Members of the first Washington University Alumni Tour of Europe pause in Ravenna, Italy on their 21-day junket through twelve countries. Beginning on Page 16 are excerpts from Herb Weitman's illustrated travel diary of the tour.
COVER: Andrea Jokisch takes a last look at her farm home before leaving for Washington University on a scholarship. Beginning on Page 2 is a photographic essay on Andrea’s last three days of preparation before the start of her collegiate career.

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THREE TO GET READY

A girl named Andi prepares for college

For eighteen-year-old Andrea Jokisch, becoming a Washington University liberal arts freshman was rather like quitting a small, but highly successful, family business to join a giant corporation in a distant city: a challenge requiring some real personal adjustment.

Andi, as her friends at home in Ashland, Ill., call her, was graduated last May from Ashland High School (enrollment 150), where she compiled an impressive record in and out of class. She was valedictorian in a class of 34, half of whom are headed for college; an officer in half-a-dozen organizations; editor of the yearbook; a cheerleader; and a church leader. She arrived at Washington University this fall, one of 1100 freshmen and a recipient of a substantial scholarship without which she would not have been able to attend.

Recorded on these pages are some of the last-minute preparations—and emotions—of a poised, intelligent, friendly girl about to become a WU student. The scenes were repeated, with variations, in cities and towns in 46 states by two-thirds of Andi’s classmates. She and they, like more and more Washington University freshmen each year, are having to make one adjustment at eighteen which thousands of Washington alumni were able to postpone or avoid altogether: They’re leaving home for the first time; leaving the myriad sights and sounds and smells of a community—in this instance a rural one—with which they are thoroughly familiar; leaving friends with whom they’ve shared the tough and wonderful growing-up years; leaving parents and brothers and sisters.

Andi, who lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newell L. Jokisch, and her sixteen-year-old brother Louis on a 250-acre farm six miles from Ashland, realizes one advantage of having been reared in a small community: People care what happens to you. One morning last spring, Mr. Elliott, the principal of Ashland High, entered Andi’s economics class, conferred briefly with the teacher, and then announced to Andi and the others in the class that she had been admitted, with a scholarship, to Washington University. Later in the day, he repeated his news to the entire student body during an assembly. Both times, the announcement drew long applause. Few youngsters receive this kind of warm recognition, and Andi appreciates it. The closeness is one of the things she hesitates to leave.

With rare exceptions, every freshman at every college and university in the country, whether he’s from a small town or a metropolis, begins his college experience with feelings of both exhilaration and doubt. Andi is a bright girl of proven ability, with many enthusiasms and only a normal amount of apprehension. Simply going away didn’t bother her; she had been away from home briefly before, to camp a few times and on a tour of the East, which she won in an eighth grade spelling contest. Still, during her last three days at home, she wondered aloud, occasionally, and to herself, frequently, whether she’d be able to make the grade academically at the University.

Academic success, rather than social prominence or some other goal unrelated to the heart of university life, being the focus of her concern, Andi’s next four years should be as satisfying as the past four. Maybe more so, we hope.
Jokisch farm has running water, but not enough for cooking and drinking. Andi made frequent trips to back yard pump.

Mother and daughter had a final heart-to-heart talk. Family is pleased that Andi chose Washington University.

Last-minute purchases included wool sweater and a coat.
Tuesday

Saying good-bye to old friends and getting ready to greet new ones occupied a good part of Andi's last three days in Ashland. Some things, such as shopping and running family errands, were necessities. Other things she did just for the sake of doing them once more before leaving for St. Louis.

Although she belittles her domestic abilities, Andi always has been helpful around house. "I don't know what I'll do without her," Mrs. Jokisch said.

Washington University sweatshirt became standard apparel several days before she left for St. Louis.
Two of the six Jokisch cats observed a surprisingly relaxed and inactive Andi, reading before going to the high school to say good-bye.

She said good-bye and thanks to Mrs. Dale Lepper, her English teacher and adviser to the yearbook staff Andi headed.

Everyone in Ashland—friends at school, shopkeepers in town—knew she was headed for Washington University, exuberantly wished her the best.

Packing was one of the last projects on the agenda Wednesday.
Wednesday

The pace during Andi's last full day at home was alternately hectic and relaxed. Between a hairdresser's appointment and a stop at school, there was time to relax—and think. By Wednesday evening, though, as packing became imminent, Andi found she couldn't eat, and she confided to a caller, "I'm nervous."

She found miniature golf date with Jack Bedford an enjoyable way to spend her last evening at home.

Andi decided that an afternoon hairdresser's appointment was a necessity.

Jack and Andi said good-night and good-bye—for a while. He's a freshman at Southern Illinois University.
Anxiety turned to sloth as Andi postponed the morning's journey with a few more minutes of precious sleep.

Despite her membership in the Future Homemakers of America and her Betty Crocker "Homemaker of the Month" award, her cooking is kind of a family joke.

Breakfast Thursday, like supper Wednesday night, was a waste. She just wasn't hungry.
Thursday

A dark, rainy morning is no time to embark on an adventure, Andi told herself. She was the last one out of bed. But the rain did permit Mr. Jokisch to take a day off from the fields and to join Andi and her mother on the drive to St. Louis. Once on their way, the day brightened, as did Andi's spirits—and by 11:45 that morning she was on the Washington University campus. The adventure had begun. Andi was a freshman.
Arriving at WU late in the morning, Andi and parents viewed new high rise residence, scheduled for completion later in the semester, where Andi will live for the next four years.

Temporarily, she and 100 other freshman women are living at the Ambassador Residence, a former hotel on Kingshighway, incongruously a home for persons over 50.

Andi and her parents found room at the Ambassador attractive, comfortable. They visited together for a while and then Mr. and Mrs. Jokisch went home.
In medicine, as in other professions, many men excel as practitioners or teachers or researchers. Few are remembered as giants in all three areas.

In one of modern medicine's specialties, plastic surgery, one man has stood out for more than thirty years as a skillful surgeon, an effective teacher, and a prolific contributor to professional knowledge. He is Dr. James Barrett Brown, MD '23, professor of clinical surgery at Washington University's School of Medicine and of maxillofacial surgery at the School of Dentistry and head of one of the largest plastic and reconstructive surgery services in the world.

"Explaining what it is about Barrett Brown that allowed him to triumph in every aspect of his profession is no easy task," says a surgeon-colleague. "He's a complex man and there just isn't any simple formula for his success."

But there are some clues, and a significant one was revealed last February, when the Washington University Alumni Federation invited Dr. Brown to deliver an illustrated lecture before a downtown alumni luncheon meeting. The distinguished alumnus accepted both the invitation and the suggested topic, "This is Plastic Surgery: A Review of Some Interesting Patients." The talk was to be a review of highlights in Dr. Brown's forty-year career.

Shortly before the announcement of his talk was printed, he called the Alumni Office and requested that the latter part of the title be changed to "A Review of Some Interesting Patients." This preference for the personal is a trait repeatedly revealed in the course of his career.

Dr. Brown began his luncheon talk—a stirring exposition on human suffering and its relief through plastic and reconstructive surgery—before 81 alumni. When he concluded, several thousand words and 75 color slides later, only three-quarters of his audience was present to applaud. That 20 persons found it impossible to view "before and after" photographs of individuals marred by every kind of disease and accident imaginable neither surprised nor insulted the experienced doctor. Those who had remained were audience enough; his message had been heard—and felt—by 61 laymen and that was a positive good, he decided. For beyond an explanation of the techniques of his specialty, and beyond the revelation of the amazing results of those techniques, his message was, simply, that human beings should be whole and everything possible should be done to make them whole.

Since receiving his M.D. degree from Washington University's School of Medicine in 1923, Dr. Brown has lived by that philosophy and has, more than once, extended it.
A new kind of injury, cathode ray burns, suffered by a young scientist, is subject of conference. Patient is one of only three known to have suffered such burns; all three have been treated by Dr. James Barrett Brown.

by doing not only everything possible but what would seem to be the impossible as well.

One of his earliest challenges, and a turning point in his then young career, came in March of 1925, just 22 months after the 24-year-old doctor had received his degree. On duty as an assistant resident at Barnes Hospital, Dr. Brown on the afternoon of March 18 was confronted with ambulance loads of battered victims of a tornado that had struck at Murphysboro, Ill. He saw 72 patients in an hour, patients with injuries as extensive and varied as he then could imagine encountering in a lifetime.

"Somebody had to care for those people and I happened to be there," he says. "The number of puncture wounds in the group was fantastic; one woman had a piece of two-by-four embedded in her back."

Dr. Brown had planned on a general surgical practice after completing his residency. Now, suddenly, his surgical skill and his imaginative approach to human restoration—two distinguishing qualities of his present worldwide reputation—were to be tested. Putting both to use, he worked swiftly at first, then patiently, gently, and thoroughly through the ensuing weeks with the Murphysboro victims, and he saw battered limbs and bodies and faces restored to near normal condition. His future as a plastic surgeon was settled.

Since then, Dr. Brown has personally performed and supervised tens of thousands of operations and has contributed more than 350 publications to medical literature, including eight books, many in collaboration with associates. His service has trained nearly 100 plastic surgeons.

"His record is unmatched in the modern history of plastic surgery and is not likely to be surpassed in the foreseeable future," says one twenty-year man in the field. He adds, "During World War II Dr. Brown was responsible for more patients at Valley Forge (Pa.) Army Hospital than I shall see in my entire career."

