

# ZONING CHANGE REVIEW SHEET

**CASE NUMBER:** C14H-07-0013

**HLC DATE:**

August 27, 2007

**PC DATE:**

September 25, 2007

**APPLICANT:** Tim and Karrie League

**HISTORIC NAME:** Goff-Radkey House

**WATERSHED:** Shoal Creek

**ADDRESS OF PROPOSED ZONING CHANGE:** 1305 W. 22<sup>nd</sup> Street

**ZONING FROM:** SF-3-CO-NP

**TO:** SF-3-H-CO-NP

**SUMMARY STAFF RECOMMENDATION:** Staff recommends the proposed zoning change from single family residence, conditional overlay, neighborhood plan (SF-3-CO-NP) district to single family residence, conditional overlay, neighborhood plan – Historic (SF-3-H-CO-NP) combining district zoning.

**HISTORIC LANDMARK COMMISSION ACTION:** Recommended the proposed zoning change from single family residence, conditional overlay, neighborhood plan (SF-3-CO-NP) district to single family residence, conditional overlay, neighborhood plan – Historic (SF-3-H-CO-NP) combining district zoning. Vote: 7-0 (Arriaga and Limbacher absent).

**PLANNING COMMISSION ACTION:** Recommended the proposed zoning change from single family residence, conditional overlay, neighborhood plan (SF-3-CO-NP) district to single family residence, conditional overlay, neighborhood plan – Historic (SF-3-H-CO-NP) combining district zoning. Vote: 8-0.

**DEPARTMENT COMMENTS:** The Goff-Radkey House is not listed in the Comprehensive Cultural Resources Survey (1984).

**CITY COUNCIL DATE:** October 18, 2007

**ACTION:**

**ORDINANCE READINGS:** 1<sup>ST</sup> 2<sup>ND</sup> 3<sup>RD</sup>

**ORDINANCE NUMBER:**

**CASE MANAGER:** Steve Sadowsky

**PHONE:** 974-6454

**NEIGHBORHOOD ORGANIZATION:** Caswell Heights Neighborhood Association

**BASIS FOR RECOMMENDATION:**

The ca. 1912 Goff-Radkey House is an excellent example of vernacular post-Victorian residential architecture, and is associated with Professor Oliver Radkey of the University of Texas.

**Architecture:**

Two-story rectangular-plan brick house with a hipped roof pierced by four hipped-roof dormers; stone lintels and sills at each window; 12:1 fenestration; two-story sunporch to the left of the principal façade, the top story of which has been enclosed; pergola at front door.

The Goff-Radkey House exhibits the materials and form of a post-Victorian transitional house, with brick and stone being used as the primary materials. The asymmetrical

composition has an offset front entry framed by a pergola, and single 12:1 windows, 2 on the right side of the main entry and 1 to the extreme left of the front entry on each of the two floors; the center of the house has an offset pair of 9:1 windows indicating the stairwell. The house blends the asymmetrical principles of late Victorian architecture with the beginnings of American foursquare design, and has remained virtually unchanged since its ca. 1912 construction date.

**Historical Associations:**

As evidenced by a mechanic's lien, the house was built by A.W. Johns for N.H. and Owie Brown, who sold the house almost immediately upon completion in 1914 to Miss Mary Goff, who lived here with her father Arthur and adopted daughter Betty, from 1914 to 1960. Mary Goff was born in New York, educated in Illinois, and lived in Austin for over 50 years where she was the librarian at the University of Texas and assistant state librarian. Miss Goff sold the house in 1960 to Oliver and Jakoba Radkey, who had owned other houses in the neighborhood, but had always loved this one. Oliver Radkey was a professor at the University of Texas, specializing in Russian history. Radkey (1909-2000) was born in Edna, Texas, educated at the University of Texas and at Harvard, then returned to teach Russian and Central European history at the University of Texas. His publications on the Russian Revolution and the Socialist Party were the first definitive studies of the history of the Soviet Union, and earned him notoriety and controversy during the Cold War era.

