The American Oxonian

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AARS THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS

RHODES SCHOLAR CLASS SECRETARIES

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The American Oxonian

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS

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FROM THE EDITOR

Honoring Kathrin Day Lassila

Editing *The American Oxonian* is an invigorating, challenging, humbling, and often thankless task. The duties are not onerous, but they are time-consuming—juggling correspondence with more than 60 class secretaries, overseeing the publication of four issues each year, recording dozens of obituaries, capturing books published, and noting accomplishments for the record. And this list doesn't include the solicitation and editing of feature articles. In short, there are a lot of moving pieces.

After five years of nobly managing these moving pieces, Kathrin Day Lassila stepped down as Editor in August 2019. On behalf of the AARS Board and the 2500-plus readers of *The American Oxonian*, I'm pleased to offer a special salute to Kathrin. Under her tenure the *Oxonian* took on a livelier look, explored many contemporary—often challenging—themes, and kept up with the various goings-on of Rhodes Scholars and friends across the globe. She did this alongside her day job as editor in chief of the *Yale Alumni Magazine* even as that publication navigated—as all print publications do these days—considerable adjustments to an increasingly digital reading public. We are all grateful for her service, judgment, kindness, and persistence.

There are fewer living editors of the *Oxonian* than there are retired U.S. Presidents. Surely the jobs are not comparable, but there is a commiserating spirit that binds *Oxonian* editors together. It is with that special affinity that I offer a personal and heartfelt thanks to Kathrin for her admirable service.

I'm delighted and grateful to be climbing back into the Editor's saddle. In my five years away, I found that I missed very much the regular contact with Class Secretaries and the discipline of writing these introductory letters three times a year. Most of the Class Secretaries I've never met, but we (or at least I) feel a rare comradeship through regular correspondence. When I became Editor in 2000, most of that correspondence was conducted via regular mail, not email. And a recent phone call with Don Smith (Tennessee and New College '57) reminded me of the satisfactions of other modes of communication popular before email consumed our lives.

I've missed the close re-reading that comes with editing the Class Letters—not the editing itself, but the windows into people's lives, year by year. Ours is a remarkable fellowship in which the differences among us are more striking than our commonalities. It is not even Oxford itself that unites us, but that spark which anticipated Oxford—a commitment to fighting "the world's fight," each in our own way. And so, even beyond the Class Letters, it was the obituaries—those summative accounts of lives well and diversely lived—that whispered most as I was away from the Editor's desk.

That said, the time away freed up time for things that would have been more difficult to pursue with an editorial pen in hand. I was able to publish a number of academic and other articles which had been lying fallow, as well as an academic book and an edited *Festschrift* for a beloved undergraduate mentor. Additionally, our family grew. Even as our daughter, Sarah, left for college, Allyson and I formalized the adoption of our now twelve-year-old son, Lucus, who had joined us (initially temporarily) from foster care. He, like Sarah (now starting her PhD at Howard University), is a truly remarkable young person. Unlike Sarah in her younger days, Lucus is not likely to be helping edit the *Oxonian* anytime soon, but his love of life, his curiosity, and his sense of humor have nourished me in countless ways.

So, it is with some freshness and gratitude that I resume my editorial labors in the garden of *The American Oxonian*. The survey of the AARS membership a few years ago overwhelmingly urged the continuation of a print publication. For those who care deeply about words, there is still something comforting and challenging about the printed word, and one needn't be a Luddite to prefer the kind of reading that is kindled by having bound paper in hand. Scott Vile of *The Ascensius Press* continues to offer his excellent support and judgment in the production of these elegant volumes. At the same time, the AARS and Rhodes House have dramatically expanded digital content on their respective online platforms. So, as print survives, we enjoy the distinctive delights of multiple media in support of that which binds us together as Rhodes Scholars and friends.

This Winter/Spring 2019 edition is an unusual issue of the *Oxonian*, occasioned by an irregular publication schedule and editorial transition. My ambitious plans of early 2020 to have this and other issues to press collided with the advent of the Covid-19 virus. Like many if not all of our Class Secretaries, my life was upended by the onset of the pandemic; we all, I

think, are still trying to right the various ships we have to pilot—family, work, society. It made little sense to try to reconstruct Class Letters from the previous year, and so this retrospective of sorts reprints the class reports from July 1919, January 1929 (really January 1930), and October 1939, together with a Letter From Oxford of July 1949. (Not to be too predictable, the 1929 report is really from 1930, insofar as no substantial class news was published in 1929.) News from 100, 90, 80, and 70 years ago affords some perspective on those who came before us. As for our regular Class Letters, they will resume with the soon to follow Fall 2019 issue, with another joint Winter/Spring 2020 issue not far behind. Beginning Fall 2020, the journal should be aligned with its customary seasonal cycle.

And so, this issue is more timeless than timely, and readers will find little engagement with the issues that have made 2020 tumultuously memorable—the coronavirus, even greater political division, Black Lives Matter protests. That said, this issue perhaps offers a welcome respite from the concerns of the day.

Bruce Partridge, inspired by David Winter's (Michigan and St. John's '60) account of his road trip to Bulgaria (*TAO* Fall 2018), recounts his own trip to Bulgaria in 1964. "Guests of the Plovdiv Police" has the makings of a cinematic comedic thriller. More discriminating with his stipend than I was with mine (which went to Blackwell's), Partridge had "purchased an elderly, green, Austin A35 van, named, in gratitude to the Founder and the funder, 'Cecil.' It was tiny, bulbous and slow. Surely, we thought, Cecil would make it to Anatolia and back." As Partridge notes, "we thought" becomes a constant refrain. I was taken by both Winter's and Partridge's accounts, in part because of my own unexpected arrival in Plovdiv in the summer of 2019, the victim not of political intrigue but of a backpacking accident in the Rila Mountains. Both Partridge and Winter remind me also of British author Patrick Leigh Fermor's accounts of his trip to the Balkans in the early 1930s. Perhaps an *Oxonian* reader from the 1990s or 2010s has a Balkan story of her or his own to share in these pages.

Joseph Nye's "Do Morals Matter? Bill Clinton's Foreign Policy," touches only briefly on that President's Balkan engagement. Nye is of course well placed, both intellectually and professionally, to issue his assessment. Invariably Nye's evaluation will provoke dissent, but the very idea of a moral scorecard in foreign policy is noteworthy. "[W]hether we like it or not, Americans constantly make moral judgments about presidents and foreign policy, but we are seldom clear about the criteria by which we judge a moral foreign policy." In assessing Clinton (Arkansas and University '68), Nye gives us reckoning points for thinking not only about foreign policy, but about our own moral decision-making.

Bernard Richards takes us back to Oxford. Sort of. Oxford's Burton Taylor Theatre neither needs nor receives mention in Richards' extraordinary investigative essay. His question is so straightforward I'm surprised I never asked it myself: "[W]hat impact did Walter Pater's famous evocation of the Mona Lisa in *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry* (1873) have on Richard Burton's when he first encountered Elizabeth Taylor?" Ranging from Leonardo da Vinci to W.B. Yeats, and from Shakespeare to Meryl Streep, Richards evokes the laughter of delight and occasional disbelief.

With a similar panache for capturing the moment, Martin Edmond paints an intimate portrait of the late George Cawkwell (New Zealand and Christ Church '46), the distinguished Univ. classicist. I can't say that I knew Cawkwell, though I met him several times at Univ. High Table through a friendship with one of his students. Cawkwell loomed large as one of the leading scholars of his day, and as we see in Edmond's recounting, Cawkwell's capacious intellect was matched by a generosity of spirit and playful engagement of the world. "He met me at the door. A big man, slightly stooped, with a quizzical expression and kindly eyes, wearing a jacket and a tie. In the hallway was a picture of him robed as Xenophon, the Greek historian: a special study of his. 'Come in, come in,' he said and ushered me through to the kitchen, where the interrogation took place." I don't recall Cawkwell appearing at High Table dressed as Xenophon, but there is something refreshing about a serious scholar who didn't take himself too seriously. When we don't take ourselves seriously, we're free to be seriously attentive to those around us.

As for the retrospective reprints, the "Letter From a Rhodes Scholar Wife" (*TAO* July 1949, Vol. XXXVI, No. 3) illuminates life in post-war Oxford. Jeanette Hockman Bate, newly married to my fellow Coloradan R. R. Bate (Colorado and Magdalen '47), considers Oxford and England with comprehensive perceptiveness; underwear and Brussels sprouts, the explosion of "Rhodes babies", and moral support from Rhodes House are just a few of the topics she covers. "The forbearance of the English," she observes, "causes us ever increasing amazement. And they cannot tell us that the English are any less kind than they have ever been, for there can be no kinder people in the world. . . . They have gone out of their way to be helpful to us, the wives, though I strongly suspect that they disapprove of our presence as a limiting influence upon our husbands' complete absorption in the English way of life. At times I'm almost convinced that they're right." Seventy years on, it may be time for a Letter From a Rhodes Scholar Husband.

The Class Letters of 1919, 1930, and 1939 are best left to speak for themselves. It's fascinating to see the emergence and evolution of the

unique genre of the *Oxonian* Class Letter. What starts as "Personals" becomes "Personal Notes" and then full-on "Letters from Class Secretaries." Some appetizers will prepare readers for the main meal:

> —*From July 1919:* "A. G. Fite, after a badly written opening paragraph in which he attempted to libel former American leaders at the House, confessed that he has enjoyed a varied career since receiving his Oxford degree. . . ."
>
> —*From January 1930:* "Merrill: 'No new vital statistics. The family (wife and two bratlings) spent the summer with me in a Maine village, reorganizing an ancient house and fifty acres of pine and pasture. Mosquitoes and wild strawberries of equal frequency and size.'"
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> —*From October 1939:* "Fulbright writes from Rabbit Foot Lodge, Springdale, Arkansas. He uses the litotes so characteristic (I find) of all members of our group. 'Really, there is nothing to add of startling interest. We did have another addition in December, a girl.' As the parent of two girls, I must demure at this cavalier treatment of an important matter, and on the part of Jack's daughter protest his choice of adjective if thoughtlessly used, and deplore it if carefully chosen. . . ."

Nascent libel. A touch of self-absorption. Taking the future distinguished U.S. Senator to task for his litotes. A genre is born.

In case you were wondering. *Litotes*: an ironical understatement in which an affirmative is expressed by the negative of its contrary (Oxford English Dictionary). The definition is not unclear. This issue of the *Oxonian* may be not a little early, but I hope it's received with the welcome given to an old friend who's turned up for dinner a bit late. Read quickly. Other guests will be turning up soon.

Todd Breyfogle
Colorado and Corpus '88
August 2020

GUESTS OF THE PLOVDIV POLICE: HOW BRIAN AND I ENDED UP IN BULGARIA

By Bruce Partridge
(New Jersey and New College '62)

This account is prompted by David Winter's splendid piece on his 1961 camping trip to Bulgaria, published in the Fall 2018 volume of *The American Oxonian*. He planned his visit to Bulgaria with some care, yet encountered unexpected adventures on the way. Brian Lee (my good friend at New College) and I definitely did not plan anything much at all and simply ended up in Bulgaria, as temporary guests of the Bulgarian police. Here's how it happened.

Oxford had been, as usual cold and wet in Trinity term, 1964. The sun and the south beckoned. I had earlier been to Greece; Brian wanted to go. I added Turkey to the itinerary, and picked a date in August. I had by then (thank you, Cecil Rhodes) purchased an elderly, green, Austin A35 van, named, in gratitude to the Founder and the funder, "Cecil." It was tiny, bulbous and slow. Surely, we thought, Cecil would make it to Anatolia and back.

Incidentally, the two words "we thought" will appear often in what follows. In each and every case, "we thought" should be taken to mean "some hazy idea drifted through our heads, probably after too many pints in the beer cellar." No actual mental effort or even a dribble of common sense is implied or to be inferred.

We set off to Dover, then the Continent. Somewhere along the way, we thought (see above) that it made sense for me to learn a little more Greek; Brian would handle Serbo-Croatian to smooth our way through Yugoslavia. We'd both bone up on Turkish at some point. No need to rush things.

I've mentioned Yugoslavia. That presented a mild problem for me. In 1964 my father, an officer in the U.S. Army, was deeply involved with NATO short-range nuclear missiles. I had been told by Army officials not to travel behind the Iron Curtain, lest I be snatched. But, we thought, Yugoslavia wasn't really behind the Iron Curtain . . . And we'd only be there a few days.

Before we reached the Yugoslav border, however, we had to pass through Germany. The autobahns stretched out enticingly before us. But Cecil could at best manage 80 km/hour. As we pottered along, wave after wave of Mercedes, driving at 150 (or trying to) swept over us. Each would approach from the rear, lights flashing irritably, horn blaring. This became tiresome, so Brian and I worked out a scheme to keep the good Herren at bay. The person sitting in the passenger seat (where of course a German motorist would expect the driver to be) leaned as far as possible out the window, gesturing wildly with both hands. Both hands. Meanwhile, the actual driver wiggled the steering wheel to make Cecil wobble across the road. Fearing for their lives, or at least their new cars, the Mercedes drivers drew back. We were treated with immense respect.

Yugoslavia. On a back road we encountered gypsies with a dancing bear. We camped on the shores of Lake Ochrid so we could see the lights of Albania across the water. When they were on.

Conversation was a problem. Brian, it turned out, was even less facile at languages than I. And he flat out refused to learn another word after discovering that the Serbo-Croatian for "bodice" is "prsluk." In his firm opinion, a language so benighted as to refer to something so delightful and delicate as "prsluk" did not merit further effort.

Decades later, all I remember of the language is "prsluk" and "voda za pice," which we never quite learned meant "hot water," "cold water," "potable water" or "unpotable water."

We reached Greece, an absolute delight until near the end. Late in our time, camped in the hills outside Athens, we were awakened by the repeated roar of jets. It turns out that this was day the Greek air force responded to the Turkish invasion of Cyprus.

Well, we thought, if there is going to be a war between Greece and Turkey, we'd better get across the border into Turkey before it closed. We made a mad dash north, crossing the heavily fortified border in the late evening, a few hours before it did in fact close. I noticed in driving across the bridge at the border that it had been primed with explosives. But what the hell, we were in Turkey!

We drove cautiously past the front lines of the Turkish forces. We reckoned (see "we thought" above) that it would be best to get beyond the Turkish infantry tenches before camping. So we drove a few miles further, pulled off the road onto a dirt tack and set up camp in the dark in a deserted valley.

Just after dawn we were awakened by a spotter plane, flying low over our tent. It was immediately clear that what they had spotted was us. Brian

pulled out a small Union Jack, carried for just this kind of occasion, and waved it enthusiastically; I tried to look American, not Greek. After another pass or two, the plane disappeared deeper into Turkey. Needless to say, we felt it prudent to pack up and leave pronto. As we got back to the main road, we discovered that, to avoid the infantry, we had camped right in front of the Turkish artillery. Masses of it.

It cannot really have been that an 8" Union Jack kept us safe, but in any case we drove unmolested on towards Gallipoli. Not a single person shot at us.

Turkey was as splendid as Greece. Since by now you may well wonder when Bulgaria will crop up, I'll skip the details of our week in Turkey. It pains me, though, to omit the scorpion story, the wild boars, the bandits' raid on our camp, and the hospitality of an aged agha in Iznik, who entertained us in his pajamas. Wonderful as Turkey was, though, we needed to get back; my final year beckoned.

Since the Turkish-Greek border was now firmly closed, we could not return as we had come. The only recourse we could think of was to drive home through Bulgaria. To our amazement, there was no problem in crossing the border into Bulgaria. This despite the fact that between us we had managed to learn only a single word of Bulgarian: *blagodarya*, which we came to believe meant "thank you." Perhaps the border guards were dazzled by Cecil. In any case, we drove several hours into Bulgaria. Since even I knew Bulgaria was indisputably behind the Iron Curtain, we thought it best to avoid attention and to pick an out of the way campsite for that night. We drove off the main road ("main" perhaps gilds the lily a bit) onto a side road, then turned off that onto a dirt path. Parallel to the track was a high wall with no gate or opening visible. There was no traffic at all. Perfect. We rigged the tent, fired up the campstove, had a meal, and retired.

We were awakened by several soldiers yelling at us and brandishing Kalashnikovs. Brian whipped out his trusty Union Jack; I explained in all the various languages I could muster "American." The combined effect of these demonstrations of national identity was immediate: the Kalashnikovs were now pointed directly at us. I dimly remembered that the Russian for peace was "mir," so I tried that over and over. I can't be certain, but I think Brian essayed "prsluk" just in case. And *blagodarya* time and time again.

A great deal of incomprehension later, the police arrived. It was made clear to us (a) that the long high wall marked the perimeter of a Russian anti-aircraft missile battery, (b) that the capitalist enemy was not supposed to be camping next to it and (c) that we were under some form of arrest. *How* this information was imparted, I don't quite remember. It can't have

been in Bulgarian. Or Serbo-Croatian. Or Turkish. And probably not Greek or Russian; in neither did my limited vocabulary extend to "anti-aircraft missile" or "arrest," let alone "spy."

Under the watchful eyes of soldiers and police, we broke camp. We were instructed to follow a police vehicle to the nearest town, Plovdiv, where we would become "guests" of the Bulgarian police, under house arrest at a hotel (perhaps *the* hotel) in Plovdiv. For which we would pay in hard currency.

If you've been sleeping in a tent for several weeks, any hotel room looks good, even the Peoples' Palace Plovdiv. The room had a *fin-de-siècle* air (which *siècle* might be disputed), and sported a massive chandelier (I later learned this is where Soviet bloc snoops like to hide the microphone).

The next morning, passports in hand, we were escorted to the Plovdiv police station. The details are hazy (I hadn't had much sleep after all), but it appeared that we had illegally entered Bulgaria without visas, and that Cecil had illegally done the same without proper papers. Visas and these papers could, however, be purchased after the fact, in hard currency. In hard currency. We could have them right there and then, the police chief assured us, if only we had hard currency. Since both Brian and I were upright Anglo-Saxons, it took quite some time for this message to sink in. Eventually the penny dropped, and so did the hard currency. Many forms were signed in triplicate. At the end, the police chief suggested kindly that we should leave Bulgaria expeditiously and quietly. We were inclined to agree. Then he changed his mind. Beaming happily, he added "But of course you must spend a day or two in Sofia. Not to be missed!" So we did, saying blagodarya at each and every occasion.

For a while, after we returned, Oxford did seem rather tame.

DO MORALS MATTER? BILL CLINTON'S FOREIGN POLICY

By Joseph S. Nye, Jr.
(New Jersey and Exeter '58)

When I told a friend that I was writing a book on presidents, ethics and foreign policy, she quipped "it must be a short book." Another commented, "I didn't think ethics played much of a role." In judging a president's foreign policy, many people think we should simply ask whether it worked, not also ask whether it was moral.

In *Do Morals Matter? Presidents and Foreign Policy from FDR to Trump* (Oxford University Press, 2020), I show that this view ducks hard questions by oversimplifying. Some foreign policy issues relate to our survival as a nation, but most do not. Since World War II, the U.S. has been involved in several wars but none were necessary for our survival. And many important foreign policy choices about human rights or climate change or Internet freedom do not involve war at all. Most foreign policy issues involve trade-offs among values that require choices, not application of a rigid formula of "raison d'etat." A cynical French official once told me, "I define good as what is good for the interests of France. Morals are irrelevant." He seemed unaware that his statement was a moral judgment. It is tautological or at best trivial to say that all states try to act in their national interest. The important question is how leaders choose to define and pursue that national interest under different circumstances.

What is more, whether we like it or not, Americans constantly make moral judgments about presidents and foreign policy, but we are seldom clear about the criteria by which we judge a moral foreign policy. We praise a president like Ronald Reagan for the moral clarity of his statements as though rhetorical good intentions are sufficient in making ethical judgments. However, Woodrow Wilson and George W. Bush showed that good intentions without adequate means to achieve them can lead to ethically bad consequences such as the failure of Wilson's Treaty of Versailles or Bush's invasion of Iraq.

Joseph S. Nye, Jr. was University Distinguished Service Professor and dean of the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. He served in the Clinton Administration as Assistant Secretary of Defense and Chair of the National Intelligence Council.

Good moral reasoning is three dimensional, weighing and balancing the intentions, the means and the consequences of presidents' decisions. A moral foreign policy is not a matter of intentions vs. consequences but must involve both as well as the means that were used. Moreover, good moral reasoning must consider the consequences of general actions such as maintaining an institutional order that encourages moral interests as well as particular newsworthy actions such as helping a human rights dissident or a persecuted group in another country. In *Do Morals Matter?* I compare the fourteen presidents since 1945. Bill Clinton, the only Rhodes Scholar in the group comes out relatively well. Here is what I said.

Bill Clinton represented a major generational change. The man he defeated in 1992, George H.W. Bush, had fought in World War II before Clinton was even born. Later, Clinton avoided service in Vietnam. He was also the first president whose term was entirely after the Cold War. Clinton was born in 1946 in the small town of Hope, Arkansas. His mother was a nurse and his step-father a car salesman. Like Ronald Reagan, he had a number of traits common to the children of alcoholics. A compulsive need to have people like him contributed to impressive political skills and a capacity to charm others.

Clinton never articulated a complete vision for the post-Cold War world, but he ultimately embraced a strategy very similar to that charted by his predecessor. Clinton put his own brand on it with the term "engagement and enlargement." By this he meant engaging former enemies and enlarging the domain of free market democracies. Clinton wished to support the spread of democracy, but sought to do so using market forces, not military might. Though he used the military several times, he warned "we cannot police the world"

Clinton relied heavily on economic change. His prudent fiscal policies and domestic economic initiatives prepared the US to prosper in a globalizing economy, and he went against public opinion (and many Democratic party advisors) to pass the North American Free Trade Area legislation that he had inherited from Bush, as well as to complete the Uruguay Round of tariff reductions and to launch the World Trade Organization. His Treasury also supported the liberalization of international capital markets though some critics believe that he should have been more cautious in pressing for deregulation.

The Clinton Administration worked closely with the IMF to manage the 1997 Asian financial crisis. Asian policy involved engagement with China, including increased trade and investment, and promoting Chinese membership in the WTO. Rather than try to create a Cold War policy of

containment of a rising China, (which was unlikely to succeed given the attitudes of other countries), Clinton hoped to integrate China into the liberal international order. Subsequently, critics have charged Clinton with naivete in believing trade and growth would change Chinese politics.

While Clinton was overoptimistic about the extent that trade and growth would liberalize China, his policy was not as simple as that seems. It also involved a realist strand (in which I was involved as assistant secretary of defense) which strengthened the US-Japan security treaty as an insurance policy. The 1996 Clinton-Hashimoto declaration in Tokyo declared that the security relationship with Japan was not a Cold War relic but would provide the basis for stability in the Asia Pacific region, and that proved a good investment. Clinton's Asian policy was a combination of liberal opening and engagement with China, as well as a realist alliance with Japan to insure against China becoming a bully in the region. Clinton's Secretary of Defense William Perry referred to this approach as "shaping the environment" that conditioned the long term rise of Chinese power.

Clinton also invested major efforts in peacemaking. In 1993, he hosted Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and Palestinian leader Yasir Arafat at the White House, and later traveled to Jordan to encourage an agreement between Jordan and Israel. Had Rabin not been assassinated in November 1995, there might also have been an agreement between Israel and Syria. One of the final acts of Clinton's presidency was a Camp David meeting where he tried unsuccessfully to mediate between Yasir Arafat and Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak. Clinton felt he came close, but in the end Arafat told him that compromise with Israel would spell Arafat's death sentence at the hands of radicals in Palestine. Clinton was more successful in his efforts to promote the peace process in Northern Ireland, and his conversations with Pakistan's Nawaz Shariff after the Kargil border incident in 1999 may have helped avert an India-Pakistan war. When North Korea violated its commitments under the Non-Proliferation Treaty in 1994, Clinton successfully combined threats with negotiations to freeze their production of plutonium.

The area of Clinton's foreign policy that is still debated to this day is his handling of Russia. Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's National Security Advisor, faulted Clinton for not launching a stronger effort to support Russia's economy and to develop democratic institutions. Russia was a top priority for Clinton, and he spent a great deal of personal time on it. He made major efforts to develop a relationship with Yeltsin, to provide aid and encourage investment, and to expand the Group of Seven advanced economics to a G-8 with Russian membership. But after 70 years of communism,

Russia had neither the economic nor political institutions to successfully absorb a Marshall Plan type aid program, and as corruption grew and Yeltsin became physically and politically weaker during the decade, he became too frail a foundation to build upon. By 2000, with political turmoil increasing in Russia, including brutal suppression of a revolt in Chechnya, Yeltsin turned to Putin (a former KGB officer) to become his successor, protect him, and to restore order.

A different criticism concerns Clinton's initiative to expand NATO to include former members of the Warsaw Pact. In the Pentagon, we had developed a modest "Partnership for Peace" program which enabled former adversaries to cooperate closely with NATO without formal membership. However, in 1995 Clinton decided to go further, and in 1999 NATO admitted Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia to full membership. Clinton's defenders believe that this action created a stabilizing framework for a democratic transition in Central Europe which might otherwise have become an area of insecurity and turmoil. They point to the fact the Russia was not isolated but was invited to send officers and diplomats to work with NATO in Brussels. On the other hand, critics like George Kennan, the father of containment, argued that NATO expansion would antagonize Russia and play to the paranoia of a country that had just lost an empire. Putin and other Russians later pointed to NATO expansion as proof of Western perfidy. But as one White House official later told me, "we saw the opportunities of those years differently – a chance to unite Europe and help make it democratic in the East as well as the West. Through NATO and EU expansion we were able to liberate and then protect more than 100 million East Europeans."

The difficult counterfactual is what the world today would look like if NATO expansion had not stabilized central Europe. At the end of the Cold War, some realists like John Mearsheimer of the University of Chicago predicted that Central Europe would go "back to the future" and again become a power vacuum and source of conflict between the traditional competitors of Russia and Germany. But this did not happen. And given its domestic political and economic problems, would Russia have wound up in the same place anyway? No-one can be sure.

Another area often cited as a failure in Clinton's foreign policy was his response to terrorism. The threat from Al Qaeda appeared in 1993 with the first attacks on the New York World Trade Center and grew during the decade, culminating in attacks on American embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, and on American ships in Yemen. In August 1998, Clinton launched missile strikes against Al Qaeda targets in Afghanistan and Sudan, and two submarines were kept on permanent station in the Indian Ocean, able to

land cruise missiles on targets in Afghanistan in a matter of hours. (The technology of quick strikes by lingering drones was not yet mature.) Thus it is untrue to say that Clinton ignored the problem, and Al Qaeda was near the top of the list of threats that he warned his successor about. Nonetheless, critics argue that his response was inadequate. At the same time, the press and public were skeptical of Clinton's 1998 cruise missile strikes, and the successor Bush Administration did not make Al Qaeda a priority until the 9/11 attacks.

How do we summarize the ethics of Clinton's foreign policy? In terms of intentions and a moral vision, Clinton replaced Cold War containment with a view of expanding market economies and encouraging democratic evolution summarized by engagement and enlargement. In terms of his personal motives, it is not accurate to describe Clinton as succumbing to post-Cold War hubris, though some in his administration overestimated American power. He was prudent in his implementation, relying more on economic change and institutions than on military force. When he did use force for interventions it was prudently applied for humanitarian purposes though his goals also included democracy promotion. He pursued both peacekeeping and peacemaking as major foreign policy objectives.

In terms of means, Clinton's use of force was proportionate and largely discriminating. If anything, critics argue he should have done more to rescue civilians in Rwanda, and there were a number of options he could have explored short of a major military operation. Some critics feel that he could have used more force against Al Qaeda, or against North Korea, though the prospects for success were far from clear. In terms of liberal means, Clinton was respectful of institutions and human rights. While he moderated his assertive multilaterism after Americans were killed in Somalia in 1993, he continued to support the UN though he decided to go ahead without a Chapter 7 resolution to legitimize his actions in Kosovo. He strengthened the institutions of the liberal international order by the development of NAFTA and the World Trade Organization. When he expanded NATO to three Warsaw Pact countries, he also sought to develop a new institutional connection with Russia, and made efforts to include Russia in the G-8. His general preference for diplomatic means led to some success in mediation of disputes like Northern Ireland, India-Pakistan, and the Middle East.

As for consequences, Clinton was a good fiduciary in the promotion of American interests. At the end of his term, the American and global economy were strong, alliances with Europe and Japan had been strengthened, relations with major powers of Russia and China were reasonable, and international institutions strengthened. Efforts had begun to deal with

climate change and missile proliferation. One exception is whether he responded rapidly enough to the growth of Al Qaeda.

Clinton had a cosmopolitan approach that included concern about damage to others, and this led to successful limited interventions in Haiti and Bosnia, but Clinton was too cautious in the case of the Rwanda genocide. The US could not solve the problem by sending troops, but it could have done more to support rather than withdraw the UN peacekeeping force in 1994. Where Clinton fell short in terms of consequences was in his educational effects. Not only did he fail to articulate a full vision of the post-Cold War world as Brzezinski charges, but his his personal affairs undercut trust in his presidency and led to a failure in the broadening of moral discourse. Nonetheless, his overall scorecard is quite good. As people in Oxford used to say about some examination results: "not quite a first, but a very respectable performance."

Clinton's Ethical Scorecard

<u>Intentions: Goals and Motives</u>	
Moral vision: attractive values, good motives	good
Prudence: balanced values and risks	good
<u>Means</u>	
Force: proportionate, discriminate, necessity	good
Liberal: respected rights and institutions	good
<u>Consequences</u>	
Fiduciary: success for long term American interests	good
Cosmopolitan: minimized damage to others	mixed
Educational: truth, trust and broadened moral discourse	mixed

LENNY 'N' LIZ

By Bernard Richards

Leonardo da Vinci died 500 years ago last week. He is one of the three or four greatest of the Renaissance artists, and the most intriguing. It would be impossible in this short article to do justice to his wide-ranging achievements. I want to concentrate on one aspect: what impact did Walter Pater's famous evocation of the Mona Lisa in *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry* (1873) have on Richard Burton's when he first encountered Elizabeth Taylor?

Pater's passage on the Mona Lisa was recycled as poetry by W.B. Yeats, and is the first poem in his anthology *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* (1936)—the version given here:

> She is older than the rocks among which she sits;
> Like the Vampire;
> She has been dead many times,
> And learned the secrets of the grave;
> And has been a diver in deep seas,
> And keeps their fallen day about her;
> And trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants;
> And, as Leda,
> Was the mother of Helen of Troy,
> And, as St Anne,
> Was the mother of Mary;
> And all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes,
> And lives
> Only in the delicacy
> With which it has moulded the changing lineaments,
> And tinged the eyelids and the hands.

When in 1953 Richard Burton first met Liz Taylor at Stewart Grainger and Jean Simmons' swank house in Bel Air his response was under the aegis of Shakespeare's Dark Lady of the Sonnets and Pater's view of the Mona Lisa as a *femme fatale*. It is described at length in *Meeting Mrs. Jenk-*

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ins (1966). This cryptic title refers to the fact that Burton's birth-name was Jenkins.

> 'I was enjoying this small social triumph, but then a girl sitting on the other side of the pool lowered her book, took off her sunglasses and looked at me. She was so extraordinarily beautiful that I nearly laughed out loud. I didn't, of course, which was just as well. The girl was not, and, quite clearly, was not going to be laughing back. I had an idea that, finding nothing of interest, she was looking right through me and was examining the texture of the wall behind. If there was a flaw in the sandstone, I knew she'd find it and probe it right to the pith. I fancied that if she chose so, the house would eventually collapse.
>
> I smiled at her and, after a long moment, just as I felt my own smile turning into a cross-eyed grimace, she started slightly and smiled back. There was little friendliness in the smile. A new ice cube formed of its own accord in my Scotch-on-the-rocks.
>
> She sipped some beer and went back to her book. I affected to become social with the others but out of the corner of my mind—while I played for the others the part of a poor miner's son who was puzzled, but delighted by the attention these lovely people paid to him—I had her under close observation. She was, I decided, the most astonishingly self-contained, pulchritudinous, remote, removed, inaccessible woman I had ever seen. She spoke to no one. She looked at no one. She steadily kept on reading her book. Was she merely sullen? I wondered. I thought not. There was no trace of sulkiness in the divine face. She was a Mona Lisa type, I thought. In my business everyone is a type. She is older than the deck chair on which she sits, I thought headily, and she is famine, fire, destruction, and plague, she is the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, the onlie true begetter. She is a secret wrapped in an enigma inside a mystery, I thought with a mental man-to-man nod to Churchill. Her breasts were apocalyptic, they would topple empires down before they withered. Indeed, her body was a miracle of construction and the work of an engineer of genius. It needed nothing but itself. It was true art, I thought, executed in terms of itself. It was smitten by its own passion. I used to think things like that. I was not long down from Oxford and Walter Pater was still talked of and I read the art reviews in the quality weeklies without much caring about the art itself, and it was a Sunday morning in Bel Air, and I was nervous, and there was the Scotch-on-the-rocks.

Like Miniver Cheevy I kept on drinking and, in the heady flow of the attention I was getting, told story after story as the day boozed slowly on. I went in swimming once or twice. So did she, but, lamentably, always after I'd come out. She swam easily and gracefully as an Englishwoman would and not with the masculine drive and kick of most American girls. She was unquestionably gorgeous. I can think of no other word to describe a combination of plenitude, frugality, abundance, tightness. She was lavish. She was a dark unyielding largesse. She was, in short, too bloody much, and not only that, she was totally ignoring me. . . . Eventually, with half-seasoned cunning and with all the nonchalance of a traffic jam, I worked my way to her side of the pool. She was describing—in words not normally written—what she thought of a producer at M.G.M. This was my first encounter with freedom of speech in the U.S.A., and it took my breath away. My brain throbbed; I almost sobered up. I was profoundly shocked. It was ripe stuff. I checked her again. There was no question about it. She was female. In America the women apparently had not only got the vote—they'd got the words to go with it.

I was somewhat puzzled and disturbed by the half-look she gave me as she uttered the enormities. Was she deliberately trying to shock me? Those huge violet-blue eyes (the biggest I've ever seen, outside those who have glandular trouble-thyroid, et cetera) had an odd glint in them. You couldn't describe it as a twinkle. . . . Searchlights can not twinkle, they turn on and off and probe the heavens and so on.

Still I couldn't be left out. I had to join in and say something. I didn't reckon on the Scotch though. I didn't reckon that it had warped my judgment and my sense of timing, my choice of occasion. With all the studied frenzy of Dutch courage I waded into the depths of those perilous eyes. In my best chiffon-and-cutglass Oxford accent I said: 'You have a remarkable command of Olde-Englishe.'

There was a pause in which I realized with brilliant clarity the relativity of time. Aeons passed, civilizations came and went, brave men and cowards died in battles not yet fought, while those cosmic headlights examined my flawed personality. Every pockmark on my face became a crater of the moon. I reached up with a casual hand to cover up the right-cheeked evidence of my acne'd youth. Halfway up I realized my hand was just as ugly as my face and decided to leave the bloody thing and die instead. But while contem-

> plating the various ways of suicide and having sensibly decided, since I had a good start, to drink myself to death, I was saved by her voice which said, 'Don't you use words like that at the Old Vic?' 'They do,' I said, 'but I don't.'

This extract is a curious mixture of Welsh *hwyl* and aesthetico-decadent pretentiousness. I suppose Burton learnt about Pater from his Exeter College tutor, the latterday aesthete Nevill Coghill. 'Older than the deck chair on which she sits'—clearly an allusion to Pater. This is a good example of the way in which experience is often directed and mediated, even in the process of reception, by a hoard of cultural preparation. The rest, they say, is hysteria.

Before becoming a don I thought I might be a historical advisor in the film industry, and had an interview at MGM at Boreham Wood while Cleopatra was being propelled along its rocky road. A director (whose legs rested on a leather-covered pouffe under his knee-hole desk) told me, 'My dear boy, what you must realise is that the film industry is an inverted pyramid, perched perilously on Elizabeth Taylor's nose.' Which put me off rather. I wouldn't have survived very long in the film industry, because I would have been telling them that 'flash in the pan' and 'the end of the line' were not the kind of phrases Julius Caesar would have been using. Not right either for the young Caesar to talk about 'crossing the Rubicon'.

I really ought to have sent in a long scholarly article on Leonardo's drawing of the ferry across the River Adda, done while he was a guest at his pupil Francesco Melzi's villa near Milan, and now in the Royal Collection (Melzi 133). Leonardo is credited with the invention of the 'reaction ferry', which takes advantage of the current of the river. It's not the same principle as the cable ferry—the type at our very own Bablock Hythe ferry across the 'stripling Thames' (now gone alas) and the one that used to cross the Cherwell in Christ Church Meadow (anyone remember that?). There is a 'reaction ferry' at Hampton Loade on the Severn, and there used to be one down-stream at Arley until 1972, when it was replaced by a spectacularly ugly metal bridge. The Leonardo is only a sketch, but much preferable to that $450 million concoction. I'm afraid this envoi is an example of apophasis. The classic case is in David Hare's *Plenty* (1985), when Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) says she is not going to talk about Suez.

GEORGE CAWKWELL: A REMINISCENCE

By Martin Edmond

I was staying with George Cawkwell (New Zealand and Christ Church '46), Emeritus Fellow and former Praelector in Ancient History at University College. When I was organising my research trip George, as a younger contemporary of the eminent Roman historian Ronald Syme's, was suggested as someone I might write to. (It was the Syme papers, in the Bodleian Library, that I was going to examine during my week in Oxford.) Why he offered to put me up, as he phrased it, is another question. He didn't know me and I didn't know him. "It might save you a bit of money," he said. I thought he couldn't possibly be serious. Then I looked at hotel prices. B & Bs. Air B & B. Colleges which rent out rooms during holidays or other breaks in term. These options were either inordinately expensive, far from the centre of town, highly inconvenient, or merely grotesque. I wrote back to George and accepted his kind offer. Now I was on my way to meet him.

George was then 95 years old. Born 1919, a year before my father, in Auckland. He went to Kings College, where he was Head Boy, and to Auckland University College. During the war, again like my father, he served in the Pacific. My Dad was in the air force, while George joined the Fijian Infantry and fought with them, under American command, in the Solomon Islands. Nevertheless, they might have met—either in Fiji or the Solomons. Dad was at Guadalcanal too, but only once the worst of the fighting was over. After the war, George married his sweetheart, Pat Clarke; and took up a Rhodes Scholarship. He was a rugby player; he had represented Scotland in a test against the French in 1947 and was at the time of writing the oldest surviving Scottish international, even though that game in Paris was the only one he played. He was a lock forward but they picked him out of position, he said, at prop.

He met me at the door. A big man, slightly stooped, with a quizzical expression and kindly eyes, wearing a jacket and a tie. In the hallway was a picture of him robed as Xenophon, the Greek historian: a special study of his. "Come in, come in," he said and ushered me through to the kitchen,

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where the interrogation took place. Where was I from? Who were my parents? Where did I go to school? University? Once these facts were ascertained, he didn't ask anything else. Instead, after remarking that a spell in the army was a good preparation for the teaching of Classics, he rose and intoned: "Let us go then, you and I . . ." and took me up to his study for a whisky. He kept a stick at either end of the stairs and hauled himself along using the banister rail. Lines of poetry, not necessarily by T.S. Eliot, were a feature of his conversation.

As we sipped our Scotch—he behind his desk, I, like a dutiful student, sitting opposite—George outlined my itinerary for the week. He had, with exemplary generosity and careful forethought, set up a series of meetings with people he thought I should see. Ronald Syme's literary executor, for instance. The archivist at Wolfson College, where Syme lived out his years. A scholar who'd recently delivered the annual Syme lecture, which fortunately I had already read. And so forth. I took notes on what I was to do. That, and the whisky, accomplished, we went down for dinner: macaroni cheese which George had heating in the oven. He favoured a high-end range of pre-cooked meals; and served them as the main course with, invariably, a soup for starters and a dessert afterwards. And then, fruit and cheese. We drank a bottle of wine, an elegant light red. Before beginning to eat, George clipped a linen napkin to his jacket lapel, using a clothes peg, and made his apologies. "I'm old, you see," he said. "I can't always be sure of getting the food properly to my mouth. I don't have all my teeth, either." The way he managed his dental plates was an elaborate ritual I won't attempt to describe.

After dinner, in a small downstairs sitting room—"Pat's study"—we watched a DVD. It was not what I expected: *Midnight in Paris*, the 2011 Woody Allen film. It's a time travel movie in which the lead character, a troubled writer, each night accepts a mysterious ride and is transported: first to the 1920s, later to *La Belle Époque*; the private eye who tracks him ends up even further back, at Versailles before the Revolution. "Marvellous film," said George, "absolutely marvellous;" and fell asleep. He woke and dozed and woke again throughout. "I can't help it. It's my age, you see." I think what he liked about the movie was the way various figures from the past appeared before us: Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Josephine Baker, Man Ray, Picasso, Bunuel, Gauguin, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec.

My room was upstairs at the back of the house, overlooking the garden; with a double bed, an ensuite bathroom with a bidet, and an exquisite Persian miniature of a warrior riding a blue horse on the wall. It was not a print. There was a full bottle of whisky, of the same kind we had enjoyed

earlier, plus Evian water, on a tray on the dresser. "I thought you'd be younger," George grumbled as he showed me the way. "Still, you're a New Zealander, aren't you? We're a race apart you know. Have to look after each other." He said he would see me in the morning; and not to be alarmed if I heard voices. He had a woman, Judy, who came in each day to do the housework. She would be knocking on the door at seven o'clock sharp; and he would expect me down to breakfast half an hour after that. "That is if I wake up tomorrow. I hope to God I don't." He snorted, whether from amusement or something darker I could not tell; then went back down the hall to his own bedroom—which he had not altered one jot, he said, since his wife died, suddenly, eight years before.

I woke to the sound of laughter. A low bass rumble and a lighter tinkling fall. Two people, a man and a woman. I lay there listening. There would be murmurs of conversation, the words of which I could not make out, then a renewed gust of laughter. Must be George and Judy, I thought. How lovely. But when I went down to breakfast, there was only George at the table, already kitted out in his jacket and tie. He explained that his earliest memory, when he was about four years old, was of standing on a stool in the family kitchen in Auckland having a tie knotted around his young neck. "I wear a tie every day of my life, you know." Breakfast was another ritual. Tea, juice, cereal and nuts, followed by toast and marmalade or jam, then fruit and coffee. My preferences were duly noted and I was offered the same things again each morning thereafter. Judy joined us near the end of the meal, for coffee. She was a bluff working class woman about the same age as I am, the wife of a policeman. As fond of George as he was of her, and inclined to tease him; but if she went too far he would admonish her. "I know my place," she said after one rebuke; but what place was that? She was both his servant and his salvation.

The morning laughter, which, like everything else in that household, recurred, arose during George's daily ablutions. Because of a skin condition, he wasn't able to bath or shower so each week day morning—she didn't come in on weekends—Judy would rub him down with some kind of oil. I was curious as to the composition of this unguent but didn't like to ask what it was. It seemed the daily anointing was both an intimate moment and a shared pleasure—of which neither of them was in the least bit ashamed. Judy was otherwise brisk and efficient and inclined to boss George around, which he liked, but only up to a point. Later he told me that his great fear was of losing her. "I don't think I could go on without her," he said. He was, as I have already indicated, still mourning his wife. One day when they were going out for lunch, Pat realised she'd forgotten

her gloves and went upstairs to retrieve them; she did not come down again. A stroke, I think.

George was one of those lucky men whom women love. Over the week, I saw him in various public situations and also met and spoke at length with people who knew him well; if they were women, without exception, they adored him. It was his innate sweetness of nature; his habit of self-deprecation, allied with a weather eye for the little absurdities that make up any life; the ability to make light of what might otherwise appear desperate or dark. He was a kind man, empathetic too; who would not willingly hurt another soul; except, perhaps, in the stern correction of a classroom error. After I got to know him a little better, I asked him if he had actually liked Ronald Syme? It was the only time I saw him lost for words. "Well," he expostulated. "Well. He was a fellow New Zealander, wasn't he! He was one of us!"

* * *

I'd agreed to cook dinner for George. And so, after a day spent in the library, split in two by an enjoyable lunch at Brasenose College with Ronald Syme's literary executor, Fergus Millar—who gave me a handsomely bound copy of a thesis on Syme written by a Spanish scholar living in the Canary Islands—I made my way down to the Tesco on Magdalen Street to do the shopping. I bought bacon, onion, garlic, capsicum, zucchini, tomato, basil and a few other things as well. A block of Parmesan cheese and a packet of pasta. I was concerned about quantity: George had an aversion to leftovers and instructed me, more than once, that I must cook the meal in such a way that there weren't going to be any. I remembered the sardonic summary of an Australian friend: "You Kiwis and your leftovers—put them in the fridge then throw them out later."

I wasn't too worried about the sauce itself: it is a simple recipe and I have cooked it often enough now that I can do it anywhere, in any kitchen, with any collection of pots, pans and other implements. Or even round a campfire. We had, as always, a soup for starters and then I served the pasta, *al dente*, in the sauce I had made. George put his teeth back in, took a mouthful and smacked his lips. Good. George liked food, ate well and did most of the shopping himself. He was in the habit of taking his stick and his bag and walking over to Summertown most days to buy the necessaries. He hated those occasions when rainy weather or icy pavements made this difficult for his 95 year old body to do.

So my meal passed the taste test. Now we had somehow to eat it all; and still find room for dessert. When we'd both finished what was on our

plates, there was a small serving of the pasta languishing, like a rebuke, between us. I looked doubtfully at it: prepared to consume it if necessary but not really wanting to. Then George said "Do you mind?" reached over and helped himself. I filled our wine glasses. Delicious, he pronounced as he finished the last mouthful; and, leftover free, we moved on to dessert which, this night, was poached pears served in a yellow custard, with ground nutmeg sprinkled upon it.

I think it must have been over the pears that George told me about a young American Rhodes Scholar he taught at University College back in 1968 or 69, whom he advised to study Classics as well as Politics as a way of broadening his grasp upon things. This was William Jefferson Clinton, from Hot Springs, Arkansas via Georgetown University in Washington DC, later to be the 42nd President of the United States. "What was he like?" I asked. "He was a nice enough fellow," George said. "Not that I knew him very well. A decent rugby player, too." That was perhaps the ultimate accolade.

* * *

One night I went out to East Oxford to have dinner with Janet Wilson. I didn't stay late. I was travelling on public transport and George had said that he wouldn't be able to get to sleep until he knew I was safely back under his roof again. I caught two buses, one down Cowley Road to town, the other up Banbury Road to North Oxford; when I let myself into the house the lights were blazing, upstairs and down, but there was no sign of George anywhere. I looked in the kitchen, in the downstairs study where he watched television, in the sitting room and the dining room, then went upstairs and looked in the study there. The door to his bedroom was open but he didn't seem to be in there either. I went into my own room and took off my jacket and my shoes. I was trying not to feel alarmed: George often joked, half longingly, about his imminent mortality and I wondered if the fatal moment had come at last?

If so, what should I do? Who should I call? George and Pat had three children, two boys and a girl, all of whom were in close touch with their father, calling often on the telephone: but I didn't know how to contact any of them. What about the emergency services? What number do you ring for help in England? 999? I did another circuit of the house, upstairs and down. Then, as I came up the stairs for the third time, George walked out of his bathroom wearing magnificent red striped pyjamas with the jacket tucked into the trousers, looking like—I don't actually know what he looked like, something out of a *Boy's Own Annual* perhaps, or from a

subtle satire upon Englishness. I was so relieved I could have hugged him but of course I didn't. We merely exchanged polite small talk then said goodnight and went to our respective bedrooms to sleep.

