Stanley N. Katz, **Autobiographical Ramblings**, 24 February 2007

This conference has been a wonderful, and entirely bizarre, experience for me, and I can tell you exactly why. I don't know whether I would wish this for any of you, but I feel as though I have just attended my own memorial service. I suppose that's an interesting experience, but it's a little upsetting.

I'm grateful to everybody here for coming – I am incredibly touched that so many people wanted to come – I looked quickly at my email when I went upstairs after lunch and there were even more messages today from people who regretted that they couldn't come. But to see this large room full is really quite something – I haven't seen it this full since I use to teach the course on legal history, and that brings back a very pleasant memory for me.

But of course in the end my speaking now is utterly superfluous, since I cannot possibly say anything that hasn't been alluded to before. But I'm about people -- that's essentially what my career has been about -- so to have the opportunity to see so many people who have been my friends is almost unbearably gratifying.

Some of you will almost certainly understand that this orientation to people was almost predictable in my life, because of how I was raised and who my family were. A few of you -- Adria and the kids, certainly -- will recognize that I am exactly like my father, Bill Katz. My father has been the greatest influence on my life. He was utterly unlike me professionally. He was a businessman in Chicago. He was -- only one or two of you will understand --in the egg-breaking business in Chicago, and his deepest dream was that I should follow him in the family business. After a martini or two, later, I will be happy to explain to you what the egg-breaking business is, or was. He was also a member the Chicago Mercantile Exchange -- one of the oldest commodities futures exchanges in the country, and I am still a member of the Merc, although not that many of you know that. He deeply wanted me to go into the family business, the S.K.Produce Company. When I was graduating from college, we had a long talk about this and I said "Dad, it's not what I want to do. What I really want to do is be a teacher" and he was simply bemused.

Dad had flunked out of the University of Chicago and the University of Illinois before he finally got a law degree from DePaul University in Chicago, in 1931. It wasn't that he wasn't bright; he just thought that school was a waste of time. He was a playboy -- the first person to have an open roadster in his group. He simply couldn't imagine why anybody would think school was an interesting experience, and so he was befuddled by my career interest. My mother didn't attend college at all, but she did graduate from high school and both she and my father were thrilled when I went off to an Ivy League college. That seemed like a good thing to do, but having started by being impressed by and grateful to Harvard where I went to college, they became worried and resentful at some point because clearly it had taken me in a direction that they had never intended, and did not understand. But they came to terms with my career choice very quickly.

My father, by the way, insisted that if I wasn't going to go into the business, I might think about going to law school. I was quite sure that I was not interested in going to law school, however, because I felt at the time (and I can remember this quite vividly) that I was committed to what was "just" not what was "legal." This was a distinction that escaped Dad entirely, but he insisted that I at least apply to law school, so that would be an option for me, and so I did. I applied to one law school, Yale, and I can still recite for you *verbatim* my admissions essay. I'll bet that very few of you can still remember what you wrote in your law school application essay, but I can. Here is what it was. The question that was addressed to applicants was "why do you want to go to Yale Law School?" And my response was: "I want to be rich. Lawyers are rich. Yale lawyers are richer than most. Therefore I would like to go to Yale Law School." And of course, I was admitted. There's probably a lesson in this episode, but what it was I leave to you. It has always been clear to me that I did not want to be a lawyer.

I'm going to continue to ramble, since by now it is clear to me that I cannot use the text that I had prepared for this afternoon. Better just to talk, I hope. Mainly I want to talk about education, because as Chris and many others of you have said for the past two days, education is what I have cared about most deeply and consistently. I think the reason why is that I had such a wonderful collegiate education. I had, on the other hand, a perfectly rotten experience in high school. (There may be something genetic about this, by the way. My children had the same reaction to their

high school I had to mine.) I went to a nationally-known suburban Chicago high school, New Trier Township High School, which was full of the children of the rich and famous. In the class ahead of me, for example, was Donald Rumsfeld with whom I played football. Rummy walked on me many times – not out of anger, but because he was athletic and I was not. New Trier was so famous a school in those days that an entire issue of *Life Magazine* was devoted to it while I was there. But I didn't find it at all an interesting or challenging educational experience.

But I did find Harvard College a wonderful place to be. I went there although Princeton was the school I had wanted to attend. Chicago was land-locked and isolated in mid-century. All we had had on television was bowling and quiz shows, but when the coaxial cable came through from New York (civilization!), we suddenly began seeing high powered stuff like the Princeton University propaganda film, which I still remember. It showed professors in tweed jackets with patches on their elbows. They had mustaches and they were smoking pipes, and they were photographed in wonderful Collegiate Gothic buildings which I now recognize as Holder Hall. It looked just great, I thought, and since I couldn't wait to escape from the northern suburbs of Chicago, I thought that Princeton was where Katz clearly belonged. But I started asking around and it seemed that a Jewish kid like me probably wasn't going to be very happy at the Princeton of that day.

But I was told by the people I asked that the most democratic of the Ivy League schools was Harvard. I had no idea if that was true, but my father took me on a trip to see the eastern colleges, starting in Cambridge. He told me that at any time I wanted to stop viewing colleges we could go to New York and see some Broadway shows. So, we spent one day in Cambridge. It was a warm day in April, the rain was glistening off the red brick sidewalks. I immediately saw that Harvard was me -- so we went to New York, saw some shows and did not visit any other college. And Harvard was indeed right for me, for many reasons.

I had was the kind of undergraduate educational experience that is no longer replicable because of the moment in time. I started college in 1951, a fascinating moment to be going to college because it was just long enough after World War II that while the GI Bill vets had gotten through college,

they were incredibly mature and experienced graduate students still living amongst us youngsters. And it was also a time when Harvard was in fact democratizing very rapidly, and the students were becoming more diverse. But there were only a handful of African American students in my class, and in fact a cross was burned outside the dorm next door my first night at college, since two of these students, twins who were both to be track stars, roomed there.

