

# OUR QUARTERLY

Liberated Russians going to a Belgian beauty-parlor, soldiers in casts listening to bedtime stories from Winnie-the-Pooh, and Mr. Dieckmann's opinion of boogie-woogie—these are some of the things we will read about in this Quarterly.

Swords and plowshares, war and peace now mingle in our daily lives, but even as we work for the war effort, the dream in our hearts is of the day when "the lights come on again" and all over the world people will be beating their spears into pruninghooks . . .

Meanwhile, Agnes Scott is doing her share in relieving the suffering of war and rebuilding for peace, as her ideals of growth and service find daily realization in the lives of her daughters. The articles of this Quarterly represent service rendered not only by their authors but by hundreds of Agnes Scotters from Candler Street to France and New Guinea . . .

Although the Founder's Day broadcast has to make way this year for war news, the Quarterly brings to each Hottentot the message from Dr. McCain, Letter to Aunt Jo, and sketch of Mr. Dieckmann—plus the campus scenes drawn by Mr. Thomas' art students. These reminders of the actual life of the campus make us aware of what one alumna has said—"We who have left Agnes Scott like to know that she stands now, serene and steadfast, invincible against the desecration of today."

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# Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

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# SPRING CALENDAR

## MARCH

- 1 Water pageant, Bucher Scott Gymnasium
- 7 Mrs. Roff Sims discusses current events in chapel
- 10 Exams begin!
- 10 William Kapell, Atlanta Music Club
- 21 Ballet Theater, City Auditorium
- 23 Alumnae Tea for New Students
- 26 Glee Club Program, Music Appreciation, Presser Hall
- 28 Good Friday Service in Maclean Auditorium

## APRIL

- 1 Easter Sunrise Service
- 2 Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation, Presser Hall
- 12 Maurice Hindus, Lecture Association, Presser Hall
- 12- May 3 Exhibition, Wood block prints in color from Museum of Modern Art, Art Gallery, Library
- 20-25 Mary Ellen Chase, Professor of English at Smith College

# Fighting the Battle of Greensboro

*Ruth Bastin ex-'45*

*Leaving college to join the Army Nurse Corps, Ruth Bastin is now a 1st lieutenant at the Regional Hospital in Greensboro, N. C., an Army Air Forces Overseas Replacement Depot.*

"I REMEMBER HOW excited you were about going into the Army Nurse Corps when we left school last year. And isn't it grand you are a lieutenant? How do you like it now?" wrote a Hottentot to me recently.

Was I excited? It seems to me now that I was very matter-of-fact about coming into the service, and after eighteen months in the Army Nurse Corps here in Greensboro, I still feel that way. It is a bit difficult to see yourself as a romantic figure in a setting full of excitement. Make no mistake. I am glad to be in the Army; I like it tremendously; and if I were out, knowing what I know now, I would volunteer again. Much as I hated to leave Agnes Scott and anxious as I am to return to finish school, I have felt from the first that I am where I belong for the duration. But I do not feel patriotic or romantic or excited. I am in the Army doing a routine job of nursing, and wearing a bar because some thoughtful person passed a law granting military rank to nurses.

When I arrived at Basic Training Center Number 10 in July of 1943, the post was rather new, having been open about four months, the hospital was newer, the nurses were still newer, and I was the newest of all. The post was made up of mud, rocks, and barracks in the cleared areas with the

most beautiful woods and streams in between. The hospital buildings were drab and to my eyes, unfinished, connected by several corridors, each a third of a mile long. The nurses, of whom there were then about twenty-five, were friendly and helpful, looking most un-"G.I." (actually meaning government issue but connoting anything disagreeably army-like) in the civilian clothes we all wore several months because of uniform shortages.

Twelve hours after arriving on the post, having pinned a borrowed gold bar to the collar of my duty uniform, signed my name about one hundred times, and had my picture and fingerprints made, I was assigned to duty in Ward 6 where fractures, sprains, and other orthopedic conditions are treated. I was a little bit scared, yet quite apathetic toward everything but my ward duties which completely exhausted me after my months of book-holding, test-tube heating, and microscope adjusting.

Army hospitals are unlike civilian ones in that here are so many convalescent patients. Since the soldier must be able to participate in full duty immediately after his discharge, there are proportionately few sick patients. Our ward is rather more difficult than most, not because the men are more ill, but because they are handicapped by a body cast or an immobilized arm, by being pinned to the bed with traction applied to a limb, or by having to use crutches. I was very glad to learn that the nurses actually give personal care to the patients rather than dele-

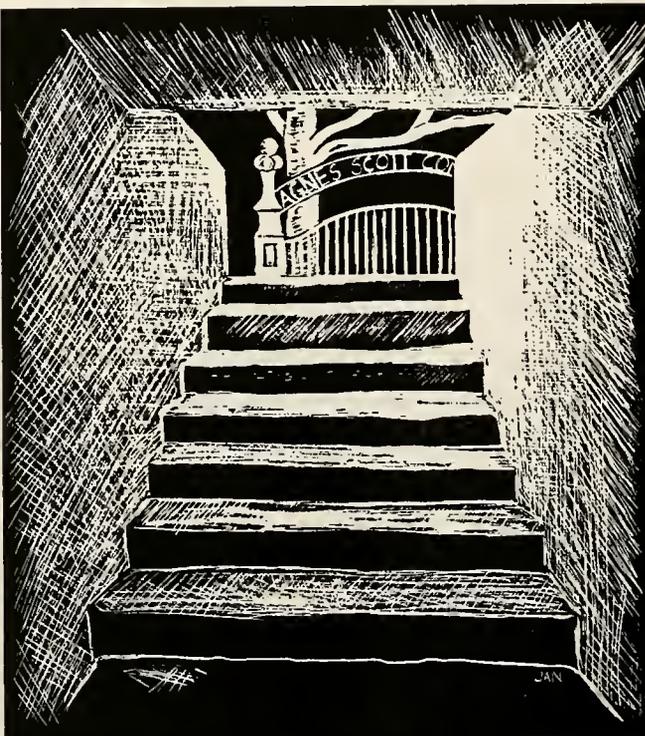
gating all such duties to men assigned to the Medical Detachment.

After two months of service as assistant nurse, I spent four months in other departments, returning to take charge of Ward 6 last January. During the four-month interval, I worked on practically every ward in the hospital enjoying such a variety of services as assistant in the ear, nose, and throat clinic; charge nurse of a Negro surgical ward; night nurse for twelve-hour duty on several wards so full and busy that I was bewildered; and special nurse to cases as interesting both personally and medically as any I have ever known.

Ward 6, however, is my love, and my boys, the "brats," make up my twenty-eight first considerations. In nearly all cases orthopedic patients remain in the hospital a minimum of four to six weeks, and some of my boys will remain at least six or eight months, so that I am able to become rather well acquainted with many of them. It is

my personal contact with these boys and men that has been one of the most satisfying parts of my Army career. From the eighteen-year-olds who look all too young to be soldiers, to the forty-year-olds who look almost senile to me now, they are all "Miss Bastin's children." At present these "children" include a farmer, an accountant, a mortician, a dramatics teacher, a few professional soldiers, a singer, several students, a pianist-composer, a lawyer, a jockey, a skilled machinist.

I wish I could tell you about each one of my patients and about the daily ward occurrences which may be amusing or annoying, but are at all times interesting. You should see my tall sergeant in a cast from the top of his head to his hips leading by the hand a monkey-like private hopping on his unbroken leg. You should hear the four-way arguments about the radio. Which shall it be? Classical music, swing, hill-billy, or no music at all? You should have been there the



RAILROAD UNDER-PASS LEADING  
TO AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Scratch Board Drawing

by Jane Anne Newton '46

night all of my "brats" sounded their bells at once and continued their frantic tapping until I appeared at the door of the wakened ward. They stopped the lecture at my lips and brought tears to my eyes by presenting me with a birthday cake full of lighted candles.

The responsibility of managing these boys is very largely mine, and ticklish problems occur almost daily. Each one needs individual attention and a different method of handling. I often think what great consideration and what intelligent understanding will be needed to make finely-adjusted civilians of these men who have seen military service whether it be a few weeks in this country or years in theatres of operation.

The Army nurse's life is not completely filled with her patients, however. Living conditions in this country are good. We have individual steam-heated rooms now very comfortably furnished (even to an inner-spring mattress!) We have our own recreation hut and our own mess hall. Basic training classes with movies, lectures, marching, and gas mask drill were diverting as well as helpful. And you should see how beautiful I am in fatigue clothing and gas mask!

Entertainment within the limits of the post is more than adequate for the average individual with a variety of tastes. Flying is not one of our recreations since no plane has ever landed on or taken off from the base. Movies, dances, sports events, and special shows of all kinds go on every night. Even though our wardrobe is now limited entirely to uniforms, we manage to dress our prettiest to "go places and do things." Most of my rare days off when I was able to get away from here have been filled with bubbling conversations with several delightful civilians of North Carolina who have spent a few months or years in Decatur.

Officers? Of course you are interested, and so are we! There are two officers' clubs on the post and there is a dance nearly every night. Since many of the men show a definite preference for the Nurse Corps olive drab or beige "formal" complete with tie, we have plenty of dates. There are always a number of interesting persons with much to offer toward good company as well as other forms of entertainment. And we have had several engagements, some of which have already led to marriage.

You are interested also in the nurses' prospects for overseas duty. Since the Army Air Corps does not maintain hospitals overseas, the only nurses wearing wings who go over are those in Air Evacuation Units. I should like that type of overseas duty, but the requirements for that service indicate that I am not tall enough to reach that third tier of litters in a plane. Until Uncle Sam sees fit to transfer more Air Corps nurses to other branches of the service, it seems that we shall continue to fight a quiet battle on some home-town front. Interesting and busy though our lives are, we feel that they are much more routine than they might be. Even the law passed last summer making the Army Nurse Corps part of the regular Army of the United States has made little apparent difference, though it undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the change of my gold bars to silver just before Christmas.

Being perhaps the only Hottentot in the A.N.C., I wish to let you know that a liberal arts education is excellent preparation for this life. It is difficult for me to measure the value of all I received from Agnes Scott, but I can tell you that Winnie-the-Pooh offers the finest material for bedtime stories for my boys!

## "They Also Serve . . ."

*Three years of service as a Gray Lady at Lawson General Hospital have won Frances Gilliland Stukes much satisfaction plus the chairmanship of the Hospital Recreation Corps of the DeKalb County Chapter of the Red Cross. She is the wife of S. G. Stukes, Dean of Faculty at Agnes Scott.*

### **Frances Gilliland Stukes '24**

WHENEVER PEOPLE QUESTION me about my Gray Lady work at Lawson General Hospital and want to know just what I do, I usually start stammering "Well—uh—we do so much it's hard to explain!" It is true that our duties are so many and so varied and some of them so intangible that it is difficult to explain. To quote the "Hospital and Recreation Corps" handbook, we "bring encouragement and cheer to those who are sick and convalescent." I will try to tell a little of how we Gray Ladies—as members of the "Hospital and Recreation Corps" are called—go about that.

Lawson General Hospital was opened in July 1941. In January 1942 the first Lawson Gray Lady class started its training with only twenty-five women from the Atlanta and DeKalb chapters of Red Cross. So well did such a group of volunteers show their worth that there have been three subsequent classes. At the present there are one hundred and sixty-four active members of the Lawson corps. We sign up to give a minimum of a hundred and fifty hours a year, but the time cards of some of us amount up to five, six, and seven hundred hours. I think that one Gray Lady needs special mention because, after teaching in grammar school five days a week, she goes to the hospital on Saturdays and works nine or ten hours as a volunteer!

Of the total number, about fifty are Occupational Therapy Aides. After completing their Gray Lady training, they had an additional twenty-hour course under the professional Occupational Therapists. These women are assigned wards in which they teach all sorts of handicrafts to the men. Theirs is a most important part of the Army Reconditioning program. There are ten women who serve in the library, sorting books and magazines, and taking the book carts out on the wards to bed patients. We have fifteen or twenty who go to the hospital only in the evenings after having worked in offices and school-rooms all day. These women help mainly with recreation—showing movies on the wards, serving as hostesses in the Recreation Hall, helping with parties, or taking groups of entertainers to the wards. One Gray Lady is teaching elementary reading and writing to several of the patients. One, on her day, takes a small-sized piano on a rolling platform from ward to ward. Sometimes she brings singers out from town. On other days she gets the men to singing with her while she plays. Another one, who is especially talented in flower arranging, receives the truckload of flowers which arrives from town once a week all during the blooming season, has charge of getting them into hundreds of bowls and vases and distributed to the wards of our huge sprawling hospital.

I belong to the largest group of all, which is known as "Regular Gray Ladies." Our duties are legion. We shop for the patients, both at the Post Exchange and in town, send telegrams and money orders, do the banking for bed patients, wrap and mail packages, write letters, give birthday parties (every man receives a cake and a present), distribute Red Cross comfort articles, stationery, and games. We help with USAFI,

which by interpretation means "United States Armed Forces Institute." We encourage and help patients taking these correspondence courses for which they can get credit in high school or college. There are also vocational courses in this series which will help them in their jobs when they are discharged from the army. In connection with USAFI I have discussed with the men everything from high school English to cattle raising and cotton mill management! At all times we work in close cooperation with the Red Cross social workers, referring those problems to them which we as volunteers cannot handle.

Those are the specific jobs, but above all, we are the friendly visitors. We have to learn to be good listeners, to let a man unload his troubles and grievances on us or rejoice with him over some especially exciting news from home, to refrain from being overly sympathetic or excessively cheerful. Through all this we have to remember that each of us is a link in the big chain which is the American Red Cross and that if one of us falls down on the job she has been given to do, she is likely to break down some patient's confidence—that confidence which is absolutely necessary for a man's complete recovery in mind and body.

In my three years of going to Lawson twice a week, I suppose I have run the gamut of all Gray Lady experiences. I have listened to stories of heroism on the battlefronts as strange and thrilling as any you see in the newspapers and I have heard stories so sad that if I had been reading them in a book I would have started crying—but Gray Ladies can't cry on duty. I have met up with people from every walk of life, from the highest to the lowest, and sometimes I have found courage and greatness where you would least expect them. I have been called down for mistakes

I have made and I have had words of praise from the commanding officer himself.

It is hard work and sometimes it is depressing work, but I feel that we Red Cross volunteers in government hospitals all over the country who come into close contact with the men returning directly from the fighting fronts have the highest of privileges. I believe that we will be better able to understand the problems of the veterans in our own families, next door or down the street. Sometimes when we are leaving the hospital late in the afternoon, one of the Red Cross staff workers will say, "Thank you for coming," and I always feel like answering, "Thank you for letting us come!"

*Thinking of her husband in the service, Mary Williamson Hooker takes time out from her publicity writing and singing career to help keep the book trucks going for the soldiers at Lawson.*

### **Mary Williamson Hooker '31**

MEN MAKE WARS but women wait them out. Almost every woman resents this lack of active participation and she makes an effort to find the place where she can best fit into the picture. Some women put on uniforms of one kind and some put on others. The group of women who put on the uniform of service to wounded soldiers in hospitals do the things that women instinctively know how to do. Their lack of specialized training is made up for by a capacity for hard work, a cheerful disposition, and a willingness to do a great deal for little glory. The only reward is the gratification of doing something for others and the feeling that her work gives her a share in the war. World War I named one particular group of such women "Gray Ladies" and the World War today calls them "Gray Ladies," too.

During World War I, a group of older women working as volunteers at Walter Reed Hospital decided they wanted an official name. Since many of them wore the fashionable color of the time anyway, they adopted it as their distinguishing mark. So, the ladies in gray became, in time, the "Gray Ladies." Their work amounted to taking baskets of fruit and flowers to the wards, sewing and writing letters—all the nicer, necessary little things of life which men on a battlefield could easily forget existed, but which they gratefully reclaimed. These women were independent of any national organization and were bound together only by their mutual desire to serve. Soon, the American Red Cross adopted them. With its capacity for knowing what to do for the right people at the right time, the work was more clearly defined and the Gray Lady grew in stature. She has grown so much that World War II sometimes gives her the happy distinction of calling her the "G.I.'s best friend."

The Gray Lady Corps today is nationwide and only one of many volunteer uniformed groups which the American Red Cross sponsors. The uniforms are the same color as they were in World War I. The reasons for doing this type of work are the same. Those whose thoughts wander across land, sky, and water more often than they remain at home are doing unto others what they hope others will do for their own. The reasons for doing this type of work may be personal or impersonal, but all Corps members are bound together by a mutual faith that the work is vitally needed, by a mutual desire to be of service, and by a conviction that this is one of the ways that a woman can best fit into the pattern of war.

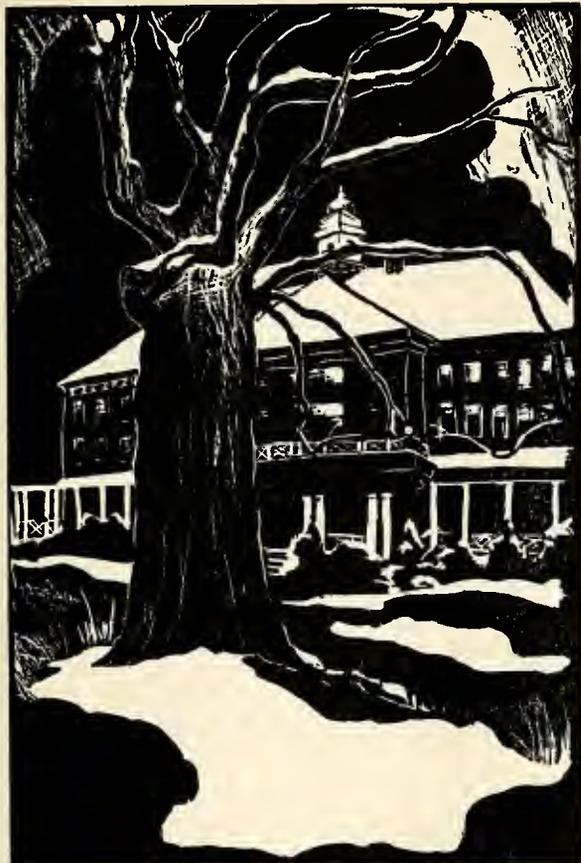
Almost any Gray Lady you are likely to meet is rather reluctant to talk about her work except in very general terms. It sounds a little ambitious

to her to call her service a part of the veteran's mental and spiritual rehabilitation, but that is what it actually is. She never knows exactly just how much she does contribute to this. Some insignificant thing which she has said or done may be the very thing that has meant the most to a wounded man. She is a psychologist without knowing it and a diplomat without portfolio.

The work done by Gray Ladies in every veterans' hospital follows the same general pattern. There are three different groups of activity. One type is called "regular work." In another article in the *QUARTERLY* this service is described. Then, there are those who give the men something to do to occupy their time and to help them regain the use of injured muscles and nerves. This group works under the supervision of professionally trained Occupational Therapists.

The third group works entirely with the post library. At Lawson Hospital each volunteer has a specific day so that every ward in the hospital may be covered at least once a week. Service to the men in the wards could not be accomplished without the aid of a rather remarkable book truck. Even though eighty to one hundred books, as well as newspapers and magazines, can be taken at a time, the truck is relatively easy to handle. It is almost triangular in shape and its width is the space between two beds. Five shelves take care of the books, which are systematically arranged with non-fiction on top. There are two shelves for general novels, one for mystery stories—and Westerns range the lowly bottom. On the opposite side are shelves for magazines, newspapers and returned books. Lawson Hospital subscribes to 450 magazines and 20 daily newspapers from different parts of the country.

Each Gray Lady is responsible for filling up her own truck on her special day. While she



REBEKAH SCOTT

*Dot Almond '45*

may have certain men in mind when the selection is made, it is best to make a general choice and include a little of everything. Her own personal taste in reading doesn't affect her decisions. Her welcome to the wards depends on how enthusiastically she can talk of writers from Thorne Smith to Thomas Mann. A glib tongue helps her along in this, but a patient ear is better. If the conversation is centering on Zane Grey and a book for the next week is wanted, common sense guides her hand to the bottom shelf of the truck and not to a cayuse of a different color.

"Best sellers" aren't limited to the civilian world and the waiting list for them here is just as long as it is in any public library. An Army hospital, after all, is made up of the men from your town and mine. Their reading habits haven't been materially altered by the war. The

only reversals are an objection to books whose scenes are reminders of their former overseas stations and of battle descriptions—which strike a too familiar note. These men have *seen* war!

There are ninety hospitals for veterans in the United States at which trained librarians are employed. A central office in Washington is in over-all command of each of these, but the burden of responsibility remains with the librarian in charge. Every hospital all over the country undoubtedly points to its library with pride. Small gift collections of books have grown with speed and precision into important collections to meet the growing need. Lawson General Hospital has every reason to be proud of its rapidly expanding library and its librarian, Mrs. Helen Earnshaw, whose work has been valiant as well as prodigious.

The "library" at the time Mrs. Earnshaw was employed—October 1941—consisted of 650 gift books and was housed in a Chaplain's office. The first change was to move the books into a room in the Red Cross Building. Odd pieces of available furniture went with them—wicker divans, folding chairs, and bridge tables. The need for additional books and magazines resulted in appropriations for their purchase. A systematic library classification system was started and a catalog set up. New, approved furniture replaced the old, and today the library not only operates as one, but looks like one as well. Compare this orderly arrangement to the 650 unclassified titles which she was given to unscramble and you have yet another proof of woman's desire to be of service during the days of war.

The staff today consists of two civilian clerks, two enlisted men, two Red Cross Staff Assistants who do clerical work and repairing, and eleven

Gray Ladies who "man" the trucks. While preference is given to bed patients, all the personnel use the library freely. With the collection of books at the twelve depositories at the hospital—the waiting rooms, day rooms, nurses' quarters, etc.—and those in the library itself, there are now 8,500 titles. In November 1944 the circulation count was 8,003—almost every book in the library used. Statistics are given merely to show that the Library has an important place in hospital life and that libraries, and librarians, too, have kept pace with the war.

While most of the reading is for recreation only, many of the men make hay while the sun shines and study professional books on chemistry, accounting, farming, etc. Whether the

reading is only for recreation or is definitely educational, all of it has therapeutic value—the printed word provides an easy avenue of escape from the memories of war.

The satisfaction of having a share in this phase of war work is one reward, but a Gray Lady must count this as one of her lesser blessings. What she receives in return is her greatest. The courage and fortitude of the men she serves is so intense that she cannot help but absorb some of it for herself. Each Gray Lady does something for each patient she contacts, but he, in turn, does something for her. It works both ways. To a wounded soldier, a Gray Lady is a symbol of service. To her he is a symbol of abiding strength.

*As a psychometrist at the Georgia Tech Guidance Center, Martha Crowe helps the returning veteran find where he fits "back home."*

## What Next, Young Man?

*Martha Crowe '27*

FOR REAL HAPPINESS that comes from the results of one's efforts in his everyday occupation there is no more satisfying work than that in one of the many fields which the term Rehabilitation embraces. One of the most interesting of these is the Veterans Guidance Center at the Georgia School of Technology where vocational rehabilitation in the field of education and training is the goal.

While Georgia Tech is one of the first colleges in the South to be chosen as a center of such activity, there are nevertheless many similar centers throughout the country located in colleges and universities that are working on these projects in close cooperation with the Veterans Administration. The Georgia Tech Guidance Center is concerned with the returning veterans who are affected by the provisions of Public Law 16 and Public Law 346, commonly known as the G.I. Bill of Rights. Public Law 16, the Vocational Rehabilitation Law, provides that veterans of this war who have a service-connected pensionable disability found to be an actual handicap may apply for and, if need is found, receive vocational training to reestablish his employability. It offers, along with a training allotment which differs according to whether the man is single or married, institutional and on-the-job training. The young man who has not had a high school education or its equivalent is entitled to the

former in some determined institution of learning. A young man without the necessary background for further school training is given on-the-job training—that is, he is placed in some business establishment where he is allowed to learn a trade and gradually to work into a good, well-paying position with that firm.

Among other things the G.I. Bill of Rights provides training for three groups of veterans: (1) a man under twenty-five years of age (and it is assumed that for this group, his training is interrupted) is entitled to one year of training plus the amount of time he has spent in the service; (2) a man over twenty-five years of age who can prove that his education has been interrupted by his entry into the service—this applies ordinarily to doctors, lawyers and other professional men—is eligible to receive the same amount of training as the above; (3) a veteran of any age desiring a refresher or retraining course is entitled to as much as and not more than one year of training. Under this bill, too, a veteran receives from the government an allotment that varies according to his marital status.

All of these preliminaries are given as a background in order to make the procedure at the Georgia Tech Center understandable. Let us suppose, for example, that young John Smith has just returned from two years' overseas duty in the Central Pacific. He has received a letter

from the Veterans Administration informing him that he might report to the Georgia Tech Guidance Center for vocational advisement. He arrives and first consults the vocational advisor who discusses his case with him, explains Public Law 16 and 346 to Mr. Smith and how they affect him and whether he is interested in training. His interest once established, Mr. Smith next talks with the interviewer who secures information about his family, social, educational, and pre-war and post-war occupational background and his services in the armed forces of the United States. Let us say that from the interview it is learned that Mr. Smith comes from a good, substantial, middle-class family. He has completed four years of high school and is desirous of continuing his education in order to qualify as a junior executive in some foreign trade business. Next he is confronted by the vocational appraiser who along with the claimant determines as far as possible at this stage of the procedure whether the objective selected by the claimant is a fitting one. He then goes into the laboratory where tests are administered by the psychometrist in an effort to determine his mental ability, his scholastic achievement, his personality traits, his vocational interests, etc. If the results of these tests tie up satisfactorily with the objective selected, the claimant is then introduced to the training officer whose duty it is to place him in an institution of learning that best offers the training that will lead to the successful pursuit of junior executive in the field of international trade. The training officer is also called upon to check up periodically on the activities of John Smith and to keep accurate records as to his whereabouts, his progress, etc., which may be consulted at any time.

Now, by contrast, let us consider for a moment

the different but equally as interesting case of Bill Jones. Through the various channels explained above, it is discovered that Bill comes from a family of farmers. As a youngster Bill had helped on the farm, but his interest had run to tinkering with his father's tractor and automobile. After completing two years of high school he had gone to work as an apprentice in a garage in his home town where he learned by application the business of being an automobile mechanic and was very happy indeed in this vocational pursuit which he followed for several years. Then along came war and Bill found himself in Uncle Sam's armed forces defending the cause of freedom. There follows a succession of readjustments—rigid discipline, military training at home and fighting on the battlefields abroad and finally, Bill is seriously wounded in both legs. After medical treatment, hospital confinement and his discharge from the service of his country, he finds that he must walk with a cane, cannot be on his feet for long periods at a time or do any strenuous physical labor.

Indeed for a while the future looks dismal for Bill Jones. Somewhere during the advisement procedure Bill shyly admits that he still has the old love for mechanics but doesn't believe he can dare dream of carrying on his life's ambition in this field. Once in the testing room a series of aptitude tests are administered to him and it is discovered that he has remarkably quick finger movement, that he is quite adept at handling tweezers and small objects, and that he has excellent coordination of eye and hand movements. The future begins to look brighter for Bill—he finds that there is a chance of his becoming a radio repairman. His old love of mechanics can be put to use after all without his disability interfering in the performance of his duties as a

radio repairman. The training officer places him in the XYZ Radio Shop where he rapidly learns the details of the business. Who knows but what one day we may have the extreme pleasure of hearing that that attractive little radio shop on the corner of Main and Maple Street with the sign proudly displaying the words, BILL JONES, *Proprietor*, belongs to none other than our veteran Bill Jones who consulted us only a few years ago about a vocation which he could carry on in spite of his physical handicap.

As is seen from the foregoing the selection of the vocational objective is based upon the following considerations: the psychological factors that surround the individual—that is, his normal or abnormal home life, the successes or failures with which he has met in his previous occupational experience, the results of the psychometric tests which are administered him; and finally the status of the occupation that is being considered—that is, whether this field of earning a livelihood is overcrowded, whether

there are opportunities for expansion, for future development in the particular vocation selected. It is the primary concern of the Center first to find a vocation objective in which the veteran will be happy; second, one for which the veteran shows some ability, some skill or aptitude; and third, one that is of the same occupational level as that in which he was employed before his entry into the service. If the latter is impossible an effort is made to raise that occupational level and never to lower it.

After a long, full day of interviewing, testing, advisement evaluation and other advisement action, when many young men leave the Center with dreams of becoming and actually having the opportunity to become the finest librarian, watchmaker, electrical engineer, artist, radio repairman, personnel manager, teacher, citrus fruit grower, etc., one would indeed be strange who did not feel in his heart a great satisfaction for having had the privilege of being part of the organization that is making all these dreams come true.

*How one's weakness for food leads to canteen work,  
then to the Blood Donor Center, then to conversation  
with hundreds whose loved ones are overseas.*

## Woman's Traditional Tools--In the War

*Fannie G. Mayson Donaldson '12*

IN THE FALL of 1941, along with thousands of other women, I began to think about some service that I could render. December 7 gave me the necessary push into a choice. Of course, with the natural perversity of a woman, not having any qualifications for canteen service except a disastrous love of good food, I registered for that course. I received a four-weeks course in nutrition and then a four-weeks course in canteen work, followed by a short course in buying with the emphasis on wholesale buying. (This latter course was not required, but I was so entranced by the fact that I could study again and pass exams that I went a little wild on the subject; I sobered up after this course which taxed my never-very-strong-mathematical brain.) I am sure I was not as thrilled at my Agnes Scott graduation as I was when I received my diplomas, got my uniform, and finally—after so many hours—my pin. But to how many of you this is your story, too!

At that time, the Atlanta Red Cross Canteen Corps was operating only two regular canteens, serving the workers at two Red Cross units. It was also beginning a Sunday afternoon service at Lawson General Hospital, where the first

casualties were beginning to come in, mostly from accidents at training camps. Now, the Canteen Corps in Atlanta has the following outlets of service in operation: the original two canteens at Red Cross Headquarters and at the Surgical Dressing House (these operate for a small profit which is used in the work for the soldiers), the two Blood Donor Canteens, Mobile Kitchens (which serve troop and hospital trains, and accompany the Blood Donor Unit on nearby trips), Health Clinics, Recreational Services at Lawson General and Fort McPherson Hospitals, Army Air Base Canteen, the Doll House Canteen which serves the Junior Red Cross during the summer months, and a canteen operating for the benefit of inductees and those men being discharged from the Army at Fort McPherson (which operates every evening from 6 o'clock until ten o'clock and is manned by business women who have charge of the Canteen Corps.) At the present time, it is estimated that there are in the Atlanta Canteen Corps about 500 active canteeners who gave some 50,000 hours last year serving approximately 250,000 persons of whom 116,225 were members of the Armed Forces. We can pat our Agnes Scott selves on the back,

for this magnificent Canteen organization was planned and directed through the first years by Elizabeth (Tuller) Nicolson, Academy, and Venice (Mayson) Fry ex-'21, the latter continuing as co-chairman with Mrs. C. J. West when Elizabeth had to resign because of serious illness in the family.

But, as I seem to remember, I was to write about my particular branch of the Canteen work. I have an uneasy feeling that my early efforts, in the Canteen at Headquarters serving the workers lunch, must have revealed a basic weakness in the cooking line, for after a year there I was shifted to the Blood Donor Center. There I am chairman with a most invaluable co-chairman, Mrs. Forress Fisher, of the canteen which serves light refreshments to the donors after their gift. We also oversee the Workers' Canteen which serves the men and women of the staff. We have grown from a tiny corner in the small Blood Donor set-up originally at Headquarters Building into two large canteens on the floor of one of Atlanta's office buildings which has been taken by the Blood Donor Center.

Since the Donor Centers are few and far between, particularly in our section, which is distant from the laboratory, I am going into a little more detail about this marvelous work on the assumption that some of you have not had an opportunity to see one in operation. Donors make their engagements in advance and are given some simple don'ts about eating for a few hours before coming because of the effect of some foods—such as dairy products—on the plasma. On arrival, they are examined by registered nurses with particular emphasis on blood count, blood pressure, and general health conditions; and, if all is according to the book, they are sent to the hospital-like room where the blood is taken.

This step is simple and short; the blood is drained into standard bottles which are kept in refrigerators until they reach the laboratory in Indianapolis. There the miraculous change is made into the crystals which are blood plasma and which will often mean life itself to the soldier at the front, where it will be delivered with speed.

But back to the donor! He or she comes into our Blood Donor Canteen after the donation and then the canteeners take over. In their blue uniforms and caps with their crisp white aprons they make a pleasant picture. With their ready smile, they offer the donor hot or cold drinks, cookies, and the best cinnamon toast, buttered to a queen's taste. The donor relaxes and, ten to one, begins to talk of his loved ones in the service. Since most of the canteeners have a husband or son also in the Armed Forces, the conversation is most congenial. Most donors leave us with a cheery "I'll see you again in two months," for a donation can be made every two months for several times and then every four months. The Gallon Club is the most exclusive club in Atlanta, for there is no way of getting in except by the gift of that much blood; but the list is getting longer and longer and prouder and prouder. The donor is checked out by a volunteer staff assistant, is given his hat and coat by an attending Gray Lady, and is on his way rejoicing—in most cases about forty-five minutes from the time he stepped off the elevator onto the Donor Center floor.

As for our other canteen, it is the joy of some forty-odd workers who man the Center—doctors, nurses, staff assistants, Gray Ladies, and office personnel—who pay for a most delightful hot lunch or appetizing salad plate, sandwiches, and dessert. The profits also go into the work of the

Canteen among the soldiers. And here, as in the Donor Canteen, faithful, talented canteeners take pleasure in making their day a real contribution to the work of the Center.

There are more glamorous canteen jobs in our local program, probably, but we feel that our hours at the Blood Donor Center are the most satisfying service of them all. Ours is a service which means boys coming back who would not

have been able to survive without our humble contribution; ours is the chance to serve the front line of battle, and not one of us would exchange our opportunity for any other service. This poor resume cannot tell you of the dearness of friends made in day by day service in a common cause, of the memories we are laying away, of the consciousness of being useful to our nation, even if it is at the cookstove and the sink, woman's traditional tools!

*With a house, husband, and two babies, Mary Smith still finds time to prove that . . .*

## Hospitality Still Counts

*Mary Willis Smith '37*



MAIN INTERIOR

*Sue Mitchell '45*

THE GIRL in the narrow, high hospital bed eyed me cautiously. Clearly through her mind, I knew, was running the question,

“What on earth does that perfect stranger want of me? Am I, because I am a wounded WAC, such a curiosity?”

Sensing her righteous indignation, I spoke hastily.

“Aren’t you Clara——?”

“Yes, I am,” she answered slowly, as she shifted her free arm to her bandaged head.

“And weren’t you at Agnes Scott in ’32? In the class with Sara Barnett?”

“Why yes,” she answered, comprehension dawning in her eyes as she gave me a searching glance. “You must be her younger sister. I see the resemblance now. And I do remember that Sara was from Augusta. But somehow I never associated Sara and Agnes Scott with the war and the Oliver General Hospital,” she ended apologetically.

“Do sit down,” she begged eagerly, “and let’s talk school.”

For the next hour we were off, reminiscing happily of the things we both knew and loved at Agnes Scott. We discussed the changes made, we

followed up old friends, we learned the news of the faculty.

When I stood up to leave, with the promise of returning soon, the wounded girl said gratefully,

“Thank you for coming, and thank you, too, for letting me talk school. I hear so much of war and the tragic changes that it is making, that it is really a pleasure to talk of Agnes Scott, and to know that it, at least, is a constant factor.”

How true this is! With family ties broken, homes moved, men dying, we who have left Agnes Scott in the past years like to know that she stands there now, serene and steadfast, waiting for the tumult to cease, invincible against the desecration of today.

In these busy, changing days, old school years seem but a hazy, drifting dream, to be pondered on for a moment, and then thrust back into the subconscious state of pleasantness, while the passing duties of today drive us irrevocably onward. Babies and diapers, washing and ironing, cook-

ing and cleaning are but the everyday grind. How or when, one asks, could there ever be time for alumnae work, no matter how loyal to Agnes Scott one feels?

The answer is, that if we can know when an alumna moves to our town, we are not only doing Agnes Scott a favor to visit her, but we are also finding an unexpected pleasure in meeting old and new friends.

In order to know of any Agnes Scotter who might be in our town, we have but to drop the Alumnae Secretary a card, and she will give the necessary information. And if we are moving to a new town, we could write the Secretary, letting her know where we are going. Just as the wounded WAC found old friends in the midst of her army career, just so those of us who continue to live in our home towns can be a friend to the newcomers, visiting them and welcoming them. In so doing, we are keeping up the best traditions of Agnes Scott, by being a friend, a helper, and an alumna.

*"A deeper meaning of democracy" is what Harriotte Brantley finds in the workings of the U. S. O. She is Staff Assistant at the Salvation Army U. S. O. on Market Space, Washington, D. C.*

## The Challenge of U.S.O.

*Harriotte Brantley '32*

MANY PEOPLE ARE UNAWARE of the relationship of the member agencies to USO, and take it for granted that USO is in itself a single organization; that, although it is backed by the YMCA, YWCA, the Salvation Army, the National Catholic Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Travelers Aid, these agencies do not operate as such in the USO. However, it is in this working together and still functioning as separate agencies, this unity with divergence, that much of the strength, spirit, and challenge of USO lies.

It is inconceivable that a Hitler or a Tojo could force six such different agencies to work together; it is inconceivable that six agencies, representing three great faiths and many races, could work together on any but a voluntary basis. This is an example, as our National President, Mr. Barnard, puts it, of "the higher and deeper democracy of consonance of opinion and judgment, of judgment and decision, reached after each has yielded something it did not want to yield. Were their differences silly? Sometimes, yes; doubtless they thought so afterwards. But that is not the point. You do not protect the thing that is fundamental without being exceedingly cautious about those things that are less

fundamental. You protect the inner works with the outer works."

The philosophy of USO is something new and challenging and somehow comforting in these times when faith in and respect for the innate dignity of man seems to be lost. Each member agency has said in effect that it insists not only on the right to practice its own faith but on the right of other faiths and other races to serve their own and to see that they are adequately cared for—also that those of no faith shall be respected in their independence. Every USO is to be so conducted that any man or woman in uniform may feel completely welcome; that there shall be no discrimination because of creed, race, or color.