* * *

I tried to articulate my Ashmolean intuitions over lunch on Sunday. Well, said George, noncommittal, after hearing me out, that is what we historians do. "Try to find out from whence we came." He had guests that afternoon, a troubled young man he was mentoring and his girlfriend, wife, or wife-to-be. I stayed in my room, broaching the whisky bottle and spending the time reading Jan Morris' book *Oxford*, a paperback of which I'd bought at Blackwells that morning. The hardback, published in 1965 under the name of James Morris, was on George's bookshelves and I'd been dipping into it all week. At that time James was already transitioning into Jan but the voice—civilized, humorous, witty, wise and perceptive—didn't change as the sexual designation did. Later, after George's guests had gone and I rejoined him, he rebuked me: not for tippling on his whisky but because I had not bothered to come down to meet them. I did not know how to say I thought he would not have wanted me to do that. It was the only uneasy moment I recall between us.

George had a head full of verse and was inclined to declaim at odd moments. Now, perhaps because of the incipient awkwardness, he broke into:

For the field is full of shades as I near a shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
As the run stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro:
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!

Francis Thompson, a few months before his death in 1907, had a ticket to go to Lords to watch his team, Lancashire, play Middlesex; but instead he wrote the poem, called *At Lords*, of which this is the refrain—remembering a time in 1878 when he had seen Lancs. play Gloucestershire at Old Trafford. I didn't know the poem and thought George might have been foreshadowing his own death. He wasn't, not exactly. He was taking me up to his study to show me a video of a speech he had made on the occasion of his 95th birthday, and 65th anniversary as a Fellow at University College. It was, I suppose, a valedictory of a kind.

We were going to Univ that night, to Evensong in the Chapel, then dinner at the High Table in the Hall. Perhaps that was why he broke into verse again:

The sable presbyters approach
The avenue of penitence;
The young are red and pustular
Clutching piaculative pence.
Under the penitential gates
Sustained by staring Seraphim
Where the souls of the devout
Burn invisible and dim.

I knew it was T.S. Eliot but didn't know which poem; I memorised a phrase and looked it up later. It is from the last stanza, in which Sweeney, after all that high-toned speech, shifts on his hams in the bathtub. George quoted the second half of Mr Eliot's *Sunday Morning Sermon*. Then he set about finding me a tie to wear. It is blue and has small golden tyrannosaurs, each holding a book, upon it; I have it still, because he insisted I keep it, along with the broken comb he gave me so I could tidy up my hair, which was long and curly then, and of which he disapproved.

Sunday night at Univ was a ritual; he went every week. And, like so many rituals, it had its irritations. George always called a taxi van because, using the sliding door on the side, he was able to get in and out of the back of the vehicle more easily. They sent a car. He was furious, not least because this had happened before. Well, we got there eventually and then there was the ritual of disembarking: down Logic Lane to an obscure gateway where the ground was level and ingress easy. We were meant to be met there by the porter, who would open the gate, but the porter wasn't there; it was only when some random students exited that I was able to catch and keep it open. The porter was in his lodge, playing with his hound, a red setter. There was a tortoise in a terrarium, too, mumbling over a piece of lettuce. We had to stop again, so George could pee. I idled outside waiting. It was night, the lights were on and an unearthly glow was coming from an unseen room along the corridor.

A statue, in white marble, of a drowned youth, lay naked on a slab; surrounded by water as if floating upon an invisible sea. It was supported by two bronze lions, rampant, and between them sat, head-down, weeping, a bronze sea-nymph; the whole upon a stepped pink marble plinth. There was a blue dome above, pricked out with silver stars; and on the pale magenta-coloured walls, lines from a poem were inscribed:

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

I knew them. My sister had in her school days written them upon her pencil case; and would often quote them out loud in her poetry voice. Shelley's *Adonais.*

In the Chapel, the choir was more numerous than the congregation; the singing, unearthily beautiful. The chaplain, a gingery Belfast man, preached a sermon about St Valentine, whose day it was, and the place of love in our hearts. George, exempt from kneeling at prayer, was given a printed copy of the sermon, in case he couldn't hear it. He dozed, off and on. Afterwards we took a glass of the palest, most astringent sherry I have ever tasted before going in to eat at the High Table. During Grace, spoken in Latin by a young woman down the other end of the table, George seemed to have nodded off again; but when the long oration ended, he raised his ancient head and pronounced: "No mistakes!"

I wish now I could remember what we ate. Or talked about. I was sitting on the left of the Master, an excessively formal American named William, whom George treated with exaggerated respect. Taking a taxi back to North Oxford afterwards was only a little less complex than going there had been. George sighed when we were finally back inside the house. "I'm getting too old for this kind of thing," he said. "I may not go again." And then, unexpectedly:

Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust.

He twinkled at me.

Ghosts unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!

he intoned and went up to bed. He was a lovely man.

George Cawkwell passed away on 18th February 2019 – Eds.

TWO LOST POEMS

By J. R. R. Tolkien

THE SHADOW MAN

There was a man who dwelt alone
beneath the moon in shadow.
He sat as long as lasting stone,
and yet he had no shadow.
The owls, they perched upon his head
beneath the moon of summer;
They wiped their beaks and thought him dead,
who sat there dumb all summer

There came a lady clad in grey
beneath the moon a-shining.
One moment did she stand and stay
her hair with flowers entwining.
He woke as had he sprung of stone.
beneath the moon in shadow,
And clasped her fast, both flesh and bone;
and they were clad in shadow.

And never more she walked in light,
or over moonlit mountain,
But dwelt within the hill, where night
is lit but with a fountain –
Save once a year when caverns yawn,
and hills are clad in shadow,
They dance together then till dawn
and cast a single shadow.

J. R. R. Tolkien served as the Rawlinson and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon before being named the Merton Professor of English Language and Literature. He was a fellow of Pembroke College (1925-1945) and Merton College (1945-1959). These previously unknown poems (written in 1936) were discovered in 2016 by Tolkien scholar Wayne Hammond in a magazine from Our Lady's School in Abingdon, Oxfordshire.

NOEL

Grim was the world and grey last night:
The moon and stars were fled,
The hall was dark without song or light,
The fires were fallen dead.
The wind in the trees was like to the sea,
And over the mountains' teeth
It whistled bitter-cold and free,
As a sword leapt from its sheath.

The lord of snows upreared his head;
His mantle long and pale
Upon the bitter blast was spread
And hung o'er hill and dale.
The world was blind,
the boughs were bent,
All ways and paths were wild:
Then the veil of cloud apart was rent,
And here was born a Child.

The ancient dome of heaven sheer
Was pricked with distant light;
A star came shining white and clear
Alone above the night.
In the dale of dark in that hour of birth
One voice on a sudden sang:
Then all the bells in Heaven and Earth
Together at midnight rang.

Mary sang in this world below:
They heard her song arise
O'er mist and over mountain snow
To the walls of Paradise,
And the tongue of many bells was stirred
in Heaven's towers to ring
When the voice of mortal maid was heard,
That was mother of Heaven's King.

Glad is the world and fair this night
With stars about its head,
And the hall is filled with laughter and light,
And fires are burning red.
The bells of Paradise now ring
With bells of Christendom,
And Gloria, Gloria we will sing
That God on earth is come.

¶ *Soon after R. R. Bate was elected a War Service Rhodes Scholar from Colorado in December of 1946, his fiancée, a graduate of Wilson College in 1943, called upon the present Editor of* THE AMERICAN OXONIAN *and asked many questions about Oxford. Jeannette Hockman Bate writes the following letter from a point of view altogether new in the history of the Rhodes Scholarships.*

Letter from a Rhodes Scholar Wife

DEAR PRESIDENT HAVENS:

As soon as I knew that we were coming to Oxford, I rushed to your office for information. Do you remember the three things you greeted me with on that occasion? Almost your first words were the caution that as accommodations were so limited throughout England it might well be a year before I could join my husband and that I must not count on being able to accompany him. That rather took the wind out of my sails. But what peculiar advice came next: the stern admonition to get my husband into long winter underwear, no matter what. And then you proceeded to ask me to come along back to the house for tea, that I might become familiar with the ritual as quickly and easily as possible.

Well, tea is served regularly in most American homes in Oxford. It's hard always to remember the pitcher of hot water and the bowl for the dregs, and it's not every wife who is willing to queue at Oliver and Guerdon's or Cooper and Boffin's for the assortment of cakes to make it a 'proper do.' We may all return with our accents intact, but most of us will be marked for life by the habit of the four-thirty longing for a nice cup o' tea.

How right you were about the underwear! Being warm does make all the difference between a happy and an unsatisfactory adjustment to England. As to heat and comfort in general, the test of an able housewife is how long it takes her to get a good steady blaze in the coal grate without consuming the day's copy of the London *Times* in the process.

But, fortunately, though available housing was, as you warned, one of the articles in short supply, I don't know of any wives left behind for lack of space to park them. There were some who started in one room; but that had its advantages, for the wives with nowhere else to go when their husbands needed absolute quiet were the ones who got in the sightseeing and tried out the most lecturers. Some, as we do, have the typical bed-sitter, sharing kitchen and bath; the nice part of our particular position being that we have the kindest, most deaf and most unprofessional of the fabulous Oxford landladies. You can appre-

ciate how much that means. There are a few who boast a whole house and they are the real plutocrats when it comes to entertaining; but alas, they also have the most fires to keep going. I know of one cottage about eight miles out where the tub hangs from a nail outside the door and the water comes to the sink by manual operation of the pump-handle; but the walls are thick, the beams ancient and black, and the hearth big enough to sit in. Also it is very private. That man should get a First! However, the majority of the couples have found flats. Among these is one with a kitchen in a converted broom-closet. Its Virginia-born-and-bred occupant cooks, serves, and washes up from a position astride the door sill; but the best shortcake in Oxford comes from that cubicle and her Virginia husband gets his hot breads every night. So, thanks to the kindliness of the English and their willingness to make way for Rhodes Scholars and thanks to the miles Mrs. Allen has sped away on her bicycle, we are each as well ensconced as the next.

There were not many other wives lucky enough to have an Oxonian to run to for help, but help was forthcoming for all from many parts. Rhodes House has done more for us than any of us can realise except, perhaps, in retrospect. Last year a committee of wives prepared a regular brochure, a list of what to bring and what to leave behind and numerous implications of what not to expect. Apparently it left such a dire and dreadful impression of the wants of austerity Britain when read several thousand miles away that psychologically it was a sound and wonderful thing. The newcomers were so well prepared for nothing that they were perfectly delighted with everything.

Mrs. Allen herself entertains the lot of us at tea every Wednesday afternoon, and those teas have become the focal point of our lives. But for the acquaintanceships there begun we might easily be a long time alone. As it is, there are close to ninety wives, that number being augmented with the passing of every vac. The younger generation is now so numerous that there's a special party for them. The first year there were an even dozen babies born to Rhodes Scholars in Oxford, last year thirteen. Mrs. Allen considers that the overall production record should be even higher this year as some months have welcomed two babies to the growing community.

Incidentally, the English climate must agree with the Rhodes babies, for they are as apple-cheeked as the fair local youngsters, surely the most beautiful in the world. Not that the Oxford babies are allowed to hold up the process of getting a degree and seeing the people and places of

Western Europe. They get taken everywhere. They may be put in temporary charge of a hotel chambermaid while the parents meet the Queen, attend the Paris Opera, or take in a Monte Carlo ballet; but when there's a dance at Rhodes House it's not unusual to spot, off in some dark corner of the foyer, a sleeping infant in a basket. It's easier when they are old enough to keep a seat and can be strapped to the pillion perch on mama's bike, but there was one young mother who used to wheel her pram all the way down from Headington Hill religiously every Wednesday for tea. She wheeled it back again, too—no hopping on the back of the first No. 2 bus to come along.

You see, those teas represent our free-market. There we exchange the newest recipe for fish for the address of the cheapest hotel in Paris or what channel crossing to make. It may be the insidious influence of this continental world we at present occupy, where the male reigns supreme, or merely that the men are busy with more important matters, but in any event our husbands expect us to be useful. There are those who are assigned certain lectures to attend and take notes, there are a few who copy references in the libraries, and anyone who can lift a finger or borrow a typewriter gets a chance to perfect that skill; but all of us, so far as I know, are expected to do all the spade work when it comes to vacation plans. It's the wives who read up on the guide books, who confirm the reservations, plot the routes, allot the days, dicker with the travel agencies and make the money arrangements.

Have I made that sound as though we were very badly abused? Hardly that! My landlady had a rude shock the first time she caught my husband helping me with the dishes. She still clucks over it but is getting used to the unseemliness of the presence of a 'young gentleman' in the kitchen, working. I guess you know he gets her last cup of tea, her lone piece of cake, and the first new-laid egg from the country.

The Brussels sprouts and three kinds of potatoes on the same plate are, admittedly, much the same these days in any of the eating places along the High, but American husbands are awfully good dining on the town. And after all, a concert at the Town Hall, a red-hot debate at the Union, or a pre-London production at the New Theatre can be nicely sandwiched between a starchy tea and a skimpy supper, and no notice taken if it doesn't happen more than a couple of times in any one week. Also, why not shirk that trip to the green grocer's today and hie off to a lecture? The foodstuff will perish overnight in the larder anyway, and I've never

seen a lecturer anything but delighted and courteous at the prospect of a scholar's wife in attendance. A simple note to the lecturer never fails to bring an interested reply; but for those with courage and a highly developed spirit of adventure there seems to be an added zest to just going along under a borrowed gown. I suppose it's no great wonder that some English women regard American husbands as creatures of infinite worth and patience. Our men-folk spare no pains in order that we may run around and see things, too.

For one thing, it's spring again, early, and warm. The fruit trees out along the Woodstock and Banbury roads are so heavy with blossom that it looks as though the sheer weight of them must certainly snap the branches. A few more days of this and it will be time for picnic punts on the river, or 'all wives up and out' at Parson's Pleasure and then away to the Victoria Arms for tea. Many of the English girls punt, and well, we notice and trust our husbands are too busy to. How long does it take to get the knack of poling? It's nice to be free to dabble one's hands in the water, but one rather loses the illusion of being Cleopatra in her barge while ricocheting from bank to bank.

As my butcher says, 'The charm of the Cherwell takes a lot of beating,' and it does. Would it detract by one whit from the charm of the place for you if I were to tell you that I know of several American couples who unromantically unhitched their punt from an overhanging branch and drifted from the Mesopotamia weirs to the University boat club, playing bridge the while? Did you know that they have just repaired the ravages to the old tow path wrought by the winter of '46-'47 and rowing widows like myself are not now so likely to be swept into the Gut by the cycling coaches and crew supporters?

You might be interested to know that the American wives of the basketball team, which now boasts some Englishmen, have trailed their husbands to competitions in Czechoslovakia, Nice, Monaco, Paris, and Ghent. You would, I think, have enjoyed the reactions of the Englishmen at a recent Lacrosse match, the Cambridge game, when a little blond from Texas became so excited that she screamed, 'Hit that man! Stop him, somebody! Smear him!' It must have shaken them a bit, for there was an appalling silence. But it wasn't long before the usual, 'Nice shot' and 'well played' disappeared under cries of, 'Kill him! Kill him!' in precise accents from that section of the stands. Oh yes, there's baseball, too, in the summer term, Americans *vs.* Canadians, in the Parks. They put on a good show, but the most fun for the

spectators was the wives' game between innings. There was much coaching from the men as the girls hadn't exactly figured on getting beyond first base. Aside from our native sports I'm afraid that I have to report that I don't believe wives fancy athletics. An occasional rugger match in the autumn is interesting, and a point-to-point once or twice is great fun. But it takes a long time to understand cricket, doesn't it?

There are lots of things, though, that are peculiarly English that we do particularly enjoy. Ever hear of anyone having a dull evening at the Trout? There are so many wonderful little pubs within cycling distance, and what joy after exploring the country just to sit in the dim quiet, watch the old men with pipes, and listen to the pungent, unsparing tongues in an unfamiliar accent! Then there's the pageantry and color of full Convocation from the steep, narrow window-ledge of the Sheldonian. The authorities made every effort to secure seats for American scholars and wives before anyone else when General Marshall and Mrs. Roosevelt got their degrees. How very considerate that was; how very British.

But perhaps the single experience that will be the most striking in retrospect, because it corresponds the most nearly to what one has read of English society in the proud days of Empire, will be the first Commem. Ball. Edwardian it was, certainly not austerity Britain. Dancing the night through and breakfast on a punt in the river were unusual enough. Tradition and the honor of the college demanded that there be tails, champagne in the rooms, and strawberry meringues with real whipped cream in the Hall. Goodness only knows where they came from and at what cost they were produced, but tails and champagne and meringues there were.

They tell us, our conservative friends for the most part, that Oxford has changed a great deal since the war. They deplore the crowded conditions, the Cowley works, and the number of undergraduates who have come here to work hard. We have no standards of comparison by which to judge, but certainly not everything has changed for the worse. The forbearance of the English causes us ever increasing amazement. And they cannot tell us that the English are any less kind than they have ever been, for there can be no kinder people in the world.

They have gone out of their way to be helpful to us, the wives, though I strongly suspect that they disapprove of our presence as a limiting influence upon our husband's complete absorption in the English way of life. At times I'm almost convinced that they're right. I can defend myself on the issue that, were my husband here on his

own and living in college, he would be in constant contact with the English. He misses that stimulus, I well know, but on the other hand undergraduates represent still a rather restricted and particular segment of the population; and if he had lived in college, he would hardly have met the butcher, the grocer, the man who breeds rabbits for show, the policeman and his wife, or the Welsh miner's family in the 'prefabs' atop Rose Hill. Only when the talk turns to the adventures of the vacs, I begin to have pangs of conscience. How do our strolls through Cathedrals and Abbeys and museums, our wining and dining and shopping, compare with the experiences of the man who talked his way to the Greek front, or the one who worked his way to Africa on a freighter, or the one who flew for two weeks in the airlift? I got my comfort and reassurance from a bachelor. He said, 'Yes, but all my life I shall probably be harking back to the years I spent in Oxford, and whatever it means to my wife it will be secondhand. You two are lucky to be going through this together. You're sharing the most important years.' "

JEANNETTE HOCKMAN BATE.

PERSONALS

CLASS OF 1904; G. E. HAMILTON, *Secretary*

HAROLD G. MERRIAM went overseas with the Y. M. C. A. in June, 1918, and is expected to return to Reed College in September of this year.

The late Captain W. A. Fleet's widow is now visiting in America. When in Chicago she was entertained at the home of J. H. Winston.

Preston Brooks is leaving his work in the University of Georgia to enter the Fourth National Bank at Macon.

B. N. Price writes: "For nearly ten months I drilled recruits at Camp Meade, Md. When the first selected men arrived there, I was in the Depot Brigade but attached to the 311th Artillery, though an Infantry Officer. After a little over a month of infanty drill in this artillery outfit, I was attached to the 368th Infantry, where I drilled colored men for several weeks. I was then assigned to the 3rd Training Battalion of the Depot Brigade where I stayed until June 17, 1918. We trained some of the first—I believe the very first—National Army troops that were sent to France, as replacements for Regular Army divisions. In June I was sent to Austin, Texas, where I had the same kind of heartbreaking work. Heartbreaking, because we trained one lot of men after another, losing them just after we had broken them in and got to know them. Applied for transfer to troops going overseas, without avail. For several months I was Senior Military Instructor at Camp Mabry, and in October I was in charge of the selection of civilian candidates for Officers' Training Camps. Was discharged just in time to get home for Christmas. Am still a captain in the Reserve Corps, however, so I haven't severed all connection with the Army. I enjoyed my service in the Army, though I sometimes growled at the monotony."

J. J. Tigert writes from Audernach, Germany: "I have been in the educational work with the A. E. F. teaching and lecturing with the Y. M. C. A. till April 16th. I am now in the Educational Corps of the United States Army and have the status of an officer. I signed a contract with the government for two months from April 16th. I have lectured to approximately 200,000 men and officers in eight

and one-half months of service. My subjects at present are: 'Who Won the War?'; 'The League of Nations'; 'The ex-Kaiser'; 'The Cross of Iron.'

"First, I was with the navy in the north of Scotland; later, I was in England and stationed over a month at Oxford. I took hundreds of doughboys and officers through Oxford weekly and lectured about it *en route*. Since coming across the channel, I have been doing itinerant lecture work. Have beeen in the Army of Occupation since January with Rdgts. at Coblentz, Germany. I was transferred to the Army under the recent General Order 62, creating the Army Educational Corps."

In reply to an accusation from the Editor that he had deserted the academic life for the sake of getting rich, E. W. Murray writes as follows: "I have deserted academic life for Marine Insurance but I am not yet in the process of becoming rich to any appreciable degree. At present we are moving into a temporary office, hence the brevity of this note. The new address is, viz., The Oceanic Underwriting Agency, 47–51 Beaver Street, New York. I am secretary of the Agency, also secretary of the Washington Marine Insurance Co., and manager of the loss department. Voila tout. Spent last evening with Brooks of Georgia, Kieffer and Mrs. Kieffer—yes—he's married and got better than he deserved—as most of us do."

CLASS OF 1905; B. E. SCHMITT, *Secretary*

LEIGH ALEXANDER, New Jersey and Queens,' writes: "Two classes in French in our Oberlin S. A. T. C. and a prosperous war-garden have been the extent of my war service—would that it could have been more. We enjoyed a short but very pleasant visit from Soule some months ago, passing through here on his publishing work; and we shall look forward to the next trip. Avoiding the flu by endless gurglings and nose-sprayings and 'sawing wood' in college pedagogics have kept me very busy. Our department put on its annual Latin play in English, even though the parts had to be taken by women, since the men were all in the S. A. T. C. But a girl with a long grey beard and wig makes a pretty good old man for a comedy; so we managed all right. But we wish Nixon would hurry up with the rest of his Plautus translations, so we wouldn't have to make our own!" It may be added "we" includes a son, born a year ago.

Leonard W. Cronkhite, Rhode Island and Worcester, sailed for England in May to get data concerning the industrial situation there. He has also been interested in raising funds for a sanatorium to combat tuberculosis in New England; $200,000 has already been secured. He announces the birth on May 4th, of Leonard W. Cronkhite, 3rd.

N. E. Ensign, Illinois and St. Edmund Hall, spent last summer testing the stress in rails for a joint committee of the American Railway Association and the American Society of Civil Engineers; his work was with the Illinois Central and Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul systems. He may continue in this line this summer. Meanwhile, he continues his teaching at the University of Illinois, which is less burdensome, now that the S. A. T. C. is past. He reports the birth of a second son in February.

C. H. Foster, Idaho and Brasenose, is jubilant that "at last satisfactory progress is being made towards the proper organization of the civilian part of the teaching staff at the Naval Academy." The Secretary of the Navy has accepted the recommendations of a board, of which Foster was a member, by which the four ordinary university grades are recognized, with salaries from $2,000 to $4,500. Foster thinks the Naval Academy "a good place for Rhodes Scholars who have had some college teaching experience and not disposed to insist upon university careers." He himself holds the rank of associate professor of English. During the war he served as a Four-Minute-Man and as inspector of the Bartlett Hayward Company of Baltimore.

Roy K. Hack, Massachusetts and Oriel, spent the summer of 1918 in the Harvard R. O. T. C., "with plenty of hard work, but no capacity for learning drill regulation." "I returned to the S. A. T. C., saddest of all temporary collections, did military French, and enjoyed the release which came in January. One great event—we have a daughter, Apphia, born February 17, 1919." Hack was elected Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in May of this year.

E. Russell Lloyd, West Virginia and Wadham, did some special work on war minerals—nitrate and petroleum—for the U. S. Geological Survey.

Arthur H. Marsh, Nebraska and Keble, chaplain to the Third Battalion of the 18th Infantry, was gassed on the night of October 3–4, 1918 (with nearly all of the battalion), and died of pneumonia

at Vittel in the Vosges on the 7th. His widow and two children are now with his father, the Rev. Arthur E. Marsh, St. Mary's Rectory, Blair, Nebraska. A fuller notice will be given in the War Service issue, but it is proper to note here that Marsh, so his father writes, "had long felt urged to go over there and take his part in a war in which so many thousands of young men were risking their lives, and hoped that he might help them a little."

Bernadotte E. Schmitt, Tennessee and Merton, lectured at the University of Wisconsin in the summer of 1918 on various aspects of the war. In September he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Field Artillery. He has now resumed his duties in Western Reserve University, and will lecture this summer at Cornell University.

A. M. Stevens, Connecticut and Balliol, returned home in December from a German prison camp, and is again practising medicine in New York City. His address is 103 West 84th Street.

J. Van der Zee, Iowa and Merton, spent the summer of 1918 at the S. A. T. C. Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and returned to Iowa State University to help with the War issues and Military Law course of the local S. A. T. C. "Little did the college students and the faculty men in the camp at Fort Sheridan realize that they were experiencing the happiest moments in the history of the S. A. T. C."

CLASS OF 1907; R. M. SCOON, *Secretary*

BERKELEY BLACKMAN, who was in the Air Service of the Army, writes: "The only job I had that I liked was playing quarterback on the football team, of which I was also head coach and manager. Had a team averaging 181 pounds, and we only lost one game during the season to another service team with five all-American men."

John Custer, who is in the Y. M. C. A. service, writes from Chaumont, Haute Marne, as follows: "Undoubtedly the most interesting part of my work was in Italy. I was with the 332nd Infantry (Ohio boys), which formed part of an Italian division and had a share in the offensive of last October which drove the Austrians out of Italy and forced them to an armistice. I do not want to belittle the work of our Italian allies, but it was the three divisions of sturdy Britishers that really broke the Austrian resistance along the Piave front. They were the first across the river and the battle-front for the first four days was acutely wedge shaped, with them at

the point of the wedge. Since the Oxford days, I have always had a warm feeling for our English cousins, and what I saw of them in Italy has tremendously increased my respect and admiration for the British Tommies as stubborn, steady, and indomitable fighters. The experience at Beaume (with the A. E. F. University) was also most unique, for during the few weeks that I was there, I saw a full grown university of 7,500 students spring up out of almost nothing. It was a splendid example of the American genius for organization on a big scale."

The following is an article by the *International News Service* from Atlanta, Georgia: "Rev. Ben R. Lacy, Jr., 'the gamest chaplain in the American Army,' has been tendered the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, one of the largest in the South, and it is believed he will accept. Lacy recently returned from France, where he distinguished himself in every way, winning national fame as the 'Fighting Preacher.' In addition to his regular duties in holding services and looking after the men, he aided in burying the dead by day and night, cheered the wounded, and when occasion offered grabbed a gun or seized a hand grenade and led attacks on the enemy. L. P. McLendon, his captain, said of him: 'Lacy is the most wonderful man I ever met. Not so many months ago we captured some Hun guns and he organized a crew and turned them on the enemy for two days and nights. Then when we were short of officers he went out to a post of great danger and observed for us so that we could do out best work against the enemy. He ought to be given every medal and award granted.' Captain Lacy, who is thirty-three, is a native of North Carolina."

W. P. Mills, who has been in China since 1912, returned to America on furlough in July, 1918. A large part of his time in this country has been devoted to visiting the schools and colleges in the East and Middle West, where there are Chinese students. He has also given some time to financial work in the interests of the Foreign Department of the Y. M. C. A. He plans to return to China the latter part of the summer.

Ben Tomlinson, regretting the absence of heroic acts in his war record, says: "I thoroughly intend thinking up a few for use in my old age, but as I have not yet definitely determined upon the character of the same I thought it best not to introduce them at present, for fear I might fall down on cross-examination at some future date. During the holidays, I had ten days' leave which I spent

with Addison White at Huntsville, Alabama. We had a very fine reunion all by ourselves, and occasionally, while pouring a libation from some of the very last bottles left in the United States, sighed for the good old days before the world got so infernally Christian."

Wilson Wallis has recently published a book entitled "Messiahs: Christian and Pagan," printed by Richard Badger. It received a remarkably favorable criticism by Benjamin De Casseres in the *New York Sun* for February 2, 1919. Among other things Mr. De Casseres says: "It is a book more fascinating than any novel we have ever read. It is a romance of the soul of man from the earliest myth making times down to Tolstoy and Woodrow Wilson. It is a fairy story of our profoundest beliefs. It is a psychological exposition of Expectancy. It is a hard headed drama of all the great names of history, sacred and profane. It is a book by a dreamer, a scholar and a thinker. It is a condensed Talmud of mystical anecdote and the legends that make man mentally free. . . . With swift, electric touches Mr. Wallis moves up the ages to this very extraordinary year 1919. There is a fascinating chapter of the messianic movement among the American negroes. The dream of the Mahdi—the Great Director—is likely at any moment to focus itself on an individual in the Orient. Russia is going through its Gethsemane. In Madrid at this very hour there is a man who 'announces' himself. In Poland 'saviors' grow with the hunger of babes. 'Second Adventists' swarm all over Germany. And Tolstoy himself, as late as 1912, proclaimed the coming of a 'great figure out of the North' who would reorganize the world when war and famine and stupidity had done their work."

CLASS OF 1908; C. A. WILSON, *Secretary*

BARBOUR, Michigan and Oriel, has received the greatest academic honor yet offered to anyone of our year in being asked to deliver at Columbia University the Carpentier lectures for the current year. He will deliver these lectures during the fall of 1919 and the spring of 1920. The Carpentier foundation, in the words of the gift, is for the purpose of maintaining a "special course of lectures on the science of law to be given at the University at least as often as every third year by someone from time to time chosen for pre-eminent fitness and ability." The first lecturer under the foundation was Lord Bryce in 1904. The subsequent lectures have been delivered

by John C. Gray, on "The Nature and Sources of the Law," being subsequently reprinted under that title; by A. L. Smith of Balliol; by David Jayne Hill; by Sir Frederick Pollock, who reprinted his lectures under the title "The Genius of the Common Law"; by Sir Courteney Ilbert and by Harold Hazeltine, Emanuel College, Cambridge. The title of Barbour's lectures has not been definitely formulated, but they will deal with movements in English history which left a permanent impression on Anglo-American law, with special emphasis on forms of action and the evolution of substantive law from procedure, and with some reference to the canon law and the law merchant.

In May of this year, Morrow, Idaho and Worcester, became a member of the firm of Richards & Haga, of Boise, Idaho, with whom he has been associated, except when on military service, since his return to America. Those bibliographically inclined should make a note that Morrow, so far as is known, is the first Rhodes Scholar to appear before the United States Supreme Court. His name appears on the brief of *Scott* v. *Lattig*, 227 U. S., 229, 230, argued before that court December 13, 1912. It should also be recorded that the nature of his brief was so persuasive that the Supreme Court reversed in favor of his client the action of the Idaho State Court.

W. S. Campbell, who is now back at the University of Oklahoma, announces the arrival of Isabel Mahoney Campbell on April 30th.

CLASS OF 1910; ELMER DAVIS, *Secretary*

"POEMS ABOUT GOD," by Lieutenant John Crowe Ransom of Tennessee, Christ Church, and the A. E. F., has just been published by Henry Holt & Company. Regarding the book Christopher Morley, to whom it is dedicated, writes the publishers: "This is a book that, with much humor, has also much humility; some of the blunter passages may startle; but its honesty, originality, and superb simplicity, touched with many a whimsical turn of thought and phrase, lit with a pervasive glow of indirect mental illumination, will afford extreme delight." In a preface written from France a year after the last of the poems was composed Lieut. Ransom admits that upon more mature reflection he is not sure that "the case with God is as desperate as the young poet may seem to think"; but this is his story and he is going to stick to it.

Captain Robert Hale, having assisted Whitney Shepardson, Insley Osborne, Colonel House, the Sheriff of Mecca and others in bringing peace to a war-weary world, is credibly reported cruising in the Baltic in J. P. Morgan's yacht and conducting a study of Bolshevism in Hungary and the Ukraine. Geographically this doesn't seem to hang together, but that is what they say he is doing.

C. D. Nelson, who is on his way back to Russia or some other unhappy region for the Y. M. C. A., sends to the secretary a postal from Cochem-an-der-Mosel reporting that the Villa Josef, well known to impecunious Rhodesters in former years, is still joseffing, and that despite the American Army of Occupation the bathing facilities at Cochem are still inadequate.

Ralph Vinton Lyon Hartley, whose duties with the Western Electric Company during the war were largely devoted to thinking up weird scientific ways of confuting the Hun, has turned commuter—558 Park Avenue, East Orange, N. J. The secretary still has a toehold on Manhattan Island but a darned insecure one.

R. L. Lange and James A. Simpson have formed a partnership for the practise of law under the name of Lange & Simpson, 921–2 First National Bank Building, Birmingham, Alabama.

McDugald Keener McLean, M. D., is at 1 Oak Park Road, Asheville, North Carolina. Miss Suzanne McLean joined the family last winter.

Christopher Morley has emitted his semi-annual book of poems, this time "The Rocking Horse." In what esteem Chris is held by some of his admirers may be estimated from a communication of that genial revolutionary, Bouck White (two years ago, to be sure, but doubtless still good): "It occurred to me that I had been a bit harsh in belaboring you for your want of rebelliousness in a social order such as the present. You see, I was expecting too much of Chris Morley. Judged from the dizzy ideal of world-greatness that I was setting for him, he—as yet—is miserably defective. But, judged by the standpoint of the social-climbing sodden commercialist that abounds, Chris Morley is a towering eminence." Bouck must have got a side view of the adipose Chris.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison Williams is once more teaching, after military service. He is professor of mathematics at Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa. Having become an M. A. Oxon, he is about to seek a Ph. D. from the University of Chicago.

Franklyn Zeek, out of the army, is once more head of the French department at Southern Methodist University, Dallas.

Joseph Washburn Worthen is still or again practising law at 25 Capitol Street, Concord, New Hampshire. He says that on August 27, 1918, there arrived "what is now as gurglingly adorable a sixteen-pound bundle of infant femininity as you can imagine." We are not good at imagination but are willing to hand it to Joe.

Major William Alexander Stuart has resumed the practise of law at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, and Captain L. Eugene Farley has done the same at 1528 Bank of Commerce and Trust Company Building, Memphis. From these two gentlemen the scribe has received letters vibrant with human feeling. Stuart saw all his service at Fort Monroe except a few weeks in Washington, albeit his heavy artillery brigade was getting ready to sail when the war ended; whereupon, he says, "I procured my honorable discharge and that selfsame day I left Fort Monroe. Not only that; I shook the sands of Fort Monroe from my feet, not to mention my shoes and puttees. And furthermore, I laid upon Fort Monroe a bitter curse. I cursed its sempiternal sands; individually and collectively cursed I them. I cursed its blatant, garish, barracks, its smug, self-satisfied rows of officers' quarters, its dusty and windswept parade ground, its stinking marshes, its carnivorous mosquitoes, its ridiculous batteries, and most and above all I cursed its eternal, inevitable, hell-fired sameness. And finally I wished all my friends a wide avoidance of it, and mine enemies consigned I to it forevermore, even to Fort Monroe."

Farley, who had already spent some months studying the banks of the Rio Grande for Uncle Sam before Admiral von Tirpitz broke loose, writes concerning his experiences in his second war: "I never saw the sunny shores of France; in fact the only thing I did see on account of the war was the red-clay hills of Georgia, and I saw enough of them to last me the rest of my life. I fought the entire war in that state with the exception of two days when, through some inadvertence, the War Department let me get over into South Carolina; it was very quickly corrected, however. During the last seven months I was an instructor in the Central Officers' Training School there, and if the war had continued for several years suppose I would have been there at the finish." In the opinion of the scribe any movement for the re-establishment of the Southern Confederacy has lost two recruits; they might fight for France, but they certainly won't fight for the red-clay hills of Georgia, or Fort Monroe.

CLASS OF 1911; W. C. JOHNSON, *Secretary*

CAPTAIN H. B. ENGLISH writes as follows: "For the OXONIAN, desire to announce the arrival of Richard English on March 24, a fine healthy baby. As the Mag. consistently refused to announce my marriage in June, 1917, the news of Richard's arrival may shock a few."

CLASS OF 1914; C. R. CLASON, *Secretary*

SECOND LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, JR., C. A. C., is still in the army after military training and service in Texas, California and France. His present address is I Bn. 159 Depot Brigade, Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.

Lieutenant C. G. Bowden wrote from Longwy, France, stating that he was again with the C. R. B. at his old post in France winding up the work which he had started there in 1915. After the armistice was signed he was put on detached service with the Food Commission. He plans to visit Oxford to receive his degree before returning to America. The spirit displayed by Bowden and others in writing long, interesting letters from distant places typifies particularly well the loyalty of our year which it is hoped will produce a response from every 1914 Scholar for the next issue of the AMERICAN OXONIAN.

Morrison C. Boyd has been in India at Jamalpur E. I. Ry. since August, 1917. A Y. M. C. A. man from Calcutta states that Boyd "had been assigned to the most important and most difficult Y. M. C. A. post in India, that he had made good and saved the situation in that place, and that they were anxious to keep him." Before returning to the United States he intends to visit different garrisons in India. He is expected to reach his home in Philadelphia in August via China, Japan and the Pacific.

Harvie Branscomb started his military career in the Y. M. C. A. and was fast reaching the top—he had a secretary—when he broke into active service. Since receiving his discharge on December 2nd he has been traveling in the southeast in work connected with the returning soldiers and in overseeing the work of Y. M. C. A. secretaries in various colleges.

C. R. Clason has returned to the practice of law in Boston. Rev. H. K. Warren, President of Yankton College, was kind enough to look him up while on a recent eastern trip, and it was very pleasant to

recall the many activities with which Bob was associated. A bronze tablet for Robert Warren, the gift of alumni and former students of Yankton College, will be unveiled at the memorial services to be held at the college commencement this year.

Clyde Eagleton was married to Miss Virginia McKinney of Van Alstyne, Texas, on September 15, 1917, and admits that he likes the life. During the war he was Director of War Issues Courses for the S. A. T. C. of the University of Louisville and is at present on the faculty of that university.

A. G. Fite, after a badly written opening paragraph in which he attempted to libel former American leaders at the House, confessed that he has enjoyed a varied career since receiving his Oxford degree. Among other ventures he became Instructor of Military French in the War College established by the government at the University of Wisconsin. Since leaving the army he has returned to Madison. After the university closes in June, Fite plans to take a summer course at the University of Madrid *en route* to his third year as a Rhodes Scholar.

First Lieutenant W. W. Flint has not returned to the United States since taking his degree. He joined the U. S. army in London and his present address is Regulating Station A, A. P. O. 712, France.

Sergeant C. S. Gentry has been with Company C, 12th Engineers (Ry.), in France.

Captain John L. Glenn is the most distinguished Rhodes Scholar of our year. He was wounded at Montdidier on June 7, 1918, and was awarded the croix de guerre with palm. He has also been decorated by the Belgian government with l'ordre de la couronne. On December 7, 1918, Glenn was married. Since his discharge he has entered upon the practice of law at Chester, South Carolina.

Captain R. K. Gooch, since his return from France, has become associated with the Burroughs Adding Machine Co, and is located at 1185 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. Bob intimates that he was attracted North by anecdotes of Clason's boyhood and shares only with Fite the dubious distinction of libeling the class secretary.

Ensign P. F. Good was with Admiral Wilson at Brest in the Bureau of Communications. Stockton wrote that he arrived accidentally in Brest on the day Good's first-born was christened. Admiral Wilson acted as godfather, and Good was the proudest man Stockton ever saw.

C. H. Gray taught Issues of the War to the S. A. T. C. at Reed

College, Portland, Oregon, where he is now in his second year as Instructor in English. His letter contained the noteworthy statement that he is finding every day more and more evidence that confirms his high regard for the kind of training we got at Oxford.

Lieutenant Charles F. Hawkins died at his home in Warwick, New York, on December 27, 1918, of septic poisoning and pneumonia. The news of his death is already generally known among his classmates for scarcely a letter has reached the secretary which has not mentioned the sense of personal loss which the writer has felt. The secretary will always consider himself particularly fortunate in having Charles as a comrade during several vacations on the continent as well as on a final bicycle trip through England, Wales and Ireland. All of us will readily agree with Branscomb's statement that "he was as strong a fellow and fine a comrade as I have ever met."

Emile Holman received the degree of M. D. from Johns Hopkins University in June, 1918. He was appointed assistant in surgery for the present year. His duties are to instruct students and to "research" as much as possible. Incidentally he is enjoying a fellowship.

Second Lieutenant B. C. Holtzclaw, Jr., is rusticating with the 317 F. A. at Plaines, Aube, France. While hoping to return in July it is possible he will be sent to Germany in the Army of Occupation. He has had two leaves so far, one to Nice and one to Paris.

Lieutenant Paul T. Homan spent more than a year in army Y. M. C. A. work in India and Mesopotamia before joining the American Expeditionary Forces. Having spent a few weeks lately in this country he is returning to Lincoln College, for he is another of those lucky persons whose scholarships are still active.

Captain Ridgely Lytle is stationed with the 11th Cavalry at Fort Myer, Virginia. Before entering the regular army he was married and is now the proud father of Scott Harrison Lytle, who was born back in October and named after his uncle who was killed in action in France last Fall. Lytle still possesses four terms of his scholarship and may resume his studies at Oxford.

Baxter Mow is occupying the chair of Hebrew at Bethany Bible School, Chicago. At the same time he is pursuing the theological course and expects to spend another year in his present position.

Lieutenant Scott H. Paradise has located in New Haven since his return from France and is engaged in the book business (rare books, first editions and fine bindings). Paradise states that he was

at Brest for seven weeks and that everything the papers say about the conditions is true, an interesting comment in view of the recent controversy. His address is 548 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

Wilder G. Penfield has been at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston for several months, having come to the Hub after being graduated from Johns Hopkins Medical School. The secretary recalls with pleasure an evening spent with the Penfields and more particularly a happy father skilfully maneuvering a spoon in the general direction of his namesake's mouth.

Lieutenant William Prickett is at 48, Rue des Minimes, Brussells. William sent along no news of his career or intentions but it may be recorded that his picture was in every Boston newspaper when he returned from France with long and thrilling accounts of his life as an aviator.

Captain John V. Ray is back at Christ Church. This time he convinced the military authorities that he is a student. After the army quits sending him to college the Rhodes Trust is again to exercise that privilege.

Lieutenant Fred W. Rogers returned to civilian life on December 5. He is at present engaged in teaching mathematics in the high school at Tucson, Arizona. Bill plans to take the bar exams soon, after which he will engage in the active practice of law.

Stanley I. Rypins has received the degree of Ph. D. from Harvard since his return from Oxford. His examination was given to him two months in advance in order that he might enter the army. He has been a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota since January of this year.

First Lieutenant S. S. Sharp is reported to be a member of the First Army of Occupation, stationed at Hoehr, Germany. Sharp includes Chateau Thierry among the battles in which he fought.

L. R. Shero has been head of the department of Latin at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota, since the autumn of 1917. He is also secretary of the faculty. He was married on the 26th of last June at Milwaukee to Miss Julia Adrienne Doe, sister of Arthur Doe, who was Shero's predecessor from Wisconsin and who was at Balliol when 1914 entered Oxford. Doe was best man at the wedding.

Lieutenant Gilchrist B. Stockton of the navy sent in a very interesting letter in which he wrote of the high esteem in which several other Rhodes Scholars were held by officers of high rank both in the army and navy. Stockton reported for duty in London to act as

Assistant Flag Secretary and Aide to Admiral Sims. He is still at the U. S. Naval Headquarters in that city. In December he went out with the admiral and nine dreadnaughts to meet the President and to escort him into Brest. It is possible that he may later join Mr. Hoover in his new work as Director General of the Inter-Allied Food Commission, as some of the Rhodes Scholars who were connected with the C. R. B. have already done. Stockton has received the decoration of Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne from the King of the Belgians.

First Lieutenant Carl J. Weber is at present occupying the chair of Professor of English Literature at Colby College. The professor counts himself fortunate to be in a Maine co-ed institution. He reports his work to be very interesting and naturally admits that Maine has proved very delightful. His address is 34 Winter Street, Waterville, Maine.

First Lieutenant James H. Wilson was still in France at the time of his latest letter. He has seen some hard fighting and was at the front for a considerable period. It is hoped that Wilson will soon appear in New England as he expected to pass through Boston this summer.

Captain E. P. Woodruff is practicing law in Comanche, Texas, as a member of the firm of Smith & Woodruff. "Tex" has located in an oil region and hopes he is near the rainbow's end. We are with him on that, but it certainly is fortunate that young lawyers are optimistic.

Hessel E. Yntema is in the department of Political Science at the University of Michigan. A promised published example of the professor's mental activities is awaited with interest. Among other pleasant duties which he performs is that of teaching a class of fifty charming co-eds about the Diplomacy of War. Here's hoping that he makes up for the English version of the part which the United States has played in international politics as set forth by Sir Erle Richards. The professor also admits that he is the proud and indulgent father of Miss Mary E. Yntema.

CLASS OF 1916; W. R. BURWELL, *Secretary*

M. S. BATES, E. P. Chase, C. V. Easum, P. Newhall, R. N. Stephenson, and N. D. Scott have been back at Oxford this spring.

Bates served ten months as Brigade Secretary with the British Mesopotamia Y. M. C. A. and returned to Oxford by way of Ceylon, China and the United States. He writes that Keeny, Pennsylvania and Merton, is in Omsk, Siberia, with the Czechs and plans to come through to Bohemia in June. He also reports D. Miller as in Vladivostok.

L. R. Miller, Kansas and Merton, another Y. M. C. A. worker in Mesopotamia, has returned to Kansas City by way of the Far East and is now with the American Y. M. C. A., finding jobs for discharged soldiers. Rex is planning to be at Oxford in the fall.

"Noisy" Newhall and Stephenson, who served with the R. F. A., will probably pay the old U. S. a visit this summer and then be up again for Michaelmas term at Oxford.

E. P. Chase writes from Magdalen that arrangements are being made to restart the American Club. With one hundred and fifty American Soldiers in Oxford the Club should start with a jump. "Chet" Easum is one of those American soldiers, as he hasn't yet received his discharge, but is at Oxford on detached service.

R. M. D. Richardson, who served on the Staffs of Vice-Admiral Sims in London, Rear Admiral Fletcher at Brest and Vice-Admiral Wilson in Tours, is still awaiting discharge, but hopes to be back with the crowd in the fall.

P. B. Means has returned to Nebraska after fourteen months with the Y. M. C. A. in Mesopotamia and India.

F. T. Smith is still with the Persia Relief Committee.

"Russ" Burwell is instructing in Mathematics at Brown University and has written for his old room at Merton College.

"Bill" Finger, discharged in April with the rank of Captain, is one of the good men to be back at Oxford in October.

It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Coffin and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Binns will be within a mile and a half of Carfax next fall and will serve tea to Rhodes Scholars on Sunday afternoons.

Class of 1917; H. D. Natestad, *Secretary*

In answering the questionnaire most of the men failed to state whether they were engaged; so we planned to head this article with the lines, "Avoid all entangling alliances for three years." But these lines lost their point when we learned that Morley was married and

that he would retain both his wife and the Scholarship. Congratulations and may thy name, Felix, be a potent charm.

Which reminds us that somehow the salutation in a letter to "Dear Little" looks incomplete. But what's in a name? Little is a stocky six-footer; Feather is hardly a feather-weight and is six feet two; Stringfellow Barr is equally a misnomer. The big man is Monroe, six feet one and two hundred twenty; the short man is Tuttle, five feet six; the light weight is Niles, one hundred thirty.

Hulley is the youngest, not old enough to vote, but he is another six-footer. Most of the men are close to twenty-five.

Two-thirds are members of college fraternities.

Religiously they are Episcopal, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Disciples of Christ, Baptist, Presbyterian, Friend, Lutheran, and Christian.

Only three are Democrats; but we confess, Woodrow, that these returns are incomplete. There is one Socialist.

