I am going to Russia, of all least expected places this.

I first heard of Russia when I argued with my cousin about which was the largest—New York or Texas. My mind refrened an answer of Russia and my fascination began.

From the map it looks immense—but other European countries do that, and I was amazed at the speed with which a Boeing homebus travel can carry you there.

The mind began to whisper interest, before the eyes caught up the study when I was in...
THERE ARE TIMES when nothing you try seems to turn out right. These are the days of depression and hopelessness.

There are times when all of your plans go astray in what seems to be a guided, collective manner and even nature rises up to vent her wrath on you. These are the days of the testing of man.

The Lexington trip was one of these. From the time that the Tech contingent left the Atlanta Airport bound for the Kentucky game to the time that it arrived back home, nothing went right.

The ride was rough going up and worse coming back. It was raining when we landed in Lexington, and it was pouring when we arrived back in Atlanta.

The night of the game, the field was a quagmire surrounded by a moat. The light was so dim that it didn't even nudge the needle of an exposure meter.

We left our field glasses in the hotel, remembered them as the bus was about to pull out, rushed up and got them, and then left them on the seat of the bus at the field.

Photographer Bill Diehl—plagued with the insufficient lighting—spent most of the evening trying to protect his precious Leicas from the blowing rain. Drenched to the skin, he took over 100 pictures and only about 30 were printable. From the press box (the only decent break in the trip) you could see Diehl slipping up and down the field with the action, pausing every once in a while to shake his fist in the general direction of our booth.

The two-platoon plans that seemed to do so much for the team's morale were washed away in the fierceness of the evening's downpour. The Tech team's chances of winning washed away with them.

It just wasn't Tech's night and if the boys recover from that trip they deserve a real medal.

The next afternoon on television, Bobby Dodd—who hates bad weather more than anyone we know—refused to alibi Tech's first defeat in an opener in eight years. His selection was a real honor for the man and for Georgia Tech. Only 36 American college students were presented with this opportunity. And the officials of the Georgia Tech YMCA, who sponsored Tom, are due congratulations on the promotional job they did in getting him an assignment as a member of the touring Americans.

When Tom came by the office on his return from the Soviet Union, he dropped 20 rolls of 35mm film on our desk with the remark, "I hope some of this turns out. Someone stole my two sketchbooks on the train between Leningrad and Moscow. And someone opened my suitcases and camera bag at least three times during our stay in Russia, always while we were out of our hotel room."

With much trepidation we turned the undeveloped film over to the newly-formed Atlanta firm of Professional Processing Laboratories, which specializes in developing and printing the tough jobs.

It was their first contract and a real test under fire. The first four rolls that they developed came out solid black. They had obviously been exposed before we got our hands on them. Thoughts that the Russians had done us in completely ran through our mind.

Then the next group turned up with three good rolls out of four. And so it went until they managed to salvage 12 rolls out of the 20. Obviously the Russians had been engaged in some indiscriminate exposing of film. Just to keep their hand in, we suppose.

Tom Hall was in Russia as a member of the first student exchange program between the Soviet Union and this country. His selection was a real honor for the man and for Georgia Tech. Only 36 American college students were presented with this opportunity. And the officials of the Georgia Tech YMCA, who sponsored Tom, are due congratulations on the promotional job they did in getting him an assignment as a member of the touring Americans.

The Russian Diary of Tom Hall occupies the greater portion of this issue. Scattered throughout the article are the photographs that managed to elude the Russians and the artwork that Tom had to do after he got back in this country (he used his color slides to sketch from). We know you'll enjoy the fruits of Tom's determined efforts which begin on page 5 of this issue. Because of the length of this special Soviet article, we had to skip the class notes this time. They'll be back in their accustomed spot come November.
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THE COVER

A Special Issue
The handwriting on this month's cover belongs to Tech senior Tom Hall who has just returned from a 40-day excursion into the Soviet Union. It records Tom's first impressions when he heard he had been selected to make the trip to the USSR. Starting on page 5 of this issue, you may read all about a Tech student's impression of this strange country.

IT HAS LONG BEEN part of the basic philosophy of the Georgia Tech National Alumni Association to emphasize the word, National, in its operations. This magazine, for instance, should be and is edited for all Tech alumni—not just for those within visiting distance of the campus. The Georgia Tech Alumni Club program is designed primarily to help maintain liaison between Tech and those alumni who live outside of the Atlanta area.

Where you cannot come to Georgia Tech, we have tried our best to bring Georgia Tech to you.

Within the past two years, the Association has sponsored two innovations to help make it more national in scope. First, it has established a National Advisory Board to bring your problems and suggestions to the Association for action. Secondly, it has initiated a program of large-scale Tech rallies at selected cities across the country.

During the past month, we have held three of these rallies in Miami, Houston and New Orleans. President Edwin D. Harrison, Coach Bobby Dodd, Foundation President Ivan Allen, Jr. and I had the pleasure of bringing the Tech story to these three meetings. Frankly, I have never seen finer turnouts or more spirited groups than these meetings produced. How's this for enthusiasm: alumni came to the Miami meeting from West Palm Beach (some 90 miles away); alumni came to the Houston meeting from Waco and Austin (each about 190 miles away), Port Arthur (65 miles away) and Galveston (45 miles away); and alumni drove from Baton Rouge (80 miles away) to attend the New Orleans rally.

Allen Morris in Miami, Howard Tellepsen in Houston and Freddie Fuchs in New Orleans and their respective teams, all did wonderful jobs in arranging these rallies and getting the maximum turnouts. Working just as hard to put over a successful rally in Dallas for October 24 are George Marchmont and Clifford Cowles and a fine team of Tech men.

Your Association is most grateful for this continuing spirit of cooperation we are receiving from Tech men. It has made this job a real pleasure.

Charles Simons
Tech Alumnus
Sunday, June 29

Concluding a week's orientation program in New York, the entire delegation of 36 students is ushered into the comfortable conference room of the U. S. delegation to the U. N. The brown, waxed table spills over with student pads and cameras, and the chairs around the walls are now filled with waiting observers.

The door opens and a small woman leads two gentlemen with satchels into their positions at the head of the table. Mr. Lodge is unavailable to attend, but Washington has flown in two other members of the staff to brief us on our stay in the Soviet Union.

"Sir, we have been concerned about the information we just received that the Soviet students visiting the U. S. will not be allowed to travel to Tanglewood or to certain parts of California due to this country's restrictions on Russians' travel. Would you comment on this policy?"

“Well, I think it fair to understand that you will not enjoy completely free travel within the Soviet Union. If this country should receive word from your delegation that certain areas of past restriction have been now made available for your travel—then, it too, will lift restrictions on the Soviet delegation's movements. Now as for this Tanglewood Concert, the government has already made arrangements to waive the restrictions and let them travel through that particular area to hear the concert."

The question and answer period continued. We are extremely interested in finding out certain details of this country's foreign policy. This subject is carefully explored in light of the coming questions from the Soviet youth.

Continued on page 6
"I have been wondering," Anna's voice is softly but surely betraying her own built-up curiosity, "what would happen if one of the Soviet students should default while they are staying in this country. Don't you think that it is entirely possible that one of us might be held until that student returns? Just what would our country do in such a situation?"

As the laughing died down, the government spokesman seriously said, "We would open talks with the Soviets as soon as possible." And nervous smiles all seemed to point out the past memories of Chinese talks.

**July 1-10—Aboard the Arosa Sun**

We have headed out of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence taking the Northern route. We aren't out of sight of Nova Scotia when the first puff of fog whips across the bow and the days of constant white settle around us.

This is the time for thinking. Time means little on ship, for at night we twirl the hands of our watch and wake to having lost another hour. And yet as we travel there is a constant awareness of returning to the past and slowly, wave by wave, reaching into a new world of experiences.

And so it begins—another trip across the ocean (on the second anniversary of my first trip across). This time it is the "something" inside which is on trial. On trial—to think about a new way of life, to think about my country's way of democracy, and my section's heritage. As with any trial it is a time of tension and a time of growth. To Russia . . .

**Thursday, July 10**

We dock in Bremerhaven around four in the afternoon. It is a lovely harbor, though the water is an ugly grey brown, and the traffic in shipping seems extensive.

At customs my passport is examined by a kind old gentleman who pulled his cigar out of his mouth and said, "So you're going into the Soviet Union. Do you think they will let you out?"

After the short baggage inspection we find a bus waiting and shove off for Bremen. The countryside is rich and lovely farmland. Houses are well kept, and farmers are working away with their families. One whiff of the odor outside of the city and we know that this is quite a fishing center.

Outside of the city there are a number of small garden plots which a resident of the city may buy for around a hundred dollars to spend his weekends on. Pleasant little gardens are everywhere—but they are small and fenced in.

You slip into the square of Bremen from the ruins of the bombed-out section. These city blocks have been reconstructed with amazing speed and now row after row of alikeness enclose the people in what appears to be very comfortable flats.

Walking through the brightly lit streets at 11 p.m. is most revealing. The stores display an amazing selection in consumer goods, and this city in Northern Germany apparently enjoys a high standard of living—even comparing favorably with parts of England and excelling the city of Munich, its southern neighbor.

Before turning in for the evening we can't resist the flashing neon sign advertising ice cream and "hot dogs" for sale, especially after we had been told that the "hot dog" has yet to make its way into the USSR.

**Friday, July 11**

The trip to Berlin lasts from 6:30 a.m. until 2:15 p.m.

The bus crosses into the Eastern Zone at Helmsedt. Our group is warned not to photograph the men in uniform, as a delay might be triggered by such an instance. We are then given the unusual privilege of walking around while the formalities are taken care of. There isn't much to see except a lot of red-tape being carried out in a classic manner.

As we continue, I have to look carefully to see the differences between the Eastern and the Western zones. Areas under cultivation in the Eastern zone show less care (perhaps fewer farm hands were available) though the fields witnessed that machinery was utilized in sowing the grain. Forest areas are particularly unkept and couldn't compare with the clean woodlands we traveled through in the earlier morning.

When we cross into the Western zone again there are two Russian soldiers at the border. Russian is spoken to one soldier with such ease by some of our delegation that I'm sure he must have been amazed.

West Berlin is a chaotic combination of frantic business activity and building reconstruction. Rising everywhere are new structures which seem to flout their brilliant colors when you compare them with their neighboring buildings which are either pre-war or remain only partially damaged.