In 1945, he was awarded the Legion of Merit for his service during the war as senior consultant in plastic and maxillofacial surgery and burns in the European Theatre and the office of the Surgeon General, and as chief of plastic surgery at Valley Forge, where soldiers called him "Miracle Man." He is presently consultant in plastic surgery to the U. S. Veterans Administration in Washington, to the Surgeon Generals of the Army and the Air Force, and to the Los Alamos Medical Center. He is on the staffs of five hospitals in St. Louis and consultant surgeon to eight others, a fellow in the American College of Surgeons, the International Society of Surgeons, and 19 other surgical societies, and a member of the editorial boards of several professional journals.

Among Dr. Brown's patients have been "stars," theatrical and athletic; there have been millionaires and paupers; infants and octogenarians; professors, farmers, businessmen; persons fitting every occupational, racial, and ethnic classification. Their disabilities have been as varied as their backgrounds: victims of fires and explosions, automobile and hunting accidents, birth defects, cancer, radiation. In the operating room, the one thing that hasn't changed since the 1925 tornado has been Dr. Brown's basic approach, his expressed concern for the welfare of each individual patient.

When discussing certain kinds of restoration, he doesn't
speak of "that girl about 20 years ago with the unsightly birth mark covering half her face," or about "that man back in 1950 who had no chin and couldn't talk or chew." Rather, he refers to "Janet Jones, this lovely bride (showing a wedding photograph) who now has three children of her own," and to "Charles Johnson who, with the help of his wife, has now completed his schooling and is a minister in Kansas."

Even in highly technical papers, he interjects references to his former patients' present status—"now has a public career in music"—or to the most effective "methods" of treatment. He writes:

"Chemicals may come and chemicals may go; one service or one hall of learning may prove a method of repair, only to have it replaced by another method. However, in caring for patients the approach of cleanliness, of doing no further harm, of gentleness, and of a willingness to use all the elbow grease necessary will be as important a thousand years from now as it is today. Without such approach the best service cannot be given, and this is, in essence, a surgical principle taken from the golden rule laid down about 2,000 years ago."

"Among his contributions, you simply cannot overlook this matter of philosophy or attitude" says an associate. "I think it's part of the Twain influence." The "Twain influence" refers to Dr. Brown's life-long hobby, the works of Mark Twain. James Barrett Brown was born in Hannibal, Mo., a block from Samuel Clemens' home, and since his childhood has retained an avid interest in Twain's books. He now has, in his study at home, copies of every Mark Twain first edition, which he re-reads whenever he can find time.

"It's more than a hobby" says a friend. "The humor and the sensible, down-to-earth humanity of Twain are part of this man Barrett Brown."

Surrounded by the books he loves, Dr. Brown spends about six hours of his sixteen- to eighteen-hour day writing or reading at home. He and Mrs. Brown (the former Bertha Jane "Bird" Phillips) live in a bright, tastefully decorated (by Mrs. Brown), and elegantly furnished seven room apartment at 4 N. Kingshighway. They moved there in 1959, after the children were grown. (Daughters Jane Hamilton and Frances Rieth are married, son James B. Jr. is with Monsanto Chemical Corp., and Charles is a senior at the University of Maryland School of Medicine.)

"It's an old building but it's pleasant, and the location is ideal," he says, "just a few blocks to the office and to the hospital. We moved here so I could walk to work—but I never have yet."

"Work" is both places—Barnes Hospital, operating rooms 7 and 8, and his office at 100 N. Euclid. Together these locations form what is termed the plastic and reconstructive surgery "service," which is staffed by Dr. Brown and Drs. Minot P. Fryer, Frank McDowell, and Louis T. Byars.

Through the service each year pass eight "fellows," surgeons preparing to specialize further in plastic surgery, and four general surgery house officers. Both in the examining rooms at the office and at Barnes, the fellows learn according to the teaching concepts of Dr. Brown and his associates: by precept and by doing.

In the operating rooms, each with two tables, the younger men take part to the extent that they and their mentor feel they should. One St. Louis surgeon claims he can identify a former student of Brown simply by watching certain refinements in his technique—the way he holds a scalpel or lifts a wrist. "They begin emulating his technique and then it becomes second nature."

According to another experienced surgeon who has practiced with Dr. Brown, "He's the easiest man in the world to work with. The only demand he makes, and this may sound corny," the associate says, "is that you give your best, which he himself does every day." He is altogether impatient with any young surgeon who seems more intent on learning for the sake of passing board examinations than for the sake of giving patients the best care possible.

He writes, half facetiously and perhaps with a tinge of anger, that preoccupation with erudition and examination "may become so marked that if one is truly interested in a young surgeon, he may have to have two forms of instruction, one to get him by in conference and in examination, and the other to train him for the care of patients."

In his books and articles certain themes recur, and one is that even the most experienced, skilled surgeon must continue to learn. The renowned doctor himself has an uncanny knack for filing away for future use almost everything he reads or experiences. He devoted an entire address before the Western Surgical Association, while serving as its president, to medical allusions in literature, citing pertinent references from seemingly every writer from Lao-tze and Democritus through Twain and other modern authors.

One of his major contributions, the "split skin graft," he attributes off-handedly to his experience as a youngster in a leather-goods shop in Hannibal. "Since I was able to separate thin layers of leather, I could see no reason for being unable to do the same thing with human skin."
This technique is now used widely in plastic surgery, especially in the treatment of burns. An exuberant man, who talks excitedly about hands, legs, faces, even lives saved, and who seems repeatedly delighted and a little amazed at what doctors in his specialty are able to accomplish, Dr. Brown confesses that it doesn’t require a bad morning in the operating room to upset him. “Every day is depressing in one sense,” he says. “There is so much suffering—much of it needless, as in the case of automobile accidents—that you can’t help but feel depressed.”

Of the myriad operations he has had to perform, Dr. Brown believes that cleft lip operations, despite their frequency, are among the most difficult to perform well. “But the most difficult,” he says, “is whatever one you’re facing at the moment.”

By his definition, success in plastic surgery cannot be measured simply by the number of times a man steps into and successfully out of the operating room. It is rather in using his accumulated knowledge and experience to devise the most direct and effective treatment for each patient who comes to him. At those times in the past forty years when there existed temptations to rely on a technique which had been tested over many years but which seemed not quite suited to the disfigurement of the patient before him, Dr. Brown searched for, and frequently found, the better way to proceed.

In a discussion published last year as an adjunct to Dr. Brown’s report on the use of “Silicone and Teflon Prostheses, Including Full Jaw Substitution,” a Florida surgeon commented, “It is worthy of mention that when we first started this work there was considerable opposition to it, but Dr. Brown’s foresight made it possible . . .”

When he is cautious it is for the patient’s well being, not in acquiescence to urgings by colleagues to “wait and see” or to do it the conventional way. And when he is bold, the reasoning is the same.

In 1937, he reported the successful use of postmortem homografts (the use of skin from a person who had just died for grafting on patients with severe burns). Then, Dr. Brown and Dr. Fryer expanded on this technique in a separate monograph in 1954 and in a book in 1960. They did so, they wrote, in order to “help save lives now,” without waiting for “an impressive array of patients to be so treated.”

The chief advantages of postmortem homografts are that they provide immediate protection from infection during the critical period, and that they reduce materially the operating and recovery time required when using live donors. The result of one postmortem homograft they reported could have been achieved only with the use of skin from thirty-two living donors. Included in their report, Drs. Brown and Fryer suggested the establishment of skin banks, similar to blood banks, on a national scale, a suggestion Barnes Hospital and a few other civilian services followed but which, disappointingly, is still not widely enough known or understood.

Addressing other surgeons on this postmortem life-giving technique, Dr. Brown states: “Consent for removal of postmortem grafts need not be difficult to obtain from the responsible relatives. (It may be recalled that after death the patient’s body is owned by the nearest relative, and permission for any disposal must be obtained from him.) A visit to a burned patient in need or a display of photographs are effective supplements to such an appeal.”

The public—at least some members of it—that think of plastic surgery as a service for vain individuals in search of a kind of perfection in their physical appearance. One St. Louis surgeon says that Dr. Brown’s reputation, his fundamental understanding of surgical principles, and his supreme skill have been profoundly instrumental in keeping plastic surgery from “becoming bizarre.” Dr. Brown’s own feeling is that the term “cosmetic surgery” is inappropriate. “People have a right to look normal; they feel better and they live better lives when they do,” he says.

He also avoids the “artist” tag that laymen would apply to plastic surgeons. “The results are so far short of artistry that the surgeon does not like to be stigmatized with it, or thought of as being able to make things perfect. He aims at function first, and with this goes a plan and effort to restore contour and smoothness to as near normal as possible.”

Still, throughout the world there are thousands of individuals “going about their business as they should be able to do,” as Dr. Brown is fond of saying, who regard the man who made normalcy possible for them as an artist and more. His patients, long after their treatment has ended, keep in touch with him, expressing repeatedly their gratitude for what he has done for them.

“A man likes to think that he has made some contribution to his field and to the welfare of his fellow man,” says a colleague of Dr. Brown, adding, “This man has contributed enough for two lifetimes.”
Dr. Brown frequently performs four to six operations in a single day. He's been doing that for over 30 years.

Fellows and residents in operating room assist the chief with an operation on patient with cancer of the eyelid.
EUROPEAN TOUR

Herb Weitman reports on the first
Washington University Alumni Tour

Last summer some 75 alumni toured twelve European countries on the first annual Washington University Alumni Tour. In the space of 21 days, they flew from St. Louis to London, visited England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, San Marino, Monaco, Switzerland, France, and flew back to St. Louis.