**PARCEL NO.:** 01130003390000

**LEGAL DESCRIPTION:** Lots 1-3, Block 4, Outlots 26-28, Division D, Carrington Subdivision

**ANNUAL TAX ABATEMENT:** \$12,803 (owner-occupied); city portion: \$2,464 (50% of the city taxes).

**APPRAISED VALUE:** \$1,112,505

**PRESENT USE:** Residence

**CONDITION:** Excellent

**PRESENT OWNER**

Tim and Karrie League  
1305 W. 22<sup>nd</sup> Street  
Austin, Texas 78705

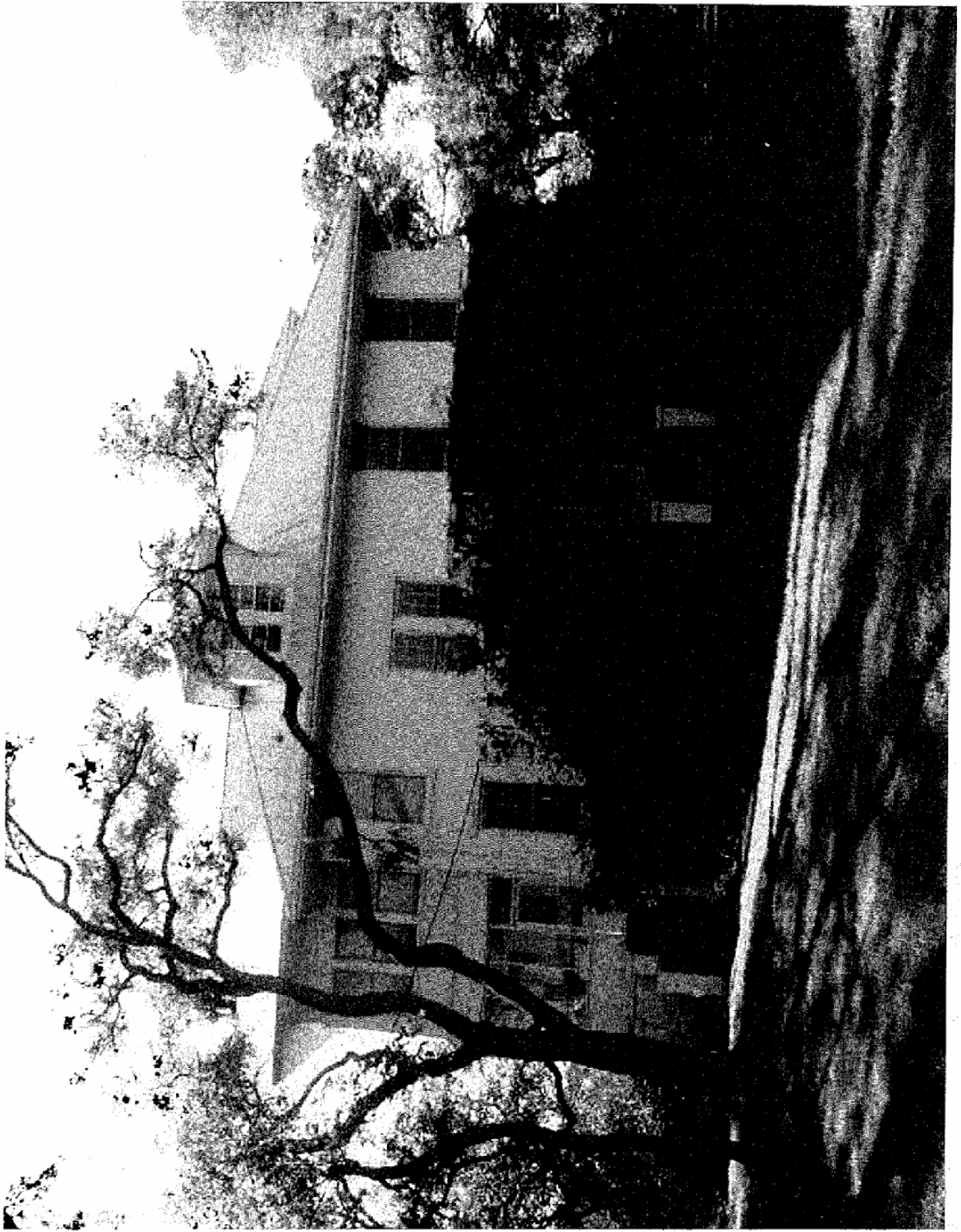
**DATE BUILT:** ca. 1912

**ALTERATIONS/ADDITIONS:** Original slate roof has been replaced by a metal roof; brick house has been painted white (1961).

**ORIGINAL OWNER(S):** N.H. Brown (1912)

**OTHER HISTORICAL DESIGNATIONS:** None.





OK to go  
SS 6-14-07

## A. APPLICATION FOR HISTORIC ZONING

### PROJECT INFORMATION:

DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY	
APPLICATION DATE: <u>04/25/2007</u>	FILE NUMBER(S): <u>CL4H-07-0013</u>
TENTATIVE HLC DATE: _____	
TENTATIVE PC or ZAP DATE: _____	
TENTATIVE CC DATE: _____	CITY INITIATED: YES / NO
CASE MANAGER: _____	ROLLBACK: YES/NO
APPLICATION ACCEPTED BY: _____	

### BASIC PROJECT DATA:

1. OWNER'S NAME: <u>TIM &amp; KARRIE LEAGUE</u>	
2. PROJECT NAME: <u>THE RADKEY HOUSE</u>	
3. PROJECT STREET ADDRESS (or Range): <u>1305 W 22ND ST</u>	
ZIP: <u>78705</u>	COUNTY: <u>TRAVIS</u>
IF PROJECT ADDRESS CANNOT BE DEFINED ABOVE:	
LOCATED _____ FRONTAGE FEET ALONG THE <u>N. S. E. W.</u> (CIRCLE ONE) SIDE OF	
(ROAD NAME PROPERTY FRONTS ONTO), WHICH IS	
APPROXIMATELY _____	DISTANCE FROM ITS
INTERSECTION WITH _____	CROSS STREET.

### AREA TO BE REZONED:

4. ACRES <u>3/4 ACRES</u>	(OR)	SQ. FT. _____			
5. ZONING AND LAND USE INFORMATION:					
EXISTING ZONING	EXISTING USE	TRACT# (IF MORE THAN 1)	ACRES / SQ. FT.	PROPOSED USE	PROPOSED ZONING
<u>SF-3</u>	<u>home</u>	_____	<u>3/4 ACRES</u>	<u>home</u>	<u>H-SF-3</u>
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

### RELATED CURRENT CASES:

6. ACTIVE ZONING CASE? (YES / <u>NO</u> )	FILE NUMBER: _____
7. RESTRICTIVE COVENANT? (YES / <u>NO</u> )	FILE NUMBER: _____
8. SUBDIVISION? (YES / <u>NO</u> )	FILE NUMBER: _____
9. SITE PLAN? (YES / <u>NO</u> )	FILE NUMBER: _____

PROPERTY DESCRIPTION (SUBDIVISION REFERENCE OR METES AND BOUNDS):

10a. SUBDIVISION REFERENCE: Name: <u>CARRINGTON SUBDIVISION</u>			
Block(s) <u>4</u>	Lot(s) <u>1-3</u>	Outlot(s) <u>26-28</u>	
Plat Book: <u>1</u>		Page	
Number: <u>94</u>			
10b. METES AND BOUNDS (Attach two copies of certified field notes if subdivision reference is not available or zoning includes partial lots)			

DEED REFERENCE CONVEYING PROPERTY TO PRESENT OWNER AND TAX PARCEL I.D.:

11. VOLUME: <u>2374</u>	PAGE: <u>244</u>	TAX PARCEL I.D. NO. <u>112373</u>
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OTHER PROVISIONS:

12. IS PROPERTY IN A ZONING COMBINING DISTRICT / OVERLAY ZONE? YES / <u>NO</u> TYPE OF COMBINING DIST/OVERLAY ZONE (NCCD, NP, etc) _____
13. LOCATED IN A LOCAL OR NATIONAL REGISTER HISTORIC DISTRICT? YES / <u>NO</u>
14. IS A TIA REQUIRED? YES / <u>NO</u> (NOT REQUIRED IF BASE ZONING IS NOT CHANGING)
TRIPS PER DAY: _____
TRAFFIC SERIAL ZONE(S): _____

OWNERSHIP TYPE:

15. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SOLE <input type="checkbox"/> COMMUNITY PROPERTY <input type="checkbox"/> PARTNERSHIP <input type="checkbox"/> CORPORATION <input type="checkbox"/> TRUST
If ownership is other than sole or community property, list individuals/partners/principals below or attach separate sheet.

