

# AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



WOMEN ON THE HORIZON

WINTER 1946

## THE ART WORK IN THE QUARTERLY

THE ART WORK in our *Quarterly* is largely the work of the students because we feel that alumnae are interested in what they are doing and that the magazine offers an outlet for student work that may lead to greater creative development. This student-alumnae link is a happy one for both. Student artists do not read the articles and attempt to illustrate them. Such procedure would be a form of specialization in art and would be an attempt to force the creative impulse which for perfect expression must remain free. The art work is used, instead, simply to add interest to the pages and provide enjoyment for the reader.

Line drawings in this number are by (cover) Frances Sholes '47  
Betty Allen '47  
Peggy Pat Horne '47  
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Send your nominations for next year's Executive Board Members to the Alumnae Office Now!

# Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

Vol. 24 No. 2

*"Women on the Horizon"*

Winter 1946

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# SPRING CALENDAR

<b>DANCING</b>	March	2	Dance Recital 8:30 P.M. Presser Hall
<b>MUSIC</b>	March	29	<i>Pirates of Penzance</i> 8:30 P.M. Presser Hall Agnes Scott and Georgia Tech Glee Clubs
	April	1	Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.
		15	C. W. Dieckmann, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.
	May	4	Senior Opera
		6	Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour 8 P.M.
<b>DRAMA</b>	April	4	Blackfriars Play <i>Hotel Universe</i> by Philip Barry 8:30 P.M. Presser Hall
		9	The Chinese Theater in a play by Pearl Buck 8:30 P.M. Presser Hall
<b>ART</b>	February	28	Dr. Richard Aldrich, Subject: Chinese Painting
	March	4-15	Display of Large Color Prints from Prothmann, New York
	April	2	Emil Holzhauer, demonstration 2 P.M.
		10-30	Contemporary Watercolors from the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
		11	Philip Raymond Noble, Subject: The England We Have Known
<b>LECTURES</b>	April	29	John Mason Brown 8:30 P.M. Presser Hall
	May	16	Reinhold Niebuhr 8:30 P.M. Presser Hall
<b>SPORTS</b>	April	16	Swimming Meet 8 P.M. Gymnasium
<b>HOLIDAYS</b>	March	15-21	Spring Vacation

*All announcements above should be verified before the date scheduled to avoid inconvenience resulting from cancellations and postponements.*



# CAMPUS CARROUSEL

THE OLD ARGUMENT about woman's place is threadbare, but it still goes on. Woman's place may be the home, the cockpit, or quiet; but the campus of a modern women's college is strong evidence that women are becoming more creative. The contest as to woman's place is being waged on a dozen fronts, but this *Quarterly* has no report on the tides of battle. We present to you the spirit of woman standing on the horizon of a new individuality — woman about to become articulate, woman contributing something to her world that is of the essence of her own personality, woman alive, whatever her job, wherever her berth. Settle down into your best chair and observe how she balances off with a baby's bottle in one hand and a college degree in the other, how she organizes to secure her purposes, how she satisfies the inner thirst for a deeper draught.

YOUR PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE introduced almost in the flesh through Jane Guthrie Rhodes' dramaturgy (see page 5) also speak for themselves in this number with the exception of Betty Stevenson who is a past and future (we hope) contributor. Being the only member of the hereinafter indicted "career girls" with the opportunity for rebuttal, the editor is duly becalmed and able only to mutter: *venisti, vidisti vicisti.*

WHILE WINTER WROUGHT ITS WORST, life across

the quadrangle went its abundant as usual way— Blackfriar's November 21 presentation of *Pride and Prejudice*, starring Alice Beardsley, Margaret McManus and Helen Currie . . . drama critic Paul Jones of the *Atlanta Constitution* reviewing it the following Sunday with the mention of Hollywood scouts . . . Marquis Childs wisely suggesting understanding and tolerance of Russia, answering numerous questions posed by students of public affairs . . . examinations!! . . . carols and candlelight in the old chapel all week before the holidays . . . campus parties with open



fires, coffee and friendliness . . . the beautiful carol service of the Glee Club, a tradition of thirty-three years under the inspired leadership of Mr. Johnson, directed this year by Claire Buckmaster and Walter Herbert whose Georgia Tech club participated . . . a debating tournament in which 16 teams from Georgia, Emory, Tech, Georgia Junior College, Berry and Agnes Scott argued free trade with Tech capturing highest honors and Agnes Scott's Jane Meadows and Dale Bennett placing second . . . a water pageant in December complete with elves, Jack-in-the-Box and Santa Claus . . . the inevitable sneak attack of flu . . . publication of a devotional booklet entitled "Our Father" by the Christian Association . . . exhibit of woodcuts descriptive of Chinese village life made by the members of

the Chinese 8th Route Army . . . Dr. Garber's comparative religions class visiting Greek, Jewish and other churches in Atlanta . . . students Doris Kissling and Claire Kemper performing with the Atlanta Youth Symphony as concert mistress and assistant c. m. . . . a new course in statistics introduced by the Department of Economics and Sociology . . . marriage classes for seniors and engaged students . . . chapel announcement by Dr. McCain of five new buildings planned for the campus including a \$350,000 science hall to be the largest building on the campus . . . Gloria Anne Melchor of Atlanta elected May Queen . . . James Vernon McDonough, G.S.C.W. Fine Arts chairman, lecturing on "What to Look for in Modern Painting."

WHEN CAROLYN HEWITT begins a conversation over the long distance wire with "This is Carolyn Hewitt at Agnes Scott . . ." the almost inevitable response is a weary "What's wrong now?" This is not because Carolyn is a Calamity Jane but because she is one of the nurses at the infirmary and by the time mothers have sent several girls to Agnes Scott they become accustomed to Carolyn's calling to announce that Susie has sprained her ankle or developed the measles. Carolyn has the sunshine of Florida in her voice to reassure worried mothers, and she is a real friend of her student patients.

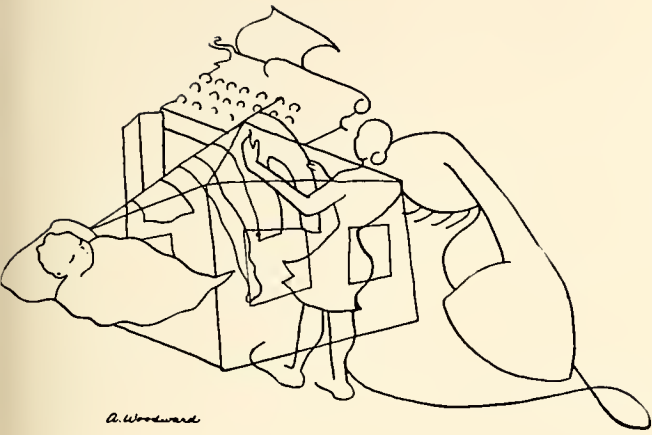
A CAMPUS CHRISTIAN MISSION replaces Religious Emphasis Week this year at Agnes Scott with four speakers spending three days addressing various groups. The visitors are Dr. J. A. Jones, Presbyterian minister from Charlotte, N. C.; Dr. J. M. Garrison, Presbyterian minister from Greensboro, N. C.; Mrs. Martha Stackhouse Grafton '30, alumna of Agnes Scott and dean of Mary Baldwin College; and William Hall Preston, worker among Baptist young people.

ROBERT FROST'S THREE-DAY VISIT as resident poet has become a pleasant tradition. This year the students greeted him with camellias from South Georgia and enthusiasm for his poetry and charm.

DR. HOWARD F. LOWRY of The College of Wooster in Ohio made January memorable with two days of his infectious wit, powerful relating of literature to life and insistence upon placing Christianity at the center of education. Dr. Lowry's address on "The Mind's Adventure" will appear in the spring *Quarterly*. We salute Wooster and her new president.

WE APPLAUD four campus-dwelling alumnae, Roberta Winter, Margaret Phythian, Margaret Ridley and Betty Bowman, who constitute a fact-finding board to comb the campus and report their results to you regularly. The first report may be found in this *Quarterly*. Don't miss it!

# ABC's and an A.B.



JANE GUTHRIE RHODES '38

WELL . . . you are fifteen minutes late again. But nobody seems to mind. That's one of the beautiful things about being a mother. No one really expects you to get anywhere on time or looking like anything. And when you finally do make your customary breathless entrance, you simply wave a lone glove at the waiting company, say cheerfully that Junior ate the other one and little Clementine just fell down three flights of stairs, and everyone understands perfectly.

But, as we were saying, you arrive fifteen minutes late for the *Alumnae Quarterly* editorial board meeting to find the rest of your fellow members deep in a discussion of the next issue.

"We have just concluded," Chairman Lita Goss brings you up-to-date, "that very few alumnae today are really using their college educations."

"That's right! For instance—" and career-girl Elizabeth Stevenson fixes you with a suspicious eye, "how many alumnae vote regularly,

take an active part in civic affairs, have an intelligent grasp of world events, or ever reread the classics they studied at college?"

I know one alumna who has organized a Shakespeare Club in her neighborhood . . . " artist Redd Hamilton offers pensively.

"Good!" *Quarterly* Editor Mary Jane King cries, waving her pencil. There's the kind of contributor we want for this next issue which I'd like to entitle *Women on the Horizon*. Let's fill it with ways in which alumnae can build on their educations for their own good and for the betterment of their communities. Let's contact active club workers, church workers, leaders in the PTA and AAUW."

"And let's not forget the famous 90%\*!" you add, getting into the spirit of things.

"The what?" comes a startled chorus.

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\*Concerning old Agnes Scott adage that 90% of her graduates marry. Actually around 67% do.



"Why the alumnae homemakers and mothers, of course!" you answer. "Take it from us, they need everything they ever learned at college in their jobs, and probably wish they knew more."

"Come, come," one of the group finally breaks the stunned silence, "don't tell us alumnae mothers and housewives are using that! Why all they ever talk about is washing and cooking and when baby cut his first tooth . . ."

"And how husband John leaves his clothes lying around—"

"And the maid shortage—"

"And how many times in the last year they've had to let out little Susiebell's hems—"

"Yes, you never catch any of them brushing up on Milton or Moliere."

"I should say not—what good is a liberal arts education to a homebody anyway?"

Well! If you are the calm restrained type you can take a barrage like this in a calm restrained manner. But if you have been alone with your little stairsteps ever since Mollie the maid decided to become a riveter back in 1942—your nerves are probably not what they should be. Besides, you are getting a little tired of the general public opinion that it takes no great amount of brains to make a house into a home—that anyone can settle down and rear a family. The memory of your own business-girl days when you had an hour off for lunch (you are thankful now for fifteen minutes with a sandwich while the washing machine is running), when you wore slinky black frocks untouched by pablum or sticky fingers, when you paid regular visits to the beauty shop and could spend your monthly salary on such trifles as cereal bowls inscribed in French—the memory of this carefree past

does not soothe your present indignation.

So you rise, with a look that would do justice to Joan of Arc before the English Tribune, and prepare to enlighten this little group of career-girls concerning the famous 90% who, after all, are embarked on a rather important career themselves—namely, the training of the next generation.

"Have you ever tried to figure out a baby's formula?" you demand. "Did you know that each ounce of milk, water, and dextrose must be in a correct ratio to the infant's age, weight, height, and number of feedings over a 24-hour period? And that the solution requires either a year of college math or a good pediatrician?"

"Have you ever tangled with a three-year-old?" you continue, "concerning Man and the Universe, and had such information required of you as: 'Where does the sun go at night? Why are some stars red and some blue? What is fire, air, water made of? Why can't little boys have babies? Do I have pipes inside of me like the plumbing?' If you are planning to spend a day with one of your nieces or nephews in the near future, you'd better review your college physics, chemistry, astronomy, *Bible*, biology, and sociology, not to mention history, foreign languages and geography. You'll need at least a general knowledge of these fields in addition to an encyclopedia.

"Did you know that the relaxation exercise you learned in Spoken English is a beautifully simple way to get three yelling pillow-throwing little demons in the proper mood for sleep? That all those hours spent in Zoology lab will enable you to *feel* the difference between a slippery fish ing worm, a fuzzy caterpillar and a "tickly"

beetle without the slightest tremor? That William Blake's *Little Black Boy* read from your old poetry textbook will cure a five-year-old of taunting the garbage man? Did you know that even Chaucer is good for a whole rainy afternoon because children tire of their vocabularies just as we do of ours? That kindergartners appreciate good music and paintings because there is always something new to listen and look for?

"How can an alumna mother help passing along to her children what she has learned at college? Her education has become as much a part of her as the mechanics of driving or the rules of etiquette. Maybe you don't see her browsing over Shakespeare. Maybe at the end of a long day of the most strenuous work any woman can do, she'd just rather go to bed than read the *Dialogues* of Plato or listen to a Shostakovich symphony. But don't worry about her mental development. For the next eighteen years at least she'll be learning something new every day.

"If there's a young mechanic in the house she's going to find out all about hydraulics, power transmission and jet propulsion whether she's mechanically-minded or not. If there is the promise of a musician, artist or ballerina, she will search out the best teachers, suffer through endless practice hours, accompany her young prodigies to concerts, exhibitions, recitals. And every new book, play or movie that comes to town will be appraised in this light: is it good enough for my children? In all of this she will be growing and developing with her family. For after you have taught your children all you know they begin teaching you. Perhaps this is why of all the careers open to women, "mothering" is

the most popular. There's no chance to get into a mental rut. There's no greater thrill than to see your child through the proper nourishment of body, mind and soul develop into a useful adult personality. If doctors and lawyers and teachers are required to study a number of years before entering their professions, then certainly mothers and fathers, too, should have all the training they can get before being allowed to rear children who may make or mar the world of tomorrow."

Having uttered these sentiments, you sit down. Not because you've run out of ideas but because you're out of breath. And the career-girls to whom you've been lecturing continue to survey you in awed silence. Finally one of them says, "Well, of course . . . but you're an exception. The average mother doesn't really do all the things you said." And this comment makes you even more indignant because you can think of dozens of mothers in your own graduating class who are doing a far better job. But before you have gathered sufficient strength to take up this argument, Editor Mary Jane rises with a new light in her eyes and announces, "Of course we must have the 90% represented in our next *Quarterly*—and you will be the one to do it!"

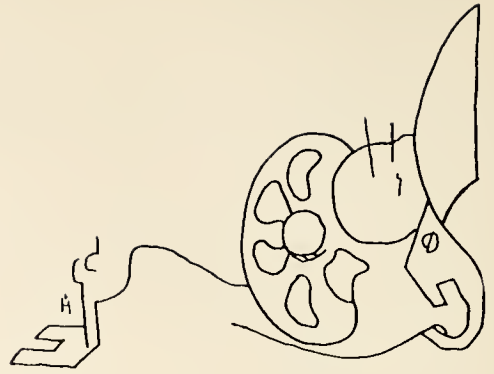
Then it is too late. Not only your own reputation but that of the 90% is at stake now. You'll have to back up what you've been saying. And you wander home, wondering sadly when you'll find time to write an article—and if you'll ever learn to keep quiet.

The next evening you strike a bargain with friend husband. If he'll do the dinner dishes and put the three children to bed every night for a week so you can write, you'll let him go on



that fishing trip to Florida next month. It is agreed, and aside from such minor interruptions as: "Do these pajamas button behind or in front, Mother?" "I want *Momie* to kiss me good-night." "Momie, I think I'm going to frow up!"—the following evenings are spent in sweet communion with your typewriter. And you find that there were dozens of other examples you could have used at the board meeting to prove that a liberal arts education is almost a basic necessity for the woman with a family. For instance, how could you begin to read today's news or pronounce the far-away places in soldier Uncle Gaines' letters without that background of three or four foreign languages? And speaking of foreign languages, remember the time you brought home a loaf of French bread from the bakery just to vary the family menu and discovered that three little mouths could not only consume the tough rinds with gusto but also pronounce French words with astonishing ease? Isn't dinner on "French night" the only meal you never worry about because the children will eat anything as long as they are allowed to carry out the entire conversation in French?

And what about those pictures on the nursery-room wall? It may be true that the smallest one chose Goya's *Boy With Birds* because the cats in the background "gloom" at you, that the middle one selected John Steuart Curry's *Line Storm* because he has always wanted to ride atop a wagon-load of hay, and that the eldest prefers Pieter Breughel's *Peasant Wedding* because he loves to eat. Not exactly artistic reasons, any of them. But at least they are looking at good pictures and not at the stereotyped nursery prints you might have bought for them had it not been for your year of Art Appreciation in college.



Your course in Music Appreciation, the college music room's splendid collection of records and all of the concerts by famous artists some campus official took the trouble to arrange—these have a bearing on your family life, too. For one rainy afternoon the five-year-old is finally allowed to place the needle on one of "Momie's symphony records" and you are surprised at the rapt attention which it and the three successive movements receive. So Music Hour becomes an indispensable part of the daily routine, and you watch proudly as your children's interpretation of a favorite classic grows from "it's a jungle, Momie, with lots of growls in it" to "it's the way I felt when Beau Tate (a pet cat) died and went to Heaven."

When a knowing Junior-Highschooler begins to call the miracles of the *Bible* fairy tales, that's where your college *Bible* course comes in handy. When a beginning reader asks if all Germans and Japanese are bad, you can answer him from experience, remembering the exchange students you went to school with—tall blonde Liselotte Ronnecke from Hanover, who stared at you in amazement when you were looking up a word in the dictionary one day, ("Do you mean to say

you don't know all the words in your own language?"), and Lucie Hess from Stuttgart, who couldn't get used to the luxury of owning a *Bible* again, and Tamiko Okamura, who begged the "honor of a visit" if you were ever in Tokyo.

On Christmas and birthdays you lose yourself in an orgy of book-buying, choosing from today's dazzling array of exquisitely illustrated books the ones which you, as an English Major, know will be read again and again. On stay-in days you construct army tents out of sheets, an upper and lower Pullman berth from two chairs and the davenport cushions with an ease that could come only from your experience in college skits when you duplicated the whole front of Main Building with fifteen cents' worth of wrapping paper and a can of red paint and created a reasonable facsimile of Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* with a package of lace-paper doilies and a pair of blue satin pajamas.

But more important than the specific bits of college training you pass on to your family, are the general benefits derived from four years of college community dwelling. First there is the cosmopolitan outlook you acquire as a result of living and working with people from all sections of the country and from various foreign nations. Perhaps never again will you be required to adapt yourself to as many different personalities, tastes, religious beliefs and sectional accents. You pass the *tomahtoes* to the girl from Charleston, discuss *gyardening* with the Virginian, exchange ideas on the race question with the New Yorker. Your room-mate is from Shanghai and you live in an atmosphere of mandarin coats, embroidered slippers, Buddahs, rice prints, white jade, tapestries and folk tales told by an

old Chinese nurse named Dongh-Sao until you fall completely under the spell of the Oriental. Across the hall, the missionary's daughter from Africa finds her mattress too comfortable for sleep and considers the instant hot water, which you have taken for granted all your life, a luxury. In the mornings, in the bathroom you lay your American tube of toothpaste down beside the French girl's less hygienic but infinitely more exciting metal case of pink *savon de dents*. At teas you munch on crystallized violets and rose leaves, preserved lotus buds, snails and locusts (if you are brave) with the aplomb of a seasoned globe-trotter. In all of these experiences you are learning the most valuable lesson college can teach you—the art of understanding and getting along with your fellow men.

And secondly, during these four years, you learn the true meaning of culture. You find that professors are human beings who enjoy a good movie or a game of tennis after classes as much as you do. That it takes the qualities of character and leadership as well as a high I.Q. to make Phi Beta Kappa. That the epithets, "stuffed-shirt" and "long-hair," are applied by the uneducated to the partially educated, neither realizing that the purpose of higher learning is simply to increase one's enjoyment of life. Upon how well you learn this lesson depends your adjustment after graduation to a business office where perhaps none of your fellow workers or even your immediate superior are college graduates, where, at first, the very fact that you hold an A.B. degree is one strike against you. Equally dependent upon this lesson is your adjustment to the average neighborhood where you will be lucky if you find one other housewife who speaks

your language and where even a modest collection of books brands you as a high-brow. But remembering that the most cultured minds on your campus were also the friendliest, the most unassuming, will guide your behaviour in both these situations and pave the way for later improvements which you as a college graduate should prompt. It will also save you from rearing little monstrosities who chant Greek at the age of five and are trotted out at every adult gathering to show off their precocious talents.

A third general benefit derived from a college education is the element of time. For during the Four Years of Grace, as you now regard this period of your life, you outgrew many adolescent ideas. You shudder to think of the names you might have bestowed upon your innocent chil-

dren, of the spectacular decorating schemes you might have carried out if you had married a year after graduating from high school.

Yes, the more you consider the question, the more convinced you are that every mother should have a college education. And you know that every one of the 90% is using her education in many more ways that you have been able to show here. And you decide, as you wind up your article, that you will have plenty to say the next time Great-aunt Sophronia, comfortably ensconced in the company wing-chair, glances around at the crayon-marked walls, the battered lamp shades and at your three little Indians bouncing up and down on the davenport, and remarks with a sympathetic smile—"Poor dear, a lot of good going to college did you!"



# GO INTO GOVERNMENT, YOUNG WOMEN

MALVINA LINDSAY

*Washington Post* columnist urges college women to help this democracy prove that government by the people can work.



THE PREWAR AMERICAN GIRL in considering a future vocation was apt to ask but two questions concerning it: "What chances for success will it offer me?", "Will it be interesting?"

Today, if she is at all aware of the uncertain status to which her Nation and even her planet have been brought through worldwide war and revolution and the release of atomic power, she will ask a third question of any considered career: "Is it a spot where I can give my best to save what civilization has gained?"

We in the United States believe that one thing civilization has gained is the experiment in democratic government begun here more than 150 years ago. The recent war has brought us a freshened awareness of its value, a renewed determination to keep it alive and make it grow. Hence, many young women are thinking of government careers, not merely as livelihoods, but also with a sense of noblesse oblige, such as that

which so long has led the British upper classes into public life.

What opportunities does the serving of the state offer such young women?

During the war many girls with college backgrounds found inspiring and even lucrative jobs in the government. But since V-J Day, government work, like the old gray mare, "ain't what she used to be." This is a low ebb of opportunity for ambitious girls who would help Uncle Sam run things. The United States Civil Service Commission has closed its examinations and has announced that, until further notice, applications for federal jobs will be accepted only from persons with veteran preference. Most of the temporary agencies offering "interesting" work are closing their doors. Peacetime retrenchment is taking place in most regular departments as Con-

gressmen loudly call for a saving of the taxpayers' money.

However, the long range picture is brighter. Federal government machinery is bound to enlarge as the Nation grows. The United States, as a great world power, will be constantly taking on new enterprises. Its foreign service must expand. Agencies for international collaboration in varied fields must develop. Now that the United Nations headquarters is to be situated in the United States, there will be opportunities in its structure for American girls. Many of these, of course, will be clerical. But in time there will also be professional work for women to do in the Social and Economic Council, in the Food Organization (which has set for itself the stupendous goal of abolishing poverty in the world) and in the Educational and Cultural Commission.

This government also must expand many of its domestic activities to keep up with a rapidly moving world. It is planning now to give sponsorship to scientific research. In most government departments there will be an increasing call for technicians. Professional opportunities will open up in such fields as architecture, engineering, chemistry, physics, metallurgy, agriculture, home economics. The draft revealed the need of more public health service and of federal aid to education. Economists, statisticians, labor experts, public relations authorities are inevitable needs in meeting tomorrow's problems. Members of Congress eventually will have technical staffs to assist them. The care of veterans will make necessary more hospitals, nurses, doctors, psychiatric and social workers and teachers.

Always a supreme need of the government will be the person gifted as an administrator (the leader as opposed to the martinet) who can or-

ganize, direct and inspire and thus help to lift government service out of its too frequent treadmill status.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe government jobs and salaries in detail. These change with new conditions. The United States Civil Service Commission is the best source of up-to-date information.

In the general Civil Service picture, it should be emphasized that if a girl is looking for money, fame or glamour, the government is not the place for her. But neither is the average private industry. In fact, where is the guaranteed place for such achievement?

Government salaries are not high compared with those in some private industries, especially in the higher executive classifications. But they compare favorably with the average salary in school teaching and in many pursuits open to women. For example, a beginner in the professional class of government employes starts at \$2,320 a year (under rules at this writing). Yearly raises of \$100 are given for a certain number of years if her work is satisfactory. Or if she has special ability, she may be able to get reclassified into a job having a higher basic salary.

Government workers have a liberal pension system and generous sick leaves and vacations. They have, as a rule, more security than private industry as they are less subject to general economic upsets. They cannot be fired so easily on the whim of a boss. Yet their advancement may be influenced, as it would be in any private office, by office politics and personal factors.

The biggest danger the government worker faces is that of becoming a typical Civil Service robot. Offices in Washington are full of persons



who complain of frustration, who constantly protest, "If only I could feel that my work meant something!" Many older women of ability in high positions often feel they have been defeated by tradition and red tape in accomplishing the big things they had hoped to do in their jobs.

Yet college women considering government careers should not be stopped or discouraged by this situation. For a democratic nation cannot afford to have its government run by robots. Let business have its assembly line, but not the government. Here is a challenge that must be met. Indeed it often is met and conquered by those who have enough skill, initiative and determination. Moreover, these bafflements vary with agencies. Some of these are more progressive than others. Often the resourceful employe can scout around, find herself the place in which she can best work, and get transferred to it.

Also some things are being done to raise the standard of government service and to make freer and happier those in it. The widespread government personnel organization is grappling with the problem. The government counselling service was extended during the war, and now in many departments, alert and sympathetic counsellors help employes with their personal problems, or in adjusting to their jobs, or in finding the right openings for their talents.

An effort to put government work on a career basis is being made through the National Institute of Public Affairs, an endowed enterprise which trains prospective government employes through a program of internships. Outstanding students with interest in government service are nominated by colleges and submitted to a committee on appointments from the institute. The best qualified are selected after personal inter-

views. Classes number around 35. These interns work without pay in federal offices for nine months, with an educational director of the institute as adviser.

Seven of the current interns are with Senators, Representatives and Congressional committees, seven in agencies dealing with international relations, four in agriculture, three in housing and three in labor agencies. Most of the past interns have gone on in government service and achieved important positions.

The young woman in a hurry will probably not find government work to her liking. It is no place to become copy for a magazine success story. For that she might better investigate modeling, the fashion field, or Hollywood. Nor can the earnest neophyte come into a government office and "reform" it overnight. She will find that much of the routine and red tape in the government—as in all big business—has a reason for being and is designed to save her future unhappy experiences.

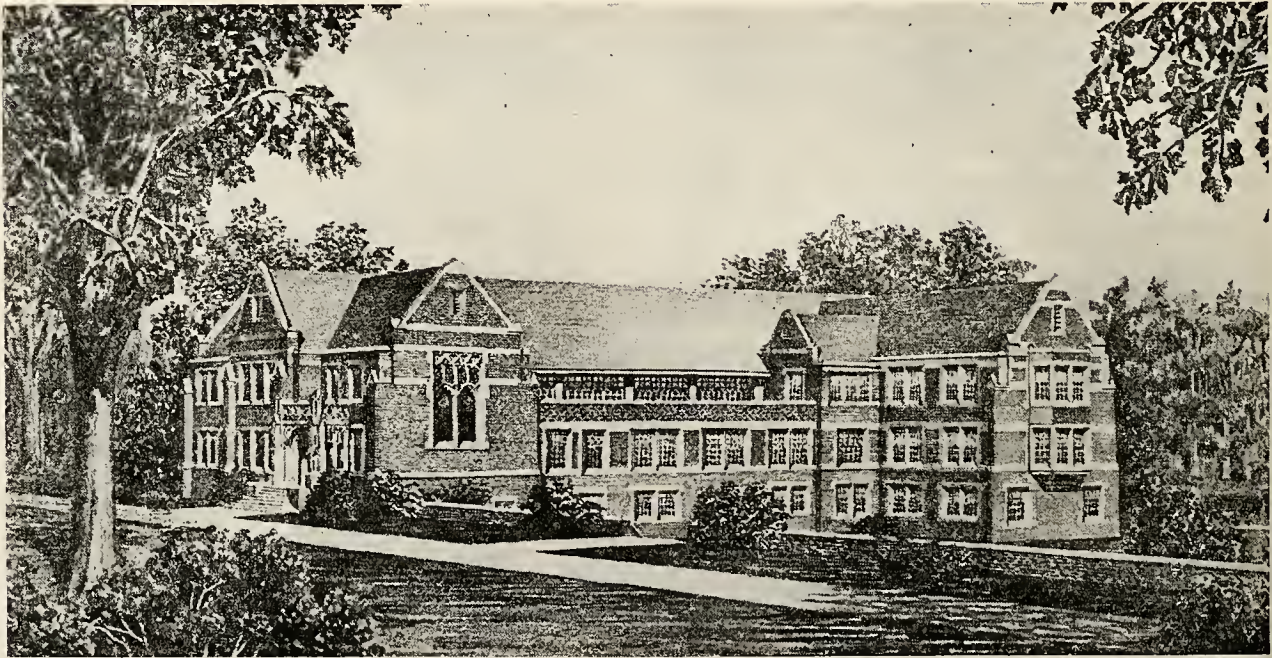
But if she brings to her job some patience, as well as specialized training and a consuming interest in what she wants to do, she will find a special satisfaction in a government career. Its security will give her a chance for living and thinking. She will feel that what she is doing is eddying out into the lives of millions of Americans. She will have a personal sense of being a part of the Nation, rather than a spectator citizen talking of what "they" ought or ought not to be doing in Washington. She will have the assurance that as a citizen she is helping to fill one of her country's most desperate needs.

In all the discussion of what's wrong with Civil Service, which goes on constantly in Washington (just as similar discussions of "manage-

ment" go on in every restroom and cafeteria in private industry) the solution always comes back to one thing—better people in government. Especially needed are those with capacity for leadership, those with the talent for human relationships, and those who not only have special knowledge but the ability to transmit to others what they know. For democratic government

must increasingly explain itself to its stockholders, the people, and keep alive their interest in its doings. Otherwise, the road leads either to wasteful inefficient bureaucracy or to dictatorship. Only if more promising young people are willing to go in for government can these evils be averted and this Nation prove to history that government by the people can work.

*Drawing of the Frances Winship Walters Infirmary to be built as soon as materials are available.*



*The new infirmary will have thirty beds, more contagious wards than the present building, and a well-baby clinic in the basement which will probably be operated by a group of doctors in connection with the Decatur Clinic. Donation of \$100,000 by Frances Winship Walters makes this building possible.*



*Miss Jackson, associate history professor at Agnes Scott, speaks with devotion and authority about the organization which she has served well as regional vice-president of the South Atlantic section for ten years.*

## THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN LIFTS EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS

ELIZABETH FULLER JACKSON

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO in the parable of the talents, our Lord set forth the principle that to keep a talent one must use and develop it. In 1881 seventeen young women, graduates from eight institutions of higher learning, realizing this principle and experiencing a sense of frustration and loneliness, caught the vision of the possibilities that uniting their efforts in practical educational work might achieve and issued the call for the organization which today we know as the AAUW. Today's college graduates do not suffer from the same loneliness that those young women experienced in 1881, but it is not less true now than then that with lack of use in study their minds get rusty and soon drop back to freshman level.

Graduates of colleges or universities on the approved list of the AAUW need not suffer such retrogression if they have the imagination necessary to become members of the association and take part in its study program. AAUW is an

adult education association which uses the education of its members as a lever to improve the quality of education in the country as a whole.

The achievements in the past sixty-five years resulting from the vision and initiative of those original pioneer girls have greatly influenced all phases of education in this country. In such short space as is allotted to me here it is impossible to give even a brief account of the activities and accomplishments of this, the oldest national association of women in this country. Its membership now includes approximately 80,000 graduated from 250 institutions.

One of the ways of rendering practical service to education today is still what it was in 1882, that of raising educational standards. Today the desire of institutions admitting women to be on the approved list of the AAUW and the association's refusal to admit any institutions but those having certain basic requirements in the liberal arts and adequate equipment, both in the physi-

cal plant and in endowment, together with academic freedom and high qualification for the faculty are effective in raising standards. Occasionally it is necessary to drop an institution from the approved list for failure to maintain these standards, but usually the threat of this drastic action brings about reform. While the work of investigating institutions is entrusted to a committee chosen for special qualifications, every member of the association has a part in this work through the payment of her annual dues.

Each branch of the association has autonomy in its own dues, but it must transmit to National Headquarters in Washington two dollars for each national member. What those two dollars achieve is amazing. One portion pays dues for the individual to the International Federation of Women, which was organized in 1921 to improve understanding between university women of the member nations. Part of each two dollars goes to pay the expenses of the standing committees, the committees on Education, International Relations, Social Studies, Membership and Maintaining Standards, Fellowship Awards, Fellowship Endowment, Legislative Program, and Economic and Legal Status of Women. Another part goes to pay for the publication of *The Journal*. A further fraction goes to the maintenance of the national club house and Headquarters Building at 1634 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., and the salaries of the Headquarters Staff.

Women who are interested in improvement of educational standards should know about the work of our Headquarters Staff. At its head is the General Director, Dr. Kathryn McHale, whom AAUW took from Goucher College, where

she was Professor of Education and Philosophy and had made an important name as a leading educator. Since Dr. McHale became General Director in 1929, the association's membership has increased from 32,000 to 80,000. The branches have risen from 462 to well over 900, and the association's program has been expanded to encourage study and understanding of national and international problems as well as contemporary arts. Dr. McHale's interest in higher education has strengthened the association's efforts in behalf of higher standards. She initiated and directed a comprehensive study of changes and experiments in 315 liberal arts colleges that was published as the 1932 Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, which speaks for its importance. She has written and directed many others since then.

Under Dr. McHale's direction are eight major staff members: Associates in Childhood Education, Higher Education, Social Studies, International Education and a Secretary to the Committee on Economic and Legal Status of Women, who keep a watchful eye out for advancement of women and cases of discrimination against women. (The work of this committee represents one of the oldest interests of the association.) The Secretary to the Committee on Membership and Maintaining Standards and the Committee on Fellowship Awards also makes major contributions to the association. I assure you that there is very little that goes on in the institutions on our approved list or in colleges that wish to be on it pertaining to standards that escapes the attention of Mary H. Smith. She has one of the most remarkable memories that I have ever encountered, and it is completely devoted to the advancement of the interests of AAUW. As Sec-

retary to the Committee of Fellowship Awards, her fund of information concerning research projects being carried on throughout the country is amazing. In considering candidates for awards the committee she serves works not only with the leading institutions of higher learning but with the leading scholars of the country. Mrs. Ruth Wilson Tryon combines the function of Editor of *The Journal* and Secretary of the Fellowship Endowment Committee. Under her editorship *The Journal* has become one of the most important magazines in the educational field, incidentally the only magazine which I religiously read from cover to cover.

Besides these experts the Headquarters Staff includes that most necessary officer, the Comptroller. Mrs. J. K. McClintock has held this position for many years and, besides being most efficient in her office, has brought the association prestige and recognition through her interest in Pan-American affairs. She is no less proficient in Spanish and art than in finance.

Under the direction of these ten major staff members, who correspond in training to the senior members of a college faculty, are a corps of clerks, stenographers and secretaries who keep the records and assist in carrying forward the work of the association with loyalty, perseverance and pride that one must have witnessed to appreciate. The small size of this group is one of the surprising things about it.

Several thousand members pay national dues and are not affiliated with any local group, but the most generally known part of the AAUW is the local branch. As noted before, there are well over 900 of these branches throughout the country; scarcely a month passes without the formation of a new one. It is through the activities of

these branches that improvement of educational standards in their communities has been carried forward. Some of the larger branches have study programs in all phases of the national program as well as local projects, but small branches usually choose to concentrate upon some one phase. The branches vary in size from ten members to more than 1,200 members. The only phase of the national program in which every branch participates is the Fellowship Endowment Fund. Since 1888 the association has been awarding fellowships to graduate women of outstanding merit and promise. From the first, the association realized that undergraduate aid was much easier to obtain than aid for mature scholars who had already demonstrated their ability. Only one Agnes Scott alumna has as yet held one of these fellowships, Elizabeth Juanita Greer White of the class of 1926. The work of our fellows during the period of World War II has been most conspicuous and has thoroughly justified the judgment of the Committee on Awards. Who would have thought that a study of Icelandic sagas might have important bearing on the winning of the war? Yet, when the War Department wanted a phrase book in Iceland for the use of our soldiers stationed there, they turned to our fellow who had studied the Icelandic sagas.

In addition to raising the permanent Fellowship Endowment Fund, the association today is raising funds to help bring women scholars from the occupied countries over here to study and catch up with developments in their fields. Our State Department considers this a most important practicable piece of international education. During the war, funds for the relief of women refugee scholars were raised and sent to the As-



sociation of University Women in neutral and allied countries where many were saved for future usefulness.

In higher education AAUW maintains that for the majority of students the surest means of securing well-rounded and cultural minds is

through the study of the liberal arts. Consequently, AAUW requires that its members shall be graduates of institutions of high standards and also holders of approved degrees—degrees for which at least half of the work is in the general, broad, liberal arts.

*The Award of Merit below was given to Agnes Scott's ALUMNAE QUARTERLY for illustrations and special layout features. The staff for last year's magazine included Billie Davis Nelson '42, Editor, and Art Editors Howard Thomas and Leone Bowers Hamilton '26. Agnes Scott's magazine won*

For Outstanding Editorial Achievement  
In publication of an alumni magazine

## AWARD OF MERIT

In the 1945 Magazine Awards Competition  
among alumni magazines in the United  
States and Canada sponsored by the Ameri-  
can Alumni Council



*William B. Gibson*  
Director for Magazines

*Jeanne M. Saunders*  
President, American Alumni Council

*further recognition among the 170 colleges submitting their publications in the American Alumni Council's competition. In the classification of Magazine of the Year for the Robert Sibley Award won by the OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY our QUARTERLY was cited as "close behind in the scoring" with eight others which included only one other woman's college. Agnes Scott congratulates Ohio State for its outstanding achievement for 1945.*

*"The work demonstrates the mentality and spirituality of the artist."*

## EXPERIENCING ART

LEONE BOWERS HAMILTON '26

TALK MADE AT THE CAMPUS ART APPRECIATION HOUR IN RESPONSE TO THE INVITATION TO TELL ABOUT SUMMER SCHOOL AT HANS HOFMANN SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

ART IS TOO PERSONAL to consider any one period of study as a separate entity. Each new vision is based on and intertwined with the preceding experiences. The roots of my art education reach down into childhood. My mother encouraged the ability to see and value beauty as the Creator presents it. No day was too crowded for time to enjoy the radiant sunset against the emerald sky of evening. No errand was so hasty but the russet top or blushing underside of a toadstool upheld on a slender, cream-colored stem could be appreciated as it glistened in the morning dew.

The history of my art schooling dates back to 1914 when I was placed under Miss Emma Jones at the Birmingham Seminary. I hear her often as I work at my easel:

"Learning to draw is learning to see!"

Or again, with much force:

"How long before you learn to paint?" Why,

you can paint until the cows come home and never be a painter."

From her I absorbed an undying enthusiasm for art and a habit of rejecting any but the highest standard in my work.

Graduation later from old Central High meant breaking with childhood ties. The next fall I entered Agnes Scott and had the joy of understanding and sympathetic study with Miss Louise Lewis. From her I learned respect for good drawing and clean color, also to value the fact that individual interpretation and personal technique were safeguarded.

When college days were over I went to the Pennsylvania Academy, then to Chester Springs, where the famous painter, Daniel Garber, was instructor. He was kind in encouraging me and praised past schooling by noting the use of correct values in painting.

The two following years I worked again under Miss Lewis, for I had married and Decatur became our home town. Since training in commercial art had been left out of my experiences, I decided to join the group at High Museum in Atlanta. Mr. Robert Rogers was the instructor there under whom I enjoyed life classes.

Gradually I came to understand that mere technical perfection is not great art and that any formula for working is deadening to creative development. The years passed with painting always uppermost in my thinking, and I practiced whenever I could. Miss Lewis' patience with me through these years may yet bear fruit.

1943 found me enrolled in the class of Mr. Howard Thomas, to whom I owe the acquiring of an open-minded perception of the work of other artists, a freedom from the object painted, color controlled understandingly and an aware-

ness of negative and positive space in compositions. The kindness of Mr. Lamar Dodd in demonstrating the use of paint textures as well as the textures of the objects depicted was another valuable experience in the years 1943 to 1945.

All of these serious teachers gave me to understand that art is a real study and that honesty must be the basis of creative work.

And now we come to summer 1945! A summer so meaningful because of what had preceded—not only knowledge in a special field but a balanced education gained at a liberal arts college. Without a basic understanding of psychology, physics, chemistry, music, mathematics, literature, sociology and history the approach would not have meant so much and possibly not have been comprehended. To Agnes Scott I owe the privilege of study under a master painter, internationally recognized as an intrepid pioneer, Mr. Hans Hofmann. Fortunate for me that he has had to leave his native land, for I should never have gotten to go to his former winter school at Munich or his summer school at Capri.

Mr. and Mrs. Hofmann met me when I arrived at night in Provincetown, Massachusetts and found a room for me at Casa Gernika. Mr. Hofmann thoughtfully carried my bags up to the third floor and left me with the invitation to come to school the next day and get acquainted with the students.

I found the school and sought out Mr. Hofmann in his studio. He stopped work on an article entitled "Realism of Today Is Spiritual," which he was preparing for print and twinkled a welcome to me. Beautifully sensitive original abstractions were around the walls of the studio. When he saw my evident delight, he said, "Teaching is my bread and butter, Mrs. Hamil-

ton." He told me that if I intended to teach I must not only be sensitive but also give out inspiration. Be at home with plasticism—make no mistake in it. A print by Picasso was on the wall and a large book opened at reproductions by Braque and Leger was propped up on a table. Mr. Hofmann explained, "I keep that book open and turn to a new page every day." The inspiration of other good painters is very helpful. I was told to report to class the next day with "charc," paper, drawing board and portfolio.

From an informal journal (a habit of writing down impressions acquired in English 101) I shall read notes on the first day in class:

Evening July 5, 1945

School in temporary quarters. Ten students in class.

Problem: spacial relations, positive and negative; volumes suspended and planes to be adjusted.

Criticism by teacher as he went from student to student:

"If space relations are right, then it looks good."

"Too complicated. Simplify!"

"You know even simplicity has its limitations."

"These areas must be clear so that they do not interfere with each other."

"'Mondrain?' So many critics write about him, but they all say 'wonderful pattern,' never what he was after, which was spacial relations."

"You must experience this."

The large still life covers ten feet of wall space and reaches from the floor almost to the ceiling. The objects are arranged in rhythms and with meaning as to planes, volumes and masses.



The teacher is kindly and helpful in understanding of student effort. He encourages individual interpretation but expects one to understand the principles of creative painting.

On the wall were these sign-large notices:

Use easel and stool  
how you see them

and

All drawings not placed in  
portfolio will be destroyed.

I am anxious for tomorrow so that I can work again.

By the end of the week I had come to know the students, a group of advanced thinkers, mature painters, art teachers and heads of art schools. They came one each from Texas, Tennessee, West Virginia, Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Colorado, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Canada, Iceland, fifteen students by now, men and women. There was Mrs. Gordon, elderly understanding teacher from Canada; dark, handsome Nicky Carone, just released from the Air Corps; pretty talented southern Janie Goolsby from Texas State College for Women; big, blonde Oscar Weisbuck, head of an art school in Utica, N. Y.; small, very blonde Drefa from Iceland and pleasing, spotlessly groomed, sensitive Pillow Lewis of the Memphis Academy of Art. So was the class made up—a grand, small group of intelligent, well-balanced people.

The evening I left for New York the members of the class dropped by Casa Gernika singly or in pairs until ten o'clock, when those of us gathered together went to the Weisbuck's apartment for a farewell cup of coffee.

Now I do want to talk a little while of Mr.

Hofmann's teaching. He is modern and not academic in his approach, but, with the true tolerance of the great, he has no scathing criticism for those who choose another school. He believes each person has a right to his own conviction. As he taught I understood him to say the following:

"It isn't the planes in modern painting that makes it modern but the plastic concept." Plasticity he stresses: "The plastic is everything in relation to space! Every line within the picture space must be related to the four sides of the plane." Of subject matter he says: "It is not a question of what is on the outside of the picture plane but a question of how you use what is on the outside when you plan the inside of your surface plane. The artist must be the architect of space. The inherent quality of the picture plane lies in the quality of infinity that may be created within the limited area. When the subject matter is only sky and water and there is only a horizon line, then space must be created."

"The main thing is relationships. A good composition must have plastic unity and powerful simplicity. Color must not imitate the flatness of the area but must create a greater depth. Not the modulation but the negative space is important."

"The work demonstrates the mentality and spirituality of the artist."

Summer school days passed so fast. I worked morning and afternoon for six days a week. It was worth every effort. No certificate or report could possibly have meant as much to me as Mr. Hofmann's remark made the last day in school: "Mrs. Hamilton, your progress has been rapid, very rapid indeed. I wish you did not have to leave."

*A member of the National Board of the United Council of Church Women challenges college women to erase prejudice with a "new social outlook to which the future of mankind belongs."*

## THE UNITED COUNCIL OF CHURCH WOMEN

MRS. A. H. STERNE

VICTOR HUGO ONCE SAID that no army could withstand the strength of an idea whose time had come. If we are to have a new world—one world—then the idea of a united effort of all Christian people becomes an imperative. Christian citizenship with its implications is not a denominational task but one for all Christian women, and it is only as they are willing to unite their strength and efforts in creating public opinion that they can be a real dynamic force.

The United Council of Church Women is the latest step in the development of the women's movement in the church. It came into being through the merger of women's interests in the committee on women's work of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, the Council of Women for Home Missions, and the National Council of Church Women. It is a listening post and a voice, a clearing house and a channel. It challenges a new devotion to the Christ. It urges loyalty to the local church but provides a way for this strength to unite with that of other women



of the community and the nation to work for social, industrial and racial understanding and justice and for unselfish attitudes which alone can bring real peace. It keeps horizons broad and lifts eyes and hearts to world visions. It abounds in the fellowship of the World Church. It is a channel for the power of Protestant women. Ten million Protestant church women working together can change the world. They can accomplish on a local, state and national level what no single denominational group can do alone.

Local and state Councils of Church Women are together the United Council of Church Women. The growth has been nothing short of amazing. We began four years ago with a suggested budget of \$15,000 and one office secretary. It was eventually decided that \$12,000 would cover



that first year. Today we have a budget of \$48,000 with a proposed budget for 1946 of \$60,000. Our one office has grown to six rooms, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, all crowded with our staff of five secretaries and ten office workers. But this national staff does not make the work. The United Council of Church Women is in local communities, 11,000 of which are reached by the World Day of Prayer and 1,200 of which are organized into some type of interdenominational organization. Every day brings inquiries about how to organize a local community, for women across the nation are beginning to see that the broken world cannot be bound together by a divided church. Our goal is to establish a local council in every community.

The Council sponsors the World Day of Prayer, the first Friday in Lent, which has become a tie binding peoples of more than fifty countries together across all barriers. The power of their prayers becomes globe-encircling. It may become world-changing. The organization sponsors May Fellowship Day, the first Friday in May, which gives opportunity each year for communities to face issues that can be solved only unitedly. May Fellowship points up the need for a more united Protestantism and shows what can be done by beginning in the local community. Members learn that women in many other communities are acting on the same problems. The Council also sponsors World Community Day the first Friday in November, at which time it urges study of what it will cost and require to have a truly peaceful world. Peace, racial equality and economic security cannot be established on a world level unless the attitudes and activities on the community level give them reality and vitality.

Significant among the things which we are and have been stressing are better understanding among peoples of all races and religions here in our own country and concern over children and their protection both in the matter of labor and in the type of education and recreation that our nation provides for them. This means all children. We have worked hard for fair employment for all peoples irrespective of race and religion. Internationally, we have put forth great effort for sharing the materials of life with other countries that are in such desperate need and have repeatedly expressed our willingness to do without things and be rationed in order that the rest of the world may have food for their very lives. On behalf of the United Nations Organization we have carried on a continuous educational campaign circulating the charter into our 11,000 communities, sending with it a program designed to make every woman aware of her responsibility in making the United Nations Charter work. Undergirding our whole program has been the complete faith in God as the Ruler of the world. Statesmen of the world have established the United Nations Organization; Christians must make it work.

These foundations of a new international fellowship laid in prayer through our World Day of Prayer have impelled us to work hard for the sending of Christian messages around the world. We believe that only as the world organization is built on the principles which God gave us long ago in the first two great commandments—"Thou shalt love thy God—and thy neighbor"—and only when the world is willing to live by them, can we have peace. For that we are working intelligently, we hope.

We feel that the most important thing at this

moment is to feed the hungry. We cannot talk, we, with our strong well-fed bodies, to a man who is so hungry that he scarcely has the breath of life within him. We feel that women in all communities, if they could only see the terrific need of the dying in Europe and of the Orient, would cast aside all lesser things and work in their communities toward the sharing from our bounty of the things which God has given to us for the comfort of all men.

Women who come into the Council are those who have a world vision and are willing to be used of God in carrying out His great purposes. Who knows but like Esther of old they have "come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?" They have found that the things that separate us denominationally are secondary to those that unite us. They may be called the plus Christians because they are willing to go that extra mile to stand for right in the service of the Master even though it be not a popular thing to do. They realize that before we can have "One World," that before we have a right to pray "Our Father," they must be busy doing away with isolationism, anti-Semitism, religious intolerance and racial prejudice. They have dedicated themselves to try to interpret the mind of Christ until there develops a real ecumenical spirit in the churches.

If we follow our Lord's command, we will lift up our eyes, looking from the place where we are northward and southward, eastward and westward, convinced that the world mission of the church today is the task of the world church. Therefore, we pray unitedly that God may stir our souls with a divine discontent for the status quo. Old ways and customs are obsolete. With the poet Lowell we believe that "new occasions

teach new duties (and) time makes ancient good uncouth."

In recent reading I have found evidence that this basic philosophy of the council is a widespread feeling:

Humanity desperately needs a new purpose to establish a world order founded on a brotherhood of all mankind under the fatherhood of God. To do this requires a sincere subordination of our traditional racial, cultural, denominational and social superiority that will result in the surrender of our iron smugness, our brittle complacency, our overbearing self-satisfaction to the understanding and sympathy of an impelling love and cooperation.

As Christians, haven't we kept closed minds because we failed to allow the mind of Christ to lead us into new attitudes of mind toward the truth?

In the dangerous days ahead much depends on our attitudes of mind toward new ideas and to a new social outlook to which the future of mankind belongs.

Because our minds are filled with old prejudices, old mental habits, old class interests, old forms of patriotism, let our prayer be that prejudice and selfishness die within us and that the open-mindedness of Jesus will have right of way in our hearts until we as united Christian women be prepared to lead in making our fellowship with all people so real that our oneness in Christ will come first and our differences second.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller in an article on "The Church Versus the Churches" says that a life, not a creed, is the test. "The Church must be a true democracy, cooperation, not competition, its

*(Continued on Page 29)*

## ASSIGNMENT IN REALITY

LITA Goss '36

TO THE GRADUATE who has loved her college and the time of slow, ripening growth spent there, an experience occurs and recurs after graduation which is likely to make those four years recede into a mist of the unreal and illusory—almost. As she enters upon the task of adjusting to a world of hurry and job, of concentrating upon “practical” results and living with “people” and getting some “sense” knocked into her—as she faces “real” life, in other words—she may easily fall into acceptance of the smug, commonplace, vegetative theory of the dichotomy between college living and life.

Enveloped by the atmosphere around her, a graduate may lose sight of the elementary fact that the kind of living she experienced for four years at college was a part—an integral part—of her life. A great many forces unite to tempt her into the delusion that those four years were simply a period of marking time, an enjoyable vacation at an ivy-covered resort. She may know deep within her that the time of concentration on study and intellectual pursuits was a period for enriching her with equipment and resources to be utilized in a different environment, an environment which would make for a shifted emphasis on things intellectual but not for a dis-

carding of them. She may have a disturbing feeling that the things she now learns to call “real” appear rather shoddy and unsatisfying in contrast to the studies and ideas absorbing her mind and spirit a few years before. She may, in fact, experience a definite and keen nostalgia for a return to the academic atmosphere.