Herb Weitman, BSBA 50, director of the University's photographic services, went along in the triple role of photographer, University representative, and alumnus. He brought back hundreds of color slides and black and white photographs, and a fast-moving, somewhat impressionistic travel diary. On the next pages are a few excerpts from Herb's photographic record of the tour, with a running commentary taken from his travel notes.

The Weitman Journals end with a brief paragraph that sums up, perhaps, the feelings of most of the alumni on the tour. Herb writes:

So you get on the plane and as it leaves the ground your wife is crying. And you ask her why. And she doesn't answer. And so you ask again and she burbles between her tears, "Because we are leaving and going home and it was all so grand and beautiful."
So it’s finally time to leave. After you sat around doing nothing for several months (because you didn’t know what to do), and then grew hysterical the last few days (because you thought you knew), it is now time to go...

Sightseeing in London all day. Through the parks, looking at monuments, fountains, government buildings. Your guide speaks English, but not at you. You see the Houses of Parliament, Big Ben (who isn’t ringing just then), Westminster Abbey, and if you hurry, the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. All the pageantry that you have heard and dreamed about takes place inside the palace fence and you can’t see anything unless you’re in the front row, and of course you’re not. But you catch a glimpse and your heart beats faster than ever because the guards look dashing in their red uniforms and bearskin hats, and the bands play, and the horse guards on their fantastic black horses prance by. If you’re really quick, you can see the Queen’s children watching the show, but suddenly the giant hand appears and snatches them from the window.

Motorcycles in foreground and the Old Curiosity Shop in background illustrate the blend of old and new that is so typical of modern London.

Members of the tour meet one of the colorful Beefeater guards at the historic Tower of London.

A typical London pub served as a welcome haven for footsore tourists after a day’s sight-seeing.
European Tour

The ancient guild square of Brussels forms a backdrop for a group of traveling alumni.

Among the twelve countries the Alumni Tour visited was the pocket-size principality of Liechtenstein.

On entering Switzerland, the group gathered for the spectacle of the Rhine Falls.

Only three countries today. You leave London, take a sightseeing tour of Amsterdam, and have dinner in Brussels. Amsterdam is delightful. If there's ever a strike of bicycle repairmen, the whole city will shut down. . . . Late in the evening we are in Van Gogh country; the light is yellow and low and a slight haze begins to come up from the ground. Next to the highway are small bicycle lanes and people wave and wave and wave. I can't speak their language, but we understand each other. . . . Brussels, with its magnificent guild square, looks like something from a Hollywood set—only it's real. . . . The scenery in Liechtenstein is strictly out of Heidi.

Long before they reached Venice, the group visited another city of canals—the picturesque city of Amsterdam.
The day begins at 5 a.m., when we are awakened by a group of Germans on their way home, announcing in song that next time they won't lose the war. . . . By bus to Heidelberg, home of the Student Prince, a romantic old city dominated by its ancient castle. . . . Tonight we sleep in the old German town of Ludwigshafen. We find the most modern hotel anywhere, with a swimming pool in the middle of the restaurant. The hotel is so modern that we mistake the shower head in the bathroom for a microphone and spend all night trying to call room service over it.

The fourteenth-century castle dominating the town of Heidelberg, viewed by moonlight.

Traveling between major cities, the group stopped at many small towns like this village in Germany.

The city of Heidelberg offered Old World atmosphere and romantic tradition.
The storied Rhine Valley, dotted with castles and carpeted with vineyards, was one of the highlights of the entire trip.

Today we travel up the Rhine by steamer from Boppard to Nieder-Heimbach. The view is superb. Vineyards carpet the mountains, on which nestle castles with such marvelous names as Liebenstein, Burg Maus, Burg Katz, Wernerkapelle, Burg Gutenfeld, and finally, Die Pfalz, a sort of fourteenth century turnpike, built in the middle of the Rhine to exact tolls from river travelers. We drive through the Black Forest and finally get a taste of mountain scenery. We drive through the mountains for hours and as the weather begins to get warmer we begin to run out of steam and start to nap. The driver's call, "Everybody out for a rest stop," is greeted with snores of derision.

Cruising down the Rhine River, with the fabled Lorelei in the background.

Camera stop in the Swiss alps. The group traveled by bus from Germany down into Italy.
Rome in August is hot and the traffic is terrific. "The horn's the thing," as the great Italian poet put it. The Trevi Fountain is much beloved; throw a coin in the fountain and come back to Rome—if you can manage to hit the fountain and not some other tourist. It has been said that the cheapest thing in Rome is a ticket home, but the Roman Forum, empty except for two tiny distant figures walking toward you, is awesome. Here was the religious, political, and commercial center of ancient world.

... After the crush of Rome, Florence is a relief to both the eyes and the pocketbook. The city's art and architecture assault you constantly and the impact of Michelangelo's David is shattering. ... The run to Pisa is short. The tower really leans. Thousands of tourists have their picture taken before it every year and the tourists all stand straight and the tower leans.

For alumni accustomed to Francis Field, the Colosseum of Rome was an especially imposing spectacle.

Michelangelo's Moses in the Church of St. Peter of the Chains in Rome.

A fleet of gondolas floats serenely on the Grand Canal in Venice.
Venice is like no other place; so shabby and yet so magnificent. There is no square like St. Mark's. The city and shops assail your eyes and ears. The silk is silkiest than any you have ever seen, the orchestras in the square play the loveliest songs, the food is superb, and you are there and belong. . . . San Marino's inhabitants pay no taxes. Their chief income comes from selling postage stamps and a white, sparkling Mogen David kind of wine. They also sell a green liquid called "Titanium," which is guaranteed to kill all memories of San Marino; which isn't a bad idea, at that. . . . The tomb of St. Francis of Assisi, hewn in rock beneath the main altar, is lighted only by the flicker of votive candles. Everything is cool and everyone is quiet.

The great tower of St. Mark's looks down on the square that bears its name in the old city of Venice.

The tiny republic of San Marino within Italy is a natural tourist attraction.

A monument to the great Venetian republic is the beautiful Doge's Palace.
And at the end, Paris. The weather is cool, the boulevards wide. In London, though people spoke your language, they seemed foreign; in Rome, you were obviously the tourist; in Paris, you feel somehow that you belong. Paris from the Eiffel Tower at twilight is a blue and white city. At night it is a city of light, with the great public buildings now clean and gleaming in their floodlight baths.

So the time has come to quit. You have looked and ogled, listened and been listened to, eaten and drunk, and walked and walked and walked. When you reach the airport, both you and your baggage are overweight. Now the fairy tale must come to an end because you must go. Home.

Last stop on the Alumni Tour, and perhaps the most thrilling for many of the group, was the city of Paris.

Sidewalk artists and outdoor cafes in the Montmartre district of Paris.

Colorful spot in Paris: the cafe of the agile rabbit—
au Lapin Agile.

At Bastogne, the group stops to pay respects at the memorial to Americans lost in action during the second world war.
Joyce Ladner, a first-year graduate student in Washington University's Department of Sociology and Anthropology, celebrated her twenty-first birthday early this fall. But unlike most of her classmates, she will not be able to vote in the November elections. A native Mississippian, she failed the voter registration test in her home city, Hattiesburg. Her sister, who is twenty-five and has a master's degree, also failed. In this article, Joyce gives a Mississippi Negro's view of the preparations for and the results of the much-publicized "Summer Project," three of whose participants were murdered near Philadelphia, Mississippi, in July.

Summer Project '64

When Joyce Ladner boarded a train at Jackson, Miss., last June 15, heading for her summer job at Washington University, Mississippi's Negroes were watching with interest the progress of the Civil Rights Bill debate in Congress. They also were watching where they went, avoiding as they have for generations those facilities traditionally reserved for the state's white citizens.

Two months later, on her return to Jackson, Joyce found that, with the passage of the Civil Rights Bill and the completion of a unique "Summer Project," life for the Negro in her home state had changed.

Restaurants were serving Negroes without incident, and some hotels and motels were accepting Negro guests. There had been no sudden metamorphosis, no total equality or complete integration, but there had been change.

"When a basically religious people (Mississippi's Negroes) have been told for generations that God meant for them to live a certain way, rapid and complete change is impossible," Joyce says. The changes were the result of neither magnanimous gestures by the state's white power structure nor a spontaneous decision on the part of the majority of Mississippi's Negroes. They were planned for and effected by a well-organized group in which Joyce Ladner had been active during its formation: the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), sponsor-
out of her home state for all but a few weeks of the project's official existence. For although she didn't begin taking courses at Washington University until this fall, the job that is part of her financial aid from the University began in June and ended in August, coinciding almost exactly with the dates of the project. She returned to Mississippi for a few weeks before registering for the fall semester.

She is now in her second month as a student in Washington University's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Although university graduate students, unlike college freshmen, rarely worry about "adjusting," Joyce is an exception. She enjoys and is doing well in her classes, and she's travelled extensively before, so she's not worried about academic failure or the traditional kind of homesickness. But she is restless—and concerned about her future in the North.

"I know I have to move ahead with my new life, the life made possible by graduate study here, but it's so new to me not to be confronted with the challenges of the past few years, especially the last year, that I'm finding it difficult to realize those challenges are over, at least for a while.

"I tell my new friends here in St. Louis that I liked living in Mississippi, and they think I must be some kind of a nut. Don't misunderstand, life for me here is much easier than there—and that's the point. Many Negroes in Mississippi, professional people and students, face a difficult choice: to leave Mississippi and find a better life for themselves and their families or to stay and be a part of a movement that is changing an entire society. I guess I feel right now like someone who has spent a lifetime doing a job he enjoys and considers important and who is suddenly forced to retire."

