

Towards a History of the Indiana University  
Philosophy Department  
in Bloomington

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The Years 1929-65

A Personal Memoir by  
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## Acknowledgements

The idea of my writing such a history, or memoir, of the first 35 years or so of the present I.U. Philosophy Department is due entirely to Dr. J. Michael Dunn of the Department. It was originally when Dr. Dunn was still chairman of the Department that he first broached the subject to me; and it was entirely as a result of his tactful prodding, and his alone, that I undertook the task in the first place. Then subsequently, and after he had become Executive Associate Dean of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Dunn continued to offer his ever-gentle and diplomatic encouragement for the project. Finally, it was due to his good offices and, as I understand, to those of Dr. Paul Eisenberg, the present chairman of the Department, who had now been brought into the act as well, that arrangements were made for the typesetting of the manuscript to be put into its present printed form and duplicated.

And speaking of typesetting, there would never have been any such thing, had it not been for the long-hours and ever efficient efforts of my long-suffering typist, Ms. Heidi McNew. Finally, it was due to the labors and expertise of Dr. Chrysafis Hartonas that the typesetting was so efficiently converted into its present printed form, using the computer typesetting program L<sup>A</sup>T<sub>E</sub>X.

Henry Veatch,  
Bloomington, Indiana,  
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# I

## A Preamble and an Apology

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Of the writing of histories it would appear that there is no end! And while a historian like Thucydides might well say of his History of the Peloponnesian War that he would have it be no less than "a possession for eternity" ( κτήμα ἐς αἰεί ), this is hardly what one could say of most histories, certainly not of any mere history of the Indiana University Philosophy Department during its first 35 years or so of existence! Better were it to ask with respect to any such projected history, "Why bother with a history at all?" For in all honesty, it should perhaps be conceded that, at least during those earlier years, 1929-65, of the I.U. Department's existence, it scarcely attained to any particular distinction as a department. No, not then, and perhaps not even since then, could the Department very well claim to have enjoyed a reputation comparable to the Harvard Department, say, in the days of James, Royce, and Santayana; or to the Chicago Department, when Dewey and Meade were among its luminaries; or later to Columbia's Department, when John Dewey was for so many years its leading figure; or perhaps even to the Iowa Department under Bergmann; or to Minnesota's with Sellars and Feigl; or to Cornell's in the days of Cunningham and the Idealists, and then later of Analysts like Black and Malcolm; and so on and on for the other distinguished philosophy departments in America, all of them of doubtless rather more eminence than the I.U. Department ever managed to achieve, at least in the early years of its existence.

And so our earlier question continues to press: Why a history of I.U.'s Department of Philosophy in Bloomington? What possible significance would such a history have for anyone, or to anybody? Who, in fact, would be likely even so much as to read it? Surely, not many, if any, of the present members of the I.U. Department. For as one who has been associated with philosophy departments for well on to 60 years now, both in this country and abroad, and at various times and in various capacities, as undergraduate and graduate student, as teaching assistant, as professor in all of the different grades, and now as emeritus, I can certainly testify to the fact that at no time are present members

of any philosophy department likely to have even so much as a minimal interest in any such thing as the past history of their own department. And why should they? For in their eyes, the only significant history of his or her department could only have begun with them! Hence any history prior to their own advent could be reckoned as little more than an insignificant kind of prehistory at best.

And what about the students in a philosophy department, be they either graduate or undergraduate? Well, hardly they either, for surely students in course would think of themselves as having time for little else besides trying to pass their courses, meeting their degree requirements, and so getting on, and up, and hopefully out, getting a job of their own as soon as possible. Nor are students from previous years likely to be any different. For it is hard to imagine that their studies in philosophy should have generated in them such a nostalgia for their good old student days as to make them eager readers of any history of their department.

Moreover, going beyond and outside the possible concerns of faculty and students within a philosophy department as to what the past history of their own department might have been, what about the university administration, say, the I.U. Administration? Is it to be supposed that they would have the slightest interest in any history of a mere department such as the Philosophy Department? For just imagine an I.U. Administrator of whom any more could be said than a mere "What's philosophy to him (or her), or he (or she) to philosophy!" True, if philosophy were a subject that might make much of a difference, when it came to fund-raising or to public relations, then you would doubtless find even I.U. administrators falling all over themselves to get right down in the front row of Philosophy's cheering section—even to the point of being willing to read a history of the Philosophy Department! But no, philosophy, at least in the present dispensation, would appear to be a subject that does not grind much corn, or bake much bread, at least not of the kind university administrators would be particularly appreciative of. So surely, there would be few if any takers of our history, at least not in that quarter.

Nor is it to be supposed either that, if one were to move out and beyond the I.U. campus, or campuses, and were to consider the worthy citizens of our fair Hoosier state, one would be likely to find many tak-

ers or readers for any history of the I.U. Philosophy Department. Oh, it's true that in these days, especially under President Ehrlich's administration, our Hoosier citizens are constantly being reminded that Indiana University is "their" university—one university, and yet with eight entrances. Nor is there the slightest reason to doubt that, in such attributions of ownership of the University to the citizens themselves of the State, the Philosophy Department is no less a property that the citizens of the State can claim as being their very own, along with the entire University. Yet unhappily, when one turns from the matter of their mere title to ownership to anything like actual pride of ownership, one wonders how many Hoosier citizens feel any particular pride in "their" Philosophy Department. And so with how many of those citizens would the publication of a history of the Philosophy Department create even so much as a ripple in their consciousness? Hence once more the question: why a history of the Department at all?

Still, for all that such a question might seem to defy an answer, there is perhaps a line of answer that one might pursue in response to such a question, and a not so unfavorable a line of answer at that. For why not say that there is at least one interested party that could be considered actually to require and even to demand such a history? And that would be just the subject or the discipline of philosophy itself. For is not philosophy a subject which, by its very nature, just cannot afford to neglect or disregard its own history? Not only that, but must not each and every philosopher, who would in any way pretend to anything like a proper self-criticism and self-knowledge—must not he or she find himself compelled to acknowledge that philosophy, after all, is a subject that just cannot escape its own history, being as it were, inseparable from the conditions of its own "historicity," as the currently fashionable term would have it? In this respect, philosophy is not at all like science, or at least not at all like modern natural science, as scientists themselves have tended to conceive science. For it seems to be philosophy's fate never to be able to quite transcend the inescapable relativities of time, of place, of culture, of fashion, and even the relativizing quirks and eccentricities of its individual philosopher-practitioners.

But does this mean that philosophy, in so far as it cannot seem to transcend the conditions of its own historicity, must therefore be condemned to a condition of mere "historicism," in which it has to

be admitted that the philosopher can never get beyond mere opinions, and thus never win through to anything like genuine philosophical truth and knowledge? Well, hardly. And yet surely, if philosophy is ever to transcend an intolerable condition of sheer historicism, it can hardly expect to do so without learning to live with the very conditions of its own historicity—which is to say that it can do no other than to take the so-called history, or histories, of philosophy with the utmost seriousness. Yes, philosophers themselves—even today's philosophers—need mightily to take to heart the remark of one of William Faulkner's characters: "The past is never dead. It is not even past." Accordingly, any present-day philosopher must needs reckon with the fact that the past of philosophy is ingredient in any present philosophy, even one's own. Yes, for a philosopher to neglect the history of philosophy, and thus the very historicity of his or her own thinking is thereby to deprive him- or herself of the very self-knowledge, which no philosopher, however competent or renowned, can ever afford to be without.

Nor does the lesson end even there. For just as every philosopher needs to concern himself or herself with the history of philosophy, so also there is a sense in which any present member of any philosophy department needs to be at least not insensitive to the history of his or her own department. In fact, is it not true that nowhere does the very historicity of the subject of philosophy manifest itself quite so strikingly, even if perhaps oftentimes rather more trivially, than in the histories of those odd groupings of philosophers who make up today's academic philosophy departments? For where else is it that the endless questions come to be debated as to just what philosophy is, and what its role should be, not only in a college or university curriculum, and perhaps even in the larger society of the community as a whole? Just how important is logic, for example, in a program for the A.B. degree? Should a modern-day department of philosophy offer courses in Eastern philosophy, no less than in Western philosophy? Or, in what sense and to what degree ought women's studies or black studies, say, be given, as it were, "equal time" in a departmental program in philosophy? Or what about "research" in philosophy: is it really comparable to research in other areas—in chemistry, say, or in history, or in comparative literature? Or what about the proliferation of so-called "philosophy of" courses—philosophy of literature, philosophy of science, philosophy of

law, philosophy of religion? Should such courses be hived off and then relegated to different relevant departments; or should they all be kept within the parent department of philosophy for good and all, and for all of their multiplicity?

But enough of such examples of the sorts of problems and issues which, though they sometimes seem to be scarcely problems of philosophy just as such, are nevertheless problems of the sort that inevitably arise for philosophy departments in a modern university. Not only that, but they are problems that have a historicity about them, just like the problems of philosophy itself: what tended to be the problems and issues confronting philosophy departments ten years ago may well turn out to be the problems of departments today, though in changed guise. Why, then, is not one led to conclude that a history even of no more than one's own philosophy department might well be a thing that a present-day member of a philosophy department could neglect only at the peril of his own self-knowledge, much as the history of philosophy generally is something that that same philosopher could neglect only at the price of that needed self-knowledge, which as a self-respecting philosopher it would seem that he or she cannot well avoid taking seriously?

And now for one final item in this Preamble, which perhaps should come under the heading more of Apology than of Preamble. For just who am I, after all, to put myself forward as the author of this account of the early years of the I.U. Philosophy Department; and just what qualifications can I claim for the task? Be it admitted right at the start that I can claim no qualifications whatever as a professional historian—be it of philosophy, or of philosophy departments, or of anything else. No, my only excuse for having accepted this present assignment is that I believe that it is I, and only I, who can claim to be the one and only remaining relic and survivor of the first 30 years and more of the Philosophy Department's history. Accordingly, it is these years, and these years alone, that I am undertaking to write up as the very first part of the Department's history—or perhaps “pre-history,” as it probably would be regarded by many of the present members of the Department.

Thus it was in the year 1937 that I first joined the I.U. Philosophy Department with the rank of Instructor. After that, I continued



in the Department, ascending gradually, and at a snail's pace, through all of the academic ranks, even attaining finally the rank of Distinguished Service Professor some five years before I left I.U. in 1965. Nor was that all, for on retirement from my latest teaching appointment at Georgetown in 1982, my wife and I decided that of possible retirement communities that we might choose to move to, the one that unquestionably presented itself to us as being the most attractive was one that had recently been opened in Bloomington, and one that had a particular attraction for us, in virtue of its being both physically and spiritually close to Indiana University. Accordingly, while my return to Bloomington, and to the neighborhood of Indiana University, by no means involved on my part any official return to the Philosophy Department—certainly not by way of my having to be either an encumbrance and embarrassment to any present members of the Department, only one of whom, Professor Grossman, was a veteran from the days when I had been a member of the Department some 20 years before, and the rest of whom had known me either but slightly professionally, or else not at all—still there I was, a former Department member, now resident right in Bloomington. And so it was that the Department elected to be at once very kind, and even noticing of my presence: as a gesture of good will, even if not of confidence, they very considerately gave me a courtesy title of Adjunct Professor in the Department—no duties, no responsibilities, and no remuneration!

Accordingly, against this background by way of explanation and apology, let me hasten to add that, lacking any qualifications as a historian of the Department in any proper sense, what I propose to put forward in the following pages is not so much a history of the Department during the years 1929-65, as rather more a sort of personal memoir. And perhaps I should add by way of still further qualification that this history that I am putting forward as being the history of the I.U. Department in its first 35 years is a history only of the I.U. Philosophy Department on the Bloomington campus. For while in the last 40 years or so, philosophy departments have been organized on many, if not most, of the so-called the regional campuses of Indiana University, this was not done either at the instigation of, or even particularly under the supervision of the Department on the Bloomington campus. Hence their history forms no part of the history of the original and continuing

Department in Bloomington.



## II

# The First Stages of the Department's Reputed History or Perhaps Even Prehistory

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Suppose that I simply specify the year 1929 as the date for the beginning of this history of the I.U. Philosophy Department— or better of this personal memoir that I am projecting by way of recounting my own years in the Department, as well as the years of those of my several colleagues whom I remember so well. But why, you may ask, the year 1929, rather than 1937? For it was only in 1937 that I first became a member of the I.U. Philosophy Department. How, then, can I very well pre-date my own announced personal memoir back to the year 1929? The answer is that when I joined the Department in the fall of 1937—yes, even when I came on for the customary interview the spring before—the talk that I heard on every hand was of how Philosophy at I.U. had only come to be established as an independent department but eight years before. Prior to that, it seems, the Department indeed bore the name of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology. And yet, the chairman of that combined department for many years, one Professor Book by name, having been nothing if not something of an empire-building psychologist, he had reputedly so rigged the course requirements in those days that no student could even so much as enroll in any philosophy course without having had some nine hours or more of psychology courses first. Is it any wonder that, under such a dispensation, Philosophy enrollments had not been large? Nor would it seem that even many of the students that Philosophy did have ever managed to progress very far in philosophical sophistication. For how could they, given their required preparation in terms of a largely irrelevant psychology!

It is true that in 1929 there was one professor in the combined department, whose training had been more in philosophy than in psychology, and it was he who had always taught the minimal number of

philosophy courses that were offered. However, this Professor Major—for such was his name—was not a little advanced in years in 1929, and his principal philosophical, as well as pedagogical, virtue would seem to have been that of venerability. Is it surprising, then, that in the years just prior to 1929, it came to be felt by a number of I.U. faculty at the time, that poor philosophy had quite literally gotten lost in the shuffle of psychology at Indiana University. And so it was, if my information be correct, that it was not the I.U. administration that made the first move, by way of correcting philosophy's neglected status as but the stepchild of psychology. Instead, it was agitation proceeding from the faculty at large that was largely responsible for the decision being made to establish a Philosophy Department, independent of Psychology, and having its own faculty and its own curricular and course requirements. So it was, then, that in 1929, Professor Daniel Somer Robinson was called from Miami University in Ohio to be the first chairman of the newly established Department of Philosophy.

Now who was this Professor Robinson, and just what might one say was the import and significance for philosophy at I.U. of D.S. Robinson's being thus made the new professor and chairman? Before answering this question about D.S. Robinson, however, it might be well if we said something about what might be termed, not just the Philosophy Department's pre-history, but maybe even its pre-pre-history. For but consider that, although the Philosophy Department was not instituted until 1929, before that there was a Department of Philosophy and Psychology. And while philosophy would seem to have played but an insignificant role in this combined department, that combined department was itself founded only in 1919, and before that the department was called simply the Department of Philosophy.

What, then, may one say was the character of philosophy, as it was taught at I.U. prior to 1919; and what also might one say was the status and standing of philosophy, as well as of Philosophy, in the University as a whole in those early years? After all, Indiana University had been founded in the year 1820, and the first president of Indiana University, the Rev. Andrew Wylie, was first and foremost, one might say, a Protestant minister. Nevertheless, in coming to I.U., the Rev. Mr. Wylie was billed as having been a professor of metaphysics and moral philosophy. And what else may be inferred from that fact, if

not that philosophy must have been a subject in which instruction was offered at I.U. from the very beginning?

True, the historical record is hazy at best, and yet surely it is safe to say that philosophy, as it was taught at I.U. in those early years, must have been closely associated with the prevailing ethos of Southern Indiana at the time, which was very much that of Protestant Christianity. In fact, in the U.S. as a whole, and for the better part of the entire 19th century, the pursuit of philosophy was scarcely to be dissociated from the concerns of the Protestant Christianity that was then the still dominant educational force in most American colleges and even universities of those days. Thus of David Starr Jordan, who became president of Indiana University in 1885, and who then went on to even greater fame and reputation as the first president of Stanford University, it has been said that he was "the first president of Indiana University who was not a preacher-philosopher."<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, if one asks who the professors were in philosophy both before and during David Starr Jordan's tenure, and what sort of philosophy did they profess, one cannot come up with really any notable names, other than that of William Lowe Bryan, who himself later became president of Indiana University in 1902, and continued to serve as president until 1937.

As is well known, Dr. Bryan was a native of Monroe County and attended Indiana University as both an undergraduate and graduate student, receiving his M.A. in philosophy in 1886. Moreover, those being the days of David Starr Jordan's great presidency, and Jordan being determined to establish science, in the modern sense, as the new and dominant factor in the University's program for both curriculum and research, it was one of the most notable marks of the Jordan presidency that he actively encouraged promising young I.U. students to pursue advanced study and research, sometimes at the more prestigious universities on the East Coast, but also in Europe and particularly in Germany. And so it was that Dr. Bryan went to Berlin to study, where he followed Zeller's lectures in philosophy, as well as familiarized himself with the new experimental psychological laboratory techniques in Ebbinghaus' laboratory.

Returning to I.U., Dr. Bryan then served as the only member of the Philosophy Department during the years 1888 and immediately following. It is notable, though, that, while nominally, the Department

was a department of philosophy, the serious concerns of the Department then tended to be directed away from so-called speculative philosophy and aimed instead at experimental work in psychology. In fact, it was Dr. Bryan himself who was the founder of the psychological laboratory at I.U. Moreover, just to complete the record of Dr. Bryan's posts and offices at I.U., it was in 1893 that he was named Vice-President of the University; and then later, in 1902, he was named President, in which capacity he continued to serve until his retirement in 1937.

Meanwhile, Dr. Ernest Lindley, still another philosopher turned psychologist, was named chairman of the Department of Philosophy in 1902,<sup>2</sup> in which capacity he served until 1917, when he left to become first the President of the University of Idaho, and then later the Chancellor of the University of Kansas. Following Lindley, then, it was Professor Book who became chairman, first of Philosophy and Psychology, and then later of Psychology, serving in that capacity until 1934. And with that, we can now return to our story of D.S. Robinson, who, as was remarked earlier, was named the first chairman of the newly created Department of Philosophy just as such in 1929.

Moreover, it is perhaps not unimportant to remark, at the very outset, on what the peculiar atmosphere or ambience was in which the subject of philosophy found it necessary to exist in those first 30 years or so of the 20th century. Already, I have remarked in passing on how the prevailing ethos of the citizens of Indiana, and particularly of Southern Indiana, from the days of the University's founding in 1820, until well into the first half of the 20th century, was rather decidedly and predominantly a Protestant ethos. And while it would be scarcely correct to say that the ordinary Methodist or Presbyterian or Baptist or Disciples minister in those days had any particular interest or sophistication in the subject of philosophy as such, still there is little doubt that in the Protestant seminaries of those days, as well as in the several Protestant denominational colleges in the State—Depauw, Wabash, Hanover, Earlham, Franklin, Butler, *et al.*—philosophy was always closely associated in the curriculum with courses in religion and in theology.

Nor was the situation really so very different, so far as I.U. was concerned, and this, even though I.U. was in no sense a denominational college, but rather the State University. For as we have already noted, the first President of I.U., the Rev. Andrew Wylie, was at once an

Episcopal minister and a professor of philosophy; and the two vocations were thought to go together most appropriately. Not only that, but all of I.U.'s presidents, prior to the advent of David Starr Jordan have been described as "preacher-philosophers." Yes, and even Dr. William Lowe Bryan himself, while not literally a "preacher-philosopher," still, during all of his many years as President of Indiana University, could be said to have assumed the role of a sort of spiritual leader both on the Campus and to an extent throughout the State as a whole. Or rather than "spiritual leader," I believe that the term and the title that Dr. Bryan might have preferred to have applied to himself was more like that of simply, "the philosopher."

Oh, it's true that Dr. Bryan was not himself an ordained Protestant minister. And yet he certainly had a strict Presbyterian up-bringing, and right in Monroe County itself, of which Bloomington was then but the comparatively small and insignificant county-seat town. In consequence, Dr. Bryan could truly be said, throughout all the days of his youth and of his early manhood, to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of what can only be described as a kind of ill-defined, and yet nonetheless very pronounced, moral idealism that was so much a feature of Protestant thinking in America in those days.

Besides, as we have already noted, such technical philosophy as Dr. Bryan may have learned, either as an undergraduate at I.U., or later as a student in Berlin, was a field that for him was definitely subordinated, so far as his own strictly professional career was concerned, to his interest in psychology. After all, his Ph.D. was not in philosophy; but was from Clark University, where he had gone to study under the then famous psychologist, G. Stanley Hall. Not only that, but later, as the sole professor in the Department of Philosophy and Psychology, it was in the development of the psychological laboratory that Dr. Bryan's main interests lay, and toward which his administrative efforts as chairman were primarily directed, and not particularly towards philosophy.

Still, for all that Dr. Bryan's strictly professional interests may have been directed toward psychology rather than philosophy, when it came to all of those long years of his tenure as president of Indiana University, Dr. Bryan could be said not misleadingly, I believe, to have sought almost to arrogate to himself both the title and the role of "the philosopher"—and this not just on the Campus, but to an extent



throughout the State as well. Not that he claimed to have any particular mastery of philosophy in any technical sense; rather it was more a case of his wanting to be looked up to and revered as someone whose mind was ever fixed on "higher things," as one might say. Thus to cite but a single example, he and his wife, the former Charlotte Lowe, were reputed to spend many hours together reading the Dialogues of Plato in the original Greek. And indeed, it was the popularly reputed "idealism" of Plato that Dr. Bryan was ever concerned both to extol and to communicate in his frequent addresses to the I.U. student body, or in "The President's Column," which he frequently wrote for the *Indiana Daily Student*. Nor is it to be denied that Dr. Bryan did possess a mastery of a certain English prose style that enabled him to express himself always with a seeming depth and profundity. Indeed, one has but to visit the foyer in the older part of I.U.'s present Memorial Union Building, and there one will find, graven in stone on the north wall, an inscription authored by Dr. Bryan:

The University Regards the Universe Within  
 Whose Infinity Have Emerged  
 Order Life Man  
 Aristotle Galileo Shakespeare Lincoln  
 Jesus Christ

To which I find it hard not to add the comment: could anyone possibly imagine any present, or even recent—no, nor even future—member of the I.U. Philosophy Department, ever coming up with anything like that! All of which only goes to show that while there may be a sense in which philosophy often seems "to be all things to all people," there is at the same time no denying that philosophy is ever a different thing to different people, and particularly to philosophers of different generations.<sup>3</sup>

In any case, returning now to D.S. Robinson and his years as chairman of the newly established Philosophy Department in 1929, let me but remark that it is hardly surprising that upon his arrival and, indeed, during the whole of his tenure at I.U., Robinson should have felt himself entirely at home in the environment of I.U., and in the atmosphere of what I have earlier characterized as being that so-called moral idealism and spirit of uplift that were so marked a feature of both the I.U. campus at that time, and that in general were characteristic of

the dominant Protestant Christianity of the region as a whole. After all, Robinson had himself been born in Indiana, had received a decidedly Protestant Christian upbringing, had gone to Butler (which was then affiliated with the Disciples Church) as an undergraduate, and had even received a divinity school degree and been ordained a minister in the Disciples Church. But Robinson apparently wanted to break out of the somewhat narrow confines of the Christian ministry, as it was then. Accordingly, he picked up and went to Harvard for a Ph.D. in philosophy. There Robinson did the greater part of his work under the then still eminent, not to say even pre-eminent, William Ernest Hocking, who in many ways might be said to have been the last of the upholders of the Idealistic tradition in philosophy at Harvard—a tradition associated with the name of the great Josiah Royce. And here I use the word “Idealism” with a capital “I,” just to distinguish it from that somewhat vague moralistic idealism that was so much a feature of Protestant Christianity in the U.S. in the first quarter of the century. All the same, it is not to be denied that the somewhat indeterminate moral idealism, associated with the Protestantism of those days, did derive much of its intellectual sustenance from the comparatively quite sophisticated philosophical Idealism that had been associated with the name of Hegel on the Continent, and with those of Bradley and Bosanquet in Great Britain.

True, in so many ways it is not a little puzzling to understand just why the Protestant Christianity of those days should have felt any particular affinity for Absolute Idealism. But puzzling or not, it was none-the-less a fact. And being a fact, it readily explains why Robinson, being imbued with Idealism in philosophy from his Harvard days, as well as having been a former Christian minister, should have both welcomed the chance to go to I.U. as the first chairman of the Philosophy Department, as well as have been much welcomed at I.U., as someone who fitted very well into the then somewhat pervasive atmosphere of Protestant-Christian idealism that was so noticeable a feature of both the Bloomington campus and the Bloomington community at that time.

Robinson, though, was not the only member of the recently established Philosophy Department in the earlier 30's. Already I have mentioned the name of Professor Major earlier in my story. But it was

but a very few years after D.S. Robinson's arrival that Professor Major died, and, by way of a replacement, Robinson brought off what he considered to be—and indeed it was—a real *coup* for philosophy at I.U. He succeeded in securing the services of one W. Harry Jellema to be his colleague in the Department. Now as it happened, Jellema was a person of unusual philosophical gifts and background both. True, he never became too well known in the profession, simply for the reason that he never published anything. And in those days, while “publish-or-perish” had not yet come to have the implication that unless one published, one could never get tenure or promotion even in one's own department or institution, it certainly did mean that one was likely to “perish,” at least to the extent of never getting to be very well known in one's profession. Still, Jellema was in some ways the exception to prove the rule, even in this latter regard. For notwithstanding his never having published, he did come to have a somewhat singular reputation in the profession, largely because of his incredible renown as a teacher.

Before coming to I.U., Jellema had been for a number of years a teacher in Calvin College in Michigan, a small denominational college of the Christian Reformed Church located in Grand Rapids. Calvin, however, was no ordinary denominational college on the usual American pattern of those days. For as it happens, the Christian Reformed Church had originated in the old country as a dissenting sect of Dutch Calvinists, who had broken away from the Dutch Reformed state church in the Netherlands. In time, many of these Dutch Calvinists of the Christian Reformed Church had emigrated to America in the latter part of the last century and had settled, many of them, in the Midwest, and particularly in southern Michigan around Grand Rapids. As for Jellema himself, he had gone to Calvin as an undergraduate, had then gone on to Michigan, where he had received the Ph.D. under a very dynamic and colorful figure in the Michigan Department of many years ago, one Professor Wenley by name. (Parenthetically, it might be remarked that much as Hocking had been a hold-out for Absolute Idealism in the Harvard Department, so also Wenley at Michigan was a hold-out in the Michigan Department against the then comparatively new-breed of philosophers in the Department, people like Dewitt H. Parker and Roy Wood Sellars—the father of Wilfrid Sellars, incidentally.)

Moreover, what this meant, so far as Jellema's own philosophical commitment was concerned, was that, by and large, he shared much the same philosophical outlook as D.S. Robinson, viz. that of Absolute Idealism. True, neither man could be said to be at all doctrinaire in his Idealism, neither of them being either an Hegelian, or a Bradleyan, or a Bosanquetian, or whatever exactly. And yet of both men it could certainly be said that the image which they would have the I.U. Department project, so far as the profession as a whole was concerned, was just the image of a department committed to maintaining what Jellema and Robinson took to be the great tradition of Western philosophy, a tradition to which they thought various of the more recent fashions that were then emerging in American philosophy were more or less inimical—such things as Neo-Realism, Critical Realism, Pragmatism, and a bit later, of course, Logical Positivism.

Indeed, at this point it might be well if I were to digress just a bit, in order to flesh out still further just what it was that both Robinson and Jellema took philosophy to be. Certainly, in Jellema's eyes, and a bit more vaguely perhaps in Robinson's as well, the business of philosophy courses in college and universities was pretty much one of communicating to students what might be called the Great Tradition of Western philosophy; nor was this tradition to be thought of as involving any particularly strict and scholarly teaching of the history of Western philosophy, as history tends to be understood by present-day historians of philosophy. No, it was as if in Jellema's understanding the history of Western philosophy needed to be conceived as presupposing what I might best term a kind of metaphysical core, or framework, or schema, which somehow was thought to embrace the entire order of things, viz. nature, man, and god, all three. Moreover, it was just this metaphysical underpinning, or perhaps framework, that supposedly lent sense and meaning to the entire history of Western philosophy from the Greeks, through the Middle Ages, and down to and including the whole of modern philosophy, right up into the 20th century. For all of the great philosophers, so it was thought, needed to be understood in terms of how they reacted to this basic schema or setting for all philosophy, either qualifying it, or embellishing it, or attacking it, or supporting it, or whatever. Yes, even the several fields or areas of philosophy—science or the philosophy of nature, ethics, anthropology

or the philosophy of man, metaphysics and theology, yes, even logic—all needed to be understood in terms of this basic schema. And so it was that if one wanted to know what philosophy meant to Robinson or Jellema— or what the image of philosophy was which they wanted the I.U. Department to project—one needed to conceive of philosophy in terms of this traditional schema or background of nature, man, and god.

Returning, though, from this long parenthesis to the story of Jellema himself and his long association with Calvin College, it should be noted that after receiving his degree at Michigan, Jellema returned to Calvin, where he quickly assumed the role of being just about the one and only professor of philosophy in the entire college. Moreover, philosophy being reckoned a subject of prime importance at Calvin, all students there being required to take a number of hours of philosophy, and a disproportionately large number of them choosing to major in philosophy, Jellema found himself having to offer just about any and every conceivable course in philosophy that one could imagine appearing in what might be considered a full philosophy curriculum for those days—the history of Western philosophy, plus various courses in individual philosophers like Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, *et al.*, ethics, epistemology, metaphysics, yes even logic. Is it surprising, then, that in order to do this, Jellema had to maintain a teaching schedule of from 15 to 20 hours a week. Little wonder that he would never publish anything: he didn't have the time to get anything written!

It is true, of course, that such teaching loads were perhaps not unusual for teachers in small colleges in those days; but what makes Jellema's achievement altogether unusual is the well-nigh incredible impact that his teaching had on the students at Calvin. To an extent, of course, this may have been due almost as much to the character and backgrounds of those students, as it was to the incomparable prowess of Jellema as a teacher. For be it remembered that the students who attended Calvin had all of them, throughout their elementary and high-school years, come to be thoroughly grounded and drilled in the tenets and doctrines of Calvinist theology. Moreover, while Calvinist theology can certainly not be said to be philosophy in any proper sense, there is none-the-less one unmistakable feature about the *Institutes*, and about nearly everything else that Calvin wrote as well: they have an unmis-

takable logical rigor about them, as well as being notable for the clarity and lucidity of their presentation of the doctrines of the Christian faith (at least according to Calvin). Is it surprising, then, that having had this particular kind of religious indoctrination, the students who came to Calvin tended to be singularly disposed towards philosophy, especially when their teacher turned out to be someone of unusual personal and philosophical magnetism. For as it happens, his teaching was not only both broad and varied in its scope, but also it was executed with a remarkable dialectical skill.

So it was, then, that at Calvin, Jellema was almost like a piper, continually persuading students to continue in philosophy for more advanced work. True, there was no graduate work offered in philosophy at Calvin. But Jellema, having been able to provide his students with both an initial enthusiasm for philosophy, as well as with a remarkably diverse and thorough grounding in the different areas and fields of philosophy, he could then speed them on their way toward graduate study, exceedingly well prepared. Most of these Jellema students went on to the University of Michigan, of course, that having been Jellema's own institution. But also a number of them went to Eastern universities, particularly to Harvard, but then in later years a number to Yale as well. And repeatedly, these former Jellema students tended to be outstanding in the graduate institutions that they attended. To mention but two or three of these one-time Jellema students who later became not a little renowned in the profession, there was William Frankena, who was one of Jellema's students from his earlier years at Calvin—i.e. from the years before Jellema went to I.U. Then after Jellema returned to Calvin, after a stint of some 12 to 15 years teaching at I.U., two of Jellema's more notable students of this later period were Alvin Plantinga and Nicholas Wolterstorff.

Let that be enough, then, by way of my both setting the stage for, as well as recounting the first stage of, what I am calling the I.U. Philosophy Department's "pre-history." In short, having been established in 1929, in some seven or eight years time, the Department could boast of having acquired both a character and a composition. Its composition was that of a department of but two members, Robinson and Jellema; and its character was that of a department both consciously and knowledgeably devoted to the maintenance simply of what might be termed

the Great Tradition of Western philosophy, in the sense explained. Accordingly, by the year 1937, the Department was definitely ready for its own great leap forward, corresponding to the great leap forward of the entire University that was almost immediately set in motion, beginning with the advent of Dr. Herman B Wells as acting-president in 1937. Unhappily, though, while such a great leap forward did take place in the University as a whole, it was something that unhappily never quite came off, so far as the Philosophy Department was concerned. But why not?

### Notes to Chapter II

1. The phrase used in "Psychology at Indiana University from Bryan to Skinner," by James H. Capshew and Eliot Hearst, *The Psychological Record*, 1980, no. 30, p. 320.
2. It perhaps should be noted that although work in psychology in the Department had long since come to overshadow that in philosophy, it was not until 1919 that the name of the Department was changed to that of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology. This situation continued until 1929, when, as has already been noted, the Department of Philosophy was set up as a department separate and independent from that of Psychology.
3. A relevant question might be as to whether during the many earlier years of the Department when Dr. Bryan was still President, even though he himself had ceased to teach philosophy, and even though the psychologists had pretty well taken possession of the Philosophy Department—still might there not have been at least some philosophers, presumably of at least comparative note, who might have taught in the Department during those years? And what about students? Even assuming that there were no philosophy graduate students in those earlier years, might there not have been some undergraduates majoring in philosophy and not psychology, and who later would go on to fame and fortune, and yet who would nonetheless remember with appreciation their earlier studies in philosophy?

First, then, as to such earlier professors of philosophy who were of such distinction as to merit mention in this Departmental pre-history. Well, there certainly was at least one who could be so regarded. This was

a certain Warner Fite by name, who went from a professorship in the Department here at I.U. to Princeton University, first as professor and then later as chairman of Princeton's Philosophy Department. And while I am afraid that I do not have much to report about Fite beyond anecdotes, I do know that he wrote a book that was well recognized, and was of comparatively wide circulation, and that was still in print as late as the '30's and early '40's, since I chanced to read it myself. The book was entitled *The Examined Life*; and, despite its title, I daresay that Fite's book was not exactly anticipatory of Robert Nozick's recent book of the same title. After all, Fite was very much in the tradition of classical Western philosophy, and well before anybody had even so much as heard of Logical Positivism, or Linguistic Analysis, or even of Modern Logic, and certainly not of any such tradition as could have produced a Robert Nozick.

As for Fite himself and considered as a person, I am afraid that I have to rely entirely on an anecdote that Dr. Bryan once recounted regarding him. For as Dr. Bryan put it, Fite was well-named, being one who was forever fighting and feuding with his colleagues! In fact, the story was told of him at Princeton that while he was chairman, he became so embroiled with all of his colleagues in the Princeton Department that if any member of the Department wished to take up anything with the chairman, he would have to do so through the President, John Grier Hibben; and if the chairman, in turn, needed to communicate with his colleagues, again it would have to be only through the President as intermediary—surely a most singular arrangement as judged either by standards of university personnel management, or of departmental harmony.

So much, then, for the one and only remembered professor from the Bryan era. But now what about students? Well, there was of course the one student, Mr. Oscar R. Ewing, who after his graduation from I.U. as a major in philosophy, then went on to achieve a brilliant record in the Harvard Law School, following which he became a most eminent Wall Street lawyer. Moreover, what is of particular interest as regards Mr. Ewing is that in time he became the I.U. Philosophy Department's great benefactor financially. But the story of Mr. Ewing will be amplified in due course, and as this history proceeds.

And now to make mention of yet another alumnus of the Department, whose career at I.U. dates back to the early years of the century. This



particular alumnus, to be sure, never became a Wall Street lawyer; instead, he turned out to be a curiously eminent, and yet quite cranky, professor of Philosophy! His name was Elijah Jordan. He was born on a small farm in Pike County in southern Indiana. He came to I.U. as an undergraduate and majored in philosophy. But rather than being in any way impressed by the mystique of the then "philosopher" president William Lowe Bryan, Jordan never hesitated to say that Bryan was but a pious fraud! In other words, irreverence was one of Jordan's more noticeable personal qualities! Or perhaps it was not irreverence so much that characterized Jordan as rather an ingrained aversion to pretense or self-importance of any kind, be it in himself or in others.

And indeed, Jordan himself was in no way a fraud, being both wholly and passionately devoted to the pursuit of philosophy, as well as a true master of the discipline. Having graduated from I.U. in the early years of the century, Jordan proceeded then to pursue graduate study in philosophy, first at the University of Chicago, and later at Cornell, where he received his Ph.D. Returning then to Indiana, Jordan was appointed a professor in philosophy at Butler University in Indianapolis. And there he remained for the rest of his days. Not that he did not receive offers from elsewhere. Instead, it was said that he had standing offers to join the philosophy faculties at both Cornell and Chicago. The University of Chicago Press regularly published his books; and at one meeting of the old Western Division of the American Philosophical Association, an entire session was devoted to the topic of "The Philosophy of Elijah Jordan."

Of course, all of us in the Department in Bloomington got to know Jordan well, since we would encounter him regularly at the annual meetings of the Indiana Philosophical Association, which, all through the '30's and '40's and '50's, used to meet regularly in Indianapolis; and Jordan would always be there. Nor was there a one of us who did not appreciate Jordan, not just as a "character," but also as a real philosopher. Certainly, the Department could well be proud of Jordan's having been perhaps the most outstanding alumnus of the Department from its earlier years, even though Jordan himself would have scorned the very idea of anything or anybody ever in this sense, or in any way, "revering" him!

### III

## The Jellema Years, 1937-50: Why were they so Indecisive?

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Just what should one make of the fact that in those years of the Department's history—I call them the Jellema years—, when the Department should have made its great leap forward, the leap somehow never quite came off? Why not? Well, the answer to this question can scarcely be without embarrassment to all of us who were members of the Department at the time. For even though during those twelve years and more, when, first Robinson, and then Jellema, acted as chairman of the Department, and when I was at the beginning but a non-tenured Instructor, and only slowly rose from the ranks, not becoming a full professor until in the early 50's—and the same was true of my colleague, Robert Stephens, who joined the Department just the year after I did in 1938—all during these years, as I say, when both Stephens and I were still at the bottom of the academic ladder, there was never a time when our superiors in the Department did not include us directly in all major decisions and determinations of policy within the Department. Accordingly, if in those first twenty years or so of the Department's history, the Philosophy Department failed to attain the preeminence, either in the University or in the profession, that it gave promise of attaining, the responsibility for that failure was one to be shared by us all—those who were juniors in the Department, no less than by our seniors.

But why this failure? For, as I have already intimated, those years, roughly, from 1930 to 1950, when the Department should have made its great leap forward, the leap somehow fell sadly short of what it should have been. But why? Nor is there any other way of understanding this short-coming, I am afraid, save only by trying first to get a fuller picture, alike of the Department, and of the University during those important early years. Thus for one thing, it is hard to overemphasize how particularly the year 1937—the years when this personal memoir of mine most properly begins—was a year that seemed to herald an unquestioned new departure both for the University and for the

Department. For it should not be forgotten that the years 1929 and following had truly been years of a severe academic depression brought on by the Great Depression in the U.S. Nor was it therefore surprising that in those years the General Assembly of the State of Indiana had scarcely been either inclined, or even in any position, to increase I.U.'s appropriations—certainly not for anything like a mere Philosophy Department. Nevertheless, by 1935 things had begun to look up a bit, and by 1937 D. S. Robinson was notified that he could make two additional appointments. And indeed, the first of these appointments was made in 1937, and I was the appointee. So it was, then, in the fall of that same year that I joined the Department, happy that, thank God, I had a job! Then in the following year, 1938, D. S. Robinson made his second appointment, that of Robert Stephens, who also arrived breathing sighs of relief that he too had been lucky enough to land a job, still in those post-Depression years.

