Dr. Charles T. Hickok
His Love Affair
with Coe

By
Eliza Merrill "Roby" Hickok Kesler
Class of 1931

Edited by
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Vice President for Development
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EDITOR'S NOTE

A college like Coe carries from generation to generation the imprint of strong personalities that mold the character and attitudes and establish the quality of the institution.

One such unforgettable figure in Coe's history was Professor Charles T. Hickok. He came to Coe in 1905, and even though he retired formally in 1940, he kept right on working for Coe until his death in 1958.

Who remember him?

- The students who learned economics and life in his classes,
- The recruits he convinced to come to Coe,
- The alumni who read the Couriers he edited for 20 years,
- The donors who responded to his persuasive efforts to build the Endowment,
- His campus colleagues and fellow teachers,
- And his family, especially his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Kesler, Eliza Merrill Hickok Kesler, Class of 1931.

With delight "Roby" Kesler has undertaken the compiling of an informal biography of her father, a biography that will please those who knew him and inspire those who didn't. The biography is welcome since Professor Hickok laid aside and never finished the memoirs he once started.

No one can write about "C.T.H." any better than "Roby." She is an experienced journalist. She perhaps has played more roles at Coe than anyone else connected with the college—faculty kid, student, alumna, trustee, donor, fund raiser, and builder of imaginative bridges between the college and the community of Cedar Rapids. Her activities and ideas to bind Coe and Cedar Rapids together are gracious, kind, and always enacted with memorable flair.

We are proud and pleased that "Roby" shares with alumni and community these intimate glimpses of her one-of-a-kind father. His story is a rich part of the lore of Coe.

Jack Laugen
Fall, 1980
Charles T. Hickok
Student, Western Reserve University, Ohio, circa 1888

Nellie Turner
Student, Green Springs Academy, Ohio 1894

Dr. Charles T. Hickok
Professor, Coe College, Iowa 1920

Nellie Turner Hickok
Coe College, Iowa 1920

Professor Emeritus and Mrs. Charles Hickok
Golden Wedding Anniversary, 1947
When Coe-Cornell rivalry was really intense--back in the 1920's--my father would ask our fox terrier dog, Caesar, what he would do if he had to go to Cornell.

The dog would collapse immediately on the floor--and play dead.

Then Dad would say--"Okay, you can go to Coe"--and Caesar would jump up, bark loudly and run around the house. It was a favorite after-dinner parlor trick when my parents entertained students, faculty or alumni.

There was plenty of fun and humor in the Hickok household, and it seemed to revolve completely around Coe College with all its piano recitals, vesper services, faculty picnics, endowment drives, commencement speakers, Flunk Day, extension courses, faculty meetings, Colonial Balls, push-ball contests and pep meetings before Coe-Cornell games.

I have been asked to write some of these recollections as a Coe professor's daughter. I've always maintained that I was born under a bush on the Coe campus, and in grade school I used to maintain, too, that "professor" looked better and more impressive if spelled with two F's and one S.

It is a fun assignment. Shall I begin with my determination to have his portrait painted--the portrait that now hangs in Hickok Hall? It was painted by Kenneth R. Peterson of Beloit, Wisconsin, chosen for the commission by Coe's own Marvin Cone. My father rebelled against the entire portrait idea. "It won't be long," he said, "before students will ask, 'Who is that old goat?'" Nevertheless his family insisted. When the painting was unveiled at commencement in 1956, there was an enthusiastic reception by the alumni.

"That portrait seems to be causing considerable excitement," my father remarked. "I have an idea...I think it should be cut up in small pieces and sold as souvenirs, raising a little money for the college. Or, maybe attach a box to it--and anybody who looks at it must put in ten cents."

He never really accepted the portrait, but naming the building "Hickok Hall" did please him. After a Coe trustee meeting in October of 1949, when Robert Armstrong '18 called my parents to report that the board had voted to name the new classroom building "Hickok Hall," my mother burst into tears. She called me with the news, and when I asked her what Dad was doing at that moment, she said he was drying the dinner
dishes. He came to the phone and said, "When a person has a building named for him, do you think he should have to dry dishes?"

But, as he wrote to Coe graduate Judith Williams Morris '30 about it, "Of course the name for the new building brought us much pleasure and satisfaction. But our greatest joy has been the letters like yours which we have received from old students. It certainly was a real joy to know old students would also be pleased."

Why was a campus building named after a professor?

Probably the answers are what this assignment is all about. Was it his length of service to the college? Was it the knowledge of his discipline? Was it his interest in the welfare of each individual student? Was it his devotion and loyalty to the college? Was it his eagerness to tackle all jobs outside the classroom—from fund raising to student recruitment—for the good of the school? Was it his real ability to teach, to inspire, to motivate students?

All of these probably apply to any professor so honored. With "C.T.," as my father called himself, I think first of his interest in each individual student and his great loyalty and devotion to Coe.

This was exemplified in the 1918 edition of the Coe Acorn—

"To Charles T. Hickok, Ph.D., whose quaint humor, sympathetic personality, loyalty to the school, have made him the friend of every student of Coe, we, the Class of 1918, dedicate this book."

Professor Hickok's Early Life and Education

In looking over my father's early life, his home and education, it is easy to see why he had some of these qualities.

He was born November 8, 1869, in a parsonage in a small town in Ohio. There, concern for each parishioner was the rule. As a little boy he accompanied his parents each afternoon to make calls on the sick and troubled in the parish. His mother never set the table without an extra plate for anyone who might drop in.

His father—my grandfather—The Rev. Dormer L. Hickok, was a graduate of Brown University, a scholar in mathematics and philosophy. His mother, Eliza Merrill (after whom I was named) was graduated from Hiram College, where she also taught English literature. While his father was deep in books and somewhat reserved, it was his mother who
took the entire community to her heart.

"I can lay no claim to being born in a log cabin," my father once wrote. "I was born in a Congregational manse and compelled to walk the straight and narrow, for was I not held up as a kind of example, or illustration, an Exhibit A, of what a preacher could really do if he had a fellow twenty-four hours of the day and not simply one or two hours on Sunday—and only occasionally on Thursday night?"

He referred to himself as an "afterthought," as all the belongings of his older two sisters and brother had been given away. His mother was 44 when he arrived. His father's salary then was $400 a year, "payable partly in cash, partly in green cordwood, and partly in maple syrup."

As to the pastoral visits with his parents, father later wrote, "In my opinion it was never intended that the world should be saved alone by the foolishness of preaching, but that the personal contact of pastor and parishioner counted more than the formal spoken word from the pulpit."

This early exposure to the joys and sorrows of others became an integral part of him.

It is easy to see, too, why he had such a keen interest in the Negro race—why his Ph.D. dissertation was on "The Negro in Ohio," and why he was an active member of the Jane Boyd Community House and the Public Social Welfare Bureau.

In 1875 The Rev. Mr. Hickok moved his family from Ohio to Alabama to become the pastor of Talledega College, a school for Blacks. Here he preached every Sunday, taught theology and with Mrs. Hickok held prayer meetings. The next year the family went to Mobile where he taught in Emerson Institute, a Black school. So young Charles, at ages 7 and 8, was the only white boy in the school and neighborhood.

This venture to the South was not successful. The Rev. Mr. Hickok was ill-suited for this particular kind of work. Essentially a scholar, a reader, reserved and not at all evangelistic, his deep philosophical sermons did not appeal to the newly-freed slaves so eager to learn. But the experience in the South left an empathetic imprint on young Charles. It was most evident in his efforts to recruit Negro students for Coe. It accounts, too, for his friendship with the Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar.
High School, College, and His First Bicycle

Back in Kingsville, Ohio, Charles resumed his life as the lively son of a minister--Presbyterian now, instead of Congregational, as The Rev. Mr. Hickok had--for some reason never explained--switched denominational horses.

