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FALL 1962

Agnes Scott

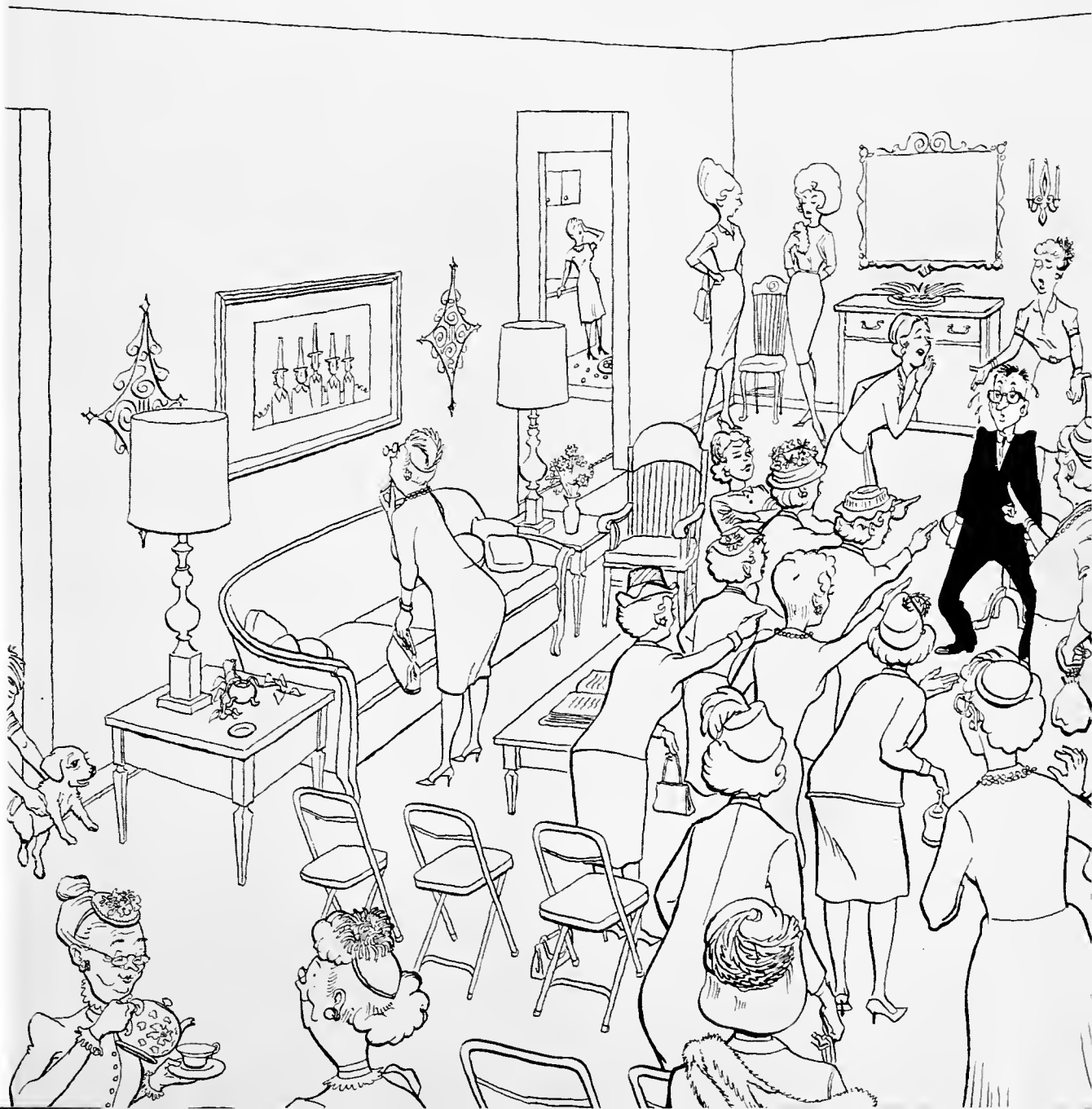
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

A RIB-TICKLING
HISTORY OF EDUCATION

See page 7

ALUMNAE MEETING QUESTION TIME

Why is tuition higher than it was in 1934? Is it true that 85% of the members of the faculty are Communists? Why won't you accept my daughter?



THE Agnes Scott

FALL 1962 Vol. 41, No. 1
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson '38, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley '56, *Managing Editor*

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FRONT COVER:

Cartoon of an alumnae meeting, vintage contemporary, by John Stuart McKenzie. See p. 7. *Photographs on pp. 3, 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 24, 26, and 29 by Ken Patterson.*

FRONTISPIECE: (*Opposite page*)

The space where the new dormitory is being built is where Mr. Tart's house and Cunningham Cottage once stood, next door to Dr. Alston's house on one side and to Miss McKinney's on the other. Each frontispiece this year will give you a progress report on the building.

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



A Beginning

FALL 1962

A great yawning mudhole, full of Georgia red clay, with a fence around it, is the current status of what will be, by August 1963, a wondrous new dormitory.

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Dr. Elizabeth S



Throughout the country, Agnes Scott graduates are teaching in the secondary school, that peculiar institution known as the American high school. Their high school may be on Central Avenue with trucks rushing by, rattling the window panes of a three-storied building with classrooms like the squares of a checker board. Their school may be a four-teacher high school on the sands of Ocracoke. Their school may be one of the new consolidated edifices that dot the countryside with their fleets of buses. Their school may look like a new country club with its low, rambling structure made of glass, steel, brick, and stone. Their school may be an imitation of the college campus with ivy-covered buildings where the appropriately dressed student clad in the latest copy of Ivy League clothes prepares for college. What they have in common, what all of America's 28,000 high schools have in common is one course, preparation for college entrance. And it is this one course that Agnes Scott graduates are teaching.

It is to this college preparatory program in the secondary school that Agnes Scott College, one of the country's outstanding liberal arts colleges, has made a distinguished contribution. Graduating with a strong academic background, young women have found rewarding professional careers teaching their first academic concern, their major subject, to the

Jane Nabars '62, as a teacher trainee, teaches high school students to "parlez-vous."

THE AGNES SCOTT

choolmarms

s about Teacher Education

adolescents in the American high school.

Rampant in writing and discussion regarding high school education today is the question, how shall the secondary school teacher be prepared? It is answered at Agnes Scott by the conviction that teacher education should be a college-wide enterprise involving both the major departments, such as, English, history, or the foreign languages and the education department which is concerned with professional courses. In order to provide the strongest teacher-education faculty and to enrich course offerings, Agnes Scott College instigated jointly with Emory University in 1948, the Agnes Scott-Emory Teacher Education Program.

The future teacher's curriculum in various teaching fields is planned by a Committee on Teacher Education representing both institutions. There is, therefore, no major in education per se. The future teacher selects her major in one of the liberal arts.

Although certification for teaching is given for elementary and secondary levels, the majority of Agnes Scott students preparing to teach choose to do so at the secondary level in one of five fields: English, foreign language, mathematics, science, and the social sciences. The Agnes Scott program is limited to forty students, and not every would-be teacher is encouraged to enter the college's program. Careful screening of her scholastic aptitude, personality traits, and



Language lab equipment is demonstrated by Ann Waad '62.

teaching potential is done by the Committee on Teacher Education which is composed of members of many academic departments. The evaluation of the student by her major professors and by instructors in prerequisite courses weigh heavily in selection.

The profile, therefore, of the Agnes Scott graduate in the secondary school emphasizes first a teacher with knowledge of her subject matter. It is desired and most often true that she possess as well a deep, abiding curiosity and interest in her area of specialization. Yet, knowledge of a subject area such as English or mathematics is not enough for survival in America's high school classrooms. Many educators graduated from Agnes Scott in the past four decades know this only too well, with a knowledge derived from experience, from painful hours of worry about students and from mornings, evenings, afternoons, when it seemed that never was so much expected from so few who teach so many.

Of course, the reason that so much is expected from the American high school teacher is unquestionably the



Carol Cowan '62 and future auto-spacers explore scientific machines.

Schoolmarms

(Continued)

Ancient Latin gets modern liveliness from student teacher Cynthia Croig Rester '62.



extension of universal education. Americans are dedicated to education for *all* the children of *all* the people. The boys and girls who travel to school from various types of homes representing many types of vocations and infinite degrees of social and economic levels. Since she must cope with *all* the children of *all* the people.

Dr. Elizabeth Cole Stack



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Elizabeth Cole Stack holds the B.A. degree from Greensboro College and the M.Ed. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of North Carolina. As an associate professor of education, she is on appointment at Agnes Scott for instruction of Agnes Scott and Emory University in their joint program.

the teacher prepared at Agnes Scott studies the nature of the adolescent, how he learns, and how he may be led to want to learn that subject matter she loves so well. Further, the teacher is introduced to the school as part of the social order and learns of its historical development, present philosophy, organization, and practice.

Finally, in one quarter of the senior year at Agnes Scott, the preparation involves student teaching as an assistant teacher in a public school in the Atlanta area. It is during this period that the beginning teacher is introduced to many curricular innovations that are taking place in the American high school. Mathematics teachers teach the new math curriculum with materials prepared by the School Mathematics Study Group at Yale University. A science curriculum, developed at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is presented to future physicists. Curricular innovations in biology, such as the Biological Science Curriculum Study, sponsored by the American Institute of Biological Scientists, are analyzed, developed, and taught. The foreign language major speaks with students

in language laboratories equipped with individual recording booths. The English and history teachers introduce the inexpensive paper back editions of classics and current literature, which their students can not only read but also own. The beginning history teacher uses historical documents as well as current materials. Other curricular innovations, such as the Advanced Placement Program, the teaching machine, the flexible school day, and team teaching are part of the study of a teacher prepared at Agnes Scott. New and exciting ideas going on in the materials and methodology of the high school curriculum are quickly integrated into the courses that prepare teachers for the classrooms.

The Agnes Scott student who chooses a career in secondary education takes her knowledge of the liberal arts and her love of learning to schools all over the country. Indeed, she is a teacher who is not so much concerned with acquisition of "skills" to be used toward the attainment of short-term goals as she is concerned with the maturation of her students toward the full, imaginative, and resourceful life.



A Short History OF Education

By RICHARD ARMOUR



LITTLE IS KNOWN about higher education during the Stone Age, which is perhaps just as well.

Because of a weakness in the liberal arts, the B.A. was not offered, and there was only the B.S., or Bachelor of Stones. Laboratory facilities were meager, owing to a lack of government contracts and support from private industry, but the stars were readily available, on clear nights, for those interested in astronomy. (Scholars, who went around without much on, looked at the stars with the naked eye.)

Prehistoric students, being before history, failed to comprehend the fundamentals of the subject, such as its being divided into Ancient, Medieval, and Modern.

There were no College Boards. This was fortunate, because without saw or plane, boards were rough.

Nor were there any fraternities. The only clubs

on the campus were those carried by the students or, in self-defense, by members of the faculty.

Alumni organizations were in their infancy, where some of them have remained. The alumni secretary occupied a small cave, left behind when the director of development moved to a larger one. While waiting for contributions to come in, he idly doodled on the wall, completely unaware that art critics would someday mistake his drawings of certain members of the board of trustees for dinosaurs and saber-toothed tigers.

The Alumni Quarterly came out every quarter of a century, and was as eagerly awaited as it is today.

The Classical Period

In ancient Athens everyone knew Greek, and in ancient Rome everyone knew Latin, even small children—which those who have taken Elementary
(continued)

Editor's Note: Richard Armour, professor of English and dean of the faculty at Scripps College, is the author of 22 books of humor and satire. He has written this article (spoofing much that is often taken too seriously) for exclusive publications in alumni magazines. Readers who like it will also enjoy *It All Started With Eve*, *Twisted Tales from Shakespeare*, *The Classics Reclassified*, and his newest book, *Golf Is a Four-Letter Word*.

John Stuart McKenzie, who illustrated the article, is the man behind the *Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly*—and behind the *Emory Alumnus* and the *Georgia Tech Alumnus*. A graduate of Emory, he is a nationally recognized designer of printing; he is responsible for the refreshing layouts in our magazine. Also, and perhaps as important, he is the husband of Virginia Lee Brown McKenzie '47 and the father of Carol, Craig, Nancy, and Heather.

History of Education (continued)



CLASSICAL PERIOD . . . "a spirited chariot race between the chairman of the funds drive and the tax collector, each trying to get to a good prospect first."



DARK AGES . . . "Damsels, who were invariably in distress, wrought havoc on a young man's grade-point average."

Greek or Elementary Latin will find hard to believe. Universities wishing to teach a language which had little practical use but was good for mental discipline could have offered English if they had thought of it.

Buildings were all in the classical style, and what looked like genuine marble was genuine marble. However, philosophy classes were sometimes held on the steps, the students being so eager to learn that they couldn't wait to get inside.

The Peripatetic School was a college where the professors kept moving from town to town, closely followed by students and creditors. Sometimes lectures were held in the Groves of Academe, where students could munch apples and olives and occasionally cast an anxious eye at birds in the branches overhead.

Under the Caesars, taxation became so burdensome that Romans in the upper brackets found they might as well give money to their Alma Mater instead of letting the State have it. Thus it was that crowds often gathered along the Appian Way to applaud a spirited chariot race between the chairman of the funds drive and the tax collector, each trying to get to a good prospect first.

The word "donor" comes from the Latin *donare*, to give, and is not to be confused with *dunare*, to dun, though it frequently is.

When a prominent alumnus was thrown to the lions, customary procedure in the alumni office was to observe a moment of silence, broken only by the sound of munching. Then the secretary, wrapping his toga a little more tightly around him, solemnly declared, "Well, we might as well take him off the cultivation list."

The Middle Ages

In the period known as the Dark Ages, or night-hood, everyone was in the dark. Higher education survived only because of illuminated manuscripts, which were discovered during a routine burning of a library. It is interesting to reconstruct a typical classroom scene: a group of dedicated students clustered around a glowing piece of parchment, listening to a lecture in Advanced Monasticism, a

ten-year course. If some found it hard to concentrate, it was because they were dreaming about quitting before exams and going off on a crusade.

Some left even sooner, before the end of the lecture, having spied a beautiful damsel being pursued by a dragon who had designs on her. Damsels, who were invariably in distress, wrought havoc on a young man's grade-point average.

Members of the faculty were better off than previously, because they wore coats of armor. Fully accoutered, and with their visors down, they could summon up enough courage to go into the president's office and ask for a promotion even though they had not published a thing.

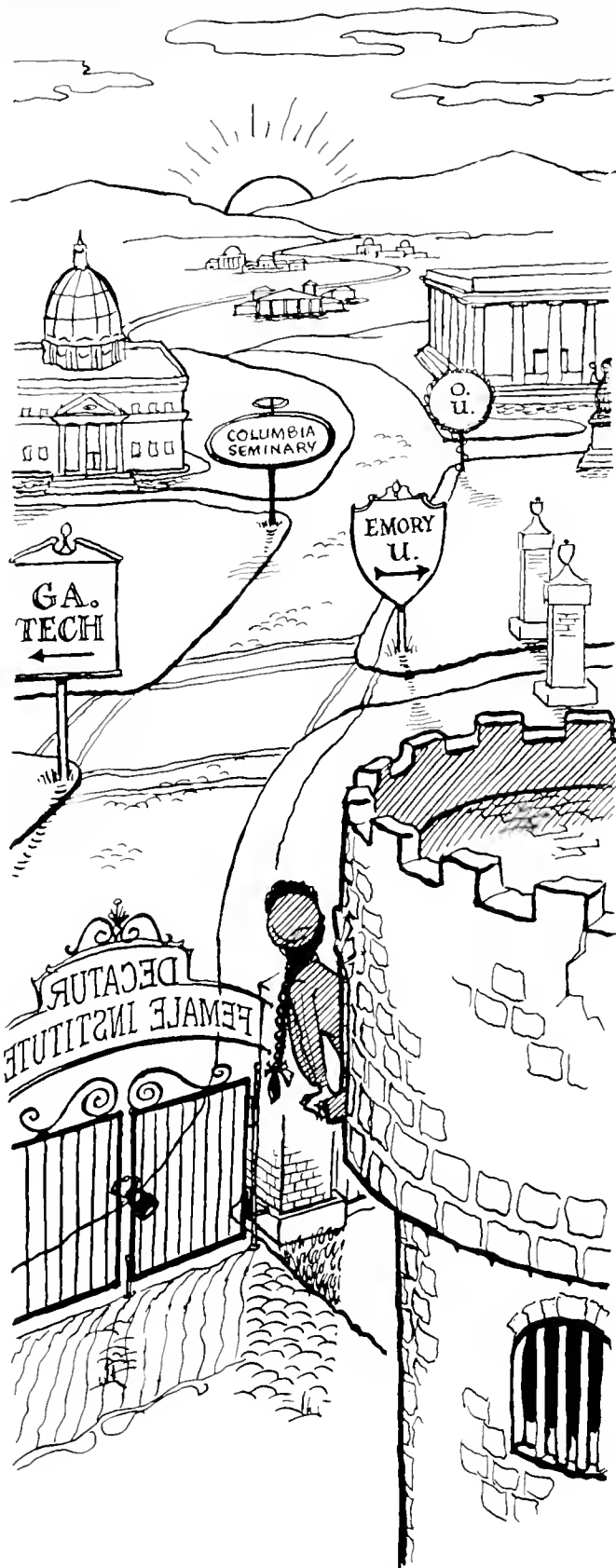
At this time the alumni council became more aggressive in its fund drives, using such persuasive devices as the thumbscrew, the knout, the rack, and the wheel. A wealthy alumnus would usually donate generously if a sufficient number of alumni, armed with pikestaffs and halberds, could cross his moat and storm his castle walls. A few could be counted on to survive the rain of stones, arrows, and molten lead. Such a group of alumni, known as "the committee," was customarily conducted to the castle by a troubador, who led in the singing of the Alma Mater Song the while.

The Renaissance

During the Renaissance, universities sprang up all over Europe. You could go to bed at night, with not a university around, and the next morning there would be two universities right down the street, each with a faculty, student body, campanile, and need for additional endowment.

The first universities were in Italy, where Dante was required reading. Some students said his "Paradise" and "Purgatory" were as hard as "Hell." Boccaccio was not required but was read anyhow, and in the original Italian, so much being lost in translation. Other institutions soon followed, such as Heidelberg, where a popular elective was Duelling 103a,b, usually taken concurrently with First Aid, and the Sorbonne, which never seemed to catch on with tourists as much as the Eiffel Tower, the Folies Bergere, and Napoleon's Tomb.

(continued)



RENAISSANCE . . . "You could go to bed at night, with not a university around, and the next morning there would be two universities right down the street."

History of Education (continued)

In England there was Oxford, where, by curious coincidence, all of the young instructors were named Don. There was also Cambridge.

The important thing about the Renaissance, which was a time of awakening (even in the classroom), was education of the Whole Man. Previously such vital parts as the elbows and ear lobes had been neglected. The graduate of a university was supposed, above all, to be a Gentleman. This meant that he should know such things as archery, falconry, and fencing (subjects now largely relegated to Physical Education and given only one-half credit per semester), as well as, in the senior year, how to use a knife and fork.

During the Renaissance, the works of Homer, Virgil, and other classical writers were rediscovered, much to the disappointment of students.

Alumni officials concentrated their efforts on securing a patron, someone rich like Lorenzo de' Medici, someone clever like Machiavelli, or (if they wished to get rid of a troublesome member of the administration) someone really useful like Lucrezia Borgia.



COLONIAL AMERICA . . . "The first universities in America were founded by the Puritans. This explains the strict regulations about Late Hours . . ."

Colonial America

The first universities in America were founded by the Puritans. This explains the strict regulations about Late Hours, Compulsory Chapel, No Liquor on the Campus, and Off-Limits to Underclassmen which still exist at many institutions.

Some crafts were taught, but witchcraft was an extracurricular activity. Witch-burning, on the other hand, was the seventeenth century equivalent of hanging a football coach in effigy at the end of a bad season. Though deplored, it was passed off by the authorities as attributable to "youthful exuberance."

Harvard set the example for naming colleges after donors. William and Mary, though making a good try, failed to start a trend for using first names. It was more successful, however, in starting Phi Beta Kappa, a fraternity which permitted no rough stuff in its initiations. At first the Phi Beta Kappa key was worn on the key ring, but the practice went out with the discovery of the watch chain and vest.

During the Colonial Period, alumni officials limited their fund-raising activities to those times when an alumnus was securely fastened, hands and legs, in the stocks. In this position he was completely helpless and gave generously, or could be frisked.

Revolutionary America

Higher education came to a virtual standstill during the Revolution — every able-bodied male having enlisted for the duration. Since the ROTC was not yet established, college men were forced to have other qualifications for a commission, such as money.

General George Washington was given an honorary degree by Harvard, and this helped see him through the difficult winter at Valley Forge. Since he gave no commencement address, it is assured that he made a substantial contribution to the building fund. Then again, mindful of the reputation he had gained through Parson Weems's spreading of the cherry tree story, he may have established a chair in Ethics.

Unlike the situation during World War I, when colleges and universities abandoned the teaching of German in order to humiliate the Kaiser, the Colonists waged the Revolutionary War successfully without prohibiting the teaching of English. They did, however, force students to substitute such good old American words as "suspenders" for "braces,"

and themes were marked down when the spelling "tyre" was used for "tire" and "colour" for "color."

The alumni publication, variously called the Alumni Bulletin, the Alumni Quarterly, and the Alumni Newsletter, was probably invented at this time by Benjamin Franklin, who invented almost everything else, including bifocals and kites. The first such publication was probably *Poor Alumnus' Almanac*, full of such homely sayings as "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise enough to write his Alma Mater into his will."

Contemporary America

In the nineteenth century, denominational colleges were founded in all parts of the country, especially Ohio. In the smaller of these colleges, money was mostly given in small denominations. A few colleges were not named after John Wesley.

State universities came into being at about the same time, and were tax supported. Every taxpayer was therefore a donor, but without getting his name on a building or being invited to dinner by the president. The taxpayer, in short, was in the same class as the Anonymous Giver, but not because he asked that his name be withheld.

About the middle of the nineteenth century, women were admitted to college. This was done (1) to relieve men of having to take women's parts in dramatic productions, (2) to provide cheerleaders with shapelier legs, and (3) to recruit members for the Women's Glee Club, which was not prospering. Women students came to be known as co-eds, meaning that they went along with a man's education, and he could study and date simultaneously. It was not realized, when they were admitted, that women would get most of the high marks, especially from professors who graded on curves.

In the twentieth century, important strides were made, such as the distinction which developed between education and Education. Teachers came to be trained in what were at first called Normal Schools. With the detection of certain abnormalities, the name was changed to Teachers Colleges.

John Dewey introduced Progressive Education, whereby students quickly knew more than teachers and told them so. Robert Hutchins turned the University of Chicago upside down, thereby necessitating a new building program. At St. John's College everyone studied the Great Books, which were more economical because they did not come out each year in a revised edition. Educational television gave college professors an excuse for owning a television set, which they had previously maintained would destroy the reading habit. This made it possible for them to watch Westerns and old movies without losing status.

Of recent years, an increasing number of students spend their junior year abroad. This enables them to get a glimpse of professors who have been away for several years on Fulbrights and Guggenheims.

Student government has grown apace, students now not only governing themselves but giving valuable suggestions, in the form of ultimatums, to the presidents and deans. In wide use is the Honor System, which makes the professor leave the room during an examination because he is not to be trusted.

Along with these improvements in education has come a subtle change in the American alumnus. No longer interested only in the record of his college's football team, he is likely to appear at his class reunion full of such penetrating questions as "Why is the tuition higher than it was in 1934?" "Is it true that 85% of the members of the faculty are Communists?" and "How can I get my son (or daughter) in?"

Alumni magazines have kept pace with such advancements. The writing has improved, thanks to schools of journalism, until there is excitement and suspense even in the obituary column. Expression has reached such a high point of originality that a request for funds may appear, at first reading, to be a gift offer.

However, if pictorial content continues to increase, it will not be necessary for alumni to know how to read.

This cannot come too soon.

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SINK OR SWIM

A recent graduate delineates what her years at Agnes Scott have meant in certain value judgments, as she carves her career.

“Sink or Swim” was the subject assigned (rather unusual, I thought) to me by the Atlanta Agnes Scott Alumnae Club for one of their programs last spring. I underestimated the appropriateness of the title. When I arrived at the meeting, looked around the room, and saw the faces of women whose intelligence and achievements I had long admired, I knew that I was, surely, in water way over my head.

Far wiser people than I had spoken to the club at earlier programs of the “Sink or Swim” series last year. Actually, having graduated from Agnes Scott in 1955, I have not been out of college long enough to know whether I have sunk or am still swimming, but if I *am* still swimming, I attribute this largely to the years I spent at Scott.

When I was a student, it was President Alston’s custom to conduct brief chapel programs prior to the exams held at the end of each quarter. I remember him saying that we should be *grateful* for the opportunity to take exams, of all things. He said that exams provided an occasion for us to review and tie together all the facts we had learned in a course, thus

enabling us to see the relationship of a whole body of information. And we had to do this by a given time. This, he said, was a necessary step prior to forming conclusions and opinions. He advised us that this process should remain with us for all our lives and reminded us that only by completing one unit of work would we be ready to go on to another.

It is now my turn to be grateful for the opportunity to take an exam on myself, to attempt to put down in words how my Agnes Scott years have been meaningful to me both personally and professionally. I can now reflect on the value of these years and can conclude what they taught me, so that I can determine why I’m still swimming. And, I should add, I am convinced that the things that have kept me swimming so far will keep me swimming in the future.

What are these things? I made a list. You probably could add to it extensively; nevertheless, let me share with you the things that seem to have been most important to me so far. Each item is, of course, an outgrowth or a by-product of the liberal arts education which we all received.

Adaptability is probably the most useful by-product of my education. A liberal arts education provides us with a wide background of various information and experience. It is a broadening process rather than a specializing one. We are introduced to a wide range of subjects touching almost every field of knowledge. This means that when we come in contact with a new situation now, although we may not be experts on it, we at least are not floored by the mystery of it. We are able to adapt ourselves to its demands in a constructive way. As one example, in my job as assistant advertising manager of a bank, I was asked to make a speech to some high school students on the subject of the Federal Reserve System. I had never studied about this in school, nor had I ever made a speech outside of the college community. But I was able to rise to the occasion in some fashion because I had been taught how to do research on a subject, how to organize facts in an intelligible sequence, and how to deliver a speech. Although I was no expert, I knew where to turn to get the job done. Every housewife could give you hundreds of examples of how she is



By SUSAN COLTRANE '55

**Since her graduation Susan has done graduate work,
is serving on the Alumnae Association Board,
and has been assistant advertising
manager for an Atlanta bank.**

called upon daily to adapt to new demands.

Curiosity is another by-product. You get into the habit of asking "why" as a student, and you cannot shake the habit after you graduate. We were taught to think, and once this process was set in motion, it could not be stilled. This gives me a freedom I did not anticipate. Because I can reason independently, I can respond to and accept new ideas; I can reject opinions and prejudices not based on fact. Living in the Deep South as I do, facing integration, public education, voting rights and other crucial issues so tied up with emotions. I am equipped to discern the proper position to take. I do not have to accept unquestioningly the opinions of others as I would have to do were I uneducated.

Resourcefulness is also an outgrowth of the liberal arts education. When we do not actually have the experience needed to do a job, we know how to get the job done. This resourcefulness enables us to be adaptable and flexible, and thus we can contribute to many different kinds of situations. So often men are specialists because their jobs call

for it. But as women, we are expected to rise to any occasion—often on five minutes notice. Women are housekeepers, financial managers, religious leaders, tutors, and social secretaries, all at the same time. We must possess understanding and patience in order to be the confidants and shock absorbers of those around us. We are masters of the miscellaneous.

Because Agnes Scott has a strong religious influence on its students, we as students developed a *sense of the right way of life*. This takes the form of a sense of the whole, a sense of direction and an optimistic outlook. These, needless to say, are invaluable in moments of decision as well as in long periods of endurance with the minutiae of everyday living.

While a student at Agnes Scott is being exposed to a wide variety of subjects, she also is coming in contact with all sorts of people of all ages. She is learning how to lead and to work with her contemporaries as well as to work constructively with and to build friendships with her professors. The most immediate limitation on the recent graduate is her lack of experience. However, this acquaintance with a variety of people

and subject matter sustains her temporarily until experience is acquired. Her liberal arts background has given her the basic tools for *understanding*. Harper Lee, in her novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, has her character, *Atticus Finch*, tell his young daughter that you have to get into someone else's skin in order to know why they do things the way they do. Our liberal arts education, that is, our broad background of knowledge and personal relationships, enables us to get into someone else's skin fairly effectively until we gain some experience.

A special gift to me from Agnes Scott was an *obligation to care*. I transferred to Scott from a large coed university where individual attention was necessarily rare. During my first quarter at Scott, I was amazed at the way I was taken by the hand and led into the life and study of the campus. It never ceased to startle me that people who were neither related to me nor knew me personally would take such an interest in me. At first I felt that they were almost looking over my shoulder and then, slowly I became aware of striving for their approval, trying to come up to what

Sink or Swim

(Continued from page 13)

they seemed to think I could achieve. As a result, I found myself producing a quality of work much better than I had ever produced before. With these people caring so much about how I got along, I was obligated to get along better than I thought I could. And since then, I have noticed that I try to produce what is expected of me by those who care. My boss, today, for example, frequently gives me assignments which I know I am not prepared to carry out. But since he seems to be oblivious to my lack of ability, and since there is no one else on his staff to whom he can turn, I plunge in and carry out these assignments as best I can. Somehow I rise to the occasion more frequently than I thought I could. And, in the few instances when I have been on the assigning end of a job, I have found that others, too, produce better work when much is expected of them, and if I let them know that I care.

Intangible Products

Adaptability, curiosity, resourcefulness, a sense of the right way of life, understanding, and obligation to care—these are the most meaningful products of my years at Agnes Scott. After looking over this list, I saw that each item was an intangible thing. On the surface it seems that I have reinforced every argument against a liberal arts education for women by indicating that I did not learn how to *do* anything with my education, for I have not listed one skill that could help me earn a living. And, unfortunately, there are still too many people who think that women's colleges should be trade schools where the student learns one special skill which she uses eventually to make herself economically self-sufficient.

Once I thought these critics had a point. When I graduated with my B.A. degree in History and English, I could not think of a thing I could actually do except teach, and at the moment, I did not want to teach. I preferred to do something interesting

and useful in the business world—the great hub of *doing* for which I was not prepared, I thought. But the desire to be one of those glamorous career women drove me to explore this world.

Initial Job Interviews

The first job I applied for was the one I have now, and my Agnes Scott education got it for me. I got the job, also, because of the right attitude of the man who hired me. (Too, I just happened to apply for the job at the right time!) He is an intelligent, open-minded person with the opinion rarely found in business men, that women should not only be educated but also should use their education actively. He is the vice president in charge of advertising and public relations for Atlanta's largest bank. He needed an assistant with a broad background of knowledge and the willingness to put it to use. He said that with this good grounding, the specific details of the job would then take care of themselves.

During the initial interview he requested that I submit to him some of the essays and short stories I had written as a student. And I, in turn, asked him if he could give me an assignment which I could carry out in an evening, so that he could see how I would handle it. He therefore asked me to write a series of letters that would promote the purchase of a special series of savings bonds. This I did and was subsequently hired. Looking back now, I see that he did not hire me because of the quality of the letters (which actually was rather amateurish), but because of the initiative I had demonstrated. But for me to have reacted to my interview in any other way would have been unnatural. After all, such action was expected of me daily at Scott.

Since that time, the aspects of my job have been changing constantly. I have done hundreds of different kinds of things, among them: helping produce ads; writing news releases; conducting tours of the bank; making talks on banking to high school students; promoting the opening of new branch offices; coordinating

trade-show exhibits; working on a history of the bank; researching markets for new business; appearing on television to talk about budgeting (and living in fear that the credit man in charge of the "C" section for a local department store was watching—he would have had me apprehended as a charlatan); and, teaching English grammar to business administration graduates in the bank's executive training program.

For none of these jobs was I specifically trained at Agnes Scott, but I was able to do them because of the liberal arts background that enables me to be flexible, adaptable, and resourceful. But isn't this the very position in which most women find themselves so frequently? We are called on to do so many different things, none of which we were specifically trained to do. We are able to function constructively and creatively in many capacities—and this cannot be said of a person with only one skill.

The Maturing Process

Another thing has happened to me, too. After learning how to do one job, I find myself yearning to move on to something else, something more demanding of me, something more meaningful. I want to do fewer things because they are for fun, and more things because they actually contribute to making life better. This is probably just the maturing process taking effect in me, but I do honestly believe that the things I learned at Agnes Scott started me in this direction.

We—all alumnae—are very much like the pet cats with which our children play. Have you ever noticed how a child sits on the cat, pulls at him, and throws him up in the air? And, have you also noticed how the cat always lands on its feet? The cat has some mysterious balancing quality that enables it to spring into an upright position. That balancing quality in us is, I believe, our Agnes Scott liberal arts education. We occasionally fall on our faces, but when the score is tallied, we have more feet landings than face falls.

The French: Are They Individualists?

DR. KOENRAAD W. SWART

Associate Professor of History

No other European nation has enjoyed such a firmly established reputation for individualism as modern France. Indeed, there exists almost a consensus on this point. The view has been presented by professional historians and men of letters, by political scientists and journalists alike. It has become a cliché as generally accepted as the older stereotypes describing the French as pre-eminently frivolous, fickle, sociable, and gay. The late novelist Elliot Paul, for example, characterized the French nation as one of 43,000,000 individualists. The Swiss historian Herbert Luethy called France the most highly individualistic of all nations. According to C.B.S. correspondent David Schoenbrun, "France is the last bastion of the rugged individualist."

Many Frenchmen have expressed themselves in a similar vein. André Siegfried, the late dean of French political scientists, came to the conclusion that "individualism seems to be one of the permanent qualities of the French," a trait which was "originally inherited from the Gauls and which is now innate in our character." Charles Seignobos, one of the most respected masters of French historical science at the beginning of this century, counted individualism among the lasting tendencies of the French mind. Like Siegfried, he traced its origin back to the Celts, and held that the French south of the Loire, among whom this Celtic element was predominant, were the most individualistic of all Frenchmen and, for this reason, almost impossible to rule. An Academician, the Duc de Lévis Mirepoix, is now engaged in an extensive study of the grandeur and misery of French individualism, dealing in the thus far published volumes in great detail with French individualism in the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the old regime.

The widespread opinion that the French are individualists, like the word itself, is of relatively recent origin. The term "individualism" like so many other political "-isms" first appeared in the various European languages in the nineteenth century. It was brought into currency by the socialist disciples of the Comte de Saint-Simon in the 1820's and was gradually accepted into other languages under the influence of French political and social literature. The first users of the term gave it a pronouncedly unfavorable meaning. As has been the case with the introduction of so many words, "individualism" was coined by its critics, and has only slowly and reluctantly been adopted by its supporters. The original meaning of the word was the self-assured pursuit of one's own interest and a callous lack of social responsibility, an attitude which, according to the authors of the time, had triumphed at the end of the eighteenth century and which had found its main exponents among the bourgeoisie. It was generally associated with materialism in philosophy, laissez faire in economics, Protestantism in religion, and Romanticism in literature.

After 1830 the term was also used by conservatives, who condemned the mentality designated as individualism in even stronger terms than socialist writers. Whereas the latter considered it as a necessary phase in the evolution of society toward a higher form of organization and were therefore not completely unsympathetic toward all of its manifestations, the conservatives merely viewed it as a symptom of social disintegration. The two different interpretations are well represented by the views of two authors who have been highly influential in popularizing the term inside as well as outside France: the socialist Louis Blanc, and the liberal conservative De Tocqueville. For Louis Blanc, individualism served as a central concept in his optimistic philosophy of history. This mentality, according to him, had its origin in the Reformation and had resulted in great progress. Although he condemned its contemporary manifestations and held that the era of individualism would soon be replaced by one of fraternity, Louis Blanc felt that individualism had not been without its greatness and should be considered with respect. De Tocqueville, on the other hand, saw individualism purely as a recent phenomenon and condemned it as the most pernicious accompaniment of the democratic trend of his time, breeding anarchy as well as despotism. "Individualism," he said, "at first only saps the virtues of public life; but in the long run, it attacks and destroys all others and is at length absorbed in downright selfishness."

At this time the term was hardly used to indicate any specifically French national characteristics. According to the socialists, the mentality was rather highly developed among Teutonic peoples, as it had originated in Germany with the Protestant Reformation and had fully triumphed in England during their own time. Supposedly, therefore, the English nation was either approaching its downfall or heading for a catastrophic revolution, whereas the French were eminently socially minded and therefore called to play a leading role in the coming era of fraternity. Even De Tocqueville, who acknowledged the strength of individualism in France, nevertheless considered it a phenomenon of very recent origin, entirely unknown to his nation prior to the Revolution.

In the 1830's, "individualism" was still considered a neologism. A French attorney general of this time called it a new word necessary to characterize "an evil which has hitherto been unknown; a word," he added, "which will pass away, together with the accidental evil to which it owes its origin." This was only a few years before the term was introduced into English and German and started its brilliant career in the vocabulary of political and social scientists. Publicists of other countries who adopted the term gave it new meanings. As a result, the term lost its pronouncedly unfavorable connotation and instead came to represent a political, social, or cultural ideal.

The first radical departure from the meaning of the term individualism current among the French is found in an American publication. In an article appearing in

The French (Continued)

the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* of 1839, a highly optimistic and nationalistic philosophy of history was outlined somewhat in the manner of the French socialist doctrines of that time, but with the difference that in its American counterpart the realization of individualism is seen as the ultimate goal of all social and political development. It is surprising that at this early date the term was handled with a remarkable sureness of touch. "The course of civilization," wrote the anonymous author, "is the progress of man from a state of savage individualism to that of an individualism more elevated, moral, and refined."

The meaning given the term in this article was completely different from the one conveyed in the second volume of De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, published one year later. In contrast to the French political analyst, the American writer identified individualism with respect for human rights and the sovereignty of the individual and felt that these ideals were best guaranteed in a democracy. De Tocqueville, though also cherishing these ideals, held that they were better safeguarded in a less equalitarian form of government and never included them in his definition of individualism. Whereas to De Tocqueville individualism primarily meant equality and antisocial behavior, to the American publicist it signified freedom and equal opportunity for all. Individualism in this new and favorable interpretation came to be one of the key words representing deeply rooted opinions about the nature and future of American society: the myth of the rugged pioneer, the cult of self-reliance, the distrust of governmental interference, and the glorification of the competitive spirit; ideals which had been partly formulated before the term made its appearance were now, as it were, summed up in a new slogan.

In England the reaction toward the term individualism was much more reserved than in America. For a long time the neologism was used only occasionally and then almost without exception in the French, unfavorable meaning. Until the end of the nineteenth century, few English authors associated the term with their well-established national tradition of political, economic, and religious freedom. It was avoided by all those writers whom later generations are wont to consider as the incarnation of British individualism. It did not appear in any of the publications of the Manchester school of economy; it is not found in John Stuart Mill's famous essay *On Liberty*, the so-called Bible of political individualism; and it is likewise not mentioned in Herbert Spencer's classical statement on the rights of man versus the state.

During the nineteenth century, French rather than English writers used the term individualism in describing the English nation. In the first half of the century, when strong anti-English sentiments were prevalent among the French, this trait was seen as a definite symptom of English decadence; during the latter half, when pro-English sentiments became widespread, individualism (held at this time even more than before to be typical of English society) shared in the more positive evaluation of everything English. The height of these enthusiastic interpretations of the Anglo-Saxon mind was reached at the end of the nineteenth century, when in works like

The Superiority of the Anglo-Saxon Race, by Edmond Demolins, *The Psychology of Socialism*, by Gustave Le Bon, the constructive energetic, and enterprising individualism of the English-speaking nations was contrasted with the oppressive collectivism and centralization of the Latin races. Because of these characteristics, these French authors held, the former were predestined to rule the world, whereas the latter were doomed to decline. It required a bold mind at that time to state that the French were individualists. A reviewer of Demolins' book who intimated that individualism manifested itself much more strongly on the banks of the Seine than on the banks of the Thames felt obliged to present his opinion as an extravagant paradox.

It was at this time (1890's), when the British tradition of individualism in the sense of political and economic liberalism was actually losing strength, that the term individualism became commonly accepted by English writers speculating on the national characteristics of the English people. In the twentieth century, English authors have frequently commented on the individualistic temper of their nation, sometimes contrasting it to the mentality of the French, who, as Harold Nicholson observed, might have personality, but lacked individualism. The same contrast is implied in a remark by William Inge: "... we are so individualistic that a Frenchman has said that the best handbook and guide to the English character is *Robinson Crusoe*."

The general acceptance of the term individualism in England as well as in the United States was partly due to a new and more favorable meaning which the term had acquired under German influence. It might seem surprising that this positive meaning of the term originated in Germany. In our century, it has become customary to consider German mentality hostile to any form of individual freedom. Yet this view was exceptional until the end of the nineteenth century, especially among the Germans themselves. Actually, even in the twentieth century a large number of German publicists were firmly convinced that the Germans were highly individualistic, and the only difference between their opinion and that of earlier German writers was that they increasingly criticized this national trait which their predecessors had glorified. As late as 1927 a prominent German historian called the Germans more individualistic than either the French or the English. In some of the statements concerning the German national character we are reminded of similar remarks more recently made about the French. "Individualism," wrote a German philosopher, Mueller-Freienfels, in 1921, "is the source of German greatness as well as of German misery; it is the mainspring of her brilliant civilization, but it is also responsible for the vehemence of political passion and lack of unity unparalleled in any other civilized nation."

The evidence brought forward in support of German individualism has been various: the German origin of the Protestant Reformation inaugurating a period of religious individualism, the belated unification due to internal division and political apathy, even the legendary origin of all modern political freedom in the forests of old Germany. The most substantial claim for German individualism is based on a tendency prevalent among the Germans to cultivate an ideal of individual development. This historical tradition, which individualism could claim in Germany, was, of course, entirely different from that in

England or the United States. German individualism was not an outward attitude manifesting itself in active opposition to authority, but an inward freedom favoring the cultivation of cultural values and aiming at the formation of a well-rounded, fully developed personality. This ideal of personal development or individuality found its purest expression in the German works of Schiller, Goethe, and Wilhelm von Humboldt. It profoundly influenced the German mind and also inspired English and American champions of strong and original personalities, such as Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, and Emerson.

In the German language, the word individualism was not used to designate this ideal until some fifty years after the latter had been formulated. The most important step in fusing the new term individualism—taken from the French and first used in German in 1837—and the older ideal of individuality was taken by the great Swiss historian, Jacob Burckhardt, in 1860, when he published his classic work on the Italian Renaissance. Individualism meant to him in the first place the full development of human potentialities; it also included the less favorable meanings which were prevalent in French literature at that time and which Burckhardt, a great admirer of French culture, had found in the works of De Tocqueville and Louis Blanc. The Swiss historian, calling individualism the fundamental vice as well as the condition of the greatness of the Italian Renaissance, was not, like many later European men of letters, an unqualified admirer of this new mentality which, according to him, characterized the entire modern European civilization.

Burckhardt has been extremely influential in giving the term individualism increased prestige, and his work has been the starting point of innumerable controversies on the meaning and origin of the idea. German and French historians have claimed for their nations the honor of having developed individualism long before the Italians. Catholics have argued that the Middle Ages were at least as individualistic as the Renaissance. Other historians and philosophers, while accepting the facts as presented by Burckhardt, have interpreted the rise of individualism as the most important cause of a decline of Western civilization.

It can be concluded that in the nineteenth century individualism was frequently held to be characteristic of the Americans, the English, and the Germans, but not of the French, who were on the contrary known for their sociable and gregarious temperament, supposedly having a predilection for collectivistic doctrines and expecting all improvement from increased state intervention. It was not until the twentieth century that the French came to be considered the most highly individualistic people, probably not so much because the French people radically changed their national characteristics, but rather because the other so-called individualistic nations turned their backs on their individualistic traditions.

This point can in the first place be illustrated by the new way in which the French and German peoples were contrasted. Struck by the greater discipline displayed by the Germans in their political and economic organization, publicists were inclined to attribute the opposite characteristics to the French people. In the course of the nineteenth century, France and Germany actually exchanged positions as to the opinions formulated on their national characteristics. The Germans, who, at the beginning of the century, had been portrayed as a nation of poets and

philosophers, eternally divided among themselves and without any talent for politics, came, at its end, to be known as a people of blood and iron readily accepting authority and discipline, without much respect for individual freedom. This was in many ways the same reputation which France had enjoyed in the period of the French Revolution and Napoleon, and even until the middle of the nineteenth century. Contrary to their modern reputation, the French—"those modern Romans" as Frederick the Great called them—were until recently respected for their co-operative efforts rather than for their individual accomplishments. In 1830, Coleridge defined the French as "gunpowder, smutty and contemptible each taken by itself, but terrible indeed when massed together." As late as 1850, in his *Confession*, Bakunin (and his attentive reader, Tsar Nicholas I, fully agreed) contrasted the discipline usually displayed by the French working classes with the anarchistic mentality which he considered typical of the German people. At the beginning of the twentieth century a radical revision had taken place: France came to be known as an intellectual's paradise, the Mecca of all artists, peace loving, excessively individualistic, hopelessly divided politically, and lacking any gift for organization—in short, possessing many of the characteristics which had been attributed to Germany fifty years earlier.

In a similar way, French and Anglo-Saxon characteristics seemed, to many observers, to develop in opposite directions. The lack of social responsibility among the French people and the tendency of French politicians to vote according to their individual interests and convictions were contrasted with the greater amount of social discipline and political co-operation prevailing in England and the United States. The weakness of the executive power, the vehemence of party strife, and the frequency of political scandals were seen as manifestations of an individualistic mentality undermining the strength of the nation. "The essential cause of France's troubles," said Francois Mauriac a few years ago, "is the extreme individualism of the French people." The same idea is implied in the well-known characterization of the French: "One Frenchman, an intelligent person; two Frenchmen, a brilliant conversation; three Frenchmen, a political mess."

The persistence of precapitalistic forms of economy was probably an even more important reason why France came to be portrayed as a stronghold of individualism. The slow pace of French industrialization after 1870 was blamed on the French entrepreneurs, who preferred to keep their firms small family enterprises, and on the French workers, who were averse to impersonal work on the assembly line. Another sign of the individualism prevalent among the French working classes was seen in their reluctance to join labor unions, which, in France, remained poorly organized and small in membership compared to those in Germany and England. Finally, the French peasant was portrayed as clinging tenaciously to his small individual holdings, stubbornly opposing any consolidation of lots or formation of co-operatives, and therefore as the most individualistic of all French individualists. To sum up, France lost its long-established reputation of being a dynamic, revolutionary nation and instead came to be considered as ultraconservative, esteeming individual control higher than collective effort even if this meant lower returns; it became known as a

The French (Continued)

country without trusts, large department stores, or mechanized agriculture, but with a passion for smallness, a place where people tried to make a living by serving ten meals at noon or selling five shirts a day and dreamed about leaving all their possessions to their single son.

There exists undoubtedly strong evidence for the alleged intense individualism of the modern French. Not all French peasants, businessmen, workers, or politicians, of course, act according to the same individualistic pattern, but this is readily conceded by the authorities mentioned in the beginning of this article, and so is the fact that at the present time French individualism is under strong attack from various directions. My objection to the many current statements about French individualism is, in the first place, that France has not sharply distinguished itself from any other nation in this respect until very recently and that actually one can say that France, unlike the United States, England, or Germany, has no tradition of individualism. French individualism can therefore hardly be called innate.

The first period in which the French nation manifested pronounced characteristics of its own was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and at this time the anti-individualistic tendencies seem to have been predominant. France was ruled under a highly centralized form of government suppressing most forms of individual freedom and local autonomy. Other essential aspects of the French anti-individualistic tradition were the strong opposition to Protestantism and its right of private judgment, and the standardization of cultural life, especially in the fields of language and literature, in which the expression of personal sentiments or the deviation from classical rules were disparaged. The strict regulation of French economy, finding its classic expression in Colbertism, and the extreme sociability of the French, who in contrast to the English, the Germans, and the Italians, felt miserable if deprived of the company of their fellow men, are also indicative of the weakness of French individualism under the old regime.

It is, moreover, far from true that this anti-individualistic tradition has exhausted its strength in present-day France. The ease with which the regime of General de Gaulle has established itself seems to indicate that the willingness to accept authority for which the French were known in the days of the Bourbons and the Bonapartes is still a characteristic of the French people today. In Republican France, the Parisian bureaucracy has continued to control some of the most minute details of the private lives of citizens in the faraway corners of the country; individual rights, as has been pointed out by many French liberals, have not always been much better safeguarded under the Republican regime than under the arbitrary rule of the Sun King; private enterprise has never become one of the mainsprings of French economy. In short, individualism as far as it stands for economic and political liberalism has remained weak in France. Standardization of cultural life likewise continues to be characteristic of France rather than of the United States, England, or Germany. It is only in France that a minister of education enjoys almost dictatorial power in deciding on the curricula and standards of the nation's education system.

Finally, the complexity of modern industrial organization has not in every respect limited the freedom of the individual; although creating a new form of regimentation, it has also contributed to the emancipation of the individual from former restraints. It has specifically loosened family ties and old social loyalties. The French, to the degree that they are still clinging to a past form of economic organization, have not fully participated in this liberation. It is well known that the French have not been pioneers in establishing woman suffrage or a liberal code of divorce. No one denies that parental authority is less strong in Northern Europe than in France, where a father, for example, decides upon the profession, if not the marriage, of his son to a degree unknown in the allegedly less individualistic countries. The persistent strength of this form of anti-individualism in modern France was revealed in 1940, when Marshal Pétain's program of proclaiming the family and the corporation as the cornerstone of a new social order met with a warm response by the nation.

The question as to whether the French are individualists or not is more than anything else a matter of semantics. The term has been given a large number of heterogeneous meanings. The cautious mentality of the French bourgeoisie has little in common with the rugged self-reliance of the American pioneer; the English liberal tradition is once again quite different from the German cult of individuality. Many other nationalities besides the ones mentioned—the Spanish, the Italians, the Dutch, the Norwegians—have, for a number of reasons, enjoyed a reputation of individualism. Some of the meanings used are actually contradictory. The same political theory can, for example, be declared individualistic or anti-individualistic depending on the meaning given to these terms. At the end of the nineteenth century, French liberals claimed De Tocqueville as a great advocate of individualism, whereas he himself completely rejected everything the idea stood for in his time.

Accepting all the meanings the term has been given, it becomes a difficult task to discover societies in which individualistic tendencies have not manifested themselves in some form. Even in the most disciplined authoritarian societies, individualism of some form or other will assert itself. It can therefore be said that the French are innate individualists as far as individualism is innate in human nature. Individualism, of course, does not necessarily express itself always and everywhere in equal strength. Individualism, for example, might have been particularly pronounced in Western civilization. But even this has been questioned. Individualism has been considered a distinguishing trait of Bedouin nomads and Ukrainian peasants, of Montenegrin mountaineers and Argentine Gauchos.

It is safe to say that the term has lost most of its usefulness. Individualism is, to quote the leading French dictionary of philosophy, "a bad term, highly ambiguous, the use of which leads to continual sophistries." Social scientists, if it were within their power, might like to expunge such equivocal terms from their vocabulary. At least they should be fully aware of their relative value and make it always clear from the context what type of individualism they have in mind. Statements such as "the French are a nation of 43,000,000 individualists" or "France is the last bastion of the rugged individualist" are, to say no more, highly misleading.







Worthy Notes...

Capacity to Change Determines Capacity to Grow

NEVER WOULD I DARE, or want to, quibble with the French about whether or not they are individualists (read Dr. Swart's article elsewhere in this issue and make up your own mind.) I will quibble a bit with their usage, *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

'Taint necessarily so. True, a room may be redecorated and remain the same room. This has happened twice recently at Agnes Scott, when the Treasurer's office was transformed with brilliant blue walls, open space, new inhabitants, and when the bookstore began to burgeon with bright lighting, fresh paint—and mainly fresh books, paper-backs galore, new publications in various fields, as well as the necessary textbooks. (See picture on p. 29—wish it were in color.)

In another sense, these are not really the same rooms. You've probably had the experience of redecorating a room, letting all your response to color and line and shape and form burst forth—and praying and declaring in one breath that the children won't mess it up. But the children eventually *do* mess it up, and, I trust, you eventually relax and let the room be lived in, in a real sense. It actually can become a truly different room only by being accepted, by the change becoming normal, good, and fun.

