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RANDOLPH L. WADSWORTH

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1 Louis Trenchard More

Last summer I ran across the club memorial to Professor More. In a four page typical committee effort, four good writers put together their separate generalities without central planning and editing. Twice too long, it failed to note his background, professional achievements and stature in the club. Before it is too late, I shall fill in a few gaps in justice to a great member.

Louis Trenchard More, the youngest of 7 children, was born in 1870 in St. Louis to strict Calvinist parents who had recently moved to the mid-west from New Jersey. He was educated in the local schools, took piano lessons, some by correspondence, and momentarily considered a musical career. Instead he took a B.S. degree at Washington University, majoring in the sciences and engineering and received his doctorate after three years at Johns Hopkins. He served four years in a minor teaching job at the University of Nebraska before he was selected to head the department of physics at the University of Cincinnati, a position he held from 1900 to 1940. William Howard Taft and Professor More married sisters, the daughters of carriage *lawyer* maker John Herron, a famous member of the Literary Club for over 60 years beginning in 1849.

Dr. More served a short period as Dean of Liberal Arts and gave a well attended elective course on the "Philosophy of Science". In his role as long time Dean of the graduate school, it is said that he, more than anyone, was responsible for the development of the Liberal Arts departments

in the strife torn emerging university, and in other ways a strong force in elevating the whole university to its place of prominence. With the backing of the Board of Trustees and leading people of the City, such as Mrs. Charles P. Taft and George Warrington, he was instrumental in establishing professorships in the humanities and cooperated with Will Semple in developing the great Classics department, nearly all of whose leading personnel including Carl Blegen, Roy Hack, and later Alistair Cameron became fine members of this club. Dr. More also created the idea of bringing in men called Fellows of the graduate school whose teaching duties were light enough to allow them to be thinkers. Of course, jealous colleagues unjustly thought that only tongue-tied men would call them "thinkers"!

He reached the University each day on a Clifton-Elm streetcar and I often passed him as he regularly walked miles to his home on Pike Street, accompanied only by a cane or umbrella.

I had freshman physics under him. Contrary to the usual practice, he felt there was a better chance to develop inspired students if the chief gave the introductory course. His lectures were over my head but he leavened them with philosophy and afterwards groups of students usually gathered in his office for informal talk about a wide variety of subjects. One student, who later flunked out of school, asked Dr. More why so many high school valedictorians disappeared. "If they disappear", he said, "they will soon reappear as leaders in business and the professions". His grading of students was tolerant and he would do everything possible for those with brains, whatever their race, creed, or background. One of two negroes in the school in 1914 was a student assistant in his department. One of his prized P.H.D. products was a spastic cripple, so shaky he couldn't hold a cup. Dr. More insisted on having him to dinner where he lapped up his coffee from a bowl. Possibly he was proudest of his near last graduate student, Herman Bronson, a Negro, who received his Ph. D. in physics in 1939, boasted that his grandfather was the biggest land owner in Virginia, became President of old Wilberforce and was given

an honorary degree by the University of Cincinnati in 1967.

Margaretta Jones, his secretary for 22 years, says that Dr. More was idolized by his associates. When one did something worthwhile, he let the whole university hear about it. If anything went wrong he took the blame. With all his work for the university, the Smoke Abatement League and the Symphony, he found time to write several books including the best of all biographies of Newton. This book, his major opus, long occupied his time and emotions. I was present at the Madisonville Round Table where an advance copy was the subject for discussion led by Frank Dyer, Edward Lyon, and Dr. Knight. The guest of honor, Dr. More, overcome by the praise of these fine scholars, broke down in tears.

His writing and ideas were influenced by the life long close contact with his older, famous brother, Paul Elmer More, who with Professor Babbitt, headed the Humanist movement. Both brothers were pre-occupied with philosophy, especially the philosophy of science and religion, in which they were ahead of their time. Both were atheists with a guilt complex, the normal reactions of supereducated children to the strict training of Yankee parents who were so religious they followed their pastor when he went to Dayton, Ohio and moved again with him when he located in St. Louis.

