

AGNES SCOTT

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TO

OUR

READERS

Early this fall in our first plea for your active support of our alumnae program during this war year, we reminded you that our task for the year was to show that the contributions we alumnae make are so vital to the life of the nation as to be worth the survival of a whole system of education. We promised you interpretative material and information about the work being done by your fellow alumnae, all products of a liberal arts college. This issue of the Alumnae Quarterly is particularly dedicated to the furtherance of the liberal ideal.

Our cover design is dedicated to the love for and need of good music which Agnes Scott has fostered in the community with bi-monthly programs, which have prospered this year in spite of difficulties of transportation. Ellen Douglass Leyburn's "Significance of Mortar Board" is a splendid answer to those forces of evil which deny the right of existence to a liberal arts college; it is a challenge in itself, to the students whose particular task is the assimilation of enough culture "to see that the life of the spirit for which we are at war does not perish while we fight for it" and to alumnae who must "use their knowledge of the past and of the great thinkers of the past to frame a new and better order."

The student reaction to such a challenge is reflected in the splendid issue of the Aurora, which has just come off the press and from which we have reprinted a book digest and a short story. Tess Carlos' review of the six books she has chosen, "As I Sit Here," is the answer to an editor's

prayer for a suggested reading list that would merit some allotment of your precious time. Pat Patterson's "Mom" is written from a background of experience received while teaching Bible school in the mountains of North Carolina the past three summers, and shows us very clearly just how much the "life of the spirit" is needed in the backwoods of our own nation. The resurrection of Folio (see page 12) after sixteen years shows that an awakened interest in the contents of a chemistry test tube can't submerge a need for literary creation even in the Freshman Class, and the announcement of lectures by Alfred Noyes and Richard Niebuhr during the spring promise us further inspiration and guidance.

Polly (Stone) Buck's "The Cook Walks Out" will remind most of the 66% of their own reaction to similar situations; we point with pride to the good fight being fought on the home front! The other 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ will glow over the splendid contribution being made by the Class of '42 to the war effort, as indicated in the poll of activities printed on page 9, and the brief but informative sketches of alumnae "In the Service".

To those alumnae who still have time to give to the war effort, the announcement of the course to train volunteer nursery school workers, which begins February 2 at Agnes Scott, will be of special interest (See page 3).

To all those who cherish fond memories of the "sheltering arms," the Founder's Day announcement on the back cover is dedicated!

The Significance of Mortar Board

By ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN, '27

When I was asked to speak to you about the significance of Mortar Board, it seemed to me that the real subject was the significance of the liberal ideal, the very reason for existence of Agnes Scott and of other colleges which share her purposes, the reason for the presence here of every one of us. It behooves us to examine our reason for being in such an institution because our *right* to being is most severely challenged.

The primary object of Hitler's attack is this very world of the mind which we purport to inhabit. The Nazi scheme of conquest is now familiar, for it has proceeded first in Germany itself and then in every country subdued by the Gestapo in the same degraded pattern of book-burning and suppression of printing, of painting, of drama, of teaching, of preaching—and all this not at random, but on principle, on the principle that civilization is effeminate, that brutality is virility: a fitting paradox indeed to serve as the slogan of those armies of unreason who march under Goebbels to say that to become brutish is to become manly, for the attack of Nazism is in effect an attack against the nature of Man, against our humanity, our reason and spirit, all that distinguishes us from the brute. And it is to maintain the dignity and worth of the human being that the liberal college exists. Hitler's attack against us, against all who are committed to the ideal of the freedom of the human mind and spirit, is open and avowed.

We face a more insidious attack from within ourselves. There is not only the danger inherent in a combat with a professed brutishness that we become brutish. There is also the danger that we put off these things to a more convenient season. When the war is won, we say, we can devote our attention to becoming worthy to live in the world we have conquered. At present our duty is to buy bonds, to study First Aid and home nursing, to fold bandages and knit, to gather scrap and conserve rubber—to do things for the War Effort. But I submit to you that our outward effort is meaningless unless it is accompanied by the inner struggle to clarify our purposes, to liberalize our minds and free them from prejudice and confusion and despair of our own convictions. A sentence in a letter I had last summer from a university professor has sounded in my mind all these weeks as a warning, an omen of worse to come. In the pressure of the speeded up summer session he wrote: "I begin seriously to doubt whether the liberal arts have much value educationally at a time when everyone is on edge, too busy to ponder, and intent upon getting on with the war effort." Such discouragement is almost bound to prevail in the men's colleges. If boys of eighteen and nineteen are drafted, it is hard to see how the men's institutions can exist at all except as training centers for soldiers. Since young men of your generation are being denied the chance for study in the liberal arts, it belongs in a peculiar way to you who are now in liberal colleges for women to see that the life of the spirit for which we are at war does not perish while we fight for it.

And so we do well to recall what the liberal arts are: the arts of thinking, the arts that make men free. They beget a capacity of speculation, a critical judgment, a quickened insight, a power in practical affairs to dis-

tinguish means from ends, the use of language and mathematics as the symbols of thought—and basic to all, yet crowning all, the power of self-mastery, the grace to be wrested from the bestial within ourselves, the confidence of men in learning and in reason and in truth. These are the enduring ideas from which our convictions as believers in the life of the spirit spring. Their validity is absolute and enduring because they are big enough to include the special needs of man in any given age. Besides their fundamental effect upon the very nature of their upholders, they have particular manifestations in every period. In our own time these basic conceptions produce, it seems to me, several very specific lines of thought:

First of all, the conviction that the love of freedom, of dignity, of decency, which we covet for ourselves is not to be denied to *any* man. This feeling will have to grow out of a confidence in all men, a willingness to believe that the life of the spirit is possible for all men. If we really believe that the Nazi revolution is a revolt of man against himself, against his higher nature, we are asserting that that self, which is man's true nature, is the opposite of the Nazi ideal of ignorance and violence; and if the self that is the contrary of Nazism is man's true self, it is the truth of Mankind, of all men everywhere. Vice-president Wallace in his epochal speech last May, you remember, analyzed the fight between the free world and the slave world as a march of freedom for the common man based upon the idea of freedom derived from the Bible with its extraordinary emphasis upon the dignity of the individual. "Everywhere the common people are on the march," he said; and he defined the march of freedom for the past 150 years as a "long-drawn out people's revolution." It is hard for us to believe in any effective way that the negro has a right to be trained so that he can assume the responsibility of voting, just as it is hard for the Englishman to believe that the people of India can govern themselves. No one can claim that the way of truth and honor is *easy*. But we make the same mistake the Nazis make if we set ourselves up as having a right to privilege in their stead. Wallace's comment was, "There can be no privileged peoples. We ourselves in the United States are no more a master race than the Nazis." If we are to believe in the right of the common man everywhere to freedom, as in justice and self-respect, we must believe in it, we are bound to define freedom as the freedom of the mind, the freedom to develop the best in human nature, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God." Roosevelt's four freedoms have validity and worth only as they promote this inner freedom of the human spirit, the freedom to do right. (We are by virtue of being here in college set apart among the privileged to grow and to become; and it is only by sharing such privilege that we can justify possessing it. If this freedom to live in dignity and self-respect can be made the freedom of the common man, the People's War will have been worth fighting, and we shall have nothing to fear from Communism or any other form of government.)

Indeed the avoidance of this fear of what is strange to us is another attitude of mind which the liberal arts must engender in us for these times, I think. Change is

upon us. We cannot bring back the world as it used to be. If we are to help shape the direction of change, we must accept the *fact* of change and not repine for things as they were. We need to adopt the spirit of the founding fathers who used their knowledge of the past and of the great thinkers of the past to frame a new and better order. They worked well for their time. We can best emulate them by realizing as they did that we have a chance to make a new world. Our problems are harder because our industrial world is more complicated than the open lands they faced, but their spirit in attacking the new thing before them will help us in attacking our newness.]

A third control which the liberal arts give our thinking for our time is the safeguard against assuming that giving freedom to all peoples is giving them our particular pattern of living. If the only answer we can give to the question "What is a Good Society?" is *Ours*, we shall be indulging in what Howard Mumford Jones has called Tribal Thinking; and furthermore we shall be making the mistake of 1918 all over again. We were ready enough then to remake the world in our own image; and when it refused to be so remade, we had recourse to cynicism. The tolerance and generosity of mind as well as the willingness to look honestly at truth, which mark the liberal ideal, will teach us that it is neither desirable nor possible to destroy existing cultural patterns. If we manage in our shame for sending scrap to Japan to be of some belated help to the Chinese, we dare not try to impose our particular brand of Good Life on these people who were leading the Good Life when our country was still inhabited by Red Indians, who also, by the way, had their conception of the Good Life. If we are really Men of Good Will, we shall not try arbitrarily to enforce our will.

[Not one of these attitudes is easy. How may we set about acquiring them? First of all, I think, by real confidence *in* the liberal ideal, the freedom of the mind, and a

confidence that makes us willing to attack its enemies in ignorance and prejudice and bad manners of mind and heart wherever they appear, especially in *ourselves*. Battles of the spirit, like military battles, are won by attack, not by defense.

Second, I think we must submit our minds to the discipline of study so that from science we may learn order and precision of thought and a knowledge of man's environment, from history and the social sciences a knowledge of his behavior, and from the literatures of our own and other languages an insight into his ways of thought and interpretation of his experience.]

Third, I think we need to do reading specifically aimed to help us understand *this* world that confronts us, reading of the thinkers whose works have shaped the world we fight for: Plato, Montesquieu, Burke, the writings of our founding fathers in the Federalist Papers, and the best of the interpretative comment from writers of our own times, books like *The Making of Tomorrow* by Raoul de Roussy de Sales and the thoughtful articles that have been appearing through the summer in many of our periodicals. The sense of responsibility shown by writers in our better magazines seems to me one of the really cheering signs in the battle being waged for the human spirit. The courage and forthrightness and vision with which Archibald MacLeish, for instance, is willing to speak out in article after article should make us very grateful, I think, for such a man as head of the Library of Congress. A thought reading of these expounders of our own tradition of western civilization, and if possible some acquaintance with the background of thought of our Slavic and Oriental allies, is bound to do something for our convictions as free beings.

→ This then, it seems to me, is the liberal ideal; and this our method of approach to it. It is the conception of life to which Mortar Board and Agnes Scott and all of us as believers in Freedom stand committed.

Child Guidance Courses Planned in Atlanta and at Agnes Scott to Train Women for Nursery School Work.

Anticipating the vital need of more nursery schools in Atlanta and its vicinity and the training in child care necessary to women in day nursery work, the War Council of Agnes Scott College and the Civilian Defense Volunteer Offices of Atlanta and DeKalb County have made plans for training courses in child care and guidance.

Conducted by 11 outstanding authorities in the child welfare field, one course will begin January 12 from 10:30 until noon at the assembly room, sixth floor, Georgia Power Company. The basic course of 12 lectures and discussions will be supplemented by 15 hours of field observation and 50 hours of practice. After completing the course, the volunteer will serve at least six hours a week in a day nursery school. Women interested in this training course

are urged to register with the Atlanta Civilian Defense Volunteer Office at Jackson 6264.

Training in child care will start Tuesday, February 2, at 10:30 o'clock at Agnes Scott. The course as outlined by Dr. Emily S. Dexter and Dr. Katharine T. Omwake, professors of psychology at Agnes Scott, will consist of 10 to 12 lectures with discussion groups and field trips. This course is planned to meet the vital need of the times for experienced or trained care for small children. Instructors will be faculty members of Agnes Scott, state leaders in child care work, public agencies and members of the W. D. C. D. Women who wish to take this course are asked to register at the Office of Civilian Defense, 124 Atlanta Ave., Decatur, Crescent 3565. No charge is made for either course and a certificate will be given on completion of the course.

— AS I SIT HERE —

ANASTASIA CARLOS, '44

I have six books on my desk. And I've read them all very carefully. And I'm trying very hard to decide what to say about them. I like books, but probably I wouldn't have read these six books just now if Jean, who is the editor, had not said: "Now Tess, you must write a book column. Nothing ornate, just something that will express what you feel." I feel a lot about the books, but I don't know what to say.

They are very nicely bound—these six books. And I've been arranging them into various neat piles for the last half hour, making up all sorts of combinations. Sometimes I put William Saroyan's *The Beautiful People* on top of Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs*; and on top of Saroyan, Anna Segher's *The Seventh Cross*, and then W. L. White's *They Were Expendable* and Raoul de Roussy de Sales' *The Making of Tomorrow*. On top I always keep Thomas Wolfe's *The Hills Beyond*.

Sitting here, I wish I knew what that exact phrase is which will describe each book so vividly and so perfectly that there would be no need for you to read them. You and I would have the essence, the reason for each book's existence. And we would be able to talk intelligently about them and confound all our friends with our superior knowledge. But into each book the author has poured something indestructible of himself, his times, his ideas. And this eternal substance which breathes of life cannot be classified into a series of descriptive phrases, nor can it be talked about with any amount of accuracy or truth by an inexperienced critic.

If I were strictly reviewing these books, I would stick to those pat words of the trade: interesting, illuminating, magnificently dull, excitingly revealing. Those are all words, and oh, there are so many of them. But Jean, who is the editor, said, "Write how you feel!" So—I feel the searching sadness of Saroyan, the mountainous loneliness of Wolfe, the penetrating wisdom of Anderson, the rounded complexity of Seghers, the fathomless despair of White, the scholarly exposition of de Sales.

Saroyan's book includes three plays: *The Beautiful People*, *Sweeney in the Trees*, *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*—all whimsical, fantastic, unusual, the real world mixed with that beyond the rim of our lashes. But regardless of their seeming looseness and incoherence, their peculiar originality, the plays convey emotion and mood. The words do not mean merely what the character is thinking of at the moment. They indicate what he has always been.

Saroyan is of Armenian descent, and his works combine the intricacies of an oriental mind and the sentimentality of the American world. There is no better indication of this than his description of what he is attempting to write: "A play, a dream, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, a vaudeville, a song and dance, a statement on money, a report on life, an essay on art and religion, a theatrical entertainment, a circus, anything you like, whatever you please." There is no conflict in his plays except with the world, and this is never obtrusive. Ordinary people turned inside out get together and talk and reveal themselves.

Wolfe's *The Hills Beyond* is a collection of his best short stories. Of all the numerous ones included "The Lost Boy" and "God's Lonely Man" are best. Thomas Wolfe, one of the most unusual American writers of the

early thirties, tells conventionally patterned stories with a personal intrusion that has made most readers consider his works autobiographical. "But I know that at the end, forever at the end for us—the houseless, homeless, doorless, driven wanderers of life, the lonely men—there waits forever the dark visage of our comrade, Loneliness."

His is a vivid, sweeping wordage that captures the interest by its sheer conglomeration of color. "Beauty comes and passes, is lost the moment that we touch it, can no more be stayed or held than one can stay the flowing of a river. Out of this pain of loss, this bitter ecstasy of brief having, this fatal glory of the single moment, the tragic writer will therefore make a song for joy. That, at least, he may keep and treasure always. And his song is full of grief, because he knows that joy is fleeting, gone the instant that we have it, and that is why it is so precious, gaining its full glory from the very things that limit and destroy it."

Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs* tell of his life and world . . . the storminess, the indecision, the callousness. Here is what has not been revealed in his *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Dark Laughter* about himself. He like Wolfe has used what he intimately has experienced and known. "There is a kind of persistent youth in some men and I am one of that sort. I rebound quickly from disaster, laugh a good deal, make rather quick and easy connections with others."

The years of childhood, of adolescence, of later life are described as he remembers. There is no attempt to tell all. This is a story teller who just stopped by for a moment to chat, who rambles through memory picking up stray fragments of experience, and who soon goes leaving behind the feeling that more might have been said if he had not been called away.

In *The Seventh Cross* Anna Seghers, a refugee German writer, tells the story of the escaped concentration camp inmate, George Heisler, for whom the seventh cross of torture was set up in the yard of the dread Westofen Camp. His path of escape was like a deep pool into which a stone has been thrown—the widening arcs plied outward touching many so that "all of us felt how ruthlessly and fearfully outward powers could strike to the very core of men, but at the same time we felt that at the very core there was something that was unassailable and inviolable." He touched the lives of many people, and in the end it was chance that won him a victory.

W. L. White is an American correspondent noted for his crispness of thought and detail. And in *They Were Expendable* he recounts the story of the tragic Torpedo Boat Squadron and of the young men who fought on Bataan and returned home. "And through those plump cities the sad young men back from battle wander as strangers in a strange land, talking a grim language of realism which the smug citizenry doesn't understand, trying to tell of a tragedy which few enjoy hearing."

This book is a revealing study of men under danger as told by the men themselves after the danger has ended. The simplicity of language and the lack of superfluity in the style greatly add to the effect created. It will appeal to all those who are interested in what has been happening externally in this second World War and emotionally the crises faced by the participants.

(Continued on Page 8)

M O M

PAT PATTERSON, '43

I walked over the badly broken porch floor of the blackened one room school-house at Boggs to where Mrs. Roark stood. I was surprised when the little old woman turned her back and sat down on the edge of the porch, but then Julie came quietly over to me and I greeted her, hoping to learn why her mother did not want to speak.

"Mom's sorta tore up rite now, Miz Kathryn," drawled Julie with her slow, wide grin. "Preacher jist axed her how wuz Roger, an' she seem like she cain't talk 'bout him yit, 'thouten tears rise up frum way down inside. I reckon we all feels bad-like, but she cain't hardly bear it."

"But, Julie," I questioned, "what about Roger? Preacher Stone told me he was in the army now, but is anything wrong?"

"No'am, but you know how Roger's alluz been—kinda wild an' not very respectin' of how he orta do. Mom's afeared he'll lose his neck a-gamblin' er carousin' down yander. If 't'were Jess, now, Mom would grieve fer him leavin,' but she wouldn't have no worry 'bout how he'd act. But with Roger hit's differnt. Why, Miz Kathryn, the day he got the notice frum the board in town to go to thet Fort Bragg with the rest of the Ashe Boys, Mom flung a fit o' anger an' all day she ranted, 'bout how 't'wern't rite to take the boys thet needed to be home a'plowin,' an' send 'em way off ter git shot somewher."

"An' then she tuk to bawlin' an' said he weren't goin' atall. Roger jist laughed an' said he reckoned hit couldn't be holped noways, an' then she tuk up a sulky way 'bout how he didn't have no love fer home ter be a-talkin' thet-a-way. Law, Miz Kathryn, it uz awful."

We jumped up and perched on the top rail of the sturdy criss-cross fence beside the school house, and Julie went on. Her mother still sat, stooped and wretched, on the porch floor, her short legs dangling toward the ground, her back turned to us.

"An' then thet nite in bed Mom jist near 'bout cried her eyes all out, an' talked till I went to sleep with her still a-talkin' on. Next day she weren't fitten to do no work hardly, so I stayed from school to cook fer Pa an' Jess an' Roger an' keer for the bees."

I frowned but said nothing. Julie never took her schooling seriously—the slightest excuse could keep her home. She took no notice of my frown but went on after a moment.

"The nite afore Roger'd said he'd be obliged to leave, they wuz a big Baptist meetin' up ter the school house. At breakfast Jess said, "Roge, how 'bout going' ter meetin' tonite," an' Roger laughed an' said, "My last nite ter home? Don't be a fool, Jess—I'm a-goin' the rounds to-night. Tish an' me is ridin' ter Glendale in the pick-up, an' then after I brings her home, Potts an' me is celebratin'. You kin go to the ole fool meetin'—I'm not a-squanderin' my time."

"Jess didn't say no more—jist looked awful cast-down. Mom wuz in the kitchen an' didn't hear, an' I didn't say nothin' then 'counta Pa bein' ther. But after we'uz done eatin' I followed Roger outside.

"Yer ain't a-takin' Tish ter no dancin', ner fast doin's, air ye, Roge? An' he jist looked at me straight an' flung his red hair back with his han' an' said, 'I said we'uz cele-

bratin'. I don't see no call fer tellin' ever-body where ner how—not even you, Julie,' an' then he smiled and hit me easy-like on the chin with his fist an' I know'd ever-thin' were all rite—Roge jist don't like folks ter be axin' all kinda fool questions.

"Pa an' Jess had been a-gittin' started on spring plantin', but Jess left off work in the afternoon an' went way off in the woods ter hisself. I knew why—Jess' heart wuz nigh splittin' cause Roge ain't never been saved, an' he kep' hopin' Roge mite git converted thet nite at the meetin', but hit didn't soun' noways hopeful since Roge'd said he wouldn't even go—he don't easy change his mind. Well, Jess, he come home 'bout supper time an' I heerd him a-beggin' Roger, but after a few minutes he went on away 'thouten any supper, an' didn't come till way long after Mom an' me wuz in bed. We know'd he didn't go to meetin', cause Pa'd went up to the schoolhouse an' he'd come home early. I guess Jess never had prayed so long an' hard in his life; he loves Roger better'n anybody, an' it grieves him mightily fer Roge ter harden his heart theta way. He'd give both his hands an' his feet too fer Roge ter be saved."

Most of the Sunday School crowd had left now, and Jesse and Mom were starting on down the hill road. Mr. Roark turned and looked at Julie, and she waved him on, saying that she would follow later, bringing me to supper with them. I protested, but she would not give in, and I gave up the argument, urging her to continue her story.

"Well, Mom was quiet thet nite, so quiet I was almost fearful, fer hit don't do fer Mom ter git ter ponderin' too deep. She gits a idea in her head an' seems like hit drives all th'others out an' she jist keeps a-goin' over the same thing. Jist afore I dropped off ter sleep, I heerd her a-mumblin', 'Wicked, thievin' folks—but they won't git him—won't git my Boy—won't git my Roger'—an' then ever-thin' was peaceful-like an I didn't har nothin' till Jess come in. Roger alluz stayed late, an' I wuz a-sleepin' sound when he got home—I didn't even rouse ter the noise of the pick-up climbin' the hill from the river ford. Las' time I opened my eyes, I could see the sky, all black an' starry, an' hear the crickets singin' fit ter kill. Well, next day,—it'uz Thursday—Mom an' me wuz a-cookin' the vittles for breakfast, an Mom still weren't sayin' nothin'. Jess looked all solemn an' sleepless as he split kin'lin' fer the far' an' Pa was quieter than ord'nary when he come frum milkin'. Roge come ter breakfast after I called a long time, lookin' awful sleepy an' soundin' sorta excited when he talked. All durin' breakfast Mom didn't say nothin', an' she got up early an' went out.

"Roger kep' a-tellin' 'bout how Patten Miller looked in his uniform an' 'bout the good food at Camp Davis an' the swell fellers he'd got ter know down yander, an' how he (Roge, I mean) wuz aimin' to larn about the insides o' them big cannons. He wuz all a-far, sure 'nough. An' then while we'uz all settin' aroun' jist a-listenin' an' a-tryin' ter be cheery fer Roger, we heerd a awful rattly sound an' bumpin', an' it sound like som-pin pow'ful big uz bein' throwed down-hill at us. We all of jumped up an went a-runnin', jist of a time ter see Roger's pick-up bust through our ole rail-fence, goin' mighty speedy. If you coulda seed it! Them old rails wuz a-flyin' ever-which-way

up in the ar, an' thet truck went rite on through into the river, way above the ford. An' Roger an' Jess went a-tear-in' down-hill ter stop the thing, but hit'uz done gone too fer fer'm to do no good. T'weren't till then (but hit don't take the time ter watch hit does ter tell) thet we tuk notice how hit had happened. We jist thought Roger parked hit on a too steep place an' hit'd run hitself down—but law, Miz Kathryn, if Mom weren't behin' the wheel of thet vehicle. Pa spied the corner of her apern cotched in the door, an' hollered to Jess an' Roge ter git her out. Well'um, she'uz a-sputterin' an' a-shivering' all over when they lifted her outen the pick-up, fer the winders wuz open an' she'd near-bout had her drowndin' o' water. Pa an' me sat her down while the boys looked at the truck. They wuzn't nothin' they could do, fer the truck were up ter the top rim in the water, an' hit's wheels stuck down in the mud. Roger didn't think rite off how it happened—he wuz too skeered Mom mite be hurt, to think whut'uz in Mom's mind—but it'uz easy fer Jess an' me to see it—we'd know'd Mom to do pow-ful unhandy things afore 'counta Roger. Mom acts afore she thinks it out straight—She jist figgered could she wreck Roger's truck so's he wouldn't have no way o'gettin' ter Jefferson—he wouldn't have no need ter go atall. She got her breath back, an' we all jist stood arond an' listened ter what she wuz a-sayin'. 'Now hit won't do no good fer'm to call an' call—they won't git yer, Roge—don't yer see yer pore ole Ma loves yer now, Roge?'

"She looked up at Roger with her eyes all flowin' over an' her mouth a-tremblin' an' a-grinnin', too, up at him. Roger didn't plumb loss his temper—I uz' a holdin' my breath an' prayin' he wouldn't. He jist said, 'Yep, Mom, I know yer loves me,' an' gave her a hug an' walked up the hill ter the house.

"Jess and me holped Mom up the hill, an' Pa follered. Mom wuz a-jabberin' all the time an' her eyes wuz shinin' an' she still wuz a-tremblin' all over.

"'I done it,' she said over an' over, 'I done it—they cain't git him now—our boy—Roger—he kin stay with us like hit's fitten an' rite.' Jess looked at me an' we couldn't say nothin' but jist tried hard not ter listen ter Mom, cause we know'd they weren't no good ner no sense neither in whut she wuz a-sayin'.

"In a little spell Roge wuz all packed, ready to go. The spring flood had washed our pole-boat down-stream an'

cracked it up, so Roge strapped his pack on his back an' 'low'd he'd be bound to wade the stream an' walk the nine miles ter Jefferson town. He shuk han's with Pa an' said he'd write, an' Jess promised ter git his truck outen the river an' tol' him we'd pray fer him an' we loved him, an' then Roge kissed me smack on the mouth an' hugged me good, an' whispered ter me ter take keer of Tish. He couldn't bear ter tell Mom goodbye, an' he jist struck off down the hill while she uz' back in the house somers. She come out on the porch, though, when he'd got about half across the river at the ford, an' he turned an' blew her a kiss an' hollered, 'Good-bye, Mom, I'll write ter yer soon as I gits ther.'

"She sat down quick on the steps an' looked after him with the funniest look I seed ever. Jist kinda blank, she looked, like she'uz lookin' an' they weren't nothin' ter see. Then she spoke, slow an' strange, an' looked at Pa an' then at Jess—'Whar's . . . he . . . a-goin'?"

"An' Jess said, 'He's walkin' ter Jefferson ter catch the bus ter go ter Fort Bragg, Mom. He *had* ter go—ther jist weren't no gittin' out—he'uz *bound* ter go.'

"Mom jist kep' a-settin', starin' off thet quare way an' a-sayin', 'Bound ter go—bound ter go—Roger bound ter go—I most couldn't stand it, Miz Kathryn. Jess wuz a-cryin' an' so wuz I. Pa he didn't say nothin'—jist went out ter plow. Mom set ther half the day, a-starin' an' a-mumblin' ter herself thet away."

"Have you heard from Roger?" I asked Julie. "How did his letter sound?"

"Oh, he's been a-writin' steady an' his letters sound awful cheery. Mom made me read the first 'un over an' over. She cain't see how Roger kin like the army. He says ever' thin's real nice an' he's got a heap o'friends an' he don't lack for nothin' ceptin' fer wishin' fer home like they all of 'em do. Mom's got back her speech though, an' she knows Roge ain't so awful bad mizzable, so she feels some better. But when Preacher Stone axed her today how wuz he, seems like she got started agin. Mom's jist skeert Roge'll git in some big messes. Jess an' me, we figger all we kin do is pray hard an' keep a-writin' to him cheerful."

We slid from the fence to the ground, and, arm in arm, started toward the Roark's home. The varicolored distant hills and the fresh green near ones looked clear and lovely in the bright summer sunshine, and a cool breeze stirred ripples in the river.

The Cook Walks Out

By POLLY (STONE) BUCK, '24

When my Margaret heard that the old aunt who had raised her in the south of Scotland was killed in an air raid, she came straight in to me with the letter in her hand.

"To cook isn't enough," she said, with set lips. "I'm going into Pennington's." Pennington's is our local munitions factory. And by ten o'clock the next morning she was there, at work at a machine.

I knew something about cooking, so I wasn't too upset about running the house myself until I could look around and find another cook. But when I started on my search, I found to my dismay that the time-honoured seatwarmer of employment anterooms had disappeared from the face of the earth as completely as had the dodo. Nor was this dearth of applicants confined to cooks: domestic help of all sorts was suddenly non-existent. Daily, on all sides, the talk grew of friends' maids who were leaving housework for the munitions factory with its lure of higher pay, and a feeling of importance in winning the war.

I had never been without a cook for any length of time in my life, but I had coped adequately several times through the years with the inevitable between-cook hiatuses, and I thought we might manage now for a while—especially if we had to. A cookless life was not too pleasant to contemplate, but after all, this was a war, and a great many people were enduring partings more poignant than mine with a good cook. So I gave up a few outside activities, and what must have amounted to a great deal of delightful piddling, and braced myself to run the house. Ruth, my children's nurse, helped me a bit with dishes and upstairs cleaning, besides assuming almost entire charge now of the three little girls. I am a sensible, and I hope, intelligent woman. I had good cookbooks, I knew how to read them, and I went at it not as a martyr, but with zest; but I must admit that my "hand was out," as we say in the culinary trade. My poor husband must have missed his Margaret a great deal at those first dinners. "You are all right, my dear," was his considered verdict at the end of two weeks of my cooking. "Don't be discouraged. Your food certainly sustains life."

We rocked along for two more weeks, then the axe really fell. Nurse Ruth came to say she too was going to make guns. She would earn a third as much again as I was paying her, it would be exciting work out in the world and not in the quiet backwater of a small home, and her family felt she had to take it. Of course she had to take it. From her point of view, there was no other course; from mine, it was the end of the world. She had been with me for six years. There was no nurse available with which to replace her, even if I matched factory wages.

To make a long story short, Ruth joined Margaret at the factory, and I beat my golf clubs into brooms and mops, and took over the singlehanded running of a house peopled with three little daughters, two little dogs (and their care is a decided item, let me tell anyone who doesn't know), and to which a tired teacher husband returned every evening, expecting an ordered household, a delicious dinner, and a gay and good humoured wife.

"Gents all," that is a big order. And may I just this once puff out my chest and say with all modesty that I am delivering that order? And that although I have no



Alison Buck, youngest daughter of the author, on her second birthday.

becoming military uniform with a smart visored cap, and I never get the thrill of service and patriotism that emanates from group meetings and nursing classes and lectures, I carry with me on my round of daily duties a high confidence that I, too, am a part of this thing called fighting the war.

