

AGNES SCOTT

alumnae quarterly



In this issue—

- Laney
- Hayes
- Grafton

Summer

1957

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Publications
MARTHA ESKRIDGE LOVE '33
Class Officers
MARYELLEN HARVEY NEWTON '46
House
DOROTHY CHEEK CALLOWAY '29
Entertainment

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The AGNES SCOTT Alumnae Quarterly

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CONTENTS

EMMA MAY LANEY

George P. Hayes

"REALMS OF GOLD"

Emma May Laney

SUE MITCHELL '45 EXHIBITS

ON BEING ABOVE AVERAGE

Martha Stackhouse Grafton '30

THE WHAT, WHY, AND HOW
OF AGNES SCOTT

Nancy Edwards '58

Sue Lile '58

Martha Meyer '58

CLASS NEWS

Eloise Hardeman Ketchin

Cover. Miss Loney and Robert Frost admire a prize-winning photograph of Mr. Frost. Photo by Charles Pugh. Other photos in this issue are by Gaspar-Wore, except those on p. 6 by Oliver Boker.

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EMMA MAY LANEY

George P. Hayes



Dr. Hayes

OF A BOYHOOD teacher Thomas Wolfe wrote, "More than anyone else I have ever known she succeeded in getting under my skull with an appreciation of what is fine and altogether worth while in literature." Seldom does a teacher get under our skulls. And when one does, language fails to explain why. Qualities of personality can be listed, but in the friend and teacher we honor today the active force of this intense "liver of life" defies formulation. To adapt Dr. Johnson's words on Falstaff, "Unimitated, unimitable friend and teacher, how shall I describe thee?"

Students going into her class for the first time became aware that they were entering on a new dimension of living, that they were thrillingly alive because the teacher was, that they were swept up and carried along by her boundless intellectual energy and enthusiasm, and that they were left breathless by her ability to express so many ideas so quickly. She was constantly fighting the clock.

She gave everything she had to her students and demanded something comparable in return. In each day's assignment—for more than thirty years—she found a fierce delight as if she were discovering the poem or the novel for the first time; she had a touch of genius in her skill in sharing her experience with others; but she was even more eager for the students to engage the problem independently for themselves. Her mind—"the quick forge and workinghouse of thought"—was often active, outside of class, in search for fresh sources of appeal to students in an ancient text, in working out new connections with other literature and with present-day life, and in contriving new

devices for stabbing youthful spirits broad awake. The violinist Milstein says, "Up to the very minute when I raise my bow, I keep trying to devise fresh approaches to concertos I have played dozens of times."

In these ways our friend made works of art a warm reality; she brought them "into the intimate home of the mind and heart." Mere books no longer, they were "heightened moments of life" which she carried across to the imaginations of others by the fire of her spirit. Whatever she says has the knack of fastening itself in some cranny of the mind and of remaining permanently alive there.

Nor is this all. Have you never heard her summarize, in strict outline form, a sermon or lecture in language clearer and more graphic than the original? Writes one of her former students:

She is the first person who ever gave me an inkling of what intellectual rigor is . . . She was quick to reject inaccuracy or sloppiness of any sort . . . The apprehension of her *quality* was a good thing for a lazy freshman like me to be stirred by.

To enter her class was a searching confrontation. For fifty minutes one's mind was totally alert and concentrated on the material of the moment. One had to be prepared in body, mind and spirit. On the other hand, from the teacher herself one could expect absolute honesty, directness and frankness. One knew that she was ever extending her own intellectual frontiers—and that she was really interested in each individual student.

In departmental council our friend expressed her views with fluency, conciseness, trenchancy, and shrewd common sense. It was her glory that she never let us rest content in the present state of affairs; with a passionate earnestness that swept all before it she would

stir us to fresh efforts to maintain standards. She was usually the initiator and—by common agreement—ever the efficient organizer and planner in departmental projects.

In the larger community of the college was ever teacher immediately and intimately aware when problems and misfortunes confronted individuals, or swifter to help, or more practical or resourceful in counsel? Has any teacher fought so many battles for *others* and for causes always *beyond self*? Did any teacher ever *care* more for this goodly fellowship of Agnes Scott, for its ideals, or for expanding the horizons of the students so that they could find in literature "the model and the revelation of their humanity"?

Last year I was reading from a work by a teacher—a school-master of four centuries ago. Roger Ascham has this to say:

Surely I perceive that sentence of Plato to be true, which saith that there is nothing better in a common-

wealth than that there should always be one or other excellent man whose life and virtue should pluck forward the will, diligence, labor and hope of all others, that following in his footsteps they might come to the same end whereunto labor, learning and and virtue had conveyed him before.

When I first read that sentence, I wrote in the margin the initials E. M. L.