OWNER INFORMATION:

16. OWNER CONTACT INFORMATION	
SIGNATURE: <u>[Signature]</u>	NAME: <u>KARRIE LEAGUE</u>
FIRM NAME: _____	TELEPHONE NUMBER: <u>512 2966728</u>
STREET ADDRESS: <u>1305 W 22ND St</u>	
CITY: <u>AUSTIN</u>	STATE: <u>TX</u> ZIP CODE: <u>78705</u>
EMAIL ADDRESS: <u>karrie @ originalalamo . com</u>	

AGENT INFORMATION (IF APPLICABLE):

17. AGENT CONTACT INFORMATION	
SIGNATURE: _____	NAME: _____
FIRM NAME: _____	TELEPHONE NUMBER: _____
STREET ADDRESS: _____	
CITY: _____	STATE: _____ ZIP CODE: _____
CONTACT PERSON: _____	TELEPHONE NUMBER: _____
EMAIL ADDRESS: _____	

DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY: \_\_\_\_\_

## D. SUBMITTAL VERIFICATION AND INSPECTION AUTHORIZATION

### SUBMITTAL VERIFICATION

My signature attests to the fact that the attached application package is complete and accurate to the best of my knowledge. I understand that proper City staff review of this application is dependent upon the accuracy of the information provided and that any inaccurate or inadequate information provided by me/my firm/etc., may delay the proper review of this application.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT NAME BELOW SIGNATURE AND  
INDICATE FIRM REPRESENTED, IF APPLICABLE.

Signature

6/14/07  
Date

KARRIE LEAGUE  
Name (Typed or Printed)

Firm (If applicable)

### INSPECTION AUTHORIZATION

As owner or authorized agent, my signature authorizes staff to visit and inspect the property for which this application is being submitted.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT NAME BELOW SIGNATURE AND  
INDICATE FIRM REPRESENTED, IF APPLICABLE.

Signature

6/14/07  
Date

KARRIE LEAGUE  
Name (Typed or Printed)

Firm (If applicable)

## E. ACKNOWLEDGMENT FORM

concerning  
Subdivision Plat Notes, Deed Restrictions,  
Restrictive Covenants  
and / or  
Zoning Conditional Overlays

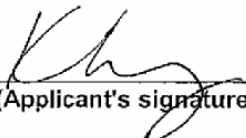
I, KARRIE LEAGUE have checked for subdivision plat notes, deed restrictions,  
(Print name of applicant)

restrictive covenants and/or zoning conditional overlays prohibiting certain uses and/or requiring certain development restrictions i.e. height, access, screening etc. on this property, located at

1305 W 22<sup>ND</sup> ST, AUSTIN TX 78705  
(Address or Legal Description)

If a conflict should result with the request I am submitting to the City of Austin due to subdivision plat notes, deed restrictions, restrictive covenants and/or zoning conditional overlays it will be my responsibility to resolve it. I also acknowledge that I understand the implications of use and/or development restrictions that are a result of a subdivision plat notes, deed restrictions, restrictive covenants and/or zoning conditional overlays.

I understand that if requested, I must provide copies of any and all subdivision plat notes, deed restrictions, restrictive covenants and/or zoning conditional overlay information which may apply to this property.

  
(Applicant's signature)

6/14/07

(Date)



TAX CERTIFICATE  
Nelda Wells Spears  
Travis County Tax Assessor-Collector  
P.O. Box 1748  
Austin, Texas 78767  
(512) 854-9473

NO 606096

ACCOUNT NUMBER: 01-1300-0339-0000

PROPERTY OWNER:

LEAGUE TIM & KARRIE  
1305 W 22ND ST  
AUSTIN, TX 78705-5332

PROPERTY DESCRIPTION:

LOT 1-3 BLK 4 OLT 26-28 DIV D CARR  
INGTON SUBD

ACRES 0.000 MIN% .00000 TYPE

SITUS INFORMATION: 1305 W 22 ST

This is to certify that after a careful check of tax records of this office, the following taxes, delinquent taxes, penalties and interests are due on the described property of the following tax unit(s):

YEAR	ENTITY	TOTAL
2006	AUSTIN ISD	*ALL PAID*
	CITY OF AUSTIN (TRAV)	*ALL PAID*
	TRAVIS COUNTY	*ALL PAID*
	TRAVIS COUNTY HEALTHCARE DISTRICT	*ALL PAID*
	ACC (TRAVIS)	*ALL PAID*
TOTAL SEQUENCE 0		*ALL PAID*
TOTAL TAX:		*ALL PAID*
UNPAID FEES:		* NONE *
INTEREST ON FEES:		* NONE *
COMMISSION:		* NONE *
TOTAL DUE ==>		*ALL PAID*

TAXES PAID FOR YEAR 2006 \$11,811.66

ALL TAXES PAID IN FULL PRIOR TO AND INCLUDING THE YEAR 2006 EXCEPT FOR UNPAID YEARS LISTED ABOVE.  
The above-described property may be subject to special valuation based on its use, and additional rollback taxes may become due. (Section 23.55, State Property Tax Code).  
Pursuant to Section 31.08 of the State Property Tax Code, there is a fee of \$10.00 for all Tax Certificates.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF OFFICE ON THIS DATE OF 02/12/2007

Fee Paid: \$10.00

Nelda Wells Spears  
Tax Assessor-Collector

By: 

## History of 1305 W. 22<sup>nd</sup> St.

1305 W. 22<sup>nd</sup> St is located in Carrington's subdivision, named for William Carrington who owned the land and surrounding area in the late 1800's. The land began to be subdivided at the turn of the century.