There is a big gas stove, and I am its high priestess; there is a modern washing machine, and I am the one that makes it go; there is a vacuum cleaner and a carpet sweeper; there are two small girls to wash and dress, and another still quite small one to inspect—and often rewash—and send off to school on time.

At the beginning of my incumbency things were in a pretty ghastly mess for a while because, with the best intentions in the world, I went at it in the wrong way. I tried to do the work that both Margaret and Ruth had done, with the same degree of efficiency that they had shown, going literally, in fact, by the schedules that I myself had made out for them to follow. It was an impossibility and knowledge of first grade arithmetic should have proved it to me. Margaret's ten hours of housework and cooking, plus Ruth's ten hours of housework and children, plus the several hours that I had formerly given to it myself, plus the family laundry (not originally done at home, but added after we found out what our income tax was to be—and after the help had left!), gives a total of well over twenty-four daily work hours.

My husband and I talked it over. We faced the fact that with our household staff gone, and dirt, meals,

daughters and dogs remaining, the only way out was to lower our standard of living. Some of the things that make for the pleasant, gentle way of life we had known must be abandoned. One entire morning a week, for example, could not now conceivably be given to silver polishing, as it had during Margaret's regime. So we got out the grey flannel cases, and packed all the silver we did not actually need. I kept out candlesticks for the dining table, six of everything flat, and the pie-knife, because a man must have his pie, war or no war.

"I shall miss seeing these gleaming on the sideboard," my husband sighed, as the tea service disappeared into the packing barrel. He loves silver—and has never had to polish any! "We'll get them all out the minute the war is over," I promised him, and myself, "when the factories shut down and the people who want to work for us form in a long line down the driveway. Except for looks, we won't miss these, really. Tea tastes much better from an earthenware pot, tin trays and china serving dishes aren't at all bad, and there are millions of other ashtrays for every possible elbow." But that barrel did seem rather like a coffin as it disappeared around the bend of the attic stairs.

The dining room stripped to the bare bone, our next downward step was to agree not to expect the house to be as neat or to run as smoothly as it had with two full-time workers. I would do the best I could; we would accept the many shortcomings as a concomitant of war. Of course there will often be dust on top of the hall clock. Does it matter? Once it did, but not any more. The things that Margaret and Ruth are doing instead of dusting that clock are vastly more important in the world just now.

Once when I was planning a trip to Europe in the bygone days when people did, an uncle gave me this advice: "Make out a careful, detailed itinerary, and then tear it up." I am running my war-time household on the same principle. I could not undertake the constantly losing and hopeless struggle to adhere to a schedule that two efficient women took twenty hours every day to complete, but I know in detail all the things that ought to be done, and in my own good time I get around to all of them that really matter. Elasticity and gumption (good old gumption! I couldn't live without that word) are what are needed in my case rather than a formal plan. Monday may have been washday for the Medes and the Persians since the beginning of time, but not for me. I run a washerful of clothes whenever we accumulate just that, a washer full, and it is as apt to be on Friday night or at high noon Wednesday as at any other time. If the weeds in our little vegetable garden get pretty high, I let the house gather dust while I weed; if the house seems more important, I let the weeds grow. When the basket disappears under the mending, it is time to forget both weeds and dust, and stitch a bit.

The important thing seems to be to realize that in many American homes today we are dealing with a situation that isn't written down in the books. Under ordinary conditions, a woman who finds her home too large to man-

age alone, increases her staff, or moves into smaller quarters. We cannot do the former, and it does not seem the part of wisdom to take such a drastic step as to abandon our pleasant homes, even if we could, to meet a situation that must surely be only temporary.

The best solution seems to be to handle it as we are doing: for the woman of the family to apply herself to home duties, forsaking all others, if necessary. There are thousands of women who have seen their accustomed domestic staff leave, and have quietly and courageously accepted the fact that their mute, inglorious part in defense lay in menial housework. Of this sisterhood am I. My job is lonely business as far as the recognition of the war department and the cheering mobs is concerned. No bugles sound at the end of my day's work, and I shall never be decorated for mopping, nor have my picture in the papers for washing twelve sheets a week.

Some very pleasant things that made for gracious living are missing from our home these days. I cannot wear a long dress to dinner any more. Does it matter? Not a continental. The mahogany dining table does not gleam as it used to under Margaret's faithful rubbing. But we still have candlelight, even if it is not reflected in silver on the sideboard, and the "food that sustains life" is still there.

"'Tho much is taken, much abides."

There is vital work on the home front to be done, and we American wives and mothers must tie on our big aprons and do it. Children must be tended, and men must be kept strong. The things for which they fight are the hearthstones we keep swept and glowing.

AS I SIT HERE

(Continued from Page 4)

De Sales' thoughtful analysis in *The Making of Tomorrow* of the problems which faced us in the past and will prove stumbling blocks in the future is merely a background into which the five other books can hide. Here are the forces which were working on men's minds after World War I, which colored the world of Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Wolfe, William Saroyan, which caused the circumstances that Anna Seghers and W. L. White describe.

Here also is a formula for future growth in the post war world. "The road we must follow is not new. It is the road of reason. Those who feel that they cannot live without the intoxication of something irrational and romantic like a fundamental regeneration of mankind or a new spiritual revelation, will be disappointed. This civilization of ours . . . is infinitely rich and generous. It contains all the inspiration we need for a thousand years to come."

The books are all alike from the outside. They are nicely bound. And I sit here trying to sum up what they mean. And all I can think of are the closing lines of Sherwood Anderson's *Memoirs* "Life, not death, is the great adventure."



— IN THE SERVICE —



Of the ninety-four graduates of the Class of '42, 30 are actively engaged in defense work. This number gives a percentage of 31.3, which is exceptionally high for a woman's college class. The occupations are:

Becky Andrews, IBM operator at the Atlanta Quartermaster Depot in Conley.

Jean Beutell, chemist with the DuPont Company in Charleston, W. Va.

Lavinia Brown, junior professional assistant in economics.

Mary Jane Bonham, government chemist.

Martie Buffalo, TVA, Chattanooga, Tenn., photogrammetrist.

Edwina Burruss, IBM operator at the Conley depot.

Gay Currie, volunteer work in Richmond Hospital Colored Clinic.

Darleen Danielson, TVA, Chattanooga.

Sunette Dyer, assistant computer in the Ballistic Research Laboratory at the Aberdeen Proving Ground.

Frances Ellis, statistician for the Department of Agriculture, section studying food shortages.

Kay Greene, research lab technician for Fort Monmouth General Development Laboratory, doing special work with radio.

Sue Heldman, Conley depot, IBM operator.

Jeanne Lee, working at Camp Blanding, Florida, in one of the offices.

Caroline Long, hospital technician in Toledo, Ohio.

Mary Dean Lott, TVA photogrammetrist.

Mary McQuown, member of the WAVES.

Dot Miller, member of the WAVES.

Pat Reasoner, TVA at Wilson Dam as technician.

Elizabeth Russell, chemist in Augusta laboratory.

Mary James Seagle, War Price and Rationing Board in Lincolnnton, N. C.

Margaret Sheftall, secretary to Chief Expeditor in the Office of Area Engineer at Camp Gordon, Augusta.

Marjorie Simpson, IBM operator at Conley depot.

Pete Stuckey, TVA photogrammetrist.

Betty Sunderland, Allowance and Allotment Bureau of War Depart-

ment, in Newark, N. J.

Carolyn Taylor, Spanish translator for War Department in Miami.

Margaret Mary Toomey, government chemical analyst.

Margaret Wade, chemist for DuPont in Charleston, W. Va.

Virginia Watkins, government investigator.

Myree Wells is working in Davison's, but gives three days a week to the "dawn patrol" at the Filter Center in Atlanta.

Olivia White, chemist of the Huntsville, Alabama, arsenal.

The next largest group in the class are those who have joined the famed "66%"; nineteen members of the class have added Mrs. to their B.A.s since last June. Twelve of these lucky girls are married to men in the service. Sixteen members of the class are teaching. Seven are working with the Telephone Company, six in Atlanta and one in New York City. Six are taking business courses; five are doing graduate work. Two each are engaged in religious emphasis work, hospital clerical work, and insurance company clerical work. One is a stylist for a prominent department store; one is at Retail Credit; one is librarian at a college; one is working with a gas company and editing its weekly paper, and one is on the stage in New York City. Two members of the class are not accounted for in this poll of occupations.

Augusta Dunbar, '30, is now at Fort McClellan, near Anniston, Alabama, directing the Red Cross Center at the Red Cross Station Hospital there. Augusta had been a field supervisor for WPA until Pearl Harbor, but decided on December 7, 1941, to join the staff of the Red Cross. She was sent first to Fort Benning, as assistant director, and remained there two months before she was made a director herself for Fort McClellan. Her job is an executive one, concerned not only with recreation for convalescent soldiers, but with the maintenance of the Center and the thousand details of its operation. The recreational director works under her direction, as well as a staff of other Red Cross workers in addition to the local volunteers. Augusta has taken graduate work in social service at Colum-

bia, and at the University of Chicago since her graduation from Agnes Scott.

Lieutenant Martha Eskridge, '33, one of the first group of officer candidates to enter the WAAC training school in Des Moines last summer, is now assigned to the personnel division of Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, WAAC Headquarters Staff, in Washington. After her graduation last summer, Lieut. Eskridge was sent to Springfield, Mass., as a member of the Auxiliary Corps' recruiting staff, and after a short time there received the assignment to Colonel Hobby's staff. Martha was director of the personnel department at Ivey's in Charlotte, after graduating from Agnes Scott and Prince School in Boston.

Marjorie Fish, ex-'22, was one of sixteen Red Cross workers to arrive safely in Egypt recently, according to an announcement made by the American Red Cross. The workers will augment the Red Cross staffs now operating in the field and in station hospitals, where the Red Cross program is being expanded to meet the needs of the thousands of American troops who have arrived recently in Egypt. Marjorie was one of the two field directors sent over.

Since her years at Agnes Scott, Marjorie has attended the University of Cincinnati and the New York School of Social Workers. She has been in welfare work for a number of years, and prior to becoming associated with the Red Cross, was field representative for the State Department of Public Welfare in Savannah. She has also been associated with the Board of Social Welfare in Lakeland and Leesburg, Fla.; the Federal Emergency Relief administration in St. Petersburg, Fla.; the Family Welfare Society of Bethlehem, Pa. She was at one time connected with the welfare work in Tampa, Fla., and organized the Tampa Junior League. Before sailing for Egypt she was stationed at Fort Jay, N. Y. and Fort Bragg, N. C. Marjorie is a sister of Virginia (Fish) Tigner, ex-'21, who lives in Atlanta.

Cama (Burgess) Clarkson, '22, is doing defense work in another sense, and is two jumps ahead of most of

us, as she is working for the peace to come after the war. Cama was one of the delegates to the Delaware Conference on a Just and Durable Peace last March. She is constantly out of town talking on this subject to church and auxiliary groups.

Katherine (Leary) Holland, '30, is working in a unit of the Aberdeen Proving Ground Ballistic Research Laboratory, in Philadelphia, as an assistant computer. We quote: "There are about fifty of us working here, under the direct supervision of the Laboratory at Aberdeen. Most of the employees are from Philadelphia or nearby cities. My work is on ballistic computations, some on exterior ballistics and some on firing tables. I spend my days filling up large sheets of papers with numbers, and I really mean filling up the page! For a person like myself, with little inclination for mathematics, it isn't easy but I'm not complaining for I feel I'm doing my bit. With the coming of Christmas I have been wishing for a short vacation at home in Deland, Florida, but it is quite busy these days with the Navy sending so many men there to the Air Base, and the WAACS have really taken over Daytona Beach, which is just a short distance away."



ELOISE ESTES

Among the Agnes Scotters who will graduate from the Officer Training School at Northampton, Massachusetts, early in February are Helen Hardie, '41, of Brazil and Miami, Florida; Mary Landrum Johnson, '37, former teacher in the Fulton County School System; Eloise Estes, '38, of Decatur; and Eugenia Bridges, '40, of Atlanta, former member of the faculty at the Georgia Evening School.

Marcia Mansfield, '41, is a chemist in one of the DuPont plants under the Alabama Ordnance Works. Also engaged in this type of work are Julia McConnell, ex-'41, and Betty Moore, ex-'43, who are at the Brecon plant nearby. When pressed for details about her work Marcia replied: "I laughed when I read your letter asking about details. Sorry to let you down, but there are no details for publication, since it is really offense work. However there are a few things that can be admitted. I have just been transferred to a new lab, so instead of testing material for smokeless powder, I am working on another type of explosive. There are some curious regulations which may interest you: we all wear glasses for safety while we work; we can't run on the reservation (safety hazard) unless there is an explosion; we must go to First Aid for even the slightest injury; we must wash very carefully before touching food, and many others. We all have beautiful passes with pictures on them that put the annual pictures to shame. And as we go in the gates the guards hold them up to our faces and compare. Also they ask for all matches, lighters, mechanical pencils and fountain pens. At least we can still carry lipsticks in. All men get searched on entering the plant and sometimes the girls do. Very shortly I guess we'll all get searched every time. We work shifts, which means that I must get in by 10:30 so that I can change my clothes and be ready to leave by 10:45 to go out for midnight shift. Try it sometime!"

Mary Elizabeth Chalmers, '40, is chief of Civilian Personnel and Senior Stenographer at the Army Office in Dothan, Alabama.

Mary Evelyn Francis, '40, is working in the Charleston, S. C., Navy yard.

Evelyn Baty, '40, is working three hours three days a week at the Charlotte, N. C., filter center, which is mighty heavy for her considering her teaching schedule at Queens College.

Fannie G. (Mayson) Donaldson, '12, is giving several mornings a week to the Red Cross canteen in Atlanta, and a most attractive picture of her in uniform appeared in the Atlanta Journal of December 11.

Elizabeth Barrett, '41, is working for the Military Intelligence department of the U. S. Army, in New Orleans.

Lulu (White) Potter, ex-'15, is



MARY LANDRUM JOHNSON

chairman of the Home Service Volunteers of the Atlanta Chapter of the Red Cross, and is also vice-chairman of the Surgical Dressings unit. Lulu comes by her aptitude for social service easily, since her father, the late Woods White of Atlanta, was constantly interested in the problems of men and women who, for one reason or another, needed kindly assistance in rising above obstacles of their own weakness or adverse circumstances. Consequently at an early age she began to see social problems through the eyes of a man who saw more deeply than most people. Interest and aptitude could not have developed in Mrs. Potter such qualities as make her services to the Red Cross so valuable now, without training and experience. Through training given her by the late Joseph C. Logan, director of Atlanta's Associated Charities, Mrs. Potter gained the advantages of the professional viewpoint and the professional experience in social service. This was amplified by work she did in the social service department of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church so that she now combines both the attitude of the enthusiastic volunteer worker and that of the well-trained professional case-worker.

She now heads a division of Red Cross in which only specially qualified volunteers can be used. They are chosen for those characteristics that make for sympathetic understanding of people and for experience that fits them to carry forward the social service activities that form the program of the Home Service Corps. The work of this division has expanded tremendously in recent months. So great has been the increased demand on the home service department that the Atlanta Chapter has found it necessary to enclose a part of the veranda on the north side of the Red Cross House

in order to make more office space for the workers, who in addition have been scheduled for both day and night work at headquarters. This increased activity is due of course to the war activities of the nation and the consequent increase in needs of service men and their families.

In her position as vice-chairman of surgical dressings Mrs. Potter is doing a more than ordinarily effective piece of work. She not only likes to supervise activities at the surgical dressings headquarters, but she has also assisted in teaching women from many other states the required essentials of Red Cross production in surgical dressings. Mrs. Potter was chosen by Eastern Area Headquarters to serve as area instructor for the states of Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, Alabama and Florida. Some months ago selected delegates from these states were brought to Atlanta for a three-day period of training, at which Mrs. Potter acted as instructor. Mrs. Potter also conducted a similar institute at Columbus, Georgia, recently.

First Lieutenant Ruth Virden, '22, of Bellevue, Mississippi, was one of the recent graduates of the WAAC training school at Des Moines. Ruth writes that she was interviewed by First Officer Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson, '33, and was in the class with Lieutenant Martha Eskridge, '32. Ruth is now assigned to the 81st WAAC Communications Company, Army Post Branch, Des Moines, Iowa.

Ensign Sybil Grant, '34, finished her course at the WAVE Training School in Northampton on December 16, and has been assigned to the Naval Air Base at Jacksonville, Florida, for active duty.

Lieutenant Janet Newton, '17, of Augusta, also graduated on December 16, from the WAVES Training School. Both Lt. Newton and Ensign Grant were attached to the Mount Holyoke Battalion.

We quote in part below from a Christmas letter from Ensign Grant:

WAVE LENGTHS

GREETINGS:

It was a disappointment to learn when we arrived at Northampton that this group of ensigns would be trained at Mount Holyoke. However we're learning that we're lucky after all for the j.g.'s at Smith march about 15 miles each day in going to classes and meals, whereas we room and eat in the same building and attend classes in an adjoining building.

Our room, 406, is one of the best in Rockefeller. It's true the stairs were at first long and steep but once we

reached our dormer-windowed room, we found it larger than most of the others. We had heard that furnishings were scant, but we couldn't know the effect of walking into a room containing two double deck bunks, unmade, and a table—nothing more. No chairs, rugs, lamps, pictures—nothing. It was like being served the carcass of the turkey. However upon closer inspection we saw that things weren't so bad. We found two ample closets with large medicine chests for make-up kits. Even if we hadn't had these, the panoramic view of Gothic buildings and the distant Berkshires would have made up for everything. By now we're quite comfortably situated in spite of

the fact that Katherine types her letters while perched atop an impressive tome, Naval Regulations, placed carefully on her steamer trunk, and climbs into her top bunk by means of a ladder swiped from the hall.

Already we've become confused and puzzled a number of times. This has been partly due to the strange accents, and partly to navy lingo. We live on deck four which we reach by climbing the ladder; we remain in our quarters, sleep in a bunk, report to mess hall where we eat food prepared in the galley. Our information comes from orders posted or from the mate of the deck (one of the ensigns who knows

(Continued on Page 25)



First Officer Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson, who left Decatur only last summer to enter training in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, is shown as she received the insignia of her new rank, equivalent to that of captain in the Army. Colonel Charles Easterbrook, of WAAC headquarters in Washington, where Mrs. Jepson is on duty as a member of the general staff, pinned on the bars. WAAC officer trainees graduate as third officers, or second lieutenants.—Photo Courtesy, Atlanta Constitution.



Lecture Association Presents Two Outstanding Speakers

Alfred Noyes, popular British poet who was to have been resident poet on the campus the week of Jan. 19, has been forced to postpone his speaking engagements here because of a serious illness. The date of the lectures will be announced later.

During his stay he will speak informally to various groups of students and will meet with the girls at luncheon and dinner. Mr. Noyes' visit, thus, continues the tradition of DuBose Heyward and Robert Frost in past years.

Dr. Noyes came to this country in 1940, after repeated Nazi bombardments forced him to evacuate his family from their home on the Isle of Wight. He traveled extensively in Canada before coming to the United States. He will be remembered in Atlanta as the principal speaker of the commencement exercises last June.

Public Lecture Association will present Reinhold Niebuhr on May 5, speaking on "The Nature and Destiny of Man." Mr. Niebuhr is a professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York City and a distinguished author in the fields of politics and religion. His books include *Does Civilization Need Religion?*, *Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic*, *Moral Man and Immoral Society*, *Reflection on the End of an Era*, *An Interpreter of Christian Ethics*, *Beyond Tragedy*, *Christianity and Power Politics*, and *The Nature and Destiny of Man*.

Unusual Carol Service Highlights Christmas Season

A chorus of 130 voices, composed of the Agnes Scott and the Georgia Tech Glee Clubs, under the direction of Lewis H. Johnston of Agnes Scott and Walter Herbert, of Tech, gave two beautiful performances of Christmas music just prior to the close of

From A Tower Window

school for the holidays. The first of these was presented in Atlanta at the First Baptist Church on December 6; the second at the college in Gaines Chapel on December 13.

The first part of the program consisted of Christmas carols by the Agnes Scott Glee Club, with solo parts done by Jeanne Newton and Barbara Connally, and violin obligato by Mary Quigley. These were followed by a group of carols by the combined choirs. The later part of the program was selections from the Messiah, with solo parts sung by Helen Ardelle McGee, Frances (Gilliland) Stukes, '24, William Wyatt, and Walter Herbert. Mr. C. W. Dieckmann presided at the console of the organ.

Folio Revived by Freshmen Writers

The revival of "Folio," a writing club which went out of existence on the campus around 1926, will be of interest to alumnae who at one time were members of the club. "Folio" is an English departmental club for Freshmen, who submitted poems, essays and stories in try-out for membership. It is sponsored by Janef Preston, '21, and Clara Morrison, '35, of the English department faculty, and at present has 38 members.

The club is separated into four workshop groups, each of these under the direction of a member of B. O. Z., the creative writing club for upper-classmen. The workshop groups meet every other week, and present their work for the intervening time for criticism. An occasional general meeting takes care of such business as the group must decide.

The club was inaugurated in November in an effort to give the Freshmen interested in creative writing some outlet for their talents and some additional stimulus. Since Freshmen are not allowed to try out for clubs until spring quarter, they could not belong to BOZ until their sophomore years. This group is another indication of the strong emphasis still being placed on the finer arts by the students and faculty at Agnes Scott.

College Officials Attend Meetings

Dr. J. R. McCain and Dean S. G. Stukes attended the 47th annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools which was held in Memphis, Tennessee, November 30-December 2. Dr. McCain attended the meeting of the Commis-

sion on Institutions of Higher Education, the outcome of which meetings was to decide whether or not the University of Georgia and other colleges in the University system will be returned to the accredited list. Mr. Stukes participated in the Southern Association of Colleges for Women, and also the conference of Academic Deans of the Southern States.

Dr. McCain also attended the meeting of the General Education Board in New York City on December 3, and the meeting of Phi Beta Kappa Senate in New York on December 10-11. One important function of this last meeting was to discuss the war policy of the organization and such problems as whether or not any applicants for Phi Beta Kappa chapters should be considered now. According to Dr. McCain, forty-five applications have been received during the last year.

Alumnae Committees Achievements

Two of the Alumnae Association committees have done considerable work on the House this fall, and the results are most impressive. The House Decorations Committee has at last found the right mirror for the entrance hall, an antique-gold framed oblong, which is perfect in the particular spot. A crystal chandelier, reproduction of one in Mount Vernon, has been placed in the dining room. Also added in the dining room is a panel of hand painted Chinese wall paper, which has been put on the north wall, opposite the windows.

The Second Floor Committee has completely furnished one room. An easy chair in an attractive floral design, a Wedgewood reading lamp, two Dubonnet rugs, and two floral prints have completed the guest room known as the pink room. New organdie curtains have been purchased for other rooms in the House, too.

The Tea Room Committee has limited its decorating to the dyeing of the pongee pull curtains already hanging in the Tea Room. They are now a soft old-rose shade, most effective with the pale green walls and woodwork.

New Student Loan Chairman Added to Executive Board

Julia Pratt (Smith) Slack, ex-'12, has been appointed student loan chairman, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mary (Malone) Martin, '37.

Agnes Scott's Eighteenth Founder's Day Broadcast

Monday, February 22, 1943

Tune in on WSB and join the seven thousand alumnae who will be observing the birthday of our founder with us. In all patriotism, we cannot urge you to travel long distances to attend the group meetings which will be held, but we do hope that you and the alumnae who are your neighbors will be together and listening in at this time.

Group meetings are being planned in all the cities where we have large groups of alumnae, and notices of the exact time of the program will be sent to these program chairmen as soon as the time is scheduled.

If you are a "lone alumna" or one of a few in a small town, and would like to be notified of the exact hour of the program, just let the Alumnae Office know by February 15, and we will gladly send you all publicity. We can't suggest that you have a coffee, or even a Coca-Cola party under the circumstances, but we can suggest that you have a few friends in to tune in with you. There is no rationing of good fellowship, and there never will be in America!

Remember the Station!

WSB, Atlanta Journal Station

(740 Kilocycles)

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



APRIL, 1943

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TO OUR READERS—

The Alumnae Association is introducing two new members this month—Miss Margaret Ridley, who is President of the Association, and Miss Harriotte Brantley, who has recently come to take Nelle Chamlee Howard's place as Executive Secretary.

Margaret Ridley, of the class of '33, is a well known figure in this section. Always pleasant, friendly, and ready to help, she is richly fulfilling the promise of her college years. "Mardie" was President of Student Government during her senior year, May Day chairman her junior year, and an active member of Blackfriars. Since graduation she has been Treasurer of the Alumnae Association, and at present is doing excellent work as a teacher at Girl's High.

Harriotte Brantley, '32, comes from Blackshear, Georgia where she served as a teacher of social subjects in the High School for a number of years immediately after graduating from college, and later worked in an insurance office. She spent some time last fall in Jacksonville where she was engaged in defense work and was taking a business course. Harriotte was House President of Inman her senior year at Agnes Scott, and was a member of K.U.B. and the Cotillion Club.

It will certainly be apropos here to extend to *Nelle Howard* sincere and heartfelt thanks for her splendid work during those years when she so graciously and capably filled the office of Alumnae Secretary. A charming, poised, and competent person she has the good wishes of all those with whom she has come in contact—students, faculty, alumnae, and friends of the college.

DEAR ALUMNA,

Spring is the season when every Agnes Scott graduate takes a moment from her busy, well ordered routine to do a bit of dreaming and reminiscing about college days. Perhaps her thoughts center on May Day in the Dell, or on the feverish fun of Senior Opera, or they may dwell on some quieter moment that was so full of friendship and understanding, the very spirit of our college. No matter what

the instance, the memory is always stimulating.

In past years, the Alumnae Association has urged each one of you to return to the campus so that with class-mates you might relive your particular June and exchange notes on the "adventures" that followed. This year, at the request of Secretary Morgenthau and Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, Agnes Scott is cooperating with other colleges and universities by curtailing some commencement activities. Because we wish "to help ease the terrific strain on the coun-

try's transportation systems," we are foregoing the class reunions. The war alone prevents us from carrying on as usual, and for the first time our spring Quarterly does not carry the dates for special reunion parties.

Since we cannot be together on the campus, we are urging that local clubs make a special effort to hold spring meetings and through them to renew the same old commencement spirit. It will help us all to make plans now for our first gathering in a peaceful future. Why not mark the very next bond you buy, "My trip to Agnes Scott in a not too distant spring"?

Those of us who are near the college are striving to keep alive and unchanged the traditions and spots that you love. We want you to know that the Alumnae House is as inviting as ever, your welcome on the campus as warm as in calmer years,

and a place is waiting just for you if business or Uncle Sam brings you this way. Moreover, Harriotte Brantley, our new alumnae secretary, will greet you personally in her own gracious manner and make you know how glad we all are that you have come.

Please write to us and tell us what you are doing. Through a newsy summer Quarterly we may have a delightful exchange of "visits" though the miles intervene and the O.D.T. discourages traveling for pleasure.

Most sincerely yours,

MARGARET RIDLEY, '33,

President of the Alumnae Association.



MARGARET RIDLEY

So Much To Remember

BETTY JONES, '43

Some one has said that memory is life's clock. I like that. I like to think that a long time from now I am going to be able to measure the minutes, and hours, and days that I have spent on the accurate timepiece of my memory. I want it to be accurate. The big hand must point to those unexpected moments of understanding deepened by sudden realization. The small hand must point to a grown up me in the first "formal"; to the glimpse of a faraway ocean, seen for the first time; to a dash of sunlight in my room; to the quirk of a smile and the sudden turn of a head I love—all the moments that I shall measure into the stretch of years on the face of my clock.

There is so much to remember: hot summer nights playing in the streets, school with sand tables and shuffle relay; the surprise of growing up, and one day before the surprise is gone—college. College is four years on the clock, college is time that we are forever going to reach until suddenly we are living it.

Agnes Scott may mean a hundred different things to each of us. Each will have a private store of whatever she has gathered to fill her "going away" bag. But the memory of certain things, and people, and places, certain ideas and ideals that make a school distinctly and proudly itself, belong to no years, but to all years—these are memories to be shared.

Agnes Scott is a Monday morning with coats and hair flying in the sharp wind coming around the corners of Buttrick. It is the hockey field where voices are hoarse with screaming; it is the pound of a basketball in the gym. It is "lights out", and early morning cramming; the scratch of pens and wads of tortured paper. It is cracker crumbs in bed, and the rustle of paper on a package from home. It is a Freshman tired from walking up and down a thousand stairs, a Freshman bewildered by so many new, animated faces, a Freshman writing volumes to everyone. It is a Freshman, and a Sophomore, and a Junior, and a Senior beginning and enlarging the pattern of Main Tower against the sky, the quiet dignity of Presser and the lighted windows of the Library, the purpose of Buttrick; a pattern of voices, and contacts, and friendships, and exchangeable ideas.

Agnes Scott is chapel with letters slipped in and out of notebooks; the swelling comfort of hymns that are easy and familiar; somebody in the choir smiling at somebody who is not. It is Decatur, a movie, a walk, and sudden angry clouds. It is snow, unexpected and rare, bringing squeals and nonchalant, "It happens all the time in New York."

In the Fall Agnes Scott is Seniors in caps and gowns, two long lines of whispered confusion. "Who belongs where?" Two long lines of people hearing, and giving new meaning to the strains of "Ancient of Days." In the Spring it is sun baths and bright new freckles. It is the book store for crackers and cokes and conversation, the tea house, and the drug store just around the corner.

Agnes Scott is a street car, important and loud and independent, passing miles of railroad tracks on the way to Atlanta. It is skating in the gym, and plays and concerts in Presser; it is exams never to be survived; it is sleepy after lunch classes when the air is warm and still outside; it is the sudden panic of not knowing an answer, the swift con-

fidence of a head brim full and paper blank and waiting. It is notes on the bulletin board, and the mail room full and buzzing.

Agnes Scott is a pride in certain intangible things that can never be measured—"more surely mine, being not possessed." It is the beauty and strength of religion; it is fellowship, the joy of sharing tasks and recreation; it is the satisfaction of scholarship and the beginning of knowing what is meant by "freedom of the mind."

Agnes Scott is these and a hundred other things. It is nothing that has not been said before, and everything. It has been almost four years on my timepiece, and now the seconds whirl by too quickly, and June and Commencement are reaching the proportions of reality. I must turn my head often for a look behind me at the things I love. A long time from now I shall still be measuring the minutes, and hours, and days of college on my memory.

