

Comer Hall
May 7, 1964

Dear people,

Before beginning, I must confess that I am even worse off for time than usual. I shall have to put things down in whatever order they occur to me. It is very likely that I won't put first things first. Please don't think that any disrespect is intended or that there is any other reason behind the order than the accident of when I happened to think of whatever it is. Also, let me beg you to indicate what you want to hear about. You have no idea how good a question looks to me.

It certainly is pleasant to be able to report cheerfully that the Governor and the Legislature raised money to keep the schools from going under. We have had enough to get along with this year! Don't cease your efforts, those of you who have been pleading with the legislators; we are not yet in a position to compete with Georgia and Florida. But we have had enough to make us happy all the year until we began to try to replace staff members who are leaving.

We have had pleasant times for other causes also. Our new President and his wife and family are friendly, sensible people who feel at home themselves and make us all feel at ease with them. It is evident that both Dr. Culp and Mrs. Culp have a real contribution to make and they got to work right away.

In spite of the uncooperative weather, the campus is beautiful. The tulips around the flag pole were even better than usual. The bed was covered with extra-white sand as background for the bright color; the circle was divided into quadrants; two of the facing quadrants were planted in red tulips that did their brilliant best for about two weeks and then the other two quadrants blossomed forth with equally brilliant yellow tulips. Last summer also that bed was a show place. Curly prince's feather in all colors grew very tall and gracefully bushy and curled around in all sorts of charming attitudes. In the fall chrysanthemums around Main cheered all passers-by. The rose garden back of Reynolds is beautiful now and the pansies in the center are still at a peak instead of dwindling off as one would expect by now. I am happily anticipating what Mrs. Culp will persuade Mr. Peete to put in some places that need plants. She is a very imaginative and efficient gardener and is doing lots on Flower Hill. At a faculty tea recently I heard her expressing joy in a load of sand (for loosening soil, rooting specimens and decoration). (I am using a typewriter with an unconventional keyboard--you will often see that slanting line instead of a period).....I am glad to say that a good many trees have been planted.

With mixed feelings I report that the new Physical Education Building is rising slowly not far below Comer Hall. That pine woods was one of my favorite spots and I hated to see those trees uprooted; but we do need the building. The structure is rising far behind schedule because of the extraordinary persistence of January-April rains, but it is now easily visible as one walks from Bloch to Comer. The Student Center will be built beside it and we expect it to be begun soon. You don't need to be told how badly we need room for the bookstore, not to speak of other things. Dr. Palmer reported recently that he felt reasonably safe in scheduling the first on-campus inter-collegiate basket ball game for next December.Alas there is no prospect of a new Library soon, but Dr. Culp is very much aware of the need and pursues the folornest hope; there is no doubt that we will get one as soon as humanly possible.

Mention of the Library leads me to another reassuring report. It must have been evident that I wrote in low spirits last spring. The final blow had been learning of Miss Russell's imminent retirement. The library collection is one of the principal prides of my heart and I did not dare to hope for a new Director who would carry on her work effectively. But I am overjoyed to say that Mr. Somers was trained in the same noble tradition as Miss Russell. Nobody can take the place of a really fine person, of course, but Mrs. Somers is rapidly making a fine place of his own. He is a true enthusiast. His innovations have been made very cautiously, always with the endorsement of the Library Committee. The only one of general interest so far has been the introduction of a small rental collection of contemporary fiction and other current books of general interest. It seems to be very successful so far and much appreciated by faculty wives (and no doubt by faculty members who have time for leisure reading). Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Lett have been much pleased with the opportunities given by this rental collection. I am sure that they are members of a large group who appreciate this opportunity and can avail themselves. (I do the first but not the second.)

How could I have waited so long to tell you about the chimes! In memory of Mrs. J. Alex Moore, an electric carillon has been installed in the Tower. At Homecoming it was dedicated by Mrs. Ruth Scott Parker in a very appropriate ceremony, which was concluded by Mr. Z's playing the Alma Mater on the keyboard....At 10 minutes of the hour we hear about 30 musical bongs; at the hour the Westminster chimes play and then strike the hour. This musical substitute for the harsh bells benefit townspeople as well as the folks on the campus. In my apartment I have one fast and one slow

@lock, and so I am frequently benefited practically by the announcement of the time, as well as pleased by the sound.