Harvard was a college that was changing educationally in the years after the War. It had developed what I still credit with most of what I have become intellectually -- a great general education program. We had wonderfully, broad, synthetic courses that one took as a freshman and sophomore. I still remember in great detail those learning experiences. The College was full of a very diverse group of people learning, as freshmen and sophomores always do, who they are and what the possibilities of life might be. I fell in with a wonderful bunch of people. I had terrific teachers. Altogether Harvard was the perfect educational environment for me.

To give you an example, during my first year I took a course called "Humanities 3", a great books course. It was simply divided up into the novel, autobiography drama, and history. My teacher was a young visiting instructor from Connecticut College named Jack Levinson, later a very famous professor of American literature at the University of Virginia. Hum 3 was taught in small sections, and we wrote a paper every couple of weeks. I had never been particularly interested in literature, since the subject was so poorly taught (as was history) at New Trier. But all of a sudden I discovered there was a world of literature that was not only comprehensible but could help me understand the rest of the world.

Along the way, Jack Levinson did the most valuable thing for me anyone has every done educationally. The essays I wrote were adequate, but not more. I didn't get very good grades on them, and that troubled me. Not the grades actually, but I admired Levinson so much that I was disappointed that I wasn't achieving what he clearly wanted me to achieve. So I went to ask him about it, and he said "you haven't quite put your mind to it." I asked what he meant, and he replied that he could not tell me, but could show me how to do it. I will never forget that experience. The paper that had been assigned was an analysis of Andre Gide's *Lafcadio's Advenures*, and Levinson

said "Well, read the book this week and then next weekend go into your room Friday night, and don't do anything except think about the book all weekend, but don't start typing until Sunday night [it was only about a 5-page paper], and then type out what you think about it." I did exactly what he had instructed me to do, finally sitting down on Sunday night to write the paper. I still remember going picking up the essay at his office. All Levinson had written on it was "A, Excellent – you've got it." And, somehow, I had. I still have no idea how or why. But I had.

Of course I had many other wonderful courses, too, especially the history of science Gen Ed course, Nat Sci 4, a series of case studies on the history of science starting with Galileo and moving up to atomic energy, that was taught by the President of the University, James Bryant Conant. Conant was joined by two remarkable people -- Leonard Nash, a famous teacher of chemistry, and a young, gangling, tongue-tied physicist named Tom Kuhn. This must have been one of the first courses Tom taught. As you can imagine, this was a mind-boggling educational experience for a young person.

The most important thing for me at Harvard was the residential college system. I moved into Dunster House at a time when resident tutors in the House, both junior faculty or advanced graduate students, had mostly been in the war. They were older, unmarried and, remarkably, they seemed to have nothing better to do than to talk to undergraduates. They were a brilliant group of people. We also had resident visiting professors -- during my sophomore year I lived next to the scholar of German thought, Eric Heller; the following year I lived next to the Mexican composer, Carlos Chavez. This was a fantastic opportunity for a kid from Chicago. All of these scholars took their meals in the Dunster dining hall. Many of them subsequently became very well known, and I seem to have had the wit to see that they were more interesting than most of my classmates. The tutors were friends I spent much of my time with, not that I didn't also make many friends among my contemporaries. The Dunster years unfolded as an opportunity to spread my wings and to learn that what I cared about was the life of the mind, and that is what I will always be most grateful to Harvard College for.

What captured my intellectual interest as an undergraduate was the emergence of the modern world, intellectually speaking, so my attention was

drawn to the period from the Renaissance to the 17th century. While I took some history courses, mainly in early English history, my primary interests were in philosophy, poetry and the history of science. As it happened there were fine people teaching in those fields with whom I was able to work. The teacher who made the greatest impression on me was Helen Maud Cam, the first woman to have a tenured appointment at Harvard, from whom I took a course in Medieval English Constitutional History in my junior year. . I was the only undergraduate in this small course and Miss Cam was simply marvelous -- this experience was clearly what turned me on not just to history, but to documents, because this was a course that was taught entirely thru documents, mainly written in Latin. The texts were hard for me, but since the classes consisted entirely of working our way thru them phrase by phrase, it gave me a sense of how intellectuals, and especially how historians work. I don't think I made the intellectual connection to law at the time, but what became clear to me is that I realized then that I wanted to be a teacher. I don't think that was ever an explicit and rational choice -- the light bulb never "went on" -- but at some point during my third year of college it became clear to me that I was preparing myself to be a teacher.

Along the way I had a good experience writing a senior thesis, which wasn't mandatory at Harvard in those days. I wrote about an obscure British Civil War political theorist named James Harington and learned a tremendous amount doing it. My tutor was an advanced graduate student in modern British history, Francis Held, whose father was an eminent Ohio state historian. But when I told Frank that I wanted to go on to do a PhD in history, he said "Stan, the business of America is business" (he hadn't been talking to my father) and he urged me to give up on attending graduate school. This conversation occurred in early 1955, at a time when there were apparently no jobs available for PhDs in History. It was terribly depressed period in the academic job market, and so far as I know, Frank never got a professorship himself.

But I decided that I would give graduate school a whirl, and to show you what a sport my father was, when I told him that I was going to apply to graduate schools, and that I needed to get financial information from him to apply for fellowships, he said "Don't be silly. We can afford it. The fellowships should go to someone who can't." So he paid my way through graduate school. And, by the way during my last year of graduate school I

got a call from Bud Bailyn, my advisor, who said "The Department has given you a Fels Fellowship for next year – it's our best fellowship." My response was to thank him, but say that I didn't need a fellowship. "My father would be offended if you gave me a fellowship." But Bud responded, "You don't understand – you will never get a job if you don't have a fellowship. You need it for professional validation!" So I took the Fels.