"This battle is not just a battle of lands,
A war of conquest, a balance-of-power war.
It is a battle for the mind of man
Not only for his body. It will decide
What you and you and you can think and say,
Plan, dream and hope for in your inmost minds
For the next thousand years.
Decide whether man goes forward toward the light,
Stumbling and striving, clumsy—but a man—
Or back to the dark ages, the dark gods,
The old barbaric forest that is fear.
Books are not men, and yet they are alive.
They are man's memory and his aspiration,
The link between his present and his past,
The tools he builds with, all the hoarded thoughts,
Winnowed and sifted from a million minds,
Living and dead to guide him on his way."

—From Stephen Vincent Benet's Drama, "They Burned the Books." Quotation reprinted from *Scholastic*, The American High School Weekly, September 14-19, 1942; page 26.

— MAY WE PRESENT —

Among the many files in the Alumnae Office is one listed as "professional". Here are kept the names of our Agnes Scotters engaged in all sorts of professions. There are advertisers and aviatrixes, lecturers and lawyers, statisticians and technicians. And so from time to time we would like to introduce to you various members of this professional group. May we present:

Selma Gordon, (Mrs. Max Furman), of the class of ex-'24, who writes of her experiences along the trail of becoming a Buyer:

"My career as a Buyer is studded with many humorous and interesting episodes; but to me the strangest is the story of how I chose that career in the first place, and the gradual change that the career made in my original conception of what the job entailed. Perhaps you "Aggies" might be interested.

"A friend and I, both carefree newlyweds, were shopping one afternoon, trying to spend our husbands' money as judiciously as possible. In due course our conversation turned to the happy life of a department store Buyer who is paid a substantial salary for spending the unlimited funds of her employer on beautiful things. The idea grew on us as we talked, and soon we decided to put thought into action by applying at Macy's for a job.

"We soon learned in our interview with the efficient but highly amused Employment Executive that you could not even be an Assistant Buyer without certain essential commercial experience. My friend became discouraged, but I stuck to it and took the first step in the ladder of success by becoming a Comparison Shopper. For the uninitiated, this consists of being a sort of a 'Snooper' to determine whether your employer's competitors are selling comparable articles for less than he is. I found this work interesting, but soon learned that it pays very little and leads to practically no advancement. But I gained a wealth of experience in judging values of merchandise and the qualities that make merchandise desirable.

"To get closer to my goal, I became a salesgirl in the dress department. I then learned 'what Macy's customers wanted'. Strangely, the things I liked most were spurned by my customers who chose things that I never would have bought for myself. I learned that Buyers rarely buy the things they like, but rather what their customers want. Simple as this axiom seems now, its revelation to me destroyed my early dreams of buying just pretty things.

"After some months of this I applied for and soon was promoted to a position called 'Head of Stock'. Here I gathered more commercial wisdom as I was taught that the Buyer could not buy as much and as often as she pleased. Instead, she must keep her inventory in such condition that she is 'open to buy'. Once this technical and delicate balance is destroyed, the Buyer might just as well resign before her merchandise manager fires her.

"More than a year elapsed before a vacancy occurred and I was advanced to the exalted position of 'Assistant Buyer', a Junior Executive. I was most elated and proud at this recognition. Actually however, my time was principally consumed with being a super saleswoman as I was at the beck and call of each of the salesgirls in my department to help clinch difficult sales. My only contact outside of the store was in cajoling manufacturers to rush deliveries of some merchandise or at other times holding deliveries off when we were not ready to accept them. I have

heard manufacturers define Assistant Buyers as 'mice training to be rats'. Maybe so, but I found this training hard work. Thus far, after some three or four years of apprenticeship, I had not even been sent to a manufacturer's office, or bought a thing.

"Aside from doing all the unpleasant jobs that my 'boss' detested doing himself, my principal responsibility was to learn 'what the customers wanted'; this I gathered from my conversations with them and the salespersons, and from watching the fast moving merchandise. As soon as my impressions were formulated, I transmitted them to my buyer.

"And then after five years of preparation I became a full fledged Buyer. At last, I was free to go out in the market and spend thousands and thousands of dollars in the course of a year on beautiful clothes and lovely things. By now, however, I had learned that my Buyer's job is principally a selling one, strange as it all seems to the layman, and that I could not indulge myself at all, despite all this money that was at my command. Alas! the things that I buy must go on some other woman's back. She lives a different life from mine, in another environment. She looks different, and her husband's tastes differ from mine. She uses her clothes for a different purpose, and expects more or less utility from them. I must find out all of these facts about my customer and supply her with the garments that will fulfill her requirements.

"Department store buying is like a continuous race. The contest consists of selling the volume which has been set by a progressive merchandise manager. This figure is often ten or fifteen per cent higher than that of the corresponding day last year. Naturally, the more my department sells, the more I am 'open to buy'.

"But meeting these progressive increases in quotas set for you means a greater goal for the next year. This becomes the bugaboo of a Buyer's dreams. Eventually the department's volume reaches a saturation point, dependent on the store's limitations, and the Buyer cannot push it any higher. But other Buyers in other stores have also reached their saturation points and are 'on their way out'. And so you swap jobs.

"Conditions in the markets change each season, each month. Now there is a shortage of goods, whereas a few years ago my problem was principally selling the goods my manufacturers begged me to purchase.

"There are problems of 'when to anticipate demand' and 'when to take a loss on merchandise to prevent a greater loss in the future'. I have to cope with personalities in my own department and in other departments in my store as well as with my merchandise managers and the manufacturers. These furnish disturbing situations daily; nevertheless, my contact with these problems, and the method with which I have dealt with them, have formed for me a background of experience that serves me in good stead in handling my daily problems, both in business and in my personal affairs.

"Today, I am astounded at the simplicity of my early conception of the duties of a Buyer. *I know now* the amount of knowledge, shrewdness, backaches, headaches, disappointments, and failures that combine to make a successful Buyer; yet I love it. I have learned much, and have become more understanding of other people and their problems."

Lucia Murchison, class of '22, Director, Bureau of Social Service in Washington, D. C. Lucia writes:

"The Health Department in the District of Columbia is responsible for an over-all public health program. In 1938 the Health Officer, Dr. George C. Ruhland, had the wisdom and vision to inaugurate a social service program in the health department. Washington was the second city in the country to organize its social services into a bureau in its city health department, Los Angeles being the first. The social workers are available to assist those sick persons whose social or economic needs keep them from receiving medical care or getting the best benefits from their medical care, or from carrying out the doctor's recommendations.

"The social service staff consists of a director, three supervisors and twenty social workers. As director, it is my duty to develop the policies and procedures for the general operation of the bureau, to set up the qualifications, responsibilities and duties of the personnel, to select the personnel (the educational qualifications for the positions are a bachelor's degree plus two years of graduate study in an approved school of social work) to serve in a consultative capacity to the local health and welfare agencies, to assist in correlating community resources with medical social service needs of patients.

"At the present time in the Bureau of Maternal and Child Welfare, social service is giving service to patients who attend the maternal clinics of the Health Department. Such problems as lack of income, inability for the unmarried mother to plan for the period of enforced unemployment caused by pregnancy, or for the baby after it comes, emotional stress of having a baby out of wedlock, and lack of understanding on the part of the family, compose the majority of the reasons for referral of the maternity cases.

"Children known to the Child Health centers are referred because of evidence of inadequate care, need of temporary or permanent removal from their own parents, or inability of the parents to provide special diets or items necessary to the child for health or development. The handicapped children's services which are administered in the Bureau of Maternal and Child Welfare social services are so essential in the work with orthopedic and cardiac that every new patient admitted to the clinic is seen by the social worker. Where there is evidence that the patient's or his parents' attitudes and capabilities are such that it is likely to interfere with his treatment, the social worker works with the doctor and the public health nurse to insure the best possible results from medical care.

"Since the Health Department is responsible for the administration of its city hospitals, the admission of patients for free medical care from the standpoint of financial and residence eligibility is the responsibility of the social workers assigned to the Hospital Permit Bureau of the Health Department. In addition the workers have to authorize the admission of indigent cases to three private hospitals with which the District of Columbia has a contract to pay for their care, and authorize admission for District of Columbia patients to the Freedmen's Hospital (Federal hospital for negro patients).

"The social workers in the Gallinger Municipal Hospital and Glenn Dale Sanatorium (tuberculosis) work with the doctors to assist the patient to meet the social problems that arise because of his illness and often-times because of his long stay in the hospital. The social worker has to assist in such problems as arranging for food and shelter for those patients who are leaving the hospital and have no

economic resource or family to plan for them, straightening out home conditions that worry patients and prevent them from getting well, arranging for changes of occupation and rehabilitation when necessary, assisting the patient to accept his diagnosis and the doctor's recommendation for treatment, obtaining social histories for the doctors to assist in establishing medical diagnosis. This last function is most important in the psychiatric service of the hospitals.

"During the past year I have had the privilege of being chairman of two projects that are directly related to the war effort and I think show very clearly the participation of medical social workers in community planning. I believe a short description of these projects would be of interest.

"The first project is the work with Selective Service Draft Boards. The District of Columbia Selective Service Headquarters designated officially the Public Assistance Division of the Board of Public Welfare as the Selective Service Referral Center to handle all requests for information and investigations referred by the local Draft Boards. The Public Assistance Division organized operating units of professional social workers giving volunteer time to investigate the cases in which the registrant claimed deferment because of dependents, and the delinquent cases in which the registrant has failed to report for examination or fails to perform within the required time any duty imposed upon him by the selective service law. The medical social workers from our service and from the private hospitals in the city composed one of the units. It is most gratifying to report that approximately sixty per cent of the delinquent cases were located and their failure to comply, for the most part, was due to lack of understanding the instructions, and incorrect addresses.

"The other project is the volunteer service of medical social workers in the Emergency Medical Service and Casualty Information Service of the Office of Civilian Defense. The medical social workers have been assigned to fourteen hospitals in the city to give volunteer service in the event of enemy action or any large scale disaster necessitating the services of Civilian Defense."

EDITOR'S NOTE: According to Miss Murchison, social workers are needed in many fields. Information on the subject may be obtained by writing to The American Association of Schools of Social Work, Miss Leone Massoth, 4200 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., and to The American Association of Medical Social Workers, 205 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Virginia White (Mrs. Robert H. Barnes), of the class of ex-'18, who teaches art at the State College for Women in Montevallo, Alabama.

In addition to her teaching, Mrs. Barnes is a portrait painter and her work includes portraits of: Dr. Brock and Miss Tutwiler at the State Teacher's College in Livingston, Alabama; Governor William Brandon, whose portrait hangs in the State Capitol; Dr. Lee Turlington of Birmingham; and Dr. Alfred Frasier of Dothan. Mrs. Barnes is now painting two portraits which go to Asheville, North Carolina. In the past few years she has won one prize from the Birmingham Art Club, two from the Alabama Art League, and two from the Alabama Water Color Society. Mrs. Barnes is also the author of several articles which were published, her subject being "Art Education".

One in a very different kind of vocation, Occupational Therapy: Mrs. Mary D. Zenor Palmer, of the Institute. And here is her contribution:

"Occupational Therapy is that form of treatment which includes any occupation, mental or physical, definitely prescribed and guided for the distinct purpose of contributing to, and hastening, recovery from disease or injury, and of assisting in the social and institutional adjustment of individuals requiring long and indefinite periods of hospitalization. In the administering of this type of treatment, prescriptions are as necessary as in any other form of treatment.

"The practice in a Veterans' Bureau Hospital is—before beginning any patient in Occupational Therapy, we are required to have a clinical record signed by his Ward Doctor stating diagnosis, mental attitude, present condition and progress, along with the number of hours the patient is to work, and usually the type of work.

"In our own General Hospital, at Fort Harrison, Montana, we have a shop where all the ambulant patients are allowed to work; this is in charge of a shop aide. Here the patients do wood-working, leather-work, basketry, metal crafts, etc. They seem to like leather work and weaving better than any other crafts. I'll mention a few specific cases; one chair-ridden patient, scarcely able to move his hands because of arthritis, has made more than 500 yarn caps of every kind, on a round rake. Another case with a broken back has had much pleasure and profit making sweaters and scarfs on a rake. For nervous cases, weaving is invaluable. We have had many cases to prove this. One patient made thirty or more rag and roving rugs on the large loom in the shop. He seemed happy and contented when at work, as weaving was soothing to him. Generally speaking, weaving is a good craft for many types of disability, for it gives exercise often greatly needed, and contributes to the co-ordination of mind and muscles.

"While our work is not pre-vocational, many do carry on after leaving the hospital, and are able to make a living with the crafts they learned here. Many of the patients can sell the articles they make; however, in Occupational Therapy, the commercial side is the least of it. The therapeutic benefit they receive while making an article is of paramount importance. Of course, the more interesting and constructive the problem, the more value it holds therapeutically.

"To quote from an address given by Miss Helen Seeley at the California State Association of Occupational Therapists: 'Just as the greatest values of life are not tangible, so it is impossible to label every article with its full significance. They are only by-products of Occupational Therapy,—a means to some definite end. We wish that every article were accompanied by a chart giving even crudely its therapeutic value. One article might tell of the diminishing of destructiveness of an excited patient or the apathy of one who was deteriorated. Perhaps a series of projects might tell of an orthopedic case and show the rate of improvement in the function of a disabled member by means of measuring devices and carefully kept data. One piece in the exhibit might tell of the improved mental attitude produced in a tuberculosis or otherwise chronic case. One might have given the doctor a definite clue, by

the physical or mental action produced. Another, by bringing to light an undeveloped interest or talent to be of use later for the patient's retaining it in a vocation.'

Margaret Watson, class of '37, who has combined an interesting vocation with an equally interesting avocation. She writes:

"My apologies for waiting so long to answer, but I've been working for daily newspapers so long I'm wedded to the habit of beating a deadline by a few minutes. I hope this will beat your deadline, but I can't provide any interesting 'copy' on myself as a flier now.

"As you know, the army has grounded all civilian flying in the coastal areas except the Civil Air Patrol. The patrols, such as the one here, which have ocean to cover, take no women pilots, so, since last summer, I have been a 'dodo'—(bird who can't fly).

"I got my private pilot's license in Charleston in October, 1941, taking flying lessons in my home town and completing my course after I came here to work on The News and Courier. Home town is Greenwood, S. C.

"Flying is my first love as an avocation—newspapering is still tops as a vocation. My first solo flight, however, was even more of a thrill than my first page one byline!

"My flying 'career', while fascinating to me, was uneventful—no hairbreadth escapes or forced landings, yet! I try to follow my instructor's advice—'Don't try to be the best pilot—just the oldest!'

"I've had some interesting cross-country flights when I did some of the flying, and a few when I was chief pilot. The longest was a week-end flight from Greenwood to Miami where I helped as navigator. That was before I was qualified to do any of the piloting. My license is only for the small, low-powered planes—'animated paper bags', they have been called,—but I feel a great affection for Piper Cubs, because I know how to fly them.

"As soon as I can, after the war, I want to start flying again, and my ambition is to own a plane some day—one that's big enough for me and a passenger or two.

"Many women fliers are doing swell jobs in the war program, and if there comes a time when my limited knowledge and experience in flying will be of use, then I hope I'll be able to take to the air again.

"On The News and Courier I replaced a man who was off to the wars, and my job is the kind not often held by a woman. I'm on the copy desk, taking turns on the sports desk and the 'telegraph' desk, which latter handles all the news coming in from other places, via Associated Press and United Press teletypes.

"I select copy to be used in the paper, edit it, and write headlines. It is very interesting and is quite different from reporting, which I did when I first started on a newspaper. I'm still not sure which I like best. A 'two-in-one' combination where I could do some reporting and some editing would be the perfect answer!

"Although I was never in the least athletic, I enjoy working on the sports section, and have acquired quite a 'sporting' vocabulary. But my athletic activity is still confined to description rather than participation!"

From A Tower Window

Founder's Day Radio Program



Jean Bailey and Roberta Winter, working together, helped to give us a splendid radio program this year. The program was scheduled for 10:15 P. M. over station WGST, and less than an hour before that time Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett, and Miss Margaret Ridley were sitting around a small table, with a "Mike" in the center, reading over

their scripts. Radio men bustled in and out, and there was the last minute flurry that always makes you feel things can never be worked out in a million years. And then the hands of the big clock over your head were making a pie-shaped piece of time, and the announcer was saying, "Today was Founder's Day at Agnes Scott College," and the program had begun. Miss Scandrett said: "So tonight we are reporting to you on this year that the college has just completed, and announcing our credo as an educational institution in a nation at war today with eyes firmly fixed on the peace of tomorrow."

The minutes were ticking off Dr. McCain's familiar and loved voice as he closed his address: "And so in its philosophy of life, the college of liberal arts is not as concrete in its teachings as a business college or a law school or an officers training school, but it does claim that it deals with the elements of human life that are eternal and that are vital. It claims to represent the true welfare and happiness of the human race. It claims to represent the best for which the United Nations stand. It claims to be a real participant in this war. It believes that it will be the victor."

And then Miss Scandrett again: "As I think back through all of this, the thing that keeps coming to my mind is what Thornton Wilder says so ably in his modern fantasy, "The Skin of Our Teeth"—that throughout the ages man may suffer successive cataclysms—ice, flood, wars—but that he will continue to live through them and rise above them; and that one of the few things he instinctively clings to is knowledge."

The fifteen minutes were almost gone and Miss Ridley was saying: "We cannot repeat often enough the words of welcome that await you whenever you return to the college for a visit. We leave you with our best wishes and the memorable melody of the Alma Mater ringing across the quadrangle and on into a fifty-fourth year for Agnes Scott College."

Faculty Review

On Saturday night, March 6, students and visitors on the Campus were privileged to view the Faculty in action—80 souls—in a Revue entitled, "Our Day—and Welcome to It". The purpose was to raise funds for the Red Cross. There were three scenes—Ante Bellum, Bellum, and Post Bellum. Program notes explain: "Be it understood that, as

advertised, this Revue embraces all of human life and covers a great span of time—how great, one may only guess, since it shows the past, present and future, and since no one knows how long the future will last. Action in Parts One and Two are drawn from actual events and circumstances; the rules read in the faculty meeting are lifted verbatim from old Agnes Scott catalogues, and so on. The story is that of the rise, fall and partial restoration of faculty rule on the Agnes Scott campus. This historical theme sweeps the action along to a powerful, to say the least, climax."

There were no mishaps—all ante-bellum students and teachers escaped injuries which might have resulted from a fall over "1890" skirts; the Faculty managed to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the harrasing problem of what should be done with students who ran away from classes on April 1, and spent the day nibbling sweets and playing leapfrog; the First Aid scene was rushed successfully to its horrendous clamix; and a beneficent St. Peter, with long white beard and long white robe, admitted more or less deserving mortals to a Paradise where an angel teacher flew (by courtesy of Mr. James, consultant on staging) to meet her eager angel students on a "Happy, Happy Examination Day."

The production was under the direction of Miss Roberta Winter, and was written by: Miss Ackerman, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Alexander, Miss Hutchens, and Miss Winter, with additional lyrics by Miss McDougall. Proceeds turned over to the Red Cross amounted to \$160.45.

Debate Team

Victorious in three out of four of their clashes, Agnes Scott's debate team tied with three other colleges for first place in the North Georgia intercollegiate debate tournament held February 25th-26th at Emory University. Duplicate awards will go to Agnes Scott, Emory, North Georgia, and Piedmont colleges.

The debate question concerned the formation of a world federation to bring peace to a post-war world. The subject will be discussed at the Grand Eastern tournament to convene April 7th-10th at Charlotte, North Carolina. There will be representatives from all the southeastern states, including Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina. Agnes Scott will be represented by Cathy Steinback, president of the club, Elaine Kuniansky, Claire Bennett, and Ruth Kolthoff.

Dr. Posey To Take Place of Dr. Davidson in History Department

Dr. Walter B. Posey, present head of the department of history at Birmingham-Southern, will come to Agnes Scott next September to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Dr. Phillip Davidson, professor of history.

Dr. Posey is a graduate of the University of Chicago, having received his Ph.D. there in 1923. He holds an LL.B. from Cumberland University, and an M.A. and a Ph.D. from Vanderbilt. He is a Phi Beta Kappa and an O.D.K.

May Court

Mabel Stowe of Belmont, North Carolina, has been elected this year's May Queen. Mabel is the sister of Mary Margaret (Stowe) Hunter who graduated with the Class of '36.

Other members of the May Court are: *Seniors*: Betty Brougher, Hester Chafin, Ann Hilsman, Marjorie Wilson; *Juniors*: Julia Harvard, Martha Rhodes, Robin Taylor; *Sophomores*: Virginia Lee Brown, Joyce Freeman, Nancy Moses, Julia Scott Newell; *Freshmen*: Gloria Ann Melchor, Annette Neville.

Founder's Day 1943

ALABAMA

Anniston: The Anniston Club met at the home of Frances (Steele) Gordy for a seated tea. No plans were made to meet regularly because so many of the members have permanent jobs or are doing Red Cross work. Many more had planned to attend, but at the last minute had to help with the rationing. Those present were: Frances (McDonald) Moore, Elizabeth (Shepherd) Knox, Addie (McCaa) Butler, Weenona (Peck) Booth, Carolyn (Sproull) Knight, Rosa (White) Horn, Virginia Ordway, Katherine DeHart, Susie Blackmon, Estelle Bryan.

Birmingham: Louise (A b n e y) Beach was in charge of getting the Birmingham Group together, and she did a splendid job. She writes that she nearly wore out her telephone, but got twenty-three Agnes Scotters to come—the largest crowd for several years. They met at Mary Beard's Tea Room and particularly enjoyed the records. They'd like a movie for next year.

FLORIDA

Coral Gables: Montie (Sewell) Burns sends in a good report. We quote: "Just a note to say that our meeting was very satisfactory considering the competition we had—gas rationing, registering for Ration Book No. 2, sick babies, and a Heifetz concert. We had twelve present and we all enjoyed it very much. Miss Smith was here with us. She is a wonderful person and seems the same as she did eighteen years ago." Montie sent in some very interesting clippings with Alumnae news.

Orlando: The Orlando Club meeting got a splendid write-up in the local papers. We quote: "Agnes Scott alumnae met Monday for the annual Founder's Day luncheon. Those present were Imogene (Allen) Booth, of Tavares, chairman, and her sister, Mary Allen, of Decatur, who is visiting her and who is a recent graduate of Agnes Scott; Grace (Barger) Rambo; Lou Ella (Griffin) Williams who went to Agnes Scott the first year it was a college; Cynthia (Pace) Radcliffe; Faustelle (Williams) Kennedy; Mary (Hyer) Dale of Winter Garden, who has two sons serving in the armed forces, one in North Africa and the other stationed in Kansas; Mary (Jarman) Nelson. Mrs. Nelson

is the author of a book for small children entitled 'Fun With Music.'" Imogene Booth says that Grace, who lives in Orlando, was responsible for the meeting. She contacted the alumnae in town and made the arrangements for lunch."

Tallahassee: The Tallahassee Group had an informal tea at F.S.C.W. at five o'clock on Founder's Day. Lib Forman sends in the names of those attending: Alberta (Palmour) McMillan, Bernice Beaty, Mrs. Clive Cross, Mrs. A. C. Kelly, Edith Elizabeth Lynn.

Tampa: Ellen (Allen) Irsch wrote that the Tampa Club held a meeting on Founder's Day which was very much enjoyed. There were eleven alumnae present, and the president, Violet (Denton) West, had an interesting program. A gift from the Tampa Club to the Alumnae House is greatly appreciated.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: The Atlanta, Business Girls', and Decatur Clubs met together at the Atlanta Athletic Club on Saturday, Feb. 20th. There were 123 present, and it was an inspiring sight to see all those Agnes Scotters. Colonel George S. Clarke of Atlanta was the guest speaker, and the honor guests included Dr. J. R. McCain, Dean Carrie Scandrett, Mrs. Clarke, and Dean S. G. Stukes. Marie (Simpson) Rutland, president of the Decatur Club, presided, and Ida Lois McDaniel was in charge of decorations. Araminta (Edwards) Pate, president of the Atlanta Club, and Marie (Stalker) Smith, acting Chairman of the Business Girls, were responsible for arrangements. Lucy (Johnson) Ozmer and Emma Pope (Moss) Dieckmann were in charge of the program.

KENTUCKY

Lexington: Miriam (Preston) St. Clair reports: "Though our regular meeting could not be arranged for February 22, we as a group wish to send greetings for the Founder's Day program. As many as can will gather to listen to the radio program on February 22. We are meeting every month and enjoying exchanging A.S.C. news and meeting different generations. Greetings from us all. Last month we had thirteen or fourteen but this time only seven." Those present were: Katherine (Griffith) Johnson, Mildred (Bradley) Bryant, Elise Derickson,

Margaret Helen Yundt, Ila Belle Levie, Mabel (Marshall) Whitehouse, and Miriam (Preston) St. Clair.

NEW YORK

The New York Club met at the Allerton on February 25th with twenty-one members present. Ruth (Pirkle) Berkeley presided over the meeting. Officers elected for the new year are: President, Martha (Walker) Gerrard; Vice-President, Miriam (Dean) Pierce; Secretary, Annie Laura (Galloway) Phillips; Treasurer, Dean McKoin. Julia Lake (Skinner) Kellersberger told of her work in Africa and gave a style show which everyone enjoyed. The club voted to send fifteen dollars to the Alumnae Association which is most appreciated. Julia Stokes, who sent in the news, is the aunt of Pat Stokes, one of this year's seniors. Those present at the meeting were: Dorothy (Mitchell) Ellis, Dorothy Chamberlain, Julia Lake (Skinner) Kellersberger, Frances (Markley) Roberts, Dean McKoin, Gene (Slack) Morse, Mary (Wells) McNeill, Emily Daughtry, Martha (Walker) Gerrard, Agnes L. Harris, visitor, Judy (Blundell) Adler, Betty Bolton, Douschka (Sweets) Ackerman, Norma H. Faurot, Margaret (Hansell) Potter, Margaret McColgan, Sarah (Cook) Thompson, Annie Laura (Galloway) Phillips, Frankie (McKee) Robbins, Ruth (Pirkle) Berkeley, Julia Stokes.

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte: Romola (Davis) Hardy writes that the Charlotte Club had a splendid meeting with thirty-seven members attending. She says: "We had one out of town alumna, Mrs. Marion Hunter who was one of the Stowe girls from Belmont. I believe her sister is May-Queen this year. She came all the way from Belmont to Charlotte on the bus to attend. Three of the leading ministers wives of the city of Charlotte were present. Mrs. Ray Jordan, Caroline Moody who was a day student when I was there, is the wife of Dr. Ray Jordan, pastor of the First Methodist Church here. Mrs. James A. Jones, '33, was Mary Boyd. Her husband is pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian Church and one of the most brilliant ministers of the city. Mrs. James W. Stewart Jr. of 1930 was Margaret Ogden, whose husband is pastor of the Plaza Presbyterian Church. Another person present was

Mrs. Milton Candler, whose husband is the grandson of Col. George Washington Scott. She was Marian Sims of Birmingham. They live here now." Mary (Sprinkle) Allen who is secretary of the Group says that Evelyn Baty of Queens College faculty gave them some news of the Agnes Scott campus which she gathered on her Christmas visit.

Durham: The Durham Club met with the Chairman, Allene Ramage, and there were eleven people present. Allene says: "The records were grand. Charlotte Hunter brought her coffee and sugar, and I got cookies and peanuts, and we had a nice time. We had only Durham people, no Raleigh or Chapel Hill this year, but we had the largest attendance we've ever had. Those at the meeting were: Frances Brown, Charlotte Hunter, Mary (Primrose) Noble, Hazel C. Collings, Beryl L. Healy, Eva Ann Pirkle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rankin. Mr. Rankin used to teach at Agnes Scott and is now at Duke. Their address is 1011 Gloria Ave., Durham. Mary Anne Hannah was also there, and Lillian (Baker) Griggs who is in the Woman's College Library at Duke.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga: Anne McCallie writes that the Chattanooga Group met at the Girls' Preparatory School and enjoyed the records, view booklets and Quarterlies. Mary (Thatcher) Moses, was suggested for chairman for next year. Those attending were: Mary (Thatcher) Moses, Margaret McCallie, Alma (Roberts) Betts, Elizabeth (Stoops) Sibold, Mary (Walton) Earnest, Lillian (Johnson) Ramsay, Martha Buffalow, Cornelia Stuckey, Alice (McCallie) Pressly, Marion Chapman, and Anne McCallie.

Memphis: The Memphis Alumnae met on February 20th with the chairman, Sara (Armstrong) Hill, presiding. Twelve members were present at the luncheon. Julia Jameson was elected chairman for the next term. Those at the meeting were: Louise (Capen) Baker, Ruth (Hall) Bryant, Elinore (Morgan) McComb, Margaret (Rowe) Jones, Margaret (Smith) Lyon, Marian Van Dyke, Charlotte Newton, Julia Jameson, Melvile Jameson, Mrs. Town, and Mrs. Dunn.

Nashville: The Nashville Club was fortunate in having Dr. and Mrs. Phillip Davidson with them this year. Anna Marie (Landress) Cate writes that the group met at the Centennial Club at 10:30. Mrs. Davidson, assisted by Lavalette (Sloan) Tucker, poured coffee. Mrs. Cate says: "Of course it was an unusual treat to have

Dr. and Mrs. Davidson with us, and to hear him talk to us in such a delightful, informal way." Those at the meeting were: The Davidsons, Mary E. (Cunningham) Cayce, Josephine (Douglass) Harwell, Aline Graves, Shannon (Preston) Cumming, Lavalette (Sloan) Tucker, India (Jones) Mizell, Frances (Long) Parks, Sarah (Robinson) Sharp, and Anna Marie (Landress) Cate.

TEXAS

Austin: Lulu Daniel Ames sent in a clipping from the American Statesman about the Austin Founder's Day meeting. "Ex-students of Agnes Scott College, and a small group of high school senior girls will be honored at an informal tea to be given by Miss Lulu Daniel Ames on Monday afternoon at her home. The tea table will be centered by an arrangement of purple and white sweet peas, the college colors." Lulu writes: "Refreshments, incidentally, were tea and black walnut cake and sand tarts. The black walnut cake was made from Georgia walnuts, no less, and by me, no less. I am proud of that cake; the second such I ever made and the best, to date." The Austin Group enjoyed the record, and suggests that a recording of the Alma Mater be made for next year. Those present were: Lulu Ames, Luella Clayton, Caroline (Candler) Branan, Elizabeth Gribble, Nancy (Gribble) Nelson, Hallie (Robertson) Stayton, Mildred (Coit) Cates, Erlene Milstead, Kathleen Burke, Gloria Bramlett, Bettie Currie, Alice Wharton, Jane Knox, and Evelyn Brewster.

VIRGINIA

Lynchburg: Dorothy Jester ('37) writes that the Lynchburg Group got together on Founder's Day at an informal dinner party. "Just six were present, but we had a grand time talking about everything from the Institute to date, with a little rationing and current and local events mixed in. Those present were: Gladys (Camp) Brannon (ex-16); Mary Spottswood Payne ('17); Courtney Wilkinson ('27); Phyllis (Roby) Snead (ex-'27) Shirley (Davis) Taylor (ex-'45), and myself."