The center of old Berlin's business section was located in what is now the Eastern zone. Today the new center is clearly in the Western zone. Shops and beautifully displayed windows are everywhere—many of the stores are the same ones which were once housed across the zone and have now selected sites in the more active Western sector. I think they are smart—business is good!

As evening begins to fall, we move out of the Western zone heading for our train for the Soviet Union, which leaves from the East Berlin station. At the zone there is little formality, a hand wave from the police, and we slip easily into our summer Communist stay.

Entering Berlin is a sudden shock. You whisk in off the autobahn and through the woods, and there you are in the most typically pre-war architecture. As we leave the suburban area and drive through the city it strikes me as the "phoenix" of Europe. Everywhere there is evidence of the extensive war damage contrasting with the completely modern stores and living quarters of the new city.

A frantic visit to the Polish Embassy has to be arranged by our leader when we realize that there has to be additional transit visas to cross through Poland. Most of our group go ahead to the Y.M.C.A. community center to clean up and leave baggage while we shop.

After mailing some packages of film home, I dash back through the heavily crowded and active streets. The people amaze me with their sense of haste and shopping activity. (Very similar to New York or Atlanta at Christmas.)

Catching the planned tour of East Berlin is finally managed and we slip our bus into the busy city traffic.

The gray overcast skies grow to darkness as our bus dominates the almost deserted streets. There is no doubting it, you can feel the difference of being in the Eastern zone and the sky seems to weigh heavy. Down the quiet streets we bounce, and the windows in the buildings are dark. Judging from the destruction still evident, it seems that a giant angry bear might have once played leap-frog down the back streets.

Stalin Alley is decked with flags and posters for the fifth East German Party Congress and the visit of Khruschev. I might have been back in the Berlin of 1939—from every building hangs the wind-flapping red flags, and from the roof projections down to the first floor drape the large red streamers. Young students cluster in groups, all in their black uniforms with red neckerchiefs, or displaying other party emblems. The bus passes down the middle of the street only passing two cars and scraps of people on the sidewalk—stark contrast to the business bustle that was occurring over in the Western zone.

We head down to the old Nazi administrative center. Hitler's bunker is still sinking into the bomb scrap where the Fuehrer called his last hours. Down the scene of bombed ruins we continue—nothing rebuilt, everything quiet.
Another whirl of the driver's hand and we straddle the back street of Stalin's Alee; all is ruins. The glorious facade has back molars which need cleaning.

The train station is dark except for the long column of neon or fluorescent lights which outline prominent shadows. Imagine a city of 1,100,000 with a silent railroad station, and you have East Berlin. The dead city is here, and the force behind its existence makes itself felt.

The West Berlin guide sits beside me and I ask him, "How do you feel about being over in the East Zone?"

"It is not dangerous like this, but you know—I don't often come."

"Oh!"

"Yes, well you see a man of my age . . . .in his forties would be unwise to be here because, you know they . . . ."

"And the future of West Berlin?" I inquire further.

His hands show his shoulders would have shrugged but they are too crowded.

"West Berlin . . . no, it doesn't have a chance."

"No?"

"Well, we are but er . . . a city island. We can not last unless there is a war to protect us, or unless, when the final blockade comes, there will be a chance for all those to get out that want to do so. Then in time the talks will die, and so will West Berlin."

The Soviet train waits silently on the dimly lit platform and as we load our baggage into our compartments, we look for delegates to the Party Congress. Two men stood beside our chaos and looked as anxious as we were to talk.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

"Yes, but we are English too."

"Really, where do you live now?"

"In West Berlin," said one.

"In East Berlin," said the other.

After swapping niceties we start to get on the train. The rest of the group heads for their coach but one of the men, now by himself, slips his hand on my arm.

"When will you be back in Berlin?"

"We do not come back through. Our route is Poland and Czechoslovakia then to Paris and Le Harve."

"Oh, well, I . . . . er hoped we could talk."

"No, I guess not. But, would you like to write?"

"Well, I really . . . you mean your States' address? Well, yes, o.k.!

"Here it is," I scribble on a scrap of paper so fast none of it seemed to make sense. "But, be sure and have the III because there are other Tom Halls."

"Yes, yes I will, you mean kinda like Henry VIII."

"Yes, like Henry VIII."

Our train seems to leave the station without a single blast . . . just a quiet slide and we are off. The speakers in the cars blare forth the Russian National Anthem and "Big Brother" begins his vigil.

We slip out of the station heading through the night to Moscow.

At Brest we officially cross the border formalities and pass from Poland into the Soviet Union. There is several hours delay in the city while the train cars are taken to the terminal to have their axles changed to fit the different width of track that links the Soviet cities.

As the train stops on the platform, I look out the window of the car. There stands a girl complete with kerchief and peasant dress carrying flowers. She asks our young car porter something, as he swings from the door, and waves her hand to someone out of sight. Then the assembly of flower bearers arrives—there must be fifty. I rush to grab my cameras and somehow try to join the others of the group who step out to meet them.

I feel somewhat embarrassed not to be speaking Russian but everyone grins and seems, in a way, very timid. Their "spontaneous" demonstration is a success.

Inside the station we are to change our money into rubles. When we arrive at the counter to change money everything stops for us. There is no service given at other windows until we are served and our money changed. We all become conscious of this and there is no sense of pride in our standing there.

Inside the station is an attractive restaurant that is waiting to serve us our first Russian meal. Salad; Borsch soup, which looks like it is made with cherry-colored Kool-Aid; a meat course with potatoes and peas; and a cherry comport are all served quickly.

Waiting on the platform is a young man who explains, "Our Intourist wish me to go with you to Moscow because they feel that you do not have enough interpreters to help you." (So far we have acquired none.) Leaving Brest in the late afternoon we plan to stay awake to see what we can of Minsk.

Minsk looks to be quite an industrial center from the signs of activity we catch as the train speeds through the misty night. The sky is glowing red in certain spots where either furnaces or kilns are in operation. Railroad activities are extensive and as the train stops in Minsk we plan to step from the car, but the platform attendant snaps in Russian. "Go on and get some sleep," his hands dart to his cheek to pantomime the side of his face to sleep.
Sunday, July 13

“One hour before Moscow,” the leader of our delegation says as he gives us a wink of reassurance.

It is a cool morning and the windows to the dining car are streaked with mud as the light drizzle continues to hamper our view of the Russian landscape. “I would never have believed it,” my friend from Harvard admits, “these peasant villages go right up to the outskirts of Moscow.”

The train stops for a short interval, which we later discovered was caused when the engine hit someone.

Outside the car, mud streets link the water hole of the small village with lines of little houses which stand in various stages of disrepair. It is much like the photographs of California during the gold rush or Alaska in the Klondike period. Finally the train continues on its way. Our first view of Moscow tops the horizon. The tall proud towers of Moscow University are silhouetted against the gray overcast. It is the new Moscow that greets our eyes. The speakers on the car begin to play the, now familiar, Russian National Anthem as we rush toward the station. “Why in the world does it always sound like it is being played by Lawrence Welk?” I hear mumbled over my shoulder. I turn down the train’s corridor to see all 39 faces of our delegation pressed to view finders.

Near the tracks, the peasant huts continue, while in the background the building of the new apartments is evidenced by the construction cranes. They are all frozen like hunchback giants with dripping wire noses, waiting for the workmen to return and labor with them. Along the track banks hundreds of picknickers are everywhere and groups of uniformed youth troop through the fields. Being the official delegation to the Soviet Union means that we are met by friendly flower-bearing crowds at every railroad station and certainly Moscow is no exception.

The minute that the long braking action is over, I notice the first flower bearers arrive at the car door and whisper in the porter’s ear. “Da, Americans,” he nods and the familiar wave to the waiting crowd is signaled. Hundreds of faces and flowers make a swelling mass into which we step down.

“Hapla Espanol?” says a middle-aged woman, and immediately the Russian sign language version of “who do you know” begins. There are a few groups of students who speak English, and are more than happy to tell you where, and what, they are studying.

A couple of the Russians begin to help unload the bags into the flowered mob and slowly our American delegation begins to move out down the platform to the central part of the station. There is a short radio interview with Radio Moscow, and then we are carried out from the city to the hotel where we are to stay. Unfortunately, we are informed, the dormitories of Moscow University are under repair and it is impossible to house us with students there.

Our hotel room looks out into an asphalt court yard which is surrounded by a five story yellow hotel. Draped across the beds of my room are two large gold bedspreads. They give a stark contrast to the wooden blocks which are bricked into the floor. In the corner there is a table which supports a glass tray, two glasses, and a decanter of drinking water, now nurturing flowers plopped in it on arrival.

Several of us get on the bus and ride slowly down the wide streets to Revolution Square where we see the bulb-shaped domes over the edge of the sidewalk building. Walking toward the spire, the spirit of Moscow begins to have its effect.

Silent streets, all moving with the directionless people. They pass, stare, and follow. Crossing streets is done on either side of the traffic isn’t heavy enough to warrant caution.

We turn a corner and there (at the end of a long wide street which leads up a hill) stands St. Basils. The colors are wildly beautiful, yet the proportions of the structure are in complete harmony.

Without saying a word the structure draws us toward its enormous statement of Russian form. Twice around the building and we cross the street heading down into the older part of Moscow which leans on the river’s bank.

Signs of the new construction material lay assembled. Along the sloping hills, that lead back from the slate-colored river, rise the old houses, the last remnants of the proud merchants’ homes and royal mansions.

“Let’s see what is down here.”

Tom Hall interviews the U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Llewellyn Thompson.

“I don’t really think we had better . . . I mean, don’t you think we are being watched?”

“Well, let them warn us not to then.” And we start on cautious feet down the dusty trail that leads into the scooped out tenement flats which cast shadowless darkness. We ask one of the old women tenants who was entering her home if she would tell us about this section of the old city. As she proudly tells us of the old section, the rest of the family slip through two boards in the back construction fence and laugh their way into our circle.

“Oh, my little Tabbey,” (in Russian) and she picks up her fat Falstaff cat off its seat on the window sill. Her hands are strong and her heavy body bulges in her red sweater and walking skirt. Around her smile is tied a scrimpy little scarf and her eyes are blue against the reddest of faces.