What is most interesting to me in thinking back on my graduate education is that I applied to do a PhD in Tudor and Stuart English History. I had chosen the field because -- although I hadn't majored in history and didn't have a dominant interest in it -- I decided the history was the best field for me to teach, given what I understood to be my skill set to be. But over the summer after graduating from Harvard, I thought more about my choice of *English* history, though I never doubted that was my real intellectual interest. But I knew the basic reason I was undertaking a Ph.D. was that I wanted to teach -- all of you who have known me as a teacher will understand.

I have always thought that teaching is about preparing citizens, about creating the infrastructure for democracy. Preparing citizens has always been my primary motivation for being a teacher. So when I thought about my choice of historical field over the summer of 1955, when I was working in my father's egg-breaking factory in Chicago, I came to see that I would be better off teaching American history than British history. Because if what I was about was helping to make citizens, it was likely that talking to young Americans about American history would be better ground for citizenship education than talking about British history. But of course I have never quite been able to get away from my love for English history, so I opted for Early American history, which meant that I was still doing British history, but with a connection to the present.

But there was another reason for my switch of Ph.D. fields. I had originally applied to work with Wilbur Jordan, then the President of Radcliffe College, -- a terrific person and a great scholar. (He was also, by the way, a great scholar of the history of philanthropy, although at the time that field didn't mean very much to me.) But when I arrived in Cambridge in September of '55, I ran into another new grad student, Gordon Wood, who had come to Harvard to study 20th century American history with Arthur Schlesinger,

Jr. Over a cup of coffee, told me that he was switching his advisor, and he urged me to follow his lead. He had met a brand new assistant professor named Bernard Bailyn, whom he considered the smartest person he had met. Gordon said let's do Colonial History! So I went to see Bud and decided, yes, he was also the smartest person I had ever met, so I switched to Colonial History, and so did a number of others in my student cohort.

As it turned out, of course, Bud attracted an extraordinary bunch of graduate students over the first ten or fifteen years of his career, and I was so fortunate to be among them. But they were an intimidating group of people, especially for someone like me who had not majored in history as an undergraduate. I think most of us felt as though we were hanging on by our fingernails. Some very good people really struggled with it. One example of the tough competitiveness of the Department was the difficulties of the great historian of the African-American experience, Nathan Huggins -- Nate was a classmate who flunked out after two years, and had to come back later to retake his examinations. Harvard was a brutal place to go to graduate school in those days. When I took my general exams, as I remember it, the previous five people to take generals had all failed. It was extremely rigorous and it was not much fun.

For example (some of you will know this story), Bud Bailyn always asked the first question after a paper presentation in his seminar. Butut when I finished giving my paper, there was dead silence. The students were waiting for Bud to say something, and finally he looked at me and said "Katz, so what?" This was, easily, the worst moment of my professional life. What happens to you at a moment like that is either you go in the egg-breaking business or you get serious. I got serious. In hindsight (though not at the time) I will always be grateful to Bud for being tough with me. Working with Bud in graduate school was an experience –- it was a double experience, first, of working with a truly great scholar who at that time was breaking new ground in the study of history, That was tremendously exciting. But equally important was the experience of working with the incredible group of young historians who were Bud's students at that time. Those of us in the graduate education business will recognize that these sort of magic academic moments happen from time to time -- they are the products of magnetic figures like Bud Bailyn. I will not attempt to list all of the superb people I met among the Bailyn cohort of grad students, but they included

Gordon Wood, Richard Buel, Michael Kammen, Pauline Mayer, James Henretta, Mary Beth Norton, -- just an incredible bunch of brilliant people all at Harvard at the same time. For a while it seemed as though almost every chair in Early American History in the country was occupied by someone who had been in one of those first Bailyn seminars.

In a sense I had become one of those people who had made such an impression on me when I was an undergraduate. I had rejoined Dunster House as a graduate student, first as a resident and then as a non-resident tutor – living and working with undergraduates and with the extremely interesting faculty members in the Dunster Senior Common Room. The SCR was a wonderful institution. We spent many evenings, drinking, smoking and talking about books. And that is what got me going on talking about books, and books have since constituted so much my life. The Senior Common room also included senior members of the faculty, in the sciences and in almost all fields of knowledge, who came around for special occasions,. It was a fantastic opportunity for a young intellectual to engage with an extraordinary and international group of significant scholars.

I think perhaps what I drew most profoundly from this experience was a sense the communal aspect of education. We were engaged in a common intellectual project, we worked together, we talked together, we exchanged papers and we went to on another's seminars. Harvard in the late 1950s and early 1960s was full of informal occasions of this kind. I can remember, for instance, when I was the Senior Tutor of Leverett House, another residential college. A young philosopher who had just moved to Harvard approached me and asked ' how about we give a lunchtime House seminar on the history of the future.' This didn't make much sense to me, but it sounded like fun, and I could see this was a very smart and interesting guy – who turned out be Jack Rawls. My life at Harvard was like that. I kept backing into one good intellectual opportunity after another.

Harvard also provided my first close encounter with academic administration, through my job as Senior Tutor at Leverett from 1963-1965. This is the position that in Princeton's residential colleges we call "dean" or a "director of studies." It was an opportunity to think about education whole, while living amongst the students for whom you were the academic dean. The job included counseling about graduate training and, more generally, careers.

We trained ourselves and worked with colleagues to think about the life course of our students, and I will always credit the senior tutorship with forming me more completely as an educator. It sometimes meant working through terrible life situations with students, but it also meant an opportunity to help launch some wonderful careers.

