A university president (like any other) who means to get anything done has got to get it done in his first term – five years, say. The presidency of a great university is a great pulpit. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, and Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia all became national figures as university presidents, but none of them was anywhere nearly as widely known as young as was Robert Maynard Hutchins of Chicago. He received a thousand speaking invitations a year and accepted a hundred – and appeared with increasing frequency in the slick magazines as well as the scholarly journals. There are immediate destinies for a man of such prepossessing and precocious parts.

His classmate, Bill Benton, remembered that those attending the tenth reunion of Yale's class of '21 speculated that Bob Hutchins would some day be the nation's president; and that was when he had only begun to make waves as president of the University of Chicago. Five years later the waves would be breakers. Immediately after the Hundred Days of 1933, Roosevelt sent Harry Hopkins to Chicago to sound Hutchins out and kept on sending emissaries. For the better part of eight years "Dear Mr. Roosevelt" was determined to get "Dear Bob" on the New Deal team, and Dear Bob was the only man he was ever determined to get that he never got. The emissaries kept coming to Chicago and going back to Washington with the same message that the persistently inquiring reporters got: "I am not interested in public life." Impossible: in Washington there is no such thing as a man who is not interested in public life. Impossible, too, that a man who was mouldering in a Midwest monastery couldn't be had. The emissaries

This is a chapter from *Robert Maynard Hutchins: A Memoir* by Milton Mayer (forthcoming, University of California Press, 1991).

kept coming, among them (the Boss was given to mixing his pitches) Roosevelt's "Mr. Wall Street," otherwise known as Sidney Weinberg of Goldman Sachs.

"Damn it all, Hutchins, it's impawtant."

"Isn't education impawtant, too, Mr. Weinberg?"

"Impawtant, of cawse it's impawtant, but it's been *ovah-done*."

Of course education is important to a university president, including one who resigns a week later to become a vice-president of Standard Oil at twice the salary. Stand him up in front of an audience (or a donor; or a mirror) and he will say that civilization is a race between education and catastrophe. Hutchins said so too – without the banalities – and said it every time he stood up. The difficulty is to distinguish the straight men from the comics; you have to catch them off the platform, or, as Felix Frankfurter did Hutchins, on the platform of the 63rd Street Station in Chicago, where the New York Central's New England States stopped on its way out to Boston and Cambridge. It was a dreadful stormy day in December of 1932, and the States (which Frankfurter was catching after a lecture in Chicago) was running forty minutes late. The amenities of the 63rd Station being what they were, he and his host walked up and down the platform and talked.

Professor Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School was seventeen years older than Hutchins but they had been close friends since Hutchins, as the young Dean at Yale, had assisted the great man in the futile defense of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927. Frankfurter had wanted to be invited to Chicago for a lecture precisely at that most unlikely pre-Christmas time of the academic year. What he really wanted was to talk to Hutchins about Harvard's search for a new president. He knew that Hutchins didn't want the job and he wanted Hutchins's advice. He got some of the advice in the Hutchinses' kitchen after the lecture and some more of it on the 63rd Street platform. When he got back to Cambridge he wrote his host asking him to put his advice in writing so that he could use it effectively. Hutchins did:

You gentlemen who are sitting in deep cushions in Harvard Clubs about the country have probably not heard that the condition of American education is now so critical that we are facing in the West and Middle West the practical extermination of higher learning as we have known it. Most of the higher learning in America is carried on in the state universities. The legislatures, one after another, are wrecking them. . . . at this juncture the system of public education higher and lower requires strong and vocal leadership as never before. This leadership must direct attention not merely to the financial crisis but also to the sweeping changes which must be made to adjust the educational system to the demands of the present day. This means that we must revise our methods, our organization, and our curriculum. In the good old days Harvard supplied educational ideas to the United States. There can be no doubt that the system's leadership resided in Cambridge. At the present time there is no evidence that Harvard is aware of the educational system or has anything to offer it. . . . I wish to see Harvard regain its position of leadership in educational thought and action. It should do so now when such leadership is more needed than at any period in our history. . . . The election as president of a nice Harvard man acceptable to nice Harvard men and consequently ignorant of American education and quite indifferent to its needs would be a fatal mistake for Harvard. There must be among your graduates, if you insist on electing one, a man who has knowledge of and ideas on the development of education in this country. I hope that you will satisfy yourselves that no such person exists before you become reconciled to the election of a safe, dull Bostonian, under whose leadership you will roll down the years in peace, quiet, and dishonor.

