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Seven years ago this week I retired. I did not know then just how retired years would differ from active ones, and I still do not, for I have been just about as busy as a human could or ought to be. Every year of my retirement has brought some new phase of activity to add to what was already being carried out. The year now ending has been primarily a writing year. My last collecting took place just a week before the school year 1965-66 began. When I had got all my collections processed, I turned to writing and have written and written. Many people have told me that I write so easily and naturally; they cannot know how many times I have revised and re-revised my most casual-sounding pages. I have tried, always, since my earliest folk-lore writing, to catch the eye and ear of the average person rather than the scholar. Maybe that is a mistake, but, just recently, a renowned linguist, the editor of PADS, the organ of the American Dialect Society, has praised me highly for this very thing. He even wished that I had made my article on words relating to plants and animals longer, with more on the region and the people. That pleases me greatly, of course.

Not only have I written extensively; I have also planned other uses of my folklore and ornithological materials. A series of four or five articles on the folkish nature of the one-roomed school is now pretty well planned; I need some two more days of collecting to round out what I want to do with that material. Drs. Ken and Mary Clarke have encouraged me always and think that I should try to get more of my material into final shape. It was at their suggestion that I wrote an article for SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY, which was accepted at once. In fact, the editor left the door open for other articles on my study. I already have a long article outlined and the data gathered for a follow-up article on folk medicine; the first one was on magical remedies; this one is on internal and external remedies.

The long spring, when I was incapacitated for much work because of my attack of bronchial pneumonia, brought a lot of time to think. For weeks I hardly had enough energy to write necessary letters. The events that tumbled over each other while we were ceasing to be a college and becoming a university cheered me and probably did as much good as the vials and vials of pills that I had to take to get straight with the world again. Only a blind and deaf and dumb man would fail to be impressed with the sweeping events that concern our own institution. Within a few dozen yards of me as I write, the noise of construction of the big new building on Ogden campus reminds me of our growth. Every time I am on other parts of the campus I realize how fast we are growing. Lecturing to several groups of people on and off our campus this summer brought me face to face with many of the problems of the student and the teacher. I almost felt like a still-active part of it all. I thoroughly enjoyed visits to two of the summer high-school groups, one at McNeill, the other at Bowling Green High School. In this way I was able to meet some old friends and to see in action these extra phases of education. I doubt whether I have ever had any finer audiences than these summer-school students and their teachers.

With all the marvelous growth in our physical plant, the growth in the quality and training of the faculty impresses me more. It is wonderful that we have advanced so fast and so well. The nine English teachers whom I left seven years ago--with three more employed for the next semester--are now represented by fifty. The two Ph. D's of that time have advanced to a dozen or more. You see, I have not checked on the most recent list yet and have to depend on what was true for the present school year. Some good ones have come and gone; some misfits did not remain long. Not every teacher can or will fit into our Western philosophy. Maybe he should not, for I feel that education is too many-sided a thing to be copyrighted or patented. I do feel that the teacher who sees that he is out of place should remove himself smoothly,

The majority of the English teachers who came, stayed a while, and left were rather successful; in fact, I wondered why some five of them imagined that life elsewhere could be half so satisfying. But that is their problem. I happen to know that two of the women soon found that they had made a mistake but were too proud to admit it to Dr. Wood. Teachers like Roy O'Donnell are so much in demand that it was not surprising that we lost him; he is one of the finest fellows I have ever known. His success since his leaving here has been marked; there is every reason to believe that he will make a great mark at Florida State. I told O'Donnell that his leaving brought the greatest professional sadness to me since James Cornette went to Baylor. Of the present big English faculty only Wood, Miller, Mrs. Rabold, and Little were of my choosing, and Little did not begin his work until the year after I left. He, like O'Donnell, is a wheel horse, one of our really great scholars and teachers. I did not feel a twinge of envy when one of my very best students said to me that Little was the best classroom teacher he had had here. The strange idea that is sometimes held in big universities that a scholar is great whether he can teach or not is hardly to my own liking. I have had a few teachers who were scholars in their field but who could not have taught a mule to kick or a duck to swim. If a fellow wants to teach, he should try to acquire some characteristics of a teacher. Huge universities can afford to have employed men and women who do research work only, but most places need a combination teacher-scholar, and a good quality of this possible combination.

The organization of the university proceeds apace. If there is one weakness that we had to excess in older times, it was poor organization. There were so few limits for any one's work that an aggressive person felt that he should branch out into whatever field he found empty; as a result there were overlappings and blank spaces, too. I am sure that I hurt some feelings when I insisted that I, as the head of the English department, and not some friend of the student or a chance acquaintance,

made out the student's program. Because of this lack of organization and delimitation, we often worked at cross purposes. And many a student had to pay for this disarray by having to stay around a semester or two more than required to make up for mistakes made by him or by an ignorant helper. All this was bad enough in recent years, but you should have seen it in the years before you came here. Students were allowed to take just anything at any time; such a thing as consecutive courses seemed to many teachers perfect nonsense. Why, I have known lots of students who had had Shakespeare and other advanced courses who had bypassed Freshman English. And nobody objected, except me. And, as you can guess, I got plenty of cussing. When a student went to get his credits checked, to know when and whether he could graduate, he often found that he had paid no attention to something plainly stated in the catalogue; poor Dr. Kinnaman spent years of hopeless work trying to right some of these wrongs, years when he was breaking down in health and needed to retire as dean. When I took over the department officially, in 1929, the floating population of the college usually chose English as a major; in some years a third of all our graduates were English majors. I doubt whether I ever had such another year as was 1929-30; and English majors dropped exactly half in number and, so far as I can see, rose in quality, though there have always been some fine English majors, in spite of the hit-or-miss courses of long ago. Some of our older faculty members resented any kind of regulation and never willingly accepted any order of courses; some refused to attend their own department's faculty meeting, and never participated in our annual commencements. This sort of thing makes me boil when some of these are praised as being only a little lower than the angels. It is one of our worst faults as an institution to be all hot or all cold. Careful, even tedious, evaluation of good and bad is pretty hard for us to use.