Nor will I venture into the realm of psychic change, being an amateur in the academic discipline of psychology. I can only say that in my own experience of living, I am not the same person that I was. Learning to live with the "new" me will be, always, a continuously exciting process. I *have* changed, and I don't feel that I am just "more of the same thing."

Changes have occurred this fall in both physical and psychological areas, at Agnes Scott. There are three new parking lots on campus, one behind Presser Hall, one just beyond Inman, and the third on the east side of Candler St. A great, yawning mudhole is the current status of what will be, by August 1963, a wondrous new dormitory. It stands where Mr. Tart's house and Cunningham Cottage once were. (See frontispiece photo.)

Another kind of change, psychological this time, has made me realize that we, as alumnae, need to do a turnaround in our attitude toward the College's fund-raising

programs. It was necessary to revise plans for the *annual-giving* program, called the Agnes Scott Fund. This fund is now open to all alumnae, whether or not they are still making payments on their pledges to the College's other fund-raising program, the 75th Anniversary Development Campaign.

I heartily regret that misunderstanding about this has occurred—it is, I believe, a case of faulty communication between college and alumnae. Faculty salaries *must* be increased, through annual-giving, and endowment *must* be increased and new buildings built through capital-giving. The quickest analogy I can think of is that we give money to our church to pay the preacher's salary while we also may be making payments on a pledge for the church's new building.

A change of attitude on the College's part has been its sweep from reluctance to enthusiasm for a continuing education program for alumnae. This fall, a pilot series of lectures are being given on campus by faculty members for alumnae and their husbands. I will report on this in the *Winter Quarterly*.

There is a reflection on campus of the major change in the South's social structure today. I quote part of a letter written by Agnes Scott students addressed to the "Ole Miss" Student Body:

"As students of a southern college we write you. We understand but deplore the events of the past days at Ole Miss

"We appeal to you to stand firmly and openly within the strength of your convictions. We ask that the sound of your protest to this violence be heard above the shouts of those who seek to be your voice.

"And when the violence is quelled by your insistence, let us, as citizens of the United States, stand together through the infant years of the New South.

"MAY OUR SUPPORT, UNSEEN BUT FELT, SURROUND YOU IN THE CRUCIAL HOURS TO COME."

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



Architect's drawing of proposed new dormitory which will be completed by August, 1963.



Miss Nancy Roseford

E WINTER 1963
Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

MOVEMENT
IS MEANING

See page 11



THE Agnes Scott

WINTER 1963 Vol. 41, No. 2
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson '38, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley '56, *Managing Editor*

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FRONT COVER:

A scene from an annual Christmas program presented by The Agnes Scott Contemporary Dance Group. (See page 11) Cover photo and photographs on pp. 3, 7, 8, 11-14, and 23 by Ken Patterson.

FRONTISPIECE: (Opposite page)

A winter quarter progress report on Agnes Scott's sixth dormitory.

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



Progress

WINTER 1963

Time seems telescoped for the erection of the new dormitory—a few short days, and here has shot up a mammoth steel structure.

THE

By MARY VIRGINIA ALLEN '35



IT IS SUPERFLUOUS today to make a case for honor. The panels, and informal discussions of the week have pointed up the futility of trying to live without honor.

As we attempt to live honorably together on this campus, however, we may find that our concepts of human integrity vary from person to person or from day to day as widely as they have done in the history of Western civilization. Our notion of honor may be irrationally individualistic and self-centered, seeking public acclaim the reflected image of its own greatness. Again honor's meaning may be essentially social, turned collectively towards the society or cause for which it is willing to abdicate its own individualism. Or the face of honor may look searchingly inward, concerned primarily with its inner moral rectitude.

The first concept of honor has been characteristic of the early periods of every culture. It was desire for glory and fame, the rewards of exceptional

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FACES OF HONOR

Our concepts of human integrity vary from person to person as widely as they have done in the history of Western civilization.

physical prowess displayed on the battlefield, which spurred the heroes of the ancient and medieval epics on to superhuman deeds. This primitive understanding of honor included pride, ambition, vanity, and vain-glory. It is this type of honor which constitutes the tragic flaw in the hero of the twelfth century French epic, *The Song of Roland*. Roland, the nephew and right arm of Charlemagne, has been put in command of the rearguard as the great army of French knights returns through the Pyrenees to "Sweet France" after fighting for Christianity against the Saracens in Spain. Oliver, Roland's closest friend, spies from a high spot in the pass an enormous army of one hundred thousand pagans advancing towards the rearguard. Wisely he warns Roland of the grave danger, not only to the rearguard, but to the entire French army and to the cause of Christianity as well. He urges Roland to sound his horn to call back the emperor and the knights who

have already gone through the pass, for it is evident that the battle will be a fierce one. Roland refuses obstinately to do so. He is exultant because he will have an opportunity to prove his valor by opposing his twenty thousand knights to the one hundred thousand Saracens. He has asked for this difficult position, the command of the rearguard. He will make it more difficult in order not to lose his reputation among his peers and his relatives. Honor is of more immediate concern to him than the safety of his fellow knights or the cause of Christianity. "May it never be said by a living man that I sound my horn because of pagans," he cries. When Oliver points out that there is no shame in calling for reinforcements, Roland responds proudly that "Death is preferable to shame." The rearguard meets the innumerable legions of Saracens and the flower of Charlemagne's army is slain. Oliver accuses Roland: "Wise valor and mad presumptuousness are not one and the same. The French are dead because of your unreasonableness. Nevermore will Charles be able to count on your service. . . . You will die and France will be dishonored." Too late Roland realizes that the tragic defeat of the army is the result of his false pride, his lack of moderation in his desire for fame and personal honor. It is not the glory of his cause nor the service he might render to others that motivates his action. Rather, it is the fear of having his own reputation besmirched with the accusation of dishonor.

To modern readers Roland seems selfish, egotistical, arrogant, and un-

believably stubborn. This idea of honor was, however, the usual one, not only in the classical and medieval epics but even as late as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Renaissance aristocrat considered honor and glory to be the epitome of all virtues. Shakespeare's heroes find it morally intolerable to be held in low esteem. Cassio, incited treacherously by Iago to become drunk and to quarrel with Roderigo, is abruptly dismissed from the service of Othello. He laments that he is "hurt beyond all surgery" — "Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!"

Honor for reward

Honor which contemplates its reflected image delights not so much in victory as in the laurel wreath which is its reward, not so much in learning, perhaps, as in the honor roll. Saint Thomas condemned as irrational this appetite for honor itself. "Now the desire of honour may be inordinate in three ways," he said. "First, when a man desires recognition of an excellence which he has not: this is to desire more than his share of honour. Secondly, when a man desires honour for himself without referring it to God. Thirdly, when a man's appetite rests in honour itself, without referring it to the profit of others." Montaigne terms vain and worthless these marks of honor: "the garlands of myrtle, the form of a certain peculiar garment; the privilege to ride in a coach through the city;

(Continued on page 6)

ia, where she was elected to Phi Beta
s. This article is adapted from an address
made to the college community during
Emphasis Week last October. Miss Allen
her home with Dr. Virginio Tuggle '44,
Hamilton Road, Decatur.

3 FACES OF HONOR (Continued)

The faces of honor in the Agnes Scott community

or by night to have a torch carried before one: some particular place to sit in common assemblies, the prerogatives of certain surnames and titles and proper additions in arms." Albert Camus puts the same idea into a contemporary context when he says: "Above all, I recognize my kinship with the average man. Tomorrow the world may be blown to pieces. In this threat that hangs over us there is a lesson of truth. Confronted with this future, hierarchy, titles, honors become again what they have always been: smoke that blows away."

It is normal, of course, that men should desire the esteem of society. The proverb, "There is honor among thieves" suggests that even dishonorable men desire the respect of those who share their life. William James describes fame and honor as man's "image in the eyes of his own set." "Thus," he says, "a layman may abandon a city infected with cholera; but a priest or a doctor would think such an act incompatible with his honor." But to say that this desire for esteem is natural is not to say that it is the noblest face of honor.

Concept of loyalty

The second concept of honor is that of loyalty or general trustworthiness. To the feudal mind, loyalty meant the observance of mutual obligations which bound together the members of the society. Together with prowess it constituted the basic chivalric code. Feudal society was preserved from anarchy only by the mutual contracts which existed between the lords and vassals. It was rare that a knight violated his solemn pledge. If he did, he was an object of contempt and an outlaw. Ganelon, chosen ambassador to the pagan king in *The Song of Roland*, betrays the emperor's trust in him by lying and by giving military secrets to the enemy. After the sub-

sequent annihilation of the French army Ganelon is tried and condemned to die a horrible death. The poet comments: "When a man betrays another, it is not right that he should be able to boast of it." Another medieval knight, Tristan, betrays the faith which he had sworn to his uncle and king. Escorting Iseult of the golden hair to become the bride of King Mark, Tristan drinks the magic or symbolic potion of desire, later loves his king's wife, takes her from the court to live in the forest, suffers the ignoble life of a hunted outlaw and dies in wretched loneliness.

The Agnes Scott face

At Agnes Scott we recognize easily this face of honor for we live by it under our honor system, which is simply our code of obligations to others. In spite of the cost to self, we expect to do our duty in order to prevent our life together from becoming dishonorable and chaotic. The student who says "On my word of honor" may not be an honest person, but if she is she is pledging herself to live up to certain expectations which are not peculiar to her. She is saying that she will honor academic and social obligations, not because of threat or force, but because she is loyal to the group, because she can be trusted to insure the continuity of Agnes Scott as an institution of honorable people. Beyond the campus, too, we recognize this familiar notion of honor. We are trusted to preserve the purity of our family life. We have obligations to obey the laws of our land, even when obedience is inconvenient or irritating.

This devotion to duty and to one's honor does not find its commendation in glory; it is not rewarded by triumphal arches and processions. It is expected of all reasonable men, who prefer an honorable discharge to a dishonorable one.

The third face of honor does not

fix its eyes on some heroic accomplishment beyond the call of duty, nor on a noble cause to which it is willing to sacrifice personal desires in the call of duty. Rather, it looks within where, as Montaigne says, "no eye can pierce but our own." "A man is not always upon the top of the breach," wrote this sixteenth century French philosopher, "nor in the front of an army in the sight of his general, as upon a stage. A man may be surprised between the hedge and a ditch." This honor, which is "not for any profit, but for the honor of honesty itself" is a priceless possession of which no one can deprive us. It is of this honor that Camus says "In the conflicts of this century, I have felt close to all obstinate men, particularly to those who have never been able to abandon their faith in honor. I have shared and I continue to share many contemporary hysterias. But I have never been able to make up my mind to spit, as so many have done, on the world 'honor'—no doubt because I was, and continue to be, aware of my human weaknesses and the injustices I have committed, and because I knew and continue to know instinctively that honor, like pity, is the irrational virtue that carries on after justice and reason have become powerless." In speaking of his own life Camus said "There was sunlight and poverty. And then sport, which gave me my only true lessons in morality. Then the war and the Resistance. It was then that there came the temptation to hatred. To see those you love being killed doesn't teach you generosity. That temptation had to be overcome. I overcame it. It was an important experience."

Human beings or hollow men

In this concept of honor great courage springs from sincerity and humility; obedience to duty has its origin in love, respect, and charity. Saint Thomas put this idea of honor in Christian terms when he said, "If a man keeps in mind the fact that whatever good he has he has from God, he must, if he is rational, recognize that it is God rather than himself who deserves the honor. . . This is what Christ was advocating when He said, 'So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.'"

'AGNES SCOTT'S OLD BEAU'

In a recent article in *Saturday Review* (October 20, 1962), Lillian Smith probes the inner recesses of our honor when she asks disturbingly what this traditional, segregated way of life in the South has done to us all. "Have we whites . . . changed from human beings into hollow men?" she asks. "Where is our virtue? our excellence? Did we trade it for white superiority? Have we in this cultural nightmare turned into the stereotype we made of the Negro's soul? Is it we who are satisfied with things as they are? Where is the hollowness we thought we had made when, in stereotyping 'The Negro' we scooped out his love of freedom, his spiritual dignity, his hope: Did we think we could dehumanize the Negro without dehumanizing ourselves?" Lillian Smith is not concerned chiefly here with the granting of civil rights to the Negro. She is disturbed about what has happened to the white man's personal judgment of his own actions. Where is his integrity? Why does he not act honorably before he is threatened by legal decisions, tear gas and guns? Where is the glory which Saint Paul calls the "testimony of our conscience?" Why do we not follow a straight path for the sake of its straightness? Why are we not like the ancient sailor who said to Neptune in a great storm, "Oh, God. Thou shalt save me if Thou please. if not, Thou shalt lose me: yet will I keep my helm always fast?"

The penetrating face

This third face of honor is certainly the most trying to contemplate. Its gaze is piercing and eternally present like the eye of God in Hugo's poem "The Conscience." It distorts in a disarming manner the image of ourselves we think we see reflected from our admiring friends. Yet it is honor's finest face.

These three concepts, and perhaps others, co-exist to a greater or lesser degree in each of us. Our concern is to recognize each for what it is, to curb our self-centered desire for glory, to develop our willingness to sacrifice personal desire for noble institutions and causes, to deepen our quiet, personal honesty, remembering with Montaigne that "the virtue of the soul does not consist in flying high but in walking in an orderly fashion."



Agnes Scott's campus was a favorite place for poet Robert Frost to fulfill his life-long penchant for roaming outdoors. With Edna Hanley Byers and Margaret W. Pepperdene, he is shown here strolling down Buttrick Drive during his last visit in 1962. We will all miss him sorely.



'They Want to Be Like Us'

By MARIANE WURST '63

IT WAS ONLY natural that the class of 1966 would be different from those that had preceded it at Agnes Scott. But few of us expected it to be so different, as we anticipated the arrival of the new students last September.

The first thing that set the class of '66 apart was its physical appearance. "What has happened to the typical freshman wardrobe?" we wondered, watching freshmen registration lines pass by. Gone were the pastel, ruffled, crinolined dresses, the little black flats, the bright pink raincoats, the fuzzy blue sweaters which we had come to associate with freshmen ever since we had hurriedly discarded our own freshman wardrobe in favor of the styles set by our older school mates.

Fashion knowledge

We looked at the fashionable square, pointed, and "snipped" toe shoes on the feet of the freshman class and blushed to think what they must think of our now three-year-old rounded toes. This class was from the first what we call "Ivy-sharp," and we felt just a little disappointed knowing that they would not look to us as paragons of collegiate style.

We were not totally dismayed, however, and soon decided that what the freshman class had in fashion knowledge, it must certainly lack in social poise. How condescendingly we explained the "rush party" to our naive freshmen hall-mates; how mysterious we were as we hinted at the advantages which were ours in having Tech and Emory so nearby; how embarrassed we were a few days later when we tried to get into the Dean's Office to sign a group of girls out for the

Friday night movie and found the office packed with Tech and Emory men waiting for their freshmen dates.

We were losing the battle, but we would never admit that we had lost the war. Classes started, and we wise seniors immediately seized the opportunity to show off our superior intellectual powers. We graciously apologized to the two freshmen whose desks we had unwittingly taken in the first class meeting of English 211 (a course we had so cowardly deferred from our sophomore year). We found ourselves drawing freshmen lab partners in advanced chemistry; we timidly asked them to help us with our math assignments; we bought a subscription to the Atlanta Journal after one dinner table conversation with several of the uninformed, unenlightened, members of the freshman class.

After the first week of school had passed, we unanimously decided not to be so hard on these poor little freshmen. We offered them peace and friendship. They accepted. We were relieved.

Now we could really talk to our freshman friends. We sat at their feet and timorously asked them questions. The answers differed: they were sometimes startling, often amusing, always thoughtful.

Alice Lindsey from Griffin, Ga., whose mother, Edith Dale Lindsey graduated from Agnes Scott in 1942, said of what she expected to gain from her years here, "The education we get at Scott is a foundation that we all need before we go into 'the outside world.' I know I'll have to prepare for a job afterwards and learn how to cook and keep house, but we need to study here simply for the sake of learning."



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

An English major from Bay Minette, Alabama, Mariane is Managing Editor of *The Agnes Scott News*. She is participating in the Independent Study Program and is doing her research in Russian fiction under the direction of Dr. George P. Hayes. Last summer she was employed by *The Presbyterian Survey*, and this summer she will be working in the Alumnae Office.

We asked them if they were studying more or less than they thought they would be, and if their grades were better or worse than they had expected. Louise Smith from Dunn, N. C., answered quickly. "Studying less — making worse grades. That's logical, isn't it?" Usually the freshmen replied that they were doing more work than they had expected to be doing, and that their grades were not quite so good as they had expected them to be. All of them optimistically said that they believed that it would not be long at all before

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They Want to Be

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they were producing better work in less time.

About the differences between high school and college life they were very explicit. Anne Morse (mother, Gene Slack Morse, '41) is from Decatur, but she is boarding at Agnes Scott. She said, "The main difference I found between high school and college is time. There is so much more free time here. All my classes are over by 1:00 every day. Then I really realized what the time was for . . ."

Mary Hopper Brown (mother, Mardia Hopper Brown, '43) came from Kwangju, Korea, where her parents are missionaries. Her answer is perhaps as revealing about her previous way of life as it is about Agnes Scott: "I find myself much more enclosed. Although students study, they do not take their learning seriously and think about the world outside themselves. I find myself suddenly surrounded by 600 girls who all seem so much alike—if they are different it is carefully concealed in words, Villagers, and Wee-juns. I believe that there is too much preoccupation with Agnes Scott and little interest in the rest of the world."

This brought us to a discussion of the academic or intellectual atmosphere at the College. Mary said, "I think there is a real desire to learn, and that most of the students study because they are interested in furthering their education. But from here the intellectual atmosphere disappears. Interest in books, discussions in class, and theories of life end in class. I have seen very few examples of people trying to apply to life what they learn in class."

Alice Boyd, Memphis, Tennessee (mother, Alice Reins Boyd, '38) disagreed. She commented, "To me it is a stimulating atmosphere. I've been so impressed with the thought that we are not here to learn for grades or just to accumulate facts, but that we are here to learn to use our minds more intelligently, and we are here because we want to learn and not because we have to." And Anne Morse added, "There is a definite intellectual atmosphere. Nearly everyone seems genuinely interested in learning, and there are so many lectures,

art exhibits, concerts, and plays to go to."

The problem of balancing one's social and academic life is a very real one to the class of '66. Alice Lindsey said, "I had thought that being at a woman's college would make it easier to concentrate on studying during the week end, with the supply of boys at Tech, to date on week ends. I've found we get so excited every time the phone rings on week nights that our studying is interrupted very often." (In evidence we submit the case of one freshman who allegedly received 26 phone calls from 26 different boys on one night. However, a careful check shows that this particular student has one of the higher grade averages in her class.)

There has not been any marked difference from past years in the number of cases of homesickness among this freshman class. A typical answer to the question, "Have you been homesick while at Agnes Scott?" was Betsy Westfall's (Athens, Ga.), "I haven't been homesick really, though when I went to dinner at a friend's home I realized how much I missed a house."

Religious atmosphere

The response of this class to questions about the religious atmosphere of the campus was in many ways surprising to us. Mary Hopper Brown said, "The first two days or so I felt that Agnes Scott was really a center of Christian atmosphere. But since then I have realized that this, to a certain extent, is an illusion. There are outstanding Christian leaders, the faculty is composed of inspiring examples, and the general feeling is that Agnes Scott is a real Christian college. But for so many of the students this is only superficial—they participate in some activities because it is expected or required. And this constitutes a real danger—that we think we are religious, but we really are not."

One freshman who asked that we not use her name continued, "The administration here sets the religious atmosphere. As far as the student leadership goes, we had this much in high school. The part that goes beyond the merely perfunctory is done by Dr. Alston."

Betsy Westfall said, "There is a definite religious atmosphere here

that people cannot escape, even if they try. However, many people do not get as much benefit from it as they could because they are not trying or do not care."

And Susan Ledford of Charlotte, N. C. admitted, "The atmosphere is not so religious as I had thought it would be. I realize that there are more religious activities in which I could take part. It may be my own lack of effort."

However, the majority of freshmen we questioned about this issue were of the opinion expressed by Alice Boyd, "It is rich and genuine and an integral part of the College. Scott wouldn't be Scott without it."

Honor system

Of the honor system, Alice had this to say, "I don't fully understand it yet, but I am wholeheartedly for it. The whole atmosphere is one of complete trust and mature ideals." None of the freshmen we talked to would make any changes in the honor system (rules, yes, but honor system, no).

We asked them what they would change about Agnes Scott if they could, and for the most part their answers concerned rules having to do with signing out, or chaperonage, or chapel attendance. The most amusing answer came from Mary Hopper Brown who said without hesitation, "Make it into a co-ed school!"

Their ideas about Agnes Scott were often quite diverse, but on one point nearly everyone agreed. We asked these freshmen why they chose Agnes Scott as their college, and all their reasons may be summed up in the one given by Anne Morse, "I've always had a very idealistic picture of what a Scott girl was like, and I wanted to be like it."

Battle worn, thoroughly intimidated and questioned out, we seniors on the brink of becoming alumnae received new moral strength from that reply. The real reason these freshmen are at Agnes Scott and the real reason for their opinions about the school is simply that they want to be like us . . . as un-Ivy-sharp, as undated and as un-intellectual as they often make us appear to be. And considering the quality of the class that wants to be like us, perhaps we are not really such hopeless cases after all.

MOVEMENT IS MEANING



Agnes Scott's Contemporary Dance Group, directed by Miss Kay Osborne (above) has for two years presented wondrous interpretations of the Christmas story. Contemporary dance reflects us today — our religious instincts, our psychological problems. Its key is simplicity. Motivation, feeling and technique combine so that movement itself has meaning.

(Continued)

MOVEMENT IS MEANING *(Continued)*

The dance is a special way of communicating. The dancers are the hostesses; the audience are guests; this is a gift to them.





Religious dance is the hardest to show, although the motivation may be deep. Getting in the mood is difficult, and the dancers must forget inhibitions.

Each face shows inner feeling. Each is worshipping in a different way, and the movement is the same.

MOVEMENT IS MEANING

Continued



The range of movement is unlimited in contemporary dance, however the movement is natural—running, jumping, skipping, walking with technique and feeling combined. The feeling of freedom comes from spontaneity, and both hostesses and guests rejoice!



Mothers, Sons and Daughters

By DR. MIRIAM KOONTZ DRUCKER

Associate Professor of Psychology

EVERY SO OFTEN within a field of knowledge there develops a trend in speculations and findings that rings so true you find yourself spontaneously reaching out toward it for more. Such a trend exists today, at least for me, in the field of psychology. The speculations concern normal, wholesome people and the findings reveal life patterns typical of them. The trend is toward the understanding of health, not illness, a relatively neglected and tremendously exciting area of investigation. As mothers, you will not be surprised to learn that investigators are turning to the cradle of humanity, the home, for much of their research. Nor do I think you will be surprised that the mother-child relationship is providing a rich source of information. Because I have assumed that you have vested interests in what we know about relationships between normal mothers and normal sons and daughters this is what I want us to think about together.

A good beginning point is that a child's normality is intimately related to the kind of woman his mother is (1, 4, 5, 6). What do we know about the nature of a normal mother? First, she is a woman —, or more accurately stated, many kinds of women are normal mothers. To me the most intriguing aspect of all the studies on normality is the immense and complex variety in behavior, all of which is healthy. So there is no one type of normal mother. We must then speak of normal mothers, and remember that this plural concept will be reflected in the differences of the specific acts of mothers.

In spite of the external and specific differences in normal mothers, they do have some internal characteristics which they share. These internal characteristics we might call "feeling-tones" (4). For instance, normal mothers share the characteristic feeling-tone of "motherliness," that is, they gratify the child's needs "for body care and pleasurable stimulation in ways that also provide the mother herself with satisfaction" (3, p. 15). This definition takes for granted that a child does have a need for being nurtured and protected; what it does not take for

granted is that these needs *must* be met permissively or rigidly, terms thrown around so often in popular literature. The definition also points out that the specific ways in which the mother meets the needs of her child have been selected by her, consciously or unconsciously, because they satisfy something for HER as a human being and NOT just because they do something for the child. The essence of motherliness is the genuinely mutual, two-way interaction described in the definition; both mother and child experience personal gratification from the interaction between them. The pleasurable of this relationship does more than protect the child from pain or neglect; protection by itself leaves the child in a void. Motherliness helps the child to find pleasure in the mere (?) process of living.

A second internal and shared characteristic is the feeling of "warm dependability" (4, p. 30) which allows a mother to satisfy her child's need to be dependent on her. To satisfy a dependency need "warmly" a mother allows a child to lean without being a burden, to receive support without feeling weak. The mother's interest and reliability are constant in times of fun and in times of stress. It seems as though the mother's reliability in stress may go a little further toward allowing the child to trust the world than her reliability in fun. Perhaps we will learn in future research that the child is more aware of mother's constancy when the child is under stress.

Another feeling-tone for normal mothers is a feeling of "individualness." By individualness is meant an understanding of each person's need for individuality in his own right, for independence without guilt, for self direction without self doubt (4, p. 30). This feeling must reach out both in the direction of the child and also in the direction of the mother herself. Mother's individualness allows the child to satisfy his need to be independent, as her dependability allows the child to satisfy his need to be dependent. This is not a contradiction nor a case of either one situation or the other. Both the needs in the child and the feeling-

tones in the mother exist simultaneously. The mother's recognition of the child as a person who needs to separate himself from HER, of all people, conveys to the *child* mother's deep sensitivity to him, even when he is rejecting, and also her trust in his use of himself. The same individualness in the mother allows her to have a sense of herself. She too has identity separate from the mother-child relationship. She is free not to submerge her personality in her child, but to exist uniquely in the world. By separating mother from child this feeling of individualness helps the mother clarify what she wants for her child and what she wants from her child. Such a separation protects the mother from the trap of permitting the child to make his own decisions and at the same time expecting the decisions to please mother (1).

Of all the feeling-tones of normal mothers which our studies have explored so far, the feeling of "maternal adequacy" based on clinically measurable, external signs of adequacy seems more crucial to a child's good adjustment than almost any other (4, p. 43). While motherliness, dependability and individualness are vital, maternal adequacy is more than the presence of these feelings. It represents a culmination of the mother's own growth, her own personal achievement. Adequacy both achieved and felt in a mother represents the selection of a good mother-model, the drive to develop in oneself the virtues of the model and the successful achievement of the virtues. The kind of maternal adequacy reflected in the research studies implies, if nothing more, that the normal mother has an active capacity for growth of her own during the growth years of her children. As a matter of fact one of our major studies states outright that the child's growth potential is eternally locked to the mother's capacity for growth. "The ability to grow," says Irving Harris, the psychiatrist from whose study much of this material has come, "when there is a necessity to grow, the ability to learn new things and attitudes, when the old learned things and attitudes no longer suffice for an

adaptive mastery of a situation — these abilities arise from an internal essence as mysterious as life itself (4, p. 44).”

This quotation is partly an answer to the question I think you must be formulating at this point, “How does a normal mother get that way? From where do the feeling-tones come?” While you may know the answer from the best source in the world, your own experience, we will go back to the research to see what it says about the source of motherliness, warm dependability, individualness, maternal capacity and other internal characteristics of normal mothers.

Unless you have forgotten everything you learned in Child Psychology, you are already anticipating the first research conclusions. Normal mothers are the way they are because of their own mothers, and it so happens, their own fathers (4). A woman's own mothering and her reactions to it have the greatest influence on the way she mothers her children. Apparently each mother either continues or resolves some aspect of her own growing up with her child's growing up. Mothers differ in their awareness of this “generational continuity” in their behavior: some seem totally unconscious of it, while other normal mothers say, “I am doing this because my mother did it for me and I like it.” Among normal mothers are some who choose to reject disappointing or frustrating patterns of their own mothers. Here especially is exhibited the force of the will to grow in human nature, for the mother must reject her most convenient mother-model and undo the unconscious learning of her own childhood so that the generational continuity she passes on to her sons and daughters will lack the pain she is able to resolve from it. Where a mother has a flexible continuity with her past, when she is not bound to hand it down without change, or bound to hand it down completely changed, there are fewer and less serious growth problems for mothers and children. Incidentally, the assumption, or rather the finding is that even normal mothers and normal sons and daughters have growth problems!

One of the most interesting results of our present studies is the influence of mother's feelings toward her father on the adjustment of her children (4, p. 84). A positive, affectionate feeling of the mother for her father seems to furnish the ground work for a good adjustment of the child especially as the child

leaves babyhood and moves toward puberty. The implication of the research is that the mother learns from the relationship to her father the core of her attitudes about adult sexuality. When the relationship is one of affection, the mother as a child can experience, accept and control her own erotic and aggressive impulses. Such childhood learning enables the mother to continue accepting her own sexuality and eventually to accept the maturation, sexual and otherwise, of her child. You will recognize the psychoanalytic theory behind this research finding, and you would be impressed, I believe, at the statistical stability of the finding.

Mother's relationship to her father contributes in another way to the mother's normality. The kind of relationship experienced with the father tends to be repeated in marriage. A fondness for father leads to a fondness for husband. More concretely, when love of father allows the growing woman to accept her own sexual growth, it establishes the probability that the woman will later enjoy her sexual experiences with her husband. The relationship between a woman's fulfillment in her marriage and the normality of her children while not fully understood experimentally has been demonstrated repeatedly (4, 5, 6). Surely further research will support the notion that the marriage relationship contributes vitally and dynamically to mother's individualness and therefore, as we have established, to her continuing growth. If your experience in your marriage has been what I would hope for you, *You* know that love (you will let me equate love with marriage in normal people, won't you?) that love necessarily enriches the lover (2, p. 69). I hope you are familiar with Viktor Frankl's idea that it is infatuation which makes us blind: love enables us to see. “Love,” Frankl says, “permits us to see the spiritual core of the other person, the reality of the other's essential nature and his potential worth. Love allows us to experience another's personality as a world in itself, and so extends our own world . . . Love helps the beloved to become as the lover sees him . . . While, therefore, even ‘unrequited’ love enriches us and brings happiness, ‘requited’ love is distinctly creative. In mutual love, in which each wishes to be worthy of the other, to become like the other's vision of him, a kind of dialectical process takes place in which each outbids the other and so elevates the other” (2, p. 169-170).

In the light of such a notion of love it is not difficult to see how the experiences of marriage, all of them, are used normally in the best development of the mother as a person. It is of value to remember that not only is the mother a “lover” of her husband, but also of her children. As the “beloved,” as the receiver of mother's love, the child too participates in a dialectical process of loving and so is enriched and so enriches the other, an idea touched on earlier as we discussed motherliness. In the romantic and in the practical sense of loving, it is the lover who provides the beloved the extra gestures of giving without counting a cost that makes life something so much more than a process of survival.

Mother's mother, mother's father, mother's husband, and now what else contributes to the nature of a normal mother? The final variable I want us to think about I do not have a word for because, I suppose, there are really two factors, and I want to put them together into one variable. The first factor is that normally mothers fluctuate in the characteristics the research attributes to them. The second factor is that normal mothers accept the fluctuation and its results without undue feelings of self doubt or self punishment. The fluctuation in the motherliness, the dependability, the individualness, and the maternal capacity occurs when mothers move into changing situations and stages of development. When the fluctuation is down, so that less of these characteristics are felt and demonstrated, the mother is in a situation which drains her energy resources. At least one study indicates that the typical energy draining situation occurs when mother does not know what to do and therefore cannot choose decisively which course to take (4). Two kinds of situations apparently create indecision for mother. The mother is faced with something unfamiliar, e.g. a first baby, or she is faced with something about which she is in conflict, e.g. a crying child. Not knowing what to do is wearing by itself, but not knowing what to do with an infant when you have never before held an infant of your own or anybody's else's is even worse. Not knowing exactly what to do about a crying baby makes you tired, but it is worse to be torn between feeling you should let the baby “cry it out” as your book suggests and your own desire to comfort the little thing even if nothing is wrong with him. “Battle fatigue”

is the term Bruno Bettelheim uses to describe what mother feels. And now for the first time in his own right we come to the one person who is left out of the title, "Mothers, Sons, and Daughters." At this point a "normal husband" provides support for mother as she deals both with the fatigue and also with the fluctuating of her mothering characteristics. His stability, his companionship, his side of their mutual love enable mother to survive the battle without going into the battle shock of feeling inadequate, guilty, or remorseful. Bettelheim, a man more likely to swing into action than to sit and ponder an experimental hypothesis, says that normal parents are interested in living at ease with the children in their care, and at ease with each other and at ease with themselves. To do this, normal parents must be free to believe that behavior makes sense when you analyze and understand it. In the light of this, together the parents try to analyze a stressful situation. "If I were a child, why would I do this? Why does he do it?" The analysis goes a step beyond the description of the situation, you see, to the understanding of the situation. In his new book, *Dialogues with Mothers*, Bettelheim illustrates what he means a good many times. For instance at one point he is trying to help a mother who feels completely dominated by the demands of her four year old son. To her he says in part, "... what counts is the attitude of the parents. The same child's behavior can be described as 'He's happy by himself,' or 'He ignores me,' or 'He has no use for me,' or 'He rejects me.' But it can also be described as 'He really needs me now,' or 'I can be of real use to him, and have a chance to teach him,' or 'He doesn't give my any peace.' Now, it's up to you how you interpret the child's behavior to yourself" (1, p. 201). If you are familiar with Bettelheim's writings or work, you already know his great faith in humanity would lead him to expect parents to come to a realistic analysis of behavior, their own and their children's. Perhaps the word I could not find to describe this aspect of what helps a mother to be normal is "understanding," or perhaps there is no one word to cover both the fluctuations of the mother's ability to mother and her acceptance of the fluctuation.

Although we have not exhausted the research findings about normal women who are mothers, I would

like for us to move on to the sons and daughters. We will start from the same point with which we began our study of normal mothers. There are many kinds of children who are normal and they vary widely in their specific acts of behavior. As the mothers do, the children also share some things in common and it is at those we can look most profitably.

Normal children all exhibit "problem behavior" at some time. There are times when what a psychologist discovers experimentally is so well known that his experiment seems superfluous. I believe this is one of those times, so I am not going to provide you with illustrations or the compiling of evidence to support this first characteristic of normal children. However, I do think that you will be interested in the implications from the research that the particular problems of a specific child crucially influence the mother's growth in mothering (3, p. 16). No matter how much she wants to, a mother who is thrown into conflicting feelings of concern and repulsion toward a child who throws up often cannot show the same amount of "warm dependability" as the mother who feels only concern. And almost any normal child can dent the individualness of almost any normal mother by wiggling out of her reach and screaming for the neighbors to hear. "I hate you; go away!" The tie that binds, according to the research, binds both ways!

Although I have deliberately emphasized for you the variability of normal behavior in adults and children, I would like to pick up from the research one specific bit of behavior which often concerns parents. Night dreams which frighten the child in popular literature are considered signs of anxiety in the child and therefore "bad." Harris (4, p. 150-152) on the other side of the fence suggests that occasional sleep disturbances occur in normal children and are not necessarily bad. His research indicates that stress, among other things, stimulates the child to grow. "Wholesome stress," as he refers to it, undoubtedly has a limit built into it, but a moderate dosage of anxiety, he found, motivates the child to a mastery of his growth problems. The occasional sleep disturbances of the normal child are the child's way of "sleeping on a problem" or more formally and psychoanalytically, dreams are a way of "integrating the excitations from his waking life," a kind of

problem solving with dreams. Growth is a twofold process. In the first part of the process new things are taken in by the child. The second part of the process is a matter of digesting what has been taken in, discarding what is valueless, and transforming into a part of oneself what is of value. The taking-in part of growth makes for change; the digesting part makes for permanence. At any point in the complete process stress may occur. Dealing with the stress, even with dreams, allows the process to continue and therefore the child to grow.

Since a look at problem behavior in children has directed our attention to growth, it might be well to continue talking about it, because in connection with growth we find some other characteristics normal children share. For instance, at any one growth stage, a normal child will demonstrate three different elements of growth in an integrated pattern (4, p. 22). One is that the child will show the elements of the stage at which he is presently. He will be doing in part what you think he ought to do. He will also demonstrate "left over" aspects of the previous stage; that is the second element. This means that in some way a child may always be considered a baby, since his behavior will normally show some characteristics of the next younger stage. The third element of the child's behavior will be found in embryonic signs of the next growth stage. In this way he will always surprise you with how advanced he is for his age. In other words a child normally is too young, too old and just right for his age! Each stage of development connects its predecessor and its successor to provide continuity for the child's eventual maturation. It would surprise me if our further research did not find this idea constant throughout all of life, even at my own advanced age!

There is another research finding related to growth which should be fitted in here. A moment ago growth was divided into two parts — change by taking-in and permanence by digesting. Normally in children there is a balance between the change factors and the permanence factors (4, p. 28). Managing change well allows the child to experience the need for, and to enjoy variety, challenge, spice. It contributes to the fact that normal children are zestful, happy, adaptable, willing to take a chance. Uncontrolled, the change factor in the child could make him perpetually restless, nonadaptive, shifting with

the wind. The permanence factors in the child contribute to his self regulation, his conservatism; they "ground him" so to speak. These two aspects taken together in the child largely determine his "adjustability, i.e., his capacity for psychic growth." Harris offers a most intriguing definition of psychic growth. It is the capacity to learn age-appropriate functions and to enjoy the performance of them (4, p. 152). Incidentally he goes on to add that with age, the appropriate functions are decreasingly egocentric and self-preservative and increasingly altruistic and race-preservative. This constitutes an awesome definition of maturation!

Normal children have problems which contribute to mother's growth as well as their own; normal children exhibit a range of developmental behavior; normal children balance effectively their ability to change and their ability to remain permanent. At least one more characteristic needs to be added to the list: normal children identify with a mother whom they consider nurturing. Children look to mother, even though there are times when her mothering fluctuates, as a source of nourishment and pleasure (4, p. 25). This appears to be the major factor which allows the child to look on "other and later humans as gratifiers," to expect to establish other "warmly dependent" relationships in his world — with his teacher, his neighbor, his friend, his own child. The child's identification with mother can be understood most simply on purely practical grounds; it is advantageous for the child to be on good terms with his mother. She hands out the food, the comfort, the punishment, and the reward. You do not have to be very smart or very old to figure out that mother has a pretty tight hold on things. To take this just one step further and see just one aspect of the consequences of lining up with mother, consider what is set in motion as the child takes on his mother's attitude toward her husband, the child's father. The influence of the father-child relationship has already been touched upon for the growing daughter; it is found to be of equal influence on the growing son. Whether mother is pro-husband or anti-husband locks in place the generational continuity within the family; the identity of the child with mother sets in motion the establishment within the child of the mother's attitudes.

So far, we have considered a description of normal mother and

normal children; indirectly we have also looked at the connections between the two. There are three very specific points of interaction in normal families which follow the research findings but may not be obvious just at first (4, p. 174-177). I want you to know these points; I hope they sound familiar. Normal families are *family centered* families; the energy of each family member goes into the family organization. In any well functioning, high-morale organization the leadership is assumed by the more experienced and mature members. In the case of families *parents* are the more experienced and the more mature members, and parents are the *leaders*. Normal parents have avoided the scourge of our time: the fear of doing wrong by the children, a fear which keeps some parents from ever doing right by their children.

The second relationship between parents and child goes back to the growth problems of the children. Popular literature has so concentrated on the problems, that we easily overlook this fact: mature, that is, normal parents solve the problems with their children in such a way that the problems are temporary and nondisabling. This finding is so rarely a part of the voluminous discussion of children's problems that I hope you will remember it, if you forget all the rest of this discussion. Parents do solve growth problems creatively, constructively, and without maiming the child for life.

The third point of interaction between parent and child substantiated so far by research is that normal parents set a reasonable *standard of normality* for the child to reach. A reasonable standard of normality is always in terms of a particular child or type of child; this means that parents recognize the great variability possible within the limits of normal behavior and allow each child to find his own place within that area. The parents' definition is not too narrow consequently. A reasonable standard of normality for a child recognizes the child's potential for growth, but also takes into account that each child is limited in his self actualization. Consequently the parents' definition of normality is not too high. A reasonable standard for a child recognizes that through self understanding the growing child can more "wisely, benignly and effectively handle his inevitable" potential for abnormality, rather than viewing the child as one who is free of the potential of abnormality, or one who has to deny

this side of himself. The parents' definition of normality consequently is not too rigid for the child.

This concludes what I have to say to you about "Mothers, Sons and Daughters," but before I stop, I would like to point out to you that you have been hoaxed just a bit. You have been patient readers of many words about normal behavior, but at no place have you been given a definition of normality to guide your thinking. Even with the research evidence concerning the characteristics and behavior of normal mothers and children there has been no general discussion of normality per se. Webster defines it as "the normal state or quality," which does not really help us very much. Erikson (4, p. 19) defines normality as the "... accrued confidence that one's ability to maintain inner sameness and continuity (one's ego in the psychological sense) is matched by the sameness and continuity of one's meaning for others." This doesn't really help us much either. Many other Freudians state simply that normality is the absence of inner conflict which distinguishes the emotionally healthy from the emotionally unhealthy. Gardner Murphy's (4, p. 19) definition emphasizes the subjective feeling of the individual achieved by the unity of the personality which gives him a sense of identity, continuity, and distinctiveness. But the definition which means the most to me comes from Ernest Jones, the famous biographer of Freud. Jones (4, p. 18) sets up two criteria for normality; the criterion of happiness and the criterion of adaptability to reality. He concludes his definition in this way: "The psychological problems of normality reside in the capacity to endure and the ability to hold wishes in suspension without either renouncing them or reacting to them in a defensive way. Thus *fearlessness* is the nearest criterion of normality" (4, p. 19).

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Worthy Notes...

The College Helps Us to Continue Education

THE THERMOMETER in Atlanta plunged to zero as the College plunged from Christmas festivities and the rest into an all too short and crowded winter quarter. As tempo quickens, so do tempers, and the college community, as do alumnae anywhere, longs for spring.

This community is, as I write this column, saddened by the news of our own Robert Frost's death—at the time he made his annual visit to Agnes Scott. Dr. Alston will speak in Convocation about Mr. Frost and Agnes Scott, and we hope to publish this in the spring issue of the *Quarterly*.

One thing that lifts our hearts in the bleakness of winter is reflecting on the success of our pilot program last fall in continuing education for alumnae and their husbands in the Greater Atlanta area. After more than a year of exploration, study, and planning by the Education Committee of the Alumnae Association and the Faculty Committee on Alumnae Affairs, we offered two courses, held on five successive Tuesday nights.

One course was on "Life in Latin America Today." Four lectures were given: one on the history of the people, by Dr. John Tumblyn, Jr., Associate Professor of Sociology and Anthropology; one on contemporary literature by Dr. Florine Dunstan, Associate Professor of Spanish; one on democracy in Latin America, by Dr. William G. Cornelius, Associate Professor of Political Science; and one on contemporary art by Dr. Marie Huper, Associate Professor of Art. The last night these faculty members held a symposium on current problems.

The other course was titled "The Nature of the Self." Five lectures were given in religion and philosophy. Dr. Mary L. Boney, Associate Professor of Bible, began the series with a discussion of the Biblical concept of the self. Dr. Kwai Sing Chang, Associate Professor of Bible and Philosophy, spoke on the self in oriental religions. Dr. Miriam Koontz Drucker, Associate Professor of Psychology (see her article on p. 15), lectured on the self in contemporary psychology. Dr. Ellen Douglass Leyburn, Professor of English, discussed the self in contemporary drama, and President Alston delivered the last lecture in the series on the concept of the self in contemporary theology.

All of this superb intellectual fare was digested—and thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated—by 92 alumnae and

their husbands. They were sent reading lists as they pre-registered for the courses, and many of these books were available for purchase in the college bookstore. We charged a registration fee of \$5.00 (or \$7.50 for a couple), and from these funds were able to give the participating faculty members an honorarium—not adequate compensation for their excellent efforts, but at least a way of saying hearty thanks to them.

We planned to tape record each lecture, but because of the hoary excuse "due to circumstances beyond our control" (faulty recording equipment) all are not on tapes. Some are, and if an alumna, or an alumnae group, would like to hear one of these, please write me and I'll send it to you. We plan another series, perhaps with a different format, for the fall.

Alumnae Clubs are having faculty speakers, too. Dean of the Faculty C. Benton Kline met with the New York area alumnae clubs on a cold January night. Nine faculty members will go out on the "Founder's Day Circuit": Dr. Alston will address a joint Agnes Scott-Emory dinner in Columbus, Ga.; Dr. Calder goes to Columbia, S. C.; Miss Gaylord to Shreveport, La.; Dr. Huper to Tampa, Fla.; I to Louisville, Ky.; President-Emeritus McCain to Charlotte, N.C.; Dr. McNair to Greenville, S. C.; Dr. Posey to Washington, D. C.; Dr. Tumblyn to Jacksonville, Fla.; and Dr. Winter to Birmingham, Ala.

Where we cannot send a speaker, we can sometimes send spoken words on tape recordings or records for Founder's Day meetings. Some are going this year to Los Angeles, Calif., and to Memphis, Tenn. The Hampton-Newport News, Va. Club will see and hear the movie made in 1960 for the 75th Anniversary Development Campaign, "Quest for Greatness."

Other alumnae clubs, Nashville, Tenn., for example, are planning their own Founder's Day programs. We send kudos and a special salute to the Westchester-Fairfield Alumnae Club as it celebrates its tenth anniversary in the home of its founder, Ethel Farmer Hunter, *Inst.*

After Founder's Day, we look forward with delight to spring and Alumnae Week End at the end of April.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

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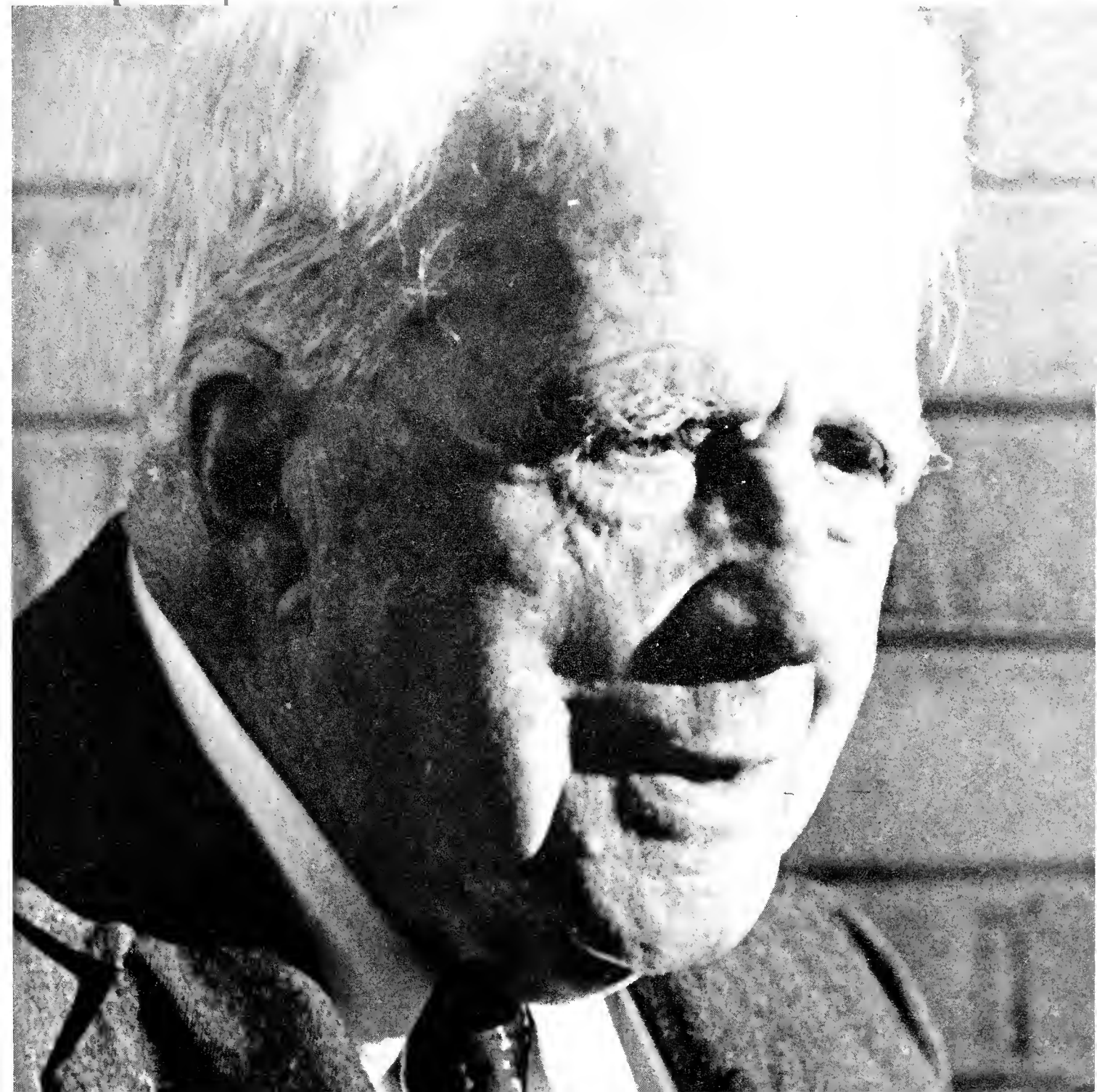
SPRING 1963

Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

An Affectionate Tribute to
Agnes Scott's "Old Beau"

See page 1



THE Agnes Scott

SPRING 1963 Vol. 41, No. 3
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson '38, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley '56, *Managing Editor*

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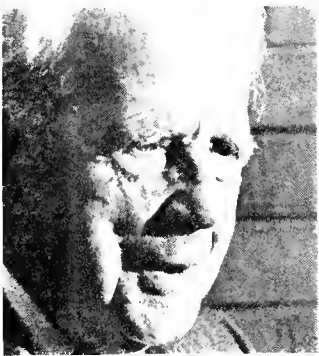
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FRONT COVER :

Poet Robert Frost caught in a typically quixotic expression during his last visit to Agnes Scott in January, 1962 (*see page 4*). Cover photo and photographs on pp. 3-12 by Ken Patterson; on p. 34 by Dwight Ross; on pp. 33, 36, 37 courtesy *Silhouette*.

FRONTISPIECE :

(*Opposite page*)

A spring quarter progress report on Agnes Scott's sixth dormitory.

The Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly is published four times a year (November, February, April and July) by the Alumnae Association of Agnes Scott College at Decatur, Georgia. Yearly subscription, \$2.00. Single copy 50 cents. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office of Decatur, Georgia, under Act of August 24, 1912.

MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



New Profile

SPRING 1963

Young spring leaves make a nice pattern against brick rising daily to make the facade of the new dormitory—and several fine old trees have been saved.



AGNES SCOTT'S FRIENDSHIP WITH

Robert Frost

By Wallace Alston

Editor's Note: A week after Robert Frost had gone to explore his last "further range," President Alston spoke in Convocation, February 6, 1963, about the poet's relationships with Agnes Scott. This article is edited from Dr. Alston's speech.

THIS PAST WEEK (the last week of January) had been designated and held inviolate on the college calendar as the time for Robert Frost's twenty-first visit to Agnes Scott. We had come gradually to accept the fact that, even if he became well enough to leave Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, he would probably not be able to be with us in the foreseeable future. Even so, we were scarcely prepared to receive the news that Robert Frost, having traveled his last mile and kept his last promise with us, had gone to sleep in the early morning of Tuesday (January 29) of "his week."

In a brief release to the press requested early last Tuesday, we said simply that we have lost a great friend whom we have valued for his poetry, for his wisdom and wit, but most of all for himself; that through more than twenty years Robert Frost has built himself into the structure of things at Agnes Scott; that our affection for our friend was deep and sincere; and that we who have known him in this unusual relationship will miss him in a very unique and special sense.

The friendship between Agnes Scott and Robert Frost began in November, 1935, when he came to the campus for the first time upon the invitation of Miss Emma May Laney, then Associate Professor of English and Lecture Association chairman. Miss Laney had heard Mr. Frost lecture at Columbia University and had written that she was "impressed with his stalwart integrity, his courage, and his humor." She continued:

I was especially struck by his reading of "The Code" and his comment that college students are like the hired man in the poem: You can tell them what to do but not how or how much. I felt that we must have him for a lecture at Agnes Scott.

Frost's first public lecture here on November 7, 1935, was highly successful. He arrived in the early morning and left after the lecture that night. One of the students who met him at the railroad station was Sarah Catherine Wood who later became Mrs. Peter Marshall (now Mrs. Leonard LeSourd, a valued member of our Board of Trustees).