Each day in the USO is excitingly different; there may await you a hilarious experience, or one that tears at your heart, but there will never be a boring one. You pinch-hit at the check room or at the snackbar; you fill in for sudden emergencies at the information desk. The door is flung open and in comes a tall, blond sailor with a two-year-old replica of himself in his arms—

"Hello. Say, I'm on a spot," he says. "I've just got to do some Christmas shopping and I can't make much headway with Ray here. He

practically gets smashed in the crowds. I wonder if you——”

You install the junior sailor in a chair close to your side, and you and he gaze solemnly at each other for a moment. Then—

“I can make a noise like a pig,” offers Ray.

Again the door opens and this time it is a Marine. He leans up against the rail around the information desk and looks at you. Then words are jostling each other in their hurry to get said—

“My girl is coming here next week and we’re going to be married. Can you tell me what I have to do about getting the license and the preacher? We’re Presbyterians and we’d like to be married in a church. Oh, and we don’t know a soul here, and well—Anne’s always wanted a wedding with a bridesmaid and stuff like that. Could you——”

Once more the door opens and this time a soldier enters. His crutches thump on the floor. He has only one arm and one leg. He’s got a smile, too,—

“I sure am tired and dirty, mostly dirty. Had a long trip getting here, and have to go on tonight.”

He sits down in a chair at one of the writing desks near the information center.

“We have showers here,” you suggest, “if you’d like to——”

“Can’t think of anything better,” he sighs, “but I don’t see how I can do it.”

Instantly understanding and sympathetic, your

supervisor of information, Mr. Boswell, speaks up, “I’ll go along and shower with you. I’m sure the two of us can manage together.”

The Recreation Room on the second floor is your particular domain. Here you become accustomed to the sound of that peculiar composite the juke box, the piano, the radio, the clack of ping pong balls, the medley of voices, and usually a few extras thrown in for good measure. You go dashing to the office when the ring of the buzzer indicates a call from downstairs—

“Do you have some first-aid supplies up there? We have a Wave here with a pretty badly cut finger and the bandage has come off.”

Or: “There’s a sailor who wants a place to plug in his electric razor. Could you——?”

Or: “Do you have someone there who can do some sewing? We have a couple of soldiers who have some insignia they want sewed on.”

Or: “Can you make a voice recording for this Marine? He’s only got a few minutes.”

Or: “Do you have a vacant sofa up there? There’s a sailor who’s tired out and wants to sleep for an hour. Will you be sure and call him at six? He’s got to make a bus.”

And so it goes. Every morning you wake to find that your ship has brought you to a new landing. Behind you you feel the strength and spirit and unity of USO, you feel a purpose and an awakening conscience of mankind. And you realize that never before have you given your efforts and your loyalties with such whole-heartedness and with such gladness.

# Home Service Today--and Tomorrow

*Elizabeth Warden '38*

*tells about the "vital link between home and the boy in camp or on shipboard or even in a fox hole."*

IN THESE DAYS of women in uniform, prominent among the khaki and the navy is the blue-grey of the Red Cross; and, looking at the wearer, one wonders what she does as her part in the war effort. Since the first branch was founded in this country late in the last century, Red Cross chapters have sprung up across the continent until now there are nearly four thousand, each with a dozen different activities, from Blood Donor and Nurse Recruitment to Motor Corps and Junior Red Cross. All these activities have been accelerated since the President first declared a national emergency in September 1939, and of course even more so since we actively entered the war. To

those of us who have chosen Red Cross as our place for the duration, there is an undeniable satisfaction in feeling that in our small way we are contributing toward ultimate victory.

One of the most important parts of Red Cross is the Home Service Department—that vital link between home and the boy in camp or on shipboard or even in a fox hole. It is that boy's means of knowing that his family will be cared for and that family's means of knowing that their boy will be relieved of any concern for their welfare. In short, on Home Service rests the responsibility of helping to maintain morale, and the importance of that cannot be overestimated.

I remember the distracted mother who came to the office one day with a War Department notice that the allotment from her son had been discontinued; reason: "soldier discharged." When last heard from four months previously the son had been with General Patton's army in France; his

WHITE HOUSE

A Scratch Board  
Drawing

*Margaret Johnson '47*



mother had not been notified of his being wounded or returned to the States. Contact with a Red Cross field director in France revealed that the son was well; the allotment was reinstated, and best of all the mother's anxiety was dispelled.

Most Home Service work since the war has naturally been with the families of boys in active service. Primarily Home Service gives financial assistance to these boys' dependents until receipt of their regular monthly allowances. But also Home Service helps arrange for medical care, purchases glasses, assists when possible in locating homes, straightens out allotment tangles, learns why Johnny has not written to his family in six months, provides clothes for the new baby, and advises about innumerable other problems. When necessary Home Service suggests another agency better suited to help with some particular situation. We never know whether a day will be comparatively peaceful, with only a few home visits, office interviews, phone calls, and letters, or whether it will mean finding a home for Mrs. M. and her three children because her father-in-law in a drunken rage the night before drove them from the house into the cold.

I am reminded of the day Private A., stationed at a nearby camp, telephoned that his wife had been taken to the Station Hospital the day before and that the medical officer had found her in need of a serious operation. This meant several weeks in the hospital and several more in bed at home. Private A. was to report back to camp at noon of the next day, leaving no one to care for the seven children between the ages of thirteen months and fourteen years. Neither he nor his wife had any relatives able to assume such responsibility, there was not a practical nurse to be had, most nurseries did not give twenty-four-hour care, and those that did were full. A plea was

made to a child-placing agency, and the next day as Private A. was returning to camp, a Home Service worker arrived to take the children to a boarding home for an indefinite period, until Mrs. A. was entirely able to resume her household duties.

But Home Service does many things for the serviceman himself. Corporal H. was notified by his father that Aunt Susie was seriously ill and he should come at once. Corporal H's commanding officer wondered if Aunt Susie were so ill that Corporal H's training as an aviation cadet should be interrupted at a crucial point. At his request Home Service called the doctor and learned that Aunt Susie had an acute (and painful) attack of indigestion, but that she would recover. Corporal H. was saved time, money, and considerable hard work.

And there was Sergeant S., at Camp Kilmer, who had suddenly become unusually nervous, complaining of pains in his stomach and sleeplessness. He was admitted to the hospital, where the medical officer, finding no organic disturbance, wondered if Sergeant S. had ever had such attacks before. Through the field director at Camp Kilmer he asked Home Service to talk to Sergeant S's mother, who said, "Yes, he did act like that when he was worried." Further inquiry brought the information that Sergeant S's family had been writing him of their own troubles, troubles which were soon solved with Home Service help. Back went a report to the medical officer, and Sergeant S. was soon on duty again.

More and more, Home Service works with ex-servicemen and their families. There are the wives and mothers of the boys who have died in service, seeking help in filing their applications for government benefits—and advice about many things. And there is work with the veteran him-

self, in filing his claim for compensation, in directing him through proper channels to employment, in planning for medical care, and in giving financial assistance.

Recently there was a call from Mrs. B., whose husband, a former soldier, was in the veterans' hospital for treatment of varicose veins. Mrs. B. and the four children were without food and coal. These were sent. When a visit was made to the home shortly afterwards, Mr. B. had been discharged from the hospital. But the doctor had

told him that he should not return to his former job at the shell plant as this required constant standing. He was directed to a vocational training service, and temporary financial assistance was given; now Mr. B. is driving a bus and is again supporting his family.

Today as we of Home Service look to the future, we are aware of the vital part we can play in the rehabilitation of our veterans—a part which is becoming increasingly important with approaching victory.

*From a series of fascinating accounts—"going over" on a troop-ship, hearing the "buzzes" (robot bombs) in England, bathing in a helmet, and being welcomed with pre-war tea and salad oil to a Belgium home—we choose these particularly telling letters written by Roberta Morgan to her sister, Bessie. Because of rich experience and ability in social service work and disaster relief (in the New England hurricane, Louisville flood, etc.), Bert has been sent overseas by the Red Cross on a Civilian War Relief assignment. Here she tells how people live and think in . . .*

# Liberated Belgium and Luxembourg

*Roberta Morgan ex-'15*

Belgium  
October 22, 1944

DEAR BESSIE:

Have been helping to set up a large reception center here near the border for allied refugees or displaced persons as they begin to pour back from their slavery or imprisonment in Germany. Am still enjoying my association with Belgian Red Cross Mission. Had dinner with them last night and it was most pleasant after a depressing



day. Three young doctors just out of internship, a young lawyer who was a prisoner of war three years, and another man their age are all in the group. They have always been friends as are their fathers who are doctors and professors. They are so intelligent and eager; are full of questions about everything in America. I was asked a hundred questions about Public Health, State Medicine (which they are against because of what they know of the German system), Medi-

cal Schools, Social problems, voting, sectional differences and so on. They, as well as the older members, had all read *Gone With the Wind*, and one of the deprivations of the war is the fact that it prevented the showing of the movie over here!

When I first came here less than three weeks ago it was comparatively quiet, although one of the biggest battles was being waged less than ten miles away. This battle was over yesterday. I rode through the city in an ambulance in the afternoon and it was a terrible sight to behold—a once beautiful city of 250,000 or more in ruins and completely deserted except for an American soldier at intervals. Saw two groups of five or six refugees trudging out with bags and baskets—they had evidently been able to subsist in a deep cellar. As in San Lo and other railroad places I've seen the shelling seems to pass by the flower gardens and the fruit trees. It gives a weird picture. I will probably be going to a more permanent assignment soon—to a very beautiful small country or duchy—to make a survey and to advise on the setting up of the new social services . . . quite a break for me. Some officers were at our table tonight who are here to set up this town as a rest center for troops from the front. Some have not slept in a bed since before D-Day and they look so weary and dirty. The town people here were courted by the Germans and are rather well off.

Somewhere in Belgium  
October 30, 1944

Am having a day off between jobs. Tomorrow I begin my most important and I'm sure most interesting assignment so far. It's to direct a survey and to make recommendations about social and health agencies in a small country now completely liberated. I only hope I can measure

up—will be doing more of this sort of thing . . . and I'm fortunate to get this experience ahead of time. Oh, but I've seen such devastation—much of the resultant misery will not be apparent until later, I'm sure. I have been on the border of Belgium and Germany for some weeks. No one smiles, ever, except the good old U. S. soldiers . . . .

Luxembourg

November 5, 1944

Came down here Friday, driving in an open car through extremely beautiful country. Arrived after dark and we were so comforted to find them looking for us and unusually glad to see us. It bids fair to be pleasant and not too hard, at least for the time being. They have had lots of refugees and displaced persons for the last weeks, but there is a lull . . . just now. Have already had several experiences not had since I left Washington—such as using a telephone. Of course the use is limited but it will save many trips. Also will have a civilian passenger car for use. I can hardly believe the latter piece of good luck.

It is sad to witness the confusion and the lack of leadership in the liberated countries. Of course the transition period is always unsettled but . . . they have turned again in some instances to the pre-invasion leaders who were admittedly weak. Those who remained at home to fight and to work for freedom while they endured much from the invader are very unhappy and humiliated. There are in many instances young people who are not radical but who may rise up in the end. One hopes they can do it before it is too late and the forces of lawlessness and radicalism do the rising up and throw everything into chaos. Those who care so much and want good govern-

ment talk freely with some of us Americans. They think America can perform wonders, poor things, but they are beginning to see that we, too, have our weaknesses and that they will have to do for themselves. This is such a beautiful, neat, dignified little country. I hope it soon gets its internal affairs straightened out. As you know, it was not considered an occupied country but was annexed by Germany and was to be one of the Elect—to share in all the benefits robbed from the other countries. Our officers are in a building owned by a very large steel company. This duchy is very important for iron and steel. The soil and rocks as we came through the other day looked much like Jefferson County. Am to meet the national Red Cross people tomorrow . . . will probably have a busy week.

Somewhere in Luxembourg  
November 12, 1944

Have had a busy and interesting week as I anticipated. The Director of Red Cross for the duchy (a volunteer) is quite a person. He was deported to France by Germans in 1940 and in concentration camp almost all the time until early September. Have met and worked with six other men of the intellectual group, all of whom were in work camps or concentration camps. And they can all laugh about it, even though almost all have close relatives still being held—as has every family.

Am surprised and delighted to see the very modern buildings and the very superior equipment they have, especially in hospitals. Most of their doctors train in Paris. Their nurses are all Catholic Sisters except the midwives who train in the Maternité Charlotte, a maternity hospital built and run by Red Cross. They are very efficient also in their plans and their care of

refugees. They have reception centers on the French and Belgium borders and are sending convoys to bring home 2,000 of their boys who were forced into the German army, escaped to France or Belge, and joined their Free Fighting Forces. They have a ceremony to welcome them, register them, give physical exam to be sure they are not bringing infectious diseases to their families, and send them home. You never saw a volunteer project done so well as their clothing project. No one has any new clothes, and twice a year they have been forced to collect clothing for shipment to Germany. They laugh and tell how they gave the worst things they had, but now they are sharing the best they have for the Red Cross to use for the returning nationals and Allied Nationals. They are keeping some back for the great number who will come when we get to the Rhine, but it will be only a drop. They need clothes badly here and in Belgium, and the Poles and Russians will be desperate. The forced labor from there whom we've seen often have only the things they had on when they were picked up from home a year or so ago.

How interesting to watch the Russians! One Sunday I saw a truckload that had been brought from near Aachen where bombardment was so fierce. They had been deloused, had hot showers, some clean clothes, a warm meal and bed for the night. They were being sent to a camp of all Russians where they will stay until they can be sent home. They went out the gates of the barracks singing a lusty Russian song. They get work in towns where they are in camp and pay for their food. . . . Yesterday I walked behind three rollicking ones—a boy of about seventeen, a girl of about sixteen, and one younger. Everyone turned to stare at them as they strode along, laughing and talking, as unselfconscious as if

they had been in their own fields. After a while they entered a nice-looking beauty parlor and I wanted to follow and see if they got served!

November 23

According to proclamation this is Thanksgiving Day. . . . Had a special dinner with guests last night. The meat was wild hare one of the men had shot on a hunt with some local sportsman. These hares are several times as large as our rabbits. It was well cooked and good. Last Saturday was several red-letter-days combined—L. K. E. came from her headquarters a couple of hours away and brought mail *and my foot locker!* It had more nice and needed things in it than I had remembered. Was ready to write for shoes because the cobblestones everywhere are hard on them, but now I can get along for another six months or more. Clothes and shoes are so badly needed here (by civilians) that I almost wish R. C. would have a limited campaign for good shoes! Also, there is a need of books. Junior Red Cross could send well chosen ones, couldn't it? Here, all were burned and German propaganda substituted. They have to wait a long time until they can get books from France where they are published.

December 10, 1944

Am now busier and more needed than at any time since I came. Act as liaison on welfare, health and numerous other matters between Civil Affairs and other army units, Red Cross, Bureau of Repatriation, Psychological Warfare and "what have you." Am going to represent this outfit at a meeting this afternoon at the office of the Mission (there is a Military Mission to each of the liberated countries which deals with the Government). Friday I felt almost at home—a

meeting in a charming room at the Casino which has been largely taken over by R.C. for its expanded activities. About sixty Board members and volunteers were there. I sat next to a French-woman who speaks English. . . . Also across table from a beautiful and intelligent young woman who was deported to a German labor camp and worked there for four months this year! Most of the faces were serious but alert. They looked very much like Americans. All the dresses were 1940 styles; the shoes are pathetic; and these people have (in the past) dressed exceedingly well. . . . Think Americans will have a Christmas tree for the children here. Their St. Nicholas Day was December 6th. They dressed up as we do on Halloween.

The number of Russian Refugees grows here and many of the attendant problems have been brought to me the last two weeks. Have attended a meeting of their own camp committee and went to a concert they gave at an American Officers' Club on Friday night. They had made gay and fairly presentable costumes from old scraps. They sang well and lustily their national and folk songs. One of the most stirring was "O, Odessa," written at the time of the German siege of Odessa. While they have so few inhibitions, I'm interested to note their pride in appearance. We don't have enough to keep half of them warm. Of course there was bound to be this hard period after the Germans took everything possible and before we can ship supplies in. There are several intellectuals in the group who crave books, etc., . . . a doctor, teachers, a nurse, an architect.

Monday Morning

The first light snow fell here last night. It is very slushy today and cold as I came across a

large bridge this morning I was so interested to observe the satisfaction of many citizens over the sight of collaborationists, their fellow townsmen, having to shovel the snow. They are serious everywhere I've been about the punishment of them. Of course some innocent and ignorant ones are obliged to suffer, but, on the whole, these people know what they're doing about such. . . . Well, I surely had another job handed me . . . of Christmas clearance and all sorts of things in connection with Christmas parties the soldiers and officers want to give to the poor children. Carries me back to days at home with men's clubs which wanted to do the same thing. The children everywhere adore the American soldier and the soldier can't keep from spoiling them. At the concert I mentioned, a group of three middle-aged officers at one table gave their entire attention to a sweet little Russian girl about six—the only one present. They gave her money, gum, and candies. By the end of the evening she was saying several English words, including "Could be!"

Many things to write about but will try again soon.

December 21, 1944

Well, you probably know enough to realize that I am now extremely busy. It will be a

memorable Christmas. In spite of everything, the Christmas parties for children will be given. I believe I am very fortunate from many standpoints to be where I am and to have been here long enough to know resources and people to use; also, for the reason that I am witnessing some of the really big things and maybe the end of this long struggle. I long for ability and opportunity to tell you of the hundreds of impressions and facts I've gained and the atmosphere I feel in the present situation. These from people who were not "occupied" but taken into Germany. Most of them would meet a dire fate if ever exposed to the Germans and are very tense.

I am a combination of Executive Secretary of a big city Chapter, the Military and Welfare Services combined in one for many officers and troops, and the disaster director. Have been more than pleased to see that the Red Cross of this country functions well, almost better than anything else. They have such fine people, command respect, and **GET THE JOB DONE WITH DISPATCH . . .**

I have gotten a glimpse into how people live and think . . .

Love to all,

BERT

# Dr. McCain's Message for Founder's Day 1945

## Remembrance

THE ORGANIZING of a school in Decatur was due to the local needs for better education; but the firm establishment of the institution is a tribute to the high esteem in which a son held the ideals of his mother. When Colonel George W. Scott said to his pastor, "The Lord has prospered me and I do not wish it to harden my heart. . . . I would like to give a permanent home for our school," he was carrying out the principles of stewardship taught him by his mother, Mrs. Agnes Scott.

While Colonel Scott contributed about two hundred thousand dollars for the establishing of the institution, his principal value to the school was not his financial support, but his personal interest and devotion. He personally supervised

almost every detail in the erection of Main Building. He was on the campus almost daily during its first fourteen years. He was one of the originators of the Agnes Scott "Prayer Covenant," which enlisted a group for daily intercession. It was because of his interest that Dr. F. H. Gaines was willing to give up the pastorate and become a full-time president. He enlisted the support of his son-in-law, Honorable Charles Murphey Candler. It was through him that Mr. Samuel M. Inman, the foremost citizen of Atlanta, became a member of the Board. It is appropriate that Colonel Scott's birthday, February 22, should be celebrated as Founder's Day.

## Thanksgiving

As we look back over the fifty-six years of our history, we can well be grateful for our founders and for the ideals which they set forth. We may be thankful, too, for the faculty members and administrative officers who early joined the institution, among whom Miss Nannette Hopkins, Miss Louise McKinney, and Dr. J. D. M. Armistead would certainly be counted. The friendship and support of the General Education Board has been one of the chief reasons for the emerging of Agnes Scott as a strong college. We are thank-

## THE COLONNADE

A Scratch Board Drawing

by Jane Smith '46



ful for the confidence of fellow educators who have given to Agnes Scott all the academic recognition that any college or university in this country or any other may attain. More than twelve thousand donors have helped in the building up of our assets, which now amount to about five million dollars. Girls of character and attainment have come from consecrated homes and have invigorated the college life and gone out as valued alumnæ all over the world. Thousands of others who have not been able to attend the institution or to contribute financially to its development have had an interest in it and have joined in prayer for its development. We have had and still have innumerable causes for very humble and sincere thanks to God.

#### D e d i c a t i o n

Agnes Scott was organized to assist worthy young women with their education. About 7,500 girls have already shared in the work of the institution, and through the years to come thousands of others will doubtless take their places. The College now has an opportunity to select its students with a great deal of care, and we believe the individual girls will bring to their

alma mater much of interest and profit. We are very anxious that they find here a happy place in which to work and one which will develop them in all the fine qualities of womanhood.

Our friends tell us that Agnes Scott is regarded as representing unusually high standards of scholarship and that our program tends to real intellectual development. We wish the institution to be a leader in the community of the mind and in offering to the South education of the highest type.

In the original Ideal of the College, it was stated that the glory of God is the chief end of all. We would like for this to be a daily purpose of those who are connected with the institution and for His blessing to crown every endeavor of individuals and of our college as a whole.

As we face a troubled world just now, we hope that our college can exhibit a serenity and inward peace which will stimulate all her daughters, far and near, to render the best possible service to country and to the Kingdom of God while the war continues and as a permanent peace is established.

J. R. McCAIN  
*President*

*Again Jane Guthrie Rhodes writes up the private life of an outstanding campus personality—*

## Christian W. Dieckmann:

### 40 Years of Music at Agnes Scott

*Jane Guthrie Rhodes '38*

IN 1905, DECATUR, GEORGIA was a thriving town of around 2,000. It boasted four churches, several livery stables, electric street lamps operated at night by the water-driven dynamos out at Colonel Houston's mill, and a school of higher learning for young women known as the Agnes Scott Institute.

In 1905 six students at this institution began the final year of work on their A.B. degrees, little realizing that they would go down in history as the first graduating class of Agnes Scott College.

In 1905 Miss Hopkins, beloved dean of Agnes Scott from 1889 to 1938, still enjoyed frequent excursions through the country in Miss Nellie Candler's carriage.

In 1905 . . . a memorable year . . . the music department of the Agnes Scott Institute had just acquired a new piano teacher. We can almost hear Dr. Gaines, our first president and a staunch Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, as he got up to make the announcement to the assembled faculty.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he must have said, "we have been most fortunate in securing as piano teacher for our music department Mr. Christian W. Dieckmann from Cincinnati, Ohio. He is a young man in his early twenties, and Mr.

Maclean, the head of our music department, pronounces him a very talented musician. Mr. Dieckmann comes with excellent references and I am sure we will extend him our most cordial welcome."

"But, Dr. Gaines," perhaps some member of the faculty protested, "do you think it advisable to bring such a young man into a college for young ladies? What of his character and habits?"

"Sir," Dr. Gaines must have replied in the brusque manner for which he was famous, "the young man is a minister's son. And as such, neither his habits nor his character can be questioned."

And so, early in September of 1905, the new piano teacher arrived. He was all that Dr. Gaines had prophesied—and more. He was talented—playing with that rare combination of sensitivity and skill. He was patient as the young ladies studying under him could testify. He was anxious to become a part of the campus and readily accepted any odd job asked of him. He acted in faculty plays, accompanied student recitals, played the organ for various churches throughout Atlanta, eventually becoming choir director and

organist for Atlanta's Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, which position he holds today. And he offered his services with such humility and good humor that he soon became a favorite among the faculty group who nicknamed him, affectionately, "The Parson."

But the most important characteristic of this young man from Ohio was his passion for orderly thinking, his love for truth. Many a campus member, misled by the new piano teacher's modest demeanor, must have been jarred by his revolutionary ideas. We can imagine one of them, perhaps, a feminine member, saying: "Mr. Dieckmann, you are of German descent, I understand. I have always admired the music of the great German composers, Beethoven, Wagner, Mozart, Haydn, and Bach . . . surely no other race has contributed as much to the field of music." To which Mr. Dieckmann must have replied gently but firmly, "Madam, it is true that I am of German descent. My father was born in Hanover and brought to this country at the age of four. As to music, however, you greatly overrate the German race. They are a clever people and have claimed many composers not their own. Beethoven was Dutch; Mozart, Austrian; Haydn, Croatian; and Bach, a native of Thuringia. The only true German among the men you have named was Wagner. And I do not admire his music. [Here a slight pause while the feminine member composes herself.] Wagner's music, in my opinion, is intellectual, selfish, cold. It preaches the German race above all and is completely lacking in human kindness. Wagner in private life was a Jew-baiter [today Mr. Dieckmann would have said: 'He is one of the men who made Hitler possible.'] I cannot admire a man's music if I do not admire his morals. A composer writes what he is. His private life

cannot be separated from his music."

This was in 1905. And as the years passed, "The Parson" continued to surprise his friends and colleagues. He became dissatisfied with the music for May Day one Spring, and sat down to write his own score. His choir needed a special anthem and he produced two which were later published and adopted by fifteen other church choirs. He has eighteen compositions in print today. Again, he had the melodic inspiration for a hymn and wrote the music for the soul-stirring "God of the Marching Centuries" with which Presser Hall, Agnes Scott's new music building, was dedicated in 1940.

The young man from Ohio had ideas about teaching, too. He increased the credit hours of the theoretical courses, Harmony and Counterpoint, thereby raising the standard of the whole music department. In 1916 and 1918 he took and successfully passed the Fellowship and Associate examinations of the American Guild of Organists which accounts for the coveted initials, F.A.G.O. following his name. Ten years ago he organized Agnes Scott's first string ensemble which is open to faculty and students alike regardless of musical experience—a group that illustrates Mr. Dieckmann's favorite theory: "Music, to have its greatest influence, must be spread among the greatest number of people. It is much better to give many students a fairly good musical background than it is to train a few concert artists."

In 1915 he surprised the campus again by carrying off as his bride, the vivacious, dark-eyed Freshman English teacher, Emma Pope Moss. And three years later he became the head of the music department.

Today, in his fortieth year at Agnes Scott, Mr. Dieckmann is still the modest, unassuming

young man from Ohio. He is undisputed master of stately Presser Hall with its labyrinth of class rooms and practice rooms, its vaulted chapel, auditorium and pipe organ. But he walks as humbly as he did in the days when he taught the young ladies of the Institute on fourth floor Main. The magnificent graying head which he inherited from his German ancestors, he carries downward to one side, as if, someone has said, he were listening to music within him. His eyes when he looks at you are steady, inquiring, youthfully alive. And he still has ideas!

"Boogie-woogie, jitterbugging, bah!" he says, "the same notes over and over in monotonous rhythm. I think today's popular music in very bad taste, and I agree with Rodzinski that it has had a demoralizing effect. Music is a moral force. Good music can inspire and unite the world. Bad music can demoralize it. As to the classical music that is being written today—only time will tell its true value. I think we should listen to it whether we understand it or not, because following its very complicated form is good mental exercise. Our modern composers deserve at least the chance of being heard."

"Yes," he says in answer to a question, "expose your children to music while they are young—and make them practice. My mother taught all six of us to play the piano, and my father demanded that we know one other instrument as well. Nothing, I think, binds a family closer than making music together."

"No," he says in answer to another question, "I have no favorites among the great composers. Each one excels in his own field. I admire Beethoven for his great humanity, Mozart for his pure melodic inspiration, Bach for his counterpoint, Debussy and Ravel for their subtle orchestral coloring. As for our great conductors,

Koussevitzki and Rodzinski are my favorites because there is nothing of the showman in their conducting. They are both excellent drill masters."

He repeats a final question: "Do I think Adele (Mr. Dieckmann's sixteen-year-old daughter) will choose a musical career? I'm afraid not. At present she is much more interested in aviation."

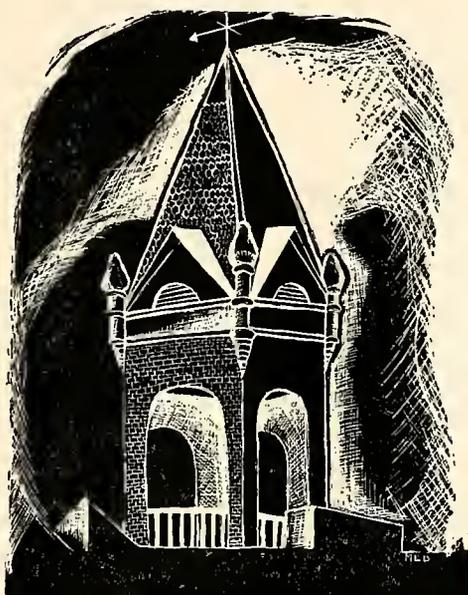
In the evenings after a hard day's work (he averages eleven classes and fifty-eight piano lessons a week) Mr. Dieckmann relaxes with his pipe and a novel, or tinkers with one of his radio sets. "He is just like any other family man," Mrs. Dieckmann says of her husband. "He loves apple pie, pork sausage and the comforts of home. He detests shopping (I buy all of his clothes for him—even his shoes) and he fills up his desk with everything imaginable—bits of paper, wire, tools and pebbles for his slingshot which he uses to keep the squirrels out of our peach trees in June. I might also add that he has a very easy-to-live-with disposition."

A close friend makes this comment: "Dieckmann, in my opinion, is the most balanced personality on the campus. He is generous in his thinking, sympathetic toward the problems of others, and he possesses a keenly analytical mind. I feel that if I had Dieckmann's characteristics, I would be a better man." And we end the vain attempt to put upon paper the substance of a great man with this tribute from Ruth Simpson '46, one of his pupils: "When I play badly for him there is no reproach except that of my own conscience. In a world at war, it is a privilege to know a man like Mr. Dieckmann who is at peace with himself, who lives in harmony and serenity and communicates this serenity, unconsciously, to those around him."

*A sophomore from Florida feels her heart "play hop-scotch" over the joys told here in*

## Letter to Aunt Jo

*Sophia Pedakis '47*



*Mary Louise Bealer '46*

DEAREST AUNT JO,

Tonight I am thinking especially of you because only a moment ago I met the star you told me about. As I lay cuddled snugly up in bed, it looked through my window and winked at me—just as you said it would! I giggled, flopped over on my tummy and decided to write you about it, for a star has never winked at me before!

Aunt Jo, I guess I had to come to Agnes Scott to wink back at a star—for I did, you know,—and to do so many other wonderful things that sometimes I think I can never tell you about them all! How can I ever tell you about meeting Smitty, the adorable fuzzy-grey squirrel who sits on my window-sill every morning and makes funny faces at me? How can I tell you about the wind that plays hide-and-seek with a naughty

wisp of Miss Scandrett's hair as she crosses the quadrangle? Or how can I ever tell you about the way my heart plays hop-scotch inside of me whenever I look and see Main Tower welcome the twilight sky?

I can never walk by the Tower without feeling that I should stop and whisper, "Thank you" to those who built it and to those who have helped keep it high in the sun. For me the tower is Agnes Scott. It is all the bull-sessions and "after-lights" parties I have ever shared. It is hockey games and the remembrance of the dry taste in my mouth as I yelled for the Sophomore team. It is the night before exams and the day before Christmas holidays begin.

Whenever I think of the Tower, Aunt Jo, I think of my friends and the crazy habit they have of quoting "Jabberwocky" and "Pooh" to me when I am trying to memorize one of Shakespeare's sonnets for my 211 English class. I see the rain pelting the red brick sidewalk in front of the library, or myself stealing peeks into the date parlors on Saturday nights. I see my Sophomore class sitting in Chapel and hurriedly trying to finish that "one and only" letter before Mr. Dieckmann starts playing the organ.

Perhaps the Tower should stand for bigger and more important things in my mind, but Aunt Jo, I think the little things it reminds me of are the ones that make me love Agnes Scott. They are the joys which make up the new feeling inside of me that sometimes whispers, sometimes sings, and sometimes even shouts that I am a part of Agnes Scott—that no matter how far away I may go, a part of me will always belong here—the part of me which has forever been captured by the spirit of the girls we call "Hottentots" and this place we call Agnes Scott. For it is here that I have found the "sticky wet leaves of spring"

and the "streamers of white cloud." It is here that I have heard the hoarse whistle of the mid-night train and learned the magic of the word "Merit." It is here that I have shared the "life-enhancing ideas" which make me understand

why you can never forget the Founder's day on which you danced the minuet dressed as Dan'l Boone. Goodnight, Auntie, and remember

I love you,

SUSAN

---

## SEND YOUR BOOKS TO SEA

to men on board ship, on shore, and in remote lighthouses, light ships, and Coast Guard Stations. They need relaxation and will welcome the same kind of books your husband, sons, and brothers enjoy.

Mail books to the American Merchant Marine Library Association at New York, Boston, Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco.

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## LOST HOTTENTOTS

We thank you for the information many of you sent in about the lost ones listed in the Autumn Quarterly.

Again we ask your help.

We are anxious to send bulletins and Quarterlies to all alumnae but many pieces of mail have been returned to our office marked "Address Unknown." If you can give us any information about those listed in the class news section, please send us a card.

#### DEATH

Annie Grace (Hannah) Booth on September 14, during a visit with her sister-in-law in Thomaston. She had lived in Atlanta for twenty years before moving to Coronado, Calif., her home before her death. She is survived by two sons and two grandchildren.

Isabelle (Nash) McPheeters, on December 24 in Cleveland, Ohio. She is survived by her husband, a son, daughter, and sister.

# THE CAMPUS CARROUSEL

**FEBRUARY 22 MEANS FOUNDER'S DAY** to all Hottentots—a campus holiday, celebrated with candle-light dinner, after-dinner coffee, and minuet, graced with the presence of George and Martha Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Daniel Boone. The Founder's Day exhibit in the library reminds us that the near-legendary characters, Agnes Irvine Scott and George Washington Scott were real people after all, who had to be born, dress, eat, and balance their accounts. For your own conviction you are invited to see the spinning wheel brought from Ireland and used by Agnes when she was both Miss Irvine and Mrs. Scott (contributed to the college by Mrs. Mary Scott Sculley of Philadelphia), a blue homespun suit all handmade by Mrs. Scott for little George when he was three, a lace and linen handkerchief belonging to Agnes Scott, a silver salt dish and spoon also hers, receipts bearing her signature, a picture of the old home-place in Pennsylvania where George Washington

Scott was born, and the familiar portraits of him and his mother that usually hang in a date parlor in Rebekah. On Founder's Day, then, we gladly commemorate those great persons who lived and dreamed, worked and gave, to make possible our Agnes Scott.

**ANOTHER INTERESTING EXHIBIT** was set up in the library when Robert Frost visited the campus. Among several copies of first editions were "Two Tramps in Mudtime," a new poem (Christmas 1934) by Robert Frost, sent with holiday greetings from Elinor and Robert Frost; a copy of "A Boy's Will" inscribed "To Emma May Laney—This my very first—Robert Frost." Miss Hanley will greatly appreciate any contribution of Frost's first and limited editions to be added to the collection started in the Agnes Scott library. Also welcome are books written by alumnae.



## MAIL ROOM RUSH

At Agnes Scott

Scratch Board

Drawing by

Leone Hamilton '26

**WINTER COMES TO AGNES SCOTT** when once-gay California poppies droop in the frost; when the little fountain boy in the Alumnae Garden pool holds armfuls of white dripping icicles; when Inman, Main, and Rebekah loom out through bare branches of stripped oaks; when the faculty invade the hockey field—this year all colorful in the gayest of the gay plaid shirts; and when sounds of cheers, yells, and thumping basket-balls issue from the gym . . .

Winter's reign is brief, however. Already the first little violets are uncurling in the shelter of Science Hall, the January jasmine makes a sun-bright border along the colonnade, and the blue-jays and robins invade the Quadrangle pines. There is promise of beauty in the glamorous-sounding camellia bushes placed just outside the Alumnae House dining-room—"Pink Perfection," "Leana Superba," and "Tricolor Siebold,"—in the new rose garden planted last fall just across from the Alumnae arbor; in the little pansy plants set out by Charlotte Hunter just before Christmas. Mr. MacGregor, business manager for the college, has already done great things to beautify the campus, and he will welcome whatever you would like to send of flower, tree, or shrub to brighten up some favorite spot.

**FOR A GOOD LAUGH** you should have seen the chicken-catching episode in front of Buttrick and the library. Somebody's big fat hen wandered onto the campus and spent the morning enjoying "pickin's" on the Quadrangle. Mr. Poole, then, was delegated to snare it with a long-handled rake. Such chasing, squawking, beating of bushes, and stealthy approaches you never did see—until finally the marauder was apprehended and borne off in triumph. Also diverting was Dr. Christian's demonstration of Sonja Henie's use of the law of conservation of motion. The phys-

ics class-room became a frozen lake on which he spun and twirled, first with outstretched arms then with folded arms, on imaginary ice-skates.

**TALK OF THE CAMPUS**—Anne Ezzard, freshman, whose father delivered the famous "first Georgia triplets for 1945" born at Roswell; our new May Queen, Anne Equen, daughter of Anne (Hart) Equen '21; Martha Jean Gower's May Day Scenario, "The Creation" (a physics major ought to know . . .); Bunny Weems' "three men on a week-end"—one from Seattle, one from Texas, and one back from overseas;—Plaid Shirt Day, when each student who had one wore the loudest, biggest plaid shirt she could find; Leila Holmes' [daughter of Ethel (McKay) Holmes ex-'15] making "Who's Who"; the Junior Joint, a combination of Mardi Gras and Junior Banquet; the Paradise Room or Sophomore lounge set up in Murphey Candler with a juke box, cooler, snacks to relieve the 10:00 P.M. hollowness—and murals; the Freshman Shoe Shop which is putting the shine on the "elite feet"; Betty Andrews' twenty points for the Sophomore basket-ball team; and Charm week, with our own Alumnae Hostess, Mrs. J. B. Bunnell speaking on "Social Graces."

**THE FACULTY ARE STILL GOING PLACES** and doing things . . . Mr. Stukes heard General George C. Marshall and Archibald MacLeish at the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges in Atlantic City. Everything was fine in the swanky Atlantic City hotels except for—no butter! Miss MacDougall has ready for publication the findings on malaria from her research work with the U. S. Public Health Service. Dr. Christian was in New York in January to attend the annual joint meetings of the American Physical Society and the Amer-

ican Association of Physics Teachers. He reports that the physicists decided they have been too long in "an ivory tower—or other insulating material." Mary Hardin-Baylor College, the oldest woman's college west of the Mississippi, called on Dr. McCain to be guest speaker at their Texas Centennial celebration.

**CELEBRITIES AT AGNES SCOTT** were counted by the dozen during the fall and winter—Will Durant, author, philosopher, and historian, who opened the Lecture Association for the year; Edwin Mims, man of letters and professor emeritus of English at Vanderbilt, who was indeed inspiring in his talk on "Poetry as a Personal Resource"; Lamar Dodd, on campus to demonstrate and advise with the art classes; Robert Frost, long a favorite at Agnes Scott, to be resident poet for three days and give the second public lecture; Howard Mumford Jones, Harvard professor, to speak in chapel, meet with the faculty, and participate in the Romantic Poetry class; Rev. John A. Redhead, Jr., of Charlotte, N. C., to lead Religious Emphasis Week; Emil Holzhauer, artist, whose life is so full of gladness that he loves to paint the sunshine—but who can also paint in the snow until his hands and paints freeze.

