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It's a rare privilege to be called affectionately "my grandfather" by some 2,300 Indian boys and girls. That's one of the many satisfactions of serving in loco parentis as Superintendent of Intermountain School, the nation's largest co-educational boarding school.

Intermountain School, at Brigham City, Utah, enrolls some 1,000 girls and 1,300 boys, all Navajo Indians. Many of the students, just starting school at ages twelve to eighteen, speak little if any English and are totally unfamiliar with the white man's modern world. A typical day for me can involve anything from leading a parade on a prancing broncho, with all the Western trimmings, to appearing at the local jail to have some of my students released.

I kept a record of one day last spring near the end of the school year. It wasn't exactly a typical day because I boast of having the best behaved, most eager group of students in the country. For example, in each student room of two to four students there is a locker for each student. But no locks. We don't own a lock! And I'll bet we have far less stealing than the schools which have everything locked up.

But that particular day illustrates a point. That was the day when one of our teachers picked up two of our students at the bus station—AWOL. They were headed for a town in Idaho, a hundred miles to the north. Their homes were on their reservation 600 miles to the south in Arizona and New Mexico. Why were they running away? Their father had insisted they come home for the summer. Instead, they were going to find themselves jobs somewhere. They had seen all of the drought-ridden, hungry reservations they cared to see.

Later in the morning a twenty-year-old student came to my office for an opposite reason. He insisted upon going home. His graduation was only three weeks away.

But he wanted to see a Medicine Man. He said he still had a sore back after having had a most serious operation for a spinal defect at the school hospital. The doctor admitted modern medicine could do nothing more for the boy. "It will take time," the doctor said. The boy thought maybe a Medicine Man could help sooner. He was so nervous he could hardly stutter out the words. Under the circumstances, I thought maybe a Medicine Man could help, and that student went home.
Growing Pains
A Century of Government

By Vernon L. Ferwerda—Chairman, Department of Government

Although the Department of Government at Trinity College has been in existence for less than a decade, there has been instruction in government for a full century. Reflecting the varied usages of its American specialists, sometimes the subject has been termed government and at other times the term political science has been used. That this is only a matter of usage is evident from the fact that the former term prevails at Harvard, while the latter is to be found at Yale. Princeton is virtually unique in using the term politics to cover all of its work in this field.

In 1856 Samuel Eliot was designated Brownell Professor of History and Political Science. In that year he began the series of lectures on American constitutional law that were to be required of all senior students until 1904. Eliot continued to devote his attention to this important aspect of government even while serving as President of the college. Upon his retirement in 1874 the lectures were taken over by a series of Hartford attorneys, serving as visiting faculty members for the purpose.

The first Northam Professor of History and Political Science was the Rev. Henry Ferguson, who served from 1883 to 1906. During this period there was introduced an elective year course on Nature and Forms of Government, in which Woodrow Wilson’s famous work on The State was used as the text. And, just before the turn of the century, course work in the field of international relations was first offered: a course in Elements of International Law begun then has been given intermittently up to the present time.

The first of two political scientists to earn national prominence after teaching at Trinity was Raymond Garfield Gettell, who held the Northam professorship from 1907 to 1914. After joining the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley, Gettell produced the introductory text in political science for which he was best known. During the 1930’s it was this text that introduced the present writer to the field. While at Trinity Gettell set up a series of elective courses in government, including not only the courses on Fundamentals of Political Science and International Law, but also new courses in American Government and Municipal Government. The first quarter of the century was marked by a very great interest in forms and problems of city government, and the Trinity course was a response to this interest.

Gettell was succeeded for the 1914-1915 academic year by P. Orman Ray, who had already published a basic text on political parties and politics. As might be expected, there appeared briefly in the Trinity curriculum a course entitled Introduction to Political Parties and Practical Politics. During the following decade Ray was to attain national prominence as the co-author of the most widely used text in American government, the famous “Ogg and Ray.” After long service at the University of California at Berkeley, Ray is now an emeritus professor.

After the departure of Ray, the Northam professorship again was filled by a scholar primarily in the ranks of the historians. Edward Humphrey served from 1915 to 1948 in that capacity. Early in this period the first course in international politics was given by the President of the College, the Rev. Dr. Rensen B. Ogilby. From 1920 to 1931 Ogilby taught a course entitled A Study of the Struggle for Control of the Islands of the Pacific and the Far East. During this period the instruction in political science was largely taken over by an assistant professor, at first Ernest Spaulding, who served from 1927 to 1930, and then Charles Rohr, who served until 1936. The present writer began his study of government under Rohr in the following year at the University of Massachusetts, and under his inspiration went off to graduate school to join the professional ranks of political scientists.

A distinct innovation in the Trinity College program occurred in the 1920’s, when an extension division was created. From 1927 on, course work in government was offered for residents of the Hartford area who could attend late afternoon and evening classes. Begun as a service to the community and a source of supplementary income for the instructor, the extension program after World War II developed into the present program of graduate studies.

World War II brought further additions to the basic curriculum of undergraduate studies in government. Under Donald Morgan, a remarkable blind political scientist now at Mt. Holyoke College, course work in public administration was begun. And during this same period further courses in international relations, with a strong flavor of geopolitics, were introduced by Hans Weigert, an eminent geopolitician now directing research in the graduate school of Georgetown University.

Although Trinity did not have a major in government until after the Second World War, it made its contribution to the ranks of American political scientists. One of the most highly regarded of these is Jacob Hurewitz, who took his degree in political philosophy in 1936. After graduate work in government at Columbia University, he remained at that institution to become an outstanding authority on the Middle East.

According to the recent survey of alumni occupations made for the Alumni Directory, approximately one hundred Trinity alumni are engaged in government work. We find them in the Embassy in Paraguay, for example; in other foreign service work; in the Library of Congress as well as in the Highway Department; in the National Park Service. Others are Treasury Agents, or in the Social Security Administration, Veterans Administration or Civil Defense. And another a Town Clerk.

These are men whose vocation is government work. There is no way to measure the contributions that public spirited Trinity Alumni make to their local governments.
In keeping with academic developments throughout the United States, the decade following World War II saw the most rapid growth in political science at Trinity. Laurence Barber left his Harvard instructorship in the fall of 1946 to assume primary responsibilities throughout the United States, under the aegis of the Trinity History Department. In a year and a half he had formed a Department of Government and set up an undergraduate major in government. 1948 also saw a strengthening of the international relations side of the subject, through the appearance of Sir Alfred Zimmern as Visiting Professor. After gaining world renown as an Oxford professor, Zimmern chose New England for his retirement, and Trinity benefited greatly from his seminar in world affairs and fortnightly lecture course.

