TODAY on every hand one hears of the need for the education of the adult. It has even been suggested that there be compulsory education from six to sixty. A war has again taught us that we are not as skilled and disciplined as we thought we were, or as we know we must be if we are to continue a representative democracy.

Of course, adults are constantly learning from radio, movies, books, and contacts with people; but a certain amount of regularity, of periods or cycles under the instruction of an authority in some field in which we ought to know more, is immeasurably superior to the usual haphazard fashion. Certainly members of professions, teachers and physicians especially, should take "refresher" courses frequently. They can be as pleasant experiences as Jane Monroe found hers to be. To be sure, one reason she enjoyed them so much was because she often received scholarships that enabled her to go frequently to distant schools without too great a financial strain.

After her first year of teaching, Jane Monroe received a scholarship to Chautauqua Institution where she attended the classes of New York University. Having had only a normal school education, she seemed to start a completely new life in the intellectual atmosphere between Kellogg Hall and the stately Hall of Philosophy where four years later she received a diploma for the correspondence course of the C. L. S. C. Incidentally, this course, planned by Bishop Vincent, was almost the first directed adult self-education in our country.

In a few years Jane started teaching in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the only city in the United States with an almost free teacher-scholarship plan. It was made possible by the Henry Clay
Frick Educational Foundation which pays approximately two-thirds of all expenses. When offered her first Frick scholarship, Jane eagerly scanned maps as well as summer session catalogs. Finding that Harvard University opened its doors for six weeks to women, she decided to hear the Brahmans speak and see the beauty of New England's historic land.

Jane Monroe entered the class of that famous teacher and historian, Dr. Charles Haskins. And what a survey course it was—"from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Present Day, including the Peace Conference." (World War I, please.) Despite weekly tests and consultations with an assisting professor, some students fell by the wayside from historical indigestion. Jane, however, determined to finish the course and by eliminating many planned excursions, passed the rigorous final examination. Yet she had managed, somehow, to see the two desks in Longfellow's study, get lost in several Boston circles, cross a bridge at Concord, listen for "the shot heard round the world" at Lexington, watch the white sails at Marblehead, climb a hidden stairway in Salem, ponder over a certain stone at Plymouth, and try to reconcile the Cape Cod of the Pilgrims with the numerous Portuguese taxi drivers and the flamboyant artists found in Provincetown.

After leaving Boston, she became acquainted with New York theaters at Broadway and 45th Street and with the Metropolitan Art Gallery. Indeed it was then Jane first realized that her own city, Pittsburgh, was the only one in our country to have a yearly international art exhibit. With all these new impressions, this widened viewpoint, one can not doubt that she gave her pupils better instruction the following year.

Several years later, Miss Monroe, again with map in mind, applied for and received a scholarship to the University of California, Los Angeles Branch. After a day at the Grand Canyon, which impressed itself upon her memory as irreparably as the Colorado has upon the surface of the earth, this teacher, with two others took an apartment in Hollywood where the school was then located. She had been too busy teaching grade school and attending night classes at the University of Pittsburgh to inquire about instructors, but she reasoned that a visiting instructor must be good or he would not have been invited. In so doing, she passed by some fine resident professors and took young Dr. William
Yandell Elliott of Harvard for the study of the Constitution, and elderly Dr. Parrott of Princeton for an English course. She did not regret the choices and found the ideas of these two men very stimulating.

A first visit to California left many indelible memories: the Mission Play at San Gabriel, the Torrey pines against the blue Pacific near La Jolla, the chapel at lovely San Juan Capistrano, the glass bottomed boat at Catalina, the bells at Riverside, the mile of deodar trees in Pasadena and, yes, the hot tamales of Tia Juana just over the border. All these impressions changed Jane, perhaps, as much as the acquisition of four more credits toward her degree.

Furthermore, there was the impress of more pleasant memories on the way home. After examinations were over, four congenial people, on a deserved holiday which had been partly financed by the Frick Foundation, should have a delightful time. They saw the mosaics of Leland Stanford Chapel on the way to that cosmopolitan city, San Francisco. The Joss House in Chinatown, the Jade room at Gumps, the view from the roof of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, the furs and fogs of San Francisco in August: these all intrigued them greatly. Coming home by the Union Pacific, the group climaxed their summer with the fearful, awful beauty of Yellowstone Park.

By using her evenings, Saturdays, and vacations, Miss Monroe finally acquired a Bachelor's degree and then a Master of Arts degree. Becoming intensely interested in the colonial soldier who was the subject of her thesis, she decided to write the first biography of the man. Christmas and summer vacations were spent searching distant libraries and court-houses. By 1936, she knew she should do research in London and in Edinburgh.