When Charles was ten, he told of his first consciousness of manhood. Refusing to wear shoes, he went barefoot with his parents to dinner at the home of a parishioner. In the home was a beautiful daughter, who, though fifteen years his senior, treated Charles like a man her own age. It came over him that he was grown up, and the more he responded to her respectful attention, the more he was conscious of his bare feet--which he spent the evening trying to hide. He learned a lot from that evening and wrote this moral: "If you want to make your boy feel grown up, treat him as if he were."

It was the summer of 1882 that he came to live in what was then known as the village of East Cleveland where his father was called to the Presbyterian Church, the oldest Presbyterian church in the Western Reserve.* East Cleveland, seven miles from the city, was a quiet little place often called by the inhabitants "Saints' Rest." "This might be true at one time," my father wrote. "But after I moved there, some of the village thought that I and my two friends ought not to be allowed to go at liberty."

Young Charles was to enter seventh grade at Shaw Academy in Cleveland, but a teacher put him in the eighth instead. The same teacher made him memorize the entire United States Constitution. He said he was always grateful for this and those of us who took American government from him knew that he knew the Constitution. He certainly stressed the checks and balances which are written into that wise document and the importance of We the People.

Restless to get on with schooling, he and a friend decided to get through high school in three years, and that meant squeezing in the college requirements--four years of Latin, three years of Greek and three of mathematics.

"My Greek professor," wrote my father, "was red-headed, both inside and out, and he never forgave me for coming into his class with my

* A tract of land in Northeast Ohio reserved by Connecticut in 1786 when its right to other land in the western United States was ceded to the federal government.
telescopeds three years of preparation. He delighted in holding up students to ridicule who made a poor showing. I learned then what damage could be done by a teacher...."

It was in high school that young Charles had his first bicycle. It was an "Expert Columbia," sporting a huge front wheel and a little wheel behind. Riding it was most precarious, as the least obstruction could throw the rider off balance. However, he entered all the bicycle races--and even won the "slow race" being able to go the slowest and not fall off.

One of his favorite stories about his bicycle was when he met John D. Rockefeller. The Rockefeller estate was near the Presbyterian parsonage. It seems that young Charles either lifted his bicycle over the fence or entered through a private gate and was riding casually around the forbidden grounds when he met Mr. Rockefeller.

"He spoke to me," my father would tell, proudly.

"What did he say?" we would ask.

"He said.....'Get out!'"

When my grandparents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, Mr. Rockefeller sent them a $50.00 gold piece which caused them some embarrassment. It was regarded then as "tainted money" because of the Standard Oil scandal.

Since young Charles went through high school in three years, he entered college at 16, and that, he said, was much too young. He always regretted this and the fact that he finished college when he was only 20.

College meant Western Reserve University, and it meant joining a fraternity--Beta Theta Pi. When at Coe my father became faculty advisor to the local Phi Alpha Pi fraternity, he tried--by many petitions--to get that fraternity accepted as a chapter of Beta Theta Pi. He was always disappointed that he didn't succeed.

College also meant living in the men's dormitory with his best friend, Clay Herrick, as roommate. He would tell of the time his parents came to his dormitory room so that they could see better the funeral parade of President James Garfield, which passed by on the avenue below.

"I got the idea," my father wrote, "that I could impress my father with my studiousness by having books opened, apparently so intent on study that I didn't have time to close them. So I filled the room with

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open books. Even around the floor there was a fringe along the wall with books of various types—all open. It looked like a bookstore which had been invaded by an elephant. I thought my father would be impressed.

"But he wasn't. He gave a heated lecture on the careless and slovenly housekeeping."

As a sophomore he entered the declamatory contest with a speech, "Signing the Parchment." It was an impassioned appeal to the Continental Congress of '76 to sign the Declaration of Independence. He won the $15.00 prize—and used the money to attend the national convention of his fraternity.

As a professor he always had a great understanding for those Coe seniors who didn't know what they wanted to do after graduation. As a senior himself, he didn't. All he knew was that he did not want to follow in his father's footsteps and be a minister. He had a bent for business and hoped to do something with railroads, his life-long love. But he found himself that summer selling shoes in a shoe store in Galesburg, Illinois. He was not enamored with the shoe business, however, and that fall went to Baltimore and entered Johns Hopkins University in 1890 for graduate work in economics and political science. "And if I didn't study in college in undergraduate work, I made up for it in graduate school," he wrote.

At Johns Hopkins he took a course of lectures by Woodrow Wilson who at that time was professor of political science at Princeton University.

"Wilson was a delightful lecturer," my father wrote. "He had his points arranged in an orderly fashion, making it easy for a student to take notes. He had a sense of humor and was not averse to using it. We didn't dream that he would become president of Princeton University or of the United States."

Another scholar at Johns Hopkins who influenced my father's teaching was R. T. Ely, who emphasized the value of accurately memorizing definitions. "Today," my father wrote in the 1930's, "the tendency is to try to get the student to express himself and in so doing he often makes a mess of it. There are things which should be letter-perfect, and definitions are one of them. Possibly laws and formulas should also be included."

He thought his life at Johns Hopkins had great value. Baltimore is a southern city and living with students from the South gave him a sympathetic slant on the southern problems, both political and racial.
Before the year was over he had a letter from the president of Western Reserve University, offering him a position as teacher in the Academy of Green Springs, Ohio, which was preparatory to the university. He would teach Latin, mathematics, and history.

Teaching Career Begins and Marriage Follows

So at 21, "C.T." and a fraternity brother blew into the little town of 1,200 as the "new teachers from the city." Thus, he began his teaching career—and coincidentally—his marital one. For in his Latin class were two pretty sisters—Nellie and Reynor Turner. In the back of their Latin books they kept track of each new necktie the young professor wore, and he had many, the gifts of a wealthy Cleveland girl to whom Charles was at the time engaged.

But his heart shifted gears, and he fell in love with Nellie in his Latin class. He always said, "I taught her amo, amas, amat." Six years later, after Nellie had gone to Lake Erie College, and Charles had received his Ph.D. from Western Reserve University, they were married.

The love affair lasted fifty-seven years until my mother's death in 1954. It was an Elizabeth Browning type of love affair with great understanding, companionship, and devotion. I feel fortunate to have grown up with each parent enthusiastically admiring the other and appreciating and entering into each other's interests.

After two years teaching at the Green Springs Academy, President Twing of Western Reserve University asked my father to come back to be assistant to the professor in economics and history. "My friends never failed to remind me," he said, "that there is a difference between being an assistant professor and an assistant to the professor. I was the latter, not the former."

That professor, E. G. Bourne, did more to shape his ways of thinking and ways of teaching than any other single teacher. He took him under his wing and gave him instruction not only in the classroom but in wise counsel and real friendship. He was there during the trying ordeals of examination and acceptance of his dissertation and was responsible for its being published in book form by the university. Prof. Bourne left after this to become professor of history at Yale University.

Coe students have benefitted from Professor Bourne indirectly, for my father followed his example in imparting knowledge, in encouraging the proper attitude of mind of his students, and in stimulating them to think. It was from Professor Bourne that my father strove to inspire
(Today all these buildings are gone and standing in their places are: Dows Center, replacing Old Main; Hickok Hall, replacing Williston Hall; Peterson Hall, replacing the gymnasium; Marquis Hall, replacing Marshall Hall. The one-half was a small garage-type building called the fieldhouse, located at the edge of the athletic field where Voorhees and Greene Halls now stand.)

In speaking of Cedar Rapids, then a city of 30,000, he wrote:

"There was a certain stability and lure about the place which augured well for its future. And if it did grow, I was confident the college would grow with it. This city has always appealed to me as an ideal setting for a college of the type of Coe. It is neither too small to be provincial nor too big to be distracting. I have never changed my opinion about the city nor have I been disappointed in it or the college. Neither have I ever regretted my choice."