I later asked her in sign language if she got her red face from the sun. She smiled, then laughed “yes.”

Her husband calls “Niet,” and reaches his slender hand into the straw picnic basket that was holding the leftovers. He pulls the neck of a wine bottle out of the corner of the opening and says “Da.” Her red face bursts into laughter and tears stand in the corner of her eyes.

“I am construction worker,” and both of her hands raise imaginary hammers and bamb away in frictionless air. “There is where I will work, and the building will house all the visiting tourists to Moscow.” Six, seven, eight, go the fingers up to show how tall it will grow.
After parting from our conversation we head home accompanied by a very accommodating journalist who understands the spokes of the Russian subway.

The Metro spreads beneath the ground in marble arteries which lead out from the center of the city. When you enter your body slips through the gate on to the escalator without realizing what will happen when you cross over the brink . . . Down, down you glide until you are five hundred feet below the ground. It is from here that all underground travel begins.

Hotel, sleep . . . and Moscow.

**Thursday, July 17**

Our bus trip to the religious center of the Russian Orthodox church is full of interesting scenes and examples of rural architecture and farm living. The forest region comes up rather suddenly outside the city and the trees seem untouched for miles . . . Patches of houses run along the side of the road providing an endless display of wood-carved “gingerbread.”

Zagorsk rises over the town out of enormous stone walls that look to be as old as Russia, itself. Gray stones form the long moat around the wall and through the entrance gate. As our bus swings quickly into the gate, peasant women hug the walls trying to widen the gap between the bungling bus and themselves. We step into another world here in the Soviet Union. Peasant women are everywhere. Their heads are tied in white cloths and their bodies clothed in non-descript dark material. They sit on the steps of the churches, hobble from group to group, wait in line for the opening of a door—they are the pilgrims of Zagorsk.

One of the priests speaks enough English to act as our guide through one of the churches. Gold ikons glitter from the gray ceilings and walls, and red lights swing slowly in the lamps.

I have never heard such music. It is impossible to distinguish from where it is coming at first. But as the eyes and mind become accustomed to the surroundings, they notice a group of fifty worshipers praying together in the corner at a small altar.

There is no need to hear the lecturing priest begin his memorized speech—everything is said in the music. I move over to the side and listen as the priest gently swings the crucifix in his hand. As he sings the blessing the crowd raises a response which carries their voices to the depths of the chamber.

Outside I turn to speak to Joyce but I see that two little streams of tears are still down her cheeks. Our procession makes its way across the church yard to break in ahead of the long line of waiting peasants to enter the main room of the ikons. Inside, the older people carry candles to light from the lamps on the ikons. The line winds along the altar rail, where a young priest is moving them through to pay homage to the relic behind the silver case. Everywhere I turn I step on people who never stop their song to see who the intruder is.

The head of the seminary serves us lunch after a tour of the grounds and the students’ hall. We are very warmly received and as we begin our meal he asks us to say with him the Lord’s Prayer—first in English, followed by his reply in the Russian Orthodox tradition.

At three there is the procedure and blessing by the Patriarch as he walks from his residential chambers to the main church interior. His path is lined with the devoted, who had waited for hours. The Patriarch is a small man and speaks with the kindest face I have seen in all Russia. Then the afternoon service begins and the bells start to peal their lovely call to worship. The chants inside the church call the worshipers, and the attendants make preparations for the coming service. Finally, candles are seen on the inside of the altar screen, which is artistically carved of wood and painted gold. Slowly the voices rise and the large gate to the inner gate is opened and the bearded priests make their way to the outer altar. Voices answer voices, and suddenly you realize that you are witnessing Russia’s past.

**Friday, July 18**

“Tom, how about going down to the American Embassy with me this morn-
While the first anti-American sign goes up on the outside of the American embassy (above), a girl from Texas files her absentee ballot. And later the crowds outside the embassy on this day of the 100,000 riot start to make themselves heard.

"Ok Ann, you're on. We'll go down right after breakfast."

The chartered bus lets us off near a taxi stand and speeds down the Moscow street to take the rest of the delegation to witness the large city planning operations.

Stepping from our taxi to the street of the American Embassy, we notice the morning crowd of demonstrators gathered at the gates. It's hard for us to tell just what type of a demonstration this one might be, but we guess around a thousand block our way to the Embassy entrance gate.

Making our way through the people we meet little opposition until I cross a Russian who does not like my particular brand of his language. He very carefully takes me aside and makes me rehearse the words for "excuse me," and then he lets me continue on through the crowd to reach the entrance of the Embassy. Inside the Marines stationed at the door appear relaxed in their plain clothes, but the chains draped on the desk are ready to be placed across the door if the Soviet gate attendants prove to be incapable of keeping the mob in line. On the steps behind them rests the waiting fire hose—there remained always that possibility that they would break through.

"Sir, are you going to protest the mob outside the Embassy?" I asked, remembering that yesterday's paper had brought word of the protest of the Soviet group in New York.

"No, not as long as they do the Embassy no harm. As a matter of fact, as you know we are all in favor of a group of people getting together to express what they believe. Kind of that good old American system . . . eh?"

Ann carries her absentee ballot over to the corner desk, puts it in the envelope and seals the secret ballot. The consul initials the proper line and I get my picture. Outside the window of the consul the crowd begins to grow more active in their demonstration and new signs of "Stay out of the Mid-East" appear on the high iron fence. And while a girl from Texas registers her vote, the Communist world surrounds the events with noisy onwatchers.

While we wait to receive the morning news release which was being gathered on the Lebanon situation, I watch the small groups of Communist workers enter the door of the Embassy, present their petition for Peace in the Mid-East, and ask to see the Ambassador. They are courteously received by his busy aides.
and left before the next group is admitted through the door. Around mid-day we call a taxi and leave by the gate through the growing crowd. Tension is in the air and I am relieved to see the less-crowded Moscow streets as we head back to the hotel.

It isn't until afternoon that part of our larger delegation passes the thousands of workers being brought into the Embassy's surrounding streets by trucks. The posters of "Peace" and "Stay out of Lebanon" are held tightly in their hands, and their faces betray the damage that soon will come to the Embassy. Ironically enough this day of the absentee ballot in Texas turned into the day of the violent "Hundred Thousand" demonstration that damaged the Embassy.

Saturday, July 19

After breakfast we get in the comfortable limousine sent by NBC to make up for our day on television. We are, at last, to have our tour of the Kremlin.

After walking through what is now a lovely park, and what was once the protective side of the river, we enter the gate of the Kremlin. It is like breathing the air of "all Europe" for the first time since entering Russia. For here is the splendor and exotic court atmosphere of so many of the other Western European nations. The past walks the embankments, and the gold spires and crosses seem to say "time will tell" to their red-equipped guest.

In the courtyard of the churches, the Czars' courts had walked, lived, and worshipped. Three church doors stand open for the curious to enter. Their spires rise to be topped by the gold bulb and Roman crosses. Inside there is that feeling of a small, high interior that had seen and felt much cloistered prayer. Frescoes and icons decorate every conceivable inch of the wall space and only the electric lights and the gold painted loud speakers at the altar tell the visitors that the clergy had gone, and this is now a museum.

Leaving the Kremlin we cross the boulevard in front of St. Basil's and head down by the Gum Department Store to speak to the policeman. He quickly chaperones our group to the front of the two-block long line of people waiting for entrance into the mausoleum. The waiting are not silent.

Beneath their separate glass encasements Lenin and Stalin hold their hands while thousands pass two abreast through the air-conditioned tomb. Lenin looks as if he had been cast in wax—while Stalin wears the obvious look of one who has just begun his long sleep. Here are the symbols of the new faith—and they end in death.

Dave Wiley asks our guide if she remembers, "How many times she had visited the Mausoleum?"

A moment's calculation and she answers, "Yes, this is my tenth trip."

"And do you enjoy it every time?"

"Yes, I notice something new every time I come." And as she walks inside the marble stairwell she whispers, "You see, last time I didn't notice this door handle."

It wasn't long before my Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. group received word of the Soviet minister of Defense's decision that our itinerary to Armenia and Georgia had been cancelled due to the troop maneuvers in that area.

I packed my things for Stalingrad wondering if the flight out of Moscow would be scheduled, or if our return to the Western world might not be sooner than anticipated.

Sunday, July 20

Early awaking and departure for Stalingrad breaks breakfast into a chaotic rush. Sitting down to breakfast on the small drugstore-like round tables I see caviar and cocoa. Without thinking of the coming plane ride and the bumpy air, I down the red eggs and grow fascinated by the idea of caviar for breakfast.

On the way to the airport I catch up on missed sleep while the morning rumors of the Lebanon situation are translated from Pravda.

The airport building appears to be very small from the driveway entrance but in truth, must be large enough for the needs placed on it. Our baggage is weighed as a unit and we wait for our departure by watching the air traffic.

The group leaving for Tashkent takes off first in a large graceful TU-104. Sweptback wings, and silver reflecting sides, make it the most handsome commercial plane I have ever seen.

We walk across the wind-swept field to board our small two-engine plane that begins to warm its engines for Stalingrad. Dramamine pills are swallowed by everyone, including our Russian interpreters who give in after a short argument. The take-off is conventional, and the tired hostess offers us candy to compensate for the lack of pressurization.

We fly through a cloud-filled sky that parts occasionally to show patches of rich farm cultivation below. The plane's heating system is not regulated, and our top coats feel good against the cool air.

At Stalingrad we step onto a field that is pitted, and swept by winds. Everything appears dry and worn. Six courteous members of the Communist Youth Group help us to the waiting bus.

The bus would have won a prize at Kitty Hawk. Its sides are so wide that they project out over the wheels giving the impression that with the next breath of air it would tip over.

As we near the town, legions of fields, planted in trees to break the force of the dry winds, sway wildly.

After lunch our little bus carries us to the city architect's house and we meet him on the steps of his quarters. He ushers us into his "table model" room and we are seated around the elaborate city layout. Ordinarily arranged on the table is the model of the new Stalingrad. It stretches along the Volga like a white ribbon lying alongside a stretch of blue. White models of buildings and monuments are broken by reindeer-moss trees and the city assumes a look of being completely planned.

As the architect tells of the city, the war destruction, and the plans for the future, my mind once again faces the concept of the completely planned economy and community structure.

