



1956

## Tully Knoles of Pacific: Horseman, Teacher, Minister, College President, Traveler, and Public Speaker

Reginald R. Stuart

Grace D. Stuart

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/pacific-pubs>

---

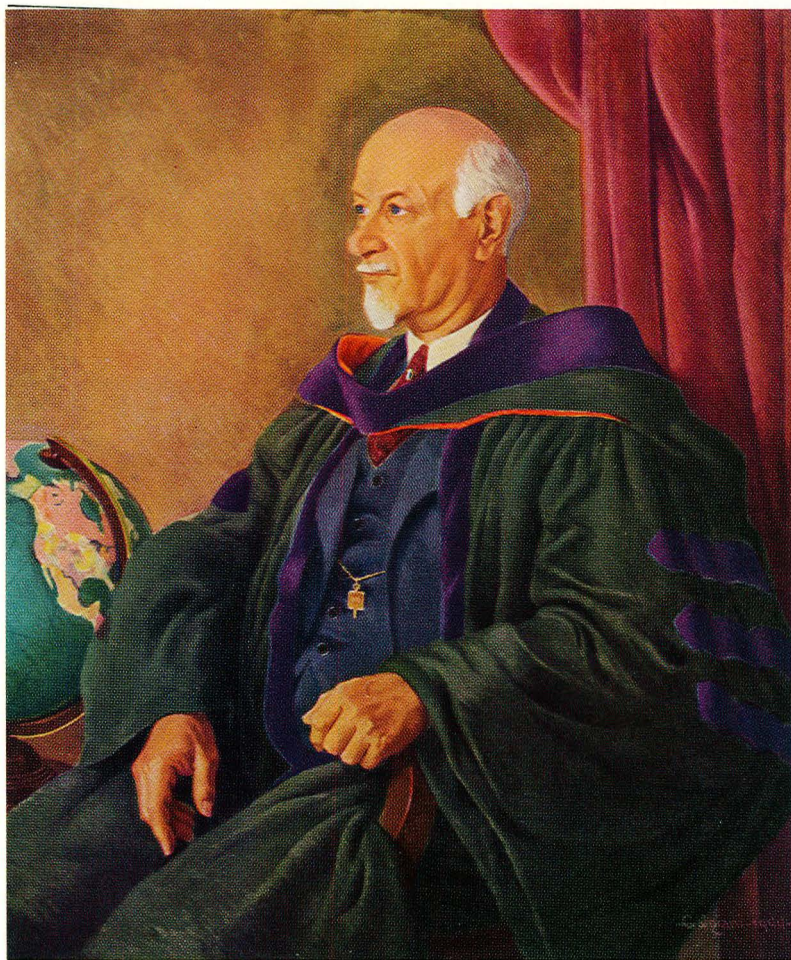
### Recommended Citation

Stuart, Reginald R. and Stuart, Grace D., "Tully Knoles of Pacific: Horseman, Teacher, Minister, College President, Traveler, and Public Speaker" (1956). *University of the Pacific Books*. 2.  
<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/pacific-pubs/2>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University of the Pacific Publications at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in University of the Pacific Books by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:m gibney@pacific.edu).

DR. TULLY C. KNOLES *has been not only a fine educator but also a great citizen. He richly deserves the honor that his friends show him. He has always taken a forthright position on matters of public concern throughout the many years of his long life. His wholesome influence on the growth and development of our State has been tremendous, and all of us are the beneficiaries of it. His devotion to the College of the Pacific and to all those who have been associated with it represents a thrilling episode in the life of our State. His good work and his good will for others justly entitle him to many more years of happiness.*

EARL WARREN, *Chief Justice*  
*Supreme Court of the United States*



CHANCELLOR TULLY CLEON KNOLES



# **Tully Knoles of Pacific**

*Horseman,  
Teacher, Minister, College President,  
Traveler, and Public Speaker*

A BIOGRAPHY BY  
REGINALD R. STUART & GRACE D. STUART



THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC  
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA  
MCMLVI



Copyright 1956  
The College of the Pacific

Lawton Kennedy, Printer

DEDICATED TO  
ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN INSPIRED BY  
A GREAT TEACHER, AN UNDERSTANDING COUNSELLOR,  
A CONVINCING SPEAKER,  
AND A MOST HUMAN INDIVIDUAL



## *Contents*

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

INTRODUCTION BY PRESIDENT ROBERT E. BURNS

PREFACE

CHAPTER 1	BELL RINGERS	I
2	CENTAUR	7
3	DECISION	13
4	EMILY	21
5	PROFESSOR	35
6	HEALTH MISSION	45
7	MEN—NOT MONEY	51
8	ROOT-BOUND	63
9	TRANSPLANTED	71
10	PRESIDENT	81
11	TRUSTEES—AND A TRAVELER	95
12	CHURCHMAN	105
13	PUBLIC SPEAKER	113
14	CHANCELLOR	119
15	“THEREWITH TO BE CONTENT”	129
16	“BY REASON OF STRENGTH”	135

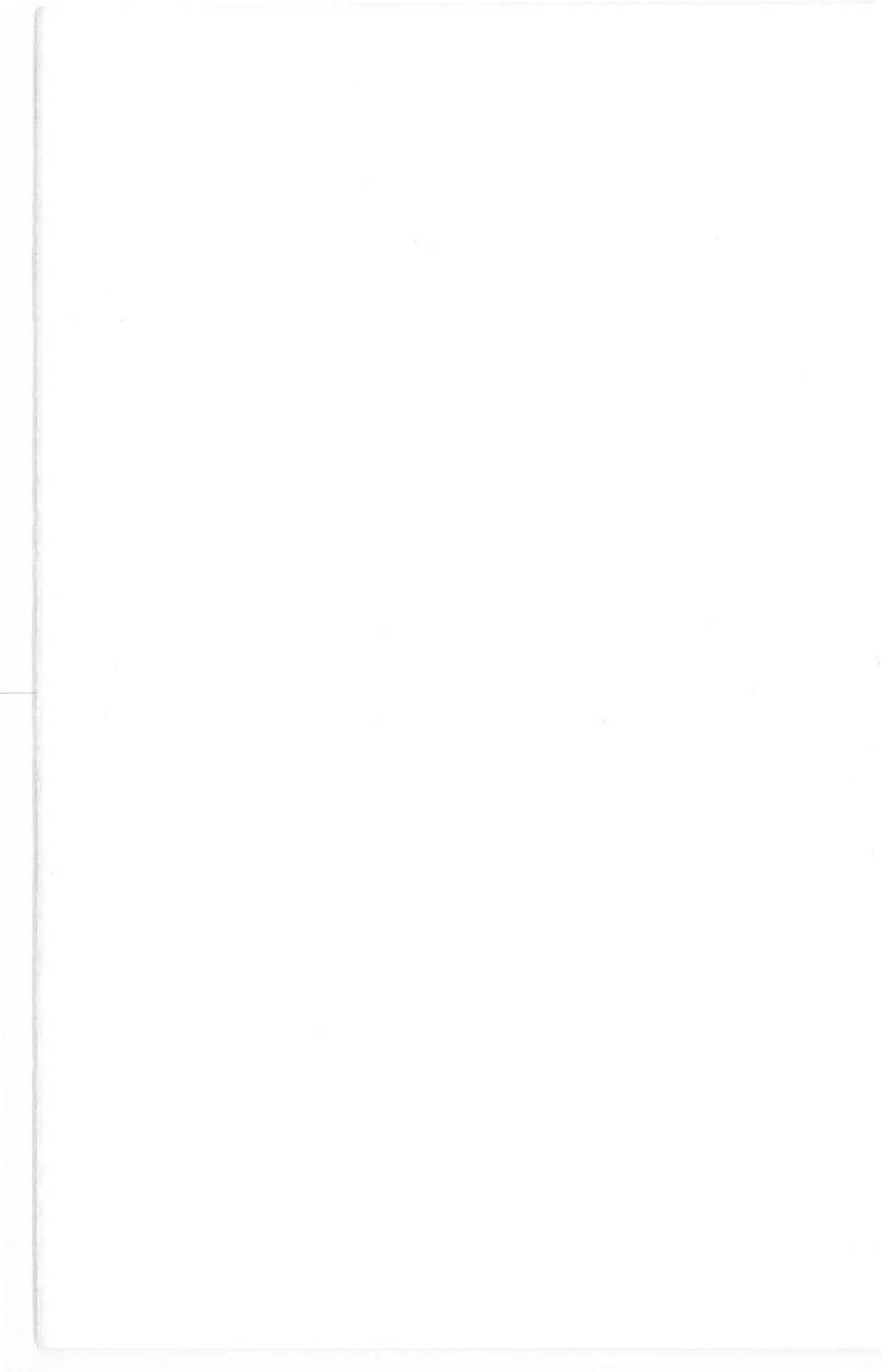
APPENDICES

A KNOLES GENEALOGY

B DR. KNOLES' GRADUATE SEMINAR

NOTES

INDEX



## List of Illustrations

- TULLY CLEON KNOLES *Frontispiece*  
The color reproduction of Chancellor Knoles is from the portrait by Oscar Galgiani of Stockton, painted in 1944 in honor of Dr. Knoles' 25th year as president of the College, the longest term in the annals of the institution. The portrait was financed by the twenty-five Pacific Student Association presidents that had served during Dr. Knoles' presidency.
- TULLY AT TWO (Left) PLATE 1
- TULLY AND HIS BROTHER, ROLLIN, ABOUT 1879 (Right) PLATE 1
- TRACK TEAM AT CHAFFEY, 1893 PLATE 2  
Tully, the Pole Vaulter
- COLLEGE GRADUATION, 1903 PLATE 3  
(Upper, L to R) Rev. Maynard Beckwith (d), Ruth Brown, John Jacobs (d)  
(Lower, L to R) Estelle Williamson (d), Tully C. Knoles, Luther Rice (d), Mrs. Maynard Beckwith (nee Edah Biew) (d)
- AN OLD PROFESSOR AND HIS DEVOTEE (Upper) PLATE 4  
James Harmon Hoose—Tully as a Young Professor
- "ONE OF THESE IS MY TEACHER" (Lower) PLATE 4  
Quotation from Archie Porter, now Bishop A. W. N. Porter, Sacramento
- TULLY KNOLES OF PACIFIC, 1919 PLATE 5
- KNOLES FAMILY GROUP, 1931 PLATE 6  
(Upper) George H., Peter W., Lorraine I., Gordon E., Tully C. Jr.  
(Lower) Dr. Knoles, Edith E., Dorothy A., Mrs. Knoles, Leslie G.
- TULLY'S PARENTS' 65TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PLATE 7  
(Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stone Knoles)  
(Upper) T. Marshall, Mignon, Don E., Tully C., Emily I., Ollie, Rollin C., Luella, Paul Hart  
(Lower) Eula, Uncle Will, Thomas S., Laura Ellen, Emily, Harold E., Stella Ellen
- FATHER AND MOTHER KNOLES ON WAY TO CHURCH WITH SPOT PLATE 8
- THE TEACHER, ABOUT 1950 PLATE 9



- RECEIVING LL.D.'s AT BOSTON UNIVERSITY PLATE 10  
 Owen D. Young and Tully C. Knoles just after receiving Honorary Doctorates of Law from President Daniel Marsh (*Center*) of Boston University, June, 1946
- WELCOMING AMOS ALONZO STAGG, 1932 PLATE 11  
 Group of Pacific students and Director of Athletics Robert Breeden (*r*), President Tully C. Knoles, and Assistant Coach Ralph Francis greeting Amos Alonzo Stagg on his arrival at Pacific, 1932
- MANY SEQUOIA GIGANTEAS GROW ON PACIFIC'S CAMPUS PLATE 12  
 Here are three of them  
 (L to R) Rockwell D. Hunt, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Tully C. Knoles
- TULLY AND OLE—"ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND" PLATE 13
- DR. AND MRS. KNOLES ON THEIR FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, 1949 PLATE 14  
 Ole and In-the-Velvet
- GROUP AT FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PLATE 15  
 (*Upper*) Tully C. Jr., Audrey, Gordon E., Leslie G., Dorothy (Mrs. Peter W.), Peter W., George H., Ann, Dorothy A., Erford McAllister  
 (*Middle*) Beatrice (Mrs. Tully C. Jr.), Lorraine, Adrienne, Beatrice (Mrs. Leslie G.), Emily, Tully C., Amandalee, Gail, Alice, Edith E.  
 (*Lower*) Leslie Jean, Richard M., Thomas C., Peter W. Jr., Michael E.
- NEWS OR FOOD? PLATE 16

## *Introduction*

Only a few great men walk across the educational scene in any given area. Certainly one of these is Tully Cleon Knoles. Starting from humble beginnings, Dr. Knoles has distinguished himself in many areas of our common life.

As one who has been intimately associated with him for twenty-nine years, first as a student and then as a co-worker in administration, I have had an opportunity to see his greatness manifested. The intellectual was always present, stimulating and highly recognized. The religious was evidenced by an early devotion to the highest in spiritual motives, his ordination as a minister, and his service to countless churches. The public platform called early and he has continued late as one of the most sought-after speakers in the state. Classroom teaching was a first love, and while administrative duties much of the time robbed him of this coveted experience, there are many who remember the thrill of sitting at his feet.

Even though he is a man of intellectual interests, a man of the cloth, a man of the platform, a man of the classroom, one additional great factor stands out—his humanness. Always kind, sympathetic, responsive, he rose to great heights as a person who has the common touch. Testimony to this could easily come from student, teacher, clergyman, cowboy, lodge member, service club member—in fact, from almost anyone who has had occasion to know him. All of them would agree that he represents the successful and efficient life.

It is fitting that in his eighty-first year a suitable record of his career should be made for distribution to his friends. Providential was the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Stuart were available to do the necessary research and compose the information contained in this volume. Based on an illustrious subject, treated with the devotion of the Stuarts, and produced by the exemplary

artistry of the printer, Lawton Kennedy, this volume will be greatly treasured by many throughout the years.

*April 24, 1956*

ROBERT E. BURNS, *President*  
COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC

## *Preface*

It has been our sincere wish that this should be truly a Tully Knoles book. Only where his own modesty tended to obscure a pertinent fact have we taken over. Thus, through tape recordings, much of the copy is in his exact words with but slight editorial alteration.

It has been a wonderful experience for us. Day after day he has laid before us segments of his life, and the motives which put action and enthusiasm into his work. He has bared the perplexities and disappointments, and the solutions which have kept his rudder on a true course. We have thrilled at the practical and sensible suggestions of Emily and the tolerant and cheerful acceptance of them by a great man who knows when and where to seek advice and help.

Members of the family have been most cooperative, and all his friends have been eager to help. Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt's "History of the College of the Pacific" has provided much information. Fraternal and service clubs, the Methodist Conference reports, Pacific faculty members, and newspaper clippings have been the sources of further data.

To District Superintendent Howard Greenwalt, who initiated the project; to Stuart Gibbons and his special committee of Pacific Associates, who furnished the sinews of operation; to President Robert E. Burns, who wrote the INTRODUCTION; and to Dr. Malcolm R. Eiselen and Reverend Robert W. Moon, who read the complete manuscript and offered valuable suggestions, our very special thanks.

To Bishop James Chamberlain Baker, to Bishop Donald Harvey Tippett, to Bishop Gerald Kennedy, to Superintendent James H. Corson, to Dr. G. A. Werner, to C. Edward Best, to Dr. Dewey Powell, to Mel Nickerson, and to others who provided significant segments of this record, our appreciative acknowledgment.

To Jesse R. Rudkin, to Arthur R. Farey, and to the entire office staff, our gratitude for innumerable courtesies and much encouragement.

Finally, to Lawton Kennedy, master craftsman and friend, who once again has printed one of our publications, and to his wife, Freda, for her painstaking research on the "Beggar's Pouch," our continuing esteem and appreciation.

*April 3, 1956*

---

## Bell-Ringers

---

That Tully Cleon Knoles was born in Petersburg, Illinois, on January 6, 1876—almost exactly a century after the signing of the Declaration of Independence—is a fact easily obtainable. That the Declaration holds special meaning for both sides of his family is not so commonly known. His father, Thomas Stone Knoles, and *his* maternal grandfather, Thomas Stone, were namesakes of the latter's uncle, Thomas Stone<sup>1</sup> of Maryland, who was a signer of the Declaration. Similarly, Tully's mother, Laura Ellen Hart, was quite as proud of her relationship as a direct descendant of John Hart of New Jersey, who also was a signer.

The name Knolles—Knoles—Knowles is of early English or Welsh origin. It may have been applied to the people who lived among the "little hills," but an even more interesting interpretation is that which would apply the name to the Bell Ringers—the news and decree announcers who passed from house to house to acquaint the inhabitants with information of importance. The latter meaning has a special significance to the present Knoles family.

As we sat in his comfortable den and office that December morning, surrounded by choice books, mementoes of achievements, photographs, and the like, we wondered how best to convey through the written page the charm, the vitality, the kindliness, and the intellectual genius of this most extraordinary man.

Searching for clues to his success, we spoke to Dr. Knoles about the beginnings of his family in America.

"I have spent a great many hours—and perhaps a great many days—trying to study the genealogy of the Knoleses in the United



States of America—and I have found it a fascinating study.<sup>2</sup> First of all, because there are so many of them—particularly in the early Colonial life. Of course, all the Knoleses are very proud of the fact that they trace their ancestry to Sir Richard Knoles. However, my special interest has centered upon the man who left the ‘w’ out of the name—Prettyman Knoles, of Delaware. We’ve had a little joke among those of us who leave out the ‘w’ that he was so incensed over the fact that his father called him *Prettyman* that he decided to change the second part of the name and leave out the ‘w.’

“So most of my reading has centered upon him and his descendants. We are all very proud of the fact that early in life he migrated to the city of Atlanta in Georgia. If one looks over the telephone book in Atlanta, he will find a tremendous number of Knowleses in that community. However, they are not descendants of Prettyman. Somewhere along the line, before he reached Indiana after his sojourn in Georgia, he dropped the ‘w’ out of his name—and that has made us the black sheep of the great Knowles clan; they are not very proud of the fact that we have omitted the ‘w.’

“While in Atlanta, Prettyman fell in love with an Irish immigrant from Cork—a very beautiful woman whose baptismal name was Martha Greer. However, she was very early nicknamed ‘Patsy,’ and she carried that name to the time of her death. All of the traditions—and some of the written material—indicate that she was a very beautiful woman. My maternal ancestors knew her from middle life on and they all concurred in that idea—and when the opposite side of a family gives that appreciation to a woman, we think it must be true.

“Prettyman had the long trip up into Indiana from Georgia, stopping off in both Tennessee and Kentucky. One of the interesting stories is that an uncle, in providing part of the equipment for the trip, traded a woman for a horse. As a slave was worth a great

deal more than a horse, the uncle had to take a note for the balance—which we are glad to report was ultimately paid.

“The family, under the leadership of Prettyman and his wife, Patsy, made that long journey in a cart and they had, of course, a great many difficulties. The roads were poor, but Prettyman was a good man with tools so he managed to keep the cart moving. They set up in Gibson County, Indiana, in a whole nestful of Knowleses with the ‘w’ and that clan has increased very, very rapidly in Indiana. A large proportion of them became members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which is, as you know, an offshoot from the established Presbyterian Church.”

Then Dr. Knoles explained that this church was somewhat more evangelistic than the established or parent church. He added:

“May I say in passing, that when the Presbyterians amalgamated with several smaller groups, just as the Methodists did some time ago, a small number of Cumberland Presbyterians throughout the United States decided not to go along with the union—and they remain to this day in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. All of my ancestors since Prettyman Knoles have belonged to that church, including my father and mother, who retained their membership in the Los Angeles Cumberland Presbyterian Church, although for the quarter of a century that they lived with us, they affiliated with the local Methodist church.”

It often has been said that Tully Knoles is a man’s man. Of course, this does not mean he is unpopular with the fair sex, but it does mean he invariably has a message for and is appreciated by the male members of his audience. He speaks their language without frills or affectation—and his logical approach is so convincing that organizations such as the Commonwealth Club of California and numerous men’s service clubs request his appearance year after year.

Not only is Dr. Knoles a man’s man, but he comes from a family of which a great majority were men.<sup>3</sup> His father had six broth-

ers and several sisters who reached maturity, while Tully himself was one of seven brothers and a sister who lived well past middle age. Finally, Dr. and Mrs. Knoles are the parents of five sons and three daughters. Thus from earliest childhood he has been surrounded by men, was obliged to make himself understood by men, and quite early learned to understand the workings of the masculine mind.

In 1846, Asa Knoles, the son of Prettyman, migrated from Indiana to Menard County, Illinois. He was a Democrat and a staunch advocate of Andrew Jackson and Stephen A. Douglas.<sup>4</sup> He joined no secret societies, and lived and died a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was a farmer who lived just outside the village of Greenview. Of his seven sons, two became lawyers, two were blacksmiths, and three were farmers. "The farmers," said Tully, "made the most money."

Tully's father, Thomas Stone Knoles, and his uncle, Samuel Stone Knoles, were attorneys—for sixty years or more—practicing in all the courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States. Both brothers eventually came to southern California, and a number of their children became prominent about San Francisco Bay and in central California. Mrs. Carrie E. Hoyt, former councilwoman and mayor of Berkeley, was Dr. Knoles' first cousin.

Tully is especially proud of his maternal grandmother, Margaret Ellen Terhune Hart. "She was the most remarkable woman I have ever known. She was old enough to make uniforms for the soldiers of the Mexican War. Then she lost her husband in the Civil War—he was killed in the battle of Guntown in Mississippi. So she raised all four of her children herself—she did all the farming, she did all the butchering, all the care of the sheep—the shearing, the carding of the wool, the spinning, the weaving, and the making of clothes for the entire family.

"One of the odd things about her life was this: After she had

cared for and raised those children and they had gone out into life, she married a second time—this time a Knowles with a ‘w’ in it. So that all the rest of the time she was with us, I would introduce her as my grandmother, Mrs. Knowles, and people would begin to talk to her about her ‘son Tom’ (my father). Then she would say:

“‘Oh, my goodness! I’m no relation of his—I’m the mother of his wife.’”

She was a member of the great Shanklin family of Tennessee and also related to the novelist, Alfred Payson Terhune. For a number of years Dr. William Arnold Shanklin was the president of Wesleyan University in Connecticut (1909-1923). During a part of this time, Dr. Knoles was the president of the College of the Pacific. Thus members of the same family were piloting the destinies of Methodist colleges at both the extreme eastern and the extreme western borders of the country.

Dr. Knoles continued:

“As I have said, my grandmother sewed uniforms for the soldiers of the Mexican War, lost her husband in the Civil War, had a son in the Spanish-American War, and a whole flock of grandsons in World War I. And she lived through all that to the ripe age of 93!”

Longevity is undoubtedly an inherited trait in the Knoles family. Despite the fact that Tully’s paternal grandparents, Asa Knoles and Dorcas Stone, both died in middle life with what was then called “galloping consumption” (it may have been influenza), all their children lived to ripe old age. One son died at 68, “after having been shot through the lung in the Civil War and spending some time in Andersonville prison. No other member of the family died under the age of 84. My father died at the age of 89. My father’s sister had her 100th birthday a year ago, and seemingly was in perfect health—but in eleven days she was gone.”

Of Tully's six brothers and a sister, only one brother (who was killed in an accident) and the sister, Mrs. John Habermelde, are gone. "I would like to pay tribute to my sister. She lived with seven boys and was never spoiled! We have all had our ups and downs, and sicknesses, but the six of us are still alive."

Here, then, is the inheritance: Roots deep in the history of the country; independent and liberal thinkers; men trained in logical, forceful expression; tempered with the romance and humor of an Irish ancestor; strong men and women, competent to meet life's battles and to fight long and valiantly.

---

## Centaur

---

Tully Knoles was born at Petersburg, Illinois, in the heart of the Lincoln country, just sixty-four days before the first spoken message, "Mr. Watson, come here; I want you," passed over the wires in Boston, Massachusetts.<sup>1</sup> His life, then, has completely spanned the remarkable development of the telephone.

Early photographs show Tully as blond and blue-eyed.<sup>2</sup> He was the eldest living child in a rather large family, and though active-minded and precocious, one reads between the lines that his health was never very good—not bad enough to put him into bed much of the time, but still not good enough for the most strenuous games. Early in life he found it necessary to bolster his physical powers with brains. However, few of his closest acquaintances ever realized that his perfect poise was the result of a disciplined physique and tremendous will power.

Earliest impressions are interesting and sometimes suggestive and illuminating. Quite appropriately, Tully's earliest memories concerned horses. Vividly, he recalled three men attempting to extricate a horse which had rolled over and become entangled in a fence. Tully was then under three years of age. A few weeks later his mother looked out of the back door to find her young son astride an unbroken colt, without saddle or bridle. How he got on the horse no one ever knew, but "nature and gravitation" took him off in a hurry.

His mother used to say, when telling of these experiences:

"I wish to goodness he'd been somewhere else. Perhaps he wouldn't have been so crazy about horses."

It was the day when most families kept cows. There was almost



unlimited grazing land—in fact, anything not fenced in was considered a part of the public domain. One of Tully's earliest tasks was to bring home the cows at milking time. Away he went, bare-headed, bareback, and at a gallop. Sometimes he found them on the opposite side of the Sangamon and as he drove them splashing and swimming across the river, it was not difficult to imagine himself a part of an overland caravan with perhaps Indians lurking in the underbrush.

While Tully was still a young boy, his father became the owner and editor of quite an influential local newspaper. So it happened that his first employment, except for home duties, was in this newspaper pressroom as an apprentice typesetter.

"It taught me how to spell, and I learned grammar the hard way. But," he added, "I've never worked a day at the case since."

His recollections of grammar school days are somewhat limited and sketchy, due probably to the fact that he had not over three full, unbroken years of elementary school training. In Illinois, he remembers now only a school principal by the name of Briggs.

Strangely enough, his pre-school experiences were much more important and lasting. "There was a very popular elderly man in Petersburg who had been a fine German teacher in his native land. Some of the people of the professional class thought it a great honor to have their children take pre-school German with this old man—and I took it.

"When I was fifty years old, I travelled through Germany and found to my utter amazement that I could speak better German than I could French or Spanish, which I had studied for years. It was almost uncanny. I had made no use of this kindergarten training for a long, long time. Now, without effort, I found myself understanding and talking in this foreign language. Of course, there were two reasons why this skill had been retained: One was that I was very young when language impressions are likely to be deeper, and second, the things the old German taught

had to do with normal living and were not matters of grammar, syntax, construction, and definitions."

Tully does remember, however, a little blue-eyed, flax-haired Jewish girl, Fannie Seligman, who seems to have been his first sweetheart. Years later he called at her home and she instantly recognized him—beard and all. She had never married.

In the early spring of 1887, when Tully was eleven years old, his father decided to move to California. His mother's brother, William Hart, was then living in or near Ontario and his letters regarding the climate and opportunities were certainly thought-provoking. Of even greater importance to the family's decision was the steady stream of uncensored advertising material<sup>8</sup> which poured out of southern California. Finally, at this opportune time, his father was able to make a favorable sale of the newspaper—and the family was ready to go.

Already the "Land Boom of the Eighties" was tapering off, and every conceivable device was being used to prolong the "good times" as long as possible. One of the advertising schemes used by the railroad companies was "cut-rate" fares.

"Our tickets cost us very little," Tully recalled. "However, as we were just at the beginning of the rate war, we didn't quite hit the jack pot, as the saying goes. Shortly after we got to California, the fare dropped so that you could come from Kansas City to the Coast for a dollar."

For the eleven-year-old boy, the trip to California was a memorable experience. The family came "tourist" and the cars were somewhat similar to the present-day "Pullmans" except that the seats and upper berths were in rattan. A combined cookstove and heater was located at each end of the car, and since there were no diners on tourist trains, each family had to bring its own food. "One of my earliest recollections," said Tully, "was the contest among the men to get up before anyone else and get the first cup of coffee." Actually, there was little cooking en route as most of the food was carried in huge hampers and eaten cold.

When the family arrived in California, the elder Knoles soon discovered there were more immediate opportunities for real estate salesmen than for lawyers. This brought many moves for them and it meant, too, on a waning land market, sales commissions were often paid in goods—ironically, often in horses. Once when his father made a sale of some land southeast of Ontario, he received as his fee “a team of fine gray horses, harness, and a surrey with fringe on top.”

This was not too bad for young Tully, who found himself surrounded with horses in this new state with its traditions of vaqueros and “horned cattle.” Soon he became something of a centaur—part man and part horse. Already he had learned that all information is valuable and is sure to come in handy sooner or later. A few years earlier, a travelling cowboy had given an exhibition in Tully’s native town of Petersburg. All the boys in the audience had watched his feats with the lasso with open-mouthed wonderment. The next day the erstwhile cowboy gravitated toward the newspaper office to pick up such crumbs of free advertising as might fall from the local press. He had a certain amount of gumption, too. How better to impress the editor than to teach his son some of the “tricks of the trade”? So Tully had learned, even before his arrival in California, how to handle the lasso—or lariat, as it was called in the West.

As the years passed, he became expert in roping steers and horses, and could place the lariat about the horns or any foot of the running animal as desired. At eighty, he confessed:

“I still have the skill, but my limit is about a half or three-quarters of an hour.”

Tully remembers a number of his elementary teachers in southern California. Among them was a Miss Ella Cooney, who seems to have made a lasting impression on the growing boy. Years later this same teacher attended a summer session at the University of Southern California and enrolled for a course in Early American

History, completing her requirements for a bachelor degree under her former pupil.

In the early '90's there was a popular grammar school principal of Ontario named George Washington Alexander Lucky. He was a "whiz" in grammar and the complex-compound sentences he brought forth were wonders to behold. It was the time when diagramming was in fruition, and there was nothing about the subject which the principal-teacher did not know and use. At the same time, his own conversation was a thing of amazement. He had never "gone," but he had "went" many places, and there was seldom any "number" relationship between nouns and verbs. One day Tully asked him:

"Professor, how does it happen that you are so good in grammar and diagramming, and yet you use such terrible English?"

It was an audacious question, but Lucky was honest as well as a fine teacher.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "I was raised in Indiana and my speech is what I learned as a boy. Anyone who tried to use good English in my home community was considered a sissy. Try as hard as I can, I cannot overcome those earliest influences."

Strangely enough, the subject in which the teacher was most inspiring to his students was the History of American Literature. A few years later his influence became apparent when seven of the ten students in this eighth grade class became teachers. Later Professor Lucky went to Columbia University, won his Ph.D. degree, and was elected Head of the Department of Pedagogy in the University of Nebraska, where he remained honored and respected for many years.

In February, 1888, Tully and his father made the long trip by team—three days—from Ontario to San Diego. In many respects the companionship of father and son was a delightful experience. There were long drives through the interior valleys in an area which was then almost a desert. The boy remembered well the

old saying his father repeated as they crossed a great, dry "wash":  
"Where water has gone, it will go again."

In the light of many recent flash floods, his observation seems prophetic.

The road, in the main, was good, but in some places in the Puente Hills they passed through almost swamps of the stickiest, smelliest muck, which hung to the wheels and almost clogged up the running gear of the light wagon. Of course, these were the outcroppings of the great petroleum fields which soon were to be discovered.

Said Tully, "I saw the entire development of the oil business of southern California, but I never invested a cent in the stock."

According to his close friend and great Rotarian, Edward Best, Tully saw possibilities in a southern California city:

"In 1889 Tully's folks settled in San Diego, where Tully first engaged in urban business—he had a paper route. As a matter of fact, at the same time he was shining shoes in a shoeshine parlor, and it was in this latter occupation that young Tully felt he had found his proper niche in life. While the other boys were telling their friends that when they grew up they wanted to be policemen, firemen, cowboys, et cetera, young Tully was telling everybody who would listen that when *he* grew up he wanted to run a shoeshine parlor on the corner of D and Broadway in San Diego. However, his folks broke this dream bubble by moving back to Ontario at the end of the year.

"Soon Tully found certain compensations in Ontario. It wasn't long until he came to the conclusion there was greater satisfaction to be gained in life from *saving* souls than by shining soles. So he gave up the thought of a career as a bootblack, and started studying for the ministry."<sup>4</sup>

---

---

## Decision

---

---

For years public education had terminated with the elementary schools. Those who desired further training, and could afford it, pursued their studies in church-sponsored academies or other private institutions. In the early '90's there was no high school in Ontario, and in fact few such schools in the whole of California. The nearest *public* high school was located at Pomona and even this short distance was too far from Ontario for the daily transportation facilities of the time.