Norfolk: Bobbe (Brown) Fugate gives us a grand report from the Norfolk Group. She writes: "We met at the Ames and Brownley Tea Room at 1:00 o'clock on February 22nd. There was no formal program—we all reminisced, and talked, and listened to the record. We enjoyed the record, booklets, and Quarterlies very much. Though the role of getting together the Agnes Scott girls in this vicinity

was a new one, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I'm certainly indebted to Cary (Wheeler) Bowers for her help." Those meeting in Norfolk were: Florence (Ellis) Gifford, Cary (Wheeler) Bowers, Edna (Rosasco) Decker, Fannie May (Young) Robinson, Winona (Erbank) Covington, Frances (Rainey) McDaniel, Janet Newton, and Barbara (Brown) Fugate.

Richmond: The Richmond Group sent both the Alumnae Office and Dr. McCain greetings written when they held their Founder's Day meeting. "We hope all of you have had as wonderful a reunion as we have. We ate dinner at Gay Currie's home. Then Gay showed us some technicolor movies made her senior year which were so beautiful that we are all homesick for Agnes Scott. We had some good pictures on one reel of Mr. Cunningham, so that hearing the record was doubly good. Miss Torrance and Miss Smith sounded very natural." The meeting was attended by: Mary Jane King, Louise Sullivan Fry, Dorothy Graham, Margaret Bear, Harriette Cochran, Gay Currie, Augusta Roberts, Idelle Bryant, Miriam Bedinger, Henrietta Thompson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ann Martin, secretary of the Washington Group, writes that they had a joint meeting and banquet with the Emory Alumni on the eighth of February at the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church. Jesse (Watts) Rustin is president of the club this year, and her husband, Dr. John Rustin, is president of the Emory Club. The date chosen lay between the Founder's Day of each, so stress was laid on the cooperation that is taking place between the two schools now. Ann says further: "Honestly I do not know when I have felt so much at home away from home as I did with the friends and friends of friends that were gathered there. Every single person had something particular to tell about what he was doing, and many and varied were the reasons for being in wartime Washington. Instead of our usual custom of having a speaker, Jesse Rustin planned a varied program of entertainment that included several very interesting musicians. Of course a most joyful note for all of us arose from the report on the success of the University Campaign, which certainly reached beyond expectation." Some time ago Jesse Rustin wrote that the Club had had a most interesting meeting on the first of December with Mrs. Francis B. Sayre (Elizabeth Evans) as the speaker. They plan to meet again on the thirtieth of March.

— Challenge To College Women —

WEEK-END CONFERENCE

Friday Evening, Feb. 26, to Saturday
Evening, Feb. 27

The week-end of February 26th and 27th is a memorable one for those privileged to be present at the Conference on "College Women and the Challenge of the World Today." Miss Susan Cobbs was chairman of the Conference, and the speakers included Dr. Gillie A. Larew, head of the department of mathematics and acting dean of Randolph Macon; Dr. J. E. Greene, regional educational services representative, Office of Price Administration, Atlanta; Miss Ruth Scandrett of the U. S. Department of Labor, Division of Labor Standards, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Herman L. Turner, minister of the Covenant Presbyterian Church, Atlanta; Professor W. B. Stubbs, Emory University; Dr. J. J. Carney, Jr., economist of the War Manpower Commission, Atlanta; Mr. Malcolm Henderson, British Consul, Atlanta; First Officer Florence C. Jepson, personnel director for the WAAC, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Margaret Mead, associate curator in the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City; Miss Ernestine Friedman, Office of Price Administration, Atlanta.

The challenge of the economic home front, labor problems, a right attitude toward racial minorities, the role of women in war production, British women and the war, opportunities for women in the enlisted services, the problems involved in laying the groundwork for a constructive peace were subjects for discussion during the conference.

Dr. Larew's talk, *The Whole Armor*, expressed vividly the challenge to college women today.

"One evening recently, as I listened to the precise and comforting voice of Raymond Gram Swing, performing the while the last rites of the day—clock-winding, a bit of laundry, some futile gestures toward self-improvement with cold cream and bobby pins—my telephone rang. Over the wires came the voice of a Lynchburg woman whose eighty years have sharpened rather than dulled her keen enthusiasm and energy. Without preface or apology or any regard for the neglected Mr. Swing, she proceeded to ask me what word of all there are in the dictionary best expresses Women's Contribution to Human Progress. The students in my audience and even some faculty members will understand



DR. MARGARET MEAD

Dr. Margaret Mead, one of the outstanding speakers at the week-end conference, is associate curator in the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. Dr. Mead, in her talk, *Laying the Groundwork for a Constructive Peace*, stressed the idea that a study and understanding of anthropological differences should be the groundwork in laying plans for a constructive peace.

and sympathize, when I report that I stalled. My mind began to leap nimbly but unsystematically from woman to woman whom I have known in history. She answered her own question. The word she said is CONSERVATION.

"Whatever it may signify for the contribution of woman to civilization, that is a good word with which to begin an answer to those questions about the liberal arts college. It must be clear that a primary reason why you and I should go on with liberal arts is that there should be a chance for our children to know anything at all about liberal arts. It is a frightening thing to realize that one generation's neglect may destroy the inheritance of centuries. Mr. Wendell Willkie repeated to us a few weeks ago words that have been many times quoted in the last two or three years. 'To destroy Eastern civilization in America you do not need to burn its records in a single fire. Leave them unread for a few generations and the effect will be the same.'

"So we can make a strong case for the maintenance of the liberal arts education, even while we are at war,

in order that we may not lose the most precious of our intellectual possessions. Even in the fields dedicated to technical use and to the war effort—as the indispensable mathematics and physics and chemistry—we must not neglect the significant and enduring values. Techniques we must master and quickly; but we must not forget that these very techniques are the by-products of great principles and theories that must not be lost, that must endure to give birth to finer and more powerful instruments of the human mind.

"We talk a good deal about planning the peace; the blue-prints of a post-war world are well worth our drawing. But it is, I think, fairly clear that we, no matter how well we may contrive to agree on the larger plans, must work out experimentally and patiently, and not without a certain amount of trial and error the details of effective reconstruction.

"There is no subject in the curriculum that we cannot use, no one we do not need for this war. We must rethink the fundamental postulates on which we build our social, our national, our religious life. We must be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us. We must know enough not to be frightened by false alarms and not to cry peace! where there is no peace.

"It seems fairly clear that now and until the situation becomes more acute than it is now thought to be, we can prepare ourselves for technical service within the framework of our liberal training. If from a third to a fifth of our time is spent on those subjects which bear directly on the war effort, we shall be achieving a reasonable preparation for our direct work and shall have time to devote to the larger and more enduring themes of education. We can alter our educational patterns without weakening the fabric.

"We can also take our education more seriously and devote more time to it, carrying heavier academic loads because we have lightened non-academic loads. We can, with due cautions, sacrifice some intensity of training and broaden the scope of our fields of study.

"I truly think that we women have a great responsibility to play a major role in conserving the heritage that is ours; I think we have a great task to

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THEY GAVE TO OTHERS

MARGARET RIDLEY, '33

President of Alumnae Association

In the Library at Agnes Scott College there is a Greek inscription which reads: "Having Torches, They Gave to Others." Throughout the years the graduates of the college have consistently held high the torches of the spirit, and "as one lamp lighteth another nor grows less", our alumnae have let their light shine along paths of good will and significant service.

No one will challenge the assertion that Agnes Scott alumnae have made a worthy record in the professions and in the varied callings of a changing world. But never have the times demanded so much of women as today, and it is natural that we express a just pride in those of our alumnae who have shown such conspicuous leadership among the women engaged in the many branches of the war effort.

As pressing as is the demand of our country for the service of women of exceptional gifts, there is also an urgent call to those of us who may be classed as mothers, teachers, librarians, leaders and counselors of the youth of today.

The war has carried into military service so many of our men, that it is the direct responsibility of women to preserve, promote, and perpetuate those ideals and those freedoms for which our men must fight. This challenge can best be met by the tender nurture and wise direction of our girls and boys—those citizens of tomorrow who determine the course that future civilization is to take.

To preserve the best from the past, to clarify the issues of the present, and to interpret these in terms of good will for the future is a problem that must be met by the women of today who are given the privilege of seeking a liberal education. As we answer this war call, we must march with steady tread and unflinching courage lest children following sense our fear and falter.

It is no easy task to carry these torches entrusted to our keeping. We must think clearly, act justly, and live by faith, that our way of life may be worth every sacrifice and that all children may see "the powers of darkness put to flight, may see the morning break."

If we women are to be worthy custodians of the four freedoms, we must realize the importance of the home, the church, and the school. We must glorify the responsibility of child welfare and all that it entails. Let us march to victory, Alumnae of Agnes Scott, with glowing torches that light the pathway for others, secure in the faith of

"One who never turned his back but marched breast

forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong

would triumph;

Held, we fall to rise; are baffled, to fight better,

Sleep, to wake."

IN MEMORIAM

The morning of February 4 a beloved member of the class of '42 died with pneumonia in a California hospital. *Suzanne Kaulbach Naylor* had been sick only six days and her death was a shock both to her family and her many friends.

Suzanne had been married just eight months to the day. Her wedding took place two days after graduation last June, and the many people who saw it will want to remember her as she was then, never more radiant and lovely. She went with Duncan to the various army camps, doing a wonderful job as wife of a chaplain. The many big and little things she did for others since June were just a continuation of her spirit during the years at Agnes Scott. Her experience ranged from canning tomatoes and redecorating furniture to being matron-of-honor for one of the girls who came "way out west" to marry a soldier sweetheart, and giving a reception after the wedding. When one of her California friends' baby arrived and the baby's grandmother could not get there soon enough to

help care for her, Suzanne took charge.

She lived a full life in her twenty-one years. Each of us will want to remember Suzanne in her own way. One quality which stood out from all the others was the way she lived each day for its present worth. She prepared herself for the future, but she lived in the present. I am sure Suzanne was ready when God called her. She made life sweeter, happier, and finer for her family, her husband, and for her many friends.

Mary Dean Lott.

Word comes to us as we go to press, of the death of *Edith (Camp) McLennan, (Mrs. J. Alan), (ex-'25)*. She died quite suddenly on March eighth, in Birmingham. Her son, Alan, Jr., who is eighteen years old, was at home at the time of her death, having come from Auburn to register for the draft. Her daughter, Edith, is twelve. Her husband, according to our information, is at present stationed in Alaska. We extend our deep and heartfelt sympathy to all the members of Edith's family.



MAY QUEEN
MABEL STOWE, of Belmont, N. C.

Commencement Week-end

May 29th—June 1st

MAY 29th—

Trustee's Luncheon, honoring alumnae and seniors.
Rebekah Scott Dining Room, 1 o'clock.

MAY 30th—

Baccalaureate Sermon, Bishop Arthur J. Moore.
Gaines Chapel, 11 o'clock.

JUNE 1st —

Commencement Exercises, Gaines Chapel, 10
o'clock. President Goodrich White, of Emory Uni-
versity, speaker.

The program for this year is in charge of the Music Department

You are asked to watch for further
announcements.



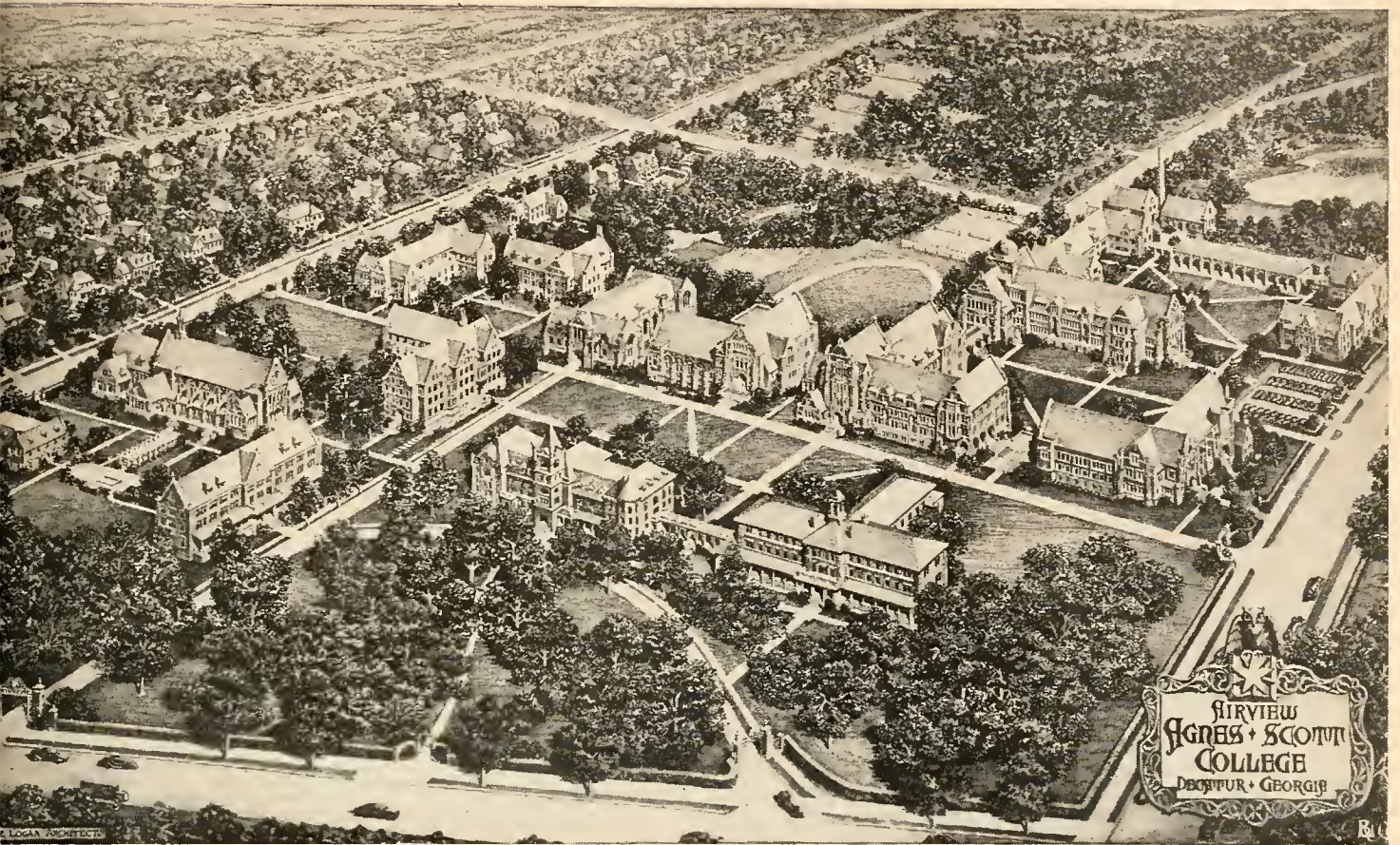
AGNES SCOTT
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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK



Dear Agnes Scott Alumnae:

We are presenting in this issue of the Quarterly revised development plans for the future of Agnes Scott. I wish to give some explanatory details so that you may be able to visualize the part of the program which must yet be carried out in order to realize the full dream.

As you look at the photograph of the plans, you will notice the familiar Inman Hall, Main Building, and Rebeah Scott Hall in the foreground; but the White House is cleared away, and the alumnae garden is extended. Anna Young Alumnae House, immediately to the rear of Inman, is the only building on Candler Street which we expect to retain.

Just beyond Inman Hall, as one looks at the plans, is a proposed building which resembles a church. It is intended to be a central dining hall and kitchen for the entire campus, with provision for an open terrace opening on the alumnae garden and two or three private dining rooms which may be used for faculty groups or for birthday parties and the like. As yet, we do not have any money available for this building.

A very interesting item on the plans, just to the right of the proposed dining hall, is the new location for Hopkins Hall, the dormitory which the alumnae are giving in large measure. It will stand exactly where the science hall is now located. The latter must be torn down before Hopkins Hall can be erected. It is now planned that the dormitory will be in an "L" shape and thus will accommodate perhaps 125 girls. The alumnae have subscribed \$109,000 toward the erection of this building, and the subscriptions are being paid very satisfactorily.

In looking at the plans again, immediately beyond Hopkins Hall will be located a new infirmary. It will be located where Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Tart now live, between the well-known tennis courts and Candler Street. We hope to be able to serve our own students much more fully from a health standpoint, and, at the same time, to run some specialized clinics for the benefit of the community. We do not yet have funds for the infirmary.

Immediately adjoining the infirmary is the new location for the Murphey Candler Building (the old library) which we hope to move without tearing down to a position just south of the present tennis courts. It is too good a building to destroy, but its location in front of the new library is very unsatisfactory from the standpoint of a long-range building program.

Those of you who have been at Agnes Scott in recent years will recognize that our finest buildings are located on an east-to-west axis, just back of Main Building and Rebeah Scott. From left to right in the photograph, they are the Bucher Scott Gymnasium, the library, Buttrick Hall, and Presser Hall. All of these have been in use for some years.

Just to the rear of Buttrick Hall is the proposed new science hall, for which we have received a gift of \$200,000. This will be a very large and beautiful building, and we will need to raise a considerable sum of money in order to erect it as planned. We hope that this can be started as soon as the emergency is over.

Immediately to the rear of the proposed science hall will be the quarters for the proposed "Department of the

(Continued on Page 2)

BOOK REVIEWS

To one reader, at least, the most important aspect of *Beyond Surrender*, Marian Sims' novel of the reconstruction South, is its timeliness. Today when most of us are thinking in terms of the new and better world we hope to see emerge from our own bitter war, the struggle of the Warden family to adjust itself to the complexities of life in post-war South Carolina involves each of us personally. The conflicts between the land-poor farmer and the merchant who holds the purse-strings, between Denis Warden, who cannot forget the past and John Jernigan, who cannot forget the future, between the white man and the black are conflicts which engage us now. For anyone who believes he has a tailor-made answer to the urgent question of race relations this novel should be required reading, as it should be for those few Southerners who still ask themselves in private the question that Denis Warden asked his friend, "Are negroes people?"

Beyond Surrender is a book about people, some black, some white, some acting on principle with complete personal integrity, some driven by ambition, or pride, or greed, or lust, all vigorous enough in mind or body to survive the difficult times in which they lived. Against a background of social, political, and economic upheaval detailed, and authentic in flavor, Mrs. Sims has been able to create a set of characters whose daily lives are important to us. Denis Warden's return from the war, his long and losing battle to make a living for himself and his family on the land at Brookhaven, his hasty marriage to Dolly, daughter of the merchant from whom he must borrow money from crop to crop, and his tragic love for Sharon are the salient points in a straightforward narrative that involves the reader personally in the life of Fairfax county, South Carolina. It is all there, the parades of the colored militia, the meetings of the Rifle club, the meetings of the Missionary society, the fantastic Victorian houses of the new rich, the color and taste and smell of the country, presented with perception and humor by a writer whose Southern birth and New England heritage seem to have fitted her specially for this particular task.

In the last analysis this is a novel of people reacting to ideas of their own or ideas wished upon them by strangers, ideas new and disturbing and important. It offers no answers, but it raises a good many questions that are still waiting for an answer. On the eve of the election which marked the final defeat of the Republicans in South Carolina, John Jernigan and Denis Warden stood in John's office celebrating their victory with a quiet drink, watching the crowds on the street below. Denis was thinking of the black men who had filled the state-house in Columbia since the war when he said, "Thank God, now we can put 'em where they belong." John looked at him quietly for a long time before he said, "Where do they belong, Denis?"

PAGE ACKERMAN, '33.

When a book is written by an Agnes Scott alumna, all of us sit up and proudly take notice. But imagine a book written by four alumnae about one graduate! Such a book is now in print.

The whole idea began in September, 1937, at Agnes Scott when members of the Christian Association cabinet decided that they would mimeograph letters and stories written by Betty Hollis to be circulated among those interested in having a copy. Elizabeth Hollis, known as "Betty", a member of the class of 1937, died three weeks after her graduation, but the memory of Betty was alive in the hearts of girls on the campus.

The letters were gathered and parts mimeographed, but when the Freshmen read the collection, they requested an introduction to the material so that future Agnes Scott generations might fully appreciate the significance of what they read. Winifred (Kellersberger) Vass ('38), began writing, and Henrietta (Blackwell) Ketcham ('39), continued the work. The next year, however, Christian Association decided that the material would make a book which would be useful particularly to young people of high school and college age. Isabel (McCain) Brown ('37), then spent a year re-working the material, and the final step was taken when Mrs. Julia Lake Kellersberger ('19), re-wrote the book in its finished form.

But why so much interest in one particular graduate? Because friends at Agnes Scott felt that her's was a life which they wished to share, a life which should not stop in its unusual Christian influence. So firmly did these girls believe in the power of Betty's life that they persisted in the writing and re-working of the material for six years.

In order to make *Betty, a Life of Wrought Gold* available to any person, the cost was kept down to one dollar per copy, and may be ordered from the John Knox Press, 8 North Sixth Street, Richmond, Virginia. Any profit made on the sale of the book will go to the establishing of a scholarship fund at Agnes Scott in memory of Betty.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

(Continued from Page 1)

Home"; and across the quadrangle to the extreme right of the plans are proposed faculty apartments. The suggested colonnade between the faculty apartments and the other side of the quadrangle may not be needed.

At the extreme rear of the campus is shown the steam plant and laundry which we now use, and we hope to develop a lake in the woods which the College has bought on both sides of the Stone Mountain car line.

Not shown very clearly on the development plans are campus homes for the President, the Dean of the Faculty, the Dean of Students, and other administrative officers.

We would like very much to round out this building program within the next ten years. We will certainly be very much pleased to have any suggestions from you about the plans themselves or about how they should be developed.

Cordially,

J. R. MCCAIN, *President.*

BOOK REVIEWS

"*Biology, the Science of Life*". By Mary Stuart MacDougall in collaboration with Robert Hegner. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. \$4.00.

"*Biology, the Science of Life*" is the culmination of years of thought and work by Dr. Mary Stuart MacDougall, Professor of Biology at Agnes Scott College. The friends and students of Miss "Mac", as she is affectionately known, expected a wonderful book to come from the enormous energy and perseverance which she put into its preparation; and those who are fortunate enough to read a copy will not be disappointed.

The size of the book may frighten the beginning student. However, when he begins to study the beautiful photographs and drawings so clearly labeled and annotated, he will appreciate the extra volume needed for their inclusion. He will also become aware that many interesting comments over and above the routine statement of facts keep him ever desirous of further reading.

It was the aim of the author to present the study of Biology as simply and yet as scientifically as possible. With the aid of her splendid illustrations, and thought-provoking questions at the close of each chapter to aid in the "digestion" of the subject, she has achieved this simplicity to such a degree that much profit can be obtained by studying the book without the formality of a classroom.

Realizing that students and instructors in various localities have different preferences in the arrangement of material, Miss "Mac" has afforded great flexibility in her text. A thorough system of cross-references from one section to another facilitates its use, whether types or principles are emphasized.

The book has seven divisions. Part I deals with the foundations of life and the interdependence of living things. A discussion of biological classification and unique illustrated outline of both the plant and animal kingdoms are included.

Parts II and III may be used as a ready reference for laboratory work if time does not allow a complete coverage of the book in the lecture period. These sections present

detailed descriptions of the morphology and physiology of a typical seed plant and of a typical vertebrate, followed by briefer accounts of representatives of the main groups of plants and animals.

General Biology: organs, systems, and their functions, and the biology of man are discussed in Part IV. Both plants and animals are considered and some repetitions of earlier sections occur. However, these serve to emphasize certain important principles. The chapters on Coordination and the Special Senses include much that is studied in Psychology.

Part V is an exposition of principles and theories concerning germ cells and fertilization, variation and heredity, adaptations and evolution, the field to which the author has contributed by her notable researches on protozoa. The many charts given here are especially instructive.

Biology in relation to human welfare, and conservation of plant and animal life are explained in Part VI.

In addition to a number of interesting portraits and bits of history scattered throughout the text, a short history of biology is presented as Part VII.

The student will also find the text enlightened with the etymology of technical terms given with their first appearance. This is ably supplemented by a

complete self-pronouncing glossary and an extensive index.

Thus with drawings and photographs, glossary and index, the author has efficiently supported her text. A very careful student may note several errors in page and figure references, but these do not detract seriously from a study of the volume.

It is extremely gratifying because of its rarity, that a work of such scholarship has been produced in the South. All her friends will rejoice with Miss "Mac" in so successful a conclusion to the stupendous task which she undertook; for both student planning to use biology professionally and serious laymen seeking to round out their liberal culture will find "*Biology, the Science of Life*" most profitable and enjoyable.

LUCILLE (COLEMAN) CHRISTIAN, ex-'30.



DR. MARY STUART MACDOUGALL

— Summer on the Brandywine —

ELLEN HAYES, '46

We were a bunch of noisy, barefoot cousins. There were twelve of us in all, of a variety of shapes and sizes, having in common the same grandparents and their farm, which was just above the Brandywine. From the edge of the farm we could look down on the muddy creek and across the fields to the Pennsylvania hills which rolled smoothly to the sky. Whenever we tired of climbing trees or of chasing each other about the lawn, we would race down to the creek to play.

There were exciting, happy days when it rained and rained and the creek rose and flooded its banks. On these rare days, we would run out barefoot after breakfast, each of us still eating his muffin or piece of toast. I remember one particular August flood. We all trooped down across the lawn, until we were above the creek, and then we stopped and stared at the angry, dangerous river the Brandywine had become overnight. The willow bushes which lined its banks were out of sight, and we could no longer see where the creek had been before, for now the fields were covered with a mighty, rushing sea, brown and terrible. And the sturdy, stone bridge stood alone in the midst, mocked by the waters that rushed past on either side. In our breathless excitement, we ran up and down the banks, calling shrilly to each other. All around our feet were poor sprawling beetles and spiders which tried to crawl to safety, but were swept roughly away into the current of the slowly rising river. A log swept past, a small one, and on it was perched a water rat. Just as it passed us, the log hit a tree, and the poor creature disappeared under the rush of the water. All the time there was the roar of the river, so that we had to shout; but we were so excited that nothing but shouting would have satisfied us. The current brought with it huge, heavy logs, and bright orange pumpkins torn loose from someone's garden—and squash and green tomatoes, bobbing merrily. Drowned chickens floated past, too, and the corpse of a sheep. But finally, after a whole day of rushing past, the river began to shrink again into the creek it had been before; and in a few days things began to look normal, though everywhere the water had been the tall grass was pressed flat, and the fields and gardens were covered with thick, brown mud.

Although floods were fun, we loved the Brandywine best when it was its quiet, usual self. We would cross the road by the side of the meadow, jumping down into the field of tall, sweet grass. We loved the feel of the weeds between our bare toes, but we stepped carefully to avoid the thorns. There were tall, purple milkweed plants on either side of the path, and orange monarch butterflies sailed lazily in the sun. Everywhere there were bees, incessantly rushing at the plants and forcing their way into the sweet centers of the flowers. The nearer we got to the river, the stronger was the delicious smell of mint and of wet creek mud. The cows were over by a clump of willow trees, the ground trampled and muddy where they had gone to the water to drink.

Here was the canoe, lazily bumping against the landing. On a pile of brush and twigs brought down by the floods, there was usually a water snake—so dry and like the sticks that we would never have seen it, except that our approach would send it streaking for the water, where it swam away into the current. Frogs would unexpectedly jump into the water with shrieks that startled us. Then we would pull the canoe to the shore and put our pillows into it. Finally

we would unlock ourselves from the stake and paddle out into midstream. If we paddled quietly near the shore, we could see an occasional snake entwined among the low hanging branches, or we would frighten little turtles on their perches atop logs, from which they would topple with faint splashes. Often we could pluck snakes from the trees and plunge them into the dark bag always kept handy in the canoe. There was usually a box of snakes on the back porch and a chorus of frogs in the pool. They never stayed long: the frogs always hopped away, and the snakes always managed to find a hole somewhere in the box; but we went right on collecting.

On the days when our energy was the greatest, we took the canoe upstream. Around the bend were the rapids. We would all get out and push the canoe over the swift shallow waters, lifting it over larger stones and stopping once in a while to rest our feet in a mass of thick water weed. Once over a rapids, we would climb in again and paddle quietly up the creek. Often we frightened a big white or blue heron from the water. And there were smaller water birds, too—kingfishers and silly little tottering sandpipers. Sometimes, when we passed the woods, we got out and played Indian among the trees. My cousin Patience—slim, brown, with long, dark plaits—made a perfect Indian. My short-haired sister and I, with my uncontrollable mop, had to imagine our plaits. On our way up the creek we would pass big red barns whose sides had been washed a paler rosy color by the rains. Sometimes we took along lunch and ate in a meadow, keeping a wary eye on the distant cows.

But coming home was the most fun, especially at night. Then we didn't have to paddle; we just drifted. The white mist would rise from the water and insects would begin their untiring singing, and the bull frogs, so small, yet with such incredibly loud voices, would begin to bellow. Now and then the noises would stop, and we could hear only the rippling of the canoe as it went through the water. The willow trees showed dark against the grey sky. Lights of farmhouses began to come on, and it was night.

—Reprinted from the May 1943 AURORA.

TO A SOLDIER

*You leave, and all our little world of plans
Comes tumbling into ruin: unlive'd dreams.
So suddenly our life is changed, it seems
That this great chaos must kill all it spans.
No time for dreams: cold facts must fight a war,
But we will dream again, as once before.*

*Remember how we sang in carefree ease?
Today a marching measure fills my heart;
It gives new courage to all those who part,
Yet all too soon its voice will cease to please.
Away with melodies: we march to war!
But we will sing again, as once before.*

*Men die! And life unfolds its glorious charm
To us, and fills us with the will to live!
Yet we must change, and be prepared to give
This living treasure, lest all come to harm.
Gladly we die to self, for this is war.
But we will live again, as once before.*

—Frances Kaiser '43

—Reprinted from the May 1943 AURORA.

COMMITTEE — REPORTS —

MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, MAY 29, 1943

The Agnes Scott Alumnae Association met on Saturday, May 29th, immediately following the Trustee's luncheon. The meeting was held in the chapel in Rebekah Scott with the president, Margaret Ridley, presiding.

The minutes of the last meeting were dispensed with, since they were printed in the July Quarterly of last year and alumnae had an opportunity to read them there.

A financial report for the year was presented by Frances McCalla, treasurer. The report showed a reserve on hand of \$1,310.82. There are still some expenses for the last month to come out of this fund. Miss McCalla then presented the budget as it was drawn up by the Executive Board, and it was decided to accept the budget as presented.

Harriotte Brantley, alumnae secretary, gave a brief report of some of the work done during the year.