Robert Frost visited Agnes Scott for the second time in May of 1940. Since 1945 he has come each year, usually in late January, for visits varying in length from three days to a week.

In the course of his last engagement on our campus in January, 1962, Robert Frost made the statement that, so far as he knew, our Agnes Scott collection of Frostiana is second only to that in the Jones Library at Amherst. Beginning in 1944, Miss Laney and Mrs. Edna Hanley Byers, our librarian, initiated and developed plans for the Frost collection in the library. Mr. Frost, from the first, was interested in the project and contributed generously to it. Miss Laney gave to the library the first editions that Mr. Frost had sent to her, as well as complete sets of Christmas cards and other valuable additions to the Agnes Scott collection. Since

(continued)

Robert Frost (continued)

Miss Laney's retirement, Mrs. Byers has continued aggressively to build the Frost collection. His own appreciation for her is shown in an inscription that he wrote in 1960:

For Edna Byers, my faithful friend and indefatigable collector.

When Miss Laney retired from the Agnes Scott faculty in 1956, the Emma May Laney Library Fund was established in her honor by alumnae, faculty, and friends. One of the stipulated uses of the income from this fund is to enlarge and preserve the Robert Frost collection.

We have our own portrait of Robert Frost here on this campus. Mr. Frost gladly consented to "sit" for the portrait, painted by our own Ferdinand Warren, in the course of his visit in 1958. Mr. Warren is one of the people at Agnes Scott whom Mr. Frost particularly liked. While posing, he wrote from memory the little poem, "Questioning Faces," inscribed it and presented it to Mr. Warren. The portrait was unveiled on the occasion of Mr. Frost's lecture in January, 1959, while

Mr. Warren and Mr. Frost stood together beside it on the platform.

When the college entered upon the intensive phase of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary Development Program in the winter of 1960, Robert Frost was asked to serve as Honorary National Chairman. He accepted without a moment's hesitation, saying that he was honored to associate himself with the plans and purposes of this college. This brief note came on February 16, 1960:

Thank you for the opportunity to take any part you will permit me in the campaign to make your great college greater. As you know I have had a growing affection for you through the years. My heart's with you.

*Always yours,
Robert Frost*

It is proper, I have no doubt, to call your attention to a little volume of some eighty pages that Mrs. Byers has for a long time dreamed of issuing and that she has carefully edited. It is titled *Robert Frost at Agnes*

President Alston and Betsy Foncher, Agnes Scott's News Director, listen to the poet at a press conference in the Alstons' home.





Edna Hanley Byers, Librarian, and Mr. Frost confer.

Photographs by Ken Patterson

him and have had the privilege of hearing him express himself on nearly every imaginable topic and of observing him in many different situations.

Well built, big chested, rugged looking, with white tousled hair and blue eyes, our friend would arrive wearing blue canvas rubber-soled shoes, a suit that he didn't bother to press (and who cared!), an overcoat much too heavy for Georgia on ordinary winter days, and a soft hat that usually sat puckishly on the side or back of his head. With a friendly greeting to each of us, he got acquainted again with our dog and settled in for his visit.

Robert Frost was at his social best in a small group of people with whom he was at ease. He was a remarkable conversationalist. Of course, he did most of the talking. His interests were diverse, his memory inexhaustible, his allusions and analogies both pertinent and puzzling, his phrasing homely and often cryptic, and his wit sometimes sly, often subtle, sometimes delightfully "corny." We have sat together for hour upon hour, talking about everything under heaven! The later (or earlier) the hour, the more relaxed and enjoyable Robert Frost became as a conversationalist (really, a monologist).

If you took this man for a kindly, lovable old New England poet whose charm lay in his simplicity, you were in for a shock. His mind was subtle, nimble, and resilient, and his personality as complex as any I have

Scott and is now in the printer's hands. This little book, which will be dedicated to Miss Laney, is really a complete catalogue of the primary material in Agnes Scott's Frost collection, listing first editions, holograph (or manuscript) copies of poems written especially for Agnes Scott, letters, periodicals containing first printings of Frost's poems, anthologists containing the first printings of poems in book form, translations of poems into foreign languages, Christmas cards, records, tape recordings, pictures, and many other interesting items. *Robert Frost at Agnes Scott* is being printed in limited quantity: in all probability it will become a collectors' item within a relatively brief time. Mr. Frost knew of the development of this Agnes Scott volume. He wrote Mrs. Byers, giving her a blanket permission to use anything that she wants in making the book as complete and attractive as possible.

May I be permitted now to share with you some personal impressions of Robert Frost and to cite some incidents that illustrate these impressions? I have been on hand for fourteen of the twenty visits that he has made to Agnes Scott. He has been our house guest ten times. Mrs. Alston and I have spent many hours with

Emma May Laney, professor emeritus of English, first brought Robert Frost to the Agnes Scott campus in November, 1935.



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"His conversation was often quixotic, paradoxical, and enigmatic."



Robert Frost (continued)

ever known. Lydia Lyon Roberts, who knew Frost well during the time that she was on the staff in the Poetry Room of the Harvard College Library said: "His very simplicity is complex, his clarity deep." You could not pin him down against his will, try as you might. If he wanted to take a position, he made the fact known openly. If he preferred to tease, to toy with you, to be tentative and noncommittal, you had as well let him have his way. He would, at any rate. His conversation was often quixotic, paradoxical, and enigmatic. He was independent in his judgments, quick in repartee, and impatient with questions that he regarded as silly or impertinent.

There was one question that Robert Frost consistently refused to answer—a question that I have heard people put to him scores of times in the years that I have known him: "What did you mean in this poem?" His usual answer was to freeze up (as, believe me, he could do) and to say, "You don't want me to tell you in other and worse language, do you?" His real reason for responding to this type of question was found in a preface that he wrote to *Aforesaid*, a published selection of poems distributed to his guests at his eightieth birthday dinner:

The heart sinks when robbed of the chance to see for itself what a poem is all about Being taught poems reduces them to the rank of mere information.

No one ever doubted that Robert Frost's art was the central passion of his life. He liked to say that literature

is "a performance in words." For him, poetry was a performance in words without footnotes and without quoted authorities to back him up. I have heard him turn the full impact of his satirical capacity upon T. S. Eliot because of the numerous quotations in such works as "The Waste Land." One of Robert Frost's favorite phrases in describing his art was "the renewal of words." I have heard him say more than once that in a laboratory we sometimes see a crucible of quicksilver upon which gathers a leaden scum; we notice that when it is shaken it crackles like lightning. This is what happens, he would add, when the words in a poem come alive. They crackle like lightning. Frost lingered lovingly over words, poured over them, dug at them, cared about them.

How many times I have heard Robert Frost toss off a definition, or, more accurately, a description of what a poem is. Here are a few:

A poem is "an arrest of disorder."

A poem is "a momentary stay against confusion."

Every poem is "an epitome of the great predicament; a figure of the will braving alien entanglements."

A poem is "a thought-felt thing."

"Like a piece of ice on a hot stove, the poem must ride on its own melting."

*(Referring to the way a poet takes a thought and releases it in form, he used a familiar figure)—
"Like a napkin we fold the thought, squeeze it through the ring, and it expands once more."*



He referred to the beauty of word and sentence that one gets in the great poets, when every line "pops like popcorn; turns white on you."

"Poetry provides the one permissible way of saying one thing and meaning another."

When asked on one occasion whether he would define poetry as "escape," Frost replied, "No. Poetry is a way of taking life by the throat."

Robert Frost at Agnes Scott! Always this meant telephone calls begging for tickets to the lecture in Gaines Chapel; an overflow crowd for the lecture, with many disappointed alumnae and friends turned away; the late dinner at the Dieckmanns' following the lecture; reporters to be scheduled, radio and television interviews to be arranged; faculty members in our home to wel-

come Robert Frost back to Agnes Scott and to listen while he talked on and on of poets and their poetry, politics, trips that he had made since his last visit, funny little incidents or anecdotes that seemed worth telling. Each year some one interest seemed to overshadow the rest and to color the monologue. One year it was the trip to South America for the State Department; another year it was Ezra Pound's release in which Robert Frost shared significantly; again it was the inauguration of Mr. Kennedy; last January the trend in international affairs, particularly as seen in the United Nations, seemed to us to concern our friend unduly.

When Miss Laney was at Agnes Scott, Robert Frost received extraordinary attention and care beyond the call of duty. Bless her heart, she seemed to feel personally responsible for his health and welfare. Miss Laney was always the first to come by our home to welcome Mr. Frost. She would check and double check meticulously on every detail of his visit. She did not hesitate to make suggestions about his schedule, his diet, his need for rest between engagements, and the importance of wearing his overshoes and scarf if the weather was bad. "She tries to mother me," he would say as soon as she had left. Then, with that wonderful twinkle in his eyes, he would add, "But she's a nice girl. I like her."

One of the unforgettable recollections of Robert Frost's visits to our home was his habit of going alone for night walks. When the conversation in the library had run its course, the members of the family had retired, the late show on television completed, several glasses of "Seven-Up" consumed, our friend would put on his coat and hat and start out into the dark alone. We

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Robert Frost (continued)

discovered years ago that he wanted it that way; he asked only for a key and to be let alone. His little poem, "Acquainted with the Night," written in 1928, is based on the habit of a lifetime (and, I confess, I find in it more than meets the eye or the ear):

*I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.*

*I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.*

*I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,*

*But not to call me back or say good-by;
And further still at an earthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky*

*Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.*

Let me offer an example of the poet's remarkable capacity for observation which he knew how to use in his art. In 1957 Robert Frost was requested to write the introduction to an anthology of *The New Poets of England and America*, poets under forty who show promise. The title that he gave his introduction was "Maturity No Object." He made the point that young poets have their place and should not be too much intimidated by their lack of maturity. Then he wrote this interesting paragraph:

Maturity will come. We mature. But the point is that it is at best irrelevant. Young poetry is the breath of parted lips. For the spirit to survive, the mouth must find how to firm and not harden. I saw it in two faces in the same drawing room—one youth in Greek sculpture, the other manhood in modern painting. They were both noble. The man was no better than the boy nor worse because he was older. The poets of this group, many of them my friends and already known to many of us, need live to write no better, need only wait to be better known for what they have written.

The drawing room to which Frost referred is in our home. The man whose portrait hangs over the fireplace is my great, great grandfather. The sculptured head of the youth is one that has been in our family for some years. Robert Frost observed the two representations when he visited us in January of 1957; the contrast between the

firm lips of maturity and the parted lips of youth became the recurring theme of his days with us during that visit.

Frost's sense of humor was one of the personal qualities that gave charm and effectiveness to his public appearances and heightened pleasure to personal conversation with him. I have watched him on the platform as he would tinker with the reading lamp and the loud-speaker equipment. I soon learned that this was a little device of his that helped him get started. After a few asides, he would get his hold on the audience with a mellow, droll humor, often brought about through the inflection of his voice. He could feel the pulse of an audience as readily as any person I have ever known. He knew how to set up the laughs. As one observer put it, "He doubles as his own straight man." Sometimes he was hilariously funny. Many times we have seen him josh an audience, say some rather odd things, talk flippantly about education, politics, or religion, pun a little, perhaps, and then break in suddenly with this:

*It takes all kinds of in and outdoor schooling
To get adapted to my kind of fooling.*

Let me recount one amusing anecdote that Robert Frost told us in January, 1958, after returning from his trip to England where he received the honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and other universities. Prior to receiving the Cambridge degree, Frost gave a public lecture at the university, holding a vast British audience spellbound. He began by saying:

*I'd rather receive an honorary degree from your
university than be educated here.*

Then he discussed poetry. When he came to free verse, he told the audience that writing free verse is like playing tennis with the net down. Then he said:

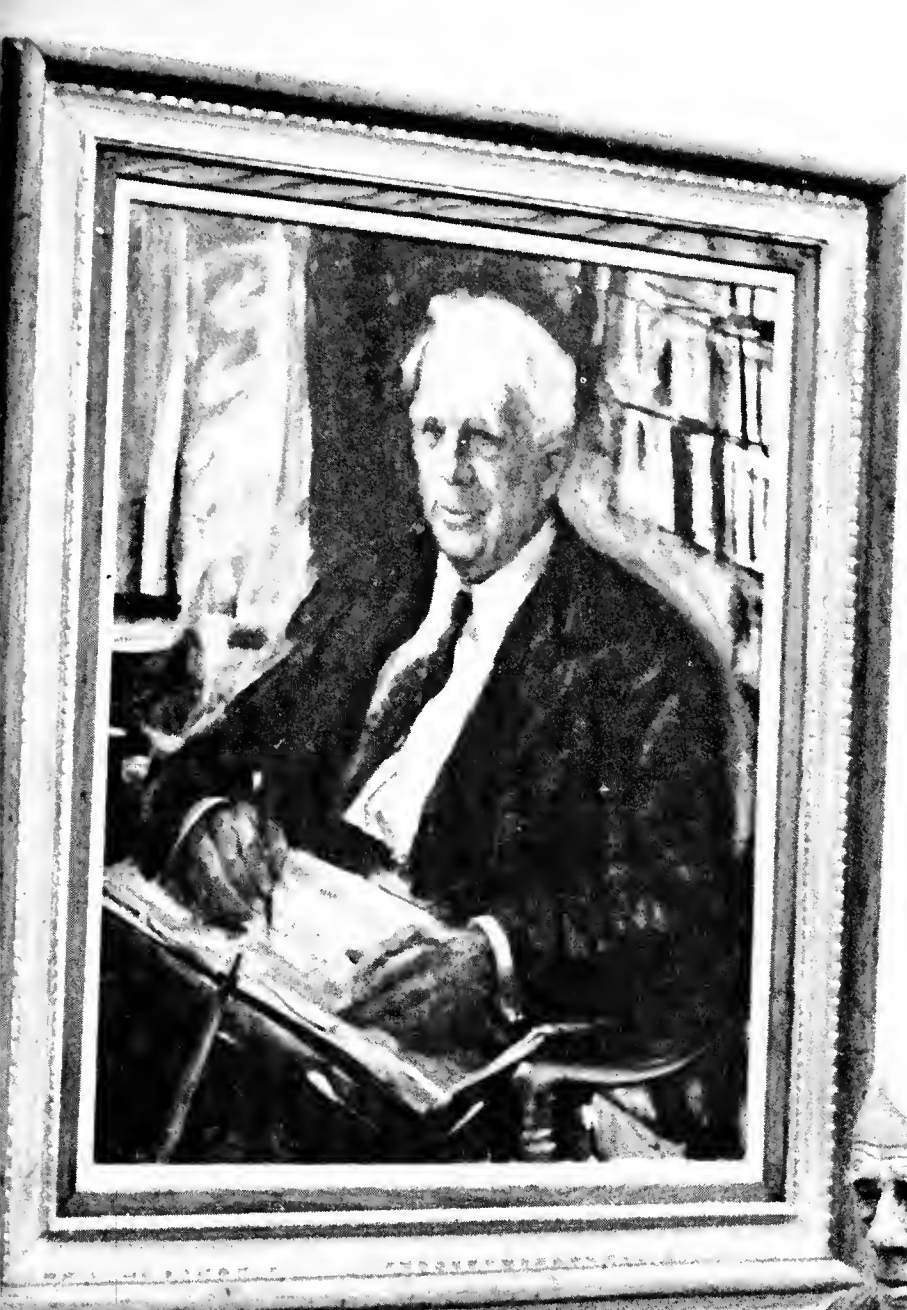
*It's like this (counting the fingers of one hand)
one, two, three, four, five. And then you play a tune
on top of that, see?*

With laughter that crackled, he completed his story by quoting the report of his lecture that appeared in the Cambridge press:

*Mr. Frost discussed the manner in which speech
rhythms could be superimposed contropuntally upon
a basic metrical pattern.*

What of Robert Frost's religion? Was he a theist? Was he a churchman? What of his view of Christ? I do not pretend to have any information that is withheld from others. I will simply tell you what I know.

(continued)



Robert Frost (continued)

For one thing, this man carried his Bible around in his suitcase and read it. More than once, I have seen him throw open his big suitcase that he had lifted to his bed upon arrival, to have a well-worn Bible tumble out ahead of shirts, socks, and shaving paraphernalia. Frost knew his Bible; he quoted it and obviously felt at home in its language and its ideas.

My second observation is that Robert Frost, in public discussion and in private conversation, was much concerned, I would say almost obsessed, with matters of religion—the ways of God with men, the place of faith in life, and especially the conflict of spirit and matter. We have talked of these things late into the night. He was always guarded, did not want to be labeled, made many off-the-cuff statements about the Church and aspects of religious living—but it seems to me that religious concern was always close to the center of his being.

Another conclusion is that Robert Frost believed firmly in God. I have never had serious reason to doubt it. I agree with Reginald Cook's statement about Frost's belief in God:

There is genuine humility in his attitude, which consists in respecting God's purposes and in being worthy of His respect. . . . Frost keeps well on this side of humility in identifying God's purposes.

So far as the Church is concerned, obviously Frost had little place for it in his life. He often poked a bit of fun at churches and preachers, but it was harmless enough. He said last January:

Eliot is more churchy than I am, but I am more religious than Eliot.

The late Edwin Mims said in one of his books that Robert Frost wrote as if no Christ had ever lived. This shocks me, but I have some difficulty answering it. Frost has few references to Christ in his poems. He did, I think, exemplify and reflect many qualities derived from Christ, though he probably would not have thought it important or proper to give Christ credit for them. In his preoccupation with the spirit-matter conflict, Frost said this in 1953 when presented with a medal by the Poetry Society:

We have to duff into the material at the risk of the spirit. . . . Our religion, our country, God himself by descending into the flesh showed this duffing into the material. . . .

I wager that you have never heard anybody in your whole life describe the Incarnation as God "duffing into the material"!

At his eighty-eighth birthday party in Washington last March, Frost recited the poem that is used as the preface of his new volume, *In the Clearing*. The first lines of the poem constitute a great affirmation of this "duffing into the material":

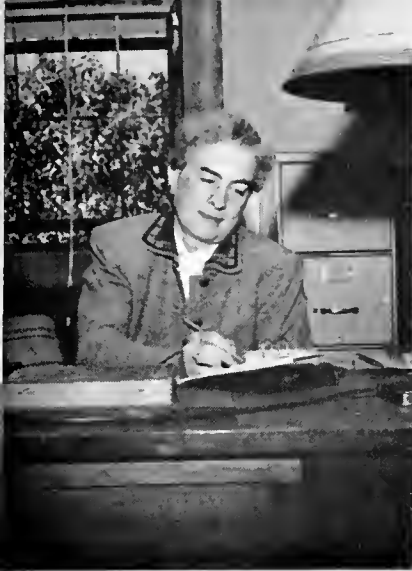
*But God's own descent
Into flesh was meant
As a demonstration
That the supreme merit
Lay in risking spirit
In substantiation.*

My conclusion is that Frost was a deeply religious man who thought constantly about God and the deep things in human experience—but who was by no means an adequate or competent Christian theologian.

When I shook hands with Robert Frost on his eighty-eighth birthday, he said to me that he had been so ill in Miami after leaving Agnes Scott that he had peeped in to see what it looks like in the "great Beyond." Then he added in characteristic fashion, "I like it better here; I turned around and decided to come back." In the early morning of Tuesday, January 29, I think someone very important to Robert Frost took him by the arm, told him authentically that his lover's quarrel with the world had gone long enough, and led him through a door into a place where, for all his protesting, "it is likely to go better."

Mrs. Byers and Mrs. Pepperdene, associate professor of English, stroll the campus with Mr. Frost.





Miss Leyburn

On Not Being A Bearer Of the Plague

By ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN '27

Editor's Note: Honor Emphasis Week at Agnes Scott this year was marked by particularly pertinent talks in chapel. Dr. Ellen Douglass Leyburn, professor of English and alumna, Class of 1927, spoke in Convocation that week. Here are her observations on the integrity of the human being.

THE DEATH OF Camus in January, 1960 in the apparently senseless automobile accident which seemed almost an image of the meaningless suffering of man about which he often wrote, left a gap in the spiritual resources of our century which cannot be filled. The succession of deaths of distinguished writers which has followed and the impression we have since the loss of Hemingway and Faulkner within a few months of each other, of the virtual wiping out of an American literary generation does nothing to mitigate the feeling of shock with which the whole reading world received the news of Camus' death. Boswell quotes William Hamilton as saying after Johnson's death: "He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. — Johnson is dead. — Let us go to the next best: — there is nobody; — no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson." Hamilton's comment about Johnson, which voiced the feeling of many of his generation, expresses also the way many people felt about the death of Camus. And the sense of irreparable loss left by both men come, I think, from the same source. Both were major writers of their day; but what made countless people who had never seen them mourn them with intensely personal grief was not their specifically literary gifts. It was rather the immense power each had to fortify the spirit

and to communicate in times of the disintegration of established standards and of dislocation of attitudes on which people had depended, the feeling that the dignity of man endures—and that it consists in his integrity. Both gave to distraught generations of men the challenge of the high calling of being fully human, of living honorably in the midst of dishonor.

Of all Camus' books, the one which I think most powerfully distills his sense of life is *The Plague*. As those of you who have read it are aware, it is an allegorical novel, the surface level of which is an almost unbearably realistic rendering of the details of a visitation of bubonic plague upon the specific city of Oran. But for the Frenchmen who read it when it appeared in the forties, the plague which isolated the city was the German occupation, and Oran was France. For readers of all times and places, Oran is the world; and the plague is evil itself. In depicting the physical plague of the surface story, Camus spares us none of the horrors of the death staggers of the first infected rats and then the agonies of the human victims. But the impression which the book leaves is not that of a grisly horror story. There would have been no point in a mere detailing of the ravages of disease for an age which had witnessed the man-made horrors of Buchenwald. The focus of Camus' novel is on the completely unspectacular work of the

doctor Rieux and his unassuming friend Tarrou, and indeed all the major characters, as they go quietly about combating the plague. They know that all of their intense exertion, which exhausts the doctor and finally kills Tarrou, will not stop the plague until it has run its course. And yet people of all walks of life from the simple clerk, Grand, to the magistrate, Orthon, work with all their strength against the pervasive and mysteriously powerful force which they know that they cannot conquer. They spend themselves with no sense of heroism. Rieux speaks of the joint effort which he organizes as superhuman; but of what he does himself, simply as his duty, or his task. And Tarrou, in one of the rare moments when he speaks of himself and his motives, says, "I know only that it is necessary to do what is necessary not to be a *pestiféré* — a bearer of the plague." "What interests me is to be a man." It is with no idea of being saints or heroes that they engage in the unequal contest. The struggle is simply what they must undertake because of their integrity as human beings. It is their honor as men which motivates them.

You may wonder why I speak at such length about a novel when I have been asked to speak about honor at Agnes Scott. Perhaps you feel like exclaiming as Chaucer's friar does after the Wife of Bath's recital of her life story, "This is a long preamble of a tale." But if you

On Not Being A Bearer Of the Plague

continued from p. 13

will consider the import of Camus' novel, you will see that I have given you the tale itself.

Our honor is not, I think, a matter of the honor system, which our college rightly cherishes, but of our whole affirmation of our highest integrity against the dishonor which besets us on every side; the dishonor which lurks within ourselves when we are tempted to judge our own failings more lightly than those of others, when it seems easy to evade the responsibility of thinking clearly or of behaving magnanimously with the lame and false excuse that our defection hurts no one but ourselves; the dishonor which springs up around us on the campus when lack of time or the desire of popularity or sheer unconcern makes us yield to pressures which we recognize as unworthy and keeps us from speaking when we could clarify issues or propels us into speaking in ways of which we are afterward ashamed; the dishonor which pervades the larger world, where we are constantly exposed to the philosophy that whatever a person can get away with is all right, where pride in honest workmanship is a rarity, and political chicanery is the order of the day and we grow used to hearing the words that belonged to the old decencies and high commitments so twisted as to have lost all meaning. In a community like ours, I should hope that we could take for granted a common feeling that our names are the sign of ourselves and that when we attach them to work, we intend to signify that it is our own; and that when we agree to abide by certain rules which make community life possible, we are giving a promise without some secret reservation which makes it meaningless. But we are all subject to a thousand much subtler temptations than those of cheating or breaking rules. The sinister forces working against our real integrity are as powerful and as pervasive and as sly in attack as the

bacillus of the plague and are present in every false assumption and prejudiced conclusion which we let go unexamined.

I think Camus was right in assuming that life as we know it on this earth will always be subject to outbreaks of plague. One small consolation for his death was that he did not live to see the final bitterness of the fighting in his deeply cherished Oran, the plague of hatred and misrepresentation which he had struggled against for years in both French and Algerians with as passionate a devotion as Rieux brought to his task, his duty, of fighting the bacillus brought by the rats. Perhaps there will always be an Algeria, an Ole Miss, a Berlin Wall, a Cuba, to cloud the honesty of our thought and to act as the plague upon our integrity as human beings. But integrity is one of the old great words which we can still use with a feeling of the richness of its meaning. It retains the sense of wholeness which is in its Latin origin; and when we speak of a man's integrity, we assert something about his entire character which means that we trust him to think without self-interest and to act honorably and with regard to the common good in any situation large or small which tests his private thought. It is a matter of the complete code by which he lives.

For four years at Agnes Scott, which as a college is committed to integrity and to the object of permitting you to be your best selves, you have what Howard Lowry calls in the essay some of you have recently studied, "the human privilege": the chance to make "deliberate choice of the values you will honor and serve," the chance to develop "the holy gift of discrimination" on which resistance to shoddiness of mind and flabbiness of character depends. In the age of the atomic bomb, and in this immediate moment of peculiar peril, we may feel that we cannot do much about

the physical survival of the human race; but each of us can do something about the small orbit of influence of which we are the center whether we wish to be or not. And we can be very sure that if our bodies survive, the survival of humanness itself, of all that gives meaning to the word *humanity*, of the chance to live as self-respecting human beings—not just for ourselves, but for our fellows—depends on us and on people like us who have the capacity for thought and the opportunity to think honestly. We may never be able to wipe out the plague; but in the clarity of thought and the moral courage we bring to bear in combating it, consists our very identity, our integrity as human beings and the opportunity to make such identity possible for others. I should like to leave with you for pondering in relation to your own goals, Tarrou's quiet statement that it is *necessary* not to be a bearer of the plague.

Academic freedom, full of pros for professors and cons for misinformed or uninformed laymen, is a cornerstone of the integrity of institutions of higher education. Agnes Scott's Board of Trustees approved this statement on this subject May 11, 1956: "We are proud of a tradition that assumes and safeguards the freedom of faculty members to think, to speak, to write, and to act. It is expected that faculty members will exercise this freedom with due regard for the purposes and ideals of the College, with common sense, and with a maturity that discriminates between the irresponsibility of license and the responsibility of true liberty." The insert, opposite, on academic freedom was written for exclusive publication in alumni magazines.

WHAT RIGHT HAS THIS MAN...

HE HOLDS a position of power equaled by few occupations in our society.

His influence upon the rest of us—and upon our children—is enormous.

His place in society is so critical that no totalitarian state would (or does) trust him fully. Yet in our country his fellow citizens grant him a greater degree of freedom than they grant even to themselves.

He is a college teacher. It would be difficult to exaggerate the power that he holds.

- ▶ He originates a large part of our society's new ideas and knowledge.
- ▶ He is the interpreter and disseminator of the knowledge we have inherited from the past.
- ▶ He makes discoveries in science that can both kill us and heal us.
- ▶ He develops theories that can change our economics, our politics, our social structures.
- ▶ As the custodian, discoverer, challenger, tester, and interpreter of knowledge he then enters a classroom and tells our young people what he knows—or what he thinks he knows—and thus influences the thinking of millions.

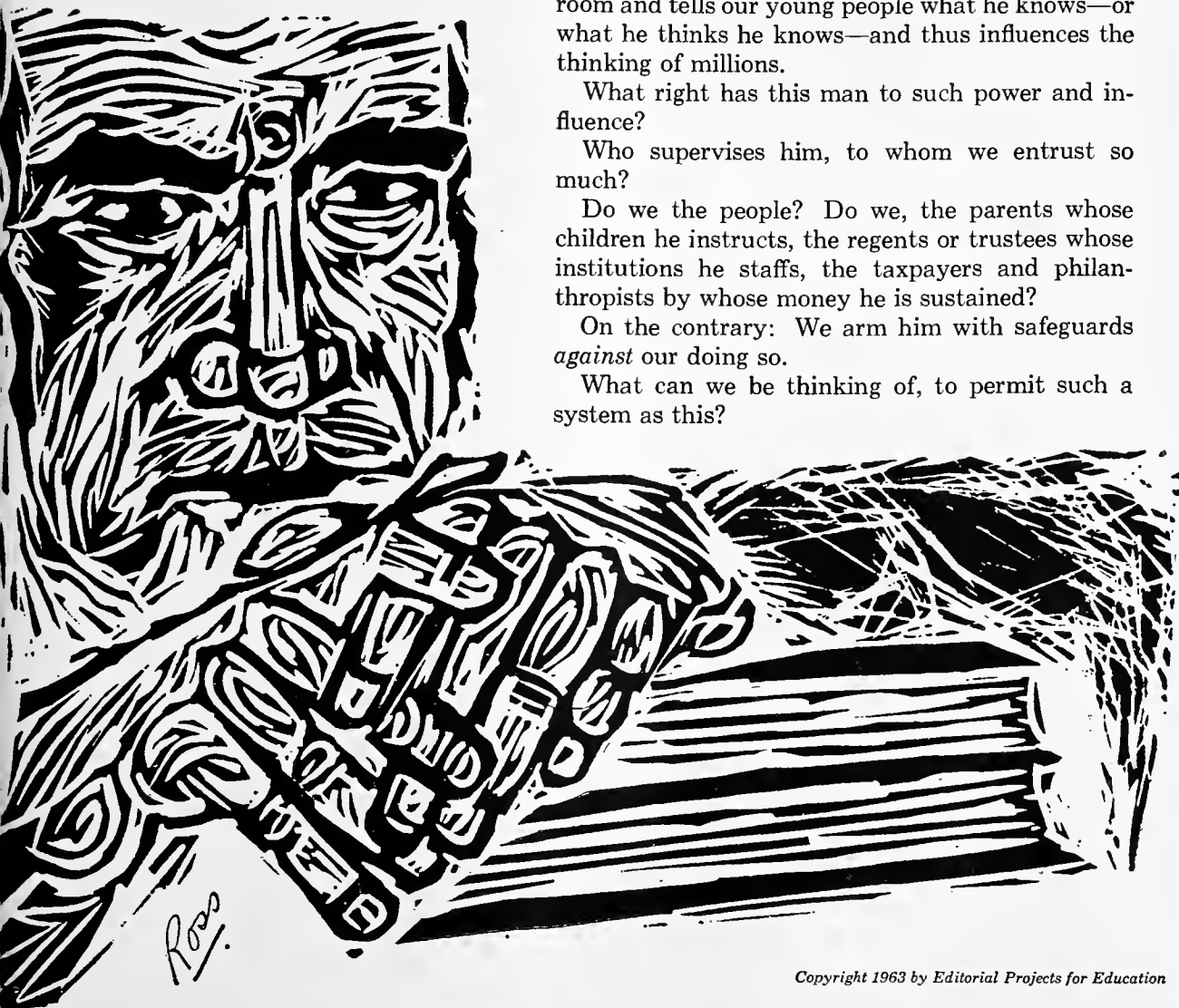
What right has this man to such power and influence?

Who supervises him, to whom we entrust so much?

Do we the people? Do we, the parents whose children he instructs, the regents or trustees whose institutions he staffs, the taxpayers and philanthropists by whose money he is sustained?

On the contrary: We arm him with safeguards *against* our doing so.

What can we be thinking of, to permit such a system as this?





Having ideas, and disseminating them, is a risky business. It has always been so—and therein lies a strange paradox. The march of civilization has been quick or slow in direct ratio to

the production, testing, and acceptance of ideas; yet virtually all great ideas were opposed when they were introduced. Their authors and teachers have been censored, ostracized, exiled, martyred, and crucified—



usually because the ideas clashed with an accepted set of beliefs or prejudices or with the interests of a ruler or privileged class.

Are we wiser and more receptive to ideas today?

Even in the Western world, although methods of punishment have been refined, the propagator of a new idea may find himself risking his social status, his political acceptability, his job, and hence his very livelihood.

For the teacher: special risks, special rights

NORMALLY, in our society, we are wary of persons whose positions give them an opportunity to exert unusual power and influence.

But we grant the college teacher a degree of freedom far greater than most of the rest of us enjoy.

Our reasoning comes from a basic fact about our civilization:

Its vitality flows from, and is sustained by, *ideas*.

Ideas in science, ideas in medicine, ideas in politics. Ideas that sometimes rub people the wrong way. Ideas that at times seem pointless. Ideas that may alarm, when first broached. Ideas that may be so novel or revolutionary that some persons may propose that they be suppressed. Ideas—all sorts—that provide the sinews of our civilization.

They will be disturbing. Often they will irritate.

But the more freely they are produced—and the more rigorously they are tested—the more surely will our civilization stay alive.

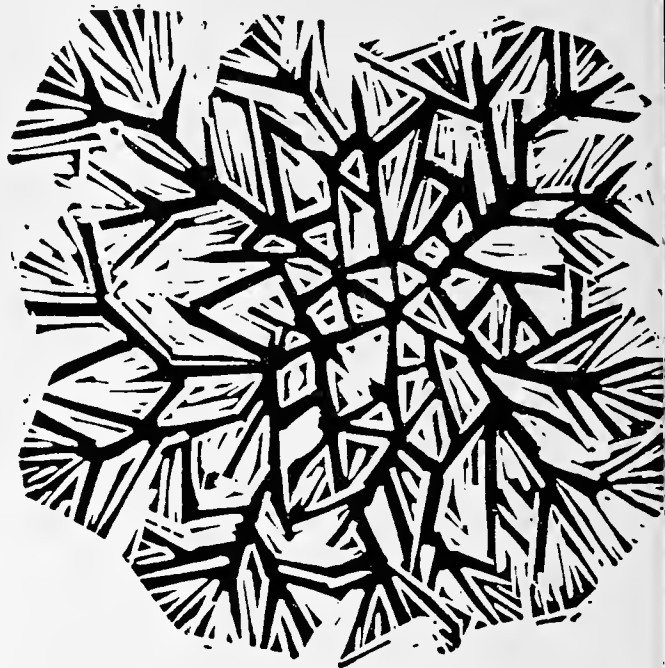
THIS IS THE THEORY. Applying it, man has developed institutions for the specific purpose of incubating, nourishing, evaluating, and spreading ideas. They are our colleges and universities. As their function is unique, so is the responsibility with which we charge the man or woman who staffs them.

We give the college teacher the professional duty of pursuing knowledge—and of conveying it to others—with complete honesty and open-mindedness. We tell him to find errors in what we now know. We tell him to plug the gaps in it. We tell him to add new material to it.

We tell him to do these things without fear of the consequences and without favor to any interest save the pursuit of truth.

We know—and he knows—that to meet this responsibility may entail risk for the college teacher. The knowledge that he develops and then teaches to others will frequently produce ground-shaking results.

It will lead at times to weapons that at the press of a button can erase human lives. Conversely, it will lead at other times to medical miracles that will *save* human lives. It may unsettle theology, as



did Darwinian biology in the late 1800's, and as did countless other discoveries in earlier centuries. Conversely, it may confirm or strengthen the elements of one's faith. It will produce intensely personal results: the loss of a job to automation or, conversely, the creation of a job in a new industry.

Dealing in ideas, the teacher may be subjected to strong, and at times bitter, criticism. It may come from unexpected quarters: even the man or woman who is well aware that free research and education are essential to the common good may become understandably upset when free research and education affect his own livelihood, his own customs, his own beliefs.

And, under stress, the critics may attempt to coerce the teacher. The twentieth century has its own versions of past centuries' persecutions: social ostracism for the scholar, the withdrawal of financial support, the threat of political sanctions, an attempt to deprive the teacher of his job.

Wherever coercion has been widely applied—in Nazi Germany, in the Soviet Union—the development of ideas has been seriously curtailed. Were

such coercion to succeed here, the very sinews of our civilization would be weakened, leaving us without strength.

WE RECOGNIZE these facts. So we have developed special safeguards for ideas, by developing special safeguards for him who fosters ideas: the college teacher.

We have developed these safeguards in the calm (and civilized) realization that they are safeguards against our own impetuosity in times of stress. They are a declaration of our willingness to risk the consequences of the scholar's quest for truth. They are, in short, an expression of our belief that we should seek the truth because the truth, in time, shall make us free.

What the teacher's special rights consist of

THE SPECIAL FREEDOM that we grant to a college teacher goes beyond anything guaranteed by law or constitution.

As a citizen like the rest of us, he has the right to speak critically or unpopularity without fear of governmental reprisal or restraint.

As a teacher enjoying a *special* freedom, however, he has the right to speak without restraint not only from government but from almost any other source, including his own employer.

Thus—although he draws his salary from a college or university, holds his title in a college or university, and does his work at a college or university—he has an independence from his employer which in most other occupations would be denied to him.

Here are some of the rights he enjoys:

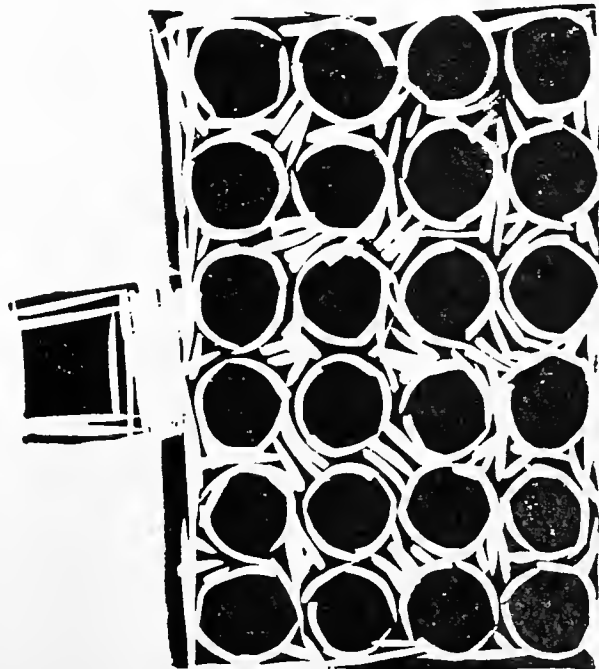
- ▶ He may, if his honest thinking dictates, expound views that clash with those held by the vast majority of his fellow countrymen. He will not be restrained from doing so.
- ▶ He may, if his honest thinking dictates, publicly challenge the findings of his closest colleagues, even if they outrank him. He will not be restrained from doing so.
- ▶ He may, if his honest thinking dictates, make statements that oppose the views of the president of his college, or of a prominent trustee, or of a generous benefactor, or of the leaders of the state legislature. No matter how much pain he may bring to such persons, or to the college administrators entrusted with maintaining good relations with them, he will not be restrained from doing so.

Such freedom is not written into law. It exists on the college campus because (1) the teacher claims

and enforces it and (2) the public, although wincing on occasion, grants the validity of the teacher's claim.

WE GRANT the teacher this special freedom for our own benefit.

Although "orthodox" critics of education frequently protest, there is a strong experimental emphasis in college teaching in this country. This emphasis owes its existence to several influences, including the utilitarian nature of our society; it is one of the ways in which our institu-



tions of higher education differ from many in Europe.

Hence we often measure the effectiveness of our colleges and universities by a pragmatic yardstick: Does our society derive a practical benefit from their practices?

The teacher's special freedom meets this test. The unfettered mind, searching for truth in science, in philosophy, in social sciences, in engineering, in professional areas—and then teaching the findings to millions—has produced impressive practical results, whether or not these were the original objectives of its search:

The technology that produced instruments of victory in World War II. The sciences that have produced, in a matter of decades, incredible gains in man's struggle against disease. The science and engineering that have taken us across the threshold of outer space. The dazzling progress in agricultural productivity. The damping, to an unprecedented degree, of wild fluctuations in the business cycle. The appearance and application of a new architecture. The development of a "scientific approach" in the management of business and of labor unions. The ever-increasing maturity and power of our historians, literary critics, and poets. The graduation of hundreds of thousands of college-trained men and women with the wit and skill to learn and broaden and apply these things.

Would similar results have been possible without campus freedom? In moments of national panic (as when the Russians appear to be outdistancing us in the space race), there are voices that suggest that less freedom and more centralized direction of our educational and research resources would be more "efficient." Disregard, for a moment, the fact that such contentions display an appalling ignorance and indifference about the fundamental philosophies of freedom, and answer them on their own ground.

Weighed carefully, the evidence seems generally to support the contrary view. Freedom does work—quite practically.

Many point out that there are even more important reasons for supporting the teacher's special freedom than its practical benefits. Says one such person, the conservative writer Russell Kirk:

"I do not believe that academic freedom deserves preservation chiefly because it 'serves the community,' although this incidental function is important. I think, rather, that the principal importance of academic freedom is the opportunity it affords for the highest development of private reason and imagination, the improvement of mind and heart by the apprehension of Truth, whether or not that development is of any immediate use to 'democratic society'."

The conclusion, however, is the same, whether the reasoning is conducted on practical, philosophical, or religious grounds—or on all three: The unusual freedom claimed by (and accorded to) the college teacher is strongly justified.

"This freedom is immediately applicable only to a limited number of individuals," says the statement of principles of a professors' organization, "but it is profoundly important for the public at large. It safeguards the methods by which we explore the unknown and test the accepted. It may afford a key to open the way to remedies for bodily or social ills, or it may confirm our faith in the familiar. Its preservation is necessary if there is to be scholarship in any true sense of the word. The advantages accrue as much to the public as to the scholars themselves."

Hence we give teachers an extension of freedom—*academic* freedom—that we give to no other group in our society: a special set of guarantees designed to encourage and insure their boldness, their forthrightness, their objectivity, and (if necessary) their criticism of us who maintain them.



The idea works most of the time, but . . .

LIKE MANY good theories, this one works for most of the time at most colleges and universities. But it is subject to continual stresses. And it suffers occasional, and sometimes spectacular, breakdowns.

If past experience can be taken as a guide, at this very moment:

► An alumnus is composing a letter threatening to strike his alma mater from his will unless the institution removes a professor whose views on some controversial issue—in economics? in genetics? in politics?—the alumnus finds objectionable.

► The president of a college or university, or one of his aides, is composing a letter to an alumnus in which he tries to explain why the institution *cannot* remove a professor whose views on some controversial issue the alumnus finds objectionable.

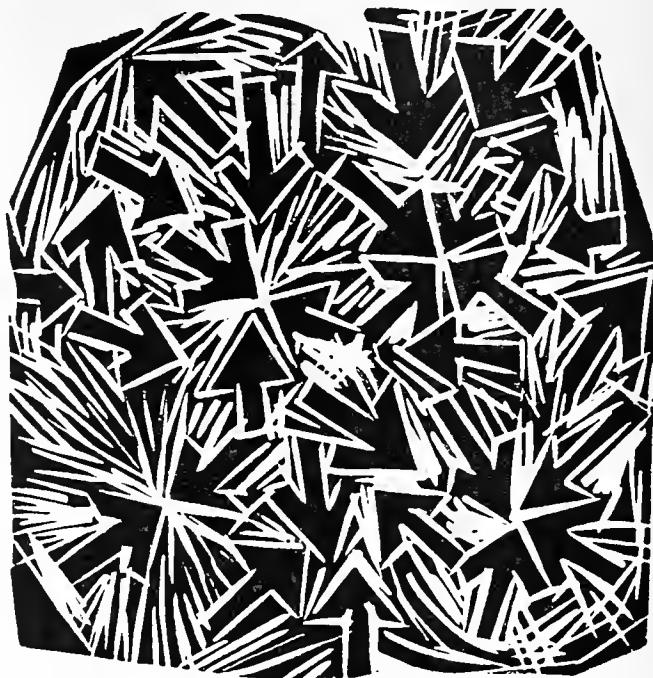
► A group of liberal legislators, aroused by reports from the campus of their state university that a professor of economics is preaching fiscal conservatism, is debating whether it should knock some sense into the university by cutting its appropriation for next year.

► A group of conservative legislators is aroused by reports that another professor of economics is preaching fiscal liberalism. This group, too, is considering an appropriation cut.

► The president of a college, faced with a budgetary crisis in his biology department, is pondering whether or not he should have a heart-to-heart chat with a teacher whose views on fallout, set forth in a letter to the local newspaper, appear to be scaring away the potential donor of at least one million dollars.

► The chairman of an academic department, still smarting from the criticism that two colleagues leveled at the learned paper he delivered at the departmental seminar last week, is making up the new class schedules and wondering why the two upstarts wouldn't be just the right persons for those 7 a.m. classes which increased enrollments will necessitate next year.

► The educational board of a religious denomination is wondering why it should continue to permit the employment, at one of the colleges under its



control, of a teacher of religion who is openly questioning a doctrinal pronouncement made recently by the denomination's leadership.

► The managers of an industrial complex, worried by university research that reportedly is linking their product with a major health problem, are wondering how much it might cost to sponsor university research to show that their product is *not* the cause of a major health problem.

Pressures, inducements, threats: scores of examples, most of them never publicized, could be cited each year by our colleges and universities.

In addition there is philosophical opposition to the present concept of academic freedom by a few who sincerely believe it is wrong. ("In the last analysis," one such critic, William F. Buckley, Jr., once wrote, "academic freedom must mean the freedom of men and women to supervise the educational activities and aims of the schools they oversee and support.") And, considerably less important and more frequent, there is opposition by emotionalists and crackpots.

Since criticism and coercion do exist, and since academic freedom has virtually no basis in law, how can the college teacher enforce his claim to it?

In the face of pressures, how the professor stays free

IN THE mid-1800's, many professors lost their jobs over their views on slavery and secession. In the 1870's and '80's, many were dismissed for their views on evolution. Near the turn of the century, a number lost their jobs for speaking out on the issue of Free Silver.

The trend alarmed many college teachers. Until late in the last century, most teachers on this side of the Atlantic had been mere purveyors of the knowledge that others had accumulated and written down. But, beginning around 1870, many began to perform a dual function: not only did they teach, but they themselves began to investigate the world about them.

Assumption of the latter role, previously performed almost exclusively in European universities, brought a new vitality to our campuses. It also brought perils that were previously unknown. As long as they had dealt only in ideas that were classical, generally accepted, and therefore safe, teachers and the institutions of higher learning did little that might offend their governing boards, their alumni, the parents of their students, the public, and the state. But when they began to act as investigators in new areas of knowledge, they found themselves affecting the status quo and the interests of those who enjoyed and supported it.

And, as in the secession, evolution, and silver controversies, retaliation was sometimes swift.

In 1915, spurred by their growing concern over such infringements of their freedom, a group of teachers formed the American Association of University Professors. It now has 52,000 members, in the United States and Canada. For nearly half a century an AAUP committee, designated as "Committee A," has been academic freedom's most active—and most effective—defender.

THE AAUP'S defense of academic freedom is based on a set of principles that its members have developed and refined throughout the organization's history. Its current statement of these principles, composed in collaboration with the Association of American Colleges, says in part:

"Institutions of higher education are conducted

for the common good and not to further the interest of either the individual teacher or the institution as a whole. The common good depends upon the free search for truth and its free exposition."

The statement spells out both the teacher's rights and his duties:

"The teacher is entitled to full freedom in research and in the publication of the results, subject to the adequate performance of his other academic duties . . .

"The teacher is entitled to freedom in the classroom in discussing his subject, but he should be careful not to introduce . . . controversial matter which has no relation to his subject . . .

"The college or university teacher is a citizen, a member of a learned profession, and an officer of an educational institution. When he speaks or writes as a citizen, he should be free from institutional censorship or discipline, but his special position in the community imposes special obligations. As a man of learning and an educational officer, he should remember that the public may judge his profession and his institution by his utterances. Hence he should at all times be accurate, should exercise appropriate restraint, should show respect for the opinions of others, and should make every effort to indicate that he is not an institutional spokesman."

HOW CAN such claims to academic freedom be enforced? How can a teacher be protected against retaliation if the truth, as he finds it and teaches it, is unpalatable to those who employ him?

The American Association of University Profes-



sors and the Association of American Colleges have formulated this answer: permanent job security, or *tenure*. After a probationary period of not more than seven years, agree the AAUP and the AAC, the teacher's services should be terminated "only for adequate cause."

If a teacher were dismissed or forced to resign simply because his teaching or research offended someone, the cause, in AAUP and AAC terms, clearly would not be adequate.

The teacher's recourse? He may appeal to the AAUP, which first tries to mediate the dispute without publicity. Failing such settlement, the AAUP conducts a full investigation, resulting in a full report to Committee A. If a violation of academic freedom and tenure is found to have occurred, the committee publishes its findings in the association's *Bulletin*, takes the case to the AAUP membership, and often asks that the offending college or university administration be censured.

So effective is an AAUP vote of censure that most college administrators will go to great lengths to avoid it. Although the AAUP does not engage in boycotts, many of its members, as well as others in the academic profession, will not accept jobs in censored institutions. Donors of funds, including many philanthropic foundations, undoubtedly are influenced; so are many parents, students, alumni, and present faculty members. Other organizations, such as the American Association of University Women, will not recognize a college on the AAUP's censure list.

As the present academic year began, eleven institutions were on the AAUP's list of censored administrations. Charges of infringements of academic freedom or tenure were being investigated on fourteen other campuses. In the past three years, seven institutions, having corrected the situations which had led to AAUP action, have been removed from the censure category.

Has the teacher's freedom no limitations?

HOW SWEEPING is the freedom that the college teacher claims?

Does it, for example, entitle a member of the faculty of a church-supported college or university openly to question the existence of God?

Does it, for example, entitle a professor of botany to use his classroom for the promulgation of political beliefs?

Does it, for example, apply to a Communist?

There are those who would answer some, or all, such questions with an unqualified Yes. They would

argue that academic freedom is absolute. They would say that any restriction, however it may be rationalized, effectively negates the entire academic-freedom concept. "You are either free or not free," says one. "There are no halfway freedoms."

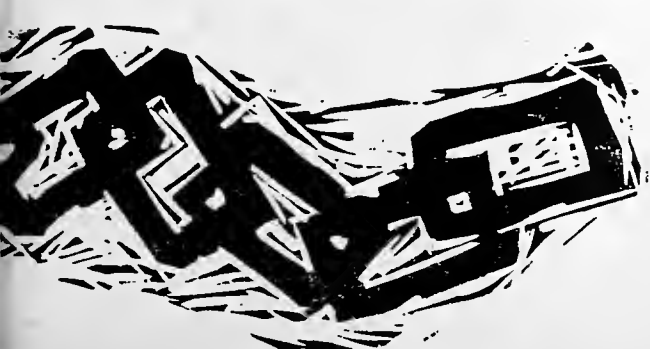
There are others—the American Association of University Professors among them—who say that freedom *can* be limited in some instances and, by definition, *is* limited in others, without fatal damage being done.

Restrictions at church-supported colleges and universities

The AAUP-AAC statement of principles of academic freedom implicitly allows religious restrictions:

"Limitations of academic freedom because of religious or other aims of the institution should be clearly stated in writing at the time of [the teacher's] appointment . . ."

Here is how one church-related university (Prot-



estant) states such a "limitation" to its faculty members:

"Since X University is a Christian institution supported by a religious denomination, a member of its faculty is expected to be in sympathy with the university's primary objective—to educate its students within the framework of a Christian culture. The rights and privileges of the instructor should, therefore, be exercised with discretion and a sense of loyalty to the supporting institution . . . The right of dissent is a correlative of the right of assent. Any undue restriction upon an instructor in the exercise of this function would foster a suspicion of intolerance, degrade the university, and set the supporting denomination in a false light before the world."

Another church-related institution (Roman Catholic) tells its teachers:

"While Y College is operated under Catholic auspices, there is no regulation which requires all members of the faculty to be members of the Catholic faith. A faculty member is expected to maintain a standard of life and conduct consistent with the philosophy and objectives of the college. Accordingly, the integrity of the college requires that all faculty members shall maintain a sympathetic attitude toward Catholic beliefs and practices, and shall make a sincere effort to appreciate these beliefs and practices. Members of the faculty who are Catholic are expected to set a good example by the regular practice of Catholic duties."

A teacher's "competence"

By most definitions of academic freedom, a teacher's rights in the classroom apply only to the field in which he is professionally an expert, as determined by the credentials he possesses. They do not extend to subjects that are foreign to his specialty.

" . . . He should be careful," says the American Association of University Professors and the Association of American Colleges, "not to introduce into his teaching controversial matter which has no relation to his subject."

