

## AT LUTHER COLLEGE, 1877-1881

by A. A. Veblen

*Andrew A. Veblen like his famous brother, Thorstein B. Veblen, went to Carleton College, and both of them followed an academic career after graduation. The similarities do not go much further. Thorstein was a brilliant, volcanic scholar who led a tempestuous life and carved out a reputation as one of America's great social critics. Andrew was a good family man and an orderly person who pursued a distinguished career as professor of physics at The University of Iowa. Thorstein's writing style was a passionate chaos of ideas and images. Andrew's was precise, pensive, and clear.*

*Andrew Veblen spent four years on the faculty of Luther College before going on to the university. During these years, he seems to have seen an older colleague, Throno Bothne, as his bane. Sheer clash of personality was certainly one reason why they could not get along. Perhaps Bothne reminded Veblen too much of his brother Thorstein. Bothne for his part may have seen in Veblen something of the smug Yankee arrogance that could make life so miserable for an immigrant. Differences in age, education, and cultural preferences also played their part. Bothne had been born and educated in Norway; Veblen grew up in a bicultural Norwegian-American environment but had been educated in a Midwestern citadel of New England folkways. Veblen was temperate, young, and tidy; Bothne was a shaggy, bearded giant who liked a sociable drink.*

*Both Veblen and Bothne were farmer's sons, not the scions of established middle class families like Vilhelm Koren and Laur. Larsen. Though their social aspirations were similar, their cultural aspirations were diametrically opposed. Bothne related to his colleagues insofar as they, like him, wanted to preserve what was best in*

*Norwegian life and culture. Veblen related to them insofar as they realized, as he did, that an accommodation to Anglo-American cultural values was a necessary corollary of living in North America.*

*Long after he had left Decorah and the faculty of Luther College, A. A. Veblen wrote the following memoir. It is a lively sketch of personalities and episodes of urban life among the Norwegians of northeastern Iowa during the pioneer generation. Veblen was a thoughtful writer, deft in delineating situations and individuals, and he also shared something of his brother's insight into the driving forces behind a given social situation. These characteristics lend an air of verve, immediacy, and credibility to his memoir, even though it was actually written long after the events described. This edited version of the memoir is shorter than the original, and punctuation has been altered slightly in places for the convenience of the reader.*

I received my bachelor's degree at Carleton College, June 27, 1877. The cornerstone of the main building of St. Olaf College was laid on July 4 following. I was present at this ceremony and met several of the leading men of the Norwegian Synod, who were gathered in Northfield to participate in the festivities of the cornerstone laying. On the following day, I made a trip in southern Minnesota (Rushford, Lanesboro, Spring Valley) to look up some high school vacancies of which friends had advised me. On my return to Northfield some two days later, I met

