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Kenyon Alumni *Bulletin*

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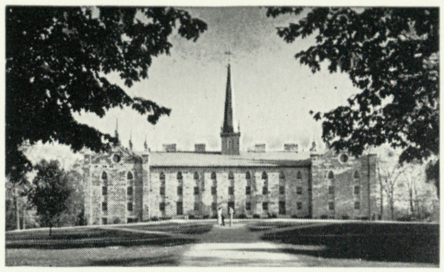
THE 1964 COMMENCEMENT WEEKEND

THE TWO CULTURES IN HISTORIC PERSPECTIVE · *William G. Pollard*

POISON IN JEST · *Denis Baly*

JULY - SEPTEMBER 1964



Kenyon Alumni *Bulletin*

Published by Kenyon College, Gambier, O.

GEORGE LANNING, '52, *Editor*

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VOLUME XXII, NUMBER 2

July-September 1964

KENYON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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Vice President: WILLIAM CHADEAYNE, '50
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Gambier, O.

Gleanings

New *Bulletin* Editor . . . *Beginning with the October-December number, the* Kenyon Alumni Bulletin *will be edited by Peter G. Edwards, director of public relations at the College. Mr. Edwards came to Kenyon last autumn from St. Louis, where he was a member of the public relations firm of James R. Hanson and Associates. He was born in London, Ontario, and educated at Washington University. In St. Louis he was active as chairman of the television committee of the Health and Welfare Council and as a member of the National Tuberculosis Association. His professional career includes radio, newspaper, and fund-raising experience, and he has done book reviewing for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Recent Awards to the Faculties . . . *Robie Macauley, editor of* The Kenyon Review, *has received Guggenheim and Fulbright grants for the coming year. He expects to spend most of his time in London, where he will work on a project in literary criticism concerned with modern African writing. . . . Mr. Macauley and James R. Browne, professor of Spanish language and literature, recently attended the creative writing panel of the Summer Arts Festival of the Centro de Escritores in Mexico City. They were recipients of a grant for this purpose from the Farfield Foundation. . . . Edward Harvey, professor of French language and literature, is currently enrolled at the Faculty Summer School in Cambridge, Mass. He is the recipient of a scholarship from the Church Society for College Work. . . . Michael Birtwistle, instructor of drama, has a Shell Foundation grant to assist him in his study of the work and aesthetics of James Hull Miller, a contemporary designer of open stage theatres. Mr. Birtwistle is now traveling in the Midwest and Southwest, visiting some Miller-designed theatres. . . . Thomas Clifford of the psychology department has a research participation grant from the National Science Foundation which has made it possible for him to work at The University of Michigan this summer on "Incentive and Frustrative Factors in Anticipatory Behavior." . . . Edward Hunter, librarian at Bexley Hall, has received a Lilly Endowment Scholarship through the American Theological Library Association and is working at the School of Library Science of Simmons College in Boston.*

Spring Sports . . . *Because "The Lords in Battle" was so very much the creation of the late J. W. Falkenstine, the editor of this magazine and members of the athletic department felt that it would not be appropriate to carry the column in the issue containing Mr. Falkenstine's obituary. Just before his death, however, he had begun to write his summer report, and we reproduce here what he had set down: "The 1964 Commencement depleted the ranks of the athletic teams by thirty-seven individuals who have made significant contributions to the program (the number includes six who were two-sport men). . . . In lacrosse, only one victory stood between the Hessmen and the Midwest championship which was the season's finale against defending champion Denison. The Lords were decisively defeated in this game, but the loss detracted only minutely from the best season by a Kenyon lacrosse team since the 1957 players won the Midwest title. The stickmen posted an 8-4-1 record, which included wins over Denison, Oberlin, Ohio State, Ohio Wesleyan, Notre Dame, Michigan State, Bowling Green, and the Cleveland Club team." . . . In baseball, the season ended with an 11 won-5 lost record. The records in golf, tennis, and track were, respectively, 14-4, 6-7, and 1-10. Lacrosse co-captains for next year are Thomas Sant, '65, and Paul Zuydhoek, '65; in track, Robert Bales, '65, and John Schweppe, '66. Kenneth Klug, '65, will be captain of the baseball team; David Thomas, '65, of the tennis team; and Robert Legg, '65, of the golf team. Most Valuable Player awards this year went to Mr. Klug (baseball), Mr. Bales (track), Mr. Thomas (tennis), Thomas Bond, '64 (lacrosse), and Perry Hudson, '66 (golf).*

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ON THE COVER

Marriott Park (near Rosse Hall) in late spring. Photograph by Studio Associates, Cleveland. Other photographs in this number are from Bureau of International Labor Affairs, U. S. Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.; Jean Raeburn, New York; Ohio Edison Company, Akron; Mount Vernon (*O.*) News*; Samuel Caldwell, Bex. '66; Criterion Photocraft Company, New York; and Eddowes Company, New York.*

On the Hill

MAY 1965 IS ALMOST A YEAR AWAY, BUT the Class of 1940 has already started to plan for a very interesting twenty-fifth reunion. Present indications are that a large part of the class will be back on the Hill at Commencement time (May 28-30).

Kenyon Fund figures for the year just ended were not complete at the time when copy for this issue of the *Bulletin* went to the printer, but it is evident even at this writing that a number of records have been broken. For instance, almost 100 members of the 1950 class contributed to this year's annual program of giving. We don't know what percentage of 1950 alumni that figure represents, but it is a record for the greatest number of contributors from a particular class.

As the masthead on the facing page indicates, Hooker Lytle, '39, of Dayton, O., and Ed Shorkey, '45V-'47, of Mount Vernon, O., were elected to the executive committee of the Alumni Council at the June meeting. Jim Hughes, '31, of Chicago has been elected an alumnus trustee, succeeding George Farr, Jr., '26, and the Rev. Charles Stires, '32, Bex. '35, of Syracuse, N. Y., has succeeded himself for a second term on the board.

Homecoming this fall is October 24. The football game that day will be with Oberlin. The Cleveland Alumni Association is planning to charter a bus for the trip to Gambier, and alumni in that area who are interested in coming this way should write or telephone either Dave Kuhn or Bill Ranney.

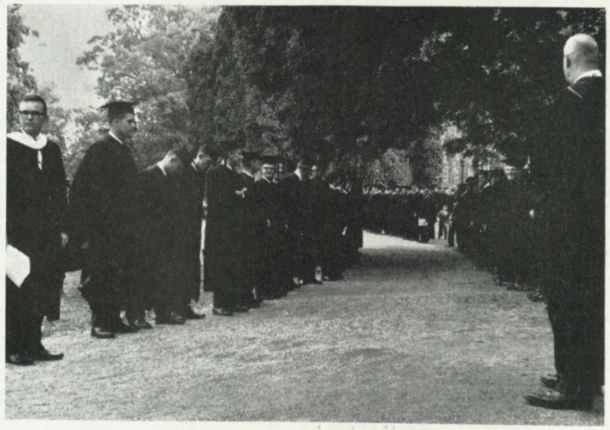
Contributions are being received by the alumni office for the Denham Sutcliffe Memorial Scholarship and the Jess W. Falkenstine Memorial Fund.

Summer is a good time to visit Gambier. Many of the faculty and staff remain on the Hill, and the Alumni House is open for your convenience. For reservations, dial 614-427-4611. You can even get in a few licks of golf while you're here. Gambier's nine-hole, par three Tomahawk Golf Course is open to the public, as is Mount Vernon's new eighteen-hole Hiawatha Course.

Members of the 1963-64 executive committee of the Alumni Council. Seated, left to right, Arthur Lewis, '30; William Chadeayne, '50; Chester Smith, '33 (retiring president); Jack Doerge, '46 (president for 1964-65); and Brent Tozzer, '39. Standing, Herbert Ullmann, '52; Edgar Davis, '53; Robert Legg, '39; Lawrence Bell, Jr., '40; Howard Bradley, '46V-'48; and Peter Knapp, '52.

LOST AND FOUND: *Reported* lost *following the Commencement exercises was a woman's light tan raincoat with a print lining. It was left on one of the chairs.* Found *after the Friday fraternity meeting in the Library was one Ford motor car key. Discovered in dormitories were the following: one ring; one key (no. T46) made by the Long Manufacturing Company of Petersburg, Va.; and one Zenith earplug for either a hearing aid or a dictating machine.*

THE 1960



COMMENCEMENT

JUNE 5-7, 1964

THE 1964 COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

The Two Cultures in Historic Perspective

by William G. Pollard

MUCH INTEREST has been generated by C. P. Snow's little book, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, consisting of the Rede Lecture which he gave at Cambridge in 1959. He obviously put his finger on an aspect of the academic contemporary environment, the truth of which was widely recognized by all familiar with this environment. Not only at Cambridge, to which Snow's observations specifically refer, is the impossibility of communication between the literary-humanistic culture and the scientific-technological culture evident. It is duplicated in any university of the Western world today. Yet, for all the attention this idea has aroused, it has also become the center of considerable controversy. Snow himself has been amazed at the reception his "two cultures" has had, and admits to being unprepared to deal with the controversies which have raged around this theme.

Despite the ease with which people generally recognize the reality of "the two cultures," considerable difficulty is experienced when the effort is made to give the idea great precision. The difficulty lies, it seems to me, in the ambiguity of what Snow calls the literary-humanist culture. This is no longer a true culture in the sense in which the scientific culture of our age is. What it refers to is an ever-changing variety of remnants of what once was a universal culture in Western life that has now become fragmented into many diverse and even disparate elements. Much of the controversy and most of the disagreement with Snow's provocative theme center around an inability to agree on the nature or content of this literary-humanist culture as it occurs in 20th-Century Western civilization. There is no corresponding disagreement on the reality or character of the scientific culture as a universal formative element in that civilization.

If, however, we take a broader vantage point than Snow's and consider the full sweep of Western history—as opposed to narrowing our view to the contemporary scene—then two distinct cultures do indeed emerge. Moreover, these two cultures are seen to be the two primary and distinctive achievements of Western man. Both of them in a sense transcend culture to the extent that they have provided for mankind in all cultures a new vision of an essential aspect of reality, previously unknown, through which great new powers for man's life in his world have been released. The coming of each of these visions of reality has resulted in the complete transformation of the civilization within which they were planted. In each case the time required for this transformation was just three centuries, and each is a phenomenon peculiar to the history of a single civilization—that of the West. After the transformation, a new and distinctive culture came into being, and in each case this new culture spread with infectious power into other, frequently alien, civilizations and cultures. These two phenomena of Western history are Christianity and Science. My contention is that, if we are to think of two cultures at all, it is these two primary revolutions of thought and outlook to which we must refer. Only as it is recognized that what Snow calls the literary-humanist culture is simply the fragmented remains of one of these two distinctive cultures does the ambiguity in his treatment become clarified.

Each of these cultures had a long prenatal period of embryonic development leading up to its appearance as a powerful formative force. In the case of Christianity, this developmental period consisted of the history of the Hebrew people through the uniquely revelatory power of the experience of Israel and Judah of their own history. This lived drama of revelation and response reached its climax and fulfillment in the cosmic event of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ just at the peak of the classical Graeco-Roman civilization under the Emperor Augustus Caesar. In the case of Science, the developmental period had its roots in Babylonia and ancient Greece and its embryonic stages in sporadic spurts of the late Hellenistic science, Arabic mathematics, and medieval European technology. This phase culminated in the late 16th and early 17th centuries with the emergence of numerous isolated individual scientists of whom the names of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Vesalius, and Harvey are examples.

THE REIGN OF OCTAVIAN, THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS, MARKED the peak of the power and prestige of ancient Rome, the golden age of the ancient classical pagan civilization. Rome was deeply believed to be the eternal city, and the brilliance of the civilization which she had brought to world-wide dominion destined for permanence. But in the reign of Augustus' successor, Tiberius, an event took place in an upper room of an undistinguished house in the chief city of a minor province of the empire, and this event was destined in time to transform completely that civilization from within. Like all such great things, it was unrecognizable at its birth and went unnoticed by the empire which it would in time conquer. The event took place in the spring of the year 30 A.D., or thereabouts, and is what we now know as Pentecost and celebrate annually on Whitsunday. In it a spirit of immense inner vitality and dynamism was given in power to a small group of bewildered and largely impotent men gathered in patient waiting in that room.

This Spirit which they now possessed proved to be extraordinarily infectious. The initial group immediately began growing as many persons who were exposed to its magnetic attraction were drawn into it. Soon other groups infected by the power of this Spirit were springing up throughout Palestine and then up through Syria to the north. At the end of the 1st Century, just 70 years after the initial event, there were Christian congregations throughout the whole empire. They were dotted here and there through Asia Minor, Greece, Macedonia, Italy, and Spain, and around the Mediterranean in North Africa, Libya, and Egypt. But even at that stage it was still a minor

movement in the total life and culture of the empire, largely unnoticed by the majority of the pagan population.

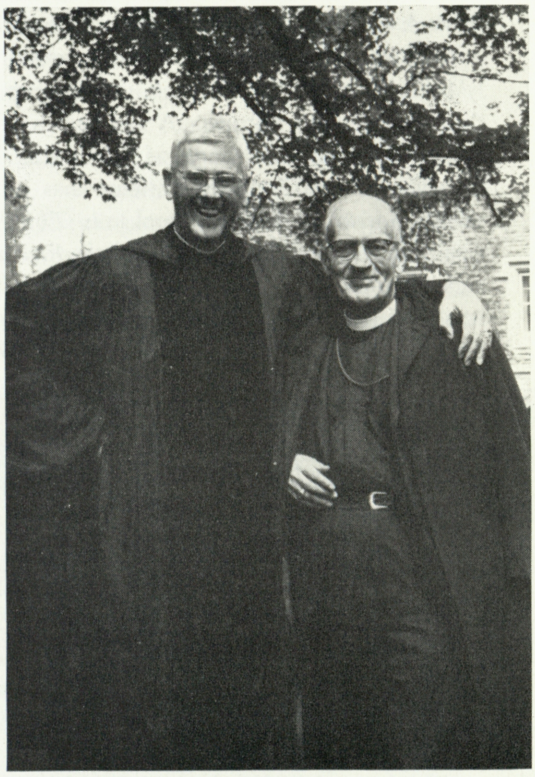
By the middle of the next century, however, the continued growth of Christianity had begun to excite the concern of the established order in various parts of the empire. Increasingly vehement attempts to stamp out the strange new faith by persecution were instituted. By the 3rd Century, these persecutions were in full swing, reaching their climax in the determined, empire-wide effort to stamp out what by then had come to be widely recognized as a genuine threat to the ancient culture. This persecution was pursued by the Emperor Diocletian with determination during the first decade of the 4th Century. All of this was to no avail, however. There was an inner power and dynamism in the new faith which no amount of external pressure was able to contain. But besides the sheer exponential growth in numbers and influence over these three centuries, something much more subtle and profound had been going on in parallel with it. This was the transformation from within of the antique classical culture into a very different thing—what historians like to refer to in a noncommittal way simply as medieval European or Byzantine culture, but which can be more illuminatingly called "Christian culture."

This tranformation has been traced in detail in Henry Osborn Taylor's classic (recently reprinted under the title, *The Emergence of Christian Culture in the West*) and in Charles Morris Cochrane's *Christianity and Classical Culture*. The power and depth of this transformation have been largely obscured by the historical tradition originating in Gibbon, whose vigorous bias against Christians prevented him from considering Christianity as a genuine cultural phenomenon. But to paraphrase the subtitle of Cochrane's book, the world of Augustus and Cicero is a radically different one from that of Theodosius and Augustine only four centuries later. During the intervening period a major force must have been at work within the ancient civilization to effect such a transformation. The moment we raise the question of the identity of this force, the answer is obvious; it is Christianity. There is no other comparable power at work in this period to be a possible contender.

We do not, however, have to go as far as the time of Theodosius and Augustine to see this transformation. The critical date is usually taken to be 314 A.D. That was the year when the Emperor Constantine issued the famous Edict of Milan which established Christianity on a par with Paganism in the eyes of the state. The critical event associated with this date is Constantine's conversion. Certainly, his personal commitment was a significant element in the issuance of such an edict. But we would miss much of the significance of what had been going on in the Roman empire during the preceding three centuries if we failed to see that this action also in large measure simply gave official recognition to a fact of history which had already taken place. This fact was the transformation from within of the thought forms, world view, ideals, and mainsprings of action of classical culture into Christian culture. We see this most clearly in the fact that ancient classical history ends with Constantine and medieval European history begins with him.

