

JAMES A. HAMILTON

In First Person: An Oral History

Lewis E. Weeks
Editor

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION
Lewis E. Weeks Series

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Chicago, Illinois

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James A. Hamilton

From Hospitals August 16, 1956

CHRONOLOGY

- 1899 Born July 14 at Brighton, Michigan
- 1981 U.S. Army
- 1922 Dartmouth College, B.S.
- 1923 Dartmouth College, M.S.
- 1923-1936 Dartmouth College, Instructor, Assistant Professor,
Industrial Management in Amos Tuck School of
Business Administration
- 1923-1936 Consultant in Industrial Engineering
- 1923-1936 Dartmouth College, Assistant Graduate Manager of Athletics
- 1926-1936 Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital, Superintendent
- 1927-1931 James Campion, Inc., Vice President, Treasurer
- 1930 New England Hospital Association, President
- 1936-1938 Cleveland City Hospital, Superintendent
- 1936-1938 Western Reserve University, Associate Professor in
Business Administration
- 1936- Consultant in Hospital Administration
- 1937-1941 Fenn College, Trustee
- 1938-1946 New Haven Hospital, Director
- 1938-1946 Yale University, Associate Professor & Professor
in Hospital Administration
- 1939 American College of Hospital Administrators, President
- 1942-1958 U.S. Bureau of the Budget, Executive Office of the
President, Consultant
- 1942 Federal Board of Hospitalization, Consultant
- 1942-1944 Secretary of War's Medical Services Commission, Member
- 1943 American Hospital Association, President

1943 U.S. War Production Board, Consultant

1943-1948 USPHS Cadet Nurse Advisory Committee, Member

1943-1956 Inter-American Hospital Association, Vice President, Trustee

1944-1954 W.K. Kellogg Foundation, Hospital Advisory Committee, Member

1946-1966 University of Minnesota, Professor and Director of the
Program in Hospital Administration

1946-1966 James A. Hamilton Associates, Head

1946-1954 Hospital Survey and Construction Act (Hill-Burton)
Consultant

1947-1966 Minnesota Advisory Board on Hospital Superintendent
Registration Law, Chairman

1948 Minneapolis and St. Paul hospitals representative
in labor arbitration

1949- Tilton School, Trustee

1952-1954 Commission on University Education in Hospital
Administration, Chairman

1953 Association of University Programs in Hospital
Administration, Chairman

1957-1966 U.S. Army, Civilian Consultant in Hospital Administration

1958- World Health Organization, Consultant on Education

1960-1963 U.S. Department of State, Consultant in Medical Affairs

1962-1966 National Commission on Community Health Services, Member

1962- International Hospital Federation, Member

OTHER AFFILIATIONS

American Association of Hospital Consultants, Member
American College of Hospital Administrators, Fellow
American Hospital Association, Life Member
American Management Association, Member
American Public Health Association, Member
American Public Welfare Association, Member
Association of University Programs in Hospital Administration, Member
Federal Hospital Council Advisory Committee, Member
Federal Interagency, Lecturer
Kappa Kappa Kappa
Kiwanis
Minnesota Hospital Association, Member
National Health and Welfare Retirement Association, Member of Board
National League for Nursing, Member
New England Hospital Association, Member
Upper Midwest Hospital Association, Member
Veterans Administration Institutes, Lecturer
Who's Who in America
Who's Who in Industry and Commerce
Who's Who in the World

AWARDS and HONORS

1940 Yale University, Honorary M.A.
1948 American Hospital Association, Distinguished Service Award

BOOKS

- 1960 Decision Making in Hospital Administration and Medical Care
- 1961 Patterns of Hospital Ownership and Control

WEEKS:

Would you like to talk about your early days in Lawrence and the people who influenced you in your career?

HAMILTON:

I came from a very poor family. I was the baby of that family, and the only one who went beyond the fifth grade. In those days when they were fourteen they all went to work. So, when I was fourteen, I went to work.

I was working in the YMCA as an employed boy. I got interested in the YMCA and got interested in a man by the name of J. Blaine Withee. He was the Boy's Work Secretary, who later went on to be General Secretary in Little Rock, Arkansas. While I was working there he began to put me helping him in his work, otherwise than I had as an immediate detail responsibility.

J. Blaine Withee was not a college graduate, but the thing he would impress on me, almost repeatedly, was that I must go to college. He had come out of Bangor, Maine. He was a very dynamic speaker, dynamic personality. He was firmly convinced that he was at a terrific disadvantage without a college education--which he was. I never realized at that time how much he was at a disadvantage until I saw him when he was in his 60s in Little Rock, Arkansas. Then the contrast between him and other people who had graduated from college

was tremendous. I didn't realize it when I was a boy.

One of the features he would have in that boys' work at the YMCA was to bring in a deputation team from different colleges to interview boys of the YMCA in order to interest them in the college they represented. One of the men who came there (who later on developed a great, big music company in New York City) played a violin. He came there and played the violin in front of the fireplace. He was representing Dartmouth, you see, and I thought if Dartmouth had people like that, that's where I would like to be, without any question. So he sold me on the idea of Dartmouth College. Wonderful guy! His name was Griffith, Charles Griffith. I remember him later on in college.

So, between Withee, who had come from Maine, and this Griffith, both of them saying I ought to go to Dartmouth College, there just wasn't any question about going to Dartmouth College. It was a natural thing that I had to go there to college.

I was very good in mathematics. A teacher in high school, Mike Mann his name was, wanted me to transfer to Andover Academy.

I said, "Mike, I can't possibly afford to go to Andover. Right after school I have to go to work in a butter and eggs store to earn money, so it's impossible."

Well, he could get me a scholarship, and so forth, but anyway I didn't.

But he said, "You change over to college preparatory course from a general commercial course." So in my sophomore year I shifted to the other course.

When I graduated I immediately went to work in an ash team. I was supposedly working for the public health department, but what I really was doing was working on an ash team. There were about five of us. This terrific ash team would roll out your barrels and throw up the barrels on to the ash

truck. We all had to take turns standing up there and emptying them. My mother wouldn't let me in the house until I took off my clothes, because there were maggots and God knows what.

Back at the time I was in grammar school I happened to bump into a fellow by the name of Harold P. Tasker. Now the reason Harold P. Tasker and I got together was I lived in the worst slum in the city of Lawrence, right opposite a common where there was a county jail. My mother's house was the third block in that setup. So I played out on the common quite regularly. Two other guys played with me very regularly, by the name of Callahan. I was a Protestant boy in a Catholic community, and I had to learn how to fight early because we had to go by the parochial school on our way to the grammar school. So I learned how to fight.

Years later I got a great kick out of making a speech in that same parochial school. That was when I was president of the American Hospital Association. Another speaker was Archbishop Cushing. He and I became very close friends. It ended up with my having an audience with Pope John. I don't know whether you knew that.

When I was a boy, my uncle was the chief of police in Lawrence. His wife was firmly convinced that I would go to jail, in no uncertain terms, because I was in that kind of neighborhood, and I was playing around with that kind of boys, and doing those kinds of things. In those days there used to be a gang that went from one section of the town to the other and there were great fights. We were lucky because we had a wheel spoke factory in our section of town. God! A wheel spoke! It was the best thing I ever hit anybody in the head with. That was the atmosphere I was brought up in, you understand.

Speaking of going by this parochial school, this fellow Tasker, who was

the son of a minister of one of the Methodist churches in town, also had to go by the school. So we struck up an acquaintance. We would have to fight those Catholic kids as we went by, and back home again. Harold Tasker and I got quite close together.

One day Tasker said to me: "My father is going back to Tilton Preparatory School (Tilton School it was called) and he is going to be pastor of the Methodist church in that town. The last time we lived there my mother always had a girl from the school who lived in a little room in our attic. She washed the dishes and brought in the wood and did all that kind of stuff. I asked her last night if I could offer you the job. I am now offering you the job to go."

I said, "Give me twenty-four hours, Harold, and I'll tell you."

I went home. Now, it wasn't a question of whether my family could give me some money to go to school, you understand. That was the last thing that could ever possibly happen. What the question was: Could they get along without my income? I'll never forget this. We sat in a circle, more or less, talking about this.

My father who was then running street cleaning operations of two bridges in Lawrence--he was in charge of those two bridges--said, "I can get a job as a night watchman in one of the big department stores downtown."

My mother said, "I have a chance to wash the dishes in the YWCA afternoons, and also some boys who are living closeby out here would like to have me go in and make up the beds, and dust the place, and so on."

Well, it went around the table, and finally they decided they could get along without my income. There wasn't any question that they were going to give me any money to go off. It was a question of getting along without it.

So I went back to Harold and said, "Okay."

As a result of that I went to a place called Tilton School. I don't know whether you noticed in my record, I'm trustee of Tilton and have been for quite a long time. By the way, I am going up there a week from Saturday and they are going to name a building after me. This is a long history of a relationship is what I am trying to say.

WEEKS:

Will you tell me about your days at Tilton?

HAMILTON:

I went to Tilton, lived in this minister's home, and, therefore, became a day student in that school. Fortunately for me, they let me take twice as many subjects as they did anybody else. In other words, I would take maybe a final exam... By the way, they taught me quite a lot about teaching because this fellow I was living with was also taking those exams. He'd study all during the time he had. I wouldn't study until twenty-four hours before the exam. I'd get a better grade than he did on the exam day, but he'd remember it and I'd forget it in about two days. As a teacher I remembered that very vividly when I was teaching graduate school. That's what happens to you when you are boning up for things. Anyway, they let me take twice as many subjects, and I was able to finish in one year.

While I was there I began to experiment with a great many things. It was a coeducational school, by the way. The first thing I fooled around with was I tried to go out for athletics. Back in Lawrence in high school I hadn't been able to go out for athletics, although I loved activities. I played on the basketball team of the YMCA but I couldn't go out for school athletics because I worked every afternoon. There wasn't any question about having time

enough for things like that. Now at Tilton I made all the teams: that was very simple, somehow or other. I don't know why.

I may have told you about the two Callahan boys I used to play with in Lawrence: Later one became the center on the football team at Yale, and the other the center at Princeton the same year. Very famous athletes.

So I made all the teams all right. But about spring time the lady I was working for asked me if I was going away with the baseball team which was going off on a trip.

I said, "Yes."

She said. "When are you going to dust the front parlor?"

All of a sudden it dawned on me like a ton of bricks that I had been shirking my responsibilities where I was living by belonging to a team. So I dropped athletics immediately. They couldn't understand why I dropped off the team. I'd made four hits the day before and a few things of that sort, you see, and I couldn't explain it to anyone.

I just said, "It's interfering with my work." That's all there was to it.

WEEKS:

Then came Dartmouth. Tell me about that.

HAMILTON:

As a result of that year at Tilton, during which I learned a great many lessons, and with my scholarship, I got into Dartmouth College. I had the summer to work, so I worked. As I remember it, I ended up with about \$400 that I had earned working for a contractor wheeling sand or doing whatever the physical labor was. I thought I was a bit of a carpenter. I knew a little about how to handle things: I could put up forms and put nails in the right places and a few things of that sort.

So I went off to Dartmouth College.

Now I had to get a job. I found one at the college dining room. In the beginning of the year up at Dartmouth, the boys in general ate in this establishment set up by the college. The boys who didn't like that place ate at what they called "eating clubs." Any lady in town who wanted to put up two tables and get two students to fill those tables would give those two students the meal. Those were called "eating clubs." The majority of students ate in the eating clubs because Hanover didn't have very many eating places and the college had only the one, as a matter of fact.

About the middle of October or the first part of November, the students left the one the college was running and went to the eating clubs. I was the last one hired on at the college dining room and the first one dropped off. So here I was without a job. Don't forget now: no money, no job! I didn't know enough about the system of Dartmouth at that time, but I made up my mind I was going to find out.

I didn't know what I was going to do. Should I leave school and come back again? I lived for two weeks on a dollar and a half. I'll never forget that. I was living with four other guys at a private house in town; it was cheaper if all of us lived together. The guys would put a biscuit in their pocket in the morning, or something of that sort. I would eat some cereal about 10 o'clock in the morning with a couple of muffins and I would eat soup in the afternoon with another couple of muffins. I lived like that for about two weeks at this period of time. I finally decided that if I could only stay long enough to get my examinations of the first semester, then I could leave and earn some money and come back again. I'll never forget that.

I went first to the coach. I was a pretty good athlete. I wailed on him

my story and he gave me twenty-five bucks.

I went to the dean and told him my story. His name was Laycock, an interesting guy, who, by the way, had one year at Tilton in his career.

He said, "Do you drink?"

I said, "No."

"Do you smoke?"

I said, "No."

He said, "The class of 1888 just loaned you seventy-five bucks." Or ninety bucks, I have forgotten what it was.

Apparently he had some fund left by some old class, and he never could find anybody to give it to. I was young in those days and I didn't think of either drinking or smoking.

Anyway, that loan carried me into the exams. Then I finally got a job in a restaurant. The student who gave me that job I see about every ten years. He's quite famous in New England. He always takes great pride in that he's the guy that got me working there.

That job! There was a lady by the name of Avery who had an eating place with two tables. Her cook would come on at 4:30 in the morning. I had to get there at 3:30 in the morning and light up the fire so the stove would be hot. Then I had to mop the big dining room that she had these two big tables in, mop the floor, then I had to peel a bushel of potatoes every day. I'll never forget peeling the bushel of potatoes. That's where I learned that if you put lemon juice on your fingers they wouldn't stain them. Otherwise they would be browner than hell.

I did that for about three months. By that time I began to find out how the system worked. You can be sure that by the end of that time I had five

places I could go to work for without any question. So I picked one of those places.

My experience at this second eating club is a good example of my makeup. It was the best eating club in town. Everybody thought it was the place to go. The lady who ran it was going through her menopause period and she would bawl the hell out of people. I was one of the guys who worked in the kitchen. When she would come in there she would bawl hell out of me. I couldn't take that. It was more than I could stand, as I saw it.

I sat down with her one day and said, "I'm going to leave."

She began to cry and to say that that was wrong. She was sure that all the athletes who got me the job in the first place would want me to stay, and so forth and so forth. Wouldn't I overlook the fact that she was going through this menopause period. Wouldn't I just take it and forget about it?

I said, "I can't. I'm not built that way. I can't have you bawling me out every day when I don't deserve it. I'm not big enough to be able to handle it."

Then I got a job at an eating club where I finally became part owner. I never suffered for the lack of funds from then on. Eventually I began to own a third of the biggest clothing store in town. I began to do this and began to do that. All the rest of my life I have had more money than I ever needed. I don't care much for money. All I want is to be able to cash a check any time I want to! I've always had twice as much money as I needed.