Perhaps there will follow, then, a seeking of that atmosphere in book clubs or study groups or public lectures—all of which continue to have a flat taste, by no means resembling the fresh tang of the stuff which fed her hunger earlier. At this point, such a graduate may despondently wish that someone would turn out a tidy, pocket-size little manual entitled *How to Remain Educated Though Graduated*. Of course, the trouble may be that she has narrowed too greatly her conception of the term “education,” she may have made synonymous the labels “academic” and “intellectual” as applied to growth; but she does have the distinct feeling that it is very easy to become transformed from a college student into a cabbage. A great many college graduates look upon such a transformation as desirable, and without doubt it is a comfortable way of adaptation to the conventional environment. Far be it from me to enlist from that group either converts to a different outlook or readers interested in continuing the quest upon which a freshman English teacher lured them with a wicked assignment for an outline on “The Aims of the Liberal Arts College.”

For those, however, who discovered on graduation that the aims of both that essay and teacher were to drive deeper into our being the goad of “divine discontent,” for them I have a sense of fellowship in consequent wanderings along paths indicated to us during college.

Like them, I remember that with the approaching end of college came the beginning of the realization that most of our learning lay before us. The past four years had brought us to the awareness that we had just begun upon a search—the search for an understanding of what mankind, ourselves, human living really

are in the fullest sense of being. The studies which we had just completed had only raised questions; they were never meant to provide the answers. The biggest challenge of all that they offered was: what were we going to do to discover the meanings behind those questions? Were we going to continue to seek the guidance of the great spirits to whose wisdom we had been directed? Would we willingly undertake the self-discipline involved in progressing from an intellectual to a spiritual illumination? Commencement had simply brought us to the point where, like Kierkegaard, we felt the longing within us: “. . . the thing to do is to find a truth which is true *for me, to find the idea for which I can live and die.*”

It was most disconcerting, I can remember, to wake up that June morning just before Commencement and suddenly realize that I didn't know anything. At least, in comparison with all the things that I wished I could read and study and assimilate, the acquisition of four years' study might as well be nothing. Now, all the orderly pattern for learning and study was to be disrupted, and there would be no more kindly attention and direction along the unfollowed paths of reading which I still longed to take.

It was on that morning, while I was still in cap and gown after exercises, that an Agnes Scott professor tossed out an invitation “to do some reading next fall.” When that fall came I learned to the fullest what reading and study were. Here there was not any prop from classroom routine to keep up the desire for study; there was no prodding from test or term paper deadlines to force my attention away from other activities to the completion of a piece of reading. There was only the compulsion of curiosity. Bu

this was not the curiosity of merely wanting to *know*, with knowledge an end in itself. It had been directed toward knowledge which had acquired value in the light of something eternal, so that I began to apprehend the supremacy of that knowledge by which it is possible to "be transformed by the renewing of your mind" for the proving or understanding of that which is "that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God." And during that year I found this compulsion the most relentless, driving one I had ever experienced. That teacher gave me, not a topic or a subject, really, to read about, but an idea, an idea of a way of living, and there was awakened in me a feverish eagerness to examine more and more books and people and places which could be strung onto this idea, like varicolored beads on a chain. At times, I had dim forebodings as to what would happen when I had exhausted the parts of the beaded chain and completed the circle. By this time I had tasted the joy of reading hugely anywhere and everywhere, yet with a set goal in mind. That taste had given me a Faustian thirst, and I shrank from the possibility of draining the cup.

What I had learned from that shared reading, though, was that ideas are not strung like a circle of beads and that the thing that satisfies thirst does not come from an exhaustible cup. As I read and studied, I found a lengthening chain which connected the ideas, so that when I had fumbled my way along the beads of one group of ideas, I came to another which led me continually forward in my thinking. The result was that "education" began to be symbolized for me by a guiding thread on which you took a firm hold and followed if you so desired, with the result that you were led from the darkness of a

cave to a light in the distance, somewhat as Curdie was led out of the goblin-infested blackness of the mountain depths in *The Princess and the Goblins*.

For several years when I was thus following a path of study and reading, I was fortunate enough to be among companions interested in going in the same direction. That, of course, made the adventure much easier. When we met in groups, there was still the stimulation of exchanging viewpoints, of heated debates and arguments, of clarification of thought by the necessity of defining points. Such group study was an expansion of the college classroom, an arrangement without the necessary limiting and confining which accompanies conformity to a curriculum but with the continuing zest of common growth and discovery.

The real test of whether I had taken a firm grasp upon that thread of ideas leading from darkness to light came when I gradually discovered that my reading companions had drifted along other paths of their own or had taken root in vegetable gardens by the wayside or for some reason or other were no longer there. That first part of the struggle of continuing an intellectual development without the support of a community of interests is the thing that causes so many people to decide that while such activities are proper enough in the academic atmosphere, they are cumbersome luggage, not integral parts of the people themselves, when they move into more oppressive regions. Having followed that thread of reading and study so far along a path, I could not possibly turn my back on it and retrace my steps to a more sociable place where I might find plenty of companions engaging in activities that had tempted but not satisfied me before. There



was nothing to do except to read on my own, but even as I settled down to an isolated study group of one, I determined to try to track down people who might be feeling the same isolation yet desired the same fellowship of study and reading. In other words, I wanted participation in a study group, but a group that came together to study, not one that studied as a pretext for coming together. That kind of study group is not very popular.

In the first place, study itself is not popular. A graduate desiring such a group will find few companions. There are plenty of "soaking groups," where a crowd of people like to sit in rows of chairs and be told what to think of the latest book without the bother of having to read it, or, on a more cultural plane, where they may have enumerated for them the recent trends in American literature without the painful necessity of learning what is American literature. If she wishes to substitute "soak" for "study," a graduate may find plenty of companions with similar interests. Otherwise, a great scarcity confronts her.

Accompanying the unpopularity of study as a respectable form of enjoyment is the ridicule that greets interest in such an activity. The further away a graduate gets from her college years the more she may expect to find belittlement of any sort of disciplined intellectual activity. All sorts of disparaging labels may be plastered upon her, such as "intellectual snob," "theorist," "idealist," "crank," "introvert," "ivory tower tenant," for such odd reasons as reading Milton, checking out library books other than those recommended by the Literary Guild, knowing the difference between psychology and philosophy, and recognizing an infinitive when

it is not split. If the intellectual interests of a graduate can survive the accumulated pressure of conventional apathy toward study and ridicule of mental activity, then she may possibly persist until she finds people who will drift into the formation of a study group.

If that happens, then two other problems yet face her. After a zestful beginning of a study project and a truly enriching period spent on it, the group faces the inevitable wear and tear of waning enthusiasm and shrinking time. It is seldom that an entire group of people can remain as intensely interested in a line of thought as one or two individuals. When that first slackening of interest is felt, it is natural for a study group to appear more and more time-consuming to some individuals composing it, so that they will discover less and less time to give it. Then, just as the group had drifted together to form a temporary pattern, so it will break up and the parts drift in other directions. None of this spells "finis" either to studying itself or to an interest in studying with groups.

The passing of the test as to whether we have taken a firm grip on the thread that leads from darkness to light is the recognition that even in these groups we are isolated students undertaking an individual discipline. Each one of us is fingering a different section of that thread, and it is seldom that we stay for any great length of time within talking distance of others. If we can accept this loneliness and solitude of study, this self-discipline inherent in the pursuit of knowledge, then we are on the path to a communion of students. If we have a strong, persistent interest or idea which we follow in our intellectual development, that interest acts as a magnet to draw others, whose companionship we may enjoy



for as long as it lasts. When they fall away, we are no more alone in our pursuit than we were before, and most likely we have been greatly refreshed and strengthened by the contact with them so that the problems of others' apparent waning of enthusiasm for once common interests, scarcity of fellow students and ridicule of the quest for light—these fade into the shadows we leave behind us.

The question, therefore, is not *how* we are to continue the process of our education, the process of being led from darkness to light, but one of *do we will to continue it*. The process itself is not one confined to a four-year part of our

living but one requiring a lifetime. It is not just an acquisition from social grouping; it is also an achievement in isolation. Study groups may aid us in continuing to follow the guiding of that thread, but each individual must herself make the decision to follow its lead toward the light in the distance. If she is willing to accept the guidance of that thread, if she practices the discipline involved in following it, she will discover the purpose that was defined both for her liberal arts college and for her living: the coming forth from shadows into the fullness of light—an enlightenment which proves to be not just of the mind but even more of the spirit.

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(Continued from Page 24)

aim." He sees the church through its members molding the thought of the world and leading in all great world movements, literally establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.

What a challenge and an opportunity to all Christian women, especially to those who have leisure time, education and leadership ability! It is a call to arms for those who have the courage to stand for right and truth.

On August 6, 1945, the door of the old era closed as the atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. We can never again open that door to the kind of world we had before that date. We must learn to live together with our fellow man or we must face the consequences. There is no other way except Christ's way. The United Council of Church Women is trying to follow that way and to make His prayer for a united family of mankind a reality. We urge all Christian women to join our forces.

## THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

## WORKS FOR BETTER GOVERNMENT



“PANTALOONS AND POLITICS” as associated with women and the vote have long since ceased to be a laughing matter. Having observed the good results of organized, non-partisan effort in the League of Women Voters over a period of twenty-five years people have come to respect the work of women for better government. They realize that the League has no axe to grind and is fearless in presenting facts and intelligent in spotlighting political issues.

While the League of Women Voters was organized for the purpose of educating women to use their newly acquired franchise wisely, the League has, as an organization, grown into an effective pressure group for good government. Realizing with Herbert Agar that government must be “accountable, responsible and understandable” and that modern government is complicated and difficult for the average voter to comprehend, the League works to explain the mechanics of government, to interpret important

issues and to urge elected representatives to act in the interest of the public good rather than for special interest.

On the premise that national government is only as strong as its smallest local branch, the League is set up on the three levels of government: municipal, state and national. A National League with office in Washington, thirty-five state organizations and more than 350 local ones serve to ferret out the problems and issues on these three levels, inform the electorate and prod the elected.

In order that the voice of the League may represent the voice of every member of every local league, the organization practices the democracy that it preaches by adopting a program of action only after a long period of careful study followed by full discussion and a vote in convention by representatives of the various local leagues. This procedure of adopting and working under a well-thought-out program serves

two purposes: 1) it safeguards the League from going off half-cocked on issues and reforms and 2) it protects it from being tempted to get on every bandwagon of public enthusiasm that might excite its officers or members from time to time.

Once a program of action is adopted the League then trains every gun it has toward that objective until it is accomplished. Sometimes it may take six months, sometimes six years (in the case of revision of the Georgia Constitution, the League worked more than 20 years); but League people are noted for their persistence and eventually they accomplish a surprising number of results.

Many methods are used to further a program. Articles are written for local, statewide and national publication. Talks are made by members to various organizations such as Rotary, Civitan, PTA, church and civic groups in order to arouse public opinion on important issues. Recently twelve speakers in Atlanta reached over 5,000 listeners in a brief campaign to secure a county-manager form of government for Fulton County. League members also interview public officials to explain the League point of view or to persuade them to change their minds if they have publicly declared a course of action that is contrary to the public good. This behind-the-scenes method of approach is effective because more often than not our public officials are conscientious and anxious to do what the people want if they could just know what that is.

Two characteristic League devices for informing the electorate as well as holding public officials accountable are the questionnaires regularly sent to candidates and the pre-election

information published in newspapers. Many people have said that if the League did nothing else but publish pre-election information it would justify its existence. The questionnaires are based on the League program (which it urges the candidate to indorse) as well as on popular issues (on which the League takes no stand but points out the pros and cons). The answers, together with the public record (if the candidate is an incumbent or has previously held public office) and a brief biography of each candidate are sent to each League member and also published in the newspapers as a guide to all voters.

One of the aims of the League is to foster active citizen participation in government. In order that League members may become familiar with the processes of government and actually see the wheels go 'round, they make it part of their routine activity to sit in regularly at meetings of city council, county commissioners, boards of education, state legislatures and the Congress of the United States. Because these visitors make it clear that they are present not to ask favors nor to interfere in any way, but merely to observe, they are always welcome. However, since the League observers keep a record of the actions of the individual members of each body as well as the actions of the body itself, and later publish these as part of their record should they run for office again, the presence of these observers frequently serves as a deterrent to action that is not in the public interest.

Besides the program of work and various activities planned to help its members become more effective citizens, the League also endeavors to encourage a larger, more representative electorate. "Get-out-the-vote" campaigns are regularly sponsored to stimulate registration. Car



cards, front page newspaper spotlight notices and radio announcements urge citizens to register and call their attention to time limitations, places to vote, etc. League members even round up prospective voters and actually take them to the registrar's office.

Because the program, as well as the issues for which the League is constantly working, involves the whole pattern of our daily lives as well as the future welfare of our children and our children's children in our effort to safeguard our democratic way of life, League work is ever new and alive and fascinating. Problems of government are not abstract matters to be solved by the student of political science, as the League approaches them, but resolve themselves into questions of pure drinking water, fire protection, good schools, living wages, fair prices, full employment and lasting peace among nations.

League membership is not a matter of personal invitation. All women interested in better government are urged to join. The League makes a real effort to see that its membership represents a cross section of every community. For the most part, women first join the League merely "in order to become an intelligent voter,"

but before long most of them discover some specific program item that challenges their interest and ability. This is especially true of college women whose liberal arts training equips them with valuable background for League work.

In Georgia, the only state in which the eighteen-year-olds are permitted to vote, Leagues have been organized in five colleges at the request of the students. In one college alone there are more than 150 registered voters. Agnes Scott organized a League last fall which has approximately twenty members. Jane Meadows of Atlanta, a member of the present junior class, is president. The new League began its work by encouraging student registration for voting. In all, there are over 400 student League members actively interested in their government. These young women are a source of hope and inspiration to other League members. Not only will they go forth from the college campus to their local communities infused with a sincere interest in better government, but also, in those communities, they are potential leaders who can arouse greater citizen participation, which is the lifeblood of our democracy.

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

(This institutes our section devoted to your letters. If you enjoy these, or if you would like to heckle the editor, write one yourself for the next issue—long or short, pro or con.)

## a just and durable peace

DEAR MARY:

As you know, the November meeting of the Federal Council's Commission on a Just and Durable Peace in Philadelphia was my first, and so there were a number of things in which I was interested.

There were about fifty people present, six of them women. Most of the men were clergy of various denominations and college professors, among them some known to you, I'm sure—Dr. John MacKay of Princeton, Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen of Union and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr. Dr. Georgia Harkness was certainly the outstanding woman there. And of course, presiding was John Foster Dulles with his keen, analytical mind, unflinching patience and good humor, and his Christian approach to the problems.

The meeting opened with a long and frank account by the chairman of the London Ministers' Conference, from which he had recently returned, and of conditions as he found them in Europe. Concerning the former, our spirits were raised as Mr. Dulles explained that he felt it was not the complete failure it seemed, we had maintained the principles on which we had agreed before, refusing to compromise what we felt were fundamental issues, and that though it ended without agreement, the groundwork was laid for future conferences of which there will probably be many before the first peace treaties are worked out.

Concerning the conditions in Europe, we felt very depressed about the areas of our own administration and more so about the Eastern areas. A great deal has come out since revealing the disease, starvation and death among the refugees who now are a much larger number than during the war and of the actual

persecution which is being allowed. Mr. Dulles urged that we do all possible to relieve these distressed areas and eventually to eliminate the causes. He also felt that in working together on some of the social and economic problems of the world common to us all, we could gradually forget our differences and grow in international fellowship.

An address was given on the atomic bomb by Dr. Hagness of Chicago. We were rather surprised that he spent so little time on the scientific details and so much on the political implications. He told us that the one hope lay in international agreement on its control, that to keep it a secret was impossible as scientists in other countries had been working along the same lines, and it is only a question of time, perhaps a few years, before they all work out the manufacture of the bomb. The Federal Council had already gone on record in favor of international control. It has been interesting that our scientists, a group usually uninterested in politics, have taken the lead in the fight in Washington against some of the early legislation introduced by those who would attempt to keep the secret to ourselves.

In the general discussion before the meeting adjourned, it was decided to ask the Federal Council to call a meeting of nation-wide scope, somewhat similar to the earlier Delaware and Cleveland conferences. It was felt that such a conference should not deal just with international questions but with fundamental Christian principles which too many of us who call ourselves by that name have forgotten. We are beginning to feel now the relation between our belief and our social actions and to realize that only a true

Christian faith can bring hope to a stricken and disillusioned world.

The task that lies ahead is not an easy one; in some ways it seems unattainable. But we are not discouraged; we shall move on, however slowly, confident, not in any ability of our own but in God's might, that a peace of true Christian fellowship shall finally come.

Sincerely,  
CAMA BURGESS CLARKSON '22

## old friends and places

DEAR MARY JANE:

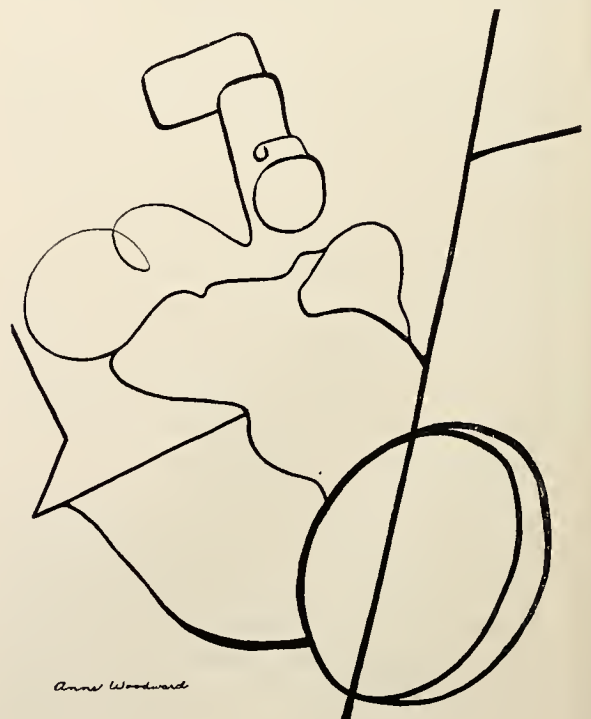
The cards with '37 names and addresses came yesterday. It was fun to go through them and try to recall faces—my mind is pretty blank! I don't know that I can help any if others find it a Jonah to collect news, but after eight years of wondering what some of the crowd are doing, I shall at least write, and if anything interesting results I shall let you know. I plan to start with twenty letters and see what they bring.

The *Quarterly* is certainly fine and I wouldn't miss it. The articles have been worthwhile and the art work most enjoyable. I can't understand the lack of response to the fund. After checking over the location of our class geographically and finding that half of us are in Georgia I wonder if many of the alumnae aren't too close home to appreciate old friends and places. Try living for eight years among strangers who of course become friends, but try it and you can't help wishing for the old friends. Sending news direct to the office is good, for everyone knows that address, and the class secretaries' names and addresses probably don't have a place in many address books.

I can't say that I'd like the news by topics instead of classes. I'd be lost in such a system unless the '37 were in extra large type, for I simply cannot put names

and faces together any more without locating by classes, and even then I'm a bit hazy. What would happen if you used the topics under geographical headings—put all the Virginia alumnae news under VIRGINIA—perhaps that would help get groups together.

As to the type of news available, you specify interesting and important things. I went through our class and three-fourths of us are married, which means that in most instances little Susie's first tooth is of utmost importance to about half the class, and keeping a house going with perhaps a few club meetings, church, and the usual social activities of the locality is probably the sum and substance of most of our everyday living. I'm not too bad an example. I had three years in Congo, and that would be in the interesting and important class of news—now I am one of the three-fourths with two children, and although I don't love housekeeping, I find that raising these two and making a home really constitute a day's work. I offered to do some letter-writing because I had wanted something for diversion which could be done at home but which in a sense would take me away from home. I couldn't send





any news to the office if we hadn't moved and had another offspring! Don't you think that there are many more like that? Bill had some interesting experiences since taking his job, but I missed them because Billy needed his Mama, and so did Alicia. Until they are in school I can't see much hope for anything but the usual household routine. Don't you think that the majority, whether we like it or not, fall pretty much into the same pattern of life—establish a home, which is certainly vital, participate in the usual round of community activities and become one of the pillars of the community? In other words, there are a lot more Mrs. Trumans among us than "Eleanors."

Although some would probably snort, you wouldn't be far off in starting a homemakers' column—favorable recipes—what to do with Junior—I'll trade you this for that—(I was thinking about writing you all, namely, the Alumnae Office, to find out where I could get some good pecans). Now you know I'm crazy; but when you figure up just what your readers are doing, you could probably lump them in three groups: housewives, business, teachers. Perhaps this is where your entire letter idea would work in.

Dear me, it is almost eleven. This letter has had a time—I nearly boiled the nipples for Billy's bottle to pulp, let the fire go down much too low with a snow-storm due in the middle of the night, fed the cat, and finally fixed formula—all this between paragraphs. Bill is in Rochester, Minn. tonight doing a round of meetings with salesmen. He has some sort of talk with lantern slides on the genetics of corn, production and reproduction, which he gives. This company is an offspring of Henry Wallace, and they really go for research. They have just built a new laboratory and seem willing to put out everything Bill asks for in his work. One more look at the furnace and then I must get to bed. I wish you'd find out how all the other mamas spend their day. Perhaps you have help in that neck of the woods, but at sixty and seventy cents an hour plus carfare I prefer to wear callouses on my own hands!

Sincerely,

ALICE HANNAH BROWN '37

## reconversion

DEAR EDITOR:

Rowland, aged five, and I spent the summer in a one-hundred-year-old house built by his great-grandparents in a small town in the mountains near Springfield, Massachusetts. Belle Cooper '18 came up for a month's visit with us. She greatly improved our working facilities by abandoning the wood stove in favor of an inverted electric iron which we used as a hot plate. Her ability to make trains out of blocks of stovewood and to convert a truck into a derrick that boasted a pulley and scoop endeared her to Rowland. For her own pleasure Belle did a lovely pastel portrait of Rowland and an oil painting of the house and the colorful red barns.

We are spending the winter in Atlanta with mother and dad and plan to return to our home in Washington next September.

KENNETH MANER POWELL '27

## teaching at stephens college

DEAR EUGENIA:

John and I are teaching in college in the same community. As a rule, husband and wife can't teach in the same college, you know; so what we needed was a town with more than one college. In Columbia, Missouri, there are three colleges. John teaches anthropology and European history in one (Christian College), and I teach English literature and masterpieces of world literature in another (Stephens College). Yes, Stephens is the one you've seen in *Life* and elsewhere, the one with the courses in personal appearance, radio, aviation—in short, everything imaginable. Fortunately, that "everything" includes literature, and the department of literature includes some of the most zealous teachers I've ever seen. Teaching—with all the

paper work, conferences, and other tasks commonly associated with classroom work, and with other responsibilities springing from the Stephens emphasis on EACH INDIVIDUAL GIRL—is only one part of our function here. “Advising” is considered a major function of each teacher; so is “research.” (To explain why I put those words in quotation marks would require an essay.) In short, I am learning the full significance of something I once read somewhere; that the difference between the traditional college and the progressive schools is that in the former the students kill themselves and in the latter the teachers do.

Much about the life here is delightful. Among a large faculty, which includes Maud Adams, Jane Froman’s mother, several N. Y. models, and specialists in make-up and hair-do, John and I have found some extremely interesting people—talented and enthusiastic young actors, directors, pianists, writers, painters who are clearly on their way. And the setting! The modern ballroom, reception rooms, tea-room, and dormitories are lavish, like something out of a Techni-

color movie except that they are in better taste. The college owns all of the most beautiful country for miles around; some of the dormitories are on country estates. I am told that the Easter sunrise service is held at the lake, and that if the sun fails to rise—by gum, the “lightning” subdivision of the drama department is on hand to produce an artificial sunrise nearly as good as the Creator’s own!

I should add, perhaps, that after six years of rooms and small apartments, we have a house (well, half a house—it’s a duplex). In September our furniture consisted of one broken coffee-table, but we are adding a little each month and are even now quite comfortable. In the rather barren stage, John’s water-colors in the living room and his bright mural paintings of the Maya gods in the kitchen have made the place cheerful. How I should love for some of my Agnes Scott friends to come see us here, and soon!

Sincerely,

MILDRED DAVIS ADAMS '38

at our house



THE POSTMAN comes twice a day. Students and faculty gather for lunch, teas, meetings and Wednesday and Friday night dinners. College lecturers and visitors come for overnight—Robert Frost who roguishly slipped out for a walk and directed, if anyone called, “Just say I’m asleep” and opera stars Lucielle Browning and Adelaide Abbott who wanted to know if it would be all right to “vocalize a little.” Parents visiting students for a few days stay with us. Alumnae from everywhere come for a visit “home” in our house. And our house with its polished brass and its red-rose wallpaper bids welcome to all.

The Agnes Scott Junior Club was organized at the House on November 28 with 32 present. Martha Dunn Kerby '41 was elected president. Other officers are Betty Glenn '45, vice-president; Jane Stillwell Espy '42, secretary; and Dorothy Webster Woodruff '42, treasurer. The club will meet monthly on the second Tuesday night.

Miss McKinney, who is our best authority on matters concerning the early days of the college and constantly helps us locate “lost” alumnae, has collected data on the organizations and activities of the students through the years, compiled it into notebook form with the title “Agnes Scott Traditions” and presented it to the Alum-

nae office. From the section on “Senior Opera” we quote: “This first opera, *Madame Butterfly*, was given on Saturday night, the last night of Grand Opera in Atlanta, May 1917. When Emma Jones was called before the curtain repeatedly she coyly threw her glove to Mr. Maclean (who was observing the performance from the front row through a telescope) as a reward for his very appreciative applause.” Some of the titles of operas listed are: *The Flying Dutchman* (1918), *Dora’s Goodnuff* (1924), *T’sh Sk’er* (1934), *Girl on a Golden Quest* (1943). Miss McKinney also gave us a clipping containing a brief sketch of the life of Mrs. Margaret McBryde Walthall (1859–1944) who as teacher of voice was one of the members of the first faculty at Agnes Scott Institute and founder of the Mnemosynean Literary Society.

Miss Lillian Smith answered our inquiry about Frances Markley Roberts in the summer *Quarterly* and in her letter recommended to alumnae an article entitled “American Alma Maters in the Near East” published in the August 1945 *National Geographic Magazine*.

The office has been blessed this year with Emily Higgins '45 and substitutes Earline Milstead '45 and Montene Melson '45 as full-time file clerk to run the many changes of address



(1,000 received last fall) through three separate files and make new stencils. This paragraph should be called the headache department. Poor Emily's troubles keeping correct addresses for a mailing list of 5,000 and some are endless. It doesn't help (though the humor is appreciated) to receive addresses such as care May, care Cato, or in hieroglyphics that cannot be deciphered, or a choice between two addresses, a perfectly blank postal card or a birth announcement also blank! Often we pay 4 cents postage on one of our business reply envelopes only to find nothing inside — not even the name of the sender! So it goes!

Our thanks for your Christmas and New Year greetings and letters of good will. These en-

courage us, and we wish all could be answered personally.

O ye who read this page, repent!

If you are somehow negligent

In sending news for us to print.

And grant us this, when you have sent

Us some, the time to check it through

And keep our files complete on you.

And if you really wish to please,

Write on one side only, PLEASE!

Spread the word! By the end of January 545 alumnae had contributed \$2,792.00 in undesig-nated gifts to the Alumnae Fund. Our goal is \$4,500.00 this year. The fiscal year is July to July. If gifts are sent early in the year, we can plan our budget and assure everyone of all issues of the *Quarterly*.

## ALUMNAE HERE AND THERE

**FRANCES WOODALL '45**, who works at Radio Station WRDW in Augusta, Ga., played the female lead in *Kind Lady* produced by the Augusta Players November 15 and 16.

**MADLINE HOSMER '44** designed and directed the ballet in the presentation of *Romeo and Juliet* by the Emory Players last July. Madeline is on the AP staff in Atlanta. Recently when the Ballet Russe was in Atlanta and Editor McGill of the *Constitution* was touring Europe and therefore unavailable for interviewing the star of the ballet and reviewing the performance, the *Constitution* put in a rush call for Madeline, whose 15 years in ballet qualified her for the job. Madeline was invited by Ballerina Alexandra Danilova to take part in one of the performances. Her review in the paper received praise as being "free from the usual phrases found in reviews."

**ELLEN LITTLE LESESNE '38** was a winner in the Georgia Power Company's Better Home Towns tourist contest. Contestants wrote a letter on the sub-

ject: The Tourists Are Coming! How Can My Community Attract Them? Ellen was one of the second prize winners who received \$300.00 each.

**WEENONA (NONIE) PECK BOOTH '24** has a short story called "Hotel Fire" published in the *Birmingham News-Age-Herald's* short story department for November 25, 1945. Stories published on this page have to be between 1,000 and 1,500 words. "Hotel Fire" has suspense and a laugh on human nature. Nonie has written some feature articles interviews and book reviews for the *Anniston Star*, but this is her first fiction sale.

**KITTY WOLTZ GREEN '33** was sent by the national headquarters of Mortar Board to speak on Student Government at L. S. U.'s Leadership Day on December 5.

**LUCY MAI COOK MEANS '28** represented Agnes Scott at the inauguration of President Joe J. Mickle at Centenary College January 20 and 21.

GERALDINE HOOD BURNS '11 is doing an excellent job as program chairman of the Atlanta branch of AAUW. She planned a program on Georgia's Public Schools for the January meeting, which was open to the public. A letter stating the issues in question form was circulated widely among those interested in the state's school system before the meeting. The meeting ended in a question-and-answer period.

ALICE QUARLES HENDERSON '32, director of Region V of the Association of Junior Leagues of America, was guest speaker at the January meeting of the Atlanta League. A five-column biographical sketch of Alice was published in the *Charlotte Observer* last year under the headline "Interesting Carolinian," which included this sentence: "To a large extent (her enviable record of service) is accounted for by her conviction that every person owes an obligation to the community in which he lives."

LOUISE JOHNSON BLALOCK '20 (read her article in this *Quarterly*) is a member of the newly created Georgia State Board of Corrections, the only woman on the Board. For a picture of Governor Arnall administering the oath to the Board see the *Atlanta Journal* of November 28.

HENRIETTA THOMPSON '40 was made Assistant Director of the Young People's Division and Supervisor of Senior Work in the Southern Presbyterian Church in October. She began her new work January 1. Henry had been Director of Religious Education at the First Presbyterian Church in Huntington, W. Va. Her new job includes editing program material, assisting in forming policies and guiding the activities of organized youth work.

DIANA DYER '32 is one of two delegates from the United States to attend the Western Hemisphere training workshop for Girl Scouts and Girl Guides to be held in Havana, Cuba February 4-9. Diana is a member of the Winston-Salem Girl Scout Council and of the National Board of Directors of Girl Scouts. The purpose of the meeting is to promote a strong girls' character-building program in the Western Hemisphere and to provide a medium of exchange of training methods, administrative procedure, program material and ways of securing community support. A world conference will be held next year.

MARY LOUISE CRENSHAW PALMOUR (Institute) attended a board meeting of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in Washington in December. She is National Chairman of Conservation of Natural Resources. In Washington she attended a tea at the White House.

ANNETTE CARTER COLWELL '27 is now the wife of the President of the University of Chicago. Dr. Colwell succeeded Robert M. Hutchins last July when Dr. Hutchins became Chancellor of the university. Dr. Colwell was one of the speakers at Emory University's twelfth annual Ministers' Week in January, delivering the Quillian lectures.

ALLIE CANDLER GUY'S ('13) husband was honored by friends and former students who presented Emory University Library a valuable collection of books in December as an expression of affection for Dr. Guy. The presentation was made at a meeting of the Georgia section of the American Chemical Society. A handsome bookplate was designed especially for the Guy collection.

# FAC FINDINGS

Dean of Students Carrie Scandrett, who represents the National Association of Deans of Women, is on the Planning Committee of the Council of Guidance and Personnel Associations, Inc. meeting in Atlanta March 15.

*At the Junior Class Square Dance for the freshmen, Miss Hunter and the Formans (Art Department) were chaperones. Dr. Forman said he learned so much from the freshmen!*

Dr. Walter Posey, History Department Head, after teaching G.I.'s for six months in England and spending Christmas in Paris, is now at Biarritz awaiting re-assignment.

*"Back home for keeps", Clara Morrison has returned from service with the WAC in the South Pacific. "And the man in the picture" is Lt. Col. Labon Backer.*

Miss Laney was the guest of the Atlanta Club January 15 when she talked on the work of two poets, John Crowe Ransom and Byron Herbert Reece, from whose work she read selections.

*She's lovely! She's engaged! She uses—??? Virginia Humphreys of the library staff.*

Miss Marion H. Blair is instructing in the English Department during the winter and spring quarters. An alumna of Wellesley, Miss Blair has done graduate work at Columbia, the University of North Carolina and Cambridge, England. Formerly teacher of English and registrar at Salem College in Winston-Salem, she came to Agnes Scott from the University of North Carolina, where she was working on her Ph.D. and serving as vocational counselor for 850 undergraduate women.

*Roberta Winter during animated conversation with a freshman confessed that her birthday was "right between two of those signs. So I'm constantly torn between opposing tendencies." Or words to that effect. "You probably," said the freshman, completely objective, "have the body of a lion and the head of a scorpion."*

Miss Margaret Trotter, Assistant Professor of English, recently read a paper on Sir John Harington's Italian Reading at the meeting of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association at the University of South Carolina.

Mrs. Catherine Sims, Associate History Professor, is co-chairman of a committee to plan a Book Fair for Atlanta in May during which leading publishers will bring outstanding authors to speak at the three-day fair. On the planning committee are also Dr. J. R. McCain and two alumnae, Katherine Brown Hastings and Anne Hart Equen.

*Quote from George P. Hayes: "Oh, we had such a big crowd at the Faculty Square Dance last night! Forty people: two circles of ten each." End quote.*

Three newcomers have been added to Science Hall since Christmas. Roberta Kilpatrick Stubblebine, ASCotter of the class of 1933, is assisting in the Chemistry Department. Mrs. Stubblebine has her



M.A. from Emory; she worked as a medical technologist for several years; her husband is an engineer for the Georgia Power Company; she has two children. Betty Sands, of Daisy, Ga., after graduating in 1945 from the University of Tennessee, has come to Agnes Scott as assistant in Biology. Ruth Gray Walker, who graduated from Agnes Scott in 1945 and whose husband is the brother of Mary Walker Fox, is also assisting in Biology.

*Jane Stillwell Espy is proudly wearing her Navy braid on the left arm again.*

The recently acquired Alumnae Recording for 1944 features Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker and Miss Mary Stuart MacDougall. These records may be borrowed by Alumnae Clubs.

*The first official trip for the great big beautiful new bus (bearing the neat lettering Agnes Scott College) was made when Dr. McCain set out for Emory to meet nineteen educators from Virginia and Dr. Jackson Davis of the General Education Board when they arrived to study the University Center with the idea of creating a similar center around Richmond.*

Miss Catherine Torrance, since retiring from Head of Classical Languages, has been teaching some classes at Atlanta University; she has two courses in Latin, a course in the Classics in translation and the opportunity to guide graduate students.

*Miss Mildred Mell, in a fall on the campus just before Christmas, fractured the acetabulum and had the distinction of being Ed Cunningham's first patient to suffer such an injury. Miss Mell went straight to the dictionary and found that "acetabulum" means "a little saucer for vinegar" but applied to the anatomy is the cup-shaped socket of the hipbone. Back at school, she is about to discard her crutches.*

Laura Steele temporarily left the President's office the last of January to continue work on her Master's, started last summer at Columbia.

*Margaret Phythian has killed no rattlesnakes since last summer in Highlands, when she slew one with her trusty broom.*

Llewellyn Wilburn, Georgia Chairman of the National Section on Women's Athletics, has an article on a Sports Program for High School Girls in the January issue of *The Georgia Education Journal*.

## CLUB NEWS

GREETINGS to all of the clubs and groups that are meeting on Founder's Day this year! We are proud of the new groups meeting for the first time. A full report of the Founder's Day meetings everywhere will be published in the next *Quarterly*. Please send the news about your meeting to the office promptly.

## NECROLOGY

### INSTITUTE

Mary Draper North (Mrs. Harvey H.) died April 20, 1940, according to information recently received in the Alumnae Office.

Mary McPherson Alston's husband died last fall.

### 1911

Helen Hilliker Robinson (Mrs. Loren T.) died in Detroit May 5, 1941.

Mary Louise Leech died in South Nashville, Tenn., last November.

### 1926

Dessie Kuhlke Ansley's husband died in December.

### 1928

Mary Sayward Rogers' father, the architect who planned the Agnes Scott Library, Buttrick and Presser Halls, died in December.

### 1939

Alice Caldwell Melton's father died last October.

### 1943

Mamie Sue Barker Woolf's father, superintendent of the Georgia Baptist Hospital in Atlanta, died in January.

## BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

*Can you help us to locate any of these people? If you have any clues, follow them up and send your results to the Alumnae Office.*

1924

Mary Evelyn King (Mrs. H. D. Wilkins)  
 Ida Bearden (Mrs. T. C. Forehand)  
 Mary Lee Bell  
 Maude Boyd  
 Sarah P. Brandon (Mrs. H. W. Rickey)  
 Augusta Cannon (Mrs. Clarke Hungerford)  
 Mary Wood Colley (Mrs. James G. Kershaw)  
 Carolyn Covington (Mrs. Scott McDonald Thomas)  
 Ruth Craig  
 Helen Crocker (Mrs. Helen McElwain)  
 Kathleen Doris Denney (Mrs. W. D. Young)  
 Gertrude Fainbrough  
 Elsie Bryden Fairley  
 Frances Fender (Mrs. Austin)  
 Sarah Elizabeth Flowers (Mrs. A. W. Beasley)  
 Ann Hertzler  
 Frances Jones  
 Lydia Lamont Kimbrough  
 Anna Lewis  
 Rosalie Long (Mrs. B. W. Speight)  
 Elizabeth McCarrick  
 Mildred Lawrence McFall  
 Virginia McGehee (Mrs. Miller Van Allen)  
 Marguerite Milburn (Mrs. M. H. Hays)  
 Annie Will Miller  
 Mary Nickles  
 Eleanor Parker  
 Elizabeth Parker  
 Priscilla Porter (Mrs. R. V. Richards)  
 Bessie O. Ratcliff (Mrs. E. L. Blue, Jr.)  
 Marcelle Robinson (Mrs. G. D. Rabun)  
 Frances Young (Mrs. J. C. Bryan)

1925

Anna Margaret Hines (Mrs. C. W. Gallaher)  
 Ruth Whitting Owen  
 Marianne Wallis Strouss (Mrs. T. J. McConnell)  
 Carolyn Blue  
 Elizabeth Ann Bond (Mrs. C. S. Steen)  
 Mary Neely Breedlove (Mrs. C. G. Fleetwood)  
 Mary Anderson Brown (Mrs. Marcus Brougham)  
 Norma Burke (Mrs. Murray Hearn)  
 Frances Formby (Mrs. M. P. Manley)  
 Dorothy Fulghum  
 Eleanor Field Hardeman (Mrs. J. D. Cain)  
 Cordelia Henderson  
 Sue Hill  
 Hattie Elizabeth Hood (Mrs. M. B. Park)  
 Laura Margaret Mitchell  
 Adelle Moss  
 Harryette Payne (Mrs. Britton Johnson)  
 Louise Powell  
 Lilla Sims (Mrs. O. A. Kneeland)  
 Fay Douglass Tate  
 Mildred Juanita Usher  
 Lucy C. Walters (Mrs. Frank Allen)  
 Nana W. Wolfe (Mrs. O. L. Chatham)

Mary Evelyn Wright (Mrs. J. E. Atkinson)  
 Alicia Hart Young

1926

Louisa DeSaussure Duls  
 Elise Shepherd Gay (Mrs. Paul V. Reed)  
 Eleanor Spencer Gresham (Mrs. John Steiner)  
 Emily Capers Jones  
 Nellie Bass Richardson  
 Katherine Clyde Speights (Mrs. P. U. Craig)  
 Celeste Bailey  
 Lorraine Beauchamp (Mrs. W. F. Harris)  
 Hannah Bell Benenson (Mrs. Hannah Bell Benenson)  
 Katherine Gatewood Cannaday (Mrs. Frederick Oscar McKenzie)  
 Marjorie Clinton  
 Dorothy Eastman Connelly  
 Mary Frances Conner (Mrs. Dean Blackmon)  
 Mary Louise Dargan  
 Agnes Dinwiddie (Mrs. Warn)  
 Zala Elder (Mrs. Hailey Walcott)  
 Sarah Elizabeth Hallum (Mrs. J. S. Beall)  
 Zona Martha Hamilton (Mrs. J. M. Watson)  
 Martha Ivey (Mrs. F. N. Farrell)  
 DeCourcy Jones (Mrs. Wm. Broadus Martin)  
 Cloah Kelly (Mrs. R. E. Shealy)  
 Louise Mahoney (Mrs. King Whitney)  
 Nellie Kate Martin  
 Mildred Pitts  
 Loulie Redd Pou (Mrs. H. L. Dunn, Jr.)  
 Helene Ramsey  
 Elizabeth Randolph (Mrs. J. D. Rivers)  
 Elizabeth Roberts (Mrs. Brittain)  
 Jane Smith  
 Louise Smith  
 Sarah Elizabeth Spiller (Mrs. J. B. Mitchell, Jr.)  
 Marie Cornelia Thomas  
 Frances Watterson (Mrs. J. Tracy Walker)  
 Catharine Whittenberg (Mrs. A. T. Crumbley)  
 Lucy Kathryn Winn (Mrs. Seabord Lafayette Faulk)  
 Mary Frances Wright (Mrs. W. B. Warnell)

1927

Ruth Casey  
 Emily Daughtry (Mrs. Jose de la Torre Bueno, Jr.)  
 Mae Erskine Irvine (Mrs. Alex D. Fowler)  
 Elizabeth McCallie (Mrs. S. W. Snoots)  
 Ruth McMillan (Mrs. R. S. Jones)  
 Hulda McNeel (Mrs. Peyton Dandridge Bibb)  
 Margaret Neel (Mrs. M. W. Fox)  
 Martha Frances Baldwin (Mrs. Garretson)  
 Martha Carlisle (Mrs. James Small)

Mary Virginia Carson  
 Martha Rebecca Chapin (Mrs. Charles Adamson)  
 Lillian DeLamar  
 Elizabeth Dennis (Mrs. E. Newton Nowell)  
 Helen Farmer  
 Catherine Goodrich (Mrs. J. D. Hull)  
 Martha Havis (Mrs. E. Beall)  
 Louise Harvey (Mrs. R. H. Hall)  
 Marjorie Hughes (Mrs. Weston W. Morrell)  
 Eunice B. Johnson (Mrs.)  
 Evelyn Eugenia Leonard  
 Laura Frances Lewis  
 Hazel Lichtenstein (Mrs. Simon Abeloff)  
 Mary Ruth Logan (Mrs. M. A. Cambell)  
 Virginia MacDonald  
 Margaret Rankin Martin (Mrs. Wainwright)  
 Audrey C. Peacock (Mrs. H. B. Lott)  
 Lena Stein (Mrs. Milton S. Lew)  
 Sarah Tatum  
 Rebie Twitty  
 Mildred Wiggins

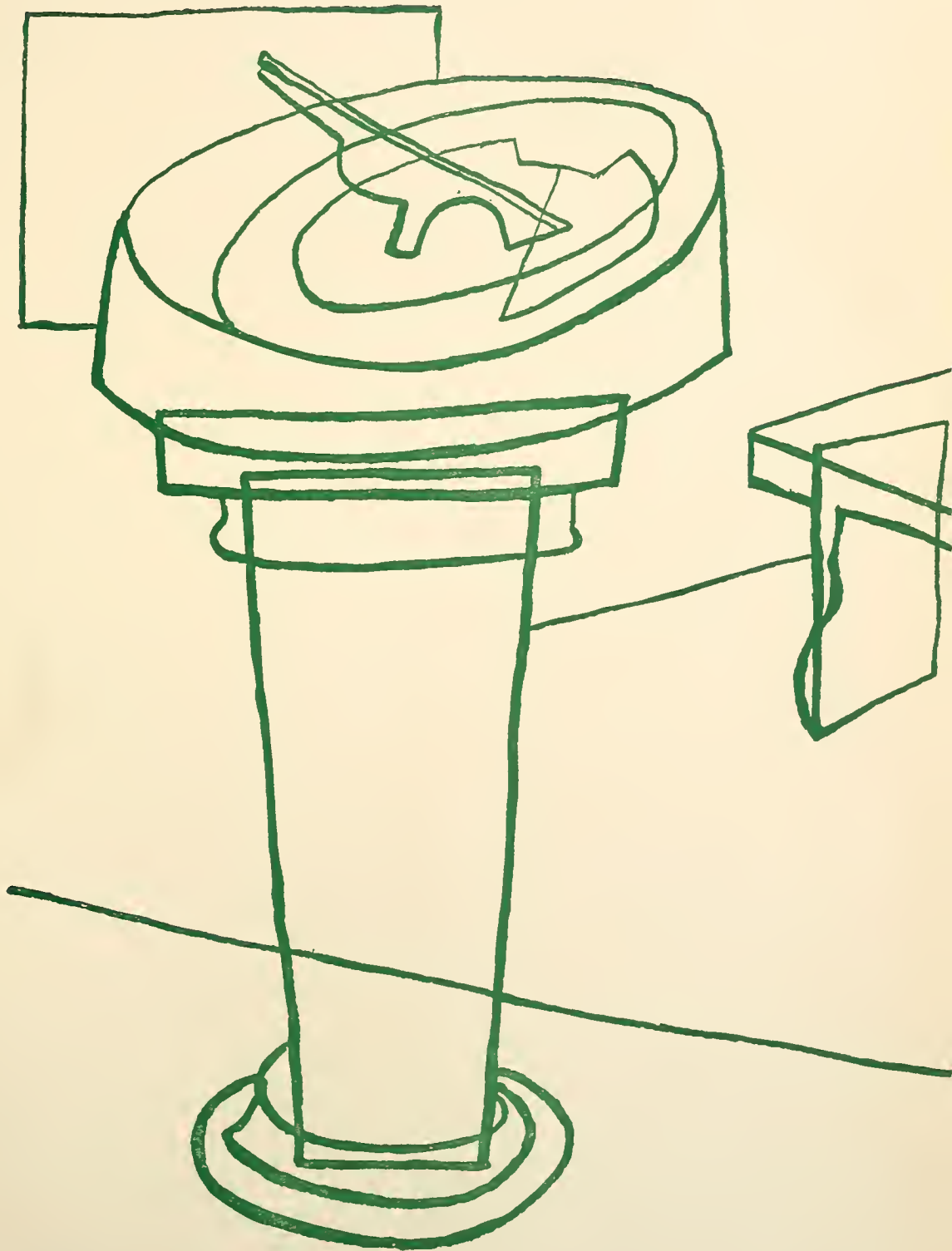
1928

Dorothy Va. Coleman (Mrs. Jack Leighman Cohen)  
 Carolyn Essig (Mrs. Holmes Walter Frederick)  
 Eloise Gaines (Mrs. Clifton Benjamin Wilburn)  
 Mary Virginia Owen  
 Mary Riviere  
 Rosaltha Sanders  
 Sara Anderson (Mrs. R. M. Carter)  
 Grace Chay (Mrs. Daniel Song)  
 Jennie Irene Clinkscales  
 Duth De Wandelaer  
 Margaret Louise Dyer (Mrs. E. D. Register)  
 Dorothy Ferree (Mrs. E. T. Selig, Jr.)  
 Louise Geeslin (Mrs. D. W. Brosnan, Jr.)  
 Margaret Gerig (Mrs. Harry J. Mills)  
 Mary Agnes Gill  
 Louise Harrison (Mrs. M. G. Witty)  
 Carolyn Howell  
 Leila Mae Jones (Mrs. Howard White, Jr.)  
 Mary Junkin  
 Ruth Livermore (Mrs. Howard Norton)  
 Helen McCorkle (Mrs. C. J. Posey)  
 Lillie Pearl McElwaney (Mrs. Richard Ernest Asher)  
 Katherine McKinnon (Mrs. Robert Lea)  
 Lillian Patterson  
 Emily Vandiver Ramage  
 Mabel Robeson  
 Charlotte Slayton (Mrs. T. D. Houghtaling)  
 Mary Elizabeth Stegall (Mrs. Herschel Stipp)  
 Bessie Evelyn Tate  
 Ruth Thomas (Mrs. John Millard Stemmons)



# AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



SPRING 1946

*LIBERAL EDUCATION*

## TO ALUMNAE WHO HAVE REQUESTED PICTURES

We have found that it is not practical to use drawings and photographs together in a single number of the *Quarterly* since a different type of paper is required for best results. We hope that you have enjoyed the heavy, antique finish paper we have been using and that the drawings have been of interest. The summer number of the *Quarterly* will contain photographs of campus scenes and activities of the year. We think that you will enjoy these.

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

MARGARET McDOW 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, 1936  
*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

*Editor of the Quarterly*  
MARY JANE KING, 1937

*Art Editor*

LEONE B. HAMILTON, 1926

*Publications Committee*

LITA GOSS, 1936

JANE GUTHRIE RHODES, 1938

ELIZABETH STEVENSON, 1941

YOUR ALUMNAE FUND OPERATES ON A FISCAL YEAR THAT BEGINS JULY 1 AND ENDS JUNE 30. A GIFT OF ANY AMOUNT ENTITLES YOU TO MEMBERSHIP FROM THE DATE OF YOUR GIFT TO THE FOLLOWING JUNE 30. CONTRIBUTIONS MADE IN JULY GIVE YOU A FULL YEAR'S MEMBERSHIP IN YOUR ASSOCIATION.

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MEMBER AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

# Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

Vol. 24, No. 3

"Liberal Education"

Spring 1946

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# COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

## JUNE 1, SATURDAY

- 1:00 P.M. Trustees' Luncheon to the Alumnae  
and the Senior Class
- 2:00 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Alumnae
- 4:00 P. M. Class Day Exercises
- 8:30 P.M. Program presented by the Departments  
of Speech and Voice

## JUNE 2, SUNDAY

- 11:00 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon  
Vice-President William A. Benfield, Jr.  
Presbyterian Theological Seminary  
Louisville, Kentucky
- 5:30 P. M. Senior Vespers
- 6:30 P. M. Dessert-Coffee, Alumnae Garden

## JUNE 3, MONDAY

- 10:00 A. M. Address to the Senior Class  
President Francis Pendleton Gaines  
Washington and Lee University  
Lexington, Virginia  
Conferring of Degrees

## CAMPUS CARROUSEL

IF YOU in the class of 1916 or 1930, YOU in Los Angeles or Detroit could have seen the special chorus rehearsing for the Founder's Day broadcast at WSB in Atlanta—seen their eyes brimming with intelligence and eagerness, their faces radiant with sincerity and the happiness of being young—you would have said: "There again are my classmates. There am I." Agnes Scott alumnae have always been able to recognize each other whenever their paths happened to cross. There is some bond between them that leads them to know each other although neither can name the exact clue. It is the same with students. At first glance, the bobby socks may seem alien to those who wore the middy blouse,

the 1946 "hank of hair" may not resemble the elaborate ear puffs of 1919, but something constant looks out from the eyes—Eyes that steal through the windows of Buttrick and rest for a moment on Main tower while someone is reading a line from *Dover Beach*. Eyes that watch an academic procession and remember dark blue velvet. Eyes that fill with laughter when the chapel speaker is intent on fun. Eyes that watch a busy squirrel for half an hour at a time. Eyes that peer through a microscope. Eyes that devour Shakespeare. Eyes that shoot fire in debate. Eyes that read proof. Eyes that guide arrows to a target. Eyes that burn from the contemplation of beauty.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING is in the eating. To form your opinion of a college you want more than a copy of the catalogue, a picture of the plant, or a speech from a member of the administration. You want to see and hear an alumnus. To form an accurate opinion of the work of the college you must see and hear many alumni representing many classes. In the lives of its generations of alumni is the spirit and strength of the college manifested. It is the order of the day for colleges to re-examine their program and their product. This is liberal education charting its course upward through the confused present with its sense of historical perspective. This activity of the college has been dynamic enough to become headline news. Educational policy is no longer left to the scholar alone. Hutchins' "great books" plan and the Harvard report are controversial copy for editorialists and columnists. Americans are beginning to see that education can no longer be neglected and that it cannot be separated into the elementary, secondary, college and university levels. If it is a continuous process from the nursery to the graduate school it must be the concern of the citizenry rather than of isolated groups.