For the purpose of comparing the two cultures, it is helpful

Ralph McGill, Hon. '64



The Rt. Rev. Roger Blanchard, Hon. '58 *(left), and this year's Baccalaureate speaker, the Rt. Rev. Stephen Fielding Bayne, Jr., Hon.* '60.

Mr. Pollard

to go a bit beyond the Edict of Milan to the spring of the year 330 A.D., three centuries after Pentecost. For several years before then, many workmen had been busily engaged in the transformation of the old city of Byzantium on the Bosporus into the new seat of empire, Constantinople. Not only had they built a palace for the emperor and buildings to house the rather extensive bureaucracy of the Roman government, but every pagan temple in the city had been taken down and the materials re-used in the construction of several Christian basilicas. When, with colorful processions and great pomp, Constantine entered Constantinople in the spring of 330 to establish the seat of government there, he came into the first outwardly Christian city of the new world. Here was a magnificent outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual forces which had been at work transforming the old culture into the new. The outward evidences of this transformation would now spread rapidly in brick and stone through the Eastern empire as well as through Italy and Europe. A new epoch of world history was under way. Its inner source of power was a new culture which the historian Christopher Dawson has so convincingly and vividly identified in such books as *The Historic Reality of Christian Culture*, *Christianity and the Rise of Western Culture*, and *The Making of Europe*. From here on for many centuries, it is Christian culture which will shape the new civilizations in both the Byzantine East and the European West.

SIXTEEN CENTURIES AFTER PENTECOST A NEW THING WAS beginning to emerge spontaneously all over Europe and England. In the year 1660 a second pentecost occurred in the city of London. A small group of amateur scientists were bound into a corporate entity by a new spirit which was to show comparably great power. The group was the first of the scientific societies, the Royal Society of London, and the spirit which empowered it was the spirit of science. Its members were characterized by an unbounded enthusiasm for the enterprise of understanding in which they were engaged, and the limitless potentiality for access to truth about the natural order.

The new spirit spread with much the same infectious power which had characterized Christianity in its early period. In 1666, the great Academie Royale des Sciences was formed in Paris. Soon other academies of science appeared elsewhere in Europe and spread to America where the names of Benjamin Franklin and of the Franklin Institute stand out. As the movement grew and spread and its inner vitality and power became evident, it began to threaten the established order and to meet with increasingly intense opposition from it, just as Christianity had in the corresponding period of its development. It was not until the middle of the last century that the first departments of science began to be established in universities. Moreover, the history of their growth to their present positions of dominance has been marked by the sustained antagonism of the traditional departments. Only now has this inner working of the spirit within Western civilization come to full flower. The historic reality of the scientific culture is just in this decade widely recognized and acknowledged so that men speak naturally of "the scientific age."

The parallels between these two mighty works of the spirit in our civilization are striking. They have both had nearly identical gestation periods. During these periods their course of development has been surprisingly similar. Corresponding to the birth of Christianity at Pentecost in 30 A.D. we have the birth of Science in 1660 A.D. Corresponding to the Edict of Milan in 314 A.D., we could well select the end of the second World War in 1945 when throughout the world men started speaking naturally of the historic reality of the scientific age. Corresponding to the outward expression of the historic reality of Christian culture in Constantinople in 330 A.D., we have the Western world today with its great national laboratories, immense high-energy accelerator and nuclear reactor installations, and its missile launching sites. The dates match almost identically when measured from the year of the birth of each culture.

Moreover, there is a remarkably close parallel in the course of development of each during their gestation periods. If one plots the number of Christian congregations in the world as a function of time from 30 A.D. to 330 A.D., one obtains an exponential growth curve very similar in shape to a plot of the number of scientific societies in the world as a function of time from 1660 A.D. to 1960 A.D. Each curve represents the same kind of dynamically growing community within an alien culture. Halfway through this gestation period both of them began experiencing increasingly intense opposition from the established culture which they were in process of transforming from within, expressed in increasingly virulent persecutions in the one case and in growing antagonism and recrimination in the other. At the moment of their flowering at the end of this gestation period, both experienced a complete reversal of status and found themselves thrust into positions of great influence and authority in the affairs of state.

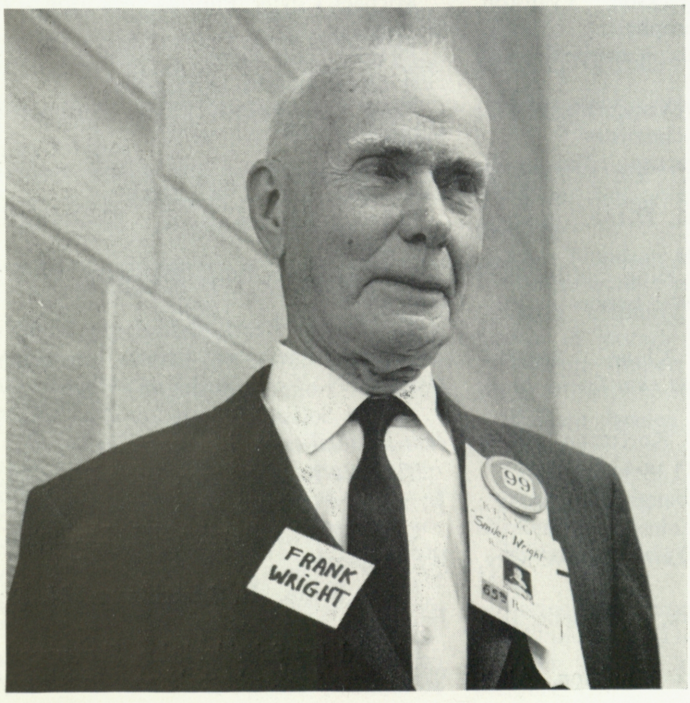
Manley Thompson, '96

Looked at from the perspective of history, there are and have been only two distinctive cultures in Western civilization—the earlier Christian culture and the present scientific culture. These two cultures represent the two primary achievements of the mind and spirit of Western man. Whatever may be one's view of Christianity as a religion or of the church as an institution of contemporary society, the fact of Christian culture as a pervasive phenomenon of Western history cannot be denied.

The full flowering of the scientific culture in the last half of the 20th Century has tended to overwhelm all other aspects of culture in the West. It is the great enthusiasm and hope of the moment, just as Christianity was in the 4th Century. Christianity now represents the ancient culture, while science has all the appeal of the new. Moreover, Christianity has become fragmented and is only now beginning to move toward a recovery of its former unity. As a result, it has become something of an epiphenomenon on the fringes of the 20th Century culture, with little influence on the primary formative factors of that culture. In particular, the various subcultures which Snow calls generally the "literary-humanist" culture are by now far removed from their historic roots in the Christian culture of the West. Against all this fragmentation and uprooting from the common soil of a universally accepted view of the nature of things, the exuberant dynamism and unified outlook of the scientific culture dominates the contemporary scene.

SNOW IS CORRECT IN HIS CONCERN WITH THIS SITUATION, but mistaken in the steps he considers necessary to rectify it. What is needed is a rediscovery of the dimensions of reality and existential truths which gave Christian culture its original power. The two cultures are not, as is so widely supposed, naturally exclusive. Rather they complement each other in such a way that either without the other represents an unnecessarily partial and limited view of reality. Science is concerned exclusively with the natural order—objects and events in three-dimensional space and time—whereas Christianity is concerned with the supernatural order—heaven and eternity and God—which transcends space and time. Moreover, science is concerned with the timeless, universal, and repeatable aspects of the natural order, whereas Christianity is based on the revelatory power of singular and essentially unrepeatable events in that order. Science deals with the determinate and predictable in history, Christianity with the indeterminate and providential. Taken together the two cultures complement and fulfill each other. The scientific culture by itself, cut off from its roots in the Biblical, Judeo-Christian tradition of the West, leaves modern man without any overriding moral sense of providence and judgment in life and history. This is the fundamental problem underlying Snow's concern with the "two cultures" and the wall of separation between them as he finds it in the modern academic world and the world at large.

Perry Lentz, '64, was this year's recipient of Delta Kappa Epsilon's Leadership Trophy. The award is given for leadership ability, extracurricular activities, and scholarly attainments. Mr. Lentz was a member of the varsity soccer team, captain of last year's G. E. College Bowl team, and an honors candidate in English. He had served as president of Lambda of D. K. E. Shown with him here is Roger Houston, '14.



Frank ("Smiler") Wright, '99

Austin McElroy, '09, Hon. '64

The Classes of 1964

Recipients of the A.B. Degree

JOHN AUGUSTINE ADAIR, JR., Atchison, Kans.; economics

Albert Antebi, Mexico City; chemistry

James William Atkinson, Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.; biology

Charles John Barker, Wichita, Kans.; political science; *in absentia*

Albert Ronald Barret, Louisville, Ky.; political science

Alan Windsor Beck, Providence, R. I.; economics; *in absentia*

John Marshall Bensinger, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; political science

Bruce Douglas Blois, Attleboro, Mass.; history

Thomas Cannon Bond, Cleveland Heights, O.; history

Alan Meredith Bourne, Lexington, Ky.; economics

Jeffrey Calvin Breaks, La Miranda, Calif.; physics

William Francis Brooks, Jr., Arlington, Va.; history

David Douglas Brown, Indianapolis; *cum laude*; honors in physics

Stephen K Brown, Zanesville, O.; *cum laude*; honors in philosophy

George Michael Callaghan, Houston; *cum laude*; English

John Jacob Camper, Genoa, O.; *cum laude*; English

John Murray Capron, Grove City, Pa.; history

Michael Anderson Claggett, St. Louis; English

Daniel Wayne Clark, Massapequa, N. Y.; French

Thomas Dean Clarke, Carnegie, Pa.; biology

Robert Winmill Cleveland, Bronxville, N. Y.; political science; *in absentia*

David Pierce Colley, Princeton, N. J.; political science

Thomas Raymond Collins, Manhasset, N. Y.; *cum laude*; political science

William Verner Coombs, Hamilton, O.; *cum laude*; high honors in philosophy

William Campbell Cross, III, Oconomowoc, Wis.; economics

Stephen Sanders Davis, Ashland, O.; biology

David Bruce Dawson, Chadds Ford, Pa.; English; *in absentia*

Arnold Reed DeLorenzo, Hamden, Conn.; philosophy

David Diao, Jamaica, N. Y.; philosophy

Richard Otto Eicher, Sandusky, O.; biology

Joseph Ronald Everly, Galion, O.; chemistry

Michael Allison Froman, Springfield, Va.; English

Jeffrey Daniel Gold, Verona, N. J.; French

Stephen Bernard Goldenberg, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; psychology

Harry Charles Gordon, Birmingham, Mich.; psychology

Marshall Pease Graham, III, Corpus Christi, Tex.; economics

Kenneth William Gregg, Lansing, Ill.; *summa cum laude*; highest honors in biology

David Smith Gullion, Pittsburgh; *cum laude*; high honors in chemistry

James David Hackworth, Shelbyville, Ky.; English

Nicholas Atkinson Harris, Scottsdale, Ariz.; history

Philip Joseph Harter, Columbus, O.; *cum laude*; high honors in mathematics

John Brewster Hattendorf, Western Springs, Ill.; history

Donald Bruce Hebb, Jr.; Butler, Md.; *magna cum laude*; philosophy

David Alwyn Hessinger, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; biology

Hubert Gordon Hicks, Cincinnati; economics

Clifford Hodgson Hilton, Ogden, Utah; English

Timothy Llewellyn Howe, Riverside, Conn.; English

Harry Marion Humphreys, Eggertsville, N. Y.; *magna cum laude*; honors in political science

Frederic Wright Huntington, Troy, N. Y.; political science

William Abram Hylton, Jr., Baltimore; *cum laude*; honors in English

Andrew Walston Jackson, Evanston, Ill.; *cum laude*; philosophy

Barry Christian Jentz, Cincinnati; *magna cum laude*; English

Robert Mace Kass, Woodmere, N. Y.; *cum laude*; honors in chemistry

David George Kearney, Pittsburgh; economics

Joel David Kellman, Detroit; political science

Boyd Peterson King, Cleveland Heights, O.; *cum laude*; honors in English

Paul Frederick Kluge, Berkeley Heights, N. J.; *summa cum laude*; highest honors in English

Kenneth Charles Korfmann, New Canaan, Conn.; honors in German

Thomas Donald LaBaugh, Warren, O.; economics

William Herschel Lamb, Grove City, Pa.; classics

Edward Thomas Lara, Jr., Roselle, Ill.; economics

Perry Carlton Lentz, Anniston, Ala.; *summa cum laude*; highest honors in English

Richard Francis Levitt, Pittsburgh; psychology

Farrand Miller Livingston, Worthington, O.; *cum laude*; high honors in economics

James Drew Lucas, Miami; psychology

Charles Henry Lynch, III, Baltimore; English

Edwin Lee McCampbell, Cleveland; political science

John Carleton McDonald, Grand Rapids, Mich.; English

George Spahr McElroy, Jr., Columbus, O.; psychology

Martin McKerrow, Park Ridge, Ill.; *cum laude*; English

Alexander McNamara, Altoona, Pa.; *cum laude*; high honors in German

John George Meddick, Weston, Conn.; economics

Henry Kelker Moffitt, Jr., East Aurora, N. Y.; physics

Joseph Imwold Moore, Jenkintown, Pa.; *cum laude*; English

Frank Weber Munger, Jr., Grosse Pointe, Mich.; *summa cum laude*; high honors in mathematics

William Terry Murbach, Archbold, O.; English

John Carline Nelson, St. Louis; political science

David Charles Newcomb, Cincinnati; *cum laude*; English

Edward Thorne Ordman, Wheaton, Md.; *magna cum laude*; highest honors in mathematics

Alan Stiles Pettibone, Chagrin Falls, O.; economics

Richard Michael Phelps, Rockville Centre, N. Y.; *cum laude*; mathematics

Michael Cuyler Phillips, Madison, N. J.; biology

Edward Lee Piepho, Wilmette, Ill.; *cum laude*; honors in English

Frank Woodworth Pine, Baltimore; biology

Henry Spruance Pool, Glenshaw, Pa.; *cum laude*; honors in history

Michael Edward Reed, Kenilworth, Ill.; English

Randall James Reid, Watchung, N. J.; economics

Eli Charles Renn, Baltimore; English

Eugene Raymond Rizzo, Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.; English; *in absentia*

Arthur Sollis Roemer, Jr.; Baltimore; *cum laude*; honors in economics

Timothy Knight Rowe, Toms River, N. J.; political science

Dale Maurice Royalty, III, Lexington, Ky.; biology

Lloyd Saltus, II, Morristown, N. J.; English

Richard Joy Scheidenhelm, Shorewood, Wis.; *cum laude*; high honors in history

David Alan Schmid, Westlake, O.; biology

David Emerson Schon, Park Ridge, Ill.; honors in history

Lawrence David Schultz, Montclair, N. J.; political science

John Christopher Matthai Scott, Baltimore; *cum laude*; honors in political science

George Leslie Seltzer, Springfield, N. J.; philosophy

Stephen Edmund Shapiro, New York; English

William Alvia Shira, III, Independence, O.; political science

James Arthur Sims, Dayton, O.; *cum laude*; biology

Thomas Charles Sprague, LaGrange, Ill.; philosophy

Eric Alexander Summerville, Caldwell, N. J.; history

Michael Peter Tannhauser, Buffalo; history; *in absentia*

Michael Holtslander Terry, Flint, Mich.; psychology

Bruce David Twine, Pound Ridge, N. Y.; psychology

James Craig Ulrich, Brecksville, O.; political science

Charles Stewart Verdery, Anne Arundel County, Md.; economics

Stephen Allan Wallis, Philadelphia; English

Ronald Elliott Wasserman, Pittsburgh; *cum laude*; honors in biology

John Waterston, Bethesda, Md.; *cum laude*; high honors in philosophy

Jeffrey Wick Way, Waverly, O.; *magna cum laude*; honors in history

John Hurd Willett, New York; French

Michael Davis Wood, Lancaster, O.; economics

Robert Gerald Workman, Mount Vernon, O.; *cum laude*; honors in biology

Andrew Bentham Worsnopp, Lewisboro, N. Y.; English

Richard Makato Yamaguchi, Cincinnati; biology

John Henry Zouck, Baltimore; *cum laude*; high honors in physics

AWARDS TO SENIORS

Fulbright Scholarships: Frank Munger (Germany; University of Kiel); Andrew Worsnopp (England; London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art)

Woodrow Wilson National Fellowships: Kenneth Gregg (Emory University); Frederick Kluge (University of Chicago—fellow without stipend; see below under *Fellowships*); Perry Lentz (Vanderbilt University); Frank Munger (Pennsylvania State University—1965-66); Edward Ordman (Princeton University—fellow without stipend; see below under *National Science Foundation Fellowship*); Jeffrey Way (New York University)

National Science Foundation Fellowship: Edward Ordman (Princeton University)

Danforth Fellowship: Edward Ordman (Princeton University—see above)

National Defense: William Coombs (Ohio State University)

Dalton Fellowship: Richard Scheidenhelm (University of Wisconsin)

Fellowships: James Atkinson (Emory University); Frederick Kluge (University of Chicago); Robert Workman (Emory University)

Tuition Scholarships: Barry Jentz (Harvard University); Alexander McNamara (Germany; University of Freiberg); Richard Phelps (Brown University); Robert Kass (Cornell University)

Assistantships: James Atkinson (Emory University—see above under *Fellowships*); Thomas Clarke (University of Mississippi); Philip Harter (University of Rochester); John Waterston (Wesleyan University, Conn.); John Zouck (University of Pittsburgh)

GENERAL COMMENTS: Other members of this class will do graduate work in the arts and sciences, business, medicine, law, or theology at such institutions as Columbia University; University of Michigan; General Theological Seminary; Jesus College, Cambridge University, England; University of Pennsylvania; University of Southern California; Duke University; and Western Reserve University. Six men will enter the Air Force, three the Peace Corps, four the Navy, and one the Army.