During his decade of service at Trinity, Barber spent the 1951-52 academic year as a Fulbright scholar in Luxembourg, and served the United Nations Technical Assistance Administration in Brazil during 1954-55. It was during this latter absence that the present writer came upon the Trinity scene, initially as a temporary replacement, then as a second member of the department, and shortly thereafter as chairman of the department when Barber resigned in order to continue his United Nations work. The course work in American government which had been taught by Barber was taken over in 1955-56 by Robbins Gates, thus freeing Neaverson to develop courses in the third important area of political theory and comparative government. The growth of the department has in part resulted from the expansion of the evening program, in which a Master’s degree in government is now offered.

Presently the heaviest enrollment is for the course in Modern Government, in which all three instructors collaborate during a year divided between American and European governments. The present writer specializes in international relations, and in a two year period teaches courses in International Politics, International Law, International Government, and Problems of American Security. During this same two years Gates will offer courses in Public Administration, State and Local Government, American Parties and Politics, and American Constitutional Law.

Letter from Turkey

Dr. Laurence L. Barber Jr., appointed to the Trinity faculty as an assistant professor of government in 1946, is now co-director of the Turkish-United Nations Institute in Ankara, Turkey. Dr. Barber left Trinity in June 1955, hoping at that time the chairmanship of the government department. The following letter was addressed to a friend on the faculty.

P.K. 506
Ankara, Turkey
January 15, 1957

Dear George:

Both Lucia and I were extremely glad to get your newsy letter regarding life at Trinity. I’m apologetic for not answering it faster, but two things, aside from Christmas festivities, have intervened. First, we had a flurry at the beginning of December, when the Ankara University Faculty of Political Science, with which our Institute is unofficially associated, got into disagreement with the Government and its minister of education, over what the faculty called academic freedom and the Government called political activity by faculty members. At any rate, the Dean was ousted by the Minister, both as a dean and as a professor, and five other teachers resigned. The whole situation was messy, dealing as it did with the rights and duties of teachers, local national politics, and the careers of men who in several cases were our personal friends. From the professional point of view, the complication was that the dean of the faculty had always, by a consistent, tho not desirable tradition, been also the Turkish Director-General of our joint Turkish-UN Institute. And as the chief UN man, the Co-Director, I was right in the middle of the intriguing question whether the dean’s removal, even if for high crimes and misdemeanors as dean, should affect his position as a vis a vis international agency. (Sequence: he was also forced out as director-general.)

Anyway, the faculty appointed a new dean, the minister of foreign affairs in due time appointed him as our D.G., and we got ready to continue our interrupted affairs, when in mid-December I sickened with what we first thought was flu, but which by Xmas time turned out to be hepatitis. Result, I have been resting and dieting here at home ever since, and have another week before getting out and a couple of weeks or more before going back to work on a full-time basis. It has been a mild case, luckily, and I haven’t had to stay in bed, but have lazied around the living room, by the fireplace fire. Both kids also had mild cases of it, some kind of a medical wonder to have three cases at once in the same family. They went back to school yesterday. During the month, I’ve had a wonderful time catching up on rest, on reading, and on repairing my stamp collection. You’d be fascinated at the reading list, which includes such varied stuff as learned studies of the Middle East, the WFA Guide to Oklahoma, and the history of American architecture. In fact I’m considering having it mimeographed as a competitor to Costello’s list.

We are now in the middle of the bitter Anatolian Winter, and are sitting here pitying you people in effete America, where it snows and freezes. Our lowest temperature has been 10 above, and we’ve had a few light dustings of snow (heaviest between 3 and 4 inches), each of which has disappeared within two or three days.
The Atheneum Society

Faculty adviser John Dando and Junior Robert Back find the Atheneum's calendar a crowded one as they work at scheduling new debates. Prof. Dando's guidance and assistance have been greatly responsible for bringing the Atheneum Society to the position of one of the finest debating teams in New England. Bob Back is one of the Society's finest debaters.

The gavel resounded sharply against the table as the chairman called the gathering to order.

"Tonight's topic," he said, "is, Resolved: That the United States Should Discontinue Direct Economic Aid to Foreign Nations. First speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Franklin Kury."

Thus Trinity's debating and forensic organization, The Atheneum Society, opened another in its heavy schedule of intercollegiate debates.

Founded in 1824, one year after the founding of the College, The Atheneum has always been one of the most active and popular clubs on the campus 'Neath the Elms. Dwelling on one of the keener aspects of the liberal arts tradition, it is one of the few student groups actively engaged in the cultivation of thought.

While in recent years the debating society has done much to carry the banner of Trinity victoriously to other colleges and universities, it has embarked on a broader program this year under the guidance of newly-elected president Frank Kury, a junior from Sunbury, Pa., and faculty adviser John Dando.

This Spring, for example, the Atheneum is planning a series of debates and speeches before service clubs and civic organizations throughout Connecticut, in addition to its regular intercollegiate debating. This new program has already begun to yield results: on Feb. 14 junior Robert Back, Morton, Ill., and Kury will debate against two Wesleyan students before the Bridgeport Industrial Management Club; a debate over radio station WCCC has been scheduled for Feb. 17; and on March 14, the club will debate before the West Hartford Rotary Club.

Kury explained that the expanded program "allowed greatly needed experience for members of The Atheneum, who in the past have been re-
stricted to participation in intercollegiate debates. "Also," he continued, "we feel we have, as a College organization, a responsibility to the community to make known our aims, purpose of existence, and quality of product."

In addition to enlarging its program, The Atheneum has also initiated various innovations within the club. Currently, all officers are underclassmen, thus enabling the senior members to concentrate solely on debating; and two "novice" debating teams have been formed in addition to the regular three "varsity" teams. The novice teams are designed to help new members, particularly freshmen, gain experience before moving up to the regular debating teams.

Currently one of the top debating organizations in New England, The Atheneum deserves a great deal of credit for both their past successes, and for their extensive new plans. An additional bouquet goes to John Dando, the society's hard working adviser, who is also vice president of the New England Forensic Association.

