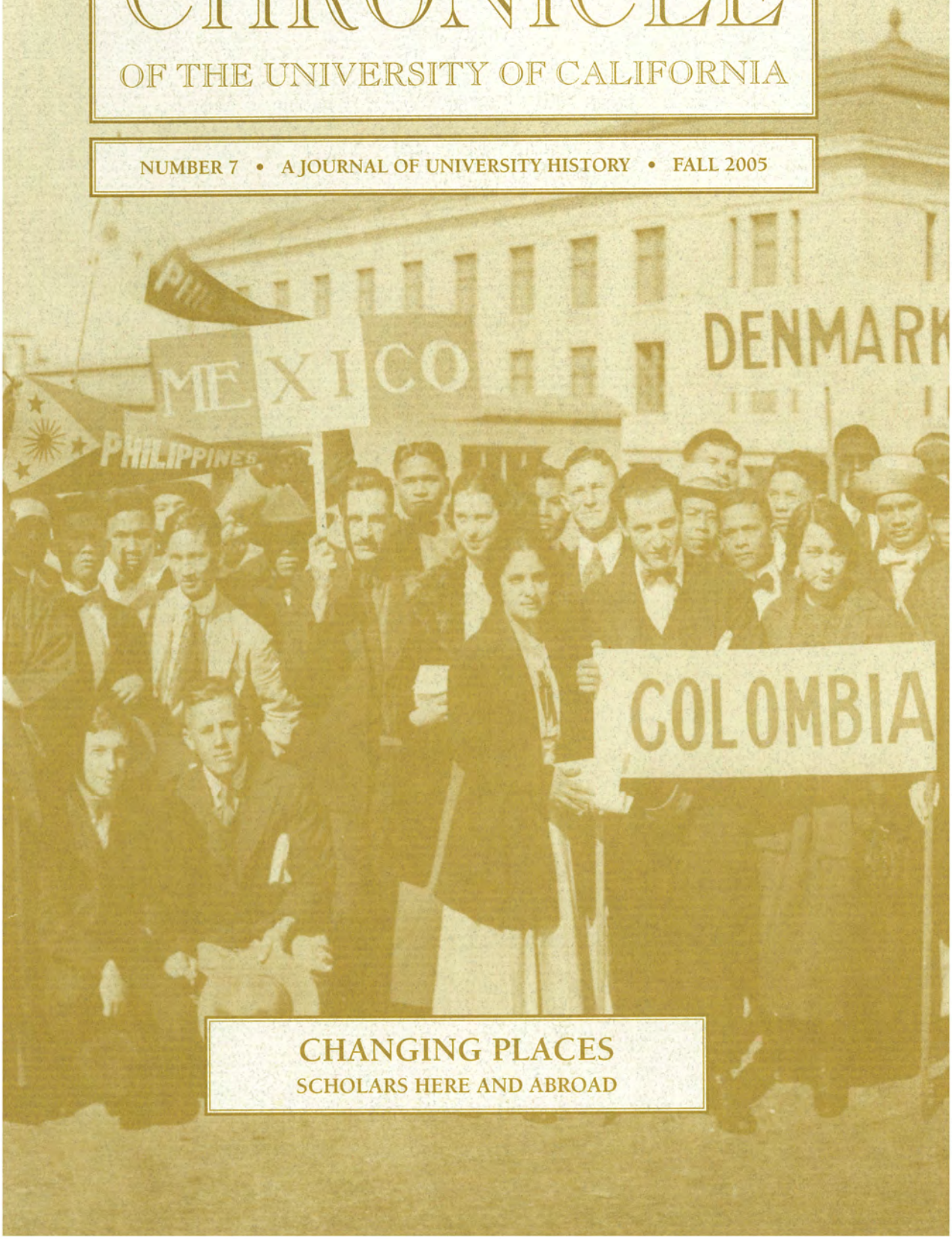
CHRONICLE

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NUMBER 7 • A JOURNAL OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY • FALL 2005



CHANGING PLACES

SCHOLARS HERE AND ABROAD

CHRONICLE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A JOURNAL OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY

Number 7 • Fall 2005

The *Chronicle of the University of California* is published with the goal of presenting work on the history of the university to a scholarly and interested public. While the *Chronicle* welcomes unsolicited submissions, their acceptance is at the discretion of the editorial board. For further information or a copy of the *Chronicle*'s style sheet, please address:

Chronicle
c/o Carroll Brentano
Center for Studies in Higher Education
University of California, Berkeley, CA 94720-4650

E-mail ucchronicle@berkeley.edu

Subscriptions to the *Chronicle* are thirty-six dollars for two issues. Single copies and back issues if available are twenty dollars apiece (including California state sales tax). Payment should be by check made to "UC Regents" and sent to the address above.

The *Chronicle of the University of California* is published with the generous support of the Doreen B. Townsend Center for the Humanities, the Center for Studies in Higher Education, and The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California.

 ISSN 1097-6604
Web site: http://sunsite.berkeley.edu/uchistory/pubs_resources/journals/chronicle/

Graphic Design by Catherine Dinnean.

Cover: Foreign Student Association at Charter Day procession, Berkeley, 1920.
University Archives (UARC PIC 400:151).

CHRONICLE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Fall 2005

CHANGING PLACES: SCHOLARS HERE AND ABROAD

Edited by William Roberts

CONTRIBUTORS

CARROLL BRENTANO has graduate degrees in art history and history from UC Berkeley and is currently managing editor of this Chronicle.

GENE BRUCKER is professor emeritus in the Department of History, where he has been a member of the faculty for more than 35 years; he is known for historical studies of early modern Europe. He has been department chair and also the chair of the Berkeley division of the Academic Senate.

N.H. (DAN) CHEATHAM is retired after a career with the university's Natural Reserve System. As a student he was Drum Major of the Cal Band. He is currently conducting oral histories of former band members.

DORIS SZE CHUN is a professor of Chinese and the founding chair of the Asian Studies Department at the City College of San Francisco. She has a BA and MA in Chinese language and literature and an EdD in multicultural education. In her leisure time she volunteers as a docent at both the Asian Art Museum and the deYoung Museum in San Francisco.

ARVILLE FINACOM, formerly a teacher and journalist, now does public relations work for nonprofit groups and is a docent at the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco. She graduated from Berkeley, later earning teaching and administrative credentials from the university.

J.R.K. KANTOR served as university archivist from 1964 to 1983. Since retirement he as been curator of the Hall of Fame in Memorial Stadium, a museum of Berkeley's athletic history.

ANN LAGE is on the staff of the Regional Oral History Office of the Bancroft Library, where she conducts interviews on the history of the university and of California and the West. Since 1996 she has directed a project on the Department of History at Berkeley. She has a BA and MA in history from UC Berkeley.

HENRY MAY became a member of the faculty at the UC Berkeley, Department of History in 1952; from 1963 to 1980, he served as the Margaret Byrne Professor of American History and became emeritus professor in 1980.

ROBERTA A. PARK is professor emeritus of the Department of Integrative Biology and former secretary of Berkeley's Academic Senate. She was chair of the Department of Human Biodynamics, formerly called Department of Physical Education, from 1982 to 1992.

WILLIAM ROBERTS has been on the Berkeley campus as student and employee since 1961. He served as university archivist from 1984 to 2002.

LISA RUBENS is an historian with the Regional Oral History Office, where she conducts interviews in the fields of labor, social movements and university history. She has published on the 1934 San Francisco Maritime and General Strike, on San Francisco's World's Fair, and on the history of women in California. She has a PhD from UC Berkeley.

MARTIN TROW has held a professorship in the Goldman School of Public Policy at Berkeley since 1969 and now is professor emeritus in the school. From 1976 to 1988 he also served as director of the Center for Studies in Higher Education at Berkeley. Martin Trow has served as chairman of the Berkeley Academic Senate and of the Academic Council.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
CHRONICLE

CONTENTS

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 1930

A WORD TO OUR READERS

IN 1898 BERNARD MOSES, the university's first professor of history, established the *University Chronicle*, later known as the *University of California Chronicle*. He saw that "there were and would be public addresses at the University and documents relating to the affairs of the institution that ought to be preserved and made readily available," as he wrote in his unpublished autobiography. That *Chronicle*, appearing quarterly between 1898 and 1933, provided its readers with intelligent and entertaining accounts of contemporary events in the university's social, academic, and administrative life. Moreover, the *Chronicle* no doubt assisted in creating and fostering an identity, crucial not only for the campus community but also in mediating the university's dealings with the public.

Today, our institutional identity might appear to be firmly established, but institutional memory is ebbing. Every year thousands of new students (along with faculty members and staff) enter the university's campuses with little knowledge of the institution beyond its admissions requirements and perhaps its reputation for radicalism in the 1960s. And every year almost as many students leave knowing little more about their alma mater than when they entered. While institutional identity will and must evolve, it should maintain a self-consciousness of its direction by acknowledging its past. Without memory there is no identity; without identity the university is left as a mere collection of disparate buildings and people.

It is with this in mind that we, the Editorial Board, have revived the *University of California Chronicle*, in spirit if not in content. The new *Chronicle*, in contrast to the earlier publication, has an historical perspective. We are able to consider the current events of our predecessors in the context of ongoing changes within the university. Embracing this opportunity, our *Chronicle*, at least initially, is organized around single themes that present an inherently longitudinal view of the university's development. The first issue considered institutional responses to natural disasters and calamities. The second was on women at the university. The third issue was about the university and its involvement with the environment, both on the campuses and beyond. The fourth issue looked at different aspects of the university at the turn of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. The next issue was on conflict and controversy the university has faced over the years. The sixth issue presented some of the arts and culture fostered by the university. A future issue will present the university's involvement in agriculture, viticulture and gastronomy.

It is with great pleasure that we now offer to our readers this current issue, *Changing Places: Scholars Here and Abroad.*

The Editorial Board

Cal bear ready for world travel. *University Archives (UARC PIC 4:1128k).*

CHANGING PLACES: SCHOLARS HERE AND ABROAD

PRESIDENT DANIEL COIT GILMAN, in his 1872 inauguration address, stressed the idea of the necessity for California to look westward across the Pacific, and in 1872 the first major gift to the university was an endowed chair in Oriental languages and literature. Since those early days internationalism has been a part of the University of California.

Foreign students and visiting faculty have long found a home at the university; in fall 2004 there were over 10,000 international students at the university's various campuses. The Education Abroad Program annually sends hundreds of students to some twenty countries around the world, and Berkeley's International House provides a home to many international students and sponsors many programs bringing students from various backgrounds together.

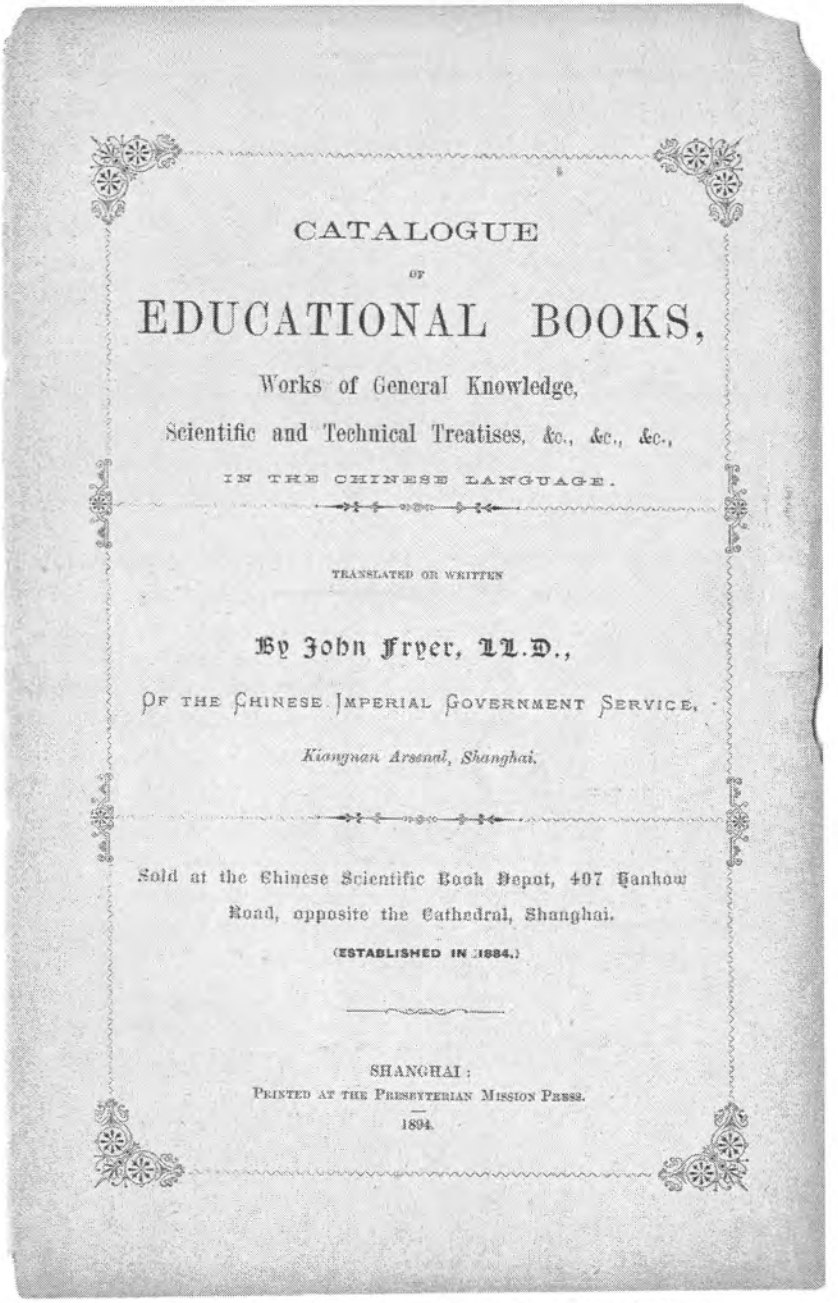
Our faculty has conducted research around the world from historical and archeological studies to modern day economic and environmental participation with host countries.

We present a mixture of new and old reports of some of these activities, which contain accounts of foreign visitors, both serious and humorous, and observations by university people abroad. Some are personal, the individual rather than the research, while others show the influence of the individual both here and abroad.

Oxford University figures in a number of these articles, but there are accounts of visits to Asia, other parts of Europe, and Africa, what foreign students found in Berkeley to startle or delight them, and the various attempts by the university to promote exchange and through it, internationalism.

To document the entire range of international activities undertaken by the broader university community would require several volumes, and we have had to content ourselves with a representative sample of these varied stories.

We hope you will find these articles interesting, be they old or contemporary, newly written or taken from previously published but forgotten accounts. Together they represent a broad view of experiences here and abroad by members of the university community.



CATALOGUE

OF

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS,

Works of General Knowledge,

Scientific and Technical Treatises, &c., &c., &c.,

IN THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

TRANSLATED OR WRITTEN

By John Fryer, LL.D.,

OF THE CHINESE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT SERVICE,

Kiangnan Arsenal, Shanghai.

Sold at the Chinese Scientific Book Depot, 407 Hankow Road, opposite the Cathedral, Shanghai.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1884.)

SHANGHAI:

PRINTED AT THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION PRESS.

1894.

Title page of 1894 catalog of Fryer's publications and translations.

JOHN FRYER, THE FIRST AGASSIZ PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE, BERKELEY

Doris Sze Chun

LOOKING BACK 133 YEARS LATER, it is quite impressive that attorney and university regent Edward Tompkins (1815-1872)[1] had the vision and courage to endow a professorship of "oriental" studies at the University of California in 1872, only four years after the university was chartered, with a generous gift of forty-seven acres of land in Oakland. Proceeds from the sale of these lands were to make possible the establishment of a professorship. It was the first gift for a professorship to the University of California. Tompkins recognized with incredible foresight that new commerce was opening up between California and Asia—especially China and Japan. He felt an urgent need to prepare Americans for business activities between the United States and East Asia by teaching them the languages, culture, and literature of the region. This incredible understanding and scholarly approach could not be more valid today.

What made Tompkins's deed extraordinary were the time, place, and cultural context in which he made the endowment. The word "oriental" in the "Agassiz[2] Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature" conveyed a European-centered world view in the United States in the nineteenth century. The perception of the Westerners toward China and the Chinese people, as well as the cultural context of the Wild West in the treatment of Chinese immigrants, was indifferent and discriminatory. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, China had suffered immeasurable humiliation and destruction of lives and properties by the colonial aggression of the Western powers who wanted to control China's natural resources and commercial products, forcefully exhibited by the Opium Wars of 1840 and 1856.[3] Successive struggles of internal conflicts further contributed to the devastating turmoil and China's diminishing image in world affairs. In the United States, the political atmosphere and social environment since the California Gold Rush was hostile to the Chinese immigrants who ventured to seek a better livelihood in the new world and to escape political chaos and economic hardships at home. Despite their diligent work in building the transcontinental railroads, developing California's shrimp and abalone fisheries, and cultivating the agriculture industry, a number of restrictive laws were imposed upon the Chinese. These anti-Chinese laws eventually culminated in the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, which marked the Chinese as undesirable aliens.[4]

John Fryer, about 1900. *University Archives (UARC PIC 13:695a).*

An attorney by training and profession, Tompkins was influential serving as a member of the first Board of Regents of the university and later

as state senator from Alameda County. Practical concerns also motivated his historic endowment of a professorship focused on East Asia. Tompkins worried about the lack of knowledge, skills, and independence of the Americans in commerce and trade with the Asians; he also expressed a sense of distrust of the Asians with whom the Americans were dealing. Tompkins made the following statement in a letter to the regents of the university:

> The business between California and Asia is already very great. Its future is beyond any estimate that the most sanguine would now dare to make. The child is now born that will see the commerce of the Pacific greater than that of the Atlantic. It is carried on with people of whose languages we are wholly ignorant, and in all the vast transactions that it involves, we are dependent upon native interpreters, whose integrity will not become more reliable, as the magnitude of their temptations shall increase. It is, therefore, of the utmost consequence for California, that the means shall be provided to instruct our young men, preparing for lives of business activity, in the languages and literature of Eastern Asia. It is the duty of the University to supply this want. It can only be done by a well organized Department of Oriental Languages and Literature, and every day that it is delayed is an injury to the State. Fully believing that it is to become not only an important, but a leading department of the new education that our peculiar circumstances demand, I have hoped that it might be my privilege to endow the first Professorship especially devoted to it.[5]

Tompkins not only believed that it was of paramount importance to prepare Americans for a better understanding of East Asia, he also thought that it was necessary to create a hospitable intellectual environment to attract the Asians who came to the United States to study and teach. He continued in his letter to the regents:

> As the department thus organized will at first not be fully employed, I hope that it may also be utilized for the education of such young men as may come here for that purpose from Asia, upon such terms and under such restrictions as the Regents may prescribe. As a lover of California, I feel deeply the humiliation of seeing them pass by us in almost daily procession to the other side of the continent, in search of that intellectual hospitality that we are not yet enlightened enough to extend to them, and yet more, that I cannot impose this as a condition of this trust, without danger of injury to the great interests that I most earnestly desire to promote.

Edward Tompkins, ca. 1870. *Bancroft Library (Tompkins POR 1).*

In the 1890s, it finally became possible to sell the Tompkins land for an amount sufficient to support the professorship, and the selection of the first Agassiz Professor of Oriental

Languages and Literature was in order. While the applicants' specialties varied widely from the studies of the Semitic group of southwestern Asia to the Indo-Iranian group of India and Persia, Tompkins had had a definite idea: he wanted Americans to learn more about China and Japan. As President Martin Kellogg put it, it was "the languages and literature of the nations still further East, still more populous, and of a like venerable civilization, viz. China and Japan. These countries had already become the commercial neighbors of California, and this was the point emphasized by Mr. Tompkins."[6] Since it was difficult, if not impossible, to find a professor who was equally competent in both Chinese and Japanese studies, the university decided to choose one whose primary interests and strength were in Chinese language and literature. As it turned out, the academic training and major works of the first seven Agassiz Professors all placed their emphasis on Chinese culture, language, and literature.

It is not surprising that the first Agassiz Professorship position was assumed by an Englishman; England was the most extensive colonial power in a greater part of the world in the nineteenth century[7] and thus had strong motivation as well as interest in the acquisition of knowledge about the culture of the people being colonized. John Fryer (1839-1928) had been educated in England and lived and taught in China until his appointment to the professorship position in 1896. During the academic years 1896-1914, Fryer served as the sole professor in the department and directed a curriculum of instruction in both language and lecture courses in the lower, upper, and graduate divisions. In addition to teaching, his responsibilities included assisting students who wished to take up other branches of study connected with China and Japan and acting as advisor to students coming from or going to East Asia. Two years before his appointment, Fryer applied for the professorship and outlined his teaching plan in a letter to the Board of Regents in 1894 as follows:[8]

Language

(1) The Chinese language, its nature, origin, growth, extent, history, structure, modifications and prospects.
(2) The literary style of book language of China, common to the whole Chinese Empire and Japan.
(3) The Mandarin or Court language which is the common language of the official and educated classes, and has a literature of its own.
(4) The Cantonese dialect, spoken by nearly all the Chinese in America being an entirely different language from the Mandarin, and having no literature.
(5) Chinese philology, showing the connection between the Chinese and Western or Aryan languages

Literature

(1) General Chinese literature, in its different branches, both ancient and modern.
(2) The Confucian Classics and philosophy.
(3) The Taoist and Buddhist literature and philosophy.
(4) The literature of the Arts and Sciences, as known to the Chinese.
(5) The history and present condition of the Chinese Empire and Japan.

Such a broad-based curriculum of Chinese language, literature, history, and culture opened the door for more specialized research in successive years. It also reflected an informal and less systematic form of scholarship in the study of East Asian cultures by pioneering scholars, mainly through personal experiences and sporadic encounters, as illustrated in the life of Fryer. However, this kind of immersion approach to learning can be practical,

personal, and less intimidating.

John Fryer was born at Hythe, County of Kent, England on August 6, 1839. After serving as a pupil-teacher at St. James School in Bristol, Fryer chose education as his profession and entered the Highbury Government Training College in London on a first-class competitive scholarship. In "Reminiscences of Life in China," Fryer describes his association with China in his early life in England:[9]

> A few years before I was born, China and her people had begun to assume much interest in the eyes of the Western world. Robert Morrison did much good pioneer work to start the Protestant Christian missionary propaganda at Canton and the vicinity; though labouring under great disadvantages. Subsequently some of the returned missionaries as well as merchants who were traveling through England were met by my father and mother, who became deeply interested in the opening up of China to Western intercourse and civilization. My father subscribed as much as he was able while my mother for a time adopted rice as a considerable part of her diet. A most curious event took place soon after my birth. A missionary and the son of a wealthy Chinese tea merchant from Canton who were traveling through England to give the Chinese gentleman a good knowledge of Occidental affairs made a visit to our home. The Chinaman insisted on seeing what a newborn English baby was like and upon introduction placed a silver dollar in the baby's hand. Now I wonder whether there was anything prophetic about this circumstance. At any rate I often saw that dollar during the years of my boyhood but I have no idea as to what eventually became of it.
>
> During my boyhood nothing pleased me more than to read all the books that could be obtained about China. If asked to write a piece of composition the subject I always chose was China. In fact I was so full of China that my school-fellows gave me the nickname of "Ching-chong Fy-ung."
>
> After going through the usual branches of an English academic education, I went to a London College to qualify myself for Educational work—with China always in view.

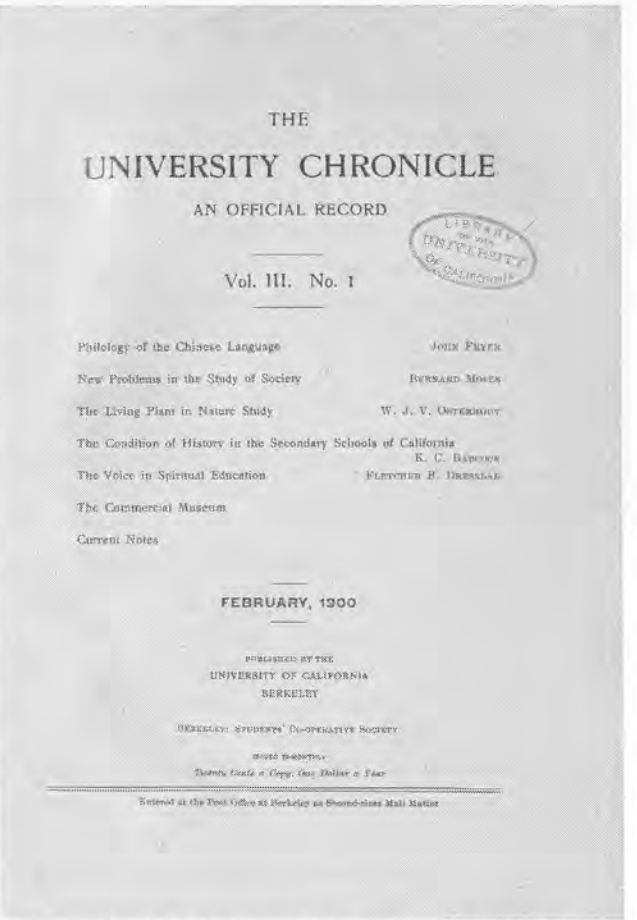
Upon graduation in 1860 from college, although without prior formal education on China, Fryer was selected as a principal of St. Paul's College in Hong Kong by the Lord Bishop of Victoria, who was chairman of the college's hiring committee. He held this position from 1861 to 1863. (Hong Kong had been ceded to England in the unequal Nanjing Treaty in 1842 after the first Opium War.) Just like his contemporary missionaries, merchants, and diplomats from the Western powers working in China, Fryer not only familiarized himself with the physical environment of China but also learned with fascination the Chinese language and culture. It was in Hong Kong that this Englishman's interest toward Chinese studies developed. He had become a curious observer, an extensive traveler, and a diligent writer who recorded many of his experiences in China in his letters, articles, speeches, and diaries. These personal accounts are vivid and sometimes humorous, if not always in depth. He also began to use his leisure time to study the Chinese language (Cantonese) so that he could solve the riddle of the "Chinaman." Fryer had the following impression of his Chinese students and his attitude toward them during his first year in Hong Kong:

> When I first came I could not get near enough to speak to them, they

> would all run away; even now I cannot get them to talk, they stand motionless when I call them up to me . . . They take everything with the coolest indifference, whether pleased or displeased one never knows. It is rather discouraging, but I shall adopt an even course of conduct with them, which will break down the barrier between us eventually I hope. Indeed I may say it is fast improving already. . . .
>
> Many of the pupils are still heathens in heart, I trust however that with God's blessing on my labours I may be enabled to do some good among them. It is only by His spirit's influence that the heathen notions and strong prejudices can be wholly extirpated from their minds.[10]

It is obvious that Fryer had a sense of moral righteousness to convert the "heathens." Nevertheless, acquiring the ability "to do some good" among the Chinese became a moving force to drive him to have a better understanding of the Chinese people and their culture. From 1863 to 1865, Fryer was professor of English language and literature at Tong-wen College in Beijing, a government college established for the purpose of giving special advantages to the young men who were to represent China to other countries and serve as interpreters. In Beijing, Fryer learned Mandarin and had an exposure to the Chinese classics and literature. Some of his students later became prominent members in the Chinese imperial court and the diplomatic service.[11]

In 1865, Fryer went to Shanghai, reopened an endowed school called the Anglo-Chinese School, and managed it for two and a half years. In Shanghai, he was exposed to the Shanghai regional language and edited the first English-language newspaper in Shanghai, *The North-China Herald* (established in 1850). Having attracted the notice of various Chinese officials by his writings in the Chinese language, Fryer was subsequently asked by the Chinese government in 1867 to organize and serve as head of a department for the translation and publication of books relating to the arts and sciences of the West into Chinese, with the objective of preparing a complete encyclopedia which was to bear some resemblance to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to educate the Chinese people. The headquarters of the department were located at the Imperial Government Arsenal in Shanghai, a very important Chinese



THE

UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE

AN OFFICIAL RECORD

Vol. III. No. 1

FEBRUARY, 1900

PUBLISHED BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY

BERKELEY: STUDENTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

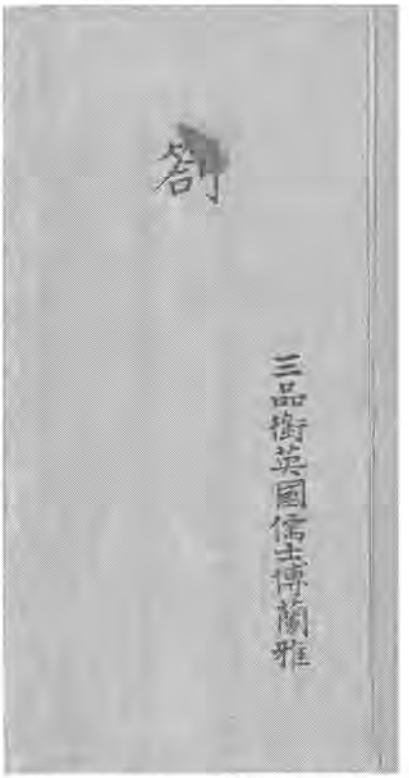
Twenty Cents a Copy. One Dollar a Year

Entered at the Post Office at Berkeley as Second-class Mail Matter

Title page of 1900 *University Chronicle* with article by John Fryer.

military establishment. For a period of two decades, from 1867 to 1896, Fryer and other European scholars studied various scientific subjects, translated, compiled treatises, and with assistance of Chinese writers, published several hundred Chinese volumes. Although he found translation to be a dull and thankless task, Fryer felt it was a duty to fulfill this responsibility.[12]

Some of the publications appeared to be quite satisfactory to the Chinese government and Fryer earned a reputation in the Chinese official and intellectual circles. Some of his translations later became textbooks at Peking University and in mission schools.[13] In 1872, the Chinese imperial court honored him with a *"jin-shi"* degree ("presented scholar"; highest degree in the examination system, awarded to palace-examination graduates) in "acknowledgement of the value of the services."[14] In 1899 he received "First Rank of the Third Degree of the Chinese Order of the Double Dragon," possibly the *"zhung-yuan"* degree, first-place of *jin-shi*.[15] These are rare honors, and Fryer was immensely proud of his accomplishments.



Certificate for Fryer's honorary third rank, 1872. The last three characters represent his Chinese name: Fu Lan-ya.

From 1870 on, Fryer also played a leading role in work connected with the establishment and building up of the Chinese Polytechnic Institute in Shanghai, of which he later became honorary secretary for many years, even after he had left China. At the Institute, he also taught classes, using the Chinese language to lecture. In addition, he helped to publish the *Chinese Scientific Magazine* in Chinese and served as its editor.[16] In 1884, Fryer founded the Chinese Scientific Book Depot in Shanghai and published the *Scientific and Industrial Magazine* to bring information about modern science, arts and manufacturing in the West to the Chinese. This publishing company, which he owned until 1911, was for years considered "the Mecca of the young students of China." In 1880, he observed that China[17] must acquire new scientific knowledge in order to gradually transform itself for the future:

> It is . . . to the future that we must look for the chief part of the practical utility of all this translation work. Such a vast nation as the Chinese is not to be started into motion, and made to follow in the wake of Western civilization all at once. Generation after generation will have to come and go before the complete transformation will be effected, and the intellectual as well as the physical resources of the country will be turned to the best account. . . . The system of ignoring everything but the Four Books and the Five Classics at the Government examinations, which are the passports to the highest offices in the State, is not destined to last forever. By patiently working on, even the present generation of foreigners engaged in this laborious task of spreading intellectual light may hope to see much good resulting from their efforts.[18]

John Fryer first became interested in coming to Berkeley in 1887 for his children's

education.[19] Although he learned about the opening of the Agassiz Professorship position from President Martin Kellogg, Fryer was not interested at the time. He stated: "Honored with the third degree of Civil Rank and well known among the more progressive of the literary and official classes by my publications in the Chinese language, there seemed no probability that the position in question could ever present sufficient inducements for me."[20] He believed that he and his work were valued highly in China.

At the age of fifty-three, Fryer applied for the position when he learned it was still open; he wanted to join his family, who had taken up residence in Oakland. In a letter to the Board of Regents, he justified his age and qualification as follows:

> It may occur to you, or the Board, that 53 is rather too advanced an age for a man to be eligible for the post in question. It must be remembered, however, that at least a quarter of a century of actual life in China & intercourse with all classes of the people is necessary to enable one to know the language and institutions effectively. You cannot find youth and experience combined in one Professor.[21]

Although it appeared that Fryer's chief reason for coming to Berkeley was to reunite his family and for his children's education, he also had a number of complex ideas. He valued the role of his translation work on China's determination to improve. Fryer also expressed his desire to help modernize China and make her more westernized, like Japan during the Meiji era (1868-1912),[22] and to encourage the Chinese to take up English as a second language so the nation could fit into the modern world. He advocated the importance of learning and teaching Chinese studies in the universities of Western countries because of China's increasing importance in world affairs. At the same time, he felt both obligated and privileged to help send Chinese students abroad to learn the arts and sciences of the West in order to build their country. He said that he did not want to be in a "sinecure" or just a classroom lecturer and he planned to use his free time to engage in "philanthropic pursuits or studies" to promote cultural interaction and understanding between China and the West. He outlined his view in a letter to President Kellogg dated May 22, 1895:

> The recent war between China and Japan has considerably altered the aspect of affairs, and has rendered my position under the Chinese government even more secure than it was before. A strong tide of demand for Western learning has already begun to set in among the better classes of Chinese, who through the easy defeat of their nation are gradually becoming aware of their own gross ignorance of modern arts and sciences. My translations are being bought up as fast as they can be printed, and education conducted on Western principles is becoming the order of the day. It is for this tide that I have waited patiently year after year, and now it has begun to flow; it would seem almost wrong to absent myself from the country that has so long afforded me a home, and for whose enlightenment I have so long been working. There are also not many men in China able to take up and continue the work that has engrossed my whole time and attention and is spread over so extensive a field. Overtures have already begun to be made to me in different directions to superintend educational work in the Chinese language; and I have, of my own accord, just started Chinese free science classes in the Chinese Polytechnic Institution, of which I am the Honorary Secretary, with a view to their gradually expanding

into a large educational establishment, to be endowed by the Government. Various other schemes are in the whole of my energy. . . .

There is however one weak feature in nearly all this work which forces itself on my mind more and more; and it is this feature that makes me willing to entertain the idea of taking up such a position as is vacant at Berkeley. However necessary it may be for China to have the arts and sciences of the West translated into the native language and disseminated throughout the country in the first instance, it stands to reason that this will only succeed up to a certain point. Beyond that point no amount of translation can keep pace with the requirements of this age of progress. Only by the study of foreign languages and by education in foreign schools, colleges and universities can the literary classes ever hope to rise to thoroughness or eminence, and be able to follow the example of their neighbours the Japanese. Not before China has a sufficient body of men educated in Europe and America can she establish efficient systems of education, and carry them out for the benefit of the masses. In short, I recognize three stages as necessary for the complete education of China. First the translation of Western books into Chinese. Second the education of a large body of Chinese in America and Europe. Third, the establishment, by the men thus educated, of schools and colleges all over the Empire, under Government control. Of course this looks to the gradual decay of the Chinese language and literature, and with them the comparative uselessness of my many years of labour. Their doom seems to be inevitable, for only the fittest can survive. It may take several generations to accomplish, but sooner or later the end must come, and English be the learned language of the Empire.

While they last however, the language and literature of China will be subjects of great interest and importance, and especially to the people of the U.S.A. whose relations to China will ere long develop into colossal proportions if I mistake not.

Should the way appear open for me to live in America, I should like to be able to do something towards promoting the education of Chinese in the universities of Western lands. . . . You would not want lectures every day in the year and I should be utterly miserable without plenty to do. Such sinecures as Dr. Legge's at Oxford, & Sir Thos. Wade's at Cambridge would never suit me. Unless you had classes of American students wishing to learn Chinese, I should want to continue much of my literary work both in Chinese and English, and at the same time to try to induce classes of well-to-do Chinese students to come to Berkeley for the thorough and practical education which you provide in the University. Being pretty well known by my various publications over this Empire I should not anticipate much difficulty in inducing numbers of Chinese, who have already studied English for a few years, to finish their education at Berkeley. I should want them to feel that they could with confidence enter the University and find in its faculty and students friends who would help and advise them in all their affairs.

I do not know how your Board of Regents would regard such work on my part, if elected to the Oriental chair. It would be very unsatisfactory after casting in my lot with the University to find them opposed to progressive measures for the benefit of the Mongolian race, and hence it is better for both

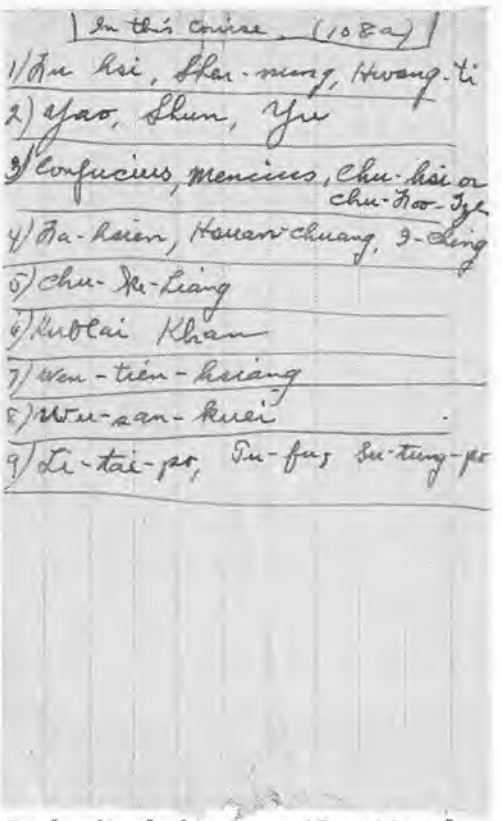
> parties to state clearly their views at the outset. I regard every well behaved Chinaman that I meet as a friend whom it is a duty as well as a privilege to aid in his pursuit of knowledge to the utmost in my power. A mere course of lectures on subjects that are perfectly familiar to me would not occupy a half of my time, and I should want to feel free to use the rest for the good of humanity, even as I am allowed to do by the Chinese Government. A clear statement therefore of the actual specific duties required of the professor, and of the latitude that would be allowed him engaging in philanthropic pursuits or studies to fill up his time might well be drawn up and forwarded to me with any offer that may be made. I have the idea, however, that you would prefer to leave me pretty much to my own devices.[23]

John Fryer's appointment to the first Agassiz Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of California was announced on September 12, 1895. He left China in 1896 at the age of 57 and brought with him "a large and valuable collection of Chinese books, including over a hundred volumes of [his] own publications together with English, American and other works treating on Chinese matters"[24] to the university for reference and general use.

Realizing that he did not have actual experiences in teaching East Asian languages and literature, John Fryer called on the professors of Chinese at various English and continental universities on his way from China to the United States. James Legge, a well-known professor of Chinese at Oxford University, for example, shared his teaching experience with Fryer.[25]

For the first two years at the university, Fryer offered courses on Chinese culture, history, language, and literature. Having lived in China for more than three decades, Fryer was familiar with the Mandarin, Cantonese, and Shanghai languages. He emphasized the practicality of these language courses and gave exercises in reading, speaking, translation, and composition. He also taught a course on Chinese classical literature that required critical study of selections from English translations of the Chinese classical books. A series of introductory lecture courses on a wide range of topics including language, literature, history, government, law, social conditions, philosophy, and religion of China and Japan were open to all interested students. These courses served the purpose of providing an overview and introduction to them at a time when China and Japan were largely unknown to Americans.

In 1898, when the College of Commerce was about to be opened at the university, Fryer suggested that "Chinese and Japanese should have a conspicuous place" in the curriculum. Consequently, he offered popular courses on


In this course (10 Es)
1) Fu hsi, Shen-nung, Huang-ti
2) Yao, Shun, Yu
3) Confucius, Mencius, Chu-hsi or Chu-hsi-tzu
4) Ta-hsien, Hsuan-chuang, Ti-ling
5) Chu-ke-liang
6) Kublai Khan
7) Wen-tien-hsiang
8) Wen-tsan-hsei
9) Li-tai-pe, Tu-fu, Su-tung-po

Brief outline for his course, "Great Men of China," introduced in 1912-13. *John Fryer Papers.*

the commerce of China and Japan with Europe and America. It highlighted the historical, geographical, economic, and political features of the commerce of China and Japan. The next year, he added a Cantonese language course to the curriculum to prepare students who had commercial interests in Canton, Hong Kong, and San Francisco.[26]

During the academic year 1905-06, the structure of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature expanded to include lower division, upper division, and graduate school. The lower-division language courses focused on proficiency in Mandarin and Cantonese, and the lecture courses introduced the different Chinese cultural areas (history, law, government, social conditions). A new course on philosophy and religion of China (Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc.) was introduced and taught in English. The upper-division courses included commerce of China and Japan, Chinese literature, Chinese linguistics, Chinese Classics, and contemporary literature. The seminar courses in the graduate program focused on Chinese philology and international problems relating to commercial, diplomatic, and educational concerns in East Asia. He introduced a new course "Great Men of China" in 1912-13, a series of historical sketches of significant Chinese personalities from antiquity to Fryer's contemporary period.

Since there were very few textbooks in the field of East Asian studies, Fryer had to write and prepare teaching materials for most of his courses. He continually revised his lecture notes on Chinese civilization; most of them were never published.[27] One published work, *Oriental Studies*, represented the core of all Fryer's lectures. Although he envisioned a complete set, only the first volume, "The Philosophies and Religions of China," was completed and published. This teaching material also reflected the curriculum that he designed for the department at the university. Like his courses that provided an overview of Chinese literature and culture, this textbook was an introduction to Chinese civilization from a historical perspective.

Fryer emphasized the importance of learning Chinese language and literature in a cultural and historical context. This approach is quite Chinese. The Chinese have been proud of having the longest continuous civilization in the world and believe that history is a reservoir from which inspiration and strength can be drawn. Fryer largely derived his knowledge of Chinese language and culture from his association with the Chinese intellectuals and imperial officials. His attitudes about teaching Chinese language and literature were naturally influenced by the traditional methods. The university's curriculum thus placed an emphasis on the teaching of the Chinese Classics with a particular interest in Confucian philosophy. In his *Oriental Studies*, Fryer discussed the life and teaching of Confucius, Lao Zi, and the Buddha as well as their disciples and followers. He also touched upon the Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans in China, and other Chinese popular beliefs, which included Chinese geomancy, the dragon, the fox, myths, and ancestor worship. These topics appear to be widespread, scattered, and often unrelated. Nevertheless, they served one purpose—to satisfy the curiosity of the Americans and their wonder of China.

