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CREATIVE PERSONALITIES
VOLUME VII

CREATIVE PERSONALITIES SERIES

PHILIP HENRY LOTZ, PH.D., Editor

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CREATIVE PERSONALITIES
VOLUME VII

Unused Alibis

Edited by
PHILIP HENRY LOTZ, Ph.D.

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I

Contents

(Names enclosed in quotation marks are fictitious.)

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Introduction

IN COLLOQUIAL LANGUAGE "alibi" is frequently used in the sense of "excuse," and that is the sense conveyed in the title of this book, rather than in its original legal meaning of having been elsewhere at the time an offense was committed.

Human nature does not change greatly in a span of many centuries. Jesus began one of his famous stories with the words, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." The persons Jesus was talking about did not represent the type we are considering in this volume. The men and women described here are included precisely because they did *not* make excuses.

It is well to remember that the pages of history glow with the examples of people who refused to call upon their alibis. Let us enumerate just a few of them. Homer, Milton, Fanny Crosby, Henry Fawcett, Helen Keller, and Edwin Frost were blind. Ludwig von Beethoven, Thomas A. Edison, and Edward S. Martin were deaf. Edward L. Trudeau, Sidney Lanier, and Theodore Roosevelt were tubercular. Mozart, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Charles Dickens, Pope, Shelley, Balzac, and Sarah Bernhardt were crippled. William Wilberforce, Charles Steinmetz, Plato, and Edgar Allen Poe were hunchbacks. Handel, Pasteur, and Franklin D. Roosevelt were paralytics. Charles Darwin, Michelangelo, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Henry Drummond, Martineau, Queen Elizabeth, Ibsen, Charlotte Elliott, Walt Whitman, Kagawa, and Robert Louis Stevenson were ill much of the time.

There are other kinds of handicaps besides bodily ones. St. Francis, Charles Lamb, Matthew Arnold, and Madame Marie Curie suffered great poverty. Joan of Arc, Charles Darwin, Abraham Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson experienced bitter opposition from their fellow men. The Apostle Paul, John Bunyan, and Martin Niemöller were imprisoned. Giordano Bruno and Polycarp were martyrs. Au-

gustine and John B. Gough had an evil past. Father Damien was leprous. Benjamin Disraeli failed many times politically. Booker T. Washington, Dr. George W. Carver, and Marian Anderson were born into a race once slaves. Mischa Elman, Yehudi Menuhin, Lillian Wald, Louis D. Brandeis, Stephen S. Wise, Fannie Hurst, and Paul Muni are members of a minority religious group.

Thus we might continue to list the persons who achieved greatly in spite of their handicaps. The word "handicap" comes from *hand in cap* as when drawing lots. Thus a handicapped person is a person with any disadvantage, hindrance, or impediment.

It is said that there are twenty-three million handicapped persons in this country. These handicaps may be physical, social, economic, racial, or spiritual. To be more specific they include blindness, deformity, paralysis, deafness, amputation of limbs, artificial limbs, unfavorable heredity, accident, alcoholism, poverty, wealth, racial prejudice, political corruption, civic jealousies, bitterness, and despair.

The persons described in *Unused Alibis* might have become resigned, dependent, or depressed personalities, melancholiacs, or social introverts. Instead, they secured an education, achieved self-control to a remarkable degree, adapted themselves to a new way of living, and made great contributions to society, often in the very field of their handicaps.

The techniques for rehabilitating the handicapped are of recent development. In fact, they date from or since the Second World War, although their forerunner, occupational therapy, grew out of the First World War. Even now there are only two fully equipped rehabilitation centers for civilians, and they are both located in New York City.

It is claimed that the following lines were used by the Panama Canal diggers:

> Got any rivers you say are uncrossable?
> Got any mountains you want tunneled through?
> We specialize in the wholly impossible
> Doing the things that no man can do.

The persons who walk through the pages of this volume might have said, "The miraculous we can do at once; the impossible takes

a little longer." These people acted in accord with James Oppenheim's formula, "If you really are so anxious to contribute something to civilization, go and contribute a man."

The attention of the reader is called to the fact that the persons described in this volume are not the better known or classic examples. We have purposely selected those persons some of whom are more or less obscure. In fact, this is the first time that several of them have thus been written up.

The preparation of this volume has been a thrilling adventure for both editor and contributors. Chesterfield once said, "Next to doing things that deserve to be written, nothing gets a man more credit or gives him more pleasure than to write things that deserve to be read." We sincerely hope that our public will enjoy reading these stories as much as we have enjoyed writing them.

Forrest, Illinois — Philip Henry Lotz

Louise Baker

An Athletic Uniped

MARY E. MOXCEY

LOUISE MAXWELL was a little tomboy. At the age of eight her ruling passion was to ride the shiny red bicycle owned by an older neighbor boy. Her feet could not reach the pedals, and her parents had forbidden her to mount the wheel, but the temptation was too great. She took one ride of wild ecstasy, down the hill to a street corner. Here the inadequate bicycler ran head-on into an automobile steered by a woman just learning to drive. Louise was lifted from the street and hurried to the hospital.

Surgeons did their best, but the right leg had to be taken off to save her life. That first bicycle ride was her last, but her tomboy spirit had suffered no amputation. The ensuing girlhood years of outdoor athletics developed a strong and healthy body into the poise and grace of competent womanhood. Although this happy outcome is due largely to her own indomitable spirit, a great deal of credit must also be given to her parents, who were not only loving but wise and firm. The whole current of her life might easily have been turned toward an entirely different development of personality. A tragic accident always involves reactions not only from the victim but from the family and the public. Pity brings out an instinctive desire to "make it up to" one thus deprived of normal physical equipment. These efforts are often eagerly accepted, and the sufferer becomes literally "spoiled" in character and disposition.

Little Louise came back from the hospital with two cars full of games and toys (including seventeen expensive dolls, ten of them exactly alike). She also brought "a very selfish disposition."[1] The

[1] Direct and indirect quotations, condensations, and paraphrases from Mrs. Baker's autobiography, *Out on a Limb*, copyright 1946, are made with her permission and that of the publishers: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

hospital heroine had found that she had only to be plaintive in expressing a wish, to have it fulfilled by some generous soul. A particularly heinous exhibition of this gold-digging propensity brought a sudden end to what she calls her "honeymoon with a handicap." A wholesome spanking prevented further permanent mutilation of her personality!

The loss of a limb by no means changes natural interests. The little tomboy did not turn into a "sweet little girlie," content to sit passively reading or embroidering. While she was waiting for crutches Louise became an expert hopper and invented a wheelchair polo, playing with partners in vehicles of their own choice. She admits the game was rough on the lawn, but she was determined never to lose touch with normal children. When her crutches arrived, her playmates stood in line to try them out, until her father explained to them that such monopoly was like borrowing Louise's leg.

Through the coaching of an elderly invalid, Louise learned the essential techniques of using crutches: to keep the torso erect and the crutches close to the sides; to use the foot in a normal walking motion, more graceful and safer than swinging between widespread crutches; to put the weight on the hands instead of the armpits, thus making oneself much more comfortable and preventing paralysis of the brachial nerves. Soon the crutches had become practically a part of her own anatomy, and she had "quit walking in favor of running."

Perhaps the surgeon's advice to wait at least a year before fitting the child to an artificial leg was a mistake. Perhaps the irritation of outgrowing a leg so soon and having to wait for a new one, or of having her speed retarded to steps instead of leaps was the cause. Whatever the reason was, although she learned quickly to walk exceptionally well, she finally and definitely discarded the leg in favor of crutches. A natural knee joint makes a great difference in ease of use, but Louise's amputation was above the knee. The wild and amusing adventures with the leg are very humorously recounted in her autobiography.[2]

When Louise was nine she was allowed to have roller skates,

[2] See *Out on a Limb*, p. 42ff. and 49ff.

just as her sister had had them at the same age. Learning to use them cost her no more and no fewer tumbles than the ordinary two-legged child, as her playmates understood. But their mothers all assumed that every spill was due wholly to the missing foot, and swarmed to her rescue. This emphasis on her *difference* was a cause of embarrassment and resentment. Her own mother heroically refrained from interfering with the skating practice, and so the neighbors soon realized that she was as good and as safe a skater as any other child on the street.

That experience, however, caused Louise to achieve her next skill, swimming, in the privacy of a ranch irrigation ditch. Her father taught her until she swam not only as well as but better than other eleven-year-olds. Her crutch-exercised arms and shoulders gave her a real advantage in swimming; but this advantage was balanced in tennis, her next goal, by the disadvantage of her inability to run backward, or to reach an overhead lob without dropping a crutch. Her father, an able amateur, taught her in the semiprivacy of off hours on the courts until she became a slightly better-than-average player.

From roller-skating days on into high school Louise carried an oversensitiveness to failure in any sport; her stubborn pride resisted any admission of a physical "handicap." Her grandmother called her a show-off and her father, an exhibitionist. However, he sympathized with her desire to be neither different nor clumsy, and while he taught her swimming and tennis, he also taught her the requirements of true sportsmanship.[3]

In the friendly little town where everyone had known Louise from her birth, and had lived with her through these adjustments, no one any longer thought of her as "different." But these days came to an end. Her father, a social worker, was offered a larger and more adequately paying job in Los Angeles. With two daughters to educate, he accepted.

Louise was then a girl in her early teens, with all an adolescent's need for conformity. The high school years are hard for most boys and girls. In a girl's life, boys are the most important factor; and boys are at a stage when each chooses a girl as like as possible to all

[3] Read about the tennis match with the braggart Charlie, *ibid.*, pp. 26-33.

the others. In a huge high school full of strangers, although Louise's face and her clothes were inconspicuous, her crutches were her most obvious feature. She felt set apart. An introvert might have been seriously harmed, but Louise's friendliness and assertive vigor turned the scales.

Her college sister had reassured Louise that strange men in cars who offered to give her a lift were really well-intentioned; and so when one of these Good Samaritans understandingly invited also a bunch of students who happened to be passing, the result was great popularity for Louise as a walking companion and unusually wide acquaintance. Soon she was a leader in school politics and, before her graduation, was president of one or another student organization twelve times.

Even this prominence could not make up for the fact that to the boys she was "not a dream date but a 'dandy pal'!" To be sure, she was a favorite with the fellows who overcompensated for inadequately athletic bodies by high marks. To her sister's scorn of them Louise raged: "You're just jealous! . . . They are brilliant, misunderstood boys. They are stifled—Oh, Bernice, do you think, with only one leg, I'll ever get a really wonderful man without brains?" [4]

Leadership in club and organizational activities continued through college—with increasing skill in attracting brainless men, accompanied by a perverse turning of her own admiration toward the intellectuals! Co-educational Pomona College had been chosen because of its high academic and moral standards, its small-town environment, and the absence of sororities (lest going without a bid might be a warping experience). However, by this time Louise had cast off most of her adolescent complexes and "stood solidly without either excess support or excess unbalance" [5] from her crutches.

For her A.B. she majored in sociology and English and (contrary, she thinks, to the opinion of the faculty at the time), extracted much of lasting value from the curriculum. In athletics, always a major interest, to tennis and swimming were added archery, riflery, and horseback riding. The last-named became her favorite sport. Along

[4] See *ibid.*, p. 62.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 64.

with amusing accounts of adventures with "the horsey set" she gives clear advice about mounts, saddles, and methods for one-legged riders—including the avoidance of showing off! [6]

To a full schedule of classroom studies, athletics, daily work on the college newspaper, and a continuation of her office-holding career, Miss Maxwell now added the earning of "jam" and "frills" by lifeguarding for the girls' swimming pool, tending switchboard, and baby-sitting. During the summer she was successful and popular as counselor in girls' camps.

With this background of full and wholesome life, and "unhindered by planted misgivings," the young collegian weighed the various possible careers that appealed to her, and chose newspaper work. But by graduation time, in 1930, the depression was in process of handicapping everybody.

However, the attempt to find employment was postponed for six months. One of her graduation presents was a trip to Europe from a delightful man and wife who had become "an extra pair of parents" to her, seven years before. It was this man who had taught her to make her crutches a decorative part of her wardrobe, and to satisfy prying strangers with lightheartedly invented tales. He had also called her attention to Webster's definition of "handicap": *a race or contest in which, in order to equalize chances of winning, an artificial disadvantage is imposed on a supposedly superior contestant.*

The journey alone across continent and ocean, and a grand tour of Great Britain and Europe, proved that in all countries most people are kind and understanding. A pretty and attractive girl of twenty-one could have had no more protective chaperone than a pair of crutches.

Home again, job finding became the main occupation. Four summers of successful experience in girls' camps and a special recommendation from the Los Angeles representative of a national girls' organization suggested an interview with its head officer in Chicago. Her devastating rebuff, on the ground that it was morally shameful for a "cripple" to be in contact with children or young people, made a wound that never quite healed. An onlooker at

[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 63-73.

the Chicago scene reported the incident to a two-crutch man who stood ready to crusade for crutch users. The result, some time later, was a publicity job with the Century of Progress, from the first gravel excavation through the closing night.

The pain of the one unjust treatment was soothed by a very different reception in the newspaper field. In succession came satisfactory experiences in reporting, in college administrative offices, in mental hygiene work, and in teaching in a private school for boys, of which her first husband was headmaster. There she found intimate association with small boys, snakes, white mice, marbles, and pig Latin—"all so broadening and educational," she says.

Her own experience and that of others known to her is convincing evidence that physical handicaps have no bearing whatever on the relation between pupil and teacher. One who is richly human, who genuinely understands and loves children and can share creative enthusiasm in knowledge and skills, is accepted without morbid reaction of any kind. However, if a personality is basically unsuited to teaching, the children will choose any obvious physical difference as the point of attack to hurt their enemy.

During a year of graduate study at Columbia University, skiing was for the first time geographically convenient. Her first attempt resulted in quite unexpected publicity, involving incidents amusing and not so amusing; but the skiing itself was great fun.

The next job was at Antioch College, as secretary and editor with the Fels Research Foundation. This position proved to be so congenial and delightful that Louise might have remained indefinitely if, on her second summer's vacation, she had not met her second husband-to-be, Sherman Baker. Three months later they married and went to live in the mountains of New Mexico. Both of them loved that pioneering life; but when the man of the house fell ill in the dead of winter, there was no one but his wife to feed the insatiable stove and fireplace. After a few weeks Louise began to feel a numbness in hands and arms. Brachial paralysis could be forestalled only by keeping off her crutches.

Just then an aged prospector who wore a peg leg chanced by. On his advice, Mrs. Baker tried, while gardening and doing housework, an unesthetic but convenient device which leaves the arms free,

permits bending and stretching, is much less tiring than the weight of an artificial leg, and is thoroughly dependable. However, it has little or no advantage for a person whose amputation is below the knee, or who works in an office and has pavements to walk on.

The carrying problem solved, and plumbing installed, life in the desert continued peacefully. There were some human visitors, congenial and otherwise, and intimate animal friends. But in spite of all this, Louise says, "I found time a little heavy on my hands when Sherman was caged up writing Western pulp stories, the cat was off sparring with mice, and the dog was chasing jack rabbits. . . . To break the habit of tapping my foot against the floor to amuse myself, I also took to writing short stories." [7]

This idyllic existence was ended by World War II. When Mr. Baker returned from the service they faced the housing shortage. Finally they purchased a cottage in Prescott, Arizona, where most of Mrs. Baker's first best-seller, *Party Line,* was written. "It wasn't my name on a national best-seller list that warmed my heart and made me feel important. It was the string of local customers who bought out the local supply of my book in half an hour after it went on the block. . . . They bought the book because I wrote it, and they wanted to see me get ahead in the world." [8]

After that, came the writing of another best-seller, *Out on a Limb,* her autobiography from which we have been quoting. The book is full of such humor and sparkling gayety that it cannot fail to warm the grumpiest of pessimists.

Now Mrs. Baker is back in Yellow Springs, Ohio, on the staff of the Fels Research Institute of Antioch College as assistant to the director, and editor of publications. This institute is one of the outstanding centers in the country for the study of child development, and is doing "a long-term, longitudinal, interdisciplinary study on about 200 children from conception to maturity."

Mrs. Baker also does a good deal of work on behalf of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc., of which she is a trustee and a member of the executive board.

Now only in her early maturity, Louise Baker will climb to other

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 200.
[8] *Ibid.,* p. 212.

heights in the literary world. Wherever duty to her family or the urge for adventure may take her, the impact of her warm heart and good-neighborliness will be felt.

The full, normal life of this brilliant woman, as well as her achievements, are results of her natural endowments of health, sympathy, humor, and intelligence. Some incidents are due to the accidental handicap, but few of her successes seem to be directly in spite of it. Rather, she has had the strength and character to do whatever she most desired, undeterred by her particular obstacles as other capable persons are undeterred by equally great though less obvious handicaps.

Persons are persons, and should be helped by parents, friends, schools, and all other social institutions to develop their best potentialities with neither fear nor favor for conspicuous "differences." It is the attitudes of family and public, and each person's reactions to those attitudes, that may become hindrances to fulfillment, or the cause of emotional frustrations. Organized associations for specialized training and for disseminating information on special economies and tools are helpful.

Someone has said, "An alibi is first cousin to an excuse, and they're both mighty poor relations."

Mrs. Baker has never used her alibi.

Betsey Barton

A Girl Who Learned to Live Again

MARY E. MOXCEY

BETSEY BARTON WAS SIXTEEN, pretty and popular, full of the joy of life. Daughter of Bruce Barton, a well-known author, she possessed a keen mind with every opportunity and stimulus for unusual development, and she was already a world traveler. Her active body delighted in dancing, tennis, horseback riding. Then came an automobile crash, in which her spine was injured.

At first there was room only for consciousness of physical pain. She could not know that she would have to exchange a highly active body for one permanently impaired. Her family and friends knew this before she was able to realize it, and tenderly tried to win her puzzled, bitter spirit back to a desire for life. With the wisdom of love, they understood her inevitable self-centeredness, her complete preoccupation with her own problem, and did not expect to have their sympathy "appreciated."

Very soon Betsey discovered that the easiest escape from present despair was to live in memory images of the past—places, color, bodily motion—and to dream of some miracle that would restore her to the familiar life of action. Everything that money could do to obtain medical and surgical skill to perform that miracle was attempted, but nothing could restore the injured spinal cord; both legs were to be permanently paralyzed.

More than a year of lying in bed without moving took its toll. The next few years were spent in battling sickness caused by a kidney infection, with frequent trips to the hospital for the removal of kidney stones. Three years after her injury, while recovering from one of these operations, Betsey was being driven to a hospital for treatment when a car crashed into hers at an intersection. Cut and

bruised, collarbone, thighbone and pelvis broken, and skull cracked, she was taken on to the hospital—but to the operating room!

Twelve years later I first met Miss Barton, by appointment, in the lobby of a hotel in Phoenix, Arizona. I was eager to see her, for during these intervening years she had become an author of books and magazine articles, her first novel was already at the printer's, she was a zealous worker for the establishment of rehabilitation centers, and an instructor of the handicapped in veterans' and civilian hospitals. She had told me she would drive her own car from the ranch where she was staying, and "You'll know me because I'm on crutches."

Through the door swung a slender, dark-haired, smartly-tailored young woman whose whole personality radiated vitality. The youthful face was rosy and tanned, but the deep-blue eyes showed the sympathy and wisdom that come only from suffering. As we entered her car she pushed herself from the curb to the seat with her crutches, laid them on the back seat and, unlocking her braces at the knees, slid under the steering wheel. Expertly she drove out of traffic.

Then we talked about the problems of learning "to live again" after the normal pattern of physical life is permanently altered, and of her own experience. We went back to that second accident.

After such a terrible disaster, her will to live had been absolutely crushed. In the hospital she watched the months pass by, with listless apathy. When her broken bones had healed, Betsey was taken back to her home, where she alternated between bed and wheelchair. During this period she was ill a great deal, and she tired easily. There seemed to be no further progress.

However, there was beginning to reveal itself in this twice-shattered body an unconquerable spirit that made her take the first steps toward recovery. The following winter she learned to use a typewriter, to get about in her wheelchair, to depend more on herself and less on others. There was no body of knowledge available that could instruct her in the skills needed in the routine of daily living. She taught herself because, as she expressed it, "I hated to be a nuisance, to get in the way at home or socially. I didn't like to have to be lifted and helped. So I had to learn to help myself."

The doctors had condemned her to a life in bed and wheelchair, but Betsey and her family continued to look for help. They heard that exercise might be a vital factor, so they traveled from coast to coast to seek help from one person or another who seemed to offer help. Finally, seven years after her first accident, Betsey came to Mr. James Maynard Williamson for treatment. Under his stimulating faith in her eventual independence, she promised to do the exercises he taught her. But with both legs entirely paralyzed, her upper body thin and sickly from disuse, what could the discouraged girl do?

"You can breathe," Mr. Williamson told her determinedly, "and you can move your abdominal muscles. Begin!"

And so once an hour for five minutes, then for ten, her whole being was centered on those deep breaths, on moving the abdominal walls. Heart and lungs reacted, furnishing more oxygen to improve her sluggish circulation. Internal structure became stronger, vital processes more active—but oh, so slowly! Yet enough progress was apparent, and "soon enough to prevent another death of the will to live."

After working under Mr. Williamson's supervision for three years, Betsey was ready to learn to walk on braces and crutches. For this she went to the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York City. The Institute had been started after the First World War by the Red Cross, as a vocational training center for veterans. Later, it was taken over by private citizens and became the first rehabilitation center in this country. Dr. George Deaver was head of the medical department when Betsey went there, and it is under his forceful personality that many of the forward strides in the art of rehabilitation have been taken.

At the Institute, Betsey was fitted with braces and crutches and began taking the first painful strides toward independence. She practiced standing, balancing, and learning to manage her crutches in the company of other disabled persons, and began to see that her own progress was more rapid because of their companionship. At first it was painful to her to watch other sufferers in their attempts at self-help, but soon she realized the great gain to any handicapped person in being allowed to co-operate with others. She

learned that others had been more severely injured than she, and that she could help them; at the same time she could emulate those less severely injured. In this atmosphere of mutual help progress was speeded, and within a year Betsey had fulfilled the four requirements of the Institute's rehabilitation program:

(1) complete self-care
(2) the ability to walk alone
(3) the ability to travel alone
(4) the ability to support oneself in a job.

