

Interviewee: Dr. Archibald "Archie" Robertson  
Interview Date: January 1, 1969

R: I do not know precisely when my father's family moved into Tallahassee.

P: They came from where?

R: They came in from Alabama, the neighborhood of Montgomery. This was typical of north Florida migration. My mother's people were Scotch Presbyterian from North Carolina.

P: They, perhaps, originally came down from Pennsylvania into the Carolinas?

R: No, that is not the story as we have it. This was the Bannerman family, and there is a widespread clan still clinging to Tallahassee and the neighboring country.

This may well be myth, but this is the family history as handed down. This original Bannerman--I have his pocket Bible, incidentally--who migrated from Scotland was Charles Bannerman. He came over in the early 1700s to North Carolina, perhaps by way of Virginia. I do not know, and I do not have the means to check all of the sources of information of that kind. The immediate move into north Florida, into Leon County, was from North Carolina. There were kinfolk from my grandmother Bannerman who had stopped in Georgia. There was, I know, both before and after the Civil War some visiting back and forth of the kind that meant you took the stagecoach or you had your own horse and buggy or your horses and carriage, and you drove for several days. Once there your visit was a real visit. You stayed there for a month or six weeks. You had to rest up and to get ready for the return journey to make it pay off.

As I recall, those kinspeople of my grandmother's were Kerrs; they were all Scotch, you see. They pronounced it as if it were Carr, which is, I think, just a variant. My grandfather came down into northern Leon County on the southwest of Lake Lanoka, which is a big lake about seven miles long, all of which runs within a mile of the Georgia line. He came down in 1832, I think it was, bought land, and settled down. Now, how he lived or what sort of dwelling he had I do not know.

P: This was shortly after the settling of Tallahassee?

R: Well, this was about the time of the question of where the capital would be located. This was in 1824, seven or eight years after news spread of the town. We begin to pick up family records in 1837, but that is approximately when my grandfather began keeping a combination personal diary and plantation record.

P: Are these records still available? Do you still have them?

R: Yes, and Dr. J. D. Glunt [UF professor of history] many years ago made a typescript of the essentials of this record for the Cape.

P: Where are these documents?

R: You mean the originals? They came to me because I bear his name. He had no middle name--he was Charles Bannerman. The diary passed into the possession of his oldest surviving son, George Washington Bannerman. As the oldest surviving son he inherited the home section of the Bannerman plantation when my grandfather died in 1867. At his death it passed on to my Aunt Mary, who was several years older than my mother and who kept it in an aged, prewar trunk, which had gone several times to the University of Georgia in Athens. My uncles had gone to school there after the Civil War. It came to me by a family assumption that it was to be handed down to someone in the family with his given name. I had it and made it available to Dr. Glunt.

My mother and her friends in Tallahassee gave him a good deal of material that he used in the study of the plantation records of northern Florida. The Blakes, for example, are among the early and very large landholders in the eastern part of the county. Sally Blake was an old friend of our family, so there were many connections in which we helped him locate the material he used. That typescript I have glanced at very hurriedly, I mean to check very carefully against the original record just for my own satisfaction and to make sure that I am disentangling some of the curiosities in that old, old book. Even my grandfather or people who had access to this record have used pages of the thing. Some of the unfilled pages in the back had all sorts of scribblings and figures. It looked like it was all sorts of household mathematics.

The record, as far as the plantation is concerned and building the house, goes back to 1837. The house still stands and is in pretty good condition because it was handed, as I said, to the oldest surviving son. He was given that section of the plantation as his share when the plantation was divided. Getting into very exigent circumstances along in the early 1900s, he had to sell it, but he sold it to a nephew with another one of the common names in the family, Robert Bannerman. He was Robert, Jr., and it is Robert's daughter who with her family lives in that house right now. They are not very well off, but they have been trying over a period of, say, ten or fifteen years to renovate the place little by little, making the necessary repairs.

P: So it has been in Bannerman hands right from the very beginning.

R: Yes, and indeed most of the lands in the original plantation are in the hands of someone of the clan.

P: Where in Tallahassee is the Bannerman house?

R: This is the plantation house that we are talking about. It is about sixteen miles a little northwest on the side of that big Lake Lamonia. The family did have a small townhouse where I know my grandmother, with some of the children who needed to go to school, lived in the winter. The house that my mother built in about 1906 or 1907 is on the lot that adjoins that place on the rear, but that passed out of my grandmother's hands at the end of the century. When I knew her, she and this aunt of mine who had taken care of the family records and handed

them on to me lived in a small house that still stands a block to the east of the old Florida State College for Women campus. We had moved from the country, from my father's place on the other end of Lake Lamonía, so that my older brother and my sister could have access to the Tallahassee school. They had outgrown the one-room schoolhouse that was still adequate for me. It had nothing left to offer to the two older children.

P: Now, your grandfather, you said, fought in the Civil War?

R: No. He was too old a man. I have his draft card record. He had to register, as I gather every white male did, and if there were free Negroes they had to register in the same way, didn't they?

P: No, free Negroes did not have to register.

R: That is the only thing that I have ever seen, and this merely indicates that he was along in his sixties by that time. There were several sons involved. The oldest surviving son, G. W. Bannerman, who, while I was going to school in that one-room schoolhouse up at the other end of the lake, was county superintendent of public construction for Leon County. Now, he was the oldest of the boys, and even though he was only seventeen or eighteen he fought for most of the war. Jackson's part of Lee's army was in a great many of the savage battles of the 1864-1865 campaign, and he [G. W. Bannerman] was wounded and carried a Yankee bullet in his back to his grave. It never caused him any discomfort, so there it was. There was one other. The next son to him was a student in that funny little academy that was located, if I remember correctly, near the administration building of what is now Florida State University.

P: Is this West Florida Seminary?

R: It became that later. What it was called at the time these boys were students there I do not know.

P: The West Florida Seminary was established in 1857.

R: Well, my father was a student out there even earlier than that. He got to medical school at Tulane early enough to graduate and see about two and half or more years of service at the other end of the Confederacy. He served as long as there was a force. He rode as a surgeon with some branch or other of [Confederate Lieutenant General Nathan Bedford] Forrest's troops. My father was one of the Confederate officer surgeons assigned, of all places, to Andersonville Prison. He wound up the war with a long tour there. My mother told me when I was growing up later, long after his death--he certainly never talked to me about that--that he remembered with such frustration and sense of tragedy the whole business. If they broke a scapel, that was it; there was nothing to replace it. They had no medicines. They had nothing in the way of appropriate provisions. He remembered it simply as a long stretch of horror. He did not like to talk about it even to her.

There was one little relic of that. There is in the Robertson family Bible that my sister has in her

house in Tallahassee--one of those old-fashioned, gaudy, heavy-bound [Bibles] with a lot of gold tooling on it--a few rather scrappy entries about births and deaths in the family, marriage dates, and various odd things that people will stick into a book like that because they want it kept safe. Along with pressed flowers is a curious, rather crudely done pencil sketch that purports to represent a bird's-eye view from the hilltop of that whole stretch of Andersonville Prison in its early stages. That was the only visible evidence of my father's service in the Confederate army. He was born in 1840 and was older than my Bannerman uncle who fought in the Virginia armies. He had gone to school out there [in Lake City] in that little school before it became the state seminary.

I think that you probably would remember in more detail the history of Tallahassee, but it was a local enterprise that was intended to provide schooling for Tallahasseeans and the country people who wanted to see their children get better schooling. There was a good bit about it in that manuscript that I read the year before last about the history of Tallahassee that stopped short at 1860. Dr. W. G. Dodd up at the college at Tallahassee spent a lot of his time on the history, and he wrote several articles that have been published. He told my sister that he had come upon at least two records of our father as a student, both to his credit. At any rate, out of the curious state of medical education in those days he went on from that school to Tulane and was graduated in time to see quite a long military service.

P: Tell me about your Robertson grandfather who settled in the Tallahassee area.

R: They were physicians so far as my father's descendants were concerned. He was named for an uncle William Fitzgerald Robertson. His own father was Archibald Freeman Ipson Robertson. There is an Ipson family with Jefferson connections still represented in Tallahassee.

P: Jefferson's daughter married an Ipson.

R: My father's father moved, as I said, some time back. I simply do not know other than very vaguely, but it was pretty early, because my father was born after the move to Tallahassee.

P: You said that he was born in 1840?

R: Yes, February 1840. I do not remember the exact date. His father soon afterwards died. But his father was a physician. My grandmother, not long afterwards, married his brother for whom my father had been named.

P: So your mother married twice, to two brothers?

R: Yes. Now, the second was also a physician whose office is indicated in some of the professional cards that physicians used to print in local newspapers. That was the orthodox thing to do. Right after the war my father practiced for a brief time with his stepfather in that office in Tallahassee. The last time my sister and I drove by the location of that house, the little brick building that was their office still stood on the corner of the block that fronted what was

known when I was a child growing up in Tallahassee as the Rascal Yard. It is now the site of that huge building, housing the state Motor Vehicle Commission. It was called the Rascal Yard, and it was the local square for the convenience and use of the whole community, including the country people, who would drive in there on Saturdays from all around. You saw everything from one-ox carts to a two-mule bay wagon [type of farm wagon], and every type of farm merchandise was for sale. The town people, the women looking for chickens, fresh vegetables, fresh eggs, and what have you, frequented the place. It was quite a home for that sort of thing on Saturdays. On other days you might see a traveling tax show, or a revival. I vividly recall when I was a grammar school boy that it was the regular site for the city fathers or somebody to set up a little temporary stand for speakers, and that was a natural gathering place for political rallies and speeches.

P: Maybe that is where it got its name--Rascal.

R: No, I think that was a good-natured way to say that this was where the people who were more or less at the bottom half of the social scale came to sell and buy. But it is an amusing word, is it not, sort of picturesque. Of course, it passed out of use, and there are not many people who would remember that it was called that.

P: Your mother and father met and married in Tallahassee?

R: No. After that period of very brief practice with his father in town, my father moved to the northern end of the county and took lodging with family that already lived at what was a crossroads post office called Miccosukee. That was my birth place, though it was still a post office. When I was a small boy going to school up there, it was on the Old Coach Road from Tallahassee to Townsville and about midway between the towns. About three-quarters of a mile at least on the Tallahassee side of the state line there was a crossroads store. It was unused, and he eventually bought it and made his office out of it. But for some time after he went out there he simply rode horseback and attended to people over that whole stretch of the northern end of the county. Even as I remember things before his death (he died when I was nine years old) he had been too heavy to ride horseback and carry his tools and drugs and saddlebags. But the saddlebags had been what he had got around with until he was fifty or so, after which he drove a good solid Morgan horse and an old-fashioned buggy that protected against rainy weather. He still practiced all the way from up in south Georgia to as far south as the village midway between Townsville and Tallahassee, then down to Miccosukee, way off toward Lake Lamonía, and on Lake Miccosukee off to the southwest, which meant all down the west side of Lake Miccosukee. He was the one physician available in all that stretch of country.

P: It is too bad he did not keep a journal or a diary.

R: Well, I do not know what became of them. There are a few papers that are in my older brother's possession. I think that my mother decided that the accounts ought to be destroyed. I know that when my father died there were many thousands of unpaid bills, but that was a matter of the economics of the business. I think that I remarked maybe a little cynically to you that

everybody in that part of the world was still fighting a rear guard action, and the Civil War was still going on.

P: That is right. It certainly was.

R: When Andrew [Lytle, lecturer in English] made that remark to somebody from New England he should have known better, but he was mystified. One day when Robert Frost was here they had an animated conversation, and Andrew and he got together, and Frost just could not understand what Andrew was driving at. But it was a right accurate way to sum things up. For that matter, this university was still fighting a rear guard action, in the first quarter of the century, at least.

P: Poor whites.

R: Well, yes, some of them. But some of them were independent small farmers who did about as well as anybody else. Already some of the influx of northern visitors was spilling over from Thomasville. The whole Thomasville area had been a kind of successor to the gaudy days of St. Augustine's first fame as a place to go and enjoy the sunshine and play golf. One of the first was at Thomasville. We used to drive past it. I remember when we went on trading trips or other purposes to Thomasville.

P: Let me get back to asking you about your mother's and father's meeting. I presume now that this was somewhere in the area where he had gone to practice medicine after he had left Tallahassee.

R: My mother became a school teacher. She had gone to the Young Female Seminary in Thomasville and was equipped to teach school. She taught for a year or two at least at a small country school in Miccosukee. Just where they met or how, I have no recollection. My mother was no mere chick of a girl. Let me see. I did not look up the date of their marriage, but it would have been near 1890, when my father would have been nearly fifty and my mother would have been a young woman in her late twenties.

P: I wonder why your father waited so late in life to get married.

R: He had a lot of family cares. He was very busy with his practice and was slowly accumulating what amounted to a fairly modest plantation that extended to 1,440 acres when he died. Either just before his death or just afterwards we acquired a small tract that stretches up towards the Georgia line along the old highway, which carried it to more than 1,500 acres, all of which he had sort of glued together over a long stretch of time. That was, of course, conducted on the old basis of forty acres and a mule or eighty acres and two mules. Cotton rental made a fairly competent income for us as long as he was living. But he died, as so many men did, at what would now be regarded as a fairly youthful age--sixty-five.

P: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

R: I had one older brother and one older sister. My brother was the one that I went over to Savannah again and again recently to see in his final illness. He was buried a month ago in Tallahassee. He was William Fitzgerald, Jr., as long as my father lived. That name he has passed on to his son, and his son has a son that bears that name. Out of the whole family, that son and grandson and I are the only male Robertsons. My sister still lives at the age of seventy-five.

P: She makes her home in Tallahassee?

R: Yes, in Tallahassee. Her name is Mary. Her married name is Mrs. William Lisman Baker, a Kentucky name from around the Hopkinsville area. There was less pressure to supply a middle name in the older times, but curiously the women in my family are not infrequently better supplied than the men in that respect. My Bannerman grandmother was Elvira Anne. I know it is dreadful. I am not sure if her family name was Kerr or not, but she was Elvira Anne. We have silver inherited from my mother and aunt that was Grandfather and Grandmother Bannermans', and it is initialed C.E.A.B.--Charles and Elvira Anne Bannerman.

P: So you had a brother who just recently passed away and a sister, Mrs. Baker, who lives in Tallahassee, and you are the youngest of the children in the family? There were none that died as infants or anything like that?

R: No.

P: Let's get into your own childhood. Once again, tell us where you were born and when.

R: March 20, 1895, in a house that had been built across the road from where my father lived as a young beginning doctor, saddlebagging all over that part of the country. [The house was] a double-pen log house with hand-hewn logs and placed together and then sheathed with oak, both outside and in, and then floored with oak. [It was] tight and snug, with the usual big chimney places and with a wide hall. After I came down here I found that people call it a breezeway. We never called it anything but a hall. It had a high attic. The roof was a steep one, so it had a nice attic where I spent many a happy rainy day. It was loaded to the gills with many castaway books and novels that had been popular in the 1880s and 1890s and just tons of magazines. It was marvelous for a child that had any instinct for reading.

My parents' best friend, Miss Annie McQueen, lived a little below us, out of Tallahassee. She became quite a noted local writer living in Tallahassee many years later. I dubbed her Nan as a child, and everyone who was intimate with her tended to use that pet name. Nan was forever pushing books into my hands. Many of them were years ahead of my age, which was all to the good. But I spent many a rainy day--it was just perfect--up in that attic sorting out years of old magazines and old files that had gotten into disorder, like the old *Century* magazine.

That was going on before I was old enough, in the judgment of my mother and father, to be allowed

to go alone to school. Meanwhile, my brother, four years and four days older than I, and my sister, nearly three years older than I, were going to school. They were traipsing exactly a mile along the Meridian Road, as we called it--not the highway but the branch road that went to the north and west of the lake. We called it the Strickland School because the Strickland neighborhood, which was settled by people who farmed and ran a store down there at the edge of the lake, provided a convenient name of it. The one-room schoolhouse still stands adapted to household use; a family lives there. But it was the original school, with its fairly large oak wood stove, which we boys, when I started getting into school, kept going pretty well. My sister had been kept out of school for a year to play with me. There were Negro children that I played with, but that was not the standard thing. My sister was nothing but a girl, so she could afford not to go to school when she was six years old. Actually, she and I were playmates. When I wanted to ramble with my male equals I had two little Negro boys who were only too glad to traipse around the plantation with me. But when I was six, she and I then joined my brother, traipsing that mile with a tin pail with lunch in it and whatever books we needed. The intellectual fare was good enough to put me into the sixth grade three years later when we moved into town.

P: You were nine years old then?

R: I was nearly ten. I was nine when my father died, and within the next year . . .

P: The move was motivated, then, by your father's death?

R: That is right.

P: Your mother then wanted to move into town?

R: Yes. But we spent most of the summers out at the plantation.

P: You owned that property?

R: Yes, that was at the northern end of the tract of land. We had to be out there because there were things to be looked at. Repairs had to be made--a new mud-and-stick chimney had to be repaired or rebuilt--and, finally, in late August or early September the rental cotton began to come in, and you had to collect your bales of cotton and market it to advantage. Even when I was only ten or eleven years old I used to travel to Thomasville or Cairo, Georgia, which were equally good and sometimes better local cotton markets, with my mother. Sometimes I went alone, riding with one of the most trusted of the Negro tenants.

P: Your mother took over the actual business operations of the farm after your father's death?

R: Yes, and she proved herself a very good business woman. Economically, that became less and less tenable for the reason that taxes ate up the proceeds of the plantation as it had to be run. We clung to it until after World War I when my brother, because of his devotion to the place and wishing to try his wings at something new, leased the whole plantation. He wanted to

run it on a rental basis except for sufficient pasturage and some plow land to raise feed so he could begin a cattle business. But like what happened to a number of other dairy men at that period, there was a wave of disease that the milk cows caught simply from grazing on infected pastures. This caused them to lose their calves. The cattle were sold for beef. The family decided--by this time I was a student at Harvard--that they had to let the place go, so we sold it to a well-to-do Philadelphia man who had for many years leased the shooting rights on the plantation. Meanwhile, of course, I had been going to school. I had three years in that one-room schoolhouse.

P: I want to go back to your growing up years in Tallahassee.

R: After my father's death, we moved in mainly for the reason that we needed adequate schooling. I went into the sixth grade, my sister into the seventh or eighth, and my brother into the ninth grade, I think it was. We lived in my grandmother's house just a block from what was already then FSCW, Florida State College for Women. It had become so in 1895 when it was named at Lake City. In two more years I had gone through seventh and eighth grades and struck a cluster of extraordinary teachers in Leon High School, as it was and is still called. I had two years of algebra for mathematics. I had Mrs. Barber, who was the wife of one of the mathematics teachers out at the college. For the whole high school curriculum in Latin I had Miss Carrie Prevard, who also taught a course in Florida history. She had done that little textbook that everybody used.

P: And a two-volume work later on.

R: She taught me American history and English, and advanced English literature. For Greek and for eleventh- and twelfth-grade mathematics, which we all took automatically, I had Fenton Davis, who was a student under the brilliant young professor of Latin and Greek at the newly created Florida State College for Women. His name was Bondurant. He had studied at the University of Virginia under the great Gildersleeve, who was also the teacher of Dean [James N.] Anderson down here. I had Gildersleeve secondhand in Fenton Davis. She somehow kept us interested in something as unintriguing to most students as eleventh- and twelfth-grade mathematics. Trigonometry is now a mystery to me, but somehow or other she unfolded some meaning in it. But what she did for me was to develop in me an interest in Greek, which was easy to do because I had enjoyed my Latin with Miss Carrie. Miss Carrie had supported Fenton Davis in trying to attract students to study Greek, and two of us did.

So when I came here to school in 1912 I confronted Dean Anderson with two years of high school Greek, which had included plowing through pretty much all of the *Illiad*, among other works. I had what I consider a rather curious and interesting interview as an entering combination freshman and sophomore when I first came. At that time, and for some years afterwards, in this state a graduate of a full-fledged high school could enter as a sophomore. There were also at the time two subfreshman classes, and they were called in the catalogues eleventh and twelfth grade, as you know.

I was accepted as a full sophomore in several subjects--English, history, physics, and Latin, because I had had four years of Latin--but Dr. Anderson would not accept that in Greek. I had a fellow student here, Royal Perkins Terry, who preferred to be called by people who associated with him over the course of the years as R. P. He became a noted lawyer in Miami, and in the 1930s he became one of the Board of Control members. R. P. had taken in his preparatory school at least the last two years of Greek. Well, Dr. Anderson got the two of us together, and he said, "Now, boys, I do not doubt that the two of you have had good teaching, but I do not think that I ought to accept you as full-fledged sophomores in Greek, so let's start out on freshman Greek and see how you do." We sailed through his freshman Greek by Christmas, and he let us do the sophomore course in the remainder of the year, from January to June. After that first year we were ready for full-fledged junior Greek study, and the two of us went together all the way through.

P: I wanted to ask you who stimulated your great love for literature, which, of course, you had already built up as a child. But who did you take literature from in high school?

R: The advanced English literature I took from Miss Carrie Prevard. I was lucky that they had not taken her up to the college. It was not very long after I had graduated that she moved on to the college.

P: As a high school student, had you begun to think about what you wanted to do?

R: No. I knew what I was to do. I simply grew up from childhood assuming that I would be a physician like my father and his father and his uncle (who became his stepfather) and his grandfather and his great-grandfather. There was a long line of physicians. This was interrupted by younger sons, the nearer generations that I know about, who went into law. The uncle for whom my father and mother named me, Archibald, was my father's younger brother. He studied law, as everybody did, in an older lawyer's office. Then you passed the bar examination and became a practicing attorney on your own or in partnership with the man you studied under. Incidentally, one of the well-known judges on the supreme court of this state had that kind of training, [Fred H.] Davis. He was a classmate in that high school. Incidentally, he and I while we were in our senior year got out a literary magazine. By george, I had not thought about that in a long time. He did the typing and provided all the verse, and I did the editing. I do not know where I scared up a little bit of prose for it. But we got out two or three issues. I do not suppose there are any of the issues in existence, unless he kept some of them.

Well, the schooling was part of it. But my liking for books and history and the connection between history and literature goes back to the old double-pen log house, seed and oak, with that nice attic, and from people around me, like my own father, who drew my attention to serious books. There were things like [John Lothrop] Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* kicking around in what we called the parlor, and there was an odd collection of miscellany. There were medical books in the library. The strange sort of assortment, though, included pirated American and complete editions of the more popular Victorian British novelists. Those were lying around. My mother just doted on all sorts of fiction.

The other person that I had a lot of intimacy with as a small boy tossed things my way and put in my hands writers of prose fiction and saw to it that I had some poetry very early. I remember reading stuff for lack of something to do before I began traipsing down that mile-long road to the women's schoolhouse. It included whatever had caught my attention for some reason or other, especially if it were illustrated. They were strange and mysterious and suggestive engravings in that Motley. I began to pick up names that had romantic associations with them. My history was a rather strange sort of history, I am sure. Most of it came out of books like those Victorian novels. Are you old enough to have been exposed to the Hedy books when you were a youngster?

P: I know what you are talking about.

R: I gobbled all of them. My brother and I must have had about forty of those things.

P: Horatio Alger and Tarzan were in my day.

R: Horatio Alger was going strong when I was a child, too. I did not like those nearly as much as I did those with the supposition of history. I was never disillusioned about the history. I knew a lot about the Crimean War because I had read a story with the hero, a nice British boy, who did not die in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" but wandered through Russia and got to Poland. I heard about Poland and its servitude. I did not get disillusioned about the reliability of versions of history until I read *With Lee in Virginia* [by George A. Herty], and early in that book was an account of the orangery. The Virginians were going out to pick oranges, and I began to get suspicious. I became a cynical critic then.

But seriously, I had a lot of reasons for becoming a constant addict. When we moved to town I became one of the best patrons of the old Walker Library, the little endowed place with its balcony, where Miss Maggie Williams, the descendant of one of those old plantation families whose house was destroyed only about ten or eleven years ago, was librarian. As I remember, she was quite a librarian, for she delighted in helping people find things that she thought they would be interested in. She dished out an endless array of the latest novels that she could buy with what little pension the city fathers gave her to spend. But there were some interesting old books kicking around that place. I recall one morning I went to get some more reading, and I went home with my arms full. She took me up the little narrow steps to the balcony on the west wall of the library. Way off at the far end were some old books, and she pulled out the library's copy of [William] Bartram [*Travels Through North and South Carolina, . . .*]. So I put my books down, and I sat there and read Bartram until it was time to go to dinner--that is, midday--and then went back. My instinct was that ought not to be carted around, and I do not doubt that she checked it out just as she did the last copy of Bell Wright's novel. It was that kind of thing, that you were surrounded by people who read all the time.

P: But your thought and your family's thought was that you would follow your fathers footsteps and go into medicine.

R: All along I thought that my vocation would be to follow my father to Tulane. I went through here and clear up to the first year of World War I on that assumption.

P: You were here, then, as a premed student?

R: I had stayed on, and I discovered, looking for information about two or three of the faculty, something about myself. I was looking at a 1915 *Seminole*, and under my picture as a senior in that thing was a detail that I had completely forgotten: I was already listed there as a student assistant in English. So I must have been hashing up freshman compositions for Dr. [James M.] Farr [professor of English] as a senior. I do remember that R. P. Terry, who studied Latin and Greek with me all the way through 1912-1915, was a senior student assistant in psychology helping Dr. [Harvey W.] Cox [professor of philosophy and education] run the basic psychology course, which was about all that was available in psychology. At that time the professor of philosophy was the professor of psychology [Dr. Cox], and Terry helped him with whatever simple psychological experimentation could be carried on. I took that course when Terry was there. But I had forgotten that I was already doing some compassion grading for Dr. Farr, but evidently that led to what occurred.

The next two years I was given some sort of teaching fellowship which provided me with enough to sustain me down here without much need to work in the summertime to make money or to borrow. I was going to mention that I came here only because I had won, through Miss Carrie Prevard's interest in me and her prominence as a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy [U.D.C.], the organization's single, statewide scholarship. She told my mother and me about it and urged me to apply for it, and I got it. It paid my basic expenses and room and board for the three years it took me to get through here.

P: Before we get to college, I want to go back to Tallahassee and ask you about some of your life and activities in Tallahassee from the time you moved there as a ten-year-old child until the time you left to come here to Gainesville to go to the University. We talked about your schooling, but what about life in Tallahassee? It was a small country town.

R: It was a very small town; I think [there were] about 3,000 people then. There was always the constant influx and outflow as administrations changed and as the personnel of legislature, the administrative offices, the judges, the supreme court, and so on altered. But you automatically came to know journalists from all over the state. If you worked as a boy--and many of us did--in a store up on Monroe Street, you had a chance to get to know in a cursory fashion--and sometimes more than that--men who had made their mark in the state government and were continuing in Tallahassee as the judges did. So I came to know Judge [Robert S.] Cockrell long before he moved here into the faculty, and I knew his bosom buddy, Judge [Thomas M.] Shackelford. They would come down the street--you could set your clock by them--in the morning at 10: 00 and in the mid afternoon to get their Coca-Cola.

Now, the first contacts that I had with people like that as a small boy came about from being

employed after schools hours and at holiday times and in the summer as a clerk in a famous Tallahassee institution for many years. It was a little store that was a combination magazine stand, jewelry store, and book store. Miss Annie McQueen, whom I spoke about, this good friend of my mother's--Nan, as I had dubbed her--was the clerk. Erastos W. Clark was the owner and jeweler and did engraving for Hall and Sundry, who bought the silver or brought the silver in to be engraved. He was a funny little man, bearded and very reticent and sort of suspicious, but he was very fond of Miss Annie McQueen, and he knew that she was good for his business. She knew everyone, was known by everyone, and attracted people interested in books. So that with the first chance there was for me to do work of that sort--I got that part-time clerkship in that store. I proceeded to get rich early. I was paid fifty cents a day, and I was soon investing my wealth in my first collected edition of [Charles] Dickens. I never got beyond about twenty-five, but I still have them. You got them for a dollar and a half a copy in those days--that was about 1909-1910.

P: Working in a shop like that gave you a chance to meet lots of people who came in.

R: That is right. Later on, as I got older, I got a better-paying job in the Tallahassee drug store down at the next corner, which was how I got to know people like Judge Shackelford and Crockell. They came regularly to get their Coca-Colas, and I served them, along with everybody else that came into the store.

P: Just out of personal curiosity, did you get to know any of the Broward girls?

R: Josephine was in my class. Two or three of the other children were ahead of her, I think, but we all played together. The schoolyard was a main social mixing place because all of the youngsters were let out at one time. So as a sixth grader I played ball and hopscotch and what have you with other boys and girls, but especially with the boys, because the boys would herd together and the girls would herd together. There were little neighborhood parties that always involved playing little innocent childhood games. There was very little in the way of night entertainment, as I recall, but there was a good deal that was connected with that school. By the time I was old enough to learn to dance I was more interested in hunting and rambling in the country.

These boyhood associates of mine were quite a diverse crowd in what they became afterwards. In high school the classes grew precipitately small. A great many of the local boys who were going into their father's stores or to sell groceries or that kind of thing quit after tenth grade. In eleventh grade, there were surely not more than seven or eight of us. As a senior I had three classmates. There were four of us who graduated. One was headed for West Point and became an army officer. That was Graham Palmer, whose father was a physician in Tallahassee. Another was a boy who studied medicine and was a well-known physician in Jacksonville. Another came here, and we roomed together the first year that we were on the campus.

P: Who was that?

R: Bascom Barber, the son of the woman who had taught me algebra. He went into the real estate business and spent his life down in Clearwater. He had a son here in school back in the early 1950s. He died about three or four years ago. He was well known down there and associated with people like Jay Herrin who was a prominent alumnus of my time.

P: So you came to the University of Florida on a U.D.C. scholarship, planning to get yourself ready for medical school.

R: That is right. We could not have afforded for me to stay here in college at that time. My brother had been here the first and second year of Dr. [Albert A.] Murphree's presidency--that was 1909-1911.

P: Did you know Dr. Murphree in Tallahassee?

R: Oh, yes. We did not go to the same church because my family was Presbyterian, and Dr. Murphree was a Baptist. My father's family had been Episcopalian, but my father illustrated pretty well the old proverb "free positions to atheists." He was all for his family going to church whenever it was available. Out in the country we went to the old Presbyterian church, which was a very old one down at Meridian. It was located on Bannerman land. But the church that I remember best as a small child in the country was a old Methodist church that still stands on the Meridian Road. It was called Bethpage, and it was served about every fourth Sunday by a second-rate preacher. Now, whenever there was a service, my mother bundled us three children into the carriage, and we all went to the church. In a southern rural church the men sat on this side, and the women sat on the other side. Small boys sat with their mothers, so I did. But when I got to be a little bit bigger my brother and I went on the other side. I think it was because we would be scrambling in almost late, and we would herd with the men. But in Tallahassee we all did go regularly to the services of the Presbyterian church.

But everybody passed up and down, not only Monroe Street, but most people also had business and other errands that took them up and down College Street. By the time I was in high school my mother had bought the lot that I mentioned that backed against the lot that was no longer owned by the family. It is still the site of the first house, the type that you see only a few left around here. It has a wide porch and is on a hillside so that there are three tiers of steps leading up to the porch. Everybody connected with the college or having any kind of errands in that direction would pass up and down. We knew the Hendersons. Mrs. Murphree was a sister of John Anderson, the banker and the original founder of the family who was a builder, Wyatt Murphree's great-grandfather. The Murphree's, I think, lived in the Henderson house. Anyhow, when my brother was getting through high school his graduation coincided with Dr. Murphree's change of place from the Tallahassee school to the presidency down here [at UF] as successor to Dr. [Andrew W.] Sledd. Talks between him and my mother and my brother resulted in Bill coming down here for two years. But he felt the stress of family exigencies, and after the second year here he went to take a business course at what was then the favorite place for such things, for southern boys, at least, at Eastman. What is the name of that place?

P: In Georgia?

R: Eastman School of Business at Poughkeepsie, New York. That was a fairly long course. Of course, they crammed them with accounting, and Bill then came back. By the time he finished that study I was already here, and he came by and visited with me on his way back home to Tallahassee, where he took a job in the Louis State Bank.

P: How did you go from Tallahassee to Gainesville?

R: You caught the Seaboard New Orleans to Jacksonville, and you got off at Lake City. You waited a while and then caught the Georgia Southern & Florida--it later became the Coastline--and you got off at Sampson City, which is a little bit up to the northeast of Gainesville. You then picked up the T & J, the Tampa and Jacksonville, which ran from Sampson City on the north to Micanopy on the south. The depot is still standing there--it is Strike Hardware.

P: It is the Baird's, isn't it?

R: No, you are thinking about the old Seaboard depot. I am talking about the one that still stands alongside what is now the main Coastline. There is now some kind of hardware store. It has been converted into a Trailways bus station. But the building was used for a while as a hardware store. Well, that is a pretty good old piece of work, you know, with the typical 1880-1890s trim that is so attractive in some of the old store buildings down in the middle of town.

P: That was quite a journey.

R: There was another way you could do it. You could stay on Seaboard all the way into Jacksonville and pick up the Seaboard out of Jacksonville right into Gainesville. But that was much too round-a-about for us. You simply reversed that process. You got on the T & J about 4: 00 in the afternoon. At that time the little locomotive was a bell-top wood burner, and it sometimes ran two coaches. But it sometimes just ran with a tinder car for the locomotive and the single combination coach, which had a few seats and passengers in the rear with baggage. It may have carried mail, I do not doubt. But at some point midway between here and Sampson City you would stop at a little platform where there were waiting supplies of wood--mostly light wood--for fuel.

When you got to Sampson City, they turned around and went back to Gainesville, and you sat and waited for the train from Tampa northward through Lake City toward Tacoma, I think was the terminus. After arriving in Lake City you had that same wait for the train out of Jacksonville, and if it was the afternoon or evening trip you got into Tallahassee somewhere around 11: 30 or 12: 30 or later at night. If you left early in the morning here, you took the morning train out of Jacksonville headed for New Orleans, which stopped at Lloyd, the little way station forty miles east of Tallahassee. This was where passengers and crew of the train were able to jump out and spend twenty minutes at a table [getting something to eat].

Lloyd was quite a famous feature of railroad life in north Florida. I never tried it but once because I have always eaten what I have had time for. But in twenty minutes nearly everybody had gobbled plates full of rich chicken stew, hot biscuits, country butter, and in-season fresh vegetables. The engineer, the brakeman, and some of the passengers could stow away a dinner in twenty minutes, but not I. So I had one meal at Lloyd, and from that time on if I took that early train, I knew that we would be in Tallahassee by 2: 30, and I would get my dinner at home.

P: Tell me about Gainesville when you first arrived. Had you been to Gainesville before?

R: No. It was a pretty town, very shady, and [there was] a kind of quietude about it. It was very proud of its brick pavement which surrounded the courthouse square and ran all the way down Virginia Street to the Seaboard depot. Much of that brick paving is still there now along that narrow stretch to the now-long-disused Seaboard depot, which was taken over by Baird [Hardware]. The first few blocks east along University Avenue were the parkways all along. The pressures of modern traffic has only fairly recently destroyed those parkways. There were lovely rows of nice live oaks, and the whole place was embowered with trees. The hotels were attractive. The White House was already well known. It too was a railroad stop. The train would come down to the station, stop at the White House to let out the dinner passengers, come on up to the station, and then afterwards back on up to pick up the diners.

P: That was a gentle way of life that no longer exists.

R: That is right. The Tebeau School was an attractive feature of the town. These old maiden ladies taught the children at the Tebeau School.

The town was already proudly boasting of its expansion. There was brick pavement around the courthouse square for some distance, as I recall, out east University Avenue and on the whole narrow strip that I believe used to be called Virginia Street that ran down to the old Seaboard depot one block east of the courthouse square. The broad stretch of University Avenue was not paved with brick past the Presbyterian church.

P: I thought it went as far as the Baptist church.

R: It may have come along the narrow stretch for another block or two. It may have come as far as the T & J Railway.

P: Was it fairly wide to the Presbyterian church and then narrowed to something like a country road?

R: It narrowed until you got to the T & J depot. Then it widened again. It was paved soon after I came here in 1912. I do not remember just how it was paved. The stretch from the T & J out to the corner of the campus was paved a year or two later. But as I recall, everything on the campus was simply graded dirt road. That was long before anyone thought of destroying the original design of the campus, which was two opposed, convex circles with the buildings

arranged to fit into that scheme.

P: What about sidewalks?

R: From in town, everyone had built sidewalks all the way out. That was almost the universal method of getting into town. Of course, we students were concerned about getting into town then because there were no places of amusement here. The first year I was here there was already in existence a small restaurant right across from old Science Hall, what is now Flint Hall. That year the College Inn began with a local man, Uncle Dudley as he was known, and his wife, Aunt Dudley. They were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Williams, Gainesville people. He had built with it his own hands, the original, very small, compact, local limestone surface. He had gone out in his bass-bound Model-T Ford and hauled it back, or hired a wagon or truck to bring it in from where he picked it up in the woods. You can still go out in the piney woods and find boulders of surface limestone that have become quite hard. He built the original place which you see pictured in the annual of 1913, 1914, and afterwards.

P: How built up was the area in terms of residence from the T & J railway to the campus?

R: Fairly thick. I mean, there were only a couple blocks that had no buildings. The stretch between 10th and 11th streets, where those apartments are built now and the store fronts face University Avenue, was--before the Kinney Green apartments were built--a beautiful stretch of pine woods. From there on into town there were a good many vacant lots, but the place had been already pretty well built up to the point where there were some rather nice houses. Congressman [Frank] Clark's house was handsome; it later became the Theta Chi fraternity house and later the Elks Club. The original Elks Club was a right nice, two-storied, old-fashioned house on the corner opposite of where the Florida National Bank is now. That was not torn down until the late 1940s.

P: I wanted to ask you about the courthouse square appearance and the blocks immediately adjacent to that. That has always been the center of Gainesville.

R: There were still a good many oak trees around the courthouse, at least on the north and east sides. On the south side of what is now--and has been for twenty or thirty years--the Cox's Furniture Company was the Baird Opera House where all the traveling companies performed. We had some good companies there. The main floor of the opera house is now the second floor of the Cox Furniture Company.

P: What was downstairs?

R: Stores were downstairs. The original site of the McCullen's drugstore was on the corner. Next to it was a very nice bakery. And either next door to McCullen's or the second door beyond McCullen's was the original Maraboro Photography Shop, some of whose pictures appear in these earlier views of Gainesville and in the annual.

I would guess that the opera house would hold about 500 people because there was a large balcony

which was where most of us students wound up. The balcony was arranged in the conventional southern small-town fashion. You went up the first flight of steps to the main floor, which sloped gently down, and there was one open box on either side of this apron stage. If you were a flush and wanted to be quite the man about town, whether you were a Gainesville or a campus youngster, you sat yourselves up in the seats in one or the other of those boxes. But they held only about five people comfortably. The bulk of the audience was on that main floor. But we went up to the balcony. I cannot remember sitting on the main floor except for the showing of just a few things like *Birth of a Nation*, which played there the first time that film came here. But the road shows were the popular things that secondary actors and actresses, dancers, and musicians prepared in New York and took to the road with. That was still the heyday of the traveling show.

P: Do you remember any outstanding personalities appearing at the opera house?

R: Not then. I might yet pick up a few names that became known. Now, when it came to Shakespeare, I can think of two companies that were celebrated and whose leading actors were good: the Crewber Players and the Ben Greek Players. But that was later on, two or three years later, during my stay here as an undergraduate.

But going back to the opera house, up in the balcony up the stairs was quite a mixture of people--college boys, a few townspeople, and the Negro patrons. When you got into the balcony, the eastern half of it was for white people and the western half was for Negroes. But there was a great deal of interchange between them. I was accustomed to that system from up in Tallahassee, and no doubt that was the practice. I could not prove it, but my impression was that it was the way of taking care of Negro patronage in the theaters. It continued into the early heyday of the silent movies. I saw that going on all over the South.

P: What about the courthouse square itself? Was there a fence around it that had been taken out?

R: No. There was a somewhat scraggly but well-tended lawn and the trees, as well as the pleasant feature of the tower with that old clock.

P: Earlier there had been a band shell on the square. Was that gone?

R: I think so, but I am not sure. The only thing that I remember with any certainty was the usual and still existing statue that the local chapter of the U.D.C. erected.

P: What about the utilization of the square as a political meeting ground?

R: My memory may have been faulty [about the band shell]. There may have been a little band shell, but I would have to look at some of the old pictures to resurrect my memory of that. The usual Fourth of July speech was delivered on the square. Some informal town meetings occurred there, and speakers certainly must have had some at least temporary stand when the political campaigns went on.

There was some very hot campaigning that touched the University a little bit later. While I was still here in school there was the invasion of Florida by an Alabama carpetbagger. That was Sidney J. Catts [who later became governor of Florida]. His election caused a good bit of unrest among the faculty and especially President Murphree. I was told at the time that he [Murphree] had been guilty of an indiscretion. He thought that he was in a semiprivate room on the train--he was returning from Jacksonville. While sitting in the smoking car he had delivered to a companion or two a very derogatory opinion of Catts. To his embarrassment he discovered that Catts was seated to the rear of him. He thought, undoubtedly, that Catts had heard him, so there was real reason for him wondering what would happen to him as president and consequently what harm might be done to the growth of the University. His fears were groundless, and I hasten to add that Catts turned out to be a reasonably good governor. One interesting little detail is that his son promptly turned up down here as a student in the law school and was well liked.

P: What about the appearance? Was it solidly business around the square in 1912?