Why, though, were Stephens and I so lucky as to be chosen? Well, I believe that the primary reason for our being thus fortunate was that I came highly recommended from Harvard, and Stephens equally well-recommended from Yale. True, had Robinson but stopped to consider, he would have realized that in those days any department would have been ready almost to sell its soul, so far as giving high recommendations was concerned, so desperate were departments then to find jobs for their students. But Robinson, I believe, was so impressed by the fact that both Stephens and I had been trained at "Eastern universities"—particularly at Harvard and at Yale!—that I am afraid poor Robinson never once really stopped to look his two gift horses in the mouth!

Nevertheless, for purposes of this present history of the Department, it is not enough to consider how Stephens and I came to be hired; it is also important to consider whether and how it was expected that we would fit into the Department as it then was, and as having the then character that both Robinson, and particularly Jellema, had impressed, and would continue to impress, upon it. For already I have suggested how the teaching of philosophy was considered by both men, perhaps more thoughtfully by Jellema, and rather less so by Robinson, to be largely an enterprise of bringing students face to face with the supposed great tradition of Western philosophy—a tradition which it was largely taken for granted more or less reflected what I might

have already called an underlying metaphysical schema, or framework, consisting of a sort of triumvirate of nature, man, and god. For it was this three-fold schema that, it was supposed, largely determined what it was that philosophy was all about, as well as the sort of knowledge with which, throughout its entire history, philosophy—or at least Western philosophy—had always been concerned. Not that the several philosophers in this centuries-long tradition were considered always to have approached this basic schema in the same spirit, or viewed it in the same light. No, for it was recognized that some may have sought to challenge it outright. Others, in turn,—in fact nearly each and all of them—had had very different views as to how the focal points of this schema were to be regarded as being ordered to one another.

Thus particularly was it recognized that, since Descartes, all Western philosophers had found themselves caught up in epistemological questions as to just how a knowledge of the different elements or items in the schema might be possible—such epistemological questions having been of comparatively little concern to either ancient or medieval philosophers. And yet for all Western philosophers, however different and divergent their views might be, it was simply taken for granted that that basic schema had always been there as a sort of “brooding omnipresence in the sky.” And so it was that when it came to actual courses in philosophy, which the ordinary philosophy department—and particularly the I.U. Department—felt it was incumbent upon it to offer, these courses were all of them—yes, even courses in logic—thought of as being projected against this underlying concern to try to introduce students somehow, someway, to such a background knowledge of nature, man, and god, which it was thought that only philosophy could provide.

Moreover, I would further surmise that the reason it was felt that what was thus esteemed as being the Great Tradition of Western Philosophy, and needed to be communicated to students through courses in philosophy departments, was not any idea that students might thereby be rendered, as it were, more technically expert or proficient in some one or several fields or areas of philosophy—in the history of philosophy, or in ethics, or in metaphysics, or in logic, or whatever. No, the idea was rather that philosophy being, as the then members of the Department tended simply to assume, a humanistic rather than in any sense a

professional, or a technical, or, even in the modern sense a "scientific," discipline, the objective in the teaching of philosophy was thought to be presumptuous as this may now sound to contemporary ears—no less than one of trying to render students more human, to teach them, as it were, what it might mean to be the truly educated person that any human being really needed to be and ought to be. In other words, just as it was generally recognized that no one could be much of a lawyer or doctor or engineer without acquiring the requisite professional knowledge, so also there tended to be a widespread assumption—at least in the older tradition of Western philosophy—that no one could be the sort of person that simply as a human being one ought to be, unless one were somehow "liberally educated," as the going term then was. And in the eyes of the I.U. Philosophy Department of the 30's and 40's, the subject of philosophy was surely one of the most effective, if not the most effective, vehicle of such a liberal learning, being directed as it was toward acquainting the student with the very order itself of being and reality—viz. nature, man, and god.

Very well, given a philosophy department such as that of I.U. at the time—a department conceiving its pedagogical and scholarly function to be such a one as that just described—the question now to be raised is as to how Stephens and I, as newcomers in the Department, might be thought to have fitted into such a Departmental program in philosophy. For myself, I would simply say that I had been trained at Harvard, and even by the late 30's, the Harvard Philosophy Department had still not shaken off entirely the aura of that presumed Great Tradition of Western Philosophy of which I have spoken. True, I never had any work with an Idealist such as Hocking (as D. S. Robinson had). And although in those days Whitehead was indisputably the great figure in the Harvard Department—and of Whitehead it could certainly be said that his philosophy was very much within the pattern of what I have characterized as being that of the Great Tradition—still, as a student I had never been able to understand Whitehead, and so his teaching had had but little influence on me. Instead, I had written my dissertation under R. B. Perry, who had been a key figure in the Neo-Realist movement of some years before; and, when I was his student, he was devoting himself primarily to questions of ethics—or better, of value theory. In addition, I had even spent two years in Germany, following the

lectures and attending the seminars of Karl Jaspers in Heidelberg. And yet, despite the eminence of my teachers, I am afraid that neither R. B. Perry's "General Theory of Value" (this was the title of his major work), nor Jaspers' Existentialism ever took very deep root with me, so far as my own philosophical thinking and convictions were concerned (a reflection upon me, to be sure, and not on my teachers). Instead, in my last two years around Harvard, I had come very much under the influence—I might almost say, the spell—of John Wild. And Wild, after having gone through a rather checkered career, so far as his own interests and changes in philosophical position were concerned, had finally ended by coming out as what he, Wild, liked to call a Classical Realist. And by Classical Realism, Wild meant the tradition of Aristotle in ancient philosophy and of Aquinas in mediaeval philosophy. Moreover, it was just this tradition of Classical Realism that Wild and his disciples were determined to try to revive directly within the very context of contemporary philosophy as it then was.

Moreover, Wild being both a dynamic teacher, as well as a very dynamic person, he thought of his new-found philosophical position as being little less than a veritable gospel which he expected that both he and his students would carry right out into the profession, making converts wherever they could. Alas, though,—or perhaps I should say, fortunately—when I first arrived on the campus at I.U., I was scarcely either disposed to, or very well able to, carry any philosophical gospel to anybody. I just didn't know enough! And never having had much background in either classical or mediaeval philosophy in graduate school, I had to spend nearly all of my free time from teaching in those early years, reading up on that particular Aristotelian-Thomistic tradition in Western philosophy that I had so largely missed in my graduate studies, and that I now found myself increasingly partial to.

So much for me, then, as a new member of the Department, beginning in 1937. And now what about my colleague and counterpart, Bob Stephens? Much like me, his particular interests and training in graduate school had not disposed him specifically toward the particular kind of philosophical Idealism to which Robinson and Jellema more or less subscribed. No, he had been trained at Yale, working particularly under W. M. Urban, R. H. Sheldon and R. L. Calhoun. And while such a background did not dispose him particularly toward anything

like Idealism, it did nonetheless guarantee that Stephens would not be likely to be captivated by the then emerging rivals to the still regnant Idealism in American philosophy—things like Pragmatism, the new Realism, or the then imminent new arrival direct from Vienna, Logical Positivism.

Oh, that was not all there was to it, of course. For not only was it the case that, both by temperament and philosophical conviction, Stephens and I were not ones to introduce any jarring notes either into the philosophical outlook of our “elders and our betters” in the Department, or even into that atmosphere of a more or less pervasive Protestant-Christian moral idealism that was still so marked a feature of the Bloomington campus, and particularly of the Bloomington small-town community at the time. Instead, both Stephens and I applied ourselves wholeheartedly and conscientiously to the teaching of our classes. To be sure, they were only undergraduate classes, there being practically no graduate work in philosophy offered at the time. No, there just weren’t any graduate students, or at least none when we first came, to whom graduate instruction could be offered! Nor was there either any real “publish-or-perish” pressure put on Stephens and me in those early years. (That only came later, directly after the World-War-II years. And when that pressure did begin to come, it did eventually and most unhappily drive poor Bob Stephens right out of the academic profession. By the late 50’s, not having been able to get either any articles or his projected book published, Stephens resigned his position, made himself proficient in accounting, passed the C.P.A. exams, and moved away from Bloomington to join the staff of the I.R.S. A sad day, both for the Philosophy Department and for philosophy!)

Returning, however, to our story, let us now but take it for granted that both Stephens and I, despite the fact that our training and background diverged quite significantly from those of either Robinson or Jellema, nevertheless found ourselves fitting entirely comfortably into the sort of program for the Department that was then envisaged by the Department’s two tenured faculty members. Why, then, did things not progress as smoothly and as successfully for the Department in the ensuing 15 years or so, as might have been expected? After all, in 1937 Indiana University was about to make its great leap forward under its new president, Herman B Wells, who had become Acting President of



I.U. in 1937, and then President the year following. How, then, did it happen that the dramatic forward movement of the University as a whole, and of the College of Arts and Sciences in particular, that President Wells so dramatically set in motion,—why did it not carry over to the Philosophy Department?

Well, of course, one reason was that all forward movement of an academic nature was abruptly stopped after Pearl Harbor, which occurred but a little more than four years into Herman Wells' presidency. The entire University then went on a war-time footing, and many from the faculty and the administration went into one or the other of the military services. Besides, as regards the Philosophy Department, it had already suffered one casualty even before Pearl Harbor and the U.S. entry into the war. For in 1939, D. S. Robinson was named President of Butler University in Indianapolis, and accordingly left both I.U. and the Philosophy Department.

(Perhaps parenthetically it might be remarked that Robinson was not destined for either a very long, or a very happy career in college and university administration. Instead, before too many years, he was once again teaching philosophy though not at I.U. After but a scant three years or so as president of Butler, Robinson proceeded to fall out with his board of trustees, resigned his presidency, and promptly secured a commission in the U.S. Navy with the rank of Commander. And should it occur to anyone to wonder how either a one-time philosophy professor, or a now failed college president, should ever be so fortunate as to be called from his presidency to be a Commander in the Navy, the explanation is that, as a one-time minister in the Disciples Church, Robinson had long been a chaplain in the Naval Reserve. Accordingly, war having broken out between the U.S. and Japan at just about the time a rather different war had broken out between Robinson and his board of trustees, Robinson was able most opportunely to change his title from that of college president to that of naval commander. Later, the war being over in Europe and with Japan, Robinson became chairman of the philosophy department at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida; and from there he moved on to the chairmanship of the philosophy department at the University of Southern California. In other words, Robinson's philosophical activity by no means stopped when he left I.U. Indeed, even while he was still at Butler, Robinson,



who was then on the Executive Committee of the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association, arranged for the Association's annual meeting in 1940 to be held at Butler in Indianapolis. And to my knowledge, this was the first time that a Western Division meeting of the A.P.A. had ever been held in Indiana. Not only that, but even though Butler was not I.U., or Indianapolis, Bloomington, the I.U. Department was rated a co-host, given Robinson's earlier association with I.U.—all of which contributed not a few much needed "brownie points" to the Department, so far as its standing in the Association was concerned.)

Back, though, to I.U. itself, and the Department in Bloomington. No sooner had D. S. Robinson resigned his chairmanship, than Jellema was made Acting Chairman, much to the relief, and even rejoicing, of both Stephens and myself, and much to the gratification of many of the senior members of the College faculty as well, who had come to have the very highest regard for Jellema, not so much for what he stood for in professional philosophy (about which they as non-philosophers knew comparatively little), but rather for what he stood for by way of upholding and maintaining the standards of liberal education in both the College and the University as a whole. Unfortunately, however, this enthusiasm for Jellema which both Stephens and I felt in the Department, and which many of the senior faculty in the College felt as well, was not an enthusiasm that was shared by the I.U. Administration, either in the College or in the higher administration.

The trouble, of course, was that Jellema was not a publishing scholar; nor was he particularly interested in the new emphasis upon research in the College, which President Wells and his new administration were determined to do everything they could to promote—and wisely so, I would say now, although at the time I was myself, no less than Jellema, not a little upset by the policies of the new administration. Thus in Jellema's eyes, while the new emphasis that was being placed in the University upon research and publication might be all very well in the sciences, it was questionable whether quite the same standards ought to be carried over and applied to the humanities as well. Yes, and even with respect to the sciences, Jellema felt that the pressure upon the scientists to do research might have a tendency to force them, ever more and more, out of the classroom, in order to provide them with more time simply to "do

their own work." In fact, already in the 40's, the science departments were beginning to follow the practice of sharply distinguishing within their introductory courses between sections for majors in a particular science—say, in physics or in geology—and sections for non-majors. As a result, the teaching in the sections for non-majors was often fobbed off onto the "less productive" professors in the department, as if such instruction were to be reckoned as being of decidedly less importance than that given to the majors. Moreover, the long-range implications of such practices, Jellema felt, would be that the sciences would come increasingly to feel that their role in the University was to contribute only to a specialized education, as one might call it, as contrasted with a truly liberal education. And yet the prime business of a College of Arts and Sciences, Jellema was convinced, was precisely to provide undergraduates at I.U. with nothing less than a liberal education extending over the major branches of learning, including, of course, the sciences, and recognizing that an acquaintance with science was of no less importance for the ordinary undergraduate than it was for the science major.

Is it surprising, then, that having convictions such as these, and being exceedingly skillful and articulate in expressing them, Jellema and the Philosophy Department soon came to fall into rather bad odor, so far as the higher administration at I.U. was concerned? And by "the higher administration," one needs to think principally of the formidable and very nearly all-powerful Dean Fernandus Payne. At the time, Payne was both the Chairman of the Zoology Department and Dean of the Graduate School; and then, a bit later he was made acting Dean of the College as well. Nor was it only titles that Dean Payne collected unto himself. In addition, whether fortunately or unfortunately, it was largely to Dean Payne that President Wells had turned, and upon him whom he relied in the early years of his administration, as being the principal person on the Faculty to whom the much needed business of beefing up and strengthening the faculties of both the College and the Graduate School was to be entrusted. Nor can it be denied that those two faculties were much in need of being strengthened and upgraded in those days, things having come to a rather pretty pass in the later years of Dr. Bryan's administration. And even less can it be denied that it was due largely to Dean Payne's efforts that a number of truly

outstanding scientists and scholars were either brought to I.U. in those years following the War, or else were promoted and rewarded with high salaries, if they were already here. As a result, the academic distinction that I.U. came to enjoy, really for the first time in its history, was largely due to Dean Payne.

At the same time, even as I.U. was thus forging ahead, largely as a result of Dean Payne's discerning appointments, it was also to Dean Payne that much of the blame should be ascribed for the Philosophy Department's being treated pretty much as a stepchild throughout the entire period of the Jellema years. After all, Payne had little if any appreciation, to say nothing of understanding, for Jellema's efforts in support of so-called liberal education. And of course, he was scornful of Jellema's continuing insistence upon the importance of undergraduate teaching, as contrasted with an emphasis upon research. Not that Jellema himself was in his own way entirely uncommitted to research in philosophy. Far from it. And yet it was a research that never issued in publication, whereas for Payne research without publication was nothing, and research with publication everything. Besides, Stephens and I also came under Dean Payne's strictures. For both of us were much influenced by Jellema's example; and while we both of us would have acknowledged that we had a responsibility to write and to publish, at least eventually, we were both, as I have already indicated, somewhat late bloomers, when it came to getting things even written, much less published, in philosophy.

It is scarcely surprising, then, that all during the Jellema years, the Philosophy Department, consisting only of the three of us, Jellema, Stephens, and myself, were treated pretty much as stepchildren by the higher administration at I.U. As a result, Philosophy largely missed the boat, so far as our participating in that great leap forward that so dramatically characterized the University as a whole during the first fifteen years and more of President Wells' administration.

Does this mean, then, that I am now somewhat bitter about all of this, as I look back now upon all those early years of the Department's many missed opportunities and frustrated hopes? Well, I can hardly deny that my blood pressure does tend to go up a bit when I think back on old Dean Payne, and on what always seemed to me to be his extreme educational arrogance and narrowness of vision. And yet in

all fairness, one simply has to reckon with the fact that in those days, no less than today, there is just no way for an academic institution—to say nothing of a department—ever to get to be in the first rank without publication. True, much of that publication may be trivial, and quite without lasting import or distinction. And yet however much one might be inclined just to stand on principle and to insist that, in philosophy at least, if philosophical publication cannot be of the very first rank, then it were better far to have no publication at all, and that further for a philosophy department to concentrate simply on trying to bring students, particularly undergraduate students, to an appreciation of philosophy as being the great civilizing and humanizing force that it is, rather than to be forever concerned with grinding out papers and books for no other reason than just to get something in print—all such noble devotion to principle in matters of philosophical publication might be all very well in theory. Still, the stark realities of any philosophy department's actual situation, 50 years ago no less than today, is a situation in which if the members of a department do not publish, the department itself is just never going to get to be known. And if not known, then such a department must face professional oblivion in the present, and utter oblivion in the future. And is that quite fair to one's institution of which one's philosophy department is but a part?

Looked at in this light, I am not so sure, then, that old Dean Payne was so wrong after all, to be so down on the Philosophy Department as he always seemed to be in the Jellema years. Nor was the lack of publication the only strike that the Department had against it in the eyes of the administration in those years of the 40's. No, for it also needs to be said, at least for the record, that for all of Jellema's sterling qualities both as a person and as a philosopher, he was, alas, a very poor administrator. Not that as chairman he was one whom we younger colleagues found it difficult to work under. On the contrary, he was unfailingly sensitive and understanding, to say nothing of being a real inspiration to Stephens and me as colleagues. But when it came to the details of the chairman's office—getting the budget in on time, working out the class schedules, tending to the office correspondence—, Jellema tended invariably just to let things like this slide.

Thus to cite but a single instance, in the course of the 40's, when the enrollments began to rise rapidly after the War, the administra-

tion did get around to suggesting that the Department might employ another instructor. True, the administration may well have done this grudgingly, and the salary they offered may doubtless have been even more grudging. But for his part, I am afraid that Jellema scarcely bestirred himself at all to find as good people as he could get under the circumstances. Instead, he quite casually offered the job first to one man, one Ray Cope, by name, and then later to another, a certain Mr. Steiger—but all of this without any really serious search to find the best person available for the position, however inadequately funded it may have been. As a result, neither person, neither Cope nor Steiger, was at all the sort of person who could fill the sort of bill we wanted filled at the time. As a result, each stayed but a couple of years and then moved on.

How, though, might one explain this comparative remissness on Jellema's part, so far as tending to the details of administration were concerned? Well, I believe it was simply a case of his not being willing to devote the time to the job that was necessary, particularly if this meant interfering with his teaching, or with his own studies (for he was an incessant reader and student of the philosophical classics), or with his responsibilities to his large family. Of course, this was not a little unfortunate, both for the Department and for Jellema personally. Nor was the administration's reaction anything other than what one might have expected under the circumstances. Thus in the 10 years or so in which Jellema directed the Philosophy Department, he was never named Chairman, but only Acting Chairman.<sup>1</sup>

Accordingly, when in 1949, the Synod of the Christian Reformed Church (for be it noted that Calvin College was not run by a lay board of trustees, but rather was under the jurisdiction of the Church) unanimously requested that Jellema be prevailed upon to return to Calvin as professor of philosophy, Jellema accepted, even though it meant that Calvin would be able to offer him but little more than half of what he was getting at I.U. Needless to say, both Stephens and I were devastated, when Jellema told us he was leaving. And likewise, there were any number of the College faculty outside the Philosophy Department who were no less shocked at the prospect of loss to the College that Jellema's departure would entail. Accordingly, not a few approaches were made to the administration to see if something might not be done,

in order to get Jellema to stay. Yes, even old Dr. Bryan, who was still alive at the time, and was still living in the President's House on the Campus, decided to violate his own inflexible rule never to try to intervene in University affairs, now that he had become President Emeritus. Reputedly, he took his pen and jotted but a two or three line note to President Wells: "I have been informed," he said, "that Professor W. Harry Jellema of the Philosophy Department has resigned his position at I.U. to return to Calvin College for scarcely more than half the salary. Rather than either money or prestige, it is simply his concern the better to serve his church, as well as the cause of education, that has prompted his decision to leave I.U. Such men are rare!"

Immediately, President Wells went into action, for he never wavered in his admiration and even veneration of Dr. Bryan. Of course, I do not know just what Jellema was offered by way of inducement to get him to stay at I.U. Surely, he was offered the Chairmanship of Philosophy, as against merely being Acting Chairman. And doubtless, there were further inducements held out, such as an increase in salary, promises of additional appointments in Philosophy, etc. But no, it was too late. For it was in Jellema's character not to be influenced by mere blandishments of salary and prestige. Besides, it was in no wise surprising that his general reaction tended to be: "Well, if I was never once esteemed worthy of further recognition during all of those years that I went about my business of teaching philosophy at I.U., why should I now be impressed by their offering me everything, merely because I have suddenly received an offer from elsewhere?"

And now let me turn to a somewhat different chapter in this record of the comparative failure of the Department that I've been seeking to recount for the Jellema years. For in addition to the standing that the Philosophy Department came to have, or rather not have, on the I.U. campus, what about its standing in the profession, and more particularly in the American Philosophical Association? Needless to say, of course, Jellema and Stephens and I were all active members of the Western Division of the Association, and we regularly attended the annual meetings of the Division, which were held every spring (except, of course, for the War years), and in those days were usually convened right on the campuses of one or the other of the Big Ten universities. Nevertheless, despite our quite conscientious attendance at the meet-

ings, I am afraid that in the immediate post-War years, Jellema and Stephens and I came increasingly and unhappily to feel that we were perhaps more in the Association, than of it. Why was this? Well, so long as Robinson had been at I.U.—which was only up to 1940—I.U. did have something of a place in the sun, so far as the Western Division was concerned. For Robinson had many friends in the Association, and had served on various committees of the Western Division, and doubtless would have been elected an officer, had he not left the Division after the War. But with Jellema and Stephens and me, the situation was rather different. After all, Jellema had originally taught only in a small college, and hence was not so well known. And as for Stephens and me, we just did not seem to have it in us, I guess, in our first ten years or so at I.U., to impress our fellow members of the Association as being real “comers” in the profession. Instead, it seemed as if we hardly “came” at all: we were not given places on the programs, or invited to serve on any of the committees, or at least not until well after the decade of the 40’s was over.

Nor is it really so surprising—as soon as one reflects upon the somewhat radically changed condition and make-up of the Western Division, as it came to be right after the War—that the three of us from I.U. should have felt more or less “out of it,” so far as the A.P.A. was concerned. For just consider how, before the year 1935, it was pretty much the Absolute Idealists who still continued to hold the upper hand, at least in the Western Division. Oh, there were a number of very vocal second-generation Deweyites about. Max Otto at Wisconsin was one; and somewhat earlier, of course, there had been the Chicago contingent of Deweyites; and also there was a smattering of Dewey disciples at a number of the small colleges, for instance, the irrepressible George R. Geiger at Antioch. In addition, one could of course find an assortment of Realists of various kinds, Neo-, Critical, and otherwise, scattered here and there. And yet for all of these differences between the several varieties of Idealists, Realists, Pragmatists, *et al.*; all was really comparatively serene and unruffled in the Western Division: no one but what he thought his philosophical differences with his colleagues within the profession to be very much within gentlemanly bounds; and the bounds themselves, it was more or less taken for granted, were the bounds of what I earlier referred to as the presumed Great Tradition



of Western Philosophy. And then suddenly in the late 30's, there was a great eruption, in the form of a sudden invasion by Logical Positivists from Europe, principally from Vienna. Yes, it was Feigl and Carnap who first swooped down on the staid wagon trains of the Western Division, and the havoc which their sudden onslaught created is scarcely even imaginable, much less describable.

Thus never will I forget the very first meeting of the Western Division of the A.P.A. that I attended in the spring of 1938. That year the meetings were held at the University of Illinois in Urbana; and of course both Robinson and Jellema drove over to the meetings in their cars, kindly taking me along. In fact, it was at that same meeting in 1938 that Robinson proposed my name for membership in the A.P.A., and I was duly and gratefully elected. However, my being taken into the membership was hardly one of the more notable events that occurred at the Western Division meetings of that year! Rather what really happened was a dramatic overshadowing of the principal scheduled event of that year by the largely unscheduled event of the advent of Herbert Feigl. The scheduled event was precisely the presidential address at the banquet by the venerable James Alexander Leighton from Ohio State. In those days, old Leighton was very much the grand old man on the campus at Ohio State, and, in the eyes of many, and doubtless even of himself, very much the power and the glory of the Ohio State University Philosophy Department. Nor is it surprising that in both capacities, he should have functioned as one of the last of the generation of Idealists who had largely dominated American philosophy, particularly in the Midwest, for at least a generation and more. Accordingly, it was scarcely out of character that, in his presidential address at the banquet—at least as I recall it—Leighton's philosophical oratory should have soared to the heights, being largely celebratory of the wisdom of Plato's *Republic*. In other words, it all fitted very much into that framework and setting of what I have already characterized as being the Great Tradition of Western Philosophy, with its perennial theme of nature, man, and god.

Just imagine, then, the shock of contrast that at the same meetings was provided by Herbert Feigl's sudden and unexpected appearance upon the scene. Being then fresh from Vienna, he gave the impression of having almost crashed the gates of those staid and sober sessions of



the Western Division, as if he, Feigl, were appearing there as at once the personal emissary of Rudolf Carnap, and the self-appointed gadfly of the Vienna Circle! Oh, it's true that many years later I became a very dear friend of Herbert Feigl's, and came to appreciate him as the very sweet and charming person that he really was. But oh, that was not the impression he gave, or the kind of impact that he had, on those far-off Urbana meetings back in 1938! For Feigl was literally everywhere at those meetings, and seemingly everywhere at once! There was not a single session, certainly not any plenary session, but what Feigl was right there, continually jumping to his feet and interpellating both the baffled readers of papers, as well as their equally baffled discussants. And what was the subject of these repeated interpellations? Well, of course, it was none other than the verifiability criterion of meaning. And alas, those poor Western Division philosophers of that day had, most of them, never even heard of the verifiability criterion of meaning; and even if they had heard of it, they had not the slightest idea of what to do about it, particularly when Herbert Feigl applied it directly to their own statements and comments, thus blithely reducing whatever they said all to no better than mere nonsense!

Now I mention this devastating Feigl cavalry raid on the Western Division of the A.P.A., simply for the reason that it was an early and dramatic sign of the rapidly changing times in American philosophy. For while there is a sense in which the older Logical Positivism might be said to have been only a flash in the pan, so far as American philosophy was concerned, it was a flash that soon ushered in the long reign of the so-called Analysts, of whatever species and variety these latter might be, whether Logical Atomists, or Linguistic Analysts, or Bergmannian Realists, or post-Logical-Investigations Wittgensteinians, or whatever. Moreover, just as the ordinary Western Division members seemed, most of them, not to have any idea how to counter the new weapon of the verifiability criterion of meaning that Feigl had so suddenly sprung on them so unceremoniously back in 1938, so also the more prominent members, by the beginning of the post-War years—both the old line Idealists, as well as the then Pragmatists—seemed to be pretty well undone by the new wave in philosophy, or in philosophies, that seemed to be sweeping everything before it. True, one might wonder why the Pragmatists—at least those in the Midwest—should have been

so discomfitted by the new fashions in philosophy of both Positivism and Analysis. But, then, one might just consider that it was not until nearly 50 years later that someone like Richard Rorty could hit upon Dewey's Pragmatism as a resource for undoing the long-dominant Analytic Philosophy, and ushering in the new fashions in so-called Post-Analytic Philosophy. In the meantime, the older generation of Pragmatists of either the old Chicago school, or such as were represented by Max Otto at Wisconsin, seemed quite nonplussed as to how to deal with seemingly so devastating a weapon as the verifiability criterion of meaning. And as for the older Idealists, they were indeed utterly undone by attacks from both the Positivists and the Analysts, so that by 1945 they had pretty well disappeared from the scene altogether.

But what about I.U. and its Philosophy Department? How did they react to the challenges of the newly emerging fashions in philosophy that were typified by Herbert Feigl at those Urbana meetings? Alas, I am embarrassed by the sort of answer that I am forced to give to this question. For I am afraid that at I.U. in those years we quite failed to react to the challenge of the new Positivism, or the not-so-new Analysis, either one. It was almost as if we sought just to look the other way and to ignore them altogether, continuing right along in our customary well-trod ways of trying to uphold the Great Tradition of Western Philosophy, and not realizing that the traditional schema of nature, man, and god, upon which the Tradition so depended, was coming to be pretty well shattered by the new philosophical fashions.

Oh, I don't mean that we I.U. philosophers should have simply capitulated to either the new Positivism or the new Analysis. And yet we should at least have tried seriously to understand the new challenges and so tried to meet them and deal with them, maybe even by adding new people to the staff who could have shaken us up, and awakened us from our dogmatic slumbers, and so made us aware of the dramatic new realities in our own philosophical situation. But we did not do this, and for this I am afraid that I must take a lot of the blame upon myself, for here I believe that I did let the I.U. Department down rather badly. The trouble was that in my own earlier training at Harvard and in Germany, as I have already explained, I remained largely isolated from, and insensitive to, the new movements like Positivism and Analysis that were then just beginning to make such a stir. Not only that,

but having fallen under John Wild's influence, I had come to embrace the Aristotelian and Thomistic tradition in philosophy, which was then regarded by just about everybody in the profession as being nothing if not hopelessly reactionary and out-of-date.

Besides, being then still as comparatively illiterate philosophically as I was, even as regards Aristotle and Aquinas, I had to spend nearly all of my free time apart from teaching just trying to make up for my own deficiencies in this older tradition of classical realistic philosophy, to which I was now so partial, but of which I was still far too ignorant. Hence it was not until many years later that I began to feel sufficiently sure of myself to start really to take seriously, and try to figure out how to deal with, those new fashions in philosophy that had come to displace pretty much the older so-called Great Tradition. By then, though, it was much too late for me to be of much help in trying to bring up to date, in terms of the new fashions, the I.U. philosophy program as it was in the 30's and 40's. As a consequence, as I think back over things now, and compare myself with any number of those who were contemporaries with me as graduate students at Harvard, I see that I quite failed to do for my department at I.U. what, say, someone like Frankena did for Michigan, or what Quine did for Michigan and then later even for Harvard itself, or what Charles Stevenson did try to do for Yale, and then later did do for Michigan, or what Henle did for Northwestern, or what Wilfrid Sellars (though he was not from Harvard of course) did for Minnesota, etc. In other words, just as, during what I have called the Jellema years at I.U., the Department quite failed to make any very favorable impression even on the I.U. administration, so also during the same period I am afraid that, in the eyes of the profession as well, the I.U. Department was largely written off as still very much in the back water, so to speak, so far up-to-date philosophy was concerned.

Again, this is not to say that any philosophy department that would aspire to a place in the sun ought simply to let itself be blown about with every new wind of doctrine. No, and yet one does have to reckon with the fact that philosophy departments, no less than individual philosophers, who are not properly responsive to the new fashions in philosophy, are likely to be written off by the profession as being hopelessly out of date and out of touch. And such, indeed, was very much the fate of the I.U. Philosophy Department in the several years after World War

II—a fate which I am afraid that all of us who were members of the Department at the time must bear responsibility for.

All the same, having thus borne witness to the Department's failure, during the period of the Jellema years, to win a recognition either in the profession, or even in the eyes of I.U.'s own administration, I still would not have it be thought that the Department earned no recognition for itself at all. No, for whatever may have been the attitude towards us by I.U.'s higher administration, or on the part of the profession as a whole, certainly on the campus at I.U. I do believe that it can be said that the Department won quite a name for itself—not for its record of publication, to be sure, and yet certainly for its high standards in teaching, for its thorough devotion to scholarship—at least by its own standards—and for its active engagement in the educational concerns of the College.

Thus on the score of teaching, it was Jellema, of course, who led the way in earning for the Department a reputation for the singular excellence of the instruction given in philosophy. For be it recalled that those years were the post-War years, when not only the numbers of students on the campus increased dramatically, as compared with the pre-War years, but also the quality of students seemed noticeably to improve as well. Why the latter? The explanation, of course, is that it was the G.I. Bill that brought large numbers of veterans to the campus—veterans who were older and far more mature than the typical “Joe-college” undergraduate of the pre-War years. And not only were these veterans older and more mature, they were also much more likely to be sharply critical of teaching that was either shoddy or careless. That's why I believe that the Department of those days could well be proud of the excellent ratings which the students of those days gave their philosophy courses.<sup>2</sup>

And now for just a word concerning the number and the variety of the courses that the Department then offered. True, the number of the courses may not have been too great, unless one figures in the multiple sections. Nor was the variety either, at least not as judged by today's standards. For as I have already implied, the course offerings were pretty much confined to what had traditionally been called for within the context of the Great Tradition. And still more important than just the number and variety of the courses, one needs to consider who the

students were, and why they chose philosophy courses. For after all, it was very rare that students in those days just up and elected to take philosophy courses. No, for never having had any background in philosophy, presumably either at home or in school, most students took their first courses in philosophy only in order to satisfy some requirement or other of their various schools. Of such requirements, the most obvious, and in those days the most rigid, were the requirements laid down for admission to either Law School or Medical School. For both Schools it was a strict six-hour requirement: three in Logic and three in Ethics. Moreover, be it noted that in those days, as it would seem, neither law schools nor medical schools were the least bit interested in having their students trained in either logic or ethics for professional purposes—i.e. a special logic for lawyers, or a special ethics for doctors. Rather the reason for such professional schools—at least to the extent to which they ever bothered to articulate their reasons—wanting their students to have at least some exposure to subjects like logic and ethics was that they thought of logic and ethics courses as offered in a philosophy department as contributing only to the students' more rounded background in liberal arts.

Moreover, for its part, the Philosophy Department, at least at I.U., was quite determined that it not come to be regarded as a mere "service department" for the pre-professional training of other departments and other schools. As a result, when it came to our ethics courses, for example, these tended to steer clear either of anything like an ethics either for doctors or for lawyers, or of the then coming-to-be fashionable emphasis upon meta-ethics as contrasted with ethics. No, the ethics courses at I.U. were conceived of as being an ethics simply for human beings and for human beings, simply *qua* human. Likewise, also, when it came to our courses in logic, these courses, instead of being aimed at providing students with a certain proficiency in the formal manipulations of logic, be these Aristotelian in character, or of the character of the then newly fashionable PM logic, tended rather to stress the theory of logic and how logic needed to be regarded as a part of philosophy. Hence just as philosophy as a whole was to be understood as a humanistic discipline, so the idea was that at I.U. logic would be taught, as Frank Parker and I termed it in our later textbook, as "a human instrument."

Alas, though, in this very connection it perhaps ought to be mentioned, as a more or less unfortunate footnote to the history of the Department, that, in its effort to make their ethics courses speak directly to the properly human concerns of the students, the members of the Department, at least in Robinson's day, had allowed themselves to be maneuvered into a kind of sentimentalizing of the subject matter of ethics. As I say, it was D. S. Robinson who started the business originally; and while the rest of us did not like it very much, it was unfortunately something which we all of us had to live with for a number of years as a part of the Robinson heritage. Back in the early 30's when Robinson was chairman, he had made it a veritable institution in his own ethics classes that, at the end of each semester, all of the students in his classes had to submit a term paper on the subject, "My Philosophy of Life." Certainly, I remember when I first joined the Department, I winced not a little at what I thought amounted to a comparative trivializing and sentimentalizing of the content of ethics, and I chided the boss a bit, albeit quite tactfully and only to the extent that a non-tenured instructor might dare to chide his chairman! I kept saying to him, "But how can a person's philosophy be said to be any more his or her own, than a person's physics or chemistry or biology can be said to be his or her own! Ethics, after all, is a proper philosophical discipline, and not any individual's private possession or preference."

Needless to say, though, Robinson paid no heed to the protests of his newly appointed instructor! Nor did he stop with merely assigning ethics papers on the subject of "My Philosophy of Life." Instead, being a not unenterprising chairman, Robinson had made contact with a rich and prominent New York lawyer by the name of Oscar R. Ewing. Now Ewing, it seems, had graduated from I.U. in the same class as Robinson's wife; and as an undergraduate Ewing had majored in philosophy. (True, this was long, long before the year 1929, and must therefore be reckoned as belonging not even to the pre-history of the Department, but rather to its pre-pre-history!<sup>3</sup>) Moreover, not only had Ewing majored in philosophy at I.U., but in later life, as a prominent Wall Street lawyer, he looked back upon his philosophy at I.U. as having been the real making of him! In fact, it was his background in philosophy, Ewing insisted, that had enabled him to go from I.U. to the Harvard Law School, and then to perform so creditably both in law school and later

as a partner in the Charles Evans Hughes firm in New York City. Yes, he owed it all, so Ewing insisted, to the philosophy he had learned at I.U.!

What's more, feeling this debt to philosophy, or at least to philosophy as it had once been at I.U. in his (Ewing's) day, Ewing signified that he would like to make at least a gesture toward paying that debt. And Robinson, of course, was all eagerness. His response was to suggest that at a first step, Mr. Ewing might be willing to fund an essay prize of some \$ 200 or so (not an inconsiderable sum in the 1930's), to be awarded each year to the undergraduate who submitted the best essay on the subject of (guess what!) "My Philosophy of Life." And so the Ewing Prize came to be established in the 30's, and continued to be offered each year for a number of years following. True, once Robinson left I.U., we ceased to require in our ethics classes the customary term paper on "My Philosophy of Life." As a result, our regular ethics classes ceased to be a sort of breeding ground for essays to be submitted in the Ewing Prize competition. And although the competition was rather well publicized on the campus as a whole, it is little wonder that before long the competition tended to fail to interest students almost altogether. Not only was the prescribed topic that was set for the papers in the competition a perhaps none-too-felicitous one, but also essay-prize competitions, like public-speaking competitions, which had been a not inconsiderable feature of undergraduate life in American colleges throughout much of the 19th century, had now gone out of fashion almost entirely. And so it was that the Ewing Prize Competition, after but a few years, largely withered on the vine and was continued only half-heartedly at best.

For all of this, however, it would seem that Mr. Ewing's interest in I.U. and even in philosophy at I.U. did not cease with the disappearance of the Ewing Prize. It is true that not having been the chairman of the Philosophy Department, I have no first-hand knowledge of just when and how and what approaches Ewing may have made by way of suggesting possible benefactions that he might make toward furthering the cause of philosophy at I.U. But that he did make at least some approaches I am fairly sure, because in the early 60's, I remember going with Alan Donagan, who was then the chairman of the Philosophy Department, to have lunch with Mr. Ewing in Nashville, Indiana. Ewing,



who by then had retired, explained that he was then on an automobile trip to the West with his wife, and that the route was through Indiana. Moreover, the reason he gave for wanting to meet Donagan and me in Nashville, rather than in Bloomington, was that he knew that if President Wells heard of his (Ewing's) being in the area, Dr. Wells would most assuredly be in touch with him and would be pressing him to make a bequest to the I.U. Foundation! Rather than that, though, Mr. Ewing explained that he would prefer to talk with Donagan just to see whether Donagan, and I as well, might either of us come up with some suggestions as to how a bequest to the I.U. Foundation might be used as a way of strengthening philosophy at I.U. Alas, both Donagan and I were so taken aback by Mr. Ewing's unexpected approach that we were somewhat tongue-tied, and not able to come up with any very appealing suggestions. Yes we muffed it, I am afraid!