During this time Betsey's progress kept step with that of rehabilitation itself. In 1934, when she was first injured, rehabilitation did not exist in most hospitals. The disabled were sent home without re-educational exercises. There was no place for them to learn how to handle their handicapped bodies; so they often returned home, as Betsey had done, with no other expectation than to spend the rest of their lives in bed or wheelchair. The fact that they could be re-educated to independent, productive lives was practically unthought of. Yet, due to the impetus of the numbers of wounded veterans, the five years following the World War II casualties have made it possible for the twenty-three million disabled persons in the United States to look forward to leading independent lives—if the facilities can be made accessible to them.

Rehabilitation is a complex art because it cannot proceed on one part of the personality at a time. Henry Van Dyke once said, "A personality is an individuality, and an individuality is an indivisibility." The modern phrase for this truth is that a person is a "psychosomatic whole." We are mind-body organisms. The mind affects the body, and vice versa. If we are hurt in our bodies, we are also hurt in our minds. Therefore, Miss Barton says, "It takes the whole self—mind, heart, and body, to carry out the three steps required of us if we are to be completely re-educated:

(1) to face the fact of the disability
(2) to accept it
(3) to learn to deal with it at all times and in all ways."

Ideally, re-education should begin as soon as possible after the disease or the accident has struck, before motor memories fade. During the whole process the disabled person must be dealt with

as a whole. Knowing this, the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled provides four different categories of help which must be brought to bear on the disabled and must continuously interact: *medical help,* that does everything possible to restore normal functioning of muscles and organs; *psychological help,* that aids the disabled person in adjusting mentally to his new life; *social adjustment,* that puts him into normal relations with his family and community; and *vocational training,* that fits the disabled person for a job.

At the Institute are assembled all kinds of braces and other appliances that can be fitted to individual needs. Since those earlier days much progress has been made in producing artificial limbs, braces, and crutches that are lighter, better-looking, and more efficient. In the large gymnasium at the Institute there are chairs and tables, a wooden bus, a replica of a city traffic light and a curbstone, and a flight of steps. By practicing on these the disabled learn in safety to master the things they will be required to do when they re-enter their new life as self-supporting individuals. After the skills are learned, they must be used in the normal world—first, in the family circle; then, among people who understand the problems; and finally, on the public streets.

A re-education center helps in these successive adjustments through the trained physical re-educators who teach the family to give the help needed and yet encourage independence. This is especially necessary when the family likes to do things for the patient, both from love and because it is quicker! Love is necessary for continued growth, but it must not strangle the desire for self-help.

When Miss Barton went to California to visit on a ranch, she reports:

> I traveled with a maid who had to help me over the rough spots on the journey. Since my accident I had not been without a nurse or maid of some kind. But when . . . we were settled at the ranch the maid decided she did not like the climate, so she left.
>
> I was delighted. There was no one available for miles around to take care of me and no one could be found for days. . . . I learned to make the beds from the wheelchair and to mop the floors—not too clean, of course. I even learned to cook. I shall never forget the day I put all the things in the kitchen

where I could reach them, in bottom shelves and drawers. No one coming in then could ever find anything, and I refused to show them.

Time and again [Miss Barton is speaking here of other disabled persons] when the nurse or maid left, when mother got sick and could not wait on them . . . they leaped into a bigger freedom fast, because circumstance forced it on them, and somehow they found themselves capable.[1]

To mingle with "people in general" is difficult for the disabled because it is hard to be always the center of curiosity. Strangers stare and ask: "Was it polio?" "What kind of an accident?"—and even more personal questions. Children "say all the wrong things," but they are sincere and should be answered with sincerity and a smile. A crippled person's reservoirs of energy are quickly drained, but the strain is more emotional than physical. The American public is trained to appraise people by their external appearance, and it insists, unwisely, that persons who deviate from the physical average ought to play a role as different!

That is one cause of vocational difficulties that the handicapped encounter. One important way that rehabilitation centers help is to explore the mental and physical possibilities of each disabled person and assign him to a job he can handle. Retraining may be for something quite remote from what one did before. The former garage mechanic may become a watchmaker; the football coach a jeweler, a lawyer, or a salesman. Few "normal" persons use all or even the best of their potential abilities. At the Institute, the handicapped are helped to discover their unknown resources, trained to use them, and given a worth-while place in the world of work. Properly placed in a job, they have proved that they are as capable as able-bodied people.

Miss Barton's work with the disabled is determined by two facts: First, most of the material and techniques for rehabilitating the physically handicapped have been developed during and since World War II. They are accomplishing wonders for wounded veterans. Second, although the number of civilians handicapped by accident and disease was far greater, even during the war, and is rapidly increasing, there are at present only two completely

[1] *And Now to Live Again* (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. 1944), p. 71. Used by permission.

equipped rehabilitation centers for civilians, and those are both in New York City.[2] Miss Barton has worked extensively in both these centers, and in Navy and Army hospitals, teaching and learning new techniques. She is helping to spread widely a knowledge of the needs of the handicapped and of how they and their families and communities can best meet them.

When the two accidents befell Betsey Barton, she was still too young to have developed a religious faith of her own strong enough to fall back upon. Well-meaning friends tried to get her to use their faith, wrapped up in words they had inherited. In her mental torment of frustrated body and emotions, the orthodox words were not only meaningless and unhelpful but abhorrent. She had to find her own way to faith and creative growth. That faith is still expressed in unorthodox terms, but it is real and sustaining.

She believes that faith is one of the greatest factors in helping the disabled to meet the problems brought to them by their handicaps. Out of her own experience she defines faith as "the ability to call upon the re-creative faculties that lie within our bodies, our minds, and our hearts." "Life," Miss Barton believes, "is essentially creative and restorative, and does work miracles if we learn to follow the laws of the unified self. These laws work in us all the time, but we must understand them and with loving humility co-operate in their healing work."

Daughter and granddaughter of Bartons who have been leaders in wielding not swords but pens in the struggle for social righteousness and Christian progress, Betsey Barton is becoming widely known not only as a social worker but as a writer. Most appropriately the honorary degree of Master of Humane Letters was conferred upon her by New York University in June, 1948.

Betsey Barton had all the makings of a perfect "alibi" for becoming a social introvert, continuing in adolescent self-centeredness, because of a body partly paralyzed and rapidly deteriorating from weakness and disuse. Instead of using that alibi she has,

[2] The Institute for the Crippled and Disabled, 400 First Avenue, New York, N. Y., and the Rehabilitation Institute of Bellevue Hospital, headed by Dr. Howard A. Rusk and Dr. George Deaver. (Dr. Deaver launched the work at the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled on First Avenue.)

through helping others, "expanded out of the tight ego" into a joyous and sympathetic personality. Her life is dedicated to co-operating with the pioneers in the field of rehabilitation, to provide independence and happiness for thousands of the physically handicapped.

Charles Guy Bolté

Something New in Veterans

CLARICE BOWMAN

THE OLD-TIME PICTURE OF VETERANS in a convention, wearing funny hats and staggering drunkenly down the street emitting adolescent whoops, fades. And in its place comes, sharply etched against the crucial nature of post-World War II and Korean War times, a picture of young fellows standing foursquare to the world, wearing their wooden legs as casually as their service stripes, eyes clear and far-seeing, faces fine-chiseled and serious. Oh, to be sure, there were those whose one ambition was to get back to "Mom and her berry pie." And there were those who for a lifetime would go back over their hours of stark awareness like a stuck phonograph needle. There were others who would come back with the "gimme's," asking bonus and jobs for self but the devil take the rest of the world—hadn't they done their bit? But this new veteran, now. What is he saying? What is he doing? More important still, what is he *thinking?*

For the new veteran has a mind. And he's making it expendable —dedicating its use to the causes of peace and world government as earnestly as he gave his eyes, or legs, or life on the battlefronts all over the world.

The best way to find out who the new veteran is, and what's on his mind, and whether he's got some answers for the world is to meet one. Walk up to him and fall into step with him (halting step, his is; but you wouldn't let yourself notice that) and start lending your minds out to each other. Assured of your genuine concern for the problems he is concerned about (and assured that you're not paternalistically looking down on him as a "problem"), then he could talk business with you. And the business these *new* veterans

would join you in, shoulder to shoulder, is world business. Business the whole world needs to get busy about, swiftly. That's what he'd tell you. But wait—we're getting ahead of our story. Who is he, first?

Charles Guy Bolté would be a good one to get acquainted with. Chairman of the American Veterans Committee, 1944-1947, and writer of note, Bolté serves as a Voice of the new veteran. He can be that voice because he *is* the new veteran. He came to be a veteran the hard way.

Bolté was born in New York City, on January 19, 1920, to Guy Willard and Marion Stewart Bolté. After high school he went to Dartmouth. There he was a Phi Beta Kappa student and associate editor of The Dartmouth, daily campus newspaper. Like most of his generation he was an isolationist and wrote about "no more wars for democracy." Then France fell, London was blitzed, and soon with four of his friends he found himself enlisted in the British King's Royal Rifle Corps, a motorized infantry regiment which had originally been formed on American soil in 1756 during the French and Indian War. He had become a veteran even before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Why? What were his reasons?

> The decision took a long time to reach, and each of us reached it a different way, through the dark days of isolationism, through the worse days when we stiffened our backs under the charges of softness and cynicism leveled against us by some of our elders. . . .[1]

> . . . Jack's feelings about the war were not political; in his great humanity, in his profound curiosity concerning every phase of human activity, in his passionate desire to know everything of life so that he could write about it from personally felt experience, he simply had to get into it. Staying out, delaying the decision would have been for him saying no to life, and there wasn't a negative bone in his body.[2]

Perhaps impulse thrust them in, more than reasons—that and the fact that the war was *on;* the adult world had created it and thrust it into youth's lap.

What happened to the three Dartmouth and two Harvard fellows?

[1] Bolté, C. G., *The New Veteran* (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock; Penguin Books, Inc., 1945), p. 8. Used by permission.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 10. Used by permission.

"Two got death, and three got the limps."

Charles Guy Bolté was one of the latter. Sent to North Africa in the summer of 1942, his outfit fought with the British Eighth Army against Rommel's Afrika Korps; four days after the beginning at El Alamein, Lieutenant Bolté was shot in the right leg. The leg was amputated above the knee in a series of operations by an Australian surgeon in a field hospital. Bolté was given the Star of Africa. ("So was everybody else," he says—"it's a campaign ribbon.") Lying there through the long nights in the field hospital, listening to the strange half-demented cries of other wounded men, Bolté sought valiantly to weave together the scattered strands of his thoughts into a tapestry of life philosophy: something *worth* living for, something worth, perhaps, even losing a leg for. Convalescence from a serious wound can sour or sweeten a man for life, he observed.

> Boredom can corrode him, brooding can embitter him, easy pleasure can soften him, drink can ensnare him, too much supervision can render him dependent, too little can leave him floundering. My own performance was miles from being model, but it served.[3]

Similarly, later Bolté with his American Veterans Committee was to concern himself over a sick world—a world having been amputated of millions of its most vigorous members; a world which wrong moves on the part of those in leadership could corrode or embitter, or soften, or ensnare, render dependent, or leave floundering. That world he conceived to be, not the veterans' world only, or the civilians' world only, but *everybody's* world. He was to call upon his fellow citizens in that world, veterans and all, to become the red-blood corpuscles for building vigor into plans for peace, in order that with good will, good *health* among the nations might result.

After a convalescence of eight months in a Cairo hospital, Bolté was fitted with an artificial leg, sent home, and discharged. A month after his arrival in the United States in June, 1943, he was married to Mary Brooks Elwell, whom he had known before he went into the service and with whom he had been corresponding during convalescence. His first job was that of military writer with

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 12-13. Used by permission.

the OWI in New York; he left in 1944 to join the Ziff Davis Publishing Company.

Like many another ex-serviceman, Bolté wondered "how the thing for which he had fought could be won permanently."

> The fighting men have the strongest claim to peace, jobs, and freedom simply because they did the fighting for them, and sometimes the dying. But a lot of fighting men are afraid they won't get them or keep them. They're afraid the peace will be fumbled this time as it was the last time. They're afraid veterans will be selling apples again. They're afraid they won't have a strong voice in their own future, but will have to go through life with politicians and correspondents glibly telling the world what they think. . . .
>
> And so, among the massed armies of nations fighting around the world there were many who would say amen to what an American artillery corporal wrote in 1944 from the bitter mountains of Italy: "All of us here grope for some solid means which would transfer the helm of the future into our hands, some device which would break for all time the rhythm of war, the strangle hold of inept standards and powerful, anonymous control. When the soldier gets back, he shall want more than a pat on the back and a drink or two. He shall want to be an eager partner in the reconstruction, who has learned much, who can give much and who is afraid of nothing." [4]

But sometimes a fellow's idealism, even his courage, wears thin. He needs the bolstering that a few others of like mind can give when together they can bat their ideas back and forth in discussion and watch the expression on one another's faces, and test their dreams for seaworthiness. (Such free discussion with group thinking, incidentally, is the essence of the democratic way of living.) When they are not together, they can at least write letters to each other.

These veterans were *youth*. Obviously, the old organizations of veterans of their fathers' wars would not answer their needs, for they felt they had *new* problems (and, yes, a new idealism). And when given a chance they reminded their elders that the old organizations, despite their success with the bonus, didn't do much about peace, jobs, and freedom!

> It was no crusade, brother, and anybody who talked a crusade got hooted at. We wanted a decent job and enough room to move around in and nobody giving us orders any more and no more fighting . . . maybe we didn't know

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 2-3. Used by permission.

much about the underlying causes of the war, but we knew we wanted the wasted years and the blood to mean something more than another long armistice and veterans selling apples again. . . . And anybody who had let them happen last time, by what he did or what he didn't do, was not to be trusted any more. We were a new generation, we had new problems, and we could tackle them in our own way. Thanks for your interest, mister, but we're not even sure we *want* your advice. You didn't do a very good job last time, did you?[5]

In February, 1944, Bolté heard about a small group of servicemen who were corresponding with one another about how they might achieve the kind of world they wanted to live in after the war. They were looking for someone to "head up" or "center" their correspondence, and lay the foundations for a new veterans' organization. The correspondence had already grown into a monthly bulletin; and the number of subscribers and contributors to the bulletin was growing fast. Bolté took over, and for months conducted all business from his apartment until increased funds from sympathetic persons enabled the American Veterans Committee (as it was now called) to have an office address.

When the June, 1944, Mediterranean edition of *Stars and Stripes* printed a short account of the new group, Bolté had received more than 300 V-mail letters of application within two weeks. By September, 1945, the steadily growing membership had reached about four thousand. For veterans the dues were three dollars a year.

The organization was launched, having started not out of desire for entertainment or glorification of war, but from the *sense of need* of these young and thinking veterans to get together for mutual support and for paving the way for peace. A new mission was theirs. It would mean hard spade work, in many respects harder than jogging through mire on a field of physical combat. It would take courage—moral courage, which costs more than physical courage any day. Sneers there would be, and scoffs. "Intellectuals," they would be called, when they tried to build foundations of logic under their arguments for better interracial and international organizations. But these men had plenty of stuffing, Bolté chief among them.

Bolté continued free-lance writing and radio work on the side, contributed articles on veterans' affairs, and did considerable public

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 69. Used by permission.

speaking and writing for the American Veterans Committee. His book on the veterans of World War II was entitled *The New Veteran*. He has been consulted by Congressional committees on such matters as permanent conscription and full employment legislation.

What about this new veterans' organization? What had it to say? On what foundations did it build? In a "wilderness crying for a voice," what did the voice of these young veterans, and specifically Bolté's own voice, say?

Briefly, the syllables shape up into four cries. First, this new veterans' group adopted the heartening motto, "Citizens first, veterans second." "Bolté," reads the flier on the Penguin edition of his book, "is the young American whose responsibilities didn't end with winning the war, but who is concerned with winning the peace. Charles Bolté's is one of the clearest and sanest voices in the rising clamor for more and better democracy."

Bolté pleaded with society not to regard the ex-soldier as a half-hero, half-problem; not to fence him off from the rest of itself "by design or well-intentioned accident"; not to turn him against other groups in that society. He doesn't want the soldier-group to further divide society, because, he says, "a divided society will break down into unemployment, farm foreclosures, inflation, and race riots." He and the American Veterans Committee strongly favored any legislation which was to benefit veterans directly or indirectly, believing that benefits to veterans should also be benefits to the whole community.

Second, this new veterans' organization was *not* Jim Crow.

> There are many individual veterans' problems, but the one overriding veterans' problem is identical with the overriding national problem: how to create a more democratic and prosperous America in a world organized against war. . . . Mass unemployment for the nation means mass unemployment for the veteran who fought for the right to work. Intolerance, discrimination against minorities, inflation, farm foreclosures, factories turning over at half speed in the nation—all these plant at home the seeds of the same fascism which the veteran defeated abroad.
>
> . . . but we know that, for simple purposes of survival, each man is his brother's keeper. . . . In this comradeship we learned to judge the men we loved as brothers by what they were and by what they did, not by the clothes

they wore, the house they lived in, the accent they spoke with, or the place where they worshiped.[6]

In the same vein, Bolté stood out squarely against "stratification" in the veterans' organization. He was against artificial barriers between officers and enlisted men, or artificial distinctions between men—period.

AVC—to cite only the veterans' organization I happen to know best—includes fighting colonels and typewriting privates; soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen, Wacs and Waves, merchant seamen and ambulance drivers and war correspondents; Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, and possibly a few Prohibitionists; Protestants, Catholics, and Jews; lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers, executives, clerks, small enterprisers, skilled laborers, unskilled laborers, farmers, students, union organizers, reporters, an ex-Congressman, and a couple of wealthy idlers; Vermonters, New Yorkers, Georgians, Hoosiers, Montanans, Californians, even Texans; Boston Brahmins with English names, Pittsburgh steelworkers with Polish names, California farmers with Japanese names; white men, black men, brown men.[7]

Third and similarly, this new veterans' organization sought for a common denominator between capital and labor; the members demonstrated substantial agreement on the two major issues: the maintenance of full employment (on a healthy scale, not due to war boom) and international co-operation abroad.

And last, the weight of their conviction and efforts was placed solidly upon working toward *peace*. They expressed what they felt to be an immediate necessity to "achieve a world order based on law, governed by representatives responsible to all the people, and guaranteeing the rights of all men." The young veterans representing this organization at San Francisco could not help remarking, "The more your country had been ruined by the war, the more power you were willing to give the world organization."

We understand that we can no longer put foreign policy in one pocket and domestic policy in another. . . .

The real test of our new-found world-mindedness will come when the maintenance of international co-operation will cost us something, real or fancied, in the way of profit, prestige or short-term advantage. Just as each man gives up some of his freedom of action to live in a society of other men,

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 4. Used by permission.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 148. Used by permission.

so each nation gives up some of its freedom of action to live in a society of other nations. . . .

We must enter into a new organization of society which has the power to create and to enforce the rule of law governing affairs among nations. We must do this in our own self-interest; we must allow the world community to control world affairs just as we allow cities to control city affairs, states to control state affairs, and nations to control national affairs. We must achieve a world order based on law, governed by representatives responsible to all the people, and guaranteeing the rights of all men.

In doing this we shall not be "surrendering" anything. We shall be gaining the best possible guarantee that our civilization can endure the age of atomic energy.[8]

[8] *Ibid.*, pp. 140, 142, 145. Used by permission.

"Elizabeth Bowers"

Polio Victim—Yet Always Rejoicing

GRACE CHAPIN AUTEN

A FEW YEARS AGO a girl arrived at a junior college, bright and eager for the life ahead of her. She walked apparently with great difficulty, using two canes and supported by a heavy brace on the left leg. She had been a victim of poliomyelitis when she was four years old. She had been crippled since then in spite of every effort her parents made to find relief for her. She had been taken all over the United States to the best medical and orthopedic authorities. Thinking back to my first sight of "Elizabeth Bowers" [1] at eighteen, I recall vividly her keen, inquiring, happy expression as she entered college, ready for new adventures. She was short and somewhat squarely built, blond, good-looking, with a special maturity of mind, and good-humored intelligence. Remembering her, it is only by an effort that I can recall her extreme lameness involving a seemingly painful swinging of the body as she walked. She asked no favors.

Those who knew her there say they never thought of Elizabeth as a cripple. They remember her as gay and full of fun, very generous and friendly, warmhearted, without self-pity or, on the other hand, any trace of self-righteousness. She was always more interested in other people than in herself.

She had a little hand-operated gig in which she propelled herself around the campus, or over to the tearoom, favorite resort of hungry students, or down by the hockey field or tennis courts to watch sports in which she could not actively participate. Her gig was always surrounded by a group of chattering, laughing companions. One teacher claims that "Tibby," as she was affectionately called, was the most popular girl in her class.

[1] The name is fictitious.

Tibby toiled up the stairs to her second-floor room which thereupon became a sort of problem to the floor-teacher since it was usually echoing with laughter. As one of her roommates says, "She made fun out of everything." She managed a double flight of stairs down to the big dining room, slowly and carefully, but promptly. She chose chemistry as a major interest although it involved another difficult ascent and hours of standing for experimental work, taxing her strength.

Tibby never asked for any exemptions or seemed to expect at any time special consideration on account of her condition. What others could do, she demanded of herself. One fellow student, thinking back to those years, says that she never pitied Elizabeth or thought of her as a cripple, but as a girl among girls who had her own crowd of friends. Certainly, Elizabeth didn't pity herself or expect pity. In this she was a contrast to another girl who walked with a crutch but made herself unhappy with self-commiseration, accordingly unpopular and aloof.

At the end of each term, Tibby's father or mother appeared with the big family automobile prepared to fill it to overflowing with the girls and their vacation baggage destined for towns along the route toward Tibby's home. More than likely several were to be Tibby's own guests from distant states. There seemed to be always room for one more. Mr. and Mrs. "Bowers" were good-natured over the crowding-in. It was fun to see the last bag squeezed in after much maneuvering.

Elizabeth had an older sister who had made a brilliant record in that college and had been president of her class. Later, a younger sister finished, who was also a class president. Tibby was class secretary. She agrees willingly that she "did not set the world on fire" with high marks in either junior or senior college. She learned easily. She admits that she studied, usually as a last resort, after there was no one left to talk to! By judicious cramming at strategic periods, she always passed her subjects creditably. She was a student above the average, and had she been less interested in those about her, could easily have made "straight A's." Her choice of bacteriology and allied subjects shows no lack of intellectual ability.