Recipients of the B.D. Degree or Diploma

MARLOWE DEAN ANDERSON, Brookings, S. D.; high honors in theology

John Woodson Baker, Columbus, O.

Carl Edward Creswell, Milan, Mich.

David Dunning, St. Clairsville, O.; honors in pastoral theology

William Rupert Fleming, Livonia, Mich.

William Braden Fulks, Huntington, W. Va.

Fayette Powers Grose, Hubbard, O.

James Cranston Hart, Columbus, O; Diploma in Theology

Edward Francis Holloway, Salisbury, Md.

Terrence Cameron MacDonald, Toledo, O.; Diploma in Theology

Ralph Gregory McGimpsey, Cleveland Heights, O.

John George McIntyre, Baltimore

Paul Charles Morrison, Cleveland

James Lowell Nelson, Framingham, Mass.

Robert Henry New, Cleveland

James Arvid Olson, Houghton, Mich.

Moses David Oluwafemi Oyinlade, Oshogbo, Nigeria

Dennis Lee Serdahl, Findlay, O.

John Kevin Stanley, Indianapolis; Certificate (special student)

William W. Stickle, Cleveland; Certificate (special student)

Hugh Albert Whitesell, Dayton, O.; Diploma in Theology

Jerry Michael Willcox, Minneapolis; honors in theology

From the Citations to Honoraries

THE REV. FRANCIS AYRES: "You . . . clearly perceived that in our day the seed of the Church's renewal must be planted first in the soil of our all-too-parochial parishes."

THE REV. ARTHUR HARGATE, '36, Bex. '38: "Faithful and able parish priest, United States Navy chaplain of distinction, honored diocesan official, unselfish civic and community leader."

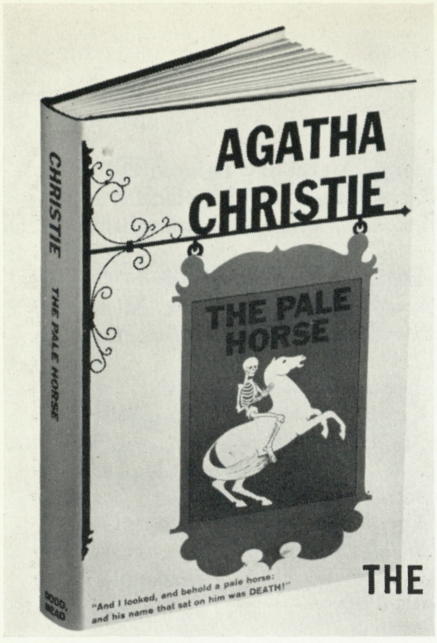
ERNEST HILGARD: "Your long series of penetrating investigations into the intricacies of the learning process, your now classic interpretive volumes on learning theory, your active participation in the affairs of important governmental, public, and professional agencies . . . these many contributions have brought respect and renown to you and through you to the science you so ably represent."

AUSTIN McELROY, '09: "For decades you have been a moving spirit in community endeavors in Columbus, O. . . . You have also been . . . a valued trustee and loyal friend of this College."

RALPH McGILL: "We commend you for the battles you have fought at home, for the friends—and, yes, for the enemies—you have made in the cause of civil rights. . . . You have been a voice of moderation and of decency in the contest of hate and violence."

THE REV. WILLIAM G. POLLARD: "As believing scientist and Christian you have shown . . . that within the realm of one man's life the essential unity of the two communities of science and religion can be found."

LUTHER TATE, '18: "A colleague of yours has said that in your capacity as principal [of the Fieldston School] you have served not only as arbiter in a war of talents but also as 'harmonizer.'"



Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company

DENIS BALY

Poison in Jest

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ENGLISH DETECTIVE STORY

WHO CARES who killed Roger Ackroyd?" So asked Edmund Wilson in an entertaining but, it must be admitted, superficial essay published nearly twenty years ago in *The New Yorker*. Apparently, a vast number of people care fervently who committed this and other celebrated crimes of fiction, for the public demand for detective stories seems almost insatiable. Agatha Christie, Margery Allingham, Freeman Wills Crofts, and Ngaio Marsh have each of them had a million copies of ten of their books published by Penguin at one time. The works of Agatha Christie, "the Queen of Crime," have been republished again and again in various editions (and regrettably under various names), and are still appearing. The startling and even irrational eleven-year run in London of her play *The Mousetrap* is further evidence of a social phenomenon which needs, surely, more serious attention than is often given to it.

The detective story, in its classic form, is essentially English; and one must say "English" advisedly, rather than "British," because the great majority of detective stories emanating from the British Isles are written by English writers, and are set in the English scene, rather than in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. Certainly, there are exceptions, such as the excellent stories of Eilís Dillon about Ireland, Arthur Upfield about Australia, or some of the best of Ngaio Marsh, which belong to New Zealand. These last, however, have an English detective, the austere and fastidious Roderick Alleyn, and therefore emphasize rather than disprove the stranglehold which England has long had on the classic type of detective fiction.

Now, the detective story, in the sense in which the word is used here, is not the thriller, the spy story, or the psychological study of a criminal; it is rather the story in which a crime is committed (usually murder). The whole interest thereafter lies in the painstaking detection of the criminal, whose identity, in most books, is unknown until nearly the end. The solving of the crime, however, does not, as one might perhaps imagine, exhaust the interest of the story, and in fact it is not necessary that the criminal should be unknown to the reader. Austin Freeman, the supreme exponent of purely scientific fiction, wrote a number of what he called "inverted detective stories" (e.g. in *The Singing Bone*), in which he recounted first how the crime was committed and then showed how that eminent medico-legal authority, John Thorndike, brought the criminal to justice. Freeman Wills Crofts, though less successfully, has attempted stories of the same type, many of them published in the London *Evening Standard*. In Dorothy Sayers' earliest book, *Whose Body?*, the identity of the criminal is known about halfway through, and the interest for the reader thereafter centers on the careful collection of evidence (the method, incidentally, by which Lord Peter Wimsey shows a medical student that he knows far more than he thinks he knows should be required reading for all seniors nervously approaching comprehensives). Moreover, the best detective stories stand rereading, and are indeed avidly reread by so many people that the majority of those sold today are reprints of books written earlier.

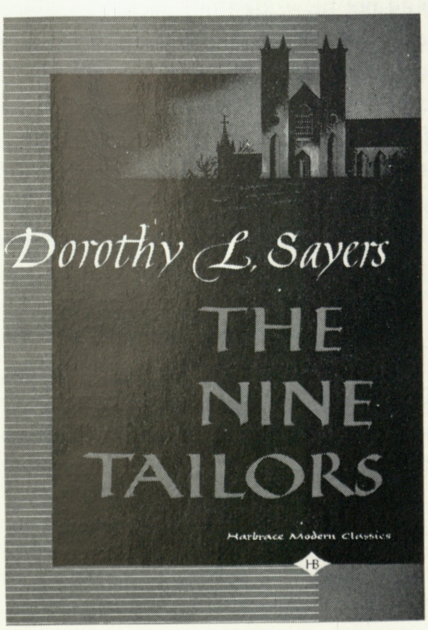
Detective stories, it is true, are still being written, but relatively few of them are what has been called here the true detective story, whose place is being taken by the story of violence, of the Mickey Spillane or James Bond type. The great day of the detective story has certainly passed. This was the period from 1925 to 1950; the previous quarter of a century, to which most of the Sherlock Holmes saga belongs, was preparatory; and the present period is mainly one of republication—though, fortunately for the afficionado, such masters of the art as Agatha Christie, Nicholas Blake, Michael Gilbert, and Ngaio Marsh are still with us and are still productive.

The enormous popularity of this type of story is not, as some wayward critics would have us believe, just another example of the inexhaustible public demand for the merely superficial. The English detective story at its best is far more than a whodunit, to be read once on a plane journey and then discarded. It is a novel in its own right, to be judged as such, and demanding a high level of craftsmanship in its production. In the realm of character study and social observation the detective novel stands supreme, and it is probable that our great-grandchildren, when they come to write their honors theses in English literature or in history, will use the detective novel as a rich and wonderful vein of source material for English middle-class life during the second quarter of the 20th Century. In the essay to which reference has already been made, Edmund Wilson says of *The Nine Tailors* by Dorothy Sayers that it is one of the dullest books he has ever encountered in any field, and that the characters are merely conventional. Perhaps he does find it dull—who but he is to say what book will titillate for

a while his jaded palate?—but "merely conventional" it is not. As one who knows East Anglian village life extremely well, I say emphatically that Edmund Wilson gives no evidence of knowing it at all, and seems here merely to pretend that he does. *The Nine Tailors* is so wickedly accurate as to be an abiding joy to any literate East Anglian.

RAYMOND CHANDLER, A FAR MORE ABLE OPPONENT OF THE detective story than Edmund Wilson, recognizes the skill with which the people in the village are depicted, but says that this is true only of the minor characters. The protagonist and antagonist in the story (as in all detective stories)—that is to say, the Detective and the Criminal—he accuses of being unreal, and he salutes Dashiel Hammett as being infinitely more skilled at describing a real murderer. "Hammett," he says in his essay called "The Simple Art of Murder," "gave murder back to the kind of people who commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not with hand-wrought duelling pistols, curare and tropical fish. He put these people down on paper as they are, and he made them talk and think in the language they customarily used for these purposes." Of course, Chandler is absolutely right. Yet he is surely wrong in condemning English detective novels for this reason. He is wrong, despite the brilliance of his criticism, because he does not understand them; he also finds them dull, and in a joyous backhanded compliment (forever to be treasured by lovers of English fiction) he says of such novels, "The English may not always be the best writers in the world, but they are incomparably the best dull writers."

It is essential to the success of the detective story that the reader should immediately recognize the characters and the scene as entirely familiar, so that he can lose himself in it. It must be his own world, for, as so many devoted detective story readers have said, "I do like a murder to be done by people who know." This requires accurate observation and literary skill of a high order, such as we find in Agatha Christie's vivid portrayal of an English village somewhere in the southern counties, E. C. R. Lorac's Lancashire fell country, Anthony Gilbert's awareness of the plight of an elderly spinster in modern society, and in the works of Dorothy Sayers and Josephine Tey, to name only a few.



Courtesy of Harcourt, Brace and World

The English detective novel has high literary standards. Many of the best-known writers have been people already distinguished in other fields of literature; the most familiar example today is Nicholas Blake, who in another guise is the celebrated poet Cecil Day Lewis. Others who spring to mind are Dorothy Sayers, G. K. Chesterton, A. A. Milne, and Monsignor Ronald Knox, whose eight excellent detective stories deserve to be better known than they are. Even Somerset Maugham and Rudyard Kipling did not disdain the writing of detective fiction. All these people, and such authors as Josephine Tey, Michael Gilbert, and Cyril Hare as well, have brought fully professional ability to the task of detective story writing, and all of them have used the English language with affection, understanding, and skill.

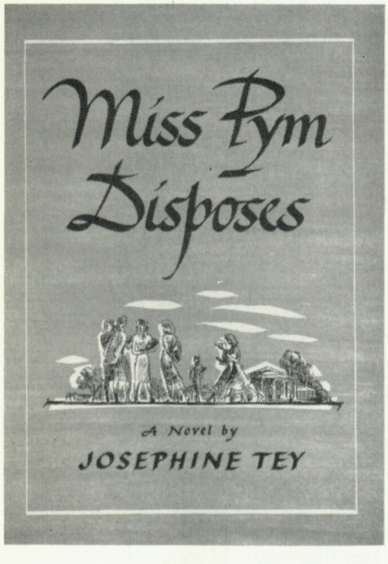
Yet one must note a certain limitation: the social observation is brilliant, but it is confined almost entirely to the middle and upper-middle classes. Murder seems hardly ever to be done by the real aristocracy, and equally seldom by the servants. Dorothy Sayers' *Clouds of Witness* concludes with all the magnificence of the trial of a duke before the House of Lords (now, alas, no longer possible), but the duke is acquitted, and the crime turns out to be distinctly commonplace. It is true that there is, among detective authors, a certain hankering for the purple, and Lord Peter Wimsey is not alone. Roderick Alleyn's mother has a title, and in one of the later books a peer is found even among the ordinary constables. The blood that runs in Albert Campion's veins is so blue that his position is merely hinted at, and one is left to imagine, if one will, that he is even a minor royalty. Margery Allingham, his creator, has also written stories with a distinctly aristocratic mise en scène. However, they are extravaganzas. Her lords and ladies dwell in phenomenally romantic castles, complete with ancient chalices and mysterious medieval rituals. They seem quite untouched by death duties and all the rigors of the welfare state, and it would never occur to them to open their historic homes to the populace at half-a-crown a head in order to pay their way. They are, in short, imaginary aristocrats living in a wholly imaginary land.

It is true that Mr. Campion is offset by his manservant, the utterly plebeian Lugg, whose accent and behavior would have horrified that paragon of respectability, Lord Peter Wimsey's Mervin Bunter; and to counterbalance the incursion of the highly-titled few into the field of detection there is that vulgar and irrepressible lawyer, Mr. Crook, the enchanting creation of Anthony Gilbert. But just as the aristocratic detectives come into the bourgeois world from outside, so also is Mr. Crook summoned from his disreputable quarters into a world to which he does not belong, and which he shocks and startles by his brash vulgarity. Indeed, this quality of exteriorness is essential to the role of the detective. Those admirable detective-inspectors, French, Grant, Macdonald, Rivers, Hemingway, Hannasyde,

and Owen, do not belong to the world in which the crime has been committed; they *belong* to Scotland Yard, and they come upon the place of the crime with all the terrifying otherness of visitors from another planet. Miss Silver is equally foreign, the mousy governess in the country-house world, and otherness reaches its peak in the exotic but brilliant personality of Hercule Poirot. Of all the celebrated detectives of fiction, only Miss Marple, the elderly spinster of St. Mary Mead, really belongs to the village society in which so many English fictional murders occur. She is, therefore, a significant exception to whom we must return later.

ANOTHER LIMITATION OF THE DETECTIVE STORY IS THAT AT almost no point does it call for redress of social evils and injustice in the society it so admirably describes. On the contrary, there is an unchangingness about the detective-story world, and the best detective novels remain in consequence singularly timeless, and can be read half a century later as if they had been published yesterday. We no longer have gasogenes or hansom cabs, but this does not detract from the vividness of Baker Street. *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* was written in 1920, but it is still being republished as a paperback forty-four years later. *12-30 from Croydon* by Freeman Wills Crofts describes a very early form of commercial aviation, but one is hardly aware of this, even if one reads it in the latest transatlantic jet.