Still in partial explanation, or perhaps extenuation, whichever, I might just remark that even though this was but 25 years or so ago, I don't believe that the then ordinary member of a philosophy department, or even a chairman of philosophy, was in those days at all conditioned to the idea of his having himself to turn his or her hand to trying to raise money for either his subject or his department. Instead, it was just assumed that any self-respecting college or university administration would have to find money to finance teaching and research in philosophy somehow, somewhere, and without the professors ever having to concern themselves in the least with such a thing. After all, who ever heard of any of Plato's philosopher kings having to bestir themselves with fund-raising! And is it not characteristic of most philosophy professors to want to think of themselves as philosopher kings, at least so long as their hand is not rudely called, and they may thus in their naiveté fancy themselves able to act out their role as kings, albeit only philosopher kings! In any case, Donagan and I certainly failed to rise to this one occasion when the possibility of a Ewing benefaction was dangled before our eyes. Happily, though, our failure proved not to be an irrevocable one. For in later years, and after both Donagan and I had left I.U., Mr. Ewing's generosity prompted him to endow no less than the Ewing Chair in Philosophy. But whether this was done more at the instigation of Chancellor Wells, or was due to the enterprise of one of the subsequent Chairmen who followed Donagan, I don't know.



In any case, the full story in regard to this will doubtless be recounted in due course in a later chapter of this Departmental history.

Back, though, to my present topic, from which I have allowed myself to be deflected, in order to say something about Mr. Ewing and the Ewing prize. Now this continuing present topic, be it remembered, was that of what I have chosen to call the Department's quite solid achievements in the matter of undergraduate teaching during the Jellema years. Already I have spoken of our courses in logic and ethics, which were guaranteed rather large enrollments, largely on account of those courses being required in both the pre-law and pre-medical programs. But such requirements were not the only ones from which the Philosophy Department benefited in those days, so far as its course enrollments were concerned. In addition, there were the old Group IV requirements of the College of Arts and Sciences. Now the wording of this particular set of requirements specified that for a student to receive an A.B. from the College of Arts and Sciences, the student would need to satisfy six hours of work in one or the other areas of either philosophy, or English literature, or advanced foreign language. Moreover, the effect of this requirement turned out to be a rather beneficial one, so far as philosophy enrollments were concerned. For there were comparatively few students who, early on in their college years, had achieved a sufficient mastery of a foreign language, so as to feel comfortable about taking a regular literature course in a foreign language. And on the other hand, so far as English literature was concerned, many students tended to react by saying in effect that since they had already been exposed to English in high school, why should they worry about taking any more of that! On the other hand, as to philosophy, whereas, as I have already explained, the ordinary I.U. student in those days had never had any exposure to philosophy at all, and doubtless had not the slightest idea of what philosophy was even about, still, given the set-up of the Group IV requirements, many a student tended to reason: "I don't know any foreign language well enough to trust myself in any advanced courses there, and I am tired of English literature, so why not take a crack at this stuff they call philosophy? Besides, the word is that of the optional course offerings that one has to choose from to satisfy the requirement, be it logic or ethics, or introduction to philosophy, or history of philosophy, those courses are all reputed to be well taught."

And so it was that on the basis of such a dubiously judicious undergraduate motivation, the Philosophy Department came to have the rather large undergraduate enrollments that it did have. In other words, let's just say that the undergraduates of those days tended in considerable numbers to make a right choice of philosophy, but not necessarily always for the right reasons! Moreover, before I am done with this business of the undergraduate degree requirements that prevailed throughout the 40's and 50's and into the 60's, I might remark, both parenthetically and in anticipation of what I shall have to say later, that it was precisely over the issue as to whether the Group IV requirements of the College should be altered so as to include courses in religion as one of the options in Group IV, that Alan Donagan angrily resigned his chairmanship in 1965 and went to the University of Illinois in a huff! But of that, more later.

What now about graduate students during the Jellema years? Having gone on at such length about the Department's undergraduate program, what can I now say about the graduate program: were there any graduate students; and did any of them earn the Ph.D. degree? To the first of these questions the answer is "Yes"; but to the second "No." But why this "No"? Was it because the poor, and, in the eyes of the administration, rather benighted, I.U. Philosophy Department, having already two strikes against it in other respects, simply struck out when it came to granting any Ph.D's? Hardly, for in giving a negative answer to the second of my two questions, my negative needs to be nuanced, and nuanced in a rather interesting way, I believe. For while it is true that during the Jellema years the Department did manage to attract a number of graduate students, and some of them quite able students too, it was by deliberate design that the Department stopped short of ever granting any Ph.D's.

Why? Well, the policy was one that Jellema as the chairman had determined upon, although Stephens and I entirely concurred in it. For as Jellema saw things, in those days it would have been a largely mis-directed effort, had the Department embarked on a full-fledged Ph.D. program. For one thing, there really wasn't any Ph.D. program even in existence at the time Jellema became chairman, and presumably there never had been one either. For another thing, we were but a three-man department, and the then members of the Department could hardly

boast of sufficient reputations in the profession as a whole to be able either very successfully to attract good students, particularly from outside the State, then to place them, should they ever be awarded the Ph.D.

Besides, Jellema felt that in the nature of the case it was rather gratuitous for a University such as I.U. to embark upon a full-scale program of graduate work in philosophy. After all, were there not already a sufficient number of excellent graduate programs at places like Michigan, Chicago, Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia and elsewhere? Why, then, should I.U. undertake to try to devote its comparatively limited energies and resources to trying to get on the graduate-school bandwagon, when such efforts as we might be able to make towards this end would seem to give promise of being little more than inadequate and inferior—at least in a field like philosophy?

Besides at Calvin, Jellema had already had no little experience in giving students such basic training in philosophy as would enable them to handle graduate work at a more prestigious institution quite successfully. Why not, then, adapt a policy of this sort to the situation at I.U.? After all, the few graduate students whom I.U. had been able to attract in the past had not come with particularly strong undergraduate backgrounds. Nor would it seem that there were very many colleges then in the Midwest that could boast of strong undergraduate programs in philosophy—at least not programs that were particularly directed toward steering students into graduate work. Accordingly, it was Jellema's idea that such promising undergraduate majors, as we might be able to attract to I.U. from the small colleges in the State or elsewhere, we could then take and so put them through their paces in a Master's program of such substantive import as would really fit them for the rigors of a Ph.D. program at one of the more established graduate schools.

Besides, Jellema had a particular string to his bow that certainly figured in his calculations at least somewhat. For given his earlier and quite remarkable success in sending his Calvin students to Michigan and Harvard and elsewhere, any student who, as it were, had been certified by Jellema would in all likelihood be able to be awarded a fellowship or an assistantship at any of the better graduate schools where Jellema's name had come to be known. Nor were Stephens and

I without contacts either, he at Yale and I at Harvard. Why, then, was there not reason to believe that, by developing a well-thought-out M.A. program at I.U., we could prepare and equip students for going elsewhere for the Ph.D., and there acquitting themselves in such a way as to be truly outstanding?

And so, indeed, did things in fact work out: we did manage to develop at I.U. what was then a not unimpressive M.A. program in philosophy, concentrating on what were then considered to be pretty much the basics in philosophy—logic, ethics, metaphysics, epistemology, and, of course, the history of Western philosophy. Yes, and just by way of emphasizing how fundamental to all future work in philosophy a solid grounding in the tradition of Western philosophy was, Jellema required that all Master's candidates in philosophy should show evidence of at least an elementary proficiency in ancient Greek. No, this was not because in those days word had begun to filter through to the U.S. from Germany to the effect that a knowledge of Greek was what the famed Martin Heidegger was requiring of all of his students in Freiburg. Rather what prompted Jellema to institute such a requirement was simply his own conviction—a conviction which I shared at the time as well—that a knowledge of Greek philosophy was the one true key to a proper understanding and appreciation of all philosophy.

Oh, it is not to be denied that the then incoming graduate students in philosophy were at first somewhat stunned that a basic proficiency in ancient Greek should be a prerequisite to receiving an M.A. in philosophy! However, I believe it entirely accurate to say that, however stunned our students may have been at first, no one of them who submitted to this regimen, but what he or she soon came to be unqualifiedly grateful that their preparation in philosophy had entailed for them this rudimentary grounding in Greek. Moreover, a particular reason for our students thus coming to be eventually grateful for their having had to submit to this discipline of learning Greek was largely because of the quite remarkable and insightful instruction that they received from a young professor of Greek, who had but recently come to I.U., and who then remained at I.U. for many years before his eventual retirement in the late 70's or early 80's. This was one Aubrey Diller by name, who eventually attained a name of no little pre-eminence in classical scholarship. In any case, in those days, as one might well imagine, classes

in elementary Greek were not, shall we say, exactly over-subscribed in enrollments. This meant that each year Diller was able to give our one or two entering students in philosophy what amounted practically to a private tutorial course in Greek grammar and elementary reading and translation. And as I say, without exception all of our philosophy graduate students in those several pre-War and post-War years were immeasurably grateful that their program in philosophy had thus necessitated their learning Greek at the hands of such a master as Professor Diller was.

Nor need I speak only in this general way about what I am suggesting was the success of this early program of graduate work in philosophy that Jellema had devised and instituted. In addition, I can actually name names of two very remarkable students who went through the program, and who later went on to receive their Ph.D's with credit and distinction, and eventually entered the teaching profession, where each of them over the years was able to give a very good account of himself. The one of these was Francis H. Parker, who came to us from Evansville College in Evansville; and the other was Richard Barber, who came from Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. Both of these men started with us before World War II; both went into the service during the War; and both returned after the War to complete their work for the M.A. Armed, then, with that degree and supported by our strong recommendations, Parker succeeded in winning a fellowship which took him to Harvard, and Barber one to Yale. Both, in turn, then racked up excellent records in their respective institutions; and each, when he finished the work for the Ph.D., had his pick of some of the most promising job openings, Parker going to Haverford College in Pennsylvania, and Barber to Tulane. In later years, Parker had a by no means undistinguished career, being named in the 60's the first chairman of the newly created Philosophy Department at Purdue; and then in his last 10 to 15 years of teaching he accepted a name professorship in philosophy at one of the New England colleges, Colby College in Maine. Meanwhile, Barber, after an excellent beginning teaching philosophy at Tulane decided, alas, pretty much to forsake philosophy for "deaning": in the late 50's he was named Dean at the University of Louisville, and there he remained functioning in his administrative role with considerable *éclat*, and teaching now and then an occasional philosophy course

on the side, until his retirement just a few years ago.

But now having given this not unfavorable account of our I.U. graduate program in philosophy as it was during the Jellema years, would I be inclined to give an equally favorable account of that program, considering the situation as it developed since, and is today? And here my answer has to be, "Of course not." For while Jellema's program for an M.A. in philosophy at I.U. may have been all very well for those early pre-War and immediate post-War years, it is obvious that such a program was not the kind of graduate program that a rapidly growing and expanding university like I.U. could very well rest content with—no, not even when it came to a subject of such comparatively limited demand as philosophy. In fact, even during the Jellema years of the 40's and 50's, the I.U. administration—particularly our nemesis, Dean Payne—was presumably most unhappy with what they doubtless considered to be Jellema's (and the Department's) lack of vision, in the matter of the development of a graduate program in philosophy for I.U. And while I would myself certainly say that although the I.U. administration's lack of appreciation of what Philosophy was doing in the matter of graduate work in those early pre-War and post-War years was perhaps dead wrong for that time, it was dead right, so far as the future was concerned. And so it was that, when Jellema left I.U., and a new chairman had to be chosen, one of the prime requisites for the new chairman was that he be someone who could build up a full-fledged Ph.D. program in philosophy. As to how successful, though, that new chairman who was then chosen, Newton P. Stallknecht, proved to be in carrying out this particular task must now remain to be seen only in our next chapter.

For the present, though, there remains yet another area of which something needs to be said, so long we are discoursing on both the intended, as well as the actual, accomplishments of the Philosophy Department during the Jellema years. For in addition to the Department's concern to maintain teaching of high order on the undergraduate level, as well as institute a carefully thought-out graduate program leading to the M.A. on the graduate level, there was yet another ongoing concern of the Department during those years. Nor do I know how best to describe this latter concern, other than simply to say that it was a concern to bear witness to the truth and value of philosophy, not just in the classroom, but on the campus at large and even to an extent in

the community as a whole. True, to voice any such concern in these days may well sound presumptuous and out of place. But go back 40 or 50 years, and one would find that philosophy then, so far from being regarded as a subject only for specialists and sophisticates, was instead thought of as being a discipline that both should and could be made to be a matter of concern to human beings generally.

And so it was that quite continuously throughout the pre-War years, and resuming again in the immediate post-War years, all three of us in the I.U. Philosophy Department were extremely active in all sorts of campus committee work, as well as in campus affairs generally—at least to the extent that it might seem possible thereby to demonstrate the relevance of philosophy when it came to trying to determine what the aims of higher education ought to be, or what it was that a so-called liberal education might be supposed to be about. For instance, I recall how, in the very first year of President Wells' presidency, he set up a so-called Self-Survey Committee to scrutinize critically, and from every conceivable angle, the work and function of the several areas and departments of the University. Accordingly, in response to the challenge of this committee, I remember how we in the Department, perhaps somewhat naively, and maybe even rather brashly, threw ourselves into the business of plying the Committee with all sorts of memoranda and position papers, trying to make out a case for the primacy and the centrality of a subject such as philosophy in any college or university education that was rightly conceived. Oh, I am not claiming that we had much success in impressing the Committee particularly; but at least they listened to us! And I still recall how at a hearing which the Committee was considerate enough to grant the Department, we submitted to a vigorous and intelligent grilling by one particularly brilliant member of the Committee, one Fowler Harper from the Law School.

Moreover, that same ferment, which the Self-Survey Committee had generated on the campus, continued into the subsequent years, and for long after the Committee's own report had been submitted. Thus in one faculty gathering after another, and in one committee after another, I still recall how those of us from the Philosophy Department were repeatedly in the center of all sorts of discussions and debates over issues such as that of teaching vs. research, or of the nature of a liberal education, or of the importance of the Classics in education, etc. Yes, in



this latter connection, I even remember busying myself with organizing some eight or ten members of the faculty into a small Greek reading club—or “Greek Club” as we rather fancifully referred to ourselves as being—that would meet once a month in the evenings at our various houses, and that occupied itself with reading and translating various of Plato’s Dialogues. True, for one year, I believe, but only for one year, did we change our fare from that of philosophy to that of history: instead of Plato, that year we read Herodotus. But otherwise, it was Plato and philosophy that was our *pièce de résistance*, and no mistake about it!

After all, it needs to be remembered that in those days—the 40’s, that is—there were not a few of the older members of the faculty who had been put through the mill of an old-fashioned classical education in both Latin and Greek, and most of them not just in high school, but in college and university as well. And while most of them had not used their Greek in years, the prospect of trying to get it back again through meeting once a month with a group of congenial faculty members, particularly when someone of Aubrey Diller’s skills and attainments (though he would have nothing to do with organizing the group) nevertheless was willing to act as our faithful mentor—all of this proved most attractive to the Club members. And from the point of view of the Philosophy Department—since I was the Club’s organizer and Jellema one of its most faithful members—it was not without significance that the peculiar claims of philosophy, as being basic in anything that might be considered a classical liberal education, should thus come to be both witnessed to and debated in a group of those who were then among the most prominent members of the college faculty—Prescott Townsend in ancient history, Stith Thompson in Folklore, Horst Frenz, who later became the chairman of Comparative Literature, Otto Brendel in Fine Arts, Carl Franzen in Education, Will T. Hale in English, old Guido Stempel in what was then known, not as Linguistics, but rather as Comparative Philology, and not least, of course, the inimitable Aubrey Diller in Greek.

Nevertheless, when it came to what I might call the Philosophy Department’s “public relations” *vis-à-vis* the College and University faculty, it was not so much our activities on committees, or in campus affairs, or in groups like that of the Greek Club, that formed the real



centerpiece of our Department's witness to the importance of philosophy in the University community as a whole. No, the centerpiece of our efforts in this regard was provided by an institution that was not at all of our own creation. This was the so-called Mahlon Powell annual lectureship in philosophy. It seems that in the early 30's Indiana University had been made a beneficiary under the will of a certain Mahlon Powell, who had left money expressly for the establishment of a chair of philosophy on the Bloomington campus. Unfortunately, the will, it seems, was contested by several of the other heirs; and by the time these contesting claims were settled, there was not enough money left for the endowment of any regular chair in philosophy to be held by a regular and permanent member of the faculty.

Instead, the alternative that was agreed upon, presumably by D.S. Robinson of the Philosophy Department, and by Dr. Bryan as the then philosopher-president of I.U., was to establish an annual lectureship in philosophy that would bring to the campus each year a distinguished philosopher, of both national and international renown, to give a series of four lectures in the course of a week's visit to the campus. The stipend for the four lectures was to be \$1,000—which in those days amounted to a not inconsiderable sum, certainly one not inconsiderable for philosophers! In addition, by special arrangement with the Yale University Press, it was stipulated that the lectures were to be published in book form. And so it was that the Powell Lectures became something of a campus event in Bloomington every year—an event which hopefully, it was thought, would serve to direct attention to philosophy, and contribute to the greater philosophical enlightenment of both faculty and students alike at I.U.

How successful, though, may one say that the Powell Lectures actually turned out to be, considered thus as a sort of public relations ploy, alike for philosophy and the Philosophy Department? Initially, it would seem that all went well, both the lectures and the lecturers being very well received on the Bloomington campus. Thus it was in 1935, I believe, that the first set of lectures in the Powell Series was delivered by Professor William Ernest Hocking of Harvard. Hocking, as I think I may have remarked earlier, had been D.S. Robinson's former mentor at Harvard. Nor was there any denying that, as judged by the fashions and standards of that day, he was a gifted performer. As

one irreverent friend and classmate of mine at Harvard many years ago remarked: "How could Hocking be other than a most august figure on the lecture platform: to listen to him was to fancy one was hearing a stream of 'golden words,' and to look up at him was to imagine that one was looking at God himself!"

Needless to say, such a standard as that set by Hocking in his role as "the great philosopher" was hardly a standard that subsequent Powell lectures either could, or would want to measure up to. Thus in the year following Hocking, the year just before I came to I.U., as a matter of fact, the Powell Lectures were given by my professor at Harvard, one Ralph Barton Perry by name. And from the reports which I picked up in the year following and after I had joined the faculty, it was apparent that in his performance Perry had been no William Ernest Hocking. (And in fact, that was just about the last thing that Perry himself would ever have wanted to be! Indeed, though Perry and Hocking were colleagues of one another in the Philosophy Department at Harvard for many years, the two of them were in no way members of any mutual admiration society.) Yet for all of that, it would seem that Perry's lectures went over well enough with his I.U. audience. After all, Perry did have a rather resounding name, "Ralph Barton Perry." Besides, he came from Harvard. And in those days that was just about enough mightily to impress any I.U. audience.

Following Perry, it is not too clear from the records just whether and who might have been the Powell Lecturer for the years 1938 and 1939. But 1940 was truly a banner year for the Powell Lecture Series, it being in the spring of that year that the lecturer was none other than the renowned Etienne Gilson, the eminent French Catholic philosopher, historian of medieval philosophy, and professor at the Collège de France in Paris. Yes, on that occasion, there was just no denying that the Powell Lectures proved to be a most resounding success for the cause of philosophy at I.U. For one thing, Gilson was a singularly polished lecturer, in the best tradition of pre-World War II French academicians. But for another thing, Gilson, even though a Frenchman, had such a perfect mastery of English that he could be witty even in English, and witty he certainly was! And besides wit, his lectures were characterized by the most beautiful French clarity and lucidity—"a true masterpiece of French art," as one enthusiastic professor from the Mu-

sic School exclaimed, as he emerged from Gilson's final lecture. Thus it was hardly surprising that for Gilson's first lecture, the hall (i.e. Alumni Hall, where the Powell Lectures were then always given) was quite respectably filled; by the second lecture all the seats were taken; and by the third and fourth lectures there was standing room only!

That, then, brings my account of the Powell Lectures down to World War II; and of course, once the U.S. entered the war, and I.U. went on a war-time footing, the Powell Lectures had to be suspended for the duration. Alas, though, when again the Lectures were resumed after the War, I am afraid that the Powell Lecture Series was never quite the same again.<sup>4</sup> It was as if this particular lecture series, at least in terms of its popular reception, had become something of a war casualty in its own right. But why? Well, one might say that the post-War lecturers, while perhaps no less distinguished as philosophers, were still not the performers that people like Hocking, say, or Gilson had been. And certainly it is true that in the post-War years philosophy in the U.S. did tend to become increasingly technical, and less and less a thing for popular consumption, and certainly not for popular edification, shall we say. Also, and during the same period, I believe that the I.U. audiences, who attended the lectures, had tended to change somewhat in character as well. For one thing, the rapid expansion in size of the University after the War meant that the faculty and the student body were much larger and less cohesive; nor was it possible for any particular lecturship to be anything like the campus event that the Powell lectureship had once been. In fact, after the War the Patten Lectures got under way as well, along with the Powell Lectures; and while there was never any conflict in schedules between the two, there certainly was increased competition for campus interest and campus attention.

Yes, as time went by, one could almost say that the Powell Lectures tended to become, not so much an advertisement for the Philosophy Department, as rather almost an embarrassment for us. For think of our worries and concerns, when distinguished philosophers would be brought to the campus—people like John Wisdom, or Max Black, or C.I. Lewis, or Richard McKeon, or Brand Blanshard, or John Wild or any number of others—and what would happen? For the visitor's first lecture, perhaps, there might be a quite respectable turn-out, and then for the subsequent lectures, the audiences would tend to dwindle

more and more, until at the fourth and final lecture the lecturer might find himself having to address almost an empty hall. Believe me, for those of us in the Department, who had to play the role of hosts for the distinguished visitor, these audiences, sparse to the point of being almost non-existent, were sources of acute embarrassment!

One trouble, of course, was that by the terms of our invitations to prospective lecturers, not only were the lectures to be delivered before an all-University audience, but in addition, the text of the lectures was to be turned over to us for eventual publication by the Yale Press. This meant that while many of our lecturers might have done well enough, had they but thought of themselves as simply lecturing informally to a largely popular audience of students and faculty, the realization on the lecturer's part that his lectures were subsequently to be published meant that he inevitably tended to think of himself as writing for professional readers, and not at all for a reception by a popular audience.

True, faced with this increasing problem, the Department even tried hinting tactfully, in its invitations to prospective visitors, that perhaps he or she might consider delivering his lectures in a more or less popular style, possibly then revising them later for publication. Little wonder, though, that prospective lecturers hardly appreciated that kind of a suggestion: it was as if the lecturer were being asked to place himself in a kind of double jeopardy, to say nothing of putting himself in the position of having to prepare two different performances for the price of one! Of course, too, there was still another adverse effect which this increasing concern on the Department's part with trying to find lecturers, who would be able to communicate effectively with a non-professional audience, had on our series as a whole. It meant that various distinguished names of philosophers were struck off our list, not because as philosophers they did not merit being invited to give the Powell Lectures, but simply because it was generally recognized that as lecturers they were likely to be either dull or unintelligible or both. Thus John Dewey was a case in point: he was never invited to give the Powell Lectures.<sup>5</sup>

Moreover, as an illustration of a rather different sort of problem that the Department faced in trying to scour the country, and even the world, in order to find lecturers who would be able to be, if not exactly popular performers, still persons of such glamour as to be able

to carry the day, let me but mention the name of George Santayana. Of course, we all know that he had long since forsaken the U.S., in both distaste and disgust, and was reputed to be living, largely incognito, in a monastery somewhere in Italy, where his wants were being tended to by the nuns! Nothing daunted, though, Professor Jellema decided that he would try to track Santayana down with an invitation to give the Powell Lectures in Bloomington, Indiana. Of course, the only resource Jellema could think of for finding Santayana's address had to be Santayana's American publisher, and the publisher was not very cooperative. Nevertheless, by persisting, Jellema did learn what Santayana's address was in his monastery in Italy; and he did then both write, and finally cabled, Santayana an invitation to give the Powell Lectures. For a while there was no response; and then one day Jellema received a terse cablegram. It consisted of but one word: "Impossible." Signed, "Santayana."

Enough, though, by way of an account of the Department's anxieties and soul-searching—to say nothing of a few occasional amusing anecdotes and incidents—in connection with the Powell Lectures. For the fact is that the Lecture Series in time, it must be admitted, proved simply not to work out too well as a vehicle for properly popularizing philosophy on the I.U. campus. Still, before we are done with the general topic of the Powell Lectures, perhaps it might be noted that at least a few of the lectures did afford a certain by-product of goodwill and understanding for philosophy. Already I have remarked on how throughout much of the first half of the 20th century, the dominant *ethos* that tended to pervade Indiana, and particularly Southern Indiana, was very largely a Protestant Christian *ethos*. And since there was still in those days a widespread notion that religion and philosophy must surely have much to do with one another, we in the Department found ourselves to be much concerned that as a Department we should address ourselves seriously to such concerns, in the hope that in our teaching and in our practices as philosophers we might be able to shed some light on the perennially vexed question of just what the bearing might be of philosophy upon religion, and of religion upon philosophy. To this end, accordingly, we did occasionally exploit the Powell Lecture as a means, and we did so by bringing to the campus from time to time some very distinguished religious thinkers as Powell Lecturers—notably

Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich from the Protestant side, and Etienne Gilson, whom I have already mentioned and who came to us as a particularly distinguished Roman Catholic thinker and philosopher.

Now it is perhaps not irrelevant in this connection to note that in those days—i.e. in the 30's and 40's—so-called departments of religion were scarcely as much in fashion in American colleges and universities as they later became. Rather it tended to be assumed that any treatment of what might be called religious thought was more or less the business of the philosophy department. And particularly, since in a state university such as I.U., which was of course bound by the strict requirements of the State constitution specifying the separation of church and state, it was not even contemplated that a department of religion or theology should ever be set up in the university. Instead, in so far as religious questions and difficulties might take on the character of properly philosophical issues, it was more or less supposed that all questions of such a nature would be among the concerns of a philosophy department. Nor was the I.U. Philosophy Department in those days at all hesitant or loath about addressing itself to just such religious concerns as seemed to be of properly philosophical import. Indeed, both Jellema and I, even as professors of philosophy, were at the same time individuals of definite religious convictions and commitment, he along the lines of orthodox Calvinism, and I along those of Anglo-Catholicism. And while again, as I say, this was in the days before so-called courses in the "philosophy of religion" had become at all popular, still both Jellema and I found occasion to introduce themes associated with natural theology and with Christian ethics directly into our philosophy courses in ethics, in metaphysics, and in the history of Western Philosophy.

Nor was this all, for Jellema was one who was constantly in demand—and I too, though to a far lesser extent—to give talks to various student groups associated with the various religious denominations and foundations, many of which had centers that dotted the fringes of the campus. Moreover, when it came to Jellema's and my extracurricular, and even to a limited extent our curricular, involvement in religious questions and concerns, we found the I.U. administration to be, for a change, not a little sympathetic and encouraging. For as it happened, both President Wells and his then chief financial officer of the University, Ward G. Biddle, were much concerned that the State university not come to

be associated in the public mind with atheism and godlessness, or with even any general indifference toward religion. Not that President Wells or Mr. Biddle either one were men of particularly strong religious convictions themselves, or in any way particularly articulate in their own religious beliefs and convictions. And certainly, they wanted nothing like a religious indoctrination, be it either Catholic or Protestant or Jewish, to be smuggled into any of the regular courses of instruction in the University. All the same, they certainly were determined that the University's public image not be one associated with either indifference or hostility to religion.

Moreover, by way of establishing a certain official policy of the University toward religion in general, and toward the various religious denominations in particular, President Wells and his close associate, Ward Biddle, appointed as their more or less semi-official advisor on religion, one Dr. Frank O. Beck. Dr. Beck, it seems, was a fraternity brother of both Wells and Biddle. Moreover, he had been a somewhat prominent Methodist minister, having many years before served various Methodist churches in Southern Indiana. Later, he had gotten himself appointed to the faculty of the Garret Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois, which was perhaps the most prestigious Methodist theological school in the Midwest, having originally been associated with Northwestern University. After a number of years, then, on the faculty of Garret, Dr. Beck had reached the retirement age at Garret, had moved back to Bloomington (where his wife was from originally); and once he was resettled in Bloomington, which must have been in the late 30's or early 40's, Dr. Beck was then co-opted by Wells and Biddle to serve as the chairman of a so-called Committee on Religion, which was supposed to function as both a promoter and a coordinator of religious activities both on and around the University campus.

The members of his committee Dr. Beck recruited from the faculty; and poor Mr. Jellema for years, was a perennial, if somewhat reluctant, member of that Committee. And I too had to serve on the Committee, but only intermittently, and usually when Jellema had to be away. I say "poor Mr. Jellema," for Jellema and Dr. Beck just did not see eye to eye on much of anything connected with religion! For one thing, as a Calvinist Jellema was a Predestinarian, whereas Beck as a Methodist was presumably committed to some form of Arminianism. And yet Dr.



Beck's Methodism was of such a flaccid variety, that one could scarcely say that he was much of anything theologically, not even an Arminian! No, it was almost as if a mere sentimental Methodism did duty for any and all systematic theology, so far as Dr. Beck was concerned. Yet for all of his limitations in regard to anything having to do with the tough intellectual content of religion and theology, Dr. Beck was certainly not limited either in his energies or in his officiousness. No, for he was a great busy-body, forever organizing conferences of "Protestants, Catholics, and Jews," looking askance at unbelievers, particularly those on the faculty, and generally trying to promote "religion," according to the mind, or better the sentiments, of Dr. Beck! In fact, the present Beck Chapel on the campus of I.U. owes both its original conception and its eventual realization to a promised bequest to the University from Dr. Beck and his wife.

From this whole account, then, of what I might best call the Beck-inspired propaganda for religion on the I.U. campus, one might gather that, while the Philosophy Department was a somewhat unwilling beneficiary of such a propaganda, we were beneficiaries nonetheless. Moreover, one can imagine that when the Philosophy Department brought to the campus as Powell Lecturers such eminent philosophers of a religious persuasion as Gilson, Niebuhr, and Tillich, the Committee on Religion could hardly fail to give us the benefit of its doubt, and even its somewhat grudging approval and publicity. For all of that, though, even such eminent religious philosophers as the three just mentioned did sometimes have their problems, so far as their four-lecture stands on the I.U. campus were concerned. Once more, it should not be lost sight of—a thing that I have already remarked upon before—and that is that the dominant *ethos* of the Bloomington community in those days, and indeed of most of Southern Indiana as well, was a decidedly Protestant Christian *ethos*. That meant that when Etienne Gilson, for example, came to the campus in the spring of 1939, it was very much a thing to be reckoned with that Gilson was not only a Catholic, but a French Catholic as well. And as for Southern Indiana in those days, while it did have a strong minority of Catholics, they were largely German Catholics, and not French Catholics. In fact, Southern Indiana had scarcely seen many French since the days of the French and Indian Wars, and that had indeed been a long time before!



Still, the University (or rather the higher administration of the University) sensing the public-relations opportunity, vis-a-vis the Catholics, which Gilson's presence provided them with, really came to the aid of the comparatively impoverished Philosophy Department, and decided to sponsor quite an elegant luncheon and reception on Gilson's behalf in the old Union Building. Invited to this luncheon, naturally, were such prominent Catholic Churchmen in Indiana as the Bishop of Indianapolis, the Bishop of Fort Wayne, the Abbot of St. Meinrad, the Rector of the Jesuit seminary at West Baden, as well as a number of prominent Catholic laymen from various parts of the State. Of course, there was a speakers' table at the front of the room, at which were seated, naturally not only Gilson and President Wells and Professor Jellema, but also the Church dignitaries as well. Accordingly the meal over, it came time for the speeches—or rather, as they were euphemistically called, the “toasts.”

Remember, though, that this was all in Southern Indiana, and in those days not only was the dominant *ethos* of Southern Indiana that of Protestant Christianity, but that of Prohibition as well. In fact, in Indiana in those days, Protestantism and Prohibition were almost inseparably linked in people's minds. Nor had it been more than some six or seven years before that first the 18th Amendment had been repealed, and then but a few months afterwards, Indiana's famed “Wright Bone Dry Law” as well. And of course, so far as Indiana University was concerned, not only could no liquor be served on the campus, but not even could a drop of liquor so much as be allowed to get near the campus! Nor had it then become customary to serve cocktails even in private houses in Bloomington. Is it hard, then, to imagine the deprivation that poor Gilson, the Frenchman, had been suffering during his three or four days in Bloomington, and before that final luncheon? In any case, when Gilson, at the luncheon, was called upon to rise and respond to the toast, he got up, and turning to the Bishop of Fort Wayne, I believe it was, who was seated on his left, he said: “Your Grace, is it not a pity that for all of the power and dignity of your office, you still would appear not able to perform the miracle of changing the water into wine!”

Nor was that the only occasion when what might be called the *mortmain* of Prohibition had somewhat embarrassing effects, so far

our entertainment of Powell lecturers was concerned. This time it was Tillich, and not Gilson, who seized the occasion to make a jibe at Southern Indiana's puritanical heritage of Prohibition. True, Tillich was no French Catholic like Gilson, but he was a German Lutheran; and Puritanism is scarcely an affliction of most German Lutherans. In any case, when Tillich was invited to the campus to give the Powell Lectures, it was felt by the members of the Philosophy Department that it would be well if we were to make a particular effort to encourage the ministers of the several Protestant denominations in Bloomington to turn out for Tillich's lectures. Accordingly, it was determined that my wife and I would have a reception and cocktail party in honor of Tillich at our own house; and to this, the several ministers of the presumed main-line churches would all be most cordially invited. Of course, it was within our calculations that by having the party at our house, rather than at the Union Building, we could thereby circumvent the University's still strict rule against serving liquor anywhere on the campus. At the same time, it suddenly occurred to us that there might be some embarrassment in how we ought to word our invitations to the several clergymen. For if we put on the invitations, "Cocktail Party," while this probably might not offend the ministers themselves, it might nonetheless cause them some unease, if members of their congregations should ever find out that they had gone to a party labelled a "cocktail party." So what did we do? Well, my wife hit upon the solution of just putting on the invitation that it was for a "reception" for Dr. Tillich, at which "refreshments" would be served.

Accordingly, came the day of the party, and all went well. The ministers all came, and at one end of the room we had a table at which non-alcoholic drinks were served, and at the other end of the room a table for the alcoholic drinks. Finally, towards the end of the party, and after many of the Protestant ministers had left, Tillich was still standing at the table where he could replenish his own decidedly alcoholic cocktail, and was unhesitatingly doing so. My wife and I happening to be beside him, we told Tillich, with some amusement, how we had been rather hard put to it to know just how to word our invitations, so as not to cause any embarrassment to our guests among the Protestant ministers, should their parishoners chance to discover that they had been guests at a party labelled "a cocktail party." At

which Tillich rared back, and, in his heavy German accent, exclaimed, "*Mein Gott*, how un-Christian of them!"

With that, then, we can surely now close our section on the Powell Lectures. Perhaps we might just sum it all up by saying that, alas, the course of philosophy lectures, like "the course of true love, doth never run smooth."

Finally, there is one last item which no doubt ought to be at least touched upon in any account of the I.U. Philosophy Department's fortunes during what I have chosen to designate as "the Jellema years." This item concerns the Department's active participation in, and even in a sense a kind of sponsorship of, what came to be called the Indiana Philosophical Association. As the name itself implies, this was a gathering of teachers of philosophy in the several colleges throughout the State, we from I.U. being the only ones who could be said to be university teachers in any strict sense. For in those days of the 1930's and 1940's, Purdue had no philosophy department, and Notre Dame was at once too far north, as well as being somewhat otherwise disposed, so that the Notre Dame philosophers never really became active in our Indiana association. Yes, it was almost as if the Indiana Philosophical Association were largely a southern Indiana association.

As for our meetings, these were regular annual affairs that were always scheduled toward the end of October, and on a date designed to correspond to the date of the annual meeting of the Indiana State Teachers Association. This meant that we were always guaranteed a place of meeting in one of the classrooms of the old I.U. Extension Center on West Michigan Street in Indianapolis—this because classes in the Extension Center were regularly cancelled on the occasion of the annual ISTA meetings. Oh, it's true that those classrooms at the Center were somewhat dingy and dreary to say the least, but at least they were centrally located right in downtown Indianapolis; and gratifyingly enough, it never occurred to the Extension Center to charge the poor Hoosier philosophers any rent for the use of their facilities. And what about lunch between the two sessions, for we always had a morning and an afternoon session? Well, for this we were able to adjourn to the old Athenaeum Turners building that was conveniently located but a couple of blocks away; and there we could order a quite passable German meal, and served nearly always in a small private dining room.

Now why did we bother with these Indiana Philosophical Association meetings, for Robinson (as long as he was at I.U.) and Jellema and Stephens and I were careful never to miss this annual event of these I.P.A. meetings in Indianapolis? Well, one might say that for us in the I.U. Department, these meetings were something of an exercise in public relations. For in those days there was not a little suspicion and hostility manifested toward the big tax-supported state university on the part of the small privately-endowed colleges—Depauw, Wabash, Hanover, Evansville, Franklin, Earlham, and the rest. Accordingly, this was one of the reasons why D.S. Robinson, when he first came to I.U. in 1929, had been active in the founding of the Indiana Philosophical Association: he wanted to promote cordial relationships at least between the philosophy teachers in the small colleges and those in the big State university.

However, even if the original motive for I.U.'s participation in the state philosophical association was one of better public relations, certainly by the time I came along, I found—and so did many other I.U. colleagues—the Indiana Philosophical Association meetings to be a source of exceedingly pleasant and friendly philosophical interchanges with one another. True, we did meet ostensibly for the purpose of reading papers to each other. And yet no one's motive in reading a paper was for the purpose of getting a job, or even of in any way trying to get ahead in the profession. In other words, the contrast with the regular APA meetings of those days was as marked as it was reassuring. Oh, it's true that save possibly for old Elijah Jordan of Butler<sup>6</sup>, and also, of course, for our own W. Harry Jellema of I.U., there was scarcely anyone attending those meetings who had too much to offer philosophically.<sup>7</sup> Still, the fact that the I.P.A. meetings did provide an opportunity for each and all of us alike to engage in a comparatively unselfconscious and uninhibited philosophical interchange—this really meant a great deal.

Besides, there was yet another public relations feature of the I.P.A. meetings that we from I.U. could perhaps claim primary responsibility for having originally sponsored and then for furthering still more. This might be described as a kind of out-reach to the Roman Catholic colleges and institutions in the State. After all, it is well-known that in the U.S. as a whole, philosophy departments in the non-Catholic colleges and universities in the U.S. at first paid little or no heed to

the Thomistic revival that began to manifest itself in the philosophy departments of Catholic colleges and universities during the late 1920's and 1930's. Nevertheless, as the names of philosophers like Gilson and Maritain came to be better known, and people like Mortimer Adler at the University of Chicago began trumpeting the virtues of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, even non-Catholic philosophers began to manifest some curiosity towards, and pay some heed to, such philosophy as was thus coming to be increasingly purveyed in Catholic colleges and universities.

