

Geo. Smith Interviews Dr. Edw. Ray Mann

As I rapped on the door of the pretty little white bungalow at 38 Linden Avenue, I wondered if I would find our professor of physics and mathematics at home. My doubts were quickly dispelled, however, when Dr. Mann opened the door himself and genially invited me in. As I accepted a chair opposite from him a rapid glance revealed a well-arranged, cheerful, comfortable-looking room. During the ensuing interview, additional examination disclosed a beautifully tinted picture of Dr. Mann (without his specs) on the wall just over the small piano.

On hearing the purpose of my visit, Dr. Mann filled his pipe and began, in his modest, friendly manner, to supply the information I wanted. Born in West Virginia in 1904, he was named E. Ray Mann. He went to grammar school in West Virginia till the age of eleven, when his family moved to North Carolina near Asheville. Here, after a year at the farm school, he entered Swannanoa High School, which was a three year high then. From there he went to Mars Hill High to complete his secondary education.

In 1923 Dr. Mann entered the University of North Carolina, graduating four years later; he then did a year of graduate work for his M. A. degree. In the meantime, during his junior and senior years, he was an assistant instructor in physics and in his graduate year he held a teaching fellowship. In addition to this he taught summer school. In fact, from grammar school days Dr. Mann has planned and worked for a teaching career. From the University of North Carolina our physics professor went to Cornell, where he did graduate work while serving as an instructor in both regular and summer school sessions. Then, in 1936 he received his Ph. D. degree and the following fall came to Biltmore College as an instructor.

At Biltmore Dr. Mann began to teach math as well as physics. Last summer he taught math at the Asheville Normal school. This year he has effected several changes in the math department. They include segregation of the insufficiently prepared students in a special class, and change of the first year three hour math course from Algebra and Trigonometry to a general introductory course to college mathematics, including algebra, trigonometry, geometry and calculus. At present Dr. Mann is making a series of talks on "Physics in the Home" over WWNC at nine forty-five each Thursday evening.

Dr. Mann is a member of the American Physics Society, the Phi Beta Kappa (honorary scholastic society), Sigma Chi, (an honorary fraternity for ability shown in scientific fraternity). Several times Dr. Mann mentioned that he has not led an exciting life but one that he has enjoyed, and is enjoying.

During the interview a faint but sturdy squalling had issued at intervals from a nearby room. When I remarked on it, Dr. Mann immediately led me in and showed me his five months old daughter, Margaret Louise, named after her mother, Marjorie Loise Hieber, a Cornell graduate. While we stood looking at the pretty baby, her attractive mother came in, smiling brightly. In the conversation that followed, it was very apparent that she thinks our professor is the best husband in the world.

And as I took my leave a few

Well Educated, You Should Hold Degrees?

To be considered well educated by the standards of the world today you should hold a degree from some college. With this education you are supposed to be able to earn a living and become a practical citizen. But in this kind of education it seems that an important element has been omitted and one which would make it more interesting and more beneficial. This element is imagination.

Owen Johnson has said that "all education does today is to develop the memory at the expense of the imagination." With imagination applied to education there is practically no limit to the opportunities open to young people.

The examples of the use of imagination are many. An early one is Nathaniel Bawditch, a New England sailor, who lived a hundred years ago, who taught himself Latin and mathematics so that he could read Newton. He revised the science of navigation, and published an epoch-making book which enabled the clipper ships to outsail their rivals, and today is a classic among all mariners. He was just a sailor—with imagination.

Those persons who are trained in college in imagination and resourcefulness as well as technical skill will have a tremendous advantage today in all fields of opportunity that are attractive.

New frontiers are to be found in occupations usually overlooked. For instance, Byrnes MacDonald, a young Princeton graduate and sixth Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City, has established a city-wide recreational program in the poorer section. His office also has a psychiatric service bureau for underprivileged children. He has created a new frontier in police work by his attack on juvenile delinquency.

In colleges today they are gradually putting in courses which lead to definite occupational opportunity in uncrowded fields. These include catering, costume designing, pest control, hotel management, and laboratory technicians. Colleges should call to the attention of students the number of individuals who have discovered opportunities no one else thought of through imagination. The Biblical quotation, "without vision the people perish" should be the watchword of youth today.

We all possess in some degree the gift of imagination, but it dries up if not cultivated, just as it grows if exercised. It should be growing every day by encouraging observation, speculative discussions, and by pointing to imaginative enterprise in simple objects around us.

Dr. George Washington Carver, the Negro scientist of Tuskegee Institution, has made full use of his imagination. From peanuts he has made nearly three hundred useful products and from sweet potatoes more than one hundred. He is also an artist and concert pianist. To his students he says, "When you do the common things of life in an uncommon way, you will command the attention of the world."

Imagination does more than just aid material progress; it will create more satisfying human relationships. Originality can be used in all phases of life and will make a person more interesting to himself as well as to others. The best spur to pleasureable

minutes later, I had the impression that Dr. Mann has an excellent wife, too.

The World and Man

(Edited by Forest Ray Moulton)

The World And Man is about the physical and biological worlds and man as part of these worlds.

Starting with astronomy the reader passes beyond earth to the great universe, then turns back to the geology of earth. The mysterious realms of atoms and electrons are penetrated. In "Chemical Processes" the reader learns how the few kinds of units of matter combine to produce the physical and biological worlds.