Frankfurter replied: "Your extraordinarily persuasive analysis – that happy blend that you have of impudent cajolery and venerable wisdom – came the very morning of the day that I had a chance to put in an effective lick. . . . Really, your letter not only as an astute document but as an expression of faith makes me love you more than ever with wisdom as well as with affection. . . . the dominant experience I brought back from Chicago was that out there there was a President who really was passionate about education, – and education as the pursuit, systematically, of the richest and most sensitive experience of life."

Apparently education was impawtant, and not, in Hutch-

ins's view, overdone. He had no sooner got back to Chicago than he indicated his intention to overdo it, and less than a year after his installation, with no power other than persuasion, he had got the no-motion machinery of a great university to adopt the "Hutchins Plan." (The quotation marks here are significant.) The honeymooning Faculty Senate adopted his first proposal – presented on one side of one sheet of paper – in twelve minutes. It revived the "junior division" of the college – the freshman and sophomore years – by assigning it the responsibility for the development and administration of a program of general education. "Revived" is the word; the junior division had been the spectacular invention of William Rainey Harper, the first president of the University of Chicago, in 1892. But at Chicago, no less than everywhere else, this segment of the university had been progressively orphaned by the phenomenal increases of scholarly specialization, in whose interest the graduate schools had all but absorbed the junior and senior years. Under the combined influences of specialization and the elective system the education of a human being, without reference to his future occupation, had been nearly abandoned to the vocational interests of industry, commerce, and finance, to the whims of legislatures, parents, alumni, and benefactors, and the vagrant heart's desire of the adolescent. ("This institution," Professor Philip Schuyler Allen told a Chicago class just before Hutchins's advent, "is becoming an intellectual whorehouse – I suppose that in mixed company I should say a brothel – but I mean whorehouse. An intellectual whorehouse is a university which, like this one, permits its Home Economics Department to give a student credit for weaving a straw hat.")

It became a point of status – to avoid teaching in the first two years which were ultimately delegated to what Hutchins called a "Coxey's army of graduate teaching assistants." This practice was alone an educational atrocity, and it was to be ever more atrocious as the state universities expanded and the colleges took to pretending to be universities. But it did not, then or thereafter, arouse any appreciable scandal in or out

of education. Its victims were only students, its perpetrators were the scholars to whom the graduate teaching assistants would some day have to look for jobs, and the teaching assistants themselves (with an annual turnover of 50 percent) had no other way to earn a pittance to maintain their preparation for the Ph.D.

Sentiment overt and covert was strong at Chicago (and at other great graduate schools) for getting rid of the folderol of undergraduate education altogether. Just prior to Hutchins's advent Dean Gordon Jennings Laing of Chicago's Graduate School was saying that "not even in the best university is the graduate work on the scale and quality that would be possible if the institutions were entirely free from undergraduate entanglements." But Hutchins had no sooner hung up his fedora than he announced that he – he used the polite amorphism "we" – did not intend to abandon or dismember the college but to revive it: "A college is an institution devoted to the advancement of knowledge. A college in a university is an institution devoted to discovering what an education ought to be." The discovery, he let it be understood, would be made at Chicago and the college would be the laboratory.

The Faculty Senate, composed of the full professors, was unperturbed; it didn't care all that much about the college, one way or another. What should have perturbed it, but apparently didn't, was something else it subscribed to in those twelve minutes: perceptible, if only perceptible, breaching of the walls between the departments. They would retain their myriad identities, but they would be gathered into four basic divisions – the humanities, the biological sciences, the physical sciences, and the social sciences – charged with the development and direction of the programs at the junior/senior, graduate, and professional levels. The medical school, for instance, at Chicago, as everywhere, a splendidly isolated sanctum, would now be an integral part of the biological sciences division.

A university is an aggregation of separate sovereignties "connected," as Hutchins put it, "by a common heating plant."