At graduation, the president of Tibby's junior college, who had

been busily advising her seniors about advanced college applications, hesitated to urge Tibby to any further education. She thought she had done remarkably well, already, and should now enjoy the luxury of home and travel such as her family, happily, were able to give her. One year was spent at Warm Springs, Georgia, in an effort to improve her physical condition, but soon Elizabeth's resolute ambition carried her on to senior college, graduate work, and a highly specialized, scientific job.

Elizabeth entered Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia—an institution with an enviable reputation among all women's colleges in the United States scholastically. Here, Tibby found many new Southern friends whom she warmly admired, and they will never forget her. Perhaps she was more "sociable" than studious, as she says, for she dearly loved good times with people. Later, when she herself taught microbiology to nurses in training, she was "exasperated no end" when any student followed her own early method of easy effort followed by sudden cramming.

Asked if she did not have some big obstacles, some "mountains" of difficulty in her college life, she tries to think whether there were really special hardships or special victories over them. She honestly believes there weren't any! She says that if she wanted to do something very much but reasoned it out as impossible for herself, she promptly forgot it and never thought of it again! She thinks she must be the type that doesn't brood about anything. Tibby admits a lot of what she calls "little molehills" to get over, but thus far no "mountains." Yet she has one leg completely paralyzed, the other partially so, a back not normal, and an exceedingly arduous job to do—on crutches!

In Agnes Scott College, Tibby majored in chemistry and minored in zoology. The summer after receiving her A.B. she attended the University of Chicago to take bacteriology. In the fall, she entered the University of Georgia Medical School in Augusta, Georgia, and took a course in medical technology. She was wanted, then, in the University Hospital as research technician in Medicine. The next seven years she held this important position, employed by the University of Georgia School of Medicine. First, she did general work on whatever was called for, but soon she was doing the technical

work on whatever research the Chief of Medicine was engaged in doing, mainly on vitamin deficiencies.

In 1943, Elizabeth left the South to be with her parents in Illinois. Her four sisters were married and settled in other cities. The jolly household had greatly diminished. Her father would before long retire from business. Tibby did not allow herself many weeks of idleness, even in the charming, comfortable home she loved. She is working full time as supervisor of the hospital laboratory on an eight-hour day schedule with the added demands of night-call for emergencies every other week. She claims it is fun to be working in a small hospital "because one's work doesn't ever get too specialized. One has to be jack-of-all-trades in the laboratory and be able to do anything that comes up." "Anything that comes up" may be blood counts, all types of hematology, blood chemistries, urinalysis, bacteriology, serology, basal metabolism, electrocardiographs, etc. She has long since discarded canes for crutches because she can do much more that way. She doesn't tire so easily, is much surer of herself, can carry things in her hands when she walks with crutches. She has to be able to carry things, to stand up for hours at a time, walk distances without being exhausted when she gets there. Whenever possible she attends church. She is a member in good standing in her Lutheran Church, and grew up in Sunday School, going every Sunday, rain or shine. She lives her religion, not talking much about it. She has a "deep faith in God," a deep confidence, too, in the power of prayer. Life is full of interest, full of joy. We all remember her as lighthearted and fun to be with!

In this miracle of victory over a big handicap—a miracle of personality—Elizabeth gives all the credit to her parents and four sisters—but she doesn't think she has done anything that anyone else could not do. Here is the story in her own words:

I do know for sure that my success (if you call it success) has not been due to me, but rather to the attitudes, the consideration, and the psychology (applied as "common sense") of my mother and father and four sisters. From the time I was convalescing from polio, at four years old, I have never been made to feel that I was in any way "different" from any other member of the family. As soon as I was out of quarantine, the other children came in and played with me just as if I were recovering from an attack of three-day measles. When I was able to be up I was immediately included in any and

all games. There was never any mention made of the fact that I couldn't do something because I wasn't physically able to do so. For instance, when we played "hopscotch," the kids used to let it "be fair" if my crutches touched on a line but if my foot that wasn't supposed to be down touched then I was "out" just like any other child. When the whole neighborhood got together for a baseball game, I always batted when it came my turn and somebody else ran for me. I remember that the kids used to fight over who would run for me—they all wanted to because I was such a good batter and was usually able to hit a home run. Of course at the time I wasn't conscious of the fact, but I know now that I figured out in my mind that I had to excel in what I was able to do in order to compensate for what I couldn't do. I always remember the little moral lesson that Dad has repeatedly told us girls, "Learn to do something better than anybody else—even if it is just standing on your head!"

From the time I had polio my mother and Dad have taken me all over the United States to the best medical authorities and orthopedists. These trips to the doctor, the treatments, the hours spent in braceshops, were all treated as a matter of course. The folks never let it interfere with my schooling to any great extent, nor did they let it interfere with my social life. Before I was old enough to drive a car, the folks always saw to it that I went to everything that I wanted to go to and that the "crowd" was going to—the wind and the weather didn't matter—if other people could get there, so could I. And I wasn't taken by myself while the other kids walked—all my friends were always included—even though it meant a great deal more trouble for Mother and Dad. What I am trying to say is that I was never treated as though anything extra was ever being done for me. In other words, so to speak, my physical disability was never "publicized."

When I was sixteen years old, Dad bought me a car and taught me to drive. That was a great morale builder and raised my ego no end, because then I was independent and could ask people to go with me and not always have to go with somebody else. I might add here that not one of my sisters ever displayed even a slight tinge of jealousy (because they didn't get a car when they were sixteen) but rather rejoiced with me in my good fortune. We all "piled in" the car and had a big time! I also might add that there was never any deference shown to me in the everyday "spats and squabbles" among the five sisters. If I was in the wrong I was punished like the other girls. I attended the public schools, and went to Sunday School every Sunday from the first grade through high school. . . . Never before have I sat down to analyze my life and I daresay this doesn't make awfully good sense.

But it does make unusually fine sense! One of Tibby's schoolgirl friends says of her:

She chose her parents wisely—parents with more real warmth and affection than general theory and child psychology, yet not overindulgent. We all

adored Tibby, not out of any kindness on our part, I'm sure, or any cooked-up philosophy of hers, but simply because she was delightful and fun to be with. She is not the only handicapped person I have known, but the only one in whom there is no self-pity, no bitterness, no evangelism, or goody-goody-ness.

The friend who has known Elizabeth best for the past fourteen years, says of her:

An endless and indescribable joy radiates from Elizabeth. All who see her realize this immediately, even before she speaks. Her eyes are always laughing even when she is tired, and her face seems aglow with happiness and humor. . . . She has a faith beyond herself in a source of infinite love and goodness she calls God. She keenly feels that her life has some definite place and responsibility. . . . Through prayer, meditation, the church, and the teachings of Jesus, she seeks strength and direction.

She drives a car, plays ping-pong, rides horseback, and swims better than the average girl. She often goes to dances and is the life of the side lines. Although her back may ache from strain, or she may have a headache, she is usually ready to go and to do things if someone says the word. Or, she will start something by suggesting a movie, a concert, a ride, or a bridge game, for she has boundless energy and enthusiasm. She enjoys people of all ages, both male and female. She has more than the average number of friends.

She helps at home, makes her bed, does errands, nurses nieces and nephews, and goes swimming with them at the country club pool, or plays shuffleboard. She is active in community affairs. Her latest interest is the county chapter of the American Cancer Society. She is a member of several social and service clubs.

No dull moments in "Elizabeth Bowers'" capable, joyous living!

"Ida Brown"

Through Unmarried Motherhood to Social Service

GLADYS HOAGLAND GROVES

"WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN I made a mistake that threw my own life into apparently hopeless confusion, threatened my parents, and promised to ruin the life of my unborn daughter." A gentle, clear-eyed lady with graying hair was speaking. "My work in these last fifteen years has been largely with young people whom others call difficult. I have had, as you know, some success in helping them to find themselves. There is a special reason for my interest in working with adolescents whose lives seem unpromising. At nineteen I was an unmarried mother."

"Ida Brown"[1] looked thoughtfully back across the years, as she made this statement, not in the mood of those who are confessing something for which they want to receive consolation or absolution, but as if she had been saying that she had recovered from a supposedly hopeless disease. The listener had known her for some years only as an unusually efficient and understanding policewoman. She had a way with older teen-age boys and girls who were chronically at outs with everyone and who therefore kept getting into more and more serious trouble of various kinds. Not sure whether he had heard correctly, her supervisor waited without speaking.

"You are surprised, I know," Mrs. Brown went on, "but I feel that I must tell you so that you may reconsider the offer you have just made me for so important a promotion. . . . No, do not speak of it again until you have had several days to think it over from all angles. Your own habit of encouraging people to face the future and let the past lie where it has fallen might make you feel that

[1] The name is fictitious.

you should stand back of the offer you have just made me, lest by withdrawing it you might uproot my self-confidence. But I had to work so hard to regain my self-respect that it is too deep-rooted now to be hurt.

"I would like to tell you my whole story—as nearly as anyone can ever tell the whole of the story—so that you may decide whether you even want to keep me in my present position."

The supervisor shook his head. "You do not need to tell me. I have complete confidence in the results that you are getting with those troubled boys and girls. . . . But I am puzzled. Why do you feel that you must tell me your life story now, when you did not say anything about it in applying for your present job with us?"

Mrs. "Brown" flushed, and her voice shook. "I am afraid I do not have as much confidence in myself as I wish I had. I didn't dare mention my being an unmarried mother when I was trying to get this job, because I was afraid you would not hire me if you knew that before you knew anything else about me. And I had to have work to pay for my daughter's education. I thought, too, that once you had seen what I could do with young people, you might not mind even if you knew my past.

"Now, however, I want to tell you everything—first, because it would seem unfair for me to accept a position of as much trust as you are offering me, without letting you know everything about me. Second, though, I want to tell you my story to ease my own feelings about it."

Mr. Gray leaned back and relaxed. "In that case, go ahead."

Mrs. "Brown" began hesitatingly in a tight, strained voice but gradually seemed to lose her self-consciousness and spoke more gently as she relived the past.

"I was eighteen and certainly knew better. My parents had brought me up to know right from wrong, and I believed completely that I must always try with all my might to do what was right as I thought, and to ask guidance from on high when in doubt.

"But Jack was my first sweetheart—I had always thought I would never have a boy friend like the other girls because I was so homely and awkward (now I see that it was my own shyness and self-cen-

teredness that kept the boys away, for I was about average in looks). Jack was the handsomest, most charming man I had ever dreamed of meeting. That he seemed interested in me, too, was almost more than I could bear. I felt that I would burst with happiness (now I realize that the reason he paid any attention to me was that I was the only young girl he could find in that tiny hamlet where he had come to visit his sick grandmother). My pleasure in being noticed must have flattered him, for he invited me to go for a drive. I was proud to have this chance to show off my new young man from the city, as well as delighted at the prospect of being alone with him for an afternoon. His grandmother's mare was young and eager—a fine carriage horse—and I felt at the height of my glory as we drove at a spanking trot out of the village toward the mountains.

"When he drove down a woods trail half a mile off the road and tied the horse to a tree, I was so thrilled I could scarcely speak. As we strolled deeper into the woods, he made love to me in what I thought a truly poetic style. Convinced that this was a rare case of love at first sight, I met his protestations of devotion more than halfway, telling him that I loved him too. When he seemed not to believe me, I begged for a chance to prove my love for him. 'Nothing would be too hard for me to do to show that I love you truly,' I cried in my zeal to show him that I was not merely loving him with words. He took me up on that, saying there was one way he could test me out to learn whether I was just fooling him or whether I meant what I said. If I passed the test, he would ask for my hand in marriage."

Here Mrs. "Brown" came out of her absorption in the past to murmur, "The 'test' was, of course, that I should give him my virginity, then and there, and without a whimper. Ordinarily, I would have been horrified at the idea, but my excitement made me jump at the conclusion that we were already as good as married since he had said that he would ask me to marry him if I met this test successfully.

"I am sure you have already guessed the rest—how my supposed lover immediately changed his tone after he had got what he wanted. He even added insult to injury by laughing at me for

being so naïve, after I believed his careless promise to ask me to marry him. He went back to the city at the end of the summer, when his grandmother died and left him her property, and I never saw or heard from him again.

"Now that I have studied something about sterility and fertility, it seems strange that I should have become pregnant at eighteen from one single contact, but that is what happened.

"Meanwhile, I was so upset by my 'lover's' deception that I felt thankful not to be married to him. The thought that I had been so easily and completely taken in by him and that I had in a moment's vanity lost forever my maidenly virtue and my own self-respect, in addition to sinning in the eyes of God and man, almost overcame me. My shame was increased by my recognition that it could not have been love which had so excited me that I fell into the trap set for me. I scarcely knew the man to whom I had protested 'that I would do anything to prove my love for him.' How little I knew him was shown by the use he made of my vows of love. I had been so sure that this was not infatuation but love at first sight!

"Feeling my stupidity followed by shameless conduct, I shunned my girl friends, barely spoke to my parents, and shut myself up in my room with my schoolbooks as soon as my share in the housework was done each day. This puzzled my mother, for ordinarily I would have spent most of my free time outdoors or off with my girl friends or hobnobbing with them at home. When mother questioned me, I said I had studying to do in subjects I was weak in or else I would not be able to do well at college in the fall.

"I did spend many hours studying but without accomplishing much, because I could not get my mind off the ruin I had brought onto all my girlhood dreams of a happy marriage. I was sure I could never again hold up my head to look any man in the face. Nor could I believe that it would now be possible for me to go on with my plans for the life of service as missionary that I had been planning. I am surprised that I was not tempted to kill myself since I felt I had nothing left to live for, but I seemed too numb with chagrin and shame to consider anything that called for action. I could not imagine any end being made to my humiliation and remorse, even by death.

"It is true I almost stopped eating, but this was with no intention of starving myself. I ate as much as I could of whatever was set before me, not wanting to worry my parents by seeming to have a poor appetite. But it became more and more impossible for me to swallow more than a small fraction of what I had been in the habit of eating. Father was the one who expostulated about this. 'What is the matter? Are you in love? Or sick? Mother, we must look into this. Ida is fading away before our very eyes, and we are doing nothing about it.'

"The thought of being in love was so repugnant to me that I could not help weeping whenever questioned about it. Our old family doctor gave me a tonic and said I must get outdoors more and not be so solitary. I had always been comforted by his coming and now I almost told him my trouble, feeling that it would not hurt him as it would my parents, but that black gloom held me back. I did try to get outdoors more as he had advised, but no longer took any pleasure in it and soon cut short my attempts to stay outdoors a large part of the day. His other prescription—that I see more of my friends—I could not make myself carry out. With one excuse after another I managed to get through the days and weeks without seeing any of them more than very briefly and casually.

"Finally, I began to think I was losing my mind, so black were my thoughts of myself and so useless did I believe I had become as far as ever being able to help anyone else. I got into the habit of keeping my eyes down as I walked, and of evading speaking to anyone even though it meant crossing the road or turning and going the other way if I saw someone coming who would expect a word with me. Even saying good morning or good afternoon seemed to take a superhuman effort.

"This state of affairs frightened me into action, for I did not want to hurt my parents still more by really losing my mind. I knew I was bound to be a great disappointment to them now, since I could neither marry nor have the type of career we had all expected. Before I could change my mind, I took myself straight to the friendly old doctor with whom I had almost shared my grief weeks before. I blurted out everything as fast as I could, then asked him how I

could keep from losing my mind. To my surprise he did not seem so shocked at my story and assured me gently that I had a good, tough mind that could take worse blows than this without breaking. He also said—and this cheered me in spite of myself—that some of his best friends and some of the most useful people he knew had been through experiences like mine.

"He was much more worried, he said, about the way I was throwing away my health by sticking to my unproductive gloom. Anyone could make a quick mistake, he said, but it was downright selfish to go on thinking only about the mistake one had made, instead of trying to find somebody worse off who needed such help as I could give them. This startled me. 'How can anybody be worse off than I am? And what help could I possibly give them?' "

" 'Step on the scales and let's see how much weight you have lost. I will complete your physical examination; then I will answer your questions.' Finding that I had lost fifteen pounds, 'which you could not afford to lose, for you have been growing so fast,' he continued examining me in a more thorough way than ever before. He said, 'I think you will snap out of this depression now, for here is something only you can do. You are going to have a baby and you will need to make the most of your health and strength of body and mind to see that she or he gets as fair a deal as possible.'

"I had been so steeped in my own woe that I had not thought of the possibility of pregnancy, though I had heard of such things and read about their happening to other people.

"It may have been the sudden change of thought or the contrast of a new life with the living death I had been going through, or it may have been the wise doctor's giving me the power to break away from my selfish absorption in self-blame and filling me with the determination to make myself useful to someone who needed me—it may have been that I had suffered so much that I could change only by moving in the opposite direction—whatever the reason, that moment was the turning point in my life. From that time I have learned that I can be useful to others—and in so doing I have found peace and contentment with a growing undercurrent of real happiness.

"I was no longer afraid to talk with my parents. I am still con-

vinced that the only thing that had kept me from losing my mind, during the terrible three months before I could speak of what had happened to me, was my sure knowledge that God understood all my motives and never once thought of casting me off. I knew that he could see beneath outward appearances and that no sin was too black for him to want to reclaim the sinner. So far my faith went, but no further. I could talk to God—as I did, many times a day—explaining to him why I had acted as I did and thanking him for continuing to have confidence in me, but, until now, I had failed to take the next step of seeing that since God was with me I could brave any man's criticism in the necessary rehabilitation period of fighting to regain my self-respect. I could learn once more to hold up my head among other people and especially by planning to prepare myself to be useful to those who needed help of the sort that I could learn to give.

"Dr. Black's keen words, coupled with the new fact that he uncovered for me—that I was in the process of becoming a mother—served to make the connection between my faith that God could do anything and my need to be of use to somebody who could not get along without me. The thought of my own child needing me to do for it what nobody else could do jolted me into action so effectively that I had no more time or temptation to indulge in self-pity, self-blame, and shame—those most insidious forms of selfishness to which I had been dedicating myself in the mistaken notion that I was thereby expiating my sin.

"Now that I was no longer afraid to talk with my parents, I found them most helpful in practical ways, even though they were deeply hurt and never could understand 'what had gotten into' me to make me behave as I had. They arranged for me to go at once to a Florence Crittenton Home where I learned a trade to support myself and the child while waiting for its arrival. My father paid what he could toward the cost of my being a member of this home for unmarried mothers, and the balance was made up out of the contributions the home received from interested individuals. When the baby was old enough for us to leave the home, the supervisor helped me find work where I could keep my baby with me at first. Later, my parents became temporary foster parents to my daughter

as well as to several other homeless children without its being known outside that they had any special interest in this one of the children they helped. This enabled me to work my way through college and gradually to finish the requirements for an advanced degree, interspersing a few months of study between long periods of job holding.

"One of the hardest things was my having to deceive my daughter by telling her that her daddy had died. It was also an unending punishment to be prevented from bringing up my child myself as I so much wanted to do. Instead, I had to find boarding homes for her at first and later send her to boarding schools and summer camps, so that I could proceed with my training in the hope of finally being able to support myself and child with no further help from my parents, for they were getting feeble, prematurely aged by the hard blow I had dealt them.

"That is all. You can see why I am so glad to work with young people to try to help them through their difficulties. My own experiences give me insight into the ways of reaching them as well as an appreciation of their capacities both for suffering and for pulling themselves out of the depths by their own efforts, plus faith in the ready availability to find help, touched off at the right time by practical suggestions from an older friend.

"It is good to have had this chance to unburden myself to you. I have almost forgotten what the pretext was, but your kind voice and understanding eyes have long made me feel that I could find renewed strength by talking with you."

"I am indeed most interested," Mr. Gray spoke slowly as if coming back from a long journey in his thoughts. "What you have said, or perhaps still more what you have not said, of your many years of difficulties makes me all the more certain that we need you in the position I mentioned. There you will be able to touch the lives of far more boys and girls who are floundering at the door of adult responsibility than in your present job. You may leave some of the intimate pleasure you get from working directly with the young people, but you will be able to influence policy making that will affect countless young people both now and in times to come."

"John Carlton"

A Man Who Stopped Drinking

GRACE CHAPIN AUTEN

SOME YEARS AGO, a young man was leading the cheers for his college football game. He was the center of admiring eyes all along the bleachers. Good-looking, agile, and graceful, "John Carlton," [1] put his whole soul into bringing forth from the crowd those ear-splitting yells of school loyalty and determination that would make that glorious team go over the top! Certainly victory depended in part on the enthusiasm of the throng that day. The cheerleader felt his responsibility and put all his strength and versatility of ideas into the game. Victory that day, and many another in football and basketball, was helped on by the ardent cheerleader. He became more and more popular. He was an able student and a warm friend; he liked good times and he was welcomed everywhere for his social charm and fun. He got into the habit of drinking cocktails with the other fellows but he thought nothing of it.

In his senior year, John was voted the most popular man in college. He found, also, that he had won a scholarship to Yale University. The following fall he entered Yale for graduate work in law and spent a year there. It was the same story again; an easy brilliance in class, a welcome place in university activities, plenty of friends, popularity in social circles. He found that he could get along—as he says—"famously well" with everything—except his drinking. He wanted more and more liquor. He drank more at parties, and he drank oftener in barrooms. He began to realize that he didn't drink moderately like other fellows he knew, but he could not understand why. He was often ashamed to drink so much, ashamed of his intoxication. He would resolve to stop entirely, or to take strong liquor only temperately. Every time, how-

[1] The name is fictitious.

ever, his resolution gave way. Still he believed he could stop. When he went home on vacation, his mother began to be anxious about him. He always assured her he could and would control himself.

After obtaining his degree, "John Carlton" set up his office for the general practice of law. Here, his keen mind and genial manner soon won him the appointment of assistant district attorney. He married the girl of his heart. The future looked bright.

In the course of his law duties, John had to prosecute men now and then for disorderly conduct or for crimes committed under the influence of drink. He despised drunkenness. One day in pursuance of his legal duties, he had to send a man to jail—a confirmed drunkard, unkempt and ragged. He hated to do it; nevertheless, it was all in the day's work. He did not dream how this forlorn inebriate was to come back one day into his own life.

The young, agreeable, brilliant lawyer and his charming wife were going about with a group of ambitious young people, having many social engagements. But when cocktails were served, our lawyer was overpowered by the desire to drink, and drink, and drink again. His wife began to feel humiliated and alarmed. His friends began to say of him, "He's such a nice guy, but he's going to hell with his drink." Finally he and his wife were not invited to dinners where the host and hostess planned to serve cocktails, for they knew he would get drunk. He knew it, too.