Following our orientation we proceed upstairs to the showing of the film of documentary scenes taken during the battle of Stalingrad. Where Stalin might have once appeared in the scenes, now only Khruschev shows his strategic fingers marking the maps of war.

After dinner we have our choice of seeing a circus or a variety act given by a touring Soviet group. I choose the variety and end up before a new theatre constructed on the banks of the Volga. The show is very similar to our Vaudeville and even has an Ed Sullivan-type master of ceremonies.

Monday, July 21

The tractor factory of Stalingrad lies out to the North of the city along the industrial region of the Volga. Gray smoke and brown flames rise from the numerous brick stacks which dwarf the steel and iron works.

In the tractor plant we sit down to a discussion with the secretary of the Young Communist Party, the plant director, and a group of interested youth. The director relates the role played by the plant during the War and how the factory, along with the rest of the region, had been a battle field in the front lines. We ask a number of plant-production questions which were fully and freely answered and then we start on a tour of the assembly line. Our cameras are left on the table.
"Why no cameras?" we ask.
"When our engineers were in Detroit they were not allowed to take either pictures or notes. Why should you?"

The plant is dark and smoke drifts to the ceilings in puffs from the various operations. In the line of machines only a couple appear up-to-date.

The diesel tractors roll off the assembly line at the rate of 100 per day. Their horsepower is said to be 50 and they are caterpillar models. The plant operates with 15,000 workers (30% of which are women) and they work two shifts a day that run for eight hours each shift. In 1959 the whole plant is supposed to be running on seven-hour shifts, reducing their 48-hour week down to 42. The average assembly wage is 1000 rubles a month and over 10% of the workers belong to the Communist Party.

Following the plant visit our host takes us to see the plant's Sport's Palace which is a center of worker activity. Here there is a gym, art, music and handicraft classes; and an auditorium. They are tremendously proud of everything here, and I wish that we could be there at a time when we could observe the workers actually using the facilities.

In the afternoon we journey to the top of the hill overlooking Stalingrad. While the guide tells the group of the different attacks made on the city by the Germans and how this battle had stopped the Nazi invasion, I kneel down and pick up a hand full of the sandy dirt. As I sift it through my fingers I see that left in my hand are pieces of shrapnel, and I hear the guide say, "After the War it was several years before anything could grow on this hillside."

Wednesday, July 23

This morning we get in the bus and journey a little way out from the town to see the Orthodox Cathedral of the city. The white church, with a slate gray bulb-like tower, has been rebuilt after the War with the Soviets providing the funds and the materials. (This is to show that the government had considered the church though the people hadn't put up their own money.)

Two priests meet us and ask us over to their reception room in an adjacent building where we can talk. As we enter the outer room there are several ikons, pictures of church officials, and the crucifix; but as we enter the receiving room we see a large picture of Lenin. Beside the Communist hang several smaller pictures of the Patriarch and a dwarfed ikon. When we ask him about the portrait of Lenin, he replies, "This is a reception room in which many guests are received. The church and the state are separate. Lenin was a great man who realized certain truths—and why not his picture?" That line of questioned thought ends.

Before we leave the church we are given small crucifixes and ikons. As I look around the church I see mothers, and grandmothers bring the very young with them and hold them in their arms to press their lips to the painted ikons. One old woman motions two of us aside, "No one believes. Just us few that are old. No one!" Her features spit venom from her thoughts and then she quickly turns and darts into the courtyard.

We go shopping before lunch in the government department store (I believe, it too, is called GUM.) The store has three floors which seem to display its goods in a series which confound the purchaser and force him to tour all three floors. The odor of the heavy perfume whips you in the face as you enter the store—but the counters are surrounded with customers. As I look for my post cards, curious glances follow my every move back and forth protecting his cement trust from the terrors of the sleepy night.

In the late afternoon we leave Stalingrad. Our next two days are to be spent on the Volga Don Canal which will carry the German and how this battle had stopped the Nazi invasion, I kneel down and pick up a hand full of the sandy dirt. As I sift it through my fingers I see that left in my hand are pieces of shrapnel, and I hear the guide say, "After the War it was several years before anything could grow on this hillside."

Thursday, July 24

The Volga is a sky-blue color rippled by the wind off the plains. Along the banks stretch mile on mile of small sagebrush, which eventually joins the dense spots of woods, visible from the water's edge. Earth, the color of marsh mud, is slowly falling into the river's wash. Along the horizon there are patches of roof-top silhouettes which mark the families of the collective farms. Sheep, cows, goats graze in the rich grass, or turn to standing in Volga water to cool their bottoms from the dry heat.

Joining the Volga and the Don Rivers is a canal of 13 locks ("There will be no picture taking while we are in the locks.") Towering above the entrance to the canal stands a "hard man" Stalin with a cast metal hand sticking into his military jacket like the Napoleon figures of another age. At each lock there is at least one guard who walks his slow pace back and forth protecting his cement trust from the terrors of the sleepy night.

Along the Don River the river traffic seems to grow in intensity. Log barges and coal carriers plow endlessly along the river, their waves mingling with the small wakes of the village fishermen. At times the river boat passes camps of
young pioneers who dash to the water's edge to sing to the passing vehicle. Hundreds of young children swim in the river and race frantically straight for the boat knowing that their strokes will bring them to the towering ship's wake just as we pass. Then they turn and head back to the waving red flags of their pier.

The passengers take great delight in surrounding us whenever, and wherever we go. They wait for us to do something, and it seems a hard task to communicate when I have so little control of the language. Especially, the young children and the old, seem to draw near. These exchanges are all extremely pleasant, and simply vibrate with the observer's curiosity. The most successful thing so far has been the pictures I took of Macon, Georgia and of the family. No one can ever believe Mother is my Mother—they all say she is so young.

All the facilities of the boat are ours. We are the only passengers who freely walk the bridge, sit on the front deck or eat such delicious meals. Our hosts are extremely generous and are, of course, quite determined to show us the best.

**Saturday, July 26**

This morning's trip to the combine factory illustrates a plant which is now turning over its production to the new series of machines which will increase the harvesting capacity of each unit. Touring the plant we see workers intent on making their products, despite the machines they have at their disposal. Not one turret lathe, no safety goggles, no protective aprons, gloves are few, and greasy floors make the working conditions something to be desired. Present production is about fifty machines a day with an estimated 180 this time next year. I wonder!

**Sunday, July 27**

Today we pile into the little bus and head out the cobble streets to spend the day in Novocherassk, which is but a short drive away. On the way we speak with one of the Consulal aides about news, and the subject of Soviet intervention in Hungary emerges. In her mind the rebels were Fascist and German-inspired—they were not workers, or students and did not represent anything but a group against "the people's government." "Why then are the refugees returning to Hungary now?" she concluded. These conversations are so extremely difficult because there is no common source of information which one can use as a reference.

We are almost late to our morning interview at the Polytechnical Institute.
At the bottom of the hill stands our elaborate hotel. The rooms are for two people and each has a balcony—ours overlooks the sea and provides wonderful scenery.

At the appointed time the door opens and in walks the doctor. She is completely clothed in white except for her two small feet which carefully follow a straight line to the balcony. In her white blouse is a black costume pin with one diamond in the center. It is the perfect match for her black glasses and deep expressionless eyes. She is short, specific and completely sure of her authority: "Today, you can have 10 minutes of sun. There are to be two minutes on the front, two minutes on the back and two minutes on each of the other two sides. You are to report back to the building at four in the afternoon for a physical and for the morning you are dismissed."

"Oh, yes," she calls as we leave, "you will be in bed at eleven p.m., and up at 7 o'clock for morning calisthenics. There is to be no alcohol on the premises."

After supper we spend a few minutes before the movie at the dance being held on the open-air veranda. Old couples, as well as the young, glide gracefully around the floor to the loud speakers' Viennese waltzes, and then as the melody is changed to a Russian polka the dancers change to the new rhythm and follow the folk dances of their country in unified precision.

The movie is a strange sort. The hero, who is a combination of comedian and wise idiot, becomes a soldier in the Austrian Army. He is assigned to be the aide of a chaplain in the Army Corp. The priest is shown in one drunk scene after another and finally sprawls himself over the pulpit during a service. I pick the moment when the soldier is helping the chaplain from his drunken slumber and walk out.

The moonlight on the coast is lovely. I don't walk any further than the area in front of the hotel because we are to be in bed at eleven. But as I sit on the beach a search light appears from the north beach and flashes out to sea. It dilates, dims, and cuts off. I look out to sea but only see the steady lights of a shipping vessel several miles away.

John and I stand on the balcony at curfew and see a soldier head up the beach past our room. Behind him, walking at a very rapid pace is one of our group. He looks up at the balcony and motions that he will be up and bursts out laughing. The soldier has disappeared down the beach.

Dave opens the door and quickly enters. He tells how he had walked down to the deserted women's swimming beach before going to bed. From the shadows he heard a man call to him to stop, and when the man appeared in the moonlight he was a Russian soldier who had his rifle pointed at his stomach. The soldier indicated he wanted his identification. He had none, and replied frantically, "Ya gavaro Americansee." The guard gets him to sit on the rocks and heads hastily up the beach.

We all felt sorry for the soldier who must have thought the American invasion had started.

Tuesday, July 29

At seven the whistle blows, and the sound of chattering voices pulls us to the balcony to see what is happening. Just as I feared—it is the call for the morning calisthenics.

After we throw on our bermudas we rush down stairs only to find that the Russian exercisers have already formed in three rows parallel to the beach. Men and women have taken their places in separate groups.

The leader, a young over-fat Atlas takes his place on the wall and begins to call out the different exercises, while from behind the group the accordion accompanies the rhythm of the director. The exercises are not rigorous, but they do wake you up. The group stretches, bends, swings its arms and then begins to march around the outdoor area singing "Physical culture, Physical Culture, it makes you prepared. It makes you prepared." (Prepared for what was never specified.)

Wednesday, July 30

Today I have an appointment to go sketching with a young Russian artist and his wife. They have journeyed down to the rest home to spend their vacation, and we have met by chance.

We walk up the hill of the rest home and down into the valley near the town. It is quite dry and pleasant here. Near us is the dry river bed marked by the washed stones, and far up the valley are the rising mountains which seem to provide a wall of protection from the gathering clouds. Finally we locate a spot on the little train and start to paint.