The Tower is the subject of more good news. The Alabamian and The Tower offices are on the first and the second floor respectively. The winding stair leading to the second floor and then up to the third or carillon floor is of quite another variety than that in Eliot's "Ash Wednesday"--I love to show visitors the offices because I am proud of them as the last word in attractive convenience but also I welcome a chance to go up that staircase again. When I retire I shall ascend it once every day and if I am forced to reduce as so often one is when one reaches retirement age, I may become known as the "familiar compound ghost" in one of the Quartets. (I am charmed with the diffident suggestion in a recent book on Eliot that the writer[[whoever he was]]--the typewriter again--there's no new rule of punctuation that I know of--likes to imagine the familiar compound ghost as being Browning.) Having made two literary allusions, I feel that I have paid proper respect to our major subject and can wander along now in freedom to quote or not to quote.

Having mentioned The Tower, I am reminded to tell you that it has ^{done} wonders for that magazine to have a writer for one of our English teachers. Mr. Cobb had a class in creative writing the first semester and the students did some writing that made us all proud and the Tower staff happy. Jo Anne Lancaster won an Honorable Mention at the Southern Literary Festival with two triolets she wrote for that class. It also produced two short stories and another poem that we were pleased to enter in that competition. The first semester was enlivened by Mr. Cobb's winning the \$500 Story prize; the second semester, by the publication of the book to which Mr. Cobb's story gave the title: THE STONE SOLDIER AND OTHER STORIES. Mr. Cobb, a native of Demopolis and an alumnus of Livingston and Vanderbilt has been a lot of help to us in other ways as well as creative writing. He has been my right-hand man with the Freshman-Sophomore English Club; in fact it might be better to say that I have been his right-hand woman, preparing the refreshments but not needing to worry about the program at all.

Since I have introduced Mr. Cobb, I will proceed to Mr. Elder, our other new member. Mr. Elder was an officer in the Navy for almost three years after getting his A. M. He was so used to looking after his men that he is really wonderful at looking after his students. He is in "my" office and I have been deeply impressed; the Navy is at present my favorite teacher-training institution.

Now for the spectacular news--a wedding! We went along for many, many years and never thought of such a thing, but recently we had the wedding of the Lotts and just three years later we have another: Miss Adams is to be married in June. In ~~the~~ case, however, the groom is outside the English Department. He is a colleague of Miss Adams's brother and the two families will be settled near each other in Kingsport, Tennessee.... Miss Berry also is leaving us next year. She has a fellowship at FSU in Library Science and plans to get a M. S. in that field. Miss Kibler of Emory and Mrs. Youell of the University of Alabama are to be here in the stead of Miss Berry and Miss Adams.

Miss Anna Elizabeth Lott has endeared herself to all the rest of us besides her doting (and doting with good reason) parents. She was expected on the Saturday after Thanksgiving and arrived promptly. Her parents left Montevalle about lunch time, and the happy father had recovered himself sufficiently by six o'clock to telephone the good news to Montevalle. Anna is at a specially endearing age just now. She was the life of our party (a picnic "on the river") for the senior English majors last night. She seemed equally pleased to be held by any of us and would smile at whatever nonsense we talked to her. She crows with delight when Yeats's poems are read to her.

Miss Meroney and Miss Puryear attended the NCTE annual meeting on freshman English in New York this spring. They saw two plays, had a reunion with Mr. Silveira, and attended an astonishing number of lectures and workshops. The two plays were Dylan Thomas and Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf; the first--altogether delightful; the second--excellently produced but rather exhausting because of the nature of the plot. Mr. Silveira was in fine health and spirits; he had been teaching a course in Advanced Grammar and is fascinated by structural grammar. The good word about Freshman English, naturally, is that you can't win. MASSIVE READING AND MASSIVE WRITING were the watchwords. Of course we retorted that no ghost from Elsinore or pundits in New York were needed to tell us this. I'll admit, though, that they did have some specific reports that are helpful.