R: Yes, it was built up solid, except one section where some of the nicest old houses were. Two or three of them were simply moved when the building places drove them out. You still see one on the corner of the block just north of the original location of the First Presbyterian Church. It is an old turn-of-the-century frame house, a two-storied house with porches and a big attic. Another one is tucked away out of sight in the middle of the block beside a parking lot that takes care of the business of First Federal. Cornering that is the old Dutton House, which is a handsome, huge place where the original family of the Duttons lived. All he had to do was go across the street and enter the front door of his bank, the Dutton Bank. The bank was on the corner next to the square. The Presbyterian church and the Dutton place were catty-corner from each other at that next corner.

P: I think that there is an optometry place there now where the Dutton place was located.

R: The original Duttons, the parent Duttons, survived well into the late 1920s. They were good friends of some of the faculty. Notably, I know they were friends of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Langley Crow [professor of modern language]. I did not know the Duttons except in a kind of distant fashion. When the families sojourned the town stopped. The house was either rented or on a long-term lease was converted into the original Primrose Grill, which was on the ground floor of the Dutton House.

P: Whose house was it that the Primrose Inn now occupies?

R: Major and Mrs. [inaudible]. They lived upstairs and made a quick success for their restaurant because it was home cooking. I think they built that while still running the business across the street in the old Dutton House. The place, I think, was expanded; they built onto the rear as the major became more prosperous. It has been consistently a well-patronized restaurant, and, of course, they have quite a large number of rooms.

P: I want to ask you about an area south of the court square, the post office, the original site of Oak

Hall. Was the post office finished when you were here?

R: Yes, it was fairly new then, and all of Gainesville pointed with pride to it. Congressman Clark had proved his worth by having that built. It was a pretty fancy piece of architecture for a town of only about 3,000.

P: What about the churches in the downtown area?

R: The First Methodist Church was already occupying what had originally been the East Florida Seminary. The White House Hotel was in the same shape that you knew it yourself. The church building proper for First Methodist is the small building towards town; that is the original chapel. The Baptist church was the light-brick structure on the southwest corner of the block across the street from the Baird Hardware Company.

P: The present new library is on the eastern part of that block.

R: The Baird people kept the tower when they demolished the original Baptist church. Down the slope across the street was a fairly large frame structure where, for several years, the University held its commencement convocations. The first one that I was ever involved in used the auditorium of the Gainesville Grammar and High School combined, which is now the Kirby-Smith Grammar School. The auditorium was the western most part of that structure, separated from the classrooms. At least one commencement that I recall from my early stay was in that auditorium.

P: Now, the Presbyterian church was located on West University Avenue.

R: Yes, with its tower and its rather curious version of a mixture of Gothic and Oriental architecture. I thought it was a novel structure in the way of silver-sided Presbyterian structure. I do not doubt that it raised some eyebrows when it was built. The old people around the town objected violently to giving up that old building when the present church was decided on.

P: What about the present Baptist church, the one that is a little farther up?

R: That was built about the early 1930s, I think. My interest at the time was due to the somewhat pretentious architecture. The size of the quarters was comparatively large, and above all they had a very nice, large organ that Claude Murphree, the University organist and also organist of that church, loved to play. I remember going down there. My wife and I went down on a special trip with him to hear him exhibit the scope and quality of the organ.

P: Was there a Catholic church congregation that early?

R: Yes, as I recall, at that same little church at the north end of what was then West Main Street.

P: There were no religious places on the campus? I presume that the students went into town to attend services.

R: That is quite right. That continued to be the case long after I was back here on the faculty. I just cannot recall when the first purely student religious building was erected out here. I suppose it was in the 1930s. The Catholic Center may have been the first one, then followed the Methodist and the Presbyterian [centers].

P: Were students welcomed at these services?

R: Yes, of course. My impression is that a majority of us went into town. I know I was something of a heathen.

P: What was the relation between the townspeople and the students? Was there much social association?

R: Yes, there was a great deal. One pleasant custom among the socially inclined students was to form little groups--maybe just two or three or sometimes a whole fraternity, which were very small in those early days--and they would go pop calling on Sunday evening. They would cover the whole downtown section. Now, old east Gainesville and the houses along the main streets and University Avenue did agree on what girls to call on, and that would vary from time to time depending on who they went to call on the last time. Some of us were fairly often invited into town for Sunday dinner. I was pretty prompt because I was able to come here in 1912 only because I had been granted the statewide U.D.C. scholarship which paid my room and board. The lady who was the wife of the man who ran the other newspaper in Gainesville at that time was prominent among the members of the J. J. Finley Chapter. Her house is still standing. It was right opposite the old Baptist church. It is a nice old piece of 1890s wooden architecture with the usual scroll trim on the lattice and rounded bay windows. I think that Joe Conner has a nice photograph of it. There were lovely houses all the way out, at least one block past the Kirby-Smith school. The town ended abruptly right there, and it was country and sand roads from there on in.

P: Was there a movie theater here that early in Gainesville?

R: Yes. There were two, in fact, when I came. One was in a store building, which was not uncommon. The first movie that I saw in Tallahassee was in a temporarily vacated store building that was converted to the purposes by putting up a screen and setting up undertakers chairs or something of that kind to provide for a small audience. That was the case here. The location of the first one that I went into was about midway in the block just east of the courthouse square. It was opposite the Baird Hardware Company, which was already one of the main business in the town. Within that year, if not earlier (it may have already been in the process), the original movie house built for that purpose was being put up. That was the Lyric [Theater]. It was in the block just north of the post office. It was still in use up until the early 1950s.

P: So that was the first real movie theater in Gainesville.

R: That is right. It remained just as you remember it, with its balcony and very short, little stage which could be used for speakers to stand on. But it could not be used for anything more elaborate than that. You could not convert it for the purpose of putting on a road show or an amateur theatrical performance. For that, Gainesville had to resort to the Baird Opera House.

P: What about the traffic situation?

R: There were a few automobiles, and still only two or three of the students when I was on campus had the use of a family automobile. [I particularly remember] the Taylor family and the Cannon family--that is Finley Cannon and the father of the present Finley who was a fellow student of mine. The Cannons had a big heavy Hudson that you risked your right arm everytime you tried to crank it, and the Taylors had a large car, an early Buick or something of that kind. When it was time to do rushing for their fraternities those boys could use those automobiles. We would even race all the way out to paradise, which was counted as six miles up the Coastline Railway, flag the train there, and get aboard to meet boys who were coming in. For that purpose we used the Cannon family automobile. But there were not very many in that decade 1910-1920, although they became gradually more and more frequent. There were some expensive ones like those huge seven passenger Cadillacs that began to make their appearance. One of the earliest ones was owned by the vice-president of the University. Dr. Murphree had a very handsome automobile which he drove into the campus constantly. But many of the faculty lived near enough to the campus to walk. Many of us were still doing that throughout the 1920s.

I did not trouble to own an automobile until 1928 or 1929, after we had come back from that abortive stay in Cambridge and after Dr. Murphree's death. We had to take an apartment first on Main Street at Mrs. Graham's. It was not an apartment but was just simply the north side of the ground floor of that huge old-fashioned house. After a year or so we engaged an apartment in the second real apartment house built in town. Dr. [Hasse O.] Enwall, the professor of philosophy that we both remember well, built a four-apartment building on what was then Magnolia Street. This is the street that runs east from in front of the old post office and the [Gainesville] *Sun* newspaper building. That was occupied largely by University people, including Garland Powell, the second director of WRUF who is thought of as the first one. He was actually preceded by the director of the [General] Extension Division, Bert Riley, who was director for a year or so until after Dr. Murphree came in and brought in Garland Powell.

P: But automobiles to begin with were very few.

R: The first residences that I was in after coming back on the faculty were near the University. I took a room in a house that was just across the street from the campus at the level of the law school building and later had a small apartment much closer towards town. I never thought anything of walking a mile or even a mile and a half. The first year I was married, my wife and I had the top floor of the old Hagler house, which is three blocks east of the old White House Hotel. I simply struck out in the morning walking unless one of my freshman

students who lived in town came by and gave me a ride. He used to do this three mornings a week so that we would both be in time for 8: 00 classes. Otherwise I walked [to campus] and generally walked back the mile and a half to the apartment on Church Street. But the streets were shady and nice, and I had grown up walking, so I kept on walking. It was only when things got a little more pressing and we lived in a world in which we needed to go on trips to Tallahassee or to Lake City or even to the neighborhood of Valdosta to see our families that I found it necessary to buy an automobile.

P: I want to get back to your very first days as a student on the campus. You came here in September of 1912 as a first-year student from Tallahassee. Where did you live as a student?

R: Another Tallahassee boy, [B. D.] Barber, who became a real estate man in Clearwater after the war, and I engaged a room together in D section of Thomas Hall. At that time Thomas Hall was still one of the main buildings for purposes other than rooming. The north end section had rooms for students on the ground floor, but the second and third floors were devoted to the University Infirmary and quarters for the nurse.

The nurse was a very engaging, peppery, little slip of a Scotch woman by the name of Miss [Mary] McRobbie. Every student that was here from 1911 to 1917 remembers with affection her tart humor and humanity. She is well established in the memory of everybody that lived on campus. Her photograph appeared in the annual of every year until she went back home to Scotland. She dispensed pills and whatever food you got while you were in the infirmary. Everyone would remember her passage over to the mess hall with trays with metal covers accompanied by a Negro orderly who was one of the men working in the kitchen. He was detailed to help Miss McRobbie take back what she wanted for her patients. Whether you stayed in the infirmary a day or two or not, everybody used to exchange quips and witticisms with Miss McRobbie.

P: There was no physician attached to the infirmary in those days, was there?

R: Yes, there was. If you check on the early catalogues you will find that as early as 1905 Dr. E[dward] R. Flint is listed as both professor of chemistry and resident physician. He had taken his doctorate in chemistry at Göttingen and had come back to this country and studied medicine at Harvard and took his M.D. at Harvard. I have some very pleasant recollections of him. As a professor of chemistry he had an engaging way of teaching elementary chemistry. All students in the College of Arts and Sciences and, of course, all students in agriculture took some basic chemistry. Everyone was exposed to him as an undergraduate instructor, and he was very good. Furthermore, his office was a hangout for anyone who had any interest either in chemistry or rattlesnakes. He had some varied interests. He was quite an amateur herpetologist, and he had some rattlesnake cages in the basement. We would make some of them rattle as we went into sophomore English [class] because it was located, for a while, on the basement floor near the entrance to Dr. Farr's English class.

P: Now, was all of this in Thomas Hall?

R: No, this was in Science Hall. Flint, along the way to his M.D., had been attached to some activity that took him to China. He had picked up enough Chinese to retain his interest in it, and he had kept up his study of it while he was at Harvard Medical School. There was then, and I think that there still is, a sizable little community of Chinese in old Boston, so he delighted in teaching a little Chinese. In fact, he conducted a little informal class, some of my friends reminded me. One of them, Turner, was a surgeon in Manhattan for many years and is semiretired down in Ocala. We were talking about Flint recently, and he said that Flint had offered to teach some of them who were interested. For a good while he met with some in the evenings, some of the advanced students who had been here long enough to know him.

He was well liked. How good a physician he was I just do not know. Every once in a while there was a broken bone that needed to be repaired. After he retired from the University and went to Washington where he continued for some years in a governmental job. His place as resident physician was taken for a year or two by Dr. M. H. DePass, who was then succeeded by Dr. George C. Tillman, who retained that post for many years. He may have been resident physician when you came here.

My memory of my first year here is vivid with the recollection of the law students pulling out of that section. The offices and the classrooms were very tiny for law faculty at that time. They had four law professors at the most. The third section, C section, at least the second and third floors, were then the University Library, which was not moved out of that section until Peabody Hall was completed, and the library was then moved to Peabody.

I think that was in 1913-1914, but the same librarian was still in charge. He was a nice, little, modest, very dividend, quiet, dark-black-haired man named [M. B.] Hadley. I do not think that he was a very forceful person, but he was attentive to students and was geared to the needs of any students who liked books. I think that he was a Yale graduate, but I do not recall. At any rate, some of my more bookishly inclined fellow students and I began spending some very happy hours in that library even when it was housed in that one section of Thomas Hall.

Now, there were six sections of Thomas Hall. Wait. There could only have been three sections. At any rate, all of the south end of the building was devoted to students' quarters, and all of Buchman [Hall] was student quarters, with the exception of the upper floor and the second floor. Mrs. [Sally J.] Swanson was the matron of the dormitory population and was in charge of the student quarters, and her sons were students, either at the high school or already on campus in that inner section of Buckman.

P: When I came they were still using the north end of Buckman for classrooms. Our French class was there.

R: That was not going on when I was a student before the war. The ground floor and perhaps the floor above the end section, the A section, of Buckman were occupied by Mr. Coffin when he was the resident counselor. I think that was his title. This was a function that was shared between him and Mr. L. W. Ducoss, who was both a teacher in the high school or the

subfreshman classes, as we called them, and in the college.

P: Mr. Cotten was also the librarian before Mr. Hadley.

R: This was in Lake City and here to the first year. He was responsible for whatever there was in the way of a book collection from Lake City down here. Now, when I came Mr. Hadley was already here. Mr. Cotten and his family lived in Buckman Hall for at least a year or two--I think it was two. Soon after that, while he was teaching mathematics and, I believe, some history, he came down here from Tallahassee.

P: I wanted to ask you about a building that I am curious about. It is the little one-story brick building across from the old agriculture building, right on the corner there. The news bureau presently uses it.

R: I think that you would have known it as Parkside Post Office for the campus.

P: Yes, but what was it when you came in 1912?

R: I am a little bit vague. It was in use, I think, as housing space for agriculture implements.

P: Was it a brick building then?

R: Yes.

P: I believe that it was the original building on campus, put up to house the equipment being shipped over from Lake City during the time that Buckman and Thomas were under construction; until they could be used it was a storage house. If this is so, it would actually be the first building on campus.

R: That may well be. As I recall, for what it is worth, it seems to me that I used to go past it daily from the dormitory to classes, both the old Engineering Building, which was then simply the Engineering Building, and to the other new building in line with it, which is now Peabody Hall. I went to mathematics, history, Latin, and Greek classes in both those halls, and each time we would go past that little brick building. My recollection then was that it was a small building and that it had been expanded by addition to the south end of it.

P: I wanted to ask you if there was any special use for the cleared area between Buckman and Thomas halls. Was that the drill area?

R: It was a kind of a parade ground so far as drilling was concerned. There were three companies, A, B, and C, and they used to form there. Of course, those companies were pretty well populated because you did two years service in the drill companies. You did other things such as target practice in the spring, and everybody had to report at that target range, which was then located in the valley where the parking lot to the north of the medical center is now located. You are aware of how high that hill is? Well, the target pits were at the foot of the

hill so that even the wildest shot was not likely to send an army rifle bullet over the hill and endanger anybody--except that mischievous students did deliberately send some bullets over the hill. But everybody took a turn not only at firing his rifle but at manning the target pits, of which there were two. There was a good deal of activity there, running the targets up, then running them down the hill and replacing them.

P: That system was here when I came. I remember the rifle area. Was the name The [University] Commons employed for what is now the cafeteria, the central eating place on campus?

R: In my day as a student, it was The Commons in the catalog, but it was known as the mess hall to everybody else, which was logical. We were an army camp and, in effect, drilling students.

P: Uniforms were not worn?

R: No, but just for convenience many went to classes on drill days with just their fatigue shirt on, or maybe even the shirt and britches both, but many of us changed because it was pretty hot, and unless you had a class right on the heels of the drill period you changed.

For about two years there was one of the most beautiful buglers that I have ever heard, a boy from St. Augustine attached to the battalion as bugler. I think that he would have been paid a reasonable fee for his services as bugler because of this feature. He went to the ground floor of each section of the dormitory where there were students and blew reveille. Then he blew at all the assembly calls to drill and for the weekly Wednesday-afternoon parade. That may have been less frequent, but I am vague about that. This was a regular dress parade that was in the regulations. He also blew taps, not going into each section, since it was not a matter of making a lot of beautiful noise to put the sleepy boys to bed. But that is the thing that lingers in my ears after these years. He was really a very beautiful bugler and the tone was marvelous, and the way that he could sustain the long notes was superb. A lot of us who liked music would listen subconsciously around 10: 00 to hear him blow taps. He also blew some long, fancy cavalry calls. He had some bugle music from the French army, and he used to play it for us.

P: You said 10: 00?

R: Ten o'clock was taps; that was not exactly lights out, but it had been theoretically closing-up time. Many a room got dark at that time for the simple reason that we got going so early in the morning. If you were being drilled at 7: 00 A.M. or 7: 15 A.M., it was likely you were being awakened at 6: 00 A.M. You had to get on some clothes, get over to the mess hall, grab a little breakfast, get back [to your dorm room] and put on your black tie, and get out to the assembly place. For us this was a little additional tax because we had to chase across and around the corner of Buckman Hall. You see, the companies always formed on the east side in the driveway or just across the driveway from the entrances to the sections of Buckman.

Most of the drill was conducted in the open pine woods between Buckman and what is now Thirteenth Street. There was plenty of open space for three small companies. The company

was somewhat excited by the occasional little flurries of related activity. For instance, the second year that I was in drill there was a Confederate reunion in Jacksonville, and the battalion was invited to participate. So we were all carted over to Jacksonville, and we lived in tents in a vacant field somewhere not far from the old waterworks. Those who had friends or kinspeople in town could escape the tents, but the bulk of the boys spent those two or three days in tents. I had kinspeople in town, a family living on Main Street not very far from the park that extends to the east of Main Street.

P: Tell me about the room accommodations in Thomas Hall.

R: You had the basic essentials, period. You had a fairly comfortable bed with a mattress. Each student had a little simple table with a straight chair or two. I think that if you wanted anything more comfortable, like a lounging chair or something like that, you had to provide it yourself.

P: Did you have to provide your own linens?

R: Yes, you had to bring your own sheets, blankets, and pillow cases. You were also responsible for your own laundry.

P: Who did the laundry?

R: The neighboring Negro women would appear every Monday either before or after drill. Each one had her patrons. You would bundle it up and take it downstairs to the laundress. I think that they would pay them the magnificent, standard sum per week of thirty-five cents. The amount could vary, but that was the standard charge. Once in a while some small boy--the son of one of these women--would come along with her, and if the student upstairs did not appear at a reasonable time with his sack of laundry, this small boy would come in and knock at the door. Most of us would put our laundry in a pillow case and tie the end or wrap it in a sheet and tie the ends of the sheet.

One of the scandals that I vaguely recall happened the first year that KA [Kappa Alpha] fraternity, of which I was a member, was located in a rented fraternity house right across from Language Hall. That would have been 1915-1916. Some atrociously selfish and irritable student became a psychiatric case afterwards and was eased out of here due to this episode. He was lying in bed in his second-floor room of Buckman Hall, and the laundress sent her little ten- or eleven-year-old boy up to knock on the door and inquire about his laundry. He shouted through the door, "Get the hell away from here. I am trying to sleep!" The little boy went back to his mother on the outside, and they waited and waited for him to appear with his laundry. The woman wanted to get the laundry and had a right to get it. So she sent the little boy back up. That darn student had a pistol somewhere nearby, and he reached out and grabbed the pistol and at random fired through the door. Some of the students coming and going found the little boy's body within a few minutes outside the door. They got a hold of Dr. [Edward R.] Flint, whose office was right across from Buckman Hall in what is now called Flint Hall, and he came running in and found this boy dead as a doormat. He called

for all of the students to get together who were around both the dormitories and told them, "This poor child is dead now. It is not your or my business now. I am reporting it to the sheriff's office or the police." The president of the University had a hot potato on his hands.

I do not recall [all the details], but I do not doubt that you could get in touch with people who would remember more details. But the student was pronounced a psychiatric case later. How he was eased out I do not remember, because I was told about this afterwards. He was not tried for murder, and, perhaps, that could have provided the opportunistic consideration for a scandal hurting the University. So perhaps the University officials tried to hush it up. But that is the only thing anywhere approaching unpleasantness that I remember.

P: How were the buildings heated in those days?

R: There were old-fashioned steam radiators which were not very adequate. The furnaces were in the basement of the south section, in E section, of Buckman and F section in Thomas, so that by the time the steam had traveled all the way to the north end it was a bit inadequate.

I recall one of my friends, a boy from Tampa who was a distant kinsman of the Murphree family (Mrs. Murphree, I think) and who later became prominent in the state medical circles in the state of New York after leaving here with his B.S. and M.A. He was another one of Dr. Flint's chemistry students. He studied medicine and became a high official in the medical service of New York. He retired many years ago and tried to get them to give him some kind of position with the original cancer unit here long before the medical school was established. I remember that Dr. Ray was the director of the research being conducted here. My friend was kind of a character among the students. He was pretty good in science work. He would lounge around his room. I can recall going into his room in Buckman Hall on cool mornings, and he had rigged up a way to keep himself warm. He had tied a weight to the thing that controlled the flow of steam so that the steam would pour out of the radiator into his room, keeping him nice and warm, to the detriment of everybody else, at least to the north of him.

I do not recall that we suffered from the simple, and what would be considered now intolerably cool, living quarters. We would brighten them up in various ways. There were pennants and pictures and . . . I do not recall pin-up girls, but still there was a little bit of that kind of humor. The third year that I was a student, four of us grouped together and took these two-room quarters opposite of each other in the C Section of Thomas Hall and converted an apartment into a study and lounge room. We were supposed to sleep across the hall in the other rooms. This worked very fine when it came to the entertainment side of student life. Our quarters became famous around the campus as the place to play bridge. I cannot recall that any dice games were played there. That went on in other dormitory rooms. I never did learn how to shoot dice. Some of my college friends were very good at it, and I can remember looking in on games that lasted from the night before a football game, were suspended while the game was on, and were resumed Saturday and went on through Saturday and even on into Sunday night--with a changing population around the table. The games were usually staged on a throw rug on the floor.

There were long stretches when there was no supervision that amounted to a hill of beans. The night watchman never put a foot into the dormitories. His business was outside. One simple-minded amusement of the students was to play tricks on the night watchman occasionally. The one who was on duty when I was a sophomore and junior living on campus was a gangling Alachua County man--a cracker with a mustache--sort of drooping and good natured. In spite of that, we delighted to tantalize him by making noises that he would have to go and investigate.

P: Were there curfew restrictions in those early days? Did you have to stay on campus?

R: No, not if you could find and afford a room off-campus, and there were a few who did.

P: But you could leave the campus at will? There was never any kind of attempt to discipline the male students in terms of hours and this kind of thing? Weekends were free?

R: No, there were no curfews, and weekends were absolutely free.

P: What about the drinking situation in those early days and the girl situation on campus?

R: There was a good bit of drinking. Even the poorest of us could afford to come back from a trip to Jacksonville or to Ocala with a bottle or two of our own. You could go into any bar in Jacksonville and buy very good Scotch whiskey for two dollars--a quart, not a fifth. It would be regarded as top- or medium-quality Scotch like Johnny Walker and that sort of thing. Some of us were already addicted to Scotch when we could afford it. But I think that we drank within reason. I do not recall that I was involved in more than two or three really drunk parties.

There were two or three students who were known for their excessive drinking, but there were not many of them. Those who could afford to would stick around them because when they came back to the campus they would bring quite a bit, and there would be quite a drinking party or two as a consequence. There was not anything to warrant a reputation for drinking such as the reputation of the student body at the University of Virginia. I imagine, though, to a great many of the sober townsfolk it must have seemed like a good deal.

P: Was whiskey available in Gainesville?

R: No, the town was dry. But Marion County and Ocala were plenty wet and quite accessible. There was no paved highway, but if you wanted to you could jog down to the station and get on the Coastline Railway and get off at Ocala. There were at least four trains a day, two south and two north.

P: Were there any scandals that you remember involving girls on campus?

R: Right offhand I do not recall anything. There were instances when prostitutes came out to the

neighborhood of the campus. I recall evenings when one to two would appear over at Uncle Dud's College Inn and pick up a couple of students. Anything of that sort was likely to go on in town in the less-respectable of the small hotels. There were two: what was called the Commercial Hotel (the building is still standing opposite where the old *Sun* office and printing shop used to be on Main Street, just the next block south of the square) and the Brown House, which was a hotel in the decade before the war. It had a respectable dining room, too. It was catty-corner from the old Coastline depot, the site occupied now by the First National Bank. Now, catty-corner from there and next to the drugstore on the corner was the original First National Bank. That building still stands. That is where I had my first bank account, with all of twenty-five dollars in a checking account.

P: I had forgotten about that hotel, but I remember it now.

R: When we could afford to go into town and set ourselves up to a meal, we might prefer the Brown House dining room for their convenience.

P: Let us get back to the campus. Were the bathroom facilities comfortable?

R: There was a shower, bath, toilet, and two wash basins on every floor of every section.

P: How do you remember the food and the service in the mess hall?

R: It was, of course, conventionally abominable. Actually, it was wholesome. Some tables were more mannerly than others. Students' manners were pretty rough. The place was supervised by a senior student whose business it was to stay in the cashier's cage overlooking [the dining hall]. Among the people that I recall performing that function was a very tall Tallahassee boy by the name of Yonge. He was known as Jump Yonge, J. E. Yonge. He became a prominent attorney in Miami and died fairly young. He was preceded by John Sutton [of Lakeland], who was by that time a law student. John later became a prominent attorney and the first University of Florida graduate to be appointed to the Board of Control. That was well into the 1920s. He was a very fine tackle on the football team and a very popular figure.

P: I think that his sister or his wife's sister lives here in Gainesville.

R: He married one of the Floyd girls. There were two of them, and the one that John married was a beautiful young girl.

P: I knew her.

R: Well, they were popular. [W. L.] "Major" Floyd, as he was called, was a professor of botany and a very engaging, retiring, modest sort of a person who was much liked by the students in agriculture. I did not take any botany until I was a senior. There was a special instructor in botany by that time, a man by the name of [N. L. T.] Nelson. But Major Floyd had taught friends of mine like Sam [P.] Harn, who was one of the four who clubbed together. There

was a boy from Monticello by the name of [G. R.] Bailey who subsequently married Finley Cannon's sister and who made quite a success as an insurance man and had an office high up in the Chrysler Tower in New York City. Bailey from Monticello; Sam Harn, who had originally been an Alabama boy and who was a reading companion and dear friend of mine; [W. H.] "Dr." Turnley; and I were the four.

All of us liked books--especially Harn, Turnley, and I. My first year here Harn, a boy from Massachusetts, and I used to read a lot together aloud. We would get together on rainy evenings or afternoons and [shared things] we had discovered that were interesting or novel, like the first time that I found a complete set of translated papers. We plowed into a lot of things, of course, looking for lurid titles and sometimes being disgusted to find that the hot spots were not at all red. But that was an engaging feature of that first year here, and it helped me to get settled in so that I do not recall getting very homesick.

P: How about costs? Dormitory and food costs?

R: They were very modest. I do not remember the exact figures, but very poor boys by the score were on the campus and making a little bit of odd money at various jobs. The University offered quite a variety of small, paying, sufficient jobs. And if a boy wanted to he could always pick up something on his own, and a great many of the people that I associated with did this. They had various little businesses. One sharp-witted fellow student of mine--older than me but only a year or so ahead of me in college-- Gerald, used to make a business at the beginning and end of terms by buying and selling books. He turned a pretty penny. Incidentally, he was one of the main crap shooters around the place, and he made money that way. There was a good bit of gambling on a small scale. But there was always formal employment, and you could always find employment, even if it was only digging trenches over in the Experiment Station or tending plants or working around the green houses.

By 1915 several of us were academic student assistants. My friend Terry, of whom I spoke earlier and who kept pace with me through all of the three years of Latin and Greek which we took together, was one. We studied three nights a week together in his room because mine was too populated. We could be quiet and bear down on our studies, and that job done we could turn to recreation. Terry was already a student assistant in the psychology department, and I was handling a few compositions. I do not remember what the pay was, it was inconsequential when a letter from home and a five-dollar bill meant affluence for a while.

P: Was there required formal chapel attendance on campus? Where did you meet?

R: The chapel was the north half of the second floor of the old Agricultural [College] Building, what is now Floyd Hall. It was thrown together with a platform at the north end for the speakers who might be involved in the chapel business.

P: This was a daily thing or a weekly thing?

R: I do not recall, but it was more than weekly. I think that it was five mornings a week.

P: This was the first hour of the morning?

R: It was slackened later on.

P: I think that it remained until Dr. Tigert came.

R: We did not have an auditorium until [sic] 1928.

P: But Peabody [Hall] had an auditorium up on the second floor, didn't it?

R: Yes, but it was never used for chapel purposes. That became the site of faculty meetings after the faculty grew so large that it could not be accommodated [in an ordinary classroom]. The first year that I was back here on the faculty, in 1922, Dr. Murphree that year and, I think, the next year held University faculty meetings in the classroom that I taught my classes in. This was on the second floor of what is now Anderson [Hall] but was then Language Hall, in the southeast room which I continued to teach in until the last summer session that I taught. When the classes were large, as in recent years, I would move to the classroom next to it, to the south.

P: I remember that you taught me Shakespeare in that room.

R: By 1947-1948 the classes had gotten too large. At least the Shakespeare tragedies overflowed those rooms, and I began clawing at [Richard S.] Dick Johnson [registrar], and he began clawing at Dean [Walter J.] Matherly [College of Business Administration] to allow me to use that nice 135-seat auditorium on the basement floor. But the deans were very jealous of their buildings, and it took quite a little while until I got access to that. Meanwhile, I traipsed across campus and used the big C-3, C-5 lecture room which had been provided on the ground floor of the north end of Floyd Hall. Here we held the C-3 and C-5 lectures until we outgrew that and had to move to the [University Memorial] Auditorium.

P: Now, chapel was really a religious service then?

R: Yes, a reading and a prayer and a hymn. It was a very brief service usually. It was a function to which visitors on the campus were always invited. One of my vivid memories of the first year that I was here--somewhere along in the early spring, I think--was when we had heard from our professors and from Dr. Murphree in chapel that the campus was to be honored with a prolonged visit from one of the most noted men of science. This was Hugo De Vries, the Dutch botanist who was the father of the mutation theory, which was the first major variation from the standard version of Darwinian evolution. Actually, he was expected to stay longer and was given accommodations for his experiments. As I recall, the basic one had to do with a study of chickpeas, which developed rapidly and could be subjected to a quicker botanical experiment. I do not remember how long his stay was, but I do remember when he came. The president had told us one week that this man was going to appear on campus. We were all greatly impressed and felt that the prestige of our student body and

professors and campus in general was being greatly enhanced, as indeed it was. The president had told us, "I know that you will treat him with every consideration and courtesy as you have occasion."

A week or so later we were electrified. We used to form ranks, in companies outside of Floyd Hall, and march in formation up to the chapel and take seats. The faculty would find themselves seats, as would those who were involved in the modest, little, brief service. When we were seated, a professor whispered to some neighboring students that there was to be a visitor at chapel that morning, and there was this electric silence. We heard steps in the hallway, and Dr. Murphree appeared with this bearded gentleman. Almost by instinct, I guess, we all as a unit stood to our feet and waited respectfully. You could have heard a pin drop until the president and the visitor were on the platform and taking their seats. Dr. Murphree later on introduced him, and there was a tremendous uproar of applause. But I have always felt rather proud of the way that sometimes-rowdy crowd of students behaved on that occasion.

P: One area that we have not gotten into, and I am sure that it will be of interest, is the sports activity on campus during your undergraduate days.

R: There were pretty primitive provisions. For the size of the school we actually did better for baseball, because it was easier and cheaper to provide for. Just to the west of Thomas Hall was the recreational and physical activities area. There was a little, old, wooden gymnasium with a few simple gymnastics apparatuses.

P: Is that building gone?

R: Yes, long ago. And outside there was a very little swimming pool. Actually all of the boys who wanted to go swimming for fun were members of the swim team. Well, actually it was a very informal team. We used to go across to what we called Freeze's Pond, which is still the fairly clear little lake in the vicinity of NW 21st Street and 10th Avenue.

P: I know it. It is right near my house.

R: That was really where we had competent water to swim.

P: And that was out in the woods?

R: Yes. You traipsed along sandy paths that were not even anything more than a lane. That part of town was wild woods. But there was a little bit of primitive activity. A few boys did have bars and bells, and they had a gymnastics team. There was a little swimming. There was formality in some of these activities. If you look in the annual, you find that as early as 1914 there was a tennis team with a captain and manager and whatnot. But that was kind of a front. There was no organized intercollegiate activity in most of those minor sports.

P: There were no intermurals yet?

R: No. For tennis, as I recall, there were two cement courts which were very close to the west side of Thomas Hall. Very few played tennis, and there was nothing like handball courts. The old wooden gymnasium was large enough to have a basketball court, but basketball attracted very little student interest. So it was mostly baseball and football, and, as I said, baseball amounted to more in comparison with other sports.

P: There was intercollegiate baseball?

R: Yes, but it did not carry very far. I think that you will find that the teams throughout the 1900s to the war years often played noncollegiate teams. These were club teams and teams from nearby Jacksonville and other towns. When they played intercollegiate football and baseball it was with a few of the modest schools like [Georgia] Tech, and Stetson, and [Florida] Southern, and once in a while Rollins in baseball--I do not think they had a football team. They played The Citadel, the University of South Carolina, and Clemson. The first year that I was here they even played Auburn; that was when the Auburn series began. Everybody was very much delighted and surprised at the outcome of that. I still remember it was 28-14.

I roomed across the hall from the boy who became the next year Everett [inaudible]'s roommate, a Tallahassee boy and a famous football player in those days. He still counts among the Florida greats. His name was [A. R.] Hancock, with the curious nickname of Puss. I never delved into the origin of that. It never occurred to me to check it. But he was a science student who later studied medicine and practiced for many decades out in Oklahoma. He was a Tallahassee roughneck, and he and Sutton were the best of the line. This was the year before [J.] Rex Farrior came and also played in the line, sometimes guard and sometimes center. Sutton and Hancock and [inaudible] and other familiar Florida names [were all on that team].

They went out to Auburn, and everybody thought they would be slaughtered. By that time Auburn, Georgia Tech, and the University of Georgia had developed into growing concerns as football powers. Those [UF] boys proved themselves pretty well; the score was 28-14. I remember hearing Hancock with a curious combination of pride and innate modesty describe how they got one of those scores. He was down at the bottom of the stack when the lines converged, and he found himself down at the bottom next to the Auburn player with the ball in his arms. He told me, "I reached out and yanked the ball away from him." When the referee unstacked the players, he was clinging to the ball, and the Auburn player failed to get it back. Of course, that was illegal, but that led to one of those two unexpected scores.

P: Where were games played on campus?

R: Right out on that same field that we played baseball on. In the fall it became the football field. It was innocent of any turf, and what grass grew naturally probably included sandspurs. In an early annual are some photographs, just after World War I, that show a football crowd of the kind that I remember so well. People who came out in their automobiles would line up their automobiles [to watch the game]. This happened at the scene of the games we played in Jacksonville. I went over with a lot of fellow students to at least two of those games. I

remember watching [John W.] Heisman, the famous [Georgia] Tech coach, pacing up and down along the sidelines, coaching his team while the play was going on. People would line their automobiles up facing the sidelines, and spectators on foot simply stood or sat on convenient posts or stumps or on the fenders of other people's automobiles.

P: You did not have to go to the time or the expense to buy tickets then, did you?

R: There was a modest, little grandstand in the northwest corner of that field for baseball crowds, and that remained there well into the 1920s. In fact, there were just two very short tennis courts. I never played tennis. The boys I ran with were not athletic in the least. We had plenty of walking to do. Any time you went to town, nineteen times out of twenty you walked no matter what the weather--hot or cold, wet or dry. We went also for long Saturday afternoon hikes. [There would be at least] two or three or maybe sometimes a little crowd, carrying along a .22 rifle or maybe a single-barrel shotgun and a target pistol. I remember long Saturday afternoons when we would set out and walk down the Ocala Road and go all the way to Rocky Point where the road used to wonder through the woods down there. I remember my friend who most liked this sort of thing was Herbert Lamson. He was a prominent Episcopalian laymen and lawyer over in Jacksonville who died six or seven years ago.

P: I knew Mr. Lamson.

R: Well, I was very fond of him and kept up that friendship throughout my life. He and I, and sometimes company if there were other boys, [used to go on these Saturday afternoon outings]. Sometimes Terry was one of the added. I can remember [doing this] especially in the fall.

P: We were talking about social life. We have not yet gotten into the academic world at all, and I am purposely saving that for just a moment until we get all of the periphery out of the way, the things that most interested the students, the non-academics. Let us talk a little bit about social life in those days. You were a member of a fraternity?

R: Yes. There were three fraternities in existence already when I came, ATO, Kappa Alpha, and Pi Kappa Alpha. None of these groups owned a house or even rented a house. They had rented rooms downtown. The Pikes, as I remember, were in the new building on the corner right across from the post office.

P: Would that be the building where the Lyric Theater eventually was? Did they have rooms upstairs?

R: Yes. I am vague in my memory about the Lyric. I think it was all one buiding. The theater building may have been something added afterwards, not as a part of that corner building. I do not remember the location of the ATOs with any certainty, but it was somewhere around the square. My own group, which numbered not more than sixteen or seventeen that year, had its quarters on the second floor of a building which during the 1920s and 1930s was

occupied by George Dell's grocery downstairs. There was some kind of business there.

P: Can you locate that for us?

R: It was directly across University Avenue from the Baird Hardware Company. It was in the first block, just four or five doors off of the square.

P: This is where that little group of buildings is now, adjacent to the new city hall.

R: That building was either modified or destroyed when the bank, which has a parking lot next to it, across from Baird's, was erected.

P: Now, when you say "quarters," does this mean that the boys lived there?

R: No. It was purely for the weekly meeting of the fraternity and for any social affairs that could be carried on in such modest surroundings.

P: I remember you said that you lived in the dormitory, but I did not know if some of these boys lived off campus.

R: That came a little later. But all these three, I know, devoted most of their space to one large room where modest dances could be held.

P: But there were no such things as eating quarters? There were no eating facilities there?

R: No, there was no provision whatever for cooking. There were facilities for refreshments at dances, but I do not recall anything other than a little pop--affairs that did not involve any elaborate preparation or refreshments during anytime that the three fraternities were having there meetings and leasing their quarters.

P: Do you recall the cost at all?

R: It must have been very little, both the initiation fee and the monthly dues. I might be able to pin that down, but offhand I do not think that I could have paid more than fifteen dollars or maybe twenty dollars for the initiation fee. The dues were very modest. They certainly were not more than a dollar and a half or two dollars.

P: I am curious about the relationship of these fraternities operating off campus and the University administration. Was there any supervision, faculty advisors, or any kind of liaison?

R: We related rather directly with the president.

P: Well, with your fraternity, Dr. Murphree was a member of the KAs.

R: One other prominent member of the faculty was initiated by the chapter two or three years later,

Dr. Harvey Cox, who was professor of philosophy and taught some psychology too. He went to Emory University. We took him in, and that was not an uncommon practice with the fraternities in this part of the country. There was also a modest number of the physics staff. Mr. W. S. Perry [instructor in physics and electrical engineering] was a KA, but he took very little interest in the fraternity, if any at all.

P: But Dr. Murphee did, didn't he?

R: Yes, he did, and he entertained the chapter about once a year at his house. After they took that big house over in east Gainesville the meetings were invariably on Saturday evenings, and everybody was bound to be there. All the members who were in town that week would certainly be present because there was little else to do, and in our group missing meetings was regarded as serious business. It was started with the usual bit of ritual introduction, roll call, reading of the minutes, and then a discussion of any of the chapter affairs that would be subject to maybe a special assessment. There was a big annual affair towards the end of the term. The first year that I was here that was a very flossy, fancy, and beautiful banquet at the White House Hotel. Sometimes it was a big dance. It was prepared in advance with an able committee. That involved special assessments and added material cost to the cost of that second semester. I do not mean that it was extremely costly, but it cost something like five dollars or more. When it came to the banquet, it must have been more than that, because we had special guests in addition to our own dates, and that meant also a very elaborate meal was served. I have among my mementos a little, leather-bound program of that banquet. The menu is something to knock your eyes out.

P: You probably could not duplicate it in Gainesville today.

R: Not at twenty dollars a plate.

P: What about the nonfraternity students? Was there any type of a social life for them?

R: Aside from their church groups or activities associated with their churches, there was no University-organized entertainment or play.

P: There was nothing like the later Military Ball Weekend or house parties or anything like that?

R: No. There was nothing like the freshman affairs that Ed Price was chiefly instrumental in setting up and that were conducted in that old wooden gym for several years. My wife and I used to help chaperon and take care of the visiting girls and the candidates for the beauty queen that were chosen. But they had nothing of that sort. For one thing there was no money.

P: Life must have been pretty barren then for the nonfraternity boys.

R: No, not as much so. [There were] the everyday comings and goings, associations, and places like that restaurant that I spoke of, Alex Francisco's place, and conspicuously after Uncle Dud opened his College Inn. By the second year that I was here I had experienced many pleasant

associations of that kind--just sitting around talking, going for walks, going to the movies together, rambling off into the country at the spur of the moment, or playing very unorganized games. These things involved as much friendship with nonfraternity men as with fraternity men.

P: When did the development begin for permanent fraternity houses adjacent to the campus?

R: That started with the rental by the ATO fraternity. I think that was my senior year, although it could have been the year before. I think that it was the academic year 1914-1915. The ATO fraternity knew that the Coleson family was moving out of the Coleson house across from Language Hall. The ATOs rented that place and occupied it for at least two years. In the meantime, they had plans underway to build their first house. They were well ahead of us in the KA crowd. That set a kind of challenge for the other fraternities. The following year the KA group similarly rented one of the two rental places right down the street from the Coleson house. They were two identical houses, identical in architecture. I think they are still standing. Anyway, the [James M.] Farris lived in one on the corner of what was then Washington Street.

P: Is that where the Episcopal Chapel is now?