His watercolors are of a honey base and stick to everything. He uses a very small sheet of paper and seems to get an interesting effect. We talk of art through the aid of his wife and reach some general agreements. However, he has seen none of the things of Picasso since the things he did during the cubist period in Leningrad they have seen a recent show of the American painter Rockwell Kent. They enjoyed it tremendously and report that the gallery was always crowded.

EVERYWHERE WE WENT, WE WERE THE OBJECT OF RUSSIAN CURiosITY.
His wife is soon to teach English and she inquires about the book *Gone With the Wind*. “Is it popular in your country?” she asks and then goes on to say that she had once held it but has never read it. We are late returning to the rest home, but our conversation has spread to music and other things of mutual interest.

Tonight the movie is a musical and is called *Carnival Night*. I think of old Betty Grable musicals that I used to see as I watch this movie. It is fun to find the Russians thinking and acting in such a refreshing way and the audience truly enjoys every minute of the colored extravaganza. What a difference from last night’s show.

**Friday, August 1**

At last an excursion on the Black Sea. After breakfast we meet on the stone beach and stand in line while groups are rowed out to the waiting ship by young boys who could not be older than nine. Close to the shore, the sea is gray-blue and every square foot of the surface is alive with jelly-fish life. The clear globes float on the surface or remain submerged several inches under water.

As the vessel starts its motors and slowly pulls out into the sea, the water begins to turn from light gray to the characteristic black coloring. It is a beautiful trip with the Caucasus mountains rising from the water’s edge and the water highlighting the white salt spray against its deep dark color.

Sochi appears to be lovely as we approach from the sea. The tiers of houses and patios make me feel that I have found a bit of Italy once again. As we enter the harbor we see the new passenger terminal against the Sochi sky-line. It would have been a lovely structure but the architect resorted to the “neo-Stalin” tower to crown his creation and it, like all the others, becomes a combination of beauty and pointless horror.

This is the resort town of rest homes and medical sanitariums. The fluid of miraculous power is the sulfur water which throws its fumes into the frowning nose of every tourist. Patients are subjected to baths of sulfur, periods of smelling sulfur, and the continual stain of sulfur.

The new city theatre is closed but we are able to see a rehearsal for a play soon to be presented. It is a hopeful sight because there is not the usual set of garish people. The stage is nearly bare, the actors well blocked, and the monotone coloring of the set complements the lighting effects.

I will always remember Sochi for the courtesy and speed with which our traveler’s checks were cashed. We arrive at the bank completely unannounced and are received warmly and asked to wait. Soon the woman president of the bank ushers us into her office and the checks are signed. No show of passports is necessary. It is a refreshing experience.

**Monday, August 4**

Little breeze blows off the Black Sea today and the air in the room is hot. After washing the pile of clothes that had accumulated, I follow the group that has returned to the village for the morning.

I find no trace of the gang so I take the dirt road down to the beach. It is a dusty road which passes by a long line of Russian homes. Each house is fenced in by a wooden fence of upright boards. In the shade of the large fig and sumack trees is the family dwelling. Sunflowers and corn share equal favor in the garden as do the few tomato plants and clusters of cultivated garden flowers.

On the stone beach every square foot seems covered with humans sun bathing. There is no effort made to preserve segregation of the sexes here and all enjoy the heat of the sun shaded only by their bikinis. (I wonder why they told us to bring along extra-modest bathing suits.)

As I walk on the beach one woman stops me and frantically assaults me with Russian. I return the volley with the usual life saver, “I do not speak Russian” only to have a man raise his body from the rocks and say, “You must speak English.”

I was soon surrounded by four people, none of whom moved more than ten feet, who spoke English. An engineer, an English school teacher, and two workers, make up my panel of inquisitors.

The English teacher longs to speak of Jack London, Howard Fast, Sinclair Lewis, and Dreiser. The group’s favorite is Huckleberry Finn. One of the ladies laughs when she tells me that yesterday she had been drawn from the railroad tracks down to our volleyball game to hear our English. “To me, it is like music.” However, her children had been very disappointed to find that, “we were just like any other people and did not appear sinister villains with horns and a tail.”

As I walk back to town I see a group of the young university students playing volleyball in the dirt road. Their agility and development would, I believe, surpass any American group chosen at random as they were.

In town I want to buy carrots before I return to the starch-diet rest home. The market sounds are to my left and that is where I find some of our group. David stands between two Russian farmers, cracking sunflower seeds and spitting out German. I bought a string bag and soon it is weighted down with vegetables.

Before I leave the market, I begin to talk with a boy who is majoring in Chemistry. He is, as he puts it, a “jazz fanatic.” Our conversation works its way from the vocabulary of jazz into the less familiar field of modern art. To him, the idea of Modern Art is good—but he can not make any sense out of what he sees. We listen and share hand gestures, but are finally forced to leave the market for our lunch.

**Tuesday, August 5**

“The bus for the tea farm leaves right after this meal,” the director for the rest home announces at breakfast.

The highway follows the mountain terrain, hugging very close to the side of the embankment. Slowly the curves of the single lane ribbon carry us into the dense interior. Ahead of us there are three small caterpillar tractors struggling with a large rock that has been a part of the dirt slide that now blocks our path. We get out from the bus and watch as the three machines jockey into position trying to push the large obstacle from the highway. After a half an hour of struggle our administrator goes forward and talks to one of the drivers of the caterpillars. The magic formula pushes the right button once again, for soon we are plowing our way through the sweeping shovel of the caterpillar, able to continue on to our date at the farm. Nick, the administrator, gets our kidding for the rest of the trip for his ability to “push buttons.”

Over three hours after we started, our bus finally swirled down into a small valley and halts in front of a line of parked vehicles. Within ten minutes we are in the waiting cars for the trip to see the acres of tea. It is grown deep in the interior and on lovely sloping hills. As we look from the top down on the workers we see their white uniformed shapes bending over each bush and the sound of the snapping leaves and the workers folk songs drift slowly up to our vantage point.

“Can we see the inside of one of the workers’ homes,” we casually inquire.

“Of course,” the director replies obviously not realizing that these would be the first homes we have had a chance to enter.

Our Russian jeep stops in front of a
home and we knock on the fence. The small yard is surrounded by upright boards and the yard sports fig, peach and apple trees. Inside, there are four small rooms of brilliant white-washed walls. Two of the walls have been decorated by painted designs on the upper edge of the ceilings.

The first room has a table and two chairs, a book case of books by Jules Verne, and a small painting of Lenin. Off to the right is a small bedroom with two beds (single), a night stand, and clothes closet. On the wall hangs an embroidered tapestry. The other two rooms are bedrooms. Every inch of space is clean.

Outside there is the small little house where the cooking is done and this, too, is white-washed. A stove of baked clay occupies one corner and the surrounding walls are filled with various cooking utensils. The family shares a table which takes up the far end of the room.

Back at the main headquarters of the tea farm, the kindergarten we see is for the children of the workers. When we arrive they are all asleep and we tiptoe through their sleeping quarters. At least eight people are in charge of the sixty youngsters.

In the small community we see the high school. It is well equipped and we examine the electrical apparatus and laboratories used in the instruction of physics and mechanical machine shop.

Our lunch is a feast. Champagne, nuts, many meats, fruits and vegetables were all toasted down.

Thursday, August 7

A day and an overnight train ride carry us from the Black Sea to the large industrial city of Kharkov.

Today we meet a group of students traveling on the train with us from Finland. They have also completed a stay at the Black Sea as guests of the Soviets and are now heading back home. We speak of our impressions and enjoy having the opportunity of sharing experiences. There is much that our two groups have in common.

I meet a Soviet student who speaks beautiful English and I settle down to talk with him about things that are of interest to him. He speaks of his hope to one day travel to the United States or to England. "In that way I should really be able to speak your language after a year's study." I agree and ask him if there will be any difficulty in arranging such a trip.

"Well, it will be nearly impossible to come to the United States I think. But perhaps studying in England will be possible. I really don't know, because it is so very difficult to find out where to start making plans."

He asks of my past tour of Europe and our present travel in the Soviet Union and he wonders, "Did you have difficulty getting a passport?"

I explain the simple procedure and begin to tell him how the government of the United States is seldom sure just where you might travel when you receive a passport and its only restrictions on travel are specified in the front of the document. "When I bought my ticket for Europe," I point out, "the government did not ask me where I was going or what my business would be while abroad."

He shakes his head in disbelief and asks me many things over again just to make sure he has not misinterpreted my statements.

"That is wonderful," he quietly says, looking me straight in the face, "I had no idea."

One of the boys traveling in our group has a folder on the new cars in America and we begin to speak of the illustrated booklet that has been casually tossed on the seat.

"And how much would this cost in worker's wages? Do many people have such fine cars? Do all these different style cars come from one factory?"

His curiosity is endless and finally he says, "I have ordered a car but it will take some time to get it. I am number 550 on the waiting list and my town receives only 40 cars a year from the factory."

As we ride through the late afternoon we pass through the great Don Valley Region of coal mining and steel industry. The enormous pyramids of coal lie silhouetted against the late afternoon horizon. And the distant plants spire their torches of flame from the chimneys as steel is manufactured—some of which will later (much later) be used to make my friend's car.

Friday, August 8

On the morning agenda is a tour of the plant where air-conditioning units and home heaters are produced. The production that we see resembles that in a "job shop."

"Tom, don't you feel like these people are working like it was some kind of a relaxing hobby with them?" One of the girls has jokingly summed up my impression of their production line.

As we walk through the plant, I notice machines from Hungary, Germany, and the United States, all of which are of the engine lathe variety. We see workers painting and grinding with no goggles to protect their eyes while above them hangs an enormous poster on plant safety. Often the people work under poor lighting and after we ask about it, the production manager replies, "They prefer it this way."

After the tour of the production set-up we are given a chance to have hot showers in the workers' dressing room and jump at the opportunity. The showers are very clean and well supplied with soap, towels and hot water. After we dress, we are served a royal lunch.

Our hosts take us to a children's railroad after lunch and we get a first-hand observation of the youngsters at their job. The purpose of the railway is to provide a practical application of subjects taught in school (This one started in 1933, was destroyed during the war, and was rebuilt in 1943). The facilities accommodate some 2,500 children and the youngsters are divided into 16 work shifts. Diesel engines are a relatively new thing in Russia and we are not surprised to find the big working model being carefully examined by old and young alike.