But teaching at Harvard as an Instructor and Assistant Professor was at best a mixed blessing, since young faculty members (in American history, at any rate) were not allowed to do much teaching. Junior people didn't teach courses. We did tutorials and assisted in larger courses, though I was lucky enough to be asked to teach a freshman seminar. Harvard began freshman seminars, I believe, in 1960. So when I taught my seminar in 1961, the year I got my Ph.D, it was at the very beginning of the program. I was lucky, for I wasn't scheduled to teach a seminar, but when Mac Bundy, who was then Dean of the Faculty, found that he could not teach, he asked me to do it in his place. I saw the seminar as a chance to adapt what I had experienced in from Miss Cam's course to the teaching of American history, and prepared a course which was based almost entirely on primary source materials concerning the Salem witch trials. Seven students and I spent an entire year studying documents, and three of those students remain friends with whom I am in regular contact, because it was a strong mutual learning experience.

On the other hand, Harvard was at best a tense experience for a junior faculty member. The system in those days was that once you got your PhD you were appointed an Instructor, a 3-year appointment. The History Department must have appointed about 15 instructors when I began in 1961. They were a wonderful bunch of people, some later very well known, about half from Harvard and half from other institutions. Then, after three years a handful of us were promoted to the rank of Assistant Professor, a five year appointment. I was one of them. So for me it was a good experience, but it did not remain a good experience if you didn't get promoted to tenure. And Harvard was very rough on young faculty, for none of the assistant professors in my cohort ever got tenure at Harvard.

Nevertheless, in retrospect it is clear that if one wanted to become an academic and could pick a year in which to be born, 1934, the year of my birth, was a great year. And not too long ago Cliff Geertz made some

autobiographical remarks in which he said that the trick was "finding the right wave." Boy did I ever find the right wave! I have already mentioned that my college tutor had tried to talk me out of going to graduate school in 1955, but I was bailed out by the Soviets. After they sent up Sputnik in 1957 the United States spent the next several years over-investing in higher education, so that when I got my degree in 1961 any idiot with a Ph.D. from a reputable institution could pretty much have his pick of jobs. I don't think I've have ever had the nerve to say this to my children, neither of whom has had it so easy in their academic careers, but in my very long academic career, I have never, ever applied for a job. That's amazing, and but it is entirely because I was in the right age cohort. The country was just building universities so rapidly that when the system needed assistant professors, there was Katz. When they needed associate professors, there was Katz. When they created endowed chairs, there was Katz. I have just been very lucky. Indeed, I am about as lucky a person as I know. I have been so fortunate that almost everything has broken my way. Of course, like my father, I am a "glass half-full" kind of person and perhaps feeling so positive helps one to succeed

Back to my story. Another important part of my education involved studying abroad. I received a Fulbright Fellowship to go to London in 1959 and was placed at King's College, London. I had applied to go to England to work with Sir Lewis Namier, who had retired from teaching, but was directing the History of Parliament project at the University of London, where I was supervised by him for a year – an opportunity that only the early American historians in the audience can appreciate. For my dissertation I was trying to demonstrate that there was a direct and intense relationship between politics of the new world and politics at Westminster in the eighteenth century. This involved being able to nail down specific connections between New York and British politicians, and that is what I spent my Fulbright year doing. Well, the person who had been in every stately home in England, and who knew all the family papers of their owners in England, was Sir Lewis, and he was able to get me in to collection of papers that I wouldn't have otherwise been able to examine.

Namier and I had a curious relationship. When I first met him, I knew nothing about his origins. To me he was simply "Sir Lewis Namier," which I as a Chicagoan took to be a traditional British name. His small office was in

the basement of Senate House at the University of London, where the Institute of Historical Research was located. When I first went to meet him at his office, he came out, stuck out his hand and said "Hello, Katz – a co-racialist." I had no idea what he was talking about. But I later discovered that he was a Polish immigrant to England early in the 20th century. His family had originally been Jewish (Namier was a contraction and Anglicization of a longer Polish-Jewish name). They had long converted to Christianity before Sir Lewis was born, but after a brilliant undergraduate career at Oxford, he had felt himself discriminated against as a Jew. Thus the "co-racialist" greeting to me – he meant that we shared Jewish heritage (he had become a Zionist) but not Judaism as a faith (since he was a practicing Anglican).

Namier and I had tea every day I was in London, but Sir Lewis didn't feel it was appropriate to "do business" over tea," so I met him in just before tea-time in the men's room in the basement of Senate House. It was, thanks to Namier, a famous men's room: it had the usual English roll towel, but it also had a bar with a hand towel, over which was a brass plate that said "Sir Lewis Namier"! It was Namier's towel and, believe me, no one else ever used that towel. When I met him in the men's room, he would give me some tips about where I should look for information about the well-born English connections of my New Yorkers, and I would do my best to tell him about the American connections of his British politicians. It was the most bizarre academic relationship I have ever had. But the year working in the manuscripts room of the British Museum (before the new British Library was built), the Public Record Office, and various local manuscript repositories was the best research experience I have ever had. I even learned to love warm beer.

Back to Harvard. Adria and I got married in January, 1960, when I returned from London briefly for the ceremony (and was docked one month's Fulbright stipend), and then we went back to England for six months, before I returned for the famous Fells fellowship year in Cambridge when I wrote my thesis. It was an incredible experience in our two room apartment, writing more than 600 pages between mid-October and early January. Midway I had an experience that I hope none of you have ever had, discovering that a two volume dissertation by a quite reputable scholar on what appeared to be precisely the same aspect of New York colonial history

had just been deposited at Fordham University. Talk about fear and trembling! I went to Bud Bailyn to ask what to do? His response was "the first thing you do is read the damned thing. And then there are two possibilities. One is that it's no good and then you won't to worry about it. The other is that it will be good, but, if so, it will be different than whatever you are doing. And so you will not have to worry about it." I did read it and it was good. It was a wonderful dissertation, actually – and, as Bud had predicted, quite different from mine. Then of course the issue was who would publish first, since there would not be room for two books so similar. So it put a little bit of pressure on me, but I was able to publish the dissertation as *Newcastle's New York* in 1968 – not exactly warp speed to publication.