In 1900, the land upon which the house sits, along with a large portion of Carrington's subdivision was sold to F.W. Hill and wife May. Many of the neighboring houses were built by F.W. Hill, but he did not develop this particular property.

He sold the land in 1912 to N.H. Brown and wife Owie, who immediately began building the house. It is uncertain whether the house was built as an investment, intended for immediate resale, or whether circumstances forced the Browns to sell shortly after the completion of construction. But in 1914, they sold to Miss Mary Goff, a single woman who worked as a librarian for the University of Texas, and lived with her father Arthur.

Miss Goff kept a meticulous diary of household expenses for the entire duration of her residence at 1305 22<sup>nd</sup>. The pages of the diary document not only the day to day expenses such as groceries, coal, and dentist visits, but also serve to pinpoint improvements to the house, from new drapes and installation of "modern" kitchen appliances to structural changes such as the enclosure of the screened-in porches. It also records the arrival of an adopted daughter, Betty, who currently still lives in Austin.

In 1960, Miss Goff was no longer able to cope with such a large house, and sold to Oliver Radkey, who already owned several other houses in the neighborhood. They had been neighbors since 1937, and according to her daughter Ingrid, Jakoba Radkey had always wanted to live across the street at 1305, which is the largest and most imposing house in the neighborhood. The first thing she did upon moving in was to paint the house white. Formerly the bricks were exposed. It is one of the few major changes that the house has undergone in its 94 year history, along with the enclosing of the porches and the replacement of the slate roof with metal.

Oliver Radkey was a highly respected scholar of Russian History. He taught at the University of Texas, with interludes out of state at Stanford University and the University of Cincinnati. He was an authority on Russia during the period of history when that country was undergoing its most troubled and violent period, as well as the subsequent Cold War when understanding of the subject was clouded with propaganda and fear. Mr. Radkey's writings reveal that his scholarship frequently intruded upon his personal life, as there was much suspicion and politics surrounding his subject. Oliver Radkey lived at 1305 until his death in 2000. Jakoba Radkey had passed away two years earlier, in 1998. Their daughter Ingrid no longer lived at home. She returned to Austin from her home in Berkeley California in 2001 to renovate the house. Without changing any exterior features or interior floor plan, she upgraded all the utilities and modernized the kitchen and bathrooms. She then tried, from 2001 – 2005 to rent the house, but with very little success. Aside from a few short-term renters and a brief attempt by a fraternity to hide

their true nature, the house mostly sat empty for 5 years until my husband and I (Tim and Karrie League) bought it in early 2006.

At the time that we purchased the house, it had been on the market for more than a year. There had been multiple offers for the house, but almost all came from developers, who were interested in the property solely for the 3 lots that it straddles, and the 4<sup>th</sup> lot that serves as a "back yard" which was included in the sale. Our offer was the only reasonable one that came from people interested in the house itself. We are very glad that Ms. Radkey, because of her sentimental attachment to the house, chose to sell to us rather than to a developer. The neighborhood has a great many homes of historical significance, many of which are registered. The Goff-Radkey house is a very visible anchor to the historic nature of the neighborhood and I believe it should be recorded and protected. The location and size of the lots makes it extremely desirable for developers, while the same factors contribute to a property tax burden which makes it financially difficult for private ownership.

William Carrington to FW Hill Lots 1-9, Block 4, Carrington Subdivision June 28, 1900 \$10	Vol. 163, p. 378
F.W. Hill to N.H.Brown Lots 1-2 and 8, Block 4, Carrington Subdivision June 11, 1912 \$1,666	Vol. 252, p. 601
Mechanic's Lien N.H. Brown to A.W. Johns Lots 1-2 and 8, Block 4, Carrington Subdivision June 11, 1912	Bol. 250, pp. 260-262
Release of Mechanics Lien A.W. Johns to N.H. Brown Lots 1-2 and 8, Block 4, Carrington Subdivision May 8, 1914	Vol 266, pp 567-568
N.H. Brown to Mary Goff Lots 1-2 and 8, Block 4, Carrington Subdivision May 14, 1914 \$6,000	Vol 266, p. 615
Mary Goff to Oliver R. Radkey Lots 1-3 and 8, Block 4, Carrington Subdivision March 16, 1960 \$17,000	Vol. 2160, p.32-33

#### Occupancy History

Year	Occupant Name and Reference	Source
1913	House built by N.H.Brown wife May Hill	Deed and Mechanics Lien
1914 -- 1960	Mary Goff, librarian University of TX. father Arthur Goff daughter (adopted) Betty Goff, now Betty Bennett.	City Directories
1960 -- 2000	Oliver Radkey, Professor of History, University of TX wife Jakoba Radkey daughter Ingrid Radkey	City Directories

## **Jean Holloway Award presented to Oliver Radkey**

**A** LONGTIME UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, retiring after a 40-year academic career, has received the Jean Holloway Teaching Excellence Award.

Dr. Oliver Radkey, a specialist in Russian and Central European history, accepted the \$1,560 award at a banquet on May 2.

The award was established in 1970 by the late Sterling Holloway and his wife, Mrs. Jean Holloway, to recognize teaching excellence in the humanities, natural sciences, and social and behavioral sciences.

Dr. Radkey says he was "completely surprised" by the award, and he is not easily astonished.

He can't even remember the year a John Birch Society contingent visited his class. Apparently, the inspection made only a faint impression, but it was "sometime in the late fifties," he recalls, when Russian history and his sub-specialization, the Bolshevik Revolution, were "controversial."

"It was a small group — about three members," Dr. Radkey recalls. "They just came in and sat at the back of the class and listened. They didn't even ask questions, and since I had nothing to hide, I let them remain without creating a scene."

"Frankly, they didn't do anything exciting."

### **Couple Of 'Disturbing' Trends**

Over the years, the thousands of students in his classes haven't changed very much, he observes, but he has noticed a couple of "disturbing" trends in university classrooms.

"Students are even worse prepared than they were years ago, both in using the English language, and in their knowledge of geography," he reports.