Louis, a disinterested political conservative, like most older professors of his time, was appalled by extremists whether Alabama red necks that wrapped themselves in the confederate flag or young teachers ideologically sheltered behind the monolithic walls of university Liberalism. To him, avant garde cocksure intellectuals were too ignorant to be safe custodians of the peoples freedoms and economy. If these are not his words, they were the sentiments of this man whose shy reserve with strangers was mistaken for snobbishness. Only his secretary knew how shy he was. When Arthur Compton came on a visit, she had to greet him and start the conversation. Though

shy, he was like the typical mid-westerner who on meeting you, asks only "what are you", in contrast to the icy easterner who asks, "who are you", and the breezy westerner who simply says, "How are you"!

If he was personally sensitive and shy, he was intellectually aggressive in his writings, in university policy, and in matters pertaining to the club.

Dr. More was an important landmark in the history of the club and an unrelenting member from 1901 until his death in 1943. His last paper entitled, "The Surgeon as Priest" was a contribution to my budget. He walked from Pike Street to give me this paper and stood patiently for 10 or 15 minutes in my war-time crowded office until I could clear a room. He looked haggard and there was a tone of finality in his voice as we discussed his paper, the club, and the university in all of which, after 30 years, I was still the student. As he left he made a remark that so often carries an ominous portent. He said, "I never felt so tired in my life". The next day he was taken to the hospital where in three days he died of pneumonia. The following Monday I read his paper which included some of his philosophy and bears re-reading today.

He averaged a paper a year, some light, some serious, and many of them rank with our best, including the one on orchestral music, those relating to science, and his autobiographical sketches.

His type of leadership in the club was in our best tradition. It was not based on the town meeting stratagem of rising oftener and talking louder than anyone else. It was natural, without pre-arrangements, and rested on his personality, abilities, position and regular presence. It was a source of pleasure to him when his son John, in 1942, became a highly regarded, if later, a somewhat elusive member of the club.

I believe he brought more great members into the club than any single person, among whom

were many of the highest rank of the faculty of the expanding university, Fenneman, Breese, Chandler, Hack, Blegen, Gowdy, Wilson, McGrain, Howe, Shafer, Semple and Bart Shine. Flexnerized preclinical professors in the medical school, Drs. Fischer, Wherry, Wooley, and Matthews, should be included as well as Charles W. Dabney, with whom began the custom of routinely inviting the president of the university to stand for membership. In an earlier paper, I said he was also responsible for our most unacademic member Walter Keagy, with whom he got acquainted during a series of arguments over a gas bill, in which they discussed everything from Plato to Humanism. His sponsoring remarks were brief, soft sell witticisms and understatements, but he -called Keagy a truly educated man, predicted great papers from him and did not mention his lack of formal schooling. As sponsor of myself he said it was in favor of the candidate that he didn't know him well enough to have prejudices against him, that in any event he supported the son-in-law of his friend. When he spoke for Virginus Hall he said, "I have met him only at the club, but he made a great impression on me. He let me do all the talking, and I came away pleased with myself, not to say with Mr. Hall. I can summarize by saying that the candidate is a son-in-law of Charlie Livingood and I shall vote for his election". In his allusions to nepotism, he was really poking fun at himself. He was sponsored by Judge Peck, Charlie Livingood, the Wilbys and the Mackoys, but he was the son-in-law of prestigious John Herron, and there was no doubt of his election. He was also a believer in the seniority tradition in club matters. When, as a four year member, I presumptuously spoke for Dale Osborn, Dr. More, sitting nearby, leaned over, laughed and said, "I think he'll make it in spite of his sponsors". He liked the medical profession, but M.D. dropouts earlier in the century made him suspicious of them as club material. One night during the balloting on a well known physician he said in a loud whisper, "What! Another doctor up"! I think this man would have failed anyway.