There were several things I learned in that time including: what the needs of the college were under the scheme; and what the situation was for a youngster going through the school. That was great, from my point of view. I began to join societies, like the fraternity and senior societies, and so

forth. That began to teach me how things were handled in a college of that sort.

WEEKS:

You stayed on for graduate school, didn't you?

HAMILTON:

I went on to the Graduate School of Business, which is what I came to do. This was Tuck School. They named the specialized schools, you know, the medical school and so on. This was called the Amos Tuck School. It's a famous business school.

I went there and did very well. While I was there, I became kind of a troubleshooter for the president of the college, without realizing it. I think the first thing that was asked of me was would I go down and study the athletic system of Dartmouth College. So I studied it for four months, part time. The athletic system was run by a committee of the alumni. I set up some changes that needed to be made there. They apparently thought it was pretty good.

The president, said, "All right, now you put it into effect."

I said, "That's a dirty trick!"

I was teaching. Don't forget I taught all the time while I was doing all these other things. So for about three years I was assistant graduate manager of athletics.

In the process of that I ran the gymnasium which was a great big place. The Dartmouth gymnasium is famous because they can hold football games and basketball games all inside. They have to do this because you don't get out in the spring early enough, so they had indoor fields. I ran all that. I was pretty good doing this.

The fellow who became graduate manager had been the bursar of the college. He liked me and gave me certain kinds of things to do. I established a football system, a ticket system, and all that kind of thing, which affected the affairs of the college.

WEEKS:

How did you become a hospital administrator?

HAMILTON:

It was not strange that, out of the blue sky, I was asked to run the hospital by a fellow names Jack Bowler, John Bowler. His father was the physical education man in the gymnasium. He had seen me doing work there and I think that's the way my name got to John Bowler. Bowler came back to Dartmouth to be the dean of the medical school. At the same time the college decided to build a college infirmary next to the local hospital. (I'll tell you about that a little later.)

So about the time the infirmary was being planned and built was when I was asked if I would become the administrator of the local hospital. Also at that time, because Bowler had come from Mayo Clinic, he and the doctors decided they were going to have a Hitchcock Clinic. They needed a business manager, like the business manager of the Mayo Clinic. You understand? Bowler talked with his father about looking for some young fellow. His father asked him why he didn't look up this fellow Hamilton. So right out of the blue sky, never met Bowler, never knew anything about him, he came to me and asked me if I wanted to be the administrator of the hospital. I'll never forget that.

I got interested in how the system operated then, because he asked me if I would come up and run the hospital. Well, I didn't know a blooming thing about running a hospital, and said so.

He said, "We know medicine, but we don't know administration. You know administration, that's what we need."

Every place in the country, by the way, where I was administrator of a hospital I was brought there by the medical staff, not the reverse. So wherever I would want them to do something, it was like my asking them who had appointed me to do it. I got along with the medical staff beautifully from that point of view.

I went in the hospital and began to ask: "How long does a nurse work? How do you know how many patients to give her? How many hours should she be working or not working?"

I went through the whole personnel, just like I would if I were operating the hospital. Well, the hospital didn't have a storeroom, it didn't have a maintenance department, it didn't have any of those things you would normally think of, so I began to develop those over a period of time. I took a young fellow, who happened to be my brother-in-law and who had just graduated from a school in Boston, and brought him up there to be the head of my maintenance department. He was a carpenter primarily. I had him look after the boiler room and set up a maintenance department, set up a central storeroom, set up one thing after another. By the way, he only died about two years ago. He was still there, I don't know, forty years. Wonderful guy and very capable.

That's the way I began to evolve it, you see from one thing and another, and finally got so that I was running the thing all right, without any question. But I had to dig it out by its roots.

Whenever I'd hear people crabbing about the food, for example my trustees, I'd go to the dietitian and say, "You give me three sample menus and what it costs: 20¢ a day, 30¢ a day, 50¢ a day. Let me have them and we'll go over

them in great detail."

Then I went to the board and said, "You pick them. I'm not picking them. You can have salad once a week. You can have pie every Thursday. If you pick it, don't listen to those guys crabbing about it in town who say the food is no damned good and you can't have this or that. You are picking it, not me. You tell me how much I can spend and I'll tell you what we can serve."

That was the relationship I gradually built up all along the way until I was really managing.

Somebody would ask, "How do you know how much to pay for gauze?"

I said, "Very simple. I know gauze comes from cotton cloth. I know cotton cloth is made down in Walpole, Massachusetts. I know how long it takes them. So I study the cost of cotton and I can tell you how much the gauze is going to cost me."

In other words, I did what was an intelligent way of going about it without knowing anything about the environment.

WEEKS:

There was quite a difference in your first hospital and what we know today, I imagine.

HAMILTON:

In retrospect, the thing that interested me was that I joined the hospital field about the time it was going from one type of experience into another. Most of the hospitals like Mary Hitchcock Hospital ... which was given by a man by the name of Hiram Hitchcock, who used to go to a fancy place over in Vermont every year. He gave it in memory of his wife. Most of the hospitals were given for the poor. This hospital had two great big wards, but only eight private rooms. Care in those big wards was given for nothing, the

doctors couldn't charge anything for the patients either. Eventually the hospital began to make a small charge for those ward patients. It was an entirely different system than we have now. Basically it was a charitable system.

The minute they began to charge for ward patients they began to have their problems. I'll never forget: When Massachusetts General put patients of moderate means in semiprivate or four-bed rooms, the charge they made for them was what I charged for my private rooms.

I began to say, "We are not talking about the same animal. It's entirely different."

I had very few graduate nurses. Work was always done by pupil nurses. Pupil nurses were my head nurses and all that kind of thing.

So I began to grow during that period of change which came about with paying care. I always thought that if we could get the government to pay for the indigent, if we could only get them off our shoulders, we could handle the rest all right. Well, as you know, they pay for the indigent all right, but they haven't taken care of the rest of us by any means. Don't forget at that time my costs were only \$5 a day.

Another thing that happened to me was that my boss was the dean of the graduate school of business where I was teaching. He also was the president of the hospital board. He always took a vacation in the Caribbean in the winter time. It was during that vacation that they appointed me the superintendent of the hospital.

When he came back, he said, "I would never have let you become superintendent of the hospital. If they had asked me, nobody but a doctor should be superintendent of that hospital. It's silly. But, since they have appointed you, I am not going to backtrack on it. I'm sure you always will do

a good job on whatever you are doing."

I said, "Fine."

If he had been there, don't forget, I wouldn't have gotten into the hospital field at all. It's as simple as that.

The dean was a wonderful guy. He was an accountant primarily. He was a Vermonter who believed in moving forward but never tacking, so he didn't move many times, very fast. Because he was an accountant that brought me into a kind of cross check, which was good. The treasurer of the hospital was the treasurer of the college. He had a million things to do. He would come around and check the books only every month or so and draw up a statement.

I was not allowed to go to the hospital board meetings. I succeeded a graduate nurse who had been there fifteen or twenty years. They never let her go to the meetings. These meetings took place only every quarter. Half of the board was living in some other town like Woodstock, for instance. (We served an area of about 190 towns.) The point I am trying to make by all this is that there was no place in the hospital board meeting for an administrator. They didn't think they ought to have the administrator there. So I stayed out of the meetings, but I thought it was wrong. They would call me in when it came to something they couldn't answer. By and by they decided they might as well let me come in because they had to send for me for this information or that.

I had a graduate school in hospital administration some twenty-five or more years later. One of my graduates took a job with a hospital in lower Pennsylvania, just above West Virginia. He wasn't allowed to go to board meetings. Can you imagine all of this? I thought it couldn't be true, but it was. It was a situation that existed in the whole country which we gradually

grew out of. Now it's quite different.

I went through that period when many changes were taking place.

Another thing I had at Mary Hitchcock was a building that was arch tile construction. The guy who gave the money to build it had made all his money in the Panama Canal Zone. So what he did was take an architect who had built something in the Panama Canal Zone and sent him up here.

He said, "Build me a hospital just like the one I have in Honduras"---or wherever the hell it happened to be.

So every wall was about a foot thick, solid brick, with arched tile ceiling, testafino tile they called it. You try to change things in that kind of building! Terrific. I had a terrible time. If I wanted to change the size of a room, how would I do it? It was a terrible struggle. I was having not only the rigidity of personalities that are involved in hospital work such as when I would come in and ask questions. What right had I to ask questions? I wasn't a doctor. I was faced with everything from that to a physical building that was a resistance to change. I was having a terrible struggle.

By the way, that building is still there. It's built all around it with other buildings now. They are tied in together. It's a bigger hospital now--250 or 300 beds.

That struggle, by the way, has been going on for years. Hitchcock Clinic is a moneymaker. No question about it. That's what the doctors got in there for and they run a hellava good clinic. It's like Mayo Clinic, you see. It has, I don't know, five or six hundred men on the staff, and it started out with ten or twelve.

A hospital grows as a population grows in its part of the country.

There's no question about it, it can be any size you want it to be, but the minute the population goes, the hospital goes. What happens to the medical school and the college?

One of the great prides I took up there was to insist that I not have an appointment also on the Hitchcock group with the doctors. They wanted to make me the business manager.

I said, "No, I want to be fighting you all the time. I want to challenge everything you say. I'll be glad to cooperate with you, but I am representing the community, and a lot of other communities around here. You represent the medical profession. You are interested in these communities, but there will always be a suspicion that you are gouging them. I am here to make sure you are not gouging them." So I kept kind of a give and take relationship.

Now they are having a hard time. The college is having a hard time supporting a medical school; the medical school can't support itself. Who is it going to be dependent on? It's dependent on the two money raisers, which are the hospital and the clinic. It was the college that wanted to run the whole business. I insisted that it was a community hospital, not a college hospital. Keeping them separate in management worked in a great many ways. It didn't slow up the progress any. The clinic went ahead like nobody's business. But Doctor Bowler, who ran that clinic, was always a very wise man.

(During the war I took him with me to an area I surveyed for the State Department in southeast Asia. He and I got to be very close friends after a while.)

At the clinic if they received a patient this afternoon, they would call that patient's doctor at home this afternoon and report. Bowler never let it seem that the clinic was stealing a patient from local physicians. He was

wise in that kind of relationship. I don't think they are wise now centering it all in the college. Somehow or other they seem to have the idea that's the only way they can finance it. They have a hard time running the medical school.

I told the president that a few years ago, when they were thinking of going back to a four-year medical school.

He called me in and I said, "You're all wrong. Your estimate of what that medical school is going to cost is only about a tenth of what it's really going to cost, and I think you are wrong to go ahead and develop it. Let it stay as a two-year school. It's a great two-year school. It's done very well."

It seems there were certain members of the alumni who wanted a four-year school and they were willing to put up a couple of million to do it.

I said, "A couple of million won't last you more than six months." I couldn't convince him, or the alumni couldn't be convinced, whatever it happened to be.

WEEKS:

I think you were going to say something about the infirmary.

HAMILTON:

Going back, before I was made administrator of the Mary Hitchcock Hospital I got started in the hospital field when they wanted me to run the college infirmary. The college infirmary was a very intriguing thing. Mrs. Hall (her husband built it or put up the money to build it) said she wanted it like a boy visiting a friend's home, like Dick, her son, had invited the boy in to spend the night. Dick Hall died of polio while he was there at school so she and her husband built this in his memory. She called it Dick's House so it

would be Dick's home.

The first floor of that building was entirely like Dick's home in Montclair, N.J. They had a library in which every book was autographed by the author. Some famous men, including Cal Coolidge, gave books and wrote in them. As I say, the walls were papered and everything possible was done to make it homelike. It was a unique approach that Mrs. Hall had.

Dick's House became a problem to me. They put a woman in charge. The funny part of it is, the woman they put in charge had been in charge of little boys down at Tilton, where I later was on the board. She tended to mother the boys. She had been used to young boys at Tilton where she was the mother of a house of ten and eleven year old kids. They don't do that at Tilton any more. She went up there to Dick's House and became a real problem. She represented the Halls. The graduate nurse who was there didn't like the way the house mother was operating. When there would be a clash, I'd be right in the middle.

I insisted that the college put a guy in charge so they put in one of the assistants to the president. That would be his bailiwick, you see. Quite often we'd have to get together and see how the hell we were going to resolve two women battling about one kind of thing or another.

In the meantime, I got some good nurses. It's a strange thing, the first nurse I hired was a gal by the name of Bresnehan, who had gone to Tilton when I was there. She was not physically a beautiful girl, but in character she was very beautiful. She had a fascinating ability. She used to be a friend of Tasker family when I was living with the boy there. She could go to a show in New York and come back that night and play every piece of music in that show. She could not read a bit of music, but she was a fabulous player.

Later on, she was having some problems with this person in Dick's House who represented the Halls; the two nurses I had put in there wanted to leave. Finally Bowler came to me and said it was really the fault of the housemother, and could I handle them. (By that time I was running the New Haven Hospital.)

I said, "I'll bring them down to New Haven and put them on my staff." So I put them on my staff and they got along beautifully.

When the war came along I said to Doris Bresnehan, "You go off with the Yale unit. Great idea. You'll get a breadth and a concept."

So she went off with the Yale unit in the war. When she came back she wondered what to do.

I said, "The thing for you to do is first go down and see the lady who runs Columbia School of Nursing." (I knew the director of the school very well. She was famous in the nursing field.) "Ask her if you can't go in as a student. You get some graduate training on top of your three years of schooling and then you'll be able to get a job any place."

So she went back to school and also took a job being the night supervisor at NYU Hospital for a while. About that time I was planning UCLA--I used to do a lot of consulting work around the country. So I was planning UCLA and got UCLA to hire her, or got her for UCLA. Dick Stull, by the way, was the guy I had put down there running that project. He took Doris and liked her very much. She stayed there until a few years ago when she retired. She still lives in California. Wonderful personality and a very sincere and honest and direct personality. She made a crackerjack director of nurses. She wouldn't be any good running a school, but she was a crackerjack running a nursing service, and that's what she did.

The story keeps tying back to Tilton all the time in one form or another. It's very interesting. There was Harold Tasker who went off to West Point and got into the military. Now he's at Fort Bliss, retired. There's Doris going off in another direction. Tilton played a major part in my thought.

WEEKS:

You have a history of placing many people in jobs. How did this come about?

HAMILTON:

Part of it is me. I'm a great believer in people. When I find a good person, I put him on a good job if I can. I am always giving other people opportunities if I can, people that I know, people that really know what they are talking about. I make up my mind very quickly about people and that's it. I've got it all twined up in personalities. It's been a great joy, my helping people. I've been responsible for a great many people getting jobs, but I've always got great pride in what they have done. It doesn't make any difference to me, it's a question of whether they can do well.