Speaking of structural grammar reminds me to tell you that Miss Puryear is using as a text this spring (one of her texts), Structural Grammar in the Classroom by Verna L. Newsome, and finds that it has many good ideas. It is published by the Wisconsin Council of Teachers of English, 3700 North 75th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Blackmon's Charlotte is a freshman at Agnes Scott this year and so we have all had some enjoyable vicarious experiences. Mr. Blackmon and Mary Collins joined us at the picnic for the senior English majors; Mary Collins was especially energetic after a recent bout with 3-day measles and continues to enjoy dancing lessons. Mr. Blackmon put us all to shame by starting the boat in just a twist of the wrist, whereas none of the English majors had been able to start it before he arrived.

I am going to write a long paragraph about myself; I can feel it coming on. You remember Gwendolen (in The Importance of...) expressed her intention to develop in many directions. I have followed her words, though I am not sure she would have endorsed any of my applications. Possibly the first, which was my hairdresser's. Ann is very imaginative in dealing with white hair and has been making sundry small alterations in what used to be my standard permanents, but nobody noticed them except her and me. But recently she made a sweeping change that has been commented on by almost every female of my acquaintance. I have what would have been called in the pre-permanent days a pompadour and in the pre-Cleopatra days a windblown, and in the present day the makings of a bouffant. (If I had known that, I would not have let her, and so I am glad I did not know that, because I am simply delighted to be rid of that part, which never would stay in right.) My hair rises from my forehead like a snow-covered precipice and is no trouble whatever--I brush it because people ought to brush their hair, but I don't believe anybody would know whether I did or not. It's too good to last--surely in the last stages it will be falling down into my eyes, but it is just what I need to help me during the last month of school--not even one bobby pin needed. ...the next development sounds less remarkable, but it is truly sensational. I CAN RUN OFF STENCILS ON OUR NEW MACHINE. Our new machine must belong to a new breed entirely. Any standard piece of machinery loses a part or gets out of order if I so much as look hopefully at it. But this one stands still and behaves perfectly and lets me run off stencils as often as I like. When I first found out I could I was simply intoxicated with the new freedom--imagine not having to cut a stencil a good while before time so as to be sure to find a secretary to run it off before class! I feel like somebody who had been released from crutches. At first as I said I wanted to run off stencil after stencil just to be sure the machine had not realized in between times that it was not supposed by the Nature of Things to work for me. But now I have happily settled down in confidence that if my stencil is finished by the time the bells start I can still give out copies of whatever it is as the chimes start for the hour....Now this one will really galvanize anybody who knows me at all. I had better build up to it gradually. My grandmother taught me to sew by hand and I have enjoyed doing little bits from time to time and no doubt reported on my pleasure in making a trousseau for Annette's Barbie doll and possibly even told you that I enjoyed that so much that while visiting cousins last summer I made one to give when we got together gifts for our Presbyterian orphanage at Talledega this Christmas. Another aunt of Annette's observed with incredulous pleasure my enjoyment of sewing for Barbies and thought it a pity for me not to sew for Annette who needs clothes much more than a Barbie does and would be a very pretty doll. So, having learned from my artless recollections that the reason I had never sewed on a machine was that the needle came unthreaded at once and I never learned how to fill a bobbin but that I loved to pedal the thing and felt bad because it would not cooperate with me, she procured a 40-year-old Singer in perfect condition, brought it down Thanksgiving, hypnotized me into learning how to fill the bobbin, and provided a needle-threader to meet my other problem, and gave me a lot of pretty remnants to sew straight, simple covers for my sister's old plain pillows--nothing but just plain seams. Well, I did some of those at holiday time and enjoyed doing it a lot. Gradually I nerved myself up to getting a pattern and making a sleeveless blouse for Annette, stealing a little time here and a little time there. So between Christmas time and Easter I stole enough time to finish that garment, more of an accomplishment than you would think. Reading a pattern is for me like struggling with Planck's constant or whatever that thing was that was always interfering when I used to try to read about Einstein. But I took it with me (the blouse, not Planck's constant) when I went down spring holidays and it fitted perfectly and looked adorable on her. So then I was lost. I came back early enough to cut out a navy skirt--gathered and the placket finished with a bias band, not a zipper or even a real placket--and almost finish it before school resumed and the first week end after that I stole enough time to put the finishing touches to it (having carefully measured Annette while I was down there). It fitted perfectly, she reported. So now I am lost for life. As soon as school is out, I will cut out something or other--maybe a shift; she wants one--and see if my beginner's luck still holds. (I have stolen all the time I dare--the Day of Judgment has now arrived and it is neck or nothing as to whether I will get this newsletter finished and mailed and the last library book order made out as well as a paper-without-footnotes from every student in my classes properly marked.) I do not have the natural talent for sewing that I have for cooking, but enthusiasm has marked me for its own; that beginner's luck will keep me at trying to do as well as talented little girls