Probably less will be said about the new Administration building than about any other structure now being built or contemplated. But I feel that it will mark a very great step forward. When we were small as a school, even, the administrative forces were badly scattered. As we have catapulted into major size, this has been much more obvious. To have everything under one roof seems to me a very sensible and long-overdue idea. I realize that it is harder to get appreciation for such a building, for it is not a dormitory, not a stadium, not a classroom building. A great many people who ought to know better refuse to see how much depends upon the business side of an institution, whether it is a great store, a bank, or a college. Imagine a huge manufacturing company with its business tucked away in cubbyholes here and there.

Another far-reaching change that is just around the corner is the big drive through the campus, which should overcome a lot of congestion and add some dignity to our drives. For example, it is not very pleasant to drive now through Dogwood Drive, even when it is absolutely necessary. Cow-paths in the city and on the campus have outlived their usefulness. Every day I am impressed with the horse-and-buggy nature of many of our city streets. Ray Gaines has written, again and again, about the tie-ups at Thirteenthth and State. Nearly every time I drive there, and that is nearly every time I go toward the center of the city, I wonder how ~~we~~ survive tragic accidents. Nobody seems to know what we are to do; to avoid hitting the other fellow and keeping our own cars intact is a grilling experience. I told someone this very week that that Frenchman seeking adventure by walking alone across Death Valley could find plenty of thrills right here, especially at some of our numerous rush hours. Sometimes it takes me ten minutes to get out of my own driveway; I often have to wait for 20 to 30 cars and trucks to go by. And one of the most patient of the saints could have temptations to lose his temper if he had to go down State Street to the river two or three times daily. Temperatures can get as hot here as in a desert.

Maybe I was born under the wrong star, for I just cannot understand certain things. One of them is the reason why a respected teacher and scholar would leave a respected institution, one thoroughly accepted in the world of colleges and universities, and cast his lot with Parsons College. Why not Sing Sing? I have read a good deal this summer on Parsons and on Bob Jones, too. If either is a bona fide college, then Judas Iscariot should be elevated to the head of the saints. Parsons appeals to the deadhead, the socially elevated but mentally depressed; Bob Jones appeals equally disgustingly to the pious, the dried-up-brain-celled. The tragedy is that such things can be in our time, that even the pious or the rich would put up with such an abuse of so-called learning, even. Each institution seems to me to be an anomaly, a contradiction of our own times. I can see no chance in either one to get a vision of learning, to view one's life as being worth more than a petted child's arrogance or an unthinking religious bigot's dream of an earthly paradise. I certainly hope that neither institution will get any more academic recognition than it now has. Imagine sacrificing a career in a respectable college to get some of Parsons's money! And, for me, imagine allowing one's brain to go to sleep long enough to allow anybody to find himself in such a narrow, ridiculous college as Bob Jones!

As a well-wisher of everything that goes on at Western, I am sitting across the street, watching how student self-government will turn out. It is really distressing that more of the students did not express their opinions than they did. I was sure that no overwhelming number would care two cents for the idea, but the relatively small number who took time to vote was surprising. It will be interesting to see how well the idea goes across with the average student and even with the small percentage who voted. To me there seem to be three distinct types of students here: 1. the average immature student of social inclinations, 2. the very serious student who is obviously not interested in anything

but his work, and 3. the mature student, like our summer group, who have either had their social fling or do not want one. There are good qualities in all groups, qualities that could be combined to advantage. But no very sudden changes are going to come along the typical stolid fellow who has no burning desire to shine socially or to rule some student affairs. That fellow I have known for over a half century; he is a product of the typical stolid home, where life is serious and has few lace edges. I was amused at Indiana University over a half century ago at the noise generated by student affairs and also by the quiet way most serious students regarded it. There was no especial opposition to student affairs; there was just apathy, which happens to be the exact term applied to the way the students turned out--or did not turn out--when the self-government question came up. And this term was used here by one of the student staff of the HERALD. For some students this self-government idea will be real training in how to get along with people; for some it will be intolerably boring; for some it just will not be here. As I said at the beginning of this paragraph, I intend to sit across the street and watch the procedure.

With our growing bigger and more complicated as an institution, there will be more and more need for integration of efforts, for we could lose our stature by being big and all mixed up. I rejoice at the continuing efforts at creating units that will have heads, will have definite duties, will be unified through distinctive efforts at organization. Gone are the days when one person can attend to all the minutiae of even a department; responsibility and its accompanying freedom of movement must be allotted to individuals, who in turn are responsible to some superior. It has never been possible for any one person to understand all the intricacies of student-teacher relationships; to expect it now is preposterous. Therefore a farming out of duties is wise and absolutely necessary.