The sovereignties are the departments. Proliferating as specialization proliferated, the departments were and are autonomous, each and severally pitted against the *universum* of the university. There was and is nothing to unify them except the demand of their own development – demand stimulated by the use of their work in practical applications. Forced to cooperate by the prospect of application, the natural science departments, still fighting each other for research money that follows prestige, were yielding to interdisciplinary undertakings, in physics and chemistry, chemistry (and the biological sciences) and medicine, chemistry and geology, geology and physics, physics and astronomy, astronomy and meteorology, and all of them with mathematics. But where popular utility was less readily demonstrable, as in social science, or indemonstrable, as in the humanities, there was, and still is, nothing to knock departmental heads together and every parochial reason to build walls ever higher.

The argument for the department was, and is, persuasive, at least in the natural sciences. Who except a microbiologist knows enough about microbiology to say what the department of microbiology needs, or whether its work is important, or whether, at budget time, its work is more important than, say, organic chemistry's or invertebrate zoology's? The more sophisticated the university, the more exalted the unintelligibility and the higher the walls around each departmental cosa nostra. And "areas" within a department were (and would be ever more so) almost as widely separated as the disciplines themselves.

Whoever would want to bring university out of diversity would have to mount an assault against those walls. There would seem to be one way – one very slow way – to do it. The professors of the next generation, if as senior high school and college students they had acquired a common stock of learning and as graduate students and instructors continued to refine and rework that common stock, irrespective of their special fields, could perhaps have something intelligible to say to one another and a common interest in going on saying it. But then

the departments would have to be got out of collegiate education and subordinated even at the graduate level. But who was there to try to do it? – Not an administrator with five years at the most to try to do anything and with neither the general power nor the special credentials to get so much as a hearing.

A university president was not supposed to be a scholar and very rarely was; rarest of all the kind of scholar with whom scientists might communicate even elementarily – namely a scientist. The young president of the University of Chicago might be acknowledged to know a little something about law. But law was not a science, not even when it called itself "jurisprudence." And here was a non-scientist who was so impudent as to claim to have all of the competence – fortunately he could not claim to have any of the power – to reorganize a great university when he *prided himself* (as he himself put it) on having a nonmathematical mind (though he would subject every student to the mastery of mathematics as the purest form of reasoning).

The twelve-minute faculty meeting that adopted the "Hutchins Plan" of divisional organization may be seen in distant retrospect as the president's first sly feint at those impregnable repositories – the departments. Survivors of that occasion say variously that there was no opposition because the defenders of things, as they were and always would be, were unprepared and unorganized, or believed that the president knew better than to suppose he could do anything about the hallowed sovereignties and prerogatives. Or were they momentarily mesmerized? Besides, the divisional consolidation made epistemological and pedagogical sense (on paper) and was later adopted (on paper) by colleges and universities generally. (A sporadic flourish of "interdepartmental" or "interdisciplinary" courses continued to appear across the country, even in the supposedly "soft" studies, as a supposed concession to the imperative vagaries of the New Student of the 1960s. The orthodox departmentalist continued to pay no attention to them.)

The second battery of proposals, a few months later, bit

deeper into the academic bedrock, but they were adopted almost as readily as the first. The college teaching faculty was granted substantial autonomy, and the country's first faculty awards for excellence in undergraduate teaching were established by the University of Chicago in 1930, when Hutchins got the endowment for them from broker Ernest Quantrell.

In another of the second "Hutchins Plan" reforms the elective system was invaded by year-long general courses in the four divisional fields. The course-credit system was junked. A Chicago baccalaureate would no longer represent an accumulation of unrelated oddments, no sooner passed than past. Instead of being graduated on the basis of what he had known and forgotten, the candidate for a degree would take a series of comprehensive examinations on what he now knew, take them whenever he thought that he was ready to take them, and take them as often as he wanted to. The residence requirement was reduced to a year, and though most students continued to complete the undergraduate requirements in three or four years, some passed the comprehensive after two years (and in one historic case a graduate of an Italian liceo passed them immediately after his admission to the college). The examinations were to be administered by an independent board of examiners – an end to the time-dishonored system of studying the instructor instead of the subject. Compulsory class attendance was eliminated. Freshmen were to be graded Satisfactory or Unsatisfactory – the Pass/Fail "innovation" of a generation later. Some of the effects were measurable as early as the close of the Plan's first year of operation in the spring of 1932. With the elimination of compulsory class attendance at Chicago, attendance actually rose that year by 1.3 percent. Freshman failures went down from 6 percent to 5 percent and dropouts by 5 percent. Applications rose – this in the depression pit of 1932 – and went on rising. By all the tests that could be applied the entering students were markedly superior to their predecessors, and in the first year of the program thirty-nine freshmen presented themselves for examination in subjects they had studied by themselves, without the benefit of

instruction. They all passed, and passed with an average higher than the general average of the class. The pursuit of knowledge had become an undergraduate activity.