When I was in Dartmouth College and running the hospital as well, I had a patient once. This patient had come in because he was going to have a leg amputated.

This chap sent for me and said, "I have just been asked to pick the fellow who's going to be the head of the new University Hospitals they are putting together in Cleveland. I'd like to put your name in. I think you are doing a great job."

I said, "Hell, I have only been running a hospital ffor three years. I don't know anything about it. That would be absurd. I couldn't possibly do a thing like that."

He said, "No, sir, I think you are just the kind of a guy."

It was quite a compliment even if nothing came of it.

That fellow was the baseball coach when I first went to Dartmouth College. He was the first catcher who stood close to the plate. Before that, you know, they'd always bounce the ball back. He was the fellow who got Mr. Mather to put those five hospitals together into the University Hospitals of Cleveland.

WEEKS:

Your name is always tied in closely with the AHA. How did that start?

HAMILTON:

First I should tell you how I became tied in with the American Hospital Association. When I was administrator of this 70 or 80 bed Hitchcock Hospital, I didn't think of going to conventions except the New England convention. I went to a couple of those. I discovered that the questions they were asking the guy at a round table who was working for the American Hospital Association were the same questions every year.

So I sat down with him one day and said, "How is it they ask you the same questions all the time?"

He said, "There is such a change of people in the field that they don't know the answers. They ask the same questions because they are new in the field." I, too, began to discover they were relatively new.

It wasn't long before I began to know some people at the New England convention and learned that there was going to be a national AHA convention in Atlantic City.

So I went to the president of the Mary Hitchcock board. I said to Mr. Gray, "I would like to go to that convention. I have never been to a

national convention. I would like to see what it is like."

He said, "That's foolish. They won't be dealing with small hospitals."

I said, "Oh, yes, they do. They have a small hospital section."

Well, he was convinced I was wasting my time, but if I wanted to go -- so I went.

The first mistake I made was that I took the cheapest hotel I could take, which was the Breakers. I was way up in one end of Atlantic City, and I discovered the first day there was nobody up there but me. Everybody was down in another section of Atlantic City. I went to a couple of convention sessions. I thought they weren't worth the powder to blow them to hell. Don't forget, by this time I'd been teaching and doing a lot of other things. So I decided I'd give up. I'd go to New York City and at least enjoy myself for two or three days and then go back home. Just as I was going in the building where there were a lot of meetings, there was a tall, lanky guy standing by the door whose name I later discovered was Scott Withee.

He asked, "Don't you come from New England?"

I said, "Yeah."

He said, "You going into the meeting?"

I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Wait a minute. There is another person coming along here in a few minutes, Miriam Curtis, who is going into the meeting. Why don't you join us?"

So we went into the meeting and listened. By and by we felt the speeches weren't worth anything so he leaned over and said, "Do you swim?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Let's all go swimming then."

Then they said, "Let's go to a dinner tonight. Some guy's going to give us a dinner."

Well, we struck up an acquaintance and we three people there, plus a guy we picked up the next year, became four of the closest friends in the hospital field there possibly could be. We kept close all the time.

Miriam Curtis was a nurse; Withee was business manager from St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford. The nurse had been in New Haven at one time. Now she was running a hospital at Smith College. So we struck up an acquaintance and they took me along.

The next year the convention was up in Toronto. Scott Withee and I roomed together in Toronto and like all good Americans in those days we filled our bathtub full of liquor. We went out and got all the liquor we could, put ice in there, and filled it all up. So we had to find another room to take a bath. This was 1931.

On the way up in the train I went into the smoking car. In those days I smoked cigars--about ten cigars a day. There in the smoking car was a nice, kindly gentleman with gray hair who, I later discovered, was the park commissioner in Springfield, Massachusetts. He had four sons and they were all park commissioners in the United States. One of them was head of the park commission in Washington. Great family. Well, he was a wonderful fellow and we got talking. I told him where I was going.

He said, "There's a young fellow going up there this year who's never been to a convention before. Used to be park commissioner in Salem, Massachusetts. They just put him over in the hospital. He told me he was going to this convention."

I said, "Give me his name and I'll look him up."

O. G. Pratt, his name was. Oliver G. Pratt. So I took his name. When Scott and I got together and Miriam came around and we were going out, I said, "Let's look up this guy O.G. Pratt. He's in the same situation I was two years ago at Atlantic City. He probably won't have any friends, so let's get him acquainted."

We picked up O.G. Pratt and from then on the four of us were as close as possible. Nothing could happen in the hospital field without our having something to say about it.

One time O.G. came up to Hanover and asked, "How do you write an annual report?"

I said, "I don't know. The only report they have got here is full of diseases. All it is is a report of the medical records department."

So we began to design new annual reports. What were they for? Why should we have them? In other words we did everything as pioneers, if you can call it that way, not because we were pioneers, but because we had a job to do and we began to analyze that job in a different way than anyone else was analyzing it. So we began to develop things like that.

WEEKS:

Weren't you one of the early members of the American College of Hospital Administrators?

HAMILTON:

When the American College of Hospital Administrators was organized, O.G. and I were both selected to be charter members of the College.

I said, "O.G., I don't know enough about this. They say this is going to be a battle between doctors and laymen. I don't want to get into a battle of doctors and laymen. The hell with it. It's unimportant. What's important, I

think, is whether the guy knows how to administer a hospital or not. It doesn't make any differences whether he's a layman or a doctor. Let's not go. If we are any good, we'll get invited the second year."

So every year now, John Mannix, who, by the way, was one of the charter members, and is a very close friend of mine--John has to stand up and say he was one of the charter members. Then he always brings in: "Jim Hamilton was one of the early members too, but he wouldn't come in that first year."

The point is that we took that kind of viewpoint. Let's look it over. We didn't want to get involved in a battle between laymen and doctors. The minute the College began to take doctors like MacLean and MacEachern we said it was okay, it was all right.

O.G. and I became close enough friends that we always conferred with each other. If we were going to a convention, we'd go together. We'd take our vacations together. Go off and not shave for a couple of weeks and then finally end up with a little moustache or something. We had that kind of relationship. I liked him very much.

WEEKS:

You were active in the New England Hospital Association before you became an officer in AHA, weren't you?

HAMILTON:

They have a system in the New England association whereby the officers rotate from the various states. When it came to New Hampshire, I was the only male administrator up there. That's how I came to be president of the New England Hospital Association. It wasn't because I had any great ability, just because I came in rotation.

When we put on a convention, the president-elect made up the program. The

year Curtis was president, I was president-elect.

I said, "Let's go out and get some money. We're talking about a great battle between the nursing schools of our New England states and the nursing schools of New York State. We can't get approved in New York State. Let's bring the gal who runs the nursing schools in New York State to our convention and let her put on a talk about it. We are having battles with the local and state governments on paying for certain kind of cases. Let's bring the officials in and ask them to talk about it."

In other words I changed the whole damn program around from anything they had had before. There was nothing startling about it, it simply was that I was that kind of guy. I was built different from most other people.

When I was president of the New England association I kept myself off the program. I'll never forget Lewis Sexton, who was president of the American Hospital Association in 1931, said he had never gone to a convention at which the president did not appear. I wouldn't even preside at a meeting. I wanted to have somebody else do it.

The year after I was president of the New England association, a lady by the name of Allen, who was head of the Newton Hospital, was elected president to follow me. That year they decided to have a meeting of presidents of the state and regional associations at the AHA. She didn't want to go to the meeting, it interfered with something. She asked me to go in her place. So just by chance I went to that meeting. It was held in the AHA office in Chicago. As far as I could see the meeting was a big crab of the state and regional associations against the American Hospital Association: how bad the AHA was; how Bert Caldwell, the director of AHA wasn't doing anything; and a few things like that.

I didn't know enough about it, so I sat there and listened. One of the guys who did a lot of talking came from Ohio. They seemed to think he had done quite a lot in Ohio, he had been in the hospital game quite a while. This was a fellow by the name of John Mannix. He's a great guy.

WEEKS:

DO you want to say something about John Mannix?

HAMILTON:

John Mannix started his hospital work in a small community in Ohio. Unfortunately he decided not to go to college, or couldn't go to college. Ended up being in charge of the storeroom of a Jewish hospital, Sinai Hospital, Cleveland, working for an administrator named Frank Chapman. When this doctor that I told you was instrumental in bringing the five hospitals together, they decided to take Chapman and make him the first administrator of the University Hospitals of Cleveland. Unfortunately he lived only about two months after he took that job. Had a brain tumor.

John Mannix had gone over there with Chapman and became his assistant. So John Mannix represents more about hospital affairs in Cleveland than anyone has for well over a generation. Wonderful guy. He and I struck up an acquaintance at this meeting.

As I said, I met Mannix at this meeting at AHA. I had been teaching at the Graduate School of Business at Dartmouth College--organization and management--that was my field. The first thing I know out at this meeting of the related associations they were saying that we ought to form a committee to study the organization of the American Hospital Association. They put on that committee: Mannix, and a guy by the name of Jim Hamilton. I forget who else was on the committee.

Mannix was a close friend of Monsignor Griffin, who was a Catholic priest living in Cleveland. Graham Davis was then with the Duke Endowment. Here I was coming from Dartmouth College really.

When they began to talk about organization, I'd taught organization principles. I had looked at a couple of the institutes run by the American Hospital Association. They weren't worth the powder to blow them to hell. They were talking about practice, they weren't talking about principles or fundamentals. They would have guys who run a good hospital go out and talk, and so on. I began to discover how weak the thing was. So I began to spout off at the committee about how weak the thing was. I'd come from a regional association. What's the relationship between a regional association and a state association? Why didn't we have more state associations? What was the relationship between AHA and Ohio, for example? There was nothing in the AHA that told us what the relationship was between AHA and the state associations. What was it, really?

We began to discuss this. I, with my organizational background, would begin to talk about certain principles that they weren't following. So the first thing you know, Graham Davis and I would sit down together at night--he being a lawyer who had come up through the Duke Endowment and knew all about the small hospitals in the Carolinas--to try to draw up an organization of the American Hospital Association. That's how it all started.

Every year this committee would meet. AHA always put some guy on the committee to lick us. They thought if they could get us out of the way, they would be able to do what they wanted. These were old-times. There would be Babcock from Detroit, there was a guy with a big bump on his head from New England--I've forgotten what his name was--very famous--and they were all

trustees of AHA. Every time we would lick 'em. Then they wouldn't know what to do.

We'd come to an annual meeting of AHA. What was an annual meeting of AHA? Twenty-five guys would get in a room and that was the annual meeting of the AHA. Well, we began to blow that like nobody's business. The old-timers of AHA wanted to get something to lick us, especially those two guys Mannix and Hamilton. Monsignor Griffin, who was on the committee, was a good guy. He seemed to have perspective. Bachmeyer was put on as were other guys who were pretty good. We'd lick the old-timers because they couldn't defend what they were doing.

When we finally came up with suggesting certain changes, the guy from Detroit would say, "We'll lose all the small hospitals."

I remember having a debate with him. I'd say that for every small hospital we would lose by any change we would make, I would get two more to join. So it became that kind of battle.

WEEKS:

Was this the beginning of your drive to completely reorganize the AHA?

HAMILTON:

What we were really trying to do, and what we eventually did, was reorganize the whole association. We didn't actually accomplish that until I became president in 1943. That became a project of mine. AHA did reorganize and we got a House of Delegates and a few other things.

We who brought it about were looked on as wild Indians for doing this. Mannix had the background to know. Graham Davis had enough experience at Duke Endowment to know. I had enough of organization principles to know. I didn't see how we could go wrong in reorganizing AHA unless somebody showed us how

dumb or wrong we were. It seemed to me that we understood the problem. So our small group became the focal point in the reorganization.

As I said, when I became president of AHA--that's when I said we ought to reorganize the whole association. Besides it didn't charge enough dues. We didn't have enough money to do anything. We did raise the dues, we did reorganize, and we began to do things.

I was at Yale when I became president of AHA. I was director of the New Haven Hospital and Professor of Hospital Administration at Yale from 1938-1946.

WEEKS:

About this time you were appointed to do some war work, weren't you?

HAMILTON:

When I was at Yale I was appointed by the Secretary of War to be on the National Commission of War. I was pretty active in that Commission and surveyed a great many parts of the army. The Secretary of War happened to be a Yale graduate.

The first thing I did was to go down to Washington and begin to interview the secretaries of the various departments. I don't mean the clerical secretaries, although I found out later by getting acquainted with a couple of the real secretaries, or what we now call "executive" secretaries, I could get anything I wanted. They'd call up the other secretary, their counterpart, and say that Hamilton would like an appointment with the Secretary of the Treasury, or whatever it was. I'd get my appointment.

I knew the Secretary of the Treasury. He came from Manchester. I'd known him years before in Rotary circles, I guess. I went to see him and began to talk about certain kinds of things that affected hospitals. About that time they were shutting down hospitals because of the war effort. There was nobody

in Washington telling the government what harm they were doing to the hospitals in the name of war economies.

So I would go to Washington to argue against that. I was going around Washington doing this on my own, feeling we didn't have anyone in Washington to represent the hospitals. Who did we have to represent us in Washington? Caldwell, who was the executive head of AHA? Hughes, the representative from one of the Catholic conferences, for the Catholic Hospital Association.

In those days the head of each of the hospital associations would get together and start talking about how they were going to be represented in Washington. The Catholic hospital fellows, particularly those having influence, would say, "We've got a guy in Washington. We will let him represent us."

WEEKS:

Did your wartime activity lead to setting up a Washington office for AHA?

HAMILTON:

As president of AHA I said we weren't going to have anything to do with the Catholic Hospital Association in Washington. We were going to have a representative from the American Hospital Association. So I appointed an AHA wartime service bureau in Washington.

How are we going to finance it?

I said, "By assessment."

The Catholic hospitals said, "We have a representative in Washington; we won't put in any assessment."

I said, "Fine, we won't represent the Catholic hospitals."

Well, they ran back a month later. Couldn't help it.

So I started the wartime service bureau in Washington with one guy who I

picked up in Washington. Now I guess the staff is 300 or something like that. There had to be somebody going around there, bringing that point of view to the guys in government who were making decisions. They were begging for it. The people I found down the line, under secretaries, and assistant secretaries would ask where they could go to get this information on hospitals.

Back before I became president of AHA I would load all this on Caldwell. I would ask him, "Why don't you get information to these people? Why don't you do something?"

WEEKS:

How did you finally resolve the Bert Caldwell situation?

HAMILTON:

Finally I said Caldwell, "I'm going to become president." (I was only president-elect at that time.) "You have to decide whether you are going to be editor of the AHA magazine, Hospitals, or the executive secretary of the hospital association."

Oh, it didn't make any difference, he'd been doing it for years, and so forth.