Frank Kury, a Junior from Sunbury, Pa. (standing), recently was elected President of the Atheneum and immediately established a revitalized program which is bringing the debaters before many local educational and civic organizations. Kury is pictured here at a practice debate, which are held often among the members.
Cloudless Hours

The cover picture was inspired by the following gnomonic communication from Robert S. Morris '16.

One fall morning in the year 1872 Trinity students awoke to note a newcomer to the old campus. Standing near the south entrance was a sundial which seemed to greet those who entered there—its famous forbear of All Souls College, Oxford, had done for many generations—with the admonition: "They pass and are assessed to your account."

A gift from the Class of '72 it bore this inscription: "Collegio S.S. Trinitatis Donavit Classis MDCCCLXXII Pereunt et Imputantur."

When the college moved to its new site, the sundial joined in the exodus along with the ancient chapel bell, the Bishop's statue and the gym. Set up before Seabury Hall and midway of the campus, it assumed its philosophical role of noting for the youth of that day "none but the cloudless hours."

How long did it continue to count the hours? Visitors to the campus during the first decade of the new century recall its presence. But with the passing years it became quaint and of some sentimental considerations than for its practical value. Woe to the student who would rely, in keeping his appointments, on its accuracy unless, perchance, he possessed the key through which things apparent might be converted into things actual. For since Trinity's old friend is not calibrated to correct for the variations which obtain throughout the year, the perfectionist would do well to equip himself with this table of adjustments:

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Should the observer become impatient with the shortcomings of the timepiece, let him take comfort in these words of Isaiah: "Behold I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sundial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward."

Continued from page 5

days. At present, early in the morning, it is over 40 with a nice sunny day in promise. As a side item, our winter weather is somewhat different from the downtown section, since our house is on a suburban hillside, several hundred feet above the business section. In winter, especially in the mornings, we look out on the top edge of a smog bank, which clouds the sun and sky in the valley below.

The kids are getting along happily in school. There is a sizeable U.S. school system, since the town has over 5,000 Americans. By and large the children seem to get about the same type of education that they would in a moderate quality American city of somewhat over that population. Most of the Americans work for the U.S. government, with a majority military, but there is a tiny number of what are sometimes tagged as "unofficial Americans" or as "other civilians." (I've even heard some of the group use the term "2nd class citizens.")) On top of their school work, the kids have a good range of social life, chiefly with other American children, via dances, scouts, etc. Lucie is studying German on the side.

While our personal lives have been pretty quiet during the past month (although it's amazing how many people drop in to see if I'm still alive), we ordinarily keep all too busy. Ankara is about the end of the line, entertainment-wise, although they make-do pretty well. There is an irregular trickle of foreign cultural offerings, generally subsidized by the government involved. For example, the U.S. government has sent the American Ballet Theater, William Warfield, and tonight Eleanor Stieber through for concerts or performances. The British and French and occasionally the Italians do the same. We have a sizeable USIS American library, a British Council one, and French and German centers, each with its books, its films, and generally a cultural program. The Turkish National Theater runs opera during the winter, and with very good staging and some fine voices. Although the words are in Turkish, one naturally can follow as well as if it were in the original Italian (they don't try German opera). There are steady performances of Turkish plays, or of foreign plays in Turkish, but language troubles cut enjoyment. We have also discovered a number of "folkloric" evenings, sponsored by various of the Turkish regional associations of people who reside in Ankara. Interesting dances, music, etc.

As Pete may have told you, we moved into the little theater orbit last year, and this autumn Lucia was director of "The Lady's Not for Burning," first performance in Turkey and first play in round in Turkey. They gave five Ankara performances, plus one at a U.S. air base in Adana, and one at Robert College in Istanbul.

We're already beginning to look forward to home leave this next summer. At present it isn't at all certain whether that will be simply a trip to Europe and the States and return here, or part of move to next assignment elsewhere. At any rate, we'll probably have about a month in the States, visiting relatives and stopping for a bit in Hartford. While I know that room, plans, etc. will be changed dozens of times between now and July, it's a nice winter indoor game trying to figure how to see as much as possible for smallest time and money investment.

The late and current Middle East explosions have had relatively little effect on Turkey. Strangely, this country stands aloof from the area to south and east. The Turks consider themselves European rather than Eastern, and have rather definite disdain of the Arabs. Result is that Turkey feels that happenings to the south are unfortunate, but only what one can expect from the Arabs. This leads to objectivity, or at least to lack of personal interest. For excitement we rely on BBC news or week-late New York Times, rather than the local papers or gossip. Admittedly, Syria has touched Ankara feelings more than Suez, since nobody likes to consider having Communists on north and south and northwest, semi-neutralism on the southwest, and seething rioting on the east.

Best to you, and please keep us up with the college news. We thirst for it.

Laurie
President Jacobs Announces Gifts

Downes Memorial Clock Tower
To Close North End of Quadrangle

The familiar tune of the Westminster Chimes will, before many moons, emanate from a new building on the Trinity Campus, sounding for all the hours and the quarter hours. The chimes and two illuminated clocks will be located in the Downes Memorial Clock Tower. Construction of this sixty-foot tower and its terminal structures is scheduled to begin in the very near future and its completion may be expected some fourteen months later.

Funds remaining in the Downes estate after the estimated $800,000 cost for this building will be used to endow either faculty salaries or scholarships.

The clock tower and its terminal structure of English Gothic design will rise just north of Williams Memorial Hall and the Chapel. It will serve as a connecting link between these two buildings to complete the northern section of the Trinity Quadrangle. The new building will be constructed of limestone and brick to harmonize with the adjacent buildings. Four turrelles at the corners of the tower will rise to a height of 61 feet.

An oak-panelled room forms the second floor of the tower section and will be known as the Trustees' Room.

The main tower will be connected to a northern portion of Williams Memorial by a two-story structure which will contain the office of the President and other administrative quarters for alumni, placement and admissions officers.

A cloister will link the south side of the tower to the Mather Chapel.

A native of Cranston, R.I., Mr. Downes was an active Trinity undergraduate, being elected president of his class in his junior year. Following graduation he did graduate work in engineering at the London Institute, London, England, for a year before joining the Narragansett Electric Light Co.