Telling her need to the Frick Commission, Jane asked for a scholarship to a short summer course given at the University of Cambridge in England. The check received would almost pay for her tourist passage which was the largest item of expense. During the remainder of the summer she planned to search for the material needed and also see the land where American history began. She was granted her request and soon started on one of her busiest and happiest summers. Although she had no companion on account of her budgeted time and her peculiar work, she was sel-
dom lonely. As the Britannic slipped out of New York harbor that rainy day in late June, she found herself standing beside a Canadian nurse, also alone. That instance was symbolic of the whole trip—when Jane Monroe had time for new acquaintances or old friends, they always came. She still hears from the Canadian nurse, and no one can tell her that the British are cold and distant.

Most of the passengers got off the ship at Southampton, but Jane stayed on another twenty-four hours and landed at Tilbury dock on the Thames. In this way, she had a view of La Havre, France, where the Britannic touched, and also had the experience of an exceptionally foggy night in the English Channel. In the clearing morning, views of Dover and Calais with their wealth of history were a reward.

From St. Pancras Station, London, Miss Monroe drove directly to the English-Speaking Union Headquarters at Dartmouth House, Berkeley Square, in the Mayfair district, where she stayed two weeks. Although an old member of that splendid organization, she was now able for the first time to accept its help which was especially appreciated for planning her sightseeing trips.

You must hear about Jane's first night in London. She thought Scheherazade could tell nothing more strange. She had received an invitation to the reception of the Fourth Quinquennial Anglo-American Historical Conference opening in London that night. After a maid had pressed her one evening gown and the Club Secretary had given her valuable suggestions and encouragement, she taxied shortly after ten at night to the magnificent Lancaster Palace which houses the London Museum. Checking her wrap, she stood waiting trying to call up courage to go alone up that grand staircase. She noticed another woman, seemingly in the same state of hesitancy. Remembering the reserve of the British, Miss Monroe spoke first, saying she was a stranger. The result was that she went proudly up the staircase with the daughter of a former Member of Parliament to the strains of the Londonderry Air played by the Irish Guards. After being introduced to the Commissioner of Education, the two women wandered happily through the museum and out into the lighted garden where refreshments were served. As Jane rode back to Berkeley Square late that night she thought gratefully of Henry Clay Frick, but wondered whether her summer might not seem drab after this marvelous introduction.
But it was not. Attending the sectional meetings of the conference, delving into old letters in the Manuscript Division of the British Museum, seeing the most important of the historical shrines in London, spending an evening in Parliament listening to Ellen Wilkinson fight for labor, seeing *Pride and Prejudice* at the old St. James Theater, visiting the Bowes Street School to see how the English teach history, and taking a side trip to the mother Cathedral of Canterbury—all these activities made her two weeks' stay in London memorable indeed.

A day's journey on the Flying Scotsman took Miss Monroe next to Edinburgh. There she worked in the General Register House and hunted for the birth place and early background of the man she was studying. In the course of this search she called on a Scottish school master and was entertained in a pre-Cromwellian manse. Moreover, she followed Knox and Scott into many ancient castles and over many haunted moors.

After making arrangements with a research worker, on whom she could call for further aid, Jane decided to have a week-end in Ireland before the opening of the Cambridge course. She bought a new umbrella—if it rained more in that green land than in Scotland and England in the summer of 1936, she would need an ark—and left for Stranrear by way of Glasgow. Though the short trip across the choppy Irish Sea to Larne made many old travelers ill, Jane enjoyed every minute of it. Her short stay at the Station Hotel in Belfast was made pleasant by acquaintances who had planned an auto trip round lovely Down and Antrim. Then by train Jane went to Port Rush and the Giant's Causeway. From Belfast Jane traveled to York, England, in one day—considered a long trip over there. The next morning, views of the York Minster, the Merchant Adventurers' House, the old walls and the shambles, made her wish desperately for more time. In the afternoon, the Secretary of the York Branch of the English-Speaking Union took her over the moors to the quaint old market town of Guisborough in the North Riding of Yorkshire. After inquiries she found Holbeck Farm and was permitted to enter the house in which her grandmother had been born. That discovery and the ride on a rare day of sunshine with two cultivated English women made the motor trip a happy experience.

The following day, accompanied by the usual downpour of
rain, Jane arrived at the Porter's Lodge of King's College, Cambridge. That summer, for the first time and possibly for the last, women were allowed to eat in the great dining hall; the hostess seemed almost overcome with the great honor and expected her guests to be similarly subdued.

She felt at home in Cambridge, partly because several other Pittsburghers were there and partly, perhaps, because her stay in Gore Hall, Harvard, while using her first Frick Scholarship, had conditioned her mind for the style of dormitories and quads in Cambridge. Here were the originals from which Harvard was patterned. The quiet, the lack of bustle and commotion were certainly conducive to brain work; the whole ensemble was the proper setting for the study of the history and literature of the sixteenth century.

Professor Ernest Barker, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, lectured on "The Tudor Conception of a Gentleman." In early days, he said, a knight needed good birth, but later he had also to have intellectual qualities. According to the name attached to an informative article in the *New York Times Magazine* for December 10, Sir Ernest Barker now knows from experience the reward for this dual requisite.