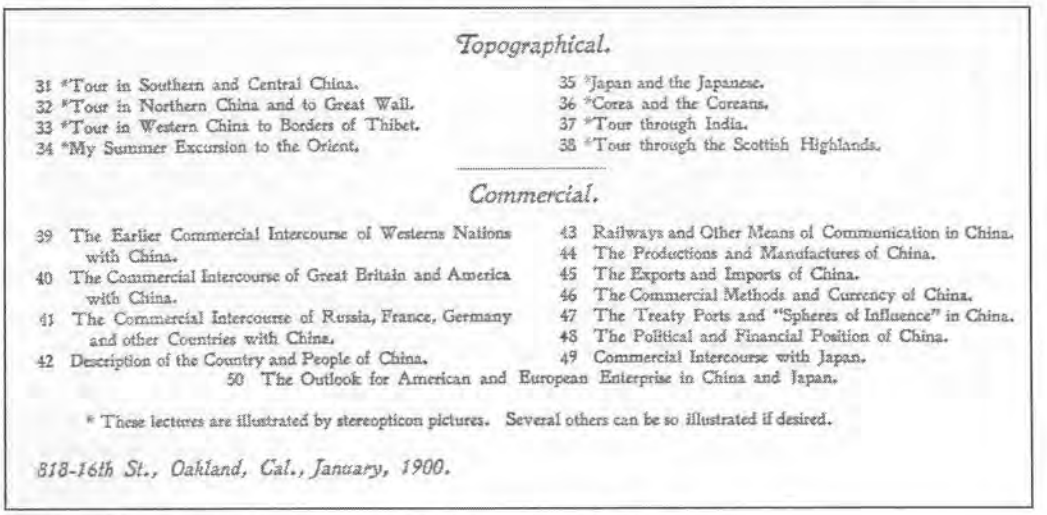
Fryer's plan for the department also included career preparation and practical training. His unpublished essay, "The Commerce of China," for example, illustrates his desire to prepare Americans who had commercial interests with the Chinese. This idea certainly was in accord with the intent of Tompkins's endowment of the professorship. His lecture notes outlined the history of the earlier commercial exchanges of the Western nations with China, and Chinese commerce in both ancient times and in the medieval period. In "The Economic Features of the Commerce of China and Japan," Fryer offered information on Chinese imperial maritime customs, tariffs, China's exports and imports, commercial methods, banking systems, coinage, tenure and transfer of land and property, taxation, weights and

measures, revenue, population, commercial characteristics of the Chinese, both land and water transportation, railway transit, postal and telegraph systems, as well as the Chinese army and navy. This was concrete and useful information that established a foundation for students getting to know East Asia. However, because Fryer intended to cover an extremely wide range of topics, the depth of discussion was limited.

Besides promoting commercial interest with East Asia, Fryer advocated that the federal government should build a center in the university that would provide adequate training in East Asian subjects to educate prospective official interpreters and missionaries. He stressed that the university's geographical advantages made it an ideal place to build such a center. Although there was no result from his urging, Fryer expressed his view to President Kellogg in 1898:

> It appears to others as well as to myself that there ought to be an Oriental Department established by the Federal Government to provide qualified interpreters for the Consular and other branches of the U.S. Civil Service. Such provisions are made and effectively carried out by other governments—notably by the British, French, and German. It is now high time for the U.S. to make a move in this direction! The University of California from its proximity to Oriental lands, and from its endowed Oriental Chair certainly has the greatest claim to be made the centre for the necessary linguistic and general studies which would supply competent official interpreters, well informed in Oriental languages and affairs. The growing importance of the relations between the U.S. and China & Japan renders some such arrangement advisable; before long it will be found indispensable. Those who direct the affairs of the University and have its interests at heart would do well to lose no time in sending an adequate representation of the case to Washington.[28]

Some other published works of Fryer's included "Philology of the Chinese Language" (1900), "Chinese Poetry" (1902), "The Chinese Normal Essays" (1903), "The Mission of the Japanese and Anglo-Saxon Peoples" (1908), and *The Social and Political Aspects of the Chinese Jews* (n.d.).[29] Fryer's "Report to the Regents of the University of California on the Educational Reform in China" in 1909 was the result of his investigation in China as a special



Topographical.

31 *Tour in Southern and Central China.
32 *Tour in Northern China and to Great Wall.
33 *Tour in Western China to Borders of Thibet.
34 *My Summer Excursion to the Orient.
35 *Japan and the Japanese.
36 *Corea and the Coreans.
37 *Tour through India.
38 *Tour through the Scottish Highlands.

Commercial.

39 The Earlier Commercial Intercourse of Westerns Nations with China.
40 The Commercial Intercourse of Great Britain and America with China.
41 The Commercial Intercourse of Russia, France, Germany and other Countries with China.
42 Description of the Country and People of China.
43 Railways and Other Means of Communication in China.
44 The Productions and Manufactures of China.
45 The Exports and Imports of China.
46 The Commercial Methods and Currency of China.
47 The Treaty Ports and "Spheres of Influence" in China.
48 The Political and Financial Position of China.
49 Commercial Intercourse with Japan.
50 The Outlook for American and European Enterprise in China and Japan.

* These lectures are illustrated by stereopticon pictures. Several others can be so illustrated if desired.

818-16th St., Oakland, Cal., January, 1900.

Portion of flyer announcing Fryer's public lectures, 1900. *John Fryer Papers.*

commissioner for the United States named by the university in 1907.[30]

In addition to teaching regular courses at the university, Fryer promoted a free university extension course on China and Japan and was a popular guest speaker, invited by various interested groups to share his experiences and knowledge about China and Chinese culture. Some of his discussions were "comparative sketch of the three great religions of China," "celebration of the first national day of the Chinese Republic," "missionary work in China," "China of today," "philology of Chinese language," and "Chinese literature and libraries." His talk, "Across China from Shanghai to the Borders of Tibet," delivered at the California Camera Club in 1907, was credited to be "one of the most interesting delivered in the history of the club."[31] Fryer had a list of "popular lectures on Oriental subjects" (religion, politics, social conditions, the arts and sciences, topography, and commerce) which he said "embody the results of thirty-five years' observation and experience in China, Japan, and are available for Societies, Clubs and Schools." In summary, Fryer was the expert on China in town. Although his talks appeared to be generalized discussion rather than in-depth discussions, they met the needs of his audiences, who found them both fascinating and informative.

As the sole professor in the department, with some assistance for the Cantonese and Mandarin classes, Fryer was responsible for teaching, lecturing, advising, preparing teaching materials, and administration work. He was often overwhelmed and his enthusiasm dampened. He also had to deal with students who were heavily occupied by classes in other colleges and could not devote more time to study East Asian languages and literature. Fryer lamented that his courses "could therefore only rank as of secondary character and were taken up by a few enterprising students, either out of curiosity, or as novel and eccentric additions to the ordinary means of general culture."[32] It was quite discouraging to observe that the inducements to carry on East Asian studies were too small, and "few students can have the courage or the means to undertake this heavily handicapped, up-hill work, or to continue long enough to make it of any practical value."[33]

To accommodate the students' schedule, Fryer was forced to simplify or to curtail certain courses, which resulted in their acquiring very limited knowledge of both spoken and written Chinese language at the end of each term. Although a few students tried hard, the majority were discouraged and dropped out. Fryer said: "It [had] therefore been only by dint of my perseverance and persuasion on my part, that these study courses in language and literature [had] been kept at all."[34] He suggested that students who took Chinese language courses should be allowed more time and credits proportionately, because they were more difficult for American students. He also recommended that Chinese be considered "sufficient substitute" for other required languages.

Fryer was frustrated that the study of Chinese language and literature was given "so little relative importance" in Berkeley, compared with other leading European universities. He urged that students who wished to specialize in East Asian studies be allowed to devote more time to pursue the degree so that they could be fully qualified as interpreters, translators, or proficient linguists in their related fields. He repeatedly advocated that the department "be brought before the notice of the authorities in Washington in connection with diplomatic and consular requirements for thoroughly competent and trustworthy interpreters and translators" in East Asia.[35] He thought that this could help acquire federal funds for the program.

It is interesting to note that Fryer's learning and teaching of Chinese and East Asia were not by conscious design. He was led by circumstances and events in his life to create a rather successful career in translation for three decades in China. As his understanding about Chinese people, society, and culture deepened, his compassion toward the Chinese people

increased. He had grown out of converting the "heathens" and "Westernizing" the Chinese to demonstrate in his second career as the Agassiz Professor at the university a capacity to care about, to learn from, and to do some "good" for the Chinese. It was in this spirit that he became a Chinese advocate, a Chinese defender, and most of all a humanist who was concerned about better understanding among peoples of different cultures. He helped the Chinese people, both in China and in the United States. For example, Fryer sympathized with the difficulties that Chinese children encountered with racial discrimination that hindered their opportunity for equal educational opportunities. He considered the effort to promote the removal of such difficulties as being one of the duties of his department.[36]

Title page of descriptive booklet about the University of California prepared by Fryer for Chinese students.

In 1901, at the request of the Chinese government, Fryer took charge of a class of Chinese students who had come to the University of California after having graduated from the Tientsin (Tianjin) University.[37] In 1904 Fryer was one of the organizers of the "Boarding School of a Christian," which became the "Oriental Institute of California." This institute, ignoring the strong ill-feeling against Chinese at that time and with very little support, raised money to award scholarships to outstanding Chinese students so that they might carry on their studies at the University of California.[38] The internationally known Institution for the Chinese Blind at Shanghai was founded by Fryer in 1911,[39] and in 1926 the Fryer School for the Chinese Deaf was also founded in Shanghai. The schools were later taken over by one of his sons, George B. Fryer.

Bookplate for Fryer library.

While actively working at the University of California and participating in various scholarly organizations, Fryer visited China annually to keep in touch with current Chinese affairs, his friends, and to oversee his business interests. Although he was offered educational positions in China on numerous occasions, including the presidency of universities, he consistently refused them because he envisioned the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature in Berkeley had a potential to expand its usefulness and importance to both Chinese and Americans alike.[40]

For eighteen years, the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature, with Fryer at the helm, grew slowly but steadily with more and more course offerings. Fryer retired

from his active role and was named Professor Emeritus in 1914. The Carnegie Foundation expressed its appreciation for his academic service by awarding him a retiring allowance.[41]

On July 2, 1928, Fryer died at home in Berkeley at the age of eighty-nine. In his will, Fryer donated to the university more than 2000 books and 5000 slides, which were to form the core of the Oriental studies library and a large part of its holding until 1947. The Fryer Collection, reflecting his interests, focuses on Chinese classics, history, philosophy, and belles lettres.[42]

Fryer was a teacher of tireless energy. He was not only a pioneer in providing scientific and educational literature to educate the Chinese through translating Western publications, but also a pioneer in preparing Americans to learn more about Chinese civilization to help bridge the cultural gaps and promote American commercial relations with East Asia. His interest in China and humanistic attitude towards peoples are best exemplified in a letter that he wrote to President Wheeler in 1914. He suggested, regarding the inscriptions of the bells to be placed on Campanile of Sather Tower, that "in addition to an inscription in English, common to all, on the bells, the chief languages taught in the University should be well represented. Thus one bell, representing the written languages of the Far East might bear such an inscription as *T'ien-hsia T'ai-p'ing [Tian-xia tai-ping]* meaning 'Great Peace to All under Heaven'; or something longer in the way of a Confucian aphorism."[43] Although his suggestion was not adopted, it reflected Fryer's humanity and worldly view.

While the university praised Fryer by stating that he "built the Department of Oriental Languages into one of the top ranked among the limited number existing in the country,"[44] the most fitting compliment came from W. E. Soothill, past president in the Imperial University in Shanxi and later Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature at Oxford University. He wrote:

> Dr. Fryer . . . [was] a man of handsome bearing, of splendid courage, of profound learning, and of remarkable generosity—a man of whom his country might well be proud.[45]

ENDNOTES

1 Edward Tompkins, his life and his contributions, was introduced in "Agassiz Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature" in *Endowed Chairs of Learning* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1947), 1-4. This is a commemorative booklet summarizing the contributions made to the development of the university during its first three-quarters of a century by gifts and bequests from private citizens of the state. Tompkins's endowment for a professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature was the first significant and most important gift. Also see the copy of a letter from Elizabeth K. Tompkins, daughter of Edward Tompkins, to Ruth K. Roberts in "Editorials," *Oakland Tribune*, September 15, 1957.

2 Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz (1807-1873) was an eminent naturalist, geologist and teacher. He was born in Switzerland, educated in Germany and trained in France. In August of 1872, Agassiz visited California as a guest of Western scientists at which time he gave counsel to those laying the foundation of the university. Tompkins named the professorship as a tribute to his memory. See *Biennial Report of the Regents of the University of California for the years 1894-1896* (Sacramento, CA: State Printer, 1896), 6-7, and "Agassiz, Louis" in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica* (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., 1974), 289-291.

3 See "Open Door Policy" in *Dictionary of American History*, revised ed. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976), 5:158, and William L. Tung, *China and the Foreign Powers; the Impact of and Reaction to Unequal Treaties* (New York: Oceana Publications, 1970), 19-106.

4 See Him Mark Lai, Genny Lim and Judy Yung, *Island, Poetry and History of Chinese Immigrants on Angel Island, 1910-1940* (Seattle and London: University of Washington Press, 2002), 10.

5 This letter has been copied by the University Accountant on December 12, 1932 from the *Biennial Report of the Regents of the University of California for the years 1872-73,* 45-46. The University Accountant stated that the original letter was not able to be found. A copy of the letter was in the Office of the Comptroller. Part of the letter was printed in *Illustrated History of the University of California, 1868-1901*, ed. William Carey Jones, (Berkeley: Students' Cooperative Society, 1901), 185-186.

6 William Warren Ferrier, *Origin and Development of the University of California* (Berkeley: Sather Gate Book Shop, 1930), 203.

7 Mary Evelyn Townsend, *European Colonial Expansion since 1871* (Chicago: J. P. Lippincott Company, 1941), 19.

8 John Fryer to the Board of Regents, January 26, 1894. Regents' records, CU-1 Box 25:1, University Archives, University of California, Berkeley.

9 In this typewritten speech draft with his hand-written title "Reminiscences of Life in China" (incomplete, 3 pages, n.d.), Fryer divided his life into twelve periods of seven years. Each was characterized by the addition of change of some feature of importance. John Fryer Papers, BANC MSS C-B 968, Ctn.3, The Bancroft Library. John Fryer's biography was published in the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography* (New York: James T. White & Co., 1931), 21, 246-247. A short biography of Fryer can be found in Wellington C. Wolfe, *Men of California, 1900-1902* (San Francisco: the Pacific Art Company, 1901), 438.

10 John Fryer, "First Impressions of Hong Kong and the Chinese People," dated August 1861, 21 pages. John Fryer Papers, BANC MSS C-B 968, Ctn.3.

11 Ibid.

12 John Fryer, *An Account of the Department for the Translation of Foreign Books at the Kiangnan Arsenal, Shanghai, with Various Lists of Publications in the Chinese Language* (Shanghai: American Presbyterian Mission Press, 1880; reprinted from the *North-China Herald*, January 29, 1880). This booklet has a list of publications which includes a large portion of Fryer's works.

13 Ibid., 16-17.

14 Ibid., 7. Fryer translated it as the "Third Degree of Chinese Brevet Civil Rank." The honorary degree of LLD that Fryer possessed was received from Alfred University, New York, in 1888. *The National Cyclopedia of American Biography,* 21:247.

15 Ichisada Miyazaki, Conrad Schirokauer, trans., *China's Examination Hell; the Civil Service Examinations of Imperial China* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1981).

16 For a glimpse of the activities in which the institution was involved, see the *Fourth Report of the Chinese Polytechnic Institution and Reading Rooms, from March 1883 to June 1885* (Shanghai: The North-China Herald Office, 1885).

17 "Reception to Dr. Fryer, Fifty Years' Connection with China," *Shanghai Times,* June 26, 1911.

18 John Fryer, *An Account of the Department for the Translation of Foreign Books at the Kiangnan Arsenal, Shanghai,* 18.

19 John Fryer to the President of the State University in Berkeley, September 17, 1887. President's records, CU-5, Ser.1, Box 1:60, University Archives, University of California, Berkeley.

20 John Fryer to President Martin Kellogg, January 12, 1894. Regents' records, CU-1, Box 25:1.

21 Nellie Blessing Eyster, *A Beautiful Life: Memoir of Mrs. Eliza Nelson Fryer, 1847-1910* (Berkeley, CA: Press of Lack Brothers, 1912), 61; this was compiled by Eyster and privately published, with additions, by John Fryer. Also see letter, John Fryer to the Board of Regents, January 26, 1894. Regents'

records, CU-1, Box 25:1.

22 Marius B. Jansen, *The Making of Modern Japan* (Cambridge and London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2000).

23 John Fryer to President Martin Kellogg, May 22, 1895. Regents' records, CU-1, Box 25:1.

24 All of Fryer's publications were related to the translation of scientific books. Letter, John Fryer to the Board of Regents, January 26, 1894. Regents' records, CU-1, Box 25:1.

25 Fryer stated that when he was in China he had been friendly with a number of Sinologists, including James Legge. Others are Sir Thomas Wade, K.C.E., a British Minister and later Professor of Chinese at Cambridge University, Dr. W.A.P. Martin, the President of the Chinese Government College (Tong-wen) who later succeeded Fryer as Professor of English there, and Dr. Joseph Edkins, a well-known authority in the Chinese language and literature. Letters, John Fryer to President Martin Kellogg, November 2, 1895; and John Fryer to the Board of Regents, January 26, 1894. Regents' records, CU-1, Box 25:1.

26 John Fryer to President Martin Kellogg, April 12, 1898. President's records, CU-5 Ser.1, Box 2:13.

27 John Fryer, *Oriental Studies; A Series of College Textbooks on Subjects Connected with China, Japan and Other Eastern Lands* (Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., 1900).

28 John Fryer to President Martin Kellogg, April 12, 1898. President's records, CU-5, Ser.1, Box 2:13.

29 "Philology of the Chinese Language," in *The University [of California] Chronicle* 3:1 (February 1900), 1-12; "Chinese Poetry," in *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association* 33 (1902), xcii-xciv; "The Chinese Normal Essay," in *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association* 34 (1903), c-ciii; "The Mission of the Japanese and Anglo-Saxon Peoples," in *The University [of California] Chronicle* 10:2 (April 1908), 186-191; *Social and Political Aspects of the Chinese Jews* (San Francisco: New Occident Publishing Co., [1902?]).

30 "Report to the Regents of the University of California on the Educational Reform in China," in *The University [of California] Chronicle* 12:3 (1909). Selections of this report were later printed in the *Report of the U.S. Bureau of Education* in 1909 at the request of the U.S. Commissioner of Education, E. E. Brown.

31 "List of Popular Lectures on Oriental Subjects" prepared by Fryer. John Fryer Papers, BANC MSS C-B 968, Ctn.3.

32 John Fryer to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, March 7, 1904 and February 1911. President's records, CU-5 Ser. 1, Box 18:31 and 40:98.

33 John Fryer to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, December 6, 1905. President's records, CU-5 Ser. 1, Box 21:60.

34 John Fryer to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, March 7, 1904. President's records, CU-5 Ser. 1, Box 18:31.

35 John Fryer to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, February 1911. President's records, CU-5 Ser.1, Box 40:98. Date not filled in, but Wheeler's response is dated February 13, 1911.

36 John Fryer to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, May 11, 1903, President's records, CU-5 Ser.1, Box 14:114; John Fryer to Professor T. W. Page, March 6, 1906. President's records, CU-5 Ser. 1, Box 21:60. In the latter letter, Fryer strongly defended the Chinese who received ill-treatment from contemporary Americans.

37 Official letter [in Chinese], the Imperial Minister of Commerce of the Qing Court Sheng Gong-bao to John Fryer, July 7, 1901. John Fryer Papers, BANC MSS C-B 968, Box 1.

38 The objective of the institute was "to establish, maintain, and conduct a Seminary of Learning for the instruction of Oriental Youth under Christian influence." State official document, No. 42925. This institute in 1915 transferred land to the university as a gift to constitute an endowment,

income from which was to be devoted to aiding Oriental students at the university. See two essays both entitled "The Oriental Institute of California" written by Fryer, dated April 17, 1908, and 1915? John Fryer Papers, BANC MSS C-B 968, Ctn.3.

39 For further information, see "Late Dr. Fryer Founds Braille System in China" in *Berkeley Daily Gazette,* April 29, 1929; *About a Blind School That Is Not Blind* (Shanghai: Institution for the Chinese Blind, n.d.); Institution for the Chinese Blind (Shanghai: Institution for the Chinese Blind, n.d.); and *It is the Soul That Sees–A Record of Twenty Years' Work* (Shanghai: Institution for the Chinese Blind, 1932).

40 The original documents were not found. See typewritten statement for the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography,* March 29, 1929. John Fryer's Files, BANC MSS C-B 968 Ctn. 3.

41 President of the Carnegie Foundation Henry B. Pritchett to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, May 15, 1914. President's records, CU-5 Ser.2, 1914:189.

42 Elizabeth Huff, founder and a major contributor in the building and molding of the East Asiatic Library of the university commented that the Fryer Collection was a "perfectly standard" set by the "well-educated not necessarily scholarly collector of the latter half of the 19th century." Elizabeth Huff, "Teacher and Founding Curator of the East Asiatic Library: from Urbana to Berkeley by way of Peking," an oral history conducted in 1976 by Rosemary Levenson, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 1977, 135-136, 144.

43 John Fryer to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, October 27, 1914. President's records, CU-5 Ser.2, 1914:189.

44 *Endowed Chairs of Learning,* 3.

45 W. E. Soothill to the editor, "A Chinese Columbus," *Daily Telegraph,* June 24, 1921.

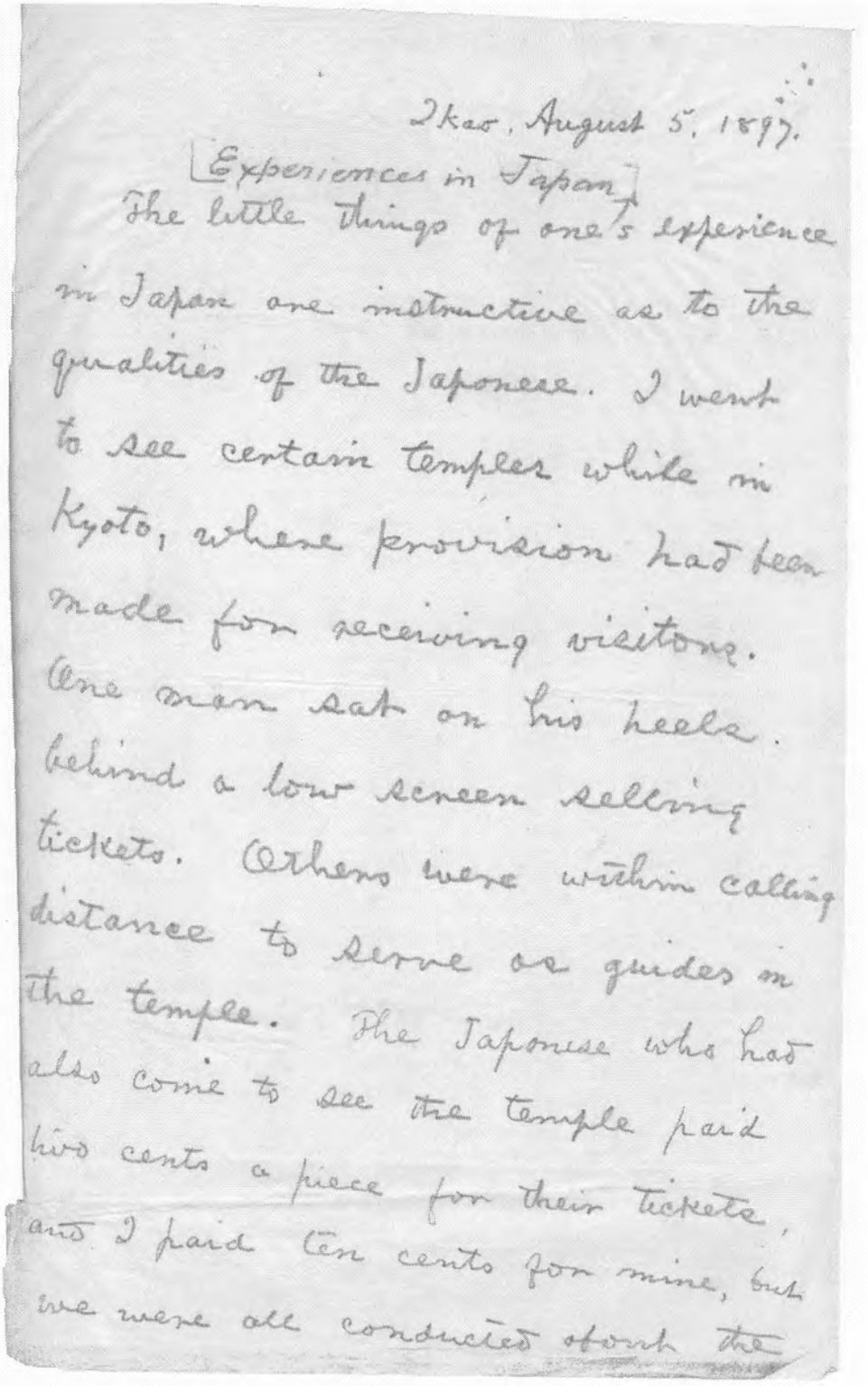
Hong Kong chapter of the Alumni Association, May 20, 1955.
University Archives (UARC PIC 15:481).

Bernard Moses in 1895.
University Archives (UARC PIC 13:3489).

Bernard Moses was professor of history and political science at the University of California from 1875 to 1911, and an emeritus professor from 1911 until his death in 1930. During his first seven years at the university, Moses was the only lecturer in history, economics, political science, and jurisprudence, and, eventually, became the founder of these departments. Moses also was a founder of the American Political Science Association and was recognized as a forceful and convincing speaker and a distinguished public servant. Bernard Moses greatly influenced the study of Hispanic-American history in the United States. From 1894 to 1895, he was the only professor in the country who devoted his time to Hispanic-American subject matter. In the Philippines, Moses headed the Bureau of Education and became Secretary of Public Instruction in the civil government from 1901 to 1903, appointed by President McKinley. This short account of a visit to Japan is from a volume of miscellaneous writings in University Archives.

EXPERIENCES IN JAPAN, 1897

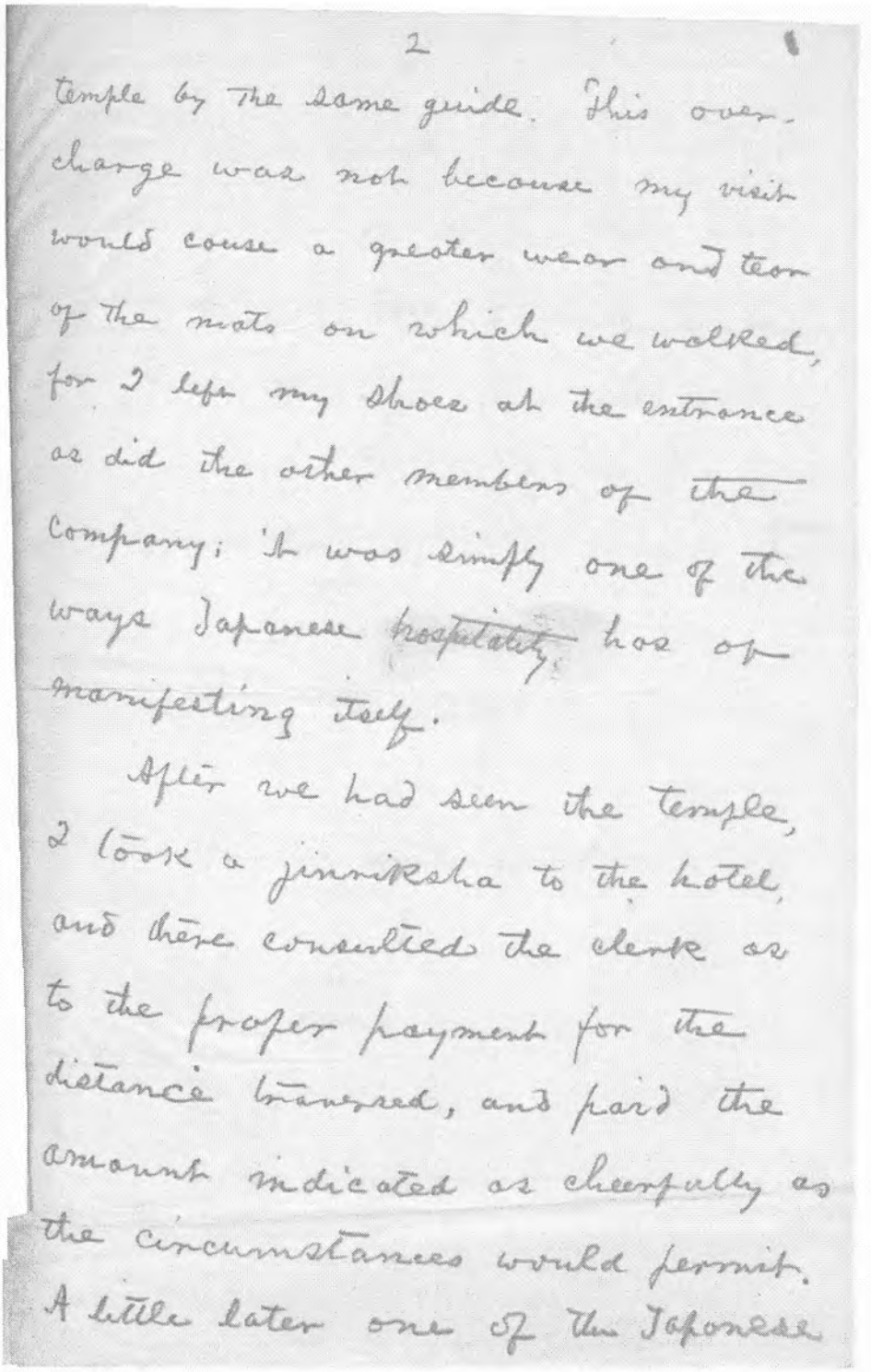
Bernard Moses



Ikao, August 5, 1897.

[Experiences in Japan]

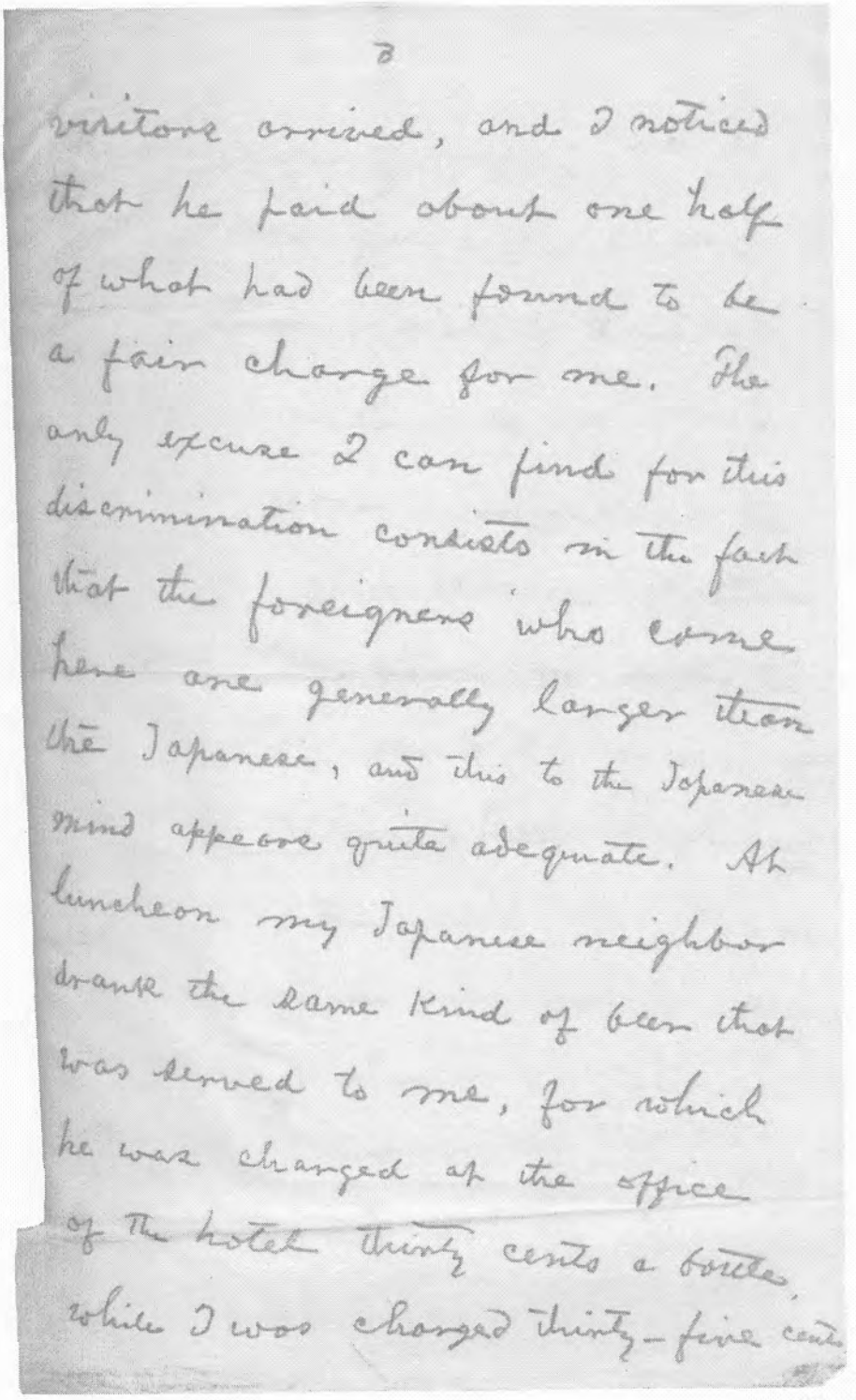
The little things of one's experience in Japan are instructive as to the qualities of the Japanese. I went to see certain temples while in Kyoto, where provision had been made for receiving visitors. One man sat on his heels behind a low screen selling tickets. Others were within calling distance to serve as guides in the temple. The Japanese who had also come to see the temple paid two cents a piece for their tickets, and I paid ten cents for mine, but we were all conducted about the



2

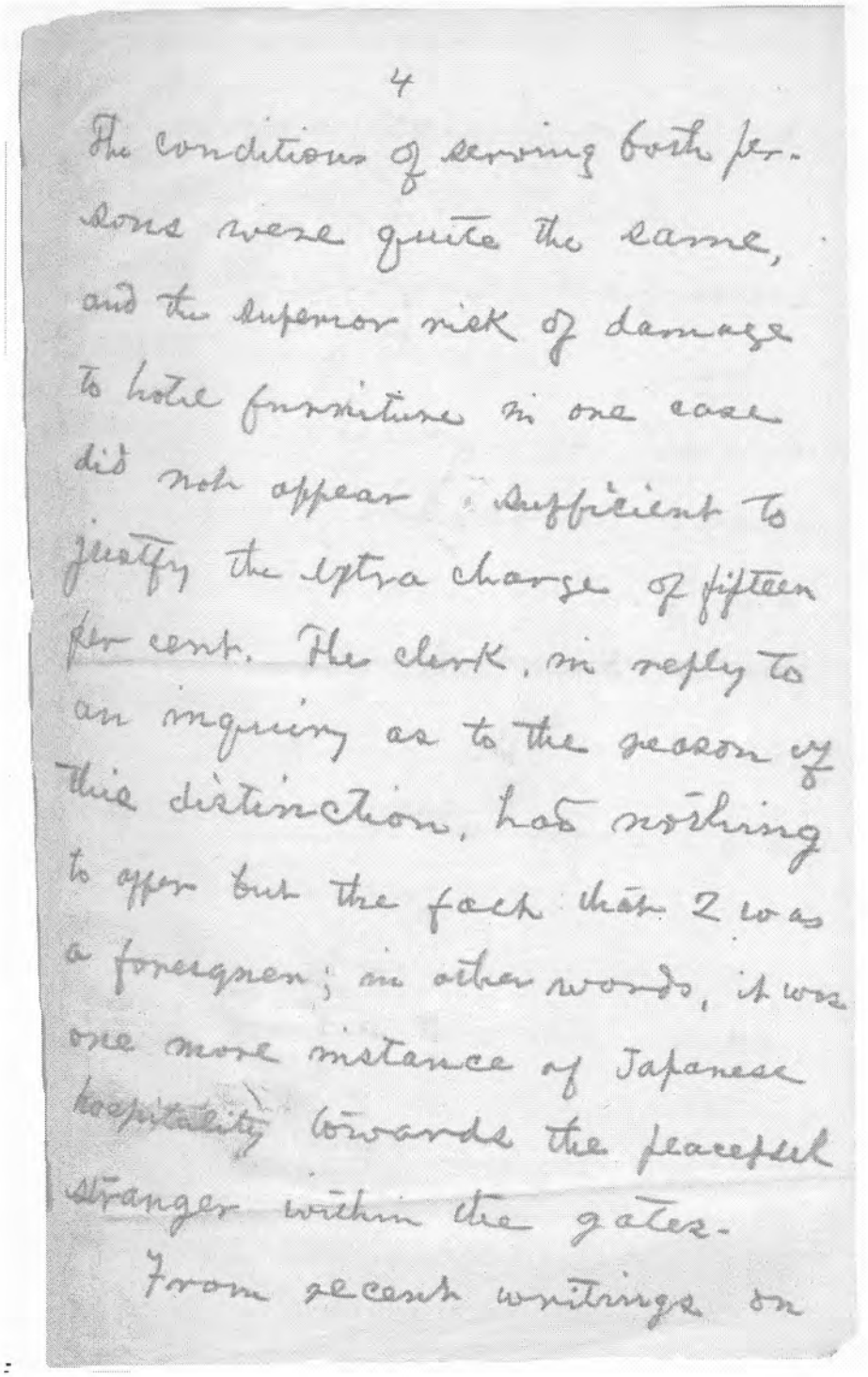
temple by the same guide. This over-
charge was not because my visit
would cause a greater wear and tear
of the mats on which we walked,
for I left my shoes at the entrance
as did the other members of the
company; it was simply one of the
ways Japanese ~~hospitality~~ has of
manifesting itself.

After we had seen the temple,
I took a jinrikisha to the hotel,
and there consulted the clerk as
to the proper payment for the
distance traversed, and paid the
amount indicated as cheerfully as
the circumstances would permit.
A little later one of the Japanese



3

visitors arrived, and I noticed that he paid about one half of what had been found to be a fair charge for me. The only excuse I can find for this discrimination consists in the fact that the foreigners who come here are generally larger than the Japanese, and this to the Japanese mind appears quite adequate. At luncheon my Japanese neighbor drank the same kind of beer that was served to me, for which he was charged at the office of the hotel thirty cents a bottle, while I was charged thirty-five cents

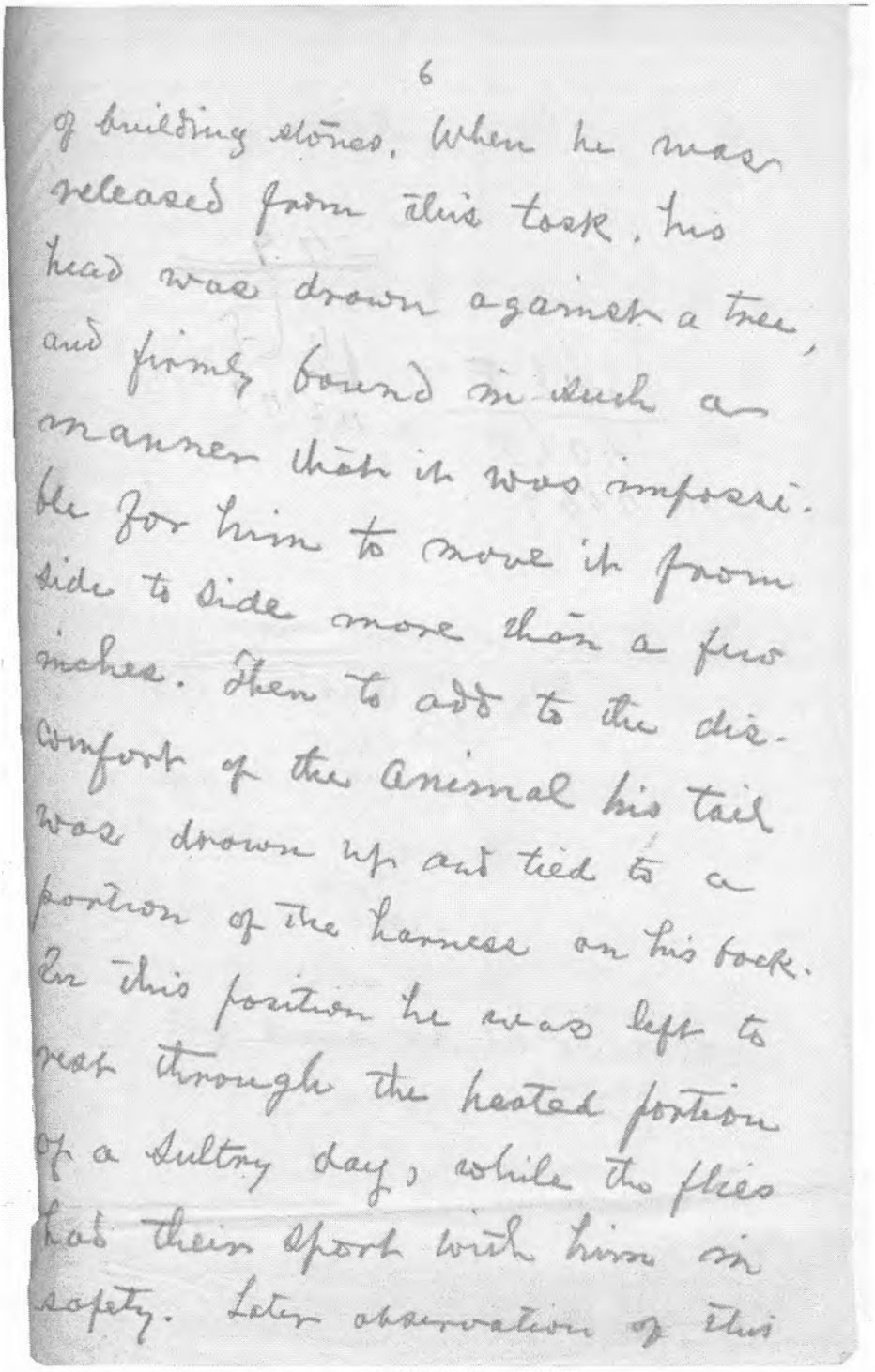


4

The conditions of serving both persons were quite the same, and the superior risk of damage to hotel furniture in one case did not appear sufficient to justify the extra charge of fifteen per cent. The clerk, in reply to an inquiry as to the reason of this distinction, had nothing to offer but the fact that Z was a foreigner; in other words, it was one more instance of Japanese hospitality towards the peaceful stranger within the gates.