Adria asked me, in about February of 1961, just after I finished the dissertation, "what are we doing next year?" When I replied "I don't know," she asked if we shouldn't make some plans for next year? I promised to ask Bud what I should do (you will begin to see a pattern here). And so I did. When I came home the next evening, Adria asked what Bud said. "Don't worry about it," I responded. And she quite reasonably asked what Bud had meant by that. I said I don't know, "but he said don't worry about it, so I am not going to worry about it." Then, in April I got a message from Bobby Wolfe, the chairman of the Harvard History Department, who called me into his office and said, more or less exactly, "you will begin your job as Instructor" in the Department next September." "Thank you very much." I said. I came home to tell Adria and she asked "Is that what you want to do?" and I said "Well, that's what they are telling me to do." And so I began my academic career.

But then the job process got more interesting. I was in my office in Dunster House a couple of weeks later when I got a telephone call from William McNeill, the distinguished world historian then the chairman of the History Department at the University of Chicago. He wanted to know if he could come to Cambridge to see me and of course I said yes. He turned up about a week later in my office, we had a cup of coffee and we chatted. He announced that he wanted me to be an assistant professor at Chicago starting in the fall. I said "oh God, I've love to do that but I have just agreed to be an instructor in the Harvard history department next year." "Don't be an idiot," he said, "an assistant professor at Chicago as opposed to

being an instructor at Harvard? Come to Chicago!" But I told him given my word to Harvard, and was not in a position to withdraw my acceptance. McNeill then requested to use my telephone, and dialed Jesse Lemisch, who was then finishing his Ph.D. at Yale, and offered him over the phone the job that I had just turned down. And so two academic careers were launched! Let's just say that it was a different world in those days.

But a better call came my first year as Assistant Professor at Harvard, in 1965. I had just been promoted from Instructor, when I got a call from Irvin Wiley, the chairman of the Department of History at the University of Wisconsin. That was a funny conversation, too. He was inviting me out for a job talk but I thought he was offering me a job by phone. I said "yes," and he said "how do you mean yes?" And I said "yes, I will take the job." But he said, "I haven't offered you a job yet!" So I did out to Madison on the 29th of March, 1965 for my interview. It was 50 degrees in Boston when I departed; it was 20 degrees and snowing when I got to Chicago, and it was about 5 degrees above with 3 feet of snow on the ground when I arrived in Madison. I thought to myself that this was a really crazy move to make, but Wisconsin was where I really wanted to go. I had been raised in the Midwest and the best students I knew who stayed in the Midwest either went to Madison or to Ann Arbor for college, since for Chicagoans these were the two great public universities. I felt embarrassed to have been in a private institution in the East for so long. It just seemed to me obvious that Wisconsin was right place to be.

I hope that Adria will forgive me for telling you this story -- she and the kids have been dragged around a lot over the course of my career. We were living on the 11th story of Leverett House at Harvard overlooking the Charles River, in a large and beautiful suite. We lived across the hall from two elegant guest suites inhabited by prestigious visitors for a term or a year -- for instance, Lewis Mumford lived next door one year. Leverett was comfortable, a great place to have children and a wonderful opportunity to meet people. Cambridge was a place we both loved. Adria was from South Hadley, Massachusetts and had gone to Radcliffe (where we had met in college), so both of us were very much at home in the Boston area. Adria was therefore understandably puzzled when I announced that I wanted to take her to Wisconsin, in my part of the country.

I told her what a beautiful place Madison was. And so we drove across the country to take up residence there, but when you drive up from Chicago to you come into Madison in through the industrial east side of town. Adria asked, as we drove along, when does it get beautiful? But then we reached Lake Monona and it really was beautiful – and we both fell in love with Madison. Something similar happened, by the way, when we moved to Princeton years later. As we drove south from Newark Airport along the New Jersey Turnpike, Adria kept asking when it would get beautiful? And as we entered Princeton it did, and we fell in love with Princeton, too.

But Madison was a wonderful place to live and teach. There was a spectacular American history group at the University, and of course it had a great tradition in the field. I became friends with Stan Kutler, Fritz Lampard, Bill Taylor, Merle Curti and many other fine historians in all fields. I had known at Bill Taylor Harvard – he had talked me into going there in the first place. So the University of Wisconsin was just a fabulous opportunity for a young historian. There were terrific students, many of whom are here this afternoon. Wisconsin was a place that was open in a way that I had not known before, in part because it wasn't so selective as Harvard. We had something like open admissions for graduate students, since every professor, even assistant professors, had his own seminar to which he admitted any applicant he wanted!

There were, I think, about 23 historians of America in the Department -- it was a really large group. No other History Department had such a large cohort. I was the junior of the three American colonial historians. The senior person in the field was Merrill Jensen, probably the most distinguished historian of the American Revolution at the time. My other early American colleague was David Lovejoy, a terrific friend to me , and a perfectly wonderful human being, who taught the 17th century. Merrrill, however, was not so sure about me. He was a progressive Pacific Northwest-Wisconsin type who referred to me throughout my time there as "Mr. Katz of Harvard." It was not intended as a compliment. To give you a feel for our relations, when I came to Madison for my job interview, Merrill had graciously planned a reception at his home after the grueling day of in-office interviews. After we got to the house and before the others arrived, he said "you look like you need a drink." I readily agreed. He asked me what Iwould like to drink, and I, politely, asked what he had on offer. "Anything

you would like." But when I said "Scotch and soda," he looked at me askance and said that he did not have Scotch (clearly, I suddenly realized, an Ivy League drink). So I asked again what he had on hand. "Rye". And so I learned to drink rye. Welcome to the Midwest. Things were a little different there.

