

# Newspaper Cannot Record True Greatness Of Dr. Nash

By Joanne F. Smith

Tuesday, May 6 —(7 p. m.)—The evening paper lies before me on my desk. In the concise cold style of the newspaper world the death of a great man is recorded. In paragraph after paragraph the common facts of his life are written.

But the greatness of Dr. Philip C. Nash will never be found in any newspaper story. His greatness has been written in the hearts of those who knew him. Tonight I am remembering a tall white-haired man who used to tip his hat and pause to exchange a few words with students when he passed them on the walk leading to University hall. President Nash did not consider himself in a class apart from the rest of us. He was a friend of all at the University.

As I gaze at the evening paper, I am remembering the excited atmosphere of Dr. Nash's office on a December morning in 1945. The occasion was the University convocation held on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Joe E. Brown was the speaker, and I sat in the background as a representative of the Collegian, watching the many notables of Toledo assembling before the procession.

I can think of no better example of Dr. Nash's deep feeling for brotherhood than that which he expressed through his own actions that brief hour in his office. I watched him greet with equal friendliness and deep sincerity two members of other faiths than his own, a Jewish Rabbi, and a Catholic Bishop. I watched him press his hand firmly in theirs, as they ex-

changed a few words on the future of the United Nations. Through my mind passed the thought that this was the way it should be—this was his "One World." He helped the Jewish Rabbi on with his robe, and extended the same courtesy to the Catholic Bishop. I knew at that moment I was in the presence of greatness.

Dr. Philip C. Nash has died fighting for peace. It was his dream that not only America, but all the world would never again know another Pearl Harbor. He had caught the vision of universal brotherhood, and spent the best years of his life in an effort to make it a reality. He died with a prayer for peace on his lips.

A soft spring rain is falling tonight as I sit at my typewriter. It is fitting that it should be raining tonight, as if a tired world for which he fought had joined in mourning for their fallen leader. I pay him what I think to be the greatest tribute which can be given to any man, and that is to say that he dedicated his life to those principles for which another man also died over 1,900 years ago.

The University of Toledo has lost a great man.