Retirement isn't what Joyce had in mind when she came north to graduate school. She came to prepare herself for a satisfying, productive personal life and for when she does return to Mississippi—"if not to live, then definitely to spend some time." Her career plans are indefinite. She will either teach in a college or do social research. "Much remains to be done in Mississippi," she says, "despite the surprising success of the summer project. And the success of the project was surprising to many of us," she adds.

"Nothing so extensive had ever been planned for Mississippi before. The idea of 700 persons—most of them students but including nurses, doctors, ministers, social workers, and lawyers—coming from the North, East, and West to help was both exciting and, to some at least, discouraging. "How could the work of so many individuals be coordinated to produce an effective project? And how could it be financed?" some SNCC members would ask."

It was decided last fall that SNCC should not try to accomplish the project on its own but rather should enlist the support of other organizations—Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, and the National Council of Churches. That decision led to the formation of COFO and the appointment of a director, SNCC-leader Bob Moses.

A senior at that time at Tougaloo College, where she received her A.B. degree in May, Joyce devoted as many hours as she could to COFO during its formative stages, serving for a time as Moses' secretary. She also helped to recruit volunteers while on a two-week student exchange program with Bryn Mawr College.

As spring approached, it became apparent that the first step toward a successful summer project had been taken: Mississippi's population of slightly over two million would indeed be increased by some 700 in June; the volunteers had been recruited. About the same time, the National Council of Churches announced it would sponsor a training camp for workers at Oxford, Ohio, on the campus of Western College for Women. The Council also agreed to finance transportation to Mississippi for many of the young people who joined the project.

"As encouraging as these developments were, many of the organizers were still skeptical. And none of us could have predicted with any exactness the degree of success the project was to enjoy. What's more, we couldn't imagine the state's whites tolerating the presence of so many outsiders."

June came, the volunteers arrived and were assigned jobs throughout the state's 82 counties, and Joyce left, reluctantly, for St. Louis.

She kept up with the project's progress through phone calls and letters and through reports in the press. What she heard and read, during the first couple weeks she was away, was alternately encouraging and discouraging:

— a large group of Negroes had registered successfully in one county;
— a larger group had been turned away from a courthouse in another part of the state.
— seven hundred students, ranging in age from six to eighty-one, were enrolled in Hattiesburg's "Freedom School";
in another town, a community center had been bombed.

Then one night on the radio she learned of the disappearance of Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, and James Chaney.

"I immediately knew—or strongly suspected—what had happened, but I tried not to believe it. Michael Schwerner and his wife were my friends; I didn’t know Goodman or Chaney personally."

Awareness of the inevitable was, in this instance, no preparation for the news that came later, that the bodies of the three workers had been found. This was a profound shock—to Joyce in St. Louis and to her associates and friends in Mississippi.

"There was very little anger, just sadness." One magazine, unfriendly to their cause, indicated that COFO had expected lives to be lost, had even hoped for some sacrificial deaths.

"Yes, we had expected violence, even death—I would have guessed maybe twenty killings—but emphatically, no, we did not wish it. In fact, we took every precaution to avoid it. Talking with prospective participants last winter and spring, we explained carefully and fully the extreme dangers, and we urged those inclined toward reckless risk-taking—those who appeared over-eager to confront the enemy head-on—not to come. These cautions were repeated over and over again at the training site in Oxford, Ohio, and a few persons did change their minds about joining the project."

Joyce attributes the over-all reduction in violence in Mississippi last summer over previous summers both directly and indirectly to the efforts and results of the project.

"Immediately after the disappearance of the three workers, before their deaths were confirmed, the FBI opened a regional office in Jackson, the first in Mississippi. Formerly, the nearest headquarters were at New Orleans and Memphis. The mere presence of a large number of federal officers—though they were too few and at times ineffective, we felt—acted as a deterrent to violence. Federal intervention is as feared and despised as integration by some Mississippians."

Another contribution to the workers’ safety was the establishment by COFO of a vast and highly successful communications network. Although COFO could not avoid the wiretappers altogether, it succeeded in eluding them and in reaching remote areas of the state over citizen band radios and in transmitting messages shorter distances on walkie-talkies.

"Sometimes the ‘red-necks’ or the police would pick up our conversations and learn our plans, and sometimes the situation was reversed. One night our people heard a group planning to drive out and shoot onto the Tougaloo campus—which happened fairly often. We heard one of them caution the others not to go on the campus itself because, he said, ‘We’re not sure how large an arsenal these niggers got out there.’ Tougaloo has one old watchman who wouldn’t shoot anybody, so it was amusing to us."

The main advantage of the radios lay in their use by volunteers who were preparing to travel from one town to another; before starting a trip, they would report their plans to the nearest COFO office. Then, if they failed to appear at their destination, steps could be taken to locate them. Major dangers were of being run off the road or shot at, or being arrested on a trumped-up traffic violation and getting “lost” in a county jail.

"Every set of headlights in the rear view mirror is a potential threat. Some of the police along a missing group’s route, when called, would lie and say the workers hadn’t been seen, when in fact they were in a cell a few feet from the phone over which the sheriff or jailer was talking. The work of the lawyers and law students on the project, in finding these people and arranging for their release, was inspiring."

One extremely large and influential group in Mississippi last summer was the press, whose members, Joyce says, were about as welcome there as the FBI and the participants in the project. Every major newspaper, magazine, and network was represented, plus a number of smaller papers from the hometowns of COFO volunteers.

"Just being there, these newsmen helped to avert bloodshed, I believe, because it was our group, not the White Citizens’ Council who wanted publicity, and our members were pledged to nonviolence."

Strangely, Joyce reports, it was the looks of the workers more than their pledge of nonviolence that contributed to a relatively bloodless acceptance of the project by Mississippi’s segregationists.
“Both the professional men and women and the students—most of them white—were to a large extent well dressed, clean-cut, all-American types; these were not beatniks. Apparently the usual troublemakers among our state’s population found it extremely difficult to do much harm to a good-looking, well-mannered, young man or woman bearing a striking resemblance to the kid next door.

“Appearances aside, though, to some of the more rabid citizens, anyone interfering in Mississippi’s affairs is a ‘communist,’ and beatings did occur. (If any of the project workers were communists, they successfully concealed their sympathies; they seemed like ordinary college students and professional people to me—well, maybe not quite ordinary.)” While overt violence lessened, intimidation, the chief weapon of the powerful in Mississippi, was employed as regularly as in the past, Joyce says.

“Imagine being questioned, alone, in a police station and having each question punctuated with a threat by your questioner to pull the trigger of the gun he is pointing at your head. In a position like that you die a thousand times.”

Compiling a tally sheet on the summer project is relatively easy for Joyce who, during her few weeks at home before the start of the fall semester, visited many project sites.

“The freedom schools, where every kind of remedial course was taught and which were attended by 2,500 Negroes, and the community centers, where among other things prospective mothers were instructed in prenatal care, were unqualified successes. ‘We never imagined such response.”

(SNCC also recruited two students, both white, from Alabama and Tennessee—one a former segregationist—to provide similar remedial instruction for a large number of Mississippi’s poor rural white children.)

Attempts to register Negro voters were less successful, not because of any lack of cooperation by the Negroes, but because many of the registrars decided to meet the effort with stricter requirements than in the past. Joyce learned of her own failure to qualify late in the summer.

An off-shoot of the voter registration drive, the attempted seating of the Freedom Democratic Party at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City, was to Joyce and her associates also disappointing.

One aspect of the project—not a stated goal—was more than a success.

“It was to me a wholly unexpected, triumphant breakthrough. I mean the change in attitude of the average Negro in Mississippi. When I returned in August, the change that had taken place startled me. Persons who in the past had been threatened with every kind of punishment, from loss of job to loss of life; who had accepted fear as a way of life; who had acquiesced to power, now had overcome their fear. I saw men and women stand up in meetings and say, ‘I’m afraid, but I know I must do what is right, even if it costs me my life.” Such expressions came from Negroes of all ages, in the cities and in the most remote locations in the state.

“I would call it a mass awakening to the realities of life. A year ago, most Negroes were afraid to let a white person in their homes, no matter how sympathetic he happened to be. Now, white project workers were living with these same Negro families. It is difficult for someone who has not lived with fear to understand how significant this change in attitude really is; I’ve always been afraid and I still am, and believe me, for these individuals, overcoming their fear is an amazing step forward.”

Despite the absence of any material gains, this new confidence has brought to Mississippi’s Negroes a hope that is newer to them than to their northern counterparts. More and more are saying, “I’m doing this [attempting to register, returning to school, boycotting segregated business] for my children.”

This fall and winter some 200 workers from the summer project are remaining in Mississippi to continue the freedom schools, the community centers, and the voter registration drive. Joyce will continue to watch from her northern sidelines, helping out when she returns during vacations. She and a few of her friends at WU hope to organize a “Friends of SNCC” group on campus, similar to those at other northern and West Coast universities.

Joyce says she can’t predict what the future will hold for Mississippi’s two million citizens, but she is hopeful. Both the Civil Rights Act and the success of the summer project make her so.

“I realize you don’t gain first-class citizenship by singing songs, but with more and more Mississippi Negroes starting to understand the lyrics, ‘We shall overcome . . .’ something’s going to happen, you can be sure of that.”

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Portrait of the artist and his wife: William and Roseann Quinn in their St. Louis County farmhouse with the handcarved chair they brought back from Greece.