Three are Wets. One says he is neutral. Whadoyu mean *neutral?* Another is "dry, but not so dry as I might be."

Two-thirds use tobacco. Boy, page Miss Lucy Page Gaston.

Seventy-five per cent were undergraduates at small colleges.

Nearly all have A. B.'s, one-third have M. A.'s.

One-third will be candidates for the Ph. D., one-half for the A. B., two for the B. C. L., and two for the B. Litt.

What studies will be pursued cannot be stated because in answer to the question as to "the school at Oxford" nearly all gave the name of the college.

As to the fathers of these illustrious sons, one-fourth are clergymen, one-fourth are teachers, one is a college president, two are physicians, and one is a lawyer.

Hopkins and Buchanan are already at Balliol. Lieutenant Moseley is at Oxford under War Department plans. Captain Bagley is a Sarbonne Student also under War Department plans. Lieutenant Amacker is on the Peace Commission. Lieutenant Dick is in the A. E. F., Lieutenant Barr is at Camp Taylor. Captain Hersey is at Fort Sill. Hulley and Tuttle are at Harvard, Little at Columbia. Penniman is teaching at Allen Military School, West Newton, Massachusetts. Morley is a newspaper correspondent at Washington. The rest of the men are back in the old home town. Ashworth, Griffith, La Guenveur, Whitaker, and Wilcox have not been heard from and should communicate at once with the secretary.

Personal Notes by Classes

Class of 1904, G. E. Hamilton, *Secretary*

In answer to the usual letter for personals, a number of '04 men were fortunate enough to have private secretaries or relatives make reply that they were at Oxford for the reunion. Such replies came from Walleser, Sperry, Price, Kieffer and Murray.

Ashby writes that since his last personal in the Oxonian, he has acquired a Ph.D. from Harvard and got from that same institution a travelling fellowship abroad. Next year he will be at the University of Michigan.

A little visit and luncheon with Tucker Brooke. He fits Yale like a glove. He is editor of a little volume, just published by William Morrow & Co., *The Shakespeare Songs*, which has an introduction by Walter de la Mare.

Brooks was Director of the Institute of Public Affairs and International Relations which was held at Athens in July. They tell me in Georgia that Brooks is regarded by the people of that state as a state institution.

Bush writes:—" Why place so much emphasis on things published? Is that a sure way to fame or to ' Who's Who ', and does some particular brand of kudos rest on you after publishing a monograph on the back teeth of the mosquito? " I've always thought that there was something wrong with this education.

Coon is building a home on a two-acre plot near Bloomington. Who said that college professors are underpaid?

Kieffer has received a most unusual acknowledgment of ability and character. He is sole attorney for the Thomas Fortune Ryan Estate which, I believe, is the largest personal estate ever left by an individual. I am informed that he was made sole attorney of this estate in the face of his own recommendation that another attorney be assigned to act with him.

Merriam in his spare time is editor of a very interesting regional magazine of the Northwest called " The Frontier ". We can recommend its literary quality.

T. E. Robins writes of remarkable achievements:—

"At the beginning of 1928, I accepted an offer from the British South Africa Company,—which, as you know, was founded by Mr. Rhodes and granted a charter by Queen Victoria,—to become its General Manager in South Africa, which, so far as the company's activities go, means the two Rhodesias, Bechuanaland and Nyasaland; and in April, 1928, I came out to have a preliminary tour of the country. Returning to England at the end of July, I spent the next five months attached to the Executive in London, and returned here in January of this year to take up the appointment. It is an extraordinarily interesting job in a fascinating country.

"I invited all old Rhodes men now residing in South Africa to dine with me on 5th July—of course only a small proportion of the 135 concerned could manage to come up here. We had a good evening with plenty of reminiscences, some of which made a few of us seem pretty old men! Sir Harry Birchenough, who was in Salisbury then, and has always been very closely interested in the scholarships, was also present at the dinner. We sent a message to the larger gathering at Oxford, and had a friendly reply from my good friend Mr. (now Sir Francis) Wylie.

"I shall have my next leave home (to England) in 1932, which may seem a long way off, but I find that time goes very quickly here, and I shall probably reach it soon enough! I've nothing else, really, to add in the way of a 'personal', except to say that I hope that any old Scholars who may be visiting Rhodesia for any purpose will not fail to let me know."

SHERBURNE says that nothing new has happened in Vermont.

TIGERT has finished an eventful year, his first as President of the University of Florida. I have been told by several prominent educators in Florida that Tigert has remade the entire University. The generosity of the last legislature with the University confirms the general popularity of Tigert's efficient administration.

Class of 1905, CARY R. ALBURN, *Secretary*

ARMSTRONG, now Associate Medical Director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, continues his interest in Princeton affairs. In addition to being Secretary of his Class and a member of the Graduate Council, he is now Chairman of the Com-

mittee of the Graduate Council on Undergraduate affairs. On his return from the Reunion he promptly writes the Secretary as follows :

" I wish first to say that it was a matter of extreme regret to many of us that you were not among those present at the wonderful Reunion at Oxford.

" The trip over by the Empress of Scotland proved to be one of the real features. No one ever had such an opportunity for a pleasant ocean voyage. Many old friendships were renewed in the first hour and there was no cessation until after the concluding functions at Oxford in Rhodes House on the night of July 18th.

" During my first week I took a trip through Devonshire accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence C. Hull and Colonel Frank P. Day, visiting many of the beautiful places about which I have often heard extravagant praise. I was in no sense disappointed.

" Before returning to America I naturally had to follow out my original program and visit some of the famous golf courses. There was not sufficient time to go to Scotland, so I contented myself with visits to Dunningdale, Walton Heath, and Sandwich where the famous Royal St. George's and Prince's courses are located. The Royal St. George's Course has had many a National Tournament played upon it, and the British Amateur Championship won by Cyril Tolley was recently played there. I had the satisfaction of making a round of 82. I also had the honor of playing with that charming old Scotch veteran, James Braid, who won the British Open Championship four times some years ago. He was still playing fine golf and defeated me by a wide margin.

" Last night I had the pleasure of giving a little dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Butler of San Francisco, who were on their way home from the Oxford Reunion. Paul Kieffer and Lawrence Hull joined the party. I have obtained a promise from Vincent to look me up on his return to New York in October, and I should like to say at this time that I should consider it a great favor if my other Rhodes Scholar friends will be kind enough to let me know of their presence in New York. "

ELIOT, it is reported, has been in England and on the continent for some months and will return to his habitat in Pittsburgh the latter part of August.

FOSTER, now United States Consul at Rotterdam, and resident at the Hague, writes the following :

" My chief personal item is that I attended the Reunion, was charmed with Rhodes House, delighted to meet a host of old friends, gratified at the honor bestowed on Sir Francis and Lady Wylie as well as the genuine affection displayed for them, and grateful for the chance of retracing old paths with my wife and pointing out to her the rare beauties of the colleges, Iffley church, Boar's Hill, the tow path, etc., etc. I also enjoyed the honor of dining in Hall at the high table.

" There were two things to regret—first, that I failed to see you and Mahaffie and some of the others I had hoped to find at Oxford. And second, that I had to leave at the climax of festivities.

" The Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce which I was ordered to attend for the State Department met from the eighth to the thirteenth of July at Amsterdam. I reached there the eighth by air, a memorable experience for me and surprising in the apparent slowness with which the earth and sea drifted past below us, though we made over a hundred miles an hour.

" Attending the Congress involved me in some strenuous but interesting work. It was a privilege to meet at one time so many of the leaders of American business and to see the contrast between their methods and those of our European competitors and critics. It was a further compensation to see something of Hornbeck, who was also at the Congress.

" You may now have heard that after spending four full years in the Department—the longest term possible for a Foreign Service officer—I was sent to Rotterdam, one of the most active and interesting posts in the Service. It claims to be the most important post on the Continent, but its claim is challenged seriously by Hamburg. "

The Secretary of the Graduate School of the University of Cincinnati writes that Professor HACK is sojourning in Europe.

From Midland, Texas, comes this characteristic message from LLOYD :

" Same family, but as usual a different job and a different habitat. For the last two years I have been working on the theory that a series of buried fossil coral reefs are largely responsible for the big oil fields

of West Texas. The theory was new, and for economic reasons was kept secret as long as possible. Within the last six months, however, it has become generally known and accepted.

"Midland is not chosen as an ideal town in which to live, but because of its proximity to the oil fields. There are, however, some good bridge players here, so life is not entirely devoid of interest."

MOHLER's secretary writes as follows:

"Mr. Mohler sailed June 26th on the "Berengaria" to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rhodes Scholarships, at Oxford. After that he spends about a week in London and then goes, via the Hague, the Rhone, Lucerne, Interlaken, to Geneva where he will be until sometime in September. From there he will be visiting various Y. M. C. A.'s in Europe. He is expected back in Springfield about the first of November."

MORAN, apparently sojourning in the English Lake Country, writes:

"Your letter found us at a far damper spot than arid Amarilla. Ennerdale, in the English Lakes, is famed for its crags and fish. The Reunion was a glorious success, chiefly due to the rare hospitality of Sir Francis and Lady Wylie, the Trustees, and our many, many Oxford and English friends. Also to a certain extent ourselves and each other, for we all came from all parts of the earth expecting to enjoy ourselves, and we mutually did—though we sadly missed you and many who were absent. The Moran family, six in all, rivaled the Beverley Tuckers who came seven strong for numbers, but, if you really mean size, I might suggest that four Morans are larger than five little Tuckers and How They Grew. And if it's a matter of poundage, we all politely recede to the George Barneses by several stone. Awfully sorry that you could not be with us."

From SCHMITT on board the S.S. Veendam of the Holland-American Line comes word of his unabated activity. He writes:

"Your request for a 'personal' for the OXONIAN reached me in Paris as I was on the point of starting home. My one adventure in the last year—apart from attending the Reunion at Oxford—has been to become Managing Editor of *The Journal of Modern History*, a quarterly recently established by the University of Chicago. The first issue appeared in March, 1929, and I am returning from Europe prematurely to see the proofs of the September issue. The *Journal* covers

the history of Europe and its expansion from the Renaissance to the close of the Great War, in addition to the usual articles on historical topics. The editorial work is very interesting, but takes so much time that my book on the origins of the war is still not quite completed—though I hope to send it to press at the end of the summer."

WILLARD, now proprietor of "Old Mahogany Shop, Inc.," Utica, New York, reports seeing Kieffer and Hull in New York last spring, but counts it as the greatest loss in his life that he could not attend the Reunion at Oxford this summer. He reports that he has two large and handsome girls; that he has recently entered the new field of making "exclusive hand-made furniture with upholstery, repairing, and antiques as a side line," and hopes to make a million.

After taking a minor part in Cleveland's Charter fight, your SECRETARY enjoyed a short fishing trip in Canada. He regrets that because of illness in the family—a condition now happily improved—he was obliged to cancel reservations for the Reunion. His law office is still as shown in the advertising columns, and he will be delighted to see any Rhodes Scholars passing through Cleveland.

Class of 1907, ROBERT SCOON, *Secretary*

BECKETT writes: "I have recently changed my connections from the M. & O. R. R. to the Illinois Central, with offices and general headquarters at Chicago. I shall spend my time largely, but not exclusively, in furnishing legal advice as to tax matters." His business address is: 135 East Eleventh Place, Chicago.

After leaving Oxford, the CUSTERS spent the remainder of July and all of August in London, Bognor, Paris, and the coast of Normandy. On the week-end of November 17, they entertained the Hulls and Ben Lacy, who was preaching at Lawrenceville School; and Scoon joined the party Saturday evening, Herring Sunday evening.

The HERRINGS have gone into the business of training hunting horses on their farm near Princeton. On a week-end in mid-November, they entertained Ben Tomlinson, who is now vice-president as well as treasurer of the International Match Corporation; and the Scoons came in for dinner.

HULL writes: "My 'news' are memories and dreams: memories of those glorious weeks of last summer, the old friends and new

friends, not forgetting those who did not go over with us and whom we missed—and mention of whom makes very fresh memories of twenty years ago. The dreams are of future reunions, not less often than every five years, and may we hope, in the words of the old Harrow song, 'Twenty and Thirty and Forty years on'. The practice of the law lacks the glamor of the Winter Garden, Devon and the donkeys of Clovelly, Cardinal Newman's rooms in Oriel, the little establishment in Kell's Passage bordering on New College, the Hotel Westminster, and sundry spots in Paris. O tempora, O mores!"

JAMES, who was prevented from going to Oxford by illness in his family, taught in the summer school of Penn. State College.

From "Judge" MCLANE: "It was a great disappointment not to get to the reunion in July, but we could not get away until later in the summer. We have just returned from a very good six weeks, the principal feature of which was a walking trip in the Pyrenees, which took us up over the high passes into Spain. We spent a day in Oxford and enjoyed an afternoon with the Wylies, inspecting Rhodes House, with which we were delighted. A short trip into Dorset on a Hardy pilgrimage and a week in Ireland on business completed our vacation."

A postcard from SAM RINAKER, dated in Oxford, October 29, said that he was trying to console himself for missing the reunion by a short visit to England in the autumn.

The three SCOONS spent all the summer in England and Scotland, with the exception of two gorgeous weeks in Paris, and came home with a new intention of practicing the art of life in a less hurried fashion. In consequence, Scoon has resigned as Secretary of the New Jersey Committee of Selection; and Custer has taken his place.

From "MONTY" THOMAS: "Announcing the advent of Dorothy Lucile Thomas, who arrived not exactly full-grown, like Cytherea or Athene, but aged eighteen months. Better off than some of the children on the 'Empress of Scotland', who were obliged to accept the first parents who offered themselves, the courts intervened in her behalf and made a very careful selection of impeccable parents,—that's us. We, on our part, were not satisfied with the ordinary run-of-mine variety, and were able to exercise our judgment and select a high-grade specimen."

VOWLES entertained TIGERT, who was Commencement speaker at Davidson College last June. He served this year on the North Carolina Committee of Selection, and has been as usual a sort of clearing house of information concerning the old Rhodes Scholars in his section of the country.

A book of *Readings in Introductory Sociology*, assembled by W. D. WALLIS and M. M. Wiley is on Knopf's list of new publications.

The last news the Secretary had from WHALLON was a circular letter dated July, 1928, from Paotingfu, reporting considerable progress in the various activities of his Station. " Never has there been such responsiveness to gospel teaching, and never more cordiality toward foreigners."

JAY WOODROW, whose letter came too late to be included last time, reports that he had an exceptionally pleasant and profitable year, with a term at Oxford, three months in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, and four months at the University of Liverpool.

Class of 1908, T. J. MOSLEY, *Secretary*

THE flock were so widely scattered this year that reports have been slow coming in. A feeling of entire satisfaction, however, pervades the Secretary in surveying the solid harvest of another year in so far as it is recorded below.

This modest note from BLAKE as an official of the biggest shoe corporation in the known world: " My doings, to me, at least, seem so prosaic as to leave little justification for publication. My work with this Company continues to be a very pleasant admixture of law and business. The only change of any consequence is that I am now one of the Directors. My only diversions or hobbies are shooting and fishing. I ride these rather hard except in the winter months. . . . Yes, I voted for Al Smith. I know this will provoke shrieks of derision from the Kansas Rhodes Scholar of 1908." (The Secretary is not so sure. See below, under heading " PUTNAM.")

BURGESS mounts the ladder another rung or two. From the citadel of the Western Electric Co. there in New York he writes: " The high points in my life during the past year have been getting acquainted with the changing characteristics of my daughter, now just over one year old, and trying to keep somewhere near up to the requirements of

my job. As of October 1, 1928, my title was changed from Senior Statistician to Chief Statistician, and I have been expected to function as an economist as well as a mathematician. This has involved, among other things, keeping informed as to major political and economic developments throughout the world, in so far as they might be expected to influence the price of copper, lead, rubber, tin, cotton, or silk during the next two to five years. Perhaps the most interesting part of the work is the opportunity it provides of analyzing economic conditions in the light of detailed knowledge of the workings of one of the largest industrial organizations in the world."

CAMPBELL again chronicles satisfying events: "I have taught at Oklahoma as usual this year, and have been working on another biography. Last month (June) I went to the University of Colorado to address the Conference on the History of the Trans-Mississippi West. Had a fine time. Afterwards passed a few days in New Mexico on a ranch, riding mountain trails and catching all the trout I could eat. . . . The big thrill in our household is the publication of Mrs. Campbell's first novel, *Jack Sprat* (Coward-McCann Co., N. Y.), in September." Campbell modestly omitted mention of his own forthcoming novel, *Dobe Walls*, which has now forthcome. In the Secretary's opinion, it is "Stanley Vestal's" best to date. In the whole field of "westerns," synthetic or genuine, there is probably nothing like it. It bears the imprint of Houghton-Mifflin.

DAVID regrets to say (and so do others of us!) that "I am not in England on this great party. I couldn't see how to go and at the same time do a summer's work on this side. So my wife and I compromised on a brief motor trip—brief in time though not in space. We went to Canada and followed the St. Lawrence away down below Quebec to Riviere du Loup. Then we crossed to New Brunswick and turned east to Halifax, went around a good part of Nova Scotia, and finally back south through Maine. I recommend the trip . . . it was great. Just now I am sizzling in the heat and trying to do some work in the Harvard Library."

GIFFEN rises to inquire, with good reason—"Why is it that there is something absurdly farcical about a countryman in difficulties—a stupidly grotesque creature? A bank failure, a ship's cargo lost at sea, an oil well on fire, all these disasters are respectably tragic. But when

we have a *flood,* somebody comes out from town and has a jolly party all over the ranch in an outboard motor boat!" Alas, Giff, we are not amused, only envious, I think, of the varied outdoor aspects of a free life on the ranch. . . . He adds, in less querulous vein, "I can report good health, a clean shirt every day, and nothing else in particular." Not even a laundry problem! It is too idyllic.

HARDMAN and his wife were in Paris as early as September, 1928, laying a foundation, as it were, for the Reunion, which they attended in good time. It was Hardman's first trip abroad since the War.

Occom Ridge, Hanover, New Hampshire. . . . *Who's this?* . . . HUCKABY! "Your card reached me away up here, where I have spent most of the summer thus far with MESERVEY. I usually hear from him every five years, and that is when I come up. We don't write, but we still remain chums. I talked with Sam Rinaker in Chicago about a month ago . . very prosperous. . . BILL STOCKTON has written that he and METZGER have been drinking my health in Oxford in good old B. V. D. style (Before Volstead Done it). Bill needn't think he is rubbing it in on me, for it is only a stone's throw from here to the Canadian border."

MILLEN, as is now well known, has penetrated to the austere penetralia of the City itself. He writes: "For your information, my office is at 1, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E. C. 3, which is really my permanent address on this side. My telephone number is London Wall 0841, in case any stray Rhodes Scholars are in town and wish to communicate. Needless to say, it would give me pleasure to see any of my old friends. . . The big news is, of course, the Reunion, which was well attended by old Rhodes men and their wives. Some of the legal lights, like Bill Stockton and others, gave enough evidences of prosperity to indicate that the rest of us made a mistake not to have taken Jurisprudence at Oxford. We all had a wonderful time. . . . Domestically, we are slowly but surely becoming adjusted to London life, and although we have not yet broken any records in a business way, we nevertheless live in hopes." (Burt's comments on Bill Stockton and Bill's on Burt supplement each other perfectly. *Vide infra.*)

MOSLEY begs leave to report the even tenor of a perfectly uneventful existence. In "Schools for Grownups" (*Survey-Graphic,* N. Y.,

May, 1929) he appeared somewhat publicly as a quasi-authority on Adult Education.

POTTER, on a strictly Christian enterprise, projects us into an Arabian Nights' atmosphere: "I am off for quite a trip, starting September 26 from New York. Thence to England, Marseilles, Beyrout, Baghdad, Basrah, and down the Persian Gulf. About two months in India, thence to China and Japan. I am visiting the mission stations in these countries, renewing old contacts and making new ones. I am hoping that I may strike some Rhodes men *en route*, either in the Orient or travelling back through America."

PUTNAM, pundit of the packing plutocracy, writes from capitalism's Tophet, Moscow, which he describes as his old love: "I am having another look round after nineteen years," he says. "If I survive the high cost of living in these parts, you will find me one day back in Chicago, where a free lunch awaits you." He who runs may read of George E. Putnam's status in the world by looking through current issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he now seems to be the ultimate economic and financial authority. Reading between the lines, one fears that George has grown a bit heretical on the twin sacraments of Protective Tariff and Allied Debts. Supposing, now, that he shared a cosmopolitan view of certain domestic issues, what would become of BLAKE's prediction in an earlier paragraph?

RAND is married. That can be stated definitely from the following context, and he is hereby officially stricken from the roll of eligibles: "My wife's people live in Los Angeles, and we came out for a vacation of several weeks. . . I wish the War Department would station me here for an indefinite period." He lavishes praise on the Los Angeles climate at the expense of the mere congeries of weather offered by Washington, D. C.

Space forbids more than random snatches from STOCKTON's worthwhile account of his Reunion trip. A live wire, he gives us stimulating contacts with those whose names are too often absent from these pages —thus: "on boarding the ship the very first man I saw was old FRED METZGER, prosperity in every feature. FRANK REID and FRANK HOLMAN also were dignified as the Rock of Gibraltar and bore well their undoubted successes. . . Reid, unmarried, lacked that contented look. . . HARDMAN and SMITH, too, were on board. . . As

college professors . . had that scholarly mien so superior to mere practitioners. Prohibition . . left behind at the Canadian border. . . I called on BURT MILLEN to find him flourishing in one of those million-dollar offices overlooking the Bank of England. Later the Metzgers and ourselves enjoyed a fine dinner and a wonderful evening in the Millen home. . . Oxford again after eighteen years! . . Same old place. . . weather miserably cold for July. . . Digs in Holywell. . . a few more smells, but one gets more particular with age and a wife. Sir Francis and Lady Wylie show little signs of the flight of time. . . good to see them so comfortably housed. . . Banquet was the high spot. . . CARPENTER also present. . . When my wife was presented to the Prince of Wales as from Florida, he quickly said, 'Palm Beach.' I ventured the remark that Palm Beach's motto is, 'Where Summer Spends the Winter,' and that on this trip I had learned where Winter spends the Summer. . . At last sat around Wadham high table and partook of the comforts of the S. C. R. As memento we presented a silver fruit bowl suitably inscribed in Latin. . . Lady Astor. . . Lond Port Authority. . . Westminster Hall. . . great hospitality of England. . . Wife desired to fly to Paris. . . we did. . . Plenty of Rhodes men in Paris. . . American Express. . . Several parties with Bob Scoon and wife. . . Old haunts. . . As usual Bud Hull the life of the party. . . Perfumes, gloves, gowns. . . Aboard the 'Montrose'. . . Monty Thomas, Bill Stuart, Bob Hale, Joe Worthen, each with a wife. Colonel Day also aboard. . . To land at Montreal." Thanks, Bill! We stay-at-homes regret our fate more than ever.

Class of 1910, W. A. STUART, *Secretary*

THE scribe was so late in returning from the Reunion that he did not have time to communicate with those numerous but unlucky members of the class who were not privileged to make the trip. In consequence the news of the stay-at-homes must be largely absent from the present budget. Permit us to add that the seven members of the class who went were as one in the conviction that if the stay-at-homes could have had the barest notion of what a splendid thing the Reunion would

be, manacles of triple steel could not have held them back from joining the party.

The first member of the class to appear in range of the scribe's vision was E. H. (Eck) ECKEL, rector of St. Paul's-on-the-Hill, Minneapolis, and recent benedict. Eck and his wife were waiting at the gate at Montreal, and from this on nothing of much importance happened without their active participation. Some devoted member of Eck's flock had contributed a moving picture kodak to the impedimenta. Eck and wife took turns practicing with it for many hours during the train trip to Quebec and the fine ocean trip to Southampton. Whether they ever solved its intricacies we do not know, but we do know that when Eck and the scribe went together to Wimbledon to see the great tennis match between Cochet and Tilden, Eck's mind was so occupied with distress over his failure to bring the kodak, that he had no sympathy to spare for Tilden in his defeat, and it is doubtful whether he even noticed that Tilden was defeated.

ROBERT HALE, Speaker of the House in the Maine Legislature, also appeared early, along with his wife, Agnes Burke Hale, of literary fame. The scribe discovered them consuming numerous oysters on the half-shell in the dining car of the train to Quebec. From that time forward neither the Atlantic, nor any other creature, kept them from attending all the major and minor occasions, gastronomical and otherwise, of the entire excursion. Bob's speech at Oxford before the Trustees in opposition to the proposed districting plan in selecting future Rhodes Scholars was a model of logic and diction. And he created a sensation when he appeared at the Westminster reception wearing a pearl-grey topper. The Hales belonged to that noble little band which made maritime history on the S.S. Montrose on the return journey.

WHITNEY SHEPARDSON and his wife were among the real features of the Reunion. They knew everybody from the Prince of Wales down, and everybody knew them. We heard them call the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin by his first name, but we are not sure just how they addressed H. R. H. What was never generally considered what, unless and until the Shepardsons had been consulted and found favorable.

The scribe and wife, after taking a degree or two at Commem., shopping in London, reuning at Oxford, navigating the Thames between Lechlade and Oxford in a punt with the Worthens, and ex-

ploring all of the cliffs and beaches of Cornwall, escaped anti-climax by returning on the S.S. Montrose. The scribe's wife had such a fine time that the necessity of leaving it all was most bitter to her, and she is still dejected.

L. G. WILLIAMS and wife, of McGill University, inhabited distinguished digs at Oxford and did not participate in the general rough-and-tumble of life at St. Hilda's Hall. For this reason the scribe did not have the opportunity to observe their activities which he would have liked. It was generally believed that Williams had discovered the fountain of eternal youth, or something, for he showed the least ravages of time of all our year, and with a commoner's gown could readily have passed muster at any undergraduate gathering, especially at Merton.

J. W. WORTHEN and wife were among the real privileges of the Reunion. In the approximate words of a musical comedy that Bob Hale took us to see in London, " to see them was to love them, and to love them was grand." The care-free and off-hand manner in which they traversed immense areas of the earth's surface on foot was extraordinary. They not only walked all over Cornwall and North Devon and made a full circuit of Scotland, but also between a single English July dawn and dusk (twenty-two hours) they tramped straight across the Lake District and climbed every peak on the way. They, too, were on the S.S. Montrose on the return trip.

C. F. ZEEK and wife, of Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, were beyond our ken most of the time, like Williams, because they did not choose to inhabit the S.S. Empress of Scotland and St. Hilda's Hall. At the garden features, Zeek was usually to be seen talking animated French to the German diplomats.

DISNEY, in a last-minute flash, announced his removal from Ardmore to Oklahoma City, where he has joined in forming the firm of Suits and Disney, with offices in the Braniff Building.

Class of 1911, F. F. RUSSELL, *Secretary*

THE delegation was very much in evidence at the reunion. BUTLER made a speech at the banquet which was quite properly reported in the newspapers as being the feature of the evening. FITZ shared with Ned Armstrong the honor of being the best golfer among

the American reunionists. JOHN ANDREW RICE, JR., as rotund as ever, was busily engaged in chasing down a red-hot trail, only two hundred years old, anent the authorship of the Very Reverend Jonathan Swift's "Tale of a Tub", and will remain in England for a year or so on a Guggenheim Fellowship. WHITCOMB abandoned his trade of selling ice-cream machinery and challenged all former Rhodes Scholars to a duel of æsthetic dancing. EDDIE KERN couldn't make the reunion, but participated in a 1911 reunion in London just before leaving for America to indulge in some strenuous rest. MAURICE BLAKE sandwiched in the reunion between his winter recreation as a schoolmaster and his summer business as proprietor and manager of an American summer camp for boys at Le Bourget, France. TED LYMAN laid aside his pastime of running Northwestern University in order to grace the occasion. The HONORABLE SECRETARY preserved the highest traditions of orthodox Oxford oratory by making a speech in which he used (of course, irrelevantly), not only "futile", but "fatuous", in what he obligingly labeled a peroration, so that the audience could identify it.

FRANK BEIRNE has been taking time off from newspaper work to become a real dirt farmer in Baltimore, and is willing to furnish any inquiring soul with material for an essay on "The Economic Fallacy of a Home Vegetable Garden." He says nothing about the favors which the prohibition people show to farmers.

The present economic movement towards mergers has hit the churches, as a result of which ART DEVAN will shortly find himself without a job. Anyone needing a good Baptist parson should communicate with the Hon. Sec.

HENDRICK HUDSON has just recuperated from a severe illness. This fall he will be at the University of Chicago.

TOMMY MEANS is still lowering the standard of classical education at Eddie Kern's Alma Mater and is bucking Bob Hale's Republican machine in Brunswick, where he is Chairman of the Democratic Town Committee. He is busy supervising the education of Patricia Clotaire Means, born March 12th, 1927.

S. I. RYPINS spent the summer abroad. While in England he was fortunate in renewing old acquaintanceships with Baron Passfield of Passfield Corner, Mrs. Webb, and Bernard Shaw. He also visited Len-

ingrad, where he saw the Codex Sinaiticus and the Voltairean library. He looked over Moscow and then went down the Volga to the Caspian and into southern Russia. Later he visited by airplane Berlin, Paris and other places. He has now returned to San Francisco to resume his duties.

TURLERS is still working on some collaborated books, and announces the birth of a daughter on October 13th, 1928.

VOGT breaks a silence of many years to write that he is now head of the purchasing department of the Western Auto Supply Company, a 100-store chain store. He has been married twelve years, has two children, diverts himself with golf, bridge and the stock market, and has an office in the Coca Cola Building, K. C.

Shipley, Donaldson, Moise, Osborne, Hering, Greene, Watkins, Quigley, Rogers, Karsten, Haessler, Swartz, Johnson and Belser have all been heard from fairly recently, and are reasonably well and happy, though most of them are very chagrined at having missed the reunion.

The members of the Class of 1911 will be deeply grieved to hear of the death, last spring, of STANLEY YATES (*Washington and Lincoln*), after a lingering illness. An obituary notice of him appears in another place in this issue.

Class of 1913, PRESTON LOCKWOOD, *Secretary*

THE passenger list of the Empress of Scotland shows that the following members—and honorary members—of the Class of 1913 went to the Oxford Reunion:

Professor Brand Blanshard and Mrs. Blanshard; President O. C. Carmichael and Mrs. Carmichael; Dean W. C. Davison and Mrs. Davison; A. B. Doe, Esq., and Mrs. Doe; Professor George H. Gifford, Mrs. Gifford and two children; J. Robertson Paul, Esq., and Mrs. Paul; Conrad E. Snow, Esq., and Mrs. Snow.

BRUCE: "Still attempting to pursue the practice of law with Baker, Botts, Parker and Garwood, of Houston, Texas."

CARMICHAEL: "There is no further information that might be added to former notices. An article in *Holland Magazine* on 'The State Supported Colleges for Women', and a few newspaper articles are all the appearances in print. My full time and attention are given to the administration of Alabama College which has now grown to a student body of nine hundred."

CROSSLAND: " There is, I believe, little to report except that I have, with difficulty, kept out of jail and bankruptcy, and have tried to keep the good work in Central (Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Pontiac, Michigan) going through this, my sixth year." He outlines an extensive building plan for the erection of four units—" a church house, the church itself, field house or gymnasium and the chapel or tower—the entire group to be connected by cloisters."

CROSBY: In Buenos Aires and not expected to return until October.

DAVISON: " The Duke Medical School will open in 1930. It is very interesting watching the new buildings growing to maturity."

EHRLICH: Professor of the Law of Nations and General Political Theory at University of Lwow. " Spent the summer (1928) at The Hague acting for the fourth time as Polish National Judge at the Permanent Court of International Justice. Also lectured in 1928 at the Academy of International Law at The Hague on The Interpretation of International Treaties. I have to report the birth of a second child, this time a son ". Has had published a course on " Interpretation des Traités ", and an article in Polish on Article 19 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

FOSTER: " All is quiet along the Potomac as far as I and mine are concerned. Last summer the three of us took a trip to London and Paris. Modesty might forbid me to keep silent about election last year to alumni membership in the University of Idaho Phi Beta Kappa."

GAILOR: In enclosing a clipping from the *Nashville Banner* stating that at the commencement exercises of the University of the South, at which Bishop Thomas F. Gailor presided, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Gailor, he says: " I was also elected to the Board of (fifteen) Regents of the University and made its legal counsel."

KEYS: " Arrived here (Berkeley, California) in time to take up my duties in the Education Department in the fall term, and have continued placidly thereat from that date. Fear we are both confirmed Californiacs already, and cannot suppress a certain attitude of commiseration for those so unfortunate as to dwell elsewhere."

LOCKWOOD: The Secretary has little to report about himself. His law firm has moved from 128 Broadway to 7 Dey Street, New York City. Published in the May issue of *The Banker's Monthly* an article

entitled "A Famous Banker's Philosophy on Credit and Management". Elected a director of Kinner Airplane and Motor Corporation, of Los Angeles, and Consolidated Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo.

MERRILL: "No new vital statistics. The family (wife and two bratlings) spent the summer with me in a Maine village, reorganizing an ancient house and fifty acres of pine and pasture. Mosquitoes and wild strawberries of equal frequency and size."

NILES: A few months ago the Secretary found on his desk a very legal looking document entitled "United States Aviation Reports, 1928." The title page carried the inscription "tempus fugit; tempore fugit homo," immediately below which appeared as one of the three editors, the name "Emory H. Niles, Baltimore." The foreword stated that the volume was designed to be a complete source book upon the law of aviation as it has developed in the United States up to the latter part of the year 1928. Niles, as we all know, some years ago began to edit a series of Admiralty Reports. Beyond his expanding career as an editor, we have heard nothing from him.

POST: "Born, one daughter, Jenifer Anne Post, April 13, 1929. My translation of Menander will appear, I hope, some time this year. It is to be published by Routledge, London, in the Broadway Translations series. We have enjoyed having Steere, *Michigan and Oriel*, '25, with us at Haverford this year."

RIGGS: "Having resigned my position at Sioux Falls, I've been 'on the Hunt' for a new location. Just last week I received an offer of a position in Ward-Belmont School, Nashville, Tennessee, as Professor of Musical Sciences. I expect to take up my work there in September."

SNOW: "I took my first dip into politics this spring, and was elected (without contest) to the New Hampshire Legislature, the third largest legislative assembly in the world, membership in which is a necessary complement to a common school education in New Hampshire. My membership in this august body would have been quite unworthy of note were it not for the fact that through an unexampled dearth of lawyers in the assembly, I was drafted into the position of Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and was thus enabled to pack a considerable amount of political experience into my first term."

SPAULDING: "I am now able to announce the appearance of a third child and second son, who will be known to the public as John Scott

Spaulding. I am still connected with the Northern Trust Company (Chicago) and am now rated as a second vice-president. Recently I was called before the Citizens Traction Settlement Committee to present my views regarding franchise provisions and financial set up for the new consolidation traction company which is in the process of formation."

STEPHENS: His address for the last year has been Athens, Greece. His stay there was broken up by business trips to London, New York and Constantinople. He is connected with the investment banking firm of J. & W. Seligman, and the Secretary has noted that this firm, during the time when Stephens was at Athens, completed negotiations for a large Greek loan.

STRATTON: "Recently returned from a year's motoring trip in Europe with my family. I had decided to leave Salt Lake City and move to Los Angeles, and this move provided an opportunity for an extended vacation which, as you know, is rare in a lawyer's life."

SWAIN: "I am still Acting Judge of the Municipal Court of Los Angeles—have been for the last year and a half."

VAN SANTVOORD: "I am still Headmaster of the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Connecticut, and apparently have little leisure to be or do anything else. In fact this is the only reason why I wasn't at Oxford on July 4th! However, I am busy with another enterprise which has as its object the acquiring of the old Shaker Village at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. According to the plans announced last winter this interesting property will be taken over by a Board of Trustees for permanent preservation and a boys' school established there."

Class of 1914, CHARLES R. CLASON, *Secretary*

C. G. BOWDEN continues to develop his Utah ranch, as well as to carry on in his regular line of business. He attended the C. R. B.—A. R. A. reunion in Washington in March at the time of the inaugural of President Hoover. Bowden reports that he saw many colleagues of Oxford days at that time.

M. C. BOYD reports that he enjoyed the Rhodes reunion greatly.

C. R. CLASON was married at Folleigh Lake, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, on August 4, 1928, to Emma M. Pattillo, of Truro,

Nova Scotia. This summer they returned to Nova Scotia on their vacation, at which time Clason caught some large salmon and trout. They are living at 21 Rupert Street, Springfield, Massachusetts, at which address they will be glad to welcome Rhodes scholars at any time.

W. C. Cook continues as City Judge of Turlock, California. He also reports the arrival of his fourth son, since which time he has taken up chess as an amusement.

C. Eagleton was at Merton College this summer attending a Student Conference on international affairs, as technical advisor for a group of students from the United States. He also spent some time in Paris and watched the League of Nations at work in Geneva. He has been elected a member of the Executive Council of the American Society of International Law. At present Eagleton is engaged in literary work, besides being a member of the faculty of New York University.

C. S. Gentry on April 15, 1929, associated himself with Thompson, Mitchell, Thompson and Young of St. Louis, general attorneys for Shell Petroleum Corp. Gentry is still located in Houston, looking out for the legal work of the Gulf Coast Division.

J. L. Glenn was appointed a Federal Judge on May 1, 1929, and is now acting as U. S. District Judge of the Eastern and Western Districts of South Carolina. For six years Glenn served as Solicitor of the Sixth South Carolina Judicial Circuit. It will be recalled that Glenn served under President Hoover in relief work in Belgium and Northern France. Judge Glenn is the youngest Federal Judge in the United States.

R. K. Gooch attended the Rhodes reunion and is now returning to Virginia where he has resumed his chair.

P. F. Good was elected a member of the Board of Education of Lincoln, Nebraska, last May.

H. S. Hilley is busily engaged in completing an endowment fund for Atlantic Christian College, of which he is president.

Emile Holman represented Stanford University at Honolulu from August 14th to August 24th, where he presented a paper at the Pan-Pacific Surgical Congress. The most important news was the arrival on October 21, 1928, of twin sons, Shaun Purdy and Peter Holman.

PAUL T. HOMAN is a member of the faculty at Cornell University, and during this summer served on the faculty of the Northwestern University Summer School. Homan won the cup as the champion of the Northwestern faculty tennis players.

REV. R. RIDGELY LYTLE, JR., accepted a call to be the rector of St. Andrew's Parish, Wilmington, Delaware, where he enters upon his duties November 1st. In Wilmington his address will be St. Andrew's Rectory, 1009 Park Place. At President Hoover's inauguration Lytle met Branscomb, Stockton and "Duke" Wellington, among others. Both Lytle and his wife made the Oxford trip and had a splendid time in England and Scotland in connection with the festivities.

T. F. MAYO wrote from New York City, where he is working on a Ph.D. dissertation, but neglected to mention the subject. Mayo is librarian and associate professor of English at the A. and M. College in Texas to which he is to return on September 1.

B. M. Mow is stationed at Burjor Bagh, Navsari, and as an avocation is taking up the study of the vernacular literature of the people among whom he is living. A son, David Merrill Mow, arrived on Christmas Day, 1928. Mow is looking forward to a furlough at the completion of two years' service in India.

S. H. PARADISE writes from Andover, Massachusetts, where he is connected with Phillips Andover Academy. His son, Scott Ilsley, was born on April 6th, 1929, while his daughter, Carol, is now two years old.

WILDER PENFIELD left New York in March, 1928, for Germany, where he spent six months in medical research. On October 1, 1928, he arrived at Montreal, where he is now in charge of the Neurological Surgery at the two leading English hospitals in Montreal. In addition, Penfield holds the chair at McGill University in Neurological Surgery. With his family Penfield spent the summer at Lake Memphramagog.

WILLIAM PRICKETT is looking forward to a European trip next year. In the meantime he maintains his law practice at Wilmington.

J. V. RAY explored the Kanawha, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers this summer in a motor boat. His favorite amusements are his daughter, son, and golf.

F. W. ROGERS spent the summer in Wisconsin and Arizona, returning to Cincinnati, Ohio, for the opening of his school work.

J. H. ST. JOHN received his Ph.D. in June, 1927, from the University of Iowa. At the present time he is assistant professor in the history department at Miami University. This summer he has also taught in the summer session at his university. His family consists of a wife and one daughter.

G. B. STOCKTON announces that his daughter has reached the age of two and one-half years. In addition, he enclosed a note from the housebook of the Hon. Hugh Gibson, dated June 20, 1915. The note is as follows: " Gilchrist B. Stockton and Hugh Gibson hereby found the 'Hoover for President Club,' for the purpose of sending Herbert Hoover to the White House within a maximum period of fifteen years. To this end Gilchrist Stockton undertakes to vote Republican if necessary. The Club is limited to two—count them, T-W-O-members, and any others claiming to be Original Hoover Men are impostors and probably dangerous ones." The secretary claims some credit, together with President Hoover, in teaching Stockton to become a member of the Republican Party.

C. J. WEBER reports that Boyd, Branscomb, Lytle and Weber made up the 1914 contingent at the Rhodes Reunion. One of them drank the secretary's share of champagne before the Prince of Wales made his speech. Weber writes that Bernard Shaw stated that " American college professors are wholly illiterate university persons." [Later. Weber burst out of Maine in mid-December in an automobile, and has been reported from New Haven and New York, moving rapidly in a southerly direction.]

P. P. WERLEIN spent his summer's vacation touring around Portland, Oregon. He also reported the arrival of a daughter on November 21, 1928.

H. E. YNTEMA spent the summer at Litchfield, Connecticut, in what he described as a combination of occupations, which to a district attorney indicates the program of a convict or a married man. Yntema is now associated with the " Institute for the Study of Law ", which is being organized at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

E. P. Woodruff is still going strong in the practice of law at Brownwood, Texas. Like many of us he regrets his inability, through pressure of business, to reach Oxford for the reunion.

Class of 1916, W. R. Burwell, *Secretary*

'Gene Chase has been promoted to a full professorship of government at Lafayette College. This followed the birth of his second daughter and the publication of his book, *Our Revolutionary Forefathers*. The authorities of the university apparently thought that if 'Gene had Revolutionary forefathers and the courage to bring up a second daughter, he was well fitted to be a professor of government.

Bob Coffin acknowledges that he has become the father of a third book of verse, *Golden Falcon*, and of a second son, Richard Neal. Two more books were published during the summer, *An Attic Room* and *Seventeenth Century Prose*. Bob has recently been in Oxford examining the " honor system " with the expectation of taking back with him more honor to Wells College.

Chet Easum recently received his doctor's degree. His thesis will be published in the form of a book this fall under the title, *Americanization of Carl Schurz*. During the coming year he will be at Culver Military Academy, his old stamping ground.

Bill Finger, that man of international affairs, after arranging a lecture tour in cities where he could play bridge with former Rhodes Scholars, is returning to Paris to take up his new post as Automotive Trade Commissioner for Europe. Bill being the baby of our class has still some excuse for being unmarried, or it may be that no girl, even in this restless generation, is willing to keep up with the travelling pace which Bill sets. This last winter he was in Morocco, Algeria, Greece, Hungary, and who knows how many other places on the way.

Doug Miller is an important trade commissioner for the United States Government in Berlin. This necessitates occasional trips to the States to point out to American manufacturers opportunities in Germany. He is one of the few remaining patriarchs of the Oxford American Club and, as an important member of the class of 1916, brought much dignity to the reunion of Rhodes Scholars at Oxford this year.

Roy Richardson, in his usual modest way, wrote in response to the request for news a letter leaving out all reference to himself. He is the father of a second offspring, and one of the hardest working lawyers in New York City.

Although Bob Stevenson is Chief of the European Section of the Department of Commerce, he has recently, June 25th, had an American son born by the name of Michael.

Booky Taylor is still very much the gentleman of leisure. If stories that come to the secretary are true, he plants his crops, curses the weeds in some mysterious fashion, and travels afar until the harvest is ready.

Class of 1917, H. D. Natestad, *Secretary*

Baggles (C. R. Bagley): New baby, new house, same old job.

Alec Dick: On the first of the year I started private practice in association with David A. Buckley, Jr. We have the fairly unique arrangement of an office downtown to take care of the capitalists and an office uptown to care for the humanitarian interests of the populace. We specialize in anything ethical, especially results. On June 3rd I got married. I am leaving next Saturday for a trip abroad.

Ernest Griffith: We have just returned from two months in Europe. I shall be at Harvard next year as visiting lecturer in the Department of Government. (Editor's note: Griffith was married on June 8th in Hamilton College Chapel to Margaret, daughter of Congressman and Mrs. F. M. Davenport.)

Ben Hulley: I was promoted to consul last May and still like my work. The family is thriving and the problem of school is becoming imminent. The reunion at Oxford was a most satisfying affair; our class was represented by Amacker, Little, Hersey, Griffith, Penniman, and me.

John Moseley: Everything same as last year.

Natestad: No news except my change of address to Olds Motor Works, 2401 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

E. A. NILES: The wife and son are well. I am finding less time for extra-legal writing; however, I am writing up the New York musical shows for the *Boston Transcript* next season, which may serve to keep me out of the rut.

O. ROCKEY: An Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of California at Los Angeles,—that sums up my history of the past two years.

JACK WILLIAMS: I am still at Boston University, College of Liberal Arts, as instructor in English, and shall be so this next year. I did some more work at Harvard this past year toward that elusive degree. Everybody's health holds up and spirits remain reasonably good.

Class of 1918, F. B. CARTER, *Secretary*

RAY ANDERSON: "I've been at Radcliffe this past winter attempting to raise some money, so far with indifferent results. Youthful males seem to attract the financially generous more than does the studious type of youthful females. Probably shall be in New York or Chicago during the winter."

From JOHN R. BACHER: "My activities have kept me busy enough during the past year, but are not for the most part worth publishing. I acquired my Ph.D. in History from the University of Pennsylvania last February, and I am continuing to teach History in the same institution for another year. I am at this writing at Bucknell University for the Summer Session. I doubtless informed you last year of the birth of my second daughter who celebrated her first anniversary July 6th."

BRYTON BARRON writes from the Department of State, Washington, D. C., "Following my return from the Philippines I was engaged by one of the eastern publishing houses to assist in the preparation of a history of the Islands. The latter part of the school year, I was instructor in psychology at the Sioux Falls College (my alma mater). Then at the beginning of the present fiscal year, I was appointed to be assistant editor of publications in the State Department. This position involves both editorial work, which I enjoy, and the study of foreign affairs in which I have become keenly interested after seven years spent abroad."

RALPH M. CARSON: "There is no news but that of my marriage. I was married October 14, 1928, to Cécile Bellé (formerly Nangle) at Los Angeles, California. We are settled on Brooklyn Heights. I am practicing law with Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner and Reed, New York. I still make an occasional speech for the League of Nations."

DR. BAYARD CARTER has been appointed head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecological Surgery at the University of Virginia School of Medicine, Charlottesville, Virginia. He assumes his duties at the University in August. For the past four years he has been at the Yale University Clinic, New Haven, Conn.

DR. JOHN A. V. DAVIES had a two months' holiday in Europe. He attended the Reunion and reports glowingly of the events at Oxford. He returned in August to continue the practice of medicine in Farmington, Connecticut.

VIRGIL HANCHER continues the practice of law with Butler, Lamb, Foster and Pope, Chicago. The secretary notes with deep regret the death of his father.

STAN PARGELLIS received his Ph.D. in History from Yale in June. He also was elected Sterling Fellow and sailed in August for a year's work in London. His address will be in care of Brown, Shipley & Co. The note conveying this news came from Cape Porpoise, Maine, where he was recovering from so much academic application.