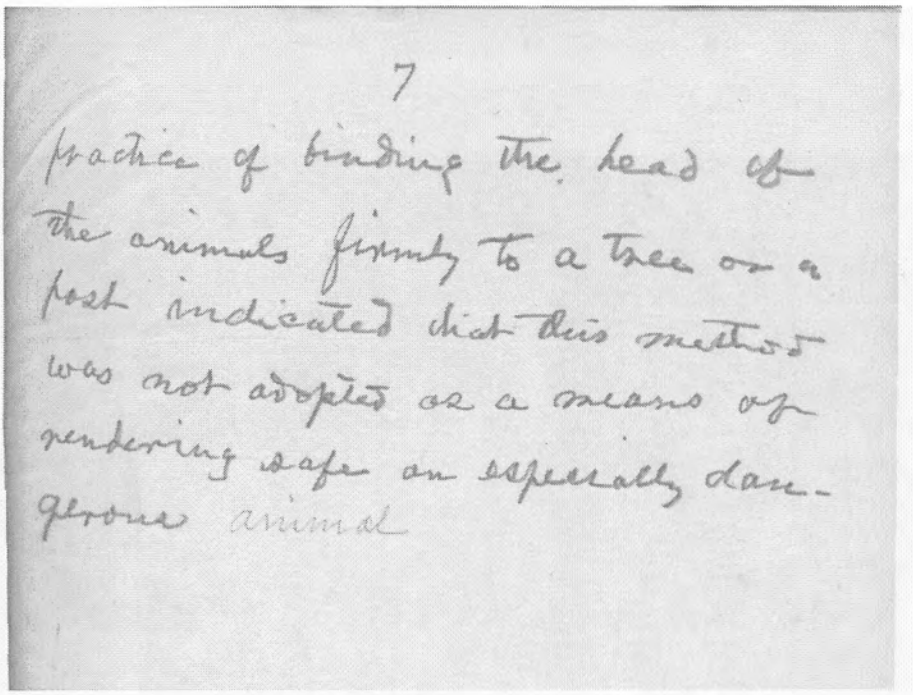
From research writings on

Japan I had learned much of the gentleness of the Japanese, and of their infinite compassion for all living things. I had learned, moreover, that this gentleness and all-embracing compassion was one of the fruits of Buddhism. My faith in all this was slightly shaken when I observed how the common people treat their draught animals. My first shock came when I saw a driver tie his bull to a tree. The poor, forlorn creature, the mere shadow of what a bull might be, had dragged to town a heavy load,



6

of building stones. When he was released from this task, his head was drown against a tree, and firmly bound in such a manner that it was impossible for him to move it from side to side more than a few inches. Then to add to the discomfort of the animal his tail was drown up and tied to a portion of the harness on his back. In this position he was left to roast through the heated portion of a sultry day, while the flies had their sport with him in safety. Later observation of this



7

practice of binding the head of the animals firmly to a tree or a post indicated that this method was not adopted as a means of rendering safe an especially dangerous animal

Phoebe Apperson Hearst and University of California President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, probably taken at the Hearst Hacienda. *University Archives (UARC PIC 13:26).*

A GERMAN PROFESSOR'S TRIP TO EL DORADO, 1905

Ludwig Boltzmann

Ludwig Boltzman (1844-1906) was professor of theoretical physics at the University of Vienna, when in 1905 he was invited to give a course of lectures in the summer session at the University of California in Berkeley: "Mechanical analogies of thermodynamics." He is regarded as one of the principal founders of statistical mechanics—the starting point for research into the basic nature of solids, liquids, and gases, and the transformations between them. His recollections of that summer survive in his well-known popular essay "Reise eines deutschen Professors ins Eldorado." Its lively, humorous tone is hard to reconcile with the tragic fact the Boltzmann took his own life at the end of the next summer (September 5, 1906) while he was on vacation near Trieste. It has been speculated that the acrimonious rejection of his statistical mechanics by empiricists who objected to the invocation of atoms and molecules contributed to his suicide. Ironically, Boltzmann died just a year after the publication of Einstein's first paper on Brownian motion, the harbinger of Boltzmann's ultimate triumph.[1]

HAVING BEEN TO CONSTANTINOPLE, Athens, Smyrna and Algiers, and several times to America, I have been urged repeatedly to publish accounts of some of my travels. But it all seemed to me too insignificant. My recent trip to California, however, was something quite exquisite. So I will venture a little chat about it.

I certainly do not claim that you have to journey to California to see interesting and beautiful sights or to have a good time. Walking in the lovely mountains of our own fatherland, one can experience as much pleasure and joy as the heart can hold. A simple meal can make you as happy as a king. But a visit to California is oysters and Veuve Cliquot champagne.

No reasonably experienced traveler will be surprised if I dwell upon food and drink. Far from being an insignificant factor, it is pivotal. The most important thing on a journey is to keep the body, and above all the stomach, healthy in spite of the whole manifold of unaccustomed assaults it must endure. This is especially true for the pampered Viennese stomach. No Viennese can eat his last goulash with nockerln unmoved.

[From Leipzig] I moved on to Bremen, and then to New York with a Hohenzollern prince.

Fontispiece of *Festschrift Ludwig Boltzmann*. 1904.

Not that I had the honor of accompanying this nobleman on a transatlantic voyage; rather, he simply carried me over on his back: It was [the steamship] Kronprinz Wilhelm on the crossing to American, and [the] Kaiser Wilhelm II on the way back.

I may be in a hurry, dear reader, but I couldn't possibly dispose of an ocean voyage from Bremen to New York with that lame joke. The great ocean steamers are among the most admirable of human creations. I find each new journey on one of these great ships more beautiful than the last. The wonderfully turbulent sea, changing every day, and every day more amazing! Today it's foamy white in wild ferment. Look at that ship over there! Now it's been swallowed up by the waves. No! A moment later the keel bobs up victorious again.

On occasional special days the sea adorns itself with its loveliest garb: its ultramarine blue dress, a color so dark and yet so luminous, trimmed with a lace of milky foam. I once laughed when I read that a painter had spent days and nights trying to reproduce some particular color. Now I no longer laugh. The sight of that ultramarine blue sea actually brought tears to my eyes. How can a mere color make us cry?

If anything can be more worthy of our admiration than such beauty of nature, it is the human ingenuity that has so completely vanquished the limitless sea in a struggle that goes back far beyond the time of the Phoenicians. Surely the greatest wonder of nature is the resourceful human mind.

I made it from New York to San Francisco in four days and four nights. You're simply catapulted. The jolts you endure making your way through the interminably long train to the dining car or the rear observation car are not exactly pleasant. The observation car is completely open at the back. You can sit on the rear gate, or lean over it, taking care not to be tossed out by a sudden jolt.

The landscape was mostly monotone, but the direct experience of speed is interesting in itself. When you look out the back, the rails seem like an endless ribbon that's being pulled out from under the train with frantic speed. Also interesting was the ride over the gigantic wooden trestlework across the Great Salt Lake, and the salt-covered expanses nearby that looked like fields of snow. The crossing of the Sierra Nevada near the end of the journey is wonderfully beautiful. It reminds me of the Semmering [south of Vienna]—not quite as picturesque perhaps, but the Sierra range is far more extensive and its peaks are much higher.

Because of the delay in New York I was late in arriving in Berkeley. I did not get there till the evening of 26 June, the day on which the summer school began. This first day had been taken up with registration, introductory talks and the like, I wouldn't have missed any of my scheduled lectures if I could have started the next morning at 9 o'clock. But I declared myself to be in no fit condition, because the cumulative effect of four days of bumping and rattling had finally taken its toll. I was incapable of taking one sure step on terra firma, and at night I awoke again and again, frightened by the absence of bumping and yet dreaming of bumps.

Now I must admit that I always suffer a little stage fright before giving a first lecture—all the more so here, where I was expected to lecture in English. I had less opportunity to speak English during the journey than I had hoped. The Germans who knew English always reverted to the native tongue after a few words, and the true Englishmen didn't speak at all.

Now I must give thirty lectures in this language! So, I declared myself unable to lecture on Tuesday, 27 June and started instead on Wednesday. At the first lecture I was somewhat timid, but at the second one I was less hesitant. And, after I heard that the students did understand me well and that, indeed, they found my presentations to be very clear, I soon felt at home.

I cannot omit a word of thanks for my success to Miss May O'Callaghan, my English teacher in Vienna. Without her tireless efforts at guiding my unwilling tongue, I would have failed. How proud I was now to speak words like "blackboard" and "chalk" with feigned insouciance when I had to requisition these necessaries. How well I pronounced "algebra," "differential calculus," "chemistry," "natural philosophy" and the like. I can also thank my linguistic diligence for an outstanding lobster salad. There it was, written on the menu. I immediately recalled the English lesson where I had found it hard to believe that Hummer is called lobster. But now I called out for "lobster," and it was superb.

The University of Berkeley,[2] where I was to teach, is the loveliest place one can imagine. The campus is a park of about a square kilometer, with trees that have seen centuries go by—or is it millennia? The buildings are attractive, with modern furnishings, though they're already much too small. But new buildings are under construction. There is, after all, plenty of room and money.

Something of a philosophical aura hovers over the place. The very name Berkeley is that of a much admired English philosopher who is credited with having invented philosophical idealism—the greatest foolishness ever hatched by a human brain. This is not idealism in the sense in which I have been using the work. Berkeley's philosophy denies the very existence of the material world.

An enterprising local innkeeper, having read in the encyclopedia that Berkeley had been a bishop whose episcopal seat was called Cloyne Court, built a faculty residence and gave it that same name. That's where I lived. But the innkeeper had no interest in creating even the slightest visual resemblance to an English episcopal residence. The building is just off Euclid Avenue, and indeed its precise parallelepiped form had no trace of anything non-Euclidean about it. But the interior was comfortable. I had a small bedroom, a somewhat larger study and a bathroom—all electrically lighted. Warm water can be circulated through

Cloyne Court, where Boltzmann stayed during his visit to Berkeley. Date of photograph unknown. *The Bancroft Library (BANC PIC 1975.056—PIC Box 1).*

thick pipes in the rooms, providing a modicum of heating that was often welcome, even in July. Though Berkeley is at the same latitude as Palermo, it is sometimes visited in summer by frigid winds off the Pacific. On the other hand, Berkeley is only slightly colder in winter than in summer. But that's when it rains. There's no rain at all in summer.

The food was good. Well, at least there was usually something among the day's choices you could manage to get down. There was no printed menu. The day's offering was recited by a bespectacled waitress in a way that made it sound more like a monotone song performed sotto voce.

"But life's unmixed blessings are no mortal's portion" [Schiller], not even on a trip to Berkeley. Until now, I had drunk water neither from open nor from stoppered bottles filled with river water and carbon dioxide, and this had kept my stomach well, in spite of the unusual food. But Berkeley is dry; drinking or serving beer, wine or spirits is strictly prohibited in that town. I didn't want to die of thirst, so I risked drinking the water, but without ice. Perhaps it would be safer in Berkeley than in New York or St. Louis. Unfortunately not! My stomach revolted. One night was so bad that I never took my clothes off. I would have had to put them on again at all too frequent intervals.

After that night I risked asking a colleague about buying wine. His reaction reminded me of a scene in the smoking car between Sacramento and Oakland: An Indian gentleman in our company asked quite naively about—let's call them bayader houses—in San Francisco. There are girls in San Francisco whose motto is "Give me money, I give you honey." But everyone made an embarrassed face.

That very same face was now the reaction to my inquiry about where to buy wine. My colleague looked around anxiously, and then at me to consider whether I could be trusted completely. Finally he divulged the name of an excellent Oakland dealership in California wines. I managed to smuggle a whole battery of wine bottles across the city line, and I soon became quite familiar with the route to Oakland. My stomach, too, acquiesced and recovered amazingly quickly, although my diet otherwise stayed the same. But I had to drink my postprandial glass of wine surreptitiously, so that I myself almost got to feeling I was indulging a vice. The temperance movement is thus well on its way to giving the world a new species of hypocrisy, and there are already enough in the world.

My stomach recovered remarkably fast, but then a boil developed in my armpit. I had to have it lanced at the Roosevelt Hospital. I was extremely interesting to see this American hospital. Its elegance is not inferior to that of the Kaiser Wilhelm II (I mean, of course, the steamship). But the experience cost me $35. It was the most expensive luxury I permitted myself on the entire trip, and it robbed me of a less doubtful pleasure.

For Tuesday, 4 July, was Independence Day, America's biggest holiday, and since I had no lectures on Saturday and Sunday, I would only have had to skip Monday and make up for it later to get four days for a hurried visit to Yosemite Valley. That had to be skipped; instead, on Sunday, 2 July, I went to hear the weekly Half Hour of Music presented free of charge at the Greek Theatre every Sunday. This theater is a faithful copy of the Sophoclean theater in Athens, except that this one seemed to me to be larger. The open-air amphitheater serves very well in a city where it never rains in summer and where fog frequently shades the sun. But the musical offering was much too thin for this architecturally magnificent space framed all around by eucalyptus and live oak. In this setting Mahler should have been conducting his third symphony with the Vienna Philharmonic, making the trees shiver with delight and the ocean, straining to hear, even more pacific. But these people wouldn't have understood it anyway.

On Tuesday, from the roof of Cloyne Court, I watched the magnificent fireworks displays that celebrate Independence Day every year. The hillside location of Cloyne Court

affords a panoramic view of San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate and Mount Tamalpais. The old English bishop can hardly have looked out onto anything more beautiful.

The dear Lord himself seemed to be taking pleasure in this celebration, because He started things off at sunset with fireworks of His own, a display worthy of His greatness and His creation. Once again, as so often on this trip, I wished that I could paint.

When the last rays of the sunset had disappeared and the lights of San Francisco beckoned brightly across the bay, man's fireworks began. Now a colorful light flared up miraculously at our feet, now a glowing star shone forth far on the horizon. Where to look? In Berkeley and San Francisco it shines and flames, but there in Oakland what a beautiful effect. As soon as one looks at it, one has already missed an even more beautiful one in Alameda. I decided that I would in future set off a little fireworks display in my garden at home every Fourth of July. The struggle of George Washington and his band has world historical significance. It's not just a matter of local patriotism.

Schiller once said, "Another thousand fellows like me, and Germany will become a republic that will make Rome and Sparta look like nunneries." That certainly did not happen. A few thousand fellows like you? The world has not produced a single one. But ideas do not die. Such a republic, in comparison to which Rome and Sparta were nunneries, does exist, but across the ocean. How colossal it is and how it grows! "Freedom breeds colossi."

In the weeks that followed I was invited somewhere every weekend. The first invitation was to the magnificent estate of Mrs. [Phoebe Apperson] Hearst near Livermore. Who is she? That's not easy to explain to a European. Once would come closest to the truth by saying Mrs. Hearst is the University of Berkeley. In Europe alma mater is an idealized figure from antiquity. But in America she's a real woman with—and this is the crux—real millions. Every year Mrs. Hearst gives several million for the expansion of the university. My trip to America was of course paid for with her money. The president of the university is merely the executive officer of the trustees, over whom Mrs. Hearst presides. The present one [Benjamin Ide Wheeler] had to stipulate a rights for himself upon his appointment in order to do at least something for the university under his own authority.

The situation is even more extreme at Leland Stanford Jr. University in Palo Alto, which I visited for one day. After Leland Stanford Sr. had become enormously rich, an accident suddenly took his only son, for whom alone the father had amassed his great fortune. He, and especially Mrs. [Jane Lathrop] Stanford, fell into a kind of religious madness. In Europe when an elderly lady goes off her rocker she buys herself a dozen cats or a parrot. Here she hires a first-rate architect (what can't you get with money?) and builds a university that will assuredly be a blessing to future generations.

While Berkeley is built after the pavilion system, Stanford University is laid out in a unified, architecturally attractive scheme that seems to me quite unsuitable for its educational purpose. That's the trouble with architects, in all countries. The university church is particularly imposing, richly decorated with illustrated walls and ceilings, stained glass and sculpture.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Stanford alone was the university for a long time. Then she too died [in February 1905], but not without first making ample provision for the university in her will.

It goes without saying that male and female students have equal rights at universities such as these. The same is true of the faculty. I just want to present one drastic example of the far-reaching dominance achieved by the female element. One of my faculty colleagues, Miss Lillian Seraphine Hyde,[3] a not unworthy lady whose name I committed to memory, gave a course of lectures on the preparation of salads and desserts. It was announced in the catalogue just like the course I was giving. I have kept that catalogue as evidence.

Every room of the university teems with ladies, who do not seem greatly fewer in number than the male students. It especially attracts one's attention that there usually is a lady's hat deposited in every room. A lady's hat in the professor's office, a lady's hat in the room that serves as lavatory, telephone booth, and still as something else, a lady's hat in the darkroom. When I left somewhat weakened and confused after the operation already mentioned, in my distraction I nearly put on a lady's hat I found there instead of my own.

But let us return to Mrs. Hearst, the alma mater berkeleyensis. As already mentioned, she had invited me, together with a number of other professors teaching during the summer session, to her country estate near Livermore, a jewel such as luxury, wealth and good taste can create only in a place where Nature herself is a luxuriant spendthrift. Carriages met us at the railroad station and took us through a starkly fantastical but not unattractive entrance gate into a park of fabulous arboreal splendor and floral beauty. Here wealth translates into water. When water is not spared in California, summer and winter blossom forth in equal abundance. For a long time, though too brief for me, we drove through this park, which offered the loveliest views of Mount Diablo and Mount Hamilton.

Finally we arrived at the residence. It is built Portuguese-Mexican style, a ring of buildings surrounding a court sealed off by heavy iron. Obviously some sort of fortress. The center of the court is marked by an ancient marble fountain which Mrs. Hearst herself had bought in Verona and transferred right to the Pacific Ocean. After it, the entire estate is called "Hacienda del Pozzo di Verona."

Phoebe Hearst's Hacienda del Pozo de Verona. Photograph by C.E. Gould. *The Bancroft Library (BANC PIC 1905.11707).*

The interior of the hacienda is a treasure chest of the most glorious art works and rarities, which Mrs. Hearst had bought in all corners of the Old World and the New—a most original mix of Greek, Roman, medieval, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese and Indian rarities.

As the only European at dinner, I got to sit at Mrs. Hearst's right hand. First came blackberries. "No, thank you," I said. Then came the melon, which my hostess salted for me most appetizingly with her own hands. Again I passed. Then came oatmeal,[4] an indescribable paste of oat flour that one might use in Vienna to fatten geese. But I doubt that

Viennese geese would touch it. I had already noted, however, a somewhat displeased glance from Alma Mater when I declined the melon. Such a one is proud of her kitchen. So I choked down the oatmeal with averted face and thanked God that it stayed down.

That's the dark side of being invited to dinner in an American home. In a restaurant you're allowed to leave what you can't eat. But what do you do with the lady of the house who is proud of American cuisine in general and of her own in particular? Happily the oatmeal was followed by poultry, stewed fruit and other things with which I was able to cover up its lingering taste.

After dinner we repaired to the music room, a space about as large as the Bösendorfer Hall. What fantastic baroque decoration! I know of no more beautiful small concert hall in Vienna. Reports of my meager piano playing having reached the hacienda, I was asked to open the concert. After a small show of resistance, I sat down at the grand piano, a Steinway of the most expensive sort. Anticipating nothing very special, I struck a chord. Perhaps my ears had already heard a piano of such exquisite tone at a concert, but my fingers had certainly never touched one. If the rigors of my long journey to California had left any lingering regrets, they vanished at that moment. I played a Schubert sonata. At first the response of the keys felt a bit strange. But how quickly one gets used to something really good!

One of the guests that evening was a professor of music in Milwaukee, a man of soldierly demeanor—doubtless a superb bear hunter, but thoroughly trained in music too. He did me an undeserved honor: during a discussion about whether music can be humorous, he asked me, by way of illustration, to play the scherzo from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on the piano. Should I say "I can't" to a professor from Milwaukee? Instead I resorted to humor, saying: "Gladly, if you will play the timpani when they come in. It sounds better that way." That silenced him.

The next weekend was dedicated to the Lick Observatory. Friday afternoon I took the train to the friendly little town of San Jose, with its palm-lined avenues shading streetcars, automobiles and bicycles as well as pedestrians. At seven o'clock the next morning I set out in a somewhat defective mail coach for Mount Hamilton, whose elevation is about the same as

On the road to Lick Observatory, ca. 1890. Photograph by H.E. Mathews. *University Archives (UARC ALBUM 18:25).*

Lick Observatory, ca.1890. Photograph by H.E. Mathews.
University Archives (UARC ALBUM 18:7).

the Semmering in Austria. But it looks higher, because at San Jose one is starting out from just above sea level. The road is very good, ascending slowly and smoothly in serpentine curves through vineyards and orchards to woods and meadows where cattle, at that time of year, have only hay to eat. In winter they graze on fresh grass.

We arrived at the observatory on the summit at about 1:30 in the afternoon. Only the younger astronomers were there, led by Dr. [Robert] Tucker. Director [William Wallace] Campbell and the senior staff were already in Spain preparing to observe the total eclipse of the sun. They showed me the facilities of the splendidly equipped observatory, which can be exploited to the fullest because of the favorable site.

The most spectacular instrument is the giant telescope with its 28-inch lens,[5] ground by Alvan Clark. The "big glass," as they call it simply, has given us one of the most interesting astronomical discoveries of modern times: the two moons of Mars. Citizen [James] Lick, who had the entire observatory built with his own money, lay buried inside the giant pier on which the telescope rests. Isn't that idealistic? I see through him. Surely he knew that it would make no difference to him where his bones rested. But he wanted to show the world a dramatic example of what the final goal of a millionaire ought to be. Truly, he bought himself immortality.

If I were a poet, I would describe how Schiller meets Lick in Heaven, calling the work Two Idealists. Schiller has Wisdom say to Wealth, "I don't need you." Lick proves the opposite. Admittedly, the enthusiasm you can buy for money is second rate, and the love you can buy is not even third rate. But money can also get you a Steinway grand, a violin made by Amati, a Böcklin painting, and now even immortality.

I was given a tour of all the rooms of the observatory. Every zone of the celestial sphere gets its own cabinet. And in each cabinet every star gets its own drawer, so that all observations can be readily retrieved. Then inventory of this business is growing fast. With so much to be done, it's not surprising that the astronomers don't get bored on this lonely mountaintop. Also, it goes without saying that the staff includes attractive female astronomers.

After sunset we saw Mars through the big telescope, large and luminous, looking almost

like the Moon. Then we made our way back down to the valley. As we descended, the abrupt ceiling of the fog presented an extraordinary sight. Above us was the starry firmament and below us lay the expanse of fog, spread out like the surface of a sea. With one jolt our coach was submerged in it. From one instant to the next the stars disappeared and our lantern could only penetrate a few yards ahead.

No less interesting was my trip the following Sunday to the seaside resorts of Monterey, Pacific Grove and Santa Cruz on the Pacific Ocean. Once already I had sailed out far enough from San Francisco to be able to fully enjoy the view of the great ocean, but now I had the opportunity to marvel at sweeping seascapes of rocky coast and playing waves. But far more interesting than all of this for me was a little house in Pacific Grove where Professor [Jacques] Loeb had his laboratory.[6]

How striking is the difference between the great works of industry and the modest workshops of science! How imposing are the colossal ocean steamers! But the frequent traveler will have noticed that the officers and crew are always doing the same routine jobs, over and over again. In the passenger salons the same people are always talking about the same things, lounging in the same chairs and playing the same game of shuffleboard. Gargantuan masses, but not one new thought! Admittedly in science too some things have been accomplished by large-scale effort (as we saw at the Lick Observatory). But the truly great scientific advance (our Minister of Education mustn't hear this) is always with the smallest means.

I must now make a considerable effort to explain Loeb's research without giving offense: It was long believed that the chemical compounds characteristic of living organisms, the so-called organic compounds, can only be created by a special force—the "life force." Today we know that very many organic compounds can be synthesized from their chemical elements by means of ordinary chemical reactions, with no trace of any life force. Nonetheless many people still believe that life itself is something entirely unique, something quite distinct from its accompanying chemical processes, and that the unique processes of life can never be brought about in inanimate materials. Loeb's research has by no means yet disproved this point of view. But it has thrown a new weight into the balance on the opposing side.

From Pacific Grove I went to the seaside resort of Santa Cruz, which is remarkable primarily through the large number of guests who do not live in houses, but in canvas tents with small canvas windows and which are here rented like cabins. Others live in small wooden cabins built on boats, which can be rowed from one place to another in the shallow bays and rivers flowing into the sea.

In general the smallness of the houses built everywhere almost exclusively of wood is surprising. In Berkeley, there are many homes that remind one vividly of the one which the "whittling farmer" near Graz has built and whittled himself from wooden boards.

Then I also looked at the so-called Big Trees, whose age is reckoned in thousands of years. One trunk, albeit no longer alive, is shown, from the rings of which one can see precisely how many millennia old it is.

My weekdays were devoted to work. But they were certainly not devoid of all entertainment. There were many social gatherings, a few of them quite formal. Before one of these, a colleague who was going to pick me up had warned me, with authentically English fastidiousness, to wear formal evening dress. "Am I not beautiful?" I called out when he arrived that evening. Alas no! I had forgotten to shine my shoes. But my colleague knew what had to be done. He led me to a basement room, took off his coat, vest and cuffs, found the requisite utensils in a closet and proceeded to shine my shoes with virtuosity. And then he drank from the same glass with which he had just been applying droplets of water to the polished shoes. How very American!

Nor was there any shortage of ladies in this social circle. By the way, the women in California are strikingly tall and strongly built, and some of them have more facial hair than one might wish. I had to agree with a colleague who asked, "Don't you think that women in American have something masculine about them?" But when I countered, "and the men have something feminine," he wouldn't agree. I said that only because they tend to be beardless. Their willpower, courage, enterprise and strength of character deserve no such epithet.

One of the events that broke the weekday routine was the visit of the American Secretary of War [William Howard Taft] who was on his way to the Philippines. I was told that Miss [Alice] Roosevelt was traveling with him, but I never got to see her. The Secretary was presented to the entire university community at an assembly in the large live-oak grove on the campus. You should have heard the naive bluntness, daring and enthusiasm of the speeches! All cut from the same cloth. After brief introductory remarks the mayor of Berkeley presented the Secretary to the audience with the words "This is Mr. Taft, a good Secretary of War, a good citizen and in every respect a good old fellow."

Yes, America will achieve great things. I believe in these people, even after seeing them at work in a setting where they're not at their best: integrating and differentiating at the theoretical physics seminar.

Finally the evening came when I would hear the monotone song of my bespectacled waitress for the last time. After I had cut my last omelet to pieces, my colleague did a quick count and said, "You have just a half minute left for each piece." Then the train carried me away by the way of Portland, Yellowstone, Chicago and New York.

The return ocean crossing was blessed with magnificent weather. And the good food aboard the ship rehabilitated my stomach completely. I drank not a drop of water and very little beer, but all the more of a noble Rüdesheimer vintage. The good thing about being at sea is that if you totter a little when you walk, everyone attributes it to the rolling of the ship.

Now only a brief train ride from Bremen to Vienna, a dashing ride in a Viennese *fiaker* [horse-drawn cab] and I'm home. A journey such as this offers much that's interesting and grand. California is beautiful, Mount Shasta is magnificent and Yellowstone is wonderful. But more beautiful, by far, is the moment when you're back home again.

ENDNOTES

1 Boltzmann's essay, *Reise eine deutschen Professors ins Eldorado,*" was published in his *Populäre Schriften* (Leipzig: Barth, 1905). Most of this abridgement of Boltzmann's account of his trip was translated by Bertram Schwarzschild and appeared in *Physics Today* (45:1, Jan. 1992), supplemented by portions of an unpublished 1987 translation by Gerhard Klein of the UC's Sanitary Engineering and Environmental Health Department, and by a translation by Walter Kutschera of the Argonne National Laboratory, which appeared in *Transport Theory and Statistical Physics* 20 (1991), 499-523. The full essay contains much about his activities just before his journey, his visit to New York, his return trip home, etc.; omissions have not been indicated in this abridgment.

2 Boltzmann calls it *Die Universität Berkeley.*

3 Lillian Seraphine Hyde was a University Extension lecturer. In the summer session of 1905 she taught two courses, listed under the College of Agriculture, with the rubric Domestic Science: "The care of the house," and "Chafing Dish Cookery."

4 Boltzmann uses the English word.

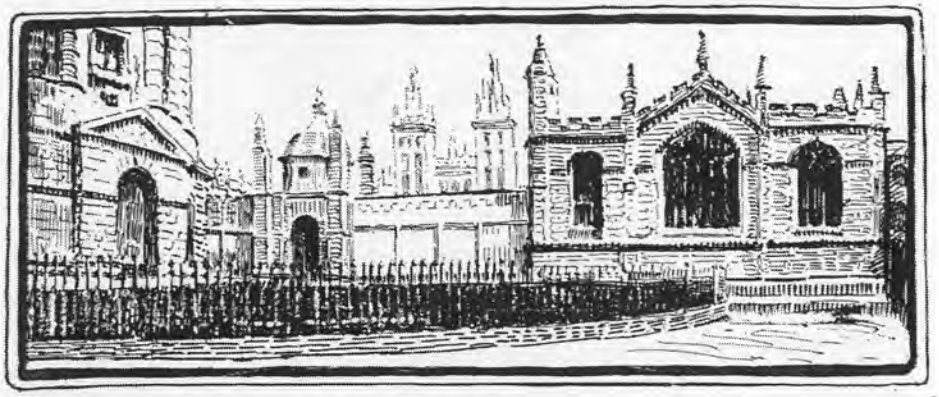
5 Boltzmann has misremembered; the telescope was a 36-inch refracting telescope.

6 Loeb served as professor of physiology from 1902 to 1910. The laboratory mentioned was the Herzstein Institute of Experimental Biology, funded by Morris Herzstein specifically for Loeb. The institute was sold in 1933.

STUDENT LIFE AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY IN 1906

Farnham P. Griffiths

Farnham P. Griffiths was a member of the class of 1906. Later, he served for a short period as secretary to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and was a lecturer in law between 1910 and 1920. He served as a regent from 1948 to 1951. This article appeared in the 1913 Blue and Gold *(1912).*



Student Life at Oxford University

SIX companies of Rhodes scholars, each representing virtually every State and Territory of the Union, have now been sent to Oxford University; four of them are already returned after the allotted three years' residence. Americans, and more particularly American college men, are expressing an interest hitherto unknown in student life at Oxford. The American matriculating at the English university enters an environment utterly new. If he is an uncompromising apostle of extreme Americanism, he may find congenial companions at the American Club with whom to associate during terms and travel in vacations; but he will return to America unacquainted with English students and with English student life. If, on the other hand, he is ready to participate with zest in the activities and interests of the English undergraduate, the members of his college will receive him with cordiality as sincere, if not as outspoken, as that to which he has been accustomed at home, and the doors of opportunity in the athletic, social and intellectual life of Oxford will be thrown wide open to him.

Michaelmas term opens about the middle of October and lasts eight weeks. There are six weeks vacation at Christmas and at Easter, with Hilary and the continuous Easter and Trinity terms intervening, and then comes the long summer vacation. The emphasis on the vacations is not undue, they are the genuine working periods of the Oxford student. He must take "collections," as the college examinations are called, when he "comes up" to Oxford at the beginning of term, not at the end before he "goes down." During term he attends lectures, as may seem good to him and his tutor, works steadily, if he is an honors man, but not overmuch, and lays out a severe program of study for the approaching vacation. Residence at Oxford, save for the year immediately preceding the

"schools" or final examinations for the degree, is the season of respite from close application to the curriculum. It is, however, very decidedly not a period of idleness; the activities at Oxford are infinite in number and variety. The editor of the BLUE AND GOLD asks for some account of this student life at Oxford, more particularly at points of contrast with the life here. It is mostly contrast.

A PULPIT — RELIC OF OLD OXFORD

Students live during the first two years at least in one of the twenty-one colleges that make up the university. The college, with its separate group of buildings, gardens and athletic fields, is a household that commands in extraordinary degree the affection and loyalty of its members. The head of the college (variously styled Master, President, Warden) and many of the fellows or "dons" reside like the students within the college gates. Every student has a study and bedroom. They breakfast in their rooms, but seldom alone, for eight o'clock is emphatically a social hour, and the men linger round the table in groups to discuss the parliamentary debates of the day before or the probable outcome of an approaching political election until nine or ten o'clock, when lectures begin. Lunch is meager, in view of the boating, football or hockey that follow immediately in the early afternoon. There are no gymnasiums, but every student plays some game. The colleges vary in membership from forty to three hundred men, but even the smaller colleges have teams in six or seven different sports. The streets of Oxford are crowded every afternoon with students in athletic attire trotting to the fields or the oval or the river. Lightness of lunch followed by hard exercise account for the alacrity with which the students hurry back to "tea," which implies hot buttered

A GLIMPSE OF THE "HIGH," OXFORD'S FAMOUS THOROUGHFARE

buns, muffins, crumpets and cake as well as tea, strictly so called; and tea in this inclusive sense accounts in turn for the lateness of the dinner hour, which may be seven or seven-thirty o'clock. Tea like breakfast is a social hour in the students' rooms. The interim from five to seven is a time for reading and study. Dinner is served in the college hall at long tables, crossed by the "high table" where the master and tutors dine.

The societies meet in the evenings. There are literary, historical, philosophical and political societies in each of the colleges, as well as larger intercollegiate groups. These meetings afford the English student ample opportunity to indulge his fondness for public speaking. Public speaking in an English university is not confined, as it tends to be here, to formal debate on the part of teams long and laboriously trained for forensic combat. Men speak often and readily and with more lightness of touch than we do. They are not afraid to tell a story occasionally; they even dare to speak in epigrams or try jokes, and they are frequently known to begin formal debates without stating in introduction that they are going to prove "the following four points." They are not weighed down by the awful responsibility of capturing that decision by dry and logical presentation of a case to the judges after the manner of lawyers arguing from a brief; they speak to the audience and decisions are awarded by vote of their hearers. Limericks were just coming into vogue when I first heard a debate in the Oxford Union, and the speeches sparkled with good lines, in which cabinet ministers figured delightfully. Debating does not imply solemnity. The smaller college societies meet in the rooms of stu-

dents or tutors. Refreshments are served in the course of the evening. Papers or addresses are followed by general and lively discussion. Writers and members of Parliament frequently come to Oxford to participate in the larger gatherings. I recall hearing G. K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw at college societies, and Winston Churchill, Secretary Masterman and Bonar Law, now leader of the Opposition, at the Oxford Union. Even athletes are expected to be speakers in England. There are few large public meetings in the college town to which the president of the boat club, who is to Oxford what the captain of the football team is to California, is not invited and called on for a brief speech. Opposing athletic teams regularly meet to banquet together on the evening of the game, and after dinner speeches are a regular part of the program. This custom apparently persists in the colonies. Coach James Schaeffer relates that he was everywhere pestered for speeches on the Australian football tour.

The happiest time of the year at Oxford is May Week, when the college eights race daily and the old town is crowded with visitors. Each college puts at least one eight on the river, some of them two or three. The races occur in three divisions, at two, four and six o'clock. A boat's length separates the crews at the start, the place of each college being that at which it concluded the preceding year. These are "bumping races." The aim is to drive the prow against the stroke oar or rudder of the boat ahead. A bump puts the successful crew one place higher up for the next day. College students armed with pistols and megaphones run along the tow-path abreast of their respective colleges, and other partisans shout encouragement to their favorite crews from the colleges' barges that fringe the opposite shore. Between races the Isis and Cherwell are alive with punts and canoes. Advance of five places within the week guarantees a college a "bump supper," a celebration not easy to earn but worth many years of waiting. The greatest glory that a college can enjoy athletically is to have its crew "head of the river."

Student journalism is backward at Oxford. There are two weekly publications—the *Isis* and the *Varsity*—but no daily paper and no annual. The general conception of the annual as a vivid record of the college year is new to the English student.

FARNHAM P. GRIFFITHS.

SOME NEW WORLD STUDENTS, 1913

John L. Myres

John Lynton Myres was Wykeham Professor of Ancient History at Oxford from 1910 to 1939. He was the first Sather Professor of Classical Literature in the 1913-14 year, and he returned for a second time in 1926-27. This article appeared in the 1915 Blue and Gold *(1914).*

Some New World Students

By AN OLD WORLD PROFESSOR

JOHN L. MYRES
Oxford University

Three months' acquaintance, however pleasant, hardly justifies a visitor from another country, and another kind of university in expressing opinions about so large and composite a body as the students of the University of California, and it is only because an invitation so friendly as this "to write something for the BLUE AND GOLD" could not with courtesy be refused, that I venture to set down these first impressions, knowing well that those who read them are quite as aware as I of the spirit in which alone I offer them, and that they will receive them in the same spirit.

The first and last impression that the visitor has of Berkeley is that it is indeed a university city, and that the spell of the University of California is potent upon it. The same spell must fall in measure, even on an unacademic traveler just as it falls on the visitor at Harvard or Princeton. Over the student, junior or graduate it is irresistible. The very pose of the older buildings on the Campus, set up before the Bernard plan was dreamed, suggests, in its loose disarray, some company of strolling teachers arrived in a prehistoric and as yet unprospected Berkeley, and sitting down here a chemist or a miner, here a clutch of scholars of old tongues, here a botanist on the edge of Strawberry Canyon—each to set about his proper work, in those early days, in a common conviction that "it is good for us to be in this place, and let us build here tabernacles, one for thee and one for me." All universities have their Mountains of Transfiguration. "In the two Hinkseys nothing seems the same," we gain there new visions of the world. And the sentiment that gathers now round North Hall and its Bench; round the 1910 Gateway and all that is beyond; round the Library and Theatre; that begins to gather faster than the new granite about our Campanile's frame, is of the sort that moves the world. I have

heard men who have traveled widely and used their eyes say emphatically after university meeting, that this is one of the memorable things of California, and difficult to match: and the sense of it does not fade with repetition. In Oxford, of which I have perhaps most right to speak, we have our college chapels daily, and our Daily Hall; but even our degrees are conferred spasmodically, on a dozen different days in the year; but powerful as these instruments of fellowship are, they are rather the symbols of overgrown fraternity, than of a common academic life: it is only in the examination rooms that even a "class," as we say here, finds itself met together in one and the same place. And in the University of Liverpool brief experience of which has most nearly enabled me to get my bearings in this larger (almost as recent) foundation, we often used to deplore the absence of just such a meeting of the whole place, and we planned many schemes by which it might some day be brought about. This general loyalty to the institution as a whole, present and conscious, and the frequent opportunity of expressing it, in many ways, are one of the deepest impressions which one retains of the student body here.

That California students as a whole have this sentiment, and that a large and influential section of them realize its value in the training which is offered here, has been apparent, even to a visitor, in the course of discussions which I have been allowed to follow, on the procedure of appointment of the Graduate Manager, and on the constitution of the student executive. Less important though the details of current proposals may be, the fact that they are made so frankly and discussed with such good feeling, speaks much for the attitude of

BERKELEY AND THE BAY FROM CAMPANILE

23

leading students. And it is only just to add that the lucidity of speech, and evidence of debating power, in some of these discussions seemed to me to compare favorably with what I have seen of other student assemblies. It is on occasions like these that the service to the State can be appreciated, which the wide freedom of student initiative and student responsibility is daily rendering here.

Within the larger whole,—already so vast as the student body is in Berkeley, and so clearly still to grow—the part played in the older English universities by the college system, binding students together in groups not too large to be manageable but not so small as to degenerate into cliques, seems to me admirably rendered by those fraternities which I have been privileged to visit. In Oxford, where ancient colleges, founded originally for smaller numbers, now accept from 100 to 200 resident students, there is already some preference for smaller ones, on the mere ground of their smallness, which more nearly permits everyone to know everyone else. And the fact that in the boarding houses which are characteristic of all the more famous English schools, the limit of numbers lies between thirty and thirty-five is an interesting parallel to the fraternity average, from the same all-important point of view. . The college bond in Oxford,—still more in Cambridge where the larger colleges have

VIEW OF HILLS FROM CAMPANILE

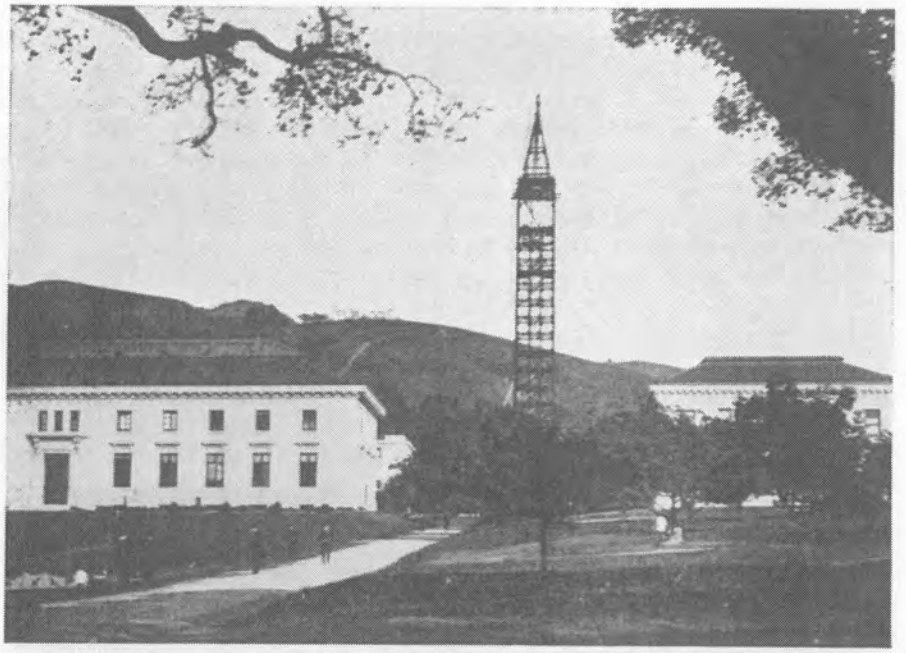
24

THE CLASS OF 1910 BRIDGE

three or four hundred students—tends unduly to obscure the man's relation to the university: the fraternity, so far as I have been able to judge, can supplement, without impairing it.

In an English university I doubt whether such a system of fraternities would exist for long without having a profound influence on the practice of athletics. Yet what strikes an old world visitor most in California is the very small allowance of space and of time set aside for recreation; and this not only in the university, but in the high schools that I have happened to see. Bystanders' encouragement is of course wholesome, and sometimes vital to a competing team; but yelling at a few inter-university matches is no real substitute for an hour-a-week football all round, such as we try to aim at in our new urban universities in England still less for the regular freedom of afternoons which is found practicable in Oxford. In a climate less favored than that of Berkeley, the kind of time table which some students manage to compile would surely lead to disaster: even in Liverpool, where congested buildings and an overcrowded Faculty made the announcement-book a chaos and my only serious anxiety was

25



THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE

lest my flock should overwork, most students used, of their own accord, to get at least one half day free in the week, and many insisted on two.

I lay stress on this apparent lack of share in games for another reason too. I have been trying to find out how the representative teams are made up; and it seems to me to pass the wit of man to pick out the real players, if all who could play, if they would, have not the opportunity to play frequently under the eye of older players. Many a man comes up to Oxford from a school where there is no rowing, and is literally discovered to be an oar, after he has entered the university, through the circumstance that he naturally finds his way to the river, and is "tubbed" in his turn by a Senior who knows what rowing is. And there seem at first sight to be enough vacant lots available temporarily at least, at low rents as fraternity practice-grounds, to make it easy in such games as football and tennis, which do not need much space, for everyone to have his chance of at least a weekly game, if he cared. Baseball, somewhat more difficult to adapt to a small space, presents a real difficulty; and this may be partly

26

accountable for the spectacular and vicarious play which rather puzzles a visitor. Coming to pursuits more commonly regarded as serious and "academic" let me say at once that I could not wish for an audience more congenial or responsive than California students. If I wanted to criticise, it would be to say that at times it seems to take the lecturer rather too seriously, as an oracle and fountain head of wisdom. "I can't make out why he gave me that *three*," I overheard one student say, "I know I put it all down exactly as he gave it out," which was probably just why the three was given. Verbal accuracy palls, when we have to look over two hundred blue-books; and after all, even lecturers are meant to make you think. Many students here seem to go to many lectures, and to read few books; and some of the reading is done in a queer skimming way which perhaps results partly from a custom of expecting "so many pages" to be prescribed, instead of tackling a whole volume and getting the heart out of it. This, like the cryptic handwriting, and truly wonderful vocabulary of quite a number of students suggests reflections about high school and even

ALONG STRAWBERRY CREEK

27

WEST END OF CAMPUS

infant school work which would be out of place here. If California students, already aware, as I know from what they tell me, of the defects of the schools which they attended themselves, make it their own civic duty later on to ensure that their own children shall be thoroughly and uniformly taught, their own experiences will not have been in vain. Many curious experiments in education, as in some other things seem to come again and again for trial, when a little more knowledge of other people's results would save time, money and some children's minds. To experiment, and to experiment widely, is wholly good, and surest sign of life; but to repeat other people's experiments betrays either lack of originality or lack of judgment.