The uniformed car porters show us to our seats and the train pulls out of the small station and clips around the track that circles the park. The signal flags are waved and we halt at a mid-way station for a short ten minute break before finishing our journey. The young boys and girls working the cars present us with some of their lapel buttons and we exchange U. N. buttons in return.
MANY PEASANT WOMEN WORK IN THE FIELDS OF THE TEA FARM.

As the sun is setting we drive out from the city to be present at a ceremony at the young Pioneer's Camp. Several gates are opened by boys in red neckerchiefs and our bus jogs to a halt on the dirt parking area. As we emerge from the bus we hear the sounds of the program well under way.

The uniformed youth are assembled in a dug-out portion of the flat parade ground. They form three sides of the ritual rectangle and face the reviewing stand which now contains dignitaries and a singing woman leader who leads everyone in a rousing song. We move in behind the crowd and watch.

The singing stops, the drums roll, and all the young boys and girls bring their arms up over their head. The trumpets sound and all join their signal in song as the flag is raised slowly up the painted flag pole. As the song ends and the woman shouts, "Are you ready to work for Lenin?" The youth shout in unison, "We are ready. Always ready."

The woman director smiles, begins a warm talk and some of the young children break from their places to bring flowers to us. They all clap as we are half directed, half carried to the center reviewing stand.

Once we are in our place there is a song and the bugle heralds their exit from the parade ground. "Left face," is ordered. "Forward march." And the marching procession of youth leave the field, turn and march past us on the elevated section of the parade field. Their groups are selected so that the best drill students lead the platoons. As they pass they turn their proud faces to look at the reviewing stand and goose step off the field. Behind me Bill Angliermier quietly says, "Take the flag and change the color and you will be right back in the Germany in which I grew up."

We are shown to the outdoor theatre where the youth are now assembled. They stand and applaud as we enter and are seated on the front row. The show is a delightful program of young talent but the sadness is again felt when Bob, next to me, translates one of the student's recitations: "We will die on our bloody knees for Communism if the need be." And the flowers in my hand become heavy and sticky.

The show ends and we are surrounded. Immediately I am adopted by three young girls of eight to ten and carried with them to see their living quarters.

The program has already begun and the master of ceremonies talks as if at any moment he is going to present the audience with the Ziegfield Girls. His hands pull and push the air, and his face strokes the audience into anticipation. Finally the blue curtain goes up and there are the students in front of a large University of Moscow monogram. Musically, the thirty-five students begin with a sound-off similar to the beginning of a MGM production (everything but the lion). Number follows number and the only in-
Wednesday, August 13

We are back in Moscow. After a morning of packing we arrive at the central office of the Committee of Youth Organizations, our summer hostel, and prepare for a discussion of complaints and suggestions which we think might add to the enjoyment of future exchange programs.

In the group are five of the Soviet students who have just returned as part of their delegation of twenty to the U.S. We have a chance to get acquainted before the meeting and one of them helps translate part of the proceedings during the meeting. As a group they seem awfully old and show little youthful spirit.

There is a farewell dinner given in our honor. I meet one of the young Russian girls who has just returned from the U.S. and we sit down to discuss our experiences during the meal.

She points out how very good it is to be back in Moscow. Her enthusiasm to know the things we have learned about the Soviet Union must equal my own interest in her impressions of America.

Briefly she tells me that she did not like New York City, but found St. Louis and Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to be quite nice. "Our whole delegation," she explains, "suffered from too many hot dogs and hamburgers. Though we thought they were very good. And do you know that during our entire stay we were not served any alcoholic beverage?" I couldn't say the same about our trip.

They found very few people who knew anything about Soviet life and to back up this observation George spoke from across the table, "... so we ask this group to name three cities in the Soviet Union and they sat there and thought. Finally, one gentleman replied, 'Moscow, Leningrad, and St. Petersburg.'" They wanted to know if we had encountered anything like this during our stay in the Soviet Union. My affirmative answer put us on common ground.

Then the words cascaded from her mouth, "We did not meet young workers ... we were offended by several of the newspaper write-ups we received ... and I must admit I was amused at the student's emphasis on religion in your country," I note with wonder as she continues, "We found American students to be extremely serious and forward in their thinking."

"Well, that is interesting," I reply, "because some have called us the Beat Generation in our country."

"But why? If there is a beat generation it must be in Russia. We have suffered two wars and you have not had any since the Civil War."

Thursday, August 14

The railroad track to Leningrad is perfectly straight. According to an old legend when the engineers asked Peter the Great where the rails of the train should be laid, Peter's action was to take up a ruler and draw a straight line between Leningrad and Moscow.

We arrive in Leningrad at 10:00 a.m. and go for our accommodations in the student hostel. It only takes a quick look to differentiate Leningrad from the rest of the Soviet cities. She proudly carries a European crown on her head.

The river laces a wide ribbon around a bank lined with old merchant houses. Off from the main waterway, small canals branch into quiet parks and woods that are drowsy in their patches of brilliant sunlight.

Larry and I walk the town for two hours. We decide to head down the main avenue and try to find the anti-religious museum (the Museum of Religious History and Atheism). On the way we find a lovely old Barok church now neglected. It is a pastel shade of blue with a sheltered courtyard that sits behind an old iron fence. Beneath the neglected whip cream cherub over the door, an electric light illuminates the lathe that now occupies the center of the nave. The sanctuary is now a place for metal repair.

On down the main street there is a second church completely closed except to the constant swirlings of pigeons that pop their heads to the corn thrown by an old woman sitting in the locked entrance.

The Anti-religious Museum was once a large church with a long colonnade that reached out to embrace the churchgoers. As we walk through the columns seeking an entrance, we realize that it is closed for today.

It is a pleasure just to walk the streets as eyes are sore of the Soviet "constructivism" that is setting the pace of the new buildings, and the old architecture in Leningrad is perfect in its period.

Down the canals we wander until we reach the closed Church of the Blood. It is growing dark and old women walk by the back of the church, near the place of the old altar, stopping to cross themselves. Some of the women carefully place little flower bouquets into the side of the wall, others kneel on the steps and face the locked doors in evening prayer.

Later this evening another Soviet acquaintance makes an interesting observation when he points out that, "We are very proud of our system of free education and scholarships. All of us enjoy the program of free medicine in the Soviet Union, but some of us are believers in more freedom of thought."

Saturday, August 16

After a look at the Russian Art Museum, Larry and I rush to reach the Anti-religious Museum before it closes. Two of the girls in our delegation are also interested in going, and together we retrace steps to the brown church and its open colonnade.

Hoping to get the full treatment that is given to the touring Russians we ask for

FROM OUR HOTEL WINDOW THE KREMLIN WAS AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT.
It is six, and we are late when we meet, we met yesterday at a planned reception, by some of the young Communists that name of "impartial science." Whatever I might have missed I missed showed a picture of the Virgin riding into a battle scene on top of a tank. Whatever I might have missed I missed much. One of the scenes we done the show on their own, that we试验.

We get into taxis and head to their apartment. The taxi speeds along the streets with complete abandon of any rules of the road. Our bodies seem to be equally on the seats, and hung in space, as we cross the rises in the streets at each intersection. A car that has been behind our taxi swirls beside us and the occupants scream something in Russian before pointing to the front tire and breaking into peals of laughter. The driver does nothing.

We casually mention to our host that we must be driving along on a flat tire and he inquires of the driver, "Will we make it?"

"Are you kidding!" He growls, and pushes the accelerator closer to the floor board.

Facing into the suburbs we begin to cross more frequent red lights, and people never miss a chance to point to our little car's wheel and laugh. Our own conclusion is that the tire is sitting at an angle and appears to wobble as we drive the street.

Halfway there, we begin to smell rubber burning. "Good heavens, it must have only seconds left," Anna says as she looks straight ahead. Another stop is necessary at a corner and smoke begins to billow into our back seat through the rear of the taxi. "There's no hope. We are on fire everywhere." Anna mumbles, still smiling and staring at the road.

In the Repin Institute, best known of all the Soviet art schools, two students view paint-

With tire wobbling and smoke in the car we pull up to an apartment house. We jump to the street and search the back of the cab for damage. Oil is on fire from some leaking line but the driver says, "It doesn't matter" and drives away leaving a trail of smoke and pointing people.

The apartment is on the third floor. Russian hallways are hard to see in at night and our entrance to the top is done with much groping caution.

Inside, Boris greets us at the door and Alla sticks her head out of one of the rooms to say she isn't quite prepared for our arrival. The apartment has a small living room, a room that serves as a wide entrance hall, a bedroom-kitchen combination, a toilet and a small bedroom, where Alla is now changing.

Supper is simple and yet we have a wonderful time, with the aid of the numerous toasts made in our honor. During the evening our more frequent questions are "Tell me, are you having a good time?" and "Is this the way you enjoy yourself in America?"

Sunday, August 17

The Hermitage collection of art is one of the greatest in the world. Upstairs on the third floor are the French impressionists and I go from gallery to gallery, completely unable to believe the treasures that are displayed. Upon leaving the gal-

ings. The foreground is taken up by an old architect's model of Leningrad's cathedral.
gallery. I try to buy reproductions of the French works but cannot find any.

This afternoon I go to a poster shop and ask the sales clerk for "anti-capitalist" posters. She brings out a number to select from and I purchase a cross section of those displayed. They all deal with the "beast of capitalism" being fed on the products of war, or some such subtle thought graphically portrayed.

Monday, August 18

The Repin Art Institute is one of the oldest and best known of European art schools. We have requested a special interview there this morning and nine of our delegation attend the meeting.

The deputy director sits facing our group over one side of the green felt table top. His companion is a woman who is the head of one of the faculties at the institute. As he speaks his hands move continually over the ornate carvings of his chair.

"Sir, what is the purpose of Soviet art?" one of our members starts us into the questioning with little wasting of time.

"The purpose," he answers immediately, "is to create an artist in such a way that his creative works can teach other people, and teach other people in the great course of building Communism."

"I see," the questioner continues, "and does this include the planned progress of art?"

"Well now, every picture is the result of individual creative expression and therefore you cannot plan creativity," His hands juggle the word "expression" and his companion looks down at his gesture.

"And suppose the art should develop into the abstract field—what then?"