Emma May Laney, your teaching is not over, for you are, and will continue to be, alive in the minds and hearts of thousands—in their "study of imagination"—and your leaven is actively working there. Nor can you really leave this college. For Agnes Scott is what it is partly because of you; and your students and other friends with whom you have shared the riches of your spirit will always find you here.

Then let our Schoolmaster Roger Ascham phrase our wishes for you: May you have "life, with health, free leisure and liberty, with good liking and a merry heart."

HOMER NOBLE FARM : RIPTON, VERMONT

Dear Mr Alston:
Show your care for my cardiness by letting me get in my eleventh-hour word (and mite) toward your fond farewell to Emma May Laney as a teacher at Agnes Scott. We teachers aren't permitted to visit each other's classes, but we somehow come to know the good ones from the bad ones among us. Miss Laney has reminded me of the two best (one in Latin one in Greek) I ever had in my own up-bringing. It was my great admiration for her that so interested me in her college to watch its success and sing its praises, I don't know what Agnes Scott will do without her. But I must ^{not} make this too lugubriously final. We shall be seeing each other—all of us. She and I are resolved

that our paths shall cross again, and if I might lodge the hint with a big up, Agnes Scott is one place where it will be arranged for them to cross.

With my best to you and your family, sir I am
yours ever

Robert Frost

Ripton Vt
May 28 '56

Mite enclosed

This letter from poet Robert Frost to President Alston is now in the Frost Collection in the McCain Library. One purpose of the Laney Fund is to preserve and enlarge the collection.

It is over Miss Laney's protests that we publish her article on books and reading. (She gave this as a talk to an alumnae club last year.) As a former student, Belle Miller McMaster '53 said, in presenting the Laney Fund to the College: "Miss Laney demanded the best we could give and then a little more that we didn't know we had."

"REALMS OF GOLD"

Emma May Laney

THE MOST HEATED discussion of the past summer concerned "Why Johnny Can't Read."

I have no solution to that problem, and am at least equally disturbed by another: Why Johnny (and his sister Jane) *don't* read after adolescence. For in spite of the increase in paper-backs and of statistics that purport to show that people bought more books than baseball tickets in 1954, it seems to me that the gentle art of reading books is no longer the indoor sport of many people.

True, there are exceptions like Miss McKinney whose life is in reading and who in her late eighties seizes the latest novel or biography or Greek play as avidly as a child does a comic. And there is my hairdresser who fills the minutes as he sets my hair with enthusiastic talk of his reading since last he saw me; he buys for his eight-year-old son's future reading such novels as *To Hell and Back* because he wants the boy to know more accurately than the movie based on the book shows what his father suffered in the war. I am sure that some of you are among these.

Nevertheless, there keeps echoing in my mind the story that President Eisenhower said months after his election to the Presidency that he had not read a book since assuming office. And year after year as college students pass through my classes, I find them more and more *unread* although more widely informed about public affairs, modern art, and music than were Sophomores in my day. I know, moreover, that the increasing pressures of life make finding time for reading increasingly difficult for me. So I was astonished and skeptical when a recent speaker at the college said that a group of men on the train with him agreed that the average business man reads one book a week.

My conviction that reading books is fast becoming obsolete leads me to consider what difference it makes . . . why does life seem the poorer for the loss? The answer, in my opinion, lies in the nature of books and the durable satisfactions they bring to life. I mean by books in this connection what De Quincy calls the literature of power: those novels, plays, and poems in which have been expressed in words of beauty the dreams and fancies, the hopes and fears of mankind. It is reading in such literature that Keats calls traveling in realms of gold. It is of such books that Carlyle said, "The true University in these days is a collection of books," and Carl Sandburg said years ago in our own chapel, "Education consists largely in finding one's own masterpieces." Such books have the power to seize the permanent and universal in human experience and to present it so as to stir the emotions and imaginations of the reader. This power may even be found in some measure in books that fall clearly below the masterpiece category, and so as I speak this afternoon of three of the durable satisfactions to be found in reading, I shall illustrate at times by contemporary novels.

First of the sheer joy of reading, I experienced it very vividly last week. A week's teaching had ended at noon on Saturday and had been followed by marketing, hanging curtains, getting out winter clothes, cooking ahead for the next week. By eight o'clock I was worn out, and in spite of the fact that everywhere my eye turned I saw something in the apartment that needed doing, I got into bed and picked up dutifully but wearily a novel by the writer who was scheduled to lecture at the college on Monday night. Soon I found myself chuckling with delight

and even laughing aloud (a rare experience for me) as I followed Randall Jarrell's witty satire on a Progressive College in his novel, *Pictures from an Institution*. Reluctantly at midnight I turned off my light, all fatigue gone. You have had similar experiences of pleasure in being carried by the imaginations away from the routine and problems of the day. Such is the charm of the fairy tale for the child and the mystery and detective story for the adult.