He spent a year with the C & C Motor Co. of New York and returned to Providence where he formed the engineering firm of Downes and Henshaw. He developed his famous process of applying asbestos fibre to wire as a heat-proof insulation medium, making the use of electricity "safe in every home."

He was awarded the John Scott medal in 1912 by the Franklin Institute for his original work in the development of asbestos wire. He was also granted the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science at Trinity College in 1913.

Mr. Downes sold his business to the General Electric Co. in 1918. He remained as a consultant, retiring from active business in 1922.

Karl Hallden '09
Aids Engineering
with $100,000 Gift

Karl W. Hallden '09 has made a gift of $100,000 to the College to be used to strengthen Trinity's engineering program. This is the latest in a series of outstanding gifts from Mr. Hallden to Trinity, including the Hallden Engineering Laboratory and the endowment of the Hallden Professorship of Engineering.

"This continued generosity on the part of Mr. Hallden to his alma mater has been a source of great strength, both spiritually and economically, to the College," said Dr. Jacobs. "He has been very greatly responsible for maintaining the engineering program at its present high level."

Mr. Hallden, besides his bachelor's degree, holds two other Trinity degrees, the Master of Science and an honorary degree of Doctor of Science. He was recipient of Trinity's highest alumni honor, the Eigenbrodt Award, in 1954 and is a Life Trustee of the College.

For an account of the achievements of this outstanding alumnus as president of his own company, the Hallden Manufacturing Company of Thomaston, Conn., we refer you to the article "Flying Shears" which appeared in the December issue of the Alumni Magazine.

Anonymous Gift
To Honor Pinneys

Sydney D. Pinney and his wife, Louisa, have been honored by the establishment of a Book Fund in their name. The gift is an anonymous one and is probably the first of its kind to be established for a living alumnus of the college and his wife.

In a letter concerning the gift sent to Mr. Pinney the donor said, "My gift was prompted by my admiration of your constant work in behalf of and in devotion to your Church, College and community; and by my adoration of your wife, without whose help, you would be the first to admit, you would not have been able to carry on as you have."

Louis W. Downes '88

The tower will be a modified version of the Edward III Tower at Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

The building is a gift of the late Louis W. Downes of Providence, R.I., a Trinity Alumnus and former life trustee of the college, who died April 7, 1953. Mr. Downes left the bulk of his estate to Trinity to provide for the construction of the clock tower and terminal structures to connect Williams Memorial Hall and the Mather Chapel.

Mr. Downes conceived the idea of a clock tower on the Trinity Campus as far back as 1931. He made five preliminary sketches of the building which were approved by the board of trustees in 1951. The architects for the building are Collens, Willis and Beckoner, Boston, Mass.
GEORGE NICHOLS, asst. prof. of drama and director of the Jesters, has returned from a leave of absence spent in California where he continued work on his doctorate at Stanford. He announced tentatively that the Jesters will perform "The Lady's Not for Burning" by Christopher Fry, early in May.

CAREER DAY, held January 29, was considered very successful according to John Butler, placement director. Men from the professions, business and industry spoke to the seniors about opportunities in the respective fields.

THE "Related Problems of the Hungarian Revolution" were discussed by three faculty members over radio station WCCC on Jan. 20. Participating in the session, first of a series, were Dr. Vernon Ferwerda, head of the government department; Rex Neaverson, also of the government department; and Dr. Philip C. F. Bankwitz, assistant professor of history.

CHAPLAIN THOMAS has announced the College's first Seminary Day will be held March 7. This will offer an opportunity for men of all classes to consider full-time religious vocations. Faculty and student representatives of 11 seminaries representing Roman Catholic, Jewish, Episcopalian and non-denominational schools will be on campus from 3 to 10 p.m. to present "The Ministry Today." In the afternoon there will be a panel discussion by theological professors, under the chairmanship of Dr. Edmond Cherbonnier. This will be followed by short talks from seminary students on "Why I Chose the Ministry."

DR. LOUIS NAYLOR, Professor of romance languages, was the guest of many well-wishers before departing for Europe on Feb. 6 on a sabbatical leave. Dr. Naylor has promised to keep The Bulletin informed of his activities while abroad, and since he is invariably involved in one interesting happening after another, we have high hopes of including a good deal of his writing in the months ahead.

RAY OOSTING, Trin's long-time basketball coach and athletic director, has recently accepted his second appointment to the National Basketball Rules Committee. Ray served a term from 1945 to 1949. He reported to The Bulletin recently that the annual convention of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, to be held in Kansas City from March 20 to 23, should be "bigger and better than ever." In his capacity as president of the NABC, Ray will be presiding at the meeting. The last two games of the NCAA tournament will wind up the convention.

Then the phone rang. A call from Ogden, Utah. One of our "boys", recently placed in an on-the-job training, had been in an auto wreck. His larynx had been crushed. He was taking a dying last gasp for air when the intern on the ambulance slit open his throat and saved his life. Would I come down to help on the matter?

That same day, one of our girls... Well, you get the point. If there are any problems I don't have, I don't know what they could be.

It all started back in 1938. Before that, I had been a classroom teacher to the wealthiest youngsters in the country in private and public schools—New York, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania and other points East for nearly eighteen years. Then one morning in September, 1938, for reasons I still can't explain, I found myself headed for Pine Ridge, South Dakota, headquarters for the Sioux Indian Reservation. I was starting work for Uncle Sam as curriculum specialist for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In the early dawn I had gotten off a train, thumbed a ride on a mail truck, and was helping to stuff the ranchers' boxes all the thirty miles out from town, to get to my destination.

At Pine Ridge I picked up a Government house trailer and hit the trail for Indian reservations all over the country. I didn't know anything about hauling a trailer, I knew as little about Indians. A half hour after I acquired my house on wheels it was tipped over on its side. It was lucky I straddled the road so no one else could get by. After several hours a jolypful of Custer's implacables came along and helped me to get it righted so we could both continue our journey. I learned about trailers fast. And I learned right then about some kinds of bureaucrats. A Government mechanic had blithely let me take the thing with completely broken brakes! In the eighteen years since, I've learned first hand that the Indians—our oldest minority—are the finest group of people in the country.