Miss Ridley gave a report of the Executive Board meeting and called attention to the fact that all reports will be published in the July issue of the Quarterly. She then recognized the various Committee Chairmen who were present. Special thanks go to Mrs. Bonner Spearman, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, for her splendid work.

Betty Lou (Houcke) Smith read a list of the alumnae chosen by the Nominating Committee. They are as follows: *First Vice-President*: Susan (Shadburn) Watkins, '26; *Secretary* Ida Los McDaniel '35; *Publicity Chairman*: Emma (Moss) Dieckmann, '13; *Tearoom*: Marion (Fielder) Martin, '31; *Second Floor*: Katherine (Woltz) Green, '33; *Constitution and By-Laws*: Lucy (Johnson) Ozmer, ex-'10; *Student Loan*: Julia (Smith) Slack, ex-'12. Mrs. Smith then turned the meeting back over to the president, who called for nominations from the floor to fill the chairmanship of the Grounds Committee. Eugenia Symms, '36, was elected to the chairmanship of the Grounds Committee.

Miss Ridley asked if there were any other business. She thanked all the members of the Board for their fine help during the year, and the meeting was adjourned.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD, MAY 25, 1943

The spring meeting of the Executive Board was held at the Alumnae House on Tuesday, May 25th, with the president, Margaret Ridley, presiding.

In the absence of the secretary, Julia (Thompson) Smith, the minutes of the last meeting were read by Harriotte Brantley, alumnae secretary. One correction was made to the minutes in order that they should read that it will not be compulsory to send a list of the nominees and their qualifications to the Alumnae, but rather that it is agreed that that will be done by the executive secretary. Members were unanimous in agreeing that it was better not to change the constitution to include the suggestion.

The Finance Committee's report was presented by Frances McCalla, treasurer, and the proposed budget for 1943-'44. The total of the new budget was \$3,202.50 plus the reserve carried over from this year. There was some discussion as to whether the cut in the allotment to some of the committees was justified, particularly in the case of the Entertainment Committee, which has used only a small part of its allotment for this year due to present conditions. However, it was moved and passed that the budget be adopted as it was presented.

Harriotte Brantley presented her report of work done by the executive secretary, the first part of the year's work being done and reported by letter by Nelle (Chamlee) Howard, who served as secretary until the middle of the year. This report is given in full under another heading.

The report of the Radio Committee as made by the chairman, Jean Bailey, was read by Harriotte Brantley. The theme this year was, *Agnes Scott, a Liberal Arts College, Prepares for Its Part in the Post-War World*. There was discussion as to whether the radio program should be continued, since it seems to reach so few of the Alumnae outside of Atlanta and vicinity. This was particularly true this year, according to reports received from Alumnae.

Virginia (Heard) Fedar gave a brief report of the Alumnae Week-End Committee. The number attend-

ing this year compares favorably with that of other years, and it is believed that the morning-evening type of Alumnae Week-End is a successful way of handling the situation brought on by the war.

Elizabeth (Simpson) Wilson presented a report for the Second Floor Committee. The Pink bedroom was redecorated, and the ceilings in the Pink and Blue bedrooms were repapered. Remaining funds were to be used to work over the Green-Striped Room.

Julia (Smith) Slack reported that the Student Loan Fund had a balance in the bank of \$239.12.

Mrs. Webb, the tearoom manager, handed in a good report, the tearoom having not only paid expenses but also netted a good surplus. Mrs. Webb will not be able to come back another year. Harriotte Brantley reported on an interview she had had with Mrs. Bunnell, the house mother of the Emory Sigma Nu House. Mrs. Bunnell had made the suggestion that she would like to take over the management of the tearoom if it could be arranged for two people to act as joint-managers. She had in mind a friend of her's, Mrs. Harris, who might be able to accept the joint managership. It was pointed out that a new stove is badly needed for the kitchen, the old one being so worn that it cannot be repaired and so that it is really dangerous. It was decided that this fact should be called to the attention of the new tearoom committee.

Permission was given for Caroline Black to room in the Alumnae House next year. It was suggested that it might be wise to get another permanent roomer for the next year, since there will probably be fewer transient guests.

It was decided to set aside the sum of \$50.00 to buy gifts for the members of the Agnes Scott faculty and administration who are retiring this year. These are: Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Sydenstricker, Miss Torrance, Miss Lewis.

The president announced that Harriotte Brantley will not be able to come back next year as executive secretary. Names of persons who might be contacted for the job were suggested. It was discussed as to whether or not it might be arranged to have someone from Decatur or Atlanta do the work in the office during the day and have a boarder act as hostess in the House and take care of any business that came up at night.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served. The meeting was adjourned by the president.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Executive Secretary:

The secretary's report this year is a collaboration, the first part of the year's work being carried on by Nelle (Chamlee) Howard and the latter part by Harriotte Brantley, who came in January to take Nelle's place in the Alumnae Office.

The month of August was spent investigating tea room manager prospects, in absence of Tea Room Committee chairman and in securing the services of Mrs. Sarah Saley. She resigned after three weeks because of her health, so the secretary kept the tea room open for a week until another manager could be secured. Mrs. W. J. Webb, of Carrollton, took charge October 12, and the secretary endeavored to cooperate with her to the fullest.

Worked with House Decoration Committee and supervised the placing of the Chinese panel and crystal chandelier in the dining room and the large mirror in the hall. Met with Second Floor Committee and outlined plans for the year and assisted in planning details for the Pink room. Also worked with the Garden Committee, supervising colored gardener at times and making plans with Mrs. Holt in the absence of the Alumnae Garden chairman, Mrs. Fleming.

Met with the Alumnae Week-End Committee for making tentative plans for the 1943 Week-End. Worked out details with Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett, the dietitians, Mrs. Smith and the Decorations Committee. Made arrangements for several members of each class to phone the local members, inviting them to attend the programs. Arranged for Grand-Daughters Club members to assist at the registration desk. Worked out details for publicity in connection with the Lecture Association. Special thanks go to Mary C. (Williamson) Hooker for her splendid work. Guests at the luncheon numbered about 115. Guests attending the afternoon meeting numbered about 80 and a small percentage stayed for the dinner and the evening lecture. The number attending compares favorably with other years. While the afternoon and evening program as followed this year may not be the most successful type of lecture program, it does seem indicated that it would more than hold its own with the Friday and Saturday morning type of Alumnae Week-End.

During the fall and winter two issues of the Quarterly were edited with a special feature on alumnae in the war compiled by the secretary under the heading "In the Service."

Trained three scholastic students who were new this year and supervised

routine work done by the six students who work regularly in the office.

Editorial type letters were gotten out to 1,000 former members of the Association, the list of names being taken from the classes of '38, '39, '40, '41, and '42. These letters were to interest the alumnae in re-joining the Association.

The secretary acted as sponsor of the Grand-Daughters Club, entertaining the members at the alumnae house on two occasions and contributing to a fund to help them get up a float to be used in the Mardi Gras celebration.

Because of transportation difficulties the Founder's Day plans had to be altered, the large district divisions created in 1941 being cut so that alumnae would not have so far to travel in order to attend the meetings. Twenty meetings were held in ten states and many alumnae wrote that they were planning to listen to the radio program even though they were unable to attend a meeting. The secretary worked with Jean Bailey and Roberta Winter in making out the radio program which was presented over station WGST. The Atlanta Club meeting was most successful, there being more than 100 members and guests present. Flowers from this meeting were presented to Dr. Mary F. Sweet and Miss Louise McKinney and to Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

The record series begun in 1940 was added to, with a reproduction of a talk by Mr. Cunningham and an interview of Miss Lillian Smith. Many of the former records were sent out from the office at the request of various alumnae.

Secretary supervised the repapering of the ceilings in the Pink and Blue rooms and the cleaning of the wallpaper in the downstairs and upstairs halls and the upstairs bedrooms. Repapering was done by the Southern Construction Company and the work was given a two-year guarantee. The cleaning of the paper was done by Mr. Homer Gibbs. The large rugs in the dining room, sitting room and hall were cleaned by Mr. C. S. Hall and the small yellow sofa was also cleaned. The yellow chair in one of the bedrooms was re-worked and \$3.00 towards having it recovered was donated by Florinne (Brown) Arnold.

After conferring with Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett and Miss Margaret Ridley, it was decided to do away with some of the Commencement activities and a letter explaining this was published in April Quarterly. A form letter was gotten out to all members of the reunion classes and the idea of a "Bonded Reunion" as outlined by

Cornell University was suggested. Response to these letters has been splendid.

Secretary served on the Nominating Committee and had the ballots printed and addressed to paid members. Ballots this year were printed on double postal cards and the method seems to be very successful as a large percentage of those mailed out have been returned to the office.

Invitations to the Trustees' Luncheon were addressed and mailed and plans for seating arrangements, decorations, etc. were worked out with Miss Scandrett, the dietitians, and Mrs. Bonner Spearman, the chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

It was decided to have an Open House in Murphey Candler building in place of the usual garden supper given for the returning alumnae and the seniors. Invitations were extended to the alumnae through the clubs and the secretary personally invited the members of the senior class and members of the administration. She also helped Mrs. Spearman work out details of the Open House such as getting people to serve, etc.

Throughout the year the secretary has acted as hostess for alumnae or other guests in the house and has tried to make it as pleasant as possible for them, being glad to assist with train or bus reservation, schedules, etc.

Among other distinguished guests entertained this year were: Dr. Margaret Meade, associate curator in the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History of New York City; Dr. Gillie A. Lawren, acting dean of Randolph-Macon; and Mr. Baen Chu, who is connected with the Student Christian Movement.

The secretary was interested in having the office on second floor redecorated and used the money obtained through the sale of magazines for that purpose. The walls and ceiling were done over and some bright prints were framed and hung on the walls.

Before leaving for the summer the secretary supervised the closing of the house, covering furniture, packing away silver, etc. The July issue of the Quarterly was edited and last-minute details were attended to.

The secretary has endeavored to keep personal contact with as many of the alumnae as possible by letter because she feels that for the duration letters must be the main source of contact between Agnes Scott and her "Daughters."

Harriotte Brantley, '32.
Executive Secretary.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Second Floor Committee:

On Hand (1943-'43):

Budget	\$50.00
From last year	1.25
Gift of House Guest	1.25
Gift of Atlanta Club	9.00
Extra Allowance from College Club Gifts	20.00
	7.33
	<hr/>
	\$88.83

Expenditures:

Sheets	\$ 9.52
Repairs	2.50
Curtains	6.75
Curtains	3.89
Chair	12.95
Lamp	6.98
Rugs	12.70
Guest Towels	2.10
Wash Cloths	1.50
Repairs to Ceilings in Pink and Blue Rooms	16.00
Decorations for Green Room	13.85
	<hr/>
	\$88.83

Signed,

Elizabeth (Simpson) Wilson, 31,
Chairman.

TEAROOM

May 25, 1943

Total on hand (cash)	\$101.00
The following assets:	
In bills	25.00
Scheduled banquet	44.00
Expenses to be met:	
One week's payroll	
One month's gas bill	
Expenditures: (Expenses such as food, ice, etc. are met daily)	
Cleaning	5.00
Washing Drapes	1.50
Supplies	8.50
Committee Expenditures:	
Water Glasses	3.00
Cups and Saucers	6.00
Repairs for Toaster	3.50

Gifts:

- One dozen crystal plates
- One dozen crystal goblets
- One dozen crystal glasses

Report of the Alumnae Week-end Committee

In view of the present transportation difficulties, the committee felt it best to hold all the meetings on November 12 so that Alumnae from town could come and spend the day. The theme chosen for this year was "Meeting Today's Challenge"

Lt. Mildred McFall of the Waves, ex-'24, opened the day with "Women in the War" in which she told how a girl's major interests in college can be

utilized in placing her in the Wave program. Following this talk Dr. Goodrich White, newly elected president of Emory University, spoke on "The Impact of the War on Higher Education" telling of the many changes that are being made in the curricula of colleges because of war demands.

The Alumnae then enjoyed the exhibits in the Library. Under Miss Hanley's supervision there was a group of interesting and timely maps and war books, and Miss Lewis had arranged a fine collection of pictures.

The college very graciously was hostess at dinner in Rebekah Scott dining room to all Alumnae and their husbands. Afterwards the Alumnae attended the opening of the current season of the Student Lecture Association to hear Hallett Abend, New York Times' Far Eastern Correspondent, speak on "Our Destiny in Asia". The "week-end" then closed with a reception in the Murphy Candler building. There were about 115 Alumnae present.

VIRGINIA HEARD FEDER,
(Mrs. John G.), '33.

RADIO:

The Committee reports that the Agnes Scott Radio program, which this year was confined to the annual Founder's Day event, was planned and executed in the following manner:

I. Committee Personnel:

- A. Jean Bailey
- B. Roberta Winter
- C. Harriotte Brantley

II. Program Plan:

A. Theme: Agnes Scott, a liberal arts college, prepared for education in a post-war world.

B. The program was made up of short talks on the various phases of the theme by:

1. Dr. McCain, representing the Administration of the college.
2. Miss Scandrett, reporting on the year's activities among the students.
3. Miss Margaret Ridley, president of the Alumnae Association, representing the entire body of Alumnae.

III. *Performance:*
A. Program this year was given by WGST.

B. Time: February 22, 1943; 10:15-10:30 P. M.

Respectfully submitted,
JEAN BAILEY, '39,
Committee Chairman.

Report of House Committee

May 4, 1942, to May 4, 1943

INCOME:

Brought forward from May 4, 1942	\$ 74.95
Birthday gift from Mrs. Eagan	25.00
Interest from undesignated fund	85.50
Gift from Atlanta ASC club (1942-'43)	15.00
Gift from Decatur ASC club (1942-'43)	5.00
Additional grant from Trustees	20.00
	<hr/>
	\$225.45

DISBURSEMENTS:

Mirror for Hall, W. E. Browne Decorating Co. ...	\$ 27.00
Paper and labor for Dining Room, M. Dvoskin & Son	43.50
Chandelier, W. E. Brown Co.	100.00
Labor and Installation of Chandelier, Capital Electric Co.	10.26
Crystal for table, Rich's Inc.	9.12
	<hr/>
	\$190.88

Income

Disbursements ..

Balance

MRS. FONVILLE MCWHORTER,
(Willie Belle Jackson), '17.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Student Loan:

February 3, 1943—received of Nelle (Chamlee) Howard, acting secretary ---- \$201.42

Deposits:

March 4, 1943—for account of Mary Anne Barfield --- 25.00

March 4, 1943—for account of Evelyn Baty

12.10 (Account of Evelyn Baty closed)

April 27, 1943—for account of Mary Codington

5.60

Total

\$244.12

Withdrawals:
February 16, 1943—loan to Margaret Drummond

5.00

Balance

\$239.12

Respectfully submitted,

Julia Pratt Slack, Ex-'12,

Chairman, Student Loan Committee

From A Tower Window



Agnes Scott Faculty Members Receive Research Awards

S. G. Stukes, registrar and dean of faculty at Agnes Scott and executive secretary of the advisory faculty council of the University Center in Georgia, recently announced that three Agnes Scott faculty members are among the grantees receiving grants-in-aid from the Center for special research during the coming year.

The committee awarded \$500 to Dr. Ellen Douglass Leyburn of the English department for a study of the background of Wordsworth's ecclesiastical sonnets; \$250 to Dr. E. H. Runyon of the biology department for continuation of research in the organization of separate cell-units of dictyostelium into a multicellular body; and \$100 to Dr. Catherine S. Sims of the history department for continuation of work on a critical edition of Henry Elsynge's "Expedicio Bellarum Antiquitus." The grants received by Dr. Sims and Dr. Runyon are further awards for work in the same subjects for which they had been given previous grants. In addition to these grants extension of time for the completion of work already started was given to Dr. Mary Stuart MacDougall, head of the biology department.

Dr. Leyburn, who received one of the two largest grants given, will do her research in the libraries of Yale University and Harvard College this summer. Dr. Runyon plans to do most of his work, which will consist chiefly of writing up his findings, on the Agnes Scott campus.

Dr. Sims will continue her work on "Expedicio Bellarum Antiquitus" in Atlanta libraries.

Eight Seniors, One Alumna Elected to Phi Beta Kappa

Announcement of the election of eight seniors and one alumna to the Georgia Beta chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary fraternity, was made in chapel Saturday, May 8.

Miss Florence Smith, associate professor of history and president of the local chapter, stated the purpose of the society as being "the encouragement of scholastic and cultural interest among students and graduates" and presented the qualifications for Phi Beta Kappa membership, which includes not only high scholastic achievement but also character, capacity, breadth of interest, and general promise.

Seniors elected were Martha Dale, former editor of the

Agnes Scott News, member of Mortar Board, and recipient of an Agnes Scott letter in athletics; Jane Elliot, president of the Poetry club, managing editor of the *Aurora*, and a member of B. O. Z.; Nancy Green, a junior transfer, member of Chi Beta Phi and reporter for the *Agnes Scott News*; Elizabeth Hartsfield, transfer, and conservation chairman of the War Council; Dorothy Holloran, president of Mortar Board, secretary of student government 1941-42, and president of her sophomore class; Frances Kaiser, former managing editor of the *Agnes Scott News*, secretary of Mortar Board, and a member of Pen and Brush club; Ruth Lineback, editor of the *Silhouette*, member of Mortar Board and Chi Beta Phi, and recipient of the national Chi Beta Phi key; and Margaret Shaw, transfer, assistant business manager of the *Aurora*, secretary of French club, and member of lower house of student government. All of the newly elected members were on Honor Roll.

Miss Patricia Collins, class of 1928, was the only alumna honored. After her graduation from Agnes Scott, she obtained her law degree from Emory University, and is now one of the two assistants to the Attorney General in Washington, D. C.

Government Athletic Program to Be Instituted at Agnes Scott

An intensive course in physical training, including the increase of physical training from three to five hours a week, will be begun at Agnes Scott College next fall, according to President J. R. McCain and Miss Llewellyn Wilburn, associate professor of physical education.

"In addition to the regular gym classes there will be a fundamentals course stressing strength, endurance, flexibility, relaxation, and body control," Miss Wilburn said.

New students who show their attainment of certain levels of fitness will be excused from the fundamentals course and advance to other classes. The fundamentals course will be three hours a week for fifteen weeks.

Seniors will not be required to take the courses, although Dr. McCain said, "They should want to take these courses." Dr. McCain also revealed that there will be a fitness course for faculty members.

Romance From "Iolanthe"

When the Emory Glee Club and the Agnes Scott Glee Club combined their talents to present the Gilbert and Sullivan musical comedy "Iolanthe" three years ago, it was a story of romance within and without the lilting, musical play.

Two marriages are the result of that production of "Iolanthe." Ruth Tate, ex-'39, of the Agnes Scott Club, became the bride of Jack Boozer, of the Emory singers last year. Jack, who was graduated from Emory last year, is now attending the Boston School of Theology.

Then in the Sunday, April 18, edition of The Atlanta Journal, the engagement of Annie Wilds, '42, who was also of that cast, and Powers McLeod, who sang in the same production, was announced. Powers will be graduated in Theology in June, and their marriage will take place right after his graduation.

Acting Cup Awarded to Ruby Rosser

For the best acting during the year, Ruby Rosser, '43, received the Claude S. Bennett Cup at the recital of contemporary poetry given on April 23 by advanced speech students under the direction of Miss Frances Gooch.

Those taking part on the program were Zena Harris, Laurice Looper, Ruby Rosser, Virginia Lucas, and Martha Marie Trimble.

Student to Enter Army Air Corps

From faculty, to student, to army—such is the life of Ruth Bastin who was once on the faculty of Agnes Scott as a nurse, who is now a sophomore, and who will go into the army as a nurse on July 1.

Ruth finished her nurse's training in 1940 and came here as a nurse for the next year and a half. In her hours off duty, she went to classes on the campus and studied. She went to the University of Chicago for summer school and entered Agnes Scott last September as a sophomore.

Last Wednesday, Ruth was notified that she has been accepted as a volunteer army nurse. She plans to ask for service in the air corps, which she says is "simply the best part of the army." This field of service may lead her to a place in the Hospital Evacuation Corps which uses flying hospital transports in its work.

Registrar Announces Enrollment Increase

"In spite of the war, Agnes Scott has to date the largest registration in its history," stated Mr. S. G. Stukes, registrar of the college. Although the number of boarders remains more or less constant, there is a slight variation in the number of day students.

According to reports from other schools, including Emory and Randolph-Macon College for Women, there is an increased registration in these colleges also, this fact holding true in men's colleges as well as women's.

Girls to Sing at Chautauqua: Joella Craig, '43, from Walhalla, South Carolina, and Barbara Connally, '44, from Tampa, Florida, will spend eight weeks of their summer vacation singing with the chorus of the Chautauqua Opera Association at Chautauqua, New York. The purpose of the Association is to give promising young singers experience on the stage through the production of light operas and operettas. The jobs last from the first of July to the first of September, two weeks of the time being spent in rehearsals. During the other six weeks there will be two or three hours of practice a day and a performance each night.

May Day: The theme of May Day this year was a dance contest among the four seasons. The pageant was written by Anastasia Carlos, '44, and Elizabeth Edwards, '44, and was presented in the May Day Dell at five o'clock on the afternoon of May first. Mrs. J. J. Espy accompanied the entire production, playing original music by Mr. C. W. Dieckmann, professor of music. The May Queen, Mabel Stowe, was dressed in a gown of white lace and net, and wore a crown of white flowers. Her attendants wore similar gowns in green, and carried bouquets of pastel garden flowers. Those taking the parts of the seasons were: *Spring*, Leona Leavitt; *Summer*, Page Lancaster; *Fall*, Jeanne Carlson; *Winter*, Betty Jane Hancock.

Mortar Board: Ruth Kolthoff, of Miami, Fla., was made president of Mortar Board for the coming year, and "Bunny" Gray, of Smithville, Ohio, secretary. Other members are: Elizabeth Edwards, of Decatur; Clare Bedinger, of Asheville, N. C.; Mary Maxwell of West Palm Beach, Fla.; Aurie Montgomery, of Birmingham, Ala.; Anne Ward, of Selma, Ala.; Ann Jacob, of Decatur; Katherine Phillips, of Tallahassee, Fla., and Virginia Tuggle, of Atlanta.



IN THE SERVICE



The Alumnae Office has recently begun a service file for keeping the names, ranks, and addresses of those Alumnae who are members of the WAACS, WAVES, etc. We realize that the information we have is not complete and will welcome any additional news. We are printing the list of names as we have it at the present time.

WAACS

Auxiliary Mary Blakemore (ex-'43), 72nd WAAC Post Hq. Co., HRPF Norfolk Army Base, Norfolk, Va.

Lt. Martha Eskridge ('33), WAAC Headquarter's Staff, Washington, D. C.

First Office Catherine (Happoldt) Jepson ('33), General Staff, WAAC Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Ruth Virden ('22), South Post, Fort Myer, Va.

Auxiliary Evalyn Wilder, A-402198 ('30), Second WAAC Training Center Co., Fort Des Moines Army Post Branch, Des Moines, Iowa.

WAVES

Virginia A. Earle, AS, USNR ('29), Billett 102 A, Section II, Naval Training School, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Ensign Sybil Grant ('34), Naval Air Base, Jacksonville, Florida.

Jane Grey, AS, USNR ('29), Northampton, Mass.

E. Penn Hammond, AS, USNR ('38), Billett-55, Northampton, Mass.

Midshipman Kennon Henderson, USNR, M.S., V-9 (ex-'38), Hotel Northampton, Northampton, Mass.

Rebekah Hogan ('41), USMCR (WR), South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Midshipman Judith E. Hyde, WR ('23), Naval Reserve Midshipman School, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Dorothy C. Lee, AS, USNR ('38), USNR Midshipman's School (WR), Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Helen Lewis, AS, USNR ('27), Naval Reserve Midshipman's Training School, Northrop House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Ellen Little, AS, USNR ('27), Midshipman's School, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Midshipman Margaret Marshall ('31), USNR (WR), Northampton, Mass.

Lt. Mildred McFall, 1428 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Midshipman Mary McQuown ('42), USNRMS (WR), South Hadley, Mass.

Midshipman Virginia I. Milner ('40), USNR (W) NR, Midshipman's School, Northampton, Mass.

Elizabeth Gentry Moore, AS (ex-'41), USNRMS (WR), Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Lt. Janet Newton ('17), USNR, NOB, Norfolk, Va., % District Personnel Office.

Lou Pate, ASV-9, USNR ('39), NRMS, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Ensign Helen (Hardie) Smith ('41), 232 Zamora, Coral Gables, Fla.

Eleanor B. Starcher, AS, USNR ('22), Northrop House, Northampton, Mass.

Frederica Twining, AS, USNR (ex-'35), NRMS, Northampton, Mass.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESSES:

Eugenia Bridges ('40), WAVES.

Lil Croft (ex-'38), WAVES.

Lulu Croft (ex-'38), WAVES.

Ensign Eloise Estes ('38), WAVES. Eloise was married on May 6th at the First Methodist Church in Decatur to Malcolm Gordon Kaiser.

Rudene C. Taffar, AS, USNR (WR) ('34), WAVES.

ALUMNAE AID IN RESEARCH



Evangeline Papageorge, '28, who is assisting Dr. George T. Lewis, head of the biochemistry department of Emory University in research to determine what effect the food shortage, and the difficulty of maintaining balanced

diets with plenty of vitamins, will have on our health. Also assisting in the research is Virginia (Heard) Feder, '33, whose husband, Dr. John Feder, was among those taken prisoner when Guam fell to the Japs. Both

alumnae studied also at Girls' High, Emory, and the University of Michigan. An article about their most recent work was written by Mr. Willard Neal and published in the magazine section of the Atlanta Journal, Sunday, April 18, 1943.

Our Part in the World Today and Tomorrow

CAMA (BURGESS) CLARKSON, '22

"We believe that moral law, no less than physical law, undergirds our world . . . If man is to escape chaos and recurrent war, social and political institutions must be brought into conformity with this moral order."

Thus begins the first of the guiding principles adopted by the National Study Conference on the churches and a Just and Durable Peace, a conference called by the Federal Council of Churches to meet in March, 1942, in Delaware, Ohio.

The purpose of the gathering was not so much to give out information as to bring together the thinking of numerous church groups on the part the churches should play in building this new world. Therefore the total number present, less than four hundred, was divided into four sections for discussion. Most of the time was spent in meetings of these small groups. There were only six formal lectures, these delivered by men considered experts in the several fields which they covered. From the topics assigned each group you can realize the nature of the discussion: first, the Relation of the Church to a Just and Durable Peace; and the other three divided respectively between the Political, Economic, and Social Bases of a Just and Durable Peace.

It was agreed in the beginning that there should be no discussion of the war, nor of its significance in the Christian world. There were some who felt that this was an unrealistic position to take since the war and the peace are so closely bound. On the other hand the over-whelming majority agreed that not only was the subject beyond the province assigned to us and the time insufficient for its discussion, but that many who could not agree on the war subject could work together in building the peace. Therefore any discussion of the war was ruled out of order. However it was generally understood that of course all the plans suggested for building the post war world were based on the assumption of an Allied victory.

The resolutions which were adopted by the sections individually and then by the conference as a whole were not the work of just a few leaders but represented the thought of the entire group, the result of long discussion, the give and take of ideas in a democratic fashion. Therefore we may accept them as a composite of what Christian people in our country are thinking about our part in all of this, not necessarily final conclusions but at least the markings of certain milestones along the way to our goal—the building of a world in which a peace can be made that will endure because it is based on moral justice and righteousness.

In a limited space I shall not attempt even to summarize these findings. They are published and are being studied in various ways by the different branches of the church who have accepted this responsibility. Perhaps, you as women are already studying them in your auxiliaries. But there are a few impressions from the conference as a whole which have remained with me and have become even more fixed as the days have gone by. I should like to mention them.

First, there seemed to me a very definite facing of reality, something which has not always been found at church meetings nor among peace groups. I am sure you have all had the experience I have of attending a conference at which you were very thrilled and quite lifted up, only to return home and to feel that you had been in another world totally removed from the workaday one in which we live and unrelated in any fashion to it. Nothing really carried over. But at Delaware I felt quite differently. It seemed to me that these people were trying to face facts and to study their practical application.

For example, there was a general acceptance of the basic fact that the whole world order, social, political, and economic, is undergoing a tremendous changing process, call it evolutionary, revolutionary, or what you will, and that it is up to people who believe in a moral order to set the direction in which these changes will move.

In the group discussion on the Church's relation to this new order I was interested in seeing that they were not satisfied with the adoption of only general basic principles; is fairly easy to agree on ideals, but it is in their application that the rub comes. These people insisted on finding ways in which their ideals could be practiced by individual churches and by the individuals themselves who make up these churches.

The same spirit was evident in all the groups. The political section was anxious to find just what the cost would be for us to set up a real world government, and whether we would be willing to make the necessary surrender of a part of our national sovereignty.

The economic group spent much of its time on the question of our own economics, whether the profit system as we have had it can be truly Christian, also whether we as a nation would be willing to make the economic sacrifice required for the world we want to see, whether we would be willing to turn over all tariff regulation to an international trade commission, etc.

The social group was not satisfied with calling for an idealistic world wide democracy but asked that at the same time we establish a true democracy in our own country, calling attention to certain specific social evils which we have allowed too long. There was a call for real democracy within the Church itself, and for fellowship and cooperation among its different branches. In all of this you can see the evident desire to be practical about these things, not to spend time in talking alone but in doing something.

And then there was borne in upon us very strongly our individual responsibility both as citizens of the United States and as members of the Christian Church. In the first capacity, we belong to the richest, strongest, and most influential country in the world today; as such, what we say and what we do affects the rest of the world to a degree whose extent we cannot measure.

Then, as members of the Christian Church, we belong to the only body international which today remains unbroken. Because of its supernatural quality, rising above the lines that divide States, the Church is the same throughout the world, whether it is composed of those of us who worship in safety, of those German Christians who felt first the cruelty of Nazi intolerance, of those stalwart bishops in Norway refusing to bend the knee to Anti-Christ, or of that group of Japanese Christians keeping vigil day and night in their little church for a solid week before Pearl Harbor praying that their country might pursue the path of peace.

And finally it seems to me that to those of us who went to Agnes Scott there comes an even greater responsibility, beyond that of citizenship, even beyond that of our Christian citizenship. We have received an education in the finest sense of the word, not merely a certain secular knowledge but an education steeped in Christian principles. "To whom much is given of him shall much be required" was no more true when spoken by Jesus two thousand years ago than it is today. It applies to each of us who have received far above the average in our preparation for life. May we accept our share of responsibility in our own communities, in our country, in the world today, and in the world we are now making for tomorrow.