The Acropolis
PASSAGE TO GREECE

Washington University artist William Quinn spends a productive year in a Grecian town

"The secret weapon of the Greeks is the weather," Washington University artist William Quinn has decided after spending this past year living and painting in Greece.

"After you have lived for a while with the Greek sky, the mountain backdrop, the ever-present blue sea, and the clear, lucid air of Greece, you know why it all happened there—why it all started in Greece."

Exposure to an entirely different land, with its unique culture and climate and way of life, can have a strong effect on anyone. To an artist, such an exposure can be a profound and moving experience and the impact on his work can be dramatic and fundamental.

William Quinn, an instructor in the University's School of Fine Arts, and one of the bright young talents in the St. Louis art world, has returned from his Grecian year with a deeper appreciation of the classical Greek art from which so much of Western civilization's culture has grown, and with a newly awakened enthusiasm for the Byzantine art which forms so important a part of modern Greek life.

Quinn has brought back quite a few other things from Greece. He made the trip with his wife, their five children, and their Volkswagen. In addition to more intangible treasures, he has brought back eighty water colors, a wife with a highly developed skill in Greek cooking and handicraft, five children who speak Greek like natives, and a dusty VW with more miles on it than Ulysses.

For many years, Bill had longed to visit Greece. Like most modern artists, he had felt a strong pull to make the pilgrimage to the birthplace of Western culture, but, in addition, he had developed a deep interest in today's Greece from the works of Durrell and Henry Miller, and the modern Greek novelists.

What had been only a vague dream for many years turned into an actual project when Quinn failed last year to get a Fulbright scholarship for study abroad. A friend offered a challenge: to put up $1000 if Quinn could raise the other $2000 to replace the scholarship. That was early in May and at the time raising $2000 seemed a pretty remote possibility. Then, a painting he had entered in the Mid-America Exhibition in Kansas City was purchased for the Hallmark collection for $500. A week later, Morton D. May purchased three Quinn works from the Washington University Faculty Show at Steinberg Hall. By July, Quinn had sold eighteen paintings, the University had agreed to give him a leave of absence, and the Grecian dream was suddenly becoming a reality.

The Quinns left St. Louis in August of last year. On board the Greek steamer Olympia were: Quinn, his wife Roseann, their five children, Kirsten, 8; Lisa, 6; Kevin, 5; Sheila, 2; Bryan, 18 months; and the Volkswagen, 4.

Also aboard was a Greek girl named Eleni D. Kalitsounaki, who had read about the Quinns' travel plans in the newspaper when she came through St. Louis on a bus tour of America. Eleni was a native of the town of Glyfada, 15 miles southwest of Athens, where the Quinns had decided to settle and she was able to find them a place to live, introduce them to the neighborhood, and help gain them entrance into Greek life.

The choice of Glyfada was a happy one. Surrounded by the sea and mountains and off the beaten tourist track, the city gave them the opportunity to become part of the everyday life of modern Greece. Settled in a seven-room apartment with a combination cook-maid-nanny, the Quinns soon adapted to the Greek way. They shopped in the local markets and stores, ate Greek food, practiced the Greek language they had begun to study aboard ship, and enrolled the three oldest children in Greek schools.

Quinn and his wife picked up enough Greek to get along, but the children learned the language so rapidly that according to their parents, "it almost embarrassed the Greeks."

From the experience, Quinn has devised a maxim for
travelers: "If you want to be accepted in a foreign country, take along five young children." Everywhere the Quinns went in Greece the children served as translators, interpreters, and ambassadors of good will. Taking the VW into a tiny village that had hardly ever seen an American, the Quinns were met at first with distrust and suspicion. Then, the five children burst from the tiny car, chattering away in Greek, and the town surrendered. During their year abroad, the Quinns covered virtually every square mile of the Greek mainland and the Grecian islands. They drove their little car to the end of every road that could possibly be navigated, and then shipped it aboard ferry boats for points accessible only by sea. Occasionally, they parked the children with their Greek nanny and boated or flew to adjoining areas like Crete and the most distant Aegean Islands.

At first, Quinn made no attempts to paint. He was too busy taking in all the new sights and smells and sounds, learning the new and strange ways the people of Greece reacted, absorbing the unique flavor of the land. "For a Midwesterner," he relates, "the impact of Greece with its bright sun and blue sky, its stark mountains and arid plains, its translucent air and the ever-present sea, was almost overwhelming. It took me weeks before I began even to think of trying to get it down on paper or canvas."

During the course of the year, Quinn got a great deal of it down—doing perhaps one hundred large water colors of Greek landscape, Greek life, and fantasies of man and animals inspired by the Grecian scene. He would go out on the beach or up into the mountains or to the ancient ruins with a sketch pad and a child or two along to interpret and to charm the natives. Later, on the floor of the Glyfada apartment, he would paint from these sketches while the sense of color was still with him. Many of these paintings he left with Greek friends as tokens of his appreciation for their friendship. The eighty he brought back were unveiled at an exhibit this fall at the Martin Schweig galleries—a most Grecian kind of an exhibit, too, at which Greek flags and handicraft abounded, and at which the Quinn children in Greek costumes greeted the visitors.

Incidentally, the Quinn children returned with such pure Greek accents that a local Greek Orthodox church
school invited them to come and speak to the students. The children are keeping their new fluency alive by taking regular Greek language lessons at the school this year.

While the Quinns were living in Glyfada, the news of President Kennedy's assassination hit Greece. Within minutes after the radio report, the people of the neighborhood were calling on the Quinns to express their sympathy and to mourn with them. Quinn was so moved by their warmth that he wrote a letter to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* about this evidence of the average Greek's sympathy. Because of the response to that letter, the *Post-Dispatch* asked him to write several articles about art in Athens. That assignment pulled the painter away from his submergence in the backwaters and required him to plunge into the official art world of the Greek capital.

Greece, he found, is out of the mainstream of the European painting tradition. The nation's artists still excel in sculpture and in the crafts, but they know little of modern European painting. Quinn met the leading artists of Athens, visited the museums, the art academy, and shows, and enjoyed many of the other cultural attractions the capital offers. "It was a valuable experience," he relates, "but it was deeply satisfying to return to the seashore and the villages and the peaceful Greek countryside."

While Quinn found it thrilling and moving actually to see the classic monuments and sculptures of ancient Greece, he discovered that the most profound artistic experience was the discovery of the rich, living art of the Byzantine. Everywhere he was amazed to discover the wealth of Byzantine art that still forms an important part of the daily life of the Greek people—the exquisite church interiors, the elaborate and colorful frescoes and icons, the countless examples of Byzantine handicraft. "To the uninitiated this wealth of Byzantine art was an intoxicating experience," Quinn relates.

When the Quinns finally had to leave Greece, they were accompanied to the docks by their many Greek friends, who came along to kiss the children, to press gifts on their American friends, to wave farewells and shed tears. "It wasn't exactly the sendoff accorded most tourists," says Quinn, "but then most tourists don't bring five kids along and settle down in an obscure neighborhood in a small town, either."

Looking back on the experience, Quinn feels as an artist that the year has had a tremendous effect on his work. "Casting one's self completely into a foreign environment is a potent catharsis. It purges away old concepts and values and habits and puts one to the supreme test of coping with new sounds and sights and habits and customs. It can provide an artist with a wholly new outlook on his life and on his work."
The Rotunda at Delphi

Byzantine Monastery
By SHEPHERD MEAD, AB 36

How to Write
A Quad Show
By Trying
Intermittently

THE OTHER DAY, while sitting quietly in my English
country seat, I was startled to receive an apology from
Bob Reinhardt of the Alumni Office. He was terribly sorry
that no one had mentioned my name in an article telling
of the demise of Quad Show.

I hadn't yet seen the article, but I told Bob I was sorry
if I had killed Quad Show. Didn't surprise me, though.
Nothing could have survived G
Is For Grandma,
the show
I
wrote for it back in 1936.

Well, the facts are in now, and it seems I didn't really
kill Quad Show at all. It had survived Grandma,
and had
managed to stagger along after that for some 27 years.
That shows a lot of strength. It can't be permanently dead
with stamina like that.

The crying need now, they tell me, is for some new
talent on the campus to write Quad Show. They had
actually been using old Broadway musicals! No original
stuff at all. "There's an academic tightening up around
the campus," they said. No time for anyone to write a
show.

Now I'm all for tightening things up, academically. We
certainly need a lot more of that. But you can fit a Quad
Show into it. You can fit one in almost anywhere, and I
have a case history to prove it.

It begins in the last few weeks of my senior year, when
my academics were admittedly beginning to loosen up.
Al Fleischer, who had written some fine music for the
current year's show, asked me if I'd like to join him in
the competition for next year's—his music and my book.
Every year it was a contest. Several shows were written,
and one was selected. I told Al that sounded fine, I'd see
what I could do.

I'd never written a musical comedy before, but I'd seen a number of Student Princes, and that ilk, down at
the Muny Opera. Somehow they didn't seem in my line.
What did a musical comedy look like, on paper?

I walked over to Ridgley Library, got out a book of
Gilbert and Sullivan, and walked home across the street
car b'acks reading The Pirates of Penzance.
(I was born
about 400 yards from Brookings Hall, at 6313 Waterman
Avenue, in Parkview.) I couldn't help thinking that the
wit in musical comedy had fallen off a long way since old
C. and S.