E. H. STEVENSON: "There is nothing startling to tell. I toil and spin at Lebanon Valley College, which, in the language of the country, is Lebanon Walley. My chief interests at the present are my daughter, Margaret, aged five days, and her brother Rufus, aged four years, who contracted whooping cough at an inopportune time. The home brew is good in this locality, and the bridge is fair."

C. K. STREIT is League Correspondent for the *New York Times*, his present address being Villa Bon Abri, Chêne-Bourg, Geneva, Switzerland. Last year his book, "Hafiz: The Tongue of the Hidden", a rubaiyat adaptation of the Persian poet, was published by the Viking Press.

W. B. STUBBS writing from Emory Junior College, Valdosta, Georgia, reports a very good year for that division of Emory University. Great strides were made in the work and the progress caused such

added responsibility that he was unable to take the trip to the Oxford Reunion.

RALPH WILSON: " No particular news—still practicing law. Have a new dog;—getting deeper into the flower raising business;—still single; still examining candidates for Rhodes Scholarships and still enjoying them ".

Class of 1919, B. M. BOSWORTH, *Secretary*

LEROY J. BURLINGAME and Mrs. Burlingame announce the birth of a son, Leroy James, born the thirteenth day of January, 1929.

CHARLES W. CARTER was one of those few fortunate members of our class who " saw to it that Rhodes House was properly opened, which seemed to involve diligent pursuit of English Cathedrals, a rapid but comprehensive scouring of Italy and stops in Paris and Mont St. Michel. "

JOHN M. CLARKE was taken into the firm of Morgan, Lewis & Bockius, Counselors at Law, of Philadelphia, July 1, 1929. Address : 2107 Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Bldg.

A. K. DAVIS, JR. has returned to the U. of Va. as Associate Professor of English after a year as Sterling Research Fellow at Yale. In November the Harvard Press will issue his first Magnum Opus, " Traditional Ballads of Virginia " which, the author admits, " will be worth $7.50 even of a Rhodes Scholar's money " !

WILLIAM R. DENNES writes from Munich that he is working a year in Germany and England as a Guggenheim Fellow.

MARSHALL N. FULTON was at the Rhodes Reunion and acclaims it a great success. For the coming year he is to be resident physician at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital with an attached post as Teaching Fellow in the Harvard Medical School.

ROBERT P. HAMILTON has forsaken the practice for the teaching of the law, having accepted an invitation to join the faculty of Columbia University Law School. Accordingly, he has deserted the Heights of Brooklyn for those of Morningside, for residence.

FRANK W. HARROLD remarks that " Each year when I receive your questionnaire and stop to recall what literary contributions I have made, how many millions I have accumulated, what European trips I have taken, what degrees have been conferred upon me and what wives or children I have acquired I realize what a mistake the board made in selecting me for association with men to whom all this is commonplace. "

L. M. JIGGITTS has recently been appointed reporter of the Mississippi Supreme Court for a six-year term. " The beauty about this," writes Jiggitts, " is that I can still keep up my private practice. "

SHELBY T. MCCLOY has spent most of the summer in the British Museum working on a study of Gibbon which he plans to carry on at Columbia University this coming year as a Schiff Fellow.

CLARK MOCK writes, " —my wife and I attended the Rhodes Reunion, met the Prince of Wales, Lady Astor, George Bernard Shaw, Lord Passfield, the Duchess of Atholl, member of the Labor Government, et cet., spent a month in England and several weeks in the Scottish Highlands and enjoyed the most pleasant and profitable vacation within memory. "

FRANK V. MORLEY reports " surprising activities through direct association with a London firm of publishers (Faber & Faber, Ltd.) as well as the old Century Company of New York. Aside from that and an adventure story called *East South East* there are no particular activities to relate except the enjoyment of the Rhodes Jamboree at Oxford in July."

CALVIN J. OVERMYER admits that he has reached a point " where one reports sameness as regards wife, child, work, residence, etc. " During the past year he was elected to Sigma Chi.

ALFRED I. REESE contented himself with a pleasant " motor vacation up through the New England States as far as Bar Harbour, Maine " in place of the more pretentious expedition to the Rhodes Reunion. He continues to practice law in the Quaker City.

WALTER E. SIKES, " Deacon ", brought his family home from India via Edinburgh, Oxford and the Rhodes Reunion this summer.

THEODORE S. WILDER has dared join many of the rest of us in " The Great Adventure ". The bride, Miss Corinne R. Burchard; the

date, February 12, 1929 : and the place, All Saints Church, Brookline, Mass.

CHARLES W. WILLIAMS keeps the Department of Economics of the University of Louisville going summer and winter. For play, he took a five week motor trip " somewhere north " in the late summer.

THE HON. SEC. enters upon his third year as a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, this fall.

Class of 1921, N. BRADFORD TRENHAM, *Secretary*

FEW may have noticed it, but the migratory tendencies of Rhodes Scholars of the 1921 class are very pronounced. Of 33 members 31 were chosen by states and 2 at large. Twenty-two of the 31 now reside in states other than the ones they represented at Oxford. Twenty of the 22 went further East and only two, Nutting (Iowa to Colorado) and Trenham (Arizona to California), followed the injunction of Horace Greeley to " Go west, young man, go west ". Seventeen of the 33 now reside on the Atlantic Seaboard, although they originally resided in states distributed all over the map. It is noticeable that Far Westerners tend to remain near home where they are most needed. Would that more Rhodes Scholars would come west to " cast their pearls " and "waste their sweetness on the desert air ".

W. F. ADAMS, after several years in the East, principally at Yale, and in England on a Sterling Fellowship from Yale, returns to the land of Sunshine in September to be Assistant Professor of Modern European and English History at the University of California at Los Angeles. He has just finished a book on *Irish Immigration to North America* which will be published by the Yale University Press. This volume will probably throw a great deal of light on Celtic influences in Municipal Government, especially American metropolitan police forces. Mrs. Adams preceded the Professor to California with their two sons, aged three and two, and has already established herself as an authority on international affairs on the Pacific Coast.

J. A. BRANDT, he of the Titian locks, is editor of the University of Oklahoma Press at Norman, after four and a half years of newspaper editing. He is trying to civilize the Oklahomans by assisting with the

editing of a quarterly on foreign literature, *Books Abroad.* Joe was married October 3rd, 1927 to Sallye Little (Oklahoma and De Pauw). They have a wee daughter, Brenda, born April 24 last. His report concludes with a boast for Oklahoma's climatic excellence and a mention of John Moseley and W. S. Campbell being near to cheer him.

C. M. CHATFIELD, with Cartesian brevity, writes from Reno, "I have nothing to say about myself; in point of fact, I am. *(Scribo, ergo sum).* Let me, however, take this annual opportunity to send greetings to all my old friends, and to say hastily that we are only living between two ice ages".

J. S. CHILDERS, " . . . is at present on a trip around the world and is not expected back until some time in the autumn" writes Miss Margaret Phillips, Secretary to Mr. Childers. From this I deduce that Childers' books must be going well. Few so young go around the world and have Secretaries.

KENNETH C. COLE, is instructor in government at Harvard. He has been married three years and, is father of one son. Ken's handwriting indicates his success as a professor.

HENRY H. COOKE, has a delightful job. He writes that " occupation is still serving as a 'Flit soldier' for the Standard Oil Company, though I am working some on cosmetics and have been doing some pleasant research at the Jersey Beaches on sunburn oils". Cooke claims to be enjoying the status of bachelor, but few bachelors can work on cosmetics and do research at the beaches without slipping.

C. D. EDWARDS, we learn from Marshall Knappen, is having fine success in the Economics Department at New York University.

ROBERT M. FIELD is practicing law in New York at 51 Madison Avenue and invites any member of the class to call on him—we reckon others are not barred. Besides he is preparing two books, one dealing with the problems relating to Prohibition and the other an authorized biography of Alton B. Parker, whom some of the older Southerners may recall as Democratic Candidate for president in 1904. Last year he, *i.e.* Field, delivered a series of radio talks on international affairs over the W J Z network. Besides, the member for Ma Ferguson's state was at the Rhodes reunion, but let him tell about it himself.

" Your letter of July 9th came while my wife and I were enjoying the reunion of Rhodes Scholars at Oxford. I regret that our class had only a slight representation, Adams of California and Fulton of Minnesota being the only others I saw. You will have a full account of that from the Oxonian. The only item of personal interest is that I acted as chairman of a committee of Rhodes Scholars who are now members of the American Bar which presented to the Codrington Library a first edition of Beveridge's Life of John Marshall in four volumes. Into the first volume were bound a greeting from the Committee, a letter from President Hoover, a message from Chief Justice Taft, a letter from Beveridge to his publisher, a page of notes in Beveridge's own hand which he had written in the preparation of the book, together with a priceless letter in the handwriting of John Marshall."

E. D. FORD, JR., claims to have done nothing to distinguish himself, but the Secretary believes continuing with the same firm and in the same profession to be worthy of note. He concludes, " Am editing a handbook for Minnesota lawyers known as ' Woodman's Diary '— nothing much as far as originality goes—but useful ".

GJEMS FRASER, has been doing graduate work at Columbia and teaching in the East Orange High School—also via Knappen.

DR. J. F. FULTON, JR., had quite enough publicity in the July *Oxonian* (vide p. 156). We are proud of you, John, and hope besides enlightening the world concerning nerves you will write a treatise on Harvard, Yale and Oxford, which trilogy you so ably represent.

R. G. HEINER, unusually telegraphic, writes, " Still married ; have son couple of years old; still with Cotton and Franklin, New York ; expect to go back to Germany in September to work on German loans, etc."

J. T. HUNT, seems to be lost. A letter addressed to 25 Nassau Street, New York, was returned. Will someone please find him and report?

A. C. JACOBS, was married August 27, 1927 to Miss Loretta Field Beal of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mrs. Jacobs is the daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Junius E. Beal. Mr. Beal is a regent of the University of Michigan. The Jacobs' have a daughter, Loretta Grinnell, born October 21, 1928. Like several other Oxonians Al read law at Oxford—but stayed with it. He has also achieved as follows:

" During the year 1927-1928 I was teaching at the Columbia Law School on a year's leave of absence from my Fellowship at Oriel College. During the course of the year I decided to resign my Fellowship and I did so with great reluctance in order to join the Law Faculty of Columbia University. I was made an Assistant Professor in Law for the year 1928-1929 and on July 1st was made an Associate Professor in Law. During the course of the last year I have been in charge of a big research project under a grant from one of the large foundations here to make a study of Family Law in its whole social setting."

MARSHALL KNAPPEN, who has been teaching in New York University, resumes his position in the History Department of the University of Chicago this fall. His cheery letter is the kind a Secretary loves to receive, even though it be not possible to find room for all of it. Most interesting is his account of giving up the ministry for teaching. " Much learning has made me mad," he writes. " It's hard to remain orthodox if you study, and difficult to remain honestly in the pulpit if you become liberal." Such candor is commendable, especially in the young. But of course such qualms seldom disturb our contemporaries of the Established Church.

F. W. LAYMAN, has been practicing law in Casper, Wyoming since 1924. He was in the State Legislature last January and February, but does not state whether he represented the labor unions or the Power Trust.

K. S. MILLER says:—" I left Harvard and am now Associate Professor of Philosophy at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri. That is all the news about me which may be relevant. To avoid confusion with many Millers, I have changed my name to S. Kerby-Miller."

W. D. NUTTING, was ordained priest just before leaving Oxford and sent to the British West Indies to work in a church there. A hurricane crocked him up and after six weeks he was sent home with tuberculosis. For health's sake he was sent to Colorado and is now practically well again. Nutting has a little church in Evergreen and hopes, with J. W. B. Higgens, who was up at Keble with him, to found a " religious community " with a monastery.—" monasteries sound strange in Volstead Days, don't they? " All male Oxonians are invited to stop with

them when in Evergreen. His activities include being parish priest and acting lawyer, doctor, teacher, taxi-driver, carpenter, and newspaper for the village. Besides this he wears skirts, as though he had not yet suffered enough.

N. Bradford Trenham, wishes, after reading over these personal notes that he might have caught some of the powers of verbal prestidigitation of Carl Newton, *et al*, while at Oxford. Your secretary thanks those who sent in notes, and promises to send out the call for 1930 in sufficient time to have a wider representation.

As for my poor part I took an M. A. in Education at the University of Southern California in June 1926 after a year and a half of graduate study and filling a minor position in the University's department of Research and Counselling. Since 1926 I have been Secretary of the Educational Commission of California Taxpayers' Association. It is about the most interesting position imaginable, combining, as it does, research, business administration, politics, education, taxation, writing, talking and a fair degree of fighting. Last August I was married to Miss Lorain Noble, B. A. Stanford; M. A. Southern California, and we both look forward to a trip to Europe before we start raising little Rhodes Scholars. As the years roll on Oxford becomes dearer and the memory of three perfect years grows more sublime. Ave.

C. L. Ward, Jr., is "Still practicing law—especially the famous 'Delaware corporation' brand." He assisted in preparing the 1925, 1927, and 1929 editions of Josiah Marvel's Delaware Corporations and Receiverships". Ward's office is in the Delaware Trust Building in Wilmington.

H. A. Cassar, (Malta, '21) is an American Rhodes Scholar by marriage, having wed Miss Clare McCoy of New York June 16th last. They honeymooned in Washington, D. C. and Natural Bridge, Virginia, assisted by a popular four cylinder American automotive conveyance—Model A. Cassar has been researching for the Standard Oil Company since 1925 and is now in their Technical Service Department working on gums in gasoline. Perhaps Cooke *(vide supra)* will yet make the Great Discovery, too.

Class of 1922, FITZGERALD FLOURNOY, *Secretary*

BARKER, after teaching English last year at Barnard College, was reported in Europe during the summer.

BRONSON, from the English department at the University of California, writes that he has had what is generally known as a successful year. No students have thrown anything in his class room (we know what Bronson was throwing), and he has borne a burden on the lute in concerts of Elizabethan music.

Assistant Dean BROCKWAY, of St. John's College, did not reply with his usual promptitude this summer. He was probably in Europe doing the things for which he fires students from St. John's.

CARLETON, from the Attorney-General's office of New Hampshire, writes that he is soon leaving his political job for membership in McLane's law firm in Manchester, N. H. Tennis, skiing, and stump speaking are Carleton's leading avocations.

FLOURNOY's principal activity during the past winter was pneumonia. Before the storm broke he did some speaking, his last appearance being at the unveiling of a tablet to General Lee near Columbus, Ohio, the first monument of its kind to Lee north of the Mason-Dixon line. He has spent the summer getting a coat of tan and preparing a course in the classical literature of the eighteenth century.

FOOSHEE writes that his movements have been circumscribed as compared with last year, as his law firm has sent him no farther from home than Los Angeles. While he was in the West he found civilized solace with Rhodes brethren of San Francisco—Woodson Spurlock, Earl Thoenen, Farnham Griffiths. Christmas he spent with Earl Dunbar of our class, who is living near Los Angeles and greatly improved in health.

HALL is silent.

LARSON delivers Oxonian paradoxes thus: "Business has been dull enough to be interesting. The possibility of marriage remains a stimulating uncertainty." He is still in the paper business.

LESTER comes to the point as follows: "During the past year I became instructor and lecturer for the University of Memphis Law School, teaching the second-year class. I became a member of Beta

Theta Pi, had published in the Memphis ' Press-Scimitar ' some twenty odd poems and short stories. Ran a column in the ' Tatler,' a new Memphis magazine, which suspended publication with the first issue in which my column appeared. Cause and effect."

No news from MADDOX.

PEAL, usually prompt in reply to the Secretary's appeals, is silent this summer. We hear that he attended the Rhodes Reunion. Of PIPKIN and SNOW we suspect the same.

SPURLOCK, is still with Pillsbury, Madison, and Sutro in San Francisco, and his only report is " No news."

STEVENSON is silent.

THOMAS, with his wife, is in England, where he is searching in the Bodleian and British Museum for materials on the life of Erasmus Darwin, the subject of his Ph.D. thesis. He has leave from the University of Wisconsin until Feb. 1, when he will return to his assistant professorship.

VALENTINE's office announces that he was in Europe at the Rhodes Reunion, that last year he was Executive Secretary of the Swarthmore College Endowment Fund, which conducted a successful campaign to raise two million dollars in a month's time, and that he has now been appointed Dean of Men of Swarthmore College.

Class of 1923, WILLIAM BLACKBURN, *Secretary*

ANDERSON is at Swarthmore as Assistant Professor of History. He is the father of a year-old son. Last July he secured his Doctorate of Philosophy at Oxford.

According to one of his friends, ALLEN is teaching English at Ann Arbor. He spent part of the summer vacationing in New York.

BUCK's most important item is the birth of Olwen Margaret on St. Valentine's Day, 1929. Like her sister Priscilla, Olwen Margaret is a blonde. Like their father, both girls have conversational powers. Buck plans to remain another year in the Department of History and Government at Mills College. He is also pursuing a Ph.D. at the University of California.

BURK is now an associate professor in the Graduate School at the Western Reserve University. At home a twelve-months-old son keeps him busy.

CAMPBELL is completing his third year in the Surgical Service at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, working under Dr. Doudy. Despite having given up running the quarter mile and playing lacrosse, he keeps his trim figure. He is also single.

For the past two years FITCH has been Associate Professor of Economics at the University of South Dakota. He is to be assistant to Dr. John R. Commons in a special tariff investigation next year at the University of Wisconsin. A fact which Fitch forgot to mention in his note is that he has recently married. The Secretary has the authority of R. E. Huston on this point.

HAM spent the summer in England and France. He and Anderson were the only Americans to represent the 1923 delegation at the Rhodes Reunion. He returned this autumn to Princeton, to give a series of lectures there on French mediaeval literature. His Oxford dissertation is now in the press.

HERRICK's letter is a series of negatives: "No wife, no children, no new job, no trips abroad, no publications—not even any new brands of shame. Apparently my capacity for comedy, tragedy and high adventure is about that of a succulent cabbage . . . There is, however, one positive achievement—I have borne and bred and buttered a mustache".

HUSTON expects to be at the University of Chicago for the next two years, summer and winter, studying Mathematics. He writes of seeing Kidder, Fitch, Gass and Springer in Chicago this summer.

JACK is Secretary of and Legal Adviser to the International Printing Ink Corporation, New York. This is "the largest printing ink concern in the world". He is flourishing at this business, finding it easier to keep money in his pocket and hair on his head than he did as a truant scholar. Jack's most startling confession is that he has become a "City Slicker", toward which title he has striven for the past two years.

MATTHIESSEN's well-written and subtle biography of Sarah Orne Jewett was published last spring by Houghton-Mifflin . . . After two

years as Instructor in English at Yale, he went this fall to Harvard to be a Tutor in History and Literature, and a member of the English Department. He spent the summer with his friend, Mr. Russell Cheney, in Colorado Springs.

MIMS spent the summer in Canada resting after his arduous labors as Assistant Editor of *The Pageant of America Series* (Yale University Press). He has written in collaboration for this Series *A History of the American Stage*. At the time of his writing to the Secretary, Mims was musing (over his beer) about the future,—particularly about which one of several offers he would accept.

NUGENT is doing chemical research in connection with medical probblems at the Gladwyne Laboratory, Gladwyne, Penna. His address is 2445 Whitby Road, Upper Darby, Penna. He finds his research enjoyable, but hopes within a year or two to enter, as he protests, "the glorious teaching profession".

PELL was ordained Priest of the Episcopal Church last December. He is to continue next year as a master at the Lennox School, Lennox, Mass. In 1930 he expects to be Headmaster of a new Church School to be started by the Episcopal School Foundation at Middletown, Delaware.

PERKINS, at the time of writing, was in the midst of finishing a book on Individual Instruction which, incidentally, is to contain a chapter on Oxford. His interest in tutorial systems has carried him to Harvard and to Swarthmore. At Swarthmore he attended among other Honors Groups one led by T. S. Anderson. In New York he has run across Fergusson and Mayor (both of the Laboratory Theatre). Perkins is teaching Ethics at the General Theological Seminary, and has been working especially on the Old Testament.

RICHARDS continues a bachelor and a country preacher in the mountains of North Georgia. His address is Clarksville. "The old corn", he says, "still flows freely in spite of my powerful sermons". [Later the following item was discovered in a North Carolina paper:—"Mrs. Robert Jackson Knight, Sr., of Safety Harbor, Fla., announces the engagement of her daughter, May Evelyn, to Rev. James McDowell Richards, of Clarksville, Ga., and Davidson, N. C. The wedding will take place late in December."]

SHEA has been in New York since November with Chadbourne, Strachfield, and Levy. He has taken the New York Bar Examinations. One of his pastimes is watching out-going steamships; another is advising prospective travellers to Europe on routes and schedules.

WITHERSPOON was seen one evening on a New York Subway by E. Mins. He is married and is connected with one of the New York hospitals.

Class of 1924, J. D. BENNETT, *Secretary*

C. D. ABBOTT will return next year to the University of Buffalo. He and Mrs. Abbott are spending the summer in the Austrian Tyrol.

J. D. BENNETT will be assistant professor of English next year at Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Virginia.

C. M. BRAXTON is still with the law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell of New York. He writes that he is in Havana at present investigating companies which clients of the firm are proposing to buy. "Of course, I am enjoying a foreign country and a foreign language once again, even though they are pretty well Americanized."

W. D. COLE is still with Imbrie and Company, Investment Bankers, of New York City.

J. P. DAWSON and Mrs. Dawson sailed in June for a summer abroad which was to include Oxford and the Rhodes Reunion. A son, born last winter in Ann Arbor, has been named John Philip Dawson, Jr.

W. S. GREATHOUSE submits the same address, 1408 Hoge Building, Seattle, and the same occupation, lawyer, and adds that he still possesses the same freedom, being single.

R. L. GUTHRIE is practising law in Dallas. He is with the firm of Thompson, Knight, Baker and Harris, Republican Bank Building.

P. A. HARWOOD took a master's degree in English this spring at the University of Nevada, and is now an assistant professor there. He was married on May 18th to Jacqueline Collettee of Logan, Utah.

J. L. MERRILL has atoned for his silence last year by a letter which contains a very fair share of news:

"The nature of what I am doing would require far too long a description to be worth the time it would take to read it. However, for publication you might say that I am associated with the Bancamerica-Blair Corporation, 24 Broad Street, in what is known as the New Business end.

"A few words about some of our contemporaries at Oxford whom I have recently seen might be interesting to you. Art Rosebraugh stopped off here on his way to Paris where he is working in the Paris office of the New York law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell,—Bob Hyatt and George Pfann (the latter having taken unto himself a wife, in the person of Miss Betty Wyckoff, of Ithaca, N. Y.) are both in the law offices of Cravath, deGersdorff, Swaine and Wood.—Bruce Brode is with the Royal Insurance Company here.—Paul Hennessy and Nate Parker have forsaken the cloistered, leisurely study of the law at Oxford for the more hectic and more Hebraic surroundings of Columbia University.—Carter Braxton is with Sullivan and Cromwell in New York. These are all the names that come to my mind at the moment."

W. A ROSEBOROUGH's address is 39 rue Cambon, Paris, France. Since March he has been in the Paris office of Sullivan and Cromwell, of New York. He wrote during the summer:—"I enjoy my work here very much . . . and the magnitude of the jobs one works on gives a flattering, if false, sense of importance . . . I hope to get away for a vac the early part of August, most of which I shall spend in and about Oxford."

S. T. SPARKMAN, after serving three months as locum tenens at the Church of the Advent, Spartanburg, S. C., has been since last September rector of the Church of the Nativity, Union, S. C., and Calvary, Glenn Springs, S. C.

C. W. STROM is a graduate student at the University of Illinois. He is preparing a thesis in Mathematics. His address is 807 West Nevada Street, Urbana, Illinois.

S. TEFFT has merely sent in his address for next year, which is The Law School, University of Chicago.

E. R. THOENEN is with the attorneys for the Standard Oil Company in San Francisco. He is living for a few months at 798 Moreno Avenue, Brentwood Heights, Santa Monica, having been transferred

to Southern California to assist in the preparation of a case against the Government. He writes that his work at present is most interesting.

I. TREIMAN is engaged in the general practice of law in St. Louis, where he is associated with the firm of Rassieur and Goodwin. He has also been lecturing in the Law School of Washington University. He lives at 4569 Lewis Place.

F. T. WAGNER is still practising law in the office of Rushmore, Bisbee and Stern, 20 Pine Street, New York City. His residence is at 30 East 37th Street. All, he adds, is quiet, and fairly satisfactory.

A. M. WILSON has been teaching at Grinnell College, Iowa. He has been appointed Grinnell's Visiting Professor on the Harvard Exchange for next year. He expects to do tutoring and research "with an eye to the Ph.D. degree."

T. J. WILSON will continue as an assistant professor of French at the University of North Carolina.

LETTERS FROM THE CLASS SECRETARIES

The Class of 1904 Letter

THE number of responses to the Secretary's annual personal letters has been most generous.

KIEFFER writes—"Unfortunately I have nothing for publication. Like the fortunate nation that had no history, things have been going well with me but I have nothing at this time to report which will interest the readers of the OXONIAN."

TIGERT, PRICE, SHERBURNE, DENSMORE, and BERAN likewise merely answer the roll call with a "Here."

BROOKS writes in part—"The only news note of any importance that occurs to me is that I was this year President of the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business and in that capacity organized the program of the meeting at the University of California and Stanford University. This event occurred in April and I had a fine trip to California, going on the Streamliner *City of California.* Had this conference been two months later I might have had something thrilling to write, had I survived the disaster. Always my luck."

From Tucker BROOKE—"I am approaching the end of my service as what they call Frederic Ives Carpenter Visiting Professor in the University of Chicago summer quarter. It has been a kind of bus man's holiday, and, when the wind was not blowing from the lake, has meant hot service; but it is quite a help for a visitor from a tradition-bound institution to get a first-hand contact with the educational novelties they are trying out here.

"Chicago is a fine place for discovering Rhodes Scholars of a certain antiquity. I have rejoiced in the hospitality of Schmitt and Knappen in the University, and Winston in the city; have had the pleasure of seeing Hornbeck passing through and Blodgett at Winston's festive board, where thirty-five years rolled off our backs with the first cocktail. I know you know the feeling and salute you."

From MERRIAM—"Ph.D. from Columbia University—Spring of 1939. *Edward Maxon, Publisher of Poets*—book published by Columbia University Press in Spring of 1939.

"Taught summer session at the University of Oregon, Portland branch, where Buck (Idaho R.S. now at Stanford University) also taught. Buck was a speaker at one Institute of International Relations and I at one Institute of Northwest Affairs, both at Reed College."

Stanley HORNBECK and his (much) "Better Half" have just returned from five weeks of what might be called "constructive vacationing." On the constructive side: The "silver-haired ex-professor" (*vide The Oregonian,* Portland, Oregon; S. K. H. has since had haircuts) lectured and talked at four "Institutes" on the Pacific Coast, attended the Fifteenth Institute of the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation, at Chicago, and spoke at the University of Denver. Great pleasure was derived from

contacts with Mr. and Mrs. Farnam Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Noble, "Benj" Wallace, H. G. Merriam, Bernadotte Schmitt, Clyde Eagleton, P. E. Corbett, and Clarence Streit. On the holiday side: Visits to the San Francisco Exposition and to the New York World's Fair; an extended motor trip around Mt. Hood and down the Columbia River; a comprehensive "rubberneck" tour of Los Angeles; several days of motoring in the mountains in Colorado; attendance at the opening night of the Central City Festival; attendance at the opening night of the Denver Civic Opera (open air); and visits with friends at various points in Colorado and en route. Present intention: To attend, shortly, the one hundredth anniversary convention of Beta Theta Pi.

ASHBY writes—"The University of Maine having granted me a leave of absence for a half-year, I have been staying here in Cambridge since last February, working in the Harvard Library on a book that I hope to bring out in the not too distant future. But this fact is not sufficiently important to deserve notice in the OXONIAN, and I shall be just as well satisfied if you leave it out. Perhaps it will arrive too late, anyway."

An interesting note from SPERRY, at Great Stones, Shotover, Oxford—"Oxford and England in the summer of 1939 are very different places from those of 1938. Whatever one may think of Chamberlain and Co., —and opinion is as divided here as in America—England is getting her mind resolutely, if reluctantly, geared to the possible worst. In one of the Cambridge Colleges the other day I went through a subterranean catacombs planned for air-raids, and inspected the central and supposedly invulnerable treasure room where the most precious College possessions are to be put in case of trouble. It is hard to make it seem real.

"Meanwhile we are having the wettest summer for years. It is as though nature were intent on setting a back-drop for the most sombre moods of the time, or as though she had herself become infected by the tempers of the human mind. Certainly, she isn't giving the average Englishman a 'leg up' at this time. But we make the best of what are euphemistically called—in the papers and over the air—'bright intervals.'"

From Ben WALLACE—"There is not much news to report unless it be news that this has been my conference season. I attended the Harvard-Yale-Princeton Conference at Princeton in April for two days, the Canadian-American Conference at St. Lawrence University for four days in June, and the Harris Institute at the University of Chicago for six days in July. These conferences dealt with international affairs. At Chicago University, ex-President Benes of Czechoslovakia was the outstanding personage, but it was a little surprising to find out of no more than about forty persons invited or admitted to the conference, no less than six Rhodes Scholars, not including Felix Morley who was expected but did not appear. Bernadotte Schmitt led one round table, Clarence Streit lectured on 'Union Now,' and Stanley Hornbeck, Clyde Eagleton, and Percy E. Cor-

bett, professor of Roman Law, McGill University, took part in the discussions."

BUSH writes—"I found your letter when we returned from a trip. I swear I can't think of anything to report except a delightful trip to the Virgin Islands by way of Porto Rico. I am not keen about the latter but the Islands make a perfect vacation spot.

"I have seen no Rhodes men except those around here. Pell at St. Andrews School tried to have a reunion of us all one night last winter but the weather was so bad that only two turned up. We are going to try again this fall. There are about a dozen of us in Delaware. Most of them here in Wilmington."

From Joe WALLESER, accompanied by a letter from a school girl pupil and a picture of a morning's catch of fish—"I spend my winters on an island near Naples, Florida, conducting a private school in connection with the Keewaydin Club, the headquarters of which are at Princeton, New Jersey.

"It's great fun to tutor children ranging from the Fifth Grade to last year in high school. They bring their own schoolbooks and a statement from their teachers to show how much work must be done. I take them as they come. The enrollment varies from week to week; I've had as many as 19, all trying to do their assignments during three hours that they spend with me. Such tutoring calls for considerable alertness—a kind of mental gymnastics, very invigorating inasmuch as I'm supposed to know all the answers concerning decimals, fractions, long and short division, English literature, spelling, geography, history and foreign languages like French, Spanish, and Latin. 'Little red schoolhouse' expresses the type of work that I do, but that is our American way of carrying out the Oxford tutorial system. I wish you could read messages of gratitude that show the fine results. Perhaps Nature helps a lot because the screened schoolroom overlooks a two-mile beach on the placid Gulf of Mexico.

"So once again I know all the joys of childhood—in all seriousness, truly a great pleasure. There is also deep-sea fishing—just a matter of getting a boat and a guide to come upon a run of fish. There is also bathing in the sunlight far from the madding crowd, or collecting the rare seashells that the tides are continuously leaving on the shore. Such a life! It makes my editing copy for textbooks in Chicago during the rest of the year delightful with notes of a nightingale.

"I hope that you, or any other Rhodes Scholar, passing through Naples, Florida, will come to Gordon's Pass and see me in my 'little red schoolhouse.' "

Late in June CRITTENDEN got hit by a truck and all "busted" up—but fixed again—and adds—"I never look upon anything as a disaster or a misfortune, only a new experience.

"I took that attitude regarding the depression, and that is the reason it didn't get me down. I am getting a great kick out of starting all over again. I am on my way back. When one comes to the conclusion, as I have, that money is the least im-

portant commodity in the world, then financial losses have no significance. I am happy, healthy, and wise.

"The one thing that I would like most to do sometime in the future is to attend a convention of Rhodes Scholars anywhere in the United States. Do you think a real gathering could be pulled off? It is a strange thing, but I feel more strongly drawn and have a deeper affection for the boys that I knew at Oxford than I do even for my fraternity brothers."

This from ROBINS, too late for last year—"We had our usual gathering of old Rhodes Scholars residing in and around Salisbury, at my house on 15th June last, the same date as the Oxford Dinner, and sent a cabled message of greetings to the latter gathering.

"It is proposed to hold these local re-unions alternately in Salisbury and Bulawayo after this; and any old Rhodes Scholars who may be visiting Africa in June of any year are asked to let me know, so that they may be invited to join us.

"That leads me to another matter: In September, 1940, the Golden Jubilee of the Occupation of Rhodesia by the Pioneer Column sent by Mr. Rhodes under the British South Africa Company's Royal Charter will be celebrated and one of the suggestions that has been made is that this should be made the occasion for a general re-union of all old Rhodes Scholars who can spare the time (and find the funds!) to travel to Rhodesia. Ways and means are being considered and if the plan seems at all possible, we shall ask Mr. Allen to circulate it with his Xmas Letter. It would afford an ideal opportunity for old Rhodes men to pay a visit to the Matopos and other places venerated by us all for their association with our great Founder, and would enable them to participate in celebrations which must be of interest to them all.

Pat HENRY writes from Switzerland that he and Mrs. Henry were in the United States for one month this summer to attend the wedding of their son Alven Reed to Miss Virginia Gray Montgomery of Louisville, Kentucky. They spent practically all their time in Louisville where they plan on building a home after Pat retires from his duties in Egypt. He writes further that they expect to spend September in London and get back to Egypt about the middle of October "unless the war interferes." He adds further "I do not believe there is going to be a war this year."

We are reminded that the OXONIAN never carried an announcement of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Henry's youngest son McClellan. He disappeared in Mid-Atlantic from a liner on which he was crossing to America on September 4, 1937. He had been at Worcester College for two years and was coming to America to spend one year in an American university before returning to finish at Oxford.

From George BARNES at the very last moment:

The only items I have to record are that I was elected a member of the General Council of the Presbyterian Church in May 1938 (that corresponds to an Executive Committee for the entire Church), and am a member of the Administrative Committee, Chairman of the Committee on United Promotion in the General

Council. Locally, I have recently been elected President of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches and am serving also as Vice-President of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia. Those activities, in addition to my church work, for I am still pastor of the Overbrook Presbyterian Church, keep me fairly active, and especially this year when our Church is celebrating an important anniversary in its history, making building alterations and installing a new organ. In my spare time, I try to give some attention to the affairs of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars, in which I find the co-operation of all the men a delightful experience.

G. E. HAMILTON
Secretary, Class of 1904

The Class of 1905 Letter

THE news of the Year is the further elevation of The Rev. Beverly D. TUCKER to Bishop of Ohio, the appointment of Prof. B. E. SCHMITT as Andrew MacLeish Distinguished Service Professor of Modern History at the University of Chicago, and a Distinguished Service Award by the Presbyterian General Assembly to Dr. Hugh A. MORAN who since 1919 has been director of Religion at Cornell University.

Ned ARMSTRONG (*Maryland and Oriel*) with difficulty withholds comment on these "very troublesome times," but sends best wishes and word that his daughter was one year old August 13th.

Leigh ALEXANDER (*New Jersey and Queens*) writes: "For the last two summers I have taught in the Western Reserve University Summer Session, commuting from Oberlin for the purpose. It was interesting work and stimulating, because it was mainly with graduate students who are a little older and more serious-minded than the ordinary undergraduate. Oberlin is greatly interested in the suggestion of a union of the world's leading democracies as proposed in Streit's thoughtful and well-written book *Union Now*. Oberlin's President Wilkins and a strong local organization of college students and others are doing their part toward the development and education of public opinion along this line."

Frank AYDELOTTE (*Indiana and Brasenose*) writes: "Instead of taking a holiday in England this summer I have been in Mexico on a mission for the American Friends Service Committee in the interests of refugees. Six thousand Spaniards including much of the very best brains and intelligence of Spain are now in the process of settling down in Mexico and more are expected. There is every reason to believe that their coming will prove a blessing to the country and I personally think it a pity that our Congress is not more alive to the opportunity at the present time of acquiring citizens who, in ability and culture, are far superior to the average immigrant of the past twenty-five years."

ENSIGN (*Illinois and St. Edmund Hall*) on his tour East this summer, "visited Hartford, Conn., and the old burial ground there where my gt gt gt gt gt (count them) grandfather James E. was buried in 1670.

He was one of the 101 founders of Hartford—went there with Rev. Thomas Hooker in 1636. Found relatives still living there." At Springfield, Mass., he missed Frank Mohler (*Kansas and St. John's*) who was on a jaunt to South America, and at Lebanon, Pa., he missed Ben Tomlinson (*Illinois and Christ Church*) by twenty minutes. Although now absorbed in the revision of a text book, he inquires: "Can't you do something about the bunch of rotters down in Wash. D.C.?"

From São Paulo, Brazil, Consul General Carol Foster (*Idaho and Brasenose*) writes "After the Revolution of November 10, 1937, and our extended trip to the States, during which we had the pleasure of meeting so many Rhodes Scholars and their wives at your house, life at this post seemed rather tame for nearly a year.

"Then the Consulate General burst into activity during the visit of the American Ambassador at Rio and Mrs. Caffery, the first such a visit for about ten years. One of my particular jobs was giving a formal dinner for some thirty officials.

"Shortly afterwards General Marshall's Military Mission came to this state, and I had plenty of interviews, meetings, and publicity to arrange.

"Then we had a rather wonderful vacation flying clear across the state of São Paulo to the border of Matto Grosso and staying at the headquarters of a fazenda of some 132,000 acres, within which a town is springing up surrounded by a diversity of crops (cotton, rice, corn, oranges, bananas, etc.) on some small holdings sold off from the fazenda proper. It carried me back to frontier days in Oklahoma to see the men all wearing boots and spurs and guns (plus a long knife on the other side, under the arm or in the boot) and to hear the movement and see the handling of thousands of cattle. On the whole it was one of the most interesting experiences we have had. Going by air gave us a marvelous view of the waste spaces and the possibilities of one of the most populous and undeveloped states in the Brazilian union.

"I am always glad to see Rhodes Scholars, especially here."

Hack (*Massachusetts and Oriel*), about to start on his usual late summer trip to New England remarks: "The new number of the AmOx seems to have been censored into complete dullness. Perhaps there is no medium between nonentity and passionate recrimination; there ought to be. Bored or gored to death will be the epitaph."

After thirty years we are pleased to receive a line from Mitchell (*Minnesota and New College*). He writes: "I resigned last year as general counsel for the MSTP & SSM Ry. Co., usually called the Soo Line, and as counsel for its trustees in the reorganization proceeding, in order to engage in private practice at the above address. Since that time, I have been chiefly occupied in representing the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in the various reorganizations of American Railroads in which it is concerned."

Here is the citation for the Distinguished Service Award to Moran (*California and Wadham*) in Christian education presented by the President of the Presbyterian General Assembly:

"Hugh Anderson Moran, bachelor

of arts, Leland Stanford University; Rhodes Scholar from California; bachelor of arts and master of arts in theology, Oxford University; doctor of philosophy, Columbia; ordained to the gospel ministry in 1908; secretary of the International Committee, Y.M.C.A. in China, and later secretary of the International Student Department of the Y.M.C.A.; since 1919 student pastor and director of religion at Cornell University; associate pastor with the late Dr. Martin Hardin, whose memory is a benediction; serving during the Great War in Siberia and Manchuria, thinking in Chinese and dreaming in Russian; member of the American Oriental Society and the American Academy of Political and Social Science: You have come over the road of scholarship to honor and distinction. . . . Educator, author, poet, dramatist, teacher of the everlasting gospel, sought after by students, trusted by professors, you have set a high standard for all university pastors."

We are sorry to learn that last spring SCHAEFFER (*Pennsylvania and Oriel*) was obliged to undergo a major operation, but are happy to learn that he is again on his feet and gradually returning to normal.

That there is still hope for the country is evidenced by the fact, as reported by SCHMITT (*Tennessee and Merton*) that at the recent Harris Institute held in the University of Chicago for the study of the failure of collective security, six ex-Rhodes Scholars were present. After mentioning his appointment as MacLeish Distinguished Service Professor of Modern History at the University of Chicago, he adds: "A little essay of mine in the 'Public Policy Pamphlets' of the University of Chicago, *From Versailles to Munich 1918-1938*, has gone into a second edition—which brings 'kudos' but no cash."

TUCKER (*Virginia and Christ Church*) writes from Virginia Beach: "The past year has brought about a somewhat radical change in the outward surroundings of my life: transferring my home from Richmond, Virginia to Cleveland, Ohio, and my occupation from that of rector of St. Paul's Church, the Church of the Confederacy, to that of bishop of Ohio. While we miss Virginia and return whenever possible, we are learning to be at home in Cleveland and are gradually developing some 'Buckeye' characteristics. One of the chief pleasures in this new regime has been renewing touch with Cary Alburn, of Cleveland, and Leigh Alexander, of Oberlin. Also I have been meeting a number of Rhodes Scholars of later vintages at Kenyon College and at Western Reserve University. The Ohio hospitality has been very warmhearted and all but put even a Virginian on the defensive; its generosity and charity have even gone to the extent of conferring upon me two honorary degrees, the S.T.D. from Kenyon and the LL.D. from Western Reserve University. I am hoping to attend the Lambeth Conference next Summer and revisit Oxford. In respect to my family, my son is at the University of Virginia; my oldest daughter, who graduated at Sweet Briar, is to take graduate work at Western Reserve; another daughter will attend Erskine School in Boston, and the two youngest are pupils at Laurel School, Cleveland. So we have

our educational program set at a fairly high gear.

"I am still serving on the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia and on the Board of Sweet Briar College, so I keep close contact with my alma mater and one of its Virginia associates. At Charlottesville I see Bob Gooch and A. K. Davis. On Monday, August 21, I am to perform the marriage service for Patrick A. Gibson, in Richmond.

"Being a bishop is something after the order of being a travelling salesman, but all the more it will be a pleasure to Mrs. Tucker and me to see our Rhodes Scholar friends, when they pass our way."

VAN DER ZEE (*Iowa and Merton*)

during the summer, took his wife and thirteen year old son on a 7500 mile motor trip via Los Angeles and Seattle. He says: "We admired nature and also man's handiwork—visited the national parks and swam all the lakes in the two months we were away.

"DENSMORE (*Oregon and University*) I saw for a few minutes at Seattle—he is just as distinguished looking as ever. Tom BELL was in Europe.

"Go to the Far West for wonderful scenery of every description but come to cow-and-pig Iowa for your paradise in green in the good old summer time."

CARY R. ALBURN
Secretary, Class of 1905

The Class of 1907 Letter

I HAVE hoped that the New York World's Fair might induce many of the brethren to stop in for a call. Evidently San Francisco got the call, or there were many better things to do. I am still waiting for one of the old pals with whom I can test the foreign cafés. The heat should be broken soon. In any event, I salute you all, and once more plead with the silent ones and hold in remembrance those who have gone. Again, I hope that those in China will break their silences.

BECKETT, while still General Attorney of the Illinois Central System, does a good deal of work for other railroads on tax problems, and is on a committee of the National Tax Association, which is "making an ambitious study of methods of taxation all over the world, under Chairman Robt. M. Haig of Columbia University." He keeps up his tennis and golf and saw MORROW and Addison WHITE recently—the former troubled by rheumatism, and the latter after a session at the Mayo Clinic, but the "same old Addison with a lock of hair across his forehead and a catch in his voice."

A good newsy letter from CHANEY reports:

"My boy David was married Sept. 10th to Faith Barsalow, a Swarthmore college classmate. That makes it four of a kind, since my daughter Elizabeth and her husband likewise have the AYDELOTTE hall-mark. Under the circumstances I'm afraid there will be no escape for the third generation, named Ann, who is now bouncing all over the place, not excluding my stomach, at fifteen months of age. David is working for his doctorate in Chemistry

at U. of P. I have been kicked upstairs, as the recent political vernacular has it, into the Chairmanship of the Philadelphia Section of the American Chemical Society (1100 members) where my sole duty is to stuff a shirt on meeting nights; the Vice Chairman runs the programs and does all the work. Also went through the motions of collecting my medal at the Franklin Institute this spring along side of HUBBLE (*Illinois and Queen's*, '10) who took the grand prize in the shape of the Franklin Medal. (We reported last year the award to him of the Howard N. Potts Gold Medal for 'original and successful work in the hitherto uncharted field of carbon activation.') Also took in the New York Balliol Dinner to Crown Prince Olaf on July 5th and discovered that the U. of P. historian, Conyers Read was an old Balliol man, '03. But Alfred Biddle, '11, got the call as the senior Balliol man present—because as the toastmaster afterward explained, he looked the oldest. Pretty busy now with the new U. G. I. organic chemical plant in Chester, which is being designed and built as the result of our research program of the last three years."

Chaney is Director of Research for The United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, and renews his invitation to "those traveling U. S. Route 1 by Philadelphia to detour at Media for rest and refreshment at Rose Valley."

CHENOWETH and his wife attended the N. E. A. Convention in San Francisco in July. "We drove out, covered more than 12,000 miles and had a glorious trip. They really travel out West; it took me some time to learn how to cruise along at 75, but it was a great experience." His elder daughter has just finished at the American University in Beirut, Syria. He sampled the New York Fair for a day in the spring, wants another day in the fall, and "if you can persuade George HURLEY to come down, I'll buy the first round."

CUSTER, from his island in Penobscot Bay, writes that his older son Tom is now a senior at Swarthmore. He reports a visit at Avon Old Farms School and a good friend of our old days, C. M. GILRAY (*New Zealand and University*, '07) who is now President of Scotch College in Melbourne, Australia.

An Ann Arbor postmark is always welcome to me, and especially the last one which brought a letter from HARING who is teaching in the Institute of Latin-American Studies, Michigan Summer School, sponsored by the Committee on Latin-American Studies, Michigan Summer School, sponsored by the Committee on Latin-American Studies of which Clarence is Chairman.

> "This Institute is intended to offer intensive training to teachers in Latin-American subjects, and also to give opportunity for scholars in the various Latin-American fields of study to get together in conferences for the discussion of problems of common interest. Nothing else of importance happens. Dunster House (of which he is Master) apparently continues to survive my presence there throughout each winter. We have five Rhodes

Scholars on the House staff, and that at least is a cause for pride and congratulation. Frank HOLMAN (*Utah and Exeter*, '08) of Seattle dropped out of the blue into Cambridge in June and came to Dunster House for breakfast with us. I wish that other Rhodes men would more frequently do the same, including your own good self. Holman will have two sons absorbing 'Harvard culture' in one form or another during the coming academic year."

JAMES, from the University of Pittsburgh Department of History, was teaching at Penn State this summer on an exchange of professorship. Early in the year appeared his *Writings of General John Forbes* compiled and edited for the Allegheny County Committee of the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America. Though royalties therefrom will not cover many luxuries, he is "hard at work on a textbook in the Social Studies which I hope to have off the press within a year, out of the royalties of which I hope to make tenfold as much." He will not visit the Fair, since "like many another good American I am fed up on this typical American fantasy, or, aberration, if you wish. The Right Reverend Benjamin LACY preached in Pittsburgh on July 9, 1939. Sometimes I wonder if his fellow Presbyterians know that he can really play a good game of stud poker."

Ben LACY, sponsored by DAVISON (*New York and Merton*, '13) represented Oxford University at the Centennial of Duke University which entitled him "to march at the head of three hundred delegates who were bringing greetings and to participate in the very interesting celebration. . . . Our family continues to grow as most children will, and the four 'B's' are aged as follows: Ben 17, Bill 15, Betty 13, and Bob 11. Ben graduated from high school and will enter Davidson this fall."

