



Richard M. Caldwell, '26 journ., city editor of "The Sapulpa Herald," takes us on a delightful pleasure tour to historic New Orleans where John McClure, '15 arts-sc., dean of the Oklahoma writing clan, lives and works. At the left is Lyle Saxon, well known southern writer, whose books "Fabulous New Orleans" and "Old Louisiana" preserve the old south of this section in literature. Mr Saxon is enjoying a little quiet at Melrose plantation up on Cane river. The photograph on the opposite page is of Madame St. John's Legacy on Dumaine street in the French Quarter, buried in romance of early Orleanistic days. It is the residence of artists and apartment holders

## Glimpses of New Orleans

BY RICHARD M. CALDWELL, '26

**L**OVERS of cats find heaven in New Orleans in the spring time, fat cats, lean cats, meandering day and night about the narrow alleyways of the French Quarter. Fortunate person who is not too omen-conscious to mind their mewling, for nearly every street prowling cat in New Orleans is the potential conductor to some quaint historical spot or enchanting court-yard in the *Vieux Carré*.

Nice motherly sort of Tabby soul that caught my eye one morning off Royal street on Dumaine. An Irishman in the quarter with a humour better than his service, answered an inquiry for direction to Madame St. John's Legacy by saying, "follow your nose and the cat in front of ye!"

Grand idea, only the cat scuttled under one of the most famous gates in New Orleans. Through the same doorway, river pirates and noted brigands of delta history passed, in chains, in the early 1800's. Madame St. John's was a plantation house even before it became the first prison of that section. By legend, a very wealthy planter, Monsieur St. John, became enamoured with a beautiful quadroon girl. He could not marry her but at his death left her a legacy, the rather forlorn, grim, and mysteriously shuttered river house. Hence Madame St. John's Legacy a frowning and drab structure, typically laden with the romance of early Louisiana.

Intriguing tradition pervades every nook of the Quarter. While the habitues sit in their shuttered apartments, one step off the sidewalk, or on their exquisitely wrought-iron balconies, they trade colored bottles. Between snatches of conversation on Lyle Saxon's first novel which is nearing completion and Alberta Kinsey's courtyard, one hears that there never existed the fleshly prelate reputed to have pranked so wholesalely up and down Wicked Priest alley. In fact the very name is denied and the narrow passage-way is said to have originally accommodated LaFitte, the pirate, and there is no record of the antics of any lusty and prurient monk so imbedded in the saga of the St. Louis Cathedral square.

In the shadow of this noted church, on Orleans alley, is the small balcony of John McClure, '15 arts-sc. A nice setting to hear his reflections on early days in Oklahoma and at the University of Oklahoma. But McClure, whom H. L. Mencken has called one of the three ablest literary critics in the country, is a typical resident of the *Vieux Carré*, sequestered in the antiquity of the Parisian architecture and hidden from the buzz of city atmosphere.

Especially stately at night, in the churchyard, is the statue with upraised arms. Its shadow reaches to the very cornices of the large St. Louis cathedral making of the scene a mammoth back-

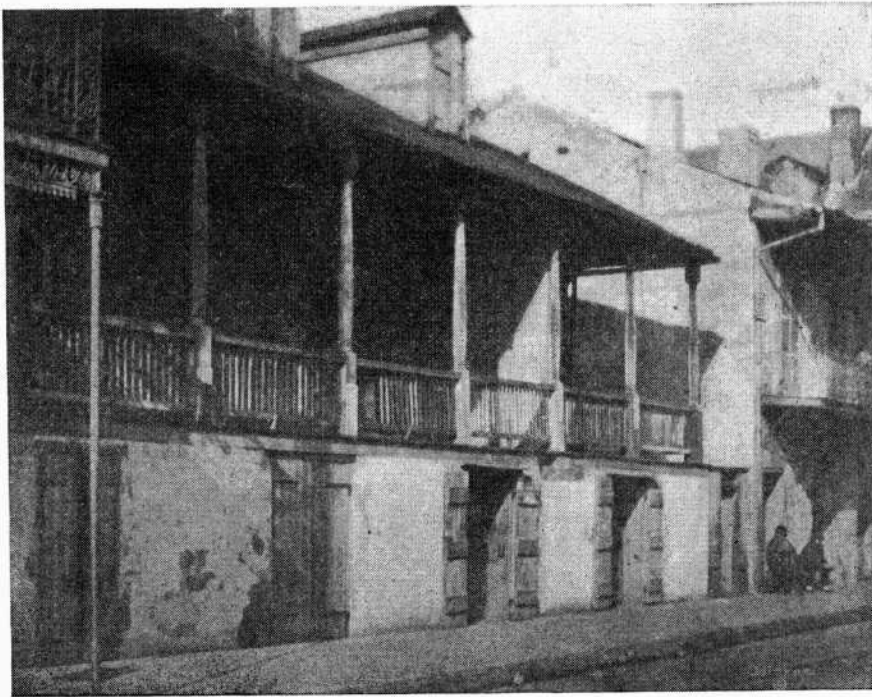
drop for some miracle play that might be just beginning.

Not many steps, any direction, up and down one-way streets, is to find the famous eating places, Antoinnes, Arnaud's, Broussard's, Patio Royale, The Green Shutter,—each with some special cuisine. It is said they go first to Antoinnes, Sara Bernhardt's old rendezvous, but they eat at Arnaud's again and again.