As a result, the best detective stories are often marked by a certain snobbishness, by a calm assumption that the world they are describing is a satisfactory world in which change is not merely unlikely but actually undesirable. The aristocratic detectives of fiction reflect this snobbishness, which becomes grotesque in some of Margery Allingham, Ngaio Marsh, and Michael Innes, but which is quite explicit even in more disciplined writers. Consider, for instance, this passage in *Miss Pym Disposes* by Josephine Tey, in which Teresa Desterro, from Brazil, is discussing two people she has just met: "That is the kind of English, let me tell you in confidence, Miss Pym, that make every other nation on earth sick with envy. So quiet, so well-bred, so good to look at." This kind of comment occurs in many of Josephine Tey's novels, as well as in books by other authors, and we recognize here the authentic note of the English detective story, first sounded by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—as in the oft-quoted, and very Watsonian, statement, " 'It is my duty to warn you that it will be used against you,' cried the Inspector, with the magnificent fair play of the British criminal law" (from "The Dancing Men").



Courtesy of The Macmillan Company

With this snobbishness, this assumption of excellence and security, goes a rigid morality which must be accepted if the story is to have any meaning. The reader is therefore expected to share Inspector French's dislike of gambling, as expressed in *Fatal Venture* by Freeman Wills Crofts, and to sympathize with those little speeches of Miss Silver which the admiring but irreverent Frank Abbott calls "Maudie's moralities." Many critics have pointed out how moral detective novels are, because in them the criminal is always found out, and almost always punished. If he is not, he either commits suicide or meets his death in some convenient accident; he is hardly ever permitted to continue his activities.[1] It has also been noticed that a high percentage of clergy, teachers, lawyers, and others—who have as it were a professional interest in morality—are detective-story readers. In part, it is true, this is because they have all received an academic education, and they find the intellectual interest of the detective story a pleasant relaxation. But this is surely not the whole reason, for it would hardly explain the very definite religious interest of so many detective authors. Some of the best-known have been ordained clergy—Ronald Knox and C. A. Alington come immediately to mind—and the theological writings of Dorothy Sayers and G. K. Chesterton are famous. Indeed, one is tempted to say of them, "There, but for the grace of God, goes a good detective story!" It is less commonly known that Freeman Wills Crofts once wrote a harmony of the Gospels, but any reader must surely be struck by the frequency with which the egregious Mr. Crook quotes the Bible—flippantly it is true, but with approval.

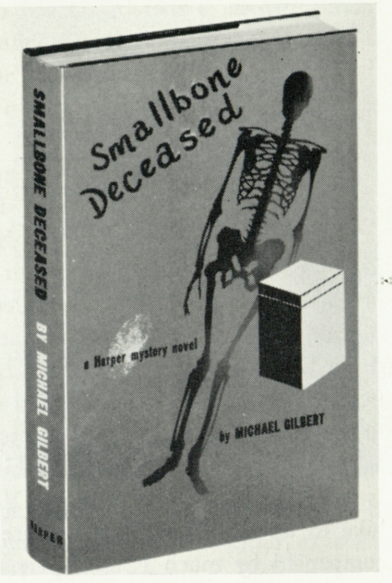
This commonly accepted morality is, in fact, basic to the detective novel, which could not be written in a society in which it did not exist. However, what is less obvious is that the morality must be commonly, *but not universally*, accepted. It belongs instead to a society whose mores have been called in question. The *sitz-im-leben*, therefore, of the true detective story is the enclosed community with a clearly defined pattern of life, and common acceptance of the basic principles of social cohesion. Much of this is tradition of the elders rather than the written law, but there is a clear understanding of what is, and what is not, "done." These things are taken for granted, as something given and immutable; everyone knows his place, and lives and moves by this unwritten code. The whole society, therefore, has no fear of otherness, and can tolerate eccentricity among its members, who for all their cranks and wilfulness never at any time break that invisible spider's web of commonly

1. In Raymond Postgate's *Verdict of Twelve* the criminal, whose identity is revealed on the last page, continues at liberty. However, the whole book is somewhat of a departure from the classic detective story form.

accepted morality and order which binds the whole society together.

Such societies have until recently abounded in England, and the best-known of them is the English village, the scene of so many of Agatha Christie's novels. However superficial the plot (and some of her stories, I regret to say, are very bad indeed), her skill in describing village life is almost unfailing. But she is not alone. Georgette Heyer in *Death in the Stocks* or *Detection Unlimited* is quite as skilful, and so is Michael Gilbert in *Sky-High*. Other enclosed and orderly communities are to be found in the English school (Nicholas Blake's *A Question of Proof*, or Josephine Bell's *Death at Half-Term*), the physical training college (Josephine Tey's *Miss Pym Disposes*), the university (Dorothy Sayers' *Gaudy Night*, or J. C. Masterman's *An Oxford Tragedy*), the publishing house (Nicholas Blake's *End of Chapter*), or the solicitor's office (Michael Gilbert's *Smallbone Deceased*). There is enormous possibility of variation.

It is fatal to the success of the detective story if the author has not himself lived in, and truly belonged to, the society. Any society may, of course, be described efficiently from outside, but no detective story can be written about it in this fashion. The failure of Ngaio Marsh, a New Zealander, to comprehend the mores of an English village (as in *Overture to Death*, or even more strikingly in *Death of a Fool*) is a good case in point. The mores of the society, which are so essential to the story, are an unwritten code, only known to, and accepted by, the members of the society. They alone are aware of the invisible limits of their conduct and just how far they may go. To them alone do these limits make any sense. Thus, in *Miss Pym Disposes* all the rules and regulations of the physical training college are accepted quite seriously by both faculty and students, who see no other manner in which such a society could be conducted. Only Miss Pym, an outsider from London, and Teresa Desterro, a half-English student from Brazil, ask any questions about them at all. American readers of the book often imagine that the picture is exaggerated, and find difficulty in believing that such extraordinary institutions exist. I can only assure such skeptics that not only do they exist but that the members of them, surprisingly enough, find nothing funny in them at all.



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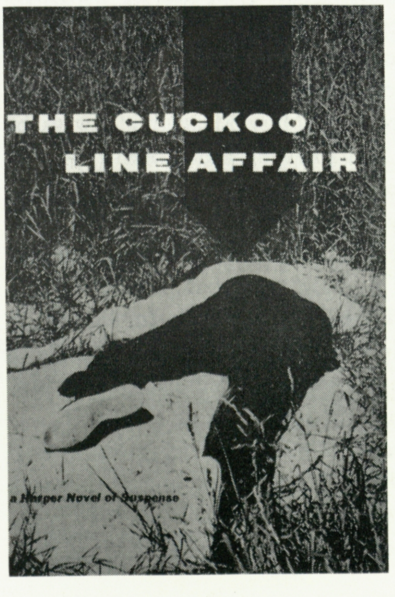
HOWEVER, THE SECURITY OF THE SOCIETY IS DISRUPTED WHEN it is discovered that there is, after all, someone who does not take it seriously, and acts by quite another code—apparently that most socially destructive of all principles, blatant self-interest. Usually he commits murder, thereby in a moment of time destroying all security. By a single, unforeseeable act a member of the society lies irrevocably dead, beyond all hope of resurrection, and peace is at an end. Sometimes the disruption takes a more subtle and insidious form: vicious anonymous letters attacking not only the members but the very structure of society, or a series of apparently meaningless thefts (Agatha Christie's *N or M?* and *Hickory, Dickory, Death*). In *The Franchise Affair* by Josephine Tey, a first-class story if there ever was one, a young girl brings an accusation against an elderly lady and her daughter, living alone in the country, that they have kidnapped, starved, and beaten her. In Andrew Garve's *The Cuckoo Line Affair* an apparently inoffensive elderly gentleman is likewise accused of having molested a young girl in a railroad train.

Whatever the crime or accusation, however, it is clear that some member of society is false. Posing as an insider, he is in fact an outsider, living by other and different mores. Nowhere is this clearer than in *Gaudy Night*, for there the writer of the anonymous letters accuses the academic community of being destructive of human life, and the two concepts are brought into open conflict. The detective story is always written in terms of the society it describes, and the possibility is not considered that the judgment brought by the outsider might be true. Instead, the detective is summoned from the world beyond, very much a *deus ex machina*, the "god" of the society, the visible manifestation of its ultimate concern, that which is understood to be the foundation of its order. He "tries the heart and the reins," for "he seeth not as man seeth," and in course of time he reveals the criminal, who is then expelled from the com-



munity, which is thereby purged of the evil. The essence of the detective story, therefore, is *catharsis.* The detective cleanses the body politic, and sends back the horrid dragon of meaninglessness wounded to its lair. No longer do men need to be afraid with any amazement.

This is the secret of the tremendous development and popularity of the detective novel in England. During the 19th Century Britain was mistress of the world, exercising a measure of power unequalled before or since. With none to make her afraid, her development seemed to be in the natural order of things. Whether by natural selection, or by divine providence, all history seemed to have been directed to this glorious era, in which new inventions and discoveries contributed daily to the well-being of the human race. It was the confidence of *Locksley Hall,* confirmed by the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is fashionable today to sneer at Victorianism, but it is a mistake to do so, for its values were real and solid, though accompanied by much Podsnappery. The middle-class Englishman had high standards; though often unimaginative, he was almost always truthful; though reserved and unemotional, he was remarkably chaste. The ordinary Victorian family was a very happy one, and—though living rather by the Ten Commandments than the Sermon on the Mount—believed sincerely in, and tried steadily to maintain, a life of moral rectitude. The Victorians were extraordinarily self-sufficient. With their hobbies and amusements, their musical evenings (often of near professional standard), and their innocent flower collections, they had their own resources, and stood in no need of external stimulation and excitement. It was this self-contained, self-sufficient world which was so shaken by the first World War (always in English terms the "Great War") ; when, after five years of unremitting toil, they tried to pick up the old life again, they found that they could not. Inevitably they felt betrayed.

It was to this sense of betrayal that the detective story ministered. It was comforting to the middle-class Englishman, still struggling to live by, and to inculcate, the values in which he so much believed, to read about some little familiar society which had been indeed betrayed, and which had been purged of its treachery not by revolution or dictatorship but by the forces of law and order themselves. These might be represented by a Scotland Yard detective, some erratic but noble lord, a clergyman, a doctor, professor, or lawyer, even perhaps a retired governess or an old lady from St. Mary Mead, but always by someone whom the English had for generations been taught in their childhood to respect, and whom they had come to know they could almost invariably trust. Miss Marple, it should be noticed, is not just anybody in the village; she is in the true Victorian sense of the word a "lady" who has trained servants and helps to run the village affairs. (Incidentally, for those who wish to picture her as she appears in the series of books about her it is important to expunge from one's mind all memory of Margaret Rutherford—difficult though this feat may be!)

This sense of trust permeated traditional English society, and the great question of the inter-war years, and even up to about 1950, was whether it was still valid. The detective novel urged that it was, and that men and women might therefore sleep quietly in their beds at night. Of course, there was much that was childish about this; of course, problems cannot be solved this neatly; of course, it is literature of escape, encouraging a disastrous complacency and that "holiday from history" which has paralyzed British political action for decades; of course, it was really and truly *fiction*—and perhaps that is the most damning thing that can be said about it.

But its influence was not entirely bad. The detective story mentality recognized the importance of law and order in society, and not only discouraged but specifically ruled out any appeal to mob violence or the charismatic leader of the Fascist type. This is where Raymond Chandler's criticisms are misplaced. Of course, Dashiell Hammett's murderers are more real, but then Dashiell Hammett's world is one in which murder is by definition possible and even likely. The world of the detective story is one in which it is not. Nor was this untrue to life. The nervous visitor to England, who had read only detective stories, might be led to imagine that if he ventured into the library he would be sure to find a corpse stretched out on the hearthrug, but in the actual England of my childhood there were no more than twenty or thirty murders a year, out of a population of some forty million. Further, the detective story recognized that the guilty person was most probably one of ourselves, a true member of society who had ceased to honor his heritage. That is why the servants in English detective stories so seldom commit murder. The detective story allows no place for demagoguery, witch hunts, or attempts to find a scapegoat in a racial type or a special class of people. It is striking how, with the development of the detective novel as an authentic literary *genre,* a definite concept of society emerges, which rejects as false all mumbo-jumbo and hocus-pocus, and with it every suggestion that what threatens us is some devilish conspiracy of subhuman beings or superhuman spirits. It is the literature of a humanist, and a humane, society. The sinister Chinaman, the mysterious arrow-poison of the South American Indians which leaves no trace, the evil-disposed gypsy, even the unknown character, the "X" who has played no part in the society so far—all these are excluded. And so, by analogy, are excluded all arguments from the Protocols of Zion, all accusations of ritual murder, all pogroms, lynchings, and political assassinations. A premium is placed upon integrity; not only is the author in duty bound to give all the clues, but the detective frequently insists that, once he has been called upon the scene, he must at whatever cost discover the truth. Central to the detective story is the validity of human reason, logical argument, and the patient sifting of evidence.

CERTAINLY, EVEN AS THEY WERE BEING WRITTEN, THE DETECTIVE-STORY way of life was becoming more and more of a dream—but at least it was a pleasant dream, and not a nightmare. The replacement of the detective story by the novel of violence, of the tough private-eye taking the law into his own hands, and by science fiction, which absolves mankind by seeing the threat in the sinister forces of outer space, does not seem, at least to me, to be encouraging. These are no less the literature of escape, suitable light-reading for the "holiday from history,"

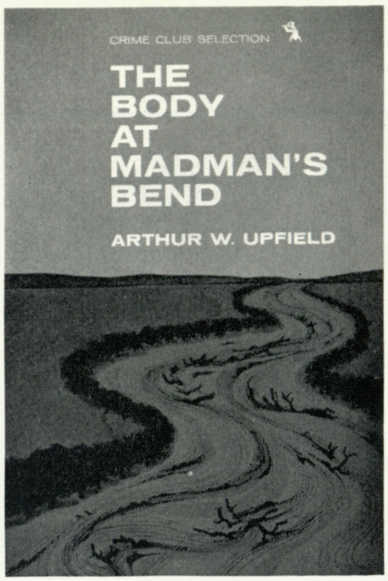
but they are based upon a much less healthy, and a much less valid, concept of society.

There is still one more thing to be said. The real weakness of the detective story lies in its ending, which inevitably runs counter to the whole thesis upon which detective fiction is necessarily based. The society of the detective story, as I have tried to show, is both a patient and a tolerant society, averse to violence and strong-arm methods; and yet it finds that it cannot tolerate the traitor, the person who will not take its values seriously, who finds its morality absurd. For such a person there can be no forgiveness; he must be excluded forever, taken back to the place from which he came, and hanged by the neck until he is dead, in the pious hope that the Lord may have mercy on his soul.

But this will not do, for the detective-story society is post-Christian English society, with only a residual belief in the Lord and all His works. Therefore, in terms of detective-story morality, society has betrayed itself, and its faith in human reason, when in every book it implacably destroys a man before whom it is helpless—unable either to tolerate or to teach him. Its punishments become, in consequence, that very ritual murder which is abhorrent to it, a purging of society by legalized violence. It cannot claim, as did the Inquisition, that it is handing over the criminal to a merciful, though invisible, Savior; this type of Savior has no place in its language, which must of necessity exclude the supranatural and any suggestion of invisible powers.

Dorothy Sayers realized this more than thirty years ago when she wrote of the problem of bringing the story to an end. In her introduction to *Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery, and Horror* she said: "A real person has then to be brought to the gallows, and this must not be done too lightheartedly. Mr. G. K. Chesterton deals with this problem by merely refusing to face it. His Father Brown (who looks at sin and crime from the religious point of view) retires from the problem before the arrest is reached. He is satisfied with a confession. The sordid details take place 'off.'" In her last two books she tried to deal with the problem. *Gaudy Night* closes with the college finding ways of caring for the offender, and the reader is left with the suggestion that society has forgiven her. But of course it has done nothing of the kind. It has done no more than hand over to a transcendent world outside the person whom the college itself cannot accept, in the hope that she can find there grace to help in time of need. In *Busman's Honeymoon* it is clear that this solution is not possible, and Lord Peter is appalled at his helplessness to do anything at all for the murderer. It is not surprising that this is the last of the Peter Wimsey stories.

Detective-story society is humanist society, which sees toleration as a way of life, and it is the humanist, post-Christian society which abolishes the death penalty, for by the logic of its own argument it cannot annihilate its own wayward members. But it cannot tolerate them either, and cannot readmit them freely to their place and privilege, for no society can forgive treachery and still remain a valid society. This becomes clear in the Alec Guinness movie, *Tunes of Glory*, and the fate of the colonel and the acting-colonel in that story. There is probably no more self-contained, self-sufficient, and self-conscious society in all the world than a Scottish highland regiment, such as that to which these two men belong, each of them intensely proud of the traditions by which the regiment lives. But each of them, involuntarily, in a sudden, unpremeditated moment, betrays these traditions, and betrays therefore the very thing that he holds most dear. Each is aghast when he realizes what he has done, and the colonel commits suicide. It is he, the willing victim, who is judged to have acted honorably, for he has removed himself from the society he has desecrated and profaned, and therefore it is for him that all the "tunes of glory" are to be played. The other, the acting-colonel, is no less ashamed, and bursts into tears, but for him there is neither sympathy nor acceptance. His presence is only an embarrassment, and so he is wrapped in his greatcoat and hustled out of the castle gate.