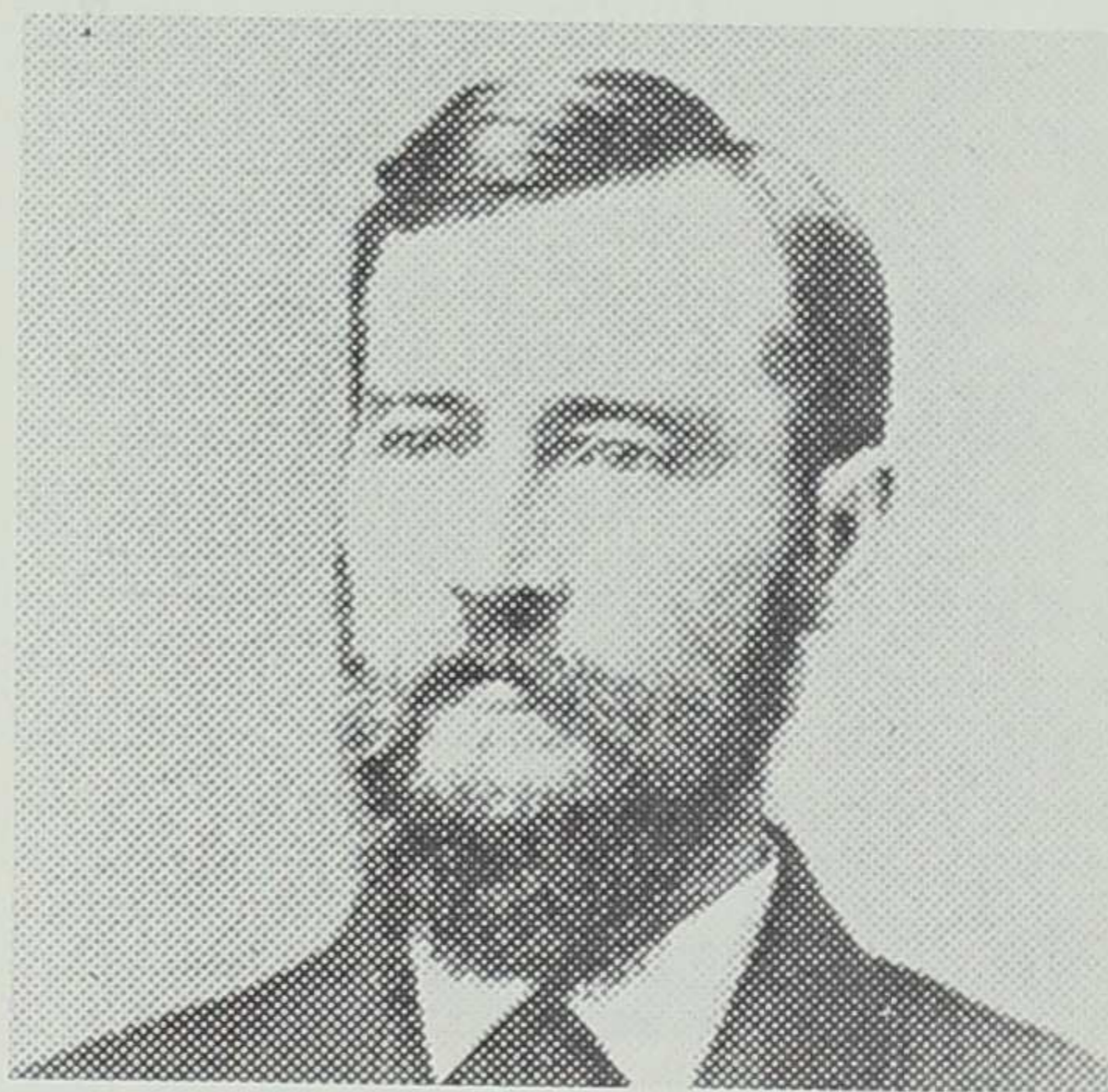


there Reverend B. J. Muus and Professor L. S. Reque of Luther College. They informed me that such members of the Luther College faculty, including President Laur. Larsen, as were in Northfield at the St. Olaf exercises, together with Mr. Muus, Reverend N. A. Quammen, and perhaps others who were especially interested in the college, had held a conference on the matter of finding some one who could fill a vacancy at Luther College, and that they, Muus and Reque, had been delegated to ascertain whether I would be willing to accept the position if tendered me.

My answer was that I was willing to undertake such a position as they had in mind, and Professor Reque undertook to inform President Larsen of the result of our interview.

In a few days, I received from President Larsen a letter of date, July 10, 1877, offering me the place. On receiving my letter accepting, he wrote again, July 30th, outlining briefly my duties. Among these he insisted that I should have the class beginning Latin, Sexta, which was the designation of the class entering the school. The classes were known as Prima, Secunda, &c., down to Sexta, the course covering six years of preparatory and college work.

The assignment of any class in Latin to me, and most of all that of the beginners, was a surprise to me. The truth of the matter was that no one on the staff was willing to take it, and as the faculty had the authority to make up the program, and I was not present to make a protest,



*Andrew A. Veblen as he appeared while on the faculty of Luther College.*

they simply decided to make me take it. But I had heard remarks from different persons who had been educated either in Norway or at Norwegian and German institutions in America, including President Larsen himself, to the effect that the classics, and especially Latin, were not taught properly and thoroughly and were not well learned at American higher schools. The medium of instruction in Latin at Luther College was to be Norwegian, by a Norwegian textbook, and I had had no school in Norwegian and was unfamiliar with the grammatical terms I should be obliged to use in conducting recitations in the Norwegian language.

In view of the derogatory remarks made by the class of men who were to be my colleagues, about American institutions of learning such as Carleton College in which I had received my training, and especially



as the unfavorable opinion concerning American schools was applied to the whole system and the methods pursued in them, my selection to fill the vacancy at Luther College was an entirely unexpected surprise. But I was slightly acquainted with Mr. Muus, and of course my pastor, Mr. Quammen, vouched for my being safe as to character and orthodox in faith, and the favorable regard of these two men, as well as others like Professor Reque, of my acquaintance, seems to have decided the Luther College people to make the experiment using a man whose entire training had been received in one of these selfsame American colleges. As soon as my appointment was settled, I obtained a copy of Voss's beginners' book in Latin and sought to prepare myself for the unwelcome task.

In August, about the 20th, we [Veblen and his wife] arrived in Decorah, where neither of us had ever been before, and we were very hospitably received by President Larsen and his family, and we remained their guests until our house was ready for us some four or five days later. At Luther College, it was then the practice to furnish the members of faculty living quarters. Bachelors were supplied with unfurnished rooms in the college building or elsewhere, while married teachers were given a house or a suite of house-keeping rooms, in addition to the stipulated cash salary. Just outside the campus to the east was the property, "Sunnyside," which had been occupied by Professor Siewers. This was assigned to us as our residence.

