

UNDERWORLD COURIER

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Editor's note. So many solemn things went out to Mr. and Mrs. Bliss last week:- staff reports; Board meeting decisions; plans for future development, etc., etc. (at least, such is our understanding of the out-going mail) that we feel this issue of the Courier should be one of undiluted frivolity.

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Junior Fellows (Thumbnail sketches) of 1941
Although Mr. and Mrs. Bliss have, of course, their names and scholastic records, we believe that these informal, and may we add, entirely confidential, thumbnail sketches, may bring a more vivid picture of these fellows as they pass to and fro from the new wing to the stack room, from orangerie to pool.

Dr. Edward Capps. Not tall. Round lines, even a suggestion of a paunch. Looking rather like an accountant, or a clerk - a Dickensian clerk. He bounces a little. Apparently, a methodical and self-serving worker. (We cannot remember his ever asking for anything) That his specialty and love should be Byzantine ivories is--at first glance--surprising. One might have surmised that he would have turned to coins, or counting threads in fabrics, or determining the alloy content of metals. His sister is married to an Englishman, a Mr. Hill, who was the British representative of the American Express Company in Athens, and also one of the distributors of the Vanderbilt supply fund. His story of their escape from Athens, not neglecting to dole out supplies as they fled, was heard over the radio and was printed in the newspapers. A cable was received from Cairo telling of their safe arrival there.

Dr. Florence Day. Called "Flossie" by her colleagues and "Florence, mon enfant" by Maitre Focillon. Above average height. Square lines. Her long blond hair cascades over her shoulders and falls across her forehead in a heavy bang. Behind thick glasses is discoverable a pair of very blue and smiling eyes. Her teeth are white and even, and her voice, which is without any trace of harshness, carries, usually, in its flow an agreeable mixture of words and low laughter. She was born in Beirut, where her father was head of the American College, and where she lived till she was eighteen years of age. Her parents are now both dead, and one gathers that she is very much on her own and has, at times, had a hard time making two ends meet. Her clothes are simple and often delightful. For example, little straight coats of some Eastern cotton material, in beautiful colors, sometimes quilted in a free design.

Dr. Alison Frantz. Dark and powerful. A short face with beetling brows and a small but determined chin. She drives her own car, a convertible roadster~~???~~, and to see her drive up to the museum entrance, park her car, stop the engine, slam the door, walk swiftly across the sidewalk and up the steps is to be convinced once and for all of the coordination of her reactions and the economy of

her movements. She has sufficient composure to be silent and unsmiling for long periods while in a group; on the other hand, she may be seen striding along with, for instance, the long-legged Dr. Houck, talking with apparent conviction and eagerness. She wears very good sport clothes; sweaters and tweed skirts, low-heeled shoes.

Dr. Lester Houck. As previously mentioned in an earlier issue of the Courier, he is six feet, six inches tall. He lowers his head when going through many a door; is lean - as so tall a person is apt to be - with a head which is distinguished in an intellectual way. The written word, the recorded thought, is his absorbing passion. Perhaps his selections from the research library are along certain definite lines, but from the general literature sections, he borrows, 4 or 5 at a time, books ranging from Dante and Gerard Hopkins to Harold Nicolson and Maurice Baring. His humor is plentiful, if pedagogic, and though his scholastic opinions appear to be quite firmly established, he has a pleasant receptivity to the potential usefulness of books with titles such as:- Mazes and Labyrinths... Origins of Applied Chemistry...

Miss Virginia Wylie. Small; very pretty and dainty. Blue-gray eyes and dark hair which she wears low at the nape of her neck. Finely modelled profile and well-proportioned figure. She was born in Iowa (or Idaho), spent some early years in Philadelphia and the later ones in New York. Her voice has a surprising resonance and her speech rhythm is distinctly individual. Our only 1941 fellow who has not a doctorate, but one can sense that her eager eyes are fixed on that goal and that her energy and will are in service to transport her along the road.

Graduation Exercises, May 27, 1941.

(Ed. note. We submit the Order of Procedure; copies of one diploma and one citation and the tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Bliss)

Order of Procedure

Academic procession led by Maitre Focillon and Professor Morey

Assembly in Music Room: class seated in two rows, professors standing behind long table on which lay the piles of diplomas and decorations

Address, in Latin, by Professor Morey

Presentation of diplomas to each member of the graduating class

Presentation of emblematic decorations to each member of the graduating class

Conferring of citation upon Maitre Focillon: investiture, blue (knotted bandana) hood.

Conferring of citation upon Professor Morey: investiture, orange (knotted bandana) hood.

Copy of one diploma - DUMBARTONENSIIUM QUERCORUM UNIVERSITAS

NOS, iuniores et seniores (non equidem vetustiores) comites in illa alma et inclita Universitate, doctorem honoris causa essevoluimus et decrevimus

B A R B A R A M S E S S I O N E M

vulgo Barbara Sessions dictam

in memoriam et honorem doctrinae eius excellentis, eximiae prudentiae, constantis praecipue amicitiae, venustioris quoque formae.