Courtesy of Doubleday and Company

It is a very different verdict from that of the Gospels. There again there are two traitors, but in this case the one to whom all honor is given is the one who weeps bitterly, and remains to haunt and embarrass the world. For the one who commits suicide, in accordance with the canons of the detective story, there is nothing but condemnation. The detective story, therefore, is only highly moral literature; it is emphatically not Christian literature (if indeed there can be such a thing), for the judgment it pronounces is quite other than the judgment of a Christian. Certainly it tells the truth, for steadily it demonstrates the appalling truth that if in this world only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable. Society cannot forgive, and no society which we can ever construct will be able to forgive, because no society can contemplate its own destruction. Only he can forgive who is himself prepared to die, and by his death grant the traitor the right to live.

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CURTAIN CALL: A VISIT TO BULGARIA, RUMANIA, AND HUNGARY

by Dana Niswender, '22

THE FOLLOWING is principally an account of our curtain call last summer on three countries—Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary. While we didn't encounter the kind of amazing things that greeted Alice when she stepped through the looking-glass, we saw much that interested us. (When I say "we," I mean myself, my wife Triffie, and Betty McCabe, who works at the American Embassy in Athens. Betty accompanied us as far as Budapest.)

We left Athens on June 29, drove north through Thessaloniki, and early in the afternoon of June 30 approached the only border control point connecting Greece and Bulgaria. The point is one that neither Greeks nor Bulgarians may ordinarily pass, but it is open to foreigners, diplomatic personnel, and—I think—certain truck drivers. On the Greek side the pavement was rough for five or six miles, and here and there we passed heavy, steel-pronged roadblocks. We went through four Greek checkpoints, the last being the one where our passports and *carnet de passages* were examined. Then, about 100 yards further on, we came to the Bulgarian border. Two genial men in civilian clothing did the checking here, gave a cursory glance at our luggage, and sold us eleven days' insurance on the car for slightly less than $7. This was the only checkpoint on the Bulgarian side.

The highway ran beside the Struma River and was quite scenic. Late in the afternoon we turned off it and drove nineteen miles up a rugged mountain valley to Rilski Monastir, located among snow-capped peaks. Here we were lucky enough to find rooms in a Balkan tourist hotel (Class C) just behind the monastery and on the edge of a rushing mountain stream (snow water). The place was swarming with tourists. They arrived by motorcycle, bus, and by a few cars—mostly Wartburgs, an East German product that a Bulgarian later told me is very poor. Our Saab excited a lot of interest. Two male tourists managed enough English and sign language to ask me the price of the car in dollars. (I might add that wherever we went, especially in Bulgaria and Rumania, every man and boy paused to walk slowly around it, peer into it, and touch it—I think with longing and even a little reverence.)

At dinner on the terrace over the river, the table next to us was occupied by eight men and one woman. The group stared at us until finally I said, "*Assam Americanis*" ("I am an American"). They were Rumanian tourists, we learned presently. We conversed in sign language and the few Bulgarian words we shared in common. The woman was quite talkative and inquisitive, but when their tour leader came over and said something they all retreated into silence. Finally, however, the woman spoke again, asking if we were Russkies. When we laughed and said once more that we were Americans, all was well.

The history of Rilski Monastir goes back to the beginning of the 10th Century when a certain Ivan Rilski sought refuge at this wild, then isolated spot from the corruption at court. In 1335 a feudal lord, Hrelyo, caused the first walls of the monastery to be built. After a fire in 1833, the present enormous 300-room structure was erected. It is now used as a museum and tourist hotel.

WE ARRIVED IN SOFIA, BULGARIA'S CAPITAL, SHORTLY AFTER noon the next day, and went at once to the Balkan tourist office, which is supplied with a number of people who speak English. We were told to get lunch and then come back. In the meantime, arrangements would be made for the rest of our stay in Bulgaria.

On July 2, a Bulgarian girl guide, a college student who had studied English only a year and a half, showed us around Sofia, where more than 2000 years ago a Thracian tribe first established a settlement. We visited the 6th Century church of St. Sofia and the impressive Alexander Nevski church, built late in the 19th Century to commemorate the liberation of the Bulgarians from some 500 years of Turkish occupation. (Alexander II of Russia provided the necessary soldiers, equipment, and supplies.)

The Alexander Nevski church has excellent acoustics. While we were there a service for the name day of a saint was in progress. Several hundred people were taking part in it—many of them old, but there was a sprinkling of younger ones. The singing entranced us, both the chanting of the priests and the responses of a choir of remarkable voices, so situated that the singing seemed to come from heaven.

Rilski Monastir.

A central square in Sofia.

On July 3 we drove to Plovdiv over a section of the international highway which runs from Istanbul to Belgrade—a very good road, part asphalt and part brick. In the afternoon we took in the sights of Plovdiv, including an interesting old house with a typical wood-carved interior. Triffie's librarian interests gained us the opportunity to see some rare books, one dating back to the 6th Century and another the first book printed in Bulgarian (1512). We also leafed through two volumes of rare Rembrandt prints.

Our guide was a genial young man who is a student at The University of Moscow and plans to enter the Bulgarian foreign service. He speaks French and is studying English and Arabic, with emphasis on the latter. He has served the required time on a collective farm and finished his two years of military training. He studied engineering for three years and then quit because there are already too many engineers in Bulgaria. His mother is a dentist and his father a doctor, but he is not interested in either medicine or teaching (two professions yielding premium pay in Bulgaria) because he would probably be sent for a long time to a remote village. The government, which controls and operates everything in Bulgaria, places college graduates where it pleases, usually in villages.

On the Fourth of July we visited a collective farm composed of several quite large separate sections for vegetables, grapes, milk, and so on, and a village of 6000 people—3500 of them workers—all under one general director. Among other things we passed a vast field of American hybrid corn and visited a warehouse where school children who "give" a month of their vacation to farm work were helping pack tomatoes. The director presented us with a whole crate of tomatoes and several large cucumbers. We had lunch at the village collective restaurant and on the way home stopped at the collective winery to see methods of production and to taste some wines.

In the farm village, we went to a medical center and also a kindergarten (one of three) for two age-groups—3- and 4-year-olds and 6 and 7. The children take their meals there and are cared for all day while their parents work. Quite carefully and seriously, these children performed a couple of happy little folk-song dances for us. They were exceptionally well-behaved, as were groups of children we observed elsewhere in Bulgaria and in Rumania and Hungary. I might add that to me they seemed a little too well-behaved, a little too group-oriented. But I should also add that nothing at the farm had been prearranged, since the director wasn't expecting us, and that we met no suspicion of any kind, only good-natured helpfulness. The parting words of our guide were, "We like Americans here."

On July 5 we left Plovdiv for Turnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria. The road, a secondary one, was much better than a noted guidebook had led us to expect. The land looked fertile and the countryside prosperous, and the mountains—in contrast to those in Greece—were thickly wooded. We drove

En route from Plovdiv to Turnovo.

The Astoria Hotel at Golden Sands.

through the Valley of Roses, where the principal industry in season is the production of attar of roses, had a scenic ride up over the Balkan range, and stopped at the highest point on Mt. Stoletov for a lunch of sliced cucumbers and peanut-butter and tomato sandwiches.

On July 6 we reached Zlatni Pyassatsi (or Golden Sands), the Red Riviera, which is about ten miles north of Varna on the Black Sea. We arrived in time to locate our hotel and be on the beach in the sun by early afternoon. Our hotel, the Astoria, is a new twelve-story Swedish-designed structure, good-looking and nicely furnished. The beach is right next to the hotel and is deep with coarse yellow ("golden") sand. The temperature of the Black Sea was exactly to our taste.

Although Bulgaria supposedly has a one-class proletarian society, I saw evidences of class distinctions there just as I had at Sochi on the Black Sea (Sochi is the Palm Beach of Russia). For instance, at the Astoria the prices are higher than elsewhere, the service and food of a superior order, and the guests better dressed and suaver than the general run of people.

One of the lifeguards, a quite handsome man, spoke reasonably good English and practiced on us a good deal until he was warned either that he was neglecting his duties or that he shouldn't be talking at such length to Americans. He said that he is a lawyer in Sofia on a pension because of an arm injury received in the war. From May 1 to October 1 he is a lifeguard mainly because his doctor has recommended sun and swimming to help the arm. He asked us for magazines from America, but unfortunately we'd given all we had—a bundle of *New Yorkers*, *Saturday Reviews*, *New Republics*—to a young Bulgarian we'd met elsewhere. When we told him that we'd send him some by mail, he appeared hesitant and said only, "It isn't necessary." While we were on the beach we were also approached by a German woman who said she'd buy anything we had to sell, and by a Bulgarian man who wanted to purchase my Japanese bathing sandals.

After four perfect days at Golden Sands we started early on July 11 for Bucharest, a new country and a totally different language and alphabet. Apropos of this I might mention some problems of communication that the traveler had better be aware of. In Greece *"neh"* means "yes"; in Bulgaria *"neh"* means "no." In Greece a backward nod of the head means "no" and to shake your head means "please repeat, I didn't quite understand"; in Bulgaria to shake your head means "yes," but in Rumania you revert to our own system: to shake the head means "no." Had we not been forewarned of these differences, imagine our consternation when, a few miles inside Bulgaria, we stopped beside a group of villagers to ask whether we were on the right road. Pointing straight ahead, we asked, "Sofia?"—only to have the villagers smile encouragingly and shake their heads!

WE SOON NOTED SEVERAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN BULGARIA and Rumania. People in Rumania are not as friendly as those in Bulgaria. Bulgarians actually seem starved for the sight of or a chance to talk to foreigners, and everyone waves delightedly as you go by. In Rumania only quite young children wave. Rumanian roads—at least the main highway that we traveled—are better than Bulgarian roads: they are wide and smooth and as in Bulgaria lined with fruit trees and huge old poplars. Bulgarian houses generally lack not only style but finish, while Rumanian houses are garishly painted and often have porches with ornamental arches adorned with various kinds of hand-carved wood.

Although food seemed plentiful as we drove through the fertile countryside, an American woman employed at our legation in Bucharest told us that during the 1962-63 winter there were weeks and weeks when nothing was available except cabbages and potatoes. If all government agencies exhibit the inefficiency and disorder of *Carpati*, the government tourist agency, the food shortage is quite understandable. Bureaucratic confusion may also explain why Rumania, although potentially richer in natural resources than either Bulgaria or Hungary, appears so much poorer. In addition to much fertile land Rumania follows only Russia as the largest oil producer in Europe and has large reserves in lumber, coal, water power, uranium ore, bauxite, salt, and pyrites.

On reaching Bucharest we went at once to *Carpati*, where we were told that they had had no notice of our arrival and that therefore no arrangements whatever had been made for us. Then, looking through their book, a young clerk found us listed for exactly the day we arrived—and at least had the courtesy to blush. We were told, however, that the Lido and the Ambassador, the two *Carpati* hotels (and probably the only decent hotels in Bucharest), were full, but that a messenger would be sent to find rooms for us. Innocently, we formed a picture of a young man dashing about the city in search of accommodations. Later, though, we discovered that he'd gone only to the places mentioned above, both of which are just across the street from *Carpati*. And yet hours went by: we began waiting at 5:30 and not until 9:30 were we finally sent to the Ambassador, where the manager tried to put the three of us into one room. When Betty McCabe vigorously protested, he produced a single room at once. Why the four-hour delay we will never know.

The rooms were not particularly clean; the noise from raucous streetcars and auto horns was sleep-destroying; the food was good enough but the service unbelievably bad. On the first night we finally got a waiter (we couldn't eat until we had a hotel; you must eat where you stay) only after Triffie began rapping the water and wine glasses in turn harder and harder. Then, suddenly, we had three waiters, all equally inefficient. At lunch the next day we sat at a table full of dirty dishes. No waiter deigned to notice us until Triffie got a tray and took two loads of dishes and glasses to the kitchen. The help was floored—and a waiter appeared at once.

Most of the one full day we had in Bucharest was spent in the *Carpati* office trying to get some action on reservations for hotels in Sibiu and Oradea, our two stops on the way to Hungary. Not that we feel we missed much, for there is little of interest to see in Bucharest—except, perhaps, the village museum where there have been set up some 100 original structures to preserve the old-fashioned architecture of Rumania.

On July 13 we left for Sibiu with a package of sandwiches from the hotel restaurant for our lunch. When we stopped to eat them, however, we discovered that the sandwiches were simply sliced fat ham and fatter salami. No bread. We still had some Bulgarian tomatoes.

On the way to Sibiu we drove up the beautiful Prahova Valley, past some attractive mountain-resort towns, and over the Carpathian Mountains. At Predeal the road reached 3400 feet. Here the Prahova River has its source.

When we reached the Hotel Paltinis in Sibiu, we were greeted by the statement (in sign language only; no one on the staff or in the *Carpati* office spoke English) that they had never heard of us. After more than an hour of sign-language argument, of running back and forth between the hotel and the local *Carpati* office, and of cooling our heels, a young

Rumanian providentially appeared. He was an oil engineer, employed in the Ploesti fields, who was in Sibiu on a survey project. He quickly found the source of all our difficulties: we really had reservations, but we were listed as three Greeks, and here we were with American passports.

The rooms at Sibiu were those of a fourth- or fifth-rate U.S.A. hotel, but the dining room was attractive and the food the best we'd had in Rumania. However, the next morning—even with the help of our new friend—we didn't manage to get a complete breakfast. The kitchen was engaged in packing us a lunch, and the complications of serving one meal while preparing another were evidently more than could be coped with.

When we left on July 14 for Oradea, we expected the worst in the way of accommodations; we didn't even know the name of the hotel. But we allowed the car to take us where it would when we reached Oradea, and it took us to the Hotel Transylvania, which proved to be the right place with rooms awaiting us. In fact, Triffie and I had a luxurious two-room apartment suite, and the head of the *Carpati* office appeared in the dining room to greet us and then again the next morning to see that we managed a proper breakfast and picnic lunch. Perhaps some of our complaints about our misadventures had been relayed back to the main *Carpati* office and this was an attempt to send us off with a smile. My own feeling, however, is that there just happened to be a good man in charge of the Oradea office.

In Bulgaria everyone seems aware of the dangers of motor traffic and looks carefully before crossing a street or road. This may be the result of a government safety campaign, some evidence of which we saw in posters along the highways. But in Rumania—in spite of the smoother, wider highways—one dare not drive fast and must be constantly on the alert because men, women, boys, girls, babies, goats, sheep, cows, horses, dogs, pigs, ducks, geese, chickens, donkeys, carts and wagons wander at will. In this regard Rumanians are, if possible, even worse than Greeks.

IN THE 10TH CENTURY A.D. A WARLIKE NOMAD CHIEFTAIN, Arpad, led his Oriental Magyar tribes out of South Russia and into what is now Hungary. Later, they became Christian, and during the Middle Ages prevented other Asiatic tribes from marauding further into Europe. During the 16th and 17th centuries they stopped the Turkish conquest of Europe cold. Today, Hungarians maintain that they are Occidental Europeans.

On July 15 we entered the northeastern section of Hungary. This is cattle country, and like most of Hungary it is as flat as our Midwest. An excellent highway led all the way to Budapest, where we stayed at the Hotel Margitsziget, beautifully located on an island in the Danube right in the middle of the city. In fact, the river separates the city into its two parts: on one side Buda and on the other Pest. According to Fodor's *Jet Age Guide to Europe* the Margitsziget is "Hungary's best . . . world famous." According to us it is a faded Victorian hotel, badly in need of refurbishing, whose beds groan every time a sleeper moves even slightly.