The interpreter translates and waits, hears, and speaks, "Soviet and Russian Art Schools have a great realistic tradition. You can be sure that it will always develop in the realistic fields. If someone were to paint in the abstract, it would not be popular with the people."

The questioning continues and the panel tries to learn just what is the relationship between government and art. The director, to clarify a point, sits back in the chair and pulls both hands away from the arm support to use in his conversation. "Guidance does not mean the Communist party binds the individual. Rather, it simply points out the direction for creativity. Every artist may express his individual traits according to the great Russian realistic heritage."

From the other end of the table a question comes from Marty so fast that I can tell it has grown out of much stored curiosity.

"Sir, in every office there are pictures of Lenin or Khruschev. Are these copied or are they mass produced?" It is hopeless. As the interpreter translates I bow my head in uncontrollable laughter.

"Well, actually it is impossible to continually produce these portraits as a creative work." The director is quite serious. "We have special studios setup to copy these works for organizations. You will never see any great Russian art on the walls of factories as they all hang in Russian art museums or in the Tretyakov Gallery."

Hoping to once again set a serious pace the questioning turns to a question of "art for art's sake." The director prefaces his reply with a statement that the students are free to choose their instructors but, "... 'art for art's sake' doesn't exist because art can either serve our purposes, or be against our purposes." His point made, he reverses his crossed legs as if to sign a period to the statement.

Further questioning reveals that there is a council which is set up to review all works of art. I listen as one of the girls continues, "Does this means that all pictures sold in the Soviet Union must be sold through this committee or council?"

"If they sell to museums or organizations it must go through the council and every picture that is sold must go through a critique. For instance, students at this institute may sell their paintings but the painting must go through the judgment of the council of teachers and directors here. In the case of the action of the council in Leningrad," he continues with pointing drive, "the majority of these palaces of culture were established thirty years ago and now they must be reexamined to remove those works of no value which were purchased during this period when restrictions were lax." Feeling that the time is fast drawing to a close, I ask, "What do you feel to be the exciting new trend in Soviet Art?"

"Well, in the Soviet Union we have a lot of pictures on the revolution and great Civil War, but none of today's life. This is the most important task of the artist today: to express the modern life."

"Could you give us your opinion of the prospects of exchange of art exhibits—especially works now in the Hermitage?" Larry leans forward with keen interest.

"Briefly, we are trying to make as wide an exchange as possible. We hope to soon see the paintings of America but so far we have only seen the exhibition of Rockwell Kent. To judge about modern American paintings we must see the paint-
Rain splashes on the street as our bus heads for the train station. Inside it is steamy hot and every inch of space is crowded with the bags and bundles that must be lugged across Europe. The bus runs through the streets and passes all the marks that have served to guide us through these short days. St. Basil's, subdued in its late afternoon colors; Red Square, and still some people wait in the afternoon rain to see Stalin and Lenin; the Lenin Library, I never had the time to go inside—all pass and I wonder when I will return.

As we ride, the group begins to sing "Swing Low" and our Russian interpreters join in with us to sing all the verses they have picked up as we traveled with them.

At the station, there are many people to see us off. They are not the same ones that met us, rather these are our friends that we have met during our stay. Small gifts are exchanged and promises of letters soon to be mailed, are given.

I turn and look at our interpreters. They are busy wishing us well, but it is hard to say goodbye because these have been our companions for forty days and real bonds of friendship have grown despite differences on every imaginable subject.

"Now Vladimir, you write your name on this dollar and I'll do the same. Then we tear it in two, and when we meet again we will join the two and remember." And so it went, each in their own way saying goodbye to those they would find it difficult to see again.

Inside, we stand at the windows and talk with those outside who wait for the train to start its journey out of the Union. It slides off, slowly and quietly. As the car passes the line of friends, hands stretched from the window meet hands lifted from the platform and touch. "Till we meet again."

Very little is said as we go through the outskirts of Moscow. Mostly, we stand and watch the landscape—seeing nothing, only thinking.

"It's not that I'm crying because we are leaving Moscow or Russia," one girl sobs, "it's just that I hate to leave our friends here."

**Ship thoughts**

At sea, the ship slips back into its envelope of fog and there is time to think—to think and try to put together all the pieces of the puzzle.

The people, I shall never forget the friendliness of the people . . . there was never a time when I even looked distressed in the subway that one of the people wouldn't guide me to the hotel. We spent a lot of time with the students and they were eager to talk. The questions they asked were enough to keep you up at nights. (Do you believe in God? If you are a student of engineering, how can you? Do you like Rock and Roll? How do the workers of America live? Who lives better, you or us? Do you agree with the United States troops being in Lebanon?)

I think we were all amazed to find the deity qualities now attributed to Lenin. It wasn't easy to understand the worship of a hero to the extent that the song of many Soviet youths is "Lenin was, Lenin is, and Lenin will be."

In most Russian students' minds I believe there is no doubt that in time their country will excell and their system will be the hope of the world. Some few don't think this way though, and I remember our talks with them. "Is there anything I can do to help?" I asked.

"No." They admit.

And the warning, "I had a friend who talked with an American last year. The American wrote an article with his name in it, and now my friend has disappeared. No one ever heard of him again."

Poland was a contrast to the Soviet Union. I remember the difference of opinion between our delegation and a group of West Germans that we met within Poland. "This is the most Western place we have seen. Why, it is like returning to the Western world, as far as personal freedom is concerned," we exclaimed when sharing a bus together.

"Are you out of your minds?" they replied. "We have never in our life felt so repressed. Guess it just depends on which side you enter Poland from." Nevertheless, the shop windows sold modern art and reproductions of abstract works that stood competing with the "socialist realism" of the regime. The students love to dance Jazz and they are the equal of almost any Americans on the dance floor.

"We owe the clothes on our back to Americans." One Pole told me, "We shall never forget our relatives and friends in America who send us clothes to wear. They are just too expensive for us to buy."

"And those Czechs," another Pole shouted, "they don't have the backbone to stand up and fight for what they think is right. They have always buckled under."

Czechoslovakia was beautiful but suddenly I knew I was back in a country where the rule of the regime is absolute. Walking through the enchanting streets of Prague proved it to be one of the lovely cities in all of Europe. I could only wish for another week there to have a chance to paint and sketch.

"Take my word," the little Czech woman pleaded with every muscle in her face. "Oh, if I could only convince you that the military is in the German blood! How can you let the German Army be built up under the very Nazi leaders that killed thousands during the last war? Oh, I understand how you must call on men who have had experience—but not these. They have already killed thousands!"

Later we saw the posters and the illustrated descriptions of the leaders of the West German Army and their past "records" of war atrocities. Nothing, we realized, that we had said could probably outweigh the force of the propaganda.

Down the side streets we walked and into the lovely afternoon shadowed old town. "Up there on the hill is the statue of Stalin and the workers following behind his leadership." One person pointed out as we followed his finger's direction. "There is a joke that the workers are actually taking Stalin down to the river to drown him." He smiled as he turned back to the city.

It is over now but other exchanges must go back. This must have been only the first because they are so needed. The talks we were able to have with students were worth the trip. We actually knew very little about their country before going. I smile when I think back on the woman at the beach whose son was disappointed that we didn't have a tail and horns—and I know that others must go.
Tech's first defensive unit, which whipped Tulane, waits on the line for the Green Wave.

Kentucky's Bobby Cravens, the man who tore up the Jackets in Lexington, runs into two of his own men in this early action.

In a perfect action shot, Tech quarterback Fred Braselton throws one of his completions against Tulane to end Gereld Burch (86) who is coming up on the right. Braselton completed 3 for 9 on this, one of his worst passing days, and the defense won this one.
FOOTBALL: THE FIRST THREE

TWO LONG HOME RUNS by the Kentucky Wildcats combined with a wet, soggy field to hand Tech its first opening game loss since 1950, 13-0.

The Jackets, completely stymied by the Lexington rain and the Kentucky defense, relaxed twice during the evening and the Wildcats scored on a long pass play and a 31-yard sweep to take the game with ease.

Back home again the following Friday night, Tech was anything but impressive in taking a 17-3 win over Florida State. Until midway in the third period the score was 3-3, and Tech was being pushed around by the underrated Seminoles. Tech snapped out of it and drove 60 yards in 11 plays with Sophomore Frank Nix going over for Tech’s first touchdown of the year. FSU came right back and drove to the Tech 5 before the Jackets rose up and took the ball away. A few minutes later, Tech scored again with another sophomore, Reggie Logan, going over for the touchdown.

In Tech’s second home game, the Jackets looked much better whipping Tulane, 14-0. Defensively, Tech was superb as the Green Wave never got beyond the Tech 43. Tech scored in the second period on a five-play, 21-yard drive after a poor Tulane kick. Sophomore quarterback Howard eased it over from one yard out and sophomore Wells added the point.

In the third period, Fonts recovered a fumble on the Tulane 14, and suddenly, a lefthanded Irish (Delany to Murphy) pass put it over on one play. Tech put on one more good drive, a 65-yarder, that ended in frustration when the Green Wave stopped the Jackets four times within the one-yard line.

QUARTERBACK WALTER HOWARD (16) SNEAKS ACROSS FOR TECH’S FIRST TOUCHDOWN AGAINST TULANE.
REVENGE AT LAST

IN ANOTHER CLASSIC, single wing versus T football game.
Coach Bobby Dodd finally got his first victory over his
Alma Mater, 21-7, in four years.

A crowd of 44,726—a new record for Grant Field—saw
the Jackets parlay Tennessee's favorite weapons, quick
kicks and punt returns, into victory.

Tech scored first late in the first period when, after a
short drive had stalled, Tommy Wells kicked a 24-yard
field goal to make it 3-0. Midway in the second quarter,
sophomore Frank Nix caught a Vol punt and, with great
blocking, sped 74 yards for Tech's first touchdown. It was
a new punt return record against the stingy Volunteers.

Tennessee came back in the third period with an 18-yard
drive after a fumble recovery. Smith went over from the
one and the point made it 9-7. After the Vols threatened
again, Joe Delany broke it wide open with a 72-yard quick
kick to Tennessee's eight. After a short punt out, the Jack­
ets went 37 yards with Lewis going over from the 12 on
the old belly play. Another punt return, this one 46 yards
by James, set up the final score. Braselton eased over to
become the first upperclassman to score this season.
AND MINUTES LATER THE POWER OF THE SINGLE WING SWEEP IS PICKED UP AS THE VOLS GET UNDERWAY.