The alcoholic habit grew upon "John Carlton," inexorably. Regularly, about every three months, he had to take two days off from his office to recover from a drunken stupor. He called it "flu." One doctor told him, "You're the kind of drunk that will never quit drinking." But this warning did not stop him. He always hoped that each time he wouldn't drink so much, but he always did. It began to tell on his work. He knew that his reputation was at stake. He was filled with remorse. He knew that his wife and children deserved better of him. He was living in a sort of despair of himself and his future. In deep anxiety, his wife and his mother kept praying that he might find help.

"Coming off one of those 'flu' attacks," he says, "I feared death, because I was ashamed to die from drinking. Then into my modest office walked a fellow that I had prosecuted one time. I had known

him as a terrific drunk—but *he was clean shaven, he dressed well, and looked fine!"* This was the very man, formerly so unkempt, that had been sent to jail for disorderly conduct. While the lawyer looked at him in astonishment, the man remarked pleasantly that he was a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. He said, "I thought you needed some help on your drinking problem, too."

Not ready even yet to admit his helplessness, the lawyer said, "I don't have a drinking problem, now. I am all through."

The visitor didn't argue. He held out a copy of a book, *Alcoholics Anonymous,* and suggested that the lawyer read it. Then he left the office.

The book told the story of many men who had been saved a drunkard's death through the program offered by the organization, Alcoholics Anonymous. Thinking that although this might have worked miracles for others, it would not and could not be of any use to him, the lawyer read on. In order to know whether he even belonged in this "A.A.," he needed to check honestly, with yes or no, the following questions:

1. Do you lose time from work due to drinking?
2. Is drinking making your home unhappy?
3. Do you drink because you are shy with other people?
4. Is drinking affecting your reputation?
5. Have you ever felt remorse after drinking?
6. Have you gotten into financial difficulties as a result of drinking?
7. Do you turn to lower companions and inferior environment when drinking?
8. Does your drinking make you careless of your family's welfare?
9. Has your ambition decreased since drinking?
10. Do you crave a drink at a definite time of day, daily?
11. Do you want a drink the next morning?
12. Does drinking cause you to have difficulty in sleeping?
13. Has your efficiency decreased since drinking?
14. Is drinking jeopardizing your job or business? (He had already been asked to resign from being assistant district attorney)
15. Do you drink to escape from worries or trouble?
16. Do you drink alone?
17. Have you ever had a complete loss of memory as a result of drinking?
18. Has your physician ever treated you for drinking?
19. Do you drink to build up your self-confidence?
20. Have you ever been to a hospital or institution on account of drinking?

He found that if he had to check "yes" to any one of these questions, there was definite warning he might be an alcoholic. If he had to check "yes" to any two questions, the chances were that he was already an alcoholic. And, if he had to check "yes" to three or more, he was definitely an alcoholic. But he was checking "yes" to at least ten of them!

For the first time in his life, "John Carlton" discovered that he was, without the shadow of doubt, that tragic person who is an alcoholic—one who cannot manage his own life—in fact, one whose physical organism is so seriously affected that alcoholism has become a disease, a fatal disease! His heart sank. This was a startling discovery. He believed there was no cure for him. Yet he began to think about his family. He knew they deserved that he try this A.A. cure—if it was one!

He found he must follow a program. It appeared that thousands of men and women had been helped by doing what he now resolved to attempt. He looked up in the local paper a modest notice of the time and place of meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous, and began to attend regularly. Here he found warm fellowship and encouragement. But now there was a big undertaking before him. He would have to set out to follow a new pattern of living. The pattern offered twelve "steps":

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood him.
4. Made a searching and fearless inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked God to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take a personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact

with God as we understood him, praying only for knowledge of his will for us and the power to carry that out.

12. Having had a spiritual experience as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

All this presented an entirely new angle to life for "John Carlton." For the first time, the lawyer found himself willing to turn his life over to God, and to his care, as he understood Him. The minute he did this, with all his heart, he felt the miracle. He felt that he was no longer "on the driver's seat." He suddenly had let a Higher Power take over. He knew he was through drinking. Alcoholics Anonymous did not ask him to promise abstinence for more than a day at a time. And now he can say, "That was four years and seven months and a half ago, and I haven't had a drink since that time." He adds, "Since then, everything has seemed to work out well." Home happiness returned, the law work flourished. He has become a district attorney, but, busy as he is in law, he, like every other member of Alcoholics Anonymous, reaches out in active effort to help constantly other men and women and youth to recover from terrible alcoholism. He is a ready speaker and is called into other states besides many cities in his own state to give addresses.

He tells his own story frankly. He once told an audience, "If we believe in anything, we must believe in prayer, because it was during my alcoholic years that my wife and my mother prayed for my recovery." He knows alcoholism must be recognized as a disease rather than as moral failure. "It would be as sensible to lock a diabetic in jail as to confine an alcoholic," he often says.

Cured himself, from day to day, and from year to year, through the power of God, the lawyer allows this account to be published in the hope that some man like himself, who is now in despair, as he was, who has lost hope through his drinking, will read his story and make inquiry about Alcoholics Anonymous, P. O. Box 459, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. [1] From that headquarters he will be informed as to which one of the hundreds of A.A. groups is nearest to him. The lawyer adds, "I am very grateful for

[1] Or 194 East 75th Street, New York, N. Y.

my sobriety; I know that a miracle has happened in my life, and I have only Almighty God and A.A. to thank."

The following is quoted from an article in *Presbyterian Life:*

Alcoholics Anonymous was started in 1934 by two men. Today its members are found on every continent, and its influence is growing steadily. In the United States, it is almost impossible to find a section of the country where a member is farther than a few miles away. . . . A.A. deals with a very concrete problem. Yet its program is on a profoundly spiritual basis, its members recognizing that only a Higher Power—a supernatural power—can release the alcoholic from the grip of his disease. . . . Complete and lifelong abstinence is the only answer to his problem. . . . Alcohol in any drink or medicine—whiskey, gin, ale, rum, beer, cough medicine, aromatic spirits of ammonia, tonic—is literally poison, and will sooner or later produce drunkenness. . . . Informed that he has lost control of his life not because he is bad or weak, or cruel, or selfish, but because he is sick, he begins to regain hope. . . . When he is told by A.A. members of their experiences, and sees them healthy, happy, sober, and confident, he begins to believe that he, too, can recover. . . . Members of A.A. come from every walk of life. They are rich and poor, old or young, male and female, wise and ignorant, educated and uneducated. . . . They are not prigs nor self-righteous. They make no claims to sanctity; but they have taken hold of something great and they know it. They are not merely staying sober. They are working out a new way of life. In their social affairs, they are happy beyond description. In their "twelfth step" work (helping others), they exhibit great selflessness.[2]

Such selflessness is vigorously portrayed in a recent novel by Eliot Taintor entitled *September Remember*. It is a gripping story, almost repellent in some parts, for its realism. The hero is a businessman of brains and energy. When he was grief-stricken by the death of his young wife, he had been sent to South America to serve his company in their business enterprises there. His work, his adventures, his steady downfall from drink, are all suggested skilfully in memories after he returns to New York City. He is in despair over his curse of times of drunkenness, his loss of temper, and his inability to understand his headstrong daughter or to shield her from unwise associates. Running through the conflicts in this man's life comes the steadying influence of the powerful, self-denying comradeship of members of Alcoholics Anonymous, especially of his own best friend from college days. Hope and despair play through the book,

[2] "No More Lost Weekends," by John Park Lee, in *Presbyterian Life,* March 13, 1948. Used by permission of author and magazine.

victory and defeat; men and women, young and older, mingle in the stirring plot; but faith, hope, and love win. Throughout the story, the reader gets a remarkably vivid picture of the workings of Alcoholics Anonymous, its demanding ideals, its resolute spirit of help and faith, its solid platform of anonymity, never undermining self-respect by publicizing names—a mighty brotherhood reaching out toward the 750,000 alcoholics in America.

On a widely distributed leaflet, the psychology of approach which Alcoholics Anonymous uses is seen in the following suggested prayer by Reinhold Niebuhr:

DEAR GOD! Grant me the SERENITY to accept that
which I cannot change,
the COURAGE to change that which I can—
And the WISDOM to know the difference!

Emma Clement

America's Mother of 1946

FRANK GLENN LANKARD

ON MAY 1, 1946, Mrs. Emma Clement was attending a district meeting of her church in Springfield, Kentucky, when she was summoned to the telephone. There was no telephone in the church—in fact, only one in the Negro section of Springfield. The telephone office was a mile away, but the messenger had said, "The call is urgent!" Hurrying to the office of the telephone company she was surprised to hear her daughter, Mrs. Abbie Jackson of Louisville, Kentucky, tell her that she had just been selected by the Golden Rule Foundation in New York to be the "American Mother of 1946." The citation read: "A mother of children who are devotedly serving their country and their people, a partner in her husband's ministry in his lifetime, a social and community worker in her own right." Mrs. Clement, overcome by emotion, thanked her daughter and hung up the receiver. Could it be true that she, the daughter of one-time slaves, had been selected as the most distinguished mother of the year? There was an upsurge of doubt and skepticism that had its way. It couldn't be true, she thought; it is all a mistake. She would call her daughter back and find out the truth. And so, a half hour later, having recovered a little of her usual composure, she called her daughter and said, "Abbie, is it really true?"

"Yes, Mother, it is really true!"

It was in 1935 that the Golden Rule Foundation began its practice of selecting a mother, prior to the celebration of Mother's Day, who would be known as the American Mother of the year. A Mother's Committee in each state has the privilege of nominating one or two candidates to the Foundation. Civic leaders everywhere

are also invited to make nominations. The name of Mrs. Clement was suggested by Mrs. Ruth Mougey Worrell, Executive Secretary of the United Council of Church Women, who had met her two years before in Kentucky. Other American women who have been honored by the Golden Rule Foundation include Mrs. Charles H. Mayo, wife of the famous physician who founded the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota; and Mrs. Elias Compton, mother of the Compton brothers who were outstanding authorities in physics, technology, nuclear fission, and economics. But in 1946, this distinguished honor went to the first Negro mother ever to be considered.

Who is this woman who raised a remarkable family, whose name is known throughout her church and in the civic life of her state, who was the wife of a bishop, and who, in 1946, was acclaimed the most outstanding mother of the year?

Childhood and Education

Emma Clarissa Williams was the daughter of slave parents who after their liberation had journeyed to Providence, Rhode Island, in search of better living conditions for themselves and their children. Here Emma was born. Here she had her grammar school education. Her home was poor in this world's goods, but the little girl took advantage of every opportunity for an education.

In the period of reconstruction following the Civil War, a number of colleges sprang up in the South under church auspices for the education of Negro boys and girls. One of these was Livingstone College situated in Salisbury, North Carolina. The president and vice president of the college, while on a tour of the North, visited Providence, Rhode Island. These two gentlemen convinced Emma's parents that she would be in good hands in Livingstone College; and Emma, anxious for an education, enrolled in the so-called normal course. She prepared herself to be a teacher but she never taught school: on Commencement Day she married George Clement who was graduating from the collegiate course, having prepared himself for the ministry. Eight children came to bless this union and all but one, who died in infancy, also graduated from Livingstone College.

Most young ministers and their wives find it a real struggle to live on their meager salaries, have any semblance of culture, and provide for the education of their children. The Clement family was no exception, for the salaries paid to Negro ministers just beginning their work was pitiably small. But as the children came, and the family grew large, Mrs. Clement would not be discouraged. The labor, heartbreak, and tears that made up this mother's life of shining accomplishment can only be guessed at by those of us whose skin is white. There was so little food in the Clement household that no waste could be tolerated. The children were taught early to eat everything on the plates placed before them and to waste nothing. In addition to being a good cook, Mrs. Clement was very clever as a seamstress; and she bolstered the meager income by making the children's clothes, even to the suits, hats, and overcoats. As a matter of fact, the father had to purchase only shoes and stockings for the children.

This noble mother's family is her pride and joy. And what an exceptional family it is! The oldest child was a girl, Abbie, who is now Mrs. Clarence Jackson, the executive secretary of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. Rufus was the second child, now president of Atlanta University, a distinguished educator who commands forty-three lines in *Who's Who in America.* The third child was Frederick, who is professor of physics at West Virginia State College. The fourth child, John, died in infancy. Ruth was the fifth child and she is now Mrs. J. Max Bond. She was chairman of the Department of English at Kentucky State College at the time of her marriage. Her husband was chief of staff of the Inter-America Educational Foundation in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, during the war. George was the sixth child and is connected with the American Red Cross. When the war broke out he was director of recreation for the Canal Zone under government auspices. During the war, George had the distinction of running a completely integrated racial club in Italy. The staff, too, was interracial, and this club served all the troops in the Leghorn area. James, the seventh child, is a minis-

ter in the A.M.E. Zion Church. He holds a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Garrett Biblical Institute and at present he is a pastor in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a chaplain in World War II and rose to the rank of Major. Emma, the eighth child, is now Mrs. Saunders Walker and is professor of English at Tuskeegee Institute. A distinguished family indeed!

Each one of the children is a college graduate, and several of them hold advanced degrees from some of America's greatest schools. All hold distinguished places in the fields of education, religion, and social service. Few women, even with advantages that Mrs. Clement never had, have raised families that have so honored them.

Church and Civic Life

Mrs. Clement has always loved music; and she has used it to the joy of her family, the enrichment of the worship in her husband's churches, and the advantage of many boys and girls whose early musical education she has provided. She showed promise at the piano while a student in college. She also possesses a beautiful soprano voice and was a member of the college quartet. The preacher husband found his wife of great assistance as she sang solos, directed the church choir, and assisted in all aspects of the music of the church. During the early years of her husband's ministry she taught music lessons in her home both because she loved to teach music and because the extra money added something to the family budget. Mrs. Clement is still the director of the choir in the church in Louisville where she is a member.

This American Mother, according to one of her sons,[1] placed the interests of her family first. A close second, however, was her interest in music and the church work of her husband. She taught classes in the Sunday School and served as superintendent if no one could be found to occupy this office. Mrs. Clement is a deeply religious woman and rendered invaluable help to her husband in his ministry; and now that he has gone she carries on the religious tradition. When her husband became Bishop of Kentucky she really had

[1] Most of the basic facts about Emma Clement were related by her son, Dr. Rufus E. Clement, to the author of this chapter.

two jobs: aside from acting as her husband's secretary, she was the supervisor of the missionary department of this area. Later on, she held a national office in the missionary society of her church, a position which she released in 1947 at the age of seventy-two. At one time she was national president of the Women's Society of the A.M.E. Zion Church.

Mrs. Clement was not only active in the local church and the missionary interests of her denomination but also found time, somehow, to engage in other community activities. One of her community interests was the American Cancer Society, and at one time she was an officer in the Kentucky branch.

A Rich Life Indeed!

What a wonderfully rich life this American Mother of 1946 has had! She has utilized her education in her home, in the community, and in the nation. A devoted wife, she has reared a large and distinguished family. Her love of music brought joy to her family and enrichment to every community where her husband served as pastor. She joined heartily with her husband as they encouraged each of their children to graduate from their own Alma Mater. She has served the world not only in the missionary efforts of her local parish but also through the missionary interests of the church at large. She possesses a rare capacity for friendship, and her friends are legion. A true humility is hers, also, as evidenced by the fact that she could not believe it was she who had been selected by the Golden Rule Foundation to represent American motherhood for a year.

Honor Bestowed

When the award was announced, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* ran the story on the front page. There was, of course, some lifting of eyebrows in die-hard quarters, but by and large the selection captured the imagination and was hailed with approval throughout America.

On May 12, 1946, impressive ceremonies were held on the mall in Central Park in the City of New York in honor of Mother's Day.

The guest of honor was Mrs. Clement, newly chosen American Mother. The day was cloudy, and a light drizzle was falling. Before Mrs. Clement made her appearance, an eleven-year-old boy had told the assembled crowd what a nice mother he had, adding, "If you have a nice mother you're one of the lucky ones!"

The Salvation Army Temple Corps Band played while the audience waited for Mrs. Clement. She had been delayed by her broadcast on a Mother's Day nation-wide program over the American Broadcasting System. In her radio address she urged that Mother's Day be made a day of sharing with needy people of other countries. She made mention of the fact that in past years Mother's Day had been chiefly a day of sentiment on which mothers were eulogized and showered with gifts. "This year and in the years to come," she said, "let us make it also a day of sharing with those of other countries."

In Central Park she made an appeal to the mothers of America to assist the starving, homeless, naked children in foreign lands who had become the victims of war and famine. The rain which had threatened all day held off until the American Mother had finished her address, and then it fell in torrents. Mrs. Clement was introduced to the waiting audience in Central Park by Mrs. Donald McMillan, wife of the national secretary of the Salvation Army, who expressed the conviction that the Golden Rule Foundation had honored itself in selecting Mrs. Clement as the American Mother of 1946 and that the spirit back of the choice was in reality a blow to the Bilbos and others who sought to divide us by Hitler's false doctrines of white supremacy and racial superiority. The selection of Mrs. Clement, said Mrs. McMillan, was a sign of the growing unity of white and Negro races in America.

Let us reverently hope that Mrs. McMillan's conviction is the prophecy of a more Christian era of race relationships not only in America but also throughout the whole world!

Paul Davis

Explorer of the Air

DOROTHY BLACK HAMILL

HE MIGHT BE THE MAN next door to you, or across the street. You've never particularly labeled him heroic, mostly because you've known him for a long while, and anyway he never speaks of his troubles. But he's the person who enters your mind unbidden when someone mentions courage, and you like to come often to sit beside him, for there you find strength and peacefulness that seem to flow out of his life and into your own.

Paul Davis appears very little in books or articles or newspaper write-ups. To come to know him we have had to depend on letters from his friends, and, as they write about him, there emerges this picture we have drawn—an everyday sort of individual like many of us, but one who has fought past well-nigh insurmountable obstacles, and kept on going.

Life began for Paul Davis in 1895, in the small town of Mairmack, Massachusetts. His father was a bookkeeper and an accountant, and a telegrapher as well, so that in those days when Mrs. Davis found herself in need of butter or flour or other items from the store, she merely wired her husband to bring them home.

When Paul was twelve years old, the family moved to Oregon and, a year later, settled in Eugene, where Mr. Davis operated a grocery store. Here Paul attended high school and spent two years at the University of Oregon, majoring in civil engineering, a course he chose because of his preference for mathematics. Halfway through college, he transferred to the University of Washington, and would have received his degree in 1916, except that he lacked a few hours' requirements in liberal arts subjects. Paul felt that he should go to work as quickly as possible, and since he had com-

pleted all his engineering work, he left college before acquiring his degree.

During the First World War he was employed at the Bremerton Navy Yard. Later he became an engineer for the Washington State Highway Commission and, after that, purchasing agent for the State of Washington, with headquarters at Olympia.

Up to this time, Paul Davis' life paralleled that of countless other young Americans. But in 1926 arthritis forced him to abandon the career in public life he had planned for himself.

Although the onset of this disease was accompanied by intense pain, in the beginning it never occurred to him that he would not regain his health. He took treatments. He went from clinic to clinic, anywhere that seemed to offer him hope of recovery. He bent all his efforts toward one thing—to get well again. But still the disease progressed. His legs were afflicted, and he was compelled to walk on crutches. Several years passed, and at length he could not walk at all. He was confined to bed. Now he knew that his active life was over.

This realization was a terrific blow. Anxieties concerning finances and worries over personal problems, added to his physical collapse, plunged him for a time in despair. As he himself says, "It took years to overcome bitterness and really get oriented."

But Paul Davis was not one of those who recognized alibis—that was a word foreign to his vocabulary. Back in Eugene with his parents, he turned once more to the subject he had loved in that other life—mathematics. He began to read astronomy, navigation, airplane design. By now, every joint in his body had been affected by the disease, and his hands were so badly crippled that he could not feed himself nor hold a book. He had a rack built to support the volumes, and turned the pages with a pencil. "As I became more interested in these subjects," he recalls, "I took on a more mellow attitude. I lost the bitterness, for I knew that that was not getting me anywhere. Self-pity was out."

Soon reading wasn't enough. He began to devise a means to write as well. And, propped up in bed in a semi-inclined position, his head held in place with cloth bands, a fountain pen inserted through his twisted fingers, he produced two books of navigation

tables. These were sent to the Navy Department, and though they were not published, he felt that they gave him good background for the work that came later.

Shortly after the Pearl Harbor disaster hurled us into the Second World War, the University of Oregon, co-operating with the Civil Air Authority, planned to offer ground training courses for men going into aviation. The classes then available were not sufficient to take care of all the men eager to secure this type of instruction, and other students were anxious to take supplementary work to speed up their training program. There was no one on the faculty qualified for this special field who had the time to prepare correspondence courses.

Friends of Paul's, who knew of the work he had been doing, brought his name before the university authorities. He was asked to prepare college credit courses in Air Navigation, Aerodynamics, Elements of Navigation, including both celestial and surface navigation, and an Introduction to Analysis, a refresher text in Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry.

The completed courses proved that Paul Davis was not only an authority in these fields, but a very fine teacher as well. Faculty men who read his material were impressed with its quality. He possessed the ability of understanding a student's difficulties and of knowing how to present his information in simple, nontechnical language. He was skillful in the selection and organization of his topics, and in the clarity of his explanations of intricate points. Servicemen from all over the world became his pupils, and the courses he prepared were used not only in Oregon, but in many other places in the United States. They are still in use.

His study in Elements of Navigation was taken over by the Navy, and a representative of the department which used it stated that it was one of the clearest and most concise courses offered in that line.

During the war years and afterward, when the University of Oregon was struggling with a large student enrollment and an insufficient faculty, Paul came to the rescue by reading papers in college physics. At one period he was correcting 1,200 papers with 3,600 problems each week. He also read correspondence papers in

physics, as well as work from students who were taking his own courses. Up until 1947 he earned a living for himself and his mother by grading papers for the university.

Paul Davis had found a new life work, and one that he loved. Unable to leave his bed and scarcely able to move, he was making a definite contribution to society, teaching thousands whom he never saw, projecting his mind into the high reaches of the air where his body could never follow. But in 1947 this work also was taken from him. He became blind.

Again he refused to abandon hope, although blindness is a frequent companion of arthritis. But when he knew without doubt that his sight was doomed, he once more tasted utter despair. Now there was nothing left, nothing more that he could do. He must relinquish forever the work that had come to mean to him not merely joy, but his livelihood. Into this blackness came a revelation, a wonderful spiritual experience.