Budapest still reminds *Fodor* of Paris, but not me. To me, Budapest seems bedraggled, in need of a face lifting. It is true that the city has numerous parks, but many of these have appeared since 1956 and are the present regime's quickest method of obliterating ruined buildings; that is, reminders of that abortive attempt to get rid of the Russians. When we rode past the place where the severest fighting occurred, our companion—a Hungarian—was so abstracted (remembering,

Fisherman's Bastion in Budapest.

as he told us later, all his friends who had died there) that he did not hear what we were saying. This same man, whom we had met casually, later invited us to his apartment for a drink of apple juice. He and his wife are both professional people with relatively good jobs, yet they live in a dingy, poorly furnished apartment approached by a crumbling hall. This was supposed to be a superior apartment, however, and they paid $11 per month for it rather than the usual $4 or $5.

Of the ten million people in Hungary two million live in Budapest. To prevent further movement from country to city, the government demands that living quarters be found before a job will be assigned. And living quarters, I was given to understand, are almost impossible to get.

Among the sights of the city the one that struck us most was the monstrous neo-Gothic Parliament House, probably the ugliest impressive building I've ever seen. It has eighteen courtyards, twenty-seven staircases, a 312-foot dome, and so many smaller adornments that a year would not suffice to count them. The building now houses the central government of Mr. Kadar.

Another sight we were directed to was a famous restaurant, the Kis Royal, which claims a genuine gypsy band. To me the Kis Royal seemed a real tourist trap which no Hungarian could possibly afford. The orchestra members looked a bit like tired businessmen and dressed that way. And played not what I'd call fiery gypsy music but excellent chamber music. The food was good but very expensive. The outstanding feature the night we were there was Mr. Richard Nixon and his family. The next night they sat in the front row while we sat in the sixth row at a presentation of Hungarian folk dancing by a company so excellent that it spends most of its time touring Europe.

On our last night in Budapest we ate in another gypsy place, the Matyaspince—a cellar restaurant which seemed to me much more authentic than the Kis Royal. The customers were mainly Hungarian, the excellent food was reasonably priced, and the orchestra more gypsy-like. What impressed us most, however, was the efficiency with which the place was operated. The service was quick and deft, and the host quite interested in seeing that we were pleased. Our Hungarian friend had told us that the gypsy restaurants (now very

popular in Budapest) are privately owned and often by gypsies. (Here I might note that much more small-scale private enterprise is allowed in Hungary than in Rumania or Bulgaria. This has been especially the case since 1956.) The service at the Margitsziget (government operated) was slow and inefficient. It's wonderful to note the difference a little competition makes.

On July 20 Betty McCabe took a Polish plane back to Athens and Triffie and I started for Vienna. I'll touch only briefly on the rest of our travels, since they were over ground familiar to so many tourists. From Vienna we drove through the scenic southern Austrian Alps to Portschach on the *Wörther See*, "the warmest Alpine lake of Europe." After five pleasant days there we set out on July 29 for the Gross Glockner, the highest peak in Austria (12,461 feet). We stayed overnight at the Franz-Josef Haus, nearly 8000 feet up. From our window we could gaze across the Pasterzen Glacier at the peak of the Gross Glockner. The next morning we drove a few miles further to Edelweisspitze, where one is supposed to be able to see nineteen glaciers and thirty-seven peaks higher than 10,000 feet. (We didn't count them.) We went on next to Salzburg, and then to Innsbruck. On August 5 we proceeded to Romanshorn on the Swiss side of Lake Constance (*Boden See* to the Austrians). The lake is a big one and is bordered by Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. The Austrian border control waved us on, but we had to pass through Germany because a narrow neck of the country extends into the Austrian Alps, and the German border control halted us. They carefully scrutinized our documents and discovered not only that I had failed to sign our green international card in one place but that I had no initial on the car indicating the country of origin. I first tried for a USA because we are American citizens with American passports. Then I tried for a GR because our *carnet de passages* was issued by ELPA, the Greek motor club. However, because our license plates were Swedish, I was forced to paste a big S on the rear of the car. Thus we went on our way falsely informing the passing world that we were Swedes—but Swedes who knew not a single word of Swedish, as occasional authentic Swedes discovered when they approached us and tried to engage us in conversation.

On August 8 we went to Zurich and then to Basel, where we spent five pleasant days with our friends the Wegmanns. Over the weekend we stayed at their Jura mountain country place, 3000 feet up. Here we had a chance to taste real rural Swiss life, and to attend the very popular annual country horse fair (only Freibergers—free Jura-mountain horses—allowed). Ironically, in these traditionally free mountains we found that ethnic differences were a source of irritation and argument. The local canton is composed of a majority of German-Swiss with a French-Swiss minority. The more urban German-Swiss are attempting to establish a military post on several farms the Swiss Army acquired in a rather devious way. The French-Swiss do not wish their peaceful countryside militarily disturbed and are carrying on a vigorous campaign to stop the project. A third faction, suspect by the other two, is a scattering of Anabaptists, who are thoroughly anti-military. The farms acquired by the Army were, however, Anabaptist farms. Not long before our visit, the buildings on two of the Army farms had been burned at night, and the German-Swiss authorities had been trying unsuccessfully to pin the blame on the French-Swiss. In Switzerland, where there is no professional military establishment, the local authorities may represent at one and the same time the civil, the political, and the military. After the second fire the police (German-Swiss) not only held the son of the mayor of one of the French-Swiss villages in jail without evidence for many hours, but also arrested fifteen or twenty French-Swiss. Most of these were young people, and the majority of them were unceremoniously yanked out of school (including, in one case, the teacher). These people against whom no evidence existed were marched off to jail, two gendarmes to each victim. These and other Nazi methods have so upset the German-Swiss Wegmanns that they are contributing both personal efforts and financial aid to the cause of the French-Swiss.

I should add that little of this conflict is apparent to the visitor, and we spent a perfect weekend in the Jura Mountains —the only mountains in Switzerland which are not Alps.

When we left Basel we did some further mountain climbing and spent the night at Andermatt, 4700 feet high. The next morning we went on up and over the St. Gotthard Pass (6800 feet) and then down to Lake Lugano. We had changed our original plan to drive back to Greece by way of Yugoslavia, and instead journeyed in leisurely fashion through Italy, stopping two days in Verona, three in Florence (our favorite city outside Greece), and overnight in Terni, Pescara, and Foggia. The ferry from Brindisi took us on August 28 to Patras, whence we proceeded with Saabic celerity to Athens.

As a kind of codicil to this account of our summer travels let me quote the last paragraph from the notice to guests posted on the room door of our last hotel in Italy, the Cicolella in Foggia:

> *Will you please . . . let us know about any uneffici*eny *as well as leakings on the service: our utmost will be done to improve it immediately.*
>
> TANK YOU!

A square in Oradea.

Alumni Notes

'19

Todd Frazier
334 E. Lincoln
Onarga, Ill.

FRANCIS ROGERS has been awarded the rank of commander in the Order of Vasco Núñez de Balboa by the Government of Panama. The decoration was made in recognition of Mr. Rogers' service in developing tourist trade in the republic. Azael Vargas, minister of agriculture, commerce, and industry in Panama, officiated at the ceremony, which was held in that country.

'21

David Cable
5826 Briarwood Lane
Solon, O.

GEORGE ZOLLINGER has resigned from the Peace Corps and returned from Afghanistan to Washington, D.C., where he is living at the University Club.

'22

Malcolm Adams
4131 Story Rd.
Cleveland

DR. E. A. HOLLEY resigned in April from the Martins Ferry (O.) City Health Board after more than thirty years of service. This is only one of the many community activities in which he has participated during his thirty-six years as a dentist in Martins Ferry. He has also served as president of the board of education, commander of American Legion Post Thirty-eight, president of the Belmont County and East Ohio dental societies, and chairman of the Belmont County Sanatorium Board.

'23

John Wolverton
2031 Temblethurst Dr.
South Euclid, O.

THE RT. REV. ARTHUR LICHTENBERGER, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, has announced that he will resign from his position when the next General Convention of the Church meets in St. Louis in October of this year. Bishop Lichtenberger is suffering from Parkinson's disease and finds the many responsibilities of his position increasingly difficult to meet.

'24

Henry Crawford
1857 Union Commerce Building
Cleveland

DR. ALEXANDER DUFF, JR., is in his third year as president of the American Association for the Study of Neoplastic Diseases ("perhaps the greatest honor I have had in medical circles").

A retirement ceremony for John Correll, '28 (center), was held at the American Embassy in London just before Mr. Correll and his wife returned to the United States. On that occasion, Ambassador David Bruce (at right) said: "Those of us who have seen you greet Trade Union friends from Greece or Spain or South America have some idea of the high esteem felt for you by the labor leaders in these countries. In the past five years we have had ample opportunity to observe that British leaders hold you in the same high regard." Mr. Correll is shown here responding to Ambassador Bruce's remarks. At the left is Mrs. Correll. (See class entry.)

THE REV. DONALD ELLWOOD observed in May the thirty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Episcopal priesthood. He reports: "Bishop Boyd Vincent of Southern Ohio, who was in the fortieth year of his episcopate and who lived to be about 90, ordained me. Dr. J. Hollister Lynch of Cincinnati, who died at the age of 96, presented me for both of my ordinations. Who knows, maybe I'll be a nonagenarian." As reported some years ago in the *Bulletin*, Mr. Ellwood is rector of St. Paul's Church in Windham, Conn. The parish recently celebrated the 130 anniversary of the consecration of the church.

HENRY CRAWFORD has received this year's Double Cross Award of the Court of Nisi Prius in Cleveland. Mr. Crawford, a partner in the law firm of Squire, Sanders and Dempsey, has been bond adviser to the Ohio Turnpike Commission and other public agencies. He was cited by Nisi Prius because of a law he drew up to create and finance by bonds the Ohio Development Financing Commission. (It has been declared unconstitutional by the Ohio Supreme Court.)

'25

Robert Hovorka
250 E. 65 St.
New York

EDGAR HUNTING reports that he is president of Steelcase, Inc., of California. The firm, which recently moved into a new factory in La Mirada, manufactures steel office furniture for distribution in California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Oregon, and Washington.

'28

D. Morgan Smith
Sears, Roebuck and Company
Dallas

JOHN CORRELL retired on April 30 from the Foreign Service after twenty years' duty in six foreign countries as well as in the Department of State. Since 1959 he has been first secretary and labor attaché at the American Embassy in London. Mr. Correll and his wife are planning to settle in Sarasota, Fla.

DANIEL JOHNSON will serve again this year as referee for the Davis Cup. The matches will be held in Cleveland in September. Since 1959, Mr. Johnson has had his own investment business in New York. Prior to that time he was associated with the Chase National Bank.

'29

Col. William Baird
1874 Collingswood Ave.
Columbus, O.

JOSEPH SCHERR, JR., was elected chairman of the Health Insurance Council

at its annual meeting in Philadelphia. The council, which was organized in 1946, is a federation of eight insurance associations. The more than 700 member companies of these associations issue 90 per cent of the health and accident policies written by the insurance business.

CHARLES REIFSNIDER, JR., has been with the State Department's Agency for International Development for the past five years. He is chief of the industry and mining division in Indonesia, and has traveled extensively not only in that country but in North Borneo, Malaya, and Thailand. He writes, "Prior to this tour of duty I spent twenty years in Japan, three in China (mainland before the war), seven years in Okinawa, and two years in India—all in connection with U.S. Government work except for the time in Japan and China. I shall be returning to the United States in the fall for a new assignment."

'30

George Hammond
71 E. State St.
Columbus, O.

D. BRUCE MANSFIELD became president of the Ohio Edison Company on June 30. Mr. Mansfield has been associated with the company since 1948, and since 1959 has served as executive vice president. Ohio Edison is the largest electric utility in the state, and one of the largest in the nation.

'36

Robert Doepke
1228 Edwards Rd.
Cincinnati

HAROLD WELLS, JR., is chairman of the Wisconsin Division of the American Cancer Society's 1964 crusade. Mr. Wells is vice president of the Frank L. Wells Company of Kenosha. The company makes wire-working machinery.

'37

Edmund Dandridge, Jr.
1214 Moore Dr.
Raleigh, N.C.

ROBERT TUTTLE has been elected president of the Wings Club, one of the foremost aviation clubs in the world. Mr. Tuttle is president of the Airlines Terminal Corporation, which operates the East Side, West Side, and Central Airlines terminals in New York.

'40

Donald McNeill
Edgehill Dr.
Darien, Conn.

WILLIAM BAUBIE has become vice president in charge of the corporate finance department in the Detroit branch

D. BRUCE MANSFIELD, '30

of E. F. Hutton and Company. He was formerly a vice president of Baker, Simonds and Company, which was acquired by Hutton on April 1.

DONALD MILLER has been appointed national secretary of the Armed Forces Management Association. The organization is concerned with the continuous improvement of management throughout the defense establishment. Lt. Cmdr. Miller (USNR, Ret.) is president of Associated Public Relations Counselors and secretary of Associated Senior Consultants, both of Washington, D.C.

'41

Charles Mitchell
3305 Dorchester Rd.
Shaker Heights, O.

BURDETTE MAST has been elected board chairman of Conover-Mast Publications, succeeding his father who died on April 22. Since 1958, Mr. Mast has served as president of the company. He is active also as a director of National Publications and of the Gotham Life Insurance Company.

EDWARD BARKER, JR., has become executive vice president and a director of the Pontiac (Mich.) State Bank. He was formerly a vice president and senior commercial lending officer at the Society National Bank in Cleveland.

ROBERT TUTTLE, '37

'43

Herbert Long
232 Thirty-third St., N.W.
Canton, O.

THOMAS OCTIGAN has been promoted to assistant vice president in the trust department at the Harris Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago.

'44

Donald Hamister
80 S. Winston Rd.
Lake Forest, Ill.

ARNOLD BELL has become manager for the Atlantic Coast Region of the Euclid Machine Division of General Motors. His office is in Englewood Cliffs, N. J., and his home is in Ridgewood, N. J., at 122 Crest Rd. Mr. Bell was formerly attached to Euclid's Minneapolis branch.

ROBERT GOODNOW has moved to Rome, where his company, Psychological Assessment Associates of Washington, D.C., has opened its European office. His new home address is Via dell Archetto No. 20.

'46

ROBERT GOODNOW, '44V. See under original class year.

JAMES GRAVES has become vice president in charge of new business development and estimating for American Structures, a firm specializing in heavy construction and major tunnel operations. During the past seven years Mr. Graves has been a sales engineer in the tunnel lining organization of the Commercial Shearing and Stamping Company. Among other assignments, he worked on the Mangla Dam diversion tunnels in Pakistan, the Kremasta Hydro project in Greece, and the Blue Ridge Parkway vehicular tunnels at Gatlinburg, Tenn.

'47

Carl Cooke, Jr.
61 Hutchinson Ave.
Worthington, O

THE REV. MILTON SAVILLE has

The Detroit Alumni Association

Annual Dinner and First Annual Concert by the Kenyon Singers

Dinner at the Veterans Memorial Building.

Left to right, Brent Tozzer, '39, alumni secretary; Dr. Fletcher Jackson, '04, oldest Detroit alumnus; Mrs. Jackson; Chester Smith, '33; and Frank Lendrim, director of the Singers.

On March 18, the alumni association in Detroit sponsored a concert by the 58-voice Kenyon Singers, who were then on tour. General chairman for the event was Chester Smith, '33. The publicity chairman was the Rev. Elmer Usher, Jr., Bex. '51. The concert, which followed the association's annual dinner meeting, was an enormous success. The publicity in Detroit papers was excellent for the College, and Mr. Smith notes that the Singers are the best kind of "good will ambassadors." He adds, "I feel that if similar programs were properly handled by other alumni groups, they would do a great deal to stimulate additional alumni interest in a project which is far more rewarding than most of the activities normally engaged in by alumni groups."

During the concert at Veterans Memorial.

Gordon Ewald, '64, accompanist for the Singers, at the piano. Center foreground, Mr. Lendrim.

moved from St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Fall River, Mass., to St. John's Church in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

'48

Howard Bradley
166 Sherbrooke
Buffalo, N.Y.

JAMES GRAVES, '46V. See under original class year.

THE REV. MILTON SAVILLE, '47V. See under original class year.

'49

William Porter
681 Hampton
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

ARTHUR BARTON, JR., and his wife became the parents of a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, on April 10. Mr. Barton is eastern sales manager for the Combined Locks Paper Company.

HOWARD FISCHER has been elected a vice president of the Broadview Savings and Loan Company in Cleveland. He continues as treasurer.

JOHN PERRY has joined the department of English at Tufts University. He was formerly on the faculty at Harpur College.

'50

Louis Whitaker
Principio Recess, Rt. 1
Wheeling, W.Va.

PETER WEAVER is now working for *Forbes* magazine and has opened the company's Washington, D.C., office. Mr. Weaver was formerly employed by McGraw-Hill.