We were, back in 1936, in the middle of the gangster
and G-Man era, and I wondered how W. S. Gilbert would
have seen it. I went to my typewriter, a 30-year-old re­
built wreck, tore out a half-finished editorial for
Eliot Mag­
azine,
and wrote the title: G
Is For Grandma. It would be
a satire on advertising, about which
I
then knew abso­
lutely nothing, and G-Men, and gangsters. The crooks
were, as the lyrics said, "always gettin' blamed for doin'
things they didn't do." It's the only line I can remember
from the show.

"How are you coming?" said Al, a few days later.
"I've got the title," I said.

But I had no time to write it. Final exams were upon
us, and even before they were over I had to climb up on
my lifeguard stand at the University City pool. I'd worked
there, along with many colleagues from the WU swim­
ing team, for the previous two summers.

They gave me a couple of hours off from the pool to go
over to Commencement and graduate, in between blowing
a whistle at little boys who were continually ducking each
other.

But there was no time for Grandma.

My plan was to work at the pool to scrape up enough
money for freight-boat fare to Europe. By mid-July I had
enough for passage on the Black Hack, of the Black
Diamond Line, sailing from New York for Antwerp.
Before leaving for New York I called Al.

"How's the show coming?" he said.

"It's very clear in my head," I said. But I hadn't written anything yet.

In New York I bought, for about $15, the smallest portable typewriter I'd ever seen, and while waiting for the Black Hawk to sail, I holed up for three days in one of those actors' hotels between 6th Avenue and Broadway, just east of Times' Square. The room wasn't big enough to hold a desk, so I sat in bed, with the portable on my lap, and began the first act of Grandma. It was a poor start, but I hope that inspiration would come aboard my cozy little cabin on the Black Hawk.

I boarded the freighter in Hoboken. My cabin was cozy, all right. It was about the size of a phone booth, and there were four bunks in it. Two of them were occupied by a pair of wild, whooping Danes, on their way back to Denmark, and one by a juvenile delinquent. His family had packed him off to Europe hoping, I think, that he wouldn't come back. No writing would be done there.

After prowling the ship for a whole day, I found a place on the top deck, between the funnel and a hatch. I dragged up an old wooden deck chair, put the portable on my lap, and started again. The only thing it doesn't show in those Grant whiskey ads is: what happens to the man's papers? He doesn't have any, he's always on the first page. I can tell you. They blow. Some of Grandma is still in the North Atlantic.

But I saved some of the pages, and got into the second act, by the time we reached Antwerp. I pushed it along another few pages in the compartment of a third-class carriage in a German train, on the way to the Berlin Olympics. Grandma had to wait a few days for me there.

Then I bought a second-hand bicycle, and tied the typewriter, and Grandma, on the back. But somehow I was almost instantly surrounded by three maniacal bearded Texans, also on bicycles. They kept buying, and even stealing, bottles of wine. Somebody had to finish them off, and it wasn't Grandma.

After the Texans left me, I finally wrote the end of the script in a feather bed in a Swiss rooming house, and mailed it to Al in St. Louis. I forgot about it for months, and there was no way for Al to get in touch with me. All he wanted to tell me was that he had received my manuscript—and lost it.

I was blithely criss-crossing Europe. Finally I decided to cycle from Cannes to Paris, forgetting that the French Alps were in the way. Days later I was up above the snow line, with an old bicycle, no gears, and a typewriter tied on the back. Al was still trying frantically to locate me.

At last I reached Paris, and found Al's letter at the American Express. The time was almost up. Quad Show entries were about to close. I ran out to the bicycle, parked in the Rue Scribe. Sure enough, there was an old carbon, on yellow copy paper, dog-eared, and stained with sweat, and rain, and red wine. I mailed it to Al, and there wasn't even time to get it retyped. Al had written some wonderful music—and we won. G Is For Grandma was produced, and I came back to St. Louis for the first time to see it. Quad Club had done a beautiful job.

So you see? Tell them on the campus they can write a Quad Show if they only try intermittently. All you need is a deck chair, a bicycle—and, of course, Al Fleischer.

Writing has been like this for me ever since. I came over here to England to get away from the noise—and right now three children and a poodle the size of a pony are trying to climb aboard my typewriter. Some day I'm going to find peace and quiet, and get some writing done.
OPEN WIDER, PLEASE

"All dentistry isn't carried out within the sterile confines of the dentist's office," declares Dr. Nathaniel H. Rowe of the Washington University School of Dentistry. "In the future much more will be practiced outside the office. Most oral disease can be controlled, if not prevented entirely, with greater cooperation between a highly trained dental profession and an informed public."

Oral hygiene must be taught to everyone, not only those people who see their dentist regularly, Dr. Rowe maintains. "Dentists must get out of their offices and work in the field—schools, civic organizations, PTA's, community groups—anywhere they can reach the people. Less than 40 per cent of the population visit dentists regularly," Dr. Rowe states. "The dentists must visit the rest."

A trio of dental students from Washington University recently put these theories into practice by taking their equipment and their knowledge and skills to five children's homes in Missouri. The students examined the teeth of the boys and girls in each institution, cleaned their teeth, and instructed them in oral hygiene.

The three were Bob Gill, Dave Marshall, and Dick Meyer, all, oddly enough, from Arkansas. They worked with some 250 children in St. Joseph's Home for Boys and St. Vincent Orphan Home in St. Louis, Missouri Baptists' Children's Home in Bridgeton, Presbyterian Children's Home at Farmington, and Boys Town of Missouri at St. James.

Dr. Rowe was delighted at the way his students handled themselves and their young patients. There are no dental facilities at any of the homes, so the students had to take their own equipment along and adapt it to whatever conditions prevailed. They took along portable electric drills for cleaning teeth, and jury-rigged dental chairs from available furniture. Tiny electric spotlights, fastened on their foreheads like miners' lamps, replaced the familiar office operating light.
At Boys Town, the students arranged their impromptu dental clinic so that two of them could be examining and cleaning teeth while the third was taking X-rays. Dr. William Toole of the University's faculty checked their work and evaluated the accuracy of their diagnoses.

The value of the program to the students was not so much in the opportunity it gave them to examine and clean teeth, for they get plenty of experience at the Washington University Dental Clinic which serves more than 10,000 patients a year. It lay, rather, in the experience of practicing dentistry under "field" conditions and primarily in serving the needs of the children. Dr. Rowe views the program as a beginning in the reorientation of tomorrow's dentists. "The era of the molar mechanic has passed," he says. "We need to emphasize preventing disease rather than replacing its ravages."

"The two most common diseases of man," Dr. Rowe continues, "are dental caries and periodontal disease (disease of the tissues surrounding the teeth). One phase in prevention of these maladies is proper oral hygiene. Clean teeth seldom decay, so we must emphasize the importance of brushing teeth regularly and properly. Proper brushing can help, but other factors, like diet, are also important. We are constantly exploring the potential of food supplements to offer further safeguards."

"Times are changing and so are people's needs. Dentistry was formerly content merely to repair the damages of dental caries, knowing that it was only a matter of time until all the teeth would be lost and dentures would be needed. We will see in our own time the denture become a rarity as the benefits of modern dentistry are extended to the whole population."

The University's visiting dentist team has helped hundreds of children by catching dental ailments early enough to correct. More important, they have started some of these children along the path toward good oral hygiene.
I come from a strange, distant country, generally known as Japan. I do not try to be sarcastic about it, because it is the country whose foreign office has found it necessary to publish a pamphlet entitled "Japan, Unknown Country." The publication of this brochure, I am informed, is intended to enlighten many high-ranking government officials in Africa who do not know even the name Japan; to help teach many West German school children, if possible, that Japan is not a tropical country somewhere in the South Pacific, whose people are suffering from malaria; and to remind primary school geography textbook writers in France and England that the rickshaw is no longer the principal means of transportation in Japan.

Fortunately, I find myself in a position here quite different from our foreign office. I am meeting people to whom Japan is no longer a mystery-shrouded and esoteric land. To them Japan is no longer the riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. Some of them have already been to Japan, either in uniform or as civilians. I believe that the American people on the whole possess a knowledge of Japan more accurate and more comprehensive than any other people in the world. I must therefore be very careful when I attempt to talk about my own country to Americans of high intellectual and cultural standing. Some of them may know more than I about certain aspects of Japanese life.

Speaking of the Japanese national character, or certain traits characteristic of the Japanese people, we Japanese have conflicting views among ourselves. Arthur Koestler, author of that famous novel Darkness at Noon, published a book three years ago entitled The Lotus and the Robot, a travel diary about India and Japan, in which he sneers into insignificance the validity of India's Yoga philosophy and Japan's Zen Buddhism. When discussing Japan in his book, he starts out with a revealing couplet which reads:

If East is East, West is West
Where will Japan come to rest?

We at times are at a loss to know whether we belong to the Occident or the Orient when it comes to our way of thinking. We sometimes wonder if we have become orphans in the Orient. I would like to bring your atten-
Professor Hasegawa spent this past academic year as a visiting professor in the University's Asian Studies Program as part of the mutual academic assistance program developed between Washington University and Waseda University in Tokyo. He first came to the United States in 1924 to attend Miami University in Ohio, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1928. He obtained a master's degree from the University of Cincinnati in 1929 and also attended Columbia University. He returned to Japan in 1931 to work as a researcher for the city of Osaka. During the war, he served as a civilian administrator in Singapore and Malaya and since the war has been on the faculty of Waseda University as a professor of political science and economics. In this article, he describes the myth of Japan—and the reality behind it.