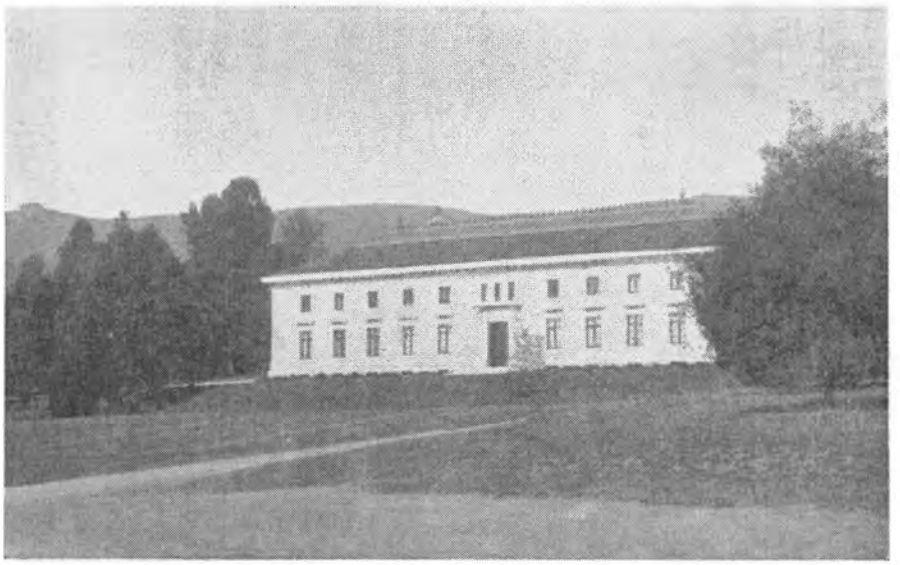
Something of the same, if I may speak quite freely, has struck me about the use which some students make of the elective system here. An elective system of courses, like any other provision for free choice, presumes a certain ability to make reasonable choices in the people who are to work it. It is not pleasant to be reminded that with all our sparks of originality, most of us, even

28

in a university, are really quite ordinary; but broadly speaking it is true and for ordinary people, quite ordinary combinations of courses are very nearly ideal. To choose ordinary courses indeed may well be an act of self-discipline far higher in value, as education, than any combination of extremes. There is such a virtue, in fact, as academic temperance.

These notes are turning into a sermon; but I have come to love our university too well not to risk even that, to be sure of saying the two or three things that a stranger may, who has been allowed to be so much "at home" on this side of the world. When the possibility of this visit was first opened to me, the prospect which most appealed was that of learning something from California students. The hope was not in vain; and the half was not told me, of what the University of California meant. My memory of California students is written in blue and gold.

John L. Myres.



CALIFORNIA HALL

29

BERKELEYANS IN BERLIN, 1913

Lucy Sprague Mitchell

Lucy Sprague Mitchell was the first Dean of Women at the University of California, appointed by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler in 1906 and serving until 1913. She had already reached the decision, however, not to remain in Berkeley at the time of the trip with the Wheelers recounted here, when President Wheeler was Theodore Roosevelt Professor at the University of Berlin in the 1909-10 year. She was "tired of working in an academic ivory tower with golden domes, but no firm foundations. I wanted to mix cement and sharp stones and build an educational foundation which would develop people with live thinking and feelings." Hence the reference to rootlessness in the first paragraph. After leaving Berkeley, she founded the Bureau of Educational Experiments in New York City, which later evolved into the Bank Street School. This excerpt is from her Two Lives: the Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself *(New York: Simon and Schuster, 1953).*

TOGETHER, FATHER'S DEATH AND MY DECISION not to stay on in Berkeley brought a sense of detachment. I seemed rootless. I was in this mood when President and Mrs. Wheeler asked me to go with them for a winter in Germany. He had been appointed the Roosevelt Exchange Professor in Berlin. Why not go along? I knew it would be just a diverting episode in my life. But perhaps getting away from everything familiar might help me to see things in better perspective. So I went.

Lucy Sprague Mitchell. Dean of Women 1906–1913.

The winter in Berlin was an incredible, even bizarre, experience. Mr. Wheeler's job was not only to lecture in German at the University of Berlin. Kaiser Wilhelm's interest gave it a semi-diplomatic flavor. I had expected simply the fun of living in Germany. But it turned out that my title, Dean of Women, was peculiarly impressive. A "Dekan" is a high official in Germany, and a woman dean was without precedent. With the German passion for titles, they invented a new German word for me. I was always called "Fraulein Dekanin." I was included in the dinners given to and by the Wheelers. At the German dinners, people were seated strictly in accordance with

their rank, the highest ranks in the middle, petering out toward the end. Fraulein Dekanin always found herself near the middle, flanked by overwhelmingly distinguished Geheimräter, or military men and State Ministers with chests covered with medals. I met most of the great public figures, even dined with some of them—Admiral von Tirpitz, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, Airminister Lewald, von Moltke, Count Zeppelin and others. I was even presented at court, along with the Wheelers. This event took place in the "old Palace" (*Alte Schloss*), with its myriads of grandiose rooms. The "costumes"—for such they seemed to me—that Mrs. Wheeler and I wore were rigorously proscribed, including a train just so long and gloves just so high on the arms. Kaiser Wilhelm, with his short arm resting on the hilt of his sword, stood at the end of the room with the Kaiserin, flanked by the court in gorgeous dress. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and I were a part of a single-file procession that moved slowly down the room. As each lady made a right-angle turn to pass their Majesties, a dazzling figure in red coat and white breeches stepped out with what looked like a long scepter. He placed this wand under each lady's train and swung it behind. Mrs. Hill, the wife of our Ambassador, pronounced each of our names as we reached the critical point. The men bowed low; the ladies made a curtsey low enough to be perilous if we had not been trained. We then passed on to the great ballroom.

I kept a diary in which I recorded many other incredible court events of that winter. But any more of that preposterous tale is too long to tell here. I never could get used to the seriousness with which everyone took the formalities—the professors were no exception. Everyone regarded me with curiosity. I was young for my position (thirty-one) and didn't look learned for the simple reason that I wasn't. I felt like a fake but tried to live up to my popularity based on false assumptions. It was all a great show which I enjoyed and still felt secretly superior to, sometimes to the point of thinking I couldn't stick it out.

Even in the midst of these diversions, I managed to do some serious things. I went to many German theaters and more concerts. I also went through a tremendous rigmarole to be finally admitted as a student at the University of Berlin. At German universities, one could attend lectures indefinitely without taking examinations unless one were a candidate for a degree. I took two courses regularly: one on Goethe with Erich Schmidt (full title *Herr Rektor Geheimer Regierungs-Rat* Professor Dr. Erich Schmidt), and one course in economics with Professor Bernard, a radical young Jew. People raised their eyebrows when I said I was going to his lectures. I listened in at Schmoller's and Wagner's lectures at times. I spoke German fluently and incorrectly but found keeping lecture notes in German somewhat difficult. I sketched at the museums regularly—particularly drawing things from Greek vases for Mr. Wheeler, who was a Greek scholar. All this side of Germany I loved. I loved German food and German beer, too.

Though the court life dominated the University in an astonishing way, there were men like Professor Harnack, Professor Penck and Professor Gieriche who did not kowtow. It was a relief when we dined at their homes. Among these few people, we felt a growing apprehension at the way Germany was developing. They felt war was approaching and utterly disapproved of it. We heard rumors of *Der Tag* toasts but never through the people who were under the influence of the court. It seems to me now that we were very stupid, for war was certainly already in the minds of many people we knew. Mr. Wheeler honestly liked the Kaiser and undoubtedly was flattered by the very special favors shown him. We lied in an artificial atmosphere. I knew it was artificial but I did not know it was sinister. The war when it came was an incredible shock. After the war I never heard again from any of my friends in Berlin. The whole year remains as a strange Hollywood episode in which I failed utterly to grasp the deep social psychology of the Germans.

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISITING PROFESSOR IN 1917

Willian Kelly Prentice

Impressions of a Visiting Professor

WILLIAM KELLY PRENTICE
Professor of Greek, Princeton

ONE IMPRESSION which any visitor at the University of California is likely to receive is that the institution is being born again. One gets that impression first of all from seeing certain glistening white buildings, of a new and very imposing type, rising among temporary wave-colored structures of wood and other particolored ones of brick and stone. Externally it seems as if the creation of a modern university out of the college of a generation or two ago were taking place before one's eyes. The most significant thing about this new growth is the use for which the most prominent buildings are designed. They are chiefly a great library and a hall of lecture-rooms and studies. There are no handsomer or more satisfactory buildings for their respective purposes in any American university. Even the laboratories are less conspicuous. The administration building is comparatively small and unobtrusive. There are no dormitories or refectories. Buildings for the physical development or recreation of the students are constructed as if they were of secondary importance. Excepting the Campanile with its chimes and a simple gateway, there are few merely decorative features of this campus, no pretentious façade. Here at least the library and the lecture-rooms are regarded as the chief essentials, the prime requisites of modern university life.

A visitor, especially one from the East, cannot fail to be impressed by the extreme variety of the studies pursued in this University. One hears of buildings and laboratories devoted to training in subjects which to many persons seem not strictly academic. One finds, for example, in Wheeler Hall and elsewhere courses being given in stenography and typewriting. One hears of courses in sewing and embroidery, in cookery and domestic science, in interior decoration. Agriculture, even in its most practical applications, occupies the attention of a large number of the students and their instructors. But the visitor's eye will be caught sooner or later by the inscription on Hilgard Hall belonging to the College of Agriculture, which proclaims that this building was erected "To Rescue for Human Society the Native Values of Rural Life." That purpose, thus writ large, uplifts the activities there pursued somewhat

William Kelly Prentice was a professor of classics at Princeton University; he visited Berkeley as Sather Professor during the 1917-18 academic year. This article appeared in California Alumni Fortnightly, *March 1918.*

above the merely practical development or teaching of a farmer's occupation. It ennobles the farmer's calling, and enlists him also among those who seek to make this world a better place to live in.

There is something very invigorating and inspiring about the crowds of students, men and women, who throng these buildings and the campus paths. They are not very different from the student crowds one meets in any educational institution the world around. A good many of them saunter and dawdle like all their kind; but a visitor gets the impression that at least they think they are busy about something distinctly worth while to them. And that impression is not made by the student body everywhere. One sees the same thing in the town of Berkeley, on the streets and in the trolley cars. So many young people are bustling about loaded with books and lecture-notes. They seem to say each one: "I am getting an education, and I want it. I mean to have it." Not simply: "I am having an education crammed down me, and I have got to stand it for three or four years."

Up in the offices and studies of Wheeler Hall one sees the men and women whose business it is to provide this education. Not many of them are much hampered by administrative duties, regulations or red tape. The machinery of the big institution seems to run rather smoothly. One hears of time-destroying committee-meetings and the unavoidable routine involved in the conduct of classes; but discipline is maintained entirely by the students themselves. There are not many faculty-meetings of the kind which accomplishes little more than to waste time in the discussion of insignificant questions. A visitor hears a good deal about professorial activities which are not directly pedagogical at all. Whatever the general public may think, this university evidently regards teaching as only part of the business of its officers and ministers. Most of the professors and instructors here are conducting investigations, writing books and articles, striving to revise the traditions and increase the knowledge of the world, as if this were not only a legitimate but an obligatory side of their profession. It is the only true ideal of a university, but one which is not yet upheld so firmly in this country as abroad. This university is building for a new and greater America.

Some of the classes in this university, as elsewhere, are very large and some are very small. Of course, many classes are popular because the instructor is popular or presents his subject in an attractive way. The same thing is true in the world generally. The ordinary mass of people value a book or a lecture according to the interest which it awakens, or because it seems to tell what one would like to know. People are a little worse about this in our country than they are in the

older world. One seldom hears the question raised among us whether what is told in an interesting lecture is true, or whether the speaker really knows his subject. Perhaps it is too much to expect of college or university students that they should be more discriminating in this respect than the general public.

Apart from the natural tendency to select out of many courses those which are the more interesting, or the more popular, there are present

in this academic body some traditions and opinions which seem to affect very considerably the choice of electives. It is fairly clear that many of the larger courses are those which have some immediate practical utility and lead directly to some way of earning a living. A visitor learns with some astonishment not unmixed with regret that these students regard such courses as at least equal in importance to those which tend to enlarge one's view of life, or to quicken one's powers of mind. One hears the students say that they came to the University to learn this or that, and do not care to learn anything else, as if the most important purpose in their coming at all was not to acquire new interests in addition to those which they had before they came. Some subjects are believed to be generally useful to everyone, even if they are not distinctively practical. These are chiefly courses in literature, history, economics and government, and to some extent philosophy. But here in California it seems to a visitor that the interest even in these big subjects is rather unusually limited, and that the choice of studies is determined chiefly by their practical utility. A great university, such as this, is and should be considered the mightiest defense against sordid materialism and all narrow-mindedness.

PANEL DECORATION, HILGARD HALL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CHRONICLE

EDITOR
DERRICK N. LEHMER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
GEORGE M. CALHOUN PERHAM W. NAHL
CHARLES B. LIPMAN JOHN S. P. TATLOCK
OLIVER M. WASHBURN

Vol. XXV JULY, 1923 No. 3

CONTENTS

The University of California Chronicle is issued quarterly in January, April, July, and October by the University of California Press, Berkeley, California.

The subscription price is $2.00 per year. The price of single copies is fifty cents. Foreign postage, twenty cents a year additional.

Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1910, at the post office at Berkeley, California, under the Act of July 16, 1894.

A 1921 LETTER TO CALIFORNIA FROM OXFORD

Carroll Brentano

A RHODES SCHOLAR, the old quip runs, "is a young man with a brilliant future in his past" and another that the scholarship gave its recipients "a respite from their illustrious futures." William Dennes, California BA 1919, MA 1920, Oxford D.Phil. 1923, California LLD 1966, had an illustrious future indeed, and his three years at Oxford University a respite from the "amorphous largeness" of Berkeley. This letter was originally published in *The University of California Chronicle* in July 1923 with this introduction: "The following is from a private letter by Mr. Dennes, a graduate of the University of California, now a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. The recipient requested him to let others share, without revision, his vivid impressions here set down freely and without thought of publication."[1]

I have just returned to my study after spending the evening in the rooms of Mr. P., our mathematical tutor. He read to a dozen of us a paper on the three stages or types of Beethoven's style, and illustrated his views by a very finished and accurate playing of portions of the sonatas. Some of the men knew something of the technique of music, and there was an animated discussion after his playing. We are a little college—the smallest in Oxford; there are only sixty undergraduates and eighteen fellows. But there are three well-recognized societies that meet weekly for papers and talk about philosophy, literature, affairs. Every Sunday night four men in the Fellows Building (in which I live) meet to play chamber music, and half a dozen of us come in to listen. Talk, in the societies is well-informed, but above all it is spontaneous, unstrained, genuine. There is none of the rhetorical quality, the effort for effect which so unpleasantly characterizes American debating societies. Usually, too, the naïve and lyric enthusiasm with which I used to hear "young radicals" discuss political and social arrangements in America has been steadied among young Englishmen and made more effective by better acquaintance with history and philosophy. Even convinced socialists and syndicalists at college are likely to have a sense of humor which balances their judgment without abating their earnestness. Very often, of course, one finds English boys whose poise and

William Dennes in 1919, from his oral history.

urbanity are superficial; who have assimilated a manner without having either the taste or the judgment or the well-equipped mind that ought to underlie it. Such persons are every way disappointing and they bring down much criticism upon Oxford and England. But I am not sure that such inadequately grounded manners and point of view are any more objectionable than the general mold into which persons of little bent or fibre get pushed at home. There is much empty elegance here; but most of it in noblemen's colleges. Altogether, disinterested study of the sciences, or philosophy, or literature, or any other art, does not have to be apologized for in England. It is fully in the direction of the currents in the universities. I have not met more intelligent men here than I knew in Berkeley; but here they seem in harmony with and nourished by their social environment. In Berkeley men who read Kant, or Homer, or prefer a symphony to a foot-ball game are thought a bit queer by their contemporaries, their fellow-undergraduates. And oftener than not this being thought queer tends to make the weaker sort a little queer—often sentimentally "aesthetic." And even men of strength and sense have constantly to use strength and energy to convince their fraternity-brothers, say, that they aren't soft-brained or effeminate—have to use energy in justifying pursuits which are not only themselves the source of justification for almost everything else, but also deserve all the spirit and energy anybody has for direct devotion to them. The difference is pretty great between listening with a hundred energetic boys to Mr. Lindsay's lectures on Kant, and being in a class with three or four boys and girls and a few freakish people while the life and spirit and youth of the university tolerates or pities or ridicules you. I overstate the difference; but even sensible students, who have no illusions about the judgments of most of their classmates, must work better and more happily when the current of social approval, or at least respect, runs with them, than when it runs against them.

View of Oxford.

> Oxford is, of course, a highly selected part of England; and the preparatory training of the public school is remarkable for thoroughness and also (which I had not expected) for breadth. Through Parliament, the Civil Service, and the Church, Cambridge and Oxford do, however, contribute much to the quality and the aims of the general life. I remember the freshmen I helped to teach a year and a half ago—the scores who had not learned to spell or to punctuate. In comparison, Oxford freshmen seem a different order of being, with their verse-writing in Greek and Latin, which is less a mere virtuosity than a symptom of an active and trained mind. I do not forget at what expense the English succeeds—the expense of underpaid, ill-educated "lower classes." Our own undertaking is more comprehensive and more generously conceived, but sometimes the amorphous largeness of it seems to threaten us with suffocation. It is easier to have some sight of ends here which are much hidden in confusion at home.

William Dennes, who was to become a professor of philosophy and three times chairman of the department, dean of the Graduate School, assistant director of Los Alamos under Oppenheimer, and holder of a UC Berkeley honorary degree, was, in 1921, a product of small-town, rural, California.[2] Born in 1898 in Healdsburg to pioneer parents, he was first educated in the proverbial one-room school house, and then in the local high school where his contacts with the official visitors from the University of California impressed him to the point of his choosing to attend Berkeley over Stanford in 1915.

Arriving on the campus from the family ranch, he was struck by President Wheeler's chosen inscription on Hilgard Hall: "To rescue for human society the native values of rural life," and he liked to assume "that's me they're rescuing for human society, one of the native values of rural life!"[3] Years later he described the 1915 campus as a "neglected ranch: foxtail and other dried grass in August when the term began, and for the most part not gardened, an ivy bed around California Hall. And Benjamin Ide Wheeler was much concerned that the boys and girls shouldn't make paths across his ivy bed."[4] Although the Berkeley campus may have been neater by the time Will Dennes departed with his philosophy MA in 1920, the beauty, elegance, and luxuriousness of an Oxford college's grounds were a welcome pleasure, as he says in his 1967 oral history, "There couldn't have been a greater contrast than that between the University of California and Oxford, a contrast highlighted by the fact that I had grown up in the country in California, had gone to a very excellent but very small-town high school."[5]

He was given rooms in Corpus Christi College—one of the smallest but most traditional whose "very conservative" president hardly allowed any modernizing of the ancient ways of undergraduate life: opulent as far as service to the students, but spartan in terms of twentieth century arrangements such as no running water in the suite of three rooms that each student, including Americans, had.[6] Dennes, referring to himself "as a still youngish twenty-one-year-old California rustic" whose rooms looked out on the college garden and the cathedral of Christ Church, could order his college servant to serve a luncheon for six in his rooms with salmon mayonnaise served on the college silver! That life was certainly "very elegant and luxurious."[7]

In his later life he made a more mature observation: "One of the great things that anybody comes to recognize at Oxford is the way in which the very great university, composed as it then was of twenty-five largely independent colleges—how largely the scholars themselves could administer the whole enterprise."[8] Dennes found in his long experience

with the Berkeley administration that "the contrast in this respect . . . was enormous." Many have commented on, usually with envy, the freedom to rule themselves enjoyed by the dons of Oxbridge, troubled not with deans, prexies, trustees and, worst of all, state politicians, but Dennes also saw the drawbacks to the English system.

In his 1921 letter he had already looked with a jaundiced eye on his own college's president "that great Tory" Thomas Case, whose persnicketiness rose to the point of refusing the use of the chapel to a professor's baby's baptism on the grounds that the baby was not a member of the college. Case, a philosopher, took it upon himself to lecture the newly arrived American Rhodes on which current philosophical theories should be followed. Politely, Dennes didn't argue but in his oral history, fifty years later, he notes that the all-powerful college head if a dunce or a tyrant could make a lot of trouble.[9] Even the much lauded tutorial system of Oxford had its dangers: his own assigned tutor in 1919 "spent most of the time denouncing the idealists who held the chairs of philosophy at Oxford. He felt he had been most unjustly discriminated against by them."[10] (However, the don did advise Dennes to go on to the new D.Phil. degree—just established as a lure to Americans who had been going to Germany for the PhD.) Although, his new supervisor, Paul Vinogradoff, sent him on a fool's errand to Italy to study criminologists and almost spoiled thereby a lovely summer of adventuring in Italy, Dennes admired and respected the great Vinogradoff to the extent of later inveigling the Berkeley administration into giving him a well-paid visiting professorship.

During Dennes's years at Oxford, the famous faculty revolt of 1919-20 took place at Berkeley and he gave it his approval. More so, he says, as the years went by and he saw how the new, powerful, faculty committees, like the Oxford college dons, could mold and shape the policies of the university—especially when the president, like Robert Sproul, was not a scholar. Sproul, according to Dennes, had the advantage of being able to stand apart from the various competing departments and "thought that he was thoroughly able to judge competence in fields of science and learning."[11] Dennes himself served on the mightiest of the new committees, "the Budget," for nine years.

The other major contrast between Oxford and California was suggested to Dennes in the course of his oral history by the interviewer: what do you think of the English practice of individual study for three years and one final examination? "It has very great virtues," he answered, but depends heavily on the tutors the innocent undergraduate gets into the hands of. Beyond that warning, "no method of teaching could be better than the individual guidance and constant discussion, writing essays and getting criticism from the tutor who also advises you what lectures to listen to and what to work at." But, of course, such a system would be too expensive for a student body of 27,000, and anyway at a large American university with a variety of people "on the average you'll have some darn good teachers."[12] However, Oxford "at its best, is the best there is; but there are considerable risks." It is worth noting that Dennes was involved in the creation of the new campus at Santa Cruz, Clark Kerr's dream of the Oxford ideal on the California coast.

Throughout these brief excerpts from his impressions, fresh in 1921, then mature in 1967, Dennes's conclusions about his Oxford experience changed little. He was indeed dazzled by the luxuriousness of life in Corpus Christi College and the pleasures of the English university education, and yes, he believed, then and after forty-six years, that the Oxford teaching method was better than the American one—although he saw clearly why the former could not be instituted in a large state-supported university.

Will Dennes's colleagues, in their memorial appraisal mention his ability on several levels as a "reconciler of differences" and his "capacity to understand all aspects of the matter

and to make well-informed estimates of the probable consequences of the various possible courses of action."[13] Dennes himself said that "the reconciliation of conflicts is probably the dominant motive of my life and work in philosophy."[14] Following his own precept of understanding a conflict as "thoroughly as possible," Dennes while remembering his return in 1923 to an instructorship at Berkeley as "instead of being a tutor of one pupil at a time, I began teaching four courses right off the bat . . ." he insisted "the Oxford system is certainly a lot better than the California 12 hours a week which I was expected to take on when I shifted from being a Rhodes scholar . . . ."[15]

Nonetheless, it was Berkeley's offer among several others he received, that philosopher Dennes accepted. It was Berkeley that received the benefit over a long and brilliant career, of the self-proclaimed "California rustic's" experience in the ancient quadrangles of Oxford.

ENDNOTES

1 *University of California Chronicle*, 25:3 (1923), 315-317.

2 Will Dennes's career in philosophy and in university administration is chronicled in "William Ray Dennes," *In Memoriam: University of California* (Berkeley: Academic Senate, 1985.)

3 William Ray Dennes, "Philosophy and the University since 1915," an oral history conducted in 1967 by Joann Dietz Arliff, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 1970, 10.

4 Ibid.

5 Ibid., 44.

6 Ibid., 61.

7 Ibid., 47.

8 Ibid., 57.

9 Ibid., 47-56.

10 Ibid., 50.

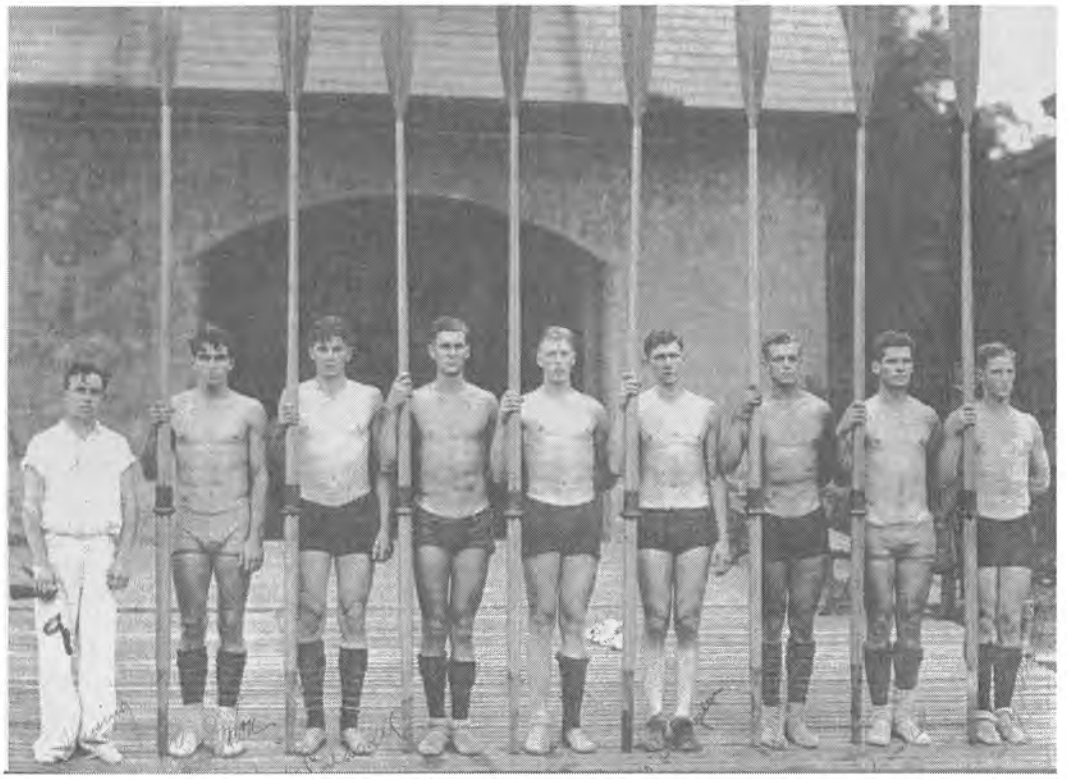
11 Ibid., 59.

12 Ibid., 67.

13 Dennes, *In Memoriam*.

14 Dennes, oral history, 84.

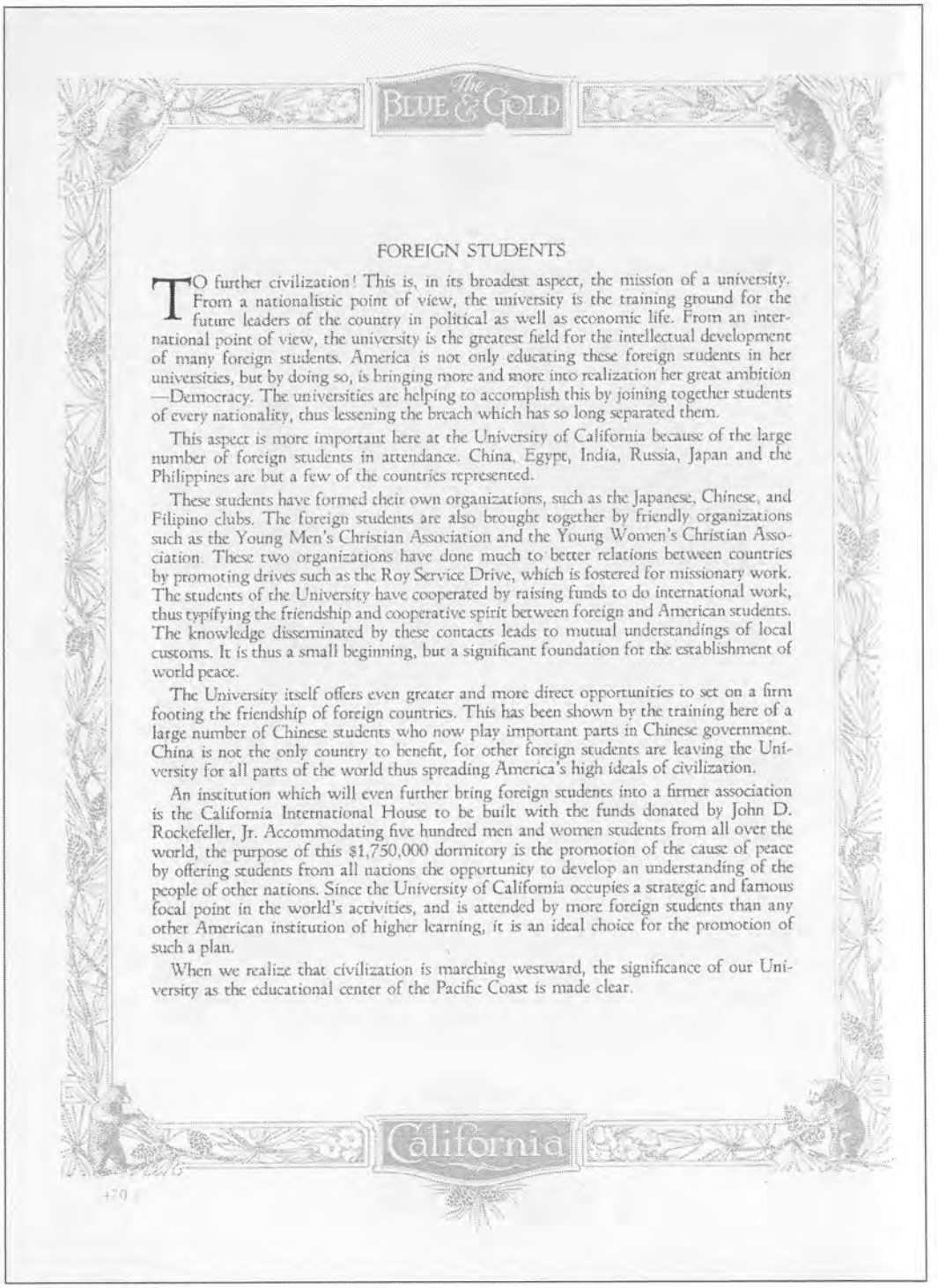
15 Ibid., 68.



The University of California's 1928 Gold Medal Olympic Championship Crew, at Sloten Canal, Amsterdam, Holland. *Left to right:* coxswain Don Blessing, #8 Pete Donlon, #7 Hub Caldwell, #6 Jim Workman, #5 Bill Dally, #4 Bill Thompson, #3 Fran Frederick, #2 Jack Brinck, #1 Marvin Stalder. From Jim Lemmon's *The Log of Rowing at the University of California, Berkeley, 1870-1987,* 1989, 23.

This is the first of three Cal crews to win the gold. (The other two were in 1932 at Los Angeles and 1948 at London.) Preliminary meets were held at Philadelphia, where the Blue and Gold first defeated Princeton, and then Columbia, with a final victory over Yale. Once in Amsterdam, Cal defeated Belgium, then Denmark, followed by Italy and Canada. Gold Medals were won with the defeat of Great Britain by half a length.

FOREIGN STUDENTS AND CLUBS



FOREIGN STUDENTS

TO further civilization! This is, in its broadest aspect, the mission of a university. From a nationalistic point of view, the university is the training ground for the future leaders of the country in political as well as economic life. From an international point of view, the university is the greatest field for the intellectual development of many foreign students. America is not only educating these foreign students in her universities, but by doing so, is bringing more and more into realization her great ambition —Democracy. The universities are helping to accomplish this by joining together students of every nationality, thus lessening the breach which has so long separated them.

This aspect is more important here at the University of California because of the large number of foreign students in attendance. China, Egypt, India, Russia, Japan and the Philippines are but a few of the countries represented.

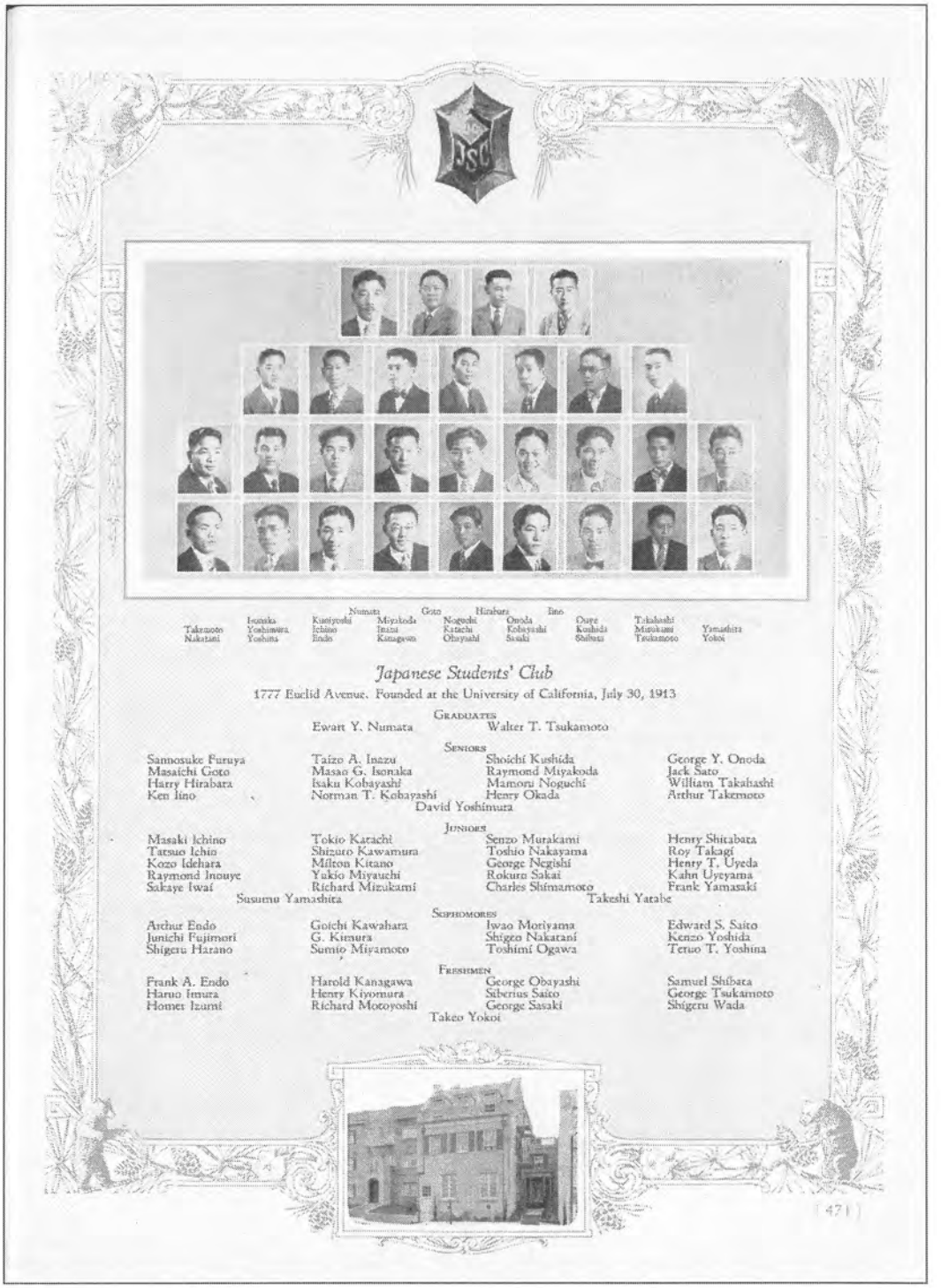
These students have formed their own organizations, such as the Japanese, Chinese, and Filipino clubs. The foreign students are also brought together by friendly organizations such as the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. These two organizations have done much to better relations between countries by promoting drives such as the Roy Service Drive, which is fostered for missionary work. The students of the University have cooperated by raising funds to do international work, thus typifying the friendship and cooperative spirit between foreign and American students. The knowledge disseminated by these contacts leads to mutual understandings of local customs. It is thus a small beginning, but a significant foundation for the establishment of world peace.

The University itself offers even greater and more direct opportunities to set on a firm footing the friendship of foreign countries. This has been shown by the training here of a large number of Chinese students who now play important parts in Chinese government. China is not the only country to benefit, for other foreign students are leaving the University for all parts of the world thus spreading America's high ideals of civilization.

An institution which will even further bring foreign students into a firmer association is the California International House to be built with the funds donated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Accommodating five hundred men and women students from all over the world, the purpose of this $1,750,000 dormitory is the promotion of the cause of peace by offering students from all nations the opportunity to develop an understanding of the people of other nations. Since the University of California occupies a strategic and famous focal point in the world's activities, and is attended by more foreign students than any other American institution of higher learning, it is an ideal choice for the promotion of such a plan.

When we realize that civilization is marching westward, the significance of our University as the educational center of the Pacific Coast is made clear.

1928 Blue and Gold.



Numata Goto Hirabara Ino

Takemoto Nakatani Ironaka Yoshimura Yoshida Kuniyoshi Ichino Endo Miyakoda Inazu Kanagawa Noguchi Katachi Ohayashi Onoda Kobayashi Saiki Ouye Kushida Shibuya Takahashi Miyakami Tsukamoto Yamashita Yokoi

Japanese Students' Club

1777 Euclid Avenue. Founded at the University of California, July 30, 1913

GRADUATES

Ewart Y. Numata Walter T. Tsukamoto

SENIORS

Samosuke Furuya, Masaichi Goto, Harry Hirabara, Ken Iino, Taizo A. Inazu, Masao G. Isonaka, Isaku Kobayashi, Norman T. Kobayashi, Shoichi Kushida, Raymond Miyakoda, Mamoru Noguchi, Henry Okada, George Y. Onoda, Jack Sato, William Takahashi, Arthur Takemoto, David Yoshimura

JUNIORS

Masaki Ichino, Tatsuo Ichio, Kozo Idehara, Raymond Inouye, Sakaye Iwai, Tokio Katachi, Shizuro Kawamura, Milton Kitano, Yukio Miyauchi, Richard Mizukami, Senzo Murakami, Toshio Nakayama, George Negishi, Rokuro Sakai, Charles Shimamoto, Henry Shitabata, Roy Takagi, Henry T. Uyeda, Kahn Uyeyama, Frank Yamasaki, Susumu Yamashita, Takeshi Yatabe

SOPHOMORES

Arthur Endo, Junichi Fujimori, Shigeru Harano, Goichi Kawahara, G. Kimura, Sumio Miyamoto, Iwao Moriyama, Shigeo Nakatani, Toshimi Ogawa, Edward S. Saito, Kenzo Yoshida, Teruo T. Yoshina

FRESHMEN

Frank A. Endo, Haruo Imura, Homer Izumi, Harold Kanagawa, Henry Kiyomura, Richard Motoyoshi, George Obayashi, Siberius Saito, George Sasaki, Takeo Yokoi, Samuel Shibata, George Tsukamoto, Shigeru Wada

1928 Blue and Gold. The members of these three clubs included both Californians and students from other countries.

Lai Suey Jew — Tang Quan F. Lee — Tung D. K. Wong Tom — Tsan Jue E. Leong A. Tong — Kwok Kwan Eng W. Teng — P. Ho C. W. Lee H. Ho Yee — Hsiao C. Lee H. Tong S. Lee — S. Leong M. Chan Loo — Lew W. Chan D. L. Wong

Chinese Students' Club

GRADUATES

Robert Fong, Hayne Hall, T. F. Tung, Inglis Hosang, Myrtle Hosang, Mein Woo, Harold Jue, Peter Kwok, Jacob Yee, Quong Lee, H. H. Shiao

SENIORS

Franklin Chan, Benjamin Fong, Renmi Jue, H. K. Kwan, Chingwah Lee, Lillie Lew, Swie Oey, Yee Chow Quan, Suey Ng, James Tong, Lit Tong, Daisy K. Wong

JUNIORS

Pearl S. Chan, Churchill Chiu, Ella Dong, Thomas A. Wong, Rachal Eng, Minnie Fong, Hsu Chao Ho, David K. Lee, On Lee, Elmer Leong, Henry B. Woo, Lily Lum, Minnie Soo Hoo, Henry Tom

SOPHOMORES

May Chan, Wing Chan, Wing Tom Dong, Pon Gee, Lem Jew, Florence Lee, Bing Nan Tsu, Harold Lew, Florence Loo, Bola Lowe, Frederick Man, Alice B. Tong, Wai Lit Tong

FRESHMEN

Stephen Cheu, Francis Chinn, Jenny Louie, Minnie Fong, Elizabeth Hall, Henry M. Siu, George Lee, Sarah Lee, Daisy L. Wong, Stella Lee, Gong Loo

1928 Blue and Gold.

Guerzon Bueno Esteban | Lava Caluya Henson | Llorca Favila Lazo | Palma Gambito Nocon | Velazquez Ordonez Nolasco | Abelarde Adriano Damasco | Lemos Agcaoili Gabriel | Mendoza Aguinaldo Suero

Filipino Students' Association

2509 Hearst Avenue. Founded at the University of California, 1907

GRADUATES

‖Primo Carreon, Gregorio Diaz, Engracio D. Guerzon, Horatio Lava, Raymundo Llorca, Andres L. Palma, Rogelio A. Velazquez

SENIORS

Pedro Abelarde, ‡Valencin Hernando, Andres Lemos, Primo Villaruz

JUNIORS

Francisco Bueno, Claro B. Caluya, Nemesio Gambito, ‡Melchor Ordonez, Marcelo Bueno, Mariano Favila, Marcos Montecillo, Pedro Pison, Marcelino Tejada, Tranquilino Villanueva, Ruperto Visaya

SOPHOMORES

‡Pedro Adriano, Cipriano Aguinaldo, ‡Nicetas Henson, ‡Buenaventura Nocon, Amado Agcaoili, Jose Esteban, ‡Serafin Lazo, Domingo Nolasco, Amado Tolentino

FRESHMEN

Saturnino Damasco, Andres Gabriel, Lucas Penido, Aniceto Suero

‡In Residence, August-December, 1927.
‖In Residence, January-May, 1928.

1928 Blue and Gold.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE BERKELEY
ITS EARLY HISTORY

Joe Lurie

A former Peace Corps volunteer, Joe Lurie has served as executive director of International House since 1988, the third person to hold this position since it opened in 1930.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE BERKELEY was part of the larger "International House Movement," founded by Harry Edmonds who, as a young man working for the Young Men's Christian Association in 1909, had a chance meeting with a Chinese student. Edmonds' casual "Good morning" on the steps of the Columbia University library provoked the startled response: "I've been in New York three weeks, and you are the first person who has spoken to me." Moved by this experience, Edmonds investigated the situation of foreign students in New York City. Attempting to counter the loneliness and isolation of these students, Edmonds and his wife, Florence, started to have teas and Sunday Suppers in their home. By 1911, this practice led to the development of the Cosmopolitan College Club. By 1919, the Club included over 600 students representing more than 65 countries, and its activities consisted of excursions, social events and housing assistance.

Convinced of the need to find a place where both foreign and United States students could live together and thereby promote international understanding, Edmonds encouraged John D. Rockefeller, Jr. to build International House in New York City. Funded by Mr. Rockefeller at a cost of $3,000,000, it opened in 1924 as a residence and program center which served about 500 students. As its first director, Edmonds saw it as a place where people of diverse national and cultural backgrounds—without restrictions as to color, race, creed or sex—could share the common experience of everyday life; a place where person-to-person contact would contribute to combatting ignorance, prejudice and misunderstanding.