Hence a professor of botany enjoys an undoubted freedom to expound his botanical knowledge, however controversial it might be. (He might discover, and teach, that some widely consumed cereal grain, known for its energy-giving properties, actually is of little value to man and animals, thus causing consternation and angry outcries in Battle Creek. No one on the campus is likely to challenge his right to do so.) He probably enjoys the right to comment, from a botanist's standpoint, upon a conservation bill pending in Congress. But the principles of academic freedom might not entitle the botanist to take



a classroom stand on, say, a bill dealing with traffic laws in his state.

As a private citizen, of course, off the college campus, he is as free as any other citizen to speak on whatever topic he chooses—and as liable to criticism of what he says. He has no special privileges when he acts outside his academic role. Indeed, the AAUP-AAC statement of principles suggests that he take special pains, when he speaks privately, not to be identified as a spokesman for his institution.

HENCE, at least in the view of the most influential of teachers' organizations, the freedom of the college teacher is less than absolute. But the limitations are established for strictly defined purposes: (1) to recognize the religious auspices of many colleges and universities and (2) to lay down certain ground rules for scholarly procedure and conduct.

In recent decades, a new question has arisen to haunt those who would define and protect academic freedom: the problem of the Communist. When it began to be apparent that the Communist was not simply a member of a political party, willing (like other political partisans) to submit to established democratic processes, the question of his eligibility to the rights of a free college teacher was seriously posed.

So pressing—and so worrisome to our colleges and universities—has this question become that a separate section of this report is devoted to it.

The Communist: a special case?

SHOULD A Communist Party member enjoy the privileges of academic freedom? Should he be permitted to hold a position on a college or university faculty?

On few questions, however "obvious" the answer may be to some persons, can complete agreement be found in a free society. In a group as conditioned to controversy and as insistent upon hard proof as are college teachers, a consensus is even more rare.

It would thus be a miracle if there were agreement on the rights of a Communist Party member to enjoy academic privileges. Indeed, the miracle has not yet come to pass. The question is still warmly debated on many campuses, even where there is not a Communist in sight. The American Association of University Professors is still in the process of defining its stand.

The difficulty, for some, lies in determining whether or not a communist teacher actually propagates his beliefs among students. The question is asked, Should a communist gym instructor, whose utterances to his students are confined largely to the hup-two-three-four that he chants when he leads the calisthenics drill, be summarily dismissed? Should a chemist, who confines his campus activities solely to chemistry? Until he overtly preaches communism, or permits it to taint his research, his writings, or his teaching (some say), the Communist should enjoy the same rights as all other faculty members.

Others—and they appear to be a growing number—have concluded that proof of Communist Party membership is in itself sufficient grounds for dismissal from a college faculty.

To support the argument of this group, Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy, who in 1913 began the movement that led to the establishment of the AAUP, has quoted a statement that he wrote in 1920, long before communism on the campus became a lively issue:

"Society . . . is not getting from the scholar the particular service which is the principal *raison d'être* of his calling, unless it gets from him his honest report of what *he* finds, or believes, to be true, after careful study of the problems with which

he deals. Insofar, then, as faculties are made up of men whose teachings express, *not* the results of their own research and reflection and that of their fellow-specialists, but rather the opinions of other men—whether holders of public office or private persons from whom endowments are received—just so far are colleges and universities perverted from their proper function . . ."

(His statement is the more pertinent, Professor Lovejoy notes, because it was originally the basis of "a criticism of an American college for accepting from a 'capitalist' an endowment for a special professorship to be devoted to showing 'the fallacies of socialism and kindred theories and practices.' I have now added only the words 'holders of public office.'")

Let us quote Professor Lovejoy at some length, as he looks at the communist teacher today:

"It is a very simple argument; it can best be put, in the logician's fashion, in a series of numbered theorems:

"1. Freedom of inquiry, of opinion, and of teaching in universities is a prerequisite, if the academic scholar is to perform the proper function of his profession.

"2. The Communist Party in the United States is an organization whose aim is to bring about the establishment in this country of a political as well as an economic system essentially similar to that which now exists in the Soviet Union.

"3. That system does not permit freedom of inquiry, of opinion, and of teaching, either in or outside of universities; in it the political government claims and exercises the right to dictate to scholars what conclusions they must accept, or at least profess to accept, even on questions lying within their own specialties—for example, in philosophy, in history, in aesthetics and literary criticism, in economics, in biology.

"4. A member of the Communist Party is therefore engaged in a movement which has already extinguished academic freedom in many countries and would—if it were successful here—result in the abolition of such freedom in American universities.

"5. No one, therefore, who desires to maintain



academic freedom in America can consistently favor that movement, or give indirect assistance to it by accepting as fit members of the faculties of universities, persons who have voluntarily adhered to an organization one of whose aims is to abolish academic freedom.

“Of these five propositions, the first is one of principle. For those who do not accept it, the conclusion does not follow. The argument is addressed only to those who do accept that premise. The second, third, and fourth propositions are statements of fact. I submit that they cannot be honestly gainsaid by any who are acquainted with the relevant facts . . .

“It will perhaps be objected that the exclusion of communist teachers would itself be a restriction upon freedom of opinion and of teaching—*viz.*, of the opinion and teaching that intellectual freedom should be abolished in and outside of universities; and that it is self-contradictory to argue for the restriction of freedom in the name of freedom. The argument has a specious air of logicity, but it is in fact an absurdity. The believer in the indispensability of freedom, whether academic or politi-

cal, is not thereby committed to the conclusion that it is his duty to facilitate its destruction, by placing its enemies in strategic positions of power, prestige, or influence . . . The conception of freedom is not one which implies the legitimacy and inevitability of its own suicide. It is, on the contrary, a conception which, so to say, defines the limit of its own applicability; what it implies is that there is *one* kind of freedom which is inadmissible—the freedom to destroy freedom. The defender of liberty of thought and speech is not morally bound to enter the fight with both hands tied behind his back. And those who would deny such freedom to others, if they could, have no moral or logical basis for the claim to enjoy the freedom which they would deny . . .

“In the professional code of the scholar, the man of science, the teacher, the first commandment is: Thou shalt not knowingly misrepresent facts, nor tell lies to students or to the public. Those who not merely sometimes break this commandment, but repudiate any obligation to respect it; are obviously disqualified for membership in any body of investigators and teachers which maintains the elementary requirements of professional integrity.

"To say these things is not to say that the economic and even the political doctrines of communism should not be presented and freely discussed within academic walls. To treat them simply as 'dangerous thought,' with which students should not be permitted to have any contact, would give rise to a plausible suspicion that they are taboo because they would, if presented, be all too convincing; and out of that suspicion young Communists are bred. These doctrines, moreover, are historical facts; for better or worse, they play an immense part in the intellectual and political controversies of the present age. To deny to students means of learning accurately what they are, and of reaching informed judgments about them, would be to fail in one of the major pedagogic obligations of a university—to enable students to understand the world in which they will live, and to take an intelligent part in its affairs . . ."

IF EVERY COMMUNIST admitted he belonged to the party—or if the public, including college teachers and administrators, somehow had access to party membership lists—such a policy might not be difficult to apply. In practice, of course, such is not the case. A two-pronged danger may result: (1) we may not "spot" all Communists, and (2) unless we are very careful, we may do serious injustice to persons who are not Communists at all.

What, for example, constitutes proof of Communist Party membership? Does refusal to take a loyalty oath? (Many *non*-Communists, as a matter of principle, have declined to subscribe to "discriminatory" oaths—oaths required of one group in society, *e.g.*, teachers, but not of others.) Does

invoking the Fifth Amendment? Of some 200 dismissals from college and university faculties in the past fifteen years, where communism was an issue, according to AAUP records, most were on grounds such as these. Only a handful of teachers were incontrovertibly proved, either by their own admission or by other hard evidence, to be Communist Party members.

Instead of relying on less-than-conclusive evidence of party membership, say some observers, we would be wiser—and the results would be surer—if we were to decide each case by determining whether the teacher has in fact violated his trust. Has he been intellectually dishonest? Has he misstated facts? Has he published a distorted bibliography? Has he preached a party line in his classroom? By such a determination we would be able to bar the practicing Communist from our campuses, along with all others guilty of academic dishonesty or charlatanry.

How can the facts be established?

As one who holds a position of unusual trust, say most educators (including the teachers' own organization, the AAUP), the teacher has a special obligation: if responsible persons make serious charges against his professional integrity or his intellectual honesty, he should be willing to submit to examination by his colleagues. If his answers to the charges are unsatisfactory—evasive, or not in accord with evidence—formal charges should be brought against him and an academic hearing, conducted according to due process, should be held. Thus, say many close observers of the academic scene, society can be sure that justice is done—both to itself and to the accused.

Is the college teacher's freedom in any real jeopardy?

HOW FREE is the college teacher today? What are his prospects for tomorrow? Either here or on the horizon, are there any serious threats to his freedom, besides those threats to the freedom of us all?

Any reader of history knows that it is wise to adopt the view that freedom is *always* in jeopardy. With such a view, one is likely to maintain safe-

guards. Without safeguards, freedom is sure to be eroded and soon lost.

So it is with the special freedom of the college teacher—the freedom of ideas on which our civilization banks so much.

Periodically, this freedom is buffeted heavily. In part of the past decade, the weather was particularly stormy. College teachers were singled out for

Are matters of academic freedom easy Try handling some of these

You are a college president.

Your college is your life. You have thrown every talent you possess into its development. No use being modest about it: your achievements have been great.

The faculty has been strengthened immeasurably. The student body has grown not only in size but in academic quality and aptitude. The campus itself—dormitories, laboratories, classroom buildings—would hardly be recognized by anyone who hasn't seen it since before you took over.

Your greatest ambition is yet to be realized: the construction of a new library. But at last it seems to be in sight. Its principal donor, a wealthy man whom you have cultivated for years, has only the technicalities—but what important technicalities!—to complete: assigning to the college a large block of securities which, when sold, will provide the necessary \$3,000,000.

This afternoon, a newspaper reporter stopped you as you crossed the campus. "Is it true," he asked, "that John X, of your economics department, is about to appear on coast-to-coast television advocating deficit spending as a cornerstone of federal fiscal policy? I'd like to do an advance story about it, with your comments."

You were not sidestepping the question when you told the reporter you did not know. To tell the truth, you had never met John X, unless it had been for a moment or two of small-talk at a faculty tea. On a faculty numbering several hundred, there are bound to be many whom you know so slightly that you might not recognize them if they passed you on the street.

Deficit spending! Only last night,

your wealthy library-donor held forth for two hours at the dinner table on the immorality of it. By the end of the evening, his words were almost choleric. He phoned this morning to apologize. "It's the one subject I get rabid about," he said. "Thank heavens you're not teaching that sort of thing on *your* campus."

You had your secretary discreetly check: John X's telecast is scheduled for next week. It will be at least two months before you get those library funds. There is John X's extension number, and there is the telephone. And there are your lifetime's dreams.

Should you . . . ?

You are a university scientist.

You are deeply involved in highly complex research. Not only the equipment you use, but also the laboratory assistance you require, is expensive. The cost is far more than the budget of your university department could afford to pay.

So, like many of your colleagues, you depend upon a governmental agency for most of your financial support. Its research grants and contracts make your work possible.

But now, as a result of your studies and experiments, you have come to a conclusion that is diametrically opposite to that which forms the official policy of the agency that finances you—a policy that potentially affects the welfare of every citizen.

You have outlined, and documented, your conclusion forcefully, in confidential memoranda. Responsible officials believe you are mistaken; you are certain you are not. The disagreement is profound. Clearly the government will not accept your view. Yet you are con-

vinced that it is so vital to your country's welfare that you should not keep it to yourself.

You are a man of more than one heavy responsibility, and you feel them keenly. You are, of course, responsible to your university. You have a responsibility to your colleagues, many of whose work is financed similarly to yours. You are, naturally, responsible to your country. You bear the responsibility of a teacher, who is expected to hold back no knowledge from his students. You have a responsibility to your own career. And you feel a responsibility to the people you see on the street, whom you know your knowledge affects.

Loyalties, conscience, lifetime financial considerations: your dilemma has many horns.

Should you . . . ?

You are a business man.

You make toothpaste. It is good toothpaste. You maintain a research department, at considerable expense, to keep it that way.

A disturbing rumor reached you this morning. Actually, it's more than a rumor; you could class it as a well-founded report. The dental school of a famous university is about to publish the results of a study of toothpastes. And, if your informant had the facts straight, it can do nothing but harm to your current selling campaign.

You know the dean of the dental school quite well. Your company, as part of its policy of supporting good works in dental science, has been a regular and substantial contributor to the school's development fund.

It's not as if you were thinking of suppressing anything; your record

o solve? problems.

of turning out a good product—the best you know—is ample proof of that. But if that report were to come out now, in the midst of your campaign, it could be ruinous. A few months from now, and no harm would be done.

Would there be anything wrong if you . . . ?

Your daughter is at State.

You're proud of her; first in her class at high school; pretty girl; popular; extraordinarily sensible, in spite of having lots of things to turn her head.

It was hard to send her off to the university last fall. She had never been away from the family for more than a day or two at a time. But you had to cut the apron-strings. And no experience is a better teacher than going away to college.

You got a letter from her this morning. Chatty, breezy, a bit sassy in a delightful way. You smiled as you read her youthful jargon. She delights in using it on you, because she remembers how you grimaced in mock horror whenever you heard it around the house.

Even so, you turned cold when you came to the paragraph about the sociology class. The so-called scientific survey that the professor had made of the sexual behavior of teen-agers. This is the sort of thing Margie is being taught at State? You're no prude, but . . . You know a member of the education committee of the state legislature. Should you . . . ? And on the coffee table is the letter that came yesterday from the fund-raising office at State; you were planning to write a modest check tonight. To support more sociology professors and their scientific surveys? Should you . . . ?

special criticism if they did not conform to popular patterns of thought. They, and often they alone, were required to take oaths of loyalty—as if teachers, somehow, were uniquely suspect.

There was widespread misunderstanding of the teacher's role, as defined by one university president:

"It is inconceivable . . . that there can exist a true community of scholars without a diversity of views and an atmosphere conducive to their expression . . . To have a diversity of views, it is essential that we as individuals be willing to extend to our colleagues, to our students, and to members of the community the privilege of presenting opinions which may, in fact, be in sharp conflict with those which we espouse. To have an atmosphere of freedom, it is essential that we accord to such diverse views the same respect, the same attentive consideration, that we grant to those who express opinions with which we are in basic agreement."

THE STORM of the '50's was nationwide. It was felt on every campus. Today's storms are local; some campuses measure the threat to their teachers' freedom at hurricane force, while others feel hardly a breeze.

Hence, the present—relatively calm—is a good time for assessing the values of academic freedom, and for appreciating them. The future is certain to bring more threats, and the understanding that we can build today may stand us in good stead, then.

What is the likely nature of tomorrow's threats?

"It is my sincere impression that the faculties of our universities have never enjoyed a greater latitude of intellectual freedom than they do today," says the president of an institution noted for its high standards of scholarship and freedom. "But this is a judgment relative only to the past.

"The search for truth has no ending. The need to seek truth for its own sake must constantly be defended. Again and again we shall have to insist upon the right to express unorthodox views reached through honest and competent study.

"Today the physical sciences offer safe ground for speculation. We appear to have made our peace with biology, even with the rather appalling implications of modern genetics.

"Now it is the social sciences that have entered the arena. These are young sciences, and they are difficult. But the issues involved—the positions taken with respect to such matters as economic growth, the tax structure, deficit financing, the laws

affecting labor and management, automation, social welfare, or foreign aid—are of enormous consequence to all the people of this country. If the critics of our universities feel strongly on these questions, it is because rightly or wrongly they have identified particular solutions uniquely with the future prosperity of our democracy. All else must then be heresy.”

Opposition to such “heresy”—and hence to academic freedom—is certain to come.

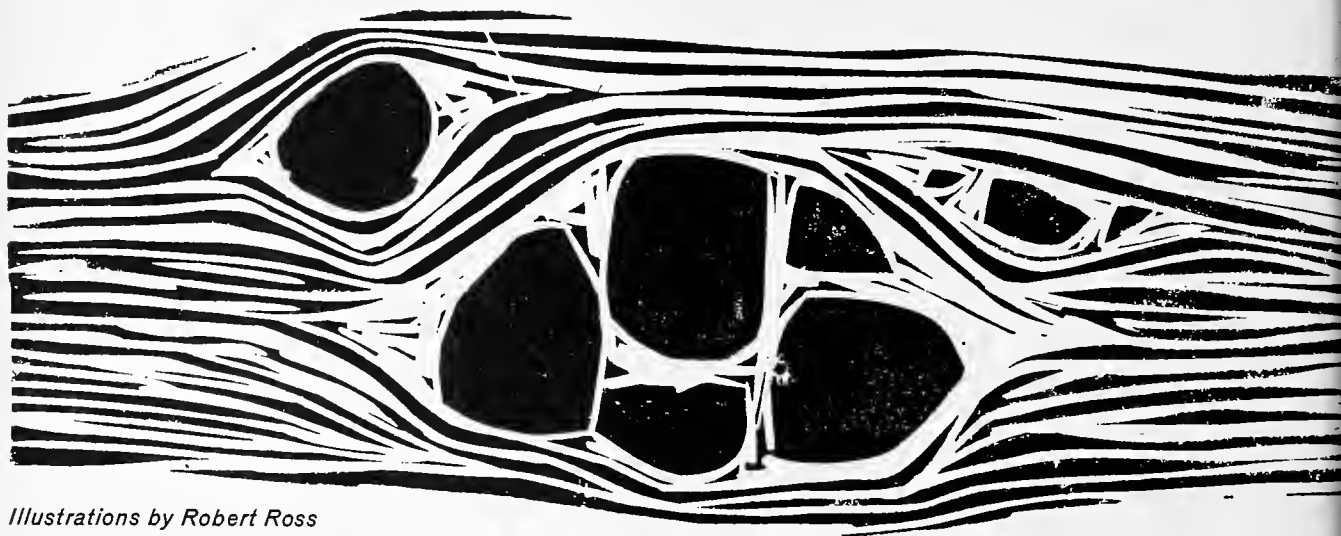
IN THE FUTURE, as at present, the concept of academic freedom will be far from uncomplicated. Applying its principles in specific cases rarely will be easy. Almost never will the facts be all white or all black; rather, the picture that they form is more likely to be painted in tones of gray.

To forget this, in one’s haste to judge the rightness or wrongness of a case, will be to expose oneself

to the danger of acting injudiciously—and of committing injustice.

The subtleties and complexities found in the gray areas will be endless. Even the scope of academic freedom will be involved. Should its privileges, for example, apply only to faculty members? Or should they extend to students, as well? Should students, as well as faculty members, be free to invite controversial outsiders to the campus to address them? And so on and on.

The educated alumnus and alumna, faced with specific issues involving academic freedom, may well ponder these and other questions in years to come. Legislators, regents, trustees, college administrators, students, and faculty members will be pondering them, also. They will look to the alumnus and alumna for understanding and—if the cause be just—for support. Let no reader underestimate the difficulty—or the importance—of his role.



Illustrations by Robert Ross

“What Right Has This Man?”

The report on this and the preceding 15 pages is the product of a cooperative endeavor in which scores of schools, colleges, and universities are taking part. It was prepared under the direction of the group listed below, who form EDITORIAL PROJECTS FOR EDUCATION, a non-profit organization associated with the American Alumni Council. Copyright © 1963 by Editorial Projects for Education, Inc. All rights reserved; no part of this report may be reproduced without express permission of the editors. Printed in U.S.A.

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Annual Meeting of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association

April 27, 1963

Program

9:45-10:45 a.m.

CLASS COUNCIL MEETING
(All class presidents, secretaries, and fund agents)
Alumnae House

11:00-12:00 noon

FACULTY LECTURES FOR ALUMNAE

12:30-2:30 p.m.

ALUMNAE LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL MEETING
Letitia Pate Evans Dining Hall
"What Do You Want To Ask About The College?"
Panel moderated by President Alston

2:30-3:30 p.m.

FACULTY LECTURES FOR ALUMNAE

3:30-midnight!

CLASS REUNION FUNCTIONS

8:00 p.m.

BLACKFRIARS presents Lope de Vega's
"The Gardener's Dog" Presser Hall (Friday night also)

Reunion Classes

Dix Plan

1905	1924	1943
1906	1925	1944
1907	1926	1945
1908	1927	1946

Milestone

1913	Fiftieth
1938	Twenty-fifth
1953	Tenth
1958	Fifth
1962	First

Faculty Lectures for Alumnae

11:00 a.m.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTHERN POLITICS

What will the two-party South be like? How influential will the new political South be in national party politics?

Mr. William G. Cornelius
Associate Professor of Political Science

THE ORGAN AND CHURCH MUSIC

A demonstrated lecture by members of the College Organ Guild Student Group.

Mr. Raymond J. Martin
Associate Professor of Music

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

A discussion of Shakespeare's play—see below for another interpretation of the tragedy.

Mr. George P. Hayes
Professor of English

EVERYDAY ATMOSPHERE ON CAMPUS

A panel discussion by college seniors of the existing academic, social and religious moods which they encounter, moderated by,

Miss Eleanor Hutchens '40
Associate Professor of English

2:30 p.m.

WHAT IS ART?

The basic elements of design make up the language of vision. It is an international language from ancient to modern time.

Miss Marie Huper
Associate Professor of Art

THE WORLD OF MARCEL PROUST

A study of *Remembrance Of Things Past*.

Miss Chloe Steel
Associate Professor of French

VERDI'S OPERA OTELLO

The Atlanta Metropolitan Opera season will include a performance of this opera. Here is an opportunity to learn about Verdi's treatment of the tragedy.

Mr. Michael McDowell
Professor of Music

THE NEW MATH

Your children can understand it—can you?

Miss Sara Ripy
Associate Professor of Math



Worthy Notes...

Let's All Rejoice in the Coming of Spring!

SPRING IS JUST beginning to stir at my present vantage point—a mountain ridge, 3100 feet above sea level, in the northeast tip of Rabun County, Ga. I am staring at a dogwood tree, not three feet away, which has only little popcorn buds as yet. I left the campus three hours ago, where dogwood blossoms are bursting forth almost hourly.

These first signs of spring always make me, and probably you, too, want to burst forth. So, I ran to my house in my beloved mountains for twenty-four hours, well aware that the Alumnae Office would not disappear over the weekend, but that I could face its problems as well as its joys on Monday morn. April 1, having renewed myself through being in nature's myriad ways of renewing life.

In my small library here I found my copy of Robert Frost's *A Boy's Will*. He autographed this for me at Agnes Scott in 1939, and under his name and the date wrote the five places of which he was a part: "Decatur, Ga., Amherst, Mass., S. Shaftsbury, Vt., Franconia, N. H., San Francisco, Calif."

During his many springs after 1939 he became a part of many more places—and, through his poetry of many more people. Perhaps those of us who are familiar with spring in the South, which creeps easily along, turns over and suns itself, sort of ambles to meet us, can never fully know what spring means to a New Englander like Robert Frost—it is, just suddenly, *there*. He cherished the immediacy of it and wanted us to enjoy each small part of it, just for itself. I quote the first and last verses of a poem he published in *A Boy's Will* (p. 21) which he called "A Prayer in Spring" (it follows, by the way, "To the Thawing Wind" which celebrates the violence of nature):

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today:
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

Now, let's see if we can make a quick, if rather wrenching, transition, from Frost's poetry to another kind of celebration of spring by students at Agnes Scott. For several years, near the end of the winter quarter (maybe to lessen the winter's doldrums?) the students have held a formal dance known as "Spring Fling." This was first held on campus, but for the last few years it has been held at an Atlanta hotel—for some strange reason, this is *much* more glamorous. As part of the promotion of Spring Fling this year (i.e., buy a ticket, quickly, for you and date), two students read, in Convocation, a bit of free verse composed by Marilyn Little '65, Diane Pulignano '65, and Nancy Yontz '65. I only wish that I could make the printed word do what their presentation did—anyway, through the words alumnae can catch a feeling of the delightful human beings who are Agnes Scott students today:

Happiness is March 2.
Happiness is a date.
Happiness is four dollars and a car.
Happiness is your roommate's dress.
Happiness is finding someone you *like* in the D.O.
Happiness is late permission.
Happiness is red, white, and yellow flowers but no green flowers.
Happiness is seeing all the seniors with dates.
Happiness is seeing yourself with a date.
Happiness is seeing faculty members' faces when they see the Del Vikings.
Happiness is dancing at the Biltmore instead of in Rebekah Reception Room.
Happiness is a root beer.
Happiness is being cut in on.
Happiness is English Leather in the air.
Happiness is one thing to one person, another thing to another person, and Spring Fling to all of us!

Spring to me as Director of Alumnae Affairs means Alumnae Week End. Hope to see many of you then!

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

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President Alston has just introduced poet Robert Frost who spoke always to literally packed audience in Gaines Chapel.

THE

SUMMER 1963

Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Marcel Proust —
Beyond Disillusion

See p. 10



THE Agnes Scott

SUMMER 1963 Vol. 41, No. 4
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson '38, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley '56, *Managing Editor*

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FRONT COVER :

Georgia Governor Carl Sanders congratulates two "granddaughters" at the 74th commencement. Sarah Cumming (left) is the daughter of Shaanon Preston '30; and Nancy Rose is the daughter of Anne Claiborne Thompson '38. Governor Sanders was speaker at the commencement exercises on June 10.

FRONTISPIECE : (*Opposite page*)

Winship Hall is almost ready for occupancy—the last in a series of photographs showing the progress of the new dormitory.

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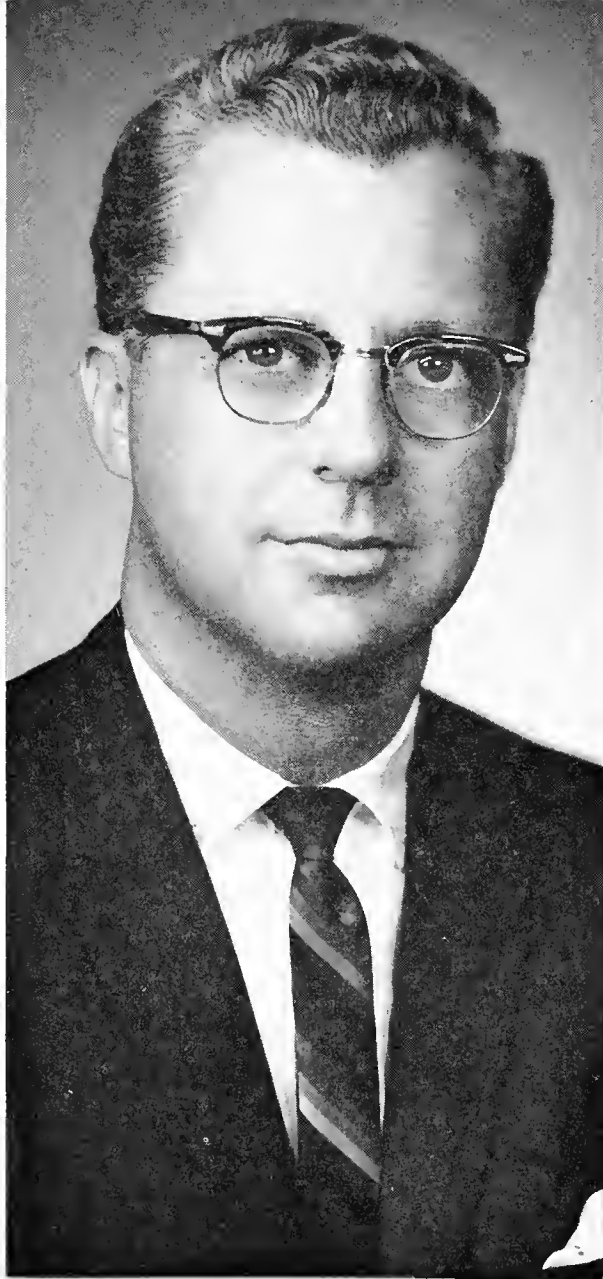
MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



FINIS

SUMMER, 1963

Nestling easily among other campus buildings, the new dormitory is ready for its first occupants. This is the George Winship Hall, named in honor of the late chairman of the Board of Trustees.



Editor's Note

The American Alumni Council is the national organization for professional alumni workers, and through its district and national conferences we can keep abreast of the best programs and procedures in alumni work in the United States and Canada. The 1963 Southeastern District meeting was held in Atlanta in January, and Agnes Scott was one of the co-hosts. Alumni volunteers were invited to attend and participate in these workshop meetings (see p. 7 ff). This article is the address given to the conference by Jack Johnson, Executive Director of the Council.

M

MOST OF US THINK that all the miracles recorded in man's history took place before Pontius Pilate presided over the most infamous trial of all time. This is 1963, after all, and where does one find a modern Lazarus, a burning bush, a flaming mountain, or a stone rolled from the face of a tomb?

Our problem, my friends, is that we are using the wrong eyepieces to search for miracles. If they are not 3-D on a wide screen with casts of thousands, we just don't sense them. But all around us there are miracles in many sizes which don't occur to us because of our haste and sophistication.

Another obstacle to miracle recognition is our hesitancy to regard highly miracles which are man-made. Man-made miracles are all the more marvelous because they are performed by men in times and circumstances which tend to make human fallibility stand out in bold relief.

Always, during the past 175 years, the constant miracle has been the very existence of this great nation of ours. The miracle, it seems to me, is distilled in the forces which somehow manage to hold the nation together. Almost as though they are responding to a physical law, the forces which are tending always to rend us are overcome, if ever so slightly, by the counteracting strengths of the greatest nation in the history of the world.

Our racial and religious differences, beset as they are with heartache and trial, will ultimately be overpowered by love of freedom and growing

miracles '63

By JOHN G. JOHNSON

regard for the dignity of the individual. Our political and economic differences are counteracted by concern for the ideology which at this moment seems best suited to free men's minds for pursuit and recognition of truth. Our geographic differences are overcome by the forces which make the parts, inherently weak when standing alone, interdependent with balanced strength when taken as a whole. These positive and precious fibers which bind us together seem at times to be drawn precariously close to the breaking point. But they have prevailed and that fact is miracle enough for the people of this nation to cherish, nurture, and protect.

Within the framework of our nation, there are the institutions which give it life—the church, the home, the various governments, the educational community. It is abundantly clear that these are interdependent, each drawing breath from the other and perhaps unable to survive if any of the others perish. Among these institutions, the little islands of freedom which are our colleges and universities play a fundamental role. Teaching and adding to the world's store of knowledge through research have provided encouraging evidence that our educational system is gradually freeing men's minds to inquire more fully into the world, its people and its environment. Our freedom is yet imperfect but we move tenaciously toward the goal. That some men's minds are indeed free is a miracle formed partly by our educational endeavor.

And where else in the world can one find a system of private and public assisted institutions which, together, are striving mightily to bring the nation's youth to its full potential? Nowhere! What upstarts we are to reject the old world concept of an educated elite.

On the cutting edge of our college and university families we find the volunteer alumnus. Too often we malign the members who don't voluntarily support alma mater, but consider this—several million alumni *do* support their alma mater demonstrably. No other culture in the history of the world has dared think of such a relationship between institutions of higher learning and former students. Here is a miracle endowed with great power to provide ideas, interpretation, students and voluntary gifts to advance these marvelous man-conceived institutions for service to present and future generations.

And then, there is the miracle called *you*, the professional alumni worker. Your daily challenges may try you. Chances are, at least some of the following will greet you every day: Your secretary will be off with a virus. There will be a memo from your president expressing displeasure with an increase in your operating budget. A member of the faculty will call to say how unhappy he is about the treatment of his article in the recent issue of the alumni magazine. An important alumnus will have written to say that he's withdrawing support because he's offended by some foolish ideas being

proposed by an economics professor. One of your club presidents will be raising the very devil because the basketball team is losing or his football tickets were way down on the 40-yard line. The final touch may be a petition presented by your staff asking for longer coffee breaks.

Why, oh why, do you do it? You could earn more money on another job. There's most certainly a more peaceful profession somewhere. Hardly any of you were trained for your job. Who even understands what your job is?

A third dimension

Perhaps you do it because you care. And, happily, some other experiences compensate for your daily tasks. A knowledgeable alumnus will write to say he's delighted to learn of the educational progress in the sciences. An assistant professor from the English department will drop by to commend you for the improved quality of writing in the alumni publication. You'll get a phone call telling you that a strong alumnus will accept the chairmanship of your capital campaign in Dallas, or Cleveland, or Richmond. And your record clerk will find three long-lost members of the family. The miracle is that no matter how much you err, you can't make enough mistakes to drive all your friends away.

Among you, there are those who do more than merely keep records. At least some are caught up in the excitement of gathering a small history of an educated adult who has a unique relationship with your institution. For you, no longer is the 3 x 5 card or the computer tape or punched card a flat, two dimensional thing. Rather, it has a third dimension: the faint trace of a man.

In the alumni programs that matter, perception has moved your concern beyond name tags, menus, head table arrangements, travel plans and mailing lists. There has emerged a spirit which will penetrate to the core of the alumni program—the meaningful involvement of alumni in the main current of the university's objectives. From this

will grow increased understanding of the institution's educational mission.

Designers of editorial miracles bring forth publications which reflect the dignity, restraint, and love of people that conveys the essence of alma mater and the alumni program. In their hands, the written word—keystone of communication with scattered alumni—reaches its fullest potential with sensitivity to the reader.

As directors of annual giving and development officers, you are finding ways to provide opportunities for service through considered giving. Contrast this with the attitude which motivates some to "get more from our alumni and friends." In the positive atmosphere for giving created by so many of you, a gift to the annual fund becomes a heart warming investment rather than a reply to a dun; a bequest becomes a thoughtful gift to provide educational service rather than a token to satisfy the seeker of the gift; a library or educational building becomes an uplifting experience for the donors rather than just a new thing for the university. In such a climate, established by you and the allies around you on all sides, total alumni support will surely rise from \$200 million each year to \$500 million by 1970.

Interacting network

We have, then, a regenerative interacting network of miracles. First, and foremost, there is the miracle of this nation, with its separate parts magnetically attracted to each other by our democratic ideology. There is the miracle of the institutions which give substance to the nation, notably for us the varied and marvelous educational institutions, striving mightily to free men's minds. Miraculously, there are the volunteers—several million of them—who don't *have to*, but do.

And there is the miracle called you. Perhaps you've never thought of yourself as a doer of miracles. You're one little human being among 185 million in the United States and among three billion in this world of ours.

There's a miracle here because among those myriad numbers, you make a difference.

Editor's Note

Since Sarah Frances McDonald received her law degree, with highest honors, in 1951 she has been one of Decatur, Georgia's leading attorneys—we hear that male attorneys sometimes shudder when they know that they must face her in court. She has received many honors for participation in community affairs. As president of the Alumnae Association she is leading the way toward better communication within the Agnes Scott family.

The President of the Alumnae Association reported to the Board of Trustees on what the College does for alumnae — instead of vice versa.

TURNABOUT

By SARAH FRANCES McDONALD '36

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association has directed its attention to a matter which has been of vital concern to the Board and to alumnae for some time, that is, the lack of communication between alumnae and the other groups composing the college community. I wish to report to you that much progress has been made in bridging this gap during the year 1962-1963. I will outline briefly a few achievements to support this statement.

A perennial criticism of the college by alumnae has been that the college has no interest in her alumnae except to ask for financial support. The following significant innovations should do much to answer this complaint. These are some of the specific things the college is doing for alumnae:

1. On the day of the Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association in 1962, those attending were offered a program of faculty lectures, a choice of six in the morning and the same number in the afternoon, ranging from Existentialism to The Effects of Radiation in Genetics. From the enthusiastic response of over 400 alumnae who attended these sessions, it was apparent that we received the intellectual stimulation for which such a need had been voiced. Most generously the faculty presented another similar series of lectures at our recent Annual Meeting on April 27, 1963, when more than 500 alumnae registered for them. The faculty lectures were such a resounding success that they proved to the administration a point which the Alumnae Association had presented—that there was a desire for continuing education and that

the college had at least some degree of obligation to supply it.

2. In the Fall of 1962, for the first time in history a pilot project in continuing education for alumnae and their husbands was presented on five consecutive Tuesday evenings. A choice of two courses was offered. "The Nature of the Self" and "Latin America Today." The attendance was excellent and the interest so keen that plans are to make the program permanent.

In addition to the intellectual stimulation derived by alumnae from the faculty lectures and continuing education courses, it is our sincere belief that another fine purpose was served thereby—to bring alumnae and faculty into a closer relationship.

3. On Founder's Day in February alumnae in the Atlanta area were in-

(continued)



TURNABOUT

(Continued)

ited to attend chapel where an interesting and delightful address was given by Dr. Ellen Douglass Leyburn. Following this, again our lines of communication were enlarged, this time between alumnae and students. Five seniors who were doing Independent Study presented a panel discussion centered around their own fields of work. It was an exciting privilege to hear and see the product of today's brand of Agnes Scott education. These students were highly intelligent, most charming, and delightfully articulate.

In this same area of student, alumnae, faculty contacts, we were pleased to be invited to greet the student body at Opening Convocation; to attend as a Board a panel discussion in chapel between faculty and students on the intellectual atmosphere at Agnes Scott; and to participate in one of the student chapel programs during Honor Emphasis Week.

Alumnae House

4. The college answered the call of many alumnae clubs over the country, and twelve members of the faculty and administration traveled to various states to bring the alumnae addresses and information on Founder's Day.

5. The next contribution of the college to alumnae work which I will mention is in the field of tangibles, specifically, financing. I am sure that most of you are aware that the Association is now supported by the college because all contributions of alumnae are made to the college and not to the Association. The operation of the Alumnae House is the only exception. We still run the house independently. The Self-Study report pointed up the fact that this, too, should be changed. A proposal is being made to the college to take over the fiscal operation of the Alumnae House through the college Treasurer, and the maintenance of the House by the college Business Manager, just as all other buildings owned by the college are maintained. The House is

operated for the college guests, primarily parents and friends of students, official college guests, such as visiting professors and prospective faculty members, plus a few alumnae. The college owns the House, built in 1922, and the Alumnae Association owns the furnishings. The Association is currently having the furniture appraised so that we may give this, plus current funds, to the college to become a part of the college's permanent assets. In our opinion this plan, if approved, will make for more sensible, coordinated operation.

Publications

6. For three years the college has supplied funds for publication of the alumnae magazine which have been adequate to send the magazine to *all* alumnae. The magazine has won national awards for excellence: its articles provide another kind of intellectual stimulation for alumnae; and its class news notes keep alumnae in touch with each other.

7. We take this opportunity to thank the college for the recent newsletter mailed to alumnae. We recommend more frequent publication of such newsletters since they are much less expensive to publish than the magazine and serve an entirely different purpose. They keep the alumnae informed as to what is happening at Agnes Scott, and I think you will agree that only informed alumnae are interested alumnae.

Volunteer Participation

Turning now to other activities, I want to speak briefly about the Southeastern District meeting of the American Alumni Council which was held in Atlanta in January, 1963. Until this year these meetings were workshops solely for the professional staffs of alumni and alumnae associations. This year volunteer alumni and alumnae leaders were invited to attend and to participate. Dr. Alston was the speaker at the opening general session, and his outstanding address set the atmosphere for the entire meeting. His discussion of the responsibility of leadership in our world today by the graduates of our institutions of higher

education and his description of this group as the "Aristocracy of Competency" was the keynote spark for all subsequent sessions. We, from Agnes Scott, were tremendously proud to claim him as "ours."

I learned that this conference is a fine arena for the exchange of practical ideas for fund raising and annual giving; of new ways for alumnae to serve their colleges and vice versa; for learning better organizational and program techniques; for improving alumnae magazines and other publications. I feel that the college receives full value for sending representatives to these meetings. The President and three other members of the Executive Board of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association served on panels during the conference. Our able and charming Director, Ann Worthy Johnson, was hostess of the 1963 conference, with W. Roane Beard of Georgia Tech, and she served on a fund-raising panel. Dorothy Weakley, Assistant Director, was chairman of a pre-conference workshop on alumni magazine publishing, and reports were that this was a great success.

Agnes Scott Fund

The Alumnae Association Self-Study, made in conjunction with that of the college, is complete, and the recommendations are being considered by the Executive Board. Those which are found desirable will be implemented where possible.

The Alumnae Division of the Agnes Scott Fund is being handled by a Class Agents system. Their letters are follow-ups to brochures mailed from the Alumnae Office. This year the emphasis has been to secure funds to increase faculty salaries. As of May 1, 1963, 500 alumnae have made annual gifts totaling \$9,056.94. This is in addition to campaign pledge payments.

There have been a number of staff changes, including a new House Manager. In comparison with Randolph Macon, for example, the office continues to be under-staffed. For the future some study should be given to this area. Our versatile Director, Ann Worthy Johnson, reports that we could not operate the alumnae office without the help of good student aid.

TRANSLATION

By DR. CHLOE STEEL, *associate professor of French*



ONE OF THE MOST significant literary productions of the 20th century is the series of seven novels which forms one work entitled *A la Recherche du temps perdu* by the French author Marcel Proust. The English translator Scott Moncrief renders the title *Remembrance of Things Past*. If Proust himself approved this English version of his title—as well he may have done in point of time—he did so, I am sure, with mingled feelings. He would have been pleased by the choice of a Shakespearean phrase to name his work, for it was in the exalted company to which Shakespeare belongs that Proust yearned to take his place. At the same time he would have been aware of the loss of meaning which the transfer from one language to another thus occasioned, and with his keen appreciation for the value of names he would have regretted the limited significance of the Shakespearean phrase when compared to the richness of the French expression. While the English title rightly emphasizes the importance of memory in the work, the meaning of the French title, which literally translated is *In Search of Lost Time*, goes, as does the work itself, far beyond a session of sweet silent thought in which the author summons up remembrance of things past.

The novel of Proust is, as its French title indicates, the story of a search. The casual reader may lose sight of this fact, for the narrator himself seems to forget it as he follows his hero through scenes of provincial, seashore, and Parisian life, lingers long with him in conversation and observation in fashionable drawing rooms, stops to discuss military campaigns, to expound art criticism, to describe hawthorns in bloom, and to point up with extraordinary psychological perception his fellow man's weaknesses. But the careful reader soon realizes that however far afield his meanderings may appear to go, the narrator never loses sight of his goal; he is never unconscious of the

quest on which his protagonist has embarked.

What is the protagonist seeking? First of all he is looking for a subject on which to write, for he seems to have known from the beginning that he wants to be a writer. As a child he hopes that his father, in whose power he has great confidence, can arrange it, but even in his more realistic moments of childhood and certainly as he grows to manhood, he realizes that it is something he will have to do for himself. Occasionally he finds the force to follow through an impression or an experience, to put it in words; more often he yields to his lack of will power and wastes his time, accomplishing nothing. His search is also one for truth, for reality, for the absolute, for the eternal as opposed to the ephemeral. As a child he believes that this reality has a concrete form, is something *exterieur*. He thinks that if he can meet a great writer, if he can watch a great actress perform, he will make long strides in the conquest of truth, for he will understand the reality of literary genius, he will comprehend the essence of dramatic art. He meets the writer, he sees the actress perform, and he is disillusioned to find them not at all as he had imagined but instead quite like other persons he has known. And he is no wiser than he was before as to what constitutes literary genius and dramatic art. His search continues; his ideas change. Gradually he realizes that truth is fragmentary, that revelations are partial only; and bit by bit he stores in his heart the fragments that are revealed to him. At times he has, as one critic puts it in Wordsworth's phrase, "intimations of immortality" when a sensation in the present identical with a sensation in the past transports him, as it were, out of the bounds of time and space into bygone years, which relive momentarily with singular vividness for him. These moments, however, are rare and with his usual procrastination the protagonist does not profit from them. Years pass.

One illusion after another is surrendered as the protagonist fails to find in social life, in love, in friendship the truth for which he is searching. Finally even literature, his great passion, seems meaningless to him when he considers it in its realistic form, in those works which try to give a photographic representation of this world as we know it. This search on which the protagonist is embarked is at the same time, of course, a search for self, for something which will give meaning to his life, for something which will allow him to realize his own particular talents. He knows that he has wasted his time; he understands his faults and his own weakness in giving in to them. He finds the world empty, his own life pointless.

A calling

It is when his despair is blackest that his moment of truth comes, for suddenly his quest is ended: he finds the subject of the book which he wants to write. Experiencing in swift succession a series of privileged moments when his past comes alive with unusual force, he understands that the subject on which he must write is his own past with all the truth which he has discovered consciously and unconsciously. He realizes that his task is not to invent a story but to translate, in terms which all can understand, his vision of reality. When this revelation comes, he weighs the task before him, understanding that if he is to complete the work which the illuminated moments have made possible, he will have to sacrifice everything to that end. And courageously he sets himself to the task. "All my life," he remarks, "could be summed up in the expression a Calling," for he has the strong conviction that he has been called—in the religious sense of the word—to create a literary work of art. So his life, which until that moment had been lost or wasted, finds at last its *raison d'être*, its meaning, and the protagonist becomes the narrator who writes the novel, seeking through the magic of language to translate reality as he has seen it.

But the story cannot be left there, for it is much more than a story. While it is a mistake to look for the details of the author's biography in *Remembrance of Things Past*, which is a work of fiction,

it is impossible not to see in the search upon which the protagonist of the novel embarked the essence of Marcel Proust's own search.

His life, like that of the hero of his novel, had indeed been wasted. Spoiled by his parents because of his physical weakness, pampered by friends who found in him a fascinating conversationalist and an incomparable mimic, he had frequented social gatherings in fashionable drawing rooms and restaurants, dispensing flattery and tips with equal lavishness. He had dabbled in this and that trying unsuccessfully to lead the kind of life his parents wanted him to lead. With plenty of money to satisfy his whims he had frittered his time away, indulging his fancies and his vices. By the time he was thirty-seven years old one might have thought his life was nearly spent. He had already been in a sanatorium for nervous disorders. Illness on occasion kept him confined for a period of months. In fact the protagonist of the novel is only a weak replica of the author as far as a wasted life is concerned.

Early literary contributions

Like the hero of his novel, Proust also had a passionate interest in literature. As a youth he had formed with his friends a literary magazine. Later he had contributed articles to newspapers and reviews. In his early twenties he had published a volume of short stories and sketches, a deluxe edition with illustrations by a popular artist and an introduction by the leading literary figure of the period, Anatole France. Later in an effort to do something worthwhile he had translated into French two of John Ruskin's works—*The Bible of Amiens* and *Sesame and Lilies*. While it is easy today to see in all that he had produced the prelude to greatness, this fact was by no means evident to his contemporaries. With what he had published Proust had succeeded in achieving only amateur standing. His reputation, such as it was, was that of a writer who lover over-refinement in language. He was regarded in literary circles as something of a dilettante and not taken very seriously.

And like his hero or even more than his hero, Marcel Proust needed to find himself, to make use

TRANSLATION

(continued)

of his own particular gifts, to prove his worth. His writings tell us, though only indirectly, something of the suffering which life had brought him. He must have been deeply hurt by the realization that he was different from his younger brother, that he could not hope like him to lead a normal life, pursue an honorable career. There was anguish for him too in his partial Jewish heritage, for it made him different from his friends, at least some of them, at a time when such a difference was sharply pointed up by the famous Dreyfus case. And his feelings about this heritage were further complicated by the fact that it was through his mother, to whom he had been very close, that it came to him. There was deep and tormented remorse for the heartache he had caused his parents, respected bourgeois of high principles, who had had not only to surrender their ambitions for their son but even to learn to live with that son's weakness and vice. Yes, Marcel Proust desperately needed to prove himself, for at the age of thirty-seven he seemed a misfit, one of life's failures.

Through all his wasted years, however, Marcel Proust had cherished a dream. He wanted to create a work of art. He longed to take his place among the masters, to join the giants of literary tradition in the field of the novel—Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert. Nor did he stop with dreaming; he worked constantly toward that end. Notebooks, which have been acquired recently by the French National Library, attest to the fact that he kept on writing, working without finding the subject or the plan which would enable him to produce a work of value. His standards were high. Like his hero he too was seeking the absolute and he was willing to spend himself in the pursuit of it. During these barren years he continued to study the work of the great novelists of the past, for with that humility which so becomes genius he believed that they could teach him much about his art.

Like his hero, Proust must have had a moment of revelation, for the time came, probably in his thirty-eighth year, when he found the subject, or in

his case, I think, the plan of the work which he wanted to write. With the clarity which marked his perceptions in general he understood that to realize his dream he would have to summon to his aid the very characteristics in which he had been singularly lacking—will power and discipline. The spirit in which he makes the hero of his novel contemplate his task must certainly have been his own. In *Time Regained* the narrator recalls his thoughts about the work which he wanted to write:

How happy would be the man who could write such a book, I thought, and what labor he would have before him! for that writer [. . .] would have to prepare his book with minute care, constantly regrouping his forces as for a military offensive, to endure it like a fatigue, to accept it like a rule, to construct it like a church, to follow it like a diet, to overcome it like an obstacle, to win it like a friendship, to nourish it like a child, to create it like a world.

Such was the spirit in which Proust entered upon his task. And if the man Proust was weak, the artist was strong. Giving up everything else, he devoted the rest of his life to the creation of his novel, spending all his strength in his effort to achieve that standard of perfection which had always been his ideal. He did not live to complete the work, for the several volumes published after his death had not been finally revised. Enough had been done, however, to make of his novel a unique work of art which recounts with singular force and courage the spiritual quest of the author.

Potential into performance

Astrologers would undoubtedly say that the stars were in strange conjunction on the night of July 10, 1871, when a first child was born to Dr. and Mrs. Adrien Proust in a suburb of Paris, for no one could deny that this child was endowed with unusual gifts. But if the world has heard the name of Marcel Proust, and if the world is richer because he lived, it is not merely that he was born with extraordinary potential. It is because he had the determination and the endurance to translate that potential into performance. It is because he held on to a dream, pursuing it beyond disillusion, plodding on in the face of repeated defeat and failure until he finally won through to a triumphant victory. Persistence, perseverance—this is what it takes to translate dreams into reality whether it be in the life of a Marcel Proust or in yours and mine.



Allie Candler Guy, chairman of the 50th reunion of the class of 1913, plants the two azalea bushes given to the college by Grace Anderson Bowers.

50th REUNION

By Lily Joiner Williams '13

WHAT A WONDERFUL reunion! Our fiftieth! Nine of the thirteen now living came back to the College, and three of the ex-thirteens joined us. From the time of our arrivals on Friday, April 26, until the departures on Monday, the 29th, there was a round of delightful affairs. Each of the girls who live near the College entertained: Allie Candler Guy with a supper at an Atlanta country club; Janie McGaughey and "Pope" (Emma Pope Moss Dieckmann) with suppers in their homes; and Grace Anderson Bowers
(Continued on 14)

50th REUNION

(Continued from page 13)

with a tea at her country home. We had Sunday dinner at Yohannan's in Lenox Square.

The highlight of the reunion was the Alumnae Luncheon on Saturday, when special recognition was given to those of 1913. After the delicious luncheon, we were called by name to the front of the dining hall near the speaker's table, where Sarah Frances McDonald '36, president of the Alumnae Association, gave us greetings. She presented each with a beautiful gold replica of the Agnes Scott seal with an engraving of the fiftieth reunion on the back.

Later in the afternoon President

and Mrs. Alston entertained the class with a delightful tea in their home. On Sunday we attended services at Trinity Presbyterian Church where Adele Dieckmann '48, "Pope's" daughter, is organist and choir director. In the evening we were in the Dieckmann home. Mr. Dieckmann and Adele gave us beautiful music on the two pianos.

Grace Anderson Bowers presented the College with two large azaleas, which were planted by the front steps of the Alumnae House. The class shared in the planting ceremony. Some of us attended the drama presentation, "The Gardener's Dog," by the Blackfriars on Saturday evening and the special lectures for alumnae given by faculty members Saturday morning and afternoon.

As we came to this notable fiftieth anniversary occasion, the years seemed to drop into the background, and we were again in the college halls among faculty and friends of our days there. Our gratitude continues for the influence the College has had upon our lives.

The following members were present: Allie Candler Guy, Margaret Roberts Graham, Frances Dukes Wynne, Grace Anderson Bowers, Emma Pope Moss Dieckmann, Kate Clark, Janie McGaughey, Mary Enzor Bynum, Elizabeth Joiner Williams, Rebie Harwell Hill, Elizabeth Dunwoody Hall, and Ruth Brown Moore. Those who could not come were Florence Smith Sims, Olivia Bogacki Hill, Helen Smith Taylor, and Lavalette Sloan Tucker.

The class of 1913 receive gold medallions in honor of their fifty years as alumnae from Sarah Frances McDonald '36, president of the Alumnae Association.