And, he adds, fewer students are enrolling in history courses.

"They're not going into history because they say they have to make a living," Dr. Radkey says. "So they go into professional schools — law, medicine, business administration and sciences. And they're discouraged from becoming professional historians."

Since about 1970, students have been more conscious about making a living with their college training, and parents are hesitant to encourage students to pursue college degrees in history, he said.

"I guess there will always be historians," he sighs, "but their numbers will be curtailed."

### **Time For 'Nature Studies'**

After devoting four decades to the profession, however, Dr. Radkey says he wants to spend more time in "nature studies" on his 180 acres of "completely undeveloped" land in eastern Travis County.

"It's not a ranch," he explains. "I won't have cattle on the place because they eat up some of my favorite plants."

Instead, he adds, he just wants to watch "my" armadillos, bobcats and occasional rattlesnakes.

Dr. Radkey also plans to travel to Central Europe, Greece and the Mediterranean next fall, and then spend much of 1980 at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford, Palo Alto, Calif., rewriting his first book on the Russian Revolution.

In addition to his career at UT, Dr. Radkey has held visiting professorships at the University of Cincinnati and Columbia University.



**Oliver Radkey**

# Librarian Mary Goff Succumbs

Miss Mary Emma Goff, 89, 1407 West 30th Street, died in a local hospital Sunday, following a long illness. Born in Elmira, N.Y., she attended the University of Illinois, where she received her BA degree.

A resident of Austin for over 50 years, she was a member of the Unitarian Church, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the National Library Association. For many years she was librarian at the University of Texas and also assistant state librarian for many years.

Survivors are an adopted daughter, Mrs. A. C. (Betty) Bennett, Austin; sister, Mrs. M. B. (Cicely Goff) Goff, Sun City, Calif.; two grandchildren, Mrs. Linda Ann John W. Garrett Jr., and Miss Mary Margaret Smith, both of Austin; and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 4 p.m. at Weed-Corley Funeral Home, with Dr. Charles Howe officiating. Burial will be in Oakwood Cemetery.

Those desiring to do so may make memorial contributions to the Friends of the Austin Public Library, the Howson Branch, 500 Exposition, or to their favorite charity.



**Oliver Henry Radkey**

Oliver Henry Radkey, longtime professor of Russian and Central European history at the University of Texas, died on July 21, 2000, the second anniversary of the death of his wife, Jakoba Balt Radkey. The cause of death was prostate cancer.

He was born in Edna, Texas, on July 12, 1909, the only child of Dr. Oliver H. Radkey, one-time Austin city physician, and his wife Sadie Hewlett Radkey. Perry-Casteneda Library now stands where his childhood home once stood. He received his undergraduate and masters degrees at the University of Texas and his doctorate from Harvard. With the exception of two years and summers spent doing research at the Hoover Library at Stanford and teaching briefly at the University of Cincinnati and Columbia, he spent his entire career here in Austin. He was devoted to his students and in 1979 received the Jean Holloway Award for Excellence in Teaching.

He also loved doing research. One summer in Leningrad during the Cold War he was unexpectedly allowed free access to some documents crucial to his work. The morning he was to leave there he discovered that his locked car, parked in the attended hotel lot, had been broken into. His wife's clothes had been stolen and his careful notes. Without documentation there could be no publication. However, a year or two later there appeared an article in a Russian publication on just what he had been researching, an area that had not been receiving attention by the Russians.

Years later, he, a foreigner, was asked by the Russian authorities to write on the 1917 Revolution for the "Great Soviet Encyclopedia". He was honored but declined, feeling too old to do it justice. He never expected to live to see the demise of the Soviet Empire and was excited as a historian to have gotten to witness the whole era.

He liked to commune with nature and roam his fields east of Austin, often with students and former students. Many of them stayed in contact and helped significantly in enabling him to fulfill his wish of dying in his own home.

He is survived by his daughter, Edith Ingrid Radkey of Berkeley.

A memorial service is being held on September 24, 2000, at 2:00 p.m. at the Faculty Club (Walter Webb Hall) at 25th and Guadalupe. Free parking is available in the university garage at 25th and San Antonio.

In lieu of flowers, those wishing to may contribute to Hospice Austin or the charity of their choice.

Arrangements by Weed-Corley-Fish Funeral Home, 3125 N. Lamar, 452-8811



[UT Home](#)  
[FC Home](#)  
[Agendas](#)  
[Catalog Changes](#)  
[Documents](#)  
[Faculty Ombudsperson](#)  
[Indices](#)  
[Legislative Status](#)  
[Meetings](#)  
[Membership](#)  
[Memorials](#)  
[Minutes](#)  
[People](#)  
[Reports](#)  
[Related Links](#)  
[Texas Council of Faculty Senates](#)



## Index of Memorial Resolutions and Biographical Sketches

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

View in [portable document format](#).

### IN MEMORIAM

#### OLIVER H. RADKEY, JR.

Oliver Henry Radkey, professor emeritus of Russian history at The University of Texas at Austin, died in Austin on July 21, 2000. He left the reminiscence reproduced below. It is followed by a memorial statement by Professor Emeritus Sidney Monas.

I was born on July 12, 1909, in Edna, Texas, son of Oliver H. and Sarah Hewlett Radkey, both of Austin, who had moved to south Texas to take advantage of an opening in the medical profession. In the ensuing years they lived at times in Austin, at times in Edna, since my father enjoyed outdoor activity and my mother the activities of the local United Daughters of the Confederacy, of which she was for some years president. I attended public schools in both places and liked neither. My time came when I entered The University of Texas. There I never made less than A. The reward was a scholarship at Harvard in the depths of the Depression.

Before I take up the Harvard experience, let me pay my debt to Texas, from which I carried away a good deal to Harvard. There were the English history courses taught by Dr. Milton Gutsch and his assistant, Mrs. Coral Horton Tullis. There were the German language courses taught by Professor Lee M. Hollander. There were the French classes of the two professors who were named Swanson. And the chemistry courses of the two professors of German backgrounds, Felsing and Lochte. These are memorable classes and fortunate are the students who had them.