During the few days that we stayed with the Larsens, there was one thing which we learned and which was characteristic. We knew that among Norwegians in America it was the custom to speak of the wife of a minister or other professional

man as *Fru* So-and-so (Fru Larsen, Fru Muus, &c.). It seemed that in the college circle this title was used to discriminate between the ladies in some way by denoting some simply as *Mrs.* There were Fru Larsen and Fru Bothne, but Mrs. Jacobsen. Later, there was Mrs. Narvesen. In some way, it was a graduation in which *Mrs.* was an indefinable degree lower than *Fru*. We knew this distinction to be accepted in the country congregations, where the wives of farmers and other common folk were Mrs. So-and-so, while the minister's wife was Fru—. When President Larsen met us at the station on our arrival, I introduced my wife to him as Mrs. Veblen. But when we came to be presented to his wife, he designated her as Fru Veblen, and in all the four years of our stay in Decorah she was, among the Norwegians there, always known as Fru Veblen. Being par excellence the "Americans" of the faculty this was singular, especially in view of the fact that other professors' wives had to content themselves with the designation of *Mrs.* while others in the faculty circle received the more coveted title of *Fru*. In our case, the thing probably came about through the accident of the president's using the word *Fru* when we arrived.

Reverend V. Koren, one of the foremost leaders of the Synod, resided a few miles out from Decorah. He was a frequent visitor at the college and an important member of the men who formed the college sphere. On the day we were to move into Sunnyside, Mr. Koren happened to be in town. He therefore came over, accompanied by President Larsen, to pay his respects to the new college family. I had gone "down town" on some errand and accordingly was not at home. But Koren afterward related what took place. With a plane which I had brought along, and



an old saw and a hatchet which I had found about the house, I had that morning constructed a kitchen table out of lumber from one of the boxes in which our goods had been shipped. I had found a rusty pair of hinges upon an old piece of wood in the yard and had used them in supplying the table with a leaf. The table, on my hurrying away down town, was left in the kitchen, surrounded by the chips and shavings resulting from the process of construction. Mr. Koren spied the table and the shavings &c., and the tools used and wanted to know whose handiwork it was. On being told, he inspected the table from all sides, taking a good, long time to do so. Then he turned to President Larsen and made the remark, "Han er praktisk. Jeg liker praktiske folk" ("He is a practical man. I like practical folk."). The incident was fraught with much good fortune to me, for Mr. Koren became my very good friend and on various occasions his interest in me served me well.

Another man of some consequence there was Professor Thron Bothne, who was regarded with a curious mixture of fear and respect because of the rugged and sometimes rough element of his personality, and who for still other traits was likeable and liked. He was an extreme case of the professional Norwegian of that time, and the worst he could say of one was that he was "Americanized." Having come there as an American, or rather *the* American of the faculty, I naturally enough wondered what judgment he made as a consequence of the hardly polite looking over that he gave me when I was introduced to him. But it happened that he had been the instructor in the beginning Latin (Sexta) the year before, and I soon called on him and asked him to explain to me his method and to advise me on any points



*Rev. Vilhelm Koren, a pastor of great influence among local Norwegians in northeastern Iowa. He wears the traditional collar of the Luthern clergy (courtesy of Vesterheim).*