He particularly enjoyed the conversations after the papers, and his scholarship was so broad

he could cross swords with the specialists in any intellectual field. Among his favorite friendly antagonists were Fenneman, Shafer, Fischer, Chandler and Hack, and he could hold his own with Rabbi Phillipson and Dr. Knight on religion and the Bible. Light comments and interruptions by lesser and especially younger men were ignored or squelched, but we felt no resentment. We were entertained and informed and those who preferred small talk sought their level at another table.

Under modern conditions it would be difficult to reproduce such accomplished individualists as the More brothers. If not as famous, they were in some respects of the same mold as Alfred North Whitehead, Albert J. Nock, W.J. Mayo, Winston Churchill, and Albert Einstein in whom and in others the western ethic to date has reached its zenith!

Eslie Asbury

2 Wanted: A Definition of Dirt

What this country needs - now that the good five-cent cigar and is not likely to be restored, at least as long as Castro lives and rules in Cuba - is a good, workable definition of dirt. I do not refer to the clean dirt of farmland and garden, which we are now so busy polluting, along with our air and our water, I refer to the tidal morass of obscenity that has been mounting steadily for some years now throughout the nation. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart recently remarked that it is difficult to define hard-core obscenity "but I know it when I see it." No doubt he does. Stewart has been a man of acute perception ever since I first knew him as a summer-time cub reporter on the old Times-Star. But, unless his perception is shared by his colleagues on the high bench and unless they can translate that perception into a guide to lesser courts and to other legal authorities throughout the land, the wave of commercialized obscenity that now smears our books, plays, and movies - and the advertising of all three -

this country is heading straight into a violent public reaction, the kind of reaction that gave us the collective insanity of Prohibition, with an attendant crime-wave that reached its gory climax in the Valentine Day Massacre. And if that should happen, we are assuredly grooming ourselves for a Twenty-First Century Anthony Comstock, under whose hawkish eye every author, playwright, film writer and director and advertising copywriter will be constantly looking over his shoulder as he works, lest the official guardian of public morals pounce upon him. Our first task is to spell out the difference between literature and trash.

No man with a modicum of intelligence wants censorship. Examples of stupidity, even of tyranny, committed in its name are numberless. For many years James Joyce's novel Ulysses, perhaps the best novel in English written during our time, was banned from publication in the United States and from import into the country from France. Back in the Twenties Americans had to buy the book in Paris on one of their European jaunts. But if they did, they could expect at the end of the journey to have the prying hands of a customs officer rummage through their baggage, seize in triumph and confiscate the blue, paper-bound book. And what was the reason for the official ban? Perhaps Joyce's use of some four-letter words that are now commonplace in books intended for the eyes of respectable middle-class families, but chiefly, I think, because of the final chapter, in which Molly ruminates over her colorful past, weighs her husband pro and con, and ends up entertaining herself with some exploration of her own anatomy.

Judge John M. Woolsey rescued Joyce's Ulysses in his famous decision, United States District Court, Southern District of New York, in the case.: "United States of America, Libelant, versus One Book Called 'Ulysses', Random House, Inc., Claimant, Opinion A. 110-59." This was a historic case. Judge Woolsey's decision, rendered December 6, 1933, tore up the book of rules laid down many years ago by that great censorious triumvirate, Bowdler, Mrs. Grundy, and

Anthony Comstock. Since 1933 the courts have released from censorship three other books previously banned - John Cleland's Fanny Hill (which the author entitled, The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure,) which was outlawed, naturally in Boston, way back in 1821. The Supreme Court removed that ban in 1965. Earlier D. H. Lawrence's Lady Chatterly's Lover and Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer were freed for sale by bookstore and mail. And Tropic of Cancer, which I happen to believe is a much overrated book, is now headed for the film screen.

Judge Woolsey asked the most pertinent question: whether the intent with which the book was written was pornographic, that is, written for the purpose of exploiting obscenity. Since he concluded, rightly, that such was not Joyce's intention, the Judge dismissed the libel and saved the book. Joyce, said the learned and perceptive jurist, was "loyal to his technique." Since the novelist did not write with pornographic intent, the book cannot be classified as obscene, that is, in legal definition, "tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts." The Judge concluded that "whilst in many places the effect of 'Ulysses' on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic, nowhere does it intend to be aphrodisiac."