Admirable and commendable as Dr. Benedict's study was, it is to pinpoint the national traits of any people. I refer especially to her over-emphasis on the concepts of ongi and gimu (obligation and loyalty to kindness and love) and giri (repayment to kindness and love) in particular. Admiraible and commendable as Dr. Benedict's study might be, if you happen to live among the Japanese people at all you will soon find out that Dr. Benedict is telling you only the half truth—nothing but the half truth.

Lafcadio Hearn is not a very important writer to you, but we Japanese make a positive claim to him as a great novelist. He came to Japan in 1890 when he was forty years old. He became so infatuated with things Japanese that he made Japan his adopted country and has left behind very many beautiful books on Japan. While he was lecturing on English literature at Waseda University, he wrote an imaginative book called Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation, in which he remarked at the outset:

"My Japanese friend said to me: 'When you find in four or five years more that you cannot understand the Japanese at all, then you will begin to know something about them.' After having realized the truth of my friend's prediction, after having discovered that I cannot understand the Japanese at all, I feel better qualified to attempt this essay:"

The first Westerner of any consequence to come to our shores and live among us for some time was St. Francis Xavier, a Jesuit missionary of the 16th century. Speaking of the Japanese people of that time, he recorded in his diary: "These people are the delight of my soul."

In the 17th century, William Adams, an English sea captain who was rescued after being shipwrecked and was brought to Japan to live the rest of his life, once wrote: "The people of the Island of Japan are good of nature, courteous in manner and valiant in war; their justice is surely executed without any partiality upon transgressors of the law. They are governed in great civility—very superstitious in their religion and are of diverse opinions."

The Japanese people are regarded today as industrious, skillful, dynamic, intelligent, purposeful, artistic, creative, and clever at adopting something new and useful. On the other hand, they are harshly criticized as being unduly sensitive, imitative without creative power, blindly subservient to the leader or the ruler, intellectually lazy, lacking in critical thinking and independent thought, not concrete but figurative and imaginative, indirect, vain, inhibitive in emotion, overt in behavior, ritualistic, besides having a strong tendency to slight their own life. They have, moreover, strong national pride and tend to feel painful embarrassment at what they conceive to be their national shortcomings.

A good Japanese friend of mine, a well-traveled journalist, has made a daring attempt to give his own views on the character of his own people in the following words:

"We are brave, industrious, proud, artistic, materialistic,
and generally speaking, when it comes to our persons or our homes, perhaps the cleanest people in the world; loyal to our families, our country and our special friends; indifferent to strangers, yet alone foreigners, but exclusively sensitive to criticism and anxious to be well thought of. We are at the same time reserved, and not forthright; quite naturally we are thought to be sly or dishonest. And as for being cruel—we are not fundamentally a cruel people and the barbarities committed during the war were the result of an inferiority complex combined with indoctrination in the ridiculous teachings concerning descent from gods, a lack of responsibility and discipline, and perhaps the feeling among the sadists that they were answerable to none as they could not conceive of defeat.

All these things are so true and at the same time so universal in nature that these traits can very well be discernible not only in the Japanese people, but in many other peoples as well. Like many other peoples, the Japanese are apt to possess a combination of these antithetical traits. We are no doubt an ambivalent nation. After all, though human beings differ, humanity is one. As it has been verified sociologically and scientifically, the similarities among all the different peoples of the earth are more important than the differences.

It might, however, be of some interest to make an attempt to inquire briefly into the extent to which Japanese mythology has influenced the shaping and perpetuating of some Japanese traits in the course of many a century. As Sir Esler Dening states in his recent book, Japan, "Though the mythology recorded may have no more substance than the legend of King Arthur, it is important because of the use made of it in succeeding centuries right up to the defeat of Japan in 1945." The myth is an important tool if it is carefully and critically used to understand a people. You can find in a myth the aspirations of a people. The myth helps the individual to identify himself with the past and with the group in which he is part.

At the same time the myth is the cause of much that is unfortunate. It often discourages critical self-analysis on the part of a people and its leaders. Sometimes the myth encourages a people to mistake the ideal for the fact. The myth in a rapidly changing society often acts as a brake on the best adjustment to new situations. In all cases it is interesting to observe that any myth often assumes that the people created by that particular myth is a chosen people, a people especially set apart from all the rest by reason of its superiority and unique destiny.

Japanese mythology is based upon the Kojiki (the Records of Ancient Matters written in A.D. 712, its authors being unknown) and the Nihonshoki (History of Japan, written in A.D. 720). The former corresponds to the first five books of the Old Testament, while the latter was intended to place the principle of rule by sovereigns of divine ancestry on record. According to our mythology, there lived Izanagi, the Great Male Essence, and Izanami, his spouse. This Great Male Essence once stood upon the floating bridge of Heaven, gazing at the universal chaos. In his hand he held a jeweled spear. This he plunged into the waters and, raising it on high, watched the drops fall from the spear to form the Eight Great Islands of Japan. Then, descending with his consort, he came to earth to found an everlasting empire. The next event of great importance was the birth of Heaven Shining Great Goddess (Amaterasu-O-Mikami), the Sun Goddess. She was born from her father’s eye. Her children were born from her necklace. From the Sun Goddess’s line have sprung the Emperors in an unbroken descent from time immemorial. The Sun Goddess’s great-great-grandson, that is, the fifth in line, now known as Emperor Jimmu, Divine War Spirit, became Japan’s first human ruler, having ascended the throne in 660 B.C. It is also recorded in our ancient writings that when the Sun Goddess sent her grandson out to conquer the wilderness, she gave him three sacred treasures: a mirror, a sword, and the sacred jewels.

FIRST OF ALL, IT IS INTERESTING to note that our mythology presupposes that the Sun Goddess was the founder of the Japanese Empire, quite contrary to the general misconception that the male sex reigns supreme in the island country of Japan. Japan was originally a matriarchical society. Chinese civilization, much superior to ours, which was introduced into Japan in the dawn of our history, has put women into a status much lower than men to all outward appearances, but our traditional society based upon matriarchy has not been wholly repudiated, and the supremacy of the female over the male is clearly observable even today in many facets of our social life, especially in our domestic life. Shintoism, once the state religion of Japan, but now the dominant religious cult, peculiar only to Japan, has for its object of worship this mythological Sun-Goddess, Amaterasu-O-Mikami. Even to this day, Shintoism commands a great many followers.

In the second place, the institution of the emperorship can trace its origin to our mythology. Our reverence for the Emperor and his family has been held staunchly by the Japanese people as a cherished national tradition which defied any critical scrutiny. Over the past 2624 years, according to our calendar, 124 emperors and empresses from one imperial family have reigned over the land. The Meiji Constitution of 1889 stipulated in Article 111 that "The Emperor is sacred and inviolable." It was then explained that the sacred throne was established when the heavens and the earth became separated. The Emperor was considered heaven-descended, divine, sacred, and pre-eminent above all his subjects, to be revered and inviolable. Even the new Constitution, promulgated after the war in 1947, stipulates that "The Imperial Throne shall be dynastic and succeeded to in accordance with the Imperial House Law passed by the Diet." Implementing this constitutional provision, the Imperial House Law, adopted in 1947, stipulates that "The Imperial Throne shall be succeeded to by a male offspring in the male line belonging to the Imperial lineage." Thus the perpetuation of the principle of succession to the imperial
In the third place, "Hakko-ichi-u" (Eight corners under one roof of the world, or heaven) is a basic principle underlining our social fabric. The Japanese people act as part of a group rather than as individuals. Their high sense of loyalty to the group and a tendency to conform very closely to its standards have been the long-entrenched national traits, engendered and nurtured by our mythological teaching. To bring shame on the family is still considered something akin to sacrilege, since the family is regarded as the integral part of Japan's social structure.

In the fourth place, our reverence for something ancient, traceable to our mythological origins, is still observable in the domain of Japanese art in particular. Such ancient dance and music forms as the O-kagura, the Gagaku, the No-Dance and the Kabuki drama, inspired in substance by our mythology, have been preserved and cherished over many centuries in original form, with no attempt having been made to modify or improve any of them in any radical manner. It is because any artistic manifestation of mythological origin or inspiration is so sacred that it should in no way be tampered with, but must be jealously preserved as it was originally conceived. So you will still find in Japan something extremely ancient finding its place side by side with the modern, with no friction of any kind between them.

In the fifth place, our mythology has also been a disservice to the welfare of the country. The tradition of divine right ordained the Japanese to rule at least the whole of Asia, if not the whole world. The concept of the "East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" under Japanese rule was proclaimed and upheld on the ground of the mythological origin of the Japanese people, the descendants of the gods. Those Japanese indoctrinated by military propaganda during the war were firm in their belief that Japan was impregnable, because the gods would always be on their side. In a national emergency they believed that the "Kamikaze," or divine winds, would drive their mortal enemy away. During the last war Kamikaze turned out to be suicide bomber planes which carried enough gasoline to reach the enemy targets and to plunge themselves into self-annihilation. Japanese mythology in this instance was tampered with by desperate Japanese chauvinists and militarists in the cause of national glory, which was very unfortunate indeed.

In the sixth place, there are three national treasures bequeathed by the Sun-Goddess to her grandson. These sacred treasures even today are in the possession of the Japanese Imperial Family, and have throughout the ages served as the Imperial regalia as evidence of the legitimacy of the claim to the throne. Originally the sacred mirror symbolized a pure soul, the sacred sword, courage, and the sacred jewels, wisdom. Immediately before and during the second World War distortion was successfully carried out to such an extent that the sacred mirror came to symbolize the purity of our militaristic aim, the sacred sword, our military might, and the sacred jewels, our supremacy over Asia.