— WE PAY TRIBUTE —

In this year of 1943, Agnes Scott is losing four of its well-known and deeply loved personalities—three from the faculty and one from the administration. The four are: Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker, Professor of English; Miss Catherine Torrance, Professor of Greek and Latin; Miss Louise Lewis, Teacher of Art and Art History; and Mr. R. B. Cunningham, Business Manager. To each of these, Mrs. Sydenstricker, Miss Torrance, Miss Lewis and Mr. Cunningham, the very best wishes of all Agnes Scott Alumnae!

Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker, who was before her marriage Miss Alma Willis, has led a varied life, having kept up through the years her study of art, music, literature and especially of the Biblical languages, Hebrew and Aramaic. Two of her paintings have received national recognition. Shortly after the death of her husband she went to the Mississippi State College for Women to teach history. She also served as advisor to juniors and seniors and to Y. W. C. A. After two years at Mississippi she received and accepted a call to become head of the Bible Department of Agnes Scott, and has kept that position ever since. By continuous study and travel she has kept in touch with educational progress. One vacation was spent in the American School of Oriental Research; and a year earlier she traveled over Europe, specializing in the Archeology of Greece and Italy. In April of 1932 a beautiful tribute was paid Mrs. Sydenstricker in a write-up in the Christian Observer: "Above and beyond the unusual mental and educational equipment, her ability to impress the spiritual life of her associates remains her unique and most beautiful characteristic."

Miss Catherine Torrance came to Agnes Scott from Potter College in Bowling Green, Kentucky, at the time when Potter was made a part of the State Normal School. Her first association with Agnes Scott was as the associate principal in the Academy. When the Academy became the College, she took a place on the college faculty at the head of the Latin and Greek Department. Miss Torrance studied at the University of Chicago and has B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees. She was born in Charlestown, Indiana, "right on the Mason-Dixon line." Her father was a Presbyterian minister, born in Scotland. Miss Torrance's earliest teaching was done in Natchez at Stanton College, where she first

met her friend, Blance Colton Williams, well-known writer.

Mr. Cunningham was born at Liberty Hill, in Kershaw County, South Carolina. He graduated from The Citadel in 1889 and for several years taught history in the Rock Hill high school. He went to Winthrop when the college was first opened and stayed there for sixteen years. He was married to Miss Bessie Russell, of Rock Hill, in 1896. In 1911 Mr. Cunningham came to Agnes Scott and for thirty-two years he has held the position as business manager of the college. Dr. C. E. Cunningham, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, practices in Decatur. Their oldest daughter, Mary, is Mrs. Edward Cayce, of Nashville, Tenn. Another daughter, Mrs. Clifford Anderson, lives in Macon and works for a stock concern, and the youngest daughter, Kitty, who is Mrs. John E. Richards, graduated from Agnes Scott in 1936. She is now living in Macon, at Robins Field, where her husband is a chaplain.

Miss Louise Lewis, who came to Agnes Scott Institute at the turn of the century to be the art instructor, brought with her more than a knowledge of art. As a little girl she played in the shadows of universities and when she was in her early 'teens she went to Europe to study with the best teachers. Each summer since becoming an instructor at Agnes Scott she has spent her vacation painting and studying both abroad and in the United States. Completely unbiased, in her Art History lectures she presents the artist, explains his work and contributions, then allows the listener to come to her own conclusion as to the worth of the work. Many former students who have traveled abroad come back to thank her for the joy she has given them through knowledge gained from her lectures. In the studio she guides in accuracy, teaches values and helps the students seek real truth. Her manner is that of a person unafraid to let the individual work out her own way. Miss Lewis is well known not only as an instructor but as artist, and her paintings have received deserved recognition.

Another person who for many years has been connected with Agnes Scott is added to the list of those who will not be back at the college in the fall. She is Mrs. Emmie J. Ansley, secretary to Mr. Cunningham for nearly nineteen years. Mrs. Ansley has accepted a position as registrar of Peace College in Raleigh, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM

Rita (Schwartz) Aronstam, '17, died at her home, 834 Lullwater Road, N. E., on Saturday, May 14th, after a short illness. She was a native of Sumter, S. C. Rita was a worker in Parent-Teacher organizations, the Red Cross, The Service Guild, Home for the Blind, Council for Jewish Women, and Jewish Sisterhood. She also served as co-chairman of the Agnes Scott-Emory University Endowment Fund Drive. We extend our sympathy to her husband; to her daughter, Jean Cecile, of Atlanta; to her son, Lt. (jg) Charles S. Aronstam, of the Navy, in Tiburon, Cal.; and to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Schwartz, of Atlanta. A life like Rita's is never really finished, for its influence extends down through the years. For such a life we are deeply grateful.

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AGNES SCOTT

Alumnae Quarterly

ART ISSUE

J. 22

NOVEMBER - JULY

1943-44

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Second Floor

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MARY WARREN READ, 1929
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VIRGINIA HEARD FEDER, 1933
Alumnae Week-End

ISABEL LEONARD SPEARMAN, ex-1929
Entertainment

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JANE GUTHRIE RHODES, 1938, *Editor*

PROFESSOR HOWARD THOMAS, *Art Editor*

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Christmas Calendar



- Dec. 1** *Mrs. Roff Sims Reviews the News in Chapel, 10:30 A. M.*
- Dec. 3** *Informal Speech Recital, 4 to 5 P. M.
Faculty-Varsity Hockey Game, Hockey Field.*
- Dec. 5** *Last day to see Paintings by Howard Thomas, Art Gallery, Library.*
- Dec. 6** *College Music Hour, 8 P. M. Mr. Dieckman at the Organ.
Christmas Book Exhibit in the Library.*
- Dec. 7** *The Dean's Office Invites the College Community to Coffee in Murphey Candler.
Exams begin!*
- Dec. 8** *Opening of Joseph and Anni Albers' Paintings and Weavings Exhibition, Art Gallery, Library.*
- Dec. 11** *Afternoon Christmas Party for Decatur Children.
Concert at City Auditorium, Luboshutz and Nemenoff, Duo-Pianists, with Nilstein, Violinist.*
- Dec. 12** *The College Christmas Carol Program with Glee Club and Mr. Johnson.*
- Dec. 14** *Women's Club Auditorium, Licia Albanese, Metropolitan Soprano.*
- Dec. 15** *Exams are over!
Home for the Holidays!*

THE CAMPUS CARROUSEL

BACK ON THE CAMPUS this Fall 1943 . . . and you find that outwardly, War has changed Agnes Scott very little. The persimmon tree on the edge of the Quadrangle still drops its juicy orange blobs on the red bricks below. The fountain still plays in the Alumnae Gardens — and people still fall into the pool. (Last week it was Assistant Business Manager MacGregor's young daughter, Kady, who had a wonderful time splashing around before anxious parents pulled her out.) Between the rows of ancient boxwood, the crimson spider lilies still bloom. And youthful biologists 101 still scan earth and sky for pinnate leaves and doodle-bug habitat. In fact, one of the nicest things about our Alma Mater is the way she can take wars and food rationing and a record-breaking enrollment in her stride — and almost always remain just as you remember her.

ONLY WHEN SIRENS SCREAM out suddenly in the night, and student air-raid wardens begin to pace the darkened dormitories . . . when a mobile unit of the Red Cross Blood Bank moves into the campus . . . when the little War Stamp Booths open up in the mornings . . . are you reminded of the bitter conflict going on in the world and of the real reason for your being here after all.

BACK ON THE CAMPUS this Fall you find many new faces. More than ever before in the history of the College. Around 215 day students, 339 borders (two in a single at their request), including 173 Freshmen. A total of 554 students in all — and many turned away for lack of room.

You find new faculty members, too! Tall, almond-eyed Ruth Domincovich comes from Philadelphia to the Spanish Department; carrot-topped, effervescent Abbie Rutledge from Texas State College for Women to the Physical Education Department; young, boyish-looking Lewis Lipps from St. Agnes School and Wesleyan College to the Biology Department; Emma McGinty from Randolph-Macon to the Chemistry Department; quiet, smiling Helen Finger from Brenau College as Mr. Tart's secretary; and mountain ballad-expert Joella Craig, of the class of '43, to the bookstore.

MORE CAMPUS CHANGES: The new cafeteria in Rebekah Scott. (Good-by, White House Dining Hall. Good-by to the familiar din of the breakfast hand bell!) New paint in Inman Lobby, new wallpaper in White House, Boyd, Sturgis, Ansley, East Lawn, and red roses in the Infirmary. New art headquarters on Third Floor Buttrick with modern easels, work tables and sketching benches. Two new archery targets. Many new books in the Library, including the *Library of Congress Catalogue of Printed Cards*, which contains in alphabetical order all of the printed cards in the Library of Congress up to July 1942 — around 160 volumes when completed, hordes of new books on art, music, religion and fiction, including the three books most in demand: Margaret Mead's *Keep Your Powder Dry*, Wendell Willkie's *One World*, and Eve Currie's *Journey Among Warriors*. New Courses: In the Physical Education Department, *Fundamentals of Movement*, endorsed by the Army, Navy, and the U. S. Physical Education

Program to improve body balance and posture, to build up resistance to fatigue by exercising special muscle areas.

CAMPUS VIGNETTES: Blythe Posey, Dr. History Posey's 9-year-old daughter, listening intently to Miss "Mac" as she discusses her latest research on the cytology and chromosome picture of the malaria parasite—and then asking seriously: "Now just how do you *do* that, Miss Mac-Dougal?" Miss Gooch tracing her family tree back to Sir Barnaby Gooch of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Christian at the Faculty Bacon Bat waving a piece of lemon-chiffon pie at the stars. Miss Harn showing off with house-wifely pride the 150 jars of vegetables she put up this summer. British tennis professionals, Dorothy Round Little and Ruth Mary Hardwick, calmly drinking tea on the tennis court between sets. Miss Wilburn carrying off first prize at Blackfriars' Costume Show the other night, dressed as a 1910 bathing beauty. The Faculty Bike Club, composed of Dr. Runyon, Miss Scandrett, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Susan Cobbs, Miss Jessie Harriss, Miss Lucy Cline, Miss Carolyn Hewitt and Miss Hunter, setting out for Stone Mountain amid the cheers of the surrounding populace! At the Black Cat Stunt: One sophomore to another, "I guess we were just too subtle for them." (Freshmen stunt, *Romeow and Juliecat*, won.) On Little Girls' Day: Dr. McCain, Dr. Hayes, Dr. Garber and Dr. Posey playing Farmer in the Dell with the infant seniors. Mr. Tart giving them pennies.

FAMOUS PEOPLE: Eleanor Calley, Miss Hopkins great-niece, who enters Agnes Scott as a freshman this year. Little Zoe Dixon, Agnes Scott's first potential great-great-granddaughter, whose mother, grandmother and great-grandmother attended A.S.C. Her mother is Mrs. Zoe (Drake) Dixon, ex-'43.

AS WE GO TO PRESS White House begins its latest effort in behalf of Campus War Pledge, i. e., a Pin-Up Boy Contest! For a small fee, any student may enter a picture of her favorite man. Faculty males will be the judges—and the three most handsome specimens reproduced in the College Newspaper with the names of their proud owners. Complications to date: 6 girls suddenly discover they are submitting pictures of one and the same man!

ORCHIDS TO Mr. Howard Thomas for taking full charge of the cover, typography and lay-out of this issue of the QUARTERLY. Orchids to Mr. Thomas' art students for their clever illustrations scattered over the QUARTERLY. Orchids to our Advertising Committee, Betty Lou (Houck) Smith, '34, and Jean (Chalmers) Smith, '38, for the impressive array of advertisements which you see at the end of the QUARTERLY.

A BIENTOT until February 1st then—when your next issue of the QUARTERLY comes out. If you haven't paid your 1943-44 Alumnae dues—better hustle them in! Or you won't see any February QUARTERLY, we fear. Turn to the very last page in the book and fill in coupon now. Hurry! Time's a'wastin!

The Editor

*Having eyes, see ye not? . . . Mark VIII, 18 . . .
We look forward to a brighter future when art
and science will be firmly welded together with
but one purpose: to further a richer, more
abundant life for mankind.*

ART IN THE NEW CIVILIZATION

By Howard Thomas

OUR ABILITY TO SEE is our greatest gift. We prize our eyes more than any of our other sense organs. Yet little thought or attention has been given in our schools to those forms of art which we know as the visual arts. We have become a people blind to the beauties of the universe and calloused to ugly objects in our daily lives. Our colleges and universities have graduated thousands of men and women who are completely illiterate and inarticulate in the elements of design; people who are, therefore, unable to choose and wisely consume objects which depend upon line, light and dark, form, color, and texture for their intrinsic beauty.

Contemporary man is finally realizing that the guided development of that form of art which he senses with his eyes has been very much neglected. There is an awakened need among our

people for a thorough understanding and enjoyment of the visual arts. The enthusiasm is manifested by the phenomenal growth of art museums and the record-breaking attendance at art exhibitions throughout the nation even during the depression-war years. Because of improved methods of color printing, the masterpieces from the past as well as contemporary art works have been reproduced in relatively inexpensive books and magazines.

People are realizing that they need to become informed in art. They need to see that the age of elaborate decoration is past; not because of the war, not because of any forced curtailment or rationing of goods, not for any other reason except their desire to live simply and completely. Long before the war we realized that our lives had become fettered with an over abundance of accumulated relics of the nineteenth century and we were beginning to experience the application of intelligent design to the products of our time. The many adjustments that we have had to make during the last decade through the depression and into the war years have made us search for permanent values. The "old red hills of Georgia" are full of these permanent values. Our capacity to find them rests in our ability to recognize them all around us.

After the war is over it is the hope of civilization that the times of ruthless destruction will be gone forever. Industry will shift from the manufacture of war munitions to the production of goods and materials for the civilian reconstruction. New homes will be built and equipped. Long delayed community improvements will come to life. Entire new cities will be constructed in war-torn countries.

And today, even before the war is ended, we feel the rumblings of a new world which wants

to sift the good from the bad, the worth-while from the worthless, the timeless from the dated. The world, after the war, must be beautiful. The modern woman will feel the responsibility of making wise selections of objects for her home. She will take her place as a determining factor in the *designing and buying days* that lie ahead. Physically and spiritually she is going to need a sound education in the arts. We look forward to a new day when art and science will be firmly welded together with but one purpose: to further a richer, more abundant life for mankind.

ART IN AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Looking to the future, the educational policy of Agnes Scott College has been adapted to a new program in the visual arts. The work in art history which has long been a vital part of the curriculum will be continued with increased emphasis given to the meaning of art in the lives of the students.

There are two broad objectives of the new art program:

1. To provide a rich background in visual arts experiences.
2. To give a sound preparation for living with and using art in all of its forms.

One of the first problems will be to give the students confidence in themselves by freeing them from fears and inhibitions. They are afraid because of the veil of mystery which often surrounds a work of art. They will therefore be thrown immediately into contact with visual art materials so that they may tear the veil apart themselves and realize the actual and immediate nature of these materials. The growth in their

ability to explore and discover will be in direct proportion to the depth of their active experience.

Contemporary education recognizes the laboratory experience in the visual arts as a vital contributing factor to intelligence. Creative experience, the coordination of the hand and the brain, develops the individual into a better adjusted person who is more prepared to understand and enjoy the finer works. It adds to his resourcefulness and his inventiveness. We believe it is an obligation of our times *to create* instead of borrow. As Gilbert Rhode so aptly says, "If the Greeks had been concerned only with studying the work of the Egyptians there would have been no Greek art."

But what happens here in the lecture and laboratory studios is not the important thing; it is what happens out there in the homes and in the communities in which our students are to live that is really thrilling to contemplate. It is what happens inside of them and what they give that lasts forever.

The entire third floor north wing of Buttrick Hall has been remodeled into new studios equipped for laboratory work in the visual arts. The basic courses are open, without prerequisites, to interested students. The work will supplement the art history lectures and will carry full academic credit. The reception of this new program has been unusually favorable.

To further the visual arts program in the college community, arrangements have been made for a continuous exhibition program in the Library gallery throughout the season. Exhibits of paintings, drawings, prints, and crafts will be shown in periods of two to three weeks duration so that visitors may study well-chosen original

works and become articulate in their language.

Here at Agnes Scott College we gladly accept the challenge of this emergent era. We want to be ready to take our places in an age of freedom

when man will live unhampered in a new civilization, his birthright in the twentieth century. We want to share in the reconstruction of a war-torn world.

"Put the man, his house, his conversation together—and you have a painting."

—Howard Thomas.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mild-mannered, quiet-voiced Howard Thomas, writer of the preceding article and Art Consultant to the ALUMNAE QUARTERLY, comes to Agnes Scott this year as head of the Art Department from the Women's College of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. He is a young-looking man, sensitive, reserved, intensely interested in the world around him. And the varied experiences of his life have greatly contributed to his talent for painting people as they really are—their houses, possessions and communities.

Growing up in a family of sober, industrious Pennsylvania Quakers, where even whistling was frowned upon, Howard Thomas learned early in life the value of hard work, the pleasure of simple things, the importance of a religious faith. Evidences of these quiet, restrained early years abound in his work—from the layouts which are carefully planned before a stroke is painted—to

the minute meticulous lines of the wood engraving reproduced on the cover. Even in such care-free abandoned water colors as *Coal Miner's Home, Boat and Turtle*, and *Willis Alley*, his delight in little details well done is obvious.

As a boy, Mr. Thomas spent summers and Christmas vacations working in the little shoe store of Monessen, Pennsylvania, waiting on customers, making posters and designing window displays. Later on he became a structural iron worker in a steel mill, working until he had saved enough money to enter the Chicago Art Institute, where he studied under men like Ernst Dettner, George Bellows and Park Phipps. He spent 3 months in an army camp (just before the Armistice was signed in the last war). He has had a summer abroad, where he attended the International Art Congress at Prague as a delegate from Wisconsin. He taught art for 6 years in the Milwaukee High School, where he had the distinction of being Milwaukee's first male art teacher. For the next 12 years he held the position of Director of Art at Milwaukee State Teachers' College, going from there to the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, which he left last Spring to come to Agnes Scott.

In his spare time, between classes, on weekends and summer vacations, he painted continuously—contributing to state-wide exhibitions, holding one-man shows and carrying off such coveted awards as the Milwaukee Institute Bradford Memorial Prize for a group of block prints, The Milwaukee Journal Purchase Prize

for an oil, *Women of Prague*, the Milwaukee Art Institute Medal and Purchase Prize for another oil, *Haymarket Square*, the University of Wisconsin Salon First Prize for a group of water colors in 1938 and again in 1941. Two of these water colors, *Laurel Ridge* and *Mountain Crew*, were purchased by the government and now hang in the Marine Hospital at Carville, La. He also found time to become President of the Wisconsin Painters and Sculptors Association, to get married (in 1922) and to rear two daughters, Anna Dell and Margaret, now 19 and 14.

Howard Thomas' work is as varied as his life and includes wood engravings, lithographs, silk screen prints, etchings, drypoint, water colors, oil and tempera paintings. "Oil is my favorite medium," he says, "because it is the one in which I think best." He makes his own picture frames, carving them out of white pine and finishing them the proper tone. In his studio on Third Floor Buttrick stands a cabinet filled with little bottles containing earth pigments (the first colors used for painting) which he has collected from road cuts and river banks all over the country. These colors range from a greyish-green discovered near Highpoint, N. C., to the terra rosa of our own Georgia Hills. The earth is first ground with mortar and pestle to a powder consistency—then mixed with linseed oil or gouache, according to its use.

Mr. Thomas believes that a painter should have a variety of approaches—that he should avoid at all costs routine or accepted mannerism. He is pleased when an observer exclaims, "Oh, did you do this? But it doesn't look at all like your other works!" He likes to paint boats—"There is something about a boat, the shape, the rhythm of lines, the structure that is so honest. Boats have a definite function. There is no ex-

traneous ornament about them." He likes to paint alleys rather than main streets, the backs of houses rather than their fronts—"Walk around to the back of a house and you discover its real personality. Here, all pretense is gone. Only the functional things, the zig-zagging stairways, the ashcans, the passageways remain, and they speak volumes for the people who inhabit the house. Old houses, built a hundred years ago, are more interesting to paint than new ones—because they are more honest. They were constructed for one purpose—protection against the elements."

Above all, Howard Thomas likes to paint people. He thinks painting is an excellent way to get to know people. "Just take up a position and start sketching—and presently someone will stop to watch. Then he begins to talk, and you find out all about him, where he lives, what he does, what he likes. Put this man, his house and his conversation together—and you have a painting." As a painter of the people, he believes that good art belongs in the home as well as in the museum, that the ability to choose the right rug or lamp for a room is as important as a knowledge of the masters, that good taste is rare, and that the person who possesses this gift also has the obligation of transmitting it to his community.

Because of this democratic down-to-earth conception, Howard Thomas stands today as one of the leading figures in American art. Whether his paintings live on or not (we are too close to say), his teachings will. For his belief that art is a vital part of the New Civilization, that it must become universal through communication of the learned few to the masses—this teaching is of tremendous importance to our own generation and to the generations after us.

MEET THE NEWCOMERS!

Minute interviews with six new Faculty and Administration members.

GENIAL, GIANT-FRAMED, DEEP-VOICED PAUL LESLIE GARBER comes to Agnes Scott this year as head of the Bible Department from Durham, N. C., where he held the pastorate of Trinity Avenue Pres-

byterian Church. As a minister's son, he has moved around considerably, spending most of his boyhood, however, in Ashland, Ohio. Beside his B.A. and B.D. degrees he also holds a Ph.D. awarded him by the Divinity School of Duke University in 1939. It was on the campus of Duke that he first met Mrs. Garber, then secretary to the Dean of Freshmen Men, whom he married 13 months later in the University's famous chapel.

"Ours was a whirlwind affair," Dr. Garber admits, grinning, "and we've been rushing around ever since!"

In the two short years of their marriage, they have managed, between church and social activities, to take several trips through the New England States, North Carolina, and to New York.

"When we travel," Dr. Garber says, "we look for two things: strange and unusual places to eat—and good shots for our movie camera. On our last trip to New York, Mrs. Garber and I dined in 8 different foreign restaurants." He pauses to recall an especially toothsome delicacy served to them in a Persian restaurant there. "It was fillet of lamb, mildly seasoned, baked and brought to

the table wrapped in grape leaves. Um-m-m-m, delicious! "As for our movie camera," he continues, "that was a wedding gift. And with it we have recorded all the important occasions in our married life so far—from the day of our wedding to the time we were snowbound in the Virginia mountains."

Besides traveling, gourmetizing and movie-camera-ing, Dr. Garber also likes to read. Most of his reading at present is done in relation to teaching. Right now he is working on the sources of the different religions—their fundamental concepts and significance in the world today. This information he hopes to pass on to his classes with the view of helping them to an understanding of religion as a whole. His plans for teaching Bible at Agnes Scott are equally sound and interesting. (See p. 19 this issue, "Why Bible at Agnes Scott?")

Both he and Mrs. Garber are enthusiastic about Agnes Scott, its friendliness and cooperative spirit. We welcome them to the campus with pleasure!

MUTTERING, SALTY-HUMORED, UNASSUMING WALTER B. POSEY, who takes over the duties of the History Department this year, hails from Birmingham-Southern College. He has also served on the faculties of Cumberland and the University of Hawaii; studying at the University of Chicago, Cumberland University and Vanderbilt; marry-



ing, in the meantime, one of his pupils, who he admits was a "pretty good student!"

As a boy, Dr. Posey grew up in one of the oldest and most historic houses of Rutherford County, Tennessee. In fact, Dr. Posey could write his own play—for President Andrew Jackson also slept there, on his way to and from Washington, when the surprisingly modern-looking house was used as a tavern. Built in 1817, the old Posey homestead is wainscotted throughout, boasts hand-carved mantels and door sills, morticed and pegged timbers of yellow poplar, black walnut, white ash and oak, chimneys constructed from brick baked in a kiln by slaves and entrenched 8 feet into the ground, two rare museum-piece cherry presses in the dining room, and a two-story smokehouse bearing cannon scars of the War Between the States. All in all, it seems quite an appropriate home for a man who has made a career out of teaching American History.

His most interesting assignment, perhaps, was to the University of Hawaii, where he accepted an exchange professorship from 1939 to 1940. Mrs. Posey and his young daughter, Blythe, went along. He recalls their year on the island with a sigh of pleasure. "Pineapples weighed around 6 pounds; papayas tasting like a delicious mixture of banana and peach, breadfruit which we prepared in the manner of our Southern sweet potato, abounded. Coconuts, of course, were everywhere. When you get hungry in Hawaii you just step into your backyard and gather all you eat!" As for orchids," he adds, "our cook kept Mrs. Posey well supplied."

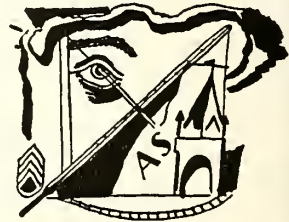
At the University of Hawaii, Dr. Posey taught American history to a mixture of Chinese and Japanese students who, he says, spoke excellent

English and rated higher mentally than the average student of an American university. "This was due to the fact," he points out, "that the University is the only institution of higher learning in the islands and has about three times as many applicants as it can take."

When questioned about his favorite hobbies, foods, entertainment, Dr. Posey frowns a little—then says, slowly, "Oh . . . there's nothing especially interesting to write about me. I'm just an ordinary person making a living at what I like to do best—teach." Such is our new History Head's modest opinion of himself. But you'll form quite a different opinion when you meet him. And you'll want to make his office the first stop on your next trip back to the campus!

PRESBYTERIAN, SCOTCH-IRISH, AND A NATIVE GEORGIAN, DR. JOHN-

NY ARMSTRONG McCULLOUGH seems like an old friend to most of us at Agnes Scott. This year between office hours in Decatur,



she physicians to our college crowd, checking metabolism, advising low-calorie diets, and soothing sprained ankles in the Infirmary. She is a slight, wiry, efficient little woman—almost midget size beside her towering 6-foot-2 husband, who is a major in the medical corps at Lawson General Hospital. Dr. McCullough likes dancing, country ham, Bette Davis, purple evening gowns and accompanying her cornet-playing husband on the piano.

She believes that the rationing of food has made us a healthier nation as a whole—that mental health is as important as physical health

—that while the war has actually brought about no new medical discoveries, it has hastened the perfection of the famous sulfa drugs and penicillin which doctors had been experimenting with long before the war. To war workers, collegiates and other busy people—she advises a balanced diet and plenty of rest.

With a B.A. from Randolph-Macon, an M.D. from the University of Virginia Medical School, and with 2 years experience as Decatur's only woman pediatrician, she seems well-equipped to handle the situation here at Agnes Scott. Already . . . her keen wit and delightful informality have made a name for her on the campus.

BLONDE, BLUE-EYED, AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE

HOWARD MACGREGOR, Agnes Scott's new Assistant Business Manager-Treasurer, has been a financial expert almost from the day of his graduation at Johns

Hopkins School of Business Administration in 1934. Since then he has held various impressive positions in banks and investment banking concerns over Maryland and Virginia. And for the past 4 years has served as Treasurer of Queens College in Charlotte, N. C. He is a surprisingly young man (31 last September) to have such an experienced background, and he will need it all here at Agnes Scott, where his duties include supervision of buildings, grounds, personnel relations, and the collection of campaign pledges.

After a hard day's work, he goes home to a good mystery story, the financial pages of the newspaper, and to his 3 small children—Sally, 6; Kady, 2½; Glenn, the baby. He is especially fond of oysters on the half-shell, ice tea (which

he drinks the year around), David Copperfield and Dagwood. His biggest puzzle to date: "How to tell the different faculty houses on S. Candler apart. "Ansley, Sturgis, Boyd—they all look alike to me. I never know where I'm going!" We hope for Mr. and Mrs. "Mac" and all the little "Mac's" a happy first year at Agnes Scott.

TWO MORE NEW FACES ON THE CAMPUS THIS YEAR are those of Mrs.

J. B. Bunnell and Mrs. Ewing G. Harris, resident-hostesses at the Alumnae House. Both are native Tennesseans



—both have been close friends for years. Together they are managing the Tearoom in the Alumnae House and taking care of Alumnae guests.

Last year, Mrs. Bunnell was house mother at Emory's Sigma Nu house. When the government took over all fraternity houses she came to us. Asked which she liked the better: mothering college boys or girls, Mrs. Bunnell honestly replied, "Well, when I left the boys at Emory I thought I would never love the girls as much as I loved them. But now I find that Agnes Scott is creeping into my heart." Mrs. Bunnell has a married daughter, Mrs. R. J. Buskirk, living in Atlanta; a son, Major J. B. Bunnell, Jr., who is Commanding Officer of the Dental Corps at Fort McPherson. Her cordiality and poise, her sparkling blue eyes and distinguished white hair make her an ideal mother and hostess for our Alumnae House.

Mrs. Harris can also claim the title of ideal mother. Hanging in her room is a service flag with two blue stars—one for a son, John Ewing, who is with the Classification Headquarters in

Sicily, and one for another son, Hunter, who is home at last after 30 months as a sergeant in the Marines. Hunter went with the expeditionary forces to Iceland and spent 9 months in the Pacific area.

Mrs. Harris has just returned from Chicago, where she attended the National War Mothers' Convention as delegate for Tennessee. She is al-

ready famous on the campus for her ice-box cookies and tangy tomato aspic. Together, our two new hostesses are serving real home-cooked meals to capacity college crowds. (Dinner at night is by reservation only.) Alumnae coming back to the campus this year will find their Alumnae House even more of a home than ever—thanks to the capable management of Mrs. Bunnell and Mrs. Harris!

OUR NEW \$12,500 CAFETERIA AND HOW IT WORKS

LAST JUNE when the school term ended and faculty and student body moved out into the wide open spaces for a little well-deserved rest, two hard-working, equally exhausted people stayed here on the campus to tackle one of the biggest problems in the history of the college—i. e., FOOD! How to feed the campus in the year ahead with (1) provisions getting scarcer, (2) help uncertain, (3) new equipment almost impossible to obtain, and (4) a record-breaking enrollment expected. Here was a problem to stump an Einstein. But quick-thinking, fast-moving Business Manager Tart and slender, energetic Head Dietician Jessie Harriss sailed in with their sleeves rolled up, determined to find a solution. This is what happened.

Although campus officials had been puzzling over the situation for a year or more, it was Miss Harriss who got down to brass tacks first. "Why not adopt the cafeteria plan?" she queried, "with everybody eating under one roof. Many other colleges have. Why don't we?"

"How do you know we could get the necessary

equipment, service counters, etc.?" someone must have asked.

"Well, we could try . . ."

"And what would happen to White House dining hall?"

"Close it up! One kitchen is less expensive to run than two."

"But would there be room enough to seat everyone in Rebekah Scott dining hall . . . and besides, wouldn't the cafeteria system destroy our home atmosphere of the family around the dining table?"