The problem that remains, however, is to define "intent". And here, I am afraid, the courts are bogged down in confusion and contradiction. What was the intent of John Updike, undoubtedly a gifted American novelist, in writing that current best-seller, Couples? To me it is merely a repetition of exploratory details of what is now known as marriage-exchange or what I would term "collective adultery." After one example or two of middle-class suburban husbands and wives embarked on sexual adventure beyond the marital bond, the thing becomes a downright bore. Yet, though strongly tempted, I cannot honestly say that Updike wrote this curious piece in order to arouse impure and lustful thoughts - and make a pretty pile of money in the process. Shakespeare, in portraying the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet, equipped her with some pretty strong language. But even old

Comstock would not, for that reason, have dared to ban the matchless tragedy of young love. Courts and Congress, prosecutors and attorney generals, Puritans and panderers argue endlessly about what constitutes "pornographic intent." The net result in the United States has been to paralyze action in the matter or to sweep the problem under the bed.

The Post Office Department, once so eager to search and prosecute, has become exceedingly cautious of late. When pressed by outraged citizens and even by members of Congress, the Department takes refuge in lengthy so-called "investigations," no doubt hoping that the case in question will die of old age. In a letter dated October 28, 1968, Harvey H. Hannah, Deputy General Counsel for the Post Office Department, acknowledged that the Department must go to great lengths before excluding offensive sex material from the mails. In order, he said, to define mailed matter as obscene under the law, it must prove that the matter is (1) "patently offensive" (whatever that may mean); (2) that it "has not even a modicum of social value" (and will someone kindly define social value?); (3) "that it appeals to prurient interest" (and here we come again upon our old friend "intent").

A favorite dodge of officialdom is to permit the publication of books or the showing of plays and films for adults but not for children. But surely this is begging the question. At what point does that which is not lustful to the mature become lustful to the young? Moreover, the "Adults Only" label plays directly into the hands of the so-called "purveyors of filth." To bar admission to a movie house to everyone under sixteen or seventeen or eighteen is, in effect, to advertise the film as pretty hot stuff. And the higher the age of disbarment the greater, inevitably, must be the appeal to prurient interest. Recently I came upon a truly shocking example of this kind of advertising dodge in the amusement pages of none other than the New York Times. A film entitled The Grab Bag was about to open at the Astor Place Theatre. The admission price range was \$3.50 to \$5.75 - a

fact which, in itself, served as a "come-on." In an effort, no doubt, to warn the public away from this picture most of the New York critics denounced it in strong language. The Times man dismissed it as "repulsive." The Post man called it "degeneracy." The Daily News man chose the word "filthy!" with an exclamation point. But the Times advertisement singled out these denunciatory words and played them up in massive type. In other words, the denunciations furnished the ad-writer with just the sort of copy he wanted. I understand that today some of the advertising copy submitted to big dailies out on the West Coast contains words that cannot be uttered within these hallowed walls. The publishers are compelled to blue-pencil three-fourths of the amusement page advertising copy submitted. Now, newspapers, which enjoy the constitutional right to print freely, may insist upon the right to purge freely. Their status, however, is exceptional. They purge on moral grounds, as well as in self-interest, since they have reason to fear the reaction in decent households where they seek entry. But the appeal of the "purveyors of filth" is not to the normal, rather to the abnormal or subnormal reader or spectator. On a short walk along New York's West Forty-second Street or in Washington almost in the shadow of the White House, you will come upon displays of hundreds of books and magazines whose subject matter is not only homosexual and lesbian perversions but the more recondite practices which caused France's notorious Marquis de Sade to be confined in a mental asylum for many years before his death.

Meantime, the courts continue to deal, hesitantly and inconsistently, with the problem. About 15 months ago Congress aroused itself to set up a commission on obscenity. The chairman, Dean William Lockhart of the University of Minnesota School of Law, plans to spend more than a million dollars on studies of what hard-core obscenity does to the young mind. It is hoped that some sort of report will be ready by the middle of 1970.