Shop after shop of exquisite old jewelry, yesterday's furniture and antiques lure buyers who ask for cloisonne, which they do not want, but a search for which busies the man while they sigh and spar over some dream piece of pewter. Horrors!—to find the man knows the value of old pewter too.

So French is the Court of the Lions on Toulouse that Dumas might throw his cloak about his shoulder and step out of that house any dusk and not seem out of period,—and so modern is the little shoe-shop a block away that its sign reads, "*Vieux Carrie*."

Bright splotches of color dot French town. A gay squawking parrot perches on a lacy iron balcony rail, with curtains drawn so snugly in the casement window behind that there is the haunting feeling that concealed eyes are glaring on all who walk below. There is the throaty whistle of river boats that means cargo is coming in or leaving in the day time and at night, dance palaces squatting on the shimmering water like electrically



lighted rosettes and then again the tinkle of an announcement bell in some courtyard and the laughter of a gay party on the open flag-stoned patios.

Age is truly venerated for its intrinsic value in the Vieux Carré. Eldon Holmquist who lives in one of the nicest apartments of period furniture, boasts about his rose tile roof, one of the three original ones to remain since early Orleanistic days. Alan Lanyon, at Adelina Patti's court on Royal, carries on the traditional gayety of this place with stories of the colorful soirees this fêted diva held continuously at her residence in the quarter in 1862.

Mamie Gorham, at Trail's End, offers the dark old passageway walls leading to her court, for the signatures of her friends. Her "Hall of Fame" already carries imposing names of southern raconteurs. Snatches of plain tales told of death scenes on the execution wall of the Cabildo, museum now and former townhall and Lafayette's rooming place, are gathered from most any apartment holder or shop-keeper about the Cathedral square. Condemned prisoners were lined beneath an old lamp and shot.

Those of the old quarter know and love its background.

But it is more stimulating legend one invariably hears of the Creole society who lent the foreign touch to the architecture and customs, the Spanish courtyards and balconies,—the French cuisine. Midnight and it is the time to stroll down to the old French Market for coffee. Every one does,—and it is to find the cats of the quarter going to

market too, not for coffee. They have caught the spoor of fish! Ah me,—to follow them back home.

Palms and banana tree shadows, exotic! Waxy red pomegranate blossoms, azalea, mammoth oleanders, bayou cypress, festoons of grey moss, insinuating noises from "Ole Man River" at night, dusty doorway fans, transients, keepers of musty, dim-lighted inns, bring on an unescapable spring cosmos.

What?—Somebody has mentioned "Aunt" Cammie McHenry's place up on Cane river where the artist visitors inhabiting the old negro quarters of the plantation have named the cows after Greek goddesses, Minerva, Daphne, Ariadne, Sappho,—what Sappho?—Co boss, co, co!



## ASSOCIATION PROGRESS

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ties and gatherings, some of which were in observance of an important date to them—their wedding anniversary. Now comes the important Golden wedding celebration and many intimate memories of Norman, the university, and friends here will come to them that day.

J. L. Rader, librarian, and Dr. Roy S. Hadsell are doing their best to pass the word around to friends of Doctor and Mrs Boyd. It will be practically impossible to notify all since friends and acquaintances of the couple are so numerous. Mr Rader says that Doctor Boyd is emphatic in making it clear that he does not wish presents of any

kind, but that he is very anxious for many homely letters. The address is 522 North Louise street, Glendale, California.



## California-bound

Frank S. Cleckler, '21 bus., executive secretary-treasurer of the University of Oklahoma Association, will attend the meeting of the American Alumni Council at Pasadena, California, August 11 to 13. Secretary Cleckler plans to witness the Olympics at Los Angeles while on the west coast. He will drive from Norman.



## OUR CHANGING VARSITY

### Indian Institute bill

The house of representatives has approved the Swank Indian Institute bill for a total of \$100,000, according to word received from Congressman Swank. It is proposed to establish on the university campus an American Institute of Indian Civilization and the bill would make possible such establishment.



### Pearl Webb Johnson

"The Philosophical Foundation of the Concept of Purpose" was the thesis title offered by Pearl Isabelle Webb Johnson for the degree of doctor of philosophy conferred on her at the June 7 Commencement. Doctor Johnson holds her A. B. degree from Valparaiso university (1916) and her M. A. from the University of Oklahoma (1918). Doctor Webb was born in St. Clair county, Missouri, December 17, 1882. She taught in Waynoka, Oklahoma schools from 1911 to 1913, then was an instructor in Dickson, Tennessee schools from 1914 to 1915 and superintendent of Depew, Oklahoma schools in 1918. From 1918 to 1924 she was director of normal training in Norman high school.

The abstract of Doctor Johnson's thesis follows:

In recent years new educational theories are constantly appearing and old practices are undergoing criticism and revision. There is, however, little unity in the educational field, practically no conscious agreement as to what shall determine the method or goal of education, and almost no attempt to trace educational problems to their fundamental source.

Certain contemporary educational theories appear to harbor inconsistencies. Some would seem to contain "hidden philosophies," It seems difficult for example to harmonize a method and curriculum based upon the principle of purposive behavior with a mechanistic psychology of learning, or to reconcile a doctrine of interest on the part of the learner with a theory of mechanical habits as the core of learning.

Upon what do educational theorists base their claims? In answer to this question is proposed this thesis: theories of learning are the embodi-

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