**Kickapoos to Navajos**

For several years I studied such tribes as the Kickapoos, Potawatomies, Siouxs, Cherokee, Choctaws, Hopis and Navajos—South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona. That was my beat. However, my major work since 1941, when I became Director of Navajo School, has been with the great tribe of Navajos—now grown from some 8,000 in 1868 to...
more than 70,000 today. It is estimated that by the year 2000—less than fifty years hence—there will be nearly 400,000 Navajos. They are multiplying fast with compound interest!

When I first arrived on the Navajo Reservation the Navajo people were bitter toward the Government because of enforced reduction of their precious sheep and horses as a range conservation program. The Indians were quite distrustful of white men. There was ample reason.

Since the days of the Conquistadores the white man had been seizing all the good lands and becoming richer, longer-lived and over-stimulated on the lush territory of the conquered. The surviving Indians had been crowded onto the most barren soil. They had become the poorest, shortest-lived and least educated group in our midst. The Navajo was at the bottom of this heap.

My eight years in the Navajo country were rather rugged. For an area four times the size of Massachusetts there were exactly 100 miles of paved roads—paved while I was there. The other 3,000 miles were mud in winter, drifting desert sands in summer.

There was just one dentist serving the estimated 40,000 or more people. There were few doctors, no field nurses, no welfare workers. During my first winter, there were more than 2,000 cases of measles among the students in the nearly sixty little boarding and two-room Navajo and Hopi Day schools that I administered. The teachers had to stay up nights taking temperatures and tending to the children's needs. School work was something far more fundamental than drilling on the three R's.

In their native hogans untold numbers of tots died, for Navajos run an appallingly high temperature with measles. They quickly succumb to pneumonia. Fortunately, in the schools, not a case was lost. If any had died, in the schools it could have taken a long time to get the children to attend. When a person dies in a native home, it becomes chindee. When a place is chindee (with evil spirits) it is definitely a place to stay away from!

I soon discovered there were two basic jobs to be done. The Navajo people as a whole really didn't know why they were hungrier, colder, sicker, and dying sooner than anyone else. They thought their condition was just natural. "That is the way it is," they would say. And they were fatalistic about it. The confusion of communication through an interpreter who often didn't understand what was being said in English, didn't help. The people needed help desperately in learning to recognize their problems, in learning ways of solving them and in enjoying new ways of living. They were fenced in by tradition and isolation from the outer world. How to make them progressive, in short, was one basic problem.

The other problem was to acquaint the general public, and consequently the Congress, with the needs of these people. The two problems were intertwined in a vicious circle. The Indians mistrusted the white man and didn't want to attend schools. The few schools we had weren't filled. Without more schools the Indian couldn't be educated. Congress, in turn, said no more schools till you fill what you've got.

Fortunately, by dint of hard work, much propaganda and good luck, Congress did finally pass a long range program for Navajo rehabilitation, which is bringing schools and other needed services to the Navajo people. One of these schools is Intermountain School, operated by the Department of the Interior. This was formerly a huge Army hospital, remodeled and equipped into the finest school the Indians have ever had.

The school opened early in 1950 with a new-type five-year and six-year program of English, modern customs and vocational training for these unspoiled adolescent Navajos. Now we have added a special eight-year program and are gradually also building up a high school program for over age students. The school places its graduates in jobs and follows them up for three or more years afterward. The success of the program is measured solely by how many students it gets off the bread line and trained as self-supporting, successful modern citizens.

No student has to come to the school. No student has to remain or come back after summer vacation. Nor does any student have to take a job. It is all strictly voluntary. More than 500 Intermountain graduates have been placed in jobs to date, mostly in Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and California. We have yet to experience a graduate saying he prefers to return to the reservation rather than start out on a job in modern life. The number later quitting and returning to the reservation is extremely small. Employers, with few exceptions, report utmost satisfaction with Navajo employees trained in this program.

I look back to a critical day when, standing at the desk of the Secretary of the Interior, pleading for schools for the Navajos, opponents succeeded in delaying the entire Navajo-Hopi long range program by a full year. Today there is a great renaissance taking place among the Navajo people.

The entire tribe is modernizing itself with rapid forward strides—hiring its lawyers, operating mines and business enterprises, providing scholarships to its youth. This year there will be fewer Navajo children not in school than at any time in history.

For me, being an employee of the Great White Father is a rewarding experience. One could see no more desirable sight than to visit Intermountain School and look into those 2,300 pairs of sparkling black eyes.
Continued from page 2

The local chapter of the VFW runs a volunteer ambulance; it was a retired hearse until we put it to use. Last week they broke an oil line and burned out the motor getting my coronary to the hospital; they drove the last 6 miles without oil pressure, and used a pickup which they commandeered to go the last 3 blocks. (Moved the oxygen tank along with the man and stretcher.) We are now collecting money to buy a new 2nd-hand ambulance or hearse to replace it. In 4 days we have just over $1,000. This ambulance is a major item in these parts; the nearest hospitals are 35 miles away in one direction and 30 in the other, and the mining operations that are hidden around in these hills and canyons would surprise you. The calls for it are spasmodic, ranging from 6 calls in 2 days to 1 call in 3 weeks. Apparently night time is the most accident prone of all.

In the fall, like now, the town is mostly decimated from 4 a.m. to 10 and again from 4 p.m. to sunset. Deer season is on. Many of the men who work in the mines just go to work early and hunt from the car on the way. Spot-lighting is frowned on here too!

(From a letter of November 1956)

I have recently put a map on the wall; it is a stuck-together road map of the 4 states, all joined at their borders. . . . From that I get a picture that I hadn't had before. I am on the edge of an oval shaped desert without state or county highway in it. It is about 250 miles east-west and 500 north-south. The map shows such signs as "primitive road" or "get local advice before proceeding beyond here"; the communities have only tiny letters. I have seen some of those towns and they are easily missed when driving. When I get time, I'm going to motor clear around it, and then take trips into it from the edges. However, in that area, as in an ant hill, there is tremendous activity which doesn't show from the outside.

Oil drilling and uranium mining is responsible; I was at a Masonic meeting and sat with a man who runs a welding shop in Cortez. Last year he and his helper-son fixed 5,000 bent axles; the city garage never sees a bent axle. There are 3 other shops like his in town; how many more must be represented by such figures!

Maps of the roads in that area become obsolete about every 6 months.

That has been getting more so for the past 4-7 years. The highway between Dove Creek and Cortez carries more traffic than any section in Colorado; most of it in heavy trucks carrying earth-moving machinery, mining supplies, oil rigs, crude oil out of the fields, or uranium ore out of the hills. The whole area is covered with house trailers; in Cortez there is not a room to be had and 30 families trying to get in are listed with the authorities.