And so it was, even in the case of the Indiana Philosophical Association. In fact, the very first meeting of the Association that I attended in the fall of 1937, I believe it was, was also the first meeting which found a number of representatives from some of the Catholic colleges in attendance. The chief among these were three or four Jesuits, who came up from the comparatively newly established West Baden College in southern Indiana. For it was around 1935 that the Jesuits had taken over the old West Baden Springs hotel, and had converted it into a seminary for the training of Jesuit priests. Already by 1938, the then standard three-year Jesuit program in philosophy for their seminarians had been set up and was in full swing; and a few years later, the four-year theology program was also offered. At any rate, it was in 1937, and largely at the prompting of either Robinson or Jellema, that the Jesuits were invited to attend and to join the Indiana Philosophical Association. And not only did the Jesuits come, to the number of some three or four the first time, but they also became some of our most active and stimulating members. Not only that, but in time the Jesuit example encouraged some of the other Catholic priests who were teaching philosophy in other Catholic colleges in the State to come and join us as well. Among these, some were from the large Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad in the southern part of the State, and still others—and these proved to be among our most energetic and devoted members—were from St. Joseph's College near Rensselaer, Indiana, and one from Marian College in Indianapolis.

And speaking of the priests from St. Joseph's College, I cannot resist recounting an anecdote of how one Father Kaiser of St. Joseph's, during his term as president of the Indiana Philosophical Association, undertook to promote the cause of philosophy in general, and of the

Indiana Philosophical Association in particular, directly with the Governor of the State, Governor Ralph Gates! For as it happens, Fr. Kaiser had been mightily impressed and flattered, when he had been nominated and elected to the presidency of our little Indiana Philosophical Association—the first Catholic to be so chosen. After all, the members of the Association being most of them from the denominational, and nearly always Protestant, colleges in the State, it was something that not only had never happened before, it had scarcely even been thought of before, that a Catholic priest should be selected to head our group of Indiana philosophers. But largely at my instigation, the thing had been brought off, and Fr. Kaiser was mightily pleased and grateful. Not only that, but as evidence of his gratitude he was determined to do something rather special for the Indiana philosophers during his term in office.

Now as it happens, this was in the fall of 1948, when Thomas E. Dewey was campaigning for the presidency against Harry Truman. And in an effort to drum up votes, the special Dewey train made a swing through Indiana, and actually stopped briefly in Collegeville, Indiana, just outside Rensselaer, and some of the priests from St. Joseph's College—particularly Fr. Kaiser who was an ardent Republican—boarded the special train briefly to be received by the notables and to be introduced to the candidate. And needless to say, prominent among the notables who welcomed the priests from St. Joseph's was the Honorable Ralph Gates, Governor of the State of Indiana. So what did Fr. Kaiser do, as he shook hands with the Governor, but seize the occasion to invite the Governor to come to our next meeting of the Indiana Philosophical Association, which was to be in Indianapolis in but a few weeks. And would not the Governor, Fr. Kaiser asked, consider addressing the Indiana philosophers as they met at noon over lunch?

Now far be it from me ever to speculate on what might have gone through the mind of any Indiana governor—and particularly not of Governor Gates, who was scarcely noted as being someone of any special philosophical interests and tastes—when suddenly confronted with an invitation to address the Indiana philosophers. But be that as it may, is it not at least plausible to suppose that when the invitation was thus suddenly sprung on him, it must have flashed through the Governor's mind, "But is not this a Roman Catholic priest who is issuing this in-

itation to me? And is it not the case that the Roman Catholic vote in Indiana tends to be much more Democratic than it is Republican? Maybe, therefore, if I accept this invitation, I might be able to swing some otherwise Democratic votes to the Republican side. So why not accept?" And accept he did.

Well, with that acceptance in his pocket, Fr. Kaiser really went into action with his plans for the upcoming meeting of the Indiana Philosophical Association, at which we Hoosier philosophers were to have the privilege of hosting no less than the Governor of the State. Given such an occasion, Fr. Kaiser thought, it would never do for the Association to meet amid the usually drab surroundings of the poor old I.U. Extension Center. And no more would it do for the Association to schedule its luncheon meeting, at which the Governor was to speak, in the somewhat less than chic dining room of the old Athenaeum Turners. Instead, Fr. Kaiser busied himself and pulled strings and somehow made arrangements for us to hold our meeting directly in the ornate Egyptian-style War Memorial Building in the American Legion park right between Pennsylvania and Meridian Streets in downtown Indianapolis. Nor was such a dramatic change of meeting place even sufficient in Fr. Kaiser's eyes for the proper hosting of our gubernatorial guest. No, Fr. Kaiser thought, the somewhat dilapidated dining room of the old Turners was hardly a proper setting for the Governor's scheduled luncheon address to the Hoosier philosophers. Instead, Fr. Kaiser engaged one of the private dining rooms in the Spink Arms Hotel, which was directly across Meridian Street from the War Memorial Building; and there it was in the chandeliered hotel dining room that the Indiana Philosophical Association was both to dine and to listen to the Governor's address.

Nor did even that suffice, so far as Fr. Kaiser's special arrangements were concerned. "After all," so he reasoned, "would it not be somewhat dispiriting for the poor Governor to be seated at the speaker's table in the private dining room of the Spink Arms Hotel, and have to look out upon a paltry audience of some 20 to 25 Hoosier philosophy professors and their various hangers-on in the form of a smattering of students and perhaps one or two other interested parties?" "No," Fr. Kaiser thought, "he would need to do something to try to glamorize the audience a bit." And to this end, he was able to fall back on the then undisputed power



of the Roman Catholic clergy over its own charges. For in those days, St. Mary's-of-the-Woods College just outside Terre Haute, Indiana, was still something of a rather elegant college and finishing school for the daughters mostly of wealthy Catholic families in Indiana and adjoining states. So what did Fr. Kaiser do, but appeal to the Mother Superior of the order of nuns who ran St. Mary's-of-the-Woods College, with the result that it was arranged for some 15 or 20 beautiful and well-dressed students from one of the philosophy classes at the College to be bused over to Indianapolis, and thus co-opted to attend the luncheon of the philosophers who had gathered to honor the Governor! Or was it rather the Governor who had been co-opted for the purpose of honoring the philosophers?

In any case, the meal over, and Fr. Kaiser's introduction of the Governor having been accomplished, the Honorable Ralph Gates rose, looked over the now unexpectedly attractive-looking audience, and proceeded to address the philosophers. Nor was he more than immediately into his speech, than he proceeded to tell us of the one particular accomplishment during his term as Governor, of which he was the most proud, and which he was sure that we philosophers would be especially interested in. For, as he saw it, the one thing that, above all others, he had been able to accomplish during his administration, was to make better provision for the care of the mentally ill of the State of Indiana!

At first, we poor philosophers in the audience were not quite sure that we had heard aright. Yes, it was almost as if the Governor's remarks required a double-take before it began to dawn on the poor philosophers quite what he was saying. Then right at that moment, one of the Jesuits, who was sitting next to me at the table, whispered in my ear, "Could it be that the Governor is confusing philosophers with psychologists; or is it that he really believes that as philosophers we are peculiarly susceptible to becoming mentally ill!"

Well, so far as I know, no one ever resolved the question of the proper hermeneutics to be employed, so far as the Governor's speech was concerned. And yet one thing, I think has become eminently clear since that notable occasion many years ago, when Fr. Kaiser sought to have the Governor of the State make common cause with the Indiana philosophers, or the philosophers with the Governor, I am not sure which—and that is, that Indiana governors just have not seemed to



become any more philosophical, nor have Indiana philosophers (at least not professional ones), any of them, become governors!

### Notes to Chapter III

1. It is perhaps worthy of remarking in this connection that although during his years at I.U., Jellema won little recognition from the I.U. administrators, his fame as a teacher—particularly on account of his skill in preparing students for graduate work in philosophy—did spread throughout the country somewhat. In fact, in the late 1940's Jellema was invited to teach at Harvard for a year, and teach there he did. But when at the end of the year, he was not offered a permanent appointment at Harvard, it was as if the administrators at I.U. felt that the wisdom of their own judgment in not giving Jellema much recognition was in large measure confirmed.
2. As evidence that this boast as to the excellence of the Department's record in teaching was no mere idle boast, I might but remark that not only was Jellema's record as a teacher something that was almost legendary even in the profession as a whole, but also during the 1950's, I came to be selected as the first recipient of the newly established Frederick Bachman Lieber award for distinguished teaching at Indiana University. The fact that I was thus chosen, I am sure, reflected not so much my own merits in teaching, as rather the general reputation of the Department as a whole in the matter of the high quality of its teaching.
3. Cf. the reference to Ewing in note 3 to Chapter II above.
4. For a somewhat imperfect list of the Powell Lecturers from the years 1940-1960, see Appendix I.
5. In these days it may be rather hard to imagine that anyone as famous as John Dewey could have been so dismal a performer as a public lecturer. However, when Dewey gave his William James lectures at Harvard in 1935 or 1936, I remember my own professor, R.B. Perry, remarking to me, "What's the matter, Henry, do you find it hard to understand how so great a man could be so dull!"
6. Cf. the mention of Jordan in note 3, following Chapter II above.

7. It is true that somewhat later D. Elton Trueblood joined the Philosophy Department at Earlham College, and W. Harry Cotton the Department at Wabash, and both men could claim rather more of a national reputation than most of the others in the Indiana Philosophical Association.



# IV

## The Rise and Fall of Stallknecht

### 1949-1961

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#### A. Stallknecht's Character as a Person and as a Philosopher

Is the title of this chapter somewhat misleading, not to say overly harsh and unfair to the new chairman of the Philosophy Department who succeeded Jellema in 1949? This was Newton Phelps Stallknecht, a person of rather remarkable abilities, but a rather strange man for all of that. Nor do I think there can be any denying that his chairmanship ended most unfortunately, at least for Stallknecht. For he was a man very much withdrawn into himself, and yet not without considerable personal vanity. Certainly, he was not a very distinguished looking person, being almost comically fat and roly-polly; and although he was not particularly pompous in either his manner or bearing, there is no doubt that he took himself very seriously and wanted others to do so as well. Not without resourcefulness, and even deviousness at times, in his plans for the Department, he was not always too far-sighted, or even sensitive to what the real needs of the Department might be. Besides, one can scarcely say that there was anything of the inspiring, or even forceful, leader about him, he being rather someone who always preferred to work from behind the scenes, and by calculation and indirection, rather than someone who liked to be up front, proclaiming to each and all alike what he wanted the Philosophy Department to stand for and why. Moreover, while even from his own standpoint, his chairmanship could certainly be said to have ended badly, one might perhaps wonder a bit whether the failure was due so much to ill-fortune and an unlucky turn of events, as rather to his own considerable vanity, which quite blinded him to the handwriting on the wall, once that handwriting began to appear.

But who was this Newton Stallknecht, and where did he come from, and how did he come to be made chairman of Philosophy at I.U.? Al-

ready in the foregoing chapter I have indicated the circumstances under which Jellema had come to resign his chairmanship and to leave I.U. And no less have I indicated how his departure left both Bob Stephens and me in a rather exposed position. Not only were we personally and philosophically distressed over Jellema's leaving, but we were also both personally and philosophically anxious as to who the new chairman might be that was now to be brought in from the outside, and what sort of a philosopher he might be. After all, while there were many prominent members of the College faculty, who had been great admirers of Jellema, and of what he had stood for both in philosophy and in matters of liberal education, at the same time not everyone on the faculty had a like appreciation for Jellema or for what he stood for. On the contrary, those who had come to represent what one might call the more "progressive" forces on the faculty were many of them strongly convinced that a change was very much needed in the Philosophy Department. This was not only because the Department, as composed of Jellema and Stephens and me, quite failed to represent the newer fashions in philosophy—particularly the many variations of so-called "Analytic Philosophy" that had by then come to dominate most of the larger and more prestigious departments in the country—but also because the new post-War spirit in the college faculty at I.U. tended to be one that emphasized the importance of research and publication, largely on the model of the sciences, and that hence gave but little credence to any emphasis upon "liberal education," as this had been understood and promoted by Jellema and the rest of us. Accordingly, there was no little pressure and even some agitation on the part of various of the more prominent figures on the college faculty—Kantor in Psychology, Stith Thompson in Folklore and English, Cleland in Botany (also a sometime Dean of the Graduate School), and various others, who were all more or less determined to see to it that a new departure be made in philosophy and in the Philosophy Department. However, the actual decision as to who the new chairman of Philosophy would be lay in the hands of the new dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, John W. Ashton.

Now Dean Ashton had been brought to I.U. in the years immediately following World War II as the hand-picked candidate of President Wells. And perhaps fortunately for us—i.e. for Stephens and me—Dean

Ashton's own scholarly and academic background had been in English literature, and as a result he tended to be, both personally and professionally, more humanistically inclined, than oriented toward the sciences and scientific method. And while he certainly did not profess to know anything about philosophy in any technical sense, he was nonetheless not anybody who would either appreciate or understand at all the sort of thing that someone like Bertrand Russell had insisted upon some years before—viz. that what philosophy needed was the introduction of “scientific method in philosophy.” For certainly, at I.U. the Philosophy Department had never been sensitive to any such need, and would have been not a little disturbed, had the Dean brought in a new chairman who was determined to effect a change of emphasis to this effect.

What's more, so far as Dean Ashton was concerned, when it came to getting tips from academic friends and acquaintances at other universities as to who might make a good chairman for the Philosophy Department at I.U., Ashton naturally tended to consult with those whom he had known professionally in the field of English literature and related areas. For instance, one candidate who was quite seriously considered for the Philosophy chairmanship at I.U. was one Philip Wiener from City College. And the way Dean Ashton had gotten his name was because Wiener had been highly recommended to Ashton by one Marjorie Nicholson, who was then an eminent professor and scholar of English literature at Columbia. And as for Stallknecht, his name, to be sure, had not been given to Ashton by any of his former associates in English, but rather by one Charles William Hendel, who for many years had been a professor of philosophy at Princeton, and who shortly after the War had gone to Yale to join the Philosophy Department there, which was then in the process of being almost entirely reconstituted. As it happens, Ashton had come to know Hendel as a result of their both having been the joint heads of the temporary American University at Shrivenham in England, just after World War II. This had been set up after the surrender of Germany, and was designed to provide the G.I.'s in the American expeditionary force with an opportunity to pursue university courses in the interval between the cessation of the fighting and such time as the G.I.'s could be shifted back to the U.S. Nor was it surprising that, having thus been recently closely associated

with Hendel in England, Ashton should naturally have turned to him for advice about a chairman in Philosophy at I.U.

Nor was Hendel's sponsorship of Stallknecht without significance. For Hendel, as I say, had been a member of the Princeton Philosophy Department in the days when the philosophical emphasis in that department was almost entirely what one might call a traditionalist one—which is another way of saying that Princeton had not gone "Positivist," or even "Analytic," in any way—at least not then. And that's not all, for Hendel had been invited to Yale just after World War II to join Brand Blanshard (who had been at Swarthmore) and T.M. Greene (who had also been a long-time colleague of Hendel's at Princeton). Moreover, the significance of this immediate and rather dramatic post-War invigoration of the Yale Department by these several new and quite eminent appointments was more or less to signify to the philosophic community in the U.S. that Yale, in those first post-War years, was not going to go the way of Harvard, or of Columbia, or of Michigan, or of Berkeley, *et al.*, in its philosophical emphasis, but rather was determined to remain predominately traditionalist in the sense I have already indicated.

Moreover, Hendel's strong recommendation of Stallknecht to Ashton was due not to any sudden and happy discovery of Stallknecht on Hendel's part. No, for in recommending Stallknecht, Hendel was doing no more than merely trying to take care of one of Princeton's own. Not only had Stallknecht received his Ph.D. from Princeton, but he had originally been born and brought up in one of the Oranges in New Jersey, had gone to Princeton as an undergraduate, and was definitely someone of whom it could be said that he was more than a little conscious of the "old-school tie." Besides, in saying that Stallknecht was very much a product of Princeton, there is the further implication that his philosophical training and background had been quite unexceptionably traditionalist in character. In fact, right up until into the 30's, Princeton, so far as its Philosophy Department was concerned, had remained quite conscious of Princeton's Scotch Presbyterian heritage. Moreover, the honoring of this heritage had taken the form, in the first quarter of the century, of Princeton actually importing from Scotland some quite eminent scholars in the history of 18th and 19th century philosophy. Thus Norman Kemp Smith (the great Kant scholar, and



also a Hume scholar as well) taught for several years in the Philosophy Department at Princeton, until he was called back to a professorship at the University of Edinburgh. Likewise, there was another Scot, who was a teacher of Stallknecht's at Princeton, one Isaiah Bowman by name. Not only that, but after receiving his Ph.D. from Princeton in 1930, Stallknecht had himself gone to Europe on a travelling fellowship, where he studied for some months under Kemp Smith in Edinburgh, and even spent some time in Freiburg, Germany, listening to lectures of Heidegger.

Given this philosophical background of Stallknecht's, then, it is not hard to determine what Stallknecht's philosophical formation had been, and what his philosophical emphasis and orientation continued to be throughout all of his life. He was, by and large, simply a Kantian. Nor could it be said that he was ever particularly concerned with exploiting Kant for purposes of a philosophy more or less of his own, as Fichte did, say, in the early days of so-called Absolute Idealism, or as the Oxford Kantians did in matters of ethics, or even as Sir Karl Popper did in, say, *Conjectures and Refutations*. No, Stallknecht's perennial concern was with Kant and with the tremendous corpus of Kant scholarship, of which there is no denying that he was indeed a real master. True, Stallknecht was also a considerable scholar in the field of literature, no less than in philosophy, particularly in the literature of the Romantic movement, which, of course, was so largely an affair of Kantian influence and inspiration. In fact, the one book that Stallknecht had published before he came to I.U., was a book on Wordsworth, entitled *Strange Seas of Thought: Studies in William Wordsworth's Philosophy of Man and Nature*. Yes, it was no doubt this book of Stallknecht's that, as I mentioned earlier, must surely have attracted the attention of scholars in English Literature such as Marjorie Nicholson to him, as well as Ashton himself.

Nor is it altogether without significance either that Stallknecht came to I.U. from having been for many years a professor of philosophy at Bowdoin College in Maine. In fact, Bowdoin had been Stallknecht's first regular appointment, following his graduate studies and his studies abroad. Moreover, however much it needs to be said of Bowdoin that it was and is a first-rate New England College, it at the same time needs to be acknowledged that Bowdoin was nothing if not both small and

comparatively isolated. At least, it was not in any large urban center, or even adjacent to, much less connected with, any large university. As a result, it is not surprising that, before coming to I.U., Stallknecht had been able pretty much to bury himself in his Kant scholarship and his literary scholarship, and without his having to bother himself too much with all of the new eddies and whirlpools of Positivism and Analysis that were beginning to stir in any number of philosophy departments in the larger universities. Not that Stallknecht was ignorant of these new movements, for he was an inveterate reader of philosophy. Still, it was as if he had not himself ever actually had to cope with such new developments as were threatening the more traditionalist stance of the then older generation of American philosophers.

### B. For the First Half-A-Dozen Years, All is Well!

In any case, given a philosophical background and outlook such as Stallknecht had, what did he proceed to do when he came to I.U. as the chairman of the Philosophy Department? Well, in one sense he did nothing, for he was by no means a maker or shaker by temperament or by training either one. Instead, he calmly took charge of the Department—for he was a very efficient administrator—; and while he did nothing by way of particularly reassuring Stephens and me that our positions under the new regime would be secure, no more did he do anything by way of trying to shake us up, or wake us up, or threaten us in any way, either. Instead, it was as if it were tacitly understood that we should just keep right on working in the same old grooves of teaching and research that each of us had always been following.

Of course, it was quite obvious—and indeed, it was a part of the understanding when Stallknecht had been brought here—that the new chairman would need to busy himself with making some new appointments. Nor was it long before Stallknecht started to move on this. At the same time, it is perhaps significant that in thus moving, it seemed not to occur to Stallknecht that he needed conduct anything like a search. Nor did it even occur to him—or at least if it did, he never consulted with Stephens and me about the matter—that perhaps before any search was made, some considerations ought to be given to cate-

gories and areas in philosophy in which the I.U. Department was weak, and which would need to be filled, if the I.U. Department were to be brought up to the standards of other Big Ten philosophy departments.

No, Stallknecht did apparently no consulting about the matter, but almost immediately moved to offer a junior appointment to a brilliant young man, who had been a student of Richard McKeon's at Chicago, and whom Stallknecht himself had given a job to at Bowdoin a few years before. His name was Robert Brumbaugh, and there is no doubt that he was a brilliant and even colorful young philosopher. In fact, one could almost say that he had become a kind of protégé of Stallknecht's, who had met him originally during the War years when they were both working in cryptanalysis at the famed Arlington Hall out of Washington, D.C., and who had, then, after the war, given him his first teaching job at Bowdoin. And so it was that no sooner was Stallknecht offered the chairmanship at I.U., then he determined in his own mind that it was Brumbaugh whom he would try to bring to I.U. at the earliest possible moment. And so he did.

Nor can it be denied that for all of the apparent lack of planning, so far as the Brumbaugh appointment was concerned, — and certainly I do not mean to imply that Stephens and I would have been able to contribute much to such planning, had there been any, or had we been consulted—the appointment was a very good one. Not only was Brumbaugh a somewhat irrepressibly brilliant young philosopher, but also he was a most vigorous and articulate McKeon advocate and disciple. For in those days—the 50's—McKeon was at the very height of his administrative power at Chicago, as well as at the height of his own scholarly and philosophical powers as well. His own students, Warner Wick, Alan Gewirth, and Manley Thompson, were all his appointments and protégés at Chicago. Nor was there a meeting of the Western Division of the A.P.A. in those days, but what McKeon was there, dominating one session after another by his determined and relentless questioning of speaker after speaker. Is it surprising, then, that Stallknecht's offering a job to Brumbaugh at I.U. was a move that was not an unimportant one politically for the I.U. Philosophy Department—not, to be sure, with respect to the Bloomington campus so much, but rather so far as our standing in the American Philosophical Association was concerned? For in those days having a McKeon connection did have the

effect of putting one on the map, so to speak.

But of that, more later. For the present, let us recur again to the story of Stallknecht's early appointments. For of course, the Brumbaugh appointment was not the only such appointment. In addition, in those earlier years of his chairmanship, Stallknecht was able to bring off what he, Stallknecht, thought to be quite a coup. He was able to prevail upon one Andrew Ushenko, who had been at Princeton for a number of years, and who had acquired something of a name for himself in areas such as those of the new logic and of the philosophy of science—this same Ushenko, as I say, Stallknecht prevailed upon to resign his position at Princeton, and to come to I.U. as a full professor. And that Stallknecht should have preened himself not a little on this appointment was due not merely to the fact that he had been able to entice someone away from Princeton and bring him to I.U. In addition, by making such an appointment, Stallknecht felt he could impress the I.U. Administration, by honoring what I daresay was a more or less tacit understanding that Stallknecht doubtless had with the Administration at the time of his (Stallknecht's) own appointment. For I would imagine that when Stallknecht was being considered for the chairmanship at I.U., it must surely have been impressed upon him that the existing Philosophy Department, in the eyes of the Administration, needed to be not merely built up, but reconstructed as well. For was it not imperative—at least so the then I.U. Administration thought—that the Department should get to be rather more “with it,” at least in terms of some of the newly emerging fashions in philosophy? And what could be a better symbol, at least in those days, of a department such as I.U.'s being “with it,” than to bring someone into the Department whose area was that of logic and the philosophy of science?

Besides, neither Stallknecht's own appointment, nor the later appointment of Brumbaugh, had in any way served to break that long-standing mould of the I.U. Department as being that of a department that was traditionalist even to the point of being old-fashioned. For certainly, Stallknecht's philosophical interests and accomplishments were not of a kind to reassure any of the newly fashionable Positivists or Analysts in the profession that the I.U. Department might at last be getting to be rather more “in the swim” after all. Nor did the appointment of Brumbaugh help in this respect either. For even though Brumbaugh

arrived bringing with him all of the newly fashionable winds of doctrine, swirling around the name of McKeon, certainly in the eyes of the members of the then rising new ascendancy in American philosophy, McKeon was not just a traditionalist, but a kind of reactionary as well. What's more, when one considers that Brumbaugh's own area of research and expertise was Plato, it is scarcely surprising that the normal reaction could only have been: What more telling symbol of the traditional in philosophy could one possibly find, than someone whose interest and expertise was in Plato! And so it was that by bringing Ushenko to I.U., Stallknecht thought that he had indeed staged a real coup. For would not the name and reputation of Ushenko serve to change at least the image of the I.U. Department, if not its reality?

Indeed, this last qualification as to a mere image, as opposed to reality, may well have been one that assumed no little importance in Stallknecht's eyes. For for all of Stallknecht's concern to do what was expected of him, so far as the I.U. Administration was concerned, he well knew that he, Stallknecht, would be the first to be made to feel most uncomfortable, should he wake up one fine day to find himself presiding over a department of the then new breed of philosophers who were so rapidly coming to the fore in departments all over the country. On the contrary, Stallknecht was not infrequently heard to remark, *sotto voce* upon occasion: "I am determined not to have any Positivists in my Department!"—"Positivist" then being almost a code word that the traditionalists in American philosophy tended to use to designate the young Turks who were then so rapidly displacing them. Be all this as it may, however, I am afraid that so many of these best laid plans of Stallknecht's went sadly astray. For one thing, Brumbaugh was at I.U. but a scant three or four years, and what should happen but that Paul Weiss should have come out from Yale to give a lecture in the Department, and what was the upshot of the visit but he, Weiss, was mightily impressed with Brumbaugh as a rising young philosopher. And so, before you knew it, the inevitable happened: Brumbaugh received an offer from Yale! And did he turn it down? Well, of course not! Stallknecht was furious, and really never forgave Weiss thereafter.

At the same time, and so far as Ushenko was concerned, Stallknecht's plans hardly worked out there as Stallknecht had hoped either. For I am afraid that by the time Ushenko left Princeton for I.U., he,

Ushenko, had already become pretty much a philosopher *manqué*. Indeed, Ushenko's whole history makes for rather sad and dispiriting reading. Born and brought up in imperial Russia under the Czars, at the outbreak of the Revolution, Ushenko was a cadet in the Russian Imperial naval academy. Then as the Bolsheviks began sweeping all before them, Ushenko fled to the south and joined Admiral Kolchak's army, which was putting up a last, bitter resistance to the Bolsheviks. But as this resistance began to collapse, Ushenko is purported to have escaped from Russia *via* Turkey. From there he somehow got to the U.S., and eventually to California, where he became a graduate student in philosophy at Berkeley.

True, I am not too sure who Ushenko's mentor there was, but my impression is that it may have been the then quite distinguished Stephen Pepper. In any case, Ushenko's reputation as a brilliant young philosophy student began soon to spread; and I believe that he was called to Michigan to take up his first regular teaching post. And not long after, he was taken from Michigan to Princeton. Indeed, I still remember the first meeting of the Eastern Division of the A.P.A. that I ever attended, which was the last year that I was at Harvard. For the meetings that year were held in Cambridge at Christmas time in 1936; and who should be on the program, giving one of the major papers but Andrew Ushenko, who only the fall before, I believe, had left Michigan to join the faculty at Princeton. His paper, as I recall, elicited no little interest, as would befit a rising young star in the philosophical firmament of those days. Alas, though, I am afraid I have no very clear recollection of the paper's specific content, and yet it was obvious even in that paper that the influences that had shaped Ushenko's thinking were by no means those stemming either from Viennese positivists, or from Cambridge analysts. Instead, it seemed to be rather Alfred North Whitehead whom Ushenko was principally concerned with, and with the possibilities afforded by the new mathematical logic for the development of a metaphysics of a more or less Whiteheadian inspiration.

Unhappily, though, all of this early promise of Ushenko's would seem not to have been borne out while he was at Princeton. True, he published a number of books and articles, and his two volume work, *Power and Events: an Essay on Dynamics in Philosophy*, was published by the Princeton University Press in 1946. But already in his years at

Princeton, Ushenko, who had always been something of a loner, both in philosophy and in his personal life as well, tended to draw away from his Princeton colleagues, none of whom he apparently found to be either personally or philosophically congenial. Still more unfortunately, though, it was as if, even in his writing, Ushenko began to manifest signs of what it is hard to describe as anything other than a kind of philosophical paranoia. Just by way of example, suppose that in those days one would have taken up one of Ushenko's papers or books to read: one might well find that Ushenko might have occasion to mention, say, the eminent Cambridge philosopher of science, Professor Braithwaite. And what might Ushenko do, but remark, directly in the text, that although the view being considered was indeed one that Braithwaite had expressed, still he, Ushenko, was quite sure that the view was originally Ushenko's and not Braithwaite's; and Ushenko might then try citing passages to try to prove as much. Needless to say such a seeming pettiness in his way of going about trying to gain recognition for himself hardly endeared him to, or won much respect for him among, his fellow members in the profession.

Is it surprising, then, that Stallknecht's hopes that he would be able to attract the attention of the philosophical community to I.U., by his having brought Ushenko from Princeton, and at the same time that he would have managed to add to the Department someone competent in areas like the new logic and the philosophy of science,<sup>1</sup> but who at the same time would not be upsetting to the more traditionalist tenor of the Department—these best laid plans of Stallknecht's were scarcely borne out by the event of Ushenko's coming. For one thing, by the time Ushenko got to I.U., I am afraid that he had already been pretty well written off by the philosophical community as something of a spent force. Besides, —and this was something that Stallknecht, having the connections with Princeton that he did, was perfectly well aware of—even at Princeton Ushenko had already long since lost caste, having been denied promotion to full professor. In fact, this was doubtless the real reason why Ushenko had been so willing to leave Princeton in order to accept a professorship at I.U. Nor, I am afraid, did Princeton for its part show the slightest regrets at Ushenko's leaving, despite his many years of association with the Princeton Department. What's more, having made the move to Bloomington, I am afraid that Ushenko



chose very much to live to himself and within his own family (he had a wife and one young daughter), scarcely participating at all in the life either of the Department or of the University—a participation which was so much a factor of life in Bloomington at the time. Oh, it was not that Ushenko was in any way hostile or resentful toward his colleagues. It was just that he was not given to interchange with them, philosophical or otherwise. Nor to my knowledge did he ever become active in the Western Division of the A.P.A. Likewise, his influence on our graduate students, of whom we did begin to have a few after Stallknecht's advent, was a comparatively minor one.

So it was, then, that Stallknecht's first few years in his tenure as chairman, while they started out with some fanfare, ended in comparative disappointment, at least for him. For one thing, the Ushenko appointment hardly brought the *kudos* to the Department that Stallknecht had hoped. Still worse, scarcely a half a dozen years after Ushenko had come to I.U., he and his wife and daughter were driving East one spring, and poor Ushenko had a heart attack *en route* and died in a motel. This, on top of the fact that Stallknecht had also lost his fair-haired boy in the Department, when Brumbaugh had left to go to Yale, —all this tended to mean that Stallknecht had, to a certain extent, to begin all over again, by way of trying to build up the prestige of the I.U. Department by making new appointments. And I am afraid that it was in this second-round of prestige-building for the Department that Stallknecht seemed pretty much to lose his footing, and in the end his chairmanship itself.

Before turning to the next section, as it were, of this chapter on Stallknecht's tenure as chairman, it might be well if I were but to note something of the import which the first half of that chairmanship was beginning to have both on the Bloomington campus and in the profession. Thus already I have mentioned in passing that even in the first years of Stallknecht's chairmanship, the Department began attracting graduate students—not too many perhaps, and some of them not too able, but still the showing was a not unrespectable one in both quantity and quality, especially considering that before Stallknecht, there was really no regular Ph.D. program in philosophy at I.U. at all. Again, though, I think it needs to be said that as in all other affairs of the Department, Stallknecht's program for building up a graduate program

was one that was rather more relaxed than determined. The students came; they were left pretty much to fend for themselves, working largely at their own pace. And if any of them were sufficiently persistent and well organized, they would eventually pass the comprehensives, submit their theses, and thus be awarded their degrees.

In fact, I might even mention the names of but a few of those students who thus stayed the course and did finally get their degrees during the Stallknecht years. One such was Douglas Carmichael, who had been an undergraduate at Bowdoin, and a student of Stallknecht's there. A very independent person, who was able largely to support himself and his family while he was here in Bloomington by contributing short stories to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines, Carmichael breezed through for the degree in a minimum of time and with a minimum of courses. His thesis, of course, was directed by Stallknecht, and he quickly got an appointment at St. Lawrence University in upper New York State, where he has been ever since. Also I might mention one Theodore A. Young, who, though he came to us during Stallknecht's tenure, did not finally finish his degree until after Donagan had become the chairman. In contrast to Carmichael, Young was nothing if not deliberate in his graduate work. But even though deliberate, he did finally finish. Nor has his career been altogether without achievement both in his teaching and, somewhat less so, in his writing as well. His first appointment was at the University of Connecticut, and now for the last several years he has been a professor at Grand Valley State University in Michigan.

Oh, and there were others too. Thus rather early in Stallknecht's tenure, one Dick Kramer earned the Ph.D. with a thesis on logic, written under both Ushenko and myself. His first job was at one of I.U.'s Extension Centers, and then later at Tri-State University in northern Indiana. But unfortunately, Kramer early suffered a heart attack and died many years ago. Also there was one Bill Cooper who came to us from the Southern Baptist Theological School in Louisville, earned the Ph.D. under Stallknecht, and has been teaching ever since at Baylor University in Texas. Perhaps mention should be made, too, of three quite able students who got M.A.'s from I.U. and then went elsewhere for the Ph.D. One was Ronald Jager, and another Henry Pietersma, both of whom had been students of Jellema's in Calvin College. Jager

then went on to Harvard for his Ph.D., and Pietersma went on to the University of Toronto, where he has remained ever since, and is now a full professor.

Nor should I overlook the saga of one Isma'il A El-Faruqui who found his way from Palestine to I.U., but just how no one quite knows! A brilliant student, but of the most extreme political views. Determined to get a degree from Harvard, he went there after receiving the M.A. from I.U. But there some sort of scandal developed in connection with his writing of the dissertation, and his thesis was turned down. He then reapplied to I.U., and Stallknecht accepted him, with the understanding that he would have to submit an entirely new dissertation. This he did, and received the degree. And it is my understanding that he is now teaching at Temple University in Philadelphia, though not in philosophy. Nor was "Faruki" (for such was the nickname by which he always wished to be called) the only Palestinian Arab, or even the only Faruki who earned the Ph.D. during Stallknecht's chairmanship. No, for there was also the first Faruki's cousin, one Mohamad Zuhdi Taji Faruki, who received the degree in 1957, with a thesis on Peirce, which he wrote under Stallknecht's direction. Moreover, should anyone ask, "But what was there that served to attract these somewhat wildly excitable Palestinian Arabs to the Philosophy Department of I.U.?" no one knows the answer. Both of them were graduates of the American University in Beirut. But whether and how the names of either Jellema or Stallknecht or anyone else at I.U. should have exerted an attracting force on graduates of the A.U.B., is a complete mystery! Let's just say that it all must have come about simply by the will of Allah.

Finally, let me but make mention of still others of our Ph.D.'s, whose backgrounds and subsequent achievements were of some note.<sup>2</sup> Thus in 1957 the degree was awarded to one Frank Hayes, who came to us with an A.B. degree from Stanford, and who then received an appointment at Wilson College in Pennsylvania. Unhappily, though, his career was cut short by an early death. Still another degree was awarded in 1959 to Catherine Lord, who had an A.B. from Bryn Mawr and an M.A. from Columbia. Also in June 1960, the degree was awarded to James Spencer Churchill, who had a B.S. degree from Bowdoin and an M.A. from Harvard. Interestingly enough, Churchill had acquired a considerable command of German, and later was quite successful as a

translator of, among other things, a couple of works of no less a person than Martin Heidegger.<sup>3</sup>

Nor should I neglect to mention Robert Edward Frye, who received both the A.B. and the M.A. from I.U. and then the Ph.D. in 1953. And ever since, Frye has been the mainstay of the Philosophy Department, first of I.U. in Indianapolis and now of IUPUI.

Enough, though, on the score of the graduate program, and of some of our more outstanding students during the Stallknecht years. And now what might one say about the kind of impact that the Philosophy Department managed to have on the Bloomington Campus, and particularly on the College of Arts and Sciences, as a result of Stallknecht's chairmanship? Certainly the impact was rather different in character from what it had been under Jellema. For whereas Jellema had thought it to be the role of philosophy and of the Philosophy Department to be right in the forefront in fighting for what Jellema took to be the cause of the humanities and of liberal education, with Stallknecht things were very different. Not that Stallknecht's own training and background had not been almost exclusively in the area of what one would certainly call the humanities, as contrasted with the sciences. No, it was rather that Stallknecht seemed largely indifferent to questions as to what the role in education should be of the humanities, as compared with the sciences, or of the liberal arts as compared with the various technologies and specialized skills. Besides, Stallknecht had little of the educational leader about him. Rather he was the kind of academic who much preferred to let others go right ahead and do their thing, so long as he be allowed to do his thing.

Yes, this was true even within the area of philosophy itself and of the Philosophy Department. For one could never, as it were, smoke Stallknecht out as to what his own position in philosophy might really be, or as to what stand he might be inclined to take on this, that, or the other particular issue in philosophy. It was as if one could almost say that by temperament Stallknecht was ever one to avoid open debate and discussion, preferring always the tactics of indirection and manipulation, rather than anything that might smack of confrontation, or even of standing on principle. For all of these reasons, then, one can readily understand why Stallknecht was never a leader, or even a champion of causes, so far as most of the major educational issues confronting the

College of Arts and Sciences were concerned.

Nevertheless, what Stallknecht lacked, as compared with Jellema, in the matter of leadership in the College faculty, he may well have made up for in access to the administration, at least in the early years of his tenure as chairman. For as we have already seen, Jellema, when he was chairman, had no very welcome access to the College or University administrators. Stallknecht in contrast being the handpicked candidate of Dean Ashton, it is readily understandable that Stallknecht, along with any number of the other new chairmen who had been appointed by Ashton shortly after the War, all tended to be in on the inner councils of the Dean of the College. Besides, Stallknecht could be a very competent committee member and even chairman of committees, both in the College and in an organization like the A.A.U.P., say. In fact, in this connection, it might be mentioned that throughout nearly all of the years he was chairman of the Philosophy Department, he served most faithfully on the I.U. Press Committee. Yes, my impression is that Bernard Perry, the Director of the Press during those years, would probably have been one of the first to say that without Stallknecht, the then fledgling I.U. Press just could not have made a "go" of it.

Likewise, it may be said that what Stallknecht lacked, when it came to making the councils of philosophy and the Philosophy Department heard in College and University affairs, was to an extent made up for as a result of the activities of some of the rest of us in Philosophy. Thus I, for one, found myself to be an almost perennially elected member of the Faculty Council. Similarly, I was most active and a frequent officer in the A.A.U.P. and also in the newly organized A.C.L.U. in Indianapolis during the still trying times of the McCarthy era. Then, too, I was beginning to get some books and articles published— which, to be sure, fell largely stillborn from the press, so far as the philosophical profession was concerned, but which attracted at least some attention, oddly enough, from friends right on the I.U. faculty. Besides, I received a Ford Foundation Faculty Fellowship one year, which enabled me to carry on studies in the areas of philosophy and religion at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto during one semester, and at the Harvard Divinity School during the other semester. Likewise, I received various visiting appointments, at Haverford College in Pennsylvania, one year, and at the University of Minnesota another.