Ontario had been founded by two Canadians—George and William Benjamin Chaffey<sup>1</sup>—who in 1882 had purchased a 6216-acre tract of the Rancho Cucamonga from the Tapia family for the sum of \$60,000.00. A section of this land—640 acres—was set aside for the new townsite and half of this was reserved for educational purposes. Four years before the Knoles family had arrived from Illinois, a large brick building had been constructed which was immediately named “The Chaffey College of Agriculture.” The name had been applied by the founders with the hope that some day the institution might grow into a bona-fide college. At that time, however, it was a Methodist academy under the control of the University of Southern California and served as one of its “prep” schools. So long as it continued as a church school, it remained an academy. Even so, it was the educational center of the community and, as such, exerted a tremendous cultural pull on the youth of the area. In 1906 it became a *public* high school and in more recent years it has expanded into Chaffey College, with a very modern agricultural department. Thus, ulti-



mately the dream of the founders—a college bearing their name and offering courses for prospective farmers—has come true.

Tully was well acquainted with this school long before he enrolled there in 1891. He recalled an interesting custom followed by the neighborhood boys who owned horses. Far up at the head of long, broad, and tree-lined Euclid Avenue, which led down to the college four miles away, someone would start out on horseback, others would join him en route, and finally a whole squad of young equestrians were racing and clattering down to the academy for a school entertainment, or to attend services in that chapel.

For those who desired a more leisurely trip, there was a street-car on Euclid Avenue, a sort of gravity conveyance,<sup>2</sup> which was hauled up the long, hot six miles by a team of mules. When the end of the rails was reached, the brakes were set, the mules mounted a platform which slid out from under the car, and transportation and “transportators” rolled pleasantly down the broad avenue.

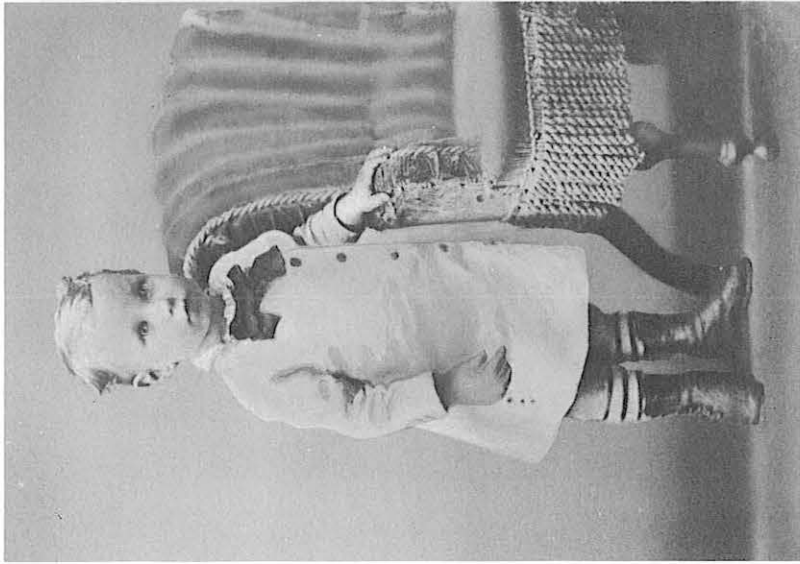
Due to his more or less hit-or-miss elementary schooling, Tully had to take the county eighth grade examination as an entrance requirement. This he passed easily, probably because of his ability to spell and his knowledge of sentence structure. Thus the time spent in his father’s printing office in Illinois started to pay dividends.

So Tully entered Chaffey College. To pay his expenses, he took entire charge of the grounds. The lawn was not large, but there was an extensive garden, newly planted to semitropical shrubs and trees. He cared for the lawn and he laid out an elaborate irrigation system for the garden. This took a lot of time but was a task to his liking—a sort of partnership job between Tully and his horse.

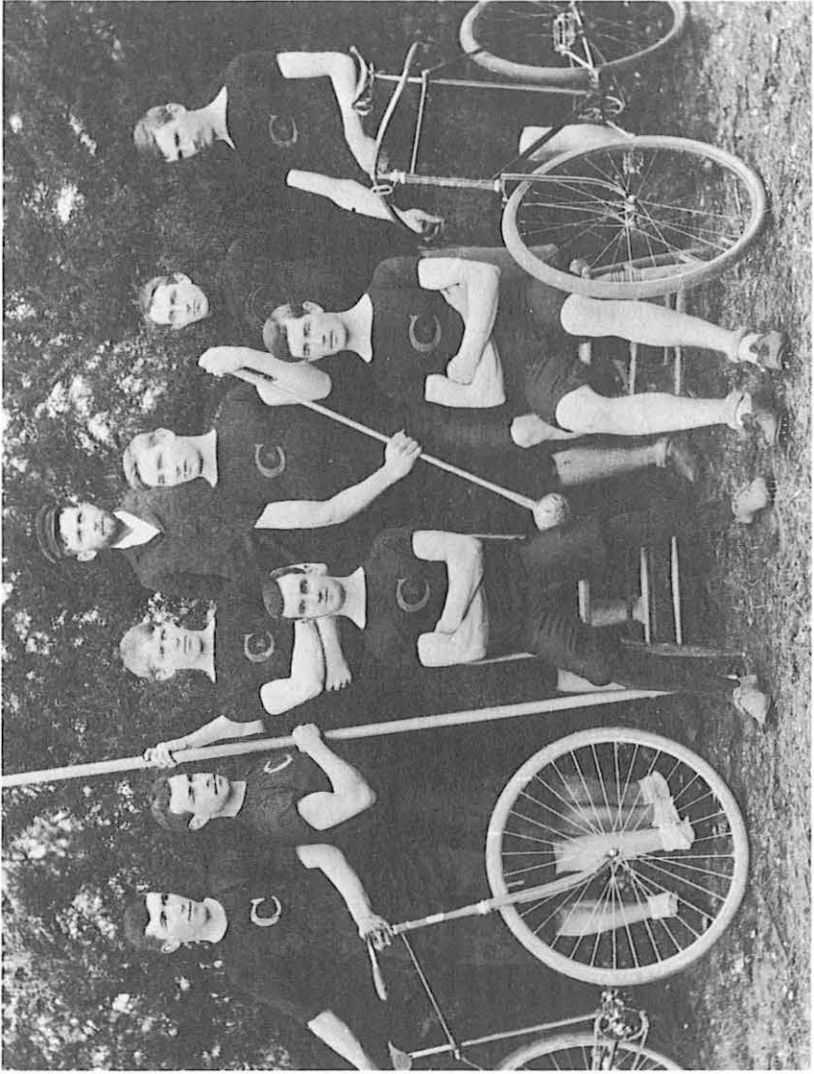
Once during the fall of 1892, Tully pedalled the thirty miles between Ontario and Los Angeles to see a championship football



TULLY AND HIS BROTHER,  
ROLLIN C., ABOUT 1879



TULLY AT TWO



TRACK TEAM AT CHAFFEY, ABOUT 1895

game. The coach of the visiting team was none other than Amos Alonzo Stagg, whose own later career would be promoted and greatly encouraged by the then sixteen-year-old boy who watched the game with such avid enthusiasm.

It was during this same year that Tully joined the church. In keeping with the custom of the time, a "revival meeting" was held in the Methodist Church, of which Dr. John B. Green was the pastor. The services were well attended and the interest great, for the minister preached powerful sermons. However, there was one thing wanting to make the "protracted" meeting a success: "No one went to the altar." Apparently Dr. Green lacked the ability which a realtor would describe as "getting the prospect to sign on the dotted line."

Then one evening the good pastor was sick, or unable to attend for some other reason, and Dr. J. W. Phelps of the Pomona Methodist Church substituted for him. The results were almost unbelievable. The call for a decision brought twenty-four forward, among whom were Tully and many other young people.

There was a friendly and a cooperative spirit among the churches of Ontario, and so it happened that Tully was persuaded by Dr. Green to join his parents' Presbyterian church. Soon he was appointed Sunday School superintendent and even preached occasionally in nearby schoolhouses, but never in that church.

Fortunately, Tully found the work both at the academy and in his church inspiring and broadening. As he made an appraisal of his own life in relation to new goals and fields of service, he found some changes that should be made. All the male members of his family used tobacco and intoxicating liquors to a greater or less extent. He himself had learned to smoke cigarettes and he enjoyed the taste of the sweet California wines. Because of their outstanding record of longevity, it was not evident that these things had been injurious to the health of his own family. Still, the evidence seemed conclusive that they might be harmful to

some people, and the habits were undoubtedly dirty in themselves and, when carried to excess, disagreeable and disgusting to others. So without fanfare or especial discomfort, Tully dropped these non-essentials and became an abstainer for the remainder of his life.

Here he was, then, a Presbyterian in a Methodist school. Soon he became greatly interested in the student Young Men's Christian Association, and when he was asked to speak in other chapters of the organization in nearby towns, in the Los Angeles Normal, and at the "Y" conventions, he was fully convinced that this would be his life work—a Y.M.C.A. secretary. In this field he found many inspiring leaders such as Charlie Michener and Harry Ward. With the enthusiasm of youth, he put his whole soul into the work. When he was graduated from Chaffey in 1895, he was offered the position of assistant secretary of the Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. at a salary of \$1000.00 per year—which would be equal to a salary many times that amount today.

Those days at Chaffey were memorable for young Knoles. Life-long friendships were being made at the "Y" meetings which were to spell out momentous decisions in the years to come. Ray Lyman Wilbur was then a student in the high school at Riverside. David Prescott Barrows was enrolled at the Congregational "prep" school at Claremont. George Reinhardt, who later married Aurelia Henry, was a member of the next class below Tully's at Chaffey. They were all active in "Y" work in the '90's, and the four were close friends.

Many years later a prominent clubwoman called together a group of the Bay area educational leaders: Barrows of the University of California, Wilbur of Stanford, Knoles of Pacific, and Aurelia Reinhardt of Mills College. When the hostess arrived at the place of meeting, slightly late and embarrassed, she was greatly relieved to find the guests calling each other by their first names and recalling incidents of mutual interest.

"Oh, thank goodness," she gasped. "I was wondering how I was going to get you people acquainted!"

Back at Chaffey College, Tully's father viewed with chagrin some of his son's decisions. The elder Knoles had been a most successful criminal lawyer and he was greatly disappointed that Tully had absolutely no interest in the legal profession.

"Well," he exclaimed rather testily, "if you don't want to be a lawyer, be anything you want to, but do it yourself."

"Which," added Tully, "I proceeded to do."

From what has been said, it can be inferred that for a boy of nineteen his days were full of accomplishments and responsibilities. He was completing his senior year at the academy, taking entire charge of the school grounds, talking at Y.M.C.A. chapters during the evenings, superintending a Sunday School, and occasionally preaching on the Sabbaths. In addition, he was performing certain home duties. Fortunately, these latter tasks were most agreeable. They centered around the care of horses his father secured in the usual course of his business. During his senior year, Tully also operated the only "sprinkling wagon" in town. A punster might say he was on the "water wagon" in more ways than one.

As may be seen, there was little time left for athletics. Now and again one catches glimpses of a youth whose sole limitation seemed to be his health condition. Occasionally he was sick and missed events of importance. Then again, his father objected to his playing football, though he did permit him to take the necessary exercises and practice. Even so, Tully did play at infrequent intervals. Once in a crucial game, his father gave his permission and he himself went to see the game. Tully played quarterback, and his father became so enthusiastic when the Chaffey squad won that parental approval was never again withheld.

Tully also became quite expert as a pole vaulter. However, it was before the days of the bamboo pole, and no records of that time are comparable<sup>3</sup> with those of the present.

But horses were always his first love.

"In my early days," he told us, "I had to get a horse with a bad reputation for I didn't have money enough to buy any other kind. I had a particular knack for caring for vicious horses and subduing them, very largely by kindness or outguessing them. I've often said that if you train either a horse or a mule, you have to know more than either of them.

"Quite frequently I've bought balky horses for a very small amount and never had any trouble getting them to forget their bad habits and get into good habits. Occasionally I've had one that was a vicious kicker. I'll never forget the most famous horse I'd owned before Ole. She was a trotting horse by the name of Trilby. She could outtrot anything I have ever driven. Yet at the slightest provocation she would kick the conveyance all to pieces. Whatever led her to do it no one ever knew. I didn't get stung with her—I knew all about her. The man who sold her to me came back in six weeks and wanted to buy her back. She was his 'come-on' horse. He would trade her off, and then when she got into trouble he would buy her back for almost nothing.

"In the course of time, I found I had one of the most tractable horses I've ever known. In fact, more than once I've driven Mrs. Knoles, before we were married, all the way from Los Angeles to Ontario.

"Well, finally I had to sell Trilby as I was going on to the university and I needed the money. A sanquero—you know, a sanquero is a ditch tender in southern California—wanted this horse and asked me if he could buy her 'in public.' Of course, I said 'No.' In rather profane language he wanted to know why.

"'Well,' I said, 'you know, and I know that horse is a kicker.'

"'Aw-w,' he said, 'I'm as good a horseman as you are.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I've got witnesses here. You make me an offer.'

"He made an offer.



"I'll accept that offer," I said, 'on one condition; that along with the horse, you'll also accept a kicking strap, because you'll need it.'

"With an oath he said:

"I'll take the horse, but I won't use the kicking strap.'

"The first time he drove her, she kicked the cart all to pieces. Then he put on the kicking strap for a few months, and from that time on she was all right."

Then Tully added:

"I've never had any particular trouble with a horse that kicks when one approaches with the saddle or harness, but I know the general procedure is to tie up the left hind leg. Everybody ties up the *left* hind leg except Frederic Remington. In his famous pictures he always lifted up the *right* hind leg. If anybody can tell how that can be done, he knows something that I don't know."<sup>4</sup>

At length, Commencement Day arrived. It was indeed a memorable occasion for Tully. In the early morning, he hurried out and sprinkled the streets. Then he dressed up and gave his oration: "A Page from History." Once more that hot afternoon, he sprinkled the streets. Finally, he dressed up again to attend the class banquet in the evening.

Chaffey may have lacked much of the paraphernalia of a modern high school, but it did a good job in starting leaders on their careers. In Tully's class of ten members were included Herbert I. Priestley, who was for years professor of history and Director of Bancroft Library at the University of California, and Josiah Sibley, long-time pastor of one of the great Presbyterian churches of San Francisco.

The decision had been made. Its application might vary during a long and eventful life, but the theme was fixed and unchanging: Tully had dedicated his life to service to his fellow men.





---

## Emily

---

During much of the time at Chaffey College, Tully had planned to be a "Y" secretary and, in fact, had been offered a position with the Los Angeles Association.<sup>1</sup> He realized, however, that to enter such a career at that time of life would probably shut the door to a college education. So with some regret, he put it aside for academic training.

Shortly after he had entered the University of Southern California, in the fall of 1895, he met once more Dr. John B. Green, who had been the Methodist minister in Ontario at the time he joined the church. When Tully told Green how much he had liked the sermons he used to preach in Ontario, the minister laughed at him.

"I'll bet you don't remember a thing I ever said."

"Oh yes I do," shot back Tully. "You said a live dog was better than a dead lion."

Dr. Green was now the pastor of the Vincent Methodist Church in Los Angeles and his interest was still as sincere and altruistic as when he had counselled Tully to join his parents' church in North Ontario. He saw in the youth great possibilities of service and he recognized, too, that the expenses at the university were going to be much higher than at Chaffey. So he suggested the desirability of Tully's becoming a student pastor and urged him to secure a local preacher's license.

There is no indication that Reverend Green advised Tully to leave the Presbyterian Church and become a Methodist. That was a decision Tully himself made and was due to his inability to

subscribe to certain parts of the creed or oath then required of a Presbyterian minister.

Accordingly, in September, 1895, young Knoles became a student minister in the Methodist Church and was assigned to a small charge at Del Rosa, about four miles from San Bernardino. Of this experience sixty years ago, Dr. Knoles recalled this anecdote:

“There was a superannuated minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the congregation who invited me to take dinner with him up in his mountain home. After a wonderful meal, we were sitting on the front porch when he said:

“‘Tully, would you mind if I give you some free advice?’

“‘I said, ‘No. I would be glad of it.’

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘after hearing you preach six Sundays, I advise you never to take a text, because if your text had the small-pox, your sermon wouldn’t catch it.’

“‘From that day to this,’ confessed Dr. Knoles, “‘I’ve never used a text.’”

The Del Rosa work was much more problematical than the story would seem to indicate. Tully painstakingly prepared his sermons, but for some unaccountable reason while in the pulpit he seemed to choke up until at last he could neither think nor breathe. During his first three services, Tully momentarily fainted, but was able to continue after a short respite. On the fourth occasion he was carried from the rostrum and was unable to complete his sermon.

As he reviewed the painful and embarrassing experience, he realized that, through the years, certain procedures and routines had been built up in church services which hindered rather than helped the delivery of his own message. He saw at once the difference between the rather informal manner which he had used as a “Y” speaker, and the fixed and formal demeanor customarily required of a minister of the Gospel. The reading from the Bible

before the congregation was particularly difficult for him, and the reading of a sermon was not only deadening for listeners, but physically impossible for him. Even to follow closely comprehensive notes, Tully found to be exasperatingly unsatisfactory.

Finally he hit upon a plan he has followed throughout his long and outstanding career as a public speaker. He made but few notes—and those only of the main subdivisions of his address. In his preparation, he considered thoughtfully each of the main topics and arranged in his mind a plan for their logical development. Then when he came before an audience, the brief notes suggested a subject and his mind automatically brought forth the reasoning and information necessary for its gradual evolution.

However, this plan of procedure required some time to develop. In the meantime his health was breaking under the strain of carrying his university work and the responsibilities and perplexities of the preaching charge. He was forced to drop the work at Del Rosa after a few months.

When he had regained his health, he returned to the university and once more took up his interrupted studies. At his boarding-house in Los Angeles, he met a girl he had known slightly in Ontario. Her name was Emily Walline, and she too had come from Illinois, where she had been graduated from the Cambridge High School the same year Tully had finished at Chaffey. She was a Methodist, and in Ontario Tully had been a Presbyterian. Now he was a Methodist himself, and of course it was only nice for a man to be kind to a home-town girl. He remembered, too, that her father had been instrumental in forming a new Methodist church in North Ontario (now Upland), not too far from Tully's own home. Though Tully then was a Presbyterian, he had taken some part in the services in this new Methodist church, so Emily and Tully had a lot to talk about. Of course, during the weeks which followed, there were lectures, recitals, athletic events, and once a Sousa Band concert. This last event

they remember with considerable glee. When they arrived at the gate, Tully discovered he did not have money enough to buy two tickets. He insisted that Emily go inside for the concert. He sat outside in the carriage—and waited.

Tully found it both polite and pleasing for him to take Emily to all these affairs, and in between times to do a great deal of talking—without notes and without any special difficulty or preparation. Then, too, it was but natural to ask her to ride with him on their long trips home to Ontario. As he drove along, he found that Emily knew just about as much about horses as any girl he had ever met. Not only that, but she liked to hear him talk about horses and in fact she liked to hear him talk—period.

“So it was but natural,” according to Tully, “that we made up our minds that we ought to pull together in double harness—and we’ve been doing it ever since. I don’t know whether we would have done it though, if it hadn’t been for those horses.

“I had met Emily in Ontario,” continued Dr. Knoles, “but we were never well acquainted until we boarded at the same place in Los Angeles. So we discovered that the great god Propinquity is perhaps stronger than the god Cupid. We were married August 23, 1899. This last August we celebrated our 56th wedding anniversary.”

In 1896, Tully was the pastor of the Chino Methodist Church, which had been organized in 1895. (On September 11, 1955, Dr. Knoles participated in its 60th anniversary.) Then followed a charge at Harmony. In 1899, shortly after their marriage, Tully was returned to Chino. After a short stay at Chino, he was assigned to the church at San Pedro.<sup>2</sup> This transfer was arranged by the District Superintendent, Dr. George F. Bovard, for a very special reason. “There was train service from San Pedro to Los Angeles early in the morning, and so I could spend two days at the university and then be back at my charge in San Pedro for the balance of the week.

“San Pedro,” said Dr. Knoles, “had a church which had been built out of the wrecked timbers of the old ‘Abraham Lincoln’ schooner. The tradition was, there had never been a conversion in the church. The congregation was very, very small. It seems that following the Conference, a brilliant young man had been appointed as the pastor. However, a better opening developed for him and after two weeks he was moved. I received one of my earliest long distance telephone calls from District Superintendent Bovard advising me of this new appointment.

“When we arrived at San Pedro, we were shown a copy of the local paper in which the poor history of the church was set forth, followed by this statement:

“‘We received at Conference a fine and brilliant young man as pastor. When the officers found out how good he was, they moved him away. Now we are receiving a man by the name of Tully Knoles, and who knows who or what *he* is?’”

The editor and preacher subsequently became close friends.

“What we lacked in advance advertising, we made up with a little subterfuge,” recalled Tully. “There was a very strong adherent to the Methodist Church in San Pedro by the name of Jim Martin. He was the general factotum around the church—janitor, overseer, financial agent, and everything else. So I went into a huddle with him and asked him how many people usually came to church on Sunday night.

“‘Oh,’ he said, ‘if we have a good crowd, we’ll have twenty out.’

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘will you put twelve seats up in the auditorium and put all the rest of the chairs into the adjacent room?’

“A few minutes before time for church to start, he had to bring out a few extra chairs. Soon it became a subject of conversation in various areas of San Pedro: ‘You know, they had to bring out extra chairs at the Methodist Church last Sunday night.’ It wasn’t long until we had quite a crowd.

“Of course, in those days every Methodist church had to have a revival and although I was attending two days a week at the university and doing some work breaking horses to eke out the small salary of five dollars a week at the church, we decided to have a protracted meeting. Everybody said, ‘You’re just wasting time because there never has been a conversion in this church, although it’s an old, rickety building by this time.’

“Even so, we got along all right. I preached every night except Saturday for five weeks, Mrs. Knoles played the organ, and I led whatever singing there was.

“I had some opposition, too, because some of the members of the congregation were very economy-minded and didn’t want to go to the expense of opening up the church and buying kerosene for the lamps. One particular woman who was very close to us in many ways actually made a motion one evening that we discontinue the meetings. But it so happened that on that very night her husband came to the altar along with quite a crowd of others. After the meeting she rushed up to me and said:

“‘Oh, Brother Tully, keep on with the meetings and I’ll pay for the kerosene.’

“We were fortunate in having a successful revival—twenty-four people, mostly heads of families, were added to the church, and from that time on San Pedro was a real appointment—one of the large and successful churches of southern California.

“It was during our life in San Pedro that our first daughter, Lorraine, was born.”

Then followed a charge called Harmony on Figueroa Street in Los Angeles. Through the years this last church has had an interesting history. “We built a church there and then the center of the population moved east and we built another one on Main Street. I was not then the pastor, but associated there. Soon we outgrew that one and built still another on Main Street called St. Mark’s, which is now entirely colored.”

The Knoleses' second daughter, Dorothy, was born while the family lived in Harmony.

With his graduation from the university in 1903, Tully's experience as a regularly assigned minister to a charge came to an end. There were many things about a pastor's life which he enjoyed, such as the preparation and delivery of sermons, the planning and execution of building programs, and the counselling of youth. Other things, such as parish calls and the petty problems which are too often foisted on a minister, irked him. When Emily reminded him that certain calls had to be made, he would counter:

"I don't mind making them, if you're along."

It should be mentioned, though, that Emily had her hands full in more ways than one. A month after their fourth wedding anniversary there were four little Knoleses in the home: Lorraine, Dorothy, and the tiny twins, Peter and Edith.

With all his extra activities, it took Tully eight years to complete his university training, but in keeping with his father's instruction, he had done it himself—i.e., he had completely supported himself and his family.

It is only fair to say, however, that horses put him through college. This interesting situation came about in this manner: When he was still a boy, Tully had met an early pioneer by the name of Jotham Bixby. Natives of New England, the Bixbys and the Flints had first come to California for gold. Like others, they had seen the deep black soil and guessed its potentialities. So they bought in the East herds of cattle and sheep and drove them overland to the green pastures and the warm climate of California. Locating first near Hollister,<sup>3</sup> the Bixbys came eventually to southern California.

Jotham Bixby<sup>4</sup> was the founder of Long Beach. He bought all the land between the Alamitos Rancho and the Dominguez Rancho—some 27,000 acres which included the site of Long Beach and the great oil field of Signal Hill—for \$25,000.00.



One day Tully rode with Bixby over this great property and was shown the sandy plain north of Signal Hill which was called the rodeo grounds. Years before, a post had been planted in the center of this field which was called the rodeo post.

“The cowboys of all the contributing ranches,’ said Bixby, ‘would gather at this hill, and kill and barbecue as many animals as they thought would be necessary. Then they would agree on the routes they were to take, fasten parts of the entrails, heads, and feet of the slain animals to their lariats, and ride off at a gallop along their various routes. Soon they would meet herds with bulls. As soon as the bulls smelled the blood, they began to paw and bellow, and of course followed the trail. Then the next herd would hear what was going on and they would come up, too.’

“Mr. Bixby told me that in three days’ time, the cattle between the Santa Marguerita Rancho near San Juan Capistrano in the south, and as far north as the Malibu Rancho above Santa Monica, would be milling around that great post. Then the calves would be branded and the mothers and calves shifted out to graze, and the steers would be separated to be butchered for their hides.”

Shortly after the Knoleses were married, Tully became closely associated with Harry Phillips, the foreman of Bixbys’ great Palos Verde ranch. A couple of years later he began to train horses for the Bixbys, and he kept it up for ten or twelve years. During that time he trained 152 horses and mules for them. It was about this time, too, that Mr. Walline, Tully’s father-in-law, bought a team of horses and four mules his son-in-law had trained, and sent them up to his big Owens Valley ranch.

“I found this training of horses and mules a very profitable thing under the circumstances,” recalled Tully, “because the only income I had for my wife and two children when I began to work for the Bixbys was my salary as a student preacher, which didn’t amount to much.

“Mr. George H. Bixby,<sup>5</sup> the son of Jotham, was a Yale graduate and a *great* horseman. He had 16,000 acres in the Palos Verde ranch<sup>6</sup> and there was only one division—one field had 12,000 acres for the cattle and the other had 4000 acres, primarily for the horses. This ranch was a sort of side line for him, for the Bixbys had great business interests in Long Beach.

“George enjoyed this out-of-door life—having cattle and horses—and he was very desirous of having the *best*. He would go to the Chicago International Livestock Exhibition every year and buy the Grand Champion—no matter what breed it was—and bring it out to the ranch. Well, sometimes it fitted into the plans and sometimes it didn’t.

“He always kept a hundred very fine trotting and pacing horses, subject to registration, though they were not all registered. For about seven or eight years he had me break all those colts, but he had no interest whatever in having them raced.

“He would say to me, ‘How about this one? How about that one?’

“I would point out the fast ones and he would have the mares trained by the greatest drivers of the time. Generally, they were trained at Exposition Park in Los Angeles. Then they would go right back on the ranch. I never knew him to put a single horse into a race.

“He had, at all times, dams that could produce very fine colts, and he also kept wonderful driving and saddle horses for himself.

“Frankly, I do not know how in the world I would have lived as a student and a young professor without that added income.”

Tully’s plan for training horses was as follows: Bixby would deliver from two to six horses to Knoles at a time. Tully always had a barn and corral, and he kept each lot as long as necessary. His method of breaking or training a horse consisted first in studying the animal, and in outguessing it. Kindness, he found, was much more effective than force.

Bixby paid him \$15.00 per month per horse, and all expenses—feed, driving equipment, shoeing, et cetera. At the turn of the century, such an income dwarfed the small salaries then paid student pastors and beginning professors.

Probably the professor at the University of Southern California who most greatly influenced young Knoles was James Harmon Hoose. He was a Dutchman and always wore the Beggar's Pouch.<sup>7</sup> After his graduation from Syracuse University, and many years before Tully met him, he had organized the Cortland Normal in New York. After a most successful career in the East, he had retired and come to southern California. Poor investments wiped out his savings and he was glad to accept a teaching position at the university. When asked if he did not regret his financial loss, he would counter with the question:

“Which would *you* rather have—men or money?”

The tears in his eyes showed his own preference.

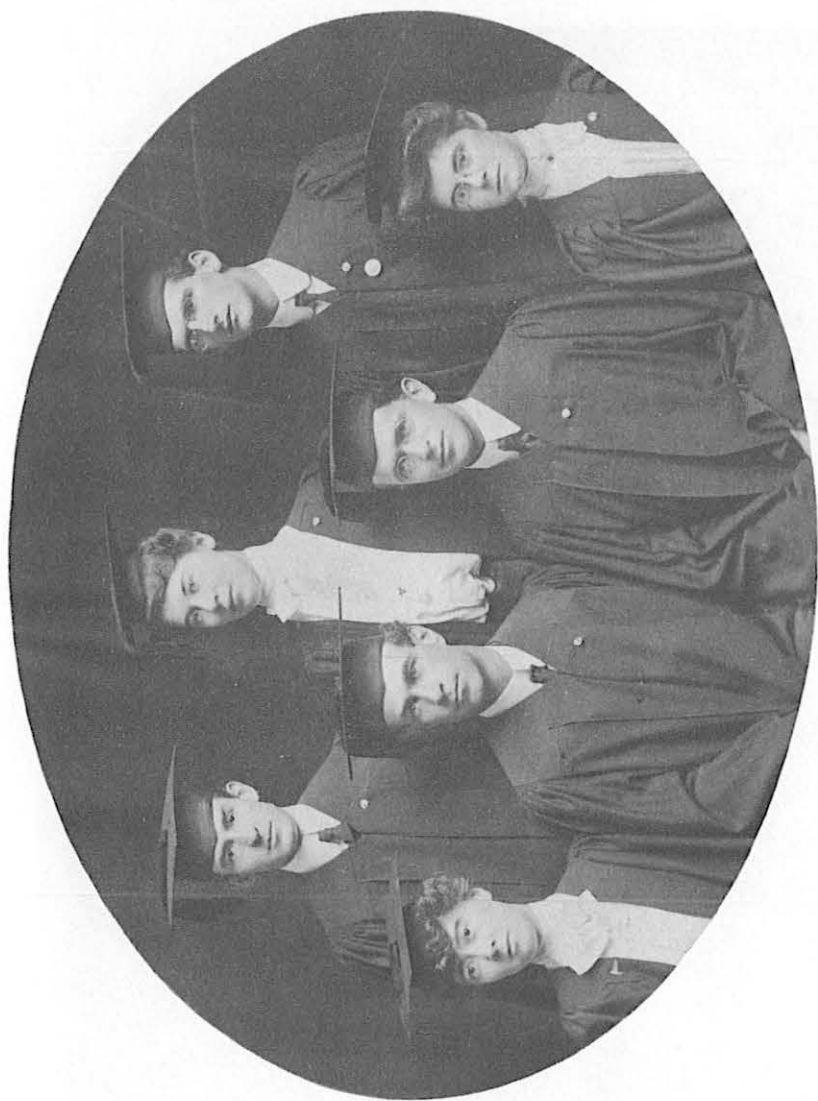
Hoose's own philosophy had been influenced by men rather than books. He was of the group which included W. T. Harris, for many years United States Commissioner of Education; Borden P. Bowne, the founder of Personalism; John Dewey of Columbia; and William James of Harvard.

One time when someone asked Professor Hoose what subjects he taught, he almost shouted:

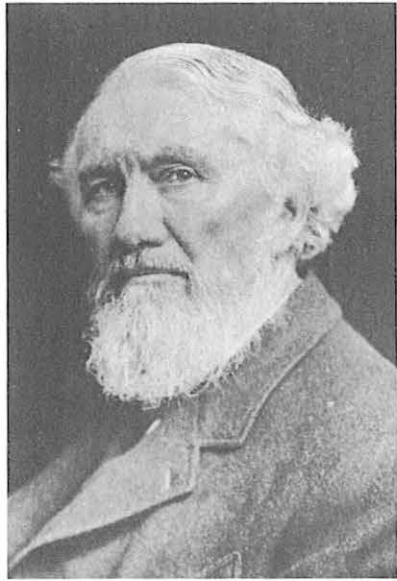
“I do not teach *subjects*; I teach *persons*.”

It was his theory, and one to which Dr. Knoles has subscribed during his whole career, that the impact of a professor should be direct—from person to person—and not filtered down through the printed page. In other words, he felt that the chief aim of a professor should be, not to leave a great mass of books which he had authored, but rather a group of individuals whom he had inspired.