The immediate and exciting success of International House New York spurred Rockefeller to extend the idea. In 1926, Edmonds traveled west to evaluate possible locations for a second International House. Berkeley, California, was selected because the Bay Area was the United States point of entry from the Orient and claimed the largest number of foreign students on the West Coast (in those days about 200).

John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s gift of $1,800,000 to the University of California resulted in the establishment of International House Berkeley in 1930. In a letter to University of California President, Robert Gordon Sproul, Rockefeller outlined his reasons for the gift:

> The idea of the establishment of this institution on the Pacific Coast was suggested by the success of a similar one on the Atlantic Coast, in New York City, which has become well and favorably known throughout the world. By

> bringing together in unfettered cooperation the educated young people of all lands, many of whom will in years to come be leaders in their several countries, and by giving them the full opportunity for frank discussion on terms of equality, there is being performed, I believe, a service for the well-being of the world, the importance of which it is difficult to over-value. International House is a laboratory for a new kind of experiment—the day-to-day practice of international fellowship among men and women.

The Berkeley House, while owned by the university, was leased to a separate corporation whose board of directors, men and women of standing in the community, would be responsible for seeing that the purposes of the institution would be fulfilled.

Later in the '30s, Rockefeller established similar institutions in Chicago and Paris. He hoped that contact between the Houses would facilitate an exchange of ideas and experiences that would assist the carrying out of a kindred purpose.

Resistance to International House in Berkeley

Allen C. Blaisdell, Edmonds' former assistant in New York, was appointed in 1928 to be the first executive director of the Berkeley I House. Blaisdell was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Pomona College, who developed his cross-cultural awareness during a teaching assignment in Japan. Soon after his appointment, Blaisdell encountered considerable resistance in the community. There was resistance to men and women living under one roof; there was hostility towards foreigners; and the notion that people of color would live with "whites" in an integrated setting was, to many, simply incredible. Many Berkeley landlords protested the construction of the House, fearing an influx of foreigners.

More than 800 people gathered in Berkeley to protest racial integration in the proposed International House. At that meeting, Delilah Beasley, a black reporter for the *Oakland Tribune*, passionately defended the concept to a disgruntled and stunned audience. And it was Beasley who stood up to the protests of property owners who feared that I House would cause Berkeley to be overrun with Blacks and Asians.

Allen Blaisdell noted that one of the purposes of the House was to draw foreign students—particularly Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and Indians—out of their semi-ghetto housing situations and into an international community.

When Harry Edmonds came to Berkeley to establish a site, he chose Piedmont Avenue, in part, because it was the home of fraternities and sororities which then excluded foreigners and people of color. By proposing the site on Piedmont Avenue, Edmonds sought to strike bigotry and exclusiveness "right hard in the nose."

Originally the north side of the campus, an area ravaged by fire, was suggested, but Edmonds decided that this was the "back door" to the campus and insisted that International House must be at the "front door." Here on Piedmont Avenue, the House faced the Pacific and so brought a symbolic joining of West and East.

Opening of I House Berkeley

International House officially opened on August 18, 1930, with single rooms for 338 men and 115 women, primarily graduate students. It was the largest student housing complex in the Bay Area and the first coeducational residence west of the Mississippi (at the time the university itself would not officially recognize coeducational housing). But because I House was managed by a self-supporting corporation legally independent of the university, the coeducational concept became a reality. The intercultural housing facility also raised

fears in the community about "mixed marriages." And, indeed, many of the first interracial and cross-national marriages in the area were "born" at I House.

I House in the '30s and Early '40s

In the '30s, I House was one of the very few places in the Bay Area where black people could gather comfortably in an integrated setting. When the barbers on campus refused to cut black students' hair, Allen Blaisdell protested and got the practice changed.

Many of today's popular International House programs had their beginnings in the early years: "Sunday Suppers," discussion groups and speakers, for example. In the mid 1930s, a folk dance program began, and an elaborate yearly festival attracted people from all over the Bay Area. To this day, I House alumni speak with deep affection and respect for staff member Eugenie Carneiro, who was responsible for the elaborate festivals.

This time also witnessed the beginnings of I House ties with Rotary Clubs and other community organizations. An "Understanding Through Hospitality" program was started by Mrs. Etelle Carlson in the early 1940s to introduce foreign students to American life. Students visited families at home for the holidays and went on excursions to farms, factories, schools and city council meetings. Local clubs were instrumental in helping organize such activities and also in developing the first I House resident scholarships for foreign students.

United States naval students on the steps of "Callaghan Hall" circa 1944.

World War II

As World War II approached, the House took on special meaning. University President Sproul, who was also president of the I-House board, noted that "all the forces of darkness not even those led by Hitler" could prevail against I House principles: "There are no inferior people, there is no master race set apart from common humanity. Friendship still has a truer, juster speech than that which rings in the clash of arms or the clink of traders' coins."

Sproul's words to an I House audience in the fall of 1941 were later echoed in the House itself after war broke out. Harold Gilliam, former resident and now feature writer for the San Francisco Chronicle, writes:

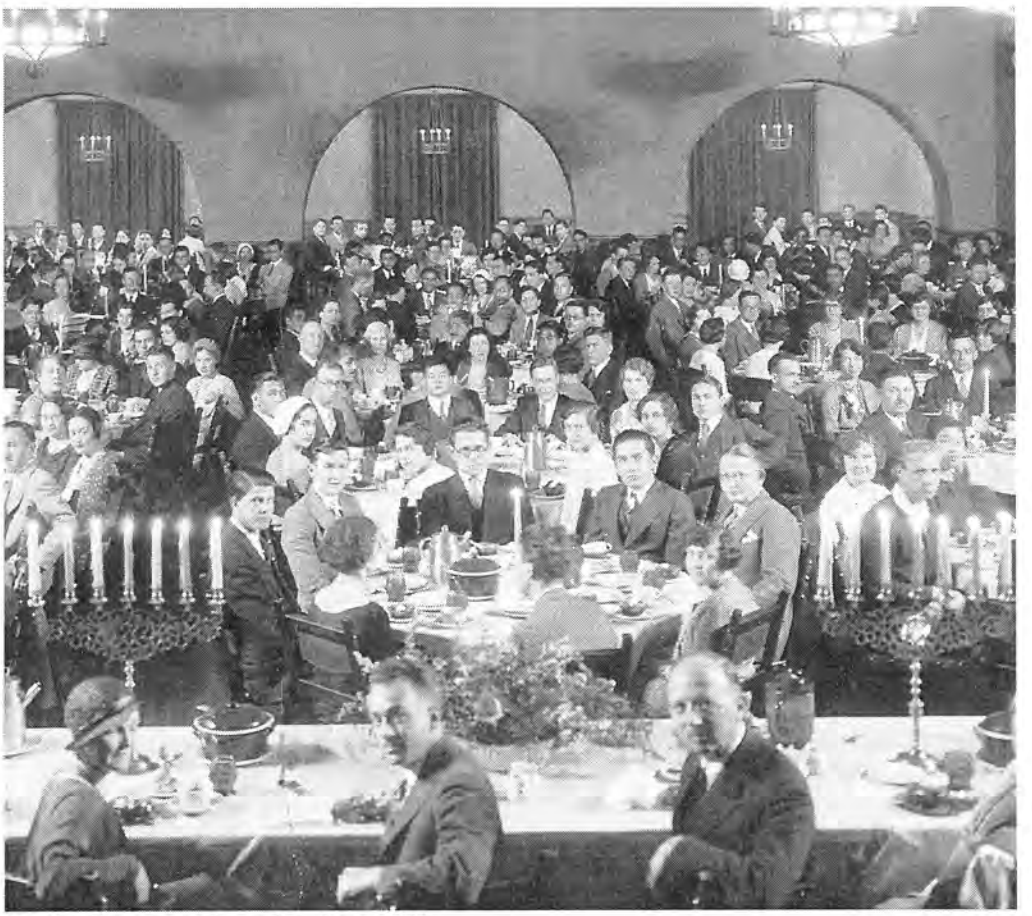
> I remember watching the lights go out all over the Bay Area during air-raid blackouts.
>
> There we were, Americans, Japanese, Germans, Europeans, Asians, Africans, students whose homelands were on both sides of the war—literally and figuratively holding hands in friendship as the candles flickered and the news flashes of fighting came in from Honolulu, from Manila, from Singapore, from London.

This period was particularly difficult for students who were Japanese citizens. Because the United States government froze funds and travel for Japanese nationals, they were unable to return home or provide for themselves here. Rising above national conflicts, I House set up a bureau to help these young people reach their homes as soon as government regulations permitted. The bureau also helped them with their finances by locating employment opportunities.

In 1943, International House was rented to the U.S. Navy and renamed "Callaghan Hall." It was occupied by 800-900 navy students (nearly double the pre-war occupancy), most of whom were not allowed to use the elevators so that they could stay in shape! I House, in turn, rented for its traditional students four or five fraternity houses and organized customary programs and a central eating facility.

Moving to the fraternities caused I House residents to give up the privacy of single rooms. Yet the sharing of rooms in close quarters seemed to promote greater understanding. Staff members during that period wrote in the 1945 International House Quarterly of special friendships formed across culture and race:

> A Chinese girl from Hawaii, a black girl from the deep South and a white girl requested to live together and set the pattern for other international rooms. For three terms, this first group lived together, and their room was always a center of activity.



Sunday Supper in the auditorium, 1935.

Following the war, the navy returned the building to International House. But the large infusion of returning U.S. veterans threatened to force a reduction of the foreign student program at the university.

International House helped alleviate the problem by doubling up veterans with foreign students at its own facility. This took pressure off the university to reduce the number of students from abroad. University President Sproul addressed a meeting of the National Association of Foreign Student Advisors on this issue. Citing the example of International House Berkeley, he argued that it was not a question of the veterans or the foreign students, but both.

1946-1953 "The Golden Age"

Of this uplifting and welcome post-war period, an I House Board member writes:

> The International House years 1946-53 are frequently referred to by residents of the time as "The Golden Age."
>
> The expression comes not from the fact that the residents of this period were rich—far from it. Many were World War II veterans living on the GI Bill of $125 per month, and even though a double room at I House cost only $200 per semester, kitchen and dish washing jobs were at a premium and essential if these residents were to make it financially.
>
> The building itself was not "Golden" in 1946-47. The Great Hall was torn-up for remodeling and off limits, and the west dining room was under construction, making the entire dining area unusable. Food cooked in the kitchen and carried to the auditorium was tepid. Diners sat on benches at picnic style tables. Only one entree was offered and one carton of milk permitted per person.
>
> Whenever a program was scheduled, the residents had to fold up the picnic tables and benches and clean the auditorium floor. When it was over, residents again cleaned up, returned the tables and benches before breakfast the next morning. All was volunteer labor.

International House ski trip, 1941.

> The total residence, program and community activities staff consisted of three professional employees and two secretaries. Obviously, the residents did most of the work.
>
> Social consciousness was high. Through some personal, and some official I House actions, the Berkeley fire department was racially integrated, as were the public rooms at the Claremont Hotel. Restrictive covenants against minority ownership of residential property in the Berkeley hill area were challenged—and fell. A Berkeley campus fraternity was racially integrated for the first time in University history by a group of International House residents.

So, what made those years "Golden?" Friendships made on shared ski trips to Yosemite; the all-night conversations between British and Indian students who had gone through the pain of Indian independence; the heated discussions of the problem of the Middle East which resulted in free speech becoming an established principle of the House; the men and women who met at the House and later became husband and wife; the patio talk that often lasted from lunch to the dinner hour; language tables and Council meetings where communication was often louder than it was perfect; the Festivals where students of six different countries danced the tarantella and hundreds of campus and community people came to watch, enjoy and mingle.

So few foreign students had been studying in the U.S. between 1942-46 that to exchange ideas on a friendly international level was new and exciting for everybody. The International House motto 'That Brotherhood May Prevail' was taken seriously and considered a personal and individual responsibility.

Scores of these "Golden Age" friendships have continued for over forty years and have encircled the globe. The experience of living at International House influenced many in the way they have lived their lives and viewed the world.

Editor's Note: A full version of this history through the 1990s, along with other information, appears on the International House website: http://ihouse.berkeley.edu/

THE *DAILY CALIFORNIAN* REPORTS TWO VISITORS TO BERKELEY IN 1930

"ARTIST FINDS CALIFORNIA UNIQUE"
Munich Professor's Course Draws Crowds

By Kathleen Smith
Daily Californian, July 2, 1930

"I very much like America!"

This is Herr Hans Hofmann's verdict on arriving in California. Herr Hofmann is head of the Hans Hofmann School of Art in Munich, and one of the recognized art leaders of the world. He is giving two courses in Summer Session, Life and Composition. His classes are so popular that he is giving an Extension Division course in the Life class every evening from 7 to 9 o'clock to accommodate the crowds.

This is Professor Hofmann's first visit to America and he finds it very different from European countries; he also sees a great difference between the Eastern and Western parts of the United States. "I find much difference between the East and the Golden West," says Herr Hofmann. "The West is so very much like Nature and the East is not."

Mr. Hofmann is especially attracted by Californian beauty and thinks the region around Mt. Tamalpais is the most beautiful and unique that he has ever seen. "The California student is just like California nature," says Herr Hofmann, "so uncorrupted in his way of understanding, 'unberdorben.'"

American students are enjoying a wonderful opportunity to be able to study from Professor Hofmann without traveling to Munich and the University of California is especially fortunate in having him on the faculty during Summer Session.

After the completion of the Summer Session course Professor Hofmann is giving a landscape course in Berkeley under his own supervision. This will be a seven weeks' course and information concerning it may be obtained at the University Art Department."

Hans Hofmann landscape class. Photograph by Christina Lillian. *The Bancroft Library (BANC MSS 80/27c Box 1).*

"FRENCH VISITOR SAYS STUDENTS TREATED WELL"
Bouteron, Librarian-Lecturer, Declares American Pupils To Be 'Joyous'

By Jack Curtis, '31
Daily Californian, March 4, 1930

"Your students are treated like the Prince of Wales," commented Marcel Bouteron, Librarian of the Institut de France, after his lecture on "Une année de la vie de Balzac" last night in room 11 Wheeler.

M. Bouteron chatted volubly and scintillatingly in French, while most of the French department sympathetically translated. The inconvenience of the interview did not seem to have disturbed at all the noted authority on Balzac, who was the personification of esprit and vitality. With a flash of his eyes and anxious gesticulation, he described his impressions of the American student.

Visitor Would Like to Be American Student

"I would like to dip my pen into your ink fountain," he smiled, waving his hand in the general direction of Stephens Union. I would like to become a student with you. You have much more pleasure than European students."

The visitor was also struck by the closer contact between professors and their pupils and the fraternization of the alumni, faculty and students. All Californians seemed filled with joie de vivre, which he considered necessary in doing good work, quoting the French equivalent of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Bounteron Disclaims Praise of Department Head

Hereupon he confessed that he could never be dull—an unnecessary statement after one had heard him charm an audience with anecdotes of Balzac. In mock horror, he insisted on veering from the "frivolous" to the serious.

Bouteron disclaimed the title of "prince of Balzacians" bestowed on him by Professor P.B. Fay, head of the French department, who introduced him. He preferred calling himself "pope" and then again compared himself with St. Joseph, the humble carpenter.

Proof of the scholar was seen in the wealth of documentary evidence he used in his discussion, in which he compressed a very full year of Balzac's hectic career in an hour and a half. Scholarship was not painfully obvious, however, since his treatment was light and amusing.

Among other incidents in the life of Balzac, which were related, were imprisonment for debt, affairs with several women, editorial experience, appearance officially as a woman, trip to Austria, and visit to Metternich.

Numerous hilarious anecdotes enlivened the lecture, which was illustrated by slides of Balzac's own illegible writings, photographs of the inamoratas and droll caricatures of the somewhat rotund author.

An unusual autograph was offered in the form of the "mystic seal," Bedonek, of Balzac, which he carries in the form of a rubber stamp. He also wears the symbol as a ring.

The Librarian began his lecture tour in this country January 31 and since then has averaged one lecture a day. Although he had already addressed Mills College yesterday he showed no signs of weariness last night and was full of enthusiasm for his talk at Stanford today.

THE "NINTH CAMPUS": THROUGHOUT THE FAR EAST, THE CALIFORNIA PLAN IS A SUCCESS STORY, 1955

Jack Rengstorff

This article was first published in the UCLA Alumni Magazine *in January 1955.*

THEY DON'T WEAR BLUE AND GOLD rooters caps and most of them probably aren't even aware there's a song, "Hail, Blue and Gold," but the some 1,400 students currently enrolled in the California Plan in the Far East are as diligent as you'll find on any of the university's eight state campuses.

In classrooms from the Army Education Center in downtown Tokyo to a concrete "typhoon-proof" building at Kaneda Air Base, Okinawa, to a drab Quonset hut in Korea's historic Chorwon Valley, GI's are cracking books for such courses as Physics 10, Econ 1B, German 1, Poli Sci 2 and English 1A.

Started in May 1950, at the request of high-ranking Army brass, the plan grew swiftly and vigorously. Three UC faculty members, one each from Berkeley, UCLA and Santa Barbara, started instruction at Nagoya and Yokohama, Japan, and on Okinawa.

Currently there are 35 instructors spread out over Japan, Korea, Okinawa and Guam. About half of the teachers are from UC campuses, while the others have been recruited from other colleges and universities throughout the nation. They range in academic rank from instructor to full professor. Three of them, incidentally are UCLAns: Kenyon B. D.Greene '46 (PhD '53), William B. Holher '40 (PhD '46), and Michael J.L. O'Connor (LLB '53).

What the California Plan means to servicemen and women in the Far East is this: a chance to earn "in residence" university credits in their spare time. Classes available under the program, which parallels that of the University of Maryland in Europe, are duplicates of courses available on the Berkeley and UCLA campuses and have been selected from those credits usually required in the first two years of a liberal arts curriculum.

Every year there are five eight-week terms, with two weeks between each term and a two weeks' vacation as a Christmas and New Year's holiday. The average three-unit course requires six hours of class room instruction a week. Students can take two courses a term, though the university does not recommend it because of the work and study involved.

Each teacher conducts his particular course in one place, then moves to another location as his former position is taken up by another instructor who teaches a different course. Under this arrangement, a student of one camp or station may complete several or all of the courses as they rotate to his area.

Expansion of the program in Korea has been particularly significant. Though there were a few instructors in rear areas during the Korean War, there were none for frontline troops at the time the Armistice was signed in July 1953. Army officials were anxious to accentuate educational opportunities once the fighting had stopped, and within eight weeks after the Armistice, classes were started at forward Eighth Army units.

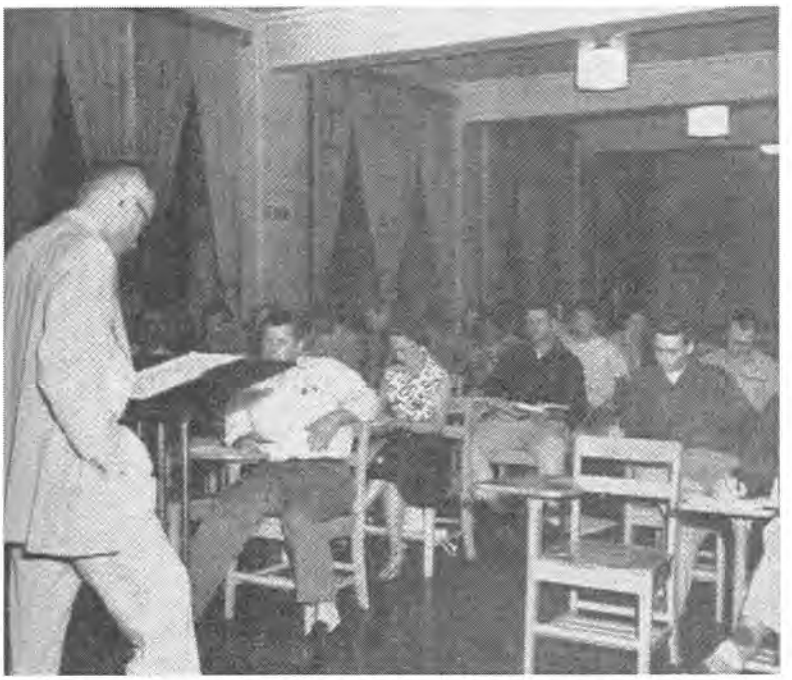
Though conditions are naturally more difficult for presenting college courses in these "at-the-ready" areas compared to the well-established bases in Japan or Okinawa, enthusiasm on the part of the instructors, military officials and students alike has made the undertaking an unqualified success. There are now twelve instructors in Korea.

Currently heading the California Plan in the Far East is Dr. Albert Ludwig, a graduate of Oberlin College, Ohio, who got his PhD on the Berkeley campus in 1936. His job is to coordinate and carry out the policies as set down by the University Extension, and though his main office is in the Far East Command's Pershing Heights Headquarters in Tokyo he spends considerable time visiting the centers where the UC courses are offered.

According to Dr. Ludwig, high standards of scholarship are maintained at all times but, nevertheless, the course completion rate averages 95 percent. One of the reasons the number of students who drop out is so low is that unless they have good reason for doing so, they must make good that portion of the tuition paid by the government or receive an "F" on their college record. Tuition for each course is $30, and in the case of Army enlisted men, the service pays 75 percent of the tuition; 50 percent is paid for officers up to the rank of first lieutenant.

Dr. Ludwig also said that one of the most encouraging aspects of the program is that it opens doors for many people who never dreamed they could go to college. "A surprising number of potential scholars have been discovered in our class rooms," he noted with pride.

In the nearly five years that the California Plan has been in operation there have been 28,000 enrollments.



Students in History 17B listen to Nelson S. Van Valen in a classroom of the Army Education Center in downtown Tokyo.

MY LIFE IN TWO WORLDS

Maegie Scott

Maegie Scott graduated from UCLA in 1949; her article appeared in the UCLA Alumni Magazine *in May 1955.*

DHAHRAN IN SAUDI ARABIA is very much like any small town in America. There are rows and rows of neat houses set in the middle of gardens, carefully and pridefully tended by the tenants. The sidewalks will be littered with scooters and tricycles and frequent signs warn motorists to watch out for children. We have a theatre, a shopping center, bowling alleys, a fine school, tennis courts, and a library. The women's groups hold teas and coffees, organize charity dances, and hear lectures of new and worthwhile books. There is a little theatre group, a musical society and an ardent assemblage of fishermen.

Dhahran also possesses certain advantages that are not normally found in American towns of the same size. There is a fine community swimming pool, for instance, and close to it an open air court—called the patio—where dance music is broadcast from late afternoon to an hour before midnight. All the houses are air-conditioned. Other differences are the street curbs, which vary in height, and some are actually uncomfortably steep—as much as two and one half feet high. The gardeners face problems. Oleanders grow quite well but flowers like roses and tulips need constant attention. The most common difference—so common that soon after settling in Dhahran we lose sight of it—are the bilingual signs: English and Arabic. That is perhaps the only constant reminder that this most typical American town, Dhahran, is located half way around the world from the United States, on the western shore of the Persian Gulf, in the Eastern Province of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

Maegie Scott became an excellent translator after nearly four years in Saudi Arabia.

A little more than a score of years ago, Dhahran was nothing more than the name that passing Bedouin (nomad of the desert) assigned to a rise of sun-bleached wind-weathered rock. That was before the first crew of American geologists arrived to explore for oil under the terms of a concession agreement signed between the Royal Saudi Government and the Standard Oil Company of California. The agreement was reached on May of 1933, and exploration work began immediately. For five years the search for oil continued. It was an expensive and discouraging search and at times seemed doomed to failure. Finally, oil was discovered in commercial quantities in March of 1937, and this is the date from which much of the progress that has been made in this desert kingdom must be measured.

The most spectacular progress in developing the oil resources of Saudi Arabia has occurred in the years that followed the last war. As a result of work

and expansion, some 4,000 Americans and their families now make their home in the Eastern Province of Saudi Arabia along with people of more than a dozen different nationalities.

In the three and one-half years I have worked in Dhahran, much progress has been made. The community itself—which, incidentally, rises right next to the oil wells that have caused its giant growth—has stretched further and further out into the sun-scorched land that once seemed timeless and bound to changelessness.

Today, the Arabian American Oil Company, commonly called Aramco by its employees, is one of the largest producing oil companies in the world. Besides the original Dammam Dome fields, there are extensive oil deposits in Qatif and Abqaiq. Abqaiq is the site of a second community much like Dhahran, and the third main grouping of people is on a sandy spit jutting out into the Persian Gulf where the company refinery stands. Called Ras Tanura, it is here that ships from all over the free world come to load cargoes of Saudi Arabian crude at the tanker loading berths.

This crude oil has enabled the government to make many changes. A railroad, just two years old, connects the newly built, rapidly expanding port of Dammam with the Kingdom's high-walled, inland capital of Riyadh. Schools and hospitals are being built and many other public works projects, initiated by the late King, 'Abd al-'Aziz, are being implemented and supplemented by the new king, Sa'ud ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz. What has happened is that oil has brought wealth greater than that of the Arabian Nights' caliph to a country that is still an absolute monarchy and the home of a strict puritanical Muslim sect.

Dammam, a tiny fishing village that has grown into a bustling modern city, is the place where I work. This past fall the company was able to transfer some of its offices from the central administration building in Dhahran where—as is normal in any expanding business, space was at a premium—to spacious offices in a brand-new ultra modern three-story building in Dammam. The "Ibn Darwish" building is named after the local merchant who financed its construction. Besides the Company's Research Division (in which the Translation Section where I work is a part) the building houses offices of the Saudi Government Railroad, an English engineering firm, a restaurant, and a clinic.

Living in an American-style community—with baseball games, Bingo, and chocolate ice cream—I work in the heart of a town that is just as modern but one in which the modernity has a distinctive, middle eastern flavor. Not even the constant familiarity of my work and fellow workman has dimmed, as yet, the adventure of the setting. The windows in my office overlook one of the local bazaars and from beyond many flat-roofed houses, framed by the minarets of neighboring mosques lies the blue Persian Gulf.

The street is filled with constant sound; schoolboys chanting their lessons on return from class, street merchants hawking their wares, the honking of automobiles—American makes are the most popular—and overriding all other noises, the sound of buildings at work.

For all the progress symbolized by this building spree, the way of life in Dammam still adheres closely to traditional mores. Although many of the Saudi Arabs, particularly those employed by Aramco, wear western clothes on the job, quite a number have retained their traditional flowing robes. The bisht, a nightshirt-like garment, is the main article of dress and over it a cloak of camel hair, black or brown, richly embroidered with gold thread at the collar. Almost of the Saudi Arabs still wear their traditional head dress: a skull-cap covered by a white or red-checkered shawl called a gutra and held in place by a rope-like crown called an aqall.

Saudi women rarely appear in public, and then only when some errand at the markets draws them from the privacy of their homes. On the streets they are completely hidden from view by black cloaks. Nothing of the face is visible; only the tips of the fingers and their feet are seen. Indoors, when I have visited with them, these slim and graceful ladies wear brightly

colored garments, often decorated with sequins and jewelry of cumbrous silver or light, tissue-thin gold.

So, my life is spent in two worlds, both of which are currently changing. With the consolidation of its development projects, the oil company is doing less and less building, and the number of Arab construction companies is gradually increasing. In Dammam, the building boom is still gathering force and many new local industries are expanding or starting. All in all, life is quite comfortable and those of us who work in Dammam feel that we have the best of both worlds. There is little exoticism in Dhahran. Our diet is strictly American food, most of it frozen, the remainder canned, and almost all important from such widely separated places as Holland, Australia and the United States. The commissary is stocked with Dutch cheeses, fruits and Lebanon and American soaps. We cook in Danish butter and drink English coffee. Despite the neighborliness and small-town informality, it is hard to avoid the cosmopolitan in Dhahran.

Much of this air of cosmopolitan living comes from the variety of languages that are spoken. In this respect the ranch houses and rows of American homes are deceiving. One's next door neighbors might be a Dutch engineer and his family, a Palestinian lawyer or a Pakistani doctor. There are many Italian craftsmen—carpenters and the like—employed by Aramco, and among middle eastern peoples, representatives of just about every country from the Aden Protectorate to Iraq.

Arabic is, I suppose, our second language. Many Americans are trying to learn the tongue, but it takes a diligent scholar and many years of study to be able to "feel at home in Arabic." It is most difficult and although I have constantly tried to improve my stock, I doubt that I shall ever be able to learn to speak and write Arabic with complete ease. Fortunately, through company opportunities, those who are interested are able to pursue their studies.

A typical oasis, with bathing house set at the edge of a bubbling spring.

Salaries average 25 percent more than equivalent salaries back in the States and since, after 18 months continuous residence abroad, one is exempt from United States income taxes, Dhahran is one of the few places in the world where it is still possible to save. This is, of course, the biggest advantage of working in a foreign country. Another reason that appeals to many people is the opportunity for travel. Each year we receive a two week vacation and, in addition, extra time is added to the second year's vacation at the completion of the two year contract. What this meant to me was a long and leisurely tour of Europe last summer before returning home to California and staying there for a month.

Then, too, there is the excitement of seeing a totally foreign way of life. A two-hour drive from Dhahran will bring you into one of the walled cities that still continues to preserve standards and customs without regard to the totally different way of life lead by Americans in Dhahran and which maintains these standards despite the fact that many of the town's citizens are employed by the company. Hofuf, as the city is named, is located in the middle of an exclusive oasis, and on almost any visit you will encounter camel caravans loaded with cargo of wares that seem to be outside the reference of our time.

Of course, towns such as Hofuf are changing, more slowly and less obviously than the new port of Dammam perhaps, but just as certainly, and this change is perhaps the real reason why so many Americans build records of long years of service in Saudi Arabia. We are able to see the development of a new nation and feel that to some degree we are enabling this development to take place. Through extensive government projects and a fundamental training program carried on by the company for the benefit of both itself and its employees, more and more progress is being made. Independent merchants and business are seeking to initiate and expand numerous industries. The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia still has much of its history ahead of it and the unfolding spectacle of improvement and growth appeals to the pioneer spirit which remains an essential part of the American character.

There are many, many times when the distance from home seems immense, to be sure, but very quickly comes the realization that each of us now has two homes; one on a neighborly street in the States and another, a close duplicate in many ways, in a strange and friendly land that is experiencing a rebirth.

SPACE WARS: CAL BAND FIRES THE FIRST SHOT AT THE 1958 BRUSSELS WORLD'S FAIR

N. H. (Dan) Cheatham

ON OCTOBER 4, 1957, THE SOVIET UNION ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD by launching Sputnik, the first man-made object to orbit the Earth. The Space Age was born, and American sensibilities were shocked by fear that our favorite enemy had gained the advantage. Ham radio operators tuned in to hear the beep-beep of Morse code being transmitted from space, and we could hear it too on the commercial news broadcasts.

The nation was galvanized into action lest we lose the Cold War. Administrators administered and legislators legislated. Inventors invented and engineers engineered, all with new vigor. The rest is history. But did you know that the Cal Band fired the first shot of the Space War?

Here is how it happened: in January 1958, the U.S. State Department had promised the Band an invitation to the first postwar World Exposition, the 1958 World's Fair to be held in Brussels, Belgium, if the Band could raise its own financing. In his column, Herb Caen characterized it as "Let's have a duck dinner . . . you bring the ducks."[1]

After overcoming the initial "Naaah! We could never do that" attitude, the Bandsmen rose to their reputation as the pacesetter of college marching bands and threw themselves into the task. Grades and life-as-normal were cast aside as they assumed the guise of tour managers, fund raisers, show directors, as well as the performers.

Producing musical performances was old hat, but major fund raising was new to us. Perhaps the most clever of all efforts was our nonstop, throw-a-nickel-on-the-drum, play-a-thon alternating between Union Square and Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. Travel between the two sites was accomplished via cable car, playing all the way and timed to catch the largest tourist crowd at each site.

Everything was in order, but we lacked funds to get us across the United States to link with our chartered DC-6 flight across the Atlantic. Jet service had not yet fully arrived on the commercial travel scene. That's when ASUC Executive Director Arleigh Williams '35, turned

Bass drum in Brussels.
University Archives (UARC PIC 15:16e).

to his classmate, entertainer Ralph Edwards, to feature us in the Truth or Consequences TV show in a nationwide appeal for funds. We still have the film of performing and being interviewed on the steps of Wheeler Hall followed by a prearranged surprise when three Continental Trailways buses drove up to solve our cross-country dilemma.

After the adventures of a cross-country trip and transatlantic flight, a contingent of eighty-eight band members and twelve others arrived, in June 1958, at the Chopin wing of the hastily built Motel Expo in Brussels. Little did we know that we were about to be caught up in the Cold War rivalry.

On prominent display just inside the main entrance to its pavilion, the Soviet Union had a model of its volley ball-sized Sputnik, and viewers flocked to see it. By contrast, the United States theme was contemporary American life, showing off its modern conveniences and electrical appliances such as washing machines to the still post-World War II Europe.

The Soviets were getting a lot of crowd-pleasing mileage out of Sputnik, and there was keen competition between officials of the two exhibits as the Russians and the Americans tried to outdo one another for crowd appeal.

The two exhibits were a little more than a stone's throw from one another across an open plaza. My fantasy image is one of the American staff anxiously standing on the steps of our exhibit building, wringing his hands as he watched crowds streaming up the steps of the USSR exhibit, while the Soviet promoters, standing on their steps, gloated at the distraught Americans across the way. Sputnik was upstaging the shiny chrome of our toasters and Waring blenders.

Then the following scene occurred. In the distance came the sound of drums as the Cal Band was approaching from its performance at the main Esplanade where we had just completed a full-scale half-time style performance. We had to adjust our marching style to eight steps for five meters, rather than our usual five yards, in order to match the brick pattern in the pavement of the Esplanade, our makeshift football field.

As the Band drew closer, the spectators on the steps of the Russian exhibit stopped and listened and saw the Cal Band come marching directly in front of the Soviet building. Our arms were flying back and forth in perfect position, with white gloves flashing, looking very machinelike. The white spats on our feet were pumping up and down with similar visual precision.

The contrast of the white moving against our navy-blue uniforms was spectacular. The eyes and the ears of the crowd were glued on us. Never had anyone at the Fair, or in Europe for that matter, seen a musical organization of this sort.

The crowd then turned around, descended the steps, and followed Pied Piper fashion, across the way to the steps of the American exhibit where they were treated to a Cal Band-style, standing-on-the-steps concert, much to the glee of the American exhibit officials. United Press International reported that "the performance dried up a stream of visitors into the Russian pavilion like the turning off a tap." This pattern was repeated twice daily for eight days.

Coming from the underdog position, exhibit manager Thurston E. Davies suddenly knew he had a winner and changed his heretofore blasé attitude toward those youngsters from Berkeley. Nothing was too good for us now. Gone was his resistance to our need for secure storage for our drums and Sousaphones. Gone were the arguments about the number of free passes we needed. The new hot topic was that we must now carry the American flag when we march because without it we had no identifying marks linking us with the American exhibit. Later, he even went so far as to write a "fan letter" to Chancellor Clark Kerr stating that the Band was the "most outstanding popular event we have presented at the Brussels World Fair to date."

Dan Cheatham, Drum Major, leading the Cal Band in Brussels.
University Archives (UARC PIC 15:16f).

Suddenly we were invited to a lawn party at the American ambassador's house. We were filmed by Russian Cinerama. Invitations arrived to travel to other nations, even behind the Iron Curtain, which was unusual for those stressful times. We got as far as Denmark's Rebild National Park near the town of Aalborg, where we helped the Danish nation in its own annual celebration of the American Fourth of July. There, we marched in a torchlight parade, and the next day we shared the stage with the Danish royal family, Danish/American comedian Victor Borge and Danish tenor Lauritz Melchior. We were even conducted by the head of the Danish Army Band.

But alas, our money ran out. Our charter flight was waiting. The clock had struck midnight, and our Cinderella adventure came to its end. We were after all, only pumpkins in disguise. On our way back across the nation Vice President Richard Nixon, along with Senators William F. Knowland and Thomas H. Kuchel could hardly wait to hold a reception for the Pride of California, the University of California Marching Band. Senator Kuchel remarked in the Congressional Record of July 8, 1958, that the Band "literally stole the show at the Brussels World Fair" and appended similar remarks from State Department officials.

I later asked Clark Kerr for his reactions as the then-Chancellor. His answer went something like this: "Oh, I was aware that the Cal Band was going to Europe and I thought that was fine but we've sent groups on trips before: athletic teams, singing groups, and other student representatives. I thought, 'What a great experience it would be for the members of the Band,' and I was happy to support it as best I could. But what I was unprepared for was the flood of mail that came in with such high praise from citizens and government officials alike. The Band left a trail of excited fans. An American college football marching band was a treat for the Europeans whose only model was the traditional stodgy-paced military band."[2]

The Cal Band has had many triumphs in its history but few were as much fun, little known, and exhausting for that matter, as firing the first shot across the bow of man's first space craft.

ENDNOTES

1 The full quote is, " Let's have a duck dinner you bring the ducks dept.: U.C.'s great marching band has been 'invited' by the State Dept. to participate in the Brussels' World's Fair—provided, of course the band can raise enough loot on its own to make the trip! I eskya, is this or is this not the richest country in the world?" (Date of the column unrecorded.)

2 Paraphrased from more extensive remarks in an oral history on file in University Archives, part of the Cal Band Oral History Project, CU-203.4 no.15.

1903 Blue and Gold (1902).

CHÈRE MADAME

Henry May

IN 1959-60 JEAN AND I AND OUR TWO DAUGHTERS, aged 8 and 10, spent a memorable Fulbright year in Brussels. Brussels is not everybody's favorite city in Europe, but we became very fond of it. It is, of course, the capital of a country bitterly divided by language, culture, and history. To the endless fury of the Flemish-speaking majority of Belgians, it was then and very likely still is a proudly and fiercely French-speaking city. Perhaps because French culture in Brussels was conscious of being both on the defensive and a little provincial, the Bruxellois tried very hard to preserve French classic tradition and also to be up-to-date on current Parisian taste. The Comédie Française presented Molière and Racine on regular visits. In addition six local theaters, all competent, produced everything from nineteenth century farce to new comedies and melodramas. Bookstores throughout the city sold whatever was being sold in Paris. The staid Libre Belgique published editorial discussions on such tricky questions as whether it was allowable to call the new French liners "Le Liberté" and, even more shocking, "Le France," when one was implying "le paquebot Liberty" or "le paquebot France."

Fulbright lectureships were a wonderful thing, especially for the lecturers, who learned a lot about their own country by living in another, and for their families, who shared the exciting and difficult challenge of live in another language and country, without the cushion of a university post. I was never convinced that in Europe much knowledge was spread about the designated field, "American Civilization." In French the phrase opened the way too easily to the most boring and predictable kind of Francophone wit. "And what are you doing here, monsieur?" "Lecturing in American civilization." You could see it coming: *"Ça existe, monsieur?"*

Henry May, 1959.
University Archives (UARC PIC 13:602).

The stipends of Fulbright lecturers included money for lessons in the local language. As a result of childhood and later travel and some slaving over grammars my French was usable. However, it could easily stand improving. I decided to take lessons with one of the many professional teachers of "Diction" available in Brussels. These still had enough business to keep them going, though not, I later learned, as much as they had had a decade earlier. Once we met in a railway compartment a young woman who had just gotten a job teaching typing. She accepted as a matter of course the requirement that she go

to a teacher of "Diction" to improve her grammar and also her acquaintance with classical French prose and poetry.

My teacher of "Diction" was, to my great good fortune, Madame Berthe Morigny, with whom I had weekly private lessons for more than six months.

The first thing Madame Morigny let you know was that she was French, not Belgian. She lived in Brussels because she was married to a Belgian. (Monsieur Morigny was a pleasant, relaxed man, who seemed so spend a good deal of time sitting in the kitchen in his undershirt, reading the paper.)

The second thing one immediately gathered was that Madame Morigny was no longer young. Her painstaking heavy makeup, her smart dresses and high heels were by no means intended to imply that she was young, but rather to show that she was correct.

The third thing one learned was that Madame Morigny had little time for anything not French. Belgium, her husband's country, where she lived, she rather wearily tolerated. The frequent efforts to force Brussels to become bilingual aroused her indignation. "That they [the Flemish] should think their language the most beautiful in the world, fine," she would say, with her eyebrows and shoulders showing what she thought of this proposition, "as long as they don't force me to learn it." She professed to love Brussels' magnificent Renaissance "Grand' Place," but explained that the gilding would not be so garish if it were in Paris. Once, looking for topics for French conversation, I asked her to explain for me the Belgian monarchy. "Our good little king" Baudouin, as the local newspaper seller called him, was neither disliked nor revered. The dynasty was not old and had been restored only with a tremendous fight after the Second World War (many thought Baudouin's father had surrendered to the Germans much too soon). So the dynasty hardly served the purpose of holding the country together; indeed it was one more source of division. Yet Brussels still went through the motions of monarchy. Every few weeks it seemed, the city was hung with foreign flags and, since there were no household troops, Brussels cops were dressed in elaborate uniforms to escort the king and a visiting dignitary, say the shah, through the principal streets to a banquet. There "traditional Belgo-Iranian friendship" was toasted in champagne that probably came from Luxembourg. Madame Morigny explained all this in four unkind words: *"Enfin, monsieur, c'est belge."*

Other countries came off still worse. She was always polite about the United States, partly, I think, because it was too big and distant to be clearly imaginable. She had learned that there was excellent English poetry, but knew and wanted to know nothing about it. Her attitude toward Germany was that of an unreconstructed Frenchwoman of her generation. "Monsieur, I am incorrigible; I detest les Boches." One day, however, I encountered in her living room another student, whom she presented as "Monsieur Schneider, de Berlin (of a very good family)" she hissed to me, excusing her exception.

Her devotion to French literature, classical and current, was passionate. She could tell you what book had won the Prix Goncourt and the other main literary prizes in each year for the last twenty. She could recall citywide competitions in Brussels, well-attended until about the last ten years, for the best recitation of passages from La Fontaine or Racine. She was, however, a realist. She knew very well that the tradition she valued was declining fast. She could imitate the slangy and ultra-familiar talk of the current young people very well. She quoted their current summary of the five stages of life, starting with "our crowd,"(up to about twenty-five) and going on to "the crumbling ones" (people in their forties) and "spectacle of sound and lights" (everybody over fifty).

Though literature was her love, she took seriously her obligation to work on my speech and writing as well. She taught me, for instance, how to write letters in French, using the

appropriate opening and closing phrases. To social equals (there was no egalitarianism in Madame Morigny), you began simply "Monsieur" or "Madame." Only an inferior, say your grocer, could be addressed as "Monsieur Dubois." You did not start, as in English, with "Dear" sir or madam, except to a real friend. Almost flirtatiously, she told me I might address her as "Chère Madame." We practiced appropriate closing phrases for correspondents all the way from poor M. Dubois to Madame de Gaulle. I found it hard to believe that businessmen really did still beg each other to accept assurances of their most distinguished sentiments (with infinite subtle variations), but when I started getting letters I found that they did indeed. Among young intimates, Madame Morigny generously conceded, all bets were off, and such phrases as "tout à vous" were allowable.

I was asked to give a lecture at the Catholic University of Louvain (then still French-speaking) and accepted, with considerable trepidation and confidence in Madame Morigny's help. In spite of her liberal and anti-clerical sentiments, she wanted me to be correct. Since the rector, a bishop, was going to be present, I should start: *"Monseigneur, révérends pères, Mesdames, Mesdemoiselles, Messieurs."* My agreed topic was a description of American Protestantism, obviously a baffling and outlandish topic. As I worked on the lecture she found my prose not usually wrong but pretty heavy and clumsy. Finally I managed to produce one good sentence. "Monsieur," said Madame, "this is brief, it is clear, it is French!" I felt as though I had been given a hard-earned medal.