Moreover, in 1958 I was the first recipient of the Frederick Bachman Lieber award for "distinguished teaching." Now all of these things, as I say, certainly did contribute to putting the Philosophy Department rather more on the map, so far as the overall College and University faculty were concerned.

Besides, Stallknecht's particular scholarly interests and abilities enabled him to establish a much closer connection on the campus as between the Philosophy Department and some of the literature departments. True, I am afraid that the Ushenko appointment had been largely a disappointment to us in the Department, at least in that Ushenko seemed neither interested nor able to establish closer contact between Philosophy and the various sciences. But with Stallknecht and the general field of literature, it was a very different matter. True, Stallknecht and the chairman of the large and powerful English Department, one James Work by name, never hit it off with one another too well. But early in the game Stallknecht managed to establish other contacts with various others in the area of literature. For one thing, the so-called School of Letters, which had originally been set up at Kenyon College by a number of the so-called New Critics, particularly John Crowe Ransom, soon found themselves running short of money. Originally, the School had been funded by the Rockefeller Foundation. But this funding having dried up after some three years or more, Stallknecht worked it so that I.U. agreed henceforth to fund the School of Letters in the summer at Bloomington. And so it was that every summer for a number of years, I.U. hosted the School of Letters, with Stallknecht in charge. Actually, there were not a few amusing, not to say sometimes rather embarrassing, incidents connected with the programs of the School in the ensuing years. One in particular that perhaps deserves mention was when the illustrious English poet and critic, William Empson by name, appeared on the lecture platform of the School, not only drunk, but clad in his Chinese Communist Party uniform! And did that ever "flutter the proud Salopians like an eagle in a dove-cot"! Yes, that would be to put it mildly.

Nor is that all, for when at the end of the conference, the same poet, Empson, went around to the office of the I.U. treasurer, Mr. Joe Franklin, to pick up his check for his fee, he discovered that an automatic deduction for U.S. taxes had been made from the full amount

of the original fee. Immediately, Empson flew into a rage, and pulled from his pocket what he said was the copy of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and which appeared to state that the U.S. government was debarred by this same treaty from ever trying to collect a tax from British citizens! Alas, it is not recorded just how the astonished Treasurer Franklin—who presumably had had no previous experience either with treaties, or with poets, or with Communist sympathizers—managed to respond to Empson's sudden *démarche*. Instead, we just have to leave all of that to our imaginations!

And now for still one more item in our account of how Stallknecht, as chairman of Philosophy, succeeded, for well or ill, in having something of an impact on the College faculty. For indeed, his fling with the School of Letters was not the only instance of Stallknecht's having had a considerable impact upon the field of literature and the teaching of literature at I.U. On the contrary, Stallknecht was very closely associated with Horst Frenz in the founding of the Comparative Literature Department. Yes, some years later, when Stallknecht actually withdrew from the Philosophy Department altogether, he spent his last few years before his retirement, teaching in Comparative Literature primarily and almost exclusively. Perhaps it ought to be remarked, however, that, for all of Stallknecht's contacts with people in literature and in connection with programs in literature, it was not as if Stallknecht were sending any particular messages as to how important the discipline of philosophy might be for other areas in the University—e.g. how important it might be even for people in literature. No, it was rather a case of Stallknecht's being the kind of scholar whose erudition was quite wide-ranging, embracing the history of literature, no less than the history of philosophy. Hence although he was equally qualified to teach in either literature or philosophy, that still did not mean that Stallknecht was really in any way particularly concerned with promoting the cause of philosophy in these other areas of the University, particularly in the general area of the humanities. No, for Stallknecht just was not a man of causes at all, not even the cause of philosophy. And in many ways this was nothing if not rather too bad—or at least so it always seemed to me.

And now before we move on to what I might call the later chapter in the Stallknecht years, it might be well to make but a few comments



on the ways in which Stallknecht's chairmanship did indeed contribute to a much improved standing of the I.U. Department in the profession as a whole. For as I remarked earlier, under Jellema I am afraid that we enjoyed almost no standing at all. But under Stallknecht, things certainly did improve, though I am not sure that this was due particularly either to Stallknecht's influence, or to his activities in professional associations either one. It is true that very early in his tenure Stallknecht did let the officers of the Western Division know that I.U. would be only too happy to host the Western Division, should they choose to meet in Bloomington some spring. For in those years not only was the regular meeting date for the Division the first weekend in May, but also the Division was still small enough so that it was possible to meet on the campuses of the different universities and even of some of the colleges.

Accordingly, Stallknecht's invitation was accepted, and the Western Division did meet at I.U. in May of 1951. Happily, too, all went off very well, though I am not sure this may have been due as much to the beautiful wooded setting of the I.U. Campus in the spring, as it was to our Departmental efforts at hospitality. After all, I.U. manages to outdo most other Big Ten campuses, particularly when it comes to a spring-time resplendency. And the A.P.A. members appeared to be at once charmed and impressed. Besides, the presidential address at the banquet that year was delivered by Max Fisch of Illinois in Alumni Hall of the Union Building; and as presidential addresses go, it was a decidedly superior one.

However, the impact that the I.U. Department was beginning to have on the members of the Western Division was due not merely to Stallknecht or to the beauties of the I.U. campus. In addition, there were others of us in the Department who as individuals were becoming much more active in the A.P.A. than had ever been the case before. It's true that in some ways Stallknecht was neither a very "clubable" person, nor much of a convention-goer either one. But he was certainly faithful in his attendance at all Western Division, and sometimes also at Eastern Division, meetings as well. And for myself, I was in those years the ever faithful disciple of John Wild at Harvard, which meant that I was continually active at both the Western and the Eastern Division meetings, trying to strengthen and promote the fringe group that Wild had organized and that was called The Association for Realistic Phi-

losophy. Besides, my book on *Intentional Logic* having been published in 1952, as well as various articles of mine having begun to come out, I slowly began to find that, despite my being a professed Aristotelian and Thomist, I was none-the-less beginning to be at least accepted in the A.P.A. Yes, I was occasionally invited to contribute papers at the Western Division, and once I was asked to be on a panel at one of the Eastern Division meetings, as well. Likewise, I began to be invited to fill one or two committee posts in the Western Division.

At the same time, too, the I.U. Department was beginning to establish rather closer and more cordial relations with various of the older and more established departments in the A.P.A. As I have already mentioned, the appointment of Brumbaugh had served to put us in closer touch with Chicago. Also, because of my interest in Aristotle, this meant that the Chicago people, Wick, Gewirth, and Thompson—and even to an extent the ever aloof McKeon himself—began to notice and pay some heed to what I.U. was doing in philosophy. Strangely enough, too, even though it might have been supposed that no two people could have had less in common with one another, either personally or philosophically, than Gustav Bergmann and I, it nevertheless came about that I found myself scheduled to appear with Bergmann on a panel discussion on logic at a Western Division meeting; and then again I was on the same program with him at one of the sessions of the International Congress of Philosophers Meeting in Venice. As a result, Bergmann and I became fast friends, with the result that Iowa became a department that was very friendly disposed toward I.U. Also, as I came to be increasingly known in the profession as the close friend and associate of John Wild, the upshot was that while Wild was in the unhappy position of being very much a minority of one, not to say even an anomaly, in the Harvard Department, still the mere fact of my connection with Wild meant that I was able to maintain, and, through me, the I.U. Department was able to maintain, at least a somewhat tenuous connection with Harvard—which, after all, was my own *alma mater*.

Nevertheless, it was with the Yale Department, I would say, that in those days the I.U. Department had the best relationship. For after all, for some 15 years or so after World War II, Yale seemed to be almost like a veritable bastion, resisting all attempts at anything like a take-over

by the so-called Analysts. Not that the Yale Department necessarily had anything against Analytic Philosophy just as such. Rather the case seemed to be that Yale was determined to maintain a certain pluralistic balance as between various of the contemporary schools and emphases in philosophy—Blanshard, say, as over against Hempel, or Greene and Hendel as over against Weiss, or Fitch as over against the more mine-run symbolic logicians, etc. Moreover, in so far as the I.U. Department in the Stallknecht years could be said to have striven to present a particular kind of image to the outside world of what it was that I.U. stood for in philosophy, I daresay that the image which we should all have liked to project and that we were all more or less tacitly agreed upon—Stallknecht, Stephens, Ushenko, Brumbaugh, and myself—was an image not so far different from that of the Yale Department. The only trouble was that we quite lacked, in the I.U. Department, anyone who could be said to have had a truly national, not to say even international, reputation in philosophy. And without that, our department was bound to remain one that in the eyes of others was but competent at best, but still far from being outstanding.

Hence with the advent of the second half of Stallknecht's chairmanship, the crying need facing Stallknecht was to try to find someone of real distinction in philosophy who could thus truly enhance our repute in the profession. But could Stallknecht really find such a person? Or to put the case rather more cynically, did Stallknecht really want to find such a person, or was he perhaps a bit too inclined toward complacency, and toward being largely content with what he had already done, so why do more? Now it is largely these sorts of questions that must provide the main theme for the next section of our story.

### C. Hanson comes on the scene: things go from bad to worse as regards Stallknecht

Who was Norwood Russell Hanson? That he proved to be poor Stallknecht's nemesis, there can be no doubt. But who was he, and how did he happen to come to I.U., and what was the explanation of his attaining to a position of such power and influence in scarcely more than a couple of years after he had arrived on the I.U. campus?

By way of an immediate and superficial answer to this latter question, one need only note that some two years after Hanson's initial appointment to the Philosophy Department, he, Hanson, became the prime mover in getting a most sizeable grant from the Federal government to fund a largely new area of instruction and research at I.U.—the area that later came to be called the Department of the History and Philosophy of Science. Nor need one add that there is surely no more effective way for a new faculty member to win the attention of a university administration, than for him to put on a display of truly superior grantsmanship. Still, it might be well to consider at least briefly some of the remarkable circumstances of this amazing coup on Hanson's part.

Roughly, those circumstances were these. The Federal government in those days, like many of the Foundations, had signified its willingness to assist universities in setting up areas of instruction and research that were allied to those already existing in a particular institution, but which the institution itself had so far not had the resources to finance. Needless to say, the I.U. administration at the time was well aware of the possibilities of receiving such funding, and of course the administrators were nothing if not practically duelling at the mouth to receive that kind of money, if they only could. But how could they get their hands on such moneys, and who on the faculty would have both the know-how to devise such possible programs, as well as the reputation to impress possible grantors that I.U. was just the place to receive that kind of money?

Well, Hanson proved to be just their man, and Hanson's area of the history and philosophy of science was just such an area as both seemed to be, and indeed was, "a natural" for receiving such funding. Besides, Hanson's very personality was such as to impress practically anyone and everyone with his being little less than an irresistible force of nature that could sweep all before it and attain whatever objective he had determined upon. And sure enough, that irresistible force was not only enough to impress foundations, as well as the Federal government, with the need to fund his (Hanson's) special projects, but also it was enough to eliminate any opposition that might threaten to get in its way, particularly at I.U. And it was just such an opposition, unfortunately, that poor Stallknecht ventured to pose to Hanson's driving ambition that resulted eventually in Stallknecht's being toppled from

the chairmanship of the Philosophy Department.

Before we come, however, to the details of this latter story, it might be well if we first put forward just a brief sketch of Hanson's personality, his earlier history, and his somewhat meteoric career in philosophy. For in many ways the Hanson career was that of a veritable *Wunderkind*. Early on as a teenager, being a great husky fellow, he became a champion boxer in the old Golden Gloves competition of years ago. Nor was he one to excell only in sports; for it was no less as a musician that he excelled as well. He played the trumpet, it seems, and because of his manifest talent, he received a full scholarship to the prestigious Curtis School of Music in Philadelphia. How long he remained at the Curtis School, or how he came to be interested in academic and scientific pursuits, I do not rightly know; but the next thing that one hears of Hanson, after the Curtis School, was that he turned up as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago in the days of Hutchins and Adler. But somehow, the Great Books curriculum seems not to have been Hanson's meat, with the result that his career in the College at the University of Chicago seems not to have been a happy one. Instead, the next thing one hears of Hanson, he turns up as a graduate student at Columbia, where he was a student of both physics and philosophy. In fact, I believe that he received two M.A.'s from Columbia, in physics, no less than in philosophy.

In any case, the next stage in Hanson's career was his leaving Columbia and going to Oxford as a Fullbright Fellow. And apparently, it was at Oxford that Hanson first began really to shine academically. Those were the days when Gilbert Ryle's ascendancy at Oxford was in full swing, and Hanson imbibed the teachings of the so-called "Oxford Analysis" of those days. Nevertheless, his knowledge of physics, and his consequent interest in questions of scientific method, and of the philosophy of science generally, moved him into rather different directions and dimensions of "Analysis" from those associated with the names of Ryle, Strawson, Austin, or even of the Wittgenstein of the *Investigations*. In fact, even before Hanson had completed his work toward the D. Phil. at Oxford, he received and accepted an offer from Cambridge to become the first Lecturer ever to hold the title of "Lecturer in the Philosophy of Science" at Cambridge. True, R.B. Braithwaite, whose field could certainly be said to have been the philosophy of science, had

long been at Cambridge, but Braithwaite held the title of "Professor," but presumably without its being specified what he was a professor of. Nor was Hanson one to remain in Braithwaite's shadow for long, or even at all. No, he quickly received a coveted appointment as a Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge; he was well advanced in the writing of his first book, *Patterns of Discovery*, (which was later published by the Cambridge University Press); and then he received an invitation to spend a year in residence at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, in order that he might consult with Oppenheimer about the background research that had led to the discovery of the positron. In fact, Hanson was at the Institute in Princeton, when he received the invitation first to visit I.U., and then later to join the faculty here as Professor of Philosophy.

Unfortunately, though, with all of this background information about Hanson, I am afraid that we have somewhat lost the thread of our account of the history of the Philosophy Department in the meanwhile. To return, then, to that story, it will be recalled that with the departure of Brumbaugh and the death of Ushenko, Stallknecht's initial efforts at building up the Department had more or less come to naught. Who, then, might the replacements for Brumbaugh and for Ushenko be? Well, more or less as a replacement for Brumbaugh, both Stallknecht and the Department felt that we were most fortunate in securing the services of one Stuart MacClintock.

Oddly enough, as it happened, MacClintock had been born and brought up right in Bloomington, his father, Lander MacClintock, having been for many years a professor of French at I.U. Nevertheless, Stuart himself had attended the University of Chicago as an undergraduate, and like Hanson, he had been there in the days when Hutchins and Richard McKeon were in full sway. But unlike Hanson, MacClintock greatly savoured his Chicago background, particularly his work under McKeon. For graduate work, however, MacClintock did not choose to remain at Chicago, but rather went to Columbia, where he earned his Ph.D. under the singularly eminent historical-philosophical scholar, Paul Oskar Kristeller, and where it was said that MacClintock was the most brilliant student whom Kristeller had ever trained.

Indeed, this last fact tells one a great deal about MacClintock's philosophical interests, as well as his remarkable capabilities, and the

distinctive sort of contribution that it was hoped that he would be able to make to the I.U. Department. For of Kristeller it needs to be said that he was not so much a philosopher in the ordinary sense, as rather an incredibly erudite and perceptive scholar in the history of philosophy. And in many ways, these same traits manifested themselves in MacClintock. Thus his dissertation at Columbia was on one John of Jandun, who was sometimes referred to as being an "Averroist," and who, it seems, taught in the Faculty of Arts (and not of Theology) at the University of Paris in the 14th century. Is it any wonder, then, that such a study of this comparatively obscure, but rather rambunctious figure in 14th century philosophy required not just an amazing mastery, for one as young as MacClintock, of the tools of medieval scholarship, but also an unusually philosophical sensitivity to the extraordinarily diverse and conflicting philosophical and theological currents that affected mediaeval Scholastic philosophy in the 14th century?

Nor should one imagine MacClintock's contributions were but narrowly in the history of philosophy, as this is often understood. True, MacClintock would have been the first to deny that he had any particular philosophical position "of his own," as philosophers are often wont to say. Instead, one might rather say that MacClintock's approach to philosophy was not unlike that of his old master, Richard McKeon. In other words, he sought to use his extraordinary mastery of the in's and out's, particularly of mediaeval Scholastic philosophy, as a way of illuminating issues that divide philosophers right in the present day. That's why MacClintock's contributions to philosophical discussions within the Department were invariably most stimulating and illuminating ones.

True, it should be added, perhaps, that MacClintock did not join the Department immediately after receiving his degree from Columbia. Instead, he was caught up in the Korean War, got into Naval Intelligence, and had even attained the rank of Commander, which he then resigned, in order to accept Stallknecht's offer that he come to I.U. In fact, it was reported that in order to come to I.U. as an Associate Professor of Philosophy, MacClintock had to take a salary cut of by as much as almost a half of what he was making in the Navy, such being the disabilities of wanting to be but an associate professor of philosophy, rather than an officer in the Navy!



Perhaps, though, I should add right at this point a rather sorry note as to MacClintock's subsequent career at I.U. For although he provided a real stimulus to the Department when he came, his career faltered rather perceptibly shortly afterwards. Was it because he found it a difficult adjustment to return so suddenly to academic life, after his service in the Navy, or just what was it? In any case, MacClintock seemed somehow not to hit his stride, once he got to I.U. True, he did manage to revise his doctoral dissertation of a few years before, which was then published by the I.U. Press under the title of *Perversity and Error: Studies on the "Averroist" John of Jandun* (Bloomington, IN., 1956). And indeed, the book was received with quite favorable critical comment. Nor can one deny that it was a brilliant performance, for all of its being of a somewhat limited scope. Still, MacClintock seemed unable to make further progress in his research in the ensuing two or three years at I.U. As a result, he failed to win promotion to full professor; and then, when Hanson began to forge ahead on the I.U. philosophical scene, MacClintock unhappily managed to get caught in the cross-fire that was beginning to be exchanged between Hanson and Stallknecht. The result was that it was not long afterwards that MacClintock resigned his position at I.U., resumed his career in the Navy, and never returned to philosophy. It was an unfortunate loss, not just to I.U., but to the profession as well.

To return, though, once again to our story of the Stallknecht appointments that were made in the Department, following the loss of Brumbaugh and Ushenko. As I say, the first of these was the appointment of MacClintock. And at about the same time, another appointment was made, that of a certain David Bidney. But interestingly enough, the Bidney appointment was a joint appointment in Philosophy and in Anthropology. Indeed, it was originally at the behest entirely of Carl Voegelin, the chairman of the Anthropology Department, that Stallknecht came seriously to consider Bidney's name in the first place. For without meaning it as necessarily a reflection in any way upon Bidney's interests or abilities, it simply was not the case that Bidney had ever been really in the mainstream of American philosophy at the time he came to I.U. True, he had received his Ph.D. in philosophy from Yale. His thesis, however, had been on Spinoza, and had been written under the direction, not so much of the Yale philosophy department,

as rather under that of an eminent scholar in the department of either Classics or Semitic languages, I am not sure which—one Professor Goodenough by name.

Unhappily, though, despite the fact that Bidney's book on Spinoza was a very substantial one, poor Bidney suffered the sad fate of being shot down at the very beginning of his career by a hostile reviewer, and a most prestigious reviewer at that. This was none other than the eminent Harry A. Wolfson of Harvard. Unfortunately, though a truly fabulous scholar, Wolfson tended to regard his own work as quite above and beyond all criticism. The result was that Wolfson came to have an almost unspeakable reputation for literally savaging younger philosophers in reviews, which he (Wolfson) would write of such books as anyone might dare to write taking issue with, or even departing but an iota or two from, the Wolfson line. Such in any case was the fate which Bidney suffered at Wolfson's hands. Moreover, since Bidney had no powerful friends or significant backers in the profession, his early execution, as it were, at the hands of Wolfson largely blighted his entire career.

In fact, being unable to secure much of a position in philosophy, Bidney, largely by accident, had the good fortune to fall in with a group of anthropologists. Moreover, the group had the backing of a powerful foundation no less—the Viking Foundation, I believe that it was called, a foundation that was supported by funds supplied by the Swedish industrialist, Axel Wenner-Gren. At the time, the Director of the foundation, being himself an anthropologist, and feeling the science or discipline of anthropology to be quite lacking in anything like a unifying scientific structure for the discipline, this director drafted Bidney as a philosopher to work through the literature in the field of anthropology, and to see if he, Bidney, could not come up with a "theory" that would serve to unify the entire discipline of anthropology. Accordingly, this is just what Bidney did. He spent two years subsidized by the Viking Foundation, and the culmination of his work was the publication of a largish volume by the Columbia University Press, and entitled *Theoretical Anthropology*.

All of this explains how Voegelin in the Anthropology Department at I.U. had come to know about Bidney. For neither Stallknecht, nor any of the rest of us in Philosophy, had ever heard his name. But

Voegelin naturally thought that if Bidney could be brought to I.U. in the Anthropology Department, but with a joint appointment in Philosophy, this would both add to the prestige of Anthropology, as well as contribute to the graduate students in anthropology coming to have a somewhat broader and more philosophical perspective. Nor was Stallknecht averse to the idea, when it was presented to him, and so it was that Bidney was brought to I.U. as a professor of both Anthropology and Philosophy.

Alas, though, things did not work out as had been expected— or at least not as Voegelin had expected. For Voegelin really did not know anything about philosophy, and he soon found that the sort of thing Bidney had to offer quite passed him (Voegelin) by. Nor were the students in Anthropology too responsive either—at least not at first. Meanwhile, in the Philosophy Department, Bidney was, of course, quite competent to offer instruction in the history of philosophy, and yet in not too much else. True, it might have been thought that Bidney, having done the work that he had done in what might be called the philosophy of social science, even if not in the philosophy of science proper, he, Bidney, would at least be able to fill a part of what had increasingly come to be recognized as the great lacuna in our I.U. Philosophy Department offerings—viz. the philosophy of science.

Again, though, things just did not work out in the way that Stallknecht (and, be it said, the rest of the Department as well) had hoped, but which we none of us had thought through too carefully by way of providing adequate foundation for our hopes. After all, in the 50's, while there was indeed much talk throughout the area of philosophy, of the newly developing interest in the philosophy of science, that interest seemed to center almost entirely on physics, and not on social science at all. Indeed, Bidney himself, in writing his book on *Theoretical Anthropology*, had worked largely as a loner and without really having any associates in the profession, to speak of. Certainly, Bidney's concern with the philosophy of social science could not be said to have been in any way a part of what might be called a new development or movement within the field of philosophy. Not only that, but when Hanson did join the Department, he would not give Bidney and his work even so much as the time of day! Add to this the fact that when the rift between Hanson and Stallknecht began to develop, Bidney being rather

more concerned with what he took his own self-interest to be, than he was politic in his calculations, he quite foolishly nailed his flag to the Stallknecht mast, and was accordingly mercilessly shot down by Hanson. In fact, ever after that, poor Bidney was pretty much relegated to the fate of having to be for the rest of his days more in the Department, than he was of it.

And now to come to yet another of the Stallknecht appointments that we would presumably do well at least to mention, before we come to the full story of the Hanson advent and of his eventual triumph, so far as the Philosophy Department was concerned. This last of the Stallknecht appointments was that of Thomas Langan. Now Tom Langan—and in this respect he was not altogether unlike Bidney—by both background and training had remained quite outside the mainstream of American philosophy, or at least outside of the mainstream of the profession of philosophy, as it then was in the U.S. For Langan, in both upbringing and education, was a staunch Roman Catholic. And in those days, Roman Catholic education was still a largely segregated education, both on the parochial and at the university level. Catholic parents still tended to send their children to parochial schools. And as for college and the university, Catholic students—at least those from the more well-to-do families—tended to choose schools like Notre Dame, Georgetown, Fordham, Marquette, one of the Loyolas, etc.

And so it had been with Tom Langan. He had been brought up in Oklahoma, had attended parochial schools there, and had then gone to St. Louis University as an undergraduate and had majored in philosophy. And of course, St. Louis was then, and still is, a Jesuit university. Not only that, but at the time it had a very strong philosophy department, many of the more prominent Jesuit professors having been trained at the celebrated Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto. But Langan having distinguished himself as an undergraduate, and being desirous of going on with graduate work in philosophy, he nevertheless did not elect to go to Toronto, but rather went to Paris instead. Nor did he in Paris follow the pattern of the great numbers of American students abroad and enroll in the Sorbonne. No, rather than the University of Paris, Tom Langan enrolled instead at the *Institut Catholique de Paris*. This was right at the time when the Institut was in the process of turning its back more or less on

its own older philosophical tradition of St. Thomas Aquinas, as well as of St. Thomas' modern interpreter and champion, Jacques Maritain (who, in fact, had himself been formerly a professor at the *Institut Catholique*), and was cultivating instead many of the newer fashions in philosophy as were then being reflected in the contemporary movements of Phenomenology and Existentialism. So it was, then, that Tom Langan's philosophical formation was in terms, not just of the traditional Thomism to which he had been exposed in St. Louis, but now in terms of thinkers like Martin Heidegger and Maurice Merleau-Ponty.

Still, how did the I.U. Philosophy Department, largely on Stallknecht's initiative, become interested in Langan, and take steps to bring him to I.U.? Well, of course, the answer is that in the 50's the I.U. Philosophy Department was definitely expanding. The University was growing, and enrollments in philosophy were increasing. What's more, it was in the late 50's that, as I mentioned earlier, Bob Stephens resigned his position in the Philosophy Department to take up a new career as a C.P.A. with the Internal Revenue Service. Needless to say, this meant that an additional appointment to the Department was very much in order. Meanwhile, as to Tom Langan, after receiving his French Ph.D., he was called back to St. Louis University to teach. But unfortunately for Tom, things had not gone too well for him at St. Louis, and after six years he failed to win tenure. Nevertheless, he was promptly offered an appointment at Manhattanville College in New York, and he and his family had already made their plans to move, when Stallknecht got in touch with him.

Now what it was that interested Stallknecht in Langan was that he, Langan, would be able to give instruction in the new philosophical movements that were then stirring on the Continent, and this Stallknecht felt—as did the rest of us as well—would greatly strengthen our Departmental offerings. After all, those were still the days when Analytic Philosophy was almost exclusively dominant in most of the Departments in the U.S.—certainly in the most prestigious ones. By then, however, it had come to be pretty well agreed in our Department at I.U. that we wished both to be, and to be known as, what we liked to call a “pluralistic” department. And by that we meant a department in which different philosophical views and positions might be represented, and as a result of which the philosophical interchanges that it was hoped

would take place among the several members of the Department would be fruitful in making for a much greater philosophical enlightenment on the part of both students and faculty alike.

True, Stallknecht, as I believe I may have remarked before, never bothered to spell out this general goal of a philosophical pluralism in so many words. Nevertheless, it was a goal which Stephens and MacClintock and Bidney and I all subscribed to readily enough. Still, whatever our intentions in this regard may have been, our goal was still far from realized. Thus while Stallknecht was pretty much of a Kantian, and I was a classical realist of a definite Aristotelian and Thomistic bent, and the rest in turn were each of them of yet a different stripe, still we all of us had to recognize that as yet we had no one in the Department who could be classified as an Analyst. Nor was there anyone who could qualify as a Phenomenologist or an Existentialist either. Moreover, as for our bringing in an honest-to-goodness Analyst, Stallknecht was reluctant to do this, for the reason that most of the then Analysts were inclined to be quite haughtily doctrinaire, and scarcely tolerant of philosophical views that could not meet the standards of what they took the one and only true method in philosophy to be—viz. that of Analysis. Besides, Stallknecht was one who was ever inclined to feel uneasy in the face of philosophical discussion and argument of any kind, as if the possibility that he might be worsted in the argument were unsettling to him, as being something that could undermine his chairman's authority. And so the consequence was that while there was occasional informal talk among members of the Department that we ought to add an Analyst to the staff, the talk never amounted to any more than that, viz. mere talk—at least, that is to say, until the Hanson appointment came about.

Nevertheless, even though Stallknecht was manifestly uneasy at any prospect of bringing an Analyst into the Department, he certainly did not feel the same way about Phenomenologists or Existentialists. In fact, omnivorous reader that he was, he had read widely in Heidegger, not to mention Husserl. And he was particularly well acquainted with the work of Sartre, and, even to an extent, with that of Ricoeur and Merleau-Ponty. Besides, on my own recent sabbatical leave that I had taken in the mid-fifties, I had spent some three months in France, trying to swat up as best I could on French phenomenology and existentialism.

As a result, when Tom Langan's book on Heidegger appeared in the mid-fifties, I had bought a copy, and read it, but without, I am afraid, being able to get much out of it. Nevertheless, I did call Stallknecht's attention to the book, and he read it with, I am sure, much more appreciation than I did. True, as one reflects upon Langan's book now, I do think it has to be said that the book was rather more fullsomely written, than it was either very perceptive or profound. But at least, it was a book that was trying to interpret certain aspects of Heidegger's thought to American readers—and that was veritably something comparatively new in those days.

Accordingly, given our concern in the Department at the time for broadening our offerings, it is hardly surprising that both Stallknecht and I should have been attracted to Langan. In any case, Stallknecht invited Langan to come to Bloomington for an interview. And come he did. What's more, he delivered a paper, which was perhaps rather more remarkable for its rhetorical flourishes with respect to the new fashions in French philosophy, than it was for any real philosophical analysis or inspiration. But even so, Langan was not an unimpressive performer, when it came to reading a paper. Accordingly, Stallknecht promptly offered him an appointment, and Langan accepted with alacrity. In fact, as Langan himself was often to remark later, the I.U. offer gave him his first chance to break out of the Catholic philosophical circuit, as it was in those days, and to perform before a much wider philosophical audience in the mainstream of university philosophical circles such as it was in those days.

And how may one say that Langan fared during the course of his tenure at I.U.? For as it turned out, Langan stayed at I.U. for a number of years, actually being named chairman of the Philosophy Department in 1965. Nor did he leave until 1969, or thereabouts, when he accepted a comparatively prestigious appointment as full professor at the University of Toronto. Since Langan, I fear, had something of a faculty for antagonizing a number of his colleagues, at least during his chairmanship, it was supposed to have been remarked, when he left, that Tom was most adept at managing to fall upstairs: when he had failed to get tenure at St. Louis University, he was almost immediately offered a job at I.U.; and when his later chairmanship at I.U. gave rise to no little tension in the ranks of his department, he was conveniently able



to announce that he had been called to Toronto. However, since a further account and commentary on Langan's career at I.U. will emerge naturally in the course of the Department's subsequent history, we need say no more on that score just now.

Instead, having now got these several preliminaries out of the way, I believe that we should come at last to the rather dramatic story of how Hanson originally came to be offered his appointment at I.U.; and then, having accepted the appointment, how he began, but a couple of years after he had taken up residence, to sweep through the rather placid and stodgy Philosophy Department like a veritable cyclone. First, though, it perhaps ought to be said, even in advance, that the Hanson appointment was scarcely one of Stallknecht's own choosing. Indeed, enough has already been remarked on how Stallknecht, though quite determined to find someone of genuine competence to fill the Department's slot in the philosophy of science, he was nonetheless most reluctant to take on anyone who might turn out to be either a "positivist" or an "analyst." What's more, Stallknecht was nothing if not resourceful in locating a particular individual, who he, Stallknecht, thought would quite satisfactorily fill the bill.

The man's name was Milic Capek. Now Capek, as it happens, was a Czech refugee who had been teaching for a number of years at Carlton College in Minnesota. Nor was it to be denied that Capek was a philosopher of no small competence. He had a French Ph.D. from the Sorbonne, and his philosophical interests had a definitely Bergsonian cast to them. Besides, it might be noted in passing that a few years after being considered for the appointment at I.U., Capek actually left Carlton and went to Emory University in Atlanta, where he came to be quite highly esteemed by both students and colleagues. Still, for all of his competence, Capek suffered from one obvious disability—and this was indeed a disability that would have definitely limited his effectiveness, I fear, had he in fact actually joined the I.U. Department: he just was not a philosopher at all in the mainstream of the current work that was then being done in the philosophy of science. And as we all know, to be out of fashion in philosophy is surely the equivalent of being, if not actually philosophically dead, then certainly philosophically ineffectual and comparatively insignificant. Besides, Capek was a modest man of considerable personal diffidence—certainly not anyone to bowl



over either interviewers or philosophical audiences either one.

Accordingly, it is not surprising that when Capek was brought to the I.U. campus for an interview, he just did not make too favorable an impression on the I.U. deans and administrators. And this last had become a particularly important factor in the matter of making a selection—and this, for the reason that by this time Stallknecht had rather ceased to enjoy the clout with the Administration that had originally been his, when he had first come on the scene as the hand-picked candidate of Dean John Ashton of the College of Arts and Sciences. But now Ashton was no longer Dean, and his successor, Frank Gucker, was someone of sterner stuff, at least so far as his being influenced by Stallknecht's qualities and recommendations was concerned. In any case, Capek not having made a very favorable impression when he was brought on for the interview, the I.U. administration, while they did not actually veto Stallknecht's choice, they at least indicated that the Philosophy Department ought to look further.

Besides, it perhaps should be said that it probably was not so much Capek's seeming philosophical inadequacies that had turned off the I.U. administrators, as it was the fact that Capek was not being brought from any first rate university, but only from a liberal arts college, however excellent and distinctive a college Carlton might be. In any case, I rather strongly suspect that Stallknecht thought he might doubtless be able to counter the Administration's initial expressed dissatisfaction with Capek, by deliberately bringing on for an interview someone of an obvious international reputation as a philosopher of science, as well as being someone from a front-rank university, and yet at the same time someone who obviously would not seriously consider leaving the position that he then had in order merely to come to I.U., whatever the I.U. inducements might be. By such a ploy Stallknecht could then say to the Administration: "You see, I have tried to get someone of the kind you want for the position, but such people just can't be persuaded to come to I.U. That's why it might be well to return to a consideration of Capek, as the best we can get under the circumstances."

Accordingly, pursuing such a strategy, Stallknecht, as his next move, invited Adolf Grunbaum from the University of Pittsburgh to come to Bloomington, both to give a lecture and to be interviewed for the position. For surely, Stallknecht doubtless reckoned, Grunbaum would

never seriously consider leaving Pittsburgh to come to I.U. Hence when Grunbaum turned I.U.'s offer down, that would surely have the effect of causing the administrators to look more with favor upon Capek.

But things just did not work out that way! For Grunbaum proved to be not only charming and agreeable, but even loquacious, and desirous of being as helpful as he could in the matter of finding the right person for I.U. Thus in the course of his interviews with the various administrators, he made it clear that, no, he himself would not be really interested in accepting the position. But then, when the administrators asked him if he could recommend someone who might be, Grunbaum promptly mentioned Hanson's name. In fact, Grunbaum went on to vouchsafe the information that Hanson was even then at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton, and thus might be readily available for an interview. Besides, Grunbaum explained that while Hanson not only had tenure at Cambridge University in England, and had even become something of a sensation at Cambridge, still Grunbaum thought that Hanson might well be moveable, simply for the reason that, for all of the prestige that went with being a Fellow of St. Johns College and a Lecturer in Cambridge, still the English were not then paying very high salaries—certainly not as compared with the U.S. And Hanson obviously would like to have more money!

Needless to say, with that information having been conveyed to the I.U. administration. Stallknecht realized that he had no choice but quickly to invite Hanson to come for an interview and to give a lecture. True, Stallknecht himself had doubtless never heard of Hanson before, and he probably hoped that even though Grunbaum had more or less inadvertently paved the way for him to come to I.U., still it was not unlikely that Hanson would come out and give a lecture that would be filled with a lot of abstruse speculations concerning modern physics and mathematics, and couched in a characteristically cryptic Wittgensteinian language.

But no such luck—at least not for Stallknecht! For Hanson stormed on to the I.U. campus very like Caesar himself: he came, he saw, he conquered! Nor will I ever forget the public lecture that he gave on the first evening that he was here. It was scheduled for the old Bryan Room, which was on the top floor of the tower in the old part of the Union Building. True, the room was not a large auditorium, but the

place was packed; and surprisingly enough quite a number of the administrators were in the audience. As Hanson rose to approach the lecturn, he appeared a great powerful figure of a man with a singularly forceful speaking voice. For an hour and ten minutes he lectured entirely without notes, and without a break, carrying his audience right through various of the intricacies of some of the problems then being discussed in the philosophy of science— problems, as I recall, having to do with the initial invention, and then with the verification or falsification, of hypotheses in science. Not a topic, certainly, that one would have thought likely to appeal to a popular audience! And popular audience or not, how many lecturers in philosophy could run fifteen to twenty minutes overtime, still holding their audiences right in the palm of their hand right up until the very end?

It's true that I could not stay for the discussion that night, having another engagement later that evening. But I had made my explanations and apologies to Hanson beforehand, so that as soon as the lecture was over, and while the applause was still continuing, I slipped out the door; and right behind me, just as I pressed the button to call the elevator, who should tap me on the shoulder but one Sam Braden, an old friend of mine, and a longtime professor of economics at I.U., but one who had not too long before taken a position as Associate Dean of the College under Frank Gucker. In other words, Sam had been at the lecture very much in his new official decanal capacity, and he blurted out to me, "Henry, who is this guy, Hanson? Is he really as good as he would seem to be from that lecture?" My only reply was, "Well, Sam, I am afraid that I don't know much more about Hanson than you do, but all I can say after that performance is that he is simply terrific, and no mistake about it!"

Is it any wonder, then, that it took no more than that one visit on Hanson's part to the I.U. campus to cause Stallknecht's resistance completely to collapse? Hanson was made the offer, and after what I daresay was some bargaining, he came to I.U., I am sure, pretty much on his own terms, and these I am sure were very generous ones. And as for those of us in the Philosophy Department, we now all of us realized that indeed we did now have a colleague who might really be able to put our Department on the map, so to speak. And yet how reassuring would that be for us? For we doubtless all sensed that Hanson was just

such a force and of such personal dynamism that, while he might well be able to attract both national and international attention to the I.U. Philosophy Department, he might at the same time shake all of us up, and maybe even some of us out, in the process.

Be that as it may, though, it can be safely reported that for a year—maybe even a couple of years after Hanson arrived, things remained quiet. He and his family rented a very comfortable house, set in the woods of Brown County, not far from Nashville. Of course, Hanson came in regularly for his classes, but that was about all the Department either saw or heard of him. Besides, he was working on his book on the positron; and I believe also that it was during that first year or so after Hanson came to I.U. that he was somewhat occupied with seeing his first book, *Patterns of Discovery*, through the press.

Soon, though, things started to happen, and bombs began to go off, in connection with that fabulous grant which, as I reported earlier, Hanson had succeeded in winning from the Federal government to inaugurate a full-fledged program in the history and philosophy of science at I.U. Certainly, to us in the Philosophy Department, accustomed as we were to eating little more than scraps from the table, so far as grants were concerned, the extent of the program was almost mind-boggling. For as it later turned out, Hanson was able to hire two new people of considerable eminence in the history of science, Rupert and Marie Hall; and in philosophy he was able to bring his old friend from his Oxford days, Michael Scriven, who was no less a rising star in philosophy, than the Halls were in history. Then a little later Roger Buck was brought in as well.