'51

David Kuhn
Oglebay Norton Company
Cleveland

WILLIAM VICKERY has moved from Honolulu to Kailua, Hawaii. His new address is 1593 Ulupii St., and the zip code is 96734.

JAMES BIRDSALL has been awarded a one-year fellowship for study in the humanities under the John Hay Fellowship Program sponsored by the Ford Foundation. He will spend the year at The University of California at Berkeley. Mr. Birdsall teaches English at the East Aurora (N.Y.) High School.

JAMES RICE has been appointed advertising sales manager of *Construction Methods and Equipment* and *Ingenieria Internacional Construccion*, publications of McGraw-Hill Book Company.

THOMAS BERLIN has been elected a vice president of Fulton, Reid and Company, a securities investment firm in Cleveland.

LEE SCHERMERHORN is treasurer of Schermerhorn and Sons, paper box manufacturers. Currently, he is serving as a division leader for a Boy Scout camp development campaign in Massachusetts. He is also active in that state with the Springfield Hospital, the Hampden Mental Health Association, the United Fund, and the Springfield Hearing League. In addition, he serves as parks and recreation commissioner of his hometown, Longmeadow.

HAROLD DURYEE is currently serving as state campaign co-ordinator for Congressman Oliver Bolton (R., Ohio), who is running for re-election this year. Mr. Duryee is on leave from the Nationwide Insurance Company. In selecting him for the post, Congressman Bolton said: "Hal Duryee has been a leader in community and civic affairs throughout his adult life. For outstanding contributions to his home community he received the North Canton Junior Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Service Award in 1961, and this year the North Canton Rotary Club's civic affairs award. He has also found time to have been actively associated with a number of successful Republican campaigns. In this regard he will be well qualified to assume a wide variety of important campaign duties."

'52

Peter Knapp
6751 Maple St.
Cincinnati

C. A. PATRIDES reports that he has "resigned from The University of California at Berkeley to accept a University Lectureship at York in England. The appointment begins at the expiration of my current second Guggenheim Fellowship this July."

'53

Joseph Rotolo
20002 Shakerwood Rd.
Warrensville Heights, O.

NICHOLAS CROME is teaching at Colorado State University in Fort Collins. He is also in charge of the creative writing section of the speakers' series at the university.

'54

Ronald Petti
6532 S. Menard Ave.
Chicago

DANIEL LYNCH reports that he has "taken the plunge into full-time fiction writing." He is living at present in Westport, Conn., at 117 Old Rd.

THE REV. A. WILLIAM ARCHER has become assistant rector at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Toledo. He was formerly rector of St. Paul's Church in Monongahela, Pa.

'55

James Hughes, Jr.
30 W. Monroe
Chicago

THE REV. CHARLES VOGT, Bex. '58. See under Bexley Notes.

'56

RALPH TREITEL is currently attached to Wesley College, Ibadan, Nigeria.

'57

J. Thomas Rouland
6800 Highview Terrace
Hyattsville, Md.

RAYMOND BURROWS received a Ph.D. degree in January from The University of Illinois. He is now employed as a research chemist at the Archer Daniels Midland Company in Minneapolis.

THEODORE KURRUS is state editor of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* and the father of a new daughter, Kristina. He writes, "Not long ago, I returned from Innsbruck, Austria, where I covered the 1964 Winter Olympics for the paper, *Newsweek*, and a number of other newspapers throughout the continental U.S." Mr. Kurrus recently won two Honolulu Press Club awards for articles written in 1963.

BIRCHARD FURLONG has become commander of the 3354 School Squadron at Chanute Air Force Base in Illinois.

ROBERT KELLEY has become assistant territory manager for the Campbell Chain Company. He was formerly in the insurance business.

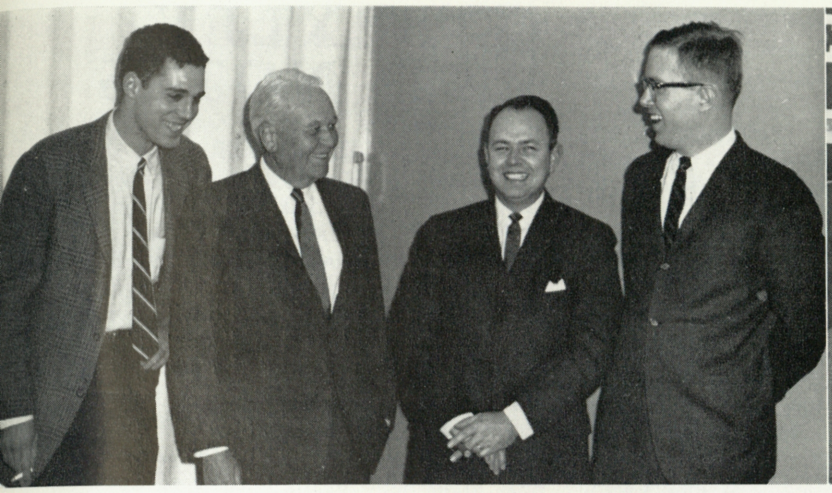
'58

Robert Price
1101 Hopkinson House
Washington Square, S.
Philadelphia

DR. BARTON HOEXTER and Gail Carol Greenberg of Washington, D.C., were married at the Shoreham Hotel in that city on April 12.

ADOLPH FALLER is attending an institute on radiation biology this summer at The University of Wyoming. He is the recipient of a grant for this purpose from the National Science Foundation. Mr. Faller teaches biology at Klamath Union High School in Klamath Falls, Ore.

JOHN KEENE sends us belated news of his marriage on July 7, 1962. Mr. Keene and his wife Gail are now living in a 175-year-old house in Pound Ridge, N. Y.



The alumni association in Louisville, Ky., held its annual dinner meeting on February 6 at Hasenour's Restaurant in that city. In the photograph at left are, going from left to right, Ryder McNeal, '61, new president of the association; Pierre McBride, '18, a trustee of the College; Owen York of the department of chemistry, who addressed the group; and Carlyle Crutcher, '59, the association's new secretary-treasurer. Above, right, are (seated, left to right) Mr. McNeal; Mr. McBride; Charles Ewing, '56; Niels Ewing, '58, immediate past president; Professor York. Standing, Robert House, '52, immediate past secretary-treasurer; Herbert Van Arsdale, '61; Mr. Crutcher; the Rev. William Myll, '27, Bex. '36; David Daulton, '59; and Brent Tozzer, '39, alumni secretary.

'59

Hugh Gage
3700 South St., N.W.
Washington, D.C.

PETER WEY and Sarah Mellon Schwartz of Rye, N.Y., announced their engagement in January.

GUNTHER WEIL will go to Brandeis University next fall as an assistant professor of psychology. Mr. Weil has been at Harvard, where he was a U. S. Public Health predoctoral research fellow and an associate of the Motivation Research Group in the department of social relations.

THOMAS MANSPERGER and Carol Janice Sloan Selavko of Mansfield, O., were married in Okinawa on March 30. Lt. Mansperger is stationed at Kadena Air Force Base as a missile launch officer.

'60

The Rev. Richard Kerr
130 S. Sixth St., E.
Missoula, Mont.

PINOAKE BROWNING has become editor of *The Frederick* (Md.) *Post*, a morning daily. He writes, "This, I believe, is one of the few papers in the country of its size with an editor aged 25. The average age of the staff is 27."

J. LAWRENCE DRESSOR is stationed at Brookley Air Force Base in Mobile, Ala. He expects to leave the Air Force in December of this year and join Waddell and Reed as a securities salesman in San Francisco.

DAVID TAFT and his wife became the parents of a daughter, Amy Rose, on February 4. In December, Mr. Taft received his Ph.D. degree in organic chemistry from Michigan State University. He is now associated with the exploratory polymer research group of the Archer Daniels Midland Company in Minneapolis. The Tafts' new address in that city is 4505 Dunberry Lane.

'61

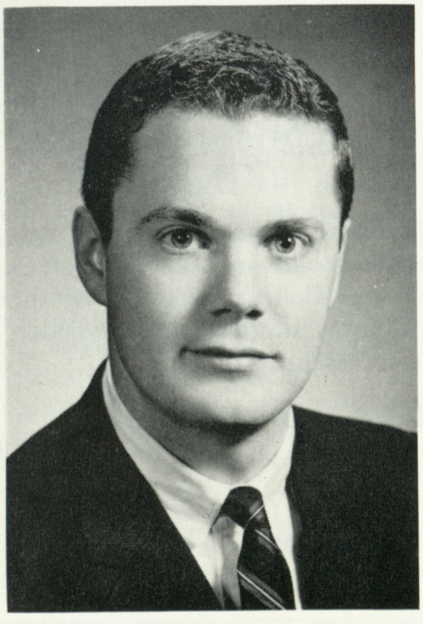
Norman Hane
137 Harrison St.
Oak Park, Ill.

LAURENCE LEHMANN and Alice Lee Sherwood of Hickory, Pa., were married in June. Lt. Lehmann is stationed at McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey.

DAVID WELD is teaching at the Allen-Stevenson School in New York. He and his wife are the parents of one child.

MICHAEL SWARTZ is serving in the Navy aboard the *USS Coral Sea*, an aircraft carrier in the Pacific fleet.

RICHARD WINTERMANTEL, '61



JAMES COATES has been teaching high school mathematics during this past year in a bi-national school, Colegio Bolivar, in Cali, Colombia. Mr. Coates and Julie Provost Nugent of Washington, D. C., announced their engagement in April.

PAUL SHARP is stationed at Barksdale Air Force Base in Shreveport, La. He is working on reconnaissance photography. He and four other Air Force lieutenants are sharing a plantation.

ROBERT WEIDENKOPF and Sharon Eleanor Vilt were married at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Cleveland Heights, O., on March 14.

STANLEY HUFF will become assistant professor of economics this fall at Bethany College.

JOHN HAZELTON and Barrie Lynn Pupach of Tarentum, Pa., were married last winter at the First Presbyterian Church in that community.

RICHARD WINTERMANTEL received his LL.B. degree from The University of Virginia on June 7. On the following day he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Virginia, having passed the Virginia Bar entrance examination some six months earlier. During this period of graduate study, he was active as director of programming at radio station WELK in Charlottesville. He is now working for General Electric in its labor and employee relations training program.

J. THOMAS HALL has completed the course work for his master's degree from the American University's School of International Service.

'62

Martin Skinner
University of Rochester
Medical School
Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD SPERO and Irene Kwitter of Riverdale, N. Y., announced their engagement in January.

THOMAS PARKER, III, writes to correct the class entry about him which appeared in the January-March *Bulletin*. He says, "I am on sea duty aboard the *USS Hartley*—homeport Newport, R. I. —and am the anti-submarine warfare officer."

NICHOLAS SABIN and Joanne Margaret Fredey of Canton, O., were married in that city on April 4.

DOUGLAS ARMBRUST and Sarah Ellen Heinzerling of Elyria, O., announced their engagement in May. Mr. Armbrust is studying at the School of Medicine of The Ohio State University.

JAMES McLAIN and Patricia Hale of New Orleans were married in England at the RAF Mildenhall chapel on June 13. DAVID JUAN, '62, was best man. The McLains are now living at New Place in Brandon, Suffolk, about 80 miles north of London. Lt. McLain writes, "All Kenyon alumni in Great Britain are asked to write me about an alumni get-together in London this fall. My address is Box 147, RAF Lakenheath, Brandon, Suffolk."

WILLIAM FIRE and Elaine Rosen of Brooklyn, N. Y., announced their engagement in March.

'63

ERIC WAGNER has been awarded a graduate assistantship at the Center for Latin American Studies of The University of Florida.

JOHN RICE and Geneva Anne Schrontz of Mount Vernon, O., announced their engagement in April.

ROBERT CLEVELAND is serving with the Peace Corps in Indonesia.

DAVID MAPES and Linda Frances Billane of East Aurora, N. Y., announced their engagement in March. During this past year Mr. Mapes has been working toward a master's degree at John Carroll University.

CALVIN FROST, JR., is working in New York for the Aerospace Division of Owens-Corning Fiberglass.

JOHN COLWELL and Wynetta Ann Bockelman of Napoleon, O., announced their engagement in May. Ens. Colwell is currently stationed at the Naval Base in San Diego.

DAVID VanLOOY and Dorothy Ready of Dearborn, Mich., announced their engagement in March. During this present summer Mr. VanLooy is working in the personnel department of General Motors' Cadillac Division. He expects to receive a master's degree in business administration from The University of Michigan next spring.

Long Awaited *Now Available*

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$3.50 POSTPAID

BEXLEY NOTES

THE REV. JOHN SLATER, Bex. '51, was honored in January by the members of his parish, St. Michael and All Angels in Lincoln Park, Mich., for a decade of service. When Mr. Slater came to St. Michael's in 1954, it was a mission with 89 families. It is now a parish with over 500 families, and it has "adopted" a parochial mission, Christ the King, in Taylor, Mich.

THE REV. SHERRILL SCALES, Bex. '57, is general secretary for the department of missions in the Diocese of Connecticut and also director of the diocese's unit of research and field study.

THE REV. CHARLES VOGT, '55, Bex. '58, was host for a thirteen-week televison series—"Conversations on the Changing Church"—sponsored by the New Haven (Conn.) Council of Churches. The program was seen on WNHC-TV in that city. Mr. Vogt interviewed prominent religious personalities from Yale and the Berkeley Divinity School on a range of topics. Later in the year he spoke to the Roman Catholic Graduates Club in the City of New Haven on the subject of the ecumenical movement.

THE REV. JACK HUNTLEY, Bex. '59, recently completed the programming and budget course at the Army Finance School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. He entered the Army in July 1963 and is regularly assigned as chaplain at Fort George G. Mead in Maryland. He holds the rank of first lieutenant.

THE REV. CHARLES VOGT, '55, Bex. '58

THE REV. BRUCE HILL, Bex. '61, and Judith Verna Eastman of Ashtabula, O., were married at the First Methodist Church in that city on February 8. They are now living in Cleveland Heights, O., at 945 Helmsdale Rd. Mr. Hill is assistant rector at St. Paul's Church in East Cleveland, O.

THE REV. CHARLES STURM, Bex. '61, has become associate rector of All Saints' Church in Pontiac, Mich.

OBITUARIES

THE REV. DAVID W. THORNBERRY, '96, Bex. '98, Hon. '31, died in Birmingham, Mich., on May 22. At 96, he was the oldest living graduate of Bexley Hall and, with his classmate Manley Thompson, the oldest living graduate of the college department. In the first year of his ordination (1898), Mr. Thornberry went to New Philadelphia, O., where he was founder and builder of Trinity Church. During the early part of the century he served churches in Michigan and Wyoming and established several mission centers in the latter state. In 1913 he became dean of St. Matthew's Cathedral in Laramie. He remained at the cathedral until 1933, except for chaplaincy service in France in 1918-19. Between 1933 and 1944 he was rector at three churches in Minnesota. From 1946 until his death he was assistant minister at St. James's Church in Birmingham. He was a deputy to many General Conventions and was active in various affairs in the dioceses and missionary districts to which he was attached. His wife, two daughters, and a son, the Ven. David R. Thornberry, '33, Bex. '36, survive him. The family home in Birmingham is at 488 Southfield Rd.

HARRY WOLF, KMA, '96, died on March 10 at Ball Memorial Hospital in Muncie, Ind. For more than a half-century Mr. Wolf operated an insurance firm in that city and participated extensively in community matters. He was 89. An editorial in the *Muncie Star* said of him: "If one word were to be used in evaluating this man of fine character and personal charm, it could be 'serenity.' He was at peace with himself and therefore he could meet any situation with calmness and common sense. . . . Facts, clear thinking and a respect for the other person's viewpoint were his guiding points. Harry Wolf participated in Muncie's community life as long as he was able. His good judgment, his unfailing charm and his willingness to listen made his presence on a board most desirable. . . . It was a good day for Muncie when Harry Wolf as a young man came here and went into business." Mr. Wolf is survived by his wife, whose home is at 420 N. Forest Ave. in Muncie.

CLARENCE BLACK, '13, died on April 28 at Mercy Hospital in Mount Vernon, O. He had been ill for some time. During his active career Mr. Black taught chemistry—most recently at Washington College in Chestertown, Md. His home was with his niece, Dr. Pauline Freeman, on Rt. 1, Danville, O. He was 75.