I said, "Caldwell, you haven't got time. You have got to be doing what you should be doing. The hospitals are not going to stand for no action. I am going to the hospitals and I'm going to tell them that they have got to put up five times as much money as they ever put up before, and that they have got to have a guy in your job who is capable of doing it. Now, if you want to choose between those jobs, that I will accept."

He wouldn't choose.

So finally I said, "All right, Bert, that's the answer. I am going before the association and have you fired."

"They wouldn't do that!" They wouldn't fire him, he thought. He was relying on Monsignor Griffin, who was the power behind the throne.

I said, "Don't count on that, Bert."

We finally got to the place where there was going to be a meeting in Chicago about the situation. I sat down with John Mannix and with Monsignor Griffin, whom I knew and John knew very well.

I said to Monsignor Griffin, "Tomorrow morning I am going into that meeting and I am going to suggest that you be kicked off the board and somebody take your place. Also, I am going to say that Caldwell must be fired."

We argued about it until I said: "I don't want to argue about it any more. What you have done is wrong. You have made it a religious issue. You stir up all those bishops around the country and the first thing you know, I've got Wilinsky of Boston getting in touch with me saying, 'What the hell are you doing with the bishops? The bishops are coming around and telling me that Hamilton's creating a terrible thing in the hospital association and is going to do something horrible.' So that's what made it religious."

So I said, "The best thing I know to do is let's get Caldwell out, let's give him a pension or something. We owe him something for all those twenty-five years of services. Let's get that office going with somebody in charge that can really do it. Then ask the members to put up the money to do it. We can't run it on chicken feed. Compare our dues with other associations and it doesn't amount to a row of pins.

The next morning it was finally agreed on by Monsignor Griffin. I met him with Caldwell.

He said to Caldwell, "I guess the jig is up. I can't hold it any longer.

Hamilton says he is going to report to the board and you are going to be kicked out. But Hamilton says if you will resign, he'll fight like hell for a pension for you and a few things like that."

So that's what happened. Caldwell resigned and we set him up with a pension.

WEEKS:

What was the process of choosing a successor to Dr. Calawell?

HAMILTON:

Then we had to go look for somebody to be executive secretary. That wasn't easy. It finally dwindled down to a few names. Some oldtimers like Ben Black would like to have put me in the place, but I said I would be the worst executive secretary in the world. They finally got it down to three names: one was Mannix, one was O.G. Pratt, and one was George Bugbee.

Finally I suggested--this is confidential of course, but I guess it would be all right to talk about it. Maybe George has already told you. Anyway, I got the three of them together in a room up at the Drake Hotel.

I said, "You three guys are the ones that have been picked as candidates for executive secretary. Now, O.G., they don't think you have initiative enough. They think you are apt to sit on your haunches too much." He and I knew this was true. A hell of a nice guy.

Then I said, "John Mannix, you are a Roman Catholic. The last thing they want is a Roman Catholic, having suffered from religious pressure in the past. So the only one left is you, George."

However, I made them do it this way: I said, "George says he would like it. You know how I brought George in from Michigan to Cleveland. George is just the kind of guy that will do the job. He has understanding of human

relations and of quietly doing things. The three of us must go into that meeting tomorrow and support George. We are telling George now (who isn't sure whether he wants it) that we'll be behind him in everything he does. Whatever he wants to do in the next year or so, we'll be right behind him. He can count on us for his support. That's what we tell him now so he'll take the job."

That's what we did at the Drake Hotel.

WEEKS:

We skipped a little bit of your career: the Cleveland City Hospital.

HAMILTON:

Now we will tie some of this together by going back a bit. Right out of the blue sky in 1936 the guy who heads the University Hospitals in Cleveland, Doctor Bishop, who was John Mannix's superior--he and John Mannix get me on the phone.

They said, "We want you to come out and run City Hospital in Cleveland. There's a man by the name of Harold Burton who is the mayor. He says he wants you. There's another guy who wants you who is the director of welfare."

The director is always some guy who in business of some kind has made a lot of money so they make him director of welfare. Salary means nothing to a man like that. This was Cleveland's technique over a period of time. Ramsey was the name of the director of welfare. He was a dogooder without any question, head of the Boy Scouts and all that sort of thing.

I'll never forget the first time I went into his office with my budget and said, "I've been thrown out of better offices than this."

He looked at me and said, "Never more emphatically than you are going to be thrown out of this one."

He and I got along beautifully together.

As I said, they wanted me to come and run the Cleveland City Hospital. Here I am, cozily up at Hanover, with two jobs, making enough income from the two so that it was as good as any full professor's job, even though I was only an assistant professor then. Played golf for \$40 a year, had a beautiful home I had just paid for. I am asked to give all that up and go and run a city hospital.

My friend who ran the Boston City Hospital said, "You're nuts! It's the worst possible job." He told me all the bad features.

I thought about it.

The point that made the job was this: I knew I could lick Hanover. I had met every challenge that had ever been there. I didn't know whether I could run a city hospital. So right out of blue sky I go there, and they interview me.

I said, "Okay, I'll come."

Everybody in Hanover thought I was nuts. My family liked our home in Hanover; all my children were young. When we moved out there they put us in the worst section of Cleveland, West Cleveland, with all the industrial plants. A terrible place! Fortunately I had a wonderful wife. She'd stick by all this.

It became a challenge to me, and that's what I needed, a challenge. I always need challenges, everything becomes a challenge. I've got to lick that challenge. Maybe I get knocked down, but I get up again and lick the challenge the second time around.

So I took that hospital. I don't know whether you saw some of my cartoons I have framed. The biggest one shows a politician being kicked out of City

Hospital. The cartoonist sent me that. It's the original drawing and it shows politics being kicked out of City Hospital. That was my theme. I announced in a broadcast they had for me the night I arrived that I was going to kick the politicians out of City Hospital and was going to operate it as a proper city hospital in Cleveland ought to be. The universities loved this.

I brought in the politician from right around my neighborhood and I said, "Let's talk. Can you recommend somebody to this hospital as an employee? Yes. Do I take them? If he does a good job, he stays. In twenty-four hours if he doesn't do a good job, I kick him out. This I won't take in any other form, shape, or manner. This doesn't mean to say you can't put in guys who are good. I want good ones. Pick good ones."

That's what he did. The politician told some of them, "It's no sense my sending you in. Hamilton will kick you out in twenty-four hours."

A good one he would send in. By and by the word got around.

In spite of my statements, sometimes they would try to pressure me, try to tell me how to handle the employees.

One day my secretary told me Mr. So-and-so wanted to speak to me in the outer office. I went there and he told me that somebody was speaking hard against the woman who ran the dormitory for men. He came to intercede for her. (She used to get drunk about every week, and I'd told her she would be fired if it continued.)

I looked at him and said, "I understand you are the head of civil service, so I'll have to treat her like civil service. She's sitting in my inner office right now, waiting for me. What I am going to do is press charges. You say it's going to be spread all over the local press that this fine old lady is a drunkard--her name will be rubbed in the dirt. Don't talk about

it. You are the civil service guy that's going to have to decide. Let's go in there and tell her what to do."

He popped out of the door into the hall and he never came to see me again.

In other words, I wasn't going to be licked. I didn't give a damn whether I had that job or not. It didn't make any difference to me. I could get a job, I thought--my poor family hoped. But I thought I could. So I ran the hospital that way. It wasn't but a short while before I had the City Hospital running properly.

WEEKS:

After Cleveland City Hospital came Yale-New Haven, as I remember.

HAMILTON:

Then came another opportunity in 1938, two years after I came to Cleveland. All of a sudden Yale was after me to run New Haven Hospital and to teach. I thought I had better go down to Yale and look at it and see what it was like. After about four days of being there, Mr. Farnum, the treasurer, who was a tall New England gentleman, a banker, a bachelor--he ran Yale University, there wasn't any question about it--he said, "Everybody seems to think you are the one we ought to hire. What do you think?"

I said, "Mr. Farnum, I have known only two college treasurers in my day. One guy delegates everything, the other guy wants to do everything himself. Which one are you?"

He looked at me and said, "You have been hearing that I have been interfering."

I said, "I sure as hell have."

He said, "Let me tell you my side of that story." He told me what problems he had with my predecessors. From the day I went there until the

day he died, he leaned over backwards not to interfere.

I ran New Haven Hospital and changed it all around in a great many ways. I did it differently from the way I did it in Cleveland. I'd get all the medical men together and say, "These are the problems. I just came here and these are the problems I am looking at. You guys have got the problems. How do you think they ought to be handled? You tell me, I only arrived a month ago. I want to pick this all up and then I'll start to do my part."

So I went to the members of the medical staff, to the chiefs in a meeting, and I said, "I am about ready to develop a budget. You get everybody on your staff to tell you what kind of things you would like to see bought during this coming year, then you bring me your suggestions for that budget. I'll go over it, but not until you have reviewed it and cut out all the frills. You are going to have to make up a budget every year. You are going to come in with it and we are going to thrash it out one way or the other. Then when a guy comes in and asks for something and I ask if it's in the budget and he says it isn't, then I'll tell him he won't get it." So we got along very well.

I think by the time I was leaving they were glad to get rid of me. I was a hero in the beginning. I fitted into all the things at Yale. The president thought I was a worldbeater; he did all kinds of things for me. Seymour his name was. I did fit in there quite well. However, on that kind of job, as I told the minister of this church here in Duxbury, "Don't stay longer than about eight or nine years. I don't care who you are, you are going to build up a number of guys who would like to see you go. Well, go for God's sake! No sense in struggling with that. Don't be mad if there are a half dozen people who don't like you. That's normal and natural. You can't help but step on some toes."

WEEKS:

Will you talk about your decision to leave Yale-New Haven?

HAMILTON:

About 1946 I felt it was about time for me to leave New Haven. I was glad to leave.

I sat down with myself then and said, "Now, Hamilton, things are getting a little uncomfortable here. You have been around and have seen different kinds of hospitals, every kind you could possibly imagine. Now what do you really want to do?"

It took me about three days walking around the Common, challenging every thought I had. I ended up by saying to myself, "What you like to do, really, more than you like to do anything else, is get an improvement for somebody else. You like to make sure if you have three assistants, you are going to send two of them off to run hospitals. Why? It's for their benefit. That's what you are interested in more than you are in whether your own hospital is run better. You know it isn't going to be run as well for at least six months, and yet you do it."

So I finally got myself down to that: "So what you want to do, Hamilton, is run a graduate school to train hospital administrators and make them good ones. That's what you are more interested in doing."

I resigned my job as administrator of New Haven Hospital, which gave me six months leave. I still kept my small teaching job in the School of Public Health.

I knew I had to earn a living so I started to do consulting. The first thing I knew I was in Houston, Texas doing a medical center. In Los Angeles I was making a survey of Los Angeles county, then I was making a survey of

British Columbia. I had so much work I couldn't see. I then began to develop a staff. This was at the end of the war.

I began to go like nobody's business. But you see back of me were guys like Graham Davis, he had now shifted to the W.K. Kellogg Foundation. Some people out in Los Angeles would ask him what to do, hoping to get some money out of the Foundation. He would say, "Why don't you hire Jim Hamilton?"

I also had George Bugbee, whom I had brought down to Cleveland, who later I asked to be the AHA executive secretary. He would say, "Why don't you hire Jim Hamilton?"

The first thing I knew I was getting deluged with requests. I didn't have a moment. I had to start building an organization as fast as the devil. I made a lot of mistakes in the process of doing that. Some of the fellows I would only keep for a short period of time and then say, "Look, you really don't want consulting."

Dick Stull was working with me when they were trying to hire me at the University of California. The treasurer was asking me to take over the job of guy who died; he had run the University of California Hospital.

Would I take over that job?

I said, "If you will get to me in about five years from now, I'll be glad to take the job. If you can't hold it that long, better get somebody else. But I've got a guy---."

He asked, "Who would you recommend?"

So he gave me a list of guys who had applied.

I said, "Nobody on that list. They are old crocks trying to find a nice place to be, and you are it. The guy you want to hire is sitting out in that car that drove me up to the office. The only trouble with him, he's a young

fellow, and you won't like him."

He asked, "How old is he?"

"Thirty years old."

"My God, do you expect me to hire somebody thirty years old?"

I said, "Yeah."

So I brought in Dick Stull.

That's the way I got involved in all these kinds of things. So here I was with George Bugbee I had put in one place, and a guy like Dick Stull I had put in another place. Now I had to be careful how I handled things after that. So for about a year and a half I wouldn't send George Bugbee anybody to hire.

Then George said, "Why don't you send me somebody?"

I said, "No, because you are just getting into that job and I expect you to do it and do it well. I am glad I had some instrument in it."

The first guy I sent George was for advertising and public relations. At the end of six months George fired him. Another guy also was anxious to leave. His reason was that the job had never been defined. Neither of them understood what his job was.

I used that as an example with students. I would say, "The first thing you have got to do is be sure your boss has the same idea of what your job is as you have. By all means, go to him and say, 'This is what I think I should be doing. Is that my job or isn't it?' The boss ought to have told you what to do, but doesn't always do it. You get misunderstandings like nobody's business."

WEEKS:

You wanted to say something more about AHA while you were president?

HAMILTON:

I am skipping around a little bit, but when I was president of AHA, I decided they ought to raise the dues. That was in 1943. I thought the association hadn't amounted to much, and I didn't want to have anything to do with it if it didn't amount to very much. The reason it hadn't amounted to very much was it didn't have any money. So I began to talk to them. I suppose this would be the speech I made called "Between Us." First I called it "Entre Nous" and they wouldn't take it that way. It was too Frenchy. But I thought that was what it was--between us. What I was trying to say was we don't amount to anything. Why don't we amount to anything? Because we don't have any money. I don't know whether you know it or not, but I set up the system so they can raise the dues easily.

You see, before, when they wanted to raise dues they had to go back to every hospital to be voted on. So I set up a House of Delegates. A measure such as this could be voted on by the House of Delegates. The individual hospital didn't have much to say about it.

Several times later on when Ed Crosby was executive secretary and wanted to raise dues, he said, "Thank God for Jim Hamilton. Without him I would not have been able to do it."

It was a big association and had important things to do, but it had to have money to do it. If the hospital couldn't afford that kind of dues, get out of it! Do you think they would get out of it! No! Silly to think they would drop out of the association, but they might want to control it, to make it move not so fast or to not have as big a program. They didn't think the big program was wise. However, the association grew because it had the funds. It was possible to do things. It had a vehicle to get it done when it

needed it. A proposed program can now be presented to the House of Delegates. They can decide whether to go ahead. What more do you need of an association?