Another professor whom Tully remembered with appreciation and affection was J. Harrison Cole, who proved to be a most



COLLEGE GRADUATION, 1903



*Upper* AN OLD PROFESSOR AND HIS DEVOTEE

*Lower* "ONE OF THESE IS MY TEACHER"

stimulating teacher. When the class was reading the poems of Horace, Dr. Cole demonstrated that he too was a lover of horses. He said:

“Use the best ponies you can get. It is quite unlikely that a college student can do better than Gladstone or Theodore Martin.”

Professor Cole would call for a translation and then give a thorough quiz on construction, syntax, definitions, et cetera. During the balance of the class period, he would give in chronological order every reference to that particular line in the whole history of literature.

There was not too much time for college athletics, but even so, Tully played halfback a total of three years, and a fourth year as quarterback, though his participation was scattered throughout the eight years in which he was in attendance at the University of Southern California. One of his choicest mementoes—though he is now seldom able to use it—is a silver Life Pass which admits him to all home games.

As a matter of fact, this honor came to Tully somewhat accidentally. He had been neglecting his football practice. Then, one day, the whole football squad descended upon him and his family in the Figueroa home.

“It was not that they considered me the *best* quarterback,” he recalled, “but I was the *only* quarterback available for the forthcoming game. So I shaved off my mustache and beard, and spent a lot of time in preparation and practice.

“It rather left Emily in the lurch, with the backyard full of horses and cows, besides her regular housework and the care of two small children.

“When the game was over, and we had won, the squad thought they should celebrate at our house. Emily fixed up a fine spread, and everyone had a wonderful time, with all the stars making speeches, et cetera. Finally, someone said:

“‘We ought to have a word from Mrs. Knoles.’”

“‘Well,’ replied Emily, ‘I don’t think you boys realize all the trouble you’ve made for me, with the care of the children, and the horses, and the cows. After all this sacrifice, all I get is a quarter back.’”

As Dr. Knoles finished the story, he glanced over at his wife with a twinkle in his eye.

“Now, Tully, you know I didn’t say that! I was just a bashful girl, and I wouldn’t say a thing like that in front of all those men.”

Her husband spoke in his kindest, most persuasive manner:

“Don’t you remember, Emily? It was just the way I said—I’ve told it that way a lot of times.” +

It has sometimes been said that an army travels on its stomach. It would be more realistic to say that it travels on its morale, for that has spiritual as well as physical qualities. The same thing is true of a great industry, a great reform, and a great man.

It has been said, too, that the head table at a banquet may be as interesting as a horse show. Each of the participants is accompanied by his chief mentor, who often is his trainer, as well. As one listens to the various speakers, he realizes that the wife who is interested and proud of her husband’s efforts is doing her part in helping him win additional honors; she who appears indifferent is permitting her spouse to go it alone; and the worried, perplexed, or frustrated wife has not yet learned the secrets of a successful trainer.

× Tully has often said: “To train a horse or a mule, you have to know more than it does.” May we add: “To live with a man successfully, a wife must be an expert in some things in which her husband is a novice.”

Tully married Emily because he found her a beautiful, interesting, and intelligent girl with high moral qualities. After the marriage he discovered a lot of additional characteristics: She not only understood what he was talking about and believed in the

things he stood for just as sincerely and ardently as her husband, but she had the ability to translate these ideas into practical living and thus give tone and sincerity to the ideals about which he talked.

Tully never fails to express his dependence on Emily's help. Thousands have listened to his tributes. Fewer have heard her invariable and appreciative reply:

"Thank you, Tully." ✕





---

## Professor

---

"I'll tell you how I came to be a teacher," said Dr. Knoles. "I started out to be a Y.M.C.A. secretary; then when I entered the university, I shifted to the ministry and went all through the student charges, fairly imbued with the idea of becoming a minister. However, in my senior year, Dr. Hoose, who taught philosophy and history, had to undergo a very serious operation. So he and the president of the university asked me to take his classes in history for three weeks while he was recuperating. His recovery was not so rapid as expected and I continued to teach for the balance of my senior year.

"I had the tremendous job of teaching through the week without salary, preaching on Sunday to keep a parsonage for my family, and breaking horses to pay the bills. Then, of course, I had to keep up my own university studies and my Conference courses in preparation for the ministry. Examinations for all my studies cumulated in June, 1903. At last school was over, all the examinations taken, and I was a university graduate and a minister in full connection with the Conference.

"Dr. Marion M. Bovard<sup>1</sup> had been the first president of the University of Southern California. Now his brother, Dr. George F. Bovard, was elected to the presidency. This procedure may seem strange, but up to 1924 a regular minister of the Conference could be appointed interchangeably to a preaching or a teaching assignment. The Conference of that year changed this policy.

"Dr. George Bovard had been, as I have explained, the District Superintendent of the Los Angeles area and, in that capacity, my own superior and counsellor. He now offered me—

Emily and me—the charge at San Fernando with a salary of \$800 and a furnished parsonage, or a place on the teaching staff at the University of Southern California at \$600, *without* any parsonage. He was careful to point out, however, if I chose the latter, that the horses might keep me going for a while.

“So I took over the classes in history, economics, political science, and sociology of the University of Southern California, while my old friend, Dr. Hoose, retained philosophy, pedagogy, and psychology. I became a regularly employed instructor at the beginning of the school year of 1903.”

Tully’s position included so many subjects that a man who later became one of his assistants said that he occupied not a chair, but a *settee* at the university. In reality, however, there were very few students in these courses at the time, and though Tully had many classes, he was able to care for the individual students very well.

With the inauguration of Dr. Bovard came a tremendous expansion for the university. It is probable that many factors combined to augment this development. Bovard knew intimately every minister and thousands of Methodist laymen of the entire California Conference. Then, too, during those years, the Los Angeles area was growing by leaps and bounds, yet despite this fact, the State University at Berkeley took slight cognizance of the needs of southern California. Finally, there was a sort of educational awakening—a Renaissance—for the country as a whole.

With the growth of the university came the necessity for an expansion of the faculty. Bovard had become greatly interested in Dr. Rockwell Dennis Hunt, a native Californian, who was a few years older than Knoles. Said Tully:

“Dr. Hunt was a graduate of Napa Collegiate Institute [1890] and had received his doctorate in philosophy at Johns Hopkins University in 1895. He had taught for several years at

the College of the Pacific [1895-1902]. Following that teaching experience, he had been the principal of the San Jose High School for a period of six years.<sup>2</sup>

“Dr. Bovard was very desirous of bringing Dr. Hunt to the university, primarily because of the latter’s interest in history, and particularly in Pacific slope history. After the president had arranged to secure this new professor (in 1908), he requested Dr. Hunt and me to make a separation of the courses. As I looked at the situation at the time, I felt that history and political science should be kept together and that economics and sociology should form the other group. We agreed to this division, and then I very frankly told Dr. Hunt I wouldn’t turn my hand over as to which of the two sections I would continue, as I was equally interested in each group.

“Dr. Hunt was very much surprised that I took that position. He was kindly and courteous, thinking that the man who had been longer in that position should have the choice, but I persuaded him that I was indifferent. Accordingly, he, very wisely, I think, took over the courses in economics and sociology and I retained the courses in history and political science.

“Within two or three years Dr. Hunt was faced with the same situation which had confronted me in 1907; he found it necessary to divide his growing department into the departments of economics and sociology. He was fortunate to bring in Dr. Emory Bogardus from Northwestern University to take over the latter work. Almost immediately Bogardus became a tremendous success, both as a teacher and an author.

“Dr. Hunt continued with economics until 1920, when he became Dean of the Graduate School, where he remained until he retired in 1945. During those years the department blossomed out and included business administration, civic administration, and many other courses. It grew tremendously, primarily because of the foundation which had been laid by Dr. Hunt. It is a well-

known fact that the departments of economics and sociology have been among the most outstanding at the university. However, Dr. Hunt never lost his interest in 'Pacific Slope,' and particularly, in California history.

"At the conclusion of his service at the University of Southern California, he came to the College of the Pacific, where he was Director of the California History Foundation for a period of seven years.

"In my own department of history and political science," continued Dr. Knoles, "the attendance continued to grow and we picked out a promising student, Roy Malcolm, and gave him the opportunity to go East to secure his doctor's degree. Then he came back and joined me in the department of political science, although no separate department was set up at the time.

"As time passed, we drew in other professors. One of them was Leslie F. Gay, who was one of the most brilliant lecturers I have ever known. Then we had a very marvelous young man, Laurence Lowry, who was with us for several years and eventually became president of a college in Mississippi.

"We also had in our department Dr. Frank K. Klingberg, who later transferred to the University of California at Los Angeles, where he remained until the time of his retirement.

"Because of the financial restrictions of the university, we found it necessary to develop a number of young teachers and bring in others who had not yet established themselves—young men and women who were just fresh from their graduate work and eager to prove themselves.

"While this great expansion was at flood tide, I saw an opportunity to initiate a summer session, primarily for the teachers in the Los Angeles public schools. Up to this time the normal schools had given most of these teachers all the education they had, for only a few of them had gone on to secure college degrees.

"It was a long way to the University of California at Berkeley,

and at the time that institution showed no interest in developing extension courses in Los Angeles for the benefit of these teachers.

“John F. Francis was the City Superintendent of Schools during this period. He was a great man and he made a profound impression upon the teaching profession of southern California. He sympathized with and greatly aided our plans in providing for further training for teachers in service during summer sessions and through evening and Saturday classes. He even issued a bulletin in which he offered to transfer teachers to schools near the university, if this plan would facilitate their attendance.

“May I say in passing, that John F. Francis and Mark Keppel, currently city and county superintendents at Los Angeles, were both graduates of Woodbridge College,<sup>3</sup> which was located near Lodi, California.

“The work of upgrading teachers in service boomed—it went far beyond our expectation—and became the forerunner of the great summer sessions at the University of Southern California. These teachers, in taking advantage of this privilege, made themselves available for promotion. Now it so happened that this period coincided with the development of the intermediate school idea in California, and four of the five intermediate school principals of Los Angeles of that period came out of one special class which I taught for these teachers.

“I think this plan of adapting our courses to the immediate needs of teachers proved to be an amazing factor in the development of the University of Southern California during the subsequent years. Soon the university had its graduates—particularly in administrative positions—scattered throughout Los Angeles and the surrounding cities. It is reasonable to presume that this close relationship between the university and the entire teaching profession in southern California was a chief factor in the university’s phenomenal growth.

“In 1911 the California State Board of Education included the

University of Southern California in its list of institutions qualified to grant recommendations for credentials for teachers' certificates. This plan made it necessary for those who were to secure their academic credentials to have a major in some department that was taught in the secondary schools.

"All of this influenced the growth of my own department, for many of these teachers majored in history and new courses had to be developed for them. When I left the University of Southern California, I had 42 of my majors teaching history in the high schools of Los Angeles.

"I may add that the responsibility of caring for these graduate students, in order for them to secure secondary credentials, made it necessary for us to add courses for the master's degree and caused the development of seminars, in which I participated at all times."

During those years there were many other responsibilities to keep the days from becoming monotonous. For some time Tully continued to break and train horses and mules for the Bixbys. He "learned the tricks of spinning and practiced roping on foot and also on horseback." Throughout the years this proficiency grew, and it was one of the paradoxes of the professor's life that he could slip from a discussion of an abstract philosophical theory into the realistic skill of roping a stray steer that came charging down the street or careening across a vacant lot. Back home, he was sure to be confronted with:

"Please get this sliver out of my finger," or "Dad, help us build a corral." His versatility became proverbial in his special fields, but in other matters he played second fiddle to his practical and efficient helpmate.

While the Knoleses had been at the Harmony church in 1902, Emily had saved enough money from the \$5.00 per week church salary and fees for breaking horses to make the down payment on a house and lot on Figueroa Street. It was an eight-room home

with a frontage of 85 feet and a depth of 200 feet. It had its own water plant and a barn and cow shed. The Knoleses paid \$2000.00 for the property.

Dr. Knoles continued:

"When I began to teach in the university, we were living in the Harmony district on Figueroa Street. The twins were born in October, 1903. I don't want to say we had a *handicap* of four children, but it is a fact that we *had* four children, and then subsequently four more were born—George, 1907; Gordon, 1908; Tully, Jr., 1910; and Leslie, 1919.

X "I would like to pay a tribute to Emily:

"Very early in our acquaintance, I had discovered her father was a genius in finance. I had also discovered there were certain indications Emily had some of his facility in the handling of money. Under the circumstances, I think it was one of the wisest things I ever did when I said:

"'Now, Emily, you take entire charge of the finances.'

"Well, her father was a Swedish gentleman—and Swedish gentlemen, as a rule, are not in the habit of sharing any financial responsibilities with anybody. So Emily wondered whether I meant what I said or not. I assured her that I did. So she took over. She was certain of the church income and whatever additional she needed from my other activities. I kept only that which was necessary for my school expenses."

It was during those years that Tully had a great temptation to leave the university. The details of the experience are still clear-cut and most attractive. Said Tully:

"At that time, Bishop Thomas Neeley was in charge of the Methodist Mission work in South America. He asked me to come to see him and he made me a very definite proposition.

"'I want you to go down to Montevideo and become, technically, the pastor of the Methodist church and the head director of the Methodist school in that city. The school is not very large nor significant, but it does need some direction.'



"Now those two things in themselves did not constitute much of a temptation to me. I asked the Bishop:

"'Why do you want *me* to go?'

"Then he told me that in his own estimation, the most popular man in all South America was Theodore Roosevelt—not because he was a great statesman, but because he was a great man for the out-of-doors. He already had a reputation as a great rough rider. He rode in the western fashion which was somewhat similar to, though not identical with, the manner of riding in South America, particularly in Uruguay and the Argentine, known as the 'gaucho' method.

"Then the Bishop continued:

"'As I see the conditions in South America, there is a great drift of men—particularly men of prominence, and influence, and education—away from the church. They are perfectly satisfied to have their wives and children in the church, but they have no interest in it themselves. I have looked all over the United States for a Methodist preacher who can go down there and ride horses and go about to those great estancias and have fellowship with the men of influence and power in Uruguay.'

"Then he added, 'They tell me you can ride a horse and that you know all about the equipment that goes with western riding. I want you to buy the best silver-mounted saddle and bridle that you can get in Los Angeles, pack up your family, and go down there. Spend Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at the church and at the school, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday ride out on those great ranchos with your western outfit, occasionally roping a steer and things of that sort.'

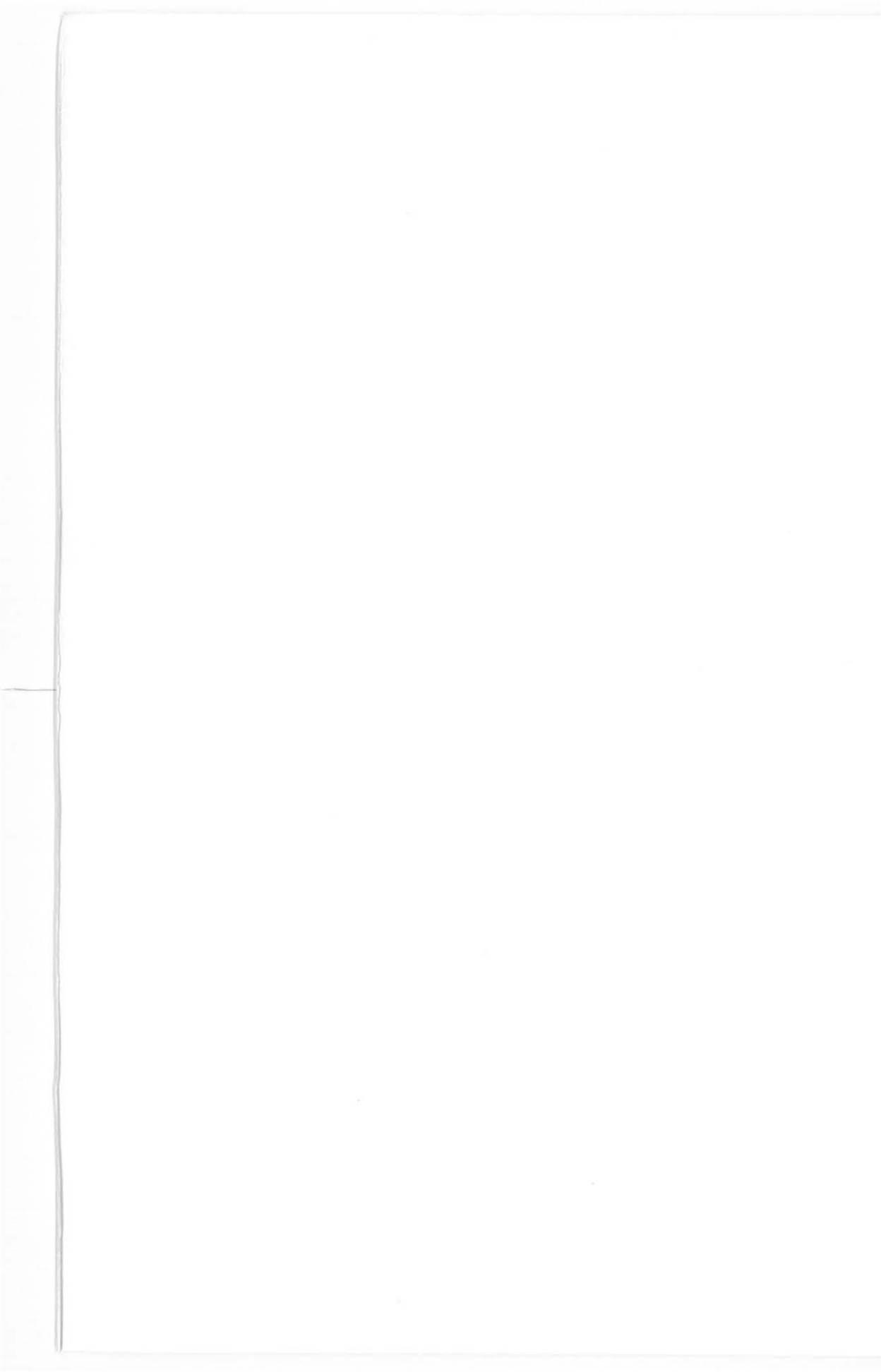
"I'll admit that was a great attraction," confessed Tully, "particularly as the salary attached was very much greater than my salary at the university at that time. Along with the salary went a house, medical and dental care, and (I'll say this in a very low tone of voice) \$100.00 additional salary for each additional child.

“So I took the proposition to President Bovard and he said, ‘Tully, you don’t want that job.’

“I said, ‘George, it looks very attractive to me.’

“‘Well,’ he replied, ‘I believe your life in the future will be the life of a scholar and an educator more than the life of a rancher. I’ll make you this compromise offer. You stay here at the university and teach, and whenever Bixby has a roundup, you just arrange for somebody to take charge of your classes, and take off. You don’t even have to come to me to report.’”

So Tully remained.



---

## Health Mission

---

It was during the early spring of 1912 that Tully Knoles made a trip to Monterey to address a Y.M.C.A. convention. One morning he was taken very ill with what the doctor diagnosed as strangulated hernia. Tully was rushed to the hospital and an emergency operation performed. Imagine the surgeon's amazement when he found no indication of the physical condition he had suspected, and though he made a thorough examination, he was unable to determine the cause of the terrific pains. Accordingly, he sewed up the incision and sent Tully home.

The shock to his whole system was bad enough, but the uncertainty of the cause was even worse for Tully. Further explanation is unnecessary for those who have experienced similar unfortunate and puzzling situations at the noonday of their careers. From time to time the excruciating pain would recur and the dire and uncertain diagnoses of physicians afforded little comfort for a frightened family and baffled patient.

The summer session opened with its many problems and responsibilities. Tully managed to survive the six weeks' ordeal, but it left him in a state of complete shock and exhaustion. Some of the best physicians in Los Angeles were consulted, but they offered little or no assurance that he could ever regain his health. One doctor said:

"Tully, you're through."

Another suggested he might prolong his life somewhat by living in the open.

"Now it so happened," recalled Tully, "that my father-in-law had a cattle ranch up in Inyo and Mono counties—and there was

a small section of it in which my wife was very much interested and on which there was a home. So I told the doctor we could live on a cattle ranch and he said:

“‘By all means, do it.’

“As I have explained, President Bovard was a close and true friend of mine—a great mentor—and of course I spoke to him about it. I remember his reply:

“‘Take the doctor’s advice. I know him. But I will not separate you from the university. Your appointment will be carried in the catalog as the Head of the History Department, on sick leave. We’ll face the issue when it comes. We hope the doctor is wrong.’

“So we made the trip to the ranch. My wife and I and our then seven children lived on the cattle ranch. There were fifty acres of alfalfa directly back of the house. It was most attractive. My wife was interested in raising turkeys and later she had a flock of fifty pure white ones. I think I have never seen a more beautiful sight than those white turkeys on the green alfalfa field.

“One of my greatest difficulties was insomnia. I didn’t seem to have too much physical disability. It seemed to be all shock—reaction from the terrible operation.

“I worked on the farm, breaking sod with six horses; going up into the mountains to haul down wood—I had never before cut down a tree. I tried to keep out of sight of everybody—I just didn’t want to see anybody outside of the family, nor talk to anybody. I just wanted to be off by myself.

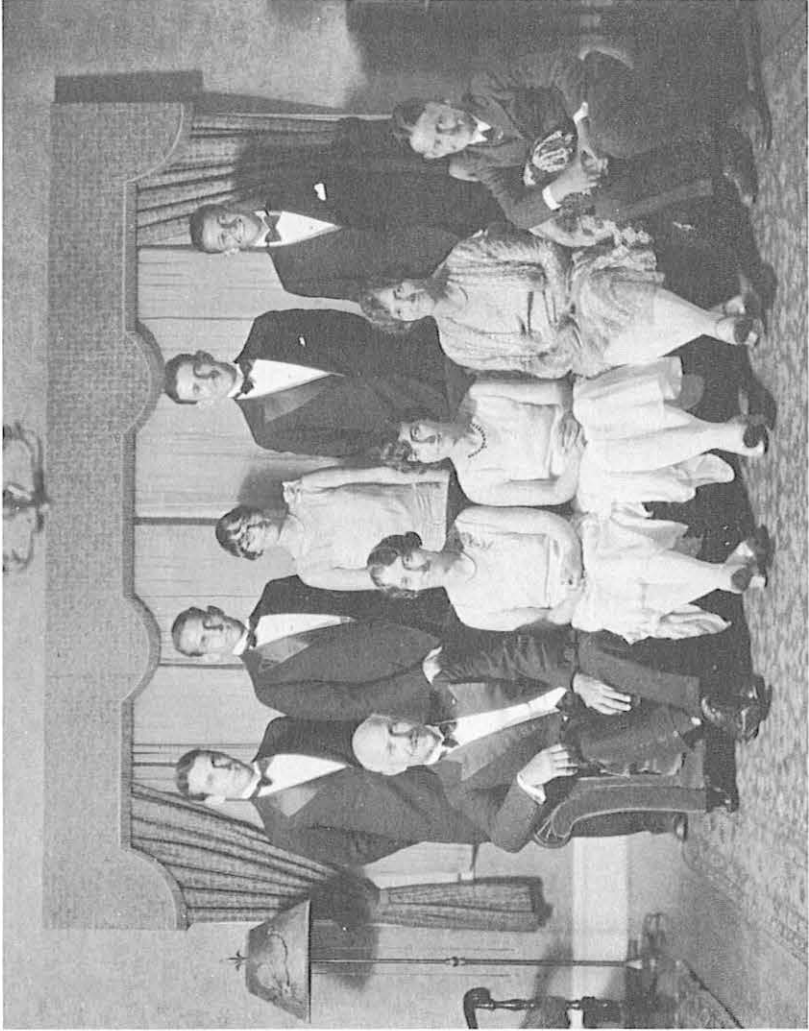
“Some way or other, that discipline, with the horseback riding connected with taking care of cattle—camping in the hills with cattle—sleeping on the ground—seemed to work wonders with my health situation, and in the course of time I began to improve.”

During those years Tully accumulated a small herd of cattle. His brand was a capital T with an attached K.

No longer did Tully have the stimulus of students whose lives were unfolding before him. So he turned to the dumb beasts



TULLY KNOLES OF PACIFIC, 1919



KNOLES FAMILY GROUP, 1931

about him—the cattle, the dogs, and especially the horses—and used his knowledge and experience in guessing their reactions to problems which faced them. Thus he made behavior psychology pay on the ranch.

Mr. Walline, his father-in-law, had a beautiful but balky mare named Alice that was practically valueless because of this exasperating habit. The hired men were unbelievably cruel to her. Tully said he hated to class himself as a man when forced to witness such inhuman brutality. So he studied Alice and soon discovered the difficulty. She was a very alert animal that started instantly at command. Invariably her team mate was much slower in getting into action. Alice would start, then if the load failed to move, she would begin to balk. The procedure in the past had been to whip and beat her. That only made matters worse.

In the middle of threshing one season, Mr. Walline discovered he was short one team to haul grain. Tully suggested that he hitch up Daisy and Alice.

“Alice won’t haul anything,” replied the older man shortly and a trifle impatiently. Then he stopped, for he remembered Tully’s experience with the Bixbys’ mules and horses.

“I guess I spoke out of turn,” he apologized. “You are an expert. Do as you like.”

So Tully hitched up his team under the amused glances and covert winks of the hired help. This was Tully’s solution of the difficulty as he saw it: He picked up the reins, gave a short, sharp whistle. Both horses settled into their collars and took up the slack in the traces. When the command to go was given, both horses started at once, the load moved, and Alice gave no further trouble.

“We soon discovered there was a very fine group of people in that section,” continued Tully. “They had been isolated for many years, but they were high quality. I found a larger proportion of college graduates in the town of Bishop than in any other community in which I have lived.



“Though we were out on the ranch in Round Valley several miles from Bishop, we associated there occasionally. A Sunday School was maintained in the Round Valley district schoolhouse and they asked me to preach. I used to do it, having to sit down most of the time. We had delightful experiences in that Sunday School and church. Quite frequently the choir from the Bishop Methodist Church would come out and sing for us, especially on festive occasions.

“We all formed fine friendships in the valley, and I think if you were to ask the seven children who were there then—Leslie was born afterwards—what period of life was the happiest for them, they would say, ‘On the ranch.’

“They all rode horses and they looked after cattle. Some of them learned to milk and they helped their mother about the house.

“Of all our memories of that time, I think the Sunday evenings were the happiest. We had one of the few pianos in the whole area and practically all of the young people from the entire valley would come in Sunday nights to sing. We had a most remarkable time with those people.

“Thus it came about, in some way or other, that the outdoor life—close to nature and the soil—and living in the open were the things that quieted down the nerves. And at last I got so I could read a letter from the university without crying.

“That area was a wonderful country then. One of the ranches furnished many of the fire horses for San Francisco. They were raised by Mr. William Rowan, Sr.

“We lived through the beginnings of the great struggle of the City of Los Angeles for the control of the water of the Owens Valley.<sup>1</sup> Many years later we rode through this same territory. Some of the old roads were left, but nearly all the houses were gone. There was nothing left on our old ranch except some fruit trees we had planted. The water, of course, in the theory of the

time, had been put to better use in the sustenance of Los Angeles. I suspect that an over-all view of the situation would show that the right solution was worked out, though a great many injustices were done in the process. In the end, the City of Los Angeles paid more for the acreage than it was worth, so far as production was concerned.

“Well, finally I felt sufficiently recovered to take over the principalship of the Bishop High School. It was a test more than anything else. When President Bovard learned that the position had been offered me, he advised me to take it. If I could do it, he knew I would be strong enough to come back to the university.

“It was during our stay in Inyo County that Bishop Edwin H. Hughes summoned me to appear before the Conference. As I walked up the aisle to the front of the room, the Bishop was quite overcome by my changed appearance; I had been stocky. Now I was thin, and I wore a full beard. Hughes was a small man with a tremendous voice. He looked up at me with tears in his eyes.

“‘Brethren,’ he bellowed, ‘I knew him in the flesh!’

“I made some marvelous friends in Bishop. Among others was a dentist—a native of Bodie—who had received his dental education in Chicago. He had a remarkable, philosophical mind, which he wasn’t at all averse to exhibiting. On one occasion he called me over to his office at night, gave me a manuscript he had written, and requested that I read it at home. I was greatly disturbed with the article because it was almost pure Platonism in the terms of modern English expression, and I didn’t know how to convey this information to him without offending him.

“I was convinced it was not a case of plagiarism, but he was thinking in terms of Plato without having any stimulus directly from the great author. I wondered how in the world I was going to let him know that fact. I’m going to tell you exactly what happened. I took his article and put it into a book—the History of Philosophy by the German author, Weber—at the beginning of

the explanation of Platonic philosophy. Then I took it to him when I knew he was busy, and I said:

“‘Before you do anything with this article, read the pages on Plato next to it.’”

“He called me over that evening and he looked up at me with the strangest expression on his face I think I’ve ever seen.

“‘Why that blank old fool thought that out three hundred years before Christ!’”

He didn’t publish the article.

“There was one of the finest women’s organizations in Bishop that I’ve ever known—the Athena Club. It wasn’t very large—probably twenty or more women—mostly college graduates, and they were always interested in something fine. I had the great privilege of giving them a course of lectures in philosophy. This statement is to point up the fact that while I had my major in philosophy, both graduate and undergraduate, I’ve always taught history. Consequently, that course of lectures with those women was an interesting interlude.”

Dr. Knoles is a firm believer in freedom of choice; also, of personalism as opposed to determinism in religion, in science, and in education. Though he did not so state, we wondered if his own life was not a living, virile example of this concept applied to the individual. Those who knew or claimed to know had stated that his career was at an end—that he “was through.” Yet he returned to his beloved university, and later to Pacific, for a full forty years of effective, dynamic leadership. The “thorn in the flesh” was still there, but a will to live and create built a barrier around this infirmity and never permitted it to determine his future course of action.

---

## Men—Not Money

---

Tully returned to the University of Southern California in the fall of 1915, tanned by the Inyo sun and toughened by his life in the open. He came back, too, in complete control of his every faculty, with a broadened perspective, and certain knowledge, too, that man, with God's help, *is* the master of his fate.

President Bovard saw at once that he was a changed individual. Still the idealist—a man with a vision—he was now even more virile, more magnetic than ever before. Those months on the ranch had given him something else: confidence in his ability to solve his own problems and a habit of thinking which arranged details in their proper order—important things first. More than anything else, he brought back with him faith in the goodness of God and the assurance that his physique would never again handicap his future.

Dr. Bovard was overcome with joy at Tully's complete recovery. So, also, were all his friends and associates at the university. Almost at once he slipped back into the routine of teaching, but with renewed vigor and clearer understanding. In his students before him he saw the men they could become. His convincing words and manner and the example of his own life were the sparks which fired scores of untried souls into lives of service and achievement.

More and more, President Bovard shunted off many of his good-will speaking engagements to Tully. His reply to an "urgent" request from a service club, parent-teacher association, community center, and the like, became quite uniform:

"I'm sorry. I have an engagement that evening, but I can send my assistant, who is quite competent in all respects."

To Tully, he would wink and explain:

"I *do* have an engagement—with my wife."

In time, the Head of the History Department became a sort of informal vice-president. It was an open secret that Bovard was training Tully for the presidency when he himself retired.

It is also believed by many that when that time finally did arrive and Dr. Knoles was given the opportunity of accepting the presidency, he turned it down because of its effect on the destiny of Pacific. Actually, a motion was made and seconded in a meeting of the Board of Trustees, but never came to vote when a letter from Tully was read stating he could not accept.

Dr. Knoles is proud of his students' records, but he is always careful to say:

"I shall have to qualify my pride in their achievements. No one of them had all his work with me. They were students of other teachers at the same time. However, there were some of them with whom I was very closely associated and for whom I had a deep affection, and great hopes for their future. I think that in most cases these hopes have been more than realized.

"Naturally, in an institution such as the University of Southern California was then—very closely related to the church—we had a great many students of the territory, primarily from Los Angeles, who came from various denominations—not only Methodist, but Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and, surprisingly, a large group from the Nazarenes and the Free Methodists. We also had quite a group of Episcopalian students, and I recall that two of them, who were very vigorous young men at the time, have become Bishops in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. One of them, Bishop R. B. Kirchoffer, has given most of his life to administration in the Episcopal Church in the State of Indiana, and the other, Dr. A. W. N. Porter, is now Bishop of Sacramento.