Let him tell about it:

> For a while this seemed to be the end of everything. But in this seemingly darkest hour the spirit of Christ came into my heart, and I came to really and truly know him as my Saviour and to have a spiritual rebirth. The effect of this was almost unbelievable. It was as if the darkness had been suddenly dispelled and the sunshine and blue sky broke through the clouds to make the splendor of a new day. Discouragement and despair disappeared, to be replaced by a new joy and peace—that joy and peace in one's heart that passeth all understanding. Instead of defeat there was now a victory. . . .
>
> It has given me a new faith and new courage and a knowledge that, no matter how great the handicap, if we turn to Him we can overcome all obstacles. All of us have a place in the world, a job to do, a purpose to fulfill. If we but have faith in Christ and accept him as our Saviour and let him come into our hearts, he will not fail us.

So was Paul Davis born again. He now had something to hold on to, something that he did not have before. And his indomitable spirit kept moving forward. Although he could now use only part of the fingers of his right hand, he learned to read Braille. He drew books from libraries and secured "Talking Books" from the Library of Congress. And despite the fact that his university work was ended, he continued to help students who were having trouble with mathematics.

And he had found another outlet for his energetic mind and his interest in others. In 1941, before his blindness, he joined the Lookouts in Eugene, an organization of shut-in people of which he is now president. Dave Dawson, another handicapped person, had called to ask if he would care to be included in the group. When Dawson found that Paul could not answer the telephone, he suggested to Mrs. Davis that they secure an extension. This was done, and now, as Paul lies in bed, a telephone is cradled against his ear and rests on a cloth on his chest so that the mouthpiece tips toward him. At his hand—those hands that are so cruelly deformed by the disease that his fingers touch the underside of his arms—is a cut-in switch that enables him to turn on his extension by pushing the button with the pad of his little finger. Thus he can communicate daily with his friends.

Paul's connection with the Lookouts has been a source of infinite satisfaction for himself and of wide benefit to others. Although a person must be physically handicapped to be eligible for membership in this group, he is brought to feel that he is not just a shut-in, but a part of the community, a useful citizen. The purpose of the club is to instill in each member the desire to live again and to begin to help others. Its tag line is "Chins Up!" Birthday and holiday greetings are exchanged. If a new associate does not own a radio or Bible, they are supplied for him. These two items are regarded as necessities, for the radio provides contact with the outside world, and the Bible is his author of comfort and courage. The Lookouts strive to keep their minds alert to local and national affairs. And interested people outside the club have formed an auxiliary.

Since his blindness Paul has written extensively for the organization's paper, "The Outlook," a mimeographed sheet of a strong inspirational slant. The account of his spiritual experience, quoted previously, appeared in one of its issues.

On several occasions the Lookouts have attended civic functions, being transported in ambulances and automobiles furnished by friends and neighbors. The club is responsible for the community Christmas tree which is one of the highlights of the season's celebration in Eugene. Hundreds of persons assemble to join in the singing that takes place around the great tree. One year it was a

traveling tree which was drawn about the town on a huge truck so that many who were unable to leave their homes might enjoy it, too.

Besides the great amount of work he does for the Lookouts, Paul has recently been holding prayer meetings with blind people only. So many of the blind cannot attend church or find people who will read to them, and a number are unfamiliar with Braille. Paul persuaded a church Bible class to undertake as their project the conveyance of the blind to his home for their meeting. Music is provided by his radio-phonograph, and at one gathering four young people from the Lighthouse Temple in Eugene appeared to sing for them.

Paul lives with his mother, a sweet, frail old lady who is now in her eighties. His father died several years ago. Mrs. Davis is proud of the help Paul gives her. He plans the marketing and assumes the major responsibility for the running of their home. The third member of the household is a young man, Gordon Bowl, who came to the Davises fourteen years ago and is, according to Paul, "hands and feet for me, and now my eyes." Gordon grew up in an orphanage and never had a home of his own until he became part of the family. He and Paul are very close to each other. He is always present to hand things to the older man, bring him books, discharge errands. He has the faculty of being able to move his friend without causing him discomfort. "One man in a million," Paul describes him. "No one else could have done as he has, and been so faithful and loyal." As for Gordon, he feels that the Lord has put him in this place for this particular job. His philosophy of life is that he is in the world to accomplish some worth-while object, and he knows of no greater privilege than that of serving Paul and his mother.

Paul Davis has a wide circle of friends, and he talks to dozens of them every day when he feels well enough. They have a profound respect for his ability and for his rich mind, but more than that they esteem and admire him as a man. Paul never mentions his disabilities. His voice is vigorous, soft, yet full and deep, not frail as might be expected of a man lying in bed. His twisted hands are mute evidence of the pain he has endured, but his face is not drawn. It is round, almost boyish, and his dark hair is neatly

combed. Although he cannot move himself and his eyes do not see, even a casual visitor catches a glimpse of what he possesses—an exceptional intellect and a magnificent faith.

"I think without doubt he is one of the most remarkable persons I have ever met," says one who knows him well. "His spirit is unconquerable." This is indeed true, for Paul Davis is a man who has molded frustration into achievement, weakness into power, and defeat into triumph.

Bayard Dodge

Builder of Human Bridges

HAROLD B. HUNTING

OUR WORLD TODAY is in desperate need of bridge builders, of those who can build bridges of understanding and sympathy across yawning chasms of prejudice and hate. Bayard Dodge has been a master builder of such bridges.

For thirty-five years he had been on the staff of the American University of Beirut, in Lebanon, and for the last twenty-five years its president. He is now president emeritus. Since the days of the Babylonians and Assyrians, Palestine and Syria have been battlefields. The armies of rival kings have drenched the earth with blood. These ancient wars have left behind them a legacy of suspicion and hatred, which sets Jew against Arab, Arab against Turk, Turk against Armenian, Moslem against Christian. Shortly after Daniel Bliss went to Syria as a missionary, in the middle of the last century, these long-smoldering hatreds burst into flame, and there was a dreadful massacre in which some 11,000 people were killed. When peace was restored, Mr. Bliss and his associates conceived the idea of opening a school "for all conditions and classes of men, without regard to color, nationality, race, or religion. . . ." What a bridge that school proved to be! As the Syrian Protestant College, it began its work in December, 1866, with sixteen students.

When Bayard Dodge joined the staff, in 1913, he found a great university, with a campus not unlike his own Princeton, from which he had graduated in 1909. Beirut, however, was in one respect unique among the world's educational institutions; namely that among its hundreds of students some forty nations were represented, and twenty religions or religious sects. In its lecture rooms and laboratories one might see an Arab with a fez, standing next

to a Hindu with a turban. Here would be an Egyptian, there an Ethiopian, and over there a European or a Jew. And now consider the special work to which the young newcomer on the faculty had been assigned: he was to be director of West Hall, the recreational center of the college. In this building, which had just been erected, students could come and drink coffee together. Here they could play games, plan their athletics, put on dramatics. Over all this activity Mr. Dodge presided as everybody's friend. He was the chief mixer of the institution. He helped to organize athletic teams—he himself was a cross-country runner, along with Shoki Effendi, who afterward became the head of the Bahai religion. He learned to drink coffee Arab style, noisily, to show appreciation. He learned how to greet visiting dignitaries such as the Greek Catholic Patriarch, kissing him on both cheeks. He made it his business to understand all these different customs of different kinds of human beings, and helped them to understand each other. How well he succeeded, let the following story show.

One spring vacation the Beirut football team went down to Cairo, in Egypt, to play the Egyptian National University. A railroad car was chartered for the trip, and was packed with the players and their "rooters." "Had the car been stood on end," someone said, "it might have passed for the Tower of Babel. Arabic, Hebrew, French, and English were the chief languages spoken in it, and there were others besides. South from Beirut pulled the train, down the seacoast into Palestine. Some of the players had gone home at the beginning of the vacation and had to be picked up at various stops along the railroad. One worry was in everyone's mind: would Cohen make the train? Cohen was the star right wing—a Jew from Tel-Aviv. Would his parents let him go? Would he make the connection? Tel-Aviv was a spur, connecting with the main line at Lydda. When the train pulled into the junction, there was Cohen on the platform! A shout went up, which might have been heard, it would seem, in Jerusalem! He was lifted on the shoulders of his teammates and pushed through a car window, and his bag tossed in after him. He was a Jew—playing on the same team with Arabs! Somebody had been building bridges.

Another chasm which needs to be bridged everywhere in the

world, besides that of race or religious prejudice, is that between the old and the new. The world has changed more in the past fifty years than in the preceding six thousand years, and nowhere has the change been more drastic and sudden than in these ancient lands of the Near East. Pilgrims to Mecca now travel by motorbus! When a new term begins in Beirut, students come pouring onto the campus by jalopy, just as at Yale or "Cal-Tech." Some of them have driven from Baghdad, along the old desert caravan roads. Imagine old Tiglath-Pilezer's astonishment, if he could come back to Nineveh! You can drive from Egypt to Hebron overnight. The Israelites made the trip in forty years. There are movies every night in Beirut and Baghdad. Power lines carrying high tension current crisscross hills where the Crusaders built their castles.

And these material changes are the least important. A ferment of new ideas is at work everywhere. For thousands of years no Arab ever saw an unveiled woman outside her own strictly secluded home. Today, young Syrian lads and lassies swim together at the Mediterranean beaches, just as at Coney Island or Atlantic City—verily, the new look! All these changes are upsetting and, to a considerable degree, demoralizing. Old restraints are broken down, and ancient religious faiths are laughed at. Dr. Dodge was once watching an old Moslem trying to say his prayers on a Beirut streetcar. Every good Moslem is supposed to kneel and pray three times a day, and to kneel with his face toward Mecca. But as this old man knelt, the streetcar swung around a corner. Where now was Mecca? Another corner—now the poor gentleman was hopelessly turned around! How could he pray? In one way or another, something similar has happened to millions, both in Christian lands and among the Moslems. *How can they pray?* And what happens further, is that having lost faith in God, men lose faith in the moral foundations of the world. Why should a man tell the truth and keep his promises? Why respect womanhood—why respect anybody or anything? Why hesitate at cheating, stealing, killing! But Beirut students, during all these years of Dr. Dodge's leadership have been learning that without a moral purpose, man's life disintegrates. Beirut graduates take back home with them a new ideal—that of service to humanity. They clean up the water supply for their vil-

lages, spread new knowledge of agriculture, and teach children and adults to read. It should surprise no one that Beirut graduates are in demand all over the Near East for the highest and most important positions. They can be trusted. It was a Beirut student, Dr. Michael Shadid, who founded the first health co-operative in the United States, with a hospital at Elk City, Oklahoma. *There* was a bridge that spanned the Atlantic Ocean.

A third chasm which Dr. Dodge helped to span is that between Moslems and Christians. It is difficult for us in America to realize how deep this one is. To the Moslem the word Christian has too often meant "enemy." Hundreds of years have passed since the Crusades, when Syria and Palestine were invaded by European armies, ostensibly to wrest the tomb of Jesus from the rule of the "infidels," the followers of "the false prophet" Mohammed. The Crusaders were poor representatives of Jesus. They looted and murdered. And though all these centuries have passed, the Moslems have not forgotten. "I have seen a Moslem youth turn white with anger," wrote Dr. Howard Bliss, Dr. Dodge's predecessor as president at Beirut, "at the mere mention of the Crusades." A riot was once barely averted on the Beirut campus, because of a remark which was understood (mistakenly) as a slur on the Koran.

Moreover, some Christian missionaries, in modern times, approached Moslems with a wrong assumption, namely, that there is only one "true" religion in the world, and that all others are "false." But Jesus came, so he said, "not to destroy, but to fulfill," and the revelation of God in Christ is the crown and flower of all partial revelations. This means that there is truth in the Koran, and in the religion of Mohammed. So Dr. Dodge and his associates believed. Hence they did not seek to convert Moslems *from* the faith of their fathers, but *to* Jesus Christ. A young Moslem student was filling out his registration blank at the beginning of a new year's study. "What is your religion?" was one question. "The religion of the Syrian Protestant College," was his answer.

Every year, the birthday of Mohammed is celebrated at Beirut. One sees a great audience of reverent students. There are addresses by Moslem leaders. The closing address is given by a member of the college faculty, who makes it clear that he speaks as a repre-

sentative of the Christian religion, and that he is glad to have a sympathetic share in all efforts to strengthen the forces of righteousness in the world. He praises the splendid democracy that obtained among the early followers of Mohammed, and quotes Caliph Omar's declaration: "By God, he that is weakest among you shall in my sight be the strongest, until I have vindicated for him his rights, and the strongest will I treat as weakest, until he obeys the laws." If to some, this may seem a strange kind of speech from a Christian to Moslems, let them consider the fact that the Beirut college chapel is crowded every Sunday with Moslem students as well as others, singing praises to Jesus Christ. A Jew is at the organ. Surely Jesus would have loved such a service of worship.

All this has been going on during the era of two world wars. The first of them broke out the very next year after Bayard Dodge went to Beirut. In this war, Turkey, of which at that time Syria was a province, was on the side of Germany against the western allies. To make matters more difficult for the college, in 1917 the United States entered the war against Germany. Those years were tragic beyond imagination. The high Turkish officials, in the beginning at least, were suspicious and hostile, and the Germans, even more so. For three and a half years no mail reached the college from America. "Our privileges," wrote President Bliss, "were withdrawn, and we were under martial law of the most arbitrary sort. Almost everything we did aroused distrust. A single false step might have precipitated unspeakable suffering."

Unspeakable suffering was in fact everywhere to be seen. Starvation stalked through the land. Thousands died in Beirut. But the college was never really closed, not even after the United States entered the war. This was partly because the United States never actually declared war on Turkey, and even more because the college had so many friends among the so-called "enemies." Through all those bitter years, Bayard Dodge served to the limit of his strength. At West Hall, he kept up the morale of the students and faculty even though his tennis balls wore out and could not be replaced. Mrs. Dodge tells of a worn-out football captured from the British Army which was cut up to make shoes for her children. Outside of Beirut, scores of villages thanked Bayard Dodge for the

food which kept their little ones alive. After the First World War was over he was director of the Near East Relief for Syria and Palestine for two years, thus winning the love and gratitude of thousands—Arabs, Jews, and Armenians. Therefore, when President Bliss died, in 1920, it was obvious to all members of the Beirut Board of Trustees that this master bridge-builder should be made president of the American University of Beirut, which now, rather than Syrian Protestant College, was the name of the institution.

Here are some of the achievements of President Dodge's administration. The number of students increased from 913 to 2500, the number of buildings from twenty-nine to forty-nine, the endowment from a little over a million to more than six million dollars. There is a new athletic field. There is a farm management course, a school of music. Perhaps most important of all, women have been admitted as students. This was a body blow to ancient Moslem notions. Why should a woman be educated? Her only duty in life was to keep her husband comfortable and provide him with a family. Why teach her to read and write? Moreover, think of the effect on the men students to see unveiled girls in their classrooms! Nevertheless, the step was taken. The first Moslem girl students came veiled, but that is true no longer, and the number of co-eds has steadily increased. Some years ago, the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Iraq enrolled his daughter in the college of arts and sciences.

This volume, *Unused Alibis,* is intended to be a series of biographical sketches of handicapped persons who rose above their limitations to serve the world. The reader may be saying to himself, "What in the world was Bayard Dodge's handicap? Certainly this tall blue-eyed alert gentleman was neither blind nor deaf nor crippled." Yet he did have a handicap. The nature of it is indicated by the fact that during all those years at Beirut his salary was exactly one dollar a year! Did not Jesus have something to say about riches as a hindrance in the path of anyone who would enter the kingdom of God?

Clarence Hawkes

Taller Than the Night

HARRIET FAUST

THE WORLD HAS KNOWN MANY WRITERS of nature stories, but none of them has been able to picture the great outdoors in a more interesting manner than has Clarence Hawkes. With the animals and birds who are the characters in his stories he takes his readers with him into the forest where the first wild flowers are opening to the spring sunshine and he makes their delicate fragrance and their soft glowing colors theirs forever after. The fullness of summer, the bounty of autumn, and the strength of the winter storms are woven into the pages of his delightful accounts of "Redcoat" or of "Big Brother." And the amazing thing about it is that the man who thus portrays the world so charmingly for both children and adults has for more than fifty years been unable to see any of the glories of which he writes. Yet, year after year, this blind author has given the world nature fiction and poetry as well as lectures on natural science. Some of his books are illustrated by his wife who often goes with him on his long rides into the country where he gathers material for his writings. But he has never seen any of the sketches she has made.

Clarence Hawkes was born in Massachusetts, the son of a New England farmer. The work he had to do in the fields was often monotonous, but the boy rejoiced in the fact that his tasks took him out of doors for hours on end. From his mother and his grandmother he had learned to look for beauty and wisdom in the world about him. Each day became a thrilling adventure as he searched eagerly for something he had not known the day before. Each evening he would close his eyes and picture for himself the bright scenes that had flashed across his screen of the day. Watching his

grandmother feed a squirrel or his mother admire a clump of New England asters he learned to observe details that would have escaped the eyes of a less interested person. When Clarence was just eight years old his beloved grandmother died, but her life had left its mark upon the boy who was never able to forget her consuming love of nature.

It was just about a year after the death of his grandmother that Clarence met with the first of two accidents which were destined to change the course of his life. Climbing over a fence one summer day he fell and suffered a sprained ankle which refused to heal in a normal manner. Finally the foot had to be amputated. Walking about his home on crutches was not easy, and remaining on the side lines at school while the boys and girls were playing the games he loved was still harder. In time he was able to have an artificial foot, and then the walks over the hills were resumed. Again his passion for all things growing became an obsession with him. He found poetry and adventure anew as he tramped, more slowly now, through the fallen leaves or the drifting snow. After hobbling about for a year or two he became proficient enough to go on short hunting or fishing expeditions with his father.

On one of these hunting trips he met with the tragic accident that cost him his sight. They were not very far from home that lazy August day. Clarence had a new gun, the gift of his father. He roamed about a little while, enjoying the blue sky, the autumn foliage, the berries that clustered on the bushes near by. Years later he could see it all in memory almost as clearly as he saw it on that fateful day. It was while he was resting in the grass that it happened, that sudden shot out of the blue, that startled stillness, that hot, jagged pain—and then, darkness. Frantically searching the field his father discovered to his horror that he had shot his son.

For a few weeks just a little of the boy's vision remained, but he knew that gradually he was entering total darkness. Each morning he could see just a little less than he had seen the day before. There were treatments, operations, pain and hope and despair, but the final verdict ended all hope. One black day the boy, just entering adolescence, had to face the fact that for the rest of his life he must be numbered among those people called "blind," never again

to see the maple trees turn scarlet and gold, never again to watch the wild geese skimming across the sky, never again to drink in the purple and orange of a New England sunset. Perhaps he would not be able to earn his living. Perhaps he would become a burden and a problem to his family and his friends.

In his struggle against despair the lad found two activities with which to busy his hands. He could play the organ, and he could saw wood. But because he possessed little musical ability the organ was soon abandoned. And in the stacks of wood made ready for the fire he felt no real sense of accomplishment.

Just out of his reach Clarence could feel the warmth and the vibrancy of the world he loved, but not a single flower blowing in the breeze, not a single snowflake floating lazily down to earth, not a single, frightened little fox scampering for shelter among the rocks would ever again meet his hungry eyes. The tantalizing aroma of the wild grapes floating through the blue autumn haze would call to mind the red squirrels which he knew must be frisking about the leafless trees, but he could not see them.

When it became evident that he could not go on sawing wood the family had to come to some decision about his future. It was then that he was enrolled in the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Clarence found it impossible to look forward to the venture with any enthusiasm. He had never been so far away from home, and he did not want to go. But a surprise was in store for him. He could not understand why, but the students were not unhappy and dull as he had expected them to be. There was a genuine ring of good fellowship in their friendly voices as they greeted one another and as they talked over their activities. He found them ready and willing to welcome him and to help him feel at home, but he had been without hope for so long that he found it hard to adjust to this new and different attitude. His faith in himself was at low ebb. He had tried to find contentment but he had failed so miserably that he felt life held nothing but despair for him. The boys at the school kept themselves busy with various tasks, none of which appealed to Clarence. How could one be happy when one couldn't see? Using one's hands was better than sitting idle, of course, but his

creative soul longed for some means of expression, and his eager mind longed for a way to learn something satisfying.

One day in the midst of despair he came upon the cardboard map that had been cut into pieces, jigsaw fashion. Fumbling about absently Clarence picked up one of the tiny pieces. Halfheartedly he explored the edges with his fingers. Startled at his discovery he examined the edges again, this time very carefully. Then he knew it was true, and the knowledge thrilled him through and through—he knew what he was holding in his hand. Even without his eyes he knew it had to be true. This was the island of Cuba. He could not be mistaken. Overcome with emotion he knew there was hope for his future now. He had learned through his fingers. The little map of Cuba had opened a new pathway of learning for him.

From that day forward, things went better for the blind student. He studied Braille with diligence. He had been useless and idle so long that now he must learn avidly to make up for all the time he had lost. When he learned to type, his delight knew no bounds. Often in his eagerness to finish something he had started during the day he would take his little typewriter to bed with him. Covering it with the bedclothes he would type for hours while the other boys slept. He had to learn, he had to do things; there was so much to learn, there was so much to do.

Along with the other blind boys Clarence learned to cane chairs. But unlike many of them he did not enjoy the task. However, he soon discovered a method of relieving the monotony. He began telling stories to the boys as they worked. Many an hour sped swiftly by as he regaled them with tales he had read before he had lost his vision. Sometimes, for variety, he entertained his companions with stories of his own creation, swift-moving dramas of the Indians of the plains and the woods, of hunters and trappers and adventurers all over the world. When he found that the boys were more interested in his own stories than in those he had read there was born within him the deep and enduring desire to become a writer.

