maybe freedom from classes and drill worked the miracle. When the fighting ended, November 11, 1918, the members of the S.A.T.C. clamored to go home. What little discipline had existed be-

fore then evaporated almost completely. There was enough red tape to hold things together until Christmas vacation, but when that time came, to the great relief of all concerned, the S.A.T.C. disappeared.

DURING my first two years at Hamline I had little spare time to devote to research, but I well remembered the admonitions of my Wisconsin mentors that one must write to get anywhere in the history profession. Besides, I liked to write. So I got out an old seminar report I had done at Wisconsin for Carl Russell Fish on the "Organization of the Volunteer Army in 1861," and reworked it with special reference to Minnesota. This task introduced me at once to the library of the Minnesota Historical Society, then housed in the basement of the Capitol. Newspapers provided most of the material I needed, and the contrasts between raising the army in 1861 and in 1917-18 kept my interest alive. My article appeared in the February, 1918, issue of the *Minnesota History Bulletin*.

At the suggestion of Professor James A. James of Northwestern University under whose direction I had written my master's thesis, I also began work on the papers of Ignatius Donnelly, a choice collection which the society had fortunately acquired. By the time I got to this task the society was housed in its new building on the Capitol plaza, and its manuscript division, under the able direction of Grace Lee Nute, had the Donnelly Papers in excellent order. Out of them and other pertinent material I was able to write an article on "The Political Career of Ignatius Donnelly" that the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* published in its June-September issue of 1921. Thus began my long-sustained interest in Populism.

Naturally I made the acquaintance of Solon J. Buck, then the superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society, and the author of *The Granger Movement* (1913), a classic in the field of agrarian history. Buck gave me much encouragement in my work and once even tempted me with an offer —

at a salary well above my Hamline earnings — to become a member of his staff. I declined, for by that time I was so devoted to teaching as a career that I viewed anything that might lead me into something else as sheer treason. Buck understood. We often attended historical meetings together, and it was perhaps he who got me the opportunity to read a part of my Donnelly paper (before it was published) to one of the section meetings of the American Historical Association at its 1920 convention in Washington.

I recall that incident clearly. My paper was well received, and as I left the rostrum a distinguished-looking gentleman who sat far down in front congratulated me warmly. As I walked out into the hall to greet Dean Loren H. Batchelder, a member of the Hamline faculty who had asked me to meet him there, I was followed by another distinguished-looking gentleman who said to me: "Do you know who that was who spoke to you?" I did not. "That," he said, "was Albert J. Beveridge." It was then my turn to inquire of someone else who my thoughtful informant was. "That," I was told, "was Claude H. Van Tyne." It took me some time to get back to normal.

My determination to write, aided no doubt by my personal friendship with Professors James and Paxson and my persistent appearance at national historical meetings, paid good dividends. Three times during my years at Hamline I was invited to teach at summer sessions in Northwestern University and once in the University of Wisconsin. The small stipends I received for such service — about \$200 per session as I recall — helped balance the family budget, while the opportunity to work in other libraries and with other students was not amiss. Also, I made new friendships with other young teachers of history, among them Reginald C. McGrane of the University of Cincinnati, who taught with me at Northwestern, and Paul A. Knaplund of the University of Wisconsin, who was just beginning his long and distinguished career.

SOLON J. Buck
*at his desk in the
Minnesota Historical Society*



After any given summer excursion I returned to Hamline with new, even revolutionary, ideas that never seemed to pan out. Once, after I had expressed myself volubly in faculty meeting, Dean Batchelder cut me down to size with the remark: "Young man, that won't work. We tried it twenty years ago."

A PROBLEM of the small college that had never occurred to me before I came to Hamline may be described bluntly as competition for students. Minnesota, like many other western states, had just about all the small denominational colleges that it could support. Naturally, each college left few stones unturned to induce all the students who might possibly be interested in it to come its way. The state university, which for lower fees offered more kudos and a greater variety of courses, was hardest to deal with, and the various state teachers' colleges came next.

One summer our energetic young business manager, Ivan T. Jones, known inevitably

as "I.T." or "Ivan the Terrible," asked me to accompany him on an extensive tour of the state in quest of students. I accepted — probably for a small fee — and had the time of my life. We set out in a Model T Ford and visited nearly every town that had a high school in a triangle that stretched from the Twin Cities to Minot, North Dakota, to Duluth and back.