Escape is often necessary, but the value of books is such that even while taking us away from our present problems, they can often satisfy another need . . . the need to know more of the world we live in. They can tear away the walls of the prison house made by time and space, widen our horizons, and lift us out of our prejudices and provincialism. When we read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the ringing plains of Troy and Greece of Hector's day become more real than the domestic problems of our next door neighbor. Anya Seton's *Katherine*, published last year, made the fourteenth century with its French and peasant wars, its recurrent Black Plague, its human problems of love in a world of arranged marriages, more vivid than our own political campaigns.

Not only do books triumph over *time*, but also as we read, the barriers of space disappear. Pearl Buck's *Good Earth* and *My Many Worlds* transport the reader into China as surely as a Pan American plane could. *Nectar in the Sieve* makes peasant life in India a pleasant reality. As Edward R. Murrow says in his TV program, *We Are There*.

Barriers of prejudice vanish or are weakened under the power of books. I learned more of labor problems from *Hunky*, whose author I can't even remember, than I learned from six weeks of teaching immigrant working girls one summer at the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Industrial Workers. Those of us who have grown up with the negro tragedy can get a better understanding of race-relations from Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* and Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country* than through our actual experience.

Such enlargement is good, but books can answer a higher need. They often have a strengthening and tonic power. Latent in their beauty are ideas that arm and fortify the spirit. They do this by making us understand better our own experience. In the first place, since the material of literature is the permanent in human experience, it reassures us with the knowledge that our joys and sorrows are not individual but the common lot of man. As Housman says,

We are for a certainty not the first . . .
The troubles of our proud and angry
dust
Are from eternity and shall not fail.

Or in the familiar words of John Donne, "No man is an island . . . Every man is a part of a continent." So rejoicing in the glittering silk of a girl's dress, we can say with Herrick,

Whenas in silk my Julia goes
Then, then, me thinks how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Struggling with doubt, we can recall Carlyle's passing from "The Everlasting No" to "The Everlasting Yea." Examples of this identity of our experience with that in books are innumerable, but an impressive instance of the one-ness of human experience came to me at the time of the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. As we all were realizing that the tragedy was the result of Lindbergh's fame, I was reminded by a friend of the parallel in Euripide's play *The Trojan Women*, written six hundred years before Christ. The siege of Troy had failed, and the Trojan women, pawns in the game of war, were waiting to be divided among the Greek victors. Hector's mother and wife were discussing the future of Hector's child when a messenger arrived. His face bore evil news and prepared them for his words that the Greeks, not daring to let the son of so brave a father live, had ordered the child's death. Andromache, the mother, turned to her child and said, "Go, my best beloved . . . Thy father was too valiant; that is why they slay thee." Words spoken the day of the twentieth century tragedy could not better have expressed the situation than these written six centuries before Christ.

Again books may help us see our own lives in perspective. Each of us lives in a welter of impressions. Life comes to us in fragments of each day's happenings which push us from one detail to another so that the pattern of the whole is lost. Literature by its nature makes a selection of these elements, brings form out of chaos, and presents experience so that we can see it as a whole. Although we may not understand our own tragedies and disappointments, we can see why King Lear had to suffer for a moment of passionate impetuosity at his daughter's refusal to express in words her love for him. The causes that led to the disaster of the man across the street may not be clear, but we do see why Becky Sharp's unscrupulous selfishness resulted in misfortune to her. The pattern of cause and effect in the relations of parent to child is clearly seen in literature from the time of the Biblical Jacob to Meredith's *Richard Feverel* to Clemence Dane's *The Flower Girls*. Even such a farce as Betty McDonald's *Onions in the Stew* throws into perspective the relations of a mother and her adolescent daughters.

A third aspect of this fortifying power of books lies in their renewal of the reader's faith in man's nobility. This power lies not only in the great Greek

and Shakespearean tragedies but also in such contemporary novels as Hemingway's *Old Man of the Sea* and Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country*. Hemingway's taut, tense, graphic story of an old Gulf fisherman who after terrific struggle finally hooks his monster marlin only to have his boat towed out to by sharks who gradually eat all the meat, is a superb fish story. It might command the attention of any fisherman, but more than that it is a symbol of man's struggle to victory and his steadfast courage in the loss of what he has with pain and work so hardly won . . . almost a miracle play of man's tenacity and courage.