When his education at Perkins Institution was completed, Clarence set about finding out whether or not he could make his living by writing and lecturing. His boyish love of poetry and his moth-

er's intense interest in his attempts were his greatest assets now. Besides, he had had a poem published in the school paper at Perkins. One of his dreams was to publish a book of poems dedicated to his mother. But he found that, good as it may be, poetry does not find a ready market. Again and again his manuscripts came back. Postage became a major item in his expenditures but he kept doggedly on. Recognition came slowly, and only after many painful disappointments. When he was ready to publish his little book of poems, *Pebbles and Shells*,[1] he was told that in order to provide for himself some sense of security it would be well to have some prospective buyers ready to purchase copies of his work. So he set out himself over the countryside to find the required number of persons to insure the book's success. It was desperately hard to do this. He had to take a boy with him to act as a guide. When the young guide became too exhausted to go on, Clarence engaged another lad to take his place and kept right on with the attempt until the last necessary name was secured. Then the book was published, and he was on the way to having his dream come true.

Another source of income during the early days of his career was gleaned from the nature lectures he gave. Profits were meager, however, and the work was hard. Sometimes only a handful of people came to listen. Sometimes he found that after he had paid for the use of the hall he had nothing left. At length he left the small towns and country villages to lecture in the cities. There he found that he was better received. But there was the added difficulty of traveling long distances by train without his brother or his sister, Alice, who was often his companion on his shorter journeys. But gradually he learned how to get about without too much difficulty even in a city full of strangers. Money from his poems and his lectures was providing the necessities of life for himself and he was able, too, to provide some comfort for his mother whose health was beginning to fail. About this time he met the girl who was to become his wife. After a five-year engagement they were married.

Up to this time, although his poetry and his lectures brought him a certain amount of satisfaction, the young author felt that he was not doing the type of writing he wanted most to do. He had

[1] Now out of print.

dreamed for years of writing nature stories, and it is in that work that he has found his ultimate happiness.

Needless to say, the writing of nature material is at any time and at any place a delicate undertaking. To a man blind since boyhood it would seem to present insurmountable difficulties. But it is for his nature stories that Clarence Hawkes has received his widest acclaim.

In preparation for his nature stories Mr. Hawkes goes back into his boyhood memories where he recaptures as best he can all that he can remember to have seen about the object in mind. He believes that he saw more than the average boy in those days before the accident and he never ceases to be grateful for the vast storehouse of visual memories from which he can draw. Long before he is ready to write he begins his reading. If the books are not written in Braille, his wife or someone else reads to him by the hour. He must know all there is to know, that is, all he can find out, about the subject. People are quick to criticize the nature writer whose works are not authoritative. He has to be very careful about each detail. Using his ears, his sense of touch, and his sense of smell he learns more and more and more. His trained ears can tell the difference between the hop of a rabbit and the trot of a fox. He finds that he can discern anxiety or fear from the movement an animal makes. Sounds that escape others do not escape him. He has to depend on his hearing for a great deal in the world of nature, but because of his keenness of hearing he has come to know his animals better than many a naturalist. He does not begin his writing until he has used every method within his reach to bring him the knowledge he seeks.

In the libraries all over the country today one finds copies well worn by young readers, of *Shaggycoat, Big Brother, Red Coat,* and others. About him in his home at Hadley, Massachusetts, are grouped the books he has loved to write—more than fifty of them now. He is always delighted to learn that many of them are among the favorites of schoolchildren.

Although Mr. Hawkes dislikes to write about himself he did have published some years ago a magazine article entitled, "Hitting the Dark Trail." The story, he learned, brought hope and encourage-

ment to many a blind person. Because of this he was persuaded to expand the article into a book which bears the same name as the original article. In 1935 he published a second autobiography with the significant title, *The Light That Did Not Fail. Notes of a Naturalist* is another of his popular works. In his books Mr. Hawkes is careful to picture accurately and sincerely the life he lives. He does not minimize the effects of the darkness but he explains why he considers himself fortunate in spite of his tragic handicap.

One may often find Mr. Hawkes among the throngs at a baseball game. He says he understands what is going on well enough to write a report of the game for the newspapers. Concerts and plays, too, are sources of endless delight to the author when winter descends upon the New England countryside. When the weather is extremely severe, he and his companionable wife stay much indoors where they have for diversion many indoor games which the blind man has learned to play with great skill.

Well past middle life, Mr. Hawkes looks back over his busy span of years, grateful for the work he has been able to do. He believes that through his inability to see, he has taught others how to use their eyes better. He reflects that had he not lost his vision, he might have lived out his life as an unknown farmer, never seeing beyond the fields of his home. And although he has never traveled west of the Mississippi, he has read so much about other parts of the country that they are all real to him. Never having seen a blade of the "green grass of Wyoming" he has nevertheless written a book about that fascinating state. And because of the interest awakened in his mind by a relative who had visited far-away Alaska, the author immediately set to work on his studies until a volume on Alaska had been penned.

Mr. Hawkes believes that he has learned to evaluate life in terms of usefulness and to measure happiness by the amount of happiness one can give to others. Since he cannot see sunshine without he has found sunshine within, with all the curtains drawn against the light. Life still holds more sunshine than shadow for him today, and the world is richer because of one more person who has turned defeat into glowing victory and who is taller than the night.

Robert B. Irwin

Bringer of Light into Darkened Lives

HARRIET FAUST

PAULINE COULD NOT KEEP UP with her classes. "She isn't dull," her teacher observed. "It's her eyes. She just doesn't see as well as normal children." So, careful tests were made, at the end of which Pauline was enrolled in the Sight-Saving Class nearest her home. A cab stopped for her each morning and brought her home at the close of the day that she might not run the risk of losing her way through the downtown streets.

Before many weeks Pauline was well adjusted and much happier than she had been before. Her books were so much easier to read. The type was large and clear and black. When the teacher wrote on the blackboard she used soft yellow crayons. In the huge dictionary that covered almost all of one of the reading tables, both the printing and the illustrations were large enough to make eyestrain unnecessary. In this group Pauline was an individual, not just a member of a class. The teacher was always aware of the special problems of each child. She was alert to see that none of her pupils read too long at a time. At certain times during the day the boys and girls went to classes with the children who possessed normal vision. They sang together, listened to stories or to the explanation of some problem. But when the study period arrived Pauline and the other visually imperfect children came back to their special room to study from their special books or to have their teacher read to them. No home work was given to be done in the evening. In all these ways Pauline learned how to take the best of precautions with her limited amount of vision.

Sight-Saving Classes such as this one have been brought about through the efforts of Dr. Robert B. Irwin. A few years ago he organized on a nonprofit basis a company that made possible the

special books of clear type used in classes where the saving of sight is an important factor. Dr. Irwin who has done more than anyone else of his day for the education of the totally blind became interested in the conservation of vision when he realized that the number of persons with defective vision far outnumbers those who are sightless. In 1915 he organized one of the first Sight-Saving Classes in the United States. Today there are many such classes throughout the country. Educational forces in many places are convinced there is nothing of much greater importance than the prevention of blindness.

Robert Benjamin Irwin was born in 1883 in Rockford, Iowa, but at an early age he went with his parents to a homestead on the North Bay of Puget Sound. Today the clearest pictures in his mind are those of thick woodlands, high mountain peaks covered with snow, and the stormy waters of the bay; for these were the surroundings in which he lived and the pictures which he saw until blindness overtook him. When the boy was only five years old he became ill with inflammatory rheumatism. The youth and inexperience of his parents and particularly the long distance from a doctor resulted in conditions which rendered the little lad sightless. In spite of their youth Robert's parents were wise enough to help their son make many difficult adjustments. Such tasks as he could do about the home he was required to do. He learned, too, that he had to stand on his own feet when difficulties arose among his numerous brothers and sisters.

In the Washington State School for the Blind where he was enrolled at an early age Robert found teachers who were optimistic about his future. When he grew old enough he worked during the summer vacations by selling articles about the countryside. Sometimes he and his brother went about by bicycle, sleeping on the ground at night. By using a great variety of earning methods the young student at length worked his way through the University of Washington. Then with the aid of a scholarship he studied in the Harvard Graduate School where he took his M.A. degree in 1907. For two years more he continued at Harvard exploring the problems of the blind.

In 1909 Robert Irwin went to Cleveland, Ohio, to become affiliated with the Board of Education. It was in this capacity that he or-

ganized the Department for the Blind, regarded by many at first as rather a doubtful experiment. Throughout the years since then, in spite of the many duties that take him over the United States and Europe, Dr. Irwin has kept in touch with the project he initiated in the city that gave him his first opportunity to put into effect some of his dreams. In recognition of the work he has done over the world in the interest of the visually handicapped Western Reserve University has conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. One of the happy experiences of his life was that of his call back to Cleveland in 1943 to receive this recognition of his work.

In conferring the honor Western Reserve University had only to go back through the years to find one achievement after another in the field of education for the blind, made possible by the educator who has become nationally and internationally famous. Many of our federal laws affecting blind people have been brought about through the influence of Dr. Irwin. Largely because of his interest in the matter Congress appropriates each year $350,000 for books for the adult blind. Another law permits a blind person and his guide to travel on one fare by railroad or bus.

Dr. Irwin has been instrumental, too, in helping to make the Braille system uniform throughout English-speaking nations. Realizing, however, that many persons cannot learn to read Braille because of some other handicap Dr. Irwin began to dream of doing something that would be of value to them. As a result of his research in this field he has invented the "Talking Book" which is perhaps his most outstanding contribution to the education of the blind. The "Talking Book" is a long-playing, closely grooved record on which a whole book has been inscribed. Even blind persons who are feeble with age or illness have little difficulty in operating the simple device which plays the "Talking Book." Today schools for the blind have ample libraries of these ingenious "Books." All types of literature are recorded, such as books on behavior problems, best sellers, textbooks on practically every subject.

At the outbreak of World War II a national committee was formed for the purpose of planning how to meet the problems of the blind ex-serviceman. Dr. Irwin, now executive director of the American Foundation for the Blind, was asked to be chairman of

this committee. Under his able direction several training centers were established throughout the country. There the blind veteran takes the Irwin-Binet intelligence test. Then his vocational aptitudes are studied and his other qualities noted. After this he is on his way toward securing an education in some particular field for which he can be fitted.

One of the many services made possible to blind ex-servicemen by the American Foundation for the Blind is that of the gift of a Braille watch with raised glass dots in the place of numerals. The Foundation has presented more than a thousand of these watches. Often the ability to tell the time of day for himself is the first big step toward building up the morale of the blind veteran.

In the training center the food is placed on the plate in a certain specified manner each time. The blind man learns to think of his plate as the face of a clock with the meat at 12 o'clock, potatoes at 6 o'clock, and so on around. He finds this plan tremendously helpful if his family carries out the same system when he reaches home.

Essentially interested in research, Dr. Irwin is ever on the alert to learn new devices and ideas for the work he is doing so well. To make it possible for the people all over the world to pool their findings the first World Conference for the Blind met in New York in 1931. Thirty-seven countries sent delegates, and Dr. Irwin was the organizer and manager of the project.

Dr. Irwin and his wife, the former Mary Blanchard, live in Montclair, New Jersey. Without even the aid of a guide dog he commutes to his office in New York each day. He takes time out now and then to pursue his hobbies of fishing and rowing, clam digging and stamp collecting. His garden furnishes him much enjoyment too, and often he may be seen carrying flowers from his grounds to his office staff. Sometimes, too, he goes back to North Bay the beauty of which he has remembered so well and so long. He loves to wander about the shores recalling old landmarks, and to fish in the turbulent waters. But his greatest happiness lies in finding new ways to serve that vast number of people whose problems he understands so deeply.

In the opinion of those who see not, no honor ever to be conferred upon Dr. Irwin can be adequate for the man who has done so much to bring light into darkened lives.

Edward J. Kuncel

One Who Seeks No Special Favors

FRANK GLENN LANKARD

IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA, there is a young high school teacher, totally blind from birth, but magnificently alive. His name is Edward J. Kuncel.

Edward was born on October 6, 1913, the youngest of four children. His was not the family, however, to make a baby of him. His father, a butcher in the meat-packing industry, would have no sissies in his family. If Edward fell at play, his father demanded that he get up and go on as though nothing had happened. His mother, although she had no formal training in child psychology, possessed an understanding of a high order. So skillfully did she guide her son that he was nearly five years old before he realized he was different from other children. Her philosophy paralleled her husband's: that everybody falls in life, and that the strong get to the top only because they have the courage to pick themselves up again.

As a lad, Edward did everything that the other children did—and he carries the scars to prove it! His first realization of his handicap came only a few months before he was sent to the Nebraska School for the Blind at Nebraska City. Two persons came to his home one day and talked with him about going away to school. Edward was only vaguely interested; he greatly preferred to go to school with his brothers and sisters and his other playmates. But why was there talk of his going away to a strange school? Edward finally grasped the idea that he was blind. The meaning of blindness he did not comprehend. He had occasionally asked his brother how he knew someone was coming down the street when he could not hear him. He was slightly puzzled, also, when his sister men-

tioned seeing pictures. What was a *picture* of a dog? These doubts, however, caused little concern to Edward who could do everything the other children did and who was always willing to try some new adventure.

Education

The day came when Edward went away to the school for the blind. On the day before, there had been a family gathering with plenty of fun and presents. But the lad sensed that something was wrong. Two of his aunts cried a little, and his grandparents were unusually upset when he climbed a big tree across the street. The sadness was soon forgotten, however, in the thought of the long and thrilling car ride which would take him to the school.

Edward cried a little when his parents drove away and left him, and a great emptiness seized him. He was lonely for his toys and his dog at home, and he didn't cherish the idea of spending the night at the school. The teachers and children were kind, but Edward rebelled at the strictly scheduled routine and most of all at the big bell that regulated it. He learned to get out of bed by the bell and he went to meals and to classes by the bell. He even retired by the bell. So intense became his dislike for the bell that he began to calculate the number of times it would ring from the time he came back to school until the next weekend would take him home again. To this day he has a great aversion to bells. Edward learned easily but he hated the restrictions of the school. He says today with real charity that this was not entirely the fault of the school. He would have been classified, we suppose, as a rather difficult child.

Edward remained at this school for eight years. In spite of his restiveness under restrictions he put his time to good advantage. He learned to read and write Braille, manipulate a typewriter, and master the usual things required in the industrial training department. But the lad was always longing for the next weekend when he might go home to his dog, his bicycle, his wagon, his sled, and his playmates. People wonder at Dr. Kuncel's remarkable ability to do things and find his way about. It can be traced to his home. He lived and played with normal children so long, doing all the things that normal children do, that it had never occurred to him to be-

have in any other way. This very probably accounts for his lack of "fitting in" at the school. "The boys and girls at school were all right," he said, "but they could not see, and I had played with normal people so long that any thought of changing the routine was distinctly unpleasant."

Edward was a gifted boy, and his talents brought him opportunities to participate in numerous programs which advertised the work of the school. He performed in perhaps two hundred exhibitions, and this was the one feature of the institution that he really enjoyed. He found pleasure in the rides, the luncheons and dinners, the people who crowded around to ask questions and, perhaps most of all, the opportunity it afforded to be away from the school and its big bell.

Edward's parents decided that they would take him out of school and have his eyes treated. The experiment failed; but the lad, who in the school for the blind had been frail and delicate, now became fat and sturdy. The year out of school in the fresh air built him up physically and provided tremendous energy.

In 1928, Edward had decided that he wanted to attend a public high school in Omaha, a feat accomplished by no other blind boy or girl of his city. Knowing South High through his brother, he determined to talk his way into this school. Accompanied by his sister, he went to see the principal to whom he boldly and frankly stated his case. The principal at first expressed uncertainty and tried to discourage him. But Edward had not come to be discouraged: he had come to be admitted. In an oral examination in world history he dispelled some of the principal's uncertainty. As he looks back on that day, he says that it was the turning point in his life. He was told that he might have one semester as an experiment. This was all the boy could ask for, and he accepted the challenge with profound gratitude. Three years later he was graduated from South High, the valedictorian of his class, with an all-A average, a record that has never been equaled. In addition to his remarkable scholastic achievement he found time to participate in many activities, developing a well-rounded school experience. His mother and some of the students who had volunteered had been his eyes. He

looks back upon these years, in contrast to the school for the blind, as probably the most happy and formative of his life.

Thanks to an *Omaha World Herald* scholarship (awarded the outstanding student from each of the city high schools) Edward entered Creighton University. The school was ten miles from his home, and the young man had plenty of opportunity to develop confidence in getting about the city of Omaha. He refused to use a cane or a seeing-eye dog, because he felt that these devices made the blind person conspicuous. He would not have people aware that he was a handicapped individual. With reference to seeing-eye dogs, he remarks, "I suspect that I always felt I had more intelligence than a dog." While an undergraduate student at Creighton he earned money through tutoring and various odd jobs; for a time he worked at a bakery loading trucks of stale bread. He was graduated, *magna cum laude,* the third student in his class. With no permanent job in prospect, he began work on his Master's degree.

Then came November, 1935. A replacement was needed at South High. The recommendation of his former principal and his brilliant record at Creighton apparently turned the trick, and the superintendent of schools of Omaha offered Edward Kuncel the position. He was to have a school quarter in which to prove himself; if he succeeded, the position would be permanent. This was just the sort of chance for which Edward was in the habit of looking. He did succeed. The position became permanent. More than this, he completed his Master's degree during his first year of teaching. He immediately began work on the doctorate and in 1943, seven years after receiving the Master's, he completed the Ph.D. He was now thirty years of age and had been a high school teacher for seven years.

In the same year that he received his Doctor's degree, he married Harriet Mills, who also had been graduated from South High and whom he had known as a student, although she is younger than he.

The Teacher

Has Dr. Kuncel succeeded as a teacher? So well has he succeeded that when the head of the Social Studies Department retired a short

time ago, Kuncel was elected by his own associates to head the department.

In the classroom, Dr. Kuncel is informal, yet exacting. It is his theory that students do their best work with a teacher who grades fairly and at the same time demands a high quality of work.

He is also a popular teacher. Some of the factors which enter into his popularity are a keen sense of humor, a genuine interest in students and their problems, and the sure, confident manner in which he conducts his classes. It is said that his classes are among the most orderly and well conducted in South High School. One of his former students writes, "His classes are not sought after by those looking for an easy course." His students combine love, respect, and admiration for him and, even though they sense a certain reserve on his part, they are not in the least deterred from approaching him with their personal problems. And they invariably find him an interested and sympathetic adviser.

Textbooks are not used extensively in his classes. He combines the use of current newspapers, magazines, and other publications with classroom discussion and supervised study. When he lectures he relies almost entirely on his remarkable memory, prompted only occasionally by brief Braille notes. His splendid diction and excellent phraseology make his classes especially interesting. He has developed a visual aid program which is superior to anything else of its kind in Omaha. Since many of his students come from a section of the city where the reading ability and general educational opportunities are low, he works intensively to find material at the reading level of the students.

Concerning Dr. Kuncel's extraordinary memory, his principal says, "I have known of his starting out a semester with as many as 180 or 190 some odd pupils and being able to learn their names and their positions in the classroom probably within a period of two weeks." His memory and spatial sense are almost beyond belief. In this connection one of his former students wrote me, "I recall one incident when two pupils switched seats across the aisle. After hearing them participate in the class discussion Dr. Kuncel requested that they return to their respective seats. . . . Another example is a personal experience of mine. Two years after graduating from

South High, I walked into his classroom. After a moment he addressed me by name—having recognized me by my footsteps." Perhaps this latter incident furnishes the key to another. One day in class Dr. Kuncel asked a girl to go to the map and point out the Island of Guam.

"I am sorry, Dorothy, but that is not correct," said Dr. Kuncel. He then directed a boy to point out the island on the map.

"Correct," said Dr. Kuncel. How could he possibly know that the girl had missed and the boy had been successful? Dr. Kuncel would say it is easy. He has trained himself to record reactions from his classes that we would miss altogether. When the girl missed there was a tense silence and no unconscious shuffling of feet as if to say, "Let's get on to the next." When the boy went to the map and pointed out the island there was again silence. But had he missed there would have been a derisive titter, implying that he was not so smart as he thought. Kuncel says that, moreover, he could tell by his firm tread of assurance that the boy would point out the island correctly.

Dr. Kuncel is what is known as a socially-minded individual and he seeks to instill this passion in his pupils, not by preaching or lecturing, but more indirectly by his encouragement of the reading and discussion of social and political problems.

In addition to being a good teacher, Kuncel is an excellent public speaker and at one time he was coach of debate. It was his theory that debate should be made attractive to the whole school, and he presented public debates before the student body on topics of current interest. His debate squad won numerous championships. Dr. Kuncel not only coached the teams but accompanied them all over the State of Nebraska.

Both in and out of the classroom he enjoys his contact with youth. He is quite an athletic fan. He has a facility for following the plays closely as they develop. This is particularly true in football, and it is really remarkable how closely he is able to trace the progress of the game and to know what kind of play has developed.

Dr. Kuncel sums up his teaching by saying, "Since I started teaching at South High, I have been given numerous assignments. I have never asked for nor expected favors. My philosophy of teach-

ing has always been that the normal routine was the thing to follow. A few adjustments have been necessary, but in general I do just as every other instructor does. I think I work a little harder and a little more slowly, but the results are the same."

The Man, His Home and Family

Kuncel's ancestry is Czech. He is married to an unusually fine young woman who enters fully into his life. She is an X-ray technician and is supplementing the family income so that they may use their combined earnings to purchase a home of their own. Their son, Richie, is three years old. Those who know them characterize them as an ideal family. Dr. Kuncel neither smokes nor drinks although he has a spirit of tolerance toward those who do. He is a healthy, robust individual, pleasant and even-tempered but possessing firm convictions of his own. His is an air of being well satisfied with life. He is mildly irritated when others gripe or find fault. One of his friends says, "I have never seen him in a depressed or melancholy mood." Although he is genial he possesses a degree of reserve that instantly commands respect. He is socially at ease in any situation and maintains a sense of balance and perspective under the most trying circumstances.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of Dr. Kuncel is his determination to meet life as a perfectly normal individual. In this connection one of his former teachers says, "I believe the fundamental fact in his entire approach to his peculiar problem is his determination to act as nearly as possible as if he did not have the handicap. He does not use a cane or a dog because they would emphasize, or at least bring to the attention of others, the fact of his blindness. He conducts himself, therefore, as if he did see, whenever that is possible." This can quickly be made possible in familiar surroundings. Should he have occasion to go to a new vicinity he has someone accompany him, but he has trained himself to judge distances, count turns or crossings, streetcar tracks crossing other tracks, and so forth. It is not difficult for him to meet his wife at an assigned corner in Omaha, but he does not enjoy walking on busy streets alone. One of his colleagues at South High says, "The

first time I ever took Dr. Kuncel in my car I hooked a bumper of another car in parking. He got out and disengaged the bumper. Since that time he has helped me fix flats by jacking up the car or removing the bolts. We have picnicked together, gone swimming, and attended the state fair. As our families have been in each other's homes a number of times, I think it is indicative of how well he manages, to know that my six-year-old boy still does not realize that he cannot see."