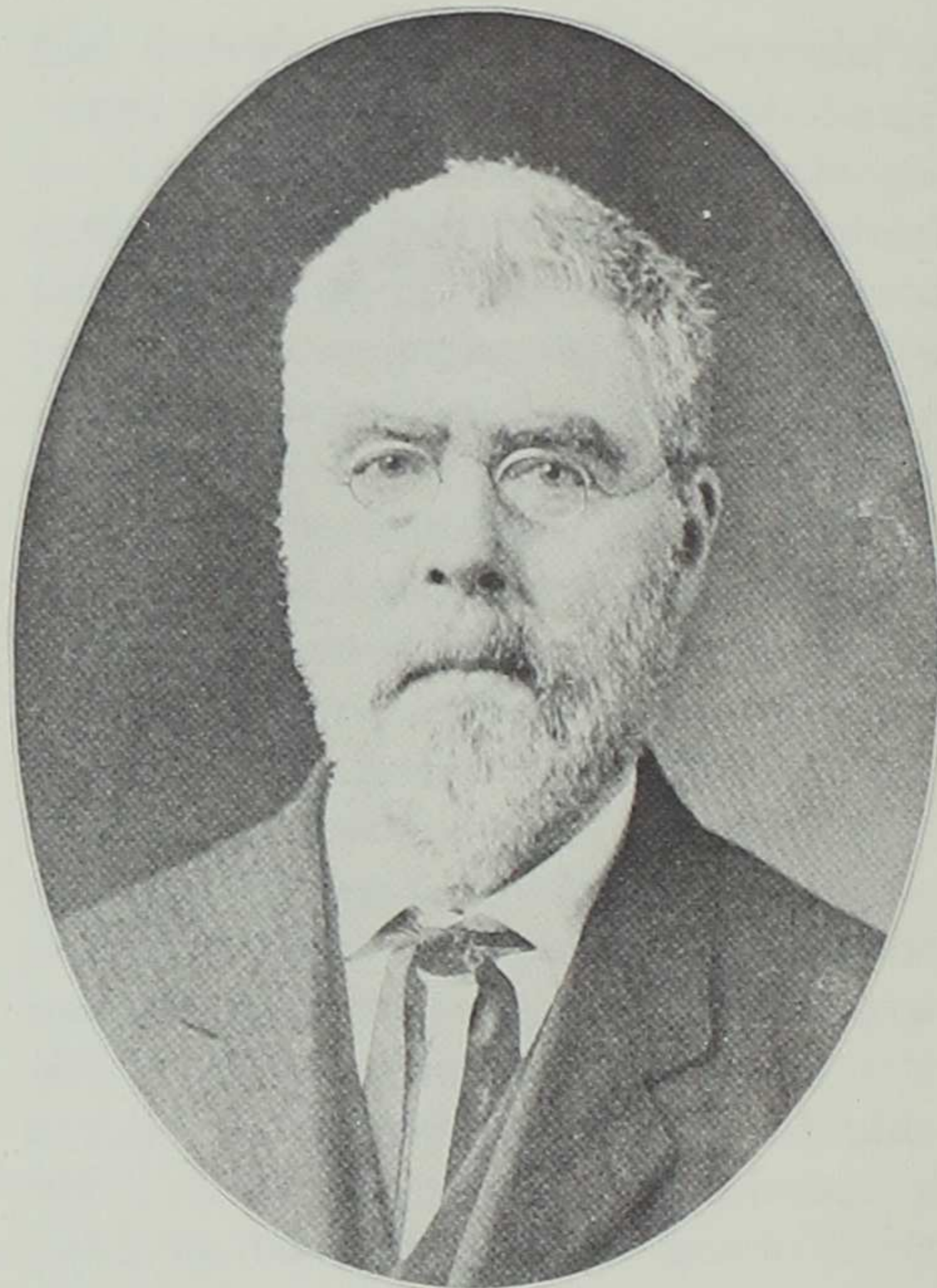
he thought would be helpful to one who was inexperienced. He seems to have been considerably flattered, and he gave me a long lecture on the whole subject of teaching elementary Latin. I gained his liking, and flattering remarks that he made to others about me were repeated to me, and for the first year of my stay at the college, I retained the good will of Professor Bothne even though I was an "American." This may be taken to mean a good deal, for his constant criterion when questions of practice or policy arose, as in faculty meetings, was: thus we do "at home" ("hjemme"), and he cared not at all what the practice in a given case might be in American institutions. Neither did he seem to accept as decisive what might be the practice or custom of the Germans, whose standards and opinions in those days counted for so much among the leading



lights at the college, as well as among the theologians and laymen generally of the Synod.

Besides the class in beginning Latin, my work consisted chiefly of the instruction in English—grammar, composition, rhetoric—in the four classes Quarta to Sexta, and the two Normal classes, and penmanship in the lower classes. I had twenty-six hours of instructing each week through the year. As I anticipated, the Latin proved hard work. Sexta was a large class, more than sixty in the beginning. Few of them had had any systematic training in school, and it fell to me to do the major part of the work of “breaking them in.” In Latin, English, and writing, the classes were in my hands twelve fifty-minute recitation periods each week, which was very nearly half of their total instruction. Teaching this untrained and miscellaneous flock of country boys was hard work, though they were not at all difficult to handle, and very naturally, to get them interested in such a subject as Latin might be expected to be especially difficult. The task was of course particularly hard for me, who had no experience in using Norwegian as a means of instruction and was unfamiliar with the special Norwegian terminology of grammar. But the class as a whole proved apt. They took hold of the work with a will and gained somewhat of a reputation particularly for their proficiency in declensions and conjugations. But I was after that one year relieved from any further teaching of Latin.