"Give me a week or two," Miss Harriss replied amiably, "and I think I can provide you with a workable set of plans."

So during the month of June, while most of us were back-yard vacationing, Miss Harriss sat in her little office behind Rebekah Scott dining hall, estimating floor space, conferring with campus officials and drawing the plans. Within a few weeks her layout was unanimously approved and a list of vitally necessary equipment turned over to Mr. Tart, who began his long and victorious



struggle with government priorities, triplicate and quadruplicate applications in Form PD-831, 411, sent to WPB Ref. L-182 and L-248 or Ref. L-89 . . . and similar headaches!

“Our main problem,” Miss Harriss states, “lay in utilizing all available space and equipment with as little alteration of the present building as possible. We’re even using the same light plugs!” When you go through the cafeteria with Miss Harriss today, you see how ingeniously this has been done. Only one wall—at the back of Rebekah Scott dining hall—was torn down. All the rest stand as they were. Every inch of space has been used. Behind the dining room are two doors, exit and entrance to the new built-to-order cafeteria service counter which keeps dishes and food piping hot, salads on ice; and has mammoth sections for hot breads and ice water. Built into the wall behind the counter stands the impressive four-shelved dumb waiter which can bring up around 300 pounds of food from the basement kitchen below.

Through a door to the left of the cafeteria counter lies the dishwashing room with its handsome new two-tank dishwasher that cleanses china, silver, glassware twice, rinses and dries by evaporation enough utensils for a whole meal in 50 minutes. Here also are the huge refrigerators, one salvaged from White House, the towering salad dressing mixers, dishracks and vegetable choppers. To the right of the dishwashing room you find the storage room where dry groceries are pyramided to the ceiling, and behind this room the linen closets with their rows of snowy napkins and tablecloths. Gleaming milk cans take up the last bit of available space. When you reach the linen room you are almost at the back of the building, but even here, Miss Har-

riss has managed to squeeze in a long rectangle of an office which opens on the hall leading to the basement kitchen below. It was in this medium sized, day-lit basement room that most of the remodeling had to be done. “In fact,” Miss Harriss says, “carpenters were still putting up shelves when we began serving our first meal.”

Looking around the kitchen you are amazed at the number of pieces of equipment it holds. Side by side, neatly dovetailed around the walls, are the meat block, the vegetable bins, the cavernous steam cooker, the serving tables, food choppers, mixers and the new curved-front baker’s table, capacity, 200 pounds of flour, with its wooden mixing bowl the size of an ordinary wash tub, and its immense rolling pins. If you arrived in the kitchen on meat pie day, for instance, you would find Lynn in his white mushroom-topped cap standing at the baker’s table rolling out innumerable pie crusts. While on the opposite side of the room, before a huge five-sectioned range that stretches along the whole length of the wall, would be Burton in his high-peaked chef’s hat, lifting cartwheel lids from pans of simmering meat and filling the air with a mouth-watering fragrance.

Behind the kitchen you find more storage rooms, more closets built into every nook and corner, and a new 10-foot walk-in refrigerator which keeps eggs, meat and vegetables at three different temperatures. If you are a hardy soul, you might do as the refrigerator’s name suggests—and walk in! But you won’t stay long. Your breath goes out in white, frosty streams and after a while you begin to feel as cold and numb as the tub of plucked fowls that sits in the meat compartment awaiting tomorrow’s dinner.

When your inspection of the cafeteria is over,

you begin to realize what an amazing amount of work has been accomplished in three short summer months. And the total cost of \$12,500 (which does not include all of the remodeling) seems fairly small in view of the fact that around 12,000 meals are served daily. Another nice thing about the plan is the way it combines cafeteria and traditional family-style meals. For only breakfast and lunch are served cafeteria style. Dinner in the evening is just as it always was, with hostesses at each of the tables. However, this year, scholarship students, many of whom volunteered for this duty, help serve the evening meal. There are 49 of them, rotated over a period of 7 weeks according to the ingenious and effective plan worked out by Assistant Dean Charlotte Hunter. So that each student, at one time or another, serves each of the 34 tables in the dining room, including the 3 tables in the faculty parlor across the hall, where professors take their evening meal in blissful peace and quiet. Student servers eat 30 minutes before the regular dinner hour. They never enter the kitchen. They are on duty only four days a week—the rest of the time being free.

Campus acceptance of the cafeteria system is enthusiastic. "It's faster — more convenient," one sophomore says. "At breakfast, for instance, you choose only what you want to eat and then

dash off to class."

"It's so wonderful to sleep later in the mornings!" another student confides. "You see, if you don't have an 8:00 o'clock class, you can wait as late as 7:45 before going down to breakfast."

"It's more democratic," a thoughtful upper-classman explains. "This way you usually eat with the person next in line to you—rather than with a set group. You get to know all the classes better—especially the freshmen, since they're not eating in White House any more."

"Our system works fairly well, at present," Miss Harriss modestly admits, "but we've still a long way to go." She looks down ruefully at the grocery list before her and you realize, suddenly, that her biggest job—that of procuring food—lies ahead. However, it seems a pretty safe bet that she and her assistant, Miss Will, can continue to supply Hottentots with their favorite delicacies; guave jelly, chocolate ice cream and mint sauce, honey rolls, shortberry shortcake and steak. If you're planning a visit to the campus soon, put Agnes Scott's new cafeteria first on your list of things to see. It will give you some interesting pointers on how to conserve space and time in your own kitchen. It will make your problems of food and servant shortage absurdly simple by comparison.

SHOSTAKOVICH:

A PRIVATE OPINION

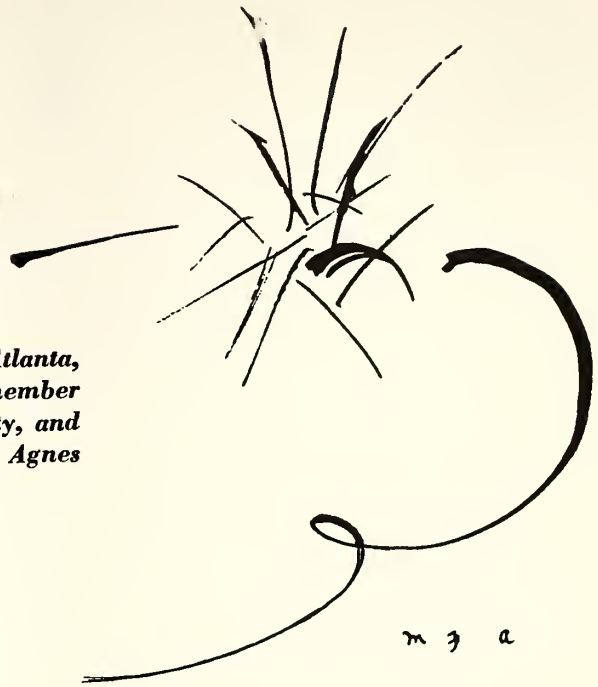
by Willa Beckham Lowrance, '33

Organist at the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, graduate of the Atlanta Conservatory of Music, member of Mu Phi Epsilon, National Music Honor Society, and wife of Robert S. Lowrance, Jr., director of the Agnes Scott Glee Club.

DIMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, that "rather noisy young man" as he has been described, has certainly given the musical world something to talk about! Living in a country of struggle and upheaval, he has embodied that life in brilliant and striking form, clothing it in bright colors with startling effects.

My first introduction to this modern Russian composer made me feel that surely he had taken the rhythm of roaring engines, of noisy factories, of busy streets and put it into musical form—not too musical at that! What I heard in part was the *Seventh Symphony*, known as the "Leningrad Symphony", played on the Sunday afternoon Symphonic Hour. Shostakovich is quoted as saying, "Music cannot help having a political basis," and his *Seventh* is the story of Leningrad's struggle. Later I read the following story about it.

The completed symphony was to be played for the first time in Leningrad, and Shostakovich was still dissatisfied with the final climax of the work. While he was waiting to board a plane, the precious manuscript clutched in his hands, a stiff wind came along and blew away the last



pages. Immediately upon arrival at the capital, he started to reproduce the missing pages. Just as he sat down, he heard the roar of an angry mob and throwing open the window, saw a group of enraged Russians approaching with two German pilots who had been shot down in battle. This menacing, threatening roar became the crashing, thunderous climax of his *Seventh Symphony*.

However, upon listening more closely to other of his compositions, I found them certainly intellectually interesting, surprisingly melodious, and with an occasional dash of downright sweetness. His harmonies are very modern, with dissonances to which most of our ears are unaccustomed. His themes are difficult to establish because rather than developing one idea at length, he is continually introducing new ones. He employs wildly descending chromatics and crashing, thunderous chords. He describes the youthful, straightforward vigor of the Russian people; also the haunting sadness of the race.

Leopold Stokowski has played several of his symphonies and enthusiastically defended them. His *Fifth Symphony* is described as “a thoughtful and tuneful glorification of the October Revolution.” His opera, *Lady MacBeth of Mzensk*, written in 1932 with its American premier in 1935, was praised for the “uncanny way the orchestra described each character, each situation.” Virgil Thomson summed it up by saying, “The New York audience loved; the New York critics hedged.”

As a man, Shostakovich is described as “looking like an incredibly shy school boy—pale, solemn, cherubic, with thatched hair and wide eyes behind horn rimmed spectacles.” He was born in Leningrad on September 25, 1906, and studied at the Leningrad Conservatory of Music. He volunteered for service in the People’s Army of Leningrad after the Germans attacked the Soviet Union but was considered too precious to serve there. He is, however, a member of the

Home Guard and contributes greatly to the morale of the people through his music.

Although he received a \$20,000 award for highest achievement in Arts and Sciences for a piano quintet in 1940 and is hailed today as the “Mozart of Modern Russia,” Shostakovich was not accepted at first by his fellow countrymen. It is said that in playing a piano recital before an unenthusiastic audience he ended with a sonata of his own composition. To the backs of the audience departing amid feeble and scattered applause he remarked, “I’ll play it for you again. Perhaps you didn’t understand.” After he finished it a second time, hardly a listener remained.

There is no perhaps about my not understanding his music, but I do find it very interesting—not taken in too large doses. The appeal is of effect rather than of sheer beauty, but it may be that when I have listened and listened, comprehension will lend added enjoyment. He is undoubtedly a very gifted person.

... *The first of four articles concerning the private lives of outstanding campus personalities.*

ELLEN DOUGLAS LEYBURN:

"Teaching is such fun!"

HALFWAY down South Candler, oldest and most dignified of Decatur's streets, stands the house of Ellen Leyburn, professor of English at Agnes Scott. It is a small boxy white house, Cape Cod in style, situated well back from the road and almost enveloped in Georgia maples and oaks. There are trim green shutters at the windows and the grounds about are simply kept and heavily wooded, so that many going up and down the street might pass by, unaware of the startling contrast this spick and span little house keeps with its older, more towering neighbors.

Lifting the brass knocker and walking through the square white door of the house, you find yourself face to face with its owner, designer and decorator—Miss Leyburn herself. Almost the first thing you notice is the startlingly deep and resonant tone of her voice. It is a voice not easily forgotten. And next you notice her eyes—clear grey-green, alive, interested. She welcomes you with a heart-warming cordiality and you like the tall grace of her stride as she leads the way into the living room, the long thinness of her hands as she clears away a mountain of theme papers on the little table before the sofa.

While you are getting settled in the lovely old cherry rocker that belonged to her grandmother,

Miss Leyburn says in that slow North Carolinian drawl, "I'm sure Caroline would like to meet you. Let me call her." You prepare yourself for a meeting with someone no less important than a Pulitzer-prize poet or a visiting colleague. And presently, in comes Caroline, silky-haired pensive-eyed, waddling on four fat legs. She passes you by with a barely perceptible sniff and scuttles across the floor to the sofa, where she stretches full length, happy at last by the side of her adored mistress. Like all good Americans, Caroline is a mixture of several races. Sky terrier probably being her most definite strain. But pedigree blood is somewhere along the line and Caroline doesn't let you forget it. There is a slightly aloof look in her large brown eyes and she withdraws carefully from the approach of an unfamiliar hand.

After you have met Caroline, you begin looking about you in unabashed curiosity. You see a pleasantly cluttered, livable room with an Early American fireplace on one side and a great square staircase breaking into the other side and going up to the bedrooms above. There are many windows in the living room and French doors at the end opening on the garden below.



It's the fun of sharing . . . with others.

Gradually you become conscious of a very subtle, unobtrusive color-scheme. Shades of pale wine, mist green, natural and grey predominate in the striped sofa, the quietly flowered Victorian rug, the restrained wallpaper. It is a color scheme with a definite purpose, for against these soft wines, greys, greens and buffs, Miss Leyburn has assembled in a fascinating melee all of the things she likes best. In the living room, for instance, you find side by side, a rare old English set of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and a rugged mountain bench . . . treasured pine end-tables made on the family plantation years ago and drapes designed by Miss Leyburn, herself, from warm uncut corduroy discovered in a North Georgia mill. In the dining room, modern tea tiles rest beside the mellowed and lined family wedgewood. In the bedroom two exquisite Delft vases brought back from a trip to Holland . . . and on the floor, a hand-hooked mountain rug. Upstairs you are also surprised to find the Cape Cod dormers are missing at the back of the house, the wall rising straight to the roof. "I needed more room!" is Miss Leyburn's simple and very adequate explanation.

All the time you are looking at the little house, you find yourself arriving at new conclusions about Ellen Leyburn, the woman. She is a really good architect, you decide. Her house is well-planned, functional, made to live in. She has the rare combination of imagination and practicality. She is honest, without pretense, and there is no display about her house. She has filled it simply with the things she likes to live with and these range from a deep red homespun comforter, chosen for its color, to a lovely old reproduction of her favorite painting, Vermeer's *View of Delft*. Also, she is a good cook. This definitely proved by the odor of hot muffins for

dinner that floats out from the narrow kitchen behind the dining room and now fills the house. Back in the living room again, you settle down to an earnest discussion of Miss Leyburn's profession. Why is a teacher? What qualities should she have? What are the dividends in return for years of study and patient instruction? Caroline, yawns sleepily from her favorite place on the wine, green and grey striped sofa, close beside the tweed skirt of her mistress. She is worn out from the recent tour through the house, which she personally supervised, her little black toenails click-clacking on the polished floors. She knows that soon a long gentle hand will drop to ruffle and smooth the silky white hair on her head and back. So she waits and pretends to doze.

And presently the hand begins, up and down, rising and falling in an unconscious rhythmic precision. Caroline relaxes with a groan of canine ecstasy. And you become aware only of the movement of the hand, the falling of leaves in the garden below and the slow, haunting voice of Miss Leyburn as she speaks. "Teaching, I think is a lot of fun. It's the fun of sharing what you have read and learned with others. It's the fun of watching an idea catch fire . . . of laughing with a class over the diary of Fanny Burney. Why, some of the best times I've had, have been in class. I don't believe a teacher ever considers her job as hard work or a sacrifice, particularly. It's just something she'd rather do than anything else. And I think she receives as much from her students as she gives them."

In the course of conversation you discover other things about Miss Leyburn, too. All of her family were born in Virginia. But her father, who is a Presbyterian minister, moved to North Carolina just before she was born. "Consequent-

ly," Miss Leyburn adds with a twinkle in her eye, "the rest of my family rather look down on me." You begin to get a picture of her childhood and adolescence. How the Leyburns moved from manse to manse, from Hedgesville, Virginia, to Durham, N. C., to Rome, Ga. How she entered Agnes Scott in 1923, and was the first Agnes Scott graduate to continue her study at Radcliff College in Cambridge, Massachusetts — where they were rather skeptical in the beginning of "this Southerner from a Southern college." How after receiving her M.A. degree from Radcliff, she taught for three years at Buffalo Seminary, a private school for girls, going from there to Yale where she received her Ph.D., and finally returning to Agnes Scott as English instructor. How, during all of this, she managed to spend three summers abroad, one each in Italy, Germany and England where she collected many of her favorite possessions.

You know that it is getting late and that you must go. But you stay on a little longer. Outside the long sloping garden is filled with the autumn mist that rolls up over Georgia hills and hollows this time of year. You sit in the growing darkness and listen to Miss Leyburn as she talks of her favorite man of letters—Samuel Johnson and of his common sense, his full-bodied humor. You chuckle a bit as she quotes a passage from his famous dictionary—What is a pie? "Anything baked between two crusts!" If you are not an avid admirer of Johnson, you will yearn to be before you leave. So great is her enthusiasm and thirst for knowledge that it is impossible to talk with her, even for an hour, without becoming stimulated and inspired. This, then, is the real secret of her success as a teacher and friend. This, plus a disarming modesty which is summed up in her parting words at the square white door . . . "I can't believe that I've spent a whole afternoon talking just about myself!"

WHY BIBLE AT AGNES SCOTT?

An open letter from our new Bible Department Head, Dr. Paul Leslie Garber. Interview on page 9.

DEAR ALUMNAE;

You see, because equally earnest people differ on what the well-informed mind should know, every subject must constantly justify its inclusion in a college's curriculum. For some subjects that is more difficult than it is for others.

Agnes Scott from its beginning in 1889 has

included regular Bible study in its course offerings and in its requirements for graduation. In framing the Agnes Scott "Ideal" President F. H. Gaines made the second item, "The Bible as textbook."

The explanation for this action is given in Dr. Gaines' introduction to *Bible Course: Outline and Notes* (1895). "There are strong and even unanswerable arguments," he wrote, "for the introduction of the Bible into the college course." He enumerated those arguments:

1. The Bible stimulates "mental development" by causing the student to think

about "the greatest subjects in all the range of human thought."

2. The Bible contains uniquely valuable knowledge such as the origin of man, the fall, ethnology, law and psychology.
3. The Bible has a preeminent value in the literature it contains and also in those writings which it has inspired either directly or indirectly.
4. Bible study produces maturity in knowledge of the Bible to match developing ideas and knowledge in other fields.
5. Study of the Bible aids character formation by teaching the right, instilling the love of the right and guiding in the right.

Perhaps it would be just as well for me to leave the matter just here. Certainly I would agree with Dr. Gaines and the Agnes Scott tradition that the Bible has a rightful place in the curriculum and that for "strong and even unanswerable" reasons.

But we all like to say things our own way. Then let me try. *Why* study Bible at Agnes Scott? The answer lies in what the Bible is.

1. The Bible is an important source for ancient history. Without those tested facts found only in it our knowledge of life in the ancient Middle East would be measurably abbreviated.
2. The Bible is vital, pulsating writing not produced as literature but accepted now as a touchstone of literary style and achievement.
3. The Bible's primary value is religious. It

was written and "handed down" to cultivate faith in God, to warn against evil and to extend His promise in Christ of redemption and eternal life.

Beyond these brief comments of ageless truth two observations relative to our day are worthy of mention:

1. The Bible gives a *meaning to life* which, when accepted, becomes a center to make college an unified experience for the student and not, as it is for many, a series of unrelated "dead" studies strung on a thread of more vital week-ends.
2. The Bible has that *motivation for service* which is able to blast even college people out of complacency and indifference into the employment of talents and skills for the benefit, not of self alone, but of society as a whole.

The most significant contribution Agnes Scott can make to our country's present needs is a generation of college women who know life's inner meaning and who consider their education primarily training for service and only secondarily personal enrichment. Basic to that effort is the Bible.

These brief comments on *why* the Bible at Agnes Scott, I share with you in the hope they may be of interest to all members of the Alumnae Association.

It is a joy to be related to the charmed circle of Hottentots.

Sincerely,

PAUL LESLIE GARBER.

WILLIAM SAROYAN: "HIS HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS"

Roberta Winter, '27*

"NOBODY BELIEVES in anything any more," marvels Owen in *The Beautiful People*. "Not even old ladies."

But William Saroyan does.

He believes in *the magnificence of Almighty God*,¹ the creator and preserver of trees and birds and mice and children; in Life and Death; in love and music and genius; in talk and in the communion of silence; in *broad generous reckless deep honesty*. He acknowledges *the wonder and waste of human beings*; he mourns that *the world is inhabited by the dead not the living*; that *there is no Honor or Grace or Truth in contemporary history*; that *everything is getting worse every minute but in a way that is irresistible and noble, with that delicate balance of despair and delight which glues all unrelated things into the continuity and architecture which are the fable and fantasy of this world and life*.

He believes in a theatre that could stage Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" or a production which he calls largely "Chicago: 1905-1925."

He believes in the infinite capacity of man-

**Instructor in Speech, Director of Blackfriars, author of the play, "Bridal Chorus"*.

¹ Italicized material is Saroyan's.



kind to re-create himself and the world through the exercise of *noble imagination*.

He believes in William Saroyan.

The very nature of Saroyan's beliefs provokes hostility in a conventional, realistic, scientific world. Because he is original and independent and enthusiastic, we feel uncomfortable and pronounce him obscure, undisciplined, and impertinent.

For hundreds of years man has been facing what he calls facts, deducing laws and limiting himself by them, formulating rules and insisting that others observe them, falling heir to beds and lopping off occupants to fit them. Time helps him to accept many things screamed at as madness by contemporary objectors; but each succeeding generation is as unresponsive as the preceding one to its non-conformers. We insist on an artist's disciplining himself, not according to his own capacity, but along lines laid down by ourselves. Shakespeare's plays do not fit the pattern of Sophocles'. Bach's interpretation of life is not the only one for those who can listen to the message of Shostakovich. Van Gogh's frenzy at last achieved meaning.

It is therefore less important that Saroyan be summarily measured and classified, than that he not be restrained or embarrassed or silenced by

an unsympathetic reception. If an artist's philosophy is worthy, his method of expressing it deserves consideration. Certainly Saroyan's stature is undetermined. He has a rich imagination, a headlong pen, a capacity for revealing souls, a gift for unreality. He has not written the great American play. But for those who will enter the dream-like, hilarious, tragic, absurd, heroic drama that is the expression of his genius, there is refreshment, stimulation, pleasure, and pain.

Shaw was called the "upstart son of a downstart father," who "struck the stage like a thunderbolt." O'Neill's reception was more sympathetic, probably because his experimental work came after the acceptance of his naturalistic, and therefore obvious, early plays. But O'Neill himself contended, "We have taken too many snapshots of each other in every graceless position. We have endured too much from the banality of surface."

Saroyan is sincere in his effort to use the modern theatre for vicarious experience beyond the banality of surface. That he can write conventional, realistic plays he has proven in several short plays and his scenario, "The Human Comedy." It is to be hoped that he will not be made self-conscious and apologetic about his experiments lest coming generations with freer dramatic appreciation than ours be cheated of rich material. In any case, his extravagance and bravado will have shaken the shackles of more matter-of-fact dramatists.

His chief contribution to date has been his call to belief in the beauty and goodness of people, thus reminding us in a very salutary way of our own practices in suspicion and indifference; our reliance in substance and logic and formula; our acceptance of limitation. He makes us sad that we have allowed angel visitations to diminish on the earth. And impatient with ourselves for having been involved in so few miracles.

BOOK REVIEW

SO LITTLE TIME

by *John P. Marquand*

Little Brown and Co., Boston, 1943, \$2.75

Elizabeth Stevenson, '41

Book Editor for the Atlanta Journal

TO DESCRIBE change is a difficult thing to do. *So Little Time* is an ambitious effort to confine the unsolid present within the limits of a novel. The satiric eye surveys America being forged anew in the shifting influences of the new war.

The author's eye is Jeffrey Wilson, whose variety of experience makes him well able to savor the crazy contrasts in this interlude in the national life. He was born in the small town,

Bragg, Massachusetts, one fact which is an important comment on his life. He flew in the last war, and now he has a son just old enough to fight in this one. He once wrote a play that ran two weeks on Broadway. Today he doctors other people's plays and movie scripts and does it almost with genius. He married into Park Avenue. His wife has persuaded him not to be Bohemian.

Jeffrey often says that it is strange and confusing to have lived his life in so many different compartments none of them having any connec-

tion with the others. One of these compartments was his small town, American youth. He looks back with real tenderness upon an episode which suggests *Seventeen*; however, *Seventeen* seen through experienced eyes. Another compartment was that queer time when he lived close to death and close to life when he was an aviator in France. He has never been able to talk about it even to Jim, his son; even now, when Jim is about to go to war.

Jeffrey's pinched New England background has effectively prevented him from being able to believe entirely in the two worlds which divide his time. Neither the staid magnificences of Park Avenue nor the extravagant vagaries of Hollywood have ever entirely convinced him.

One side of his life is where he works at hammering other people's creative energies into professional shape. Because he has never entirely believed in the characters and settings of this theatrical world, he has been able to bring zest to his craftsman's task.

On the other hand, his marriage, it seems to him, has been supposed to represent security. That is what Madge has wanted. It is a pity that the solidity of Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue seems in the cold dawn of 1941 to be the most ephemeral part of the American scene. Like a great many Americans he found that all that he had thought permanent was dissolving. The feverish nights and days of pre-war hysteria had infected him. All was fluid.

In representing this spirit of change and departure, the author was faced with a dilemma. Having tried to seize upon something which by its nature was unseizable, he is in danger of having his story dissolve into the general atmosphere, what he aptly calls "a sort of chaotic discontent."

To solve his problem, Marquand, who has had a reputation built up upon his subtle and satirical sense of irony, has done a difficult thing. He has flatly and simply tried to reduce all the problems of his scene to the most ordinary and average human relations. In truth, Jeffrey finds that they are all that are left. The only surety he finds are his feelings for his wife, Madge, his son, Jim, for the few friends who have lasted for years, for Marianna Miller, who may become important enough to change his whole system of habits.

This matter of habit bothers Jeffrey. He is a reflective man. For that reason the absurdities of the scene are doubly absurd. The satire of the world correspondent scene, the big Hollywood writer conference scene, the first night scene, etc., seem to belong naturally to Jeffrey rather than to the author. Jeffrey is most critical of himself. He is highly self conscious. The unrest of the new, the unpredictable America unsettles him too, in his views of himself.

He has a chance to quit the brilliant hack work that he does honestly and efficiently. He worries himself with an urge to give his long restricted creative ability a chance to try again. This desire is all mixed up for him with the person of Marianna Miller, an actress who has loved him frankly and wistfully for years. He hovers upon the edge of a new relationship.

However, the person who comes to fill up most of his conscious and unconscious thoughts is his son, Jim. In this, Jeffrey is pathetically like most fathers of a war generation. He comes more and more to identify himself with Jim. He sees what he was in the last war in Jim in the new war. Trying to avoid a fancy and professional climax, the author tells the story of Jim's being in love and going to war, of his mother's

(Continued on Page 58)

● *First published in the Poetry Society of Georgia's Yearbook, this poem won the 1933 Savannah Prize for the best poem depicting Southern low country local color. It is one of our favorites of all of Miss Preston's brilliant and colorful works. We reprint it here with her permission.*

DESERTED HOUSE ON BAYOU LAFOURCHE

Jane Newman Preston, '21

Instructor in English at Agnes Scott College

These broken columns, once so proudly tall,
Uphold too long the roof that men disown;
Too many summers' grass has split the stone
Of steps that bear no more a light footfall.
Unmarked by feast or fast day, seasons crawl
Across the chimneys that long since have sown
Their sparks upon the dusk, or thinly blown
Blue smoke upon the day at matin call.
The sundial mocks, "Horas non numero
Nisi serenas." While slow hours pass,
The garden's marred and broken patterns show
Like skeletons half covered in the grass.
Time lingers on this threshold but to taunt
The house that has outlived man's utmost want.

He wants no more the roof he made secure
Against the sharp, bright daggers of the sun,
And sky that plunged him little and alone
In space that only planets can endure.
He wants, no more, walls builded to immure
The old sweet certainties that he has known:
Hearth fire, the broken loaf, the benison
Of sleep; and after grief, time's sure
Uplifting of the stricken head. He craves
No closet here for prayer, no ringing rafter

To answer to his mirth; and silence saves
Upon its edge no crying now, nor laughter.
This was his shelter, and his dream defended;
The latch is broken now, the dream is ended.

Here is the lonely shame old houses bear
When men who loved their comeliness are gone.
From empty door to empty window flown,
The birds have left their droppings everywhere;
Dismantling Time has trod to dust the fair
Unmeasured welcome of the wide hearthstone;
The swamp mist climbs from stair to foot worn stair,
And down the smooth hand-rail the lizards run.

Better the river's lethal breast had taken
Or that a towering flame had wrapped and crowned
This beggared beauty by all men forsaken,
This legend's body left above the ground.
No tales are writ in water, and no scar
Tells in to-morrow's grass where old walls were.

A FRESHMAN LOOKS AT AGNES SCOTT

Bet Patterson

AGNES SCOTT, you friendly sensible community of brick and stone and wooden buildings with life inside of you and all around, with something real and important going on through you; I like you.

You weren't always something real to me. Three months ago you were only a dream, a group of buildings one of which housed a swimming pool and all of which were floating gracefully six feet off the ground with a convenient little nebula hovering around your foundations. Then you were an unknown thing to me, a quick glowing eagerness and a lingering timid dread. It had taken a long time to decide upon you as the place to spend my next four years.

Not knowing where to go to school, I had asked advice from a friend, who answered with a set of questions:

"Where do you feel you could find that place which would help you to become your highest self?—to stimulate you to growth in mind, body, spirit relationships in such a way that you can be a *used* person in the world? Where can you be truly yourself? Where do you think you could express your highest self in work, among friends, in relationship to faculty, in looking out on and understanding a desperate world?"

Agnes Scott, I knew that it would be presumptuous for any girl to enter college this year unless she had that purpose of becoming a *used* person



in the world. Seeing all the boys left without any choice, I felt that I should have to decide carefully, that I should have to learn a part of their share. I chose you, Agnes Scott.

When I first came, I liked you. I liked the straightforward friendly interested look of your leaders, who seemed to want to be used. I liked

the sensible way that people had of doing things—of signing a list to see a committee and then leaving instead of waiting around in line all day, of providing a junior sponsor or a sophomore helper to pop up at just the right moments to make us feel at ease in this new place, of having a roommate already selected with a view to interests and backgrounds and selves.

I like your sense of the values of things, your emphasis on intellect and faith and graciousness and health. I like the challenge of you, Agnes Scott, the way you trust a girl to do the honorable thing, the way your teachers demand more work than most of us had ever thought about before, the way you expect a girl to be her highest self.

I like your faculty with its academic merit balanced by its understanding interest, with its rigid expectations strengthened by its happy sense of humor. I like the gracious manner of your dean, and I like the prayers of your president. I like your willingness to change your ways of doing things to meet real needs which you must face today.

The friendships in the making here are full of
(Continued on Page 38)

A SENIOR LOOKS AT AGNES SCOTT

Anne Ward

A SENIOR who tries to look *objectively* at Agnes Scott is apt to find that she is attempting the impossible! She finds that Agnes Scott has given so much of itself to her that she identifies Agnes Scott with the particular things that it means to her.