Dr. Kuncel does not expect or accept favors because of his handicap. When he entered Creighton University he was almost too assertive in his determination not to accept special favors, to prove he did not need them. As a matter of fact, the only favor he got while a student was the privilege at times of taking an oral rather than a written examination. The regular examinations he did on his typewriter. The assertiveness which he showed as an undergraduate has lessened because there is no need for it.

Dr. Kuncel's interests are not confined to teaching only. He enjoys a rich and satisfying family life and he also takes an active interest in local and national affairs. When Richie was little, Mr. and Mrs. Kuncel used to pull him in a wagon to a park two miles away to enjoy the bear cubs, foxes, and other animals. One day all three went to the Missouri River to see the cakes of ice that had gathered there. He enjoys not only athletics but also the "movies." He says that motion pictures are similar to radio programs but possess superior sound effects. If there is a situation depicted on the screen which is not evident by sound, the missing part is supplied by his wife.

Dr. Kuncel has a deep sense of tolerance. Once a Catholic, he is now affiliated with the Presbyterian Church. One of the members of the debate squad which he directed writes, "I am a Catholic, and my high school debate partner was a Jew. Tolerance for others' views and beliefs does not adequately connote his attitude. A better term is respect for the convictions of individuals. To me, Dr. Kuncel is more than an inspiration—he is a friend. I feel privileged to know such a man as he is."

Charles Fletcher Lummis

The Man Who Did His Part

CLARICE BOWMAN

ON A HILL high above the dashing traffic of the Arroyo Seco artery between Los Angeles and Pasadena stands Southwest Museum. Grounded in the good earth, its tower rises yet another hundred and twenty-five feet to catch the earliest glints of sunlight reflected from the sea, and to remind passers-by in their swift transiency of the ever aspiring spirit in man.

Charles Fletcher Lummis' spirit was strangely like this museum which he founded and into which he breathed life. For he, too, was solidly grounded; the thousands of miles of earth over which his feet trod knew him as son. Nowhere was he stranger—from the Massachusetts base where his young eyes first recognized the planet as his homeland, to the farthest jungles where he went to find the story of man. Was it not unusual, to say the least, that a New Englander from far back should have adopted as his abode the "Out West" country of the United States? No, for the man was Charles Fletcher Lummis, who had within him what it took to "belong" wherever he was. Son to the earth, he was also brother to all its peoples.

Like the museum, too, Lummis' life stood by the side of the highway, viewing with a detachment and wisdom born of the centuries the comings and goings of man. His lifelong devotion was the study of man. People mattered to him: the snake-dancing Moquis, the cliffdwellers of long before, the history makers of the sometimes chaotic but ever creative Southwest.

And like the tower rising high, the story of Lummis' own triumphant life is that of an inner flame rising above odds that would have defeated many a lesser man. That tower and Lummis' life

together become symbols of a yet deeper thing: that when the smoke and dust of conquests and cities and confusions have cleared away, the human values of truth and beauty and kindliness are what endure. Truth he sought, with a mental athlete's skill and a prophet's devotion; he would pore through dusty tomes with limitless patience to find the exact derivation of some obscure Spanish word; and when, through his close associations with the Indians, he came to know their ways, he defended them staunchly against all who might misunderstand, misinterpret, or treat them with injustice. Beauty he loved. His eyes of the soul looked deeper for the beauty which was real and which would endure, though his physical eyes failed. The beauty of folksongs he echoed in his heart, and through recordings made it possible for others who had ears to hear. Kindliness was his own creed; and he made it contagious.

But what about this man? Why did he leave New England? How did he come to land in the Southwest? What were his exploits? What dreams spurred him on, when physical handicaps began to crowd upon his aspiring spirit? By what creed did he chart his life course? What are his claims to immortality?

Having caught first, through the symbolic museum, a glimpse of Lummis' spirit, we turn back to get acquainted with the man's personal history.

Charles Fletcher Lummis was born March 1, 1859, at Lynn, Massachusetts, the son of Henry and Harriet (Fowler) Lummis. With a minister-teacher as father, Charles's early burning curiosity to learn about people and things was fanned into flame, and his eyes were lifted toward ever receding horizons. He studied at Harvard from 1878 to 1881, but he did not receive his degree until 1906. His next experience was the editorship of the *Scioto Gazette* at Chillicothe, Ohio.

In September of 1884 he set out *on foot* for Los Angeles. He chose this mode of transportation "for recreation and observation," he said. Views from windows of fast-moving vehicles are but fleeting at best. He wanted a man's-eye view. For his expedition he would be dependent upon no one but himself, and certainly not upon mechanical wheels. How long would it take to walk from Chillicothe to Los Angeles? He arrived in February, 1885, having

covered a distance of 3,507 miles. (In later writing he scorns his mileage as a short distance compared to the walking trips of other explorers of former times.)

In a cañon in Arizona he fell and broke his arm. He was alone, many miles from help. But like the intrepid of old before the days of hospitals and help, he proved self-sufficient. He set the bone himself, stoically facing the pain; and with the limp arm in a rude sling he continued steadily on his way. Such happenings (and there were more and sadder ones to come as his life story unfolded) helped to reveal the man that he was, as the plane brings out the fine grain of the wood.

He was not in Los Angeles a day before he found a niche with the *Los Angeles Times,* where he served as city editor from 1885 to 1887. Zestful in his work as in his walking, he soon overtaxed the physical frame that housed his buoyant spirit; and a stroke of paralysis left him with one arm hanging limp.

As if led by a homing instinct, he chose to go to New Mexico to recuperate. He credited his "outdoor life" (others added his "iron determination") with the intricate capillary adjustments in his brain that restored the arm to usefulness after a long time. Living among the Pueblo Indians in their villages, Lummis was focusing outward rather than inward upon himself. Adventurously, he was learning their customs, folklore, and folksongs. And he was learning them, not as an "expert from afar" ready to commercialize upon their unusualness. He was learning them as brother learns from brother: echoing the weird haunting songs in his own heart first, learning to sing them "from the inside out." Therefore the recordings he made have life, beauty, authenticity, heart throb. Because of his labors (rather, shall we not say, adventures!) over 550 Spanish folksongs of widest range were recorded, and 450 Indian songs in thirty-seven different languages! He regarded his work as that of "harvesting a most precious and perishable crop," that of folklore; for its preservation depended upon the faltering memories of a few old people—and the getting of the songs in accurate form depended upon his first establishing a bond of comradeship and rapport. He was the man who could do it. Why? Because his spirit was kin.

Recovered fully by 1891, he set out upon another epoch of his

life story, a different kind of "harvesting": this time, a two-year ethnological and historical expedition to Peru and Bolivia with Adolf Bandelier, the great documentary historian, whom he cherished as "companion" (he wrote later) and followed as "disciple" and "younger brother."

Returning to Los Angeles in 1894, he became editor (soon after its founding) of the magazine *Land of Sunshine* in which he sought to unfold—so that others might see and know and echo in deeper understanding—the life and history of the Southwest. (This magazine was continued later under the title *Out West.*)

The "homing instinct," then, had led him to his life mission: through his journalistic experiences at Harvard and later, he had been sharpening his pen so as to stir the imaginations of people; and through his adventures with the Indians and into archeology, he had been amassing knowledge and insight out of which to write. Now he became spokesman for the Southwest, its past, its present.

His many writings, during the productive decade of the nineties, were almost all toward that end: of helping people to understand more fully and to appreciate more deeply their kinsmen in red skins, the civilizations of ancient days, the art forms made visual or tonal by aspiring spirits of yesteryear. In 1891 there came from the press his *A New Mexico David,* and a year later, *A Tramp Across the Continent,* and also *Some Strange Corners of our Country.* In 1893 came the two books, listed by the Dictionary of American Biography as his best known: *The Land of Poco Tiempo* and *The Spanish Pioneers*— the former descriptive of the Southwest and its people of the present, the latter an historical account of the conquistadores and priests who played their dramatic roles in the Southwest and West in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Other books that Lummis published later included: *The Man Who Had Married the Moon, The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu, The King of the Broncos, The Enchanted Burro, The Awakening of a Nation: Mexico of Today.*

From 1905 until 1910 he served as librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library. This position gave him scope and opportunity to continue his researches and efforts to interpret to others what he was discovering about the Southwest and its peoples, past and pres-

ent. His collections were by now becoming famous. People came, saw, and pondered; and went away the richer, not only in knowledge, but in inward appreciation.

His *Spanish Songs of Old California* (two volumes 1923-1928) and *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* (1925) reflect his further thinking and growth during these years. His last book (appearing in his lifetime) was a poetical volume, *A Bronco Pegasus* (1928). *Flowers of Our Lost Romance* had been accepted by his publishers before his death, but did not appear until afterward in 1929.

His writings abound in "humanity." He had a way of looking beneath the surface indications, and seeing the real person—whether the focus of his particular study at the moment was the Tigua village bard or the all-but-overgrown ruins of some ancient Bolivian stronghold. His writings have "character" because they abound in "characters." Especially adept was he at similes, thus carrying his reader along through windows of his own experience until he could introduce him to the new. Even archeology, which might have been regarded as dusty digging among ruins, he called "the humanest story in the world."

His language has something of the tang of the foods of the Southwest; something of the startling clarity of Arizona skies; something of the far view of wide-stretching plains; something of the freshness of mornings.

He came to the Southwest with the eyes of a poet and the handclasp of blood-brother to humanity, not with a microscope or a fine-tooth comb. Therefore, his writings have value, not only as factual documents of history or archeology, but as journalistic photographs of a people.

Counted one of his greatest achievements was the founding and building of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, an institution dedicated to the fostering of historical, archeological, and ethnological interests of the Southwest. Here was the culmination of his life mission: an institution which would continue to interpret America's Southwestern peoples to America and the world, long after his own hands should cease to be active in that pursuit. He also founded the Landmarks Club; and he is credited with preserving the Missions of San Juan Capistrano, Pala, and San Fernando.

In 1915 he was knighted by the King of Spain for researches in Spanish-American history as "commendador con placa de la Real Orden de Isabel la Catolica." Another distinction was accorded him by the "Socio de Honor, Casa de España en Puerto Rico."

His work lives on—a tremendous volume of work and worthy contribution for a well man to have made in the brief span of a lifetime. But Charles Fletcher Lummis was often far from a well man, even during some of the most productive years of his life.

We have already discovered him, setting the broken bones of his own arm in a cañon in Arizona and journeying on, undaunted. During that long westward trek on foot he braved the winter in the Rockies; awakened once in an abandoned cabin to face a prowling wildcat; missed being brained by an escaped convict; weathered storms, heat, thirst—but went on. We have seen him achieving again the use of an arm made useless by paralysis. While his arm was paralyzed, he perfected his skill at one-arm shooting, and learned to rope and break wild horses. Obstacles became to him a challenge, a dare.

But it looked as though he had come to "the edge of things" when a third stroke toppled him. Lying in a Santa Fe hospital he refused to die. Of that time later he said, "I took my mind by the throat and wrung out of it stories, articles, and poems" and—of all things!—humorous paragraphs and jokes which he sold to magazines. Recovering slightly but still unable to walk, he begged to be put on a horse and thereafter rode and fished!

Again, his valiant spirit triumphed—"My friend Will," he called it. (His book, *My Friend Will,* 1911, is an account of the psychological battle he fought against paralysis.) He became lecturer, writer, organizer of clubs, restorer of old missions. But fate struck again, this time with blindness. At the very time his cherished plans for the Southwest Museum were about to become reality and architects were drawing the blueprints, jungle fever struck and he could not see. But undaunted, he sketched plans in the rough himself (which architects followed), and had creases made in the drawings so that he could visualize with his fingers. While in the dark he went about as usual; and after a year and a half the jungle fever wore off and sight came back.

Even his last illness, which he knew to be fatal, did not quell his buoyant spirit or cause his efforts to flag. With his last energies, and "Friend Will" prodding him on, he completed his manuscripts for *Flowers of Our Lost Romance,* a new edition of *Spanish Pioneers,* and *A Bronco Pegasus,* hung on till the publishers' acceptance came, and whispered "Good!"

His poem, "Top o' the Hill" serves as his own best life summary:

One rests here who still was young,
Still aflame with songs unsung;
In his three-score years and ten
Lived the lives of many men;
Lived to learn and learned to live—
Love, achieve, keep faith, forgive.
Worked and loved—and loved the best
After work, to work for rest.
Never turned away unfed
That long hunger in his head.
Dreamed and hoped for dreams come true—
There's so much for dreams to do!
Sorrow knew in every guise—
Found it came to make him wise.
Learned from failure, all and each,
What success could never teach.
Held the old and faced the new,
Questing only for the true,
Serving the future with the past.
Turned a quiet smile at last—
As who should challenge the flickering heart.
"We Had our Share—did we Do our Part?"[1]

The motto chosen by Charles Fletcher Lummis for the Southwest Museum might well have been the motto of his own life: "Mañana Flor de sus Ayeres," "Tomorrow is the flower of all its yesterdays."

[1] Quoted from *The Ladies' Home Journal,* February, 1925. Used by permission of The Curtis Publishing Company.

Horace Pippin

The Porter Who Taught Himself to Paint

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY

THE 1940-1941 edition of *Who's Who in American Art* listed among hundreds of others the name of Horace Pippin. Before one's name can be included in such a publication, he must have done something worthy of notice; certainly, he must have had some important exhibitions. Horace Pippin is listed as having exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and as having had a one-man show in 1940 at the Carlen Galleries, Philadelphia.

Horace Pippin must have beamed with joy when he had his first exhibition, for back of this achievement lay many years of complete obscurity and a life often embroiled in difficulty greater than that faced by an ordinary person.

In the first place, Horace Pippin was born a Negro with the racial handicap faced by any Negro in a predominantly white community. He was born on February 22, 1888, at West Chester, Pennsylvania. He lived as a young boy in Goshen, New York. At the age of seven, a schoolboy, he began, as he put it himself, "to get into trouble." He liked to draw. In writing out spelling exercises he would draw at the end of the word the thing he had just tried to spell correctly: for example, "dishpan," followed by a sketch of that article. The teachers did not always appreciate such unusual pupil response.

He liked to go to the racetrack at Goshen, where he would draw pictures of the horses on scraps of paper. One day he picked up a magazine advertising many different products. His eye was attracted to one advertisement in particular. It showed the face of a strange-looking person—a funny face—and underneath was the invitation: "Draw me, and win a prize." He drew a copy of the funny

face and sent it to the Chicago address. The prize came to him all right—a box of crayon pencils in half a dozen colors, and in addition several brushes and a box of cold-water paints. These brushes and art materials meant a great deal to the young boy, and he used them gleefully.

Somewhere he procured a yard of muslin, which he cut up into six pieces. He put fringes around the edge of each in an effort to create a kind of doily. With his crayons he drew a biblical picture on each piece. These he took to a Sunday School festival, where his teacher hung them on a wire along the wall and offered them for sale. Someone bought them, but at the time he did not know who. Some time later as he walked by a house a woman hailed him and asked if he was Horace Pippin, and if he could make doilies with pictures on them. When he acknowledged his identity and his talent, the woman scolded him for making "bum things." She had washed the doily she had bought at the festival, and now there was no picture left on it. She even showed him the clean material as proof. He explained to her as best he could that crayon drawings could not be expected to stay on when the cloth was washed.

Off and on throughout his childhood, Horace Pippin continued to draw. It was entirely a hobby with him, and at no time did he have any instruction from art teachers. As a matter of fact, he was so busy trying to earn a living that he could not have spent anything but spare time on his drawing anyway. He never went beyond grammar school in his formal education.

He did a wide variety of jobs. At fourteen years of age he worked awhile on a farm. At fifteen Horace was employed in a coal yard, unloading heavy weights of coal. Then he got a job at a feed store. Finally, at eighteen, he became a railroad porter, and held that position for seven years.

In July, 1917, along with thousands of other American men, he found himself in the Army. He went through harrowing experiences in battles in France. Shrapnel entered his right shoulder in October, 1918, after he had survived front-line duty with his National Guard company. In January, 1919, he was honorably discharged, invalided home because of the serious injury.

Even during the war experiences he continued to sketch. It was a

great disappointment to him that many of his sketches had to be destroyed because he could not take them with him in the battle maneuvers.

After he returned home he was married on November 25, 1920. At his home in West Chester, Pennsylvania, he continued his art experimentation. He and his wife, who took in washing, lived in part on his disability pension. They have enjoyed simple pleasures together.

Because of his shoulder injury it was necessary for him to prop up his right hand with his left in order to paint. Spare minutes at the West Chester house were always used in painting.

He spent some time decorating cigar boxes with colorful designs. Then he tried burning picture outlines on wooden surfaces, supplementing the outlines with details in paint.

Finally he graduated to oils. He spent three years on his first oil canvas, which was entitled "The Ending of the War: Starting Home." This painting was started in 1930 and finished in 1933. He applied several coats of paint until the figures stood out in bold relief. Dark colors were used, giving a rather somber effect—olives, greens, blacks, khaki browns. Yet here and there he introduced brilliant red color, as in the bursting bombs and a soldier's bloody helmet. Later on, the critics observed, he started to use brighter colors and more decorative motives, thus brightening the general effect of his canvases.

At this time he was "discovered." Dr. Christian Brinton happened to meet him and see some of his work. At once, Dr. Brinton sought to arrange an exhibition of Pippin's work. This was done at the West Chester Community Center in 1937. From this first leap from obscurity Pippin went on to further success. He showed three oils in "The Masters of Popular Painting" exhibition in 1938. Then came his one-man show—every artist's ambition—of oils and burnt-wood panels in 1940 and 1941 at the Philadelphia Carlen Galleries, and also at a gallery in New York.

The catalogue notes for the Philadelphia show were written by Dr. Albert C. Barnes, who compared Pippin's work with John Kane's, a celebrated American primitive painter.

His paintings began to show considerable variety in subject mat-

ter. They bore such titles as "Cabin in the Cotton," "Fishing in the Brandywine—Early Fall," "Waiting" (an interior). He tried also portraits, using Marian Anderson and Smedley Butler as subjects. The critics did not regard his portraits so successful as his other work. Dr. Barnes purchased some of his work, as did the famous actor, Charles Laughton. The sales brought welcome money into the family treasury.

In a brief autobiographical account published in one of the museum catalogues, this self-taught artist expresses the conviction that it is impossible in the deepest sense for art to be taught. One has to paint because one has a love for it, and then paint from one's heart and mind.

Racial barriers, physical disability, lack of formal education—in spite of these handicaps Horace Pippin has discovered within himself the power to rise to self-fulfillment.

Washington Augustus Roebling

The Builder of Brooklyn Bridge

VERNA EUGENIA MUTCH

JULY 22, 1869. The directors of the New York Bridge Company were stunned by the death, that morning, of John A. Roebling, chief engineer for the 1600-foot bridge that was to span the East River. The injury had seemed slight. He was taking final observations to determine the location of the Brooklyn tower, when a carelessly piloted ferry boat crashed into the pier on which he was standing, and several toes of his right foot were crushed. Tetanus developed. Before one spadeful of earth for the foundations of the great towers had been dug, the foremost bridge builder of his day was dead!

Since life must go on, the question now was, Who shall build the bridge? The directors examined the qualifications of Roebling's 32-year-old son. He had the Civil Engineer's degree from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute; he had built two military suspension bridges within his four-year service in the Union Army, during which time he had advanced from the rank of private to colonel; he had been associated with his father in the construction of the Pittsburgh-Allegheny, and the Cincinnati bridges; he had helped his father create the plans for Brooklyn Bridge. Within a month Washington Augustus Roebling was appointed to succeed his father as chief engineer.

The foundations for the gigantic masonry towers that were to rise 278 feet above water were sunk to bedrock by means of the pneumatic caisson. This was an enormous timber box open at the bottom, resting on the river bed, within which excavation was carried on by relays of men in compressed air. It was provided with shafts for men and materials. Granite superimposed in successive courses

upon the roof caused a regulated sinking of the caisson, until, when sunk to its final resting place, the caisson itself was filled with cement. This method was one with which few engineers in this country had had any practical experience. Colonel Roebling had gone to Europe to study it. During the twelve months required to sink and fill the foundations, while the seven-foot tides rose and fell, there was never a moment without its problems, perils, and anxieties.

Work in the Caissons

Down in the caissons life was weirdly different. The dim chamber with its scattered lights, "gnomes" moving about into the shadows, voices faint and unnatural, combined with the confusing noise of hammers, drills, buckets and chains, was no place for the timorous or superstitious soul. The workers, or sandhogs, as they came to be called, experienced physical reactions to the compressed air: a confused sensation in the head; deep and rapid breathing; an erratic heartbeat; fatigue from the slightest exertion, even that of speaking.

The New York foundation presented greater difficulties than that of the Brooklyn side. Quicksand was encountered, and a depth of 78 feet, 33 feet more than that of the Brooklyn foundation, had to be reached. As the caisson sank deeper, and the pressure increased, the working shift had to be shortened to two hours twice a day. Hot coffee was served to the men as soon as they emerged, and bunks were provided for resting between shifts. But at a depth of 75 feet the engineers encountered a new, baffling problem.

Early in 1872, there was a veritable epidemic of illness among the caisson workers. The symptoms were violent pains in the stomach and excruciating cramps in the legs. There were some instances of partial paralysis, and the attack was sudden. By the middle of May, 110 cases had required treatment, and three deaths had occurred. In 1872 no one knew about caisson disease (the bends). The medical profession was to wait six more years before learning its cause and cure. The public came to only one conclusion—criminal negligence on the part of officials.

From the very beginning of the project, Roebling the chief engineer, who was vigilant to a fanatical degree, had spent more time in the caissons than any other man. He had a powerful physique, and always more or less disregard for personal danger. One afternoon in the spring of 1872 he was brought out of the New York caisson almost insensible. He was not expected to last the night. To the surprise of everyone he rallied within a few days and returned to work. But too frequent and prolonged subjection to high pressure exacted its ultimate toll. He collapsed again and was forced to remain in bed, his body and nerves shattered for the rest of his long life. Thenceforth he was never to know a moment free of pain. There was a time he feared he would be blind. He could speak only briefly, some days not at all. He was thirty-five.