THE CONCLUSIONS of those who have been studying higher education are interesting reading. They stress the joint responsibility of the entire faculty for the end-product of the college program and the necessity for questioning what kind of person the college wishes to produce and planning the whole program around the answer. Emphasis is on the production of the citizen. Courses are to be revamped to provide integration and broad understanding rather than

exploration of a field for pre-professional purposes. Every student, not the would-be chemist only, must know the meaning of science as it relates to life. The Social Sciences are to receive equal emphasis with the humanities, and the fine arts are being greatly developed as a part of every student's college experience. Approximately half of the student's program must be carefully controlled to see that he becomes familiar with the major areas of learning through a central core of studies while greater independence in the last two years will be encouraged with several colleges, notably Princeton, adopting senior theses, oral reports or special projects as the culmination of individual effort. Yale gives its Scholars of the House upperclassmen freedom of the university with few formal requirements. The need for better individual counselling is strongly felt, and the tendency is, therefore, toward larger faculties.

THE AGNES SCOTT FACULTY has studied with interest the new plans of Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Wooster and others. Several are participating in a series of work conferences on education in the South. Our curriculum has consistently followed a plan of general education developed around the group system. The three groups of arts and sciences, conforming rather closely to those now known as the humanities, the social sciences and the physical sciences, have been a means of control of the student's academic program. The required courses distributed among the three groups have comprised a little more than half the work required for the degree. The specific course requirements, now freshman English and Bible, have varied from time to time, including hygiene, spoken English, two philosophy courses and psychology. The student elects the remain-



ing courses, including the choice of a major field, with the approval of the Electives Committee. The required work is normally taken in the first two years and elected courses the last two. There has always been a limitation on the number of hours allowed in any one field to prevent too heavy concentration. In 1919 majors offered were English, German, Latin, History, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Sociology, Mathematics, Philosophy and Bible. The 1946 catalogue offers these with the exception of Philosophy and the addition of Art, Music, Greek, History and Political Science combined, Psychology, Spanish and, through an arrangement with Emory University, Business Economics and Journalism. There are also inter-departmental majors in Science, Social Science and the Classics. A change for 1946 is the substitution of a secondary major or a group of related hours for the minor. Related hours consist of at least eighteen hours in one subject and a possible nine in other subjects and are planned by the student, the major professor and the Committee on Electives. The Senior Honors program for those whose previous scholastic records warrant provides concentrated study in a special field and culminates in a paper or report and in oral and written examinations. The tendency toward basic

requirements for the first two years, the group system, the control of specialization, the Senior Honors program and interdepartmental majors are conspicuous features of the new plans of many colleges that have previously followed the free electives system.

LOUISE HUGHSTON SIEVERS '40 is making a survey this year of alumnae of the classes of 1927-1940 and the summer issue of the *Quarterly* will carry the first preliminary report of her study. RECENTLY HUNDREDS of Wellesley and Smith alumnae responded to questionnaires which sought to evaluate their education. We quote some of the interesting replies from Smith's published booklet *Alumnae Opinion*:—I think this is an interesting questionnaire and an extremely good idea, for it gives the ordinary alumna the feeling that she has something to do with the College and provides an opportunity to express herself.—Personally, I'm not in favor of questionnaires in general, and I can't think that opinions of us who are out of touch with college as it is today can be of much value.—The world was never more strikingly in need of education which results in true spiritual development—of an appreciation of values, of a realization of individual as well as group responsibilities, of an understanding of our heritage and what it could mean if enlarged and aggressively applied particularly to our own social and economic problems. A dynamic college of liberal arts is the best institution for such education if it keeps alive, keeps self-critical, and "divinely dissatisfied." Vocational education is no substitute.—When I went to college the girl who was going to work was not in the majority. Now the girl who isn't, is unusual. Therefore, Smith should take on herself the duty of training her children for *work*. The guidance should begin in the



*a witty reminder for the students to observe "the quiet ad still air of delightful studies" in the library.*

freshman year, and the girl should be ready for a job the day she leaves the campus.—To meet modern problems, it seems to me that a good course in American history including government should be required.—A philosophy course should, I believe, be compulsory for every entering freshman and transfer student.—I don't think any specific courses should be compulsory.—Wouldn't it be well to require spoken English as well as written English?—The college might well encourage the students to use summer vacations for specific job-training—especially, secretarial training.—I favor interdepartmental studies provided the material is not spread too thin.—I wish that something could be done to show the student that she is not studying separate groups of isolated facts, but that in order to appreciate their true and only significance she must see them in relation to all the rest of knowledge and the world.—From what I have been able to observe of scientists, bringing them together is going to be about as difficult as uniting the many branches of the Protestant Church.—I should like to see in each student's total program some small group courses in which the content is handled on a discussion basis. I do not think students integrate ideas, facts, or principles until they can *talk* about them. Too often lecture courses demand little more than sufficient memorizing of data to answer the examination questions. Students need opportunity for thinking about what they hear, see, read through writing and speaking.—I believe the honors system to be infinitely more efficient educationally than classwork and should like to see more people persuaded to do it. I don't think it necessary to be above average grades to get a lot out of it and believe the method should be followed in many courses that are now regular classes.—

The inspiring teacher is the source of vitality in college training.—I feel it of paramount importance to raise our salaries in order to attract men professors and retain them.—Recently a criticism of Smith's being "intellectually snobbish" has come my way more than once. Drawing from more groups might help.—I strongly recommend that women should be given further education in fundamentals necessary for successful marriage: financial management, health fundamentals, emotional and physical foundations.—I believe that the liberal arts tradition does produce the thoughtful, meditative person that is the balance wheel of our civilization, but the basis of the liberal arts college has shifted from spiritual to material values, and until we again have an education based upon religious foundations, we shall continue to have a false liberalism.

WE, AGNES SCOTT alumnae have lived through English 101, endless weekly reading for Bible, freshman history, the language and science requirements, studies in a major field. We have had our part in Mardi Gras or Junior Joint, May Day or Senior Opera. Perhaps we have led chapel or vespers. Educated for fullness of life, we have tried our mettle in the competitive world of exact techniques. Today, we believe many different kinds of things about the liberal education to which we were exposed. In this *Quarterly*, we attempt to define, defend and to analyze critically liberal education. In two letters from alumnae we evaluate our own education and challenge YOU to speak your own mind from the experience of your years: If Agnes Scott is to educate your daughters, how shall it be done? The next *Quarterly* belongs to YOUR letters. This is a formal invitation to YOU.



# LIBERAL EDUCATION: A DEFINITION

by Elizabeth Stevenson '41

*"The wisdom of the liberal arts breeds largeness of mind which is the only freedom."*

THE MELODRAMATIC WORLD that we live in today does not know what is good for it. It does not want liberally educated men and women. It wants artisans, technicians, honest craftsmen, but could not tell you what it wants them for. The twentieth century environment is something less than ferocious in its attitude toward the kind of education that we should like to preserve; it is indifferent to it.

Even the self-consciously-liberal-arts-minded graduate (the graduate of Agnes Scott, for example) develops a shell, collects a set of apologies made to herself and to others for having spent four precious years in a school which is for nothing. Some of these graduates, fighting hard to keep their heads above water in the bitter competition of the business or professional world, find that considered as a utility, the four years' badge as a graduate of such a school as Agnes Scott, has only put her four years behind in the scramble in which equally talented, trained competitors have got the head start.

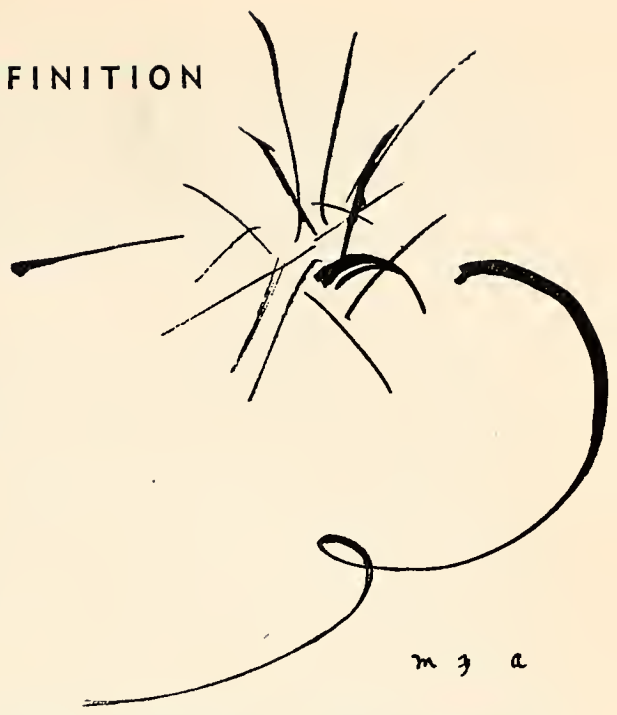
Again, the ability to do one particular thing well is such an easily exhibited advantage. A skill is a palpable thing. A liberal arts graduate has a tendency, backed into a mental corner

by kindly, well-meaning employers, friends, husbands, to speak a lie and agree. Even at the risk of falling in with cliché and platitude, it is worth it to try again to say what the liberal arts education means.

As a preface to a set of suggestions, let it be said in the beginning that such an education will not make one prosperous, popular, famous, or even comfortable. Such considerations are beside the point.

First, consider the beautiful word, comprehension. It means an un-self-regarding understanding. The end of education is understanding; the end of the liberal education is the understanding of the human dilemma. It is an attempt not only to know but to be the human being. It demands the private bravery of speculation. But the one who begins to see soon knows that he is doomed, as Mark Van Doren says, always to want more knowledge than he will ever get.

Seen from another viewpoint, the liberating education provides the educational equivalence of imagination. This is the rare ability to walk





all around oneself and others; that is, mentally, morally, esthetically to be able to touch all the degrees of the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the shallow and the deep. It insures discrimination of judgment as well as range of choice.

The liberally educated person is not necessarily a poet, a philosopher, or an artist, but he is the leavening mass out of which these remarkable ones come. They are due his support.

The wisdom (not the knowledge) of the liberal arts breeds largeness of mind, which is the only freedom. It means independence to choose an allegiance. The adjective, magnanimous, applies. The quality was more often praised and better understood in the eighteenth century than in the present one when the good intentions of the propagandist of high-minded causes excuse mental and moral obtuseness. Magnanimous is a word to add to liberal, large, and free in describing an attitude.

In addition to reverence for learning, there is room for this paradox, the perception of the highest beauty in the ignorant, or the primitive; the turnabout by which the educated person sees all the sham involved in pedantry or the cult of the academic life and the humility with which he recognizes the genius of human life in all the common places.

Finally, the liberal arts education has a quality that relates it to what is good and true in democracy. It contains within itself its own principle of criticism. It lives and grows, it lops off its own stupidities and excesses by its own inner light.

The short list of books following is an antidote to vagueness. These authors discuss the subject practically as well as theoretically.

*Mission of the University,* Jose Ortega y Gasset  
*Liberal Education,* Mark Van Doren  
*Education for Freedom,* Robert M. Hutchins  
*Liberal Education in a Democracy,* Stewart G. Cole

*The Nature of a Liberal College,* Henry M. Wriston

*The Function of Higher Education,* William Allan Neilson and Carl Frederick Wittke  
*Education for Responsible Living,* Wallace Brett Donham

*Vitalizing Liberal Education,* Algo D. Henderson

*The Humanities After the War,* Wendell L. Willkie, Norman Foerster, Theodore M. Greene and others

The first three I have read, the others I have turned through to see how they handled the subject. Ortega y Gasset in a pre-Civil War book of proposals for the reform of the University of Madrid, writes with distinction and fervor, what he calls "cool passion" for the bare, stripped beauty of essential learning. Hutchins' book is pugnacious, the homely, impatient wording of a man in the grip of an idea that must be expressed. Van Doren, balanced and eloquent, is perhaps the soundest. He examines the question in its closest, most natural relation to the particular American environment. Of course, all three do what I shirked: they treat the subject not only ideologically, but practically. The curriculum, the books, the teachers, the college, the university, all come under examination of three diverse intellects who divest these abstractions of any artificial sanctity and find under the words what is really there.

*The author of this article, a graduate of Hollins with her M.A. and Ph.D. in Philosophy from Radcliffe, taught English and Philosophy at the University Center in Atlanta for seven years. She analyzes the value and the weakness of the Harvard report on liberal education and calls for the rescue of spiritual values.*

## FOR A FREE SOCIETY: THE HARVARD REPORT

Merle G. Walker

SUCCESSFUL EDUCATIONAL THEORY, like the successful life, is achieved largely through the courageous acceptance and effective resolution of paradox. Unity and diversity; identity and difference; novelty and permanence; freedom and responsibility; ideal and fact; privacy and communion — these are the origin of intellectual urgency as well as the most immediate facts of human experience. Certain ages have attempted to live simply at one of the poles, to adapt to the frigid climate of unity, permanence, responsibility, ideal and communion, or to the torrid zone of diversity, novelty, freedom, fact and individualism. But the thrust of great crisis has always forced man again to the opposite pole, to rediscover those areas of truth and life which he had summarily dismissed. For mankind is both one and many; truth is both permanent and changing; the human animal seeks both freedom and responsibility, is moved by both ideal and stubborn fact, seeks both individual expression and social commitment.

The value of the Harvard report on education, *General Education for a Free Society*, lies in its vigorous determination to face these essential paradoxes as irreducible. The disputes concerning the aims, content and methods of education which have enlivened thought since 1870 have tended to center discussion at one of the poles. The Pragmatist has favored free electives, early specialization and concentration, the centering of learning and the curriculum upon the individual student's needs and interests. He has therefore emphasized diversity, individualism, freedom and change. He has met change with change; individuality with individualism. The humanist, on the contrary, has sounded a clear, if often irritated, call for a few liberal and basic studies, thought to be a portmanteau for a permanent culture, strong enough to enrich the quality of life and to bind man to man in common loyalties. The aims of education, he has thought, are less a nervous self-concern than a serene contemplation of the security behind

change. Each has sacrificed to the partiality of his view; the pragmatist has sacrificed wisdom; the humanist, democracy and variety. The group of Harvard educators, asked by President Conant in 1943 to study the educational needs of a free society, have attempted to cut through this division of purpose and to find a plan of education that shall achieve "change within

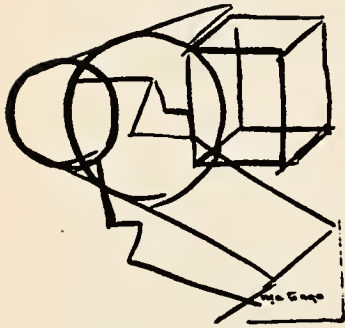
commitment", elasticity within pattern.

The fact of change sets the inscrutable problem. In the modern industrial democracy common aims and loyalties have been dimmed by the more

vivid fact of intense individual differences. It is useless merely to bid school and student look behind the shifting scenes and find the stability beyond. The more difficult problem is how to educate widely different students living in a fluid world so that they can develop the powers of the individual self, yet become a part of the common society of mankind. Democratic premises demand the education of all, not only for responsibility in government and policy, but for contributing to variety and richness of the common life through the unhampered perfection of personal talents, abilities and labors. Plans like those of Mr. Hutchins and of St. John's College assume one set of needs for the intellectually able, another for the homespun. But in a true democracy the plan that some shall read the great books and others do the heavy work is no longer either adequate or realistic. Between 1870 and 1940, although the population had only tripled, the enrollment of high schools mul-

tiplied about 90 times and that of the colleges about 30 times. Students no longer came from homogeneous backgrounds, intending to go into professions or public service. Three-fourths of the high school students looked forward, not to college but to active and largely unskilled work. Their intellectual capacities were varied: some were fast, some were slow, some were, apparently, almost immovable. Some came from rural areas where the home, community and church helped in the educational function; some came from industrial areas where the school was burdened with personal growth, recreation and spiritual health as well as with formal instruction. The inevitable happened; the curriculum simply fell to pieces. The stable core of "required subjects" grew smaller, the number of electives, usually dictated by the students' vivid but unformed taste, grew larger, until almost any odd collection of "units" led to graduation. Worse still, all this passed as being "education for life", and thus emphasized the flux and confusion which it reflected as the solitary truth about man's essential condition.

The Harvard report stoutly asserts that this confused diversity cannot simply be lamented out of existence. Full provision must be made for the special courses serving individual ability and need, and aptitude tests to discover more exactly the individual's requirements must be devised. But the specialization which educates each person intensively in his own talent alone is not only incoherent and vague; what is worse for a democracy, it is at heart competitive. As education becomes more diversified, each person not only achieves a larger degree of private freedom, but he is also forced to take more on trust. He is free, but in fewer respects. Sur-





rounded by other specialists who know what he does not know, he is compelled to take their judgments, in the faith that they know their "field" as he knows his. By what standard can he distinguish the expert from the quack? Or as a worker, allied with the needs and policies of a group or class, how is he to judge the interests and demands of other segments of society? Specialism by its laudable ideal of fulfilling the individual atomizes society. Therefore the great need of a nation growing rapidly centrifugal is for general education, not as a substitute for special training, but as a bond among the isolated members of a free society, driven in upon themselves by exaggerated egoism. The sensitiveness to change, the appetite for novelty, the need for self-expression must be preserved as a part of the vigor and liveliness of the democratic way. But in an age that has overemphasized change and individuality, a reconsideration of permanence cannot be longer delayed.

But this general education that shall amalgamate men must be in the main the concern of the secondary school. Only 10% of the jobs in America are professional or managerial; only 25 to 30% are even technical. For the remaining majority of labor no previous training of any kind is necessary. To leave the humane concerns of men to the college or technical schools to develop is to leave them entirely, so long as the largest segment of society learns to think and act outside the influence of such institutions. The crying need of American society is for education in the good, sharable life of mankind at the high school level. The Harvard plan for general education in the secondary school is in outline quite simple. In addition to all special courses, the student shall be required to take a core of

general work equivalent to half his course of study, with English distributed throughout the entire period and the remainder of the core divided among the three fields of mathematics and science, literature and language, and social studies. The over-all aim shall be that the student, according to his needs and abilities, his interests and his environment, be acquainted at the very highest level possible to him with the physical world which is the context of his action, with the corporate life and traditions of his fellows and with those inner visions and standards which express man's deepest needs.

The difference between the general and the special, however, is not primarily a difference in content. The whole attempt to ally the "liberal" or the "humane" with certain "great books" or with specific courses is in error. Those who have graduated from our general high schools, our liberal arts colleges and the graduate schools of our universities show convincingly that acquaintance with English literature, world thought, philosophy or political theory does not necessarily produce a good man, a humane point of view, nor a citizen. The difference between the general and the special is not a difference in *what* is learned, but in habit of mind and being; it is not a distinction between the humanities and sciences but between different outlooks and methods. The report points out that every field of knowledge has both a general and a special phase. In our day the humanities themselves have tended to become atomic specialties: the study of literature as ideas, insights, valid experience has split into an often sterile philology and a scientific concern with sources and influences. On the contrary, science does not automatically insure freedom of inquiry, nor even

acute awareness of change. "There is a sterile specialism which hugs accepted knowledge and ends in bleakest conservatism." By a general education is meant, not a patchwork of "courses", but "that part of a student's whole education which looks first of all to his life as a human being and as a citizen." In this endeavor the sciences and mathematics, properly taught, have as large a part as do literature or philosophy. Certain books and courses will be more effective in generating awareness of the human situation than others. Sophocles may be more explosive than, say, Ben Jonson, and physics than botany, but the aim cannot be primarily content, or the effort falls back again into imparting information rather than stimulating creative outlook.

The attitudes of mind which the Harvard report sets up as the chief aims of general education are four: The first is *logical, effective thinking*. By this is meant, not the rigid systems of formal logic but the average man's potential ability to weigh evidence, draw conclusions from it, and act consciously on the basis of the conclusions drawn. To avoid prejudice, man must learn to examine and weigh evidence; to decide coherently he must be able to think with the evidence toward its implications; to act effectively he must use these conclusions to determine the direction of effort. In developing the required accuracy, discrimination and power of analysis, the sciences are valuable discipline. For reasoning involving implication among principles and for valid deduction a right study of geometry is relevant. The social sciences, literature and the arts furnish abundant evidence for those decisions where the problems grow out of human factors, rather than the measurable or abstract. The objective is logical thinking grounded in examined evidence. The debated principle of

"transfer of training" is openly assumed, and to those who object, it may be simply answered that if general knowledge and training do not effect proper habits of thought transferable to thinking and living, the whole process of education is trivial and irrelevant. It becomes merely glorified play.

Because democracies must always persuade, never force, they presuppose the further habit of *clear and adequate communication*. Good speech and writing are the final test of good thinking, and the free exchange of clear ideas among all classes is the citizen's sole protection against both propaganda and the irresponsible blatancy of press and radio. The teaching of English must therefore be continuous with the student's entire program and should be the concern, not only of the English teacher, but of the scientist combatting the vague use of technical jargon and of the social scientist in his effort to control the use of those loose generalizations that have reduced his field to a pseudo-science. A further habit of mind points more clearly to the field of action: *the ability to apply the perceived relationships among ideas and principles to the whole of life*. Use of the past, of tradition, of moral principles, æsthetic truths and scientific generalizations in immediate and personal problems both produces and is the result of inner freedom, through which the perplexed individual is able to break the "stranglehold of the present" upon the mind and will. For the person faced with the necessity for action, the present is usually confused. There is always the clash of alternatives, the "other side." The lessons of the past, the clear realization of the kind of world he lives in, the imaginative power to foresee the implications of action for the future are the only way to perspective and forceful decision.



The final attitude is the *discovery of and positive commitment to real values*. This habit of loyalty to value involves the assumption that the primary concern of general education is the good man, dedicated to certain permanent principles which are not arbitrary, but objective. Man is free, but "freedom is not permission to flout the truth, but to regulate . . . life in the knowledge of it." Man is committed, not in spite of being free, but in order to be man. "There are truths which none can be free to ignore if one is to have that wisdom through which life can become useful. There are truths concerning the structure of the good life and concerning the factual conditions by which it may be achieved, truths comprising the goals of a free society." Democracy, for example, means toleration; but the very habit of toleration presupposes conviction. The early years of the war have taught us that the vaguely right is always at the mercy of the clearly wrong, that weak vacillation on principles cannot prevail over even vicious conviction. The softness of most modern education has lain in its tendency to leave the student floundering in a welter of uncriticized alternatives. The high school and college alike have set forth a banquet of every moral, spiritual and practical fare, unaware that a democracy simply in order to be a democracy, and that a rational, free human being in order to be so, must of necessity be allergic to certain convictions. The result has been, not an increased tolerance, but a lack of sturdy belief, inevitably followed by reliance on prejudice, emotionalism and private confusion. The one thing we cannot have is a cozy world in which everybody is right and nothing is contemptible. The very belief that everyone is right according to his own standard is the assumption of an inherent chaos at the heart of things.

The weakness of the Harvard theory of education lies in its decided vagueness concerning what these ideals and principles are. At times it almost assumes we know them, and that is precisely what, thanks to our unfocussed system of education, we have forgotten. Two values do stand out from the discussion as permanent: the search for truth, which preserves the values of experimentalism and secures from dogma, and the dignity of man, which is the premise of the democratic way. This dignity does not come solely through the possession of reason, or through the potential sympathy and sensitiveness which the arts can foster. It is rather what every man can be: a kind of creature responsible to the values to which he can freely commit himself; with that will and fidelity of purpose "without which the best intellectual gifts come to nothing"; with imagination to understand his fellows and himself; with power to choose in the light of examined knowledge and to make himself, not circumstances, responsible. These things are not the rights of man; they are man. But this essential dignity and worth itself rests on higher values: in a totalitarian state they are not admitted, and to say that they are consequent on



*Decatur car ride*

ANNE WOODWARD



the democratic way is circular. The democratic way is the belief in the dignity of man and cannot justify it. The report cries out for a discussion of the ground for this dignity which has been so recently under attack.

The discussion of ultimate values, however, is precisely what the report refuses to consider. It assumes that it is possible to build a system of education on ideals which just miss finality. The aim of education, so it says, is to produce "agreement on the good of man at the level of performance without the necessity of agreement on ultimates." The loyalties of man, apparently, lie on three levels: at one extreme are the divergent interests, needs and opinions of individuals in their private sphere of action; at the other lies the realm of ultimates, with which the report has no concern; between is the area of common beliefs, like the dignity of man, to which our tradition validly commits us, sufficient for unifying action and for promoting the common good. But it is precisely on the level of performance that a basic agreement on ultimates is imperative. Our significant actions, concerning the race problem, for example, are not the expression of a conventional agreement as to what will work in a democracy, but an admission of our most embedded convictions about the nature of man. What is the equality which black and white, Jew and Nordic, Catholic and Protestant share? If it be mere agreement on a working level or common tradition, the totalitarian state or the Southern demagogue is free to follow another tradition or to make a new

agreement. The only thing that will carry the weight of action is an ultimate loyalty.

The Harvard educators openly admit the reason for their total abstinence from ultimate values: such a discussion leads directly to religion. They admit that we are, or can be, a democracy; they are unwilling to admit that by profession at least we stand also as a Christian civilization, and that historically our belief in the dignity of man rests upon Christian as well as secular sanctions. But what they further forget is still more ominous: that ultimates cannot be simply held in abeyance; if they are not asserted, what is asserted becomes itself an ultimate. If the program which the report sets up begins in the secondary school and continues through the college and university, ultimates will not be avoided. What is taught will become the only ultimate available to those who learn. We shall have a religion, but the religion of humanism, devoted to the secular ideal with which the report concludes, "the dedication of the self to an ideal higher than self — devotion to the truth and to one's neighbor." This is the Greek, the classicist ideal; it supposes that man is enough for man, that reason and intelligent good-will are sufficient for the good life. The Harvard scholars have, indeed, achieved an ultimate by default. Refusal to discuss uniquely spiritual values is in effect to dismiss them as irrelevant to life and to the springs of action, and to assign them to the place they do in fact too much enjoy: the funeral oration, the commencement address, the formal occasion, the empty gesture.

# THE MIND'S ADVENTURE

by Howard F. Lowry

*The President of The College of Wooster, a former Guggenheim Fellow, professor of English at Princeton and chairman of Princeton's committee on postwar education, calls Christianity "an adventure in freedom" and the crown of intellect. This article is Dr. Lowry's inaugural address delivered at Wooster in October 1944 and at Agnes Scott in January 1946. It is printed here upon request and with the permission of the author.*

AT THE HEART OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION — the deep source from which it draws its life — is a clear (to some a preposterous) commitment. And we who have elected to complicate our minds, do well to remember what it is. A church college holds that behind all life is a great and loving Father who works through man, who gave man the free choice of good and, therefore, the possibility of evil; who exacts justice but loves mercy; and who, through the sheer miracle of love, gave His only begotten Son that man might have everlasting life. The logical result of any such belief is *evangelical* Christianity. It has to be, because evangelical Christianity is the only kind of Christianity there is. The mark of the true follower of Christ is (1) a desire to change his own life and to better his own practice, and (2) to see such a change in the lives of others.

In inviting you to an adventure in Christianity, the church college will not assume that Christianity is something that can necessarily be *studied* — any more than one can make a person moral, as it has been said, by spraying him two hours a week with a course in ethics. In a sense,

Christianity cannot be *studied* at all. It is a laboratory experiment, and you have to try living it with what power you can summon, if you want to know what it is. John Hunter, the great eighteenth-century physician and scientist, always asked his research students, "Have you performed the experiment?" Weary of dissection and ready to rush to unfounded hypotheses, they always heard Hunter's sharp rebuke, "Gentlemen, do not think; try to be patient." So the church college summons you not merely to a life of Christian thought, but also to a life of Christian action. It does not ask you, either, to escape the world, but to draw, as you can, from the spiritual world that which floods the physical world and transforms it. It asks of you some of those great creative renunciations that lie at the heart of Christian ethics — not that your lives may be thin and meagre, but that they may be fulfilled. Frankly, it should invite you to prayer and, as more than one man has learned, for a very simple reason — that Christ, who was the great expert in these matters and whose insight went deeper than any man's of whom the world

has record, prayed; and it seems at least a fair proposal to follow His example if we are to know, for ourselves, the things He knew.

Now all this is very shocking to some secular educators. They say they have no dislike for Christianity — though I recall Dr. Flexner's reminder of the captain in Lord Nelson's navy who said, "My Lord, I have no prejudices, but God knows I hate a Frenchman." Liberal education, they say, cannot sully itself with religion and philosophy — with things that lead to commitment. Such things, they say, involve the emotions and a whole array of feelings that are pure dynamite. During the past two years I have listened to more than one institution debate its future policy. They all know that education today stands convicted of one cardinal sin — multiplicity of means and poverty of ends and general purpose. We have multiplied discovery on dis-



S. ABEL/ARTIST

covery, fact upon fact, gadget on gadget — with no more general sense of deep satisfaction than the world has today in the face of its own tragedy for having done precisely the same thing. Above all, education, if it is to have any order or meaning, must brood on one great question: "What is man?" A hard question, involving the whole human activity — the intellect, the will, the emotions. Little wonder there is temptation to dodge it and enchant ourselves with things and mere empirical knowledge. Many institutions do dodge it — under one good pretext or another; either that, or they give it a purely intellectual or historical treatment, gingerly holding the eternities at arm's length between thumb and finger. They permit students to develop unrelated specialties and learn all manner of bright tricks without any over-all purpose or directing belief whatsoever. One of my own students, last term, put it to me straight: "You ask us what we want after this war? We want an education that, by the end of sophomore year, has at least raised for us the *questions* worthy to be asked by a man. The *answers* are another matter. But we'll settle for nothing less than an education concerned with the total implication of things. We are tired of heaped-up fragments. All this is our right as men." I thought it a fair request. Paradoxically enough, a university that cuts short the mind's adventure is really not a university at all. The church college allows to education the full *human adventure* — the search for an understanding of what man really is in the light of the full powers of man — the intellect, the emotions, the will, and (if I may add) that deep quietness at the center where we hear the inner voice that comes at last, if we listen carefully, to teach us all, the voice that has spoken to anyone who has



ever learned anything very much worth knowing.

There is, of course, a defense of Christian education as *liberal* education on very practical and secular grounds. Three great cultures — the Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew — have formed the Western world. Why be ignorant of one of the three? How far can one go in art, in music, in literature, in history, in social thought, without a knowledge of the Bible and the great documents of the Church? One of the poverties of our contemporary mind is our lack of common symbols for expressing our great ideas. Part of this poverty came with the decline of classical learning and with the advent of anthologies of English literature where Zeus and Apollo have to be annotated and painfully described as if they were something wanted by the government, and a simple phrase like “pater noster” has actually to be translated. We experience a similar poverty from our religious illiteracy. Slowly the great secular books which have used these symbols for nineteen hundred years are closing to men who cannot read them with any ease or pleasure. Moreover, there is a matter of common honesty here. Men who would never think of pronouncing upon secular matters without consulting the sources and the prime authorities, easily conclude about Christianity without examining the evidence — the Old and New Testament. There are very few vagaries of college students that one, with a little time and patience, cannot understand. But there is one that has always stumped me completely. Why is it that students who will sit up far into the night talking about the philosophy of religion or the psychology of religion are content to remain in almost abysmal ignorance of the Bible, which is the great original document in these matters. In

no other department of learning would such flimsy research procedure be even tolerated.

Such are the secular grounds for including religion in any liberal education. But the real ground is better still — for only through such study does the mind of man complete its human adventure.

This adventure is, among other things, an adventure in profundity — the profundity that consists, not in impressive learning, but in the effort to retain perspective — in the effort to keep a few fundamental ideas constantly checking on the rest of the mind’s activity. These ideas are the pillars of philosophy — or the polar stars, if you will, by which we steer. They cut across red tape, order our confusion, and let fresh air blow through our speculations. Let me illustrate. Alexander Meiklejohn, the distinguished ex-president of Amherst, has written a three-hundred-page book in which he seeks to find a decent principle for all higher education. With more learning than most men can summon, he deplors the fade-out of Christianity. He tells us, however, that some hope is left. The guiding star of all future education will be Humanity (with a capital “H”) — an idea of universal *brotherhood* that every teacher will serve. Yet nowhere in his learned book does Dr. Meiklejohn raise the one simple fundamental question that any child would want to know: Who fathered all those brothers?

Another example. We probably face no more depressing fact in our philosophy than the awful waste of Nature. How, amid this terrible fecundity, can I think of individual man or even man as a class — as marked for any special distinction — let alone as a creature little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and

honor? "Twenty-one civilizations," says Mr. Toynbee, "are recognized by the historian, of which fourteen have already disappeared entirely." The scientist can count over two million species, of which man is *one*. Depressing data. But wait for the voice of the philosopher cutting through to first principles. And here it comes. "Yes, this is all very discouraging," says Macneile Dixon. "But we have one important point yet to consider. If man is but one of two million species, he still has this great distinction. He is, as far as we know, the only one of the two million who has ever been depressed by the fact." What would you say, if urged, is the chief intellectual defection of our time? I think I should say it is our general neglect of the idea of the First Cause. Behind our mass of facts and our empirical data there are still the ancient questions — Why? How? By whom? In our busyness, our pride of discovery, our learning, we forget these lode-star questions that, difficult though they may be to answer, do keep our minds straight and deliver us from hopeless superficiality. These questions are the stock in trade of philosophy and religion.

They keep alive in us, also, the great sources of wonder that ought to form — and so rarely form — our estimate of life. To me, one of our real problems arises from the fact that all the really impressive things which happen to us, generally take place in our experience very early and become trite before we ourselves have become reflective beings. By the time we are ready to form our philosophy of life, we are thoroughly accustomed to the miracles of love and pity, the beauty of holiness, the grandeur of sacrifice, the sky, the earth, and sea. All the great and noble parts of man and earth are, by that time, common and often jaded material. But suppose you were

Plato's man coming from your dark cave to your full faculties and were then allowed what you and I too seldom have — the fresh, unspoiled view of elementary things. Suppose it were the first afternoon of the world and the shadows began to form, and darkness began to stride across the land, and the sun go down. What a miracle it would be to you if, in a few hours, that Sun should rise — and on the other side of the earth. In fact, if anybody dared prophesy, in that first great twilight, that the sun *would* rise, you would execute him on the spot as a "wishful" thinker. Yet, having once seen the returning dawn, with the full faculties of the mind, when would you forget it? There is a quiet, elementary way — a great original way of looking at things — that is the basis of all right thinking. The presence in our minds of the leading questions raised by philosophy and religion keeps those full faculties for the discovery of truth alive. "They make us," as one says, "the friends and companions of the images of wonder."

The mind's adventure that is born of religion will never permit us, moreover, to take that jaunty view of the world that is a frequent mark of the modern temper — the view that morality is all relative to time and place, changing with the customs of tribes and peoples. How many a man, when things get a little rough for him, begs to be excused from certain of our culture-conquests on the ground that the Eskimos think otherwise about it — and what's good enough for the Eskimos is good enough for him. Let us grant that there are "mores" and "conventions" wrongly inflated to the rank of morals; but there is another perverse tendency in us — to write off as "mores" and "conventions" whatever is *dif-*



*ficul*t for us as morals. Samuel Butler, the seventeenth-century satirist, condemned the Presbyterians:

Who condone the sins they are inclined to

By damning others that they have no mind to. If we look firmly at the matter, we discover that the moral alarm clock is probably better marked and better set than we think; the problem is really the problem of what to *do* when it rings. Surely the mind sensitive to religious values knows that there are truths and commitments living in the depths of our being — truths to which, as Pascal said, we have no title, but to which we are bound for ever. Jonathan Edwards — what a hard head *he* had! — used to say “there are things in this world that are more than intellect and more than feeling. They are pure supernal light!” One of my favorite passages in all literature is that remarkable insight of Bishop Wilson’s — “The joy of righteousness is so great that it would be a kind of debauchery — were it not so difficult.”

Christianity is not merely an adventure in profound and adequate ideas. It is an adventure in freedom. Free choice is at the heart of the Christian conception — man given the dignity of choosing good and evil that he may have the honor of free commitment, the honor of being not a puppet but a person. “The gift of God is eternal life” one of my old teachers used to remind me out of the New Testament; and what is the very essence of a gift? — the fact that we don’t have to accept it. A desperate choice, given to us at the *total risk of ourselves*. Little wonder that so many of our English liberties go back to those men in the seventeenth century who took political freedom as a simple matter of course, a deeper, *original* freedom already being theirs at

so great a wager. Such freedom creates that automatic respect for personality out of which democracy thrives. We can preach tolerance at home and hold international conferences abroad till the end of time, and all our work will be in vain unless men of good will possess the world — men who value themselves as immortal persons bought at a price, and who, thus valuing themselves, value other persons also. This is the mind’s adventure in brotherhood that follows the mind’s adventure in true freedom.

All liberal education is, finally, an adventure in humility. And so, in the final adventure of the liberal mind, he learns again the wisdom of the humble. He first loses his life and then he finds it again. Surrendering himself to God, he receives from Him the return of infinite love — flooding every portion of his life till there is a new light upon the land and on every human face, and in his own heart a peace the world cannot give. This is the final humility, and it is the crown of intellect.

In this final act of liberation man is not alone. With him is the living companionship of Christ who knew, better than anyone else, the secret of the humble and the lonely insights of bitter revelation. During four years in college you will come on many great figures in the books of the world — Oedipus going home to Colonus in the twilight; Lear with the dead Cordelia in his arms; Pasteur quietly triumphant in his laboratory; Faust brooding at midnight the mysteries of moral satisfaction; the dying Hamlet and the profound soul of Abraham Lincoln. These are our liberal education. But where will you find a man who, dying between two thieves, takes captive the world’s imagination for two thousand years — the Son of God who says: “Come unto



me, all ye who are weary and are heavy laden. For I am meek and lowly of heart, and I will give you rest unto your souls." In Him is the end and the beginning of your liberal education; for the highest value you know is the value of a person. And where is there a person like Him? In Him is the beginning and the end of the mind's adventure. In Him the thoughts of God *do* become our thoughts; and His ways our ways. "Higher than Him," said Carlyle, "human thought simply cannot go."

Let me conclude with a symbol. When I was a boy, I went, one summer, on a camping trip to the Carter County Caves in Kentucky. One day, far back in the dark of one of the caves, I found myself crawling along on a ledge with a guide and a few companions. The light from our lan-

terns flashed back from stalactites and stalagmites upon the wall of the cave nearest us. Suddenly, turning a corner, I came upon one wall covered with the initials of campers who had preceded us. Among these names I discovered, to my complete surprise, the name of my father carved there many years before. I leave to your imagination the impression this made on a fourteen-year-old boy. And this is my symbol for you today. Your education, at the moment, is going forward in a cave. For the world just now does not wholly permit us to live in the full, clear light of the sun. Even so, you may proceed. The church college will give you light and put a lantern in your hand. But your journey will hardly be complete unless, at some turning, you, too, may have the joy of discovering your Father's name.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF DIEGO RIVERA

HENRY CHANDLEE FORMAN \*

AT LAST the great Saturday had arrived. As is the custom in Mexico City, the bus conductor, perched outside on the rear bumper of his *camión*, banged away briskly on the window in order to signalize the moment of departure. We were off to San Angel, a suburb celebrated for its "salubrious air" and "vast orchards" — if Terry's *Guide* may be believed. The three of us, the writer, his wife Caroline, and George Gilmore, a Harvard graduate, one of a group of college students whom we had taken to Mexico, were on our way to visit Señor Diego Rivera.

Earlier in the week we had struck up an acquaintanceship with this Mexican painter while he was working on some large murals in fresco in the National Palace. There, Rivera, a large, jovial, friendly man, had invited us to his studio for four o'clock on the following Saturday.

The *camión* thundered along the dusty eight miles which separate the *Zócalo*, or square in the heart of Mexico City, from the suburb of San Angel. Numerous stops were punctuated by the loud yelling of "*Vámonos; Páguen; Bajen*" — "Let's go; pay up there; get off." When we

\* *Apropos of this article on Mexico, Dr. Forman, new head of the Agnes Scott department of art, will offer next year a course in the Art of Latin America. He is a professional archaeologist and architect, and his recent watercolors of Canada will be exhibited this spring by the University of Pennsylvania. Educated at this University, at Princeton and in Europe, he held the Comer Chair of Fine Arts at Wesleyan College for four years before coming to Agnes Scott.*

finally arrived in the "salubrious" settlement of the Holy Angel, it was to discover that we had taken an autobus to the wrong part of the town and would have to wander about various *calles* in search of the studio of Diego Rivera.

At the foot of the high cactus fence surrounding the painter's home we realized that we were already three-quarters of an hour late. Not having seen a photograph of the residence, we were unprepared for what looked like a factory of stucco-concrete, standing on poles, somewhat in the manner of prehistoric Swiss lake dwellings. This is an example of the so-called International Style, as it flourishes in Mexico. But seriously, are we not predestined to accept the new architecture and to see it replace eventually most of our pseudo, false-Gothic and Classic fronts?

Unfortunately we were late. This fact was brought home to us by our looking up the spiral, concrete, hanging stairway, which "spatially" wound its way up to the front door, perched high on the second floor, only to see the back of another visitor as he was being ushered inside.

After a period of grace by the cactus hedge we ourselves circled up the stairs. Rivera smilingly opened the door. He conducted us to his studio and introduced us to Borowsky, the Polish concert orchestra leader, of Chicago and New York, and to a Brazilian couple from Rio who were connected with the diplomatic staff in

Mexico. The studio was a large room with the north wall all of glass. Scattered about on tables were great and small archaic figurines, collected by young boys for Rivera. These distorted *objets d'art*, we believe he told us, were found beneath the San Angel lava fields, which geologists claim to be about ten thousand years old. Obviously the figurines, since they were beneath the volcanic beds, were older than ten millennia.\*\* Around the studio were also three or four large oil interpretations of a nude Negro dancing girl, done in bright yellows and reds.

While Señor Diego held the floor, the rest of us took seats around the room. In a convivial mood and speaking Spanish fluently, he paced up and down restlessly. Evidently our arrival had broken into a conversation on music, which was now resumed. Our friend Gilmore knew a great deal about music, and hence he was in his element with the musician and with the painter. According to Rivera, Chinese primitive music is the best in the world, because it does not resort to melody in order to create an emotion.

After about half an hour of hearing about music we became anxious to learn some of Rivera's ideas on the fine arts. In reply to our queries, he launched into the subject of painting, but frequently interspersed his remarks with opinions about economics, politics, the war and the like.

"England," he somewhat dryly declared, "is no good for painters because it has too much fog and atmosphere. Ah! But it is conducive to poetry. English and American poetry are the

\*\* *Back in the States, the writer consulted a well-known Middle American archaeologist about the age claimed for these figurines. The archaeologist's answer was "Bah!"*

best in the world." Then, continuing after a moment's pause, "You know, even the houses and telegraph poles in England look dirty and are unclear. But in Mexico they look all right. Turner was not such a good painter, but he did invent certain painting techniques . . . William Blake, I think, was the father of Sur-realism."

Rivera then became sidetracked on sociology. "Sur-realism," he said, "is really an art phase of international society based on the French." Looking out the window a moment, he continued, "But before you can become international, you must become national. You must have roots in your own culture." Here was a cosmopolitan artist, who in his lifetime has dug deeply into the past of his own country. He has covered perhaps half a mile of walls with glittering, colorful frescoes, depicting in many cases the Indian "roots" of the oldest nation in the New World.

"However," he kept on saying, "international society in Mexico is the worst kind in the world," and gave as examples many of the titled refugees, of Monte Carlo fame, who had come to the Mexican capital. It must be realized, of course, that Rivera himself once belonged to the Communist party.

Next, without warning, he commenced speaking in English as though it were the most natural thing in the world; but the change did not trouble the Pole nor the Brazilians, who at once switched over to English. The painter's thoughts turned to war, and in reply to our query asking if he did not think Americans — *Norte-americanos* — are as a group naive and unsuspecting, he declared, "No, they have a pioneer openness on the exterior, but are not naive on the interior." Then, quick as a flash, he remarked that "the Japanese were the most cunning people in the world."



Worried lest the conversation get away from the fine arts, as it seemed to be doing, we asked the artist how he was able to work publicly on his murals when so many persons interrupted by speaking to him. He admitted that he could not work when friends addressed him; "but nevertheless," he went on, "I enjoy having them accost me, because I like people. After all . . . I paint people."

Painting itself, he defined, is simply color. "Painting is color."

It develops that Rivera enjoys all primitive art, especially African cave painting, and archaic Chinese and Mexican sculpture. In spite of having studied with Picasso of Paris, he does not seem to like his work too much; nor does he care for the sentimental masterpieces of Murillo of Spain. Asked if he thought that the Spanish painter, Velasquez, was the first impressionist, he replied in the negative, observing that the honor should go probably to Vermeer and some of the other Dutchmen. He likes Renoir, Cézanne and Henri Rousseau ("wonderful"), and especially Georges Seurat, the Neo-Impressionist. Seurat, it seems, is not too mathematical and scientific a painter for Rivera.

He likewise has a strong preference for El Greco, Modigliani and Goya. "Ah!" he effused, "Goya is Spain." Then Rivera's thoughts flew fast, and he declared that "no man is a real artist if he copies", nor does "the artist have to have a subject in order to paint." And he added, "Art grows out of art." Quickly changing the subject to Mexico, he related that when Hernán

Cortés, the conqueror, was sick, the only thing that would make him well was gold — so Cortés told the Indians. Further, he thought that the Mexican *mestizos*, the mixtures, were largely no good, although those that have a small percentage of Indian blood were all right. How he glorifies the pure-blooded Indians!

"Psychology, you know, is based on the stomach and the liver." It was soon after this statement by the artist that the musician asked for a drink of water, and in that way Diego left the studio with his music friend. In a few minutes we descended the spiral hanging staircase to find Rivera saying farewell to Borowsky, who was sitting in an automobile between the steel house poles. A little later we emerged through the high cactus fence into the lane.

"Painting is color . . ." These words ran through our minds as we travelled back in the late afternoon sunshine between pink, white, blue and yellow houses, dotted with wrought-iron *rejas* and great wooden doors. How many contemporary painters are there, we mused, whose works, covered with tonal browns, silvers and greys, refute that definition of the art of painting?

Our little excursion that day into the fields of music, archæology, architecture, sculpture and painting will ever be with us in retrospect. It was as though an exhilarating door had been opened. We had heard with our own ears some of the philosophy of Diego Rivera, superb technician, world traveller, wise humanist, today the most noted artist in all the Americas.

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

## Agnes Scott as I see it

DEAR MARY JANE:

When you asked me to write you in a letter what I thought of Agnes Scott, whether I would change it, whether I thought it gave a real preparation for life — my first reaction was to say, "Yes, but how in the world can I tell you in one little letter all I got out of four years at college?" Then, after reading Jane Guthrie Rhodes' article in the *Winter Quarterly*, my second reaction was just to say "Amen" to everything she said. I, too, am a mother and a housewife and I think she most feelingly and adequately spoke for all of us who have forsaken the office and classroom for the kitchen and nursery; the typewriter and yardstick for the sewing machine and hickory switch (or hair-brush, pony whip or just plain old palm of your hand!) the flag of patriotism and WACs' bars for the diaper and sign of the safety pin.

But, upon further consideration, and being a true woman, I decided I wanted to put in my two cents' worth. What woman can resist adding her own opinion, no matter how many others have done so! Can't you just hear them saying, "Well, that's all right but this is what I think."

So, here goes for me. Yes, I felt Agnes Scott gave me a real, well-rounded, broad experience that, not "finished" me, nor "educated" me (for I am far from being a finished product and I lay no claim to being completely educated) but an experience that prepared me for further experiences. No, I would not change Agnes Scott. In saying that, I'm not foolish enough to say I wouldn't change *anything* because change means progress and I take pride in Agnes Scott as she progresses and takes her place in the world of today.

Am I glad I went four years to Agnes Scott and why am I glad? For a myriad number of reasons, too numerous to list in a letter. However, I feel very definitely that without my Bible 205, "Life of Christ", I could not have attempted to teach my twelve-year-old boys and girls' Sunday School Class. Miss Laney's

novel course taught me how to read and what to read. Her insistence upon outlines has been a "life saver" in my Book Review Study Club. And, in spite of the fact I rely on the adding machine for my accounting, yet I feel my Math major certainly did a little toward training me so I can now make out the income tax for my doctor husband — including all the professional deductions, earned income, credit and surtax (although I'll admit I am a little jaded after wrestling with it each March).

When you have to get up stunts at camps, school or scouts, you're so glad you have Senior Opera or the sophomore stunts to fall back on for a basic idea! And I don't believe I could have ever digested the *Anatomy of Peace* without a background of Dr. Davidson's American History and Miss Jackson's European course, plus all the English 101 in analyzing and diagramming sentences, plus the fortitude gained by getting thru physics!

You can have all your home economics courses. My contention is that anyone who has a fair amount of brawn can read a cookbook and plow through the home duties. But it is all those little extras you got that, when you return to the campus to one of those marvelous lectures, make you proud that you once were an integral part of it all, and even now are a part (be it ever so humble) as a lowly alumna.

I believe you've gotten an inkling from this that I approved of the old school and hope, and I trust not vainly, that my three daughters will have the same opportunity to approve in the not too distant future.

To end on a serious note, these are *the* reasons for which I am proud of Agnes Scott: That it is first, Christian; second, conservative; and third, a small, democratic school. That she insists on standards and maintains them — both its faculty and students.

The friends I made there are a continual source of joy and comfort. The contacts that come, even now, are pleasing, instructive and satisfying.

PENELOPE BROWN BARNETT, '32



## Agnes Scott as I would have it

DEAR EDITOR:

It's been a long time since I read Newman on the Aims of a Liberal College. I no longer recall what its aims presumably are; I forgot its precise elements. Even after ten years, despite one thing and another, I am theoretically one of its effects, and I am deeply aware that something should be done about it.

To begin with, entrance requirements should be kept as high as possible in an effort to discourage girls who have four years to waste and can afford to waste them at Agnes Scott. The student body would naturally tend toward Serious Mindedness though not necessarily, I hope, toward Brilliant Scholarship as well. Once accepted, freshmen would be put through a series of intelligence tests designed to discover bents and lacks; after the first two years, students would plan their courses on the findings of these tests. Throughout the four years a flexible system of grading would be used so that the student's knowledge would be reflected on her reports and not just the amount of her "education."

Freshman and sophomore courses would be the same for all students: English as it was in my day with perhaps more grammar than I had as a freshman; European history and history of the American continents with more attention to the countries south of us than mere reference when the United States has been concerned; and elementary courses in physiology, economics, sociology, psychology, government and

philosophy.

Math and languages would be strictly elective. I'm convinced that a talent is prerequisite for these as much as for voice and music. I've soothed myself that I lacked foundation in math and so couldn't accommo-

date the higher branches, like fractions. There is no such comfort possible to me in my ignorance of German, in which I had access at least to proper foundation and in which I majored against the advice of my German professor. Today I can speak glibly and in the original, too, the words *wanderlust* and *weltschmerz* but obviously the conversation must be brought around. Both math and languages would be there for those who wanted them and showed ability for such, but I'd cease to clutter up the classroom with students who took the courses because it was required of them.

I'd like for Agnes Scott to be known for her social sciences department. There should be courses in all phases of community and national and international governments, peoples, history and customs. I'd have a course in propaganda technics followed by a course in advertising based on Consumer Research methods. A logical and practical connection could then be possible between academic work and extracurricular activities, and extracurricula would no longer be sniffed at.

I, along with the administration and other alumnae, am proud of the 80% of ASC graduates who marry;

*Agnes Scott is a small Southern college for women which through the years has emphasized those values that have seemed most fundamental to the good life in a democracy and in a Christian civilization. As the South meets its destiny in the changes of this security-seeking age, Agnes Scott must be more than ever before a place where women are prepared for creative living. We have assumed a place of leadership in education in the South and in America. Hundreds of alumnae are teaching in public schools, colleges and universities. Others are the wives of teachers. Thousands are interested in education as parents. Agnes Scott's future leadership in education will depend partly on how strong an interest alumnae feel in that future. We are saving space in the next QUARTERLY for your opinions, criticisms, reactions and suggestions about Agnes Scott. We believe that these opinions will be important to the administration, faculty and trustees of the college. As there will be little time before the summer QUARTERLY should go to press, we urge you to write your letter to the Editor today.* THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE.



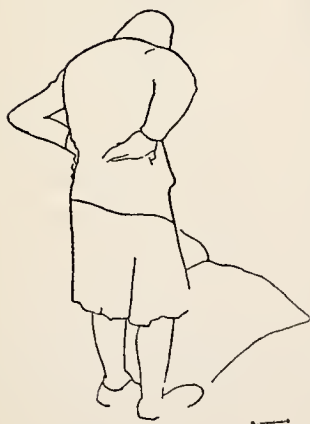
high as this percentage is, it's undoubtedly leaped during the war years. With matrimony, then, as their end, though not necessarily their goal, students should have intelligent courses in marriage as a profession, including sex, household management, family relations, child care and rearing, everything indeed short of laboratory experience. There would be no courses in sewing and cooking; a girl who can take a college degree can read a cookbook and follow directions, and the same applies to sewing.