He went on to say that Old Main was very much "main." It housed almost the entire academic life of the institution. On the third floor were the chapel, museum and library. On the second: classrooms and business offices. On the first floor were additional classrooms, the president's office and a women's lounge. In the basement were the chemistry lab, the book store and a printing shop.

"Public utilities were not much of a problem in those days," he wrote. "Lights on the campus, there were none, and not even in Old Main, save possibly in the president's office. For direction through its pitchy halls at night we had to trust the inner light of our own conscience or to divine guidance. Sometimes there was not much of either. The wise 'Virgins of Williston' had to have their oil lamps trimmed and burning if they wanted to discern the faces of their dates or pages of their textbooks."

If anyone questioned my father as to why he chose such a small college--so limited in endowment and number of students (there were only 225 alumni and 65 in the freshman class), he would point out that in 1905 Coe was not far behind other colleges in the state. He felt Coe was as strong as most and had more promise than many. After all, there were 199 in the four college classes and 61 in the Academy.

The Hickoks Come to Cedar Rapids

So in 1905 he brought my mother and my sister, Mary Louise, who was a year old, to a house at 325 15th Street NE, across from Polk School and within walking distance of the campus. (College professors did not own horse and buggies.)
There were 28 on the Coe faculty with 12 of them also teaching classes in the Academy. Headquarters for the 61 "preps," as these high schoolers were called, was Marshall Hall, which had two recitation rooms and a well-lighted study hall. But they also "recited" in Old Main. And when they recited it was in history, Greek, German, French, English, botany and nature study classes.

To be admitted to the Academy, a student had to have testimonials of good moral character. "The primary purpose of the Coe Academy," the catalogue said, "is to give students a thorough preparation for admission to the freshman class at Coe or any college or university."

There were three-year classes in the Academy, as it is now with our high schools. In looking over the "preps" in 1905, I see that Sutherland Cook Dows was enrolled--preparing for Yale. There would come a day seventy years later when his name would be placed on a campus building, the Dows Fine Arts Center. But for students, it wasn't all study of Greek, Latin or French. My parents also arranged taffy pulls and sleigh rides and ice skating on the slough.

My father saw to it that the college freshmen and sophomores did not hold their annual scrap on the high roof of Old Main. He was horrified to find them trying to throw each other off! He could visualize a mass of broken bodies, and he did not want the enrollment reduced in this fashion.

So he suggested a tug-of-war between the two classes. This was held in a pond outside Marion. This meant a big all-college excursion on the Marion-Cedar Rapids street car which went right by the campus on First Avenue. It was a big outing, with women students in long dresses and big hats rooting for their classes from the banks of the pond.

Later the freshmen and sophomores fought each other in the push-ball contest on the athletic field. This involved a huge ball which the freshmen pushed on one side, the sophomores on the other, to get it across their respective goal lines. Each year I was taken to the push-ball contest by my mother who cheered from the bleachers. I thought everyone was being killed so I screamed. Then when it was over I would rush out on the field and pick up pieces of torn shirts. They made excellent paint rags for school.

But back to the Academy where, in 1906, my father taught Latin and mathematics. He urged the preps to use the college library on the third floor of Old Main—the west end. The chapel was on the east. The total number of books at that time was 5,488.

Total income for the college that year was $28,376.71—and this included tuition, fees, room rent, boarding hall fees, donations and
he thought were important qualities.

"Assuming," he said, "that the teacher has the basic qualifications of scholarship and knowledge of his subject, I would say an ideal teacher would have:

First - Sincerity, that is, honesty in his words and acts in dealing with the student.

Second - The desire and ability to grow, alert to learn something new every day.

Third - Sympathy, not simply as an emotional reaction, but the power to put himself in the student's place.

Fourth - Judicial temperament, the ability to look at a problem dispassionately and without prejudice.

Fifth - Lastly, a redeeming sense of humor. It often relieves classroom tension.

As to a "redeeming sense of humor"...the story is that a student who was working nights (and days) for his board, room and tuition, fell asleep in my father's economics class.

My father spied him asleep and said to the class, "Now...let's all be very quiet. Mr. _____ is asleep and we don't want to wake him up." And he continued to lecture but in a whisper. Of course the class roared and the laughter woke up the tired student.

"I believe, too," he continued, "that a teacher should not take himself too seriously; there have been college professors before him and there will be others after he is gone. His subject will not die out with him. I do not pretend to have acquired these qualities, but I do frankly admit I have tried to....

"I am not underestimating the man of research," he continued. "Teaching and research are both necessary--each is dependent on the other. But if a college cannot afford both, it should lay the greater emphasis on teaching and leave research more particularly to the university."

Alumni Memories of Prof. Hickok

Côe alumni have written delightful letters about my father's teaching, and I will share a few with you.
William G. Murray '24, professor emeritus of economics at Iowa State University and founder of The Living History Farms, likes to tell how "C.T.H." inspired him to his career in economics:

"The year at Coe was 1923, the course was Economic Principles; the text was Richard T. Ely's 'Outlines of Economics'; the instructor was Prof. Charles T. Hickok.

"There was something about the course that got you," writes Bill. "It certainly wasn't the subject, because economics had been called—and rightly so—'The Dismal Science.' It was the instructor who, with a twinkle in his eye, could translate the Law of Diminishing Returns into a strange and fascinating aspect of economic life. He loved to finger his gold watch fob, and he loved the blackboard. I can still see him making those interacting supply and demand curves on the board and in the process, while explaining price changes, getting chalk marks all over his coat.

"As students, we came away from his class with something to think about, not something to memorize. 'Why,' he asked, 'do we have tariffs between countries and not between states?' That set me to thinking and, as much as anything else, put me into a life career in that 'Dismal Science.'"

Robert C. Armstrong '18 has told how he learned the principle of money supply and inflation.

"Dr. Hickok had the knack of simplifying complicated problems by readily understandable illustrations. In his class in 'Money and Banking' he gave this illustration:

'Suppose on a desert island all the goods in existence are 1,000 apples, and all the money is $100. Then each apple is worth ten cents. If the money supply is increased to $200 and the number of apples remains the same as 1,000, then apples will sell at 20 cents each. On the other hand, if the supply of apples were to be doubled or tripled and the money supply remained at $100, then apples would be worth 5¢ or 3 1/3¢ respectively.'

"I've never forgotten this illustration. It clearly
shows how to curb inflation: restrain or reduce the money supply while increasing the supply of goods by better productivity."

When my father became professor emeritus in 1940, President Gage introduced him as "the young man with a future" and has this to say about his teaching:

"Dr. Hickok's success at Coe has been founded on his teaching. He has magnified and cherished the office of teacher. Into teaching he has projected the richness of his mind and heart. In each student he has had a genuine personal interest. Because his interest has been first of all in the student, his subject, even the "dismal science" has been touched by the spark of life. On this foundation of success of a teacher, he stands securely as a man of influence."

A thrill for any teacher is to have a student, who majored in his department, return to his Alma Mater to receive an honorary degree, being so accomplished and distinguished in his field.

I am thinking of two: Edgar Furniss '31, who became a noted educator and provost of Yale University, and Howard Preston '31, two of my father's earliest students in economics. Preston became professor of economics at the University of Washington, Seattle, and later, dean of the University of Washington. He was nationally known in the field of banking and business education. He was the speaker at the dedication of Hickok Hall in November, 1950.

One of my poignant memories of my father is his deep grief when his students like Gordon Dyrland and John Hanford were killed in World War I. I can remember his unrestrained tears at the breakfast table when we would rush out to buy an EXTRA newspaper and the casualty list would contain the name of one of his boys.