Back in 1950, or thereabouts, some enterprising electric appliance firms made commercial slogans out of these symbols. The three sacred treasures to them were: the refrigerator, the television set, and the electric washing machine. Today nearly 65 per cent of urban households own television sets and 50 per cent have electric washing machines, though relatively few households own refrigerators. There has appeared a new trio of sacred treasures, replacing the television set, the washing machine, and the refrigerator; they are now the hi-fi set, the room cooler, and the family car, all of which, I must confess, are still beyond the reach of many Japanese.

The Japanese people, taking all in all, are innately conscious of their mythology. They do not wear their mythology on their sleeves any more, nor does it come easily to their lips any longer. Nevertheless, they are still feeling it. In any event, there is one thing that is certain: Japanese mythology has lost forever its utilitarian value as a tool for inciting a national sentiment in defense of the divine origin of the Japanese people.

The late André Siegfried, a noted French economist and historian, whose book, America Comes of Age, made him a much talked about character in this country at one time, is said to have once remarked about the national traits of the Frenchmen and the Englishmen most incisively and in quite an ironic and satiric vein as follows:

One Frenchman is clever; two Frenchmen are loquacious; three Frenchmen cause confusion.
One Englishman is stupid; two Englishmen are sportsmen; three Englishmen are empire-builders.

I wonder what the penetrating insight and piercing analytic mind of André Siegfried would find in the Japanese people. One might say:

One Japanese looks serene; two Japanese are a courtesy itself; three Japanese form a nation.

Or another might say:

One Japanese looks incredible; two Japanese are strangers; three Japanese are a mob.

These two truncated versions of the characterization of the Japanese people, contradictory as they may seem, contain, in my opinion, some measure of truth, if not the whole truth. After all is said and done, we are what you make us out to be. That is all I can say for certain.
Football For Fun

WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS, big time collegiate football today is the monopoly of the large state universities. Most private schools have either dropped the sport completely, retreated into tight little island conferences so inbred they seem intramural rather than intercollegiate, or relegated the game to a position in the athletic program somewhere between fly-casting and field hockey.

Football fortunes at Washington University have followed the same pattern that has prevailed at most institutions with strong academic aspirations. Once a gridiron power that included such giants as Notre Dame, Army, and Southern Methodist on its schedule, Washington University was one of the first colleges in the nation to return the game to the students and to proclaim a policy of simon-pure, de-emphasized, unsubsidized football.

When first adopted, this policy still produced an interesting brand of football, but after a few good years the decline began to set in. By the end of the 1961 season, the Bears had managed to lose 16 straight games and to convert mild public interest in the team to utter apathy.

At the end of that dismal season, the University was faced with a variety of choices: to continue the sad travesty of the game that was rendering Francis Field as deserted as Machu Picchu; to build a huge stadium, hire an army of Hessians, and compete with the St. Louis Football Cardinals; to drop the game entirely; or to make one more try at proving that amateur football played by bona fide students can be interesting.

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The decision was made to try once again to field a good football team of students and to play an amateur, intercollegiate schedule. Judging from past experience, the prospects looked none too good, but then the University hired a new head coach: one David George Puddington, former backfield coach at Kent State and a onetime All-Ohio Conference center.

Dave Puddington tackled his new task with enthusiasm, spirit, and an incredible amount of optimism considering the job ahead of him. He rechristened the team the "Battling Bears" and promised the fans fast, exciting, and winning football. These claims were met with considerable skepticism, but Puddington’s enthusiasm was so violent that a good-sized, if skeptical, crowd turned out for the debut of the Battling Bears against Missouri Mines in September, 1962.

In their first game with Puddington at the helm, the Bears broke their 16-game losing streak and brought home the first victory in three long seasons. More important, the Battling Bears showed the fans a new brand of fast-moving, exciting, go-for-broke football. Unveiling his new "Shooting-I" offense, Puddington had his charged-up charges playing a wild, razzle-dazzle game, with a bewildering array of plays and a hair-raising fondness for long-shot gambles—most of which paid off. Puddington also lived up to another pre-season promise: to give every boy on the squad a chance to play. Four complete squads saw action in almost every game. The Grizzly Bears, Black Bears, Polars, and Kodiaks all tried to outdo each other in wide-open play.

At the end of the first two years of the Puddington regime, the new Battling Bears had compiled a record of eleven victories and one tie, against five losses, and at one time had a nine-game winning streak going. The unexpected blossoming of this kind of exciting football has brought back the fans and aroused a student body that had almost lost all interest in the sport.

Dave Puddington summed up the philosophy behind the success of the Battling Bears in a recent interview. "Football must be fun to coach, fun to play, and fun to watch," he declares, "If it is one of these, it will be all of them."
Football can be fun—but sometimes the fun gets a little rough. Dave Puddington was really a center in his playing days, but he doesn’t mind showing his quarterbacks how to pass from the “Shooting-I.”

The coach works with his squad. Puddington has lived up to his promise that all boys get a chance to play. He used 58 players in this season’s opener.
The Fuddington brand of exciting football has ignited interest in the team among the students and alumni and brought out enthusiastic crowds for all home games.

Interested spectator is Charlie Johnson, graduate student and star quarterback for the Cardinals.
Comment / On Community Cooperation

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN through the years about the close partnership of Washington University and the St. Louis community—how the fortunes of the City and the University have been intertwined for more than a century, how the University has played such a vital role in the recent renaissance of St. Louis, and how the community, in turn, has supported and inspired the University.

This historic relationship was especially close during the last few days of September and the first two weeks of October, when the St. Louis Cardinals made their wild dash to the National League Pennant and then went on to defeat the New York Yankees in the World Series.

During those two weeks, the students and faculty demonstrated to a marked degree that deep concern for community affairs is one of the hallmarks of a great urban university. So intense was this concern that many students and professors carried transistor radios from class to class to keep up on the latest developments. Others, knowing that today’s scholarship must break out of its cloisters and descend from its ivory towers, organized field trips to Busch Stadium to participate in community affairs at first-hand. Town and gown joined forces under a single banner: Beat the Yankees!

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE Washington University community were even more deeply involved in the Cardinals’ quest for the baseball world.

Dal Maxvill, BSEE 62, was one of the stars of both the pennant drive and the World Series (and, incidentally, helped bring the name of Washington University to millions of television viewers and radio listeners throughout the country). Dal spent most of the 1964 season in the minor leagues and most of his time with the Cardinals on the bench. Then, the Cardinals’ All-Star second baseman, Julian Javier, was injured in the closing days of the campaign and Dal was called upon to fill in.

Dal drove in two important runs with two key base hits in the final game of the season when the Cardinals clinched the pennant and then went on to play the entire Series at second base. In the World Series, he played errorless ball, turning in many outstanding plays, and contributing four big hits to the Cardinal victory.

Charley James, BSEE 61, wasn’t so fortunate as Dal and spent most of the World Series on the bench. However, he hit five home runs in the early part of the season and delivered several pinch hits during the pennant drive.

Perhaps the biggest role in the Cardinal victory was played by Vaughan “Bing” Devine, AB 38. As general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals over the past several years, Bing Devine built the team that won the 1964 World’s Championship. By bringing up promising young talent from the Cardinal farm system and by a series of shrewd trades with other clubs, Bing turned what had been perennial also-rans into world champions. Probably his best deal was his last one: bringing the fleet, hard-hitting Lou Brock to the Cardinals from Chicago. Ironically, Bing Devine was dropped from the Cardinal organization just before the machine he constructed rolled to victory; but he can take credit for building it to roll.

IT WAS QUITE FITTING that the Cardinals should bring the baseball championship to St. Louis during the city’s Bicentennial. Now all we need is for the Big Red to win the professional football championship. After all, with Charley Johnson, MA 63, at quarterback, how can they lose?

Letters to the Editor / On Henry, Horowitz, and Hodding

To the Editor:

Please send me a second copy of the summer issue of the Washington University Magazine. I am sending my copy of Professor Horowitz’s article to Senator Goldwater, and I want to send one to Senator Dirksen, asking him to explain it to Senator Goldwater.

Pauline A. Galvarro, AB 21

To the Editor:

Your article “On Regimentation,” by Dr. Henry was the finest and most lucid I have ever read. My husband and I are currently engaged in a quest for understanding of our own values as well as the somewhat contradictory values of the immediate world in which we live. We hope to find some anchorage for our four children in their harried and hurried life at school so that they may find peace and strength to generate ideas along with their increasing skill at note-taking.

I am in profound agreement with Dr. Henry that the choice that lies ahead of them is a difficult one, but perhaps if they begin now to understand the implication of both choices, then hopefully, they will make the one that is best for each of them.

Jean B. Carlson

To the Editor:

Having read “A Tale of Two Continents” by Hodding Carter in the spring ’64 issue, it is easy to understand why he has been branded “The Jim Crow Liberal.”

The answers I could give Mr. Carter would hardly be appreciated by him because his arguments are based on the twin premises of racial “purity” and the supremacy of the white race. To one who is thoroughly indoctrinated in this belief, no human relations problem is soluble; every twist of the intellect, and of the soul, is colored by it.

Carter speaks with a quiet voice and attempts a peculiar kind of reasoning; but beyond this, his is the same voice of Of’ Miss simply modulated and slightly refined.

Girard T. Bryant, PhD ’63
Barry Schoctman, instructor in the School of Fine Arts, enlists the aid of a dummy and a skeleton to point out details of bone and muscle structure in drawing class.