“Dr. Porter was a very interesting student; he was an orphan. His father and mother had been Anglican missionaries in India and both of them had passed away. I do not know how he managed to get to Los Angeles and the university, but he was there, and spending his nights copying waybills in the Southern Pacific freight office. When he came to his work in the morning, he was rather sleepy and sometimes inclined to be a little inattentive. There was some difficulty about his success because of this fact, of which I was ignorant at the time.

“One day I received a letter from an unknown gentleman in England, asking if there was such a young man in the institution and stating that the writer had known the boy’s father and mother in their young manhood and womanhood when they went out to India. Now, if the young man *were* in school, and in need, he would be very glad to help him. I was very happy to relay such information as I had, and I am also glad to report that this gentleman assisted in financing young Porter through the University of Southern California and through the theological school of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Porter became a very successful rector and later was appointed archdeacon of the San Francisco diocese under Bishop Parsons; then subsequently he was elected Bishop of the diocese of Sacramento, where he served with great distinction and, in fact, is still serving.

“As I have said, I spent a good deal of time on the Palos Verdes ranch, training horses and mules. One of my tasks was to halter-break the mule and horse colts during the Christmas vacation. One particularly obstreperous young mule gave me a great deal of trouble, but finally I succeeded in making a pet out of it. A picture was taken of us—both of us looking into the camera, with my arm around the neck of the mule. The photographer for the university, who took the picture, put it on sale in postcard form and young Porter sent one of these to his benefactor in England with the statement:

“One of these is my teacher.”<sup>1</sup>

“Then I had one outstanding student, Bishop Oxnam, who was with me, not only in the preparatory school of the university, but also in the College of Liberal Arts. He was not only a brilliant student, but a man determined to study what he wanted to, and to take as little of required work as was necessary. We held him pretty rigidly to the order and he finally, in due time, took all of the courses and was graduated with distinction. He then went on to Boston University School of Theology, where he was also an outstanding student; later he was a professor at the University of Southern California and also at Boston University.

“Oxnam’s first charge here in California was not a very significant one, but it was about the only thing open at that time. Then he had the great privilege of taking over a church in Los Angeles which was renamed the Church of All Nations. He made a very distinctive success of that institution. While he was at this charge, he was elected to the presidency of De Pauw University. He and I happened to be travelling in Europe at that time, specifically, in Russia, and he said it was part of the contract that no announcement was to be made of his election until his return to the United States.

“He served quite a while as president of De Pauw University—a period of ten years—and then was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Columbus in 1936. I had the great honor to place my hands upon him in consecration.

“I might tell one incident depicting our relationships. I was a member of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church for thirty years and had something to do with all the institutions, including De Pauw. So, of course, I also knew Dr. Oxnam when he became a member of the Board as a bishop. Once in a meeting he was asked if he had ever taken any work with me.

“‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I took preparatory work, and I took college work, and also tried an honors course in graduate work.’



"Then he added: 'Knoles had advertised he would have an honors course in the European method—that there would be the opening meeting of the class and the assignment of the readings and the topics for research, and that it was immaterial to him whether the students attended the lectures or not. The lectures would be given, and if the students wanted to hear them, all right, but if they wanted to do their work independently, they could. I wanted to see whether Knoles was honest, so I chose the latter method and never showed up again until I came back for the examination. Knoles said I got 97% on the score card, and shortly after that he asked me to come in to see him.

"'How about this, Oxnam, you signed up for the course, took me at my word, never reappeared until the examination, and you got 97%.'

"I answered, 'Well, Professor, if you hadn't confused me on that first lecture, I'd have gotten a hundred.'"

"It has been a great joy to me to see the success of Bishop Oxnam in his areas at Omaha, at Boston, at New York, and now in the place where I think he belongs, as the great representative of the Methodist Church in the area of Washington, D. C.

"I have been very much pleased with the books he has written and also by the success he has had in meeting the charges of the House Committee on un-American activities. The result of that experience has been given us in the volume, 'I Protest,' and I think that has done a good deal to clear the climate, not only in the investigation, but also of the possibilities of false accusations of subversive activities and membership.

"Then, of course, we have had Bishop Gerald Kennedy of the College of the Pacific. I think everybody knows of his wonderful success. I cannot claim very much credit for him, because, as I recall, he took only two units of work with me, but we all had great expectations of him and he has realized them.

"I might say that out of my classes in Los Angeles there came



a great number of very successful history teachers—particularly in the secondary schools of southern California. Perhaps the most significant group of them in the educational field have been in administrative activity: Vierling Kersey became State Superintendent of Public Instruction and later City Superintendent of Schools in Los Angeles. Frank Bouelle, who incidentally was in the same class with Kersey, also became City Superintendent of Los Angeles and served there for a long period of time. At present, a younger man, but also one of my majors in the University of Southern California, Claude L. Reeves, is Superintendent of Schools in Los Angeles.

“A great number of Pacific students have become teachers and administrators and are serving in various parts of the world, but these have been developed, primarily, by Dr. J. William Harris and Dr. Marc Jantzen. I knew them only as members of one single class.

“In the law, I presume the most famous of my former students were Judge William A. Riner, recently deceased, of the Supreme Court of the State of Wyoming, and Judge Frank Swain of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County. I also count among my former students Mr. Everett Mattoon of the administration of the State of California, Mr. Eugene Blalock, and Wilson McEuen of Imperial Valley.

“In medicine I had the great pleasure of close association with the very famous Dr. Pottenger, Dr. Earl Moody, child specialist of Los Angeles, Dr. Chester Bowers, and Dr. Harry Van Fleet, a heart specialist. There was also a great group of business and other professional men. Perhaps the most outstanding student I had in the university who later succeeded in the business world was Mr. F. S. Wade, the long-time president and general manager of the Los Angeles Gas Corporation. I think he is still living in retirement and is one of the towers of the financial area of Los Angeles.

“Another man who achieved great success was Harold Stonier. Both he and his talented wife were graduates of the College of the Pacific. Later he transferred to, and was graduated from, the University of Southern California. He became a popular and efficient speech teacher in the Los Angeles Manual Arts High School. Because of his success as a public speaker, he was brought back to the university and was appointed vice-president under President Bovard. In a few years he was taken East to direct the work of the American Banking Institute. He was so successful in that work that, in one capacity or another, he remained with the Institute until the time of his retirement. I have heard it said that there were more middle-aged bankers in the United States who had been trained and inspired by Harold Stonier than by any other man in history.

“In addition to a rather heavy battery of professors in the department of history in the University of Southern California, we had quite a number of young people working for their masters’ degrees who assisted in the department from time to time. Mrs. Della Early was one who caught on there at the university in a very definite way. During the years 1917 and 1918, I was used so much by President Bovard as his assistant that it was difficult for me to attend all my classes. At the President’s request, I secured Mrs. Early, a recent graduate, to act as my reader and secretary. She also kept herself prepared to take over, at a moment’s notice, any of my classes, and to lead in the discussion. Dr. Bovard was so well satisfied with her work that he kept her on after I came to the College of the Pacific. She has lived her entire academic life in the University of Southern California, and although retired now on account of age, she is still used in the downtown school-work of the university. So she has had a very continuous and brilliant career there.

“I should like to add to this list two people who have been pretty well in the shadow, and yet the organizations which they

brought into being have become most effective in the West, and especially in California. The first was Mr. Charles Seymour, a likable boy, who belonged to the same fraternity I did, and who always had his lessons well prepared. He was the son of a fine Los Angeles doctor—a man with a classical education who desired to make a scholar out of his son. Well, he did, but an unfortunate thing happened. In the process, he gave his son several rules to follow:

“1. When you hear or come across in reading a word you don't understand, write it down in a notebook. As soon as you have opportunity, look it up in the dictionary.

“2. Learn the etymology of the word—its source, its origin, and its history in the language from which it comes.’

“Now those are fine rules and I wish every student would follow them—the latter is one of my joys in life. But the doctor gave his son a third rule which I think is most dangerous. It was:

“3. Use that word every time you have an opportunity.’

“In the attempt to follow this rule, my dear young friend became one of the most stilted, academic, pedantic speakers I've ever known. Following his work at the University of Southern California, he was graduated from one of our most outstanding theological schools and was appointed to various charges in southern California. He was a brilliant thinker, a ready speaker, but because of his stilted language his audiences had only a faint idea of the things about which he was speaking.

“Finally he became a teacher in the secondary schools and was quite successful there. Later he founded the California Scholarship Federation, which is one of the interesting educational institutions in the West. It is recognized in practically every high school in California; the students are graded most carefully by their teachers, and membership in this organization is a most coveted honor. Incidentally, it is used by the admission officers of the various colleges and universities.

"Seymour was president of this organization for a long time. Both he and his secretary, Miss Catherine Lolly, had been together in many of my classes.

"When he died several years ago, Miss Lolly became the president of the Federation and carried on until she was transferred into a junior college. In the rapid development of this latter institution, she saw the need of a similar organization for junior colleges. So she organized a new federation and continued as its efficient manager until her recent death."

So much for men. What about money? The arrival of the Knoles family in Ontario during the spring of 1887 had placed Tully in California during its most fantastic development years.<sup>8</sup> It is doubtful if history can record a greater and longer continued boom in land values. Then, too, Tully's father was in the real estate business and experienced moderate success. Of even greater importance to Tully and Emily were the achievements of *her* father in his investments.

"Mr. Walline was born and raised in Sweden, came to this country and became the proprietor of a general merchandise store, and later of a creamery in Cambridge, Illinois, where he amassed a modest fortune. Then he came to California and was interested in the development of a feed and grain establishment, and also in several orange groves. After that he took his accumulated wealth and purchased a very large ranch in Inyo County, on part of which we lived during our sojourn in that section some years later. He was a very determined man—a most wonderful man, with the limitations of his education—a very firm temperance advocate—and a splendid Sunday School man—a good educator—and a very devout member of the Methodist Church until the day of his death.

"Emily's mother was a remarkable woman—one of the most tenacious women I have ever known. She was brought to California as an invalid in 1895 and lived practically as an invalid until

she was 93 years of age, spending the last six or eight years of her life with us in very constant and marvelous fellowship with my mother. My mother did not reach that advanced age by a year, but they were very close comrades and their declining years were a joy to behold in the family. Their tastes were similar and they supplemented and complemented each other. It's one of the most amazing things that I know that a woman who never weighed over a hundred pounds after she reached California should live to that advanced age. She was the descendant of an English family; her maiden name was Mascall and her father had come directly from England. He was later a merchant in Cambridge, Illinois, and her mother was from the Lilly family of New York.

"We've always been very proud to remember Grandpa and Grandma Walline and their family of children. They had, in addition to Mrs. Knoles, two sons and a daughter living in southern California. One son has passed on."

The automobile age reached the Knoles family in 1916.

"That first Ford," chuckled Tully, "was immediately dubbed a 'Packard' by the boys because it took a lot of packing to get in the two parents and seven children." The family was then living in Los Angeles.

We have mentioned that Tully never invested in oil stock, although it was an industry with which he was "fairly well acquainted." We have spoken, too, of the house which the Knoleses bought on Figueroa Street. They had purchased it from a man by the name of Lennox.

"J. C. Lennox was a very ardent Methodist, a great believer in the missionary enterprise," recalled Tully. "He gave many thousands of dollars to the missions, particularly the Methodist Church in India.

"He took a friendly interest in Emily, and me, and our growing family, and while he wouldn't vote any increase in the salary in the church [at Harmony] beyond the \$5.00 a week, he did say

this to us: 'I have ten acres a little nearer the city—one end on Figueroa Street and the other on Monita Avenue. There is a pumping plant on it that brings in a thousand dollars a year. I'll sell that ten acres to you for \$15,000.00—nothing down and no interest the first year.'

"'Well,' I said, 'what does that mean?'

"'It means,' said he, 'that if you sell it for more than that any time within the year, you get the increase. And if you don't, I'll simply take it off your hands and you're not out anything, and I'm just out the use of my money. I think you'll make some money on it.'

"So Emily and I talked it over, and then I talked it over with my father-in-law. As I said before, he was a very astute financier. He said:

"'Tully, let me tell you something. If you do that, you might just as well resign from the University of Southern California, because whatever success you have in that venture will go to your head and you'll want to make some more money.'

"It's very pleasant to relate that before the year was out, Mr. Lennox sold that property for \$49,000.00, cash. And then he said to me:

"'Tully, you dubbed that first one. I'm going to give you another. I've got another ten acres still a little closer to town, that has a five-room house on it and it has a pumping plant that brings in \$1500.00 a year. I'll sell you that for \$20,000.00, nothing down, no interest the first year.'

"Emily and I thought that after passing by the first temptation, we should pass that by also. Before the year was out, Mr. Lennox sold the property for \$60,000.00. So you can see that by having made no investment in oil stocks, and not being caught in the stream of profits from real estate deals, we don't know much directly about the development of those things."

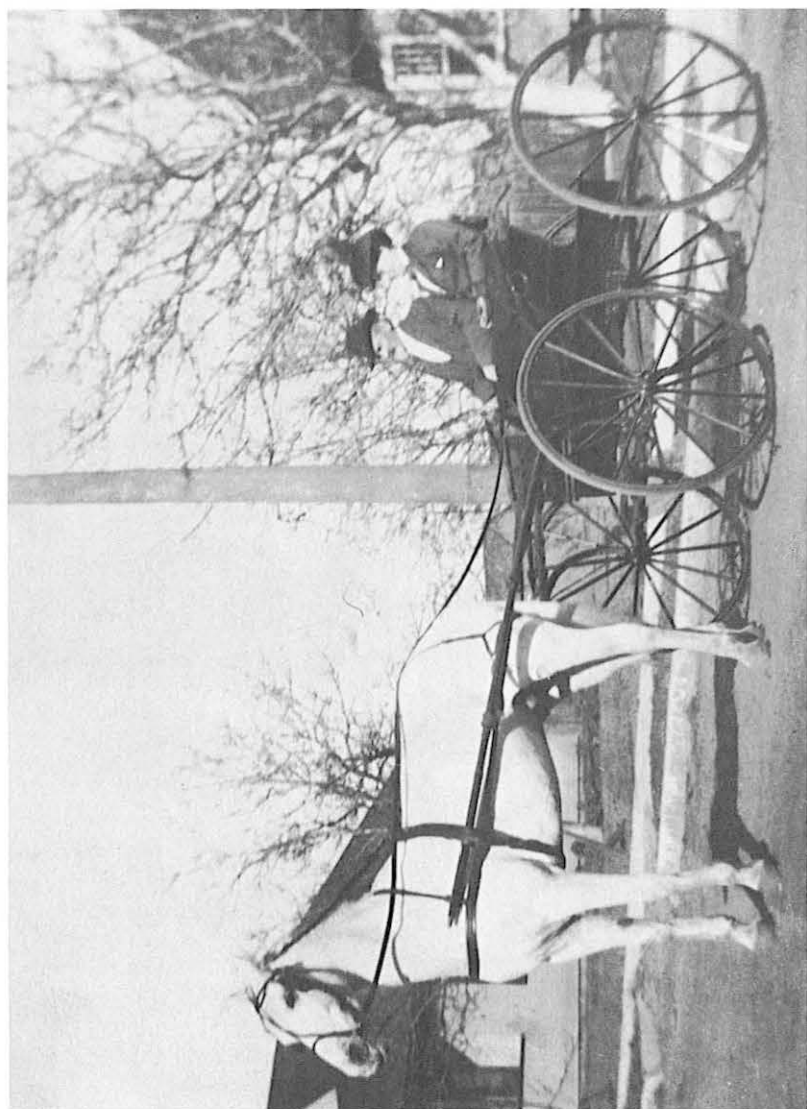
To paraphrase Dr. Hoose: Tully made men—not money.





TULLY'S PARENTS' 65TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY





TULLY'S PARENTS LEAVE FOR CHURCH

---

## Root-Bound

---

It was early in the spring of 1919 that Tully Knoles received a telegram from Bishop Adna W. Leonard requesting him to report on the following Saturday at the Bishop's office in San Francisco. As usual, Knoles consulted President Bovard, who asked if he had any idea what was wanted. Both men were at sea as to the object of the interview.

Nevertheless, Tully presented himself at 83 McAllister Street at the appointed hour. The Bishop did not immediately enlighten Knoles, but took him to an exclusive club where they met and had lunch with Rolla V. Watt, president of the Board of Trustees of the College of the Pacific, and Dr. George W. White, former president of the University of Southern California. At the time, Watt was probably the most dynamic Methodist layman in the whole San Francisco Bay region.

After the formalities of introduction, Bishop Leonard bluntly told Knoles that the Board of Trustees desired him to be the new president of the college. The Bishop explained that he did not expect an immediate answer, but he did want Knoles to understand that he was wanted and that they all felt he was fully qualified for the position. The balance of the luncheon period was spent in acquainting Tully with the history of the institution.

Tully was then a few months past his 43rd birthday. Exactly twenty-five years before he was born, i.e., on January 6, 1851, a Methodist Conference committee had met in San Jose<sup>1</sup> and "resolved that it was expedient for said church to found and establish a college in California . . . under . . . 'an act to provide for the incorporation of Colleges.'"

As a result, the California Wesleyan College was organized that same year (1851) under Edward Bannister, its first principal. Accordingly, the institution was then 68 years old. In 1852 the name had been changed to the University of the Pacific and in 1911, to the College of the Pacific.

Its accomplishments and its struggles have been told by one of its distinguished professors, Dr. Rockwell Dennis Hunt.<sup>2</sup> Briefly, it had suffered from lack of financial support, from a number of good-intentioned, but unrealistic presidents, and from church policies which often lacked both an inspired vision and the challenge of courageous adventure. Its record up to 1919 was the history of many scores of similar institutions throughout the country.

That afternoon the Bishop and Mr. Watt put Tully on the train for a visit to the college, which was then located at College Park, about midway between San Jose and Santa Clara. Many years earlier, the Monterey cypress, whose unique and distinctive profile dominates most views of the Monterey peninsula, had been selected as the "theme tree" for the institution. Scores of these beautiful conifers had been planted on the campus and for many years had gladdened the hearts of all beholders. Unfortunately, the life span of the Monterey cypress is relatively short—particularly when grown outside its natural habitat near the ocean. By 1919 the trees were long past their prime and many were then mere ghosts of their former beauty. It seemed to Knoles that they symbolized the whole institution. The buildings, generally, were old and some of them were far from being architectural gems.

A quick glance about the plant convinced the prospective president that the whole school was in the acute stages of starvation. Despite these obvious conclusions, Tully was told that many things were "just around the corner" for the right executive, and he was assured the trustees considered him that man.

For some time President John L. Seaton, an efficient administrator, despite a world war, disastrous campus fires, and meager funds at his disposal, had been in a receptive mood for a promotion. Therefore, when an invitation came to be assistant secretary of the Methodist Board of Education, he accepted without delay.

Dr. Seaton was still at the college and welcomed Knoles most cordially. He took him all over the plant and introduced him to all the professors in a most friendly and informal manner. It was "Dr. Tully, Dr. Tully, Dr. Tully," during the entire afternoon. Finally, that evening as Dr. Seaton was bidding his new friend good-bye, he inquired:

"Now, let's see; if I send a letter to 'Dr. Tully, University of Southern California,' it will reach you all right?"

"Yes," replied the visitor, "but perhaps you had better add 'Knoles' to the address."

This story is told to emphasize the fact that up to this time, Knoles had been known familiarly throughout California as "Tully." Probably there were hundreds who knew him by no other appellation. From this date, despite his natural disinclination, academic and scholastic titles and new dignity were bound to attach themselves to his name.

The decision to accept the presidency was not easy to make. Tully's position at the university was most rewarding, and the future there might well bring the satisfying life and environment of the scholar, lecturer, and author. The new position would mean an entirely new career. It would be administrative in character and to a large extent he would lose the personal relationships which exist between teacher and students. Thus he would be trading the life of the scholar for the life of the executive.

Bovard listened with interest to Tully's recital of the northern visit. He had always been Knoles' closest friend and advisor. It is quite possible he held within his counsel the decision the younger man would make. Again he demonstrated his own wisdom and breadth of perspective.

"Take it," he said without hesitation. "Put in a few years up there until you gain the administrative know-how; then come back here and take over my job when I retire."

So Tully Cleon Knoles became the president of the College of the Pacific on April 2, 1919. (He shied away from the first day of the month.) There was one condition he made to the trustees. He wanted nothing to do directly with the raising of funds. This was entirely agreeable to the Board, as it was believed the incumbent agent, Reverend Philo Stanley, was thoroughly competent. Throughout his long career as an administrator, Dr. Knoles has held firmly to this policy: he was there to inspire and direct the destiny of youth—others should provide the financial support. It should be realized that he has been criticized for this stand. However, no executive can be expert in every field. His responsibility is to place experts where needed and evaluate their efforts. This, Dr. Knoles has done.

It did not take the new executive long to discover that the evidences of starvation were accurate symptoms of the institution's ailments. It *was* starved. In reality, it was root-bound and retarded by its near and more vigorous neighbors.

Foremost among these was the new Stanford University, then being forced and most adequately nurtured by the great fortune of one of the Big Four. It was fourteen miles to the north. Nearer, and fortified by the resources of the Catholic Church, was the University of Santa Clara. In the other direction two miles to the south was California's first state normal school, which already had felt the growing pains of an educational Renaissance. Its sustenance came from the tax feed-bag. Finally, a short distance up the Bay on the east side was the great state university at Berkeley, amply supported by state funds and bolstered up by a distinguished record of service. In the midst of these was the College of the Pacific, whose Methodist Church assistance was often little more than well wishes, and whose

student-body field had been usurped and most of the nourishment extracted by too close neighbors.

During the following years various solutions were suggested to the new president. He could continue the policy then in force: lower still more admission and transfer requirements—ultimately revert to the status of a low-grade college. He could drop the junior and senior years and become what later was to be known as a junior college. By following this latter procedure, Pacific might become the Junior College of Stanford University, as President David Starr Jordan had advocated. The third choice was to close the college and turn over its resources to the Wesley Foundation, which was then at the start of its program in the great universities. The fourth solution was to find a new location for the school.<sup>3</sup>

In the meantime, the trustees awaited a report on immediate policies from the new president. When it came, it fell upon unbelieving and frightened ears. For years Pacific's admission and transfer requirements had been something of a joke. Students who failed elsewhere could always enter Pacific. The president's recommendation was that the college should immediately stiffen these requirements.

"But," protested the trustees, "we are having hard work to keep our students as it is. If the requirements are higher, we shall have fewer in attendance and less income. Your plan will put us on the financial rocks which are all about us."

It showed the courage of this man that he did not falter in the face of obviously appalling conditions. The rule held, or as Tully himself might say, "The lariat drew taut, but it did not break."

It was the turning point in the life of the college. Immediately it bettered the personnel of the student body and, strange to say, the numbers instead of decreasing began to increase. The advice of the "New Man" had been good.

As has been said, most of the buildings were old. To a large

extent a new plant was needed, yet the existing campus was small and its location not conducive to study and instruction. The main line of the Southern Pacific Railway between San Francisco and Los Angeles cut across a corner of the campus. Scores of trains shrieked past daily to distract the studiously inclined youth. On the opposite side lay El Camino Real, which even at that time had become a busy and noisy thoroughfare. In the mind of the new executive there was no doubt—the college should move.

In the main, Dr. Knoles found the faculty well-trained and cooperative. Two members who were not in accord with the new policies soon eliminated themselves; the others remained to take active and enthusiastic part in one of the most thrilling and significant educational migrations in the history of California.

Looking back across a span of forty years, Dr. Knoles recalled that though the salaries were small and the future of the institution most precarious, every male member of the faculty owned, not only his own academic robes for processions and the like, but a tuxedo and a dress suit as well. When an invitation said “informal,” everyone came out in tuxedo, and when it was “formal” everyone appeared in tails and white tie.

Very dryly he remarked:

“Most of the men of our present faculty wouldn’t be caught dead in a tuxedo.”

Shortly after his arrival in San Jose, the new president found that two responsibilities he had accepted at the University of Southern California began to pay dividends: the first was his many and varied speaking engagements for President Bovard; the second was his unselfish willingness to give new teachers their choices of classes. The first had taken him away from home much more than he or his family wished. The second had always left him the teaching assignment of European history.

Now at the close of World War I he discovered that those years had been invaluable in his training. His ability to give an

interesting and illuminating extemporaneous speech at any time and place proved to be a wonderful and fortunate asset for the struggling college. An even more surprising discovery was that what had been the least desirable teaching subject in the entire curriculum now provided the data most desired by his audiences, i.e., authentic information regarding European history, government, and politics.

Soon the new and distinguished president of the College of the Pacific was in great demand, and his well-trimmed beard and timely, witty remarks were as well known to the people of the San Francisco Bay area as St. James Park was to the residents of San Jose.





---

## Transplanted

---

When at last the decision was made to secure a new location for the college, the real problems were still unsolved, but they were, at least, defined. Not only must one location be selected from a dozen or more, but there still remained the herculean physical and financial tasks of the actual removal, and the cost and time required for the construction of an entirely new plant.

Pacific might look for some financial aid from the Rockefeller General Education Board, but this would not be available, according to the Director, Dr. E. C. Sage, so long as the college remained in San Jose. This was made clear to Dr. Knoles at an interview in New York City. At that time, Director Sage, turning to a huge map of the United States, placed his finger on the city of Stockton.<sup>1</sup>

"There," he said, "is the center of the largest high school population in the country not now served with college facilities. If and when you decide on your new location, see me again."

Sacramento, Lodi, Stockton, Modesto, and Turlock in the central valley, Oakland on San Francisco Bay, and a site at the edge of San Jose were all under consideration. At last the selection was made; Stockton was to be the new home of Pacific, provided tentative pledges became realities.

In keeping with his agreement with the Board of Trustees when he accepted the presidency, Dr. Knoles placed much of the financial responsibility of the growing institution upon the shoulders of his assistants. Chief among these were Dr. John L. Burcham and Dr. Adam C. Bane.

So vital and strategic were the positions which these men held

during the critical years immediately following World War I that a more detailed account of their lives and activities seems indispensable.

Dr. Burcham was a native of Illinois and had received his training at the Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston. For health reasons, he had been forced to move to Phoenix, Arizona, and it was at nearby Tempe that he met Dr. Knoles while the latter was giving a series of lectures for the Mission Conference. A friendship was formed during these meetings which lasted without alteration throughout the years.

A short time later Dr. Knoles himself was forced to give up his own work because of ill health and move to Inyo County. He did not again meet Burcham until after becoming president of Pacific. When the decision to move the college to Stockton was finally made, Dr. Burcham was elected by the Board of Trustees as vice-president and financial agent.

As a young man, Dr. Bane had belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South and had attended a college of that denomination at Santa Rosa. Later he was graduated from the University of the Pacific and became a lawyer in Texas. However, his ability as an orator and his religious convictions brought him back into the ministry. At the time Tully was a student at the University of Southern California, Dr. Bane was the pastor of the great Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church South, located on Broadway in Los Angeles. He had had a tremendous influence upon the youth of the area and Tully, among many other university students, had heard him on numerous occasions. However, at that time the Conference had a limitation on the duration of all pastorates. Consequently, Dr. Bane was transferred successively to other churches and one of his pastorates was the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church South in Stockton.

For some reason not now remembered, Rev. Bane later joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and served a number of charges

in that Conference, among which were the Howard Street Church in San Francisco and Central Church in Stockton. He was in Stockton at the time the decision was made by the trustees to move the college to that place.

Almost at once he became exceedingly active in interviewing prospective donors. He saw immediately the great cultural and religious values which would accrue to the entire community. Fortunately, he was able to communicate his enthusiasm to others. Very soon he was elected the executive vice-president of the college.

There still remained an important decision for the trustees: Where should the college be located in Stockton?

Now it was that an early friendship of Dr. Bane's proved most fortunate for Pacific. Years earlier, while he had been the pastor of the Grace Methodist Church, he had had the J. C. Smith family among his influential parishioners. The family owned considerable real estate near and to the northwest of the city proper. At Bane's solicitation, the Smiths now offered the college a choice of three sites. In addition to these three locations, there was a fourth site on what is now called Country Club Boulevard.

Recalled Dr. Knoles: "This latter tract contained 40 acres with the rear end on Smith's Canal. Many of us were very much in favor of that site because of its isolation and its nearness to the canal, which offered wonderful facilities for swimming and other aquatic sports, and also for boating. Quite a bit was said in those days about the possibility of developing a crew at Pacific. However, the trustees rejected that site because they wanted to be located on a main highway. I think most of the present Board of Trustees for obvious reasons would be very glad to be anywhere else than on a main thoroughfare.

"The first site offered by Mr. Smith and his company was for 30 acres, now known as the Manor, just across from the present campus of the college. The second was on Pacific Avenue and

embraced the park near the Lucky Stores on West Alpine, and the adjoining property. It contained 40 acres.

“The final one was the 40 acres on which the college is now located. This was soon increased to 50 acres and later, at the instigation and with the assistance of Amos Alonzo Stagg, a plot of 20.4 acres more was added, conditioned with the stipulation that it should be known as ‘Knoles Field.’”

With the selection of a site, Dr. Burcham moved to Stockton and handled the detail work of preparing the ground for the new buildings. He was, in fact, the representative of the Board of Trustees in the development of the new plant, working, of course, under the architects and contractors.

After the original buildings were constructed and the college was again in normal operation, both Burcham and Bane went back into the ministry and each served for a time as a district superintendent.

They were a wonderful team for Pacific. Though Bane was the older, Burcham, who was somewhat more reserved, often appeared the more mature. The latter was perfectly willing to remain in the background, but any task he undertook, he would carry it through to completion. “If someone was required to interview people for the writing of wills or the making of foundations, Dr. Burcham was sent. If a great address was wanted, Dr. Bane was the one to go. Both men exercised a wonderful influence on Pacific’s destiny during those crucial years.”

However, President Knoles was always available for assistance. His strenuous speaking engagements during those years—every night for long periods of time and then back at the college for administrative duties during the days—were a gruelling self-assignment. There was hardly a better-known man in California than he. For many of those years it was not “Tully Knoles of Pacific,” but “Tully Knoles *is* Pacific.”

Another man who exerted a great influence in the life of the

college during those years of transplanting and for more than two decades after was Dean G. A. Werner. He was a sort of John the Baptist. With two assistants, he moved over to Stockton in advance of the main college. During the school year 1923-4, he conducted a freshman class on the second floor of the *Record* building in Stockton.

The San Jose campus was sold in 1928—four years after Pacific had moved to Stockton. It was a part of a much larger tract of land which the trustees had acquired many years earlier as a real estate venture. Ironically, the reason which had influenced the selection of the campus—its proximity to the railroad—eventually made the tract untenable for school purposes. In the early 1920's, there were 122 regular passenger trains passing through College Park daily. In addition, there were many freight trains and much switching. In the meantime, the property not used for the campus had been subdivided and sold.

Of the numerous buildings on the campus, only a few were modern. Probably the most valuable were the Conservatory, which included the auditorium and offices; Guth Hall, which was the women's dormitory; and a dining hall and kitchen. The remainder of the structures were old and in poor condition.

During this period of the early '20's, the State Board of Education was advocating a measure, which later became law, that no institution could maintain an academy on the same grounds with a college unless housed in separate buildings and staffed with a separate faculty.

For years the nearby University of Santa Clara—like the College of the Pacific—had operated both a college and an academy in the same buildings and, reportedly, with the same faculty. With Pacific's contemplated removal to Stockton, it occurred to Mr. Watt and Dr. Knoles that the University of Santa Clara might wish to buy the old campus. So they went to see Archbishop Hanna's real estate officer in San Francisco and suggested the

proposition. They were told that the university was not interested.

After the actual removal of the college had been made, the sale of the remaining property was placed in the hands of a committee of the trustees: David C. Crummey, W. C. Anderson, and George Gilman. They were all prominent citizens of San Jose.

However, the old campus proved to be something of a "drug" on the market. Eventually, a man made them an offer for the property—to be used, as they supposed, for subdivision purposes. After some splitting of differences, the price was fixed at \$77,500.00. The money was placed in escrow, the papers prepared, and the title searched. The morning after the consummation of all details, the *Mercury-Herald* announced that the University of Santa Clara had purchased the property for an academy. The president's belief that the old campus would be needed by the neighboring institution had proved correct.

Dr. Knoles' recollection of his first view of Pacific's new campus gave an idea of the great task which faced the college:

"My first sight of that was not very encouraging, because it was in the off season. It had been used as a vegetable garden. (Incidentally, Santino Bava, who had been farming the land for many years, became the head gardener at the college, and served until 1954.) It looked like all vegetable gardens out of season—not very attractive. There were, however, five immense oak trees on the Pacific Avenue part of the campus, but they were in a very bad state. We had to get tree surgeons in to take care of them. They are now beautiful trees.