My chief branch was to be English, and I knew that my work would be largely judged by the sort of English the boys came to speak on the campus. I therefore made it a rule to speak no Norwegian to the students in or out of hours (except in



*Prof. Thronth Bothne, Veblen's bane (courtesy Luther College Archives).*

the Latin class), and I exacted of them that they should speak English to me. Such a course seemed necessary enough. When I came there, I think English and Norwegian were used to about an equal extent among the boys on campus. Larsen, Brandt, and Bothne never spoke English to the boys. The intercourse between the other men and boys took place in one language or the other—indifferently. The language used in the various games or sports would also vary. But baseball could hardly be played except in English. It was the chief sport cultivated at Luther College, and I believe one is justified in crediting the gradual Americanization of the college partly to the influence of this, the “national” game. One could hear Norwegian used by the croquet players, and even in the old fashioned foot ball playing Norwegian was heard to a considerable



extent. I am speaking of the usages as I found them at the beginning of my first year there.

M. J. L. Lee was then manager of the Lutheran Publishing House of the Synod. He was a Civil War veteran and took much interest in the young men of the college. Largely owing to his encouragement, a movement was started in the fall of 1877 to form a voluntary military company in the college. A majority of the older students joined, and the company started with a membership of about seventy-five. By the bylaws, all officers were elected by the company. Mr. Lee was chosen captain; Professor Reque first lieutenant; Olaf Larson, a student, second lieutenant. Professor Bredesen was elected first orderly sergeant; three more sergeants and several corporals were also elected. Being a "new" man, I took no part in the organizing, but as soon as the offices were filled, I applied for membership, and being admitted as a private, I began to drill in the first lessons in the school of the soldier. Partly because I had had some training in gymnastics, marching, and evolutions, and partly, I have always suspected, because it did not look right to have a member of the faculty without some "office," the position of fifth sergeant was created and the place was offered to me. I think this was due to Captain Lee's suggestion. We had no arms to begin with, but we took hold of "setting up" and all exercises and evolutions of the company with a good deal of earnestness and no little success. As might be expected, however, many dropped out for various reasons or on various pretexts. I drilled in all sorts of capacities, taking the place of different officers when they were absent, even of the lieutenants. And when the second lieutenant after a short time

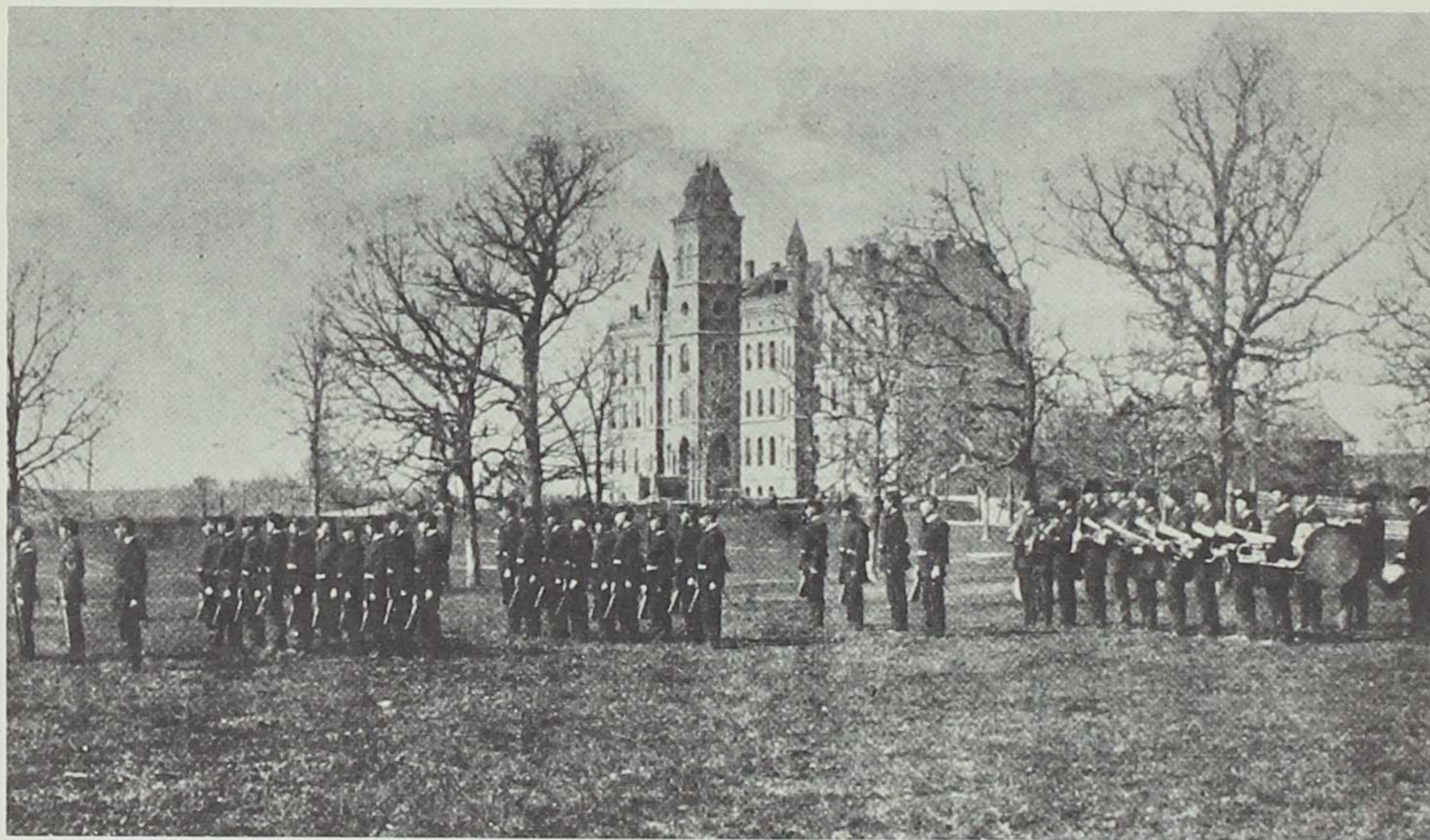
resigned, I was elected to take his place. By this time, we had organized a campaign for raising money to buy equipment, as the captain's efforts to get arms and accoutrements supplied by the government had failed. With two hundred dollars contributed by students and others, we bought fifty muzzle loading muskets that showed abundant signs of having seen hard service, together with fifty belts and cartridge and cap pouches. The officers supplied themselves with the regulation dress swords and belts. In the matter of uniforms, the most that we could put through was the requirement that each should wear a blue uniform cap which in shape was much like the officers' caps now (1918) used in the army. One of the first floor rooms in the "Chicken Coop" or annex was set apart as an Armory, and gun racks were put along three of its walls. The possession of arms and accoutrements and the wearing of the uniform cap gave the company a distinct standing, and for several years no place was long vacant in the number of fifty to which the membership was virtually limited by the number of available stand of arms.