R: The Episcopal Chapel was at the other end of that short block going towards the Coleson House. We in the KA group rented the house on the inside of the block and occupied it for at least three years. Then in the first year of the war, 1917-1918, the chapter moved to a very curious location. The Williams family had their business of running the College Inn. They had sold it or leased it to a man named Burgess who continued to conduct the business, but not in the same kind of amiable, slap-twisted friendly way in which the Williams had run it. I suppose at the time his business was not very remunerative. At any rate, he got out. For one year, at least, the KAs rented the building and adapted themselves to living there. They were a very small chapter at that time.

At the rear of the little store building, the public part of it, either Uncle Dud or Burgess had put on an addition and had been renting rooms or beds. As I recall there was a kind of dormitory with at least three or four beds in this large room. Two of my college friends and classmates had rented there. One of them was Alex Campbell [Jr.] from west Florida [Chipley], who was one of the chemistry majors who graduated in my class. This had already happened by 1914-1915, that Campbell lived back there. Another more distinguished chemistry major also lived back there. His name was [Fred] Halma. I completely lost track of him later, but he was a brilliant fellow and stood out among Flint's chemistry students. I also recall a migrant refugee, an Armenian boy, by the name of Dicran Hashadurian who was there for a year or two as a student and then drifted on somewhere. But he had learned a pretty good brand of English, and Uncle Dud had given him an occupation as a kitchen boy and waiter in the College Inn. He lived there too.

P: From there where did the KAs move?

R: The KAs then took the Coleson house, which in the meantime had reverted to private hands. During at least one year of the war I lived in that house. I had a room on the west side when I was waiting to be drafted and doing some study.

P: We were talking about the locations of the KAs.

R: I must have had a room in the Coleson house the year that the KAs moved into the College Inn. I was there when it was in private hands. That was during the year of the influenza epidemic.

P: I guess that building would then have the longest history as a fraternity house of any fraternity on campus.

R: Yes, certainly as a matter of living quarters for a fraternity, because it was first the ATO house and then the KA house. By the year 1919 the Farris had bought the small Dutton house residence. The son of the original Dutton had moved away, I suppose. Anyway, the Farris had moved out of the Gracey house on the corner, and Mrs. Ramsey, who founded Roselawn and conducted that for many years, rented that house and conducted a boardinghouse there on a modest scale. She served meals and rented the rooms upstairs to some of us college students.

P: What about organizations on campus? Were there debating societies and literary societies?

R: Yes. Every college had its club. In the College of Arts and Sciences it was the Farr Literary Society. There was one in the law college. In the engineering college it was the Benton Engineering Society. In agriculture and in the teaching college there was one of these, and there were intercollegiate debates as a regular part of the program. As I recall, those always occurred in the second semester. All of us were virtually a member of the appropriate society and took some part in its activities. In the usual way, you went up from some modest post that would be listed in the college annual, like doorkeeper, then secretary, vice-president, and president, and then somebody else took up the rotation. Usually it was students who stood out academically who ran those things, and, as usual, only a limited number of the students involved in them were very competent debaters.

Being a good student did not necessarily make a good debater. I know that I was an abominably poor debater, not nearly as skillful in the kind of parry and riposte and the snatching up of something which could be played on effectively with three judges in rebuttals and things of that sort. I took a very active part as a senior and junior in the debates, as did the boy who was president of the academic senior class, which was distinguished from the law seniors, who were separate. We actually had three senior class presidents: the boy who was the president of arts and sciences; academic senior class president, and a fellow by the name of [H. L.] DeWolf, who was one of my teammates in one of those debates. We were seniors at that time, and I recall we worked up our debating notes when he was confined to Miss McRobbie's infirmary bed with a case of German measles. Well, I had never had measles of either variety, but I still went up, and we worked together and got ready for the debate, which was with a pair of debaters from the teachers' college club--the Peabody Club, it was

called.

P: What about the Farr Literary Society? What did it engage in?

R: It flourished far into the 1930s, being less and less needed and doing a variety of things. Of course, by that time I was very busy doing my job as a teacher. My impression is that those societies ceased to have any real function and live purpose, and so they all faded out of the picture in the 1930s.

P: But at the time that you were an undergraduate, were you a member of the Farr Literary Society?

R: Yes.

P: Did it do more than just debate? Did it involve itself in literary activity?

R: No. In a very casual and ineffectual fashion it provided an outlet for some mild intellectual interest. There were a few papers delivered here and there, but there was not much of a program that I can recall. The promoting of the few cultural activities that affected the campus were not a matter of sponsorship by these literary clubs. I am thinking of those two road companies that gave Shakespeare performances all over the United States for many years. The one that we had here, the Ben [inaudible] Players, played in the open air in the afternoons and evenings over at the old high school grounds. Over on the north side of the building, where there were some nice oaks to provide shade in the afternoon, there was a temporary stage erected. People sat around and used up what few chairs there were, and the rest stood. It must have been a very modest size audience that saw those performances.

P: Were there campus publications? The *Alligator*?

R: The *Alligator* began the fall that I came here, as I remember, but I do not trust my memory on details of this sort. Students that I was on friendly, or at least familiar, terms with started it. By 1914-1915 they had purchased a modest press and were turning out their own paper. I think that originally the Pepper Printing Co. did some of their printing.

There was another newspaper at the time here. It was a weekly, and that press might have turned out the *Alligator*. But certainly while I was still an undergraduate, they bought type and set the *Alligator*. Somewhere in the third year or so you will read in the *Alligator* of their pride in a press. I remember one little item in the announcement of its ownership of its own press. Somewhere there is a picture of that room in the basement of Anderson Hall, which was then Language Hall. The University had some vacant space there, and for a year or two that was the quarters for the *Alligator*. I never took any part in the reporting or editorial writing, but some of the other students that I was close to did take a hand in it.

One of the men who was the managing editor and chiefly the guiding light for the early stages of the *Alligator* was a mature student named Murio Blunt, who was, I think, from west Florida. Another Tallahassee neighbor boy who was involved in it very early and who is still living

here in Gainesville is Ralph Stoutamire. He could probably give you some interesting information.

P: What about the *Seminole*?

R: The *Seminole* had started when my brother was down here. I think that the first volume was 1909-1910. I do recall from his copy, which is kicking around among my things at my sister's house at Tallahassee, that it was dedicated to the infant daughter whom the student's thought of as the Farr's first child. I heard--not from them but from the [C. L.] Crows [professor of modern language] later on--that the Farris had had a small infant who had died while the school was still at Lake City. This was the first child that the Gainesville people and the University here knew about. There is a picture of this little infant in her long, long dress as the frontispiece of that first issue of the *Seminole*, and it is dedicated to her, whose little life, I think the inscription said, "came into the world at the inception of this annual." The first copy that I took a direct interest in, because my classmates and I were in it, was the one for 1912-13.

P: You did not play any kind of a role in the publication of the *Seminole*?

R: No.

P: Was there any other publication on campus at the time? Do you remember a literary magazine or anything?

R: No, and *Scandal Sheets*, a secret publication, did not begin to my knowledge until I stood up [inaudible] and in the second stages wittingly. There is a very nice little story connected with that which I will give you when I get to that. But that is a matter of faculty-student relations which involved directly the president as the person responsible for the conduct of the faculty in relationship to classes and students.

P: What about politics on campus?

R: That was another thing that I was on the fringes of. As a matter of fact, my pleasures were not connected merely with the fraternity life either but included hanging in rooms with students who were, like myself, interested in books and magazines and spending endless hours--especially on cold winter nights--in front of that very comfortable, big, open fireplace at Uncle Dud's College Inn talking endlessly with whomever came along. Mostly it was the leaders in the fraternity and a few outstanding nonfraternity men. There was a good deal of political collusion between these two groups. The nonfraternity men, while I was a student, began organizing in a rather haphazard fashion to get more of a share in the student offices and that sort of thing. But, as I recall, there was very little that was done about those things. Only after the student body grew large did the two plums that were connected with officership in the student body--such as editorship of the *Seminole*--begin to have some promise of being lucrative. There was nothing much to contend for when the student body numbered only 400 or 500 students. I doubt that this University had 500 students even at the

time that the war broke out, and half of them washed out in two or three months when that happened in the spring of 1917.

P: Let us talk about the academic life of the students. Do you remember about the classes when you were a student?

R: A glance into the old catalogs will tell you that the course offerings were extremely limited. Certainly, so long as I was an undergraduate and an M.A. student--except for special arrangements made for special students, as was done for me in Latin and Greek--the course offerings (certainly those that I was familiar with) tended to be just repetitive. The size of the faculty had something--perhaps everything--to do with that. The classes were invariably small. When I was in sophomore English there were no more than eighteen or twenty students, and we rattled around in a corner basement room in what is now Flint Hall. I told you earlier about Dr. Flint's rattlesnake cage sitting down the hallway near where we entered that classroom. My figures might be quite wrong, and, of course, there are class records of that sort thing. That was about as large as a class was. That and the sophomore Latin were about the same size, because all B.A. and B.S. students took Latin.

P: I suppose that with classes being as small as they were there was a close relationship between students and faculty.

R: That is true. The closeness of the dwelling of some of the faculty contributed to this. Dr. [John R.] Benton, the head of the engineering college and my teacher in physics, was then unmarried and had a room in the house occupied by the man who supervised the campus groves, gardens, and green houses connected with the experiment station. We used to sit outside the west door of the Science Hall and watch for Dr. Benton, whom we called "Old Ickey." He must have been all of thirty-five at that time. We admired and respected him, but he had some mannerisms that just tickled every student that ever watched him.

He was a very nervous person, and he had to keep a stern hold on himself in order to keep his mind on the lecture and the demonstrations that he would set up for us before the lecture began. This was a little lecture room with staggered seats so that everybody could see what was going on at the demonstration table. One of his mannerisms that tickled us and that we became accustomed to but which accounted for his being something of a curiosity among the faculty was his pacing up and down. While doing this he would put either his finger or a pencil in these holes that had been drilled in the side of the desk which were for setting up apparatus; he would finger these holes as he paced from one end of the table to the other.

He gave interesting examinations, both for monthly quizzes and for finals. You had a little schedule handed you which told you the precise minute that he expected you to be in the classroom--that same classroom--and you were handed a set of questions upon your entry and told to make yourself at home at a back seat, that he would call you when he was ready for you. Quietly and in a murmur seated behind his desk he was already examining one of your classmates. These were oral exams, and you had your questions handed to you so that you could prepare your answers.

P: That was a novel way [to do an exam].

R: Yes, it was novel, and it had its advantages too. He would grade you right there, of course, and he was willing to tell you how you had fared. So you came out either glum or happy. It was all over in about fifteen or twenty minutes. The questions were varied; you had no temptation to fidget about and worry about what you did not know. You knew that you either knew it or you did not know it. You saw the score going down on his record.

He had no home life, so there was no social contact which amounted to anything, certainly as far as I knew then. Much later, after he and Mrs. Benton were married and had small children in the house, he did entertain mature students and young faculty like myself. They had me for dinner, and they had other mature students for dinner, but Dr. Benton was not a very sociable sort of man. He lived in a big house just behind what has been until recently the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity [house].

On the other hand, the Murphrees were quite sociable. When I first came here I lived in the two-story, four-apartment building situated down close to town, just to the west of what is now the Seagle Building. The Murphree family occupied the entire second floor of this apartment building. Downstairs the apartment to the west was occupied by Dr. and Mrs. [Charles L.] Crow. Many of us visited the Crows. We were always welcome there, and even more so when they bought the bungalow at 10th Street. It was a California-type bungalow which they bought, and it had been built and occupied by an early dean of the law school.

We were frequently visitors at the Farr's house, as well. I recall as a junior that I was one of two or three students who were invited over for a luncheon. We knew well that we were not expected to linger after the luncheon. But if we went over there in the evening, as we sometimes did, we sat and talked with Dr. [James M.] Farr or with Dr. and Mrs. Farr. Many of the students who knew Dr. Farr, especially after being in class with him, delighted in that.

P: Tell me about the Crows, [especially] about Dr. Crow as a teacher and as a person.

R: Dr. Crow was quite a character with the students, too. He had mannerisms that were easily mimicked by a clever student. There was always a good-humored, loving, and teasing kind of talk about him going on among the students taking the languages he taught. He taught all of the three major, modern European languages. How he got around to it is more than I can comprehend. In the early years that I was here, he was alone in the department, and yet he got some teaching done in German, French and Spanish. His real love was Spanish, and after that French. I took no Spanish, but I did get a start on both German and French with Dr. Crow.

I did not take any foreign languages the first year I was here because I was concentrating on Latin and Greek. The next year I took some German, when I knew that I was not going to medical school but hoped to go up north to a graduate school.

P: Were did Dr. Crow get his training?

R: He took his undergraduate work at the University of Virginia, I believe. Certainly he did his doctorate in English at [inaudible]. He studied some with one of the great German scholars of the 1880s and 1890s.

P: Was Dr. Crow an effective teacher?

R: Yes, with a very few students. He was not every engaging, nor was he much of a popularizer. His method was a little bit dry and repetitive, and the pace was terribly slow. He also had inadequately prepared students.

P: We are continuing our discussion. Today is February 13.

R: I would like to add that in my opinion Dr. Crow was one of the three best undergraduate instructors I had. The other two were Benton and Flint. In general, students and faculty shared my opinion. I say that because these three were more methodical, more careful, and more consistently scholarly in their point of view and their handling of classes. Dr. Crow, more than any of the group I had worked with over a long stretch of time, kept up with his scholarship. He kept abreast even better than Dr. Farr and Dr. Benton. Dr. Benton also stayed abreast, even while teaching physics and trying to build an engineering faculty with inadequate means and all those diversions from teaching and studying. Flint did not do anything but keep right up with a very interesting, appealing instruction for the amateur in chemistry.

P: What about Dr. Crow's research?

R: Dr. Crow had done some very solid scholarship, but what I am really referring to now is this: when he saw the need for the development of the Spanish work here, he did something about it. He went to Spain in the summers at his own expense. He did this at least a couple of times, and then changed over to more frequent visits to Mexico. In many cases Mrs. Crow went along, and they made kind of a holiday out of it. He studied at the university there and associated what he had come to know from Latin American countries, especially Mexicans. We had a few from Mexico visit us. I recall being invited to the house for dinner with one of the visiting university people from Mexico with whom they had become friendly. So he did a good deal of additional study, well on into the late 1920s.

P: Did Dr. Crow have any administrative responsibilities?

R: Yes. For a long stretch he was secretary to the general faculty. His most onerous job was to get out the catalog, which was somehow attached to that secretarial position.

P: I guess we do not have a secretary of the general faculty anymore.

R: No, except that the registrar used to be ex-officio to the [Faculty] Senate. Somehow it has become a less-important function.

P: I read Dr. Crow's minutes, and they certainly are insightful. You certainly knew what was going on in the faculty. There were all kinds of interesting little comments that Dr. Crow made.

R: Dr. Crow had a good sense of style. He could write well. He would always write to the point, but with a little bit of humor. He had more of a quiet, subdued sense of humor, sort of a quirkiness when he was on easy terms with people. That applied to his students, too.

P: I found that he was interested in the history of the University. We have found some sketches that he wrote about some the early institutions that preceded the University. I wonder what sent him off in that direction.

R: I think I know exactly what happened. In the middle 1930s Dr. Tigert had been long established in the presidency. There had been no carefully considered efforts or plans to provide for retirement or settle a retirement age for University faculty. I think that the same probably applied to the FSCW up in Tallahassee and the Florida A & M group over on the other hill there in Tallahassee. I cannot tell you precisely how this all developed, but suddenly, tactlessly, unthinkingly brutally, the Board [of Control] precipitated something with the president. At the time, the board decided to begin enforcing some kind of a retirement system that would define an age beyond which a man could not retain his post on the faculty, no matter how long his tenure or his qualities.

At this point, Dr. Crow must have been almost seventy. It was about 1936 or 1937. By that time, Dr. [James N.] Anderson had been moved over to the Graduate School and appointed dean for a good while. [William] Harold Wilson was made acting dean of arts and sciences. As a rule, Dr. Tigert did not keep an open door to students and faculty, as had been the pleasant custom in the Murphree era. So instead of asking Dr. Crow to come into his office when the school was still relatively small and well, he did not discuss it with him at all apparently--certainly as far as I knew the story from Dr. Crow and Mrs. Crow. Nothing was said to Dr. Crow except through Harold Wilson. Dr. Tigert, in a typical and somewhat bureaucratic method, called in the appropriate dean to the office where the C-3 office has been for so many years. So Dr. Wilson called in Dr. Crow from right next door and dumped this news on him, that he was to be retired. Nothing else was said.

We were very intimate with the Crows. By that time Arlene and I had been married for many years, and for six or seven years had been living out in a little cottage I had tried to buy without success in Palm Terrace. Arlene had cut some flowers and had also cooked something she wanted the doctor and mistress to have. When I got in late from a game of tennis and washed up, Arlene said that there was time before dinner and asked me to run this down to the Crows' house. So I got into the Chevolet and trotted off down University Avenue to the house. I rang the bell, and they were slow in answering it. When Mrs. Crow opened the door she sort of caved into my arms, weeping when she saw who it was. I do not remember her exact words, but it amounted to this: "They are making Charles retire." I asked her to sit

down. Dr. Crow did not come out just then. She told me the story as she thought she had it, simply that Harold [Wilson] had called Dr. Crow in and told him he was no longer a teacher and was no longer chairman of what was then the curious arrangement of German and Spanish.

We had brought in Luker, a very excellent man, way back in the 1920s when the upsurge in enrollment really got under way. Dr. Crow was running a combined department of German and Spanish. People like Tom [inaudible] were in the German side. Ernest Hankins had been here for many years by this time. Luker had died very young, and Ernie was the second chairman in the French Department. Certainly he was the chairman beginning around 1924 or 1925.

I drew Mrs. Crow out as well as I could and gave her what comfort I could. Then I said I was going to see what was going on. I do not think that Dr. Crow ever came out. So I went [home] and told Arlene, and we mourned over our supper. I did not know what to do. I recall trying to get Wilson on the phone and not being able to do so that night, but the next day Arlene and I both went [to see the Crows]. I said to Mrs. Crow that we should try to get him out and give him some diversion and perhaps a chance to talk with me if he wanted. That afternoon I freed myself. It was a nice sunny day. I went to the Crows and took them both on a long drive on the old road that used to wind along around the prairie and off into the pretty byroads to the south there in the Micanopy region. Dr. Crow was just frozen tight like a dead clam and responded in monosyllables when Mrs. Crow and I tried to draw him out.

The very next day Mrs. Crow told Arlene that Mrs. Tigert was shocked and disturbed by a telephone conversation that she had had with Mrs. Crow that morning and had come to see her and had given her some reassurance about what was involved. By that time also they had given her some reassurance about what was involved, and they had called Dr. Crow back in and had explained what was going on. Very soon after Dr. Tigert asked the board to approve an informal sort of appointment for Dr. Crow. They commissioned Dr. Crow in some fashion designated unofficially, though with semiofficial status, as historian of the University. That was why when Dr. Crow quit teaching he settled into a pretty careful and scrupulous retraining for quite a while--a year or two.

P: This was certainly a much more dignified way for him to retire than was originally suggested.

R: What happened with Mrs. Tigert was one of the reasons why. Though Dr. Tigert occasionally stepped on our toes, Mrs. Tigert commanded a great deal of affection and respect among the better-established members of the faculty who had had the opportunity to get to know her. Mrs. Tigert called Mrs. Crow that morning to ask her to join in some committee of the University Womens Club that they had worked on together. Mrs. Crow had blown up in her face over the phone and began weeping. She said that she did not know why Mrs. Tigert should want her to do anything when they were telling Charles that he had to go. This was the first that Mrs. Tigert had heard of it, and she kept Mrs. Crow talking until she found out that something really tragic had happened. She came right out there within ten or fifteen minutes and did what she could to reassure Mrs. Crow. No doubt by what she said or

inferred that she was going to talk to [her husband] John about it.

P: The Crows had no children, did they?

R: I think that was one of the obvious reasons why they delighted in entertaining students. When I went away to graduate school and throughout the 1920s there were other youngsters. Sometimes the kids were rascals. But if they were fond of them, they had the run of the house, in a limited way. Perhaps they were not so free and easy as the Farris, but they were very generous.

When I was back here in the summer of 1923 and the summer of 1924, I went on my own expense up north to work on one of the new courses that Dr. Farr and I were getting going. That is what became the Introduction to World Literature. There were no books--there was nothing like it. But we will come back to that.

P: I wonder about the Crows. Did both of them pass away here in Gainesville?

R: Yes. What I was coming to was how fond they were of some of their students and former students. They were delighted at the news that I was going to be married. I had not had any opportunity to take her out to meet them, but I had asked for the second semester on leave for the year 1925-1926, and Arlene and I made our plans. She was under obligation to her school in Tampa to teach, and there was something that I wanted to get started on again at the [inaudible] library. So I took the second semester of that academic year off and spent all of it in Cambridge.

Early in the summer before I went away from here, the Crows, knowing those plans, pointed out to me that they had renovated and furnished three key parts of that big attic. Dr. Crow was arranging the front room as a study. They had sealed and finished off and furnished a bedroom and a bath right across the hall, which gave them a guest room. So they invited me to come and spend that whole first semester just living in the house with them.

That quickly became a matter of virtually being a member of the family. Within a week I was no longer dashing up the street here to Ma Ramsey's boardinghouse to get my breakfast. Instead, I was eating breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. Crow. I planned to make it up to them in various ways, and I did. For one thing, I taught Dr. Crow to drive a car, and that was something. I never did teach him to be a good driver, but some people have blocks about that. By that time, of course, Dr. Crow was sort of aged for a beginner at the wheel of an automobile. I could also do a good deal that made life pleasant for them. What they did was just out of pure, personal interest in me. They were extremely nice to me and Arlene, as they were to a lot of students and the younger people in their own department. That was fairly common practice then, because we were a fairly small community.

P: Then there was a much closer and warmer relationship between members of the faculty and students?

R: That is right. Pretty soon afterwards, they got settled in the old president's house over in Highlands. It was a handsome old place where the Tigerts lived for so many years and where the Millers lived for the first two or three years of his [presidency, before he died].

P: This is where the Slaughters now live.

R: I do not know about that. That house had been built by Mrs. Parrish. Mr. Parrish went broke, and they had to dispose of it, so it became the president's house along about 1931 or maybe earlier. Tigert came in 1928, so it was certainly built by 1930. The Tigerts had originally lived in the house out on the little narrow rectangle, about 200 yards or more east of the entrance to [inaudible].

P: Is that the stucco [house].

R: Yes, it was stucco. It was low and had an enclosed big front porch. After they came here in 1938, George and Rhea Fox lived in it for a good while before they bought the small house that had been Henry Caldwell's house in the Duck Pond. This was just two doors back toward University Avenue from where Arlene and I lived, so we were close neighbors.

P: I wanted to ask you about Dean Anderson. We have just mentioned him once or twice.

R: I said something about a half hour ago about counting Dr. Crow among the most genuinely scholarly, in the way that he kept up and carried on his own preparation, and the other two were Dr. Anderson and Dr. Benton.

Dr. Flint was also extremely clever as a lecturer, and I do not doubt that he was a good director of individual students doing research, but he was not quite the scholar that these other two men were. That was indicated by the fact that just as the war was breaking, he simply decamped from the University and took on some kind of bureaucratic post in Washington. I am a bit vague about that, so I have been asking some of my classmates to jot down what they remember about Dr. Flint, and I will hand that on to you. As to why he left, when he left, and what it was that he did, I have no recollection at all. His family never did live here with him, though I think that he had a wife and a son. Well, that residence in Washington did not last long, and he did not live long afterwards.

I think that most of us recognize that Dr. Benton was a strictly demanding kind of teacher, and that was because of his respect for his own subject matter. Dr. Anderson was not a popular teacher in any ordinary sense of the word. He was highly revered and completely respected by a few who recognized the character of his scholarship. We sensed his hidden, quirky sense of humor which he applied pretty cleverly now and then. In the handling and guidance of students, which he did single handedly, he did not even have a secretary until . . .

P: I had the impression of Dean Anderson as being a cold man. I did not know him, but this was the impression that I got.

R: You had the general impression. He had no social grace about him. He had no disposition for anything. He seldom went to an academic meeting outside of our own faculty. I recall the amusement and pleasure with which Dr. Murphree spread the word around to different people and to some of the younger people like myself that he knew Dr. Anderson intimately and loved him. Dr. Murphree was in a high good humor one day, and I walked in the west end of that first floor, above the basement that is in Anderson Hall, and Dr. Murphree was there chuckling. He said: "I have persuaded Anderson to go to the meeting of the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities." I do believe that it was the only time that he was persuaded by anybody to go to any kind of national or regional meeting. He just did not do it.

He was deeply but almost imperceptively pleased to have a few good students who would stick with him. Happily, I was one of two who got next to him. The other was R. P. Terry, the Miami lawyer who was one of three Board of Control chairmen out of my 1915 class. The earliest had graduated in law the year before. That was Sutton. But there were three of them in my 1915 graduating class.

P: Who were the other two?

R: Raymond Maguire of [Ocoee, near] Orlando, and Tom Bryant [of Lakeland], who was taking his law degree. He already had an A.B. two or three years earlier, but he was in the 1915 graduating class.

Getting back to Dr. Anderson and Terry and me, all A.B. students had to have Latin, at least two years, and Terry and I were in a class that included people like Knowles and Gordon. Anyhow, there was a fairly good sophomore class into which Terry and I entered our first year because he had Latin throughout his preparatory school, Georgia Military Academy, and I in Leon High School. Dr. Anderson was like Dr. Crow: scrupulously careful, not very stimulating, but obviously conscientious. [He was] a little severe in his grading and his criticism. You did three hours of recitation a week, and you also prepared a weekly paper into which you turned English into Latin prose composition. You did the same in the first year Greek, and in second year Greek, I believe. You did composition, turning it into the foreign language.

I thought that I was in a large class because my class at Leon High School had been so tiny. But there were not more than twelve, fourteen, or possibly sixteen in that sophomore Latin class. The next year, of course, many of those did not continue Latin. As I recall, the junior Latin class started with four and wound up with three. The third member was another future lawyer, Newcombe Barrs, from here [Gainesville]. I think he lived out his life in Jacksonville. But the class was essentially Terry and me, and it was the same story in Greek. [There were] just two of us in senior Greek and, I believe, in senior Latin, though Barrs may have been with us in that class too.

P: You mean that we once had a chairman of the Board of Control who was a Latin and Greek scholar?

R: Oh, yes. Our [R. P.'s and mine] Latin and Greek studies in high school were paralleled exactly, except that I had read the *Illiad* in my senior year, and he had not read that far.

Now, coming back to Dr. Anderson, this is a nice little light on him. That junior year, when we were essentially the class in Latin and Greek, he continued something that he had pulled on Terry and me in Greek at the end of the first semester of the year before. In Latin we went ahead and proceeded in regulation fashion, but Dr. Anderson was along with Dr. Crow and Dr. Farr when we were admitted, since they were the committee on admission for A.B. students. Well, there were three or five faculty members who were the committee on regular admission. It was they who attended to me. He was delighted to have two boys turn partially sophomores who had had that much Latin and Greek.

Terry and I started out that first year on a kind of informal agreement with him. He said: "I do not want to admit you right off to sophomore Greek. I think that it would be too much for you." He had this little beam in his eye and this funny, little muscular quirk here when he was tickled. He would sort of clamp his jaw, and you would see the little muscle here form a little [inaudible] in his jaw. Terry and I talked about this quite a lot. We recognized that we were being put on the spot. You can take a test to be exempt from the course or you can take the regular course. We had agreed with him that we would try to show him that we were capable of doing the second-year Greek. To make a long story short, we cleaned up first-year Greek in three months. That was the kind of flexibility that few people would have believed that Dr. Anderson had. He let us both set our own pace. We did not realize that at the time, but we soon recognized what he was doing.

P: But he was a demanding man for his students, wasn't he?

R: Yes. He really put his pencil down on every dot over every *i* when grading your exams and in listening to your translation. He not only noted the accuracy but tried to get you to put it into literate English, and he expressed his judgment of your written composition. The Christmas holiday then was quite a happy one because Terry and I went away with freshman Greek under our belts. How Dr. Anderson formalized the credit was his affair, but he did it. So right after Christmas, before the end of the first semester, we started in on sophomore Greek. We did the sophomore Greek in the five months that remained. After the beginning of the second semester we were going to pick up with and finish [inaudible].

The first day in class there were the three of us sitting around, so we eventually moved that class into his office. The bell rang, and he looked at us for the next assignment. Well, he did not look at us, but he said, "You boys know what we can do in the next hour. Just go ahead and make sure that you have read enough to cover an hour--and maybe a little more." That continued to be the procedure as long as Terry and I were together. So we formed that habit throughout our junior and senior years: we assigned a long evening, three days a week. Three nights a week we got together no matter what else went on and prepared ourselves. In the later stages that was a pretty hefty business, because we would bear down for three and four hours on the Greek. When we got into senior Greek we were reading some extremely difficult Greek

drama and poetry, including something that drives English translators wild and provokes endless arguments in the classical journals still as to how you interpret it. It is the great mass of ancient Greek poetry from all of the dialects, in what is called *The Greek Anthology*, and some of it is very fragmentary, especially Sappho. That is what we were biting into. We read at least one of the major plays--I think we read two of Sophocles, one of [inaudible], two (certainly one) of Sophocles, and one of Euripedes.

Curiously, the most modern of the three great tragic writers was the most difficult for us, but that was one of the sensational plays. Then we tackled some Aristophanes, and that was just hellish. So we not uncommonly spent at least three and a half hours three nights a week bearing down, and the other stuff was just like falling off a log. You read English novels and American poetry with just the little finger of your left hand after you had tied yourself in knots trying to puzzle out some of that Greek poetry.

P: We have come a long way in the Board of Control from the days when we were administered by a Greek scholar.

R: A long time.

P: How did Dean Anderson stack up as an administrator and as dean of the Graduate School?

R: I suppose that he was too unbending, but he surely commanded respect.

P: But did he put the graduate program here at the University on the road?

R: Yes, very definitely, chiefly because he was determined that the scholarship and the coursework, as far as possible, [be of the highest quality]. He had to give a lot of ground on the thesis and the early dissertation work because there was a lack of library resources. I think that people in chemistry and pharmacy and zoology were the earliest [students doing] Ph.D. work, and that was established while Dr. Anderson was dean. He was dean until 1938. He met the criteria--at any rate, on paper--of schools like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Chicago. I think when you get around to plowing into the graduate school catalogs you will be distressed by the lack of documentation for the very early stuff, but it is easy to draw the inferences.

I knew personally of the collisions between Dr. Anderson and Dr. Tigert. Dr. Tigert was a sort of freewheeling, education-trained administrator. To him, I think, a thesis in education was as fine a piece of scholarship--and probably a damn sight more useful--as a paper on some erudite topic in Latin literature or the study of frogs in the biology department. I think you will find that Dr. Tigert had a problem with an old stick-in-the-mud dean who did not want to open up and loosen things to make it easy for a lot of students to file in here and take M.A.s in education and M.S.s in education and in agriculture without much being demanded of them.

Dr. Tigert had little or no use for the foreign language requirement. Dr. Anderson was determined that those should not be destroyed, and there is bound to be some implications in all of that

scrapping. It was conducted decently, but nonetheless it was a real tussle inside the faculty. Dr. Anderson had his supporters, but Dr. Tigert had his sympathizers too, especially in people like Dean [James W.] Norman in education. There was nothing [inaudible] as far as I recall, but there was a lot of sniping back and forth that was fairly polite. The agriculture people, too, were concerned about getting rid of the foreign language requirement.

P: Was the Graduate School office down at the east end of Anderson?

R: That is right. After Anderson Hall was available--I think that was the second year that I was here, in the fall of 1914--the College of Arts and Science and the president's office and the departments of English, history, mathematics, foreign languages, classics, and the dean's office, along with the registrar's office and the business manager's office, all rattled around with a glorious lot of elbow room in the new building. They had quite a time of it for a long stretch, sealing the basement floor which leaked--the floors were covered with water when it rained. They finally whipped that problem. Meanwhile, the upper floors were quite adequate. Dr. Anderson's arts and sciences dean's office became the one that you remember Dr. Simpson occupying. When you began your student days was Dr. Anderson still dean here?

P: Yes. That was in 1937. He was dean of the Graduate School. Dean Leigh, of course, was dean of arts and sciences.

R: The college office by that time was over in the chemistry building. What you knew as the Graduate School office had been for many years, from 1913 until 1932, the arts and sciences office.

P: Were you close to the Andersons socially?

R: As close as anyone, I suppose. They did not have the kind of social contact that [other] people [had]. Even the Bentons invited youngsters to the house. I remember having dinner at Bentons more than once. This was after I had my bachelor's degree and was hanging around as a graduate assistant and doing a little bit of teaching. A good many of the families had students in and out of their house, but that did not apply to the Andersons. For one thing, they were poorer, I suspect, in proportion to their family needs than some of the others, and they lived a little farther away from the campus, though this was not the reason. They simply had no disposition apparently to be on familiar or intimate social terms with the students. Dr. Anderson was, however, always kind and considerate in his handling of the undergraduate students when he was dean of arts and sciences. He was also a little too strict, I think, in his interpretation of transfer credit and things of that sort.

P: Red tape?

R: Well, it was not red tape for him. That is why you might disagree with him. But you had to respect his motives and reasoning. Of course, by the mid 1920s there was enough of an influx of ill-qualified students of the new variety hell-bent on just getting a degree in order to

make a living and he had quite a war on his hands in trying to maintain standards. But he had been beaten in a good many of his battles already.

[Let me tell you about] one thing that occurred that I had some knowledge of because it occurred after I had my A.B. This was along with a number of other boys who were serving as student assistants or fellows. Mine was in English, and Terry, who stayed a year after graduation, was an assistant in the psychology lab. The year before that Spessard Holland had been an assistant in Latin--he taught Latin in the high school that we had here while finishing his Greek. He came here with an A.B. from Emory and had Latin at Emory, of course. About 1916 or 1917 the others on the faculty, led by the head of the history department, [Dr. Luther L.] Bernard, and Dr. Farr, I think, were determined to pry Dr. Anderson loose from the Latin requirements for a college degree. They beat him on that, much to his quiet sorrow, because he thought that they were just making a mess out of college standards. Of course, eventually--and I have been involved with him on this end of it--decades later it became a real struggle to keep the foreign language requirement in the college at all, whether it be Spanish, Latin, French, German, or what have you. Especially at the time of the General College--subsequently called the University College--there was a group dead set on finishing off the language requirement.

P: We are continuing on the morning of February 18. One of the major personalities that we have mentioned only in passing is Dr. Murphree, and I do not think that we should get out of the 1920s without talking about him. Talk about Dr. Murphrey as an personality, a person, educator, and administrator here at the University. When did you first know Dr. Murphree?

R: As a small boy looking at a noted citizen when I was in grammar school in Tallahassee.

P: That is right. The Murphrees were living there.

R: He was on the campus at what was already FSCW.

P: So when you came to the University as a student he was the president?

R: That is right. The older people in the family knew the Murphree family well, and the Hendersons, of course, into which Dr. Murphree had married in Tallahassee. There has always been some sort of little family association at home in Tallahassee. My older brother had come to Gainesville because of Dr. Murphree. He had come here to school in 1909 and stayed two years. After that he went to business school in Poughkeepsie.

P: How well did you know Dr. Murphree?

R: Do you mean after I came here as a student? I think that I knew him as well as most of the students did, and rather quickly because he knew then--because of the tiny student body--everybody on campus. Then, too, I was quickly initiated into his own fraternity, the KAs. I think I mentioned to you that there could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen at the time that I was initiated. In the first three or four years that I was here it never climbed to

more than eighteen or nineteen until I was the number-one person in the chapter, and we got an increase in students, like [inaudible] boys and two or three mature ones, like [inaudible] from Jacksonville. He hit here about the same time as [inaudible] Knight, who was prominent here as an Episcopal layman and as a [inaudible] alumnus and in the social and professional life of Jacksonville. He died only recently, say, two or three years ago. Well, with that kind of intimacy between young and older students, social life with the faculty was made much easier. I think that at least once every year that group of us at the fraternity was entertained at the Murphree house. [inaudible], who was one of the Henderson's cousins; a boy from Tampa who was a classmate of mine and in that fraternity group; and I used to trot around the house with him, and he made free with Dr. Murphree's car.

P: Dr. Murphree was a popular president as far as students were concerned?

R: Yes, there was no doubt about that. The older men that you talk to still have a kind of reverential memories of him. It was justified because he could be very stern and tough. He was a very good disciplinarian, and I think that all of the students generally agreed.

P: Talking about him as a disciplinarian, I heard reference made to a 48 Club, and I understand that it emerged out of a hazing incident on campus in which students were caught for hazing freshmen. Many of these were KAs, and they were caught and dismissed from the University by Dr. Murphree. Then they formed some sort of a club later on. Do you remember anything about that?

R: That I do not recall. It could have happened during the years that I was away from here. I was away quite a lot during the war.

P: Well, it was a story that had to do with a carnival or a fair on campus. This particular group raised the money that was later used to buy a portrait of Dr. Murphree that had hung in the [University Memorial] Auditorium. Does this ring any sort of a bell with you at all?

R: No, not at all. I have no recollection of that at all.

P: Do you have any other recollections of him as a disciplinarian, as a stern father figure?

R: My own sense of his fairness and justice was the disciplining that I received as a junior. I was a senior officer in the [ROTC] company. Sam Harn and I were both lieutenants; Sam was second lieutenant in the same company. We had a fairly mature man, an agriculture major by the name of Neil Hainlin, who was the company captain. He worked with the citrus culture people and was away from campus quite a lot, so I virtually carried the responsibilities for the company. I got the feeling that I was a little more military than was quite the custom, so I got along nicely with Colonel [E. S.] Walker, who was then Major Walker. He got that rank only after the war broke in 1917.

What we all detested was the target practice down in the valley. You shot back toward Newberry Road, toward that huge precipice of a hill down there where the parking lot for the Medical

Center is now. I became engrossed in my own affairs, and Sam Harn and I both neglected the target practice after getting pretty well weary of it. We were pulled in before the discipline committee with Dr. Murphree and the rest of the members of the faculty on discipline, looking pretty stern. We were given a sufficient number of demerits and given a caustic warning, which was fair enough. We took a little revenge in the annual the year after, where you will find 1st Lieutenant, Company C, USA, Retired. Of course, all of the drilling was over by the time this little disciplinary problem arose, so we had no drill to take care of. Our duties were done.

Well, that was the kind of student reaction, and we knew it at the time. But it does illustrate what I am saying. Dr. Murphree did take his student body seriously. He liked people and got along well with people. The only serious collision that I was aware of was that the faculty had become a little nervous and resentful of his lack of interest in their salary problems. I was told by both Dr. Farr and Dr. Crow that they put their heads [together] and held a little secret meeting or two at their houses and presented Dr. Murphree with a kind of ultimatum, the result of which was that he did make a move with the Board of Control, and I think they got some improvement in their salaries.

P: What about Dr. Murphree as a scholar?

R: He had had the reputation--of course, I cannot speak about this with any authority at all--in Tallahassee of being a good mathematics instructor. This much I think can be said with certainty, that he loved to teach. I recall that when Dr. [inaudible], the first head professor of math who was the math department [chairman] when I was a student, died suddenly, there was a search for a successor which obviously took a good bit of time. The men that I knew on the faculty chuckled a little over [this] because [in spite of the fact] that at that time the president's office was pretty strenuous, Dr. Murphree had announced to them that he was going to teach some of the mathematics. They had to scratch up some hasty help. I had it told me by Dr. Farr, I guess, because Dr. Farr was vice-president all of that time, that Dr. Murphree threw up his hands after a month or two and had to give up his sophomore or junior math that he had assumed the responsibilities for. I think that they had pretty good luck, for that was when they brought Dr. Simpson in.

P: Was Dr. Murphree, as you remember it, receptive to new programs and new concepts and new educational philosophies on the campus?

R: Yes. I did not have any chance to observe that sort of thing until I came back as an assistant professor in 1922. I know that one of the first things that he did was significant. I think it was the second year (or maybe the third year) that he was here that he went at this [inaudible] for the first time. The University, small as it was, was organized into the basic system of colleges. Arts and sciences had not existed as such, and there was no formal College of Agriculture. It sounds a little bit curious, but I think that you would know [this] already from your examination of the early catalogs and other material. I remember it as something that was fairly new, and the faculty was proud of it and saw that he was on the right track about the organization and the conduct of affairs in a good university. Certainly

that continued, for he was very receptive, I thought, to new needs. He tried to keep abreast of the times educationally.

P: As you reflect back on your student days here, how much freedom was there? Academic freedom is very much in the news today. How free was the campus and the classroom?

R: I would say that I spat out what I thought around here all of my life. The faculty in those early days were in very much the same position in that they felt and acted as quite independent people. I never was under the impression during the time I was on the faculty from 1922 [that anyone was controlling what I taught in the classroom]. I did take a short leave of absence in 1925-26, so I had six years of continuous service while Dr. Murphree was still in office. He encouraged his people, his younger men, to advance themselves, and he was delighted to have his former students do well and show some competence. He was especially pleased to have students come back here on the faculty.

P: He was not afraid of inbreeding?

R: As a matter of fact, the only people that I recall that came back very early in the 1920s were Elmer Hinckley and I. I came back in 1922, and Elmer was already here [in the Department of Psychology] or came the same year or the following one. I recall talking to Dr. Murphree the first time that I went into the office to say hello. He was voicing that sort of pleasure. He said that it was fine for the University to have people like me who had studied here and knew the University and were natives of the state to come in on the faculty.

P: Does the Banks case ring a bell with you at all? Dr. [Enoch M.] Banks was head of history and political science, probably the year before you came here as a student. This is one of the famous academic freedom cases that is sometimes cited.