"I think that I might point out here that the trustees at that time were very much distressed over the fact that Stockton had for many years suffered from floods. This particular area, because of that fact, was not very attractive and had not been very productive from a farming standpoint. The main headquarters of the Smith Company had been about a half-mile south of the present college site. However, the entire territory had been cov-

ered by a system of drainage and irrigation ditches, running into the Smith Canal, which the family had built earlier in order to float their products down to San Francisco.

“Under the guidance and suggestion of U. S. Grant III, who was chief of the Army Engineers at that time, a plan was devised for putting a three-foot-high embankment—cement wall—around the college campus, and of dredging the Calaveras River up to what we now call Pacific Avenue and allowing the dredged material to flow into this embanked area. The Smiths had given permission to drain off the water into the Smith Canal as the silt settled. However, when the matter came before Congress, a certain President who was very economy-minded, and whom we shall not have to name here because of the dates involved, vetoed the plan. We have since discovered that the use of the great Calaveras retaining wall and the Hogan Dam have made any fear of an overflow unlikely.

“This, then, was my first view of the campus, and naturally I envisaged the buildings and their location thereon and had wonderful dreams for the future.

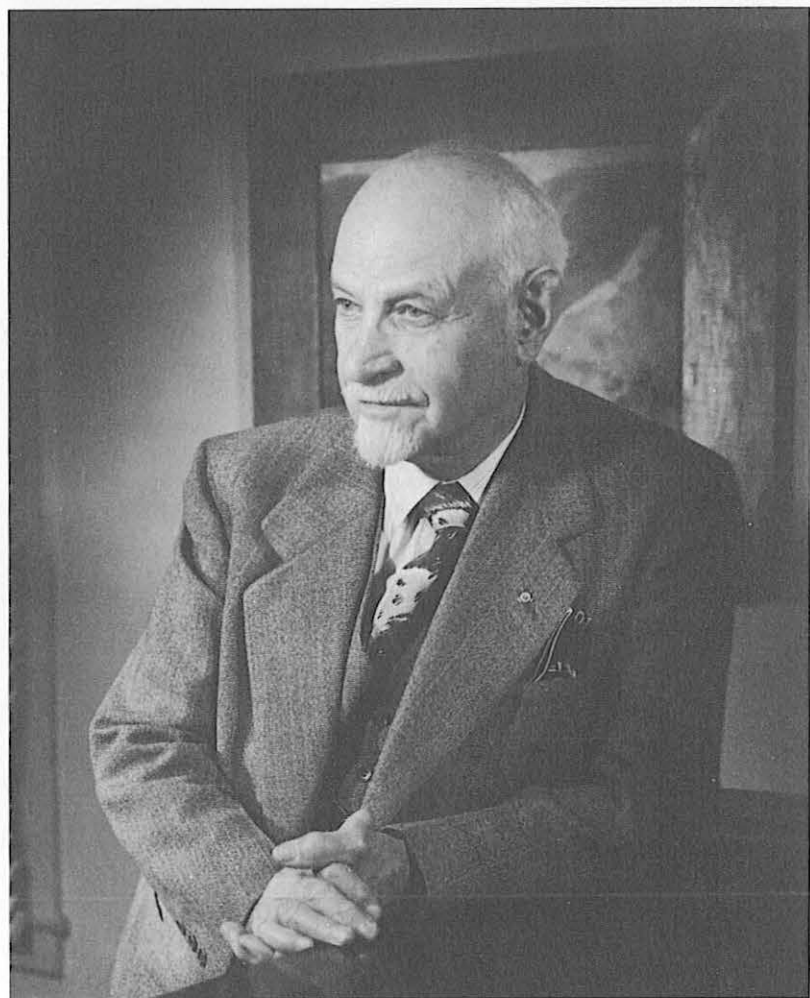
“In this connection I would like to say that the most difficult phase of our moving was the necessity of having so many faculty members uprooted from their homes and transplanted into a new country. These men and women had looked upon their positions as of life tenure. Quite naturally, most of them owned attractive homes in San Jose, which, as we all know, is one of the most beautiful cities in northern California. In many cases they personally had built their own homes and in most instances had developed their gardens, small orchards, and vegetable plots. We were particularly happy and pleased with the home situations of these various families. Now to ask them to sell, uproot themselves from their community life, and transfer their families into an entirely new territory, seemed to be a tremendous burden to place upon them.



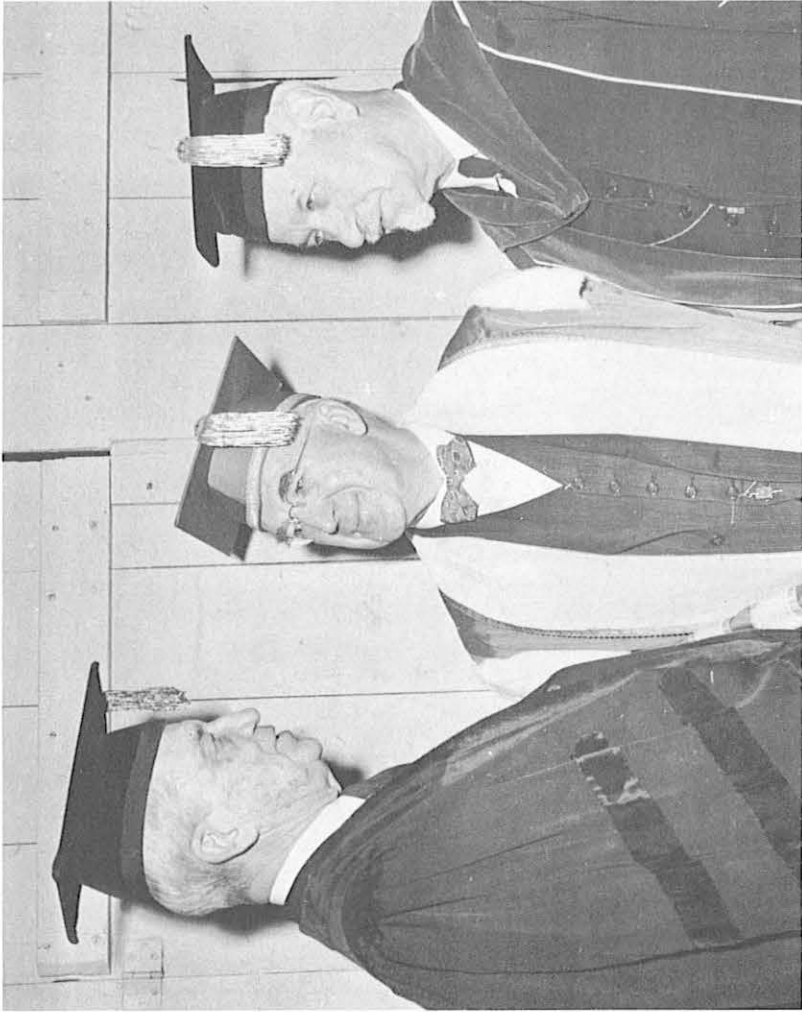
“When I became president of the college, all the members of the faculty remained except two, and it so happened that when we moved from San Jose to Stockton, all the members of the faculty came with us except two. Here in Stockton their great genius for organization and cooperation made itself manifest. They appointed a committee consisting of Rev. C. N. Bertels, the comptroller of the college; Professor Charles Corbin, professor of mathematics and the registrar; Dr. John L. Burcham, vice-president; and Dr. William Harris, Dean of the School of Education. These men, after mature deliberation, purchased for \$50,000.00 cash from the Smith Company the thirty acres which previously had been offered as a site for the college. Of course they had the money in hand because they had all sold their properties in San Jose.

“Here they were, then, in the spring of 1924 and through that long, dry, dusty summer, building their homes on this new territory. Of course they had to build immediately. Many of the streets and sidewalks had not been placed in position, but the public utilities were all in order. As I used to walk around in the evenings, watching the construction, the cold shivers would go up and down my back as I thought of what had been made necessary for these families with their growing children—the transplanting into this terribly hot and dusty situation. I knew that before school would begin the rains would come—and instead of dust they would have deep mud—and they all encountered that. Nothing has ever influenced me, psychologically, in all my life, as the burden that I felt as I considered what might happen to these men, women, and children if the enterprise should fail—and I’ve been very happy that it did *not* fail.

“I’d like to point out the plan followed by this committee representing the faculty. Their business affairs were transacted in meetings of the entire faculty. After the land had been surveyed and the individual lots plotted, each family was allowed



THE TEACHER, 1950



RECEIVING LL.D.'s AT BOSTON UNIVERSITY

to select as many lots as it desired—some of them took just the one lot on which they wanted to build, while others took pieces of property for speculation.

“Now it so happened, these men showed the same skill here in Stockton which they had shown in San Jose. After the property was all developed, the streets and sidewalks all in, and the landscaping done the officers called a meeting to dissolve the cooperative plan. When it was shown there was a balance of \$10,000.00 remaining in their common treasury, they voted unanimously to turn over the entire amount to the college.

“You may be sure that my feelings were very wonderful at that time, realizing that the enterprise had proved a success.”



---

---

## President

---

---

World War I ended with the Armistice of November 11, 1918. Three months later, Dr. Knoles was offered the presidency of the College of the Pacific. He took over those duties on April 2, 1919. During the first five years in San Jose, he concentrated on the problem of raising entrance and transfer requirements, and in giving soul and substance to the institution's program. Undoubtedly he revived the spirit of Pacific, and made the educational and cultural advantages of a small college real and popular in scores of California communities. In this respect he put something of the same "zip" and glamour into this staid and retiring educational institution that Theodore Roosevelt had infused into the formal and somewhat musty executive office of the United States government.

Then came the move to a new field of activity—to Stockton and the great Central Valley. Financial support which never would have come to San Jose, or to the earlier type of Pacific's administrators, was freely given to this fresh new institution, with its dynamic, friendly, magnetic, and breezy administrator.

Those years were good to Pacific, and its building indebtedness was cleaned up during the flush 'Twenties.<sup>1</sup> This was not entirely by chance. Many factors brought about this fortunate situation. The requirements of the General Education Board helped; the foresight and loyalty of Pacific's financial agents emphasized the necessity of getting the institution's affairs in order; and over and beyond these was the canny intuition of a great executive who sensed danger in the immediate future.

The Depression undoubtedly started at night. Someone over-

bought—extended his credit beyond reasonable limits. Debts could not be paid. Other obligations could not be met. Sales decreased. Inventories piled up. Clerks were let out. Sales were more restricted. Industrial plants shut down. Savings were withdrawn from banks and other loan companies to cover current expenses. A spirit of pessimism, like a tule fog, spread over the country. People lost confidence in their officials, in their employers, in their friends, in themselves. Delinquent taxes increased. Mortgages were foreclosed. Farms were lost. Wild-eyed agitators shouted their phony political panaceas. Drinking increased—it was an avenue of temporary escape. More money was taken from banks and stored in tin cans, old socks, “safe places.” Bread lines started. Everyone with funds “holed up” for the duration. Distress, hunger, sedition, despair, pervaded every part of the community.

This did not all happen in one night of worry; it took several—in fact, it took months and years of idle factories, empty stores, fruitless hunting for opportunities to work, pinched rations, frustration.

This was the situation at the depth of the Depression in the early 'Thirties.

Dr. Knoles has been criticized for his inaptitude in financial matters. This criticism is only partially valid. He had no relish for the detail work—the bookkeeping—of finances, but he had a very clear understanding of the overall financial picture. Doubtless his attitude came from his own personal experience. He had no financial worries at home, due to his efficient and devoted wife. He wanted—and he secured—the same situation at the college.

His policy was simplicity itself: “Buy only the things and services you can pay for.” Accordingly, though he was no financial wizard—no plunger—it is probable his policy kept the college off the financial rocks during the years ahead.

At a time when thousands of individuals and scores of institu-

tions found their credit greatly extended—extended, let us emphasize, on the advice of bankers and other financial experts, Pacific found itself a solvent institution, with a group of new and modern buildings, and without a cent of indebtedness thereon. And so, while a great San Francisco church lost its home and valuable business property, and many other important churches lost ten years of enthusiasm and growth through worry about financial matters, Pacific, in the same Conference, weathered this cyclonic storm and came out of the deluge stronger than at the beginning. This, however, was not the result of hiding its talents under a bushel.

What happened during those years spell out the greatest achievement of Dr. Knoles' long life of service.

With the tightening of credit, the closing of factories, the disruption of markets, and the scarcity of money, the attendance at Pacific fell off—parents could not meet the modest tuition fees. At the same time, the president and the trustees found themselves with a full quota of professors who had dedicated their lives to the ideals of Christian education. Many had been with the institution during their entire teaching careers; they had built their homes in Stockton because of their faith in Pacific's integrity. It would be no easy matter to say to these men and women:

“Your services are no longer needed.”

Then, too, thousands of high school seniors throughout California were graduating into a future that seemed pathetically gloomy and foreboding. Few were financially able to continue their education if that meant much of an expenditure of money. Most of them were unprepared for any specific job. There was no work to do—and idleness meant trouble. Within recent years, California had enacted legislation for the support of junior colleges, but that support was contingent upon district assistance as well, and the districts generally were hard pressed to meet the costs of elementary and high school education.



In Stockton and nearby communities there were many high school and even college graduates who wanted training for specific jobs, but they had little or no funds to pay for that training, and the Stockton schools had no buildings and no teachers available for that instruction.

Dr. Knoles surveyed the scene. He had a jigsaw puzzle to fit together. He would be the last man in the world to say he had no help in the solution. It was, in fact, the cooperative endeavor of many brainy individuals working under a competent leader.

The gist of the reasoning was this: Here were many young people beyond high school age who needed more schooling of a specialized nature. Stockton was presently unable to meet the situation. The State was willing to help, but its assistance was based on "A.D.A."—average daily attendance, and would not be available until the following year. Here, too, was available the College of the Pacific, with buildings, equipment, and a trained faculty. Why not start a public junior college at Pacific?

Now, California has a long history of the endeavor to keep church and state separate, and Methodists have been at the forefront of this movement. There were state laws that might interfere. It was a delicate situation, and it is fair to say that no other man could have solved so well this problem, which was so full of hysterical dynamite.

A junior college was formed within Pacific under the directorship of Dean Dwayne Orton.<sup>2</sup> A junior college must accept anyone who is a high school graduate, while an accredited college accepts only recommended students.

Classes under the new arrangement were either college courses meeting all the requirements of a standard college, or they were junior college courses which might lack some of the customary requirements. This plan of keeping the two types of instruction separate and distinct had the approval and support of the Carnegie Institute for the Advancement of Teaching, the Rockefel-

ler Board of General Education, the Methodist Senate, and the Methodist Board of Education.

By the end of the second year, the success of the plan was so pronounced that the people of Stockton demanded that the public schools form a junior college. At this juncture Dr. Knoles offered to turn over Pacific's junior college to the city. This offer was accepted, and Pacific became an upper division college only. The two colleges occupied the same buildings, used the same equipment, and the instructors who taught classes both for the college and for the junior college entered into separate contracts for the proportional time spent in each institution. Since Stockton had no buildings and no equipment, the city paid an adjusted rental for the use of Pacific's facilities. The district and the state met the tuition for all junior college students. During this period, Pacific's dormitories were kept filled by the students of both institutions.

The faculty, instead of being curtailed, was greatly increased, the campus was a beehive of activity, and the prestige of the college was greatly enhanced.

This all started a quarter of a century ago. Today, 1956, two colleges stand side by side: One is the stable, greatly enlarged Methodist institution, the College of the Pacific, and once more a four-year college; the other is the Stockton Junior College. A great many of the faculty members teach courses in both institutions. Stockton College still uses Pacific's auditorium and some other facilities. Some students take all their work with the College of the Pacific; others have no courses outside Stockton College, but many still find it advantageous to pursue their studies in both colleges.

Finally, both institutions and thousands of students have been greatly benefited through this generation-old, cooperative plan which was master-minded by Dr. Knoles.

Wrote the president in a report to the trustees in April, 1937:  
"We feel that our project, . . . unique in American education,

will be successful so long—and only so long—as each side acts in good faith. Mr. Orton [Director of the Stockton Junior College] and I often say to each other, ‘This is *my* onion; I’ll peel it,’ or ‘This is *your* onion; you peel it,’ or again, ‘That is *our* onion; we must peel it.’”<sup>3</sup>

There was another way in which Dr. Knoles greatly influenced and directed the growth of the college during the depression years. Fortunately, this influence was felt both by the student body and by the community at large.

Quite properly, a financial depression is often called a panic. It is psychological in nature. Alter the people’s thinking—give them hope—and the depression is licked. Specifically, Dr. Knoles did that thing. During these years, he brought a message of hope and confidence to hundreds of gatherings.

“This depression is not the end of things,” he explained. “There have been many other periods of ‘hard times’ in the history of our country. A depression is just one phase of the economic cycle.”

Then he quoted from the pages of history, told of his European experiences, cited favorable situations in other parts of the country, told interesting and pertinent stories. Perhaps he said nothing directly about the College of the Pacific, but his hearers did the rest. They found out more about this man who had courage and faith when others were frightened and discouraged. Gradually the president of Pacific became a symbol of hope and renewed determination for the people of California.

It was not alone the words which President Knoles spoke, but the attitude he reflected and the manner in which he and his wife lived, that had the greatest effect on the community. Perhaps no one can express this more graphically than James H. Corson (presently Modesto’s Superintendent of Schools), who served as Dean of Men under Dr. Knoles during the depression years and the college’s struggle for survival. He wrote:

“. . . this man on a horse who rode out into a pioneer country, leading his fellows onward, was of such stature, and achieved such recognition that he became ‘Mr. College of the Pacific,’ ‘Mr. Higher Education,’ ‘Mr. Man of Letters.’ It was his personal stature, together with the loyalty of those about him whom he inspired, that made possible the continuance of the college through those trying days.

“Young faculty members were loyal to his leadership, their wives were inspired by the sacrifices and the great human compassion of his wife, Mrs. Emily Knoles, in our opinion, the greatest first lady any college ever had. With such a team at the helm, making sacrifices together with others, placing self after the good of the college community—this is the lifeline and the true saga of the College of the Pacific through those trying years.

“It was no wonder, therefore, that the community leaders sought out the college to enter into a joint enterprise providing junior college instructors for the youth of Stockton and surrounding area, that the Navy saw fit to utilize the services of the college with respect to the Navy training program, and that the leadership of the college became pronounced throughout the Valley in its service to the community and the area, as well as to the Church with which it was affiliated.”<sup>4</sup>

During the momentous and eventful years from 1932 to 1948, no one in the entire Conference was closer to Dr. Knoles than his bishop, Dr. James Chamberlain Baker. His appraisal should be accurate and illuminating:

“I came to California at the most grievous time of the depression. I saw it sharply from the standpoint of the church, as well as from the standpoint of the community. We had been encouraged in our building in California by the financial interests to build largely. The banks had said, ‘Yes, we’ll loan you all the money you want. Make the plans large—build what you need.’

“So I found in this area, which you have already described, the

largest indebtedness of any area in the country. We had to face that situation at the time when people had no courage. As I look back, I marvel at the fact that things were so difficult—that men of good ability couldn't see any way through. For example, along about 1934, I met with the head of the Security First National Bank in Hollywood, and the Board of Trustees of the Hollywood First Methodist Church. The church had a very heavy debt, and there had been a big financial break in a savings and loan association which took away the savings of the people. Finally, we got everything under one blanket, and the indebtedness was about \$250,000.00. This was in 1934-35. When I walked away with the president of the Board of Trustees, he said to me:

“Bishop Baker, we'll *never* be able to pay this. We never can do it—we just simply *can't*.”

“They did pay it—and paid it handsomely. It is illustrative of the fact that men didn't have any belief in the future.

“I met with a church not very far from here, which is *very* substantial now, that attempted to refuse the appointment of a pastor in 1933. They said:

“We just simply can't do it—we had better just close up our church.”

“Even those of us who went through the depression can hardly realize now the emptiness of resistance. People were unable to believe there was a future ahead for them. It was during this period that the Conference had a chance to buy back the Pacific Palisades for \$35,000.00, a ridiculously low price, but no one would give any money toward it. There was no courage in people to run any risks, and furthermore, the banks would not lend any money.”<sup>5</sup>

Despite the hardships of these years, throughout the entire country academic standards continued to be studied, systematized, and raised. To a large extent these studies were made by the American Council of Education. Each advancement was dependent

upon or subordinate to many other factors. There were admission and graduation requirements, the size of the faculty in relation to the number of students and courses, the training of professors, library facilities, laboratories, and many others. Accompanying the growth of the college must be a corresponding increase in endowments.

In 1927 Pacific was placed on the accredited list by the American Association of Universities, remained on that list as long as the Association retained the accrediting function, and when its final list was issued, Pacific was still there. It is now accredited by the Western College Association.

To accomplish and coordinate the multitudinous activities of the growing college required a giant mind, a determined will, and just the *right* Irish leavening from his Patsy Greer ancestry. Tully Knoles had proved he was the "right man."

Dr. Baker continued:

"I have always been concerned that whatever the church undertook—hospital, social service, or educational work—it should do it with the expectation and determination that the work would meet the highest standards that were set up. There are people who are sentimental when they undertake a thing of that sort—they ask for lesser standards because they are *religious* institutions. They assume that their religion makes up for some of the requirements. I've noticed that sometimes people have talked about their college work in the same way. Now, I think that is pure sentiment. We should meet the most rigid standards, and seek to do our work at the highest level.

"Before I came to California, I had known the College of the Pacific in only a general way. At once, I was impressed by the high academic level of the work here. I soon realized that the president of the college was the man who had had the ideals, and who was responsible. I soon discovered that the college was recognized by the great universities across the country, and that the

students were quickly taken into graduate work. It made me proud to be a Methodist, and that as a Methodist institution, we were trying to do a *decent* thing.

“Dr. Knoles has certainly not been the kind of promoter some people would have been. He would not go out and wave his arms, and say, ‘Give me your money,’ nor would he press people for money. Still, he has been the college’s greatest financial asset—he himself as a *person*—his character, his ability, his integrity, his personal contacts across the country. He did not seek those contacts himself; he was called because of the contributions he could make. Bankers, commercial people, educators, and all the rest have asked him to come to speak. There has been no man in the whole state who has been in greater demand as a speaker—within the churches, the bankers’ associations, the press clubs, and all the other groups, than Dr. Knoles. Now, a man who has that kind of standing means something to a college!”<sup>6</sup>

\* \* \*

Dr. Knoles’ inherent modesty deprecates his qualifications and achievements as an administrator:

“I never felt myself particularly adequate for administrative work because I had no special desire to immerse myself in financial affairs. But I’ve always had this vast ambition—that is, to see to it that on the faculty of the College of the Pacific there would always be *scholars*, and at the same time, very fine *teachers*.

“I was criticized many times while I was president of the college for not showing more of what has been called ‘Educational Leadership.’ It was always my feeling that it was my duty to select the best possible men and women for the task of instruction in the various fields, and then leave them to work out their own ideas and solve their own problems. The fact that so many of the teachers who were brought in by me lived their entire academic lives with the college, helped to carry on that method. It seems to me that through that process, they have been able to impress



*themselves* upon the students as they have gone out, and that their work has had a carry-over into the lives of the young people.

"All the while that I was president of the College of the Pacific, I laid stress upon the liberal arts, and was most anxious not to expand into larger and vocational fields. I understand, of course, the necessity for the movement at the present time, and I have no criticism of it. However, as I look back upon the years from 1919 to 1946, I think of them as a period of the intensification of the liberal arts ideal, and the almost constant lifting of the standards of scholarship in the institution. The record of the graduates in further academic work indicates that the ideas which I had, bore fruit.

"Because of my association with the University of Southern California when it was *very* small, and the privilege I had in watching it grow, in a period of twenty years, to a place of influence and power, I had come to the conclusion that the essential thing about the life of an educational institution was the faculty. I want to say without any hesitation that the faculty as it existed at the College of the Pacific in 1919 was a *good* one—it was an *excellent* faculty. It consisted of a group of young men who had recently received their Ph.D. degrees in many cases, just anxious to make a name for themselves, and to carve out a way of life. And there were a few women connected with the institution who were very devoted; they were in the field of administration and also in the field of teaching.

"I might add, too, that when I came to the college I was more interested in the liberal arts than I was in specialized education. I doubt very much whether at that time I had sufficient appreciation for the School of Art, and also the Conservatory of Music, despite the fact that I once traded a horse for a banjo—and then couldn't play the banjo. Yet I realized that this School of Music was the first one organized on the Pacific Coast, that it had a very distinguished list of teachers and administrators, and that it had



a real status. But perhaps I was just a little bit nettled by a feeling of superiority on the part of the members of the Conservatory of Music and Art, when I realized that they felt they were the most important part of the institution.

"I presume from the standpoint of actual attendance on the collegiate level they were probably right, for we had a very small number of students in the four-year college, a comparatively large number on the academic level, and a fairly steady student body of collegiate rank in the Conservatory of Music and Art. We recall with a great deal of pleasure that throughout the years the standard four-year college idea has grown at Pacific much more rapidly than any of the auxiliaries. We are also very proud that the Conservatory of Music has continued and grown to a place of such influence and power as it has, and that it has so thoroughly and completely coordinated into the life of the college.

"We have had a very distinguished group of deans of the Conservatory. When I came, the dean was Warren D. Allen, who was just on the point of transferring to Stanford University to become the organist of the great Stanford organ, and the head of whatever music department he could develop. We had a very fine fellowship with Mr. Allen before it was necessary for him to move to his new position. It is interesting to note that throughout all the intervening years he has been a great friend of the Conservatory of Music at the College of the Pacific.

"He was succeeded as dean by Mr. Howard Hansen, who had served only a short time in San Jose when he was the recipient of the first Prix de Rome in music. There had been others in art—various types of art—but this was the first one in music. Mr. Hansen made me promise to hold the job for him while he was gone and let him come back to his position. I signed an agreement to that effect, telling him, and knowing in my heart, that he never would return. I knew that after his experience in Europe—conducting orchestras in various parts of the continent—and expand-

ing the areas of his composition work, something would happen—a wider field would open for him. It *did* happen. He was offered and accepted the directorship of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. Incidentally, he has been there ever since.

“He is one of our best known musicians, and certainly one of our best known composers and directors in the United States. He also has kept up his friendship with the College of the Pacific and has given scholarships to many worthy students who have been interested in furthering their post-graduate work in music. He has been on the campus on various occasions, and has assisted us in the great centennial celebrations.

“He made an agreement with me when he went to Europe that he wanted Charles M. Dennis to be the dean of the Conservatory during his absence. Mr. Dennis undertook the deanship and gave excellent service for many years. He it was who originated the A Capella choir plan on the Pacific Coast—and the first A Capella Choir on the Coast was at the College of the Pacific. He led it to a very high degree of efficiency.

“Then it was necessary for him, as he thought, to transfer his activities to the City of San Francisco, where he was made the supervisor of music in the San Francisco schools. He also put a limitation on me by insisting that the dean during his absence should be Mr. John D. Elliot. Mr. Elliot retained that position until 1954, when he resigned to return to teaching.

“He was followed by J. Russell Bodley as dean. Mr. Bodley began his work as a freshman on the San Jose campus as a law student, later changed his subject to music, traveled in Europe for study, had a year in the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, took over the control of the A Capella Choir when Mr. Dennis left, and has carried on throughout these years.

“It seems to me that whatever else I have done here, I have had a very high-grade collection of deans of the Conservatory of Music.”

Only one member of the staff that Dr. Knoles found on his arrival in San Jose in 1919—Miss Monreo Potts, now associate librarian—is still actively engaged at the college. Her service has been continuous.

During his twenty-seven years as president of the College of the Pacific, Dr. Knoles had but two secretaries—Miss Grace Carter, now Mrs. L. V. Richardson, and presently a member of the Board of Trustees, and Mrs. Elois Grove, now Mrs. Leon O. Whitsell. He was always considerate and appreciative of their highly efficient work.

To particularize each member of Pacific's faculty during those years would be impossible within the scope of this writing, but there were certain pillars of strength whose names, at least, should be enumerated: J. William Harris, long-time and inspiring Dean of the School of Education; G. A. Werner, frank and witty Professor of History and Political Science; Fred L. Farley, Dean of Graduate Studies and Professor of Ancient Languages; and Amos Alonzo Stagg, veteran Coach of the Pacific Tigers.

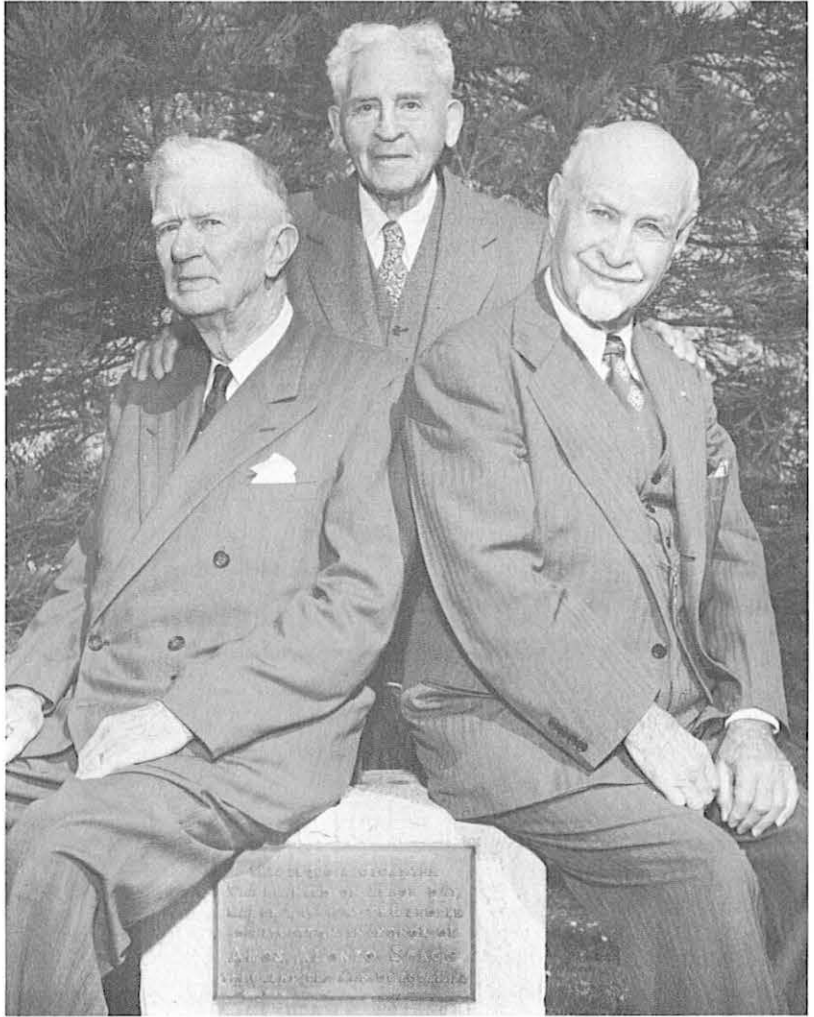
Dr. Knoles had the rare gift of securing the loyalty and militant devotion of those who worked with him. Said Dr. Corson, for eighteen years a member of Pacific's faculty and Dean of Men, in paying tribute to this great leader:

"He had the outstanding faculty of attracting people of ability and leadership to his side. He gave them the opportunity to exercise their leadership potential, he stood behind them in their mistakes, believing full well in the therapeutic value of error. He did not seek to claim the honor and recognition should their efforts be successful. The most he took unto himself was a share in the satisfaction and joy which came to those who achieved and merited success."<sup>9</sup>

It was a wonderful group of men and women gathered at Pacific—more than just scholars and educators—each one an idealist, counsellor, and friend.



WELCOMING AMOS ALONZO STAGG, 1932



"THREE SEQUOIA GIGANTEAS"

---

## Trustees—and a Traveler

---

“I found an interesting Board of Trustees in charge of the College of the Pacific in 1919,” related Dr. Knoles. “Mr. Rolla V. Watt, the president, was one of the most important citizens of San Francisco. He was a devoted Christian, a businessman of integrity and excellent executive ability, and a promoter of youth activities. Two great, world-wide conventions of youth were held in San Francisco during the late '90's—the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor. Strangely enough, Mr. Watt was the executive-secretary of both of these great conventions and did a magnificent work. He was a founder of Temple Church, and was one of the great pillars of the Commonwealth Club of California. I found him a wonderful president, with broad understanding of the problems of administration, deep sympathy for the aspirations of the faculty, and possessed of a great reservoir of influential friends, both in the business world and in the churches.