The record of the Department of Justice is no better. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark

was less vigilant than the late Robert Kennedy. During the past fiscal year there have been approximately 160,000 complaints and just 250 convictions. Many men in positions of authority are concerned about the problem. They want to dam the rising tide of pornography without interfering with the right to free expression by serious men of letters but thus far they have not found the key to the problem. There is, as yet, no truly adequate definition of dirt. But unless one is found and unless legitimate use is made of it, the current bad situation will undoubtedly become worse. And, since ours is a country that tends to swing between extremes of action and reaction, we are found to have a return to the stupidity and rank injustice of the Bowdlers, the Grundys and the Comstocks.

Joseph W. Sagmaster

3

Pels N' Brau

Those of us who were devotees of radio broadcasting some thirty years ago will recall the gravel rich voice of Tom McCarthy. At that time he was the chief newscaster for WKRC and was reputed to have the largest audience of listeners in this area. Some of you will associate him with anti-flouridation, but this came later and over another network. For reasons that will become apparent I particularly identify him with Pelsenbrau Beer, for that company was the chief sponsor of most of his newscasts.

By some twist of fate both Tom and his sponsor have passed from the scene, supplanted by other broadcasters and other beers, but one can harken back with a bit of nostalgia to those stentorian tones that hourly flooded the airways. McCarthy had a particular format. He ended every newscast with "one for the book". This might be a funny story, a bit of gossip, a limerick or an off-beat happening. It was a unique feature, cherished by his followers and freely quoted by them to all who would listen.

Hereby hangs a tale, or, to be more specific, two tails which were in turn attached to the posteriors of two snow-white German Shepherd puppies. They were a gift to my children in the spring of 1942. They were males from the same litter and their white color made them something of a rarity at that time. The question immediately arose as to what they should be named. There were the old standbys - Nip and Tuck, Pat and Mike, Mutt and Jeff - all discarded by their young owners as too "corny". After exhausting the entire category of coupled names, their father came up with the implausible suggestion of Pels and Brau. This genuine cornball hit the mark and was unhesitatingly given full approval. Even the dogs responded jointly and promptly to the call "Felsenbrau".

The puppies were a handsome pair and afforded us much pleasure with their rollicking roughhouse play. In no time they had taken on the conformation of dog adolescence - sleek, rangy and fleet of foot. The accuracy of this latter phrase was proven sooner than I had anticipated for one day, as I was leaving the office at noon, I received a frantic call from my wife saying that Fels and Brau had taken off over the hill and could not be found. "I hope you are going to the University Club for lunch. Either Joe Sagmaster or George Stimson will surely be there and you may be able to get an ad in today's Times-Star. Be sure to offer a good reward".

Fortunately George was at the table as I walked into the Club. I immediately explained our problem, stressing its urgency. "Sorry", said George, "too late for anything today". Suddenly his face lit up. "Hold it - I have a better idea". With that he headed for the telephone. It all seemed a bit mysterious to me, even more so when he returned with a cryptic smile on his face and said, "Relax, eat your lunch and listen to WKRC at two o'clock." As you all know, Stimson is no man to be taken lightly so I determined to let our problem rest in his hands.

Came two o'clock. I tuned in as directed. There was the usual spate of war news - McArthur

beleaguered in the Pacific and Marshall in London arguing with Churchill and the British Staff. This was followed by some details of a Roosevelt press conference and items of local import. Then came the "bomb" - One for the book - Tom boomed out, "I have a real one today! The Wadsworth children in Port Thomas are the owners of two white German Shepherd puppies bearing the distinguished names of Fels and Brau. These puppies have gone AWOL and a family search has been unsuccessful in locating them. I am sure you can understand that the anxiety of my sponsor is equal to that of young Sally and Ducky Wadsworth. Anyone finding either of these dogs and returning them to their rightful owners will be rewarded with two cases of Felsenbrau Beer."

The story was repeated at three o'clock. Shortly thereafter my wife received a call from a man who had picked up a young white dog with our address and phone number on its collar. Ten minutes later Fels was safely at home. My wife called me to report the good news. I passed it along to McCarthy and found him as elated as we were.