R: Well, I can cite you one other instance in which I was told, while away from the campus, that there was a disposition on the campus. This would have gone back to Dr. Murphree, but I think more to the Board of Control. There was an effort to suppress activity in the classroom and outside that was socialistic or a little bit too leftist. The terms were not in use then. But I was away. I have no recollection of the Banks business.

P: It happened before you came, but I wondered if there had been any repercussions. There was a head of the history and political science department before Bernard who was ousted because of sentiments which he had voiced in an article in which he challenged the South's position in the Civil War and its subsequent treatment of the Negro.

R: There was a little local flurry of amused, gossipy talk, some of it outraged gossip, about an article in the Florida Historical Society's [*Quarterly*] that exploded the lovely Tallahassee myth. My own family knew that this was a myth because I had a very youthful uncle among the students of the academy on the hill there at Tallahassee who, according to the myth, helped win the Battle of Natural Bridge. [laughter] You know that story.

P: Yes. I know that story.

R: Well, this other thing I have no recollection of.

P: How about the Simms case? Does that strike a bell at all? He was a sociology man.

R: Very faintly.

P: We are continuing this interview on March 17, 1969. We were talking about Dr. Simms.

R: I probably would have known something about that, but I have now completely forgotten it. All that I recall is that there was some typical wartime suspicion of him and that he was under some kind of a cloud.

P: Did you know Dr. Simms?

R: Only faintly.

P: He lived somewhere on East University Avenue, according to the descriptions.

R: I do not recall hearing any talk about him when I came back down here. At that time three years was a fairly long time.

P: Perhaps a more interesting case and one that would have caused more local comment was the [L. W.] Buchholz hearing. Does that strike a bell? Dr. Buchholz was accused of being a German sympathizer during the war.

R: I do not have any recollection of that either.

P: What about William Jennings Bryan's visits to the campus?

R: Let us return to Mr. Buchholz. This is Fritz Buchholz's father you know, and he was much liked though regarded with some bemused bewilderment because of his manners. His very appearance, as you know from his photographs, [was remarkable. He had] what seemed to college boys as an exaggerated amount of beard. By this time practically everybody was clean shaven or settled for a close mustache like Dr. Crow. In spite of what seems as peculiarities to youngsters, he was liked and respected and was a close friend of the Murphree family.

P: Dr. Murphree came to his defense.

R: Dr. Murphree respected him. He had brought him here and had shifted him about from one post to another. He had been distinguished as the superintendent of schools in Hillsborough County. Pinellas County did not exist as an entity then. My recollection simply sums up to this. He was a close friend of Dr. Murphree and of the family. And then Dr. Murphree

would have obviously defended his appointment of him and his character, which God knows would have been sound enough. He seemed a little bit stuffy to me because of his constant concern with private morals, but he was very sincere, and I know very well that we, my roommates and I in Thomas Hall, respected him. He was a good influence in that he was not snooping around, but he was sincerely interested in the boys under his charge, which was his business for a year or two at least. He was resident counselor or had some formal title of that kind in the catalog and in the annual. He taught a little of the more elementary mathematics and eventually wound up as professor of education. Dr. Murphree gave him that title later. It was after I was done with my undergraduate work.

P: I was getting ready to ask you if you remember Bryan's visits to the campus and if you had had occasion to meet Bryan.

R: That happened the first year or two after I came back here. I was not in on any of the intimate gatherings, but I remember Dr. Murphree and Dr. Farr telling me of the pleasure they had had with Bryan here. One day he had been here planning the campaign to raise the money for the YMCA building. Incidentally, a great many of us contributed fairly generously to that fund, which I think I remember was largely lost in a busted bank here in town.

P: It was.

R: The day that I was speaking of they had taken Bryan simply to talk and visit around the locality and had spent two or three hours sitting on a log on a bank out at the millhopper. But I also attended an open convocation which was crowded into the space out here beside what was then the new gymnasium. It is still in use--I think as the girl's gymnasium. Of course, he paid his debts and, I guess, tried to gain some popularity in the state by promoting Dr. Murphree as a candidate at the next democratic convention. I heard two of the famous orators justify their reputations. He was one. Booker T. Washington was the other. And my memory of hearing Booker T. Washington goes back to when I was just a grammar school boy. He spoke in what we called the rascal yard, the open square just off the [inaudible], bordered on the east by the street that borders the capitol grounds on the west. My grandfather's medical office and where my own father practiced medicine for a while fronted on that square on the north side. They would erect a little temporary platform for the speakers. Booker T. Washington was brought into town by the people out at the A & M college. Some of the Tuskegee people were on the platform, and the audience was largely all mixed together, Negro and white. I recall that.

P: What about students' reactions to Bryan's attempt to get the University students to take the temperance pledge?

R: That I do not remember hearing about at all. Of course, I was very busy with a heavy teaching schedule and zipping back and forth to Tallahassee. That may have happened before I got back here in 1922.

P: What about the evolution controversy?

R: Well, everyone followed that from a distance because it was taking place somewhere else.

P: I meant his efforts to get the Florida legislature to enact a statue that would have forbidden this in the University and high schools of the state. Do you recall any reaction to that?

R: Not a thing. I must have had a very cursory interest in that.

P: Another area that I wanted to ask you about is the Father Conoley situation. Do you remember Father [John] Conoley as the priest who was in charge of Crane Hall and was in charge of the Masqueraders at the time that James Melvin was the star?

R: That is right, and Agot Jones was one of the chorus girls.

P: There was a lot of controversy about Father Conoley. Do you remember that?

R: Only as something off in the distance which I never got around to finding much about.

P: One of the things that bothered a lot of people was that Father Conoley was a Catholic, and he was given entree onto the campus as a priest. In the records I have come upon this anti-Catholic feeling.

R: I think that the anti-Catholicism may have been overlaid by a very vocal people. You know what really caused his removal?

P: Yes.

R: Okay. Before that I was aware because of my cursory intimacy with a lot of the boys in the KA fraternity, like Edgar Jones, John A. Murphree, and soon after Waddie Murphree. I also knew quite a number of the people who were studying law and have since become judges and whose names are still known around the state, and others in my classes who lived on campus, but especially among the type of students who promoted theatricals and who did a lot of partying and a lot of off-campus politicking. That priest was a very popular figure, extremely well liked by the students. I knew him when I saw him and could exchange a hello on the street, and that was about all. I picked up no gossip myself directly from the students. I think that the students were quite generally unaware of his trouble.

P: Really? What I was getting at was not the nature of his peculiarities but the feeling of anti-Catholicism which was, of course, typical of southern communities in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. There was a resurgence of the KKK [Ku Klux Klan]. There have been stories circulated through the years about Dr. Murphree's own anti-Catholic feelings and the fact that there were no Catholics on the faculty as a result of his own prejudice. This is really what I was getting at. I was using the Conoley [affair] as sort of a target.

R: That may have been, but I was not conscious of any great to-do about that sort of thing.

P: I remember that Dr. Leake told me once that there were some known KKK members on the faculty in the 1920s. He did not name them. On second thought, I think that he did. It may have been that Waugh was one of the names that he gave me, but I have forgotten. Yes, it was Waugh.

R: I do not remember a Waugh. In the 1920s the general faculty was still a very tiny outfit. The first two or three years, and maybe throughout the whole time that he was still living, Dr. Murphree used to hold general classroom meetings in my classroom, which was that corner room on that second floor--the southeast corner toward the law school. There were two or three large handsome pines out there, two of which while I was in that quarter were destroyed by lightning. One of them was hit one day while I was teaching class.

P: But there was none of this kind of feeling of prejudice that you remember?

R: I think I would now remember it if there had been.

P: Do you feel that this is a false accusation made against Dr. Murphree?

R: Oh, no. I think that it is easy for a great many people to exact the gravity or the amount of prevalence of that sort of thing. Obviously, there are plenty of people--and they are on the faculty right now, and I could name some--that were active until very recently. I had a good many snide remarks made to me from the direction of the C-3 office because I had brought back a second time to the campus a distinguished Catholic laymen onto the English faculty. That is R. B. Williams. But the real reason is not so much his Catholicism. That is not why Wiese took pot shots at him every chance he got. It was because he did not subscribe to all of the General College philosophy, especially as it applied to the standards in C-3. As long as the General College existed, R. B. [Williams] was appalled and scandalized, and he could be very brutally blunt and outspoken and did not give a damn or care who he was talking to. If he thought so and so, he said so. He had expressed himself as I have about the outrageous nonsense of running a freshman English class where a man can fail--literally dismally fail--in his written composition and yet get as high as a *C* and maybe a *B* in the course as a whole. That is something for *Alice in Wonderland*.

P: So this criticism was not as a result of any religious prejudices. I want to jump ahead and ask about another situation, and that was the attempt on the part of two legislators around 1928 or 1929, Tatum and Pretcher. I do not know much about that situation.

R: I still have in my papers information that you will find somewhere in the library records or elsewhere. I will have to dig around and systematize what little bit I have left of that kind of relic. But I have a copy of the list of books that pair wanted to have prescribed. I chuckle again, as many of us did at the time, about the length of the list. It was so brief. They were so damned ignorant. One of them was a prominent Baptist layman up in Tallahassee. I have forgotten who the other one was. There was quite a to-do when they made recommendations to the legislature, wasn't there?

P: Yes. They were in the legislature.

R: Anyhow, part of this occurred when I was away. But somebody afterwards over at the library gave me a list of the stuff that they demanded should be excluded. I think that at the time Miss Miltmoore was the librarian, and she had to pick up the copies. I do not think that that list had more than about eight or ten [books on it].

R: [George Bernard] Shaw's plays.

R: No. Just one, as I recall--*Madame* [inaudible]. Of course, that would have involved any anthology of Shaw. There was not a complete edition of Shaw at the time. [Floyd H.] Allport's *Social Psychology* is another title that sticks in my memory from that list. But it was amusingly short. The comment, of course, was that we could have made that list ten times as long for him in ten minutes if they had consulted the right people at Tallahassee and out here.

P: Did this fit in with Miss Miltmoore's own philosophy?

R: To some extent, it did I think. She was kind of a female martinet, of course. No doubt she had the strict sense of the moral obligation of the librarian. But it did not cause any real difficulty. In addition to a good deal of [inaudible] on Dr. Farr's part, at least at first, until he saw how things were going, I created for students who I was intimate with, and who clamored to me about doing this, that, and the other, a course in modern fiction--the modern, contemporary novel. I defined contemporary to include *The Way of All Flesh*. Then a course in contemporary drama came next. This brought in the need for Shaw. In summer school, about 1928, I taught a course in contemporary poetry, which went with a bang and I had my classroom crowded out. There were fifty-odd people on the roll who began and completed that course. Those courses included people like the first chancellor of the State University System. His name was on at least two of those roles.

The first two of the novels courses I had conducted at our house, which was an apartment on Church Street way over in east Gainesville. The boys would sit around on the floor when the chairs gave out. There were twenty-five or twenty-six in that class. That gave me plenty of chances to be concerned--and I do not recall that I needed to be much concerned--about what few items were on that list. They did not cause us any trouble.

Very soon afterwards the [stock market] crash came, and Matting and I were passing the hat for ten cents apiece from our students to buy books for our courses. Matting chuckled over there a few weeks ago when he was around at the house to eat supper with us.

P: Tell me about your world literature [class], which was really something of an innovation, as I understand it, at the time.

R: Oh, yes, it was indeed. We helped to start the wave that pretty soon afterwards--I mean, the next

decade, or by the late 1930s--swept over the country.

P: You say "we"?

R: Dr. Farr and I. When I was engaged to come back in 1922, I had gotten off the train heading home to Tallahassee. I had already accepted the job, and Dr. Farr had--this was in late June, so he was already at home with his father and step-mother at Union, South Carolina--driven up to Greenville or Spartanburg. I was on a southern train from New York to Atlanta, and then from Atlanta I caught GS&F down to Tallahassee. I got off the train at Spartanburg or Greenville and had a couple of hours before I had to catch the next train which would take me into Atlanta. We discussed what my teaching duties would be for the next year.

By this time we were getting a wave of college attendance following World War I, which was not as spectacular as but was just as sure-footed as the one in 1948, 1949, and 1950. Also, as you are well aware, everybody taught an enormous number of class hours in those days. Fifteen hours was regarded as the regular thing, except in the law school. They already had very nice little felt-padded parlors. I am pretty sure you could find that Dean [Harry R.] Trusler, Clifford Crandall, and Steve Young, who was assistant of law and who I knew pretty well in 1915-1916 when I was on the Student Board of Athletics and that sort of thing, taught six, seven, and occasionally eight hours. But there was not too much envy of them among the rest of the faculty because I had seen, for instance, how much people like Knowles and Kittridge and Fred Norris Robinson and all of the top figures at Harvard taught as well as taking care of a fairly large handful of graduate students engaged on doctoral dissertations and the like.

Anyhow, I was to teach seventeen hours this first year because of the new movement in the faculty. The science people had insisted on having two more prescribed hours of science in the freshman year. This was biology and chemistry and physics especially. And the A.B. people said, "Well, you can do that, but we are going to have two hours prescribed for our students too in the freshman year." So with that compromise students were confronted with that business and had to take not the usual three hours but five hours in the freshman year. Well, all A.B. students had to take five hours of English, and each of the departments--at any rate, on the A.B. side of the college--had a little problem to solve: "What shall we do with this gift of two extra hours?"

That new regulation about the curriculum was going to go into effect this first year that I was going to be teaching. Dr. Farr told me that he and my predecessor, Beck, and Dr. Anderson had simply to give a streamlined two-hour introduction to English literature, just as a holding action. We would see what to do after having time to do more adequate planning. Well, I mentioned right then to Dr. Farr that I should think that Dr. Anderson and he should be concerned about the diminution of interest in Greek and Latin in the college.

As I mentioned last time, Dr. Farr, I am sure, was working with [Luther L.] Bernard in history as the principal proponents for it, and with some [inaudible] from Dr. Anderson the Arts and Science faculty had voted out the requirement of two years of Latin for the A.B. way back

around 1916. I knew from at least one visit with Dr. Anderson when I passed through on my way back from Christmas to Tallahassee in 1921 that Greek was just about nonexistent and Latin was getting thinner by the hour. So I had raised the question to Dr. Farr about--if Dr. Anderson did not frown on it--trying some classic literature and translation. He said, "Where the hell would you get the books?" I said, "I do not know. But we might think about this." And we did. We began thinking and talking about this early in the fall when I got settled here, and we avalanched with pretty heavy classes.

By that time Dr. Farr and other departments were having instructorships added. Hathaway may have been teaching some English and some Spanish. Anyhow, we had some help and more the next year or two. Certainly by 1926 Gene [inaudible] was an instructor, and we added a youngster by the name of Petersen who subsequently went to Rutgers and stayed there. Well, the planning of this business was a matter for Dr. Farr and me. We hammered out some outlines and discussed what could be done if we could find the books. That was a real question because the library appropriations were extraordinarily small. In parenthesis I will add that it was not until 1928 that the legislature appropriated a library allocation of \$10,000 for the entire University. I remember that figure because I had the delightful privilege of spending the English department's share of it. I did it with lists and order plans in the kitchen of the old Graham house where I lived temporarily after coming back after Dr. Murphree's death.

Coming back to the book problems, it was a very knotted one. I was going to spend much of the summer back at Harvard. Anyway, in the summer of 1923, the end of my first year, it was understood that I would stop in New York and talk to the publishers and the book dealers and do the same when I got to Boston. So I went ahead and made out a very logical outline which both Dr. Farr and I picked up from such things as the very popular [H. G.] Wells *History of the World*, which was followed within a few years by general overview books like [John] Drinkwater's *Outline of Literature*. We began with topics such as the origin of language, the origin and growth of the alphabet, early Oriental thought in literature, such as in Egypt and Babylonia, the psychology of language (Dr. Enwall would come over and harangue our classes on that one). Once that was squared away we began with a unit on pre-Greek, Oriental literature.

P: Where did you get the books?

R: I will tell you. They launched off on Greek and then Latin literature. I took the responsibility for the lectures and for all of the Greek and Latin syllabi. Dr. Farr was to pick up then with all of the Medieval and Renaissance, and we confidently expected to get up to the seventeenth-century writers or the late sixteenth-century writers like Cervantes. But we really counted on winding up with the full follow-up of late Renaissance literature. As a matter of fact, we were doing this thing just staying ahead at the most by one week, and I was sometimes proofreading the typesetting in the little corner room in the basement of Anderson [Hall] where this work was being done. We would get out the sheets just in time to get them to the two classes.

P: You had arranged, then, to have a syllabus published?

R: We were publishing a syllabus for each lecture period.

P: In other words, you had made this arrangement in neither New York or Boston.

R: Meanwhile, during that summer, when I got to New York in late June, I went to see the people at Scribner, at MacMillan, at Cambridge Press, and two or three of the old book dealers and so on. I did the same sort of thing over at Boston. I turned up two or three very inadequate anthologies that could act as a stop-gap on some of the Greek and Latin. We pieced out by very careful expenditure translations of individual titles. We did this with individual titles that we did not have to have many copies of because there were only two sections. I think that we had about sixty students that first year, thirty in each section. Anyhow, we made do.

The amusing part about it was that as we got engrossed and found the students taking it very well, we slowed down the pace from what we had assumed would be possible to include more and more of the Greek and Latin literature than I had originally had in the design. Here was another thing. Dr. Farr was supposed to do his part of the syllabus for the Medieval end of the business while we were teaching the first semester, and he still had not done his syllabus. We still had plenty of rich material in Latin literature. The upshot was that we got to the Medieval sections just before the mid-way part in the second semester, and the course and the syllabus stayed that way for the next eight or ten years. But it was a successful course.

I think that I mentioned to you that when I talked to the people in New York, even they did not know what was going on right under their noses at Columbia. I found this out years later. But at Boston talking to the people at Little Brown and the Atlantic Monthly Press they said, "This is an interesting idea that you have. We know of a man out at Dartmouth who is trying the same thing this year." I said, "What is he doing about his reading?" They said, "Well, that is a pretty well-read student body. I do not think that he has to worry about that problem." But they understood that we needed it, since we had to supply the books and supply the reading material.

P: Was yours, then, the first syllabus in the country?

R: It was the first syllabus that I knew anything about. The other venture of this kind was a far more vested and far more influential kind of thing, and that was John Erskine's Great Books course. His were for mature, selected students.

P: But yours really preceded Erskine's?

R: As part of a regular academic scheme, yes. I think that when we were cooking this up Erskine had already been teaching that course. Within another year or so he busted out as a bestseller with *Helen of Troy*. I can tell you some about the academic effects on him, his feelings, and his career.

P: Before we close here this morning, I wanted to ask you about the impact of Dr. Murphree's sudden death on the campus and the transition to Farr [as interim president] and then to [John J.] Tigert.

R: I think that you have already read quite a lot that would give you the sense of the jilt that it produced and the temporary disarray in which, in my impression, the administration of the University fell. What was involved was a good bit of pulling and hauling about who would be his successor.

P: No one was aware that Dr. Murphree was in poor health at all.

R: No. It just happened.

P: Do you think that he had ever fully recovered from the loss of Mrs. Murphree?

R: I did not know enough of their family affairs to have paid attention to that.

P: But he died in his sleep.

R: I think so. News [of the death] was, of course, in the northern papers, and we picked it up in the Boston *Transcript* and the *Herald* before I had any word from anybody down here. Arlene and I were living in a nice little apartment on the second floor, which was very convenient because it was literally only two or three minutes' walk from the west gateway to the yard at Harvard. A nice Texan was running a New England grocery store right up that first corner. It was a lovely place to be, and we were having a beautiful time, though I was working hard at the library. Arlene and I got letters about it first from Tallahassee from my mother and my aunt. The first notice that I had that I can recall, because it was so jilting to me and my plans, was a tremendously long letter from Dr. Farr. It said that he was serving as acting president since he was vice-president. He said that enrollments were up, and he found it impossible to continue to do full-time teaching and run the president's office, and he asked me if I could come home. He had already discussed this with the Board of Control, and they had approved offering me a higher salary to make up for it. Obviously, that was something that I had to do. As soon as I could close out things I left. We paid rent in two places for a while.

This was the second semester, and I got here in time to pick up classes without any loss on the students' part. But it meant an awful lot of expensive hurry up there in Boston. We came home on an extra-fare train which was mighty near made up by the concert tickets to Symphony Hall in Boston and theater tickets that Arlene had turned in. The theater agency that I had credit with was nice. You could just pick up the phone and get good seats on short notice.

P: The good old days.

R: That is right. Well, I do not remember very clearly. We juggled the course offerings a little bit.

Dr. Farr must have continued to teach something, but I do not remember what.

P: He continued as chairman of the English department?

R: Oh, yes. I was simply buried in a mass of classwork until summer came. It was understood in advance that I would pick up and go back to Harvard, which I did, for the summer. Then what happened afterwards just about put a stop to what I was doing. That was the third vital interruption.

P: Was there great disappointment on Farr's part in not getting the presidency?

R: I think there was, but it was well concealed. He had built up in part human nature. But my impression is still strong that there was quite a lot of encouragement for him directly--quietly, but directly--on the part of interested alumni who were great enthusiasts of Dr. Farr's qualities as an educator.

P: Why did the board not select him?

R: I want to pin down a few details that I certainly do not feel that I ought to talk about until I know them a little bit more securely. I do not hesitate to say what my impression is of what was going on. As I recall the hassle about the succession to the presidency was bitterly exacerbated by the fact that Mr. P. K. Yonge, who by that time had been chairman of the board for some time, wanted to put a young kinsman of his into the presidency. Some of the men still very active around here or in nearby towns like Jacksonville and Tampa formed a kind of informal alumni to combat that business. They more or less made Ralph Stoutamire, willingly, a front man for the business. They wrote letters and stirred up quite a lot of protest against what they understood the board meant to do. And that was not so much in opposition to Mr. Yonge and the appointment of a kinsman as it was, I think, an effort to make sure not only that that kind of a political move was not allowed to go through but in part because they wanted to push Dr. Farr's cause. It was in effect a protest action to get Dr. Farr for president.

P: In your opinion do you think that the board reacted against this kind of pressure and said no to Dr. Farr because the alumni were pushing?

R: That is right. And on the part of Mr. Yonge, one or two of these alumni felt at that time that Mr. Yonge was revengeful. I recall one of them telling me so. I can name two or three of the people who ought to remember the details. One who is conspicuous is Ralph Dunbar. He was discharged by Dr. Tigert because everybody who knew about it felt that it was Mr. Yonge's revenge on Stoutamire. Stoutamire right now will tell you that he had reasons of his own for getting out of his job as publicity man for the University.

There is another person who was involved with that, but I have not had a chance to talk with him. Let me talk with him before you do if you have not already interviewed him. That is Clayton.

P: You go ahead on that.

R: I do not know if they enlisted Spessard Holland on that or not.

P: The fact is that Dr. Farr had acquitted himself capably as vice-president.

R: Rex Farris [Sr.] in Tampa was another one of those men. I think that Phil May [Sr.] in Jacksonville was another. Anyhow, there was quite a toss-up. Oh, very definitely Raymond Maguire in Orlando. Now, I have never talked to him about this. I never had any motive to. We were out of touch for a long while during the 1930s. He came up for all sorts of things, and there never was any opportunity to talk about such things. We had forgotten about it by the time that he came here for leisure. He always came to our house after Homecoming and after the [Florida] Blue Key Banquet and after the football game on Saturday night. He would come with his first wife while they were still married and later in the 1950s with his third wife, the doctor, until his death. Now, I have never quizzed Raymond. But two people that I would like to talk to about this episode and see if I could pin down something a little more factual than what Ralph Stoutamire has given me would be Clayton [Edward] and Rex [Farris]. He was one of those who contributed to the effort by letters, at any rate. So I really do not know very much more than what I just told you. It is not a very precise history. There was, of course, by that time a pretty hefty crowd of alumni scattered all over the state, and there were still young middle-age men who were making their mark on the state.

P: In that they were such a strong political factor, it is surprising that the board bucked them, isn't it?

R: Well, Mr. Yonge had the reputation of being a very, very strong-willed old man and one who carried strong-willed character into his own household. There were stories of his having been at outs for an indefinitely long period of time with his wife. One of the tales that we were told here back in the 1930s was that Mr. Yonge and his wife did not speak to each other, though for family decency they met at the family table for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and that when Mr. Yonge wanted something which was out of his reach at his wife's end of the table he would ask one of the children, "Julien, would you ask your mother to pass so and so?" No, it was, "Julien, ask Mrs. Yonge to pass . . ."

P: This must have been a crushing blow to Dr. Farr.

R: Yes, it was. It really destroyed him in a way.

P: He had handled himself very well up until that time.

R: The only thing that he was interested in doing after that, as long as I knew him and had any awareness of what sort of private life he was living, was his bridge. That became a sort of an obsession with him. He got on the outs with me because I would not go and play at these outrageously long sessions of duplicate bridge. I was a good player, and he was a pretty good player. I do not think that he was as good as several of us who were in that group for awhile. The best player in this town and one of the best players in this country--he won

prizes in it because that was the heyday of bridge--was Terrell [inaudible]. He was back here on a long tour as an ROTC officer. Terrell was a whiz, and he and I both finally severed from Dr. Farr and his bridge playing cronies because they were overdoing it. The last time I was around that kind of thing we played twenty-four hours, and I got back to my room at 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning and had an 8:00 A.M meeting. I could not take that. That was just before I was married, and I was obviously not going to continue that kind of thing both as a busy teacher and married man.

I felt very sorry about that business. It did not show on the surface. As you say, he had distinguished himself as a very able and accomplished vice-president. I know some of the reports to the Board of Control for transmission to the legislature. I saw myself as a student assistant, editing some of the manuscript as Dr. Farr produced it. And when there was some key move on to get something really effective done in the legislature, he did much of the paperwork for Dr. Murphree. Dr. Murphree knew that he [Farr] could write, that he had a keen, sharp-edged mind and that he could do it better than he [Murphree] could. I would guess that if you had had a Harris poll in the 1920s Dr. Farr's popularity among the former students and graduated alumni of this University would have been so far out in front of everybody else that they would have been out of sight to the rear. Farr was more popular with more former students than Dr. Murphree, though Dr. Murphree was a kind of a popular hero with the alumni.

P: Dr. Tigert never leaned on Dr. Farr to the same degree that Dr. Murphree had?

R: Dr. Tigert was a little suspicious of Dr. Farr's motives and so on, but Dr. Tigert was a very nice man down underneath and had good feelings. I had a good deal of distaste for Dr. Tigert in the early years. The longer I lived in the building with him and the closer I got, the more respect and liking I had for him.

P: Was this perhaps because of your feeling of allegiance and loyalty to Dr. Farr and so on?

R: No, it was quite separate from that I am sure.

P: Okay. Now we will continue with our interview. We were talking about the failure on the part of Dr. Farr to become president of the University after Dr. Murphree's death, after having served as acting president. Obviously, this was something that Dr. Farr wanted and failed to get. I would like to press a little bit into what you think this did to Dr. Farr. I believe you wanted to make a statement about your view of this whole situation.

R: Sam, the difficulty for me is that I had taken an extended leave of absence beginning the second semester of 1926-1927, in other words, the spring semester of 1927. I had come back and been married during the summer. We spent a happy and very hectic and busy year in 1926-1927. Did I get my years right? My first leave was for the second semester of the year 1925-1926. We were married in the summer of 1926. I stayed on throughout 1926-1927. But I actually was supposed to have twelve months leave.

P: Let me see. Didn't Dr. Murphree die December of 1926?

R: No, 1927. We had gone north in June 1927, and that is when I began my twelve months' absence. After stopping with friends in New York, we settled in Boston, found a very convenient apartment, and settled down happily there, and I spent most of my time at the treasury room at the library. We formed some interesting friendships, including two Plympton sisters, first cousins of the New York banker who was quite a connoisseur of old books and had formed a still-famous collection of Medieval material and textbooks. The news of Dr. Murphree's death hit us like a ton of bricks.

P: I think you said that someone had wired you.

R: Something had gone wrong after Christmas. I do not remember precisely how the news came. I think we got it in the newspapers first, and then letters had told us more about the circumstances of the death of Dr. Murphree. I sat out wondering a month or so after his death, when one day a long, long telegram came from Dr. Farr saying that he [Murphree] had died as active president and that the situation was impossible. Of course, he could have gone to the department, which was already overloaded at that time with the wave of postwar enrollments and would have been swelling all the decade of the 1920s. He asked me if I could break off my work right there and come back. This was just before the Board of Control had sanctioned this request and supported it by the offer to advance my raise in rank and a modest increase in salary through a long period, although I do not know precisely what. So as quickly as I could get squared away up there, my wife and I turned in quite a quantity of tickets to plays and musical events, especially concerts at Symphony Hall. This paid most of our fare on an extra-fare train, and we left as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Farr had looked about the town with Mrs. Pruitt for that which was already hard to get--a decent place to live. A small apartment is what we needed and wanted. Before we got here they had found a place at Mrs. Graham's office at the Masonic temple on Main Street, from which on the porch of the house we used to watch the trains go by. We found ourselves very happily situated. It was an easy walk from the campus and so very convenient from our point of living.

Well, I plunged in, acting as chairman of the English department, finding out what little I could of what had occurred so far as the board's action was concerned. This ties up rather vaguely in my memory, Sam, as I was too busy to kick people. My impression is strong, however, that Dr. Farr suddenly wanted the appointment, but there was a hitch in the Board of Control with subsequent information that Ralph Stoutamire primarily brought out that Mr. P. K. Yonge wanted to appoint a kinsman of his. Also, remember that Dr. Farr's popularity was quite strong with activist groups among the alumni. With Ralph Stoutamire serving as a kind of liaison man, they stopped the bar movement of Mr. Yonge, and that led into the unwillingness of the board. Perhaps it was impossible for Dr. Farr then to be appointed, because as long as Mr. Yonge was chairman of the board he was not inclined to go along with that.

P: Do I gather that Mr. Yonge felt that Farr was part of this anti-Yonge movement?

R: You have to assume that. Certainly Dr. Farr must have been fully aware of the activity of the group of alumni, including those in Tampa, in Orlando, and right here. Irvin Clayton was one of them. I have not talked with him, but I wanted to do a little article about Ralph for this collection of sketches, and I want it to be accurate. Now, Ralph tells me most recently that efforts of the alumni were certainly not directed at making Dr. Farr the appointee but to stop the paternalistic appointment of an unknown and possibly an ill-equipped appointee of a kinsman.

P: And on the other hand, Yonge thought that this is what the alumni had in mind.

R: Sam, this nearly was the inevitable residue of many things that people are so quick to forget, but everybody assumed that the move was not only to prevent the appointment that Yonge wanted to make--that was the first step--but was in preparation for seeing to it that Dr. Farr got the appointment. I think that was the general assumption everywhere.

P: But are you saying that Stoutamire now says that this is not true?

R: Ralph told me when I talked to him that the intentions were not so much to see that Dr. Farr was appointed as they were to prevent P. K. Yonge getting his way with the appointment of a kinsman. I think it was a nephew of Mr. Yonge's. He was out in Texas and quite unknown in this area. How that checks with the information that you may have yet to obtain, I do not know, but that is what I can dredge up out of my recollection.

All that occurred at the end of that second semester after Dr. Murphree's death, as I recall. When I went north for the summer to resume my reading up there I do not think an appointment had been made. It must have been during that summer, then, that we got the news first in the papers, and then the item in the Boston papers was drawn to our attention by people in the apartment. Otherwise we would have missed it. Then I came back again at the end of the summer. We were struggling with the rise in the enrollment, for the depression had not hit yet. What I gradually became aware of was a very carefully controlled opposition between Dr. Farr and Dr. Tigert. But that came out only after a year or two. Both men certainly were highly respected. At the time Dr. Farr was very guarded in his bearing toward Dr. Tigert and toward me, and suddenly I was probably as intimate with him as anyone else on the faculty.

P: Did he ever reveal his disappointment over this to you?

R: Not in so many words, but it was a deep-down disappointment, and obviously that also carried some resentment toward those who had displaced him.

P: What about Mrs. Farr? She was an outspoken woman.

R: She did not speak with her usual abandon. As I recall, she had been very unwisely vocal in her early years, especially at the time or about the time when the war ended, when I was

finishing up my master's work and getting squared away. She would very unwisely gossip with the older students who were on friendly terms with the family and who were in the house for dinner and things like that. I cannot recall that she talked very much about the Tigerts, but I am speaking of what I was directly exposed to. I would just assume that she popped off quite a bit with people that she felt at ease with.

Later on, I mean, three or four years after he [Tigert] had come and been settled, he talked to me himself about people key in the earlier faculty. One was Dr. Farr, and the other was Dr. Anderson. Dr. Anderson had his stubbornness too. It was not easy to move them in new directions, and both of them were rather outspoken in private with me about their suspicions of Dr. Tigert's plans and purposes in the year or two when the formation of the General College was in question. Dr. Tigert I know looked to the leading faculty in the [College of] Arts and Science to try to set up some kind of modification of the existing program for the general student's and continuing until the second or sophomore level, I imagine. But he had some opposition in the persons of Dr. Farr and Dr. Leigh. Dr. Leigh was a very outspoken opponent of Dr. Tigert for setting up some kind of modified and looser program in the establishment. Still, it may seem curious to you that I was not taken very much into their confidence. They seemed to step out now and then with a hostile statement about the direction that Dr. Tigert was going in. So much came to my ears of that sort that I wished and told them that they were being very unwise not to try to cope with Dr. Tigert's ideas--that they should at least make some signs of compromising to prevent any kind of complete revolution.

P: Let me get back. This leads up to the organization of the general education program here. This is what you are talking about now. I want to ask you again about the Farr thing before we leave it, and I think we can in a minute or so. What do you think this did to Dr. Farr's personality as a man and a teacher?

R: I think that it affected him in two or three ways. It was all cumulative in the first place. I think he became lazier about his own first-line concerns. I think he had to take refuge in rather trivial recreation. Meanwhile, he had already become quite an addict at the bridge table. He began about the time of Dr. Murphree's death to become more and more addicted to bridge playing, so much so that even in years before I went to Harvard--in the first year of my marriage--I just had to cut myself off from the group which included some of the best bridge players in town, especially E. S. Walker, who was not yet a colonel (he was a major) in the ROTC officers staff and was a very reliable person. He was the very best bridge player in the community. He often dealt with the tidal wave of bridge players that swept the country in the second half of the 1920s, and we began to get the columns by various bridge players and experts. Dr. Farr became part of bridge table team. He wanted to play every night; he wanted to play for endless hours. I could not see it.

P: Mrs. Farr did not share this tremendous enthusiasm?

R: No, she was not interested. She played a haphazard game. She was not in this crowd. This was a men's group. It involved an increasing number of hours because Dr. Farr [became obsessed

with it]. What showed his absorption was the steady increase in the number of playing boards. Most of us did not care for a straight-away bridge game. We played different. Instead of playing a large number of boards one evening we usually would backtrack the following week or even two weeks later. The lapse of time sharpens the character of the bridge playing, and you forget the boards. Dr. Farr was so absorbed in this, got so much satisfaction from bridge playing, that instead of playing a normal number of boards in one evening he would start gradually persuading his fellow players to step up the number. I recall one long night when I think forty-eight boards were played. As a result, I got back to my house at the Eslinger place--this was before my marriage--at about 4: 00 in the morning, and I had not even gotten class together. So my departure for that one semester, in the second semester of the year 1925-1926 and my marriage in the summer of 1926, in addition to increased committee and other departmental affairs, gave me just what I needed. I had not cut myself out of that yet.

P: Dr. Farr continued as vice-president under Tigert, didn't he?

R: That is right.

P: So he still had a lot of administrative responsibility. But perhaps some of this was being neglected a bit.

R: I think the fact was that maybe [he proceeded] without any motion on his part, and Dr. Tigert was less and less inclined to call on him as he became more and more conscious toward the end of the 1930s. He was running into opposition, quiet but steady, from key people in the College of Arts and Sciences [like] Dr. Leigh, Dr. Anderson, and Dr. [inaudible]. Now, those three I am sure of. There may have been others, but those were the ones that I was aware of and sympathized with myself. To me, Dr. Farr, Dr. Anderson, and Dr. Leigh, it was pretty obvious that Dr. Tigert, with his education background and with the impetus given by the quick movement of a more heavily vocational bent in all schools in the United States, was going to pitch out the baby with the bath and have no liberal arts program left at the University.

P: Had Farr resumed his chairmanship of the English department?

R: Oh, yes, but the first move he made after Dr. Tigert's arrival was to set up a sort of subadministration of the freshman program, and that became my favorite responsibility. Dr. Farr would look in on it but only in a very casual way, only if something might have happened that he thought should not be going on. I had a lot of professional association with Dr. Farr. I had to, because I pulled him in on all the staff meetings that I could get him to attend. He and I had agreed very early after he had set me up as chairman of freshman--it was pretty obvious even to him--that we could not maintain the old type of freshman English course. We were just not getting well-enough educated freshmen entrants from the high schools, and the numbers were already a great problem. The sections were much too large, and they had every instructor fully loaded, so we cut down on the amount of writing.

We finally arrived at something I did with great reluctance, and that was to ditch that famous old Genung rhetoric, which was the last classical type of grammar all the way from Horace and Aristotle through Medieval rhetoric and Renaissance rhetoric to the eighteenth century and earlier nineteenth-century revolutions. Much of the terminology and much of the basic rhetorical principles which are also oratorical were in edited and simplified form in the famous rhetoric widely used for many years throughout the United States until around 1890, I guess, certainly up to around 1920. This was written by a man who had been a professor of rhetoric at Amherst, as I recall.

P: How successful do you think your freshman course was?

R: It did a good job. But we made a great mistake in ditching Genung's rhetoric. That was throwing out the baby with the bath. I did not want to do that. I proposed to Dr. Farr first that he maintain a system of classification for the incoming freshmen, giving them simple tests and grouping at least one or two sections of the better students and letting them continue.

P: Sort of an honors kind of a program?

R: Yes, a new type. Looking back on it now, there are other things that could have been used. The new type of rhetoric, which had begun by 1926-1927, was what I suggested. We had to handle a larger number of incoming freshmen, and I had good help selecting them from people who were good teachers. By that time Farris was here, and we had two or three excellent young instructors in teaching composition. Dean [Robert A.] Mautz was one of them, and he was good.

What I proposed to Dr. Farr was to have what you call a control section continuing the use of the old Genung with a little better coordinated series. Dr. Farr said this struck him as an impossibility. He could not imagine two different kinds of freshmen in the University.

P: Every freshman had to take this freshman English course, whatever his background and where ever he came from?

R: Dr. Farr did back me up handsomely and with easy success in the [Faculty] Senate. I was not a member of the senate until the year when I was given my professorship, the year following my return here.

P: Was this what they built into the General College?

R: What they did there was a little excessive, perhaps. We should have been more wary of the impact on the high school people, not the high school teacher. But it was the high school principals who would have to answer to their own local clientele about how poorly Johnny fared at the University. What the senate sanctioned was my proposal, through Dr. Farr actually carried the ball. But everybody knew it was my scheme, which was to administer some fairly efficient tests, which were well checked. It was a basic placement test in English having such things as structure, fiction, and grammar. It was a good test. It would easily tell

whether a boy was visibly illiterate or whether he was moderately good in his use and writing. So my proposal was that we administer these tests, these four or five tests, and on the basis of the results put the lowest 25 percent in a sub-freshman, non-credit, three-hour course for one term, and then move them on into a freshman course. A year or two later I went back to the senate and asked them to increase the 25 percent to 33 percent, and the only really vocal and excited protest to that was from Dr. Morton Hinely who wanted to know what will come next year. "Are you going to take 50 percent?"

Actually, once they were in the sub-freshman class, I found--we all found--that a good many students had plenty of brains, and they did not resent--at least not very long--being put in that class. They applied themselves and got transferred into regular sections, for some of them, within two months. They hitched up their britches and tightened their belts and did what we asked them to do. Now, that, of course, was a very small minority. Everybody in that sub-freshman class knew that they could get into the top. Nevertheless, that was coward-running-coward to the mainstream of what was going on throughout the country in colleges and universities. Already the Depression had hit and everybody was more and more vocational minded about college according to this new trend.

P: You have to make a living.

R: What Dr. Tigert was doing in proposing a scheme in the General College would take care of the first year or so of the university student's career and was something that fitted right into the eagerness of the vocational students in business administration, agriculture, the school of pharmacy, and education. Not so much then engineering because engineering was drawing some of the heavier entrances in this University. But the desire in the school to run their own show and not have anyone distracted by what was to them outmoded standards of performance in methods for subjects like mathematics and English or the requirements for prerequisite courses leading to various A.B. and B.S. specifications was conspicuous.

P: What about the philosophy of the educated man which I find running through some of the correspondence of the people involved in setting up the General College?

R: The theory was to equip all students with a general education. I do not know whether I told you that. Then let them go on with their specialized pursuits, whether that be economics or business administration or agriculture or chemistry--whatever it might be. That sounded good to me, and that was what I thought. I remarked some time ago that people like Dr. Leigh, Dr. Farr, and Dr. Anderson were the ones I was most confident in and with whom I had little opportunity to argue. Certainly Dr. Tigert quickly became aware of their opposition, and there was a good deal of openness about their hostility. Dr. Farr escaped wisely and openly during the year Dr. Tigert did an about-face--and with some contempt for Dr. Tigert's [concept] for general education.

P: What do you mean, an "about-face"?

R: My recollection is that Dr. Tigert gave the dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and the

department heads ample opportunity to set up the kind of program he had in mind. Certainly by 1932 there were two parties already, the General College scheme at Minnesota and the more respectable one at the University of Chicago. Our plan that was finally adopted here in 1934 had a little bit of each, so to speak, as I recall. It was much closer to the Minnesota plan than to the Chicago plan in a good many ways. Well, the failure to gain the presidency did him [Dr. Farr] in. That, I think, illustrates the general sort of withdrawal that made him not give a damn, and he was simply going to oppose what Dr. Tigert wanted, without much effort and discretion.