“The long-time secretary of the board was Dr. Harry Milnes—himself a graduate of the college. He too was a tower of strength throughout the years.

“There were many businessmen in the group—D. C. Crummey, the father of John Crummey, who then was president and later chairman of the board of Food Machinery; Mr. William Anderson of the Anderson-Barngrower organization; and a rising young banker of Oakland by the name of Olin Jacoby. Anderson was a very quiet man, but strong and vigorous, and able to give good financial advice to the trustees. Jacoby has been on the board ever since I came to the college. A number of years ago he

sold out his banking interests and founded the Golden State Building and Loan Association.

“Then there was an apple farmer from Sebastopol on the board—a wiry little fellow by the name of William Hotle. He is one of the most determined men I have ever known—a man of vast experience in business and thorough devotion to the church. He too has been on the board ever since I came to the college.

“Following Mr. Watt’s death, after the college had come to Stockton, Mr. Thomas B. Baxter became president of the board. He had been a successful railroad man in the East. After retirement he was brought to Stockton to wind up the affairs of the Holt Manufacturing Company. Mr. Baxter reorganized the company and sold the concern to the Best Company, which later became a part of the great Caterpillar organization, known throughout the world.

“Mr. Baxter had been much interested in bringing the college to Stockton. He was the one who financed the first fraternity house that was built over in the plowed field north of the campus as it was at that time. That was the Omega Phi Alpha building. The members of the fraternity made Mr. Baxter an honorary member.

“One beautiful evening as we trudged together through the dust over to the dedication of this beautiful colonial building, Mr. Baxter became quite confidential. When the boys praised him for what he had done, he said:

“‘When I was little, I had the measles. I haven’t been very careful about exposing myself to the measles since. Now this building is built, and I remember that philosophy. I might be exposed again.’

“It is a well-known fact that he did assist in building several other fraternity and sorority houses.

“Mr. Baxter was the president of the board during the depression years, and consequently had the hardest task that any presi-



dent ever had. He did a magnificent job in giving to the college the advantages of his great financial knowledge and skill.

“Mr. Olin Jacoby became president after Mr. Baxter’s death and retained that position until I became chancellor. Then John Crummey was the president for two years and assisted greatly during the transition period from our close relationship with the Stockton Junior College back to a four-year institution.

“Our present president, Mr. Ted Baun, an outstanding alumnus of the college, was noted primarily during his college life as a great athlete and football player. Those who knew the academic side of the college remember him as an outstanding student in engineering. Within a few years after graduation, he had built up a great construction company which he now heads. Of Methodist stock, and a lay leader of long standing, he has a real place of influence in the California-Nevada Conference. We have a great deal of confidence in the future of the college with an alumnus as President, and an alumnus as President of the Board of Trustees.

“I wish it were possible for me to speak individually of all the men and women who have served on the board throughout the years. I can, at least, pay this high tribute: They all served sacrificially and gave their best to the college.

“I must, however, mention a few of the great women who were members. Mrs. Selina Williamson succeeded her husband, and was invaluable during the time we were moving from San Jose to Stockton. Then there was Mrs. Jessie Wilhoit, sister-in-law of Eugene Wilhoit, president of the Chamber of Commerce and president also of the bank which has been so helpful to the college throughout the years—the Stockton Savings and Loan Bank. Mrs. Wilhoit was particularly valuable for advice on the care of women students on the campus. Another whose service extended over a long period of time was Mrs. Benjamin Holt. Her advice was excellent and her financial aid was greatly appreciated.



“We had the rare privilege of having on the board Mrs. Charles M. (Harriet West) Jackson. We’ll never forget her wit, her wise counselling, and especially her sacrificial gift in the West Memorial Infirmary.

“She came in one day when we were beginning the study of architectural plans, and astonished us with the statement:

“‘Dr. Knoles, I think it would be a fine thing if *I* built that infirmary, if you didn’t have to bother the college authorities, and the money wouldn’t have to go through the college offices.’

“I said, ‘Would you like to do that?’

“‘Yes,’ she said, ‘very much.’

“So she got in touch with the great infirmary at the University of California for advice on the size and type of structure to be built, and the facilities to be placed therein. Every bit of the work of supervision was done by her, and not one single dollar passed through the college treasury.

“Then when the building was nearly complete, she came to me one day and said:

“‘You know, I just happened to think; this building has to be furnished. I have quite revolutionary ideas on the furnishings of a hospital. I want to get away from the dead white, one sees everywhere—that seems to reek of sanitation. Why shouldn’t a hospital room be just as comfortable and attractive as a room in your own home? I want every bit of the furniture to be of the best. Do you mind if I buy that, too?’

“Well, after mature deliberation, I said:

“‘No, I don’t think I would mind.’

“So she paid for the building, the architect’s fees, all the structural costs, all the furnishings, all the appliances needed in the hospital, for all the landscaping, and not a dollar went through the college offices. It was amazing the pleasure she took in visiting the hospital, and the joy she took in the letters from students who had been cared for in the infirmary, and the letters which came

from the families of those students. I do not think that anything ever done in connection with the college has brought greater joy to any individual than the gift of the infirmary by Mrs. Jackson, which she had named after her family—the West Memorial Infirmary.

“Then I must pay my respects to the granddaughter of David C. Crummey and the daughter of John D. Crummey—Mrs. Paul Davies, the wife of the president of the Food Machinery Corporation of San Jose. She is an alumna of the college and has given fine service on the board.

“When my secretary for twenty-three and one-half years, Mrs. Grace Richardson, married, the trustees immediately had her elected to the board, where for many years she served as its secretary.

“These, then, have been some of the outstanding men and women who have made possible the life of the institution from the fiscal and financial standpoint. We do have a very high regard for their sacrifices.”

\* \* \*

As Dr. Knoles examined the by-laws of the college, he saw no reason why the fate which had overtaken many other church-related institutions might not happen some day to the College of the Pacific, i.e., the board of trustees might change the by-laws and eliminate the Conference participation in the election of new members. So this man who once had spurned the opportunity to secure a legal education now cast about to find a way to forestall that eventuality. His plan was worthy of the legal training he had not secured.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Knoles suggested that the method then being followed—that a certain number of the new trustees should be elected by the California-Nevada Conference, and a certain number be elected by the Southern California-Arizona Conference—be placed in the by-laws. Then to forestall a change in the by-laws by the board itself, he proposed this amendment, which was adopted:

"The by-law relating to the election of members to the Board of Trustees cannot be modified without the consent of the California-Nevada Conference, and the Southern California-Arizona Conference."

Thus, if the College of the Pacific ever becomes independent of the Methodist Church, it must be by vote of both sponsoring Conferences.

\* \* \*

"Bishop Adna W. Leonard was a member of the Board of Trustees when I came to the college," continued Dr. Knoles. "At the same time, he was president of the Board of Trustees of the University of Southern California. He gave us much good advice and was most helpful in our plans to come to Stockton. He was succeeded by Charles Wesley Burns, who was the resident bishop during the actual removal to Stockton. Dr. Burns was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Board of Trustees, and was a great help to the college through his fine, evangelistic spirit and great interest in education.

"In 1928 I was a member of the General Conference at Kansas City and was one of the men who assisted in the election of James Chamberlain Baker to the bishopric. After a quadrennium in the Far East, he came back to the San Francisco Area, which then included all of California, Nevada, Arizona, and the Hawaiian Islands. A number of years earlier he had organized the Wesley Foundation in Illinois and was the director of that great Foundation for twenty-two years. I want to pay tribute to Bishop Baker. Throughout all of the sixteen years he was our bishop here, and the additional four years that he was bishop of the Los Angeles Area (after the division), he was a tower of strength to us in *every* possible way. It was under his leadership that the Southern California-Arizona Conference adopted Pacific as the Area college. He aided us financially, he gave us leads where financial advantage could be made, and his advice at *all* times was exceedingly

valuable, particularly in our attempt and endeavor to keep alive the principle and practice of academic freedom. I think I can say without any hesitation that he had a higher attendance record at our meetings than any other bishop we ever had, although for some time he lived in Los Angeles.

"Then when the division was made in 1948, Bishop Baker was assigned to the Los Angeles Area, from which he retired in 1952, and Bishop Donald Harvey Tippett was assigned to the San Francisco Area. We then had the advantage of the leadership of both bishops.

"Bishop Tippett has continued a great strengthening power to Dr. Robert Burns. He has been instrumental in securing several very strategic gifts for the college. We are doubly proud of the fact that he has recently set up the Tippett Lectures in Religion at the college. We are very happy about that."

\* \* \*

Dr. Knoles made his first trip to Europe during the summer of 1926. He was a member of a Sherwood Eddy seminar group studying the debt situation in the various European countries. "This trip," explained Dr. Knoles, "was financed partially by the President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Rolla V. Watt. I was able to scrape up the rest of the necessary funds."

Apparently the group was shown the courtesies of a quasi-official mission. They had tea on the terrace of the House of Commons with the leaders of the Labor Government in London, received the report of Gaston Jêze, the great French economist, even before he gave it to the Chamber of Deputies, listened to several lectures by Dr. Otto Fischer, the noted financier who was at that time the Minister of Finance in the Hindenburg government, and enjoyed similar privileges in many other countries, including Russia. The two months' trip was in no sense of the word a sight-seeing tour.

When he returned to the United States, Dr. Knoles was liter-

ally besieged by all sorts of organizations that desired him to speak on the conditions in Europe—and particularly in reference to the debt situation. Fortunately for Tully, this trip to Europe was in the nature of a well-constructed superstructure on a solid foundation of years of historical and economic study. Almost every contact helped to spell out for his audiences a realistic appraisal of the economic situation.

So apparent was this that Dr. Robert E. Swain, a great scientist and the acting president of Stanford University following the death of Ray Lyman Wilbur, confided to Tully:

“You are fortunate as compared to me. I have visited Europe often and have spent many semesters in German universities as a student of chemistry and in preparation for my position as head of the Department of Chemistry at Stanford. However, when I come back from a trip to Europe, nobody wants to hear *me* talk about chemistry—and I’m not interested in talking, because I want to use the information and inspiration I received in my own laboratory. When I became acting president of Stanford, I was neither anxious nor fitted for public address, because my ‘material’ was too technical. Yet it *was* valuable.”

In 1930 Dr. and Mrs. Knoles conducted a party of about two-score Pacific students and alumni on a European tour, with special emphasis on the history and culture of the areas visited. The party was under the general direction of the Lundy Travel Agency of San Francisco, which handled all the details. En route, Dr. Knoles, as the conductor, briefed the group on the background of the various countries to be visited, and Grace Ward did the same for the art centers.

Dr. Knoles recalled: “The ‘depression’ was beginning to make itself manifest on a world-wide basis, and the conditions which we saw in Europe were very bad. I am quite sure if my study trip of 1926 had been in 1930, I should have had a very poor impression of the ability of the people of Europe to do anything for themselves.”

Seven years later, in 1937, Dr. Knoles was selected as Governor of Rotary District No. 106, and in that capacity he and Mrs. Knoles accompanied a whole boatload of Rotarians on the old Corinthia to the International Convention at Nice. Following the convention, the Knoleses flew to Sweden to visit Emily's ancestral home in that country. They also did a lot of sight-seeing in other parts of Europe, including Germany.

Said Dr. Knoles: "The influence of Hitler was beginning to make itself manifest in a vicious sort of way, and I could not help but note what a change had come in the German situation. I remember having written to my family during the period of my first visit (1926) that Germany couldn't possibly wage war short of two generations. Four years later I wrote back:

"'I'll have to revise that; Germany could be ready for a war in *one* generation.'

"Mrs. Knoles and I both agreed, and wrote back to our family in 1937: 'Germany is ready *now*.'

"In that short period of time, we had seen the emergence of Hitlerism and a rise of the autocratic powers—the beginning of what we later called the 'Axis Powers.'

"So I am quite sure that had I been a chemist, a physicist, or a biologist, my trips to Europe would not have been so valuable to me. However, with my background as a teacher of European history, I had a great many lectures to give, and a great many discussion and panel groups in which to participate."



---

## Churchman

---

Dr. Knoles participated in many extracurricular activities during his life. His membership on the Board of Education of the Methodist Church extended through almost thirty years and was nearly coincidental with his College of the Pacific relationships.

It had been a tradition of the church to appoint the president of the University of Southern California to the University Senate and the president of the College of the Pacific to the Board of Education. It was supposed to be a somewhat greater honor to belong to the former, although its duties were limited to the single function of an accrediting organization. In fact, it had been the first accrediting body ever set up in the United States. However, the Board of Education offered a better opportunity to understand the educational system of the church throughout the country.

When Dr. Knoles came to Pacific in 1919, it was generally known that Dr. Bovard was soon to retire from the presidency of the University of Southern California. Accordingly, Bishop Leonard gave the new president his choice of appointments—a membership in the University Senate or on the Board of Education. Without hesitation, Dr. Knoles chose the one with less honor and more work because it would thereby advance the interests of the College of the Pacific.

Dr. Knoles served on this Board, with its headquarters in New York and Chicago, for a period of twenty years. When unification came in 1939, he continued a member of the new Board until his necessary retirement in 1948 at the age of seventy-two. In the meantime, the headquarters had been moved to Nashville,



Tennessee. The work of the Board required at least one annual trip across the country, and not infrequently two or three trips.

As often happens with long-standing committees, the duties of the Board changed and increased with the years. At first, its functions were largely advisory; it scrutinized the budgets of the various colleges, universities, and theological schools of the church, and used its influence to secure additional funds.

With the development of the Wesley Foundation,<sup>1</sup> at least one-half of its supervision devolved upon the Board. In addition, it became the custodian of the Student Loan Fund of the church, which at that time amounted to about two million dollars. The Board exercised most of the banking functions of lending, collecting, and the charging of interest. Ironically, this fund, as such, has almost passed out of existence as present-day students desire not loans, but scholarships. Accordingly, the income is now generally expended for the latter type of aid.

The General Conference of 1924 combined all the boards which hitherto had been entrusted with Freedman's Aid and Southern Education, the Wesley Foundation, the Sunday Schools, and the Epworth League, with the Board of Education. Prior to that date, each of these organizations had had its own administration and its own executive secretary. Now with this consolidation the work of the General Board was greatly increased and the funds at its disposal became sizable amounts.

In 1939 came the unification of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal South, and the Methodist Protestant organizations into the Methodist Church, and this brought in new factors, new responsibilities, and a new method of securing membership on the Board. Up to this time, members had been appointed by the Board of Bishops. Now they were elected by the Jurisdictional Conference.

At about this time the Sunday School function was somewhat altered and renamed Religious Education and the Epworth

League went out of existence and the Methodist Youth Fellowship (M.Y.F.) took its place.

The membership of the board was also enlarged to include all of the bishops. Thus, a member was in a position to know personally all of the great leaders of Methodism throughout the country. (The Discipline<sup>2</sup> has now been changed so that none of the general boards includes in its membership all of the bishops.)

During Dr. Knoles' tenure, he saw the church pass through three distinct procedures in support of its colleges. At first the collections came directly from the churches; from the time of the Centenary a certain percentage of the benevolences was distributed to the colleges by the Board of Education; finally, this board had no distributive function and all support had to be voted by the World Service Commission of each Annual Conference.

Dr. Knoles feels that his greatest service to the church in general came through almost thirty consecutive years as a member of the Board of Education.

"I may say in passing," he recounted, "that a good many sentences of mine have slipped into the Discipline of the church as the result of compromise activities in the meetings of the board."

The great quadrennial gatherings of the Methodist Church, known as "General Conferences," exercise a tremendous influence in the attitudes and activities of millions of communicants. Dr. Knoles' leadership has been felt on many important committees.

"When I first became president of the College of the Pacific," he told us, "I had to resist very strongly temptations to be elected to General Conference. This may not seem very modest. I'm not sure I could have been elected, but I refused to be used as a candidate for the General Conference until 1928. There was an election to General Conference the year I came to Pacific. I thought it would be foolish for a newly-come president to be out of his chair for a whole month the first year of his service. Then when

the election for General Conference came in 1924, I knew that we would be in the process of moving to Stockton and that we would be having our last commencement in San Jose. So I refused to have my name used. But by 1928 it seemed as if I was ready and I became a member, leading the delegation from California to the General Conference in Kansas City.

“That was the year when my friend and former colleague on the Board of Education, James Chamberlain Baker, was elected a bishop. At that time most of the newly elected bishops had to serve a quadrennium in the foreign field. Accordingly, Bishop Baker was appointed to the Far Eastern sector in Korea, Japan, and China. When it came time for him to return to the United States, he was appointed to our area. That was in 1932. He served as bishop for the Methodists until 1948 and later a period of four years over the larger area at Los Angeles, making in all twenty years of service. In 1948 Bishop Tippet was assigned to the section over which Bishop Baker had formerly presided, the San Francisco Area.

“It was my great privilege to have attended the General Conference at Atlantic City in 1932 and the General Conference in 1936 in Columbus at the period when the foundation was being laid for the Jurisdictional Conferences in the church, out of which indirectly came the Central Jurisdictional Conference for the Negroes. I was also a member of the uniting Conference of the three branches of Methodism in 1939, and the first Conference of the Methodist Church in 1940. Finally, I was a member of the Conference held in 1944.

“I think, however, that aside from having written a few conciliatory sentences and paragraphs which were later adopted and incorporated in the Discipline, the most important task that I ever had in any of these General Conferences was one entirely behind the scenes. There happens to be a little humorous incident connected with one part of it that I’m not averse to telling, particu-

larly as both of the men who had to do with it are well known in the church now. They are both retired, although they are not nearly so old as I am.

“As some of us who are connected with the Methodist Church know, the policy for many years was for the ‘Head of the Delegation,’ as we called him—that is, the man who was elected with the highest number of votes—to have the choice of all committees. Following the custom, I chose to be a member of the committee on episcopacy, which was rated Number 1 by the delegates. Then we were also supposed to take the subcommittees in the same order. But I looked over the list and decided I could perform a greater service in the sixth committee, rather than the first. The function of the sixth committee was to discuss and probe the problems of permitting Methodists in foreign lands to elect their own bishops.

“It so happened that Dr. Kohlstedt (who now lives in retirement at Los Altos) was the convener of this sixth committee. Everybody thought, of course, that he would be elected the chairman. However, after he had convened the committee, he surprised everyone by saying that his other duties would take all of his time and it would be impossible for him to perform as chairman of this group. He immediately called for the election of a chairman. Nobody was prepared—there was no slate—and after a moment or two delay, a tall, distinguished, black-haired man from the Philippines got up and nominated Tully C. Knoles of Stockton, California. Nobody knew who Tully C. Knoles was—and certainly, nobody knew who the nominator was. Then from the opposite part of the building an equally tall, distinguished-looking, blond young man from Buenos Aires seconded the motion. Before anyone knew what was happening, I was elected chairman of that committee. Nobody there knew that both of these men had been students of mine in the University of Southern California. But there had been no collusion—they had no

notion whatever that Dr. Kohlstedt was not to act as chairman.

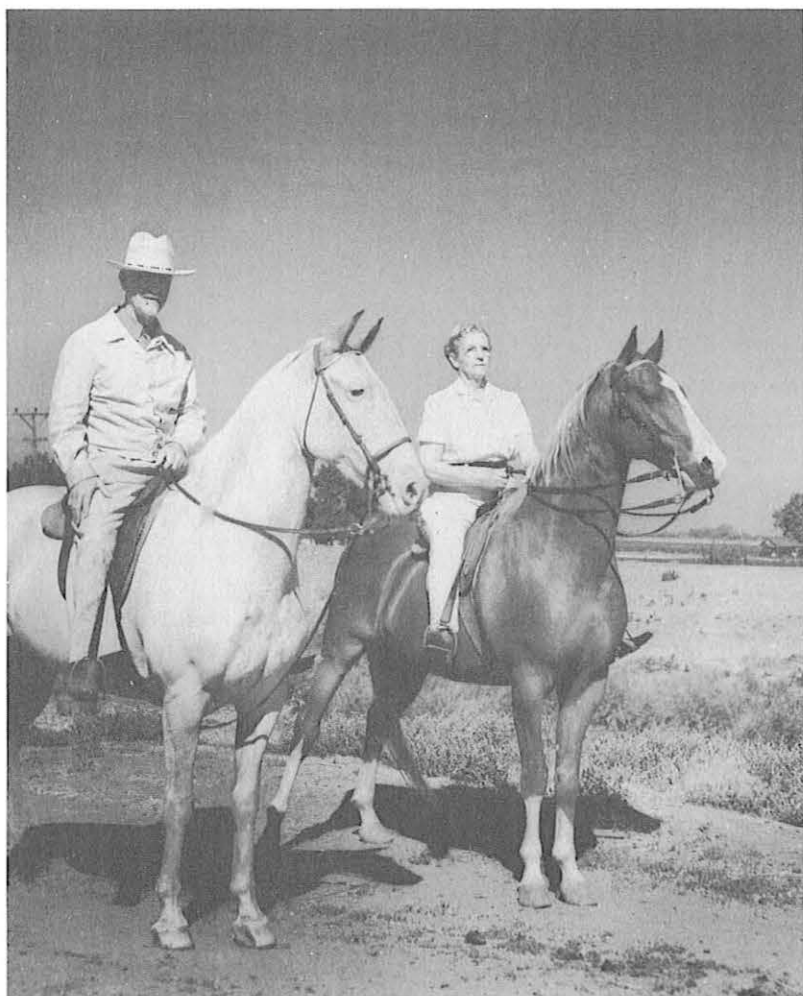
“We had the task of receiving the demands of all those amazing people. I may say that that committee had every color and every shade of color known to the Methodist Episcopal Church. They had come from every part of the world, and the majority of them were determined upon changing the constitution of the church so as to allow churches in foreign lands to elect their own bishops. I felt that was just, and although I had to be objective in chairing the committee, I was very much in sympathy with those who wanted this privilege granted. I may say here that some of the most pathetic instances of my life occurred in those meetings. It so happened that the brethren from South America had informally selected their candidate for bishop and had him at Kansas City, ready to be consecrated. The brethren from Mexico had their candidate. (Of course, you understand their names cannot be divulged here.) We were told that the heart of the latter would be broken if not elected. The brethren from India told us they had no candidate there, but they wanted this privilege because they *did not* want a ‘certain man’ elected bishop and they would *never* elect him, but if it were left to the general assembly, doubtless he would be elected. The Chinese said, ‘We will *have* to elect Chinese bishops here.’

“I had to tell them that legally we could do no more than suggest an amendment to the constitution of the church, which suggestion would have to be ratified by two-thirds of the members present, and if ratified the amendment would have to be sent to all the Conferences, and it could not become workable until three-fourths of the Annual Conferences had adopted it. I think I never saw a more distressed group of people in my entire life. They had made promises to their candidates which they *thought* they had been justified in making, but which now seemed doubtful of fulfillment.

“I did tell them, however, that there was a possible way out—



ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND



ON THEIR FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, 1949

that in making our report to the major committee on episcopacy, which in turn would present it to the Conference, we would suggest that an enabling act be passed, that if and when the amendment received Conference ratification, the delegates from foreign lands would immediately be privileged to act. That proved to be a mollifying statement which they accepted with very good grace. It was the best that could be done.

“So we reported to the major committee, and it reported to the General Conference, and the General Conference did vote by more than a two-thirds majority—an almost unanimous majority, in fact—and in the shortest possible time the required number of the Annual Conferences had ratified the amendment, and they were all privileged to select their own bishops.

“Now I’ll say to you privately, and you may make it public if you want to, that the brethren in South America did *not* elect the man whom they had anticipated, but did elect the son of an immigrant family from Italy; and the brethren from Mexico did *not* elect the man whose heart would have been broken if he had not been consecrated there, but they elected the grandson of an English missionary. And the Chinese elected a Scotchman. And finally, the Indians elected the man whom they said they would not! (So far as we know, no hearts were broken.)”





---

## Public Speaker

---

Tens of thousands of people have listened enthralled and captivated to Tully C. Knoles. For them, he has seemed the man with perfect poise; the speaker who never forgot his message; the super-orator, born without the innumerable distracting inhibitions which limit the average public speaker. Dr. Knoles' revelations should cheer the heart of every discouraged beginner:

"Yes, I am perfectly willing to give you my 'secret' formula for extemporaneous speaking, but there is quite a confession of physical weakness connected with it. As a young man, anxious to go into the ministry, I think I was faced with the most difficult situation that any person ever saw. Four times in the pulpit I fainted dead away. That was pretty hard for me or physicians to understand, because there seemed to be nothing physically the matter with me.

"However, a careful study of the situation, personally, led me to the conclusion that something happened of a physical nature—I don't know exactly what it was—that when I would try to read—even the Bible—I would just fill up with air, and if I would try to read a sermon or the copious notes, the same thing would take place. And when my lungs got just about so filled with air, I would keel over.

"I noticed this: that I didn't have so *much* trouble in reading the Bible because the sections were short, and by the time I had gotten near the end of the reading, the expansion would not be at the dangerous point. Then when I looked up to make announcements or have any general conversation with the congre-

gation, nothing happened. So I came to the conclusion that the best thing for me to do was not to read in public.

"Then I began the method of trying to memorize what I wanted to say and I discovered that had its dangers also and that every once in a while I would get a warning signal—a buzzing in the ears and congestion—and I would have to get away from my memoriter and, if possible, try to tell something funny. If I got people smiling back at me, the whole situation passed away. I know that sounds silly, but that's exactly what happened.

"Now just about this time there was a great leader in the Methodist Church by the name of James M. Buckley. He was the editor of the New York Christian Advocate and, I presume, the most powerful Methodist in the world. He refused on many occasions to be elected bishop because he always led the delegation from his Conference and that made him eligible for membership on the Committee of Episcopacy. It became the habit of *that* committee to elect him chairman. He said over and over again he would rather boss *all* of the bishops than to be one of them.

"He was one of the most successful men in extemporaneous oratory, I presume, that the Methodist Church has ever known. Just at the time I was facing my great difficulty—it was so difficult that I thought seriously of giving up the whole thing—I happened to fall upon his book, 'Extemporaneous Oratory.' The whole of the book was given over to examples of men who had perfected themselves in the art of extemporaneous oratory, the value of it, and the possibilities of its expansion. Since that time I have found few public-speaking instructors who have ever even *heard* of the book. I could never understand that, because I felt sure he would never have written it unless he had *known* there was a great need for such a book, and also unless he had had a great confidence in the method.

"I'll never forget one story that he told about a group of Con-

gregational ministers up in New Hampshire. They were expecting the great Henry Ward Beecher to be their speaker. Along about five o'clock in the afternoon, the train upon which he was supposed to arrive became snowbound and he could not possibly come. So the committee in charge, according to Dr. Buckley, hurried around trying to get some Congregational minister to take the place of the famous Henry Ward Beecher. All of the ministers, with one accord, began to make excuses, saying they had no manuscripts at all.

"Then someone suggested that they get the local Methodist preacher to do it, because he *never* used a manuscript. The committee called upon him and he said:

"'Why, yes, under the circumstances, and in this emergency, I'll do it.'

"That evening the Methodist stood up before the assembly and announced for his subject, 'Give us of your oil, because our lamps have gone out,' and then proceeded to give them an extemporaneous address.

"Well, I followed the suggestions that Dr. Buckley gave, and I added some of my own. He didn't believe much in memoriter work. He thought a person should know specifically what he wanted to say, but should not frame it in exact words.

"This I also discovered: When you *write* a sermon or a lecture, you usually have at your elbow a dictionary and the natural tendency of a man with literary pursuits is to choose the *best* word to express the idea, no matter how long the word is, nor how poorly it is understood. Suddenly, away back there at the beginning of the century, I realized that the members of my audiences didn't have dictionaries at hand. So I formed the habit, more than fifty years ago, of using the simplest words that I could possibly find to convey an idea. The longer I progressed in that method, the more I became convinced that the simpler term you can use, the better will it convey the thought you have in mind.

“But still I was troubled with the manuscript and with the notes. About that time I was married, and the best critic for my public work I have ever had in all my life has been my wife. She had a great deal better training in grammar than I had—and she was also very anxious to have her husband make a good impression. So she early started to criticize me—and very helpfully. She suggested that I might overcome this physical difficulty if I would write *more*—which I did—but in time even she came to the point where she said:

“‘Tully, you had better let those manuscripts go.’

“Then I discovered this: If I made copious notes, I would read successfully what was in the notes—and then my mind would become a blank. I had to look at the next note.

“So finally I hit upon a plan, which I have followed with more or less success ever since: To strive to work upon *subjects*, rather than upon texts. I have always felt that the mind will work logically, if it gets a chance. I have done a great deal of what one might call ‘Mulling over subject.’ An idea will present itself to me and I will think about it. Then I’ll think about it at odd times—and I’ll have recurring thoughts about it. My experience has been that as I think more and more about a subject—whether it be in philosophy, or ethics, or history—after the data has been provided, the mind, working upon this with its intuitive power, as well as its conceptual power, will sooner or later formulate a logical order in the process of the use of the material.

“Now this has had a double influence upon me. I can keep several lines of thought going without being tied down to them. The subconscious operates as well as the conscious. Sooner or later one of these subjects comes to maturity or, as the old-time preacher used to say, ‘gets ripe.’ If it is properly developed, you strike oil. Early in my life in southern California, where the oil industry developed, I heard a story by an old, old Methodist preacher that I’ll never forget. Pointing to some oil drillers, he said:

“Boys, if you don’t strike oil in the first ten minutes, stop boring.”

“Sometimes I’ve found it wise to stop boring.

“Well, I think that is the basis of whatever success I’ve had. I can’t point to any great group of written sermons, nor written lectures in the field of international affairs, because I just haven’t made them. There are times when I have set down certain ideas, and some of them have been retained, but so far as I am concerned, they do not amount to much, because I have had the feeling that was expressed by Dr. Loofbourow<sup>1</sup> one time, that I am very much more a *voice* than a pen, and that my function as a preacher and as a lecturer, or teacher, has been to stimulate activity upon the part of other people.

“I may say this: I *do* have among the members of my family and among my students a great number of people who have been interested, not only in research which I have stimulated, but also in writing. But some way or another, I myself have never been able to reach that point. I also do not know why it is that we *never* expect a writer to be a speaker, but we *always* expect a speaker to be a writer.<sup>2</sup> For some reason or other, it just doesn’t work out that way.

“The second value of the method we have been discussing, as I see it, is this: If you ever want to use that material again, or if you are called upon suddenly to do it, or if there is a great embarrassment in the fact or the act of delivery, you are relieved of all the process of remembering, because the same logical process which put the material into form originally, will do it again.”

\* \* \*

Many of the people who worked for the establishment of the college at Stockton dreamed that this city might become a great cultural center. Some were disappointed that this objective was not attained at once. Others realized that time was also a factor in cultural development.

A generation has passed since April 14, 1924,<sup>3</sup> when the first brick was laid on the Stockton campus. It would be difficult to find a citizen today who would question the statement, "Pacific is Stockton's greatest asset." It took wise, devoted, and long-continued effort to bring about this desired goal. It took failures as well as successes to nurture this thing called "culture." It was not a bill of goods which could be bought and thus moved from place to place. It was a growing plant which, if properly tended, would continue to grow throughout the years. It was dynamic rather than static.

In the same way, Dr. Knoles' impact on the community, through his thousands of addresses, was a growing, developing experience. It began at the University of Southern California; it increased its tempo during the five years in San Jose; and it came to maturity in Stockton.

Essentially, his message was inspirational in character. He talked wherever and whenever the opportunity presented itself. His influence on youth was particularly stimulating. In the public schools, in churches, in commencement addresses, in teachers' institutes, he opened up great fields of unexplored opportunities. His talks before Rotary, Kiwanis, Exchange, Lions, and many other service clubs undoubtedly broadened the international perspective of the members.

He planted seeds of learning in all parts of the West. Some of these developed rapidly and were in evidence within a short space of time; others took much longer to come to fruition.

Because of the intangible nature of the subject, it is difficult to measure Dr. Knoles' influence on the community at large. However, in the fields of theology, philosophy, political science, pedagogy, and history, his recognition of changes of concepts and emphases greatly impelled and inspired thousands in all parts of California.

---

## Chancellor

---

January 6th fell on Sunday in 1946. For Dr. Knoles it marked the completion of the "threescore and ten." Most of the family remembered and spent some part of the day at the big brick home of the president on the campus. Notice, too, was taken of the event at the Central Methodist Church, where Dr. and Mrs. Knoles worshipped, and in the service club and lodge to which he belonged.