THE REV. J. FRANCIS SANT, '20, Bex. '24, Hon. '42, died on March 27 at Wohl Hospital in St. Louis. He had been in failing health since suffering a stroke last summer, and at the time of his death was on the verge of retiring as rector of the Church of St. Michael and St. George in Clayton, Mo. Earlier this year, on February 2, he completed his twenty-fifth year as rector of the parish. Before coming to the Diocese of Missouri Mr. Sant served as vicar of Christ Church in Detroit. Two sons survive him. He was 66. The family home was at 6340 Ellenwood Ave. in St. Louis.

THE REV. D. MAXFIELD DOWELL, '26, Bex. '28, Hon. '49, died at his home in Shaker Heights, O., on April 3. He was 60. Mr. Dowell had been rector of Christ Church in Shaker for twenty-two years, and during that period had built the parish from 125 families to its present membership of something over 1100. He was president of the standing committee in the Diocese of Ohio and had many times been a deputy to the Church's General Conventions. He was also active as a counsellor to Alcoholics Anonymous, as chaplain of Bluecoats, Inc., and as a board member of the American Cancer Society. He was a Thirty-third Degree Mason. An editorial in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* said: "The Cleveland community shares with Christ Episcopal Church a grievous loss in the death of Dr. D. Maxfield Dowell. The late rector . . . was an inspirational leader whose influence was widespread. He was a man of great warmth and dedication . . . [and] for many years a practical tower of strength in the work of Alcoholics Anonymous. In that field, as in many others, he was a wise counsellor to whom many of the troubled came. He will be sorely missed." Mr. Dowell is survived by his mother and his wife. The latter's address is 3270 Kenmore Rd.

CHARLES WHITE, '44, died of a coronary thrombosis on February 12. Mr. White was Chicago manager for the Philip A. Hunt Chemical Company. He is survived by his wife, a son, twin daughters, and his parents. (Since 1955, Mr. White has been a "lost alumnus," and we have no home address for him.)

WILLIAM MOORE, '51, died on February 27. His home was in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., at 508 S. E. Eighteenth Ct. He was 34.

LOUIS MELLEN, JR., '51, died in Cleveland on March 16. He was 36. Mr. Mellen was vice president of Potter and Mellen, jewelry dealers, manufacturers, and silversmiths. During and just after World War II he served in the Coast Guard and then in the 107 Armored Cavalry. In Cleveland he was active on the board of the University Circle YMCA and on the executive council of the Eagle Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America. He was president of the alumni chapter of Alpha Delta Phi. His wife, a son and daughter, and his parents survive him. The family home is at 17413 Fernway Rd., Shaker Heights, O.

THE REV. EDWIN BIGELOW, Bex. '60, his wife, and one of their three children, Pamela, died on February 25 when their station wagon was struck by a train. Also killed in the accident was the Rt. Rev. Richard Emery, Bishop of the Episcopal Missionary District of North Dakota. Mr. Bigelow was university chaplain at the Episcopal Student Center in Grand Forks. He was 39.

WORD HAS BEEN RECEIVED OF THE deaths of WALTER WRIGHT, '20, and KENNETH WEISS, '50. Mr. Wright died on September 22, 1963. His wife survives him. The family home is at 911 Springfield Pk., Cincinnati 15. Mr. Weiss was killed in an automobile accident on July 7, 1963. We have no further information.

GEORGE L. BRAIN
1897-1964

THE KENYON community was shocked to learn that George L. Brain, '20, a trustee of the College, had died of a heart attack at the age of 66. His death occurred on April 4 in Springfield, O. He had gone there to attend the funeral of his last surviving brother, Irving.

Following his graduation from Kenyon, Mr. Brain went to Western Reserve University and then to Yale, from which he received the LL.B. degree in 1924. His entire business career was spent with Southern Services and its predecessor and associated companies. He was vice president and secretary of Southern Services at the time of his retirement in 1962, and had also been active as an officer of several of Southern's affiliates. His first position was with the Alabama Power Com-

pany. In 1927 he became assistant secretary of the Southeastern Power and Light Corporation, and later served as counsel for the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation and as general counsel for Commonwealth Services.

George Brain had a keen intellect and was a match for anyone when it came to his knowledge of history and the classics. At a farewell dinner in his honor at the Piedmont Driving Club in Atlanta, the president of his company remarked: "I have been guided through many difficult situations by George's keen intellect and technical competence; and for this, I shall never cease to be grateful. But the three qualities which I most readily associate with George Brain are his gentleness, scholarliness and integrity." He also possessed a quiet but delightful sense of humor.

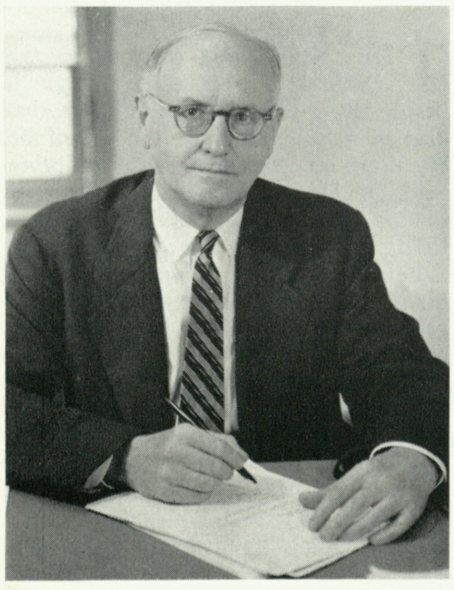
Next to his family and business, Mr. Brain had two special interests: Kenyon College and the Psi Upsilon fraternity and its Iota Chapter. In addition to his membership on the Kenyon board he had served as president of the Alumni Association of the East and as its representative on the Alumni Council. He had long been active in the national organization of Psi Upsilon, having served as vice president of the executive council and as president for two terms of the board of governors of the Alumni Association of Psi Upsilon. He and his wife Mila were regular attendants at the fraternity's annual convention, and each year entertained the council and board of governors delightfully at luncheon at the Tuxedo Club in Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Mr. Brain also belonged to a number of civic, social, and professional organizations, including Phi Beta Kappa, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the aforementioned Tuxedo Club, and the American, New York State, New York County, and Federal Power bar associations. He was for many years counsel for the board of education in Tomkins Cove, N. Y., and a trustee of Vaughan Teachers' Rest in Rockland County, N. Y.

The Brain residence is a beautiful restored house high on the slope of a hill that overlooks the Hudson River at Tomkins Cove. Surviving Mr. Brain are his wife, a daughter, two sons, a grandchild, and two sisters. His son George recently married a niece of Pierre McBride, '18.

—W. E. Cless, Jr., '25

MR. BRAIN



JESS W. FALKENSTINE
1916-1964

IT HAS BEEN SAID that life consists in what a man is thinking of all day. If this is so, then Skip Falkenstine had a rich and rewarding life. He was never idle; he was vigorous, he was hardy. Mainly, he was interested in people, students particularly; and he used athletics, which he knew and loved so well, as a community for fellowship. Very few have that natural facility for combining technical competence with an authentic fondness for company. Skip did, and Kenyon was the beneficiary.

During my first visit to Kenyon in the spring of 1954, I met and talked to Skip. I never forgot that meeting, chiefly because I was impressed by this man who appeared so genuine. (In fact, I can think of no better word to describe Skip than genuine.) There was no pretense to his manner, just warm friendliness. My close association with him covered ten years, and in that time I never had one occasion to change that first impression. I value our friendship keenly and am grateful for the years we spent working together.

Kenyon men, I suppose, will best remember Skip as a coach. He knew his games well, as many a referee or umpire will attest. I recall one occasion when the umpire, unable to convince Skip that his call was right, patronizingly brought out the rule book. As he began to leaf through the pages, Skip told him the exact one on which he could find the rule, quoted it from memory, and then convinced the umpire that he ought to change the decision. I can also remember other "discussions" he lost, but our spectators enjoyed those just as much.

Skip was a good teacher in every sport, and he saw to it that his players learned. Even though he was not always blessed with the best of athletic talent, he had that rare ability to inspire his boys to surpass themselves. If they let down, Skip would be quick to tell them about it, because he demanded that every player be willing to give his very best. Playing for Skip, one of our athletes said, was more than being on a team: it was truly an education in itself.

Skip could be a scrapper off the athletic field as well. His opponents at the bowling alley or poker table know what I mean. I'm thinking, however, of those faculty and staff meetings at which he never would allow the athletic department's interests to be forgotten. He vigorously believed that a Kenyon education was not confined to the top of the Hill. Championing athletics at Kenyon can be difficult, but Skip accomplished what a man of less energy and drive (yes, and patience) could not have done. He obtained help in building a larger coaching staff, an improved physical education program, the addition to the Field House, the new football field, plus many other changes for the better. Without his prodding and reminders, these achievements might still be so many dreams. Though his plans were ambitious, he was always mindful that the athletic program must be compatible with Kenyon's academic aims. This position, of course, placed Skip in crossfire, but the "win-at-any-cost" critics bothered him no more than the radicals who wanted to see athletics abolished.

Although his life was devoted to athletics, Skip was first a family man, active in his community and helpful to his neighbors. I believe he will remain with us here for a long time because he gave something to everyone who knew him. After his death I was told by one of the townspeople that Skip's quick smile and cheery hello always made her feel better. I know what she meant.

—Thomas J. Edwards

DENHAM SUTCLIFFE
1913-1964

IF YOU VISIT the various colleges, you will notice each has its own corporate personality, its cast of character, its local color. This is a sort of Gestalt that modifies the characters of the individuals in its sphere of influence, students and faculty. Usually, however, some one or two members reciprocate by themselves becoming centers of influence, thereby contributing to the institutional character while at the same time being colored by it. They become contributing and life members of the community.

Denham Sutcliffe was one of these. John Crowe Ransom is another. Sut-

cliffe became the symbol of Kenyon's local color, its domestic intellectual life, ramifying out to alumni centers in other parts. Ransom, with his *Kenyon Review*, symbolized Kenyon's more professional connection with the whole literary world. This too became a part of the character complex of the College, with its contagion for some students and faculty. The result was implicit rivalry between the two tendencies here on the Hill, a fruitful tension that enhanced and deepened our intellectual life. It kept our community from becoming absolute—meaning sterile. Most of us felt inwardly this conflict of the mighty opposites, the ideal of an excellent, domesticated, general undergraduate education for its own sake *versus* the ideal of the more special and professional thing to be pursued and further refined in graduate schools. In a true undergraduate academy, there is no escape from this inner conflict. It is the tingling nerve of a good education.

Sutcliffe's soul was in his speeches; Ransom's is in his writing.

My appointment to Kenyon was accomplished a few minutes after Sutcliffe's, in 1946. So we walked together in academic processions, in the red glow of his Oxford gown. From the beginning there was the dog, and the problem of keeping him in and out of the right places during such ceremonies. Dennie did this marvelously with a series of glances full of directions and love. This system of remote control was so effective that no words or gestures were needed in addition. Remote control suggests radar, but there was nothing technical, no technique, about this achievement. It was all etiquette, and humane. Dennie distrusted the merely technical on all levels, not only on the level of undergraduate education. A little carelessness, even ignorance about technique, was excusable; but not a breach of etiquette. He was most miserable when he considered himself guilty of the latter. He felt this sort of mistake to be an insult to the humanities that he professed in the classroom and so eloquently in his many public speeches. Then he would weep in secret over himself, and over his inability to make any real restitution.

Denham Sutcliffe wept when Gordon Keith Chalmers died. He wept when John Kennedy, another president, died. And he wept when his dog Jack died. He never quite recovered from this last bereavement on the level closest to the good earth on which he had gone hunting with Jack, for he lacked some of the self-reliance that his ideal literary philosopher Emerson held up as a virtue. He needed elemental things around him to love, and to be loved by. To those who knew Dennie, this dependence of his was a virtue, Emerson to the contrary notwithstanding.

When Denham Sutcliffe died last February, there were others who wept.

—*Virgil C. Aldrich*

Communications

WHILE I read and enjoy each *Bulletin*, I agree heartily with the comments by Dr. George Eagon which appeared—with others—in the January-March issue. It seems to me, as it evidently does to Dr. Eagon, that far too much of the material in it is of a strictly "literary" nature and far too little of it has "news" value from the standpoint of Kenyon alumni. The "literary" material is exceptionally well done and interesting, but I would suggest that the *Alumni Bulletin* is not the proper medium to present it—or at least so much of it.

—*Harlow Gaines*, '12
Portland, Ore.

I was very much impressed with Raymond English's article, "The Lips and the Gluteus," in the January-March *Bulletin*. I remember with enthusiasm the last article that Mr. English did for the magazine. It dealt with political education, and in the dealing taught me much about politics. At that time I requested several reprints. This time I request permission to reprint the article on my own for distribution to friends and local politicians. All praise to Raymond English, who sees with clear eyes "the British mess." But, even more, thanks be that the insight can help U.S. politics at this time.

—*The Rev. Richard Kerr*, '60
Missoula, Mont.

A couple of years ago the *Bulletin* had a little more life than the latest issues. Seems to me a few real personality sketches complete with candid action photos would make the difference. Athletics, for example, are as nothing when summarized only by words and posed still pictures. In general, I agree with George Eagon's comments in the January-March issue.

—*T. K. Kingery*, '42
Stoughton, Wis.

The January-March issue brought back many pleasant memories—particularly when I saw the picture of Professor Paul Titus and read his fine article about Jordan. A young foreign exchange student from Lebanon with whom we are sharing our home this year is so enthusiastic about the article that he has asked me to obtain permission from you for the Arab Students Organization at one of our local colleges to reproduce it for general distribution. They consider it the most accurate and best presentation of the problems of their countries that they have ever seen.

—*George McMullin*, '40
Pasadena, Calif.

I have no sympathy with the alumnus who wrote to complain that the *Bulletin* is too concerned with intellectual things and not enough with the alumni. For me, the class notes—even my own—are the least interesting thing in the magazine. I *would* like to see longer profiles of new faculty, and new pictures of the buildings, since the faculty and buildings are the only permanent—or the *most* permanent—things about a college.

—*William Smart*, '55
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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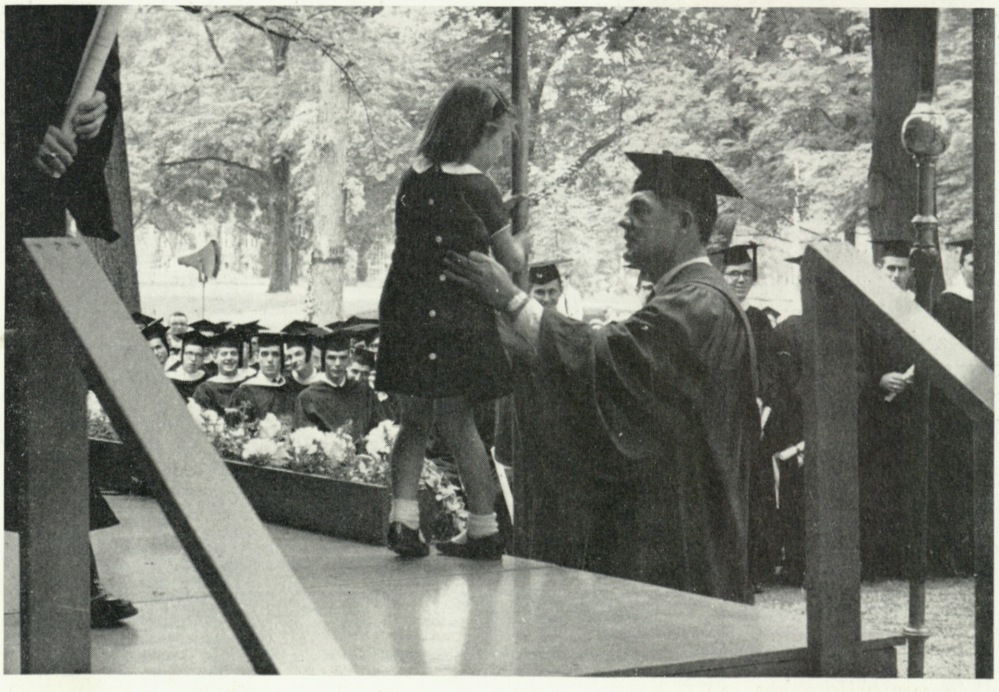
Somewhere in the Commencement audience, presumably, sat a father and mother who watched with horror as their small daughter mounted the platform and prepared to do whatever was asked of her. She was perfectly agreeable to any suggestion—except that she withdraw. At bottom, she is shown being urged back to private life by Bruce Haywood, dean of the College, Significantly, nobody came forward to claim her.