P: On the issue of the general education program, there was what amounted to open hostility or an open difference between Tigert, who favored it, and Farr, his vice-president and chairman of the English department who was opposed to the thing.

R: May I add some other reasons for irritation. I suppose that the records would show some sort of action on Dr. Tigert's part, but on this next thing that I am going to mention I know very well Dr. Anderson had developed an even keener disapproval of what was going on about the extension course work as it touched Dr. Enwall and Dr. [James D.] Glunt. They had been spending more and more time away from the campus teaching what Dr. Anderson, with very little justice, conceived to be a very slaving, time-consuming, non-equivalent university program. In fact, classes had been drummed up in large numbers, and they were making a lot of money, which Dr. Farr was always in need of. I suppose there were others that I was not aware of, but I know from talking with Dr. Anderson that Dr. Enwall and Dr. Farr were prime offenders in that respect. I do not recall the details. Perhaps if I had the chance to comb through my own papers I could reconstruct something a little more accurate. But I do know that Dr. Tigert got the board to put a sharp restriction on the amount of money that could be made by a professor or instructor of any rank through the medium of extension classes. That was another source of hostility.

P: Of course, this could have been suggested to him by Anderson.

R: That I am not sure of. Certainly that was one thing that Dr. Tigert and Dr. Anderson saw eye-to-eye on. Any sensible person would have had to, because it certainly had become quite an abuse. I think I told you that I was the prime seller; I was the first person ever to teach an extension class as such to the pleasure of Dr. Murphree, who sanctioned it with great gusto. The first summer that I had taught in the summer session, which was in 1926, a group of people from the Tampa schools talked to me at the end of the term and asked me if I would go down to Tampa every weekend in the first semester and teach a course for them. They took up a collection of a dollar apiece per week or per two weeks--I think about every other week. The next move was that they got the petition for and got college credit through the extension division. That was done with ease. But it also encouraged the plunging ahead and spreading out rapidly of the program without having any idea of the demand that would come for that type of instruction. I continued to do that type of teaching through the first year of my marriage, in other words, the year before I took the sabbatical year of leave. It became more and more a burden. I myself think I made around \$1,000 that year.

P: Which was a very substantial amount.

R: I think it was going every other week to Tampa. The second term I went over to St. Petersburg, teaching under the extension program at that time. By the time I got back here from Harvard in the year of Dr. Murphree's death the thing was already being abused. I never did it anymore. I made up my mind at the end of the first year of my marriage that it was not for me, that there were too many things to be done on campus. The traveling and that much additional instruction were too much. I was already teaching the equivalent of seventeen hours or more, and the extension division still could look to me to handle a little bit of correspondence, which I continued to do until the end of World War II.

P: What about Farr, the scholar? He was noted for the Shakespeare class.

R: No, less for that than for the courses in American literature and the novel. He had taught Shakespeare, and many of the alumni that I know and speak with would count the Shakespeare class on the same par with his courses in the novels. People remembered the courses in American literature and the novel. Of course, Dr. Farr had way back--I was an undergraduate--conducted one of those courses, at least intermittently, by having the class come to the house at night. That was something that I remember. He carried this on to considerable extent as long as it was physically practical for the students. In the mid 1930s they did not come; in fact, earlier than that they did not come. But I still continued to hold night classes in the courses that I had initiated in the session--modern novel, modern poetry, and modern drama. Those courses drew heavily, too heavily, to be manageable, whether in a small apartment or in a house off campus.

P: What about Farr in the classroom? Was his impact of a theatrical nature?

R: It was somewhat. It tended to be repetitious. There was a certain limited amount of material that he tended to use over and over again. He and I guess all of us tend to do that to some extent. I think I said to you earlier that people that really kept up, that I had intimate knowledge of, were Dr. Anderson, Dr. Crow, and Dr. Benton. Dr. Farr more and more as it got on into the 1920s was absorbed in bridge, and then the health of Dr. Murphree precipitated the change, which was tragic from his point of view. He became quite careless. But I saw a little in that when I was doing my own master's work--he directed my master's work. I had to go on my own, and a master's student needs a little guidance. My own theory is that Ph.D. students need a lot more guidance than they used to get and more than many of them get now. I do not think you could appreciate this as much then because I happen to know how careful Dr. Leigh is.

P: Oh, yes, very much.

R: He not only encouraged but very practically guided every step in the master's work. That was the one thing needed to be done, and the people that I saw letting even their master's students sort of drift and go on their own were Dr. Farr and Ernie Atkin [professor of French]. I came near saving Forbes, but I could not quite salvage it. The trouble was that Ernie just let

Forbes go off on his own with his thesis, and then when he came up with the final thesis . . .

P: He tore it apart.

R: He did not tear it apart. He just dumped it in the waste basket, so to speak. And Forbes gave up and turned his attention properly toward qualification. He gained that fellowship a good many years later in the American Guild Ordinance at the time that I took another leave of absence, just at the time the general college scheme was beginning to be important to people like Dr. Farr. So I think there was a good bit of unspoken business and frustration that a person of as lively a temperament and as lively a mind as Dr. Farr had simply gone to the other extreme.

P: What about Dr. Farr's family? We know about his wife. What about his daughters?

R: Two very delightful young girls. The elder one, Jean, you find pictures as an infant. The first issue of the *Seminole* was dedicated to her. At any rate, there is some sort of a little description of her to be found in there. Jane was a good many years younger and not near as pretty but much livelier and talented. I think there was no question about the doctor's devotion to them. He was proud, as any father would be. I know he felt very deeply for them.

P: They were kind of lively girls, as I understand it.

R: Jean had every reason to be quite a college fritter. She was a pretty, petite, nice figure, lively, very attractive youngster. I saw a little bit of Jean as a young girl. She was still going through a private school. No. Wait. Was she in college? She was a student at the Tebeau School, it seems. One of the other girls from an old Gainesville family that I knew very well was about her age. They were flitting about together, driving Dr. Farr's car. He loved a good automobile. He really drove them recklessly. Jean was a good driver.

A year or so before my marriage I was living at Ralph Stoutamire's in a small apartment that he took out on University Avenue. Maybe it was earlier. Anyhow, Dr. Farr and Mrs. Farr had to be away on some trip, so I went around the Farr's and guarded the premises. I stayed for a night or two while the parents were gone, and the two youngsters parked the car on 10th Street, which you surely know by reputation. Martha, Lee, and Jean were great friends, and Jean had this fast and very fine roadster of her father's to use. Two evenings during the time that I stayed there I took long rides with those two youngsters before it was time for them to go to bed. They turned in like good little girls. But a little bit later on, in a year or two, when Jean was going with the college boys and having a grand time . . . You surely would have this kind of information already.

Well, Dr. Farr did take great pride in those girls. How much he got in the way of backing and comfort from his own family life I obviously would not know, but I think it was considerable. They continued to entertain a great deal in their house. When I came back from Harvard, one of the first things that happened--this was much earlier than any break in

Dr. Farr's professional and personal affairs--I had hardly gotten into town and to my room at the Eslinger house in 1942 when Dr. Farr came by or called, and he invited me and Ralph Stoutamire and the old crowd of alumni of the University to dinner. That was a frequent thing. Often those card games were coupled with some sort of dinner or supper. Dr. Farr could cook certain things very nicely. He was rightly proud of his oyster stews baked along about midnight in a long card game. He would punctuate by cooking of this kind, and then card playing would be reciprocal.

P: Wasn't there some scandal associated with these girls here too?

R: With the two youngsters? Not that I know of, except about Jane's parentage.

P: No, I meant something other than that, with a flier that came through town or something and staying up at the Thomas Hotel.

R: That is something that I suppose would be mentioned to me as freely as it would have been to people who were not as close personally and professionally to the family.

P: Where are the girls now?

R: I seem to have lost track of Jean and Jane both because I have not had a chance to visit with Miss Golver, who is now Mrs. Hume. Miss Golver has a sister in Jacksonville. Frequently when she would visit over there she would keep in touch with the Farrs, and she used to report to me after Dr. Farr's death how Mrs. Farr was. Mrs. Farr lived on and maybe still lives . . .

P: No, she is not. I knew Mrs. Farr, and I talked to her.

R: She became almost mindless, I gathered. But her health and her capacity to enjoy food and so on continued.

P: And gossip. [laughter]

R: Meanwhile, Jane took nurse's training in T. D. Casey's hospital. T. D. helped to prosper her professional career. Jane wound up as a navy nurse.

P: I met Jane.

R: Up until the last time that I checked about them, which seems like a year and a half or two--it may well longer--Jane had been stationed for a good while at Guantanamo [Bay, Cuba]. She would fly up or take a ride or hitch-hike.

P: This is Wednesday, March 19, and we were talking about the situation specifically in the English department under Dr. Farr during the early part of the 1930s. We had been talking about some of the personality problems and the strengths and weaknesses of Dr. Farr and also about Dr. Farr's family when we were talking on Monday. Would you like to pick up at this

particular point?

R: Well, you want something about the family association?

P: Yes, I think this would be good. I think it brings out the man.

R: I think that you a while ago implied that some of the information on what a dash the Farr's cut in this town had already been gathered. Of course, the village was small. The campus was very small, relatively. There were extraordinarily marked people. Of course, if Dr. Murphree himself appeared on the town square unexpected, it would have been all over the place within an hour. Pretty much the same undesirable notoriety attended any- and everything that either Dr. Farr or Mrs. Farr did.

P: And they did not, as I understand it, discourage this kind of thing.

R: I do not know whether that can be said or not. They did not ask for it. But I think both of them had a little bit--in fact, more than a little--of something that I certainly do not think is an undesirable trait, that is a kind of self-reliance that whatever either or both of them did satisfied them. They were pleased, and to heck with the rest of the world. I think there was a good deal of that.

I know nothing whatever really about Mrs. Farr's background. I do know that everybody assumed that she told romantic talks about her origin and early life. That was not merely woman's gossipy talk around the village, because in my observation college men are just about as bad gossips as are the women, and some of them even more so. Dr. Farr I do know about. I never saw his father or his stepmother who were a constant topic of conversation--and not particularly gracious public talk.

Dr. Farr was an only son, wasn't he? I am pretty sure of that. At any rate, he was youth and maturity. His father was the big man in a small South Carolina town with pretty ancient history, and Dr. Farr had a magnificent intellect to become a scholar. He had certainly cut a path as a graduate student at Hopkins, a prize student of one of the most famous linguists and Anglo-Saxon scholars in the English-speaking world, John Bright, who taught a great deal to the top scholars coming out of the great schools like Yale and Harvard. Princeton was not turning out many people then; neither was Hopkins. Dr. Farr had been reared in relative security and luxury and probably was spoiled, given everything he wanted. So when he and Mrs. Farr shared the brilliance of this, he had a kind of arrogance about him that came very natural. He was in many ways of a very simple nature. But certainly he had a kind of boyish good nature, a recklessness about him. It showed in the delight he took, and this was of course interesting to the whole town and something of a source of envy to people who would be inclined to be envious of somebody who seemed to be better off than them. He just delighted in owning things, whether they were paid for or not. His father said he would have given him the money to pay for them, and part of the scandal about them around here touched on their notoriously languid regard for the bills.

P: Yes, I have heard a good bit about this.

R: We have one or two other distinguished members of our faculty who were sued for their positions and things like that for long overdue bills. But the Farris were, if you want to use the word, notorious for that. Everybody knew. Every merchant knew that if he sold them groceries or clothing or what have you, they would have to wait and do a lot of fuming and steaming to get paid, that eventually Dr. Farr would race up to Union and come back with the money from his father, who you know is *the* bank of that small town, to pay himself out of debt and to get squared away again and proceed on the same sort of careless spendthrift way.

P: What happened to the Farr family fortune?

R: I do not know.

P: I am talking about his father and his stepmother. Why did none of this money come down to the Farris eventually?

R: It did, but the old man, I mean, Dr. Farr's father, handed it out to him in chunks.

P: I was wondering what happened after his death.

R: I do not know what happened after his death. I am talking about as early as some others of us, like the Henderson boys from Tampa, Terry, and general others who were contemporary with me as undergraduates and who stayed on to do some science courses as I did. We went with some frequency--I do not mean every week, but every now and then--to his house for the evening. A little knot of people, sometimes on invitation as long as I was taking English courses, would go over in the evening, but we did that at other houses--the Crows I have mentioned especially. Everybody knew that Dr. Farr was kind of boyish, bravado, and the like in speed and in ownership of something that would be the equivalent of a hot rod today. He had the best and one of the first privately owned big old 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917 [one of those years] Cadillacs, and they were making them to carry seven and eight people. He ditched that in the early 1920s. I remember he owned the first hot rod Marman. Have you heard of Marman automobiles?

P: Oh, yes, expensive and dashing.

R: One of the nicest people we had in the English department was also one of the dullest teachers--a man named Haley who had a very poetic spirit and was a very nice person, always very pecuniary. He came in the year after I did, replacing Beck. I think that was it. Of course, they made a new assistant professorship for me, and he was technically a replacement for Beck. Haley probably got himself in debt by buying an old beat-up Buick roadster. I recall that every fall on his suggestion he and I went in the roadster (I was a little reckless then, too) on the devious, unpaved roads from here down to Tampa for a football game. Ahead of us that day was Dr. Farr, Mrs. Farr, I think probably the two little girls, and a student or two. He drove that Marman through these weaving sand beds on the road down to Brooksville,

and as we rolled into Brooksville one of the wheels on the front simply came off. They were put on in a curious sort of a bowline, totally unlike the way in which they later were put on. But it would run sixty, seventy, maybe eighty miles per hour, and he loved to drive it that way no matter what the road was. That is sort of symptomatic.

I do not think they [the Farris] knew of the town gossip, but what they did know I do not think they really bothered about. They were going to have their own way and have their fun. They took their pleasures as they came.

Now, I have gotten away from your original question that I had begun answering, about the character of the family. I think you had said. What was the question?

P: I was asking something about the personality of Farr and how this related to his family--the weaknesses and strengths of Dr. Farr.

R: I think part of the town's curiosity and constant lively interest in them and gossip about them was tied up with their splendor way of doing things as well as with their bad reputation as far as business people were concerned. That, of course, did not affect Dr. Farr out here on campus. He was a very attractive and lively person. He was a very effective speaker to student groups. I remember hearing him during the First World War. Notable people around the community were asked to give something like three-minute speeches supporting the liberty laws and that sort of thing, and I heard him at a movie show when I was down for a night with one or two other students. Dr. Farr was the speaker that night. He was not as effective probably in that kind of situation as he was out here on campus. He could make a talk, a pep talk--you know the sort of thing--to get students' interest aroused and all that. He was and could be extremely attractive.

One of the main differences between Dr. Farr and all the first quarter of the twentieth-century history of the University can be made talking about the impact of these earlier department men on students. Literally everybody down to the last Negro boy raking leaves on the campus knew Dr. Farr, whereas there were a limited number of people in the student body and even in the faculty that knew men like Dr. Crow or Dr. Benton. The fact that he was vice-president and that he was so effective at it made him a marked man.

P: You know in Dr. Farr's writings he takes credit for setting up the honor system here on the campus.

R: I do not really remember securely enough, but I think he is entitled to a great deal of the credit. He had the kind of inspiration for the students that a man from Virginia, like Dr. Anderson, would never have had. Dr. Anderson just could not do that sort of thing. He shrank from public gatherings. He was always a bit uncomfortable holding faculty meetings, which lasted only about eighteen or twenty minutes. He was a very silent sort of a person. Dr. Farr, on the other hand, was very expressive and animated and would plunge into the public glare with ease and oftentimes with a good deal of relish. I think there is a good deal in that. There would have been other people to support him. I simply have a blind spot in my

memory on that. A man like Spessard Holland probably would have an extraordinarily good memory. [There are many] people and occasions he could speak on. It is an interesting aspect of campus life to explore, come to think of it.

P: I would like to go on now, if you do not mind, to the situation leading to Farr's departure from the campus.

R: Let me add one other thing about the honor business. Nearly all of our professors were practicing it when I first came here, [including] Dr. Farr, Dr. Crow, and Dr. Anderson. Dr. Benton did not. Remember how I told you he administered individualized exams? You have that on an earlier tape. So he did not have to worry whether his students were going to write on his papers or not. But other men I have named, Dr. Phillip, as I recall, in giving exams and tests in chemistry put their tests up on the board or supplied little typed copies to their students. When the Latin and Greek classes numbered only two or three people, as they did in our senior year--Terry and I were together in three or four classes where we were alone; that would have been the year 1914 or 1915, I believe--[it was the same situation].

There was no formally adopted honor system at that time as a matter of student government because student government was very nondescript and, for all practical purposes, non-existent. Dr. Anderson would tell Terry and me what he wanted us to translate, and he would set the rest of the examination. Of course, there were always questions concerning the grammatical aspects of the language, whether Greek or Latin. It was not merely a matter of translation. And he would tell us, "Go by your conscience." I can remember our writing examinations and seeing our Latin and Greek at a quiet table tucked off--by that time the library was located on the first floor of Peabody [Hall]--in the northeast corner of that floor. And it was nice and quiet. Terry and I would take our papers over there and write at a table that was almost an arm's length from the translation and everything else in the library. And we would turn in our papers. I do not remember that we signed or wrote and signed a pledge. Maybe, but I do not recall that we did. Dr. Crow practiced something of the same kind of free, easy-going, confidence.

Now, I know that as a sophomore I saw that ease toward student tests and exams made a mess of in Dr. Farr's English class, the sophomore rhetoric for colleges. There was a good deal of cheating. But in other courses that I was in, in the main, trust in the students was well rewarded, so that the atmosphere with a small student body where everyone knew everybody, where the students all knew each other, was conducive to setting up some kind of formal honor system. But I do not remember these things happening while I was there. It may have happened while I was away.

P: I want to talk a little bit now about Dr. Farr's great tragedy and actually the thing which brought about his moving off the campus, off the faculty, and away from Gainesville. This was the situation that occurred somewhere around 1933-1934 and involved a syllabus or a textbook. Would you like to say something about that?

R: I have, Sam, no recollection of that.

P: All right. Let me go back. I am wrong. I have said the wrong thing. It did not involve that at all. It involved salary supplements. Say what you want about this.

R: I think it is pertinent to say that I was, of course, aware in scrappy fashion of the continuance of the Farr's financial difficulties, and my wife and I could not avoid having forethoughts because certainly we both intently disliked it and did not want it. But you could not avoid having some gossipy insinuations and questions put to you. We were too close to the department and to the Farr family for that not to happen. But up to about 1931-1932 there was no sign that I caught that Dr. Farr was in real trouble. In fact, I think it was in the spring semester of 1932 that Dr. Farr and the head English professor at Rollins exchanged places. Dr. Farr had a whale of a good time with that mixed crowd at Rollins. The visiting professor was a very acceptable teacher and a very likable poetic sort of a man, Henry Caldwell, who was my office mate and a very close friend. I admired him, and his students did too. I had a lot of pleasant association with the visitors. Dr. Farr would refer to the fun he had down at Rollins often during the year or two afterwards when he came back.

Now, the following year, though, he had some kind of imagined or real illness. His students at that time, some of whom had become instructors--I think especially Ed Price--were deeply concerned about it, and they proposed to me that we persuade Dr. Farr to take a holiday on pay that next summer. That must have been the summer of 1932 or 1933. I know that several of us, and that included Ed Price, went to Dr. Farr, made the proposal to him, and told him we would make sure Dr. Tigert understood and that we would arrange to take his work. I would take his Shakespeare, and Caldwell could teach the historical grammar or whatever Dr. Farr had been slated for. Well, he made a lot of fun of us and then he accepted, and then he turned right around and made life miserable for his instructors. He did not pull it on me, but he invited himself into their classrooms and then proceeded to have fun for himself of the slightly malicious kind, telling them how they should have done what they did not do in their classes. Well, everybody took that in good grace.

Part of the bargain was that I had been postponing from year to year getting back up to Harvard, so I had pointed out to him that I was overdue to attempt that and that if he would take the summer off with pay, I would go up to Harvard. I used the last of my inheritance from my folks, and I borrowed a little bit here and there. I had a little bit coming back to me that I had lent to other people. So we squeaked through for twelve months. Now, most of that time I spent right out here in Palm Terrace, laboring through long, moldy notes, reading, getting myself dredged up out of the abyss of shaky memory and all the effects of having neglected my dissertation so long. I spent most of the second semester [in Cambridge] living in a small room on the same street that my wife and I had occupied an apartment on back in 1927-1928. [It was very enjoyable] seeing John Livingston Lewis and enjoying several of the men I had studied with at Harvard, one of whom, Spray, who's represented in that festschrift, was still there on the faculty then.

We came back somewhere along in the summer, and my recollection is that Ed Price and Ed Moore met us, for Eileen had gone over to Jacksonville, caught the tide line, and met me in

Charleston. (We had been separated three or four months.) We had a little interval between arrival and departure, and she shifted over on my ship, so we had a little reunion. I think Ed Price and Ed Moore met us.

Then the thing began to hit me. They made it direct and brief. Chiefly the two Eds, but also in other ways I too were hit by the fact that some sort of scandal had developed in the previous year, a very short time ago. What I was told was that Dr. Farr was accused by a graduate assistant. There were one or two students on that kind of arrangement. A man named Bailey, who I believe was majoring in French, but I am not sure, was serving as a paper grader for Dr. Farr. He accused Dr. Farr of demanding a huge shakedown--a sharing of his legal pay. I think he got fifty cents a paper for doing Dr. Farr's work, and he was doing Dr. Farr's correspondence papers. According to the story I heard, Dr. Farr was demanding pay, and I also was told without names being called that this involved similar treatment of instructors. Three or four of them were by that time out on [inaudible]. That was something that had worried me a little bit. Every time that Dr. Farr could make an addition he did so even if the person had little training or experience. I thought he deliberately surrounded himself with a group of instructors, some of whom were our own students--Jean Maultz, Allen Morris, Ed Price, at least those three, and I think there was a fourth--[whom he could control in this manner].

Anyhow, having heard that very briefly, even that first afternoon when we were driving back here to Gainesville, I tracked myself over to Dean Leigh the very next day and had a sort of generalized confirmation from Dr. Leigh. I angered him by asking him, "This was done without any knowledge of yours?" He understandably got very angry.

P: Now, Leigh, of course, was not yet vice-president. Farr was still vice-president.

R: Oh, no, he was dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. He had been director of the School of Pharmacy or had the deanship by that time. Anyhow, that is immaterial. Dr. Tigert by that time had appointed him dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, so I do not remember if I got Dean Leigh's sanction. The very next move I made, and I think it was the very next morning, was to go to Dr. Tigert. I told him that I would like to know what was going on, and he told me in a much more veiled and guarded language than Dr. Leigh had used.

P: The fact was that Dr. Leigh had confirmed this.

R: But the point was that he had said, "If you had not come in to talk to me I would have had to come to you, because I want you to take over the department and run it until we can settle things." Well, now, Dr. Farr had not even gotten back into town. Sam, my memory is getting hazy about the timing of this, but I think this was getting pretty close to the time when people who were away for summer trips and things were due back to begin registration and teaching for the fall semester. When the Farris arrived it was with the news that Dr. Farr was ill. He did spend some time in the University infirmary. So there was a plausible explanation as to why he did not appear on campus. In a veiled way, Dr. Tigert had told me that I should see about arranging to have Dr. Farr's classes taught. "It does not matter how you do it. It is up to you." You know how he talks. I do not remember if I asked him then,

"What about manpower? We are already overloaded." I noted what I was teaching in the first year that Cliff [Lyons] was here, and he got some relief for me.

By that time we were head over heels in both the years of General College. But we were already pretty badly gummed up, and we had never been able to get proper teaching loads, in English, at any rate. Either that very morning or very soon afterwards I was clawing at Dr. Tigert for teaching help. "If Dr. Farr is not going to be on campus this semester or this year, then we must have some kind of replacement." That in a nutshell led to his finding the money for me a little later that year, and I got Whitey in; Whitey Murphy came in at that time. Meanwhile, we lost that semester's work.

P: With Dr. Farr not teaching?

R: Dr. Farr was not teaching. He did not even appear on campus. He spent a long period [away]. Just how long I do not recall.

P: In the infirmary?

R: But after a while he went on home, and it was not an obvious subterfuge. Everybody read it that way that was aware something going on. But I saw Dr. Farr very little. Here was the second reason why I do not remember anything where another man might. I just deliberately pushed that whole unpleasant business out. I had to if I was to do what I was supposed to do, which was to teach my own classes and run the department as well. And third, what was badly needed was for someone to take the lead in restoring departmental morale. I did that every year in the first place by calling the English group together and reminding them that the year before I had been the only person in this whole area at the meeting of the South Atlantic Model Language Association, about which I had correspondence in the year in which it was originated. I was the only person who was down this way who was in touch with it. But there were a number of men who especially loved it--at North Carolina, the head of the English department at Emory, and I.

This was the fall of 1934, and I was slated to have some administrative job in this association. I had no money; we had no money to go to meetings of that kind and did not for a good long while. So I took my old Chevy and Henry Caldwell, Gene Mounts, Allen Morris, and somebody else--there were five of us--and we hitched suitcases along the dashboard of this very old Chevrolet and hacked off to Charleston. That was along in November of that year; maybe it was Thanksgiving. Eileen and I had a general dinner, a stag dinner, along after Christmas. We tried to do things like that. But the main thing was to keep up with the stock and trade stuff of the departments. I was aggravated by the fact that planning the first year of the General College was on the slate. I was in that up to my eyebrows as chairman that year in the planning committee for freshman English, and we had endless sessions. It was all pretty frustrating. It was baffling for the very good simple reason that most of us in the committee knew that we were working behind a kind of veil and that the real thing was going to be done by smaller, tighter, and intensive campus politics and politically constituted arrangements. Nevertheless, we took it with utmost earnestness and devoted good intentions

and spent endless hours in sessions of that kind. It began the first semester and stretched into the whole second semester and well on into the summertime.

Meanwhile, somewhere along about mid-term, although here again my memory is not secure on the time, I was sitting at my desk in the hall office that Henry called on talking to a student or two. It may have been about their registration next semester or something of that kind. Dr. Farr--and I remember this particularly because it was so distressing--came in with an excited manner.

P: This was the first time he had really appeared on campus in a long time?

R: Yes, this was the first I had seen him on campus, and it was the first time he had been on the campus physically. Now, what conversations he had had or what letters exchanged with Dr. Tigert or with other people in the administration or what contact he had had with Leigh, God only knows. But he came in, interrupted me with the students, and said in effect, "I am all right now, and I plan to start coming out now to resume my regular duties by next Monday or so."

You can draw what inference you will from the next thing that happened. It was either that very day, later in the day, or the very next day, Dr. Tigert came in the office. When I saw him come in I was very grateful. I was alone at the time. Dr. Tigert said very bluntly, "I do not want Dr. Farr on this campus. You are to understand that if he tries to come in and take charge of things, just refer him to me. That is that." That isolated fragment I remember, but the rest of it is a blur which I tried to keep off and out of my conscious awareness. I could not succeed in doing that more than about half the time.

P: Of course, you were in a very sensitive position because of your friendship and relationship to the Farris.

R: Yes. There was the very tragic awareness of the disruption of something that had been deeply pleasant for so long, and I was aware of the buzzing going on all over the place. But what did make sense was the firmness of Dr. Tigert while he kept his counsel. He meant business. So it became obvious to anyone who had doubts that whatever had been done was gravely serious and that Dr. Farr was going to be forced off the campus, by whatever terms might be decided. I am sure they gave him reasonable retirement compensation.

P: Actually they kept him on the payroll until 1941.

R: I recall that he was on that. I do not remember signing the payroll ever until I took over again as the directing chairman of the division when Cliff [Lyons] went into the navy in 1942.

P: But you never saw Farr again?

R: Yes, I must have.

P: He left Gainesville pretty quickly.

R: They did. That is my impression. Eventually, within a short space of time, they sold that handsome house over there on the boulevard almost opposite where Fred [inaudible] is, close to the Duck Pond.

P: I know where the house is.

R: So far as removing his personal belongings from his office, which was 208, it was Jean who came out to make arrangements about getting his books off the shelves and checking on his desk and making sure any papers that were private and letters and things of that sort were properly removed. I recall that they had by that time gone over to. . . . What was it?

P: Atlantic Beach.

R: They lived there for a long while. Several years afterwards when we were in Jacksonville, I suppose for some football game or something, I made an effort to get in touch with him when we got out there, but we were gummed up with other people in some way or another. We had counted on staying over until Sunday, but we found that impractical. But I am pretty sure that I did not see Dr. Farr here in Gainesville or here on the campus after that morning when he came in with that request.

P: I do not think that once he left Gainesville he ever came back again.

R: I do not suppose so. Certainly I have no reason to know.

P: He told me this. I asked him.

R: I have no recollection [of seeing him or her], for that matter. I think that the only one who came back over here after the move was Jean, who was not very long afterwards married. But she certainly was not married when this all cascaded on the family.

P: There was no exchange of Christmas cards or any social correspondence at that point?

R: We never had that kind of correspondence. Eileen had been at a few of the parties that Mrs. Farr gave. Mrs. Farr used to run an opposition show to Dr. Farr and his masculine bridge games. Mrs. Farr loved to have parties. She loved to feed people and did it very handsomely. The food was, of course, gorgeous. There was not any drinking because, of course, these were prohibition days, until 1933. We served wine at that stag party for the English department. We served them homemade raisin port [laughter] and Japanese rice wine that I myself had made. To Mrs. Farr's parties she rarely went but was often invited. Often we played cards with people like Myra and [inaudible] Clark. These were mixed parties. One of the pairs of people who played were a very famous pair of bridge players who were said to make their living by gambling on bridge, the Groneys. Does that name click in your memory? They left about the time you came to Gainesville.

P: Who were they again?

R: Mr. and Mrs. Gronney. They were good players but not among the best by any means in the town. As a couple they went to Mrs. Farr's parties, but Gronney also was a member of the group of men who played at Dr. Farr's for those outrageously long sessions of duplicate bridge, from which I retired.

P: This was a pretty traumatic thing for the campus.

R: Yes, it was. Sam, to me, and I think probably to people like Ed Price, on a smaller scale, it was disagreeable and frustrating and distasteful and I think tragic. That whole nasty year was as bad on a small scale as the two years when all the scandal exploded in Wayne Reitz's face and he found himself having to do something about some of the most notable people on this campus. I do not need to tell you who I mean.

Well, now, that touched a lot of us very nearly, and I speak of it because it illustrates what was happening back there in that first year of refinement of the General College, which was sort of spoiled for some of us in English by having this additional difficulty to cope with. When that business exploded I would go to the post office--I mean, 1955, 1956, 1957; it stretched across two years--and my God, here people were involved who were teaching for the English department. I was even drawn in on one of the nasty little side cases of a graduate student who professed to be a Ph.D. student, Carl Hilton. [Robert B.] Mautz, and I could see his point, felt that it was necessary to drag the department head in on this, so I went over to Bob Mautz's office one morning and spent two hours going over it separately. He and the committee that was dealing with these cases had, of course, studied all the evidence, but he thought since it was a graduate assistant paid on the English budget and working toward a doctorate degree in English that I just must be in on it. Willy-nilly, I was in on one or two of the faculty cases, one conspicuously which I certainly do not need to remind you of.

But it went deeper than that. Eileen and I had been among the seven or eight or nine people who had been invited by Dick and Christine Johnson to their house for the wedding of Harley and Irlene Chandler. We had many times been invited out with other people, including the Millers. Dr. Miller loved to go out to the lake with the Chandlers. It was some fun. Eileen and I are still fond of when they do have [their little get-togethers]. For the first time in twenty years, the first time since all that blow up, they did come by and stop for two days and nights, staying with Fred and Clare and with their sanction and with their naming the people that they wanted invited. Again, they had a number of us over. Christine Johnson, Eileen and me, Manning Dauer, Burt and Eppy Ames, and the former architect for the Board of Control. Oh, I forget my own name sometimes. Guy and Mrs. Fulton. I think that was all. No, there were one or two other people, too. On a small scale this was the way you depended on [others], and yet you had long professional and, of course, personal relationships, friends. We had been intimates with the Byers family repeatedly there at parties. Fred and Jo had been closer to us personally than we were to anyone.

P: So you actually went through two of these experiences?

R: It was very messy. Well, I was much more mature, and I think I quoted Dean Heams about shutting down my campus worries behind the cover of my desk when I left campus during the 1950s. I was finding it hard to get to sleep because the wheels were just turning, and I would be venting to myself my troubles or my anger at something that had gone wrong on the campus. But it was very seldom, and in the last five or six years I know I never lost a wink of sleep. [laughter]

P: I want to get away from this for just a minute. I think we have taken care of the Farr situation very well. I want to ask you about a person, Mrs. Rawlings. What did you know about her? This was her hey-day, in the 1930s, Mrs. Marjorie [Kinnan] Rawlings.

R: We did not have much to do with her in the 1930s, but we became very close friends, or I would say good friends, with Marjorie about the end of the war when for some reason or other she was in and out of town here more frequently than she had been. We got to know her through a Miss Terry, who ran the little book shop and was a devoted admirer and good friend of Marjorie's. Marjorie thought a lot of Miss Terry. The acquaintance I had with Marjorie was through Sophie Berchum, who was then doing quite a free-wheeling job with the [*Gainesville*] *Sun*, working for them. Mr. Bill Pepper I was running the paper. When you knew it, it would have been . . . Well, I am not sure. See, there were three. I knew the old man, I knew Bill who ran the paper before the Peper family sold out, and the third one was a student of mine in about 1946-1947 or 1948-1949. I helped his father straighten him out. He had been a victim of misguided advise in his General College for two years.

P: Miss Berchum was the society editor?

R: Yes, she was the society editor, but she also had a month or two off at the height of the social season, in January, February, and March, and she went on down to Plam Beach and, I suppose, over to Miami for some weather time. In Palm Beach she had a grand time writing those special feature stories on high society and interviewing a great number of very noted people in the arts and business and the sports world and so on.

Well, we knew Marjorie was settling out there at Cross Creek, but it was physically a very difficult thing to get around through Hawthorne and down and out to the creek. I would have to stop eighteen or twenty miles out in winding sand roads and piney woods, and the road was sometimes impassable. But that was not only the reason. I never was one to go inviting myself to see somebody just because they had become noted. See, Eileen and I did not know Marjorie personally.

About the time that her first publication came out was when Sohpie got excited and caught her in town, and Marjorie agreed to let Sophie do a special feature story on her, which in due time was done. Sophie hounded me to call for that with her. Well, I told Sophie--my lord, this was literally true--that I did not have time to do that sort of thing. But I said, "I will be delighted to go over your stuff with you after its done, if that will comfort you," which did.

She came one afternoon with quite a stack of typed script, and I went over it and kept some notes. Then we got back together, and I made a few suggestions for varying material for the article that was maybe 99.99 percent Sophie, and maybe the other 0.01 percent was the corrections or suggestions that I made. Nothing material. But soon after that I did meet Marjorie at some social affair, and Eileen had become acquainted with her. But we did not really know her until during the war years when she came in rather often.

Meanwhile, I had finished directing a thesis by a very bright boy we had here in 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939 by the name of Will McGuire.

P: I knew Will.

R: I was going to say you surely would have known him.

P: I would like to talk about Mrs. Rawlings and Bill Maguire's thesis as a way of moving you into this friendship with her.

R: Yes. Well, it heightened my interest in her, and she got to know who we were. Meanwhile, the people who had really become close friends with Marjorie were Dr. and Mrs. Tigert. Early in the war years she came into town fairly often. In the meantime, Dr. Tigert had invited [her to teach in] the English department. It was primarily Cliff Lyons who had gone out to see her. She was awarded that honorary doctorate.

P: In 1941. She had already won the Pulitzer Prize.

R: That had come a year or two earlier, about 1939.

P: Now, she was teaching a course in creative writing, wasn't she?

R: Yes, you are right. I was just thinking about a summer school incident. The chief contact she had with the campus in the mid 1930s was that Cliff got her to teach a course in creative writing in the upcoming summer school. That was the very first summer . . . No, wait a minute. That was the summer at the end of the second year that Cliff was here. It was all agreed, and everybody was delighted. Students like Will McGuire were titillated, and Dr. [James N.] Norman's standard summer sessions preseason announcement came out--the form letter that told you that you were appointed to a certain position and that the salary would be such and such if the Board of Control approved. I remember Marjorie's letter. Cliff bounced out to our house with it in much aggravation. For one thing, it was very close to June, too late to get an adequate replacement. Marjorie's note said, in effect, "Here is what I have written to Dean Norman, and here is a carbon copy of it," the note she had written to Dean Norman said that she would sign no such "red-dog contract" or some such derogatory term. She was really angry. The note could have said, in essence, "Here is what I have said to your dean of the summer session, 'I am sorry, but I will not do that summer course.'"

So Cliff's main motive in coming out to my house that day was to ask what in the world we were

going to do. We had this thing in the catalog expecting to have a course of that kind taught. He said, "Haven't you got a friend [who can fill in]?" By that time he knew Marjorie had relied a lot on [author] Edward Granberry's assistance and advice in the early stages of her writing, and I knew that was true. She told me so, and Ed and his wife described visits Marjorie made to their house down there at Winter Park where he had for years been instructor in contemporary literature and creative writing at Rollins. He had published three pretty good Florida novels and was certainly a good Agrarian, as the word was then. So I said, "Ed Granberry might be able to come on short notice. They do not run a summer school."

To make this story short, I do not remember whether I used the telephone, but I sounded out Ed, and Ed was delighted, so we got Ed here. We found him a house--the Laison's were going to be away all summer, so they were delighted to have the Granberrys use their house.

P: So he was a replacement for Mrs. Rawlings?

R: Yes. So here came the Granberrys, with all their erratic, insane, show-prize, wire-haired terriers, crazy as loons, all of them, because they were inbred. The summer went off beautifully, and Ed made quite a hit. Cliff was tickled to death to get off that hook. But it was quite a shock.

Meanwhile, back in 1934-1935 Dr. Tigert not only found another instructor for me, but the very next year--it must have been a new budget--he at my request put \$500 into my English budget for the engaging of special speakers for the department. That made some people, including the dean of the college and the director of the School of Pharmacy, a bit envious. But Cliff had that to play with, and it was that \$500 that paid Marjorie a stipend to come in. I think she came in the first semester for either a week's stretch or every other week at her convenience.

P: Every other week.

R: She gave lectures, to which the public was really welcomed.

P: I was in that class.

R: Were you? You will have to record your opinions.

P: No, I want to ask you. Why was she so upset with the original note from Dean Norman?

R: I am a little hazy about that.

P: Because this was according to standard practices.

R: I am a bit hazy about that. Yes, everybody got it. That was why Cliff was so bowled over. Marjorie was a very emotional, a very idealistic sort of a woman. She could fight, bleed, and die for a cause at the drop of a hat. She really loved the people she loved, and she was a good hater. Of course, she was already, I suppose, feeling the strain of forcing her talent,

because she did not write easily. She used to tell us, "For God's sake, come out and see me, but do not come until 5: 00. I make myself get up, and when I am working"--that is, when she is writing--"[I do not want to be bothered]." She set for herself a Spartan schedule, getting up early, working at it, stopping to grab a bit to eat that Martha would bring her, that nice little Negress that used to take care of her, Martha Mickens, and then working like hell until 5: 00.

P: Would you say she was a woman of limited talents, who through discipline was able to [succeed]?

R: Yes. As a narrative artist things did not flow for her as, for instance, her friend up in North Carolina, the notoriously prolific, overwinded man . . .

P: Thomas Wolfe?

R: Yes. Wolfe wrote like a river stream. Marjorie would tell you that she bled every drop that went on the page, and she rewrote while she was doing the proofreading. She told me and she showed me pages on the typewriter where she would alter the text and make corrections.

P: What about her friendship with Dr. Tigert?

R: It was with both of them. She came in here often. Well, not often, because that just was not practical. But if you could say that they had frequent visitors, she was one. Even during the war Mrs. Tigert was away because of an illness somewhere in her family for quite a little stretch and Marjorie had been away from the Creek [Cross Creek] for a little while, Dr. Tigert discovered that she was out there and was coming into town, so he had gotten in touch with her and called and said he wanted to come in and have tea because some interesting visitor was coming into the house as a house guest. And he called us, me and Eileen, and said, "I have drummed up this tea, and there is enough [for everyone]. I need a woman to pour tea. Would you and Archie come?" We were delighted, and we went and had a grand time. We were constantly doing that sort of thing. When John Erskine came here, the Tigerts saw to it that Marjorie was invited. My recollection is that she did not make it to the second time he was here on a visit, but she was at a big dinner party the first time he came.

P: You said you became more closely tied with her.

R: Yes, that is right. We began to keep in close touch with her, and whenever there was something or someone we thought she would enjoy, we invited her in. She came when she could. In the war years she and her husband, Norton, developed a trick. They went back and forth. She did not like the house over there on the beach. She hated it. And this is the strange thing, I guess, that came from growing up in such an inland locality in Wisconsin. But while people like me and Eileen and Norton delighted to be lulled to sleep by the sound of the surf or the roar of it--it easily becomes a roar at Crescent Beach--[Marjorie could not stand it]. The high tide pounds right up under the eaves of the house almost, and she did not like it. At any rate, they also had to look after the Cross Creek place, so they would zip back and forth to do that and other errands.

They made a game playing this word game. You have questions-and-answers where you put up a question, and the questionee must come up with a name of an author or artist or what have you. Our name for that game was "I am a B." Simply, if you were Beethoven, then your question identified Beethoven. Well, she just delighted in that game. We would call Princeton friends, George and Bee Fox, to come along--we were close friends, and they had one house between neighbors of the Foxes--and they would stay overnight and come along to Long Boat Key. The Foxes invited Marjorie, and they became fairly friendly with Marjorie. We sat around after noontime dinner and played that game because Marjorie just loved it. She was very free and easy.