All the same, it perhaps should be mentioned at this point that although the I.U. administration was almost beside itself with delight that Hanson was able to bring in such fundings and to attract as much attention to the University as he seemed able to do, still the Administration soon learned that having to work with Hanson was almost as if they had got a tiger by the ears! To cite but a single example, I might mention that no sooner did Hanson begin to emerge from his earlier seclusion out in Brown County, than he began making loud noises in both the Bloomington, and indeed at large in the Hoosier community as a whole, on the subject of civil liberties. For those were times when McCarthyism was still far from dead, and Hanson was given repeatedly

to firing off irate letters-to-the-editor to both the local Bloomington paper, the *Herald-Telephone*, and to the Indianapolis *Star*, and even more frequently to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, protesting any fancied abuses and threats to civil liberties, whenever and wherever Hanson got wind of such things occurring. Not that the University Administration disapproved of such attitudes and actions on a faculty member's part. And yet the very flamboyance with which he (Hanson) tended to proclaim his views did give the Administration pause at times, being ever anxious as they were lest Faculty members generate an adverse public opinion toward the University, as a result of their flaunting their liberal convictions in the face of an often all-too-conservative Hoosier citizenry.

Against this backdrop of both Hanson attitudes and University Administration attitudes, imagine Hanson's own consternation, when one fine day he discovered that, written into the terms of the very grant that Hanson himself had succeeded in getting from the Federal government for his own program in the history and philosophy of science, there was a requirement that any and all recipients of funds from the grant would have to sign a paper proclaiming their loyalty to the government of the U.S. and foreswearing any activities directed toward undermining the Constitution, or words to that effect. Indeed, I still remember that when Hanson's attention was first drawn to this particular stipulation in the matter of the Federal grant—and indeed, I am afraid that I must plead guilty to having been the one to call Hanson's attention to the wording of his own grant, which he himself had read only too carelessly—he was standing in the corridor outside the door of the then Philosophy offices in Ballantine Hall, holding the paper in his hands which set forth these particular terms of the grant, and literally shaking with anger. "It's a Fascist oath," he shouted. "It's a Fascist oath! And I'll have no part of it!"

Moreover, Hanson's rage on this occasion was immediately followed by what proved to be a typical Hanson line of action. He stormed from the corridor into the office of the Department and told the secretary: "Call the office of the Academic Vice- President and also of the Dean of the College, and tell them to call a meeting of all the relevant University administrators. I want to talk to them, and I want to declare that if they don't get the Federal government to withdraw the requirement of

that 'Fascist oath,' I intend to throw over the whole project, and the University will have to find someone else to set up their program in the history and philosophy of science." Nor was this any idle threat on the part of an irate Hanson, and the administrators knew it! For well did they know that it was only because of Hanson's reputation that the grant had gone to I.U. in the first place, and that if Hanson withdrew from directing or having anything to do with the program, the grant would forthwith be withdrawn as well. Is it any wonder, then, that the Administration immediately acceded to the Hanson request for a meeting with all of the affected deans and administrators? And not only was the meeting held, but for the next couple of weeks or so the administrators were in almost constant session with Hanson and with the University lawyers, trying to see if some formula could not be worked out, so that the terms of the grant might be complied with, and yet without Hanson's having to sacrifice his principles when it came to administering it.

Very well, is it surprising, in the light of Hanson's proclivities toward erupting like a volcano, and then burying anyone who might chance to get in his way under tons of lava, that Stallknecht was bound soon to be a victim. After all, I think it can be said that from the start Hanson did not like Stallknecht, or have really any respect for him philosophically. True, Hanson, it must be said, had what in certain ways might be regarded as a somewhat restricted philosophical background and set of interests. He was trained almost solely in Analysis, and his reading in anything like the old traditional history of Western philosophy was rather minimal, to say the least. True, *vis-à-vis* Stallknecht, he could boast of having had a rather solid grounding in Kant's First Critique, having had an Oxford tutorial with H.J. Paton. But one can readily imagine that Hanson's Kant, as filtered through Oxford and H.J. Paton, was a very different Kant from the more traditional one that Stallknecht was steeped in, given his training originally at Princeton and then later in Edinburgh under Norman Kemp Smith.

And not only were Hanson and Stallknecht poles apart philosophically, but temperamentally as well they were as different as day and night, Stallknecht being ever reserved, and markedly more devious than he was forthright, whereas Hanson was ever as open and as forthright, as he was ever boisterous and combative. Besides, I am afraid that Stal-

lknecht was never very astute in his dealings with Hanson, even from the start. Realizing that Hanson would never be one to be respectful of his (Stallknecht's) learning and scholarship, Stallknecht apparently felt that what he needed to do was to impress Hanson with the fact that he, Stallknecht, was, after all, the chairman: he was the one with whom the power and authority lay; and hence on those grounds alone he expected Hanson to show him a certain deference and due respect. Well, as one can imagine, such an attitude was one to evoke the very opposite kind of response from an ever turbulent Hanson!

Nor was that opposite response long in coming, once Hanson began to emerge from his initial seclusion out in Brown County. In fact, the occasion of the first really explosive eruption on Hanson's part against Stallknecht came directly in connection with the grant which Hanson had received for his projected program in the history and philosophy of science. After all, the grant had been received, but just how was the program itself to be implemented and set up? After all, Hanson was a professor in the Philosophy Department, so that it was more or less assumed on the part of the Administration that the new program would somehow be integrated into Philosophy. Accordingly, the Dean designated Stallknecht and Hanson a committee of two to work out the details of the program; and Stallknecht recognizing that there would have to be a number of sessions between him and Hanson to get the details of the new program ironed out, Stallknecht designated Stuart MacClintock a member of the committee as well, it being Stuart's job to act as secretary and to write up the discussions, as well as the details of what was eventually agreed upon.

Apparently, at first all went well, until such time as MacClintock submitted his first memorandum of what had been agreed upon between Stallknecht and Hanson. Well, it's true that I never actually saw this memorandum; and of course, I had no direct knowledge of what had actually taken place in the bargaining sessions between Stallknecht and Hanson. Still, I do know that no sooner did Hanson read the first memorandum of what purported to be the memorandum of agreement between Stallknecht and himself, than he, Hanson, really hit the ceiling! He stormed about, shouting that Stallknecht had gotten MacClintock to write up the memorandum in such a way as to make it appear that what they had agreed upon were just the things that Stallknecht had



wanted, and not at all the things that he, Hanson, had been demanding and had thought they had agreed upon. Nor was Hanson's storming confined only to the Philosophy offices and the corridors outside. No, as was his wont, Hanson immediately carried the matter to the Administration. He called both the Vice-President and the Dean of the College, and demanded that they call a meeting forthwith of all of the concerned administrators, at which he, Hanson, proposed to expose both Stallknecht and MacClintock to their faces for having "cooked" the minutes that supposedly reported their several earlier deliberations.

Needless to say, not only was the meeting called as Hanson had demanded; but at the meeting Hanson did not have to worry about its being only his word as over against Stallknecht's and MacClintock's as to what had happened in their earlier sessions. No, Hanson simply laid down the ultimatum to the administrators that if the program were not set up according to his specifications, he would simply pull out of the whole affair, and the University would have to relinquish the grant money after all. Is it surprising, then, that Hanson simply won that battle of the agreement, hands down? After all, no university administration is ever going to try to uphold the honor of a mere philosophy department chairman, if it should mean sacrificing several thousands of dollars in grants from the U.S. government (or from anyone else for that matter)—no, never!

And so it was that, in the first round of his battle with Stallknecht, the Administration decisively awarded the round to Hanson. True, not having been privy to any of the actual negotiating sessions between Hanson and Stallknecht I of course do not know at first hand exactly what the issue or issues were between them on this occasion. Yet I suspect that the issue or issues all turned on whether, as chairman of the Philosophy Department, Stallknecht was to have the ultimate authority for hiring the personnel and directing the new program, or whether Hanson, as a mere member of the Philosophy Department under Stallknecht, was to have such authority. In any case, as things were eventually worked out in the agreement between Hanson and the Administration, an entirely new department was created for the history and philosophy of science. Hanson, of course, would be the chairman of this new department, all the while retaining his professorship in Philosophy. And as for the new personnel that were to be hired for the



new program, their appointments were all to be in the new department, and not in Philosophy at all.

In fact, one might well ask, "Did Stallknecht get anything out of the deal at all?" After all, he lost the entire new program in the history and philosophy of science to another department, over which he had no control and in which he was to have no say; and at the same time, he was going to have to continue to put up with Hanson in his own department as a continuing thorn in his, Stallknecht's, flesh. Still, for all of that, Stallknecht did extract one concession: the new department was not to be called "The History and Philosophy of Science," but rather "The History and Logic of Science." Besides, as regards such new members of the new department as might technically qualify as "philosophers," they nevertheless were none of them to be technically members of the Philosophy Department. In other words, there was to be no infiltration of Philosophy by Analysts smuggled in by way of the History and Logic of Science. Or at least so it was hoped, according to Stallknecht's calculations.

Needless to say, though, this episode over the administration and control of the new program in the history and philosophy of science was by no means the end of the struggle between Hanson and Stallknecht. For Hanson was, I fear, the kind of academic fighter, who, once he had drawn blood, was never one to stop until he had run his opponent through, and put him out of the running completely. And indeed, that was the eventual fate of Stallknecht. Nor could one fail to read the handwriting on the wall, as things began lurching from bad to worse during the years 1957, 1958, and 1959.

Actually, it was rather early on in this whole sorry game, and even before the issue over the history and philosophy of science had come to a head, that I found myself becoming increasingly concerned over the whole situation. For whatever the respective merits of the issues might be in the struggle between Stallknecht and Hanson, the very fact that there was such increasing strife could not but bode ill for the Philosophy Department. Besides, as the then senior member of the Department—at least in terms of years of service—I somehow felt that I had a responsibility to try to stave off the worst, if I possibly could. And yet what could I do? Certainly, I could not go to Stallknecht, for as a chairman he was never one to welcome suggestions from the members of his department

regarding possible changes in policy or in the conduct of departmental affairs. No, that was entirely his business he felt, and a business in regard to which he was sure that "papa" knew best. But neither did I feel that I could very well go to Hanson. After all, I scarcely felt that I knew him well enough for any heart-to-heart discussions as to the way things were going in the Department. True, I had come to be increasingly fond of him personally, and I certainly had come increasingly to respect him philosophically. But as for Departmental politics, that was hardly anything that I felt free to discuss with Hanson—at least not at that stage. Nor were the other members of the Department people whom I felt I could very well approach either—Stephens, who was then just on the part of leaving himself; or MacClintock, who, it turned out, would be leaving not so long afterwards as well; or Bidney or Langan, both of whom felt most insecure in the face of the threatened turmoil in the Department.

Instead, I decided that perhaps I should go directly to the I.U. administration, just by way of forewarning them of serious troubles ahead, so far as the Philosophy Department was concerned. Accordingly, I did go to talk to Ralph Collins, who was then the singularly wise and devoted academic Vice-President of Indiana University, and whom I had known personally for many years, he and I having joined the Faculty of I.U. within but a few years of each other, back in the mid-30's. The way I laid out the situation for him as regards the threatened perils for the Department was something like this. I reminded him of what he very well knew, and that was that Stallknecht had indeed been a quite competent administrator of the Philosophy Department for nearly ten years. But however satisfactory he may have been as a chairman, in the narrower sense, he was hardly an inspiring leader. Nor had he succeeded in building up the Department in such a way as to make it in any sense a truly outstanding one in the country and in the profession. True, this may well not have been any more Stallknecht's fault than it was due to the inadequacies of all of us in the Department, we being the ones who, by our several performances, had just not succeeded in winning for the Department the kind of distinction and reputation that a department at an institution such as I.U. ought surely to be able to claim for itself.

And now the situation had but recently been complicated by the fact

that a comparatively new member in the person of Hanson had been added to the staff, and come on the scene,—a person who did indeed give promise of being someone who might well be able to put us on the map, so to speak. The only trouble was that not only did Hanson not see eye-to-eye with Stallknecht, the chairman, but in addition it was beginning to be ever more apparent that the two men really had no use for one another, either personally or philosophically. True, there may as yet have been no serious manifestation of an open hostility between the two. But I warned Ralph Collins that this was not only a thing that was sure to come, but a thing that could not be very long in coming. And when it did come, I warned, given Hanson's almost cyclonic personality, one could be quite sure Hanson would be one who would never subside until he had blown Stallknecht right out of the chairmanship.

Now all of this I simply laid out for Dean Collins, making it quite clear that for myself I was by no means ready to be taking sides in the conflict, either pro-Stallknecht, or pro-Hanson. But a conflict I was sure there was, and that it would get worse, and that for that reason I thought the Administration ought to be forewarned, in the hope that perhaps they might see fit to be forearmed as well. Immediately, Ralph Collins' response was a most grateful one. He admitted that neither he nor any of the other administrators had any real suspicion that tensions between Stallknecht and Hanson had reached such proportions, or that they were such as to lead to a real showdown—and that, even in the not-too-distant future. In fact, he said that he intended to get in touch with both the deans of the College and of the Graduate School, so that they might take counsel together in anticipation of the predicted explosion in the Department.

And sure enough, the explosions did begin soon enough. Thus it must have been at the very beginning of the academic year 1957-58 that I went to see Dean Collins, and by 1958 Hanson had already launched his drive to shake up the Philosophy Department; and if Stallknecht would not go along with the shake-up, then it amounted to a drive to unseat Stallknecht as chairman! In fact, Hanson soon began pressing me, as he said, to "get off the fence," and to join him in his drive to put some real life into philosophy and Philosophy at I.U. But I persistently resisted such Hanson pressures telling him that, rather than take sides,

I was determined to call the shots as I saw them, saying when I thought Stallknecht was right, and when Hanson.

The only trouble was that Stallknecht, I am afraid, was as singularly inept, as he was short-sighted and unsatisfying in the way he chose to respond to Hanson's criticisms. For Hanson was certainly right in his insistence that the Department was not all that it might be and could be and should be, so far as its having a proper national and international reputation was concerned. At the same time, while Hanson was much more vociferous in making his criticisms, than he was either particularly resourceful or helpful in coming up with specific recommendations as to how things might be improved, Stallknecht, for his part, should at least have listened to such suggestions as Hanson did have and should have tried to explore with Hanson possible ways and means of making things better.

But not so Stallknecht! Instead, his sole tactic was to try to stonewall at every turn. Nor was it a case of mere stonewalling, on Stallknecht's part. No, for in addition, he made a point of reminding each and everyone of us in the Department that he, Stallknecht, was the chairman, that he was still in charge and intended to remain so, and that if the several of us did not get into line behind him in any showdown with Hanson, we would be well-advised that there were sanctions which he as chairman not only could impose upon us, but would. In fact, on one occasion Stallknecht was so ill-advised as even to call Hanson in and threaten him with his (Stallknecht's) possible chairmanly sanctions—which, as far as Hanson was concerned, was but like adding fuel to the flames, making Hanson all the more determined, not just to shake up the Philosophy Department, but to see to it that Stallknecht would be ousted as chairman as the first step in the process.

Of course, too, in the matter of Stallknecht's threatened sanctions, Hanson had no real cause to be concerned, nor did I either particularly—this, in contrast to the others in the Department, whose positions were at the time rather more precarious. Nevertheless, I will not deny that just at this juncture, I came to be vastly relieved, and my hand at I.U. greatly strengthened, when in the spring of 1959, I received an offer to become a member of the Philosophy Department at the University of Minnesota. True, the conditions of the offer were somewhat odd, in that, due to budgetary restrictions at Minnesota at the time,

my appointment could not be made final until the following academic year, 1960-61. Instead, they wanted me to come to Minnesota as a visitor during the three regular quarters of 1959-60 (i.e. from September through May), the understanding being that the permanent appointment would be mine, beginning in 1960-61, if I then decided that I wanted to stay at Minnesota. Is it any wonder that this quite relieved me of any personal anxieties that I might have had, about my possibly eventually going against my chairman and siding with Hanson in the ever worsening Departmental power struggle? If anything, it rather put Stallknecht in the position of having to be the suitor rather than the sued, in trying to get me to stay at I.U. Even so, Stallknecht could not resist the temptation of trying to extract something of a pound of flesh from me. This he did by suggesting that since the approach from Minnesota had come so late in the year, he, Stallknecht, did not see how he could grant me a leave of absence for the immediately ensuing year of 1959-60. At this, I promptly appealed to Dean Gucker of the College of Arts and Sciences, and it was quickly agreed that while it was then too late for I.U. to be able to fund a replacement for me for the first semester of 1959-60, still there was no reason why I might not be granted a leave beginning in January 1960 and running to the end of that academic year. Accordingly, this was done; and in the following January, I did go to Minnesota, I did teach there through May of 1960, and I did receive the formal offer of a professorship at Minnesota. As it turned out, however, the offer I did turn down, largely for the reason that by then the prospects for the I.U. Department seemed so much brighter under the new chairman, Alan Donagan.

With that, though, I am already getting ahead of my own story. For the story of the struggle over the chairmanship of the Department at I.U. was fast reaching a climax by the spring of 1959. In fact, Hanson having been further rebuffed by a seemingly obdurate Stallknecht, he decided that he would just take things into his own hands and stage a *Putsch!* As he had so often done in the past, he sent one of his customary demands for a full meeting of all of the concerned Vice-Presidents, Deans, Associate Deans, *et al.* Moreover, this time he prevailed upon me to accompany him to the meeting. And once in the meeting, Hanson had only to engage in his usual histrionics, and it was not long before the administrators present were entirely convinced

that since Stallknecht was continuing to be absolutely intractable, so far as even listening to, much less accepting, any suggestions for the improving and upgrading of the Philosophy Department were concerned, it seemed there was no alternative but that Stallknecht would simply have to resign as chairman. After all, by then Ralph Collins and the other administrators had pretty well apprised themselves of the true state of things in the Department, as a result of my own earlier visit to Dean Collins. And this time also I was right there in the meeting, and could confirm the fact that Stallknecht was quite adamant about refusing to entertain any suggestions for any sort of reform or upgrading of the Department.

In fact, it scarcely took any time before Ralph Collins made the pronouncement, "Well, it looks as if 'Stalky' will just have to go." But then the immediate question was as to who would be made chairman in his place. And everyone turned to me and said that I had no choice but to take on the job. Needless to say, though, I immediately and quite steadfastly refused. As I explained, I had taught under Stallknecht for nearly ten years; and while there were many things in his chairmanship that I disagreed with, and did not particularly care for, I could not complain that he had ever been other than fair enough and decent enough toward me all along. What would it look like, then, if having finally participated in this *démarche* to have Stallknecht removed, I were then to grab the job of the chairmanship for myself? That is something that I said I just would not do to Stallknecht.

This, though, angered Vice-President Collins quite perceptibly, and he turned on both Hanson and me and accused us— and particularly me—of being only too willing to force Stallknecht's resignation, and yet not then being willing to accept the responsibility of providing for his successor. But I immediately countered this by saying that it seemed to me that once Stallknecht was out, there was no reason why I.U. should not quickly mount an official search to find a successor for him from the outside. Besides, I said, Hanson and I, coming as we did from such different philosophical camps, and being thus personally acquainted with so many and diverse members of the profession, we could surely between us be able to come up with some excellent suggestions as to who might be a truly outstanding person to succeed Stallknecht. That declaration made, it was forthwith applauded, and right then and there

in the same meeting it was so ordered that Frank Gucker, the Dean of the College, should convey the decision of the Administration to Stallknecht that he would have to resign his chairmanship, and that Hanson and I should get busy at once by way of drawing up a list of names of possible nominees for the position, which list in turn could be then turned over to an official Search Committee that it was determined should be set up immediately.

Moreover, from there on in, the story of the Stallknecht years as Chairman of the Department can be rapidly concluded. Stallknecht was happily allowed to, and was able to, save face by announcing that he was giving up his position as Chairman of Philosophy in order to be able to devote more time to the affairs of the School of Letters and to Comparative Literature. And as for the search committee that was to be, and was, set up, it was most ably chaired by Professor York Wilbern of the Government Department. He did an excellent job of both informing and consulting with the members of the Philosophy Department, as well as with the two philosophers on the staff of the Department of the History and Logic of Science, viz. Michael Scriven and Roger Buck. They all were urged to make suggestions for a successor to Stallknecht in Philosophy. Meanwhile, Hanson and I of course put our heads together, and after considering the names of any number of people whom we knew who might be suitable candidates for the chairmanship, we agreed rather quickly that the outstanding person for the position—if he could be prevailed upon to come,— was one Alan Donagan, who was then the chairman at Minnesota. After all, Hanson and Donagan had both of them been fellow students together at Oxford, and knew each other well. Besides, I had gotten to know Donagan in connection with the negotiations designed to bring me to Minnesota. For Donagan had been the chief negotiator in this connection, with the result that I had both come to know him, as well as to have a very high regard for him both as a person and as a philosopher.

So to make a long story short, the Search Committee brought Donagan on for an interview; he quite charmed everyone; he was accordingly made an offer, which luckily he decided to accept, even though he had received an offer from Cornell but a couple of weeks before. With that, the Philosophy Department had got a successor to Stallknecht, and by the terms of the agreement, he was to take up his new duties at I.U.,



beginning in September of 1960.

#### Notes to Chapter IV

1. As evidence of the range and productivity of Ushenko's work, it might be noted that in 1936, he published an introductory text in logic, called *The Theory of Logic*. Later in 1941, Princeton published his book entitled *The Problems of Logic*. Meanwhile, in 1937, *The Philosophy of Relativity* was published by Allen and Unwin. Then in 1953, after Ushenko had come to I.U., the I.U. Press published his book on aesthetics, entitled *Dynamics of Art*, with a preface by Stephen Pepper.
2. For a complete list of the Ph.D.'s in philosophy, granted during Stallknecht's tenure as chairman, together with the dissertation titles, see Appendix II.
3. Unless I am much mistaken, I believe that Churchill has been for some years, and is still, a member of the Philosophy Department at Purdue.





# The Donagan Years, 1961-65: The halcyon days of the Department

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## A.

It was in the fall of 1961 that Alan Donagan and his wife moved to Bloomington, he to assume his duties as the new chairman of the Philosophy Department. Primary among those duties, certainly at the very start, was for the new chairman to try to calm the Department down after the comparative turmoil, to say nothing of the anxieties, that had been generated in the Department, as a result of the Hanson-Stallknecht contest. But the more long-range problem facing Donagan was, of course, to see if he could not manage to upgrade the Department, so that it might come to be perceived as truly pulling its weight on the American philosophical scene.

Happily, as the event would soon prove, Donagan was singularly successful on both counts; and in the comparatively short time that Donagan remained at I.U. as chairman, from 1961 to 1965, the Department could be said truly to have entered upon its halcyon days. For one thing, Donagan was a singularly personable young man and with an unmistakable administrative talent and tact and toughness, especially when it came to effecting a smooth and efficient running of the Department. But more than that, he possessed just the philosophic credentials that the Department was so much in need of at the time. A native Australian, who had gotten his B.A. in philosophy at the University of Melbourne, Donagan had then gone to Oxford, where he came under the influence of, and might even be said to have become something of a protégé of, the then eminent Gilbert Ryle. In fact, those were the days in Oxford when the philosophical talk, in the common rooms and in the lectures and the tutorials, was all of Wittgenstein and the Investigations. And so it was that in the Oxford of those days Donagan got to know Russ Hanson quite well, as well as Roger Buck

and Michael Scriven, too – except that Michael Scriven had been an old, old friend of both Donagan and his wife from their days at the University of Melbourne together. In fact, it was largely due to Scriven's influence that Donagan had originally been invited to the U.S. to teach at Minnesota, and where Donagan had had to start out at first in but a lowly non-tenured position.

Perhaps it should be noted also that at Minnesota, when Donagan first went there, Wilfrid Sellars was very much the dominant and even dominating figure in the Philosophy Department. True, there was a somewhat uneasy relationship between Sellars as the chairman and Herbert Feigl as the head of the Minnesota Center for the Philosophy of Science, as well as between those two and May Brodbeck who was then perhaps Gustav Bergmann's most able and eminent student – and as such not a particular partisan by any means of either Feigl or Sellars, and particularly not of the then so-called "Oxford philosophy"! In any case, it could be said that in that peculiar Minnesota philosophical environment, Donagan rapidly rose from the ranks, as it were, and was even made chairman of the department, when Sellars went to Yale. True, Donagan was not a great publishing scholar in terms of volume; but quality of publication was another matter. Besides, particularly noteworthy was it that it had been largely at Ryle's instigation that Donagan had written a very significant study of R.G. Collingwood that had been published by the Clarendon Press – all of which tended to show that, for all of his commitment to Wittgenstein and to Oxford Analysis, Donagan was a philosopher of exceedingly wide reading in the entire history of Western philosophy, as well as being someone who was very knowledgeable about, and had very catholic tastes as regards, various of the fashions in contemporary philosophy.

Coming then to I.U. as chairman of the Philosophy Department, Donagan obviously faced a very different task from what he had been up against at Minnesota. Rather than having to try to accommodate himself to various senior figures in a flourishing and much respected department, Donagan now had the task of having to try at once to strengthen a comparatively weak department, as well as seek to bring the existing members of the I.U. Department into a harmonious and fruitful relationship with one another after their time of troubles. Nor had Donagan been on the scene at I.U. very long before he found – what

doubtless he already must have suspected—that he would have his old friend, the ever irrepressible Russ Hanson, to contend with in some of these very matters. For Hanson saw no reason why the philosophers in the new department of the History and Logic of Science—i.e. Michael Scriven and Roger Buck—should not be immediately integrated into the Philosophy Department. Nor was that all, for Hanson could not see any sense in keeping someone like Tom Langan in the Department at all. For as things appeared to Hanson, what business did an up-to-date philosophy department have with someone whose interest and competence were not in Analytic Philosophy at all, but rather in Phenomenology and Existentialism!

To this challenge, Donagan responded with a typical iron firmness, and at the same time with a perceptiveness and charm that left his longtime personal friends and Oxford cronies, Hanson and Scriven, entirely satisfied and happy with his decisions, even when those decisions went against them. No, he simply gave Hanson to understand that he, Donagan, was not going to get rid of Langan. Nor was he going to integrate the philosophers from the other department into the Philosophy Department. Of course, it went without saying that Hanson and Scriven and Buck could go right ahead, teaching whatever subjects they felt might be needed for their program in the history and philosophy of science. But as for the Philosophy Department, it would have its own program, and it would decide what that program should be. Not only that, but it would go about the business of recruiting its own staff—and this without either dictation or necessarily even suggestion from the other Department! True, Hanson, of course, would have a voice in all Philosophy Department decisions, he being still a member of Philosophy, as well as chairman of the History and Logic of Science; and yet, as for the others in the new department, they would have no more to say about what would be going on in Philosophy, than those in Philosophy would have any say about what needed to be done in the History and Logic of Science.

In other words, what this early decision on Donagan's part meant was that as long as Donagan was to be chairman, the Philosophy Department was going to continue to remain loyal to its own long-standing, tradition of a genuine pluralism as regards different schools of philosophy being represented within the Department. In short, there was

to be no "take-over of the department by the Analysts," such as had been happening in so many other departments throughout the country in those days, and such as one might readily imagine could so easily have happened at I.U., given Donagan's own philosophical convictions, as well as those of his friends in the History and Logic of Science. Not only that, but what this early and very crucial decision on Donagan's part also meant was that, however much the newly constituted Philosophy Department might owe to Hanson, as the one who had first brought a comparatively big name to the Department, and who had succeeded in really shaking us up in the matter of the chairmanship—still, in the future, and for all of his being the close friend of Donagan that he was, it was going to be Donagan who would be calling the shots in Philosophy, and not Hanson.

Nor was there any mistaking Donagan's determined independence of action and movement, when it came to making the three new appointments that the Administration had allowed Philosophy. Thus as Donagan's first appointment, he brought Herbert Hochberg from Ohio State to join the I.U. Department. Now as it happens, Hochberg was anything but a disciple of Oxford and Oxford Analysis, being instead one of Gustav Bergmann's most brilliant students. In fact, Hochberg's first job after receiving his Ph.D. had been at Northwestern, where he had quite taken by storm, not just the Philosophy Department, but even the entire College of Arts and Sciences. True, this Hochberg storm, it seems, had served only to arouse the jealousy of a number of Hochberg's slightly senior, but unfortunately tenured, colleagues in the Philosophy Department at Northwestern, and as a consequence they voted him down for tenure! Indeed, this peculiarly glaring instance of a characteristically self-serving departmental politics created something of a scandal, not just on the Northwestern campus, but throughout the profession, particularly in the old Western Division. For years to come as a consequence, the Northwestern Department had rather a black eye, so far as many of the members of the A.P.A. were concerned. And even within Northwestern itself, the Government Department responded to the Philosophy Department's denying tenure to Hochberg by offering him (Hochberg) a tenured appointment in Government! But this Hochberg turned down, and quickly accepted a tenured appointment in Philosophy at Ohio State instead.

Consider, though, what the import was, so far as the I.U. situation was concerned, of Donagan's thus having named Herb Hochberg as his first appointment after coming to I.U. For Hochberg was not just an expert logician, but entirely competent both to teach and to publish in the area of the philosophy of science. Accordingly, it was almost as if, by the Hochberg appointment, notice had been served on the sister Department to Philosophy, viz. that of the History and Logic of Science, that Philosophy would henceforth have its own logicians and its own philosophers of science, and would not be beholden to the other Department for instruction in these areas at all. Not only that, but the fact that Hochberg was a Bergmannian, and not at all in the camp of the Oxford Analysts, served as still further notice of the fact that, so far as the Philosophy Department at I.U. was concerned, it was to be a pluralistic, and not a monolithic department at all, the school of so-called Oxford Analysis that Donagan and Hanson might be recognized as representing being more than balanced by and compensated for by Hochberg's championship of a very different type of "Analysis," viz. that of Gustav Bergmann.

Moreover, as if to underscore this latter point, Donagan made as his second appointment at I.U., that of Reinhardt Grossmann. For Grossmann also was a product of the Bergmann school, and naturally a close friend of Herb Hochberg's, with the result that for the next five years or so, the I.U. Department became known as no less than yet another outpost of Bergmannian philosophy. Nor did such a reputation cease until well after Donagan left. For Hochberg stayed on at I.U., until the mid- 60's, when he returned to Ohio State, and then later took a position at Minnesota, and still later at the University of Texas at Austin. And as for Reinhardt Grossmann, he is still with us as a senior professor in the I.U. Department.

And now let us note yet another of Donagan's major appointments, which he made within but a comparatively short time after his coming. This was the appointment of Reginald E. Allen to a position in classical philosophy, particularly Plato. For Allen was at the time a brilliant and most promising Plato scholar who had been teaching at Minnesota in his very first appointment after receiving the Ph.D., and whom Donagan had, of course, known at Minnesota and was determined to bring to I.U.

As it happens, Reg Allen had been an undergraduate at Haverford College in Pennsylvania, where he had made his mark as a singularly brilliant, even if somewhat cranky, student, and where he received a thorough grounding in both Greek and philosophy. In fact, his principal mentor in philosophy at Haverford had been my old friend and former student, Francis Parker. After Haverford, then, Allen had gone to the University of St. Andrews in Scotland for some three years or so, returning then to Yale, where he received the Ph.D. after scarcely more than a year of residence. Moreover, what was of particular significance about Allen's appointment to the faculty at I.U. was that not only did he eventually attain a singularly distinguished reputation as a Plato scholar, but he also was someone of marked philosophical convictions of his own. Nor were these convictions at all in the line of Oxford Analysis, nor of such Aristotelianism and Thomism as I subscribed to, nor of French phenomenology in the manner of Langan, nor of Bergmannian realism and atomism, *à la* Hochberg and Grossman. No, if anything, Allen was more or less sympathetic with the views of someone like Blanshard at Yale, who could perhaps best be described as one of the last of the Idealists; and in this respect Allen's philosophical views made him philosophically closer, one could say, to Stallknecht than to anyone else in the Department.

And now let me but remark in passing that my having taken pains thus to describe the differing philosophical sympathies and affiliations of the several members of the Department during Donagan's chairmanship is not without its significance, particularly when it comes to appreciating that genuine philosophical pluralism that prevailed in the Department under Donagan. True, with Stallknecht, no less than with Donagan, the Department had indeed been a pluralistic one—but with this significant difference. Under Stallknecht, no one from the then dominant fashion of Analytic Philosophy had been represented in the Department. And besides, under Stallknecht, the pluralism had been more one of a mere mutual personal tolerance and respect—important though that was—, and yet not one of much active philosophical interchange; whereas under Donagan there was an almost continuous and vigorous interchange going on between the members of the Department, as representing their several schools and positions. In fact, there were frequent officially sponsored colloquia in the Department, including of

course the philosophers from the History and Logic of Science, in which we read and discussed our papers with one another. Nor can it be emphasized enough how mutually helpful these Departmental colloquia and sessions were for all of us. Or at least I might say they certainly proved to be so for me.

Moreover, so long as I am speaking to the point of our Departmental colloquia during Donagan's chairmanship, I ought surely to mention some of the outside visitors whom we were able to bring in to read papers and to participate in our discussions. For what with the presence of both Hanson and Donagan at I.U., I.U. did begin quickly to rise mightily in the estimation of the profession. Our relations with other departments, especially in the Big Ten, became much more cordial, Iowa and Minnesota now being particularly friendly, to say nothing of our coming to have, if not close relations with, at least newly cordial relations with, Wisconsin and Ohio State. True, what with the slippage of the McKeon power at Chicago, and with the changed character of the I.U. Department, we perhaps no longer felt quite the same affinities with Chicago that we once had. And the same might be said of our relations with Yale, which had become rather less close, particularly since Paul Weiss was rather less esteemed by the new members of the I.U. Department, than he had been earlier by both Stallknecht and myself.

However, the relations of I.U. with the more prestigious institutions in the East, except possibly for Yale, had long been not too close. Nor did this change very perceptibly under Donagan. After all, the Princeton Department had changed so radically in character, since the days when Stallknecht had had influence there, that I.U. scarcely remained on Princeton's favored list at all. And while for years I had been nothing less than a veritable disciple of John Wild at Harvard, Wild had never been much more than a very disgruntled minority of one in the Harvard Department. Besides, by the end of the 50's Wild had completely forsaken his allegiance to Classical Realism, and had become an all-out Phenomenologist and Existentialist, leaving me, incidentally, pretty much high and dry philosophically, and incidentally pretty well severing any ties that I might otherwise have had with the Harvard Department. Moreover, as for Columbia and Johns Hopkins, we at I.U. felt but very little drawn to them, and while Donagan had



indeed been offered a job at Cornell, and was highly regarded by people like Max Black and Stuart Brown, for example, this hardly meant that the respective Departments at Cornell and at I.U. felt any particular affinities for one another at all.

However, this discussion of our relations with other philosophy departments during Donagan's tenure as chairman has had the effect of deflecting me for the moment from saying more about the various distinguished visitors from outside, whom we were able to invite to our departmental colloquia. And so to return, then, to the matter of our distinguished visitors, it is hardly surprising that, what with Donagan's Oxford connections, he was able to persuade a number of English philosophers to make short detours in the course of their U.S. tours, so as to take in Bloomington. To mention but three of these, Stuart Hampshire was one, H.H. Price another, and a characteristically dour and ungracious Peter Geach yet a third. And as for American visitors, whether American by birth or by adoption, we had such luminaries as Roderick Chisholm from Brown, Max Black of Cornell, Peter Hempel from Princeton, and Gustav Bergmann from Iowa. Particularly memorable to me, though, was a symposium on Plato that was both organized and staged by Reg Allen, with Julius Moravcsik of Stanford, as the substantive performer, and Bob Turnbull of Iowa as the chief gad-fly. Yes, as I recall, the rather ponderous and unalleviated seriousness of Moravcsik eventually had its impact on the irrepressible Turnbull, and in the end seemed to turn him into Moravcsik's very cheering section.

Of course, one should not neglect to mention that the Department of the History and Logic of Science had their share of distinguished visitors, too, during the years of Donagan's chairmanship in Philosophy. And given the extremely close and cordial relations between the two departments, it was as if their visitors were ours, and ours theirs as well. But particularly noteworthy, as I recall, was the visit of Sir Karl Popper, who did not fail to play the role of prima donna—yes, even to overplay it; while Sir Peter Strawson by contrast (though he was not yet then a "Sir," I believe!) was as charmingly not any prima donna, as Sir Karl had been most insufferably one.

## B.

Meanwhile, during all the years of the Donagan chairmanship, we were able to continue with our Powell lecturers, though not necessarily on a regular annual basis.<sup>1</sup> Nor did Donagan seem any more able than the rest of us had been to somehow wave a magic wand and thereby convert what were usually rather technical lectures on philosophy into what could come off as popular, all-campus events. In fact, I recall the sad fate of one set of lectures, that I had myself been largely responsible for arranging, and that I had had high hopes would be much appreciated by an all-University audience at I.U. For as it happened, during one of my sabbatical leaves which I had spent in France, I had made the acquaintance of a singularly attractive and brilliant French philosopher, one Mikel Dufrenne by name, a professor at the University of Paris at Nanterre. Having myself followed some of his lectures in Paris, I knew that he was a most winning lecturer, and it struck me that he might be just such a one as could possibly communicate to an I.U. audience at least some sense of what was going on in the then fashionable French brand of phenomenology. True, there was the matter of the lectures in Bloomington having to be given in English. But I knew, of course, that Dufrenne spoke English quite fluently, and that, indeed, just a few years or so after World War II, Paul Henle had invited Dufrenne to teach at Michigan, and Dufrenne had spent a whole year lecturing in Ann Arbor.

What I quite failed to reckon with, however, was the fact that speaking English fluently in conversation might be one thing, but giving a public lecture was another, especially for a Frenchman. Besides, since it had been sometime since Dufrenne had spent any time in an English-speaking country, and his English was nothing if not somewhat rusty, he decided that rather than address his audience more or less informally—which was his customary style of lecturing in France, and which ordinarily made his lectures quite effective—he would simply write out the lectures and read them from his own manuscript. A fatal mistake!

Accordingly, in the event, Dufrenne flew directly from Paris to New York, and then on to Indianapolis, where we met him, and drove him to Bloomington for his opening lecture the very next day. Came that day and the appointed hour for the lecture, and Dufrenne got up before a

large audience that quite filled one of the large lecture halls in Ballantine Hall. But instead of looking at his audience, he bowed his head, and started reading from his manuscript. Alas, it was a disaster! Scarcely anyone in the audience could even so much as catch the general drift of what he was saying, much less grasp its real content in any detail. Little wonder that by the second lecture, the audience was scarcely a third of what it had been the first time, and by the last lecture only a few scattered seats in the first few rows were occupied, mostly by the Philosophy faculty and graduate students, who obviously had come either out of a sense of obligation, or maybe even under some duress.