**IT'S A SENSATION**—the new slide in the dining-room! It draws almost as long a line as an electric train in a Christmas window. Truly amazing . . . Just a long bridge of revolving cylinders sloping gently around into the kitchen from the little window at the back of the dining-

hall. All you do when you are through your meal is to set your tray on the roller, watch it start merrily down the trail, hold your breath as it swings around the curve, and start breathing again when a black hand reaches out and ends its journey. Miss Mac, Dick Scandrett, Mr. Thomas, Miss Cobbs all have their comments as to how it works without spilling; and Llewellyn Wilburn would spend all day eating and rolling down trays—if she only could. . . .

**THE QUARTERLY'S POPULARITY** keeps growing—to judge from your many, greatly appreciated letters, calls, and comments. One alumna writes that she and her husband rival each other in reading it first; another sent in a contribution for her husband overseas; still another said her husband took it to show to his friends in the Navy—and one student gave it to her father for Christmas!

The paper is different this time, you notice. It is grand for the campus scenes, but it will not take photographs. For this reason, we are holding your snapshots until the printers are again able to get good semi-gloss paper. Meanwhile, they are brought out and shown off with pride whenever your friends visit the Alumnae Office. Keep them rolling in, please!

**MAIL-ROOM RUSH**, mail-room crush, mail-glow—when you do get that one-and-only, dreamed of, longed for letter . . . It will all come back to you with Red (Bowers) Hamilton's '26 sketch, drawn this winter for an exam problem!

*Watch for the Spring Quarterly on the much-talked-about theme, Education.  
Illustrations by the Faculty Art Group!*

Over

LOST HOTTENTOTS

Class and maiden name unknown.

Mrs. Sarah C. Long.

Mrs. John Tyler.

Mrs. Geo. R. Copeland, Jr.

Mrs. C. L. Spottswood, Jr.

Mrs. Chester C. Courteney.

Mrs. Wm. M. Ritchey.

Mrs. Jackson Watson Darby.

Mrs. James M. Russell.

## **YOU MADE A FINE BEGINNING**

**440 gifts to the Alumnae Fund amount to \$4,067.97**

## **SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS**

**A contribution to the Alumnae Fund  
Entitles you to active membership  
Brings you the Alumnae Quarterly  
Increases the services of your Association  
Provides annual gifts for your Alma Mater**

## **ACCEPT OUR HEARTY THANKS**

**Like our Founder, you, too, have invested money and interest in the growth of our Alma Mater.**

**Personal letters of acknowledgement cannot be sent to all who have contributed. Your cancelled checks and this Quarterly constitute your receipt.**

*Checks made payable to the Agnes Scott Alumnae Fund are deductible for tax purposes.*

# AGNES SCOTT

## ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

2218



## EXPLANATION OF THE COVER

*Sarah Leone Bowers, B.A. with ART the dominant interest*

The design is composed of parts of experiences which made up my college education, and because history was my major subject, the ground plan is a map. I entered the campus by means of the arched gate-way. Algebra, chemistry, Spanish, and English were sprinkled along the way. I climbed up steps to Art, but found time to write often to the boy back home. White House was where I learned to await my turn at the table and to eat whatever was offered. Church played a large part in my religious and social life; I played the harp a little at church and in the college orchestra.

Horn-rimmed glasses were all over the campus — friends, professors, and maids wore them. One of my disciplines was passing the fire gong in Main — I would like even now to make that bell clang. Since I enjoyed painting more than going to Atlanta, the paint tube is placed before town. Main Building was important to me: I lived there two and a half years, shared the date parlors downstairs, and painted on the fourth floor. The train seemed to come right through the middle of the building. Note courses caused me to burn a library chair at Senior book-burning. I was invested with cap and awarded a diploma in the chapel across the colonnade. Between science labs and books I sandwiched in athletics, as the goal-guard for hockey indicates. In the design, a path of scansion leads back to the English theme symbol (a paragraph) which points the eye to a palette and brush, my dominant interest.

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IDA LOIS McDANIEL, 1935  
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ALICE McDONALD RICHARDSON, 1929  
*Second Floor*

LUCY JOHNSON OZMER, ex-1910  
*Constitution and By-Laws*

JULIA SMITH SLACK, ex-1912  
*Student Loan*

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*House Decorations*

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*Alumnae Week-End*

MARTHA ROGERS NOBLE, 1914  
*Entertainment*

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BILLIE DAVIS NELSON, 1942

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PROFESSOR HOWARD THOMAS  
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# Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

*"Education at the Crossroads"*

Spring 1945

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

Vol. XXIII No. 3

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# COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

## JUNE 2. SATURDAY

1:00 P.M. Trustees' Luncheon to the Alumnae.

2:15 P.M. Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association.

4:00 P.M. Class Day Exercises.

8:00 P.M. Program Presented by Department of Music.

## JUNE 3. SUNDAY

11:00 A.M. Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. James A. Jones, D.D.,  
Myers Park Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C.

5:30 P.M. Senior Vespers.

6:30 P.M. Dessert-Coffee, Alumnae Garden.

## JUNE 4. MONDAY

10:00 A.M. Address to the Senior Class, Ada Comstock Notestein,  
President Emerita, Radcliffe College.

Conferring of Degrees.

1. *Can liberal arts stand against technical training?*
2. *Are women's colleges on the wrong track?*
3. *Is your child's school character-building?*
4. *Where will education go from here?*

*These questions, talked of now throughout the country, are discussed in this quarterly by those who ought to know!*

## Campus Carrousel

*The magic of Agnes Scott is in full sway this spring. You remember the little crocuses, pushing up in Miss Gilchrist's plot of ground, ruby seeds over the maples and fine old lace covering the elms, weeping cherries curving to the ground, Miss Mac's azalea dressing up in a sunset cloud, and the dogwood reaching out its whiteness to the whole world, all leading to the riotous climax of the full-blown rose arbor, subdued and chastened at last by the calm loveliness of each white magnolia.*

*With the magic of spring goes the whirl of spring — horse-back riding again this year with red jackets flashing through the woods along the South Decatur line; May Day, heralded by the animals created for the "Creation" in the art labs (a pink and gray bunny, fearsome baboon, and flashy Ferdinand with curled eyelashes and a curled toupé), heralded also by costumes-in-the-making (still bearing strong resemblance to the long winter underwear snatched from father) blowing in the breezes outside the gym; Seniors, dashing to practice an episode for the Seniorpolitan production of "Faustasia"; Seniors pondering over the vocational exhibits in the library and notices of*

*openings with T.V.A., Rich's, Davison's, or Eastman Kodak. Add to all this the Junior-Senior luncheon, Sophomore-Senior breakfast, dinners for major professors, Mortar Board banquet, Phi Beta Kappa announcements, election of student officers, engagement announcements, weddings, tennis tournament, Swim-a-Mile Club (only 88 times across the gym pool!) and you begin remembering what the spring whirl is like. Special feature this spring was the arrival of husky, happy Paul Leslie Garber, Jr., darling of the campus and first child of his proud parents, Professor and Mrs. Garber.*

*The stimulation of spring seemed especially thrilling this year with tall, informal, sound-thinking Theodore Greene (Professor of Philosophy at Princeton who visited Agnes Scott with his charming wife) speaking to eager audiences on an integrated personality, modern art, and the meaning of religion; with white-haired Mary Ellen Chase enlivening our appreciation of the Bible and of the novel, bringing with her the freshness and strength of her Maine coast; with two Agnes Scott students, Peggy Willmon and Lib Osborne, coached by Professor Hayes, placing first among college women de-*

baters at the Grand Eastern Forensic Tourney in Charlotte, N. C.; with Blackfriars presenting scenes from Shakespeare; with the college Glee Club under Mr. Lowrance's leadership, having an enthusiastic audience call for more; with the art exhibits of wood block prints; with the Cocoran Art Gallery of Washington, D. C. inviting Professor Thomas to Exhibit his "Hound Dog House"; and with our Dr. McCain writing on "The Woman's Revolution" for the Atlanta Journal Magazine of April 29.

*At Agnes Scott also* the President's death stirred sincere sorrow. It happened that Thursday, April 12, was the date for Maurice Hindus' lecture on Russia. A packed auditorium, before hearing the dynamic lecturer, bowed in silence to pay tribute to the friend of humanity and to seek the Father's blessing. In keeping with Roosevelt's eagerness to understand other peoples and work with them toward the establishment of peace is the opening of the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. The Agnes Scott library, under the instruction of our ever-alert Miss Hanley has on exhibit bulletins, books, and pamphlets available to all who care to enlighten themselves as to the proposed organization for international security.

*From far and near* compliments on the Quarterly (always appreciated!) keep rolling in — "challenging articles," "interesting art work,"

"wonderful news from friends," and "one of the best magazines of its kind." One of the most surprising and gratifying letters came from a lieutenant in the Army Engineering Corps. Mr. Hayes' article, "The Continuing Quest" inspired him to write that if more colleges approached such a liberal arts ideal the postwar world would be one to look forward to with pleasure.

*Mr. Dieckmann asks* for the clarifying of the statement carried in the Winter Quarterly about making children practice the piano. What he meant was making them *like* to practice.

*This Spring Quarterly* brings to you ideas from outstanding men and women in the educational world, drawings (with explanations!) of the art students' conceptions of education, fun from the Faculty Visual Arts group, news from your friends (to make up a little for no reunions again this year); invitations from Dick Scandrett and Kitty (Woltz) Green, and your chance to vote. (See separate "eyetone" sheet.) *To each one* who has made this Quarterly what it is goes a dozen red roses (figurative ones) and to each who suggests improvements for the next number goes a bouquet of orchids (also figurative!)

*Watch for your next Quarterly* in July with a book review from Betty Stevenson on Jacques Barzun's "Teacher in America" and Commencement news!



*This black and white abstraction represents the four-fold purpose of education. The top left section is spiritual development, represented by a Bible and a cross. When one looks at this section alone, the central figure (a student) appears to be looking into the Bible; when the drawing is seen as a whole, however, the student is looking out and her religion is not a segment but an integral part of the whole.*

*Mental growth is represented in the upper right by symbols of the arts and sciences. In the section just below this, a tennis court, racket, and ball picture physical development.*

*The lower left section symbolizes the social graces with a cup of tea, the letters R.S.V.P., and the top of a salt cellar representing everyday living together.*

ANNE NEWBOLD '46

*Our President surveys the present, takes a long view into the past, and comes to his conclusions about*

## POST-WAR EDUCATION

*J. R. McCain*

### FEARS

HIGHER EDUCATION has felt the strain of the last five years. Almost a college generation of young men has been lost from the field of regular training. Faculties have been drained of some of the best material. Financial difficulties have faced many of the institutions.

The United States Government has leased the facilities of many universities and colleges, has prescribed the curriculum and most details of life and of training for the students who were in residence, and has largely concentrated on systematized drill work. In many cases the colleges have appreciated the opportunity of rendering service to the Government, even with all its dictation. Buildings have been renovated, new equipment has been secured, and salaries of teachers have been underwritten.

The Government may still wish to lease institutional facilities. It is quite possible that if compulsory military training is established, much of the work will be conducted on the campuses of colleges or universities. If this should come to pass, there would be undoubted dictation

and probably a decided emphasis on technical training and vocational skills.

Many educators fear that men and women coming out of the army will desire short cuts and preparation for trades rather than general education, and so from many sources the friends of higher education are apprehensive over the outlook for the post-war period.

## ASSURANCE

Some changes will doubtless come and ought to do so. Education should not become static, and institutions should not be self-satisfied. It seems unlikely, however, that our basic education in the field of the liberal arts will be seriously threatened or destroyed.

Not long ago, on the same program, Dr. Albert Mansbridge of London, England, was telling what was most significant in the development of English universities for six hundred years and President Conant of Harvard was explaining what has been most significant in American education for three hundred years. Without having the least knowledge of what the other would say, each spoke in almost identical terms. They both emphasized that depth rather than breadth is valuable in both America and in the mother country. A few subjects thoroughly taught and well digested will result in very much better training than a large number of subjects and courses which can be handled only in a casual way. Neither believes that true education will be attracted by the shiny new toys of progressive education or be troubled too much with vocational training.

Oxford and Cambridge in England have sur-

vived perhaps a hundred wars during their long history, and almost every type of emergency has been faced—yet the institutions have gone along with remarkable consistency in the program of training which has been offered. Since Harvard was established in this country, we have had colonial, revolutionary, civil, and modern warfare; and yet our educational program has been generally sound at its core and has been productive of generally good results.

There is no reason to fear that this particular war will revolutionize our educational ideas or shatter the traditions of the liberal arts. I expect a revival in interest for the classical subjects and languages and for mathematics and perhaps for history and the social sciences.

At a recent open faculty meeting, Dr. Howard Mumford Jones, of Harvard University, raised the question as to whether colleges for women ought not to offer more practical training than at present most of them do. Agnes Scott still has definitely in mind the establishing of the *Department of the Home*. This will give training both in curriculum and in extra-curriculum offerings, including practical and theoretical work. The erection of the new science hall and new infirmary will hasten the development of this department. Further endowment and a practice home must also come before we begin the expansion in this field.

The University Center development offers unusual opportunities for our girls in business administration, particularly in view of the new \$300,000 gift to Emory by Mr. Rich, and in journalism. We think it will be only a brief time until the Ph.D. degree can be offered at Emory, perhaps assisted by Georgia and Georgia Tech;

[Continued on Page 40]

# ARE WOMEN'S COLLEGES FOR WOMEN?

*Howard Mumford Jones, Professor of English at Harvard*

I shall take off from a sentence of President Constance Warren of Sarah Lawrence College, who is quoted as saying: "Fathers want their sons to have a *good* education, but don't care what kind of education their daughters have." My thesis will be that in spite of the large scope for exploration this attitude of the paternal mind gives to women's colleges, most of the standard women's colleges have passively imitated the men's colleges because they have failed to study their own problem.

The war has increased the tensions upon American education. On the one hand we have witnessed an enormous increase in the demands

for technical training at all levels in our society. On the other hand, this action has produced its counter-action, so that in no previous period in our history have we been offered so many and so conflicting discussions of liberal education. Again, war and industrial demand have emptied the men's colleges, but they have maintained or increased the enrollment in schools for women at the very time that women have moved by hundreds of thousands into industrial plants, corporation jobs, government posts, the army, the navy, the marine corps and the coast guard. In the same period both the marriage rate and the birth rate have mounted; but of course the death-

*As a suitable symbol of education, I have chosen a ladder, a dynamic ladder with two strong hands pulling up. The hands are grasping firmly the sturdy rungs, possessing one before reaching for the next.*

*Subordinate to the main idea is the school curriculum expressed through pictured impressions of college life.*

MARGARET JOHNSON, *Special*



rate in a whole college generation has also increased. Because in all great wars the ideas of the vanquished tend to infect the victors, we have, to our dismay, witnessed a growth of racial prejudice and of racial violence, and this growth, education is supposed to help eradicate at the same time that vast new burdens of juvenile delinquency, adult education, courses in citizenship, and vocational training are laid at the doors of the schools. The number of teachers, however, is wholly inadequate to ordinary tasks, their training is poor, and their salaries so unattractive that the business of teaching has never been more unalluring. Meanwhile taxes mount, so that universities and colleges which have in the past depended upon private benefactors for support are wondering whether they may not have to raise tuition fees, whereas mothers and fathers, peering into the future, are beginning to wonder whether they can afford to send son and daughter both, to college. In the next decade some sort of training will be easy and inexpensive for hundreds of thousands now in the armed forces, but we must also sadly contemplate the probability that not since the Civil War killed tens of thousands of young Americans, are we so likely to lose by death an important fraction of our younger people. Intertwining with these military, financial, and economic considerations are even broader problems. Do the present divisions of our school structure correspond to the real needs of our population? Shall we differentiate in secondary schools between the training of those who are going to college, and the training of those who are not? What are to be the numbers, function, and means of support of our rapidly expanding junior college system? Are colleges of liberal arts to continue as they have been? Should our graduate schools become

places of professional training, and how many doctors of philosophy does the nation really need? Shall there be federal support for education, and a secretary of education in the cabinet?

These and other bewildering questions bear also upon the education of girls. But women's education is felt to be a special category, and in my speculations I am especially struck by three considerations concerning women's colleges. The first is that although nobody wants to abolish higher education for women, nobody seems to be satisfied with it as it exists; yet nobody is quite prepared to say what should be done to make it more relevant to our society. The second is that the collegiate education of women dates only from yesterday. In comparison with the education of men, which is centuries old, women's colleges are still in the experimental stage. And the third concerns the time when most of our American women's colleges came into being. They originated in a campaign of general advance, which, beginning about a century ago, in its generous enthusiasm, included everything from transcendentalism to dress reform and from the Second Advent to the eating of vegetables which aspire upwards. Women and slaves were emancipated together. Describing a convention of Friends of Universal Reform held in 1840, Emerson said it was composed of men and women "of every shade of opinion from straitest orthodoxy to the wildest heresy, and (of) many persons whose church was a church of one member only." But he also said these reformers, though funny, had their aspects of greatness—eloquence, vigor of thought, victories of character, lofty reliance upon principles, prophetic dignity. I am not clear that these phrases are always applicable today.

The decades when Mary Lyon was collecting

the dimes, nickels, and pennies which founded Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary came to be the decades when the work of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone Blackwell, and Susan B. Anthony was beginning. Eight years after the Chardon Street Convention, the first Woman's Rights Convention was summoned to meet at Seneca Falls, New York, and propaganda for the education of women was then, and for a long time afterwards remained, part of the campaign for a more civilized treatment for the sex in law, politics, business, the professions, and private life. When Lucy Stone was a child, it was still legal for a husband to beat his wife. All the wife's property, income, and earnings belonged as a matter of right to her husband. If there were children, he had the sole control of them; and if he died, the widow was entitled to stay only forty days in her own home without paying rent. All professions were closed to women, though one might become a dressmaker. The first merchant to employ a saleswoman was boycotted, after being visited by a deputation of scandalized matrons demanding that he end this flagrant immorality. Of female writers, Charles Lamb remarked that "the woman who lets herself be known as an author invites disrespect." The great pioneer generation of the women's rights movement was without women's colleges, women's clubs or women's professional organizations except what were then created. Today when women vote, work, drink, and swear without masculine assistance, it takes an effort of the historical imagination to realize what the subjection of women was like.

Now that women have on the whole won the freedoms they demanded, nobody wants to take their liberties away. But the great achievement is still new. The women's rights campaign had

all the wild flavor of a crusade, as those of us who lived through the agitation for woman's suffrage well remember. But a crusade is not a reasonable affair. The victory carried with it certain defects, and of these two are important in considering the future of women's colleges. In the first place, since the whole object of the battle was to attain equality, a word never precisely defined, it had to be demonstrated that a woman could do anything a man could do—or at least, almost anything; and in education this meant that girls could conquer precisely the same curriculum with which their brothers struggled. By and large, therefore, the pioneers of the movement threw themselves upon Greek, Latin, algebra, natural philosophy and the like, not so much because they were attracted to the dead languages and quadratic equations as because, repelled by the namby-pamby education thought proper for their weaker minds, they were going to show they were just as brainy as boys. In larger terms, this meant that women's colleges, which at first appealed only to a highly selected group and have since broadened their sociological base, have, in the interests of the higher evangelism, usually taken over a curriculum originally developed in men's colleges. They still continue as a group obediently to follow the fashions thus set. Few have paused until recently, to inquire whether the way in which women could achieve a sound education is to repeat all the mistakes of the men.

And the second defect of the crusade is one that time will cure but one that time has not yet remedied. Some of the later victories of the women's rights movements—shall I instance the recent admission of girls to the Harvard Medical School?—have been tardily won, and some are still to win. A whole generation of women, in-

cluding the older alumnae of the women's colleges and some who teach in them, have remained, as it were, under arms. This militancy is natural and may be necessary; but it puts the sympathetic observer into a false position, since his comments on women's education, if critical, are likely to be twisted out of a merely educational reference, into a mean ambush in the War Between Men and Women whose military historian is Mr. James Thurber. But women who take this attitude seem to me, at least, involved in a hopeless contradiction. On the one hand, they insist that sex differences in education are so negligible that women's colleges are simply colleges that do whatever any other college does; on the other hand, if one asks whether this is necessarily the right way to go about giving woman a liberal education, one's question is interpreted as a masculine attack upon the achievements of the sex.

I do not know whether I am reactionary or radical, but I am bewildered by the existing situation, and I think I can show why I am bewildered if I quote from two sorts of writing addressed primarily to American girls of college age. I will ask you to be patient while I cite some characteristic excerpts.

My first group is found in the official publications of the women's colleges and presumably represents what they are trying to do. Here, for example, is the catalogue of a famous woman's college which quotes from its founder these words: "I believe God's hand is in it . . . that He is calling to womanhood to come up higher, to prepare herself for great conflicts, for vast reforms in social life, for noblest usefulness." This may seem to you antiquated and Victorian, but the college categorically states that it has clung to the ideal of its founder. Here is a lead-

ing New England college which proclaims that it "began in the conscience of a New England woman," and continues: "by the higher and more thorough Christian education of women, what are called their 'wrongs' will be redressed, their wages adjusted, their weight of influence in reforming the evils of society, their power for good will be incalculably increased." If this seems a little vague, I can only quote from the official statement of the present head of the college, which is also printed in the current catalogue: "the purpose of Blank College is to afford intelligent and adequately prepared young women an opportunity to obtain such knowledge of artistic and ethical values as will enable them to develop their best potentialities to the fullest degree, to spend their leisure hours valuably, to enjoy life in a civilized manner and to become forceful members of the community of which they find themselves members." Let me hasten to say that I am not opposed to this noble program. I am also against sin.

Let me read two or three more statements of the announced aims of women's colleges. Here is the purpose of a mid-western school: "to make women students more valuable members of society; to encourage a broad outlook on life; to teach them to confront general problems, whether mental, æsthetic, or moral; to develop an intelligent interest in the conduct of their own lives and to provide some mental resources for the future." Will you forgive me if I say I do not have the slightest idea what confronting general problems, whether mental, æsthetic, or moral, really means? My problems, as I suspect yours are, are usually highly specific and personal. But let us go on. A Southern college for women will "provide a Christian atmosphere of religious and intellectual sincerity, in which young

women may be stimulated to seek in the realms of the physical, mental, and spiritual those intrinsic values which contribute to the fulness, richness and wonder of life, and which will enable them to solve life's problems with trained intellect and Christian courage." It would be unfair to say that this implies that Christians have any monopoly of courage, but it would be pertinent to inquire what is really meant by seeking in the realms of the physical, mental, and spiritual those intrinsic values which contribute to the fulness, richness, and wonder of life. When freshmen write thus vaguely, we return their themes for correction.

One more excerpt, this time from the Far West. A Pacific Coast institution flatly declares that "woman's contribution to war effort is more conservative than man's. A woman's college therefore must hold fast to meeting unchanging needs, while it prepares students for contemporary demands." This looks like the beginning of a program, but alas! the paragraph goes on: This college "retains its fundamental philosophy of education for democratic life, encourages each student to have integrity of purpose and perspective in plan, patiently to acquire basic knowledges in science, language and philosophy, while adjustments and accelerations in courses and methods of instruction are fitted to current necessities." The passage concludes: "girlhood and young womanhood prepare for a creative life task." I happened to be reading the Chinese philosopher, Mr. Lin Yutang at the same time I was looking into these catalogues, and I wonder whether there is any connection between this "creative life task" of the Pacific College, and his shrewd comment that "American women are far ahead of their Old World sisters in all things

that don't matter, and remain very much in the same situation in all things that do."

Doubtless you have been saying: "But nobody reads a college catalogue, anyway." Let me therefore turn to my second group of excerpts from writings that you do read. I know that these are read by women for two reasons: first, shrewd business men pay out millions of dollars a year to get words like these before the eyes of American girlhood and young womanhood; and second, prose written from what is professionally known as the woman's angle is the basis for the existence of magazines avowedly got up solely or primarily for American women, or else largely read by them. In retail trade, women are the purchasers, and it is to their interests that merchants must appeal.

Well, here is Life magazine, and its opening advertisement—a picture of a siren imperfectly wrapped in a blue towel, and here is something of the accompanying prose: "Slip into a private realm where cares cannot trespass . . . where moss-soft towels wrap you in colorful caress, and cheerful tones everywhere sing worries away . . . Once war's won . . . you'll know the pleasure of a bathroom beautiful." Here is a Powers model in a picture hat, and its accompanying lyric: "the girl he can't forget—the girl with a Solitaire-lovely complexion. These, he won't forget: The way you whisper, 'I love you' (three dots) your funny little laugh—the creamy smoothness, the Solitaire smoothness of your cheek against his lips. Let him remember you *always* with a Solitaire-lovely complexion." Here is an article about a designer of clothes for freshman girls, and here are some of her aids to their creative life task: "this white gabardine hummer with the cartoon character is a real date-bait." "This is a gag shirt (the picture is that of a sort of meal

sack) for girls who like to scrounge around in solid comfort while cracking the books. It's a two-timing petticoat and blouse of cotton print topped with a black skirt for school. Without the skirt it's a fine rumpus rag." And here is the intelligent prose attached to two petticoats: "They're the bible in dry goods. Lamp the ruffles of eyelet and lace 'n' angel 'n' ribbon trim. It's sheer murder, Jackson, and we ain't clicking our teeth when we pass the word that the hems are wide enough to cut a rug." The same magazine elsewhere prints colored photographs of a dead German boy with his left arm blown off and resting parallel with his right arm, and of a more or less headless Algerian, dead beside a bloated mule. It prints some graphic pictures of the muck in Burma, and near these, nine photographs of chorus girls at the Copacabana Club in New York. Suppose our civilization perished tomorrow, and a thousand years from now, this copy of Life survived? What would your descendants infer as to the collegiate education of women in 1944?

Let me try McCall's Magazine, which is published solely in the interests of women. A slick chick in a big straw hat adorns the cover. The first sentence on the second page begins: "I want a *miracle* hat, Louise, my love-life's in a rut," but the advertisement is really for toothpaste, because this girl was too unintelligent to go to the dentist. I learn on another page that the use of a commercial shampoo "puts him in the mood to woo! Who is she? men ask." An expensive full-page ad is devoted to a tender moment in the life of a girl with a Lovable Lux Complexion. I learn that "Active Lather Facials" put Rosalind Russell where she is today. I find that "all your kisses are mine, now" because of Jergen's Face Cream. I discover that

"this lip-stick gives you social security. It "stays on! . . . Helps you avoid embarrassing smears." And, final revelation, a full page is given to a provocative girl in uniform, smiling between two soldiers, and the caption runs: "Isn't she pretty—Isn't she sweet! And she knows what she's about—this smart American, dressed in the WAC's brand new summer uniform, fresh and crisp and sparkling . . . Picture yourself in this gallant war-dress! It's calling you to the colors." In other words, a worried government has been reduced to sex appeal in order to recruit a Woman's Army Corps of the size it needs. I shall not trouble you with my researches in The Woman's Home Companion, The Ladies Home Journal, and the like; or into Mademoiselle and the ads in The New Yorker. I shall merely content myself with page 47 of the latter magazine for August 5, an Elizabeth Arden masterpiece: "The smart college girl Majors in Beauty. Not a snap course, you say? Of course not . . . but what results you get! Not mere passing marks, mind you, but *cum laude* and with honors that aren't just written on parchment . . . the college girl who applies herself to better looks as diligently as she applies herself to chemistry or athletics is going to have honors as long as she likes . . . she knows she'll never be an 'old grad'—as far as looks go, anyhow." One touch of Venus makes the whole world kin.

Let me say at this point that I have the normal masculine liking for pretty girls. Artemus Ward once remarked: "I like big girls—little ones, too." So do I. The smartness of American women is one of their engaging characteristics, a quality favorably commented upon by many foreign observers, a quality they have achieved only in the last half a century and partly because of advertising of this sort. Moreover, these ap-

peals do not represent the total interests of the sex. I am aware, as you are aware, of the lives of distinguished women jurists, doctors, scientists, social workers, writers, artists, and so forth. I know about the work of such useful organizations as the League of Women Voters. I do not argue that the women's colleges are failures because smart New York offices find they can sell perfumes at preposterous prices to gullible girls. Any woman with talent for law or medicine, science or engineering, literature or banking ought in my judgment to have her talents cultivated precisely as I should want the talents of young men cultivated. But the great majority of girls in our colleges are not going into professional careers of this magnitude: they seek only such education as they have been told will fit them to live good lives as women; and to argue from brilliant to general rules reminds of the patriot who claimed that all the great geniuses of English literature came from Scotland. "What about Shakespeare?" "How do you know he was Scotch?" "Ah," he said indulgently, "we infer-r-r it from his genius." If you think the catalogues I quoted are just a touch starry-eyed, may there not have been in them a little too much inferring of genius? Finally, it does not move me to be told that the men's colleges are equally mistaken or that the advertising of shaving creams is just as ludicrous. As I said a moment ago, why should intelligent women be content to repeat the errors of the men? And I think it is an illuminating comment that when you pass into an area of advertising which has never attempted any special appeal to college women, but which is one of the great businesses of the United States—when you turn for example to the Sears Roebuck Catalog, you find the descriptions of objects to be sold are as compact

and factual as they can be made. Can it be that those who do *not* go to college have the good sense not to be deceived by purple prose?

The fact is there is a deep discrepancy between what many women's colleges claim to be true of the place and interests of women in American society, and what the advertisers find to be practically true; and while I do not think the department store or the perfume counter is the last word in wisdom, I am wondering whether our women's colleges are necessarily vastly wiser. If we were perfectly free to create them afresh; if there had been no crusade and no embattled feminism; if we had in mind the education of both exceptional persons and of the admirable, average American girl, who quite honestly wants a job only until she gets married and has a home, I wonder whether we would today simply duplicate the curricula of our men's schools?

I should suppose our first step would be to study what it is women do and are in our civilization. I tentatively, and even timidly, suggest that five chief concerns of average girls who graduate from college, are likely to be: 1) retail purchasing; 2) the maintenance of a home; 3) certain jobs not necessarily paralleling those open to men and not necessarily the same as those open to women of exceptional talent; 4) certain civic interests; 5) a queerly varying amount of leisure—that is, our alumna will have one amount of leisure time as a working girl, another when she becomes a wife, a third when she is a young mother, and a fourth when her children mature. And when I think of our customary Freshman year, which I call the "how to" year—how to write Freshman themes; how to master technical terms enough to prepare you for psychology or economics or advanced pro-

sody, I do not wonder that I receive, each year, one or more letters, which run: "Dear Professor Jones: I enjoyed your course very much. But now that I have my A.B. degree, I don't know what to do next. It hasn't trained me for anything in particular, and I don't think I ought to ask my parents to support me any longer. What do you think I ought to do?"

Now of course my five suggestions may be all wrong. Certainly they are calculated to infuriate those who believe that a liberal education is strictly synonymous with a list of books studied at St. John's College. Of course the mere mention of retail buying calls up all sorts of horrors, including the ghost of domestic science and problems involving the maid, the cook, and the laundress. This whole area of life is something the liberal colleges have set their faces against. Of course, also home management involves the monotony of kitchen work, and most women want to avoid this monotony, something the slick advertisers are quite willing to help them to do. But I confess the difference between the monotony of dusting and monotony of running a typewriter or a lathe, or nursing, or even school teaching seems not so important as the fact that the gracious preparation of food, the wise buying of household articles, the proper management of one's personal and domestic life seem to be as much a mark of refinement and culture as a knowledge of Shelley. I for one do not see that the two notions of refinement are incompatible, and I am not as clear as I used to be that our present standard liberal arts curriculum is the only way to educate wise and gracious women.

And then there is this matter of a job. Are we to teach that utilitarian horror, stenography? Well, having had considerable experience with

products of commercial stenographic schools, I can only fervently wish you would. I think masculine respect for the claims of women to higher economic and social consideration would increase if the girls men work with in offices were more intelligently and liberally educated for the jobs they hold.

I do not claim I am right. But I do feel our present program for the education of American girls suffers from two radical weaknesses. First, it confuses preparation for civilized living with the pursuit of truth; and second, it tends to mistake bookishness for sagacity. It tends to assume the beginning Freshman is already so wise she knows exactly what a liberally educated girl is like and therefore the only business of the college, especially in its first two years, is, as we say, to equip her with the "tools" of knowledge. The result is in too many cases that too many students are too badly prepared for the pursuit of a truth they are never going to pursue. Naturally, therefore, they find much more vivid interests outside our classrooms, as the advertisers have discovered to their profit. I am brazen enough to think that if we reversed this logically defensible, but psychologically fallacious, program, we might do a little better. Borrowing a suggestion from the former dean of the Harvard Business School, I am even courageous enough to suggest that if we replaced our present "how to" courses with a rich series of case studies of actual lives of actual Americans, men and women alike, trying to find out what qualities in living made them what they are, we might conceivably be less book-bounded in our educational theories. The case-study method revolutionized law, and it is beginning to revolutionize the schools of business administration. I am so heartily persuaded that women are intelligent

enough to know what they want, I wish they would apply the case study method to their own problems. If, for example, the colleges are supposed to prepare young women for leadership in various communities, what qualities, what information, what attitude of mind and heart really characterize leading women in given communities? I am afraid I am a little depressed by the enormous gap between the college campus and the American community for which the college theoretically prepares its graduates.

I have, you see, no doctrine to present. I have fulfilled, rather irritatingly perhaps, my promise to think out loud. I do not say that women's colleges are failures. I am sure members of their faculties and administrative staffs know vastly more than I do about their future plans. These institutions have contributed greatly to raise the level of our life, both in private and public concerns. Hundred of graduates of women's col-

leges look back with pleasure upon four years in classroom and dormitory. I also believe that women are as amply entitled to a liberal education as men. But this education should not be merely pleasant, not merely superficial and imitative, it should not be an education which leaves the girl helpless in front of the practical issues of her own economic and social and domestic welfare, once she leaves our sheltered college halls. I wonder therefore if the time is not ripe for a much more thorough, unprejudiced, and hard-headed study of the place, the life, the interests of the average college alumna in our society than we have hitherto had? I wonder whether, without giving up the aim of a liberal education, we could not focus it a little more candidly upon girls as girls rather than upon girls as boys who chose the wrong sex at first? I wonder, in short, whether women's colleges should not be for women?

*The author, and his wife Bessie Zaban ex-'24, visited Agnes Scott in February. His wit delighted the campus, and his educational ideas, presented at a faculty meeting, provoked lively rebuttals. The reaction of the alumnae is of such interest to the college that space is reserved in the July Quarterly for your ideas, which will be welcome at the Alumnae Office.*

*The idea of the continuous growth in education is represented by the spiraling line originating in the triangle behind the head and ending in the brain. The triangle in the background represents three ways of obtaining education — from study, from association, and from experience.*

ANNE ELCAN '48



*With a certificate of Études Supérieures from Toulouse and a delight for things French, Mary Virginia makes it a fascinating time when*

## **"NOUS SOMMES DANS LA SALLE DE CLASSE"**

*Mary Virginia Allen '35*

SOMETIMES I wake up at night and wonder suddenly how I can be so incredibly stupid as to continue in a profession which, according to popular belief, neither improves one's disposition nor increases one's glamour; why, during a period of wartime boom, I work for a salary which can purchase only a modest room, three nutritious but bourgeois meals a day, a movie twice a month, and a new suit every four years; why I spend most of my days with girls in bobby socks and size 42 sweaters, with boys who, be-

cause of their teen-age awkwardness, bump head-on into me at the door or knock the vase of flowers off my desk.

One night, after one of these auto-questionnaires, I came to the conclusion that I was a fool, but needn't continue to be one. The next morning I wrote resolutely to Washington. Promptly arrived an elementary correspondence course in decoding for the U. S. Army Signal Corps. I looked it over: queer looking characters, jumbled words and non-sensical syllables—as challenging as a jig-saw puzzle and as un-human. Within a week the course in decoding was returned to Washington, with a letter to the effect that I had decided to continue teaching, at least for a while.

Perhaps that decision was a mistake. However, my seven years in the classroom have been interesting, satisfying and happy ones; first, because I enjoy the diversified personalities of the youngsters; and second, because I believe intensely in my subject — French.

I am concerned, even anxious, about post-war education because I have faith in French (indeed, in all foreign languages) as indispensable to the fulfillment of the purposes of education, stated so well by William Whewell: "to connect a man's mind with the general mind of the human race," and because I believe that languages are in immediate danger of being relegated to the background of the post-war high school curriculum to make way for air conditioning, refrigeration, baking, plastic industries, retail selling, machine shop and radio.

During the '30's the country was swept by a movement toward "Education for Democracy." When the shadow of the swastika fell across central Europe, we found a more rousing cry, "Education for National Defense." Then came

December, 1941, when we advanced the slogan "Education for Victory." Now that the preponderance of the Allied war machine is being felt throughout the world, we begin to talk of "Post-War Education." Whether the battlecry be democracy, defense, victory or the post-war world, the issue is the same; it is concerned with the kind of education that will teach men to do the things which become men, that will interpret the body of truth which has accumulated through the ages, and which will inculcate faith in our human heritage.

The demands for vocational preparation cannot be ignored, but vocational preparation cannot replace general education. Both are necessary in the development of the individual; and I believe that our great nation will be the loser in the long run, if its educators become preoccupied with the economic and technical aspects of life and remain indifferent to those subjects which prepare our young people to play their part as contributors to the political, social and cultural life of their communities. Teen-agers need tools which will enable them to formulate intelligent opinions, to free their minds from prejudice and fear, to judge fairly and to make wise decisions. Will administrators abdicate from their position of leadership and surrender to the rumbling demands which come, they say, from the tax-paying public? Will they shortsightedly substitute quantity for quality until the curriculum becomes an *à la carte* menu of education, cluttered up with courses which fit into no recognizable pattern, and from which it will be possible for students to emerge with no common foundation for their life in a common society?

It is true that individuals differ in ability, needs and interests. However young boys and

girls are often unaware of what constitutes an important subject for them. They are the victims of fads in course choosing, of the transitory goal of stacking up sixteen units in a quick-and-easy way. Will they not blame us in later years for not having guided them into subjects which would have helped them become intellectually mature and emotionally stable?

French is an example of such a subject, I believe. I say "an example" advisedly, because I do not wish to leave the impression that languages constitute the only branch of the curriculum which helps to develop mental grownups; nor do I advocate that all high school students study a foreign language. However, I am opposed to labeling languages as "college preparatory" subjects. Some of my students who profited most from the study of French were financially unable to go on to college. After finishing high school, they went immediately to work; yet they sent back to borrow French books from our school library. Their interest in things French persisted.