do in the eighth grade. I have moved so far into the age of Technology that if somebody wants to predict that at the age of eighty-five I will be driving a car at the rate of 95 miles an hour around clover-leaves, I will not say him nay, but I do think I will have to get rid of my sinus trouble before taking an interest in that possibility. Also I will have to make an evening dress and some other things that I am daydreaming about sometimes on the way to school when I should be thinking about what I should say in my eight-o'clock class. I may be eighty-five before I learn to put in a zipper, but if I ever do that I will believe anything anybody wants to tell me. Later--I'll say that was a long paragraph--how mortifying! If I had just looked at the page!

Former members of the English staff

I have already reported on Mr. Silveira.

Mr. White has finished his doctorate and is teaching in the Middle West. Dr. Baine told us this; and Miss Meroney and Miss Puryear met a colleague of his in New York.

Mr. Coppedge is still in Memphis. We have not heard from him directly, but Dr. Baine assures us of his general welfare. You no doubt remember that Gary Evans gave a glowing account of his situation two springs ago.

From the foregoing it is evident that Dr. Baine keeps up with us. He and the family always stop in Montevallo on the way to Mississippi or on the way back. The last time I saw them was Christmas, but I received a card from Mrs. Baine (in amazed comment on my having written them a card from the Southern Literary Festival) reports that Jimmy has finished and is doing graduate work at the University of Georgia while waiting for his A. B. in June; that Wade, who is staying with Grandfather in Mississippi and going to college, is debating; that Alice has made the Beta Club; and that the parents are busy with the end of school. Dr. Baine really enjoys his work, having a quarter of release from teaching in order to do research. I forget how often that happens, but often enough to be a real drawing-card.

Miss Craddock is now a Yale Ph. D. and is teaching at Connecticut College (New London, Conn.).

Mr. Williams has been doing graduate work in English at the University of Chicago this year. He plans to teach in Aurora College (Ill.) next year. He specially looks forward to a course in Creative Writing.

Mr. Montgomery visited us in late March, his spring vacation beginning a little before ours. At the state meeting of English teachers^{**} we had heard of his loss of weight and so we were not surprised to find him distressingly thin. He was in such good spirits, however, as to neutralize the effect. Though he suffers from arthritis, he does not betray any pain; and when coaxed will tell the most delightful anecdotes of son Jim and daughter Joanna. Son Jim occasionally needs severe paternal discipline, having a normal share of mischief, but most of the anecdotes reveal a charming attention to religious instruction; he has a special feeling for St. Michael the Archangel. Baby Sister is at an especially enjoyable age, beginning to talk. Symbolic of her zest for life is her irrepressible standing up in her high chair, so irrepressible that the family theorizes she must have an invisible spring-mechanism. Mr. Montgomery's doctor advises garden work, which is a favorite hobby anyhow. He has been building a patio, doing all the moulding of the blocks himself. A colleague of his, who attended a steering committee meeting of the state English teacher's association here on May 2, described the patio as simply fabulous. This colleague can't get over enjoying the fact that when Mr. Montgomery taught here, Lot's wife (Sandra Ward before she married Dr. John Lott) was one of his students.

Mrs. Ward continues to work in the Montevallo town library and enjoy reading and watching her grandchildren grow up. **

You will be distressed to hear that Mrs. Vaughan had to have major surgery (removal of the gall bladder) last summer and there were complications, such as flu. Her doctors thought she should retire from running the apartment house. It was a serious blow to all the "old-timers" on the faculty, and I know it will be to you; but it is a comfort to receive her delightful letters from Ingleside Drive, Monroe, La., with accounts of Lenice's wonderful tailoring feats, the long visits of great-granddaughter Stephanie, good news from Donald and his family, and so forth. The operation is well recovered from now and Mrs. Vaughan's interest remains keen, interest in all English majors especially. I hope you will make good use of the address I intentionally furnished above.