He taught six different courses five days a week. For instance, Monday, Wednesday and Friday he would teach Economics, Political Science and International Law. On Tuesday and Thursday--American Government, Labor Relations and Money and Banking.
This is a total of 15 hours of teaching each week. This does not include his extension class at 4:30 in the afternoon when he would teach another course such as Theory of Government. A total of 16 hours a week—and seven preparations.

No wonder his light burned late each night at home!

Faculty committees? They took time and effort as they do now, a necessary part of the campus machinery. Records show that in addition to being a senior class advisor, he was a member of such faculty committees as scholarship, curriculum, lectures, library, requests and privileges, forensic interests, publications and publicity, and executive. Faculty members served on about four different committees each year.

My father strongly believed that a faculty member should get his batteries recharged at regional and national conferences. He often gave carefully researched academic papers at these meetings—and held such offices as president of the Iowa Political and Social Science Association.

But the dictate so prevalent now, "Publish or Perish," did not then prevail at Coe. If it had, with a teaching load of 16 hours or more plus essential committees, there would have been many dead professors! A sabbatical year "granted every seventh year for rest, research and travel" was an enviable myth. Coe did not have sabbaticals until 1949.

The Political and Social Science Department expanded and my father drew in some outstanding and dedicated teachers. There was C. Ward Macy who taught at Coe from 1923-39 and who became chairman of the department when my father reached 65. He became more like a son to my father than a colleague.

Dr. Macy taught similar courses as my father—adding Advanced Economics, Transportation, Business Cycles, Investment Analysis, Economics of Advertising, Contemporary Economic Problems. Dr. Macy went from Coe, when my father retired, to the University of Oregon.

Others in the department were John M. Henry—at Coe from 1919-1960, who taught also Economics and Business Law, Business Organization, Marketing, Public Finance, Statistical Methods, Labor Economics, Public Utilities and Cost Accounting.


Alice B. Salter—1929-1947 who taught Sociology, Social Institutions,

The department from its beginning in 1909, when my father taught only Economics, Political Science and Sociology, grew as did Coe, the city and the country.

Minutes of faculty meetings make good reading, claims Reginald Watters '30, who helped organize the Coe archives. He discovered that my father brought his sense of humor along to faculty meetings and often it was a good thing he did! It was "C.T.H." in 1933, when times were bad, who suggested that the faculty members take only half their salary. (Before that he and Marvin Cone would laugh together when the college couldn't pay even half a salary.) Records show that my father himself footed tuition of students who petitioned the faculty to remain in college despite lack of payment. And, it was "C.T.H." who always moved that the faculty meetings be adjourned! Prof. Walter Newell was the faithful secretary of these meetings.

It must be the same today--a cohesive common cement among faculty families. It probably was stronger then as Coe and Cedar Rapids were smaller, the pace slower, the distractions fewer.

I grew up surrounded by faculty and faculty children...a secure and important circle. There were always beloved faculty faces around our fireplace...Maria Leonard, the Kremers, Harrises, Yother, Ethel Ryan, the Macys, Cones, Evelyn Street, the Perkins--to name a few. Faculty picnics meant seeing my favorite faculty kids...and some whose outgrown clothes I was then wearing! It meant, too, watching our fathers play baseball!

The faculty surprised my parents on their 25th wedding anniversary, October 9, 1923. My father had remarked in faculty meetings that he disliked the long, dangling earrings women students were wearing in the classroom. He thought them inappropriate. So there in our living room--the lights came on to reveal the entire Coe faculty, each member, even Mr. Patty, Mr. Coffin, Mr. Bidwell and Mr. Daehler, all wearing long, dangling earrings!

There was a faculty play, too, entitled "Professor Pep," which was put on for Homecoming in the Old Gymnasium. In it my father wore knickers and acted the part of a wayward, not-too-bright school boy. Many remember that production as "a riot."

But, back to the Hickok classroom where he drew his inimitable pictures. It was on the second floor of Old Main directly across from his office. It was there in his empty classroom I was told to play, when my
Charles Thomas Hickok, Ph.D.
Professor of Political and Social Science, 1911

"C.T.H." as he was remembered by generations of Coe students and faculty.

Professor Emeritus Hickok greets Marvin Cone, as Trustee George Booth, President Howell Brooks, and Alumni Director Harris Lamb look on (1953).
Eliza Merrill "Roby" Hickok Kesler with Hickok Scholar Kyra Hines Lockhart '79, from Ottumwa, Iowa

Professor Hickok presents Coe's Alumni Award of Merit to his friend and former student Robert Armstrong '18 (1955).

Hickok Hall was named after "C.T.H." in 1949.
mother went to a meeting. Babysitters were too much of a luxury for a professor's family. I spent hours printing mysterious messages, not only on his blackboard but on all the blackboards on the second floor, those of Professors Benson, Page, Ward and Bryant. I thought these messages—unerased—would confound the students the next morning! If I were super-quiet I could look down the stairwell and watch students smooching by the bulletin board which showed absences from required chapel.

Do faculty children today have the fun and feeling of pride and security of playing in their father's empty classroom? I hope so. It gives one a wonderful feeling of proprietary importance. I was teased at school that my father taught, not just economics, whatever that is, but home economics. Horrors! I felt it necessary to check him out and report back that he was not teaching sewing and cooking...I saw no evidence of this.

While my father was close to the faculty, he had a tremendous distant respect for men on the Coe Board of Trustees. In 1905 when he came to Coe, the city's pioneers were also Coe trustees...all men of education and vision. They wanted a city of culture with a college as the cultural center.

I feel that the solid foundations laid down by these distinguished leaders are what today make Cedar Rapids different from other Iowa cities. It has made Coe different, too—with the early generous leadership and later direction of men such as John S. Ely, Calvin Greene, George B. Douglas, C. B. Soutter, Stephen Dows, J. M. Dinwiddie, W. R. Boyd, C. J. Deacon, S. G. Armstrong, Glenn Averill, Robert S. Sinclair, C. G. Greene, Dr. E. R. Burkhalter, Robert Stuart—all men of accomplishment and dedication. And later came such able men as T. R. Harriner, Howard Cherry, James E. Hamilton, Sutherland Dows, Isaac Smith, and Dr. F. G. Murray, and the first woman trustee, Mrs. George B. Douglas.

I remember a bit of their practical generosity. When I was very young, it was exciting to see Mr. Douglas's long, black limousine stop in front of our house. His chauffeur would come to our front door carrying armloads of Mr. Douglas's suits. They were to be given to Coe students. Those with notes pinned on them were the "better suits" for the faculty. I don't know how my father distributed these, but I do remember how pleased he was.

Another glimpse of practical trustee generosity: Mrs. John S. Ely, arriving in her electric auto in front of the chapel before the commencement exercises, would get out of her "electric" carrying large bouquets of peonies which we helped carry in where she would arrange them on the chapel platform.
One other indelible impression: the courteous attention given me, a faculty child, by S. G. Armstrong. He made me feel most important. From then on I associated gallantry and elegant manners with Coe trustees. To me they were synonymous.

"C.T.H.'s" Commitment to Coe Becomes Lifelong

It was in 1916 that my father was first urged to return to Western Reserve Academy as headmaster. The school was open with a fine endowment. Coe's President Marquis and the Board of Trustees refused to let him go, which seemed to be all right with my father. He wrote: "We are in the midst of an effort to increase the endowment of Coe College and I have promised to aid in this undertaking. Furthermore, I have been here twelve years and my roots of attachment run deep."

Twice more he was offered the headmastership and he refused. It might have been an endowment campaign that also kept him from accepting a position at Knox College, or the presidency of Doane College, Crete, Nebraska. But again he preferred teaching, he said, to administration.

Endowment...that word was a concern in the Hickok household as common as the electric light or coal bills. It seemed my parents were always involved with it.

When I was very young, I didn't know what endowment was except that the college didn't have enough of it and wanted and needed more. There was always, it seemed, an endowment campaign going on, and my father would take off for such exciting places as New York City. "Your father is soliciting," my mother would explain. I came to know that "soliciting" was for money and "canvassing" was for students.

