

From this time onward until the second World War, I.S.S. directed its energies and resources toward relief schemes which were carried out in Bulgaria after the earthquake, in China during the Sino-Japanese War, and for the benefit of university refugees from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, as well as setting up student-health projects and teacher training programs.

Then came the Second World War and with it again great hardships to student communities: loss of liberty, lives, equipment and buildings. Early in the war years it became apparent that the responsibilities to be faced were far greater and more wide-spread than those created by World War I.

In order to cope with the situation, I.S.S. co-operated closely with such organizations as World Student Christian Federation and Pax Romana. I.S.S. established a war-emergency relief committee: European Student Relief Fund which later changed its name to World Student Relief when the war spread to the Far East.

During this war period, World Student Relief cared for student prisoners of war and refugees, supplying them with shelter, clothing food and books, giving these people a new hope for the future.

With the cessation of hostilities, World Student Relief began to help rebuild the war-torn universities and to repair the damage to people and property all over Europe, caused by five years of war.

In the post war era, beginning about 1946, I.S.S. and W.S.R. began to extend operations to the Indian sub-continent, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia, and to facilitate the work of the organizations, it was decided in December 1950 that the two organizations should merge to form one world wide organization which was henceforth to be known as World University Service or WUS.

WUS adopted new statutes and reformulated its principles in order to meet the vast new needs of its expanding activities more adequately.

Since 1950 WUS has continued to provide the means through which University men and women have been able to combine their efforts to help where needs are greatest.

Participation by universities communities in seven major regions of the world in joint activities to provide material assistance has increasingly led to important contributions through the process of education toward international understanding and collaboration.

In 1953-54, a new phase was begun when WUS extended its operations to younger university communities in East, West and Central Africa, and it met with great success in these localities.

In 1957 WUS began to explore the possibilities of extending its services to South America, and is at present focusing its energies upon the necessary ground work of educating Latin Americans to accept its services whereby they can aid themselves socially, mentally and economically.

The common objectives of all WUS projects and activities are:

(1) To help meet the basic needs of universities and other institutions of higher learning and their members.

(2) To promote the sharing of knowledge and experience in seeking out solutions to practical university problems.

(3) To foster development of International understanding between the university communities of all nations

These three objectives can be best achieved by:

(1) Student Exchange Programs.

(2) Sponsoring international summer seminars in locations where aid is needed.

(3) Setting up of WUS committees on each university campus which will act as a medium of information and correspondence between students and their national office.

It is hoped that this short resume of WUS, its origin and its work will serve to give a better understanding and appreciation of the necessary work which this organization attempts to do.

—EDMOND LECLAIR '59

THE DESERTED COTTAGE

It was in the last dazzling brilliance of the setting sun that I came upon the rustic little cottage cozily tucked in a grove of pines. The grey and weatherbeaten shingles, the fence with its missing pickets, the clumps of weeds and thistles—all gave eloquent evidence of former pride and careful tending. The complete desolation that pervaded the scene held me and I stood gazing at the boarded windows, the broken doorstep, and at the garden gate that hung dejectedly on one rusty hinge.

Turning, I looked back on the dusty road over which I had come as it wound like a narrow ribbon among the distant hills. The trees were casting shadows of giant-size over the green meadows, and the steel bridge that spanned the smallest river I had yet come upon glistened white. My eyes were drawn irresistably back to the deserted little cottage, and innumerable questions concerning it presented themselves to my mind.

At a sound I wheeled about. A farmer with a dog at his heels was approaching. As he came near, I perceived that he was of early middle-age, with the reserved and somewhat withdrawn countenance that is characteristic of those who spend a great deal of their time tilling the soil. Clad in faded overalls and a battered straw hat, he ambled leisurely along and, though he did not appear to be seeing me, nevertheless I knew that I was being subjected to the most thorough scrutiny since my army days.

When the man was abreast of me and it became evident that he was not going to speak, I decided that I would make the first overtures. I took a step forward and began with what I hoped was the proper mixture of deference and friendliness.

"Good evening, sir."

"Evenin'." He did not even turn his head.

"Lovely evening, don't you think?"

The answer this time was merely a grunt. I decided to try another approach. I patted the collie's head.

"That is a fine dog you have there. Pure collie, eh?"

This time the eyes focused directly on me and my worth visibly mounted.

"The best dog in ten counties," replied the farmer, proudly.

I was now on common ground for it was clear that the dog was the man's pride and the one topic about which he could wax eloquent. After a few moments during which we discussed the fine points of the collie, I casually remarked,

"I was just looking at this cottage. It looks as if it must have been very nice once."

"Yup, it was the nicest place around here some twenty years ago so they tell me," he answered.

"Oh? Then I take it you didn't know the people who lived in it?"