After about a half-hour of these important matters, we both turned with great relief to literature. She had me buy excellent anthologies of prose and of poetry, in use in the best secondary schools. These I supplemented with the wonderful inexpensive editions of the works of major writers, sold everywhere as little purple pamphlets, with sufficient but not intrusive notes, and appreciation by writers of all subsequent periods. I probably bought about twenty of these, running from the seventeenth to the twentieth century. After careful study I read each author aloud. She insisted that I read standing up, with a loud voice, and, overcoming my Anglo-Saxon phlegm, with all the eloquence and fervor I could muster. Then she would read the same passage the way it ought to be read. Reading, for instance, the most familiar of La Fontaine's fables, she became successively the lazy but lovable grasshopper and the bourgeois and avaricious ant. Her ant-voice was marvelously tiny and dry. Reading Hugo she was grandly eloquent (she did not much like Hugo). Reading Baudelaire she was nuanced, reading Verlaine delicate.

Probably two high points in our journey were, for me, La Fontaine and Baudelaire. In La Fontaine, once one gets past the too familiar grasshopper and ant, fox and crow, one discovers a spectacular combination of courtly elegance with truly subversive sentiments. When the animals are hit by the plague, the lion convenes an assembly to decide whose sins are to blame. He generously starts with his own: sometimes he eats a sheep, occasionally finishing off with the shepherd. A jackal, as lawyer, proves that these deeds are noble and generous. The lamb, on the other hand, has munched the meadow of the monks. Obviously this is the crucial piece of wickedness, and all agree that the lamb must be sacrificed for the common good. And there are many like that. Apparently the rule of Louis XIV's censors was that one could say anything, provided it was said obliquely, and in elegant, correct, and traditional style.

When we got to Baudelaire, Madame showed me, with thoroughly ironical pleasure, a souvenir of her adolescence: an edition of Flowers of Evil in limp black leather, with a bookmark consisting of a black ribbon with a small ivory skull on the end. Again, there were hurdles to get past, in this case the shockers: detailed descriptions of rotting corpses and the like adopted from Poe, and imitated by every *poète maudit* in every country. Again, once past

the gateway one found great rewards. Subtle but drastic moral innovation was combined with a rigorous, though supremely flexible adherence to traditional form and meter.

This was how it was with the whole literature into which we dipped, from the robustness of Villon to the obscurities and paradoxes of the twentieth-century poets who were models for the early Eliot and Pound. Subject-matter and feeling changed; form did not, or not much.

Of course a rebellion was under way, from students who had been drenched for many years in the same literature I was dipping into so briefly. Of course young rebels were soon to do their best to stifle, in themselves, the tradition in which most of them had been brought up. Whether they were successful in doing so could be argued, but the best days were over for teachers of "Diction." I think Madame Morigny suspected, correctly, that revolution was on the way.

Perhaps this is why she never allowed herself to let down her side. When my wife called up to invite her to tea and used a Belgian, rather then a French locution, Madame did not hesitate to say, *"Parlez français, Madame!"* When my sister, who had long been proud of her French, paid us a visit, she was similarly corrected. After I left Belgium I occasionally wrote to "Chère Madame," taking all the pains I could. Pleasant and friendly letters came back, and with them my letters neatly corrected.

Just once I saw her in disarray. I went to her house without an appointment to return a book. She stuck her head out an upper window, without her makeup and wearing a nightcap. In a few moments she opened the door, looking just as always, and greeting me with exactly appropriate cordiality. Neither of us was embarrassed. I had long realized that Madame Morigny was an act, as artificial and as disciplined as a minor eighteenth-century poem. It was a good and a gallant act, and I was greatly privileged to have seen it. I was even more lucky to have glimpsed, through her, a great and increasingly fragile tradition.

FROM BERKELEY TO FLORENCE AND BACK AGAIN 1960-1961

Gene Brucker

IN THE WINTER AND SPRING OF 1959-60, I was making arrangement for my sabbatical leave in Florence. I was then completing the revisions of my doctoral dissertation on political conflict in Florence from the Black Death (1348) to the Ciompi Revolution (1378), and I was eager to begin research on a second book, continuing the story of the city's politics into the fifteenth century. I was informed that I had been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship that would supplement my sabbatical stipend. In August 1960, my wife, our youngest child Wendy, and I traveled across the continent, staying with friends and relatives. We picked up our two oldest children, Mark and Francesca, in Illinois, where they had spent the summer with my parents, and drove to New York. We sailed to Le Havre on a German liner, stopped off in Paris to see friends and pick up a Peugeot. We then drove through western and southern France and into Italy, following the Mediterranean coastal route to Pisa and then to Florence.

Our first priority in Florence was to find housing for our family. Through a rental agency we did find an apartment on the Via Senese on the southern outskirts of the city. Our landlady was elderly Florentine matron, Signora Mori, who rented several apartments in a dilapidated villa that (so we were told) had once been a pleasure palace owned by the last Medici grand duke, Gian Gastone (d. 1737). The property included a bosky garden where our children played and a tiny farm (*mezzadria*) that was once cultivated by a peasant family. We shared the villa with our landlady and her mother. Outside our walled enclave on the Via Senese was a close-knit community of shopkeepers, artisans and laborers who gathered regularly at the local bar to drink expresso and wine and to exchange gossip. We were a ten-minute bus ride from the city center, but on weekdays, I drove Mark and Francesca to their bilingual school operated by Irish nuns, and then to my work site in the archives in the Uffizi palace. When the archives closed at 1 PM, I picked up the children at their school and drove back to our apartment to enjoy a lunch prepared by our cook-housekeeper, Sabina.

Gene Brucker. Photograph by Marion Brucker, circa 1980.

Sabina came to us through one of those informal networks that have characterized Florentine society for centuries. She was

a *contadina*, a country woman, born and reared on a small farm cultivated by her father, a sharecropper (*mezzadro*), who eked out a bare living for his family in the last grim years of Mussolini's Fascist regime. She and her husband Duilio had left their native village of Rignano to seek employment in the city. They survived the grim, famine-plagued war years, though their firstborn son died of influenza. Sabina was a small robust woman whose physique reflected the years of toil and deprivation that she had experienced. She was very fond of our children, particularly our two-year-old Wendy whose pale face and blond hair contrasted so sharply with her dark complexion. Sabina introduced us to the superb Tuscan cuisine with which she had been reared and instructed us in the complex customs and traditions of her world. Like other Florentines from rural backgrounds whom we came to know, she was hardworking, warmhearted, generous and loyal. She had known hardship from infancy and her expectations of a brighter future were not high. When we left Florence in the spring of 1961 to return to America, neither she nor her husband had been able to find stable employment. I had asked her if she had considered a return to life on a Tuscan farm, and she replied: "I would rather die!" But fortune did smile on Sabina and her family. She and Duilio were both hired to work in a private clinic for mental patients outside of Florence. When I last met Sabina in 1983, she, Duilio, her daughter Carla, and Carla's husband and child were living comfortably in an apartment in the village of Galluzzo. Like millions of their compatriots since World War II, they had made the successful transition from the peasantry to the urban bourgeoisie.

In sharp contrast to the French, who regard any mutilation of their language as a mortal sin, Italians generally welcome efforts by foreigners to master their tongue. "*Bravo, Lei parla molto bene*" is a common response to the ungrammatical uttering of visitors. Sabina was effusive in her praise of our linguistic efforts; she was particularly pleased by our childrens' progress in speaking Italian. We found a similar positive response when we traveled to other parts of the peninsula: to Rome, to Venice, to Amalfi, to the Adriatic coast. Only in later trips to Sicily did I experience a more negative reaction this *staneddu* (foreigner), who was occasionally greeted with silence and unfriendly stares. In *Blood Washes Blood*, Frank Viviano described the denizens of the Madonie mountains in central Sicily. "The rare outsiders . . . find the Madonie strange, even disturbing. Its people are so introspective that they can be mistaken for mutes . . . Sicilian melancholy carried to a nearly wordless extreme. When they do speak, it is in the formal idiom of an archaic tongue."

Our life in the Via Senese was enhanced by the fortuitous arrival in our villa of an American art historian from Bryn Mawr, Ann Garson, and her three children. They occupied rooms adjacent to our apartment on the ground floor. In the spring of 1961, we hosted a wedding banquet for Ann and her husband Nardo, attended by a large segment of the American academic community in Florence. During the year, we enjoyed visits from Berkeley colleagues and students who were then living in Paris and Rome. My parents also visited us while on a European tour, their first exposure to the continent. My father, a retired farmer from Illinois, was puzzled by the miniscule size of Tuscan farms and by an agricultural system untouched by mechanization. Soon after their visit, we packed for our departure to Berkeley, after spending a week at a seaside resort on the Adriatic, and a final tour of the continent by way of Paris and Brighton, England.

The most negative and frustrating aspects of living in Italy was its bureaucracy, which included not only state officials, but also employees of the monopolies that provided gas, electricity, and telephone service. While Mussolini may have forced the trains to run on time, he did nothing to improve the quality and performance of the bureaucracy, still operating according to the attitudes and traditions of the ancien régime. It could take weeks if not

months to get a telephone installed. Airmail letters to and from the United States normally took two or three weeks to arrive. The office of the *Questura* (police station) was the most inefficient and user-unfriendly operation that I have ever encountered. In a crowded anteroom, petitioners for residence permits sought frantically to gain the attention of bureaucrats who ignored their pleas while drinking coffee and reading newspapers. Some Americans of my acquaintance never went to the Questura for a residence permit, feeling confident that its officials would not discover their failure to report.

In the early 1960s, before Italy experienced the dramatic transformation of its economy, the social order and its culture, I dreamed of acquiring a pied-à-terre in or near Florence, a venture portrayed so positively by Frances Mayes in *Under the Tuscan Sun.* But over time, the dream became less appealing as I considered the bureaucratic problems of owning property in Italy, as described so graphically by Barry Unsworth in *After Hannibal.* In another context, I have depicted contemporary Florence as "a museum city that is barely able to survive the phenomenon of mass tourism, while its inhabitants choke on its polluted air." But the city continues to work its magic on our imagination and our sensibilities. In a recent book review, the literary critic George Steiner wrote that he "has walked that city a hundred times over,'" and still finds it "obstinately new." "There is about this city,'" he wrote, "frequently morose, even harsh, a mystery of implosion as if singular forces of intellect and feeling had been compelled into fruitful collision by the ring of hills, by a climate susceptible of white heat and bone-jarring cold. . . . Out of catastrophes sprang energies that have, in essence, come close to defining Western civilization."

1911 Blue and Gold (1910).

Prize Cartoon by Worth Ryder, '07.

1908 Blue and Gold (1907).

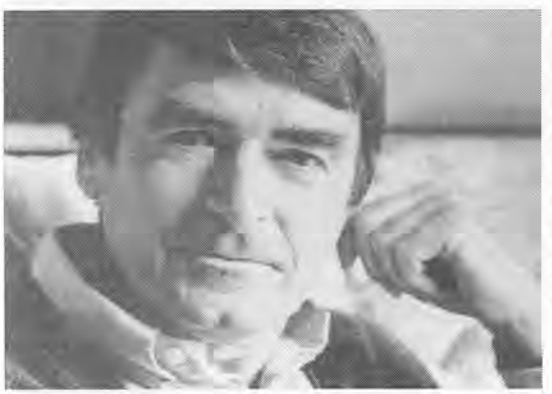
A LITTLE BIT OF *CHANGING PLACES*

David Lodge

David Lodge, well known author and literary critic, was Professor of English Literature at the University of Birmingham from 1960 to 1987; in 1969 he was visiting professor at UC Berkeley. His novel, Changing Places *(1975), based upon his experiences at Berkeley, describes two academic centers, the University of Euphoria in California and the University of Rummidge in England's West Midlands. Philip Swallow from England and Morris Zapp from California participate in an exchange professorship, and the novel highlights the difficulties and hilarities in adapting to a somewhat exaggerated foreign culture, sparing neither euphoric Californian nor repressed English academic settings.*

BETWEEN THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF EUPHORIA (colloquially known as Euphoric State) and the University of Rummidge, there has long existed a scheme for the exchange of visiting teachers in the second half of each academic year. How two universities so different in character and so widely separated in space should be linked in this way is simply explained. It happened that the architects of both campuses independently hit upon the same idea for the chief feature of their designs, namely, a replica of the leaning Tower of Pisa, built of white stone and twice the original size at Euphoric State and of red brick and to scale at Rummidge, but restored to the perpendicular in both instances. The exchange scheme was set up to mark this coincidence.

Under the original agreement, each visitor drew the salary to which he was entitled by rank and seniority on the scale of the host institution, but as no America could survive for more than a few days on the monthly stipend paid by Rummidge, Euphoric State made up the difference for its own faculty, while paying its British visitors a salary beyond their wildest dreams and bestowing upon them indiscriminately the title of Visiting Professor. It was not only in these terms that the arrangement tended to favour the British participants. Euphoria, that small but populous state on the Western seaboard of America, situated between Northern and Southern California, with its mountains, lakes and rivers, its redwood forests, its blond beaches and its incomparable Bay, across which the State University of Plotinus faces the glittering, glamourous city of Esseph—Euphoria is considered by many cosmopolitan experts to be one of the most agreeable environments in the world. Not even its City Fathers would claim as much for Rummidge, a large, graceless industrial city sprawled over the English Midlands at the intersection of three motorways, twenty-six railway lines and half-a-dozen stagnant canals.



Then again, Euphoric State had, by a ruthless exploitation of its wealth, built

itself up into one of America's major universities, buying the most distinguished scholars it could find and retaining their loyalty by the lavish provision of laboratories, libraries, research grants and handsome, long-legged secretaries. By this year of 1969, Euphoric State had perhaps reached its peak as a centre of learning, and was already in the process of decline—due partly to the accelerating tempo of disruption by student militants, and partly to the counter-pressures exerted by the right-wing Governor of the State, Ronald Duck, a former movie-actor. But such was the quality of the university's senior staff, and the magnitude of its accumulated resources, that it would be many years before its standing was seriously undermined. Euphoric State, in short, was still a name to conjure with in the senior common rooms of the world. Rummidge, on the other hand, had never been an institution of more than middling size and reputation, and it had lately suffered the mortifying fate of most English universities of its type (civic redbrick): having competed strenuously for fifty years with two universities chiefly valued for being old, it was, at the moment of drawing level, rudely overtaken in popularity and prestige by a batch of universities chiefly valued for being new. Its mood was therefore disgruntled and discouraged, rather as would be the mood of the middle class in a society that had never had a bourgeois revolution, but had passed directly from aristocratic to proletarian control.

For these and other reasons the most highly-qualified and senior members of staff competed eagerly for the honour of representing Rummidge at Euphoric State: while Euphoric State, if the truth were told, had sometimes encountered difficulty in persuading any of its faculty to go to Rummidge. The members of that élite body, the Euphoric State faculty, who picked up grants and fellowships as other men pick up hats, did not aim to teach when they came to Europe, and certainly not to teach at Rummidge, which few of them had even heard of. Hence the American visitors to Rummidge tended to be young and/or undistinguished, determined Anglophiles who could find no other way of getting to England or, very rarely, specialists in one of the esoteric disciplines in which Rummidge, through the support of local industry, had established an unchallenged supremacy: domestic appliance technology, tyre sciences and the biochemistry of the cocoa bean.

The exchange of Philip Swallow and Morris Zapp, however, constituted a reversal of the usual pattern. Zapp was distinguished, and Swallow was not. Zapp was the man who had published articles in *PMLA* while still in graduate school; who, enviably offered his first job by Euphoric State, had stuck out for twice the going salary, and got it; who had published five fiendishly clever books (four of them on Jane Austen) by the time he was thirty and achieved the rank of full professor at the same precocious age. Swallow was a man scarcely known outside his own Department, who had published nothing except a handful of essays and reviews, who had risen slowly up the salary scale of Lecturer by standard annual increments and was now halted at the top with slender prospects of promotion. Not that Philip Swallow was lacking in intelligence or ability; but he lacked will and ambition, the professional killer instinct which Zapp abundantly possessed.

In this respect both men were characteristic of the educational systems they had passed through. In America, it is not too difficult to obtain a bachelor's degree. The student is left very much to his own devices, he accumulates the necessary credits at his leisure, cheating is easy, and there is not much suspense or anxiety about the eventual outcome. He (or she) is therefore free to give full attention to the normal interests of late adolescence—sport, alcohol, entertainment and the opposite sex. It is at the postgraduate level that the pressure really begins, when the student is burnished and tempered in a series of gruelling courses and rigorous assessments until he is deemed worthy to receive the accolade of the PhD. By now he has invested so much time and money in the process that any career other than an academic one has become unthinkable, and anything less than success in it unbearable. He

is well primed, in short, to enter a profession as steeped in the spirit of free enterprise as Wall Street, in which each scholar-teacher makes an individual contract with his employer, and is free to sell his services to the highest bidder.

Under the British system, competition begins and ends much earlier. Four times, under our educational rules, the human pack is shuffled and cut—at eleven-plus, sixteen-plus, eighteen-plus and twenty-plus—and happy is he who comes top of the deck on each occasion, but especially the last. This is called Finals, the very name of which implies that nothing of importance can happen after it. The British postgraduate student is a lonely, forlorn soul, uncertain of what he is doing or whom he is trying to please—you may recognize him in the tea-shops around the Bodleian and the British Museum by the glazed look in his eyes, the vacant stare of the shell-shocked veteran for whom nothing has been real since the Big Push. As long as he manages to land his first job, this is no great handicap in the short run, since tenure is virtually automatic in British universities, and everyone is paid on the same scale. But at a certain age, the age at which promotion and Chairs begin to occupy a man's thoughts, he may look back with wistful nostalgia to the days when his wits ran fresh and clear, directed to a single, positive goal. . . .

Glee Club returning from Japanese tour at San Francisco International Airport, July 3, 1957. Oakland Tribune photo. *University Archives (UARC PIC 15:286).*

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION'S OXFORD SUMMER PROGRAM

This piece was first published in the California Monthly, *December 1970.*

LAST SUMMER BERKELEY'S UNIVERSITY EXTENSION held an in-residence study program at the University of Oxford as an experiment. It proved remarkably successful, according to Morton Gordon, dean of Extension, and the program will be repeated next summer.

One hundred sixty students were enrolled in the experimental program. The age range was extremely wide: from 19 to 73. There were 128 Californians, 24 students from 17 other states and Canada, and eight British students. About one third of this unique student body were graduate or undergraduate students. One third were teachers, from elementary school to college level, and one third had a wide variety of backgrounds. Fifty-seven students had B.A. degrees, 41 had M.A.s, and three had Ph.D.s

Sixteen courses, from two to six weeks in length, were offered. Each course was accredited as an upper division University of Californian Extension course; the instructors were regular members of the Oxford faculty.

The entire program was developed cooperatively by the adult-education divisions of the two great universities: Berkeley's University Extension and Oxford's Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. The two directors of studies were Marvin Chacheré for University Extension and Frank W. Jessup, head of the Delegacy.

Worcester College, one of the 34 colleges of Oxford, was home in England to the students. A few, including those who had brought their children, lived in the town of Oxford. But most were housed at the college, most seminars and tutorial meetings were held there, and all students and faculty had their meals together in the great dining room known simply as "hall." Worcester has some of the oldest as well as some of the most modern buildings at Oxford, and many students lived in famous cottages built by Benedictine monks in the 13th and 14th centuries.

Meetings with tutors were held in a variety of settings at Worcester, as well as at some of the other colleges, museums, and libraries. Classes studying such subjects as "English Painters," "Romanization of the West," "Study of Selected English Towns," and "17th Century English History" went on field trips conducted by their tutors. Lectures on many topics by Oxford dons were presented two or three evenings a week, and excursions were organized to theaters at Stratford and Coventry.

When Jessup visited Berkeley last spring, he told students enrolled for the first Oxford Program, "You can't instruct anybody to do anything. You can only create a climate in which people can learn, will want to learn." After studying at Oxford, one student reported of the teaching method, "It was less of a system of instruction than a way of directing toward what was there to be learned. I was most impressed by the ready knowledge of reference sources our tutor offered. 'You might want to look at about the first four chapters of such-and-such a book' was a typical kind of suggestion."

There was no typical student at Oxford last summer. But the comments of Mrs. Roberta Corson of Berkeley, who studied "Concepts of Man in the Twentieth Century," are representative in some degree of the experiences of the group:

Roberta Corson unpacks her bag in her Oxford digs.

"I learned to my astonishment that each morning a funny little man named Freddie would unlock my door and pop into my room to waken me. Oxford 'boys' were awakened in this way, and so were we. Freddie was called my 'scout.' Besides his relentless concern about my getting to class, he cleaned my room, offered me whiskey when I had a cold, summoned the doctor I didn't want when I had the flu (Freddie said it was malaria), and told me unlikely stories of his rise to the rank of major in the British Army.

"Before my course began I spent the time becoming acquainted with Oxford and with completing most of my reading list of 11 books! When the weather was relatively warm, I took my book, biscuits and fruit to a green square, to the deer park at Magdalen College, to the Botanical Gardens, or to one of the 'water walks' along the Cherwell. When it was colder, a book and I sought refuge in the college chapels. So now I associate Berger's *Invitation to Sociology* with the pews of Exeter College, and remember that a rainstorm sent Karl Marx and me into the tiny antechapel of Samuel Johnson's Pembroke.

"Our tutor had moved to Worcester for the entire program and lived in the medieval cottages. His sitting room was our classroom and we met there each morning soon after breakfast. There was a two-hour lecture with only a few pauses for Dr. Chadwick to have an occasional puff on his pipe. At eleven we adjourned for a short while to the cloisters for morning coffee. (Tea was served there each afternoon.) Usually we stood about debating some point in the lecture; almost always, the instructor was with us. We spent the afternoons in reading or writing—sometimes in our own rooms, at the library, or stretched on the lawn. At least once each week in the afternoon or after dinner, we met individually with our tutor to discuss our reading or the outlines we had submitted for our written work.

"For me, as for many of the others, the Oxford experience was not a culmination but a beginning. I completed my course work. I defended my paper when it was my turn to do so. And then the time was suddenly running out. We walked around the lake in the English twilight. Ducks that were nesting when we arrived were swimming with the young behind them as we prepared to leave; chestnuts that were small green marbles were now fat and spiny. I said my real farewell to Oxford nights before departure, during an outdoor performance of *King John* in the meadow of Christ Church. We sat on bleachers with Worcester College blankets wrapped around us, drinking coffee, while young Arthur leapt to his death from the wall of his prison. In the dark trees edging the meadow, an owl hooted. A wandering piece of thistledown became trapped in the warm air of the spotlight and circled over the King's head. The battles raged back and forth with the French and English charging across the lawns. On the hour, with no regard for the script, the clock in Tom Tower struck boldly. And floating across Oxford, along the Cherwell, past the lighted spires of Merton, came the answering bells from Magdalen."

VISITING SCHOLARS AT THE CENTER FOR STUDIES IN HIGHER EDUCATION

Impressions of Berkeley: *Sverker Sörlin*

Sverker Sörlin is a member of the Regional Scientific Committee for Europe and North America; he is Director, Swedish Institute for Studies in Education and Research (SISTER), Sweden, and Professor, Division for History of Science and Technology, Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden. This reminiscence of his visit to Berkeley first appeared in Sinas News, *13, p. 6-8.*

DURING THE GREATER PART OF 1993 I was a visiting professor at the Center for Studies in Higher Education, University of California, Berkeley. One of the educational aspects of being a visiting professor at a foreign university is the very fact that the university is foreign. You notice that things can be done differently than the way you are used to. It's like test-living another life.

I spent the first few weeks learning the obvious. At Berkeley you do not use internal-mail envelopes, and you would do well to write "professor" even on correspondence exchanged on campus. The bureaucracy is even more Byzantine and smug than back home. Getting myself a simple parking permit entailed weeks of filling out forms. I also tried to get oriented among the departments and buildings on campus, but I soon lost hope: there are some 150 departments or, as they are usually called, "programs," whose courses fill a 400-page catalog. Nonetheless, I did listen to lectures in anthropology and geography, merely to see what differences and similarities there might be. One of the best things about daily life on campus is that music students give luncheon concerts every Wednesday and that the campus has several stages and auditoriums where there is always something going on.


Sverker Sörlin, March 1993.

Gradually a picture emerges of another form of university life. In the U.S., as we know, there is an ideal known as "liberal arts education." This means that students take a variety of courses in different subjects before starting to specialize and learn a profession. Some of these courses are compulsory for all students: the core curriculum. Students take several parallel courses every semester. I find the idea rather appealing that, without any major risk of wasting their time or their money, students have the chance to sample their way through the wealth of course offerings. Eventually they choose a "major," a subject to specialize in. After their BA they can go on to professional schools, for example, Law School, or to pursue graduate-level studies at the Graduate School. Grad students who teach [courses rather than sections] are rare, and they are never considered eligible to join

"the faculty," meaning the regular teachers.

The result is a system that allows students great freedom of choice and many opportunities to pursue their fancies and satisfy their curiosity. It also means that there is considerable uncertainty regarding the value and usefulness of these studies in the labor market. The competition is stiff, and it gets stiffer the higher you go. The system becomes clear: there is a definite hierarchy among different departments and universities, which is further reinforced by ubiquitous ranking lists. In the latest official ranking, Berkeley was placed number one among national research universities, followed by Stanford and Harvard. According to unofficial figures for 1993, neither of these other top universities has as many research programs (that is, departments) as Berkeley.

These universities are geared to a market reality in which not only students pick and choose (and pay accordingly); research endowments, foundations, corporations, government departments, the military, and all the other sources of research funds are also driven by this constant striving to be excellent, and preferably best. The University of California, of which Berkeley is one of nine campuses, is a state university, but currently only a little over one quarter of its budget comes from the state of California, which, moreover, is now drastically cutting its allocations as a result of the economic crisis it is experiencing. The result is a great dependence on external financing, made all the greater because, unlike private universities, it does not charge high rates for tuition (although they have climbed to over $2,000 a year, much to the chagrin of the Student Union). The campus newspaper the *Daily Californian* has almost daily reports about some laboratory or some department that has landed financing for research. Contracts are often signed for huge sums over many years—from military sources, for example. No other American university receives more federal funding than the University of California, which alone accounts for ten percent of the national total.

Much of this appeals to me (the breadth and the freedom of choice above all), but other aspects put me off. All the talk about quality, ranking, and evaluation can sometimes be cloying, a form of disguised bragging. But it's hard not to be charmed by the scene I witnessed when Laura D'Andrea Tyson visited Zellerbach Hall one Thursday afternoon last spring. Tyson is an economist at Berkeley and chair of President Clinton's Council of Economic Advisors. She was on her home turf as part of an effort to "sell" the president's economic reform program. The two thousand students and faculty waiting in the hall were brimming over with anticipation, and many more had to stand outside on the square and listen to her via loudspeakers. First, University Chancellor Chang-Lin Tien assumed the podium. His introduction went on for seven minutes. Tyson was a great teacher, a fantastic person, and a role model for everyone, students and colleagues. The University was proud that one of its professors had been entrusted with this post. She had written three books, edited another five, sat on this and that committee, and led the Berkeley Roundtable for International Economics.

At last Ms Tyson took the podium, borne up by the cheers of the masses. Once there, she responded by explaining in thirty-five minutes the economic situation of the United States in such a way that every freshman could understand it and at the same time every single one of her colleagues learned something new. This was politics as intellectual entertainment, filled with social pathos and total frankness. My guess is that her Swedish colleague in advising governments Assar Lindbeck would not have covered half as much in twice the time, nor would he have been interrupted by ovations every third minute. There is something in this unabashed celebration of the self, at the same time full of a sort of playful hyperbole, that I believe our more equality-minded Swedish institutions would do well to study more closely. At any rate, things would be more fun.

This particular morning, Monday, I'm going to walk to campus, which I do occasionally. On my way down to campus I have a view of San Francisco Bay and downtown Oakland, its skyscrapers shimmering in the gray haze. The plum trees and magnolias are in bloom, imbuing the Berkeley Hills with a pink fragrance. I pass our little shopping center with its grocery store, drug store, café, and wine shop. A little further down, the first panhandlers appear with their paper mugs. I walk past the Jewish Community Center, restaurants with cuisine from Thailand, Cambodia, and any other place; Peete's [sic] Coffee Shop, which has the best coffee and attracts a mixed clientele of university professors and street people. Once I reach the department, the Sather Tower Carillon announces the top of the hour, while the stream of student flows past in the plaza below. I read the *New York Times*, have a cup of coffee, say hi to Manuel from Montreal, Hilde from Ghent, Ludwig from Bielefeld, Nicole from Paris, and all the others from Tokyo, Mexico City, and the United Arab Emirates. Today's luncheon seminar will be held by a Russian who will speak about the situation for the humanities in his home country.

Don's Diary: *Negley Harte*

Negley Harte is Senior Lecturer in Economic History, University College London, and public orator of the University of London. "Don's Diary" was a biweekly column in The Times Higher Education Supplement, *each column written by different traveling scholars. Harte's article appeared on April 12, 1996.*

MONDAY. HERE I AM IN BERSERKLY BERKELEY. After two sabbatical months, I can find my way around at least geographically.

My office in the Center for Studies in Higher Education is at the heart of the magnificent campus. Scents of jasmine and eucalyptus mingle as they waft down from the hills.

Housed in the rooms around the central seminar room and library is an impressively varied bunch of research associates. They include two historians from Japan, a ministry of education man from Korea, a former minister of science in Hesse, Germany, and an Englishman living in France who appears to know everything about every system of higher education in the world.

We have "brown bag meetings." When I was told about them, I tried to be funny—I can increasingly see why the English are regarded as quaint—by asking: "What's a brown bag for? In case I'm sick?" "No," they said, "it's for your lunch." We bring our sandwiches in a bag and munch while we discuss such issues as teaching versus research and finance versus autonomy.

Negley Harte, April 1996.

TUESDAY. My daughter rings from Amsterdam (she has just finished her MA in film studies there) and I try to describe laid-back Berkeley, the beautiful campus, the wonderful libraries, the impressively knowledgeable colleagues, the lively seminars (sorry, brown bag meetings), the thousands of students strolling purposefully around, the cafes with waiters all apparently reading Tolstoy in well-thumbed paperback. "It

sounds just like Amsterdam," she says. I see her point. It is certainly not like London.

As I left University College London, we were just beginning to reel under the threat of a further 7 percent cut in Government funding. As I arrived here, the University of California was trying to cope with a 6 percent increase in funding from the state of California. The university here has had some years of budget cuts, but it is a different world.

WEDNESDAY. I start the day by drinking coffee on the balcony of my apartment, looking across the bay to the Golden Gate Bridge. As I walk to the library, an elegantly dressed black lady with Dame Edna glasses says to me: "You're looking good." I used to be fazed by the random conversationality of passersby, but I have come to realise that they are just expressing a democratic friendly sense of well-being, and so I smile and know what to say: "You're looking good too." On the campus, a distinguished-looking silver-haired white man is walking around shouting at intervals of about a minute. "Do you know that Adolf Hitler was a baptised Christian?" I do not know quite how to deconstruct this sort of thing. Spend all day in the library; it is dark outside when I emerge. It is wonderful not to have a single committee to sit on, no boards of examiners to attend, no departmental meetings, no lectures to give, no essays to mark.

THURSDAY. My daughter seemed surprised that I should come here to begin to write a history of the British university system. Virtually every day I have been here I have talked to Sheldon Rothblatt and Martin Trow, both professors here, and two of the world's leading scholars who have written about British universities. And frequently bringing his brown bag to our discussions is Clark Kerr, the former chancellor of Berkeley and president of the university who was sacked by governor Ronald Reagan in 1967. Clark Kerr then famously said he was "fired with enthusiasm," and now in his 80s, he is vigorous, lively and immensely knowledgeable. I spend the day reading more and more about American universities. In the evening I attend the Faculty Club to talk after dinner to the "United Kingdom Seminar." I cannot remember what I talked about as I spent the entire time admiring the wooden arts and crafts building designed in 1903 by Bernard Maybeck, whose buildings adorn Berkeley.

FRIDAY. Go to the new University of California, Santa Cruz. Eat a delicious corn chowder on the terrace of Cowell College, looking out across fields and woods to the Pacific.

It seems extraordinary to walk through a redwood forest following signs to the library. The campus architect shows us the plans for rebuilding Kresge College, the most feely-touchy of the colleges in the 1960s. The students still look pretty hippy, but they want their own private space rather than the open-plan group living envisaged by the college creators. The architect is putting in partitions and his blueprints symbolically chart the end of a utopian dream. At night I make a point to having dreams that are Californian and not utopian.

SATURDAY. Californian dreams continue with Berkeley's secondhand bookshops and more of Maybeck's buildings. Can there really be no such thing as a foreign country? Neither these reflections nor my Californian dreams stop me beginning to have London nightmares. It will not be long before they are a reality.

SUNDAY. Visit Napa Valley and its wineries, post-modern villas, modern art collections. Delicious lunch and pink champagne. For the moment the dream goes on. I have done more work in the library and at my computer this week than in any one week for years. Why can't sabbaticals last forever?

EXPEDITIONS TO THE PAST WITH THREE BERKELEY HISTORIANS

Ann Lage

THE HISTORIAN'S CRAFT INVOLVES AN INTELLECTUAL JOURNEY, a sort of virtual expedition to the past, to different cultures and often to distant places. Delving into diverse historical sources, historians mine ancient archival records, decipher strange scripts in documents, letters, and diaries, and pore over crumbling newspapers. Some pursue archeological evidence, like David Keightley, Berkeley historian of ancient China, who divines inscriptions on oracle bones to understand the people and culture of the Late Shang era, 1200-1045 BC.[1] Others study songs, films, television, and advertisements to understand popular culture in the recent past. Whatever their field of study or choice of source material, all face the difficulty of communicating across cultural and often language barriers as they try to comprehend the past. As Berkeley historian Lawrence W. Levine has said, the historian inevitably "is faced with a culture gap that must be bridged . . . by a series of imaginative leaps that allow him to perform the central act of empathy—figuratively, to crawl into the skins of his subjects. This situation is . . . in fact the primary function of the historian and gives the study of history much of its excitement and importance."[2]

Once their imaginative leaps are taken and their research is completed, historians turn to the task of recreating for students and readers the societies, people, and events they have spent their lives exploring. This effort often involves years of "painstaking historical reconstruction."[3] In his books, the historian is, in effect, inviting the reader along on his expedition to the past. Berkeley professor Robert Brentano, in a 1968 letter to his colleague Gene Brucker, vividly describes his vision of the goal of historical writing:

> I was having one of those endless discussions of historiography that 102 [a history course for undergraduate majors] brings in its wake—trying to say what I really wanted from a book of history, what I thought a book should really do, what I hoped for in it. . . . I tried to say that I wanted a book in which a real world was created, a world in which I the reader could get up from my chair and move around, in which there were really three dimensions, coherent and in[d]ependent life, in which the people and I could move together, walk toward the next room, know that the other side of each wall wasn't just a set, that everything, see it or not, was round, real, connected, alive, complex.

Then, Brentano continues, his student and he looked for an example. "And I could then, and can now, only think of your Florence. I had not been describing your book at all intentionally, but it was the only history I know which, like all good novels, I guess, fit." Brentano was referring here to *Florentine Politics and Society, 1343-78*, Gene Brucker's first book, published in 1962. In this article, we will see how Brucker came to inhabit and interpret the world of Renaissance Florence in the book Brentano so admires and in his subsequent publications. We will look also at the intellectual journeys of two of his Berkeley colleagues, Delmer Brown and Lawrence Levine, who have taken different historical paths but share with Brucker the ability to successfully "crawl into the skins" of their historical subjects.

Japanese history:

> That is a problem faced by every American historian who ventures to specialize in the history of a people outside the United States. . . . But because we are looking at the Japanese development from another culture, our perspective is bound to be somewhat different. . . . When I am dealing with Shintoism, I look at it quite differently from Japanese specialists in Shinto history, who are usually Shinto priests. I look at it from the outside and am trying to make comparisons between that religion and my own religion, and between that religion and other religions that have come into Japan, such as Buddhism and Confucianism. I feel that that kind of comparison and that kind of objectivity, using religious studies and other disciplines such as anthropology and sociology, helps me to analyze and, I hope, to get closer to what Shintoism really is. I ought to be able to do that better than, say, a Shinto priest.[12]

In his study of Japanese religion, Brown works closely with Japanese professors, most recently "on the joint creation of a Shinto database that will permit students and scholars all over the world—anyone who has access to a computer" to do research in Shinto materials.[13] Throughout his career, in fact, Delmer Brown has had a close relationship with leading Japanese scholars. His understanding of Shinto thought was shaped by the work of Muraoka Tsunetsugu, whose studies he translated in 1964. In the 1970s he translated with Japanese scholar Ishida Ichirō a major medieval Japanese text, the *Gukanshō*. In the 1990s he edited (often translating, even writing significant parts of) volume one of the *Cambridge History of Japan*, on ancient Japan.[14]

As his fellow historian of Japan, Berkeley professor Irwin Scheiner remarks, Delmer Brown is in many ways a quintessential "American of our mid-twentieth century" with "equal parts naivete and savvy, always intelligence, and an extraordinary degree of curiosity and openness to new experience."[15] Yet he has over the years secured for himself a sort of home in Japanese culture, even considering at one point after his wife's death in 1988 making his permanent home in Japan. And he has successfully navigated the cultural waters intellectually as well: as Irv Scheiner states, "his interpretive imprint now stands powerfully to the forefront in any Western or Japanese interpretation of Japanese history or the history of Japanese religion."[16]

Like his colleague Delmer Brown, Gene Brucker is a child of the rural American heartland who has devoted his professional career to the study of a culture distant in time and place. He was born in 1924 and raised on a farm near the village of Cropsey, Illinois, population 250. He attended a one-room country school and read everything he could get his hands on—farm magazines, advertisements, the Bible—and literally every book in the school and village libraries. As a boy he was fascinated with history, particularly with heroes of the Revolutionary and Civil wars. Both he and his family recognized that he was poorly suited for a future on the farm, so with his parents raising no objections to college, he entered the University of Illinois on the eve of World War II. At Illinois, he took advantage of an extensive library and connected with Professor Raymond Stearns, the mentor who introduced him to the study of European history and helped him raise his educational expectations.[17]

College was interrupted by wartime service in Europe (and then Japan), which introduced him to "a melting pot of the world's cultures," to Paris, and to the thrall of the Mediterranean world.[18] He returned on the GI Bill to Illinois for a BA and MA, and then, urged

by his mentor, applied for and, to his surprise, was awarded a Rhodes scholarship. During studies at Oxford, he was painfully aware of the limitations of his American education; he had only two years of high school Latin and no Greek, and his reading in European historiography fell short of Oxford standards. Still, the Oxford dons treated him well, directed him to Italian Renaissance history, and assured him he could master Italian in a few weeks. After Oxford, he pursued his PhD at Princeton under Theodor Mommsen, one of several German émigré professors who helped to make Renaissance Florence a burgeoning field in the postwar era. Brucker came to Berkeley in 1954. Here he spent his entire professional career, with many extended trips to Italy for research in the Florentine archives, producing voluminous and widely admired writings on Renaissance Florence.[19]

In his oral history and other writings, Gene Brucker confesses to succumbing to "that incurable disease, archivitis" while working in the early 1950s in the Sala di Studio, the vast Florentine archives in the Uffizi palace, with "six miles of shelves, so we were told." (Elsewhere in this issue he describes the social life of archival scholars in Florence.) After explaining the difficulties of mastering the medieval Latin paleography of the notarial documents and "the cursive script and colloquialisms in private letters and diaries," Brucker recalls an instance when a discovery in the archives shaped the history he wrote:

> For me, a major archival breakthrough was the discovery of the records of Florence's criminal courts. These volumes opened up for me a new and exciting perspective on Florentine politics, and also on the society, both urban and rural, after the ravages of the Black Death of 1348. . . . As I leafed through the volumes of judicial cases, I discovered evidence about the lives, fortunes and even the thoughts of illiterate or barely literate workers in the cloth and construction industries, as well as the vagabonds, pickpockets, and prostitutes who inhabited Florence's underworld.

Encountering a passionate anonymous appeal for relief from taxes on the poor, written in 1369, he realized he was privy to "a rare glimpse into the mentalité" of a spokesman for those Florentine citizens who "'must live from the labor of their hands and that of their wives.'"[20] This and similar research moments stimulated the imaginative leaps that enabled Brucker to understand the structure and mores of Florentine society six centuries in the past.

In his introduction to Brucker's oral history, his colleague Randolph Starn relates Brucker's fascination with archival research and the nature of his scholarly work to his personal history and American identity. Starn's words apply to a whole group of young American scholars in the post-World War II period, himself included, who became entranced with archival research into the world of Renaissance Italy:

> No one put it this way—we were too self-consciously edgy about being Americans—but archival research fit the American grain. The sheer size and scale of the Florentine archives challenged the national bravado (and myth) that calls for overcoming nearly insurmountable obstacles; this scholars' Mission Apollo still shocks most European historians. Our attraction to the new is one of our oldest traditions, and partly for that reason, we have no immunity to the spell of the old: the look, the feel, the smell of age were palpably present, a kind of drug, in the archives. It suited a practical, anti-speculative streak to suppose that the facts were there for the taking—and a good thing too since we might otherwise have been humbled by the sophistication and exquisite

> erudition of the grand traditions of European scholarship. The theory of it all was nothing to worry about. Thomas Alva Edison scoffed that he didn't have time for theoretical nonsense, and it was theory enough, though we hardly recognized it as such, to imagine that Florentine history mirrored our own, as a case study in the vicissitudes of republican liberty.[21]

Gene Brucker's own words in his oral history confirm Starn's emphasis on the practical streak in his approach to history. Insisting that "I don't believe in theory, I never have. I think it's largely wasted in our discipline," Brucker describes how he works, watchful of how his own cultural prenotions might distort his view of the past:

> I would say that what I try to do is study the sources, study the evidence, try to make as much sense out of it as I can, being always aware of the distance between myself and my world and the world five hundred years ago. To try to avoid anachronism is something we should do, we historians. And we do, I think, by and large. Not always successfully, but we certainly try. And we're aware that we are bringing our own perspectives and our own values to what we study, there's no question of that. All one can do is try to be aware of that, and to try to see that it doesn't distort our vision.[22]

Frontispiece, *Giovanni and Lusanna.*

The Brucker vision has produced lasting contributions to his field, with the monumental *Civic World of Early Renaissance Florence* [1977] considered his magnum opus. Over time, discoveries in the archives turned his interest from political to social history, and to the attitudes and experiences of individuals in Renaissance Florence, as reflected in his lively microhistory, *Giovanni and Lusanna: Love and Marriage in Renaissance Florence* [1986]. In all his writings, both monumental and personal, he presents the human faces from the past, creating "a real and concrete civic world, peopled by flesh and blood men."[23]

The roots of Berkeley historian Larry Levine were far afield from the midwestern farms where Gene Brucker and Delmer Brown were raised. Levine hails from a Jewish immigrant family. Born in 1931, he grew up in New York City during the years of the Great Depression and World War II, playing on the streets of a lower-middle-class Manhattan neighborhood and working in his father's small sidewalk fruit and vegetable store. After a shaky performance in high school, he attended City College of New York and Columbia University for graduate school. From those familiar urban places, his historical studies plunged him into a far different America: the agrarian, fundamentalist Christian, nineteenth-century world of William Jennings Bryan, the topic of his doctoral dissertation and first book.[24] Levine poured over the record of the

prolific Bryan's later years, trying to understand the mind-set of the radical populist politician who ended his career an apparent angry and defensive conservative, defending the Bible against Darwin at the Scopes trial of 1925. By "taking Bryan's words seriously—entering into them rather than merely using them"—Levine came to new insights about the man and the movements he was engaged in, and about the fate of progressivism in the 1920s.[25]

Larry Levine, 1999. Photograph from his oral history.