Once when he was soliciting in New York, a poorly-dressed, forlorn individual approached him and held out a tin cup and begged for money.

"Brother," my father said, patting him on the back, "I'm in the same business."

Before 1918 he traveled with Coe's colorful field secretary, Dr. Hubbard Maynard, whose chief job was to raise money for Coe. He was deaf, and my father maintained that he never could hear "no" but could always hear "yes."

He wrote about the time they went together to Dallas Center, Iowa, where two men had shown an interest in Coe and had given $1,000 each for the endowment. Dr. Maynard's and my father's goal was to influence them to give another $1,000.
"We arrived in the village," wrote my father much later, "and we went at once to the little wooden hotel where we had our supper, then to the home of Mr. B. whom we solicited for $1,000. I remember we argued with him until long toward the middle of the night, when, either because of increased interest or increasing weariness, Mr. B. began to show signs of relenting. Finally, he said, 'Well, gentlemen, I will give you another $500.' And, at which I retorted, 'Well, I'll say for you that you'll give another $500.' Somehow this seemed to strike his funnybone, so he added, 'Good, I'll do it.' So we came away with another $1,000."

My father wrote this in connection with what happened after they returned to the hotel. Dr. Maynard was high-strung and subject to fits of emotion. He discovered that he had only one towel—which had been torn in half—no key to his room, and his window wouldn't stay open so he could get some air. The hotel, and probably the entire town, knew of his dilemma, so loud were his protests.

"Let's put your dresser in front of your door," my father suggested, "although there are no robbers in this town, aside from ourselves!" He also put a chair in the window to hold it open and gave Dr. Maynard his half of the towel. The next morning when they left my father looked up and, seeing the chair still sticking out of the window, remarked that perhaps it was symbolic...the open window was Coe College and the chair holding it up was the endowment.

On another occasion Dr. Maynard generated a storm in a New York hotel, complaining bitterly to the management about his room and the service. When he and my father returned to Cedar Rapids and Mrs. Maynard unpacked her husband's suitcase, she discovered that his nightshirt was missing. She insisted that he write to the hotel management to have them send it back. He did, although reluctantly, after his loud complaints. And, when the package arrived at his office in Old Main—you've guessed it. It contained not his nightshirt, but a decidedly feminine gown—one of pink and lace chiffon! This certainly amused "C.T.H."

The endowment in 1901 had small beginnings. The first campaign in 1902 brought the college just $150,000; the second in 1907, $250,000; the third in 1912, $650,000, and so on until the endowment reached a whopping one million dollars in 1918. Today's endowment is $15,000,000 with a campaign now in progress aimed at a total of $20,000,000.

One of my father's delights was a check for $10,000 made out to him personally for the Coe library. It was from Prof. Alice King, dean of women and professor of history and English literature at Coe in the very early days.

Another bright spot was a check from my grandfather, The Rev. Mr. Hickok, then pastor of a prosperous church in Cleveland, for the start of the Hickok Scholarship. This has been added to by our family through
the years. It is a real satisfaction each year to have an outstanding Coe student known as the Hickok Scholar. What real treasures we have had!

On the Road Finding Students for Coe

My parents believed in mixing the town and gown and that each had a lot to contribute to the other. So it was in 1914 that they boldly moved away from the campus and built at 2018 Fifth Avenue SE, way out in Vernon Heights.*

The move meant that my father rode his bicycle to the campus and back twice a day. It meant a long way to go--usually by street car--to the Sunday afternoon college vesper services, the plays directed by Laura Pearl Stewart in the "Little Theater" in the chapel basement, the track meets, the spring music festivals, the May Fetes put on by Mabel Lee, Coe graduate, who became a national leader in women's physical education.

I don't know when my father first started to recruit students for Coe, or to "canvass," as he called it. Probably the first week he was at Coe! It was before 1918 when he would go out in the summer, take a train to an outlying Iowa town, and, renting a horse and buggy, go straight to the home of the Presbyterian minister. There he would get the names of recent high school graduates in the church, then drive out to see these Presbyterian young people in their homes.

Many Coe graduates returning to the campus have regaled me with stories of how they first met Dr. Hickok. "I was plowing a field," the story usually begins, "when I saw a small man jump over the fence, leaving his horse and buggy on the road. It was a Dr. Hickok, who wanted to 'talk to me about going to college, and why Coe would be a fine place to get a college education.'"

My father would usually go home with the young man so he could discuss the idea with his parents. Invited to stay for dinner, he would promise to help the young man get a job in Cedar Rapids while he attended Coe. After finishing a dish of hot apple pie, my father would drive on to the next high school graduate on the list. And after that, back on the train and on to another town, another horse and buggy, and another Presbyterian minister who supplied names.

*It is now the home of Dr. Lowry C. Fredrickson, professor of psychology, Mrs. Fredrickson, and young Lara.
Later, when automobiles supplanted horses, my father and C. W. Perkins, the explosive German professor, drove about the state on dirt roads, their camping equipment lashed to the running board. They didn’t stay in hotels, but camped out, pitching their tent and setting up their army cots in the town square or park. They not only visited the new high school graduates but the current Coe students and Coe alumni as well.

Professor Perkins was a most volatile individual, who was known to throw books in class at students who were unprepared. Nor was he a dull companion on the road! My father told of one tense evening when they were traveling, and in exasperation my father told "C.W." (as he was called) to "go to hell." The next morning "C.W." was not talking and folded up his cot and bedding in an unbearable silence. Finally my father said, "You know,'C.W.', I was thinking about where I told you to go last night. I have been thinking it over and I've changed my mind... you don't need to go."

But this pair, so different in temperament, endeared themselves to many Coe students over the years. Charles Selzer, superintendent of schools in Amana, writes of their visit to him as a boy in Homestead in 1932, when they persuaded him to attend Coe. He wrote of the true friendship which continued. "Dr. Hickok, Professor Perkins...and Dr. Gage, too...looked upon me as 'their boy'...and as long as they lived they were truly interested in Charlie and told me they expected things of me. I hope I have not disappointed them."

In choosing a college,"C.T.H." wrote to one undecided high school graduate:

"I hope you choose a college that is not so big you will be swallowed up in a crowd, for there is no fun nibbling around the edges of college life. You want to be in it...debate, glee clubs, committees. This is what makes college life worthwhile--being in it, a performer not a mere side-line spectator.

"And you want to choose a college located in a place big enough to contribute something of its own account to your education...where you have a chance to hear lectures and concerts, to visit factories and run up against business men and women and their methods."

One of the students my father recruited was Helen Robertson from Strawberry Point, a coed who died in the flu epidemic in 1918. Eager and happy as a Coe freshman, she had been in Voorhees Hall only a few weeks when she became ill. So many students were sick that the college
closed. Wives of faculty members went into the dormitory to serve as nurses, my mother among them. My father and Si Harris, the business manager, took the place of sick workmen and shoveled coal all night to keep the college buildings warm.

Because he had been in the Robertson home, my father became close to the family after Helen's death. He and my mother felt this tragedy very deeply. The beautiful grandfather clock, which was in Voorhees Hall and now stands outside the president's office in Stuart Hall, was given by the family in Helen's memory, as was the Helen Robertson Scholarship.

His First Second-Generation Recruit Is Introduced

Canvassing for students, greeting them when they arrived, finding them jobs and then following them through their years at Coe, and after graduation, was a big part of my father's life.

So it seemed only natural that the announcement of the coming of a grandchild into the family should be in the form of an application for admission to Coe. My sister, Mary Louise, was graduated in 1926, and her husband, James Turnbull, Coe '27, were expecting a baby in August, 1936. To tell our parents and me this exciting news, my sister presented an application for "Mary Ann Turnbull" to enter Coe in 1954.

