

Presenting: The One And Only Man Who's Rolled Carriages On 2 Oceans

When Mr. McCutchan was told that he was to be the "Person of the Issue" and that we wanted to know all the hidden facts of his life, he said that he supposed it was best to start at the beginning. He was born in the French Concession in Shanghai, China. The only reason he could give for this was that his parents happened to be there at the time. Since he came to the States at the age of three months, his memories of Shanghai are not too vivid.

Central High School graduates may be interested to know that he attended Central the first year it was built. While he was in Charlotte, he lived in what was then called the College Apartments (originally the Charlotte Female Institute). That was the first connection with Queens College.

He graduated from Davidson in the Spring of 1931 in the same class with Dr. James A. Jones. That fall he went to Egypt where he taught in Assiut College, 250 miles south of Cairo. In the Summers he traveled in Europe and Ethiopia. Although he says that he usually gets to places too late for the excitement, he did get "there" in time for some. When he was traveling in the mountains of Ethiopia he was attacked by leopards one night just before making camp. In Ethiopia he visited the governor of one of the provinces; this governor was later minister of war during the Italian invasion. The thing he remembers most vividly about the governor's "mansion" is that it was papered with old newspapers, many of which were put on upside down. Despite all these events, he says the most exciting thing that happened to him in Egypt was that he met his wife there.

He said that the narrowest escape he had had, however, was while he was traveling in Egypt. He and some friends wanted to see the Red Sea, and their route was via an old Roman road. They were traveling in cars driven by Egyptian chauffeurs who had never seen the sea. When they arrived, the chauffeurs became so fascinated with racing the cars up and down the smooth sand, that they didn't notice the incoming tide until one car was in over the axle. They had to pull and tug to get the car out of the water.

When he was asked what was the most embarrassing moment of his life, Mr. McCutchan said that there were so many he couldn't

pick out just one. After thinking a while, though, he decided that it occurred during his college days. When he was a guest of Mary Roberts Rinehart's at a luncheon in Washington, D. C. he spilled his coffee all over the tablecloth. He said that this made him sink lower than did anything else that had happened to him.

In 1941 he and Mrs. McCutchan had to leave Egypt due to war conditions. A British troop ship brought them from Suez as far as Sydney, Australia. During the month they were in Sydney, they bought calf liver at 12 cents a pound and sirloin steak for 25 cents a pound!! (Let's go to Sydney!) From Sydney they came to the States on an American ship. There were a great many American and Australian air cadets on board which made the ship a beligerent vessel, so they had a naval escort. They came through the Fiji Islands where they saw the large, forked sticks which were previously used to roast human flesh on. They aren't used that way any more. (We hope.) From the Fiji's they came on up to the Hawaiian Islands and were in Honolulu about two months before Pearl Harbor. They then came to the States—"and so to Queens." (To get the details of how Mr. McCutchan happened to come to Queens, you will have to see Dr. Blakely.)

Unfortunately, he has had a very prosaic life—or so he says. Just to prove it, he says that he is the only man he knows who has wheeled a baby carriage around the world. No, he didn't walk on the sea; they just had a collapsible baby carriage which they unpacked, set up and used on board ship. He wheeled Marjorie Ann across the Atlantic on his way to Egypt in '38 and he wheeled Mary Caroline across the Pacific on his way back.

There is one thing that really worries him—his age. He has crossed the International Date Line twice in the same direction, and so he is two days ahead of himself. Unless he can cross it twice going the other way, he won't come out even. If anyone has any suggestions to offer he will be glad to accept them.



Hello there all you "meet-me-at-Diana" pals! Where you been keeping yourselves lately? Could it be those gruesome term papers which haunt you? Come now, they're not as bad as all that. Because you've been inhabiting the library so much lately, I've had to pass away the hours by day dreaming or playing games. I played a kind of game with many of your names: it helped to while away the hours. Here's what 'tis.