The speakers at the summer session were not all from Cambridge University. Professor A. L. Rowse of Oxford made Henry VIII a potent, striking character full of self-idolatry—"as obvious as a mountain." Professor J. Dover Wilson of the University of Edinburgh made Shakespeare's character of Holofernes in *Loves' Labour's Lost* one to despise. This ancient schoolmaster had only the husks of learning; he had mistaken the letter for the spirit. In order that his modern successor not do likewise, Professor Wilson thought every teacher should read this play every year on Ash Wednesday! Another day Jane was startled to hear Professor R. W. Chambers of the University of London make the statement in his lecture on Sir Thomas More that a portrait of that saint had recently gone to the Frick Art Gallery without a word of protest from Britain.

The lectures were given every morning and often in the afternoon. Chilled to the bone after sitting for hours, Jane understood why the English love their tea. She often stopped at the Black Friar, built in 1500, or the Blue Boar Hotel where she later
stayed, for a cup of China tea and a snack before going for a walk along the "Backs."

Trips with other Pittsburgh girls and with new acquaintances to Ely Cathedral and to the grounds of Sandringham Palace, and daily visits to other colleges and the book stalls made the time fly much too quickly. Soon the session closed and with another Pittsburgh pilgrim Jane passed through Bedford on the way to "the spires of Oxford" and the treasures of the Bodleian Library. And how much happier these pilgrims were than those of Bunyan! In the few days before their ship sailed, they almost surfeited themselves with things to remember. A little girl on the train to Banbury, reciting "Riding a cock horse to Banbury Cross;" the peaceful nine mile drive to Sulgrave Manor, where Mr. Carter gave his descriptive talks about the ancestral home of Washington; Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon; Bath with its ghosts of many centuries, and the lovely views from Beecham Cliff and Combe Down; Wells, and Jane's favorite cathedral. She actually saw the swans pull the rope at the Bishop's Palace. And the wine cellar, five hundred and twenty years old, of the Swan Hotel—have they made different use of the cellar lately? Hallowed Glastonbury; the Round Table in the Great Hall at Winchester; Beaulieu Abbey and the New Forest—these and many other memories were tucked away before the Georgie sailed from Southampton.

Home again, Jane Monroe was kept busy with new school work. She enjoyed teaching history to high school students much more since she could add fresh zest and information to the formerly dry chapters. Also, thanks to the material found in the British Museum and the General Register House in Edinburgh, she completed the extra work she had been doing.

For the fourth time, in 1942, Jane received a Frick scholarship. Because she wished to know the South better and to attend again the Institute of Public Affairs, she chose the lovely campus of the University of Virginia. Her history courses there under Dr. Thomas Perkins Abernethy, one of the best known southern historians, gave her the Virginian and South Carolinian slant to our history rather than that of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

The Institute of Public Affairs, though cut to one week on account of the war, was of the same high quality that Jane had found at a previous session. Dr. Brooks Emeny of Cleveland was
one of the best discussion leaders; and many economists, students of government, army and navy men, and diplomats of this and other countries talked on the general topic, "New Strategies for War and Peace." It was all tremendously stimulating.

Jane Monroe was particularly fortunate in another way. She had determined not to live in a dormitory or a hotel. She wanted to catch something of the old South; she was, therefore, happy to live at the home of Miss Mary Minor Lewis, a collateral descendant of Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and to be told old tales of colonial and early nineteenth century Virginia.

There were a few other guests. Three were teaching the future Amgot—those who were to help in the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories. One of these professors was Dr. Hugh Borton of Columbia. He was teaching Japanese. Several years previously when he had decided to take his doctorate in that language he had gone to the University of Leyden in Holland. Jane thought he was a young seer. Despite the black shadow of war the table conversation was merry as well as witty, and no guest would ever forget the delicious dinners served in that spacious dining room with lovely Evelyn Byrd looking down from the wall.

The scent of the mimosa and the magnolia as Jane went up the Serpentine Walk to the Rotunda, the ghostly students of the ancient West Range, the singing mockingbird on Houdon's statue of George Washington, stately Monticello with its distant view, the boxwood of Ash Lawn; all these were more memories to be tucked away for the schoolroom.

With grateful thoughts of Mr. Frick's generosity, Jane started home in a round-about-way—down into southwestern Virginia and through the old Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, Tennessee. After seeing the Norris Dam, she was induced to acquire a more adequate knowledge of the Tennessee Valley Authority. The long train ride through that state and Kentucky to Louisville gave Jane her first idea of those famed meadows and mountains. Returning from Louisville to Lexington, Kentucky, she explored the old library of Transylvania College as she had explored the old museum of Washington and Lee in Lexington, Virginia.
So, finally, Jane Monroe returned from another summer in which, she had "enlarged her horizon" by study and travel through the generosity of Henry Clay Frick. The connotation of that phrase is never the same. It is cumulative. Not only should her next year of teaching be her best, but surely, if she lives to be a hundred, she will always be a happier, more tolerant, better informed citizen of the United States.