Of course the method is all-important in the study of a foreign language. The results of the army's experiments in language training have a high potential value for the post-war years. The war has taught us to put more emphasis on the oral approach; the limited objective of reading and translating into English is practically worthless. May I add that the army claims no great originality for its "method." Its professors say that "it is Middlebury, Harvard, Linguaphone and Berlitz adapted by scholars and assimilated by teachers . . . the students do not learn to *parlez - vous* in six accelerated, exhilarating lessons. With patience, good will, a touch of humor, a love of humanity, with a bit of talent and a lot of training — plus the

method, they will learn." The A. S. T. P. language program offered conclusive proof that the American youth *can* become language-minded if given sufficient time and the advantage of intimate contact with the life and institutions of other peoples. The motivation is "practical" and "functional" in the most limited educational sense of the term, i. e., to use the language for direct communication: to talk with the natives on New Caledonia, to carry on radio propaganda from Paris, to censor mail in Algiers, to be a bi-lingual stenographer in a Washington bureau, to serve as a Navy liaison officer in Madagascar or to serve with the International Red Cross in Switzerland.

The post-war "One World" will be even smaller than the warring globe today. Our present students will be the reconstruction of tomorrow's world, the guardians of the peace. They will need all the seeds of knowledge, sympathy, humility, insight and cooperation in regard to foreign peoples which we, as language teachers, can possibly sow in between the rows of relative pronouns during the two or three years we have contact with them in high school. They will not become true "citizens of the world" if we do as an American writer advocated recently, "smash the cultural mirrors of Europe and seek out our own culture." How suicidal! Shall we stop reading Shakespeare or refuse to listen to the music of Beethoven because they were not Americans? We have always sought spiritual and cultural values from Europe. It was France's Rousseau, Montesquieu, Voltaire and Danton who led the way toward a democratic republic. It was her Hugo, Zola

and Anatole France who were fearless in defending the rights of man. It has been her de Gaulle who, since the débâcle of 1940, has never lost faith in the rôle of France as one of the leaders in the world of the "four freedoms."

The French know that America has become the greatest industrial and technical nation of the world. They know they cannot ignore our contributions and leadership in these fields. The average Frenchman today is enormously interested in the English language and in American culture. Are we less alert? Are our educators becoming intellectual isolationists? Paris has always opened its arms to peoples from all countries and of many beliefs. It is a veritable city of refuge for political and intellectual exiles. From these "foreigners" the French receive a stimulus. They are enriched by an influx of new, often radical, ideas. Can we afford to draw back into our shell, to expect our neighbors to learn our language, to wait for them to come seven-eighths of the way to reach a common ground of appreciation and goodwill? Our democracy will find it hard to survive if we do.

What has all that to do with French irregular verbs and my interest in teaching them, you ask. My reply is that worthwhile results are generally intangible, perhaps often non-existent. It is rare that a teacher can point to an individual and say, "I taught him to free his mind of prejudice," or to another and say, "His love of the French people began in my class." Yet how satisfying when we can see even reflections of potential good accomplished! How exciting to overhear down the corridor a girl in pig-tails exclaim enthusiastically, "I'm crazy about French!"

*Editor of the Charlotte Observer, member of the North Carolina Board of Education, and father of Frances Miller '36, Dr. Miller emphasizes that "Something must happen to make people better before anything better can happen to the world in which people live."*

## THE PROSTITUTION OF EDUCATION

*Julian S. Miller*

Human society is so far away from a stabilized order of things that it may seem totally un-intelligent to undertake to arrive at any dogmatic conclusion as to what shall be "the shape of things to come."

The disruptions and dislocations which have occurred incident to the prosecution of the war, and many of which are likely to be projected into long years ahead, have explosively torn at the heart of all normal living.

This present condition of chaos will not become extinct even when the last gun is fired in the present global warfare.

It is much more than merely a striking phrase that every age is one that is either dying or one that is coming to birth. We are now in the presence of such a phenomenon. The old order, indeed, changeth! What the world is enduring under the impacts of the most devastating and earth-encircling armed conflict of all time is much more at its roots than a war in its strictly historical setting and meaning. It is nothing less than a world-wide revolution which involves the social, political, economic, and moral concepts of the human race.

When the war phase of this sweeping revolu-



*The school building is used here in two forms: the black silhouette of the "little red schoolhouse" and the white line-drawing of a modern school superimposed on it.*

*These architectural symbols represent the progress that has been made in all fields of education.*

NANCY L. DEAL '48

tionary orgy is over, the world must come to terms with the blatant impulses of the revolution itself.

It is on everybody's lips that the world which emerges, when it does at long last emerge from its vast and desolating whirlwinds of war, and the subsequent chaos with which the best of human intelligence must wrestle, it will be a "better" world. The current phrase is that it will be "a brave new world." And for this ideal or dream the more high-minded of the peace-makers and the international planners of the future are striving.

Let us, however, not be deceived into the childish notion that better worlds and braver worlds can be called into being either by the mere wistfulness of Utopianists or by the architects of political systems. The world of the future will be no better nor worse than the world that has been merely through the application of any of the drawn designs of the social planners or the glamorous political and economic theorists.

Something must happen to make people better before anything better can happen to the world in which people live. As international as we are in conviction, as international as we must be by necessity to say nothing of moral mandates, the readjustment of human problems according to international standards, latitudes and terms will not of itself in any sense guarantee that the future will be any happier or better or more peaceful than the past. Whatever hopes we have any right to entertain that any effective change can be brought about in the structure of human society must be based essentially upon the hope that the major change of all will take place within the structure of the human spirit.

All of this may seem unrelated to the thesis

in mind which has to do with the part and place of education as an institutional factor in the civilization of the future.

Not so, however! One could tell fairly well what is to be the shape of things to come, if one could be sure of the shape of the education that is to be.

To determine, therefore, the major emphasis in educational processes is no secondary assignment for all those who are concerned with the establishment of human society upon a more intelligent, co-operative, constructive and permanent basis in the years ahead.

Dr. John A. Mackay in his thoughtful and philosophical book, "Heritage and Destiny," has made the arresting point that the wisely forward view of life, which, by the way, has been made the chief end and inspiration of modern educational systems, has crumpled up and fallen apart. It is his conviction, and one worthy to command our supporting view, that society must now take the backward look in order to find a creative pattern for the building of a livable and durable civilization.

The human race, he maintains, can only get an intelligently forward start by first going into reverse and moving back into historical moulds and applying timeless principles both to the current and coming problems of human destiny.

One senses at once precisely what Dr. Mackay is believing. He is simply saying that when God, always as abounding in the groove of the Great Tradition, is singled out and enthroned as the chief heritage of all the ages, as being identic with and relevant to every aspect and facet of human living, then men can begin to fulfill their rightful and ordained destiny in terms of every earthly relationship.

Come to think of it, although it distresses,

many of us have come to terms with mature life during a period when the most subtle and insidious of all skepticisms has widely governed and guided the thought and conduct of human beings. And that skepticism has been, and still too largely is, that God amounts to very little when it comes to getting about and getting along in a mundane world.

This culture has insisted that what people think of God and their attitude to all spiritual or religious ideals and principles is, relatively, a marginal matter, a sort of intellectual luxury, if you please. By the same sadly fallacious notion it has been, and seems yet to be, a rather prevailing idea that what our Puritan forebears and their immediate successors thought of Him and made of Him was mostly a matter of sheer superstition.

One of the characters in Howard Spring's novel, "My Son, My Son," is made at one point in the story to voice the view, all too common, that there is no purposefulness to life except such as we self-elect,—a philosophy that may respectfully admit the governance of God in a former universe but which has politely bowed him out of the current picture of civilization.

The point was reached in the fiction by Spring, when someone in a group alluded to the Biblical story of God as He came suddenly to the unexpectedly and strategically timely rescue of Isaac as he was about to be slain by the knife in the hands of his father Abraham. Impressed and moved by such considerate and dramatic intervention of God, this character in the story was made fervently and admiringly to exclaim:

"What a good God!"

But he was speaking of the God of the time of Abraham, not of the God of today. For in the

next breath, this character was made to add "Can you see Him like that today? I can't."

And there, with a colossal interrogation point lifted against the whole basis of religious faith and practice and with a statement of his own negative answer, he left the matter. There also the matter is still being left by all too many—God as being good, all right and serviceable for a less developed era and people, but useless and impotent, and even unnecessary, for as wise a world as man has more modernly created for himself.

All too much of modern culture is so filled up with such appalling emptiness that one dares charge that current educational principles and purposes are being dominantly given over to the purely mechanistic philosophy of life.

Surely one of the heritages of the past which must be recovered or rediscovered in order to achieve a noble destiny for the future of the human race is that particular emphasis which was first and long placed upon all forms and processes of education, not an education that was an end in itself, as has come to be so much the case, but as merely the means to the sufficient end of achieving moral discipline and giving spiritual interpretations to every experience, concept and conduct of human beings.

The motto of the old University that "knowledge without morals is vain" set the mark of all educational objective in the earlier period of our national history.

One does not read far into the literature of that era which first saw the establishment of school systems and institutions of higher learning before finding that it was the common conviction then that unless all education were brought under the jurisdiction and authority of

moral precept and spiritual purpose, it were better to have none of it at all.

The traditions by which college and church became related at the very beginning of the educational movement in the United States continued more or less inviolate until the close of the last century to bear their testimony that the only education that could be justified was that which was joined by an organic affinity with religion.

That was why the little red school house, which was seldom red, sat in the church yard.

That was why 104 out of the first 118 colleges established in America were church-originated and church-supported and church-operated.

That was why the Bible, as the Word of God and the source of all revelation of human values, in large measure dictated the philosophy of learning in this country down to near the end of 1900.

Every educational effort made it a major point to relate the intellectual with the spiritual, and found its ultimate seal of sanction and validation in the trained and disciplined products of the class room, boys and girls, men and women who at least had learned the high and important ends of life if not the mastery of the means of cheap and easy and secular living.

Consider also these facts: that in 1775 the text books which were placed in the hands of the children of that generation were 100 per cent of a religious or moral nature. The first school house in America was the equivalent of a church. The secular schools of the first days of this republic were not secular at all so far as the content of instruction and of learning was concerned. They were religious or moral in character and in purpose.

But by 1825, just 50 years later, the percentage of religious and moral material in the text books used was only 50 per cent. Today only one per cent of all instruction received in our public schools is of a moral or religious background. Against this background of public educational history in America enumerate for yourself the social and moral disorders that obtain in contemporary life.

And these emphases have been speeding up in the tempo of their shifting. Seven years ago in North Carolina a commission authorized by the Legislature and appointed by the Governor was engaged for two years making a study of the needs of the state's public educational system and the state-supported institutions of higher learning.

Wisely or unwisely, that commission made an intensive effort to discover through questionnaires which went to thousands of the citizens of North Carolina what the people desired themselves in the way of changes as to educational studies and standards.

The results were shocking. A summary of these polls showed that fifty times as many of the people of North Carolina demanded more vocational instruction in their schools than any other courses. Not a single reply came asking for more emphasis to be placed upon such training in the public schools as would reflect itself in improved character. Nor did a single request come that there should be any instruction whatsoever for the children of the state in moral discipline. None had a word to advise that either the public schools or the colleges should relate their courses of study or their teaching technique to the training of young people for useful and responsible living.

This incident is illustrative of how the educational machinery of our nation has capitulated to the requirements of a mechanical civilization. Business, commerce and industry, which Emerson called the pursuits of vulgar men, needed technicians, craftsmen, mechanics and engineers, men and women trained for the utilitarian arts and services. Our schools and colleges lent themselves as institutions to meet the peculiar demands of such a generally secularized and industrialized order.

In this manner the primary ends of education became displaced and prostituted to dominantly secular ends. And this is to pose a stinging inquiry and to suggest awesome conclusions.

Is there any relation between the secular culture to which human society has reverted since the turn of the century, between the apostasy from the former levels of a spiritualized enlightenment, and the horrifying events that have been shaking and threatening to exterminate not only the forms, but the foundations of current civilization?

Certainly, without the knowledge of science, taught and mastered in the modern university, this frightful scourge of war could never have happened in the first place, and without the developed mechanics of this same science, which has given a new leviathan of power to modern armies, it could only be prosecuted in localized areas.

What else but cold, brutal, unfeeling, impersonal scientific learning, detached of all moral purpose and operating under its own pagan power, could have turned this earth into such a bloody shambles?

We are seeing now to the deep and bitter anguish of our souls how costly have been the

world's desertions from primary truth—how untrustworthy the trust we have been placing upon the sciences of living rather than upon the content and character of life itself.

We see now to what tragic ends a generation will come that refers its final destiny to the arbitrament of test tube and laboratory.

We see now what comes of educational levities and follies, of all of our vast material and intellectual achievements when they are cut loose from all moral and spiritual anchorages.

We see now to what sorry and ironic blind alleys our servile surrender to the scientific fetish has brought us, to what inexpressible collapse and chaos our blind devotion to the tyranny of things has consigned our generation and others yet to be.

We see now that the same knowledge that can create for us a world of external comforts and conveniences can also, unless motivated by spiritual inspirations, create for us a world of nameless horror and hideousness.

We see now that inventive genius that can provide us with the gadgets that flood our homes with the finest of music and song and story and art, can also, and does, rain down upon us explosive death that leaves whole cities buried under bloody blankets of debris and their populations mutilated and massacred.

We see now that mere learning, running wild and loose and cynically defiant of all moral control and spiritual dynamic, can give us longer life, but, at the same time, give us also quicker and more torturous death.

What is happening in this gruesome hour tends to make nonsense of our vaunted knowledge and to turn the sweetness and joy of living

into cold, bitter, dry and acrid ashes, leaving us to derive our major pleasures from the "perverse excitements of hate."

And now it has come to pass that we tremble and stand aghast at the price we must pay for having cared so little for the supremacies of the Christian cultures, for the great concepts of freedom under law and for the liberties of mind and spirit which lie centric to, and inseparable from, a spiritual understanding and acceptance of human life, and the faith that substands both democracy and religion.

These realities represent the supreme values of the race, more potent and persuasive in the long haul than the realities of force, no matter

how dramatic these may be nor how swift their temporary conquests— realities which set man off as the only species of God's creation which is akin to God himself, his morale, his idealism, his generosity, his nobility, his capacity for sacrifice, his devotion to truth, his reverence for the Eternal.

We call them the imponderables because they are not to be weighed: the intangibles because they are not to be touched: the invisibles because they are not to be seen, but they are as real and substantial as the warmth of the sun which we feel, as the operations of the winds which we see, as the power of the tides of the sea which we know.



## "THAT THE FRUIT MAY MATURE"

*Thyrza S. Askew, Institute*

*Teacher at the Agnes Scott Academy, Queens College Academy, and principal of the Napsonian School since 1917, with a love of life and a charm that characterize her and her girls.*

*What is education?*

*I could not picture anything so intangible. I took a walk, searching for a symbol for education.*

*A track stretched off before me into the distance going places, interesting, unknown places. I came to an underpass, a heavy massive structure built to last. My imagination began to work and soon the track was on its way through the everlasting hugeness of education, the underpass. The ties of the track were spaced so that my feet did not always reach them but often went onto the big, cutting stones between. Then I would make myself get back onto the ties again.*

*In the distance was a light in which I anticipated the multitudinous new exciting experiences which would come after the darkness.*

PEGGY PAT HORNE '47

At the Crossroads in Education—is this a new slogan? It cannot be for we know that no method of education has ever been or can ever be a static one. Times change, plans must change—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to  
new

Lest one good custom should corrupt the  
world”—

and even we of the conservative school do not think that a world geared to flights among the stars can be satisfied with the ideas of the horse-man's age; and so, era after era, we have stood at the Crossroads of Education.

The value of education, however, does not change, though we could believe it at its greatest when we have been faced by a nation moulded in one generation, by education, to a passion for the ideals of one man—who, condemn him as we may, had the keenness of vision to know that his State could become what he chose it to be if he could reach the heart of youth—if education

could do his will, could put into the mind of youth, Germany as the master race and himself as the master mind.

Why can we not arouse that passion, turning ours into one for thinking not learning, for pure government, for right ideals?

The education to do this must be to me three-fold, the School and the Church ever adjuncts to the influence of the Home, yet forming such a circle that the Home shall be the source of the highest and best in education.

The School should reach all and, in this present complex world of homes under constant strain, must do double duty. Its first aim must ever be character building. So long have I taught in a School with a motto, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man" that I wonder that there can be any other; so long has "Chapel" been the center of daily life and the Bible the core of our learning, that I forget there are many teachers who, longing for just this Christian background, are limited by restrictions to being teachers of ethics but not of spiritual life. Yet we are a Christian nation and it seems strange that the teaching of the Bible may not become at least an affiliated part of every child's school life. Why must he be left to feel his school life in one compartment, his religious life in another? To most of us character means Christian character, but, should a school not have the happy privilege of presenting Christ as the great Ideal, there must still be the same great principles of truth, of honor and honesty, of unselfish service. We, many of us, for long avoided the word, cheating, for we refused to believe one of ours could be guilty of dishonesty. Open your eyes, Friends, be careful even of yourself—life is so full of

just "getting by," from newspaper jokes to reality, that the school child easily, if subconsciously, absorbs and uses such principles. He, and not he only, has forgotten the Master's words, "He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." Could we teach him the meaning of honesty in small things, of truth day by day, we could hope for clear cut thinking as well as purity of heart. And to these qualities we must add Charity—Love for my neighbor. Youth is far from always kind. Unexpectedly friendly and helpful here, it is astoundingly the snob there. Social groups have lent themselves to this, and, out of my experience, I believe it to be the mother as often as the daughter who is the climber for herself, the destroyer for some one else.

And we in the Schools must put into practical use this character we attempt to build. It is not merely a possession—it is a growth from which there must be fruit. Give me a child with character and I can educate him—his IQ may not be high but he is willing to work, he possesses a determination to use all he has, and he has before him a goal not for self alone, but for others.

Then if we are gaining the character, what shall we offer that the fruit may mature?

A recent article, sponsored by the General Education Board, states a fine philosophy of education—"That the over-all purpose of education is the training and development of citizens capable of sustaining the democratic ideal as a way of life—that the schools must help pupils develop those loyalties, knowledges, and disciplines which are distinguishing features of an effective citizen." Dr. Max Raeber writing for *The American Teacher* presents a like thought from Swiss education—that its first aim is "to

prepare citizens capable of insuring the well-being of the community," holding "before each young person the ideal of individual development of personality, while working with others for the common good of all."

For the "loyalties" we find our character; for "knowledges," not mere learning from books but from life, from a series of learning experiences; for "disciplines" the control of self that comes from a recognition of authority in home and in school until the youth's own conscience is trained to control. He must be helped to develop his individual personality but in the understanding that he is part of a great whole where there are responsibilities to others sometimes greater than those to himself.

Fine philosophies and aims we have set up, but who shall carry these out? Here we in the teaching world make our plea: "O ye Colleges, develop in more young women and young men the desire to teach!" Alas, that at present it should be too nearly a missionary idea and without even the recognition of sacrifice that may come to the missionary. Teaching is a great profession and always there will be those who seek it, but it requires long, expensive, and continued training, and yet it is still, save in a few strongly established systems, an underpaid profession, the average salary so low that at least in these late

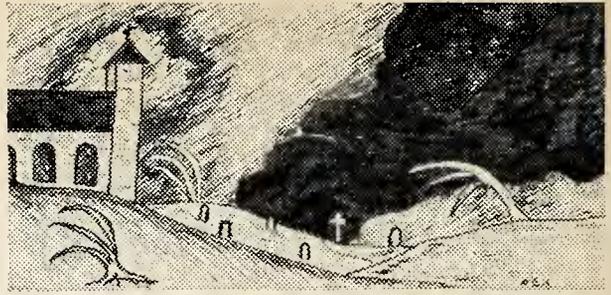
days the teacher has considered the wisdom of seeking wages, rather than a salary. Let us strive to make it reasonable for our young men and young women to choose this fine and (in the end) satisfying field.

And what shall we say of the young people whom we seek to educate? It is easy to see the dark aspect of a picture, to talk of the increase of juvenile delinquency, to condemn the instances we know in youth of indifference to authority, of even violation of law and order. There is the other side, and I believe it is promising. Our young people are far more of them awake than are sleeping, far more of them law abiders and supporters than the law breakers of whom we hear; many of them are readying to be strong spiritual leaders, and many, many to be the right kind of followers (and I ask you to remember the value of right-minded followers).

Let us bestir ourselves in Schools and Homes. Our young people look to us for the opportunity of an education that will fit them to do more with this world than we, alas, have done. The Future demands the best; let us help Youth to be ready.

I have brought you nothing new: methods change—the principles remain the same—we must train the boy and the girl for the fine broad field of Christian citizenship.

*Full of delightful whimsy is this article written for the Agnes Scott News and brought up to date for the Quarterly by Roberta Winter, instructor of speech at Agnes Scott.*



*The Gainesville catastrophe as seen by Charlotte Hunter '29, one of the survivors of the Visual Arts class.*

## FACULTY ARTISTS FIND REWARD IN JOYS OF SELF-EXPRESSION

*Roberta Winter '27*

IF YOUR professor looks at you queerly these days—with eyes almost closed, head back, as if from a great distance—don't jump to the conclusion that, having stood all she can from you she is contemplating a swift vengeance. She's just seeing you as a "volume . . . a mass; with length, breadth, and thickness, but no individuality, no personality, no meaning." This attitude of hers is not the result of your own shortcomings (short though they may be); neither does it prove that she will never more look upon you as a human being. She is merely following the instructions of her professor of VISUAL ARTS ACTIVITIES—the course she is taking Thursday evenings under the direction of Mr. Howard Thomas, head of the Art Department.

The course can be said to be well-launched by now: five of the ten sessions have been held. Even the weakest knees have ceased trembling, the wildest hearts have stopped pounding, and some semblance of nonchalance might have been observed as the group settled down the other

night to make a "color tree."

Members are now looking back on their first session on LINE as if from a great distance. "The first session," stated the communication they had received through the local mail, "will be devoted to the element LINE. 1. Kinds of line. 2. Line movement. 3. Line expression and line quality—psychological meanings,—symbolic meanings . . ." No wonder their blood pressure had leaped. But tight-lipped, desperate, they had rallied to the kind tones of the instructor and let the pencil cover the paper with "straight lines between two points," . . . "a slow line that looks fast," . . . "a fast line that looks slow," . . . "angry lines," "congenial lines," . . . "lines trying to get away from each other," . . . "lines friendly toward each other." . . . And jaws relaxed and hearts lifted when the Kind Voice insisted encouragingly, "Now there isn't any one here who doesn't have *beautiful* lines!" . . . Still, each tree on the campus loomed menacingly on the walk home that night:

so *many* lines; so complicated; so much *inner life*.

And there was the time the class was divided by seven for group work and it was found that each group would have two and five-seventh workers in it. "I never felt more like five-sevenths of a person in my life," said one member, nervously attaching herself to two less agitated workers. It may have been this disintegration that caused the Kind Voice to be raised rather higher than usual over the furor: "There seems to be a little confusion . . ."

But the soothing influence of colors to mix, the thought of volumes to steady us, and the rare personal triumphs in sketching have had their effect; and certain members have even questioned the professor's warning, "Don't expect to leave this class as artists, but as people who appreciate what the artist is doing."

When asked whether he had any comments on the progress of the group, Mr. Thomas declined to be quoted. He confessed that financially the venture had not proved lucrative. Members insist on answering roll call promptly to "get their quarter back" even though other duties may call them away immediately. It is believed that there was one case where a visitor collected a quarter even though she had never deposited the \$2.50 registration fee required of members and returned to them bits by bits for prompt attendance. Another member has expressed disillusionment from discovering that "getting the quarter-back" had nothing to do with the pair of broad shoulders she had been anticipating.

With the course half completed, however, it can be stated without fear of contradiction that it will be a gratifying experiment, at any rate if

graded on the curve. Word was sent from the Registrar's office that no credit would be given for the work unless each evening's signed canvases were left for approval of the Academic Council; but most of the members agree that they are working for the joy of self-expression, not for the grade.

So if your professor looks at you queerly these days—ask her about her etchings. It's as good as two apples on any desk in Buttrick!

p.s. The foregoing article was written before the Gainesville tornado. The Gainesville tornado struck the Visual Activities Group between 7:10 and 7:35 on the evening of March 8. The only reason the writer is alive to tell the tale is that she cut class that night on account of illness. Draw no hasty conclusions. The Gainesville tornado was one of those opportunities better not to survive than not to have experienced. Ask any survivor. Ask her to show you her canvas. For the fact is, that between 7:10 and 7:35 on the evening of March 8, the Gainesville tornado of 1936 was described by an eyewitness to the Visual Arts Activities Group; and during the next hour the members were forced to interpret this catastrophe in water color on pebbleboard. I say forced advisedly; for I am told that it was a Bullying Voice that insisted: "Go on . . . Put down something! . . . Stop stalling. . . That's good! . . . Hurry up! . . . Keep at it! . . ." On and on for an hour. Then, "Stop. Put your brushes down. The experience is over!"

That's what he thought. Why, victims will be talking about the Gainesville tornado of Decatur years after the original has faded into a pleasant memory.

They staggered out onto the quadrangle,

shaken and aged: amazed to find no tombstones cluttering the campus . . . Main Building still standing . . . the trees upright against a star-filled sky.

Margaret Ridley found her way home and took an overdose of aspirin. Susan Cobbs collapsed in bed with her whole left side completely numb. Frances Stukes was told by an unsympathetic husband that if Gainesville had really looked like that it would have been useless to try to restore it. (An unjust criticism: her composition was among the best.)

There's something about a tornado. Especially when you put it on paper . . .

The next meeting of the class was the last. If you had missed the tornado, you might just as well have stayed at home. Unless you had a desperate need for your quarter. The subject was animals. Faced with dampened brown paper neatly pasted on an awe-inspiring drawing board, we were challenged with the problem of filling that yawning space with beasts of the field and all cattle, creeping things and all vertebrates. And lo! Margaret Posey's elephants, Melissa Cilley's llamas, Llewellyn Wilburn's circus merry-go-round, and Charlotte Hunter's horses were among compositions hung after class.

It was with reluctance that the group separated. Together we had seen windows opened on a strange land; we had looked out and captured a sense of the beauty and the terror surrounding us; we had leaned out and breathed the unfamiliar air;—and had even descended daringly to play a little at the foot of our tower. We had thrived. Or at least survived.

True, there are many things no one ever learned. Elation was neatly balanced by humiliation; accomplishment escaped as with the nimbleness of time. We may never be asked to exhibit anywhere.

But when we climb the library steps to see the exhibitions hung in the gallery, it is with an eagerer step, a keener anticipation. We look with initiated eyes upon lines, volumes, textures, and relationships. We recognize the validity of a green horse. We vibrate to the lop-sidedness of a bright yellow table. Our hearts go out in understanding to the creator of a chewing cow.

And as to the professor so sensibly pointed out, we have been lured into the fascinating pursuit of an activity that will fill any empty days of our old age. And that, we submit, is an objective not to be objected to!

*Remembering Professor Thomas' illuminating article in the November '44 Quarterly, we are happy to hear from him again on*

## INTERRELATION— ART AND BOOKS

*Howard Thomas*

AT THE BEGINNING of this Spring quarter I asked the members of my Modern Art class to bring one thing from their rooms that they thought was beautiful and to come prepared to tell why they thought it was beautiful. They brought many things—jewelry, silverware, perfume bottles, reproductions of paintings, photographs; but not one student out of the sixty-nine brought a book. They had not thought of a book as an object of beauty in spite of the fact that some of their new text books are inspirational in design. To them, a book was an object to be read for information or enjoyment. Beauty was associated only with luxury, and art was something added as an appendix.

A beautiful book meets, first of all, its functional requirements. *It must be readable.* "Form follows function" is a dictum as appropriate for a beautiful book as it is for a beautiful building. Whether by words alone, or by pictures alone, or by both words and pictures, the primary function of a book is to communicate its contents to the reader. The *art* of the book consists of a

refinement of form and substance to give immediate and unincumbered access to the subject of the book. It must convey its message by means of its total form. From cover to cover it should be beautiful in its clarity of expression and free from all meaningless ornament.

A book is like a museum; it stores a fund of information that is available for consumption by those who need it and desire it. It is also as John Sloan says about art, "A consumer of art is different from a consumer of a boiled egg; one can consume art and still have it."

The book does not intrude itself upon us. It is remarkably self-contained. It is a silent house where the works of the scribes and the graphic artists are brought together into an art form.

The most remarkable thing about a *library of books* is its heterogeneous unity. Its content is so varied that there is hardly a vital force in the entire field of human interests that cannot be satisfied in it. And yet, each of the books on the library shelves is, in its turn and within the limits of its function, a graphic unit within itself. Intensely organismic in its make-up, it furnishes a very important source for the discovery of new meanings in contemporary life.

Perhaps it is the close kinship that exists between books and the college studies that causes us to take books for granted. Perhaps it is our familiarity with them that makes them common. And perhaps we just need to become conscious of the problems of the art and craft of book-making and how these problems have been solved in order that we may realize the qualities that make a book beautiful.

At any rate the exhibition of books which has

recently been displayed in the Agnes Scott library through the courtesy of Miss Edna Hanley has helped to focus our attention upon the vital contributions of such men as Goudy, Gill, Koch, Rogers, Johnson, Nash, Morris and other followers in the tradition of beautiful printing that was established five hundred years ago by

Johannes Gutenberg in the first Bible printed with movable type.

The graphic language of printed books moulds our thinking throughout life. When that language is well presented the book becomes a beautiful, coherent object and takes its place as an art form worthy of our respect.

## THE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE IS READY FOR ITS VETERANS

*Mary Sayward Rogers '28, Chief Counselor, Veteran's Division, Atlanta Local Office, United States Employment Service*

"VETERANS DIVISION" beckons a large but friendly sign inside the entrance to the Atlanta office of the United States Employment Service. Here dischargees from the Armed Services, men and women are directed when they seek assistance through this office. A Veteran of World War I, as Veterans' Representative, is in charge of the Division. He is assisted by a well-rounded staff of clerks, interviewers, and several counselors. Though in many instances the individual's adjustment problem is slight, in most cases he has one—if only because he has been out of the civilian world for awhile.

After an interviewer has completed a veteran's registration card he takes proper steps toward making a suitable job-referral—if that is the veteran's desire. Should special assistance be required in working out the problem, the man is referred to an employment counselor for further consideration. It may be that his qualifica-

tions are very unusual and that the employer-requests on hand will not make full use of them or it may be, as is often the case, that he has a physical impairment or is quite nervous or mentally upset. Whatever the circumstances may be, every effort is made toward a happy solution of the problem.

As you will observe in the following examples of veteran placement, the method used—though professional—is very human. The interviewer or counselor endeavors to understand the applicant rather than to dissect him. He must be utterly patient, undisturbed regardless of circumstances and never doubting as to a satisfactory outcome of an interview. In completing a registration card great care is taken to get an individual's military experience in detail as well as his civilian employment. Also information relative to his health is properly noted. The interviewer or counselor often interprets the man

in advance to the employer by telephone and gives necessary counsel as to evaluating the job, getting the job and holding it.

It is also the responsibility of the division to provide supplemental information as needed: such as, where one should go for further schooling or to straighten out one's mustering-out pay. Many agencies such as Veterans' Administration, State Department of Vocational Rehabilitation and Travelers' Aid may cooperate with the Employment Service in working out a problem. It may be that certain facts pertaining to a man's health are required in order to make a suitable referral, or that a newcomer to town needs a place to stay before he receives his first pay check.

One of the most difficult and most interesting placements that lately has been made in the Division is that of a young man—25 years old—with almost two years of Army Service. Though he was not a combat casualty, he was injured in a serious motorcycle accident which occurred while on active duty—his left arm had been badly broken. The Army did all in its power to repair the injury and to all appearances the arm had mended but the boy kept complaining of terrible pain. After quite sometime the cause of the trouble was discovered and corrected but it left the boy in a serious nervous condition which increased after discharge. About two years from the date of discharge, a representative of the Veterans' Administration told the counselor that they were at a loss to know what to do with him—he had become almost a mental case. In fact, there was serious thought that on this basis they should request reconsideration of his disability pension by the Rating Board.

The boy appeared extremely worried, afraid,

very argumentive, and unreasonable in manner. He had lost a good deal of weight. For the last two years he had done very little of value. An employer who recently had attempted to use him advised the counselor that in his opinion he was suffering from a "severe nervous condition."

In about three weeks after this situation was brought to the attention of the counselor, through sympathetic understanding, great patience, perseverance, and "straight from the shoulder" talk to the man himself, a job was worked out for him as bakery routeman. This placement was based on his liking to drive a truck, his desire to be "on the go"—not confined to a stationary job—and his liking to meet people. Only light work was involved. Having been with the employer now for six weeks the report comes in that he has not missed a day nor been late a single time since being there. He needs concentrated training in sales technique, after which he should hold his own in the organization, according to his employer.

On the first of October of last year, a 25-year-old dischgee of Lawson General Hospital came into the office to keep a previously made appointment with an employment counselor. The party who made the appointment advised the counselor to urge the boy to study drafting under the Vocational Rehabilitation Program of the Veterans' Administration. "He liked mechanical drawing in high school, he must have something *light*, and I know where he can get a job when he completes the course; so that ought to settle it," he said.

As the boy and the counselor proceeded with the interview, it became quite clear to the counselor that there was more to consider than the friend had thought. The boy was completely at

sea as to what he wanted to do but he knew he did *not* want to go to school—not now at least—or to become a draftsman. Due to a ruptured disc incurred in service he not only could do no lifting to speak of but could neither sit nor stand long at a time—he must be able to change his position frequently.

The boy had entered the Army October 15, 1940, and had been given a medical discharge October 7, 1944. He had served as machine gunner in three combat zones—the Eastern, the Papuan and the New Guinea zones—and for each he wore a bronze star.

The work he had followed prior to service was out of the question now—welder trainee and carpenter's helper. However, while he had been in the hospital—just to have something to do—he had taken up leather work at which he had become pretty adept. This information combined with the fact that he had done pretty well in drawing in school showed the counselor that he must be pretty able with his hands:

He was a quiet boy, liked to read, had never cared for sports and preferred working with “things” rather than meeting the public.

It happened that there was an order on hand for a young man to train as laboratory technician with a prominent chemical company. The possibilities of the job impressed the boy immediately. The counselor called the employer who was rather skeptical at first as to how things would work out but suggested an interview. As a result the boy has been with this company sometime now. A recent “follow-up” shows it to have been a very satisfactory placement.

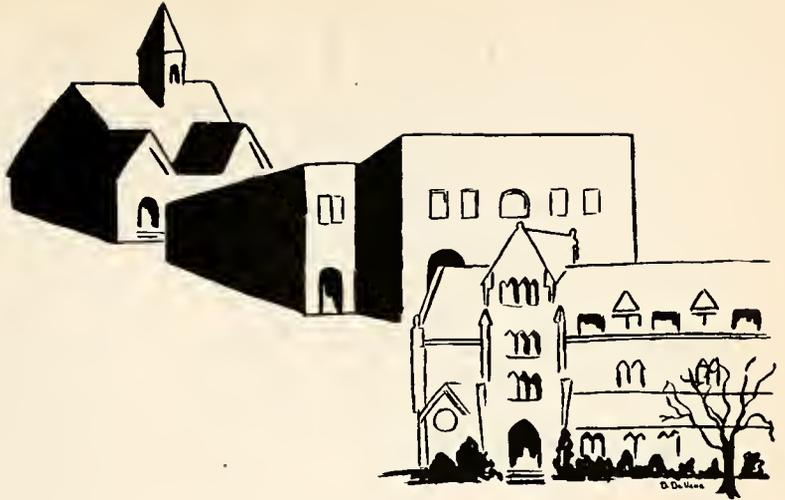
Recently a 21 year old boy not yet discharged from Lawson General Hospital, his right leg amputated above the knee, came in on crutches to keep a previously made appointment with a counselor. He had been in the Army since 1939 and had lost his leg in France. His prosthesis was not yet ready but due to certain circumstances it was both possible and very essential that he find suitable employment. His wife was “expecting” and the young couple had not been able, on a private's pay, to lay aside the necessary funds to take care of the situation. They were to remain in Atlanta after the discharge; so it was desirable, if possible, that he make a connection where he might hope to stay and advance.

He had completed the 10th grade in school. Due to his youth and length of service he had no previous civilian employment. While in the Army he had worked on an observation post—range finding and map reading. He was a most likable young man, very alert and very much in earnest.

Since there was no suitable “opening” on file at the time, it was up to the counselor to initiate one. After making a couple of “stabs in the dark” which led no where, she communicated with a public utility which resulted in the boy's being placed as night dispatcher of emergency vehicles. There was no lifting to be done and he might move about or sit at will. Should assistance be needed at any time the night watchman would be on hand. The employer has expressed himself as being very much impressed with the boy and his chance for advancement and the boy is delighted with his entrance into civilian life.

*I took the purely formal side of education, representing it as a progression from grammar school to high school and on to college. Each level in school becomes larger as it grows more important.*

DOT DEVANE '46



## "THE TEST OF TIME AND DISTANCE"

*Lucile Alexander '11*

*So challenging and so fascinatingly human was the account of the birth and growth of our Alumnae Association given by Lucile Alexander at the Decatur Club Founder's Day meeting that it is printed here for all to see.*

IF YOU WOULD have the past come alive, ask the program chairman of an alumnae club to insist that you write the history of Agnes Scott Alumnae Association; spend your Founder's Day holiday as I have, looking through dusty files of Agonistics and Silhouettes, turning the yellowed pages of early catalogs, scanning every available scrap ever written by anybody about us. I have

borrowed without scruple, I acknowledge my debt and take a grateful look at our past.

Though relatively a young college, Agnes Scott dates back to the days of Hart's Rhetoric and Haven's Mental Philosophy, to Calisthenics "now considered an important auxiliary of female education and so promotive of good health," and to the days when our Dean was "lady principal" firmly solicitous of the physical, social and moral welfare of every young lady under her tutelage. Behind the gentle firmness and charming quaintness of the counsel under "Domestic Government" every alumna recognizes Miss Hopkins:

"Every young lady shall be provided with gossamer, umbrella, rubber shoes"; she shall

avoid such imprudences as "thin shoes in cold weather, sitting on the ground, promenading out-of-doors with head uncovered, the too early removal of flannels or the neglect to put them on at the approach of cold weather"; and in the interest of seemliness: "no young lady is allowed to appear in a wrapper out of her chamber"; "no exchange of clothing will be permitted."