QUOD ERUERE BARBARI, RESTITUIT BARBARA

Signed - C. R. Morey and Henri Focillon

Copy of one citation -

Henricus Focillon, vir eruditissimus, reverendissimus, indagator et pacificator artium Orientalium et Occidentalium, earumque imperator benignus, fons et origo librorum, socius regalis horum Quercorum Dumbartonensium cum artium FOCUS, ut nomen suum indicat, focus calens, ardens, benevolus, jocosus, plenus inspirationis sit, hic et nunc Doctor Eloquentiae Convivalis Quercorum, honoris causa, proclamatur, et omnibus privilegiis ad hanc honorem pertinentibus induitur!

Salve, Doctor!

Societas Convivalis Quercorum

Copy of tribute -

Illustrissimi Mildred et Robertus Bliss, artium amatores liberalissimi et magnificissimi, qui, domum carissimum relinquentes, novum institutum studiorum Byzantinorum munifice formaverunt et mundo academico gaudium magnum in saecula dederunt, hodie, in absentia, Praesides Perpetui Societatis Sociorum, honoris causa, grate et pie urbe et orbi proclamantur!

Societas Sociorum Quercorum

Board Dinner Party

One of the less serious meetings (we hope not one of the less enjoyable) which the Board attended during their busy hours at Dumbarton Oaks was the dinner party on Friday evening, May the 30th. It was a party of fourteen, seated as shown in the diagram below.

	Capps	Day
Merrill		Koehler
EBC		Sessions
Sachs		M. Focillon
Mme. Focillon		Frantz
Taylor		Thacher
Houck	Wylie	

Fragments of conversation overheard during and after dinner - Dr. Merrill on the scientific reasons why the civilizations of the two hemispheres could not have come from the lost continent of Atlantis, even if such lost continent had actually existed...M. Focillon and Dr. Taylor discussing démographie. M. Focillon giving a most luminous éclaircissement, to which Dr. Taylor listened as though he were a young disciple, his eyes never leaving M. Focillon's face... Miss Wylie, describing a seminar which she attended in Brussels in the summer of 39.

Under the camera

On one of the hottest of days, the old guard (Bland, Clark, Rathbone, Scheffer and Sessions) posed, as commanded by a small, swarthy and facetious photographer, while his assistant looked on, in various parts of the beautiful gardens of D. O. Most of the commands were obeyed, since the posers imagined that he knew his business better than they did. (A supposition rather rudely shattered by the proofs received today). They balked, however, when he suggested that they stand with arms "round one another's" waists, or hands interlocked. "We don't do that habitually," they pleaded in excuse: "Much as we like each other." We wish we might send you the whole batch of proofs, or better still that you were here today to

and your pearls of laughter to ours and join in the captioning of each: "Before the baby came..." "That last drink was a mistake..." "Ein Schiff, ein Schiff!" "Four little maids from school, and their teacher..."

We will try again, since you have asked for it.

A la Gare.

The train would leave at noon. Seats were engaged, tickets in hand and baggage checked. Before eleven, M. et Mme. Focillon were ready, booted and spurred, at the front door. (All was organized for a delegation to see them off at the station. A fact of which they were unaware) The farewells began: "Irene, cette bonne femme. Où est elle"... "William, mon vieux, au revoir"... Mr. Bryce had prepared a bouquet of flowers and if he had made it express to fit in with the whole subsequent picture, it could not have been better. A very large, entirely circular, tight bunch of roses, pink, white, red; their stems neatly wrapped in green foil. There were two packages of lunch, umbrellas, bags, books. The procession got under way fairly promptly in two taxis, Mr. Thacher's car and Miss Frantz". At the station, we reformed our lines with the addition of several porters. The train, naturally, was not yet open. So we sat in a row on the long hard seats, broke up our ranks from time to time to go in small groups to the refreshment counter for orange juice or coca-colas, and eventually, - the impedimenta having now been augmented by gifts from Mr. Thacher of brandy, chocolates and lapel ornaments, - we were allowed to go through the gate and board the train. Such a crowd were we, that very shortly the porter felt obliged to ask those of us who were not making the trip to descend, so that other legitimate seat holders might take their rightful places. So then began a great kissing, all around, one cheek then the other. (This took quite a lot of time) At last we were out of the train, in line again beneath their windows, when a flying figure appeared in the distance. "Flossie" who had been away for the weekend. One more ascent, four more kisses...

Weather report.

After a spell of summer heat, with blue skies and a tropical sun, we were afflicted with nearly a week of rain. Practically Biblical "the waters of the flood were upon the earth...the fountains of the great deep broken up...the windows of heaven were opened..." Now, since yesterday, we have again the sun, but a rather watery one. He will be slow, perhaps, in regaining his full glory.