Judge MCLANE wrote just as he was cleaning up his desk:

"before motoring to Quebec to take a Canadian Pacific boat for a vacation which will take my wife and me to Cornwall for a bicycle trip and to Paris to start on a motoring trip South to look at churches and cathedrals which illustrate the transition from the Romanesque to the Gothic period. I haven't much to say about myself. My first claim to recognition is in the field of practical genealogy. With five children and three grandchildren, we are making a collection of McLanes in the hope of forming a clan. Our oldest boy, John, is at Harvard Law School, Charles is a Sophomore at Dartmouth, Elisabeth a Freshman at Smith, Malcolm at St. Paul's, and Mary at home. Even in these times of world confusion life can be happy in New Hampshire with a good big family of healthy children."

We owe to VOWLES a clipping which tells that MILLS is home in South Carolina, on a visit from his post in China, where he has spent twenty-five years.

As it has been years since we have heard from MORROW, his letter from McCall, Idaho, deserves full quotation:

"Your request for a letter reached me here and I have delayed answering it too long already. I am on a 'long vacation.' Doctor's orders. Spent six weeks in University Hospital at Ann Arbor ending on June 20th mostly taking a rest cure and it was about as quiet as the streets of Constantinople thirty years ago. Remember? Saw BECKETT and CROOKS (*Idaho and Hertford*, '10) in Chicago on my way East but after six weeks in bed wasn't physically able to look them up on my way back. Both have gained weight and are prospering. Also spent a very pleasant evening with YNTEMA (*Michigan and Wadham*, '14) at Ann Arbor on my arrival there but he was out of a very warm town before I was able to get around again. The M.D.'s say I have to quit practicing law so I've quit. The sentence is indefinite, at least for as long as I can eat on what I've put away. And if we have much more of F.D.R.'s New Deal that won't be very long. Naturally I'll have to count my nickels so trips to World's Fairs and the like are out. Sorry I couldn't come to New York. But I feel O.K. and am a good loafer. Will be back at fishing and golf before long. Meanwhile I chop wood for the kitchen stove and am trying to catch up on the sleep I've lost since I was one of the spare men on the togger crew thirty years ago. Best regards to all the old-timers and your families and good luck."

I am sure that I speak encouragement and good cheer to McKeen from all the "old-timers"!

BOB SCOON is spending his summer as usual at his cottage at "Green Pastures, Greensboro, Vermont." He reports happy news in which we are all delighted:

"The year, and indeed our whole existence, has been brightened by the successful operation last October on my son, which has made him perfectly well and removed the cloud that has hung over us for the past six years. It was an extremely delicate operation, performed at the Neurological Institute in Montreal by Wilder PENFIELD (*New Jersey and Merton*, '14), now one of the most eminent brain surgeons in the world. You can imagine what a deep satisfaction I received, when, acting as Chief Marshal of Princeton University, I put a D.Sc. hood on Wilder last commencement as the President conferred the honorary degree. My alma mater, Hamilton College, gave me the degree of L.H.D. (Humane Letters) at their commencement. I was also elected President of the Princeton branch of the American Association of University Professors, and of the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. I can't remember any thing else that might be of any conceivable interest, except possibly that we entertained the Provost of Oriel, Sir David Ross, and Lady Ross on their visit to Princeton."

Monty THOMAS writes:

"Clarence K. STREIT (*Montana and University*, '18) delivered the Commencement Address at University of Montana this year. His

book, *Union Now*, furnished the material and he has well earned the Ph.D. the University conferred. During a subsequent visit at his summer home near Missoula, I learned more about the wide-spread approval his ideas are winning. We made tentative plans for him to address a meeting in Butte in the autumn. Frank E. HOLMAN (*Utah and Exeter*, '08) drove through here with his family June 29 en route from Washington, D.C. to their home in Seattle. We still agree that the New Deal is a ghastly failure. A clipping from a trade journal is enclosed giving some highlights of G. E. PUTNAM's career (*Kansas and Christ Church*, '08). I was very sorry indeed to learn of his death. I am planning a long auto trip in August —on the West and at the Golden Gate Exposition. I won't have time to get around to New York."

No doubt the deserved attention will be given to PUTNAM and his career elsewhere in this magazine. To many of us in 1907 he was very close. We mourn his loss. I wish that I could turn back the years and once again hear him and Bob BLAKE (*Tennessee and Exeter*, '08) put on their show! Such memories can never be taken away.

Ben TOMLINSON as usual was a prompt reporter, though not so newsy as in the past about travels around the country. He still hopes for a job that will bring him back to New York and so do his many friends here.

"Had a fine letter from WYLIE a few days ago on the occasion of my birthday. He's a grand old boy and hasn't missed sending me one for so many years back that I can't remember when it started. Also got a birthday letter from G. H. ESTABROOKS (*Nova Scotia and Exeter*, '20) at Colgate University who also formed the habit some years ago, I think it was after the Oxford reunion, of sending me a letter or card each year. Some time I am going to look up his natal day in the Rhodes Scholar register and 'retaliate.' As you say, this old world sure does look cockeyed, but I hope everything is going as well with you and the others as could be expected, or maybe just a little bit better."

VOWLES spent

"the early part of the summer in Shoreham, Minnesota. About the middle of July we plan to return to Davidson. Son Richard, who has spent a year at the University of North Carolina as graduate assistant, sailed for Stockholm on the last eastward trip of the Polish ship *Batory*. Seventeen of the eighteen fellows on New Foundation (American-Scandinavian) appointed this year are in Scandinavia. The Foundation expects they will remain unless the United States or Scandinavia are involved in the war. Richard will do research, probably in enzymes under Hans von Euler. That's about all the news."

The *Modern Language Journal* for April, 1939, contained his article on "Textbooks and the Living Language."

WALLIS from University of Minnesota is laconic:

"Like all good men I do nothing exciting but merely wait a chance to vote the Republican ticket—which I hope to do before I die, and will do if ever they put up a good man to vote for. I have already caught this year's fish and there remains nothing between now and Christmas. My literary effort has brought forth a *Religion in Primitive Society* (Crofts) to be off the press this month, I believe. Good luck to you all!"

Jay WOODROW from Iowa State College says:

"The most exciting thing which has happened to our family this year has been the graduation of our daughter Margaret from college (by the way, she did win honors in her major work, mathematics). We live half way between the two 'World's Fairs' and, consequently, don't expect to go to either but we do hope that some of the Rhodes Scholars going through will stop off and see us."

The HULL family has enjoyed having its older son and only daughter at home this past year, both having finished college and started to work. Our younger son has two more years of school, not to mention college, so that with three of them at home we are not permitted to get away from youthful enthusiasms. A great deal of my time is given to The Long Island College Hospital of Brooklyn, of which I am Secretary of the Board of Regents.

Of those not accounted for above, either directly or indirectly, I have seen, heard, or read about WICKER, GRIFFITHS, and HERRING of our year. Would that they and other silent ones realize how much even a line would be appreciated.

New York City still remains *the* place to see old friends, and the Annual Meeting of the Association, the Send-off Dinner to each new group, the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race Eve Dinner, the British Luncheon Club at 53 Broadway, and other less formal occasions, bring together every year many of the clan. Let's see and hear more of you!

L. C. HULL, JR.
Secretary, Class of 1907

The Class of 1908 Letter

FROM all corners of the compass, have come those items of news that seem so trivial to the senders, but which are full of meaning to their comrades of yesteryear who read them in the AMERICAN OXONIAN.

Although Frank E. HOLMAN (*Utah and Exeter*) lives in Seattle right across the Continent from New York, he managed to get off a reply to our exhortation very promptly, thus setting an example to all and sundry other members of the Class of 1908. Frank came east in June, he writes, to collect his oldest son, who was at Harvard Law School, and to attend the Commencement exercises at Dartmouth, where Son No. 2 graduated. Driving West in a new car (think of it, my hearties!), Frank and family dropped in on M. A. BROWN (*South Dakota and Worcester*) at Chamber-

lain, S.D., and remembering Frank's predilection for roast beef (it's an old English custom) M. A. went all out and bought the best cut in town, to the great delight of Holman, who not only mentions the dinner in his letter but says Matt is the leading lawyer of South Dakota, which will be no surprise to his many friends. M. A. still recalls with pleasure, he writes, the "get-together" lunch staged for him and his Rhodes Scholar-Elect son at the British Luncheon Club in New York, when he came east in September 1938. Everybody here was delighted to see proud *père* and son, who by the way is the first son of a Rhodes Scholar to become an R.S. himself.

Another member of the Class who responded promptly was A. B. MESERVEY (*New Hampshire and New College*) head of the physics department at Dartmouth, who in addition was Class Officer for the Class of 1940 the past year. One gathers from A. B.'s letter that the chief duties of Class Officer are to keep the lower quarter of the class up to the mark. A. B.'s letter is full of references to the great hurricane of last September, and he remarks that a collection of one hundred foot pines just west of his house went down in ten minutes before the very eyes of his family and their dinner guests—fortunately, the trees fell away from the house. Lumbermen carted off the merchantable timber last winter, and during the past summer A. B. and his two sons cleared away the last vestiges of the storm. His oldest son is completing his work for an M.A. in physics at Dartmouth this current academic year, meanwhile assisting his father in the latter's department. His younger son is just entering Dartmouth as a freshman, while his daughter has a secretarial non-government position in Washington. Incidentally, both Meservey's sons are among the best skiers in New England.

We were unable to cajole F. D. METZGER (*Washington and Wadham*) into sending any personal news, but that is no doubt due largely to the fact that he is very busy with his law practice. "Metz" will represent the Washington Gas and Electric Company in the condemnation proceedings which two Public Utility Districts are bringing against the Company this autumn.

Metzger is not the only old Rhodian who is engaged in combating governmental competition in the utility field, as Frank A. REID (*Virginia and Queen's*), general counsel for the Electric Bond and Share Company, has had his hands full in the T.V.A. area, where he has spent much of his time this past year. Frank, while in the Southwest, came down with a sinus infection, and was operated on at Stanford University Hospital, where he met Emile HOLMAN (*California and St. John's*, '14), dean of surgery at Stanford. While in the West, Reid also renewed acquaintance with J. M. D. OLMSTED (*Vermont and Queen's*), professor of physics at the University of California. Frank says W. STUART (*Kentucky and Queen's*) is doing very valuable work for the Electric Bond and Share Company in connection with the refundings of some of that Company's subsidiaries, of which Pennsylvania

Power and Light Company is the latest to undertake refunding.

To the best of our knowledge, Reid and Stuart remain on the matrimonial sidelines, but one member of our class, C. W. DAVID (*Illinois and Hertford*) fell by the wayside this past year, having married Miss Margaret Florence Simpson, of Columbus, N.J. and Cocoanut Grove, Florida on May 27. They will be at home after October 1 at 13 Arthur Road, Rosemont, Pa., near Bryn Mawr, where C. W. is professor of European History. Since February, 1939, David has been on leave of absence and has spent most of his time at the Harvard Library. Early in 1940, C. W. expects to publish his new work entitled *Narratio de Itinere Navali Peregrinorum Hierosolyman tendentium et Silviam Capientum*, A.D. *1189*. This title has of course completely bowled us over!

Another man of our year who goes in for research in a big way is Rhys CARPENTER (*New York and Balliol*), professor of classical archeology at Bryn Mawr, who writes that he will spent this—his sabbatical year—as Professor-in-charge of the Classical School of the American Academy in Rome, wars and rumors of war notwithstanding.

Among the most interesting experiences of any man of our class this past year was that of F. M. POTTER (*New Jersey and Christ Church*), who was a delegate to the meeting of the International Missionary Council in Madras last December. Duke took with him to India his wife and small daughter, June, and en route they stopped off in England and had lunch in Oxford with Sir Francis and Lady Wylie just prior to the departure of the latter for South Africa. They traveled east via Marseilles, and spent about six weeks in Iraq and along the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf. While in India, the Potters visited Vellore, where Duke formerly taught, and they were met at the gates of the city by a procession made up of his old students, who gave him a heart-warming reception. Duke says the conference at Madras "was a great experience; 470 delegates from 69 different nationalities, speaking about 100 tongues. Delegations were there from Germany, from Japan, from China. I wish that the spirit of some of these men, coming from nations at war with one another, might penetrate a little more deeply into the atmosphere of Europe today." Duke's new address is 156-Fifth Avenue. As a further piece of news, Potter has been made a trustee of Rutgers University, his alma mater.

Just when we were pondering where on earth to find O. R. RAND (*North Carolina and Oriel*), a letter was received from him, dated San Francisco. Major Rand and his wife had just landed from the Philippines, where he had completed his work, and he will be attached to the Judge Advocate's Office in Washington for the next four years. Major and Mrs. Rand returned east via the Panama Canal on the Army Transport *U. S. Grant*.

In contrast to these well traveled Rhodians, George H. CURTIS (*Idaho and Worcester*) avers that he hasn't been two hundred miles away from Idaho since the war. But Curtis seems

to be doing right well in his home bailiwick, as he is now Secretary of State for the State of Idaho, and commutes between his farm near Boise and his office in the Capitol.

H. G. COCHRAN (*Delaware and St. John's*), who showed up in New York for the spring meeting of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars in New York, to the delight of his old friends, delivered three addresses at a conference in Nashville in March, and also attended the Institute of Public Affairs at the U. of Virginia in July, where he heard Ernest K. Lindley (*Idaho and Pembroke*, '20) and Chancellor CARMICHAEL (*Alabama and Wadham*, '13). "Cochers" visited Bermuda in May, and was so taken with the island that he has acquired a place there. (We'll be over to see you next winter!)

It is our sad duty to state that G. E. PUTNAM (*Kansas and Christ Church*) passed away early this summer while at the height of his career. This was a severe shock to "Put's" many friends among old Rhodians. In this same issue, a tribute to PUTNAM written by his close friend, R. E. BLAKE (*Tennessee and Exeter*), may be found. On behalf of members of the Class, of which "G.E." was one of the most illustrious, we take this opportunity of expressing our profound sympathy to Mrs. Putnam and her daughter on their great loss. Mrs. Putnam's address is 641 Elm Street, Hinsdale, Illinois.

At the last moment the following comes from J. M. OLMSTED (*Vermont and Queen's*).

"Now that war has actually been declared, the alarms and excursions of last September seem feeble stuff. A semi-sabbatical year was the occasion of our being in Europe during the last six months of 1938, and in spite of consular warnings we refused to return to the U.S.A. until our leave was up. Our most interesting venture was the hiring of a brand new Austin in which to travel from London to Aberdeen via the east coast, with a return via the west coast and the south. We strongly advise this method of travel, and can recommend our agent, Saunders, of Golders Green, though from present indications Rhodes Scholars may not be able to avail themselves of our recommendation for the next ten years. The Radcliffe Library at Oxford, the British Museum, la Bibliothèque Nationale and other libraries in France were our objective. Fitting in one while another was closed *en vacances* caused us to cross the channel five times, and to lose the trunk containing all the notes for and the first rough draft of the weighty tome on whose account we had gone to Europe. The trunk, after journeying from Boulogne to New York and back unaccompanied, turned up in Paris two months later, safe but somewhat battered. November saw us in Rapallo, Italy, a delightful spot in which to forget the stuffiness of continental libraries. We can recommend the C.I.T. (pronounced Chit) for hotel, travel and banking arrangements. We are happy that we were able to see the Regent's Park trenches in the making without having to use them."

As for me, I have gone into business with two friends, and we are now conducting an investment business under the name of Security Administrators, Inc., with offices at 189 Mon-

tague Street, Brooklyn, where I shall be only too pleased to see any old Rhodians who happen to be in town. During the past winter, I completed my work as eastern staff representative of the U. S. Senate Sub-Committee on Profit Sharing and Possibilities of Incentive Taxation. The result of that survey, which for the most part was conducted in Chicago, supplemented by public hearings in Washington, has now been set forth in a Government Report, which is a major contribution to the thought of the country on a subject vital to industry and to our form of Government. I commend it to the attention of all old Rhodians. The Report itself is available without charge to those who will take the trouble to write their Senator or Congressman, or I may be able to supply a limited number of copies.

W. B. MILLEN
Secretary, Class of 1908

The Class of 1910 Letter

THE scribe writes these on a lovely late August morning. His seat is a large boulder beside a cascading stream and a log cabin is nearby. Over his head is a tall hemlock and over that a number of fleecy clouds in a sky otherwise intensely blue. All around is an unbroken sea of forest green. The nearest road is in the valley two miles below, the nearest telephone is six miles away, the nearest post-office eleven miles. The scene will at once be recognized by the readers of these annual bulletins as the Rich Mountain plateau in Southwest Virginia, where the Shepardson and Stuart families have again retired to refresh their souls with solitude and their bodies with exercise and mountain air. Dim distant voices prophesying another world war come in at night over Shepardson's battery set, but with us the notable success is the completion of the exploration of "The Bald," the notable disappointment the inability to finish this year the cutting of a trail to the head of "Ward's Cove," the notable disasters a broken saddle-girth, a cast horse-shoe.

It has been a strange experience to sit in this cabin and hear the voice of Elmer DAVIS, Columbia Broadcasting Company's commentator on European news, analyzing (and very soundly and sensibly too) the developments in the European crisis, for he, Shepardson and the scribe occupied the same cabin on the good ship *Haverford* in September, 1910, when they sailed for Oxford with a score of other Rhodes Scholars for the first sight of an Old World which has suffered much since those cloudless days. But Davis appears to have fallen into error in certain recent published statements of his regarding the history of Oxford days. Let ECKEL now speak: "Outrageous—Elmer Davis's claim in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for July 15 (p. 19) to have been a participant in the famous debate, 'Resolved: that residence in Oxford involves a subtle deterioration of the moral fibre.' I have documentary evidence that you and Morley upheld the affirmative and that Lloyd Williams and I upheld the negative—and that we four were the sole and

original members of the Secession Club because we refused to pay the fine which Bill Bland assessed against us for venturing to change the subject assigned to us. Show up that Davis man!"

Our MORLEY writes: "I have nothing to report which is of moment to anyone but myself, I fear. I feel a certain exhilaration in the near-accomplishment of a novel on which I have done tit-tat-toe for a year. With luck it will be finished about August 1 and published end of October. Like many of my hostages to ink it is unlike previous work. Old customers will be annoyed, and new ones won't believe it."

The New York *Times*, on the front page of its book review section, recommended highly to the world the new volume of *The United States in World Affairs*, with the production of which our SHEPARDSON is so widely and favorably identified. The idea has been expressed by several of his readers, and the scribe agrees, that this is the best one he has done, and that is saying much.

BRYAN (Hugh), overlord of the U.S. grazing areas in a large region of the Far West, and for years a practiced climber of steep slopes and ranges of great forests, signalized the past year by falling in his own front yard and breaking his leg. The occurrence is rendered much more mysterious by the surrounding facts and circumstances as thus reported by our Hugh: "It was a Sunday morning, my wife was with me, and our destination was church." Hugh's division has examined more than fifty million acres of grazing range in the past four years. He has just completed the preparation of a Hand-Book of Range Examination for use in the service.

ECKEL rounds out his tenth year as Rector of Trinity Church at Tulsa. His flock has grown greatly under his pastorate, and knowing Eck, we know that his success is raised on the solid rock of truth, and not upon the shifting sand of sensationalism.

KEITH breaks an overlong silence, writing pleasantly and interestingly from his Connecticut farm. His business he mentions deprecatingly, the manufacture of airplanes and guns in a partnership with his son. He is more interested in the results of his time spent (and he has evidently spent a lot of it) in the pursuit of the Seventeenth Century in Connecticut architecture. One of the houses on his farm dates from 1679 and the other from 1756. Starting therefrom, he has conducted a survey "which listed toward 6,000 in this State—the broadest recording so far made in any state, with photographs of each one."

Several report that nothing very startling has happened to them. BRISTOW reports that "things continue about as usual—good health, poor business and no prospects of improvement; hot as the Sahara, but have grown accustomed to that." COOPER and KELSO continue at Southwestern University where Cooper teaches History and Kelso Philosophy; the book on Philosophy which Kelso has been working on is almost ready for publication. HALE reports that nothing of interest has occurred except the annual winter trip of the Hales and the Stuarts, this time to Nassau, where Hale and the scribe circumnavigated the island on bicycles. HOFFMAN took time off from his work at the Theo-

logical Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey, to get in his usual trip abroad, this time to the West Indies and South America. RAINEY continues to teach History at Lawrence College, and his History of Wisconsin nears completion. ROBERTS continues at his new headquarters at Whiting, Indiana, and his settlement there takes on a permanent cast from the fact that he has built a house there. TABER, of Hotchkiss, continues to bask in the reflected glory of his brilliant daughters, of whom the second has now graduated first in her class. ZEEK is again lecturing on French Literature at the University of Colorado Summer School.

APPERLY, of the Medical College of Virginia, writes: "You have probably heard about the Old Oxonians' Dinner in Richmond on Boatrace Night. Of the thirty-four O. O.'s in Virginia, twelve turned up and promptly put your humble servant in the Chair, no doubt owing to his grey hairs. The Chairman then pulled a boner by reciting the old Latin grace of twenty-seven words in two breaths (in good training it can be done in one breath) completely forgetting that we had two respected members of 'the cloth' at the table. The President of William and Mary lent us a huge and very beautiful old English silver tankard of the 1600's —a very grandfather of a sconce-cup! I know it was filled and passed around, clockwise, seven times at least. Much lively talk. Only fly in the ointment was the 'Tabs winning the Boatrace. The dinner is now firmly established as an annual event. All O. O.'s please note."

Of our two foreign representatives, NELSON, of the Y.M.C.A. in Italy, writes from the calm of early August there that "ideologies neither inspire nor alarm me—my guess is that they begin to lose their spell at the 4999th incantation." He may not altogether feel that way now. BROWNELL, on the other hand, has been much too occupied for abstract thinking. The Japanese have turned his life, and the life of his Lingnan University of Canton, all topsy-turvy. The entire Chinese student and teaching body evacuated before the approach of the Japanese in October, 1938, but most of the Americans remained behind to look after the plant and the 600 acres of land which have been acquired bit by bit during the past thirty-five years. "There was plenty of variety in looking after the University live-stock—Western cattle, Indian and Chinese milch buffalos, plow buffalos, pigs, goats, turkeys and hens. The dormitories were soon filled with 7400 refugees—indeed the majority of the animals housed were refugees too. The farm was worked for all it was worth. Over 400 refugees were fully employed, but were only rewarded with better food than the others. Fuel was a worrisome problem, and the campus trees were turned into firewood and charcoal. Slowly the number of refugees has dropped to 1700, but as many hands are kept busy as ever. Mrs. Brownell has managed a dining-room which still feeds 850 children and nursing mothers (180 babies have been born in this camp). Meantime the University has made shift to carry on with the 500 students using buildings of the University of Hong Kong. In spite of distractions, night classes

and much time in commuting, the staff have held together remarkably. So I return to the lecture room of this university in exile, and the most barbarous of wars goes on so nearby that the bombardments can be heard."

W. A. STUART
Secretary, Class of 1910

The Class of 1911 Letter

IT IS becoming more and more difficult to extract any news from the members of our delegation. They seem to have settled down too much, considering their comparative youth. The old reliables, however, still crash through regularly. The Hon. Sec. had hoped that the World's Fair (perhaps I should have said THE World's Fair) would have attracted the *uitlanders* to the Metropolis, but few seem to have improved the opportunity of discovering whether there was anything left of the splendid footwork which formerly carried them through the Black Forest, the Tyrol and Switzerland.

Frank BEIRNE (*Virginia and Merton*) writes in extravagant terms of the World's Fair and the unfailing courtesy of New Yorkers—even those who misdirected him. Frank is still creating public opinion on the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

Vest DAVIS (*Missouri and Exeter*) composed a poem for the OXONIAN which celebrates the silver anniversary of the going down of our delegation. It will appear in the next issue. He is still teaching English in the Central High School of St. Louis.

DONALDSON (*Colorado and Pembroke*) writes, "The only earth-shaking event to me has been the publication of a ($1.00 retail) book on *U. S. Labor Problems* by Longmans, Green. It has been used as a text in Texas, Oklahoma, Washington, Boston and Manila. . . . Warren JOHNSON's presence has helped to make a demi-semi-quasi Oxonian atmosphere. My business address is 685 Commonwealth, and my personal address 1990 Commonwealth, Boston, Mass."

Horace ENGLISH (*Nebraska and Pembroke*) was in New York some months ago, and the Hon. Sec. is glad to testify that he still keeps his boyish figure at 47, although, as he says, "to be sure that boyish figure was never very svelte." He is on the governing board of three out of the four national associations of psychologists, and is Executive Secretary of one of them.

Bill GREENE (*Massachusetts and Balliol*) writes, with his usual modesty, that he is editing the *Platonic Scholia*, to be printed by the Oxford University Press for the American Philological Association. "Few will ever read it through; but one person besides myself actually has, namely, L. A. POST (*Pennsylvania and New College*, '13), who has read it through in proof." Bill says that everything else is as usual.

HAESSLER (*Wisconsin and Balliol*) writes that he has been through the fight to "purge the United Auto Workers (CIO) of the company union influence of Homer Martin. . . . I am editing the UAW weekly. My son Eric entered Dartmouth last September. I lectured at Common-

wealth College, Mena, Ark. as usual for the opening week of the summer term. It looks as though the anti-labor mayor of Detroit, will be succeeded by a liberal, Council President Jeffries, in the November election with labor backing."

HUDSON (*Illinois and Queen's*), in commenting upon a reference to himself as "the Nicholas Murray Butler of the Middle West," said, "I feel very much flattered. . . . He is, indeed, a miraculous old gentleman. I have one, however, over him—our anticipated deficit for next year does not run to anything like his figures. In fact, we expect to continue to break even; but what colleges need these days . . . is financial geniuses such as Wall Street was once supposed to have in large numbers."

KARSTEN (*New Mexico and Hertford*) was in New York recently and the Hon. Sec. committed a serious breach of hospitality by dragging him to a broadcasting station and making him listen to the Hon. Sec. make a speech on the question of whether taxes are too heavy for business. Karl is planning to publish a third edition of his *The Use of Charts and Graphs in Statistics* soon, in response to an appropriate demand. He is still in Washington, but no longer with the government.

MEANS (*Connecticut and Merton*) was married on September 10th to Miss Eleanor Margaret Skolfield at Cambridge, Mass.

QUIGLEY (*Minnesota and Hertford*) spent the summer teaching at the University of Washington, but did NOT climb Mt. Rainier.

The Hon. Sec. (*New York and Brasenose*) ruined the summer working on a book on *Introduction to the Study of the Law* which he expects to publish before the end of the year. It is intended to be used in the first year of law study and perhaps in pre-law college courses.

TURLINGTON (*North Carolina and Lincoln*) and the Hon. Sec. have seen each other several times in the last year or so. Turlers is happy in the private practice of the law in Washington, after many years in Government service.

Other members of the delegation have written to the effect that there is nothing to report, or have been heard from indirectly, and are holding down the old jobs. These include BLAKE, DEVAN, HAYES, HERING, JOHNSON, LARSEN, LEVY, LYMAN, LOWDERMILK, RICE, ROGERS, SWARTZ, WATKINS and WHITCOMB.

F. F. RUSSELL
New York and Brasenose

The Class of 1913 Letter

I REGRET very much that I did not include, in my article in the July OXONIAN, Walter Stanley CAMPBELL (*Oklahoma and Merton*, '08), as one of the Rhodes Scholars in the English, "Who's Who." His name has appeared in this volume for more than ten years, and the biographical data set forth is of general interest. For one thing, many people do not know of the long list of books which he has written under the pen name of "Stanley Vestal."

A most interesting letter is at hand

from Walter BARNES about his new work at Black Mountain College, Black Mountain, N.C.: "My last year," he writes, "was fascinating and different. I drove to western North Carolina with increasing hopes; in that most beautiful mountain country, I joined a faculty of 15, teaching a student body of 50 (65 students next year). We live and study and sleep in one large building and go, for our meals, to the dining hall a few yards further up the mountain. Thus Black Mountain College is a kind of large family, with hired professional help in the kitchen. Classes of from 2-10 (usually) meet us in our studies among our own books. The spirit of the college is friendly and helpful yet marked by good taste, very informal yet having a certain personal reserve, for the community tries not to intrude upon the individual. Moreover, there is a high quality of work done by the faculty and by the more ambitious of the students."

Wayne C. BOSWORTH writes: "I continue as in the past in general practice of law, such practice in a small town covering every conceivable phase of human relations, for the most part concerning only small financial amounts, and allowing no respect to evenings, Sundays or Holidays. My oldest boy enters Middlebury College this Fall, the second is in High School, and the third in the Grades."

O. C. CARMICHAEL received this June the Degree of "Doctor of Law" from Duke University. In 1938, he was given the degree of "Doctor of Civil Law" by the University of the South. He says that, in addition to his usual administrative duties as Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, he has been occupied with a campaign for funds for a library to serve Vanderbilt University, Peabody College and Scarrit College.

Weldon CROSSLAND writes that he has been "put on the Executive Committee of both the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church."

Some time ago I had a cheery letter from Wilburt DAVISON referring to a trip he had just made to California. A more recent letter states that since returning from a February vacation in Mexico, he has been hard at work on a new edition of his standard work on obstetrics. "I have given up" he says, "golf, raising ducks and all other hobbies."

Writing from "Stone House, Wishing Tree Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex," T. C. DURHAM says, "Though not quite rivalling Eddie Cantor, I can boast of four daughters who can hold their own. The oldest is in boarding school."

Conrad SNOW says that the news in his letter is too trivial for publication. I disagree with him, and quote the following paragraph verbatim: "I attended the Annual Meeting of the American Bar Association at San Francisco in July, and took my wife with me. We went out via the Canadian Pacific to Banff, Vancouver and Seattle, knocked about California for a while after the meeting, and came home via El Paso. My oldest daughter Constance is now assistant counselor at a girls' camp. The next one, Katherine Ann is a camper at the same camp, and Richard, aged seven, is knocking about home, and

swimming in the lily pool. He, Katherine and I went fishing the other day off York, Maine, and bagged fifty-two pollock and cod. I covered my expenses for the trip by winning the pool on a fifteen-pound pollock."

George STUMBERG reports the birth of a daughter, Martha, last May. From the data before me, she is the Class baby.

Norman TABER states that he is continuing in the business of acting as Consultant of State and Municipal Finance and that his work has involved a substantial amount of travelling, and has included a contract with the Republic of Panama to act as Refunding Agent in connection with refinancing that country's entire external indebtedness.

A letter from George VAN SANTVOORD makes me think that perhaps I could have claimed a little more political activity for the Class, than I did in the review in the July OXONIAN of our activities for the last 25 years. He has been Chairman of the Democratic Committee in Salisbury, Connecticut, for more than twelve years, and was a Presidential Elector for Connecticut in 1936.

Arnold WHITRIDGE published an article on Yeats in the April 1939 issue of the *Dalhousie Review*. He also delivered the principal address of the Graduating Exercises at Groton.

Emory H. NILES is to be congratulated upon his election to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, for a fifteen year term. He is at present presiding in the Criminal Court of Baltimore City, but under the prevailing system of rotation, he will shortly go to a Court of Common Law and from there to a Court of Equity.

MANNING-SMITH is a Full Professor of English at West Virginia University and not an Associate Professor as recently stated in the OXONIAN. The September issue of the *Publications of The Modern Language Association* contains an article by him entitled, "Mrs. Browning's Rhymes," and a further article by him is scheduled, on Walt Whitman.

PRESTON LOCKWOOD
Secretary, Class of 1913

The Class of 1914 Letter

BOWDEN reports business moderately good in Idaho. His big event has been ten days in California where he took in the Golden Gate International Exposition.

BOYD carries on at the University of Pennsylvania where he is the leading figure in the Music Department. This summer he has been in the mountains of Virginia.

CASTLE is located at Montvale, N.J.

EAGLETON spent the past year making speeches from Texas to Massachusetts, writing newspaper and magazine articles, and taking part in round table discussions. He came forward rapidly in the public eye based upon his knowledge of international affairs.

FITE has been elected vice-president of the American Association of Teachers of French.

GENTRY was fortunate enough to spend a day at Oxford while on a trip for Shell Union in England.

HOLTZCLAW is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Richmond where they are trying to build up good football teams. He is also in charge of graduate work and other important college duties.

HILLEY is President at Atlantic Christian College. He suggests that our class hold a 25th reunion dinner in Washington this year. Unfortunately the Secretary could not be there, but would like any suggestions as to the manner in which we could get together to celebrate this important occasion.

HOMAN has returned to Cornell University after spending the early part of 1938 at the Brookings Institution in Washington.

HUBBELL spent part of his time at the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, Mich. The best part of the year was spent with his wife and daughter on their farm in the Blue Ridge Mts. of N.C. He is working on a book which may be published in the near future. On the side he is head of the National Social Science Honor Society in Michigan.

NELSON used good judgment in taking time off from his college work in Iowa to visit Washington and the World's Fair at New York. One of your Secretary's most pleasant days during the recent session of Congress was spent in company with Dave looking over the sights of the Capital while recalling days at Oxford. This summer he is to do some fishing up in Michigan.

PARADISE is holding down several important positions at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. His list of activities off the campus indicates the important part he is taking in the life of his community—Junior Warden of Christ Church, Vice-president of the Andover Historical Society, Historian of Andover Post #8 American Legion, etc.

PENFIELD was honored with the degree of D.Sc. at Princeton this year. While he claims that it was handed to him for being an ancient graduate, many of us know that it was based on the outstanding reputation he has gained in Montreal.

PRICKETT reports that his children are growing up to the point where they are going to private schools. During the summer he is spending his vacation with his family in Bermuda.

ROGERS still carries on at the University of Cincinnati where he has many opportunities to see Rhodes Scholars.

ST. JOHN taught at Miami University during the winter and is at the State College in Albany this summer. He had the rare privilege of conducting the initiation ceremony of Phi Beta Kappa when his daughter, Barbara, as a Junior, and her husband, as a Senior, were inducted into the local society.

SHERO acted in the performance, in Greek, of Aristophanes' "Clouds," put on at Swarthmore outdoors.

STOCKTON is actively engaged in the real estate business in Jacksonville, but his outstanding performance of this year was selling the Southeastern Air Base to the House Naval Affairs Committee. $10,000,000 deals come easy to one who has been a former minister to Austria. [The secretary himself seems to have done as well in getting the Northeastern Army Air Base for his own congressional district.

—Ed.] During the several days that Stockton was in Washington his business as well as social activities fortunately gave your Secretary an opportunity to spend several happy hours with him.

Weber has completed twenty years at Colby College where he is now Professor of English. The Oxford University Press published his annotated edition of Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Last spring he published a monograph entitled *Rebekah Owen and Thomas Hardy*. At present two of his former students are at Oxford as Rhodes Scholars.

Werlein, who is Rector of the St. James Episcopal Church in Baton Rouge, La., is taking an active part in bringing to the attention of his fellow citizens the political corruption now prevalent in that State. During the summer he is planning on some salmon fishing in the Northwest on his way to Oregon.

Clason, your Class Secretary, has had a strenuous but interesting experience in Washington during the first session of the 76th Congress. Unfortunately its lengthy session precluded the usual salmon fishing trip. Later in the fall he hopes to visit Panama and Hawaii for inspection with the House Military Affairs Committee.

Charles R. Clason
Secretary, Class of 1914

The Class of 1916 Letter

Lute Ackerson continues his work with the Illinois Institute for Juvenile Research, making available the results of his work from time to time by publication. He is now preparing a monograph on Children's Behavior Problems.

Bates, who is also Doctor Bates, and Professor of History at the University of Nanking, has recently published on behalf of the Nanking International Relief Committee an extensive study on "The Nanking Population: Employment, Earnings and Expenditures."

Gene Chase has published a second edition of his book *English Government and Politics*. He still hopes to visit England in February of the coming year.

Chet Easum reports another book in course of preparation at home and a son in course of preparation at Hotchkiss School under Messrs. Van Santvoord and Taber, both old Oxonians. Chet also writes with great pleasure of a visit from Douglas Miller following his return to this country from Berlin where he was Commercial Attache. Says Chet, "Douglas consented to sit and be quizzed hour after hour and day after day by various faculty people, graduate students, and other friends of ours. Never have the Easums had the chance so to bask in the reflected glory of a visiting lion, and never have they had a more enjoyable guest. It will interest our Oxford contemporaries to know that old Doug can still produce 'four reasons' for every contention he puts forth as a thesis."

Bill Finger continues a very active life in his association with the Rubber Manufacturers Association in New York City.

Ray GRISMER, who is Professor in the Department of Romance Languages at the University of Minnesota, spent last summer on a trip to South America. His daughter, who graduated from high school this year as Salutatorian, is expecting to enter Mt. Holyoke this Fall. Ray reports an enforced vacation from tennis because of an injury but he has been active in other ways, publishing during the past year an English and a Spanish edition of *A Reference Index to Twelve Thousand Spanish American Authors.*

Paul MEANS, after five years in Singapore, has returned to America with his wife and four children. Their first visit in this country is in Spokane with his wife's relatives. Paul will be on the Faculty of the College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington, in the English Department and acting as Assistant to the President during the next academic year.

Doug MILLER, who returned to this country last fall, following a very active life as Commercial Attache in Berlin, is teaching International Economics in the School of Commerce at the University of Denver this coming year. The Secretary has heard from several sources that Doug is without any question the best informed man in this country today on the economic life of Germany.

Rex MILLER is managing the news and editorial services of the *Christian Science Monitor* west of the Rockies with headquarters in San Francisco. One of his duties is to prepare the column for the *Monitor* which appears under the heading "Behind the Headlines." George Palmer Putnam will be publishing in September of this year a book, of which Rex is the author, entitled *I, John,* which Rex says is an "autobiography" of the Beloved Apostle. He says he has been working on it in spare minutes for several years while he has been in different parts of the world, Paris, Geneva, Boston and San Francisco.

Vernon NASH, who is on leave from Yenching University, has accepted for the coming year a position as Leader of the White Plains Community Church and he is also expecting to devote a considerable amount of his time to the "Inter-democracy Federal Unionists," a rapidly growing movement to promote the basic principles and program of Streit's *Union Now.* Vernon's doctoral dissertation is being published this summer by the University of Missouri Press entitled *Educating for Journalism.* His daughter enters Cornell this Fall.

Roy RICHARDSON reports no news but the Secretary knows that his busy legal life in New York makes it difficult for him to select what is news.

Norman SCOTT is Chemical Research Director for the R. & H. Chemicals Department of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

Bob STEPHENSON who is in the office of the Commercial Attache at Berlin speaks with great regret of Doug Miller's departure from Berlin. He reports visits this past year from Rex Hersey and Don Richardson and adds the comment that "more should come to investigate conditions here." His letter which was dated July 7 says "Life here continues interesting and pleasant and in time one becomes inured to the continual uncertainty of events and the recurrent crises."

Some news of prime interest to us all is the marriage of "Booky" TAYLOR during the past year. He pretends to be farming near La Grange, Kentucky, but a picture of the farm turns out to be a delightful appearing Southern mansion and the Secretary suspects that "Booky's" chores include sitting on an attractive balcony strumming his banjo in the inimitable fashion which we have all enjoyed.

George WHITEHEAD continues the practice of law in Burlingame, California.

The Secretary reports the return to this country in July of his wife and three children who have spent the past year in Paris where the children have been attending French schools and witnessing at close quarters history being made in Europe. It was an unforgettable experience for all the travelers but they are glad to be back to the calmer life of Cleveland. The Secretary himself devoted last year to making the world safe and easier for dictators by manufacturing more and better radio products as Chairman of The Brush Development Company of Cleveland.

W. R. BURWELL
Secretary, Class of 1916

The Class of 1917 Letter

BAGLEY writes from Seattle, Washington, that he is seeing America during his sabbatical leave; he will settle for several months near San Diego.

We are going to ask BARR for the names of the hundred books which he has used now for two years in the St. John's Program, the two prime characteristics of which "are the abolition of the elective system in favor of an all required four-year curriculum and the outlawing of textbooks in favor of the-hundred-odd-classics from Homer to living authors."

DAWSON, who gave a paper before the American College of Physicians in March on "Relations between Age and Weight and Dosage of Drugs" declares he has no news.

On a letterhead engraved "Dick and Gravem" DICK reports: "Concerning business we cannot complain when the general state of affairs is considered. I have it on you in that I retain practically all my hair and I am in the heavy-weight class."

GRIFFITH writes from Washington, D.C.: "The only news is the forthcoming publication the first of September of another book. This time, instead of nosing around municipal charters and minutes of the seventeenth century, I have cut loose and am writing on the world in general under the title of *The Impasse of Democracy*. This probably comes more under the heading of an emotional release than a work of research, but we shall see."

ALL LAWYERS SHOULD READ THIS contribution [and professors, too—ED.] by Judge LITTLE: "Some humor occasionally creeps into my job as Secretary of the Ohio Committee for Selection of Rhodes Scholars. For example, a certain college professor, writing to recommend a candidate, said in his letter: 'He has seriously chosen an intellectual career when all the influences in his life would make it easier for him to follow in the foot-

steps of his father and be a lawyer.'" Judge adds, "Unfortunately I cannot find any ground for believing that this sentence was spoken in jest."

Felix MORLEY, who is still editing the *Washington Post*, was found summering at Gibson Island and sailing on the sun-kissed Chesapeake Bay.

MOSELY was followed to his new position as Dean of Students at the University of Tennessee whence he writes: "The opportunities for service are boundless here and I am very happy to be connected with such a very progressive state university."

NATESTAD is still working for Uncle Sam in the office of the Property Manager of the Chicago Post Office; during the past year his weight steadily increased but now seems to be stabilized at one hundred and seventy pounds leaving him no longer slender but not corpulent; hair, still visible; still unmarried.

HAROLD NATESTAD
Secretary, Class of 1917

The Class of 1918 Letter

OUR Abu ben Adhem, Andy ANDERSON, is finance secretary of the Inter-Democracy Federal Union, the United States organization based on Clarence Streit's *Union Now*. STREIT has been working about eighteen hours a day and has travelled 20,000 miles this spring and summer speaking and broadcasting for I. F. U. Frank AYDELOTTE and Vernon NASH are also on the executive committee.

The School of Journalism of the University of Missouri presented Pete BRANDT with one of five bronze medallions, "for distinguished service in journalism," at its annual exercises last May. The citation was as follows:

"To Raymond P. Brandt, graduate of the School of Journalism in 1918, Rhodes Scholar from the University of Missouri, 1920-23, head of the Washington bureau of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* since July, 1934: For brilliant correspondence as a nationally recognized authority on news of the United States Supreme Court; for persistent and unusually discerning questioning at the White House press conferences and for unusually informative, constructive reporting from the national capital; for interpretative articles of more than ephemeral value contributed to the Sunday Editorial title page of the *Post-Dispatch*, and for three series of distinguished articles on the Soviet Union—for uniformly thorough, accurate, and entirely dependable Washington correspondence."

Our southern doctors, Nick CARTER, Tom PALMER, and Phil JONES, report practice increasing satisfactorily and seem untroubled by the prospect of "State Medicine."

Cliff DURR (Washington, D.C.), Steve EVANS (Wilmington, Del.), Julian HAGEN (New York), and Bill STUBBS (Emory University) prosper without newsworthy incident, so they say. Hagen has recently bought a Virginia farm on which to develop callouses on his hands and relax his legal brain.

Virgil HANCHER attended a large

gathering of the Hancher clan this summer at Winchester, Va., where the first Hanchers settled in this country over two hundred years ago. His Chicago law practice (Pope and Ballard) continues to keep him very busy.

At long last Mac McGOWAN informs the Secretary that he is Assistant General Counsel for the Farm Credit Administration of Columbia, S.C. Through its various agencies this organization finances the need of farmers in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. Married, three children. During the past year Mac has seen Joe NORWOOD, who teaches English at the University of South Carolina, Irvine BELSER, Ed MOSELY, and CONNOR (*Magdalen*), who was on his way to an Army assignment.

When not running the Chevrolet Post-Graduate Merchandising School for Dealer's Sons, Tom McLAUGHLIN tours the country for General Motors. At golf he finds that playing for such heavy stakes as a dime a hole forces his score down into the 70's.

In order to sharpen his editorial pen for the *Christian Science Monitor*, Don RICHARDSON spent April, May, and June travelling through all the important countries of Europe except Russia. In England he saw Lord Lothian, Lady Astor, Captain Anthony Eden and other British notables, and found the welcome of Sir Francis and Lady Wylie heartwarming.

Steamboat SMITH is taking a year's leave from the University of Oregon to act as travelling lecturer and educational adviser for the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP), with headquarters at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. The July, 1939, issue of the new West Coast journal of letters and politics, *Black and White*, contained an article by Smith entitled, "What Hit Oregon?" (not autobiographical).

Another Washingtonian (D.C.) is Ralph WILSON, who now is Technical Assistant of the Bureau of Public Assistance of the Social Security Board. The Secretary, John DAVIES, is Associate in Pediatrics at the Harvard Medical School, and busy with a combination of private practice and academic medicine.

The above personal news was abstracted from letters written before the outbreak of war in Europe. All of us, chosen as we were to go to Oxford only a year after the last war, are now deeply distressed to find our English friends compelled so soon to fight again with a great people whose present leaders menace the peace of the world.

JOHN A. V. DAVIES, M.D.
Secretary, Class of 1918

The Class of 1919 Letter

PAUL R. COLEMAN-NORTON spent a week in Oxford in August, 1938, and continues with teaching and research at Princeton.

Marshall N. FULTON was recently elected to membership in the Association of American Physicians. As Assistant to the Dean of the Harvard Medical School he gave an address at the annual meeting of the

Associated Harvard Clubs in New Orleans.

Harold S. GLENDENING still practices law in New York City and is willing to admit that his boy is able to beat him at tennis and sometimes at golf.

Louis JIGGITTS continues as National Committeeman for the Democratic Party from Mississippi and Vice Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Besides this he carries on in the practice of law, as lecturer at the Jackson School of Law, and as Mississippi Supreme Court Reporter.

Ed MASON has been commuting to Washington this year as Economic Consultant at the Labor Department in connection with the monopoly investigation.

Shelby MCCLOY recently visited the Secretary before embarking with his wife on the new *Mauretania* for a year in Paris which he will spend in the Archives quarrying out material for a book. He will get his mail through the American Express Company, Paris.

Clark MOCK recently welcomed his family home from Oxford where several of the children were in school. He still enjoys his work in Social Research and has been teaching at the Graduate School of Applied Social Sciences of Western Reserve University.

Frank MORLEY has been appointed a member of the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace & Co. of New York and is returning with his family to the United States.

Calvin OVERMEYER is now Superintendent of the Chicago Plant of Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc. He was recently elected President of the Chicago Paint and Varnish Production Club and about a year ago was promoted to the grade of Lieutenant Colonel in the Chemical Warfare Reserve.

Alfred REESE asserts that he has nothing of importance to report this year.

Walter SIKES attended a conference on College Teaching at the University of Chicago this summer. He continues on the teaching staff at the University of Denver.

George THOMAS is teaching in the summer session of the Middlebury College School of English where his wife is giving a course in the development of English Art. He says he is "still trying to get used to the violent change of climate and scene from New England (Dartmouth) to the South (University of North Carolina). The only other news is that my little book *Spirit and Its Freedom* was published by the University of North Carolina Press this spring."

Ted WILDER has been appointed Physician-in-Chief on the Pediatrics Service at the Abington Memorial Hospital in Philadelphia. Last May he managed to get away for a trip to Bermuda with his family.

Charles WILLIAMS remains at the University of Louisville in the Department of Economics. He is still "more or less futilely trying to effect a synthesis between 'New Deal Economics' (both wings, radical and pseudo-conservative) and that of the Conservative, 'rugged-individualistic' variety. Some tell me that I am a damned socialist, others that I am a hopeless Hooverian—so, I tell myself,

I must be somewhere near the 'middle of the road.' "

The SECRETARY has no change in status or outstanding achievement to report. He continues to practice surgery and carry on research work. The summer vacation was spent, as usual, in Vermont.