In that move, I raised dues 500%. I'll never forget that. Everybody was firmly convinced I couldn't. Pennsylvania took a strong stand against it. How did I present it? I took the four most respected, oldest codgers in the country and had them present it. Who was the head of the University of Michigan Hospital at that time? Harley Haynes. Harley Haynes, Arthur Bachmeyer and a couple of others. Not young squirts like we were. We were only behind those guys. What I was saying to the body as a whole was that if these old, sedate, well-mannered people believe this, you don't have to worry about whether a kid like me says so. They voted it in like nobody's business. Pennsylvania was still thinking that 500% was too much at that time and they tried to bring up objections again after that. But it worked out all right.

WEEKS:

I think you had something to add about your wartime experiences.

HAMILTON:

I mentioned before I worked during the war with an advisory group appointed by the Secretary of War. As the group got together, I discovered I was the only nonmedical man. This gave me an opportunity but it also gave me some delicate moments. There were humorous moments as we'd go to study an army installation like Fort Bliss or Fort Hayes. Usually the staff officers of that encampment lined up in double lines and waved through this group of about twelve people of whom I was one. I would be at the end of that line. I was the youngest. The others were surgeon-generals of the army or of similar

rank. What they got in the habit of doing was to kid me. They would walk down towards this line. When they got to the end, the beginning of the line, they would step back and say, "All right, Admiral" and make me walk through the whole double line alone.

They called me Admiral because I was the only nonmedical. When they began to give out assignments as to what we should do on these inspection trips, I discovered I was given the surgeon-general's office. I think this was mostly because none of them wanted to have anything to do with it. Also I think they had a feeling that what I was going to do was what they would have had to do. That is, I fired the surgeon-general, or recommended that he be fired. Not reappointed, I guess is the better term. In other words, I took all the grief they had.

Fortunately for me, on this committee was a psychiatrist I knew very well. He came from Rhode Island. We chatted a number of times. He pointed out to me that the special position I was in might be awkward at times, but that it simply was because I was a nonmedical man and because I was younger than all the rest of them. I should not be tied down to their thinking.

What working with this advisory group did for me, first of all, was to acquaint me with great detail as to what was happening in the military. Therefore, when they came along and wanted to give me a commission, I refused. (I was offered a commission a few times--mostly a brigadier-general's position--if I would join the military.) I refused primarily because I knew that anyone in a military organization had to work through channels. I am kind of an independent sort of personality. The net result was that I refused those opportunities.

They would send me on special assignments. I am talking about the army

now, which would send me to Africa or some other place where there was something they were trying to figure out such as what the morale was, or what was happening there, or that type of thing. They'd like me to look at it. So I had the great privilege of being sent to a number of significant places with quite a lot of freedom of action when I would get there. They usually put me in a preferred position. Don't forget, I was representing the Secretary of War when I went. I wasn't representing another general or another colonel. I came right from the head. The first thing I would get in every location--some of these would be in Germany, or wherever they might happen to be--I would first be briefed by the generals over there and brought up to date. Sometimes this was confidential knowledge that it would be unfortunate if it got out. So I had quite an experience.

I would get other assignments. For instance I had to survey the WACS, so I'd be sent to Daytona Beach or wherever it was. I'll never forget one time getting to Daytona Beach late at night and being put in a hotel up on the top floor. I woke up in the morning and there were 5,000 WACS out there on the beach doing calisthenics. The latter part of that was very humorous.

My friend Tasker, who was at Tilton and who went to West Point and eventually the military, was also sent to survey the WACS. We met each other in this process, along with Mrs. Hobby, the head of the WACS. I met her down in Texas. I had some very interesting conversations with her on perspective and things of that sort, which otherwise I wouldn't have had. So I got quite a training in the advisory group, if you want to express it that way. Not the least of it, I was in contact with those people who were running things really. The top dogs. Here I was, relatively a young man, being exposed to stuff that I wouldn't have been exposed to in a hundred years otherwise. So

it gave me a perspective, when I came out, that worked.

When they started those student nurses' cadet corps--it was a military organization--under Miss Petrie and the surgeon-general of the United States, I traveled with them a few places because I felt that they needed to get the support of the voluntary hospital system in order for them to do their job. I would advise them at times on things.

I can remeber, for example, that early in the game they were going up to New Hampshire and Vermont to try to determine how many places should be allowed to train cadet nurses corps. The government was paying for this and they had to select places to put the nurses in.

I was very fortunate for them insofar as I could say, "Look, if you go up into New Hampshire and Vermont, you have to be careful. The mountain ranges run north and south. You can pick a place over here and another place east or west ten miles away. Don't have the idea you are going to have these two cooperating with each other. North and south they can cooperate, but you can't go over the mountain. Nobody goes over the mountain; they stay on their own side."

So I was in a position to help them get a perspective on many parts of the United States that I had traveled as president-elect of the American Hospital Association making speeches.

In those early days of making speeches, I was asked by Blue Cross, which was a fairly new development, to speak to them. I remember of arguing at great length with fellows representing the American Medical Association side, who were against Blue Cross, very much so. They were firmly convinced that if Blue Cross were introduced, it would be dangerous. I actually went around to the medical societies in New Hampshire, I remember, selling the idea of Blue

Cross and selling the idea in Vermont that this was a great thing and that we ought to get behind it and push it. I was selling it to the doctors, removing from their minds that this was going to be a handicap to them, but that it was going to be an asset instead.

Going back to the advisory group for the Secretary of War, I had a great time doing this. As I said, I was on the advisory board of the Cadet Nurses Corps and spoke in its behalf. I think I originally got into those positions because I was president of the American Hospital Association in 1943, during the war time. In the beginning they had to pick somebody so they picked an official of the AHA. After the first job I may have been picked for others because of my particular quality. I am firmly convinced that was true in regard to the State Department, for example. This came several years later when I was teaching in Minnesota. I was asked by the State Department if I would study how employees of the State Department received medical care in any place in the world, foreign countries that is.

This may have seemed in scope difficult to do. It wasn't because in a foreign locality all the Americans would get their care in the same place. For example, I went to Katmandu, Nepal, and this what I did. (I picked the external places. There wasn't any point of going to Paris or London, so I went to the external places like Nepal.) I discovered there were only five or six employees, let's say, of the State Department in Katmandu, but there were five or six hundred other Americans. The University of Montana had some there teaching people how to run cattle. The University of Minnesota had somebody there putting in a bookkeeping system for the country. Columbia University was there about teaching in grade schools. There were five or six hundred Americans in there who had to receive some kind of medical care. This was my

job: Where did they receive it? How good was it? How could it be improved? Nepal, by the way, was the only place in the world where I proposed that they build a small hospital. All the rest of the countries I visited I thought had plenty of places where Americans could get the hospital care, if they knew what they should be doing.

So I traveled around the world for the State Department. I divided the world in five divisions. I would take a trip to these places, only two or three days to each place, sensing what the problems were. I had a fascinating time, because I saw a great deal of many countries. I have been around the world about five times, by the way, and I have never paid my way once any place.

I didn't want to go through South America, so I got another fellow to do it. Fellow by the name of McNamara. I asked him to go to South America. He took along a dean of a medical school. In fact, I always took along a medical school dean also.

WEEKS:

Have we missed something along the way? Consulting?

HAMILTON:

Let's go back and talk a little more about New Haven. I told you how I ended up in New Haven. this was during the period of World War II. I was telling you how I did this work for the government and got a lot of experience, I thought, and a great deal of contact in Washington. This was terrifically helpful to me later on to know where to go, and how to go, and what the reasons were for going.

I found myself on call a great many times. I'd get a call from Washington asking if I would get myself involved in this or that. I was grateful for it

and tried to do it. Sometimes it was more than I could handle, and I would say that it would interfere with my job. For the most part for almost a whole year I didn't give my job much time. I was really working for the government. This caused me to bring in a fellow who had been an assistant of mine in Cleveland. I brought him to New Haven. He was an experienced fellow. I suggested that he take care of the place while I was away. I tried to get back periodically. Later on I sent him up to British Columbia to run the Vancouver General Hospital. He's still up there by the way--not running that hospital. He retired from that, but he lives in British Columbia, although he originally was from Cleveland. Hickernell is his name. Very capable guy. I suppose Dutch would be his descent.

Here I was after the war in New Haven. I had done all the things I started off to do when I went into the hospital field, even though I wasn't sure when I left Hanover what field I was going to be in. At that time I really had three fields in front of me. I could go into teaching, I could go into business, I could go on into the hospitals. So I kept saying to myself that I would keep a number of these goals all the time so I could know what I wanted to do, and also have a vehicle to do it with.

This time in New Haven, as I told you, I took these two or three days off to think this thing through. I felt I had arrived at this stage. I was only about 45 or 46--44, I guess. About 44, and I thought I ought to decide what to do. You'd think I would have decided a lot sooner, but my life had been so full and the opportunities had been so demanding that I never had much chance to do that. Oh, when I was in Madrid or some other foreign city, I might walk the streets on a Sunday and think a little about where I was going in life, but for the most part I was too active.

So I took this time off in New Haven, two or three days, to try to think things through, if I possibly could think it through. It ended up by my convincing myself that what I was more interested in was the future of my assistants I was training than I was in the operation of the institution. Therefore, what I was interested in was finding and training people for this health field. That's what I decided I ought to do. So, I resigned my administrative job, as I told you earlier, and still did a little more teaching.

Then I began to say to myself, "Way back in Hanover when you were in the business school, you learned that the professors of the school never got enough money out of the school. They always had to have some consulting work on the side." Therefore I won't find any university that's going to give me enough money to support the kind of faculty I would need for graduate education.

I decided I would take six months off--it was around January--I'd take six months off to establish a consulting firm. Wishful thinking on my part to a degree. But, you see, when I was at Tuck School, a long time ago, I had done some business consulting with a famous firm in New York called McKensie & Company--I don't know whether you have heard of them. They are a very outstanding consulting organization. I guess they have got offices in New York and Chicago and so forth. Well, they tried to get me to work for them when I first went off into the hospital field, but I would only do odd jobs for them.

So now I chatted with them a little about how you establish a consulting business. They immediately wanted me to work for them, but I said I wasn't going to do that.

So I started off. As I mentioned earlier, there were fellows like Bugbee, that I had brought into Cleveland and later brought up to the AHA office, and fellows like Graham Davis that I had done a lot of work for in one form or another, fellows like Dick Stull, later, and there were others in the country and some folks in western Canada who tended to refer clients to me.

MacEachern was one of those kinds of fellows. He'd say, "Why don't you hire Jim Hamilton?"

So I had a lot of guys on my sales team which I didn't know I had, except that I would want to know how the hell did I get this job. I began to be deluged with them. I began to build an organization with a lot of guys coming out of the military who weren't quite sure what they should do. Maybe they'd do a job for me for three or four months, then we'd sit down and talk.

I'd say, "You ought to get out of the consulting business. Let me get you a job in Iowa," or wherever. My contacts around the country were numerous. I am not talking through my hat. It was easy for me to get guys jobs because what happened was that there were about four or five of us in the country--most of the others were doctors except me--who people tended to go to if they were looking for an outstanding administrator.

If those others didn't have anyone they'd say, "Why don't you try Jim Hamilton?" Or they would see me and say, "I've got a job of this kind. Could you recommend somebody for me?" So there were about four or five of us who interchanged our knowledge. I would think nothing of asking them for some men, or they from me.

This did a great many things for me as you naturally can see. I had all the consulting work I could handle and I began to develop the organization. By the way, the organization still exists in Minneapolis. It is still called

by my name. I turned it over to my employees provided they would stay in Minneapolis and look after that graduate school. This is their burden. The firm is a gold mine for them. You see, no university can support the kind of faculty it needs, so the organization will pay them, say, \$30,000 and the university will pay \$5,000. Then the faculty trains the students, the students come and use Hamilton Associates all the time until they learn about things connected with hospitals. The student graduates and goes out to run a hospital. Who do you think they hire as consultants? It's a regular gold mine. I knew this would be true so I established it this way. I didn't establish it then in Minnesota; it's there now.

I said to myself, "What you have got to do is build up consulting and then you've got to pick out a university where you are going to establish the graduate school."

I had several kinds of offers in different forms. For example, the people who were then developing Phoenix were firmly convinced that I ought to work for the University of Arizona and set up a graduate school. A couple of those fellows I had known back at Dartmouth had had to settle out there because of TB. They were promoters; put in a TV station and God knows what.

They said to me, "You've got to stay here. We'll get you on the faculty, don't worry about that. We'll set you up."

I wasn't real sure I wanted to be in Arizona. You would be surprised what convinced me. It came about this way: There were some fellows on the medical staff there that I had known in the military when I was advising about setting up a separate office of Air Force Surgeon General. A couple of those fellows were firmly convinced I should stay right there and I would be settled for life.

One of those fellows said, "We'll give you a place to live here. A lady, who just sold her house to the University of Arizona, had the finest conditions in the state. She's got the best gardens and the best kinds of things." I went over to see her garden. I'll never forget that as long as I live. Her garden had gone beyond its stage, it was all burned up. There were cactus plants and so forth.

I looked at that and I thought of New England. I said to myself, "My God, do they think I am going to spend the rest of my life in what they think is the finest garden in all of Arizona? This isn't the place for me. I've got to find some other place to live."

By this time I had worked myself out to Los Angeles quite often. Those were funny days. I don't know whether you remember the days when you couldn't get a hotel room more than five days? Fortunately for me, they had me doing a long-term study there and they put me up in the Jonathan Club, which was one of the men's clubs there. They had to wangle me around so not to break the laws, but so I could still be doing the work they wanted done. One of the fine men I met there was a scientist--I guess they named a college after him since that time. He was chairman of my committee and a very fine person.

WEEKS:

How did the connection with the University of Minnesota come about?

HAMILTON:

I just kind of scattered around the news that I was in the market for a university connection. I had been on the W.K. Kellogg Foundation advisory committee or board for a number of years. Nearly all the hospital administration graduate schools had started on money put in them from Kellogg.

So out of a blue sky I am asked if I would be interested in Minnesota.

I said, "How did you ever think of me?"

Well, Minnesota had gone--a fellow by the name of Gaylord Anderson and a fellow by the name of Ray Amberg had gone to the Kellogg people to get some money to establish a school. The practice of Kellogg was to give them \$20,000 provided they also got \$20,000 from the university.

They said, "Now we have got to start looking for an administrator or director."

Graham Davis, who was on the Kellogg staff said, "How about Hamilton?"

Ray Amberg said, "We can't get Hamilton. You couldn't get that guy with as expensive things as he is doing."

Graham said, "Well, you might try."

Gaylord Anderson, who was the dean of the school of public health said, "I only know one Hamilton, a guy by the name of Jim Hamilton."