All of this was revolutionary, and Hutchins wanted all of it. But it wasn't Hutchins's revolution. Bits and pieces of it had been urged – and some of them instituted – at one time or another by Eliot and then Lowell at Harvard, by Harper and Dewey at Chicago, by Wilson at Princeton. But it had never been put together in a package, and most of the bits and pieces had fallen, or been swept, away by the competitive rah-rahism, "development" programs, and fragmentation of teaching and research in the 1920s. Most of the elements of the new program at Chicago had been proposed by a faculty committee which had been sitting (and sitting on it) for two years before Hutchins got there. Everybody everywhere knew that something fundamental had to be done. What doing it had waited on was somebody to say, "Let's do it now." The something that was done was a series of fundamental changes in structure. It did no more than brush the bedeviling issues of deadly lectures and the lifeless content of traditional textbook curriculum. The "Hutchins Plan" was not the Hutchins Plan.

But it was hailed at home and abroad as the first great educational reform of the century and the young president as the century's first great educational reformer. In the midst of the general hubbub attending the reforms on the Midway* nobody paid much attention to the great reformer's ominous animadversion: "We are now in a position to teach the wrong things in the right way."

What was the matter with him? Hadn't he got everything – well, almost everything – he wanted (or should have wanted)? The faculty as a whole had overridden the traditional uneasiness which some of the leading figures in the natural sciences and the professional schools voiced with regard to the deemphasis of the specialization they wanted as preparation for

*The University of Chicago, on the Midway, often identified by its physical location.

graduate work. The thirty-year-old president had cut a great swathe in a great hurry. He could move on any time, as move he must, and cut a great swathe in another great hurry somewhere else. And on, and on.

– Provided that he was ready to move on any time without having got any of the three things he really wanted. He wanted a "new" method of education. He wanted a "new" curriculum. And he wanted a genuine consolidation of research in terms of a common set of principles which might establish an order and proportion of the goods of the mind just as there is an order and proportion of all other goods.

This last was the most scandalous of his three announced objectives (apart from his careful exacerbation of the anti-Catholicism of the academic adversaries by his use of the perfectly proper term "hierarchy" to indicate order and proportion). It was impossible for modern academics even in philosophy (or especially in philosophy) to accept his insistence that the "first principles" of "metaphysics," which would hierarchize all other disciplines, were to be determined by uncoerced consensus based on uncoerced investigation. How did he mean to investigate chimeras? *Whose* first principles? *What* metaphysics?

Hutchins said that the first business of scholarship was to recover the University from the confusion that constituted the chief glory of the higher learning. He denounced the happy anarchy that (in the name of academic freedom) held one subject-matter to be as good as another. Naturally none of the anarchists really felt that way, or really approved of a budget that allocated as much money to what they regarded as frivolous projects as they themselves got for their own fundamental projects; but the freedom doctrine, if it protected the other fellow's frivolity, protected their own fundamentalism, so they never complained outside the family. The family was the department and, little by little, it came to be widely, and correctly, suspected that Hutchins's divisional organization at the university level and his general education program for the

college were backdoor tricks to perpetrate the metaphysician's absolutism.

The fact that some academics thought that his objectives were something new – and resisted them for *that* reason – simply confirmed his conviction that educators were badly educated. The things he wanted were all of them very old.

He set the scientists against him by asserting that it was philosophy, specifically that crumbled cornerstone of philosophy which went (or had gone) by the name of metaphysics and professed itself the science of being, that put all other studies in their place and sent them about *her* sovereign business. He outraged the philosophers by insisting that the philosopher's work was not to teach philosophy – or philosophies – but to teach philosophizing. In the land where every man was king, every man must be a philosopher and not an alumnus who had swallowed, regurgitated, and forgotten lectures in other men's philosophies. There was no right way to teach the things that were not matters of rote; there was only a right way to learn, in which the teacher was an auxiliary to the process, the classic "midwife" of ideas that the student himself must bring to birth.