The first year at Harvard was academically a success but spiritually a failure. I found the long, cold winter depressing. The Yankees and Irish disliked one another, and I liked neither. I decided to try the West Coast, where the University of California had recently introduced a Russian study program; most unwisely I had not informed the Harvard authorities. I was captivated by California but could not fail to see that the Harvard program was much superior to the one in California. I informed my aunt in Texas, who had advised against my leaving Harvard, that she had been correct, but that I was standing by my decision. By return mail came a message with \$500 and instructions to go back to Harvard.

I remember in my sleeping car, from Oakland to Chicago, there were three other people, one a child. And I remember the Continental Divide in Wyoming with a neat little cabin and clean, white stones with the words "Hoover Flat 1932." When I came in the Harvard office, I was asked, "Mr. Radkey, why don't you answer your mail?" It transpired that when my first fellowship had ended, there was no application for a new one, so the Harvard authorities had filled out the papers themselves and sent them to Texas. No answer was received and the fellowship was withdrawn. The matter was never cleared up. I was thrown back on my own resources for that year. They sufficed, with aid from my aunt and uncle.

I should mention my course with Professor Sidney Bradshaw Fay. That was my chief qualification for teaching Central European (German) history. Professor Fay was a splendid teacher and a very kind man personally. He was New England at its best.

For the year 1934-1935 I was given a traveling fellowship. It was conceived in the broad spirit. I was not just to sit in the libraries and gather material. "We know you

will do that anyway," they said. "We want you also to get out and see Europe." I entered Europe through southern France and proceeded through Italy to Vienna and Prague, where I was to live until the next summer with a Russian family befriended by Professor Karpovich at Harvard, who was my thesis supervisor. The head of the family was A. F. Iziumov, son of a village priest of Kostroma Province. His wife was a princess (referring to early Russia, not a grand princess of the Romanov dynasty). It was her mission to help me get the Russian language by the tail, and one of her methods was never to speak a word of English to me (except about a hot cinder in the eye in Italy). It was hard but effective.

The Russian Archives of the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Affairs was presided over by a battle-scarred veteran of Czechoslovak politics, Dr. Jan Slávik, who often contrasted the easygoing working habits of Russians with the dedication of the young American scholar, always at the worktable with piles of Russian newspapers from 1917. I do not know his fate, except that under Hitler he suffered house arrest, and, under Joseph Stalin, was put in a concentration camp. May he rest in peace. I owe him much.

The Russian Archives Abroad were closed on weekends and these were turned to account by short trips by rail into the Bohemian and Moravian countryside, generally to some historic site such as a castle, shrine or battlefield, in the company of a professor of history at the University of Prague, Otakar Odložilík. He was generous with his time and, of course, knew a vast deal about my secondary field of Central European history. While at Prague, mindful of the Harvard admonition to get out and see Europe, I took several short trips by rail to Vienna (a fine city!), a river trip eastward to Budapest, and a river trip northward to Dresden in Germany.

I had now been a year in Europe. It was time to cease work in the archives in Prague and make the trip to Russia.

I chose to enter by Poland and White Russia. The poverty of Poland and Russia offered a sharp contrast to Central European countries. For example, gaping holes in pavements in risky places like a bridge over the Vistula at Warsaw in Poland, or an open manhole in Smolensk in a city street without any kind of marking to warn vehicles in motion. Moscow was somewhat better but by no means free of vexations for the traveler. I felt I should press on to the Volga, where the peasant revolutionary movement that I was studying had been very strong. And there was a new factor: I had discovered an unexpected affinity for a type of travelers found in Russia in some numbers. These were young British officials from London but of Scottish background, particularly from Edinburgh, either native to there or educated there. But what did they see in me? That was a puzzle to me. I finally decided that they liked me because I spoke both Russian and English, and yet was neither the one nor the other. Our itineraries differed, yet at times they coincided.

Once when we had separated, a disaster nearly ended my life. Below Nizhni Novgorod, the Volga takes up the Kama River, the tributary that drains the western Urals (the side that gets rain). It makes the Volga a big river, something I did not realize, as we had passed it at night. The panorama the next morning at the Samara Bend was quite imposing and I at once wanted to swim. Being free for an hour or so was attractive to the guide, and he assured me Russians were not concerned with bathhouses, so I undressed on the white sand beach and went right in. All was well until I got near the inner rim side, where I was gripped by a powerful current and swept downstream. All I could think of was what my father had said when I was a boy—that if caught in a current, do not fight it but swim at an angle and try to get into more quiet water. I tried it, and what happened? At first nothing, and I despaired of ever having students or of teaching them history, until the dread current slackened and I made progress toward a bay with fishing boats that had a drift rather than a current. I heard a fisherman say, "He can swim." It was well that I could. They would not have lifted a finger to help me. Life is cheap in Russia. I already had learned that. I lay exhausted on the white sand beach, gratified that I would have students and teach them history, but grieved that I could never thank my father, who had died at 51 of Bright's disease, just as I entered The University of Texas. He was a dear father who had had a hard life. I have had a long life, yet grieve for him still (as I do also for my mother, who lived only 53 years).

I continued down the river to Saratov and Tsaritsyn or Stalingrad, where a friendly official said he would tell me something I might otherwise not hear about. He said that in the spring, some hundreds of miles to the west, the mother of God had appeared in the sky over Kiev with no public reference being allowed, and yet it became known over all of eastern Europe. He said she would not have appeared on the Volga, where the population had moved around too much, but in Kiev it was still possible.



My trip on the river was now over. Ahead lay the Military Georgian Highway, leading from Europe to Asia, and from Russia to Georgia and Armenia. The Russian driver had a bottle from which he took an occasional swig. One guess as to what was in the bottle. It was not conducive to my peace of mind, so I sat on the inner side of the truck all night, prepared to jump out if we went over the precipice. But nothing happened and the next afternoon we rode into Tiflis in Georgia. On one side there was a beautiful garden. It was not possible to say whether the foliage of the plants or the flowers on them contributed more to the beauty. It was a tea plantation, the first I had ever seen. The Georgians and Armenians impressed me more favorably than the Moslems or the Russians themselves (the latter impression I resisted); they drank less, were more orderly, and raised their children better. I regretted having only a few days in the Transcaucasus before leaving by the Black Sea to the Crimea, where I found a medley of ruins including not only medieval ones but also ancient ones. For example the Scythians, the horse peoples of ancient times, of Aryan or Indo-European stock, antedating the Turanian or Turkic peoples of later times. But I had to hasten onward to Kiev, first capital of Russia and occupying a grand location; the mother of God had chosen well the place over which to appear in the spring of 1935. But I had not enough time to do justice to it. In a couple of days I had to leave it and Russia, too.