Soon after completing his dissertation, now in his first year as assistant professor at Berkeley, Levine was shocked to hear of United States colonial historian Carl Bridenbaugh's presidential address to the American Historical Association in December 1962. Bridenbaugh, who had recently left the Berkeley history department for Brown University, presented a direct challenge to the growing numbers of young historians who shared Levine's immigrant background. Bridenbaugh lamented the loss of "the priceless asset of a shared culture" among the current generation of United States historians, many of whom "are products of lower middle-class or foreign origins. . . . They find themselves in a very real sense outsiders on our past."[26] Bridenbaugh, it seemed to Levine, was challenging his inherent capability, even his right, to understand and reconstruct the America past.

Fortunately, Levine's professional training under Richard Hofstadter at Columbia and his successful dissertation on Bryan enabled him to discount Bridenbaugh's musings. He embarked on a long career of bridging cultural gaps and reconstructing past cultures. In time, the lessons learned on his personal journey from his tight-knit Orthodox Jewish family in New York to the academic worlds of Columbia, Princeton, and Berkeley led Levine to conclude that "a sense of social and cultural marginality can be as conducive to the development of historical skills and insights as the feeling of a shared culture."[27] His oral history is in part a story of Levine's own complex acculturation as a New York-Jewish-American-academic. It illuminates how his personal experience contributed to his deep interest in the study of the history of American culture and of the process of minority group acculturation in America.[28]

Even while keeping his historical attention focused close to home, on the nineteenth- and twentieth-century American past, Larry Levine has crossed cultural gulfs time and again, most notably in his second book, *Black Culture and Black Consciousness*. In this groundbreaking study published in 1977, he used African American slave songs, gospel music, folktales, and humor to understand the evolving consciousness of African Americans before and after the civil war.[29] He describes in his oral history how he came to understand the message of African American folk tales, which previously had been virtually ignored by historians. It was a process of steeping himself in these new historical sources over a number of years and listening carefully, and with respect, to their message. While Levine informs himself about various theoretical modes of analysis, like the pragmatic Gene Brucker he relies on his sources themselves to guide his historical understanding:

> It took a long time for me to understand how slaves used folktales. . . . It occurred to me one day . . . that slaves heard Brer Rabbit stories hundreds, perhaps thousands of times. And therefore the cycle becomes important. It's not that the rabbit wins, he is always a loser at the beginning of every tale. So there's a message in that very cycle, that the rabbit doesn't win permanently; he never wins permanently. So the minute I understood that, I understood a lot. They had their own theory about rabbits and foxes and wolves. You can win battles, you don't win wars, because you're a rabbit. And they're teaching their kids life-sustaining lessons through these tales. They had a theory and I discovered their theory, their theory of slavery, their theory of slavehood, their theory of power and how power was used, and what is possible and is not possible.[30]

Levine's innovative exploration of previously overlooked sources for the study of African American history helped earn him a MacArthur Foundation fellowship in 1983.

Ironically, in the 1960s, as he was researching and beginning to formulate his ideas for *Black Culture and Black Consciousness*, he and other white historians faced challenges reminiscent of Bridenbaugh's. This time the challenges came from black students and scholars who insisted that they alone were qualified to study and interpret African American history. Levine replied in a 1970 essay, "There are no impassable culture gaps in the realm of historical scholarship. If too many previous historians have tripped over their own cultural umbilical cords, it is because they were poor historians and not because they were tragic prisoners of an inevitable cultural myopia."[31]

Larry Levine, Delmer Brown, and Gene Brucker all joined the Berkeley history department in the years from 1946 to1962 and have been productive scholars ever since. They each brought to their historical studies distinct interests, outlooks, and concerns, shaped by their personal pasts. Brown and Brucker, born in the rural Midwest, immersed themselves in the history of foreign lands, their interest peaked in part by their travels before and during World War II. Levine, identifying strongly with his Jewish immigrant roots, chose to study United States history but focused his attention on socially and culturally marginalized groups like his own, who had long been overlooked by historians.

All three historians acknowledge some inevitable ideological baggage, both conscious and unconscious, from their personal values and their cultural identities. Brown's reaction to vivid expressions of nationalism and state Shintoism in 1930s Japan made him keenly aware of his American liberalism and shaped his research interests.[32] Brucker recognizes that as an American of his time he was attracted by the idea of watching "a republic at work" in fourteenth and fifteenth century Florence, with Florentine civic leaders "arguing, debating, and voting" over familiar issues of "war, taxes, and morality."[33] Levine describes two of his books as "coming out of the present," written in part to respond to arguments which intellectually and "spiritually offended" him.[34] As they pursued their inquiries and wrote their books, however, these scholars worked to set aside parochial perspectives and personal beliefs. They depended on assiduous research, delving deeply and empathetically into the words and deeds of their historical subjects, to make the imaginative leap into another culture. Confident in their abilities to understand, reconstruct, and interpret a complex past, they each crossed boundaries of time, place, nationality, race, and social group on their intellectual journeys to the past.

ENDNOTES

1 David N. Keightley, "Historian of Early China, University of California, Berkeley, 1969-1998," an oral history conducted in 2001 by Frances Starn, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 2003.

2 Lawrence W. Levine, "The Historian and the Culture Gap," in *The Unpredictable Past* (New York, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1993), 14.

3 Ibid.

4 Robert Brentano, letter from Rome, August 20, 1968, to Gene Brucker.

5 Delmer M. Brown, "Professor of Japanese History, University of California, Berkeley, 1946-1977," an oral history conducted in 1995 by Ann Lage, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 2000, 19.

6 Ibid., 27.

7 Ibid., 19-85.

8 Ibid., 270.

9 Berkeley: University of California Press, 1956. Reprinted by Russel and Russel, 1971.

10 Brown oral history, 271.

11 Ibid., 343.

12 Ibid., 298-299.

13 Ibid., 299.

14 Ibid., 271-297.

15 Irwin Scheiner, introduction to Brown oral history, v.

16 Ibid., vi.

17 Gene Brucker, "Historian of Renaissance Florence," an oral history conducted in 2002 by Ann Lage, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 2005.

18 Gene Brucker, "Introduction," *Living on the Edge in Leonardo's Florence* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2005), xvii.

19 Brucker oral history.

20 Gene Brucker, "Confessions of an Archival Junkie," lecture presented at Renaissance Conference of Northern California, June 2005.

21 Randolph Starn, introduction to Brucker oral history.

22 Brucker oral history, 170-171.

23 William Connell, *Society and Individual in Renaissance Florence* (Berkeley, University of California Press, 2002), 11-12, and personal communication with Connell, 9/6/2002; Dale Kent, "Reflections on Gene," unpublished paper, 1989.

24 Levine, "The Historian and the Culture Gap," 16.

25 Ibid., 20-27.

26 Carl Bridenbaugh, "The Great Mutation," *American Historical Review*, 68 (January 1963), 322-23, quoted in Levine,15.

27 Levine, 20.

28 Lawrence W. Levine. Oral history interview conducted in 2004-2005 by Ann Lage, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, in process.

29 Lawrence W. Levine, *Black Culture and Black Consciousness:Afro-American Folk Thought from Slavery to Freedom* (New York, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977).

30 Levine, oral history, Interview 9, conducted 7/6/05.

31 Levine, "The Historian and the Culture Gap," 30-31.

32 Brown oral history, 37-40.

33 Brucker oral history, 94.

34 Levine oral history, Interview 9.

DISPATCHES FROM AFAR

BERKELEY STUDENTS REPORT IN FROM THE FIELD

Some of Berkeley's more adventuresome students spend their summer "vacations" doing fieldwork around the globe. Their projects vary widely in focus: evaluating disparities in wealth in a resource-rich African country, family planning availability for India's poor, the prospect of reconciliation in war-ravaged Rwanda, diplomacy at the American embassy in Paris, or the economics of rattan farming in Borneo. Luckily for us, some of these students file reports with Berkeley's online NewsCenter, letting us share their experiences. Excerpts from 2003 follow; for the full flavor of the students' reports, visit www.berkeley.edu/news/students/2003/.

Angola

Kristin Reed is a PhD student in environmental science, policy, and management. Her interests took her to Africa this summer, where she is studying Angola's oil boom juxtaposed with that nation's seemingly endless wars and profound poverty. Her postings to the NewsCenter began the day after her late-night arrival.

Waking up around noon, I found we were off to a friend's house for lunch. It is Angolan tradition to reserve Saturdays for lunching with friends and family—and what a meal: grilled fish with sweet potatoes, sweet bananas, cassava and white beans in a palm oil sauce . . . and a generous glass of Portuguese wine. . . .

We drove back to Luanda in the thick darkness of night. The ramshackle shacks we had seen on the drive out were invisible in the shadows and the lights of downtown Luanda glittered like diamonds in the moonless night. As we climbed the stairs to the apartment, a strong wind swept a fine ochre dust through the streets, gliding between the highrises and the makeshift shelters scattered about their bases. . . .

"Não há agua hoje." Dona Josinha tells me what I learned standing undressed in the shower moments ago, attempting to make the most of a trickle. There is no water today.

When the lights go out, you hope the generator kicks in, but there are always candles. When the water goes out, you first look to your reserves—ours is a 24-gallon garbage can in the kitchen—but when that is exhausted, a trip to the water vendors will be necessary. A majority of the poor in Angola rely on the water vendors

Kristin Reed.

to meet their daily needs. The costs are exorbitant. A recent Christian Aid report described the plight of a family who spent $2.75 out of their daily income of $3.50 on water. The water isn't exactly spring water either—it often carries disease.

I carefully navigate the slick steps down to the ground floor. . . . On the street, women are ferrying heavy jerry cans of water on their heads. Some women collect water for their families by placing buckets under the eaves of the well-to-do's apartment buildings to catch the condensation dripping from the air conditioning units. This is the way trickle-down economics works around here.

However, the streets of Luanda tell the story of both rich and poor. The gleaming towers along the waterfront and BMW SUVs contrast with the cardboard and sheet metal shelters. Street vendors sell fish, donuts, fruits, clothing, shoes, combs—whatever they can. A young man in a faded blue shirt shows me his wares: a scooter and a bathroom scale. Not far from here, in the highrise zone, multimillion-dollar contracts for oil exploration are signed. And still, with nearly one million barrels of oil produced per day, the electricity flickers off, leaving most Angolans in the dark.

Rwanda

Undergraduate peace and conflict studies student Radha Webley went to Rwanda this summer to study the effects of the genocide that took place there in 1994, leaving about 800,000 people dead in just three months. She is focusing her study on the possibility of recovery and reconciliation after such a violent period—and looking especially at the gacaca *courts set up in 11,000 jurisdictions across Rwanda in the past year to bring the perpetrators to justice.*

Radha Webley.

It's Sunday afternoon here in Kigali, Rwanda, and I'm sitting on the third-floor balcony of my hotel room overlooking the street, an unpaved and potholed reddish dirt road like so many others in this city, where pavement covers only the main highways and roads. It is late afternoon, and there is a soft haze surrounding the city, making it hard to see the terraces that criss-cross the surrounding hills.

There is a soldier in uniform standing in a doorway across the street smoking a cigarette, the same doorway where a young boy just passed by selling live roosters, grasping one in each of his hands. This street always seems to be a hubbub of activity.

At night, this street explodes with music and voices. Last night there was a man playing guitar and singing on the porch across the street, with a small crowd gathered around him. Mornings are also a busy time on this street, with lots of traffic and horns honking and building construction underway somewhere nearby. Needless to say, the noise makes it a pretty hard place to sleep. . . .

Someone I was talking to at the church pointed out that whenever foreigners think about Rwanda, they think only of war and genocide and forget the rest, and that has certainly been my experience in studying and reading about Rwanda. So it is refreshing to be here and to see the other aspects of Rwanda, the parts of the country that give Rwanda the complex human face that no written account of a country can possibly portray.

Someone [else] told me last week that the foundation of the *gacaca* courts lies in Rwandan culture, that in this culture there exists a moral obligation to forgive others for crimes suffered, and that it is upon that basis, and only upon that basis, that the courts will be able to function, will be able to fulfill their reconciliatory purpose. A few nights later, someone else exclaimed, "Forgiveness is not possible in Rwanda! How can anybody who has had 30 members of their family killed possibly be expected to forgive their killer? How is that possible? It is not! Forgiveness and reconciliation is not a reality here. People must go on with their lives, they have no choice. But forgiveness? Not here, not in my lifetime!"

India

Haas School MBA students Amit Sinha, David Plink, Julie Earne, and Mona Gavankar are in Bihar in eastern India this summer to help Janani, a nonprofit family-planning agency, improve and broaden its services in rural areas. Bihar is a good site for their work because of its poverty, high fertility and low literacy rates, and very low prevalence of contraceptive use. The students are analyzing Janani's efforts to increase the number of Surya clinics in Bihar that provide affordable family-planning tools and services to the poor.

Amit Sinha, Mona Gavankar, Julie Earne, and David Plink.

Government health services are scarce in Bihar. After visiting one of the government clinics we decided that maybe that is for the better: An absolute lack of hygiene and available services make these the most atrocious places to receive health care. We saw the operating theater, a dark room where the available equipment consisted of a wobbly table and used syringes lying all over the place. The services at these clinics are usually free and are aimed at the poorest of the poorest.

Janani's 500 Surya clinics—the focal point of our research—aim at the clients who are willing and able to pay a small amount for reproductive-health-care services. As franchisees in the Janani network, these clinics benefit from cheap products, a strong brand value, and joint advertising (Janani is the largest radio advertiser in the state of Bihar). . . .

[W]e asked doctors and patients about new services they would like to see provided. Based on our findings, we have identified childhood vaccinations as the most promising target and are modeling this possibility.

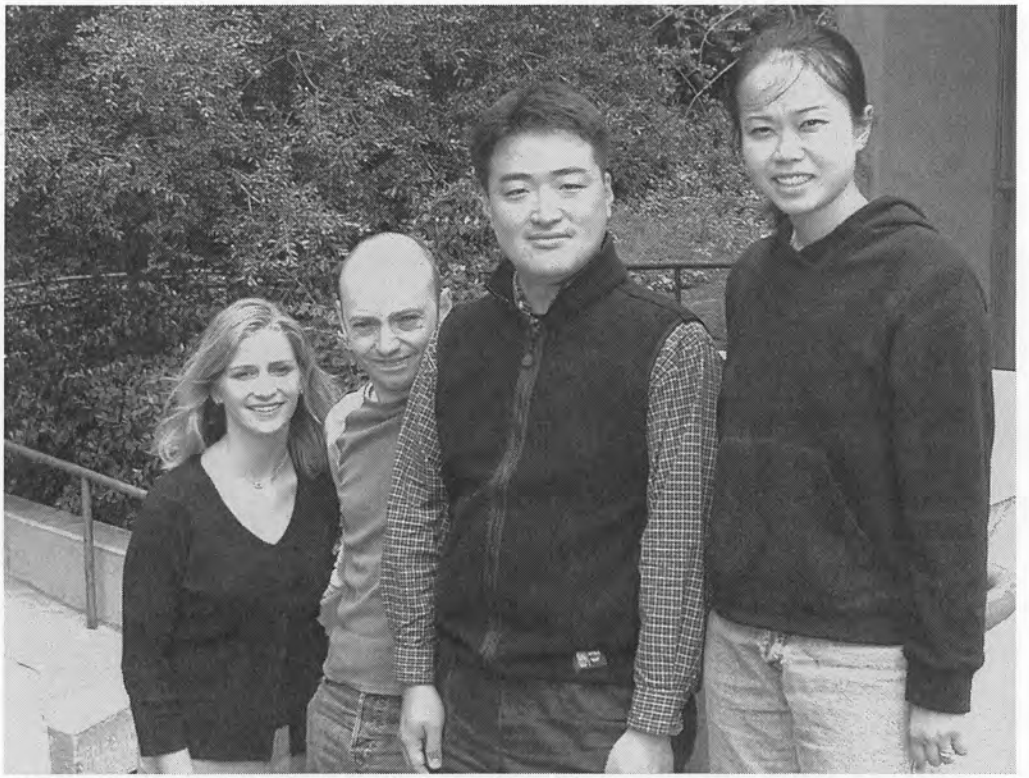
There is, however, a huge complication in offering immunizations: transporting them. Most vaccines must be kept refrigerated at all times, and the polio vaccine even has to be kept below -20 degrees Celsius (-4 degrees Fahrenheit) or else it loses its effect. The Indian government has issued a set of guidelines, called the Cold Chain, on how to transport and store the vaccines properly. These transportation requirements affected our analysis hugely. Most of the Franchised Surya Clinics, which are run by small family businesses, do not have access to electricity at all times, so storage of the vaccines is a problem. We had to come up with a solution for this issue or the immunization project was doomed to fail before it even started.

Borneo

Haas MBA students Lindsay Daigle, David Hall, Matilde Kamiya, and Toshi Okubo are filing regular dispatches this summer from Borneo, where they are consulting with a farmers' consortium that is trying to turn the region's traditional rattan cultivation into a profitable and sustainable business. The hope is that by keeping more of the earnings from rattan sales at the farmers' level, there will be less incentive to clear-cut the forests in which the rattan grows.

The Indonesian morning begins early. The sun rises around 5 a.m., and about the same time, you can hear the call to prayer in the distance. As Dave and Lindsay hadn't arrived yet, Toshi and Matilde decided to explore the city of Samarinda. We stopped by the hotel lobby and asked for directions downtown. The lady responded, "Here is downtown."

After a "late" breakfast at 8:30 (people in Samarinda typically get up at 5 a.m.), we met our client Ade to go over the business plan. Ade works for the Consortium for Community-based Forest Management East Kalimantan, a non-governmental organization committed to the environment that gets involved in all sorts of projects to save the Indonesian forest. To this end, [the consortium] has identified rattan farming as a sustainable source of income for the people in East Kalimantan. Rattan is a bamboo-like climbing plant that grows on forest trees. If farmers grow rattan, they won't cut down the forest to make money on timber. However, the price for rattan is low, and continues to face pressure from the extremely long supply chain the farmers must go through to get their rattan to the end customer (the rattan-furniture buyer in Jakarta). Our friend Ade has written a business plan to create a company that will take the farmers' rattan, pool it, and sell it to the furniture manufacturers, thereby vertically integrating many disjointed functions into one company. He hopes this will allow this company, called SEP, to offer farmers a high-enough price to keep them from cutting down the forest.



Lindsay Daigle, David Hall, Toshi Okubo, and Matilde Kamiya.

Muslim students praying in the Eucalyptus Grove in 1946. *University Archives (UARC PIC 4:543).*

A SOURCE OF PRIDE FOR US ALL AT CAL

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE MARTIAL ARTS TO PRESIDENT GILMAN'S 1872 VISION

Roberta J. Park

ON JUNE 9, 2005, THIRTY-SEVEN STUDENTS, faculty, and staff returned from a two-week trip to Korea. While there they had visited Chosun University and other institutions of higher learning, participated in several cultural activities, and benefited from martial arts instruction given by noted experts. Students from UC Berkeley's taekwondo program had begun visiting Korea in 1969. Following the 1988 Seoul Olympic games the numbers grew considerably. Those associated with the university's judo and karate clubs have visited Japan and France, and participants in the wushu club have had opportunities to participate in summer tours of China.[1]

These events, arranged by Berkeley's University of California Martial Arts Program (UCMAP), carry forward a prediction that Daniel Coit Gilman made in his 1872 presidential address. In the portion titled "The Future Before Us" Gilman declared that the "Golden State" was destined to become "the portal through which the Occident and the Orient [would] exchange both their products and their thoughts" and that the University of California would have a significant role in "enlightening Americans in respect to the languages, literature, and history of the East" and informing the East about Western culture.[2] That same year Edward Tompkins, one of the university's first regents, established the Agassiz Professorship

UC Berkeley Team, winners of the 25th National Collegiate Taekwondo Championship, 2000. *UC Martial Arts Program.*

of Oriental Languages and Literature. [See the article on the first Agassiz Professor, John Fryer, in this issue.]

Benjamin Ide Wheeler repeated Gilman's vision shortly before his inauguration in 1899.[3] Three years earlier the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature, which was built upon the Agassiz Professorship, had been established. Now known as the Department of East Asian Languages and Literature, it and Berkeley's Institute for East Asian Studies are world-renowned. However, another department and program have introduced the greatest numbers of students to various aspects of Eastern cultures. More than seven hundred and fifty classes of judo, karate, taekwondo, yongmundo (formerly known as hapkido), and other forms of martial arts have been offered by the Department of Physical Education (now Physical Education Program) and by the University of California Martial Arts Program, which is a part of the Berkeley campus Recreational Sports Department. Together these have had enriching influences upon the lives of more than one hundred thousand students and even larger numbers of boys, girls, men, and women who have participated in the annual Open Taekwondo Championship (begun in 1970), the annual Wushu Championship, and other events created and nurtured by Dr. Kyung-ho (Ken) Min.

The UCMAP, which Dr. Min (9th degree black belt, taekwondo, judo, and hankido) established in 1969, also has positively influenced the more than four hundred martial arts programs that now exist on American campuses. Dr. Min has been called upon frequently to aid in their development, and at a number of places (e.g., George Washington University, Brown University, Stanford, Harvard, University of Montana) former UCMAP participants, many of whom are now doctors, lawyers, professors, scientists, and hold other prestigious positions, have initiated such programs. Former participants also have given exemplary leadership to Berkeley's comprehensive program, which includes judo, karate, yongmundo, tai chi, and wushu as well as the very popular taekwondo. The program draws upon the philosophies and cultural backgrounds of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean forms of martial arts and gives a diversity to the program that is rarely found elsewhere. Members of the six groups work cooperatively to carry out the UC Open Tournament, Martial Arts Exposition, Masters Demonstration, and various symposia and clinics thereby bringing together several hundred students who, along with physicians, publishers, and others, ensure that these will be outstanding events.

Antecedents

The first judo club in the United States was founded in Seattle in 1903, ten years before Frank Kleeberger (UC '08) joined the Berkeley faculty and began nearly three decades as chairman of the Department of Physical Education for Men. An idealist dedicated to the importance of physical and moral courage, Kleeberger placed considerable emphasis upon teaching male students self-defense skills by means of boxing and wrestling. He soon hired Junhachiro Keyano (who had studied under Jigoro Kano, founder of the Kodokan tradition of judo in 1882) to teach classes in jujitsu, judo, and other self-defense activities. It is not certain when Keyano left the university, but in 1928 Henry Stone (who would become known as "The Father of American Judo") joined the faculty and began teaching wrestling, fencing, and other physical activities. By 1935 classes in judo and kendo had been returned to the curriculum.

Stone was committed to the Kodokan tradition, not the commercialized forms of martial arts that were becoming popular. Hoping that judo would become an Olympic sport, he strove diligently to foster its development. From 1948 to 1952 he worked with the five existing judo organizations (yudanshakai) in the United States to establish the first national

Frank Kleeberger (center) with Judo instructors and students, about 1928. *Hearst Gymnasium Historical Collections.*

organization, the Beikoku Judo Yudanshakai (today known as the United States Judo Federation), and served as its first president. He also was the first chairman of the Amateur Athletic Union's section on judo, which became an Olympic sport eight years after Stone's untimely death in 1956.[4] Growing numbers of Americans were becoming attracted to various aspects of Eastern cultures, and judo instruction was reinstituted as part of Berkeley's physical education curriculum when American-born George Uchida joined the faculty in 1961. The recipient of an AB degree from Tokyo's Meiji University and an AB degree from San Jose State College, Uchida's duties included teaching numerous physical education classes and serving as coach of the men's intercollegiate wrestling team.[5] He also worked many volunteer hours with the ASUC-sponsored Judo Club. (Martial arts clubs never have been part of the university's intercollegiate athletic program.) In 1966 he helped lead a group of thirty UC Berkeley and San Jose State College students to Japan for a judo "goodwill tour."[6] The following spring he served as head coach for a United States All-Star High School Judo Team that was scheduled to meet visiting athletes from Japan for a return "goodwill contest." This, according to the chair of the U.S. Judo Federation's Inter-Scholastic Committee, was the first event of its kind in the United States.[7]

The University of California Martial Arts Program (UCMAP) Is Established

Following George Uchida's departure in 1969, the Department of Physical Education hired Ken Min, who then was teaching at Eastern Montana College. Min quickly brought the martial arts as an educational undertaking to unprecedented heights. A graduate of Inchon High School, he received his bachelor's degree and a teaching certificate from Yongin University (formerly known as Korean Yudo College) in Seoul. As a Republic of Korea soldier he had served as judo and self defense instructor at

Dr. Min, 1st World University Taekwondo Championship, Berkeley, 1986. *UCMAP.*

the Korean Military Academy, and also at the Eighth United States Army Headquarters and the Korean Yudo College. Following his arrival in the United States, Ken Min enrolled at the University of Georgia and while pursuing graduate studies competed in the New York World's Fair U.S. National Senior Judo Championship, where he won the silver medal in the middleweight division. His master's degree was awarded in 1966. In 1981 he received an honorary doctoral degree from Chung Nam National University.

Spurred by Dr. Min's enthusiasm and able leadership, the UC Berkeley Judo Program has participated in every National Collegiate Judo Tournament since 1969, and Berkeley has hosted the event on four occasions (1971, 1981, 1985, and 1990). He served three times as NCJA president and was head coach of the United States team that competed in the Tenth Pan American Judo Championship. When the People's Republic of China Wushu Demo Team visited the Bay Area in 1974 (the first time in the United States), he coordinated the group's visit to the Berkeley campus. That is where he became impressed with the discipline and decided to add wushu to the UCMAP. That same year he founded the martial art of Triathlon, which combined skills of taekwondo, judo, and wrestling for a three-round competition; this has become a popular part of the yongmundo curriculum.

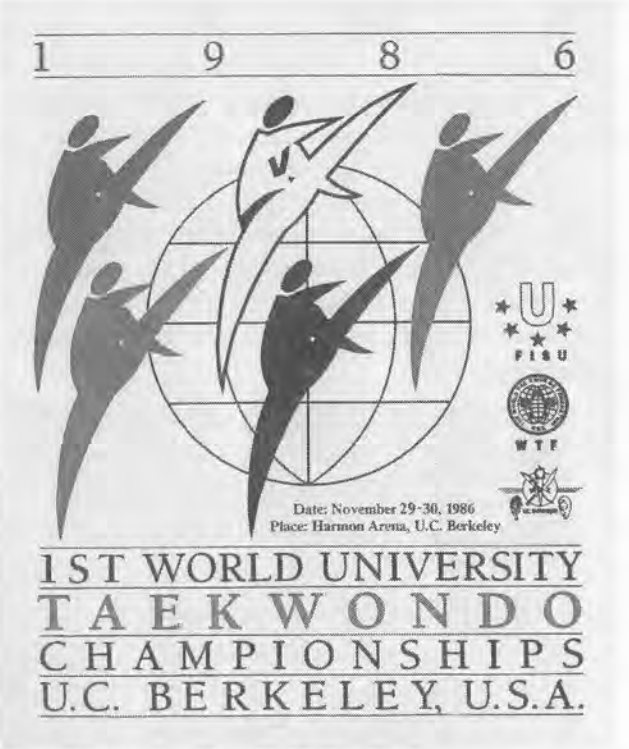
Under Min's guidance coeducational karate and taekwondo classes were immediately added to the curricular offerings. He also quickly implemented a number of events that would devolve to the immense benefit of thousands of students, bringing administrative order to the extracurricular martial arts clubs, all taught by his former students and associates. In 1969 he also created the Taekwondo-Karate Club (the basis for today's extensive UCMAP) and organized the first of what by 2005 had become the Thirty-sixth UC Open Taekwondo Championship.

1970 Taekwondo Team. *UCMAP.*

All this, and much more, was done while carrying a teaching load of twenty-four hours a week. Dr. Min's typical working day began at 8:00 a.m. and did not end until at least 10:00 p.m.[8] This was a commitment that he would continue for more than three decades. Weekends were similarly devoted to a host of activities that rapidly improved the martial arts throughout the state, the nation, and the world. In 1970 he founded the American Collegiate Taekwondo-Karate Association (now known as the United States National Collegiate Taekwondo Association) and served as its initial president. Led by Ken Min, the Taekwondo Official National Governing Body became part of the Amateur Athletic Union in 1974, the year that Berkeley hosted the first AAU-sanctioned invitational championship.

Ever Expanding International Contributions

In 1980 participants from Mexico, China, and Korea gathered on the Berkeley campus for an International Goodwill Taekwondo championship. The First World Taekwondo Championship was held at Berkeley in 1986. That same year, again largely through Ken Min's efforts, taekwondo was made part of the Fédération Internationale du Sport Universitaire (World University Sports Federation). Since then FISU taekwondo championships have been held every two years—twice in Europe, once in Asia, and twice in Pan America; taekwondo was admitted to the program as an official medal sport at the 2003 Summer Universiade held in Daegu, Korea. He has served as chair of the Taekwondo Technical Committee for all the world university championships and Summer Universiades, including the 2005 Universiade held in Izmir, Turkey.



Hearst Gymnasium Historical Collections.

Reviewing these and other developments as part of the program of the Thirtieth Annual National Collegiate Taekwondo Championships, Min emphasized what always has been the guiding principle of his work: "Collegiate taekwondo leaders spearheaded the United States national taekwondo movement in the early 1970s because they believed in the educational value of taekwondo. It combines mental and spiritual discipline through active physical training which can contribute to the building of a positive character."[9] Cal students who participate in martial arts agree that they learn not only physical skills but also such important things as patience, self-awareness, and confidence.[10] The eleven commandments of modern taekwondo are: loyalty to your country; respect for parents; faithfulness to your spouse; respect for your brothers and sisters; loyalty to your friends; respect your elders; respect your teachers; never take life unjustly; indomitable spirit; loyalty to your school; finish what you begin.[11] From the outset UCMAP has upheld these principles, been dedicated

to high-quality technical instruction, encouraged research into the scientific, philosophical, and spiritual dimensions of the martial arts, and fostered values that are in keeping with the basic tenets of a liberal education.[12]

Among Dr. Min's many other contributions, he arranged the Amateur Athletic Union president's first visit to Korea in 1974; this helped open the way for the affiliation of the AAU Taekwondo Committee with the World Taekwondo Federation and the development of an exchange program for other sports. He served as founding president of the United States National Taekwondo Union (established in 1974 as the National AAU Taekwondo Committee), president of the Pan American Taekwondo Union, and vice president of the organizing committee for the International University Taekwondo Championship of the World Taekwondo Federation, which was held in Seoul in 1984. He also was Mission Leader of the US Taekwondo Goodwill Tour to Mainland China in 1986; served as Ambassador for the United States Team and member of the International Evaluation Committee for the 1988 Seoul Olympics; Technical Commissioner of the Second World University Taekwondo Championship at Santander, Spain in 1990 ; a member of the Site Inspection Team for the World Taekwondo Championship in Athens, Greece; and Team Leader for the United States Taekwondo Team at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. He has served as technical advisor, chairman of the Technical Committee, Team Leader or site inspector for Taekwondo championships in Mexico, Ecuador, Taipei, Korea, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Spain, and elsewhere. From 1986 to 1992 he served as a member of the United States Olympic Committee's Education Committee and the Games Preparation and Service Committee. In 1996 he was Chairman of the Technical Commission of the World University Taekwondo Championships held at St. Petersburg, Russia.[13]

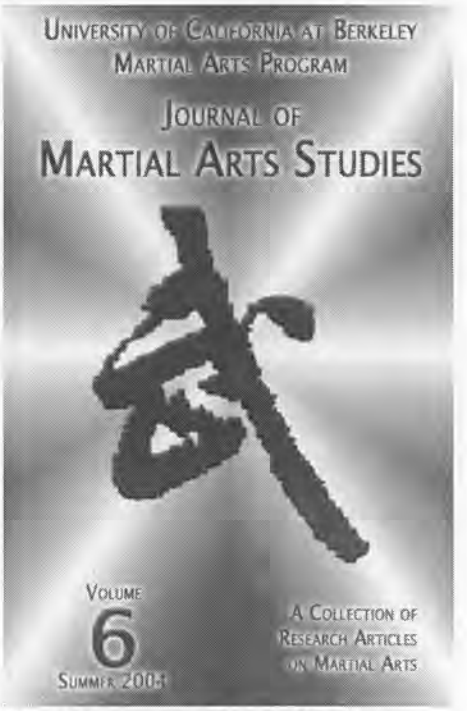
1997 Hong Kong World Taekwondo Championship. *UCMAP.*

Through his efforts the *American Taekwondo News* (subsequently known as the *US Taekwondo Journal* of the US Olympic Committee) was created in 1975. It was he who implemented an Instructor Certification Program for the Taekwondo National Governing Body

and, as Chairman of its Instructor Certification and Education Committee, published the first four editions. At Paris in 1994, the International Olympic Committee (IOC) approved taekwondo as an official medal sport for the 2000 Sydney Olympics. At this important Centennial IOC Congress, as World Taekwondo Federation representative, he presented a paper titled "Sports and Politics." This is only one of the many papers that Ken Min has presented at international congresses and gatherings. He also has published numerous articles, one of the more recent being "New Paradigms of Taekwondo in the 21st Century."

A Continuing Emphasis upon Educational Values

The *Journal of Martial Arts Studies*, which Dr. Min initiated, is published under the auspices of UCMAP. It includes articles written by individuals whose training is in "fields as varied as physics, engineering, computer sciences, economics, medicine, and law."[14] The International Martial Arts Research Institute (established in 2002) extends the type of work that previously had been published in UCMAP's *Monograph: A Collection of Research Articles on Martial Arts*. The UC Berkeley Martial Arts Symposium, which he initiated, likewise offers opportunities for the exchange of ideas and information. "Martial Arts for the Next Millennium," the theme of the March 1999 Symposium, included major speakers from Korea, Ohio, and Michigan, and his efforts and contributions have extended to the larger community in many other ways.



Hearst Gymnasium Historical Collections.

Well aware of the self-discipline and other benefits that young people may derive from their participation, in 1976 Ken Min returned to the University of Montana and conducted a three-day seminar on Korean forms of the martial arts. This became the basis for the annual (except during Olympic years) UCMAP-sponsored Korean Martial Arts Summer Camp that continues today. With former UC Berkeley student and international martial arts champion Kim Royce, in 1999 he initiated with the West Contra Costa Unified School District an educational program that combined martial arts training with reading and writing lessons, brought "at-risk" children to Berkeley for various events that UCMAP sponsors, and offered them tours of the campus and its museums.[15]

Well-Deserved Tributes and Accolades

Over the years Ken Min has received numerous tributes and accolades. In addition to the many that he has received from the AAU, United States Olympic Committee, and other sports organizations, his accomplishments often have been cited in the local press and recognized by the larger Korean community, which has helped support the annual UC Open Taekwondo Championships and other events. Yongin University named him one of fifty "outstanding contributors" over a five-decade period. In 1995 the Ministry of Culture and Sports of the Republic of Korea entered into an agreement with the University of California, Berkeley that provided one million dollars to continue "the excellence of, and to maintain, the martial arts program at the University for future generations," honoring Ken Min's lifetime achieve-

Martial Arts Endowment recognition gathering: Ernie Notar, Chancellor Tien, Dr. Un Yong Kim, Vice Chancellor Laetsch, Grand Master Jong Woo Kim, Dr. Ken Min. *UCMAP.*

ments and his commitment to "the development of Korean culture and sports internationally through the students, faculty, staff, and visiting scholars at the University."[16]

In 2002 he received from the Republic of Korea a Certificate of National Decoration for his "dedication, commitment, and outstanding contribution to the development of Korean society." Congratulating Dr. Min on his receipt of this award, Chancellor Robert Berdahl pointed to his "pivotal role in fostering great collaboration" between Korea and the United States as a "source of pride for all of us at Cal."[17] Although officially "retired," Ken Min continues to give exemplary service to the university and its students as well as to the nation and the world.

ENDNOTES

I thank Dr. Ken Min for his many decades of exemplary contributions and Dr. Russell Ahn for his contributions and kind assistance.

1 UCMAP. *Thirtieth Anniversary Commemorative Book* (1999), 78.

2 Daniel Coit Gilman, *The Building of the University: An Inaugural Address Delivered at Oakland, Nov. 7th, 1872* (San Francisco: John H. Carmany and Co., 1872), 27-29.

3 Benjamin Ide Wheeler, "The University of California and Its Future," *The Land of Sunshine: The Magazine of California and the West,* 12:1 (1899), 4-9.

4 "R. Henry Stone: Father of American Judo," *Judo USA: Official Magazine of the United States Judo Federation,* 4:1 (1978), 6.

5 "New Cal Wrestling Coach Uchida Takes Over as Tomaras Leaves," *Daily Californian,* July 14,1961.

6 Request Official Travel Title, August 8, 1966. (Hearst Gymnasium Historical Collections [hereinafter HGHC].)

7 George L. Wilson to D. B. Van Dalen, December 6, 1996. (HGHC.)

8 University of California Martial Arts Program, *22nd Annual U. C. Open Taekwondo Championships, April 13, 1991* (program), 70-74.

9 Ken Min, "Greetings," *30th Annual National Collegiate Taekwondo Championships, University of California, Berkeley, April 15-16, 2005,* 26.

10 "Cal Tae Kwon Do Squad Earns Medals, Learns Values," *Daily Californian,* March 14, 2005, 1-2.

11 Brian Chi, "The Divergence of Taekwondo Schools Within a Single Art," *Program, Thirty-fourth Annual Taekwondo Championships, University of California, Haas Pavilion, March 22, 2003,* 28-36.

12 Ken Min, "Martial Arts in the American Educational Setting," *Quest,* 31:1 (1979), 97-106.

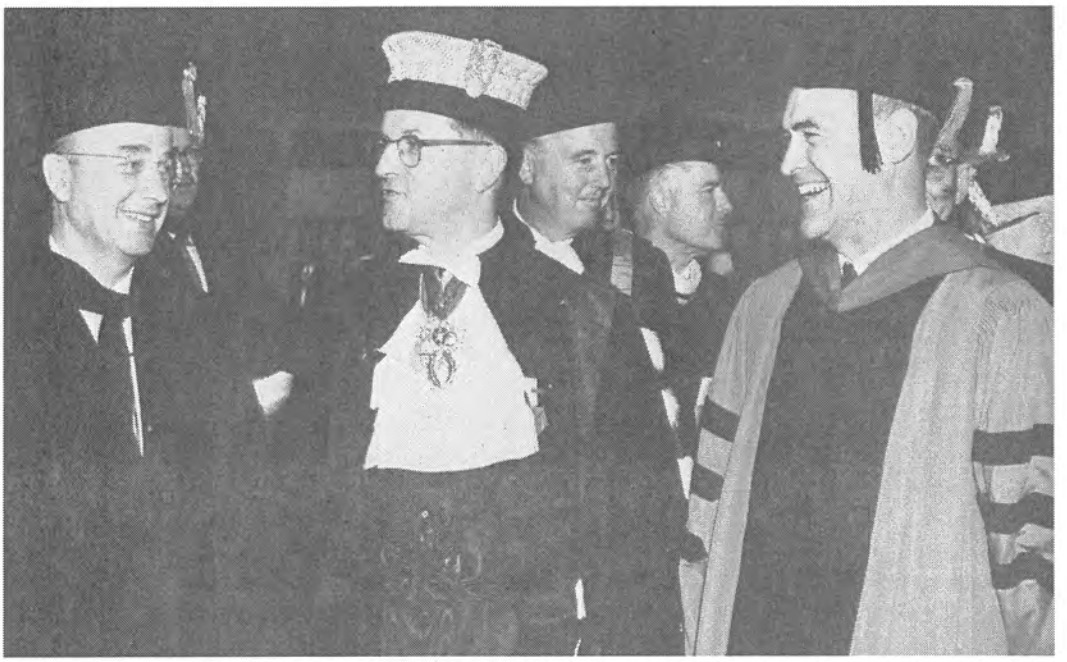
13 "Taekwondo at the University of California, Berkeley–1969-1994." (Printed report, HGHC.)

14 "Forword," *Journal of Martial Arts Studies,* 6 (2004), iii-iv.

15 Rick Vierra, "Kids, Community, and the Martial Arts," *Program, Thirty-fourth Annual Taekwondo Championships, University of California, Haas Pavilion, March 22, 2003,* 40-50.

16 Agreement for The Republic of Korea Endowment for Taekwondo and Other Martial Arts Program in Honor of Dr. Ken Min Between the Ministry of Culture and Sports of The Republic of Korea and the University of California at Berkeley, signed by Choo Don-shik, Minister, and Chang-Lin Tien, Chancellor (copy in HGHC).

17 Letter from Robert M. Berdahl to Dr. Kyungho Min, March 7, 2003. *Physical Education Program records.*



Opening of first Education Abroad center in Bordeaux, France, in 1962. President Clark Kerr, Bordeaux Rector Jean Babin, and Santa Barbara Chancellor Vernon Cheadle. *Pictorial History of the University of California* (1968).

REVIEWS

The Global Campus: Education Abroad and the University of California
William H. Allaway
Berkeley: Institute of Governmental Studies Press, University of California Press, 2003.
342 pp., illus.

This is another volume in the series of the Clark Kerr Memoirs Project: it has an Acknowledgement by Kerr and a Foreword by Neil Smelser. The author, Bill Allaway, who wrote the original text in 1969 for the university centennial (adding an update in1989-1990 and another in 2001) was the first and founding director, (from 1961 to 1989) of the Education Abroad Program (always referred to as EAP). From the beginning, Allaway wanted it to differ from the classic Junior Year Abroad that was the model for Stanford's program of having home-campus students taught by home-campus professors, in English, at a foreign university. He wanted the University of California students taught in the local language in the local university's classes.

Allaway's own career had involved him with Europe and that is where the first EAP "study centers" as they came to be called were established, initially in Bordeaux, then Goettingen, Padua, and Madrid. In the second year of EAP, 1963, now headquartered on the UC Santa Barbara campus, 175 students from nearly all the UC campuses went "abroad." From then on new study centers in Europe, the Middle East, Latin America, South and Southeast Asia, were inaugurated almost yearly until, by 2000, 33 countries had one or more study centers and about 2,700 University of California students attended them each year. Allaway obviously did a great deal of traveling, handshaking, pep-talking, ribbon-cutting, and cajoling of recalcitrant finance committees, but kept it all going and, one thinks, sincerely felt it to be a "great privilege."

Neil Smelser, William Allaway, and Henry Weaver at Allaway's retirement party.

Among his other problems Allaway cites the often conflicting and confusing rules about student degree requirements at the various campuses and, very simply, grading systems. Procuring student housing was never easy, and the changing roles of the University of California faculty member directors as originally in loco parentis, but hardly so after the revolutions of the 1960s, needed constant attention. Throughout EAP's history, the demands vs. the possibilities of language acquisition has been a thorny problem: in France the student must have passed two years of college French with a B average;

in Norway, the student has a full summer of intensive language study; in Israel and China, classes are given in English, and so on.

Because the history of EAP is his history, Allaway cannot tell us an entirely frank story that at any point would show himself in a bad light; at the same time he cannot snap at the heels of the university bureaucrats he had to deal with. But gently, as in the case of the budget committee decision in 1989 to require more, and more frequent, assessments of his programs, he comments "At the same time it added in a substantial way to program costs because of the extent to which continuous consultation and program review would need to be carried on" (p. 149). Our author, not hero, but hardly villain, has told a credible story about an honorable chapter in the university's history.