B. M. BOSWORTH
Secretary, Class of 1919

P.S.

Crane BRINTON (writing his own note) wishes to thank the Secretary for his promptness; the 1919 class letter was first to arrive this year. He reports a half year's leave of absence spent on a long motor-trip to the Pacific Coast and back again via Mexico City and Florida. He saw so many Rhodes Scholars that he doesn't feel he can afford space here to list them; all he can do is write a blanket thanks for their hospitality. He knows enough about American regionalism so that he wouldn't dare single out for mention any group—not even in California! He is sorry that dallying in Arizona and Mexico made the last part of his trip hurried, and that he was obliged to miss a lot of people on the Atlantic seaboard. But he hopes to continue seeing America and the Rhodes Scholars, though he is not out after John Nason's record. He is still, like Ed Mason and the Secretary, a summer Vermonter. He has taken over from Clarence HARING (*Massachusetts and New College*, '07) the job of chairman of the History Department at Harvard.

The Class of 1920 Letter

HERE'S a terrible blow to those zealous protagonists of our culture centers who conspired to disinherit our pioneers by breaking the will of that preeminent pioneer, Cecil Rhodes. Full many a tear has been shed by these fine gentlemen over the loss to our larger and more advanced centers of so many juicy appointments which until the late grave-digging, went to the wild, fruitless State of Arizona. Now we learn that Franklin D. WALKER, true son of this arid, empty State, publishes his *San Francisco's Literary Frontier* to the loud plaudits of our nation's best reviewers. In fact, it is prominently mentioned as a Pulitzer Prize contender for 1939.

Ernest K. LINDLEY continues as Washington correspondent of the *Newsweek* and author of a syndicated column. This summer he conducted the national affairs section of the Institute of Public Affairs.

Most Oxonians have already heard of the great misfortune visited on William C. HOLBROOK in the death of his wife about a year ago. He writes that he is now relying upon his seven-year old daughter to manage the household and that she is doing mighty well at it.

John LOVITT still refuses, or is refused, and continues a bachelor. He modestly reports: "The law practice seems to be picking up." John's friends have suspected that his law business has been pretty well picked up for the last ten years.

DAVIS is still with Southwestern, digging out choice bits of almost forgotten history. He has just finished a paper on "The Tobacco Contract of 1698" between Russia and England. He doesn't say whether this contract is still in force or whether it is affected by the more recent contracts in those parts.

Father MOSELEY is still preaching at Kinston, North Carolina, and is happy at his work.

SPRUILL, from the University of North Carolina, writes: "Happy the people whose annals are blank."

LEWIS sent his wife and two children to Scotland for the summer and I presume we will have to wait until the 1940 OXONIAN before we will know whether they were able to get back to these parts.

G. H. ESTABROOKS has recently been promoted to head of the Psychology Department at Colgate University. He reports the arrival of one daughter, Elizabeth Doreen. He is a very impartial judge but admits that she is the best yet born of a man of Canadian birth.

I am afraid GAMBLE is letting business get the better of him, which happens to people who like business as much as he seems to, because he reports that even his golf game is suffering from it.

Franzo CRAWFORD, now at Williams College, reports two months spent with family in England and the Continent with one week at Oxford. He says that Oxford is muffled with the roar of construction and that Blackwell's could hardly be recognized.

HARLAN: "My only report is that I am well and busy, and that there have been no additions to my family."

The ever-enthusiastic TROWBRIDGE this time chooses to ring the praises of "Experiment in International Living." He and his wife again led a travel group to Europe. It has developed that he used much forethought in choosing what countries to visit, choosing as he did, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, none of which countries, according to the last broadcast, had yet joined the War.

POWERS admits that he has read "numerous scientific papers at various places during the past year" but Holbrook reminded me to look to *Time* June 5, 1939 issue, page 75, to find out some interesting dope about Powers.

Tui KINSOLVING failed to respond to my request for a letter but I have forgiven him since he did have the wife and myself and John Lovitt to a first rate luncheon in Philadelphia, where we had the pleasure of meeting his first-rate wife and hearing all about his new first-rate baby boy.

DEALEY is one man who refuses to let us know anything about him, but the ubiquitous Estabrooks, whose letter is filled with reports of Oxonians he has met with, has dug him up and reports that he found him at Hamilton College, New York. I assign to Estabrooks the job of actually getting a letter to the secretary from Dealey next year. [Dealey has promised us a book-review—ED.]

CHARLES B. COOLIDGE
Secretary, Class of 1920

The Class of 1921 Letter

ONLY a few of our class answered the call for news this year and then I seem to have lost some of them in transferring some papers from town to home. My apologies to writers and readers, too. Please forgive and repeat next year. Must comment on a Westerner, BRANDT of Oklahoma, called to Princeton's Press, and a Northerner made a Southern College administrator—FRASER of North Dakota to South Carolina. Doesn't it show national unity, geographical fraternity, or something?

Murray SKINKER dropped in with M. R. A. this summer accompanied by a kilted Scot to save my soul. More power to them—can't help admiring those with the courage of their convictions. Ralph LEWIS, *Utah* '20, a neighbor, had wife, daughter 10 and son 5 on Athenia—all saved, thank God. Deak WALKER, *Arizona* '20, crashed *Newsweek* with a new book.

Joe BRANDT, writes on the impressive letterhead of the Princeton University Press, of which he is Director, that his family are becoming acclimatized to the East. His news:

"The year has been extraordinarily busy for me, exciting and fascinating.

"My father died May 11, at the age of 84; I did get back for a delightful visit with him in April.

"I find two Lincoln men here in Princeton, Elmer Beller and Herbert McAneny. Next week we'll visit Jim Farmer in New York and see the World's Fair. That will be about the only excitement of my fortnight's vacation. I expect to come back to a considerably changed plant here, for we are making some extensive alterations."

Sincere sympathy to Joe on his father's passing. It must be a great satisfaction to achieve 84 years and then pass on knowing one has left a great son.

Mowat Gjems FRASER, now Dean of the College, at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, South Carolina, sent out a most interesting mimeographed letter last February telling of his installation as Dean and other experiences as a Yankee Don in Dixie. It is to be hoped this letter went to all Twenty-Oners. Write him if you missed it. He now relates that he and the new job are still getting along very well together and that it is the most interesting he has ever had. Winthrop, you know, is the South Carolina College for Women and the young ladies down there are well spoken of by authorities. Ah! Cloisters, where is thy sting?

John FULTON crowds so much fact and comment into his letter that we give it you *in toto*—almost:

"One thing, however, I can say with emphasis is that I don't like the new dress of the OXONIAN and I am one of the editors, the only one, I gather, who takes at all seriously the esthetic appearances of the printed page. We now look like the *Atlantic Monthly* instead of the dignified sheet that we once were before going into double columns. By so doing we have saved 5 percent of composition costs. [Nearly 15 percent on a whole year's issue, including the Address List and the increasingly thick October mem-

ber—Ed.] They can save a little more—three or four percent at least—by imitating the New York Telephone Book. No doubt this will come also when the esthetics of Oxford men have come to be completely secondary to financial considerations.

"Now, having gotten this out of my system, let me say that I too am editing a periodical, called *Journal of Neurophysiology*. It is printed by the same house, the George Banta Publishing Company, that sets up the Oxonian in its new and prostituted[1] form. We have beautiful typography, a printed page that warms the cockles of your heart, and we run it at an incredible deficit, but the world is finding a path to our esthetic door and the deficit this year is only half what it was in its first year. Some day we think there will be no deficit at all, because the soul of man—recent Continental evidence to the contrary notwithstanding—really has a yen for beauty as well as for science. To those who are interested in nice printing and may like to look at our Journal, we will send a copy to any old Rhodes scholar in the hope of rescuing his soul from Mammon.[1]

"Apart from these rather trivial things, which now and again stir my endocrines, there have been a few trips this year—mostly by air—to Miami and back, to St. Paul, Portland, San Francisco, and Santa Barbara all in a week, and I am now about to hop off to Europe to attend the Neurological Congress at Copenhagen. Thereafter, the 200th Anniversary celebration of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences. Then home again, I had hoped by Clipper, but my wife won't let me, and so I shall go and come in the bosom[1] of the Queen Mary."

[1] Metaphorical, no doubt.

Fred Layman is holding no political office at present, has no platform to defend and has no additions to his family of two boys. But he has acquired a new home without the aid of the FHA and planned to move in September first. His new address is 829 South Durbin, Casper, Wyoming.

Joe Norwood was still conscious in July—Fraser referred to him—but he hasn't written for a decade.

Willis Nutting continues to live interestingly on a high plane physically, mentally, and spiritually. Hear him:

"I'm not sure that I wrote last year, but in case I didn't I wish to inform the world that I now have two children: Teresa M., age 16 months, and Charles J., aged 2 months. You can see that most of my spare time is occupied.

"I'm still at Notre Dame and if you ever hear of my leaving you will know that it was because they blasted me out.

"We have acquired an estate in the country—almost two acres—which I farm assiduously, and I have even been asked to speak at an agricultural convention and on rural sociology to a national gathering of sociologists. So my contempt for you benighted urbanites grows apace.

"In March I published a book on Apologetics entitled 'How Firm a Foundation'—Sheed and Ward.

"I haven't seen an old Rhodes man for years."

As for Ye Hon. Sec. another full and too busy year. First, the good wife promoted me to manager of nine ranches (2000 acres), then next came the managership of the outstanding privately financed governmental research bureau of America (California Taxpayers' Association, Staff of 27), next the longest unbroken heat wave in Los Angeles' history (nine days touching 107.2°, officially, on September 20—unofficially on streets 117 to 122°) followed immediately by heaviest downpour in a September on the twenty-fourth (19 hours netting 5.42 inches of rain and a terrific wind that wrecked scores of pleasure boats and killed a great many people). Otherwise we pursue the calm and even tenor of our ways, internally agitated over world events and restraining the impulse to conk isolationists whose international perspective is as short as my temper. Who knows what may happen before we meet again on paper? We may meet sooner at Brest or St. Nazaire.

N. BRADFORD TRENHAM
Secretary, Class of 1921

The Class of 1922 Letter

"IT IS only pity for the trials and tribulations of a secretary that moves me to any sort of autobiographical outpouring," writes Allen JOHNSON; and the Secretary is glad that more members of the class than usual were smitten with compassion this year so that our minutes are comparatively full. The Secretary thanks those who wrote and asks those who did not to pity his lot next year.

BROCKWAY, who has recently had a sabbatical from Bennington College, has written a Headline Book for the Foreign Policy Association on "economic warfare between the great powers" and is engaged in a detailed study of the same subject "with a view of making a couple of statements about the role of economics in the formulation of foreign policy." . . . BRONSON, after bewailing his inability to keep warm in Berkeley, vitiates his complaint by admitting that he and Mrs. B. spent that time from July through October of last year in England. Bronson's book on Joseph Ritson appeared at the end of the jaunt. . . . EAGAN reports that the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race Dinner at the Harvard Club in New York is one of the bright spots of the year. "Wit and wine sparkle, and it draws a fine mixture of the Anglo-Americans." Having seen VALENTINE in New York, he reports: "He looked more of an athlete than any other college president I have ever seen. He was dining with another Oxonian, 'Jock' Whitney." Eddie is a commuting companion and golf opponent of FOOSHEE. He received a visit during the year from John Guise, Captain of the Oxford cricket team in our day, who thinks cricket much more scientific than baseball. His firm handles the legal affairs of the *Daily News*. "This work involves a great deal of defense for libel suits. It is interesting to say the least." . . . The Secretary has spent the summer in the environs of Norfolk, Va., reading the

diaries and letters of Hugh Blair Grigsby and fishing. . . . Fooshee, who took vacation with his parents in Tennessee, is doing most of his legal work in the field of Railroad Reorganization. He sees a great deal of the Peals and reports visits from Spurlock, on his way to a legal assignment in London, and Gollnick, back on vacation from his work for Swift and Company in Australia. . . . McGowin reports the birth of a daughter on July 1. His political life grows more interesting. "I have been serving as Floor Leader in the Lower House for our new Governor and have helped pass a whole series of reorganization measures, which we believe are giving this state an efficient and modern government.—I agree with your suggestion that the solid South ought to get together and demand more economic consideration at the next Democratic Convention than we have been getting in the past." . . . Highsmith, Assistant General Counsel of the Hercules Powder Co., reports an interesting visit from Lester, who "did a swell job" as a speaker in Wilmington and took Highsmith "for a ride" in golf. "I found little change except in the region of his mid-section." Still a Rhodes Scholar at heart, High says that he "Checked off the World's Fair in a couple of hours." . . . Johnson is philosophic enough to deserve quotation: "I have not made a fortune; I am not in the public eye (though occasionally in the local public's hair); I am not a budding nor yet blooming young professor; I haven't written a book, and I harbor no delusions about the value of my contributions to the medical journals. But I am happier and more contented than I ever thought that I or any other man could be. I like what I am doing and where and how I am doing it . . . perhaps ambition, after all, is merely a form of discontent that our neighbors approve of. . . . In fact, I have become such a Babbitt that I have even been president of one of the local 'Service Clubs.' So you see there are no achievements to talk about, and I am sure you don't want a recital of my hospital staff appointments. If you do, you can find them in the New England *Who's Who*. Nor do I have any parlor tricks. But hobbies! I think I have had a new one each year for the last ten years. At present, photography holds the center of the stage. Between the dark room in the cellar and the swimming pool in the back yard, I have had to give up golf, pistol shooting, skeet, and a few other things for lack of time. Also on the premises are two charming young daughters and a lot of —— —— termites. My first wife still lives with us, and no immediate change is contemplated." . . . Larson reports himself immersed in the paper business, but thinks that "you can't make news of that." The only event, he thinks, that appears to warp one's sense of news value is the birth of one's child, and since there is a limit to that sort of thing, you don't expect headline news forever." Keve mentions Gollnick's visit to America, which took in Bill Carey as well as Fooshee. He has himself had a visit from Lloyd Haberly, scholar-at-large in our time, who comes over from England from time to time to lecture at Har-

vard. . . . LESTER, speaking in "West Virginia, North Carolina, Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and a few other states," found his way to Delaware and gives an enthusiastic account of his visit to Highsmith, of whom he writes, "Time has been good to him—looks young, two lovely daughters, a charming wife, and his Georgia drawl." . . . MADDOX, "looking back over teaching in five universities since 1925," approves of his latest love, Pennsylvania. "All my teaching is now in the field of my major interest, International Politics, and with the pot continuously boiling abroad, there isn't much time for other things. This summer I am teaching in a three-week session at Colorado State College, and I will return here (Pennsylvania) in the fall." News of Jim Ross's marriage, says Maddox, nearly bowled him over. . . . PIPKIN continues as Dean at L.S.U. and an editor of the *Southern Review*. "I spent a long vacation in Mexico last summer, and we are organizing at the University a Pan-American Institute. This year I have served on the Industry Committee Number 2 in Washington, one of the committees set up by Commissioner Elmer F. Andrews. I also served on the Social Science Advisory Committee in the Department of Agriculture." . . . MAIER writes that his law practice in Charleston has not produced any headline news. His new address is 204 Kanawha Banking and Trust Building, and one notices that his letterhead is now in his own name and not in that of a firm. . . . Honeymooning Ross writes from the R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, two days out, "On June 17 I took the plunge with Betty Sortwell of Cambridge, Mass., and Wiscasset, Maine, and we are now on our way to England for a month or more. Wonder why I did not get married sooner." Good old Jim! As "Tommy" THOMAS wrote when the Secretary "took the plunge," "Now you have joined the legion of the open-eyed, even though for the moment you may be starry-eyed." But let us not forget to congratulate him. And, by the way, why *didn't* he get married sooner? . . . SNOW writes that he and his wife are the possessors of a honey bear, which they brought back two years ago from the jungles of South America and which has defied science by thriving in Ohio until it can clean up a bull dog with one paw. As President of the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and one of the coaches of a championship fencing team at Ohio State, Snow is well up in his extra-curricular activities. . . . SPURLOCK writes from London (6 Lothbury, London, E.C. 2) that he is enjoying both the town and his work, which "is principally concerned with petroleum development in the East." He has been up to Oxford several times, once with John DUNLOP and once to the Rhodes Dinner. FOOSHEE says he suspects that WOODSON will have to travel on business in the Near East and India, but so far he has not left England. . . . STEVENSON, according to EAGAN, was going this summer to Africa, "going by plane right through the heart of it, taking in Kenya, Tanganyika, and the Mountains of the Moon in the Belgian Congo. He will cross more territory in three months than Stanley

and Livingstone could cross in three years." . . . THOMSON, answering the queries of the Secretary, writes thus cryptically: "(a) The wife takes good care of me; (b) The kiddies are all hell on wheels. The eldest graduates from grammar school this summer; (c) the doggy is lousy; (d) the Hermit of Shark-tooth Shoal is a spy for the Japanese salmon fishers; (e) the book is booking." . . . VALENTINE writes from Rochester with his usual modesty about his own exploits, a modesty that refuses to mention them. He is boastful, however, about his football team, which, he says, won a number of moral victories last fall. Of the historic meeting already chronicled by EAGAN, he says, "I had a glimpse of Eddie Eagan the other day in the exalted atmosphere of the Cloud Club at the top of the Chrysler Building, where he was apparently lunching with other tycoons." For light on Val's own activities it is necessary to turn to the public press. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* describes the "most felicitous kudos" of Commencement Season as follows: "But in conferring the University of Rochester's honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mrs. Lindbergh, President Valentine almost took wings himself. 'You have conquered the land, the sea, the air, but your greatest victory has been a victory of the spirit,' he told her. 'You have known and given us the heights, but it is your knowledge and mastery of the depths that has won our love. Our minds do honor to the skill of your pen, but our hearts pay tribute to your conquest, not of air or machines or even of letters, but of human frailty and indomitable courage.' We are sentimental enough to believe that in saying the words of that last sentence, Dr. Valentine largely spoke for America."

In closing these minutes, allow us to ask one question. When is PIPKIN going to "take the plunge"?

FITZGERALD FLOURNOY
Secretary, Class of 1922

The Class of 1923 Letter

THE most sensational social item of the year: Ben BAKER was married to Miss Julia Scott Clayton, in Houston, Texas, last February 20. He was led to the altar, I infer, by his old friend, Eldridge CAMPBELL, M.D. Or, perhaps, Baker's own version is preferable: "Campbell was on hand—literally, spiritually, and spiritfully." And be sure to come see us sometime. . . . Down in Atlanta, Mac RICHARDS, our theologian, has a hand in a vast educational project, the object of which is to create a university center modelled on the University of Toronto. Emory University, the University System of Georgia, Agnes Scott College, the High Museum of Art, and Columbia Theological Seminary are to be the cooperating units. At the present writing, however, Mac is busy matching, dollar for dollar, an offer of $100,000 to increase the endowment. When I saw him in Durham last April, Mac seemed to be shouldering his responsibilities with the ease and assurance of the born administrator. He reports

the birth of Mary Makemie on December 10, 1938. . . . Shearman and Sterling, of 55 Wall Street, announced last January 1 the election of Johnny WILSON as a member of the firm. Johnny writes: "My news also is brief: we had another son, David Randolph, last December. That makes Johnny, age 6; Judy, 3, and Davey, eight months—not a bad set-up, I think you'll agree. They are thriving and bid fair to accomplish all the things the 'old man' hoped to do and did not. Davey has all the earmarks of a politician of the first order.

"My public activities at present consist in an occasional Memorial Day or Flag Day speech or a talk to a Burns club or a few words of dubious wisdom spoken at a father and son dinner. At the risk of being thought a 'blue-nosed reformer' I shall mention also that, a few months ago, I campaigned vigorously against the passage of an amendment legalizing pari-mutuel race track gambling in New Jersey. It passed." . . . Trudeau THOMAS, long absent from these columns, writes from Gibson Island, Maryland, to the effect that he is enjoying the headmastership of Shady Side Academy, a country-day and boarding school, just outside of Pittsburgh. His wife, Martha Botsford, Smith '26, has presented him with two sons (not twins, I believe, but he doesn't make this quite clear), "the handling of which seems far more difficult than that of the 350 other mothers' sons at Shady Side." . . . Ed HAM's edition of *Girart de Rossilon*, mentioned in my letter of two summers ago, is about to appear. On account of a lack of funds, it is to be the last of the research projects sponsored by the Yale Romanic Studies, a circumstance showing clearly the relation of cause and effect. Of late, Ham has written two papers on medieval French subjects and five on Franco-Americana. He has settled on this last subject as a temporary scholarly avocation and is scheduled to lecture on it this winter in four New England cities and in Scranton, Pa. . . . Bob NUGENT spent the summer at Coronado, California, and Ray JACK rode the famous parachute at the World's Fair, New York, according to the best-informed sources. . . . At the University of Chicago, Havens PERKINS is a fellow in American history. He is at work on a study of James Henley Thornwell, arch apologist for slavery, theologian, and sometime president of South Carolina College. "Now that I have surrendered to the Ph.D., I don't have time to write those gossipy letters (another argument for the Ph.D.!)." . . . FITCH, formerly senior economist for the Railroad Retirement Board and now its chief statistician, is busy these days learning how to manage a large force of employees and how to keep everybody happy. After office hours he cultivates his garden at Alexandria, Virginia. . . . Out on the Pacific Coast, Phil BUCK has taught the past two summers in the Portland Summer Session and is resigning himself to middle age with good grace. The note of resignation creeps in whenever Phil remembers that Daughter Priscilla is in junior high school. . . . At Mills College, Francis H. HERRICK defies me to make anything interesting out

of the following: he spoke on the European crises of last fall and spring (and doubtless is taking notes on the present one); he is to direct graduate work in history next year; and both his children have had measles and both are looking forward to mumps whenever school reopens. Anyhow, it all adds up to a year, "a year in which there have been few dull and no idle moments." He thinks, incidentally, that something ought to be done about the scarcity of Rhodes Scholars in his part of the world. . . . "How closely the lives of most of us follow a similar pattern," exclaims George KIDDER at the University of Vermont: summer school, children in camp, lawns baking in the summer sun, experimentation with new courses, fraternity and church work, committee work, "keeping me plenty busy and not too unhappy at my lot in life." . . . At which point, the Hon. Sec. finds he has run out of material and so must close, thanking everybody who answered his letter for answering his letter and hoping everybody will come to see him when in Durham, North Carolina, at 713 Anderson Street.

WILLIAM BLACKBURN
Secretary, Class of 1923

The Class of 1924 Letter

IT IS my sad office to record here the deaths of two members of our class, Bob HYATT (*Arkansas and Balliol*) and Hugh BRADLEY (*Alabama and Brasenose*). Their going carries the echoing thought that our class, unlike other bonds, no more lasting but less far-flung, can never be reunited. It is only in the slight and all too distant way which these pages afford that we can speak as one. I express the greatest sorrow of us all.

Arthur WILSON (*South Dakota and Exeter*) was this year awarded the Herbert Baxter Adams Prize of the American Historical Association for his book on Fleury. The Wilsons sailed for Europe in June, Art having received a Guggenheim Fellowship, to be used in preparation of a biography of Diderot.

Walser GREATHOUSE (*Idaho and Lincoln*) is still practicing law in Seattle "and gardening." He reports a vacation in California which included, of course, the fair. "The art gallery served as a starchy substitute for a tour of European galleries."

Otis LEE (*North Dakota and St. John's*), now professor of Philosophy at Vassar, spent the summer in Cambridge, Mass. Late in August the secretary (in line of duty?) pushed the bell-button of his house on Berkeley Street, but was not admitted. Otis writes insisting that the secretary did not push hard enough. The latter's disappointment was somewhat allayed by the knowledge that the visit was, after all, of no great philosophical import. He hopes to see Otis later.

Jack MERRILL (*California and Christ Church*) wishes to record "the advent of fatherhood" with the birth of Miss Jacqueline Merrill on June 6, 1939. One gathers that he has had a few moments since where, as his old self, he had hoped to see some of us at the San Francisco Fair.

Thorne SPARKMAN (*South Caro-*

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lina and Christ Church) is still the rector of St. Paul's—but since November of last year it has been St. Paul's of Chattanooga, not of Baltimore. He is in charge of all the Episcopal work in the city. His address: 610 Palmetto Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"A six thousand mile circle by car through all the western states" brought Don STAUFFER (*Colorado and Merton*) back to Denver and to "the conclusion that we have something here in America." He adds "I seem to be writing chapters this summer on something called *The Seven Laws of Poetry*. Name them and you can have them." Princeton again for him, one assumes, in the autumn.

W. D. COLE (*Montana and Queen's*) writes that he is still attorney for the Union Bag and Paper Corporation with offices in the Woolworth Building and "a branch at the World's Fair this summer." "I offer open house and a personally conducted tour of the fair to all out-of-town Rhodes men. I have neither wife nor worry which probably accounts for the fact that I am the only one I know of in this neck of the woods who would vote for Roosevelt for a third term."

Robert GUTHRIE (*Texas and Worcester*) finds himself wishing for a fog in Dallas in order to have something to report. Otherwise "life consists of trips from office to club and from club to office with an occasional brief filed in the appellate courts."

Jack DAWSON (*Michigan and Oriel*) spent a term last spring as visiting professor of law at the University of California from which he brought good news of Bud BRONSON of the class of nineteen twenty-two.

J. D. BENNETT (*Wyoming and Oriel*) has been on sabbatical leave since January. He enjoyed seeing F. O. MATTHIESSEN, class of twenty-three frequently, in Cambridge, Mass. and, after a summer in Ipswich, visited the DAWSONS briefly in Peacham, Vermont. He went with the ulterior object—which he achieved—of meeting and commending the editor in person. Both Crane BRINTON and Jack proudly point out their view of the Presidential range, which, perhaps, may be taken to symbolize latent political ambitions. [Not in university politics, certainly—and we think we can answer for Dawson, too. ED.]

Earl THOENEN (*West Virginia and Exeter*) and Carter BRAXTON (*Florida and Christ Church*) report that all is well in Darien and Scarsdale. The secretary hopes to see them in September.

Paul HARWOOD (*Nevada and Pembroke*) remains unwed in Reno, "no richer, not much wiser, a bit greyer, a year older—but having a grand time."

J. D. BENNETT
Secretary, Class of 1924

The Class of 1925 Letter

TWELVE months have passed—and very swiftly—since I last sat down with a score or so of good letters and braced myself against late summer lethargy to knit them together into the annual report for the Oxonian. At the outset I shall dwell again, as I have done in the past, upon

the pleasure which comes to me from receiving the letters out of which my tale is spun. Hearing from you is only a bit less satisfactory than seeing you; and I thank you for your generous response to my invitation of last May or to my impertinent post-card of July.

Letters have come this year from San Francisco and Rome, and from many a city between. Let us reverse the tide of empire (the thought of empires and conquests is not very comforting these days!) and proceed from the west eastward.

JOHNSON writes from the midst of busy summer work at Berkeley without even mentioning the World's Fair in near-by San Francisco Bay. "Your annual appeal for 'facts, figures, and gossip' for the OXONIAN came, as you designed it, just at the end of the academic year, which brings with it the season when most of us at least *plan* to devote some time to catching up with long-delayed correspondence. But this year the end of the quarter at Stanford was only a signal for me to rush over to Berkeley and get ready to teach at the rival institution, the University of California, where I had been invited to give two courses during the summer session.

"Berkeley's summer session is now well under way. I have an upper-division course in Elizabethan drama and a graduate seminar in Elizabethan prose—both populated chiefly by school teachers, all very earnest and some—but not too many, I fear—adding a modicum of intelligence and ability to their earnestness. I shall know better next week, after the first examinations and reports. The short summer session will be over on August 4, and I plan to go down to the Huntington [Library] for a month before returning to Palo Alto early in September. Sanford LARKEY (*Pembroke*, '25) and I have been asked to write the section on Science for the survey of the present state of Renaissance studies which is being sponsored and published by the Renaissance Committee of the American Council of Learned Societies, and we plan to get together at the Huntington to complete our collaborative effort."

Congratulations to Sammy upon this deserved recognition of his scholarly work in Renaissance studies! As if his teaching and writing were not enough, he writes of his daughter Betsy's having had a siege of whooping-cough last summer, of moving to a new house in Palo Alto, and of wrestling with the question whether to accept a flattering offer at the Universisty of Washington or to remain at Stanford. He is open to congratulation upon the offer, and Stanford upon its wisdom in seeing to it that he did not leave. Sammy also says that he came East for the meeting of the Modern Language Association last Christmas. Casually covering the continent means nothing to these Californians.

OLMSTED writes from the University of California at Los Angeles, where he is still a member of the Department of History, together with Clinton Howard. "My status is unchanged; my family well; and the children only a year older than when I last wrote but probably four times as noisy. This summer we have moved into another house, and I have taken

on for a year some work on the athletic affairs of the university and the Coast Athletic Conference. That is effectively all I can report except that I am becoming quite placid and refusing to take the world or myself very seriously. This last is no doubt a sign of something—just what, someone else will have to say."

HOWARD, who recently paid the writer an all-too-brief visit in Chambersburg, amplified what Jack's modesty passes off with a casual allusion. Jack has been asked to represent U.C.L.A. on the Pacific Coast Athletic Conference, which means that he will be busy this year and will have an influential voice in athletic deliberations in a portion of the world where athletes abound. Jack told Clinton that he expected a "very Rhodes-scholarish and hearty year."

Clinton himself spent a part of the summer teaching history at the University of Virginia, finding both the University itself and the academic community congenial. After the summer session he worked at the Congressional Library in Washington before returning to a busy programme at U.C.L.A. He is taking over one of the large history courses this year, and has had to prepare a complete syllabus for it while teaching at the University of Virginia and while working on some articles of his own. With Jack Olmsted, he has been active in laying and executing plans for the extension of honors work at U.C.L.A., in all of which he acknowledges a profound debt to his Oxford experiences.

From HART, in Denver, comes a brief and pithy note: "No particular news. We had an Oxford-Cambridge dinner in Denver on Boat Race night; about a dozen attended. I saw Rube Borsch in January on my way to Washington. Glad to meet Rube's wife and children. Bill Nichols phoned me from the airport, flying from New York to San Francisco a few days ago. Quite a number of Oxford men at University of Colorado, D'Arms, Wecter, Spackman, Dyde and Wallace."

FULBRIGHT writes from Rabbit's Foot Lodge, Springdale, Arkansas. He uses the litotes so characteristic (I find) of all members of our group. "Really, there is nothing to add of startling interest. We did have another addition in December, a girl." As the parent of two girls, I must demur at this cavalier treatment of an important matter, and on the part of Jack's daughter protest his choice of adjective if thoughtlessly used, and deplore it if carefully chosen. Jack is giving two new courses this year at the Law School of the University of Arkansas, and laments that the preparation for them has consumed most of the summer months. He concludes ruefully—but I am sure not truthfully—"all work and no play has already made Bill a very dull boy." [Stop-press news: FULBRIGHT has just been made President of the University of Arkansas—ED.]

BOND, writing from Mexico, Missouri, is fairer to his progeny in writing in forthright fashion that "we have another boy, Christopher Samuel Bond, born March 6, 1939. This is the second boy, the first being Arthur, who will be six on October 26." He asserts that he has been spending all his spare time "getting in the way of

the trainer who is getting my harness horses ready for the Pumpkin Circuit." Art is our only horse-fancier, so far as I know, to engage in the owner-racer game. He regrets that his letter had to be written earlier in the summer "because my wife and I are planning on taking Arthur to Europe on the 23rd of August, returning late in September, providing that the absorption of Danzig is accomplished without any great upset. I want to go into Germany and what was Austria for business reasons, but will spend most of the time in England and Ireland."

The heart of one who edits a letter for the OXONIAN is easily touched when someone writes in appreciation of his poor efforts. Last year I permitted myself a digression in which I enlarged upon the vocal accomplishments of Rube and Frank. Like a gentleman BORSCH writes, "First of all permit me to express my envy and gratitude for your account, partly factual and partly fanciful, of the Damon and Pythias friendship and escapades of myself and the incomparable Franklin D. (Dingwall—not Delano) GRAY during our sojourn on the banks of the Isis. I confess that my reading of your account brought forth an occasional tear and I am indebted to you for a delightful retreat into the dimming past of our Oxford days." Not half so much, Rube, as we are all indebted to you and Frank for your part in that 'dimming past'! Rube continues: "I am afraid that there is nothing interesting by way of commission or omission to report relative to my activities during the past year. I have managed to keep quite busy at the every-day task of practicing law in one of the institutions which Lundberg has recently styled 'Law Factories.' Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal, the doctrine of scarcity has carried over into the legal field, and prosperous clients are becoming fewer as the years roll by. I am happy to report, however, that thus far I have not lost any ground financially and I must confess that the New Deal has its compensations. Although we may not make as much money, oftentimes the business of advising clients is much more interesting since we can now play a guessing game as to whether the Supreme Court will overrule another of the time-honored mile-posts on which we were taught to rely. Lest I should give a false impression from the above, I hasten to add that I have not yet lost confidence in the country or the future of our economic society, since Mrs. Borsch and I have planned an increase in the family which should occur about the middle of September. This will make three, and I think that you will admit we are doing our job.

"I have seen few ex-Rhodians during the year. Jerry Hart spent a part of one Sunday with me during February between trains on a business trip to Washington. Clarence Campbell (*Alberta and Lincoln* about 1926 or 1927) is an official of the National Hockey League and visited with me on a number of occasions when he was in Chicago. He still maintains his legal practice in Edmonton. Buddy Mather was in Chicago last week attending the milk hearings of the Department of Agriculture and

called me over the telephone. He promised to call again and arrange to take lunch, but apparently his plans went hay-wire since I have heard nothing further from him. I haven't had a peep from Frank Gray, but I understand that he is still rolling along as a lawyer up in Minneapolis."

Writing on the letterhead of *The Kenyon Review*, published at Gambier, Ohio, RICE sends some solid information about himself and others. "It's rather indecent of me to send news about myself for two years in succession,* but this time I may get a little free advertising for *The Kenyon Review*, which, in case any of the putative readers of your class haven't heard about it, is the leading aesthetico-literary quarterly in the dwindling Anglo-Saxon world. The staff consists mainly of Oxonians, and we have had contributions by Larry Leighton, R. P. Warren, F. O. Matthiessen, Cleanth Brooks, Jr., and F. C. Flint. Other Oxonians will be welcome both as contributors and as subscribers ($2 p.a. at Gambier, Ohio)."

On the score of *The Kenyon Review*, hearty congratulations to Phil for his excellent work as managing editor. As for European politics, to which Phil alludes elsewhere in his letter—though not for quotation—the possibility of a *Blitzkrieg* may be less than Hitler would like us to believe, but it goes hard to contemplate what a few high-explosive bombs could do in Oxford town and to conceive of what wreckage, material, moral and spiritual the present war must cause under modern conditions in the Europe which we knew in that peaceful moment of comparative stability after one great war and before the preparations were made for another. *Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

From SAGMASTER in Cincinnati comes a very delightful and very welcome letter. "Sorry to have been such a laggard correspondent. I've been doing a good deal of gadding about this spring and summer—first to Washington, to watch the funny congressmen at play, lately across the continent from New York to California, incidentally taking in both Fairs. I found New York's more interesting, San Francisco's prettier. Or perhaps it was the fascinating environs of San Francisco.

"There have been no recent additions to my family; I'm still supporting a wife and two young—both girls, ages six and two, normal, blonde, reasonably good-looking and frequently a trial. As for me, I am still holding down a newspaper job, writing editorials, reviews on the side, and, by means of a foreign affairs column and the microphone, trying—with remarkably little success—to keep up with Hitler.

"If you haven't heard from Phil Rice, he is spreading sweetness and light as managing editor of *The Kenyon Review*, though at the moment he's absorbing more heat than light down in Mexico. I expect to see a number of old Rhodes men in Cincinnati for the World Series." Phil is clearly indebted to Joe for this kindly witness.

SAMS is still in Atlanta. "As you

* With this opinion the editor strongly disagrees.

can see from this letterhead, I'm still practicing law with the same firm. The type of business which I have been handling is also of a similar nature. I've done a lot of work in defending the motion picture distributors in civil suits for damages under the anti-trust laws. Otherwise, the work consists of estate, tax, insurance and general law practice.

"There have been no unit additions to the family, though Robert and little Mary have grown much. Robert is now 5½ and Mary 2½, and both are full of vim, vigor and vitality." Bob speaks of a trip to Louisville last spring to attend his first Kentucky Derby; and he has traveled to New York at least once this year on business. He expects to come North for his fifteenth college reunion this June, when many of us may have a chance to see him.

LYON writes from Heidelberg, Mississippi, but on stationery headed "Colgate University," where he is still an indispensable member (see below) of the Department of History and Politics. He says "For the moment I am somewhat inpressed with the thought that I have completed ten years at Colgate and am becoming somewhat of a landmark. One of my friends said something about 'the grand old man,' but I pled with him to keep that phrase on ice at least a little longer.

"The year just passed has been a happy one. Our daughter thrives and becomes more interesting all the time. We are fortunate in our friends and very pleasantly situated at Hamilton. My interest in gardening is still increasing, and I am proud of what I have been able to accomplish on our lot.

"I have finished the biography I mentioned last year, and I am about to begin to peddle the manuscript among the publishers. I've about decided to begin a text in European History when I return from the present vacation trip. If I'm not heard from for the next five years you'll know that I'm trying to finish the text." Let us hope the text goes swiftly, for Wilson's annual letter would be sorely missed in these pages. Indeed, he is the only one of our group to have sent a double reply to my letter of request this year. As I write, word comes from him that "At Colgate we are trying to do something about the lack of potential Rhodes Scholars from the class of 1925. A son, Allen Hoben, was born to Helen and Tommy ROBINSON (*Nova Scotia and St. John's*) on June 26, and Carolyn and I are the parents of a son, John Wilson, born on August 16."

On a hot day last July STEERE stopped at my office on his way from Haverford to his summer home in northern Michigan, not far from Mackinaw City. He had built his house himself last summer, thus demonstrating that a professor can use his hands as well as his brain. He has two daughters, aged seven and four, who, he said, were then 'devoting themselves with complete dedication to having the whooping-cough.' Douglas adds to his chronicle in a letter thus: "I am just finishing a month at Pendle Hill, which is a Quaker center for graduate study in religious and social subjects. I have been director of the summer school here and have been lecturing on 'The Nature of Freedom.' I have pub-

lished nothing this year except the translation of Kierkegaard's *Purity of Heart*, which Harpers brought out last fall." I might add further, that, as many who read this already know, Douglas's translation was very well received when it appeared and aided materially in the interesting revival which the Scandinavian philosopher has enjoyed recently. Like Clinton Howard, Douglas looked well and was buoyed up by the prospect of a summer vacation when I saw him.

RHOADS probably submits the most startling (as well as pleasant) news this year. There is no one who does not know of Dusty's obdurate celibacy and few who have not plagued him to know when he would see the light and take a wife. It has happened: and Dusty has the best wishes of all of us in his marriage at the end of August to Emily Scott Brooks, of Radnor, Pa. Dusty's marriage reduces our bachelors to six or seven; and some if not all of them will probably second my hope that time will soon reduce their number further. Of his law practice Dusty writes, "This year has progressed along the usual channels —trial work and labor relations work keeping me more than busy. Work in the latter field has done much to change whatever economic or social philosophy I thought I had—at heart it has made me doubt whether I ever gave any serious thought to such things."

SALTZMAN writes from New York, "There isn't any news to give you since last year,—no change in address of family or employer and no vital events to report. Quotation of the number of fish caught on our annual holiday in Wisconsin would not make impressive reading." As if there were no more news than that to be had from the Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange!—at least a tip or two about inflation, public utilities or this strange bond market; or a tale of 'economic royalists' or some skulduggery to enliven this letter.

The most recent news about PACKARD comes from his faithful secretary, who wrote to say that my persistent little post-card had arrived while Mr. Packard was away on vacation and would be brought to his attention upon his return—alas, too late. I last saw Art last winter, after being shot fifty floors upward at Rockefeller Center. From his office window he proudly gave me a 'free preview' of the World's Fair, the buildings of which shined in the wan sunlight across the river, and graciously extracted himself from some appointments to play host at lunch.

From BAKER came a letter last January in which, among other things, he said that he was in bed with influenza and a temperature of 102°. That is certainly less pleasant news that he gave in his final paragraph. "I went to work with the National Industrial Conference Board as Editor-in-chief in September. They have reorganized, and I'm with them only on a provisional basis to see how things work out. Fair job, but plenty of homework." What was provisional in September has now become permanent. A recent letter says, "Since last Labor Day have labored for the Conference Board as Director of the Publications Division cum Publicity. We average publishing something every working day. The range is from books to single sheet statistical reports on

unemployment, manufacturers' inventories, cost of living, etc., and I edit them all. Sometimes I have scatter-chart dreams." Add to this the arrival of a daughter "named Brenda, but not after the Frazier person," and it is easy to believe that Bob's life is a full one.

HOWER's opening sentence to exactly indicates the way in which a class secretary's requests ought to be met that I cannot refrain from quoting it: "This may reach you a few days past 'the middle of July' dateline suggested in your letter, but I really couldn't have written sooner and I am stealing time from work now to avoid a complete failure to comply." Is it not Confucius who said that "the educated man knoweth what things shall first merit his attention and so doeth them straightway"? In any case, Ralph has done us all a service in writing interestingly and fully as follows:

"The past twelve months seem to me to have been the busiest I have ever experienced, but since that is a common complaint I'll not go into the subject except to say that I finished correcting the last lot of page-proof for my *History of an Advertising Agency* yesterday, and as soon as the index is completed one big load will be off my mind. It is a monstrosity of 700 pages. Publishing a book that size ought to be a crime punishable by severe penalty. My excuse is a wretched one: sheer inability to condense and a passion for thoroughness which I must have inherited from some of my stolid Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors. The reviewers will be able to get busy with their knives in September.

"I am still at work on my forthcoming history of R. H. Macy & Company, which should be in the printer's hands next spring. Besides working on these two books, I have been doing the usual amount of teaching, and I am now getting ready to undertake a new (for me) course in marketing during the coming year.

"As I look back upon life since last July my personal experience seems to afford singularly little news of any importance. We spent last August on an island in Casco Bay, Maine, and became so completely captivated by its charms that we wouldn't even consider another place for this year's vacation. As the newspapers told you, we had a hurricane in these parts last September. Every one has his tale of excitement and narrow escapes to tell, and I am no exception; but I shall spare you the burden of attending while I spin it. Suffice it to say that Betty and I innocently started to drive home before the storm had really got going, finally had to abandon the car, and walked the last two miles just when the gale was at its height. For ten days we ran a sort of community kitchen for some of our neighbors who, unlike us, depended upon electricity rather than gas for cooking and hence were out of luck till service was restored.

"The hurricane's damage to New England's railroads forced me to resort to airplane transportation for the first time, and I have become an enthusiast. But that, too, can be a boring topic.

"I have seen all too few of our fellow Oxonians during the past year. In fact, of our year I seem to have met only two face to face: Neil Crone

and Dusty Rhoads. Neil is the busy practitioner these days, but finds time to be enthusiastic about the Army reserve corps (he's now a captain in it, I believe) and to learn the art of the accordion, of all things! He's getting fairly good at it, too. (That reminds me to confess that I, too, have started to learn an instrument: the recorder, a fine instrument which was, as you may know, much in vogue in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and which recently has again received considerable attention. I'm no bloody good at it yet, but I'm having fun.)

"Dusty and I had luncheon together in Philadelphia last fall, hastily, because he had a case in court with only a short recess for lunch. He seems to be prosperous and well, and his complaint that he couldn't find a suitable girl who would marry him is all my eye and Betty Martin, as the Cockneys used to say.*

"Still lacking any enthusiasm for conventional sports, I get my exercise chiefly by sawing up trees wrecked by the hurricane and by walks with the dogs and an occasional swim. My 'figger' is still under control and my weight is still within five pounds of the minimum during Oxford days, so that the passing year's have left me relatively unscathed physically. I take it as a sign of advancing years, however, that I no longer dream of being in Schools, confronted with a paper on a subject which I had forgotten to prepare.

"Perhaps you may get a quick impression of my state of mind when I tell you that I am more than ever convinced that the New Deal is wrecking the country but I can't see much hope in the Republican party, that I hold F.D.R. to be a conceited, self-seeking, and thoroughly unscrupulous leader but agree heartily with his foreign policy (or rather the policy he would like to have), that the monthly bills still bring consternation and anxiety about the bank account, and that I find the exploits of Captain Hornblower the liveliest and most absorbing entertainment in print that I have come across in years. It seems a rotten world at times, but there are many consolations for the stout-hearted. And it would be a better world if more Oxonians crossed the threshold of yours truly."

* Either Ralph or the Cockneys must have been clairvoyant.

CRONE bears out what Ralph said about him—all except the accordion: "I continue in the practice of medicine, enjoy it more as time goes on and manage to keep busy with clinics, practice, and some teaching. I have been promoted to the rank of Captain in the Medical Corps, U. S. Army Reserve and am going off soon as Assistant Corps Surgeon with the First Army, which is having summer maneuvers in the vicinity of Plattsburg, New York. I have seen very little of Rhodes Scholars during the past year. One of the highlights of the year for us is always an occasional get-together with the Ralph Howers. We had dinner with them this winter twice, much to our enjoyment. Van de Graaff I see occasionally, and I ran into Larry Leighton on the street in Cambridge a few weeks ago. One of my 'tutees' from Oxford is now a Rockefeller fellow in New York and is coming up to see me next month. This makes

a total of three former pupils of mine at Oxford who have been Rockefeller fellows and have come to visit me. In two years of tutoring at Oxford I don't think that's at all a bad record. I wish very much that I could see more of the members of our group of 1925, but it just seems I am unable to get away." Neil speaks with justifiable pride of his 'tutees,' his intellectual sons who visited him in Boston, and with even more pride of a true son of the house: "I am now the father of a son, Peter Griswold, who was born on the second of January of this year. He has already cost me a new fender on my car since on the way into the hospital on New Year's night, we collided with,—or should I say another car hit us? On the whole, however, I think he is worth it. As you probably know, he is the third, as we have a daughter, Kathrine Standish, aged 5, and a second daughter, Anne Brewer, aged 3."

LEIGHTON, after taking me gently to task for misusing the Greek language (but not badly, Larry; s.v. οἱ πολλοί in Fowler, *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*), writes of a year made busy at Harvard and Radcliffe in an unconventional way: "Harvard and Radcliffe may have been normal this past year, but I shall never know. In a weak moment I agreed to be a director for a Greek play, and thereafter everything else was a mere background haze. It was a success, but in the end all that filled my soul was profound admiration for the talents of the late Florenz Ziegfeld." By way of foil to the antique choruses (χοροί?) Larry planned a very modern summer: "This summer I am spending July working in the P.E.A. Radio Workshop at Sarah Lawrence, and in August I am going to Buffalo to the American Federation of Teachers convention as a delegate from the Cambridge local."

Finally HAMMOND, who writes from Rome, where he has been associated for two years with the American Academy: "To summarize my two Wander- und Arbeitsjahre in one letter would be an achievement beyond my powers of compression. We have enjoyed the second year even more than the first and leave with a great deal of regret, both because of the attractiveness of Rome and because of the pleasant and generous friends whom we have made here—but alas, we must return to Harvard next autumn and will be glad then to see anybody who passes through. I leave with less regret than my wife because this year has been a trying one, both because the international crises made us personally anxious for ourselves and child and because one's few remaining ideals are constantly being ground down. The discrimination against the Jews in Italy came as a distinct shock and touched me closely, as it affected a number of academic people who naturally turned to Americans with hope for the 'Land of Opportunity.' And it was discouraging to have to tell them that the doors of opportunity were closing fast with us and that academic positions in particular were hard to find and that the Great Democracy wasn't as free from race prejudice as one could hope. And it was even more discouraging to have one's appeals to America answered along these very lines—for hope

springs eternal. Then, however much one longs for peace and even believes in it at any price, the complete reversal of all that we are young enough to have believed about the new world which was to be created after 1918 has not been easy to bear. Well, we have lived through so many crises, waited before our radios for so many crucial speeches, and heard so many rumors, that the cry 'Wolf, Wolf' now falls on somewhat deafened ears, and at the moment there is a lull (ominous, as we can now see—ED.) in crises so that I feel less agitated in my ideals and therefore more regretful at leaving than I did two months ago.