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FALL 1963

Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

SOUTH AMERICA:
TWO WORLDS

See page 4



Ann Worthy Johnson '38, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley '56, *Managing Editor*

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FRONT COVER :

The cover photograph was made by Dr. John Tumblin. He was born and reared in Brazil where his parents were missionaries, and he taught in Brazil before joining the Agnes Scott faculty in January, 1961. For Mr. Tumblin this tree is particularly meaningful, because its silhouette corresponds to the shape of Brazil—the country in which it grows.

FRONTISPIECE :

(*Opposite page*)

Frontispiece: Sophomores Susie Gebhardt (left) and Anne Rogers were caught by Ken Patterson's camera as they met to begin another academic year.

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



HAPPINESS

FALL 1963

A long summer vacation, a loaded car, September 16, reunion of friends — and the camera captures “the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion.”



ne Continent - Tw

*Dr. John Tumblin, Associate Professor of Sociology,
writes about the past and present of South America.*

A Brazilian boy demonstrates his own version of the wheelbarrow—and reflects the tension between the creative spirit and primitive resources.



Worlds



WHEN A CITIZEN of any of the republics to the south of us visits the United States he is likely to be questioned frequently concerning The South American Viewpoint on nearly any issue. It will be taken for granted that he speaks Spanish fluently. And men will keep a weather eye on him when their wives and daughters are nearby, for everyone "knows" that every Latin is Don Juan incarnate.

Most of us think of South America as if it were a single, homogeneous unit. Because we note more similarities between a Brazilian and a Colombian than we recognize between ourselves and either one, we place them in a single category and attach the obvious label. It is an understandable mistake, perhaps, but in making it we forget that although there may be only one continent, there are at least two worlds to the south of us. The boundary between these worlds is the line of demarcation between Brazil and the nations which surround it. That line divides the continent into approximately equal amounts of land area, roughly equal numbers of people (seventy millions on each side, give or take a few hundred thousand),

two languages which are related but distinct, and socio-cultural characteristics which set Brazil quite apart from the remainder of South America.

There are four major factors which contributed to the growth of the two traditions in South America. The basic factor, of course, was the early emergence on the Iberian peninsula of two distinct cultures. The second was the fact that Spain and Portugal operated quite differently in their colonial endeavors. In the third place, relations between colonists and native peoples, and later the Negroes who were brought as slaves, were quite different in Brazil from those in Spanish America. Finally, Brazil and the Spanish-speaking countries emerged into nationhood through independence movements which were distinct.

As an aid in getting a perspective of the development of these cultures, one can conceive of time as a cylinder extending down into the past from a platform on which we presently stand. Let us then imagine that we can cross-section this cylinder wherever we like and examine what occurred in early culture at four levels of the past: 1100 B.C., 1100 A.D., 1500 A.D., and 1800 A.D.

1100 B.C.—Primitives All

In 1100 B.C. Homer was writing the Iliad, Egypt was on the decline, Samuel would soon appoint Saul to rule over the Israelites, the Assyrian kingdom was vigorous, but the Iberian Peninsula was sparsely inhabited by roving bands of rather primitive peoples from whom the peninsula gets its name. It presented a broad, inviting gateway between Europe and the Mediterranean, however, and soon the burgeoning movement in the Mediterranean was to subject it to many invasions by people who wanted to grow foodstuffs on its soil, extract gold, silver and copper from its mines, and sail from its harbors. By the beginning of the Christian Era, it had been possessed, in parts, by Phoenicians, Greeks, Cathagenians, Celts, and was to continue in Roman hands for the balance of seven hundred years. Later Goths, then Moors, and with the latter many Jews, were to come. All of these, as people always do,

mixed, and married, and left their many-charactered genes in a population in which there was yet to develop a consciousness of national identity.

What was the picture in South America at 1100 B.C.? Precise evidence is still scarce, though we will be learning much more through archaeological explorations now under way. But we can safely say that in South America there were cultures at this time which were no more primitive than some we would have found concurrently in Iberia and Northern Europe. Man had lived throughout South America for a long time; he had reached Patagonia as early as eight to nine thousand years before Christ. By 1100 B.C. the continent was inhabited by hundreds of tribes with mutually unintelligible languages. On the West Coast corn-growing, pottery and weaving were being practiced, and a number of tribes already were settled around permanent villages.

1100 A.D.—Iberia Divided

When we slice our cylinder of time two thousand years later at the level of eleven centuries after Christ, we see that the Crusaders were concerned with capturing Jerusalem. King Harold had recently won the Battle of Hastings, France was united under a kingdom, and on the Iberian Peninsula little Portugal was emerging as a national state under the leadership of Affonso Henriques, King Affonso I began to expand what was initially a feudal state, and within two hundred years more Portugal became a sovereign power, allied with England, and living in the midst of a true Renaissance. Its ports had served as waystations for the ships of the Crusaders, and it was outstripping England in its knowledge of ships and the sea. Under the aggressive leadership of Henry the Navigator Portugal soon began a daring program of research and experimentation. Two experiments were of special significance. The first was a foray into overseas mercantilism in West Africa, where the government accumulated wealth by selling licenses to trade in gold, ivory—and, later, slaves—to individuals and corporations. The second was a program of

(Continued on next page)

ONE CONTINENT

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long-term settlement and agricultural exploitation in the Canary and Madeira Islands. These two techniques for exploiting resources overseas, in both of which Portugal pioneered, were to become bases of the modern colonial expansion from Western Europe.

Meanwhile, what was happening in Spain in 1100 A.D.? Whereas Portugal united as a national state soon after 1100, Spain continued in a condition of political turmoil and disunity for another two hundred years. In fact, not until the middle of the Fifteenth Century when the two great states of Aragon and Castile became one through the marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand was Spain ready for consolidation and the beginning of an era of progress and expansion. Until then there were several Spains—*independent and hostile kingdoms.*

In South America at this time there was as much diversity as Europe had seen two thousand years before. Whereas the Onas and Yahgans exemplified tribes as primitive as we can find in the history of man, on the West Coast the great civilizations of Tiahuanaco, Nazca, and Chimu were paving the way for the highly developed Inca Empire.

1500 A.D.—Settlement vs. Conquest

As we again slice our pillar of time, in this instance at 1500 A.D., we find that Martin Luther was reacting to Roman authority, the Ottoman Turks had been expelled from Poland, the Mongolians were encountering the influences of Europe, and in the Americas the Aztecs and the Incas had reached the high point of their civilizations. This was the golden age of Portugal, which had a head start, and the very beginning of Spain's days of glory.

Portugal's colonial enterprise was two-pronged. Under close government control, a trading venture was under way in the East, off the coasts of India and China. As the first Europeans to establish direct, large-scale and prolonged contact with the East, they



The Senate and House buildings in the ultra-modern city of Brasilia.

had had to pioneer not only in the skills of ocean transportation but also in such things as techniques of trade, political administration, and establishing financial underpinnings for overseas commerce. They built a commercial empire based on trade in the East, and in this was their golden hope for the future. The whole enterprise depended, however, on the supremacy of the Portuguese fleet—security was theirs only until some rival to their sea power should appear. Such competition did appear in the fleets of the Spanish, later the Dutch, and still later the English. Before long their Eastern Empire collapsed under the pressure of vigorous competition.

But while their trading venture went sour, their settlement program in Brazil, initially a clearly subordinate enterprise, succeeded beyond their wildest expectations and grew steadily in importance as time passed. What began as small-scale settlements to trade in brazil-wood with Indians became large-scale coastal settlements where first sugar, then cotton, and then coffee were produced for an eager world market through a plantation system of agriculture. Thus Brazil was not actually conquered but was gradually settled by the Portuguese. Having had their great adventure, their now-gone day of glory in the Orient, they expected no glamorous

and sudden return in riches. The Portuguese colonists in Brazil were a practical and matter-of-fact people who settled down to make a slow but steady profit through agriculture.

For Spain in 1500 the colonial adventure in South America had quite a different character. For them it was to be, indeed, a conquest. For the most part, the succession of conquests were organized and financed as profitable ventures, and the Crown received one-fifth of the gross profits while seldom contributing to the original capital with which each expedition was financed. As entrepreneurs succeeded, capital for this purpose increased with each successive wave of conquest, which provided a revolving fund for subsequent advances. Agents of the Spanish Crown were sent along, and in each case the land was claimed as the property of Spain, based on the deed of this section of the New World to the King of Spain by the Pope.

After the work of conquest came that of colonization—and many former conquerors, their energies expended and the excitement of battle gone, settled down to make a living and populate the land. But the Spanish colonists, a minority supplemented by new immigrants from the Peninsula, generally maintained a separate identity, considered themselves a ruling class, and for a long time identified

nemselves not with the land and the people among whom they lived but with the Europe they had left. The Spanish-Americans regarded themselves as Spanish lords. In contrast, the Portuguese colonists in Brazil developed steadily a sense of belonging to Brazil, and without the aloofness which has produced in most South American countries a bi-cultural pattern, a sense of being one people emerged.

In time the colonies of both nations took on the special characters which the present republics of Latin America still retain. The combination of the native, the newcomer, and the mixed-blood populations they produced, pooled their energies and their knowledge in solving the problems of the local scene. Usually, however, a Spanish minority, supplemented by new immigrants from the Peninsula, maintained a separate identity as a ruling class in the Spanish-speaking countries.

The Century of Independence: Evolutionary and Revolutionary

Let us look at Brazil and Portugal in 1800 A.D. By this time Portugal had declined to lowly stature in the world competition for power and prestige. It had served a tenure as a subject of Spain from 1580 to 1640. Its government, not having kept abreast of world change, was weak and ill-organized by the standards of leading European nations of the day.

Meanwhile Brazil, the colony, had grown richer and more important than the mother country. In the 1700's it had become the world center for the mining of diamonds: its sugar was in great demand; coffee, beginning in 1727, was much sought after; still later rubber was to become a valuable commodity in the world market. Its native-born political leaders were demanding increasingly a voice in ruling their own internal affairs. The colony had come of age.

In 1800 Portugal was one of the few outlets to the sea in the portion of Europe which was not yet controlled by Napoleon Bonaparte, and he decided to move into it. Just ahead of him, in 1808, the entire

Portuguese court boarded ship and moved out to set up the kingdom in Brazil. While still officially a colony Brazil thus became in fact the seat of the Portuguese empire. This event was to give the colony experience in centralized administration and a degree of stability which later helped to prevent it from fragmenting, as did the Spanish colonies, when independence came. In 1815 Brazil was raised to the status of co-kingdom with Portugal.

When Napoleon was exiled, there came a clamor from the Portuguese back home for the King to return to Portugal and in 1821 King João did return, leaving his son Pedro in the co-kingdom of Brazil. Pedro was liberal, sympathetic with Brazil and Brazilians, and soon led them in a bloodless movement of independence which separated them from Portugal in 1823. Two years later Portugal recognized that independence, and Brazil was officially free, without long, bloody, hate-building, divisive, and expensive wars. There was relatively little economic and social disturbance either; independence had been won in the field of diplomacy rather than on the field of battle.

The Bloody Struggle

The same administrative machinery which had been functioning in Brazil since 1808 continued after 1822. Brazilians were not driven to create new and untried political systems out of the imaginations of idealists who had only half-digested the principles of the French Revolution and the Constitution of the United States, as so often happened in the rest of South America. For many years their government was a replica of Portugal's highly centralized: archaic, but tried, seasoned, matured, and a going concern.

In contrast to Brazil, no single, gradual movement toward peaceful independence took place in Spanish-speaking South America. Each region, having developed something of a culture of its own, conducted its own campaign, and a great deal of blood was spilled. Toward the end of the revolutionary period the most

able of their leaders were strongly impressed with recognition that theirs was a common effort which should be carried on by a common strategy. Bolivar and San Martin contributed to this, but by the movement was hopelessly fractured. A series of independence movements, and a series of qualified successes occurred, as contrasted with the experience of the U.S. and Brazil. In this climate began the struggle, which has lasted on into the present, to establish permanent governments, along democratic lines. There have been failures along the way.

Today: Mid-Twentieth Century

Now, let's take a long leap from a brief historical review to a brief glimpse of the situation today.

How can one characterize the peoples of the two traditions at the present time? The careful student avoids generalizations of this sort. Only when he keeps in mind a statement like Kluckhohn and Murray's does he even dare to begin: "Every man is in certain respects (a) like all other men, (b) like some other men, (c) like no other man."

We have stressed two lines of influence, akin but different, stretching down into the past for over two thousand years and operating to produce what have become two culture worlds in South America: the Portuguese-speaking one of Brazil and the Spanish-speaking one of the remainder of South America. Seen together, they may appear to be a unit as compared with other portions of the world. If one looks at them closely they will be seen to be quite different from each other.

To say that there are two worlds in South America is an under-statement still, if one but looks more carefully, for there are many worlds within the two traditions now. One would never try to characterize them all in an article of this sort. One would hardly try it even for Brazil.

Brazil is often referred to by its citizens as *os Brasís* — the Brazils. There are at least five of them. There is the Northeast, the old Brazil of

(Continued on next page)

ONE CONTINENT

(Continued)

slavery and sugar. Inland it is a semi-arid land where periodic droughts send thousands starving to the coast. On the coast of the Northeast the fertile and well-watered land is owned by a few scores of families, rich and conservative, who would rather have it lie fallow than to let any of it go to others. This is the region where a Communist-inspired movement, the peasant leagues of Francisco Juliao, threatens to rock the country with a Castro-like revolt. A second world is that of Minas Gerais, mining and cattle-growing territory and birthplace of the vigorous ex-president Juscelino Kubitschek, builder of Brazilian and present federal senator. Minas long has been a political balance wheel, and during much of Brazil's history as a republic the state has sent a president to office on alternate elections, or at least has made known its approval of the successful candidate. Rio de Janeiro is a culture world in itself. Formerly the seat of the federal government, its citizens are characterized throughout the country as the urbane, quick-witted, sharp-tongued, ironical, and sophisticated "*cariocas*."

The State of Sao Paulo

A fourth subculture in Brazil is that of the state of Sao Paulo, populated by relatively recent immigrants and coffee growers, now the industrial center of a growing productive complex. Dynamic, purposeful, acquisitive and self-assured people they are, as indicated by their self-characterization, when compared with the rest of the states, as "a railway engine pulling twenty-one empty cars." The state has revolted twice against the federal government, and still there is occasional talk of secession. Finally, to know the worlds of the Brazils one would have to understand something of the Gauchos of Rio Grande do Sul and the southernmost state of Brazil. Outdoorsmen who have been rapidly turning to industry, led by a bright

group of young politicians who are impatient with the democratic process and the capitalistic system of economic organization, they have teamed up with elements of the political left in the Northeast to cause concern both to American investors in Brazil and to their more conservative fellow countrymen.

One wonders about the future of the whole world and about the place therein of the two great worlds in the continent to the South of us. Those of us who love Brazil not only wonder; we worry. Since I have spent a good many years there, I would like to conclude this quick, birds-eye view with some personal impressions of Brazil today. Such likable, lovable people they are! They can be characterized by pride in the national trait of *sensibilidade*, a mixture of sensitivity and sentimentalism which expects that a man choose first with the heart, and only after that with the head. In Brazil codes of friendship and personal devotions are the bases of every sort of social intercourse, from relations with neighbors to politics and economics. People are either *simpatico* or *antipatico*, liked or disliked, friends or enemies. *Bondade*, fundamental goodness, is the very best trait that one may possess. Problems may be postponed with upraised palms, a shrug of the shoulders, a sigh, then the smiling "leave it as it is, and we'll see how it turns out." Like Spanish Americans, they are likely to do *o que lhe der na gana*—whatever comes into the head. Acting on impulse, and in response to what one feels in his innermost self, is more laudable than evaluations and calculations.

The Five Brazils

This does not imply that intelligence and quick wittedness are not highly valued among Brazilians, however. Conversation still is an art to be cultivated, sometimes at the price of prosperity. The best interpreters of the art, their wits counterpointing and blending and opposing like the strands of a fugue, spend multiplied minutes on a single

sentence, thrusting and toying and savoring the variations on every word. They are inventive, as the painter, Portinari, and the architect, Oscar Niemeyer, have shown the world.

In South America they are known for a remarkable ability to make political compromises that repeatedly have forestalled revolution. In art they have also shown themselves able to adapt the distinctive contributions of others into new creative efforts, such as Heitor Villa-Lobos' blend of the patterns of Bach, folk melodies of the hinterland, and the familiar sound of a child humming a tune through a tissue-paper covered comb into the spine-tingling wordless solo of *Bachianas Brasileiras*. Universities and scientific institutions dot the heavily populated coastline, and efficient public-health services are successfully combating yellow fever, malaria, and Chagas' disease.

The Future

Words alone cannot conjure up for you Brazil in the nineteen-sixties, but here are a few: shouts of glee and shouts of insult. Blaring music. Syncopation. Honest hisses and stolen kisses. Green and yellow. Auto horns at every corner, and twice more before the next one. Shrieking jets by singing ox-wheels. Boys with sugar cane at the station. Vendors' cries and hot blue skies. All these evoke Brazil today, but so does galloping inflation—and birth rate that far out-strips sporadic successes in providing for some needs. There are skyrocketing expectations which will go unrealized during the lifetime of most of the people. There is sympathy for Castro and promises of revolution. World competition exists with materially successful countries, once described as having a head start, but now increasing the gap at such a rate that it long since stopped being a race. How would you react to the confusing promises of Moscow and Washington and Japan?

What will these people be like tomorrow? I wish I knew. Sometimes I wish there were only one world.



Come Inside
The New WINSHIP HALL

Miss Ione Murphy, senior resident, entertains a student in her apartment.





The senior resident's suite is decorated with attractive Danish modern furniture. Miss Murphy is Assistant Dean of Students.

WINSHIP
HALL
continued

Wash day is not "Blue Manday" in Winship's bright, well-equipped laundry room.



PHOTOS BY KEN PATTERSON



*Students call the new
and luxurious dormitory
“the Winship-Hilton.”*

Mariane Wurst '63, secretary in the Alumnae Office, is also a senior resident in Winship. She enjoys preparing Sunday breakfast in Miss Murphy's kitchen.

The cheerful study-smoker on the terrace level makes studying pleasant. The Von Gogh print is one of many contemporary paintings in the dorm.



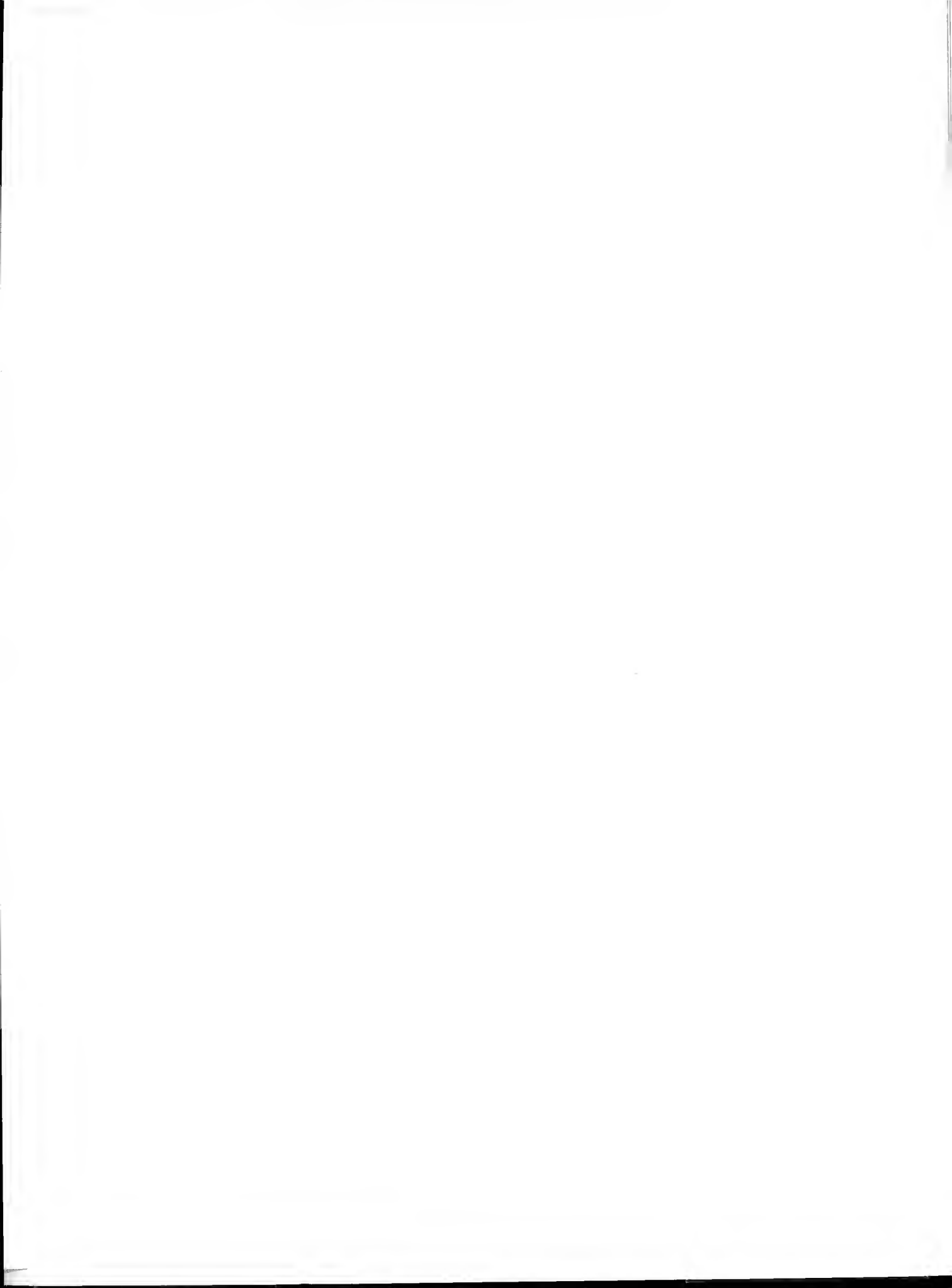


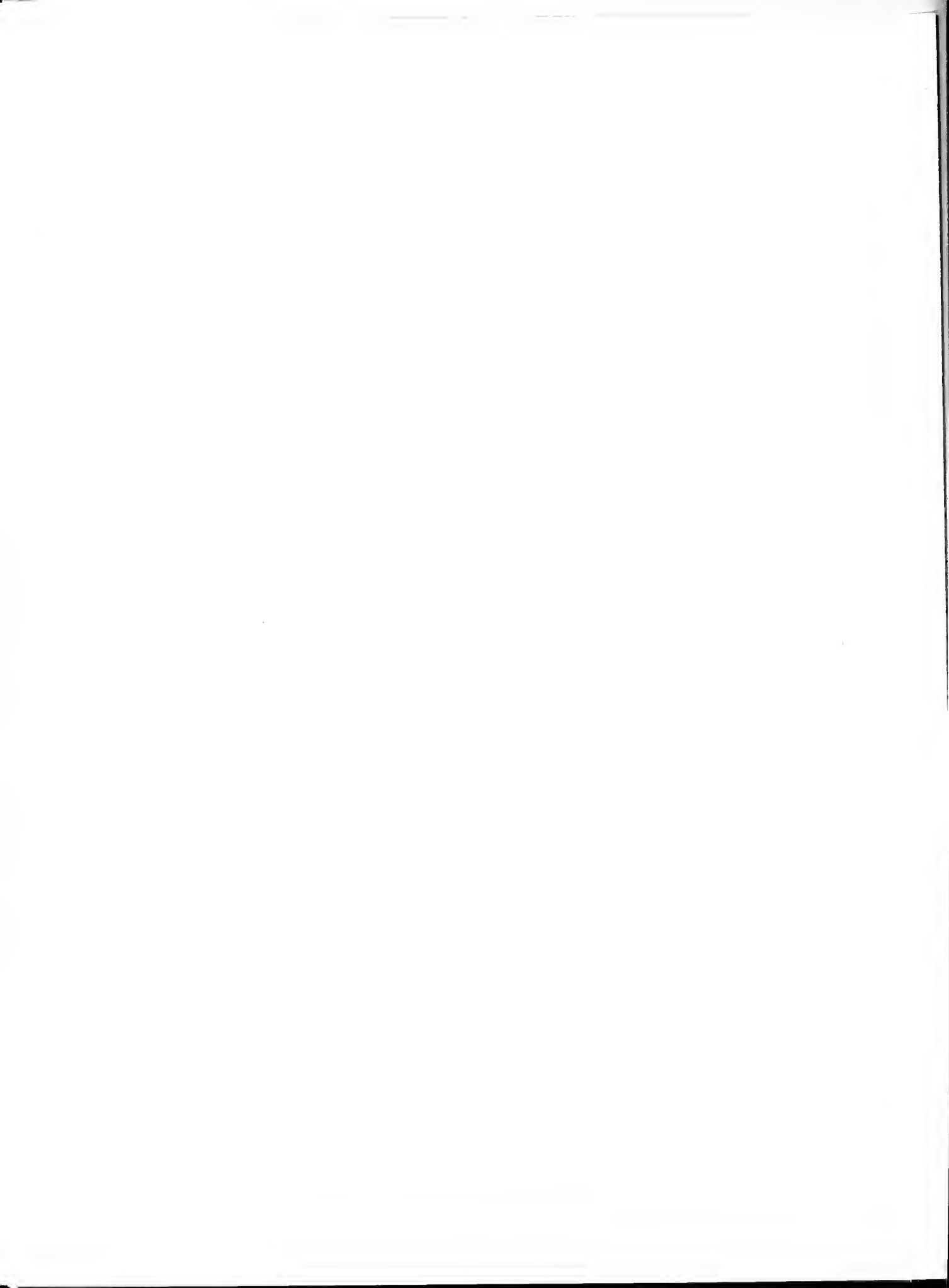
The terrace lounge, complete with fireplace, piano, and conversation nooks, is decorated in shades of orange, yellow, and green.

WINSHIP HALL *continued*

Facing South Candler Street, the patio provides a delightful area for study and recreation.









Worthy Notes...

New Relationships are Being Established Among Alumnae, Faculty and Students

MANY NEW DOORS as well as many old ones opened as Agnes Scott began what will be its seventy-fifth anniversary academic year. The new ones belong to Winship Hall (see pages 9-12) where 146 upper class students and two senior residents are happily settled. (Old doors can sometimes function surprisingly well. Those alumnae who were "cottage livers" as students will be pleased to know that not Winship Hall but Hardeman Cottage won the annual "Dek-It" contest in which the way students decorate their own rooms is judged.) There was a brief dedicatory service for Winship Hall on October 26.

Another kind of door will be opened in the *Alumnae Quarterly* this year. This fall issue is a small one, containing as much class news as we could possibly squeeze into these printed pages. If you need a magnifying glass to read it, the reason is that we reduced the type size from the one we normally use. The winter issue of the magazine will have no class news section, but will contain many articles and will be the Seventy-fifth Anniversary Issue. The spring issue will contain the class news section again.

The major concern of the Alumnae Association for the last two years has been opening still another sort of door—or perhaps opening windows would be a better term. We have wanted a fresh breeze to blow throughout the whole area of alumnae relationships: with each other, with faculty members, and with students.

A kind of fringe benefit of the forty-five area campaigns, which I found as I traveled to many of the meetings, was that we discovered each other within our own communities. Once I sat at a meeting in an alumna's home and watched with delight a real sort of rapport develop between an alumna who attended Agnes Scott when it was Agnes Scott Institute and a graduate of the Class of 1956.

Faculty-alumnae relationships have and are becoming closer. There is a standing committee of faculty members which works with the Alumnae Association, and individual faculty members share themselves so willingly to speak to alumnae groups, to write articles for the *Quarterly*, and to keep, through many years, friendships established originally with you as students. Nine of them are

offering three courses this fall in our second Continuing Education Program for alumnae and their husbands.

The untouched area, and possibly the one in which the need is more urgent, has been alumnae-students relationships. For numberless years, the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association has entertained freshmen, at the end of their orientation period, with a tea in the Alumnae House. We have realized that this has become utterly without meaning to both new students and alumnae. One of the recommendations from students in the College's recent "Self-Study" was that the tea be discontinued, and the Executive Board heartily endorsed this.

As I write these words, we are launching something new for new students, called "The Alumnae Sponsors Program." We have asked some alumnae in the Greater Atlanta area to act as sponsors for freshmen, assigning roommates to the alumna. The alumna sponsor is free to work with her freshmen as the alumna wishes: she might invite them to her home for a meal, she might take them to an event in Atlanta. Or she might simply say to them (after they get their first six-weeks grades, for example): "I'll come pick you up and take you to my house for a cup of coffee, a good talk (or a good cry!), or just to relax."

I hasten to say that the alumnae sponsor idea was not an original one of mine. It was borrowed straight from Mrs. John Marshall Ribble, executive secretary of the Randolph-Macon Woman's College Alumnae Association. Anne Ribble has had a similar program in Lynchburg, Va., for several years and reports splendid results from it.

Carrie Scandrett '24, Dean of Students, and her staff have been of invaluable service to us as we have "matched" freshmen and their alumnae sponsors. As I assured the freshmen, when I talked to them about the program, they *will* graduate—we've been doing it for 75 years—and here is their opportunity to get to know the kinds of persons Agnes Scott alumnae are—persons whom they will eventually become.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

Mrs. Jones



THE COLLEGE has planned to observe our Seventy-fifth Anniversary Year from Founder's Day, February 22, 1964, through Commencement, June 8, 1964. As a part of the celebration, we will bring to the campus outstanding lecturers who will interpret the various areas of the liberal arts in the contemporary world.

- February 22* Convocation, Thanksgiving Service, President Wallace M. Alston
- February 26* Dr. Viktor Frankl, Author and Psychiatrist, University of Vienna Medical School
- February or April* Dr. Wernher von Braun, Director, Space Flight Center
- March 6* Budapest String Quartet
- April 1* Dr. Margaret Mead, Anthropologist, Columbia University
- April 16* Charles P. Taft, Statesman, Lawyer, and Churchman
- April 24-25* Alumnae Week End, Alice Jernigan Dowling (Mrs. Walter C.), Class of 1930
- May*
(date undetermined) Sir Charles P. Snow, Writer, Lecturer, Scientist
- May 5-6* Dr. Mark Van Doren, Writer, Professor Emeritus, Columbia University
- June 7* Baccalaureate Service, Dr. George M. Docherty, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.
- June 8* Seventy-fifth Commencement, The Honorable LeRoy Collins, Former Governor of Florida; President, National Association of Broadcasters

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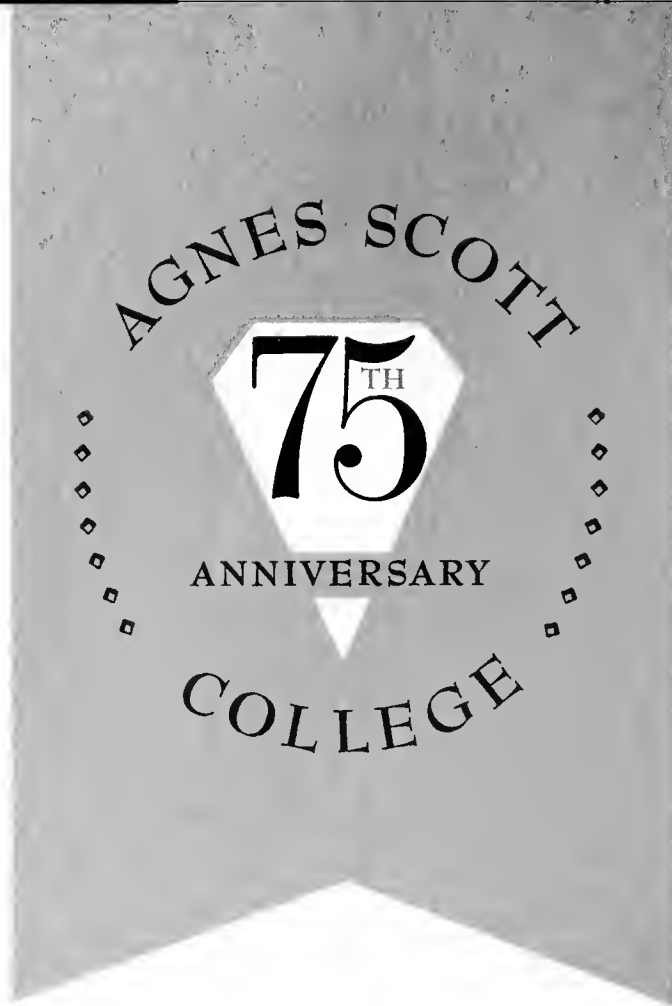
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY WINTER 1964

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Anniversary Issue



The importance of Agnes Scott as a college cannot be estimated by numbering our alumnae... The ultimate test is the intrinsic worth of Agnes Scott students... in the homes they establish - the professional and business careers upon which they enter - the church, civic, educational and social relationships that they maintain. ✍

PRESIDENT WALLACE M. ALSTON







AGNES
SCOTT

THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY VOL. 42, No. 2

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COVER DESIGN: Ferdinand Warren, Chairman,
Art Department

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DOROTHY WEAKLEY '56, *Managing Editor*

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Victory Crowns Campaign

THIS is the moment that I have anticipated for more than a decade. I am in a position to announce officially that Agnes Scott has achieved her great seventy-fifth anniversary development objective. The success of the recent mail appeal and the January campus campaign put the capstone on a venture of faith and dedication that began in July, 1953, when our Board of Trustees launched us upon an eleven-year effort to add \$10,500,000 to the capital assets of the College by the spring of this year, 1964, when Agnes Scott celebrates her seventy-fifth birthday. The original goal was augmented by several conditional grants and by the opportunity to match, dollar for dollar, a trust fund. The challenge grants, already claimed successfully by Agnes Scott, have amounted to more than \$2,000,000. In other words, the unparalleled challenge that has faced the College has been to come to the period of the observance of our seventy-fifth anniversary with cash and pledges of more than \$12,500,000 for capital purposes, realized since the program began in July, 1953.

At the Founder's Day Convocation on Saturday, February 22, 1964, we had the satisfaction of announcing the successful completion of our Seventy-fifth Anniversary Development Program. Agnes Scott has exceeded her over-all objective of \$12,500,000. This accomplishment represents a magnificent achievement on the part of more than 6,000 individuals, groups, business firms, and foundations who have participated generously and loyally.

During his lifetime, poet Robert Frost served as honorary chairman of this campaign. Honorary co-chairmen have been Catherine Marshall LeSourd, Class of 1936, of Chappaqua, New York, and John A. Sibley of Atlanta, both Trustees of the College. The active chairman of the effort has been Hal L. Smith of Atlanta, who is also chairman of the Agnes Scott Board of Trustees. Assisting these leaders have been the area chairmen, all but one of whom are alumnae, in the forty-five campaign centers located over the United States wherever groups of Agnes Scott alumnae and friends are to be found. Then, there have been hundreds of workers, primarily alumnae, who have made the vitally important contacts which have meant success in this effort.

We can never adequately thank the thousands of people who have had a part in this great forward step for Agnes Scott. I would like to be able to express personally the College's appreciation to each one of them. Particularly would I single out our students, faculty, and staff who responded so generously in our two campus campaigns—the one in 1960 and the one just concluded this year. In these two efforts, our small campus community contributed or pledged in excess of \$200,000 toward our anniversary goal. This same loyalty and devotion to Agnes Scott has been the rule, not the exception, with our people everywhere.

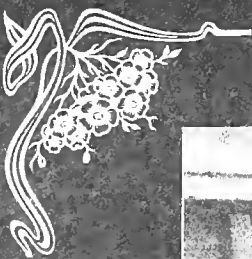
The major portion of the financial assets received through our Seventy-fifth Anniversary Development Campaign has gone into endowment to strengthen Agnes Scott's educational program.

PRESIDENT WALLACE M. ...

Also, three dormitories (Hopkins, Walters, and Winship) have been constructed, additional property has been purchased, and capital improvements have been made in a number of our older buildings. Just now construction has begun on the Charles A. Dana Fine Arts Building where our departments of art and of speech and drama will be located. It is expected that this structure will be put into full use not later than the fall of 1965.

Now with substantially increased capital assets, the College is in an improved position to meet the opportunities of the present and prepare for the challenges of the future. It is, therefore, with high hopes that Agnes Scott enters the last quarter of her first century as an educational institution. The academic life of the College has never been at a higher level than it is at this time. Our faculty is exceedingly able, and our students, a carefully chosen group, are competent and responsive. Those of us here at Agnes Scott now are building on a strong foundation laid by our predecessors and strengthened by those who have participated in the recent effort to increase substantially the College's capital assets. We are determined to be worthy of the confidence which so many have placed in us. It is our firm purpose to enhance the excellence which has always characterized the College so that Agnes Scott, because of her academic stature, because of her Christian commitment, and because of her concern for young people, will continue in the company of the truly great colleges of our nation.





THE HEMSTITCHING CLUB poses prettily in front of Main.



FIRE BRIGADE appears ready to deal with disaster.



VESTAL VIRGINS were a part of an early May Day.



FOUNDER'S DAY featured seniors dressed as colonial dames and gentlemen.





VARSITY TEAM WEARS UNIFORMS and monogrammed cardigans.

Turning back the pages ...

T. S. Lewis

DEALER IN

Crackers and
Cakes

CORNER E. MITCHELL AND LOYD STREETS
LEWISBURG, TENN.

5¢ DRINK PER BOTTLE

Coca-Cola

RELIEVES HEADACHE IMMEDIATELY
AT SODA FOUNTAINS, ICE CREAMS, HOT DRINKS

ADVERTISEMENT
featured a 5¢ Coke.



ART CLUB of 1897 set for an outing in an open wagon.

One Grea

For seventy-five years people plus princi



EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is taken from an address which Miss Leyburn made on Founder's Day, 1963, to the campus community and members of the four Atlanta area alumnae clubs. Ellen Douglass, eminent alumna and beloved professor of English, has here caught the essence of Agnes Scott's history.

I N the letter asking me to make this Founder's Day talk, I thought I detected something of the implication that I was asked because my own history goes back so far into the history of the College. I have grown used of late to having mature colleagues say "ma'am" to me; and I am no longer disconcerted to be asked about the origins of Black Cat, which was a flourishing institution when I came and did devastating things to my studies in the fall of my freshman year, or what went on in the Mnemosynean and Propelyan Literary Societies, which had vanished long before my day. I find it, indeed, rather heartwarming to be linked with the beginnings of Agnes Scott; and since Miss McKinney [now in her ninety-seventh year], who was one of my teachers and is now one of my dear friends, is a part of those beginnings, they do perhaps touch me in a special way. But what I want to suggest to you this Founder's Day is that they touch us all and are alive in us.

I have no intention of preaching a sermon this morning; but I should like to give you a text from St. Paul: "We are every one members one of another." Like the church of which he spoke, the college is an entity, a living being, a composite life containing something of all who have ever been associated with it, but greater than the sum of its parts, a distinct essence, whose life flows into the separate lives which compose it and in turn create its life. This constantly renewed being, always changing, yet always retaining its identity, is a mystery, like the growth of individual personality, and just as much a recognizable fact, though our relation to it is more inscrutable. We are bound

Society

By ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN '27

produced the character of the College.

to feel it as a part of all of us who make it up; and we are part of it, whether we will or not and whether we are worthy or not. We can no more escape the heritage of our alma mater than we can that of our natural mothers, even if we resist it. This college family affects all of us, even the black sheep in it; and we as inevitably affect it. Not one of us can be here without leaving a mark upon the common life, even if it is only in the form of wear and tear on the physical plant and more grey hairs for the faculty.

A Founder's Day occasion is a birthday celebration; and as in our families, we like to think on birthdays of the traits which make us love those who are near to us, it seems fitting that we should think on Founder's Day of some of the best traits which belong to the college because they were wrought into its essential being by the founders and have continued to characterize it and to belong to the corporate life which sustains and nourishes us all.

When I think of that little gathering in Dr. Gaines's study where the conception of the college was formed, I think first of the quality of vision. Let me read to you again the words they set down in stating the purpose of the institution they were creating:

1. A liberal curriculum, fully abreast of the best institutions in this country.
2. The Bible a textbook.
3. Thoroughly qualified and consecrated teachers.
4. A high standard of scholarship.
5. All the influences of the College conducive to the formation and development of Christian character.
6. The glory of God the chief end of all.

When you consider that those words were written at a time when Agnes Scott was a grammar school

with no endowment, no buildings, and only two faculty members, and when there was little formal education for women anywhere, they seem to embody an almost incredibly long view, a dream that would have been visionary in the pejorative sense, even foolhardy, if it had not been accompanied by faith and by indomitable courage. And those who have led the college ever since have been both a part of the fulfillment of that vision and the seers of the future. Indeed, there is something awesome to me in the realization that *we* are part of the fulfillment of that early dream. I sometimes wonder what the little group who sat in Dr. Gaines's study would think if they could visit us now: how they would marvel at this chapel in which we are gathered, at the laboratories in the science building and the telescope in the observatory, at the library with its wealth of books, at the luxury of the new dormitories and the modernization of Main Building, which they all lived to see built through the generosity of Colonel Scott and to hear loudly acclaimed as the most modern and best equipped educational building in the South. Dr. Gaines's account reads: "This building was beautiful in architecture, was lighted with electricity from its own plant, was heated by steam, and had hot and cold water and sanitary plumbing." To remember that all of these comforts were unique in the neighborhood—little boys from all over Decatur would gather each evening so see the lights come on—is to understand their pride in it and their gratitude to Colonel Scott for providing it.

But neither Colonel Scott nor his associates thought of the building as central; nor would it be our plant which would chiefly interest the founders now. I am sure that what would most



ONE GREAT SOCIETY

(Continued)

concern them would be the people they would find here. You remember that there is nothing in their statement about buildings. It is all directed toward the development of human beings—toward us, in short. It is of us that they were thinking when they wrote those words. There is something uncanny about the power this gives us that I always find almost overwhelming, just as I do reading words like Milton's "a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," and knowing that the life beyond life depends on us as readers—or reading Shakespeare's proud proclamations that his sonnets will give undying life to his love and realizing that I, along with others readers, control that immortality. We are the immortality of the founders of Agnes Scott in an even more crucial way. If they could see us as the people they were planning for in their statement, I am sure that they would be startled at the way we look, with legs exposed and hair in strange shapes, and at the informality with which we act and speak; but I hope that they would not find us as people incongruous with their dream of us, would find us still pursuing the human ends they had in mind and dreaming the right dreams for the future.

But they did more than dream, or we should not be here. They worked with ardor and with unswerving loyalty to bring to birth what they had conceived, and what was harder, to keep it alive once born. You remember Dr. McCain's telling you last fall how Colonel Scott year after year made up out of his own modest fortune the deficit for running expenses. Indeed, it was not until Dr. McCain himself began to impress the Foundations with our academic integrity and to conduct a series of campaigns for funds that we paid off our indebtedness and began the endowment which has steadily grown and must continue to grow if we are to survive and to progress into an expanding vision. Besides contributing to the support of the institution in which they had faith, the founders were willing to do the most humble services to keep it alive and enable it to justify their faith. The elder Mr. Murphey Candler, for instance, who was for years the board chairman of buildings and grounds, checked all the luggage himself and used to say that he knew the girls by their trunks. When there were performances of plays in Atlanta, it was he who bought tickets for Agnes Scott faculty and students and saw that they got to the theatre on the train or the little dummy line street car that ran through what is now Evans Drive. And this is typical of the kind of familiar care and energy which those early trustees lavished on the institution they had brought into being.

First Faculty

To their willingness to work for the college they were creating, the founders added the still more important qualities of wisdom and good judgment. The first object of their attention was bringing to the institute the best possible faculty, for on this they knew that its value depended. Dr. Gaines, who was an uncommonly shrewd judge of people, was able to find and to attract to the struggling little institute a group of able and devoted teachers. Miss Nanette Hopkins, who came as a teacher of math, was made principal and was dean for many years after Agnes Scott became a college, guiding the destinies of hundreds of students with quiet firmness. I should like to read you two paragraphs

From the faculty resolutions at the time of her death in 1938:

Farseeing and dedicated, she made unmeasured contributions to the growth of the college. She was closest and most valued fellow worker of the only two presidents that the institution has had. Having come in 1889 to the newly founded Decatur Female Seminary as one of its two teachers, she was in 1897 made lady principal of the Agnes Scott Institute; in 1906 she became dean of Agnes Scott College and in 1927 was elected to membership on its Board of Trustees. In her administrative capacity, she was, during all these years, a leader of steadfast vision, of sound judgment, and of selfless devotion to duty. To both Dr. Gaines, the founder and first president of Agnes Scott, and to Dr. McCain, his successor, she gave counsel and courage when perplexing problems—academic, financial, social—beset the rapidly growing college.

Nor did its growth outdistance her own. She had a remarkable capacity for adjustment to changing times and new conditions. A woman who had taken the minute personal supervision of the sheltered lives of girls within school walls in 1897 might well have found it impossible to adapt herself to the social freedom and self-government of students today. Keeping an intimate sense of the family. Miss Hopkins could yet rejoice that her family had become sufficiently adult to govern itself. For generation after generation of students she blended the past and the present, preserving tradition that enriched the life on the campus and yet welcoming innovation that stimulated it. And so the college at every stage of its development during the past fifty years has been inseparable from this woman who loved it.

In 1891, Miss Hopkins was joined by Miss McKinney, who taught English for forty-six years, making us feel not only her dedication as a teacher but her warmth as a friend, chiding us when she felt we needed it in the caustic way which is the rough side of her lively temperament, but giving only the kind of wounds which we recognized as the faithful wounds of a friend. I never saw the others who came with Miss McKinney in 1891, but I have a vivid sense of them from her: Miss McGee, who taught science and was famous for her forthrightness, and Miss Massey, the history teacher and the beauty of the faculty, whose winemomeness left a gracious impression long after illness made her retire. She was succeeded by one of the most colorful of the early teachers, Miss

Cady, who was also gone before my day, but who seems very real to me. Her individuality was shown in her animated lectures on history as well as in her striking appearance, her huge frame always encased in a straight serge suit, sturdy brogans on her large feet, and a cloche hat with an incongruous red rose bobbing over her nose as she spoke with more and more vigor or shook with one of her deep laughs. I have never heard her mentioned without some smiling reference to her appearance and then a glowing account of her power as a teacher. There is always a suggestion of Dr. Johnson in the impression I get of her strange appearance which somehow accentuated her wit and her intellectual force.

Real Personalities

And I like to think that there is some idiosyncrasy to give flavor to this character of a college which was formed in those early days. It gives me pleasure to reflect that it was one of the most individual teachers of my own day who declared, with a beguiling lack of awareness of how much she delighted us by her own oddities, "Of course, there are no freaks on the Agnes Scott faculty." I always remember her remark when I see students smiling indulgently at some unrecognized foible of my own. These early teachers were all real personalities; and they were as ardently committed to Agnes Scott and its future as were the founders. The stand they made for academic excellence in the days when standards in the region as a whole were vague, their creating a sound curriculum and steadily adding grades at the top and eliminating them at the bottom, shows not only their intellectual concern, but their moral courage. And Miss McKinney says that in spite of the financial plight of the institute and the need of students, there was never an occasion when Dr. Gaines did not uphold the faculty in the struggle for excellence. There is a reference to his passionate integrity in the faculty resolutions at the time of his death in 1923:

It was his faith in God that enabled him to hold steadfastly to the admission standard as stated in the catalogue, year after year in those trying days of a decade and more ago when the very life of colleges appeared to depend on their ability to attract large

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(Continued)

numbers of students. Knowing full well that adherence to the standard of admission would probably mean a deficit to be reported to the Board of Trustees at the end of the year, he yet never let himself be turned a hair's breadth from his purpose to maintain an honest standard, despite the mental worry that would inevitably result from his action, and the ease with which he might have doubled the student body by making concessions which most institutions similarly situated were making freely. No one who did not live through those years with him can fully appreciate the greatness and steadfastness of the man in these trying years.

Such integrity required self sacrifice; and this was a quality which the faculty shared with the founders. I did not know when I was a student in the late twenties what low salaries the faculty received; but I was acutely aware when I came back to teach of their real heroism. There was none on my part. I assure you, for I had quite literally nowhere else to go. I hope you will not mind if I speak about myself on this intimate occasion, for I think that my experience reveals something of the spirit of the college. I finished graduate school in 1934, when the depression had reached its very bottom and new openings for teachers were non-existent. The only offers of jobs I had were at a boarding school in New England, where one of the chief duties of the English mistress seemed to be to censor the letters which the students were required to write home each week and at a so-called college for whose work I had no respect. So I came and simply asked Dr. McCain to let me teach at Agnes Scott. It was a case of Frost's definition of home as a place where when you have to go there, they have to take you in; and it shows something about the college that a place was made for me in the English department.

Personal Experience

What I learned when I became a part of the faculty was that they were all working for reduced pay and that they had chosen to accept the reduction in salaries on which they were already unable to make ends meet rather than lower the standards

of the college in order to attract more students. In these days of prosperity, I think it is hard for you to conceive of the real poverty of those times and how few families were able to manage the total of \$700.00 for board and tuition. Indeed it is hard for any of us really to sense again what it was like to be anxious for more students when we are in the midst of the pressure for admission of the long waiting lists which now beset us. But the action of the faculty in the time of the depression required the kind of integrity and heroic commitment to excellence which is part of our heritage and of the basic character of the college.

Character of College

This character has always, I think, attracted students of a corresponding calibre who have become a part of the whole ethos of the college. Each generation of students receives much from earlier ones and leaves much for those to come. The richness of friendships with fellow students formed during our own generation at the college is for most of us simply immeasurable; and many of these friendships endure and grow after college and are distinguished by the special bond of a common inheritance. As we live and work here together, our associations, our ways of thought and behavior, are permanently affected by the essential life of the college, of which all the rich variety of our individual temperaments and endowments in turn becomes a part. The college helps create us as we renew its creation.

Continuing Growth

The continuance of its life rests with us; and I like to think that it is carried on not just here on the campus, but in all the places from which the alumnae come to us today and in the far corners of the earth, where our graduates are living parts of the total life of the college. They have taken something of Agnes Scott to every state in the union and to every continent in the world. And they pass it on wherever they are, as it will, I feel



With the Peace Corps

Philippine Perspective

By EVE PURDOM INGLE '60

F

OR over a year my husband, Clyde, and I have been living in the Republic of the Philippines as members of the United States Peace Corps. Clyde has been teaching English and social studies in a teacher's college, and I have been teaching high school mathematics.

We live in Zamboanga City, one of the loveliest cities in the Philippines, and we are the envy of some of our Peace Corps colleagues who are stationed in less exotic places. Zamboanga City has every feature of a tropical paradise. Sprays of bougainvillas and orchids decorate even the most modest houses. We enjoy swimming in crystal-clear water at beaches which are lined with coconut palms. Coral reefs where a variety of shells and beautifully colored fish abound are only an hour away by native sailboat. The sunsets over the Sulu Sea fill the sky with yellows, oranges, purples, and pinks in contrast to the blue-gray islands across the straits. Nature is very generous. The market overflows every morning with fish, crabs, clams, shrimp, and occasionally, lobsters and sharks. Fruit trees, bearing an endless variety of fruits, grow wild.

(Continued)

Eve Purdom Ingle '60 talks with students while other girls rehearse for a pageant at the high school.

Philippine Perspective

(Continued)

The soil is rich, and beautiful vegetables can be grown with very little effort.

Coming from a temperate to tropical climate demands many physical adjustments. We have learned the necessity of preventive warfare against mold, termites, and dysentery. We have learned to slow down when we walk and to take a siesta every day after lunch. In our eyes, our cold shower is the height of luxury. We have even developed an appreciation for the durian, the fruit that smells like sulfur dioxide.

Psychological Adjustments

The physical adjustments are easy to cope with because they can be dealt with in physical terms. But the psychological adjustments required for living in a new culture are hard to make. After four years conditioning to being regarded with indifference as a representative of the female of the species by Georgia Tech males, it was confusing when suddenly I was considered a living, breathing Marilyn Monroe to the man on the street in the Philippines. And the Filipino makes no secret of his appreciation of blond hair and white skin. In the stores and public market, it is necessary to bargain for all items, and we are never quite sure whether we are getting the Filipino price or the American price. We have a limited knowledge of the dialect spoken here, and so we cannot always be certain whether the remarks made about us are friendly or insulting. Since we do not know exactly where we stand in any of these situations, more than once we have become rather paranoid in thinking we are being ridiculed or cheated.

Agnes Scott, more than most institutions of higher learning, attempts to instill in its students certain ideals.

Neighborhood children gather to talk in front of Eve and Clyde's house.