* Association of College English Teachers of Alabama

** Mrs. Ward recently flew to Texas and spent a week, visiting her sisters and attending a class reunion. She had a delightful experience.

Assistants and Former Assistants in the English Department

This year our assistants have been Jo Anne Lancaster, Mary Virginia Veazey, Jeannette Skelton, and Lynda Hughes (Mrs. McElroy since the spring holidays). Jeannette will be teaching English at Center Point (outside Birmingham, Jefferson County) and living at home next year. Lynda Hughes McElroy plans to teach, as her husband will be finishing work for his degree, but she is not placed yet. Jo Anne Lancaster will be an assistant next year as well as editor of The Tower. Mary Virginia Veazey will assist until her graduation next January.

Charles Thomas got a good position in Jefferson County teaching Social Studies while Mrs. Thomas finishes her A. B. here. They live in Montevallo. It seems dreadful that so gifted an English teacher should be teaching any other subject...Jo Anne Chandler Knight has been teaching English in the Siluria High School this year while Dan finishes his A. B. here. He has a fellowship for next year and so the Knights will be moving. It has been wretchedly frustrating to have Jo Anne living two blocks from the English Office--I have not set eyes on her this whole year. Miss Meroney has seen her, Mrs Crowe has seen her, Dr. Lott has seen her, but not I. ...All we have heard from Gary Foy is the note you will find among the letters. Ditto for Kay Kennedy (whose married name escapes me for the moment). You remember that Angeline Waites went into graduate work in Psychology. Have any of you heard from Sylvia Pound? She was one of our most valued assistants, and we have not heard a word.

Woodrow Wilson Fellowship

Gary Evans won a Woodrow Wilson fellowship and will do graduate work at Duke next year. So far as a Master's candidate is permitted to specialize, he will specialize in Medieval Drama. It was extremely interesting to hear his report on the interview. There was a Real Stinker on the committee who tried to make all the candidates feel ignorant. (I am sure his university will not be chosen by any who win fellowships.) If any of you know who the King of Corn was and what his connection with the medieval drama was, please let Gary or me know. ...Gary, at our insistence, applied for a Danforth and rose to the very top but was eliminated at the last stage. The fact that he was chosen for the last stage is in itself a great boost for this region. In the Danforth fellowships, the candidates compete, at all stages, with graduates of Harvard, Yale, etc. In the Woodrow Wilson competition, they compete with others in their district (in our case, the Southeast). This past year Gary has been teaching French to sixth graders.

A Wedding at Flowerhill

The outdoor wedding of the Culps' beautiful daughter took place in October. It was an ideal romantic event. The fall was very dry and the scene was like one of the lovely old estates in a Henry James novel. It would have been a special pleasure just to sit there and look up at the trees and the sky even if there had not been the attractions of beautiful dresses, flowers, and music. We could hardly believe that Mrs. Culp herself had made the exquisite wedding gown. I am abandoning this account midway, as everything about it was superlative and nobody but Shelley can make superlatives convincing--oh, Chaucer, of course, but "by your leve, lordinges, it am nat I." A happy footnote is that the couple have kept all their promises that they would do better work if allowed to marry and finish their degrees and ~~finish their degrees~~ in the atmosphere of domestic bliss; their report cards have been superlative. They are at Auburn University.

bliss

The Phillips Family

Dr. and Mrs. Phillips attended the wedding and thus somehow gave a benediction to our good beginning of the year....I was bitterly disappointed that Dr. Phillips could not come to the dedication of the Tower carillon and see how beautifully his plans had worked out, but Mrs. Phillips (looking exceptionally lovely in a hat that rather suggested blue-and-white Wedgwood and was thrillingly becoming) brought her mother down for the Homecoming Tea and so we could at least send word to him. ...Howard Jr. is doing wonderfully well at Emory. (Miss Kibler, who will teach English here next year, talked to him before coming down here. She accepted this position in spite of being offered more money elsewhere because she said she thought she would be happier here. I ascribe some of our good luck in getting this very attractive, poised, well prepared young teacher to Howard's good recommendation of our campus.) Bobbie chose Huntingdon and is thoroughly enjoying it.