Merrill wouldn't admit any applicant, more or less, who had attended an Ivy League school. He thought we were a bunch of phonies and that the grades in the Ivies were too high and so forth. The "real people," in his view, went to public universities or more obscure small schools. The result was that Ivyish applicants to grad school at Wisconsin frequently wound up in the seminar of an assistant professor, much to my delight. It was a great intellectual experience. Among the things that were most valuable to me as a teacher and as a scholar was working with Fritz Lampard, Bill Taylor and Merle Curti on a curricular project that we came to call History 290, the Wisconsin Laboratory course in American History. The group had gotten a grant from what was then the U.S. Office of Education (I think Ernie Boyer was Commissioner) to develop an introductory social sciences course based on the "discovery method" that Bruner and Zacharias had developed for teaching the sciences. We put together an entirely document-based course taught in small sections, teaching along with a large fleet of TAs. We continued to develop the course over a period of the last 4 or 5 years I was at Wisconsin. History 290, for me, built on what I had done in the Harvard freshman seminar in 1961, but with the inspired colleagues and brilliant graduate students at Wisconsin the pedagogical experience took on new life and new meaning. For one thing, I have never given a class lecture since 1967, having become convinced then that discussion was a better way of teaching. I will always be grateful for what I learned as a teacher in Madison.

The University of Wisconsin also formed me as a legal scholar, in particular as a socio-legal scholar. UW was where "law and society" was happening in those days, and I had brilliantly creative friends and colleagues in the field: Stan Kutler (always and of course), Lawrence Friedman, Jack Ladinsky, Stewart McCauley, Ken Dolbeare, Stuart Scheingold, Joel Grossman and so many others in Law, Sociology and Political Science. But of course the opportunity to meet, study with and become close to Willard Hurst was the high point for me as a legal historian. I had met Willard briefly in

Cambridge in the spring of 1970 when Morty Horwitz, Bill Nelson and I gave our conference on American Legal History, but the six years in Madison with Willard were a tremendous opportunity for me.

And of course Wisconsin permitted me to begin teaching legal history for the first time. I offered a course in Colonial American Legal History during my first semester in Madison. As far as I know, no one had ever given such an undergraduate lecture course before, and it turned out to be quite an experience for me. As a new professor I was assigned the 7:45 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. class period, whereas at Harvard I had never taught before 10:00a.m. This was a little staggering, especially when I discovered that there were eighty students enrolled, and I had expected five or six! I learned a tremendous amount about my new field of legal history by teaching it, as we all do, however, and it is gratifying to know that former students of mine are now teaching colonial legal history in several universities.

Madison was a learning experience for me and Adria other ways. The late 1960s were of course a terrible time on campuses because of the Viet Nam War. The War forced us to think through the relationship of politics to teaching and to higher education. This was in the end a useful and beneficial thing, but it was not fun. The University of Wisconsin was a tense place to be when we lived there. The department was torn apart by the War. Merrill did not speak to me for about three years. My fellow assistant professor friend, Bob Starobin, committed suicide, at least partly a result of what he took to be opposition to his promotion to tenure because of his opposition to the war. State police regulated entry to the room where we held departmental meetings for a couple of years. Classes were disrupted for weeks at a time. I lectured with tear gas in the room on several occasions. I don't remember this part of the Wisconsin years with any pleasure, at all.

On the whole, though, it was a growing experience. Among other things, I was able to be on leave for two years – little did I know that for the rest of my career I would have only one more year (1982, at the Institute for Advanced Study) on leave from teaching. In 1966-7 I went to Harvard for the first year of the Charles Warren Center, an American history fellowship program that provided me with the chance to work with an amazing group of fellows. Among my colleagues there were Barry Karl, Kitty Preyer, Winthrop Jordan, Bill Hutchison and several other superb people who became friends

and colleagues. Barry Karl later became my long-time collaborator, just as Stan Kutler had become my first at Wisconsin. Then in 1969-70 we returned to Cambridge so that I could be a fellow in law and humanities at the Harvard Law School. This was an extremely influential year in my intellectual and career development, and provided me with far more than the increase in legal history expertise which had been my reason for undertaking the fellowship. Most importantly, it was a year spent with Morty Horwitz and Bill Nelson, each of whom was just starting his career as a legal historian on Warren fellowships. These were to be two friends that were intellectually crucial to me.

Both Bill and Morty were retooling themselves as legal historians and we spent a year together talking nearly every day about legal history. It was the most important intellectual experience of that kind that I've ever had -- the excitement of three people trying to reinvent a field, which is what we thought we were trying to do at that time. We were aided by Jerry Cohen, who had somehow commandeered the income from Mark Howe's Charles Warren Chair in American legal history. Jerry was the godfather of our effort, and managed to raise the funds necessary to organize a big conference in the Spring of 1970 on legal history in Cambridge, to which invited everybody we heard of in the legal history field. The conference has by now been long forgotten, but my memory is that it brought a new energy and direction to the field. In part, this was because Williard Hurst came out for the conference. This was crucial because, amazingly, most of the scholars on the East Coast did not really know Willard or his work at that time. In the end the conference led to the establishment of the first book publication series in legal history and contributed to the revitalization of the professional society in the field. It was an exciting moment. Altogether the experience at Harvard Law School proved to be quite amazing far beyond its impact upon my scholarship in legal history. I so many people on the faculty there who were good to me, and from whom I learned. Jack Dawson with whom I studied contracts, was probably the biggest influence; but Paul Bator became a particularly close friend. Louis Jaffe was amazing. Archie Cox took the time to straighten me out on a number of things.