Upon graduation from Agnes Scott, I had incorporated these principles—the belief in striving for excellence, concern for other people, the need for communication between human beings—into my set of values. With the naivete of youth, I believed that I was capable of achieving such deals. Two years of living and teaching in small communities in the southern part of the United States provided no experiences that shook my faith in my ability to attain these deals. Living in a different culture, however, has made me realize how far I fall short of this goal.

Soon after our arrival, I discovered that I did not love humanity, not even the more lovable portion of humanity—children. I feel no love for children who mimic my American accent to my face or who climb up in our orange tree to pick unripe oranges as soon as we turn our backs. There is no common bond of humanity, as far as I am concerned, between me and the teen-age boys who make abusive remarks about me. I find no bond of communication between myself and the mother who shows great affection for her child by the loving expression on her face, but is not at all concerned about the running sores all over the child's legs.

Convictions in Practice

Confronting people and situations such as these has made me realize that the noble convictions I held are tremendously difficult to put into practice. As a result, both Clyde and I have become much more realistic about what can actually be accomplished in the field of human relationships, and thus we are more appreciative of the small bits of progress between human beings that we see around us in the world today.

One of our goals in coming to the Philippines was to make some lasting friendships with Filipinos. We have found that friendship across cultures is just as difficult to realize as the deals fostered at Agnes Scott. Our failure in this area does not stem from lack of friendliness on the part of Filipinos. We have met almost no hostility. Filipinos are unusually

friendly toward Americans because of the wise administration of the Philippines when it was our possession and the partnership in fighting during World War II. Certainly Clyde and I are on friendly terms with many people, but we have not been able to develop the type of friendship we did in the United States. Friendships such as those formed at Agnes Scott out of the sharing of romantic crises, heated discussions about religion, and frantic study for exams continue long after graduation. In the Philippines we have not been able to find common experiences that both we and our acquaintances enjoy. Filipinos do not like swimming or sailing, our favorite recreational activities. With the Filipino emphasis on smooth interpersonal relationships, a Filipino is uncomfortable in a discussion where ideas are tossed back and forth; even a teacher is apt to take personally an attack upon his ideas. Because Filipinos and Americans are sensitive to different things, we have inadvertently cut short budding friendships, and we have been offended by situations which we now understand were not intended to be insulting. It is only now, after more than a year here, that we are beginning to find friends with whom we can really communicate. These people certainly do not share all our views and values, but there are areas where our interests and values overlap so that there is some foundation for communication.

Western Influence

When we arrived here, we were struck by how Western the Philippines appeared. Almost fifty years under an American government left a strong American imprint. Most people wear Western clothes. Teen-agers much prefer the twist to any native dances. The national government consists of a president elected every four years, a bicameral legislature, and a supreme court. Zamboanga City has all the organizations indigenous to American small towns—Rotary Club, Jaycees, Red Cross, Boy and Girl Scouts.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: We wanted wards from a recent graduate to balance wisdom from older ones, so asked Eve Purdum Ingle '60 to write an article. Eve, an English major, member of Phi Beta Kappa, president of student government, taught school in North Carolina, married another teacher, Clyde Ingle, in December, 1960, and they are now serving as Peace Corps volunteers.

After a few months, we began to realize that though these American and Philippine institutions have the same names, they certainly do not have the same functions. After being asked to be a committee chairman for a Christmas program at the high school, I was surprised when, a day before the scheduled meeting of the committee, a teacher asked me, "Have you decided yet what the program will be?" From her remark and the performance of the committee the next day, I learned that a committee chairman does not lead the group to reach a decision, but instead announces to the committee what the program will consist of and what the responsibility of each member will be. The decisions of the chairman are accepted without question. Though this incident is innocuous in nature, the concepts of authority and group action expressed in it have serious implications for a nation which is a democracy.

One of the great values of our experience in the Peace Corps has come from such incidents which reveal so much about Philippine society. Because those of us who live in the southeastern part of the United States hold basically the same values, we assume that these values are universal. Only by living and working with people who operate under a different system of values have Clyde and I come to realize, by contrast, what our own American culture really is.

I suspect that the values I call American are common to all Western countries or perhaps all industrialized nations, but since I have lived in only one Western nation, I will refer to them as American values. In like manner, I will call the values I find here Filipino values, even though other Oriental or tropical nations may share such values.

(Continued on next page)

Philippine Perspective

(Continued)

Americans, I have learned, have a religion of work. Perhaps because our forefathers lived so long in an agricultural economy whose sole purpose was to prepare for winter, they unconsciously handed down to us the feeling that work is necessary. We feel slightly uncomfortable if we have no work, and so those of the leisure class create clubs and community activities to give themselves a feeling of accomplishment. Because of the constant heat and humidity which drain away body energy, work is rather distasteful in a tropical country. When it is not the rice planting or harvesting season, the Filipino farmer is quite content to sit under the coconut trees and gossip, drink coconut wine, or preen his fighting cocks.

Our view of work is based on the premise that work has inherent dignity. We feel that the farmer, whose work is certainly largely manual, is the backbone of American life and represents the best and basic ideals of America. Filipinos shun any kind of work that involves getting oneself dirty. Because of the low status associated with farming, a college graduate, even one with a degree in agriculture, would much prefer a clerical job to farming, in spite of the fact that he could earn a great deal more money in agriculture.

Protestant Ethic

I am only now beginning to understand what the Protestant ethic is and why it is unique. Americans, no matter what religion or lack of religion they profess, believe fundamentally in the relationship between behavior and the corresponding reward or punishment. Again, climate may be a factor. When winter comes, it presents an inescapable day of reckoning for the work performed during the growing season. In a tropical country there has never been such a day of judgment. Nature has always provided; there have always been plenty of fish in the sea and bananas on the trees.

A basic tenet of the Protestant ethic is a strong emphasis on individual responsibility. American society makes it clear to a young woman that she alone is responsible for her physical relationships with men. A Filipina, on the other hand, never has to be concerned about her physical behavior with men. In her courtship, she is constantly chaperoned. Since the system of chaperonage removes any element of individual choice from the situation, the girl does not have to assume any individual responsibility for her conduct.

Group Identification

Our stress on individual responsibility stems from the fact that we think of ourselves as individuals. Filipinos identify themselves, not as individuals, but as members of a group, whether it be the family, class in school, or a club. On a picnic with a group of college girls who live in the same boarding house and are close friends, I found the dessert delicious and wanted to compliment the cook. When I asked who made the dessert, one of the girls answered, "All of us, ma'am." I persisted in trying to find out who the cook was, but I kept getting the same answer. The girls preferred giving the credit to the group rather than singling out one individual for praise.

Americans place great value on discipline. Though it did not impress me as significant at the time, I recall now that in teaching in elementary school in the United States, all of the teachers placed a great deal of emphasis on the children's ability to form a line in going to and from all activities. In the post office in Zamboanga City whoever can gently but firmly push his way to the front of the cluster of people grouped around the stamp window is the one who will buy stamps next.

The American emphasis on discipline is most clearly seen in the way we raise our children. In the Philippines mothers are generally very affectionate and permissive with their children. As a rule, babies are breast fed on a demand schedule. I

seldom hear young children crying for the mother, an older brother or sister, or a servant immediately picks up and holds the child when he begins to whimper. Toilet training begins at the age of five.

Few Guilt Feelings

Because much is demanded of American children at an early age, our society produces adults who tend to hold deep guilt feelings because of an inability to live up to the norms society has set for them. Tranquilizers, alcoholism, and psychiatrists do not play a minor role in American life today. Little, however, is expected of Filipino children, and as adults they have few guilt feelings. People on the streets and students in the classroom display almost none of the nervous habits that indicate feelings of tension. Mental illness and suicide are rare.

In addition to deepening our knowledge of our own American values, living here has given us an appreciation of the values of Philippine culture. Though our ideas about life are too firmly fixed to be drastically changed at this point, we hope that some Filipino ways of thinking will rub off on us.

Personal Touch

Coming from a technological society where an abundance of machines has made some areas of life rather impersonal, we find great pleasure in the personal touch that pervades Filipino life. Transportation by jeepney offers a striking contrast to a city bus ride in the United States, in terms of people. The jeepney driver will stop his gaily colored, eight-passenger vehicle any place on his route where I hail him. The seating arrangement, with six passengers facing each other on parallel benches in the rear of the jeep, is very conducive to conversation, whether it be neighborly gossip or national politics. In the crowded jeepney, with live chickens and market baskets full of food at our feet and several children standing in any remaining empty spaces, suddenly perfect strangers are

not really such strangers after all, and many people we have never seen before strike up conversations with us. Added personal services are the driver's willingness to stop the jeep and wait while I go to buy ice and his co-operation in delivering letters to people who live along his route.

We appreciate the Filipino's tendency to make relationships between himself and other people. When I walk through the fish market, the fish vendors point to their wares and call to me. "You like to buy fish. Nene?" Nene is an affectionate term meaning "little sister," and these men have made me their little sister, rather than placing me in the category of a consumer or an American who will gladly pay outrageous prices.

Enjoyment of Life

A second aspect of life here that we find refreshing is the sheer enjoyment of life itself. As Americans accustomed to running from one extremely important task to another equally significant mission, we take delight in the attitude that there is plenty of time to sit down, relax, and chat with one another. The notions that we as insignificant humans cannot accomplish great deeds on earth, that a tally sheet of our daily works is not being kept in some corner of the universe, that perhaps one of the purposes of the gift of life is our own enjoyment of the living of it—these ideas are very appealing to us.

Our contribution to the Philippine educational system has been very small. For Clyde and me, the real value of our living here has been what we have learned not only about the Philippines, but also about ourselves. For living in a society that is new to us has revealed problems that we never dreamed existed before and has made us experience the depths of loneliness and the height of joy that somehow combine to give this life so much meaning.



Children of Peace Corps Representatives in the Philippines attend the Ayalo primary school.

I CHOSE POLITICS

BY ZENA HARRIS TENKIN '44

IN May of 1958, Chester Bowles came to Torrington on a swing around Connecticut in quest of delegates favorable to his candidacy for the nomination as United States Senator. Although I was not a delegate nor even remotely interested in active politics, I attended the open meeting at a local hotel in order to speak with this erudite man whose writings and opinions I had found lucid and sensible.

Mr. Bowles did not succeed in capturing the nomination he sought, but he did succeed in capturing my fervor and energies to the extent that the fascinating art of politics, which I had hitherto shunned as too "dirty" for my delicate intellectual constitution, became vital to me. For the next five years, politics was the most important thing in my life. Its onslaught was insidious and my thrall-dom complete. So complete that I finally decided to take a sabbatical in order to sit quietly, to think, to read, to unwind.

It was an exciting time and it was a time, incidentally, when all I had gleaned from college courses came into maximum use: historical facts, basic philosophies, literary allusions, creative writing and speech—always

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Born in London, Zena says she became a Democrat while at Agnes Scott where she majored in English and speech, met and married a dental student—and longed for a career in the theater. Her three children have helped her make a career in politics; they accompanied her on the hustings of her 1959 successful campaign for election to Connecticut's House of Representatives.

speech. One Henry Higgins type said he voted for me because I was the only candidate he had ever heard who pronounced the sibilants properly!

In November 1958, I won my first election and became one of Torrington's two State Representatives to the Connecticut General Assembly. Our legislature meets for the first five months of the odd-numbered years; the remainder of the two-year term is spent meeting in committee, making speeches, attending political functions, and being a vessel into which constituents pour all their problems, real and imaginary.

A Democratic Sweep

That first term was wonderful! I had been elected on a wave of Democratic support which swept to victory all our candidates for state office and, for the first time in 82 years, gave control of both legislative houses to the Democratic Party. Our majority in the House was three votes. During the session, when one of our members died and was replaced by a Republican, that majority was reduced to one vote.

The Democratic platform for years had advocated wholesale reforms: abolition of county government, professional municipal courts, reorganization of the executive branch, sweeping changes in welfare, mental health and labor programs. We had promised to do all kinds of things when and if we could. Well now, to our shock, we could. And we did. Despite the anguish caused in many Democratic circles by the loss

of patronage resulting from reforms, the platform promises were kept.

It was not easy. Day after day we sat in the Victorian monstrosity which is the Connecticut Capitol debating, arguing, disputing and voting, always voting. As winter faded and spring arrived, and oh! it was a very warm spring, the atmosphere in the high-ceilinged House chamber became nigh to impossible—hot, airless and charged with cigar and cigarette smoke. But, we stayed in session until all hours—disheveled, hungry, and distraught. We had to stay because our majority was so slim. To reduce truancy, food was brought in to us, and John Bailey, our state Democratic chairman, prowled the corridors and lounges rousing weary legislators and urging them back into the House, which was rapidly becoming a chamber of near-horror.

The worst for me was the day I all but collapsed from dehydration and had to be half-carried from my desk into the office of the Secretary of the State to recover. All the business of Connecticut was delayed while a deputy attorney-general dashed to a drug store to buy me some salt tablets!

After the Session

When the session ended in June in a chaotic blaze of glory and accomplishment, we all went home to recuperate and to bask in our own importance as members of the historic 1959 Legislature.

In December of that year, I was one of eight politicians chosen by the state organization to take an all-New England leadership course sponsored by the Democratic Na-



Zena Harris Temkin '44 served as Senator Abe Ribicoff's political agent in his campaign for the Senate. She is pictured with Senator Ribicoff (left) and former Stamford Mayor J. Walter Kennedy.

ional Committee. Some of the men from Massachusetts who were students at that conference became members of the Praetorian Guard which surrounded President Kennedy. They are part of the "White House staff" which Lyndon Johnson urged to stay on with him when he assumed the Presidency. They were, and are, a cool, sharp, articulate, brilliant group. At the conference we argued for hours; I usually lost.

The Discussion Group

The two days of intensive work and discussion were marvelously stimulating and to this day—in all kinds of situations, not only the political ones—I am able to utilize some of the things taught me at that time.

The following spring was spent in teaching the same course all over Connecticut. Our pupils were town chairmen, state central committee people, Young Dems, and members of town committees and Democratic Women's Clubs.

There was, of course, a reason for all this emphasis on leadership. It was 1960 and there was a presidential election approaching which we Democrats felt we must win. We hoped that leadership in the right places would help accomplish the goal if we had the right candidate. But, who was he? I had attended a dinner in Washington in January and, sitting between Dean Acheson and Maurine Neuberger, had listened to the six or seven men who aspired to the presidential nomination. I made no mental commitment at that time, but I thought maybe—just maybe—I could support Senator Kennedy.

Once I was named a delegate to the National Convention in July 1960, that support was taken for granted. Our state delegation was bound by unit (majority) rule and our Governor, Abe Ribicoff, had been working for months to bring delegates into the Kennedy camp. Certainly, Connecticut's twenty-one convention votes would be with him.

I had never been in Los Angeles before the Convention and that particular week might have occurred on another planet, so removed from reality did it seem. The Connecticut delegation camped around the pool at the Sheraton-West Hotel and left there only to go to meetings, restaurants or the Convention floor. So important was Governor Ribicoff's position that candidates came to us. But the vast majority of delegates was exposed only to results and apart from their own caucuses, knew little of the activities behind the scenes. I was lucky to have a kind of private "pipe-line" in the form of Ribicoff's executive aide. He told me enough to make me feel I was on the "inside" and I was naively pleased.

Among the Greats

I was and still am impressionable. It impressed me to meet or eat or swim or speak with the greats, the near-greats and the famous among Democrats: Adlai Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Stuart Symington, the Roosevelt sons, Sam Rayburn and the rest. Finding nearly-forgotten friends in delegations from other states, dressing to go out to dinner at 1 a.m., discussing religion with Ralph McGill at midnight on a

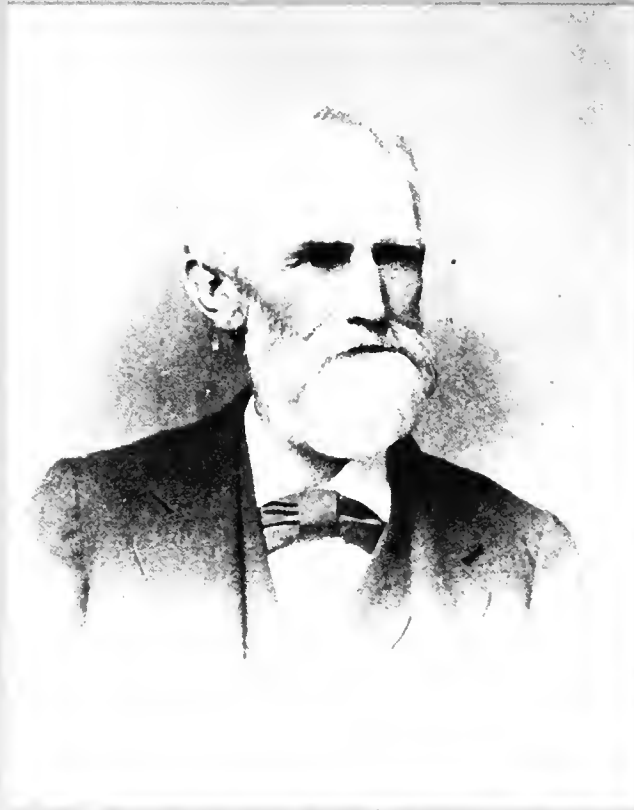
downtown street corner, being inadvertently trapped in a phone booth by a gaggle of Texans and listening intently to their private caucus—these are only some of the bizarre moments which contributed to the unreal quality of the frenzied week in Los Angeles.

The fervor aroused in that week stretched woefully thin during the seemingly endless fall campaign. It was a hard and bitter time. But, when the exhausting election day and the irritatingly inconclusive election night were over, John Kennedy was apparently elected to the Presidency and I, very incidentally, was re-elected to the Legislature.

Some Frustrations

Unfortunately, however, the old Connecticut pattern of Republican House and Democratic State Senate prevailed, and the five-month session was one long frustration of obfuscating tactics and minor accomplishment. No legislation could pass the majority party in one house unless reciprocity on another measure was agreed to by the majority party in the other house. The bargaining was frantic and often futile. But, this is the way our state government functions most of the time, and in the long run, the job is done—not brilliantly but adequately.

In the fall of that year, 1961, I offered my services to the State Central Committee to do what I could for the Senate candidacy of Abe Ribicoff, then in the Cabinet as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. My real reason was a great desire to see a state-wide campaign



Col. George Washington Scott took the far less traveled road of settling in Decatur and helped found the college in 1889.



The College was named for Col. Scott's mother, Agnes Irvine Scott.



The school opened under the name Decatur Female Seminary in this rented building later known as White House.



Miss Nanette Hopkins came from Virginia to be principal of the school.

“The Road Not Taken”

By JAMES ROSS McCAIN

ONE may hardly think of Agnes Scott except in terms of the men and women whose lives have been so closely woven into its being. One's belief in divine providence is deepened if we review the ways in which some of these became connected with our College. In reminding ourselves of the circumstances involved, I will call your attention to Robert Frost's poem, "Two Roads." It was a favorite of his and of ours. Many of us have heard him read it from our platform at least twenty times. These excerpts will illustrate the point:

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth:

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear: . . .

. . .

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

This experience is quite true in the relation of Colonel George Washington Scott and Agnes Scott College. He was born in Alexandria, Pennsylvania, on February 22, 1829, the fourth child of John and Agnes Scott. When he was twenty-one years old, he became ill and was thought to have tuberculosis. The road of experience and custom in that day was for tubercular patients to go to the South-

west for a warm and dry climate. Mr. Scott, contrary to the advice of friends, decided to take the less traveled road to health by going to Florida, then regarded by many as swampy and unhealthy. He recovered his health.

When the Civil War came, it would have been logical for him to return to the North, where his brothers were enrolled in the Union army; but he decided to stick with his adopted state and fought so well that he was made a colonel and was in command of the Florida troops.

Later Col. Scott decided to move to Atlanta for business reasons. The ordinary road for such a move would be to buy a home in Atlanta. He took the far less traveled one of settling in Decatur, which was not easily accessible from Atlanta and was a very small, sprawling village. This choice made all the difference, for he was on hand in Decatur when a new school was to start.

In 1887 The Reverend Frank H. Gaines was the pastor of a well-established and prosperous Presbyterian church in the Valley of Virginia, when he was called to the Decatur Presbyterian Church in Georgia. His friends could not imagine his accepting the call. The church was smaller than his and far less promising by human measurements; but he took the less traveled road, and again it made all the difference. Just then he contracted a very serious case of typhoid fever, and his friends felt sure it was a sign that he ought not to leave Virginia, but he still felt a clear call to do the unusual. When he saw the need of a school for girls, he and Col. Scott became partners in the enterprise that is Agnes Scott.

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The Road Not Taken

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In the autumn of 1889, Miss Nanette Hopkins was registered to enter Vassar College. She had graduated from Hollins Institute but did not have a degree. She felt that the two additional years at Vassar would equip her for the teaching she wished to make her life-work. Only a few weeks before the college was to open, Rev. Gaines from Georgia came to her Virginia home and invited her to become the principal of a new school in Decatur. It was to be called Decatur Female Seminary but had as yet no building, no faculty, and no students. Its total assets were a subscription list for \$5,000, which had not been collected. Her family felt it most unwise for her to make a change in plans, and the financial inducements were not large; but Dr. Gaines was very persuasive, and the need of the school appealed to her. She took the less traveled road, and it again made all the difference. She accepted "for only a year," but she never pursued her degree, and no one felt she needed it.

In 1891, Miss Louise McKinney was also seriously thinking of further study. She had graduated from the State Teachers' College in Harrisonburg, Virginia, and had done successful teaching, but she wished to have a degree. Again, Dr. Gaines went to Virginia in search of an English teacher, and again he was successful. He persuaded Miss McKinney to come to what was known then as Agnes Scott Institute. The approved thinking of that day would have been that she should go on with her education and then teach in her native state of Virginia, for Georgia was far away, backward in many ways, and had not then recovered from Sherman's march. But Miss McKinney, like Col. Scott, Dr. Gaines, and Miss Hopkins, took the less traveled road, and again it made all the difference. She has been on the Agnes Scott campus for seventy-three very fruitful years; she is the only person of my acquaintance who has been the head of a principal department of a first-class college without even a bachelor's degree, and no one need apologize for her.



In 1887 The Rev. Frank Gaines was called to the Decatur Presbyterian Church and became a partner in the enterprise that is Agnes Scott.



Frances Winship Walters, the college's greatest benefactor, was among the first boarding students at Agnes Scott.

Thinking of Misses Hopkins and McKinney reminds me of many other career women, who, like them, were pretty and interesting, and who could have no doubt followed the usual road of marriage and family and home, but who chose the less-traveled road of notable careers. Agnes Scott could not have been the fine college it is without the dedicated services of such women. I never knew any of them who seemed to regret the choices or who seemed to discount husbands as did the novelist, Marie Corelli. The latter is said to have remarked, "I have a dog that growls all morning, and a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night; why should I bother with a husband?"

I would like to follow in detail the contributions of some of these career women, but I will mention only one—Carrie Scandrett. She graduated from Agnes Scott in 1924, where she had been President of Student Government. She assisted in Miss Hopkins' office for a period and then went East to take her M.A. degree in personnel and administration. It looked to us as if we had made a big mistake in letting her do that, for Syracuse, Cornell, and other places wanted to keep her. I was particularly disturbed by the pressure from Cornell. It offered her the freedom of graduate life, more money, and more comforts than Agnes Scott could provide. Staying there would have been the normal choice, but she decided to return to Agnes Scott, much to our delight and relief. Only two women—she and Miss Hopkins—have been Dean of Students during seventy-five years, and what a difference it has made!

Unexpected Choice

My own coming to Agnes Scott was the result of an unexpected choice that made a great deal of difference to *me* rather than to the College. In late 1914 I was elected President of Westminster College for men in Missouri and had no serious doubt about accepting the work. I had visited the college and liked it. It had the support of both Presbyterians U.S. and U.S.A.; it had a good plant, no debt, and a very lovely home for the President. However, before I had given acceptance, a long

distance call from John J. Eagan (chairman of the Finance Committee of Agnes Scott's Board of Trustees and a personal friend) asked me to come to Atlanta for a conference with him, Dr. Gaines, and others. In the meeting that followed, I was offered the position of Registrar at Agnes Scott. The College was not then impressive. Its total assets were only \$450,000, and it had a debt of \$65,000. The salary offered was less than I would get in Missouri, and the house offered was far from interesting. It was the overwhelming conviction of Dr. Gaines that *education for women would be the most important work in the next fifty years* that changed my plans and led me from handling boys at Darlington School and from going to Westminster to teach them there. It has been very wonderful for me but not along the road I had expected to travel.

Largest Single Gift

In 1891 Frances Winship of Atlanta was ready to go away to school. At that time the best known boarding school for girls in the area was Lucy Cobb at Athens, Ga. Her older sisters had gone there. A daughter of Col. Scott had been a student at Lucy Cobb. The traveled road would certainly have taken her to Athens. However, she chose to be among the first boarding students at Agnes Scott Institute, then only two years old. What a difference her coming has made! She loved Agnes Scott and gave generously to it while she lived, and in her will she more than doubled the endowment of the College with a gift of \$4,500,000!

In 1944 The Reverend Wallace M. Alston was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Charleston, W. Va. This was the third largest church in the Presbyterian General Assembly; it was well-staffed and doing a great work. The Druid Hills Presbyterian Church of Atlanta rather timidly issued a call to him. There seemed no good reason for him to make the change. The traveled road would lead him to stay in Charleston, but he accepted the call to the smaller church with much less prestige and financial resources and without an adequate sanctuary. What a difference it made! Dr. Alston was close to Agnes Scott, was soon

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The Road Not Taken

(Continued)

elected a member of the Board of Trustees and was ready to become Vice-president, then President, as he probably would never have thought of doing if he had stayed in West Virginia.

Scores of other individuals have had their lives linked with that of Agnes Scott in ways that seemed unlikely, but which have proved to be of great value in the history of the College.

The life of Agnes Scott is closely knit with those of individuals, but other contacts and plans have gone along less traveled paths. One of these has to do with the relation of the institution to the Presbyterian Church. Before Decatur Female Seminary was organized in 1889, nineteen Presbyterian schools had died in Georgia, three of them in Decatur. The founders of what is now Agnes Scott did not want another funeral, but they did want the influence of the church. The only traveled path in this field was to have a school controlled and supported by a presbytery or a synod. The Agnes Scott trustees decided to have a school independent of any church court, and yet to have Presbyterians on the Board and thus have a tie through individuals.

This was an untraveled road, never tried before. However, the educational leaders of the General Assembly liked the idea and set up a category that only Agnes Scott fitted—termed an “affiliated Presbyterian” school. This has worked well. The College has rendered a larger service to the church in providing more full-time Christian women workers than any of the other technically “Presbyterian” colleges, but the denomination as such has never contributed to its support. It is technically and legally independent, but really in the very heart of church work.

Wisconsin Election Influence

One of the most astonishing experiences of Agnes Scott with the less traveled road was an election in Wisconsin in 1928. For several years the LaFolletes and the Progressive Party had dominated the state, but in 1928 the Republicans were

victorious, and a man named Kohler was chosen Governor. He had a large manufacturing plant and needed a man to operate this while he served in his new office. He went to New York and invited Dr. H. J. Thorkelson to accept the job, and the latter did move to Wisconsin and did a good job for many years. All that was more than 1,000 miles from Agnes Scott and seemed as unlikely to affect its history as happenings in Russia or China. However, the events were most important to us.

General Education Board Grants

Dr. Thorkelson in New York was the chief executive of the General Education Board (a Rockefeller Foundation), and he had a very poor estimate of colleges for women and even of private colleges of any kind. He had frankly told us at Agnes Scott not to take the trouble to bring any applications for Rockefeller money. However, when the unusual Republican victory in Wisconsin took him to the state, the General Education Board chose Trevor Arnett to be its President. He was a friend of private colleges and of those for women in particular. He was Chairman of the Board for our neighbor, Spelman College, and knew Agnes Scott well. He encouraged an application from us right away and helped to get the money. After that time, Agnes Scott received over \$1,500,000 in six grants from the General Education Board. Humanly speaking, none of this would have come if the less traveled road of a Republican victory in Wisconsin had not occurred.

In each of these cases, the individual or group made its own free choice, a surprising one in many instances, and that illustrates the Biblical doctrine of free will. However, when we look back and see how each decision fitted into the growth and future of Agnes Scott, we are sure that God had His hand upon the decisions and the results all the while, and we call that predestination, which is just as Biblical as the other doctrine.

Isn't God an interesting Heavenly Father, who gathers the threads of many lives and weaves them into the Agnes Scott which is His College—and ours.



President Emeritus James Ross McCain's coming to Agnes Scott was the result of an unexpected choice.



Miss Louise McKinney, professor emeritus of English, has spent seventy-three fruitful years of Agnes Scott.



The present Deon of Students, Miss Carrie Scandrett '24, is the second in the college's history.



The third president in Agnes Scott's history, Dr. Wolloce M. Alston, came to the college as vice-president in 1948.

Wear Your Education Becomingly

By JEAN BAILEY OWEN '39



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: A former president of the Alumnae Association and current president of the Class of 1939 which holds its 25th Reunion this 75th year, Jean maintains a lovely home for her two Edwards, husband and son, and holds a part-time position in the personnel department of Rich's, Inc., one of Atlanta's department stores.



WILL Durant, whom your Agnes Scott professors may disdain as an authority, but who has a memorable way of saying things about civilizations, reaches a chilling conclusion in his volume, *The Life of Greece*. As he describes the closing days of the second Athenian empire he remarks, "The life of thought endangers every civilization that it adorns. . . . As civilization develops, as customs, institutions, laws and morals more and more restrict the operation of natural impulses, action gives way to thought, achievement to imagination, directness to subtlety, cruelty to sympathy, belief to doubt . . . behavior becomes fragmentary and hesitant, conscious and calculating, the willingness to fight subsides into a disposition to infinite argument. Few nations have been able to reach intellectual refinement and esthetic sensitivity without sacrificing so much in virility and unity that their wealth presents an irresistible temptation to impecunious barbarians. Around every Rome hover the Gauls, around every Athens some Macedon."

Relax, I shall not debate Durant's conclusion about civilization or draw parallels with present world conditions. There are far too many history majors and history professors, who might be present, for me to dare. But I do want to say that when you are graduated from Agnes Scott and leave to become a housewife, a technician, a junior economist, a copywriter, a teacher, or even if you go on to graduate school, you Athenians are going to "meet up with" some Macedonians. You will not be able to go back, to deny your academic past, to stop thinking, to avoid doubt, any more than those ancient Athenians could. But you could do something they did not. You could set about learning from the Macedonians and, building upon that knowledge, become a leader among the hovering Gauls. Certainly other graduates have done so.

So why bring up the subject? Students of the sixties cannot imagine its being a problem, but it will be for some of you. You will meet unsubtle types who giggle when you pronounce a French word correctly, or know what existentialism is,

or are even aware that *Night of the Iguana* is not a treatise on the nocturnal habits of lizards. You will have to learn to suffer silently through the repeated reading of some woman's club creed that is a rosary of clichés. You may even be complimented by some superior on your "versatility." If you do not "watch out" you will find yourself trying to deny Athens, purposely using speech and phrases that do not come naturally, not mentioning the book you are reading because the rest of the group does not have the filthy habit.

Responsibility of Stewardship

But think for a moment if you are tempted. You will have spent four years honing this already excellent intellectual equipment each one of you has, and you really cannot afford to let its edges get dull. God gave you a mind. Your parents or your teachers recognized this mind, and few of you can take credit for having given anything more than willingness-to-accept financial and mental aid in its development. Not until you finish Agnes Scott will you have an opportunity to show what you are going to do with your inheritance. You must not sit in the scorners' seat and feel superior, or be frozen into immobility by the "impecunious barbarians'" shocking behavior, or let your "life of thought" in college endanger your active role in whatever segment of society you enter. You cannot just talk about the inadequacies of your children's Sunday school teachers. You cannot just attend lectures and discussion groups on government or personnel policies. If you play only these spectator roles, your behavior will become "fragmentary and hesitant." You will talk yourself out of action and achieve only "endless argument."

You cannot afford to -- and there is really no reason why you should -- let your intellectual tools suffer corrosion. And they will, *if* you keep them locked in a mental vault, like the illegal possessor of a great painting, who dares not admit to the world that he has it. An automobile needs to be driven and a mind needs to think; and a person needs to take action resulting from thought. No one says it will always be easy to make "intellec-

tual refinement and esthetic sensitivity" mesh with the stick-shift life of domesticity. Feeding formulas, the teething cycle, and making paper maché masks for the skit at Cub Pack meeting will make it difficult to remember that your education gave you a grave responsibility of stewardship, like the possession of great wealth. You may even forget to how many you owe a debt, and that your riches are not yours alone.

Now having talked about you Athenians, let me say a word in behalf of the Macedonians, not that they need it because they won, you know! After college you may well pass through three stages. First, there will be the awe at having a real job -- if it is your first, satisfaction at being paid for the work you do, delicious release in having no parallel reading, no test to study for, no papers to write. Second, there will be surprise and delight over how much of your college material you are able to put to use. Whether you are planning a safety campaign, teaching a leadership course, or running down a money shortage, the research into the background of the problem, the gathering of concrete examples to back up your conclusion are all techniques you have been practicing during your college years and will present no mystery however different the environment in which you may be using them.

Virtue of Humility

But the third stage will last longer and is much more important to reach as early as possible. Someone once asked me if, having met and talked with various members of a junior executive training group, I thought there was any subject or phase of the program that needed adding to or strengthening. I said in all sincerity that what they needed most was a course in humility. You see, starting salaries in such groups in most businesses today are higher than those that production-line employees, for example, with many years experience are paid -- because the young people in the executive training group have great potential. And yet, when such an inexperienced young person is first placed in a supervisory capacity, the *worker* is the one who teaches and the junior executive needs to

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Wear Your Education Becomingly

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listen with humility. The recent college graduate may be made assistant to a manager who wants the "Eyetalian" imports checked and the "colyums" added. Having her ears thus assaulted, the new assistant just might feel too superior to note that this same manager operates a large business, maintains discipline without friction over many employees, has a staggering grasp of figures and detail both past and present, instinctively organizes and plans, shows originality and initiative, even sees through the superiority complex, and -- again quoting Durant on Macedon -- "has all the virtues except those of civilization!" He might not know whether Sappho, Shakespeare or Shelley came first, or whether Evtushenko is poet or foreign minister. He is a Macedonian, and you, the junior executive, the recent graduate, can learn from him or snicker at him, depending upon whether you are staying in the second stage or have reached the third.

Educational Levels

Possibly no one here today would have so short sighted an approach as has just been described, but there have been a few such at Agnes Scott in years gone by. In fact, on the very first Black Cat week end after I was graduated, four hundred years ago, the following incident took place. Within some three weeks following Commencement, almost by accident, I entered an antediluvian version of junior executive training at a local retail establishment, and by fall had been placed to sell in the book department to prove whether I could cope with the fundamental job in a selling organization. Someone invited me back to the college on

that October night and I sat beside a student whom I had known for many years. She asked about my present occupation and when told, remarked -- now that I recall, in quite an Athenian tone -- "Well, of all things, an Agnes Scott graduate selling in a store!" When my blood pressure came down to normal, I began to view the Macedonians with much more respect then and there. There are, you will find, several kinds of intelligence, not all of them tied inseparably to I.Q. or formal education. You must regard the world of business, if that is where you go after your undergraduate days, or the world of PTA's and garden clubs, or teachers' meetings and obnoxious parents as another level of education from which there is fully as much to learn as there was at Agnes Scott where you were given matchless means of mastering it. And the greatest of these tools should be the open mind which is the aim of a liberal arts course.

Gold Worth Owning

So what have I said? First, that you will be forever marked by your education. Second, that you must wear it neither like a family crest nor a scarlet letter. Third, that it is an inheritance that must be wisely re-invested to pay future dividends to others. Fourth, that your kind of wealth is not the only honest coin of the realm. There are others who have gold worth owning and you Bachelors-of-Arts-to-be could use some of it. Finally, when you receive your degree and start out, you face the dangers of adjusting to life in Macedonia, but you come down from the Athenian hills with the finest set of weapons the combined efforts of you, your parents and your faculty can forge. If you put them to use rather than stand them like trophies on the shelf, your life of thought will not endanger the civilization that it adorns, only strengthen it.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way

By SARAH FRANCES McDONALD '36



*Who should make a will
... and when, where,
and why?
Have you?*

ONE of the most ancient rights for which freedom loving civilizations have fought and even given their lives is that of the enjoyment of property. Our American Constitution guarantees to all life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the protection of property rights. As Americans we have an amazing history of ambition and accumulation of wealth; yet it is unbelievable how inattentive and careless we are toward conserving the products of our lifetime labors for loved ones who may survive us. Lawyers who are engaged in the field of estate planning are astounded at this paradox of inconsistency.

The major general proposition is that virtually everyone should have a valid legal will. Only in this way can we be assured that our property goes to those we want to have it. If we fail to exercise this privilege, the law takes over and prescribes who does inherit, in what proportion, and regulates the administration of the estate. This often results in a gross miscarriage of our wishes and in needless administrative expense and burdensome detail.

For example, if I were to die intestate, my legal heirs at law would be my fifty-two first cousins and six aunts and uncles. An administrator would have to be appointed; he would be required to post bond in double the amount of the estate; after court orders and legal advertisement my property would be sold at public sale, undoubtedly at a loss, and the balance divided in small portions equally among these fifty-eight people, some of whom I haven't even seen in years. This is the penalty that my neglect would impose on those close to me. *(Continued on next page)*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Current president of the Alumnae Association, Sarah Frances exemplifies the alumna in the professions. She is an extremely competent attorney in Decatur, Ga., known particularly for her work in estate planning, and has just been appointed to the Governor's Commission on the Status of Women.

Where There's a Will

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While this ludicrous situation would not happen to a person with a spouse and children, I cannot emphasize too strongly that anyone with minor children or grandchildren needs a will. Property should never be left directly to minors, and we should not allow chance to decide that they might inherit through intestacy.

First, who may make a will? In Georgia every person is entitled to do so unless he is laboring under some legal disability arising from lack of mental capacity, from being under the specified age, or from lack of perfect liberty of action, as in cases of fraud or undue influence.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

It may be of historical interest to Agnes Scott alumnae that about the time America was being colonized women were classed in England with criminals, idiots, and imbeciles as not being capable of making a will. We have progressed considerably from the time when immediately upon marriage a woman's property became the property of her husband, and she had no right to dispose of it by gift, will, or otherwise. To illustrate these changes, I quote our famous Chief Justice Bleckley when he declared in the mid-1880's in the case of *McNaught vs. Anderson*, 78 Ga. 503, that "the legal unity of husband and wife has, in Georgia, for most purposes been dissolved, and a legal duality established. . . . Legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as an element, but as a compound. A husband can make a gift to his own wife, although she lives in the house with him and attends to her household duties, as easily as he can make a present to his neighbor's wife. This puts her on an equality with other ladies, and looks like progress."

The laws differ among the states as to a person's freedom to leave all of his property to others than his family members and as to the amount of mental capacity required to make a valid will. The premise in Georgia is that every person is entitled to leave

his property to any one he chooses, even to the exclusion of his wife and children (with an exception in large estates); and in our state precious little mental capacity is required to make a will. If the testator understands the nature of his act in making a will, knows what property he has and who are his family relations, he is generally considered competent. A careful lawyer wants to avoid a will contest and takes every precaution to assure himself of the mental competency of the testator before drafting a will.

Each will should be tailored to a person's family situation and property holdings. However, what almost everyone wants is the so-called "simple will." Never have so many been so mistaken about their needs in this important area of their lives and so penny wise and pound foolish.

The most common family group is a man and wife with a child or children. The husband and wife usually wish to leave everything to each other if one survives; and if not, to the children. So often they will insist that it is unnecessary to provide a contingent trust for the children who may be minors because, they say, if one spouse dies while the children are under age, the survivor will take care of the problem then.

It is not wise to leave the vital interests of children to the future for at least three good reasons: One, in these days of the great American traveling public, it *can* and does happen that husband and wife are killed in a common accident, and this contingency must be foreseen.

Complementary Wills

Two, as tragic as disasters are which take both parents at once, what disturbs thoughtful attorneys is the knowledge gained from experience that *people postpone making a will*. Even if one spouse survives the other, there is no assurance that the survivor will do anything about making a new will containing proper provisions for minor children or grandchildren. I consider it highly desirable that a will be drafted for both husband and wife at the same time, so that the two instruments will complement each other. Where there is any fair possibility that minor children could be bene-

beneficiaries, trust or testamentary guardian provisions for them are extremely important, so that they can be cared for in nearly the same way as the parent would do if living and so that these interests are protected in any eventuality.

Three, many people maintain that they have so little property that it doesn't warrant making a will. My answer is that the smaller the estate the more urgent it is to preserve it.

Impact of Taxes

If minor children survive a parent who did not leave a will or who failed to provide for them properly in his "simple will," they have good reason to feel cheated. Should it become necessary to handle the minors' estates through the courts, needless expense and circumscribed legal procedures often eat up their inheritance and limit or make impossible any growth in assets. We can vouchsafe that this is not what any parent would want, but this is the result of procrastination or refusal to spend a small amount more to get a properly drawn will.

The first responsibility of an attorney is to come to know the family situation so that he can be alerted to special problems which require consideration in estate planning. The testator may have a closely held family business and valued employees calling for particular attention; one child may have a handicap necessitating special provisions; another may be endowed with unique talents making it advisable to provide extraordinary expenditure from the estate for him; one may be a spendthrift, an alcoholic, or have an undesirable spouse; a son may be highly successful or a daughter married to a man with money, whereas another child has perhaps great need for financial assistance; or there could be children of a prior marriage for whom definite provision should be made. Often it is inadvisable to leave any considerable estate to children upon their reaching the legal age of twenty-one. Through planning, different ages can be set up at which beneficiaries will receive percentages of their inheritance and thus minimize the danger of their squandering money or property through immaturity.

Husbands or wives feel strongly sometimes that they do not want a second husband or wife to enjoy the family treasures. These very human desires can be carried out if you discuss them with your attorney.

Taxes are a major factor in the cost of living today and cannot be ignored in careful estate planning. Generally the biggest item of cost in transferring property from one estate to another is the estate tax. Thus it must be part of the planning of anyone who has an estate exceeding \$60,000 to consider the impact of estate taxes at his death. The value of the estate, for this tax purpose, includes all life insurance regardless of the beneficiary to whom it is payable. Most people would surely prefer to conserve their property for their beneficiaries rather than to pay out more than is necessary in taxes. By entering upon a calculated plan of making lifetime gifts, by use of the marital deduction provisions in a will, through trusts, and charitable bequests, estate taxes can be minimized or avoided altogether. Here's how the saving in Federal tax works out in a \$200,000 estate owned by the husband:

	<i>If trust is not used</i>	<i>If trust is used for excess over Marital Deduction</i>
Gross estate	\$200,000	\$200,000
Specific exemption	60,000	60,000
Net estate	140,000	140,000
Less marital deduction (1/2)	100,000	100,000
Taxable estate when husband dies	40,000	40,000
Federal estate tax	4,800	4,800
Taxable estate of wife on her later death (received from husband)	195,200	100,000
Federal tax	31,000	4,800

By splitting the husband's estate into the marital deduction, one-half for the sole benefit of the wife and the second half for her use during life and at her death for the children or other beneficiaries, the same money was not taxed twice, and \$26,200 was thus saved for the family.

Where There's a Will

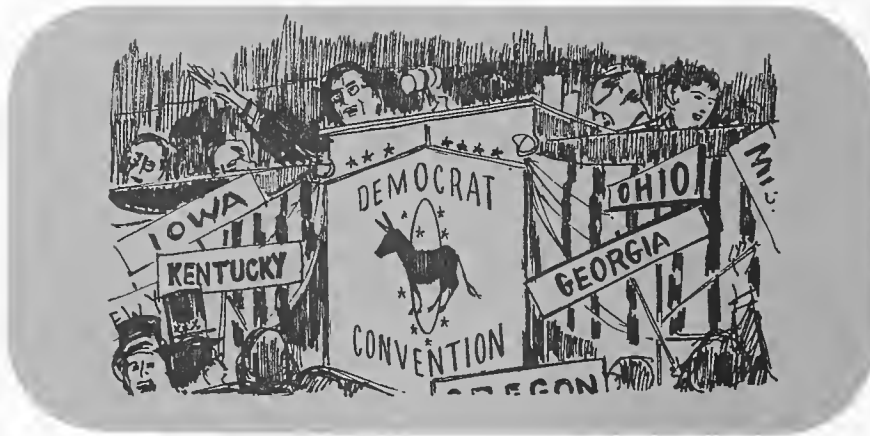
(Continued)

It is frequently overlooked that phenomenal savings can be effected through lifetime gifts, or testamentary bequests to charitable or educational institutions. Some may prefer to set up a trust providing lifetime benefits for individual beneficiaries with the remainder (at the death of all beneficiaries) going to a charity or an educational institution. If this plan is feasible, it has the advantages of making the estate assets available to designated beneficiaries for so long as they live, effecting spectacular tax savings, and making a great contribution to mankind by ultimate distribution to the education of our future citizens or to other charitable causes.

During Agnes Scott College's seventy-five years some magnificent bequests have been made to the

College through the wills of alumnae, faculty members, and other friends. In planning our estates both lifetime and testamentary, at this vital moment in Agnes Scott's history we who are alumnae have a unique opportunity to make contributions to the College which can be deducted from income taxes now or to employ testamentary provisions which will reduce estate taxes later.

In addition to the methods previously mentioned other assets which are particularly attractive for gifts to our College are stocks which have appreciated in value. We cannot sell them because of a high capital gains tax, but they may be given to Agnes Scott College, and we can take a tax deduction for their present high value without reducing cash reserves. Another tax gain may be realized by making a gift of insurance policies to the College. The revenue code will permit a current in-



I CHOSE POLITICS *(Continued from page 19)*

from the inside. Although I admired Governor Ribicoff for his abilities and respected him for his integrity, we had never been particularly cordial. As a matter of fact, at our first private meeting he had practically thrown me out of his office.

That happened in February of 1959 when I, a brash, freshman legislator who didn't know any better, barged into his office and advised him that my corner of Connecticut might as well secede to Massachusetts for all the good we were deriving

from the way he was governing the state. I continued in this vein for quite twenty minutes, throwing in a few choice appellations along the way until he had enough. I was no more to him than a gnat buzzing around his eyes; but he is a man with a remarkably short temper where gnats are concerned. He politely and thoroughly demolished me in about four sentences and although there were two exits from his office, in my confusion I could find neither. He pointed out the nearest.

And here I was, a few years later, offering to help. The offer was eventually accepted and then I found out what it means to be consumed by a job. It soon became evident that I would not have time to run for my own reelection. I didn't care. For eight months I talked, thought, acted, ate and drank only in the interest of reaching one particular goal. I became a crashing bore to everyone

come tax deduction for insurance premiums and also an estate tax deduction for the face amount of the policy if it is properly assigned to Agnes Scott. This arrangement not only makes possible a substantial gift to the College without changing your present position but also will result in a smaller estate tax and a larger net inheritance to your beneficiaries.

One more point should be considered. There is a rather common misconception regarding jointly held property. Without going into the ramifications on this subject, I will simply point out that many problems can arise in joint ownership situations. One fact which is not generally known by the layman is that in the case of joint ownership the Internal Revenue Service takes the position that all of the property actually belonged to the first one to die, and the taxes on the whole property

are levied on his or her estate, except to the extent that the survivor can prove a contribution to the property.

I was asked once to make a talk on Estate Planning and Wills, and an imaginative Program Chairman announced in the press that my subject would be "Solid Gold Securities." The best way to make secure your "solid gold securities" is to select a competent lawyer experienced in this field and prepare your will now. When a matter as important as the eventual distribution of your estate is at stake, do not try to "do it yourself." Bear in mind that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and that "he who has himself for a lawyer has a fool for a client." Consult your lawyer and, if indicated, he will call in other experts in the field such as an accountant, a life insurance representative, and bank trust officers.

who was not involved in the campaign. (Fortunately, my husband was.) But, I loved it!

Governor Ribicoff is an ideal candidate who thinks fast, works assiduously, campaigns at a gallop and has an almost infallible political intuition. He expects no less from his staff. It was vitally necessary that the three or four of us most intimately concerned with his campaign be able to grasp ideas immediately and solve problems instantly. We had to be able to pick the salient point, the vital information from a plethora of points and information. We had to recognize it promptly when the machinery of the campaign started to falter. And we had to fix it—fast! One becomes tough and dedicated under these conditions. There was ice-water in my veins and wariness in my mien. In other words, I became a "pro."

My title was "political agent," a

statutory term loose enough to cover every contingency. And there were all kinds of contingencies. I had found it difficult to balance my own check-book every month, but now I was responsible for the care and spending of a quarter of a million dollars. I had been known for my irreverent sarcasm, but now I had to be tactful and diplomatic with all breeds of political prima donnas. I had always hated the telephone as a means of conversation, but now I had to spend about six hours on the telephone every single day talking to delegates, mavericks, trouble-makers, crack pots, friends, volunteers and rumor-mongers. I had always avoided face-to-face combat, but now I had to be bluntly honest with the candidate and tell him the bad as well as the good even though it usually meant an uncomfortable few minutes. All this was part of the job. I was often harried and occasionally an-

guished. I don't think it showed.

And then it was over—successfully. Since then I've been hibernating. Looking back over the past five years, I know I wouldn't have missed them for the world. The by-products are many and varied. I think I may have done some good as a legislator. I have learned to listen—really listen—when people talk to me. I have made some wonderful friends who are good at their jobs and vibrating with their interest in life. My children are very much aware of their world and the systems that run it, much more than most young people. I have been in every one of the 169 towns of Connecticut and have seen the beauty of the land and the problems of governing it. I have met people from all walks of life, people I never would have met had I chosen to lead a typical life as the wife of a dentist in a small city in Connecticut. I didn't choose to. I chose politics.

Atlanta And Agnes Scott Advance Apace

By IVAN ALLEN, JR.

TO speak of the progress of Atlanta and Agnes Scott College is to speak of notable past performances and exciting future potentials. For three quarters of a century now our city, our metropolitan area, and Agnes Scott College have been associates in many areas of progress with widening horizons, always expanding opportunities, and stimulating challenges.

In the first seventy years of constructive and compatible association, both Atlanta and Agnes Scott, together and separately, have achieved amazing records of advancement. It was only twenty-four years after Atlanta began rising from the destruction of the War Between the States that two remarkably farsighted and dedicated men met in Decatur—then our small neighbor city with only one thousand inhabitants—and founded the little Decatur Female Seminary which was to become the distinguished, internationally known Agnes Scott College of today. At that time Atlanta was also a small city with only some thirty thousand souls within its city limits.

During the seventy-four years which have passed since The Reverend Frank H. Gaines and George Washington Scott founded the small but sturdy forerunner of the present college, both Agnes Scott College and Atlanta have increased astoundingly in physical size, financial strength, regional and national significance. For example, Agnes Scott this year has an enrollment of 699.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ivan Allen, Jr. is Mayor of Atlanta and a member of Agnes Scott's Board of Trustees. This article is edited from an address he made to the Atlanta Alumnae Club in January as a major part of the Club's 75th anniversary year program.



the largest in its history, representing some thirty states and a number of foreign countries. Its sixty-five acre campus in the heart of Decatur presents an impressive array of splendid new buildings, and more are on the way. Its financial assets now total more than \$18 million, some \$11 million of which is represented by endowment. All in all, Agnes Scott College as an institution now is as substantial as the faith of its Presbyterian founding fathers.

By comparison, the city of Atlanta now has a population of more than 500,000. Its tax digest has climbed to an all time high of \$1,203,525,000. Its position as business, industrial, financial, and transportation capital of the southeastern states is undisputed.

Like Agnes Scott, along with its physical and financial advancement, Atlanta has maintained a high moral tone, integrity of spirit, a healthy social attitude capable of adjusting to the needs and challenges of changing times. By so doing Atlanta has been able to foster and preserve a healthy racial climate and avoid the virus of violence which in the last few years has infected so many cities throughout our nation.

Truly the material progress shown by Atlanta and Agnes Scott in the first seventy-four years of association is amazing. Agnes Scott has contributed much to the economy of the Atlanta metropolitan area. But of far greater value—literally beyond price—has been Agnes Scott's contribution to the cultural, artistic, educational, and spiritual advancement of the Atlanta metropolitan area and to our region. Beyond our region Agnes Scott alumnae have spread the light of learning joined with independence of thought and firmness of faith throughout our nation and around the world.