Our technique in each place was simple. First, we would go to the local newspaper office and acquire a copy of the town paper published just after the recent graduation exercises. It always contained a complete list of the graduating seniors. Then we would inquire our way to some available member of the class and ask him (or her) what each of his fellow graduates was planning for the following year. Those who were definitely committed to schools other than Hamline we crossed off our list. To the Hamline prospects we offered congratulations and encouragement, and found out from them who among their classmates might be amenable to a little arm-twisting. All who

might conceivably be interested in Hamline, and sometimes others too, we called on and sang in no uncertain terms the praises of the college we represented. Maybe we influenced a few to go to Hamline who might otherwise have gone elsewhere, and probably we kept some waverers in line—but I wondered then, and I wonder now, if our expedition really paid off.

We developed a good sales talk. First and foremost was the personal attention that a student could get in the small college. He would soon know everybody, and everybody would know him. He would meet his teachers, not only in the classroom, but everywhere he went. This was almost painfully true. In a small college it took everyone available to make a right good crowd for anything. Both faculty and students were urged to turn out for all the games, debates, and other events on the calendar. If you weren't there, your absence was noted, and your stock went down correspondingly. So we bore down hard and feelingly on togetherness. At a large university a student would be lost in the shuffle; in a small college he couldn't get lost if he wanted to. These arguments meant a lot to many small-town boys and girls and to their parents. We also stressed the point that the small college freshman would have classes with the oldest and wisest men on our faculty, and would not be turned over to mere graduate student assistants or inexperienced instructors, as so often happened in large universities.

We denied vigorously that standards were lower in our college than in the state university, but we pointed out that if a student was down in his work at Hamline, somebody would care and would try to help him. And Hamline, we noted, in comparison with some other Minnesota colleges, enjoyed the great cultural advantages of a city environment, libraries, museums, theaters, and all that. This line of talk may have won a convert now and then, but probably it also lost an occasional student, for there were many parents who were not eager to see their darlings subjected to the temptations of a

wicked city environment. We talked about the great guys we had on our faculty, the exciting leaders in our student body, and the brilliant prospects our football team had for the coming year—whatever its previous record. We didn't do any recruiting of athletes, however; that was a specialty which rested completely in other hands. In fact, if any such thing was being done, I at least didn't know about it.

During the regular academic year the business of promotion took a different form. Pamphlets singing the praises of Hamline appeared at intervals, although I had nothing to do with their preparation. One of these, designed by a well-intentioned—if inept—colleague, was entitled "Making Squirrel Tracks for Hamline," and had cute drawings of such tracks on its cover. It was never sent out. "They'll think we're all nuts," said the registrar, as he chucked the entire printing into a wastebasket.

On several occasions I (and I'm sure other faculty members also) represented Hamline at high schools throughout the state, probably at times when high school and college vacations failed to coincide. These trips I made by train, occasionally riding the caboose of a local freight to make connections. Salesmanship took the form of a call on the local high school principal, usually just before a morning or an afternoon session. Explaining the purpose of my visit, I asked for an opportunity to address the senior class and usually had no trouble in getting it. My little speech—I learned to keep it short—stressed the advantages of higher education and invited students who would like to talk over their future plans to meet with me for a few minutes later in the day. For such interviews the principal generally made his office or some other suitable room available. Only once, in some large town in southern Minnesota—perhaps Winona or Rochester—did I meet a rebuff. On this occasion the superintendent of schools not only denied my request to speak, but practically threw me out of his office. He was himself promoting a fifth high school year to serve as

the equivalent of the freshman year in college — an incipient junior college program, I suppose — and he would tolerate no poaching on his preserves.

I view with considerable regret the drowning in numbers that is now changing the character of the American small college. At Hamline the student body must this year number around a thousand, too large to permit the kind of intimate college life we knew while I was there. But what has happened to the universities is even more appalling. Often I am asked by parents about where they should send their children. Should it be to a large university or to what we now call a small college? My reply invariably begins with the words, "That depends." Good students with well-adjusted personalities will do all right anywhere, but only those who answer such a description should go to one of our great, oversized universities. Average students will do better in a good small college, and below-average students will hang on longer and probably learn more in such surroundings than anywhere else. I have always been impressed, however, with the disproportionate number of graduate students who come to the universities from small colleges. The reason for this, I think, is that members of the faculty in small colleges can more easily spot real excellence in their students and urge the right ones to go on. Furthermore, as a training ground for university teachers, the small college, in which teaching of necessity must be highly esteemed, can hardly be surpassed. For these and many other reasons the small colleges in these days of rapid population growth well justify their existence.