Cal James, ball clutched tightly after an early fumble, sets sail on his 46-yard punt return.

October, 1958

A study in contrasts: the Tech bench (above) as Jerome Green (83) goes over his great block that set Frank Nix (20) on his 74-yard touchdown run; and the Tennessee bench (below) as the Vols sweat out the game's last few seconds.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA—Coach Bobby Dodd and his entire staff of assistants were the guests of honor at the annual kickoff dinner of the Greater Atlanta Georgia Tech Club held on September 16. Over 300 enthusiastic Tech men turned out to hear the Tech coaching staff's appraisal of the 1958 season and to see the Bowl Highlights in color.

During the business meeting presided over by President J. L. Brooks, Jr., the club voted to incorporate and adopted a new set of by-laws.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Charlotte Georgia Tech Club held its annual summer outing at Bridgewater Lodge on Lake James near Charlotte. W. G. Thomas was host for the meeting which was attended by over 50 Charlotte alumni.

Freshman Coach Charlie Tate previewed the coming football season for the club. And Alumni Secretary Roane Beard was introduced by President Austin Thies.

Officers elected for the coming year included Wiley H. Arnold, president; James A. Stenhouse, vice president; and Edgar B. Montague, secretary-treasurer.

The Club voted to engage busses to take the members to the Duke game in Durham on November 1.

* * *

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA—Coach Dodd was the honored guest at the summer outing of the Columbus Georgia Tech Club. Over 120 Tech men were present to hear the popular Tech coach talk about Tech and football. Guests of the club were 15 local boys who entered Tech in September.

President Allen Bentley introduced the special guests from Atlanta which included Coaches Ray Graves and Tonto Coleman; Dean George Griffin; Bob Tharpe, a member of the Athletic Board; and Roane Beard and Bob Eskew from the alumni office.

HARTFORD, CONN.—The first full-scale meeting of the newly-organized Hartford Georgia Tech Club was held on June 26. Whitey Urban, assistant football coach at Tech, was the feature speaker at the meeting. President Roy Johnson introduced Whitey to the crowd of over 35 Tech men present for the meeting.

* * *

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—A crowd of over 80 members, wives and guests heard Tech President Edwin D. Harrison address the Madison County Georgia Tech Club summer meeting. Dr. Harrison spoke on "Tech, Today and in the Future."

Past President Hugh Camp was presented with a key for his services to the group by President Hermann Libbe. The following new officers were elected at the meeting: Carl L. Jones, president; Steve Johnston, vice president; Ben H. Keyserling, treasurer; and Ray Rich, secretary.

* * *

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Over 100 Tech alumni turned out for the annual summer dinner dance sponsored by the Georgia Tech Alumni Association of Southern California. There were no speakers and everyone enjoyed the evening of refreshments, food and dancing.

* * *

MACON, GEORGIA—The Macon Georgia Tech Club heard a talk on Georgia Tech by Public Relations Director Fred W. Ajax at their September 9 meeting. Presiding over the meeting attended by 65 Tech men was J. Paul Jones, Jr., the Club president.

* * *

MARIETTA, GEORGIA—Larry Johnson, director of Southern Technical Institute, briefed the members of the...Continued on page 28

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WITH THE CLUBS—Continued

Marietta Georgia Tech Club on their new neighbor, Southern Tech, at the September 30 meeting. Bob Wallace, Tech's head of publications, brought the group up-to-date on the campus building program. During the meeting, the club publicly thanked member John King for his work in helping Cobb County become site of Southern Tech.

* * *

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Freshmen entering Tech from the Memphis area were the honored guests at the September 5 smoker of the Memphis Georgia Tech Club. Associate Alumni Secretary Bob Eskew gave a short talk to the members and showed the Bowl Highlights movie. Plans were made for the club to travel as a group to the Tech-Ole Miss basketball game in January. Presiding over the meeting was President Bob Kinnebrew.

* * *

TAMPA, FLORIDA—Thirteen boys and one girl—all planning to enter Tech this fall—were the guests of the Florida West Coast Georgia Tech Club at their August 21 meeting in Tampa. Joe Smalley presided over the business meeting and asked Jim Warren to give a report of his scholarship committee. Guest speaker Coach Tonto Coleman was introduced by Club Secretary George Barron. Coach Coleman regaled the group with his tall tales and brought them up-to-date on the Tech team. The meeting was concluded with the showing of the Bowl Highlights.

* * *

OPERATION FOUR CITIES—The biggest Georgia Tech alumni rallies in the history of four areas in the South and Southwest were held during the months of August, September and October. Tech’s first speaking team—President Edwin D. Harrison, Coach Bobby Dodd, Association President Charlie Simons and Foundation President Ivan Allen, Jr.—carried the Tech story to alumni of the Miami, Houston, New Orleans and Dallas areas during these rallies.

At Miami on August 26, the group drew 185 at a dinner meeting; at Houston on August 27 over 135 turned out for the meeting; at New Orleans on September 22, 85 showed up for the meeting; and over 150 were expected for the October 24 meeting in Dallas.

This year was the second year of Operation Four Cities. Last year, Charlotte, Chattanooga, Birmingham and Jacksonville were the cities visited by the Tech leaders.

President Simons talks about these rallies in more detail in his column on page 4 of this issue.

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New England Life agent subject of feature article

To lead off his fine series of articles on various occupations, Juan Cameron of The Boston Herald focused on the accomplishments of Wallace J. Flynn.

Wally's been with New England Life four years — an agent with the Hays Agency of Boston. Previously he had held a good position in another field: merchandising manager of a large textile company. He is a graduate of Harvard (class of '46) and was an outstanding member of three varsity football and baseball teams. His college course was interrupted by service as a Navy torpedo plane pilot.

Why did he choose to go to work for New England Life? "I like the career opportunities of life insurance selling," Wally explains. "I now have control over my own time ... I'm sure of getting rewards in direct proportion to my efforts ... and I feel good about the complete cooperation I get from my company.

Perhaps a career of this sort appeals to you. There are opportunities at New England Life for other ambitious college men who meet our requirements. You get income while you're learning. You can work anywhere in the U.S.A. Your future is full of substantial rewards.

THE BOSTON HERALD, MONDAY, MAR. 17, 1958

$456 Billion Beckons Go-Getters

Life Insurance
Big Selling Job

(Business is more than the action within executive suites. It is the sum total of hundreds of skills and professions which build and operate the $456 billion U.S. economy. This is the first of a continuing series of Herald articles on various jobs and the persons behind them. They will appear on successive Mondays.)

By JUAN CAMERON

One day last winter Boston insurance salesman Wallace J. Flynn went to work on a friend who stated flatly he "didn't believe in life insurance." Several meetings later Flynn signed up his disbelieving friend on a $40,000 life policy with an annual premium of $1000.

Such efforts of the 33-year-old Flynn have opened the eyes of thousands other insurance men.

You can easily get more information by writing to Vice President L. M. Huppeler, 501 Boylston Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts.

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Carl S. Ingle, CLU, '33, Jacksonville

Henry W. Malvin, '51, Savannah
Joe A. Sowell, '47, Montgomery
Alumni Loyalty Trophy deadline set for week of Georgia game

The smiling man at the extreme left in the picture is Association President Charlie Simons receiving the Tech-Georgia Alumni Trophy at last year's game. The trophy is presented annually to the Alumni Association securing the highest number of members in its annual Roll Call drive by the eve of the Tech-Georgia game.

This is the third year of the contest which grew out of a challenge by the Georgia Alumni Society. Only contributions of $5.00 and up are counted in the contest. All contributions must be in the alumni office by 10:00 A.M. on Friday, November 28, to count in this year's contest.

Tech whipped Georgia, 6,775 to 4,910 last year and 6,608 to 4,183 in 1956. The cup is the center of the contest this year. If you haven't sent in your Roll Call contribution be sure and do it before November 28. We can't afford to let that cup find its way over to Athens.

Seventeen freshmen at Tech through scholarships from clubs

Seventeen freshmen entered Georgia Tech this summer and fall through scholarship programs established by Georgia Tech Clubs across the country. This is a record number of alumni club scholarships for the Institute.

The Greater Atlanta Georgia Tech Club contributed 10 scholarships to Atlanta area boys. The recipients, their high school and their course selections included: Bryon W. Burgess, Milton (Alpharetta), CE Co-op; Harold W. Culp, Roosevelt, AE; Ronald E. Daniel, Fulton, Arch.; Ronald H. Hardy, Sylvan, ME; Jasper B. Hulsey, Jr., Hoke Smith, CE; Lamar A. Long, Grady, ChE; J. Hugh Maddox, Hapeville, EE; Roy S. Sillay, Brown, Phys.; Ronald L. Stucki, Sylvan, Phys.; and John M. Suttles, Southwest, EE Co-op.

The Augusta Georgia Tech Club sent Edward C. Howard of Richmond Academy (EE Co-op) and John Carl Walden of Wrens High (ChE Co-op) to Tech under their scholarship plan.

Mark C. Smith of Woodlawn High School in Birmingham is taking an EE course through the scholarship plan offered by the Birmingham Georgia Tech Club.

Attending from Lamar High School in Houston, Texas is Ronald W. Woliver (ChE Co-op). He is sponsored through a South Texas Georgia Tech Club Scholarship.

And, for the first year, the Southwest Georgia Tech Club of Albany sent three students to Tech on scholarships. They included the Purvis twins (Donald and Ronald of Sylvester High School) and Clifford McSwain of Turner County High School in Ashburn, Georgia. All three of these students are studying EE under the Co-op plan.

All of the Tech Club scholarship winners are selected for scholarship ability, leadership and need.

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THE RED AND BLACK'S TROPHY

A new trophy in the form of a beat-up bucket has been added to the Tech-Georgia Loyalty Contest. The Loser's Trophy will be presented to the school getting the least number of alumni contributors by November 28. The presentation will be made prior to the Tech-Georgia game at Athens on November 29 at the same time as the winner's loyalty trophy is presented. The losing school must display the beat-up bucket in a prominent place on the campus for one year. Tech has won the winner's trophy for two years in a row now, let's be sure that this new award goes to Athens:

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