What to do now? There were six assistant engineers, who cooperated splendidly, but he was too nervous to endure conversation, and not one of them could confer with him. And the Brooklyn Bridge was mostly in his head. Fortunately his mental faculties were as acute as ever. He decided to rent a room on the Brooklyn bank of the river with the bridge site in unobstructed view, and with the aid of a telescope, supervise the building operations from his bed. Fearing that he might not live to complete the work himself, he began writing out, with the zeal of one whose days are numbered, the most minute and exact directions for finishing the towers, building the anchorages, stringing the cables, and suspending the spans, illustrating each step with diagrams and drawings. He would work until he collapsed exhausted, then start again and continue until exhausted. Four months of grueling application this document required. But from here he could not carry on alone.

His wife was the former Emily Warren, sister of General Gouverneur Warren of Gettysburg fame, under whom Roebling had served as major and aide-de-camp. She was a woman of rare ability and intellect. She was not only his nurse and companion; she became his secretary and intermediary. Daily she made visits to the Bridge to relay her husband's instructions, and receive reports from the engineers. To make herself competent to inspect the work and

to understand the language of the engineers, she began to study the fundamentals of bridge construction, which included higher mathematics, stress analysis, cable making, and a host of other engineering details. And to her, great credit for successful accomplishment must go.

Other Troubles

One would think that physical handicaps of such crushing magnitude would be all one man could bear and still hold on, but other troubles were continually arising to plague and thwart him—political corruption, civic jealousies, injunction proceedings, and Mother Hubbard's bare cupboard. The most upsetting of all was the discovery, just three months before the cable stringing was to be completed, that a contractor was surreptitiously substituting substandard wire for accepted wire, and working it into the cables.

So passed the summers, the autumns, the winters, the springs, for ten long years, as the towers rose to their lofty heights stone on stone; as the mighty cables were strung and swung across the stream; and at long last the great span "arched the flood."

Then came a request, in June, 1882, from the trustees, that Colonel Roebling attend the next board meeting. He replied in writing that attendance was impossible, that he could talk for only a few moments at a time and could not listen to prolonged conversation. Then he added a triumphant note, eloquent in restraint, "But I am now able to be out of my room occasionally."

As the tides washed the bases of the towers, so rose the tides of criticism through the years against the Bridge: it would obstruct navigation; it would be demolished by the winds; it was taking too long to build; the bridge specifications had been changed several times—did the engineers know what they were doing; the cost was greatly exceeding the original estimate; the chief engineer was still an invalid! An attempt was made to displace Roebling as chief engineer just nine months before its completion. When Roebling heard of it the soldier in him returned. He decided to fight. The American Society of Civil Engineers was convening in New York at the time, and to the engineering profession he directed an appeal to prevent an injustice. Mrs. Roebling read the Colonel's dictated

statement, which was a factual account of the work he had done, with reasons why he should not be displaced. To a man the engineers supported Roebling, and public confidence was restored.

Dedication Day

Nine months, and dedication day was at hand. While the bands played and the crowds gathered at Brooklyn Bridge, memories of those eventful years must have filed in review across Colonel Roebling's mind, in the solitude of his room, like an army of marching men: the "Big Blowout" one quiet Sunday morning, when, as a result of a watchman's carelessness, every particle of compressed air had left the caisson in an instant, and, with a deafening roar, water, mud, and stones shot upward 500 feet into the air; the "Great Fire" caused by a workman when he had held a candle too close to the roof of the caisson and the oakum calking ignited, and up and up the fire crept, into layers of timber that were supporting thousands of tons of masonry; the time when a heap of gravel had jammed the door of the supply shaft, and he and the men were trapped, with air leaving the caisson, all the lights extinguished, water creeping to their knees; the twenty men who had lost their lives for the Bridge; the suspension of building operations twice for lack of funds; the whispering campaign against the Bridge and against himself; his requested resignation. But all that was past now. There was the Bridge. The Bridge, for decades regarded as impossible under the best of circumstances, a reality under inconceivable frustrations. In the gorgeous pyrotechnic display that evening, when from both shores rockets shot their varitinted flames skyward for an hour, bursting at length in showers of multicolored rain, the cables looked like an inverted rainbow. A rainbow after the storm!

Afterward

Physically, the storm was not over for Washington A. Roebling. He was forty-five, but he had half his life still to live. As the days passed into the years his health very gradually improved so that he was able to walk about, but for professional activity he was inca-

pacitated, and was forced to live in semiretirement. Yet he was never idle. He was interested in everything. He read a great deal—ponderous scientific and technical works as well as novels, which, he claimed, helped him to forget. The Book of Job, whose depths are plumbed only by great sufferers, was one of his favorite books of the Bible.

He cultivated some rare specimens of flowers. And he developed a hobby begun in his youth, that of collecting minerals, so that at his death in 1926, at the age of eighty-nine, he had 15,000 specimens of rare minerals, regarded as one of the most valuable collections in the country. These are now in the Smithsonian Institution. A white, massive mineral containing sulphite, found at Franklin Furnace, New Jersey, the only known occurrence of a sulphite in nature, has been named Roeblingite in his honor.

In his later years he engaged in what he considered his most relaxing pastime, solving picture puzzles—not the commercial type, but puzzles made especially for him, cut from large photographs or reproductions of paintings, sometimes consisting of as many as 1200 pieces. More than 500 of these puzzles he solved, and when he was through with them he gave them away to friends or to hospitals.

Then, in 1921, in his eighty-fourth year, after two of his brothers, and a nephew who was president of the Roebling Company, had died within four years' time, he was called back to the plant to assume the headship! And he worked the regular business day, nine to five. Through the years he had remained in constant contact with developments in the business, visiting the plant whenever he felt able. This familiarity enabled him to carry out important changes that had been under consideration for some time. The motive power of the plant was changed from steam to electric under him, a new department for the electrolytic galvanizing of wire was developed, and the contract for the Bear Mountain Bridge over the Hudson was completed.

When asked how he had kept young and fit for this responsibility, he replied: "I haven't kept young and fit. I can't hear out of this ear [the right], I can't see out of this eye [the left], my teeth aren't right, my chest hurts me when I talk, it takes me ten min-

utes to go up and down stairs. If I only felt well I could stand anything else. But I don't, even for a few minutes at a time." [1]

It was this man who did not feel fit "even for a few minutes at a time" who was the builder of Brooklyn Bridge, over which 1,500,000 persons ride or walk annually, after nearly seventy years of constant use. His father planned the Bridge before the era of skyscrapers and he envisioned the towers, which would dominate the entire New York skyline, as "landmarks to the adjoining cities," and "entitled to be ranked as national monuments." They are dwarfed now; nevertheless, as marking an era in bridge construction alone, reasons could still be advanced to rank them as national monuments. But in the amazing drama of the actual building of the Brooklyn Bridge those Gothic-pierced towers became personal monuments to the designer, John A. Roebling, who lost his life before the first stone was laid; and to Washington Augustus Roebling, who brought the bridge to completion against staggering odds—physical, technical, political—from a bedroom window.

[1] From the *Trenton Evening Times,* June 13, 1921, quoted in turn from the *New York Evening World.*

J. W. Sharpe

A Man with Two Pardons[1]

JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS

NO MAN CAN SINK SO LOW that there is no hope for him. J. W. Sharpe of Bessemer, Alabama, is evidence of this statement and he preaches it daily. His own experience bears it out. He was an armed robber and finally a murderer.

He paid his debt to society for his wrongs and was pardoned. But greatest of all, he contends, God pardoned him.

He served nine years in Kilby prison at Montgomery, Alabama. He learned how prisoners live, how they think, and what affects them. So he has dedicated his life to helping men and women in Alabama prisons.

As a missionary for the Friends of the Friendless society, Mr. Sharpe tells the prisoners of his rise from the depths of sin. The prisoners call him "Brother Jim." Any criticism of Brother Jim in the prisons is likely to lead to a fight. The men behind the bars love him, and he loves them.

"To me, prison life is not over," he says, "for as long as I live I expect to keep making tracks toward these institutions where other men are spending their lives unaware of the fact that Jesus died for them, too.

"Alabama has twenty-three road camps, four major prisons and one county prison. The rest of my life has been dedicated to the service of these inmates shut apart from this free world of ours where flowers bloom and where stars shine in God's heavens."

On visiting Brother Jim's home in Bessemer, I could not imagine I was talking with a man who had once committed murder.

[1] This story appeared in *The Christian Advocate,* November 17, 1949. Used by permission of the author, John Bunyan Atkins.

Brother Jim's expression bespeaks kindness. On a table lies his Bible with a marker between its pages. On the wall is a large portrait. The only one in the room, it is a painting of Jesus.

Moving quietly in the kitchen is one who caused Brother Jim to mend his ways—she and God. Here is his own account of his wife's attitude after he told her he had been a robber and had killed a man:

"When I finished she held up a trembling hand.

" 'I forgive you!' she said. 'I knew it all the time, but I wanted to hear you say it yourself.'

"Her forgiveness swept me off my feet. After she left the cell I took the Testament she had brought me. I laid it over my bursting heart and cried, 'Lord, forgive me and let me die. I'm not fit to live.' "

Brother Jim confessed to his wife while he was locked in his cell with her. Shortly before, a jury had convicted him of murder and sentenced him to life imprisonment.

After confessing to his wife, he called the sheriff and admitted he had sworn lies in court and asked the sheriff's forgiveness.

The sheriff forgave him then. Years later, Brother Jim held a revival in this same community in Alabama. The sheriff, then in his eighties, walked down the sawdust trail and told the man who had once been his prisoner that this man had helped bring about his conversion to Christianity.

The story of Jim Sharpe began fifty-three years ago in North Georgia. From Georgia his parents moved to the Tennessee hills and there died before he was six years old.

He and his two brothers were separated and taken into homes. They did not meet again until they were grown.

Jim Sharpe resented being separated from his brothers. He twice attempted to run away. He succeeded the third time because his foster father had died and there was no one to restrain him. He was then thirteen years old.

He wandered into the hills and was taken in by two brothers who were moonshiners. One was good to him; the other wasn't. So one day the brothers fought over him, one taking his part, the other condemning him.

The brother who didn't like Jim had a gun. Jim feared for his life. So he again ran—faster this time. Atop a hill he looked down into the valley at the moonshiner and swore under his breath, "When I get to be a man, you'd better have two guns; I'll have one."

Jim worked in the copper mines in Tennessee for a while and then came to Alabama. A mine job here put him on his feet. He married.

For sixteen years he lived a normal life. But he kept clear of churches and preachers while his wife carried on church work.

They had a nice home and a car. They were respected citizens in the community. Jim Sharpe was a contractor in the mines. His monthly earnings amounted to as much as $1,000.

Then came hard times. The Sharpes lost all their savings. Jim went to Grass Valley, in California, and worked in a gold mine trying to recoup his fortune, but the effort was in vain. He wanted to buy more than his money allowed.

Back in Alabama he found an "easy" way to get money. He simply held a pistol on someone who had money and demanded he give it up.

Meantime, he worked. The robberies were a sideline. He was suspected of robbery and taken to court. But his good record and his alibis saved him. He was acquitted.

Then one night in a South Alabama town he found a policeman who would not hold up his hands. He reached for his gun instead. Jim Sharpe shot him; the man died.

Sharpe was arrested and brought quickly to trial. It was then that he came to his senses. "When twelve men told me I'd spend the rest of my life in prison," he said, "I wondered where I'd spend eternity."

Then it was that his wife came to be locked in his cell with him before he was sent to Kilby. She was penniless and homeless. She had given up their home to get money for lawyers to defend him.

"My wife and the Lord forgave me," he said. He believes his forgiveness came when his wife prayed all night for him. "God had answered her prayer," he said. "There was peace in my heart.

"I went to Kilby prison to serve out my sentence. God called me

to preach his word. But how could a poor unlearned man like me preach the unsearchable riches of God?"

Six months later he was preaching to his fellow inmates at Kilby. He took his text from Romans 6:23: *"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."*

"God honored my feeble efforts," he said, "by saving a young man who had been making fun of penitentiary religion."

His sincerity attracted the attention of prison officials. He became a trusty. Later he was permitted to leave the prison on weekends.

Outside he joined religious groups on the radio and preached to thousands. Officials discouraged him, but he told them he intended to preach: if they wanted to stop him they would have to keep him locked up.

After nine years he was released. He again went to work in the mines and did his prison preaching on the side. He was licensed as a Baptist minister and was pastor of Hopwell Baptist church near Bessemer. He was also pastor of a church at Linden for a brief time.

Now he is a full-time prison evangelist. The officials trust him and allow him to enter or leave the prisons unescorted at any time.

Brother Jim conducts his work in his own way. His wife goes with him. More than 1,500 prisoners have been converted since he began his efforts with the society in 1944.

Here's his own report:

"I love these men as I work among them and I feel that they love me. I want them to know me not as a one-time gangster who carried two guns . . . no, when I think of those miserable days, I hang my head. . . . I like it better when they call me the man with two pardons—one from God, the other from the state."

Edward Sheldon

A Man Who Lived Through His Friends

DOROTHY BLACK HAMILL

THE SCENE IS VENICE. The time—shortly before the outbreak of World War I. The characters—two young men.

In such manner might the two men so closely allied with the drama have described this reunion in picturesque, historical Venice. Both were on holiday when the unexpected meeting took place—a meeting that was to foreshadow the later lives of both. They were young Americans, handsome, highly gifted, already acknowledged for their accomplishments in the field of the theater.

Four years previously they had met in America, but now their friendship was cemented for life. They strolled at night among the deserted squares and across the little bridges of the canals. They listened to music. They studied architecture, painting, sculpture. They had long, serious talks.

The name of one was John Barrymore. The other was Edward Sheldon.

Barrymore was already an actor of prominence. Sheldon was a recognized playwright. But Barrymore had been spending his talents on light, superficial vehicles, and during these days in Venice his companion Sheldon urged him to turn to more forceful dramatic parts in the future. He believed that Barrymore's genius could find its proper outlet in the portrayal of serious roles. And Barrymore listened to his friend. Afterward Sheldon, always modest concerning himself, insisted that Barrymore was responsible for his own career, but John and others have given Sheldon the credit for transforming him into one of the greatest actors of our times. And so this meeting was significant for both—Barrymore's art developed new and greater aspects, and Sheldon exerted that influence

of wise guidance that was to become his greatest contribution to life.

When he encountered Barrymore in Italy Edward Sheldon was twenty-eight. He was a man of exceptional talents, of brilliant mentality. Born in Chicago, wealthy, of striking personality, he had written his first play six years before this time, when he was only twenty-two. "Salvation Nell," starring Minnie Maddern Fiske, reached Broadway in 1908, while its author was still a postgraduate student at Harvard. The play was an immediate hit, and Sheldon was acclaimed as a writer of definite promise.

"Salvation Nell" was a remarkable play for a young man of twenty-two. A realistic picture of slum life in New York City, it depicted, against a background of vice and drunkenness, the work of the Salvation Army. This was a daring theme in those days, and the dramatic sense and craftsmanship of this first play marked Sheldon as a young man to watch.

The following year Sheldon wrote "The Nigger," and in 1911 "The Boss" was produced. "The Nigger" caused a furor because of its controversial plot—the story of a young Southerner of great family pride and political ambitions who discovers there is Negro blood in his veins. "The Boss" dealt with political and business problems. In these first three realistic studies of American life Edward Sheldon was far ahead of his time. Today they might seem dated, even in their titles, but then the theater leaned more to light entertainment, and Sheldon's work pointed ahead to the period when the stage should become concerned with the social problems of contemporary life.

But Sheldon was not a social dramatist alone. "Romance," which appeared in 1913 and was regarded as one of his finest literary triumphs, was the love story of an Italian opera singer and was subsequently translated into French. It had a long and successful run in Paris.

When rumors of war brought Edward Sheldon back to America, he was the author of seven successful plays. Back in New York he again met Barrymore who was then searching for the type of role which would place him among the serious artists of the theater. With Sheldon's help he chose Galsworthy's "Justice," in which

he gave one of his most notable performances. After the play closed, Sheldon persuaded him to undertake his first straight dramatic role, that of Peter Ibbetson.

The story behind this play illustrates Edward Sheldon's generosity and unselfishness, as well as his deep regard for his friends. According to Barrymore's biographer, Gene Fowler, Constance Collier had brought the play from England, but was unable to interest a Broadway producer. She went to Sheldon. After reading the play, he promised to ask Barrymore to play the title part. This seemed impossible, for John was much sought after as an actor, and his acquiescence would practically guarantee the production of a play. What no one else knew was that at this time Sheldon was writing a play of his own for Barrymore and the actor had agreed to appear in it. When Sheldon asked Jack to do Peter Ibbetson, Barrymore reminded him of their plans for Sheldon's piece, but Sheldon insisted that Ibbetson would be a far better part for his friend. Not only did he shelve his own work for the time being, but, without credit or remuneration, he rewrote entire passages of Ibbetson, and composed the most powerful scene in the play, that which takes place in prison.

John was eager that his brother, Lionel, should play the wicked Colonel Ibbetson. But Lionel had been away from the stage for a long while, content with painting and music, and exhibited no desire to return. John asked his friend to persuade Lionel—and once more Sheldon was responsible for bringing a great talent before the theater-going public.

Not only did Sheldon help awaken Barrymore to his own genius; he fostered his rise by rewriting speeches, scenes, or even entire plays for him, anonymously and without remuneration. "The Jest," in which both Barrymores stormed Broadway, was a brilliant Sheldon adaptation of an Italian tragedy.

Meanwhile, his own stature as a playwright was growing. "The Garden of Paradise," which appeared in 1915, disclosed his poetic qualities also. This play dramatized Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid," and was hailed by critics as a significant piece of literature, a lyric interpretation of life. Up until the production of "Lulu Belle," which he wrote with Charles Mac-

Arthur, Edward Sheldon continued to create plays of such variety that later students of the drama found it difficult to fit him into any set category. According to Arthur Hobson Quinn in his *History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day,* Sheldon was one of the most promising playwrights of his time. His work pointed forward to Eugene O'Neill, in that his interest was always with those who strove toward something higher and that his sympathy for them was apparent, even when they failed.

This was the period when, still a young man with an even more shining future ahead of him, disaster struck Edward Sheldon. He suffered a stroke, was attacked by a painful form of arthritis that first crippled him, confined him to a wheelchair, and at length condemned him to lie motionless in bed for the rest of his life. As if this were not sufficient for one man to bear, he later became blind as well.

Edward Sheldon's active life was over. His own private career was smashed. No longer could he use his hands and eyes to set down on paper the imaginative characters of his brain. But Ned Sheldon had more than a great intellect. He had a nobility of spirit, a greatness of soul that had already set him apart from the grasping self-seekers who too often cluster around Broadway. He met despair, accepted it, and directed whatever ambitions he may have had for himself into a new channel. He threw himself into the lives of his friends. And the charming, polished, handsome playwright, now a hopeless invalid, became an inspirational force in the world of the arts which has had no duplicate in our day.

The names of those he helped, advised, befriended are a roster of the great: Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Charles MacArthur, Alexander Woollcott, Robert E. Sherwood, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, the three Barrymores, Ruth Gordon, Jed Harris, Laurette Taylor. His apartment became a mecca. Lying in bed, immaculately dressed, with a mask over his eyes, lunch or tea, of which he did not partake, always laid out on a small table, he received his friends. Authors read their work to him and were given criticism, advice, encouragement. Actors talked over their parts with him. It is impossible to estimate how much he rewrote or collaborated in the

plays of others, for he consistently refused to accept any credit for the vast amount of work he did.

Robert Sherwood read Sheldon every one of his plays, and in a number of instances acted upon his advice for important cuts or revisions. Woollcott let him hear "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and probably acted it for him. One day Ruth Gordon read him her diary, and Sheldon in turn spoke of it to Woollcott, with the result that it eventually appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Plays have been bought after a hearing in his home. And the first performance of Ruth Gordon in "The Doll's House" was presented in Ned Sheldon's apartment, where the entire company was assembled, even to the musicians for the effect of the offstage music. The cast said afterward that it had never had a more inspiring audience.

In Thornton Wilder's volume titled *The Ides of March,* dedicated to two friends Laure de Bosis and Edward Sheldon, he says this about the latter: ". . . and to Edward Sheldon, who though immobile and blind for over twenty years was the dispenser of wisdom, courage, and gaiety to a large number of people."

But his influence did not stop in the realm of the theater and the arts. People brought him their personal problems. He was unexcelled as a listener, and after the troubled one had finished, he was ready with suggestions, counsel, or even the cure. His own much greater problems never seemed to exist for him; he lived with and in the person who sat beside his bed. He was wise and practical, sensitive; he could be stern if that seemed salutary. And often, as Anne Morrow Lindbergh relates in her account of him, published in *The Reader's Digest,* it proved unnecessary to bring up individual problems at all. Under his extraordinary personality, they fell into proper perspective and were solved unspoken. Katharine Cornell tells of the quality of aliveness he gave to those who visited him, his warm interest, his shared sense of companionship.

The men and women who came to him accepted his invalidism on his own terms—it simply ceased to exist, pushed into the background by the overwhelming magnetism of the man, for Sheldon, physically chained to his bed, actually lived his life in the outside world. Books of all kinds were read to him; he listened to the radio and was familiar with world problems, politics, editorials, social

developments. No one thought of him as a sick man. As one friend of his said, "Sick? He gives strength to everybody who walks into that room."

And his interest did not wane after a person had left his apartment. His letters would follow them. He used the telephone, often calling an actor late at night after an opening to inquire how the play had gone. His flowers were the loveliest to appear in a star's dressing room, and his telegrams—messages of friendship, cheer, or merely a thought to be shared—became famous.

Toward the end of his life his voice, too, began to fail. A respiratory trouble had forced him to speak for some time in a whisper, and indications were that this last means of contact with the world might also be taken from him. Edward Sheldon had accepted this possibility and was planning to learn the Morse code so that with the meager amount of control left in one arm he might still communicate with his friends. But this final valiant effort was not required; he died suddenly and peacefully in 1946 at the age of sixty.

Perhaps the secret of his power lay in a sentence he wrote for the thirtieth anniversary report of his class at Harvard. Ever diffident concerning himself, his contribution was brief, ending thus: "I feel that aversions, being negative, are unimportant." Sheldon's life was positive; it contained no thought of giving up, of resignation. His interests flowed outward. He gave his time, his brain, his personality, his friendship.