- What if: ELOISE were a notch instead of a DENT.
- CONNIE were a cutter instead of a SLICER
- BETTY were a moon instead of a STARR
- BECKY were dimes instead of NICKLES
- ELINOR were a chime instead of a BELL
- EMMY were rock instead of WOOD
- SUE were a clarinet instead of a HORNE
- FRANCES were an ounce instead of a POUND
- KITTY were a derrick instead of a CRANE
- HELEN were an obstacle instead of a BARRIER
- JOY were short instead of LONG
- MIRIAM were a robin instead of a WRENN
- JOYCE were a bricklayer instead of a CARPENTER
- JEAN were a Pontiac instead of a HUDSON
- MARY FRANCES were brushes instead of COMBS
- MARGARET were months instead of WEEKS
- MABLE were a shore instead of a BEACH

O. K., so you think I have gone "daffy." Well, what would you do if you had Time taking snoozes on your shoulders? Say, where are my sunglasses? I have such a terrible time keeping track of them; this sun is so glaring, but it feels wonderful. I'm going to send someone to the lab to fetch me a chemical which will give me a golden-bronze tan. So many of you have taken advantage of our "Back Campus Tanning Club."

Those tans make me envious and desirous of one for myself. . . I'm getting so excited over May Day. At that time I'll be seeing many of your families and relatives. More fun, eh what?

I'll tell all that I know in the next issue of the Blues. Adios, amigos! (how'm I doin', Marcela?)

New Treasury Of War Poetry

By George Herbert Clark
Reviewed by Laura A. Tillett

When Wordsworth gave his famous definition of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings", he hastened to add that the emotion should be "recollected in tranquility". The poet, he explained, does not write under the immediate excitement of the event. Nothing illustrates this better than war poetry; those too close to the soul-stirring events of war are not likely to give the most memorable expression to those events. It is true that Milton was moved to noble expressions on liberty during the Civil War of his day and produced a few fine sonnets under its influence and that Wordsworth was inspired by the Napoleonic conquests to write some immortal ones. Yet Wordsworth's sonnets were not so powerful an expression of the emotions aroused by those events as Tolstoy's *War and Peace* written many decades later. Likewise, in this country the greatest poems on the War Between the States were not produced by the poets living then; the greatest came a few years ago in Stephen Vincent Benet's *John Brown's Body*. World War I gave us some inspiring lyrics such as Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and "Now God Be Thanked", Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous With Death", and John McCrea's "In Flanders Fields"; but we are yet to see a major work based upon that war. In spite of these facts, however, any collection of war poetry such as George Herbert Clarke's *New Treasury of War Poetry* evokes interest.

Mr. Clarke is the compiler of *A Treasury of War Poetry* that was published in two series during the period of World War I. That is an excellent anthology of the verse that appeared between 1914 and 1919, and now in his *New Treasury* he has given us a fit companion to that first collection.

The *New Treasury of War Poetry* attempts, as Mr. Clarke says in his introduction, "a poetic survey of the objective deeds and experiences of the United Nations". It contains "representative contributions, both in form and spirit, of the poet's response to the conditions of the world today." Among poems from over a hundred poets are some by such well known writers as Edna St. Vincent Millay, William Rose Benet, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Robert Frost, Robert Nathan, Leonard Bacon, Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, Mark Van Doren, John Masefield, Jan Struther, and Ste-

phen Spender. The poems cover all places and outstanding incidents of this present war; they express the fears, hopes and ideals of the day and sound clear notes of challenge and warning.

The anthology is arranged so that the poems treating certain countries are grouped together. Hence we see such divisions as those marked *America, England, France, Russia, and China*. Then there are sections bearing the titles *Dunkirk, Incidents and Aspects, The Flyers, Reflections, Women and the War, and Peace*. Particularly impressive are such poems as Leonard Bacon's "Our Time", Millay's "Memory of England", Masefield's "They Marched Over the Field of Waterloo", and Joseph Auslander's "Prayer to Jehanne of France". Amanda B. Hall's "For Madame Chiang Kai-Shek" is a lovely tribute to the "lady of the jeweled brain" written in grave beauty of style. And Robert Nathan's quietly sincere poem to Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr. pays tribute to that first American hero of this war. "On Going to the Wars", written by a young professor of the University of Toronto now serving with the Canadian Army, is a poignant expression of the ideals for which he is fighting. Several poems commemorate the destruction of Lidice; among these the sonnet by a Jewish doctor in England, Charles Schiff, is especially fine. In the ringing free verse stanzas of "The Women Will Soon Knit Again" Roger Burlingame recalls the French Revolution and issues a challenge to the leaders of Germany and Vichy. Included, too, is perhaps the loveliest poem yet to come from this war, "High Flight" by John Gillespie Magee, Jr., that exquisite sonnet which Archibald MacLeish called as great a poem as any that came out of World War I. The anthology is indeed a treasury of poetry particularly appealing at this time.

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