Gaylord Anderson was a classmate of mine at Dartmouth College. His father had taught there. We didn't know each other very well, but we knew each other. We didn't travel in the same circles.

Before I accepted the job in Minnesota, I had given some thought in New Haven, by talking to Winslow and people of that sort in the school of public health where I was doing some teaching, as to what that school should do in the future. I had done this mostly because I was on the Kellogg board and I wanted to do it intelligently. Winslow was convinced I should get in the graduate school. I was convinced if I was going to run a school I had to be sure--I had taught at four or five universities by that time--I had to be sure that it was in a position of some degree of independence. If it wasn't, it would have to follow the lead of others. For example, at Yale the HA student has to take all the requirements of a master's degree in public health and

then add to that some hospital administration. I didn't want that. I didn't want them to take the graduate degree of whatever field it was and then fill in some more with HA subjects. I wanted a degree in hospital administration.

I finally got it in Minnesota, so I established a degree. I said what the requirements were going to be. Although I was located in the school of public health for administrative reasons, I had complete authority of that course. This was the greatest savings in the world. I ran it without having requirements to meet in some other kind of degrees. I ran it in such a way that the students were taught what they ought to be taught, I thought. What I thought they ought to be taught, let's put it that way.

We finally worked out a plan whereby I was able to establish that course at Minnesota. I wasn't able to come immediately, so I got a hold of a fellow who worked for me at New Haven by the name of Jim Stephan.

He had said, "Some day you are going to join the faculty." I gave him the opportunity of coming to be my assistant.

For the course of almost a year after deciding to go to Minnesota, I had three big clients to serve: Houston, Los Angeles, and British Columbia. Besides that there was Minnesota to teach. You understand? My poor family didn't see anything of me. I would travel around. I had clothes in several of those places. I would stay maybe a week in one place and then move on to the next, and so on. Then I would come back to Minnesota for a week or ten days. That's the way I kept it up until the following fall, almost a year.

I didn't pick the first class at Minnesota, because that had already been picked by Gaylord Anderson and Ray Amberg. It turned out to be a pretty good class. But I picked all the others. I picked some topnotchers, and they have

turned out to be topnotchers.. They are very loyal to Minnesota.

It has been said that I tried to make the course at Minnesota different from other courses. Well, you see, this is my point. Each of those other courses, Columbia and whatever they happen to be, was put in a school and had to meet the requirements of a degree in that school. Then they tacked on a little hospital administration. So it would vary in whatever school we were talking about as to how much hospital administration was being taught by practitioners who only taught practice.

I had come up fundamentally as a teacher, therefore I insisted that we take the field of hospital administration and break it down into subject matters that would teach that field, but only that field. For example, there are organizations, system, and administration that you take in business school and you are taught by business faculty. If you went to Columbia for HA you went into business school and learned HA by business methods, then you had to translate it back into hospitals. I didn't. I taught organization, and used hospitals all along the way. I taught hospital organization. I taught the fundamental principles of organization, but I taught hospital organization. I applied those principles immediately to that. The fellow who was teaching at Columbia had to keep changing his illustrations because he had mixed classes--some nurses and others.

As a result of this, my course was unique. There was no course in the country that was built that way, and so soundly as that. There have been some since then. I didn't send the students over to the business school to learn organization and then have them come back and learn hospital administration, using some of those principles. I started right off teaching them

organization in hospitals. I used the same principles but in relation to hospitals.

One of the difficulties of teaching students of several disciplines in one class is that you can't use enough illustrations to cover all the disciplines represented. I don't give a hoot how good a teacher is, the student is in the learning process and he had got to apply the course work to something he knows. For instance, I would teach these students and say, "Everything I tell you, you apply to something you know about. If you don't think it applies, you holler and say so, because I am not making it clear to you."

That's the way I did. I only had to make it clear on one thing: hospitals. Not on anything else, regardless of their backgrounds.

One of the controversial subjects is the Ph.D. course in hospital administration. Let's put it this way: For a long time I was firmly convinced that a Ph.D. in Hospital Administration meant nothing. I said I was not going to run a course in Ph.D. in Hospital Administration because I don't think a guy because he is a Ph.D. is a better administrator by a long shot. The guy who wants to be taking a Ph.D. for a Ph.D.'s sake ought not to be an administrator to begin with. So I didn't add Ph.D. to our course until Edith had been teaching for me some four or five years.

Edith was a Ph.D., and I brought her in. I said, "I don't mind a Ph.D. in a teacher, but I don't want the student at the graduate level to be taught that subject matter.

At that time I was being pushed by Kellogg, mostly, to turn out some teachers. The field was beginning to expand. Where do you get the teachers? You try to get the average hospital administrator to go in and teach in a graduate school and find he hasn't any teaching background. He can't teach,

really. Oh, he can convey the information and get across a certain amount of this and that, but he doesn't use the fundamentals of teaching. So I insisted with Edith that we would have to do some training of teachers.

Kellogg put some money in three places. They put some in the University of Iowa where Gerry Hartman was trying to turn out a Ph.D. in one year. (I don't think this can be done, by the way. No Ph.D. can be turned out in that time. He discovered later he couldn't. He had to keep them four or five years to train them.) Also Columbia was trying to teach them in a regular length of time, but didn't have enough institutions to work through. So we started one at Minnesota.

We'll turn out teachers and scholars provided we don't take more than three a year. We'll select them from that point of view. We don't want them to be administrators. We are only training a guy who is going to be a good teacher. We are only training a guy who can be a scholar and can do some research in this field if he wants to. In administration not in medicine. So we began to turn out three at a time. We had only two classes before I left there, if I remember right. All of them have done well.

One of them was Bob Laur who was down in Washington for quite a while. I thought Bob, by the way, should be my successor at Minnesota. I tried to have him be my successor but he had made the enmity of a couple of guys on the faculty who continued to vote against him. I think mostly because Bob was kind of my assistant for the years he was taking his Ph.D. His activity continued over a long period of time, for I gave him a job teaching. He, I think, made their enmity and they didn't want him and voted against him being on the faculty. I sent him down to Missouri and then over to Washington. Finally he had a nice job McNerney got him. He was good for Mack but it was a

tragedy that he ended up there--he was a good teacher.

I think they continued the Ph.D. program at Minnesota but I don't think they have very many in it. The fellow who is there, the fellow I trained and sent out to Colorado to run the HA program there, hell of a nice guy, John Kralewski, he's training researchers of some kind. I never quite made out how he is doing it. He explained it all to me, but I never made it out.

I thought a Ph.D. was useless if a guy was going to be an administrator. It didn't make any sense to me. If he was going to be a scholar or a teacher that would be different. The fellows I trained almost invariably were in demand before I finished training them. So when they came around to write their thesis, I had to let them take a job and write their thesis at the same time. This extended the period a little bit. It was the pressure of need in the field. The five or six I trained all turned out to be very good and to do very well.

I have had very strong feelings about the master's degree program and the residency or internship, none of which was universally accepted. My thesis was that you could not teach a graduate course like hospital administration and have the graduates immediately begin to do work of any stature without a practice period. How long should that practice period be? There was a great debate. I said a year. When you boil that year down it only amounts to nine months, after you make imperative that there be a practice period. Otherwise the individual is no more acclimated to go into an administrative job than any guy right out of college. Yet many in our field expected students to take those jobs without a residency.

I began to use the intern system and I began to impress the guys I was using as preceptors of the interns that preceptors were members of the

faculty. I had them all voted members of the faculty. The University of Minnesota put them on their faculty as clinical preceptors. This was not any hogwash in my language. It was real. Then I made the preceptors come back to campus every year for a faculty meeting. I picked big shots as preceptors, from all around the country. All of a sudden it dawned on me after I'd been running it about three or four years that I had used fifty different guys in the United States. I said nobody can run a faculty like that.

The point was that I was allowing too many things to influence where a guy should go. By that time I hadn't built up a regular list of people who would take the interns. I would pick a guy like Frank Groner or Boone Powell--picked them from different parts of the country--then I would say to them. "You have got to come back to campus and learn how to be a preceptor. Don't talk to me and tell how you are going to take this guy and put him to work. That's just part of his exposure. You have got to be sure he is being taught this and this and this."

So I brought them back to Minnesota, had faculty meetings, had them put down on paper what that preceptor should be doing during this time. Then it was all mimeographed in different forms for them to use. So I brought the preceptor back to teach him how to handle the intern, one man to one man. I did this to make them honest-to-God members of the faculty.

That lasted for about six or seven years then the older preceptors began to delegate the job to graduates they had hired from my school. I would visit them every year. I would go around. I was doing a lot of consulting and going around so I didn't have to take the expense out of the university. I had an amount set up by the university every year for this travel to visit the interns and I felt this was part of the work of a faculty member.

As I said, I would have the preceptors back, discuss what they should be doing with the interns, and then give them written material on what they should and should not be doing. Then on my visits to the hospitals I could inspect the situation and see whether they were doing what they should. I would talk to the intern, I would talk to the bossman, I would talk to the department heads. Then I would come back and have a meeting in which I said, "Now, this is what I discovered. You aren't doing this and this."

Just like I told O.G. Pratt. I said, "You aren't telling that guy--and you have got to tell him. If you don't tell him, I'll call him up and tell him."

That worked pretty damn well, really. I turned out some crackerjack men. They got some honest-to-God training. They had some difficult experiences at times. I remember the Mormon guy got all involved with the preceptor because he was insisting on some Mormon practices. The preceptor thought he was more interested in becoming a Mormon than he was in becoming an administrator. Well, he's the administrator of the Salt Lake City Hospital now. He did all he needed to get training, but the preceptor insisted that he was diverting his attention from what he should be doing.

Internship was a serious business. We didn't do it lightly. I finally dwindled the number of preceptors down to a few. They had to take an intern every year. They didn't choose him; I did.

I said, "You don't ask a teacher of algebra to choose his students. The dean of the school sends the teacher a student and he has to teach him. You are going to have to do the same thing. You don't have a thing to say about it."

Other HA courses in other schools had been working it in a different

manner than this, so I was running into all kinds of comments: Why don't you do it like Columbia which sends the intern or resident to a hospital right close by? Even Kellogg had an idea at one time that they ought to be located in a certain geographic area around each school.

I said, "I think that's a lot of hogwash. What you do is pick a faculty member and an atmosphere where that guy will learn what he needs to learn, what he doesn't know now, or what he needs to know in whatever he is headed for."

I made that a major process. I would ask the students in November to put down on paper, in order of three, the places they would like to go. I would then take that information and begin to study that individual. I would not let it be known until April where he was going. In the meantime I had been studying where to put him.

I remember one fellow I sent to Rhode Island for internship, and he stayed in Rhode Island up until about a month ago. Originally he had wanted to go to a place where he could attend the board meetings all the time. I'll never forget bringing him in at the appointment stage.

I said, "I am going to send you to a place where you'll get into a board meeting. Let me tell you why I am going to send you there."

I would study the appointment and the student very personally, as to the personalities, what the student needed, what the environment was apt to give him--as much as I knew how. Of course, I thought I knew how, without any question. I really did try to match the appointment to the student's wishes wherever possible. If it were going to be different from what he had on his list, I would call him in and discuss that with him. Sometimes I would change my mind after he talked with me. Usually against my better judgment. In

other words, I thought I had given enough personal thought to it that I knew more about what he ought to have than he did. That was an assumption on my part, but it seemed to work pretty well. A lot of boys who hated like hell to go where I sent them told me later how glad they were that I sent them.

WEEKS:

While we were changing tapes you said something about retirement. Maybe you would like to say something for the record.

HAMILTON:

I had certain philosophies about retiring, and I wanted to do it early in my lifetime. I had to wait until I could do it financially, but I never worried about finances. I always felt I could get it. I've always had more consulting demands than I could possibly meet, so I didn't let that bother me much. I always felt it was unwise to stay on a given job too long, even though I supposedly was well-liked. So I decided I would stay at Minnesota twenty years then I would get out of there. Secondly, that I would not do other teaching except for short period of time. I might go down to Ohio State and teach for George Johnson, a former student, for a week or so. (Johnson is going to take over the head job at the Minnesota program.) Or I might give a lecture every so often somewhere, or run an institute or something of that sort, but I would not burden the school where I came from with the feeling they had to take me.

I think at a certain state it's such a contrast between my teaching methodology and that of other teachers that the student either liked or hated me. Again, I say, it's unwise to be in an institution very long. In Dornblaser's case--he's the present head at Minnesota--in Dornblaser's case--who isn't as good a teacher of problem solving as I am, with all due

respect to him--it was unwise for him to keep asking me back every year for several years, so I stopped.

In any case, I thought also when I retired that I ought to get the hell out of the community. I didn't want to be tied in such a way that I embarrassed whoever was taking my place. There could be all kinds of contrasting illustrations developed under that kind of theory. So I first agreed to come back and teach a week or two a year. I tried to do everything I could to help Dornblaser, my successor, about things and then decided not to go back any more. I think he was just as glad. Our methods were contrasting so it immediately caused the students to make comparisons, which was unfortunate. Either they would say he's so much better than that guy coming in so why are they burdened with it--or the reverse. So it seemed to me I should withdraw. I didn't want to interfere. I knew I had stature that was unusual, but I didn't want to trade on that.

Neither did I want to say I'll go to Columbia or from there to Ann Arbor, or whatever. I did keep up lectures when Mac was teaching at Ann Arbor, but only to be helpful. (I did get Mac that job at Ann Arbor by recommending him, and so on.) I am a great believer in doing something intensely and then getting out of it. Let somebody else play. It could have been dangerous if I had stayed around Minnesota, and went over every day--had an office--it would have been horrible.

Edith was partially responsible for my idea of retirement because it was her philosophy in life also. We talked about it great length, and she liked the idea. We both felt confident that we could go somewhere else and do it. We thought we were good enough so we could do it that way. We didn't want to interfere.

My recollection is that I left Minnesota in 1966. You could retire from the university that early--it was early retirement for I could have stayed on another ten years.

You may wonder how we happened to locate at South Duxbury, Mass. This goes back to about 1924 or 1925. We had been going to places on the Sound in the summertime. One of my sons-in-law, John Sweetmen, was living in Tewksbury, Mass., and working out of there.

I said, "John, I would like to get a place in New England where I could go summertimes. I wish you would drive me around so I can look at some on the Cape and wherever I want."

So John came down with his car and drove me to a half a dozen places.

Also I had a graduate student at Minnesota, a fellow by the name of MacKenny. MacKenny was older, the oldest guy I admitted to the course. He'd been the assistant superintendent of schools here in Duxbury and he had been the B-12 coordinator of Dartmouth College. When he was leaving Dartmouth College, he went into see President Hopkins and started talking about his future.