At the frontier occurred an unpleasant incident. I went up to the locomotive, the cab of which the crew of five had gathered. All five came down to talk to me. But the Polish police came, they ordered the Russians back into the cab, and me back to the waiting room. It made me very angry. We were doing them or Poland no harm.

The next morning we passed through Cracow, the first capital of Poland. Joseph Pilsudski, dictator of Poland, had died and was lying in state in the cathedral. A long line of people was wending its way up the mountainside to view the corpse. It occurred to me I could interrupt my trip, switch to an afternoon train, ascend the mountain, and seek to view the body. I did just that. When I entered the cathedral I went up to a general, explained what I wanted and the need for special consideration; I used the Russian language because I had to. He never said a word; whether because he did not speak Russian, or because he did not want to speak it, I do not know. He took me by the arm, led me to the casket and, to my amazement, inserted me in the line, bowed, and left. For once I had done something right. I looked right down on Pilsudski, at his decorations and his blond, drooping (in Russian "fallen") moustache.

Anyhow, I got results. I made the afternoon train, sped away through Slovakia and Moravia, and into a Bohemia in disorder. The Iziumovs met the train because they feared I might ask for directions in German and be assaulted.

Princess Aleksandra Stepanovna Shcherbatova was purely Russian—no German in her—though a Tatar admixture showed in her eyes. She had a heart condition that ended her life not long after I left Europe. Her husband, Aleksander Felaretovich Iziumov, was left alone without anyone to care for him. He lived on for a while, then went into the Capuchin Cellar, our favorite drinking place, had some beer, came out, fell on the street, and died. When the news of all this came to me in the United States, it was like a knife in the heart. It was as though I had lost my parents for the second time. I would be in Europe again, but not in Prague. Too many sad memories.

And now for my return to the United States. The Iziumovs sat in the compartment with me for ten minutes, as is the Russian custom. All three of us were in tears, for we had a presentiment that we would never see each other again. Then they left, and the train sped away to Dresden in Germany. The next stop was in Berlin, where I visited Communists in East Berlin. They were poor, but their quarters were very clean. Then came Magdeburg, Hanover, and Cologne, where I went in the cathedral and heard beautiful music. Then Trier or TrÄves on the border, and then to Paris. I found I had downgraded Paris. It was a fine city, clean and resplendent, with rich libraries and service in four languages: French and English, as expected, but also German and Russian, as not expected. I could have worked there, but am still glad I chose Prague, because it was Central Europe I would teach about as well as eastern Europe.

I came home on the *Normandie*, destined to be destroyed in the war to come. My bride-to-be, Jakoba Balt, awaited me at the wharf in New York. I had met her in Dr. Hollander's German class at The University of Texas. Her parents, both from Holland, had taken up land in Bosnia and chosen to leave after it passed to Yugoslavia. They eventually emigrated to the United States and settled in El Paso, where Jakoba had an uncle in the American army. Dr. Hollander had selected the University of

Wisconsin for her work toward the doctorate.

She and I decided on marriage the next year (1936). We went back to our respective universities, met again at Harvard early in 1936, and were married in a civil ceremony by the city clerk of Somerville, Massachusetts. In the summer of 1936, we returned to Texas.

In the face of adversity and with our future clouded over, our only child was born on January 7, 1939, receiving a double name, Edith Ingrid, of which the English component was her father's choice and the Scandinavian her mother's. We could afford some domestic help, but not a nurse. As my wife still wished to try for the doctorate, which was her right, we had to give up any thought of a second child. Such considerations increased further my resentment of ill-wishers in the department and the University. But I do not wish to leave the impression that I was friendless in the department. I enjoyed excellent relations with Professor Gutsch and his secretary, Mrs. Tullis, with senior Professors Barker and Ramsdell, and with my distant kinsman, Professor Walter Prescott Webb.

I faced a complex situation on my return to Texas. The reigning professor of European history did not want anyone in Russian history because he wanted it for himself, but he already had a full load and did not even read the language. It was a clear case of blocking natural growth. The matter was complicated by the war in Europe. Majority sentiment in the department favored intervention, whereas I was a hard-bitten isolationist, standing with Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, Robert Marion LaFollette of Wisconsin, William Borah of Idaho, and Hiram Johnson of California. On the state scene I was aligned with Governor Coke Stevenson and Governor Ferguson and his wife. I abominated Lyndon Johnson but respected his wife.

My isolationism was strong, but not fanatical. For example, I opposed the German submarine campaign. And I favored stopping that, even at the cost of war. I did not doubt that Hitler later on would encroach on Latin America and must be opposed at any cost. The solution I favored was to kill Hitler, also von Papen, and I greatly regretted it when Count von Stauffenberg tried and failed. So what was left of my isolationism? I was against the sending of a conscript army to Europe. Only that and nothing more. To that I was unalterably opposed and it evoked hostility in the department and University.

So also did my stand on teaching. I felt that in a state university the primary duty of the faculty was instruction of the youth of the state, whereas the prevailing view of the University and department was that it was research and publication of the faculty. In other words, advertisement of the University. Was a compromise possible? And how to prevent it from becoming a rotten compromise? Matters were made much more difficult by the dearth of material on the Russian Revolution at The University of Texas. This precluded all but a minimum of research while teaching at this university.