Retired faculty members

One of the pleasing innovations of this year was Mrs. Culp's plan of having retired faculty members supervise an Open House (a pencil got under the typewriter and played havoc with the capital letters in the first line. I can't throw away a master; they cost too much.) for the alumni at Homecoming. It was much enjoyed by a lot of alumni and I am sure the retired faculty members enjoyed it too.

Miss Brownfield keeps her apartment here, but there's never any telling where she will be at any time. When Barbara and Alex Meacham were in Europe last summer, Barbara discovered that Miss Brownfield was in Switzerland when the Meachams were in Paris.Miss Eddy and Dr. Corinne Eddy stay here pretty well, but they went on a Mediterranean cruise this spring. They returned April 28, radiant. Our retired people enjoy life so much it is quite a temptation to us wheelhorses to give way to envy. This remark applies to every single one of them, but Dr. Ackerly and Mr. Pierson are among the chief exulters. I take great pains not to ask them how they are--nearsighted as I am, I can tell a block away how well they feel and how much they delight in their retirement activities. Ditto for Miss Ethel Harris, Mrs. Sharp, Miss Farrah, and Miss Stockton. Miss Tillman visited us this spring and she radiates enjoyment of retirement. I hear that Miss Russell does too. She and her sister have each a subscription to the morning paper so that Miss Russell can read her morning paper leisurely (is that better than trying to change to "in a leisurely fashion"?--it simply is not fair for an adjective to end in ly!) after breakfast. Miss Russell and Miss Hendrick took a Mediterranean cruise at Christmas time. Miss Dunn visited Miss Russell at Easter and came back with a glowing account of the attractions and comforts of the home and the general situation (perhaps I should mention that Miss Tillman is in Atlanta and Miss Russell in McDonough, Ga.)...Mrs. Napier has not had any more of the accidents we so much deplored last year, but there has been illness in her family and Dr. Napier's. She keeps up her spirits wonderfully well, and the house and grounds always look inviting. Her lovely flowers and ferns look just as thriving as in the good old days. Mrs. Napier attends all the events that she and Dr. Napier used to attend together--or most of them anyhow. I am forced to report that Mrs. Wills has been just as invisible as Jo Anne Chandler Knight.Dr. Trumbauer comes to all programs of interest and makes good use of the Library.

College Night

The Golds won with a very gay farcical production that had no special "message." The Purples had a splendid idea but it was hard to dramatize the in-between intervals. The situation was that super scientists from other worlds a thousand years from now were trying to find out what had caused the Earth to blow up. By the use of a complicated machine they could now and then get sample scenes of life on Earth in the Last Days. These scenes were satire with real bite to them. I was charmed with the Gold staging because it exemplified simultaneous staging plus Elizabethan fluid staging--a real gold mine for people interested in the history of the theater, though the total was quite modern. The combination of such interesting staging on one side and such a striking idea on the other made me feel very much pleased with College Night. Charles Thomas wrote a review of it for the Alabamian, going into very specific detail to show that in his judgment this was an ordinary College Night rather than something special. By the way he observed some flaws in the way that interesting staging was carried out. I am referring to his article without his permission or the editor's either and I am afraid I have made him sound captious rather than clear-sighted; if so I am indeed sorry, as I think he gave a good deal of credit where it was due and his article was very discriminating and helpful.Homecoming was good too, we had a large number of alumni on the campus and they seemed to approve of all that went on. I am extremely disappointed that Barbara Meacham has not written about the trip to Europe last summer. One of the big pleasures of Homecoming for me was to look at the pictures she and Alex took. I will not give any details as I count on her writing up the trip next year.