I should also mention here how fortunate I have been to be mentored by extraordinary people. I have very consciously tried to model myself on

them, and on what they did for me. Bud Bailyn, of course, was the first of my mentors and I can never fully repay what he has done for me over the years. But I have also been fortunate to have had a parallel set of influences in legal scholarship, who, while never formally my teachers, I consider mentors. The first was Mark DeWolfe Howe. When I was a graduate student at Harvard, I taught as a teaching fellow in his general education course " The Role of Law in Early American History." Mark had lunch with the teaching fellows once a week, and we soon became very close friends and remained so until his untimely death. Mark was the person who introduced me to American legal history. Then when I went to Wisconsin I was able to meet Willard Hurst, the scholar who formed American legal history as we now know it. I audited a course on legislation given by Willard, but, more than anything else, I was influenced by him as a person – like Mark Howe, he was an extraordinary human being as well as an exceptional intellectual. And then, when I moved to Chicago, I was fortunate enough to be befriended by Harry Kalven, who mentored me specifically as a law teacher. Harry even gave me one of his courses to teach. This was a course on dignitary harms which in any other law school would have been simply Torts II, but Harry had given it what I will always think of as the most elegant course title I've ever heard of: "The Redress of Certain Harms". Mark, Willard and Harry all combined intellectual brilliance, moral commitment and sweetness of character in a manner that has made a profound impression on me. They people were enormously important in my life, I miss them.

But of course among the many unforeseen consequences of my one year of legal training was my transition to a new career in law teaching. That had never been my intention, but after I returned to the History Department at Wisconsin in the fall of 1970, I received a phone call from Dean Phil Neal of the University of Chicago Law School, asking whether I would be interested in joining his faculty. Phil and his colleagues knew (and I knew) that this was a big gamble – I wasn't, after all, a lawyer, and at this point apart from a few economists (who taught nothing but economics) there were only a handful of nonlawyers on prominent law school faculties. But, for reasons still not clear to me, Chicago (Phil Kurland, I would guess) had decided that they needed an American constitutional historian. I insisted that I was a legal, not a constitutional, historian, but they offered me the job anyway. I told them I would not accept unless it was a law school-only appointment, since I did not

believe they were serious enough to hire an historian full-time, and those were the terms under which I joined the Law School faculty as Professor of Legal History in 1971. But then, over that summer, Phil Neal called to say that the faculty were delighted to have me joining them, but that it had dawned on him that I would need to teach something other than American Legal History in order to earn my keep! We agreed that place I could do the least damage to the curriculum was in constitutional law, and so American legal history and constitutional law became my core teaching responsibility at Chicago.

But there was another teaching possibility that neither Phil nor I had imagined. Owen Fiss, Harry Kalven, and I had lunch together regularly and decided that it would be great to do a course together. We decided to offer one on the law of slavery, for this was a topic that scholars were just getting interested in. We went to Phil Neil and asked him if he would give us permission to teach the course. He said "Absolutely, it's a wonderful idea, but I will have to think of another title." When we asked why, he said it was because the Law School could not advertise itself as teaching the law of slavery! "Don't worry about it I will come up with a title." So for four years we taught a seminar called "Government Regulation of Race Relations 1"! It was a great experience. The seminar must have been, though some of you here today will know, a bizarre experience for a student, because anybody who knew the three of us would know that no student ever got a word in edgewise. The seminar was an extended argument among the three of us and a wonderful experience for us, and, possibly, even for the students.

So, Chicago was great. As I said, I did not initially have an appointment in the History Department (though I had been offered tenure in the Department a few years earlier), but I did have Ph.D. students in the Department, and when I discovered that these students weren't getting fellowships, I joined the Department, much to my pleasure. The American history group was of course notable: Arthur Mann, John Hope Franklin, Neil Harris and Barry Karl were all there. I also became interested in public policy while I was in Chicago, and helped to found the Committee on Public Policy Studies, now the Harris School of Public Policy. My intellectual interests continued to expand while I was in Chicago. In particular, it was there that I became interested in philanthropy and began my still ongoing collaboration with Barry Karl on the history of philanthropy.

But let's fast forward at this point. I have started slowly because these early experiences I have recounted formed me as a person, a teacher and a scholar. My more recent career is what those of you here today know most about – and heaven knows too much has been said about me over the past couple of days.

I came to Princeton University in response to a fabulous opportunity. While at the Law School in Chicago I came to think that my career had drifted too far from my roots and intentions -- I was the associate dean of the law school, I was teaching law almost full time, and, except for legal history, I wasn't teaching any history courses. I also was not teaching any undergraduates, but my major interest throughout my career has been teaching undergraduates. So in 1977 when I was approached about a new Princeton History Department chair in legal history, it seemed a fabulous opportunity to get back to my earliest professional commitments. Princeton then had a wonderful History Department, dominated by Lawrence Stone. Natalie Davis was recruited here from Berkeley at about the same time I was, and Carl Schorske had come from there not long before. Arno Mayer, Jerry Blum, Tony Grafton and Bob Darnton taught European history. Stan Stein taught Latin American history, while Jim McPherson, John Murrin and others taught U.S. history. It was not just department of high academic quality, but it was a department that really worked at the personal level. It was a department in which everybody knew one another and the squad leader was Lawrence Stone. Some colleagues here will remember that when we walked into the History Department lounge, Lawrence Stone was always lurking about, and he would invariably say "we haven't had lunch in a couple of weeks!" He would then pull out his little date book, and you had to tell him then and there when you would have lunch with him.