My father was sitting in front of the fire at home when my sister said casually, "Say, Dad...I have a new student for you...Here, I have her application all filled out." He read it over—the activities in high school, her expected major at Coe—and it was several moments before he realized that this student would be entering Coe not now, but in another 18 years! It was another few minutes before my mother and I realized that this applicant was going to be a new member of our own family! And then there came an outburst of cheers.

The new addition to the family did arrive in July, 1936—but sadly her mother did not survive her birth—and never lived to see her daughter, Mary Ann, enter Coe in 1954—just as the application announcement had promised.

Mary Ann's grandmother did live to see her enter—and died a month later. And, her grandfather lived to see her graduate—with honors, and he marched with vigor in what turned out to be his last academic procession.*

*Mary Ann's daughter, Beth Kucera, is Class of 1981 at Coe.
Letters from "C.T.H." Helped Create the Coe Family Spirit

My parents met the tragedy of Mary Louise's death in 1936 with amazing courage. Still, my father found that he no longer could continue with his memoirs. My sister had been his most appreciative audience whenever he read a chapter aloud—and before he had reached the account of his arrival at Coe, the autobiography came to a stop.

His letter-writing, however, never stopped! He maintained a prolific correspondence with former Coe students, with graduate schools scouting for scholarships for Coe seniors, with parents of students—and even with discouraged faculty members.

Here is a letter to the late Forest Rittgers, written in January, 1931, when Forest was a basketball coach and Coe was in a losing streak.

Dear Forest:

I want to say just a word in regard to the basketball situation. I presume you are somewhat disappointed and perhaps a bit discouraged that fate has not been more generous in scores, but I want to say just this word to you and it comes from my mind and from my heart. Of course like everyone else, I would like to see our team win but I would rather have our present basketball coach with a losing team than some coaches I have met who have always had a winning team.

A basketball coach in my opinion is something more than a mere trainer. He is a great moral force on the campus and his personality counts for more in molding the character of college men than possibly anyone else. This is simply because a coach comes in more intimate touch with men than does the classroom teacher.

Perhaps some of the rest of us teachers would be surprised and also disappointed if our product came into open competition with the product of professors in other colleges. Perhaps it is because we are not in the limelight and do not have this public test of our work that we get by as easily as we do. So, Forest, don't for a moment get discouraged and remember that we are with you and for you regardless of the score.

Sincerely yours,
Signed Chas. T. Hickok

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And "C.T.H." wrote, too, to new babies born to Coe alumni. He would welcome them into this world and give them the low-down as to what their parents might have been like in college. Many baby books contain such letters.

Here is a letter he wrote in 1943 to the new son of Gayle and William Whipple, Coe '35 and '36.

My dear Robert Milo:

An old friend of your good mother and dad wishes to extend a welcome to you. I regret that the world has to be in such a mess at the time of your arrival. As you grow up and look back upon it, you may think that the generations before you had not done a very good job and that we left you a lot to undo of the mischief which we have done, but I am sure that you're going to be equal to the occasion.

You have one definite advantage and that is you have a wonderful heritage. Your very name, in reverse, points to your grandfather, a fine man whom I always greatly admired. Then your father and mother even went to school to me and lived through it so that's proof of the stuff of which they are made.

Someday I hope I shall meet you personally and extend to you my good wishes. In the meanwhile, I hope for you a future of health, prosperity, and plenty of work. One reason why you have such a heritage is that your parents were never idle so that the old Nick never had an opportunity to get them into mischief.

With very best wishes to you, which I hope you will share with your brother and parents, I am

Yours most sincerely,

Signed/Chas. T. Hickok

I remember one Coe alumnus who was disgruntled and "mad at the college." My father wrote him that it was difficult to be mad at anything as large as an institution.

"A college, an institution, is composed of many personalities—and
personalities who change," he wrote. "It just isn't practical or pro-
ductive to be angry at an institution. You may have reasons—and good
ones—but to cut yourself off from Coe—that 'you'll never visit the
campus again or give a nickel'—I have found that it is always you, the
Coe alumnus, who is the loser."

He kept track of the alumni, their families, and their activities
in the Courier. For twenty years he wrote and edited that alumni publi-
cation which went to all Coe alumni, and he considered this simply a
continuation of his work with Coe seniors—without, of course, any extra
remuneration. My mother once remarked that "Your father is so self-
effacing...he never once has had his name listed as editor of the Courier.
In looking over twenty years of Couriers I find that is true. But I do
remember the tenseness at home when the deadline was near.....

Yes, Coe alumni became an even more important part of his life
after his retirement. His correspondence remained voluminous. He
attended alumni meetings around the state and, of course, all the events
at Commencement. I remember watching him at campus alumni dinners. He
seldom sat down to eat. He went from person to person down one long
table and then another. He usually could remember the names of the towns
where the alumni were from, when they were students at Coe, before giving
their names.

Alumni often stopped in to visit him at home. I liked reading in
the October 1954 issue of the Courier when Clarence Angel '20 stopped at
the house.

Wrote Mr. Angel:

"I found Dr. Hickok on his front porch...and he said,
'Don't tell me...I know who you are.' And then it
became an interesting game, watching his forehead
knit, his bushy eyebrows twitch, and his whole lovable
personality chase back into memory nearly forty years.

"He came up finally with these essential facts...'I
met you in a grocery store in La Porte City just as you
were ready for college. And there were two girls from
Waterloo who came to Coe that year. We didn't get many
girls from Waterloo. Let's see—one of them was a tall
girl—the other was short. You fell for the short one.
Her name was...shucks...I can see her now. You married
her. Her name (and he rubbed his forehead)...her name
was Florence Geyer...and you are Clarence Angel.'"
"C.T.H." Found Time for Community Activities

Outside of Coe College and his family, my father had three loves... Cedar Rapids and what he could do in the community, the First Congregational Church, and the Amana Colonies.

The Jane Boyd Community House was foremost in his energies for many years. He became a board member when the Community House was a small cottage with sewing classes. It was he who was responsible for the hiring of Coe graduate Elizabeth Bender '25 as director.

As Elizabeth wrote: "He served on the Community House Board for more than 30 years as a hard-working, faithful and thoughtful board member. He had a fatherly interest in the staff which made him greatly beloved."

He was also chairman of the Social Welfare Bureau of the Cedar Rapids Chamber of Commerce, a member of the City Zoning Committee, a worker many years for the Community Chest--known now as the United Way, and the El Kahir Shrine. He enjoyed the fellowship of the Rotary Club, where his fellow member was Coe President John Marquis, a leader for whom he had immense admiration.

He could apply what he often said of others, "It is the one who has many irons heating who gets much ironing done."

"Charlie wasn't a minister's son for nothing," friends said of him. He held every office and position in the First Congregational Church--Sunday school teacher, trustee, Sunday school superintendent, committee member--everything, he said, "to singing in the choir and being a deacon." "I was a deacon for one night," he often remarked. "But I called the minister the next morning and resigned. I couldn't sleep. I just wasn't good enough to be a deacon."

Perhaps his biggest contribution (besides being a permanent welcomer at the door) came as chairman of the building committee. A new church was to be built and he and my mother wanted it to be like the Congregational churches in New England. We spent one summer taking pictures of Congregational churches in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts--attending services, too, which always amused me, a teenager, because we were greeted as "possible new members." The result, after a lot of blood and tears, is the charming New England church on Washington Avenue and 17th Street SE. Loyalty to his church was very much like his loyalty to the college.

I wish I knew more of his religious philosophy. He certainly didn't wear it on his sleeve. His reading in the last years of his life was not
religious, but on tables in the living room and by his bed were always biographies and Shakespeare. He read and reread all of Shakespeare—underlining favorite passages. He maintained that Huckleberry Finn was his favorite story and he reread that many times. He felt a kinship with Mark Twain.