I drove through Farmington, New Mexico, the next town south. It reminds me of the taking-off point at the rail-head for the wagon trains going west. Today the wagons have become trucks and the horses have become pickups (every Indian family has one, and they overload them with kids and women just as they did their old ponies), and the passenger cars have become the very occasional surrey wagon. On a different turn of mind, it reminds me of a Division of Infantry landing at a new location; it is an oriented confusion; if you have no business there, get out of that guy's way—No Sass.

The thing that I have seen so clearly from my office is the human dignity and compassion. When emergencies hit, the next person in line takes up the slack, as casually as tying his shoe. Mom had to take Dad to the hospital (120 miles), with the drag off; she spoke half a sentence about having to provide for the kids. The woman standing in the doorway (of my office) said they could go with her; and the kids simply stopped following one woman and started following the other one. If she stays there a week or 2 hours there will be no difference made to anyone. When she comes back, they'll drink a cup of coffee and the kids will follow Mom again, and a word of thanks is the Period to the whole affair. In 2 months time the shoe may fit the other foot.

I have had my first home operation. An old lady caught her hand in the wringer and fumbled in getting the release pushed. It pretty well scalped the back of her hand. She refused to go to the hospital, "you've got to do it, Doc". I used the cough she was on for the operating table, and a pillow on her lap for the operating field. Sheets sterilized for an Obstetrical Pack kept most of the germs out of the way. I sat on a foot stool along side to get at the right height to work. A coffee table held my instruments, which had been boiled in the dishpan; a succession of daughters and neighbors held a table lamp for me to see by. We used a bedspread to keep her from seeing the hand while I was working; we had the oxygen from the ambulance there to help if needed. It never was called for. The whole outfit kept telling jokes all through the 2 hours work and watched all 20 stitches go in.

We had one trained nurse there, and one who had done practical nursing for a time. However the one who helped the most had come to this country in 1905 and had been doctor, nurse, midwife, and undertaker to most of the families in town. The people here take life and death, pain and joy with peace and with self-confidence, and with a Positive-ness which amounts almost to joy. My patient flinched with the pain only as the procaine began to wear off. There has been not a sign of infection in the wound.

(From a letter of December 1956)

Today might be a typical Sunday (or any other day except that I have no office hours). Last night about 8 p.m. the 'phone rang and the local butcher had caught his finger in the meat saw (powered); I went to the office to meet him and found no bones nor tendons involved (if I had he'd have gone to the hospital). I deadended the finger and sewed it up again and drove him home. The sheriff had brought him in and stayed to act as 1st Nurse; his police duties called him out while I was cleaning up the equipment (the operators knew where to find him). This morning while I was eating breakfast in the restaurant I was called to the 'phone (they already know my habits) and "please come
see a sick baby". I finished eating and because I had my bag with me (I'm fast getting the habit of never going without that bag), I went right there. I found them in a trailer house and realized he owns one-half interest in a drill rig and has been here on location for the past 13 months. I found a beginning pneumonia.

Since I was already in motion (and had my mind geared to work) I went to see how a migraine headache was getting along since last evening. I got a stormy reception; the shot I had given had brought on sudden and violent diarrhea and vomiting for 3 hours. Otherwise she was better. I made it to church, unlike the last weekend, and then went to a goose dinner; it was also a 4-year-old birthday party.

The men were playing dominoes after eating when I got a call which took me to the office. I had forgotten to tell the operator where I'd be, but she found me anyway; her aunt lives down the street and on the corner and so has a commanding view of about 7 to 10 driveways. This turned out to be a full-blown case of neglected pneumonia, with high fever. After treating him I went home and read the books on a rare disease which could have been even worse; it didn't apply here. Then a half hour nap after setting the alarm. The pot-luck supper at the church had a surprise attached to it. The preacher was speechless except to say that where he'd come from they did this when he was leaving; they assured him he wasn't. After eating there was discussion on how to cope with the heavy proselytizing by other denominations; some tend to become obnoxious. The minister wanted advice from the Group Mind on how to advise those who came to him with this problem.

Then home and started catching up on my records of Saturday and Sunday patients (medical and financial). I put in a 'phone call, but not before advising the operator about her Dad's condition. I had not hung up from that call before she connected me with a guy about the baby of the afternoon. I just came back from that house call, and the baby will be OK for tonight. Nine a.m. will tell more about it, but I think the crisis is over. It is now 10:15 p.m. and I still haven't gotten to my records. This letter is more important tonight than history, and I'll make time in the morning.

Such is my Day; Mrs. Roosevelt (sp? as if I care) has only a little on me.

(From a letter of January 21)

Last night in the Chamber of Commerce meeting, I came with an inch (or less) of being elected president. The clincher for me was that I don't even know the names of all my patients yet, so how unreasonable can one get? After those first excerpts from my letters about the town, I find I can't write that way anymore. I am settling into the town to a depth where I can't look at it (as from the outside). I am seeing more, but my perspective is changing and so is my understanding.

The people are not just people, they are becoming someone's mother, grandchild, in-law, or old partner, and that throws on each person in-volved a new light with altered high-lights. One jolly joker and story-teller carries a pack load of worries and doubts, but the other joking songster has learned to lighten his load with singing. There is something like an inner sight which looks through the surface of Things to the forces behind.

The last patient I sent to the hospital looked to me like a coronary, and the EKG that I ran in the office seemed to confirm it. After only eight days in the hospital she is home again for she is not a coronary; her symptoms arise in response to other problems of family and private nature. Now, when I look at her I see also the forces, and tensions, and dilemmas behind the shocky pulse and the chest pain; and when I look at the physical persons which are involved with her, I also see a patient in a sick-bed, like a ghost, behind them. Can digitalis be expected to cure this?

There is a tragedy brewing, but the only one apparently getting hurt is the girl's mother. How can I try to make a mistake into a challenge for good? How can I touch a stranger, in his mind, where the touch will have the greatest leverage, for good? His understanding apparently has nothing to do with his feelings; they seem to run on parallel and uncon-nected lines; how can I get one to touch and unite with the other? and both to find expression through the body? My gropings here for the an-swers makes my life more satisfying than I ever knew could exist. (I am fuller of feeling than I have words to express with; as you know this was not always so.)