At four o'clock all foreign and domestic news was pushed aside at the opening as Tom, in his waggish Irish manner, reported the mission half accomplished and urged his Kentucky listeners to be on the lookout for Brau. At five thirty our doorbell rang and there stood our mail man with Brau. "I was having a beer at the Idle Hour Cafe", he said, "when in he walked. I recognized him at once."

There was great rejoicing at our house. I immediately went to the phone to relay the good news to McCarthy and to express our thanks for his successful campaign. "Hooray", he said, "listen to my six o'clock broadcast". It was a gem. The story was enlarged, gilded and emotionally presented. His tag line was, "Guess where they found Brau - having one with the boys in the Idle Hour Cafe!" Next day the Felsenbrau Brewery delivered two cases of beer to each of the two finders and left four cases at our back door - two for Fels and two for

Brau.

I was soon to learn the power of radio in creating public recognition. My innocent walk down Fourth Street next day took on the air of a triumphal procession. Persons who formerly considered a brief nod as adequate smilingly halted me and sought all details of the story. For several weeks thereafter my wife was unable to use her charge account in any store without recounting the complete tale. Our children were perplexed, excited and flattered when a Times-Star photographer arrived at the house seeking their picture together with the dogs to accompany an article in the paper. The following month we were really taken aback when we received a copy of THE MODERN BREWERY AGE (a trade journal of the brewing industry) with a reprint of the picture and a flowery article about the dogs and children. It is not difficult to understand why Proctor & Gamble, then number one in soap opera, was destined to become number one in the soap industry!

But let us return to our main characters, Fels and Brau. With their striking white color, their fine contour, strong shoulders and beautifully formed heads they made a pair to be remembered - the Clark Gable and Robert Taylor of dogdom. Herein lay the seed of trouble for, like all creatures of stardom, a jealousy developed between them. (I understand that this is a common occurrence among males of the same litter when reaching the age of puberty.) Brau, the more dominant, became a veritable bully snapping at Fels and fighting with him - not content to eat from his own bowl but bluffing Fels away from his and displaying other aggressive traits. It became evident that the two would have to be separated though we were loath to do so. Brau forced the issue by invading the chicken yard of a neighbor and killing \$40.00 worth of good laying hens. Fortunately, a huckster asked to have him and took him to his place in the country. Whether Brau continued his chicken forays we do not know but we learned later that he had been enlisted in the Canine Corps and was sent to Europe. If he ferreted out Germans with the same enthusiasm that he displayed toward

chickens he would have been a likely candidate for the Croix de Guerre du Chien! It would be nice to think so at any rate. Fels became our particular joy. He was truly a member of the family, a real "people" dog, quiet, dignified and extremely gentle. Our behavior toward him greatly amused our son-in-law when he first joined the family. He accused us of whimsy and said that we were talking to our pet as if we expected an answer. Six months later this same gentleman was to be found with Fels' head on his lap ostensibly carrying on a long conversation with him.

In spite of his formidable appearance Fels was the most friendly of animals and had an admiring acquaintanceship throughout the village. One trouble was that many of his friends insisted upon feeding him. The butcher at Kroger's had an especial failing on this score and was sorely disappointed if Fels neglected to come for his daily bone.

As happens to many large dogs when they become old, Fels gradually lost the freedom of movement in his hind quarters. Even in this condition he literally dragged himself about trying to make his accustomed rounds. On numerous occasions the police would pick him up in their cruisers and bring him home. What a picture he would make, sitting in the rear seat of the police car, fine head erect, bowing to his public as he rode along the avenue.

The paralysis grew more extensive until it finally overwhelmed our beloved dog. It can be truly said that he was mourned by family and friends. A dozen years have passed since Fels departed this world - yet only last November when a man came to service our television his first question was, "Whatever became of those two white dogs you used to have?" A similar thought comes to my mind when I recall the pleasant association with Tom McCarthy and the Felsenbrau Brewery. What ever did become of them?

Randolph L. Wadsworth