When the company was formed, there was a good deal of study on an appropriate name, but in the absence of any acceptable suggestion, the question was postponed until after other matters of organization were disposed of. At the

#### A Note on Sources

A. A. Veblen's manuscript, "At Luther College 1877-1881," is the property of the Minnesota Historical Society and is printed here with the gracious permission of that Society. The manuscript has not previously been published, but portions of it were quoted in David T. Nelson, *Luther College 1861-1961* (Decorah: Luther College Press, 1961), and in Leola Nelson Bergmann, *Americans from Norway* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1950).





*The Luther College Phalanx (courtesy Luther College Archives).*

first meeting held after my admission, the matter of a name came up for discussion. A great many names had been proposed and more were suggested at that meeting. Having been called on by some one to make a suggestion, I said, why not call it the *Phalanx*? No decision was made at that meeting, but at an adjourned meeting a day or two later, the name "The Luther College Phalanx" was adopted.

It was my purpose to get as fully and intimately acquainted with the boys as I might, and for that reason, I made it a point to miss no meeting and no drill of the Phalanx. There were times when the captain was unable to be present, and the first lieutenant was not very regular in his attendance, being hindered occasionally, for one thing, by an ailment of the throat. And when both these officers were absent, it fell to me, and not infrequently, to assume charge. We had company drill twice a week when we could,

but at least once a week anyhow; and squad drills as often as the sergeants and corporals could get their squads assembled. Once a week, the non-commissioned officers were drilled by the captain or one of the lieutenants. The men worked with no little enthusiasm and became quite proficient both in the manual of arms and in marching. We took part in the Memorial Day parade in the spring of 1878 along with the military or N.Y. Company of Decorah, and were commended by the officer of that company for the showing we made.

During my first year in Decorah, the faculty consisted of President Laur. Larsen, Reverend N. Brandt, Reverend C. D. Jacobsen, C. Narvesen, L. S. Reque, Reverend A. Bredesen, A. A. Veblen. Mr. Brandt was the pastor of the church and could only give half time to the college. He instructed in religion and singing. Except in English as a subject and in mathe-



matics, practically all the instruction, up to this time, had been conducted in Norwegian. There had developed a party within the faculty in favor of so changing this matter of language that class instruction should be more fairly shared between the two languages. By the changes which had been going on, the "English" party had been gradually strengthened, and as I was naturally looked on as an accession by them, they took the matter up for action during this year.