Behind all of my life now is the Sniffling Nose that "just thot I'd drop in for a shot, Doc"; that is the binder of my bricks, the current that carries the valuable morsels along, the wind that carries scent (if I can smell well enough).

P.S. My competitor moved out the first of the year. He took a commis-sion in the U.S. Public Health Serv-ice and is working in an Indian hos-pital in Arizona. That leaves me on 24 hour duty, and a certain sense of unshiftable responsibility. Since he left I have been getting too little rest and I'd like to live to be a re-al old man. I would welcome another doctor.

REMEMBER

ALUMNI REUNION

June 7, 8 and 9
Along The Walk

WITH THE UNDERGRADUATE

by E. Laird Mortimer III '57

With examinations behind us, we move rapidly through the early weeks of the Trinity Term, knowing that for us who are Seniors, this is the home stretch, and at the end of the four year track are waiting the beckon signals of many glamorous industrial and commercial enterprises, various and select graduate and professional schools, and unto all, the ominous call of our and careermen. The ominous call of our and careermen.

"But what have we been doing in recent months as this metamorphosis has been coming upon us?" This is as logical an inquiry as that of a stockholder who asks to see the balance sheet and determine how his recent months as this metamorphosis has been coming upon us?

All during the fall campaign. The Republicans were heavily favored by the students, but Frank Kury, '58, and Dr. George Cooper deserve credit for keeping the Democratic fires lighted in the face of certain defeat.

Professor Henry Hood, new to the faculty this year, is an expert on the bagpipes, and has aroused an enthusiastic student group to take lessons.

After blundering their way through an illegal rushing trial between two fraternities, the Interfraternity Council sought to make more stringent rushing rules. In desperation recently, I.F.C. President Bill Pierce, '57, announced that all rushing procedures were illegal; then his lawmakers set about defining the exceptions to the rule. The indirect method is apparently the only solution to cover the multitude of unforeseen circumstances that occur in a delayed rushing society. Students are all supporting clarification of these I.F.C. rules. Strong rules will make rushing a matter of definite policy, and will strengthen our fraternity system, which we hold high.

The Senate, under President H. Brooks Baker, '57, has undertaken several thorough investigations around the campus, including the parking problem, the possibility of having an ice skating rink, an investigation of the flying club, in which the club president had never been in an airplane, and the French Club, whose president had failed French 1. Senate President Baker recently appeared on the nationally televised "College Press Conference."

Fred Tobin, '57, has organized ice hockey as an informal sport. The team plays at any available rink. Alex Lagoudakis, '59, has organized his own jazz group, and hopes to be heard over Junior Prom Weekend.

Peter Lowenstein, '58, Editor of the I oy, is also head of T.H.I.S. (Trinity Hungarian Interest Scholarship) a branch of the very active Political Science Club who have already raised $2,000 of a $6,000 goal to be used to bring a Hungarian student to Trinity. We have one European student already, Vincenzo Mascagni, an engineering student from Italy who is living with the Theta Xi Fraternity. He is recipient of the Cesare Barbieri Scholarship.

The Tripod has had an active year, upholding the policies of the Senate and I.F.C. and criticising them when, in its opinion, it thought necessary. A thorough cleaning and painting of Hamlin Dining Hall, the restoration of Coke bottle machines on campus, and steady support for the new Chaplain, the Rev. Mr., Thomas have been part of its vital contribution.

Duncan Bennett, '57, Chairman of the record-breaking ($4,500) Campus Chest is the only skiing accident victim so far this year. The winter is not over, and Duncan is not hurt seriously.

We now have a Chapel Cabinet, composed of the heads of the three religious clubs. Well known students such as football captain Sam Niness, '57, participate in the Chapel services and have added much vigor to campus religion. Saturday morning chapel services are led by students, The Chaplain has inaugurated a series of five-minute talks in the morning services.

The following letter was recently received by a well-known Senior. The times have changed, the faces have changed, and we have some new buildings, but I am willing to bet such a letter is familiar to you all.

Dear Jack,

You are going to hate me. You could shout it from the rooftops and I wouldn't blame you. You can put "Mary is a tramp" in neon lights and I wouldn't blame you. Well, so you've probably guessed, I'm going to say I can't come up next Saturday. There are several reasons, but they probably won't help at all. However, I have had a change of heart. I will try to explain. I have to go to the dentist on Saturday morning, and in the afternoon I have an appointment to go job hunting. On Sunday I will have to go to a dinner party at noon, so the whole weekend is booked up.

I'm really sorry, because it isn't fair to you, but then if I could come it really wouldn't be fair to have you waste your time and money on me. Things have progressed a little further with my Yale architect friend since I last saw you. It's gotten quite serious although I didn't want it to a while back, but I just couldn't help it. I am not engaged or married or anything but it is in the planning stage. I'm not sure when it will be, but I am pretty sure how I feel about him.

I don't expect you to read this and come back with a "how nice for you Mary," because I know I haven't been very nice to you. However, I think I shall try myself to think that you will be mad, and crushed to the very marrow of your bones.

Anyhow no matter what or how you take all this or at least the breaking of the date, I want you to know that I'm very sorry. Can't bring such a poop. I hate girls who do this sort of thing.

Must run. Stop by sometime when you're in New York. I'll treat you to a "late" beer, am still game for that.

Dont break too many hearts,

Mary

Do I win the bet?
Big Part in A Big Program

If a bus is built to accommodate 30 persons—and only 30—how can you comfortably transport 42?

If a man is a lawyer, forced to leave his native land, speaks no English, and knows no other way of obtaining his livelihood except through the practice of jurisprudence, how can it be arranged, immediately, that he be substantially employed?

Vexing problems? Perhaps not exceedingly so, if a great deal of time and thought can be devoted to their solution. But when such problems avalanche on a single individual every day, it helps a great deal if:

He "loves administrative work"; has the ability to "clear up red tape—to get things done"; doesn't mind missing a great deal of sleep; is, "by temperament and personality, . . . the ideal person to reassure a bewildered refugee youth or to cheer a tired staff member with a joke; wears the clerical collar as the mark of a man dedicated to helping other men; and—at least it may help—is a Trinity graduate.