The Southern Literary Festival

The Festival has been going on since 1942. It is an organization for the promotion of creative writing in the colleges of the South. A Memphis newspaper (The Commercial Appeal) gives prizes for the short story, the informal essay, the formal essay, the one-act play, and the poem which a committee of college teachers select from the entries submitted. I forget whether there are three prizes in each category or only two, but there is in addition a Sweepstakes prize (which I don't understand). Obviously this newspaper is very generous indeed. The host college is also, as the registration fees for each participating college could not pay for the excellent speakers we had. This is the first year that Alabama College submitted any entries. Ours were in the fields of poetry, short stories and formal essay. Jo Anne Lancaster won an Honorable Mention for her pair of triolets that appeared in the first

Tower this year. It was rather comical that the A. C. delegation arrived with three students, one alumna (Mrs. Meta Shaekelford), and seven English teachers! For one reason or another the other students who had originally planned to go could not make the trip. The Festival was held in Columbus, Mississippi. It was worth the trip to see the beautiful old homes there. The big drawing card was John Crowe Ransom. He certainly was the reason I emerged from my lifelong isolationism and crossed a state line while my students were in class (writing themes, of course). He was worth it, too. Also there was a bonus. I had never before heard of Peter Taylor, but he read us one of his recent stories and I am determined to read a lot of his others this summer to see if I can find one as good. It was wonderful to hear a story with Southern background that involved people I could recognize as fellow citizens.

Programs on the Campus and Miscellaneous Notes

A lot has been going on in Theater this year, but that is a feature subject in itself, so I will just mention that Mr. Harbour and Mr. Chichester have kept things stirring. One of the new ventures was taking a play on tour this spring. It seems to have been very successful indeed. We are looking forward to OKLAHOMA on May 14 and 15. One of the new items was a children's play, with college students taking the parts of the parents and other grownups and local children doing the children's parts, the featured parts. It was a thrill to see children act so well. Our debaters have had a fine season. I have lost count of the honors they have won. The Music Department has had a program of guest artists in recital that is tantalizing. The only ones I had a chance to attend were the duo-piano recital of Dr. and Mrs. Cowan—Dr. Cowan is a faculty member and his wife was the guest. Then I heard Mrs. Cowan's. I enjoyed them so much I wish I could have attended the whole series. I have to choose arbitrarily; the Cowans are Presbyterians.

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I trembled for Business Administration last year when it lost Dr. Dunn, but Mrs. Morgan assured me early in the season that they were delighted with the new people. Colonel Terry began work on his Ph. D. soon after retiring from the Armed Forces—forget which branch—and is about to put the finishing touches on the job. He is to be Chairman of the Department next year. Dr. Turner replaced Dr. Bailey—I mean became chairman. I like him very much personally and I am glad to see that he has secured a good many grants (the learning assistance ones) and so I have reason to hope the department is getting along all right. There seems to be good camaraderie among the teachers. I lost some of my contacts, however, and can't tell how the boa constrictor is doing. Speaking of Biology reminds me to tell you that Mrs. Nelson's Christmas note gave a very cheerful account of the Nelsons in Tampa; the children seem to be growing up shockingly, but I have to remember that Andrew was 15 in April and that Annette will soon be 13. (During Christmas vacation she read aloud to me! That's getting dividends early, as she reads with great charm, certainly much better than I.) At Honors Day there were a good many announcements of fellowships and other such evidence that our senior class is not falling behind.

Downtown Montevalle

Some of you always inquire about the Gormleys—I have seen them both recently and they seemed to be in fine health and spirits.

One block downtown has been transformed. Mr. Whaley bought up the whole block and built two blocks of stores—I guess I mean he bought up a whole square. One block faces the side of the Baptist Church and has an immensely wide parking area in front of it. The spaciousness gives an effect of real luxury and the stores are modern and nice in every way. The FoodCenter has about doubled its space; it is amazing to see such a supermarket outside of Birmingham. The other block is on Main Street, across from Miss Emily's house. The trees in front of that house are growing very tall since the great town oaks were uprooted several years ago. They add to the good effect of the dogwood bushes, which were large enough this spring to do some blooming, though not ready to show off much yet.

It's always sad to say goodbye. Working with the address lists and so forth has made me remember you all and wish for news of those who didn't write. It is very frustrating to have to conclude at this point, as I have every reason to expect news of a new Ph. D. among our alumnae—the oral examination was last week and I well know it was fine. It will still be exciting next spring.

When Mrs. Youell came to discuss coming here next year to teach, she happened to mention that Margaret Ann Shotts finished her Master's there. ... I can't recall Bob and Gibbs' last name, but I do know that they have enjoyed their work at Gadsden and that their little boy was born last summer; I have seen him and admired him.

I say goodbye with an earnest plea for more letters next year.

Eva Galatin