The Decatur Female Seminary was chartered in 1889, but it was co-educational! The first catalog carries in small type at the very end this confession:

"The following resident small boys were admitted to the Primary Department during the past session, to wit: (here follows the list of seven Decatur boys), and then, as though in haste: "N. B. The Trustees, however, have decided to exclude boys of *any* age during the future." And so with the disappearance of "female" from the official title went the boys, and Agnes Scott Institute was launched in Main Building, made possible by the generosity of Colonel George Washington Scott inspired by gratitude to his mother, Agnes Scott.

The Alumnae Association has grown with the college which it serves, has worked shoulder to shoulder with it, and at times, has had the joy of sowing the seed of fruitful ideas. It has been our good fortune to have as presidents alumnae who have made themselves felt in civic affairs, in the social betterment of their communities.

In 1895, six years after the founding of Agnes Scott, a small group met at commencement time in the parlors of Main to organize an alumnae association—a mere handful, for the list of potential alumnae was limited. Agnes Scott has always stood for quality and has never been hasty in graduating students. For four

years there were no graduates; the first senior class numbered two; the second, one; the third, six. The first graduate, Mary Barnett (Mrs. Venable Martin), daughter of Atlanta's best-loved pastor, was elected president. She served for five years.

A small and penniless band, there was little they could do. Without the guidance and warm interest of Dr. Gaines, Miss Hopkins, Miss McKinney and Miss Shepherd, they would have grown discouraged. Their first act was the establishment of a Reading Circle; their second, the establishment of a scholarship. Help others and keep our minds from going to seed, the two phases of the original ideal which we have preserved to this day. The first statement of our purpose appears in the catalog of 1897: "to strengthen our interest in each other and in the Institute; to place alumnae in a helpful relation to the Institute; to quicken interest in Christian education." The catalog of 1898 reports progress: "During the past year two hundred dollars have been collected toward the establishment of a permanent scholarship fund."

Those early alumnae devised small schemes of raising money, they planned, they worked, they dreamed dreams, they formulated an ideal of loyalty and service that is ours today, and we are what we are today because we stand on their shoulders. Many of those early graduates are still towers of strength in our Association. Their loyalty has stood the test of time and distance, and their wisdom, ripe with experience, has inspired the emulation of the newer generation. Most of their dreams have become realities: (1) The Alumnae Infirmary, so named by the Trustees "in recognition of their generous and affectionate interest in their Alma Mater." This Infirmary is about to be replaced by a glorified

hospital on the campus through the generosity of an alumna-trustee, Mrs. Frances Winship Walters;

(2) Ten-years of effort resulted in raising one thousand dollars for the scholarship. This sum later became the nucleus of the Mary D. Shepherd Memorial Scholarship;

(3) An endowed college;

(4) The Alumnae House. The minutes of the General Meeting in 1915 record the suggestion of Lottie Mae (Blair) Lawton, alumna of one year's standing that we undertake to build on the campus an Alumnae House. Her daring young optimism caused excited comment and a consternation that dismissed the idea as impossible. But the seed was sown and in 1921, by the sympathetic interest of Dr. Gaines and the generous gift of fifteen thousand dollars by the Trustees, the Anna Young Alumnae House was built and named in honor of an outstanding alumna. It was the first house of its kind on any college campus.

(5) Representation on the Board of Trustees—granted in 1925. We now have three alumnae Trustees.

The year 1919 marks a crisis. Futile efforts had been made to establish branches, but our association continued to be composed of those who lived in the shadow of the College walls. In 1919, Mary Wallace Kirk ('11) was elected president. With a genius for organization and an experience in executive work (broad for her years) she submitted a revised constitution, got it accepted and printed, and thus she began the transformation of a local into a general Association whose work is accomplished by an Executive Committee and an Alumnae Council which inte-

grates the interests and coordinates the efforts of all concerned by representatives from the branches, the faculty, and the student body. The work of the general office is done by a full-time general secretary who also publishes the quarterly (which began as a modest Alumnae Register, the protégé of the Publicity Committee). Polly (Stone) Buck ('24) was the first general secretary to become sole editor of the Quarterly. By her talents and industry she made the Quarterly a welcome messenger to distant alumnae and set a standard of excellence which has been ably maintained by her successors.

Many and delectable are the fruits of the quickened and enlarged interest stimulated by being a *general* association:

(1) the Alumnae Garden in 1931, born of the enthusiasm of Louise (Brown) Hastings and successfully carried on by Frances (Gilleland) Stukes and her helpers and successors. The garden is a thing of beauty;

(2) Alumnae Week-End which brings together from far and near the alumnae for intellectual pleasure and the joy of taking up old friendships where they were left off.

The work of the alumnae in the College campaigns has been a unifying influence. Consult the old files and scrap-books of these campaigns and you will understand why it is hard to say how many campaigns we have had. For Dr. McCain it has been a continuous performance. In 1916, as faculty member of the senior class he made the Investiture talk on the theme "Agnes Scott, a growing thing." He was the sower who went forth to sow. He is still the sower but he has begun to reap. That very year, under the leadership of Emma Pope (Moss) Dieckmann,

the campus alumnae set for themselves the task of raising thirty-thousand dollars. When the Trustees heard of it, they took over and set the goal at five-hundred thousand—the contagion of heroism!

Many of you who are now alumnae were students who saw the triumphant beginning of the 1929 campaign when the campus set the pace by its one-hundred-percent subscription of double its quota and thus convinced Atlanta and the General Education Board that we believe in Agnes Scott and its future.

The success of our last campaign, undertaken during the depression and pushed to a successful close in face of the advice by business men against the attempt, is recent history that needs not to be chronicled. But as veterans of past wars let us say to you veterans of future wars that it is well worth while. The esprit de corps developed by working shoulder to shoulder in a cause big enough and fine enough to inspire our loyalty and challenge our best effort is the finest fruit of any campaign. It is the loyalty born of common effort that stays with us and goes with us into larger spheres of action and that develops our sense of responsibility to society.

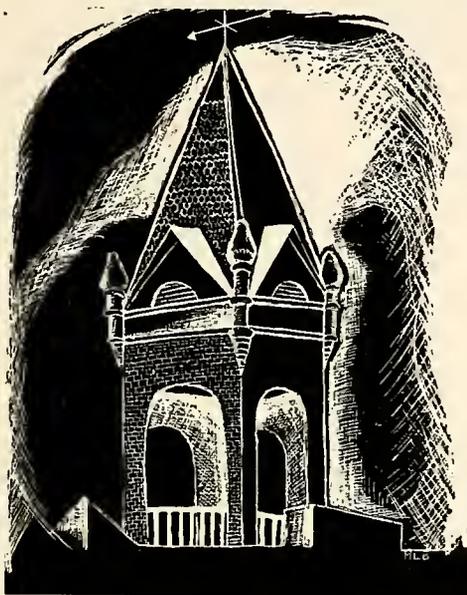
With the inauguration of our Alumnae Fund plan in June, 1945, wider horizons are opening before us. Dues are abolished; every former student of the institution, under any of its names—from Decatur Female Seminary to Agnes Scott College inclusive—is a member if she follows the urge to make an annual gift, however small, to her association; she thus secures for herself the satisfaction of knowing she is a part of an organization efficiently run, the inspiration of closer contacts with her college through all alumnae publications, and the joy of helping to make possible substantial and regular gifts to the college.

True to their best traditions, the Trustees voted the sum of five thousand dollars to finance our association in the period of transition. The voluntary contributions have been numerous and prompt and since they still come in daily, we are optimistic enough to hope that the loan can be repaid and a small gift made to the college at commencement.

Ours is a goodly heritage to think on and to tie to on this Founder's Day, nineteen hundred and forty-five.

Shirley Graves, a Junior from Atlanta and newly-elected editor of the *Aurora*, compares the Agnes Scott of three generations of Hottentots.

## Letter to Aunt Jo



DEAREST AUNT JO—

You were right — the Silhouettes in the library did tell the story of Agnes Scott as it used to be better than words can ever do it. I looked all through all of them up to my Freshman year, and it was certainly interesting to notice the changes that had taken place here. With each successive year something new had been added — a new building, a new faculty member, or a new club. And by the way, why didn't you ever tell me that you were the captain of your basketball team all four years? I didn't know you had such an athletic record. But Aunt Jo, wasn't

it a little difficult to run around in those funny, full bloomers, long black stockings, and middy shirt? And how serious-looking you were in your graduation robe, with your cap placed exactly in the center of your forehead and your glasses which I remember you said served only to impress the faculty! But as I looked at the picture a little longer, I could see a twinkle in your eye, and you seemed to be saying: "Now please don't make me smile and lose this new Senior dignity I've just acquired!"

I wonder how you ever got along without the new library, Presser, and Buttrick. But since you didn't know about them, I guess it didn't bother you. And just think, a few years from now, when I have a little niece going to Agnes Scott, I guess she'll look over the Silhouette of my Senior year and wonder how in the world I ever got along without the new Science Hall. I haven't told you about it yet, have I? The plans are all drawn up, and it looks as if it's going to be wonderful. The work on it will begin right after the war; so it won't be long before it's an actual addition to the campus instead of just a dream. And think of having a glass-covered observatory on the top floor, where classes can look at *real* stars instead of studying them from charts.

My niece will also be able to take advantage of the new Home Arts Department that will be here in about five or six years. She will have her choice of courses in cooking, sewing, house-keeping, and child care (with real children to experiment on!) The practice home that will be the center of the Home Arts Department sounds too good to be true.

Then, too, by my niece's day, the cooperative program between Emory and Agnes Scott will be more fully developed, and girls who want to go into business journalism, commercial art, and similar vocations can get special training at Emory. I hear there will be a special bus, maybe as early as next year, for girls who take courses at Emory. Now that's what I call real service. And I grow green with envy thinking about the new dorm she'll be living in, which will put even rejuvenated Main to shame.

So I guess my niece will feel that *her* Agnes Scott is as superior to mine as I feel that *mine* is to yours. Yet when you get right down to it, we'll all three be remembering and loving the same things about Agnes Scott because her traditions and her spirit stay the same from year to year. And won't we have fun some day, comparing notes and talking together about our school days?

All my love,

Sally.

#### POST-WAR EDUCATION

[Continued from Page 6]

and this will add real zest to much of our own program.

We are quite sure that women will have an increasingly important part in setting the educational pace and in the selection of subjects to be taught. This is wholesome, and we believe that it will result in a fine combination of old

conservatism and of modern emphases.

We certainly hope that Agnes Scott may set an example among institutions in the South of being open minded about change, but in being determined that whatever we do will be of real quality and will appeal to the heart as well as to the head.

#### DEATHS

Ellie (Cheshire) Kemp on February 27 at home.

Eulalie Lawton on February 28 at the infirmary of Crawford Long hospital. She was affectionately called Mother Lawton, because of her position as head of the hospital's nursery. Over 200 nurses marched from the hospital to Spring Hill in tribute to her long service.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

*The text of this Quarterly is set on the Linotype in Bodoni Book, a modern variant of the original type designed by Giovanni Battista Bodoni, 18th Century Italian printer at Parma.*

*Printed by The Bowen Press at Decatur, Georgia.*

## **A STENCIL FOR YOU!**

**2,275 of us already have an individual stencil!**

**With our plan to set up the remaining alumnae on the addressing machine during the summer—approximately 5,000 more of us—we are eager to “find” everybody.**

**Put to use your detective flare, see what you know about the “Lost Hot-tentots” listed at the end of each class, and send a card to your alumnae office, please.**

**A permanent address is preferable because each move costs a new stencil and three card changes.**

**Many thanks to all who have already helped!**

## **REUNIONS FOR THE CLASSES OF**

**1893 – 1909 – 1910 – 1911 – 1912**

**1928 – 1929 – 1930 – 1931 – 1944**

**Because of government restrictions on travel we cannot encourage classes to make the regular plans for reunions at Commencement. Those who live near the campus and those who are to be in the vicinity on June 2 are invited to join their classmates for the annual Trustees' Luncheon in Rebekah Scott.**

**\$5,683.49 had been contributed**

**to the Agnes Scott Alumnae Fund by 689 alumnae and**

**friends before May 1, 1945. Your Association is**

**grateful for this expression of faith and is proud**

**to be the medium of your service to Agnes Scott.**

# AGNES SCOTT

## ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



*Morning Glory Country*

*Scratchboard drawing by Howard Thomas*

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

SUMMER 1945

# COMING IN THE AUTUMN QUARTERLY

## THE LIFE OF DR. McCAIN

Written with Jane Guthrie Rhodes' enthusiasm and insight. Illustrated with a pen-and-ink drawing by Leone Bowers Hamilton.

### OFFICERS, COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN, AND TRUSTEES OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

KATHARINE WOLTZ GREEN, 1933  
*President*

SUSAN SHADBURN WATKINS, 1926  
*First Vice-President*

PATRICIA COLLINS, 1928  
*Second Vice-President*

IDA LOIS McDANIEL, 1935  
*Recording Secretary*

BETTY MEDLOCK, 1942  
*Treasurer*

EUGENIA SYMMS, 1936  
*Executive Secretary*

LITA GOSS, 1936  
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EMMA MOSS DIECKMANN, 1913  
*Newspaper Publicity*

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*Alumnae Trustee*

ANNIE POPE BRYAN SCOTT, 1915  
*Tearoom*

ALICE McDONALD RICHARDSON, 1929  
*Second Floor*

LUCY JOHNSON OZMER, ex-1910  
*Constitution and By-Laws*

JULIA SMITH SLACK, ex-1912  
*Student Loan*

MARY WARREN REED, 1929  
*House Decorations*

MARY LOUISE CRENSHAW PALMOUR, INST.  
*Alumnae Week-End*

MARTHA ROGERS NOBLE, 1914  
*Entertainment*

CHARLOTTE E. HUNTER, 1929  
*Grounds*

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

BILLIE DAVIS NELSON, 1942  
*Editor*

PROFESSOR HOWARD THOMAS  
LEONE BOWERS HAMILTON, 1926  
*Art Editors*

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# Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

Commencement Number

Summer 1945

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

Vol. XXIII No. 4

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# PHOENIX?

*Virginia L. Newton '19,* author of "Red Clay to Mould," returning to the campus in 1939,  
compared the book-burning of that year with her own of 1919.

The fire light flickered on the faces there  
And leaped upon the somber robes that kept  
The shadows intermittently. And flames  
Danced in our hearts, warm moving melody,  
A leaping harmony with freedom's song—  
Democracy crowned with the victor's wreath.  
With eager laughter we could greet the flames  
That snatched distasteful books and made them theirs—  
More eagerly, perhaps, than our young minds,  
In those four puzzling years, had made them ours.  
No war flames now glowed red in Flanders' Fields,  
And all the smouldering fires of hate we saw  
As cool gray ash. The Phœnix was awake  
We knew! The glittering of his plumage caught  
The sunlight of our youth. His lifting wings  
Soon now would flash above, and he would soar.  
What if no swift, sharp silhouette save this  
Be cut by us for other youths to read?  
We stood there tiptoe, ready to depart,  
And watched the flames and knew a world at peace.  
And who then in a somber mood could know  
Of other books to be hurled in such flames  
As had not rumbled through the nations' homes  
Since Heaven taught Earth the source of Power and Light.  
If one had whispered "Inquisition" then  
To black-robed neighbor in the circling group,  
Perhaps a smothered giggle would have died,  
The while eyes followed flame and smoke toward stars.  
What think they now, the girls that burn their books  
As part of youth's retaliation, gay  
With laughter as the pages flutter, blaze?  
Can their keen eyes pierce coiling smoke and fire,  
That somehow earth has kindled in the dark,  
And know the Phœnix ready to arise?

# CAMPUS CARROUSEL

Wherever there may be an Agnes Scotter, her heart responds with warmth to the suggestion of the campus at commencement-time, her mind answers to Mrs. Notestein's challenge to think, and her eagerness to act on vital national issues makes her welcome the pro and con discussion of federal aid to education, all contained in this Commencement Number. Also stimulating are the alumnae responses to Howard Mumford Jones' article of the spring Quarterly and the promised book review by Elizabeth Stevenson.

Our cover artist, Professor Howard Thomas has made such a vital contribution to the life of the campus and to the rebirth of the Quarterly that his leaving is a real loss. We wish him, however, the best of success in his work at the University of Georgia. We are particularly pleased with the cover drawing in that it illustrates so well his gift of catching the vitality of a place in relation to the people living in it. He writes about "Morning Glory Country" that "it is from a section in the Piedmont where morning glories grew, hence the name. There were four Negro children in the yard, a Negro mother on the porch, and the father was going hunting for rabbits." The College has bought one of his oil paintings, a particularly fascinating one called "Dry Earth." It hangs in the Rebekah Scott lobby.

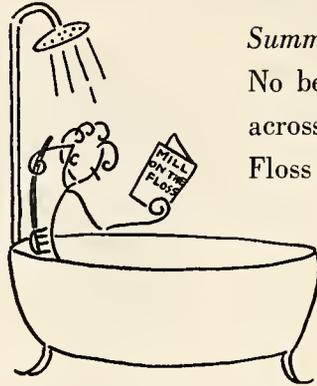
Mary Wallace Kirk '11 was one of the delightful guests on campus for commencement (and for the Trustees' meeting since she is one of our alumnae trustees). Although she readily made known her enthusiasm for mangoes and for Pro-

fessor Thomas' work, she was reticent in talking about her own art. Through a friend, we learned that her etchings were held over in New York for a special exhibit during a nation-wide tour. With some persuasion—and much pleasure—we have obtained one of her etchings, reproduced on page 7 of this issue.

No reunions again this year, but many of the close-by Hottentots were back on campus to feel chills up their backs at the playing of "Ancient of Days"; to worship on Baccalaureate Sunday under the leadership of Dr. James A. Jones; to remember the feeling *they* had walking across the stage for their diplomas and kneeling for their hoods; to join in the beaming, congratulating throng hovering over the newest graduates; to wander over the campus exclaiming over a new building, reminiscing over a certain room on third Inman or a date parlor in Main, reporting her doings to a favorite faculty member, wishing for a real reunion, and feeling proud all over again that she belongs to Agnes Scott and Agnes Scott to her.

The fortunate ones who did attend the commencement activities (See them in your class news) will remember the lovely tea in Miss Scandrett's face-lifted home on Faculty Row, the dash for the gym when a sudden thunder-shower interrupted the class prophecy, the botanical confusion caused by the magnolias blooming on the water-lily pads in the alumnae pool (very lovely indeed!), the applause for Molly Milam when she received the Hopkins Jewel, and the applause

again for Bet Patterson, rising junior from Winston-Salem, who won the Collegiate Scholarship with a straight A record—the first one in school history. Peggy Wilmon of Decatur was runner-up. The Rich Prize went to Mary Sheely Little of Hickory, N. C., with Anne Henderson, Martha Hay (daughter of Frances Dearing Hay), and Dabney Adams receiving honorable mention.



Mary Codington

*Speaking of honors, Miss Elizabeth Jackson, of the history department at Agnes Scott, has received from the Florida Division of the AAUW a resolution acknowledging appreciation for her outstanding leadership as regional vice-president of the South Atlantic section of AAUW for ten years, for her inspiration and encouragement to all members of AAUW within her jurisdiction,*

for her distinguishing herself in educational pursuit, and for her charming and distinguished personality.

*Summer stillness* lies over the campus this July. No bells, no calls to the telephone, no dashing across the quadrangle, no talk of Mill on the Floss or Dante's Inferno, no clatter of dishes nor of tongues in Rebekah dining-room, where the chairs do acrobatics on the tables . . . Already, though, preparations for fall go full steam—new roofing on Lupton, Boyd, Sturgis and Ansley, new plastering in Murphey Candler, and insulation for Main, Inman, and Rebekah. More about the improvements in the fall. And until then, your publications committee and your editor will be working on what we expect to be one of the most thrilling Quarterlies yet—with the story of Dr. McCain and the thoughts of everyday people around the world on planning for peace!

# FACING FACTS

## ABOUT FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION

**J. Harold Saxon** expresses his views of the bills proposing federal subsidy to public schools. He is executive Secretary of the Georgia Education Association, an Agnes Scott "son-in-law" and father of a '49 Hottentot.

WENDELL WILLKIE SAID: "For a long time our society left the education of children to the individual parents' ability to pay. Then it made a decision which changed civilization. It decided that all children should be educated, regardless of their parents' income . . . No wage or income based on the value of the economic contribution of the individual can ever be made to take into proper consideration the needs of his dependents."

Significant as were his words when he uttered them a short time before his death, they are even more significant today when the Congress is debating Federal Aid for Education, which, if enacted into law, will have a profound effect on the destiny of the youth of this nation.

Educational progress in Georgia during the past decade has been largely due to the fact that our leaders recognized the fairness and the necessity for equalizing educational opportunities as between rich, populous centers and sparsely settled rural areas. Through the equalization program, the richer and more densely populated counties are helping to educate children from rural areas, and a teacher is paid from state

funds according to training and experience, without regard to where the teaching is done.

There were those who opposed the setting up of an equalizing fund on the theory that every county should pay for the education of its own children. Today the plan of equalization in Georgia is recognized and accepted as equitable, practical, and truly democratic.

The necessity for equalizing educational opportunities on a national scale, comparable to our own state plan, has received added impetus by the adoption of a Federal Aid plank in the national Democratic platform last summer.

Georgia's Robert Ramspeck, Democratic Whip, member of House Committee on Education, and Congressman from the Fifth District, is the author of H. R. 1296, and Senator Lister Hill is author of the companion Federal Aid bill, S. 181.

Said the *Atlanta Constitution* editorially January 11th, "Federal Aid for education, in short, is the only possible way through which southern children may be insured equality of educational opportunities. The Ramspeck bill will receive the support and influence of every southern rep-

representative who is worthy of the name.”

Editor John Paschall of the *Atlanta Journal*, in “Views of the News” said, “The first section of this bill seems to be a complete answer to those who fear Federal Aid for schools might be the beginning of Federal Control of education. Let me read this section: ‘Section 1. No department, agency or officer of the United States shall exercise any supervision or control over any school or State educational agency with respect to which funds are expended pursuant to this act, nor shall any term or condition of any agreement under this act relating to any contribution made under this act to or on behalf of any school or state educational agency, authorize any agency or officer of the United States to control administration, personnel, curriculum, or materials of instruction.’”

Governor Ellis Arnall is vigorous in behalf of Federal Aid. Said the Governor, “The pending measure to provide Federal assistance to education deserves widespread support. It is a sincere effort to face the facts and to deal with them realistically . . . We cannot escape the tenacity of facts; for facts are stubborn and unyielding things. And these are facts: that State and local resources, especially in Southern States, are inadequate to maintain the educational systems that we need and that our children deserve; that Federal assistance is a sensible solution; and that the pending Federal Aid Bill is an equitable measure projecting a wise solution to the problem.”

On December 20, 1944, President Roosevelt signed the Federal Highway Act, which appropriates Federal Aid to Georgia in the amount of \$11,581,025 annually for building and maintaining an adequate system of highways.

Annually, the Georgia delegation votes Federal Aid in the amount of \$1,131,355.39 for the maintenance and support of the University System of Georgia. (Morrill since 1862, Smith-Lever since 1914, and the Bankhead-Jones since 1918.)

There is now pending in the Congress, Federal Aid legislation (S. 181 and H. R. 1296) which, if passed, would appropriate to Georgia annually \$10,465,580 for building and maintaining an adequate system of *public schools*.

While we are glad that Federal Aid funds are available for road construction, highway maintenance, and support of the University System, we cannot understand why when Federal Aid funds are asked to maintain the most important function in a democracy—*public schools*—offering better opportunity to every rural boy and girl in every congressional district in Georgia—some of the same people who favor Federal Aid for highways and Federal Aid for higher education become “fearful” of Federal Control and State’s Rights.

The lack of understanding of the benefits of Federal Aid for public schools continues to be a major hindrance in securing this legislation.

*C. Murphey Candler*

*The great-great-grandson of the original Agnes Scott, a Decatur lawyer and editor of the DeKalb New Era, points out the*

## DANGERS IN FEDERAL AID

TWO MEASURES, S. 181 and HR 1296, recently introduced in Congress, merit serious consideration. Both provide for the same thing,—Federal aid to Public School systems.

That Public Schools need financial aid is unquestionable. Teachers in many sections are underpaid; school rooms are over-crowded; facilities are inadequate. All of this is due to a lack of money.

Federal aid to education is not a new idea. Vocational agriculture, home economics, school lunch rooms, shop equipment, nursery schools and other activities have for some time received Federal funds.

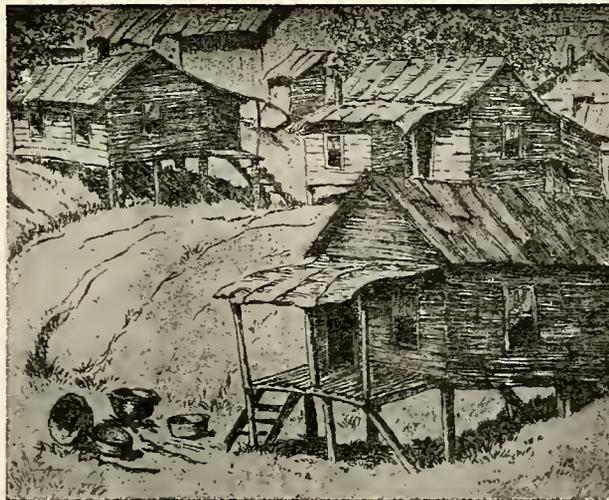
The trend toward subsidies has become greater with each passing year. We find ourselves accepting Federal aid as a matter of

course and are growing to expect it in greater abundance. Conversely, we are looking less and less to our local governments for sustenance. The inevitable results will be impotent local governments and a powerful central government with complete control of our local institutions and functions.

The question then is not so much the passage or defeat of these two measures per se. It goes far deeper into the American way of life and concerns itself with the question,—do we want our local affairs to be controlled by a highly centralized Federal government or by our friends and neighbors. If we accept the former we must abandon that under which we have prospered for nearly two centuries and rely on a system that has destroyed both ancient and contemporary governments. The decision on these two bills will not decide the issue but will set a precedent that will directly affect our people in future generations.

For they, unlike other subsidies, do not deal with financing homes or businesses, nor with aiding the needy, the blind and the aged. They deal with a subsidy on the factors in our everyday

life that teach our children in their formative years and give them training, theories and fundamentals that will rule the destinies of our nation. The moulding and fashioning of young minds is not a thing of a temporary nature but is of the very essence of permanency. As is always true of acts having



*Mary Wallace Kirk*

permanent results they should be entered into only after exhaustive study. Ours is the choice now. Once we have set our course it will be extremely difficult to alter it.

Aside from this long range view-point, matters that relate specifically to these bills should be considered. In Section I elaborate details are given whose purpose is to eliminate the possibility of Federal control. No doubt this is the intent of the authors and we do not question their good faith. But what of the potential power of Congress? Congress makes laws and by the same token has the perfect right to amend them. Suppose this law is enacted as innocently as it is written and later a different Congress should amend it and give wider control. The result would be calamitous. For once our school systems are built around these funds they would be so dependent upon them for existence that they could not withdraw.

Furthermore, Section VI imposes ten so-called qualifications on the acceptance of this money which—though they avoid very adroitly contravening Section I in letter—do contravene it distinctly in spirit. They include among other things, a strict compliance with the apportionment fixed; reports to the Federal government on expenditures; audits by the Federal government; the amount of local funds that must be paid to schools receiving Federal funds. Penalties are provided for the violation of these qualifications if once accepted.

If these qualifications, which are nothing but control even if mild, are plainly incorporated in the original bills despite Section I, what is to prevent a future Congress from increasing them? For instance,—because not all the people want their children taught the Bible and because these funds are derived from all the people, it could be said that teaching the Bible in Public Schools was prohibited as being contrary to freedom of religion. Likewise it could be claimed that racial segregation was in violation of the Constitution, that schools were improperly located, that curricula should be adjusted and other things equally as antagonistic to sections and localities could be made mandatory.

Money is a very necessary thing and delightful to have and as stated our schools unquestionably need more money. But it is even more necessary that they be controlled locally. That is one of the cardinal features of our birthright and we must keep it inviolate. If by being the recipients of a benign central government we lose or even jeopardize our inherent right to control locally the teaching of our children, all the money in the world will not be worth a farthing and our way of life as we have known it will be a meaningless thing.

Let us therefore be quite sure where this pleasant looking and enticing road leads before we enter too far. Let us remember too that “all that glitters is not gold.”

# AN EXCELLENT THING IN WOMAN

*Ada Comstock Notestein*

*With richness of human understanding, with the resources of her own full mind, and with an urgent sense of the world's need of remaking, Mrs. Notestein appeals to the college graduate to think and keep on thinking. She is president emerita of Radcliffe College. We publish her commencement address.*

MY TITLE "An Excellent Thing in Woman" may be somewhat misleading to you if you remember your Shakespeare. I will give you another clue, therefore, to the subject on which I wish to speak. If I had a text it would be taken from that poem of Blake's which contains the stanza:

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green and pleasant land.

The heart of the text is to be found in the words "I will not cease from mental fight."

People now in their fifties often say that their generation has seen more than its share of trouble. They fought in the first world war; they had to endure the worst depression this country has ever seen; and now their sons and daughters are having to bear the brunt of this second and greater war. It is true that the last 30 years have included more of destruction, death, and loss than any comparable period of which I know. Worst of all, it has given body to fears which, though they have sometimes been uttered, have hitherto been vague and remote. Men who have visited the bombed areas of Europe speak now

with sober realism of the possible destruction of civilization or even as I have heard one do of "the extinction of the human race." They have seen such devastation, and they know by what means it can be extended and made more complete. Wholesale obliteration of libraries, museums, and works of art; wholesale slaughter of the population of a country—it is not hard to imagine that a world so wrecked would be permanently crippled and degraded. Almost more terrifying than the thought of physical destruction of peoples and their monuments is that of the damage to civilization if it should cease to respect anything but force. We are seeing something of that kind of moral deterioration now. At the time of the first World War Germany's reference to a treaty as a scrap of paper was highly shocking. Today, it shocks no one that treaties should be binding only so long as they are advantageous to the parties concerned. "Don't you think it natural, Sir, that a very powerful country should try to control the world?" a thoughtful and decent freshman remarks to his history teacher. We have seen extraordinary instances of courage, loyalty, self-sacrifice in this war, but we have also seen, I think, a general lowering of belief in mercy and integrity as standards of conduct. Sometimes the words of the Old Testament prophets, their denunciations and lamentations seem more applicable to the present day than any passages we can find in the New Testament.

Nor have those of us, who lived through the last war any illusions about a quick recovery. The European war is won, Hitler and Mussolini are dead, the war with Japan will perhaps be over earlier than we supposed. Then for the long slow upward climb. Perhaps we learned something from the years following 1918 and may know how to prevent some of the evil consequences of a world war. Our best-learned lesson is that a great war does not end wars, but instead sows the seeds of further trouble. The change in the general attitude in this country toward a world security organization is the most striking instance of our having learned something from experience. But all that 1918 and succeeding years taught us is inadequate for meeting the problems of 1945 and hereafter. It is not only because of the greater scale of the conflict, and the implication of new weapons and methods. It is not only because destruction has been so complete, and the loss of life so terrific. It is the poisonous ideas, still dominant in the minds of our enemies, which must appall us. Those ideas are infectious; their influence is felt even in the ranks of those who have been giving their lives to oppose them. The wounds which civilization has received in this war cannot be healed alone by rendering Germany and Japan impotent for the next quarter century, or by re-building shattered cities and restoring industry and commerce and decent living standards. The prevention of another war cannot be left to an organization or organizations, however carefully set up. Minds have been distorted and spirits corrupted, and there is no single or rapid way of bringing about their reformation. A poet of today has said, "There never was a war that was not inward: I must fight till I have conquered in myself what causes war." There is a long task to be under-

taken, and it so relates itself to our private, social and national life as well as to our foreign relations that its weight leaves free no pair of honest shoulders.

It was the thought of that long and all-comprehending task that brought me to this subject. For clearly, not much of it can be done by people of my generation or even by those who belong to the generation of your parents. You and those a little older than you must bear the brunt. Sometimes people of my age, when they are thinking only of themselves are glad that their responsibility in this matter is soon to be ended.

The relief is only momentary, however, for you and your children and the future of civilization are of too great concern to us. It is from our point of view, anxious, though not unhopeful, desperately eager to see you do your job that I speak. We know that if the world falls to pieces again the labor and sorrow, the blood and sweat and tears, will be yours. A few years ago, I believe, a group of students in one of our universities started as a joke an organization which they called "Veterans of Future Wars," demanding that they be given pensions and bonuses while they were young and could enjoy them. I saw it stated recently that of the nine charter members of that care-free organization, eight are today in the armed services. They are that which they laughed at the thought of being. It is against such a fate for you that we want to see you arm yourselves today.

It seems a rather solemn and portentous issue to urge upon you just now. After all, what can you do? You can help in various ways to aid recovery from this war. You can work in hospitals and the Red Cross, you can perhaps enlist in one of the services. What part, after all, can

you take in the activities directed toward the prevention of future wars? No one of your generation sits in the Security Conference. You were not represented by contemporaries at Bretton Woods or at the Food Conference at Hot Springs. It will be a long time before you or your brothers or friends will be in Congress or even in the legislatures of your states. You may well think that for some years to come you may and should concentrate your energies and thoughts on more immediate and practical concerns. There is a phase of your situation in that respect which deserves mention. Many of the young men who will soon be mustered out are of your age or only a little older. It is hard to believe that they will not have a burning eagerness to prevent the development of another war.

Young though you and they are, you make a group which by its very size can exercise great influence from the beginning; and which might easily, as its members come into positions of power shape the policy of this country. There are sometimes generations which leave their mark on the world more than those before or after them. With the incentive provided by its experience of this war, yours might be such a generation. Even though great decisions are now being made without your having any part in them, in carrying them out, in modifying or discarding them, you will have your chance and your responsibility. It is none too soon to begin to study them and their workings.

In a good many colleges just now, perhaps in

all, thought is being given to revision of the course of study and methods of teaching in the hope of preparing students more adequately to grapple with the post-war problems of life. Some colleges are trying to enlist the aid of their graduates by asking pointed questions. These, for instance. "What have you found lacking in your

own college education?"

"What can this college do to give more meaning and reality to its training?" I have known students in less exacting times than these, who tried to assess at the end of their senior years what they had gained; what they had missed; where they had been wise or foolish in their choices of studies and in the use of their time. Often there is

something of the feeling people have at the end of life—"How much better I could do it if I could begin all over again!" But the fact that you are in this group today means that you have certain requirements which will be helpful to you in the future. You have stored up some knowledge. You have shown some capacity for independent work. Your susceptibility to beauty in one or more of the arts has been heightened. You have proved yourselves capable of living under a fixed if not too rigorous routine and of accommodating yourself to living in a group. On the whole, you probably feel more at home in the world than you did when you came; and I suspect you may think of that sense of initiation as your greatest gain, and the acquirement on which you can most surely build. I do not minimize it, and I believe that the American college for woman can be



*Mary Codington*

proud of the ease with which its graduates enter into the life of their communities. What I am not sure of is that you estimate properly and will make efforts to improve whatever you have gained in the sheer ability to think—to think as distinguished from to learn or to be responsive or to exercise intuition or to be efficient in doing.

You can hardly be blamed if that is the case, for one of the odd paradoxes in this country of ours is that we should be so committed to the idea of education, and yet so prone to disparage the faculty at which education is chiefly aimed—the intellect. Highbrow, brain trust, blue stocking are terms of reproach. We speak of the intelligentsia, the intellectuals with something of a sneer. The processes of the thinking mind seem to us cold, rigid, a little inhuman in their dependence upon logic and proved fact. Those who devote themselves to thinking, research, the pursuit of truth for its own sake are generally supposed to be lacking in practicality and an understanding of daily life. “You got to eat, too,” the *New Yorker* commented after quoting a highly scientific and polysyllabic definition of life culled from a Ph.D. thesis.

Necessarily our human ideal is that of the all-round person. To possess all good attributes in perfect balance is obviously desirable. The curious thing is that a slight surplus of energy or emotional warmth rouses no such criticism as a little preponderance on the intellectual side. So pure an intellectual as Santayana speaks wistfully in his latest book of respecting and loving the English psyche “because of the primacy of the physical and moral nature over the intellectual. It was the safer order of things, more vital, more manly than the reverse. Man was not made to understand the world but to live in it.”

Yet I would say that the present situation sug-

gests that unless men understand the world better than they have done they may find themselves robbed of the chance to live in it. The blindness of the Allied Countries in allowing events to shape themselves for this war is a different kind of blindness from that which led our enemies to plan it; but on both sides, it seems to me, intelligence might have prevented the horrors of these last six years. It has been an inexpressibly hideous example of the folly and shortsightedness of men. To indict the leaders for failure to analyze and discern and foresee it not enough. The indictment must also be against the mass of people who chose or accepted such leadership and let themselves be led into such a trap. Let it be granted that greed, ambition, lust for power, selfish and evil impulses played their part. I am not decrying in any way the importance of seeking to establish better feeling in the world, to make justice prevail; but it seems to me clear that our surest hope of better management of world affairs lies in bringing into them a higher degree of intelligence. It is not enough to mean well. I recall a remark made to me by Justice Brandeis many years ago, when in response to his question about the outlook of Radcliffe students I said that they had pretty generally a great desire to be helpful in the world. “That is very dangerous,” he said, and I was too dashed to make him explain himself. He referred, of course, to the mischief that may be wrought by good will which is not backed by knowledge and wisdom.

It would hardly be possible for young women even when by the very act of going to college they confess a leaning towards things of the mind, not to be a little sensitive to disparagement of the intellectual. It is a temptation often to play down or disguise an aptitude for mathe-

matics or physics or philosophy, a taste for serious reading, a liking for the library even greater than that for the tennis court or the dance floor. A young woman of whom I heard not long ago transferred at the end of her sophomore year from one college to another. The record she brought with her was good, but not excellent. It was made up of B's except for two C's. The admissions officer questioned her about the C's. "I had to get them," she replied. "If my record had been all B's it would have put me on the Dean's list." One likes to record that an energetic dean persuaded this young woman to give her good mind free rein, and that she graduated finally summa cum laude. I remember another young woman who married just before she graduated magna cum laude. She did well, one would think, but her dean was not satisfied. "You could perfectly well have taken a summa," she complained. The student didn't deny it, remarking only "Don't you think it would have been a little excessive to be married and graduate with a summa all in one June?"