True, as a result of our subsequent efforts by way of a belated effort toward effecting at least some damage control, we did manage to salvage something from the Dufrenne lectures after all. For in those days, there was still the stipulation that the Powell Lectures were to be brought out in book form. Since, though, Dufrenne had written his lectures only in longhand, and this proved to be almost totally illegible—worse even than the famed illegible handwriting of the Emperor Napoleon!—there was no possibility of trying to print up the lectures from the author's manuscript. And although the lectures had been taped as they were being given, nobody could understand them when the tapes were played back! What, then, did we do? Well, I interceded with Dufrenne and persuaded him simply to go back to Paris and to write up his lectures in French, and mail them to me. I would then undertake to translate them into what I hoped would be a comparatively readable English. And this is just what was done, and the little volume entitled, *Language and Philosophy*, was eventually published by the I.U. Press, and happily turned out to have a comparatively respectable sale. So apparently, not all was lost, so far as that particular set of Powell Lectures was concerned.

Perhaps yet another story of a largely humorous import in regard to the Powell Lectures might not be out of place at this stage of our account. For although these several tales of the trials and tribulations which the Department suffered on account of the Powell Lectures might seem to be out of all proportion in any such narrative history of the Department as this present one purports to be, still it is hard to exaggerate the almost perennial concern that these lectures occasioned in the Department. And what tended to make this concern particu-

larly acute on our part was a quite unmistakable sense of guilt that nearly everyone in the Department tended to feel. For in principle, it seemed that there could scarcely be any greater boon for a philosophy department such as I.U.'s than to have this endowed lectureship at its disposition. And particularly was this true, since it had always been the settled conviction of practically all the members of the Department that philosophy constituted a singularly unique sort of discipline. For while research and scholarship were of course essential for any self-respecting philosophy department, still in the I.U. Department the conviction had always been predominant that philosophy was a discipline that ought not to be for specialists alone, being rather a subject that should be of interest and concern to any and everybody, as being somehow the real source and sustenance of any and everybody's very humanity. Imagine, then, our sense of frustration, as well as even almost a sense of betrayal of the original objectives of the Mahlon Powell fund, that we seemed so singularly to fail in our efforts to set up an annual lectureship that would somehow carry the message of philosophy to the University community as a whole, and not be something of interest only to ourselves and to specialists in the Department.

Still, to come to this final and rather humorous anecdote in connection with the Powell Lectures. As it happens, the very year before Donagan came, and during the time that I was in fact away on leave of absence teaching at Minnesota, the Department decided that it would vary the format of the lectures somewhat: instead of inviting just one person to give four lectures, it was decided to invite three very different, and yet all very distinguished, philosophers to give each of them a lecture on successive days, and then on the final day the three would all appear on the same platform for a sort of final roundup and discussion. Accordingly, the three invited participants for this occasion were Brand Blanshard from Yale, Max Black from Cornell, and John Wild from Harvard. Certainly, no one of these men had much respect for either of the others, at least not philosophically; and so it was hoped that sparks might really begin to fly during the four days of the series, and this might have the effect, if nothing else, of at least getting the audience more interested.

Anyway, it was the second or the third of the lectures that was delivered by John Wild. And this was right at the time when Wild

had undergone one of his dramatic conversions in his own philosophical position: from having been for years a militant Aristotelian and Thomist in philosophy, he suddenly made a complete flip-flop and came out a convinced phenomenologist and existentialist. Moreover, there was one particular concept that Wild had fixed upon from Husserl's *Die Krisis der Europäischen Wissenschaften und die Transzendente Phänomenologie*, and that he (Wild) was given constantly to reiterating and making the centerpiece of nearly all of his lectures and papers at the time. This was the concept of "the life-world," or *Lebenswelt*, except that Wild never liked to use the mere English term, "life-world"; instead, he always preferred Husserl's own German term, *Lebenswelt*.

And so it was on the occasion of Wild's lecture in this particular Powell series: it seemed as if Wild could do nothing else but go on and on about the "*Lebenswelt*." Well, as it happens, President Wells, who always made a point of attending the Powell Lectures whenever they were given, nevertheless had had to miss Wild's lecture on the day before. But the next day, when I guess it was Max Black who was giving the lecture, Dr. Wells did get to the lecture. He came in somewhat breathlessly, and sat down right in the second or third row, directly in front of the speaker's lectern. And just before the lecture began, Dr. Wells turned to an undergraduate, who, as it happened, was seated in the seat right next to the one that Dr. Wells had just occupied; and he asked, "Young lady, it so happens that I missed yesterday's lecture. Could you therefore tell me, in just a word or two, what it was that the lecturer talked about?" To which the undergraduate replied—it seems that she was but a sophomore enrolled in some introductory philosophy class: "Sir, I am afraid that I really don't know what that lecture was about, except that the man giving the lecture talked about nothing else but about a place he called 'Lebensville.' And I don't know where 'Lebensville' is at all! You don't suppose, do you, Sir, that he was confused and really meant 'Evansville', do you?"

That really tickled Dr. Wells! For he had long been wont to tease my wife and me, as well as Mrs. Ralph Collins, and others of us associated with the faculty, who were all from Evansville, because it seemed to him that we were always talking about Evansville, and were always quick to defend poor Evansville from what we fancied to be the slurs of people from Northern Indiana. As a result, Chancellor Wells sometimes

even referred to us as "the Evansville mafia." Well, when that undergraduate related to Dr. Wells that the lecture of the day before had been all about "Lebensville," which she herself supposed the lecturer must have gotten mixed up with Evansville, that proved to be a source of endless delight to Chancellor Wells! Nor did he ever let Mrs. Collins or my wife and me forget it: "What about that Powell lecturer," he would say, "who got 'Lebensville' confused with 'Evansville' and talked about nothing else during his whole lecture?" In other words, that was one occasion, when at least one of the Powell lectures, even if it did not contribute much to anybody's better philosophical understanding, certainly did contribute to no little amusement at the expense of us poor Evansville natives.

By way of but a final note on the Powell Lectures—at least as it concerns this present portion of the Department's history—no sooner did Donagan take over as chairman, than he largely scrapped the old format of having but a single lecturer each year, who would then be expected to give four public lectures that presumably and hopefully would be geared to the entire University community. No, Donagan preferred rather to invite but two or three outstanding philosophers, all of them to come to the campus at the same time. And rather than any public lecture, the setting was to be that of a colloquium in which the visitors were to have an opportunity to engage in an interchange with one another on a topic that had been set in advance, and that the visitors could thus discuss with one another, not seated up on any lecture platform, but rather simply grouped around a seminar table. Nor was the audience to be an all-university audience, as it had been in the past, but rather an audience made up simply of the philosopher-members of the two departments, viz. those of Philosophy and of the History and Logic of Science, along with our graduate students of course, not to speak of often some few other outside faculty members as might just happen to be interested in, and knowledgeable in regard to, the particular topic set for discussion.

Is it surprising that this new arrangement for the Powell Lecturers not only relieved us in the Department of that long-standing embarrassment and anxiety that had so often been associated with our sponsorship of the lectures in the past, when supposedly the lectures were to be of a kind to appeal to a large public audience, and yet but rarely

did so appeal. Besides, one cannot overestimate the stimulus and excitement that the new format for the lectures afforded all of us in the two departments. For with the new colloquium set-up, rather than that of formal public lectures, we all of us found ourselves becoming active participants in the discussions along with our distinguished visitors. In other words, it was as if we were all drawn increasingly together in the Department, as fellows in a joint enterprise of philosophical interchange and discussion, and not just isolated individuals, each teaching his own courses and simply doing his own thing in his own area of research and publication.

All the same, what few of us may have noted at the time, but which now becomes increasingly clear in hindsight, is that such a change in the conception and presentation of the Powell Lectures actually betokened a real change in the very nature and character of philosophy itself, or at least in the way in which philosophy had come to be regarded in contemporary culture and society. No longer would it seem that philosophy was to be regarded as a subject of general humanistic interest that presumably should appeal to all educated persons in the community, especially in a university community. Instead, the lesson seemed to be that philosophy had now become an academic specialty in its own right, alongside all the other specialties that comprise the areas of science and scholarship that are pursued in a modern university. And does not this also serve to explain, at least in part, why the enterprise of the Department throughout the Jellema years, and to a lesser extent throughout at least the earlier years under Stallknecht, had been so largely a failed enterprise: philosophy was just no longer the kind of subject and undertaking that those of us in the Department had thought it was, and that we had labored so mightily, and apparently so fruitlessly, to try to teach and preach on every hand. May I accordingly be forgiven for presuming just to add my own postscript to this whole story, which can take the form of little more than a cry of *O tempora, o mores!*

### C.

And now for just a word about some of the graduate students who



completed their degrees during the years of Donagan's chairmanship. Needless to say, the turmoil in the Department caused by Hanson's campaign against Stallknecht had rather disturbed the even, if sometimes also the perhaps all-too relaxed, temper, of our graduate training and instruction that had prevailed under Stallknecht. In fact, some two or three graduate students chose to leave I.U. and go elsewhere, what with the uncertainties caused by the advent of the new regime under Donagan. Nor was it until a couple of years after Donagan came that our program of graduate seminars, and a regular system of graduate exams and thesis direction got worked out. All the same, it was not Donagan's way to move in with any fanfare of trumpets, and to proclaim both at home and abroad that in the somewhat crude and inelegant words of a one-time graduate dean at Northwestern, that "our Ph.D. production had just not kept up, and therefore needed to be upped dramatically!" No, for even though in the I.U. Department we seemed not to have too much difficulty in attracting good students, Donagan certainly claimed to have no magic formula for finding jobs for them, other than through relying upon the tried and true method of continually keeping up one's contacts in the country, and then working madly at the conventions trying to put the new Ph.D.'s in contact with the most likely employers. Nor did Donagan feel that more graduate students should be encouraged to come to I.U., than we thought it likely that we would be able to place.

And so to mention and give but a brief sketch of a number of the graduate students who finished their degrees during the Donagan years,<sup>2</sup> the first that comes to mind was one Paul Dietl. Dietl had been a student of Donagan's at Minnesota, and Donagan had encouraged him to come to I.U. Once here, Dietl succeeded in finishing the work for his degree in good time, and he was fortunate enough to secure an appointment at Temple University, I believe it was. But less fortunately, after but a very few years in the job, Dietl came down with heart disease and died but a scant three years or so after beginning his teaching career. Still another student of Donagan's was one Richard Lineback, who after receiving his degree at I.U., was able to secure a job at Bowling Green State University in Ohio, where he has remained ever since, and where he has particularly distinguished himself by first founding, and then editing, for many years, the *Philosopher's Index*.

There were also a couple of my students who finished their degrees during those same years when Donagan was here. One was Theodore Young, whom I mentioned earlier as having started his graduate work during the mid-period of Stallknecht's administration, but who did not finally complete his thesis and take his final orals until 1964, or thereabouts. When he finally got the degree, he had been teaching for a few years at the University of Connecticut, and following that, he secured a tenure appointment at Grand Valley State College in Michigan, where he in fact taught for many years under, and became a devoted admirer of, W. Harry Jellema, the earlier acting chairman at I.U. in the years before Stallknecht. Still another student was John Peterson, who had received his undergraduate degree from Boston College. Moreover, in his doctoral work, Peterson came increasingly to affirm his commitment to the tradition of Classical Realism of Aristotle and St. Thomas. In fact, he later published a very interesting critique of Gustav Bergmann's philosophy from the standpoint of classical realism. The book was entitled, *Realism and Logical Atomism: a Critique from the Viewpoint of Classical Realism*, and was published by the University of Alabama Press. And much to Peterson's credit, the book was applauded even by the formidable Bergmann himself. As for a job, Peterson was able to secure an appointment at the University of Rhode Island, where he has been ever since, and is now a full professor.

But now let it not be supposed that, just because I have thus far mentioned only such students as wrote their dissertations under Donagan or under me, there were no students working under Stallknecht all this while. Quite the contrary, it particularly needs underscoring that even though Stallknecht had been forced out of the chairmanship of the Department, he did not for that reason cease to offer advanced courses and seminars in the Department or to direct dissertations. In fact, it but further bespeaks Donagan's politic handling of the Department, not to say his determination to uphold the tradition of the Department as being one that I having already characterized as one of philosophical pluralism, that during the five years or so of Donagan's chairmanship, the number of students finishing their degrees under Stallknecht was greater than the number under Donagan and all the others in the Department combined.

For instance, just at the beginning of Donagan's tenure, in the fall

of 1960, the Ph.D. was awarded to one Richard Owsley, it being Stallknecht who had assumed the major responsibility for directing his dissertation. As it happens, Owsley had received the M.A. in philosophy from I.U. some years earlier, and then had gone to Switzerland to study under Jaspers in Basel. Accordingly, "The Moral Philosophy of Karl Jaspers" was the topic of Owsley's Ph.D. dissertation. And where is Owsley now? Well, for a number of years he taught at Auburn University in Alabama, and more recently he was a professor in Denton, Texas. However, in the last issue of the Proceedings and Addresses of the A.P.A., Owsley's name is no longer listed, so that I would assume that he must be either dead or retired by now.

Still another student of Stallknecht's of a few years later, was one Jerry Tovo, who had received his undergraduate degree from Monmouth College in Illinois, and who had then come to I.U. for graduate study, largely because of his interest in the program in the School of Letters that Stallknecht had set up. Tovo's thesis, however, was on "The Experience of Causal Efficacy in Whitehead and Hume," and while I know that he did succeed in getting a job after finishing his degree, and did teach for a number of years, I am afraid that we have now quite lost track of him.

In a somewhat like case also is one Clarence Davis, who again was one who wrote his thesis under Stallknecht. But after comparatively few years of teaching, Davis went into administrative work, his most recent post being that of Dean at Keene State College in New Hampshire, from which position he retired some two or three years ago.

Perhaps worthy of mention also is one Vernon Howard, who came to I.U. for graduate work from the University of Maine. A very able student, Howard was particularly loyal to Stallknecht, and had but little sympathy for the somewhat changed emphases in the Department that came with the advent of Donagan. Indeed, Howard's thesis was on a topic that was nothing if not unusual, viz. "The Academic Compromise in Free Will in Nineteenth Century American Philosophy: A Study of Thomas C. Upham's, *A Philosophical and Practical Treatise on the Will*." After receiving the degree in 1965, rather than a regular teaching job in philosophy, Howard was able to secure a position in connection with one of the several special programs at Harvard—this was one, I believe, connected with the English Department. And so far as I know,

Howard is still there.

And now for two other students, who came to us with rather more prestigious academic backgrounds, and both of whom came to I.U. in order to work on Kant under Stallknecht's direction. The one was Ms. Catherine Lord, who, before coming to I.U., had received her B.A. degree from Bryn Mawr, as well as an M.A. from Columbia. Her dissertation topic was on "The Cognitive Import of Art (with Reference to Kant's Theory of Aesthetic Judgment)." The other such student was one Richard Smyth by name. He came from a quite distinguished academic family, and his undergraduate work had been at Yale, where he had received honors in philosophy. His thesis at I.U. was on "Kant's Theory of Reference," and was reckoned a very able performance. Unhappily, though, Smyth's great disability proved to be the fact that he seemed afflicted with a singularly labored and opaque writing style. True, he succeeded in getting an appointment at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, the very year after he received his degree; and he has been at North Carolina ever since. However, his book, which was based on his dissertation, and was to have been his *magnum opus*, he was never able to find a publisher for. Is it surprising, then, that this should have put something of a damper on Smyth's otherwise initially very promising academic career?

Nor would this recitation of the graduate students who got their degrees under Stallknecht be complete without mention of Robert L. Perkins. He was a Southerner, who came to I.U. for work in philosophy, after having graduated from the Southern Baptist Theological School in Louisville, Kentucky. Having early developed an interest in Kierkegaard, Perkins was fortunate in obtaining a grant (I believe it was a Fullbright grant) that enabled him to study in Denmark for a year. Returning then to I.U., Perkins was awarded the Ph.D. in 1965, his thesis being on "Kierkegaard and Hegel: The Dialectical Structure of Kierkegaard's Ethical Thought." Since then, Perkins has had a not unnotable academic and scholarly career, entirely in the South. For some years he was both a professor and then later the chairman of the department at the University of South Alabama in Mobile. Now he is at Stetson University in Florida.

Perhaps, too, I ought to mention one of our students who came from rather farther afield than any of our other graduate students.

This was Wit Wisadavet who came from Chulalongkorn University in Thailand. Needless to say, it was hardly the fame of the I.U. Philosophy Department in the Far East that had originally drawn Mr. Wit to Bloomington, Indiana. No, it so happens that in the 50's, I.U. had sponsored a program in Thailand; and it was some of the professors from the School of Education, who had originally encouraged Wit to come to I.U. to study. Moreover, his first degree at I.U. had been a Master of Arts for Teachers in the School of Education, which Mr. Wit received in 1959. Then, still under the sponsorship largely of the School of Education, Mr. Wit decided to work for a Ph.D. in philosophy. This was awarded him in 1963 on the basis of a dissertation written largely under my direction, and that was on the somewhat ill-defined topic of "Sartre's and the Buddhist's Conception of Man."

While I am afraid that it can hardly be said that Mr. Wit's dissertation was a particularly distinguished one, or one that I could feel particularly proud to have directed, it was noteworthy at least for the fact that, so far as I know, this was the only Ph.D. in Philosophy that had ever been granted in collaboration with the I.U. School of Education. For, of course, there was, and had long been, a Department of Philosophy within the I.U. School of Education. In fact, when I first started teaching at I.U. in the late '30's, there was a very spirited, as well as a much esteemed professor of the philosophy of education teaching in the School of Education, one Velorus Martz by name. Martz had received his degree in philosophy from Teachers' College at Columbia University, and, as might be expected, was a firm disciple of John Dewey. Then when Martz retired in the 1940's, he was replaced by one Stafford Clayton, who also had a degree in philosophy, but again from Teachers' College at Columbia. But even though in the Philosophy Department at I.U., we were always on good terms with the philosophers of education in the School of Education, the good terms seemed never to entail any real philosophical collaboration or interchange. Rather it was as if the philosophers of education seemed ever to want to keep to themselves, and not to have too close professional relations with the philosophers in the Philosophy Department. In fact, the only occasion that I can recall when there was any sort of cooperative undertaking between the School of Education and the Philosophy Department was on the occasion of Mr. Wit's degree. But somehow, just as that par-

ticular degree could hardly be described as a particularly distinguished one, so also I fear that the granting of that degree seemed not to have had any effect of promoting markedly better relations either between the Philosophy Department and the School of Education, or between the U.S. and Thailand!

Let this, then, suffice by way of an account of some of the more notable (such as these were) graduate students who received their degrees during Donagan's tenure as chairman. But need I perhaps also say something more about the several members of the Departmental faculty at the time, and their contributions to the graduate program of the Department, such as it then was? For thus far I have mentioned only Donagan and Stallknecht and myself. But what about Langan and Bidney? Well, although they certainly did their fair share, so far as offering seminars and advanced courses were concerned, to my knowledge they had no graduate students actually writing dissertations under their direction. And as for Hochberg and Grossmann, they were just beginning to have an impact on the graduate students, when Donagan left, and the entire complex of the Department then changed rather markedly.

However, I do think that particular mention ought to be made of Reg Allen in this connection. For as I remarked earlier, Allen had been brought by Donagan from Minnesota, and it was in the early 1960's that Allen was just getting started in his brilliant career as a philosopher and Plato scholar. Nor is there any denying that Allen was singularly successful in attracting graduate students—and this, almost from the very first year when he came to I.U. But unfortunately, there was a streak of whimsicality and even irresponsibility in Allen, as a result of which, while very good at attracting students, he seemed to lack the patience to see his students through their dissertations. In fact, it later became rather embarrassing for the Department, as I understand, when in the cases of at least two of our better graduate students, Allen encouraged them and brought them along; but then, when it came to their dissertations, Allen left them largely suspended in mid-air, not wanting to help them further, and trying to wash his hands of any commitment to them. However, these problems having come to a head only after Donagan had given up as chairman, they lie rather beyond the scope of my own story.

And now finally, to mention the name of but one other graduate

student during the Donagan years, and one who quite surpassed all of the others, even though he did come eventually to a most unhappy end. This student's name was of all things, Moltke Gram! "And where did that somewhat startling first name come from?", one might ask. Well, the truth was that Gram was a direct descendant of the inglorious Field Marshall von Moltke, who lost the first Battle of the Marne, and he was the indirect descendant of the incomparably glorious (at least in German eyes) von Moltke, who won the many smashing victories for the Prussians during the Chancellorship of the famous Bismarck.

Despite the celebrated ancestry, however, Gram originally came to I.U. as but a freshman undergraduate in the late '40s; and he came, not from any von Moltke estates in East Prussia, but merely from Hammond, Indiana, of all places! The story is that Gram's German grandmother on his father's side had married a Norwegian, against the wishes of the von Moltke family, and had accordingly been disinherited. As a result, Gram's father, the son of the disinherited von Moltke heiress, was born in Norway, came to this country when he was but 17 or 18 years old, married an American woman; and it was from this union that our Moltke—i.e. the I.U. Philosophy Department's Moltke, if I may call him such—was born. He went through the schools in Hammond, where he made such a brilliant record, that when he entered I.U. as a freshman, he was handed around, quite literally it seemed, on a silver salver by the officials of the I.U. Admissions Office. In fact, I still remember how the Assistant Dean of Admissions brought him around to the Philosophy Department, especially to meet Stallknecht, but others of us were included as well. Moreover, one particular credential of Moltke's that the Dean made much of was that, though this was but an entering freshman, he had, simply on his own, and during his high school years, read and supposedly mastered, Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*! Nor was that any mere talk told by an eager Assistant Dean; no, it was in large part true.

At I.U., Gram immediately started taking advanced philosophy courses. Not only that, but in his first semester he enrolled in a beginning German class, this being his first exposure to German ever. But this exposure led to an eventual incredible mastery of the language, and in a remarkably short time as well. In fact, Professor Hubert Meesen, who was then the very able chairman of the German Department, and



himself a native German,—and incidentally a singularly sensitive and learned scholar as well—more or less took Moltke Gram under his wing. In fact, it was Meesen who arranged for Moltke to have some sort of fellowship during his junior year that enabled him to study at the University of Kiel for a year. Moreover, when he returned to I.U. after that one year in Germany, Meesen declared that he had never known anyone to have attained such a mastery of the German language as Gram had done. In fact, Gram himself had said that he did not think that anyone could really learn a language like German properly, if one did not master at least one of the German dialects at the same time. And so it was *Hambürger platt Deutsch* that Gram chose to learn, at the same time that he was studying German literature and philosophy at the University of Kiel.

Nor was it just the language that Gram had determined that he was going to master. For in the course of his undergraduate years both at I.U. and in Kiel, he had immersed himself in German literature and history and philosophy, so that by the time he had finished his four years as an undergraduate, he was a most incredibly learned and accomplished young man. At the same time, though, that he was accomplished, he also was a person of the most insufferable arrogance. Oh, it was not that he could not be charming. For he was very good looking, and a fascinating conversationalist. But alas, he could not, and would not, tolerate fools gladly; and unfortunately, it just didn't take much to qualify as a fool in Gram's eyes! In fact, among the candidates for folly whom Gram proceeded to nominate were many of the professors right in the I.U. German Department—particularly those who happened not to be native Germans, and whose German was therefore not as perfect as it might be, or as his, Gram's was. Yes, the story is told, and indeed was well authenticated, that when the Philosophy Department was located on the top floor of Ballantine Hall, Gram would often get on the elevator as it would be starting down. When it would stop, then, on the floor below, where the language departments were located, and where often various professors from the German Department would get on, Gram would immediately begin addressing them in German, using all sorts of subtle 17th and 18th century German literary locutions and quotations, which the poor professors were hard put to it to understand, even if they understood them at all. Result: all

the German professors would quickly press the button and make their escape on the floor below, even though it was still not the ground floor to which they had originally wanted to go.

But what about those of us in the Philosophy Department: could we count ourselves as being among the few fools whom Gram was willing to suffer gladly? Well, apparently we were—at least Stallknecht and Donagan and I all were, although we were none of us too sure quite how we had managed to make the grade. At the same time what we were, all three of us, quite sure of was that never had any of us, nor would any of us, ever encounter a student of such incomparable philosophical powers as this Moltke Gram displayed. In fact, this is the very reason why in this brief history of the I.U. Philosophy Department, I have spent as much time as I have, describing Gram's history and character and background. For in the early 60's, Stallknecht and Donagan and I all had become more than confident that Gram would turn out to be one of the great philosophers of the country, and perhaps even of the century. Moreover, that he should prove to be one who had come out of the I.U. Department; and that he should be as loyal to us and as grateful to us for what he had learned from us, as he certainly seemed to be—this was not only very reassuring to us in the Department, but also made us more confident that in the long run the fact that Gram had come out of the I.U. Department would mean more for the Department than almost anything else that we could think of.

Alas, though, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley"—and so it was with our Department's hopes and plans respecting Moltke Gram. Oh, he finished all three of his degrees at I.U., not only all right, but with every distinction. Indeed, the very first year after he received the A.B. from I.U., he won a Woodrow Wilson fellowship, I believe it was, to do graduate work in philosophy at Johns Hopkins, and off to Baltimore he went. But unfortunately, he did not take to Maurice Mandelbaum or to Victor Lowe either one. The former, I am afraid, Gram put down as one of the fools whom he, Gram, refused to tolerate gladly. And as for Lowe, although Gram was very widely read in Whitehead, he did not agree with, or think much of Lowe's Whitehead scholarship and interpretation. In fact, the chief benefit that in Gram's eyes he derived from his year spent at Johns Hopkins was that he was able to make the acquaintance of, and to spend not

a little time in the company of, old Arthur Oncken Lovejoy. True, Lovejoy had been retired from Hopkins for a number of years, but he was still living on in Baltimore, and Gram went to see him regularly. Now Lovejoy, of course, was one of the few American philosophers of his own generation, or of any generation for that matter, who could lay claim to a truly stupendous philosophical learning and erudition. Nor was it only learning that Lovejoy could boast of, but also of a singular philosophical incisiveness and perceptiveness, so far as his own philosophical position and convictions were concerned. All of this, of course, Gram really lapped up.

Nevertheless, since, apart from Lovejoy, officially Johns Hopkins did not have anything to offer Gram that Gram at least felt was at all worth his while, he eagerly returned to I.U. after just a year away in Baltimore. And from then on, Gram's progress towards his degree was both smooth and fruitful. True, before finally submitting his thesis, which was on Kant, he spent another year in Germany, this time in Heidelberg. Moreover, as for the thesis itself, it was hard to say who the actual director of the thesis was, Donagan, Stallknecht, or I, we all three being almost equally implicated in it, and all three of us being credited by Gram for having helped him in its execution.

The thesis completed, would we try to keep Gram at I.U., or would we try to find him an appointment in a sufficiently prestigious institution elsewhere? Well, as it happens, it was by then the year 1964-65, and in the fall of that year I had gone to Northwestern to teach. And sure enough, in the spring of that year Northwestern decided that it both could and would make a new tenure-track appointment of a younger person in philosophy. Accordingly, on my recommendation, Gram was brought on for an interview; and the Northwestern people were both fascinated and charmed by him. Or perhaps "charmed" was hardly the right word: rather it was as if they were all quite bowled over by him. In fact, it was not even necessary for me, as his original sponsor, to put in a good word for him, so unanimous were all of the others in thinking that Gram was just the man for them.

Nor were Gram's first years at Northwestern at all disappointing. He immediately began publishing, and succeeded in bringing out a number of articles; and in the year 1968 his book on Kant, *Ontology, and the A Priori* was published by the Northwestern University Press, and

received very favorable critical acclaim. But unfortunately, the abrasive side of Gram's personality began to show itself toward some of his colleagues in the Northwestern Department. And as was remarked earlier, Gram was not one to tolerate fools gladly; and unfortunately, he was both prodigal and indiscreet in his judgments as to the follies of a number of his colleagues—a thing most unwise for a young professor without tenure, no matter how brilliant and successful he might otherwise be. In any case, at the close of Gram's sixth year when he had to come up for tenure, he was decisively voted down by his colleagues.

And what were their reasons? Well, of course, they did not have any reasons of a defensible sort, since Gram in the six years that he had been at Northwestern had published more than anyone else in the Department. Not only that, but his teaching of both graduate and undergraduates had been nothing if not outstanding. To be sure, some students may have complained of his arrogance at times; and yet by and large, it was acknowledged that in the classroom, Gram's performance reminded one of nothing quite so much as of a veritable Prussian battle manoeuvre—a brilliant performance, in other words. But no, all that was not enough to assuage the hurt feelings of Gram's tenured colleagues, and they voted him down—which was yet another scandal in the considerable list of scandals for which the Northwestern Department was then noted, in the matter of not giving tenure to younger colleagues, and not for the reason that they were not competent, but simply for the reason that they had got crosswise of some of their older colleagues, making the latter feel uncomfortable and inadequate—a sure way in other words, for a young teacher not to win tenure!

Oh, it's true that this whole later saga in regard to Gram quite outruns any proper account of the Donagan years at I.U., particularly since Gram did not even begin his teaching at Northwestern until the very year Donagan left I.U. Nevertheless, let me briefly complete the Gram story, since Gram's eventual failed career was a thing of much concern to all of us who had been in the I.U. Department during the Donagan years. And so to return briefly to the conclusion of the Gram story. Very fortunately for him, having lost out at Northwestern, he was quickly snapped up by Iowa, with the result that the prospects for Gram's future seemed brighter than ever. For not only was Gram very knowledgeable and appreciative of the work of Bergmann and Addis

and Butchvarov; but also Iowa had come to regard I.U. as almost a sister department,—and not just because Hochberg and Grossman were full-fledged members of the I.U. Department, but also because Donagan and I as well had come to have peculiarly cordial relations with the Iowa people. Hence what better prospect could there be for the enhanced reputation of I.U. as a Department, than that our most brilliant and glamorous student should now be launched on what we all assumed would be a truly dramatic career at Iowa?

Alas, though, such was not the way things turned out. Nor was it anyone's fault, save only Gram's. His antagonistic personality seems inexplicably to have grown worse and worse, and while there was no open break with his colleagues at Iowa, Gram, alas, tended to draw more and more into himself, cutting off all of his old friends, and quite failing to acquire new ones, either personally or philosophically. Not only that, but it almost seemed as if his extraordinary philosophical talents, not to say even genius, had largely burned themselves out. Then alcoholism began to manifest itself, quite undermining his health, with the result that some ten years or so after his going to Iowa, he died, a broken and failed philosopher as well as human being. And with that, the high hopes of the Department under Donagan that our one singularly outstanding student would somehow be able to advance our name and fame as a Department—these hopes came to be sadly dashed.

## D.

But now back to the further course of the I.U. Philosophy Department under Donagan, for it was in the fall of 1964 that that course was unhappily brought to a sudden and largely unexpected end. Why, though? What was it, in fact, that so suddenly terminated what I have been recounting as if it were a veritable idyl of the Donagan chairmanship? For hard would it be to exaggerate how smoothly and successfully the Department seemed to be functioning after just four years of Donagan's leadership. Not only had harmony in the Department been restored, but it was also a most fruitful harmony philosophically. And still more important, the Department was now really coming to be better known and recognized nationally. Also, some excellent graduate

students were being trained; and our undergraduate program, particularly in the matter of the courses which we were offering as possible choices by which students could satisfy the old Group IV requirements—this too was going well and was being very well received. In fact, as I remarked earlier, in connection with the Powell Lectures, the only respect in which our Departmental program might be said not to be functioning as successfully as some of us would have hoped was in the matter of our being able to carry the message of philosophy, not just to those who would be experts and professionals in the field, but to the general public as well. Here, I am afraid, we just did not do too well.

And yet that seemed to be hardly a matter of any very great concern to the Administration. Quite the contrary, the excellent Dean of the College, Frank Gucker, was at the helm during the whole of Donagan's tenure as chairman, and no one could have seemed more pleased than Dean Gucker was with the way the Philosophy Department seemed to be functioning. And indeed, I have particular reason to be able to testify to this, since just in the months before Donagan's arrival in 1960, I had been named a Distinguished Service Professor. And this meant that in many of the more important issues of the Department *vis-à-vis* the Administration, I was able to support Donagan, often accompanying him when particularly important matters had to be taken up with the Dean, and sometimes even going to see the Dean independently, whenever Donagan thought that I might thereby be able to strengthen the Department's case by simply going on my own.

In other words, not only could one say, as the academic year 1963-64 drew to a close, that all was well with Philosophy; one could almost say that things could not have been better. What was it, then, that suddenly got Donagan all stirred up in the late spring of 1964, and that caused him to resign in a huff in the fall of 1964? Well, if one were to answer that question in a single word, I fear the word would have to be "religion," of all things! Not that Donagan had anything against religion necessarily—in fact, he has since become a convert to Christianity. Nor would he have had the least objection in principle to the introduction of a program of religious studies in the College of Arts and Sciences at I.U. No, it was rather that he became incensed at the way in which a certain proposed new program in religion was, as he thought, railroaded through at I.U., and railroaded through in such

wise as to, in a measure, seriously endanger the role of the Philosophy Department—or at least so Donagan thought.

Before recounting the story, however, of how this new program in religious studies came about, and why its coming about should have seemed in some ways to be not a little inimical to the interests of the Philosophy Department—before getting into all of this, it might be well if first I speculated just a bit as to there possibly having been some other and more underlying causes, that might well have operated in such wise as to incline Donagan to want to leave I.U.—and this, quite independently of the incident in regard to the very questionable manner in which the new program in religious studies got inserted into the curriculum at I.U. For after all, Donagan was a comparatively young philosopher who was not without personal ambition— incredible as that might seem for a philosopher, young or old! Nor was there anything in either his personal or philosophical background that would necessarily lead him to think that that ambition could best be realized through his laboring forever in the vineyard of Indiana. It was only natural, then, that having been as successful as he was with the Philosophy Department at Indiana, his thoughts should turn to places other and more prestigious than I.U.

Besides, by 1964 some of the Donagans' particularly close friends had started to leave I.U. for greener fields elsewhere. Russ Hanson, for example, had gone to Yale. And but shortly after Russ' departure, Rupert and Marie Hall left as well. True, the Halls were not in philosophy, but in the history of science, but they had become very close friends of the Donagans in Bloomington. Accordingly, when they left to accept prestigious appointments, both of them, at Imperial College in the University of London, it was but natural that the Donagans' own ties to Bloomington were considerably loosened. Nor was it long before Michael Scriven would be leaving I.U. as well. Hence it is not surprising that when Bill Diggs, who had but recently become the chairman of Philosophy at the University of Illinois in Urbana, began putting out feelers for Donagan early in 1964, Donagan should not have been entirely unreceptive.

Still, I am confident that Donagan would never have accepted any such chance merely to go from I.U. to Urbana, had it not been for the scandal—at least Donagan took it to be a scandal—in connection with the



efforts that had suddenly begun to manifest themselves in Bloomington on the part of a number of faculty members, as well as some outsiders too, to try to get a department of religion started at I.U. And this immediately brings up a rather complicated, as well as even a quite vexatious, story.

Briefly, the circumstances were these. At no time in the entire history of I.U., ever since its founding back in 1820, had instruction ever been offered in religion specifically—at least not so far as I have been able to ascertain. For doubtless, “instruction in religion” would in years past have been construed to mean instruction in Christianity. And “instruction in Christianity” would immediately have been taken to entail instruction in some variety or other of denominational Christianity; and that, needless to say, would have generated endless controversy over whether any denomination—and if so which one—were being favored over others. Besides, the State Constitution of Indiana was most explicit on the subject of the needed separation of church and state, with the result that it had always been simply taken for granted that for anything like instruction in religion to be offered in the State university would simply be a violation of the law.

Nevertheless, following World War II, it came increasingly to be thought that certainly some courses in religion somewhere, somehow, ought to be offered in any self-respecting university. Moreover, as people came to reflect on the matter more and more, it began to become obvious that instruction in religion—yes, even instruction in the doctrines of specific religions—did not necessarily mean indoctrination in religion. And no sooner did that kind of a distinction come to be recognized, than it also began to dawn upon people that, viewed in this light, there was nothing in the Indiana Constitution that needed to be interpreted as imposing any bar to instruction in religion being offered in a State university, provided that “religion” be, as one might say, academically conceived, and not just doctrinally propagated. And so the question began increasingly to be pressed: why would it not be well for Indiana University to begin offering courses in religion in its curriculum?

Actually, it was just such a feeling on the part of some of the Administrators at I.U. that had been responsible for my being offered a Ford Foundation Faculty Fellowship, way back in the year 1954, for

the purpose of enabling me to spend a year's leave, taking work "in religion," as the expression then was,— and this for the express purpose of my being able thereby to prepare myself to offer a course, or courses, in what was generally called "the philosophy of religion"? After all, my own academic training had been entirely in philosophy, and not in religion at all. And those were the days, before the fashion had really caught on of setting up actual departments of religion and of religious studies in nearly all of the various American colleges and universities. Accordingly, it was Ralph Collins, the then Dean of the Faculties, who prevailed upon me to accept the Ford Fellowship, with a view to my preparing myself to give instruction in the philosophy of religion, in addition to my regular courses in philosophy. And why was I picked for this? Well, there was no other reason than that it was well known that I happened to be a faculty member of a very definite religious commitment. And while, of course, there were several other faculty members at the time who were no less religiously committed than I, these others were not teaching in fields that were thought to have such affinities to religion as philosophy was then thought to have. And so it was that I was selected for the fellowship, not so much because of any specific academic qualifications on my part, as rather because it was imagined that philosophy was a field that might be taken to give one a better start, when it came to working up a field like that of religion, than would chemistry, say, or geology, or English literature, or even anthropology or sociology, or whatever. And so it was that I came to be offered the fellowship, with the result that I spent the fall of 1954-55 studying at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto, and the spring semester at the Harvard Divinity School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

And sure enough, once I returned to Bloomington and I.U., I did begin offering courses every so often in the philosophy of religion. But since these courses were in addition to my other regular assignments in the teaching of ethics and logic and the history of philosophy, *et al.*, such few offerings as I was able to give in the philosophy of religion within the Philosophy Department, were very far from constituting anything like a "program" in religion or religious studies at I.U. Moreover, as time went on, it seemed increasingly advisable that I.U. undertake to set up such a regular program in religious studies, independent of Philosophy

just as such, and a program to be inaugurated as soon as funds might be able to be made available and a regular professional staff recruited. In fact, I remember that I was even made chairman of a Committee on Religious Studies, as I believe it was called, that supposedly would begin laying plans for the establishment of such a regular program in religion at I.U., that could then be inaugurated as soon as funding could be made available. Yes, I even recall that on this committee I had as a most able fellow worker, Dr. Byrum Carter of the Government Department, who later became dean of the College, and eventually even the chancellor and vice-president for the Bloomington Campus. Yes, we even got out some preliminary reports, as I recall, laying down in a general sort of way how such a program in religious studies for I.U. might best be conceived, which departments in the College might be involved in it, etc., etc. Of course, though, until funds could actually be made available for such a program, our committee plans could only be of the most general kind.

Be it noted, however, that this Committee came to be set up and was actively functioning right during the time when Donagan was still the Chairman of the Philosophy Department. And while Donagan was not actually a member of the Committee himself, I of course kept him informed of the Committee's deliberations. And he for his part was entirely in sympathy with what the committee was about, and was most eager that the Philosophy Department should cooperate in every way possible with the implementing of the new program, whenever it might eventually come to be established. Meanwhile, as our Committee plans for the program in religion were proceeding apace, it seemed that there suddenly began to arise on the horizon "a little cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand!" And what was this little cloud, but that of the so-called Indiana School of Religion; and what, pray tell, might be the Indiana School of Religion?