About religion—I know that in church he would repeat the Apostle's Creed in a loud voice—except for parts he didn't believe in such as "The Resurrection of the Body." Then, there would be absolute silence... before his voice would boom out again! "I don't want to leave this world," he would say, "because I'm certainly not sure of the next."

His mother, a devout and loving person, was the greatest influence in his life. A fine writer, she wrote to her children each day from Cleveland commenting on the political and economic aspects of the times, undergirded with a religious thought.

It was she who wrote this familiar verse which is so often found in Presbyterian literature:

"I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know—God answers prayer,
I know not when He sends the word
That tells our fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh—soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought.
I leave my prayers with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own."

Heredity and environment? With him—as with all of us—they both are important.

My father's third love, the Amana Colonies, began about 1916 when the four of us (and dog) would go by train to Upper South and stay at the hotel run by "Aunt Emma" Zerold. It was our vacation.

"It is 18 miles away," said my father,"and about as far as a college professor can afford to go!"

But it was a marvelous place for all of us. My parents would rest and read in the swing under the trees. My sister, dog and I would play in the barn across the road. We loved Aunt Emma's fried potatoes, and we loved the Amana people.

And when "C.T." began to canvass for students in a car, my mother, sister and I would remain at the hotel with my father joining us for
weekends. It was a rich experience.

Many times at the college after counseling a discouraged student, my father would say, "Now, you get your best girl, and I'll get mine and we'll drive to Amana for supper." Coe alumni, such as the Francis Nelsons, Coe '28 and '29, still tell me of the good dinners they had with my parents at "Aunt Emma's."

Of course, the communal government and the economics of the Amana Colonies interested "C.T.," as did the colonies' reaction to capitalism in 1932.

I would like to mention two intense "C.T.H." enthusiasms--fishing and travel. We started fishing together at Spirit Lake, Iowa, when I was seven, and then for many summers at Lake Erie near Port Clinton, Ohio. My father said he liked fishing "because it was contemplative and speculative." I liked it as well as he did, and still do. Sitting all day in a boat--laughing together most of the time--and helping him clean the fish at the end of the day--these are among my happiest memories.

Travel was a necessary ingredient in his makeup. When asked by Ralph Clements '19 what he would like to be if he were not a college professor, he said, "A passenger agent for a railroad." He adored time-tables. We did travel a lot when I was young. My parents' big highlights were two trips to Europe with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Boyd, when my father got to see the Palace of Versailles and The Hague. He was a believer in the League of Nations. He wrote in one of his travel diaries at the end of a day, "People are all alike except for their tongues."

Mrs. Hickok, an Equally Integral Part of Coe

When Lorene MacDannel Chehak '25 heard I was writing about Coe and my father, she said..."You certainly are going to write about your MOTHER, aren't you? Her middle name was Coe, too."

It was! Her love of the college and her energy seemed to equal my father's. She not only accompanied him to all the campus activities--the recitals, plays, games, concerts and debates--but together they also counseled students, chaperoned dances, planned Flunk Day faculty picnics, rounded up homesick students for Sunday night suppers.

She served as patroness of Kappa Delta sorority, traveled as chaperone with the Women's Glee Club, and served on the Coe Y.M.C.A. Advisory Board. She helped organize the faculty wives and became the first president of the college's Martha Marquis Circle. I am sure she did for Coe what many Coe faculty wives are doing in their own way today.
I was especially proud when Coe honored both my parents in 1944. W. R. Boyd, a dear friend and a member of the Coe Board of Trustees, gave the appreciation and Charles J. Lynch '26 gave a tribute from the Coe alumni. A stained glass window in the old chapel was dedicated in appreciation for their years of service. When the chapel burned in 1947, both were there most of the night.

My mother's energy extended, however, beyond the campus. For 17 years she was a member of the Cedar Rapids School Board, heading the committee which interviewed and hired teachers. For 11 years she was a member of the Public Health Nursing Bureau and helped select the site for Camp Good Health. She was president of the Wednesday Shakespeare Club when the Shakespeare Garden was established in Ellis Park. She served on the Red Cross and Y.W.C.A. boards. Perhaps the most courageous work she did was to head up the women's division of the Community Chest during the Depression. Both times the division went "over the top," and once it was accomplished on the very day the banks closed, just as the residential workers started their solicitation.

She stated her views on civic work this way:

"I covet for every able woman the opportunity to do some public or community service during her lifetime. Of necessity we women must hitch our wagons to the stars, even though we never reach them. We must have vision to see what new heights may be reached."

There was nothing perfunctory about her public service. When she was a member of a board or committee her colleagues knew it. She had convictions, the ability to express them, and the courage to stand by them.

It was always my father who was her most enthusiastic backer.

If "C.T.H." Could Walk on Campus Today...

What would "C.T.H." think of Coe today? He would be pleased with the student body and proud of the faculty and administration. I am not sure how he would react to the open choice curriculum. He believed strongly in an exposure to all the liberal arts. One time he wrote: "Coe is neither a vocational nor a professional school. Coe believes that the man or woman is bigger than the job and puts the emphasis in training the person."

With training the person, I know he would advocate good counseling
so that students would become acquainted with—and know the thrill of discovering—all the liberal arts. This means, for example, a student in music or art would also encounter a foreign language, history, science, mathematics, and English literature (and probably economics).

I know he would work for an addition to the library, as "students must have access to the right books and a place to study them."

My father was a swimmer. He would ask to take a swim in the college's new pool. Often invited to Brucemore, the home of the Howard Halls, he would don an over-all black swimming suit (which, he said, had "interesting moth holes") and swim side-stroke across the Brucemore pool. He often remarked that Coe's 27 acres of campus did not furnish enough release for the students' energies.

But, as he said on Founders' Day in 1939, "Buildings do not make a college, neither do test tubes, nor even books."

"A college is made of teachers and students. All the rest are simply tools with which they work. Of course, they are important, and I hope Coe will be amply supplied with them in every respect..."

"The sole aim of a college is to advance and glorify education, but education will never rise above the teacher. Together with the student, he constitutes the most important factor in the educational process. His place will never be taken successfully by radio or any other mechanical gadget. We can be physically warmed from a centralized heating plant, but our minds and hearts will never be put on fire by a broadcast from a centralized studio or instruction as they will be from actual contact with a stimulating personality."

"I hope Coe will stress the importance of good teaching in the future even more than it had in the past.

"And I hope as a college of liberal arts it will continue its purpose...to give broad, cultural courses which will stimulate thought, quicken the moral sense and enrich lives of its graduates in knowledge, judgment and appreciation.

"My ideal for Coe College," he went on, "is, first, that it will be ever content to be a small independent college. Second, that it will always be motivated by those principles of justice, toleration and right living which we call Christian. Third, that every classroom and laboratory will be permeated with the genuine scientific spirit and that they will always be open to any honest seeker after truth, and the finder unafraid, can announce his findings."
"Fourth, that the government of the college shall never be subject to the whim or arbitrary will of any single individual or group of individuals, but the control of faculty and students and their relations one with another shall ever be bound by traditions of good will, fair play and mutual respect...This is my ideal for Coe, and I feel confident that if it is realized its founders will be honored and its future assured."

"C.T.H." retired in June, 1940, at the age of 70. Although Coe's rule is that teachers retire at 65, a teacher can by mutual agreement, year-by-year, continue in full service for five years.

His vitality didn't diminish. In his last year he taught American Government, Theory of Government and American Foreign Relations—and with Dr. Macy, Economics. He moved his enormous number of books from his office in Old Main to 2018 Fifth Avenue and continued attending events at the college. He and my mother drove to Florida each winter in "Lucille," the 1939 Oldsmobile.