When [Robert] Frost came to town we would always let her know in advance, and she just adored him. It was kind of a distant worship, but very free and easy with him on personal terms. Twice she had us out there at the Creek when he was here. She wanted to feed him and let him see her place with her in it. I took Robert out there at least once--no, twice, I remember--when she was somewhere else.

She spent some time in Richmond toward the end of her life and more and more time over at Crescent Beach. We came to feel very intimate with Marjorie. She had a few things over in St. Augustine that we wanted to get to and could not. The last one was an entertainment she wanted to have--I have forgotten the nature of it--for James Branch Cabell, of whom she had come to be quite fond. Some illness interrupted.

P: Did you play any role in getting her works placed here in the creative writing?

R: I did not need to. Dr. Tigert and Cliff were the prime movers on that, in the sense that they reminded her again and again that we would welcome that sort of thing. But in really precipitating the business of getting them here, Stan West [director of libraries and professor of bibliography] and I did have something to do with it. I would say Stan more than I, because Marjorie knew Stan from way back, too. There were a good many public things even as late as the year before her heart attack. She had a fall in her house over there at Crescent Beach. You got up to the living room quarters by a rather steep, outside stair. Marjorie had been into town to get her groceries, and she made some sort of awkward movement--she was overly heavy, you know--with her arms full and tumbled off that stair onto the coquina. She described to Eileen and me how they got the coquina out of her. It took them days to pick the pieces out of her poor bruised side and leg before they were sure that they had everything. That gave her a bad jolt. So there were a lot of ailments. Meanwhile, of course, she had suffered a good deal from alcoholism.

P: Was she a confirmed alcoholic, or was this just too much social drinking?

R: Well, she could certainly control her appetite for liquor, so far as Eileen and I knew her. I am not really qualified to speak on this matter. I will cite an instance. Maybe it is not a good example, but when she would knock off from work at 5: 00 in the afternoon she would turn loose and sometimes would get too much to drink. One time was fairly early in the stretch of

years that Dr. Lowe was here. I can date it by the fact that Eileen's mother was still living and was visiting with us in the house when Robert Frost came along. We made sure that Marjorie knew well in advance, so she had come over to the Creek. Well, she came in one afternoon to have dinner with us. That time there was not anybody else, just the family, just the three of us, including Eileen's mother, Robert, and Marjorie. Marjorie, not having anybody to be very concerned about, did have a little too much to drink, so much so that my mother-in-law was tickled to death. She was a good, stern Methodist, but she had come to know Marjorie and liked her, and that excused a lot for her. But Robert was a little bit disconcerted and displeased that she had so much that she was seated in a low chair and started to get up, but her feet would keep slipping out from under her. That was what provoked my mother's laughter, but he did not find it laughable. She had no more to drink, and we settled down to a good dinner. Eileen is a good cook, and she fed us well.

When it came time to change the plates and have desert, Marjorie, as was natural, started to get up and help Eileen. Eileen did not protest, but it would not have done any good anyway, especially since a woman does those things anyway. Mrs. Redding, Eileen's mother, got the risibilities all over again in spite of the danger involved. Marjorie came and went through that little kitchen door, rather on an incline, with plates and whatnot until most of the services were completed. Robert and I both wondered if she would make it.

P: With the good china.

R: She would go at a decided incline. But there was nothing distressful about that. I have always heard since her literary output became slacker around here that it was known that she was an alcoholic. I guess it is true, but I guess we never ran into it very much.

Marjorie died in 1953 or 1954, and I had taken Frost over there to see her the spring before. He came on the usual time, around March. He had heard about her illness. A couple of days later he said, "Look here. I am going to be staying on another two days. Do you think it would be all right for us to go over there and see Marjorie?" He said, and I noticed this phrase, "My friends have been dying on me, and I would like to see her." So I called over there. Norton came on the phone, and I told him that Robert was anxious to see Marjorie and asked if it would be all right. Well, he held the phone and talked to Marjorie, and of course it was all right. So Sunday afternoon we went out. He had his famous dog, Big Shephard, that he had trained, a highly intelligent, awfully nice dog. We took the dog along so he would have a chance to run on the seashore.

P: So you went to Crescent Beach, not to the Creek?

R: Yes, that is right. She had been flat on her back for months at the house in Crescent Beach, literally flat on her back. She was not allowed to move around. She had nevertheless completed the proofreading of the pages of that last volume of hers. I remember that. Robert asked her something about it, and she told him about the progress of it. It was now in the hands of Scribner's printers. Then she reached up and pulled Robert's head . . . This is the kind of author's reticence and pride combined. Nobody but Norton down here knew the

title of it. I said, "I will look the other way," and she said, "You can look, but I am not going to tell you." Robert was standing lower, of course. We had started to move to get away because we had promised Norton that we would not stay long--she was that bad off. So she pulled Mr. Frost's head down and whispered in his ear what the title was, and it was a beautiful title, with all the Biblical connotations, *The Sojourner*. I never did find out what Robert thought of the novel, but I thought it was much better than the critics said. Gordon Bigelow [UF professor of English and author of *Frontier Eden: The Literary Career of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*] rates it as a strained work. I found it a very good, hardy sort of a novel. Did you read it?

P: No, that is the only one I have not read.

R: Well, if it is not kicking around here where you can lay your hands on it, let me know. I think you would enjoy it.

P: It is the only one of her books I do not have, too.

R: Is that right? Well, Lord, Sam, I have lost I guess six or eight copies. I began lending them around to people, I guess faculty and students. The earlier copies that I have are things like "Lord Bill" ["of the Suwannee River"]. Of course, the things I would like most to have are *South Moon Under* and *Cross Creek*. They long ago evaporated. They were lent, and I cling to this one because there is a nice little note written on the fly--it is a prepublication copy that Marjorie had been sent. They must have sent the books to her to autograph for those whom she wanted to do it for and then shipped them back. As I recall, this came from Scribner's in New York, but it had her little note on the fly.

P: How would you describe her as a person?

R: You cannot sum up very briefly. She was one of the most convivial people that I ever knew. She delighted in much that is beautiful and homey. She had an enormous relish for everything enjoyable and lovable, and that just bubbled in everything she did. That, of course, had its counterpart. [What is] inseparable from that kind of nature is that you can be just as troublesome to people or just as good a hater as you are a lover. So she had a few battles with her neighbors and . . .

P: Some of her friends.

R: Yes, some of her friends. The most notable, and one that was deeply tragic for her because that cut deep . . .

P: Zelma [Cason].

R: I think if you want to come up with your own prescriptions about what happens to people, that would have taken a lot of light out of Marjorie. That was very stressful and big. The possibility, of course, is that it would have promoted any alcoholic weaknesses. She was a

very delightful person to have in a crowd. She had enjoyed, when she first settled down in Cross Creek, doing a lot of manly things. She loved to go hunting, she loved to go fishing, and did a good deal of it--not so much [as hunting]. She was not as good a shot with a rifle or shotgun as Martha Micken's old husband used to be. He loved to spin yarns. I think he is still living. But he was quite an old windbag and could be troublesome.

In the years after Marjorie was dead and gone, we were leading such frustrated and frustrating lives trying to keep the place from going to the demolition bow-wows. I have quite a horrible story to tell about that. Suppose we pick up on that. I think it ought to be in here.

P: This is Friday, March 21, and we will continue the interview with Professor Robertson. We are talking about Mrs. Rawlings. You were sort of summing up and suggested that there might be some additional information.

R: I had used the phrase "horrible story." From several points of view it is one. There was a misunderstanding as to the value of her [inaudible] to the University and, more particularly, the part of it that was stipulated in her will to come to the English department, so far as the administration and utilization of the funds involved was concerned. The story begins, of course, in the inadequate drafting of the will, as the lawyers, like Erwin Clayton, can tell you. I had known Cliff and I had known about the tales from it. I had helped when I saw an old college friend of mine, a friend who went back with to 1912. I think he got out of here with his law degree in 1914--Phil May of Jacksonville. He is not now practicing actively, but he was until very recently. He was a good friend of Marjorie's--she devoted to him, he devoted to her. He and his wife, who is John Martin's sister, are frequently down at the Creek. Phil got a tremendous personal satisfaction out of helping her devise the requests that she wanted to make. You perhaps have seen the will. You would be interested in it. Much of the earlier part--it is a long will--is devoted to a long series of individual requests to particular items, to particular people.

P: And organizations.

R: And some organizations. That is quite right too. But the conspicuous thing was valued personal belongings that she wanted to go to particular individuals. Then when it came to the main disposition of the estate in its totality, Marjorie wanted to give it to the University, and in two ways. What she wanted, she conceived, and what Phil May knew about conditions here in the Experimental Station of the University as a whole and about citrus culture [were not the same]. They just automatically assumed that a tract like that, already a growing orange grove, which was reasonably profitable, would be valuable and valued by the Experiment Station people for the promotion of any kind of land research and land studies. Here it was eighteen miles away and a high land sloping off into the lakes on both sides.

The monetary income from the estate, whatever that might be, was and is bequeathed first to her husband and her daughter as long as either of them survive. They are the primary legatees. But upon the death of both of them, the entire income, whatever that may be, comes to the English department for the study of American literature, and the promotion of creative

writing and for the encouragement and support of an promising creative writing artist. There was a very careful stipulation--this was completely in accord with Marjorie's feeling about racial relations--that some portion of the fund must be devoted to promoting the efforts of Negro students and Negro writers. I forget the phrasing. It has been two or three years or more since I have looked at the will. I had a complete copy supplied me by Erwin Clayton, I suppose, for he carried the ball for the president's office when it came to the long, somewhat tortuous business of probating the will and arriving at some kind of agreement with the two legatees, Mr. Rawlings and Norton Baskin.

This dragged out for a year and a half or more, with the University trying to not carry its weight or do its part in the maintenance of the place, especially in keeping that poor old bedraggled house from complete caving in because of termites. It always needed reroofing and was in constant need of repair inside. As recently as three years ago we had to keep a large segment of the flooring in the living room fenced off because there was danger of people breaking an ankle by going through the termite-ridden flooring.

P: One of the former girls that worked in the library, Linda Sasser, and her husband lived out there for a while.

R: Right from the very beginning Stan had taken a very constant and helpful hand in all that. He had ways and means that I did not have. He could always come up in consultation with me and manage to ride over with someone who was willing to live out there. That ran into trouble, because two of the students we had living out there used their privileges and did nothing about doing a few things with their hands.

P: They just had a good time?

R: Like keeping the garden weeded. It got to be a scandal. Of course, Norton and a far distant brother were not supposed to sacrifice their joint interest income for the maintenance of the things when they--I thought quite sensibly and correctly--felt that the University ought, through its maintenance people on the University, to help. Well, we got that done finally; we got that to jump ahead a little bit, but it was always too little and too late. So for a long stretch there was a lot of frustration and deliberation about keeping the place straight.

Now, the first jolt that both Phil May and I got was at the very first conference of the people supposedly interested in the disposition of the Rawlings estate as it related to that double-featured will to the University for Marjorie and the two prime legatees. Phil and the two legatees and I assumed that the Experimental Station people would be interested in taking over the land immediately. But there was nothing more emphatic or instant than the display of disinterest, not only disinterest but determination not to be caught with something they apparently felt by this time that Dean [H. Harold] Hume [former provost for agriculture] had nothing to do with it, the administration of the agricultural three-ply outfit.

P: But Dr. Reitz did.

R: No, he was not in on this. This happened before he became president. He came very soon afterwards.

P: I thought he was provost at this time.

R: He was very soon afterwards, but he sent the head of the Experiment Station to this meeting. I would have been caught completely unaware if Dick Johnson, who was of course having ears in every corner of Tigert Hall, was himself annoyed at what he began to catch might happen. He tipped me off. He called me one night not long before that meeting and told me there could be trouble about the utilization of the estate. That was a very useful bit of tip, because I wrote a note to Phil May, who was, of course, a god with interest because of his liking for and his fondness for Marjorie and, besides, for his concern about the administration of her will.

P: And his fondness for the University of Florida. He was an active alumnus.

R: Well, that too. So he shared with me, and it was sort of a shock.

P: What was the Experiment Station? What was their position?

R: I am not sure about this detail, but I think they had already some rather grand ideas about a wider and more varied terrain, which resulted not so many years afterwards, certainly. That huge tract runs pretty close into Alachua and runs off to the west--the old Millhopper Road as it runs westward skirts it--and there is not a handsome paved road that leads into the south entrance of that huge acreage out there.

At any rate, the lack of concern was made clear. The Experiment Station did not want any part of it. They did not want to grow grains, they did not want to take care of it, they did not want to do citrus or other experiments with it.

P: They had not been notified or consulted at the time the will was being handled.

R: I presume not, but that I cannot answer. I am pretty sure not, although I believe that had Dean Hinson been consulted, he would have been interested in having that sort of request made to them.

P: Well, the grove has just gone to rack and ruin, hasn't it?

R: The last two heavy freezes . . .

P: Killed it really.

R: Well, not quite. Marjorie's near neighbor, right across the road down towards the lake a little bit, down towards Cross Creek [were the Williams]. Mr. Williams died about a year and a half ago, maybe two years, but Mrs. Williams tried to continue running the grove interest and the

Cross Creek fruit shipping business. About this time last year she had concluded [her efforts], and I knew about it before she made the move because [inaudible] had talked with an old friend of mine who had been ordering fruit from the business for a good while. When he came along we would try to go out by Cross Creek to take a look at the house, and I have some old photographs that he made, including color snaps of the house when it was in pretty good condition. He liked Mrs. Williams, and we visited her at least three times that I recall. I went by there about this time last year, and Mrs. Williams told me that she was finding it too much and she was going to try to dispose of the gift box fruit.

P But the University still owns the grove area, doesn't it?

R: Oh, yes, that could not be tampered with. The question of the agricultural people's lack of interest . . .

P: Isn't that the area that they are hoping . . .

R: In the caring of both the grove and the house, primarily, that was the troublesome thing.

P: What was Mrs. Rawlings's idea about the utilization of the house?

R: That it could be a residence for a writer in residence or used for instruction for people who lived there briefly.

P: But this was not done, was it?

R: Well, in a sense. We put people like Gene Barrow and another one of the graduate students [in there]. Barrow was not a student of Andrew Lytle's, but he and Andrew were on pretty good terms. And then there was a student in creative writing who had done his thesis with Andrew about 1952 or 1953 and who had a small job in the library. Gene's presence there meant a great deal to the development of a creative writing class.

P: And, of course, he was a good friend of Mrs. Rawlings's, too.

R: Incidentally, when I got around to assigning him to some English work, he did it marvelously well. At least twice--I do not think it was more than twice--I got Gene to give the course in creative writing. He devoted it to writing verse, and he made that a very stern, stiff, honest, hard-working course. It did not draw, of course, nearly as many students, either undergraduate or graduate, as Andrew's courses did. They got too heavy. We had the entry to the catalog so that it could be used for that purpose. Gene gave it with a lot of relish, and he really held his students' feet to the fire. They did a great deal of book work, and they came away from his course knowing a good deal about the good solid historical aspects of English verse.

P: So anyway, he did lay off that for awhile.

R: He made them practice the historic forms, the sort of thing that [Charles E.] Gene Mounts used to do very well with some of the early forms that stemmed from the Middle Ages, the old faction verse forms which are very formal and very rigid and very hard to make a good poet with.

P: Mrs. Rawlings did not leave any money as such for the maintenance.

R: That was where she and whoever talked about and advised her concerning the will [differed]. That was chiefly her. No doubt other people, friends, talked with both the lawyer and Marjorie when the will was being drafted, but they did not really feel any great need for that sort of thing. It was a natural assumption on their part.

P: That the University would take it up, and they would not need to make an endowment.

R: That is right. Besides, the actual utilization of the request was way off in the distance. Nobody in the early 1940s thinking about a will is planning to die ten years later.

P: This was one of the questions I was going to raise with you. Did she have any sense of death?

R: Well, not at that time.

P: But even later? Do you recall anything after she began to get sick and her health began to fail?

R: Well, of course, anyone who came as near to death as she did with that first colossal heart attack, when she lay unable to move through a long and frightening night, [would be confronted with the notion of death]. Martha Mickens found her when she came up to the house to open up and, I suppose, to stir up some coffee and whatever Marjorie wanted for breakfast. They quickly got her to the hospital over in St. Augustine by an ambulance. Even after that, Marjorie recovered and had mobility. There was no morbid fear that Eileen and I were aware of.

Now, to the will business. That first general consultation in the president's small council room over in Tigert [Hall] left us flabbergasted and without any prospective means of really taking care of the estate out there as a dwelling and its gardens. Its grove was still beautiful, and the yard in front and all around to the rear, except for Marjorie's kitchen garden and cutting garden for flowers, was just packed with a wide variety of orange trees and grapefruit. Most of the oranges, as I recall, in the yard and right next to the house were all seedling oranges. Very lovely. There were spaces in the front between the house and the fence along the roadway to have a modest amount of flowers there, lining the walk up to the steps, along the inside of the fence. There was also that plain vine along the fence that Marjorie was crazy about, as with the variety of old-fashioned local things like trumpet vine. I remember she even had one anson stalk or clump of what I used to see growing in the Negro gardens over here in the main Negro section. We were told by our Negro friends that it is called angel trumpet. Do you know what I am talking about?

P: The white, yes.

R: Marvelous vine. They were off to the east somewhat, tumbled down near what had been a kind of barn. I believe Marjorie used it for a kind of tool shed and garage, opening right onto a patio.

P: Yes, I know what you mean.

R: And far off, about a hundred yards, I would say, through the grove and almost out of sight was the little house that she built, the little cottage she built considerably high off the ground. It was done on high brick pillars so it was not in danger of termites. It was a little cottage, a very neat one, for Martha Mickens and her husband.

We had to keep some sort of guard over the house otherwise it would have been open to vandalism and perhaps being burned up by having some tramp take up quarters in the place. The Mickens' cottage was so close, but that would not have been any protection for the house itself. For a long while Gene Barrow lived out there and tracked back and forth. Stan came to the rescue and arranged this. Gene had a good automobile, and by that time the highway was paved so he could ride back and forth with ease.

Well, Sam, something developed in the way of trouble for me and Stan mutually. Acting president John Allen had been informed of some illegitimate affairs going on out there. To make that rather torturous story short, by 1956, I guess it was, we had a little crisp, pointed conference between me, the then-businessman Genus Jones, and John. I do not think Stan was there. Technically it was not his business. We agreed. Let's make this short. I had talked about this already in the other stories anyway. Let's color this horse quickly. [I said,] "I think they ought to go." Now, when I said "they," it meant actually only Gene's friend, Andrew's student, for Gene had taken off and spent a little time in Paris, a little time in Italy, and a great deal of time in London.

But the student occupant that was there who was also an employee of Stan's did get out of the University entirely. And then I was out there to make sure that he left. A day or two later than he had promised, he got himself and his belongings out, and he was really angry. But he had to be moved for obvious, sensible reasons.

Now, meanwhile the lawyers had been having it around and around and around over in the courts of St. Johns County. I suppose that was because Norton was a resident of St. Johns County, and Marjorie, I suppose, technically was by the time of her death, having lived so long there. By the time of her death she had been at the Crescent Beach house for awhile. We did keep some inadequate arrangements going again and again.

P: We tried married couples after that.

R: That is right, and that did not work because the girls were lacking the kitchen arrangements. The main thing that got them was the frightful cold.

P: The heat. They just could not warm the house.

R: That is right.

P: This is Wednesday, March 26, and we are continuing with the Robertson interview. Now, today I think we wanted to talk about the setting up of the general education program, the General College as it was known originally in the 1930s. For general identification purposes, this is what became what is now known as University College.

R: It became that shortly after the war.

P: Sometime about 1947 or 1948, I believe, somewhere around that general time. It was somewhat of a reorganization on campus.

R: No, it really reflected more the kernel of ambition of Winston [W. Little, dean, University College] and a few other people around him, I suppose. He was quite candid in talking with me during the war years when the office for the General College and all the files were on the first floor of Anderson Hall, which was still then, I think, language oriented. I do not know for sure.

P: That changed in the latter 1940s too. Let's go back to the beginning and perhaps develop the idea of what the philosophy and thinking was at the time, out of which emerged this general education concept.

R: I should have thought this business through and made some notes. I will have to give a very sketchy and haphazard and rambling account of what I recall from my own impressions. You will recall what we were saying about the appointment of Dr. Farr. All this was happening at the same time that tragedy was beginning and developing. I was away during one of these two or three key years. I recall before I took my year's leave of absence that I felt distressed that some of the key people in the College of Arts and Sciences. The ones that I was most aware of were Dr. Farr and Dr. Lucas. They were very vocal in private with people that they trusted in expressing their distaste and suspicion of Dr. Tigert's approaches to the idea of some sort of general education plan, which they felt would thoroughly disrupt what they were doing as chairmen of their respective departments.

P: As you say it, what did Dr. Tigert have in mind and why?

R: This grew partly out of the general movement in education. Progressive education was in the background of this. It was based on the Dewey philosophy, though I long ago concluded and I am told by everything that I read for many years that the people who ran the progressive education school of thought in the public system all over the land had and still retain a mistaken idea of Dewey. Now, what little I can remedy by what I have read about it does not authorize me to express an opinion. I simply know that whether they were really on the right track, Dewey was a symbol as well as a bible for what was happening pretty early

in the century in the public schools, from kindergarten all the way up. This, then, had already reached tidal wave proportions in the public school system and began to have an impact on the college and universities.

P: Both public and private.

R: Then came the crash in 1929, and that precipitated far more than ever American interest in equipping little Johnny with not only how to read but what in the world to make a living with. There was a sharp growth and emphasis on vocation and profession at the college level of education. That was inevitable.

P: Yes, I was in graduate school.

R: Well, what year was it when you struck the University?

P: 1937. Now, out of this, the Dewey impact on the schools was reflected in the home economics courses and shops courses and 4-H programs in the public schools and this kind of thing. Now, you are saying that the crash and the Depression are what brought this to a focal point as far as universities and colleges were concerned.

R: I recall agricultural and mechanical centers at this time at which you would find that there was a system of county agents. There were many meetings for special groups. They were taking the agricultural instruction and home aid to rural people long before I struck this campus. So that was not primarily, originally, so much the Dewey influence as it was simply the basic idea that underlies the land grant colleges.

P: This is all part of the nineteenth century.

R: Just after the Civil War.

P: Well, the beginning, in 1862, was the Morrill [Land Grant College] Act.

R: The Morrill Act was then followed by an extension of the purpose and provision of the Morrill Act, wasn't it? My checks from the University used to bear out the notation Morrill Fund.

P: We still have a little income from that. But specifically in terms of the University of Florida, in terms of where you see it, where did this come from? It came out of this milieu, certainly.

R: Out of this general atmosphere of the need for promoting ad hoc professional and vocational training.

P: Do you think that this was a feeling that developed within the University community, or do you think this was perhaps motivated by the legislature or public opinion through the Board of Control to the University?

R: It was already in the air here and had been for a long while, centering in the College of Education, which was responsible for conducting the summer sessions which centered on the badly needed training of teachers.

P: Well, Dean Norman was, of course, a product of Columbia's Teaching College and in many ways a disciple of Dewey. Do you feel that this might have been the key?

R: That was the little that I was aware of. Rommel was another one.

P: Yes, Joe Rommel.

R: He was another one in that group, a very popular man throughout the state. Joe was quite outspoken, but he was also a very tactful and gentle-voiced person. He was almost worshiped by the people out in the public school system throughout the state. I know, because I went to make speeches with him. Dr. Leigh, Dr. [Thomas M.] Simpson, and I were regularly, I guess I could say, the core membership of the college appraisal committee that was formed to go down to the new University of Miami. We also wound up going to other schools for the purpose of making reports to the accreditation or lack of it. That included such places as Panama City and Columbia, South Carolina. We went out there, but we also made a number of trips up to Tallahassee and visited with the young people--not so much about accreditation, as to give them advice about their department's construction. I covered the library.

P: Now, could we say if we are looking for a seed that the seed was developed or planted by the people of the College of Education?

R: No. I think that they were or had been in a somewhat disorganized or unorganized fashion in cultivating the idea of a form of a college of education that would make it possible for not select students but the general run of students, no matter how poorly equipped, to get college degrees and to use their college education and preparation for a vocational calling, especially teaching.

But if you look for a single moving force, my own recollection is that the propulsion really came from Dr. Tigert. This thing really began to steam when he became president. He had really plenty to do in getting himself settled for a year or two, but he did not lose much time in bringing into being with this University faculty ideas that he must have had before he arrived. I now wish that I had pried into his recollections and his mind after he settled back down here and was so thoroughly at ease about talking about anything and everything. My guess is--and it is certainly a plausible one--that [he formed these ideas] since he himself was involved in public school education and running an inconspicuous little Kentucky school. [My thinking is that he] combined teaching education with philosophy and physical education with coaching. This is what he did up there. But whatever ideas he may have carried along with him, they certainly were polished and sharpened and made into a consistent philosophy of college and university education, which aided him in his relatively long stay in the office of U.S. Commissioner of Education. He came to this post after

something like seven or eight years there.

P: Were you involved in any of the early planning?

R: Yes, as soon as there was an organized planning group. I had come back from that stay, something like three and a half or four months in Cambridge, at the last of my term of leave. I ran into the troubles that Dr. Farr's difficulty created. I told you that Dr. Tigert put me in charge of the department.

P: Are we jumping ahead?

R: It was just about that time that a systematic organization was formed. But some of the key moves had been made.

P: That is why I wanted to ask you if we are jumping ahead too far here.

R: No. I have said about all I have any justification for, that I am confident about. Another key person had already emerged, and that was Harley Chandler, who several years before had become, before you realized it, the single most powerful man on this campus. On the recommendation of Dr. Simpson he was made registrar after serving two or three years, I think (I do not remember), as an instructor. I think he was an instructor in mathematics. Anyway, Dr. Tigert made him registrar, and he came very quickly to depend on him for an enormous amount of executive advise. Harley was not a publicly controlling figure, but behind the scenes when I came back in 1934 from that leave of absence, it was pretty obvious that he was going to be a fine controlling figure--the closest of all the faculty to Dr. Tigert.

As you recall, I said it was obviously something that would be distressful to people with notions of trying to maintain our idea of liberal arts. People like that were in for some hard knocks if they did not loosen up and try to make some approaches. They needed to find out precisely what it was that people like Dr. Tigert had in mind, rather than just give an obstinate, "We don't want to have anything to do with it."

The result was, of course--and here again part of my own memory of this is still part of the quiet baffle--[that I removed myself as much as possible from the process]. I was perfectly aware that things were going on, but I had too much to do to keep going myself. I had plenty to do at home. I had a heavy teaching schedule. I was trying to make a go out of the department. I never did have the inclination and I never did have the time to mosey around the campus and pick up little bits of gossip about who was doing what and why and how, but it was pretty clear to me, even when I was off the campus, that the organization was gradually gelling. I do not recall how early in the academic year 1934-1935 we got going, but when the announcements were made and the presidential memorandum sent out, we had the Little, Black, Matherly committee with Dean Matherly as the chairman.

P: You are referring to Winston W. Little, Percy Black, and Walter Matherly.

R: The committee was to decide who was to be charged with doing what, and I was the chairman of sort of a miscellaneous committee to plan the freshman English.

P: With which you had had a lot of experience.

R: I was still running the old rhetoric and composition three-hour courses.

P: Was it your committee that came up with the reading, speaking, writing (including the writing laboratory) concept?

R: Not in the form in which it actually got going in the first year. We had already in the earlier freshman English begun in a modest way having a few [such courses], especially for those instructors like Mr. [Lester C.] Farris who wanted to and already had some little speaking going on. I think everybody teaching in the last year or two when I was responsible for that freshman English program [moved on to other things]. Jake Wise had already gone over to the principalship, to use a professor of education under advice, urging, and help from the people in the College of Education. Primarily Dr. Norman had seen to it that he went to Peabody to get his Ph.D. in education and came back to a professorship in the College of Education and was principal then of the P. K. Yonge [Laboratory] School.

P: I did not know that.

R: Actually, there was a very wasteful number of meetings and lots of frustration due to the failure to get people's minds together in pretty much every area. We were still going on into the first year of operation. I think we had been over very definite, final determination of just how much credit should be allowed for this, that, and the other, or whether some options would have made the program in the freshman and sophomore year somewhat more flexible. What nearly all of the people on my committee on freshman English, and that included Dean Anderson, who was then still the dean of Arts and Sciences (I do not think the Graduate School was at yet a separate college) . . . While he was still responsible for graduate work, he was a member of the committee. There was a lot of wasted motion and repetitious argument because my committee, as it was originally constituted, still thought that freshman English was to concentrate on teaching students how to write--and to write literary--and to pay some attention to speaking and preparation in freshman English. So actually, the basic, original form of C-3 drew only on the tiny bit of experience the staff already had in teaching.

I think that probably still repeats. You cannot teach much more than a few little basic things, and you give students a chance to get a little self-esteem about standing on their feet and talking. So that was the basic difficulty. Another aspect of it was that for some years we had been having some of the composition written in one of the three weekly class hours. And Jake's main departure, as you know, from the beginning was to institute a laboratory, which was frustrating and has been kind of a little quiet scandal throughout the years, ever since 1935. It was not gotten rid of until Jake left.

P: This was his baby.

R: And the new chairman got rid of the thing. He was under orders to do so. You may recall that about seven or eight years ago the *Alligator's* editorial staff launched a regular crusade against the General College, and one of their main targets was C-3. Right from the outset most of us who had to bear the burden of teaching were unhappy about the scrabbling up of a grade based on so many bad risks and unworthy things and wastes of time. There were five hours a week devoted to that course, one hour a week to a general lecture. The real teaching had to be done in two of the five hours. Most of us that taught the discussion sections had little contact with the students outside our own discussion sections. I had literally none, as long as I taught sections, and there were two or three years when I taught sections of C-3. I had none of my own discussion section students in my writing lab. So I carried a writing lab and a discussion section regularly for a little while. That was what, spoken or unspoken, was the unease and the distaste for C-3, and those were the weaknesses of it in the beginning. If they had not really poked with that medley system of getting a grade, there still would be that as a fault in the business. I am giving you history in the sense that my recollection is very clear. There were very few who thought it was good to be doing that, and there was a good bit of derision suppressed tactfully. But some of the general lectures just wasted time, and that is not right for a course that professes to teach how to write and speak the English language.

P: How did it happen that Dr. Tigert was willing to accept as chairman of this course a man like Wise who did not emerge out of the English department?

R: He had been in the English department. He had come here to take his master's degree, and he was part of that young group of men that I told you Dr. Farr surrounded himself with as his own homemade products. I always felt that Dr. Farr thought that was an easy way to run the department. They would not oppose him on anything. He could be a little bit ruthless.

You have trapped me into another one of these parentheses. I told you about being commissioned to do the hiring of three new instructors. Well, one of them was Herman Spivey, and that very first fall when Herman was teaching one of the other young men in the department came to me to report that Herman was deeply upset, so much so that he was blaring out his intentions to get out of here as quick as possible. It was not more than two minutes later when I dropped in on him, and he was deeply hurt. Of course, Dr. Farr had been outrageous with him, impolite to him, because while Dr. Farr was talking to his students in his classroom next to his office in 208, he had seen Herman standing outside the door waiting to go in to teach a class. That classroom was his in the next hour. Dr. Farr had pounced on him and talked to him right there about hanging around, pushing him out of his classroom.

Well, it was needless and was just an outburst of irritability. A person does not lean on someone that way. Even though inside himself he does not respect him, he holds his tongue and treats him with politeness. But he [Farr] had that group of very young men [in his control]. Jake was hired to teach full time in freshman English, and he was also taking a law degree, which he

never made any use of professionally. But he was trying to arm himself with something he could make a better living with than teaching. I do not know, but I suppose. You could probably illicit this information from him.

I really think it was about this time that Dr. Norman and others in the College of Education began to take a lively interest in him. This is the impression I had at the time. Of course, I was in and out of the University quite a bit. That, I think, must have happened when Eileen and I were up north. Things were still in that first stage before Dr. Murphree died. So Jake had quite a varied sort of training. He had come out of one of the famous college prep schools in the South where he was drenched in Latin, and that may have been what brought about his unconscious rebellion against the discipline he had had. At any rate, something seemed to bring it all out.

Another aspect of that first year that stressed me a great deal was the readiness with which a foreign language and history [requirement] equally were in danger. History was strong academically, anyhow, and could weather the system that was involved in the two years of the General College. But only a gesture was made in the direction of any historical content in the layout of the General College courses. We had C. Vann Woodward's presence in the picture in the C-5 staff, and we had an initial lecture on each of the major periods. When your man was as good as Vann in giving a fifty-minute lecture on the eighteenth century, then you certainly had something that students should absorb and carry on as substantial for their education. But it was so thin that much of it amounted to just sort of a watery direness. We tried to do too much.

P: What about Matherly's connection with all this in the College of Business Administration?

R: Dean Matherly and a number of the other directors and deans of schools whose primary mission was professional and/or vocational were concerned to have a looser set of requirements for the students of the college. Now, the political aspect of this--the campus politics--was that all this went with much more precipitance and ease than would have been possible had not the natural and biological science groups in our own College of Arts and Sciences made a very successful deal. I think they still have the options in the University curriculum that were put into existence in 1935. From the outset, from both the freshman and sophomore years, any student heading for biology, entomology, chemistry, physics--either for purely academic reasons or with a vocational purpose in mind--had a wider option to be paid in credit hours for it. But no student had to take C-2, the Introduction to the Physical Sciences. No one had to take C-6, the Introduction to the Biological Sciences. He could substitute the initial arts and sciences departmental courses. He would pay for about an hour and a half for one hour in the General College courses. But they could be running straight up the ladder of departmental courses.

P: Do you think this is something that Dr. Black got in return for his cooperation?

R: Black was on the committee because the deal had been made. I said sometime ago that I had the queasy feeling that things were being done and said and arrangements being made all

around, not in smoke-filled rooms but the equivalent of that kind of thing. This became pretty obvious. I have gotten very hazy about the time element here, but it must have been somewhere along in the second semester of 1934 or 1935 that we began to have the college faculty meetings to determine how each individual college or school would fit into the already basically planned program. What courses there were, you see, had been determined; they were C-1, C-2, C-3, and C-4 in the freshman year and C-5 and C-6 in the sophomore year.

P: As I recall, there were also a very sizable number of courses that were available to first- and second-year students.

R: Not then. That was one of the things in where we eventually had a little bit of help from, I think, Harley Chandler. I think many never cottoned to the idea of having all this hassle with sideline courses; Jake was successful in getting two set up as appendages to C-3. That was the freshman course in . . . What was it called? Well, it was intended to be a creative writing course. There was a separate one that still runs, and that was the Introduction to Contemporary Literature.

P: The catalog lists all kinds of introductory language courses and an introductory economics course and a number of things like that.

R: That still did not remove the rigidity from the program. There was much talk, and most of us were enthusiastic about the idea, of allowing a student . . . Well, I take back "most" of us. Some of us, myself included, were much in favor of the freedom the University would gain if students took advantage, as many of them did, of the privilege that was considered into the scheme--that a student would come here as a freshman and go at his own pace. If he dared to omit attendance in the C courses but could stand examinations, [that was fine].

P: Of course, taking six-hour examinations in June after nine months of work was a pretty forbidding thing to do.

R: I cannot recall knowing of more than one or two cases of independent students. And they did not need the whole sequence, either. They had planned, at least originally, to apply for an examination in each of the C course areas.

P: Why was not that encouraged more?

R: There was a kind of proprietary interest in one of the deans or chairmen of the courses and some of the staff in having the courses respected. They did not like even a very bright student coming here and thumbing his nose at the formidable array of general lectures, discussion sections, writing labs, and what have you. Something of that sort would always raise eyebrows about the solidity of content in courses.

P: I got the impression from some of our earlier conversation that there was guarded but known opposition to this whole program, and perhaps this made Dr. Tigert even more rigid and

more stubborn and insistent.

R: Certainly he had set up all the machinery to make the thing go, so far as I can determine, and I have been running through Dr. Tigert's papers and through the files and archives of Dr. Simpson and Dr. Norman. This is my impression. I used to trek down the hall to Dr. Tigert's office for quite a number of things in those two years especially. I do not think he interfered in the details of the General College except in one very theatrical way. The institution of the college had attracted a little bit of attention, as had the similar thing at Minnesota and the more famous one at the University of Chicago. So we were written up promptly, and much of that publicity naturally centered on the dean and the assistant dean of this new type of general education college.

P: Who was the assistant dean?

R: Mr. [Winston] Little.

P: Then the first dean was?

R: Walter Matherly. I do not trust my memory about how long, but certainly roughly it seems many years. For unknown reasons Dr. Tigert dismissed Walter as dean. You can imagine that he had too much to do as dean of the College of Business Administration. They ought to have separate deans. Something of that sort. At any rate, Walter ceased to be dean, and I know he did not want to be.

P: Oh, he did not want to be.

R: He had said, "Sorry about that."

P: He wanted to share . . .

R: He relished the limelight that the responsibility of planning and running the college permitted.

P: Maybe if he had had his choice he would have chosen the University College over business administration.

R: No, I do not think so, Sam. I really do not. That would be an awfully grim choice for a man like that. Walter had plenty and powerful academic training in economics, and there was more interest in the College of Business Administration.

P: He came out of the Baptist ministry, didn't he?

R: Yes, but he had taken his Ph.D. in economics at Chapel Hill when they had a very notable department there, or so I have been told. And they still have. But he studied there under a well-known economics man.

P: What was Dean Little's background that brought him into this program?

R: He had been well known as a principal in a secondary high school for a long time in St. Petersburg. I started to say he was for awhile the county superintendent of public instruction in Pinellas [County], but I think I am wrong about that. He had begun here, as I recall, as one of Dr. Norman's summer session staff. I got to know him only after he was identified as the College of Education member of the central committee of three. Naturally, in planning the general layout, Harley and Dick Johnson would surely have been listened to about what would be practical, but that committee functioned sort of as a voice for those schools and colleges and departments, as I say, those science departments in Arts and Sciences.

In effect, the natural science people, I thought at the time, were selling out the humanities and to some extent the social sciences, since one of the main aspects of the whole wave of public school sentiment and practice and theory had been avalanching on the country toward the destruction of Latin and Greek and all foreign language. That was partly a very practical business of not being able to get good teachers in many states. But it became a flag-waving aspect of the business here on the University campus.

I was the one person who was blunt-headed enough, thinking that it was shameful that a university should admit students at the freshman level [and not offer any courses that would enable the students to continue in a foreign language]. They were encouraged to enroll, but, in fact, they were prohibited from continuing if they had had some foreign language, whether it was Latin or French or Spanish. By that time in this state Spanish was the most popular of the modern foreign languages. But a good many would have had a little German, a great many had had Latin, and certainly a sizable number had come through schools where they had had two very good years of Spanish. As you jolly well remember, they could not continue Spanish in their freshman year.

P: Isn't this still pretty much true?

R: That is what I said about the science departments, the chemistry department, the physics department, and the biology people. [James] Speed Rogers was the chairman at that time. Francis Myers was one of the more successful [teachers] at that time and became the first and longtime chairman of C-6, the biological science course. Now, they had engineered this option and were satisfied in an atmosphere in which 19 percent, if not 99 percent, of entering freshman would be deeply concerned about going straight toward some vocation in order to make a living.

P: How do you explain, from what you saw of it, the opposition of the people in the College of Engineering, such as Dean [Joseph] Weil, to this program?

R: Weil was simply a professor in the college at that time. The man who was dean . . .

P: [Blake R.] Van Leer, wasn't it?

R: To what extent he was supported by his faculty I do not know, but my impression was still that they were pretty well unified in opposition to the University College because they really were the sternest in their requirements. They needed good solid mathematics. They wanted their students--if they were going to spend some time on English--taught how to write literate, with good sentence and spelling structure, and that was all. They had no use for the foundations laid for the engineering professional study in the C-2 course.

P: Well, of course, there were options.

R: They thought C-1 was a waste of time too.

P: They saw the options as far as C-2 was concerned. Of course, their students could have gone right into chemistry. But they thought the other was a waste of time.

R: Simply not sufficient. So Van Leer--and incidentally he was a very delightful person--quickly saw the clog, and he had an easy solution. I do not remember how long it was, but as I seem to remember he stayed here as the dean of engineering only a short time--into the second year of the general college operation. So it was already rigid and fixed, and there was nothing much to be done. Blake was invited to take the presidency of that college in North Carolina, and from there pretty soon afterwards he went to Georgia Tech.

Meanwhile, while he was here, I never talked about these things with him because we did not talk about professional or campus matters. They were our next-house neighbors. They occupied the Morlan house at the north end of the street. Their children very often played up and down this street, a very pretty girl who was a live wire and a boy who was awfully nice, about two years older than the girl. My wife and Mrs. Van Leer were very fond of each other. We kept up a sort of intermittent Christmas card exchange with them for a long time. But we never talked to the family about the details of the engineering opposition. Sam, I was just too doggone busy to get around and talk about things. I think the person who could most reliably tell you about motives and what was not published at this time about this development, even though he was a very young member of the outfit at this time, is Ed Maze.

P: How long did you remain a part of the University College program?