—*Carroll Brentano*

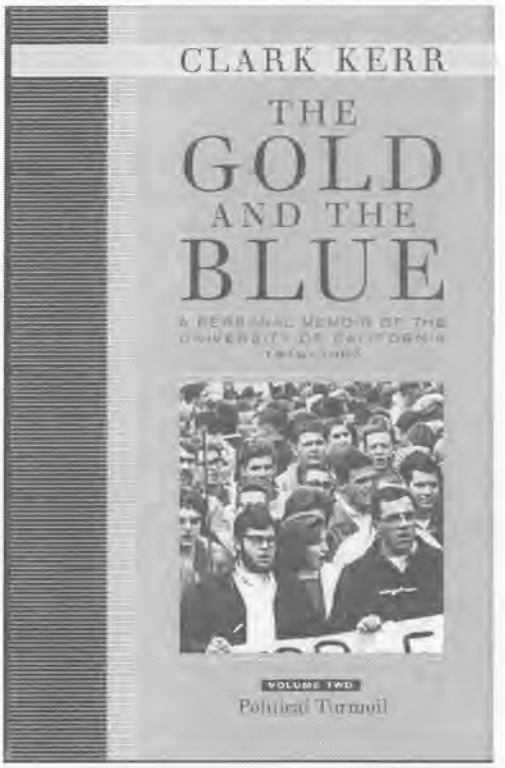
The Gold and Blue: A Personal Memoir of the University of California, 1949-1967. Volume Two, Political Turmoil
Clark Kerr
Berkeley: The University of California Press, 2003. 427 pp, illus.

The Gold and the Blue is the name of Clark Kerr's two volume "Personal Memoir of the University of California 1949-1967." The first volume, subtitled "Academic Triumphs," described the extraordinary transformations of the University of California, and indeed of California higher education, during the two decades of the 1950s and 1960s when Kerr served first as chancellor of the Berkeley campus and then as president of the university as it became the nine campus multiversity that he both created and described.

This second volume, subtitled "Political Turmoil," is altogether a much darker story. Indeed, while writing it, he joked with his colleagues that if the memoir as a whole was

Clark Kerr addressing crowd at Greek Theatre, December 7, 1964.
University Archives (UARC PIC 24B:1).

called "The Gold and the Blue," he was tempted to subtitle this volume "The Black and Blue."



The volume deals in depth with three major "episodes" in the life of the university during the years of Kerr's leadership: the California oath controversy; the history of student conflict on the Berkeley campus, with the Free Speech Movement uprising at the heart of it; and the backlash which led to Kerr being fired by the Board of Regents on the initiative of then Governor Reagan. It is introduced by an elegant and illuminating essay by Neil Smelser, who was both an observer and actor in many of the events discussed in this volume and who also wrote the introduction to the first volume of these memoirs.

Kerr's role in the oath controversy, which projected him into leadership on the Berkeley campus and then to becoming its first chancellor and eventually university president, has been told by others, most notably by David Gardner. (David Gardner, *The California Oath Controversy*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967.)

But Kerr's perspective inevitably adds detail and dimension to the unhappy story of the impact of the fears of communists and of communism in higher education during the McCarthy era. In Kerr's view, the alliances and enemies made during that period had large consequences for the seemingly unrelated events that followed, notably the Free Speech Movement on the Berkeley campus and the firing of Kerr from the presidency of the university that followed a few years later.

One example of the way that the oath controversy shaped Kerr's future emerges in his relations with Edward Pauley. The volume as a whole has very few genuine villains, but one actor who comes close to appearing that way in Kerr's memoirs was Pauley, an immensely powerful senior member of the Board of Regents and a man for whom his power on the board as elsewhere was central to his ambition. Kerr thwarted those ambitions on a number of occasions, perhaps most decisively in defeating Pauley's presumption that he would hold the chairmanship of the board during his lifetime, or at least for an extended period as had been the case for previous board chairmen.

Thus, early in his presidency, Kerr had inadvertently created a powerful and implacable enemy who chose as his weapon of attack on Kerr the issue of anticommunism. As implausible as it may appear today, Pauley fixed in his mind that "Kerr was either a communist or a communist follower and should be fired" (p. 71). The belief that Kerr was a communist or friend of communists was shared by others both in state government and the university and was also shared by informers, including Pauley, with a friendly and attentive FBI. The basis for these charges was of course flimsy and fabricated but lodged firmly in the files of the FBI and difficult to prove false. (At one crucial point, Kerr saved himself and his job by being able to produce a bill of clean political health from the CIA, where he had a friend.) By using those files, finally opened to the press in 2002 and available to him then for the first time, Kerr is able to describe and document the forms that these attacks on him took.

The early chapters introduce what Kerr sees as the central theme of the period he covers and of this volume: "the politicization of the university: how the oath controversy politicized the Board of Regents and the Berkeley faculty, how the state Senate (Burns) Committee on Un-American Activities politicized the position of the presidency of the university, and how the Free Speech Movement (FSM) politicized the student body and the faculty at Berkeley" (p. xxviii). One can hear the pain in these words; no one could have feared more than Kerr the politicization of the university or could better anticipate the damage it would do to the institution that he loved and to higher education more generally.

The two volumes are not in the usual sense an autobiography. They almost wholly exclude reference to his family or to any other parts of his full life outside his roles in the university. It is the story of the university through his eyes. But inevitably, inescapably, that story gives glimpses of the man behind the office. Kerr was a very private person and rarely showed his feelings. Indeed he fought the influence of emotions—his own or others'—in the affairs of the university. His guiding principles were reason and evidence, and he carried those principles into all the events that he describes, charged as they were by the passions of the other actors who did not try as hard as Kerr to keep them under control. This leads between the lines of the text to evidence of the frustration he must have caused his antagonists—students, demonstrators, administrators, regents, politicians; as hard as they tried, they could not break through his self-control. Kerr rarely tells us about his feelings (or theirs) beyond those that advance the story he is telling, and that story is mostly about actions and not feelings.

Indeed, Kerr's discussion of those events shows less interest in justifying his own decisions and actions than it does his intense interest in understanding the views of his antagonists. And in his search for understanding his antagonists, he leaned far over to refrain from condemning them. He knew that allowing himself to express his feelings would make more difficult an understanding of his adversaries. Both his temperament and his experience as a labor mediator taught him the importance of trying to see the world through the eyes of antagonists and of taking their views and interests seriously in a search for compromise. His comments on the FSM leadership, its actions, verbal abuse, and repeated abrogation of agreements they had made with him or other university officials are remarkably mild, even after "the seizure of control by more radical leaders" (p. 202). What might have been understandable anger and indignation was muffled by his deep commitment to his efforts to achieve reasoned understanding.

His sections on the FSM and Berkeley's travail are preceded by a scholarly chapter on "Youth Uprisings Around the World," which placed the Berkeley events in an historical and comparative context, linking it both to the enormous growth in the size of universities after World War II and to the civil rights movement. That capacity to objectify the student movements, to see them, as we used to say, in world-historical terms, helped him keep his own perspectives on them cooler, less emotional, more rational. His own experience as a civil rights activist in the thirties and his strong identification with the civil rights movement of the sixties gave him, as he himself says, a measure of understanding beyond that of most university presidents of student movements, their social and historical sources and even some degree of sympathy with the student uprising at Berkeley.

Of course he did not approve of the FSM's irrational and self-destructive side, but the tone of his comments on the students (and nonstudents) who were rebelling against his authority, and authority more generally, was more one of sorrow than of anger. Did they not realize what damage they are doing to the university? He could not really imagine, or accept, that for some of the leaders injury to the university as then constituted was in fact their intention. They had in mind, and indeed publicly urged, a much more radical trans-

formation of this institution than he knew or was prepared to acknowledge as more than conventional radical rhetoric, part of their negotiating strategy. And that imbalance between their intentions and his understanding of their intentions led to some of the difficulties he faced in dealing with the movement.

But Kerr would not make the student movement his enemy, even after one of its leaders argued "that the enemy [i.e. Kerr and the authority he represented] must be viewed as monolithic. This is not a rational conclusion but a tactical decision" (p. 202). However they defined him, Kerr never allowed the student activists to become for him "the enemy." And that also surely reflects his strong Quaker identification, which he had embraced while a student at Swarthmore College.

Kerr's sharpest words of criticism regarding this whole episode are reserved for himself, then for Berkeley chancellor Edward Strong and some senior administrators, and for some of the faculty leadership that he felt undermined his efforts to develop a moderate and centrist solution. He develops the story of the FSM at Berkeley in some detail over 168 pages of a volume of 330 pages, not counting appended documents and notes. Throughout that long section one hears a man almost desperately trying to get it right, reminding the reader (and himself) that "I shall hope to be more concerned with explanations than with blame. Many mistakes were made, including my own" (p. 162). Of all the mistakes made during those events he is most severe on his own "great blunder, one that I have regretted ever since and always will" (p. 161) in not reversing the decision made by Chancellor Strong and Strong's colleagues in September of 1964 to revoke "the Sather Gate tradition," which had allowed political and social advocacy on a small area on Bancroft Way thought to be just outside the jurisdiction of the university and therefore not subject to the universitywide prohibition of political advocacy and fund-raising within its precincts.

Kerr's discussion of the FSM and the university's responses to it must be read by anyone who wants to understand those complicated events. The events themselves have been transformed into an heroic epic by those who took part as activists and leaders, both among the students and their supportive faculty. Their version of the FSM, embodied recently in the form of essays by activist students and faculty leaders, has achieved a canonical status and has been prudently accepted as the true account of those events by more recent chancellors who were not at Berkeley during those years. Kerr's accounts, here and in his contribution to the volume produced by that leadership (Robert Cohen and Reginald Zelnick, eds., *The Free Speech Movement: Reflections on Berkeley in the 1960s*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002), are salutary correctives to what is now a hallowed myth beyond correction.

I was present on the campus during these events, intensely involved as were many faculty members at the time, though I did not take a leading role in them. As a member of the Department of Sociology, several of whose members did take leading roles, I was on the periphery of the events that Kerr describes and realized while reading these memoirs how little someone like myself at the time could have known about the swirling forces and currents set off by the FSM, involving not just the activist students, but other groups of students, various factions of faculty, the regents, local politicians, the governor, as well as the effects of the continuing tensions between Kerr and Chancellor Strong.

Chancellor Strong, whom Kerr had appointed to the post and whom he praises for intelligence and integrity if not judgment, resisted Kerr's initiatives steadily until he was finally dismissed by the regents in December 1964, fully four months after the fateful decision to tie down the safety valve of the strip of pavement on Bancroft. But you would hardly guess from Kerr's accounts how frustrating Strong's actions must have been for him, both Strong's decisions on campus and his energetic efforts behind the scenes to have Kerr dismissed by the regents. Kerr would not make Strong his enemy either. It was not that he was indifferent

to attack or well armored against it from whatever quarter. These memoirs give plenty of evidence of how easily he could be hurt, especially by charges against him that he believed were factually untrue or distorted the truth. He would and could defend himself; he would not strike back.

In his painful soul-searching for grounds to blame himself for his contribution to the events of the fall 1964, the most poignant is surely his regret for affirming "for too long" deeply held values that he had held, and despite his denial, continued to hold all his life, whatever the outcome of the FSM uprising.

"I held on too long (until the November meeting of the regents) to my antipathy to use of university property for political advocacy, although I had supported use of adjacent city and private property for these purposes. I held on too long to the model of the university as a sanctuary for the discovery and the dissemination of knowledge against the interference of political advocacy. . . . I also held on too long and too firmly to what Edward Shils once called the 'inherent commitment' of the university: 'Universities have a distinctive task. It is the methodical discovery and the teaching of truths about serious and important things. . . . But to think of universities as centres of political agitation is to assign to them a responsibility which properly belongs to political parties, not to universities'" (p. 237).

In this memoir Kerr does not abandon these values; he merely confesses that they had been defeated. By contrast with his experience in industrial relations, "where both parties were rational and experienced, and both were pressured by the potential heavy costs of a strike. . . . I did not then [during the FSM] realize how different the academic situation could become, with more passionate participants who expected and were promised that their actions would be cost-free, without academic penalty" (p. 237). Through the voice of Shils, he reminds us of what we (as well as he) lost in the "victory" of the FSM.

In the immediate aftermath of the FSM, political advocacy, under nominal constraints of rules governing the "time, place and manner" of that advocacy, then came on to the campus and initially moved perhaps only a hundred yards onto Sproul Hall Plaza. But in the next several years, driven by the fierce sentiments swirling around the Vietnam war, political advocacy spread all over the campus and migrated into the classrooms, where it rests now with the full approval of senior administrators and the Academic Senate. (See M. Trow, "California Redefines Academic Freedom," *Academic Questions*, Summer 2003, 16:3, 36-48). Kerr wanted very much to believe that despite the turmoil and errors of the FSM, including his own, the moderates in the faculty and the regents finally prevailed around a set of compromises that (temporarily) restored peace and learning to the campus. His last word on the whole episode was that "by December 1966 the center had held and the university was in improving condition" (p. 279). Kerr very much wanted to believe that moderation and compromise had won; that the center had held. If the "victory" was illusory and temporary, what had it all been for?

Clark Kerr was the least theatrical of men and an inexhaustible source of hope tempered by prudence and realistic assessments of future developments in the worlds he knew. He knew several worlds well, best and most deeply the worlds of higher education. But he was constitutionally unable to dramatize situations beyond their cool substance. Those of us who saw him at the ill-fated meeting in Berkeley's Greek Theatre in December 1964 knew how he tried to drain the drama out of that intrinsically dramatic occasion and make it a place and occasion for an appeal to the whole community for calm, for moderation, for reason and compromise. Kerr was the anti-charismatic leader; he would reject, in calm tones, any imputation that he had been anointed of any divinity to bring a message or to lead. Mario Savio, by seizing the microphone on that day and (predictably) being assaulted by burly policemen, put drama back into that meeting. Savio was the charismatic leader of the FSM;

most of his colleagues were faceless organizers learning how to mobilize groups and manage mass meetings to prearranged outcomes.

The FSM and its eventual triumph was a tragedy, if not for the university then for Clark Kerr and his conceptions of the true nature of the university. But the final episodes, which led to his being fired from the presidency, were not at all a tragedy for Kerr. He left office "smelling like roses," assured of the support of the university community, for many out of respect and appreciation for his achievements, for some out of hostility toward Reagan and his political allies on and off the regents. And that support, and the respect and gratitude that informed it, led to the many honors the university bestowed on him after his leaving it, the creation of the Clark Kerr campus at Berkeley only the most notable. But the events leading up to his being fired, which he recounts in detail, make dismal reading.

Kerr had made enemies in his career, starting with his having helped find a way out of the loyalty oath controversy—a defeat for some of the most conservative regents that they never forgot. And that surely contributed to the emergence of the majority on the board that fired Kerr in January 1967.

That majority would probably not have emerged without the strong pressures of newly elected Governor Reagan, who made firing Kerr a central element in his relations with the university. The process by which these sentiments resulted in Kerr's dismissal, and the details of the relationships between Kerr and individual regents, and of individual regents with one another, are complicated in the way such relationships usually are and are laid out here in painful detail. Kerr knew soon after Reagan's landslide election that Reagan wanted him out of that office, that the votes on the board were against him, and that his dismissal was inevitable. He chose to be fired rather than to resign to make the point that "the Board of Regents had an obligation and an opportunity to justify its constitutional independence by not instantly and abjectly following the orders of a new governor. . ." (p. 301). But having stated that principle, Kerr characteristically follows it by outlining the grounds on which the regents "properly" dismissed him, a popular and successful university president, as a way of defending the university in the face of the settled wishes of an even more widely popular governor who "controls the budget and embodies the views of the electorate" (p. 301). Kerr's refusal to resign forced the board's actions to be, and be seen to be, the crudely political act that it was. The response, both in the state and by succeeding boards of regents, has made such intervention by a sitting governor against a president of the University of California less likely. It has not happened again in the nearly forty years since Kerr was fired.

By choosing to organize his memoirs in two volumes which separated the record of his achievements from the story of his difficulties in the face of "political turmoil," Kerr somewhat blurs our understanding of those events. In this volume, we forget that this generally sad litany of apparent failure took place in the context of enormous success; we hear so much more about the difficulties and failures than the successes that the reader can easily forget how Kerr must have been buoyed during these years by his own sense of accomplishment and by the testimony of many inside and outside the university of how creative and successful he was.

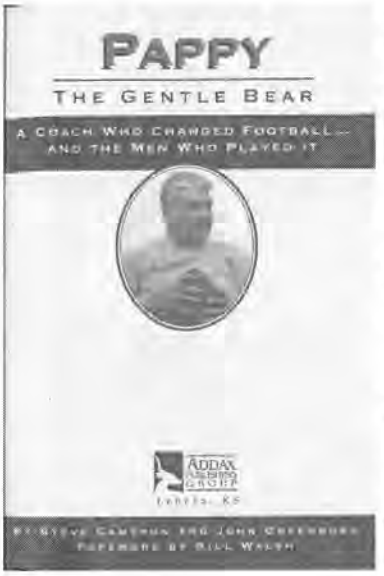
Clark Kerr was indisputably the most distinguished and successful American university president in the twentieth century. But one would not know that from this volume; indeed, the reader has to keep reminding himself to put these quite serious difficulties in perspective.

When we do put the events chronicled and analyzed in this volume into that perspective, we realize how his enormous achievements—among them the California Master Plan, the building of three new campuses and the transformation of four old campuses, the development of a balance of uniformities and diversities among those campuses, the achievement of high levels of academic strength throughout the system, and the creation of an administrative

system that held them all together that became the envy of the world—were accomplished in the context of levels of strife and conflict within the university that we have not seen since the early 1970s. This volume can be read with profit by all those interested in the University of California and in higher education more widely. But it needs to be read with the first volume in hand or mind. By itself it only provides half the story—the gloomier half—of these years during which Clark Kerr made his enormous impact on the shape and future of the University of California.

Reviewer's Note: I came to know Kerr during and after his years as chairman of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education and its successor, the Carnegie Council, first as director of its national surveys of higher education and then as a member of his advisory committee in both of these Carnegie organizations. We shared a professional interest in the nature of higher education, here and abroad. Kerr was a warm supporter and active participant in the work of the Center for Studies in Higher Education during my term as its director and afterwards.

—*Martin Trow*



Pappy, The Gentle Bear: A Coach Who Changed Football and The Men Who Played It
Steve Cameron and John Greenburg
Lexera, Ks: Addax Publishing Group, 1999. 239 pp.

"Football is as cerebral a game as chess. Opponents need to master strategy, be able to confuse and confound opponents and keep dozens of moves in their heads." Lynn "Pappy" Waldorf added another element—practice, practice, practice.

In *Pappy, The Gentle Bear,* "Pappy," the mid-20th century football coach of the Cal Bears, emerges as one who stressed fundamentals with his players. Running, blocking, tackling were all essentials and practiced to the point of becoming instinctive, so much so that time could be given to the art of playing the game to win.

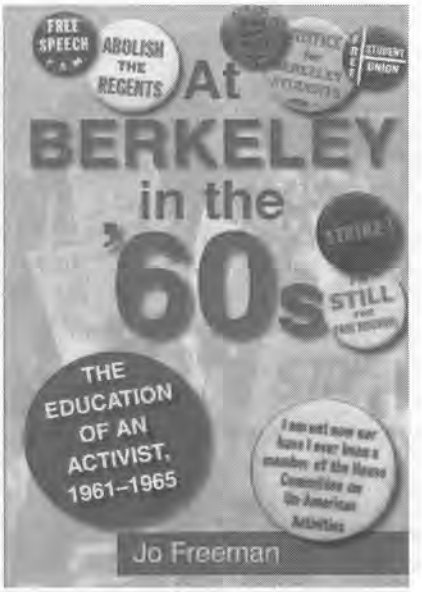
For anyone who attended Cal between 1947 and 1956, the book is an exercise in nostalgia with its almost play-by-play recounting of the winning games played by "Pappy's Boys," his contingent of legendary players, some of whom made names for themselves in professional football, all of whom led successful and rewarding lives. Later, those same players and staff along with friends and family who had been on scene at the time organized officially as an authorized Alumni Club under that name in honor and memory of Pappy.

But the book is more than just a walk down memory lane for Old Blues. It traces Pappy's life from the earliest influences of his preacher father and then presents the later ones of his wife, daughters, friends and coaching colleagues. Seen against this backdrop, Pappy is an original, a consummate football strategist whose style is still seen in games played today. His legacy reaches beyond the college gridiron into the ranks of the National Football League where Pappy spent several years, following his retirement from coaching, as a scout for the San Francisco Forty Niners.

A serious student of the game should refer to Pappy's own book, *This Game of Football* (1952). For firsthand reminiscences, read *The Rose Bowl Years: A Legacy of Winning* by Pappy's Boys (1996). But for a comprehensive review of Pappy's career and the influences that shaped it, this book does it well.

—*Arville Finacom*

At Berkeley in the Sixties: The Education of an Activist, 1961-1965
Jo Freeman
Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2003. 396 pp., illus.



Jo Freeman came to the University of California, Berkeley as a freshman in the fall of 1961—a time when the university still acted in loco parentis on many issues and when relatively few students thought of challenging that assumption. Freeman had always been encouraged towards independence. Her education begins by discussing the effects earlier struggles had on her—the civil rights movement in the South, the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in San Francisco, fair housing issues in Berkeley—so that even when she first arrived in Berkeley her inclination was to seek out like-minded individuals and organizations. The only group she joined immediately, however, was the University Young Democrats.

Soon the struggle that various student political groups faced in being able to promote their causes on campus captured her interest. SLATE was one of the earliest of these to come to the notice of the administration, and Freeman devotes quite a number of pages to its vicissitudes. The most important campus movement during her four years at Berkeley was the Free Speech Movement, here described in a detail available only to a participant. Against the background of documents and oral histories of administrative figures, Freeman presents her own view of events in a coherent manner. Her conclusions about the FSM are perhaps somewhat controversial, but she presents them with utmost care and persuasion.

In addition, Freeman discusses her participation in other events of the period, such as discrimination in labor hiring protests in San Francisco (the Palace Hotel and Auto Row sit-ins). Also included are chapters on Freeman's summer activities in Washington, DC, and her attendance at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City. She recalls her own perceptions of these various events but accompanies them with a thorough and useful historical analysis.

Occasionally Freeman indulges in a bit too much introspection or theorizing; for example, she spends a great deal of time examining the issue of civil disobedience in response to the possibility of being arrested for the first time at a sit-in in San Francisco. However, Freeman, who has won awards for her writings on social movements, presents in clear fashion the early sixties, their historical antecedents and some of their later impacts. Written in the form of a memoir, this personal account of a person finding her political voice and acting upon it is also a fact-filled work and a solid piece of research.

—*William Roberts*

Letters from College, 1917-1921: Perspectives of a Woman Student at U.C. Berkeley during and after World War I
Agnes Edwards Partin. Edited by Grace E. Partin Moremen.
Lewiston, NY: The Edwin Mellen Press, in press. Illus.

> ***Well, I think you do write awfully good letters—I'm glad you like mine—do you save them? Because sometime, I might like to read them to see what I was doing.***

In mid-August of 1917 a young woman, Agnes Edwards, from the Imperial Valley of southern California arrived in Berkeley to register as a freshman at Cal and on her second day addressed her first letter back home to her ranching family at Brawley:

> Miss S. took me downtown yesterday afternoon & I transacted my banking business. Also bought a pair of shoes, look almost like boys' shoes, are very nice looking and good and stout—paid $5.00 for them & got an extra pair of laces & a ticket for ten free shines with it.

And thus began the flow of correspondence over a period of four and one-half years, now edited by her daughter, Grace Moremen, and presented in this well-illustrated format.

The youngest of four children and the first in her family to attend college, Agnes was successful in being self-supporting, working primarily in the Office of Summer Sessions in California Hall. She was fortunate in her initial housing at Mrs. Allen's on Piedmont Avenue, which stood on the present site of International House. It was only a short walk to her classes in the brand-new Wheeler Hall and to the women's gymnasium, a monumental Bernard Maybeck redwood structure, the gift of the university's first woman regent, Phoebe Apperson Hearst. At Mrs. Allen's house she encountered several "modern conveniences":


Agnes Edwards, 1921.

> Since I began this letter I have done a washing. . . . There are stationary tubs in the back hall, & lots of hot water—it makes it very easy. How I do wish you could live in a house with conveniences, such as this has. Really I'm crazy about Berkeley. Do wish we could live here.

The Class of 1921, Agnes wrote, was relatively small: "There are *only* about 2000 freshmen—mostly girls." She was excited to be among them. "I don't want to miss any more fun than I can help, but after I start to work it's just about going to take up all my time.... Will work from 2 until 6 on Mon. Wed. & Fri. and as long Saturdays as possible. They pay about 30 [cents] an hour, I believe." Go to it, one silently says, and go she did. And in four years, taking a full schedule of classes, working throughout the year for more than half-time, being chosen for Alpha Gamma Delta sorority, in which she served in many official roles, a member of the Mandolin & Guitar Club, dancing in Harmon Gymnasium

and at fraternity houses, even tutoring a visiting Russian boy who had escaped from the Bolshevik Revolution of 1918, Agnes, by the time of her graduation, had an almost solid record of As, with but twelve units of Bs. Amazing, and don't we all say that! And:

> Mary & I got up at 5:30 Sat. morning & played tennis for an hour before breakfast & my arm is sore as a boil. . . . The courts are the classiest things—all cement, & enclosed by high wire fences. Am hoping I'll learn how to play. But I never was so busy before in my life. This business of studying, working, exercising & holding up the social end is just as bad as I've always heard it was.
>
> ***A fountain pen is an absolute necessity here. Almost every girl has a wrist watch, too.***

Agnes's initiation into Alpha Gamma Delta was celebrated at the banquet on October 13, 1917:

> At one of the Berkeley hotels. There were over 40 girls, all in evening clothes—and that means real ones like you see in pictures—and the tables were beautifully decorated with red and buff ribbons and roses. Red, buff and green are the Sorority colors. We had a swell banquet too—fruit cocktail, consommé, sand-dabs (they are small fish) fried in butter with julienne potatoes, roast chicken, dressing and mashed potatoes, tomatoes stuffed with something which was awfully good, ice cream and cake and black coffee. . . . Then we went back to the house and danced till nearly 12—just us girls, and we certainly did have fun. They're all such jolly, unaffected, open-hearted girls.

And Agnes adds, "and before I go any further I must tell you how much I weigh. A whole 101."

The first year and a half of her college life paralleled the war in Europe, the last days of which saw the pandemic of the Spanish flu, when students in Berkeley (and elsewhere in the country) donned gauze masks to attend classes; all social activities were cancelled, and even so there were numerous deaths. Under the mentorship of her Summer Sessions deans, Walter Morris Hart and Guy Montgomery, both of the Department of English, Agnes was encouraged in her studies: aside from her brilliant intellectual achievements she had the good fortune to be an expert stenographer and typist, not only completing her office duties but also being asked to assist faculty members in secretarial chores—at welcome additional pay. This allowed her to budget her expenditures carefully, providing for the purchase of necessary clothing, in many cases only the fabric, which her skill with needle and machine made possible. (The splendid illustrations accompanying the text give credence to these achievements sartorial.) Every penny was a significant expenditure: "I'm going to try to get all my letters answered before Nov. 1st [1917], it will surely break me up to buy 3 cent stamps." [An emergency 1¢ World War I increase in postage went into effect on November 1, 1917.]

> November 11, 1917: three months in college, and you can never guess what happened to me the other day. Mr. Montgomery said he wanted to see me after class, & I was very much surprised—couldn't imagine what I'd done.

> He asked me if I intended to be a teacher—I said no, not exactly. And he said that every year the dept. of Eng. sends in the names of some who showed ability in English to the appointment bureau, & he had sent mine in as one who might make a *good teacher* of English.

Young Agnes was indeed making her mark at Cal. And during the following semester she tells her parents about her courses:

> I have French at 8 o'clock every morning but Saturday.... Then on Mon. Wed. & Fri. at nine I have English.... At 10 Mon. Wed. & Fri. I have the lecture in Astronomy.... Tues & Thurs. at 10 I have gym.... At 11 every day I'm to come to the office. Then at 1 I have Spanish.... I'm free every afternoon from 2 o'clock, & all day Saturday. I'm so glad I haven't any Saturday classes, because it spoiled every Friday night last term.

And in the midst of the "floo" season she turned twenty!

Then there were the glorious hikes, into Strawberry Canyon, and out Tunnel Road to the high range that separated Berkeley from the wilds of Contra Costa County—"every little canyon has a stream with such cold, clear water, & there are live oaks & pine & cedar trees." She also relished hiking to the top of Mt. Tamalpais across the bay. Agnes attended the university's Semi-Centennial celebration in the Greek Theatre, which drew delegates from "Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Stanford, U. of Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Missouri, Wisconsin, & lots of others. . . . I think it was the prettiest, most solemn & most inspiring scene I've ever witnessed." And in September of 1919 she sat again in the Greek to listen to President Woodrow Wilson who "looked very tired & his hair is almost white," just a few weeks before his total collapse from a stroke. All of this interspersed with queries about members of her family in the Imperial Valley, and hopes that she may be able to visit with them soon. But with her slender means, traveling to southern California, by train, would have been financially impossible. And Summer Session staff business was a year-round affair, not only for Berkeley but also for Los Angeles.

Agnes and friend wearing gauze masks during flu epidemic, 1918.

> The Dean had one of his very unusual streaks & dictated for about 3 hours steady—I worked on his letters till 5:30 & then typed on a paper for a girl until 7:30. . . . Tomorrow morning I have to be over there by 8 to finish up this paper, & then I still have a number of letters for the dean, & they have turned the filing over to me & there's a lot of that to do. Besides answering the phone & people's foolish questions & supervising the girls who are addressing & sending out the Bulletins—oh, I'm a busy dame.

In August of 1919 Cal welcomed its largest-ever student body, almost 10,000. In her junior year Agnes wrote:


Agnes in the Senior Extravaganza, May 1921.

> Had to part with $5 last week—nearly broke my heart, but it couldn't be helped. There is a campaign on to raise $75,000 among the students to help build a Students' Union—a big building where all of our activities can be centralized. The [Daily] Cal office, the B. & G.'s [Blue and Gold] office, committee rooms, the students' store, would be in it, as well as an auditorium that could be used for dances, etc. It would replace old Harmon Gym, which is more or less a barn. I don't think they'll get the $75,000, but they'll probably get enough [so] that the building can be begun. I had tho't that now the war was over I could maybe bye and bye spend some money on myself, but when they put it up to you that the building is to be a memorial to our retiring President Wheeler & to the boys that are represented by the gold stars in our service flag, there's simply nothing to do but give.

As she summed up:

> Now you can see how I manage my own money—I'd never feel right again using that earned by someone else. And besides, I enjoy keeping track of it & telling you about it, while if you were the kind of the family that kept asking about it, like as not I wouldn't tell. That's Edwards stubborn-ness & Scotch firmness.
>
> ***I guess that in my case college has opened up too many things instead of not enough.***

Her academic career registered a string of successes in the classroom—she was awarded a Phoebe Apperson Hearst Scholarship, "the very highest which a girl can get," $500, for her senior year. And, she achieved all As, except for those twelve units of Bs. In addition she was "dumbfounded" when told by Guy Montgomery, one of her Summer Sessions deans, "Miss Edwards, I have arranged for your to take two or three sections in English 1x instead of reading, if you are willing." This meant an additional $2.00 an hour! Of course she had all 57 blue books to grade, in addition to teaching. One of her professors, Chauncey Wetmore Wells, wrote on her critique of *Hereward the Wake*, "another little masterpiece." (Another of her essays for Wells, on *War and Peace*, is reproduced in this volume as Appendix III.) And in her senior year she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, bringing further glory to Alpha Gamma Delta. Her "sheepskin" records her degree comes with "highest honors" in English.

At the beginning of her last semester at Berkeley, Agnes wrote about Dean Hart's chat with her:

> He asked if I had ever thought of taking the doctor's degree & becoming a professor, & seemed to think that was quite the best thing. I told him I would like to spend a year in the east, & he said he'd be very glad to do anything he

> could for me at any of the eastern universities. He said my family was surely unselfish & that if I belonged to him he'd never let me go.

And Agnes cleanly summed up her four years at Berkeley:

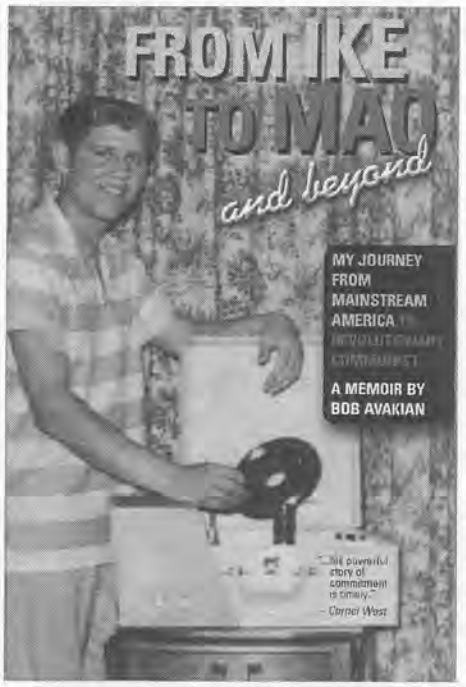
> Really, I'm beginning seriously to wonder whether what I've done has been worth while. I've been away from home, where I could have been helping, for 4 years. I could have been earning enough money to help the folks & do other things, & in stead[sic] have been making enough to support myself. I don't know just what I expected to get out of college, & I don't know that I've gotten what I did expect. I wanted experience, I wanted to learn many many things, I wanted to meet new people, I wanted to acquire "savoir faire," perhaps, more than anything else.... I've gotten 12 units of 2's and all the rest 1's [that is, Bs and As] since I've been in college, yet I don't honestly feel that I've learned a thing. . . . And now I must admit that in the office I've learned more than I did in the courses from which I expected so much. I feel disappointed, thwarted, with an overwhelming sense of my loss. There are so many wonderful things about college, & in so many ways I have come thro' without being even touched by them.
>
> ***It makes me furious when well-meaning friends tell me that I ought to take a "rest" next year. My word, I haven't gone thro' college in order to be able to rest, but to be able to work.***

Agnes Edwards's sterling career at Berkeley, and its documentation in these fresh and exciting and growingly-mature letters, led to her long and happy life. Following her graduation in May of 1921 and the trip with her mother to the east coast, which Agnes totally financed, she spent several years as an editorial assistant in a Boston publishing house. She met John Leo Partin, an engineering student at MIT; they married in Los Angeles in 1926 and raised two children, one of whom, their daughter, Grace, has so ably edited her mother's letters and nourished this publication. Agnes became an instructor in English at UCLA, from which she received her EdD in 1951, and continued teaching for many years at the Los Angeles City College. Reading *Letters from College* is truly a happy armchair experience.

—*J.R.K. Kantor*

From Ike to Mao and Beyond: My Journey from Mainstream America to Revolutionary Communist
Bob Avakian
Chicago: Insight Press, 2005. 447pp., illus.

Bob Avakian has written a 446 page autobiography that takes the reader on a journey from his middle-class boyhood in Berkeley, California, during the 1950s, through his participation in the student and anti-Vietnam war movements and his growing commitment to ideological communism, leading him to his current role as chairman of the tiny Revolutionary Communist Party, USA. He committed to a Leninist-Maoist theory of revolutionary struggle in



his twenties and has not deviated much from that formative political position—and this despite the fact that he has lived in France since 1981, an exile as he states, to avoid a jail sentence.

From Ike to Mao and Beyond: My Journey from Mainstream America to Revolutionary Communist, A Memoir is sometimes both charming and maddening. Avakian recalls "fondly" visiting his Armenian immigrant grandparents in Fresno, his passion for basketball, becoming familiar with country western music so as to understand its popularity among certain segments of the working class, asking his father, a tolerant Alameda Superior Court Judge known as "Sparky" Avakian, to find a job for a friend down on his luck. These are details of experience that let us see a sentient being with whom we might be familiar. But so much of the narrative of Avakian's participation in some of the major upheavals of the sixties and seventies—such as the Free Speech and anti-Vietnam movements—and that notes his encounters with key players—such as Mario Savio, and later Huey Newton and Elridge Cleaver—is flat and riddled with jargon. At a time when this country has become predominantly blue, and books about the failure of liberal and left politics and the demise of communist countries abound, to read about "the challenges to revolutionaries" and the need "to bring forward the workers from the oppressed nationalities" and "the necessity of formulating a mass line and understanding the cult of personality," cause people to shake their heads and think there must have been a better way to educate people about what sustains inequities in the world and ways to organize reform and revolution and to understand the practical difference between these words.

We can't help but be touched by Avakian's abiding belief in the need to end exploitation and racism in the country and throughout the world. We also can't deny how out of touch he is with the beliefs, experiences and material conditions of most Americans. There is a long history of millenarianism and sectarianism in this country, and Avakian's book chronicles a particular variant of it. We do learn about his understanding of ideological splits within the Communist Party USA, and how changes in the Chinese Communist Party affected his own organization. But unfortunately for Avakian, one can't help but say so what? There is an arrogance that permeates the explications, as though this book will someday be read by throngs of adoring "masses." This memoir stops rather abruptly with Avakian's protest of Deng Xiaoping's visit to the United States in 1980 [which he sees as representing Chinese revisionism and American imperialism and capitalism]. The reader is encouraged to go to web sites and other documents he has written to keep abreast of the current Party line.

While several members of left political organizations have surfaced voluntarily and involuntarily—to face legal charges against them—don't expect this of Avakian. He is still pursuing his "errand in the wilderness," to use the historian Perry Miller's phrase first appended to the Puritans, and his book might serve best as a guide for how passionate ideals can go astray.

—Lisa Rubens

OTHER ISSUES IN THE CHRONICLE OF UC SERIES

❖ *ALL ARTICLES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH MANY OLD PHOTOGRAPHS* ❖
❖ *BOOK REVIEWS* ❖ *RESOURCE REPORTS* ❖

Number 1. **Alarums and Diversions: Disasters at Cal** (136 pp.) *Sold out.*

Number 2. **Ladies Blue and Gold**

Women at the University of California: as faculty, staff, philanthropists; "farmerettes" at Davis and Prytaneans at Berkeley; in sports, music (Cal Band, Treble Clef, Partheneia pageants), boarding houses, a black sorority, Asian clubs, the YWCA; as suffragettes and faculty wives; in the gym and the teachers' placement bureau; from their first appearance as students in 1870 to their limited role as faculty members a century later; of personal triumphs of Julia Morgan, Helen Wills, and Josephine Miles; and the reminiscences of less well-known coeds over the years. (186 pp.)

Number 3. **West of Eden: The University and the Environment**

The natural setting of the campuses of the University of California and the university's involvement with the environment in California: the Natural Reserve System; the Farm and Garden Project at UC Santa Cruz; the travails of Strawberry Creek at UC Berkeley; John Muir's friends in the university who helped found the Sierra Club; others who worked to Save the Redwoods, others who had Sierra peaks named after them, others who have helped to Save the Bay; and the ecological problems when designing new campuses in the past and the new Merced campus. (152 pp.)

Number 4. **The University at the Turn of the Century: Then and Now**

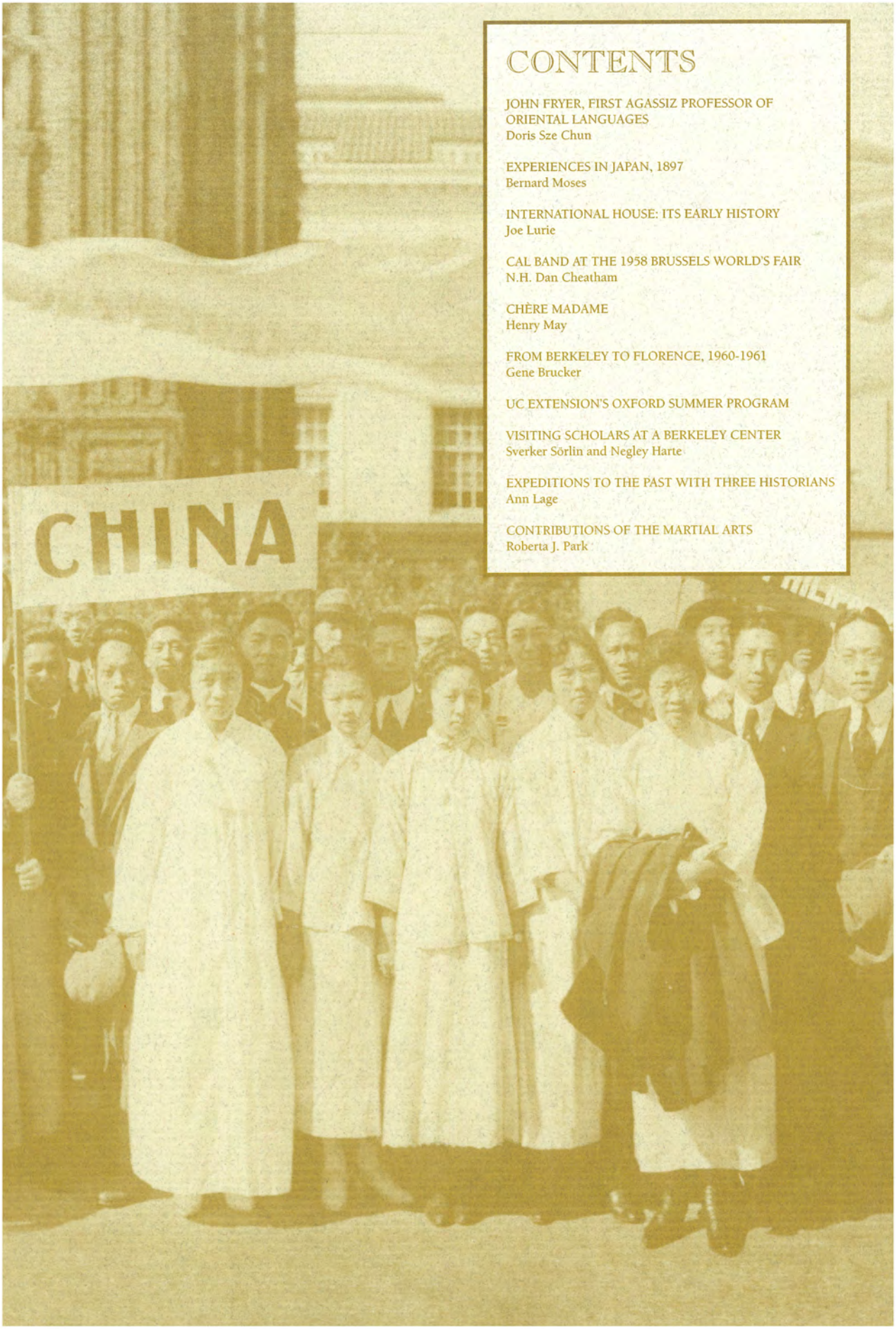
Aspects of the University of California at the turn of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries: inaugural addresses, the Bancroft Library, the University Library in 1900 and 2000, the physical campus in 1900 and 2000, athletics then and now, the 1895 track team (the first to compete on the East Coast), major anthropological and archeological undertakings, changing administrative structures, summer sessions, and the university's broader role in education in the state. (210 pp.)

Number 5. Against the Grain: Conflict and Controversy

In the 1960s the university was known as enraged, embittered, and embattled. But much happened before and after those years: Faculty revolted against the president and the regents, students agitated for their high moral rights and low-level fun; women demanded new curriculums. Free speech and civil rights have remained bones of contention for over one hundred years; the essence of most disputes has been authority vs. freedom. Struggles on the campuses of Davis, Irvine, San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Berkeley are included. (160 pp.)

Number 6. The Arts and Culture

In 1868 the University of California began with an academic focus on traditional fields such as literature, history, mathematics, and practical studies like agriculture and mining, but has since become intimately connected to the fine arts. On its campuses the university now teaches and has facilities for a wide variety of the arts: the Greek Theatre, art in the 1890s and during the twentieth century, the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, the evolution of exhibition halls, architecture, printmaking, performing arts, music, dance, fencing, the art museum, film archives, ethnic arts and the design department—all and more in this issue. (214 pp.)



CONTENTS