DURING my first two years at Hamline, while my parents and my sister were still with me, the problem of my father's health was an ever-present concern. Rest and the absence of responsibility helped him considerably, and for a time he was able to accept a "supply" appointment in a St. Paul working-class neighborhood. In all his previous ministry he had never known city

workers; the experience was thus an eye opener to him and to the rest of us. He liked his flock, however, and they were immensely proud of him. Ordinarily they had rated only a fumbling beginner, but Father looked, acted, and dressed the part of an honest-to-goodness parson — the kind some of them had known only in the old country.

Father's time was running out, and eventually he had to give up his little church. Well or ill, however, he always managed to put in a vegetable garden. One spring during the war he and I even obtained a garden plot on the edge of town where we "fought the Kaiser" by planting rows and rows of potatoes. Unfortunately the potato bugs were not patriotic and did our crop in. Father recommended the proper proportions of an appropriate insecticide, but I doused it on so liberally as to kill not only the potato bugs but also most of the potato plants. I think we harvested about as many potatoes as we put in.

Although born in Illinois, my father had moved with his parents to Minnesota before the Civil War and had grown to manhood on a farm near Red Wing. One of his often-expressed wishes was to visit the scenes of his youth, and once, when his health permitted, he and I made the trip from St. Paul to Red Wing by train. He recognized the physical features of the place, particularly the river and the bluff, but the town, of course, was not the same. We hired a driver who showed us around, and Father spotted the site of the old academy he had wished to attend but didn't, because, as he put it, his father "wouldn't let him."

We drove out into the country to the Featherstone Church which had not changed materially since he had attended it as a boy, then on to what once had been the Hicks farm. The buildings were different, but Father saw something about the farmhouse that looked familiar and asked permission to go inside. There he found the old log house he had known as a boy; the outside had been weatherboarded, but inside, despite improvements and enlargement, he

could recognize the original walls. Neither in the town nor in the country could he find anyone he knew, or who knew anyone he knew. Finally he directed the driver to an old, almost abandoned, cemetery, and there he found them all. Tombstone by tombstone he visited with them as I listened. It was a moving experience.

One reason Father decided to leave Minnesota, I am sure, was the weather. The two winters we were there together were probably the coldest I have ever experienced. During one of them the total snowfall measured about eleven feet, and some of the first snow was still on the ground when the last snowfall came. The thermometer dropped to twenty degrees below zero frequently, and once as far as forty below. Sidewalks became trenches, and it took a hard lift to get a shovelful of snow over the top. We had a good furnace and kept warm, but Father longed for a gentler winter and an earlier spring.

As a matter of fact, the cold weather was no doubt exactly why his father, my grandfather, had left Minnesota for Missouri nearly a half century earlier. I reached this conclusion years later as the result of a conversation with Joseph Schafer, superintendent of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and a great authority on frontier

history. Commenting on the Hicks variant from the normal frontier habit of following isothermal lines into the west, I asked Schafer why my grandfather should have departed from custom to go south instead of west. "Where did he come from?" Schafer asked. "From Tennessee by way of Indiana and Illinois," I replied. "That's easy," said Schafer, "the old man's feet got cold, and he wanted to go where he knew the weather would be warmer."

AFTER my parents left for Missouri and my sister graduated from Hamline, I moved in with Harold Quigley, who was still a bachelor and agreed to share with me the two rooms he rented in a large residence close to the campus. For the next two years we lived together and shared experiences. Both of us had begun to cast interested eyes on the numerous young women about and to give each other much unheeded advice on the subject. We "boarded" at another residence two or three blocks from where we roomed, paying eight dollars a week for meals that couldn't be had now for less than four or five times that amount. I don't remember what we paid for our rooms, but it wasn't much.

Despite the good food and pleasant companionship, I missed the advantages of a



*A sketch
from the Hamline
yearbook for 1916*



THE Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church

home of my own; besides, I was in love. Before the end of my fourth year I became engaged to one of my senior students, Lucile Harriet Curtis. Such crossing of caste lines was frowned upon by all the lady professors and some professors' wives, but I told the president about it and, humane character that he was, he said it was all right.