For some time Dr. Knoles had been planning for a lighter load and fewer responsibilities after his seventieth birthday. There was still remembrance of the things he had given up to become Pacific's president. Perhaps some of these could be enjoyed during his "out of season" years.

Young, dynamic, and personable, Robert E. Burns had proved an invaluable and understanding assistant. He had been intimately connected with the institution since his high school days in Richmond, California, when he had been sent to the college as a representative to one of the Y.M.C.A. conventions. Later he enrolled as a student and took an exceedingly active part in the life of the college, being president of the student body during the school year of 1930-1. He was particularly successful in the field of debating, where he won many honors. His obvious sincerity, devotion, and friendliness had swept him along rapidly since his graduation from Pacific in 1931. Successively Bob had served as field secretary, placement secretary, alumni secretary, and registrar. Now as assistant to the president his duties took him to all parts of the country, and he became well and favorably known in educational circles.



Soon there came a veritable avalanche of tempting offers, a number of which were college presidencies.

The trustees were faced with a dual problem: the desire of Dr. Knoles to be relieved of a part of his duties, and the possibility of losing the services of one of its most distinguished graduates. Knoles told them frankly that if Burns left, he would tender his own resignation to take effect at the next commencement. The final solution as worked out by the board was eminently satisfactory to both men. Knoles was advanced to the chancellorship—Burns was made president.<sup>1</sup>

Many years earlier, astute observer and lovable Dr. Werner had assured Bob Burns:

“One of these days, you are going to be a college president.”

“If I ever do,” laughed Bob, “I’ll pay your transportation to the inaugural.”

When at last that honor came, Werner was living within two blocks of the campus. Imagine his surprise on June 16, 1947, to find a cab waiting at his door to take him and Mrs. Werner to the formal inauguration in Baxter Stadium.

The relationship between the new president and the chancellor cannot better be described than in the words of President Burns:

“It is very difficult for me to approach this objectively, even though I want to do it. I’ve been at the college four years as a student and twenty-four years as an employee. What I am saying today is like talking about my father, for I have an idea that Dr. Knoles has seen more of me than he has seen of his own sons. I am sure I have seen more of him and worked more with him than I did with my own father. So I consider him to be a sort of father in many respects because of the way he has guided me. Certainly I should like to sum it up this way: I came to the College of the Pacific because I knew him; I worked for the college devotedly because he inspired me; and I hope to carry on at the College of the Pacific because I want to be faithful to his ideals.”<sup>2</sup>

This almost father-and-son arrangement brought in an era of good feeling—a beautiful relationship in the administration of the college. Youthful energy, cordial, earnest friendliness, augmented by the wisdom of years and prophetic foresight, worked wonders with Pacific's student body. The casual visitor passing along the tree-lined campus was greeted with a smile and the youthful salutation. Doors were held open, inquiries were answered carefully and courteously. An unusual spirit of friendliness was found throughout the entire institution.

Quipped the Chancellor:

"Nothing succeeds like a successor."

For the first time in years, Tully might have had a slight relaxation. However, his lodge, innumerable service clubs and civic organizations, the Methodist Conference, and other public groups, formerly held somewhat in leash by his presidential responsibilities, now felt free to call on him for addresses on every pertinent occasion. Ironically, the Chancellor found himself working longer hours and on most irregular schedules. Then something happened. The old ailment, which had been held in subjection so long, became once more of startling and immediate concern.

Dr. Knoles entered the hospital in 1949 for a thorough and comprehensive checkup. The diagnosis called for an immediate operation. The Chancellor was then in his 74th year. Later his physician explained to him the problem, which had been a mystery throughout the years. X-rays and modern medical techniques could have saved him at least thirty-seven years of suffering. His complaint *was* hernia—congenital, umbilical hernia. As he slowly recovered, he was able to assess his situation. He had never known a perfectly well day in his whole life. Now, for the first time, at 74 he realized what it meant to have health.

It was during these years as chancellor that Dr. Knoles participated in some of his most memorable achievements, outside his

college relationships. Perhaps the most interesting of these concerns the Central Methodist Church in Stockton and ultimately, perhaps, a great western ecclesiastical center.

Many years ago the California Conference had owned at Pacific Grove its own camp and auditorium for its great annual meetings.<sup>8</sup> Then had come depression years and this wonderful asset had been lost. Since the removal of the College of the Pacific to Stockton, these annual meetings had been held, partly in the civic auditorium and partly at the college. Then one day an idea was born which could prove of inestimable importance to every Methodist of the California-Nevada Conference.

In answer to our question, "Why did Fred Parr sell a warehouse to Central Church?" Dr. Knoles explained, and in that explanation unfolded one of the most amazing dreams of western Methodism.

"That's a pretty long story and you would have to get into the background of Mr. Parr in order to understand the sale and also his motives in making it. Fred Parr as a young man lived in the upper San Joaquin Valley. Later he moved to San Francisco and entered business without much capital. Fortunately, he became acquainted with Rolla V. Watt, long-time president of the board of trustees of the college, who gave him a great deal of sound financial advice. I think that had a very definite influence upon Parr's character. He was an active member of the Methodist Church and participated, with his two brilliant sisters, in all the activities of the Epworth League. Although Mr. Parr has never married, he was always active with the young people of the church even after he ceased to be a member of the Epworth League. Then it so happened that as a church man and as a successful promoter, he was added to the board of trustees of the College of the Pacific. At the same time, he had two nephews who were students here at the college. They kept him in close contact with student activities.

“In his various promotion deals such as the Parr Terminal in Oakland and the Richmond Parr Terminal (which later was absorbed by the Ford Company), he seldom had, at any one time, a great sum of money which he could release to care for his numerous charitable impulses. This was because as soon as he had sold one of his developments, he would immediately take options on larger properties—and that kept his capital pretty well tied up.

“Along toward the end of World War II, he hit upon a plan of building huge reinforced concrete warehouses in strategic parts of the United States—one in South San Francisco, one in Seattle, and one in Washington, D. C., not far from the Pentagon Building. These developments required, of course, a great deal of acute and astute financing. In this work Parr became associated with one of the great assurance companies as a client, and he found it was possible to finance these vast organizations, and particularly to have them leased to the federal government on fairly favorable terms. As some of us have investigated the terms, it seemed to us they were just as favorable to the government as they were to the Parr Company.

“These warehouses were used, not primarily as military depots, but as general warehouses for the properties of the United States in the Pacific area.

“Soon the matter of profits began to be appalling. I think there is no doubt about that statement. Here was Mr. Parr—a bachelor with few exemptions—who found he was getting into higher and higher brackets with each new tax return. Finally, most of the natural and normal profits from his business were being absorbed in taxes. So he sought various legal methods whereby he might dispose of these properties and at the same time aid the charitable institutions in which he was interested. Quite naturally, he approached the College of the Pacific. (I may say in parenthesis that the college probably drew the approach.) He was on the point of selling one of these warehouses—specifically, the one in South San Francisco—to the college.

“About that time the Congress of the United States changed the tax law, making such a sale—obviously for taxation purposes—illegal. However, it did specifically grant churches the rights and privileges of making such purchases, and permitted them to carry on business not connected specifically with the life of the church. Accordingly, Mr. Parr thought he would find a way of selling the San Francisco warehouse to a church in the bay area. Due to the unfortunate business experience of one of the large San Francisco churches, it seemed inexpedient to make that arrangement.

“Now, at a meeting which I attended to watch the proceedings, at the request of Mr. Parr, it seemed likely that a sale would be made to a small and not very well organized Methodist church in San Francisco. So before any contract was signed, I suggested the desirability of conferring with the Central Methodist Church of Stockton. Mr. Parr responded to the idea and said he was sorry he hadn't thought of it before. He immediately took steps to get in touch with the pastor, Dr. Melvin Wheatley, with the District Superintendent, Howard Greenwalt, and with various members of the Stockton Central Church. A meeting was arranged at which there were present attorneys for the assurance company involved, attorneys for the Wells Fargo Bank of San Francisco, Mr. Parr's personal attorneys, and a representative of the Central Methodist Church. This last-named representative was Mr. Maurice Sumner, a former Pacific student at San Jose, a devoted Methodist San Francisco layman, and a very successful lawyer. Most fortunately, he agreed to guide the church in all of its investigations concerning the possibilities of the purchase.

“After the plan had been set forth, several meetings were held here in Stockton. I think all of them were attended by President Burns. I'm not sure I attended every one, but I was present for most of the meetings. The plan as outlined was for Mr. Parr to sell to the church the Parr warehouse in South San Francisco for

a relatively high figure and the Wells Fargo Bank was to supply, on what we would call a secondary mortgage, the amount that would satisfy the equity which Mr. Parr had in the property.

"Then the original payments for a year or two—income from the warehouse—would go to liquidate that debt. From that time on, the payments would go to amortize the loan of the assurance company which had made the building possible originally. It was computed that after 1957 there would be a profit beyond that required to satisfy the Wells Fargo Bank and the amortization of the property. This amount, naturally, would increase from year to year as the total amount of the loan would be decreased. It would follow that in a period of between twenty and thirty years the entire property, with an appraised valuation of \$2,000,000.00, would be clear and in the full possession of the Central Methodist Church of Stockton.

"A very interesting provision of this agreement was the waiving, on the part of the Wells Fargo Bank and the assurance company, of the right of deficiency judgments which are usually placed in such loans. This would relieve the church of liability beyond the property itself. That seemed to us to be a very generous provision on the part of the bank and the assurance company. It was also a firm evidence of their confidence in the solvency of the whole enterprise. As I look back upon it, that was the one point which was questioned most by the local officials of Central Church.

"When the plan was finally concluded, the church became the legal owner of the property, subject to the encumbrances which I have mentioned. There doesn't seem to be much danger about the proposition because Mr. Parr, in his rather canny business sagacity, already had insured the property and also the owners against every possible contingency, even that of the loss of tenants. That expense, of course, was to be deducted from the profits.

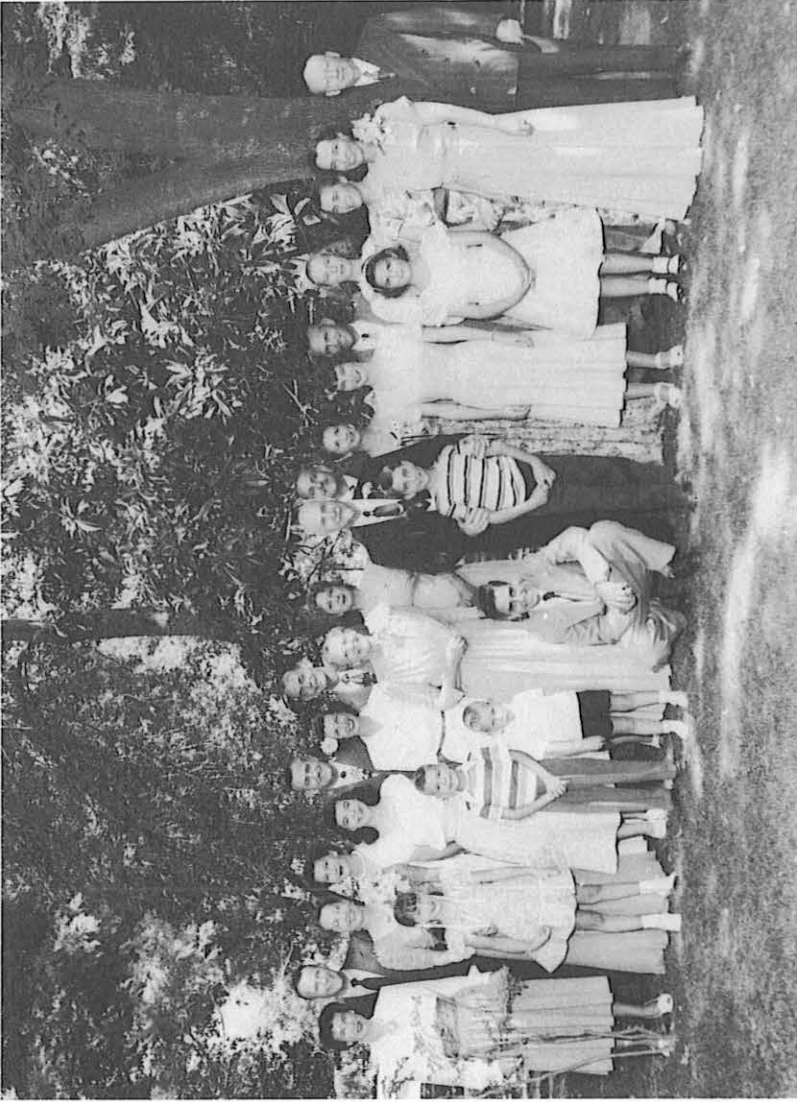
"Now the thing that I want to emphasize is that I am quite

convinced from personal conversations with Mr. Parr, as well as from his public statements, that his real object in making this sale, since he could not make the contract directly with Pacific, was to make it possible for some advantage to come to the college. As we understand the law, it specifically prohibits any contract between him and the church, or even a so-called 'gentlemen's agreement' between him and the church that a certain portion of the income from the property should go to the College of the Pacific. Nevertheless, it was the general understanding that the church *could*, if it so desired, make such adjustments and relations with Pacific, or it could refuse to do that. That is, of course, entirely within the legal provinces of Central Church.

"One of the plans discussed when Dr. Burns was present, and I am sure it received his full approval, was that the receipts which would come presently from rentals and eventually, perhaps, from the sale of the warehouse itself, would be used to develop a great Methodist Center in Stockton in rather close relationship to the college. So it seems to me that the decision which was made on January 30, 1956, by the Quarterly Conference of Central Church to take an option on the purchase of a tract of approximately nine acres which lies directly across Pacific Avenue from the college campus, for the purpose of relocating Central Church, is an indication of the desire of the officials of the church to make an even closer bond between that institution and the college.

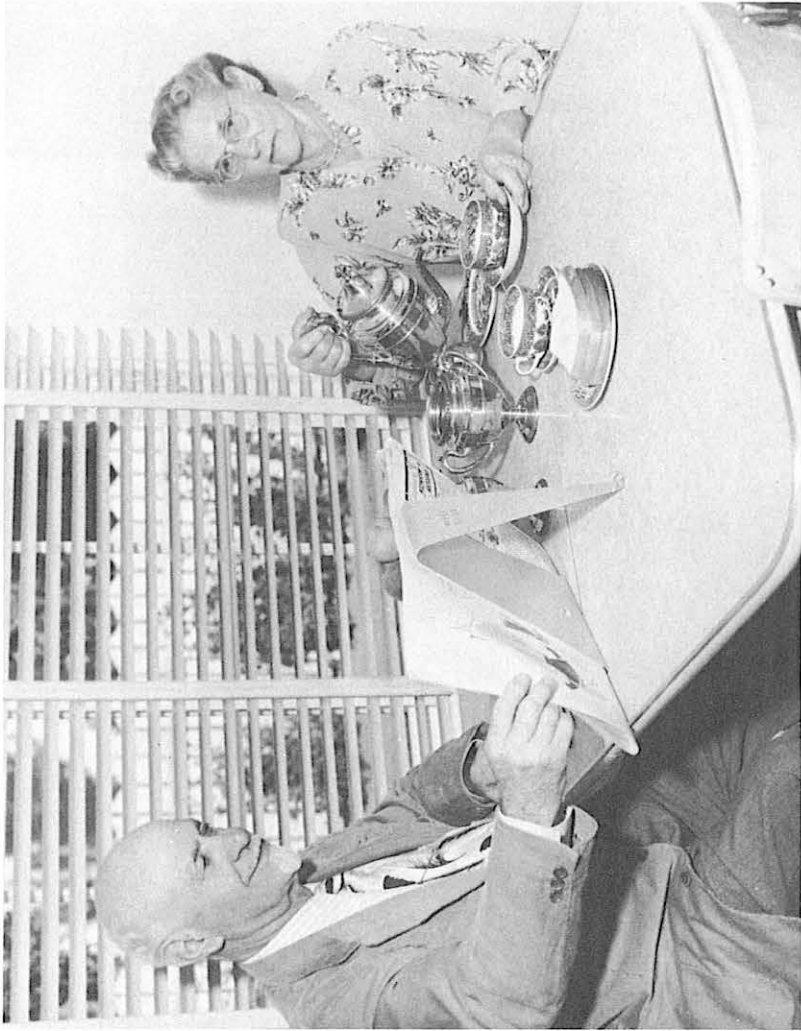
"Then too, it was expressed freely at the time of the sale that a large portion of the income from this property would be set up for scholarships in the College of the Pacific for Methodist students throughout the Conference, or the United States, or the world, for that matter, to be administered by the officials of Central Church. This plan would be a still further development of the Methodist center and the carrying on of the opportunities for service. It is quite evident that as these plans mature, the church





A FAMILY GROUP, 1949





NEWS OR FOOD?

has enlarged its vision. At first it wanted to buy three acres of the nine-acre holding of the college. Later the officials talked in terms of four and one-half acres. Now when action was finally taken, an option was secured on the entire tract, and the architect was instructed to furnish plans for a plant which will utilize the entire acreage and provide for a greatly broadened service.

“Now I think it is true that Central Church might have re-located opposite the college on a smaller piece of ground and still carry out the provisions necessary for the building of a great Methodist church, but since the Quarterly Conference has adopted this larger plan for a Methodist center, with financing coming from this and other sources, it seems to me that it is one of the greatest things that could have happened, both to the church and to the college. I think we are all very grateful to Mr. Parr for making it possible.”

Thus the years of chancellorship have continued to bring great visions of service, both for the college Dr. Knoles saved and developed, and for the church he has served so long and faithfully.



---

## “Therewith to be Content”

---

The ultimate measuring stick of a man is none other than the opinions of his own family. Although Dr. George Knoles spoke for himself, his words may voice the feelings of his brothers and sisters:

“I think the fact that all of his eight children became teachers and that most of them are still teachers and/or counsellors gives some idea of their inheritance and their respect for their father’s work.”

Probably no biography is quite complete which does not include a collection of personal family reminiscences. Dr. Knoles’ dependence upon the good judgment of his wife and his pride in the achievements of his family of three daughters and five sons is proverbial.

“I am very much interested in my family. I think no one could have more pride and joy in the academic achievements of his children than I. Every one of them is a graduate of the College of the Pacific, and several of them have their master’s degree from the college as well. One of them has gone on for his Ph.D. degree. I’ve tried to compare their possibilities in the larger university where we served before coming here, and their development—their *actual* development—in the smaller college here in Stockton. I think I can safely say that they had the academic opportunities, and received the impetus toward scholarly life on this campus that would compare favorably with what they *might* have had in southern California.

“In addition, because of the emphasis placed upon the Liberal Arts—particularly music and art—I feel our children have re-

ceived greater advantages here at Pacific. Several of them are musically inclined. All of the boys sing, and for a period of five years four of them constituted the Knoles Quartette. Nature gave them exactly the right placement of voices for the four parts, and since they all came from the same father and mother, they had a particularly harmonious quality in their tones. Then again, they were fortunate in having the same teacher—Miss Nella Rogers.

“My eldest son, Peter, was in charge of their singing and he has been a choir director practically all his life. I doubt very much whether they would have taken singing lessons or developed their artistic talents at the University of Southern California. The A Cappella Choir has been a great musical organization here at Pacific, and four of the boys and one of the girls have been active members of it.

“Our oldest daughter, Lorraine, still lives with us. She has been quite a brilliant student throughout her entire life. As soon as she was graduated from the College of the Pacific, she went to the University of Southern California and got her master’s degree. Then she returned to Pacific, where she has taught almost constantly, often with additional assignments of administrative work. At present she is chairman of the social science department of Stockton College, where she also has a great many administrative duties. She still retains some courses in history on the campus and for the College of the Pacific.

“Our next daughter, Dorothy, had some linguistic ability as she was growing up. After she was graduated from Pacific, she spent some time in Middlebury College, Vermont. Then she became a teacher of Spanish in the high school at Marysville, California, where she spent five years. She was married to Mr. Erford McAllister, journalism instructor at the College of San Mateo. For many years they have lived in San Mateo, where they have a beautiful home. Early in life Dorothy became enamored of

organ work, particularly of accompanying. For a greater number of years than she is willing to admit, she has been a church organist. At the present time she is the organist for the Presbyterian Church in San Mateo.

"Our next two children are twins. It's a great scandal in our family that our youngest daughter and our eldest son are twins. There is no way to escape it—it's just a fact. After securing his master's degree at Pacific, Peter taught for five years in Stockton High School. Since that time he has been a teacher or an administrator in the Sacramento Junior College. At present he is vice-president of that institution.

"His twin sister, Edith, also prepared as a history teacher. After making a trip to Europe in 1930 with Mrs. Knoles and me, she conceived the idea of going to South America. By that time she had considerable skill in conversational Spanish. Through the offices of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, she secured a position in Crandon School in Montevideo. So, at last, one member of the family reached South America. After spending three years in that school, and perfecting her use of Spanish, she came back to this country and now is a teacher of the Spanish language and literature, and a counselor in Beverly Hills High School.

"Our next son is George. And George was a very determined little boy. We remember once when he and his mother were having a little seance, she said:

"George, don't you argue with me!"

"And he said:

"Mama, I'm not! I'm telling you!"

"I think that gives a pretty good index of George's character. After he was graduated from the College of the Pacific, where he also secured his master's degree, he taught at Lodi for a while. Then he became a teaching fellow at Stanford University, where he subsequently attained his Ph.D. degree. At the present time

he is a full professor of history at Stanford and is the author of several books which have quite a gratifying circulation.

“Our next son is Gordon, who also received his master’s degree here at the college. He taught for sixteen years in Pacific Grove and then went into Holman’s great department store in that city as the manager of the personnel department. He seems to have made the transition from school to business very successfully, and is happy in his work.

“Our next son is Tully, Junior, who has a great many of the physical characteristics of the Walline family, and a great many other characteristics of the Knoles family. He too taught in Marysville—a period of five years—then transferred to the high school at Palo Alto, where he was teacher and counselor. During the last two years he has been the Adult Education Director of the public schools of the city of Palo Alto.

“Our youngest son—and there was quite a break in time between Tully, Jr., and Leslie—has had a very interesting career. As soon as he was graduated from college, Leslie became an ensign in the United States navy. Then he was made a skipper on a mine sweeper and spent the entire time of World War II in the Eastern waters. He was uninjured, had some pretty close calls, but the only thing he lost was his fore-top. He said *that* was lost, not by any danger, but by worrying over the care of the thirty-five men under his control. He was a teacher at Modesto High School when he was taken over by the navy. He remained in professional relationship with the school system of Modesto during all his military service, which included the ‘second hitch in the navy,’ as we call it. Since that time he has remained with the Reserves and is now commandant of the Naval Reserve unit at Modesto. He is presently the Dean of Men at Modesto Junior College.

“After we were well located in Stockton, and all our family were growing up, with the added expenses incident to their education, we hit upon a very ingenious plan. By this time I was get-

ting a certain amount of honoraria from speeches, and fees from this, that, and the other thing. We made an agreement that we would have two separate bank accounts: Emily would take the salary account from the college so she would know exactly what she had with which to budget her household expenses, and I used all the other income that I received in a separate banking account. We never got our checks crossed whatever. I'll say very frankly that Emily did with her money very much better than I did with mine. My income was rather uncertain, as you can readily see, dependent upon the type of audiences which I happened to address. However, after the children were all grown, graduated, through with their graduate work, and in homes of their own, we went back to the single checking account.

"I'd like to pay tribute to Emily that whatever we have is due to her skill in caring for the finances of the family. It has become quite a joke here in Stockton that we've lived here all these years and you can't find a single businessman who can claim I ever paid a bill. Yet they'll admit, both privately and publicly, they still send the bills to me, but someone else pays them.

"I can look back over absolute freedom from financial worries throughout my entire life because of the fact that Emily has had this managerial skill, and also the willingness to care for the budget of the family. She has done a magnificent job. In every way she has been a helpmate. I have indicated the fact that she was my most severe critic—and she still is. Yet I do believe *no* couple could be any happier in their personal and family relationships than we."

As the years passed, it became an interesting subject of discussion in the family whether Dr. Knoles had made the right decision in 1919. In his own mind he is satisfied.

"I traded the life of a director of scholarly activities, and perhaps the personal development of scholarly expression, for the building of a college on this campus in Stockton.



"I am quite sure I have had more opportunity for travel as president of the College of the Pacific than I would have had as the head of the history department in the University of Southern California. I question whether that broadening influence would have been mine had I not come to Pacific."

As Dr. Knoles reviewed his decision, two other factors (discussed at length in other chapters) favored the move to the college. They were the fortunate use he was enabled to make of his training in European history and economics, and the artistic and aesthetic training which his children received at Pacific.

"Finally," concluded Dr. Knoles, "outside of the university, I was known in southern California primarily as a preacher, and I have a feeling that that limitation would have remained with me had I continued at the University of Southern California. In the North, the emphasis has been more upon lecturing to non-religious bodies, as well as on ministerial types of addresses. So, take it all in all, I think there is a balance, though it is hard to evaluate. However, as a good Irishman, I think I should say, along with another Irishman, St. Paul:

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

---

## “By Reason of Strength”

---

At length the first week of January, 1956, arrived. Spontaneously, every organization to which Dr. Knoles belonged outdid itself to pay him honor on his eightieth birthday. His lodge, his service club, the college, the Commonwealth Club of California, individually, and finally all of these organizations, together with his church, his countless friends, and his entire family, joined in the greatest birthday celebration Stockton has ever witnessed.

More than five hundred guests sat down at the banquet table in the Civic Auditorium on Friday evening, January 6, 1956. The Anniversary Program represented the ultimate in fine printing, with a four-color reproduction of Galgiani's portrait of Dr. Knoles.

The banquet was presided over by Simpson H. Hornage, president of the Pacific Associates. He was ably assisted by Stuart C. Gibbons, chairman of the Banquet Committee, and Ted F. Baun, the president of the Board of Trustees. Reverend George D. Goodwin offered the invocation, and William Thompson and Dean J. Russell Bodley provided the music. Salutations were offered by Mayor Fred L. Bitterman, State Senator Alan Short, the Masons by Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of California Henry C. Clausen, the Commonwealth Club by Stuart R. Ward, the Executive Secretary, the Stockton Rotary Club by Past District Governor C. Edward Best, the Pacific Alumni Association by Robert Monagan, the Methodist Church by Bishop Donald Harvey Tippett, and the Faculty of the College of the Pacific by Dr. G. A. Werner.

Following these tributes came various presentations by Presi-

dent Robert E. Burns: A thousand dollar bill carrying the portrait of another famous Democrat, as a personal gift to Dr. Knoles; an aggregate of over nine thousand dollars to augment the Knoles Chair in Philosophy; three separate scrolls, of which the official Lawton Kennedy production was labelled by Dr. Burns as the "scroll of scrolls," and greetings from scores of absent friends.

At the proper time the birthday cake was wheeled in. It was surmounted by a molded likeness of the Chancellor, and was so large that it temporarily screened the man being honored. The cake was a piece of culinary art from the local Webb's Bakery.

The whole scene was festive and exotic, with floral decorations flown across the Pacific at the request of the Keiki Aliis, the campus Hawaiian Club, and enhanced by scores of table candles, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel P. Behler.

As always, Chancellor Knoles' response was a masterpiece, and appropriate for the occasion.

Early in the program, by special request, the following poem was read by Dr. Malcolm Rogers Eiselen, professor of history at the college. Quite appropriately, a portion of it had been presented twenty years earlier at a similar function. It emphasized the happy tone of the celebration.

"LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY

Life starts in at forty, so Pitkin has said,  
But Pitkin, dear Tully, is soft in the head;  
For sixty's much better, combining in truth  
The voice of experience, the vigor of youth.  
Six decades are gone, but life's merely begun.  
Why drive only forty when sixty's more fun?  
The riches of life, time abundantly sends,  
Greater knowledge and service, more jokes,  
and more friends.

Life starts in at forty: Who was it that spoke?  
'Doc' Townsend will tell you that's all a great joke.  
To be younger than sixty were really a sin  
When two hundred monthly might be rolling in.  
So here let us say without further ado,  
Happy birthday, dear Tully, is our wish for you.  
Happy birthday tonight, and then be it said,  
Best wishes for all of the decades ahead."

"EIGHTY—BUT NOT IN THE SHADE

In the past twenty years, we have seen many changes:  
The cowboys ride jeeps to cover the ranges;  
Some things have got better, some things have got worsen;  
Most people like Ike, but not his precursor.  
We licked the depression and got rid of Hitler;  
The Russians got bigger, but England got littler.  
Television has come, but sometimes it's blotchy:  
We lost Paderewski, but got Liberace.  
But forget all the changes—to bless or to sully—  
One thing is unchanged, and that is our Tully.  
Ignoring the fact that the clock keeps on tolling,  
Like the famed Old Man River, he just keeps on rolling.  
And so, my dear Tully, although you are eighty,  
Your talk is still sprightly, your speeches still weighty;  
Your yearly predictions grow truer and bolder;  
Your jokes become fresher as mine just get older.  
They say you are eighty, but surely they blundered;  
But if it is true, why not shoot for a hundred?  
So I'll make you a deal: At each twenty years' timing,  
You furnish the years, and I'll furnish the rhyming."

No one could convey better the great love and respect of Pacific's faculty than did Dr. G. A. Werner:

"Nearly a half-century ago, I met Dr. Knoles for the first time in his office at the University of Southern California. He was then chairman of the Department of History and Political Science. He became my adviser, my major professor, and my loyal friend. I majored with Dr. Knoles; Dr. Knoles' sons majored with me, and two of *our* sons studied history in high school under Dr. Knoles' son.

"As a faculty, we love and honor him for his scholarly example and leadership. Whenever and wherever he has appeared as a speaker, one could always expect a scholarly message, and he has *never* 'let us down.'

"He has been a champion of *academic freedom*, both for himself and his faculty. 'Search for the truth in your respective field, whether that be science, history, philosophy, or whatever it may be, and proclaim freely the results of your research, but stay in your own field.' That has been his practice and advice.

"He has made us conscious of the fact that the teaching profession has played a leading role in human progress. The great sages of the Orient, Lao-tse, Confucius, Gautama Buddha, were teachers. The intellectual giants of Greece—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—were teachers; and the 'Shining Lights of the Dark Ages,' St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and many others, belong to that profession. However, the eternal principles, ideals and truth, proclaimed by the greatest Teacher, the Man of Galilee, have been the dominant influence in Dr. Knoles' life, and that influence has been greatly felt and appreciated by us as a faculty. Loyalty to those principles and ideals will make any college a *Christian* college."

The following tributes came from California's two Methodist bishops:

“THE METHODIST CHURCH  
The Los Angeles Area

“I went to the College of the Pacific largely because of my desire to be under the leadership of Dr. Tully C. Knoles. I shall never forget a course he gave in my freshman year which opened my mind to so many wonderful areas of interest. In the years I was at the college, he had a very great influence upon me through his public addresses, and indirectly through his character and presence.

“In the years that have followed, it has always been refreshment and inspiration to see him again, and to have a chance to visit with him even for a few minutes. In my book, Tully C. Knoles is one of the great men of this generation.

Gerald Kennedy, Bishop.”

“THE METHODIST CHURCH  
The San Francisco Area

“Tully Cleon Knoles, distinguished minister of the Gospel, began his clerical career in 1899 at Chino and followed for brief pastorates at San Pedro and Harmony. In 1903 he became an instructor at the University of Southern California and from that time on devoted his talents to the teaching and college administrative ministry. However, whether in a pastoral charge or classroom or president’s office, Tully Knoles was always a Methodist minister. He knew that he was Christ’s Ambassador. You and I know that God’s confidence in him was not misplaced. So well did Chancellor Knoles perform his task that, certainly in California, no one better deserves the title, ‘Mr. Methodist.’

“The whole Church has long been in Dr. Knoles’ debt. Since 1919 he has been an active and helpful member of the Board of Education. He was a member of the 1928, 1932, 1936, 1940, and 1944 General Conferences and of the Uniting Conference

of 1939. His fine, historical mind and his felicity of speech made him an invaluable member of all these legislative bodies. Much of the Discipline of those years came from his gifted pen—and much remains unchanged to this day.

“He has been a gifted and dedicated servant of the Church, and great, indeed, has been his ministry. As his bishop, I am proud to salute him as ‘Mr. Methodist’—religious and educational leader par excellence, and friend dearly beloved.