To some extent it might be said that the often all too

rue line from St. Matthew. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." might apply to Agnes Scott. For I doubt if many residents of our Atlanta metropolitan area, especially those who have moved here during the last few years, are aware of how distinguished an educational institution Agnes Scott College is. Like so many well-established institutions and businesses it is apt to be largely taken for granted. It carries on its important work of educating young women to become citizens of value wherever they go, quietly and without fanfare. It has no football team to excite public interest. It does not seek the limelight with campus capers or academic controversies. But when surveys are made of the academic excellence of American institutions of higher learning Agnes Scott always is rated among the leaders.

That has been so over many years. For example, as far back as 1920, Agnes Scott won the distinction of being put on the approved list of the Association of American Universities, and that is the blue ribbon award in higher education in America. Agnes Scott is among the select sixteen of women's colleges east of the Mississippi having chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, the scholarship honorary society. Two recent national studies have ranked Agnes Scott among the top ten colleges for women in the nation.

I am sure it is comforting to President Alston and my fellow trustees that Agnes Scott is also ranked among the top ten colleges for women in financial strength. By these and many other yardsticks of excellence Agnes Scott stands among the foremost colleges for women in our region and in our nation.

But it is in the value of the lives of those who go out from their alma mater over our nation and around our world that Agnes Scott has its highest distinction. Now

as Agnes Scott enters its seventy-fifth year, more than ten thousand alumnae are engaged in many walks of life. They carry with them—in the professions, in homes, in business, in government, in religious work, in education—that emphasis on excellence, that determination on efficiency, that outlook of Christian service which they learned and developed in their years on the campus in Decatur. Also, they have with them wherever they may go and live the ideal that never can they be satisfied with mediocrity. They always must look to the stars and strive with high ideals for excellence in whatever they do.

Wherever they go, whatever they do, they spread the message of intellectual integrity and set an example of service on a high level. They take with them the breadth of vision and the widening of personal horizons they learned at Agnes Scott. Their ideals and example are particularly of value to our own South as it is now going through an extremely trying and difficult period. Our problems cannot be solved by issuing proclamations of protests or exerting pressures of prejudice. It is through the intelligence, integrity, and high character of people trained and disciplined to think realistically and constructively by schools and colleges of high quality that our challenges will be met and our problems solved.

Agnes Scott is one of the centers of training to develop such thinking and the qualities of understanding and forbearance that will bring our region and our nation through the troubles which now beset us.

During their first three quarters of association in progress, Atlanta and Agnes Scott not only have grown together, they have grown up together. In the doctrine of the great Presbyterian founders of Agnes Scott, I am sure they are predestined to achieve greatness in their future association.

ONE GREAT SOCIETY

(Continued from page 12)

sure, continue to grow and be passed on here, for we are all part of a process, a living organism such as Burke was describing when he called society a contract and said "it becomes a partnership, not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." In a way, we are celebrating ourselves when we celebrate our college, not with arrogance, but with joy at the privilege of being members one of another.

I hope you will forgive me if I have spoken today only of the aspects of the college which fill us with pride and love. I am very conscious that

we have faults which need to be corrected; and it is part of the honesty of this Agnes Scott character we cherish to admit them and work to overcome them. But on birthdays, it seems legitimate to speak of what we want to celebrate. And so on this Founder's Day, I give you the qualities of Colonel Scott and the other founders, the qualities of our alma mater, which seem to me most cherishable: the largeness of vision, the wisdom in planning, the indomitable courage, the loyal devotion, the willingness to do hard and self-sacrificing work, the intellectual and moral integrity, the continuing commitment to high purposes, in the hope that we may be, as far as in us lies, a worthy part of what Wordsworth calls "one great society on earth, the noble living and the noble dead."



Worthy Notes...

Now We Are Seventy-four

YOU may be aware of the Agnes Scott adage which states: "If we do something once at the College, it becomes a tradition." Such a tradition is the Faculty Skit — or Faculty Revue — which is produced when the College is engaged in a financial campaign.

In January a campus campaign marked the climax of the 75th Anniversary Development Program, and the traditional faculty skit, this time based on Winnie the Pooh and other A. A. Milne characters, was titled "Now We Are Seventy-five."

This made me think, as I contemplated how I might celebrate seventy-five years of alumnae in this column, that we are now seventy-four. And are you aware that there are a few *alumni* among us? As President Emeritus McCain tells the story, a few more students were needed to open the door of the Decatur Female Seminary in 1839, so six little boys attended that first year.

Certainly from seventy-four years of the experience of being alumnae we should glean wisdom and insight about ourselves, our own lives, and our relationships with Agnes Scott College. One way to reflect this, the way open to me, is the printed word in this magazine. So, with the advice and guidance of the Alumnae Association's Publications Committee, we asked several alumnae to write articles about themselves, the living of their lives.

We received a veritable wealth of material — so much that we could not publish all the articles in this issue. Even automation has not yet solved the problem of expanding the printed page. But this just means that we shall rejoice in more articles by alumnae in the succeeding issues during this anniversary year.

Another way of celebrating, open to me in my capacity as editor of the *Quarterly*, is to look to the future in the format, the design, of the magazine. It has been an exciting experience to create, with the astute assistance of the printer, a whole new concept of the magazine's form. Do you like the new look? (To reassure those who miss the Class News in this issue: we *will* publish this section again and again!)

It is an axiom that a college is judged by the people

it produces, its alumnae. President Alston has expressed this far better than I can when he said: "The importance of Agnes Scott as a college cannot be estimated by numbering our alumnae: the number, of course, will always be relatively small. Nor can the contribution of this institution be measured accurately merely by determining the wealth or renown of our graduates. The ultimate test is the intrinsic worth of Agnes Scott students, here and after college days are over, in the homes they establish — the professional and business careers upon which they enter — the church, civic, educational, and social relationships that they maintain."

I know of no yardstick, no set of statistics, which would perform the kind of measuring which Dr. Alston mentions. I only know that during the ten years I've served as director of alumnae affairs, I've found certain characteristics of alumnae to be evident. There is, thank goodness, no such thing as a "composite alumna," and I would not put any one of us into such a mold. I shall simply outline some of our common characteristics.

In the area of pursuing academic excellence, a fundamental purpose of this college, alumnae prove themselves and the college. For seventy-four years, and at an increasing rate today, the alumna does graduate study, and her performance is usually of high order. And alumnae do teach — everything from nursery school to psychiatry. Most important to the individual alumna, perhaps, is the teaching she does, in a different sense, for her children. The pattern is repeated: children of alumnae win academic honors in numberless colleges and universities.

The Agnes Scott alumna is certainly articulate. She does not hesitate to tell Dr. Alston, for example, how to run the College — often to his despair. But she feels, quite healthily I think, free to speak her mind on the College or any other subject — and then to act on her reasoned judgment about a given situation. She takes the responsibility of being an educated woman in our society. Best of all, she leads others out of the current trap of cynicism, defeatism, hopelessness as a way of life — and will. I'm sure, do so for another seventy-four years.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

The 75th Anniversary Lecture Series



VIKTOR E. FRANKL
Wednesday, Feb. 26
8:15 P.M.



BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET
Friday, March 6
8:15 P.M.



MARGARET MEAD
Wednesday, April 1
8:15 P.M.



CHARLES P. TAFT
Thursday, April 16
8:15 P.M.



ALICE J. DOWLING
Friday, April 24
8:15 P.M.



MARK VAN DOREN
Tuesday, May 5
8:15 P.M.



C. P. SNOW
Date in May to be
Announced

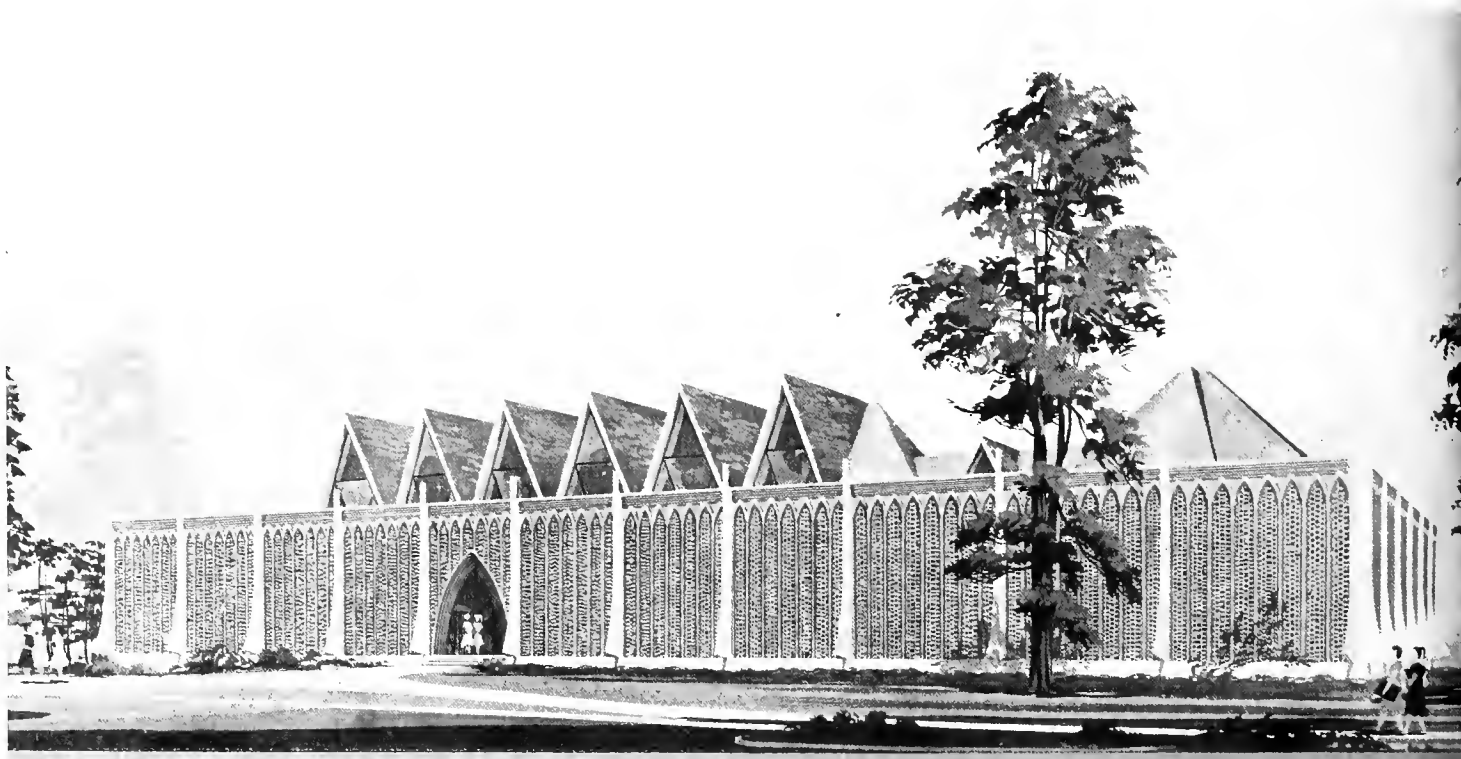


GEORGE M. DOCHERTY
Sunday, June 7
11 A.M.



LEROY P. COLLINS
Monday, June 8
10 A.M.

Library



Architect's rendering of new plans for the Dana Fine Arts building now under construction shows the exciting combination of Gothic and contemporary design.

AGNES
SCOTT

Jane Preston's Poetry / see page 9

THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SPRING 1964





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

VOL. 42, No. 3

SPRING 1964

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MARIANE WURST '63, *Managing Editor*
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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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FRONT COVER

Spring comes to Agnes Scott—
Caryl Pearson '64

PHOTO CREDITS

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“an’s finite capacity cannot
get hold of the ultimate meaning of life”
...but the idea of meaning
“must always be ahead
to set the pace of life.”

VIKTOR FRANKL: *Man in Search for Meaning*

The Viennese psychiatrist spoke at Agnes Scott in February as part of the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series.

Bangkok Classroom

By PRISCILLA SHEPPARD TAYLOR '53



Pris takes time out to study her guidebook during one of her frequent tours of Thailand.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: "Pris" used her Fulbright award to pursue graduate work at the University of London where she made an enviable record. She married Jahn Maxwell Taylor in 1957, and they and their two daughters have had tours of duty with the State Department in Korea and Thailand.

AFTER years of never expecting to be in another classroom, I found myself last year teaching American literature and history to eleventh and twelfth graders in the International School of Bangkok. This is a private school operating under the general supervision of the Thai government but run by American administrators with a predominance of American teachers and accredited in the United States. It serves all the foreign community in Bangkok, which is considerable because of that city's position as a center for business enterprises, diplomatic missions, and our own aid missions.

Of the 1,200 students about three quarters were Americans; the rest were a remarkable mixture. Although many Thai schools have fine reputations, the Thai language has no application outside Thailand. Hence the American school serves children of Indian, Japanese, European, and other diplomats and businessmen who preferred their children to know English. Children of the local Chinese community made up another large contingent.

Despite my very limited experience, I shall attempt to give something of a profile of the American high school students in such an environment. How do they react to the challenges of living and learning in a modern, tropical, Asian city? Do the advantages outweigh the disadvantages of transient living for them? A secondary topic will be the question of how the teacher must adapt material to the sophisticated international young Americans and, simultaneously, to the assorted Australian, German, Korean, and other students in any given class.

A key word in the discussion of any topic connected with Bangkok is "tropical," for a climate which fluctuates only between the "hot" and the "hottest" season requires a continuous effort at adaptation. It is very difficult to arouse or maintain much intellectual excitement in such continuously enervating weather, and it is unrealistic to expect students to

pend much time after school in sustained study. Incidentally, it is also difficult for them to "identify" with descriptions of "Snowy Woods!"

In addition to having to fight the soporific effects of the heat, many of the American students who have traveled abroad much of their young lives appear to resent having to spend their vital senior high school years away from the United States. Those who adjust best to the foreign environment fall into two opposite categories: those for whom life overseas is a new experience—a "dream come true"—or those who have always lived abroad and do not know what they are missing, or could be missing, at home. Those who seem to have the hardest adjustment are students who have remained out of their homeland for perhaps five years at a stretch and who feel out of touch, sometimes nostalgic, and often cynical beyond their years.

Although almost all of the Americans in the Bangkok high school expect to go to college when they graduate, the distance of Bangkok from the United States combines with the heat and these other factors to diminish both intellectual competition among them and also the feeling of pressure to win acceptance at the college of their choice. Many of the students lack real roots in the United States and hence are less determined in their own minds on particular colleges or geographical areas. Some also feel they can remain overseas with their parents and enter college at a date of their choice.

The generally impermanent atmosphere of an overseas post is another drawback for students caught up in it. Despite efforts of our government to shift families in the summer, lengths of official tours vary, and students often leave in mid-term. Obviously the preparation of the students entering the school varies tremendously, and some come armed with book reports or term papers from their previous schools which may, they think, come in handy again. With a teaching staff recruited locally, and from an almost equally mobile group, one can expect also

that some students will gamble on Mrs. Jones' having to leave before they themselves do.

Compared to schools in the United States, overseas schools often sponsor few extracurricular activities, and the community at large in Bangkok does not offer many of the recreations to which Americans are accustomed. The horseback riding, Thai dancing lessons, and endless birthday parties which make Bangkok a delight for younger foreign residents have less appeal for teenagers. Instead of the usual multifarious school sports, band, and active music program, Bangkok offered little for teenagers beyond the downtown Elvis Presley movie, bowling, or swimming when clubs or beaches were available. Almost no parents could in good conscience allow their children to drive in Bangkok's traffic, and "Gunsmoke" with Thai dialogue on television soon ceased to be much of an attraction.

Other drawbacks to living overseas during the senior high school years are not necessarily endemic to a foreign situation but occur so frequently they may appear to be. Some American students in Bangkok echoed their parents' indifference to their surroundings and reluctance to explore the unfamiliar. Many families abroad are busy with official entertaining and have less time to supervise their children. Servants can be a very mixed blessing, especially in the East where a Western child is still "master" or "madame" to the servant. Children abroad also often miss the friendships and activities connected in the United States with churches because so many families let church affiliations lapse when they are abroad.

In Bangkok as in many other overseas posts it is not easy for Americans to meet local youngsters. Few Thais entertain in their homes; the businessman's lunch at a restaurant is a common way adults maintain their contacts. A few American students were called upon from time to time to tutor children of Thai officials in English, but most others might never glimpse inside a Thai home. Thus the only chance many of the

students have to practise their Thai language, which all are required to study in the international school, is in their kitchens at home.

Nevertheless, some of the Americans did seize various opportunities to help with programs at Thai orphanages or at the School for the Blind, and many collected and delivered toys and food to various



Very typical of Thai architecture is this twentieth-century marble temple in Bangkok.

charities around the country. Some of the most adventuresome tried living as many of the Thais do, on one of Thailand's many waterways, on the annual vacation raft trip away from civilization. A few families spent each available week-end visiting points of interest within a day's drive from Bangkok, and joined the Siam Society's day-trips to places difficult to reach except by organized excursions.

In addition, the perceptive young American could absorb much from

Bangkok Classroom

(Continued)

the observance of the numerous local holidays, the brisk bargaining with drivers of Bangkok's three-wheel taxis, or the unusual experience of riding to school on a canal. Their observations turned up in poems regarding lanes too narrow for Western cars, meditations on a timeless stone fragment, ballads on Bangkok bus riding, plays with scenes laid in China or themes based on the Buddhist philosophy — all alien concepts to youngsters steeped in "The Little Engine That Could" and Log-Cabin-to-White-House legends.

With respect to the classroom overseas, one should begin with the obvious comment that the American students can hardly fail to benefit from belonging to classes in which several nationalities, religions, and geographic backgrounds are presented. One Chinese clarified the "overseas Chinese" concept when he wrote of his family's determination that, despite his travels from north China to Hong Kong, Taiwan, and finally Bangkok, he should be so well versed in his native dialect and customs that he could return tomorrow to his original village and be assimilated as though he had never been away. The hostile comments of one Korean student on the Oriental exclusion laws of the 1920's can be more memorable than lectures by an American instructor. The inability of three German boys to comprehend how any criticism could be leveled against Theodore Roosevelt for his methods of seizing the Panama Canal gave the Americans some insight into German politics and habits of mind.

Indeed, these same German students in our history class were later to provide their classmates with a good example of overly zealous nationalism. The Germans' initially provocative defense of their country's leaders and policies throughout both World Wars sparked a great deal of classroom debate and research among all the students. The result was not only greater interest in the period



This village elementary school is the complete opposite of the International School in Bangkok.

but also some real comprehension of the ideologies involved, to say nothing of the complexities in making historical judgments.

In an international class the minorities are not the only ones who reveal national sensitivities. In some instances the Americans reflected an insecurity which is not restricted to youth. Some sought assurance and proof that objectionable facts about America's past were not being hidden or slanted by the author of their major text. The cynical reaction of the foreign students in the classroom to President McKinley's moralistic justification of America's imperialist ventures at the turn of the century worried the young Americans. Moreover, the Americans were inclined to be timid in criticizing others. Almost overly instructed in tolerance, they tended to give even Naziism the benefit of the doubt. Communism, on the other hand, is a sufficiently current threat for them to be well indoctrinated against it.

The same youngsters who were inclined to question seriously the motives of the authors of their history texts, considered themselves too worldly for some of the literature they were offered. Just as many urban elementary teachers in the United States have found the idealized white picket-fenced cottage illustrated primer too far removed from the experience of their apartment or slum-

dwellers, a teacher in a foreign environment finds many standard American textbooks too provincial or out of date for the audience they must reach. It takes some effort to persuade jet age students, generally impatient with anything written before this century, to accept Hawthorne's fatalism or Longfellow's didactics and sentimentality on any terms. Some had been away from home too long to respond to Robert Frost, and found him either too simple or too difficult. Some even assumed that Thoreau went to Walden to economize. Remarkably few recognized or comprehended any Biblical references. To these veteran travelers, James' *The American* seemed dated and almost ridiculous.

To try to divert the cultivated contemptuousness into creative critical lines, I resorted to occasional impromptu writing assignments during class time on topics of which the students had no previous knowledge. I read to them brief excerpts from William Allen White or e.e. cummings and required them to produce immediate written critiques. Some students who had never before revealed any great perceptiveness proved capable thinkers and writers when caught off guard and given an occasional vent for real satire. I would not make any dramatic claims for how much my students learned. I, however, learned a lot.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: A spokesman for the organization said: "We of the National Association for Retarded Children do not consider that Miss Mildred Thomson is a gift from Minnesota; she is a gift from God, for retarded children everywhere."

Pioneering a Program in Mental Health

By MILDRED THOMSON '10



IN 1963, fifty-three years after graduating from Agnes Scott College my first and only book was published, *Prologue, A Minnesota Story of Mental Retardation*. It is largely the story of the thirty-five years I worked in a program for the mentally retarded, years embracing an astounding change in philosophy and attitudes based on greatly increased knowledge and understanding.

In 1924 I was employed by the Minnesota State Board of Control to work within its Children's Bureau as Supervisor of the Department for the Feeble-minded and Epileptic. I was to help county child welfare boards understand and plan for the "feeble-minded"—now mentally retarded. This responsibility included acting in a liaison capacity between these boards and the state institution for the feeble-minded, which was the main facility for providing care and training outside the home.

Other facilities were two small private institutions and some public school classes for the brighter children, children who could learn to read and write with varying degrees of proficiency, occasionally up to that required for the sixth or seventh grade.

Many of these brighter children—or adults—placed within the institu-

(Continued on next page)

Pioneering a Program in Mental Health

(Continued)

tion had presented problems with which homes could not cope, especially when there were also normal children.

Community Living

In some instances parents of such children were also retarded. Thus, the unsocial behavior shown by the children—and parents—had been attributed to hereditary factors. Lifetime residence for those in the institution was therefore the usual recommendation in order to provide protection. In addition they were to be made happy with recreational activities and to be taught to perform tasks needed in the administration of the institution.

The Minnesota Board of Control, believing that self-support was possible for many of this group, determined that they should be given a trial of again living in the community. "Club-houses" were established where some of the girls could live and work in factories or laundries. Others worked and lived in private homes. Boys were usually employed on farms.

Individual Stories

The transition from institution to community living was not always easy. There was, for instance, Mary who wept because the clubhouse matron had not told her where to find darning cotton; or Betty who threw temper tantrums and failed to hold a job until she was placed in a private home where the employer was patient with her and had faith in her; or Janice who was kidnapped by her lover, and when found in poverty was the mother of twin daughters; or Billy, who managed to get to another state, visit a house of prostitution—"but a nice one with pretty furniture"—acquire gonorrhoea and

then return hungry and cold, asking to be cared for.

Each individual had his or her own story, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic. Some were success stories; some were failures.

There were other groups within the institution walls not capable of self-support: those completely helpless, infants even when adult in years; and those capable, if properly taught, of learning self-care, simple tasks and social adjustment.

These "children" came from all types of families. Many of them were desperate because of the effect this "different" child had on home life. The unsatisfactory behavior of the child was often partly due to a lack of understanding, training, and discipline. There was also frequently an added emotional strain caused by the lack of an answer to the question of why such a child had been born into the home.

"Why?"

The devastating effect of not knowing the answer to "why" was poignantly shown when a father came to me for help in planning for a twenty-five-year-old son who as an infant had been placed in a private institution in another state. The family and friends were then told the baby had died at the hospital. Now twenty-five years later that institution was closing and sending the son to his father. One can only imagine the anguish of parents who must try to hide the birth of a baby and never see him, love him, or even speak of him! And then after those years of restraint and silence, to have him return as it were from the dead must have been almost unbearable.

This was, of course, an extreme situation, but other parents in varying degrees, and in spite of love for their children, suffered disappointment, frustration, despair, and fear because often there was no answer to the question "why." In 1924 there was discussion of the Mendelian law as related to human reproduction and some vague mention of recessive genes. It was many years, however,

before the laws of heredity were sufficiently understood for parents to assert with confidence: "Anyone may have a retarded child."

Change of Attitude

As the years passed there was a gradual change in the public attitude toward the retarded, both the brighter group and those more severely retarded. Not only was interest shown, but there was faith that many could be acceptable members of society if adequately trained and understood. This change in attitude became dramatic in the late forties and the decade of the fifties. It was then that parents, many of them leaders in their chosen field but helpless concerning their children, banded together to work for greater consideration for them. This took place in Minnesota in 1946. In 1950 such local groups from all over the United States joined together to organize The National Association for Retarded Children. In Minnesota and nationally, parents now demanded: research into the causes as a basis for prevention; better institutions; more classes in the public schools, including classes for some of the severely retarded termed trainable; and community facilities such as clinics, day nurseries, activity centers, work shops, recreational facilities, and spiritual guidance by the churches. Activity was set in motion in all these areas, some of it based on laws and appropriations, and some on community response. Professional interest in all areas was accelerated.

This activity was beginning to get into full swing when I retired in 1959. Minnesota's prologue was by then ended. The first act of the drama of providing an adequate program for the retarded was being enacted, but the play even now is far from being ended. Parents, persons from many professions, state legislators, congressmen, the federal government, and the interested public are all participating. The climax is still in the future, but the goal of full opportunity for all will be reached.



“Upon Our Pulses”

By JANEF N. PRESTON '21

*Here's a taste from a
forthcoming book
of poems*

Jane says that the creation of a poem begins, for her, in a time of intense emotion. She describes this as “a state of incandescence, when one is very much alive to everything.”

THE CLUTCHED KEY

My brother man
Does all he can
To hide himself
From curious guess.
But six steps more
I creep to locked door—
My clutched key
Our loneliness.

UPON OUR PULSES

*“... axioms in philosophy are not axioms
until they are proved upon our pulses.”*

John Keats

With foot held fast in rock,
My mind girdles the globe through lightning skies.
But my human eyes
Behold no revolving man-flung flame—
Only, everywhere on the shriveled earth,
The lame.

In Peru . . .
and Cameroon . . .
in Pakistan . . .
in Quemoy and Matsu . . .
in Iran . . .
in the Hebrides . . .
and Brazil . . .

and in the house beyond my hill
The lame creep or stumble or lie still.
Must I walk *blind* to touch the granite dark?
Or *deaf* to know that death devours the lark?

(Continued on page 12)

Winnie the Pooh Revisited

... and anxieties
... of the





Bird's-eye view of distinguished faculty members awaiting stage call.

Actors backstage enthralled with the emotion-packed drama.

"Shellbound" Leyburn (r) consults Edward Ladd (Dr. Unafreud), and nurse Steele is horrified.





Faculty approves Heroine Leyburn's proposal to forego teaching for entertaining, and Dr. Alston "covets" the idea

FACULTY SKIT *(Continued)*



Eleanor Hutchens ruins literary criticism with "Pooh: Levels of Meaning and Ultimate Significance."



Carrie Scandrett pantomimes the voice of Frances G. Stukes while Dr Calder plucks his harp.



Graces, contemporary dancers, inter-Pooh in borrowed "leotards."

(Continued from page 9)

HEIGHTENED HOUR

(Written for Professor-Emeritus Emma May Laney)

Your class was not mere time from bell to bell:
It was a heightened hour of quick surprise
Our pulses measured as you wove the spell
That gave us ears and that unsealed our eyes.
Chaucer charmed us with a laughing tale,
Milton summoned us with grandeur's call,
Spenser sang and Keats's nightingale,
And Eliot with the hidden waterfall.
Though wonder was about you, you were formed
Of other elements than magic's fire:
With militant delight you daily stormed
Our sleeping wills, commanding our desire
To wake and stir and reach and sternly strive
To *be*—and be entirely alive.

A SUPERIOR WOMAN

She says that sorrow is a cross to bear
And that she will not let herself be sad,
And sighing she assumes the special air
Of owning something others never had.
Just as she prides herself on blue-blood sires,
The soundness of her orthodox belief,
The way she trains the servant that she hires,
So now she is superior in grief.
No tender ghost of love's remembered tale
Companions her when firelight shadows stir,
But a grim figure in a coat of mail
Sits down to every silent meal with her.
And still she preens herself that she may be
Hostess to such imposing company.

Editor's Note: Published in April by the Golden Quill Press, Francistown, New Hampshire, *Upon Our Pulses* by Janef Preston is available through the Agnes Scott College Bookstore for \$3.34 (including sales tax and postage).

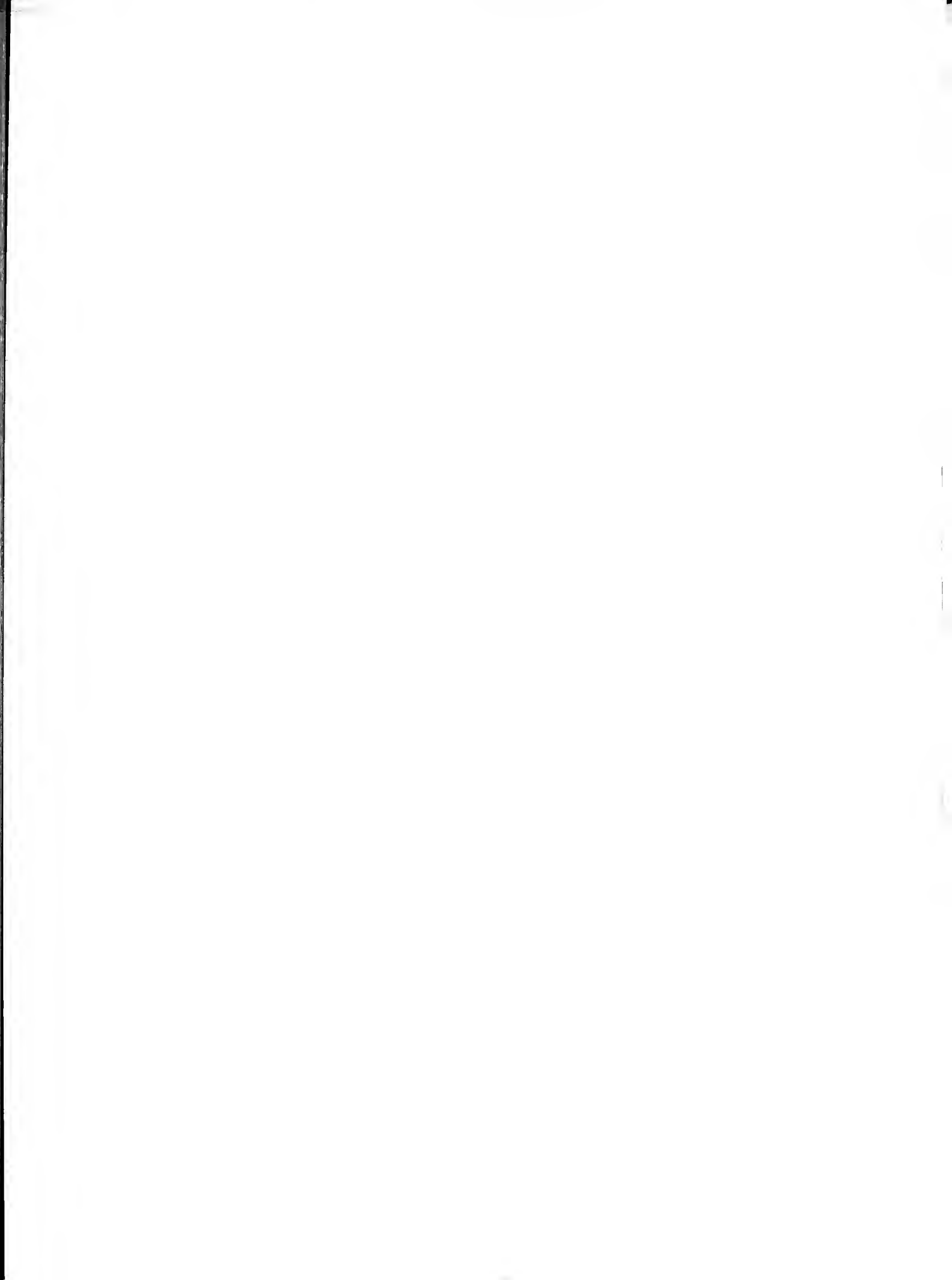
What a wheeling way
White clouds climb sky
Wave-high
And roll to the rim of the blue day!
The air's imperious to-and-fro
Bends the tender leaf and bough.
Flowers too frail for touch of hand
Curve at the wind's command.
What grace to me, stiff with stress,
This unsought suppleness!

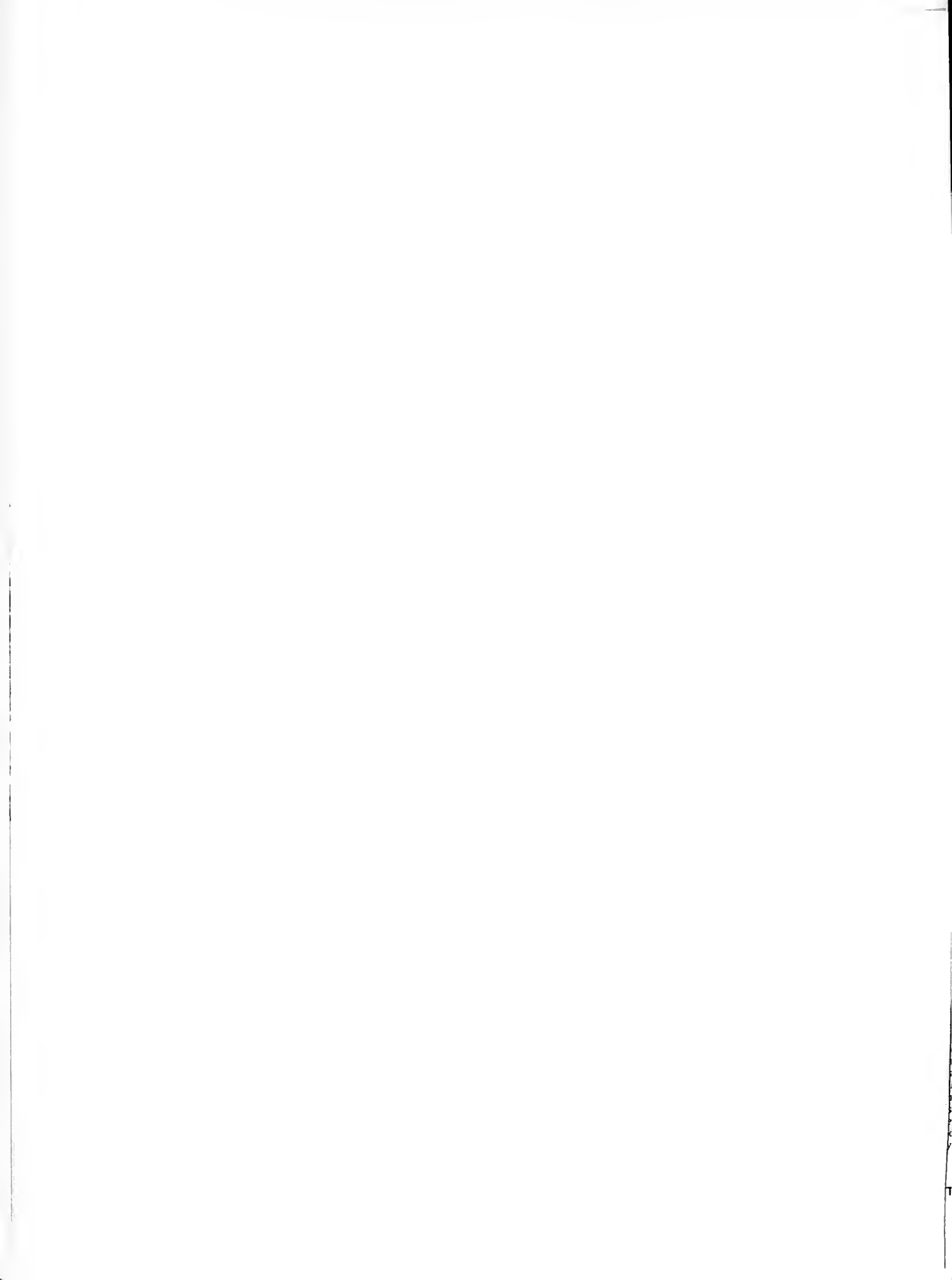
TO RESCUE TODAY FROM OBLIVION

As trees print coolness on the heated grass
In clear sharp images, that lie outlined,
So beauty lays cool fingers, as I pass,
Upon the parched places of my mind.
The honeysuckle hedges' breathing bloom
That fills a little lane with fragrant May;
A star that opens in the velvet gloom
That gathers at the closing of the day;
The sudden glowing of a gracious thought,
Akin to wonder, on a lifted face,—
These cool imprints of beauty have been wrought
Upon the dullness of the commonplace.
And beautiful as bloom or thought or sky,—
A shining name, today, one called me by.

VERB TO BE

This moment has no after, no before:
Wind-washed and morning-fair,
It holds me in its everlastingness.
As I stand here
Barefoot on live grass,
Greenness flows upward through my body's length.
I draw strength
From earth's power to *be* . . .
And after drought and fire and flooding rain,
To *be* again.







Worthy Notes...

Alumnae Answers to Self-Study Prove Provocative

AFTER SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS, how do alumnae judge the impact of Agnes Scott upon their lives? Some answers, though by no means all, are to be found in the questionnaire completed by alumnae for the College's recent Self Study.

Knowing the risk of being redundant, I shall summarize the summary of these questionnaires prepared by Frazer Steele Waters '57, an alumna member of one of the self-study committees. First, the questionnaire itself was unsatisfactory: it proved to be difficult to answer clearly and concisely, and alumnae found that attempting to put themselves and the College's influence on them into compartments was frustrating.

But aside from scientific validity, the questionnaire was good because, as Frazer says, "it caused strong reactions of some sort in almost all alumnae, it stimulated real probing thought in most cases, and it left alumnae free to express any feelings or ideas they might wish to."

A pattern did emerge in the answers to the questionnaire. This is "noblesse oblige," or the fundamental idea that the Agnes Scott education places on an alumna the responsibility to take an active part in all her fields of endeavor and to maintain standards of excellence. Agnes Scott has given the alumna the ability to think independently, clearly, and deeply, to reach for basic issues and principals, to undertake deep religious commitment, to be open-minded and tolerant of other views and other people, and to possess standards of lasting value to live by, a sense of purpose.

The underlying thought of those replies indicating an unfavorable influence was that the College is too provincial and narrow in its attitude, too church-oriented in its religious atmosphere, and therefore too stifling in its effects on individuals. As Frazer indicates, "an important point here is that many of these negative replies came from people who seemed to have picked the wrong college The other negative replies came from alumnae who seemed to have a genuine desire to be constructive and to suggest areas in which the college might improve."

The reasons alumnae gave for positive influence, intellectually and in other ways, ranged from excellent faculty, high standards demanded and expected, intelligent student body, small classes, to location in At-

lanta, freedom to discuss and differ, variety and quality of courses offered, the honor system, independent study, and the effort to integrate all areas of knowledge into a whole.

Lacks in the College's program and/or suggestions to improve it were both general and specific. Some alumnae thought that Agnes Scott is too "sheltered" in its outlook, that students need more confrontation with controversial issues, more freedom of thought and more freedom to discuss and discover all ideas. The "ivory tower" complaint was often repeated. The lack of a genuine *search* for truth was deplored (several felt that the College's attitude implied that it had already found all the important truths, and that this smugness and resulting snobbery were irritating).

So far, I have been reporting and have refrained from injecting my opinion. As we approach concrete suggestions for improvement, I will say that the word "more" is the key one—alumnae want "more of" most phases of the College's program. Thus, alumnae suggest more contact with the outside world; more emphasis on the contemporary in art, music, and literature; more time for free reading, for independent and critical work and research; more "quiet places;" more counseling and vocational guidance.

Alumnae also want upgrading in the science departments, emphasis on current affairs and politics, a course in the relationship of the arts, more electives, more informal contact between students and faculty.

There are suggestions that Bible courses are too church-oriented, that social regulations are too rigid, that the student body should have more variety (in personalities, background, and geography), that some faculty members are too limited to teach advanced courses—and that the student newspaper could be improved!

Agnes Scott has influenced alumnae largely through interests stimulated by certain courses or people, which have continued since graduation. Difficulties in distinguishing the College's influences from that of other environments were recognized by all alumnae, but all felt that Agnes Scott had had a major part in helping them to become better people. One alumna said: "The college is not much help in giving its students a way to make a living but instead gives them a way of living."

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



Early spring rains have made Georgia red clay mud at the site of the Dana Fine Arts Building.

AGNES SCOTT

Women of Conscience • pp. 10

ALUMNAL QUARTERLY SUMMER 1964





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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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Alumnae Luncheon — 1964

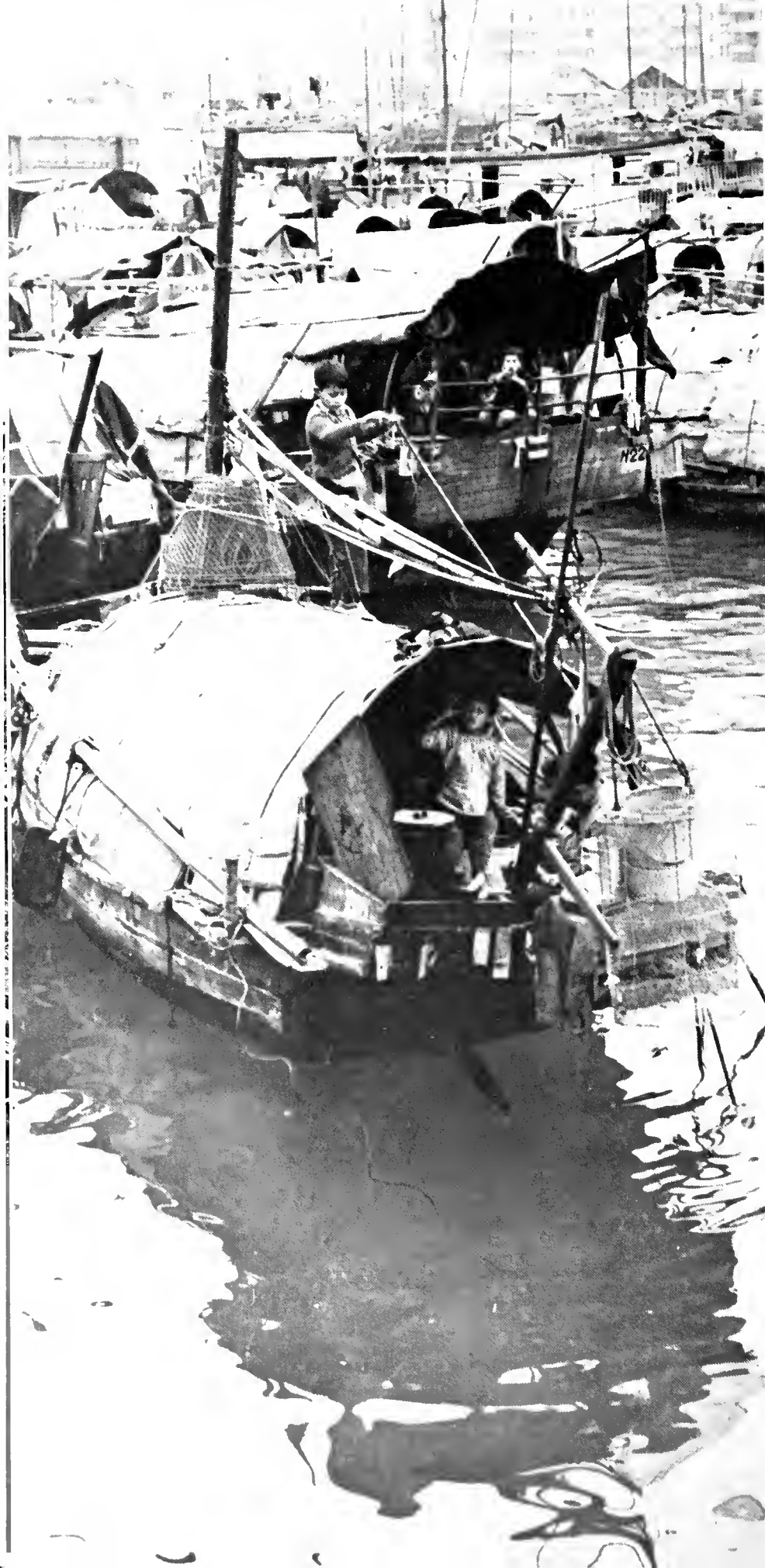
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“**T**here are a growing number of Americans who have no idea who to trust on any question on which it is important to have an opinion I think we can rebuild our willingness to trust the kind of evidence on which this country has been based It is worth realizing that our capacity to trust is impaired and in danger and is worth very careful cherishing, nurturing, and reinvigoration.”

Margaret Mead: The Crisis of Trust

Eminent anthropologist, writer, and teacher, Margaret Mead spoke at Agnes Scott April 1, 1964 in connection with the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series.



Dr. Jim Turpin moves m

'Project

By MAR

K Ai yeh, Kai yeh, kai yeh... As we move toward shore in our tiny sampan, children pop up from their small boat homes waving violently—sometimes with both hands—calling out this greeting to Dr. Jim Turpin. Kai yeh is the Cantonese for “God father,” the name which the little one of Yaumati typhoon shelter here in Hong Kong spontaneously began calling him soon after our clinic-junk was launched in March of 1963. Now that we also live on the boat, they call me Kai Ma. The adults smile and wave more sedately. But there is no doubt that all of the patients of “Yauh Oi” (the Chinese name for the boat, which means Brotherhood Love) feel loved.

Two and one-half years ago we were a perfectly ordinary suburban family in Coronado, California. Jim had a busy general practice; we had a nice home, two cars, and were buried deep in community life. He was even in local politics as a Coronado City Councilman. Being near the border of Mexico, one day a week we were across into Tijuana to help in a small clinic in a canyon squatter area. I didn't take long for this to become the highlight of the week, especially for Jim, for here he felt really needed. Many days he would leave Tijuana feeling that if he had failed to go that day some of the seriously ill children might not have lived. How foolish this was, we agreed, to do something you loved for only one day a week. So it was that we mapped out our plan to do this kind of work

THE AGNES SCOTT

ains as he develops

cern' in Hong Kong

AMSON TURPIN

every day. We would write to two hundred close friends, hoping to get them to support us as a couple by sending \$10 a month and allow us to work among the refugees in Hong Kong.

We would have laughed heartily at anyone who suggested that in one year our budget would approach \$10,000 per month, our staff number more than thirty, and our dreams grow to include plans for Macao and Bhutan. In fact, those first few months it seemed so difficult to reach even those small initial goals that there were days even those seemed impossibly high.

Project Concern is our independent medical relief organization. It was started to fill our personal desire to do medical relief work without the organizational strings of government or church. This is one of the main reasons for its rapid growth. People everywhere are tired of help for a reason, whether it be to sell democracy or religion. Our personal lives are dedicated to Christ, and it is an important motivation to us. If this can be absorbed by the people with whom we work, we will be very pleased. But if they do not absorb it simply by knowing us, we feel it must not be worthy of sharing—or rather that our living interpretation of it is insufficient. Project Concern is now international both in staff and support.

We now have three clinics in the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. The first to be opened was inside the infamous Walled City of Kowloon where approximately 50,000 people



Shining brightly above Chinese sampans, the floating clinic offers aid to 35,000 boat people.

live in six square blocks of squalor and deprivation. Here there is no running water or sanitation. Although the area is in the center of this metropolitan area, the Communists claim ownership as it was omitted from the lease of 1898. The British deny this, but there is no police protection or government within the area as neither group takes the responsibility. Families of ten or twelve live in one small cubicle which never sees the light of day. Many such cubicles are rented out to three different groups of sleeping people—eight-

hour periods. Our facilities here are very poor and cramped but we hope to build an adequate clinic during 1964.

The second clinic to be opened was aboard a 63-foot Chinese junk which we converted into a modern medical facility. Here in Yaumati typhoon shelter among 35,000 boat people we have a clinic any American community would be proud of, three examining rooms, laboratory, pharmacy, waiting room. Our living quarters are on the lower floor for the

(Continued on page 6)

'Project Concern' in Hong Kong

(Continued from page 5)

six of us, Jim and I, Keith 13, Pate 11, Scott 6 and Jan 4. Now anchored alongside is a "twin," an auxiliary clinic adding X-ray, two modern dental rooms, eye, ear, nose, and throat services and storage facilities. This auxiliary clinic was a gift of Kowloon Rotary Club West. Their interest was one of the most important steps along the way, for they represent a group of Chinese businessmen who liked the way the clinics were handled and wanted to be a part of this effort. Beside this is our tiny generator boat, and soon to be completed is a water ambulance given by the officers and men of the U.S. Carrier Hancock during its week in port here.

The third and newest clinic is among the hillside squatters in Jordan Valley. Now it is being conducted in a crumbling old cemetery office, but plans have been drawn to reconstruct this small building into an

adequate clinic. Into this area many of the new refugee families come with sheets of tin and cardboard to construct a cheap shelter.

It is very difficult to write about my personal experiences here, for the glamor, excitement and achievement seems to be in the story of Jim's day with the patients who need him, and with the organization as it grows. My day is filling in the gaps where I can, helping behind the scenes in the clinic only enough to steal a small piece of the fun, but most of all with our children. Much of my time is spent with visitors, for the ones who have actually been here and seen the work are by far the most enthusiastic helpers when they have returned home. To be perfectly honest, I feel that we are living in the best of two worlds. We still have the pleasures of stimulating friendships, a full and exciting social whirl but added to this a wonderful fellowship with peo-

ple who because of chance circumstances are in great need of a help we can give. How very, very strange our lives must seem to them as they watch us come and go in an ever-changing wardrobe, as they peep in to our portholes to glimpse the so-cushioned chairs, beds with mattresses, stove without a fire, a roof for cooking which is larger than the entire home.

I am writing downstairs in our apartment. Here the portholes are too high to really watch all that is going on around me unless I am standing at one—as when I watch for the sampan bringing the children home from school, or later, watching Scott and Jan play on the floats with the children who are "parked" all around waiting for their families who are on waiting boats. Some of them are seeing the doctors. Others are hoping to earn a few cents skulling visitors back and forth from Yauh Oi.

Upstairs on the clinic deck, it is a different story—the windows are large and the life of Yaumati presses in all around us. There is a constant stream of majestic fishing junks, working cargo junks, walla walla (water taxis) and tiny sampans, the many movable homes of the harbor along the water "street" in front of us named Central Avenue. About five times a day one of the tour boats passes through, loaded with well-dressed tourists snapping pictures one after another. This is the only glimpse many of our people have of westerners. Of course the clinic floor is thronged with patients waiting for the doctors, for lab work, or medicine but if we press through we can get to the roof, a lovely fenced open space where the staff eats lunch, the children play, where parties and movies are held for the children of Yaumati and where our dog lives. From this vantage point one can watch the life around him easily. If the distance is the skyline of Hong Kong itself, at night as magnificent as San Francisco is from Sausalito.

A few nights ago I felt a bit cross impatient with the routine of bedtime. I called to Jim to do the final checking of teeth, faces, etc. and then



The Turpin family (from left to right), Pate, Keith (standing), Scott, Jim, Martha and Jan, has been in Hong Kong for more than two years.

made my way to the roof. Immediately my eyes fastened on one of the many sampans anchored nearby. There was no reason for choosing his particular one—they are all very much alike. This mother was also busy about the routine of bedtime, doing many of the same things I do: leaning faces, putting up the few dishes, and making room for the family to stretch out on the small hard floor. One little boy was hunched over the lantern doing a few characters; a little girl was sitting out over the water using the "toilet." It did not take many minutes for the mood of impatience with my own little crew to slip completely away, and in its place to come a deep feeling for the throbbing aliveness around me. It was an exhilaration far more exciting than that which comes from a new dress, from the success of your child in competition or from a new signed contract at work.

The two older boys are busy in a good British secondary school, King George V. They leave of course in a

sampan, and on shore take a bus. They have adjusted well to the rigorous discipline and hard-hitting basic instruction in the school. At 13 and 11 they are both taking French, Latin, physics, chemistry, and biology as well as English, history and math. They have good friends from all over the world, for Hong Kong is quite a cosmopolitan city of almost 4,000,000. They have soccer rather than football, cricket rather than baseball, books rather than television. My only complaint is that they do not teach Chinese in the schools even as an elective, since most of the families are in the government service and do not plan to be in Hong Kong that long. Keith is extremely interested in science and has a lab on the roof. Pate has his own little sampan and enjoys skulling around with the nearby children. They are learning Cantonese in bits and pieces.

Scott is in a British primary school which also has a serious strict program. He enjoys life aboard the boat

in old women's face shows that neither compassion nor laughter know any language barriers.