R: In a way, until 1947 or 1948. Here is what happened--I ought to sketch this very briefly. (Let me see if time moves much faster. I will need to shut off in about ten minutes.) After serving as chairman of the committee that planned or was charged with planning, most of the detail that I objected to was actually planned by Jake after he was technically and formally appointed as chairman of the new course, C-3, and he drew around him a few people that could not very well say no to what he was planning. But two of the men were young instructors from English--[William Edgar] Ed Moore was one of them. They did get some alterations made in the scheme of things. The same thing happened to C-5. Jake was very deeply concerned to have the best teachers he could get. That is all to his credit. And that is a funny thing to say, because my next remark has to be that he was just determined to have me take as heavy

a hand in the teaching. I think Jake then had and may still have a high opinion of me as a classroom man. So he was just delighted when I overloaded myself by taking both a discussion section and a lab session. I recall that he said, "To be obvious, I want you to take as much as you can." And it was I who agreed. It was I who said, "I can take one discussion section," because I wanted to see how this thing worked. That was a partly selfish motive. And I think Jack, as long as I taught in C-3, had a high opinion of the kind of job I was doing, because everybody was loyal at trying to make the best they could out of the whole scheme.

As a matter of fact, that reminds me of one of the funniest tales that comes back to my mind. I had not thought of it in a long while, but this starts it. Along the second year, after the publication of an article in so many of the education journals about the plan here and comparing it with Chicago and Minnesota, I had some library detail to talk about with Walter Matherly, so I walked down the hall--he was at the opposite end of the second floor of Language Hall. I was 215 east end, and he was the outer office or the office at the other end. I walked in there one day, and he looked up and saw me and invited me in. He said seriously, obviously thinking that he was paying me a great compliment: "Archie, I have been wanting to say to you something for a long long time. Of course, I know there were some things in the plans for the college that you did not like and do not like. As chairman of English, you could have wrecked that first year of C-3 and maybe other stuff, and you did not do it. I think that was fine." [laughter]

But there was another tax on the English staff and on the two or three people from speech--there were only two, I think--and any one of two from journalism. They had a discussion type of group. All of us, both the speech people and the English people, had to chip in and do a great bulk of the general lecture in those hours, though Jake enlisted a lot of notable people around campus. One that irreverent instructors like Brad [inaudible] had no idea about was at the very end of the semester. Two or three of those English lectures, those C-3 lecturers, were given by Walter Matherly, and the main topic was about how you would take care of your fingernails and that you should take a bath frequently and all that sort of thing. They may have gotten rid of that by the time you got there.

P: I do not remember that.

R: Walter gave two of those lectures, and they were under the title of C-3. And there were a number of other items of that kind. While we were doing the first year of the freshman courses, some of us were planning the C-5 and C-6 . . . I was not chairman of that course, and for good reasons. I was asked to take charge of all the literary content, and I got Jimmy to include in the teaching group Fred [inaudible] and Ed Moore, but that was the most baffling, that first year. To put it in a nutshell, we just watched all around the place because in all our committee meetings Winston was almost a constant visitor. We listened as he tried hard to explain to us what he wanted the course to do. But that was all very vague, and if we had been able to do it we would have needed the whole sophomore year. Well, of course, it seemed to me to be the most baffling.

Well, I guess I can phrase what he had in mind. He knew that there were a lot of boys, that the vast bulk of our incoming students would arrive on this campus from around the state of Florida. Given the economic conditions of the time, it was thought that these students probably would not remain at the University for the full four years for their college degrees because they would have to return home to help support their families. So the idea was to give them in the relatively short time they were here something about painting and architecture and especially about literature. He wanted us to do basically two things: make them aware that they could get a lot of pleasure out of reading and to teach them how to read.

P: Those are two justifiable goals.

R: They are highly justifiable goals. The real question is how do you do it. We did not have Vann Woodward that first year--he joined the staff in the second or third year--but we made a brave effort, and as I remember it must have been incredibly avoided. It was to our stupidity. But by that time I knew personalities, and I thought I knew people's responses better than I had earlier. I was involved in every aspect of this. So I had always tried to get Winston to let us do something of the kind in the C-5. The literature and history thinned out, but in chronological succession it was the sort of thing generally we had been doing in that freshman A/B course in world literature. But that was too sturdy. He thought you cannot teach a play by Sophocles.

P: Even though you had been doing that.

R: That was something as distant to him as the great [Anton] Chekhov. He just could not believe that a course could be taught successfully to Florida sophomores with such erudite approaches. And I would say, "Winston, it is not erudite, damn it. This is stuff that goes on stage." No, it was not for him. He could not conceive that it could be born alive, that students would do some curious reading and some curious fumbling around that first year. But I came back after Christmas armed with a plan, and I had actually made out a chart, a sort of preliminary sketch of what I wanted to talk about to the staff. I took the precaution of notifying Ed Moore, and I said something out on campus to Jim that I had a scheme that I wanted them to look at to see if we could not sell it to the dean. By that time he was really running the detail work of the college and was obviously the person we would have to get to support our idea. So I had mapped out something that, to put it very briefly, was the central core plan that they run on now. I had provided for Little's concern about the contemporary because he could not imagine students being interested in anything as far back as 1800, much less 1700 or 1400 or 500 B.C. That was just incomprehensible to him. So I mapped out this basic scheme and fitted it roughly into the time we had to operate in--four hours, two general lectures and two discussion classes.

P: Did he buy it?

R: Yes. I did not even take it to him. He did not know anything at the time but that it originated out of the staff as a whole. But it provided for a more-substantial core of historical introduction than we had been able to do or were doing in that first year. I do not remember if it was Ed

Moore and Jimmy who took it together to him or whether as a precaution we committed it to Ed Alonma, as someone who did not have any tie-ups with the College of Arts and Sciences and no particular selfish interests of his own.

P: As time moved along and in the changes that took place in all of the C courses, but specifically in C-3, did it begin to get more and more and more like the old freshman English course?

R: No.

P: It did not?

R: No. It went a little bit in that direction.

P: I just wondered about the emphasis upon literature and that sort of thing, whether it became less fuzzy and more of a depth course.

R: Well, that was the best part of it. In the second semester the general lectures ceased to be about tooth brushing and other topics only distantly related to the topic of composition and literature. But, Sam, that caused difficulties, because it blurred for students where to go for that. It was another one of the innumerable instances of trying to do too much. The second semester, instead of sticking to our knitting, with something like Harvard English A, we were going to do what we had been doing and were going to continue to do in the freshman-sophomore years of literature in the Department of English, or in the foreign language subjects. It sort of got sucked into something that should have been left with the expert, but we had people who were not eminently qualified to teach even a modern novel who were nonetheless teaching the modern novel. For the general lectures Jake did enlist people who were regularly lecturing all the way up and down the line in almost every year of the English department, but he never called in anyone from foreign languages that I can recall. So those weekly lectures of the "Introduction to" types must have been at least more fruitful than the lectures in the first term. But we still were diffusing time and energy, both the staff and students.

P: What about the business of borrowing staff to begin with? The University College did not have its own payroll or its own budget.

R: It was not until about 1939 that the General College had something of a staff budget of its own and could begin to pull in people. Whether Vann Woodward came on that budget or not I do not know, but I do know that we brought in . . .

P: Paul Hanna, for instance.

R: Paul Hanna was brought in, and another permanent one, Fred Conner, came in that way. Conner was the first.

P: I guess both Manning [Dauer] and Bill Carlton were both on the new budget, even though they

had had a background here.

R: Bill may have been, but Manning was not. He was altogether part of the [Department of] History from the beginning.

P: But some strong personalities were brought in under this new budget. What was wrong with the old way of handling this?

R: The people brought in on the new University College, on the General College budget, would average out about as well as they would have in any other department around the University. Certainly Ed Conner was a strong man.

What happened in the 1950s was another matter; that is neither here nor there. But we prized Ed's services all the way up to graduate work. He was one of the best oral examiners, and I think still is--with one exception--that we have ever had in quizzing M.A. and Ph.D. students in English. At any rate, he became fixed as the principal professor in courses at both the undergraduate and graduate levels in the Age of Reason, 1660-1800. We did not have any assistants for him on that until we brought Jim Hodges here [in 1950]. He was trained in eighteenth century up at Chapel Hill.

P: As you look back on the situation now, some thirty-odd years later, how would you judge the University College program?

R: I have always said--I said it in that talk about Dr. Tigert at the Tigert Hall dedication--that Dr. Tigert, despite all that went awry, in spite of the unpredictably long period in which so little reform and taking common sense observation has been done, in spite of the fact that most people on campus are aware that some changes ought to be made and some flexibility gained and some kind of new inspiration, considering the time and conditions that confronted a state university of our type, Dr. Tigert not only saved the University but he specifically set something in motion aimed at preventing too much vocational specialization. That is the vital thing. He saved what there was to be saved in a liberal arts education. I am convinced that is what was the case. In spite of all that was wrong and everything that irritated your [inaudible] about the detailed workings of the system, we were still setting up, we still had a condition where a student could be interested in music, he could get interested in history, or he could get interested in English literature, or even Latin. Of course, in the freshman year he got nothing but frustration. He had come here from a liberal background and wanted continued study of German or Spanish or Latin. He could not do it until the sophomore year. And that hurt and still hurts.

P: Some students.

R: It hurts common sense advisement of students on the part of sensible faculty members trying to help a good student get along through the related courses and all that.

P: You do not feel that the honors program does that job?

R: It was not doing it as long as I was there. It was not doing it sufficiently. I will say that the honors program looked to me like just another strict device for maintaining the status quo of the University College. How do you feel about it yourself? In the hands of a good instructor it can be good, but we have lots of people and always have had lots of people in the General College layout that just could not do a good job. I have gotten sort of oratorical myself.

P: So you feel that all things considered, the University College was a great monument to Dr. Tigert. All things considered at the time.

R: Oh, yes, I do. I think it was his great contribution to educational affairs. I think he had a wholesome influence in his blunt candor, blazing out what was really the score about athletics. We are paying these boys to play football or baseball or what have you--let's bring it out in the open and keep it clean. Of course, we still do not keep it clean in the SEC, but it is indescribably cleaner than it was at the time that Dr. Tigert came here. Businessmen in Atlanta were having football players turn up at their offices on Saturday morning and take a handout under the table and all that sort of thing. If it was not literally true that is a fair way of indicating metaphorically the condition we had that summer in the very early 1920s. The man whose place I filled as an entering appointee the first year--I was not on my own position; I was a supply--was Beck, and Beck had been involved in something of that kind that seemed shady and was invited out or chose to get out to avoid unpleasantness.

P: We are back with Professor Robertson, and this is May 22. Who was Mr. Beck?

R: Sam, Beck was a very interesting, colorful, lively, and popular instructor in English from, I think, 1919 until the year we were speaking of, when he was forced out of here by some athletic scandal. I wondered at the time, and a great many people thought that Beck was being made the goat and that it was easier for him simply to find a position elsewhere. He went to another assistant professorship at what was then Michigan State College. He lived out his academic life there. Interestingly, he and I have had correspondence; we knew each other very slightly. I had come here on a visit and had simply met him while still going back and forth to Harvard. He was an attractive man and very youthful. He did an excellent job with a brand new course in sophomore composition. I think he initiated what became a modest program in creative writing. He was much liked by the students that he taught. And the others on top of it too must have like him. I think Dr. Murphree must have thought well of him or he would not have made him chairman of the athletic committee.

P: I do not know anything about this scandal.

R: Well, it was a very minor thing, and the nature I do not recall very exactly. If I can pin down something as I try to get my disordered notes in hand and talk with some of the older people like Rex Farrow, maybe we will get that. I think Rex might be able to pin something down about that in exact terms because he was still around right after the war and resumed his own education, taking law, teaching, and doing some coaching at Gainesville High School. About two years before I retired from the English office I had a letter from Beck reminding

me of our acquaintance way back in the early 1920s and telling me that he had recently retired from Michigan State University and was enjoying a temporary post in one of the new schools in Birmingham mainly designed to help Negro students. I have that letter somewhere surely. He was asking me to do what I could for a young Negro woman whom he had become interested in, and he thought she might be admissible here.

I took that up and carried it through. I became frustrated because I was one to take her on any terms--she had enough on the ball to profit enormously even if she did no more than take some graduate courses--but I encountered just a stone wall of opposition, mainly from where you would not have expected it--in the office of the College of Education. But I also received a pretty stern no from both Dick Johnson and Dean Brenner. And it was also abstracted by the fact that she was tied to her husband with not anywhere near her background, and she was very loyal to him. He could not be admitted. He was trying to get into the education program, and they could not take him. Even if I had succeeded in getting her technical admission to arts and sciences, she would not have stayed. She told me so.

P: We are going to talk about the development of the university library system and the people associated with the library over the years that Professor Robertson has been on campus. Maybe we ought to start at the earliest moment, with your relationship to the library as a student. When you came to the campus, where was the library? Had it already been moved into Peabody Hall?

R: Oh, no. When I came in 1912 and was admitted as partly a freshman and partly a sophomore, the library was housed in B Section of Thomas Hall. That was the next to most northerly of the sections, with A at the extreme north. Right next to it was still the law school. But the law school building was [soon] completed, and the law school moved into its new building in 1914, I think. Meanwhile, Peabody Hall had been completed, and in 1913 or 1914 the library, which was then presided over by a single person, Mr. Hadley, a very quiet and nice [man, was moved].

P: Bruce Hadley.

R: I do not remember. M. B. Hadley, I believe.

P: He was a Yale man.

R: That is right. Well, Mr. Hadley did not make any great impression on us busy students. The library quickly became very important. As modest as it was, it was very good in many ways, Sam. How many books did they have? Maybe 15,000 or 20,000 by the time I got here, which, considering what they hauled down here from Lake City, was a pretty good showing. And this was in an era when I recall something like a couple thousand dollars a year would have been a good appropriation to the library. Now, the trick is in knowing that the United States government supplied bulletins and the more necessary scientific publications to the agricultural division. I partly know that because of Dr. Murphree's own predisposition about what makes a good school. At any rate, the library was apparently regarded as strongest in

the arts and sciences. You will find I am sure that the library committee of 1912, 1913, 1914, and for many years after, was essentially made up of arts and science people. I think Dr. Farr was chairman of it for many years.

The conspicuous people were Dr. Farr and Dr. Leigh. When Dr. Leigh came he served as chairman for a good many years. I think Dr. Farr was originally the chairman. He was succeeded around 1918 or very soon after by Dr. Leigh. He was in the post right after I came back here from Harvard. The first few years that I was back we had a very paltry appropriation.

P: That was, however, probably the most important committee on campus. Was it not so regarded?

R: Sam, I could not say because I just do not know. Obviously it is people like me [who served on that committee]. There were a great many others in arts and sciences, especially in the non-science departments.

P: Did you work as a student in the library?

R: A great deal.

P: I mean as a paid [worker].

R: No, no.

P: You studied in the library?

R: So far as I recall, even two or three years after its expansion and removal to the first floor of Peabody Hall, Mr. Hadley was the only person needed to handle it. Now, during the summer I think they must have had some additional help. What that was I do not know or recall, for I was never here during summer school until the second year after I was appointed assistant professor.

P: Did Miss [Cora] Miltimore succeed in Mr. Hadley's place?

R: I think so. I do not think there was any interval between Mr. Hadley's departure and Miss Miltimore's arrival. Miss Miltimore was already librarian when plans for construction of the first original unit of the library building was made, about 1924 or 1925. What there was in the way of money to spend I do not know. I do not recall who determined how it would be utilized in our own department. No doubt Dr. Leake ordered what he wanted for history and himself, and Dr. Farr did the same thing. But in 1928 we got what sounded like a very comfortable allocation of funds from the legislature. I think it was for \$10,000. Dr. Farr and Dr. Leake were still ruling the roost in that library committee, and they calmly dished out what they thought they were entitled to for English and history, and the devil took the hindmost, which was the people in sociology and economics and other less-regarded areas. I am sure that Dr. Farr and Dr. Leake chuckled a little bit about the storks against the ostrich, but they made it stick.

That was when I really began to get immersed in library concerns as a faculty member. Dr. Farr said, "We have to keep the most, and Robertson, I would like you to take charge of that. You get a hold of whoever you want to, whoever you think would be helpful. I will give you some titles myself, but you come up with the order of recommendation." So I began my lifetime career of working at night.

P: Tell me about Miss Miltimore.

R: Miss Miltimore came in at a time that I was busy getting married and laying my plans to get back up to Harvard, so I was not very keenly aware of her character and operations, Sam. As I recall, she immediately impressed everyone as extremely conscientious and somewhat of a feminine martinet. But even then I rather sympathized with that attitude in the library, because she so obviously needed to protect our small stock of goods. She soon had added to the staff. I guess the first addition--of any consequence, at any rate--was Miss [Henrie May] Eddy. Miss Eddy was an efficient, careful, helpful person, very fine, and for the times I cannot say anything detrimental about her training. She was very well rounded.

P: Of course, I had great regard for Miss Eddy because she began the Florida Collection.

R: Oh? That does not surprise me. When was it--just before 1938--that she was killed?

P: 1939. She was killed in a plane accident.

R: Meanwhile, before her death we had a very tall and handsome young woman with a tart sense of humor and a great deal of preparedness. I guess she came in about the same time that Margaret Goggin did. That I cannot pin down exactly.

P: You were not on the library committee during the 1930s when Cora Miltimore was the librarian?

R: No. Miss Miltimore was still the librarian when I first became a part of the library committee organization that allocated the \$50,000 grant that Dr. Tigert had secured from the general education board. Tom Shrup and I think George Fox, who was already on the English staff at the time, and I [were on that committee]. I do not recall any of the other members.

P: Did you have any personal relationships with Miss Miltimore?

R: Oh, yes, a great deal. We would stop and chat in her office. But there was nothing very much in the way of official or scholarly work. Obviously, I consulted with her to make sure that reserve shelves were properly handled. Still, I do not recall anything at the moment of library history until about 1940. It was in 1940 that we got our paws on that draft, and a rather over-elaborate committee system was set up which pretty soon became a matter for the representative and the subchairman, representing the various areas of arts and sciences and the related fields. The agricultural interests were recommended formally. I think it was essentially a college division, but I am not sure about that. But obviously it was top heavy

with arts and science representatives, with the three areas--humanities, social sciences, and sciences.

After the initial job of determining how that money should be expended, we settled down to the actual buying program. Then the oncoming war began to interfere more and more with people's activities. By 1941 the buying had been organized so thoroughly that we had elaborately long buying lists from each department area with some kind of preferential order. We had managed to have a very sensible agreement on some things of basic, general interest. That did not yet include bibliographic and reference [materials] other than the things the library stocked themselves. That would have been [handled by] Miss Miltimore and her assistants, I think. Margaret Goggin would have been one of those that helped construct the library's [holdings].

P: And maybe Vivian Prince would have been here on the scene already. I do not know.

R: She came in about that time. Anyhow, the library was represented in a definite allocation for basic material.

P: Who succeeded Miss Miltimore?

R: The man who had been secretary to the general education board. I think Manning Dauer can bear me out on this, and maybe Herman Spivey or Tom Shrup. There is no one now in history from that year. But my understanding was that Dr. Tigert made some kind of promise to the general education board to take this man off their hands for awhile. He was pretty much of a wash-out because he was not equipped to be a good librarian, and Mr. [Walter B.] Hill . . . You remember him. Well, you should, because you should have some student and instructor record.

P: Yes, I remember Mr. Hill. He survived the war here, didn't he?

R: He survived the war here, and that is all. I have a period stuck away in my own materials to put to you. It seems to me I recall seeing a faculty list that again put Miss Miltimore as librarian around 1945.

P: I do not think that is so.

R: Well, it may be. You should have your curiosity checked out. It was my recollection that Miss Miltimore had retired, period.

P: I understand that Miss Miltimore lives in Jacksonville.

R: That is the part I recently read. For many years from around 1941, when Hill came, the general education board grant was pretty well mapped out as to the utilization of the money. [That was done] before Hill came. Anyhow, for twenty years or more after her retirement, Miss Miltimore continued to live on in a nice little cottage up at [inaudible] in the southwest

corner of the high mountains. You can see the big Smokeys if you get on the right mountain top. She would come down and spend some time in the wintertime.

P: I do not think she came back to Gainesville again. She never came onto the campus again. She once told me that in a letter. She had left very embittered about something. I think that was true.

R: She was rather acrid in nature, and she had to take a good deal of snipping from the faculty as well as the students who detested some of her rules and regulations. Then there was just the inevitable result of temperamental differences. She was very self-assured about all positions and possessed the obstinance of a lonely but determined and self-opinionated female. So that did not melt very well in the general pot. She was very conscious of the criticism that fell around her all the time.

P: Tell us about Stanley West's appointment and how he came.

R: That followed the other failure, almost the scandalous failure, of Mr. Hill. There is a little interesting interval I will put into this. It must have been pretty obvious to Dr. Tigert and to others that had come to know him before he arrived here that Mr. Hill was not really the best librarian for what this University was already becoming. Do you remember how Dr. Tigert had made bets on him? Harley Chandler's office, which was in Anderson Hall next to the president's office and next to Dick Johnson in the registrar's office, had appointed him in what was intended to be the staff meeting on the second floor of the library. Step out that door and walk ten feet, and you are at the librarian's office. And Harley stayed right there for the next three years, until World War II ended. There was a new temporary building built that housed the registrar's office and other things, and each side of the south end of that was assigned to Harley, and he moved out of the library, but only in the interval when we were waiting for Stan to come down from Columbia.

Meanwhile, we had run a tremendous buying program in the stretch from 1941 to 1945, and we had reorganized and simplified the buying program. It became more or less a matter of making sure the right lists were sent out to the right book dealers, especially in England and Scotland, and a few to the continent as well as to the big dealers in this country. We were being careful and circumspect about what we did buy and what we did not buy, for there was a tendency for book dealers to push their prices up, and you could often play one dealer against another. We simplified that business, which was easy to do because academic work declined steadily as we got deeper and deeper into World War II.

I was chairman of a steering committee for the University library committee, which had the most important job of supervising for a year or two longer the final uses of the \$50,000 allotment. But having done that, I became aware, partly through Dick Johnson, partly through Dean Matherly who by that time was chairman of the library committee, that there might be loose funds kicking around in the Board of Control's area. I remember how pleasant it was. I asked for an appointment with Dr. Tigert, and I raced in there one morning to find him sort of at loose ends. He was sitting around wondering what was going to happen, and he spoke

right off the cuff to me about how he was not relishing having his faculty walk out on him.

By that time we knew Harley Chandler was about to get a commission and get out, and of course I disliked that. I said, "Dr. Tigert I think that everybody that can get in ought to get in. We do not have any students left around here to teach." I cited my most recent Shakespeare class that had begun the term with four students in it, and I was now down to three and could see that I was going to end up maybe with two at the end of the term. Dr. Tigert said, "All right. You want to see me?" I said I sure did. [I told him,] "We have a list of thousands of dollars worth of books, especially journals in the fields of agriculture, that Dean Hume and I have gathered." The subcommittee that I speak of was myself and Dr. Hume, and someone else. Anyhow, he was sort of a deadhead on the committee. I think it was Dr. [inaudible].

Since I was just a professor, they let me do the work--many a night to my wife's discomfort. [laughter] I told Dr. Tigert about the nature of the material and how much good it would do the library. I said, "Dean Matherly promised that he was going to come over and talk to you about it." He would support, I am sure, what I am saying. Dr. Tigert said, "I will see if I can do it." This was after he had talked to Dean Matherly. He took the precaution of discussing this business with Walter Matherly and maybe others. But the upshot was that he did commission me to arm him with some sample lists of the materials that were vitally needed for the library. He took those lists to the next meeting of the Board of Control, and by damned if he did not come back with a commission to spend \$3,000.

Sam, he did that over and over again. I think the total moneys that he got for us that way--I would talk with Dean Hume or Dr. Norman or whoever and make sure that I was giving the right lists--enabled us to begin the real collection of bibliographical and reference material.

P: This came, then, sometime in the 1940s?

R: That is right, from 1942 until 1946. We piled up an enormous amount of material into the library stacks. The Board of Control sanctioned the use of something over \$20,000 of otherwise unused funds. And even after the war ended and a much larger appropriation was available, after Stan [West] came in as librarian, some outfits would not use their money. Harley Chandler would see to it that the library committee retained that organization for a while. Even after it was no longer needed or tactful, Harley would see to it that the library committee got the use of unused library appropriations. I know again and again we got our hands on some sizable amounts--\$1,500 a year, \$2,000 and up--of money in the University College library allocation. They had more than they would need for the C courses. When they did not use it Manning and I, in effect, and the science people-- chemistry and physics-- and history were clamoring for money. Harley saw to it that we had a chance to make a fair division of it.

P: So you came out of World War II with a library that was substantially stronger than it had ever been.

R: Conspicuously in the gains of the bibliographical resources.

P: But you were without a director of the library.

R: That is right. With [Walter B.] Hill's failure becoming more and more evident, Dr. Tigert, with Harley's advise, set up a committee with Harley as chairman to select a librarian. I was asked at the time if I knew what was being done about Mr. Hill.

P: Mr. Hill retired and then had an emotional breakdown. Wasn't he put in an institution somewhere?

R: For a while I know he was on leave and spending a great deal of time--not all of it--up in north Georgia, which I think was his home.

P: It was.

R: He could be gracefully and decently gotten out of the way, and a proper provision was made for a genuine librarian. As a result, and I guess this would have been somewhere around 1946 . . .

P: I think it was 1947.

R: The committee was set up with Harley Chandler as the chairman. I was a member of it.

P: I think Rembert Patrick was on it too.

R: Yes, he was. By that time he had replaced Walter Matherly as chairman of the library committee. The upshot of that committee's consultations was the selection of Stan West. Of course, many of us already knew him.

P: I was going to ask, how did it come that Stan became the primary choice?

R: Stan had been here going to law school and doing some work in the library as an assistant, as I recall.

P: Wasn't he in charge of the law library? No, he was never in charge of it here. He was at the law library in Columbia, wasn't he?

R: Well, that may have been where he was doing his assistantship work. Sam, you will have to check up on that.

P: And that is where he married. He married a Gainesville woman.

R: He married Dee Cockrell, Judge [Robert S.] Cockrell's daughter, a longtime member of the law faculty who had been brought here right around 1918 by Dr. Murphree.

P: We wanted a University librarian, and Stan by that time, we were informed (though I personally

never made any check on this) was in line for the librarianship at Columbia University. Dee was Tallahassee born and bred, but she grew up with her family here in Gainesville with a deep sense of roots and family and friendships here. Stan had been happy here, himself. I think Stan and Dee will tell you frankly which was the stronger pull, but I think Dee's wish to come back South would have been a factor. It was certainly my impression at the time, and I have stuck with it, that Stan might have been more ambitious about the librarianship at Columbia had it not been that it was agreeable as a family move to come back to what was home.

P: Did you interview West before he came here?

R: Sam, seriously I do not think we needed to, and I do not recall that there was a formal meeting with the committee. I think that Rembert probably alone [interviewed him], either in connection with some journey that he was taking for the [Florida] Historical Society or something of the sort. Anyhow, my recollection is that we did not have to invite Stan down here for a formal series of interviews. I may have an inaccurate recollection, but I simply remember that all of us already knew Stan, or almost all on the committee, and what he had done.

P: Where do you think the library went under his leadership?

R: My goodness, I should have been alerted about this.

P: It was a substantially good library when he took over.

R: We had good foundations laid everywhere, so it was essentially a matter of getting adequate funds to build what was already begun and getting and maintaining a sound staff. I think Stan's main contribution to the library was the tact, the gentleness but firmness and determination with which he stuck to his job of getting money for the library. That was demonstrated year in and year out, one biennium after another. If there were loose coins in the account, it was pretty generally understood on the subcommittee that often interviewed the dean of the University or the president himself, that Stan would get a big chunk of it. He turned up again and again with very sizable sums that took care of special postponed needs that had been agreed on by the disposition committee in Stan's office at a regular meeting.

P: How would you classify Mr. West as an administrator in relationship to his own staff of librarians?

R: Well, Sam, I think that a good librarian should rule with a little bit firmer grip with regard to the preservation and making available and maintenance of materials that he is the guardian of. I think, very candidly, that was what was conspicuously deficient in Stan's administration. But there were so many virtues that offset that. Of course, many of Stan's chief subordinates . . . I should not say many because there were not many anyhow. But Miss [Vivian C.] Prince, who I know was a kind of loner among the chief people in the staff, would have liked to have seen a more-careful maintenance program, sterner handling of student and faculty

privileges with the books and journals and so on.

P: I had the impression that many--or some, not necessarily many--of Mr. West's subordinates here in the library did not like him. I just wondered if this was a case of resentment of women against a male librarian, whether this was part of his makeup, or whether this was just an illusion on their part. Miss Prince, for instance, never felt kindly towards Stanley.

R: I think that one element was that she would like to have seen a firmer grip on the management of the library. Later, I can relate to you an episode that is pretty recent. I am willing to say that I was aware of some opposition, of some disagreement between an important staff member and Stan, only in the instance of Miss Prince.

P: I suppose this led to her leaving here and taking the position out in California.

R: I do not doubt it. She was outspoken to me only on one occasion, but that threw a blaze of light on what she thought of the management of the library. I brought Robbie Williams in here in 1958 from Yale. His presence helped me a lot because he brought a different conception of what a library needs to be in English literature--and history, for that matter. He not only had the knowledge, but he had the interest. People around me had the knowledge but were too busy with other concerns and were too accustomed to taking things as routine.

I feel moved to come back to this little story that involves Miss Prince. I had been retained, and Manning had also been retained--contrary to presidential custom--on Stan's committee. I think that was partly, if not wholly, because Stan wanted to keep a few people that he regarded as experienced and because of their kind of nexus for academic interests. But as long as we were willing and as long as the president would sanction it, Stan saw to it that Rembert [W. Patrick], Manning [Dauer], and I stayed on that committee. One by one the other two dropped off, but when I left this University in 1965 I departed for the first time since 1940 from the University library committee.

Meanwhile, in 1951-1953 I had been chairman. The chairmanship has happily been very constant, because the man who succeeded me in 1953 or 1954 is still there now, Bob Walker. I saw men from around the campus like Bob coming-- a youthful assistant professor when he first came on the committee--with a very narrow perception of general library and general university needs. If you want a good education about what goes on on the campus, get on the library committee, because it will really open up avenues that you did not have for learning what other people are interested in and need. Bob and I long ago became very fond of each other, and I hope he respects me, because I certainly respect him. I am sure he does. That is the observation that we certainly agree on--that it makes a faculty member if you give him time.

A nice, old associate professor who only recently was promoted to professor over in business administration is another example of this, [Frank W.] Tuttle. When he first came on the library committee it was obvious that all he could think of or he knew to think of was the interest of his own college. But he had not, like Bob Walker, been on that committee long

before he began to see what other people needed. Once aware, you become far more objective and far juster in the decisions you have to make.

The most important thing in that committee has always been how much money you get and how you distribute it. And Stan's influence certainly has been a very benign one in my opinion in two ways: first, he cultivated and did as much as he could to keep people on the committee that he thought--and I think in most instances his judgment was right--would be objective and just in the way they voted; second, how he spent money. He could get money and was very skillful about it, but he depended on his library committee. He made gentle suggestions. I often wished he would have come out with a budget of his own and insist on it, be more incisive about his own ideas, but that was not his nature.

We, that little core, became six people after a while, because Rembert and Manning and Tuttle and Walker and Lewis were kept on for a long, long time. Lewis was never as objective. He may have seemed so, but he never had the little spark of generosity that was perceptible in all these other people.

I will cite you a conspicuous incident. My other librarian [from the Department of English] in 1959 or 1960, somewhere along in there, was [Edwin C.] Ed Kirkland. He tried to get anything that the library might allow out of the extra funds to develop the Romantic movement materials. They got such a tidal wave of quotations running that they gambled on next year's funds and got us so deep that we would not have had anything for the next year. I think it was 1960 or 1961. It does not make any difference, because the coming year we had just about set out before the year began. I laid that situation before the library committee, and we were dealing for extra funds that had already been allocated. Stan had something like \$25,000 or \$30,000 to distribute over and above the normal allocation.

After I had finished sketching what the predicament was, I said, "I have to ask you all to get me out of this jam as well as you can. I am not expecting to be gotten out of the well that my own department dug for itself. I should have watched those birds better." There was a chuckle, because people like Manning and Stan knew how you get too enthusiastic sometimes and just go overboard and gamble a little too heavily. It was Tuttle who said, "Would \$5,000 sort of get you out of this jam?" I said, "My God, I think that would be very generous," and it was. It was just that easy.

P: To what degree did Stanley West allow the library committee to operate? Was it just an advisory committee, or did it help him set policy?

R: It certainly, in many instances, confirmed policy. In some important cases it set policy after the condition that had to be dealt with was laid before it at a meeting or in a series of meetings or some situation had developed over the years where a good many on the committee were already aware of its developing.

Now, there was one scandalous condition here that was dealt with the term that I put in as chairman. Each of the first two years we dealt with a major problem. The first year we came to grips

with this overgrowth, this multiplication of sublibraries. That took some doing, because every damned department on campus, except yours [history] and mine [English], were after having their own little side library. It had been obvious for two or three years that this set of ideas needed to be chopped up. Stan did not seem fully to comprehend the situation. Besides, some of this had developed behind his back and out of his sight. Even the little outfit up there on the attic floor of Anderson Hall where I jumped to, the C-3 outfit (Jake Wise and Winston Little) had established this . . . What do you call it? You call it a hearing clinic. The man in charge had begun to amass his own copies of the basic materials. To keep the shelf full of pamphlets and stuff that were sent free from Washington is one thing, but to demand a library allocation to set up your own departmental library is another.

That is just one instance of what was happening all over the place. The main job that we did get done the first year--I think it was the first year--that I was chairman was to come to grips with that. The library committee had to do the job largely as a matter of protecting Stan against too many collisions, the results of which would be lasting. You are not permanent as a member or chairman or anything on the library committee. So the library committee formulated and published [a policy that] could arm Stan as the judgment of the library committee. [The policy itself] commanded respect and authority which kept Stan from having to throw his weight around and having to depend too greatly on the president's willingness to knock people's heads together.

P: In a way, though, you had two directors--you had the library committee sharing direction with Stanley West.

R: Yes, I guess you could say that.

P: I understand that is not as true today, with Dr. [Gustave A.] Harrer as the director.

R: I should not think it would be, and I do not think it should be. Stan, I think, depended too much on his committee and on his committee chairman.

We had another crucial thing to deal with. Well, I think for three years in a row, because each year there was a crisis. We used to live on crisis, you know, especially in the liberal arts side of the College of Arts and Sciences. The other troublesome thing going on was in the legitimate sublibraries, the college and departmental libraries, [which came] in conspicuously after the medical school, but even before. Here you had a legitimate subordinate library for the biological sciences and right across the street another one for chemistry. This could be and had been justified. At any rate, it was something we would court with. You cannot do away with the establishment. Across the way the same thing was true for the physics people, and just about 100 yards away [there was] one for the engineering students and forestry in between. Okay. So there you had it.

That was a condition that could be partly controlled by as preventing new libraries from being established. But between these libraries, a great and wasteful amount of funds were going into duplicate purchasing of very expensive stuff. There was a set of *Chemical Abstracts* in

every damn one of those libraries, and when you started out getting a complete file of *Chemical Abstracts* and maintaining each year's subscription, you were dealing in big money. Yet there had to be a separate set of those. There was one type, and there were dozens and dozens of them.

P: How did you get around this crisis?

R: I think that was one that never was won. But we won a partial victory. We forced some of them to cancel their subscriptions and to use whatever library a given file would be housed in. As for example, let's suppose that *Chemical Abstracts* had to be cut out of at least two of the four departmental libraries, and they agreed on where the two remaining [copies would be housed] at that time. This may be quite out of date, but what was agreed partly in consultation with the library subcommittee dealing with this trouble was that the places where it should be maintained were chemistry and engineering.

P: What about Mrs. Goggin? Who was responsible for bringing her here?

R: Margaret was on the staff way back. She was an excellent bibliographer and reference person.

P: She was always considered the "heiress apparent."

R: Concerning her relationship to Stan, it may be that their rapport was more a cause for some of the other women on this staff not liking Stan. They thought perhaps that she was too much of a favorite, that Stan depended too much on her and threw favors her way, maybe. I really do not know what influence Stan may have exerted in the direction of having her appointed as his successor. I do know that I did not think it was the right solution, and this is one time--this should go into this record now, and Bob Walker will tell you--that I sat around for a year or so annoyed at the idea of not replacing Stan properly.

Meanwhile, Fred Conner had come back into the administration building as the new vice-president. Now, over the years I had built up a rare, great respect and liking for Dean Grinter, and I liked to think he thought well of me, and he has admitted that he regarded me well. He is not given to making complimentary remarks, but he has said to my wife and to me that he liked the way I did business. I said its easy being [inaudible]. I do not call him Linton E. because I do not feel that close. When I went into his office I had things exactly posed for myself, and I laid them out on the table. I like to deal that way--to put the cards on the table. That happens to be his way. That is why he offends a lot of people, or used to, I should say--the bluntness with which he dealt with people. I suppose I have offended people many a time for the same reason. It made for mutual respect and a sizable amount of regard between us.

I had three people that I could turn to. I went first to Bob Walker and told him that I was hearing that Stan was going to be leaving and that [UF President J.] Wayne [Reitz] was thinking of appointing Margaret Goggin. Bob, I found to my gratification, had been planning, and he told me he would not mind coming to see me about it. He urged me to go to Wayne Reitz. I said no, that would not do it. "I would be glad to go elsewhere to anyone at the

administration building, but I think I have heard your case about the settlement of the librarianship. Somebody spilled a little poison in Reitz's ears. I wonder who it was. Obviously, as late as 1963 he was on very close terms with me and everything I can account for.

As late as the year when Dr. Grinter was still under fire, my phone rang one morning. It was Wayne, he said, "I am going to be working out at the house this afternoon. Would you run out and see me about something?" Well, I did. We were sitting in that room that looks out over the garden. I said, "What do you want to talk about?" He wanted to know what I thought about Dean Grinter. That was when all the hassle about the Orlando business [was brought to light].

P: I remember that.

R: So I gave him a twenty-minute lecture on my high opinion of Dean Grinter. A little comic detail: as we were winding up the conversation, who should come by to leave a report with Wayne but Grinter himself.

P: Then you felt this relationship with Dr. Reitz . . .

R: A short time after that something had happened that made Wayne suspicious of me, and the student committee meetings in his office were openly hostile.

P: You never discovered why?

R: No, and I still have in mind to call him sometime here and ask, "Who put the poison in your ear that made you change your personal attitude toward me?"

P: After so many years.

R: What we were coming to is what really happened to the librarianship. I told Bob I would damage our cause, meaning his view of what the committee should do and what the president should do, if I went to Wayne. I told him, "But I think that I will go to Dean Grinter and Ted," and I did talk to them in that order. I mentioned to him that I had talked a long time that morning with Clifford, and he agreed with me that obviously our ideas should go off extremely well. "You are quite right," he said, "but I have reasons why I will not thrust myself into the controversy."

P: Of course, Mrs. Goggin was pushing for the appointment, and she does have a lot of charm.

R: He said, "Archie, why don't you go talk to Fred about this?" I said, "Since both you and Bob urged me to do that, I will do that." I left his office and went straight down the hall and made an appointment to see Fred. Fred may have been a factor in the decision. I do not know. I stuck out my nose once more into library affairs. Bob told me afterwards he thought that might have helped.

P: Why was Stanley attracted to her, do you think?

R: Well, I think he found her extremely capable and extremely helpful.

P: She was a capable librarian, I believe.

R: Yes. I am very sorry she got ambitions . . .

P: To become a directoress. I think the ladies in the library thought that she had an undue amount of charm as far as men were concerned.

R: I was not aware of that. I was too damn busy all the time. As a matter of fact I had found Margaret very able. Who was the other good one over there besides Miss Prince?

P: It was Miss [Margaret L.] Chapman that left here and went to the University of South Florida as a special collections librarian, and she also was anti-West.

R: I had gotten around the prospect. I was in on the physical plans about this building for a long time and had help to plan the top floor of the additions in 1951-1952 to the old library, and I was alarmed at the prospect of what would happen when we had to split the library in two. I think I was the first prominent man to begin moving about that problem. Stan began airing it with the general library committee very soon afterwards.

I got Margaret and a good friend of mine, the other old-timer downstairs, Annette Long, to come over and meet me and two or three of my department library committee. I had already laid out some of the prospects on paper. I had a long discussion with them that afternoon about what the library would have to cope with when we actually got the new building and had to separate. Of course, the problem was how we were going to get additional budgets to meet the additional needs.

P: What about your graduate program in English, or is that too large of an area for us to get into?

R: Let me start on that right now. Of course, we had bent over backwards for a long time about initiating any doctoral work. We had turned out hundreds of master's degrees by 1945. Here is what touched off the proposals for the new doctorates in the liberal arts side of the college. We realized that buying programs stimulated first by the \$50,000 in the DEB grant and by the reasonably competent and additional funds allocated by the Board of Control, which I already mentioned earlier, would not provide adequate provision for study in at least those areas that we would limit ourselves to, which was the policy of the Graduate School at the time. So Manning for history and I for English did some exploring and joined forces.

We found Dr. [Thomas M.] Simpson and others on the Graduate Council sympathetic. In fact, so far as English was concerned, we held off here with far greater circumspection than a doctorate being initiated in any southern or, for that matter, eastern university. But we specified in

both history and English the particular periods we felt we had adequate provision for.

The basic thing was that meanwhile we had acquired the basic tools of the library that were essential.

P: So the program was inaugurated in . . .

R: I will have to look it up in my own files.

P: But it was in the 1940s.

R: Within a few years after the war ended. We got busy with it as soon as we got our faculty back, within the year following the return of the staffs, after Manning had gotten settled back down. You see, he was not the first to get back, nor was he the last. The last faculty person that I was keenly aware of to get back was Fred Conner, who had been communications staff and was way out in Hawaii. He came back around 1945 or 1946. It was after that we began laying our lines out and drawing up the departmental committees to draft the specific plans for me to take to the Graduate Council and for Dr. Leake and Manning to do the same for history. But we went together. I mean, the two departments moved in step with each other and were approved. We were approved at the same time at the same Board of Control meeting.