The farmer drew out a pipe and lit it.

"I knew Mrs. McGrath—she was a widow—she lived here alone when we came."

"Oh, I see." Years of struggling in the newspaper business had taught me to tread carefully when dealing with new acquaintances, and even now when, for the first time in my life, I could afford to take a few days off, I found the old technique still worked. "You moved here a few years ago then?"

"That's right," he replied. "Moved in from the next county about fifteen years ago."

"And the widow has died since then?"

"Yes, about two years or so after we moved here."

"Why didn't someone buy the place? Why was it just left to rot away like this?" I asked.

"Well, seems there was a son who ran away from home and the widow left the place to him," the man answered. "She always thought he'd come back."

"And he never did, eh?"

"No. He's probably dead or else forgot all about his old home by now. There was a rumour 'round here about ten years ago that he was killed overseas but we never heard for sure."

"Why did he run away?"

The farmer thoughtfully chewed a blade of grass.

"Well, don't know's I know too much about it bein' as I wasn't livin' here at the time. But the story goes that Mrs. McGrath's husband was a real tyrant. The devil himself couldn't live with him. How Mrs. McGrath did all those years is more'n anybody could figger out. But it appears they had a son called Daniel—a fine up-standin' lad, so they say. Honest, hard-workin', a real likeable chap. But his father was overbearin' and ruled everything. Wouldn't let young Dan do anything or wouldn't give him any money. He made him work real hard on the farm too. The boy took it all for quite a while on accounta his mother. Many a time he was on the point of leaving home but she always patched things up and got him to stay."

"Then, one day—when he was about eighteen, I guess—he wanted some money to buy a horse of his own. McGrath wouldn't give it to him and they had a real hot row over it. McGrath said he didn't need a horse. They already had three. Dan said he wanted one of his own and if he didn't get one, he was leavin' home for good. But the old man wouldn't budge. Mrs. McGrath pleaded and coaxed the two of them to make up. First she tried

to get her husband to give Dan the money but it was like talkin' to a brick wall. And then she tried to get Dan to forget about the horse and wait awhile. But I guess Dan was a chip off the old block in some ways and he could be stubborn too. So he up and left that night and never came back."

"How did McGrath take that?"

The farmer was gently scratching behind the collie's ears.

"He closed up like a clam. Never spoke to hardly anybody after that. He was more cranky then ever with his wife though no one ever heard her complain. He'd go off on drinking sprees and have to be brought home. Then he'd shout at her—they say you could hear him down in the village."

"Well, one day he got in a wild temper. 'Pears the gate was open, he must have forgot to close it, and one of his horses got out. It took him half a day to locate it—a fine bay it was too—and when he did, he gave that horse a turrible whipping. Well, I guess the poor animal was just like Danny. Decided he'd had enough, too. So he up and kicked the old man so long and hard that he died."

"And what about Mrs. McGrath?" I asked.

"Well Danny's leavin' near broke her heart and that accident about finished her. Though she was better off rid of him, the Lord forgive me for sayin' it."

"How did she live after that?"

The man looked at me suddenly, "How come you're asking so many questions about this place?"

"I'm a newspaperman and we are always interested in getting a story. Who knows? We might even find the missing son through the paper, I replied."

The farmer pondered this for a moment. "Might be an idea. But I don't think it would work. If the son had wanted to come back he would have been back long ago." He dismissed the thought and resumed his story.

"The old man had been quite a miser when he was alive. He never gave his wife any nice little things and never got anything more than was needed real bad around the farm. So he had quite a bit of money stored up. After he died, one of the neighbour men found it in an old tin can in the barn. So the widow had enough to live decent and comfortable for the rest of her life—which wasn't too long, poor soul."

I waited for him to continue.

"She just lived in the cottage alone, waitin' and prayin' for young Dan to come back. We moved here just after McGrath was killed. Mrs. McGrath was very good to us—she was to everyone around. Whenever anyone was sick, she'd go and nurse them though they say that McGrath always kicked up an awful fuss about it until one day the Martin kids were all sick with the measles and Mrs. Martin had the flu. The Martins live a mile down the road," he indicated the direction, "Mrs. McGrath started out to nurse them and McGrath tried to stop her. Said she wasn't going to waste her time carryin' trays to those brats when she should be home gettin' his dinner. Well, Mrs. McGrath just stood and looked at him and then she turned round and picked up her bundles and walked right down to Martin's leavin'."

him standin' there with his mouth open. When she came home that night, he flew into an awful rage, but she never said a word, just got him a good hot supper. He never said no more after that when she went out nursin'."

"The first winter we was here, my wife, Mary, had scarlet fever. Mrs. McGrath nursed her day and night. Don't know what we'd have done without her. That spring she got pneumonia and never got rightly over it. All summer she was hardly able to do nothin'. My wife useter come over and visit with her and stay some nights with her too. She'd spend most of her time sittin' at the window and watchin' and waitin' for Dan to come back.