Dr. Jim chats with some young friends.

more than any of the children, spending hours writing the Chinese characters on the pill envelopes given out in the pharmacy, stamping cards, and helping in many ways. Jan is attending a Cantonese kindergarten, and will be the only one in the family who learns the language easily.

Lunchtime on the roof of the boat is one of the highlights of the day. An excellent Chinese cook prepares typical Chinese food, and of course we use chopsticks. Our staff is divided into two teams, alternating days on the boat. One team divides its time with mornings in the Walled City and afternoons in Jordan Valley. Each team has five doctors (one fully registered and four refugee doctors who are in the long struggle to obtain licenses in Hong Kong), a nurse, lab technician, pharmacist and two registrars. There are also two dentists, an X-ray technician and radiol-

'Project Concern' in Hong Kong

(Continued from page 7)

ogist, and ear, nose, and throat specialist, and two volunteer ophthalmologists. Any one of these could be the subject of a complete article. Almost every one has left China with great difficulty. Many have husbands, wives, parents, brothers and sisters still in China and unable to leave. They have lived through Japanese occupation (many fleeing for years in front of the army), the Communist take-over, and harrowing escape. Now they face the fact that their training is not recognized here. Skilled surgeons, specialists in all fields work for less than \$100 U.S. per month while they study their medicine again in English. They must pass rigorous tests for the privilege of further study in foreign hospitals. Jim screens them carefully, has regular teaching sessions with them, and discusses each day any questions that arise. When hiring a new staff member he has two equally important requirements, that they are professionally competent, and that they genuinely care for the people they serve. And they do. It is not at all uncommon to see one of them scoop a dirty little toddler up for a quick squeeze as they pass down the hall. But here on the roof at lunch we laugh, tease and enjoy one another—Americans, Canadians, British, Australians, Dutch, Chinese and Malayan, united by the bond of "concern."

Hong Kong is indeed a fascinating, heart-breaking city. The refugees continue to pour in, although one cannot see them doing so or know an exact count except perhaps by the general swelling population. There are still thousands sleeping in the streets. In spite of the British government's vigorous program of resettlement housing the yearly increase in population is still 60,000 more than they are able to handle. This means that instead of being eased by all of the efforts, the problem continues to grow. Wages are low, schools are inadequate and expensive; so what hope have the children of today for something better for their own fam-

ilies in years to come? It is not honest to blame them for lack of effort or intelligence.

One of our most surprising discoveries has been that there is as much anxiety-caused illness among these unfortunate people as there is in suburbia. When Jim was touring the U.S. last winter he made a big joke about the 1,000 cases of antacid that had been sent to him, saying "We have enough antacid for all of Asia for five years." Already he has used almost half of it treating the large numbers of ulcers. Somehow we rationalize that these people are hardened to their circumstances. Many of us feel that because they are unable to have chairs, beds, toys, meat—that they don't want these things and don't care that their children must work rather than go to school. This simply is not true. Each individual one of them is as desperately concerned about the life he and his family lives as you and I are.

These are warm feeling, loving people. Two days before Christmas one sampan family came down into our apartment to visit us. This happened to be a family we like particularly. They skulk us back and forth to shore regularly, and our children play with theirs daily. They brought us cards, fruit, candy—and two live chickens in a paper sack. These were not something they had picked up carelessly at a store for a Christmas gift. These chickens had been raised in a small box wired to the back of the sampan. They had been carefully tended, fed and watered for months, and represented this family's opportunity to have two meals with meat rather than the regular rice and cabbage with an occasional small fish. I tried to think of some gift our family might make which would be an equal sacrifice to us—and could not. No matter what it might be, we would always find a way to replace it with what we wanted rather than do without.

Hong Kong is deeply entrenched in a struggle to survive a critical water

shortage during this winter. As if the other problems were not enough those refugees crowded into the resettlement areas and squatter areas must stand in lines one-fourth of a mile long for two buckets of water—and have an opportunity to do this for only four hours every other day. Those fortunate enough to have running water at home find water in the tap for three hours every fourth day, and must store all that is needed for the ensuing four days. This is not only an additional hardship to the poorer people, but uses up valuable time from home labor and possible jobs.

Malnutrition, more specifically hypo-vitaminosis is the most prevalent disease in all three of our clinic areas. Among the other all-too-common diseases are: intestinal parasites, tuberculosis (Potts disease and spine deformities caused by tuberculosis are common), skin diseases, especially impetigo, pneumonia due to almost constant exposure and cholera. There has been no resistance at all to the western medicine. The very first day the doors of Yaun Oi were opened there were 80 patients, and the next day 171. The new dental clinic has been a different story. The care is badly needed—but the people are not yet used to the forbidding equipment.

It is thrilling for us to watch the whole program—which seemed at first to be a wild scheme—take on real soundness and value. I am very proud that for an average monthly expenditure of \$7,291 a staff which has grown from eight to thirty-five treats an average patient load which has grown from 150 to 350 a day. This expenditure includes all laboratory work, medication, complete record and referrals, a feeding program of milk and wafers, and a family counseling service. I feel that this is an amazing return for that amount of money, since it took half that much to run Jim's thriving general practice office with a staff of three, no medications (except injections and treatments of course) and a daily patient load of about twenty. A charge of 50¢ HK is made for each patient, which amounts to less than 9¢ U.S.

We fully expected the rewards of ease in our work. We expected any advantages for our children in such a life as this. But there have been many unexpected rewards, such as public honors and acclaim. My award by the Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1962 gave a helpful boost to the project when it needed believability. Not the least of these rewards to me is being invited to share something of our plan with you.

The growth of our work has come through individuals who care. So far we have no professional promotion, and have counted on our newsletters and words of friends to spread the news of the work. Rotary, Jaycees and Active 20-30 have played a large part in our support. Committees in ten cities work hard presenting programs and conducting campaigns.

It is genuine fun to see individuals from different parts of the world "take care" and accomplish almost impossible tasks. One woman in San Diego has single handedly organized a drug



The Turpins lunch on the roof of their boat with (l to r) the Vice-President of the Hong Kong Jaycees, the President of the New Zealand Jaycees and the New Zealand Trade Commissioner.

A tiny patient receives attention.



A typical home within the walled city.



collection and sorting operation that has already sent to us more than \$100,000 worth of drugs. One single Australian Jaycee who became interested while here for the International Convention last year went back home to sell his own club, then his entire state, and finally this fall the National Convention on adopting Project Concern. One Atlanta businessman has adopted the policy of replacing his many gifts to customers and salesmen by gifts to Project Concern.

All of the plans for the future depend entirely on such people as these. Project Concern could be proud to remain as it is in Hong Kong. But we believe now that it will grow rapidly and spread widely, this year to Macao and the small Himalayan country of Bhutan, and next year to other southeastern Asian countries. We believe this, because the whole world seems filled with people who are looking for some way to help those who need it directly. We are giving them one avenue they may choose for this help.



Women of Conscience in a Changing World

By ALICE JERNIGAN DOWLING '30

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Alice was the Alumnae Speaker in the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series. Her husband, Walter Dowling, has recently retired from a long career in Foreign Service—his last post was Ambassador to West Germany. In Vienna, in Korea, in Germany, wherever they have been, Alice has devoted her time to women and children's organizations.



THOUGH goodness without knowledge is weak and feeble; yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous; both united form the noblest character and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind."

The words are those of John Phillips, who founded one of the great New England schools almost 200 years ago, and I think he would have been proud to have them used to define the spirit of this Southern college whose 75th year we are celebrating.

I am grateful for your invitation to return to Agnes Scott as the Alumna Speaker on this very special

and joyful anniversary. for I have never before been able to participate in one of the great occasions of the college. Those of us who live "far from the reach of the sheltering arms" feel a greater dependence, I think, on the lessons we learned at Agnes Scott than do those who live at home, in the comfort and security of familiar ways and a familiar language. I have been thankful for many years, in many countries, that ours is a college where goodness and character and usefulness to mankind are prized as highly as knowledge.

I share, with most American women who live and work abroad, the feeling so spontaneously expressed by a young friend of mine,

the wife of an Army sergeant, who was about to join her husband in Europe. As she and her children were waiting at their port of embarkation to board the ship for Bremerhaven, she could scarcely control her excitement. Her neighbor in the line, who obviously did not share her enthusiasm for going so far away from home, looked at her scornfully and said: "Anybody would think you were going to Heaven." And my friend replied, "Honey, I *know* I'm going to Heaven, but I *never* thought I'd get to Germany!" In other words, all this and Heaven too.

Returning to the college after thirty-four years has made me acutely

conscious of the passing of the years and the changes they have brought, here at Agnes Scott as well as in the world beyond these gates. At the time of my graduation in 1930, we Americans were living in comparative isolation, preoccupied with the problems of the depression, and almost wholly unconcerned with the affairs of the rest of the world. Now in 1964, the simple fact is that there are no strangers left on earth, and our involvement in mankind is total. Science has annihilated space, opened up instant communication, and made the world a single neighborhood. In Barbara Ward's words, "Everything is exploding—population, knowledge, communications, resources, cities, space itself." Thanks to television and the press, the ordinary citizen, here and in other lands, is far better informed about the world scene than he was thirty years ago about his own country. In very recent years, more than fifty new nations have come into being, and despite their diverse character and size, they have one quality in common—the determination to establish and maintain their national identities, and to make use in their own ways of the tools and techniques and ideas which the twentieth century provides. The nations of Western Europe, long divided, as President Kennedy once said, "by feuds more bitter than any which existed among our thirteen colonies, are joining together, seeking as our forefathers sought, to find freedom in diversity and unity in strength." Distances have diminished to the point where they have little meaning, and inter-relationships of every kind are so steadily and obviously increasing that no man and no nation is, or indeed can be, an island entire of itself. We can no longer choose *whether* we shall live together, but rather *how* we shall live together in this world which has so suddenly become a neighborhood.

No one group has been more affected by this whirlwind of change than the women of the world who stand at the very center of "the revolution of rising expectations." In countries where for centuries they have been held to a subservient role, they are emerging to play a larger

part in national life. Girls and women have new or larger opportunities for education, and with education has come not only knowledge but a degree of independence previously denied them. Their changed status in the field of political rights is phenomenal. Of the 113 nations which are members of the United Nations, ninety-seven give women full and equal rights. In only eight countries of the world do they have no rights at all; and even in the most conservative Moslem nations, the winds of change are stirring. Women everywhere are now aware that a better life is possible for them and for their children; they no longer need think of themselves as second-class citizens.

Women's Education

Of all the forces working to change the lives of women around the world, there is no doubt that education is the factor which is making the greatest difference. Even here at home, education is a subject of debate, and we are deeply concerned for its direct bearing on the urgent problems of juvenile delinquency, unemployment among the young, and the need for a new order of skills in a changing world. One is not surprised, therefore, at the emphasis now placed on education in the developing countries. In Saudi Arabia, for example, where progress, more than in most countries, must reckon with the tradition of centuries, girls may now attend school. This seems commonplace to us, but in that country it has only been true since 1961.

In Northern Rhodesia, forty-one women—the fortunate ones out of 500 applicants—are taking a six-months course at the Ecumenical Center which is supported by the World Council of Churches. These women, whose husbands are the new governmental leaders, come from their villages to learn the ways and skills which will make them helpful and valuable to their husbands in their new lives of responsibility—how to set the table, furnish a room, care for children, make a speech, draw up a will, learn the principles of government, discuss problems and conflicts. By your standards, this

would not be considered education, but for them it is changing the world. I know; I have seen them in Bonn, these women from the Cameroons and Gabon and Chad, homesick for the sunshine and their families and their familiar foods, perplexed by the complicated ways of Western life and etiquette, troubled because they feel inadequate, and fearful that their husbands might be ashamed of them—but always desperately anxious to learn.

Three years ago in the once arid valley of Jericho I visited with my son a farm school for Arab orphan boys, which was established by one of the most remarkable men I ever knew, Musa el Alami, an Arab refugee himself, who quite literally made the desert blossom like a rose. He told me that after the first classes of boys had left the school and were established in the new lives he had made possible for them, they began to return, one by one, saying that something was wrong. There were no girls who were educated as they were, and therefore they could find no suitable wives. I imagine you have guessed the solution; their benefactor somehow found the means to open a school for girls as well.

When the United States opened a legation in Yemen a few years ago, the only schools were the ones where boys were taught the Koran. The wife of our representative there, like so many American women around the world, organized classes at home for her own children and those of her friends in the diplomatic corps. It was not long before a Yemini official came and begged her to take his two daughters into the school. "Unless our children, especially our girls," he said, "can be assured a modern education, our country has no future. We know that the Middle Eastern countries which have progressed in the last fifty years are those where schools have been established and where eventually women have been allowed to learn as well as men."

Officials from the newly independent nations who have visited more developed countries are impressed by the achievements of the women. They

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(Continued)

are quick to realize that a capable, educated female population is a characteristic of development; therefore they want it at home. I suppose one might almost say it is a status symbol.

These changes are taking place over a vast area, on every continent and in many countries. The rate of change varies from one country to another and from one region to another, depending on history, religion, tradition, local attitudes; on whether the area is rural or urban, isolated or open to outside influences.

But everywhere you will find the pioneers: the educators, doctors, social workers, leaders of women's organizations who have the courage to go on ahead and open the doors. These are the women of conscience, those who, like Eleanor Roosevelt, would "rather light a candle than curse the darkness."

In Israel, there is Golda Meir, the Foreign Minister, the only woman in the Western world to reach such political eminence, but so plain, so strong, so old-fashioned, like a woman of the Bible. In Egypt, Dr. Abou Zeid, the United Arab Republic's Minister of Social Affairs, is pressing a vigorous enlightenment campaign, through new laws and education, against polygamy, juvenile delinquency, and primitive superstition in the field of medicine.

During the sixteen years since India won its independence, the country's women have progressed from second-class citizens to leaders in the government. There are many women in the state and federal legislative bodies, and a woman holds the high post of Deputy Speaker of the Federal Parliament. A woman is Chief Minister of the largest Indian state, and two other states have women governors. Indian women never had an organized feminist or suffragette movement: instead, they fought beside the men for national freedom, and found their own liberty during the struggle. In recognition of their battle, they automatically came into their own.

In the past generation, Latin American women in increasing numbers have entered the universities and advanced steadily in such professions as the law, teaching, medicine, architecture, social work, pharmacy—and, on the whole, they encounter less discrimination than do women in these professions in the United States. One of these is Señora Ana Figueroa of Chile, the Assistant Director General of the International Labour Office in Geneva. She might have been speaking for all women of conscience everywhere when she said not long ago: "I know it is a difficult task to see this world as it is and to love it as it is. To help its people calls for courage and conviction. But I would rather live a short life full of effort and endless concern than to reach old age with empty hands."

Dr. Helen Kim

For these women, and the thousands of others like them whose names we may never hear, conscience is not a code of denial or a negative thing. It is a vital and positive force, guiding them when in doubt, leading them in the darkness, forcing their voices to be raised against injustice and, above all, committing them to the course which is *right*.

It is not easy for American women to comprehend the difficulties which women in many other countries face when they attempt to raise money for a school, or wage a battle against corruption, or urge the passage of a law which will protect their children. We have been doing these things for so many years, with such astonishing success.

But let me try to tell you what life has been like, until a few decades ago, for a woman in Korea. In the Korean society, the supreme concern is the preservation and development of the family, achieved by paying tribute to the ancestors, by enlarging the family property, and above all, by begetting male heirs. The patriarch had absolute power over each and every member of the family and demanded and received absolute obedience. Marriages were arranged, and men and women were

socially isolated from each other. Even today, in the Presbyterian Church in Chonju, where Sophie Montgomery Crane's ('40) husband Paul is an elder, men and women still enter the church by separate doors, and only recently, following the bold example of the University president, who was educated in the United States, have a few husbands and wives begun to sit together during the service. Family relationships are based not on equality but on the order of the status of every member of the family—children subordinate to parents, wife to husband and parents-in-law, younger children to the older ones, girl child to male child. In the Children's Relief Hospital in Seoul we always cared for a great number of abandoned babies, but there was seldom a male child among them, for a Korean mother would have to be in very dire straits indeed before she would give up a son.

Some of these attitudes began to change under the influence of the missionaries at the end of the last century, but progress was slow until the devastation of the war brought social upheaval in its wake. In the cities life is different now, but in the rural areas change comes slowly.

But at almost the same time Agnes Scott was founded, there opened in Seoul a tiny mission school for girls—a bold venture indeed in Korea seventy-eight years ago. In three quarters of a century this school has grown into a great women's university with a student body of 8000. Much of its financial support has come from the Methodist Board of Missions, but otherwise Ewha University is almost entirely the creation of one great Christian woman, Dr. Helen Kim.

I wish I could make you see the tiny determined figure of this young Korean girl, thirsting for knowledge and burning with the patriotism and resentment all Koreans felt early in this century under the domination of the Japanese. One of her teachers wrote: "One could not guide such a spirit without growing oneself." In order to enroll at Ewha as a college student, she was forced to make the

painful choice between absolute obedience to her father, who bitterly opposed higher education for women, and the new way of following one's conscience which the missionaries had been teaching. Her conscience won—with a great deal of help from her mother—and in 1915 she was the sole member of the fifth graduating class of Ewha, confronted by the very feminine problem of how to buy a pair of Western shoes to replace the traditional Korean slippers with upturned toes which were not considered appropriate with cap and gown. She mortgaged a full month's salary as a teacher to buy a second-hand pair of high laced boots—old fashioned even for those days, she remembers wryly. But her most vivid memory of that graduation day was her consciousness of new dignity, and the pride she felt in the status women were gaining in Korea—for by then she was the fifth woman to graduate from college in her country.

Her missionary friends were well aware of her promise, and soon sent her to the United States, to study at Ohio Wesleyan. She was impatient at having to enroll as a sophomore, because she was driven always by the thought of the urgent work she had left at home and by the conviction that every minute was precious and must count for some gain in knowledge or experience. I was amused to hear that when she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year, she had no idea what it was!

Her whole life has been devoted to the education and advancement of Korean women, and from Ewha University have come most of the women doctors and educators and social workers and Y.W.C.A. and Girl Scout leaders in Korea. She has found time to establish and guide the Y.W.C.A., to represent her country for twelve years as an observer at the United Nations, and to participate in innumerable international conferences, so that her name is known and respected throughout Asia, and indeed, the world.

Now she is writing a column in the English language newspaper which she helped establish some years ago. Sophie Crane has just sent me a clipping of the column which de-

scribes the opening in Seoul of a grand new building for a women's center—"something unheard of before in the history of our nation," she writes—I realized anew how truly we have become a single neighborhood when on the back of that clipping I saw a news story from Atlanta. Here at home we have become quite accustomed now to reading in our own headlines about Saigon and Nicosia and Zanzibar, but we sometimes forget that what happens in Atlanta may be on the front page of the *Korea Times* the next morning.

German Women

Half the world away from Korea in another divided country. German women after the war were confronted by different but equally perplexing problems. By the end of the 19th century a small but vigorous group of women had already given strong impetus to the women's movement in Germany. They had gained access to the universities, entered the intellectual professions, and in 1918 won the right to vote. Their influence soon became evident in the Reichstag, especially in the area of social policy and legislation for family welfare and education. From the very beginning there was a multiplicity of organizations — teachers' associations, religious and political clubs, labor union groups, housewives' associations. Those early years were a period of great vitality and idealism and almost revolutionary energy.

All this ended abruptly in 1933, with the advent of National Socialism. Hitler believed that a woman's place was in the home and not in public life. Women were sent back to their household tasks and as a consequence divorced from politics and constructive action. Thus it came about that after the defeat of Germany in 1945, the whole structure of women's activity, like most things in that utterly devastated country, had to be painfully rebuilt.

It required what Winston Churchill called "an act of faith" to reverse the old attitudes of bitterness and distrust at the end of the war. But somehow a miracle happened, and slowly, and sometimes painfully, we dis-

covered that we were no longer enemies, but nations groping their way toward a partnership which would soon be based on common interests, a growing sense of mutual respect, and an increasing comprehension of each other's problems. I should like to say most emphatically that we have no stronger partners in the Atlantic Alliance than the German people. "A faithful friend is a strong defense, and he that hath found such a friend hath found a treasure." There is a new Germany which is our faithful friend and our strong defense.

In those early postwar years we were fortunate to have as the wife of the American High Commissioner in Germany a woman of great intelligence and character. Mrs. John J. McCloy. German women will always remember the encouragement she gave them during those bleak and bitter years. The women's organizations, like their individual members, were impoverished, and there were no funds for publications or for participation in international conferences. Even communication was difficult, because of the artificial division of the country into occupation zones. Most women were bearing exhausting family burdens as breadwinners, because their husbands had been killed or disabled or were still prisoners of war, and they had little time or strength for anything else, while the younger women, who since 1933 had been completely cut off from women's activities, had developed no feeling of civic responsibility. Yet a compelling sense of obligation soon brought together women of divergent political thought from all walks of life in a common effort to rebuild the family, the community, and the state.

One of the great women of that time was Luise Schroeder, the dedicated Socialist who was the acting mayor of Berlin from 1947 to 1948, probably the most difficult time in the life of that hard-pressed city. The Berliners adored her, and when she died in 1957 she was given a state funeral, the first time such an honor had been paid to a German woman.

Since World War II Germany has

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(Continued)

had only two presidents, and both were married to women of great compassion and understanding. The first, Frau Elly Heuss, worked all her life to further the concept of religious and civic obligation in which she believed so deeply, especially where mothers and children were concerned. Her successor, Frau Wilhelmine Luebke, trained as a teacher and fluent in five languages, has a deep concern for the welfare of the aged. She has travelled with her husband through Asia and Africa and Latin America and has won countless friends for her country through her simplicity of manner and her warm interest in human beings.

Among the women journalists of the world, a German woman stands in the first rank. She is Countess Marion Doenhoff, the leading columnist of *Die Zeit*. In the last winter of the war she rode 500 miles on her horse over the icy roads from her home in East Prussia to Hamburg to escape the Russian occupation. Smith College gave her an honorary degree in 1962 in recognition of her professional excellence, and in German life she has won her place as a woman of conscience and conviction. She does not know the meaning of compromise, and for her the two cardinal sins, either in governments or individuals, are immobility and disengagement.

It is interesting to me that, while the average married woman in Germany has been far less active in public life than her American counterpart, ten percent of the deputies in the Bundestag and the Laender parliaments are women. Here in the United States we have a population of 90 million females, yet only two women serve in the Senate, and only nineteen women in the 435 seat House of Representatives. German women are proud, too, that one of their number serves in the Cabinet as Minister of Health.

I have a German friend who retires next month from public life after a long career devoted to govern-

ment and to women's work on the international level. When I asked her how a woman could accomplish what she has done, she replied, "She must have the strength to undertake what is worth changing and the judgment not to attempt what cannot be changed, and she must pray for the wisdom to distinguish between the two."

All of these women, it seems to me, have contributed something very essential to postwar German life—something which it urgently needs: respect for the individual, and the lively conviction that the only purpose of all political activity, from foreign and defense policy to financial and budgetary questions, is to serve the welfare of the individual citizen.

America's Representatives

I cannot bring this long discussion to a close without speaking of the women who represent you abroad. I believe you would be proud of the American women in Foreign Service and military posts around the world.

American women seem determined, wherever they go, to leave the place a little better than they found it. Mrs. Katie Louchheim, the remarkable woman who is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Community Advisory Services, puts it in a very homely way: "Like thoughtful guests, they help quietly with the host country's housework, but at the same time they are careful not to try to move the national furniture around unless asked to do so."

Their first task, of course, is to summon the ingenuity and courage and imagination which bring home and family into warm, familiar focus in a dusty African village or a great European capital. A little girl I know explained very carefully to a friend soon after her family arrived at their new post in Germany: "Oh, we have a *home*. We just don't have a house to put it in yet."

Having a house to put it in is very important, but almost as soon as the trunks are unpacked and the children settled in a new school, the American woman overseas looks around to see where and how she can be most useful in her new community. Women's

volunteer service is an idea which for a number of complex economic and sociological reasons was until recently little known outside the Western world. The spreading of this concept by example is an invaluable gift which Americans can and do bring to their sisters overseas.

It was a Frenchman who wrote in genuine astonishment after a visit to America more than a century ago: "An American may conceive of some need that is not being met. What does he do? He goes across the street and discusses it with his neighbor. A committee begins functioning on behalf of that need, and all this is done by private citizens on their own initiative." Transplanted abroad, American women are giving new meaning to this tradition. In a foreign land the urge to do something which needs doing must be carefully controlled and exercised with great tact. Where local organizations like the Y.W.C.A. and the Red Cross already exist, women work through them with their new friends. Where there is no organized welfare program, they find it wise to proceed very slowly and cautiously, to avoid giving offense.

There is scarcely a country in the world where your compatriots are not busy in hospitals, orphanages, schools for the handicapped and homes for the aged. In many places they are sharing their strength and skills. I am thinking of the four community centers in Ecuador, staffed almost entirely by American volunteers who teach home economics, nursing and child care, home industry, and civics. There is the Foreign Service wife in Laos who happens to be a doctor; she visits the sick in remote villages and works in the pediatrics ward of a Vientiane hospital. One American is doing volunteer psychiatric work in Liberia and training local nurses to carry on after her husband's tour of duty comes to an end. A young friend of mine in Korea taught English composition at Ewha in the morning, read proof on the *Korea Times* in the afternoon, and still found time to learn to speak Korean, one of the most difficult of languages. During last year's disastrous floods in Paki-

an, two wives from the United States Consulate in Dacca set out in a small boat to distribute food. Their boat capsized during a sudden and violent storm, but the women managed to get to an island where they lived on mangoes for five days before being rescued by a helicopter. As soon as another boat could be found, they were out distributing food again.

Those who have special gifts serve their country in a very special way through the expression of their talents. In Seoul an Embassy wife has taught sculpture for many years at one of the universities, and another is playing the French horn in the Seoul Symphony Orchestra. In the Baghdad Symphony the second violinist is an American woman. Virginia Pleasants of our Embassy in Bonn is known throughout Europe as a harpsichordist of the first rank, and Sheila Isham, during her husband's assignment in Hong Kong, is teaching a class in contemporary art for Chinese students and exhibiting her paintings and lithographs all over the Orient. In Greece an American woman is recording Greek folk music and dance for the folklore archives of the Academy of Athens. Working alone or as part of a local group, these women of high professional competence win admiration and respect wherever they go and help to erase the impression that Americans are interested in material things only.

Artists and musicians seldom need an interpreter, and you may be sure that as they share their gifts these women receive a rich return in friendship and understanding of peoples. I think they would agree with the artist who said, "When I look at the starry sky, I find it small. Whether I am growing or else the universe is shrinking—unless both are happening at the same time."

I have not spoken of the Peace Corps nor of the missionaries. Here Agnes Scott the story of the missionaries is too well known to need my comment from me. No one knows better than they how much this world has changed, for they have been caught up in the wave of nationalism and anti-colonialism which is sweeping over Africa and Asia. I

believe with all my heart in the new way of preaching Christianity by practicing it, and I wish you could visit the Presbyterian Medical Center in Chonju, in the heart of Korea—perhaps not as a patient there, as I was—and see what Paul and Sophie Crane are doing to fight poverty and disease and despair. Until I knew them, I think I never truly understood what Christianity meant.

Family of Man

For a great many years after I left Agnes Scott, the verse from Micah which was the Y.W.C.A. theme during my senior year seemed a very firm foundation upon which to build a life—"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" But as the earth has seemed to shrink—or as I perhaps have grown—that no longer fulfills my need for a standard, for it leaves me uncommitted. Justice, mercy, humility are all very well, but I know now that one must be deeply involved in this changing world to justify being a part of it.

Three years ago the High Holy Day message of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America gave me the insight which I had been seeking. The Provost of the Seminary told me, when I wrote to acknowledge my debt of gratitude, that he had had hundreds of letters like mine, and the message had been widely circulated, so it may be familiar to you, but I think it bears repeating—in fact, I think it bears repeating every day.

Do you sometimes find yourself saying "There's nothing I can do about the problems of the world?" Nothing? There isn't a world problem which doesn't begin where you are, and always you can diminish or add to it. Not to be aware of this—not knowing the difference you make—is in itself one of the biggest of world problems.

Consider these three major issues of our time—ignorance, poverty, oppression.

We often think the world problem is ignorance—yet the real problem is our own unwillingness to learn. Only when we seek to understand the minds of other men and women can we diminish ignorance in the world, right where we are.

In the opinion of many people, the greatest world problem is poverty. Here at home, in the midst of our abundance, poverty is very real indeed. What are you doing in your community for the poor, the handicapped, the aged? Are you and I doing it in the right way, with understanding and compassion and humility, because we ourselves have been so richly blessed? To share what we have, and for the right reasons, will reduce poverty, right where we are.

Many of us think the world problem is oppression, yet the real problem is the rejection of our neighbors. We all belong to the Family of Man, and we are all alike, in that each of us is different. Whenever we make welcome a neighbor, of whatever race or creed, whenever we reach out of our tight little communities to touch the lives of those around us with respect for their differences, we reduce oppression and suspicion, right where we are.

The problems of this changing world are so complex and overwhelming that it is all too easy to be discouraged, but we would do well to remember that mutual understanding between peoples is not often advanced by a single dramatic stroke, but far more frequently by a thousand different pacts, by a thousand different people, all working in the small ways they know best, patiently trying to enlarge the area of mutual respect between human beings.

As you go back to your homes in Atlanta and Birmingham and Chattanooga and Winston-Salem, think on these things. The world begins where you are.

Author's Note: I owe a debt of gratitude to many people for their assistance with this speech, but especially to the Honorable Katie Louchheim and Mrs. George Morgan of Washington, D. C.; Frau Elisabeth Klee and Frau Balbine von Diest of Bonn, Germany; Mr. Chae Jae-Sak, Chungyang University, Seoul, Korea; and to Dr. Helen Kim, President Emeritus, Ewha University, Seoul, Korea for allowing me to read the first chapters of her autobiography in manuscript.

Alumnae Weekend 1964



"VIP's" at the speakers' table included Dr. McCain and Dr. Alstan.



The class of 1914 poses prettily after receiving their 50 year pins.



Dr. Hayes entertained alumnae — both in and out of class.



More than half the class of 1939 were here for their 25th reunion.

Mary Louise Duffee Philips '44, Alice Clements Shinall '43, Eleanor Hutchens '40 and Sarah Frances McDonald '36.



New President Marybeth Little Westan '48 (left) talks with Kagie Jahnsan '47.

An alumna delineates her particular process of maturing.

Our Daily Bread with Indians in Wyoming

By BET PATTERSON KING '47



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Bet, her husband, Ware King, an Episcopal clergyman, and their four children live on an Indian reservation. She, with Lorraine Juliana, has published a book, *The Wall Between Us*, an exchange of letters which is a Protestant-Catholic dialogue.

Here I sit at my Danish modern desk in a comfortable stone house on a mission circle in the middle of an Indian reservation in the middle of Wyoming. The air outside, this December evening, is a mild 38 degrees, and I have just returned from the outdoor swimming pool with our four children. It seemed strange tonight: usually most of the swimmers in the hot springs pool, which belongs to the Shoshone and Arapaho tribes, are Indians, but tonight I saw only whites. The Indians have all gone to Fort Washakie to a big dance. Tomorrow night they will come here to the mission gym for the biggest Indian dance of the year. Every night in Christmas week a dance is held somewhere on the reservation, with men in big western hats sitting around a drum, thumping away and singing weird, high-pitched songs, while men, women, boys, and girls in buckskin, beads, feathers, and jingling bells dance around the circle of drummers, watched by their neighbors and kin sitting in chairs all around the hall. The men are the chief dancers, but anyone who wants to, whether in costume or not, is welcome to take a turn around the floor.

My husband, Ware, tried to describe Wyoming to me before we moved west eight years ago. I could not picture what he meant by wide open spaces and sagebrush and big

incredibly blue skies. But I have felt at home here from the very first day. When we came we lived in a city for five years. At least in Wyoming it is a city. It had 5,000 persons when we arrived and was one of Wyoming's major cities. The two largest places in the state have about 35,000 population each. We have so few inhabitants that we elect only one Representative to Congress; but, as Ware says, "Wyoming has more *people* per capita than any other state." Sometimes, in other parts of America, it becomes hard to see the trees for the forest. As a suburban friend of mine wrote to me last summer:

"We lived in Florida in the thirties, during the depression and after the collapse of the land boom down there, with wide paved streets grown to grass and half-finished buildings crumbling away in the sand. It was like living among the relics of a vanished culture. Only what had happened was that this culture hadn't happened at all. But what I noticed most, and still relish in memory, was that people were scarce enough to make each person individual and valuable. Now we live in a town where practically everybody I meet would have seemed to me then like the find of a lifetime—but there's no space around them, they're all crammed in here together. You know, like a forest, in which no tree can ever develop into a specimen. I don't mean that this stunts the people, merely that it crowds



"Elk" come longer-than-life of Dubois, Wyo. Four little Kings take a ride on Joe Back's sculpture.



Bell tower at Our Father's House.



Ann and David King with Indian friends.

one's enjoyment of them. I should think that this would be one of the benefits of living where people are spread out thin; congenial ones are rare enough to look just great when you find them."

Well do I know what she means! When we lived in New York I worried because I lost my sense of the individual worth of the people I saw all jammed together in subways and fighting each other in department stores. Here, where the density (of trees and people) is about two per square mile, one notices and appreciates both persons and trees.

One has more time, too. In a little city nobody has to leave for work or church or a meeting downtown more than five minutes before time to be there. The airport is less than ten minutes from anywhere in town. Yet at the same time we become accustomed to going great distances. We spend all day getting to a state convention. It is not rare for me and others to get "cabin fever" and decide to take off for a movie in Casper, 150 miles away, or to make the beautiful drive to the Tetons, about the same distance in the other direction. The nearest four-year college (the only one in the state) is 270 miles away.

Now that we live on the reservation, we have even more free time. Church life is less highly organized than it was in town, and we have given up the town's organizational life, which I used to enjoy but find

I can do without. People in town kept telling us contradictory things about how it would be to live among the Indians. One said, "Now you'll have all the time in the world, Betty, to read and write." Another warned, "You won't have a moment you can call your own. You'll be on call 24 hours a day." Both were right. We receive telephone calls at 2 a.m.—both true emergency calls and also friendly, sociable calls from someone in Salt Lake City, say, who may be a bit tight and wants to say hello to some kin down the road from us, and who wants us to go and get the kin. It seems that a lot of our time involves people without telephones telephoning people without telephones, long distance. The southern part of the Arapaho tribe is in Oklahoma, and there is much calling back and forth. Our people live in houses scattered over the countryside, often reached only by rutted roads where it is easy to get stuck in mud or snow.

Although they are not poverty-stricken, the Indians among whom we live and work share many of the problems of Indians throughout the United States—inability to adapt to white men's culture and consequent purposelessness leading to social chaos. Last night at the Indian dance I was thinking how many young men and women who were probably at a similar dance four Christmases ago have dropped out of sight. Two are in the state penitentiary for crimes committed while they were drunk.

Our Daily Bread

(Continued)

One was burned to death in a cabin where he and some buddies had gone to sleep off a drunk. A woman who had been drinking froze to death in the snow beside a road where she had been kicked almost to death by a drunk companion. Experts tell us that real alcoholism is not to blame, but severe problem drinking caused by acute despair, is. In one family in the past few months the son-in-law died at the wheel of a car that, before it crashed, had been going 90 miles an hour while he was drunk; a daughter, eleven years old, fell off the back of a moving truck while playing with some other children; and her brother, fourteen, died of complications from rheumatic fever. The birth rate is very high, but the mortality rate for infants (mostly between eight and 12 months, from diarrhea or pneumonia) and for young adults, is much too high.

Our own children go to a modern, well staffed public school about four miles away. Seven-eighths of their classmates are Indians. Sarah, our firstborn New Yorker, almost fourteen now, says she loves it here and hopes we never leave. She is a country kid through and through, and so are her New York-born sister, Martha, twelve; her Trenton-born sister, Ann, nine; and her Wyoming-born brother, David, almost seven. Martha said wistfully the other day, "If I had my choice of races, I'd be an Arapaho Indian—or maybe a Shoshone."

The Indians are a proud and independent people. They have never been slaves. "They're undependable!" snort some of the white folk around here. Well, that goes with being independent. You cannot depend on them to do what you want them to do, but that fact does not necessarily mean they are undependable. They usually manage to accomplish what *they* want to do. They have a sense of decency and order in their community life. They value bravery, kindness, good judgment, and generosity. If one of their number fails

to share all he has with whomever asks him, they say, "He has a white man's heart." When someone makes off with the \$300 raised to provide Christmas treats for the old people, he is disciplined not by lawsuits and demands for restitution, but by gossip and ostracism.

Intratribal jealousies, rivalries, and hatreds build up in ways that are difficult for an outsider to understand. It is said that if you want to consider yourself an expert on Indians, you'd better leave the reservation before you've been there a year. Now that we are in our fourth year here, I am much less an expert than I was in our first year.

Our church seeks to be a good influence on the whole community, working to meet whatever needs exist or arise. We do not have enough resources, personal or financial, to meet many needs at once; but we are trying to do the best job we can. Two social workers have recently come to help in the mission work, and they are a constructive influence.

I do not feel adequate as a minister's wife in this situation. I like the people, but I have not been able to develop real rapport with more than one or two of them. People said to us when we decided to come here, "It takes the Indians four or five years before they begin to trust you," and also, "They make up their minds in the first two or three weeks whether they are going to like you." We had some highly vocal white opposition when we first arrived: the reason Ware volunteered to come in the first place was to deal with an unstable situation that had developed. It was the first time I had been conscious of being labeled as one of the "bad guys," and I found soon that it is difficult to distinguish between being persecuted for Christ's sake and developing a nasty touch of paranoia. Now, thanks largely to Ware's patience and tact, the people are beginning to develop more confidence in us and in the Church we represent.

I do not think I could have dealt with our circumstances here ten or fifteen years ago. I enjoy our life now as I did not then. I like being middle-aged. Sometimes I think I

must have been about eighty years old when I was born, and I am growing younger all the time. Now that I am approaching forty I feel more at home in me.

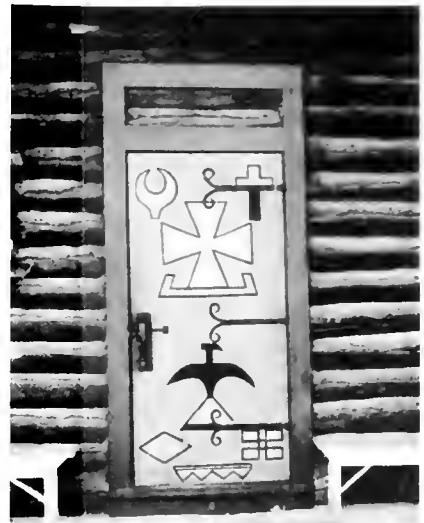
It simply will not do to go far with that figure of speech; I'll start on another. I learned a great deal at Agnes Scott, but at the time I was there, I was not enough of a person to know what I was learning. (Were all the rest of you that way, too, I wonder? But I have felt that I was different.) A boy said of me in high school, "Bet is the dumbest smart girl I ever saw." I know now just what he meant. I was amazingly good at the advanced literature, intellectually, when I had not even learned the alphabet emotionally. This terrible deficiency made it hard on the ones who cared, the friends and professors who did not know what to do for me and hoped somehow it would come out all right.

My husband has much of the sanity I lacked, but he was and is so non-verbal, and I was, and am, so verbal that I did not understand most of what he tried to communicate in the first few years. It was not until we began to have children that I began to know how spiritual flesh is, how impossible it is to minister to an infant's spirit in any other way than physically, how much rich communication is possible without any words at all. With all this learning going on I had a rough time of it for a few years. I had sometimes been called "sweet" in high school and college. Now I discovered depths of bitterness and hatred that had been buried all those years. Having to stay home most of the time and to be responsible for children twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, four or five weeks a month, twelve months a year, how many years until they grew up! Who, me? It was fantastic.

I started learning the alphabet. Now the advanced literature glows with new dimensions. Last fall, when our youngest started proudly off to first grade, having through many trials and errors learned to live with our children (and at the same time to understand and appreciate everyone else better), I found that I could



The King family (l-r)—Martha, Betty, Sarah, David, Ware, Ann.



Arapoho creation story drawn on the door of Our Father's House.



A winter view of part of the Mission Circle.

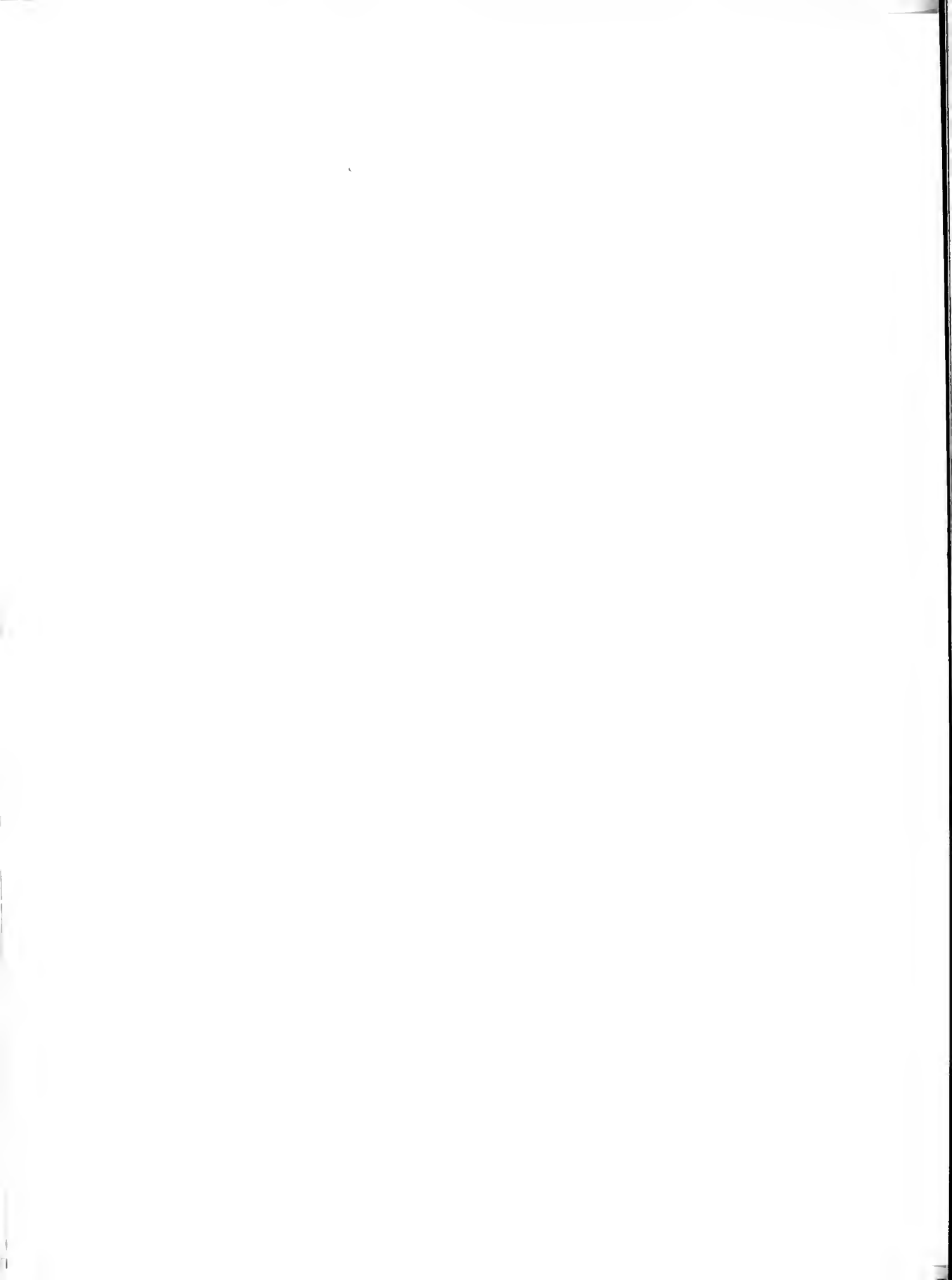
...easily live without them for eight hours a day. Life's possibilities, for me as well as for our first-grader, had opened up even further: I was free once more to choose where I would go and what I would do during the day. This may seem like a small freedom to those who have always had it, and all of us know it is a limited freedom in view of our many responsibilities; but it is a freedom I cherish and enjoy to the fullest. Again I say, I like being middle-aged.

Our first daughter's teen-age re-

bellion has taken the form of an extraordinary neatness, not only about her person but also about her room, which she shares with our second daughter. When she really gets going, her industry, in pointed contrast to my sloth and sloppiness, carried her into our third daughter's room to clean *it* up! Am I hurt by this repudiation of the example I've always set her? No, I am not, I am delighted. This is my unexpected, undreamed of, glorious compensation for the shadows caused by those four years of hearing, "Your room in-

spection report goes on your permanent record."

A year or so ago Miss Emma May Laney, who was one of the splendid English professors at Agnes Scott and whom we like to see when we go to Denver, asked us, "Are you committed to the Indian work for life?" I was interested in knowing the answer, but I did not learn much factually when Ware replied, "Yes, from day to day." But now I have found one does not need so desperately to know where one is going if one knows where one is.





Worthy Notes...

Agnes Scott's 75th Anniversary Year in Retrospect

AS THE SUMMER'S HEAT and quiet descend all too quickly on the campus, I am already looking back with a certain nostalgia to the rush and pleasant noises of the 75th anniversary year at Agnes Scott.

I shall attempt to sort the welter of impressions that keep running through my consciousness. First comes the realization that it was a splendid idea to spread the anniversary celebration over several months rather than to jam all events into one month, much less one week.

My own real rejoicing began when I was sure that the 75th Anniversary Campaign would be a resounding success. I had been so deeply involved in the "dailies" of the campaign that it was a very particular kind of joy to revel in the knowledge of going *over* the campaign goal. This was not just delight in the fact that needed financial support for my college was assured but was also delight with alumnae, members of the campus community and others who joined forces to make this possible.

Next in my reactions to the year was the pleasure of the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series. Hearty thanks are here given to Dr. Mary L. Boney, faculty chairman of Lecture Committee, for bringing these great people to Agnes Scott. I had thought it might be difficult for me to make the transition from, for example, Dr. Viktor Frankl's theory of logotherapy to Sir C. P. Snow's approach to novel writing. But, of course, no transition was needed. I found myself easily savoring each lecture experience. And I just wanted to keep Dr. Mark Van Doren and his poetry as a permanent part of Agnes Scott.

Then came Alumnae Week End in this special year. Again, I had been so close to the myriad details of planning the week end that I kept having nice surprises during those three days in April. That Friday morning in a chapel program some of Janef Preston '21's poems, recently published as a long-awaited book, *Upon Our Pulses*, were read by Neva Jackson Webb '42 (who taught speech during Roberta Winter '27's leave of absence this spring), Martha Trimble Wapensky '44, and a group of Neva's students. I can find no words which can create for you the effect that the *sounds* in Janef's poetry created for me.

Alice Jernigan Dowling '30, the Alumna Speaker in

the 75th Anniversary Lecture Program, stayed on campus for several days after her excellent address Friday night of Alumnae Week End (see p. 10), and I had the chance to begin to know her rather than just knowing about her.

Prior to Alice's lecture, the College gave a dinner honoring the alumnae who were Area Chairmen in the forty-five geographic regions of the Campaign. Invited to be with the area chairmen and their husbands were the College's Board of Trustees, the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association, and administrative officers of the College. Dr. W. Edward McNair, director of public relations and development, presented the area chairmen with citations which were modelled on the Agnes Scott diploma.

As I take this quick glance back at the seventy-fifth year, I am amazed and want to reassure you that the College *did* go on as usual in the midst of all the celebrations. Betty Brown '65, daughter of Isabel McCain Brown '37 and granddaughter of President-Emeritus James R. McCain, was awarded the George P. Hayes Debate Trophy, given annually by Louisa Aichel McIntosh '47 and Dale Bennett Pedrick '47.

Also among underclassmen, Sarah Timmons '65, daughter of Mary Ellen Whetsell Timmons '39, received the Houghton Scholarship, awarded on the basis of future promise as indicated by character, personality, and scholarship; and Grace Walker Winn '67, daughter of Grace Walker Winn '41, is a Stukes Scholar, so named for ranking first academically in her class.

The student body voted to change the name of the student newspaper from *The Agnes Scott News* to *The Profile*. Elected as editor for 1964-65 was Jere Keenan '65, daughter of Lucille Dennison Keenan '37. Jere says she would welcome subscriptions from alumnae. Checks for \$3.50 should be made payable to Agnes Scott Profile and mailed to Box 648 at the College.

The Class of 1964's Senior Opera was an hilarious "Hamlet: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love My Mother." They graduated June 8, 139 strong, and we welcome them to alumnae status.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

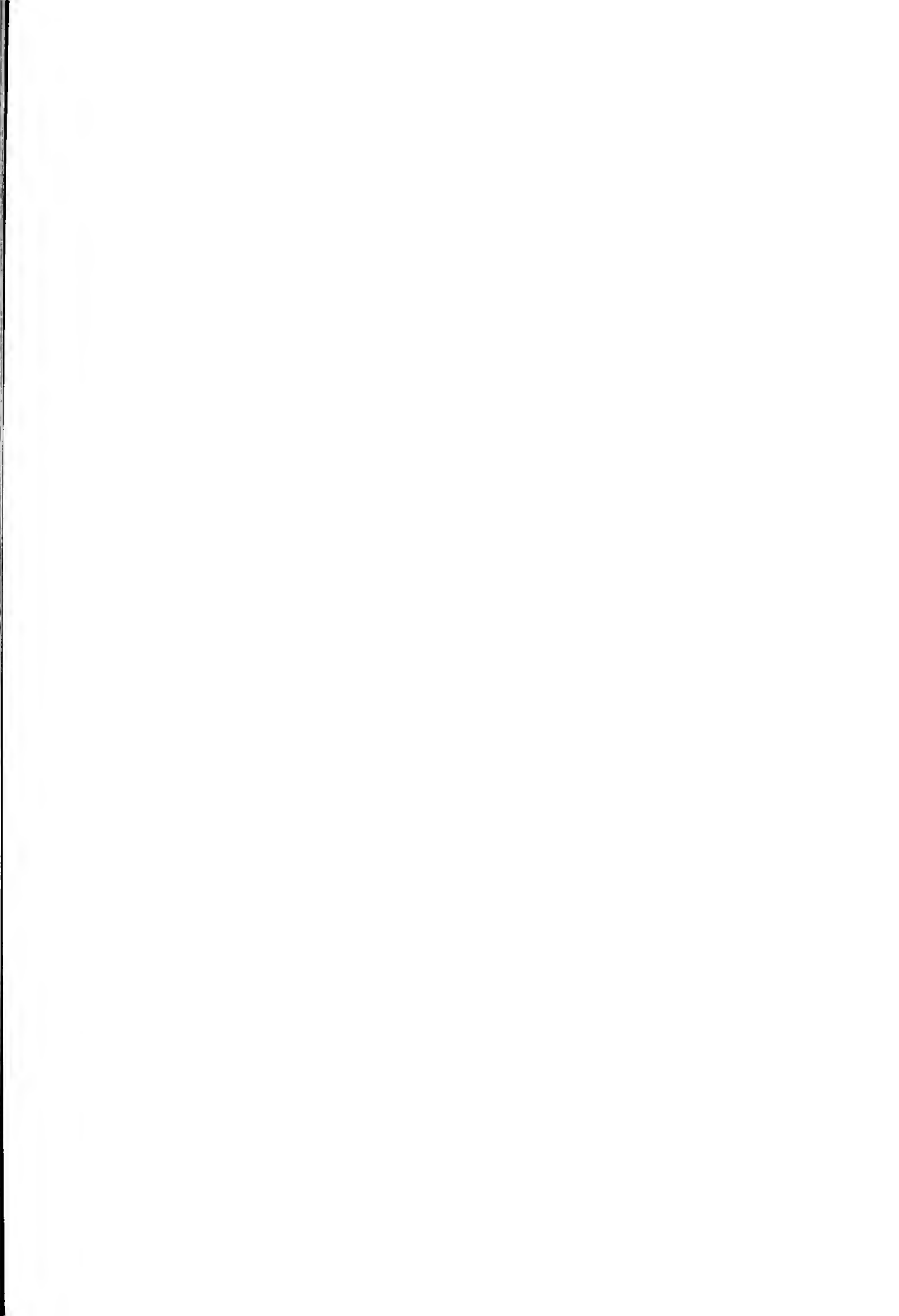


A magnificently tall pierced-brick wall will be the architectural feature of the Dana Fine Arts Building.

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