To carry on serious research, it would be necessary to take leaves of absence from teaching and go to a major repository of materials on the Russian Revolution. There was such a place, thanks to Herbert Hoover's establishment at Stanford University of a repository for materials on food relief during the first world war and on the Russian Revolution in general. If I went there, I could gather material in addition to what I already had from Europe and publish my studies. But how to make up the lost salary? For this it would be necessary to receive grants. Would they be forthcoming? It could be tried and a *modus vivendi* established.

So we purchased in the Santa Clara Valley a small house with a yard and convenient access to the Hoover Library. It is now a part of Silicon Valley. Needless to say, we did not lose on this investment. The Stanford campus itself was a game refuge, and you could have a colorful bird jump up in front of you and take off when you were walking to the library or back from it.

A typical week in California would find me five days hard at work in the library, one day in the little house and yard in the Santa Clara Valley, and one day out in California, in some wild and beautiful place, beset only by animals and American children. Nothing like a great redwood forest to cut American children down to size and render them less raucous, more tractable, and even dear. Often these children were from broken homes in a state that had many broken homes. Whenever they asked permission to walk with me, I always granted it, even when I would have preferred to be alone. In short, I found compensation in California for the teaching time I had to give up in Texas.

That I could do so well was due in large measure to the favor shown me by the

Hoover Institution and its general excellence. It was so well run, so rich in materials, and so well disposed toward me that I could scarcely fail. The first grant to replace the salary lost at Texas was from the Hoover Institution itself. After that it gave aid from time to time and furnished facilities for work. The general atmosphere could not have been more conducive to success. To Directors Harold Fisher and Glen Campbell and Assistant Director Witold Sworakowski I owe many favors, and out in the country generally I received substantial assistance from Professor Geroid T. Robinson of Columbia, Oscar Handlin of Harvard, and, of course, my thesis supervisor at Harvard, Professor Michael Karpovich.

At Texas the two most hostile professors had died and things improved. Harvard found me a new job, at the University of Cincinnati, and I decided to give it a try. I took leave and went there with my wife for an academic year. It was satisfactory and I could have stayed there, but Harry Ransom and Deans Parlin and Whaley made it known that they would override Bonar and other enemies and make me a professor whenever Harvard would publish my dissertation. Since that was now assured, I had a free choice. I chose to return to Texas, and in 1958 I became a professor here. The long struggle was for the most part over, though not the bitterness left in its wake.

And so I was able to confound my enemies and finish my career with success. But not without sorrow at the end. My wife and companion of 62 years, in fair weather and in foul, fell in time to cancer of the blood and, after a brave struggle, died July 21, 1998, taking with her my happiness.

Despite child care and attention to business matters, she had managed to complete her work for the doctorate at Wisconsin by 1950, and was awarded the degree that year. But to find employment commensurate with her qualifications was no easy matter. Finally, such a position opened up at a regional branch of the University of Wisconsin itself, but for her to take it would have required me to resign my last years of teaching here and go with her, and that is possible only in retrospect. I wish now I had done it, but at the time it was not possible unless she had asked me. And that she would not do.

And now I go to lie with her, with my parents, and not far from my aunt and uncle, Hattie W. and David G. Hewlett, who helped me through my higher education, without taking from my inheritance. To friends who because of location or otherwise may not be able to be here today, my best wishes the rest of the way.

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Memorial Statement by Professor Emeritus Sidney Monas, Department of History and Slavic Languages:

Oliver Radkey was fifteen years my senior, but our scholarly background was similar in that we both did our graduate work at Harvard and wrote our respective dissertations under the supervision of Professor Michael Karpovich. It was rather typical of Oliver that he would insist on writing his own memorial. It was also typical of him that he would make no mention of the four important books he wrote on Russian history, since he programmatically valued his teaching more highly than his scholarship. He was a splendid lecturer and his courses were always extremely well attended, yet he never accepted a "grader" from the department and scrupulously went over every paper of his students for both style and content. He was a curmudgeon and did not encourage intimacy with either students or colleagues. His eccentricities were well known and much discussed. He had a kind of phobia about germs and was known to wipe the handles of doors or his microphone with a kerchief before using them. His cane and ten-gallon hat were also landmarks on campus.

In an uncharacteristically bitter note in his memorial he mentions an unnamed European history professor who refused to let him teach Russian history during his early years in the department. I told him that something quite similar had happened to me during my first full-time teaching job, but that did not endear me to him one bit. He let me know in no uncertain terms that he would take unkindly to any attempt on my part to run a course that could even remotely be considered competitive, even during those semesters when he was not teaching Russian history. Of course, I was a full professor, too, and could have ignored his feelings. But I respected him too much to do anything that would clearly antagonize him. He was not exactly hostile; he just made it clear that we were not going to be friends. On social occasions, however, the warmth and friendliness of his wife, Jakoba, made up for his always well-kept distance.

Oliver's books were meticulously researched and exceptionally well written. His doctoral dissertation, "The Agrarian Foes of Bolshevism," which was published by Columbia University Press, was a landmark contribution to scholarship on the Russian Revolution. He published two more monographs on the (peasant) Socialist Revolutionary Party, "The Sickle Under the Hammer" (Harvard University Press) and "Russia's Unknown Civil War." The latter dealt with peasant resistance to Bolshevik grain requisitioning, especially in the Volga region, and the formation of a "Green" party of resistance in that area and elsewhere. He felt that he had found in the official Soviet archives incontrovertible evidence of the scope and importance of this resistance, but that the trunk of the rental car in which he had kept his notes while in the USSR had been broken into, most probably by the KGB. He was quite bitter about this and it did not improve his receptivity to things Russian even after glasnost.

It is ironic that Oliver, who had critics in the state legislature just for teaching Russian history at all, should later be accused by some of his professional colleagues of being "anti-Russian."

I think his scholarship will stand, in spite of the occasionally curmudgeonly tone that has gotten into it. His teaching will certainly be remembered. Whatever his disposition, his integrity was unquestionable.

<signed>

Larry R. Faulkner, President  
The University of Texas at Austin

<signed>

John R. Durbin, Secretary  
The General Faculty

Professor Radkey's reminiscence was submitted by a special committee consisting of Professor Norman D. Brown (chair), and Professors Emeritus William R. Braisted and Philip L. White. It was edited by the Secretary.

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