A committee of which I was secretary brought in a report which was adopted after slight amendments. Reverend V. Koren attended the meetings at which the report was considered and took a prominent part in the discussions. The result of this action was to divide the time of employing English and Norwegian, as the medium of class instruction, about equally between the two. Perhaps the most important change was that of taking the instruction in Greek out of the Norwegian and making it an English subject. To this change in the relative standing of these two languages in the college, there was no strenuous objection. It was the inevitable consequence of the process of Americanization going on among the people of Norwegian origin as it worked out at the college. At the time of my leaving Decorah in 1881, English had practically displaced Norwegian as the language of the campus and largely so in the everyday intercourse between the student, as well as among those of the teachers who had been reared in this country. Many glaring Norwegianisms in use on the campus had disappeared, such as *free-day*, *free-quarter*, to "have free," to *write dictates*, ceased to offend the ear. But in many important matters the college continued long to be patterned on

Norwegian (and German) practice and methods. Standards appealed to and precedents cited were those of Norway rather than of America, that is by the older men whose education had been attained mainly in Norwegian institutions. Perhaps the most extreme was Th. Bothne, who at that time was bitterly opposed to all things American in school methods and practice, and who invariably cited the custom or rule that was applicable "hjemme."

Students who were less than eighteen years of age were not allowed to smoke tobacco. Smoking was forbidden to the students in all parts of the college, but a room had been set apart in the so-called "Chicken Coop," in which those over eighteen might smoke. Most of those entitled by age to the use of pipe (or cigar) therefore spent some part of their leisure time in this room. It became a sort of informal social center. The smokers effected definite organization, to which they gave the name *Niffelheim*.<sup>\*</sup> I am not sure, but I believe the room itself had been dubbed *Niffelheim* before the organization was made. *Niffelheim* had its by-laws and officers and was a sort of exclusive club. The members sometimes had formal programs, a written periodical, and other features in the ways of festivals. All this was calculated to make the younger students long for the day when they might attain the age and the accomplishment which constituted qualification for membership.

But there were some who did not smoke although of smoking age. Virtually excluded from *Niffelheim* with its social features and companionship, these, together with the minors under eighteen conceived the idea of forming a club of

<sup>\*</sup>*Niffelheim* is a region known as the "World of Mist" [or smoke] in traditional Old Norse mythology.



non-smokers, which they gave the name *Muspelheim*.<sup>o</sup> They obtained the use of a room on the ground floor of the main building to serve as a club room and reading room, which was supplied with magazines and papers bought with the dues of members. This took place during the year 1877-78. A delegation of Muspelheimers one day called and tendered me honorary membership in the society. I understood this to be because I was at that time the only member of the faculty except President Larsen who did not smoke, and the idea was that I should act as an official representative of the faculty.

The college year regularly ended at the close of June. The annual meetings of the Synod were held about the middle or just after the middle of the month. The members of the college faculty were expected to attend, and the week of the Synod meeting was given the students for review of the half year's work, and the examinations took place on the return of the teachers from the Synod convention. Some member of the faculty was of course left in charge to look after the students during this season of review. It was a duty which was considered both difficult and unpleasant and quite thankless, and no one desired the detail or assignment. The Synod met in 1878 in Stoughton, Wisconsin. All the teachers wished to attend. Some one moved that I, as the junior member, should be detailed to be in charge during the absence of the others.

Accordingly, I was left in charge of the college for about eight days. It did not take long to develop matters for discipline. Some of the "upper class" or older men began to smoke in the class and dormitory rooms and, in answer to the

complaints made, held that this was vacation time and the rules against smoking in the building were thereby suspended.

But my ruling against them put an end to the trouble. In the next place, a number of Seniors (Prima men) openly proposed to violate the rule of study hours by taking croquet mallets and balls and going out upon the croquet ground in front of the college to play. The quartette that attempted this breach of discipline were two of the sons of one of the professors, the son of the virtual leader of the Synod, and a man who was generally prominent as a malcontent. When I called their attention to the rule which they were violating, they said they had studied till they were tired and could see no reason for my interference with their recreation. On my saying that I could not allow them to display their infraction of the rules and asking them to go back to their rooms or disappear at once in the woods, their spokesman, the son of the clergyman, said, "Oh, well, let us go," whereupon they threw down the mallets and went off into the woods bordering the campus. After these incidents, which took place respectively the first and second days of my administration, there were no further serious attempts at breaking rules. One other incident may be related as indicative of what boys sometimes would do. The students who were of age were required by the local "road boss" to work out their poll tax in West Decorah, but in order to cause as little interference as possible with their studies, he arranged it so that the day or two they worked fell within this week of reviewing. It happened that year that these men were given work in the road leading north up the ravine near the Mill Spring. By this piece of road stood one of the saloons designed to give a last

<sup>o</sup>*Muspelheim* is the mythical "World of Fire."