After four years at such an Agnes Scott, women

probably still wouldn't be wholly prepared for living in the Atomic Age, said to be upon us now, but they would have a better conception than I did of what they could expect as citizens and what would be expected of them in return. In short, what would likely come forth from such an Agnes Scott is, I suspect, a flock of strong-minded, intelligent, capable people who happened to be women. And, from where I sit, I can't believe this would be a bad thing for the country.

LULU DANIEL AMES, '36

## CLUB NEWS



LEXINGTON, KY. "... hard, slow, painful though the process be, the continued development of your mental powers is the obligation which your diplomas lay upon you. It is part of your obligation as citizens. The country and this world have been asking 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." This quotation which appeared on the invitations of the Founder's Day luncheon meeting of the Lexington club indicates the tone of the meeting which was concluded with a talk by Elsa Jacobsen Morris on "Our Obligations as College Women." The meeting was held at the La Fayette

Hotel on February 23 with fourteen alumnae present: Ruth De Zouche '24, president; Elise Derickson '30, secretary; Mildred Bradley Bryant '38, Elsa Jacobsen Morris '27, Miriam Preston St. Clair '27, Mabel Marshall Whitehouse '29, Anne Frances Pennington Moore '34, Helen Yundt '42, Helen Donnell Blake Schu '46, Rosemary Honiker Rickman '32, Mary McCann Hudson '38, Nevelyn Parks Acton '36, Anne Chambers Alcorn, Carrie Lena McMullen Bright '34.

GROUP I TENNESSEE. Alice Virden arranged a luncheon meeting in Memphis the day after Founder's Day. The Alumnae Fund plan was discussed, records were played and greetings from the campus read. Ruth Hall Bryant gave the group some information about recent changes at the college. Annie Leigh McCorkle was elected president for next year. Ten alumnae were present: Rose Harwood Taylor '18, Ruth Hall Bryant '22, Margaret Smith Lyon '22, Elizabeth Lambdin Shaeffer '19, Rebekah Harrison Inst., Anna Peek Robertson Inst., Annie Leigh McCorkle '28, Louise Capen Baker '27, Julia Jameson '22, and Alice Virden '23.

TAMPA, FLA. Sixteen alumnae and eight guests attended the luncheon on February 23 at which Virginia McWhorter Freeman '40 was elected president for 1946-47, Violet Denton West '34, vice-president and Mary Louise Robinson Black '33, secretary. Nina Anderson Thomas told the club of her visit to the campus last fall. Several prospective students were entertained. Alumnae attending were Rosalind Wurm Council '20, Ethlyn Coggins Miller '44, Mary Louise Robinson Black '33, Virginia McWhorter Freeman '40, Violet Denton West '34, Nina Anderson Thomas '11, Nellie Blackburn Airth Inst., Margaret Deaver '32, Susan Glenn '32, Nell Frye Johnston '16, Marie Ledule Myers '09, Ruth Marion Wisdom '09, Elizabeth Parham Williams '23, Helen Smith Taylor '13, Ruth Peck Smith '31, Grace Anderson Cooper '40, Sabine Brumby '41, Beth McClure McGeachy '23.

MACON, GA. Nine alumnae attended the Founder's Day tea to hear the records and greetings from the campus. The High School was visited by two alumnae who were scouting for prospective students. Alumnae at the tea were Hazel Solomon Beazley '40 (who arranged the meeting), Ann Henry '41, Miriam Talmadge Vann '36, Betty Fleming Virgin '33, Margaret Edelmänn '44, Ruth Johnston '25, Sara Johnston Carter '29, Elizabeth Riley Adams '18, Gladys Burns Willingham, '35.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Thirteen alumnae attended the Founder's Day meeting at which Mary Maxwell '44 gave a sketch of Agnes Scott and introduced a round-table discussion of old and new traditions. Those present were Janice Brown '24, Mildred Clark '36, Kathleen Stanton Truesdell '21, Anne Coffee Packer '36, Frances James Donohue '36, Mary Munroe '45, Dorothy Cassel Fraser '34, Laura Spivey Massie '33, Georgia Hunt '40, Jessie Watts Rustin '23, Kittie Burrell Long Inst., Helen Handte Morse '36, and Mary Estill Martin '43. The Washington club met again in March while Miss Laney was visiting in Washington, and she talked to them on Southern poets. The next meeting of the club will be a round-table discussion led by Pat Collins '28 on the obligations of the alumnae to the Association and to the college and the services that the Association can and should render to the alumnae. The club feels that the Association might supply information as to the business qualifications of graduates, be a source of speakers for clubs, P. T. A.'s, etc., and compile reading lists for children, adult groups and the alumnae.

MONTREAT, N. C. Six alumnae met February 19 at the president, Margery Moore Macaulay's home to hear greetings from the campus and discuss current plans of the Alumnae Association. Present were Elizabeth Grier Edmunds '28, Lucy Grier '28, Margery Moore Macaulay '20, Annie Webb '13, Margaret Wade '21, and Ruth Farrior '44.

AUGUSTA, GA. A reorganization meeting was held March 20 at which Margaret Sheftall was elected president, Louise Buchanan Proctor, secretary, and Sallie Carrere Bussey, treasurer. Eugenia Symms, Executive Secretary of the Association, talked to the club about present activities of the association, and Maggie Toole of the present senior class at Agnes Scott, president of Mortar Board, spoke of campus activities. The enthusiastic discussion following these talks led to the club's decision to undertake a campaign to secure 100% participation in the Alumnae Fund by Augusta alumnae. The five students present were Maggie Toole, Mary Jo Ammons and Nancy Hardy, Susan Richardson and Sally Bussey. Alumnae present were Sally Carrere Bussey '15, Eugenia Symms '36, Margaret Sheftall '42, Mary Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson '35, Hazel Scruggs Ouzts '41, Jane Cassels Stewart '35, Lois Sullivan Kay '45, Minnie Clarke Cordle '23, Helen Barton Claytor '22, Louise Buchanan Proctor '25, Gena Calloway Merry '22, Frances Woodall, Mardie Friend Stewart '34, Ruth Hillhouse Baldwin '19, Helen Daniel Chandler '28, Julia Abbot Neely '18. The next meeting of the club will probably be in the fall when prospective students will be entertained.

CHICAGO, ILL. Martha Brenner Shryock '15, Ruth McDonald Otto '27, Ruth Hunt Little '37, Mary Louise Dobbs '40, Virginia Carrier '28, and Margaret Doak Michael '42 met for luncheon February 16 at Emile's, a French restaurant. Margaret Michael is enthusiastic about getting more Chicago alumnae together for meetings and wishes all those in that vicinity not receiving notices of meetings to contact her. The address is 180 E. Delaware, Chicago, 11. Margaret feels that strong interest in the college among alumnae living away from the campus is vital to the growth of the college.

SHREVEPORT, LA. Lucy Mai Cook Means entertained Helen Nelson Ohl '30, Julia Grimmet Fortson '32, Susan Russell Rachal '23, and Nanette Schuler Bell Inst. at tea on Founder's Day.



CHARLESTON, S. C. Louise Scott Sams Inst., her daughter Louise Sams '41 and Betty Daniels were hostesses at open house on Founder's Day.

GREENVILLE, S. C. An organization meeting was held March 15. Three meetings a year are planned, the fall meeting to be devoted to the purpose of interesting High School students in Agnes Scott. Officers elected were Mary Ann Cochran Abbott, president; Emily Winn, vice-president; and Virginia Norris, secretary-treasurer. Present at the meeting which was held at Emily Winn's home were Margaret Keith '28, Dorothy Keith Hunter '25, Elizabeth Curry Winn '07, Peggy Ware Elrod '38, Polly Ware Duncan '40, Sarah Milford '45, Ruth Anderson '45, Ida Buist Rigby '36, Emily Winn '03, Mary Ann Cochran Abbott '43, Susie Stokes Taylor '25, and Virginia Norris '28.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. Sarah Turner Ryan '36 entertained at tea March 12 at her home. Eugenia Symms and Mary King from the office staff were lucky enough to attend this meeting and received a great deal of inspiration from the enthusiastic and heated discussion of "our Agnes Scott education in retrospect." The *Quarterly* dodged brickbats and accepted gratefully the favorable comments. Alumnae present were Blanche Copeland Jones '19, Betty Harbison Edington '34, Helen Lane Comfort Sanders '24, Hilda Woodward Prouty, Vivian Iverson Gammon '47, Mary Catherine Matthews Starr '37, Lilly Weeks McLean '36, the hostess and two staff members.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. The annual luncheon of the club was held on the day after Founder's Day. Participation in the Alumnae Fund was stressed.

NEW YORK CITY. The club met on February 15 for dinner in order to hear Dr. McCain speak while he was in the city on business. New officers were elected: Dean McKoin '36, president; Mary Hamilton McKnight

'34, vice-president; Margaret McColgan '23, secretary; and Nan Lingle '26, treasurer.

BATON ROUGE, LA. Julia Heaton Coleman '21 and Elizabeth Heaton Mullino '35 entertained alumnae in Baton Rouge on Founder's Day.

LYNCHBURG, VA. A meeting was held on Founder's Day. Report will be published later.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. Miss Laney met with the club on Founder's Day and spoke to them on Southern poets. She also brought news from the campus.

LOCAL CLUBS. Approximately a hundred alumnae from Decatur and Atlanta clubs had dinner in the college dining room on Founder's Day. The Granddaughters served coffee after dinner, and the group gathered in Maclean Chapel to hear the broadcast from WSB. Dr. McCain spoke on the radio program on The Postwar Education of Women in the South and the Glee Club sang a number of songs. Roberta Winter read the continuity. After the broadcast alumnae visited the art gallery where Leone Bowers Hamilton's ('26) work was on exhibit. Leone explained that the exhibit covered her work from her earliest lessons to the present. The Atlanta Club planned eight meetings for this year. One of the most interesting programs of the year was a talk by Mr. Stukes on "Current Psychological Problems." Emphasis has been placed on a study of the South and its problems throughout this year. The Decatur club held six meetings this year. One of the chief projects was the study of a committee to provide for closer student-alumnae relations on matters affecting local alumnae and the campus community. Recommendation for the formation of such a committee was made to the national board. The Junior Club formed this year plans for the April meeting an open forum led by the officers of the club on what alumnae should be contributing to the college and to society through the Alumnae Association.





## at our house

POSTMEN MUST FEEL somewhat like Santa Claus! A postman's bag with its assortment of post cards, money orders, small packages, letters, bills and commercial enticements is just as exciting as that of the good old Saint, and the postman comes every day!

Elizabeth Lynn '27 sent us the amount of her income tax refund commenting, "Uncle Sam returned this amount to me and I know of no better disposition to make of it." She enclosed a clipping which interested us: "Some of our returning war veterans will apparently have to go to small colleges for their education, whether or not they like the idea. This is, whether they now realize it or not, an enviable prospect, for there are few more pleasant stopping places in life. The small college is usually, although not always, set upon a hilltop. There are stately elms and oaks and chestnuts, perhaps. (Or pines and magnolias!) The company is good, the atmosphere warm and friendly, and the experience forever after unforgettable. Some of our large Eastern universities realized that something had been lost as they grew beyond the college fence, and sought to regain this lost paradise by recreating small colleges within their larger entity.

For in the small college that intimate life exists which, to an unusual degree, makes possible what Pope described as the proper study of mankind: man."—*New York Times*.

Our postal card tracer has space for maiden and married names. We enjoyed the special sense of humor of one alumna's father who returned a tracer to us with the line for married name completed to read "find him and then fill in."

Mary Gene Sims' mother who stayed in our House while she visited Mary Gene, a member of the class of 1948, sent us a beautiful bath set "to use in your attractive Alumnae House and think of my lovely times there." After visiting Agnes Scott, Mrs. Sims felt that Mary Gene was happy here and wrote, "I'm more than proud to have her in your school."

Mrs. Alma Sydenstricker had hoped to be at Agnes Scott and stay in the House for a while in April but she writes that she was drafted to teach a six-weeks course in *Bible* to some public school teachers whose classes are dismissed each spring to allow the pupils time to pick berries. The regular faculty of Arkansas College in Batesville where Mrs. Sydenstricker lives was over-

loaded with ex-GIs. She expressed as always her deep interest in alumnae and her appreciation of their thoughtful cards and letters to her—"so many seem like my very own."

Hilda McConnell Adams (Mrs. B. R.) '23 is anxious to start an Agnes Scott Club in Columbia, S. C. Her address is 2917 Gervais St. We hope that alumnae in that vicinity will contact Hilda. We also wish to nominate her for the DSM for sending us news about eight alumnae in Columbia representing classes all the way from '19 up to '42 written most legibly and arranged in beautiful form with complete information as to single and married names, addresses and classes. Our news coverage would be much more interesting and extensive if all alumnae would write us and send clippings about people in their town.

When Mildred Beatty Miller (Academy) saw the announcement in the last *Quarterly* of our special award for layout and illustrations and Ohio State's winning the "magazine of the year" award, she wrote: "Since I am a graduate of Ohio State University, I am proud that the magazine of the year was won by *Ohio State University Monthly* and equally proud that the *Agnes Scott Quarterly* won special mention for 1945 as I have many cherished memories of Agnes Scott." This alumna with two *alma maters* reminds us to mention our definition of an Agnes Scott alumna as anyone who attended the academy, the institute or the college at any time. We are as proud of our loyal alumnae who attended other institutions also as we are of our holders of the Agnes Scott B.A. We do not feel that achievement is confined to our campus or that love and loyalty to the ideals of the college can be measured in years or courses attended.

One of the things that we want you to see when you visit the House is our shelf of alumnae publications from other colleges. These bring daily inspiration from campuses stretching from Washington State to Florida—large universities, state, church and private colleges, the traditional, the progressive, the famous. Through these and our membership in the American Alumni Council we are spurred on toward the achievement of bringing our alumnae into closer fellowship with the body of college trained people in America and making some more vital contribution to the strength of Agnes Scott and the cause of liberal education in our society.

This year your *Quarterly* has received several requests for permission to reprint articles. Wright Bryan's *I Saw Women at War* and Ellen Douglass Leyburn's *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* from the fall issue were reprinted in the February 1946 *Alumnae News* of Sweet Briar College and the March 1946 *Mortar Board Quarterly* respectively. Quotations from the reactions of Raemond Wilson Craig, Betty Stevenson and Mary Wallace Kirk to Howard Mumford Jones' article on women's colleges were included in an article *Education in a New Age* by Helen M. Hosp in the Winter 1946 number of the *AAUW Journal*. Miss Hosp finds widespread the "belief that educated women will participate increasingly in activities that have a direct bearing on the richness and stability of our culture," and quotes the Radcliffe study of general education which calls the activities of women college graduates "in a true sense the cultural dividend with which women repay society for their education."

The very interestingly edited *Newcomb Alumnae News* which we read avidly to improve our



own magazine has an Exchange page as a regular feature with the purpose as stated by the editor of informing "alumnae of the excellent features of other alumni publications, and to pass on interesting and unusual items that turn up in them." We hope that you will forgive our vanity in quoting the *Winter News'* flattering reference to our *Quarterly*, because we are so proud that we can't keep silent: "These old eyes enjoyed sliding over the attractive pages of the *Agnes Scott Quarterly*. Here, certainly, is something to appeal to widely varying tastes. There's plenty of class and club news (but it doesn't take a stranglehold on the magazine), and timely and interesting articles by alumnae and 'outside' contributors. One issue was illustrated by student-made block prints, and featured a witty article by Howard Mumford Jones *Are Women's Colleges for Women?* Picking his way delicately around a direct 'No,' Mr. Jones wonders why the liberal education served to students in a women's college isn't focussed 'a little more carefully upon girls as girls rather than upon girls as boys who chose the wrong sex at first?' It would be interesting to see a few spirited answers to his question, or denials of its validity." (The spirited answers were published in the Summer 1945 issue.)

The Alumnae Secretary and Quarterly Editor felt amply repaid for a trip in a drenching rain to the Sophie Newcomb Alumnae Office while in New Orleans in March by meeting Lucie Wallace Butler, Newcomb's competent and attractive Alumnae Secretary. Mrs. Butler gave us many helpful suggestions and a friendly welcome that made us conscious once again of the many others who are finding inspiration in alumni work.

Last fall a letter arrived from the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D. C. requesting that a survey be made of the classes of 1921 and 1936 to determine the number of children born to these classes. The Bureau stated that the result would be important to studies of our future population. One of the Sociology classes at Agnes Scott assumed the responsibility for sending out the questionnaires to members of these classes.

Some alumnae do not know of the alumnae privileges in use of the House. We have heard that alumnae spent hours trying to get hotel rooms in Atlanta, not realizing that they would be welcome guests in the House where the charge to them for overnight is only one dollar. Members of the association may entertain in the House at luncheons, teas or dinners without paying a charge for the use of the House. The Tea Room hostess will make arrangements for refreshments, maid service and decorations at reasonable cost. Recently Crystal Hope Wellborn Gregg '30 solved the problem of giving Alva Hope a seventh birthday party by giving a luncheon in the Tea Room for eleven little first-graders who were as excited over the beautiful table and seeing where Alva Hope, Lynn and Bobby's mothers went to school as they were over being taken to the zoo afterward.

Three additional awards of the DSM for exceptionally meritorious service this spring belong to Nell Candler (Academy), Marion Bucher (Institute) and Mrs. Hunter, mother of Charlotte Hunter '29, Assistant Dean at Agnes Scott, for their splendid help in getting out a reminder to 5,000 alumnae who had not contributed to the Alumnae Fund by March 1st.



# ALUMNAE HERE AND THERE

LULU SMITH WESTCOTT '19, first vice-president of the Alumnae Association, was chosen as the "number one civic leader" of Dalton, Ga. by unanimous vote of the committee in charge of the selection. The award was based chiefly on Lulu's work as chairman of the Dalton Public Library Board. She was cited as having instituted bookmobile service for Whitfield County, library service for negroes in Dalton, secured an increased appropriation for library services, raised the standard of the library to qualify for state funds by doubling the stock of the library and doubling the circulation of books.

MARY LAMAR KNIGHT '22 who was one of the top assistants to Byron Price in the Office of Censorship during the war wrote a long and interesting article about her experiences as censor for the *Washington Post* last winter. The article is reprinted in the March 1946 *Reader's Digest* under the title *The Secret War of Censors Versus Spies*. The story of censoring a million pieces of mail a day with only 24 hours' delay for air mail and 48 hours for surface mail is an intriguing one for all of us who invented codes to find out where Johnny was or were disappointed to find holes cut in our letters. Mary has told the thrilling stories of catching spies and the amusing stories of ordinary human beings trying to tell too much.

ELEANOR HUTCHENS '40 is the new editor of the *Mortar Board Quarterly*. Mortar Board has elected KITTY WOLTZ GREEN '33 national treasurer. The *Mortar Board Quarterly* for January 1946 lists five Agnes Scott alumnae among the hundred Mortar Board authors whose works are listed: MARGARET BLAND SEWELL '20, *Pink and Patches, The Princess Who Could Not Dance, The Spinach Spitters*; POCAHONTAS WIGHT EDMUNDS '25, *Rutherford B. Hayes, E. H. Harriman, Land of Sand*; JULIA LAKE SKINNER KELLERSBERGER '19, *Watered Gardens, Congo Crosses, Betty, A Life of Wrought Gold, God's Ravens*; EVELYN WOOD OWEN '29 (who received her bachelor's degree from The University of Alabama) *Camp and Picnic Warbler*; MARIAN McCAMY SIMS '20, *Morning Star, World with a Fence, Memo to Timothy Sheldon, City on a Hill, Call It Freedom, Beyond Surrender*.

POLLY HEASLETT '40 came home in February after a year in the Pacific Theater with the Hospital Service of the Red Cross. She was stationed on the history-making islands of Saipan, Iwo Jima, and Guam. On Iwo she met Margaret Murchison '41 who was assigned to Club Service. Polly plans to marry Edwin Hunt Badger Jr. of Wilmette, Ill. whom she also met on Iwo, when he returns from Saipan.

MARY FICKLEN BARNETT '29 lives in the beautiful old Tupper home in Washington, Ga. A picture of the house appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* February 10 with a feature article on Washington where "you can still find peace in the quietness of secluded gardens and be charmed by the hospitable manners of the people you meet as you walk down avenues lined with ash, elm, maple and great red oaks."

EVANGELINE PAPAGEORGE '28 has been elected treasurer of the Emory chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. She is president of the Emory chapter of the society of Sigma Xi for the year 1946. She recently joined the Atlanta Zonta Club and enjoys the opportunity of meeting women in other fields than her own. In April she attended the American Chemical Society meeting in Atlantic City.

ELIZABETH LYNCH '33 is Managing Director of the Florida Credit Union League and was the speaker for the banquet at the twelfth annual meeting of the District of Columbia Credit Union League held March 16. Her subject was "Examples of Effective League Service." Elizabeth said that "Congressman Jerry Voorhis dropped in on this session just long enough to make a few excellent and dramatic comments about the importance of the cooperative movement."

MARY CLAIRE OLIVER COX '32 has "many irons in the fire." She has a daughter nine years old, is secretary of Christian Social Relations in the Nebraska Conference Women's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church, state corresponding secretary of the Nebraska Society of the Children of the American Revolution, chairman of the Christian Family Area of the Lincoln Council of Church Women,

a member of the Adult Homemaking Council of the Lincoln Board of Education, member of the Social Action Committee of the Nebraska Conference of the Methodist Church, a member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and is active in the D. A. R. and P. T. A. Her husband is an Emory alumnus and a member of the faculty of the University of Nebraska.

**BETH PARIS '40** has gone to the Philippines to serve as an assistant program director for the Red Cross.

**CORNELIA WALLACE '31**, who is director of case work at Connie Maxwell, a large children's institution in Greenwood, S. C., delivered a paper at one of the sessions of the Southern Regional Conference of the Child Welfare League in Nashville, Tenn. recently.

**FRANCES CRAIGHEAD DWYER '28**, who practices law in Atlanta, is a member of the Georgia Citizens' Council and general counsel for the Atlanta Legal Aid Society, is a candidate for Fulton County representative to the Georgia legislature to succeed Mrs. Helen Mankin recently elected to Congress.

**ANNE HART EQUEN '21** recently gave a party of friends a good laugh on herself. About twenty years ago she and some friends formed a sewing club which was disbanded about eight years ago. Recently the group got together for a farewell party for one of the members of the former club and Anne carried her sewing box as a sort of gesture to the past. When she opened the box at the party, exposed on top was a little girl's half-finished blue dress with a threaded needle stuck in it. Everyone recognized the piece of material, for it lay in the box exactly as Anne had put it there at the conclusion of the club's last meeting. It had been intended for her daughter Carol, now a junior in college.

**LOUISE CAPEN BAKER '27** was Career Woman of the Week in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* of February 24. Louise follows the unusual profession of seed-testing in her home laboratory. She entered the field because seed-testing is so important to farmers and there are almost no testing laboratories in the South. Louise has three full-time assistants and three part-time helpers. Her husband is head of the Biology Department at Southwestern, head of the biological

station at Reelfort Lake near Memphis and is an alumnus of Emory. Louise is a member of the Commercial Seed Analysts' Association of North America and is Southern legislative representative for the association.

**ANNA MAY DIECKMANN MONTGOMERY '25**, who is Mr. C. W. Dieckmann's niece, graduated from Washington University in St. Louis after leaving Agnes Scott. She then trained for social work at the University of Missouri and spent several years in teaching and in social work. Her husband, Lewis, is an alumnus of Millikin University and the University of Illinois and is a farmer. Anna May writes, "I love farm life and don't believe I would exchange it for anything. We have no children, but I find plenty to do at home and working with the Farm Bureau, a national organization for promoting the interests of farmers. The Montgomerys have named their farm in Dexter, Mo. "Walnut Lane Farm."

**CHRISTINE EVANS MURRAY '23** represented Agnes Scott at the inauguration of Dr. Arthur H. Compton as Chancellor of Washington University on February 22.

**MARY DONNA CRAWFORD '29** overseas more than three years with Red Cross is now handling the "buck basket" in Yokohama, Japan. The "buck basket" is an information and service center which specializes in catching what everyone else tries to pass on — the buck. All the impossible requests of service men are referred to the "buck basket" which locates everything and obtains anything. They know what time it is in Topeka, how much it costs to stay in a Japanese inn, what movies are playing in every G. I. theater in the area, where to hire a judo expert, where to apply for a civil service job, where to find a long-lost cousin, what types of Japanese film are dependable. One interesting project Mary worked out was an exhibit of the best articles suitable for souvenirs. She publishes a weekly shopping guide, conducts shopping tours and advises G. I.'s on purchases made.

**MARYELLEN HARVEY NEWTON '16** has recently accepted a position on the Decatur City Board of Education.

**CAMA BURGESS CLARKSON '22** is a member of the Board of Education of Charlotte, N. C.



LAURA COIT JONES '38 has been giving Laura Jr. a liberal education at an early age by showing her all of the celebrities who pop into Washington, and Laura reports that she "eats it up." She went with Laura to see General Wainwright and General Eisenhower parade down Constitution Avenue and loved the bands. She has seen Lord and Lady Halifax, President Truman, Congress in session, the Supreme Court and many other unusual sights for a one-year-old. Laura is afraid that the "quiet" life in Atlanta

will seem a little dull to such a gad-about, unused to playing on a lawn.

MILDRED THOMSON '10 represented Agnes Scott at the inauguration of President James Lewis Morrill at the University of Minnesota in April.

LOUISE KATHERINE BROWN HASTINGS '23 and LOUISE JOHNSON BLALOCK '20 are members of the executive committee of Atlanta's Woman-of-the-Year organization for 1946.

## NECROLOGY

### INSTITUTE

Laura Boyd Shallenberger (Mrs. William F.) died in Atlanta in April.

Julia Smith Sherrill's husband, Elva Sherrill, was killed in a railroad accident in October 1945.

Katharine Logan Good's mother who celebrated her 97th birthday July 5, 1945 died just eight weeks afterward.

Florence Stokes Henry's husband, a folk-song expert and for many years an English teacher at the Dickinson High School in Jersey City, died in Ridgefield, N. J. at the age of 72 on January 31. Professor Henry wrote on outdoor life for the *New York Evening Post* and edited *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, *Beech Mountain Ballads*, and *Bibliography of American Folksongs*. *Folksongs from the Southern Highlands* which he edited and published in 1938 was described by a reviewer in the *New York Times* as having "lasting value in that it preserves something in American literature that will not be met with again."

Lucy Mable LeSeur died in Virginia in January and is buried in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, Va.

Effie Virginia Strickler Timmons died August 31, 1944.

Carrie Hulsey died in San Diego, Cal., February 10, 1946.

### ACADEMY

Lucy Broyles McArthur is dead according to information received in the Alumnae Office. The date of her death is not known.

Mert Koplín Hancock Hope is dead. The date of her death is not known.

Pattie Howard Blair Davenport died October 31, 1945.

1919

Margaret Leech Cook died February 20 after an illness of several months.

1923

Elizabeth Hoke Smith's husband, Charles Dan Smith, died while serving in the Special Services division of the Army in Key West, Fla. in August 1945 on their third wedding anniversary.

1926

Margaret Marvin Selman's husband, John Selman, died in February.

1944

Julia Scott Bailey's husband was killed in an automobile accident in April the same week Julia's baby was born.

1945

Barbara Frink Hatch's husband was killed in a plane crash in Germany April 1, the day Barbara was scheduled to leave for Germany. The sailing date of her boat had been delayed, and she did not leave this country.



# THE CLASS OF 1930

## REUNION IN PRINT



DEDHAM, MASS.  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
MARION, VA.  
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.  
GLASGOW, KY.  
SAVANNAH, GA.

### vital statistics

GRADUATES 94      MARRIED 73      SINGLE 21

NON-GRADUATES 82      MARRIED 58      SINGLE 24

DECEASED 3 NON-GRADUATES      LOST 3

### WE LIVE IN 27 STATES, WASHINGTON, D. C., AND ABROAD

Alabama	10	Kansas	1	New York	2
California	4	Kentucky	4	North Carolina	17
Colorado	1	Louisiana	3	Ohio	4
Connecticut	2	Maryland	3	Pennsylvania	4
Delaware	3	Massachusetts	3	South Carolina	4
Florida	8	Michigan	1	Tennessee	11
Georgia	51	Mississippi	2	Texas	2
Illinois	2	Nebraska	1	Virginia	16
Indiana	1	New Jersey	2	West Virginia	3
Peru	1	In Europe with Red Cross	1		

NUMBER ATTENDING THIS REUNION 31

NUMBER CONTRIBUTORS TO ALUMNAE FUND *SO FAR* 25

ALL ABOARD from Dedham, from Glasgow, from Kingsport . . . Your trip conductor, class secretary Crystal Hope Wellborn Gregg, has assembled about a third of the class on Inman porch (in spirit, of course) for that long overdue reunion. All present will speak for themselves in their own words and fill in some of the blanks of the last fifteen years. As to television, listen to class president, SARA TOWNSEND PITTMAN . . .

DEAR CHUMS:

Fifteen years is a long time, especially to hips, hair, and honey complexions. But since this reunion is by the written word, relax. I frankly give a good gusty gasp each time I realize we finished college fifteen years ago, for the second thought assures me we're all crawling up to forty. Ah, but let us not fiddle with fate and rather wallow in memories of the solid shenanigans that grand ole class of '30 created. Time and wrinkles can never change those. In spirit I draw you all close. Now let us join in one chorus of "Shoo fly, don't bother me, ole '30 was a wonder!"

Always,

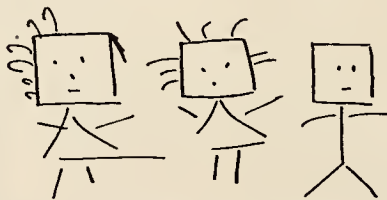
SARA TOWNSEND PITTMAN.

SARA TOWNSEND PITTMAN: "I've stayed in a happy trot these last fifteen years I taught Latin one year, worked in Macy's basement the next, became a private secretary for three years and then took on my present job, that of the happy housewife. My hours are full, but my boss is wonderful. Our two projects are a daughter Clarice 8 and a son Pit 6. Both are in school and my education has really started over. New England is full of nice people but has only two seasons, July and winter."— 25 Marion St., Dedham, Mass.

MARIE BAKER: "To summarize the past fifteen years, the first four after graduation were spent in a department store and law offices for the most part, then for more than eight years I was a correspondent for a well known textbook publishing house (Scott-Foresman). Came the war and an opportunity to do the kind of work that's always been my basic interest: welfare. For three years I've been in prison work at the Federal Reformatory for Women in Alderson, W. Va. where I was employment director. Came the reorganization of the Georgia penal system and an invitation to help which I did a little more than a year. Returned to Atlanta to the U. S. Penitentiary where I'm classified as a parole officer. Changes are anticipated and at the moment I'm wondering what this year will develop into. I've also been doing gray lady work at Veterans' Hospital #48. All in all these years have flown really. Katherine Leary Holland wrote me recently that she plans to visit me in April. It will be good to see her again. Agnes Scotters I've seen and talked with recently include: Elizabeth Hamilton Jacobs, Katherine Crawford Adams, Polly Vaughn Ewing, Mary Sayward Rogers, Mary Trammel, Frances Messer, Peggy Sunderland, Helen Respass Bevier."—254 Glendale Ave., Decatur, Ga.

MARY MCCALLIE WARE: I taught school and then married Dr. Robert L. Ware (M. C.) U.S.N. in 1933. We have two children, Robert Lewis, aged 10 and Mary Fairfax, aged 6. We have lived in Richmond, Virginia, Philadelphia, China, Philippines, Annapolis, Quantico, Mare Island, etc. Bob has been overseas three times and I lived in Chattanooga the first time and Florida the last two times. I've lived in large beautiful houses, a Quonset hut, palatial hotels, mountain cabins, band-box apartments; travelled by day coach, drawing room, river boat, ocean liner; ridden in calesas, carramatos, chairs and rickshas. I've had seven servants at once and have at other times not even had a laundress. My life has been full of ups and downs but never a dull moment. We have bought a home in Arlington, Va. at 2625 N. 18th St., Lyon Village, and expect to be settled by April first. We expect to be there two or three years which will make us feel like old-timers. I wish I had some accomplishments which I could point with pride, but the skills I've acquired in the past few years I prefer not to mention."

MARTHA SHANKLIN COPENHAUER: "This is what I have spent most of my time on for the last nine years -" —Marion, Va.



Martha      Roberta      Francis  
Ann          Lucile        Joseph  
Age 9        Age 6        Age 4

JANICE SIMPSON: "Since I left the University of Chicago (Ph.D. 1935) I've done Federal personnel work (nothing to do with hiring people, but fixing salaries and qualifications) principally for the Federal Security Agency which administers Federal health and welfare legislation. I had my start with the War Department in 1942 and 1943. At present I do a good bit of traveling—made Chicago, Springfield, Mo., San Antonio and New Orleans last year on assignments as different as spending a while in a prison and holding personnel conferences for the field staff. Washington is a delightful place, but one doesn't have too much spare time; between pottery, photography and occasional week ends in Annapolis and New York schedule is heavy. Always manage to drive through the A.S.C. campus at least once a year but never seem to make it at reunion time."—2139 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

ANNE D. TURNER: "I changed jobs last summer in June—left the Post Office Department where I had been for seven years on June 20 and went to work for the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives. There's been so much work to do on the new job I haven't been able to take any time at all so far. My title on this job is Librarian and Classification Expert, and so long as I can keep them fooled about the "expert" business everything will be fine. The work is intensely interesting and calls for a lot of research work—(sometimes I think all the emphasis should be put on search too) and care and classification of books, pamphlets, card indices, periodicals, newspapers, many, many files and other miscellaneous items. Have one assistant working for me and could use three more easily."—1725 New Hampshire Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

BELLE WARD STOWE ABERNETHY: "Time certainly gets by! I can scarcely realize that we've been out of A. S. C. sixteen years. Sid and I have been married eleven years. We have three children — Margaret Ward, 8, Rob, 6, and Sally, 3. We lived in the country eight years and loved it, then moved to town so I'd be near Mother and a little free nursing when Sid went into the service. He didn't go and we're still very crowded and waiting to build out again when it becomes practical. I see lots of old college friends every summer in Montreat. The Abernethys have a place up there so we take our crowd up for a visit every year."—129 Providence Rd., Charlotte 4, N. C.

HARRIET WILLIAMS: "I'm still teaching at the Patrick Henry School here in Richmond. I'm planning to go to Emory to summer school this summer. I did enjoy going out to see Alice Jennigan Dowling when I was in Washington a couple of weeks ago."—3403 Chamberlayne Ave., Richmond, 22, Va.

MARY TRAMMEL: "My news — i.e., that I am at A. S. C. — has already appeared in the *Quarterly*. Frances Messer, Gussie Dunbar, Polly Vaughan Ewing, and I had lunch and a pow-wow at Rich's not long ago. I see Marie Baker now and then. I have just been to visit Jo Bridgman '27 at Limestone College in S. C."

MARY JORDAN RILEY: "The year 1946 brought us Elizabeth Boardman born January 9. This makes a feminine majority in our family by one. Our daughters expect to reach Agnes Scott in due time, say seven and seventeen years from now. Our son is a blond bomber and thinks only of bombs at this age — 5 years."—19 - 36th Ave., S., Jacksonville Beach, Fla.



IONE GUETH BRODMERKEL: "The most important news about me, in my opinion, is my five-month-old baby boy, Gary Lee. Since I live away up here I never have much contact with Agnes Scot alumnae. I still keep in touch with Emily Moore Couch and hope to see her now that she lives in Cincinnati and gas rationing is off. I always look at the news to see if anyone I know lives in Pittsburgh but have never found anyone."—East McKeesport, Penn.

ANNE EHRlich SOLOMON: "Fifteen years is a lot of time to try to cover in this brief space. I'll just try to give a picture of me now—gosh! I'm getting old. I have a swell husband and three girls, ages 6, 8, and 11—maybe future Hottentots. Arthur is out of the army now and we are back in Savannah after having lived at Maxwell Field for three years out of his five years in the army. We were very lucky. I belong to some organizations but don't have time to do a lot of work in them. Taking care of my house, my husband, my children and 4 dogs and myself (I've been in the hospital three times in the last year) keeps me busy. Doesn't sound too exciting but we have a lot of fun."—2 E. 39th St., Savannah, Ga.

CLEMINETTE DOWNING RUTENBER: "Fifteen years—they have been glorious ones from a personal point of view. (1) I married a young idealistic school master. (2) Anne Downing Rutenber and John Downing Rutenber were born. (3) We bought the MacDuffie School for Girls in Springfield, Mass. It is one of the oldest college preparatory schools in the East. We have 100 students and need rooms for many more. We adore our work and would like so much to see someone from Agnes Scott, particularly class of 1930."—168 Central St., Springfield, Mass.

CLARENE DORSEY: "I am at the home of my parents for a week's spring vacation before beginning one of the busiest, most hectic quarters ever known at Ohio State. The idea of a "special news section" for our class in the next *Quarterly* appealed to me greatly, for I am full of questions about my friends. As for myself, I fear the last 15 years have been much too prosaic to offer interesting reading material. I have taught in high schools, in a prep school, have taken graduate work and library science at Cornell University, University of Kentucky, and University of Illinois. After receiving a degree in library science at Illinois, I went in October 1940 to Ohio State University in Columbus. There I still have charge of the English Department Library, which is all too much a growing concern in these days."

KATHERINE CRAWFORD ADAMS: "As for the last 15 years, I have been keeping house for 12 of those years with Garden Club, S.S. teaching and an occasional job at Emory University as outside interests. Since I had no brothers our 8½ year old son Jimmy is educating me in the ways of boys. His interests just now are kites and comics; however, we have just finished reading together the *Odyssey for Boys and Girls*—he loved it. Guess you knew that we lost our baby boy two years ago—he was two years old at that time—we lost his twin sister at birth. My husband missed the war—partly because of his age, partly because of a severe and serious operation. He is fine though now."—2046 Chelsea Circle, Atlanta, Ga.

SARA ARMFIELD HILL: "As for our family, we have been spending the last two years here in New England. Tom has been working on a research fellowship at Harvard. We like it fine—so many interesting things to see. Our children are almost grown now. At least, they look it. I was shocked when you mentioned the 15th anniversary reunion of our class, but then when I look at Sara, I guess you must be right."—20 Mansfield St., E. Lynn, Mass.

FRANCES MESSER: "Teaching—3 years, Lee St. School, Atlanta, 12 years, O'Keefe Junior High School, Atlanta, M.A. in history, U. of Ga., 1935. Certificate from National Recreational Institute, Emory University. Medalion for Best Camp Fire Report in S.E. one year. President of Atlanta English Club one year. Member of Board of Directors, National Council of Teachers of English. Now a member of Radio and Photoplay Committee of N.C.T.E., Delta Kappa Gamma, national educational honor society. Still think Agnes Scott is the finest place in the world."—310 Augusta Ave., S. E., Atlanta, Ga.

FRANCES BROWN MILTON: Housewife. Husband works at Georgia State Employment Agency. Home address: 28 Collier Rd., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

BEE MILLER RIGBY: "Taught in Biology Department at Agnes Scott until June 1943. Took M.A. at Emory University during summers and while working at A.S. Studied at Woods Hole and Mountain Lake two different summers. Went to Europe one summer with Miss Gaylord's and Miss Scandrett's party. Married an engineer whose hobby is making furniture for our house. I am now much involved in church and civic affairs. Will be happy to hear about others in that good ole class of '30."—1440 Bright-ridge Dr., Kingsport, Tenn.

MARTHA STACKHOUSE GRAFTON: "Wish I could see all 94 of the members of the Class of 1930. In February I spent three days at Agnes Scott in connection with a Campus Christian Mission. It was wonderful to see old friends again and also the many improvements in physical equipment. Mary Trammel of our class is on the library staff now. You asked about my life since June 3, 1930. Chief facts: husband acquired 1932, twin daughters 1935, M.A. in history from Northwestern in 1936, another daughter 1941. Job at Mary Baldwin College since graduation. (Now Dean) It doesn't sound too exciting statistically but has been."—Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.

JANE HALL HEFNER: Husband is Methodist minister. They live at 439 N. Ridge St., Kannapolis, N. C.

SALLIE PEAKE: "I have found in the past four years that a country gal can be happy in the city, too. My mother and I are very comfortably situated in an apartment in Richmond. Since moving here, I have taken a business course at the Pan-American School and am now secretary to the Executive-Secretary of East Hanover Presbytery."—2316A Grove Ave., Richmond 20, Va.

INEIL HEARD KELLEY Mrs. W. A. Kelley) lives at 2610 Buford Highway, Atlanta, Ga.

ELEANOR BONHAM: "Have just returned from two years overseas with the Red Cross in England and France running service clubs. Flew to Italy before I came home. Worked for Red Cross Hospital Service a year before that, mostly at Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta. Worked for the Girl Scouts for eight years, 4 in Atlanta. Marjorie Stukes and Adele Dieckmann were two star Scouts and campers. Now I am going to school again at Columbia studying group work. My old brain is really creaking."—241 E. 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.

LILLIAN DALE THOMAS: "This is the chronicle: 1930—Worked as assistant librarian of Mayme Williams Library in Johnson City, Tenn. during summer. 1930-31—Taught English, history and French in Forsyth, Ga. 1931-32—Taught Latin and French in Eatonton, Ga. 1932 (summer)—Began work at Emory on M.A. 1932-33—Returned to Eatonton. 1933-34—Taught Latin in Fort Valley, Ga. Continued summer study on degree at Emory. 1934-36—Taught Latin in Fort Valley. Completed M.A. in summer. 1936-37—Accepted membership in Kappa Delta Epsilon. Taught Latin in Fort Valley. 1937—Began teach-



ing Latin in Atlanta Girls' High. 1943-44—Became member of Delta Kappa Gamma. 1946—Moved to 236 Elizabeth St., N.E., Atlanta, Ga."

ELIZABETH DAWSON SCHOFIELD: "These about sixteen years have flown by with the result that I feel little old—until I look in the mirror. I have been a resident of Maryland for ten years with home, eighteen acres, gardens, animals, two daughters and my great big husband. As though that isn't enough, I succeed in being involved in extra-family activities. There is never time enough and never a moment of boredom." Elizabeth visited on the campus in April. Her daughters are 8 and 3. Her husband is a research chemist, and their home between Annapolis and Washington, D. C. is his old boyhood home. The address is Lanham, Md.

HARRIET TODD is still working in the public library in Spartanburg, S. C. and spends most of her week ends at her home in Greenwood, S. C.

NANCY SIMPSON PORTER: "John and I married in 1935. Have Johnny, aged 6 and Nancy Jr. aged 3½. (She was born on my birthday.) Nancy was

born in Pontiac, Mich. We lived in Michigan seven months during 1942. We came back to Atlanta when Nancy was 6 weeks old, so she took a train ride very early in life. I taught school nine years."—2260 Cottage Lane, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.

KATHERINE GOLUCKE CONYERS: "After graduation from Agnes Scott I taught in the Atlanta public schools until my marriage to Major E. T. Conyers of Atlanta. The next several years were spent on various cavalry centers, our son Chris Jr. arriving while we were at Ft. Riley. Col. Conyers returned last year from foreign service and we are now living at 2406 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, Ga.

ALICE GARRETSON BOLLES: "M.S. from Emory University, 1932. Laboratory technician Grady Hospital 1931-38. Married 1934 Hamilton T. Bolles. Alice G. Bolles born 1939. Hamilton T. Bolles Jr. born 1942. Joan G. Bolles born 1944. We bought the home we have now before Alice was born and have lived here seven years. Of course, most of my time is taken up with my family, but I enjoy the few outside activities I indulge in, particularly my garden club work. I

also enjoy the Agnes Scott Club, League of Women Voters, and The Mother's Club. This last club is composed of mothers of pre-school children. We discuss our problems and have lecturers or professional people talk to us about subjects pertaining to children in which we are particularly interested."—2039 Tuxedo Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

CRYSTAL HOPE WELLBORN GREGG: "I have been studying voice with Mr. Johnson off and on since I graduated and am studying with him now. Am a member of the Morningside Presbyterian choir. Taught school 2½ years in Atlanta. Married June 27, 1934 and have lived mostly in S. C. in Mullins and McClellanville. Alva Hope was born April 22, 1939 and Wellborn was born June 24, 1942. Alva was a chaplain in the army almost five years, and the two children and I followed him over the country. We were in California 18 months. I came back to Atlanta in May 1944. Alva is out of the army now and studying for his Master's in divinity at Princeton. I am teaching the Bible study for my missionary circle and serving as secretary of the class of 1930."—1281 Middlesex Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

THE DINNER BELL is ringing and chatter must yield to chow. It was a wonderful reunion, thanks to Crystal Hope. It is clear that the Class of 1930 is carrying on with high honor the Agnes Scott ideals of service and scholarship in their homes, their offices, their school rooms and their communities.

## VOTE BY PROXY

IT IS HOPED that all members of the Association entitled to vote will exercise this privilege. If you cannot be present at the annual meeting on Saturday, June 1, following the Trustees' Luncheon, please vote on the ballot printed below and mail it to the office immediately.

### ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

The Nominating Committee — Mrs. Myrtis Trimble Pate '40, chairman; Mrs. Jo Clark Fleming '33, Mrs. Julia Pratt Smith Slack '12, and Mrs. Jane Harwell Rutland '17 — presents the following candidates:

#### NOMINATIONS FOR 1946-48

##### **PRESIDENT**

Mrs. Walter Paschall  
(Eliza King '38)

##### **SECOND VICE PRESIDENT**

Margaret Ridley '33

##### **TREASURER**

Betty Medlock '42

##### **PUBLICATIONS AND RADIO**

Lita Goss '36

##### **HOUSE DECORATIONS**

Mrs. Asa Warren Candler Sr.  
(Hattie Lee West, Inst.)

##### **ENTERTAINMENT**

Mrs. Al B. Richardson  
(Alice McDonald '29)

##### **ALUMNAE WEEK END**

Mrs. J. Harry Lange  
(Letitia Rockmore '33)

##### **2ND FLOOR HOUSE COMMITTEE**

(To fill unexpired term of Nell Patillo Kendall)  
Mrs. Charles Molton  
(Nelle Scott Earthman '38)

Additional Nominations may be added in proper spaces.

The Student Loan Committee has recommended that the Student Loan Fund be transferred as a gift from the Alumnae Association to the College to be administered by the College preferably the graduate work. This fund may be increased at any time by gifts through the Alumnae Fund. The above recommendation has been approved by the Executive Board, and your approval may be indicated by checking the following change in the By-Laws:

Article LII. Officers and Committees.

Section 3. (n) Leave out Student Loan Committee. Change other numbering in this section to conform.

Signed.....

THE TRUSTEES OF THE COLLEGE  
WILL ENTERTAIN  
MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
AND THE SENIOR CLASS  
AT LUNCHEON IN THE COLLEGE DINING HALL  
SATURDAY, JUNE 1, AT ONE O'CLOCK  
PLEASE REPLY TO MISS CARRIE SCANDRETT  
BY TUESDAY, MAY 28



# THE AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

249

summer 1946



*buttrick hall*

## NOW IS THE TIME TO REGISTER YOUR INTEREST FOR NEXT YEAR

The new fiscal year 1946-47 began July 1. All memberships should be renewed now to insure a full year's participation in the progress of your Alumnae Association. A gift of any amount will register your interest and entitle you to all alumnae privileges, including the next four issues of the *Alumnae Quarterly*. Write the office today and let us keep your stencil in the active file.

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

ELIZA KING PASCHALL, 1938  
*President*

LULU SMITH WESTCOTT, 1919  
*First Vice-President*

MARGARET RIDLEY, 1933  
*Second Vice-President*

ELIZABETH FLAKE COLE, 1923  
*Recording Secretary*

BETTY MEDLOCK, 1942  
*Treasurer*

MARGARET McDOW MACDOUGALL, 1924  
*Alumnae Trustee*

FRANCES WINSHIP WALTERS, *Inst.*  
*Alumnae Trustee*

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

JEAN CHALMERS SMITH, 1938  
*Newspaper Publicity*

LITA GOSS, 1936  
*Publications*

HATTIE LEE WEST CANDLER, *Inst.*  
*House Decorations*

NELLE SCOTT EARTHMAN MOLTON, 1938  
*Second Floor*

LOUISE McCAIN BOYCE, 1934  
*Tearoom*

CHARLOTTE E. HUNTER, 1929  
*Grounds*

LETITIA ROCKMORE LANGE, 1933  
*Alumnae Week End*

ALICE McDONALD RICHARDSON, 1929  
*Entertainment*

### Staff

*Alumnae Secretary*  
MARY JANE KING, 1937

*Alumnae Fund Director*  
EUGENIA SYMMS, 1936

*Editor of the Quarterly*  
MARY JANE KING, 1937

*Tearoom Manager*  
MARIE P. WEBB

*Publications Committee*

LITA GOSS, 1936  
JANE GUTHRIE RHODES, 1938  
ELIZABETH STEVENSON, 1941

YOUR ALUMNAE FUND OPERATES ON A FISCAL YEAR THAT BEGINS JULY 1 AND ENDS JUNE 30. A GIFT OF ANY AMOUNT ENTITLES YOU TO MEMBERSHIP FROM THE DATE OF YOUR GIFT TO THE FOLLOWING JUNE 30. CONTRIBUTIONS MADE IN JULY GIVE YOU A FULL YEAR'S MEMBERSHIP IN YOUR ASSOCIATION.

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# The Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

Vol. 24, No. 4

'Today At Agnes Scott'

Summer 1946

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LOOKING THROUGH THE COLONNADE TOWARD THE LIBRARY

## CAMPUS CARROUSEL

**SUMMER SCHOOL AT AGNES SCOTT.** Yes, you can believe the telephone directory! Agnes Scott is housing and feeding women students from Emory University summer school. A bus operates between the two campuses. Thus our college shares in the educational emergency. The colleges are now experiencing a pressure on facilities comparable to that endured by the railroads since 1941. The unprecedented number of students seeking higher education create a demand for more housing, more faculty members and more courses. The demand is greater than the colleges can meet in spite of prodigious efforts. Some high school graduates will have to wait a year or so, some girls will have to give place to boys and some veterans will not find room. In all, an estimated half million will have to be turned away by the colleges this fall.

**COMMENCEMENT AWARDS.** The Hopkins Jewel was won this year by Dorothy Spragens of Lebanon, Kentucky who also received the Laura Candler prize in mathematics. The collegiate scholarship was won by Sophia Pedakis of Pensacola, the piano scholarship by Nancy Dendy of Orlando, the voice scholarship by Helen Currie of Rocky River, Ohio and the speech scholarship by Reese Newton of Decatur. The Louise McKinney Book Award went to Mary Beth Little of Wichita Falls, Texas and Nancy Parks of Durham, N. C. won the \$50 Rich prize for the best freshman record.

**FACULTY NOTES.** Mr. Stakes, head of the philosophy and education department, registrar and dean of faculty, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Pedagogy from his alma mater, Davidson, last spring. Mr. Forman, head of the art department, received a grant to do some





MISS LANEY AND MISS LEYBURN  
look at the interesting collection of Canterbury pilgrims carved from wood in Miss Laney's office. Many English majors have looked with envious eyes at this collection.



MISS MARGRET TROTTER  
AND  
MISS ELIZABETH JACKSON

Miss Trotter, assistant professor of English, is a newcomer. Miss Jackson has taught hundreds of alumnae English History.



HOWARD F. LOWRY  
OF  
WOOSTER COLLEGE

President Lowry was one of the most popular visitors to the campus last year. He spent several days in informal conversations with students.



archaeological work in Mexico during the summer, and took his family on the trip. Miss Phythian, associate professor of French, had an offer made by the French government to 100 teachers of French to go to France for the summer with expenses paid one way and a small stipend while there. However, it was too late to cancel her plans to spend June at a cottage on top of Busby Face Mountain in Highlands, North Carolina with Miss Leyburn, Miss Laney, Miss Alexander and Miss Scandrett and to visit relatives in Ohio and Kentucky afterward. Miss Laney drove to Cincinnati with Miss Phythian in July and then went on to Denver for the rest of the summer. Miss Phythian, Miss Mell, professor of economics and sociology, and Miss Leyburn plan to attend the triennial meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa national council at Williamsburg, Virginia in September. Miss Cilley is teaching Spanish at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville and the second session at George Washington University in Washington, D. C. Miss Glick, acting head of the classical department, will go to Indiana to spend some time at home. Her chief desire in June was for plenty of sleep. Mrs. Sims, associate professor of history, is spending the vacation in Atlanta with the exception of a week at the beach and a week in New York City. Miss Gaylord is enjoying her Decatur apartment and expects to spend some time in Winchester, Virginia and New York City. Miss Alexander expected to go to Boston and New London in July and "hoped she wouldn't have to fly!" Miss Florence Smith is gardening and resting at home in Decatur. Miss Jackson drove to South Weymouth, Massachusetts. Miss Trotter of the English department is teaching at Ohio State University and thought she might take some voice lessons for fun. Miss Dexter drove the Runyons, formerly of the Botany department, to Boston in July

and went on for a two weeks tour of New England and a visit to Wisconsin. Mr. Johnson finds that summer voice pupils break too many appointments and so is resting all summer. Mr. Robinson will be back next fall as head of the mathematics department after several years with the army.