Perhaps, however, the best way to look at Agnes Scott is introspectively. After all, the only sure way one has of measuring the worth of a school is by measuring what it is to oneself. Seeing what it has made of other people,—alumnae and fellow students,—can make us realize to a large extent its worth; but, in the final analysis,—the test of *one's own experience* is the ultimate standard by which the individual can determine value.

As I look at Agnes Scott,—(and I very frankly admit that I look, not from an objective, but from a personal viewpoint),—the thing that impresses me most is that *Agnes Scott is looking at the world*. As I look at Agnes Scott, it seems to me that each year that I have been here her program has become more closely related to the needs of society outside the college campus.

Of course, the truth of the matter is not that Agnes Scott has changed, but that I have changed. Agnes Scott, as a liberal arts school, has always had as its aim to equip the individual with those skills and understanding, those attitudes, and those appreciations which will enable the indi-



vidual to contribute most to her community when she leaves college. It has been possible for me to understand this aim only in proportion as it has become my own aim.

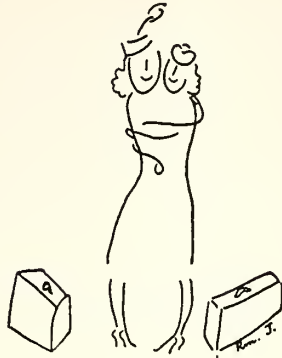
Because it is the organization that has given most to me, the student government association's theme for the year,—“*Today's Agnes Scott Student: Tomorrow's Citizen*”,—expresses the spirit that I see when I look at Agnes Scott. Agnes Scott students look today at a world where a fundamental selfishness and dishonesty are causing unfair practices such as the black market, where a lack of discipline and self-control is leading to a deluge of juvenile delinquency, where bigotry and ignorant prejudice are encouraging religious and racial discrimination, where inertia and apathy on the part of even the intelligent citizens are nourishing corruption and inefficiency in government. As today's Agnes Scott students who are about to become tomorrow's citizens, we are realizing that we must build now, in specific college situations, those habits of honesty, self-control, fair-mindedness, and active interest in the needs of others which will enable us to contribute most to Agnes Scott now and to the communities in which we take our places later.

Our Senior, Anne Ward, is President of Student Government, member of Mortar Board and the collegiate Who's Who. *Our Freshman* is the sister of Pat Patterson, whose story “Mom” in the January '43 QUARTERLY won such wide acclaim.

150 ATTEND AGNES SCOTT'S 13th ALUMNAE DAY

Good-Fellowship, the Keynote of the Day!

On Tuesday, November 9, approximately 150 Agnes Scott Alumnae met on the college campus for a quiet, informal reunion. Due to traveling restrictions and gas rationing, only local Alumnae were contacted and the program closely followed that of Alumnae Day last year.



ART LECTURE, EXHIBIT

Registration began at 4:00 in Buttrick Hall on the afternoon of November 9. At 5:30 Alumnae met in the Library lecture room to hear Agnes Scott's new Art Director, Howard Thomas, discuss the works of two outstanding Southern artists— Dr. Marion Souchon and Reuben Gambrell. After the lecture, Professor Thomas took the group to the Library Art Gallery, where paintings of these two artists were on exhibit. Keynote of the lecture and gallery tour was informality—with the Alumnae asking many spontaneous questions and receiving interesting, stimulating answers from Professor Thomas.

DINNER, CAFETERIA STYLE

At 6:00 Alumnae and their escorts dined in Rebekah Scott's new cafeteria as guests of the college. Broiled halves of chicken, Georgia yams, green beans, salad, and chocolate-date ice-box pudding made a feast to remember—especially in these rationing days. After dinner, Alumnae adjourned to the Library, where coffee

was served around an open fire in the huge Library fireplace. This social hour, from 7 to 8, was the highlight of Alumnae day.

Among those present were Dr. McCain, Miss Scandrett, Miss McKinney, Miss Torrance, Dr. Sweet, plus new Faculty and Administration members, who were introduced to Alumnae, plus members of classes from Academy days to the present class of '43. Miss Margaret Ridley, president of the Alumnae Association, poured and 12 members of the Atlanta, Decatur and Business Girls' Clubs served. Miss Hanley provided an interesting and up-to-date exhibit of the newest books, which everyone enjoyed.

"THE NEXT ACT IN EUROPE"

At 8:15 a warning bell rang and the Alumnae hurried to Gaines Chapel in Presser Hall, where the Lecture Association presented its first speaker of the season—distinguished, suave Henry C. Wolfe, who had just returned from Europe. Mr. Wolfe, author, international correspondent and expert on foreign affairs, lectured on "The Next Act in Europe." He discussed generals, our boys, and the outlook of the war with an informality and insight that delighted his audience. After his lecture, Alumnae and student body were introduced to Mr. Wolfe at a coffee in Murphey Candler.

ALUMNAE CHILDREN

For the first time in Alumnae Reunion history, Alumnae children were invited to attend Alumnae Day. While mothers listened to the Art Lecture, dined, and enjoyed the after-dinner coffee in the Library, their children romped and played in

(Continued on Page 38)

WHY JOIN THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION?

*Here's the Answer
in a letter from our
President, himself!*

Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Georgia

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT

Agnes Scott Alumnae:

This question has just been asked: "Why should those who have attended Agnes Scott join the Alumnae Association?" I think I have never before tried to answer it.

I suppose in normal times I would recite some of the benefits which a member might receive, such as the Quarterly, an invitation to the Alumnae luncheon, special consideration as guests in the Alumnae House, and other like privileges.

Just now, however, it seems to me that there is something much more important than these personal benefits, something more important than keeping in touch with Agnes Scott and giving assistance to it. More than at any previous time it is important that people with some degree of culture and of high ideals unite their strength so as to be of real assistance in the post-war planning and in the building of a new world.

There are no more effective ways of uniting our strength than through the various alumnae-alumni organizations of the strong colleges, which surely will be acting together in the days ahead.

Just now, alumnae membership is significant in this larger sense.

Cordially,



J. R. McCain,
President.

October 4, 1943

"In modern warfare, an advantageous position is not a place where you stay, but a place from which you go!"

OUR SCORE IN THE WAR TO DATE

Catherine Strateman Sims

Assistant professor of History, teacher of International Relations, and advisor to Agnes Scott's International Relations Club, reviews past Allied successes and setbacks, brings you up to date in World War II.

THERE HAVE BEEN many depressing periods since the European war began a little over four years ago. There was the summer of 1940 when Norway and Denmark, the Low Countries, and France had been overcome, when the British Army had been evacuated from Dunkerque, when the Battle of Britain was at its height. Then for the first time most Americans realized the true nature of the struggle going on in Europe.

The late fall of 1941 saw first the steady retreat of the Russian armies, with Germany in control of most of southern and central Europe, followed by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the rapid fall of most of the bastions of British, American and Dutch strength in the Far East.

Yet in retrospect and in a larger view, the early fall of 1942 was perhaps most dangerous of all for the United Nations. At that time no perceptible dent had yet been made in Japanese strength in the Far East and in the western theater of the war the situation was indeed dismal. The German armies were then pressing forward in their second great offensive in Russia. All the Ukraine had been overrun. A deep penetration had been made in the region north of the Caucasus Mountains. The epic battle of Stalingrad was at its

height. If the Russians had lost that battle, and for many weeks it seemed that they might, the consequences would have been at least threefold; first, the destruction of a considerable part of Russia's military power; second, the cutting of the southern route by which goods come to Russia from her British and American allies, by way of the Persian Gulf and Iran; and third, the conquest by Germany of the entire Caucasian region with its vast wealth of oil. At the same time General Rommel's Afrika Corps, one of the finest military machines the war has produced, was poised in the desert of North Africa, at El Alamein, only 70 miles from the British naval base of Alexandria. A Nazi conquest of Alexandria would have assured Germany of complete domination of the Middle East, would have jeopardized the southern supply route to Russia, and would have endangered India from the west. Never were the United Nations in greater danger than at this period when Russia might have been eliminated from the war, when Germany and Japanese forces might have made a junction in India.

In the year which has passed since then, the story in the Far East has not been one of regaining lost territory and bases but rather of securing the bases that still remained in the United Nations' hands and developing new ones. We have managed to hold the Japanese enemy within a strong girdle of ships and planes and to prevent him from making further conquests. We have undertaken a few limited offensives to push him back a little. Our own strength has increased and Japan has suffered from a steady attrition of her strength.

In Europe the action has been more dramatic and decisive. We have moved from defensive to

offensive warfare. No one now speculates as to where the German armies will strike next, but rather as to where United Nations' invasion forces will land. That is the measure of what the last twelve months have done for us in the European theater.

Desperate as the situation was last year, even as late as the first of November, the next few weeks were to show that the darkest hour does not come just before dawn, and by the end of February, within 6 months, the military situation in the western theater had altered greatly in our favor.

The events which brought this change about were, in chronological order, the successful British offensive at El Alamein which drove the Germans out of Egypt back into Libya; second, the combined British and American landings in French North Africa; and third, the fact that the Russians outdid themselves at Stalingrad and held out until the approach of winter ended the German offensive. It was on October 21 that the first shots were fired in the British offensive in Egypt, on November 10 that the landings began in French North Africa, and by the end of November it was possible to say that the second German offensive in Russia had failed. Stalingrad had not been captured and the German armies were being expelled from the Caucasus region.

At the time it seemed that the tide was turning with painful slowness and yet we can see now that during the winter months of 1942-43 the United Nations were steadily improving their situation with regard to the Axis. This was true in the Far East as well as in Europe, though on a smaller scale. Early in August of 1942 our first offensive of the Pacific war began with the

landings of United States' Marines on the island of Guadalcanal in the Solomons, northeast of Australia. The Guadalcanal campaign seemed ill-fated in its first months, but after some of the bitterest fighting the war has seen, we made good our hold on Guadalcanal and the neighboring island of Tulagi. Likewise, a limited but successful offensive was conducted by Australian and American forces on New Guinea, the large island north of Australia.

By the end of February of this year, the net result of all these campaigns, in Europe, Africa and the Far East was this: The German armies at Stalingrad had surrendered, the first time large German forces had surrendered since the war began. The Caucasus region had been entirely cleared except for the Black Sea naval base of Novorossick. The siege of Leningrad had been broken and the strong German lines in the Ukraine were being pierced. Germany, instead of being established in the heart of European Russia, was retreating until the spring thaw came and brought Russian offensive operations to a halt. In North Africa, Egypt and Libya were entirely within our control, as were Morocco and Algeria. The Afrikan Corps was bottled up in Tunisia between American forces on the one side and British forces on the other. To be sure it was still struggling hard to break the bottle. In the Far East, Japanese forces had been withdrawn from Guadalcanal and the land campaign on New Guinea at Buna-Gona was proceeding satisfactorily and was soon to end.

In the spring the first large-scale attack directly against Germany herself began. Week after week thousands of tons of bombs were dropped on Germany and German-held territory. Hamburg, the seaport and naval base, Wilhelmshaven

and Nuremberg, Hamm and Essen, Duisburg, Berlin itself, and many other places felt the weight of mature British and American aerial power. There were several naval and air battles in the Pacific, all victorious to us, costly to both sides but more so for Japan, since her power of replacing lost ships and planes is inferior to our own. Individually, these naval and air battles may not have appeared so significant. But the successive victories in the Coral Sea, at Midway, in the Bismarck Sea, off Savo Island, and in the Kula Gulf, to mention only some of them, may in the future be recognized as marking the turning point in the Pacific war.

By the first of June the Tunisian campaign was over—all Africa was in the control of the United Nations. As we now know, the stage was being set for what is happening in southern Italy today. The results of the long struggle in Africa have been several. First of all, the United Nations inflicted a decisive defeat on important German forces, a famous German army. Good for our morale and for the morale of conquered Europe; bad for German morale. In the second place, we secured a safe and short supply route by sea through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, not only to Russia and the Near East but to the Far East, too. After Italy entered the war in the summer of 1940, this route was for all practical purposes closed. Convoys to India and Australia went across the Pacific or by the Atlantic around the coast of Africa. Convoys to Russia used either the difficult and dangerous northern route to Murmansk or the long southern route around Africa into the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf to Iran. The opening of the Mediterranean, which was achieved with the successful conquest of Tunisia, has thus automatically increased the shipping at the disposal of the United Nations.

One ship can now make perhaps three round trips in the time formerly occupied by one. Our supply lines have in some cases been shortened by as much as 10,000 miles. And last, but certainly not least, we acquired by the conquest of North Africa a base for the invasion of Europe. Furthermore, we established there well-trained, well-equipped land, sea, and air forces ready for the offensives of the future.

In addition to these concrete results of the African campaigns, our efforts and those of the countries which preceded us in the war have brought about other favorable consequences. The shipping shortage, though it will last in some degree until the war is over, has ceased to be acute, both because of the building program here and because of improved defense measures against submarines in the Atlantic. And, although the victories of the United Nations have been few in number in comparison with their defeats, they have, even in defeat, managed to inflict damage on the Axis. There have been millions of Axis casualties in Russia and hundreds of thousands in North Africa. Thousands of planes and tanks and guns have been destroyed. The Japanese have lost relatively few soldiers, but many thousands of tons of shipping and thousands of planes. The day-by-day reports in the newspapers sometimes are not particularly impressive. What do 150 dead Japanese amount to when there are 70 million left? What do 25 German planes amount to when German factories may be producing three times that many every day? But the accumulation of losses on the one side when confronted with growing strength on the other, will tip the scales. Every summer since the war began some commentator has spent a good deal of time proving that this summer was the summer Germany had to win if

she were to win at all. But now it is obvious to all that Germany had to win in 1942 at the latest. When she failed to knock out the Red armies and to destroy the British in Egypt, she lost her last opportunity. For by the summer of 1943 the potentially greater strength of the United Nations had been mobilized.

What has happened this summer and this fall has thus been made possible by the hard lessons learned and the hard work done in the last four years; the protection of the sea lanes in the Atlantic by the British navy, the steady attrition of German strength by the Russians, and Japanese strength by our forces and the Chinese armies, and finally, the enormous production of American factories, the conversion of this country from peace to war.

Shortly after the end of the Tunisian campaign several small Italian islands in the Mediterranean were easily occupied, notable Pantelleria, between North Africa and Sicily. Then early in July, Sicily itself was invaded. The campaign was short, about 38 days long. The defense of the islands had been entrusted largely to Italian forces who preferred not to fight, an encouraging sign for the future. The conquest of Sicily meant full protection for our supply route through the Mediterranean and it also gave us a stepping stone for the invasion of Italy. On September 3 the British Eighth Army crossed the narrow straits of Messina from Sicily into Italy and not long after the combined British and American Fifth Army, under the command of General Clark, landed at Salerno just south of Naples. There has since been a junction of the Fifth and parts of the Eighth armies on the western coast of Italy. These combined forces have succeeded in taking the city of Naples. They have pushed beyond Naples, to a point some 90 miles south

of Rome. Meanwhile units of the British Eighth Army have pushed up the eastern or Adriatic coast of Italy. The result is that our combined forces now hold a nearly straight line about 100 miles long across southern Italy from sea to sea. The conquest of southern Italy is an accomplished fact.

We have then established our bridgehead on the mainland of Europe. We have a funnel through which men and supplies can be poured for the offensives of the future. The port of Naples, one of the finest in Europe, is large and deep. It can harbor many ships and large ships. The toilsome task of unloading from cargo ship to lighter and from lighter to beach which was necessary at Salerno will not be necessary for the future. It is true that some damage has been done to the port facilities of Naples. But we and our British allies have had excellent experience in dock repair and salvage work, beginning with the clearing of the harbor of Massaua in the former Italian colony of Eritrea, through the raising of the Normandie, and the clearing of the North African harbors like Bengazi and Tripoli. Conservative reports indicate that the port of Naples is now in partial use and will soon be in full use. Among the most important of our recent gains, in addition to Naples, is the town of Foggia in south-central Italy. Foggia, the location of some twelve or thirteen air fields, is within bombing range of a large part of southern and central Europe, from France to Rumania. The city of Rome is the next objective of the Fifth and Eighth Armies. The road is hard; progress has been, and will probably continue to be, slow.

Meanwhile, the summer which saw the collapse of Italian power in the Mediterranean also saw a definite deterioration in Germany's position in Russia. The Germans began their third

offensive of the war in Russia on July 5. By July 15 the strength of the drive had been spent and the Russian counterattack began. By August 4, barely a month after the heavy fighting started, the Russians had taken Orel and Belgorod, the two points from which the German attack had come. Hitherto in 1941 and 1942 the Russians had compelled to bow beneath the weight of the German summer attacks. Their own offensives had not come until winter. The fact that this has not been the case this year is a good measure of the strength of the Russian armies and the relative weakness of the German armies.

The break in the German lines which occurred in the middle of August has steadily widened. Cities which the Germans have held for over two years have been recaptured. Rostov, Stalino, Taganrog, Kharkov, Smolensk have been retaken. The entire valley of the Donets River, Russia's great industrial area, has been recovered. Novorossisk, the Black Sea naval base, all that was left to the Germans after the disastrous Caucasian campaign of last year, has been taken. Today Russian armies have broken the German defense line along the Dnieper River. They have taken Dnieperopetrovsk and are pressing hard at Kiev. They were among their earliest losses to Germany in 1941. They have already entered the province of White Russia. They are today less than 90 miles from the border of Latvia and not much farther from the pre-1939 border of Poland. In the South the route of escape from the Crimea has been closed and Russian forces are driving swiftly forward toward the mouth of the Dnieper River. The German armies have already suffered a major disaster in Russia this year. Others may be in store for them. It is indeed possible that the decisive blow against Ger-

many may be dealt along the eastern front and not in western Europe.

Yet we know that additional offensives in the West are being planned. It is not impossible that landings may be made in Norway or Holland or on the Atlantic coast of France, although that seems unlikely for the present. It has been suggested that forces operating from North Africa may invade the Mediterranean coast of France. That is perhaps made more likely by the fact that the islands of Sardinia and Corsica have been brought under our control. There is a strong possibility that the Balkan peninsula may be invaded from southern Italy. Certainly we control both the sea and the air in that part of the world, and can make landings wherever we choose. An active fighting front is known to exist already in Yugoslavia, where guerilla troops have never stopped fighting Germany.

As the military situation has changed in our favor, so has the political. Benito Mussolini was forced from power in Italy on July 25. Whether he is today dead or alive, it is clear that Italian Fascism is dead. It is a system which feeds on victory but has nothing to offer in time of defeat. The government of Marshal Badoglio, which succeeded Mussolini, surrendered to General Eisenhower on the day General Montgomery's forces landed in Italy. The Italian fleet has been turned over to us. And now Italy has officially entered the war against Germany. On August, neutral Sweden announced that the use of Swedish railways for the transportation of German troops to and from Norway was ended. When Norway was overrun in 1940, the Swedish government found itself unable to deny German demands for the use of Swedish railways. Their assertion of independence at this time is a pretty good indication of well-informed neutral opinion.

In August also, there was a revolt against the Nazis in Denmark. The German commander was forced to abolish the technically independent Danish government and so ended what the Germans liked to call the "model protectorate." The Finnish government has categorically announced that it wishes to make peace with Russia on certain conditions. Mysterious events have happened in Bulgaria. King Boris is dead, just how or when no one knows, but it is suspected that he met his death because he resisted German demands for further aid from Bulgaria. The significance of these events is that the German plan for the conquest of Europe always called for a large measure of collaboration from the conquered people and from the neutrals. Today there is less collaboration than at any time since the war began. These events are blows at the New Order. They are straws in the wind, showing that the non-German Europeans believe that Germany is losing the war.

I wish it were possible to paint as bright a picture of the Far East. There we have made some progress, but it has been very little compared with what has happened in Europe. The Japanese have been driven out of the two islands in the Aleutians which they held for over a year. The island of Attu was invaded in May and conquered in June. In August our troops landed on the other of the two, Kiska, to find that the Japanese had abandoned it. It is hardly true to say that we have thus acquired the bases for a major offensive against Japan. It is more true to say that we have eliminated the danger of an attack on Alaska and Canada from the Aleutians. In the south Pacific the central Solomons were invaded in June and by mid-August we were established there. Of particular value is Munda airport, only 425 miles from the great South

Pacific base of Rabaul. Now an invasion of the northern Solomons is under way.

And we have just seen the completion of the third campaign on New Guinea. The first was fought a year ago to prevent the capture of Port Moresby by the Japanese, and thus the southern coast of the island was cleared. The second was the Buna-Gona campaign of last winter. The third campaign has resulted in the capture of Lae, Salamaua and Finschhafen. There will probably be more fighting on New Guinea, but the worst seems to be over. And whereas the defense of Port Moresby last year was motivated by fears for the safety of Australia, the campaigns at Buna-Gona, Lae, Salamaua and Finschhafen were intended to clear the island so that we may use it, together with the Solomons, as a base for operations against Rabaul. In addition to these limited land offensives we have been able to increase our aerial offensive against Japan. The Marcus Islands, 1,200 miles from Tokyo, have been heavily bombed recently. There have been frequent raids over Burma and portions of Occupied China and a few in the East Indies. At least twice within the last year, Paramushiro, the great naval base in the Kurile Islands north of the Japanese homeland, has been attacked. In the middle of October a very heavy raid was conducted against Rabaul, on New Britain, perhaps the next objective in the South Pacific.

Probably the most significant recent news about the Far Eastern war is the appointment of Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten as supreme commander in Southeast Asia. This is believed to herald the long-awaited sea, land and air offensive against Burma. The reconquest of Burma is an absolute essential if China is to be relieved and the way opened for a vast offen-

sive from China against the Japanese homeland. We may reasonably expect the beginning of these operations sometime within the next six months. The surrender of Italy and the consequent release of portions of the British and American fleets for use in the Pacific will materially advance the beginning of operations in southeast Asia, as will the opening of the short supply route through the Mediterranean.

Our Far Eastern effort, in other words, is still in the preparatory stage. That is easy to understand because the plan laid down for victory over the Axis calls for the defeat of Germany first. The strategic soundness of this plan can no longer be doubted. It is obviously true that vigorous prosecution of the war in Europe is the best way to strengthen our position in the Far East.

A short time ago the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, made a bond-selling talk over the radio in which he asked why we allowed ourselves to indulge in this "childish and foolish optimism." Some people were rather irritated at what he said, but he was telling the unpleasant truth. The day after the surrender of Italy was announced, one congressman was quoted in the newspapers as saying that there was now no need to impose higher taxes, and another one as saying that there was now certainly no need to extend the draft for the armed services. Just a few days after these optimistic gentlemen assured us that the war was "in the bag" the Fifth Army at Salerno was struggling desperately to keep its bridgehead. It was in imminent danger of being driven into the sea. The early surrender of Italy does not mean that the war against Germany is at an end. Anything is possible, and the Germans may lay down their arms next week. But the odds are heavily against it. It is almost certain that they will give ground in Italy slowly,

fighting the hardest kind of delaying action until they reach the valley of the Po River in the north, where they will probably make their last stand. When Italy is conquered, there still remain Norway and Denmark, the Low Countries and France, Central Europe and the Balkans. When the last war ended in November, 1918, the Allied High Command had already laid its plans for an offensive in the spring of 1919. It is in that spirit that we must proceed now. Our casualties may be heavier in the next few months than they have been for the whole war up to now. Certainly there will be a heavier drain on all kinds of equipment and supplies (including gasoline) than ever before. Other invasions with their heavy toll of men and shipping will be necessary before final victory can be achieved in Europe.

When Germany has been defeated there is still Japan. In the Far East a tough war is certainly ahead for us, even if it should not be as long a one as some people fear. We have enormous distance to go in the Pacific, and, as Vice-Admiral told us recently, on the other hand, we have to build bases from the group up as we advance. The Japanese plan in joining with Germany and Italy was that the Western Powers would either lose the war against Germany and Italy or be so exhausted in winning it that they would have no strength to continue the war in the Far East. The loss of Italy from the Axis and the weakening of Germany on the Mediterranean and Russian fronts now present to Japan the prospect of a great combination against her alone, a combination which would outnumber her in men, ships, planes, artillery, tanks and every other conceivable category of war material. To defeat Japan it is necessary that the combination

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SOME PRETTY PLAIN TALK...

From an Old Maid Aunt,

TO ALL AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE:

- ★ *Did you know that out of some 7,500 Agnes Scott Alumnae, only 600 pay their Alumnae dues regularly?*
- ★ *Did you know that your Alumnae Association is still forced to accept financial support from the College to keep going?*
- ★ *Did you know that if only 3,000 Alumnae paid their yearly dues, we could become an independent organization?*

With this special edition of the Alumnae Quarterly, we open our 1943-44 drive for paid members in the Alumnae Association. Your dues of \$2.00 annually or \$50.00 life membership go toward the upkeep of the Alumnae House and Tearoom (our main contact with students on the campus—tomorrow's Alumnae), and bring you four issues of the Alumnae Quarterly each year (your main contact with classmates and college news). Your degree from Agnes Scott gives you definite prestige in the business world and in your community. Show your loyalty and appreciation by becoming an active supporter of Agnes Scott through the Alumnae Association!

We realize of course that there is a war going on . . . that many of you are busier than ever before. But one of the things we are fighting for—is the privilege of a higher education. The reputation of Agnes Scott and of all colleges and universities rests with the Alumni and Alumnae . . . what they do after graduation, how well they impart to others the ideals of the institution which they attended. Here is your chance to become an active member in the educational movement which is planning now, for the new world after the war. Join your Alumnae Association today!

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Sincerely,

Your Aunt Agnes.

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150 Attend . . .

(Continued from Page 28)

White House under the supervision of twenty-five members of the Agnes Scott Granddaughters' Club, headed by Betty Pope Scott, '44. Alumnae Children also ate at tables set aside for them in Rebekah Scott dining hall. From 7 to 8 they were taken on a tour of the campus, including a survey of roller skating in the gymnasium, which is a feature of Tuesday nights. Betty reports a good time by all—especially by the Granddaughters. And the entertainment of Alumnae Children will probably become a regular part of Alumnae Day.

COMMITTEES FOR ALUMNAE DAY

Credit for the success of Alumnae Day goes

to Miss Scandrett, who planned, with Margaret Ridley, the events of the day; to Mr. Thomas for an illuminating lecture, to Miss Hanley for her help in the after-dinner coffee; to Mrs. J. B. Bunnell and Mrs. Ewing G. Harris, Alumnae House resident hostesses; to Miss Harriss, Dietician, for her tempting dinner; to members of the Granddaughters' Club; to Mrs. Bonner Spearman, president of the Agnes Scott Club in Atlanta, for her artistic flower arrangements; to Mrs. J. C. Sylvester, president of the Decatur Agnes Scott Club; to Miss Elizabeth Nicolassen, past-president of the Agnes Scott Business Girls' Club, and to their telephone committees who brought out such splendid attendance. It is hoped that after the war, our more elaborate Alumnae week-ends will be continued. In the meantime, that is just one more thing to keep on fighting for, to keep on buying war bonds for!

A Freshman Looks . . .

(Continued from Page 26)

joy for me. The midnight feasts, the bull sessions, the craziness of folks are all a part of you. There's nothing longer strange in you, and I know that I belong with you, dashing for your mailroom, peering at your bulletin board, standing in your breadline, singing at your vespers, digging at your lessons. I'm sore from doing sit-ups and tired from reading great English

literature in a hurry, but I'm happily sore and glowingly tired, for I'm discovering things and I think I'm on the way to beginning to learn how to be a used person.

You aren't perfect, Agnes Scott, but your foundations are steady and sure. Your room for improvement is chiefly a matter of growth not of fundamental change. Your ideals are high, and it seems to me that you are tending toward them. I appreciate your past; I believe in your future; I like your present.

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Why buy your magazines through an agent or other channel when you can buy them *at the same prices* from your Alumnae Office—and contribute to the Alumnae Budget at the same time! Below is a partial list of the most popular magazines which we carry . . . with their lowest accepted prices, Special Group Rates and Club Prices. Actually we have some 2,500 periodicals from which you may choose. If the magazine you want is not listed here—write the Alumnae Office for current rates. As Authorized Agents we can offer you the same prices of any other authorized magazine agent. Check the list below and send us your order today! Special Points to Remember:

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3 years	M. 6.00	.75	3.00	
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3 years	M. 7.00	1.50	6.00	3.00
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3 years	M. 10.00	1.50	6.00	3.00
Harper's Magazine (Club Price 3.75)	M. 4.00	1.00	1.00	
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Parents' Magazine				
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with Etude	3.75			
with Popular Mechanics	3.75			
with Reader's Digest	4.50			
Popular Mechanics (Club Price 2.25)	M. 2.50	.50	1.00	
Popular Mechanics				
With American Girl	3.75			
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With Atlantic Monthly	6.00			
With Harper's Magazine	6.00			
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Redbook and McCall's (to one address)	3.50			
Saturday Evening Post				
(In U. S. and possessions, Canada and Pan America)				
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(Club Price 4.75)	W. 5.00			
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Science Digest				
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2 years	W. 9.00			
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2 years	W. 7.50			
Time, Special rate to U. S. Armed Forces with military address, reg. ed. 1 year only	W. 3.50			
Time, Air Express Edition. New Subscriptions (all Air Express areas except Cuba and Mexico) 1 year	W. 10.00			
New Subscriptions to Cuba and Mexico				
1 year	W. 7.50			
Special rate Air Express Ed. to U. S. Armed Forces with military address				
In Cuba and Mexico, 1 year only	6.00			
In all other Air Express areas, 1 year	8.50			
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Vogue	S.-M. 6.00			
Woman's Home Companion	M. 1.50			
Woman's Home Companion special rate for U. S. Armed Forces, to military address. 1 year only	M. 1.00			
Woman's Home Companion (*To one address)				
*With American Magazine	3.50			
*With American Magazine and Collier's	6.00			
*With Collier's	4.00			
Yachting	M. 4.00			
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Our Score to Date

(Continued from Page 36)

continue to exist. The stronger and the more united it is, the sooner will victory come in the Far East.

An accurate and realistic estimate of the current situation requires one to say that the United Nations are today in an advantageous position on all fronts. Yet accuracy and realism also require this word of warning: In modern warfare, an advantageous position is not a place where you stay but a place from which you go.

Book Review

(Continued from Page 23)

opposing this love, and his father's fostering it.

Marquand has dared to be simple. For that reason, I call this his most ambitious novel to date. One has a sense of the author's trying by the sweat of his brow to avoid the sophistication

which has been the breath of life of his other novels. In this effort of his, I would say that as far as the main line of action is concerned, he is successful in conveying a straight, unspoiled emotion. However, since it is not his natural mode of expression there is a flatness about it that has not appeared in his earlier books. It does not spoil the novel. The effect is rather moving, a flat, hard honesty of approach.

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