Although my mother died in 1954, my father continued to go to Florida alone. In the spring of 1958 when he was to arrive back in Cedar Rapids, some college friends planned a welcome home party. He wrote back from St. Petersburg: "I received the list for the welcome home party. Did you use the entire Cedar Rapids telephone directory? I am sure some of the names will react as did some of the citizens of Rome. Cicero was exiled and returned expecting a big welcome. When Cicero remarked he was glad to be back, they said, 'Why, Cicero, have you been out of the city?'"

It was September 1, 1958, when my father, 88, died peacefully in his chair while reading. He was to be at our home for dinner.

Two days before he had taken his eight-year-old grandson, David Hickok Kesler, to the campus to check on the progress of Marquis Hall, then under construction. He would be pleased that David, who recently received his Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, is now assistant professor of biology at Southwestern College, Memphis, Tennessee. He, too, likes to teach. He has marched in an academic procession and worn his grandfather's doctoral robe.

Carl Kane '40 wrote in the Cedar Rapids Gazette and the Courier this account—

"The entire Coe campus came to a standstill for an hour September 3 in a final tribute to Dr. Charles T. Hickok—'Mr. Coe himself,' a great and good man, a professor who taught more than his subject."
Services were held at 1:30 p.m., Sept. 3, in the Coe Chapel and more than 600 Coe faculty, trustees, students and friends of the beloved emeritus professor attended the services.

It seemed not the least inappropriate that these final moments should include a few chuckles—recognition of the dry, sharp humor which endeared Dr. Hickok to generation after generation of students.

Conducted by the Rev. J. Richard Wagner of First Congregational church and Coe President Joseph McCabe the service was a moving yet human tribute to the spry, white-haired man who was vitally linked with Coe for over a half a century.

The Coe president presented impressive tributes from others, but it was the words of Dr. Hickok, quoted by Dr. McCabe, which emphasized most vividly the impact 'Mr. Coe' had on Coe.

'Whenever Dr. Hickok had a truth to tell,' Dr. McCabe said, 'he told it with a dash of humor which locked it in your mind.'

As those truths were recalled it seemed natural for those who knew him to smile in their sorrow as the memory of Dr. Hickok became locked in their minds.

'Dr. Hickok embodied the aims and ideals of this institution,' Dr. McCabe said. 'He will not be remembered alone in brick and mortar through the campus building which is named after him. His influence will be felt on the lives of student generations which go streaming on into the future.'

The Gazette offered this editorial tribute.

"All friends of Coe College will be saddened by the death of Dr. Charles T. Hickok, one of Cedar Rapids' grand old men of education. Yet the sadness will be tempered by the thought that few men ever got so much out of life or savored its flavor so fully down to the last hour."
As a professor he was beloved by many generations of students. As a citizen he maintained a keen interest in the affairs of the community throughout his long and useful life. As a man he was sustained by an inquiring mind and a never-failing sense of humor through a rich life that lasted more than the average human span.

He will remain as one of the strong, deep roots which nurture the future of Coe College as a thriving institution."

THE END
An Addendum of Reminiscences from Alumni

I have appreciated the poignant anecdotes and tributes Coe alumni have written about my father. I would like to share a few with you.

William O. Gray '36: "Dr. Hickok was a neighbor of ours, and one time not long before he died, I stopped to visit with him while he was raking leaves. We spoke of our nice neighborhood. "Yes," he laughed, "who wants to die and go to heaven when he can live on Fifth Avenue!"

Jane Rall McLeod '40: "In his office Dr. Hickok had a student serving as a secretary whom he called his 'amauensis.' I was his 'amauensis' from 1937-40. Some days were rather routine--typing test questions, correcting papers...but there was usually a little surprise tucked under my typewriter when I arrived. Sometimes it was banana bread or cookies. Then, quite often after he finished dictating, he would cut up apples with his pocket knife and hand me some. I always wondered how clean the knife was, but we both relished the apples."

Paul Jaqua '16: "In his course in Civil Government, he spoke of a national politician of that period who was distinguished for his oratorical abilities. Dr. Hickok admired the man's oratory but not his political judgment. He said that the man reminded him of his pet fox terrier dog which had a good voice--but didn't know much."

Judith Williams Morris '30: "His homespun philosophy is woven into my life. I asked him one time why he didn't accept the offers from eastern schools. And he said... 'I have to be where my heart is...and my heart is here at Coe.' Anyone who had your father received Emily Post lectures thrown in with his lectures...on good manners and especially the men were taught how to treat the gals."

Evelyn Street '31: "There was an indestructible quality about his spirit that will stay with us always. Those of us who knew him well through happy and sad periods, will be braver and better for having had that privilege, for having shared in the warmth of his heart and know the keenness of his rare humor of his mind..."

Mary Sherman Reno '30: "When I first started to teach, I was frantic when I heard I had to teach a senior class..."
in economics. I rushed to your father. He turned to a shelf of books, where after thoughtful scrutiny, he picked one and said: 'Now, Mary, I don't know whether to laugh or cry—but use this book. It's the easiest I have—and if you work hard, I think you can keep a page ahead of the class.' He kept writing me encouraging letters...

Wendell Towner '27: "It was the spring of 1927. I received a note to report to Dr. Hickok's office after morning classes. He had an available graduate scholarship at New York University in retail merchandising. Would I be interested? I was...and I did go. But that wasn't all Dr. Hickok wanted to talk about. He said, 'I see you are running around a bit with the Graham girl.' I gulped and admitted I was. 'Well,' laughed Dr. Hickok, 'Why don't you get an option on her?' I took an 'option' on Grace Graham and we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in August, 1979, with two sons, two daughters and their families. Every time I think of Dr. Hickok, I think of his philosophy... 'If you are going to do something, and you know it is right, don't mess around. DO it!' I did!"

Dorotha Allen Jaqua '16: "Dr. Hickok came to my home in Sheldon, Iowa, in 1912. My father was a minister and there were five children. It didn't look as if I could go to college. Your father offered me a scholarship and to live in your home my freshman year. I even remember the Hickok blessing we said before each meal..."

Whitney Martin '22, Greenwich, CT, retired AP sports columnist, Coe LL.D. honoris causa: "Professor Hickok was tops of a very fine set of high-class professors we had in those days at Coe. I knew him so well. I remember him as one of the finest, best humored, and cordial teachers I ever had. His classes were a pleasure and I think everyone would agree to that."

Thomas H. Tracey '19, attorney-at-law, Manchester, IA: "Dr. Hickok was a dedicated person, and we felt that a substantial portion of our college education was due to his good offices." Tracey, athletics editor of the 1918 Acorn, recalls one saying he attributes to Prof. Hickok: "Some of your folks feel that you are called to the Lord's vineyard, but you should perhaps be in the barnyard."
James Yuill '18, business manager of the 1918 Acorn: "He was our unanimous choice when the Acorn board decided to whom we should dedicate the 1918 book. And a vote by all the students there at the time would have resulted the same way."

Royal Tuttle, an '18 alumnus, wrote a letter about his relationship to Dr. Hickok, noting it was his "good fortune to know Dr. Hickok in the Golden Era of the teens" and crediting the good professor with helping guide his life activities. Tuttle has been a very successful farmer. He recalled one quote from the professor:

"What is Good for the Individual is Not Always Good for the Group."

Cy Douglass '19, Acorn 1918 editor-in-chief: "That Dr. Charles T. Hickok had a strong influence on the students who studied under him was evidenced in 1918 when his humor, sympathetic personality and loyalty to Coe were memorialized in the dedication to him of the 1918 Acorn. That his guidance is still credited after more than six decades with thanks by the Coe men and women of those days dramatizes the career of this remarkable man."

Ella Johnson Miller '24..."Dr. Hickok had the real ability of putting himself in a student's place. And because he could do this, he explained and expressed his ideas, and the knowledge of the text, in a clear way so we got it. (And he always referred to my big open touring car which I drove to the campus as 'The Coe College Bus,' and I guess it was!)"