OUR LAST COVER. The cover of the spring *Quarterly* was the work of Betty Abernathy, sophomore. This information is given in answer to a number of requests received. Betty's drawing was not signed.

IN THIS ISSUE. We are proud of the letters received from alumnae expressing opinions about Agnes Scott and share them with you enthusiastically. They indicate that you have received much and expect much from your college, that you are interested in education and in Agnes Scott. The pictures are from *The Silhouette* and were made available to us by Peggy Willmon '46, editor of this year's annual. They were chosen to give you a picture of the college as it is today — how the campus looks, what the students are doing, and how the college continues its emphasis on intellectual, physical, religious and social development. We know that you will be interested in reading some of the answers to Louise Hughston's questionnaire sent to the classes of 1927-1940. You will enjoy Emily MacMorland Midkiff's story of her experiences in Portugal between VJ-Day and Christmas. Besides, there is poetry, the book review section and Virginia Heard Feder's readable account of Mr. Holt's classroom manner.

NEXT ISSUE. The fall *Quarterly* will be an exciting issue on "Our Agnes Scott Heritage" with articles on our founder, his mother for whom the college was named, the college ideal, the trustees and alumnae all over the world. Watch for this super-special number, and send us any change of address so that you won't miss it.

# my trip to portugal and spain

DEAR AGNES SCOTT,

The Alumnae Association has requested that I write a letter about my trip to Portugal last year — and when I remember I almost flunked English Composition, I quake at the thought of it. Well, if you can bear with me, I shall attempt to do so.

My husband was in the Navy, and as a Naval Officer he had the extreme good fortune to be stationed first in Rio de Janeiro for three years and then in Portugal, because few are the men in the Navy who speak Portuguese as well as he does, to put it modestly. I was fortunate enough to be with him on both assignments, though the Portuguese episode was the result of delayed action.

After eight months of waiting for the Navy to make up its mind about sending wives over to so-called neutral countries in Europe, they finally told the four wives falling in that category they could go. After three months of negotiating with the State Department for our Diplomatic passports and proper visas, the Navy gave us a sailing date. After five sailing dates were set, we finally left from Norfolk (of all places!) on a troop transport which had never carried women before. V-E Day had passed but V-J Day was still a dream. We discovered after leaving the States that it was all a mistake and we four wives and the 250 WACs aboard were

supposed to have gone on the BRAZIL. But this was an experience I wouldn't have traded for anything.

We were lucky in that we were given officer's quarters. There were only 14 of us in one cabin. Since there were only four civilians aboard, we were the darlings of the Ship's Officers. We ate in the Wardroom and were given the run of the ship — except, of course, to the quarters of the 700 sailors who were to man the EUROPA. The WACs, being under military discipline, were a little miffed by all the privileges we enjoyed and promptly named us the "4 Fr's." But they were much feted too, because the officers, not knowing quite how to behave with women aboard, decided to make the best of it and have dances every night on the superstructure. A good time was had by all.

We finally arrived in Bremerhaven where we disembarked the sailors for the EUROPA. Bremerhaven was given a 20 minute bombing during the war, and it was a shambles — except for the dock area, strange as it may seem. In other words, they missed their target. We were not allowed ashore, and all the ship's officers had to carry side arms. The people were very submissive, but maybe that was because of the side arms. Many of the officers stationed in Bremerhaven came aboard and were amazed to find women — and most of all,

four civilians. I believe we were the first civilian women to visit that area. They all wanted to know how we did it and when their wives would be allowed to come over.

After leaving Bremerhaven, we headed for Le Havre, which was our port of debarkation. Upon arrival in Le Havre — which really was a mess — we discovered that not a thing had been done about transporting us to Madrid and Lisbon, which were our destinations. We couldn't see ourselves stranded there and were resolving to go to Paris (which is only a four hour drive from there) where we thought we could do better. No one knew for sure when we were coming; so our husbands couldn't do much about it. However, I think Jack Stevenson, one of the husbands, must have had a sixth sense, because he arranged for leave just about then and drove from Madrid to Paris. He arrived in Paris the day we arrived in Le Havre — and word was sent through the Navy that we had arrived; so he drove right over to Le Havre and got us out of that place. He then laid the ground work for Margaret and me to get to Lisbon and left Paris, taking Pat and Dotty with him.

Now, they say Paris is a romantic city, and most interesting. I'm afraid my first impression of the place was most depressing. We had no idea how long we would be there, and my finances were running low. We had a place to stay and eat and hoped to get aboard an ATC plane for Lisbon, but everything was so fouled up — we had no official orders, we were civilians, transportation all over Europe was tied up, we had no right to a priority because the GI's were in too big a hurry to go home, there

was only one train in two weeks from Paris to Lisbon, and only one plane a week. We ran to the Navy for help but it was the Army and Princeton University that finally came to the rescue. We climbed aboard the next ATC plane for Lisbon (after a week in Paris) upon paying an exorbitant fare — more even than Pan American charges — and after five hours in the air we landed in Lisbon.

What a difference in Lisbon! Paris is such a dark city. The buildings are all old and in need of a face-lifting, or rather, cleaning. Lisbon has a law that all buildings must be painted once every four years. In order to get around that regulation, many of the houses have tile fronts — sometimes very pretty designs. It makes for a very tidy and colorful city. Lisbon is built on hills, just as Rio is. Living there very long would turn one into a mountain goat.

Immediately upon our arrival we entered the diplomatic swirl. We dined at the Embassy that night — something that I never had the pleasure of doing throughout my entire stay in Rio. Billy Whiskers (the ambassador) — his real name is Hermann Baruch, brother to Bernard — was in top form, because he was about to return to the States for a little visit the very next day.

Mid had found a nice little apartment and I didn't have to worry a bit about house hunting. The biggest objection I had to life there was that there wasn't enough to do. Studying French and music (would that I had worked a little harder in Miss Alexander's French class for I really needed it there. Portuguese and English were not enough in that international set) helped pass the time away. Wish I could have stayed a little longer because it was the



land of opportunity for me in a musical sense. I haven't been able to get to first base in the U. S. because this is my own country. There I was a foreigner, a member of the diplomatic set, etc., and to boot, I really was better than most of the poor benighted singers there.

But, after four months, the Navy finally decided to let Mid go. We arrived in Lisbon on V-J Day, incidentally, and Mid could have got out of the Navy anytime after that. But it took me so long to get over there that we thought it would be a shame to return so soon.

We covered the whole country and part of Spain too. Portugal is very small, but you get tremendous contrasts there. I think it should become a very popular tourist country after the war. People still wear their costumes — even in Lisbon — and progress doesn't exist. It will be the last country in the world to change. They are living in the era of the discoveries and are most proud of their glorious past, but when you ask them about the future, they can't suggest a thing. But we like the Portuguese people — much better than the Spanish. They are friendly, and though their stupidity exasperates you at times, they will surprise you once in awhile. They have a keen sense of humor and they are loyal. They are tenacious in purpose too — for how could they have remained independent of Spain so long? England has an economic hold on the country, but the Portuguese love America. When they migrate, it's either to the U.S.A. or to Brazil, and many of them do because the average family size is 10 children and little Portugal just can't support too large a population. I daresay it's one of the few countries in the

world suffering from unemployment right now. The number of beggars in Lisbon is nauseating, and they aren't all professional. It was so refreshing to return to the States and not be besieged on all sides by begging children. *All* the children in Portugal beg. And we noticed the same thing was true of Spain.

Our trip to Spain was most worthwhile, because now we feel we are authorities when talk comes up of Franco's dictatorship. Both Mid and I remarked at the tremendous number of men under arms right now — all stationed around Gibraltar. Spain was not in this war; so why should she maintain such a large army? She seems frightened to death of invasion from the south — even now. Who is going to invade her? Germany got everything she wanted out of Spain; so invasion was not necessary. They had an airfield for training pilots near Granada, and when we visited there, our guide, who was Puerto Rican and felt free to speak to us in English, said that only a year ago everyone was rushing to learn German. Now, since we won the war, they all want to learn English. He remarked about the number of German aviators stationed right there in Granada. Yet, everywhere we went we were assured that Franco was very pro-allied, etc. We were even told that the Nazi salute was illegal, but we saw it on all sides. Of course, what could we expect when we chose to stay in Government hotels. By doing so, we were not regarded with too much suspicion, and they thought they were convincing us that Franco meant well. And, too, the Government hotels were the best and most reasonable in Spain. Portugal's Government hotels are good too. Guess that's one of the

things dictators do in a constructive way. Salazar encourages good roads too, but poor Spain! I've never ridden over a worse road than that between Ayamonte and Sevilla. The others weren't much better.

Madrid is a fantastic capital. It is the gayest in Europe now, but I'd collapse under the strain of dining at 10:30 in the evening and having to go to work the next morning at 9. At least in Portugal, you eat at 9 in the evening and don't show up for work until 9:30 or 10 in the morning — and you have a two hour

lunch period. The Spanish are more energetic than we give them credit for. They have lots of nervous energy and take it out on one another.

After our return from Madrid, we were ready to go home; so two days after Christmas we got a place on a Pan American plane. The return trip to New York took 24 hours — the trip over to Lisbon took me three weeks. Aviation is a wonderful thing. And we're still trying to collect from the Navy! Oh well, it was worth it.

Sincerely,

EMILY MACMORLAND MIDKIFF '39



INMAN HALL, FRESHMAN DORMITORY



# AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE

## MEASURED THEIR EDUCATION BY EXPERIENCE

Louise Hughston '40

AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE generally find their liberal arts training more adequate to their daily needs than any other type of education, but they find their belief in the value of a liberal education often threatened by the necessity for acquiring vocational and professional skills in order to succeed in their chosen careers, according to an alumnae survey now in progress.

The survey, sponsored by the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina, was planned under the guidance of President McCain and Dr. Stukes for the double purpose of learning about the occu-

pations and problems of graduates during their first five years out of college, and of obtaining the mature opinions of alumnae as to the adequacy of their Agnes Scott training. Since budget limitations made it impossible to send questionnaires to all alumnae, the classes of 1927 through 1940 were selected, including three "pre-depression" classes, eight "depression" classes and three "pre-war" classes.

Questionnaires were distributed to 1,241 graduates, and 769 replies were received — a return of 62%. The distribution of replies by classes is shown in the accompanying table.

### DISTRIBUTION OF QUESTIONNAIRES BY YEAR OF GRADUATION

Year of Graduation	Number of Graduates	Dead	Number No Address	Eliminated Mail Returned	Total	Total Questionnaires Distributed	Replies Received
Total	1,268	8	6	13	27	1,241	769
1927	103	—	—	1	1	102	56
1928	102	2	—	3	5	97	57
1929	95	—	3	3	6	89	60
1930	93	—	—	—	—	93	54
1931	78	3	1	2	6	72	48
1932	83	1	1	—	2	81	42
1933	92	—	—	—	—	92	50
1934	86	—	1	—	1	85	47
1935	85	—	—	—	—	85	53
1936	100	—	—	—	—	100	61
1937	87	2	—	—	2	85	51
1938	79	—	—	2	2	77	56
1939	87	—	—	—	—	87	59
1940	98	—	—	2	2	96	75



The editor of the *Quarterly* requested a preliminary report for this issue summarizing alumnae answers to the question, "What has been the value — cultural, financial, or other — of your Agnes Scott training?" It was in answer to this question that the majority of the alumnae studied reaffirmed their belief in liberal arts education.

Answers ranged from "I would not change that training if I could enter college as a Freshman today" and "At no time have I felt that my basic Agnes Scott training was inadequate to the needs of the moment" to "Much too much valuable time was spent on matter remote from or unadjustable to the problems and needs of the life most graduates lead" and "I should have gone to a business or an agricultural school." An enthusiastic member of one of the earliest classes included in the group even went so far as to say: "I feel that I have ridden through life on the magic of Agnes Scott's reputation. It has helped me to get everything that I have wanted — even my husband!"

Expressions of general dissatisfaction with college training were so few as to be statistically insignificant, but a large minority of alumnae expressed the wish that some "practical" training had been available in addition to "cultural" subjects. Graduates who chose homemaking as a career — the largest single group — urged the inclusion in the curriculum of courses in home management, interior decoration, home nursing, marriage and the family, and "a child psychology course with laboratory experience."

Greatest satisfaction with their college training as preparation for a career was expressed by the second largest group: graduates who

entered the teaching profession. This group found that their training excelled in its thoroughness and variety, but some said they had felt a need for more study of teaching *methods*.

The fact that the number of persons engaged in high school teaching each year during the first five years after graduation decreased more rapidly than could be accounted for by marriage rates and other usual factors in occupational change seemed to support the statement of many alumnae that they were practically forced into teaching, because after graduation they were faced with the necessity for getting (or desire to obtain) a job, yet they were told by prospective employers that without further training they could qualify for nothing but teaching in secondary schools. As one person expressed it: "In a country where potential financial independence seems to have become necessary for the woman as well as the man I wonder if it would not be possible to include in the college years something of more practical value. As it now stands a liberal college education, except with perhaps a science major, requires more training before it can lead to a good job. I've seen this very clearly after almost three years of work in the employment service. I think more help in vocational guidance is needed at Agnes Scott and also the opportunity for training in specific vocational lines. For example, in the employment service the most discouraging applicant to handle is the young English, French (language), History major fresh from school and eager for work that will utilize her background. The business world is not interested or at best will offer general clerical work for which they are equally willing to take a high school gradu-

ate . . . It seems to me that a college girl should be able to expect a better opportunity for making a living than she can at present. Most of us can't afford four years for pure culture. Would there be a middle ground where some practical work could be worked in with the maximum in cultural training?"

The need for vocational guidance and counseling, especially during the sophomore and junior years, was stressed by the majority of alumnae who worked in fields other than teaching. Some suggested that courses in typing, shorthand and bookkeeping be made available during college years, even if no academic credit is given for them. Opinion seemed almost unanimous that any business or home management courses should if possible be given in addition to, not instead of, the liberal arts curriculum.

Few persons attempted to answer the problem of how to add "practical" courses to an already crowded curriculum. One suggested the physical training program be trimmed to make room for extra courses; another said that "literature, language and science courses could be streamlined to take less hours, while giving the same value." Several spoke vaguely of "useless courses" which could have been eliminated from the curriculum.

In addition to the criticism on "practical" grounds, the Agnes Scott curriculum was charged with being "restricted" or "narrow", and with being "separated from life." The latter charge was made in two ways, one represented by the person who said, "It separated from rather than prepared for actual life experiences or situations; eighteen years later I am still flounder-

ing. . ." and the other represented by "I only wish I could have taken more courses that would have prepared me to understand all classes of people better and to have adjusted myself more quickly to the world of the average person and to his viewpoint; it was a jolt to come from a campus such as Agnes Scott to an N.Y.A. Resident Project and find my fellow faculty members good-hearted but uneducated plumbers, welders and electricians."

The viewpoint of the group who felt that the curriculum was too restricted is expressed in the following: "I feel that too much time was taken up with Bible etc. and not enough time devoted to Art Appreciation, Music etc.; in other words, I think that, for a liberal arts college, we were too restricted in our choice of subjects and had too many required courses to take." "I regret that I did not spend the years in a school that would have offered a wider range of knowledge—something akin to the survey courses in the first two years of the college at the University of Chicago, for instance. I left Agnes Scott without knowing that some common fields of study (offered at *any* university) even existed." Specific fields in which a greater selection was most often desired were philosophy, anthropology, sociology, economics and "community study."

The statement most frequently made by alumnae in evaluating their college training was that they acquired "culture" at Agnes Scott. Possibly the use of the word without definition was encouraged by the phrasing of the question; in any case, about half the replies were worded in such general terms as "my Agnes Scott training has been of great cultural value to me."

Among the specific values most frequently

mentioned were the broadening of mental horizons, the development of varied appreciations, the inspiration of contact with great minds, the enjoyment of learning within a variety of fields as contrasted with specialization, the stimulation of personal contact with faculty members, the encouragement of "high ideals", the development of perspective (especially for homemaking), the inspiration of a religious atmosphere, making friendships, the prestige associated with "an Agnes Scott degree", the thorough training, the development of a scientific attitude and the personal satisfaction of gaining social poise and a sense of security and independence. The list is given approximately in the order of frequency.

The following statements given by two alumnae are rather inclusive summaries of the opinions of the majority:

"The liberal arts education which I received at Agnes Scott cannot be evaluated in dollars and cents though I feel that it is largely responsible for my present income. The chief benefits of liberal education are personal and intangible. I feel that I shall be able to accomplish more in business because of my college training; however, I feel a definite need for further specialized training in Business Administration. Some of the intangible results of my training which cannot be measured accurately are: improved ability to get along with people, greater tolerance,

#### THE JUNIOR BANQUET BRINGS FUN

Charlotte Hunter, '29, assistant dean of students, pours coffee and keeps the conversation going.





greater patience, a non-materialistic attitude, a truer sense of values, an enlarged enjoyment of life and simple everyday things. My college training has given me perspective and the tools for gaining education from experience. It gave me a method for research and study, and, perhaps more important than a method, a stimulus to investigate and learn which I believe will persist. It gave me a poise and sense of well being which makes pretense and affectation unnecessary; in other words it has given me the confidence to be myself."

"Through its predominantly liberal-arts curriculum, through those members of the faculty who were living parts of the Christian-humanist tradition which that curriculum represents, and through the many parts of the community life which were in harmony with that tradition, Agnes Scott was of such tremendous value to me as a person—a human being in this bewildering and exciting world—that I cannot measure and describe that value, much less tag it "cultural", "financial", etc. For me, the fact that satisfying, remunerative jobs have never failed to turn up

when I wanted them is almost irrelevant here; and I say that out of no ignorance of poverty. The "bread" by which *alone* we do not live, is the concern of innumerable groups, institutions, training schools, publications, etc. Only a few institutions—Agnes Scott still among them, I trust—are intelligently devoted to keeping available all that we *do* live by. I hope with all my heart that however difficult it may be to resist the pressure of mass opinion, Agnes Scott will not yield an inch from her position in the liberal arts tradition. Change she should, but in the direction of an ever richer and better-integrated liberal arts curriculum.

"Perhaps this statement will carry more weight if I add that I speak, not as one obliged by extraordinary talent, physical deformity, extreme wealth or poverty, or personal sorrow and frustration, to be outside the conventional career-woman or home-woman pattern; but rather, as a quite unremarkable product of a middle-class family and Southern public schools, who is healthy, extremely happily married, and loves her home and friends."

#### *ABOUT THE AUTHOR*

*Louise Hughston is a Sociology and History Major of the class of 1940. She was Y. W. C. A. Secretary in Kansas City, worked a year in the New York Public Library, later held a job in the reference department of the ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH, and has just completed two years graduate work at the University of North Carolina.*

# APOLLO AND DAPHNE

ELIZABETH CARRINGTON EGGLESTON '19

*Elizabeth Carrington Eggleston is the daughter of Dr. Joseph D. Eggleston, retired president of Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia, and lives in Hampden-Sydney, Va. She attended Agnes Scott for one year and received her B.A. from Sweet Briar College, her Master's degree from Syracuse University. She has studied at the Honour School of English Language and Literature at Oxford University in England. Her poetry has been published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In this poem she retells a Greek myth with remarkable freshness of imagery and swift dramatic movement.*

Daphne was a River's daughter —  
Long bright hair and eyes of jade;  
Drew her life from running water,  
Dwelt in cool green forest shade.

Where she played, the soft winds drifted;  
Little green frogs would hop to see,  
On golden feathers of sunlight sifted,  
If they might bear her company.

Water-spirits whirled to greet  
The flash of her foam-white dancing feet;  
Princes flocked from many a land  
To sue for the toss of a snow-light hand.

But Daphne was a River's daughter,  
She loved no Prince of Earth or Stream;  
Her heart was cool as flowing water,  
Her life untouched as a young child's dream.

Then, upon a sun-drenched day,  
Following wings of fluttering light,  
She left her shadowy woods to play  
On a rock-strewn hillside warm and bright.

All that day under shining skies  
She raced after yellow butterflies;  
She ran. The circling butterflies flew  
To a sudden slope where sunflowers grew.

A thousand sunflowers blooming there  
On a rock-bound slope that before was bare.  
She watched the dazzling troop until  
Sunflowers, bursting the rock-bound hill,  
Stretched for miles and miles away.

A strange, a magic sight —  
Miles of sunflowers flashing light,  
Their petals rayed like the setting sun.  
The golden butterflies whirled and spun,  
And lit on the sun-bright tallest one.

But Daphne was a River's daughter,  
Her soft lips parched for flowing water;  
Sun-dazed eyes saw his quiet pool  
And his stone-dark cave, so deep, so cool.

Half blind, bewitched by dazzling light,  
The circling butterflies drew her still  
To the tallest sunflower on the hill.

She groped at her feet until she found  
A knife-sharp flint on the rocky ground.  
"I'll cut for my Father this tallest one;  
These petals rayed like the setting sun  
Will make his cool dark cavern gay."

Was it the Wind that whispered sound?  
"Peril, peril ends the day,  
Run swiftly, daughter, from this play."

But her ears were shut to the wind's dark talk.  
She hacked at the sunflower's great, rough stalk.  
At her touch, there was no flower —  
In sudden, spinning, golden light  
Apollo blazed, in all his power.

Stunned before the radiant sight  
Her pulses leaped, then froze rock-still —  
Yield her flesh to his burning will?  
Fear lent wings to her feet in flight.

Apollo's feet came striding after,  
Beat to the ring of his mighty laughter.  
But never a fox ran swift as she,  
No antelope could ever flee  
Nor any hounded, stricken, hare,  
As Daphne, winged by her despair.

She reached the forest, she reached the stream,  
Her Father heard the girl's wild scream.  
Apollo's hand was on her shoulder —  
She felt her body cold and colder.  
She could not break his fierce embrace —  
Her feet were rooted to the place.

The world grew dark.  
Her foam-white skin felt rough, like bark.  
She raised her hands in fear and grief —  
They were heavy with branch and leaf.

Daphne was a laurel tree.  
None so fair, so green as she —  
Still the River's daughter,  
Heart as cool as flowing water.

Yet great Apollo grieves,  
When he looks on laurel leaves.  
Reflected in her Father's pool  
The Sun-god touches tenderly  
Her blossoms, virginal and cool.



# THE NEW BOOKS

IVY GRIPPED THE STEPS, ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE STRANGER, ALBERT CAMUS

MEMOIRS OF HECATE COUNTY, EDMUND WILSON

by Elizabeth Stevenson '41

DISLOCATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL in three societies, the English, the French, and the American, is the common theme of three recent works of fiction, Elizabeth Bowen's *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps*, Albert Camus' *The Stranger*, and Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*. It is interesting to see related forms of uneasiness at work in English, French, and American minds. A comparison of the degree of dislocation described should help a reader to understand each in its turn.

Although the displacement of the characters in Elizabeth Bowen's novel from ordinary modes of existence is actual and material, and takes the form of neurotic men and women and neurotic ghosts, it is not absolute. The strict artist's mind sees the other side, the soul's gain in being stripped. These stories belong to the war years and record like a seismograph the internal convulsions of the spirit rather than the external violence. They take place in the shocked lull of the hours between raids. In



## THE EDITORS TALK IT OVER

Agnes Scott students publish a weekly newspaper, a literary magazine quarterly, and the annual.

her preface, Elizabeth Bowen says, ". . . through the particular in wartime, I felt the high-voltage current of the general pass."

Through spiritual disturbance, she comes out into something. That fact is worth noting when

you read Camus' novel. Reading *The Stranger* is like walking innocently, unwarned, onto mined land.

Mersault, "the stranger" of the novel's title, is as obscure as a snail, a small, dehumanized bourgeois: it is as if he and the world did not exist together on any terms at all. This world of his is a petty, peaceful world. Yet in it, all is weariness: all actions whether the most niggling or the most gigantic in Mersault's life, seems dis-emboweled of significance.

The setting is Algiers. Mersault (you never learn his first name) is a clerk, once an ambitious student. "All that," seems unimportant now. Whether his indifference to stimulus came gradually or as a result of psychic shock one never learns. But he lives sentiently, he eats, sleeps, all as if it were too much bother not to do so.

The events in his life call for emotion, but a universal greyness covers his responses, whether to his mother's death in an old people's home to which he sent her, the violent quarrel between a friend and his friend's mistress in which he has become involved, a casual love affair of his own, or even his own shooting of an Arab, an event which pitches his life into notoriety.

Almost by accident, without malice, Mersault shoots the Arab. At once, society sits in judgment upon him. The prosecuting attorney makes a great deal of the defendant's callousness. It is evident that in the trial scenes Camus is showing up the dirtiness, the deceit, the cruelty of conventional law and order. Mersault, as the negation of society, appears comparatively better, and Camus slips quite near sentimentality for his spiritually featureless victim.

But he does not play fair. The book, revolving as it does around a cypher, is without meaning except in reference to some particular point of view outside the frame of the novel, obviously the author's secularized "existentialism." The book conveys a sense of nausea for the world as it is, but that is simply all that it does. As a story, *The Stranger* holds the interest of clear, straightforward action. But it is devious in philosophy, although the philosophy is never argued, only implied by a kind of void of sense in the midst of a simple story.

Wilson's loosely connected sketches of American suburban existence are just as disturbing, but they offer the relief of justifiable conclusions tied to close observation. Whatever one gets out of the *Memoirs* the author put there to be extracted. His description of the damnation of the rich and gifted in our own society is as well documented as a sociological study. And to this is added critical acuteness and imagination.

He has no narrative sense, and his stories do not have the movement of good fiction. They travel in a straight line, episode behind episode, each one a degree more terrible than the preceding one so that in the end climax comes from accumulation rather than the winding and unwinding of complications.

"A world superabundant in possibilities automatically produces deformities, vicious types of human life. . . ." (Ortega Y Gasset). This description fits the imaginative vision of *Hecate County*. It is an exhibition of the demoniacal side of plenty, the corruption in the guarded, cushioned reservations of "conspicuous consumption." The neuroses of the *Ivy* characters were caused by real deprivation, those of Wil-

son's privileged ones by the possession of too many rather than too few things.

The best of these stories are *Ellen Terhune* and *The Princess with the Golden Hair*, the former, like Elizabeth Bowen's, a ghost story in the Jamesian sense, the latter almost a novel, an extended dissection of the Hecate County mind of the central ego, the "I" of the book who oscillates between two women, Imogen, the false ideal, and Anna, who represents besides the depressed classes, reality and warmth. Her ignorant, harassed city life finally overcomes the image of false "princess", Imogen, but the narrator's rejection of Anna and return to Hecate County represents retreat from reality.

To conclude, here are three books, all "serious", treating in fiction the modern disease of insecurity. Camus, however, fails to objectify his critical principal, his point of reference, so he succeeds only in writing a disturbing, puzzling, readable anecdote. Wilson has written searching criticism but applies it to an unimportant fringe of society. *Ivy* is an achievement beyond the other two, for it treats with sensibility

of a central rather than peripheral dislocation of the modern mind.

The stories in *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps* come from an integrated mind. The author has first-rate narrative ability, her words are her own, her vision is that of the common sight enlightened by imagination. All her implications, the deeper levels of meaning in her stories, seem unforced and true. Her best story, *Mysterious Kor*, discusses two levels of meaning interchangeably and without embarrassment. One level is that inconvenience suffered by "a pair of lovers with no place in which to sleep in each other's arms." The other is the fruitful displacement of the inconvenience of the world by the vision of "a pure abstract empty timeless city" rising "out of a little girl's troubled mind."

The three books have in common the contemporary impatience with reason, logic, system and the welcoming of intuition, mystery, instinct (both the higher mysticism of *Kor* and the oneness in the flesh of the *Princess*). This is not religion nor a return to religion, but it is related to religion and estranged from science and economics.

Elizabeth Bowen, *Ivy Gripp'd the Steps*, Knopf, 1946  
Albert Camus, *The Stranger*, Knopf, 1946  
Edmund Wilson, *Memoirs of Hecate County*, Doubleday, 1946

THE NEW BOOKS by Betty Stevenson, reviewer for THE ATLANTA JOURNAL and member of the Publications Committee of the Alumnae Association, will appear regularly hereafter.



*Robert B. Holt, professor of chemistry at Agnes Scott for twenty-eight years, retired this year under the automatic retirement plan of the college. He will be head of the Chemistry Department at Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia next year.*

MR. HOLT

MAKES THINGS EASY

VIRGINIA HEARD FEDER '33



THE SUBJECT OF CHEMISTRY has always been regarded as exclusively a man's field because it is considered to be too deep and complicated for the more delicate mind to comprehend. During the past twenty-eight years statistics show that Agnes Scott College has been proving the mockery of the foregoing statement by graduating students who have liked, understood, and enjoyed chemistry courses. In fact, there has been an unusual number of chemistry majors, a large proportion of whom were inspired to go on into graduate fields of chemistry, research, and medicine where they have distinguished themselves. And why? Because of one man—Mr. Holt, a most modest, unassuming, and patient gentleman with twinkling eyes and a genial laugh who

has been an unexcelled teacher, skillful counselor, and friend to the entire campus.

In the class room Mr. Holt is successful because he possesses the extraordinary ability of making hard things seem simple. How many times he would exclaim, "Why, my dear young ladies, that is not difficult!" and proceed to untangle a page of so of technically couched phrases, laws, and equations. Strange as it may seem, at the end of the period the students who had entered the class room chattering that they had not been able to make "head or tail out of that lesson for today" left with a clear understanding of the subject. Several of his explanations I think are clever and famous enough to be included here. One is about a catalyst, a cata-

lyst being a substance which changes the rate of a reaction without entering into the reaction itself. Mr. Holt said to imagine yourself a child again, that you wanted some money from your mother to buy some candy, but that you knew it would take some time to persuade her to give it to you. If, on the other hand, company happened to drop in, you knew she would give it to you immediately if you asked for it in front of the company. In the episode just related the company was the catalyst who "increased the rate of the reaction but actually took no part in it." And then, of course, I'll always remember Mr. Holt's startling statement, "Run out young girls before I vocalize!" which was the mnemonics he gave for remembering the order of colors in the spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Another rather vivid scene that Mr. Holt portrayed was that of a few husky football players standing outside our class room throwing tennis balls through the window for us to catch and throw back. Naturally, it would take more of us of the weaker sex to keep the balls in motion than it would of the boys—all of which illustrated quite clearly about chemical reactions coming to an equilibrium.

Neither in the class room nor in the laboratory is Mr. Holt a taskmaster but an inspiring teacher who invites questions and then has the patience to take hours, if necessary, to answer them. When students approach him in his office they are assured of a ready smile and an inviting "Come in and sit down and let's talk this over!" Such a session proves to be not only instructive but enjoyable, and the student leaves wondering why she had thought she had a problem.

In the laboratory two primary requisites for a good scientist are cleanliness and order. Mr. Holt and his most able department, which, incidentally, grew during his years at the college, certainly instilled these traits in the students without their being conscious of the training. Once a student entered graduate work, however, she was quick to realize that her technique in these routine matters was superior. If it is the little things that count, this is just an example of the innumerable little things which together ultimately spell success; chemistry majors will always be indebted to Mr. Holt for a careful and thorough preparation.

Science students are not the only ones on the campus who know and appreciate Mr. Holt. Serving for many years as chairman of the Committee on Electives, he counselled upper-classmen in selecting their courses, and in the sum-



**CHEMISTRY LAB**

Students put classroom theories to the test.

mer he helped to register freshmen and transfers. In these positions he did not automatically check off some prescribed course but seemed to take a genuine interest in each girl and try to map out a combination of courses that was best adapted to the girl's individual needs. The student sensed his friendliness and would not hesitate to consult him further for guidance or even stop him on the campus to report how things were progressing. Coupled with his opportunity of knowing nearly all the members of the campus, Mr. Holt has that rare gift of remembering names and faces for years. I believe that for almost any graduate, no matter how far back, he can give a description of the girl, her home town, and something about what she did. And she need

not necessarily have been a chemistry major.

Mr. Holt holds a unique position in the life of Agnes Scott. He, a single professor, through his winning personality has influenced a countless number of graduates and thus in no small measure has he helped to mold the very history of the college. *The Agnes Scott News* expressed the sentiments of the ever appreciative Alumnae: "His friendliness has gone beyond the bounds of his department and touched many others who hold him very dear. His contributions cannot be measured, however, in terms of school scholarship, of warmth, of humor, of interest, for he has given even more. Few desire to give so much . . . few can give so much . . . few will be missed as Mr. Holt will be."

*Virginia Heard Feder has a Master's degree in Chemistry from Emory University and a Ph.D. in Chemistry from the University of Michigan where she studied on the Lewis Beck competitive scholarship. She taught at Furman University and Wells College in Aurora, N. Y. and assisted in the Bio-chemistry Department at Emory.*



#### PHILIPPA GILCHRIST '23 GOES TO WELLESLEY

Philippa has been a member of the faculty at Agnes Scott since her graduation. Next year she leaves Agnes Scott as associate professor of chemistry to teach at Wellesley College. Philippa has her Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin. Her special field is food chemistry.



# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

We are publishing excerpts from ten letters from alumnae who express their opinions and suggestions about Agnes Scott. Reactions to any of the ideas expressed will be published as space permits and should be mailed to the editor. Letters on any subject are always welcome.



Ruth Simpson  
(standing) reads  
a poem to  
other members of  
poetry club.  
Gaines cottage  
is seen in the  
background.

**RUTH SIMPSON '46** (*Ruth, an English major and member of Phi Beta Kappa, has a fellowship for graduate study at Duke next year.*)

You ask me what these college years have meant.  
They have a meaning like the joy of music:  
Too deeply felt, not easily expressed  
Coming to me in moments far above  
The wrinkled forehead of the busy day.  
And Agnes Scott abounded in such moments.  
Time and again I felt this deeper meaning,  
This thing beyond myself, this ecstasy,  
"Light intellectual full-charged with love."\*

\*Dante's *Divine Comedy, Paradiso XXX.*

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

There was a sunny April afternoon  
When spring was smiling from each small green leaf.  
Our class in Goethe met beneath a pine  
And near the flowering dogwood. All the air  
Seemed blue and gold and white and green — alive  
And quivering with bird-song, and the sound,  
Far-off and faint, of organ music — Bach.  
To meet outdoors was a rare treat. We sat.  
Or lay, chins propped by elbows, in a ring  
And felt our teacher's voice create its spell  
Around us, and we sensed the wonder of it  
As he read *Faust*. There was the aspiration,  
Great in itself, and love of life, and laughter,  
Now all suffused with sunlight and white blossoms.  
And bird-notes and faint organ-tones. He read  
The Latin hymn in the cathedral scene,  
And then I seemed to be in that great church.  
The stirring *Dies Irae* came to me  
As from a mighty choir: periphery  
Of still white light, that of eternity.

This was the light-gleam. In how many ways  
Was light full-charged with love? First in the love  
Of our professor for the work, and then  
The deep-down tenderness I think he felt  
For us, his students, and his love of teaching.  
All my young love seemed more intensely real  
When mixed with light — less vague, more broad.  
    more deep —  
Love for the work, love for the one who taught,  
And for my class-mates, love for humankind,  
Love for God's world and for the human spirit,  
Love from my wondering soul for a great truth —  
Call it Divinity or Mystery —  
That goes beyond me into the sublime.

JANE TAYLOR WHITE '42 (*Major in Economics and Sociology, winner of the Hopkins Jewel, Jane did graduate work in English at L.S.U., was Director of Religious Education in Baton Rouge and is now a housewife.*)

## emphasis on being

It seems to me that the liberal arts college's lack of emphasis upon professional training, but rather upon "attitudes of mind based upon ultimate values" (Merle G. Walker), presupposes the conception that "being" is more important than "doing." This is not to say that the two can be separated, but that, in the last analysis, it is what we "are", the quality of life we develop, rather than the quantity of physical deeds we accomplish along any line, which marks our true value. It is to reiterate that "as a man thinketh in his heart (no matter what his calling), so is he."

It has been my observation that some seem able to achieve "the abundant life" without the necessity for deep, integrating thought, analytical study, the search for truth along purely academic lines, which the liberal arts college would foster. These individuals, intelligent and capable, appear not to be equipped, in inclination or interest, for this type of mental activity. Yet they possess the rare gift of an inner glow and serenity — the result, it would seem, of having accepted themselves for what they are, entrusted themselves to a loving Providence, so that their lives literally sparkle with the joy and zest of living, and their relations with their fellows are

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

characterized by a warmth of love, free of the envy and greed which daily eat out the heart of our world.

It is difficult to believe in the presence of such individuals that anything else is important except "the loving heart", which, free of selfish conflicts and tensions, can radiate happiness and health to a world in dire need of both. And so I would not change the predominant spiritual quality of Agnes Scott's atmosphere, exemplified in her President, others of her leaders, teachers, programs, and activities. Agnes Scott's strength lies in her Christian foundation, based on the great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." A spiritual framework is essential to the successful fulfillment of all aims of the college.

Within this framework, the liberal arts college has certain definite responsibilities to those who choose her. For upon some must devolve the task and high privilege of assimilating, carrying forward, and adding to the cultural heritage of the ages. The liberal arts college must challenge her students with this rich basis for "being", for "thinking in their hearts." My husband and I have decided that the most one can hope to gain from four years spent in this effort is (1) a brief insight into the total field of human knowledge and endeavor, (2) a burning zeal to explore this field until time's end in the search for truth and richest enjoyment, (3) a degree of development and discipline of the physical, mental, emotional, social, and spiritual self.

## required courses

In the interest of gaining some insight into the varying branches of human knowledge and endeavor, it seems to me inevitable that certain courses

be required which have not heretofore been compulsory at Agnes Scott. Every student, whatever her chief interest, should have a survey of English literature, a course in the history of science and some laboratory work, some Bible and philosophy — probably comparative religions, a dip into the social sciences — sociology, psychology, economics, government, and exposure to the fine arts.

## history as integration

I have omitted what I consider to be the most important single field in the college curriculum — *history*, for I wish to give it special attention. I would not insist that every student take advantage of every history course offered, though my own experience since college has led me to believe that nothing would have been more profitable for me. But certainly *every* student should have at least a general survey of world history and of American history.

I do not see how the liberal arts college can "chart its course upward through the confused present with a sense of historical perspective" if its products know nothing of the limitations and progress of past ages upon which to build a sense of perspective. I wonder how many alumnae have felt the bewilderment and anxiety of attempting to cope mentally and spiritually with recent and present world turmoil, without any background or knowledge of the problems and countries involved. I doubt if anything except religion can give the wisdom and stability to thought and life which a genuine insight into history can.

## inspiring professors

For gaining a burning zeal for continuing study through life, I feel that there are two prerequisites — stimulating and inspiring professors, and the acquisi-



# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

tion of a technique of study, which makes it, while never an easy project, one of joy and satisfaction, rather than extreme hardship. This leads to the next and final point.

## discipline

Every student should gain from the liberal arts college some measure of development and discipline — physically, mentally, emotionally, socially, and spiritually, though, of course, these phases of the personality are never completely separate and distinct.

## individual needs

In spite of her “handpicked student body,” or perhaps because of it, Agnes Scott numbers among her girls many varying backgrounds, levels of experience and development. Some, therefore, come with a great need for development in one of these particular ways while others are more deficient in another. And the college must be prepared to satisfy individual needs. It seems to me that Agnes Scott approaches adequacy in this, unless it be that some few girls miss a richness of social contact, which is valuable and satisfying, but which I’m not sure is the responsibility of the college entirely. Two suggestions I would make are that the psychology department take some part in the emotional guidance and counselling of the girls, and that every student be required to study speech for a year.

My strong feeling is that, while no phase of development should be neglected, and all should take place within a spiritual framework, four years in a liberal arts college offers special and rare opportunity for development of the mental and intellectual powers. As Dr. McCain said when introducing Alfred Noyes

MARJORIE NAAB is the life president of the class of 1946. Marjorie was president of student government last year.



to the graduating class of '42, though I cannot quote him exactly, “Realizing that it is the thinkers rather than the doers, who, in the last analysis, leave the strongest and most lasting imprint upon their generation, we have invited Alfred Noyes to address you.”

## comprehensive examinations

And so, I would suggest that one not be graduated from the liberal arts college of high standards unless he can demonstrate ability to read with understanding, and to integrate the material he deals with, with other fields of knowledge and with life itself. To this end, I suggest that more writing take place in every department of study — as I am convinced that the student is certain of thinking clearly and integrating

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

effectively only if he can express himself on paper. Freshman English is a fine start in this direction. To avoid parrot-like memorizing for tests and exams, and to encourage the obtaining of an over-all perspective of at least the fields in which a student is mainly interested, I strongly recommend comprehensive examination for every student in his major subject.

No Agnes Scott alumna will be satisfied unless her children are great improvements upon herself. So we pass on to our Alma Mater something of the responsibility for assuring the progress of the generations, in the liberal arts tradition.

ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM '11 (*Teacher of English at Commercial High School in Atlanta.*)

## growing with the college

I was reared at Agnes Scott, having attended the Institute and later the Academy before we became a college. I say "we" because I grew with Agnes Scott, from the day in my infancy when Dr. and Mrs. Gaines called upon my parents, who were visiting my grandmother at her home in Decatur, and I was pledged as a future student, after the manner of Eton in England. When I was a very little girl, attending Sunday School in the Episcopal Chapel located then on Church Street, I used to run to the window between Sunday School and Church, to watch the Agnes Scott girls go by. At the age of twelve I sat at the feet of Miss McKinney in a class that was studying a book entitled "*Masterpieces of British Literature*, and Miss Lucille Alexander taught me to multiply.

As the years went by and the curriculum was raised, as we said in those days, I found myself being lifted up to meet the new standards, so that I received my degree in 1911. I have done graduate work at three American universities, Emory, Chicago, and

Columbia, where I received the Master's degree; and I have combined two trips to Europe with one summer at Oxford and another at Cambridge. During the thirty-five years of my teaching career Agnes Scott has remained my guiding light, not only for the eight years of preparation within her walls, but for the privilege that has been mine to visit the college, to participate in alumnae activities, and to watch the growth of my Alma Mater.

## citizenship

In the Spring *Quarterly* you say that those who have been studying higher education place emphasis upon the production of the citizen. Agnes Scott is a good citizen. Her daughters go from active participation in the life of the college community to make contributions in their home towns and cities, in the larger state and national groups, and, in an increasing number of cases, in service overseas. The faculty teach citizenship and live it. Unselfishly they give their time and interest to such organizations as the American Association of University Women, the Atlanta English Club, and the Southern Association of Teachers of Speech, particularly when Atlanta is host to regional or national conventions of these organizations. Last spring when Atlanta launched her first Book Fair, it was an Agnes Scott professor, Mrs. Roff Sims, who was chairman of the executive committee. As I write this letter, I can see from my window the Junior League Speech School, of which Dr. McCain is a trustee. Our president believes that citizenship should begin (though certainly not end) at home, and the college has on many occasions opened her doors to the townspeople of Decatur for their civic meetings and to the citizens of the entire Atlanta area for programs conducted by the college. As faculty advisor of the Student Lecture Association Miss Laney has introduced to us great thinkers and great speakers.

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

ANNE NOELL '46 (*Major in Economics and Sociology, member of Phi Beta Kappa.*)

## art and music

I am glad to see, among the subjects added as majors, Art and Music. I believe in the power of beauty in molding our lives. Furthermore, if we are to develop an understanding of other nations, we should have the ability to appreciate their works of art. And we know that music is the universal language.

## character

Agnes Scott is answering the challenge of this security-seeking age, because she is throwing the emphasis upon character, as she has done since her foundation. In 1910 and 1911 my teacher of Bible was a Presbyterian minister, Mr. John I. Armstrong. He taught us to have faith in humanity by, himself, having faith in us. Before each examination he would always give his pupils a briefing that was marvelously helpful. A new feature was added, however, the day he gave instructions for the final examination. We were to memorize the map of Palestine and then draw it with our books closed, putting in all the towns, rivers, seas, and mountains. We were to bring the finished map to the examination. Although we teachers today can not always place so great a strain upon the honesty of our younger pupils, we can inspire them by the simple faith and trust like that shown by Mr. Armstrong. The same principle obtains with nations. When we can care about the children of the world as we care about our own, when we can have enough faith in each other to cease hating and killing, then only can we live in a peaceful world. Agnes Scott is doing her part in training for world citizenship.

## more vocational counselling

It seemed to me that every senior with whom I talked this spring was more or less worried about what she would do after graduation. We had several "sessions" on the subject of "for what have we been educated" and "is it worth the cost?" I dare say none of us would hand back our four years at Agnes Scott for anything else, even if it were possible, but we do feel that more could be done to dispel the despondency of seniors. Mr. Stukes insists that Agnes Scott graduates can do anything that any college graduate can do, but no one bothers to tell us specifically what some of those jobs are. Why not have other members of the faculty also and nearby alumnae talk to seniors about some of the openings there may be *immediately* after graduation and make suggestions as to steps to take to find out what we *can* do. Mortar Board's vocational guidance tests are good, but they usually reveal our inclinations in general directions only — which we should already know after living with ourselves for twenty-one years.

Most of us marry after a few years, and then we can put our education to real service in the training of children, one of the most important and difficult jobs anyone can attempt. As matrons we can fit ourselves into the pattern of church, club, and civic work and be of use to the community. Thus the breadth of vision and the depth of understanding which we absorbed all unawares from English 211, social problems, or our wonderful lectures are brought into full play. But what are we to do in the meantime?



## home town prophet

Are we to use our broadened vision simply to increase our own enjoyment of life or is there some way in which we can render some service even before we have put our roots down? A lot of us come from small towns, as I do, and they seem fertile ground for sowing the seeds of liberalism; but most such towns are too smug in their own conceits to tolerate any "smart aleck's" coming home from college and trying to tell them how to run things. And in a town like this there are so few kindred souls that stimulating conversation is an impossibility. If you don't wish to be classed as a snob, you try to forget that you ever read a book or studied international relations, thus bringing yourself to the same level of the crowd's conversation. Surely, we could start a slow revolution, but that is a matter of time, and I fear most of us are too impatient for that. Besides, our parents have to live in the town, even if we can leave. That is probably why a lot of us will prefer to work in a city somewhere and meet a few people who *can* talk. Call it selfishness, if you will, but that is the way it seems to stand now. We have the liberal ideal, all right, and we are thankful for it; but we need some suggestions and inspiration as to how to put it into a way of practical, everyday living.

**FRANCES KAISER '43** (*English major, member of Mortar Board and Phi Beta Kappa, secretary to the dean of Emory Law School since graduation.*)

## spiritual values

I feel a keen satisfaction in realizing that, in an age which has failed to stress ultimates, our own college has always lead us to consider the spiritual values that

are desperately needed if liberal education, to say nothing of civilization itself, is to survive. It is even more heartening to know from past experience that Agnes Scott will continue to crusade for the recognition of Christian values on the part of its students and thus maintain and probably enlarge the scope of the spiritual impetus which it is giving to the community.

## literature integration

Being an English major, I find it hard not to be biased in favor of the subject matter which came within my grasp. And yet to me the most satisfying and exciting period of my college life was that in which the panorama of European classics was spread before me. Whether justifiably or not, I find myself feeling sorry for my classmates who missed this spiritual feast because they were majoring in other fields. It seems to me that they lost the opportunity to understand some of the fundamentals for which we must fight throughout our lives, regardless of what our occupations may be. The Bible is the bedrock upon which we can build our philosophy of life, it is true; but the knowledge of how great minds through the centuries have interpreted and illumined the Christian fundamentals in literature adds to our ability to grasp the profundity of basic ideals.

## practical courses

There is a great deal of controversy today on the subject of adding more "practical" courses to the curriculum — such things as training for married life, for the business world, or for leadership in politics and civic affairs. It seems to me impossible to include

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

such training without sacrificing some of the essentials we now have. We would be confronted in the final analysis with one of two types of graduates: (1) those well-trained in the mechanics of getting to a goal, but lacking the purpose for going and the ability for enjoying the achievement after having reached the goal; or (2) those partially trained in method and partially imbued with purpose, lacking sufficient skill in either to be capable of attaining the goal they set for themselves. The only exception I would make to this objection is in the field of psychology. It seems to me that the ability to understand what motivates one's fellow man and to associate with him in a way that will bring out the best in him is essential to marriage, a business career, or leadership in community affairs. It is my hope that Agnes Scott will soon require at least one course in psychology.

## responsibility

Finally, at the risk of sounding an all-too-familiar note, it is my hope that both Agnes Scott and its Alumnae Association will continue to remind students and alumnae of the privileges which they enjoy in being able to go to college and of the consequent obligation which lies upon them to make the effects of their education felt in a tangible, creative way wherever they go after leaving school. The time and effort spent in crossing the threshold of learning may tempt us to accept education as its own compensation and end; but we do not deserve to sit back comfortably after graduation and selfishly feast on our treasure when the very communities in which we live are starving spiritually for the things we have acquired. In a civilization haunted by the spectre of the atomic bomb, intangible concepts and attitudes take on powerful significance. They cannot be imposed from the top down but must be inspired

from the lowliest individual up through the whole population. If we can do nothing more than communicate to our associates a fraction of the ultimates which Agnes Scott has made vivid for us, our four years have not been in vain. If we do less, we shall be undermining our own security.

**EVANGELINE PAPAGEORGE '28** (*Member of Phi Beta Kappa, holder of Master's degree from Emory University and Ph.D. from University of Michigan, Evangeline is Assistant Professor of Bio-Chemistry at Emory University.*)

## the small woman's college

Agnes Scott, like any man-made institution, is by no means perfect. There are valid criticisms of women's colleges which apply to Agnes Scott. I shall not discuss these, however, but rather I shall try to tell you why if my life were to be lived over again I would no doubt still choose Agnes Scott for my undergraduate work. My viewpoint can't be too prejudiced because my graduate work was done chiefly at a large co-educational university where I was very happy. Furthermore, I have been connected for many years with a university which has co-education in many of its divisions. Nevertheless, in my opinion, there is still a definite place in this present day world for the small woman's college. From my personal standpoint, the three chief arguments for Agnes Scott are these: (1) its high academic standards; (2) its atmosphere; (3) the opportunity to know the faculty.

## academic foundation

The emphasis on basic fundamentals in undergraduate training cannot be stressed too greatly. In my own experience this was achieved at Agnes

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Scott. It is true that there is need for more laboratory work in some of the science courses, and one could discuss improvements as to course content in general. No course ever attains perfection anywhere. On the whole, however, I feel that the basic training I received in my science courses at Agnes Scott laid an excellent foundation for my graduate work.

## atmosphere

By "atmosphere" I mean the fostering of a religious viewpoint and an introduction to cultural subjects which are too often neglected in this age of science and pragmatism. No matter to what denomination one belongs or what creed one holds, an introduction to the historical background of the dominant religion of the West is, in my opinion, essential in higher education. As for the so-called impractical cultural subjects I will simply say that although my field of specialization is biochemistry, I am very glad for the courses in Greek and Latin which were included in my undergraduate program at Agnes Scott.

## faculty

My third argument for my Alma Mater is partly involved in the first and second points discussed above. No matter what else a college or university — or any educational institution for that matter — may have, in the final analysis, all depends on its faculty. What I got at Agnes Scott which students in larger institutions seldom get, was the opportunity to know so many of the faculty. There is nothing that warms the heart of an alumna more than to go back to one's Alma Mater and be greeted as a friend by those whose influence helped shape the nebulous thoughts of college days. The larger college and university may have a greater number of eminent men and women on its faculty but how often in these institu-

tions do freshmen and sophomores get more than a glimpse of these outstanding personalities? Then, too, at colleges like Agnes Scott a student has the opportunity to know teachers under whom she may never take a course but from whom she nevertheless derives the benefit of stimulating friendship and kind understanding.