In coming to that position – by whatever magic one comes to a position in such matters – Hutchins had enrolled himself in the everlasting dispute over cognition. How do we learn, and how, if at all, is what we learn imparted by others? "Man learns," said Erasmus, "at the school of example, and will attend no other." Augustine wept: "The unlearned arise and take heaven by force, and here are we with all our learning, stuck fast in flesh and blood"; and then weeping, heard the voice of an angel saying, "Take up and read, take and read," and the Book fell open to Romans 13:13, and he had no need to read further. "They are wise to do evil," said the Prophet, "but to do good they have no knowledge." "The triumph of my art," Socrates told Theatetus, "is in thoroughly examining whether the thought which the mind of the young man is bringing to birth is a false idol or a noble and true spirit. Like

the midwife, I myself am barren, and the reproach which is often made against me, that I ask questions of others and have not the wit to answer them myself, is very just; the reason is that the gods compel me to be a midwife but forbid me to bring forth. And therefore I am not myself at all wise, nor have I anything to show which is the invention or birth of my own soul, but those who converse with me profit. . . . It is quite clear that they never learned anything from me. The many fine discoveries to which they cling are of their own making." The twentieth-century progressives, with John Dewey at their head, maintained that we learn by doing and argued that the school should somehow prefigure the experience of "real life."

But Hutchins could not get the right way of teaching – even teaching the wrong things – introduced at Chicago. Nor would he ever until a race of teachers would arise in the spirit of Socrates, asking pertinent questions in persistent dialogue instead of reciting answers, forcing disputation instead of information on their students, converting education from a process of absorbing to a process of challenge and counter-challenge. Some young instructors, marvelously uncorrupted by their own experience as students, could employ the Socratic method; some always had. But not often the old hats whose attitudes dominated the colleges and the universities. Socrates was, of course, born, not made, and until the schools, at whatever level, would recognize that there is no other true teacher and hunt out this one and hire him away from taxi-driving, or half-soling, or a bench in the park, or a jail cell, or even a schoolhouse, even the wrong things would never be taught in the right way.

The things the misnamed "Hutchins Plan" went on teaching in the wrong (not the right) way were the wrong things. These courses could not be taught via the textbooks that went on dominating, or trying to dominate, education, books written (or pasted together) by academic hacks. The textbook publishers, corruptionists of school superintendents, school boards, state boards of education, were as rich as the schoolmarms (of both sexes) were poor. They could give a $5,000-a-year professor $5,000 for a month's cut-and-paste job. His

rank, on the title page, was secondary; what was primary was the name (by implication, the imprimatur) of the institution he was connected with.

With the rise of the one-semester or one-term "survey" courses for freshmen in the 1920s the publishers had turned their attention to the assembly of teams to produce survey texts which were just as pedantic. The most (and in some respect the only) impressive exception to this output was a series of Chicago faculty lectures in the University's one survey course "The Nature of the World and Man," inaugurated in 1924. This introduction to natural science became so popular that the University published it as a book which colleges across the country had adopted long before Hutchins became president.

But the right things that Hutchins wanted taught the right way were neither lectures nor surveys. He wanted the Socratic method of discussion to draw the young into the great debates of the ages conducted by the great minds of the ages on the great issues of the ages. The great books would constitute the heart of a fixed curriculum to be taught to "everybody who can learn from books" in a four-year institution beginning with the junior year of high school, an institution open at public expense to every member of the rising generation, whether or not he meant to go on to university work. That curriculum would consist of the greatest books of the Western world and the arts of reading, writing, thinking, and speaking, together with mathematics, the best exemplar of the process of human reason. "If our hope has been to frame a curriculum which educes the elements of our common human nature, this program should realize our hope. If we wish to prepare the young for intelligent action, this course of study should assist us; for they will have learned what has been done in the past, and what the greatest men have thought. They will have learned how to think for themselves. If we wish to lay a basis for advanced study, that basis is provided. If we wish to secure true universities, we may look forward to them, because students and professors may acquire through this course

of study a common stock of ideas and common methods of dealing with them."