One may sympathize with a desire not to parade a superiority over one's fellows, one must respect a shrinking from anything like arrogance of mind. But often the failure to satisfy a natural desire for study and learning, an attempt even to stifle or disguise it is a pose, an insincerity which weakens the whole personality. Sometimes the failure to seize the opportunities for mental development which college offers is due to a belief that a trained mind is a rather useless piece of baggage unless it is to serve a specific purpose such as earning a living. It is that point of view which leads often, even after an academic success in college, to the abandonment afterward of all intellectual exercise. Howard Mumford Jones, you will perhaps recall re-

marked bitterly once that the purpose of putting a student through a thorough course in English literature and finally stamping him with an A.B. is to make him feel entirely free to read nothing but the Saturday Evening Post all the rest of his life.

Nevertheless, there is usually less to complain of in this regard about students in college than about the alumnae they become. While they are undergraduates they feel, in varying degrees, of course, a certain responsibility for the exercise and betterment of their mental powers. They observe their teachers, sometimes critically, more often generously, and are sincerely appreciative of those who have opened a field of knowledge to them and have shown them how to use the tools of thought. When they graduate they often mean to go on in the lines of reading or investigation which they have begun. What they do not realize is the obstacles which will present themselves to any such program. The necessary labors and occupations of daily life sap this energy. Sometimes those labors involve discipline of the mind or hand, but often they are routine duties, making more demand upon character and emotional qualities than upon those of the intellect. They afford their own kind of discipline, but may do little to keep the mind alert and eager. Perpetual interruptions such as the quiet of the college library or laboratory never knew prevent continuity of thought. Our national habit of busyness, and our cheerful gregariousness rob us of the solitary hours in which we could concentrate on some line of reading or thought or study. Moreover, except in the professions, the kind of work women do in their homes or in offices and places of business is less conducive than that of men to the acquirement of precise knowledge and the development of the capacity to analyze facts

and to reach responsible conclusions. Altogether, to maintain the life of the mind, the steady improvement as the years go on, of the ability to think, requires conscious and determined effort, and even one whose intentions are of the best may find circumstances too much for her. I remember in 1931 meeting in Shanghai a young Chinese woman who had graduated recently from an American College for women. She had done her major work in economics and sociology, and had had as a teacher a very gifted woman who often sent her students out with projects to carry on after graduation. It occurred to me to ask the Chinese woman whether she was following up any line of work begun in college. You should have seen the look, almost of guilt, which convulsed that calm Oriental face and have heard the flurried excuses which she poured out to me as if I were that faraway teacher. She had meant to carry on those studies, her marriage and her baby and the work she was doing for the Y. W. C. A. had prevented her, she would soon get at them, would I please tell Miss ——— that she hadn't forgotten what she had undertaken to do. I laughed and tried to assure her that no one could fail to understand her situation. Yet in very truth she was facing in concrete shape the issue which I want to present to you. It was not that the studies she had expected to continue were necessarily of great importance. The point is that she was in danger of losing in the heat and labor and preoccupations of the day her skill with important tools of thought.

I wish I had the eloquence to convince you that hard, slow, painful though the process may be, the continued development of your mental powers is the obligation which your diplomas lay upon you. It is a part of your obligation as citizens. The country and this world have been ask-

ing of men, and women, too, that they should give their lives. It is asked of them now that they should give their *minds* to problems on the solution of which depends the continuance of our civilization. A good many years ago, in times far less critical than ours, a writer said "When we consider the nature of the problems to be solved in our day, it seems that intelligence is the virtue we particularly need.—We make a moral issue of a economic or social question, because it seems ignoble to admit it is simply a question for intelligence.—If you want to get out of prison, what you need is the key to the lock." I do not believe that the infinitely complex questions which confront the world today can be left to our leaders. The very fact that they are leaders subjects them to pressure from those they represent. Naturally, those whose selfish interests are concerned exert such pressures. It is, I think, quite literally, a life or death matter for this country and the world that leaders should feel the pressure and the support of men and women who give the honest and unselfish thought of disciplined minds to the issues which must be met. Men and women who have no axes to grind, who have learned to detect the hollow tone of partisan propaganda, who can look for the heart of an issue and make a reasoned judgment regarding it—these are the citizen-soldiers most needed in the years ahead. Your diplomas should conscript you into that army.

It is not only in your life as citizens that the keen and good and dispassionate mind serves you well. I have always believed that many of the private and personal problems of our lives suffered from the lack of thinking through. You will understand that I am not advocating the application of a cold and pitiless logic to matters of personal relationship and duty. One of the

highest functions of the thinking mind is to discern and weigh values. Have you ever thought in how many of the great tragedies it was a failure of knowledge or insight which brought about the unhappy end? If Othello had done a little research on the subject of that lost handkerchief, if Romeo had known about Juliet's sleeping potion . . . ! It seems almost blasphemous to make such suggestions. Strong feeling, right feeling, the sorrows and exultations of the human heart, the magnificent exercise of the human will are the sources of magic and power in our lives, as well as of our anguish and despair. To recognize them for what they are and to give them their proper outlet is one of the functions of the thinking, considering mind.

There is a sense, moreover, in which we live only insofar as we are aware of our living—that is, only so far as we think. This seems like a dangerous doctrine leading to an indrawn and introspective habit of mind. But the adventure of humanity is to be felt and shared in only by an act of the imaginative mind, observing, re-

flecting, considering. If you have read Rumer Godden's "Take Three Tenses" you will recall what Rollo says of his retirement. "I had existed for a considerable space of time. Only then did I begin to live." One need not, however, wait until the end of life to live. Action need not be incessant, one need not be rushed along so fast on the stream of events that the world cannot be seen. The mind affords us, if we will give it the chance, not only guidance in life but the very means of savoring our lives, of knowledge that we live, and of carrying from one year to another the residue of wisdom which means increasing skill in living and appreciation of the possible depth and intensity of human experience.

The excellent thing in woman, as Shakespeare defined it, was the voice ever soft, gentle, and low. It is another excellent thing, in man or woman, which I have been trying to commend to you this morning—the life-long effort to strengthen and improve the mind as a tool for enjoying, serving and living.

## REACTIONS TO "ARE WOMEN'S COLLEGES FOR WOMEN?"

*Amelia (Nickels) Calhoun '39*

I HAVE READ Professor Howard Mumford Jones' article with interest but with concern. It seems to me that his argument is unsound: it places disproportionate emphasis on the utilitarian aspect of education; and it disregards women as human beings and not as a group apart from men. I wonder what this educated woman of his will talk about after a dinner 'graciously' prepared.

The question is whether the liberal college prepares us for life. I believe that it does. I believe that a woman liberally educated can acquire for herself the practical knowledge necessary to meet adequately problems of home management and of professional life. But she needs also resources of mind and spirit that help her to view life as a whole with a sense of proportion. Thus fortified she can bring to the humblest task an element of dignity. I am convinced that it is my "life of the mind," such as it is, that enables me to maintain a measure of balance in this disordered world. For me it is exciting and challenging to contemplate a life of continuing development of these resources.

*Mary (Sturtevant) Bean '33*

The average woman in college needs above all to be taught to know herself, and secondly to have as many avenues as possible opened before

her for future development and enjoyment. Calling our graduation from college "Commencement" should be just that: the beginning of learning, not the end. In a group of women, the college graduate should be distinguished not so much by what she already knows, but by the willingness of her mind *and heart* to continue learning.

There is a second function of a women's college pertaining to personal appearance. I do not mean that a woman's college should turn out a group of fashion plates. Far from it. But I do mean that it should help its undergraduates to learn how important good taste and careful grooming, health, diet and carriage are in everything she does. If a girl looks her best, she acts her best. She is more appreciated by others, and consequently is more successful in everything she undertakes, and is ultimately happier.

*Raemond (Wilson) Craig '30*

Being a wife, mother, homemaker, and therefore falling into the category of the "admirable, average American girl" to whom Professor Jones addresses his excellent ideas, I find myself responding warmly in the affirmative to their timeliness and pertinence. It is not, I think, that the college curriculum offered me the wrong subjects, but that the very courses which might have

aided me greatly in doing my present job effectively were lacking. Although my ultimate career of homemaker came after brief periods in advertising, teaching, and editorial work, I still think that courses in Home Arts would have been valuable to me in the interim. Every woman is potentially a homemaker no matter to what intellectual heights she aspires.

I shall hope, however, that the curricular reforms Professor Jones's suggestions call for will not necessitate the rejection of such essentials as chemistry, physics, biology, psychology, modern languages, history, literature. For what will it profit a woman to be adept in the "gracious preparation of food," wise in the "buying of household articles and in the proper management of her personal and domestic life," if she lacks knowledge and understanding of the world in which she lives?

**Betty Stevenson '41**

I consider Howard Mumford Jones' article, "Are Women's Colleges for Women," underhanded and hypocritical, especially coming as it does from someone with a "name."

As if women, by the very facts of their physical nature, do not have two strikes against them to begin with! What with an unavoidable amount of time given up to housekeeping and child rearing (enjoyable as these occupations may be), why bind them hand and foot to the material side of their life? What snobbery there is in his tone of setting aside certain walks for women, certain garden paths down which they can gracefully walk.

Not all women, any more than all men, want

to go to a liberal arts college. Like men who go in for business management, or advertising, or salesmanship, there is no reason why they should not get special training in special schools. But for women who go to colleges to learn, it would certainly be a gross injustice to train them in skills rather than to enlarge their minds.

I would like to call Mr. Jones' attention to the simple fact that the objectionable advertising which he quotes at length (campus clothes, beauty majors, etc.) is directed as snob appeal largely to women who did not go to college and who have the distorted Hollywood idea of what college is rather than the remotest notion of the real thing. It is the liberal arts college trained woman who sees through such cheap showmanship and escapes the domination of the slick magazines.

Charm of manner in the author is only a veneer covering for an essential contempt he feels for women as educated human beings.

**Mary Wallace Kirk '11**

Mr. Jones has written a lively and provocative article distinguished more for its wit and cleverness than for any constructive ideas. Although he is disarming in his approach, one suspects his basic conception of woman to be solely that of "an help-meet" to man. Insisting that his inquiry into Women's Colleges is purely an educational affair and removed from the man-woman conflict, he forthwith throws it into that arena by putting woman into a separate category and treating her only as woman—not as a person. Today as never before both men and women need greater power in viewing the world as a whole,

of integrating and humanizing knowledge, of acquiring the ability to assess values and make reasoned judgments, of greater awareness of living. This goal of the liberal arts college is well worth the striving.

“Held in your hand,

The world can weight your hand, strengthen  
it, fix it,  
Till you can move your hand with the weight  
in it,  
And you, the flexible hand, the world, are  
one.”

## BOOK REVIEW

### *TEACHER IN AMERICA*

by *Jacques Barzun*

Little, Brown and Co., Boston, \$3.00

*Elizabeth Stevenson '41*

“Teacher in America” is the plain speech of a teacher who has pride in teaching. It takes, he says, “the stubbornness of a saint coupled with the imagination of a demon.” He levels proper scorn at the piddlers, dilliantes, and sterile drudges of the profession and at the softness of fiber which wants an adulterated product in place of real learning or teaching.

Barzun is a young man, with the energy and zeal of the young who fling out their ideas in the face of all pomposities, conventionalities, falsities which they see standing idly in the way of the real thing. However, this real thing must be fun too. He is particularly impatient of the wrong kind of solemnity.

In this book, which is a modest book, written in a light style, the author attacks his central

problem from a series of angles. He covers his subject thoroughly enough to tread on a number of toes. He is not tilting with windmills but with the average stupidities of any college campus. Those who share his seriousness about teaching should be glad for his honest anger.

The colloquial diction is not that of a sloppy mind, but of a direct man conscious of the value of a simple style. To begin with, definitions are in order, and he limits his theme to teaching rather than “education,” that is, the practical rather than the theoretical problem, and further narrows it to college teaching, the kind he has done.

He begins with a hit direct at the merry propagandist: subjects should be taught, or rather can be taught, and not principles. He may dismay

the near-sighted optimist by stating flatly that "tolerance" or "democracy" cannot be taught, but that such attitudes "occur as by-products."

Thus he starts: subjects not principles must be taught. And after examining humorously and sharply the difficulties of communication between one human being, the teacher, and another, the student, he devotes the solid middle portion of the book to a discussion of what he considers the true subject matter of the curriculum. I cannot think of a better way of suggesting the tone of the book than by giving a brief summary of this curriculum as much in the author's sense and wording as possible.

Mathematics should be induced into the unwilling student's mind (unwilling because it has been taught stupidly) as a system and not as a meaningless set of formulas and might well be studied in conjunction with informal elementary logic. In this way, "the poetical imagination behind the invention of zero" is not wasted.

Bring back the sciences, he says next, into the humanities. Knowledge should not only add to one's powers, but should "enhance the quality of all of them." Also, "The worst danger is the creation of a large, powerful, and complacent class of college-trained uneducated men at the very heart of our industrial and political system."

History he recommends for a sense of proportion about the present as well as the understanding of the past; again impatience with the unimaginative piling up of facts in poor teaching of history. His own words: "Make the sense of the past a function of your mind and you heighten the flavor, enrich the texture of every experience, from politics to art. It is the humanizing faculty par excellence." (Barzun is a teacher of history.)

"What once were frills," music and art, he

would bring into a central position in the college curriculum. "The aim . . . is not to make picture dealers or musical stenographers, but to teach future 'educated' citizens two new and special languages—visual and auditory."

Barzun is entirely dissatisfied with our teaching of languages. Frankly, he thinks they are not taught, and sets out to combine the concentration, or a moderate portion of it, of the army and navy methods with the intelligent relations of these studies (for which the army has no time) to the fact that French or Russian or Portuguese are live languages spoken by live people. And, "Of course, there is one language—though it may be rude to mention it—which was once taught, and which is still a very good introduction to a fairly large group. I mean "L-t-n." It was dropped like a dead thing when the Classics went under for the third time, about twenty years ago. But I see no reason why it should not be revived."

The study of any literature (his chapter title is, "Classics Off the Shelf") should be no genteel pastime but the "gradual and deliberate accustoming of the feelings to strong sensations and precise ideas." One of Barzun's finest passages follows which should be quoted fully: "It (the study of the arts in their great manifestations) is a breaking down of self-will for the sake of finding out what life and its objects may really be like. And this means that most esthetic matters turn out to be moral ones in the end. Great art offers a choice—that of preferring strength to weakness, truth to softness, life to lotus-eating."

The rest of the book deals with the sad and satirical chasm existing today between what the college might be and what it is (not hopelessly) as conditioned by social and monetary pressures. The undeclared war between administrators and

teachers, the ridiculous degradation of the Ph.D. requirement, the disposition of money left to colleges—it becomes buildings which the institution cannot afford or is wasted on tests or projects (easily reported to donors) rather than on the needed number of excellent teachers.

What Jacques Barzun emphatically does not like is hokum, especially the elevated brand of hokum dispensed so delicately in the place of the tougher truth. He ridicules it where he finds it

in our present universities and colleges, where too often it surrounds with the odor of sanctity the mediocre while neglect is dealt out to the authentic teacher. The fact that the college ordinarily has less of this commodity than other communities, only makes the incidence of such hokum more shameful. "Teacher in America" should clear the air at least, and act as a stimulus to another of the many fresh starts that teaching goes through over and over again.

## ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

### Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association

The Agnes Scott Alumnae Association met on Saturday, June 2, 1945, immediately following the Trustees' Luncheon.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Katharine Woltz Green, who extended a cordial welcome to our newest alumnae, the Senior Class. She announced that due to the success of the new Alumnae Fund Plan the Trustees would renew their guarantee of \$5,000 for the Alumnae Association budget for next year. She then read her report which summarized the year's activities of the various committees of the organization. This report will be published in the July Quarterly. Detailed reports from the chairmen of the different committees will also be published; so they were not read.

Visiting alumnae were welcomed. Class reunions were curtailed this year because of travel difficulties.

Changes in the Constitution and By-Laws were presented by Lucy Johnson Ozmer and were accepted by the members. (See committee report.)

The continuation of the term of Mrs. Frances Winship Walters as a Trustee of the Alumnae Association was ratified by a unanimous vote of the members present.

Allie Candler Guy presented a list of

the names chosen by the nominating committee. Eugenia Symms presented nominations sent to the Alumnae Office. The following officers were elected for the new term: President, Margaret McDow MacDougall; First Vice-President, Lulu Smith Westcott; Recording Secretary, Elizabeth Flake Cole; Newspaper Publicity Chairman, Jean Chalmers Smith; Tearoom Chairman, Louise McCain Boyce; Second Floor Chairman, Nell Pattillo Kendall; Constitution and By-Laws Chairman, Marie Simpson Rutland; Grounds Chairman, Charlotte Hunter.

Kitty Green expressed her thanks to the members of the Executive Board for their cooperation and fine work. Penelope Brown Barnett proposed a rising vote of thanks in appreciation of the service rendered by our retiring president, Katharine Woltz Green. The meeting was turned over to the new president, Margaret McDow MacDougall. She introduced the other officers elected for the new term.

It was announced that Carrie Scandrett, Dean of Students, invited the alumnae to an Open House at her new home on the campus after this meeting. There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH FLAKE COLE

Recording Secretary

### President of the Alumnae Association

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The reports of the President and Executive Secretary have been cut to avoid repetition of Committee Reports.*

In many ways the year 1944-45 has been an outstanding one in the history of the Agnes Scott College Alumnae Association. Through the Trustees' generous financial support of five thousand dollars, we have been enabled to inaugurate the Alumnae Fund Plan, whereby alumnae have expressed their loyalty to the college and have participated in its development through voluntary contributions.

Not only did the new plan abolish the old system of dues, but it also insured our having a democratic association in that membership was based on a gift of any size. The Alumnae Fund plan provided for a more progressive organization with two full-time secretaries employed, an office equipped with an addressing machine and modern filing materials, and with an enlarged publications system.

Under the direction of Dr. McCain, the Alumnae Fund Campaign was launched in October. An illustrated pamphlet explaining the new plan was sent to all alumnae on the mailing list. A letter from the President of the Association was sent to those who had not com-

pleted payments on their pledges to the Semi-centennial Fund, stating that payments on their pledges this year would entitle them to Alumnae Association membership. The fall edition of the Alumnae Quarterly devoted eight pages to further promotion of the Alumnae Fund Plan. In March a folder summarizing the results of the plan through the first six months of the school year was circulated to all contributors to the fund, to all graduates, and to those other alumnae who had not been contacted during the year. A real effort was made to keep the file of alumnae addresses accurate and up-to-date.

The results of our experimentation under the new system have been very gratifying. The alumnae have responded generously to our appeal and as of today, June 1, 1945, 798 alumnae have given a total of \$6,156.74. This includes in undesignated gifts \$3,546.25, which will enable us to repay to the Board of Trustees the loan of three thousand dollars. In addition scholarships amounting to \$1,100 have been given to the college through the Fund and payments of \$1,510.49 have been made through the Alumnae Fund on Semi-centennial pledges. The Alumnae Association is indeed happy to repay the loan made by the Trustees and to make these contributions to the college. It is our hope that the Alumnae Fund Plan may become so well established that the Association may be entirely self-supporting and that we may be able to make a substantial gift to the college. Although Mrs. Walters' magnificent gift of \$100,000 was made last summer before our Alumnae Fund Plan was inaugurated, we may claim it for the past year's administration of our Alumnae Association and accept her generosity as an example and a challenge to all loyal daughters of our college.

The Alumnae Quarterly has, during this year, maintained a high standard not only in regard to editorial policy and lay-out, but also in regard to the number of alumnae reached through its circulation. The associate secretary served as Editor of the Quarterly and, in the fall edition, circulated four thousand copies. Subsequent editions have had smaller circulations but have been very favorably received throughout the country.

In compliance with government regulations, the Association has simplified plans for Commencement and has cur-

tailed travel and unnecessary expenditures as much as possible. No class reunions have been planned, but members of the Association living in the vicinity of the college have been invited to the Trustees' Luncheon on June 2.

During the past year we of the Alumnae Association have worked closely with the college administration; we have endeavored to strengthen the ties between alumnae and students; and we have sought in every way to promote the best interests of the scattered daughters of our Alma Mater.

Respectfully submitted,

KATHARINE (WOLTZ) GREEN

#### Executive Secretary

During this first year of the new alumnae fund we have made many progressive steps. When this plan was presented to the Trustees of the college in May 1944, they heartily endorsed the plan and agreed to finance us to the extent of \$5,000. They increased their annual grant to \$2,000 and made us a loan of \$3,000. This enabled us to increase our budget from \$3,978.16 to \$6,689.46. This new budget permitted the enlargement of our staff from one to two full-time secretaries, and thereby increased the services of the office.

The increased appropriation for printing and postage made it possible for us to send the October Preview, the Autumn Quarterly and the March Report of the fund to all graduates whose addresses were known. The new addressing machine greatly facilitated this procedure. The contributors to the fund have received all publications. All of the non-graduates have received one publication.

Numerous letters and comments received from alumnae and friends tell of their wholehearted approval of the new plan and of their appreciation for the enlarged publications and increased activities of the association.

Alumnae Clubs have been active during the year. The groups in Charlotte, Atlanta, Decatur, and Lexington have met quite frequently. On Founder's Day, thirteen additional Clubs held very interesting meetings. The office supplied these club officers with lists of alumnae in their vicinity, names and addresses of possible speakers, recent college publications and view books, victrola records, and a letter of greeting and information from the office. The club of-

ficers returned to the office a report of the meeting and the officers elected, a corrected list of the addresses, and news about all present at the meetings. The lists of new addresses were a great help to our files. Many of the clubs have planned other meetings for the year. At the expense of the college the secretary met with the Charlotte Club in December.

As we believe it is wise to acquaint the students with our activities, several events were planned with the Entertainment Committee to honor students. All during the year the secretary has assisted the Granddaughter's Club with their bi-monthly meetings, and a picnic supper and banquet. The club meets in the alumnae house and the members have visited in the office and have enjoyed looking for their mother's names in the files and scrapbooks. The association provided refreshments for a few of these meetings. These club members have entertained alumnae children on alumnae day and during some meetings of the Decatur Club.

The freshman class was honored at a tea in the Alumnae House and enjoyed visiting the rooms upstairs and the office. The seniors are well on the way to becoming active members of the association. Early in the year they elected their life president and class secretary. Then the class was divided into small congenial groups of eight or ten. Two or three of these small groups were invited to meet together at the Alumnae House in the spring. Out of the 92 invited, 76 came. Light refreshments were served. They elected a group leader who is to gather news for the class secretary, and they filled out their master card for our files. They were given a complimentary copy of the Autumn Quarterly and a report of the Alumnae Fund. Then they observed the files and scrapbooks in the office, and the addressing machine. These seniors were enthusiastic about the work of the association and were especially interested in the Clubs in other cities. The finance committee has approved a recommendation to encourage seniors to make a gift to the association before they graduate so as to make them active members for the remainder of this year and all of the next year.

The increasing circulation of our publications has given us a check on the names and addresses of graduates and non-graduates in our files. Between

October 1944 and April 30, 1945, our office had sent out 12,700 pieces of mail to 6,348 alumnae.

Because this has been a transition year, many problems which came up this year will not develop again. Those alumnae who had contributed dues in the past had to be carried along with new contributors until the dues expired. The addressing machine was purchased this year and we had to work out systems for its effective use. A new bookkeeping system was established for the fund and a method of recording contributions on new permanent cards had to be worked out. This reorganization has at times been difficult, but we believe that the stepping stones are laid for a more serviceable organization in the future. With the trustees continuing their financial assistance, we have every reason to believe that our alumnae will continue to contribute generously to the Alumnae Fund and perhaps in a few years will be able to make a substantial annual gift to our Alma Mater.

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENIA SYMMS

## COMMITTEE REPORTS

### Alumnae Week-End Committee

Approximately two hundred alumnae attended Agnes Scott Alumnae Day, November 9, 1944.

Delightful features of the afternoon were welcome addresses by President McCain and Katharine Woltz Green, Alumnae Association president; a lecture by Miss Emily Woodward, Director of Georgia Public Forum, on her visit to Britain; and a tour of the campus alumnae house and art gallery.

In the evening, the alumnae with their husbands and children were the guests of the College for dinner and for coffee afterwards in the library with the faculty. Dr. Will Durant concluded the evening's program with a brilliant lecture on "Philosophy and the War."

MARY LOUISE (CRENSHAW) PALMOUR

*Chairman*

### Constitution Committee

The following changes in Constitution and By-Laws were approved by the Executive Board and voted on at the Annual Meeting:

### Alumnae Quarterly Editor

With genuine pleasure I signed a contract with the President of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association to serve as editor of the Alumnae Quarterly from October, 1944 through July, 1945. Not having any previous publication experience, I was indeed grateful to Ellen Douglass Leyburn, then Chairman of the Publications Committee, for having planned the theme and requested the articles for the Autumn Quarterly; to Eugenia Symms for helping prepare copy and proofread; to Professor Howard Thomas for advising on the make-up; to Leone Bowers Hamilton for planning and executing the Quarterly layout; to Jane Guthrie Rhodes for advising on editorial policy, and to Dr. McCain for his helpful suggestions. In October, Lita Goss was appointed Chairman of the Publications Committee to succeed Ellen Douglass Leyburn, who resigned because of illness. (See report of this committee for details of its work.)

Besides reading alumni publications of other colleges, planning the Quarterlies, requesting and acknowledging articles, preparing copy, proofreading, confer-

ring with the art editor and publications advisors, and keeping informed on campus events, the biggest claim on the editor's time has been compiling the class news, which has been more abundant this year than ever before.

The Four Quarterlies published in 1944-45 are as follows:

Autumn Quarterly, "Community of Mind," 64 pages; Circulation, 4,000; Cost, \$726.87.

Winter Quarterly, "Swords and Plowshares," 56 pages; Circulation, 1,200; Cost, \$412.38.

Spring Quarterly, "Education at the Crossroads," 68 pages; Circulation, 1,400; Cost, \$511.75.

Summer Quarterly, Commencement Number, 32 pages; Circulation, 1,400; Cost \$278.83.

The valuable cooperation given by authors of articles, Publications Committee, art students, class secretaries, proofreaders (Miss Louise McKinney, Kitty Cunningham Richards, and Katherine Philips), plus the thoughtful letters and comments from alumnae and the privilege of being at Agnes Scott have made this editorship a real joy.

BILLIE (DAVIS) NELSON

### Article 1. Membership.

Section 2. Life Memberships. There will be no life memberships in the future, but the full rights of those who are already life members will be preserved.

### Article IV. Officers and Committees.

Section 2. Change Executive Committee to Executive Board wherever the term appears.

Section 5. (j) Leave out Preparatory Schools Committee. Change other numbering in this section to conform.

### Article VIII. Amendments.

These by-laws may be amended at any meeting by a two-thirds majority vote of the members voting provided that the proposed changes have been authorized by a majority vote of the Executive Board and have been sent to the membership in advance of the meeting.

Article IX. Parliamentary Authority. Section 1. Robert's Rules of Order Revised shall be the Parliamentary Authority of this organization.

LUCY (JOHNSON) OZMER

*Chairman*

### Entertainment Committee

The Entertainment Committee of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association arranged a Freshman Tea in February, and a Dessert-Coffee for Seniors during Commencement. The committee also assisted in entertaining at Alumnae Day and furnished funds for ice cream and cookies for a granddaughters' picnic.

The Alumnae Secretary invited groups of Seniors to the Alumnae House to explain the workings of the Association and its importance. For these she furnished punch, and the committee paid for cookies.

An interesting feature of the Freshman Tea was the presence of two of our distinguished alumnae, Sara Bell Hansell and Marian McCamy Sims as guests of honor.

Expenses for the year were as follows:

Alumnae Day.....	\$16.49
Freshman Tea.....	16.00
Granddaughters' Picnic.....	6.35
Senior Groups.....	4.72
Senior Dessert.....	31.77
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$75.33</b>

The chairman wishes to thank all those not on her committee who so generously gave their help at each of these times.

MARTHA ROGERS NOBLE  
*Chairman*

#### Garden Committee

Expenses from September 1944 through May 1, 1945:	
September 1944	
Cutting hedge.....	\$ 1.90
Cutting grass and trimming....	1.60
December 1944	
250 pansy plants.....	8.75
April 1945	
Cutting grass.....	.75
Cutting hedge.....	1.90
Scraping walks, heavy cleaning around house and in garden.....	8.00
Spreading gravel dust, cleaning pool, replanting water lilies.....	7.75
3 tons of gravel dust at \$3.50 (DeKalb Supply Company)	10.50
Labor, hedge, gravel.....	\$ 7.50
Total.....	\$48.65

Gifts to garden: Camellia plants.

Plants for pool—by Julia Pratt Smith Slack.

The committee is very grateful for the time given so freely by Mrs. R. B. Holt during the summer of 1944 in caring for the pruning of the shrubbery and the essential trimming of the hedge and lawn. Her continued interest during the entire year and her willingness to serve in an advisory capacity when asked to do so have been deeply appreciated.

Many of the "man hours" for the past year have been contributed by Eugenia Symms whose interest in and loyalty to the cause of weeding and planting will not be forgotten! The camellia plants which she gave and set out are welcome additions to the Alumnae House yard.

CHARLOTTE HUNTER  
*Chairman*

#### House Decorations Committee

The expenses of the House Decorations Committee amounted to \$3.76 spent for one uniform, two caps and two aprons for the housemaid. A carpet sweeper

was donated. As house furnishings are hard to get now, we are postponing additions and changes to a later date.

MARY (WARREN) REED  
*Chairman*

#### Publications Committee

The Committee on Publications held four meetings during the past year. Themes and contributors for the individual issues of the Quarterly were discussed as well as topics involving a long-range view of the publication.

Early in the year, the function of the Quarterly was defined and it was decided to slant the appeal of the magazine not only to the selected group of Agnes Scott alumnae but to a wider reading public as well. Each issue was scrutinized with this purpose in mind and the effort was made to balance reports and news of localized interest with articles of more general appeal.

A change in the type paper used, consideration of methods of enlivening and enriching class news, the substitution of drawings for photographs, an enlargement of the field of contributors, and the mixture of articles of a topical nature with others of a more abiding value were some of the means whereby the committee sought this year to make the Quarterly the organ of expression for not only an alumnae group but also a liberal arts college.

LITA GOSS  
*Chairman*

#### Second Floor Committee

Receipts from Alumnae Fund ..	\$50.00
Expenditures:	
12 bath towels .....	\$10.68
6 sheets .....	12.54
1 blanket .....	6.28
1 blanket .....	6.28
1 blanket .....	4.99
2 shades .....	1.18
1 bath set .....	2.98
12 wash cloths .....	1.80
1 pair bath curtains .....	3.27
Total.....	\$50.00
Balance on hand.....	None

ALICE (MCDONALD) RICHARDSON  
*Chairman*

#### Student Loan Committee

Amount on hand 5/44, savings account (and Gov't Bonds, \$300) .....	\$248.56
Deposited 7/44.....	129.96
Loan payment and interest	
Deposited 12/44.....	44.35
Loan payment and interest	
Deposited 1/45 .....	1.77
Interest	
To be deposited in May	
Interest .....	3.75
	<hr/>
	\$428.39

No loans this year!

Outstanding loans 8/44..... \$761.40

Nine letters written to try to collect \$381.00 of this amount. Some was collected. At least \$475.40 may be collected. Several old debts amounting to \$200 seem hopeless and it is the recommendation of this chairman that they be dropped from the books.

JULIA PRATT SMITH SLACK  
*Chairman*

#### Tea Room Committee

The Tea Room Committee presents the following report:

Receipts	
Income from Alumnae Association .....	\$50.00
Expenditures	
Painting back porch of Alumnae House .....	6.50
Three uniforms for maids.....	8.94
Linoleum for table tops.....	3.65
Two serving trays.....	6.98
Twelve dinner plates.....	9.48
Two dozen cups and saucers.....	4.80
Various articles of equipment .....	9.65
Total .....	<hr/>
	\$50.00

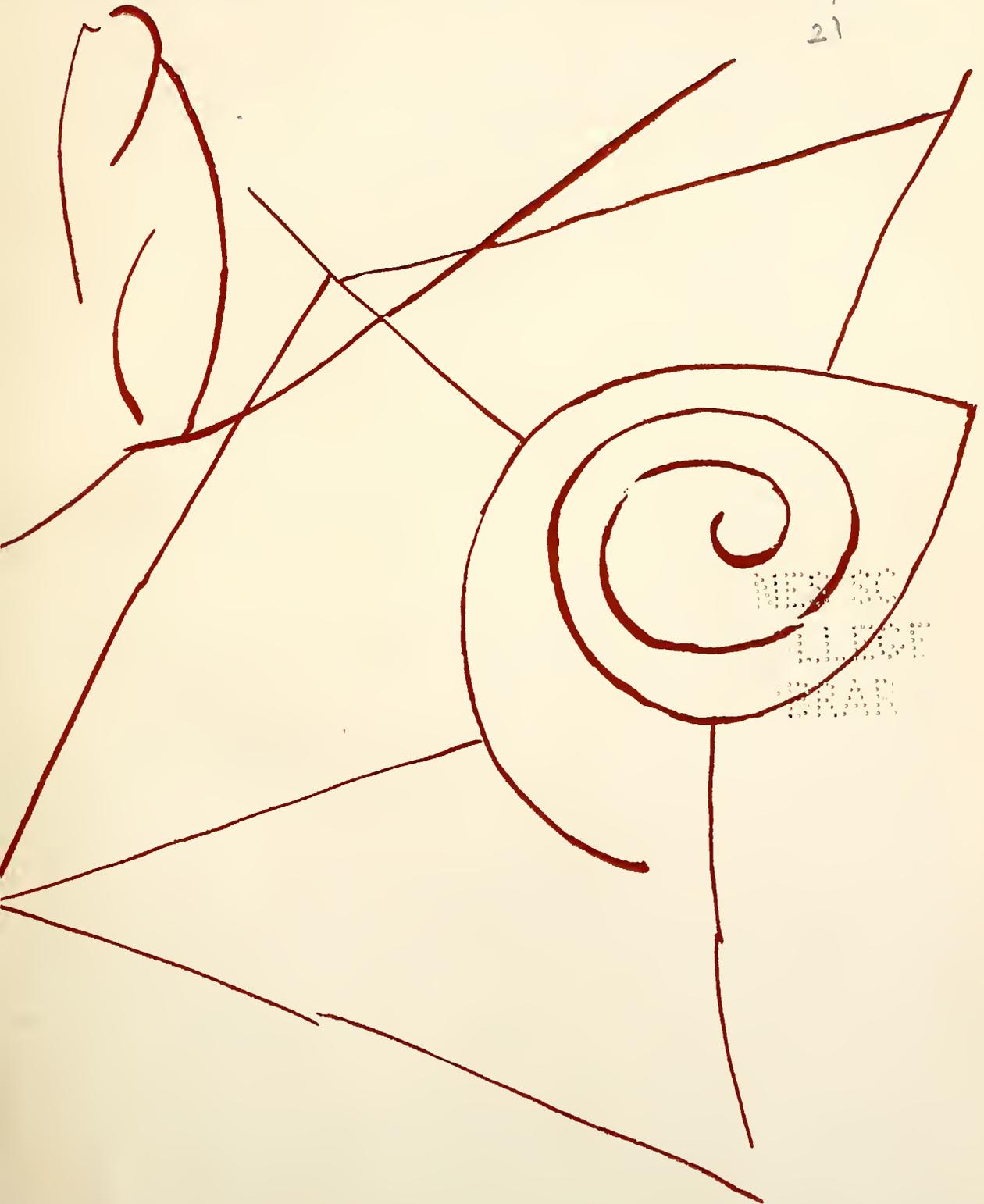
Gifts have come from three sources—From the Decatur Club, six soup plates; from Mrs. Roff Sims, a linen table cloth; from the Tea Room Committee, a large serving tray, a casserole, and one maid's apron.

With pleasure is the announcement made of the return of Mrs. James Bunnell and Mrs. Ewing G. Harris as hostesses and Tea Room managers for the 1945-46 session.

ANNIE (BRYAN) SCOTT  
*Chairman*

# AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



THE WILL TO PEACE

**AUTUMN 1945**

TO  
SUMMER 1946.

EXPLANATION OF THE  
COVER BY THE ARTIST  
ANNE ELCAN '48

WHERE BOMBS ARE FALLING, the apparently insignificant parts of nature cannot carry on an undisturbed growth and development.

THE SPIRAL SHELL, like life, is ever growing and expanding beyond the evolutionary center.

THE SPIDER'S WEB, the integration of the life forces, is impossible without peace.

A HOPE for the development of peace might be found in the metamorphosis of the butterfly, seen here as a cocoon.

PEACE among the little things of nature reflects a transforming process at work in the world of men.

Officers, Staff, Committee Chairmen and Trustees of the Alumnae Association

MARGARET McDOWD MACDOUGALL, 1924  
*President*

LULU SMITH WESTCOTT, 1919  
*First Vice-President*

PATRICIA COLLINS, 1928  
*Second Vice-President*

ELIZABETH FLAKE COLE, 1923  
*Recording Secretary*

BETTY MEDLOCK, 1942  
*Treasurer*

MARGARET RIDLEY, 1933  
*Alumnae Trustee*

FRANCES WINSHIP WALTERS, Inst.  
*Alumnae Trustee*

ELIZABETH WINN WILSON, 1934  
*Constitution and By-Laws*

MARIE SIMPSON RUTLAND, 1935  
*Student Loan*

JEAN CHALMERS SMITH, 1938  
*Newspaper Publicity*

LITA GOSS, 1935  
*Publications*

MARY WARREN READ, 1929  
*House Decorations*

NELL PATILLO KENDALL, 1935  
*Second Floor*

LOUISE MCCAIN BOYCE, 1934  
*Tearoom*

CHARLOTTE E. HUNTER, 1929  
*Grounds*

MARY CRENSHAW PALMOUR, Inst.  
*Alumnae Week-End*

MARTHA ROGERS NOBLE, 1914  
*Entertainment*

STAFF

*Executive Secretary*  
EUGENIA SYMMS, 1936

EMILY HIGGINS, 1945, *Assistant*

*Editor of the Quarterly*  
MARY JANE KING, 1937

LEONE B. HAMILTON, 1926, *Art Editor*

Published four times a year (November, February, April, and July) by the Alumnae Association of Agnes Scott College at Decatur, Georgia. Contributors to the Alumnae Fund receive the magazine. Yearly subscription, \$2.00. Single copies 25 cents. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office of Decatur, Georgia under Act of August 24, 1912.