VERA PRUET LE CRAW '35 (*Interested in drama, won a summer scholarship for study at the London School of Speech in 1937.*)

## speech is important

Since it is equally as important to speak one's language correctly as to write it, shouldn't Spoken English be one of the required subjects in Agnes Scott's curriculum?

"Most people talk like badly cooked rice, all the grains sticking together," says a contemporary novelist. How much more influential is the college graduate whose vocal expression vividly portrays the strength of her personality. Now that serious thinkers put so much stress on people understanding one another, good speech is surely an essential weapon in our fight for a better world.

When I picture my daughter, Vera Clarissa, at Agnes Scott, I'd like to know that she would acquire a love for the spoken language as well as the discipline of its effective use.

MARGUERITE TOOLE '46 (*Member of Mortar Board, English-History major.*)

## education for action

I believe that every college graduate should have a basic course in Biology. I have never had Biology, either in high school or college. This is a handicap, for every person should be able to appreciate the fas-



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cinating story of life, even if it means a lab in senior year.

It is also important, I think, that each graduate understand our economic system. I cannot expound on the merits of a basic economics course, because I missed that, too. But this would be very helpful in understanding our way of life. Many students steer clear of certain subjects because they think them dull. Usually, however, one finds subjects dull only when he knows nothing about them. Until my senior year in college I had had but two years of history—one in high school and one in college. Both were world history. The summer before my senior year I worked on a newspaper and was amazed to find that I had no basis for understanding what was happening in the world. The news didn't mean much to me, for I had no background for understanding events. By the end of the summer I was determined to take some courses which would help me to understand world problems. When one realizes that with modern transportation we are nearer to all parts of the world than the early American colonist in Georgia was to those in Massachusetts, he sees that our world is truly "one world." Under our form of government public opinion forms our foreign policy. We cannot, therefore, afford ignorance of world affairs. Every college graduate should have a course in international relations.

Nor should we be ignorant of our domestic government and its problems. Since we live in a country governed by popular will, it is essential that we, the people, have sound opinions concerning governmental affairs. Every student should take a course in American government to learn how it works, what is wrong with it, and how changes can be made. People permit bad government and politics only if they are indifferent. In my home town, Augusta, Georgia, a well organized group of intelligent and civic-minded people have, after a long fight, evicted a corrupt political

machine which had been entrenched here for over twenty years. Such things can and must be done. A course in government would give students the impetus and the foundation to study world problems and come to intelligent conclusions.

I am glad that most students at Agnes Scott take the survey course in English literature. Perhaps we should each have a course in American literature. Knowledge of our national cultural heritage gives us a criterion by which to judge modern culture.

A college should insure its students an introduction to the study of spiritual things, both religious and philosophical. A person cannot face life's set-backs with a minimum of difficulty unless he has something to sustain him. Everyone needs a set of values to live by. I don't mean that a person chooses a philosophy that does not change. One's philosophy grows with him, else he becomes what Thomas Wolfe calls "the eternal trifter." But a general course in philosophy would create an interest in acquiring a set of values. The enthusiasm with which our campus received Theodore Greene (professor of philosophy at Princeton who visited the campus in 1945) indicates that Agnes Scott students feel the need of an enlarged philosophy department. A course that has created enthusiasm at Agnes Scott is Comparative Religions. Such a course is necessary to understand the beliefs of our fellow men.

There is nothing objective about education. It is an intensely personal matter. The desire for education is a part of a person, a driving force. It begins before college and continues afterward. I like to think of people going to college to get a sound introduction to learning, to open their eyes to new fields of learning, and to study under advanced students on particular fields of learning. Thank heaven there are still those who go to learn not how to make an enjoyable living, but how to make living enjoyable.

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KATE LOGAN GOOD, Inst. (*Teacher in Acworth, Ga.*)

## an ideal to follow

To begin with I loved Agnes Scott for the atmosphere. Some very inquisitive person will ask, "What is atmosphere?" To this question I counter, "What is personality?" If you know, you know, and if you don't no one can define it. Even in the early days when we were in the house across the railroad track and Main was in process of construction, Miss Hopkins and Miss Cook the only teachers, we were conscious of an aura of superior thought and conduct. I am trying to say that their influence was so lofty and strong that we were influenced by it unconsciously. As time went on and the college grew, the courses of study became more delightful, and the teachers were charming. To me, it seemed that each of my teachers was interested in me personally. Maybe I was a problem child. The thought had never occurred to me before. What a blow to my vanity. The teachers were my friends, and I loved them. As the school has grown, these close relations have not always been possible. But I am talking about the former days, not the present.

As Agnes Scott attracted—and still does—a superior class of girls, the friendships formed there were not the ephemeral kind, but have deepened and strengthened as the years have gone by. Nothing in this world can take the place of friendship, and friendship is one of the most beautiful memories we have of Agnes Scott. It is more than a memory; it is a lovely, living, immortal thing. These are some of the reasons I love Agnes Scott.

FRANCES WILSON HURST '37 (*Now a homemaker and mother, with a background of newspaper work and affiliation with the War Labor Board, "Willie" lives in Madison, Wisconsin. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and has her Master's degree in History from Mount Holyoke.*)

## for womanly character and a trained mind

Did you really mean it when you asked *Quarterly* readers to answer your question, "If Agnes Scott is to educate our daughters, how shall it be done?" Because I took you at your word, and here's my answer.

Shortly after our graduation, Alice Taylor Wilcox and I were discussing whether we would send our daughters (if any) to Agnes Scott. Alice gave an unqualified "yes." She liked the democracy of the small college; she liked its standards, its friendly professors and their teaching methods; she liked the emphasis—less often found in northern colleges of comparable scholastic rating—on making "ladies" of us.

I agreed that, for many of the same reasons, I was glad I'd attended Agnes Scott. But whether I'd send my daughter there would depend on what happened to our Alma Mater in the intervening years.

Now I have a daughter four weeks old, and I hereby give notice to Agnes Scott that, some seventeen years hence, I'll recommend it to young Deborah if it fulfills these standards:

1. Emphasis on methods rather than on facts, or Make 'em think—don't let 'em be parrots.

College courses should go beyond high school, not merely in the amount of knowledge crammed into the

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

student but in the way the student is trained to think. Granted that facts are needed as groundwork, these facts (or merely information on where to find them) should be given during freshman and sophomore years in survey courses. Most of the junior and senior years could then be devoted to what I call methods: learning how to think critically and independently, to form independent judgments, to evaluate material.

Some professors tried to give such training back in my day (the thirties) but even *they* gave it only as an extra; you still made A on their exams if you merely crammed the page with facts. Possibly the honors program, instituted recently, meets the need I have expressed. I will want to make sure that it does before Debbie enrolls in 1963.

2. Either discontinuance of the required Bible courses or a liberalizing of them.

I had looked forward to my college courses in Bible as an opportunity to ask questions on sources of Biblical literature, why such-and-such was included in the Book and something else wasn't, whether such-and-such was to be taken literally or figuratively, and so on. To my extreme disappointment, I found the two courses were given dogmatically, with no chance to question. The result was that anyone who had attended Sunday School and knew the Bible stories learned little or nothing and wasted a year. I hope the situation may have changed by now.

3. Creation of a philosophy department and enlargement of the economics department, or access to adequate courses in these fields at other schools in the University System.

Frankly, I never wanted to take any economics. It is as foreign to my nature as chemistry, and Mr. Holt can testify that I was a dolt there. But I think in this day and age economics is so important to our daily lives that I'd like my daughter exposed to it. And philosophy seems to me the very essence of the liberal arts; there should be more than a single course in it.



**DOROTHY SPRAGENS**  
Winner of the Hopkins Jewel

In the non-curricular, I'll look for —

4. Continuance of the present religious emphasis.

Not I alone but many of us were grateful to Dr. McCain for the strongly Christian and yet tolerant atmosphere of Agnes Scott. The voluntary evening vespers and Freshman Bible class (which I was sorry to see ended) are rich memories. I cannot join those who opposed compulsory morning chapel; it after all was more an assembly where announcements important to the entire student body could be made than it was a religious service. Perhaps there is more reason for criticizing compulsory attendance at Sunday church, lenient though the cut system was. Possibly the right of near-adult juniors and seniors to make their own decision as to whether or not to attend church should be recognized by abolishing the requirement for the upper classes.

5. Liberalizing of some social rules.

That smoking and dancing should be forbidden, and punished as if they were morally wrong, is the



## PERSONALLY SPEAKING

one respect in which I am ashamed of my college. Enforcement of these rules has taken time and energy which might be given to more important matters. To paraphrase Voltaire, I do not smoke myself but I will give my life for your right to do so. There no doubt is some point to the statement made by Dr. McCain recently in announcing a slight modification of the dancing rules. He said that many students come from homes where dancing is frowned on. If so, let the home, not the college, impose the standard.

### 6. Maintenance of some of the social strictures.

While some of the chaperonage rules might well be relaxed, I am willing, even eager, that my daughter find more restrictions than she'll have been used to

at home. She, like most Agnes Scotters, will be young, will be in a bigger city than her home town, and will be going with strangers rather than with boys known to her family. Yes, there is some reason for those chaperonage rules under which we all chafed.

Admittedly, my last three points are dragged in by the heels to a discussion on how college should educate our daughters. But since they have been much discussed in some alumnae groups lately, I wanted to add my bit.

And despite my criticisms, the fact remains that to help my daughter develop both a womanly character and a trained mind, I know of no college to which I'd rather send her than my own Alma Mater.



ARTHA BAKER is the first five-year secretary for the class of 1946. She was editor of the *Agnes Scott News* last year and is headed for a career in journalism.

# ALUMNAE HERE AND THERE

ELIZA KING PASCHALL '38 heads the eight new officers of the Alumnae Association elected at the annual meeting in June. The new president of the Association is a member of the Executive Board of the Atlanta League of Women Voters and of the Atlanta Y. W. C. A. Other officers elected were MARGARET RIDLEY, '33, second vice-president; BETTY MEDLOCK '42, treasurer; LITA GOSS '36, chairman of the Publications Committee; HATTIE LEE WEST CANDLER Inst., chairman of the House Decorations Committee; ALICE McDONALD RICHARDSON '29, chairman of the Entertainment Committee; LETITIA ROCKMORE LANGE '33, chairman of Alumnae Week End; and NELLE SCOTT EARTHMAN MOLTON '33, chairman of the Second Floor House Committee. All of these officers will serve for two years with the exception of Nelle Scott Molton, who fills the unexpired term of Nell Patillo Kendall.

ANNIE LOUISE HARRISON WATERMAN, Inst., visited on the campus as a guest of the college for several days in the latter part of April. She was invited to speak in chapel and chose as her subject "The Three Knows." She continues her enthusiastic interest in good speech and sponsored a speech contest during her visit. Bet Patterson, a member of next year's senior class, won the prize of a \$25 dictionary which Annie Louise gave. She made the trip both ways by plane.

MARY ANNE DERRY '45 stopped by the campus to visit Miss Gaylord and came to the Alumnae House in June on her way from Australia to Washington, D. C. where she will attend George Washington University. She was delayed so long en route that she missed the summer session and planned to visit relatives in Macon, Ga. Mary Anne plans to prepare for the consular service. She gave us the information that Australian colleges and universities do not accept credits from colleges in the United States.

MARY WALLACE KIRK '11 was re-elected to membership on the Agnes Scott Board of Trustees in May. She spent a few days in the Alumnae House just before commencement and left for a month's trip to Mexico with Marion Black Cantelou '15. The plans were de luxe and included having a chauffeur and

private car to take them on trips of varying length. This, they explained, was the most economical way of seeing Mexico, and it sounds to us like the most enchanting way!

MARGARET MCDOW MACDOUGALL '24 was elected Trustee of Agnes Scott College in May for a term of two years.

RUTH KOLTHOFF '44 has been awarded a fellowship in the American College of Oriental Research in Jerusalem for the collegiate year of 1946-47. She will be the third woman to receive the Bachelor of Divinity degree from Princeton Theological Seminary. Ruth is engaged to marry Rev. Thomas W. Kirkman Jr. of St. Paul, Minn. who graduated this year from Princeton Theological Seminary.

ELEANOR DAVIS '46 flew to Hawaii after graduation to be married to William Scott Jr. on June 15. Bill received his degree in business administration from Emory University and is now serving as a communications officer with the navy at Pearl Harbor.

MARGARET SHEFTALL '42 crossed the Atlantic to be married in Geneva, Switzerland May 23 to George Miller Chester. They will be at home after July 15 at Greenwood Lee, Nashotah, Wisconsin.

MARTHA EAKES MATTHEWS' ('24) son Frank, was elected to the National Honor Society for High School students this spring and was one of 250 boys from all over Georgia chosen to attend a week's citizenship institute held at Georgia Military Academy in June. The project, called Boys' State, was sponsored by the American Legion to increase the boys' understanding of state government. Only one boy was chosen from any one school. A member of the junior class was chosen so that the boys could apply their new citizenship during the senior year at school. A part of the project was setting up a model state government.

ANNE HART EQUEN'S ('21) husband was honored by the creation of the Murdock Equen School.

arship of the Thomas A. Edison Foundation. The scholarship is permanent and is named for Dr. Equen "in view of his great achievement in science and laryngology, and his contribution to the development and use of the Alnico magnet for the removal of foreign bodies from the stomach and lungs."

**EVA WASSUM CUNNINGHAM'S** ('23) son, Robert, gained further recognition of his journalistic career in June when Robert St. John told the story of the 13-year old boy's neighborhood newspaper on his program "Facts and Faces." The fifteen minute program was on a national hook-up.

**ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM** '11 enjoys the letters received by her students at Commercial High School in Atlanta from English students. One English girl after receiving a picture of the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta wrote: "I think your city is a really wonderful place. My father says the view of the penitentiary would make people turn criminal to have a further view." The comment of one correspondent on the subject of juke boxes seems strange to us in this land of canned music: "Do you have juke boxes where you live? The nearest one to us is about fifty miles away in a little seaside town. When I first saw it (which was last year), I was so fascinated by it that I stood putting money into it for almost an hour. I'm looking forward to going there again." The Pen-Friends Club organized by Adelaide is doing much to spread understanding and friendliness between students of the two countries. *The Atlanta Journal Magazine* of May 26, 1946 carried a story about the club with pictures of the officers.

**EVELYN HANNA SOMMERVILLE** '23 spoke at the Writers' Club in Atlanta in April and before many other groups. A collection of her newspaper and magazine articles will soon be published in book form.

**RUSHA WESLEY**, Inst., has taught in the Atlanta city schools for forty-three years and is to retire this year. For twenty years she has been principal of the Lee Street School. She recalls beginning her career on a salary of \$300 for the first year. After her retirement, Rusha plans to spend her leisure time on genealogy, a life-long hobby of hers. *The Atlanta Journal* of May 7, 1946 had a picture of Rusha with some of her pupils and a feature story on her service to the schools of Atlanta.

**RACHEL PAXON HAYES** '29 is the author of the devotionals for May 6-11 which appeared in the Presbyterian Devotional Quarterly, *Day by Day*, and were later reprinted in a booklet published by the United Religious Education Advance of the Presbyterian Church for Christian Family Week. A copy of this booklet may be secured from the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, 8 N. Sixth St., Richmond, 9, Va.

**FLORENCE BRINKLEY** '14 has been awarded a travel grant by the American Philosophical Society to continue her work on Coleridge. She will go to England this summer to study some Coleridge manuscripts.

**EUGENIA SYMMS** '36 has been appointed Alumnae Fund Director for next year. Eugenia will also continue as Hostess of the Alumnae House.

**JAROSLAVA BIENERTOVA** '33 is now married. Her address is Jaroslava Putterlikova, Rakovnik, zavody "Rako", Czechoslovakia. She has written a moving account of the liberation of Kunovice, where she and her family lived during the war. Since it is not permissible to send money out of Czechoslovakia yet, Jaroslava has sent the story of the village to the Alumnae Association as her gift for 1945-46. Since the fall number of the *Alumnae Quarterly* is sent to all alumnae and not contributors to the Fund only, we are saving her letter and the story of Kunovice for that issue.

**MARTHA STACKHOUSE GRAFTON** '30 has been elected acting president of Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia, where she has been a member of the faculty and administrative staff since 1930. She is secretary and treasurer of the Conference of Academic Deans of the Southern States.

**LEONE BOWERS HAMILTON** '26 spent a month in Provincetown, Massachusetts this summer studying at the Hans Hoffman School of Art. "Redd" had two pictures selected for an exhibit at the Mint Museum in Charlotte, N. C. this spring. Her work was also exhibited in the All-Southern Show at the High Museum in Atlanta.





Archery is part of spring's lure at Agnes Scott.

## at our house

Nelle Scott Earthman Molton '38, newly elected chairman of the Second Floor House Committee, is already hard at work. She has purchased a hot water heater to be used in the summer so that rooms in the Alumnae House are now available the year round. Nelle's next problem is to find someone willing to give or lend the association a bedroom suite. One of the rooms had been furnished with a suite borrowed from a friend who now has need of the furniture. Nelle requests anyone with extra bedroom furniture and a kind heart to write or call her at the Alumnae House. The rooms in

the Alumnae House are for the convenience of all alumnae and the guests of students, and the rent received from them is greatly needed toward the maintenance of the house.

Mrs. Marie P. Webb, who was tearoom manager last year, is returning this year. Alumnae are invited to use the house and the facilities of the tearoom for entertaining. Mrs. Webb will make all arrangements for refreshments and decorations at reasonable cost. Dinner is served in the tearoom two nights a week, and alumnae with their family and friends are always welcome.



ROUND HOUSE which served in the past as a cabinet room for Y.W.C.A., for morning watch and other devotional services is still a favorite spot for quiet and meditation.

## NECROLOGY

### INSTITUTE

Lucy Durham Goss' husband, Dr. John Hamilton Goss, died in May after a continued illness.

Emily Divver Moorer died suddenly on May 26 and was buried in Anderson, S. C.

1924

Josephine Havis died in Atlanta after a brief illness

in March.

1933

Alma Earle Ivy's father Dr. F. Price Ivy died on April 3, 1946.

1937

Martha Head Conlee's father, Mr. William Head, died in June.





TENNIS IS FUN FROM THE BANK



THE SWIMMING MEET



*LES SYLPHIDES* AND *PIRATES OF PENZANCE*

Two of the most interesting programs of the year were the ballet recital which featured *Les Sylphides* and the annual spring Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.





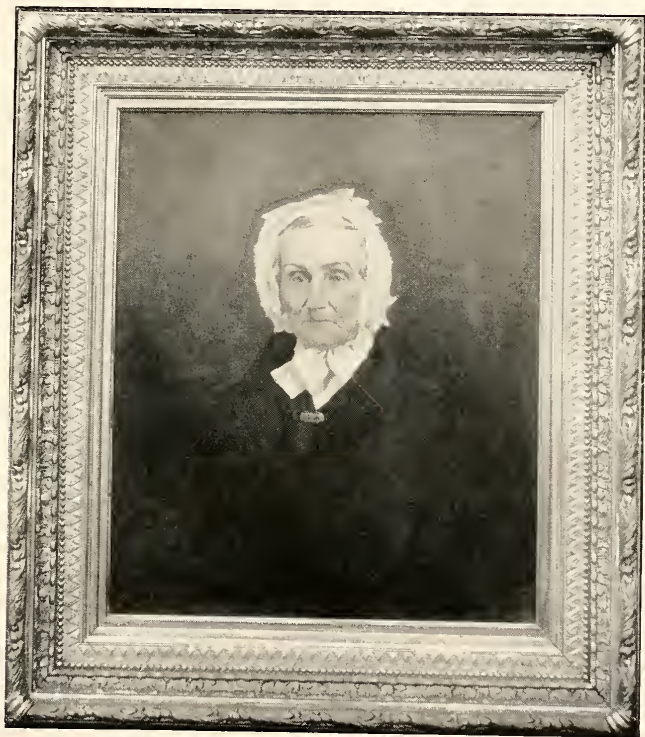
### THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

The present library was built in 1936. The 1946 *Silhouette* states that it is the perfect habitation for *any* type of concentration.

# THE AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

21



AGNES IRVINE SCOTT

Vol. 25-26  
AUTUMN 1946-  
19

*"our hearts shall enshrine thee"*

## YOUR NEXT ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

It's a long time till spring before the frost is even on the pumpkin! But the Publications Committee is already at work planning the spring number of the QUARTERLY which is to be an interpretation of the meaning of modern developments in architecture, ballet, literature, music and painting. The winter issue is a victim of steep increases in printing costs. The committee felt that you would prefer one less issue to a change in the size and type of the magazine.

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

ELIZA KING PASCHALL, 1938  
*President*

LULA SMITH WESTCOTT, 1919  
*First Vice-President*

MARGARET RIDLEY, 1933  
*Second Vice-President*

ELIZABETH FLAKE COLE, 1923  
*Recording Secretary*

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### Staff

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MARY JANE KING, 1937

*Alumnae Fund Director*  
EUGENIA SYMMAS, 1936

*Editor of the Quarterly*  
MARY JANE KING, 1937

*Office Assistant*  
EMILY HIGGINS, 1945

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BETTY HAYES

*Publications Committee*  
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# The Agnes Scott Alumnae Quarterly

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

Vol. 25, No. 1

"Our hearts shall enshrine thee"

Autumn 1946

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# CAMPUS CARROUSEL

## THE TIE THAT BINDS

In an age that speaks and would be spoken to in hieroglyphics, some are searching for the common denominators that would unite men in a mutual understanding. Common ties produce islands of peace and understanding which can be enlarged to merge with other islands. The Agnes Scott family with its nucleus of administration, faculty and students on the campus and its trustees and alumnae abroad is such an island. There are many ties that bind us together—common memories and traditions, a common ideal, a common language. In this *Quarterly* we have tried to bring you contact with some of the members of the family whom some others may not know well enough. For a few minutes of fascinating reminiscence with Agnes Irvine Scott of childhood in County Down, Ireland and an arduous journey across the Atlantic in the first quarter of the last century read Hortense Jones Kelley's article. If you wish to know who the trustees of the college are, turn to page 45. You want to know how some alumnae spend their time? Then see what Lucile Dennison

Wells has found in the scrapbooks at the Alumnae House. Read about the occupation years and liberation of a village in Czechoslovakia as described by an alumna. Take a trip back into the "good old days" with Jane Guthrie Rhodes, with Miss McKinney and Jane Taylor White. Let Janef Preston revive for you the inspiration of the kind of personality in the minds of the founders and which our two presidents, the trustees and the faculties through the years have sought to produce from the thousands of students who have registered at Agnes Scott.

The preparation of this issue has been like a treasure hunt and we hope that we have been able to communicate to you some of our excited pride. We wish that you could pore over the old scrapbooks, commencement invitations, pictures and souvenirs of the past here on the campus yourself, that you could talk to those here who recall so happily the beginnings of Agnes Scott fifty-eight years ago. As you will see, this issue is not a history of the college nor does it include all of the traditions or all of the people

who have helped to make Agnes Scott. But we hope that it has some of the elements that make memory dear. We are indebted to Dr. McCain, Miss McKinney, Miss Edna Ruth Hanley, librarian, Emma Pope Moss Dieckmann '13 and many others for assistance in securing information.

## NATIONAL CONVENTION

Your Alumnae Secretary and Alumnae Fund Director along with approximately 300 others representing college alumni attended the 31st annual convention of the American Alumni Council held at Amherst, Mass. July 10-13. It was good to exchange woes with people who understand how hard it is to keep up with thousands of alumnae who move with the seasons. It was good to feel the enthusiasm of men and women who think education is the most important single thing. The exhibit of alumni magazines made us proud of the announcement of a first place award for the second consecutive year in typography for the Agnes Scott *Quarterly*. The membership and fund records, the club activities and organization of classes reported by other colleges let us see a lot of room for improvement in our own work. Dr. Francis J. Brown of the American Council on Education urged college alumni to help secure constructive legislation affecting education. He warned of the tremendous effects of the G. I. Bill of Rights and its provisions for education of veterans on the colleges, pointing out that half a million veterans would be turned away from colleges this fall for lack of facilities. The increase of 50% in enrollment in colleges this year is expected to make serious changes in the curricula of the colleges involved. Housing, securing books and equip-

ment and overloading of the faculty are some of the specific problems. William G. Avirett, Education Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, called for a renewal of emphasis on the American concept of unlimited opportunity. His hope is to see America support higher education for the many and not merely for the few. He mentioned the possibility in the minds of some educators of a University of the United States with 48 branches and an Educator-General at its head with a post on the Cabinet. General Dwight D. Eisenhower was present at one session to receive an award as "the outstanding alumnus of the year." Eisenhower called upon the graduates of American colleges to furnish the leadership for an attack on the fears and selfish interests that divide the world into areas of antagonism. Pointing out that fear had united the "big three" to win the war, he insisted that a motive more compelling than fear must be found to unite the nations to win the peace that has become imperative. The keynote of the convention was the need for united leadership from America's college alumni, and all of the "shop talk" was consideration of ways and means of accomplishing that unity most effectively and most quickly. Our trip to New England enabled us to visit Amherst, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Vassar, Wellesley and Dartmouth colleges in search of new ideas.

## EDUCATION NOTES

Agnes Scott as one of the colleges in the University Center of Atlanta will cooperate in a five-year program to "vitalize instruction" with 32 other colleges and universities in the South for which the Carnegie Foundation has given \$900,000. Each college is to receive



\$4,000 and to add \$1,000 from its own funds annually for the program. Dr. McCain, president of Agnes Scott, and Mr. George Winship, chairman of the trustees, speaking to different groups this fall, explained Agnes Scott's position with relation to the problems of veterans' education. Our enrollment has been kept down to approximately the same number enrolled for the past twenty years to insure that the quality of the education offered will not suffer. It seems important that a liberal arts college for women students, such as Agnes Scott, maintain a standard of performance at a time when values will be shifting rapidly.

Colonel Blake Van Leer, president of Georgia Tech, represented the Southeast at the first meeting of the U. S. National Committee on Educational, Scientific and Cultural Cooperation held in Washington, D. C. September 23-26. This committee of 100 members will choose the American delegates to UNESCO which meets in Paris November 19.

The Federal Security Agency now includes the Social Security Administration, the U. S. Office of Education, U. S. Public Health Service and the Office of Special Services. John W. Stuebaker continues as Commissioner of Education under this reorganization.

The 1940 census revealed that 10 million out of 74 million adults in the U. S. are "functionally illiterate," that is, have completed less than

five years of school. About 3 million of these are negroes. The Carnegie Corporation has made a \$23,910 grant to enable the U. S. Office of Education to organize a one-year attack on functional illiteracy among negro adults. Initial conference on the project was held at Hampton Institute August 12-September 14.

The Three R's will have a new accent this year as 74 teachers in the public schools of the U. S. exchange places with 74 teachers of Great Britain for one year. Americans were chosen from several hundred applicants, the British from 1700. Southern towns that will have a British teacher are Raleigh, Charlotte and Gastonia, N. C., Greenville, S. C., Nashville, Tenn., Dunedin and Pensacola, Fla., Baltimore, Md., Newport News, Va., Orange, Texas, Birmingham, Ala. and Ashland, Ky.

In Georgia the state salary scale for teachers has been increased 50% for the first four months of this term. Census figures show that 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ % of the adult population of the state have never attended high school, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ % are functionally illiterate, and only 8% have had one or more years of college. The state per pupil expenditure in 1944 was \$56.84 a year or 18¢ a day. In 1930 the annual expenditure was \$32.

A statement from the American Council on Education: "General education should be the common denominator of educated persons as individuals and as citizens in a free society."

*A sketch based on the life of the Irish-American woman for whom our college was named*

## AGNES IRVINE SCOTT

Hortense Jones Kelley '38

*In a parlor of Main Building hangs a portrait of Agnes Irvine Scott. It was painted after her death from a photograph made when she was quite old. Mrs. Scott died in 1877. She was buried in a little cemetery overlooking the beautiful valley of the Juniata River, near the village which for sixty-one years had been her home.*

Mrs. SCOTT looked critically at the photograph. It was good, she told herself. It was really quite good.

She had been dubious about this picture-taking, but the children had insisted. And in the end she had gone willingly enough through the ritual of posing for the young photographer. As he darted from side to side adjusting lights, squinting expertly at her through first one eye, then the other, she had concentrated on following his crisp instructions.

For one past 70 it is no mean feat to shift equably from right to left, cross the knees, raise the right shoulder, lift the chin a bit, and look into the camera, please—all in the space of a few seconds. But she had managed it.

When the young man, satisfied at last, had set off his horrid-smelling explosive (out of consideration for his feelings, his subject had refrained from wrinkling her nose) and had departed with his bulky paraphernalia, Mrs. Scott was sur-

prised to find that she was not at all tired from the experience. Ignoring the family's suggestions that she go upstairs for a nice nap, she called briskly for a cup of tea—strong tea.

Then sitting—erect, as always—in her favorite ladder-backed chair, she looked down the sun-and-shade checkered street into Alexandria. The town was as familiar to her as the face of an old friend. From her parlor window she often took imaginary walks, deciding each time what stops she should make along the way—here to ask about a son who had moved to Philadelphia, there to commiserate with a rheumatic back.

But however the route varied, the destination was always the same: the Juniata. Mrs. Scott knew every mood of the shining little river that murmured its way through the peaceful valley where she had lived all her adult life. She loved its ever whispering voice—carefree or querulous, blatant or crooning. She never stood on its banks without reminding herself that the

water chattering past her feet soon would swirl into the Susquehanna, later to empty into the troubled Atlantic, and eventually—who knows?—curl around the northern tip of Ireland and roll softly up on the sands of Carlingford Bay in County Down, where she was born. Ireland—beautiful, desecrated, splendid, prostrate Ireland.

But on the day when she sat for her photograph, Mrs. Scott did no imaginary promenading. This picture-taking had strangely excited her. She wondered what the wrinkle-snouted camera had seen with its unblinking eye. Nonsense! Of course it had seen nothing. It had merely reflected an upside-down (distressing thought!) image of elderly Mrs. Agnes Scott, her grey hair tucked neatly into a white frilled cap, a plain black shawl about her shoulders, an amethyst brooch at her throat; Mrs. Agnes Scott, widow of the well-known boot manufacturer John Scott, step-mother of five, mother of seven, grandmother and great-grandmother of—how many now? And the other Agneses, the earlier Agneses—the matron, the bride, the girl, the child—would not appear in the photograph. They were all gone; gone down some darkling corridor, and unseen doors had softly closed behind them.

“You’re a foolish old woman,” Mrs. Scott assured herself fiercely. Nevertheless, it would be nice to have photographs of those other Agneses.

First there was a barefoot child, skipping down a green-bordered Irish road. Behind her kindly Uncle James Irvine walked with dignity beside his trim, dull-red cart. The little wagon was filled with new-cut turf which they were taking to school, as Agnes’ share of fuel for the winter.

On one side of the road loomed the mountains of Mourne, their somber beauty brightened only by occasional splashes of purple heather. To the north, the intensely green pasturelands of County Down stretched away in the distance toward Lough Neagh. Sturdy white farm cottages and bright banks of furze twinkled from the emerald hills. The wind was wet and fragrant.

Life with Uncle James in Newry, where Agnes had lived after her father’s death, was very pleasant. Of course she missed her mother and sister, but it was nice not to be poor any more. Uncle James was not at all poor. This small Agnes was quite happy. Very few children had their turf brought to school in a fine cart.

Then there was Agnes at 16—chubby, grave-eyed, subject to giggles. She was at a desk, her head on one side, absorbed in writing on the fly-leaf of a battered arithmetic. When the pen had scraped laboriously through the last line, she sat up and read over her work with evident satisfaction. It was a very clever verse she had copied it from a girl from Belfast:

*Do not steal this book for fear of shame,  
For under lies the owner’s name.  
The first is A, a letter bright;  
The next is I in all men’s sight;  
And if her name you chance to miss,  
Look underneath, and there it is.*

*Agnes Irvine, Novbr. 16th, 1815.*

The Agnes who had sailed for America in March, 1816, had carried that arithmetic among her small treasures. Clutching the knobby parcel, she stood on the dock at Warren’s Point saying goodbye to Ireland. And Ireland, like a beautiful, scorned woman, had put on her most dazzling finery for the occasion. The five



ile drive from Newry had been incredibly  
vely: the light new green of March spread  
eath-takingly over tree and bank; above, a  
y like a blue-and-white checked apron; the  
rly sun spilling splendor everywhere with  
mpartial carelessness. Goodbye, goodbye. Per-  
ps she should have accepted Uncle James' in-  
tation to stay in Newry, but when Mother,  
usanna and James Stewart had decided on the  
ove, thoughts of America rose like a rich,  
read tide in Agnes, and she could not stay.

So they stood at last on the busy, sun-lit dock  
nd felt in themselves a sick reluctance to board  
e waiting ship. Uncle James spoke, his voice  
uff with emotion: "Now, Mary Stitt, if things  
ver there be not to your liking, mind you come  
raight home again."

"We'll not be coming back, James," Mother  
swered firmly.

Ireland had been less than generous to Mary  
vine Stitt. She had been twice widowed. Her  
usbands, William Irvine and Edward Stitt,  
ere small farmers. They had worked desper-  
ately to wrest a living from the grudging, rock-  
rewn soil they tilled. But Ireland had beaten  
them; the near-starvation diet, the lack of even  
ne meanest comforts, the bone-cold winters, the  
et, raw winds of Ireland had beaten them. And  
ot without further heartbreak: a daughter, Mary  
rvine, and an infant son, Jonathon Stitt, lay  
eside their fathers in the Ballykeel burying  
round. Life in America could be no harder;  
ought, if reports were a fraction true, to prove  
deal happier. Mary Stitt turned purposefully  
oward the gangplank, and the young people  
ollowed.

The 36-day voyage was compounded of dis-  
omfort and horror: stale air in crowded quar-  
ers, wretched food, and always, night and day,

the restless noises of the ship. Sixteen-year-old  
Agnes thought that white-breasted sailing ves-  
sels should glide silently, effortlessly over calm  
waters. The little ship quickly disillusioned her:  
sail groaned and whined from creaking mast  
and beam, querulous winds buffeted the thresh-  
ing waves, decks rang with rhythmic, indistin-  
guishable cries of the seamen, the passengers  
talked, talked, talked—and eventually quar-  
reled.

Poor Mother was immediately and intensely  
seasick. Susanna, too, sickened, and wept in the  
arms of her young husband. Agnes and James  
nursed the two of them as carefully as possible,  
but Susanna grew steadily worse. Almost before  
they had time to become alarmed, she lapsed  
into fevered delirium, her cheeks flaming, her  
eyes bright and blank—and suddenly she was  
dead.

The blow left them dazed, shattered with grief  
and horror. Dear, gay, affectionate Susanna—  
it was incredible; it was monstrous.

They buried her at sea. And even then the  
noisy little ship, the sibilant water, the garrulous  
waves kept up their clamoring, were never de-  
cently still. Standing on deck between Mother  
and James, dry-eyed at last, Agnes could not  
hear any of the brief service the captain read.  
His halting words were snatched away by the  
greedy winds and lost among the jeering waves.  
But the sharp, wet swish of the coffin striking  
the water—oh, she heard that. She would hear  
it till she died.

After Susanna's death, Mother was never sea-  
sick again. She sat silent and unapproachable,  
wrapped in her grief. But she had made her  
peace with death. The sorrow in her eyes  
stopped short of despair; her faith was intact.

For the rest of the voyage the days were all

alike. The little ship rocked along its saucer of ocean, caught in the golden wheel of the sun which came up behind them every morning, rolled across the sky and slid flaming into the sea ahead. For Agnes the bright spectacle held only misery and bitterness. Often she turned on her mother with outbursts of rebellion and heartsick frenzy. Mary Stitt invariably answered with a passage of Scripture—always the same passage:

*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths.*

Years later Agnes wrote the verses in the front of her Bible.

When the waddling ship nosed into harbor at Philadelphia, the old zest and excitement, the heady America-fever, rose thick and dizzying inside Agnes. She could hardly wait to get her feet on this lusty, generous land—this brash, bountiful America. Her ocean-surfeited eyes swept joyfully over the bustling, colorful city, its gay, cluttered shops and bright houses interspersed with the rich, dazzling green of grass and trees.

But the 200-mile stagecoach trip to Alexandria was a sore trial. The coach was a cumbersome affair—little more than an open wagon. Its four wooden benches seated 12 passengers in acute discomfort. It wheeled down the rutted roads and lurched around curves with bone-jarring abandon. Even so they could cover only 40 miles a day.

Agnes listened with interest to the nasal, deliberate talk of the Yankees; talk of President Madison, of taxes, and the Whigs; talk of the new-fangled steam boat, which was interesting

enough but would, of course, never replace sail and good strong wind; talk of business in Philadelphia—of textiles, shipbuilding, iron, glass, fisheries, paper mills (“think of it, man, 53 paper mills in Philadelphia alone; the world has gone paper crazy!”).

The city was evidently a lively produce market, for the coach passed numbers of wagons loaded with fine crisp vegetables and fruits, headed toward Philadelphia. Young Agnes was more interested in the people driving the wagons than in the produce. How well-dressed they were; how well-fed they looked! She thought of the thin, hollow-cheeked faces of Ireland, of the spindly, white legs and wide, hungry eyes of the children of Ireland. Suddenly she was wretchedly homesick.

In other ways the stagecoach trip was far from pleasant. There were the curtains of unsavory leather which could be used to close in the high open sides, shutting riders in a breathless unnatural twilight. The alternative was to brave the occasional rains or the choking dust without protection. Passengers disputed the matter gravely.

Agnes’ second best bonnet and shawl were soon discolored and crumpled. The thick green foliage bordering the road began to appear too lush, too rich. Agnes thought longingly of the cool bleakness of the mountains of Mourne. She missed her friends in Ballykeel and Newry. And really it had become quite painful to sit down. She cried more than once before they reached Alexandria and the fine Irish welcome given them by Mary Stitt’s relatives, who had previously settled there.

Mrs. Scott was frankly reminiscing. She had entirely forgotten picture-taking in re-tasting the flavor of her momentous trip. She smiled to think

of 16-year-old Agnes, weeping for her home in Ireland, unaware of the happiness this new country, this America, big and open-hearted as all outdoors, would hold for her.

Which brought her to John. Mrs. Scott never thought of her husband without feeling a warm rush of wonder and gratitude that they had found each other, of pride in the good thing they had made of their love.

She had loved him immediately—his lean Yankee-Irish face, alive with intelligence and quiet humor; his gentle hands with their stubby, competent fingers; the good, leathery smell of him. She remembered how he quickened with enthusiasm over any shining new machine, how he strode up and down the room talking urgently of American industrial expansion, of something he called mass production and of the abundance it would bring to the world's little people. Oh, John, John . . . impossible to believe he had been dead almost 25 years.

He had been a good man—a quality, Mrs. Scott reflected tartly, which seemed to be considered somewhat unfashionable today. He had been a good husband and father, a good churchman and citizen. The men of the district had recognized his quality, for they elected him to the Pennsylvania legislature and later sent him to Congress. Mother had not been at all surprised. "I knew he'd be a good congressman," she said contentedly, "he makes excellent boots!"

Mrs. Scott smiled again. Yes, they had been extremely happy. The years had ripened between them as naturally and sweetly as the ripening apples that grew each summer in the south pasture.

And the children—our children; our daughters, our sons: Susan and Mary; John, James, William, George, Alfred—Mrs. Scott named

them over lovingly. She had worked hard at being a good mother. Though often close to helpless laughter or baffled tears, she had struggled to wear a serene face, to be loving but not indulgent. With no foolishness allowed, each child had got a thorough knowledge of the Shorter Catechism—and a good purgative every spring and fall.

Mrs. Scott chuckled. Seriously, though, she thought she had given her children a strong, intimate love of God. The Deity was no distant, nebulous Being to Mrs. Scott; they had long been on closest terms. She could and did call on Him to lend a hand when the cook quit with company on the way and two babies in bed with croup.

No gathering at little Hartslog Church was complete without Agnes and John Scott and their family. The church was rich in memories for Mrs. Scott. She had attended it regularly since that first Sunday when she and Mother had presented their letters from the church at Kilkeel. She remembered the children sitting properly in their pew, the girls dainty in perky hair ribbons and sashes, the boys shining with the damp, excruciating cleanliness of small boys on a Sunday morning.

The years had been full and happy. Agnes sang as her foot pulsed on the spinning wheel treadle, as she folded sun-dried linens, as she drew light, pungent bread from the oven, as she ladled up steaming vegetables and meat. Yes, she had been happy.

She had, then, no right to grudge grief his day. When John died in 1850, the light went entirely out of her life for a time. The death of her mother four years later left her doubly desolate. She fought her rebellious heart, desperately re-

*continued on page 16*



## WHAT MAKES A "GOOD" COLLEGE?

IS IT THE FACULTY? The students? The alumnae? The endowment? The physical plant? We all glibly say that this or that college—and Agnes Scott among them—is “good,” but on what do we base our judgment?

I suppose that it all depends on your point of view. To the general public, the college probably stands primarily on the record of its alumnae. More people know Agnes Scott by the works that we do, the attitudes we foster, the responsibilities that we assume than will ever know it through first or secondhand experience. To the public we are the end product, the *raison d'être*, of the college, and to the degree to which we conduct ourselves with intelligence and integrity, Agnes Scott is judged “a good college.”

Probably to the faculty and administration also, the record of the alumnae is a large factor in judging the institution, for after all, we are the proving ground for their efforts and accomplishments.

The alumnae of any college, however, form a unique group, for we and we alone are in a position to judge an Agnes Scott education on the basis of actual experience. Others can base their conclusions on sound principles, but they still remain in the realm of theory. We alone can say, “Agnes Scott did or did not prepare me for the life I have led; it prepared me in

this field but fell short in that one.”

Truly the hope of the world lies in education. Experience has battered us to the point of admitting that fact, but by the very admission, we recognize that it is not a matter to be left entirely to “the educators.” It is too far-reaching and too basic a factor to be delegated to any one group, no matter how skilled and how well-meaning. It devolves upon us as products of an educational institution, to return more than just loyalty or even money to that institution. We may have suggestions which are not feasible. We may have criticisms which are not sound. But only by bringing them to the attention of the college can they ever be properly considered.

You may say that you don't know much about the college any more. Most of us cannot keep in close personal contact with the campus, but the Publications Committee of the Alumnae Association, through the *Quarterly*, has been doing a remarkable job of interpreting Agnes Scott as it is today, and contacts with other alumnae and students increase our perspective. However, no matter how far or how near we have been to Decatur, the fact remains that a large part of our mind and soul is the product of Agnes Scott. Let us represent her to the best of our ability. And let us give back to her of our experience so that others might benefit by it.

# THE ELEMENTS OF DISTINCTION

## SOME IMPLICATIONS OF THE AGNES SCOTT IDEAL

Jane Newman Preston '21

IN A MOVING INCIDENT of *Shadows on the Rock* Willa Cather tells of a young girl's realization of her heritage. After her mother's death Cécile Auclair kept house for her father as her mother had taught her to do, and like her she made a beautiful French home in the Canadian wilderness. But not until she shared for a few days the squalid life of a backwoods family did she fully understand what had been entrusted to her: "something so precious, so intangible, a feeling about life" that had come down through the centuries and that had been brought "across the wastes of brutal, obliterating ocean—the sense of 'our way.'" At home again Cécile looked at her shining copper kettles, her brooms and brushes, and in an ecstasy of comprehension she saw them as means to an end. With them one made a "climate within a climate; one made the days,—the complexion, the special flavor, the special happiness of each day as it passed; one made life."

Surely, we, too, receive from the past—through our family, our country, our college—deeds that help us make from all material things and from all circumstances "a climate within a climate"—to make life itself. But so hidden and intangible is the inner reality by which we

shape the outer that, although we feel its presence and its power, our realization of its meaning is fragmentary or long delayed. We hardly know how we have become ourselves. We cannot unweave the intricate strands of our being and tell what compulsion here or persuasion there wrought confusion or design. Though we are creatures of a various growth, few of us would understate the importance of our college in giving direction to all our powers of being. We know that we have been enriched, but only gradually do we comprehend and appropriate the ideal of living that Agnes Scott has endeavored to make effective in us and, through us, in the world.

In manifold ways we become aware of this ideal. We need only turn the pages of early catalogues to perceive what kind of education the founders of the college considered of first importance, what kind of person they wanted the Agnes Scott graduate to be. They did not dream of training chemists or retail buyers. They thought simply of providing the richest possible opportunity for acquiring understanding and for developing Christian character. They thought in terms of human beings whose awakened minds and dedicated spirits would make them effective



*Miss Nannette Hopkins,  
first teacher and first  
dean of Agnes Scott*

for good in the world.

Since, as they conceived it, the purpose of education was to develop a quality of life, only the best education could be countenanced. There is no compromise in President Gaines's insistence that the college must have "a liberal curriculum, fully abreast of the best institutions in this country; a high standard of scholarship; thoroughly qualified and consecrated teachers; the Bible as a textbook; all the influences of the college conducive to the formation and development of Christian character." And there is grandeur in the ideal crowning all others: "the glory of God the chief end of all." This high purpose has inspired President McCain as with vision and resourcefulness he has brought a young college to maturity. We are grateful to all those who made allegiance to standards a part of our intellectual heritage and who established as "our way" the tradition of Christian liberal education with its emphasis on the enrichment of life.

This enrichment is by nature subtle and indefinable, involving as it does the reason and the imagination, the will and the emotions. Many excitements and disciplines contribute to it. Only rarely is the Agnes Scott ideal of balanced development expressed in words. It is constantly being expressed in daily living. Each college generation has given it original and concrete interpretation and has worked ardently to widen the opportunities for its fulfillment. The honorary award of the Hopkins Jewel is made each year to the senior who most nearly measures up to our beloved first dean's conception of well-rounded development:

*High intellectual attainment, simple religious faith, physical well being, charm of personality — poise, dignity, simplicity, frankness, good taste.*

Only one senior receives this award, but she is representative of the many genuinely integrated persons who embody the power and beauty of the ideal. We each think of the spirit of our college as we have known it in unforgettable people. Their insight has illumined us; their joy in intellectual adventure has communicated itself to us; their sympathy with all things human has enlarged our spirits; their faith in the divine has strengthened our own. They have the poise and simplicity of those whom large interests make self-forgetful. Such people lift our aspirations toward fulfillment.

Our need of resources for living in this our troubled time compels us to evaluate anew whatever ideals we have inherited. To think again, as imaginatively as possible, of the conception of balanced and integrated personality—the ideal of our college and of all truly liberal and Christian education—may help us to clarify for



ourselves its elements of distinction. This phrase I borrow from Walter Pater, who suggests that higher education can communicate to us the power to recognize "the elements of distinction" in everyday living and to dwell in them so steadfastly that they become our real life and the mere débris of our days "comes to be as though it were not."

One kind of life that we desire is a growing life of the mind. That is the first implication for us in the ideal of being whole human beings. It means that all our lives we go on reading and thinking, as creatively as we can; that our intellectual and imaginative development, presumably begun in college, is a continuing adventure, which neither age nor lethargy, distracting busyness nor the ills that flesh is heir to, shall utterly prevail against. It means trying to gain an ever deepening understanding of "the areas of human knowledge essential to true wisdom." Whenever, late or early, we awaken to our need of this true wisdom, we seek knowledge and understanding with a new urgency. They are as necessary to us as sun and air. Feeling this need Keats wrote to a friend:

*I know nothing—I have read nothing—I mean to follow Solomon's directions, "Get knowledge, get understanding." . . . I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world . . . there is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought.*

Does not our road, too, lie there if we are to see our personal experience in right proportion and to take an intelligent and creative part in the general life? How else shall we help to uproot racial antagonism wherever it appears or to raise the standards of education in our public schools?

How help to alleviate the condition of the homeless peoples of the earth or to make our own homes "a climate within a climate" for the nurture of happiness and the durable qualities of character?

Furthermore, the comfort and delight of intellectual interests can leaven the whole of life. From the seventeenth century we hear Lady Ann Clifford (doubtless a lady perfectly trained to entertain her lord's guests and able if need be to achieve the "gracious preparation" of his food):

*If I had not excellent Chaucer's book here to comfort me, I were in a pitiable case, having as many troubles as I have here, but when I read in that, I scorn and make light of them all, and a little part of that beauteous spirit infuses itself in me.*

And we hear Dorothy Wordsworth saying, in exquisite unconsciousness of any conflict between domestic competence and the joy of reading:

*Worked hard and read Midsummer Night's Dream . . . bound carpets, mended old clothes, read Timon of Athens . . . dried linen . . . We spent the morning in the orchard reading The Epithalamion of Spenser . . . we sowed the scarlet beans . . . read Henry V . . . A sunshiny morning—I walked to the top of the hill and sat under the wall facing the sun . . . I read a scene or two of As You Like It. Read parts of The Knight's Tale with exquisite delight.*

These women, with a zest for intellectual pleasure, knew at least one way of dealing with the débris of their days.

Henry James once spoke of being captivated by a young cousin's "dancing flame of thought," and of certain delightful cultivated women as

having "intellectual grace . . . moral spontaneity." What woman would not like to have this truest kind of charm? Surely some attractiveness of personality—a certain social maturity—is implied in the very ideal of a cultivated person. We may smile at the standard of perfection as well as at the eloquent language of a seventeenth century eulogy of an accomplished woman, but surely it makes us uneasy about our own limitations. Lady Ellen was said to have "fulfilled all the duties of Humanity"; not only was her heart warm, her character virtuous:

*. . . her Sense was strong, her Judgement accurate, her Wit engaging and her Taste refined, while the Elegance of her form, the Graces of her Manner and her Natural Propriety of word and action made her virtues doubly attractive.*

This is an ideal of staggering completeness. "Oh! certainly," cries a voice from *Pride and Prejudice*, "no one can be really esteemed accomplished, who does not surpass what is usually met with." Indeed.

But, we think, a really cultivated woman has, as a by-product of education, a developed social sense. Now whatever else this phrase of rich and varied connotation brings to mind, surely it must suggest having good manners. And whether they are a fairy's gift at our cradle

or a hard part of our training, we probably agree that good manners are important. They reveal the measure of the educated heart, for at best what are they but an outward sign of imaginative and sensitive regard for others? They are indispensable to the art of living. This art requires of us, of course, familiarity with social usage and a thoughtful attitude toward changing social standards. It requires of us growth in all the qualities necessary for associating pleasantly with others on all levels of experience. What these qualities are must be a private discovery for each of us in the tension-spots of home and school, office and committee. Gerard Manley Hopkins's description of attractive people as those

*whom beauty bright*

*In mold or mind or what else makes rare* has a lovely inclusiveness: it evokes all named and nameless graces of captivating personality.

Physical well-being, observed or experienced, speaks for itself as an element of distinction. In no other sphere of living is an enlightened attitude more rewarding. We have hardly begun to understand the oneness of our being, though both medical science and philosophy teach this unity and our own partly examined experience confirms it. We have new knowledge of the power of emotional disturbance to put the body out of gear, but recognition of our interrelated-



*The summer house in the days when it was a spring house in front of Main Building and a strategic place from which to watch an exciting game of croquet on the front lawn*

ness as creatures of flesh and spirit is as old as man's wisdom. Plato pointed out the peril of "using the soul without the body and the body without the soul," and an ancient Hebrew writer voiced the familiar truth that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The modern physician seeks to release his patient from the bondage of anxiety and bitterness; great religion has always sought to free man from himself. We need always a fresh realization of the interdependence of mind, body, and spirit if we are to attain the balance that allows us to use all our powers.

Balance now is hard to find and hold. We reel under the big events, the big words. We do not know how to face the new epoch—or even the new year. But the future, so massive and mysterious in our consciousness, comes to us day by single day, each with a morning and an evening, a beginning and an end. Only against the day must we match our strength. And each day belongs to us by right of a great and simple power,—our power *to act* in it and so affect its quality. In this present little instant, so wholly ours, we can open our minds and hearts to "Beauty old yet ever new, eternal voice and inward word," and we can be obedient to the authority that speaks through the plain task to be done.

*No heaven can come to us unless our hearts  
find rest in it Today. Take Heaven! No  
peace lies in the future that is not hidden in  
this present little instant. Take Peace!*

So in 1516 wrote an old monk to a young friend. In this attitude there is wisdom and saving grace. Here for body and soul is a way of well-being.

It is the essence of religion, for the religious view of experience rescues our fleeting moments

from the abyss of nothingness. It transfigures with meaning our Present Tense. And this transfiguration is our deepest need, our dearest longing. In W. H. Auden's *For the Time Being*, a poem that gives a memorable interpretation of this theme, one of the Wise Men explains his response to the summons of the Nativity:

*With envy, terror, rage, regret,  
We anticipate or remember but never are.  
To discover how to be living now  
Is the reason I follow this star.*

Another one suggests the secret of finding this new life when he says,

*To discover how to be loving now  
Is the reason I follow this star.*

Indeed, the Christian conception of God as Love incarnate and redemptive throws the light of the Eternal Way on our human one.