Mr. Hopkins said, "Why don't you talk with Jim Hamilton? He's a pretty nice guy to talk with when you are talking about your future. He has enough breadth so he can talk in different ways."

So MacKenny asked me to see him the next time I came to New England. I met him in Boston. We chatted for some time.

Finally I said, "Why don't you come out and take my course in Minnesota?"

He was the oldest guy I admitted. They kept their place they were living in down here, but his wife came with him when he took my course. When Edith and I would come east in the summertime, they would move into our house in

Minnesota for a month and enjoyed that. From my point of view it was fine: I had the house occupied, and secondly, I was helping him.

When I told him I was looking at the Cape for a place for the summertime, he said, "Why don't you look at Duxbury?"

I said, "Where is Duxbury? I never heard of it."

So it was all explained to me. Grace, his wife, who was a very methodical person, got the real estate person to send me pictures of houses and material about them so I could look at them before the summer.

That summer John and I went around and saw some houses down on the Cape, and some up here around Duxbury. Finally he swung me around to this house which was still owned by the real estate dealer, Percy Walker. Elderly kind of guy. He kind of ran the town in a great many ways, not the least of which was determining who would move into town. He kept the racial and religious elements in the right places without questions in his mind. Other people began to say he was narrow-minded, but he had some good positive ideas.

We saw this place, and I said to John, "This is it."

There was a cottage here. Where we are sitting in this study was the rear porch. Quite different now, but this was the place. It had been run down. It had been rented by this real estate dealer for years.

I said, "John, this is the place." (It was about a block from the ocean.)

John showed a little odd reaction to that.

I said, "What's on your mind, John?"

He asked, "Why did you pick out this run-down place as compared to all the good places we looked at?"

I said, "John, I teach school. I am in the consulting business. I am under pressure all the time. I'm allergic to salt water. I am allergic to

shell fish. My family, all three daughters, love it. They love the sun, they love the ocean. What an I going to do? I have got to have some place very near the water, but not on the water, where I can play around. When they go down there to the ocean, I'll be wallowing around in here like nobody's business. I'll get just as much sun as they will. I'll get it in a different form. I'll get all the exercise I need but I won't be subjected to that salt water. I discovered when a boy that every time I went in the salt water I broke out in hives.

So I took this house and began to work on it. I have been working on it ever since. It's beautiful now compared to what it was. Within a foot of the outside of this building was jungle. Just literally jungle, you understand. I discovered the greatest difficulty about it was not chopping down bushes but removing stumps. After you got the bushes out, then you had to get the stumps hauled away. I began doing that all over the place. It became a wisecracking thing around here with my grandsons that the only time you had manhood was when you dug out one of grandpa's stumps. Some kid would get cocky and they'd say, "Humpf, wait until you dig out one of grandpa's stumps!"

The younger grandchildren were looking for a stump, therefore, to become a man. I had to go out and find stumps.

So I made this a place to come and work. With it really came Otto MacKenny, who lived in town. When he graduated from my school, I sent him over to the Sister Kenny Institute. He ran the Sister Kinney Institute in Minneapolis and he ran it for a good ten or fifteen years.

When my last wife, Edith, died I gave some thought as to whether I would sell this place. Get out of here and go some place else. According to my abilities, I would rather be on a lake where I could go swimming every day and

that kind of stuff. To a lake like where we used to go when O.G. Pratt and I would go off on vacations. None of this swimming down here had any appeal to me. But the girls love it. When I decided to sell it, it was the grandchildren who rose up in horror.

The grandchildren said, "What are we going to do?"

The girls said they didn't care one way or the other. I look upon myself as custodian.

WEEKS:

I imagine you are asked about Harold Burton, and the Hill-Burton act?

HAMILTON:

I have been asked about my acquaintance with Harold Burton in Cleveland and my connection with the Hill-Burton Act years later. I don't take as much credit for that as George Bugbee can. I was president of AHA about then. George knew Hal Burton in Cleveland, which made it possible when he was working for AHA to go down to Washington and call on Senator Burton.

I was at it in a different way. Harold Burton as mayor was one of the persons who got me to go there as superintendent of the Cleveland City Hospital. So while I was in Cleveland I knew Burton. Harold later became U.S. Senator from Ohio and later was an Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. I used to call on him in Washington.

I had nothing to do with his being on that Hill-Burton bill. He knew how I felt about it. I talked with him a dozen times about it. It was during that time that George became more intimate with Hal and had an official status with the AHA and could do it. It was beyond that stage for me. I don't want to take anything away from it.

Hal and I chatted several times. I liked him very much. He was nice

enough to me and his wife was very nice. We talked about what ought to be happening in Washington.

I was in Cleveland only two years. George wasn't there very much longer than I was. I was responsible for George coming to Cleveland, and responsible for his getting out of there, so I've got to be careful how I handle that.

Harold was a very nice person with an understanding of things. That's why I thought his being on the Supreme Court was a great thing. He was that kind of a guy. He was a politician all right, but he never paraded his politics. He was bigger than the average politician in many ways. I don't think I had as much influence on him as George did in the process of getting that Hill-Burton bill through, but I did have some influence on Burton and he did talk with me about it.

WEEKS:

Will you talk about the role of the hospital consultant?

HAMILTON:

I am often asked about the role of the hospital consultant. I can tell you about my experience. I think I got interested in hospital consulting when I was in Cleveland because John Mannix had been doing some hospital consulting on the side, over a period of years.

I really got started when I was on the faculty at Dartmouth. I used to do consulting in the industrial field. I can remember, for example, in the textile business, being invited to do some consulting work. I began to discover that an outside mind applied to a problem opens up a vista that a guy inside doesn't see. He gets blind to it.

Here is a simple illustration. I remember when I was at Tuck School going to a textile mill that had a process on an upper floor that turned out many

small pieces. Directly below it was the next step in the process but turning much slower, not synchronized with the first process. They would take the stuff in a cart from the upper floor, go down the elevator, and come back to the other side of the lower floor to perform the rest of the process. The mill was losing \$50,000 a year. As I went into where the mill was losing it, I began to discover that the mill was losing it on that process.

So I said to the owner, "Why do you go through that routine of moving the stuff in a cart from the upper floor down an elevator to the lower floor? Why don't you put in a chute and run them down the chute? You can get the two floors working together and you will save \$50,000."

He looked at me and said, "I have been in this business twenty-five years. Why didn't I see that?"

That's the thing that used to get me when I was doing industrial consulting. It might be nothing but a pulp mill, or it might be a textile business. I was brought up in a textile town of Lawrence, so I knew something about the textile business. That impressed me that a consultant's value primarily is the value of opening up a vista for the operator to see things he might not otherwise see, either in proportion or in actual fact. So when I was doing consulting, as I told you, for one of the firms in New York City, McKensie & Company, I learned this was true in industry and business. Later I learned it was true also in the hospital business.

The trouble in the hospital game was that the guy who was expected to hire a consultant, or needed a consultant, was embarrassed to do so because his board tended to say, "If you are any good, you don't need a consultant."

I am pretty skillful at looking at a situation and picking out the significant parts of it in a short period of time. I marvel at some of the

consulting jobs I used to do when I would only have an afternoon to arrive at what ought to be done at this place, how it ought to expand, and where it ought to go. I would do it. It worked out beautifully because I had that sharp interest to do that job, and do it very simply.

The net result was that part of the job was to try to overcome the reaction of people who are afraid to hire consultants. Nowadays, most industrial managers hire many consultants, depending on the needs. It doesn't show any shortcoming, it shows intelligence.

So item one was to try to overcome the reluctance of people to hire consultants. Not an easy item. Item two was how to handle a situation when you want to tell the client the truth but you know the truth is bad. My first illustration of that was, I think, in South Bend, Indiana. I was doing a consulting job out of Minneapolis. I sent two or three guys--that was another thing I learned with McKensie & Company, always send in more than one man, because two guys don't each see the same things at all. This was very important. So I had a job in South Bend, Indiana and I sent three different guys on the job because it involved a person as well as other things. I was involved in the person side of the problem. The guy who hired me was a Dartmouth man who was on the board and who was very prominent in the Studebaker Company there. (In fact, I sat down with him the night that he and the head of Studebaker decided they were going to move to Canada and then fold up the automobile operation in South Bend.) I was there as a consultant because the hospital was raising money. Studebaker committed itself to give the hospital a million bucks. Studebaker shouldn't have because they didn't have the money to give.

(Another part of the problem with consulting, item three, if you will, was

that everybody who couldn't hold onto a job became a consultant. So there was a raft of people going around doing consulting. Some of them still exist, I guess.)

I was telling you about the consulting job in South Bend; I digressed from it. The three men I had on the job came to me and said the guy who was administrator ought to be fired. He was the seventh administrator in six years. They said the superintendent of nurses should be fired, that the chief surgeon should be demoted to being just an ordinary surgeon, although he was the immediate past president of the AMA. They came to me with the problem. What were they going to do?

My men, said, "If we don't do that, we are going to have another firing anyway. Just as sure as not they are going to keep turning over."

Then the question came up: Shall we tell these people the bad news or not?

I said, "We have started a consulting business in which we are going to be intellectually honest with whomever we deal. We may try to do it in the most tactful way, and the most effective way, without disturbing everybody but we are going to tell them the truth. No question about it. They are not going to like it sometimes, may be madder than hell, but we'll do it."

We did it. They fired the administrator. The next guy who moved in there as administrator, who happened to be one of my graduates, of course, was there for a good twenty years. The problem was solved by doing it the right way.

We followed that kind of philosophy all the way through. We would not run from anything. I remember once doing a job in Florida where everybody was mad at me--everybody. They decided the report should be read to a group of people, about 300, in a hall. I laid out the administrator, and laid out the board, and laid out everybody involved. They were all madder than hell. I

said they had to fire the administrator. The administrator and everybody else was mad at me for telling the truth. The recommendation was what they needed. They did it, and they finally straightened out. But they didn't like it.

When we started out, I had said, "This is going to be a tough one. I would like to have it clearly understood by everyone involved that the question is: Shall I tell the truth, or shan't I tell the truth? I don't care. You tell me whichever way you want it."

They said, "By all means, we want the truth. Tell it even if it hurts."

So I went through that period, which was a very difficult period. Fortunately I followed the idea that we would be truthful and stuck to it. We tried to be tactful about it. Sometimes we would send three guys at different times into a place to see if they would come up with the same answer, hoping I could find a different answer. Any time we did that three-man approach it worked out well.

At that place in Florida where everybody was mad at me, later on when they got it all straightened out, the board recommended me to ten other hospitals in Florida.

I insisted to my staff in all cases we had to tell the truth as we saw it. We ought to be tactful about it and see if we could handle it so that it didn't cause any more suffering than necessary, but let's do it. In the early days, you see, administrators were afraid. I was only brought in because it was suspected the administrator wasn't doing his job. Many times it was true he wasn't doing his job, and I had to say he wasn't.

I can remember some things I tried in Concord, Massachusetts, where there was a gal who ran that hospital quite a long time. Then came the war period

in which she had a lot of people came in as volunteers. At the end of the war period the volunteers in a body recommended she be fired. That was like cutting her throat.

The president of the board, who lived in Boston and who ran a big brokerage house came to me and said, "Jim, what can I do with the girl? How can I handle this situation?"

I said, "The one way I know how to handle this situation is to sit down with the person and chat about it."

So I sat down with the girl, who had been in the game about twenty years. What had happened to her, she had gotten lax and lazy. I don't mean lazy in a sense of not doing some work every day but in the sense of not being that sharp.

I said, "You really deserve to be fired. This is bad, this is bad, this is bad."

She said, "What am I going to do?"

I said, "Let me find you a job in New York State."

I found her a job in New York State and brought in another girl to take her place. Both of them were on their jobs at the end of eighteen years thereafter.

Possibly this girl in Massachusetts, having been forced to make a change, began to sharpen up and said to herself, "I have made some mistakes I had better not make again."

The new girl who got fired from the one in New York State did the same thing.

It was just knowing enough about personalities in different places and being able to move them around. I am not bad in sensing that. Having had so many experiences, it makes is possible for me to move people around. So they

worked out very well. They are both retired now, but up to about four or five years ago they were top notchers.

Well, they both worshiped the ground I stood on. All I did was move them.

WEEKS:

I think you wanted to say a few more words about the Washington office of AHA.

HAMILTON:

I set up the Washington office for AHA so we would have contacts in the government. The fellow I brought in there (I am trying to think of his name) was a fellow who ran a hospital on Long Island. He wasn't too well liked by his people on Long Island. He was a nice person but he wasn't a good manager. I thought he would do well in Washington. I liked him. I thought he had the attributes of contact which would be good. So I put him in Washington with the understanding that he'd go around and make contacts in all the places. He has a nice kind of personality and showed a willingness to help. He was there for quite a few years. It was long before we put Kenny Williamson in there. He, Kenny, stayed many years and built up the staff.

I would like to say a little more about the small group of men who had a lot to do with the shaping of hospital administration in the early days. Many of the activities that had gone on in the country about hospitals tended to come through the orbits of five or six men who knew each other and who had been prominent in one form or another in various kinds of organizations. We tended to refer to each other asking who was on your list that could do this or that. Or one of us might be pushing someone along. One of the others of the group might ask why we were pushing the individual along, and ask if we

thought he was the best man for the job.

My element in this in the beginning was considering the job and getting the individual for the job. My element at a later time was the man and how we put him in the job, or to try to convince somebody that he was the best man for the job. I began to be influential with people and to be strong in advising them on what they ought to do and where they ought to go.

Sometimes that would come back to me from one of these other men, "Why do you think John Smith is the right guy for that job?"

Then I would say, "I advised him to do it for these and these reasons. I think the organization ought to take him for these reasons."

So many of these people tended to think they owed their job to me, which was true in some instances, but not always.

There were only a half a dozen of us who knew most of the top people in the country, and in whose confidence we were. For instance, I had no bones at all of calling up Bob Buerki at Ford Hospital in Detroit and saying, "I understand one of my graduates has just been recommended to take your place at Ford's. Is that a good job?"

He would say, "Is this a good man?"

We would go through that, because neither of us would be upset by learning what was true.

Bob Buerki was about five years ahead of me in the organizations. Yes, I would think about five years. He and Claude Munger were the ones that people cleared with about certain things. Then came along another batch, which I was in. There were probably five or six in that. We were all very friendly, but we didn't always agree about individuals or positions. Sometimes they would try somebody in a job and it wouldn't work.

I think Bob Buerki is a wonderful statesman, a lousy administrator. So, wherever he would take a job, I'd tell him, "Be sure to go out and hire an assistant who can get the job done."

So when Basil MacLean would get him a job--I guess he got him the Ford job, probably--I wouldn't mind telling Bob, "You can't do that job. You are no goddam good at that kind of thing." Or the reverse, "You keep over here and get somebody else to do this, and you will be a worldbeater."