The reason that these objectives – and the curriculum that served them – were unlikely to be pursued at Chicago or anywhere else was that they were profoundly un-American. *And* un-German. But the German university was a scholarly institution concerned entirely with investigation and the training of investigators. It did not prepare its students for the practice of the professions but for the advancement of the professions, both in science and the humanities. Vocationalism (in every vocation but scholarship) was beneath it, beneath it, too, everything that the American thought of as college life. The German (and European) elementary school was six years, after which the sheep, rigorously separated from the goats, went on to the four-year *Gymnasium* or – this was a twentieth-century development – to the science-oriented *Realgymnasium*. There they got their general education, which, after a total of ten years of schooling, was regarded as terminal. Most of them went into white-collar work, a relatively small minority to the technical institutes which produced professional practitioners, and a very few to the university. There was no institution comparable to the American college on top of which, little by little, the Ph.D.'s from Leipzig superimposed little Leipzigs.

The result was the melange of the American university. From the start it did not know what it was – a collegiate extension of general education, a center for research and scholarly training, a gaggle of professional schools. And it never found out. The time came, with a rush, when American affluence sent a hundred (or a thousand) young people to "college" where European austerity sent one to the University.

The American founding fathers wanted to establish a popular form of government. Such government, even with a restricted franchise, had as its first requirement an educated citizenship. The American fervor for popular schooling, unknown anywhere else in the world, was such that by the turn of the twentieth century, education appeared to have become the state religion. But what was worshiped was not education.

What was worshiped was the schoolhouse, which ultimately displaced the church as the national ground cover. What went on in the schoolhouse depended on what the public wanted, for (as Hutchins never wearied of quoting from Plato) what is honored in a country will be cultivated there. What was honored in modern America was the "practical" – the realizable return on the investment. Americans were the most practical people in history, and with good reason. They'd had to be. But their preoccupation with the practical – a national motto, "Do it," was coined by the Yippies a half century later – diminished their interest in the theoretical to the vanishing point. Their founding fathers had been spectacularly practical theorists. But their latter-day heroes, right out of Horatio Alger, were nontheoretical, even anti-theoretical, men. The only defensible object of schooling was not thinking for oneself but doing for oneself (and always for oneself).

Reality meant improving oneself, and improving oneself was a measurable matter of money. The disparagement of hereditary aristocracy in the euphoric name of egalitarianism disparaged only one kind of aristocracy; in a society where being born ahead was treason the only way to be ahead was to get ahead. The privileged few who, in the 1930s, went to college were expected to get rich. Parents scraped and borrowed to send their children to college, not so that they would be better than they themselves were but so that they would be better off. For the poor, education meant a better job – or, in times like the '30s, any kind of job – and was appraised accordingly. Job training, once the province of apprenticeship, with the rise of technology became vocational training in the schools, and vocational training, to gratify both its democratic practitioners and its democratic beneficiaries, became "vocational education" (and, a generation of gobbledegook later, "career education").

This wasn't education, but it was what the country honored and, in its schools, its colleges, and its professions, cultivated. What Hutchins wanted had once been called education – the preparation of the few to whom it was open for independent

participation in the common life and the development of the individual's highest powers. It was now called liberal education, generally disparaged as at best useless and at worst élitist. Hutchins called it education for democracy, on the ground that the best education of the few, where the few governed, was the best education for all where all governed. It was the education he fought for for twenty years at Chicago and for twenty-five years afterward; fought for unsuccessfully, and ever more unsuccessfully as the national plunge to illiteracy proceeded and the American "kid" entered college with 30,000 hours behind him of staring at 30,000 electronically projected dots on a glass screen. Still, the end of Hutchins's tenure at Chicago saw the great books occupying as much as 25 percent of the syllabi of the general courses of the College and the College faculty preponderantly staffed by men (preponderantly younger men) who used the method of instruction-by-inquiry in which the teacher was only the midwife.

It is one thing (and no presidential thing) for a university president to think he knows what education ought to be. It is another and still less presidential thing to try to foist it on the great faculty of a great university. But the unpresidentialest thing of all is to show them how it is done. And this, in his honors course for (of all things) freshmen, Hutchins had the effrontery to do as soon as he became president and to go on doing year after year. In "The History of Ideas," 4 to 6 P.M. every Tuesday, with another impudent young pup co-badgering the forty honors students ranged around an immense seminar table, the president of the University of Chicago went ahead and taught in the way he said the professors ought to teach. And if that wasn't effrontery enough, his co-badgerer was the same Professor Adler who, on an April day in 1937, came into his office behind me to tell him (as Hutchins put it) what to think about Aristotle's *Metaphysics*.