For no strange land nor unimaginable time is the vision reserved; it is the transforming miracle and our Here and Now. Of this truth Francis Thompson sings:

*O world invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!*

...

*Not where the wheeling systems darken  
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.*

"We are two-fold creatures . . . dwellers in time yet capable of eternity," writes a great religious teacher, "and we are not happy . . . we are not fully alive until our life has an inside as well as an outside."



This ideal of being fully alive is our heritage. We best translate and transmit it by trying to embody it. And so, perhaps, we can help, in an age of turmoil and inhumanity, to keep un-silenced the voice of Mankind's supplication:

*O teach me to outgrow my madness:  
Ruffle the perfect manners of the frozen heart,  
And once again compel it to be awkward and  
alive,  
To all it suffered once a weeping witness.*

*Clear from the head the masses of impressive  
rubbish;  
Rally the lost and trembling forces of the will,  
Gather them up and let them loose upon the  
earth,  
Till they construct at last a human justice,  
The contribution of our star, within the shadow  
Of which uplifting, loving, and constraining  
power  
All other reasons may rejoice and operate.*

Acknowledgements:

For the concluding poem by W. H. Auden I am indebted to Elizabeth Drew and John L. Sweeney, *New Directions in Poetry*; for the excerpt from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journals*, to John Livingston Lowes, *Of Reading Books*; for Henry James' remarks, to F. O. Matthiessen, *Henry James, The Major Phase*; for the Lady Ann Clifford passage, to Elizabeth Drew, *Discovering Poetry*; for the eulogy of a seventeenth century lady, to Mary Ellen Chase, *This England*.

J. P.

AGNES IRVINE SCOTT *continued from page 9*

peating to herself, "—lean not to thine own understanding—" And in time she had won.

Mrs. Scott sighed. Suddenly she was tired—and cold. Perhaps, after all, a nap. . . She stood up cautiously, but not cautiously enough to fool the sly, jabbing catch in her back.

The following week she seldom thought of the courteous young photographer and his cumbersome box. Yet when he had brought the finished picture and she held it in her hands, she felt the excitement stir in her again.

The old woman in the photograph looked at Mrs. Scott with firm serenity. The soft folds of

the white cap framed a broad forehead and level blue-grey eyes. It had always been a satisfactory face—a bit too thin of mouth and square of jaw for beauty, but it had served very well.

It was a good picture, Mrs. Scott told herself. They were all there—all the Agneses. Suddenly she moved over to the desk, dipped a pen and wrote carefully on the bottom of the composition-paper frame. Chuckling, she quoted softly to herself, "For under lies the author's name." In a round, surprisingly firm script she had written: Agnes Irvine Scott.

# COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON SCOTT

"HOW CONSTANT, HOW THOUGHTFUL AND HOW DELICATE IS COLONEL SCOTT'S KINDNESS TO THE AGNES SCOTT FOLK, AND HOW RARELY BEAUTIFUL IS THE LIFE AND CHARACTER WE HAVE HAD GLIMPSES OF FROM TIME TO TIME . . ."

*From the first Agnes Scott annual published by the students of Agnes Scott Institute in 1897 and called The Aurora.*

*Jane Taylor White '42*

IN THE SPRING of 1890, while the opening session of the Decatur Female Seminary was being held in a small rented building, Colonel George Washington Scott invited his pastor into his parlor and said: "Mr. Gaines, the Lord has greatly prospered me in my business and I don't want it to harden my heart. I have decided to give \$40,000 to provide a home for our school."

If nothing were known of Colonel Scott but these words left to us by Dr. Gaines, we should have sufficient insight into his character to make us proud that he was the founder of Agnes Scott College. He was a man of business ability and of rare spiritual gifts.

But we know, too, that with typical dispatch, Colonel Scott headed North to inspect the country's finest school buildings. On his return, he must have said to Dr. Gaines, "I cannot provide the kind of home I desire for the sum I originally proposed to give. Here are my architect's plans for the building I want." Colonel Scott personally supervised the construction, and the total cost was \$112,250, a tremendous sum of money for that day.

The present Main Building was erected on a ridge selected by Colonel Scott several years earlier while he was riding on horseback through the Decatur countryside. It was a beautiful and romantic spot—one of the divides between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The water on the front of the new building drained away toward the Atlantic and on the rear, toward the Gulf.

At that time, it was the finest educational building in Georgia, regarded as a model of architecture and of modern improvements. It was lighted with electricity from its own plant, heated by steam, had hot and cold water, and sanitary plumbing. These comforts were so rare, it is said that the people of Decatur used to come out at night to marvel at the brightly lighted windows.

The Board of Trustees took the necessary steps to have the name of the school changed from the Decatur Female Seminary to Agnes Scott Institute, in honor of the mother of its benefactor.

Mrs. Scott, who was Agnes Irvine, was born

in Ballykeel, County Down, Ireland. She came with her mother to America at the age of 16, and was married to Mr. John Scott of Alexandria, Pennsylvania, five years later. George Washington Scott was born the fourth child of these Irish Presbyterian parents on February 22nd, 1829, and appropriately named for the "father of his country."

"There is a God who rules and reigns in the Armies of heaven, and who doeth His will among the inhabitants of the earth," was one of Mrs. Scott's typical utterances of faith to her children. Her strong influence upon his life led Colonel Scott to the conviction that, in the Christian education of women, of the future wives and mothers, lay the most promising method of building a godly generation.

George W. Scott was not of robust health while a boy in Pennsylvania. He was troubled with his throat, so that in 1850 he decided to try the milder climate of the South. He came to Decatur and to Atlanta, and his diary records that the latter was "the most stirring place for the size" that he had ever seen. He "saw between two and three hundred wagons in the town, principally all hauling cotton."

With true pioneer spirit, Colonel Scott continued South. And in the course of the next thirty years, the founder of Agnes Scott College made three separate fortunes, married his childhood sweetheart, became a military hero, and ran for governor of the state of Florida.

In Tallahassee he engaged in the mercantile business, but lost his fortune as a result of the war. He achieved great success in a cotton factorage and commission business in Savannah, but was cheated by his partner out of most of the proceeds. Fleeing the severe yellow fever epidemic of 1876 in Savannah, he came to Atlanta. Beginning without a dollar of capital, he rapidly built his third fortune in the manufacture and sale of commercial fertilizers.

A few years after his journey South, Colonel Scott married his childhood sweetheart, Miss Rebekah Bucher of Pennsylvania. They reared one son and four daughters. It is said that when Mrs. Scott died after a brief illness in 1899, her devoted husband, then in feeble health, never fully recovered from the shock of her death.

Although all of his family ties were in the North, Colonel Scott distinguished himself in the service of his adopted state of Florida during



*Dancing the minuet is the traditional Founder's Day celebration. Picture taken from THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY April 1925.*



the "War Between the States." He rose to the rank of colonel and held a number of important commands. By order of the Secretary of War, he organized the Fifth Florida Battalion, known as "Scott's Cavalry." Later, he was made commanding officer of the subdistrict of "Middle and West Florida and Southwest Georgia."

In 1868, over his repeated protests, the Democrats of Florida unanimously chose Colonel Scott as their candidate for governor. But the election was held under federal military rule, and he and his party were not allowed a victory at the polls.

Colonel Scott's life demonstrated the truth of the Biblical promise—that, to those who "seek first the Kingdom of God," "all these things shall be added." His church and spiritual things were given priority over all other interests. He was an officer and leader in every church he attended. For 25 years, he was an elder in the Decatur Presbyterian Church and served on many important committees.

He gave with such modesty and reticence, that the extent of his liberality will never be fully known. He was far ahead of his time in his generous and fair dealing with his own employees.

And so, it was only natural that when, in 1889, Dr. Frank H. Gaines, pastor of the Decatur Presbyterian Church, proposed to some leading members of the church the organization of a Christian school for girls in Decatur, Colonel Scott should be one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the plan. He was the first to sign and completely endorse the Agnes Scott Ideal, as formulated by Dr. Gaines, establishing strong spiritual and intellectual standards as the basis for build-



*Dr. Frank H. Gaines, co-founder and first president of Agnes Scott*

ing the school.

During the remaining fourteen years of his life, with all his power, influence, and ability, Colonel Scott stood squarely behind Agnes Scott Institute. With Dr. Gaines, he was the guiding spirit of the new school. During the early years, he paid the annual recurring deficit in full, and he gave generously for physical improvements as well as for endowment.

In addition, he gave *himself*—his interest, his counsel, his prayers, his constant support. He was present at every opening session of the school, and he lived to see it grow from grammar grade rank to a recognized college preparatory school, well on the way to full college status.

His was the joy of seeing a growing stream of young women at an impressionable age pass under the influence of the Agnes Scott Ideal his life did so much to foster.

# IN THE AGNES SCOTT TRADITION

*These excerpts from the notes of Miss Louise McKinney, Professor of English, Emeritus, were chosen for publication by Jane Guthrie Rhodes '38. Miss McKinney's notes, which we hope will be published in book form, are one of the best sources of Agnes Scott history and have been given to the Alumnae Association.*

## **The First May Day**

THE YEAR 1913 seems to have been an eventful year in the history of Agnes Scott for sometime during that year, or about that time, several customs that have become traditions came into existence. One of these was May Day. This is Emma Jones Smith's (1918) account of the first May Day.

"About the first May Day I can remember almost everything except the date. It was either in 1912 or 1913, and was sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. as a sort of money-making scheme. For a "consideration" they served chicken-salad and sandwiches and lemonade out of that imitation well-top that so often adorned the campus in those days. I cannot remember the name of the Queen, but I remember perfectly how she looked so that if I could only get my hand on an Annual of that year I could pick her out. I remember that the different classes were to come dressed as various appropriately bucolic groups, and that my class were to be the milkmaids. We appeared carrying fire-buckets and with what used to be known as "fudge aprons" over our dresses (probably middies since that is all I seem to remember owning at that time).

"I think the second celebration had Theodosia

Cobbs as Queen and I remember Charlotte Jackson's poem in which she announced what had been kept secret until that minute:

*Theodosia's to be Queen of the May, girls,  
Theodosia's to be Queen of the May!*

—at least it ended this way.

At that time we had the first May Pole Dance. Lott May Blair Lawton, 1914, taught it to the girls, or was the star performer. How we gazed at her in awe, because she was the first girl we had ever seen who had taken *dancing lessons!* She wore high-top white shoes almost to her knees. Almeda Sadler was to dance in the Morris Dance but, as she couldn't find her belt for her costume, she appeared at the last minute, out of breath, with two brown stockings tied together to make a belt. Almeda also sang a song. I can even remember some of the words.

*The royal roses reddened*

*And smiling deck the sad . . .*

—Oh, it was all too, too sweet!"

Taking the history of the tradition at this point, it was Miss Isabel Randolph of the Physical Education Department who suggested a plan that had been used at an eastern college, Barnard, perhaps—that of taking some mythological

characters and using them as a basis of the May Day performance. The students were not only to write the scenarios, but to plan the costumes and dances with the aid of the Physical Education Department. This particular plan was followed for years until both students and audience wearied of the sameness of the themes. And so they began to select subjects from a broader field, various legends and traditions, the planning and costuming still being largely the work of the students.

The student community was notified several months ahead that the scenarios in the competition would be due before the Christmas vacation and the results passed upon by a committee of faculty and students.

This plan has been followed ever since except in 1939, known as Alumnae Year and the year of our semi-centennial celebration when Margaret Bland Sewell, 1929, Janef Preston, 1921, Lita Goss, 1936, Mildred Clark, 1936, Hor-ense Jones, 1938, with Mary Anne Kernan, 1938, as chairman, were appointed to prepare the scenario for the May Day of that year. The title of this scenario was—*The Heritage of Woman*.

P.S. December 11, 1944.

Eileen Gober, 1903, has sent in this piece of information: that the class of 1903 had a May Day, a very simple affair, according to Eileen, compared with today's performances.

### *The First Debate*

The first debate between women's colleges in the South took place in 1913 in New Orleans, with Mary Helen Schneider Head, 1915 and Emma Jones Smith, 1918 as the team and Marguerite Wells, 1914 as alternate. The opposing team was from Sophie Newcomb and the ques-

tion was: *Resolved that the U. S. Government should own and operate the telegraph system.*

In the words of Emma Jones Smith, "That sounds very unexciting in the telling and yet from my vantage point in the list of those present it still seems a glamorous and important occasion. Dr. Armistead was our chaperon and treated us with such gallantry that we wouldn't have changed places with Alice Roosevelt or Ethel Barrymore. The Newcomb girls felt that we took an unfair advantage of the judges because we wore evening dresses, whereas they marched forth to battle clad in sensible white skirts and shirtwaists. I almost passed out from nervous excitement, but came the hour for the debate and I forgot everything but that Agnes Scott expected us to do our duty!

"When the news of our victory (it was a unanimous decision on the part of the judges) reached the college, it is told that the student body got out of bed and snake-danced over the campus singing, *These bones goin' rise again!* with Dr. Gaines leaning out of his window and adding a modest and dignified *hurrah* in a moment of silence. That hurrah produced as great an effect as our victory, I think."

### *The Origin of Founder's Day*

Sometime during the early part of the session of 1918, Dr. Gaines announced a holiday on February 22—"not because it was George Washington's birthday," so he distinctly stated, "but because on that day our Founder, George Washington Scott, was born." So Founder's Day began, and ever since that time it has been observed. It is generally marked by a festive dinner at which the seniors, at least, appear in the costume of George Washington's time. After dinner the college community goes to the gym-





study hall

nasium where a selected group dances the minut. After that the students dance as long as they choose—up to a reasonable hour.

“Besides this, the various groups of alumnae all over the country meet on this day, either in the home of one of them, or if the group is too large, they meet at a sort of banquet in some hotel. They assemble in time to listen to the broadcast over WSB from Atlanta. Dr. McCain speaks, giving some interesting things about our Alma Mater and Miss Hopkins’ “Dear Girls,” in her sweet clear voice used to be one of the looked-for features of the occasion.”

In 1945, the Granddaughters Club added a new feature to the celebration of Founder’s Day—that of a skit in which some of the early history of Agnes Scott Institute was given by members of the club. It is hoped that this will become a permanent feature of Founder’s Day.

#### *How the Agonistic Got Its Name*

In 1915, Spott Payne, 1917 and a group of students agitated the question of a weekly paper. On February 11, 1916 the first number appeared. It was called *The Agonistic* and continued under that name until 1938 when the name was changed to *The Agnes Scott News*.

It is interesting the way the first name, *Agonistic*, came to be chosen. A prize of a semester’s subscription was offered for the student suggesting the best name, and Anna Kyle, 1917, won the prize. Here is how she came upon the word, according to her own account: “One Sunday afternoon while I was drying my hair I took a small dictionary, went through it word by word and made a list of all the words I thought might be appropriate as a name of the paper. I then reduced that list to about five or six names and turned the list in for the contest. The word, agonistic, meaning according to the dictionary, *pertaining to mental combat*, headed the list. It seemed appropriate as we often spoke of Agnes Scott as *dear old Agony*. That is about all I know of the beginning of the Agonistic.”

The paper was published under this name until 1938 and finally changed because it was so often written incorrectly. It was quite frequently spoken of as *The Agnostic*; indeed in one of our own annuals the name was so printed. And so it seemed the best thing to change the name.

#### *The Alma Mater and Other Early Songs*

During the year of 1907, both students and faculty felt that there was too little singing among the students and a corresponding lack of college songs. So under the sponsorship of Miss Lovelace and Miss Spangler of the voice department, a song contest was inaugurated. A prize of \$2.00 was offered for each song accepted by the committee and the prizes were awarded after evening chapel sometime in the spring of 1909.

According to Jean Powel, ex-1909: “The first song contest must have occurred in 1907 or 1908, for after an absence of a year I returned to the campus to find everyone singing Louise

Davidson's *I'm a Hottentot* and the faculty song, *Our Fond Recollections of Past College Days*. I remember that I was green with envy, so when the contest was open in 1908-09, I worked hard on songs. Ruth Marion and I wrote a song to the tune of *Listen to My Tale of Woe* called *A Little Fresh at Agnes Grew*, for which we shared a prize.

"I also wrote *Agnes Scott, My Agnes Scott* to the tune of *Maryland, My Maryland* and submitted it. It was written in about ten minutes one night when we were singing and felt the need of a new song. It was adopted at the time as our Alma Mater song and was sung at a glee club concert at the Grand Opera House in Atlanta in April, 1909. Later, however, it was dropped for Dorothea Snodgrass Townsend's, ex-1910, Alma Mater song, a better song—"When far from the reach of thy sheltering arms, etc. set to the tune of *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms*, (which has been Agnes Scott's Alma Mater ever since). Dorothea also wrote a song beginning,

*My step is heavy, my word is law,  
I'm Dr. Gaines, I'm Dr. Gaines. . .*

and in the stanzas following there were take-offs of various faculty members. *The Purple and the White* by Annie Smith and Edith Sloan was used in that same glee club concert at the Opera House, so it must have won a prize.

"One of the cleverest songs we had was written by two members of the Academy faculty called: *No Loafing Place at Agnes Scott*, sung to the tune of an old negro song,

*I went to the Rock to hide my face  
The Rock cried out, no hidin' place.*

"It is thought that Miss Ella Young, principal of the Academy in the last year of its existence,

was one of the authors of this song, but the name of the other author has been lost.

"This is a fairly complete record of one of the student activities of the early days of the college, before the days of date parlours and week-ends away from the campus, (and Jean adds) I suppose it is a good evidence of my age that I think the old days were best."

#### ***How We Won Our Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa***

Sometime during 1914, Mr. Armistead, head of the English Department, Mr. Guy of the Chemistry Department and Mr. Olivier of Astronomy and Physics, conceived the idea of an honor society for the college. Mr. Armistead was probably the moving spirit as he was far-seeing enough to anticipate the establishing of a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in the college.

In order to bring this about eventually, there had to be an honor society with high academic standards and it must have existed for at least ten years before PBK could consider establishing a chapter in any college. Mr. Olivier, a devoted alumnus of the University of Virginia, proposed the name Gamma Tau Alpha because these three Greek letters were the initial letters of an inscription over a certain building at his university. The inscription was from John 8:3—*Ye shall know the truth.*

The first members of this honor society came from the class of 1914 and the charter members of this organization became later the faculty members of Phi Beta Kappa. And the first members elected were the three alumnae, Lucile Alexander, 1911, Anna Young, 1910, and Margaret McCallie, 1909. For the next ten or eleven years, election to Gamma Tau Alpha was a highly coveted honor. During this time, the

*continued on page 39*

# ANNUAL GIFTS AND COLLEGE PROGRESS

J. R. McCAIN, PRESIDENT OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

OUR MORE THAN 8,000 Agnes Scott alumnae are our most prized asset. In your success and usefulness, we find the real test of our own effectiveness as an institution. The fact that you do have happy homes and families, and that you are leaders in church and community life, gives to us here at the center more satisfaction than all the material contributions which you might make.

At the same time, alumnae support in financial matters has been very important. We have had seven major campaigns in the development of Agnes Scott, and not one of them would have been a success without alumnae workers and alumnae gifts.

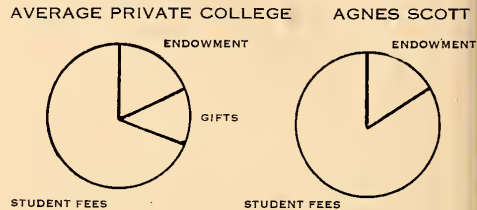
Campaigns will doubtless be important in the future, as we have many unmet needs, and our rapid progress in recent years proves the value of concentrated efforts. However, our college has largely neglected one important phase of institutional financing which others are using with good effect: namely, annual gifts for support.

Agnes Scott secures 80 per cent of its income from students and 20 per cent from endowment. It has never sought regular support on an annual basis for current activities.

Many colleges are receiving more from the alumni in annual gifts than from their endowment, and our own college ranks right at the bottom in this.

The accompanying diagrams will show the contrast between the average private college in

the United States and our own in this matter. They show the sources of income for current expenses.



The launching of our Alumnae Fund two years ago was a step in the right direction, and it has had an encouraging growth. At present the college donates \$2,000 per year to the Alumnae Association. The goal of the program is to become entirely self-supporting as an association and to donate to the college perhaps as much as \$5,000 annually. This would be wonderful—worth to us almost as much as \$200,000 of endowment at present rates.

The size of an annual gift as planned by the Alumnae Fund is not so important as the number of those who participate and take an interest. Giving for one year does not obligate a person to do so another time. There is much freedom in the whole plan.

Because I believe that the next forward step for Agnes Scott will be in securing gifts for current support, I am enthusiastic about the Alumnae Fund program, and earnestly commend it to all of our college-family.



# OF THE CLASSES

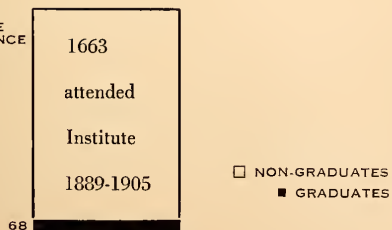
## 1893 THROUGH 1926

### A study of the Alumnae Association scrapbooks

*Lucile Dennison Wells '37*

THOUSANDS of us have taken wing from the nest on College Avenue, Decatur, Georgia, many with our tassels properly cocked to the right. And what have we and our tassels been up to? Let us not single out any one illustrious alumna. Let us not indulge our maternal bias. Let us just look at a few records for what they show. A sort of history of each member of each class can be found in the scrapbooks kept in the Alumnae Office. For all the help of the grapevine, the class secretaries, the newspaper clipping service, letters, scissors, paste, and the Alumnae Secretary, the histories are necessarily full of gaps. Some of the pages are just one big gap. But the books are jammed with facts which, collected and fitted together, cast a shadow of what the first 34 classes may be.

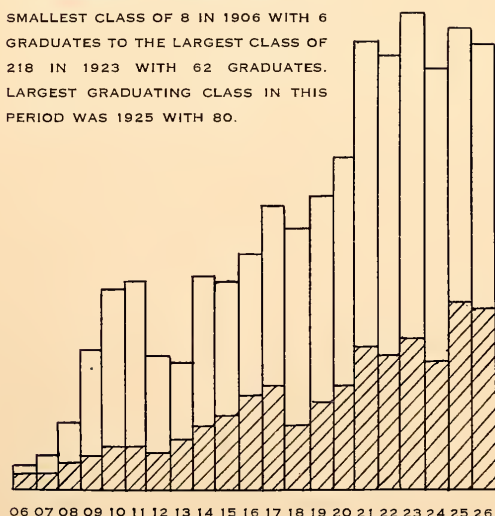
FIG. 2  
INSTITUTE  
ATTENDANCE



68

The first figure indicates the increase in the attendance at the College from the class of 1906 through the class of 1926. The Institute classes were lumped together in the second figure because available non-graduate numbers for those years are not broken down into classes.

FIG. 1 GROWTH IN ATTENDANCE 1906-1926 SHOWING A RANGE FROM THE SMALLEST CLASS OF 8 IN 1906 WITH 6 GRADUATES TO THE LARGEST CLASS OF 218 IN 1923 WITH 62 GRADUATES. LARGEST GRADUATING CLASS IN THIS PERIOD WAS 1925 WITH 80.



06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

FIG. 3 VOCATIONAL TREND  
CLASSES 1893-1926

class	education	church	social work	arts	medicine	business	library	newspaper
Inst.	13	2		7		2	2	1
1906	2	1						
1907	1						1	
1908	1					1	1	1
1909	5			1				1
1910	3		1			3	1	1
1911	3		2	2	1 RN	1		
1912	5		1			2		
1913	9	1				1		
1914	4	1	3	1		2		
1915	20	1	1	1			1	1
1916	6					4	1	
1917	17	2	4	1	2 MD	4		
1918	9	1	4	3	1 RN	10		
1919	17	1	3	2	1 MD	8		
1920	22	1	5	2		8	3	1
1921	30	1		1	1 MD	2	3	2
1922	19		6	2	2 MD			
1923	25	5		7	1 RN	5	3	3
1924	36	1	1	1		4	2	
1925	44	3	8	3	1 RN 3 MD	14	6	2
1926	46		7	3		4	3	1

FIG. 4 VOLUNTEER INTERESTS  
CLASSES 1893-1926

association members	church	social work	cultural clubs	women's clubs	ancestor clubs	causes	PTA	garden clubs
49	Inst.	2	1	3	2	14	1	1
1	1906					2		
3	1907	2			1		2	1
1	1908	1		2				
1	1909	2	1	1			1	
9	1910	3	5		1	2	2	1
9	1911	4	2	6				
10	1912			1	1		1	1
11	1913	2	5	1	1	2	1	
11	1914	5	3	3	1	3	3	3
6	1915	6	5	1	1	1	1	
10	1916	5	1	1	1	1	1	1
20	1917	5	7	4	1		1	1
14	1918	3		6	1	1		3
16	1919	7	10	5	2	2		3
10	1920	5	9	4		1	1	5
18	1921	8	6	7	1		2	1
17	1922	6	6	5		3	1	3
19	1923	8	12	4	2		2	3
23	1924	4	4	4		2		1
18	1925	6	7	9	4	2	4	2
18	1926	3	9	9	2		2	1

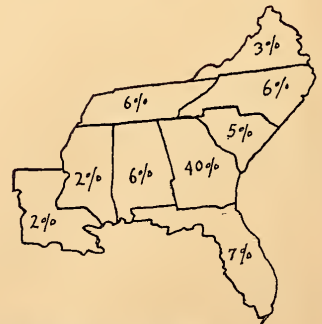


FIG. 5 GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ALL ALUMNAE THROUGH THE CLASS OF 1945. 77% IN THESE STATES, ABOUT 22% IN OTHER STATES AND 1% IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

No attempt is made in figure three, the chart on jobs, to include statistics on the labors of homemaking and child-rearing. Teaching predominates as the choice of working Agnes Scotters. Many of these teach only a while after graduating before they marry or go into other fields. Many return to teaching when their children are less demanding or when called by a teacher shortage. Of the categories covered in figure three "education" includes among the teachers, county school superintendents, college deans, directors of private schools; "arts" include writing, acting, dancing; "business" includes advertising, office work, insurance, department store work, owners of antique and tea shops, an operator of a travel service. The "church" column does not have tabulated the wives of ministers—who indeed work for the church on almost a vocational basis. Also not indicated is the service of alumnae of these 34 classes in World War II: 3 Red Cross overseas workers, 2 airplane workers, 5 WAC'S, 2 WAVE's and one Army nurse.

Figure 4 is obviously an inadequate representation of the volunteer activities of alumnae. Glancing at the bare PTA column, we can only imagine that even those who write in do not mention their constant interests. In the "social work" column are represented the YWCA, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire, Red Cross, Child Welfare, Junior League, etc.; in "cultural clubs," AAUW, drama groups, music and study clubs, historical societies; "ancestor" groups, DAR, UDC; "causes," political organizations, League of Women Voters, boards of various organizations devoted to social progress.

Our scrapbook information on alumnae may be too meager to warrant such a study as is here

made. A more thorough search of all files in the office would bring in a few more bits on these classes. Interviews with teachers and alumnae would reveal much more. A study of later classes would add light. Certainly it would profit the College in its planning to have a fuller and more systematic record of the wanderings of her daughters. If these charts do nothing else, they suggest that we consider whether we want better information on our alumnae and, if so, how we can secure it. The cooperation of the alumnae in answering a questionnaire at regular intervals might be considered. Last fall the classes of 1921 and 1936 of Agnes Scott and 30 other women's colleges were surveyed by a questionnaire on the number of their children. The information was reported back by a large proportion of the graduates and was helpful in making possible an interesting study. The conclusions of the study were that college graduates are not replacing themselves. The Agnes Scott class of 1921 reported 1.21 children per graduate as compared with the average for the survey of 1.06. The class of 1936 reported 0.81 per graduate as compared with the average 0.65. Addresses of alumnae, diligently pursued by the staff, are adequate for surveys.

The physical wanderings of alumnae are relatively restricted. The address files give a picture of the geographical placement of alumnae through the class of 1945. The concentration around the college is apparent from figure 5 which shows the percent of Agnes Scott alumnae in this section. On the faculty of Agnes Scott last year were eight graduates of classes through that of 1926. Of the entire student body last year ten percent were daughters of alumnae. Many of us are not "far from the reach."





## T H E   G O O D   O L D   D A Y S

*A group of favorite anecdotes about campus personalities that make us look back with appreciation for the delightful people who have been at Agnes Scott*

*Dr. J. D. M. Armistead*

*Told by Jane Guthrie Rhodes '38*

GATHER 'ROUND, ye modern Alumnae and present day students who consider your college antics beyond compare! Frankly, you haven't heard anything until you begin to gather the anecdotes of the past, the pranks and jokes which the faculty and students played on each other back in the days when our Alma Mater was just beginning.

For instance: can you imagine dating an Agnes Scott professor (there used to be four very eligible young bachelors on the faculty), or climbing the college water tank by moonlight and painting on it the name of your class for all to see next morning, or crawling through a basement window of Rebekah Scott Hall to raid the kitchen pantry? Can you imagine Agnes Scott when Miss Louise Lewis poured a pitcher of ice water through a transom upon the amazed head of Dean Nannette Hopkins? When the whole student body went on a strike for a holiday and got it? When the janitor felt himself so much a part of the campus family that he invited the entire college community to his wedding? When Miss Margaret Phythian's welsh

rabbit cooked on a chafing dish by lamplight was The college Sunday night event?

If you would know more, ye graduates of the '30's and '40's and ye present day students who lead such staid, dignified campus lives, hampered by all sorts of modern conveniences—if you would know more concerning the Good Old Days, then read on!

At five o'clock on the morning of April 1, 1918, it is told, all but two of the 125 students of Agnes Scott College rose from their beds and silently (in stocking feet) left the campus grounds. At seven o'clock of that same morning, Dean Hopkins, walking along the colonnade to breakfast, sensed an unnatural silence hovering over the campus. Entering the dining room a few minutes later, she found not a single one of "her girls" present. The matron was summoned. She arrived with fluttering hands and devastating news. Every dormitory bed was empty except the two occupied by the presidents of Student Government and Y.W.C.A. who had their heads under the covers and refused to come out! Dr. Gaines was immediately notified and the

historic search began. The campus rang with cries of "Where are our girls?" and "Why did they do it?" All buildings were combed and the search spread finally to Decatur's main streets. There at a certain grocery store, in the person of a certain delivery boy, the frantic faculty found its first clue.

"I've got an order of lemonade and fruit and tuff to be delivered at noon to a bunch of young ladies who are having a picnic out in Emory woods," he drawled. "Anybody want to come along?"

Without a word, the matron who felt her responsibility most keenly, got into the delivery wagon beside the delivery boy who clicked once to his horse and away they went toward Emory Springs. Some time after they arrived at the famous spring, and what a charming bucolic scene met their eyes! Young ladies, slender and beautiful, wading in the spring, filling the air with their merry laughter. "We'll stay here until they give us our holiday!" one maiden cried, and the rest shouted their approval. Then they turned to hail the delivery wagon which had just drawn up. And the matron rose from her seat with outstretched arms and great relief in her voice, saying, "Girls, come back! All is forgiven. Dr. Gaines says you may have your holiday!" And that was the beginning, ye modern ones, of your beloved Spring Vacation.

One very warm day in May, Miss McKinney looked out of her second-story window in White House and perceived with some alarm that the massive honeysuckle vine which covered one end of the porch was on fire. She hurriedly rang the college fire alarm and the men of the faculty rose from their unfinished noon repast, donned their fire hats and hastily trundled down the

college fire hose on a reel. In spite of their heroic efforts, the fire continued and the Decatur fire wagon was called. Then at the height of the excitement, with the Decatur firemen hacking at boards on the porch roof and with the college fire department furiously spraying water from below, Miss McKinney, who had returned to her room for a few choice belongings, leaned from her window and called out dramatically, "A ladder, a ladder! My kingdom for a ladder!" Whereupon, Dr. Armistead, head of the English Department, gallantly removed his fire helmet, held out his arms and shouted, "Just jump!"

Now all of this took place in the Good Old Days, remember, before the age of fire-proof buildings and introverts, when people were far less slaves to convention than we are today.

When the first automobiles were put on the market, Miss Lillian Smith went out and bought herself a brand new Buick. It was a beauty and she was very proud of it and also of her ability to drive it. On one occasion Miss Smith ran through the back of her garage in parking the Buick. Arriving at the faculty dinner table later, she related the incident with utter calm, adding, "Do you know, if I hadn't been in complete possession of my car, I might have had a serious accident!"

You modern students who never had Latin under Miss Lillian Smith missed contact with a delightful personality. You probably missed knowing Mr. Bachman, too. Mr. Bachman was the college treasurer back in the Good Old Days. A man of dignity and exceptionally well-groomed appearance. It is told that he bought a hat in Atlanta one day and wore it home on the Decatur trolley with the hat size ticket extending well below the brim. And he was so chagrined

when a fellow faculty member pointed this out that he never wore the hat again. On another occasion, Mr. MacLean, head of the Music Department, thought it would be a good joke to make Mr. Bachman, who had arrived a little late for dinner, read out again some general announcements which had just been made for the benefit of the young ladies assembled in the dining hall. Mr. Bachman very courteously accepted the notes which Mr. MacLean handed him and rising, adjusted his glasses and began to read. He was only half way through when the entire dining hall burst into a roar of laughter. This reception so surprised Mr. Bachman that his glasses (really and truly) fell from his nose into a bowl of soup that awaited him below. And he left the dining hall in great mortification. We are sure that all shy, sensitive people today suffer with him. But the Good Old Days were boisterous days, my friends, and practical jokes went on all the time.

Now we must relieve you concerning Miss Hopkins and the pitcher of ice water episode. Long ago, Miss Hopkins, for whom the Hopkins Jewel is named and who was Agnes Scott's first Dean, lived across the hall from Miss Louise Lewis, head of the Art Department. One April First the students decided to tie a rope from Miss Hopkins' door knob to that of Miss Lewis' and wait in the hall to see what would happen. Well, somehow, Miss Hopkins got the rope off her door and walked across the hall intending to enter Miss Lewis' room. At that moment, Miss Lewis who was standing on a table inside her door expecting more tomfoolery from the girls, heaved a pitcher of ice water through the transom, not on the heads of her intended victims, but all over Miss Hopkins instead.

In the Good Old Days, Westlawn was Bachelor's Headquarters. In this cottage lived four gay young professors, Mr. Stukes, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dieckmann and Mr. MacLean. The procession of these dashing young men across the campus on a summer evening, attired in their dark coats and immaculate white flannel "ice-cream" trousers, was something to see. Whom they would date next and which young lady they would marry were fascinating topics of discussion. We all know that Mr. Johnson married his accompanist, that Mr. Stukes married one of his psychology students after chaperoning her on numerous dates with other young men, and that Mr. Dieckmann married Emma Pope Moss who was an instructor in English.

But did you know that Mr. Johnson had to get special permission to climb Main's four flights of stairs in order to read to his Gussie while she supervised the piano practice hour at night? And that while walking across the campus with Mrs. Johnson soon after his honeymoon, Mr. Johnson was horrified to hear old Bill Etchison who had fired the college furnace for years shout from his basement window "There they goes! He just thinks he could eat her up. Well, that's the way I used to feel about my wife. And now I wish I had!" And did you know that long before she became Mrs. Dieckmann, Emma Pope Moss and her roommate hid in the organ loft in the swell chest, in order to overhear a faculty play rehearsal? And that while they waited in great suspense for the play to begin, Mr. Dieckmann decided to sit down and play the organ. And the two girls couldn't get out because Dr. Armistead, at their request and with Miss Hopkins' permission, had locked them in and taken away the key. Mrs. Dieck-



s Lillian  
ith after  
ure on  
Cicero



*Emma Pope Moss Dieckmann  
'13 and Ruth Slack Smith '12  
with the cabbage bouquet  
presented to Mr. Dieckmann  
in appreciation of the swell  
chest concert.*

ann says it was some time before they got  
ck their hearing again.

Dr. George P. Hayes tells this one on Dr.  
obinson who is back from the army this year  
resume his position as head of the Mathe-  
atics Department. "Henry," Dr. Hayes says,  
used to make mince pies for his family. He  
ok his recipe from an army cookbook and  
ould divide the measurements indicated,  
ough for 150 people or so, down to four."  
ny of Dr. Robinson's students, past or future,  
ill vouch for his ability to do this. Dr. Hayes  
so describes how Dr. Robinson used to use his  
ttle daughter, Anne, in his experiments with  
pecific gravity. First, he would place a basin of  
ater in an empty bathtub. Then he would place  
ttle Anne in the wash basin and measure the  
mount of water that overflowed as the result.

Speaking of scientific experiments, Mrs. Dieckmann boasts that the first family of bugs which Miss MacDougall became interested in were from her garden. She relates how Miss "Mac" called one afternoon to get some rich soil for a few flower pots. Mrs. Dieckmann took her around the house and gave her soil from a garden which had just been fertilized. "Naturally," Mrs. Dieckmann explains, "Miss Mac had to examine the dirt through her microscope before putting it in the flower pots. And in doing this she discovered a kind of parasite that had never been known to live off sheep before. So I am very proud of the fact that Miss Mac's first famous experiment sprang from my flower garden."

Miss Lucile Alexander loves to recall the days when Jim, the janitor, thought he ran Science Hall. She remembers two of his famous remarks, one to Mr. Holt soon after his arrival on the campus. Jim had just finished showing Mr. Holt the various rooms and properties of Science Hall and Mr. Holt said, "Well, Jim, I appreciate your telling me where everything is." To which Jim replied, "Yas, suh, Mr. Holt, with your larnin' and my experience we'll get along fine." And this other remark sometime after Dr. Olivier, who was famous for his ability to get along with people, had left the Science Department. Jim got to thinking about him one day and turning to one of the science professors, remarked, "Miss Preston, what's ever become of Mr. Olivier? He was the *commonest* man I ever knew."

Miss "Alec" likes to tell this one on Miss McKinney and herself. It was in the days of the Agnes Scott Academy and Miss Alexander was trying to teach Geometry, the Theory of Limits,

to her high school students. She was a little worried about making such an elusive subject clear to them and mentioned the fact to Miss McKinney who said, "Well, you try it out on me and if you can make me understand it, I know you can explain it to your girls." So Miss Alexander gave the lecture which she had prepared and when she had finished Miss McKinney observed her in silence for a moment and then said gently, "Now, Lucile, you really don't believe all that nonsense you've been telling me, do you?"

Well, we could go on like this for pages more, about how Mr. Cunningham (that distinguished "young man" you see going across the campus now and then always wearing his elegant black fedora and frock coat) how he, Agnes Scott's business manager in the Good Old Days, used to call Miss Daugherty, of the Infirmary, "little violet" while her affectionate term for him was "little sunshine"; and about the time Mr. Stukes dressed hurriedly for a dinner date and arrived at the street car stop with his bathrobe instead of his overcoat over his arm; and about Dr. Guy's popcorn ball parties after Chemistry lab hours; and how Dr. Sweet used to weigh all the Alumnae babies for the baby contest which was held on Alumnae Day until there got to be too many babies. Et cetera, et cetera!

And try as hard as we may we cannot think of a single contemporary incident that would hold a candle to these anecdotes from the past, unless

it could be the time during vespers that a cat had kittens in the organ loft of the old chapel and carried them down the aisle one at a time while Mr. Dieckmann played on without lifting an eyebrow. But this is the only one we can think of. So we who used to pride ourselves on being the most modern of the moderns, now begin to envy the young ladies who were a part of Agnes Scott's small fun-loving family in the Good Old Days, and to wonder how we could spend four years in the company of these same professors, for many are on the campus today, and graduate knowing so little about them.

Perhaps it had something to do with the change in the times . . . with the radio, the movies, the fraternity dances and all the things that were continually calling us from the campus. Or perhaps it had something to do with us. Certainly a class room of young ladies in immaculate white blouses, skirts demurely hem-lined, hair piled high and smooth, young ladies intent on draining the last ounce from the higher education so recently offered them—certainly this class room offers a marked contrast to the one of today where "slick-chicks," blousy haired and bobby-soxed, gaze out the window in a trance over the evening's date. At any rate, it's been a long time since anyone addressed us with the love and respect and pride which we used to hear in Miss Hopkins' voice when she looked around at all of us in chapel and said, "Dear Girls!"

Author's Note:

*If we have omitted any of your favorite anecdotes, please forgive us and send them on to Mary Jane. The Fall Quarterly has to be done in the summer, you know, and many faculty members were away on vacation while this article was being written.*

J.G.R.

# THE CHRONICLE OF OUR LIBERATION

## N KUNOVICE AT UHERSKE HRADISTE

Written in the days of April 29-May 12, 1945, by Jaroslava Bienertova Putterlikova, exchange student, 1933, and sent to the Alumnae Association "to give somehow evidence of thankful memories upon college days, a small gift to please."



### THE PLACE

KUNOVICE is a little village of about 5,000 inhabitants in the southeastern part of Moravia, one of the four lands, the Czechoslovak republic consists of. It lies some 60 miles from Brno, the capital of Moravia, and only 12 or 15 miles from the frontier of another territorial unit called Slovakia, which was not directly occupied by the Nazis, but existed as a free state, in German sense, of course. The next larger town is Uherske Hradistě with some 10,000 inhabitants.

The main characteristic of the country the village of Kunovice is situated in is liveliness and temperament. The eastern and western elements are mingled there strongly, the eastern ones surpassing. The country is rather picturesque in its peasant dresses with rich embroidery and bright colors, in its old customs and different dialect. To the newcomer it appears just as if smiling, singing and dancing all the time.

Besides, it is the home of excellent smoked meat, a special kind of home-made sausage and "slivovice," a kind of brandy burnt of plums.

People are mostly peasants with 30 to 60 acres of fields. They are strong, tall, good looking fellows, very proud of their being so different from their other countrymen, somewhat stubborn, but good-natured and gifted with hospitality which knows no limit.

There is no important industry all over this area except the shoe factories of Thomas Bata in Zlin. Kunovice itself lies on an important railroad which connects the West of the republic with the well-known eastern spas, i.e., Trensheen. Trenchanska Teplá, Piestany. There are two factories in the village: Avia, a factory for airplane repairs built by the Nazis on the very beginning of the war, and the brick factory and electric plant belonging to Mr. Joseph Abrham, where my husband John was employed as technical engineer. In the time of peace it might have been well considered as a dull place, but in the war time we found there a nice quiet home. We moved over there in November 1941.



Years were passing and every one of them hung like a heavy stone on our necks. Our first-born son died in 1942 at the age of two years of scarlet fever; our daughter Eva was born and growing up quickly. The year 1943 came and then 1944. The smiling spirit of the country dashed away long ago. There was a deep silence over the inns where young boys and girls used to dance and sing on Saturday nights. The same silence was over the houses. Nobody dared to speak aloud in fear for prosecutions. It was bad, but it was not the worst. The hell and fire of actual battles was still far away from our homes, in strange unknown countries and in spite of hard restrictions, we had our daily bread. All we knew about those remote battlefields were the news of foreign broadcasting and the whisper propaganda spreading its ear-to-ear informations.

#### THE MESSENGERS

So it was until summer 1944. In that year, on a bright day at the end of July, not long before noon there was a peculiar sound to be heard outside. It could be hardly said where it was coming from. It was in the air; the whole atmosphere was filled with this wide echoing noise. Before I could get out and inquire what was going on, John peeped in through the open window and cried out with an excited voice: "They are here!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Americans. Come along right quick, if you want to see them," was the answer.

Little Eva in arms (she was only twenty months old by that time) I ran out. Everybody was on their feet already. Workers of the factory, our neighbors of the cottage where we

lived, inhabitants of the near peasant houses—all were standing with their heads turned up, shading their eyes with palms and concentrated on what was going on upon the blue sky. We joined them. At the first moment I could see nothing, but after a while, when my eyes got used to the sharp sunlight, I recognized the airplanes—five, nine, twenty, thirty and others and others remaining invisible in the immense height above the clouds, which I could not count. Like silvery birds were they floating, seemingly nearer to heaven than to the earth, and the noise of their motors was falling upon the dead silent world beneath like the sound of solemn bells; slowly they passed over our turned up heads, leaving a trace of smoke behind them—a grave, majestic, respectable force of a free country, a brilliant testimony of victorious human spirit against brutality. We followed them with a moved, thankful admiring gaze as symbol of the strength and dignity of those who were with us and whom we were with in our hearts. None of us thought of their bombs and weapons. They were friends; they were messengers of peace.

Suddenly one of the aircraft separated from its group; the trace of smoke behind it became heavier—there was evidently something wrong with it. Then the crew jumped out. Little white umbrellas of the opening parachutes—small and funny like children's toys—appeared right over our house. The machine was on fire and sinking fast. It fell down near Velehrad, a pilgrim's place of our country, where the first Christian church was built in early middle ages, a few miles from Kunovice. We found out later that the whole crew rescued; only the pilot remained at wheel and died in the burning plane. He was buried on the graveyard of Velehrad beside

the ruins of that first Christian chapel. Very often there were fresh flowers on his grave, but in spite of all effort the Gestapo never found out who placed them there.

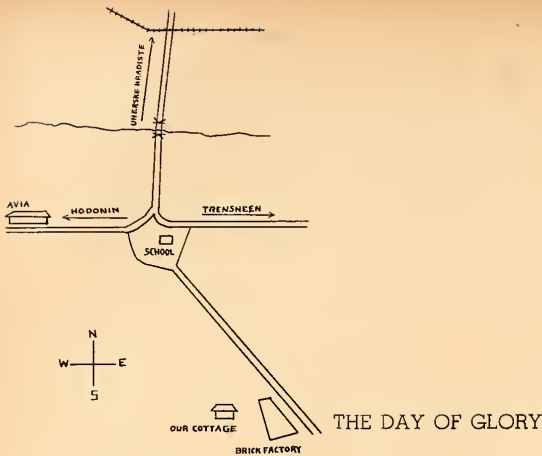
#### THE PRELUDE

During the rest of the year 1944 and in Winter and early Spring 1945 the situation on the battlefields changed thoroughly. No more did the war take place in remote countries, but week by week and day by day was approaching us. The Soviet Army was chasing Germans through Poland, Hungary and Austria. It stood at the gates of Vienna and bombs thrown upon this city and its surroundings shook the doors and windows of our house. In the week following the Easter holiday, Bratislava, another important town in the valley of the Danube, was conquered. What was going to happen now? Would the main attack follow the valley of the Danube or would it turn northwest along the valley of the river Morava and try to join the units, standing at Moravska Ostrava? If so, the German army in Slovakia and in our area would be cut off in a kind of a pocket and we would be in it too, of course. Such were the topics of our excited discussions about the future, but none of our carefully guessed-out schemes covered with the plans of the Soviet Headquarters. The army went northwest along the valley of Morava only up to Hodonin and then turned west to Brno, leaving us out.

The coming weeks were awfully strained. The front was quite close; we could see the burning houses and hear the artillery. Days and nights the Soviet airplanes were crossing the sky, throwing down weapons for the partisans, the shock of blown up bridges and railroads disturbed our sleep; cannon in the woods and on the hills

roared like an approaching thunderstorm. Houses were empty. People packed all valuable things and stores of victuals, hid them in cellars or dug them in fields and gardens. They were afraid of German robbery. Telephone and telegraph did not work. The village was cut off from the outer world. Endless transports of German soldiers from Slovakia filled the village. There were soldiers in inns, private houses, schools, everywhere. Cannon and tanks could be seen on the highways, yards, gardens. Roads were thronged with all kinds of vehicles—cars, motorcycles, horse wagons. The situation for the Nazis was critical and grew worse by every hour. None of them spoke about the victory any more. All they longed for was to escape the Russians and get to the west to be captured by the U. S. army, which already reached the Bohemian frontier at Hof. Our liberation was the question of days and hours, but how long these days were in ceaseless whining of the alarm sirens, in the restless hurry of leaving German troops, in running day and night into the cellar where we spent our time in fear and anxiety. How many times we had to run downstairs with our frightened, crying baby; how often even the solid grounds of our cottage shook of detonations outside!

So the life went on—so far as it could be called life—until Thursday, April 6th. On that day in the afternoon the last German troops left the village. Suddenly there was a silence all over us. The burning Avia, set on fire by Germans at the last moment, glowed in the twilight and the smoke joined slowly the heavy clouds of the low sky. With darkness the rain came and we stood on the threshold of the night as if some wild prediction might come true in this change of time.



There was silence even next morning until nine o'clock, when the first Soviet shots fell upon the village. Soon after that a disastrous explosion happened at the highway bridge across the brook Olshava, which was long ago underlaid with dynamite and now blown up by Nazis as their last terrible farewell.

Since early morning John was out with Mr. Abrham on a little hill above the factory, observing the country and discussing the situation. Suddenly a soldier appeared on the highway. "German," they thought. Some conspicuous individual, many of whom—having deserted the army—wandered about the country. "What shall we do with him?" they asked each other. "Let him go or give him a blow and throw him over the fence?" They observed the soldier carefully. He looked peculiar and his behavior was unusual. He waved his hand just as if giving notice that he wanted something. John with Mr. Abrham went quickly across the field to find out what was the matter and—how they were surprised, when they got closer and saw—it was a Russian soldier. The first one. And right after him others and others wide spread all over the fields.

Not only the factory, but the whole village was up in a minute. Young boys came with Czechoslovak and Soviet banner to greet the liberators, hands were shaken, Russian words were scraped out of memory, "slivovice," that genuine home brandy, appeared magically, prepared for a toast. We all felt tears in our eyes and one single thought, beautiful like the world around, filled our minds; the thought we have nursed in our breasts in those dim years and which came true on Friday, April 27th 1945 at 11 A.M.: we are free. Yes, we were free! What a marvel.

And soldiers went on and on, tired, sunburnt, covered with dust of thousands of miles they had to go through before they reached this unknown little spot of earth. In their rough coats and uniforms they carried along the smell of hay and ripening crop, the bright, wide horizon of their native country, the sweet, irresistible smell of freedom.

Such was our day of glory. It was great. It was marvelous. It was full of joy.

AND AFTER . . .

The glory and joy did not last very long. Right on that Friday, in the afternoon, the village of Kunovice got under German fire and anew we had to run into the cellar—and not only to run for a while, but stay there for long, anxious hours in the dark and cold. The electric plant did not work, partly because the network in the village was heavily damaged, partly because there was too much risk of a shot right into the heated up steam engine. We had no light, no warmth, no news. Our radio, the precious source of information in the past weeks, kept silent without the electric stream. Nobody dared to go down to the village and find out what was going



further on. We were like being in a submarine which had lost its periscope. We saw nothing, we heard nothing except those disastrous sounds outside.

It lasted until Monday, April 30th. Then the fire stopped; Germans moved away from our area and we crept out of the cellars like half blind worms.

#### OUTSIDE WORLD

It was a great relief for our poor civilian souls to see that there was no immediate danger of death any more, and life might have got quite another taste, had there been not so many depressing testimonies of the past events. In the fields and gardens around the factory there were deep holes after German shots, the houses in the surroundings of the blown up bridge were damaged—some of them ruined to the grounds, others without roofs and windows. The old public school on the Square, which served so long the Germans for lodgings, stood like a poor beggar, directly hit several times—old, dirty, devastated, a useless thing kicked off brutally by those who needed its hospitality no more.

And it rained. Hopelessly the heaven poured out its waters like tears which cannot be drained. The highways changed into bottomless seas of mud. Men, building the provisional wooden bridge across the brook Olshava, shivered with cold. Horses and cows stood nearby with heads down. Rain, rain, nothing but rain was falling on earth, desperate like the wailing of ruined beings, like the war itself. Yes, the war! It was a brutal thing and was not over yet. Its horrible echo could still be heard, though its end must have been near. How many towns and villages had to go through this and much worse, how

many places on earth had to suffer under its brutal fist! What looks France like, sweet France with gay Paris, and Russia and Greece and Italy and all countries in Europe. What a horror must have gone over Varsovie and Ukraine. How much suffering of commonplace people like me, my friends, my relatives, is hidden between the lines of an abrupt headquarters report, announcing that a village was conquered or lost. War—one word and it covers so much blood and tears.

I was pushing heavily the baby's carriage in the mud, when I went out for the first time. Eva, soaked wet, fell asleep. What should I do with her? Wake her up and make her see all this so she might never forget and stand up once, when she grows up, to say: no, there must not be another war. Or let her sleep and not bother her little innocent soul with this desperate picture.