P: There has always been a close working relationship between history and English on the campus.

R: It should be an appropriate [partnership]. I hope it will always continue. There is no doubt about the alliances that seem to me are in the nature of things--first of all, between the language and literature, philosophy and history. They are kind of a team, both in teaching and in theory.

P: This is Tuesday, May 27, and we are continuing the interview with Professor Robertson. We are talking about the growth of the graduate program at the University of Florida, the offering of a Ph.D. in the English department. Dean Simpson was dean of the Graduate School; he had already taken over from Dean [James N.] Anderson.

R: Simpson was dean until about the third year of Dr. Miller's tenure as president.

P: Tell me about Dean Simpson. You had known him, I think, for a long time.

R: Yes. Dr. Simpson was a fairly intimate friend of mine, though I had some doubts about his stoutness of heart when the stresses of conflict [began to show] between arts and sciences and the University College, what was then the General College. I think partly that is because Dr. Anderson was himself a little bit inclined to doubt Dr. Simpson's tenacity in clinging to Harvard and old-line classical standards at the undergraduate level. I think that wronged Dr. Simpson. Actually, my observation in the late 1930s and throughout the 1940s was that Dr. Simpson carried on a pretty wise kind of guerrilla warfare with the forces that obviously

would have made things very sloppy and standardless, which figures in his conduct of the affairs of the Graduate School. You will find, I think, some extremely good formulations of the idea of a Graduate School and its standards and what it can mean culturally in Dr. Simpson's correspondence, notably in his effort to keep the College of Education in line.

Sam, I think that was a rather curious illustration of how mixed up people's connections can be. I am sure there was a great deal of personal friendship and fondness, a great deal of personal respect and deep liking between, for example, Dr. Norman and Dr. Simpson. I know there was less opportunity for official contact on my part with those two men than there was between those two men. Especially since I have been looking at some of the correspondence upstairs I am reminded of what I saw going on, or what I thought I saw going on, throughout the whole stretch from about 1934-1950. Those men--and I think I was in the same boat with them--were able to separate private and personal friendships and associations. With Dr. Simpson and with the first Mrs. Simpson it was a constant and delightful friendship for my wife and me over a long, long stretch. Yet Dr. Simpson as an academic figure on campus strode, I am sure, with "might and mane" for all the support that he could muster to elevate the standards in the Graduate School, not to thwart or frustrate but to try to guide the people in the College of Education toward a higher conception of the nature of graduate study.

P: Was the College of Education always a problem college in terms of standards?

R: No. I think you will find that there was a constant effort on the campus from the days of my undergraduate study [to maintain high standards]. The central struggle was between the concept of a liberal education grounded in the basic disciplines--language and literature (which I mention first only because I was involved so much in them) mathematics, history, and the basic sciences--all in the boat together but constantly being tempted to veer away into the applied and professional and vocational paths that, of course, connected for the A.B. and B.S. degrees.

It was while the first professor of history, [Luther L.] Bernard, who left here I think for the chairmanship, certainly for the professorship at the University of Missouri, which we thought of at that time (this was about 1917) as much more of a university than we had here. I had this as a student assistant from Dr. Farr. For about 1915, 1916, and 1917 Dr. Farr was on pretty intimate terms personally with some of us older students and chatted very freely with people like me, [G. R.] Bailey from Monticello, who was a roommate of mine, and [Samuel P.] Harn, who you remember as having worked with Dr. [inaudible] and who became editor of the national journal on camellia culture, wasn't it? The students, I think partly nervous about what was going to happen, sensed that somehow or other, sometime or other, we were going to be pitched into the war in Europe, and a number were lingering about at various odd jobs connected with the campus. Dr. Farr then was pretty careless, you might say--I guess his colleagues would have thought he was mighty careless--in disclosing what was going on in the administration. He chuckled over the little cabal that he and Bernard had gathered and the then-new professor of sociology. I think it was sociology and economics connected together.

P: It was not Dr. [Lucius M.] Bristol, was it?

R: No, Dr. Bristol had not come.

P: Sims?

R: Sam Sims?

P: Newel B. Sims.

R: You hear a good bit about him in the later teens. Anyhow, there had to be quite a little tussle in the faculty of arts and sciences to shake up the old program that was embodied virtually in Dr. Anderson. He was, I know, mournful about it and still powerless to stop that. It did not amount to very much. The requirements for an A.B. were Latin in the freshman and sophomore years. Few students [enrolled for these classes], as you know. I told you Terry and I were alone in some of the same classes.

P: Was all of this pressure to emphasize the professional studies here at the University, which came up in the 1910s and again in the 1930s and which we witnessed to an even greater degree since the end of World War II, a result of outside pressure, of alumni pressure? Is it because we are a state university and a land grant school?

R: I think it is largely the alumni and also that such a school must be practical and, for its own preservation, more responsive and attentive to what, for example, the druggists in Jacksonville, Gainesville, Miami, and Tampa together in a statewide organization of pharmacists, demand of the Board of Control and their legislative representatives be done on this campus. That is an example.

P: Could the University then have protected itself from the establishment of a general college or the other kinds of programs that seem to have moved away from the old classic concept of a good, solid education?

R: I think we were on the way in the 1920s. I think, Sam, that the Depression, which abruptly intensified the vocational demands and pressures, had a lot to do with the sudden decline in the demand for and the wish for a genuine liberal education at the undergraduate level. We had made the wish for a genuine liberal education at the undergraduate level. We had made some progress in that direction in the 1920s in liberalizing our offerings. I think you will find that all the way through the College of Arts and Sciences. But, good Lord, there were just numberless boys needing jobs and people selling apples on street corners.

P: What about today, though, when the problem of unemployment is not there, and we are in a period of prosperity? Can we eliminate these programs and go back to the old concept of the University's function?

R: Well, I think that this University, that the College of Arts and Sciences, as I look back over the

last ten years or so, is now stuck with some vocationally colored programs, but that on the whole, with prosperity raging as it does, we do have a far better chance. I do not know if this is true of the undergraduates that we had pouring through the departments in English, political science, [or the arts]. The growth of the courses in music and art and so on has made vast improvement in the cultural sophistication of this campus, which seems to me very encouraging.

P: Let's go back and talk about Dean Simpson. Where did he come from? When did you first know him?

R: He is, like myself and Dr. Norman, the product of a one-room school, and in this case of a very impoverished but beautiful area in Maine near the coast. He was born in one of the oldest settled areas in Maine. The settlements there date back to the 1670s and 1680s. He was born in a little township. It was just a little rural area. There was a post office where he was born, Addison, but he grew up at a somewhat more eagerly similar place called Sullivan. His father had land there. Anyhow, when I first knew the Simpsons they regularly went up to that farm and lived in a little farmhouse not far from the shore in Sullivan, Maine. Whether that property was held onto I have been intending to ask Elizabeth Roundtree Simpson, who was Dr. Simpson's second wife. You probably knew her as secretary in the Graduate School and had been before that for many years secretary to Dr. Norman as dean of the School of Education.

He had a dreadfully hard boyhood, but he did not mourn over it or talk about it with resentment or anything that resembled self pity. It was only after I came to know him and had a lot of association with him in a private, social way that he ever let out any of these hardships. He grew up in a very destitute family. They lost their mother, for one thing, when he was just a tiny boy. He went to a very inadequate one-room schoolhouse for I do not know how many years. His father then, looking for a living, went to Boston and had a small restaurant. I think that he ran it. At any rate, he worked in it. When he got old enough to make the move, Tom joined his father there and worked all the odd hours he could muster to help eke out their living.

He was a good enough student--he was a brilliant person and had a good mind--to get into the Boston Latin School, which is still known as one of the old, famous, and tough preparatory schools in this country. I know Dr. Tom always prized his education in that school. It led to a good deal else. It led straight into Harvard. He was an undergraduate at Harvard working hard across the river, and he still lived and worked with his father. He told me that it was pretty hard-going. He got through Harvard in three years. They gave him a choice, the faculty of Harvard college: graduate with the class in which he actually completed his studies for the A.B. or stay with the class that he had entered with. He chose the latter. So his A.B. is listed in Who's Who and in the personal record, I think somewhere around 1905 or 1906.

On the strength of his Harvard degree he taught school. He got a job in some grammar school or high school for a year or two and wound up very soon afterwards at the University of

Wisconsin where he had what we would call a graduate assistantship. I think it was called a fellowship in those days. I do not remember. As a matter of fact, I do not think I ever knew. I am, however, getting some information from Elizabeth, who has preserved some of his papers. He spent about ten or twelve years there as an instructor while he was taking his doctorate. Having completed his doctorate, they kept him on.

Meanwhile, the war exploded. Dr. [H. G.] Keppel died here and they searched for a replacement.

P: Dr. Simpson came in Dr. Keppel's place. I see.

R: He left that temporary instructorship at Madison and came here. The level of the college, Sam, is pretty well suggested by the fact that both Simpson's attainments and the reputation he had among his colleagues up there. They reflect the slow progress here towards top-notch college status.

P: A big jump, isn't it.

R: Yes. But by that time there must have been 500 or 600 students here, or there had been before the war started cleaning things out.

P: Did you have Dr. Simpson as an instructor?

R: No.

P: You did not take math?

R: I had no mathematics after my sophomore year. I had satisfied the college requirements. As with Latin, you had mathematics in prescribed courses in your freshman and sophomore years. I satisfied those requirements. The freshman part of it I had satisfied in Leon High School in Tallahassee. I had the sophomore mathematics here with Dr. Keppel in 1912-1913, my first year on the campus.

P: Do you remember your earliest contacts with Dr. Simpson?

R: Yes, rather hazily, because he came after we had gotten kicked into the war. Everybody was excited. All of us on the campus were scrambling about wondering what service to try to get into and what the best way to go was. You know, they do that very quickly. They organized the officers training camps, and a very large percentage of our undergraduates and a few of the men like myself who were staying on after graduation, of course, got into the first officers training camp in Atlanta, at Camp Gordan. My brother from Tallahassee was there.

P: Dr. Simpson then was chairman of the Department of Mathematics here?

R: Yes, and I do have this firm impression that people like Dr. Murphree, Dr. Farr, and Dr. Anderson, with whom I was on fairly intimate terms, considering that I was just a floating,

postgraduate--not a graduate but a postgraduate student--[were pleased with Dr. Simpson]. Dr. Anderson and I soon got back together because I minored with him in Latin, and when I found I could not get into the army right off, I settled down here and worked toward an M.A. At least I made sensible use of my time. By that time I had a modest part-time instructorship. I was still called fellow and assistant in English; I was not a faculty member. I was not involved in a faculty meeting until I came back here in 1922. So I was simply regarded as a graduate student. Anyway, I know that those men, who were most responsible for what went on in the college, were delighted at getting a person like Simpson. He took hold firmly. He was recognized immediately as a stimulating and effective teacher.

P: How did they come to select him rather than someone else for the deanship of the Graduate School?

R: Well, for one thing he had served as acting dean one summer when Dr. Anderson was away on a self-appointed sick leave or something of the kind. I do not really remember. But throughout the 1920s and 1930s the summer session had been rising. Work in the graduate departments and in the summer session accordingly had been on the increase. Dr. Simpson had been an affective pinch-hitter. He was chairman of an important and outstanding department, so I suppose it was a very natural choice. I know that he wanted it, though I believe he also kept his chairman in the department in mathematics right to the end.

P: He did. Would you classify him as an effective administrator?

R: Yes and no. That is from a personal point of view. I would have liked to have seen him more greedy, more steely in his confrontation with the people that he recognized as favoring lower standards and professionalizing and vocationalizing everything. That is a very blunt way of putting it, Sam, and that did not diminish my fondness for him personally and my delight in associating with him. The man had a very delightful mind, a good one for this campus. He had benefited enormously from those three years of hard-bitten work and hard study, and he delighted in his association with Nustberg and George Herbert Palmer. One of the things that brought us together after I came back here from Harvard was exchanging reminiscences about George Lyman Kittredge. He had Kittredge's Shakespeare as an undergraduate, very much the same kind of a stimulating, tart, and stern handling of Shakespeare plays and text [that I had had]. It really sank in. He wrote some pretty nice verse himself which nobody ever knew about.

P: I did not know that.

R: He did.

P: You would be more inclined to regard a man like Dean Grinter as having the steely personality that a graduate school needs.

R: I think it was needed when Dr. Simpson became dean. He exerted that kind of force as much as he could, but he was less inclined to have direct confrontations with people and things that

he did not want to see in power than Dean Grinter. Dean Grinter will front up to the devil and fight it out, claws and all. Dr. Simpson was more--and I do not want to say anything that suggests that he was not a person of high character--inclined to compromise and hope the compromise could be made effective. Perhaps I will never know what my own judgment about this is, but at the time things were happening in the late 1930s and 1940s I wished that the dean of the Graduate School had been more steely. Perhaps he would have simply caused more revulsion and more reaction, and we might have been worse off.

These were the vocationalists on the campus. You will find, I think, most of your evidence in the long-drawn struggle that Dr. Simpson staged to prevent everything from just going down the drain into a very base kind of cheap-John educational program for teaching the population of this state. That is curious, because Dr. Norman wanted to raise the level, but his idea was not teaching subjects like science, English, history, and mathematics. The two men could get together in so many ways. You see, Dr. Norman began preaching, I recall, way back in the 1920s that the state needed to promote the education of its public school teachers to the point where everybody aimed at having a bachelor's degree in the subject.

Now, that was a pretty radical hope in the 1920s, for I was still teaching third-grade certification students in the mid 1930s and having to spend a lot of time outside of class with these pitifully anxious and eager, middle-aged and more-than-middle-aged women generally, though I had a few men. I gave them free tutoring. There were not any graduate students or student assistants around to get them to the point where I could with a clear conscience give them the lowest possible passing grade, just so that they could get that third-grade certificate renewed. That was how low the standards were in the public schools.

Dr. Norman had for a long while been saying we needed to get everyone to the point where they had a college degree. He meant the teaching population--teachers in grammar and high schools. Dr. Simpson, of course, and I and everyone else went along with that factor. But then the rub came in what you did with your actual growing business. I think Dr. Simpson would have liked to see, but did not know how to prevent the people in the College of Education in the graduate program settling for a much more stout-hearted array of course series. As you well know, that struggle is still going on.

P: How about Dr. Simpson and Dr. [James M.] Leake? Tell me about Dr. Leake.

R: I do not know much about Dr. Simpson in any connection with him.

P: Well, let's just take Leake as a personality.

R: Dr. Leake was always a delightful and stimulating and pleasant colleague to me. I had a high regard for him. I did not know how good he was as an instructor of undergraduates, Sam, but I did have a good bit of opportunity to see how he ran the show when he had a student like yourself engaged in the equation with an M.A. in history. In comparison to what I had seen going on in other places and under other instructors, under head professors around the college, the way Dr. Leake showed the way to an M.A. student in history--how to get

material together and come up with a respectable thesis--was quite a revelation.

P: Were you on a special or close basis with Dr. Leake?

R: Never. No. As a man here on campus, yes, but I never took part in any of the things in town. Both he and Simpson delighted in their public clubs.

P: Civic clubs.

R: Both of them prized over their associations. I did not. We crossed paths and had a lot of association as opportunity permitted in the kind of semiprivate or semipublic affairs of the college. Every now and then the college faculty used to get together.

P: But there was no particular closeness.

R: Especially in the 1930s, Mrs. Leake set a little tradition that provoked a lot of irritation and a lot of behind-the-back and behind-the-hand chuckling but also provided a good many associations that people might not have had. Mrs. Leake was not a very social-minded person and did very little in the way of entertaining so far as I know. My wife and I had more association with Mrs. Leake and Dr. Leake after Mrs. Dauer joined Manning here--they were living right by. When they [the Dauers] were having a dinner or entertainment that involved two or three of the sets of people from the faculty, [we were among those invited]. The six people that I recall most constantly were Dr. and Mrs. Leake, my wife and I, and Harley and Irlene Chandler. So my wife and I knew the mrs. very well over a long, long stretch, but I cannot recall that we were ever at the Leake's for dinner. Dr. Leake was at our house when we had some evening smoker or something of that sort for a visiting fireman, but not very often. My association with him was chiefly a matter of very friendly and frequent intercourse out here on campus about college concerns.

P: Did you have any particularly close working relations with Dr. Bristol?

R: Not really. I was on extremely pleasant terms with Dr. Bristol, but I was not thrown with him academically very much. I recall one period when he and some of the younger boys, still high school or even younger, used to come out. There was a period when we still did not have many students to utilize the new tennis courts and handball courts, and for a good while--it seems to me this was in the late 1930s or early 1940s, when the war was affecting the enrollments on the campus--we played tennis with some that were working. But I never was really close to Dr. Bristol. Of course, he and Dr. Leake were well known for their constant feud. That was regrettable to me, because it diminished both men.

P: What was the basis of the feuding?

R: I really do not know.

P: I was aware of it but never knew what it was about.

R: I really cannot recall any particular thing.

P: Maybe just a clash of personalities.

R: Just a natural antipathy, because they were, of course, very different personalities.

P: You knew Dr. [Hasse O.] Enwall well, didn't you?

R: Yes, more personally than either Dr. Leake or Dr. Bristol. For one thing, in 1928 or 1929, I guess it was, Dr. Enwall, like a thrifty Scandinavian who wanted to look through his own future economically, built an apartment house on the lot right in back of the old Shands's house which he had bought when he first came here out in east Gainesville on what was Roper Street, the narrow street that runs east from the old post office. Hinkley told my wife and me about that project even before I had heard of it from Dr. Enwall. The upshot was that while the place was still building, the two east apartments were already let. My wife and I had agreed to take the second floor, the Hinkley's the ground floor apartment underneath us. That tightened the familiarity we had personally with Dr. Enwall.

He made quite a splash when he first came to the campus because he was so positive a personality, booming and with a lot of gusto about everything that he did in the classroom and on the lecture platform. He was in great demand. He made a lot of talks, to every group with his academic interests. He was certainly at the outset of his career on this campus a very effective teacher.

I came to know him pretty quickly after coming back from Harvard for the very reason that the first year I was back here the main project was planning that new two-hour course which would make the five hours for A.B. students required to match the five hours already in the program for B.S. students in sciences. So having done my share of the planning of that course, we were set to begin the lecturing. Dr. Farr and I were going to teach the class in two sections to begin with. We had about sixty students--I think there were about thirty in our two sections. But I had planned with Dr. Farr for around about eight or nine introductory lectures before we actually got into the literature proper, which would mean beginning my syllabus on Greek literature and translation. Dr. Enwall gave the most vivid and the most effective of those introductory lectures. Dr. Farr and I did two or three of them apiece ourselves, but we enlisted the best lecture talent we could get hold of [for the others]. The only one I really remember was Dr. Enwall's introductory lecture, the subject being the origin and development of the art of language.

P: He was a very popular teacher, wasn't he?

R: Very popular. How that lasted, Sam, I candidly cannot say. So many of those men that I knew as an undergraduate student or worked with as a colleague when I first came back here did tend to settle into ruts and did not expand their scholarship. Dr. Enwall was one of these, I think. Certainly by the end of the 1930s he was regarded as depending too much on an outmoded

and rather arbitrary text in ethics and a similar one in logic, and demanding a lot of memorizing that did not make much sense to bright students.

P: He was also a pretty theatrical man in the classroom, wasn't he?

R: Yes.

P: Part of the appeal may have been that.

R: But it came to be [counterproductive]. I knew a few mature students who were somewhat amused but just a little bit regretful about that because they thought he demeaned himself merely by repetition. He did the same stunts over and over again.

P: What about Professor [Henry P.] Constans?

R: Phil came pretty late. The man who I knew pretty well was his predecessor here who made the department a pretty going concern when Phil came. I do not recall what happened.

P: Who was this?

R: What was his name? Very youthful and personally sort of modest, but an attractive person.

P: I am not so sure I know. I have always associated Constans with speech.

R: Was it Montgomery? It is on the very tip of my tongue. I can shut my eyes and see him. Buchanan; Buchanan was his name. He had been long gone before you came along.

P: I do not remember him. I did not know him at all.

R: I think he had come right around the time the Depression was swamping us.

P: I thought it was a little earlier.

R: I think probably before the first severe economic shock to the University. The first thing that happened after the avalanche of 1929, the big bust, was at the next meeting of the legislature the faculty took a cut of something like 10 percent.

P: I think it was just about that. Tell me about Constans's work.

R: Everybody took a cut except personnel at that level or lower on the economic scale, but the second round, two years later, with things still being at the bottom, the legislature prescribed another cut. That was where the 10 percent cut occurred, because the \$1,800 instructor's salary became \$1,620. I think it was on those terms that I engaged the services of [William E.] Ed Moore, Herman Spivey, who is now back on the faculty, and a very nice Italian who did not stay but one year and lit out to the west somewhere. I do not remember his name.

But for a good while the beginning salary for an instructor was \$1,620 as a result of the 10 percent across-the-board cut.

P: Where did Constans come from?

R: Dakota, was it?

P: Somewhere in the Midwest I guess.

R: Well, it was farther out than the Midwest I believe. Montana? Somewhere out there. But he caught on almost immediately. He was very successful as an undergraduate teacher and very good as a director of the student play group. Besides, he and Mrs. Constans were simply, in their everyday intercourse with their colleagues and with students in their department, very much liked. Mrs. Constans is one of the most delightful faculty women that it is possible to know. I know my wife and she had always gotten along together in many of the common ventures that the University Women's Club gets involved with.

P: Let's talk about the University of Florida Press. Did you have anything to do with setting up that program in the 1940s?

R: No. Not until it was pretty well underway. Did I have anything to do with it? I did get involved very quickly from 1942-1945, late in the war. I was acting chairman of the Division of Language and Literature. It was during the last year of the war, and as a consequence it did not surprise me that this took place, for I had been very well aware that people in chemistry and in the department of biology but was really zoology. But they needed, and I had a lot of talk with some of them in the college and university committees that I was on, especially Dean Leigh's equity committee, which was in actuality a budget committee for the College of Arts and Sciences. I knew [James S.] Rogers and Huggle and several other people in chemistry very well and remembered that they had talked about the need for setting up a press for publication of scientific research. They did not have any idea that it would set up talent, scholarship, or the need for similar published works so far as the rest of the college interests were concerned.

In fact, they had during the war years persuaded Dr. Tigert to make a go of it with the Board of Control, and this is from far off that I am saying this. I really did not know what was going on, but I became keenly aware of it because, without doing me the courtesy of consulting me about it, Rogers, who was a next door neighbor of Bill Haines then, had enlisted Bill Haines as the potential first editor.

P: Wasn't Haines in your department? Wasn't he teaching English?

R: Haines was on the University College [faculty]. Well, it was still General College then; he was on the General College staff but teaching regularly in the upper division. Of course, the fact was that we had no students to teach. Just a tiny handful here and there. Haines was a good friend and greatly respected Rogers's aims, but he was not aware of the protocol that should

have been involved. As representing the absent chairman of the division, I should have been at least informed as to what was going on.

P: Wasn't Haines a rather peculiar selection to head up a newly organized press? He had no background in publishing or editing.

R: No, but he was a person of scholarly interests. I am drawing a natural inference, which I drew at the time. He had studied with people known to and highly respected by people in a wide variety of academic walks at Michigan, and Rogers knew that.

P: Well, it was really a result of Rogers's persuasion.

R: I think it was one of those accidents of proximity more than anything else. Here was a man with the right kind of language training in style and the mechanical aspects of handling manuscripts for a university press. But it is a little bit funny, and I still smile when I think about it, that obviously Rogers and the others who collaborated with him in making the case to President Tigert thought of this as something that would be merely the handmaiden of the scientific interests in the college.

P: It did not work that way at all.

R: What actually happened was that the press had hardly gotten going before Haines showed his interest in whatever came along from the other two main fields of the college, from the social sciences and especially from literature.

P: The pure sciences became increasingly critical of the fact that the press neglected their areas.

R: I called Bill in and said to him, "Obviously Rogers or someone--the president for that matter--should have let me know what was going on." He said, "I would have thought that they did," and he apologized. I said, "Well, I have already challenged this with President Tigert." Dr. Tigert was sort of surprised. He realized that he had been remiss, but his way was to put it bluntly. He called Rogers and sent him over within the half hour to apologize to me, which was pretty hard on Rogers, but I got tremendous satisfaction out of that.

P: Did you have a good working relationship, an amicable relationship with Bill Haines?

R: Oh, yes. If there was any disagreement, I think Haines was sorry for it, though the book that resulted may have made money for the press. I really do not know, but he did not refer it to me because of what existed between Professor Tom Pyles and Professor [Harry R.] Warfel. He did not refer to me a book that he thought was very stimulating and was bound to make quite a lot of splash, Warfel's *Who Killed Grammar?* I challenged him on that, and it was a minor thing. As a matter of fact, I have never ceased to have a good deal of affection for Bill. I think that with the support of the Board of Control and the appropriations committee, he did a very good job in getting the press to the level at which it had arrived when he was replaced.

P: The opposition did grow against him, though, over the years.

R: Yes. Bill lacked the finesse that would have made him able to disagree with people or to make demands on people without rubbing them the wrong way. He did rub a lot of people the wrong way, which was unfortunate. But meanwhile, in all those years since about 1940, or whenever it was when he came onto the staff, the freshman English/sophomore humanities combined budgets in the General College with the understanding between Dean Little, the two chairmen in the General College, and Cliff Lyons that he would regularly teach something in the upper division.

Now, the main regret I have about Haines is that he did not get busy with his own nineteenth-century scholarship, because I thought he had a good, keen, critical mind and just went awry. I do not know, but certainly once he was settled in the press office any possibility of his writing disappeared. Bill was a very orderly and effective lecturer. He presented his material very well in the C-5 lectures, which were the ones that I had some knowledge of, and I know the impact that he had on his classes in English. But do you realize that he was never given a free hand and a complete autonomy as the head of the press? He had to teach class in C-5 or more than one. You knew that, didn't you? Was it more than one?

P: I do not know.

R: At least one. Some of the salary for the head of the press was coming from the University.

P: I had always felt that this was as a result of his own desire to keep a foot in the teaching door.

R: That might be. If so, I was under the wrong [impression].

P: I have always been under the impression that this was of his own choosing.

R: A kind of sheet anchor?

P: An interest and desire to teach and to continue that activity.

Let's talk about students in the University today. How do you look at the situation from your numerous years on the campus? It is a big broad question, I know, and I hope it is not too difficult.

R: Well, I do feel a little bit out of touch now. Four years are a good many when things move as fast as they do now. The University was already bursting, it seems, in the early 1960s. Sam, I think that the general level of the entering students--it certainly is true of those that I taught--is extraordinarily better than it was fifteen years ago; certainly much better than it was twenty years ago.

P: You are thinking, then, that the high schools are better?

R: No, not necessarily. They change their characters too, as colleges tend to do from time to time. But it must be, I would suppose, the operation of the percentage, at least the almost complete effectiveness of the entering stipulations that guarantee that most of the freshman, barring 200 or 300 that are taken without regard to what they are intellectually, [are highly qualified for college work]. It is cream rather than skim milk or homogenized or any other kind of whole milk, as compared with what we used to accept.

P: Then intellectually you feel that the students are superior.

R: It seems to me too that even by the entering year, the youngsters we get, both boys and girls, in the university mature intellectually and obviously are more sophisticated than youngsters of their age used to be. That is a by-product, I suppose, of wealth and of population. I grew up in a small town of about 1,500 or 2,000 white people and 1,500 or 2,000 Negroes. I do not remember exactly what the population of Tallahassee was in the stretch from about 1905 to 1915 or thereabout. I know that very few students went away to school from households where books and magazines were the regulation thing and where you were permitted or encouraged to go to anything in the way of a musical or theatrical or other entertainment that was supposed to be decent, as I was. The general level of cultural and intellectual power among our young students, it seems to me, is much better than it was even twenty years ago.

P: Are you greatly alarmed and apprehensive about the behavior of students on the campus?

R: Not as much as a great many people. I get irritated every morning over the [*Florida Times-Union*], every evening over the *Gainesville Sun*, and at similar irritations all over the country. I do think that we would be better off if there had been in the stretch of the past fifteen years or more a more rigorous insistence on student responsibility. I think we have overdone the business of student government, of encouraging students to think that they should rule the roost. I do not know what all has brought that about. It is no doubt an intricate combination of many different factors. But it has been the style of course. It seems to me much better for older people responsible for the welfare of an institution to have a clean-cut and clear-headed understanding with students how far their responsibility goes and where it stops.

P: Of course, once we have unleashed the force, can we curb it now?

R: Yes, you can turn back the [clock]. This is not a matter of ordering the tides in the sea to stop. Things are not as much out of hand here surely as they are in places like Harvard, Cornell, Berkeley, above all, which has been sort of a nexus and a propagating place, obviously.

P: Are you fearful that might happen here?

R: I do not know enough about what is going on among the undergraduate population or in such particular politically minded student bodies as in the College of Law. But I think that if professors and administrative heads of all faculties make the mistake of encouraging students, as with, for instance, Kenneth Megill . . . Wasn't that his name?

P: Yes, Kenneth Megill [assistant professor of philosophy, 1966-1973].

R: [There have been people who were] apparently weak-headed enough to like the popularity, at least the transient notoriety that goes with that kind of cause, and I think that if it is not checked we could get into trouble here. I get that only secondhand by observing the antics of a student body president like Sheppard--if you can call him one. His platform this year included the announcement that this business of requiring a foreign language for graduation from the College of Arts and Sciences must be done away with, which of course is the rankest kind of tommy-rot. I mean that in both ways, that the notion itself not to require some knowledge of a foreign language is so absurd that it is too base to talk about as a matter of education. But secondly, that a candidate for the presidency of the student body could make . . .

P: That an issue . . .

R: That he could have the infantile gall to propose himself as an initiator of great educational policy is a little worse than comic. It is comic, but he ought to be told off. I would hope that somebody has.

P: Do you think that student demands for change are justified? Are our universities or is this University outmoded?

R: Well, I think it is an obvious thing to say that some change is the law of nature. Okay. But in government and in educational institutions certainly it has to be undertaken with caution and the slow mellowing of time, [calling on] the best mature wisdom that can be brought to bear. Now, it follows that you do not turn over the conduct of curricula and the administration of 15,000 or 20,000 students to immature youngsters who go running off in all directions, even if their notions and their actions are amiable. There are some signs of a willingness to curry popularity as if that were the going thing these days. That worries me a little bit. But I keep thinking about the students-- freshman to graduate--that I have known over the years, and some of them I still know, and I think about how much headier, how much more genuinely sophisticated my own great nephew is here as a freshman than most of our students used to be. So that calms my nerves.

P: You have faith, then, in the student?

R: I think we have to. I watched a crowd last week--it must have been Wednesday--when the front for SDS [Students for Democratic Society] set up a table and conducted some kind of a talk-in all afternoon, as long as students would stick around. It was very revealing to see what went on. I stopped twice and stood around smoking long enough to catch the temper of the business. In the first place I came along just as the table had been prepared with all their little pamphlets, [inaudible], and all their other stuff. Most of them were ten cents apiece, but two or three were twenty-five. Well, I spent eighty-five cents on one twenty-five-cent packet and collected quite an array of the ten centers, and I brought them upstairs. I have

them stashed away because I sensed that here was going to be an effort to make some heading for SDS. I got a very cautious, suspicious, careful answer from the bearded youngster who had set up the table and who took my eighty-five cents. I went away, got lunch, came back, and by that time I counted thirty-eight students, including the conductor of the affair and his associate or associates. It never was clear to me just who was who.

What did strike me was that students busy about their own affairs would come by, pause a bit, some of them would look with condescension and ridicule, and move on. I saw that three times. I went back downstairs later on to smoke, and it was still running and still about the same little group, about forty. But the fringe were mere passers-by who were curious. Two serious boys had taken issue, had put a question, and argued and were allowed, I must say, to utilize the microphone for their statements, and the conductors of the affair answered with routine, memorized, conventional retorts. But that was obviously not getting off the ground. The students in the first place did not turn out for it; it did not attract more than a handful, obviously, and this was all boys, young men who were seriously concerned to answer their [questions about issues that concerned them]. They have their equals, I am sure, by the hundreds over in the dormitories. My wife and I chat with this great nephew of mine a great deal. They know what the scores are.

P: How did you react to President [Stephen C.] O'Connell's appointment?

R: I was delighted.

P: You had know him here as a student, hadn't you?

R: Not as well as some of the other instructors who are still going around strong here. But I knew Steve's older brother, and I knew Steve as a prominent figure among the students and rather casually as a student. I had come to know him as an alumnus interested in some of the University affairs. He was active then as president-elect of the Alumni Association and so was thrown with him two or three years before his appointment in the committee of the Alumni Association working with the president's office. That was delightful. We had kept close track of his career. I had seen him and renewed our old acquaintance at Blue Key banquets and smokers and all that sort of thing.

P: Do you feel that he is the man to handle this situation on this campus?

R: I think there is a danger that he may have too much respect for some of his professors or deans who may give him bad advice. But I think that is borrowing trouble. I have not really discussed how things have been going with anybody deeply involved in responsible, key positions. I could retract the statement. I do not really have enough information to go on.

P: How about the question that is sometimes raised, and increasingly so in the last few years, of censorship on this campus? Does that bother you? I am not just thinking about the Pamela Brewer case, but just generally. Last week I understand the SDS sale which you participated in was stopped. I just wondered how you react to that.

R: I do not think it is anything to get bothered about. There is essential freedom of speech on this campus. You know that.

P: Yes, I thought so. It has never bothered me.

R: Yes, that is right. Now, I really am getting to the point where I will register a more-positive answer about a man like Steve O'Connell. In the first place, I think that private, personal character counts a hell of a lot more than it is generally thought of as playing a part in the competence and career of college and university presidents. It would be impossible, it seems to me, to find a man with more sterling qualities personally than Stephen O'Connell. But he also has a darn good native intelligence and a very wide scope of legal experience, and all that put together ought to enable him to shift a lot of false out of the true and make things go. Of course, it is just possible that I underestimate the rebelliousness of the leftist element on the campus. There are, obviously, a lot of people who, for example, form a kind of hard-core center for an outfit like the AAUP [American Association of University Professors]. Now, I never did resign from the AAUP, but for fifteen years I have been angered by some of their shenanigans, the most conspicuous instance being . . . I may be stomping on your toes on this one, Sam.

P: I am sure not.

R: But obviously a very inferior person who does not technically have any right to tenure should not be made the center of a cause as happened back around 1953 or thereabout. It was before Dr. Miller died. [John H.] Reynolds [assistant professor of social sciences]. Were you then a member of the AAUP? Well, here is what happened in a nutshell. Reynolds had appealed for help to the AAUP chapter. The awful, blunt fact is that he had been caught in what legally would have been, if caught earlier, perjury. He was made the hero of a cause. We had about 350 members in the AAUP chapter at that time. In meeting after meeting, his supporters tried to get the chapter to make an issue of it, go to the president, go to the Board of Control, publish our sharp statements attacking the University and especially attacking President Miller. Successive meetings, of course, saw diminishing attendance. The people just got tired. The upshot was that at the last meeting, which I think was about the fourth--it may have been the fifth in the series--there were not but about seventy- five people there, of whom fifty were the hard core that had been keeping things moving.

There was a motion defending Reynolds and attacking the president and the University for its treatment of him, which was precisely correct and constitutional, and an investigation by a jury of his peers, for which Dr. Miller had been reviled by people who should have known better. One of them, so I heard, had called him before that meeting. It was subsequently [learned that it was] the dean of the College of Education. That was really not respectable, either morally or intellectually. That whole business was pretty seedy. But the upshot was a meeting in which the hard-core group had a clear-cut majority, with noisy publication of the action by these [zealots], representing not just AAUP people. That was what was intended.

That was comparable to what was happening in some of the labor unions up in Brooklyn. You remember around then, 1949, 1950, 1951, and 1952. That is not respectable, nor it is desirable. There is a good deal of those tendencies still here.

P: Of course, we have just had a recent tenure case, too.

R: Yes, and we will have others. On that sort of thing I am just a hard-bitten, old, nasty conservative. It is a department head's responsibility, and if he does not attend to it then he ought to be kicked out of the job. He can continue to teach, but he ought not to try to run the department. The same principle holds true for each successive grade of administrative responsibility.

I saw it in many different episodes, but one that I vividly remember was with one of the most brilliant men that I ever brought here. He turned out to be highly undesirable, for he quickly showed his colors as a notorious homosexual. Fortunately, I caught it in time, and I acted with dispatch. I had just one year in which to make up my mind whether to recommend tenure or not. He came in on a full professorship. I recommended without having to explain [that he not be granted tenure]. I had the arbitrary power. I did consult, but it was my responsibility. I had to make the recommendation to the dean, and the dean to the president, and the president to the Board of Control. That was that. That is a clear-out, sensible chain of command, and you had to [follow that protocol]. That is the only way you can run an automobile or a train or a plane or a college. [laughter]

P: It might have been a dilemma had you not known about this for another year.

R: I was grateful for that, because it obviously needed to be done. This man was a very aggressive type, so when he knew from me that I had not recommended tenure, he exploded in Dean Page's office [in the College of Arts and Sciences], and Ralph took the humorously correct line of referring him to the president. So he exploded less vociferously in the president's office, and the president referred him back to me. To an outsider that looks like a dreadful run-around; it looked almost literally like the run-around. It was a triangle--my office to the dean's office to the president's office and back again to my office.

P: Where the responsibility was waiting.

R: It was something that needed to be done, and we did it. Now, anybody that is not going to take that kind of responsibility and act with precision, with determination, and stick with it should not be trying to run the University. That is why I get my nerves harassed once in a while.

P: How do you handle a person like Megill?

R: As I did Patrick. Look to your dean and your president for support, to back your properly. And if deans unrelated to the issue pop off to make themselves popular with students or with their fellow faculty or to make an issue in the AAUP--well, of course, a dean could not be a member of the AAUP, but you know what I mean--then kick him in his intellectual and

professional tail and try to teach him something.

P: What about this question of tenure that is now very much in the news?

R: Well, surely that can be handled readily. The St. Petersburg man who is apparently the leading light in that group needs to be educated. That is all. There are plenty of people around surely who can enlighten him. Stephen O'Connell has already begun that process.

P: Are you at all worried about the rising feeling on the part of the public against universities as reflected in [Florida Senator] Mr. [Richard J.] Deeb's bill on tenure, which may not have been serious?

R: Yes, Sam, I would put my wisdom this way: extreme invariably begets extreme. The farther to the right you pull the pendulum, the farther it will go to the left when you release it, and it takes a good deal of oscillating before it settles in the middle. I think that is wholesome because it reflects the kind of concern that I have now, not directly involved, but as a citizen. We have the right to know what is going on in an institution that we maintain. It is our money that pays me and you. It pays me as a retired professor who is on a state arrangement for retirement, and for the time in which it was set up it is a very generous one. It is more generous now for you and for your maintenance as a working member of the faculty. Where do the faculty get the idea that they are a law unto themselves? That is childish, and I mean just literally that. It is naive and immaterial.

That is why I am glad men like O'Connell are around. I hope that nobody can sway him sufficiently to make him ever quit that realization or veer from the assumption that faculty and administrative personnel are responsible. They are no more responsible solely to themselves than the president of the United States can go his own sweet way without regard to the history and nature of the country and people who elected him to office.

P: Do you feel that if these people cannot be educated as far as their responsibility to the people of the state, then they should be moved off the college campus?

R: No, but you need to keep whipping them and trying to keep them in their place. Try to keep them from wrecking the place.

P: Of course, they are always the loudest voices.

R: Yes. It is a vital weakness, more conspicuous in our time because the means are so much more readily available. Are men and women responsible for what we now like to call communication? The media? That is really a troublesome aspect of life in our time, it seems to me--the greed for sensation that is connected, apparently, with success in new callings like radio and TV above all. It seems to me that it has affected the standards of reporting and editorials, especially in print media. But it is so obviously out of hand in the radio and TV news reporting and in utilizing the medium of television, especially, for propaganda purposes. I think that journalism schools have been tainted, and I think ours has been

affected, too.

I had a little conception of that recently from a first-time intimacy with some of the young men over in the television training program in our school. My own great-nephew is heading toward journalism, so I am going to see if I cannot make sure that he does not get caught up in the frenzy for sensationalism. For instance, you mentioned some quarter of an hour or more ago the absurdities of the Pam Brewer business here on this campus. Is not the eagerness with which that was taken up and tossed about and kept going a side product of this sensation-seeking?

P: Along with the nude photographs taken in the P. K. Yonge Library. [laughter]

R: Oh, I should have gone over. Or the theft of Harley Silverbrook's two statues.

P: Oh, yes, I saw that in the paper last night. But you are not looking, then with too much fear into the future as far as this campus is concerned. You still have faith in our students and our faculty, by and large?

R: In Americans, yes. For that matter, a lot of other races. One of my best friends when I was a junior, when I began taking my chemistry, which was also required for an A.B. student in my day as an undergraduate . . . I had to have a very large, hefty load of straight science. I could choose the subjects, but I took a year of chemistry and subsequently took both qualitative and quantitative analysis. One of my good friends at the time was a very nice Chinese boy whose family had come to this country from the region of Kwangtung, and the last time I saw him he had driven from San Francisco to Gainesville to be here for Homecoming and visited me and several other people that he knew here. He had worked in the citrus canker eradication program.

P: What was his name?

R: Yick Kuen Wong. In spite of all his success as a student of science here, he wound up in San Francisco as a highly successful real estate dealer. But he never got out of touch with a number of us. Wong, of whom I spoke, helped me and Terry, my Latin and Greek friend who was the third of the graduates of the University to be chairman of the Board of Control in the 1930s. There were two or three people still living when Wong came to visit who had long worked in the Agricultural Extension Division or in the Experiment Station.