November 1, 1945

Dear Alumnae:

Let me thank you for handing over to me an organization in such excellent shape. Last year was a crucial one for the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association. Our leaders stepped out boldly and initiated the Alumnae Fund Plan to replace the out-moded system of paying dues. Their faith in you was justified, for through your generosity the undesignated gifts totaled \$3,657 as against \$900 collected from dues the previous year.

This increased income has enabled us to employ a more adequate staff which means a more efficient organization. We have a full-time editor for our quarterly. As this is the chief link between you and the association, we want it to continue on the same high level it has achieved. Our alumnae secretary, relieved of any responsibility for publications, is free to give more time to the Alumnae Fund, the files, correspondence with alumnae, planning for clubs, etc.

In spite of the progress made last year, only 11% of our alumnae contributed to the fund. We hope for a much greater percentage of contributors this year. The amount of your gift is immaterial; what we covet is your active participation in the association. We value your opinions on our problems and those of the college. If you could visit the campus and express them personally, it would be ideal; if this isn't possible, we would appreciate a letter.

As our fund grows our secretary hopes to visit the various clubs and also help you to organize new ones. If you have never belonged to an Agnes Scott club you have missed something. The fellowship and intellectual stimulation derived from the meeting is worth the effort of organizing a club and keeping it going.

Through these contacts you and I, as alumnae, strive to keep alive in our hearts the ideals of Agnes Scott—the conception given us there of a larger life outside ourselves. This vision stimulates us, as a small group who have enjoyed the privilege of a liberal education, to pay our debt by making a worthy contribution to the civic, cultural and religious life within our separate spheres of influence.

Sincerely yours,

*Margaret McDow MacDougall*

President Alumnae Association

60868

# WINTER CALENDAR

## MUSIC

- December 3 Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.  
9 Christmas Carols 5 P.M.  
January 7 Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.  
21 C. W. Dieckmann, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.  
February 4 Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.  
8-9 "Pirates of Penzance"

## ART

- January Bechtell Collection of Daumier and Callot Prints  
10-31 Modern Chinese Woodcuts from the American Federation of Arts  
February Drawings and Paintings by Leone B. Hamilton

## LECTURES

- January Robert Frost (Dates to be announced)  
17-18 President Howard F. Lowry, Wooster College, Ohio 8:30 P.M.  
Thursday, 10:30 A.M. Friday  
February Emile Cailliet, French scholar, author, and professor of French  
12-13 literature and philosophy at Wesleyan University. Subjects:  
"Pascal and the Genius of France" 8:30 P.M. Tuesday  
"Christianity and Naturalism" Wednesday

## RELIGION

- December 5 Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, University of Chicago, 10:30 A.M.  
February 6 Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, Drew Theological Seminary, 10:30 A. M.  
18-20 Campus Christian Mission

## SPORTS

- December 7 Varsity-Alumnae Hockey Game

## HOLIDAYS

- December 18 Christmas Vacation  
February 22 Founder's Day, Alumnae Day. Full afternoon and evening  
program including dinner.

# Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

*"The Will to Peace"*

*Autumn 1945*

*Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia*

*Vol. 24 No. 1*

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# THE CAMPUS CARROUSEL

THE WILL TO PEACE is strong in the hearts of a few anxious Americans who fear a recurrence of the reactionary 20s. These few want the spirit of man to rise to meet the challenge of the atomic age. As men of science and industrial engineers the world over cooperated to meet a deadline with nuclear research and the practical development of the atomic bomb, so now is the will of good men everywhere challenged to meet a deadline with a new conception of world government and the practical development of world citizenship. In this *Quarterly* we bring you the thinking of some who have observed in far places the reactions of everyday people to the end of war . . . a careful analysis and interpretation of the most practical tool we have for establishing world order, the United Nations Charter . . . a thoughtful discussion of a two-edged domestic problem which is cutting deeply into our national unity . . . the inspiring 1945 Agnes Scott Investiture address which suggests the means by which men may reach that proper adjustment between themselves and other people through a more perfect understanding of the nature of man . . . and another in our distinguished series of campus portraits, portrait of our president, whose life illustrates that proper adjustment of man to man.



Eleanor Compton

IF WE APPLY THE ATOMIC THEORY TO THE PATTERN OF SOCIAL LIFE, we need not so much to “view with alarm” as to grasp with comprehension the state of flux which has all the appearance of utter confusion. The human nostalgia for “normalcy,” the “good old days” is ignorance of the nature of social structure and a renouncement of responsibility. Social change is a necessity in the vital life processes of the fundamental values rather than a nullification of them. What is most enduring is most fluid. Out of the confusion of our moment in time comes an opportunity for definitive action — for men to exert their will for the accomplishment of the greatest good for the greatest number to a greater extent than ever before. The United States which in its history has illustrated unity through diversity and order through chaos is uniquely prepared for leadership in the establishment of world order.

LEADERSHIP IN PEACE must come from all our people but especially from our seven and one half million college trained people. Liberal education has been undergoing a rigid re-examination. A flood of studies, reports, conferences, magazine articles and books reflects a critical analysis of the curricula, the aims, mission and accomplishments of general education. This is healthy. It has strengthened the position of liberal education in relation to world progress. Agnes Scott is a part of this movement. Mr. Hayes representing the humanities, Miss Mell the social sciences, Mr. Christian the physical sciences, and Mr. Stukes administration are participating in the Work Conferences on Higher Education sponsored by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The report of the Harvard committee on the Objectives of a General Education in a Free Society published by the Harvard University Press (1945) is being studied on the campus as well as preliminary reports of the Yale study. This interest in the future of liberal education and its role in world affairs should be

shared by alumnae. Agnes Scott alumnae are 7700 of the seven and one half million college trained. We believe that women should receive a liberal education and not merely a handsomely bound cook book, and we believe that women so educated have a special mission to seek and to find. This year's *Quarterly* in its presentation of the general theme, our college and the world, will contain articles on movements in liberal education and on women's "place under the sun."

**WAR COUNCIL AT AGNES SCOTT** decided not to change its name but to continue work on World War II problems not solved by military victory. Its public instruction committee bombards the college community with questions in the *News* each week which either prod to alertness or cause us to bow in shame that our "mind is campused." A petition signed by faculty and students was sent to President Truman expressing belief in sharing information on the atomic bomb.

**SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED.** A bus to provide transportation for students commuting between Agnes Scott and Emory. Majors in art and music. Informal talks on art, open to all, with an abundance of illustration and a minimum of explanation. Seniors reading for honors, a program which provides a new kind of student-faculty relationship and a certain amount of specialization. A large number of new faculty members: Henry C. Forman from Wesleyan College, head of the art department; Leone B. Hamilton '26, assistant in art; Anne Turner, instructor in Latin and Greek; Rachel S. Sutton, assistant in teacher training; Margaret Buchner, assistant professor of Spanish; Claire Buckmaster, instructor in music and director of chorus work; John F. Messick, assistant in mathematics; Gertrude Natusch, instructor in economics and sociology; Mary Trammell, assistant in catalogue department of the library; May Lyons '44, assistant in biology; Martha Jean Gower '45, assistant in physics. A new assistant in the alumnae office, Emily Higgins '45.

**DISTINGUISHED VISITORS ON THE CAMPUS.** Dr. Tucker Brooke of Yale, leading American authority on Shakespeare, speaking three times in October on Shakespeare, Marlowe and Queen Elizabeth as a part of the program of English lectures made possible by a special grant of \$2000. Dr. Will D. Howe, former professor at Indiana and Columbia Universities, one-time editor and director of Charles Scribner's Sons, author of *Charles Lamb and His Friends* and other books, speaking at the Agnes Scott library during Book Week in November on Book Collecting as a spur to students entering the Louise McKinney Book Contest and on several later occasions. Emil Holtzhauer, professor of art at Wesleyan Conservatory, speaking to art students on the work of Robert Henri. Marquis Childs, Washington correspondent and author of such books as *Sweden —the Middle Way* and *Toward a Dynamic America*, brought to the campus in November by the Lecture Association to speak on "The Politics of the Peace." Dr. Robert Scharf, Viennese art collector, speaking on "The Differences between Classic and Modern Art" to open the exhibition of his large collection of etchings by Renoir, Manet, Matisse, Kollwitz, Toulouse-Lautrec and others which he managed to bring out of Nazi Germany.

**THE FROST COLLECTION.** To the library's growing collection of Robert Frost the kindness of the poet and the generosity of Miss Laney have added a number of first editions and limited numbered editions of his work, all of them inscribed with short poems or notes in his handwriting. The impressive collection given to Miss Laney by the poet has been given to the library. Included are the valuable collector's item, a first edition of *North of Boston* (1914) as first published in England, inscribed with a quatrain of verse; *A Way Out* (1929) with poet's apology for a "damaged copy" of his "only prose play so far"; recently published *A Masque of Reason* wherein Job and his wife converse with God in

a kind of drama; *Collected Poems* (1930), "his poems in the form he has most enjoyed seeing them in," a copy which appears to have been used by the poet; and other volumes. Also included are a number of hand-sewn pamphlets containing single poems used as Christmas greetings by the poet and his publisher and a catalogue of Dartmouth's Frost exhibition in 1944. In the latter pamphlet is an early poem "In England" below which the author confesses with characteristic humor that the climate in England "turned out to be less oceanic" than his preconceived description in the poem implied.

**THE RETIREMENT OF DR. MCCAIN.** Dr. McCain has spoken frequently during the past year to alumnae about the approaching time for his retirement as president of Agnes Scott. Both he and the Board of Trustees want each alumnae to be conscious of the situation and feel free to make suggestions for a possible successor. This fall at Dr. McCain's request, the faculty elected a committee to assist the committee of trustees in finding the right person for such significant responsibilities. The committee consists of Miss Lucile Alexander, charman, Miss Carrie Scandrett, Mr. George P. Hayes, Mr. S. G. Stukes, all elected, and Miss Margaret Ridley appointed to serve because of her position as member of the faculty and an alumnae trustee. Three alumnae, therefore, represent you on this committee whose function is to gather faculty and alumnae opinion regarding the type of person best qualified for the presidency and to consider carefully any specific person suggested for the place. The committee asks that you consider the matter and send your suggestions in writing to Miss Alexander or to any member of the committee. They are now at work and hope to hear from many alumnae as soon as possible.

**WE ARE REPRESENTED ABROAD** by Professor Walter Posey, head of the history department, who is teaching in the Army University Center No. 1 in Shrivenham, England, near Oxford. The Army University gives college instruction to men waiting to return to the States. Three thousand six hundred twenty-five GIs enrolled for the first eight-week semester for 283 courses in eight departments. Mr. Posey is seeing England by jeep and bicycle in his free time and sometimes stops in at Oxford for a bit of tea with the history dons.

**THANKS TO THE FORMER EDITOR.** The Editor wishes to thank our former editor, Billie Davis Nelson, now working in a settlement house in Indianapolis, for the major portion of work on this *Quarterly* which would not otherwise be available for publication. Billie maintained a high standard of excellence in her work which drew praise from many quarters. We wish her all success in her new career.

# thoughts on the causes of the present discontents

ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN '27



THE TITLE "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents," as some of you recognize, I have borrowed from Edmund Burke. The discontents of the year 1770 were grave. Cherished English liberties were being threatened by the petty narrowness and selfishness of the privileged members of society—causes not strikingly different from those which threaten liberty today, except that we must think in terms of the parliament of the world rather than of the Parliament of Great Britain in judging false bases of exclusion. What concerned Burke in the disorders of the moment was to call his countrymen to a consideration of first principles. A few years ago when the causes of our present discontents were gathering to a head, one of my classes was studying Burke. At the end of the hour one day, a student came to me and said with passionate earnestness, "If only Burke were alive now, he would tell us what to do." But Burke was little enough heeded in his own day; nor is it for want of prophets that we are in danger of perishing.

We are bombarded in the press by such sound sentences as:

*... he who has been able to bend the secret forces of nature to his will can impel his own nature to the betterment not the destruction of mankind.*

or

*Young men . . . must think and live in the knowledge that only the compulsion of their will to peace can save them from the compulsion of arms.*

or

*We have won one war by force of arms. Now we must win the greater and more imperative one by force of ideas.*

or again

*We must understand that both our fears and our hopes are centered not about the material forces of the universe, but about ourselves. The explosive energies of the human personality are far greater than*

*those of the atom, and can have a more devastating effect if released in the wrong way.*

We have heard the counsels of the wise until we are inured to their wisdom. We acknowledge the truth that we are now one world by the compulsion of science; but we continue to eat steaks while Greeks and Frenchmen starve. We have been told until our minds cease to register the fact, that atomic power will destroy us utterly unless it is used to create instead of to destroy and that it is only by world government that it can be directed; yet we declare that we will not share its so-called "secret," and thus we challenge Russia to a race to make such forces of destruction as we still only dimly conceive. It is not, I repeat, for want of wise counselors to guide us that we flounder in "dereliction and dismay." It is rather, I think, for want of wisdom within ourselves, for want of willingness to look at our own natures and to reckon with the basis upon which we have to live in the world with which we are confronted. It is at least partly within that we must seek the causes of the present discontents. And their resolution depends upon our summoning all our powers of intelligence and character to make effective the counsels that are not wanting to us.

Indeed in a way we do have Burke himself alive to tell us what to do, for Burke's own thoughts are as pertinent to our present discontents as to those of which he wrote:

*. . . we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling, that belongs to*

*our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget that we are gentlemen.*

Then after several sentences about public virtue, he goes on:

*To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch as well as he that goes over to the enemy.*

*There is, however, a time for all things. It is not every conjuncture which calls with equal force upon the activity of honest men; but critical exigencies now and then arise; and I am mistaken, if this be not one of them.*

In the year that those words were uttered there was born in the Cumberland hills another Englishman whose voice still speaks to us. The poet Wordsworth reached manhood just in time to feel as a first impact of the world of men the last of the great critical exigencies about which Burke was to speak. The French Revolution was the occasion of Burke's last major declaration of himself and Wordsworth's first. When the mature statesman and the young poet wrote about particular events was almost diametrically opposite; but what they both want saved alive is the spirit of man. Wordsworth is voicing

the very essence of Burke's whole philosophy when he declares

*by the soul*

*Only, the Nations shall be great and free.*

And souls of nations are simply the souls of so many individuals.

Thus it is from Wordsworth that I should like to take as it were my text. It is this:

*Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
Like harmony in music.*

It seems to me that one of the highest claims Wordsworth makes upon our attention is his steadfast recognition of our human condition of being compelled to live in two worlds at once. He voices and re-iterates it in such passages as:

*Our destiny, our being's heart and home,  
Is with infinitude, and only there;  
With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be.*

or

*The views and aspirations of the soul  
To majesty.*

juxtaposed to such comments as:

*I sought  
For present good in life's familiar face.  
and  
. . . in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,  
We find our happiness, or not at all!*

We all, I think, feel at times like the cynic who answered when one spoke to him of the kingdom of heaven, "One world at a time, Brother, one world at a time." But we cannot have one world at a time. We are bound by the very terms on which we have life at all to live two lives at once. We cannot if we would have the life of the flesh to-day and the life of the spirit tomorrow. While

we pursue selfish ends, we are haunted by the awareness of our fellows; and in our most magnanimous gestures, we find the taint of selfish desires. In our very mirth we are disturbed by a sense of our divinity; and in our most sublimated spiritual experiences we are conscious of our earthiness. Donne conveys this in speaking of prayer:

*I throw my selfe downe in my Chamber,  
and I call in and invite God, and his Angels  
thither, and when they are there, I neglect  
God and his Angels, for the noise of a Flie,  
for the rattling of a Coach, for the whining  
of a doore; I talke on, in the same posture  
of praying; Eyes lifted up; knees bowed  
downe; as though I prayed to God; and, if  
God, or his Angels should aske me, when I  
thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot  
tell: Sometimes I finde that I had forgot  
what I was about, but when I began to for-  
get it, I cannot tell. A memory of yester-  
days pleasures, a feare of to morrows dan-  
gers, a straw under my knee, a noise in  
mine eare, a light in mine eye, an any thing,  
a nothing, a fancy, a Chimera in my braine,  
troubles me in my prayer. So certainly is  
there nothing, nothing in spirituall things,  
perfect in this world.*

In our elevation we are brought low; and in our corruption we are exalted. Our aspiration is always for the unattainable for the very reason that we have in our imperfect state a sense of perfection. Consequently, entire satisfaction of our own natures is impossible; complete fulfillment is forever beyond us in so far as we are human. As A. E. Housman puts it:

*The troubles of our proud and angry dust  
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.*

You notice that Housman, like Wordsworth, uses with new-wrought imagination the ancient symbol of the dust, the most ephemeral form of earth, for this earthy substance of which we are made. But I submit to you that precisely what troubles our dust is the sense of eternity. It is indeed a divine discontent, a blessed curse. To use Sir Thomas Browne's words:

*There is surely a piece of divinity in us;  
some thing that was before the elements,  
and owes no homage unto the sun.*

And this it is that compels us forever to search for something beyond ourselves and at the same time compels us to try to find it by bringing this world in which we must live always into nearer relation to the world in which we have our being's heart and home. We are driven by the power within us, by the very condition of our humanity, to try to find the satisfaction of our own natures by relating ourselves in the most significant way to other people. We are impelled to seek harmony within ourselves by groping for a way out of our solitariness. Indeed, the whole lifelong process of a liberal education is an attempt to break down the walls that isolate us by discovering the patterns of thought that can release our spirits; that can show us all the varied manifestations of the being of man in every branch of knowledge; that can reveal us to ourselves through the ceaseless effort of art to complete what in life seems fragmentary and incoherent; that can in fact liberalize us and identify our faltering separate minds with Man's unconquerable mind, which Wordsworth speaks of as one of the Powers that work for freedom. And our studies, if they are liberal studies, are not separate from experience. They are themselves the most quickening of experiences, part

of the very life of the spirit, showing us the way to wisdom and generosity in private dealings with our fellows and to faithful and large spirited performance of our public duties: duties which range from such efforts of the imagination as the attempt to understand Russia's attitude about the Advisory Commission in Japan to the simpler if sometimes as difficult efforts in action that involve finding time to write to our senators in protest against allowing Europe to starve, or in my case managing to get over to Decatur to vote for the bond issue. Our self-development cannot be a private affair. The very sense of our insurmountable separateness forces us to make such conquest of it as we may. Development must be—as Burke said of liberty—a general principle. What we covet for ourselves we are bound to covet for all men and to seek to make possible beyond ourselves as the condition of our own growth. When Burke says, "he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch as well as he that goes over to the enemy," he is speaking of public duty. But exactly in so far as we fail toward others, we fail toward ourselves. If we sleep upon our watch in the effort to fulfill "justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices" required of us, we cannot find the inner harmony that we seek. By trying to make one world in Willkie's sense of this diverse and confused world of strikes in our own country, frustrated peace conference in London, civil war in China, and fascism in Argentina; by realizing that we are truly "involved in mankind even when the men who make up mankind seem most alien to us, we bring ourselves into some sort of connection *with* ourselves. This search for harmony between the two worlds that each of us carries about becomes in part a seeking of a proper adjustment of ourselves to other people.

with the realization that each of them also lives always on at least two planes at once. The harmony in music of which Wordsworth speaks is subtle and complex beyond the reach of art; and yet he affirms it as a reality. If it must remain for most of us an ideal, "still longed for, never seen," at least the longing is inescapable and in itself redeems our dust and compels us to transcend it.

The German, Franz Kafka, has written an allegorical novel called *The Castle* which seems to me to set forth with uncanny power the feeling of struggle within us. The hero comes to the neighborhood of the castle feeling that he has a duty to perform there, but he cannot reach the castle. Nor does he know what it is like or what his mission is. He keeps trying to get in touch with the castle authorities, but always he is baffled and thrown back upon himself. He makes many connections in the hope of reaching his objective; but friends turn into enemies, messages are confused and contradictory, and most

of the people he meets seem in league to thwart him. His own weakness distracts him, and he gets turned aside by trivial occasions. But always he comes back to whatever it is that binds him with a strange compulsion to seek to get to the castle. The novel is unfinished; and Kafka may have meant anyway to leave us with the impression that there is no reaching the castle, only sometimes a sort of satisfaction in the midst of bewilderment from the persistent search—the conception that Clough voiced in the line: "Say not the struggle nought availeth."

But the true prophets, I think, offer us more than this: the courage to deal undaunted with the troubles of our proud and angry dust exactly because they are from eternity and must endure, the wisdom to listen to the

*Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.*

*This article was the Investiture Address given on November 3.—Ed.*

# BRIGHT AUTUMN

*Martha Young Bell ex '36*

Arise, frail heart, from shadows of the past.  
This is no time for brooding or for pain.  
Bright autumn brings her color box at last  
To paint the earth in vividness again.

Look to the branches of the maple tree:  
Her leaves are waving plumes of gold and red;  
The gay wind scatters them in reckless glee—  
They whirl to rest at last upon earth's bed.

The golden sunbeams dance from out the sky  
Where dwells this queen upon her dazzling throne.  
See there a band of starlings southward fly;  
One faithful brown bird stays to sing alone.

Arise, frail heart, this is a world of mirth.  
There is not time to sigh your life away.  
Take for your own God's gracious gift to Earth—  
The flaming challenge of an autumn day.

*men of good will can shape a world nearer to the heart's desire*

CATHERINE S. SIMS

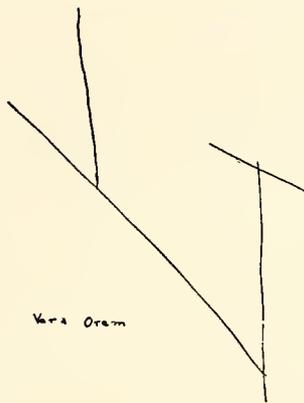
ASSOCIATE HISTORY PROFESSOR AT AGNES SCOTT PREDICTS

## A FUTURE FOR THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS fall into three great divisions—security, justice and welfare. Security means the protection of all nations, great and small, against attack. Justice means the protection of human rights and liberties by the development of international law and ethics. Welfare means the achievement of social and economic conditions under which men can live in contentment.

These are broad generalizations; yet they comprise within them all the specific problems of peace; the disunity of Europe, the rising nationalism of Asia, the rights of small nations, the needs of colonial peoples, the protection of racial and religious minorities, the limitation of armaments, the revival of world trade, the banishment of hunger and want.

We have seen a war which began fourteen years ago in Asia spread until it crossed the Atlantic and Pacific to our own country. We know by sad experience that no nation, not even the strongest, can make itself secure alone; that none, not even the richest, can achieve the maximum in welfare alone; that none, not even the



freest, can enjoy justice and liberty alone.

Mindful of this, delegates of fifty nations met in San Francisco and there drew up a Charter of the United Nations. They established a General Assembly, a Security Council, an Economic and Social Council, a Trusteeship Council, and a Court of Justice. These agencies are the tools with which men of good will can shape a world nearer to their heart's desire.

The Charter states the purposes and principles of the United Nations. The purposes are, first, to maintain peace and security by collective action; second, to bring about the peaceful settlement of international disputes with due regard for justice; third, to foster friendly relations among nations in any appropriate way; fourth, to achieve international cooperation in social, economic and humanitarian matters; fifth, to encourage respect for "human rights and fundamental freedoms" for all without discrimination. The principles of the organization are the recognition of the sovereign equality of all member

nations and the obligation of all member nations to settle disputes without resort to force.

The General Assembly of the United Nations is a representative body in which each of the fifty members will have one vote. Decisions are to be by a two-thirds vote on important questions; by a majority vote on less important. The Assembly will meet regularly once a year but may meet more often in special session. Its specific functions include the election of the six non-permanent members of the Security Council and all the members of the Economic and Social Council, the admission of new members to the United Nations, and the supervision of the Trusteeship Council.

Its most important general functions are to study and recommend to member nations principles of international cooperation. In particular, it is to seek to encourage the reduction and regulation of national armaments; to develop a body of international law; to encourage cooperative action on economic, social, cultural, educational and other humanitarian matters; and to promote respect for human rights and freedoms. It is in a sense the custodian of an international bill of rights.

The Assembly may call to the attention of the Security Council any situation or dispute which seems likely to endanger peace and security. In addition, it may discuss any question within the scope of the Charter, that is, involving security, justice, or welfare, and may make recommendations on it to member nations or to the Security Council. But if the Security Council is already considering a specific dispute or question, the Assembly should not make any recommendations on that particular dispute or question.

Clearly, the Assembly's powers and functions are largely limited to discussion and recommendation. Its powers are very much inferior to those of the Security Council. Yet we should do well to wait and see before we dismiss the Assembly as of no value. It is the place where the small nations, meeting on equal terms with the great, can make their contribution to a better world. In the Assembly not only will small nations meet with great, but democracies with dictatorships, American nations with European, European with Asiatic, Asiatic with African. It is the place, and the only place, where world public opinion can be formed and can find expression. Out of it may some day develop that intellectual and spiritual internationalism which is one of the cornerstones of a just and durable peace.

The International Court of Justice is to consist of fifteen judges elected by the Assembly and the Security Council, voting separately, from nominees suggested by members of the United Nations and by those states belonging to the Permanent Court of Arbitration (established in 1899). The duties of the Court are to render decisions on cases submitted by member nations and to give advisory opinions on legal questions submitted by other agencies of the United Nations. The Court has no power to enforce its decisions and, certainly, its jurisdiction is limited. For the present it will be only a secondary agency of the United Nations. Yet, the growth of an abiding peace will march with the growth of the Court. A kind of peace can be kept by force. A just peace can be kept only by law. We should work to make the Court the custodian of a body of international law, binding all na-

tions, punishing each for its misdeeds, protecting each in its liberty.

The real authority of the United Nations is vested in the Security Council, which both makes policies and executes them. The Council consists of eleven member nations. Five of these will be permanent: the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, and China. Six additional member nations will be elected by the General Assembly for a two-year term. The Council will function continuously and members, both permanent and non-permanent, must be represented at its place of meeting at all times.

The Council has a variety of functions. For example, it is to recommend to the General Assembly the admission of new members to the United Nations and the suspension or expulsion of existing members for violations of the Charter. It also nominates the Secretary-General who is to be elected by the Assembly.

The chief duties of the Security Council, however, are the promotion of the peaceful settlement of disputes and the prevention of aggression. In these matters it has primary responsibility and all members of the organization are obligated to accept and carry out its decisions.

In the first instance, member nations are urged to seek of their own accord some peaceful means of settling disputes between themselves. They may resort to arbitration, negotiation, or submission of the dispute to the Court of Justice. The Council will enter the situation only under one of two conditions. First, if it is requested to intervene by the General Assembly or by any member of the United Nations. In addition, a nation which does not belong to the United Nations may ask the Council to intervene in a dis-

pute to which it is a party. The nation in question must agree, in advance and for that particular dispute, to follow peaceful means of settlement. Second, the Council may intervene of its own motion if the parties to a dispute have not tried to settle it peacefully or if, having tried, they have failed. The Council can act on its own motion in any case where it believes that international peace is in danger.

When a dispute does come before the Council, it may recommend procedures for peaceful settlement, such as reference of the dispute to the Court of Justice or to impartial mediators. It may also, after investigation, recommend specific terms of settlement. In any case, every member of the United Nations is obligated by the Charter to accept and carry out in good faith the recommendations of the Council.

It has the additional duties of preventing aggression where possible, and punishing it where it has already occurred. Any nation which refuses to attempt peaceful settlement of a dispute or which refuses to accept recommendations for peaceful settlement is liable to punitive action by the Council. The same is true of any nation which resorts to force in violation of the Charter.

The Charter envisages three types of sanctions or penalties which the Council may order in case of threatened or actual aggression. It may order all members of the United Nations to break off diplomatic relations with the guilty party. It may order them to break off economic relations and to sever sea, land and air communications. Finally, it is empowered to use land, sea, and air forces against the guilty party.

All members of the organization are obligated to place at the disposal of the Council certain land, sea, and air forces and facilities, in accord-

ance with their ability. In particular, national air-contingents are to be kept in readiness at all times for immediate use by the Council. The number and type of such forces and facilities are to be arranged by individual agreements to be concluded with the Security Council. Nations with greater resources will have correspondingly heavier responsibilities in this respect.

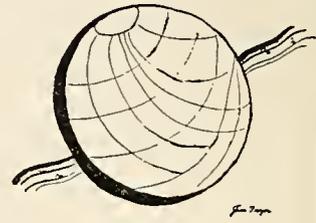
The Council will be assisted in concluding these agreements and in making use of the forces and facilities by the Military Staff Committee, which will consist of the chiefs of staff of the five permanent members of the Council.

This collective agreement for security does not prevent any nation from using force in its own defense against attack before the Security Council comes to its aid. Nor does it prevent regional security agreements from functioning. But these latter are subordinated to the collective security agreement of the United Nations.

The voting procedure in the Council provides for an affirmative vote of any seven members on "procedural" questions, such as the raising of a matter for discussion by the Council. Decisions of the Council on "all other matters" are to be made by the affirmative vote of seven members including all of the permanent members. Thus, each great nation has a broad power of veto on the acts of the Council.

Anyone can see that this discriminates against the small nations. It wouldn't be allowed in Utopia. But we don't live in Utopia. We live in a world dominated by the concept of national sovereignty. Since, for a long time to come, peace must be kept by military force or at least by force in reserve, the real burden of keeping the peace rests on those countries which are strong-

est in a military sense, that is, the United States, Russia, and Great Britain, and, at a secondary level, France and China. In the present low state of international morality, they are entitled to a veto on the use of their military forces.



The Economic and Social Council will consist of eighteen members elected by the Assembly for a three-year term. Voting in the Council will be by a simple majority. The presence of this Council in the organization reflects recognition of the fact that some of the basic causes of war lie in economic and social matters. Hungry neighbors make bad neighbors. The race for power between nations is partly at least a race for oil wells, coal mines, rubber plantations, wheat-producing lands, and arteries of communication. Furthermore, the foreign policy of nations is influenced by internal social and economic problems. It is easy to lead into a war of aggression any nation whose people can be told that their troubles have been caused by the policies of other countries and who believe that their troubles can be solved by conquering the territories of their neighbors.

The chief duties of the Council are to collect and disseminate information on social, economic, and humanitarian matters, to make recommendations to the General Assembly and individual member nations, and to coordinate the work of special agencies in its field.

It is easy to see that the Economic and Social Council could carry out a fruitful program of

research and recommendation through its own efforts and through the work of specialized agencies like the International Labor Organization and the International Committee on Food and Agriculture. It could work on such different matters as health problems, tariff policies, labor standards, nutrition, and international finance. Its work could be the basis for international cooperation with a view to creating social and economic conditions favorable to justice and welfare, and so to peace.

However, the root of world economic and social problems lies in national policies. No progressive policy on an international scale will be possible if national policies are backward. In fact, two obvious barriers now exist to constructive international cooperation in social, economic, and related matters. One is the fact that the countries of the world are at different stages of development. The same policy or procedure is neither possible nor desirable for every country. The second barrier is the fact that for the predictable future the control of social and economic policies will remain in the hands of national governments. The Economic and Social Council can only study and recommend. The opportunity exists for the Council to mirror the most enlightened world opinion and to do some missionary work on the nations which need it—big nations and little, rich and poor. The fulfillment of this opportunity rests with the members of the United Nations.

The Trusteeship Council is intended to deal with another basic cause of war, imperialism. The dependent or colonial areas of the world have been, by reason of their strategic or economic value, or both, a cause for conflict among the independent nations, especially the great

powers. In addition, the peoples of some of these colonial powers have come to resent their dependent status and to demand self government.

In recognition of the danger to peace from imperialist rivalries and to promote the well-being of colonial peoples, the Charter of the United Nations binds all member nations who have colonies to put the interests of the native peoples first; to assist them in a progressive advance toward self-government; and to govern them with regard for the interests of the rest of the world, allowing equal access for all nations to colonial resources.

Members of the United Nations may place under the supervision of the Trusteeship Council any colonies or mandates which they now hold or which they may acquire. Any colony so put in trust will continue to be administered by the ruling power as at present, but the Trusteeship Council will exercise general supervision over the colony, may receive an annual report from the governing power, and may also receive and investigate petitions from the residents of such a colony. Certain colonial territories may be designated in whole or in part as strategic areas. Such strategic areas would come under the supervision of the Security Council, rather than the Trusteeship Council. The membership of the latter Council is not determined in the Charter but will include nations which govern colonies placed in trust, the great powers, and additional members of the United Nations who do not administer colonies in trust.

The system of trusteeship thus provided is optional with imperial powers. They "may," not "must," place their colonies under the Council. In addition, the Council's powers are limited

to investigation and recommendation. But, like the Economic and Social Council, it is potentially capable of making a real contribution toward removing some of the basic causes of war.

The Charter of the United Nations is not a perfect document. The Security Council is too strong and the Assembly too weak. The special position given to the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France and China, including their right to veto amendments to the Charter, is undemocratic. If the organization is to function at all, the great powers must maintain and increase their unity. If it is to function constructively they must show a high degree of wisdom and must cease to exalt sovereignty above all else.

Yet the agencies established by the Charter are only tools. It is men who must use them, for good or evil. According to their use the General Assembly may be a sounding board, or a world legislature, and the Security Council may be a great power dictatorship, or a police force protecting all people in the enjoyment of security, justice, and welfare. The principles and purposes of the United Nations are set forth in eloquent phrases. They must be translated into deeds. The reality of the support of the Charter by this and every other nation will be demon-

strated by a constructive and cooperative attitude in the meetings of the Security Council, the Assembly and the other agencies. The new organization will be no better and go no further than the nations which belong to it. World order will not be accomplished in a single act but through the continuous and mature cooperation of nations.

Let us not make a bogey of the power which the United Nations can mobilize through this Charter. There is nothing necessarily evil about power itself, but only about the use of power. Used well, with regard for justice and welfare, power can keep a peace which all nations will wish to preserve. We cannot give the small nations security and justice by ignoring the existence of power or by attempting to give formal equality where real equality does not exist. Rather, we Americans and the citizens of the other great nations must realize that power is more a responsibility than a privilege. The small nations must help us to learn how to use our power justly and wisely. "Justice without power," said Pascal, "is inefficient. Power without justice is tyranny. Justice and power must be brought together so that whatever is just may be powerful, and whatever is powerful may be just."

# PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT

JAMES ROSS McCAIN

JANE GUTHRIE RHODES '38



IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK on a very warm July afternoon, in the year 1891. Below the house on the hill, the little town of Due West, South Carolina, stoically endures what is correctly referred to in that region as a "scorcher." Like a great red eye the sun stares down from the sky. The ground beneath lies parched and baked. And the cotton fields and the pine woods beyond the town swim together in the shimmering heat.

Cool and green, like a desert mirage, the house on the hill rises from its vantage overlooking the town. In the yard shaded by mossy cedars, old Spot dozes peacefully, unaware of the torments of his city cousins below. While from a window of the study annexed to the house comes the rustling of paper as Dr. John Ireneaus McCain diligently prepares for the approaching college term. But not another sound issues from the spacious high-ceilinged rooms within. Not a soul can be seen on the wide pil-

lared veranda without. Could it be that the rest of this energetic family are actually enjoying an afternoon nap? Alas, not while John McCain's eldest son is about!

Out of the house he comes now with a thunderous clap of the screen door that sends the doves flying from their nests in the ancient cedars. Tanned and husky, barefoot and whistling he comes, clearing the porch steps with a leap that only a ten year old could survive. And the whirlwind of yellow fur that greets him in the yard is Spot.

"Hi, Boy, good dog. Want to go with me?" his master asks. And Spot answers with a paroxysm of tail wagging and barking.

"Well, hold still a minute then," strong young hands grasp the dog's head and blue eyes look sternly down, "now listen—we're going *straight* to Due West and *straight* home again. No rabbit chasing, no squirrel hunting, no stopping by the

creek on the way. Do you understand? I've got chores to do when I get back."

But the wise old dog grins, pulling away impatiently, and presently the two are off on what *he* knows will be much more than just a trip to town. Behind them the red dust settles slowly, part of it drifting up toward the silent house. Now the doves return to their nests, and Dr. McCain, with a deep sigh, takes up his reading again. For James Ross has gone to Due West for the mail and it will be some time, thank goodness, before he returns.

This road running a dusty half-mile into town is no stranger to the boy. Three times a day he must cover its distance to fetch the mail. For in each of Due West's three daily deliveries there is usually something for his father who, as Professor of English at Erskine College, founder of the Charlotte, N. C. public schools, and a member of the State Education Board, is an important man in the community. These trips, drawing the family's supply of water and keeping the kitchen woodbox filled constitute his household duties. They are substantial, not too strenuous tasks for a boy of ten.

Today, however, the way to town seems endless. And more enticing than ever the little creek that runs bubbling and playing through a nearby pasture. Gradually the boy's footsteps falter and then, when Spot returns with his muzzle cold and dripping, the temptation becomes too great. Up from the road, through tall pasture grass he races and falling prone on the bank of the creek, plunges his face and his arms into the clear cool water. Sputtering and laughing aloud he rises to point out a school of tiny minnows that hovers like a patch of silver over the stones of the creek bed.

"Watch me catch one with my bare hands!" the boy announces, rolling up his trousers and wading into the stream. But from his place on the bank, Spot waits in vain. Each time his master bends over the water, hands cupped and tense. Each time with a shout and a sudden splash, he comes up empty handed. Soon the shallow water lies churned and muddy, the fish having long ago sought a quieter part of the stream. Then from a distance comes the whistle of the afternoon train, reminding the boy of his mission. And he takes to the road again, cool and refreshed, with Spot at his heels.

The road to town also passes by the place where the gang plays ball. Here in an open field, they are already congregated—Robert Lathan, Jim Young, Jamie Pressly, Calvin Todd and a good many others. To their fellow member just coming into view they give a rousing welcome.

"Here's Ross!" someone shouts, "come on Ross, we need you! It's two strikes with the bases loaded."

Who could refuse such an invitation? Into the game our hero goes and the sky over Due West is filled with the noise of the fray. So evenly matched are the sides, so exciting the contest, that no one is prepared for the sound of a supper bell ringing out from a nearby farm. And no amount of pride in his, the winning team, can compensate for the boy's discovery of a setting sun and approaching evening.

Straight to town it is now, and no fooling! Spot has all he can do to keep up with his flying master. Past the scattering players along the road, around a curve and into Main Street he speeds, cheering at the sight of the Post Office door still open. Up the steps and out again he runs with a packet of mail under his arm. And

the way home is cleared in a fraction of the time it took to come.