#### PEACE

And yet—it was not so desperate after all. The sun came up and dried the highways, which soon became busy with those who came to Mr. Abraham's factory for bricks and tiles. The bridge stood already over the brook, sidewalks were cleared, people were restoring their houses. The sun poured new energy into the hearts of those who were downhearted a few days ago and made them able to set forth their work. Yes, work is the best medicine, because it makes us forget. And we have so much to forget, most of all that wild, desperate chaos in our hearts and souls. And we have so much work to do, too.

Thanks to this soothing remedy, we felt nice and comfortable in those days of May. We were free, we were alive, our hands and minds were busy with other things than destruction and death. What else could we wish for? The world

was so beautiful with the larks in the sky, with blooming trees, with all these forms of wonderful, changing, everlasting and all surviving Life.

And so the peace of weapons, which spread all over the world on the 9th of May, did not surprise us. It only completed the peace in our

hearts. Silently it came on tiptoes, took its seat at our tables and simply said: Here I am; but don't make anything out of it. It was as if someone came back, whose return we long expected, and without passing a word joined the everyday life.

## ALUMNAE HERE AND THERE

**LEILA ANDERSON '28** is in Europe attending conferences that will take her throughout the continent. She left at the end of June and planned to be gone three or four months. Leila is director of the YWCA at the University of California at Berkeley. Her first destination was Geneva, Switzerland and the World Conference of Churches to lay plans for a second World Conference of Christian Youth to be held next year in Oslo, Norway. Next Leila went to Cambridge University in England for an International Student Service Conference concerned with the relief and rehabilitation of distressed students all over Europe. The meeting was to establish future policies of the organization. Her third stop was Prague, Czechoslovakia (now under Russian influence) where a student conference was scheduled to form a new international student federation. A part of the business of this conference will be re-establishing a system of student exchange. Leila was the YWCA representative to the United Nations Peace Conference at San Francisco last year.

**MARY DWIGHT FORD KENNERLY '19** represented Agnes Scott at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Alabama College October 12-14. Mary's husband is professor of chemistry at Alabama College.

**ELIZA KING PASCHALL'S (38)** wedding veil of Brussels and rose point lace which she bought in Europe was in another wedding this fall when a friend of Eliza's borrowed it for her wedding.

**ELIZABETH LILLY SWEDENBERG '27** represented Agnes Scott October 3 at the inauguration of President Coons at Occidental College. Elizabeth and her husband live at 417 Gayley Ave. in Los Angeles. She will teach again this fall.

**MARYELLEN HARVEY NEWTON '16** had a wonderful surprise in September when her two daughters Jane Anne '46 and Reese '49 gave her a 25th anniversary party. Emma Pope Moss Dieckmann '13 helped to keep Maryellen in the dark by inviting her to a party at her house for that evening along with a number of other friends who knew that the invitation really meant a party at Maryellen's. There was a wedding cake and the wedding march played by Mr. Dieckmann and the fun of Maryellen's expression of surprise which lasted all evening.

**TOMMY RUTH BLACKMON'S ('38)** husband Seldon Waldo Blackmon Jr. has been elected president of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce. He is practicing law in Gainesville, Fla.

MARIAN McCAMY SIMS '20 has a new novel to be published this fall, *Storm Before Daybreak*. It is to be serialized by *Collier's* before publication. Marian writes about it: "It's an unabashed love story of two orphans of the storm, who live in a very different neighborhood from the country club section I've written about before. No message, and no social significance. There's too much of that suff masquerading as fiction today without my adding to the confusion."

LISELOTTE RONNECKE, exchange student of 1934-35, now Frau Liselotte Kaiser lives at Schwab Hall, Wurtemberg, Germany, Gartenstr. 11. She has two children, one a little hoy five and a half and the other smaller. Her husband is a dentist. Their home and his office were destroyed by air raids as was her parents' home in Hanover. She is teaching English in the public school and worked as interpreter for the American Military Government. She would appreciate receiving letters and reading material.

PIE ERTZ '45, Red Cross program planning director newly arrived in Seoul, the capital of Korea, was seated in a public place last January dressed in her Red Cross uniform. A fellow Red Cross worker spied her and asked with apparent excitement: "Did you go to Agnes Scott College?" Pie's amazement changed to understanding as she caught sight of the onyx and gold ring on the other's finger and discovered that she was BETH PARIS '40, of Jacksonville, Florida. We leave the denouement to your imagination. Pie is in Chinhae, Korea (in the Southern part) with a club in what was formerly a Japanese hotel. "The outside boasts an attractive bamboo and stone facade. A dell-like rock garden leads to the club proper. On the first floor are the canteen, library, lounge, craft shop, barber shop and offices. Upstairs

is the recreation hall with records, games, piano, room for shows, etc. Some of Pie's programs have been quiz shows, hill-billy, Korean talent, bingo, checker and pingpong tournaments, square dances. Twice a week during the summer the workers went by boat to Chedo Island, set up as a rest center for swimming, horseback riding, boating, fishing and hiking. Chinhae is on the edge of the Japan Sea, surrounded by mountains on all sides. It was a Japanese naval base. Pie lives in a little Oriental house complete with floor mats, sliding doors and two hard working Korean maids. She expects a possible transfer to Japan this fall and will be glad to see more of the East. Pie writes stories for the public relations department in her spare time. Her address is Hq. 6th Div. Art., A.P.O. 6, % P.M., San Francisco, Cal.

FANNIE G. MAYSON DONALDSON'S ('12) husband, Dowse B. Donaldson, has been made an alderman of the city of Atlanta.

SUSAN GUTHRIE '43 left for London August 20 to be private secretary to the chief personnel officer of the Office of Inventions and Research.

CARRINGTON OWEN '30 and three of her friends have a truly unique business, a Baby Formula Service. "Busy mothers call us giving us the formula prescribed by their pediatrician. We prepare the sterile formula and deliver it daily, collecting the used bottles." As the business grows the girls expect to give up their other jobs one at a time and make a fortune. Meanwhile Carrington teaches obstetrics and is supervisor of the obstetrical department of the Colorado University School of Nursing. As if 18 hours a day weren't enough, Carrington is working on a teaching manual to go with Dr. Eastman's (of Johns Hopkins) textbook for nurses.

#### AGNES SCOTT TRADITION *continued from page 23*

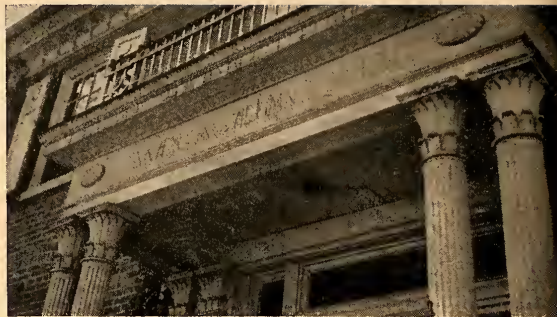
Agnes Scott faculty members of PBK were discussing with the national association the possibility of our admission.

In the spring of 1923, Dr. Voorhees, the president of the national association, visited Agnes Scott for the purpose of "looking us over." On

the day of his arrival, Mr. Armistead died very suddenly and so did not see the consummation of his hopes and dreams. For it was not until sometime during the session of 1925-1926 that the college received the recognition most desired, and a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was established here.



# AT OUR HOUSE



**VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND PLACEMENT.** Alumnae President Eliza King Paschall has appointed Mary Green '35 to organize alumnae vocational guidance and placement work to cooperate more effectively with the administration's guidance and placement services. Qualified alumnae speakers representing varied occupations will be brought to the campus throughout the year. A questionnaire to all alumnae to be used in setting up a new occupational file is planned. Such a file would make vocational information and placement possibilities available for the college administration, students and alumnae. We have four requests in regard to this work: (1) Send suggestions for alumnae speakers to Mary Green through the Alumnae Office (2) Return the questionnaire promptly when you receive it (3) If you work, keep your file of references in the Registrar's Office up-to-date by having each of your employers forward a letter of recommendation to Mr. S. G. Stukes, Registrar. Mr. Stukes has frequent calls for experienced personnel in

various fields of work and is glad to send recommendations of alumnae to prospective employers. He is also glad to hear from alumnae interested in changing jobs and will assist them in securing the type of work they want. Our new occupational file showing job experience and graduate study will enable us to cooperate with Mr. Stukes in this. (4) If you (or your husband) are in a position to employ, notify Mr. Stukes when you have a job to be filled. The *Quarterly* may be used to carry requests for personnel or requests for jobs. Names will be kept confidential if you desire. The *Quarterly* is also interested in descriptions of unusual occupations alumnae may have. Anyone interested in merchandising or starting a book store should read Mary Ward's letter in the 1943 Class News in this issue telling about her work as buyer for the Book Department in a large store in Detroit.

**MOST APT REMARK OF THE YEAR**—Voice on the telephone calling the Alumnae Office, "Is dis de dilemma office?"

**WHEN YOU VISIT THE CAMPUS.** Alumnae are always welcome on the campus. Write Eugenia Symms, hostess, for advance reservation in the Alumnae House. A room with private bath is \$2.00 a day to active members. A room without bath (when we get furniture for it) is \$1.00 a day. Our new Tearoom manager, Betty Hayes of Decatur, serves wonderful meals here in the house (breakfast and lunch every day and dinners Wednesdays and Fridays from 6 to 7) and is glad to arrange special parties for alumnae who wish to entertain here. For dinner reservations or party arrangements call Cr 5188 or write to Betty. Alumnae are welcome in the college dining room, but the college regrets that it must charge for meals this year. Breakfast is thirty cents and the other two meals fifty cents each. Advance reservation should be made.

**LOST ONE ALUMNA!** "I am not lost as the *Alumnae Quarterly* claimed. I am right here in my own home town. The *Quarterly* was justified in reporting me among the missing, however, for I have lost track of people and things connected with Agnes Scott. It won't happen again. My excuse is that I have been kept busy handling other folks' business as a staff writer for the———*News*."

**FOUND ONE ALUMNA!** Recently we regained contact with an alumna who had not been in touch with the college in 24 years but who saw a copy of the *Quarterly* in the home of a Presbyterian minister in New England and wrote immediately to the President of the Alumnae Association and several of her classmates.

**HERE'S THE SCORE.** Last year 1108 members of the Association representing 33% of the graduates and 18% of the total alumnae contributed \$7,095.05 of which \$4,779.53 was undesignated. With this undesignated amount, the college donation of \$2,000 and income from the house we supported a program of alumnae services *costing one dollar per alumna*. This included sending one copy of the *Quarterly* to all alumnae and the other three copies to contributors, keeping the office open all year to correspond with hundreds of alumnae, assist clubs and keep addresses up-to-date, operating the house and tearoom for alumnae and campus entertaining, and sending representatives to the national convention of the American Alumni Council. (For details of our budget see the Treasurer's Report on page 53.) Alumnae unity should be worth a dollar a person! High prices affect the alumnae office like everyone else and our costs of operation have been estimated at over \$9,000 this year. The college, too, is affected by today's prices. This is reflected in a raise of \$20 a year in tuition and \$55 a year in board effective at Agnes Scott this year. Last year for the first time since Dr. McCain became president, the college ran a deficit. The alumnae of other colleges support budgets of similar size to ours and make gifts to their college ranging from \$1000 to hundreds of thousands *every year*. (For instance, how much does your husband contribute to his college?) Let's raise our budget and provide at least \$5000 toward the college needs for this year!

**ALUMNAE DAY!** "Tish" Rockmore Lange and her committee have not set a definite date for Alumnae Day yet. Watch for the date in the

next *Quarterly* and plan to attend.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR.** "Having read a copy of the *Quarterly* at the home of a friend I am very anxious to get a copy for myself, as there were several such fine articles in it. I refer to the Spring 1946 issue. Would it be possible to send one? I enclose the money. I was very much struck with the spirit of the school, such a fine Christian influence on the girls. If only I had a daughter, I certainly would send her there. Lacking that I am talking it up to all my friends!

Very truly yours,

Priscilla Lyle (Mrs. George)  
Annapolis, Md."

**TO THE HOLTS.** A silver bowl, inscribed "In appreciation, Agnes Scott Alumnae" and with an old English "H" on the inside, was pre-

## CLUB NEWS

AGNES SCOTT CLUBS have an opportunity to demonstrate the as yet unexpressed fifth ideal of our college—that of service or the application of the other four to community living. There are local problems concerned with education, juvenile delinquency, welfare or government in every community to challenge the ability of college women. Last year several clubs discussed the responsibility of educated women to the community. Practical suggestions produced included furnishing speakers for community groups and developing a placement service. (See note on our vocational guidance and placement project in *At Our House* in this issue.) The Washington, D. C. Club plans a meeting this fall to which

sented to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Holt in June when Mr. Holt retired. Alumnae will never forget Mr. Holt's service to the college and Mrs. Holt's years of work in the alumnae garden notwithstanding their warm friendliness. Mrs. Holt expresses appreciation for the gift in a letter saying, "It will always mean to us friendships that we hold very dear." The Holts' address is 301 N. Market St., Staunton, Va. Mr. Holt is head of the chemistry department at Mary Baldwin College.

**ERRATA.** An observing reader called our attention to the fact that girls did not wear caps and puffs in 1919 as stated in *Campus Carrousel* Spring 1946. The last *Quarterly* misquoted Kathleen Logan Good. She named Miss Hopkins and Miss Cook as the only *resident* teachers during the construction of Main Building. We printed "the only teachers."

husbands will be invited. It has been suggested that clubs hold a dinner meeting with other alumni groups (men and women) in the society, perhaps organizing a college alumni council to work jointly on civic projects of interest to a Study projects relating to the history and culture of other countries have been adopted this year by some clubs. Several clubs have increased the number of meetings to be held this year. We hope that the work of interesting prospective students in Agnes Scott will continue. Mr. Stuk will be glad to furnish literature about the college to be distributed to local libraries and high schools. Viewbooks showing the campus as it now are being sent to all clubs for their members to see.



## GRANDDAUGHTERS CLUB

THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY in 1925 announced that fifteen alumnae had daughters at Agnes Scott, three of whom graduated that year. The editor commented that the college had attained the age where her daughters could send their daughters to their own alma mater. The Granddaughters Club was organized that year and reorganized in 1930. Since that time an increasing number of alumnae have expressed confidence in Agnes Scott, swelling the number of granddaughters. Last year there were fifty members. This year thirty-six of these are back on the campus, and present records in the office show that there are ten new students eligible for membership. Officers for 1946-47 are Caroline Squires, president; Lady Major, vice-president; and Katherine Davis, secretary-treasurer. This year the club is drafting a constitution and has voted to do some

of the scrapbook work in the Alumnae Office. The club plans a fall picnic for new members listed below:

Cama Clarkson—Cama Burgess Clarkson, '22  
Martha Cunningham—Eva Wassum Cunningham, '23

June Brown Davis—Margaret Brown Davis, '11

Carol Equen—Anne Hart Equen, '21

Clair Foster—Gussie Lyons Foster, Acad.

Margaret Glenn—Hattie May Finney Glenn, '11

Dorothy Medlock—Bessie McCowen Medlock, Acad.

Phyllis Narmore—Nancy Lou Knight Narmore, '27

Jane Oliver—Annabel Dowdy Oliver, '24

Catherine Williamson—Catherine Montgomery Williamson, '18

## THE TRUSTEES OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

The corporation of Agnes Scott College is owned by the twenty-seven men and women who serve without compensation as its Board of Trustees. The charter provides for 14 corporate trustees chosen by members of the Board in office as vacancies occur, eleven synodical trustees chosen by the Board, four of whom are confirmed by the Synod of Georgia, four by Alabama and three by Florida, and two alumnae trustees chosen by the Board and confirmed by the Alumnae Association. Corporate and synodical trustees serve four-year terms and alumnae trustees two-years. All are eligible for re-election. The individuals on our present Board are leaders in business, education and the Church and give generously of their time and energy to the progress of Agnes Scott.

George Winship, Atlanta, Ga.

Educated at Donald Fraser School (Decatur, Ga.), Bryn Mawr-at-Oxford and Georgia Tech. President, Full Supply Co., Director, Continental Gin Co., Bank of Georgia. Trustee, Berry School, Rabun Gap-Groves School, Y. M. C. A. metropolitan Atlanta. Member, Central Presbyterian Church, Atlanta. Treasurer, Y. M. C. A. Past President, Atlanta Rotary Club. Chairman, Board of Trustees and Finance Committee, Agnes Scott College.

C. Dendy, D.D., Orlando, Fla.

B.S. Presbyterian College; M.A. University of Tennessee; B.D. Columbia Seminary; D.D. King College. Graduate work, New College, University of Edinburgh. Director, First Presbyterian Church, Orlando, Fla. President, Kiwanis Club, Orlando. Vice-President, Orlando Community Chest. Trustee, Thornwell Orphanage. Member, University Club, Talent Committee, Central Florida Artist's Series, Faculty and Scholarship Committees, Board of Trustees, Agnes Scott College.

G. Stukes, Pd.D., Decatur, Ga.

B.S. Davidson College; M.A. Princeton; B.D. Princeton Theological Seminary; (honorary) Pd.D. Davidson College. Phi Beta Kappa. Registrar, Dean of Faculty, Professor of Philosophy and Education, Agnes Scott College. Executive Secretary, Faculty Council, University Center of Georgia. Chairman Scholarship Committee, member Faculty Committee, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

J. R. Neal, Atlanta, Ga.

Educated at A.&M. College, Madison, Ga. Partner, Wyatt, Neal and Waggoner. Past president, Georgia Security Dealers Association. Director, Bank of Georgia. Past Treasurer and Chairman, Board of Deacons, Druid Hills Presbyterian Church. Member, Capital City Club, Atlanta Athletic Club, Kiwanis Club, Finance and Health Committees. Board of Trustees of Agnes Scott.

Ansley C. Moore, D.D., Mobile, Ala.

B. Ph. Emory University; B.D. Columbia Theological Seminary; honorary D.D. Southwestern College; graduate work University of Chicago Divinity School, Union Seminary, New York, Union Seminary, Richmond, Va. Pastor, Government St. Presbyterian Church, Mobile, Ala. Trustee Columbia Seminary. Chairman, Student Work, Synod of Ala., General Assembly's Advisory Committee on Christian Education. Associate Editor, *Presbyterian Outlook*. Member, Executive and Scholarship Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

L. L. Gellerstedt, Atlanta, Ga.

B.S. State Teachers' College, Troy, Ala. Executive Vice-President, Citizens and Southern National Bank. Past president and director, Atlanta Chamber of Commerce. Member of local Advisory Board, Salvation Army. Trustee, Fulton-DeKalb County Hospital Authority. Director, Lane Drug Stores, Inc. Deacon, Druid Hills Baptist Church. Member, The Ten Club, Atlanta Athletic Club and East Lake Country Club, Finance and Health Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

John E. Bryan, L.H.D., LL.D., Birmingham, Ala.

A.B. Hampden-Sydney, Ala. Presbyterian College; LL.D. Howard College; L.H.D. Birmingham-Southern. Superintendent of Schools, Jefferson County, Alabama. Director, Community Chest, Southern Education Foundation, Washington, D. C., Boys' Club, Kiwanis Club. Past President, Ala. Y. M. C. A., Birmingham Teachers' Association, Ala. Education Association. Past chairman, Youth Protective Association. Vice-chairman, Jefferson County Red Cross. Member, Community Chest Executive Committee, Committee Crusade Christian Education, Executive Board State Training School for Girls, Anti-Tuberculosis Associa-

tion, Executive Committee Boy Scouts, Presbyterian Church. Past Vice-president, National Education Association. Member Faculty and Health Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**William V. Gardner, Th.M., Atlanta, Ga.**

Educated at University of Miss. and Southwestern College. B. D. and Th. M. Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va. Graduate study on fellowship at School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem. Trustee. Rabun-Gap Nacoochee School, Columbia Theological Seminary, Y. M. C. A. Atlanta Junior League Speech School. Chairman of the Board of Columbia Theological Seminary and Assembly's Executive Committee of Home Missions. Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta. Member Executive and Scholarship Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**S. Hugh Bradley, D.D., Decatur, Ga.**

B.A. Davidson; B.D. and Th.M. and D. Union Seminary, Richmond, Va. Pastor, Decatur Presbyterian Church, home church of Agnes Scott College. Chairman of Committee of Religious Education, Synod of Georgia. Member, Executive Committee, Board of Foreign Missions, Southern Presbyterian Church, Executive and Faculty Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**D. W. Hollingsworth, D.D., Florence, Ala.**

Educated at Southwestern College and Union Seminary, Richmond, Va. Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Florence, Ala. Member Health and Scholarship Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**C. F. Stone, Atlanta, Ga.**

Educated at Georgia Tech. President, Atlantic Steel Co. Director, Trust Co. of Ga. Elder, North Ave. Presbyterian Church, Atlanta. Member, Rotary Club, Finance and Buildings and Grounds Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**G. L. Westcott, Dalton, Ga.**

Educated at Philadelphia Textile Institute. Treasurer, Cabin Crafts, Inc. Trustee, Berry Schools, Thornwell Orphanage, Hamilton Memorial Hospital. Chairman, Whitfield County Community Chest and Department of Public Welfare. Director, Hardwick Bank and Trust Co., Boys' Club, Elder, Presbyterian Church. Member, Boy Scout Council, Civitan Club, Masons, Knights Templar, Shriners, Buildings and Grounds and Nominations Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**T. Guy Woolford, Atlanta, Ga.**

Educated at Goldey Wilmington Commercial College, Wilmington, Del. LL.B. George Washington University. Founder, past manager, secretary, president, chairman of the Board of Retail Credit Co. of Atlanta. Director, Southern Div. American Red Cross during first World War. Past president and secretary National Office Management Assn. Past president and director Community Fund. Past director and vice-president U. S. Chamber of Commerce. National Councillor Atlanta Chamber of Commerce. Past president, Georgia Forestry Assn. Treasurer, state Y. M. C. A. Chairman, Finance Committee, Georgia Sunday School Assn. Director Atlanta Retail Merchants Assn. Trustee Columbia Seminary. Member, Wage Stabilization Board, Presbyterian Church, Ga. Bar Assn., American Bar Assn., Masons (32nd degree) and Shriners, Atlanta Athletic Club, Piedmont Driving Club, Old Guard of Atlanta, Executive and Finance Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**Francis M. Holt, Jacksonville, Fla.**

Educated by private tutors, formerly of Yale Law School. Lawyer and Handwriting Analyst, practicing with Marks, Marks, Holt, Gray and Yates. President Children's Home Society of Fla. Past president, Kiwanis Club, Seminole Club, Community War Chest Director, International Assn. of Insurance Counselors, Deacon, Presbyterian Church. Member, Timuquana Country Club, Jacksonville Bar Assn., Fla. Bar Assn. American Bar Assn., Executive and Health Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**John A. Sibley, Atlanta, Ga.**

Educated at Georgia Military College. LL.B. University of Georgia. Chairman of Board and President of Trust Co. of Ga. Chairman of Board of Trustees Berry Schools. Trustee, The Lovett School. President Atlanta Farmers Club. Elder, Presbyterian Church. Member, Capital City Club, Piedmont Driving Club. Chairman, Nominations Committee and member, Finance Committee, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

**E. D. Brownlee, D.D., Sanford, Fla.**

Educated at University of Georgia, Southwestern College, Princeton, Davidson. Pastor, Presbyterian Church, Sanford, Fla. since 1913. Past chairman various committees, Synod of Fla. Formerly pastor Rock Springs Presbyterian Church, Atlanta. Member Nominations and Scholarship Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.



G. Scott Candler, Decatur, Ga.

Educated at Davidson. Commissioner DeKalb County. Trustee, Davidson. Captain in first World War. Superintendent Sunday School, Decatur Presbyterian Church for about 20 years following his father who was superintendent for twenty years and his grandfather who served for forty years. Grandson of Colonel George Washington Scott, one of the founders of Agnes Scott College. Grandfather on original Board of Trustees of Agnes Scott. Father trustee continuously for 49 years. Member, Executive and Buildings and Grounds Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

J. J. Scott, Scottdale, Ga.

Educated at University of Georgia. Executive of Whittier Mills and Scottdale Mills. Member, Presbyterian Church. Chairman, Buildings and Grounds Committee, member, Executive Committee, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

R. O. Flinn, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.

Educated at Richardson's Military Academy, Mobile, Ala.; Southwestern Presbyterian University; Columbia Seminary. Pastor, Roswell, Ga. Presbyterian Church. First pastor of North Ave. Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, where he served for more than thirty years. Chairman, Executive Committee, Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School. Trustee, Napsonian School. Former member General Assembly's Committee on Home Missions, chairman Synodical Committee on Evangelism, director Atlanta Bible Conference, committee member Federal Council of Churches, moderator Man-Presbyterian Council. Served with Army of Occupation in Germany in first World War as special speaker. Member, P. K. A., Friars Club. Chairman, Faculty Committee, member, Nominations Committee, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

Mrs. Samuel M. Inman, Atlanta, Ga.

Educated at Peace Institute. Formerly president, Atlanta Art Assn., Southern Women's Educational Alliance, Atlanta district; vice-president, Cotton States and International Exposition; chairman, woman's committee, Georgia Council of National Defense; director Atlanta Chamber of Commerce; director, Ga. Federation of Women's Clubs; trustee, University of Ga. War Memorial Fund. Member, Colonial Dames, DAR, Atlanta Woman's Club, York's Club, N. Y. Presbyterian Church. First woman elected member Agnes Scott Board of Trustees on which she is now

chairman, Health Committee and member, Buildings and Grounds Committee.

F. M. Inman, Atlanta, Ga.

Educated at the University of Virginia. Formerly, head of Inman, Aker and Inman; member of Williamson, Inman and Stribling; treasurer, Aldora Mills, Blount Carriage and Buggy Co.; director Atlanta & Lowry National Bank; member executive committee, Oglethorpe University. Member, Presbyterian Church, Capital City Club, Piedmont Driving and Brookhaven Clubs. Succeeded to father's place on Agnes Scott Board of Trustees of which he is now chairman, Executive Committee and member, Finance Committee.

D. P. McGeachy, D.D., Richmond, Va.

A.B. Davidson; B.D. and M. Th. Union Seminary, Richmond, Va.; honorary D.D. Davidson; now candidate for Th. D. Union Seminary. Retired Presbyterian minister. Formerly, pastor, Decatur Presbyterian Church; moderator of the Synods of W. Va., Ga.; chairman and organizer of Montreat Ministers Forum; chairman, Atlanta World Court Committee, Atlanta Christian Council. President, Montreat Cottage Owners' Assn. Contributor, *Christian Century*, *Chicago*, and various Presbyterian publications. Author *The Rock and the Pit*, play presented as thesis for Th.M. and produced in Charlotte, N. C. 1943 to audience of 6,000. Poet and writer of hymns. Member, Faculty and Scholarship Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

Mrs. R. L. MacDougall, Atlanta, Ga.

A.B. Agnes Scott; special study Assembly's Training School Richmond, Va., Biblical Seminary of New York and Cornell. Former instructor Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C. and Miss. Synodical College, Holly Springs, Miss. Vice President, Atlanta League Women Voters. Past president Atlanta Agnes Scott Club, Agnes Scott Alumnae Association. Women's Auxiliary and educational work in Presbyterian Church. Member, Faculty and Buildings and Grounds Committees. Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

Mary Wallace Kirk, Tuscumbia, Ala.

A.B. Agnes Scott College. Phi Beta Kappa. Past president Agnes Scott Alumnae Association; chairman Southern div. National Y. W. C. A. Council; member national board Y. W. C. A. and national Y. W. C. A. Student Council; officer in various Presbyterian and Synodical organizations. Member, Woman's Cooperat-

ing Commission of Federal Council of Churches, Southern States Art League, Poetry Society of Ala. Artist well known for etchings depicting Southern life which have been exhibited in a number of cities including New York City under auspices of the Studio Guild. Winner of Poetry Society of Ala. loving cup. Member, Nominations and Health Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

Wallace M. Alston, Th.D., D.D., LL.D., Atlanta, Ga.

B.A., M.A. Emory University; B. D. Columbia Seminary; Th.M. Union Seminary, Richmond, Va.; Th.M., Th.D., University of Chicago, Transylvania University, Columbia University; honorary D.D. Hampden-Sydney; honorary LL.D. Davis and Elkins College. Pastor, Druid Hills Presbyterian Church. Former Director Young People's Work, Presbyterian Church, U. S. Contributing Editor *The Presbyterian Outlook*. Author *The Throne Among the Shadows*. Member, Phi Beta Kappa, Omicron Delta Kappa, Alpha Tau Omega, Pi Delta Epsilon, Tau Kappa Alpha, Executive Committee of Religious Education and Publication, and Joint Committee on Student Work, Presbyterian Church, U. S. Member Buildings and Grounds and Nominations Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

NECROLOGY

INSTITUTE

Marguerite Ludlow Shelton's husband died in 1944.

1908

Bessie Sentelle Martin's husband, Dr. Motte Martin, missionary to the Belgian Congo for forty-three years, died in Africa in September. Dr. Martin was decorated three times by the Belgian government for his services in the Congo. He was buried in the mission he founded.

1915

Mary Helen Schneider Head's husband was killed in an automobile accident near Griffin, Ga. recently.

1916

Malinda Adelaide Roberts died in August.

1919

Elizabeth Lawrence Brobston's husband died last February in Lake City, Fla.

1922

Alice Whipple Lyons' husband, William Wallace Lyons, died recently.

1925

Lucile Gause Fryxell's husband, Carl A. Fryxell, professor of economics and accounting at Augustana College, was drowned in Florida in August.

Mrs. George C. Walters, Atlanta, Ga.

Educated at Agnes Scott Institute. Director, Church's Home for Girls in Atlanta. Member, Board of Stewards, St. Mark's Methodist Church, Y. W. C. A., Sheltering Arms, Tallulah Falls School, Needlework Guild, Omnibus Service Group. Contributed money to build Frances Winship Walters Chapel at St. Mark's Church and \$100,000 for infirmary at Agnes Scott, both of which are awaiting construction. Contributed \$50,000 Frances Winship Walters Foundation used for scholarships and \$5,000 for George C. Walters Scholarship Fund, Agnes Scott College. Member, Buildings and Grounds and Nominations Committees, Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

James Ross McCain, Ph.D., LL.D., Decatur, Ga.

B. A., M.A. Erskine College; LL.B. Mercer U.; M.A., University of Chicago; Ph.D. Columbia U. Honorary LL.D. Erskine, Davidson, Emory, Tulane. President, Agnes Scott College. Founder, Darlington School for Boys. Phi Beta Kappa. Senator United Chapters P. B. K. since 1937. Trustee, General Education Board of N. Y. since 1940. Past president, Association of Southern Colleges, Southern University Conference, Association of American Colleges, Association Georgia Colleges. *Ex officio* on Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

1929

Hortense Elton Garver's husband, Commander Carl Garver, was drowned in September while he and Hortense were sailing on their sloop from Jacksonville, Fla. to Parris Island, S. C.

Evelyn Wood Owen's eight-year-old daughter died in August.

1936

Frances Miller Felts' father, Julian S. Miller of Charlotte, N. C., editor of *The Charlotte Observer*, died July 28 while he and his family were returning home from Wrightsville Beach. S. C.

1939

Sara Sloan Schoonmaker's father, C. H. Sloan, died December 6, 1945.

1943

Lillian Roberts Deakins' father died in Atlanta last April.

Wallace Lyons Griffin's father, William Wallace Lyons, died recently.

1944

May Lyons' father, William Wallace Lyons, died recently.

# ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

## Minutes of the Annual Meeting

The Agnes Scott Alumnae Association met on Saturday June 1, 1946 immediately following the Trustees' Luncheon.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Margaret McDow MacDougall, who extended a welcome to the senior class. She announced that every member of the class had contributed to the Alumnae Fund, making the only 100% class.

She stated that her formal report would appear in the Quarterly with reports from other members of the Board but that she wished to make several announcements of interest to the members. The Association received \$8,000 this year, and there is now a balance of \$400 in the treasury. Our Quarterly for 1945 won special recognition from the American Alumni Council, being one of the two women's college magazines receiving honorable mention in the contest for "magazine of the year."

She stated that she had appointed a committee to aid the trustees and faculty committees in finding a successor to Dr. McCain as President of Agnes Scott. This committee will remain inactive at present as we wish Dr. McCain to continue to serve, but will be glad to receive suggestions from alumnae.

She announced that Mary Jane King will be Executive Secretary of the Alumnae Association and will continue as Editor of the Quarterly. Eugenia Adams will be Director of the Alumnae Fund. The alumnae office will remain open during the summer months.

She expressed her thanks to the members of the Board for their cooperation and work during the year.

A change in the Constitution and By-Laws was presented by Elizabeth Ann Wilson and was accepted by the members.

Mary Jane King announced that the Alumnae office did not have the names

of all the class officers and asked the aid of those present in securing this information.

Myrtis Trimble Pate presented a list of names chosen by the nominating committee. The following officers were elected for the new term: President, Eliza King Paschall; Second Vice-President, Margaret Ridley; Treasurer, Betty Medlock; Publications and Radio, Lita Goss; House Decorations, Hattie Lee West Candler; Entertainment, Alice McDonald Richardson; Alumnae Weekend, Letitia Rockmore Lange; Second Floor House Committee, Nelle Scott Earthman Molton.

The meeting was turned over to the new president, Eliza King Paschall. She expressed the appreciation of the association for the service rendered by our retiring president, Margaret McDow MacDougall. She then introduced the officers elected for the new term.

The election of Margaret McDow MacDougall as a member of the Board of Trustees was ratified by a unanimous vote of the members present.

Martha Rogers Noble, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, invited the members to visit the Alumnae House after the meeting.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted  
ELIZABETH FLAKE COLE,  
Secretary

## President

The year 1945-46 was one of crisis for the Alumnae Association as it entered the second year of the Alumnae Fund plan. The results are encouraging. On an enlarged budget and with an enlarged staff we were able to send three publications to over 6,000 alumnae, an increase of 2,000 more alumnae contacted this year. We are now reaching all graduates and non-graduates of the College, the Institute and the Academy whose addresses are

known. We increase our mailing list as addresses are secured for those with whom we have lost contact.

We are constantly improving the quality of the publications sent to the alumnae. The 1945 Quarterly received national recognition for its illustrations and layout which the *American Alumni Council News* stated "mark a departure from the traditional type of alumni magazine." The national *Mortar Board Quarterly* and Sweet Briar's alumnae magazine reprinted two articles from this year's *Agnes Scott Quarterly*. The *Journal of AAUW* in reporting on a study made at Radcliffe College compared alumnae opinion from that college to alumnae opinion as expressed in the *Agnes Scott Quarterly*. This national recognition of the work of our Association encourages us in our attempt to achieve status among alumni groups comparable to the status of our college among other American colleges, and we believe that such recognition has a real value for the college.

Another indication of our expansion is the widening of personal contacts with other alumni groups. The two members of our office staff visited the Alumnae Office of Sophie Newcomb College in the spring and attended the national convention of the American Alumni Council at Amherst, Mass. in July where they met representatives from most of the outstanding colleges in the country. Our Executive Secretary was asked to speak at one of the sessions of the convention. From such contacts Agnes Scott alumnae receive ideas for growth and at the same time spread a knowledge of what our college and our Association are doing.

The response from alumnae to this expansion of the Association has been productive. The clubs have gained in support and two new ones have been formed. Letters from alumnae everywhere expressing loyalty and interest in the college have contained sugges-



tions for expanding the services of the Association. A Student-Alumnae Committee for handling projects concerning both groups has been established as a result of such a suggestion. Names of prospective students have been furnished the registrar. When the Faculty Committee investigating names for our new president requested alumnae suggestions, many were received and alumnae have proved helpful in furnishing other information needed by the committee. This activity has been organized into a special alumnae committee for securing maximum assistance from alumnae for the faculty committee or the trustees.

We now have over 1100 active members who have contributed somewhat over \$4,500 in undesignated gifts and above \$2,000 in designated gifts, including more than \$1,000 collected on semi-centennial pledges. Our new plan of requesting voluntary gifts for the Alumnae Fund in place of dues has resulted in steady increases each year. This year we show an increase of \$1,121.90 over last year in undesignated gifts. While this income is relatively small, it represents the beginning of a system of organized consistent giving which we believe will enable the Association to make substantial gifts to the college every year within a short time.

Our largest percentages of active members are found among the recent graduates. 75% of the class of 1945 are active members and 100% of the class of 1946. We try to work more closely with the students and from freshman to senior year we provide various contacts to acquaint them with the work of the Association while they are nearby.

I wish to express appreciation for the fine cooperation and assistance given me and the Association throughout the year by Dr. McCain and the college administration. I am grateful also for the splendid work of the Executive Board of the Association and the encouraging support of the whole body of alumnae.

MARGARET McDOW MACDOUGALL

## Alumnae Quarterly Editor

Editing the *Quarterly* is requesting and acknowledging articles, studying photographs, drawings and type faces, preparing copy for the printers, assembling and typing class news, reading proof, pasting page dummies, addressing and stuffing envelopes, tying bundles of *Quarterlies* sorted by cities and states. It is all this and much more. The "more" is perceiving a purpose and making the magazine the unified expression of that purpose. As the organ of the Association, the alumni magazine is the expression of its purposes, policies, growth and aspirations. Our *Alumnae Quarterly* established in the last few years as a literary-type magazine striving for general reader interest has merely expressed the expansion of the Association itself as it comprehended its broader tasks as a stockholder in the future of higher education. As the Association has worked to achieve greater unity among Agnes Scott alumnae, a closer relationship between the alumnae and their *alma mater*, a community of interest between our alumnae and the body of college trained men and women of our nation, and finally, a deeper realization of our responsibilities as citizens of a world community, so the *Alumnae Quarterly* has grown beyond a news bulletin to become a sort of post-graduate course for alumnae to help them to maintain the high level of thought entered upon in college and to assume the "responsibilities laid upon them by their diplomas." Working as editor of the *Quarterly* for the past year has been for me, therefore, an attempt toward understanding of the college and of the association and toward expressing the ideals of each. The means for understanding are the common channels of communication—participation in the campus life to the fullest extent possible, attendance at Agnes Scott club meetings, board meetings, publications committee meetings, executive and staff conferences, informal conversations with alumnae, and study of the publications of the American Alumni Council and of other alumni associations and of the letters from alumnae.

The opportunities for expression in the unity which the publications committee wishes the *Quarterly* to have. A theme is chosen for each number—this year, "The Will to Peace," "Women on the Horizon," and "Liberal Education." Writers are chosen from alumnae, faculty members, visitors to the campus and outsiders of some special ability—this year, the editor of *The Atlanta Journal*, a columnist of *The Washington Post*, the president of The College of Wooster, the president of the Georgia League of Women Voters among others. A new feature "At Our House" was introduced to acquaint alumnae with the activities of the staff. "Campus Carrousel" continues as the editor's "easy chair," sometimes not so easy. The section "Alumnae Here and There" containing special news of alumnae from various classes is an attempt to break through the time walls that separate us into generations and to awaken a wider interest in alumnae as a whole. It is an answer to an alumna who wanted to know what other alumnae are doing. News of the clubs, the campus, the faculty and the classes continues.

The fall *Quarterly* is sent to all alumnae on our mailing list whether or not they ever contribute to the Fund. This is an attempt to maintain a certain unity among all our alumnae and to win the active interest of more of them for the work of the Association. We have an exchange list of approximately 100 who receive all issues.

This year's budget of \$2500 enabled us to continue the 60 page magazine printed on paper of good quality. Four issues will be published.

Your support of a *Quarterly* of high quality resulted in the 1945 *Quarterly* receiving an award of merit for typography and layout from the American Alumni Council and honorable mention for magazine of the year. Copies of this year's magazine have been submitted in the contest for 1946.

I wish to express appreciation for the great helpfulness and cooperation of the publications committee headed by Lita Goss and to the art editor, Leone Bowers Hamilton, for her competent and constant assistance.

MARY J. KING

3 publications to 6000  
 all Quarterlies to 1108 contributors  
 20 clubs  
 Alumnae House—Tearoom—Garden  
 Programs: Alumnae Day—Commencement  
 Entertainment: freshmen—seniors  
 Publicity: newspaper—radio  
 personal contacts: board—staff—others



1108 active members or 18%  
 letters expressing interest and loyalty  
 news for Quarterly and office records  
 \$4,799.53 in undesignated gifts  
 \$2,315.52 in designated gifts  
 interpret college to others  
 active club members  
 suggestions for expanding services

The figure drawn above was presented to the Executive Board as a chalk talk. The tips of the lines representing the approaches and responses were shown in green to symbolize growth. Green numerals revealed that 2000 were added to the mailing list and 274 more alumnae

were active contributors to the Association. Two new clubs were organized and undesignated gifts increased \$1,121.90.

The drawing above shows only the tangible results of an expanding Association, but interwoven with these

tangible responses we have observed a deepening interest in the college, in other alumni associations and in general education as it relates to the affairs of the world.

EUGENIA SYMMS  
*Executive Secretary*

## COMMITTEE REPORTS

### Student Loan Committee

Members of the Student Loan Committee, Mrs. Sam Guy, Mrs. Searey Slack, Miss Mary Wallace Kirk and Mrs. Guy Rutland Jr., met in March and discussed the question of making a gift of the student loan money to the college to be administered as they saw fit. It was to be used preferably for graduate work. Any designated gift may be added to this amount at any time. The committee passed this and asked that it be presented to the Board. A recommendation was presented to the Board to this effect and was passed. At the June meeting of the Alumnae Association this recommendation was passed. The Student Loan Committee was withdrawn from the constitution.

MARIE SIMPSON RUTLAND  
*Chairman*

### Alumnae Week End

Agnes Scott Alumnae Day was held on Founder's Day, February 22, 1946.

More than a hundred alumnae gathered in Maclean Chapel to hear a radio broadcast over WSB which included an address by Dr. McCain on *The Postwar Education of Women in the South* and a number of songs by the Glee Club. Miss Roberta Winter read the continuity.

Dinner was graciously served by the college in Rebekah Scott dining hall to all alumnae and their escorts. The tables were attractively decorated with miniature cherry trees, red candles, and red, white and blue hatchets—the traditional motif for the birthday of Col. George Washington Scott, the founder of Agnes Scott. Following dinner, coffee was served in the foyer by the Granddaughters Club.

The alumnae then enjoyed a visit to the art gallery where Leone Bowers Hamilton explained her work which was on exhibit. A significant feature of the exhibit was the fact that it covered the artist's work from her earliest lessons to the present.

The entire evening's program was characterized by informality and a happy holiday atmosphere. Some of the alumnae present who had not been privileged to visit the college in many years were enthusiastic in their praise of the evidences on all sides of the growth of their alma mater.

MARY LOUISE CRENSHAW PALMOUR,  
*Chairman*

### Constitution and By-Laws

The committee met during the course of the year and proposed the following change in the By-Laws made necessary by a recommendation approved by the Executive Board to the effect that the Student Loan Fund be transferred as a gift from the Alumnae Association to the college to be administered by the college, preferably for graduate work:

Article III. Officers and Committees

Section 3. (n) Leave out Student Loan Committee. Change other numbering in this section to conform.

Complete up-to-date copies of the Constitution were made this year by the committee, but it is our hope to have printed or mimeographed copies made next year after all necessary changes have been made. It is our belief that a constitution should be flexible but not subject to constant change and should be available in printed form.

ELIZABETH WINN WILSON,  
*Chairman*

## Tearoom

### Receipts

Budget current year	\$ 75.00
Gift from Atlanta Club	14.06
Gift from House Maintenance Fund for redecorating tearoom or buying linens	150.00
	<u>\$239.06</u>

### Expenditures

8 uniforms and 9 aprons	\$ 26.90
Tablecloths and napkins	28.11
Cups and saucers, glasses and bowls	17.95
Pots and pans	24.70
Other kitchen supplies	30.00
	<u>\$127.66</u>

Mrs. James Bunnell and Mrs. Ewing Harris resigned during the summer of 1945 as Tearoom Managers and hostesses because of illness. We were delighted to secure the services of Mrs. Marie P. Webb who has done a fine job for the year 1945-46 and who will continue in the Tearoom for the year 1946-47.

LOUISE MCCAIN BOYCE  
*Chairman*

## Entertainment

### Receipts

Appropriation of current budget	\$ 85.00
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### Expenditures

Freshmen tea in September	11.93
Flowers and refreshments for Alumnae Day	15.00
Senior parties	12.93
Dessert coffee for Senior Class	36.30
	<u>\$76.16</u>

MARTHA ROGERS NOBLE *Chairman*  
LINDA MILLER SUMMER *Co-Chairman*

## House Decorations

### Income

Balance from 1943-44 budget	\$ 35.57
Balance from 1944-45 allotment	46.24
Allotment for 1945-46	50.00
Miscellaneous gifts	25.00
	<u>\$156.81</u>

### Disbursements

None

Balance on hand as of Sept 1, 1946	\$156.81
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MARY WARREN READ,  
*Chairman*

## Second Floor House

Two baths were painted last summer at a cost of \$40. With the consent of the Executive Board at their meeting in October 1945 this expense was charged to House Maintenance and not against the committee's appropriation.

Two bedroom chairs were painted at a cost of \$4 and five trash cans were painted at a cost of \$1.50. These expenses were charged to the 1944-45 budget.

At the request of Dr. McCain, the committee had shades installed in the college guest room and bath, had two lamp shades covered and the rug cleaned. This work was paid for by the college.

At the beginning of the year the committee made an inventory of the furnishings of the second floor which is recorded in the committee's book and placed on file in the office.

### Receipts

Appropriation of current budget	\$ 44.50
Designated gift	8.00
	<u>\$52.50</u>

### Expenditures

1 spread	\$ 8.98
2 pair curtains	11.96
2 blankets	21.90
2 dresser scarves	4.78
1 vanity set	3.98
	<u>\$51.60</u>

NELL PATILLO KENDALL,  
*Chairman*

## Garden

### Receipts

Appropriation of current budget	\$ 50.00
Extra appropriation from budget for replanting boxwood	50.00
Gift from Decatur Club	10.00
	<u>\$110.00</u>

### Expenditures

Replanting boxwood (Additional \$50.00 for replanting boxwood was paid by the college)	\$ 53.00
Pansies	4.25
Labor	18.60
Repairing of Fountain	3.00
Tools	12.95
Cleaning pool and garden	11.00
	<u>\$102.80</u>

The garden was cleaned in the fall almost entirely by volunteer labor. The college, from the summer's allotment for the upkeep, paid the expenses of a very inexperienced but willing colored boy to supplement the volunteer help.

In December the work of transplanting and resealing all the beds and borders of dwarf boxwoods was begun. Mr. J. R. Adams of Decatur did the work at a cost of \$30 a day plus \$10 for the prepared soil that was used. All the plants were reset and trimmed. The college, through Dr. McCain, offered to pay half of the expenses of this undertaking; the rest of the bill was met from the special \$50 grant from the Alumnae Board made in the fall of 1945. In appreciation of the college's help, the boxwood not needed in the garden were given to the college to be used in the future around new buildings. About one hundred and fifty are heeled out behind East Lawn. The garden chairman may get plants for replacements in the alumnae garden if the need arises.

The only other expense in the fall was for two hundred pansy plants which were set in the fourteen beds.

The garden was given a thorough cleaning in the spring. Ivy around

*continued on page 67*



## Finance

I am proud to announce that we achieved our goal of \$4,500 in undesignated gifts for 1945-46. Our budget for the coming year calls for a goal of at least \$9,000 in undesignated gifts. This does not include our hopes for a surplus amount for our first annual gift to the college.

### INCOME FOR 1945-46

Balance from previous year		\$1,033.64
College grant	\$2,000.00	
Alumnae Fund		
Undesignated gifts	4,779.53	
Designated gifts	256.56*	
Rent of hoods, etc.	155.25	
Interest—Life Memberships	75.91	
Miscellaneous	260.13	
General Income Total		\$7,527.38
Tearoom rent	80.00	
Room rent	583.50	
House Income Total		663.50
	Total Income	\$9,224.52

### DISBURSEMENTS FOR 1945-46

General Secretary (10 mo.)	maintenance and	\$1,360.00
Editor of Quarterly (8½ mo.)		1,062.50
Office Assistant (4½ mo.)	room and	528.50
Salary Totals		\$2,951.00
Quarterly		2,540.94
Fund Reminders		290.05
Postage		529.00
Office supplies	433.13	
Telephone	60.06	
Dues—Am. Alumni Council & AAUW	37.50	
Travel—National Convention	200.00	
Audit	27.50	
Miscellaneous	291.40	
Office Expense Total		1,049.59
Garden Committee		102.80
Entertainment Committee		89.23
Tearoom Committee	127.66	
House Decorations Committee	0.0	
Second Floor Committee	51.60	
House Up-keep	144.49	
Maid	279.25	
House Maintenance	0.0	
Insurance	76.50	
Electricity (2 years)	120.00	
House Expense Total		799.50
	Total Disbursements	\$8,352.11
Total Income	\$9,224.52	
Total Disbursements	8,352.11	
Balance for 1946-47		\$ 872.41

\* Plus \$1,438.96 contributed toward the Semi-Centennial Campaign and \$620.00 in other gifts to the college.

BETTY MEDLOCK  
Treasurer



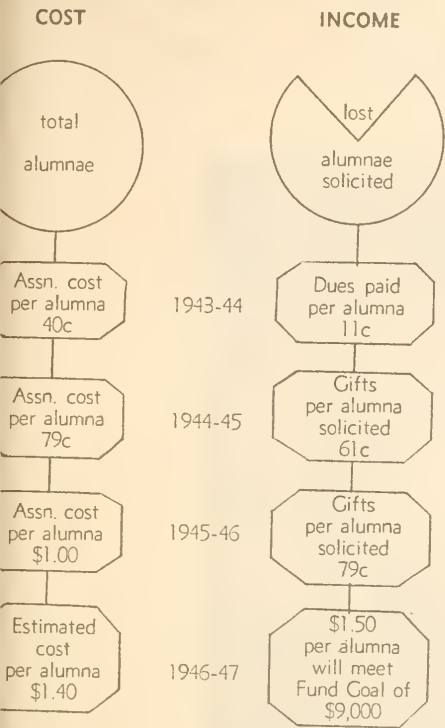
# FALL AND WINTER CALENDAR

LECTURES	November	2	Investiture Address: Dr. Henry A. Robinson, 11:30 A. M. Presser Hall
		4-5	Personal consultant, Miss Elizabeth Osborne, sponsored by Social Standards Committee, Mortar Board
		6	Carl Sandburg, English Lectures Series, 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
		22	Louis P. Lochner, Lecture Association, 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
	February	1-15	Henry Noble MacCracken, President Emeritus, Vassar College English Lectures Series
		11	Atlanta Junior Club, 8 P. M., Maclean Chapel. Dr. MacCracken speaker. All alumnae welcome.
	17-21	Religious Emphasis Week, Prof. Donald G. Miller, Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.	
MUSIC	November	11	C. W. Dieckmann, Music Appreciation Hour, 8:30 P. M. Presser Hall
	January	20	Hugh Hodgson, Music Appreciation Hour, 8:30 P. M. Presser Hall
	March	3	C. W. Dieckmann. Music Appreciation Hour, 8:30 P. M. Presser Hall
		28-29	Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta, 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
ART	November	2-9	University of Georgia Student Art Exhibit
		9-26	Silk Screen Portraits of Artists by Harry Sternberg
DANCING	February	15	Dance Recital, 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
DRAMA	November	27	Blackfriars Play, 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
	December	11	Clare Tree Major production. <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
	February	27	Blackfriars Play, 8:30 P. M., Presser Hall
HOLIDAYS	Dec. 14-Jan.	2	Christmas Holidays
	February	22	Founder's Day
	March	15-20	Spring Holidays

*All announcements should be verified before the date scheduled to avoid inconvenience resulting from cancellations and postponement.*



FOUR YEAR  
FINANCIAL SUMMARY  
FROM THE TREASURER  
AND FUND DIRECTOR

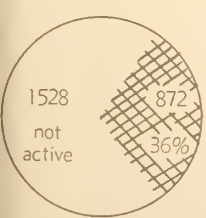


1085 alumnae did this with gifts ranging from 25c to \$100 averaging \$4.40.

two ways of balancing the budget  
 $6000 \times \$1.50 = \$9,000$   
 or  
 $2 (1085) \times \$4.40 = \$9,000$

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT LAST YEAR 1945-46

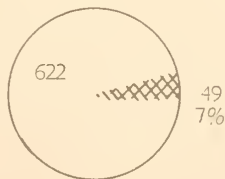
 represents number of contributors out of number solicited



college graduates



non-graduates



institute



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