It is in the biological sections that man really learns of himself. Each chapter written is in succession with the other and life in every state and form are carefully dealt with ending with the chapter, "Man," which deals with the development of man during the past half-million years.

The section, "Astronomy," by Forest Ray Moulton, is very interestingly written, and is quite understandable by the layman.

In the section, "Origin and History of the Earth," by Rollin Charnherlin, the reader's attention is attracted to the solar system and its functions to show the connection between this system and earth. Then as the chapter progresses the different ages of the earth are unravelled in almost story form.

Every normal being should know the pertinent information found in Horatio Newman's chapters on "The Nature and Origin of Life." Life and its complicated progression is taken up in a modern and easily readable fashion.

This great book merits distinction both for itself and for the scientists whose untiring work made it possible.

—Pinkney Groves, Jr.

As significant as a wedding ring.
—Ray Crane.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Genius is the father.
—Ray Crane.

She is like a mother to me—
mother of vinegar.
—Ray Crane.

Speaking scientifically, one might say a chaperon is a negative catalyst.
—Ida Rosen.

The well-known fact that "only the good die young" might explain the gradual lengthening of the span of life.
—Ida Rosen.

There Isn't More Cloud Than Sun

By H. GRADY REAGAN, JR.

O don't be sorrowful, darling!
Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one;
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

living and imaginative thinking is an ever increasing range of interests.

In conclusion we should remember that the growth of this country was due to the private initiative and energy of our people and these virtues will continue to support any culture, leisure, or prosperity we may enjoy.

POETRY

In 1948

A glimpse into the future, bring out the crystal ball!

Ten years from now what will have happened to us all?

In 1948 I see in Siberia's cold hard land,

Pinkney' Groves, a Russian exile, with a shovel in his hand.

Back home, upon Congressional floors, a filibuster breaks, As George Smith harangues his views upon the laws he makes.

Mary Edwards, so we hear, is a divorcee once or twice, She never could make up her mind which boy she thought most nice.

Bill Ivey has ten years in jail for his tax evasion plan,

And Life has hired Stanberry as a candid camera man.

Evelyn Hines is coaching basketball in a high school up in Maine, And Christine Ponder teaches Philosophy of a deep and thoughtful vein.

Andrew Sutton, the minister, preaches Sundays at noontide, And week-days runs a beer and billiard parlor on the side.

George Caldwell manufactures caps and gowns to rent, And Jim Keith has a "softie" job in a dance establishment.

Janice Allen is accompanist for Miss Flanery on the air,

And Jack Crawford's swiny songs are sung 'most everywhere.

Margaret Starnes is married and has a little boy of three,

Ida Rosen is an accountant of a very high degree.

Ray Crane is manager of an advertising firm,

While Grover Allen, scientist, is still looking for a germ.

And Wilma Dykeman, so we hear, up in a garret small,

Continues writing verse like this that will not sell at all.

—W. D.

Inebriated Inspiration

Poetry,
Never works
When your thoughts
Come in jerks.

Maybe I
Ought to Try
A little bit of
Scotch or rye.

Now perhaps
I can compose
A really good
Piece of prose

In the spring the blossoms bloom
The air is filled with sweet perfume
The robins sing that spring is here
(I'm doing fine—but my head's not clear)

Since my head
Isn't clear
I guess I'll drink
A glass of beer.

—Lucy Carland.

The Kiss

The night was dark; the water still;
Your lips on mine my heart did fill
With ecstasy and joy supreme—
Why must bacteria be my theme?

That kiss was sweet, the only one;
The moon was high, gone was the sun—

Today I feel lower than worms,
Recalling that transfer of germs!

—Ida Rosen.

LOVE—Men's—life, death, sorrow, inspiration, despair, and hope.

Love's Frustrations

It's one thing to love her
And quite another to tell her,
Adoration from afar has been my lot
But heck! I'd buy a license on the spot.

The wind is softly moaning in the trees

And through my window slips a gentle breeze,

But I am hopeless with despair.
Never more will inspiration come to me on air,

For, by my fault, Alas, I have lost her.

—Clarence McCall.

PSALM

Give praise unto the Lord. Blessed are His people. Blessed are the people who call upon His name, and the Lord does hear their prayers.

And, oh God, damned am I, and my people; who know nothing higher than earthly pleasures. Who have no joy beyond the fruits of their sensula bodies.

—Glenn Smith.

Let Me Build You a Castle

Let me build you a castle of rocks and stones,

Molded with memories, sealed with each kiss

That came to me from the soft sweet touch

Of your lips on mine. Oh, God, how the bliss

Of each one moment lingers on through the age . . .

Let me build you a castle, and fill each hall

With the low sad softness of your voice;

Let me hear each echo that sounds when you call

Me to come and tell you of my undying love.

I shall fill your garden with gardenias white,

And over the walls the morning glory shall bow

And nod good morrow when the sun turns the night.

Down there in the crevices beside the path

The little clusters of violets shall smile,

While the tall old magnolia dofts its high head

And throws a white petal in its haughty style.

From the four far corners of this old earth

I'll fill your home with amazing folk;
Gaily clad highlanders for your approval

A maid and an ox in the same heavy yolk,

A fashionable minion from gay Paree,

Or a Scot with a bagpipe just to amuse you,

A velly fine Chineese from over the sea,

Or an Arabic fakir who's bound to confuse you.

Let me build you a castle; the price is so small;

For a smile and a kind word I'll give you it all.

—Jim Keith.