chance for a drink to such as were driving out into the country. The first evening the returning student road members were quite lively in their behavior and there was a suspicious odor accompanying them. The next day, I took a walk to the top of the hill overlooking the road. I stood there in full view of the boys if they had chanced to look up, and was seen by the pathmaster who was directing their work. Presently two of them went over to the pump by the roadway in front of the saloon, pumped a cupful of water, smelled of it and poured it out, and walked into the saloon. When they came out, some of the others went in, and these were followed by others until the eight or nine boys there had taken turns at entering. The pathmaster several times looked up at me, but none of the boys looked up and so they did not see me. In the evening, they came back to the building as the students were gathering to go down to the dining room, and they came marching up the walk, boisterously tramping and with loud exclamations. In fact, they showed considerable ill mannered hilarity, which they continued for a while in the washroom downstairs. I went down to them and silently looked on until a profound silence took the place of the noise. Some of them became very serious, and they all ate their supper in glum silence. The next morning, one of them asked me whether I had a list of the company of the day before. I told him I needed no list. He asked whether I should report them to the president. I said, of course. "Of course you were all drunk?" I said. "Of course we were," he said. "But I don't think you'll see any more of this behavior," he said. For the remaining days that the college students worked on the road that week, the pathmaster assured

me, no one went into the saloon again.

The seven or eight days of my "stewardship" sped along busily and pleasantly. At the first faculty meeting after, I was asked to report and mentioned the incidents related above, together with other matters. Unexpectedly, my report was characterized as an attack upon the behavior of the boys by none other than Professor Reque, who after stating that the case of the boys required an advocate, proceeded, as I took it, in the character of such an advocate or attorney to cross question me and to express doubt as to the truth or accuracy of my statements, ending up by declaring he should not consent to such "spying" on the students while at work and supposed to be on their honor. To this angry tirade, I listened in parliamentary silence, and then appealed to the president for protection against further abuse. The president then said that he had already heard substantially the same account from the boys themselves as that given by me in regard to all the incidents I mentioned. And he commended both my own report and the successful way I had filled my place.

The last few weeks of the summer vacation 1878, I proposed to spend at my father's, helping with the harvesting and stacking of the grain. Those of my colleagues who heard of this tried to dissuade me from such a course. They argued that a teacher could not safely do such hard physical work without injury, and that I should probably render myself unfit to do good work in my calling when the term opened. I did, however, go home and did a man's full work, both in binding on the Marsh harvester and later in building some forty stacks of grain on father's farm. And I believe I proved myself quite fit for the indoor work of teaching when the school



year began. There were doubts expressed as to the accuracy of my story that I had bound and stacked as a regular harvest hand, but fortunately, one of the students worked for one of our nearest neighbors and corroborated my story as having daily seen me at work as I claimed. I had a distinct impression that my engaging in manual work in that way was not exactly approved by such of my colleagues as were bred in the traditions of the old country, that it was not really good form for an educated man and a teacher to do ordinary work such as harvesting, and the idea that it would be unhealthy was probably a corollary to the class prejudice against an educated man's demeaning himself in such a manner.

Bothne's last pronounced attempt at humiliating me took place during the summer of 1880. Professor Reque was then away from Decorah, "travelling for his health." While he was gone, the faculty met at my house for the purpose of passing on the program of recitations for the year 1880-81. I had one year earlier stated to President Larsen that I thought it was time to turn over to me the work in English in Secunda and Prima (junior and senior years). When I was appointed in 1877, the English in these classes was reserved for Professor Reque for the time being, as it was not considered wise to turn this work over to one just out of college, and I was told by Larsen at the time that when I had got established at the college, the transfer of this work to me might be effected. When in the summer of 1879, I spoke of the matter to the president, he said he disliked at the time to take it up with Reque because the latter was not feeling well, and he begged me to let it pass for the time being. But now,

at the faculty meeting held at my home in 1880, when I asked that the work in question be shifted to me for the coming year, Bothne made an abusive attack on me, accusing me of being "grov" ("coarse") in seeking to take advantage of an absent member who moreover was sick. On my stating I had mentioned the matter to the president a year before, which the latter acknowledged was true, Bothne indulged in further personal flaying of me. I did not in my own sitting room wish to provoke a scene such as I feared an answer might have incited, and kept quiet, limiting myself to the statement that if it were not for the inconvenience it might cause the college, and because it was too late in the year to hope to find another teaching position that year, I should certainly resign, and I stated that the coming academic year was likely to be my last at Luther College. As usual, no one present took issue with Bothne, for fear of an unpleasant scene. The president made no effort to protect me. No one made any motion, and the subject of course was dropped.

After the meeting, I received from faculty members privately expressions of regrets for the way I had been used, but these statements were simply private, and in them my self control under such provocation was favorably commented on. The president sometime later said to me: "Of course you did not mean that you intend to resign, that was surely a threat under the heat of feeling." I then told him I should quit at the end of the year and advised him to begin looking for a successor. □