"We had a lovely summer a year ago in a little house on Boar's Hill next to Bagley Wood. The Wylies were more than kind and helpful, as were the Allens. And Oxford was fortunately full of Roman historians, notably Rostovtzeff and Tenney Frank, whose death as Eastman Professor came as such a shock to the learned world. I managed to combine Arbeit and Freude in about a half and half mixture, though the Arbeit goes slowly. This spring I got off for three weeks to go on an Aegean Cruise, just after the absorption of Albania—and found that area pleasant in climate and company but fundamentally tense with Greeks, Italians, and Turks eyeing each other uneasily. It was a surprise to return to Rome and find an unexpected optimism here. This summer we hope to get a month in the Dolomites and to sail home the end of August. These two years have been for us a great opportunity and we are more than grateful to the Academy for having afforded them to us and to Harvard for letting us seize the opportunity."

As for your secretary, he has had another very busy year. When I undertook my work three years ago, friends sympathetically told me that the first year would be hard but that thereafter the work would be easier. False prophets that were indeed! The routine work has become easier, and I no longer quake when a parent drops in at my office or I have to speak to the Alumnae Association. But as one's nervous energy is less needed for these things, it is demanded by others. This past year has involved me in a quiet but vigorous financial campaign, a great deal of outside speaking, a full-blooded 'Alumnae College' after commencement, and—not least disrupting to one's peace of mind—a siege of scarlet fever at my house during which I had to move out and live in a near-by apartment-house. But though I miss teaching and sorely begrudge the loss of the tranquillity which once made research and writing possible, the work is interesting and has many compensations. Whatever it is, it is never the same on two successive days!

During July there were many visitors at our house, among them Bob CUNNINGHAM (*North Dakota and Queen's*, '26), who was on his way from Exeter, N.H., to Minneapolis, where he will spend part of a year of leave working on some projects of his own. Clinton Howard's visit, of which I have spoken above, occurred on the morning of August first, when the two young ladies of my household were dressed and ready to leave with their parents for a month's vacation. They tried hard

to be polite and patient, but I am afraid Clinton felt that we were inhospitable not to be able to urge a longer stay. I mention this only to use a sure means of telling him to be certain to return and of stating solemnly that August first is the only day on which such a thing could possibly happen. On any of the other 364 there will be people in the house and food in the larder.

A month of rest on a quiet little lake in northern Pennsylvania has been a good antidote to all the poisons of the past year. The war-clouds hang heavy over my mind for the reasons Mason has so ably suggested in his letter above; but here and now, at home at my office, all is well. *Benedicte!*

This is the end of the account for this year. I regret that it contains no direct news from D'Arms, Gray, Macomber, Sledge, Van de Graaff, Vaughn, Westermann, Walker or Whitely. Better luck next year. To those who have taken the trouble to write I send many thanks, and to all every good wish for another twelvemonth.

P. S. HAVENS
Secretary, Class of 1925

The Class of 1926 Letter

ON WE move—fulfilling silently, for the most part, the high trust which is ours—lest something worse befall us.

On a jaunt through Washington last December your Secretary was CANHAM's guest at breakfast in the National Press Building. He gave his host a severe battering from questions about newspapers, but admits defeat. Not once could he shake his magnificent poise. Returning through New York, your secretary caught WICART for lunch—high noon after a corporation party the night before. At trying meals Wic's appetite and aplomb are still "in the pink." BROOKS establishes himself as an "authority." Notices in the metropolitan press commend Bob's work and writings on labor relations. So far as it is known, he continues at Williams College, which appears able to take it and do something with it. A big K on a white sweater stands for Kenyon College. Your secretary guessed it at a tennis tournament in North Conway, New Hampshire, and elicited from one of Kenyon's able tennis contingent graphic accounts of CHALMERS's presidential feats.

In an off year for correspondents, the post brings word chiefly or rising in the world. Putnam, Bell, Dutch & Santry of Boston announce CROSS's membership in their firm. Edwards and Smith of New York have shown comparable good sense with respect to PFANN. Ross and Mrs. Shropshire Steele were married in Washington on February 7 last. MITCHELL, still with the government, has moved back to Washington and has "a home at 3838 Dittmar Road, Arlington, Virginia, with," he demurely adds, "a small but choice mint bed." In July NICHOLS left San Francisco, where he has been editor of *Sunset Magazine*, to become assistant to the editor of *This Week*, "a syndicated Sunday

magazine distributed to some 25 metropolitan newspapers in various parts of the country." His temporary address is Guard Hill, Westport, Connecticut. My "little notes," he begins, "always seem to come at a time of crisis in the Nichols household (maybe they induce them)." No such powers—they rarely draw even a postcard. From the University Club, Washington, HENNESSY writes in dejection: "There ain't no news. Whatever chances I had of occupying the spotlight in Washington were blotted out by the visit of Their Majesties and even I could not surmount that competition." We know—keep fighting.

DAVIDSON is correspondent of the year, announcing the appearance of a third son and a sabbatical leave last winter from Hiram College to get some material in shape for publication. "On occasions of state" he sees CHALMERS at Kenyon. Ah, the abuse of diplomacy! "The past year," he writes, "also included a delightful evening with Bill VAUGHN (*Christ Church*, '25) and his wife in Rochester, and an equally enjoyable visit with Professor and Mrs. Wilson LYON (*St. John's*, '25) at Colgate. Last summer I spent some time in the Volunter Work Camps conducted by the American Friends Service Committee—a project in which I have been much interested and in which Douglas STEERE (*Oriel*, '25) has been an active leader. These work camps appear to me to be among the most promising attempts at concrete expression of a Christian way of life for the college student. . . . It takes several years, I think, for my conscience to function effectively on this matter of class notes for the OXONIAN. (I trust it functions more effectively in other realms of personal and social morality, though I am not always sure.)" That, sir, depends on what you embrace.

During past months your Secretary's wanderings have taken him south to Charleston and west to Minnesota and the Dakotas. Besides such meetings as he has mentioned with members of our own class, he has dined with CHRISTOPHERSON, '24, "Minneapolis's most eligible bachelor"; he has consulted with CRONE, '25, in his Boston offices; he has luxuriated at Wilson College in HAVENS's, '25, presidential hospitality; he has flung parting words at WATKINS, '28, in Princeton eating joints; he has caught SABIN, '27, closeted with a government secretary; he has got consolation from VAN DE GRAAFF, '25, in New Hampshire. His summer has included trouncings at North Conway in a "Gold Racket Championship" and preparation by a Minnesota lake of a text for the press. And now without plans or commitments, he enters upon a year's leave of absence from Phillips Exeter.

This for the class—as thinner of hair and thicker of jowl, we pass over in gentlemanly reticence *what* really we become, and *how* and *why*.

R. N. CUNNINGHAM
Secretary, Class of 1926

The Class of 1927 Letter

WOODFORD HEFLIN is still residing in Chicago, where he is helping edit the *Dictionary of American English*. Recently appointed to the staff of *American Speech*, a journal specializing in the American aspects of English linguistics, he will take over the "Present Day English" section of its bibliography. He says that he is very busy playing Emily Post and Dorothy Dix for all the little impolite or puzzled words.

The annual request for news from Eugene SPRINGER went to his residence at Norman, Oklahoma, but was promptly returned by a relative with the notation that Springer has been at Oxford since last January.

Samuel H. SABIN is now with Commodity Credit Corporation, which was recently reorganized into the Department of Agriculture. Thus he handles loans, pegs prices and accumulates very large and immovable surpluses of agricultural commodities. Sam speaks of his many struggles with warehousemen, factors and almost everybody else.

Wallace C. BROWN, at the University of Kansas City, is up to his old tricks and is writing another book. Otherwise he retains his status quo.

Charles HOROWITZ writes that he recently saw MCDOUGAL, who was on his way to Alaska. Yale has made Mac a full professor.

E. O. BELSHEIM, despite the entreaties of his Dean at Tennessee has temporarily at least deserted the teaching profession and joined the staff of the General Counsel of the Treasury at Washington.

Robert H. BAUGH, Jr., has moved with his bride to Cleveland Heights. He is about to leave for a vacation in the Rockies and on the Pacific Coast, and then back to Birmingham for the first time in three years.

Months ago Joseph M. STOKES had intended to spend the Summer in England, but he changed his plans and has been making a tour of the West.

Robert B. PATRICK, Assistant Treasurer of Bankers Life, says that his Investment Department grows more complex and bewildered each year: "With interest rates on most securities at an all-time low and planned economy apparently in the saddle, we all seem to keep very busy, going around in circles."

Edwin M. RHEA says that his firm is consolidating with another, and he will soon be practicing under the name of Goehring, Collin, Stewart & Rhea. On April 15 of this year, Ed's family was increased by the addition of Edwin Jenkins Rhea, not quite a junior. Clara is well and enjoys the rigors of a busy family life.

In a search for information, your Secretary recently went East. On the way, he found Hugh B. Cox firmly ensconced at the right hand of Thurman Arnold and at the head of the activities against monopolies. Hugh's reputation is now firmly established, and the final proof of his crusading fervor is that he receives occasional bouquets from the Washington Merry-Go-Round. E. O. MATHER is still working with the Government. News of George Ross (of 1926) might also be interesting. George served for a time as liaison man and

political weather-vane between the White House and Congress; and recently resigned to become Vice-President of a corporation manufacturing plastics. Tom HAMILTON (of 1928) is now in charge of the Madrid Bureau of the *New York Times*. Samuel A. MCCAIN has left Washington for good, although he still makes occasional trips there as a trouble-shooter. The extent to which Sam has scaled the ladder was indicated by a telephone conversation that he had while your Secretary was present. Some unknown client telephoned and begged for a bill for services, but Sam stoutly refused to render one, and said call back in about six or eight months, which would be time enough to pay. This, of course, is directly contrary to the collection methods of any attorney answering to the description of young or struggling. Charles S. PARKER continues to guide buying and selling of Government securities for Guaranty Trust Company. He travels a good deal between New York and New Orleans, and has stopped in Atlanta. John E. F. WOOD remains with the John W. Davis law firm, in the Litigation Department. Herbert B. WOODMAN has withdrawn from the practice of law and has become Secretary of International Printing Company, Inc., a division of Inter-Chemical Corporation. He was recently in Europe with his wife. Brewster MORGAN is an executive of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and is managing and directing some of the most important shows on the air. It might not be out of place to say that Charlie CLEAVES (of 1928) also was seen in New York, and he is as big, as red-headed and as untamed as ever.

ALLEN W. POST
Secretary, Class of 1927

The Class of 1928 Letter

WARREN was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship and sailed on a freighter in the middle of July for a year in Italy and France. He is working on a play and a new novel. His novel, *Night Rider*, written on a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship awarded in 1936, was published in March. Aside from good reviews, this novel has been highly praised by such diverse critics as EVANS, NASON and WECHTER, who is reviewing it for the OXONIAN. Warren also has published two articles in the *Kenyon Review* and continues on the staff of the *Southern Review*.

MCDONOUGH has been advanced to Assistant Cashier of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank. He mentions pleasant visits from other prospering Scholars such as Hovde, Watson, McIntyre and Grauer. He writes, "I am happy to report that our young daughter, Nancy, is flourishing. At the moment she is very busy learning to walk and she sets her Mother and Father a merry pace.

"I am still Vice President of the English Speaking Union here (Chicago) despite the comments of one Bergen EVANS. Frankly, I never could quite understand his attitude toward the Union because, after all,

English is his language and speaking is his business!"

EVANS was married to Miss Jean Whinery on August fifth. As further evidence of his prosperity he mentions winning a prize and losing the money, selling a bad novel, buying a good car, and going up in the graces of the university (Northwestern), though he neglects to state to what eminence. Although EVANS has relinquished the post of Class Secretary, he has kept in touch with a number of men of our year. In particular, he writes that SCOTT prospers and has a son named after him.

HAMILTON is still with the London Bureau of the *New York Times*. He writes, "My wife and I went home on a visit last fall, but it looks like we are going to take root here. We are comfortably settled in Hampstead, and hope anybody passing through on an inspection of the peace front will let us know. I get up to Oxford occasionally, and recently gave a little talk to the Bryce Club on what I thought the U.S.A. would do in the event of a general war, namely, leap in. Not that it matters, I told them I hoped we'd stay out."

MCHENDRIE reports that his status, professional and personal, remains unchanged. In the interest of historical accuracy, he wishes to correct the statement made in last year's class letter that he was elected an alumni trustee of Colorado College. He ran third in an election to fill two vacancies. Of LASCH, whom he visited for a few hours in Omaha, Doug writes, "that he (Lasch) has a charming wife and two of the most attractive and gifted children I have ever met. They live in a beautiful home ten or fifteen miles out of Omaha, and Bob is steadily making himself known throughout his state."

WECTER has been appointed to a research fellowship at the Huntington Library, Pasadena, California, and will be on leave of absence from the University of Colorado during the year 1939-40. In the last six months he has published a couple of articles in the *Southern Review* and a couple, one on his own president, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. All this is in addition to half a dozen notes, chiefly on 18th century literature, in professional quarterlies.

WATKINS reports seeing five critical essays on the 18th century through the press. He also mentions a trip to the west coast.

HELMBOLD asserts that he has done nothing whatever. Apparently, this includes eighteen hours of teaching and notes, too numerous to mention, in professional journals.

The SMITHS are in England. Abbot is carrying on research to end research on transported convicts and indentured servants. During the coming year he will live in New York, teach at Bard and also teach one course at Columbia.

NASON will be on sabbatical leave from Swarthmore during the second semester of this year to finish his monumental treatise on Leibnitz. The Nasons have a second boy, Robert White, born in July.

In addition to teaching chemistry, FARINHOLT is now coaching lacrosse at Washington and Lee.

READ continues in England on a Guggenheim Fellowship. A detailed account of his project may be found in the July 1938 OXONIAN.

NASH writes that there is nothing new to add to the long write up EVANS gave him last year.

GIDDENS is Director of Public Relations and Assistant to the President of Baldwin-Wallace College, Staunton, Virginia.

DERRYBERRY has a new address (see address list). This may have some significance but your Secretary lacks further details.

Your Secretary remains at Kenyon and has taken up tennis in a mild way in a partially successful effort to restore his waistline. He accepted the office of Secretary with some misgiving but feels well repaid for any effort he may have made by the interesting letters he has received from members of the Class.

HOLBROOK M. MACNEILLE
Secretary, Class of 1928

The Class of 1929 Letter

ANDERSON likes Nevada, likes his work, but he has acquired neither wife nor heirs. This self-sufficiency he blames on habit, not on a biased point of view. BOOTHE reports that the practice of law in Virginia has been active and diversified. After a lively campaign he was elected to the office of city attorney. We congratulate him on the birth of his second daughter. The changing map of Europe is causing BURNS some trouble. When he sends off instructions with regard to a foreign patent, he wonders if the country will exist long enough for the letter to arrive. GROVE reports no developments of interest, and we assume that means he is working hard, doing well, and enjoying life.

Under the directorship of LOTTINVILLE the University of Oklahoma Press continues its policy of publishing good books. We suspect that we are playing into his hands by making that statement, since he obviously expects free publicity. A pointer pup, who in the spring ate up the flower garden, is now probably fulfilling his destiny in hunting quail. Two daughters complete the family.

After returning from Oxford, MCQUILKIN worked for a Wall Street law firm, devoting himself to the problems of the modern corporation. Last year he changed his status to that of "Business Man" by becoming associated with Bausch and Lomb Optical Co. in Rochester. He has a three year old son and a puppy. MCGOVERN is with Milbank, Tweed and Hope, New York, specializing in corporate finance. He was married in 1936 and had a daughter last April.

For two years PAKKALA has been working for U. S. Steel, at first in the plant putting the raw materials together and now in the laboratory studying the properties of steel at room temperature. He thinks steel is too hard; so he is trying to make it soft. PAKKALA lives in Newark, has a two year old son and says nothing about a puppy. According to the last direct information, SPAETH was teaching and practicing law in Chicago. We have heard rumors, however, that he was planning to go to Yale. He has two children, a boy of seven and a girl of four. [SPAETH's appointment as Associate Professor of Law at Yale has been announced—ED.]

The Special Committee of Rules of Civil Procedure of the Rhode Island Section of the Junior Bar Conference of the American Bar Association, popularly known as "those damn fools," are trying to have new rules of procedure adopted for Rhode Island. SWAN is a member of that committee and spends his spare time doing its work. In other respects he has maintained the status quo. He reports that CASADY has an idea for another book which sounds rather important after only one cognac.

The year at West Point has been pleasant and uneventful for Captain LINCOLN. He discusses everything from the New Deal to Hitler with the cadets and the possibility of breaking a hundred with the golf pro. The official reason for his trip abroad a year ago was to take his M.A. That accomplished, before his arrival, Lincoln settled down to the serious business of a quick view of Europe. The most startling change which he reports is that the Hofbrau haus is so full of Kraft durch Freude that one can not get a beer.

ROYAL C. BRYANT
Secretary, Class of 1929

The Class of 1930 Letter

WITH the arrival of Labor Day week-end, the Secretary feels that it is high time that some reports of the activities of the Class of 1930 should be made to the Editor of the AMERICAN OXONIAN. Delaying the letter until this date has been extremely worthwhile in view of the fact that we now have news from all but six of the class.

As usual, ADAMSON proves to be "old faithful" in reporting for all of the Navy Rhodes Scholars. He has recently been transferred to the Naval Academy at Annapolis to be a "math prof." Who would have thought that a modern greats man would turn to such a prosaic subject as mathematics? During the winter, Adamson and the other three of our naval representatives went on the big fleet cruise to the Caribbean. He reports that it was the roughest cruise in his whole experience and that all of them were glad to get back to the calm waters of the Pacific.

DUBORG joins Adamson at the Naval Academy as a professor of Italian. In order to prepare for this new assignment, he has been traveling in France and Italy all summer. We hope that he may be homeward bound in safety as the war clouds gather.

DEVOS is executive officer of the destroyer, *Claxton*, which is stationed on the East coast at Annapolis and Norfolk. He and his wife are to be congratulated upon the birth of a son, sometime during the last few days of December, 1938.

GLADNEY remains on the West coast as an officer aboard the heavy cruiser, *Astoria*, which from latest reports was at Bremerton, Washington, for a general overhauling.

BROWN continues his work teaching at the University of Georgia and reports that he is enjoying his first summer free of teaching responsibilities by writing pedantic articles on insignificant points of scholarship. Al-

though Spruill is at the same university, Brown concludes that two colleges of an American University might as well be a thousand miles apart.

CRAFT writes that he remains a bachelor, not from choice but of necessity. He is still Assistant Vice President of The Trust Company of Georgia, and that for recreation he finds it hard to beat an exchange of correspondence with John McDonough. When I last heard from Craft, he was planning a trip to the West for his summer vacation.

FOLSOM also joins the group whose vocations are unchanged since last year. He is Executive Secretary of the League of American Writers, which he chooses to term an "anti-fascist writer's organization." He reports the arrival of a son, Mike, now nine months old who is stream-lined like two-ton Tony Galento. Visits from Huey Morrison, who is working for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, John Peary, and Skeels, make Folsom one of our most cosmopolitan members.

GIBSON continues to practice law in Salt Lake City and judging from the brevity of his letter he has time for little else. The Secretary as a fellow member of the legal profession extends his sympathies.

With the passing of another year, KENT finds a new title thrust upon him as Assistant Professor in the Department of Botany at Iowa State College. He has collaborated in the writing of a text book on botany but because of his modesty prefers to keep the details a dark secret. For a "bus man's holiday" he turns to gardening, although he claims it is to keep down the layers of fat.

After a year of teaching at Black Mountain College, KURTZ continues to be an idealist and refuses to become cynical over the fear of war in Europe. His enthusiasm for his work and the joy that he finds in his profession makes the Secretary wonder if he has chosen the wrong career. Summer vacation finds Kurtz in Florida where he says the climate is ideal as compared with the sweltering humid August days which the middle Atlantic States have just enjoyed.

MILLER continues his work as a Wall Street lawyer and hints in a dark and mysterious way that although there has been no change of status during the past year, there might possibly be some news of interest in 1940.

PHILLIPS is another one of these lawyers who apparently believes that "brevity is the soul of wit." He reports that he is endeavoring to hold his own in the practice of law and that on one of his trips to New York, was able to spend a very pleasant day with Houston and Jack Miller.

PRICHARD complains that the time for writing the class letter is entirely wrong because the members of the teaching profession never know with certainty during the summer at what institution they will be able to hang their hats when September rolls around. However, at the present time, he is finishing up two years study of the Chinese language and expects to be at the State College of Washington teaching Far Eastern and European History in the fall.

SCHIMMELPFENNIG, who is still in the army reports that he and his wife

and two daughters, age 4 years and 4 months, have moved to West Point where he is to be in the Department of Mathematics.

SIEFKIN writes that there are no "man bites dog" events to report but that he is still single and still at Southwestern College where he has been ever since going down.

In spite of the investigation into the medical profession for violation of the anti-trust laws, SMITH reports business as usual and a growing family consisting of Bobby, age two and Kathleen Ann, six months. The Smiths have a new home at 1221 Harrison Boulevard, Boise, Idaho, and he reports that he is another one of our members who has adopted landscaping and gardening for an avocation.

SPRUILL in the excitement of his pending marriage to Miss Eleanor Humes Duvall on September 2nd, has not found time to write. However, we must forgive him since he took the trouble to let us in on the news of this event. He is apparently still teaching law at the University of Georgia.

Our sympathies are extended to WATSON upon the sudden death of his father during the Spring. However, in the next breath we must congratulate him upon his marriage to Miss Naomi Soames on February 11. He is spending his summer vacation as usual at Rainy Lake, Ontario and reports that the fishing is splendid.

WHIPPLE continues to work on the Missouri River and to investigate flood control projects and tells us that the number in his family remains unchanged. On a fishing trip to the Gulf of Mexico, this spring, he caught a sixty-five pound terrapin on a hook and line.

The Secretary has recently been appointed Assistant City Solicitor with the duty of prosecuting drunks in Municipal Court every morning. What with an interesting private practice of law and a desire to get out on the hillside on skis whenever there is snow within three hundred miles, he finds time for little else. July brought with it a two week vacation which was spent on Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, with a four day trip into Maine.

WILLIAM POOLE
Secretary, Class of 1930

The Class of 1931 Letter

YOUR Hon. Secretary is happy to report to you that news has come concerning certain members of our Class who have hitherto maintained "Foreign Office" secrecy but he is sorry to note the absence of other faithful contributors from the list.

Carl ALBERT is now specialising in oil and gas law practice in Mattoon, Illinois, the "oil capital" of that state. Since we have heard nothing of Carl since leaving Oxford, your Secretary sets forth his history and progress at length. Returning from Oxford, he was admitted to the Oklahoma Bar Association and did legal work for the Sayre Oil Company of Oklahoma City. In December, 1938,

when the "oil boom" started in Illinois, Carl went to Mattoon and entered into partnership with Tom Grace, an old friend. Their work consists in the preparation of contracts relative to oil, examination of abstracts, passing on titles and the conducting of oil and gas litigations for major mid-Continent oil companies. One very consoling thing in his letter, apart from the record of his progress, is the fact that he says that he believes that the Oxford trained lawyer has "a little bit of an edge over the average American student when it comes to brief-writing by reason of the Oxford practice of tutorial essays."

Julie BYLES seems to have achieved a particularly happy balance in living. He continues his general practice of the law in Poughkeepsie, quite different from the specialised practice of the law in New York, and lives in the quieter precincts of Millbrook, thus destroying the old adage that only the oldest and wealthiest of the partners can afford the luxury of commuting.

George CARLSON divides his time between the practice of law in Tulsa and the duties of parenthood to his five months old daughter, Barbara Lee Carlson.

Ben DUNIWAY reports two events in the correct order of importance: first, the birth of his second daughter, Caroline, on the twenty-fourth day of April; and secondly, his becoming a member of the firm of Cushing and Cushing of San Francisco, with which firm he has been associated since leaving Oxford.

Austin FARICY has inherited for the summer a spacious seven room apartment in Columbia, Missouri, and a "sumptuous and voluptuary" black Persian cat from an owner who was evicted by hay fever. He served as art judge at the Missouri State Fair (will Fowler HAMILTON please note) and distributed some four hundred dollars and perhaps such remarks as the Goldsmithian "the picture would be better if the artist had taken more pains." Besides his educating of the 1800 charm school girls at Stephens, he reports that "Palestrina art lessons in the ballet constitute my practice of the arts; all the arts constitute the practice of my teaching, and that is all very 'fulfilling.'

Glenn GOSLING came to New Orleans during Spring vacation from Olivet College where he is teaching and your Secretary had a most delightful session of reminiscing with him there. This summer he taught in Summer School at Olivet, then attended the Writers' Conference there, toward the success of which he has done so much, fished in Northern Michigan for some five days and at present is staying at Ripshin Farm, Troutdale, Virginia, with the Sherwood Andersons. There are rumours of a novel which should come to light shortly.

George HOLT writes from his summer address of Woodstock, Connecticut, to report that he is continuing with his work as Director of Admissions at Rollins College and keeping quite busy.

Bob JOHNSON, news of whom always reaches me through an intermediary, is reported by Austin Faricy as working in Boston "sixteen hours a day" on what he calls (department of understatement) some stuff "on muscle twitches that looks as if it'

might be really important." Austin further reports that Bob is by way of becoming a professional Vermonter and has three cats of his own, black, grey and yellow.

Van JOHNSON writes from Tufts at Medford, Massachusetts, to announce that he and Mrs. Johnson are devoting most of their time "to the abberations and entertainment of Karen Christine who arrived on June 23, weight six pounds, thirteen and one half ounces. She's a very charming daughter, so we don't mind at all."

Max LANCASTER, one who has been silent since Oxford in these annals, has been teaching Romance Languages at Howard College, "a little monohippic but delightful" college in Birmingham, Alabama. Last year, he obtained a leave of absence and went to Vanderbilt University in March as visiting professor of Spanish and French, where he will be next year. He reports that he has completed much of his graduate work toward the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins, and hopes to complete it either at Chicago or Harvard. He was married on August 24, 1936 to Miss Marie Alaine Sullivan and on May 10 of this year became the father of a ten pound son, Charles Alan Lancaster. He has published articles and stories in the *Birmingham News* and "low brow" magazines, and has served as radio commentator for radio station WAPI.

John MARTIN, who was associated with the law firm of Squire, Sanders and Dempsey in Cleveland is now, at the request of Governor Bricker of Ohio, First Assistant Chief of the Division of Securities of the Ohio Department of Commerce. This new work gives ample room for John's training received while a member of the legal staff of the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington.

Jim PETTEGROVE reports "getting into the art of teaching gradually, even to the latest aspect, semantics." He is teaching at the New Jersey State Teachers College at Montclair. Last June, he went to Chicago for a seminar on general Semantics taught by Count Alfred Korzybski, author of *Science and Sanity*, and this summer he has spent at the Summer Session of Columbia University. This summer he was visited by John V. Rowe, a contemporary at Merton, who was Captain of Boats there after Pirie, and who is married and working for Scotland Yard in London.

John PIRIE was sailing for England and the continent on the fifteenth of August to join his wife who has spent most of the summer there. John's letter spoke of hopes of no war at that time and also of a promise to bring back a "first hand report" of Oxford for this letter next year. Dean RUSK is in the Department of government at Mills College in California and is doing some work for the law reviews.

"Mo" SHAFFER is continuing his research work for the Squibb Institute for Medical Research at New Brunswick, N.J., where he is Associate in the Division of Microbiology. His daylight hours are devoted to research on the problem of measles, "its etiology and possible methods of prophylaxis" and his evenings to writ-

ing for publication and "revising *ad nauseam*" the manuscripts of several papers which embody the work which he did at Harvard. He reports having seen Pettegrove at the Annual Meeting of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars. Last Spring, he attended meetings in Toronto of the Federation of Societies for Experimental Biology and the Society of Immunologists. This summer, "Mo" and his mother have been at South Wellfleet, on the outer end of Cape Cod, having an almost English holiday in a setting which describes like Paradise.

Byron TRIPPET is now Acting Dean of Wabash College and modestly says that he is "up to his neck" in learning how a dean is supposed to behave.

As for your Hon. Sec., let it be recorded that neither the conduct nor the discovering of the recent Louisiana scandal can be laid to his door. After another year as a member of the Faculty of the College of Law at Tulane and a six weeks course of lectures on Bankruptcy and the Chandler Act in Summer School, he has returned to the Snowy Range of the Rockies in southeastern Wyoming. Here, since the latter part of July he has turned carpenter and, with the aid of an expert, has caused a two room log cabin to come into being on the shores of what he believes to be Wyoming's most beautiful small lake. It is forty miles from any town, over ten thousand feet above the sea level and as yet free from telephone, radio or newspapers. It has a Swiss chalet balcony and overhanging eaves, large windows overlooking the lake and a glacier and room enough for any of the Class of 1931 who, like the Secretary, wish to forget about cities and foreign affairs for a while. Being a hermit these past months, cooking his own meals and working a non-union day, your Secretary can only report that there is more to a cabin's building than meets the eye, that these men who deal in logs have a language all their own, all of which should not be used in drawing rooms and also that perhaps the best way in which to discover what a "Cad" one really is may be to become a hermit.

Having no children to announce or marriage to report your Secretary contents himself with admitting parentage of an article in the *Tulane Law Review* entitled "A Primer on Rent," dealing with that monthly problem which he still tries to pay and understand, and, lest you should read it, he hurries to add that he has found no way to avoid it.

FERDINAND FAIRFAX STONE
Secretary, Class of 1931

The Class of 1932 Letter

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni . . ."

IT IS September 3, 1939, as your Secretary sits down to write a brief introduction to this year's Letter. Before me is a letter from an English friend, known to many of the class of 1932. He writes on August 25: "God grant that war—'an event contrary to every law hu-

man or divine' (Tolstoi)—may yet be averted; but we are nearer to it than September 1938. They have even sent home the West Indian cricket team, and have turned the Oval into a parade ground! Could I say anything else to bring home the gravity of the crisis? For the first time today I catch myself listening for the sound of aeroplanes, with a latent thought of alarm at the back of my mind; one begins to look at strangers more as a friend in need than an obstacle to be surmounted. A certain unimaginativeness, which is a trait in our character, helps to preserve the general calm. For most Englishmen, the power of the present is complete, and for good or ill we cannot imagine ourselves in another life, or picture the horrors of war in a way that affects our outlook."

Now the prophecy is fulfilled, and war has come. How many of us coming down in 1935 would have even hazarded a random guess that such world-shaking changes would occur in a short four years? Our minds filled with impressions of a Europe predominantly peaceful. Our friends were from the four corners of the earth. We had bicycled and drunk beer in Germany, we had sunned in the life-giving springtime of Taormina and Capri, we had lived with English who were as lifetime friends. Letters like the one before me will come to many of us, bringing a rush of memories of days that were happier, more filled with hope. To many of us it seems that our part in coming months may well be to show that our Rhodes Scholarships have given us the breadth of understanding and the vision which penetrate below the surface of the artful tissues of propaganda and spurious diplomatic proclamations to the real issues of the present conflict.

1. *Domestic affairs.* Marriages of our year now stand at twenty-three—an increase of one during the last twelve months. The first marriage of a Scholar of 1932 took place in the summer of 1934 (BEAN); in 1935 there were nine more weddings; in 1936—four; in 1937—five; in 1938—three; and in 1939, so far—one. *June* was easily the month most favored by these couples.

a. *Progeny.* According to records which may be incomplete, eleven of the twenty-three married Scholars have children. Descendants number thirteen (an increase of four during the year): nine sons, four daughters. BROWN and FITZGERALD have two children in their families. Chronology of births: two in 1936, five in 1937, three in 1938, and three in 1939 so far.

2. *Public affairs.* In March, Dr. Aydelotte wrote that his study of the careers of Rhodes Scholars who have returned to this country showed that eight times as many men have entered government service and political life since 1930 as in the whole period from 1907 down to that date. In 1936, your Secretary wrote that six of our members were employed by the Federal Government, including two in the United States Army and one in the United States Navy. At present, only one Scholar remains in the civilian service of the Federal Government, one having transferred to journalism and then teaching, the other having entered private research.

To what extent have members of 1932 participated in public affairs since their return to this country? Answers received indicate that most of us have participated actively only to the extent of voting and of making those informal talks on Europe and international affairs "which Rhodes Scholars as ex officio experts on Europe are invited to make."

It is of course too early to prophesy that there is, or is not, a trend toward more active participation by our group of Scholars. Conversation and letters, however, reveal that we are thinking about the increasing importance of the problems of government, and that we are convinced of the necessity which men feel everywhere of making democracy work. We are inclined to be facetious about it—"We're all working for the government. The trick is to get paid for it," but the record of the activities of a few of our members shows conclusively that participation is not limited to talk and thought. One man has had a full program of writing and speaking, and now broadens his field to include adult education in politics and economics. Another participated in the 1938 Congressional campaign in his district, making speeches in behalf of one candidate, and has continued to be active in local politics. A third writes that he was a member of an organization designed to develop an intelligent vote; the members investigated and interviewed candidates for all offices other than national ones.

Other Scholars report that they have conducted or participated in radio programs discussing economic and political problems, that they have carried on research having a direct bearing on public affairs: for example, studies of the city-manager type of municipal government, and work in connection with the Princeton Local Government Survey. Another member is an active officer of a union, while a fellow Scholar is already acquiring the reputation of an authority on certain phases of labor union organization. The Scholar still in civilian Government service has had occasion to travel extensively throughout the country, fulfilling a number of speaking engagements, and has also had some opportunity to participate in discussions (official and otherwise) of ways of improving the public service as a whole.

3. *International affairs.* The war is no respecter of journalistic plans, and has for the most part made the replies to the Secretary's questions out of date. It is interesting that during this summer, in addition to HITCH and PARSONS who are at present permanently located abroad, there were at least three other class members touring in Europe. No statistical tabulation of replies will give the true flavor of these comments. Some quotations follow:

A. What is the attitude of the people with whom you are most frequently in contact toward Anglo-French foreign policy? Sentiment among the members was predominantly that hostility to the Axis powers was strong, but that people feel very little admiration for the manner in which the Anglo-French negotiations have been conducted. There is a conviction that a firmer stand, taken at an earlier date, would have avoided much of the peril which exists at the present time. One man who has long

been a student of the League of Nations and formerly a firm adherent to its policies finds that generally the reaction is "distress on the part of the Anglophiles, despair by Liberals, and disgust by Leftist groups."

B. Do you think your Oxford and Continental background gives you an understanding of present European affairs which your associates do not have? No clear-cut answer to this, unless prevailing sentiment might be summed up as—"Perhaps the chief advantage I feel I gained is an acquaintance with national habits and temperaments which makes each scene and each new situation more vivid, the grasp a little less halting, and the intuition firmer." Most people did not feel that Oxford gave them a greatly better understanding than most of their associates. One reply: "I do not think my two years on the other side of the Atlantic appreciably affect my understanding of European affairs. To me it would seem that in view of the complexities thereof it is hopeless for anyone but a specialist in the field to attempt to understand them." Another: "Your readers may judge for themselves of the 'understanding' Oxford has given me. I find this, that it has made me almost as critical of England as an Englishman. I would say Oxford gives interest and familiarity: a good basis for understanding. Where the latter is to be had, I wish I knew."

C. Does an Oxford background make your attitude different from that of the majority of people about you? The greatest difficulty here was apparently to decide what the attitude really was of people about one. Most members felt their attitudes to be slightly different. Most notable trend is a growing isolationism, expressed in different ways by over half of the Scholars who replied. Typical answers: From a Southern Scholar: ". . . a strong desire that we keep out of the whole affair. The idea that America is in danger or that England is our first line of defense doesn't take here at all. My attitude is definite, if naive. I believe we should adopt every possible measure for keeping out of war, or any political or economic connections or commitments which might draw us in." From the Southwest: "My own personal policy is built on the fervent hope that this, the nation's most sincere pacifist, will not be in the front line trenches. . . ." From the Northeast: "In talking with other Rhodes Scholars, I am keenly aware of a growing isolationism, which I believe is now justified, since the politicians are already beginning to sense the rising temper in the people to throw strength on the side of the democracies. This might end very disastrously." From the Deep South: ". . . very determined that the United States shall not go to their assistance when they get in the soup. I doubt whether what a man knows helps out much about such things, for I do more and more feel that the basic issues involved are moral, and that intellectuals approach them under a real handicap." From the Middle West: "They say that politics is the art of the possible, and I suppose that 'understanding' it means knowing what things are both possible and good. I thought collective security was good. I still think it would have

been good. But I'm becoming convinced that it's not possible, except as a form of imperial defense which has few allurements."

Biographical jottings about the Class are made possible by the cooperation of 24 Scholars of our group who replied directly by letter or personal contact to the solicitation of the Secretary and his regional correspondents. This is not quite so good a record as was made last year, but it is encouraging to find several excellent letters this year from Scholars who have been out of touch with the Secretary.

ALLENDOERFER writes from the R.M.S. *Mauretania* in mid-August that Dorothy and he spent the summer in Europe, "hoping to see things before they get blown up." They visited the Rhineland, where all was quiet and peaceful; vacationed in Paris, and found Oxford all torn up, expecially along the Corn. Nearly all the shops had moved, and it was difficult to find one's way about in the business section. In Oxford, talk was "more peaceful and idealistic" than in other parts of England. This academic year will find him at Haverford again; another correspondent reports his promotion to the rank of Assistant professor "with an absolutely fabulous emolument." In June, the *American Journal of Mathematics* published his article, "Rigidity in Riemann Spaces."

BEAN continues to live in Minneapolis, applies himself diligently to the affairs of the International Milling Company. In May, Winnie and Atherton came on to Chicago, where he attended the Millers' National Federation Convention. The Secretary hoped for a Washington visit, but business called Atherton to Wilmington and New York instead. In spite of bitter experience with a Rhodes Scholar member of our Class who was arrested for speeding while visiting the Beans in Dallas and driving the Bean automobile, he urges westward-trekking Scholars to pay pilgrimages to Minneapolis. In preparation, he has "been looking for a building lot for some months now and cannot find the necessary conjunction of price and position that will fit our needs and pocketbook at the same time."

BEER is reported by the Secretary's indefatigable New England correspondent as a member of the Department of Government at Harvard, where he continues as "an inexhaustible and leading exponent of the merrie but industrious life." In the past year, he won a $300 prize for an essay (title undisclosed), conducted a number of short-wave programs in which Harvard students and faculty were interviewed on political and economic problems. (The Secretary reports reception of several of these Tuesday evening programs over WIXAL, the University Club station in Boston, including a sprightly discussion in which BEER interviewed POLLARD on labor problems. During the coming year, Sam intends to introduce the subject of American history in these programs.) In October, he takes his Ph.D. examinations.

BEYER's official position remains that of assistant professor in the English Department at Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, but he expects to spend this winter on leave of absence in Madison, Wisconsin, writ-

ing a dissertation. His teaching experiences have been made most pleasant by the fact that they have consisted almost entirely in preparing a succession of new courses.

Lieutenant BLACK postcards from Cirencester, Glos. in mid-August that he continues to teach French at West Point. In the line of duty, it is assumed, he spent most of the summer in Paris and on a bicycle trip through France. A son, Wilson Murray Black, born May 5, 1939, at West Point, spent the summer in England with his mother and grandparents. "A very fine boy!" his father adds parenthetically. In Oxford, he notes that Magdalen is still the loveliest of the colleges, that he likes the new library going up in the Broad.

BROWN was reported unofficially in May to be "wallowing in law books and rapidly becoming the best member of the extensive firm." His activities in the past year have not included any correspondence with the Secretary, so a special representative of the local Gestapo is already on his way to San Francisco to bring back a report on (a) progress of Class Baby Kenneth and younger brother Douglas; (b) completion of new home in the hills, scheduled to be ready in the spring of this year.

BURWELL removes himself from Category A of "correspondential viper in our bosom" by one of his all-too-infrequent inimitable screeds from his law office in Charlotte. His practice "is still composed of small matters but it has increased tremendously in volume. Two more years will see my standard of living raised slightly above that of a Chinese coolie." An increasing number of his cases are going up to the North Carolina Supreme Court, where he recently won a case laying down an important tort rule for the first time in North Carolina: i.e., "that the retailer of goods in a sealed container is liable on an implied warranty for any defect in the goods." Although he styles his extra-legal activities as "fairly modest," a partial listing of offices held includes—Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Mecklenburg County Bar Association, Member of Charlotte Council of Social Agencies, Second Vice President of the Southern Lawn Tennis Association. He is also active in the State Bar Association, and in the local Young Democrats. Apparently he is in great demand as a public speaker. Again, he fails to mention that he lost a hard four-set match in the finals of the Mid-Atlantic Tennis Tournament this year.

CLARK is the most recent visitor to the Secretary's Alexandria establishment, spending a Sunday evening in late August to muse over trips while resident abroad upon the International Dole and to add to our enjoyment of a Mozart symphony. During the past year, he has been resident most of the time in Chapel Hill, leaving these headquarters for frequent visits to promote the sale of college texts for Houghton-Mifflin. A stop-the-press bulletin reveals that a recent promotion will carry him to Chicago to carry on the same work there, and in Ohio and Michigan. Office Adress in Chicago: 2500 Prairie Avenue. Warning to Oxonians resident in this territory: his new diversion is to carry four-hand piano scores with him in his travels, luring friends into sitting down to a piano with him for hectic

duets. Self-criticism: "I am energetic, but hardly brilliant as yet."

Dr. DAVIS writes from Magog, P.Q., Canada, at the end of August. He has finished his appointment at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York, and goes to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston next January.

DE LAUNAY was at last report with the Actuarial Division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York City.

DRAKE continues with the Bankers Trust Company in New York, and has been reported on a recent inspection tour of corporation smokestacks in behalf of the bank.

FICKEN has completed his first year at Cornell, which he finds entirely charming. This summer he has been teaching in the Summer School at Ithaca, and is looking forward to the welcome novelty of teaching a graduate course, among others, in the Department of Mathematics this coming academic year. He records a meeting with BEYER in Madison, Wisconsin, last summer.

FITZGERALD assisted the Secretary in rounding up information on New England Scholars despite the fact that his daughter Helen, now aged 26 months, has been ill and was forced to undergo an operation in August. Fitz writes—"Fortunately, our younger daughter, Jean, is as healthy as an army mule. For your records, she was born October 24, 1938." These circumstances, coupled with the practice of law in Boston, have meant —"no fishing, no vacation, no nothing."

GARRETSON, Instructor in Political Science at Colgate University, teaches Constitutional Law, International Law and International Relations. This summer he has sallied forth on occasion from the new air-conditioned cubicles of the Congressional Library, where he works diligently on a thesis, for lunch and other social amenities. He has given a few informal talks in recent months on Clarence Streit's plan for *Union Now.*

Dr. HEUSNER is reported to be at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, having successfully routed the illness which kept him out of active duty during the last part of 1938.

HITCH has been seen in Oxford by our European undercover agent. To quote from the report: "I found him unchanged except for a slight increase in weight. He is not my idea at all of a don, and has a most impressive room with *two* telephones and a well-stocked cellar." These items are neglected in a direct communication from Carlitos, in which he reveals a projected trip to this country "not later than the summer of 1940." A letter from HITCH is so infrequent a pleasure that it deserves partial quotation: "My wanderings have diminished with my correspondence, but fortunately not in the same proportion. I spent last Christmas eating boars' heads and writing lectures, but during Easter vac I managed to get as far sunward as Tunisia and Algeria." This trip was made in his car in company of the Brogans. Desert driving proved treacherous even for an Arizonan. In Oxford, he has been engaged in reconstructing the college library, "with a view to restoring its ancient beauty and at the same time introducing a certain amount of American efficiency. Former Queen's

men will be astounded to learn that it is now heated and lighted."

KENDALL writes from the Department of Government at Louisiana State University that he is undertaking a new job this autumn—"a program of adult education in politics and economics, with L.S.U. as headquarters and the state as my classroom." His year has been busy and productive, including a number of speeches on international affairs on the radio and before civic clubs and political science meetings. Publications: "Should the Government Take over the Press?"—*The Quill*, May, 1939; "On the Preservation of Democracy for America," *Southern Review*, Summer 1939; "Majority Principle and the Scientific Elite," *Southern Review*, Winter, 1939.

LARSON may still be addressed in care of the law firm Quarles, Spence and Quarles in Milwaukee.

MCBAINE wrote from San Francisco in February that the practice of law was getting more interesting and more strenuous, although trial work was still hard to get, and his forensic efforts are limited chiefly to probate matters, motions, and similar efforts. Criticizing the Secretary for "somewhat undue attention" to his social activities in the last OXONIAN letter, he disclaims such gay life in these ambiguous words—"my personal life being devoid of incidents worthy of publicity or capable of admission."

Lieutenant MCCORMACK is still at Sardis, Mississippi, working on Sardis Dam, a $15,000,000 flood control project which will when complete, be the first cog in the Yazoo Flood Control program. Although the dam still has about a year to run before completion, it is not certain that he will be there that long, but can be reached throughout the coming year through the U. S. Engineer Office, Vicksburgh, Mississippi.

PARSONS has been the Secretary's most faithful correspondent during the past year. He transferred his headquarters from Alexandria to Cairo on March 1, where their new apartment gives a good view of the Great Pyramid from the loggia, so they do not regret too much the loss of the view over the Mediterranean which their Alexandria apartment had. Critch continues to mingle social pleasures with business, and is as much of a traveller as ever. He sent a highly interesting account of an airplane trip that Helen and he took with the Viscount and the Viscountess de Sibour in April to Alexandria, then over the Western Desert and Mersa Matruh to Sollum on the frontier of Egypt and Libya. He mentions a fairly active branch of the Oxford Society in Cairo. In all, "there are almost two hundred Oxonians in the country, one hundred and fifty of whom are Egyptians." Between work, travel, attendance at Beduin weddings, and a multitude of projects, Critch is awarded this motto—"Ex Africa semper aliquid novi."

Lieutenant PAYSON writes from the Norfolk Navy Yard that he has been on sea duty ever since leaving England. The Navy Department offers the information that he has left the U.S.S. *New York* and is assigned to the U.S.S. *Rowan* which is now a-building.

PENDLETON is rumored to be still at the University of Rochester.

POLLARD finished his Ph.D. work

this year, and handed in a thesis. We have it from usually reliable sources that the subject of what our reporter styles "a very learned tract" is the government of labor unions. The July OXONIAN announced that POLLARD, "instructor in Economics at Harvard, has been appointed director of what will probably be called the Economic Film Forum, a project sponsored by the Sloan Foundation and New York University for translating economic principles into the movies."

PRICE has finished his leisurely dissection of the City-Manager type of government, and emerges as co-author of monographs treating this subject in five different cities. He notes that "a couple of volumes on the general subject will probably come out this fall." With the completion of this assignment, he has changed jobs by the simple expedient of moving his hat from a fourth floor office to one on the first floor, and is now Editorial Associate of the Public Administration Clearing House in Chicago. He seems glad that the three volumes of the city-manager study are complete, except for the routine of revision and seeing them through the press. To quote a co-author: "The normal labor pains of composition are intensified by the complications of collaboration. It's a new kind of multiple birth."