The Rev. Ralph Lasher uniquely and completely fulfills these requirements as he goes about his work with the Church World Service at Camp Kilmer, N.J., where dossiers of Hungarian refugees are processed and the refugees placed.

Actually Fr. Lasher, a 1950 Trinity man, is at Camp Kilmer as a representative of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and also serves as the assistant to Edward Savage, the CWS director of the camp. Along with these duties, which could easily be all-consuming for another man, Fr. Lasher retains his rectorship of the 500-member parish of St. John the Evangelist in New Brunswick, N.J.

That his duties at Kilmer are diversified and extremely interesting is fairly evident; a good portion of his time is spent in actually interviewing refugees, listening to their pathetic stories of hardship and malpractice, and determining their capacities for adjusting to "the life ahead." That he has been more than moderately successful in his work is attested to by the fact that he has recently received considerable recognition in the latest editions of The Living Church and the Episcopal Church News, as well as receiving special commendation from the Rt. Rev. Alfred L. Banyard, Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey.

Briefly CWS works thusly: under the present method of resettlement, refugees assigned to the agency in Austrian camps are interviewed within a few hours of their arrival at Camp Kilmer by Hungarian-speaking members of the team. At present, refugees are arriving so rapidly that those without friends or relatives to sponsor their resettlement are being assigned to communities in groups, rather than individually.

As clergy coordinator for the Church World Service team, Fr. Lasher's main function is to explain this method of resettlement to clergy of Hungarian-American churches who have been coming directly to Kilmer with pledges of immediate sponsorship and transportation, and to Episcopal clergy and lay people who have been phoning him with resettlement offers. In addition, his advice is sought by members of the CWS team on problems ranging the gamut of improbability.

Pastoral gifts also come into play, as the soft-spoken graduate of the General Theological Seminary moves about the one-story cinder block hut which serves as CWS headquarters at Kilmer, distributing generously of his warm, reassuring manner.

Ralph Lasher's religious interest and devotion will be well-remembered by those in the Class of 1950. While at Trinity, he was very active in the Canterbury Club, and also served as Chapel Lay Reader, Chapel Acolyte, and Chapel Monitor.

We at Trinity join with the members of '50 to wish Fr. Lasher continued blessings and success in the important work which he is carrying out so effectively at Camp Kilmer.

The Rev. Ralph Lasher '50 talks to group of Hungarian refugees as they are about to depart for Bridgeport, Conn.

The announcement last year of the projected publication of an anthology called "The World of Mathematics" seemed hardly likely to cause any rush of seekers after treasure-trove. But a rush there was, and such a rush that the admittedly startled publishers shortly announced that a pre-publication subscription figure of 100,000 sets had already been attained. There was much speculation concerning the reasons for such a response, with some opinion holding that more than legitimate interest and curiosity must be involved, and that this response must be in part due to a widespread feeling of guilt about mathematics. Whatever their motivations might have been, these subscribers and any others who have come into possession of these volumes are justified, for they have a collection which is certain to prove a never-ending source of instruction and inspiration, amusement and delight.

The editor, James R. Newman, who regards himself not as a mathematician but as a lawyer and writer, admits in his preface that an anthology is a work of prejudice. But so vast is the scope of mathematics today and so wide is the reach of the matters which Mr. Newman is prejudiced in favor of, that in the opinion of this reviewer he succeeds notably in his attempt "to show the range of mathematics, the richness of its ideas and multiplicity of its aspects." (This book) presents mathematics as a tool, a language, and as a work of art and an end in itself; as a fulfillment of the passion for perfection. It is seen as an object of satire, a subject for humor, and a source of controversy; as a spur to wit and a leaven to the storyteller's imagination; as an activity which has driven men to frenzy and provided them with delight. It appears in broad view as a body of knowledge made by men, yet standing apart and independent of them. What the reviewer is in a position to say, and the editor is not, is how very greatly the value of this collection is enhanced by the lucid and perceptive commentaries by Mr. Newman which accompany many of the selections. His choices do enable us to see much of the range and richness and a variety of the aspects of what G. H. Hardy called "a study which did not begin with Pythagoras and will not end with Einstein, but is the oldest and youngest of all."

It is not possible to deal in this review with many of the matters considered in these volumes, but mention has been made of amusements and delights. There recurs throughout the work the delight and gratification that goes with keeping up with a demonstration and attaining a proof which "is for each man an act of creation, as if the discovery had never been made before." But there are also the literary delights of Russell Mahoney's "Inflexible Logic" and Robert M. Coates "The Law", and the amusements of "Easy Mathematics and Lawn Tennis", by T. J. I'A. Bromwich (the mathematician, not he of the two-handed forehand), and "Mathematics for Golfers", by Stephen Leacock.

Quite naturally, the dualism between pure and applied mathematics is everywhere in evidence in these volumes. Expositions of group theory, "the supreme art of abstraction", are given by C. J. Keyser and Sir Arthur Eddington; also presented is J. J. Sylvester's effective reply to Thomas Henry Huxley's charge that mathematics is "the study that knows nothing of observation". There are numerous articles on mathematics and the physical world, on statistics and the design of experiments (including "The Vice of Gambling and the Virtue of Insurance" by George Bernard Shaw), on mathematics and logic, on mathematical truth and the structure of mathematics, on mathematics as a culture clue, on mathematics and social science, as well as G. D. Birkhoff's attempts to relate mathematics to aesthetics and to ethics. In several of these categories the theory is "suggestive though not in all respects convincing." But if we adopt Whitehead's criterion that "It is a safe rule to apply that, when a mathematical or philosophical author writes with a misty profundity, he is talking nonsense", very little nonsense appears in these pages. There is profundity, and some hard going, but the reader will find it rewarding.

The mathematician himself is frequently an object of curiosity, and a section on biography and history is illuminating. There are also selections of intellectual autobiography from G. H. Hardy, Henri Poincare, and our own contemporary John von Neumann, as well as a most instructive article by Hermann Weyl on "The Mathematical Way of Thinking". And in case the reader fears that the self-appraisal of these mathematicians may result in too much vanity or solemnity, there is available an antidote in the form of Jonathan Swift's view of mathematicians as revealed in Gulliver's voyage to the island of Laputa.

The contemplation of all this treasure may not result in general agreement, even among those as enlightened as the readers of this magazine, that "The World of Mathematics" is the best of all possible worlds, but it is certain that they will find it stimulating and truly wonderful world.