"Comin' on the fall we could see she was gettin' weaker and weaker and Mary stayed with her near all the time."

We were now leaning on the rickety old fence. The sun had all but disappeared beyond the horizon.

"Comin' on the last she'd rave and have spells when she didn't know any of us. She be talkin' to Danny. The evenin' she died—it was just about this time of day she asked Mary to fix her so she could sit up. We was both with her that evenin'. The sun was just settin' and you could see along the road and out into the hills. She said to Mary,

"I'm expecting Danny back this evening".

"Weell, Mary just tried to cover up and said he might be late or something. But she kept sayin' that Danny'd be comin' down the road soon. And then just as the sun went down, she said,

"Look, there's Danny. He's come at last!"

"And she smiled and lifted up her arms. You should have seen the look on her face. Then she just fell back and died. It sure gave us the shivers. We almost thought young Dan was there. But he never came back and that woman just pined away for him. Mary goes to her grave often and keeps flowers on it. There weren't a finer woman alive than that Mrs. McGrath."

We stood looking at the deserted cottage. The sun had now set and in the gathering twilight, it seemed lonely and sad. Drawn by an inner compulsion, I forced the door open and entered. There seemed to hover about the empty rooms the spirit of the loving mother who had vainly waited long years for the return of her son. And as I gazed about me, I was filled with the bitterest remorse for the impetuosity of youth which had caused so much heartbreak to my mother.

—MARGARET HAGEN '59

MAN AND SUPERMAN

By George Bernard Shaw

Some Philosophical and Psychological Considerations

Behind every truly great play stands its author who is a great dramatist—a master of his craft. **Man and Superman** is one of the three great comedies that have been written in the last sixty years; the other two are: **The Importance of Being Earnest** by Oscar Wilde and **The Circle** by Somerset Maugham. Its author, George Bernard Shaw, is a great dramatist because he possesses

to a supreme degree the gift of dialogue. He is one of the greatest and one of the most controversial literary figures of our time. Whether we like or dislike, agree with or disagree with him, we are forced to admit that he is an authentic genius and a great dramatist.

Shaw wrote many plays that are masterpieces but if he had never written anything except **Man and Superman** his contribution to the drama would have been immense. When the audience loudly applauded this play it was the first time in the history of the English drama that a play of ideas had been a success. In all plays of this type there is an interplay of ideas and we are made conscious of the intellectual positions which the speakers represent. The play of ideas is concerned primarily with one or several philosophies and secondarily with a story or situation. Audiences required time to become accustomed to this type of play. But when Shaw's style and thought no longer puzzled or shocked them, they liked and enjoyed his new type of play.

This play has been acclaimed as the most remarkable comedy that has ever been written. But as the subtitle states, it is not only a comedy; it is a Comedy and a Philosophy. The comedy is mingled with the philosophy. There is the delightful comedy of the pursuit of the male by the female, which is supplemented by the deeper comedy of man the thinker. In the former comedy Ann pursues Tanner and he reluctantly consents to marry her. In Tanner we have at first a supremely confident and rational man who soon becomes disconcerted and hunted down by the outwardly modest and pure-hearted Ann. In the latter comedy, Tanner is revealed as an independent thinker whose purpose of awakening society and making reason prevail is overruled by Ann's domestic love. This seeming defeat of human reason is the work of the higher reason of the Life Force which ensures propagation of the human race. By himself Tanner could not change the world because this task requires the continuation of the race and the strivings of more than one generation. As we would expect from the man who could "never resist a joke", the comedy is written with a great deal of Shavian wit. The philosophy in this play expounds two main philosophical motives. One is the theory of the Life Force which desires above all else to make suitable marriages and produce a purer and higher race and eventually the Superman. The other is the idea that in marriages the woman is the more conscious agent. This latter theory makes the woman the pursuer and the man the pursued. This is not a new idea for in the Shakesperian drama the woman takes the initiative.

In discussing the play with our attention mainly focused on the philosophical and psychological aspects we must examine Shaw's own belief in the theory of the Life Force with its related theory of the Superman and his belief that woman is the pursuer of man. Many questions immediately arise but some of the most important are: Is man capable of achieving infinite perfection by selective breeding and new training? Can man ever become a Superman and if so, what type of man will this Superman be? Is woman more anxious to marry and procreate than man? Who is the pursuer and who the pursued?

The doctrine of the Life Force is very difficult to define. We know from **Man and Superman** that it is a force which is the very essence of life. It is a half personified power which at the same time is reminiscent of a deity and a machine. This force working through man by an evolutionary process will achieve higher and higher degrees