But it is too late. Already lights are burning in the dining room of the house on the hill where the evening meal is in progress. Slowly, with beating heart, the boy climbs the back steps and enters the kitchen. Here the air is heavy with the aroma of country ham, buttered yams, turnip greens and hot cornbread. He stands sniffing hungrily and eyeing the broad back of Kitty the cook.

"You is late agin as usual and yo' Poppa is powerful displeased, and you is gonna git a thrashin' as usual!" the old colored woman announces without turning around. After a moment of silence the boy offers hopefully, "Shall I bring in the water for the dishes now and fill the woodbox, Kitty?"

"Master Paul done already done yo' chores, Master James Ross," is the firm reply, "and de Bible says him dat don't work don't eat, and yo' Poppa says would you kinely wait fer him in de study."

Now on a straight-back chair in the darkening study, the boy waits dejectedly. More tormenting than the promise of impending punishment is the knowledge that he has displeased his father. Presently, down the hall comes a firm familiar tread and Dr. McCain stands in the doorway sternly regarding his son.

"Where have you been, James Ross?" he asks quietly.

"I've been for the mail, sir. I—I put it on our desk."

"What kept you so long this time?"

"The meadow brook, father, it was very hot

today, you know. But I stopped just for a little while. Then . . . down the road a piece the fellows were all playing ball. One side was short a player—they really needed me. So I stayed to help them out and the first thing I knew, the sun was going down! I guess I let the time slip up on me . . ."

"I see. And who do you suppose did your work while you were gone?"

"Paul, sir. Kitty told me."

"Do you think it is fair to let Paul do your chores in addition to his own?"

"Oh, no sir!"

There is a pause and then the father continues. "What question do I usually ask you children at the beginning of every evening meal, son?"

"You always ask us, 'Have you kept up the reputation of the family today?'"

"Do you know what our reputation is?"

Slowly the boy ponders the question. "Well . . . we are great church-goers, sir, and we believe in the Bible and in helping others . . . and I guess we don't believe in playing while there's work to be done."

"You guess rightly. In the Battle of Culloden, many of your Scottish ancestors died fighting for these beliefs. It's a reputation we must live up to every day of our lives. And now, James Ross, you know what I must do?"

"Yes sir."

"Then bend over!"

The sound of a hickory switch echoes through the house. In the parlor, where the rest of the family waits for evening devotions to begin, one

of the boy's sisters sighs, "My goodness, Mother, you'd think he'd learn some day!" The mother smiles down at her daughter with the serenity for which she is noted and answers, quietly, "He will."

At the age of 14, James Ross McCain entered Erskine College for Men. Since the school lay just over the hill from home, and since his father taught English there, it seemed a most natural thing to do. And although Dr. McCain assures us that neither the entrance requirements nor the academic standards were as strict then as they are now, we are still impressed by his graduating at the age of 19 with a straight A record, especially when we are told that he had no formal preparation for college but was schooled at home or by various aunts who somewhere along the line missed the subject of mathematics entirely. Imagine taking college algebra before basic arithmetic! Dr. McCain says he found it "not too difficult."

On graduation day Professor McCain presented his son with a gold watch and some sound advice.

"So . . . now that you've graduated, you want to become a teacher!" The father pauses and looks around at the campus which he loves and has never left except for a year at Princeton where he took his Ph.D. and enjoyed the companionship of a young instructor by the name of Woodrow Wilson. "Well, son, teaching is a satisfying profession but not a very lucrative one. A salary of \$100 a month for 9 months or \$900 a year is not enough to feed, clothe and send five children to school on. I couldn't have made it without the farm and your mother's expert managing. We want you to have an easier time. And I was thinking—there is a good deal

more money in practicing law. You could enter Mercer University this fall and begin practicing next year."

The young man took his father's advice. And in 1901, upon completion of his law course at Macon, entered the firm of Johnson and Nash at Spartanburg, S. C. Here his main duties consisted of settling family disputes over wills and estates. It was a new and disillusioning experience for the carefully nurtured young man. Finally politics entered into the picture and after only two years of practice, he gave up the whole thing. As Dr. McCain puts it today, "No one comes to a lawyer unless he is in trouble or planning to get someone else in trouble. I decided that teaching would be a more constructive life work."

In 1903 as principal of the Covington, Tennessee, High School, he at last entered the profession for which he was intended. After two years at Covington, he was called by Mr. J. P. Cooper to Rome, Georgia, to found the now famous Darlington School for Boys. He worked literally night and day that first year, organizing the private boarding school, acting as both father and teacher to the 30 boys then enrolled, and even coached them in football until McCallie High School from Chattanooga came down to beat them 69-0. This, Dr. McCain smilingly asserts, ended his coaching career and the services of an athletic instructor were acquired for the following year.

The new head of Darlington still found time, however, to visit on week-ends and holidays a young lady by the name of Pauline Martin. They first met when she was a Junior at Erskine College for Women and he, a student at law school, home for Christmas vacation. Dr. McCain re-

calls their long courtship with a sigh. For it was not until 1906 that the lovely blue-eyed brunette whose vivacity, sincerity and good comradeship had attracted him from the beginning, set their wedding date. They were married in June of that year and after a honeymoon in Chicago returned to the campus of Darlington.

Now his work as head of the school became interspersed with studies for M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. We think it interesting to note that while at Chicago University, Dr. McCain chose *The History of Slavery in Georgia* for his master's thesis, and also devoted his work for a doctor's degree at Columbia University to the study of Georgia history. Significant choices, these, for the man who was to spend his next thirty years as president of an outstanding Georgia college for women.

By 1915 two other institutions had their eyes on the young founder of Darlington School for Boys. Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, wanted him for their next president. And Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, sought his services as registrar and professor of Bible. Only a quirk of fate, Dr. McCain says, kept him from accepting the Westminster offer. But, being staunch Presbyterians, we believe he was predestined for Agnes Scott.

What a bustling and flurry of preparations there must have been at Ansley Cottage on the edge of the campus that fall, 1915! For the new registrar, his wife and family were coming down from Rome shortly to take up residence there. Mary Cox, faithful college servant, must have felt her labors amply rewarded when they finally arrived and the new mistress looked around with an approving smile, the children ran out excitedly to inspect the grounds, and the master of

the house, satisfied that all was in order, set off in the direction of President Gaines' office.

The campus which Dr. McCain walked along then was vastly different from the campus of today. Inman and White House, Main and Rebekah Scott, the science hall and the old library were the principal buildings then. On the southern side of the Quadrangle, towering loblolly pines, clumps of wild honeysuckle and blackberry vines covered the place where Butt-rick, Presser Hall, the gymnasium and new library now stand. But if the campus of 1915 would look strange to us today, the faculty list would not. For Miss Hopkins as Dean, Mr. Tart as Treasurer, and Mr. Cunningham as Business Manager were already launched on their celebrated careers. You would find on the faculty list of 1915 other names which have become a part of Agnes Scott history—Dr. Armistead, Miss Alexander, Mr. Dieckmann, Mr. Johnson, Miss Lewis and Miss Gooch. And the very eligible bachelor teaching psychology then was Mr. Stukes.

To the new professor entering their ranks that fall, they turned watchful and hopeful eyes. For they recognized in him the qualities of leadership which few possess. He had, they agreed, everything it takes—a quick mind, a pleasing appearance, an attractive personality. He walked humbly and worked tirelessly. He stood up for his beliefs with a sincerity and conviction that even his opponents admired. Above all, he knew how to get along with people.

It was no surprise to them when he became, in 1919, vice-president of Agnes Scott and an active leader in the college's second major campaign. The drive for an endowment of \$500,000 was in capable hands. All over the state the new vice-

president and his aides went, telling the people of Georgia about a Southern college of high intellectual standards for young women. If the idea of sending girls to college was new then, the idea of educating them in the South was even more startling. But the response of the people of Georgia was overwhelming. Many gave, even those who were financially unable to send their daughters to Agnes Scott. Dr. McCain remembers particularly one country woman who listened patiently to the long explanation, went back into her house and returned with a half dollar in her work-worn hands. "This is for your Agnes Scott," she said, "it sounds like a mighty fine school to me."

In 1923 without warning, Dr. Gaines, first president of Agnes Scott, collapsed from a heart attack and died a few days later. His death was a severe shock to the college community. But he left behind him a hand-picked faculty and a young protege whom he had selected and carefully trained to carry on his work. In summing up Dr. Gaines' achievements for Agnes Scott, Dr. McCain said simply, "When I sat down to his desk there was not a piece of unfinished work upon it." This, to us, says volumes about the man who gave up a well-established career as a Presbyterian minister to become our first president, whose faithful devotion to the college in her most difficult years is largely responsible for Agnes Scott's success today.

The next 22 years may well be called the expansion era of Agnes Scott. Because of the influence of her new president, nationally known philanthropists and educators were attracted to the campus, Agnes Scott's academic rating and reputation increased and buildings almost mushroomed into place. By 1925 stately Bucher

Scott Gymnasium had been erected, adding to the Agnes Scott ideal of high intellectual attainment and simple religious faith a third point, that of physical well being. In 1925, having been since 1920 a member of the Association of American Universities, the college won her chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, too. And a few years later, Buttrick Hall and the new library came into being. Because of the war the building program came to a halt with the erection of Presser Hall in 1940. But funds are already on hand for the construction of Hopkins Hall, a new science hall and infirmary.

Looking at the record from a financial viewpoint alone, we find that since Dr. McCain became president in 1923, Agnes Scott's resources have risen from \$822,000 to \$5,100,000. But Dr. McCain places the credit for this elsewhere. "I have done nothing alone," he says earnestly, "the trustees, faculty, students, alumnae and friends of the college have made Agnes Scott what she is today. I have only worked along with them. And this partnership has been the most enjoyable side of my work."

In his desire to see Agnes Scott take her place with other colleges and universities, Dr. McCain has attended conferences and conventions all over the country and has taken an active part in numerous educational movements. He is a trustee of the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, a senator of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, past president of the Association of American Colleges and of the Southern University Conference, trustee of the John Bulow Campbell Foundation of Atlanta and Chairman of the Committee of Presidents for Atlanta's University Center, to name only a few. His work has brought him into contact with

many notables. He has visited in the home of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., lunched with the late President Roosevelt at Warm Springs, served on educational boards with President Conant of Harvard, President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, Winthrop Aldrich, Chairman of the Board of the Chase National Bank, and many others. "But," Dr. McCain states, "I have found the company of our own faculty members just as stimulating."

We think alumnae will be interested also in the work which Dr. McCain has done outside his regular college activities. In church work we find that he is vice-chairman of the Board of Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, a member of five committees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., recent moderator of the Synod of Georgia and of the Presbytery of Atlanta, Clerk of the Session at the Decatur Presbyterian Church for the past 25 years and recent president of the Presbyterian Education Association of the South. In civic affairs he has given of his time generously, too. He is a trustee of the Atlanta Community Fund, a director of the Atlanta Art Association and High Museum, a member of the Ten Literary Club, director of the DeKalb Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce, member of the Board of DeKalb Department of Public Welfare and of Governor Arnall's staff.

As a result of his outstanding contributions to the field of education, Dr. McCain has been awarded four honorary LL.D. degrees, one each from Davidson College, Erskine College, Emory University, and Tulane. But perhaps more important than this recognition from the outside world is the love and esteem which every Agnes Scott student feels for her president. She dis-

covers while still a freshman his keen interest in her as an individual. She finds that he is never too busy to listen to her problems, that his advice is practical, down-to-earth, rich in experience. Many a graduate carries away with her the memory of Dr. McCain not as a college president or a leader in Southern education, but as a friend who read the Bible in chapel every morning, whose favorite hymn was *Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing*, who entered with enthusiasm into the faculty-varsity hockey games, who enjoyed his role as St. Peter in the faculty Red Cross play as much as any member of the audience.

Today at 64, in spite of his strenuous life, Dr. McCain is still a young-looking man. He attributes his excellent health to a simple diet, regular hours and to the fact that he never worries. His office hours are long—from 9 to 9—"but when I leave my desk in the evening," Dr. McCain says, "I leave my problems behind me. I am usually in bed by 10 and I sleep!" His favorite foods he admits with true Southern fervor are turnip greens, cornbread and buttermilk. His favorite students, girls. "When you train a girl," he points out, "you are training a whole family." He considers his children his most important achievement. "Any number of men could have been president of Agnes Scott—but only Mrs. McCain and I could raise little McCains." And he has a right to be proud of his family for each member is carrying on the McCain tradition today. Louise, Dr. McCain's eldest daughter, is married to Dr. E. M. Boyce, an ensign in the Navy, and has two children. John is an Army doctor in Paris. Isabel and her husband, Rev. W. C. Brown, were missionaries in Tokyo at the outbreak of the war, and are stationed at Hazard, Kentucky, as home mission-

aries for the present. Paul, a captain in the Army, is teaching military history at West Point. Charles is in his third year at the Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, and Mildred, the youngest, is a senior at Agnes Scott.

"Large families," Dr. McCain muses, "are expensive. But Mrs. McCain and I have enjoyed every minute of it and we have never been lonely. Now that our children are grown," he adds humorously, "I have started drinking coffee before church on Sundays again. There is nothing like having a little one beside you to keep you awake during the morning service."

In this brief sketch we have endeavored to give you impressions of Dr. McCain as a boy, a young man, a college president and a father. But we have saved until last his role as devoted husband. For all the world loves a love story and the story of Pauline and James Ross McCain ranks with the great romances of history. People who knew Mrs. McCain before she became an invalid say that she literally wore herself out in service to her family, her church and community.

As a victim of heart trouble she has been forced to spend the last eleven years in bed. But she has met this confinement with an inspiring courage. Allowed few visitors, she is plied with flowers and cards, with delicacies from the neighborhood kitchens. In the room which is her world, she spends her day writing, resting or reading. At night, she begins to listen for a familiar footstep on the stairs, for the moment when her husband comes to sit on the edge of her bed and discuss the events of the day. This is their time together. This, and a few days in the summer when the back seat of the car is converted into a bed for Mrs. McCain and the two drive off for a quiet vacation. This summer they enjoyed a week in the lovely mountainous section of North Carolina known as Montreat. Surely if John Ireneaus McCain could have been with his son then, as he sat beside his wife or walked over the winding mountain trails, he would have had no need to ask his favorite question but would have known by the peace and strength in his son's face that he has indeed kept up the family reputation.

*Portrait sketch by Leone Bowers Hamilton, '26*

*"Greater love hath no alumna than that five days before my wedding I should write that article for the Quarterly."*

## ELIZA KING WATCHES THE LIGHTS GO ON IN

## ENGLAND AND FRANCE

WHEN I RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES this spring after 14 months in England and 9 months in France, Belgium, and Germany, one of the things which impressed and encouraged me most was the widespread interest in the United Nations conference and the world organization which we hope will grow from it. Since then I have been equally impressed with the difficulties of dramatizing the problems of peace and sustaining that interest which is vital for the success of such an organization.

As members of the American Red Cross, attached to the U. S. Army, our contact with civilian populations—particularly on the continent—were not normal ones, and it is difficult to write fairly of the "views of the British and the French towards the United Nations." We were so absorbed by the actual physical war that I hesitate even to attempt to express the American soldiers' attitudes toward the peace. I prefer rather to emphasize certain impressions about the British, the French and about the American GI which I believe that we as members of a World Security Organization must keep in mind as we work together.

I was surprised when I arrived in England

at the criticism of the British by our soldiers, some of which has been quoted to me since my return. Much of this should be discounted as normal complaining about any place where a soldier happens to be stationed. They complained just as bitterly about places in our country where they "soldiered," and in the United Kingdom, they were that much farther away from home, they were in a foreign country which was enough like America for the differences to be irritating rather than dramatic, and for months and years they had been waiting and preparing for a battle which we all knew we must endure before we returned home. The normal civilian restrictions in England were greatly increased by the presence of millions of Americans, and though I never once heard any intimation of such a feeling, I am sure that the English were just as anxious to have their little island back to themselves as we were to "give it back to them." Food, beer, hotel rooms, theater tickets, train seats, taxis, laundries—all had to be shared with Americans who had much more money to spend and who used civilian goods to supplement army food and clothes and cigarettes and candy and other supplies far superior to

the goods so strictly rationed among the British civilians.

Britain is keenly aware that her entire economy and her position as a world power is in jeopardy. Her first concern, naturally, is with her own survival and the results of the recent elections prove that with all his respect for pomp and circumstance the average Englishman is ready to adapt his government and economy to his needs. In fact, today one is more conscious of a progressive society in Great Britain than in the United States.

Americans need much education about the United Kingdom and the British Commonwealth of Nations. Too many of us think of Canada and Australia as colonies, too many of us cite isolated examples of Lease-Lend which we do not understand and which create ill-will, too many of us get an inferiority complex when we hear an English accent and try to cover it up by loud talk about "fighting England's war."

The English, as I saw them, are eternally aware of and grateful for the material aid which we have given them. If, as some Americans claim, they have any feeling that we owed them that and more, then they are a nation of actors. To the working man, America is still a land of untold wealth and opportunity. Some of us may not like the English, their formalities and restraint may grate against our naturally more impetuous and superlative nature, but our riches should bring with it humility, particularly in the presence of their wartime suffering. No one who has lived with them through blackouts and bombings, who has heard air raid sirens and enemy planes, who has seen children's eyes grow large at the sight of candy and watched people standing in line for their first orange in years, no

one who has traveled across that tiny island and seen the ruins of homes and industries can fail to acknowledge their right to say "Long live Britannia."

We lived in England as guests and partners. We went through France as liberators. They lined the roads and streets to wave us welcome. They showered us with flowers, champagne and kisses. They wept with joy, even when our coming had destroyed their homes and villages. But as the armies swept past, to most of them the war was over—and there developed difficulties. While military operations remained our prime concern, civilians wanted to resume their normal activities. They were free from the Germans, but Paris was colder last winter than at any time during the occupation and for some time after the liberation of the city there was no transportation to bring in food from the provinces. Each civilian group wanted to control and jealously guarded its prestige rather than cooperate willingly to create unity. The FFI who did such spectacular work in the underground refused to turn in their weapons, for they had old scores which they wanted to settle personally. Workmen trained for four years in sabotage found it difficult to meet the army timetable, and for people who had been forced to operate in the black market or perish, it was child's play to elude the new military and civil restrictions.

The sight of men returning to civilian occupations did not go well with American soldiers who still faced death on the battlefield. Much of their internal dispute seemed to us, like the quarreling of adolescent children, exasperating and unnecessary, and they seemed foolishly "touchy." Yet, to the French it was more than a physical liberation, for the restoration of their dignity as a nation was as important as food and shelter—

and the signs of suffering under the Germans were not as apparent to us as bomb craters. We could only hear the tales of oppression and torture, of the Gestapo and the concentration camps from the lips of those who had survived. We could only feel it when they sang the *Marseilles*, in fishing villages and at the Opera in Paris.

The American soldiers talked often of peace and a United Nations, but usually with a note of cynicism. They wanted to believe and were afraid to, not trusting what "they" would do at home. They are a realistic lot, fully aware of the problems ahead, possessing the ability to solve those problems but lacking confidence in

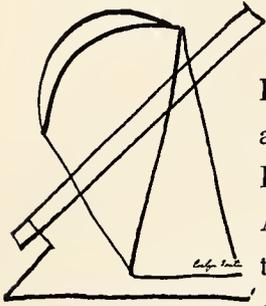
their ability. They have seen the proof of America's might. They are proud of our wealth, our resourcefulness, our efficiency, but like so many Americans, are not ready to face the responsibilities that this power brings. They, like America, are magnificent. They are America—strong, courageous, generous, gay, impulsive—young. Like America, many of them have yet to learn that with all our strength, we too are indebted to other peoples, that we should give thanks for the natural defenses which have stood "between our loved homes and the war's desolation," that as we try to lead a world in peace, even Americans must bring to the task "an humble and a contrite heart."

*Eliza is now Mrs. Walter Paschall.—Ed.*

# I SAW WOMEN AT WAR

W R I G H T B R Y A N

*The editor of The Atlanta Journal tells his experiences as a war correspondent in Europe*



IT WAS MID-AUGUST of 1944 and we were on the road to Paris. From the moment the Allied forces broke out of the Normandy beachhead and started fanning out across France, Paris was the objective of every war correspondent.

It was not so with the armies. Paris to them was incidental. General Eisenhower's objective at all times was the destruction of the German army as a military force. Geographical places were incidental.

I wrote in one dispatch during the rush across France that "the glittering name of Paris" was obscuring the true mission of our forces, which was to eliminate Germany's power and will to resist.

But for individuals, and especially for war correspondents who knew that Paris was one of the most beloved capitals of the civilized world and that its liberation would be a great symbol of the success of Allied arms, the city itself became a goal.

John MacVane of the National Broadcasting Company and I spent the better part of several

weeks jockeying for position as the armies approached Paris and finally, with luck on our side, managed to get into the city on the morning of its liberation with the advance elements of General LeClerc's French Second Armored Division, which was fighting as part of an American corps and was assigned the mission of going into the center of the city.

A few days before all this took place John and I, with a GI driver, were pushing our jeep eastward along one of the poplar-lined roads of central France. Ahead of us was a big U. S. Army two and one-half ton truck. It was just like any other GI "six-by-six" truck, except that painted on the canvas tarpaulin was: "American Red Cross Clubmobile Service."

So I said to John, "Come on, let's pass that truck. I want to see who is in the driver's seat. Maybe it's Eliza and Jess."

After several miles we were able to come alongside the truck. To our disappointment, there were no girls in the front seat, but only two GIs.

But my eagerness to see Eliza and Jess, whom I had not met since we left England, indicated how they had come to represent for me the work that American women were doing in the battle zone. I finally met them in Paris the following week and we watched together the celebration of Paris' freedom.

Eliza was, of course, Eliza King (now Mrs. Walter Paschall of Atlanta) whom so many Agnes Scott girls know, and Jess was her friend and co-worker Jessie Leonard (now Mrs. Ray Hill).

Shortly after I arrived in England in the au

tumn of 1943, to report the air war and to wait for the invasion of western Europe, I had received a note from Eliza. She welcomed me to the ETO, and added, as a postscript, "If you want to see GI life from an interesting angle, spend a day with us in the clubmobile."

I decided that was a good hunch. My first day in the clubmobile I had so much fun that I spent three days there instead of one, and later went back again to help give some Christmas parties for personnel at the air bases which that particular clubmobile was serving.

No one who wasn't there can ever comprehend what the work of those Red Cross girls and hundreds of others like them meant to the American soldiers overseas. It was a little touch of home every time those girls brought their clubmobile onto an American base.

They brought coffee and doughnuts and hometown newspapers and swing bands on their phonograph. But most of all they brought the wisecracks and the banter of American girls to a dreary spot that seemed—and was—very far from home.

At that time the clubmobile was rigged up in a cumbersome old British truck, driven by an English civilian. Not long after that Eliza and Jess left the air base to prepare for clubmobile work on the continent of Europe, serving the ground forces as they advanced.

Then the clubmobile apparatus was set up in one of the big GI trucks, because that was the only type of vehicle sturdy enough to keep up with the armies. The girls learned to drive and service the trucks, and they went along with our troops all the way across Europe.

The clubmobile was only one phase of the Red Cross work; and Red Cross work was only one small phase of the manifold job that American

women, overseas and at home, did in this war.

The American army and navy nurses formed another group which was always close to, and sometimes actually in, the battle lines.

But even with our knowledge of the tremendous job that American women did in the war, how they kept their homes together, and did industrial jobs, and went overseas with our forces, we still have only a faint comprehension of the mobilization of women in European countries.

Less than an hour after we landed in Glasgow after a voyage from New York we saw British women handling baggage and servicing railway locomotives on the line which led to London.

After I had been in England a few weeks and had seen how *every* British woman had a war job, I remarked to the commander of an American heavy bombardment group, "I've seen British women doing every type of work I can think of except digging ditches."

"Look there," was his reply as he pointed out the window of his office.

Just outside the little Nissen hut which constituted the station headquarters were a dozen or so English women in overalls, up to their knees in mud, digging a drainage ditch to help make that air field usable.

Later I learned how all the British women were registered with the government for war service and how they were directed into the proper jobs by much the same type of procedure that our Selective Service used to enroll men for the armed forces.

The story of how British women kept all the public services of London functioning through the blitz is one you have read elsewhere, but it cannot be over-emphasized.

On the continent of Europe we were to see how the French women never let the tides of battle

deter them from tending their homes and farms. The first battle of any consequence which I observed was the fighting by the British and Canadian forces for the town of Caen on the left flank of the Normandy beachhead.

As we were stretched out in a wheat field along a ridge overlooking the town, waiting for the offensive to begin, a prim old French lady in a black silk dress, carrying a large black handbag, strode up the road toward the front line. Nothing stopped her. We watched with amazement as she unconcernedly walked through a crossroads on which the German artillery was zeroed. The last we saw of her she was proceeding along the ridge and over the hill with bullets whizzing around her in every direction. I'll wager she reached her destination, which must have been her home and family.

Many months later, after I had been a prisoner of war in Germany and Poland, we were liberated by the Russian Army and saw the part that Russian women played in its prowess.

Some of my friends saw a Russian tank outfit in the front lines, commanded by a woman officer.

That was rare, but Russian women were everywhere just behind the lines. Twelve of us Americans spent three weeks in a Russian military hospital near Warsaw.

Virtually the entire staff of that hospital consisted of women. We met a male colonel who was commanding officer and another who was chief surgeon. All the other staff members we met were women. The doctor in charge of our ward was a woman, a major in the Russian medical corps.

Katie was a middle-aged woman from Leningrad who spoke a little English and served frequently as our interpreter. She had lost her father and mother, her brother, her husband, and her son in the siege of Leningrad. She knew why Russia was fighting the war.

All the Russian women warriors were not so grim. I remember one night, in the staff car on our train which carried a thousand liberated prisoners to Odessa, an American major teaching a Russian WAC to sing "Pistol Packing Mama."

In Odessa, where we were far behind the front, the Russian ballet and opera companies put on performances to entertain the American guests.

And then, when our ship took us out through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, there was the American woman who came on board at Istanbul. She was a teacher in a college there. Since there was no U.S.O., she had set one up, and, like the Red Cross girls elsewhere, was giving a taste of home to the American soldiers who came through Turkey.

She told us about the American and British flyers, interned in Turkey when that country was neutral. They were in the same hotel with some German diplomats. They had fun at the hotel dinner dances bribing the orchestra to play "God Bless America" and "There'll Always Be An England," and then watching the expression on the German faces.

She, like so many others, had the saving ingredient of humor, to salt the tenderness and selflessness with which she served our soldiers.

# WORK AND COLOR

*a sociologist points out  
a path*

WHEREVER TWO or more races live in the same area the fact of difference has some effect on the way the work gets done. That's a simple way of saying that race is a factor in economics.

Also, economics is a factor in race; how the work is divided has a lot to do with how the races get along together.

Here are two examples: one of status and arbitrary discrimination; one of flexibility and reward to merit in partial disregard of the race factor. Both came from organized industries.

A Negro machinist's helper who had worked for thirty years in a railroad repair shop, said: "Three times in my work here the master machinist has come to me, bringing along a half-grown white boy. 'John,' the master machinist would say, 'I want you to teach this young fellow the trade.' I was a helper making forty cents an hour, and not allowed to do machinist's work. But I'd teach the young man the

trade, and inside of a year he'd be a machinist, drawing his eighty cents, and I'm old John, still drawing my forty cents."

A white man running a complicated machine died. He had a Negro helper. The white man's job paid ninety cents. The helper's job paid forty-five. Running the machine had always been a white man's job. The helper talked with some leading Negroes in the union, and asked if they could help him get the job. They went to the white leaders and said:

"You know Mister Tom died."

"Yes, we're mighty sorry."

"John Williams (the helper) has been hoping he could get Mister Tom's job."

"Well, that's always been a white man's job."

"Yes, but John Williams can do it."

"Well, I reckon he can, but we don't know whether the white fellows will stand for it."

"Well, our fellows like the union and been paying along to it right good, and some of them are saying the union ought to do something about getting some of these better jobs for the colored. Don't you suppose you could bring it up in the meeting and see what about it?"

Before next meeting time the question had been talked over with the company and with many of the white members. The whites in the union realized that their bargaining strength depended on holding the Negroes with



them, and, on the whole, thought it only fair that a Negro capable of doing a well-paid job should get the job. When the meeting came off the matter went through with little discussion and John Williams got the ninety-cent job.

In the first situation, custom, prejudice and selfishness had put a ceiling on what Negroes could do. Many white people complain that a high proportion of Negroes show lack of ambition and improvidence. Why not, in a situation where ambition and skill and self-discipline get you nowhere?

In the second situation, by democratic and peaceful means, ability was rewarded. A single case like that spreads ambition to all the hundreds who discuss it. A habit of handling promotions democratically and fairly would be a powerful lever in improving the status and morale of any minority group.

Employers handle the matter with the same difference that unions show. Some insist on status; some open channels of promotion with little or no regard to color.

The unions affect race relations in other ways. Even where they insist upon separate unions on a two-race job, some gain results. Where both races join the same union and go to the same meetings, two interesting things occur: among the rank and file members, acquaintance and respect grow; among the leaders of both groups, mutual confidence is often so highly developed that many forms of community progress can be built upon it.

Union meetings are schools in themselves. Many southern working people learn in them their first lesson in doing things together, in electing trustworthy officers, in managing a treas-

ury, in their responsibilities as a group to other groups around them. Also, the members for the first time deal with members of the other race in terms of respect instead of terms of fear or contempt. You will hear interesting snatches of conversation in the talk-it-overs after the meeting. A white man will say, "I worked next to Bill Jackson (colored) for five years, but I never knew Bill had that much sense. Bill Jackson got up in front of that meeting tonight and made the best speech of any man, colored or white." Segregation and many minor forms of discrimination continue in the mixed union meeting, but each race is there because it needs the help of the other, and human courtesy shines through.

Each group pushes to the fore its abler men. Since the two groups have a common problem, their leaders naturally do a good deal of conferring. It is here that the confidence takes root.

I went once with a treasurer of a local union in Birmingham, Alabama, out to his home in the suburbs. He and his neighbors lived in neat, white-painted houses on a hill. We stood in his yard and looked down into a bottom where some unpainted black shacks were dotted around. He pointed to the settlement and said that was where most of the colored lived who worked in his shop. Then he said:

"Can you see a little path running through the bushes between those houses and this hill?"

Sure enough a close look showed a path. I asked him how it came to be there. He said before the union came there was no path, but it took so much talking back and forth to hold the colored and the white together in the union that many a night he and his friends went down that path and sat out with the colored people till ten and eleven o'clock; and sometimes if something

happened some of the colored would come up and talk at his place until they got everything straight. That path has its counterpart now in hundreds of southern communities. White working people and colored working people have found that by using the paths literally or figuratively, they can often obtain friendly instead of envious action from the other races. Most people will grant that in the South we need every such channel we can get.

Unions have their faults, certainly. They are human institutions, and they are in all stages of development. Democracy has its faults. Who would praise every county government or city government, or every branch of State or Federal government? And yet who would fight our American method of governing ourselves?

The war has emphasized the part that unions play in factory personnel management. The modern union has active machinery for handling grievances through committees and shop stewards. Draw together fifteen or twenty thousand workpeople at a mushroomed industrial site, and then start taking the heat of their complaints. You will need nearly as many personnel officers as you have employees, unless the employees combine to do the job themselves. No company personnel officer is half as useful at convincing an employee that his "grievance" is fancied or readily curable as is a committee of fellow employees elected by the people in the shop. Many employers who fought the unions bitterly came in a few months time to lean on them heavily for plant discipline and full production. That is a gain in industrial management that peace cannot take away. The same thing applies in handling problems of color.

Whether we like it or not, the dividing line between economics and politics becomes each

year more blurred. Those who preached free and unregulated competition always admitted it would work only if investors genuinely risked their money, and workers and technical and professional people risked their investment in skill. Progressively, we have taken the risks on government shoulders. When mortgage companies faced bankruptcy, we made a Home Owners Loan Corporation that bailed them out. When the banks broke, the RFC took the load. We met unemployment with social insurance. We met competition from abroad with tariffs. When cotton dropped, we guaranteed the price. The next few years will probably see a settled policy of meeting deficits in employment with public provision.

All of these things mean that the ultimate deciding factor in prosperity is the will of the people. We get the will of the people expressed through democratic government.

Thus it becomes more important, if we are to have steady full employment in the postwar world, for the voice of all who want it to be effective in government.

It has long been a growing custom for various economic interests to make their wishes known to government in an organized way. Lobbies are by no means pure vice. Any honest legislator will tell you that he gladly depends on the technical knowledge of lobbies as to the effect of this or that clause in a bill upon this or that matter. All lobbies urge their members to vote and to vote in an informed way which will further their interests. Unions now begin to do the same thing, for more people.

Many people look with fear on the work of pressure groups. What will happen, they say, if each economic interest pushes just for its own good? The answer lies partly in the fact that

each group tempers its drive somewhat in the public interest. It lies finally in common citizenship and the supremacy of the will of us all.

In the South, now that we begin to recognize the role of government in organizing prosperity through private enterprise and, if need be, public investment, it begins to be clear that we shall have to have means of consulting the democratic wishes of all our people, Negro and white.

In an era when the public's interest in government is the final guarantee of prosperity, we might remember again Booker T. Washington's famous sentence about the white man not being able to get up in the world if he spends all of his time holding the black man in the ditch. In this age we will all get further if we work for progress together, in agriculture, industry, and government.

# A PROMISE AND THREE REQUESTS

## FROM THE EDITOR

**ABOUT CLASS NEWS** — After due praise of the new type of articles and art work in recent numbers of the *Quarterly*, an alumna ended her letter with this paragraph:

“BUT the class notes are as vague and tantalizing as ever. For instance: ‘Jane Jones is still at the same job.’ Why not say nothing or else say, ‘Jane Jones continues as ad writer at Rich’s in Atlanta.’ There is an awful lot of burble and a dearth of substance in those notes.”

That is a challenge to action. In order to eliminate the burble and add to the substance we shall whittle the news down to bare facts. We shall omit editorial embellishment of marriages, births, deaths, honors, etc. We shall attempt to tell you who, what, where and when. In order to do this, however, we must get the facts from you.

In the past, news has been relayed from group leader to class secretary and finally to the alumnae office with the result that often the news was stale when published.

Therefore, we make the following suggestions:

**TO ALL ALUMNAE:** Send the facts about yourself direct to the alumnae office. Write us the things about your friends which they might hesitate to tell us about themselves. Be specific and give complete details. The form on the reverse side of this page will show you some of the things we want to know and a way to arrange them in most convenient form for our files. Be a clipping bureau for us and mail clippings from local newspapers about yourself or other Agnes Scott people. We want a file as complete as that of the F.B.I. except we won’t need fingerprints! When you move, send us a change of address card which you can get from the post office.

**TO CLASS SECRETARIES AND GROUP LEADERS:** Please urge members of your class to send news direct to the alumnae office. Check each *Quarterly* and stimulate those who need a reminder. Emphasize the need for concrete facts. Set as your goal at least one piece of news about each member of your class each week. Send us any facts you know personally about alumnae regardless of their class. It isn’t necessary to put the news in literary form or even in a letter. Just list the facts. There are no dead-lines. Keep the news flowing and it will always go in the next *Quarterly*. If you haven’t an accurate list of names and addresses write to the office for one. Keep your list up to date by the new addresses published in the *Quarterly*. Urge your class to contribute 100 percent to the Alumnae Fund so that we can make the association representative of all alumnae. Each member of your class should be an active alumna. You are the link between Agnes Scott and her daughters.

## MEMO TO THE ALUMNAE OFFICE

Maiden Name \_\_\_\_\_ Married Name \_\_\_\_\_

Class \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Item: *(Include details of new occupation, wedding plans, announcement of birth of children, post-graduate study, travel experiences, social, civic, or religious activities, books, articles, or poetry published, public*

Item: *offices to which appointed or elected, hobbies, honors received, conferences attended, special projects.)*

ABOUT LETTERS — A factual statement of the news will leave considerable space in the *Quarterly* which we feel should be used to publish letters from alumnae expressing your opinions and suggestions about college matters, alumnae problems, world affairs, reactions to articles in the *Quarterly* or whatever is in your thinking. We are especially interested in letters on present trends in public education. Through these letters we can maintain our unity as a small group within the larger group of college educated women and share with each other what is most meaningful or practical in our experience.

ABOUT FUTURE STUDENTS — Mr. S. G. Stukes, our college registrar, will be glad to receive from alumnae the names of high school students who might be interested in attending Agnes Scott. Your opinion about these prospective students will be valued. Send the name and date prospect will be ready to enter College. The girl's name will be placed on a mailing list without any obligation. It is often helpful for girls to consult Mr. Stukes about entrance requirements in their junior year at high school and receive guidance in their choice of subjects.

SUMMARY OF 1944-1945

ALUMNAE FUND

UNDESIGNATED GIFTS	\$3,657.63
SEMI-CENTENNIAL PAYMENTS	1,537.49
LIFE MEMBERSHIPS	150.00
SCHOLARSHIPS	1,100.00
GIFT FOR INFIRMARY	100,000.00

CLASS	NUMBER OF GIFTS	AMOUNT
<i>INSTITUTE</i>	29	\$100,232.00
<i>ACADEMY</i>	8	37.00
<i>COLLEGE</i>		
1906	3	32.00
1907	1	3.00
1908	1	10.00
1909	1	10.00
1910	7	42.00
1911	5	55.50
1912	6	29.00
1913	6	85.00
1914	13	104.00
1915	5	1,040.00
1916	8	78.25
1917	15	52.00
1918	10	50.00
1919	8	69.00
1920	5	21.50
1921	16	91.50
1922	10	97.00
1923	17	86.50
1924	16	93.50
1925	18	137.00
1926	19	92.00
1927	23	487.00
1928	18	76.00
1929	20	181.00
1930	26	232.00
1931	27	128.00
1932	16	147.00
1933	25	227.02
1934	19	104.00
1935	21	133.45
1936	34	135.50
1937	19	108.02
1938	34	167.00
1939	38	338.50
1940	41	320.75
1941	40	221.75
1942	54	454.50
1943	30	139.25
1944	39	110.25
1945	56	108.88
1946	4	10.50
1947	1	5.00
<i>OTHERS</i>	22	62.00
	834	\$106,445.12

# Last Year

750 alumnae contributed \$3,657  
in undesignated gifts

# This Year

Our Goal is \$4,500  
in undesignated gifts

*Send Your Gift Early*

*Receive all issues of the Alumnae Quarterly*

*Be an active member of the Alumnae Association*

*Enlarge the services of your association*

*Share in the annual gift to the College*

*Increase Your Class Percentage*