Dr. SWEET and Mary are now living in London while Will engages in some clinical and research work at the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases in Queen Square, W.C.1. This is being undertaken on a deferred third year of a Rhodes Scholarship. He applauds the tremendous program of residential building which has taken place in London since we left, making it possible to settle in a flat "which is more modern and comfortable than any we would have been able to obtain at the same rental in Chicago." Living with them is an infant son, David Rowland Sweet. Will's letter was written August 8; one sentence from it: "The possibility of a war at any time seems to be casually taken for granted here, and numerous preparations for that contingency are in evidence. . . . But the regular program of clinical and academic research is proceeding as the essential business."

TILLEY is presumed to be interpreting the law and/or pleading for justice in Detroit, as no reports of any change in his location have reached Washington.

TUNNELL writes from his law offices in Georgetown, Delaware, that "Mildred, John Payson, and I are enjoying excellent health and are keeping as busy as possible."

WASSON was married on September 17 1938, to Linda Marion Wyckoff of Scarsdale, New York. The Secretary duly performed his duties as best man, and enjoyed the company of Rhodes Scholars DRAKE and WELLS of 1932, PIRIE and CUNINGGIM of other years. Since that time, the Wassons have been visited in their attractive apartment in the Village, and Houston has vouchsafed fifteen minutes from a hurried flight to the SEC to talk over the state of the nation with the Secretary.

WELLS is now the father of Michael Coolidge Wells; date of birth not listed among the official records, but to be obtained, together

with other vital statistics. He has not yet retired from the practice of corporation law in New York City.

WILLIAMS writes from Columbus that he still holds the same position at Ohio State University in the Department of Mechanics. "In summers and spare time I double as an engineer for the Columbus Office of the U. S. Geological Survey, preparing flood reports and setting up studies for flood prediction." His principal extra-curricular activity is being president of local 438 (Ohio State University) of the American Federation of Teachers. Of this, David writes: "In this capacity I speak on the slightest provocation, chivvy members of the State legislature, promote (as far as possible) democracy in university life. . . . Although I take an active part in the state Teachers Federation, and have attended two national conventions, I run into few Rhodes Scholars of my year or any other. This seems to me a pity, for militant organization of teachers seems to me the only answer to the crushing of academic living standards (as well as the living standards of all ordinary people) which is the only certain consequence of the obscure maneuvers now going on in Europe." David offers a couch and the use of the swimming pool and tennis courts attached to his apartment to any Rhodes Scholar passing through Columbus.

The Secretary spent most of the past year at his work of editing the "Federal Home Loan Bank Review" in Washington, with a few brief business trips which seemed designed by a perverse fate to prevent him from visiting with any Scholars of 1932. On January 27, 1939, he was married to Sara Howard Ward of Warrentown, North Carolina, and may be found at 1110 Prince Street, Alexandria, where the latch-string is always out for visiting Scholars.

HOWLAND H. SARGEANT
Secretary, Class of 1932

The Class of 1933 Letter

BEFORE getting down to business, the Secretary cannot suppress a chortle at the substantially improved response to his inquiries this year, and a bouquet to each of the many correspondents who sent first-rate letters. It is only a fear of cloying his readers (and possibly some limitations to the OXONIAN's hospitality) which has forced on the Secretary this year more omissions and condensations than heretofore. But this is not meant to discourage correspondence: there is still ample room for the best.

There have been five more weddings this year, bringing the total known husbands to sixteen; three more children have increased the total to five. Occupations have now become relatively stable, with little change from last year, and residences are now better known: twenty-two are east of the Alleghenies, of whom eight are in Dixie; eight are between the Alleghenies and the Rockies; two are in the Far East; and two are abroad.

The Secretary this year ventured to emulate Mr. Gallup and polled the class on topics of public and individual concern. Of the twenty-four answers

received, many were incomplete, while some stuffed the box with votes for more than one alternative. Still the results bear much of interest. One of our voting class-mates expects a 1939 professional income of over $5500, two expect between $4500 and $5500, three between $3500 and $4500, seven between $2500 and $3500, seven between $1500 and $2500, and one below $1500. Of the six earning over $3500, four are lawyers, while, of the nine teachers voting, four are in the group earning from $3500 to $2500 and five below $2500. But there seem to be compensations: twelve (of whom seven are in academic life) say they are doing what they have always wanted to do, and ten (including five of those high-paid lawyers and three businessmen) say they are only treading on stepping stones. Twenty voters are on a payroll, but two claim they are respectively their own boses. Politically, the Democrats outnumber the Republicans by eleven to five, and only two voters feel that their political affiliation has appreciably altered since they returned from England. Even at this early date there were plenty of prophecies about the 1940 elections: six voters want Roosevelt again, and seven think we will get him; no less than four excoriated the Secretary for not listing LaGuardia among the Presidential possibilities; two want Hull for President, but no one thinks he will win; nobody wants McNutt, but three think we will get him; one each wanted Admiral Byrd, Hopkins, Taft, Vandenberg, and Wheeler; two think Taft will win and one each picked Dewey, Garner, Vandenberg, and a dark horse for winners. On American foreign policy, there was an almost equal division of opinion: three are undecided; four want thorough going isolation; six (a plurality) want selective economic co-operation (including resumption of lending) with respectible nations and boycotts for those not house broken; four want general economic co-operation *à la* Hull and the promotion of reciprocal trade treaties; three want selective military co-operation, including military alliances with friendly powers; and three would follow Mr. Streit into an international federation. Opinion was almost unanimous (15 to 4) in favor of a full dress military alliance between Russia and Great Britain (in the days when that still seemed possible). Eight considered the visit of their Britannic Majesties to this country a mere drop in the chaotic world bucket, six thought it a real stimulus to better relations, five an entangling device, four a big success, and three a protracted bore. Thirteen voters welcomed the appointment of Lord Lothian as British Ambassador to this country, but eight objected, characterizing the appointee in a variety of pungent ways.

The Secretary rashly inquired into his correspondents' reading habits, with overwhelming results. Five voters considered *The Grapes of Wrath* the best novel of the year, but one vote each was cast for nine others, ranging from *Pamela* through such books as *Rebecca* and *The Yearling* to one hopeful novelist who voted for his own. Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin* received two votes for the best non-fiction, and sixteen other books received one vote each, of which five were other biogra-

phies, but the rest defy classification. Five movies received two votes each: *Jezebel, Grand Illusion, The Lady Vanishes, Pygmalion,* and *Wuthering Heights.* The favorite play was *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* with three votes; *Shadow and Substance* and Maurice Evans' *Hamlet* got two votes each. Six voters picked *Information, Please* as the best radio program; two chose Toscanini's broadcasts, and one each the New York Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera. There were also one vote each for the President's Fireside Chats, Mr. Chamberlain, *Town Meeting of the Air,* and *New England Talks It Over.* Burke Knapp writes from England that all programs there are horrible, except Raymond Gram Swing. There were twelve voters for whom neither World's Fair had any appeal, but eight admitted that they did or would succumb to the attractions of one or the other.

BILLINGS has shaken the dust of Baltimore from his feet and is en route to Nashville, where he will be a resident interne at the Vanderbilt University Hospital. He writes: "The morale of the soldiers fighting for Germany in this war will be very different from the morale in the last war. . . . Added to this, their physical condition these days is fully as good as ours and England's which was not the case of the common soldiers in the last war. . . . We have simply got to stay out of it." BROWN is believed to be still doing research at Princeton. CUNINGGIM, whom the Secretary was delighted to see in New Haven in the Spring, looking slightly more rotund and harried than heretofore, has received his B.D. from Yale, and was married in June to Whitty Daniel of Durham, N.C., with JONES, MCRAE, and WRIGHT among the ushers. He writes: "After a wedding trip by automobile, we shall be in Nashville, where the bride, God bless her, will be learning to cook and the groom will be doing a spot of work for the Board of Christian Education of the Methodist Church." He will be at Yale next year completing his residence for his doctorate, on a Fellowship from the National Council on Religion in Higher Education. DOWLING writes from "the imposing observatory mansion" in Madison, where he has spent his summer, that he will probably be at the University of Wisconsin next year finishing his doctoral thesis. DUGAN is believed to be teaching political science at the University of North Carolina. ENGLE published in May his fourth volume of verse, *Corn,* of which the title poem has a good deal to do with Oxford. He is working on another book of poetry and a novel, one or both of which will be out next year. As "Lecturer in Poetry" and resident writer at the University of Iowa, his job is, he says, "simply to write my own books, to direct the writing of poetry under the system of granting advanced degrees for imaginative writing which the School of Letters sponsors and to lecture on poetry at times throughout the year. . . . I still lecture on the public platform, largely colleges and clubs. Subject, poetry. This year I covered the continent, Iowa to New York and Maine, thence to Florida, and later to California. As Europe goes on and on

in its miserable fashion, I get less and less desire to go back and a greater wish to cover this country and write about it. . . . I regret that Englishmen are walking around in China without their pants on, but it gives me a fine inward pleasure. . . . I was strong for American participation in Europe when I came back. Now I am equally strong for refusing to back up England's mistakes, which have poured in a bitter stream through Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, Czechoslovakia. . . . Europe is a big Balkans in relation to the United States and I don't want to have anything to do with setting it right. What I want above all is to protect democracy at home by staying at home. . . . I hope the Republicans win in 1940, just to show them how they'll have to do all the things the Democrats did. . . . The Constitution was established to protect individuals, and it should go on protecting them. . . . I don't care how much the free activity of steel and oil firms is interfered with for the common good. That seems to me no real menace to liberty." ELKINS is believed to be teaching at the Junior College in San Angelo, Texas. Does any one know any more of him? FISCHER is "still having a strenuous and exciting time in the Department of Agriculture." He bets that "Lothian will be an unfortunate choice as ambassador, and that he won't last long." GENTRY writes from Houston, where he is working for the Humble Oil Company: "I am a year older, better adjusted to business, more settled in my opinions, unmarried, still slightly ambitious, and very sure of what I want. . . . I am very busy voluntarily in an effort to get into a position where I shall be very busy necessarily." GETTING's wife presented him with a daughter on July 27. The new-comer is named Marie Louise and is going to Wellesley. The proud father seems to be blighting her chances unnecessarily; he says, "I shall ever keep her away from Balliol men." He is a Junior Fellow at Harvard and is "publishing several papers, but nothing unusual." "Before Munich," he writes, "I was an idealist and a humanitarian. Today [i.e., before September 3—Sec'y] I am just not sure and deceived. Both my parents are Czechoslovak, and I had not only that attachment for my country, but a profound respect for it and its ideals." GORDON is an Instructor in Government at Harvard and is believed to be about to go to New Zealand to study, but the Secretary unfortunately does not hear from him and is ignorant of details. [The war stopped this, and Linc will probably spend his leave of absence in Cambridge.—ED.] GREGG is believed to be with the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation in New York, preparing himself to be a patent attorney. HARTMAN married Harriet Johnston of Ithaca on July 2. After honeymooning with St. Clair in Cuba, he is returning to Durham, N.H., where he will teach next year at the University of New Hampshire. HINMAN is believed to be teaching at the University of Virginia. JONES writes that he lost his independence on July 4 and was married on August 12 to Lois Perry of Harrogate, Tennessee. After honeymooning in the Adirondacks he will return to Boston

to his dutes as Director of the World Peace Foundation. The Secretary had the pleasure of his company in Philadelphia last winter and extracted from him, with Van Dusen's help, the information that the Foundation is primarily engaged in preparing expert studies on problems of American foreign policy, and is only indirectly concerned with educating the public. As for the Director, he pontificated recently in a letter to the Secretary: "What we need is a positive, strong policy which bears some relation to our high position of power and responsibility in a shaky world." He favors the sale of all goods to foreigners on the cash-and-carry plan, general economic cooperation *à la* Hull (doubtless the Foundation is preparing a reconciliation of these two positions), and the surrender of some governmental functions to an international federation. Last winter the Princeton University Press published his doctoral thesis on the part played by the Scandinavian states in the League of Nations. KNAPP has married an English girl whose comeliness (as revealed in a picture sent to the Secretary) is apparently the long-sought exception that proves the usual rule. After a honeymoon in this country, he planned to return to London to his position with Brown, Harriman, Ltd. He writes: "I have a very pleasant and (from the point of view of experience) advantageous position which I cannot afford to leave for an uncertain fate in America. But I know now that I shall never be content until I have returned to my native soil. . . . Over the next decade I am sure the British Empire will be challenged by a European coalition unless it can conquer its fear of magnanimity. Europe can never again find even relative rest under a Pax Britannica, but can England find the courage to retire gracefully from the judgment seat? War is an inevitable epilogue of the failure of conciliation (or to conciliate)." LEE writes, from a camping trip in the Atlas Mountains, "I don't know why I'm here"—the Secretary certainly couldn't imagine—"except that I liked the sound of Atlas." He is still teaching at Southwestern and now expects his novel to be published by Macmillan. LUMB is the father of our group's first daughter, born July 3. "Our office ball team went to pot," he writes, "because we couldn't get anyone to play us, and I am now reduced to social games like golf, tennis, and badminton—for shame." Of the 1940 Presidential possibilities he says, "I think the present incumbent is the best of a bad lot, solely because of his influence abroad. We can get along at home with almost anyone if the boys would quit pouting and get down to work." MCRAE, who has been practising law in Jacksonville with Adair, Cooper, Osborne, and Copp is about to open his own office. "As a cushion to prevent starvation," he writes, "I have signed up to teach two classes in negotiable instruments for the American Institute of Banking, and I have a full schedule of football games." (This last is believed to refer to his coaching activities.) MENDENHALL has abandoned the prefabricated house (which stood blizzards better than the Secretary, for one, expected, as he learned by being delightfully caught in one

there at Thanksgiving time) for an old farmhouse near Bethany, Conn., with five acres of farm land on which he plans to raise goats. He spent a busy summer in Madison preparing to teach three new courses at Yale next year, and reported sadly to the Secretary at a brief reunion in Canada that there is little sentiment in Wisconsin for LaGuardia for President. PONTIUS, who is still working on color photography in the Kodak Research Laboratory, was married in December to Jean Morrison of Scotland and Toronto. "When I first returned to the States two years ago," he writes, "I had a feeling of debt to the British, and a feeling that I should do my bit to bend American public opinion toward assisting Britain in case of war. But now that feeling has become dulled and I have begun to doubt whether humanity is within a million years of being sufficiently remote from our ape-like ancestors to make rational co-operation of nations possible." PRUITT writes, "I have finally completed many of the essentials and all of the non-essentials for getting the medical degree. This year I'm interning at the University Hospitals in Kansas City. I'm still unmarried and still full of alibis—heaven help me when I run out." SIBLEY, who wrote the Secretary last year too late for publication that he was holding down his biggest engineering job yet at Conchas Dam, New Mexico, is now about to be transferred to "Another $15,000,000 dam, in Colorado this time." ST. CLAIR writes from his Cuban hide-away. "You ask about milestones. Most of mine have been millstones. However, perhaps you may want to know that (1) I am neither married nor single; (2) I have a new set of $50 store teeth and can now flash a much more congenial and heart-warming smile; (3) there are any number of papers for publication which I shall continue to intend to write during the year." STUURMAN astounded the Secretary by appearing at a Balliol dinner in New York in honor of the Crown Prince of Norway in July. Just how or why he got all the way east from Reed College for such an event was never quite explained. Later in the summer he and his wife paid a visit to Philadelphia, which the Secretary very much enjoyed. SUNDERLIN writes from Union College. "I finished up my Ph.D. in January at long last—it's a relief to be no longer *in statu pupillari*. In a sense I'm not finished, though, for I'm trying to get three papers ready for publication." VAN DUSEN continues to practice law in Philadelphia, swimmingly as ever. His interest in labor law led him this year to a radio debate in which he supported the recent amendments emasculating Pennsylvania's Little Wagner Act. He has also published an article in the *Temple Law Quarterly* on recent labor legislation. VERHOEK has been teaching this year in the Summer Session at Ohio State University, in addition to his regular duties. He writes, with his usual modesty, "A statement from me can contain nothing more exciting than reports of the publication of a couple more papers, of the inclusion of my name in *American Men of Science* for the first time, and of a promotion to an Assistant Professorship for next year." WALKER

continues to practice law in Cleveland, devoting most of his time to corporation and tax problems. "Thus far," he writes, "I have not had the experience that an English legal training has served me well. . . . It may be that after the passage of some more years, I may come to the conclusion that it was well spent time." The Secretary unfortunately does not hear from WEINRICH; does anyone have news of him? WILHELMI has been appointed Instructor in Physiological Chemistry for next year at Yale. He writes: "I am unmarried, uncontemplating, and probably not a parent. . . . I am politically agnostic, but I have a somewhat deef Right ear. . . . I think the visit of their Britannic Majesties was good fun. It is not often that we get socio-political drawing-room comedy on the grand scale, with a continent for a stage. . . . I do not think much of any proposals for a foreign policy. . . . Our obligations in the Americas, in the Far East, and in Europe are not entirely harmonious, and it is really necessary for us to have three foreign policies. But the active one, when it comes, will be forced in the flame of avarice, anger, and good will in about equal parts—a policy of war." WILLIAMS is spending his vacation from Groton at a series of conferences of which the most important is the World Conference of Christian Youth at Amsterdam. He is one of 1500 delegates, and led a Bible Study group of 30. He has been elected headmaster of St. Christopher's School in Richmond, and assumes his duties there in the Autumn of 1940. "It is a day school with a few boarders, which I attended for ten years. I am thoroughly excited about the possibilities. I expect to be settled next summer in a large-sized house on the grounds. . . . I can't imagine who will be the next President. That seems to me the tragedy of current American history, no outstanding leaders who are well enough established to be considered probabilities. . . . I hope we are all enrolled under Mr. Streit's banner. I don't know where we are heading, nationally or internationally. But I am more than ever concerned with the development of Christian cells (as sources of energy for such schemes as Streit's) to prepare for the world of day after tomorrow. I don't see any real, hopeful, lasting solution of our problems coming out of Mr. Roosevelt's work. We would be worse off under Landon or Hoover. Outside of LaGuardia, I don't see any other possible leaders for the Hell we are facing. But wait for the graduates of St. Christopher's."

Frank LLOYD, who lavished delightful Cape Cod hospitality on the Secretary this summer, is still much enjoying his teaching at St. Paul's School. His wife presented him this year with a second son. Nick McGOWIN has joined VAN DUSEN and the Secretary in the practice of law in Philadelphia with the firm of Drinker, Biddle and Reath. He took his Pennsylvania Bar Exams in July, and is fast establishing himself with the more eligible Philadelphia debutantes. It is believed, however, that the lavender and old lace of Alabama will stick to him for a good while yet. Lenoir WRIGHT has passed his North Carolina Bar Exams and will practise in Charlotte. The Secretary much en-

joyed his Southern hospitality last spring, and had the pleasure of this company during many breath-taking but foot-wearing hours at the New York World's Fair.

The Secretary continues to practice tax law in Philadelphia, to which city he welcomes heartily any itinerant Oxonians.

J. W. BODINE
Secretary, Class of 1933

The Class of 1934 Letter

FOR those who like to make much of anniversaries we call attention to the fact that this fall marks the fifth year since the members of our class began their several terms at Oxford. To an outsider, during these last five years, we all may have seemed to be progressing in the same fairly well defined channel (18 of the class returned from Oxford to take up residences in the East, for example, and 12 have sought or are still seeking that magic-working title: Ph.D.) but to one who reads the annual crop of contributions for this letter it is abundantly clear that our various careers (if we may so dignify our several jobs) are running in all sorts of directions. Partly in order to offer some proof for this generalization, and partly in order to pass along some of the flavor of the responses this year, we have quoted from many of them, and at some length. We trust that this catches no-one by surprise who had not intended that his remarks be thus generally publicized and that the class will enjoy them as much as we did.

ADAMS, whom we reported last year as having spent that summer supervising merit examinations for an Arizona State Commission, had more to do than merely "supervise" before his job was finished, it now appears. Reviewing some of his activities, he mentions that he "battled most of the politicians in the State because of a seventy per cent turnover in personnel as a result of the examinations." Last fall he returned to Teachers College at Columbia on a research fellowship but had to leave New York when the winter weather finally bested him. He returned to Phoenix and took an instructorship at the Junior College there for the remainder of the year. "Future plans are uncertain," he writes, "except that I hope to return to New York and further work at Teachers College in 1940-41. Scholarships and fellowships so far have been an excellent reason for travel for me, if of little other value, as you will remember."

BARNETT, who has enjoyed a Rockefeller Fellowship during the past year, has been enabled thereby to wind up his doctoral preliminaries in the Department of Oriental Studies at Yale. "Thus," he says, "I have devoted two years of hard labor (sic) to the Chinese language and Chinese history. It remains to be seen what interest I can arouse in these subjects."

Bob reports that a nucleus of contemporary ex-Rhodes Scholars at Yale helped to make the year very agreeable. CHUDNOWSKY obliged with squash matches; MERILLAT (*Merton*, '35) carried on some legal re-

search as a Sterling Fellow; ROSTOW (*Balliol*, '35) brought back "The Sherry Party Girl" to delight the Graduate School Lounge; and CUNINGGIM (*Merton*, '33), "eschewing his rackets in favor of higher purposes . . . has been at the Divinity school, and in June . . . married a North Carolina lassie." "Duncan LEE (*Christ Church*, '35) in the Law School, WILHELMI (*Hertford* '33) doing some sort of high powered research, and several others," Bob concludes, "make the Oxford touch at Yale something less than a rarity."

To our inquiry re vital statistics, Bob responded: "No marriage; no engagement; no blessed events;—or is the order of these denials customarily reversed?" His plans for the future were unsettled at the time of writing but he indicated that the choice lay among: going to China, staying in New York and doing research upon current Far Eastern developments, and teaching.

BEERS sent in a very pleasant letter which we think is better quoted than summarized: "My memory is not good for dates," he says, "and I do not have last year's OXONIAN at hand. I believe, however, that it is news for me that I have been relieved of the Southwest Territory for McGraw-Hill and that I now confine my attentions to some fifteen of the more important Universities in the Northeast. The Boss queried my feeling for my work in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Connecticut the other day. I replied that while I made less money here (net) had somewhat less rowdy fun, detested the climate, and worked much harder, yet I was happy to have made the change for the Professors were more stimulating, intellectually. There is something to be said for Schumpeter, Einstein, Elliott, Fermi, Mitchell, Clark and a hundred others that cannot be found in the Teachers Colleges of the South and West. I toy with the idea of doing a book on the Professors one day but I so far feel that a man trained as a mathematician might not have the right touch.

"I am not married and there are no immediate prospects. I decided early this Spring that I could afford a wife, a car, or an apartment. Circumstances seemed to point to the apartment and I have now a place on the seventeenth floor of London Terrace. The attractions for visitors are my one etching and a view of the Statue of Liberty. I also enjoy an excellent view of the Hudson River. And, most important, I have a breeze through New York's humidity. Through sheer swank I have put my name in the Manhattan directory, and I should be pleased to furnish beer or Scotch to any visitors of the class. No sherry."

BOORSTIN continues his work as Instructor and Tutor in History and Literature at Harvard, teaching American history. In addition, he will be giving a course in the Harvard Law School this year "Some Problems in Legal History in Relation to Economic and Intellectual History"—a subject on which, we understand from our private sleuthing service, he is also preparing a book.

BOOTH, we find, is "still at Columbia smashing poor defenseless

atoms with . . . (his) cyclotron." He writes: "Our 6 million volt protons can do remarkable things to most of the atoms—if only we were clever enough to interpret the things that transpire. Maybe with patience and perserverance nature can be coaxed into yielding up a few more of her many mysteries (must be the music on the radio that makes me write like this!)." He sees POLLACK occasionally and GETTING (*Merton*, '33) who is doing physics at Harvard. CHUDNOWSKY was around Columbia for the summer and they met on the street a few times. "I will be at Columbia at least another year," he says. "It took a year and a half to make our machine, so I want to use it a while anyway." We should add that Gene is rapidly becoming well known these days for his articles in the *Physical Review*.

CHUDNOWSKY writes from a Manhattan address. "As you will observe, I am a New Yorker for the summer —and liking it, what's more. This is probably due to a combination of remarkably cool weather and the handiwork of a man named Robert Moses who runs a place called Jones Beach and who has succeeded in general in making things amazingly comfortable for any proletarian who has a car and can ransom his way over the toll bridges which protect New York from the outside world. I could even say a few kind words about the Fair, if pressed, but I'll let someone else tell you about the Russian building and Dali's 'Dream of Venus.'

"I am in New York on a job, making a short study for the National Bureau of Economic Research, which is organizing an extensive investigation of changes in the financial structure of American business. This will keep me busy till the middle of next September, when I shall return to the New Haven cloisters to continue my work and guide the young along the paths of sweet reasonableness in Economic Theory and International Economics."

For the Department of Vital Statistics he reports "no change," which, he adds, might even be stated "no imminent change," if he hadn't learned to be a bit conservative in predicting such matters.

CUNNINGHAM was not available when we sent out our request for news this summer, so we are relying on an earlier letter from him for our report on his activities. After spending two years (1936-38) doing graduate work in English at Yale, Hugh returned to Balliol last fall to take up his deferred third year. His plans, when he wrote to us at the beginning of the year, were to do research on Dryden for an Oxford B.Litt., while completing the requirements coincidentally for his Yale Ph.D. SCHLATTER passes along the word that Hugh is joining BOORSTIN and himself at Harvard this fall. We assume from the absence of contrary report that Hugh continues a bachelor.

DONOVAN is another of the still-unmarried bloc. Of his work on the *Washington Post* he says, "I have been getting an interesting and fairly strenuous assortment of assignments. . . . The staff is small enough so that everybody is kept very much in circulation. You can spend one day posing as an expert on the international situa-

tion, to the extent of 3,000 words for the Sunday editorial section, and then rush off the next afternoon to cover a 2-alarm fire. The whole thing was carried a little too far the other night, I thought, when I had to review the local symphony." He and his co-worker on the *Post*, OAKES, have been living in a bachelor apartment with a varying number of young lawyers, usually four but often more.

GASS, our candidate for Secretary of the Treasury, has been continuing his work in the Division of Monetary Research preparing diverse memoranda. [We have this on the word of one of the class who probably should know, though, for ourselves, we had assumed from the entry in last fall's AMERICAN OXONIAN Address List that Oscar had returned to Oxford for some further work.]

GOODWIN seems to be enjoying his work teaching economics and tutoring at Harvard. He writes: "Already I have settled down to the routine of teaching as if I had been at it for fifty years. I just read books and tell wide-eyed youths what was in them, and I do it all year long." This spring he received his M.A., and he is planning to get his Ph.D. next summer.

GORDON, not content to rest on his laurels as "first father" of the class, announces the arrival of another daughter, Paige Stuart, on May 5. This event, as he suggests, should put him "considerably ahead of the field." Meanwhile he continues the job of making a living as Associate Editor of *Good Housekeeping*. "It's a lot of fun" he says, "with fascinating contacts and occasional trips (I even went back to England on an assignment last year) on the side. As a sort of side line I do a good deal of free-lance writing (*cf. Cosmopolitan* for February, May, and October of this year, *Good Housekeeping* for May, etc.) I wouldn't call it important writing, but it pays well and several million people read it, which is more than can be said of the average Ph.D. thesis I guess."

Arthur reports that a small Oxford reunion was held at the St. Regis one night this summer when MCGHEE and his bride, and Jim BREASTED (*Queen's*, '34) and his wife foregathered with the Gordons. Fritz CASPARI also dropped in to see him during the summer and mentioned that he had been doing his military service last September during the Czech crisis. He had joined a mountain-climbing unit in preference to the tank corps, he explained, because he thought it was healthier.

HARRIS, who has held a fellowship from the University of Chicago for the past year, has been living out in Provo, Utah, with his folks while doing field work on the geography of Salt Lake City for his doctoral dissertation. "Personally," he observes, "I think it was a bit of rare judgment to get approval for a study which would permit me to live at home at the same time that I was in receipt of a University Fellowship here" (in Chicago). We heartily agree. Chauncy concluded his research in the West in May and had some hopes of being able to complete his thesis this summer. This fall he commences a year of teaching in the Department of Geology and Geography at the University of Indiana. His "marital condition is unchanged."

HAWKINS in the excitement of ap-

proaching matrimony (on the authority of our super sleuth, again) was apparently rendered temporarily incapable of any epistolary efforts thereby. His wedding to Miss Jane Elizabeth Daddow was scheduled to take place on August 24.

HAYTER could not be reached. Another summer of service with the Oregon Forest Rangers may well have been the explanation.

JOHNSON was not on hand to respond to his mail either, when our letter arrived, but his mother very kindly sent us word of his doings. Dudley completed three years of study in the Yale Graduate School this last spring when he received his Ph.D. Then, late in May, he and his wife went to France to spend the summer, planning to return early in September. This fall he commences teaching English at Princeton.

JONES reports: "During the past year I have been on leave of absence from the Washington University Law School, as a Special Fellow in Law at Columbia University. Incidentally, I took an LL.M. degree in June, writing my thesis on statutory interpretation. I am staying on in New York next year, under an appointment as Visiting Lecturer in Law at Columbia, teaching the courses in Legislation and Administrative Law. As my wife has been studying at the Art Students League during the past year, this extension of our New York stay has been greeted with hearty approval by her." Harry also has written some book reviews and he spent the summer preparing a possible series of law review articles.

KIRKWOOD heads his letter: "(After Sept. 1) Dept. of Gov't., Pomona College, Claremont, California," and continues, "The above will signify that I have at last decided to shake *all* foreign soil from myself and return home." He concedes that the interests of his Ph.D. argued for a continued stay at Harvard, but that would have meant missing the job at Pomona and of the two he "concluded that the thesis could wait the better." "So I return," he says, "with 2 B.A.'s, 2 M.A.'s, and everything except the thesis completed towards my Ph.D. That I leave to Fate." He is not married and is of the opinion that there is no immediate threat to his present status—"except the fact that Pomona is co-educational."

Murray spent the summer preparing his courses for this fall and getting his exercise as he did last summer by rowing on the Charles. He was looking forward, however, to some skiing this winter when, as he writes, "I shall be living just 12 miles from mountains 10,000 feet high—with snow fields on the upper 3 to 4 thousand feet from December to May!"

MCCLASKEY, after giving us a good run for our money, was finally cornered at Yakone Beach near Waldport, Oregon, where he panted out the following between strokes with his woodsman's axe: "There has been no change in my official status: I am still Field Examiner with the National Labor Relations Board out of the Seattle Regional Office. We have been extremely busy out here. I have investigated at least 250 cases in the last two years, and I believe more than ever in the work we are doing. In the course of my work I am becoming a fo'castle lawyer of sorts;

I can turn out as vague and wordy a stipulation as ever came out of a Chicago law office." [Surely the N.L.R.B. was never *that* wordy, Mac!]

"In my spare time," he continues, "I am trying to catch up on the books that I didn't read at Oxford. I have been doing some public relations work, saving the Wagner Act in speeches before civic organizations, labor conventions, and anywhere I can get a hearing. I am also drafting a course on the Board and writing an elementary textbook on the same subject for the Workers' Education Division of WPA."

McGHEE, we feel, must suffer the spotlight's glare for this one number at least (along with HAWKINS) by virtue of being the only other member of the class to succumb to feminine charms during the past year. Listen to what matrimony has done to our erstwhile bustling classmates, fellows!

"Life is very smooth for me—too smooth—I'm getting disgustingly complacent—and stout—mostly as a result of the quieter habits and contentment that has set in since I was married last Thanksgiving." And then again: "I think I take life a lot easier than when I first returned—have become a little more Texas again—have learned to enjoy the simple pleasures. It is quite a lot due to getting married—a lot due to the Texas sun."

He does do a *little* work, though: "Apart from that I still look for oil as Vice President of the National Geophysical Co., which now has the rather doubtful distinction of operating more seismograph parties in this country than any other company. We also operate in Cuba and Argentina—but without my having to be there, thank God. If you should ask if we have found any oil I may have to change the subject, however, or tell you our job is to *look*."

MOORE disclaims the possession of any news of an unusual character. He continues to labor in the television department of the Philco Radio and Television Corporation and enjoys his work. "The television 'comer,'" he says, "seems to have been reached in America with the inauguration of regular entertainment broadcasts in New York last May. Some of the broadcasts which I've seen have been very entertaining. Of course, much remains to be done before much of the country will have service, but a thriving industry it will be (I hope)." Of marriages, children, and other sundries he has nought to report.

OAKES continues his reporting for the *Washington Post* with a variety of assignments equalled only by DONOVAN's (*q.v.*). Last summer John filled in for various men while they were on their vacations, including one columnist, but "two weeks of writing a column every day," he says, "is enough to cure you (and your readers) forever." Last fall he covered the local Federal District Court and wrote occasional articles on the "European situation." With the opening of Congress he was assigned to cover its activities along with another man from the *Post*. While he has found the work exceptionally interesting, he was ready to admit that he was looking forward to adjournment and some let-up from the steady drive,

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when he wrote to us. Among old Oxonians whom he and/or Hedley have seen are Alex BÖKER (*Corpus*, '34), Willeroy WELLS, Harry JONES, and George MCGHEE. John also reports a pleasant reunion at the Fair this summer when MCGHEE and his beautiful bride, CHUDNOWSKY, John's brother George, and himself, spent an evening there together.

PAGE writes to us from the McDonald Observatory at Fort Davis, Texas, to which he and his wife had removed after having spent some time at the other University of Chicago observatory (Yerkes) at Williams Bay, Wisconsin. "We enjoyed sailing at Williams Bay," he says, "and lots of night observing. Now I'm working day and night (1 P.M. till 5 A.M.) tracking down planetary nebulae (if you want to know!) with this 'cute' new 82-inch telescope—a thrill to handle. We live on top of a 7000-foot mountain about 20 miles from Fort Davis—as good as 20 miles from nowhere. We have a 3-room cabin to ourselves and the company of 3 couples and 3 bachelors of the staff up here. Haven't seen another face for two weeks." "T. L." returns to Chicago this fall to resume his duties as instructor in Astrophysics in the University.

PFLAUMER reports from London where he is continuing his work for the Courtauld Institute of Art of the University of London. He says: "I expect to stay in England for at least another year, H. P. (Hitler permitting). If we get involved in a war I guess I'll be here much longer. My love life is running its usual spasmodic course with no prospect of entangling alliances. I'm still too foot-loose and fancy free.

"It looks very much as though things are boiling up for a nice little war this summer. [Note: His letter bears date of July 17.] England is surprisingly jingoistic and a large section of the people are very ready to fight. I hope that the States have sense enough to stay out of it. If that guy Roosevelt would stop preaching from a bomb-proof pulpit and tend to domestic affairs I'd feel happier about it. But then who knows?"

POLLOCK, like some citizen of the future when everything and everybody will be properly and efficiently numbered, heads his communication: "Room 419, Building 37." On closer examination, however, we suspect this to be only some of General Electric's abracadabra to impress us outsiders. At all events this address will lead you to the lab where Herb carries on his research work for G. E. He has described both (the lab and his work) for us with his usual modesty:

"I have succeeded in accumulating enough equipment in my room to put on a brave display of sparks and fireworks for the visitor. But I still face any of my friends who possess five shares of G. E. stock with a sheepish look when they ask solicitously if we have invented anything in the laboratory recently which may double their dividend. It seems that all the easy discoveries were made by Edison and others before my time. Still physical research remains to me a fascinating thing to work at and I am grateful for the chance to use all the equipment and assistance which is proffered to one at the G. E. We have been

doing a little nuclear physics lately—though nothing to compare with what Booth has been up to at Columbia."

Herb also sent us an amusing tale of a recent encounter with the Law which we think should be passed on to the Class. "I was passed by a speeding motorist," he says, "on a winding road. When I saw another on his heels I thought I would obstruct the devil a bit and so I road-hogged on the straight bits between curves for ten miles or so. He turned out to be a cop, alas. He proceeded to catch the first car and then waited for me. I got bawled out roundly for obstructing justice (which I should never have thought of doing). I said feebly that I had been listening on the radio to the King's reception in New York and not been heeding much. The law (Irish) was most annoyed and said, 'What the hell's the King of England to you?' I couldn't explain."

SCHLATTER, who has spent the summer at work on a farm near Dorset, Vermont, returns to Harvard again this fall to continue as an instructor and tutor in History and Literature. His D.Phil. thesis on "The Social and Economic Ideas in the Writings of Religious Leaders in the Reign of Charles II" was accepted by the Examiners when he submitted it at Oxford last summer, and the work is being published by the Clarendon Press this fall. He is not married and does not consider a marriage likely in the near future.

SELLARS was another of the vacationists whom we were unable to reach.

SLEETH received his M.A. at Princeton in June. Under the circumstances, he says, he does not expect to get his Ph.D. in 1940 as he once intended, but hopes that it will not be too long thereafter. He writes to us from Ann Arbor where he was attending the Linguistic Institute, held in connection with the University of Michigan summer school. "The main part of my work," he explains, "consists of training in some of the various techniques which are involved in making a historical dictionary. Prof. T. A. Knott, chief editor of the Middle English Dictionary which is being made here, does the training; and the Dictionary collectanea furnish the material with which we apprentices are trained. It is fascinating work, and I thoroughly enjoy it." Charlie mentions seeing SELLARS and his wife this summer and having seen BEERS when the latter called at Princeton. This fall Charlie enters upon his new position as an instructor in the English department at Princeton.

SIBBET, we believe, is "somewhere east of Suez." Our source of information has it that he has "gone to Persia (or some other such country) for a period of several years, . . . working for an oil company." At last previous report he was doing engineering work for Standard Oil, but it's not certain that they are his present employers.

TEMPLETON, perhaps foreseeing the wild rampage of extended quotation to which we have succumbed this year, all but forestalls us in his case with a very brief note: "No news here. Still working as Secretary and Treasurer of the National Geophysical Co., and still married without children." Well, we'll admit, that seems to cover the ground pretty well.

WELLS, as usual, has been thor-

oughly enjoying himself the while he has gone about his, and Richmond's, affairs. "Since last September," he says, "I have been devoting my amorphous talents to promoting the Public Welfare in the Department of that activity in Richmond. In spite of one person's remark that I 'couldn't be a social worker because my slip isn't showing,' I am enjoying the work immensely. Whether my sense of satisfaction is based upon a genuine feeling of constructive effort or upon a sublimated desire to meddle in other people's private affairs I shall leave it for you to judge.

"At any rate, welfare work furnishes a kaleidoscopic view of community life, which is rarely obtained in other fields. There is an unacademic, positive feel to this work which is refreshng after so many years of institutional learning. Words and figures are merely instruments, and not ends in themselves. A case in point is that of one of my clients at the Social Service Bureau here, encountering me on the street with the query, 'Is you Mr. Welfare from the Secret Service Bureau?' It gives me great delight to answer such a question simply, 'Yes,' and not enter into a long argument over functions of government.

"On the side I have found time to edit the local Young Democratic News, get myself elected president of one of the Y. D. Clubs, serve on the Citizens Housing Committee to establish a Richmond Housing Authority, and orate on things in general before culture-conscious women's clubs, Christ-conscious Bible classes, and unconscious City Councilmen."

This fall "the Parson" returns to a year of academic work when he takes up a scholarship in Public Welfare Administration at the University of Chicago.

Your Secretary has already informed you of his modest doings in the practice of the law in his circular letter. Suffice it for him now to add that he thoroughly enjoyed all the letters you sent him in response, and that he hopes that his well-intentioned use of them in this report has hurt no feelings. He also hopes that, guided by the unforgettable name of Poppenhusen, you will not fail to look him up when passing through Chicago.

C. Lyman Emrich, Jr.
Secretary, Class of 1934

The Class of 1935 Letter

THE end of the fourth year since our matriculation at Oxford finds many of our classmates either still thirsting for knowledge or imparting it to others. Some are practicing the law—oddly enough, those who read it at Oxford—while others are engaged in journalism. Three are employed by the Federal Government, one is busy in an international banking corporation.

The response to your first secretary's first appeal for information has been most gratifying. He has been happy to keep in touch with a good many of the class; and the number of classmates who answered his appeal with good news of themselves

and of others was large. Your secretary regrets that he cannot give an account of every member of the class; but only hopes that, as addresses settle down in the next year or two, and every man receives the annual appeal, the number of respondents will be even larger. To all those who replied so kindly, hearty thanks are here given.

Your secretary strongly endorses the sentiment of one correspondent who wrote him a letter in order that he "might, in turn, enjoy with clear conscience the compilation you make of your gleanings." That compilation follows.

Since January Dick BAKER has been on the staff of the *Providence Journal*, working at first as a reporter, and more recently molding public opinion in Rhode Island as an editorial writer. In charge of the correspondence columns, Dick welcomes letters to the editor.

After passing the New York bar examinations, Charlie BANE is with the law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell on Wall St.

Herb BROWN is writing for the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, while living with his wife in the country on the family farm.

During the past year Dick CARPENTER has completed the work for his Ph.D. at the University of Oklahoma. At the same time he was a field assistant of the University's Biological Survey, until "a new governor in Oklahoma, and a surplus of blue pencils in his office, liquidated said biological survey and left me very much unemployed." Since that time he has been looking for a teaching job in biology.

Clem CLEMENTS has been with the Investment Department of the J. Henry Schroeder Banking Corporation in New York, which is still closely affiliated with the London firm which founded it. "Naturally," Clem writes, "I am very pleased to continue in active association with English people and to have definite reason for keeping alive a realistic interest in English financial institutions." Clem is engaged to be married on October 14th to Miss Helen R. Gillen of Stillwater, Minnesota.

Horace DAVENPORT, who has "been living this last year in an academic cloister without the diversions which enlivened Oxford," has been able to "wring" a Ph.D. from California Tech ("very brilliantly," as Espey reports). This fall he will go to the Medical School of the University of Rochester where he will be a research fellow in pathology. "There has been no marriage," he writes, "and with academic salaries what they are, there will not be one for some time."

John ESPEY was married in August, 1938, to Miss Alice Rideout; and after an extensive trip through the West and Northwest, he took up his duties as Instructor in English at Occidental College in Los Angeles. In his spare time he has been "groping vaguely after a doctorate."

Since June 1938 Bill FRANTA has been working for the Columbia Chemical Division of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., in Barberton, Ohio. Bill is doing chemical research work

with the synthetic resins group in the organic laboratory.

During the past year, Fred GILLEN completed the work for an M.A. in history at Harvard. He expects to return this fall to pursue a Ph.D. in French history.

Jim GOODFRIEND received his M.D. from Northwestern in June, will be located as an intern for two years at the Michael Reese hospital in Chicago.

John HAYS has been at Cal. Tech for a year as Research Assistant, and next year will continue there as Teaching Fellow in Chemistry.

After a year of graduate work as a Sterling Fellow in the Yale Law School, Duncan LEE will enter the law firm of Donovan, Leisure, Newton, and Lumbard at 2 Wall Street, New York City. "Just to keep the record straight," he writes, "I shall add that I was married in Oxford, June 18, 1938, to Isabella Mary Anne Scott Gibb of Oxford and Aberfeldy, Perthshire."

Gordon KNOX travelled through Central Europe "with two shirts and a gas mask" as a reporter for the *Daily Chronicle* for several months after leaving Oxford. He is now with the *Baltimore Sun*.

Deming LEWIS has been studying in the Graduate School of Physics at Harvard for his doctorate. Last year he completed his M.A. and passed his preliminary examinations. "This describes the professional activities of my life," he says, "which at present occupy most of my time and interest."

Harvey MAGUIGAN remained in Oxford last year to work on a D.Phil. in physiology. He will return home to Wilmington this fall.

Last year Herbert MERILLAT did graduate work in law as a Sterling Fellow at Yale. He spent August in Chicago preparing for the Illinois bar examination.

Ray MILLER came home with an English wife and now has a government job in Washington.

Upon the death of his father last May, Bill MUNDY gave up his three-year appointment as Assistant Professor of Law at the University of Virginia, after serving for one year, and has opened an office for the practice of law in Lynchburg. Bill and Mrs. Mundy, so far as your secretary knows, have the honor of being the first parents of our class, upon the recent birth of their son William Starke Mundy, 3rd.

Your secretary spent last year in the Graduate School at Harvard working toward a Ph.D. in government, and expects to be back at the same task this fall.

William SACHSE, who is now married, has a position teaching history at the University of Wisconsin.

Walter STOCKMAYER and his wife are living in Boston, while Walt pursues his work in teaching and research in chemistry across the river at M.I.T.

Immediately upon his return to the United States in 1937, Martin WAGNER received a job as field examiner with the National Labor Relations Board, a position which he still holds. Assigned to the Ninth Region, which covers parts of Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia, Martin's duty is "to investigate all charges of unfair labor practices and to attempt to adjust

them without formal legal proceedings." Most of his work has kept him in the rich coal-producing region of southwestern West Virginia. "As items under your heading of important events, I suppose I could list two," he says. "Early in January of this year I was married. That is important. In December of 1938 I was asked to serve on the Kentucky State Election Committee for the Rhodes Scholars, probably a more debatable point."

To take Sam WELLES at his word, "Put down, if you must, that I'm reviewing books for *Time*, before which I worked for five months on *Fortune* and wrote two articles for it; that I hope the *Time* job lasts . . . , that I'm living in New York and can be reached at *Time*. No prospect of marriage!"

After spending the third year of his scholarship studying in the Faculty of Law at the University of Paris, Don WHEELER took a job as instructor in government at Yale, where he stayed until last April. Since that time he has been working as economist in the Division of Monetary Research, United States Treasury. Don was married in July 1938 to Mary Vause of Seattle.

Last fall Sam WHITE entered the University of Colorado School of Medicine in Denver as a sophomore, and was given an Assistantship in the Physiology and Pharmacology Department. During the year he was initiated into the Nu Sigma Medical Fraternity; at whose house he expects to live until he takes his M.D.

Gaston WILLIAMSON says he has "nothing at all exciting to report in the line of marriages, children, a $10,000 a year job, or anything of such importance," but he has a very interesting account to give of his trip back home to Arkansas from Oxford —by way of Asia and the Pacific. Gaston and his Indian friend Salman Ali were joined in Switzerland by Bud MEISNER; and "in a third-hand, 1934, sometime 4-cylinder Ford," they motored across Europe, through Turkey, Syria, and Iraq ("where we were stoned and denied food as the infidels we are"); through Persia and Baluchistan to India, "where we enjoyed for a month the marvelous hospitality of Salman and various members of his family in Lucknow, Allahabad, and Benares. . . .

"We drank champagne for tea in Saigon, called at Hongkong, swore at Japanese in Shanghai, and then proceeded to fall in love with them during our eleven days in Japan."

"Since getting home around the first of the year," Gaston concludes, "I have been trying to recover from my three years counter education at Oxford, and to learn a little law for a change." Gaston is now in the law firm of his father and uncle at Monticello, Arkansas.

Your secretary regrets any errors that may have entered into the foregoing account, and trusts that you will have at least vicariously the pleasure which he found in hearing from his Oxford classmates.

HENRY A. PAGE, III
Secretary, Class of 1935

IN MEMORIAM

Reflects deaths reported up to May 1, 2019

Thaddeus Holt (Alabama and Christ Church ’52) — December 29, 2018
Richard N. Gardner (New York and Balliol ’51) — February 16, 2019
Elmer D. Sprague (Nebraska and St. Edmund Hall ’48) — April 19, 2019
Walter S. Frank (Maryland/DC and Wadham ’49) — April 24, 2019
Richard Lugar (Indiana and Pembroke ’54) — April 28, 2019
Herman H. Hamilton (Alabama and Exeter ’50) — April 30, 2019

AARS THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS

www.americanrhodes.org

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