Once again, I am afraid that in order to complete our account of these plans for a program in religious studies at I.U., as well as of how this program eventually proved to be the veritable stumbling block that brought about Donagan's resignation from I.U., we shall be forced to take time out to say something of this strange and wondrous Indiana School of Religion and of its incredible, not to say even its perhaps somewhat unsavoury, history. It seems that back in the 20's in Bloom-

ington, there was a minister at the First Christian Church (the Disciples Church) by the name of the Rev. Mr. Todd. Moreover, the Disciples Church being a Christian denomination in which the different congregations had almost complete autonomy, each unto itself, it is not surprising that the separate congregations not infrequently found themselves split into bitter factions and dissenting groups. And so it was with the Disciples Church in Bloomington, when the Rev. Mr. Todd was the minister. In fact, the rift in his congregation proved to be so serious that he awoke one fine morning to find that the faction in the congregation supporting him was definitely outnumbered, and Mr. Todd was abruptly voted out as minister.

But rather than leaving Bloomington to seek a pastorate elsewhere, the Rev. Mr. Todd remained right on the Bloomington scene and proceeded to implement a scheme for the religious instruction of I.U. students that he, Mr. Todd, had himself rather ingeniously thought up. Since he lived in a big house right on Third Street, just east of the intersection of Third and Indiana, and hence directly across the street from the southwest corner of the Campus, why might he not simply put a sign in his front yard, announcing that this was henceforth to be the location of the Indiana School of Religion no less? And having thus put out his sign, the Rev. Mr. Todd could then proceed to announce that the School would be offering regular classes in such things as the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments, as well as in such other subjects as Mr. Todd felt befitted a more or less non-denominational Christianity, —just such a Christianity as he thought would surely appeal to I.U. students of whatever denomination, who presumably might be desirous of knowing more about their religion.

In fact, it was said that if Mr. Todd were discussing his program with members of other Protestant denominations than his own Disciples Church, he would stress the fact that the program of the School was entirely non-denominational. On the other hand, were he talking with anyone whose background had been in the Disciples Church, he would insist that the program of the School was none other than what the Disciples had always stood for, they being a denomination that refused to profess any particular theology at the expense of any other, their Christianity being one simply of “the Open Book,” as it was called, viz. the Bible. And so it was that Mr. Todd felt that his School

could rightfully proclaim itself as being one that was "all things to all people"—though not necessarily in the exact Pauline sense of those words! True, it doubtless did not even occur to the Rev. Mr. Todd that "all people" might possibly include others beside Protestant Christians—Jews or Catholics or Hindus or Buddhists or Moslems or whatever. No, such inclusiveness was hardly in the cards, so for his notion of religion was concerned.

But what about students for his School? Where and how did the Rev. Mr. Todd propose to recruit them? Well, his customary procedure was, at the beginning of every semester at the University, to take out a half- or even a full-page ad in the *Indiana Daily Student*, announcing the roster of courses that the School was offering in that particular semester. In other words, the implication of such ads was that no student at I.U. need worry about not being able to receive instruction in religion during the course of his studies at the State University. No, all the student would need to do would be to walk across Third Street and enroll in the Indiana School of Religion, and there he would receive all of the religious—i.e. Protestant Christian— instruction that he might either need or want. Nor did Dean Todd—for such was the title by which he came to want to be addressed, being the self-named "Dean of the Indiana School of Religion"—make any effort to remove the possible ambiguity in the school's name—*viz.*, "the Indiana School of Religion." For just on its face that name might seem to connote to some that the Indiana School of Religion was indeed no less than the Indiana University School of Religion. But so far from wishing to correct such an ambiguity attaching to the School's name, it was precisely that ambiguity that the Dean wished to foster and even to capitalize on. Not only that, but through the years he made repeated efforts to try to get the I.U. authorities officially to recognize the School, at least to the extent of being willing to grant College credit to students taking courses at the School. (Of course, there never were any! But then, that was but a minor consideration in the Dean's mind.)

Just who, though, would teach such courses as were regularly advertised in the School? Well, presumably, all of them were courses that the Dean himself undertook to teach. The only trouble was that, so far as was known, no courses ever got taught in the School, and no students were ever known to have taken them! For one thing, despite

all of Dean Todd's advertising in the *Student*, very few students ever bothered to walk across Third Street to enroll in the School's classes. And if perchance any student ever did manage to enter the front door of the School and say that he wanted to enroll in this, that, or the other course, he would be told that that particular course had had to be cancelled for that semester, but that if the student were to return the following semester, he would find the course to be given then as usual.

Meanwhile, what about funds for the School, which, as it would seem, never had any students, and in which no classes were ever taught? To this question, the answer is that even though Dean Todd, so far as is known, never taught any classes, nor had any students, he was a most gifted fund-raiser. In fact, he went all over the State of Indiana not just soliciting funds for the School, but actually succeeding in raising quite appreciable amounts. Yes, he was even known to employ canvassers, who would go from door to door in the cities and towns of Indiana, trying to get people to contribute to the Indiana School of Religion. And what was the pitch in such solicitations? It was always that Hoosiers surely would want their State University to be able to provide religious instruction for their sons and daughters, should they attend the University. And this was just what the Indiana School of Religion was seeking to do. In other words, the implication that was fostered was that the Indiana School of Religion was an integral part of Indiana University, and by contributing to it, a donor would really be contributing to the cause of a proper religious instruction right within the State University.

Nor is it to be imagined that Dean Todd was unsuccessful in these fund-raising efforts of his. On the contrary, with money thus raised, he was able to acquire several pieces of property in Bloomington, as well as various other assets, all of which he said, were to go toward the School's functioning and the building up of the School's endowment. In fact, he was careful to establish a board of trustees presumably to administer the funds of this endowment; and to serve on such a board, he managed to recruit people not just from Bloomington, and among them sometimes even faculty members, but also supposedly distinguished citizens from all over the State. In fact, at one time, when Ed Jackson, the notorious Klan governor of the State of Indiana, was still in office, Dean

Todd managed to persuade him to serve on the Board of the School. Nor does one need to add that it takes but little imagination to realize how this must have put the authorities at I.U. in a difficult spot indeed, when the governor of the State was actually serving on the board of a School that was continually pressuring the University to give College credit to students taking courses in that School.

“But,” every reader will be asking at this point, “what bearing does all of this have on the question of that possible program in religious studies that was being considered by the then Committee on Religious Studies that had been set up in the College, and that the Philosophy Department was much concerned with, at least to the extent that Henry Veatch was a most active and concerned member of that committee?” And in response to this question, let me but remark that at the beginning of our Committee deliberations in the early 60’s, the Indiana School of Religion was indeed still a visible presence in Bloomington, and yet as no more than a tiny cloud on the Committee’s horizon, “no bigger than a man’s hand”! And then, as if before one knew it, that tiny cloud suddenly assumed storm-cloud proportions, at least so far as Alan Donagan and the Philosophy Department were concerned. How did this happen?

Briefly, the story is this. Sometime in the 50’s, Dean Todd of the Indiana School of Religion decided that he would just take his winnings and retire to Estes Park, Colorado, where he had bought a very nice house. For it should be noted that the Dean’s fundraising efforts had apparently been successful, not only so far as his so-called School was concerned, but also so far as he himself was concerned. Of course, the actual funds that had been officially designated as being for the School, when Dean Todd left, were still technically in the hands of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana School of Religion. So what was the Board to do with the money, now that the long-time, self-appointed Dean had gone? Apparently, they decided to do two things. First, they would employ both a dean and one faculty member who presumably would have at least some proper academic qualifications for offering and administering a program in religious studies at the School. Second, they would use some of the School’s funds to build a small building on one of the School’s properties—this one on the corner of Union Street at 7th. Such a building would be able to house the School’s offices, as well as a



classroom and small library, thus freeing the School from its somewhat unfortunate association with Dean Todd's lumbering old residence on East Third Street.

Both of these measures were accordingly taken, the new dean of the School being one D.J. Bowden, who had formerly been a dean of a rather obscure Methodist or Baptist theological school in North Carolina, and the new professor being one Harold E. Hill, a young man who was also a Baptist minister, I believe, and who had done an appreciable amount of graduate work in Old Testament studies at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. And no sooner did Messers Bowden and Hill arrive, than they became very active in Campus religious affairs, particularly Harold Hill. Of course, Hill had no official connection with Indiana University, but there being a number of denominational religious centers and foundations scattered around the edges of the Campus in those days, Hill was able to make all sorts of contacts with both the student pastors in the various denominations, as well as with the students who patronized such centers and foundations.

Nevertheless, for all of their efforts, Bowden and Hill were still unable to generate enough student interest to justify their offering any regular courses of lectures at the School. Nor is this surprising, for non-credit courses of a purely extra-curricular nature were hardly a thing that students were likely to go in for—at least not in those days. Accordingly, given this failure to attract students, and given also the fact that the so-called endowment of the School was not large, and it was questionable how long the funds would be sufficient to continue supporting a building, as well as a dean and a professor, the Board of Trustees hit upon a new and alternative scheme, if not for saving the School, at least for enabling it to make its exit gracefully. In fact, by this time, Professor Norman J. Pratt, the chairman of Classics at the University at the time, had become the President of the Board of the School of Religion, and he began making approaches both to the University, as well as to the I.U. Foundation. His proposal was roughly the following: the Board of the Indiana School of Religion would be willing to deed all of its property to Indiana University in exchange for the University's commitment to establish a program in religious studies in the College of Arts and Sciences, and to guarantee that both Bowden and Hill be given faculty appointments in such a program.

Just on its face such a proposal was one that might well have been referred to the already existing College committee that for some time had been busying itself with the possibility of a possible program in religious studies for I.U., and that, as I mentioned earlier, both Byrum Carter and I were members of. However, it was not Jim Pratt's way to want to involve others in plans and programs of his own, particularly if it meant having to share some of the credit with those others. Besides, for some reason or other, he had never been friendly to Philosophy—particularly not to either Donagan or me. As a consequence, it was but vaguely and quite indirectly that the regular College committee on religious studies even so much as heard of the plan of the trustees of the Indiana School of Religion to try to integrate both the persons and the program of the School into the College of Arts and Sciences of the University.

True, the whole matter of the gift of the School's property to the University was not at all the business of our Committee. And yet one could argue that it would have been very much the Committee's business to consider what the propriety might be of Bowden and Hill's being given appointments in the Faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences at I.U., and thus made what might be presumed to be the nucleus of a possible new department and program in religion and religious studies at I.U. But, as I say, Jim Pratt never bothered even to inform, much less to consult, our Committee about any of this. And if he had consulted us, he probably could pretty well have guessed what our Committee's reaction would have been. For while as a Committee, we were only too eager to see a program in religious studies started at I.U., I am quite sure that if the price of such a new program would have meant accepting Bowden and Hill as the nucleus of the program, we would surely have recommended against it.

Not that the members of the Committee had anything against Bowden and Hill. For unlike Dean Todd before them, they were at least people with some academic qualifications. On the other hand, their qualifications were weak at best. And while giving them Faculty appointments might have been tolerable as the price that needed to be paid, if the University was to be the recipient of the Indiana School of Religion's property, there was surely no excuse for putting the School's outgoing personnel in charge of any new department, or even of any

new mere program in religious studies for Indiana University. No, for anything like this, the Committee, I am sure, would have been unanimous in feeling that the University would need to try to recruit a first-rate scholar and administrator from the outside, and not just settle for Bowden and Hill.

Things being at such a pass, Pratt decided that he would simply make an end-run around the Committee altogether—or if not an end-run, then perhaps a sneak-play—that would leave the Committee in total ignorance. It being late in the spring, and just before the end of the semester in 1964, Pratt managed—quite surreptitiously as I will always think—in having included as one seemingly innocuous item on the agenda of the final College Faculty meeting of the year, a short item to the effect that two three-hour courses in religion should henceforth be included among the list of courses that could be used to satisfy the old Group IV requirements for a degree in the College. Now these requirements under Group IV required students in the College having to make a choice of two three-hour courses from among various areas, notably English literature, advanced foreign language, and/or philosophy.

At this point, perhaps it may be recalled that in one of the very early sections of this history, I remarked on how this Group IV requirement was regarded as being a source of no little of the very bread and butter of the Philosophy Department! For there being no philosophy taught in high schools or secondary schools, students tended to come to I.U. knowing nothing whatsoever about philosophy. Nor would students have been likely ever to choose work in so unknown a subject as philosophy, unless it had provided them with a convenient option, enabling them to get out of having to do more work in English literature, which many fancied themselves to be tired of, or in advanced foreign language, which most students felt they were not up to. And the great number of students tended to choose philosophy, be it admitted, not so much from intelligent choice, but rather, I fear, out of ignorance and out of a desire to avoid something they thought might be worse. Is it any wonder, then, that when Donagan, as chairman of Philosophy, heard of this new option that students might have of taking a couple of courses in religion, presumably in preference to courses in philosophy, he really hit the ceiling!

Remember, the two courses in religion now to be listed under Group

IV were completely untried, never having been taught at I.U. before, and not even having been approved by the Curriculum Committee! Not only that, but there was not even a regular department of religion or of religious studies as yet. And as for Professors Bowden and Hill, who presumably would teach these entirely new and untried courses, it was not even known that they had been appointed members of the faculty as yet, much less that they were competent to come forward and teach such key courses as were now being offered as possibilities for satisfying certain of the basic requirements for a degree from the College. Besides, is it any wonder that Donagan should have been both agitated and disgusted that such an item as that involving a significant change in the Group IV requirements should have been slipped through at a faculty meeting, seemingly without any proper review by regular College committees, and without even any proper explanation beforehand of why such an item was being allowed to be rushed through, presumably without any adequate prior notification or warning beforehand!

Indeed, as it turned out, even the College Dean's office had not been properly apprised of what it was that Jim Pratt was up to, when he succeeded in thus more or less surreptitiously inserting this item, calling for the approval of the two courses, into the agenda of the final College Faculty meeting of the year. Nor would anything of the sort have ever happened, had the usually very wary and astute Dean Gucker been in the Dean's chair at the time. But, as it happens, Gucker was away for that particular semester, and his place was being filled temporarily by the Assistant Dean (who later became the Dean of the College, and after that even President of I.U.), Joe Sutton. And I remember that a week or so later, when I went around to see Dean Sutton for an explanation as to why such an item should ever have been included in the agenda for that final College faculty meeting of the year, he frankly admitted that he did not know why, that when he had drawn up the agenda for that meeting, he had, as it were, simply "reached under the blotter" and pulled out a number of items that he found there, and so just put them on the agenda. Needless to say, this would never have happened, had Dean Gucker been on hand.

Unfortunately, though, it was not just a case of a surprise package having been put over on the Philosophy Department in that same final meeting in the spring of 1964. In addition, I am afraid that the De-

partment itself was asleep at the switch for the moment as well. For however much it may have been an inexcusable slip-up that that item should ever have been included on the agenda under the circumstances in which it had gotten to be included, that was still hardly an excuse for Donagan, as chairman, as well as for at least some of the rest of us from the Department not having been at the meeting, and not having gotten up on our feet to denounce that highly questionable item on the agenda, once it came up for actual discussion at the meeting. But alas, we were none of us at that meeting! And why not? Well, as I say, it was the last meeting of the year just before final exams, and it was a meeting the agenda for which was a catch-all for all sorts of items—in fact some 10 or 15 or more at the least—which, as one merely glanced at the announcement of the meeting, one would never have suspected contained items that were of anything more than of merely routine importance. And so it was that, Donagan not being at that final College faculty meeting, nor any of the rest of us from the Department either, the offending item about the credits to be given for the two new courses in religion, when it came up for discussion, occasioned no discussion and was passed by the few Faculty members present just routinely.

Now as I say, this really incensed Donagan. Not only that, but he pretty much convinced himself that he had been largely betrayed by the Administration in the matter. For rather than candidly taking the blame for his own carelessness, and for the carelessness of the rest of us, for not having been at that final meeting, he thought it should have been the responsibility of the Dean's office to have apprised him beforehand that a matter of such importance to Philosophy was scheduled to come up at the meeting. And of course, there is no denying that had Donagan had even the slightest inkling that an item of such crucial importance as a change in the Group IV requirements was to come up at that meeting, he would certainly have been there—as would I as well, particularly in view of my responsibilities as chairman of the Committee of the College that was concerned with all such questions as might pertain to any new program in religious studies that was being considered for the College. Nor do I have much doubt that had either of us been there, we certainly could have killed the somewhat egregious proposal that was contained in that one item on the packed agenda. But the fact is that we were not

there, and that our not being there was due to a certain carelessness on the part of both of us. Moreover, the two of us not being there, the irreparable then happened: the College Faculty voted approval of what was really little better than a salvage operation designed to preserve the last remnant of the old Indiana School of Religion!

All the same, as things eventually turned out, that same admittedly ill-considered action that was taken by the College Faculty at that fateful meeting in the spring of 1964 proved not really to be so irreparable, with respect to the Philosophy Department, as Donagan took it to be. Certainly, its import was nothing like so irreparable as to warrant Donagan's eventual resignation just on that account. For as I understand, despite the Faculty's action in the spring of 1964, and even though courses in religion did eventually come to be recognized as options under the Group IV requirements, Bowden and Hill were never charged with the principal responsibility for teaching such courses. And when, a year or so later, such courses did eventually come to be taught, they were offered under the aegis of the new Department of Religion that by then had come to be officially approved, and chaired by the entirely competent and able Professor William May.

Besides, I had myself rather strongly disagreed with Donagan all along that merely changing the Group IV requirements in favor of courses in religion would necessarily do such harm to Philosophy. After all, our regular philosophy offerings under Group IV had long had the reputation of being good courses and well taught. Why, then, should we not have confidence that our philosophy courses could compete, and compete perfectly well, with such offerings as might be given in religion, just as we had always managed to compete successfully with courses in English literature or in foreign language? Besides, I argued, the additional competition might well be good for us in Philosophy, keeping us just that much the more on our toes!

Donagan, however, just could not see it that way. And since he had a sabbatical leave coming up for the fall semester of 1964-65, he took off for Oxford early in the summer, still in high dudgeon, and still threatening that he would leave I.U., if the administration of the College did not undertake to rescind the action that had been taken on that one item at the last Faculty meeting in the spring of 1964.

In fact, during that same summer of 1964, I spent not a little time

going around to see various administrators, Joe Sutton in the College Dean's office, Ray Heffner, the Dean of the Faculties, and others. In each case the burden of my warning was that I feared that I.U. might lose Donagan, if they did not take steps to undo that ill-advised and ill-advertised action at the last College faculty meeting. Yes, even before Donagan left, I persuaded him to join me, as I convened a meeting of the then College Committee on religion and religious studies, to which Pratt and Bowden and Hill were invited as well. What we tried at that meeting to represent to Pratt and to the two others from the Indiana School of Religion was that it would hardly be in the interest of any proper program in religion in the College, if Bowden and Hill allowed themselves to be rushed into the task of suddenly offering key courses in the College curriculum, even before any proper department of religion had been set up and without any really proper credentials for such courses having been established at all. Actually, Bowden himself, who was an older man and a man of some judgment, seemed not unimpressed by our arguments. But Pratt wouldn't listen, and chose rather to overbear poor Bowden's hesitation, being himself nothing if not triumphant that he had in a measure been able to sell his bill of goods to Indiana University in the form of the old Indiana School of Religion, and incidentally to have embarrassed us asleep-at-the-switch philosophers in the process!

## E.

So much by way of an account of what I might justly call the actual precipitating cause of Donagan's resignation as chairman of the Philosophy Department at I.U. For that cause was, if you will, religion, albeit "religion" in a somewhat Pickwickian sense, being not so much the issue of religion as such, but rather of religion-in-the-curriculum, and not even the issue of religion in the curriculum, so much as the issue of religion being injected into the curriculum in so questionable a way, and in a way that seemed, to Donagan at least, inimical to the interests, if not of philosophy, then certainly of Philosophy.

Still, precipitating cause though this was of Donagan's resignation, the unfortunate action of the College Faculty that was taken in its final



meeting of the academic year in the spring of 1964 did not immediately bring about Donagan's resignation. No, for as I have already noted, Donagan had been granted a sabbatical leave for the fall term of 1964-65, and it was scarcely more than a week or two following that fateful faculty meeting that Donagan took off for Oxford, where he was to spend the fall semester. Meanwhile, I had myself been granted a full year's leave of absence to be a visiting professor at Northwestern for the year. And quite to my surprise, hardly were we into the fall semester in Evanston by more than a month or so, than Northwestern made me an offer that my wife and I felt "I could not refuse." There followed a couple of quick visits from I.U. administrators to Evanston, and I even made a visit to Bloomington to talk things over, but in the end I did accept Northwestern's offer.

As it happened, moreover, it was scarcely more than a week or so after I had sent in my own resignation from I.U. that Donagan telephoned me in Evanston, and did so long-distance from Oxford! He was very upset, and explained that he was still boiling mad over the action that had been taken by the College faculty the spring before. In fact, he insisted that he had been so upset over that business during the entire summer, that he had now determined on sending the I.U. Administration an ultimatum, set to expire in 48 hours: either the Administration would agree to rescind that one action of the College faculty of the spring before that had so adversely affected the Philosophy Department (at least so Donagan thought); or he, Donagan, would resign.

Needless to say, I thought that Donagan was decidedly over-reacting in the whole affair, and I sought to use all of my powers of persuasion to try to talk him out of sending his so-called "ultimatum." But alas, I fear my powers of persuasion were none-too-good, at least not over the international telephone! Still, I sought to point out to him that ultimata sent to deans or other self-respecting university administrators were more likely to be counter-productive than productive; and that Donagan would do much better to keep up a steady but firm pressure on the I.U. Administration, reminding them of how, from the point of view of those administrators themselves, the Faculty action of the spring before had been both ill-timed and ill-advised.

But Donagan was not inclined to listen to counsels of moderation—at

least not over the international telephone. Accordingly, he dispatched his ultimatum, with the result that the I.U. Administration simply ignored it, and allowed the 48 hours to pass without a reply. Immediately, Donagan's reaction was to get on the long-distance telephone once again, but this time to Bill Diggs in Urbana, saying that, yes, he would be willing to accept an appointment of a professorship at the University of Illinois, if that tentative offer that Diggs had been holding out to him for the last several months were still good. And sure enough, within a week's time, Diggs had cleared the Donagan appointment with the authorities at Illinois, Donagan had accepted, and the I.U. authorities were notified that Donagan was resigning his professorship and chairmanship at I.U.

And with that, I come to the end of my account of Donagan's chairmanship at I.U., but also and incidentally to the end of my own long and generally happy association with I.U. as well. For as I noted earlier, it was but a week or two before Donagan's resignation that I had accepted the offer from Northwestern, and had sent in my own somewhat reluctant resignation from I.U. as well.

## F. A Brief Sequel

While it is true that I did indeed resign from I.U. in the fall of 1964, my resignation did not really take effect until the end of the academic year 1964-65, I being technically only on a leave of absence during that first year of my teaching at Northwestern. Nor did Donagan himself leave Bloomington to go to Urbana, until the beginning of 1966. For in his case, not altogether unlike my own, when he submitted his resignation in the fall of 1964, he was still officially on leave from I.U. for that semester, studying in Oxford. Moreover, by an arrangement with the I.U. Administration, Donagan, when he resigned, agreed not to take up his duties at Urbana until after the close of the fall semester in 1965-66. This Donagan agreed to, largely at the urging of the I.U. Administration, since they hoped that whoever the new chairman of Philosophy at I.U. might be, and whenever he or she might take up his new duties, Donagan would at least still be there to aid in the transition.

As a consequence of these what-I-might-call somewhat extended terminating relationships which both Donagan and I had with I.U., and which extended well beyond the actual times of our respective resignations, both Donagan and I were naturally consulted, and we even had something of a hand in the selection of the new chairman of the I.U. Philosophy Department to succeed Donagan. Of course, I cannot very well speak for Donagan in this particular matter—even though he was in not infrequent contact with me in regard to the whole business. Still, I can at least present my own account of some of the discussions that went on, as well as of how, as a result of these discussions, Tom Langan (some might say, “of all people!”) came to be named as the new chairman of Philosophy to succeed Donagan.

As it happens, it was in the spring of 1965 that I had occasion to be in Bloomington for a meeting of the Metaphysical Society of America, as I recall. And hardly had I got to Bloomington, than Herb Hochberg and Reinhardt Grossmann got in touch with me, as did Donagan as well, with the result that we had a number of sessions together right in Bloomington as to a possible successor to Donagan. For Hochberg and Grossmann had come up with a rather ingenious proposal of their own, as to what course the Department should follow, now that both Donagan and I were to be leaving. In fact, this Hochberg-Grossmann proposal, if I may so term it, the two of them said had already been relayed through Donagan to Professor Joe Barber, who was the chairman of the I.U. English Department at the time, and who had been named the chairman of the Search Committee to find a new chairman to replace Donagan. Moreover, they said—and this was confirmed by Donagan—that before I left Bloomington, Barber was sure to be getting in touch with me, so that he, Barber, might be able to hear any ideas I might have as to possible choices for a successor to Donagan. Accordingly, that’s why both Hochberg and Grossmann were so eager to talk to me first, before I went to see Barber, so that I would be fully apprised of what their ideas in the matter were.

What, then, were the proposals of Hochberg and Grossmann? Roughly, they amounted to the following. First, they explained that their old mentor, as well as Donagan’s and my old friend, at Iowa, Gustav Bergmann, was not entirely happy at Iowa, and that he would not be averse to making a change to I.U., if the offer were right. True, they

insisted, Bergmann was no person to be considered for the position of chairman. After all, his domineering personality would do nothing but create havoc in any department, were he ever to be chairman! However, his two disciples, Hochberg and Grossmann, gave their every assurance that the last thing Bergmann would now want would be such a chairmanship, be it at I.U. or any place else. Besides, they insisted that Bergmann had greatly mellowed with the years, so that now not only would he not want a chairman's job, but also he would not be given to interfering with any one who might be made the chairman. No, they insisted, Bergmann would be quite contented to settle into a prestigious and highly paid professorship, and to let the department follow whatever course it might choose to follow, and under the chairmanship of whomever the Department might want. (True, despite the sincere assurances of Herb and Reinie on this score, Donagan and I were both a bit suspicious, to say the least, as to whether the Bergmann mellowing had progressed quite as far as his two younger disciples represented it as having progressed! But still, they made a very persuasive case.)

"Why, then," Hochberg and Grossmann were accordingly asking, "might not a special and highly-paid professorship be created for Bergmann in the Philosophy Department at I.U.?" After all, with Donagan's and my both leaving, that would mean that I.U. would be saving both of those two quite large salaries. Why, then, might not the I.U. Administration be persuaded to use that rather big chunk of money that would be released, as a result of their no longer having to pay Donagan's and my salaries, and to offer a large portion of it to Bergmann as an inducement to him to leave Iowa and come to I.U.? What's more—though Hochberg and Grossmann did not say this to Donagan and me, in so many words—there was no denying that in 1965 Bergmann's reputation was still very high, much higher than either Donagan's or mine. Hence were I.U. to have been able to attract the formidable Bergmann himself to I.U., that would surely have been recognized as quite a coup for the Philosophy Department.

Still, all of this left the question of the chairmanship at I.U. still up in the air. For whether Bergmann might be prevailed upon to come to I.U. or not, who should be selected as the new chairman to replace Donagan? But Hochberg and Grossmann had an answer to this as well. For why might not Tom Langan be a good person to fill such a role?

Certainly, he would be a far more likely person for such a job than either Stallknecht or Bidney or even Reg Allen. And as for Hochberg and Grossmann, they definitely wished to disqualify themselves. Besides, Herb Hochberg had gotten to be quite friendly with Tom Langan, at least personally, if not philosophically. And Herb reported that Tom was feeling increasingly uneasy and insecure in the Department, what with Donagan's and my both leaving. He was not unaware of the fact that earlier on Hanson had insisted that Langan not be kept, and that it was only Donagan who had saved him. But now Donagan was leaving, and what if some "Analyst" were now to be brought in as chairman? What would be Tom's chances of survival under those circumstances?—or at least such was the prospect as Langan saw it. Besides, George Nakhnikian's name had frequently come up as a most likely candidate for the chairmanship to replace Donagan. But George had made it perfectly clear that if he came to I.U. as chairman, he would insist upon writing his own ticket; and in that ticket he did not expect to be any "respector of persons," so far as the present members of the I.U. Department were concerned. Little wonder, then, that Tom Langan should be anxious about the future.

However, as I say, Herb Hochberg had a possible solution to the problem, and Reinie Grossmann went right along with him: Why not make Tom Langan the chairman of the Department! That ought to reassure him and give him a sense of security. True, it would be understood that as chairman Tom would function but as a *primus inter pares*, and not at all as the undisputed head and leader that Donagan had been. But in this way, several birds could really be killed with but a couple of stones: the prestige of the Department would be enhanced through the appointment of Bergmann; and at the same time, by making Tom Langan the chairman, one could certainly be confident that the mere day-by-day functioning of the Department could be quite efficiently seen to by Tom, at the same time that Tom would come to feel greatly reassured, so far as his own security at I.U. was concerned.

Such was the Hochberg-Grossmann proposal. And I must say that at the time it struck both Donagan and me as a by no means implausible one. Not only that, but as had been predicted, I soon received a message from Joe Barber, the chairman of the search committee, that he would indeed like to see me for a brief conference sometime before I

returned to Evanston. And see him I did. In fact, no sooner did he receive me in his office in the English Department, than he quickly made it known that he was himself familiar with the Hochberg-Grossmann proposal; and while as chairman of the search committee for the chairman, he had nothing to say about that part of the deal that would involve Bergmann's appointment as a senior professor in the Department, still he wondered what did I think of Langan as a possibility for the chairmanship?

In fact, Barber was even frank to say that of the other possibilities that had been suggested for the chairmanship, none had been too enthusiastically received by the search committee. For instance, one name that had been suggested had been that of my friend and former student, Frank Parker, who a year or so later was picked for the chairmanship at Purdue. But Barber indicated that the committee had not thought much of him. Likewise, the committee had not warmed to George Nakhnikian's name either, largely because George had made it known that he would come to I.U. only on his own terms, and included in those terms would not necessarily be any particular desire on George's part to respect the tradition of a pluralistic department that had for so long been characteristic of the I.U. department from even before Donagan's time. And so from Barber's account, all signs tended increasingly to point to the plausibility of naming Langan as the new chairman. And this, I must say, I tended at the time to think might be the best solution, all things considered, as did Donagan as well.

And with that, my own story of the Department's history comes to an end. True, as we all know, Langan was appointed chairman. But apparently—at least so the stories and rumors were that later began to filter up to Northwestern where I then was—Langan, once he became chairman, either promptly forgot about, or was never properly informed by Hochberg and Grossmann about, any package deal involving a Bergmann appointment along with Langan's own appointment. Nor, it seems, did Tom Langan ever get the picture that he was to be no more than a *primus inter pares* as chairman. No, he would seem rather to have fancied himself to be practically the Department's lord and master. And so far from his taking advantage of Donagan's deliberately remaining on in Bloomington during the fall semester of 1965, just so that the new chairman, whoever he might be, could profit

from Donagan's counsel and advice, Tom quite blithely refrained from ever seeking Donagan's advice! And so it was that the I.U. Department soon found itself in what, as I understand, were the somewhat unhappy throes of the reign of Langan! But that is a story, which is quite beyond my competence to tell, and which I gladly leave to others to recount as best they may.

### Notes to Chapter V

1. For a complete list of the Powell Lecturers from 1940-60, see Appendix I.
2. For a full list of all the Ph.D.'s granted by the Department between the years 1960 and 1965, the reader is again referred to Appendix II.



## Appendix I

A List of Powell Lecturers and  
Their Titles (when available)  
1936 - 1960

NAME	TITLE	DATE
Hocking, William Ernest	Lasting Elements of Individualism	Mar. 29-Apr. 2, 1936
Perry, Ralph Barton	In the Spirit of William James	Jan. 10-13, 1937
Pratt, James Bissett	Naturalism	Mar. 27-30, 1938
Bryan, William Lowe	Wars of Families of Minds	Oct. 25-29, 1939
Gilson, Etienne	God and Philosophy	Mar. 3-7, 1940
Pound, Roscoe	Social Control Through Politically Organized Society	May 8-15, 1941
Sheldon, Wilmon Henry	America's Progressive Philosophy	Mar. 22-26, 1942
Merriam, Charles Edward	Public and Private Government	Mar. 21-25, 1943
Kroner, Richard	The Year 1800 in the Development of German Idealism	Apr. 10-14, 1944
Lord Lindsay	Challenges to the Modern Democratic State	Oct. 9-10-11-13, 1946
Niebuhr, Reinhold	Toward a Philosophy of History	Jan. 12-13-14-15, 1947
Calhoun, Robert L.	The Birth and Growth of Western Philosophy	Apr. 4-6-7-9, 1948
Klibansky, Raymond	Philosophy and Religion in Their Historical Connections	Jan. 9-11-12, 1949

Greene, Theodore M.	Values and Evaluation	Mar. 13-14-15, 1950
Wheelwright, Philip	-	July 24-26, 1951
Levinson, Ronald B.	In Defense of Plato	Nov. 26-29, 1952
McKeon, Richard P.	Philosophy and Culture	Mar. 17-18-20, 1952
Vivas, Eliseo	-	July 22-24, 1952
Wild, John	The Challenge of Existentialism	Apr. 13-15-16, 1953
Pepper, Stephen C.	The Work of Art and Art Criticism	July 21-23, 1953
Schneider, Herbert W.	Three Dimensions of Public Morality	Apr. 6-7-8-9, 1954
Mei, Y. P.	Man and Nature in Chinese Thought	June 30-July 1, 1954
Tillich, Paul	-	May 9-11, 1955
Olson, Elder	-	July 18-20, 1955
Lewis, C. I.	The Ground and Nature of the Right	May 3-5, 1956
Beardsley, Monroe	-	July 16-18, 1956
Wisdom, John	-	Mar. 19-21, 1957
Frye, Northrop	-	July 15-17, 1957
Weiss, Paul	-	Jan. 7-9, 1958
Raphael, David Daiches	-	May 4-7, 1959
Dufrenne, Mikel	Language and Philosophy	Oct. 26-29, 1959
Toulmin, Stephen	-	Mar. 10-12, 1960

## Appendix II

List of Ph.D. Degrees Granted In  
Philosophy Between 1950-65

- September, 1952 Isma'il A. El-Faruqi  
(B.A., American University of Beirut, 1941; A.M., I.U., 1949)  
Thesis: On Justifying God
- September, 1953 Richard Neil Kramer  
(A.B., I.U., 1949; A.M., 1951)  
Minor: Mathematics  
Thesis: The Ontological Foundation of Negatives
- William Hollingsworth Mayfield  
(A.B., Cincinnati Bible Seminary, 1948; B.D., *ibid.*, 1950;  
A.M., Butler University, 1951)  
Thesis: Platonism and Christianity in the Work  
of Paul Elmer More
- June, 1954 Douglas Carmichael  
(A.B., Bowdoin College, 1947; A.M., Harvard University, 1948)  
Thesis: Order and Human Value
- September, 1956 Robert Edward Frye  
(A.B., I.U., 1949; M.A., 1953)  
Thesis: Pragmatism in Recent Non-Pragmatic  
Systems: Santayana, Bergson, Whitehead
- June, 1957 Frank Ambrose Hayes  
(A.B., Stanford University, 1948; A.M., 1950)  
Major: Philosophy  
Minors: Philosophy, Classics  
Thesis: Platonic Elements in Spinoza's Theory  
of Method
- September, 1957 Mohamad Zuhdi Taji Faruki  
(B.A., American University of Beirut, 1946; M.A., I.U., 1952)  
Major: Philosophy  
Minors: Philosophy, Comparative Literature  
Thesis: The Universal Categories of Charles  
Sanders Peirce

- June, 1959 Catherine Lord  
 (B.A., Bryn Mawr College, 1950;  
 A.M., Columbia University, 1955)  
 Major: Philosophy  
 Minor: English  
 Thesis: The Cognitive Import of Arts  
 (with Reference to Kant's Theory  
 of Aesthetic Judgment)
- June, 1960 Churchill, James Spencer  
 (B.S., Bowdoin College, 1946; A.M., Harvard University, 1947)  
 Thesis: Martin Heidegger: Kant and the  
 Problem of Metaphysics
- Thomas Rukavina  
 (Licentia, Gregorian University, Rome, 1944; M.A., I.U., 1957)  
 Thesis: Heidegger as Critic of Western Thinking
- September, 1960 Richard Mills Owsley  
 (A.B., University of Louisville, 1945; M.A., I.U., 1951)  
 Thesis: The Moral Philosophy of Karl Jaspers
- June, 1961 Peter Anton  
 (A.B., I.U., 1952)  
 Major: Philosophy  
 Minors: Philosophy of Science, History of Science  
 Thesis: Empiricism and Analysis
- Sander J. Kleis  
 (A.B., Hope College, 1936)  
 Major: Philosophy  
 Minors: Philosophy, Biblical Literature  
 Thesis: Brightman's Idea of God
- Richard Andrew Smyth  
 (B.A., Yale College, 1955; M.A., I.U., 1959)  
 Major: Philosophy  
 Minors: Philosophy (History of Modern Philosophy), German  
 Thesis: Kant's Theory of Reference
- September, 1962 Clarence George Davis  
 (A.B., Franklin College, 1955; M.A., I.U., 1957)  
 Thesis: Obligations and Aspiration in Ethics
- Richard Howard Lineback  
 (B.A., University of Cincinnati, 1958; M.A., I.U., 1962)  
 Thesis: The Place of the Imagination in Hume's Epistemology

- September, 1963 Wit Wisadavet  
 (B.A., Second Class Honors, Chulalongkorn University, 1957;  
 M.A.T., I.U., 1959)  
 Minors: Philosophy, Education  
 Thesis: Sartre's and the Buddhists Concept of Man
- June, 1964 Jerome Charles Tovo, Jr.  
 (B.A., Monmouth College, 1959)  
 Minor in the School of Letters  
 Thesis: The Experience of Causal Efficacy in  
 Whitehead and Hume
- Theodore Alfred Young  
 (A.B., University of Denver, 1949; M.A., I.U., 1954)  
 Thesis: Change in Aristotle, Descartes, Hume and Whitehead
- September, 1964 Paul Dietl  
 (B.A., University of Minnesota, 1957)  
 Thesis: Explanation and Action
- June, 1965 Edward Michael Galligan  
 (B.S., St. Joseph's College, 1956; A.M., I.U., 1960)  
 Thesis: Plato's Theory of Language
- Vernon Alfred Howard  
 (B.A., University of Maine, 1958)  
 Minor: School of Letters  
 Thesis: The Academic Compromise on Free Will  
 in Nineteenth Century American Philosophy:  
 A Study of Thomas C. Upham's A Philosophical  
 and Practical Treatise on the Will (1834)
- Robert Lee Perkins  
 (B.A., John Stetson University, Florida, 1951;  
 B.D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1954;  
 M.A., I.U., 1959)  
 Thesis: The Dialectical Structure of Kierkegaard's  
 Ethical Thought
- John Francis Peterson  
 (B.A., Boston College, 1959)  
 Thesis: Logical Atomism and the Realism - Nominalism Issue:  
 A Critique of Contemporary Atomism from the  
 Viewpoint of Classical Realism