Donald Harvey Tippet, Bishop.”<sup>2</sup>

The Rotary Club’s observance of Dr. Knoles’ birthday, with Dr. Dewey Powell in the chair, gives a faint idea of the Chancellor in action as an extemporaneous speaker.<sup>3</sup> Elsewhere may be found excerpts from the eloquent addresses of Mr. Best and Dr. Burns. President Powell’s tribute, in part, follows:

“His valued advice is always available to the trustees of the college, but he has the rare discretion to sit back and not intrude until his opinion is asked for. His zeal as a teacher is satisfied by his Thursday evening class on the campus—a picked group of graduate students who have a rare opportunity of gleaning from his storehouse of accumulated knowledge, and of being inspired by his leadership to develop their own latent talents.

“Still much in demand as a preacher, no commencement at Pacific would be complete without the baccalaureate sermon from Chancellor Knoles. His inspiration has been important to many and many a student. He has been the West’s most popular speaker for the last thirty years.”

Finally, a beautiful watch, bearing the Rotary insignia, was presented the octogenarian, and a standing ovation was given him as everybody sang, “For he’s a jolly good fellow!”

Responded Dr. Knoles:

“Mr. President, Past District Governors, and Present Rotarians:

"You have no idea how I appreciate this. I wonder if Ben Wallace is here. [Wallace is a local mortician.] Ben, will you stand up? Will you get a tape-recording of this? You might need it some day, for I know that no Master of a Masonic lodge, nor any of my fellow ministers would ever give a funeral oration that would be equal to that. There's just one error in it—except the error of exaggeration. I was born in Illinois, and not Ohio.

"This is a marvelous occasion, and Dewey, you have no idea how I appreciate your references to Emily, because Emily and I were old enough when I came into Rotary in 1919, so that we had elder children to look after the younger ones, and she has *always* been as much interested in Rotary as I have been. She has attended every District Conference in the North which I have attended, and every International Convention which I have attended. Her heart is the heart of a Rotary Ann, and I know how much she will appreciate what has transpired today.

"Do you think this watch will last a little bit, Dewey?"

"Good for twenty-five years!"

"This one," said Dr. Knoles, pointing to his old watch, "I've carried for fifty-three, and it isn't worn out yet. If only your very thoughtful suggestion will be borne out in the experience of time, I'll not begin to wear the new one until this one is worn out.

"I have appreciated these words more than one can say. No man on the face of this earth could have greater service rendered him, and greater appreciation given for interrelated affairs than I. The references to those days which are so distant now, when I was living just from day to day, stir up all the cockles of my heart. There's a man behind a post [Dr. Langley Collis] who could tell you why I went through all those difficulties for thirty-seven years, because he removed that difficulty just a few years ago and not only *saved* my life, but gave me a new lease on life.

"I sincerely hope that the wonderful tribute that has been made today hasn't been too much of an exaggeration. I know that



I live it down every day—and I promise you that I'll keep on living it down as long as I live.

“You know, it is a marvelous thing for a man to have a church in which he is satisfied, to have a fraternal relationship that is always stimulating, and have a place in the first—not only so far as time is concerned, but also so far as influence is concerned—the first service organization that was ever developed—Rotary—and to have spent his life in the field of education—and can look without jealousy upon the one who daily proves, as Dewey said, ‘Nothing succeeds like a successor.’

“When this great celebration is over on Friday night, if I can just keep the pump pumping, after all of the excitement and exhilaration that we shall have known by that time, I'll try to get down to the ordinary level again. Thank you, very, very much.”<sup>3</sup>

\* \* \*

At the Convocation on January 5, 1956, the last scintilla of doubt that he had made the wise decision in coming to Pacific was swept aside by the words of Mel Nickerson, the student body president:

“It has been said there are three stages in the development of a personality—preparation, meditation, and dedication. Dr. Knoles represents the highest achievement of this long developmental process.

“This fine college, of which we are all so proud, owes much to him. A lesser man and a lesser college might have lost their firm grasp on the religious principles which are the lifeblood of this country.

“Dr. Knoles' enthusiasm for the more intrinsic values of life, and his ability to communicate these thoughts to others, have truly served Pacific. His students are to be found in every field of activity. The great graduates, the near-great, and the majority—all have gained insight and interest which will remain for life.

“We have a duty to perform. We have a task to which we must

dedicate ourselves. When we mention Pacific, let us remember the man we honor today in commemoration of his eightieth birthday—Chancellor Tully Cleon Knoles.”<sup>4</sup>

Throughout the years there have come many other honors not specifically detailed within these pages: interim pastorships in the great First Methodist churches in San Diego and Pasadena; an invitation to serve as the pastor of the Methodist Church in Evanston, Illinois; with Ole, leading scores of community celebrations; and participation in rodeos galore.

He holds the following scholastic and honorary degrees: A.B., University of Southern California, 1903; A.M., 1908; D.D., 1919; LL.D., College of the Pacific, 1927; D.D., Pacific School of Religion, 1940; and LL.D., Boston University, 1946. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Stanford in 1922, and Phi Kappa Phi at the College of the Pacific in 1951.<sup>5</sup>

On one occasion at the Hotel Claremont in Oakland, Dr. Knoles was the principal speaker at a gathering of registrars and admissions chairmen from all the western states and British Columbia. At the conclusion of his address, “The Chancellor Looks at Education,” one man was heard to remark in awe-struck tones:

“Gentlemen, you have now been listening to a member of a vanishing breed.”

“And *that*,” laughed Dr. Knoles, is the *best* definition of a ‘has been’ I’ve ever heard.”

\* \* \*

What, then, should be the functions of an octogenarian whose work and hobby have been the training of youth? One who does not care for his pipe, and whose favorite horse is much more aged (in terms of horse years) than his master.

One who personally does not feel that the chief end in life is to win a game of bridge, or whist, or canasta, or samba, or scrabble.

One who is not content to sit, and muse, and bemoan, nor even continually to ruminate on his own experiences.

One who does not feel that writing is *his* medium for the exchange of ideas or inspiration.

One whose analytical mind is still clear and resonant, and whose storehouse of facts and experiences was never so complete, nor so carefully arranged.

What, then, should be his functions?

Dr. Knoles' answer is that there are many areas in which he still should continue to participate. There are his church, his college, his service club, his lodge, his family, his country, and his own further training.

The Reverend George Goodwin finds Tully and Emily in their places of worship at Central Church every Sunday, unless duty calls them elsewhere. Periodically, his pastor has the Chancellor conduct a five weeks' seminar for new church members, while his eldest daughter, Lorraine, leads the alternate training classes. His counsel is sought by commissions and the official board. Contrary to the usual description of an oldster, he is *not* always "hanging onto the hold-back strap." Central knows that its greatest dream was first worked out in Dr. Knoles' mind and heart.

Every Tuesday during the college year finds him in the beautiful Morris Memorial Chapel, participating in the weekly services. It affords, too, a stroll about the campus, a briefing of important developments by President Burns, and a close, personal contact with professors and students. Every Thursday night of the college year he is in charge of his graduate seminar.

His club and lodge have their regular sessions in which he meets again the leaders of important segments of the community.

His family is his "pride and joy." With some eight or ten different homes for his immediate brood, there is always something new or important which must be passed on to Grandpa and Grandma. Fortunately, the entire family live in California and, at call, all can be present within three hours.

Perhaps the greatest organization of independent thinkers in

the West is the Commonwealth Club of California. For over fifty years this organization has listened to the brainiest speakers of the country, without regard to race, color, political views, or religious affiliations. Some of the speakers have returned year after year. On the morning of his eightieth birthday, Dr. Knoles gave his eleventh annual Crystal Ball address to the organization. (The twentieth address in all, the first being given in 1920.)

Dr. Knoles is a firm believer in lifelong learning. So a part of his time each day is spent in reading and studying the classics in their original Greek or Latin versions.

This, we believe, is a full and satisfying life—a recognition by the groups in which he is affiliated, that age may have a tremendous and important contribution to the life of the community.

Hitler's Germany, Russia, and China scrapped their aged. Germany fell, and it does not yet appear whether Russia and China will long endure.

Many years ago, a wise man compiled a set of laws for his people. One was, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother." Many have read this part of the law—few remember the balance—"that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee."

And this is quite as true of churches, schools, clubs, and country, as it is of the family.



# Appendix A

## KNOLES GENEALOGY

Sir Richard Knolles

Nathan Knolles

Henry Knolles

Edward Knolles

Daniel Knoles

Edmund Knoles

James Knoles

Richard Knoles

James Knoles

Prettyman Knoles

Asa Knoles

b. Nov. 19, 1817

m. Dorcas Stone

b. Apr. 1, 1823

Dorcas Stone was a grandniece  
of Thomas Stone who signed the  
Declaration of Independence.

Children of ASA KNOLES  
and DORCAS STONE KNOLES

SAMUEL STONE KNOLES

b. Mar. 20, 1840

m. (1) GRACE ISABELLE TERHUNE

b. Jan. 11, 1846

(Samuel Stone Knoles)

m. (2) LOIS BARRETT

b. Aug. 15, 1846

JOHN LOWRY KNOLES

b. Jan. 30, 1842

JACOB JACKSON KNOLES

b. Aug. 11, 1843

MARTIN VAN BUREN KNOLES

b. Sept. 28, 1844

PRETTYMAN MARVEL KNOLES

b. Oct. 20, 1846

SARAH ESTILL KNOLES

b. Aug. 28, 1848

THOMAS STONE KNOLES

b. Sept. 8, 1850

m. LAURA ELLEN HART

b. Mar. 11, 1856

ELI ASA KNOLES

b. Dec. 10, 1851

LOUISA ANNE KNOLES

b. Dec. 4, 1854

JANE KNOLES

b. May 9, 1856

ELIZABETH KNOLES

b. June 8, 1858

CARRIE LOUCRETIA KNOLES

b. Oct. 24, 1866

EMMA EFFIE KNOLES

b. Oct. 21, 1868

FRED TERHUNE KNOLES

b. Mar. 29, 1871

ASA BARRETT KNOLES

b. Apr. 11, 1874

WILLIAM DAY KNOLES

b. Oct. 18, 1876

MILES MELSIGNER KNOLES

b. Jan. 21, 1879

GRACE ISABEL KNOLES

b. Nov. 22, 1873

d. Nov. 23, 1873

TULLY CLEON KNOLES

b. Jan. 6, 1876

m. EMILY WALLINE

b. Oct. 1, 1877

NELLIE HART KNOLES

b. Nov. 10, 1877

d. Mar. 29, 1879

CASSIUS ROLLIN KNOLES

b. July 10, 1878

LAURA MAY KNOLES

b. May 22, 1879

d.

THOMAS MARSHALL KNOLES

b. Dec. 21, 1882

PAUL HART KNOLES

b. Dec. 7, 1884

DON ASA KNOLES

b. Oct. 10, 1886

RAYMOND EMMETT KNOLES

b. Feb. 24, 1889

d. July 17, 1917

STELLA ELLEN KNOLES

b. Mar. 17, 1891

d.

HAROLD ELI KNOLES

b. Dec. 13, 1895

Children of TULLY CLEON KNOLES  
and EMILY WALLINE KNOLES

LORRAINE ISABEL KNOLES

b. July 30, 1900

DOROTHY ANN KNOLES

b. May 8, 1902

m. ERFORD McALLISTER

PETER WALLINE KNOLES

b. Oct. 18, 1903

m. DOROTHY DURANT

b.

d. Aug. 21, 1953

{ PETER WALLINE KNOLES, JR.

b. Feb. 27, 1935

MICHAEL ERIC KNOLES

b. May 15, 1940

EDITH EILEEN KNOLES

b. Oct. 18, 1903

GEORGE HARMON KNOLES

b. Feb. 20, 1907

m. AMANDALEE BARKER

{ ANN BARKER KNOLES

b. Nov. 1, 1933

m. DAVID NITZEN

ALICE LAURANE KNOLES

b. Nov. 14, 1938

GORDON ELBERT KNOLES

b. Aug. 6, 1908

m. AUDREY HOLMAN

{ ADRIENNE KAY KNOLES

b. Mar. 10, 1933

TULLY CLEON KNOLES, JR.

b. Oct. 2, 1910

m. (1) BEATRICE SATTERLEE

d. Nov. 12, 1953

{ GAIL WALLINE KNOLES

b. Jan. 17, 1935

m. ROBERT BEDOW

LESLIE JEAN KNOLES

b. Dec. 1, 1941

(Tully Cleon Knoles, Jr.)

m. (2) MRS. MARION MAGGART

LESLIE GAY KNOLES

b. Apr. 18, 1919

m. BEATRICE McCARL

{ RICHARD MERRITT KNOLES

b. Feb. 1, 1943

THOMAS CHARLES KNOLES

b. Sept. 20, 1946

LINDA GAY KNOLES

b. Mar. 25, 1951



## Appendix B

DR. KNOLES' THURSDAY GRADUATE SEMINAR

296 C—2 Units 1954-55

1. "Clash of Cultures in Israel"  
Dorothy Berry, 307 Vine Street, Modesto
2. "The Arab League"  
Bill Hecomovich, 3908 Hogue Street, Stockton
3. "The Contribution of the U. S. Towards Israel's Development"  
Jack R. Hyman, 110 Longview Avenue, Stockton
4. "The Possibility of Economic Self Sufficiency in Israel"  
James F. Lehman, Rt. 4, Box 322 B, Lodi
5. "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Nationalism in the Near East"  
Nick J. Mariani, 3908 Hogue Street, Stockton
6. "Economic Possibility of Self Sufficiency in Egypt"  
Philip Migamoto, Archania—COP
7. "Egypt: Leader of the Middle East?"  
Barbara Nickceovich, 276 East Essex, Stockton
8. "Communist Danger in the Near East"  
Edward A. Raleigh, 1317 W. Telegraph, Stockton
9. "The Impact of Moslem Culture on the Status of Women"  
Emma Jane Stewart, 3435 Sierra Madre, Stockton
10. "The Zionist Movement"  
Donald M. Warren, 1300 S. Central, Lodi
11. "British and American Strategy in Oil in the Near East"  
Henry S. Welch
12. "U. S. Influence on Middle East Education"  
Tom Osborne
13. "U.S.S.R. Policy in Middle East" (Special Reference to Turkey and Iran)  
Eunuel Berbano

## Notes

Much of this book has been prepared from numerous tape recordings of interviews with Dr. Knoles during the period from November 25, 1955, to April 9, 1956. Vital information was checked for accuracy of dates and spelling.

### BELL RINGERS

1. Knoles Genealogy, an unsigned, undated, four-page typewritten document evidently prepared by members of the Samuel Stone Knoles and/or the Thomas Stone Knoles families.
2. Direct quotations are generally from the tape recordings of Dr. Knoles.
3. Knoles Genealogy.
4. Ibid.

### CENTAUR

1. Bell Telephone System: The Telephone in America, p. 30.
2. See Plate I.
3. Dumke, Glenn S.: The Boom of the Eighties, 1944, pp. 28-40.
4. Tape recording, Rotary Club luncheon, January 4, 1956.

### DECISION

1. Boom of the Eighties, pp. 106-8.
2. Ibid., pp. 107-8.
3. Records made with rigid poles were approximately 3 feet under those made with bamboo poles.
4. Tape recording of Dr. Knoles.

### EMILY

1. Information by Dr. Knoles.
2. Student charges prior to 1899 were omitted in the Conference journal.
3. Smith, Sarah Bixby: Adobe Days, 1931, pp. 7-46.
4. Ibid., pp. 5, 45, 51, 58, 68.
5. Ibid., p. 5.
6. Ibid., pp. 47, 77.
7. Beggar's Pouch. An alliance of Dutch noblemen was formed in April, 1566, to bring relief to their countrymen who were oppressed by the Spanish rulers of The Netherlands. The chairman of the Council of Finances, seeing the motley delegation, many of whose members were evidently poor, exclaimed:

“Ce ne sont que des gueux” (They are only beggars). This term of derision was accepted by the Protestants as an honor. Medals were struck off bearing the likeness on one side of Philip II and on the other, a beggar’s pouch with the inscription, “Vivent les Gueux” (Long live the beggars).

Throughout the years, the wearing of the Beggar’s Pouch has symbolized support for the oppressed.

#### PROFESSOR

1. Boom of the Eighties, pp. 247-8.
2. Hunt, Rockwell D.: Mr. California, 1956, Chapters III, V, VI, VII, and IX.
3. The history of this interesting old college is presently being prepared by a committee of the Northern San Joaquin Historical Society.

#### HEALTH MISSION

1. Chalfant, W. A.: The Story of Inyo, 1922.

#### MEN—NOT MONEY

1. See Plate 4.
2. Oxnam, Garfield Bromley: I Protest, 1954.
3. Boom of the Eighties.

#### ROOT-BOUND

1. Hunt, Rockwell D.: History of the College of the Pacific, 1951, p. 210.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid., p. 136.

#### TRANSPLANTED

1. History of the College of the Pacific, p. 137.

#### PRESIDENT

1. History of the College of the Pacific, p. 147.
2. Ibid., pp. 149-50.
3. Ibid., p. 151.
4. Letter, Corson to Stuart, March 6, 1956.
5. Tape recording by Bishop Baker, March 19, 1956.
6. Letter, Corson to Stuart, March 6, 1956.

#### TRUSTEES—AND A TRAVELER

1. See chapter: "DECISION."

#### CHURCHMAN

1. While Bishop James Chamberlain Baker was an Illinois pastor, he organized the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois.
2. The Methodist Discipline: the rules and regulations of the Methodist Church.

#### PUBLIC SPEAKER

1. Leon L. Loofbourow. Since 1906, a Methodist minister or district superintendent of northern California.
2. History of the College of the Pacific, p. 158.
3. Ibid., p. 141.

#### CHANCELLOR

1. History of the College of the Pacific, p. 161.
2. Tape recording of Rotary Program, January 4, 1956.
3. McLane, Lucy Neely: A Piney Paradise, pp. 4-8, 130-34.

#### "THEREWITH TO BE CONTENT"

1. Interview with Dr. George Knoles of Stanford University, February 14, 1956.

#### "BY REASON OF STRENGTH"

1. Letter, Bishop Kennedy to Stuart, March 19, 1956.
2. Letter, Bishop Tippet to Stuart, April 9, 1956.
3. Tape recording, Rotary Club, January 4, 1956.
4. Document submitted by Mel Nickerson.
5. Quoted from original documents in the possession of Dr. Knoles.



## Index

See List of Illustrations and Appendices A and B for additional names.

- Abraham Lincoln (schooner), 25  
A Capella Choir, 93, 130  
Academic freedom, 138  
Alamitos Rancho, 27  
Alice (horse), 47  
Allen, Warren D., 92  
American Association of Universities,  
89  
American Banking Institute, 57  
American Council of Education, 88, 89  
Anderson, William C., 76, 95  
Aquinas, Thomas, 138  
Argentine, 42  
Aristotle, 138  
Atlanta, Georgia, 2  
  
Baker, Bishop James Chamberlain,  
Preface, 87, 88, 100, 101, 108  
Bancroft Library, 19  
Bane, Dr. Adam C., 71, 72, 73  
Barrows, David Prescott, 16  
Baun, Ted F., 97, 135  
Bava, Santino, 76  
Baxter, Thomas B., 96, 97  
Beecher, Henry Ward, 115  
Beggar's Pouch, 30  
Behavior psychology, 47  
Behler, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel P., 136  
Bell Ringers, 1-6  
Bertels, Rev. C. N., 78  
Best, C. Edward, Preface, 12, 135, 140  
Beverly Hills High School, 131  
"Big Four," 66  
Bishop, California, 47, 48  
Bishop Athena Club, 50  
Bishop High School, 49  
Bishop Methodist Church, 48  
Bitterman, Mayor Fred L., 135  
  
Bixby, George H., 29, 40, 43  
Bixby, Jotham, 27, 28  
Bixby Ranch, 28, 29  
Blalock, Eugene, 56  
Bodley, Dean J. Russell, 93, 135  
Bogardus, Dr. Emory, 37  
Boston, Mass., 7  
Boston University, 54, 143  
Bouelle, Supt. Frank, 56  
Bovard, Dr. George F., 35, 36, 37, 43,  
46, 49, 51, 52, 57, 63, 65, 66  
Bovard, Dr. Marion M., 35  
Bowers, Dr. Chester, 56  
Bowne, Borden P., 30  
Buckley, James M., 114, 115  
Buddha, Gautama, 138  
Burcham, Dr. John L., 71, 72, 74, 78  
Burns, Bishop Charles Wesley, 100  
Burns, Dr. Robert E., Intro., Preface,  
101, 119, 120, 121, 124, 126, 136,  
140, 144  
  
Calaveras River, 77  
California Annual Conference, Pref-  
ace, 36, 63, 99  
California-Arizona Conference, 99,  
100, 139  
California-Nevada Conference, 97,  
99, 100, 122, 139  
California History Foundation, 38  
California Scholarship Federation, 58,  
59  
California State Board of Education,  
39, 75  
California Wesleyan College, 64  
Carnegie Institute for the Advance-  
ment of Teaching, 84  
Catholic Church, 66

- Caterpillar Company, The, 96  
 Cattle, 27, 46  
 Cattle brand, 46  
 Central Methodist Church, 73, 119,  
     122-27, 144  
 Chaffey, California, 13, 14  
 Chaffey, George, 13  
 Chaffey, William B., 13  
 Chaffey College of Agriculture (Chaf-  
     fey College), 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 21  
 Chaffey Junior College, 13  
 Chaffey Methodist Church, 14, 21  
 Chaffey Presbyterian Church, 21  
 Chamber of Deputies, 101  
 Chicago International Livestock Exhi-  
     bition, 29  
 Chino Methodist Church, 24  
 Christian Endeavor, 95  
 Church of All Nations, 54  
 Civil War, 4  
 Clausen, Henry C., 135  
 Cleveland, President Grover, 136  
 Cole, J. Harrison, 30, 31  
 College of the Pacific, 5, 16, 37, 38,  
     52, 57, 63-69, 76, 77, 81-94, 95,  
     96, 99, 100, 105, 117, 118, 122-27,  
     129, 134, 139, 142, 143  
 COP Board of Trustees, 63, 67, 71,  
     72, 94, 95, 96, 97, 100, 120, 122,  
     135, 140  
 COP Conservatory of Music, 91-93  
 COP Faculty, Preface, 77, 78, 79, 83,  
     89, 90, 91, 92, 94, 135, 138  
 College of the Pacific, History of,  
     Preface  
 College Park, 64, 75  
 Collis, Dr. Langley, 141  
 Columbia University, 11  
 Committee of Episcopacy, 109, 114  
 Commonwealth Club of California,  
     95, 135, 145  
 Confucius, 138  
 Congregationalists, 52, 114, 115  
 Coolidge, President Calvin, 77  
 Cooney, Miss Ella, 10  
 Corbin, Prof. Charles, 78  
 Corson, Supt. of Schools James H.,  
     Preface, 86, 87, 94  
 Cortland Normal School, 30  
 Country Club Blvd., Stockton, 73  
 Crummey, David C., 76, 95, 99  
 Crummey, John D., 95, 97, 99  
 Crystal Ball Addresses, 145  
 Cumberland Presbyterian Church, 3,  
     4, 15  
 Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Los  
     Angeles, 3  
 Daisy (horse), 47  
 Davies, Mrs. Paul (Faith Crummey),  
     99  
 Declaration of Independence, 1  
 Del Rosa Methodist Church, 22  
 Dennis, Charles M., 93  
 Dentist, The, 49  
 De Pauw University, 54  
 Depression, The, 81, 88, 102  
 Dewey, John, 30  
 "Dr. Tully," 65  
 Dominguez Rancho, 27  
 Douglas, Stephen A., 4  
 Early, Mrs. Della, 57  
 Eiselen, Dr. Malcolm R., Preface, 136,  
     137  
 El Camino Real, 68  
 Elliot, John D., 93  
 Episcopalsians, 52  
 Epworth League, 95, 106, 107, 122  
 European History, 68, 69, 86, 103  
 European Method, 54  
 European Travel, 54, 102

- European trip (1), 101, 102  
 European trip (2), 102  
 European trip (3), 103  
 "Extemporaneous Oratory," 114, 115
- Farey, Arthur R., Preface  
 Farley, Fred L., 94  
 Figueroa Street home, 40, 41, 60  
 Finances, 71, 82-90, 133  
 Fischer, Dr. Otto, 101  
 Food Machinery Corporation, 99  
 Football, 14, 17, 31, 32, 97  
 Ford car, 60  
 Francis, Supt. John F., 39  
 Free Methodists, 52
- Galgiani, Oscar, 135  
 Garrett Biblical Institute, 72  
 Gay, Leslie F., 38  
 Gibbons, Stuart C., Preface, 135  
 Gibson County, Indiana, 3  
 Gilman, George, 76  
 Golden State Building and Loan Association, 96  
 Goodwin, Rev. George D., 135, 144  
 Grace M. E. Church South, 72  
 Graduate Seminar, 140, 144  
 Grant III, U. S., 77  
 Green, Dr. John B., 15, 21  
 Greenview, Illinois, 4  
 Greenwalt, District Supt. Howard, Preface, 124  
 Guntown, Mississippi, Battle of, 4  
 Guth Hall, 75
- Haberfelde, Mrs. John (Stella Ellen Knoles), 6  
 Hanna, Archbishop, 75  
 Hansen, Howard, 92, 93  
 Harmony Methodist Church, 24, 40, 60, 139
- Harris, Dr. J. William, 56, 78, 94  
 Harris, W. T., 30  
 Hart, John, 1  
 Hart, Laura Ellen, 1  
 Hart, Margaret Ellen Terhune (Knowles), 4, 5  
 Hart, William, 9  
 Hernia, 45, 46, 50, 121, 141  
 High schools, 13  
 Hindenburg government, 101  
 Hitlerism, 103  
 Hogan Dam, 77  
 Hollywood First Methodist Church, 88  
 Holman's Department Store, 132  
 Holt, Mrs. Benjamin, 97  
 Holt Manufacturing Company, 96  
 Hoose, James Harmon, 30, 35, 36, 61  
 Hornage, Simpson H., 135  
 Horses, 7, 8, 10, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 27, 28, 29, 35, 36, 40, 42, 43, 46, 47, 48, 67  
 Hotle, William, 96  
 House of Commons, 101  
 Howard Street Church, San Francisco, 73  
 Hoyt, Mrs. Carrie E., 4  
 Hughes, Bishop Edwin H., 49  
 Hunt, Dr. Rockwell Dennis, Preface, 36, 37, 38, 64  
 "I Protest," 55  
 Inyo County Ranch, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 59, 72
- Jackson, Andrew, 4  
 Jackson, Mrs. Charles M. (Harriet West), 98, 99  
 Jacoby, Olin, 95, 96, 97  
 James, William, 30  
 Jantzen, Dr. Marc, 56



- Jêze, Gaston, 101  
 Johns Hopkins University, 36  
 Jordan, President David Starr, 67  
 Junior colleges, 83, 84  
 Jurisdictional Conference, 106, 108  
 Jurisdictional Conference, Central,  
 108
- Keiki Aliis, 136  
 Kennedy, Bishop Gerald, Preface, 55,  
 139  
 Kennedy, Lawton, Printer, Preface,  
 136  
 Kennedy, Mrs. Lawton (Freda), Pref-  
 ace  
 Keppel, Mark, 39  
 Kersey, Supt. Vierling, 56  
 Kirchoffer, Bishop R. B., 52  
 Klingberg, Dr. Frank K., 38  
 Knoles, Asa, 4, 5  
 Knoles, Dorcas Stone, 5  
 Knoles, Dorothy (Mrs. Erford Mc-  
 Allister), 27, 130, 131  
 Knoles, Edith, 41, 131  
 Knoles, Mrs. Emily Walline, 4, 23,  
 24, 26, 27, 31, 32, 33, 36, 40, 41,  
 46, 59, 60, 61, 86, 87, 116, 119,  
 133, 141  
 Knoles George, 41, 129, 131, 132  
 Knoles, Gordon, 41, 132  
 Knoles, Laura Ellen Hart, 1  
 Knoles, Leslie, 41, 48, 132  
 Knoles, Lorraine, 26, 130, 144  
 Knoles, Martha (Patsy) Greer, 2, 89  
 Knoles, Peter, 41, 130, 131  
 Knoles, Prettyman, 2, 3  
 Knoles, Raymond Emmet, 6  
 Knoles, Samuel Stone, 4  
 Knoles, Stella Ellen (Mrs. John Hab-  
 erfelde), 6
- Knoles, Thomas Stone, 1, 3, 4, 5, 10,  
 17  
 Knoles, Tully, Jr., 41, 132  
 Knoles Chair in Philosophy, 136  
 Knoles Field, 74  
 Knoles Quartette, 130  
 Knolles, Sir Richard, 2  
 Knolles—Knoles—Knowles family, 1  
 Kohlstedt, Dr. E. D., 109, 110
- Land boom, 9, 30, 59  
 Lao-tse, 138  
 Lennox, J. C., 60, 61  
 Leonard, Bishop Adna, 63, 64, 100,  
 105  
 Lilly family, 60  
 Liquor, use of, 15, 16  
 Lolly, Catherine, 59  
 Long Beach, California, 27  
 Loofbourow, Rev. Leon L., 117  
 Los Angeles Manual Arts High School,  
 57  
 Los Angeles Normal School, 16  
 Los Angeles Water System, 48, 49  
 Lowry, Laurence, 38  
 Lucky, George Washington Alexander,  
 11  
 Lundy Travel Agency, 102
- Malcolm, Roy, 38  
 Malibu Rancho, 28  
 Man of Galilee, The, 138  
 Martin, Jim, 25  
 Mascall family, 60  
 Masonic lodge, 135  
 Mattoon, Everett, 56  
 Menard County, Illinois, 4  
*Mercury-Herald*, San Jose, 76  
 Methodist Church, 3, 135  
 Methodist Episcopal Church, 72, 106,

- 110, 114, 131  
 Methodist Episcopal Church South, 72, 106  
 Methodist Protestant Church, 106  
 Methodist Board of Education, 54, 65, 85, 105, 106, 107, 139  
 Methodist Discipline, 107, 108, 140  
 Methodist General Conference, 100, 107, 108-11, 139  
 Methodist Mission in South America, 41, 42  
 Methodist University Senate, 85, 105  
 Methodist Youth Fellowship (M.Y.F.), 107  
 Mexican War, 4  
 Middlebury College, 130  
 Mills College, 16  
 Milnes, Dr. Harry, 95  
 "Mr. College of the Pacific," 87  
 "Mr. Higher Education," 87  
 "Mr. Man of Letters," 87  
 Michener, Charlie, 16  
 Modesto High School, 132  
 Modesto Junior College, 132  
 Monagan, Robert, 135  
 Mono County, 45  
 Monterey, California, 45  
 Monterey cypress, 64  
 Montevideo, 41, 131  
 Montevideo Crandon School, 131  
 Moody, Dr. Earl, 56  
 Moon, Rev. Robert W., Preface  
 Morris Memorial Chapel, 144  
 Mules, 53  
 McAllister, Erford, 130  
 McEuen, Wilson, 56  
 Napa Collegiate Institute, 36  
 Nazarenes, 52  
 Neeley, Bishop Thomas, 41  
 New York Christian Advocate, 114  
 Nickerson, Mel, Preface, 142, 143  
 Ole, 143, Plate 13, Plate 14  
 Omega Phi Alpha, 96  
 Ontario, California, 9, 11, 15, 21, 59  
 Orton, Dean Dwayne, 84, 86  
 Owens Valley, 48  
 Oxnam, Bishop Garfield Bromley, 54, 55  
 Pacific Alumni Association, 135  
 Pacific Associates, Preface, 135  
 Pacific Avenue, Stockton, 73, 76, 77, 126  
 Pacific School of Religion, 143  
 Pacific Slope History, 37, 38  
 Page from History, A (oration), 19  
 Palo Alto Public Schools, 132  
 Palos Verde ranch, 28, 29, 53  
 Parr, Fred, 122-27  
 Parr Terminal, Oakland, 123  
 Parr Terminal, Richmond, 123  
 Parr warehouses, 123, 127  
 Parr warehouse, South San Francisco, 124-27  
 Parsons, Bishop, 53  
 Petersburg, Illinois, 1, 7, 8, 10  
 Phelps, Dr. J. W., 15  
 Phi Beta Kappa, 143  
 Phi Kappa Phi, 143  
 Phillips, Harry, 28  
 Plato, 138  
 Platonic philosophy, 49, 50  
 Pottenger, Dr., 56  
 Potts, Monreo, 94  
 Powell, Dr. Dewey, Preface, 140, 141  
 Presbyterian Church, 52  
 Pre-school, 8, 9  
 Pole vaulting, 17