Lucile was nearly ten years my junior, so to let her grow up a little and to make sure that we had made no mistake we agreed that she should teach for a year in high school before we were married. Since Quigley had accepted an offer to join the political science department of the University of Minnesota and I had no interest in living alone, I invited my now-widowed mother to come back from Missouri and keep house for me for a year. Quite unwittingly, I had taken on a double hazard; I had turned my girl loose among the wolves, and I had installed in my household her natural competitor. But when the year was up Lucile and I were married at her home in St. James, Minne-

sota. Naturally Harold Quigley was my best man, and President Kerfoot tied the knot. Six weeks later I helped Quigley get married and saw him and his bride off for a two-years' tour of duty at Tsing Hua College in Peking, China.

Our marriage, from the first, was a complete success. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." This good fortune was due in part to our common backgrounds. If my father was a Methodist preacher, hers was a Methodist Sunday school superintendent; we had protested against many of the same things. We were both products of a small-town environment. We had similar ancestry and similar family traditions; indeed, on our mothers' sides our family lines crossed a couple of hundred years back, somewhere in New England. Lucile's parents were both college graduates (unlike mine who only wished they were), her father from Michigan State and her mother from Knox. Her father was owner and editor of the *Watowan County Plaindealer* in St. James, and

as newspaper people her parents read books, esteemed learning, and understood the importance of writing and publication.

Lucile was the oldest daughter among five children, had learned as a matter of course about keeping house, could make an apple pie, and all that. But my young wife's qualifications, as I was eventually to learn, went well beyond the domestic virtues. Once Paxson had remarked for my benefit that a university professor without a competent wife was in the same predicament as an opera star without a good manager. Only when I was old enough and wise enough to be pleased about it did I realize that there was a stronger hand at the helm than mine. There couldn't have been a better marriage; after forty-four years, three daughters, and ten grandchildren, I ought to know.

ONE DAY while Quigley was still at Hamline and we were leaving the campus together, we were stopped at a street corner by the Reverend Herbert G. Leonard, pastor of the Hamline Methodist Church and a man of great intellectual distinction whom we both admired. He laid down a challenge to us—he even called it that. “You two men,” he said, “can go elsewhere, if you wish, and rise in your profession. But why don't you resolve, here and now, not to accept the offers that will come your way, and build your lives into this college?” Well, we felt a little as the rich young ruler must have felt when he asked the Good Master, “What must I do to inherit eternal life?” and was told “Go sell that thou hast, and come follow me.” The young man went away in sorrow and so did we, for we knew in our hearts that we could never follow our pastor's advice. Our dedication, we concluded, was not to any particular college, but to teaching and to the fields we taught.

Quigley soon after accepted his call from the University of Minnesota, while at the end of my sixth year, because I couldn't do any better, I took an offer that came my way from the North Carolina College for Women.

I didn't much want to go south, and I felt a little hurt that the University of Minnesota had overlooked my splendid possibilities. Dean Guy Stanton Ford, Professor August C. Krey, and other Minnesota historians were very kind and helpful to me, both then and later, but an offer never came. I knew that I had to leave Hamline soon, or I would have to take Dr. Leonard's advice whether I liked it or not.

My rank at Hamline the first year I was there was assistant professor. The next year I drew a promotion (the only one I ever asked for) to full professor. I went to the North Carolina College for Women (now the Women's College of the University of North Carolina) as a full professor, and a year later I went to the University of Nebraska at the same rank. My teaching career thus assays one year as an assistant professor and forty years as a full professor, with a couple of deanships and no less than four chairmanships thrown in. I can remember complaining to Professor Paxson, shortly before his death, about the frantic way in which younger members of the history department at California were gunning for higher ranks. “Tut! Tut!” he said, reprovingly. “You don't know anything about it.” As usual, he was right.

WITH the exception of the illustrations on pages 219 and 224, the pictures are from the collection of the Minnesota Historical Society.

THE INDEX for volume 38 of *Minnesota History*, covering the eight issues published in 1962 and 1963, is now available. Because of rising costs it will be necessary after August 1, 1965, to discontinue the society's previous policy of supplying the current index without charge to members and subscribers. After that date all indexes may be purchased for \$2.00 each. They are available for volumes 8, 16, 17, 23, 24, 27 through 32, and 34 through 38. A consolidated index for volumes 1 through 10 may be purchased for \$10.00. Orders should be directed to Irene Haas.



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