Princeton was a wonderful environment in which to teach history. I was grandly called the Class of 1921 Bicentennial Professor of the History of American Law and Liberty, and because of the Chair, my major obligation was to create an undergraduate American legal history course. Doug Greenberg helped me teach it several times, and many of my former students here helped in preparing the source materials on which the course was based. But my research was actually moving away from legal history and toward philanthropy. I was also I was coming to realize that I was as interested in

public policy as I was in history, especially since I had begun to consulting on projects relating to not for profit institutions. So in 1981, at the request of Dean Donald Stokes, I accepted a joint appointment over here in the Woodrow Wilson School, which has been a very happy home ever since. The School was then presided over by Don Stokes, one of the finest men I have ever known. Don became another mentor to me.

I fear that you will think I am exaggerating about mentorship, but mine were not only great scholars, but men (with one exception, Miss Cam, they were men) tremendous moral integrity and force. I think that is what matters in academic life, and, alas, what we have gotten away from. The ideal of liberal education used to be the tight fit between morality and intelligence. My several mentors modeled that kind of fit.

I taught in the History Department and the Woodrow Wilson School from 1978 to 1986, and then resigned from the University to become the President of the American Council of Learned Societies. But I am not even going to talk about ACLS this afternoon, since you heard a lot about that this morning. For me ACLS was the most fabulous opportunity in my career. After all, the egg-breaking business lurks in my background. Deep down, I am basically an entrepreneur. But nobody had ever before given me the keys to the candy store, and suddenly at ACLS I had a chance to build programs that might effectuate some of the interests I had developed over the years. ACLS offered the opportunity to consider what the major challenges to teaching and scholarship were, and to begin do something about them. It offered the chance to build programs, to build relationships, to bring the humanities closer to the social sciences, particularly in area studies and especially in what might be called "the foreign relations" of learning

ACLS provided me with the opportunity to travel. After all, I was trained as an Americanist, and for me a foreign trip was to go to Terra Haute. Suddenly I had reason to go outside the United States for professional reasons. And the result was than my own scholarship was transformed -- almost everything I do now is comparative, whether it concerns philanthropy or history or law. I'm now convinced that international comparison is the best approach, but, alas, I am, unlike my children, resolutely monolingual so that there are severe limits to what I can do well by way of comparison. But I am grateful to ACLS for internationalizing me.

I had told the ACLS board that I would not accept their job if I could not continue to teach, and Princeton was good enough to permit me to teach regularly for the eleven years I worked in New York – I taught one course a semester for the eleven years that I was at ACLS - I took off only one term from teaching. As I indicated earlier, in my whole career, I have had only 3 ½ years on leave, and I don't regret that at all, since I have been so reluctant to stop teaching. The administrative work and teaching I have done have doubtless limited my scholarly productivity, but scholarship was never my major motivation for entering the profession. In the end I hope to be remembered as a teacher, not as a scholar and that is fine with me.

Returning to Princeton after I retired from ACLS in 1997 was attractive and easy. I had never moved out of my office in the Woodrow Wilson School, and by the time I returned my longtime friend and colleague in nonprofit studies, Paul DiMaggio had arrived from Yale. Paul has been a wonderful colleague and collaborator. For the past decade we have built the Center for Arts and Cultural Policy Studies, which I am happy to say this week we finally managed to get refunded. It hasn't been easy to do. I have had increasingly wonderful undergraduate students since returning, and have spent much of my time directing the undergraduate major in public policy at the Woodrow Wilson School. This last fall, I offered two of the most enjoyable courses I have ever taught here: a student initiated seminar called "The Just University" (students who recruited themselves to think about what it would mean for the University to adhere to a standard of justice) and my standard undergraduate course on "Civil Society and Public Policy". I had a terrific bunch of students. Two of the three best papers last term were written by sophomores and all of you who teach undergraduates will recognize the thrill of finding young people "taking wing." It is the ultimate thrill for a teacher.

So, I'm going to stop here – I know that I have been rambling, the text I prepared last week felt too formal to recite this afternoon. Perhaps I will put it up on the Web. [Here it is, slightly cleaned up.] No matter. I'll conclude by saying again what I said before. I have been incredibly lucky about everything – my wife, my family, my life. I have had a charmed career. What academic would not have given a lot to have taught at Harvard, Wisconsin, Chicago, Princeton,? I should also mention that I taught law at

Penn very happily for a number of years. I recognize because I travel a lot that few teachers are lucky enough to teach in a great institutions, and I have taught in nothing but great institutions. I know that this has been an indulgence, since one of the advantages of teaching in great institutions is that you can "do your thing." And I have surely always done my thing.

I am grateful that I've had a chance to devote my career to the political ideals I care deeply about. As I have said, I chose a career in teaching because it was my way to build democracy and to sustain citizenship. Working as I have in the intellectual world has given me a chance to take positions, to organize initiatives, to work for things that I feel deeply are central to the improvement of democracy both here and abroad. I recognize that I personally have had at best a trivial impact, but it has mattered profoundly to me that I have been able to try to further my ideals.

Finally, I want to say how blessed I feel that my original career choice was the right one for me. I went into teaching because I felt sure that what I wanted was to work with students, and this is my now 50th year of teaching. I have had more fun teaching this year than I did when I began in 1957. How fortunate I am! And to answer the question that several of you asked me over the past two days, I want to say I have absolutely no intention of retiring, ever. Why should anyone retire who is having as much fun as I am? And here I particularly want to address my former students in the audience. It is you have made it fun, it is you have made it worthwhile, and it is you who are making the world is a better place because of who you are and what you do. I am so grateful to you for being there.

And I thank you from the bottom of my heart.