Bob Buerki and I used to argue with each other publicly. Did you hear about this? We used to take assignments in a place like the meeting of the Texas Hospital Association. We would take some bill that was being presented before Congress and about which there was great to do in hospitals. Bob would take one side, I would take the other. It didn't make any difference what we believed. We'd just get together to argue. We'd do this well and intelligently, so that it educated the people. They asked us to do this in New England one year. I always thought it was a good method whereby more than one viewpoint was presented by the speakers. I never had any bones about the other fellow on the program disagreeing with what I was saying.

Once in New England, I remember, they brought M. Jones in to talk about something. I got up and said, "What he has told you is hogwash. It doesn't amount to a row of pins."

In other words we would do it bluntly but correctly. Oh, we could be tactful with each other--depending on the audience. Most people knew we were doing it only to differ. I always thought it was a good, intelligent way for people to learn. There are always certain persons in the audience who disagree with what you are saying and that should be voiced long before you have the question period. You have got to be alert on your feet, but it's

good for you. I don't see anything wrong with that.

WEEKS:

Did you serve on the W.K. Kellogg Foundation advisory committee?

HAMILTON:

I was one of those who served on the W.K. Kellogg Foundation advisory committee. When Graham Davis left Duke Endowment and went up to Kellogg to be on their staff permanently, Kellogg decided to have a series of advisory committees with various staff members. This was they got a cross section of the thinking of the field they were interested in. Graham Davis, assisted by Andy Patullo, and the hospital advisory committee would meet, I would say, about every three months. On the first hospital advisory committee were Basil MacLean, Bob Buerki, John Mannix, and myself. Supposedly Graham had chosen us as leaders of the hospital field, or various aspects of the hospital field, because we didn't always see eye to eye. The other two members besides John and I were medical men.

It was at that committee that we would advise Kellogg where they ought to be putting some money. That was the idea of the committee. We had no authority except to advise. We would advise Graham Davis and his assistant, Andrew Pattullo. Then Kellogg would decide in its own bailiwick what to do about it.

I was responsible on that committee for recommending that graduate schools be established for training hospital administrators. The two medical men, I remember, pooh-poohed the idea in no uncertain terms--the idea that you could train an administrator. This seemed to them a strange approach because they believed very strongly that the only good administrators were medical ones. Part of this sprang from the fact that in the early days, under the leadership

of Harley Haynes of the University of Michigan Hospital, who was a well-thought-of and revered man, it was thought that at least all university hospitals should have medical men as administrators.

So Harley Haynes started a small group of the university hospital administrators. They would meet once a year down in Florida or some other place like that to talk over their problems, which were quite extensive. They would interchange information among their hospitals. This became quite a sizable group after a while. I know that Ray Amberg of Minnesota got to that meeting.

Those of us who were in the East did not belong to this group very much. When I was at Yale, I was not invited to be a member, or to attend their meetings. So there began to be a certain sensitivity as to who was talking for whom under the process. It was understandable.

So this advisory committee at Kellogg would try to think of areas in which we could more nearly help the field by putting some money into it. Sometimes there would be a whole bunch of requests for grants that would come to Kellogg. We would review them with Kellogg. The Foundation would have our analysis, then could decide whether it was a good idea or a wrong idea. It was startling to many when Kellogg came out and decided to establish these hospital administration schools. The only school then operating was the one at the University of Chicago, which was the early one. This meant there was going to be a collection of these schools stemming from the same source, Kellogg. The source was not going to exert any control, necessarily, but be helpful.

I remember once needling Andy Pattullo because he gave some research funds to Iowa and Columbia without giving any to Minnesota. I said, "You didn't

have anything to do with establishing either of those two places, why don't you give money to the places you established."

So I got some money. I had to go to a football game to get it. Andy said, "You come out and we'll talk about it. There's going to be a football game between Michigan and---" I forget who the hell it was, but I went to the game and we settled it up in the stands, with 110,000 people or whatever it is that stadium holds.

That group serving on the Kellogg advisory committee tended to associate together. They talked together. The trouble was there weren't many hospital people in the country who were recognized as being good, so an organization like Kellogg looking for four guys for an advisory committee might pick guys who were the same as Duke Endowment was looking for in some other place. I don't want to give the impression, however, that the same our guys would be serving in both places.

I was very fond of Graham Davis. By the way, he sent his son to my school, so I think he was fond of me in many ways. I always used to needle him as much as possible to keep him off base when he would come to talk at an institute that I'd be running in Minnesota. I was a great believer in decentralizing education by bringing in groups. This followed a University of Minnesota practice of bringing in all kinds of groups. I always had some hospital people come. Once in a while I'd get Graham up there.

He'd get up. He was a little, tense, nervous type of personality. So I used to announce to the audience, "Don't mind the nervousness. This is the first day Graham has had his shoes on. He hasn't had them on for a week and he can't stand still."

He would take almost anything from me. I suppose it was on the basis that

he had to live with it even if he didn't want to. I was very fond of Graham.

Graham literally would get so concentrated on something that he would not think about what he was doing. I have been with Graham a couple of times when he was driving along those Michigan roads where they turn at a right angle, and he would go right off into a field. Graham would be talking to me about something and not pay a damn bit of attention as to where we were going.

As a matter of fact, when Graham was quite ill, near the end, the Kellogg group wanted me to take him a few places just to be with him because I was very fond of Graham and Graham was very fond of me. We struck up our first acquaintance, as I told you, when we worked on the committees talking about the bylaws of the American Hospital Association. I was proud that he got to be president of the association in 1948. I supported him very much. He was the first outside guy to be put in as president of AHA for a long time. Outside meaning he wasn't a hospital administrator. He deserved being president; he had done a great deal for hospitals.

Graham was nervous and tense, as I said, and very sincere and very preoccupied. He would get focused on something and a hundred other things could be going on right outside that and it wouldn't bother him at all. It could be in the same room. It was my understanding he was a lawyer who was put on some committees of the Duke Endowment when he was in New York City. Later he moved to Carolina to work for the Endowment. He was very fond of talking about the hospitals of the Carolinas. He lived, I think, on one of the sea islands. I always accused him of not wearing shoes.

Graham was a brilliant guy, a good mind, but he could not sway an audience very easily. He was not a good public speaker. In fact, he was an awkward public speaker, but you couldn't help but listen to him in his sincerity and

his honesty. I don't remember when we basically disagreed. I think he depended on his advisory committee at Kellogg. It's awfully hard for those guys at the Foundation to know how to keep in touch with the field. I don't know how Andy does it now. It's by contact all the time because Andy is well known. I have never gotten acquainted with this assistant, Bob DeVries.

WEEKS:

One of the leaders in the health care field in the early days was Dr. Basil MacLean. Would you care to speak about him?

HAMILTON:

In response to someone's description of Basil MacLean as a man with his head in the clouds, I wouldn't think that of him. He was sarcastic. He was, could be, meaner than hell in his remarks. He believed very strongly in good ideas and intellectual honesty. He could say things that might hurt other people, and not be bothered very much by the fact. I admired him, but I didn't like him. He was that kind of fellow. Although, when my son-in-law, McNerney was thinking about where he would go for his residence, I urged him to go with Basil MacLean.

I said, "You will learn a hell of a lot from him. He's a brilliant guy. He's a fast thinker."

Now Basil was a little afraid of me in the sense that Basil wanted eventually to be the head of Blue Cross activities in the country. He was afraid when I became president of AHA that I would get the job he wanted, because Blue Cross at that time wanted to hire me, and I'd get to be president of Blue Cross. He was a little scared of this idea.

WEEKS:

You have been called a champion of small hospitals. Care to comment?

HAMILTON:

I am a great believer that the strength of the hospital system in this country has been the small hospital. The reason for the strength being the small hospital is that's what created hospitals in small towns. You go to a state like Minnesota and talk about how many hospitals there are about Minneapolis. There's a helluva lot of hospitals, but they are all in small communities. How would you get hospital care if you didn't have them up there? They wouldn't get it. They can't all come down to Minneapolis. They can't all go to Mayos. So I think there is going to be a strong bid for small hospitals.

In this country it started primarily by doctors wanting to have a place where they could put their patients. They started a lot of small hospitals in the southeast part of the United States, and owned them. Eventually they got rid of them because they got the responsibility of taking care of some of the indigent. In those days hospitals were not paid for the indigent.

So they said, "How are we going to get rid of that? Well, the thing to do is give the hospital to the local community."

You must remember, if you go back far enough, in this country hospital care was free. We didn't charge for it in the beginning. The guy who gave the Mary Hitchcock Hospital up in Hanover didn't give it to have care charged for. He gave it for the people, the poor people. Free. That's why he gave the hospital.

So in the hospital were great, big wards of eighteen beds, and four little single rooms. The doctors were not allowed to charge for any patient in those wards, only for those they put in the single rooms. But the single rooms were for those who were critically ill primarily, not necessarily for private

patients. Gradually creeping in came the question: How are we going to support it? Gradually there was a small charge. That was fairly recent. I took the Hitchcock in 1926; the hospital only started in about 1920 to charge for care. The amount it charged was relatively, terribly small. There was a lot of free work.

From that kind of beginning you had hospitals developing all over the United States. What's made them enlarge has been the increasing demand. There has always been an increasing want for better stature of living, a higher standard of living, all the time. That push has been the one that has made the hospital grow.

Take a hospital down here. Why will it have to have all these things and services? Because people demand it. Rising expectations I think it's called in the field of philosophy. Those rising expectations are because we are demanding it. We don't want to settle for what my grandfather had, or my father had. My father thought if he had to go to a hospital, it was to die. He really believed that, up in Michigan, by the way. But my daughters think nothing of going into the hospital and out again, if that's the thing to do.

So from that you come to the situation now where everybody expects to be treated in the hospital and have the bill paid by someone else. How are they going to support that kind of thing? The whole mess is being presented right there in Massachusetts: all kinds of rigid restrictions; all kinds of ways you must establish a hospital; you can't spend capital goods unless you do this and a hundred other things. The system is going to break down after a little while in the sense that it is going to be paid for more and more by the government. When you come to that, the costs always go to hell, and the quality always goes to hell. There is no question about it.

Even when it's going to hell, there has to be a few hospitals selected out of all there are. What few? Communities are going to have to decide what ones they can cut out. But the urge of rising expectations is very strong, and the costs aren't going to go down. The costs are going to go up. The costs just have to be paid by some other means.

We do it by insurance, we pay. We do it by letting them go to outpatient departments. Mac is now pressing that there should be more and more outpatient departments. There's nothing new about that. That's been argued for years, but it's pertinent.

How are we going to handle this in the long run? Are we going to have a lot of outpatient places?

I am beginning to get pains in my shoulder here. Undoubtedly my heart. It's beginning to bother me. I haven't seen a doctor for three or four years. I used to have an annual physical each year. I haven't lately. Why? Because I am afraid if I go to him, he'll tell me I've got heart disease. That's exactly what happened to my father. He didn't want to go to the doctor because he knew he had heart disease and that's what they would tell him. So he died one day. You'd like to die like that? Okay. That's the philosophy I take. I am going out here and work and try to recognize I have probably got something wrong with me. But maybe if I went to the doctor, he'd give me couple of pills and settle this down a little. So, I don't know about going to him yet. I haven't decided about that. I've got to pick one, to begin with, because the doctor I have moved out to the Northwest.

I think there's going to come a time when you can get up in the morning and got into your bathroom and you can step into a machine. The machine's going to take your pressure and temperature and all the other things that

should be taken in a doctor's office. He's going to call you up and say, "Did you notice what is happening to your heart beat? What are you doing?"

It becomes more and more automatic that you ought to have some kind of review just to keep you from going too far out of line. So I really believe what I just said about having a machine in my bathroom where I can go in the morning and get in that machine and it will record somewhere. I think that's going to happen. I think somebody's going to be smart enough to go ahead and do it. We'll all have to pay a little more for it. We'll get it second hand through the insurance company, which will come from the government.

I was going to say something about my father and mother. My mother was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and my father was born in Belfast, north of Ireland. Actually he was born in a place called Dunerdee. When I was a small boy I thought he said "Dundee." Well, Dunerdee, which is a long name by itself, is one of the towns next to Belfast. I went to both Scotland and Ireland one year. (I was asked to lecture at Edinburgh.) I looked for those birthplaces. I didn't find the exact places, I just found the towns. But I know my mother lived in Ayrshire, which is right below Glasgow. She always said she was born in Glasgow, but she really was born in Ayrshire.

You may wonder how a New Englander like I am got to be born in Michigan. I can understand why you would. My father, who was a great, big six-foot-three fellow, was working in Lawrence, Mass. and had asthma. There were times when my father had to sit up all night, sleep in a chair, because he couldn't lie down. Some doctor in Lawrence convinced him that the best place was for him to go to Michigan. Of all the goddam places to go that was

the worst.

So I was born while they were in Michigan. My father had bought a farm near Brighton, Michigan in Green Oak Township. After a while my parents decided to go back to Lawrence and take up their residence because the Michigan climate wasn't doing my father any good.

My oldest sister married a fellow from Brighton, and when she was going to have her baby my mother took me out to Brighton so she could be in attendance on my sister. So when I was ten or so I spent about six months in Brighton and learned a little about it by going to school there and getting acquainted. I didn't know much about Michigan. If it hadn't been for going back for the birth of my sister's baby, I wouldn't have known where Brighton was.

Years later I used to lecture summers at the University of Michigan. One summer the fellow who taught finance in the business school, and who had taught previously at Tuck School when I was in Hanover, said, "We are going to take you out to see your birthplace."

So we got in the car and headed for Brighton less than twenty miles a way. I didn't know where the birthplace was so we went from store to store and place to place trying to find out. Finally I remember two names: Apple and Peach.

I said, "There was a kid by the name of Apple Peach."

We found him and he called up his aunt who lived up in Howell, the next town.

She said, "Yes, I remember that boy. I used to bounce him on my knee when he was a year old. His family were on the Westfall farm. It was on the very edge of a large piece of land they are going to make into a park."

That farm was where the Huron River starts, and that's where I used to live.

So I got a little taste of Michigan at that time, not very much. But the way all those people went ahead and tried to find my birthplace impressed the devil out of me. People looked in every kind of place trying to find records that would help me--in barns, attics, old storage bins--every place. Nobody said it was too much trouble, to come back next week. I always thought Michigan was a nice state and would be a nice state to live in. Always enjoyed it.

To make an end to the day, my friends got out their brief case, which was full of martinis. They had brought this, all the fixings and everything, to toast my birthplace.

Interview at South Duxbury, MA

September 12, 1979

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