Cry the Beloved Country is a story of comfort in desolation. A humble Zulu minister from the country goes to Johannesburg to seek his sick sister, finds that his brother has left the church, his sister has become a prostitute, and his son is under trial for murder. Pastor Kumulo, thus superhumanly tried, returns home with such quiet acceptance of his tragedy, such

compassionate understanding of his people's need, and such determination to help them that he gives new meaning to the Christian conception of love.

Such books make the reader exclaim with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" We may not be able to rise to an equal mobility, but we are lifted out of ourselves by it.

Books, then, can satisfy our need to escape from life, can increase our knowledge of life, and can fortify our spirits for life. These are only three of the enduring qualities that I have found in them, but they have been sufficient to make me give my years to the teaching of literature, to make me sad that Johnny and Jane so often stop reading after college, and to make me determined in the welter of ever increasingly complex life to sanctify "little sabbaths" for reading.



Miss Laney is living with her sister at 1684 Harrison St., Apt. 4, Denver, Colo. She visited the College in January when Robert Frost returned.



SUE MITCHELL EXHIBITS

SUE MITCHELL '45 has been in New York for several years studying art and painting. She had her first one-man show hung in the Peridot Gallery in New York during December and January. At home now, in Copper Hill, Tennessee, Sue is continuing her painting of nature.



The *New York Times*, December 21, 1956, said of her work: "Sue Mitchell, whose latest semi-abstract, impressionistic paintings are at the Peridot Gallery, 820 Madison Ave., approaches nature with all the stealthy caution and concentration of a duck-shooter. She peers through swirls of underbrush to catch birds strutting and plants growing every which way. It is a form of naturalist intimism, and the paint, as well as the warm local color, communicates the excitement of her communings with the outdoors."

Hilton Kramer reviewed Sue's show in the December, 1956, *Arts* magazine, discussing especially her four paintings done within the year, *Morgan Hens*, *Flower Bed*, *Landscape* and *Bouquet*. He defines the particular quality of her work as "a lyricism which is powerful and exciting." He says that "the lyrical mode is a good deal more serious than the emotional athleticism which is made to pass for it would lead one to believe; and if it means anything in the visual arts, it means that, like its counterpart in verse, it embodies an experience of short duration which is both profoundly affective in its immediacy and rich in implications for the whole life of feeling of which it is an exceptional moment."

Mr. Kramer thinks *Morgan Hens* is the best of Sue's new paintings, and he sums up his critique of her show with: "What she does have is a point of view—specifically, a lyrical insight into natural phenomena and into the painterly means currently available for representing that insight to her contemporaries without nostalgia or bombast. She thus stakes out no new ground, but her work does give us an admirable example of what is possible at the present moment for painters who have something to say."



Although addressed to the campus community on Honors Day, October, 1956, Mrs. Grafton's words go directly to all Agnes Scott alumnae. Mrs. Grafton is Dean of Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Virginia, and her twin daughters, Letitia and Elizabeth, are also Agnes Scott alumnae, Class of 1955.

ON BEING ABOVE AVERAGE

Martha Stackhouse Grafton '30

AS AN ALUMNA OF Agnes Scott, I have always felt it a duty and a privilege to try to interest good students in applying for admission here. In talking with one prospect who did not know I was an Agnes Scott graduate, I asked her to consider this college as her future alma mater. She immediately told me she would not for two reasons: one, all Agnes Scott alumnae wear their stockings with the seams crooked and two, it is so "hard" at Agnes Scott that only girls who are "brains" go there. I quickly re-adjusted my hose and assumed my three-syllable manner, but at the same time assured her that most of the Agnes Scott girls I had known a generation ago and most of those I know now care about their appearance as much as most American women. As for the charge that the courses are difficult and that this college appeals only to intellectuals, I told her that we are proud of our academic standards which seem reasonable enough in view of the purposes of higher education and that I did admit the general average at Agnes Scott was high. I placed all of you—not just those whose names are on the honor roll—in the above average category.

It is a strange thing, but a good many people I know would rather be thought untruthful than intellectual. It is respectable to tell a mother that her daughter is beautiful but dumb, but you cannot safely say that a girl is plain but brilliant. Franklin Henry Giddings, one of America's famous sociologists and successor to Woodrow Wilson as a teacher at Bryn Mawr, tells somewhere about a visit he once made to a fashionable club. There he saw the dowager of the group sitting in one corner, reading what he presumed to be a sophisticated magazine. He sidled up to her and jokingly inquired: "Madame, I don't suppose intellectual conversation would be tolerated in this club?" "Oh, no," she said, "nothing like that."

In a recent issue of McCall's magazine, I noticed on Eleanor Roosevelt's page, IF YOU ASK ME, this

question: "As a visitor to the United States, I would like to ask why your people are so afraid of 'intellectuals.' In Europe we welcome this quality in our leaders." Her answer was as follows: "I do not think we are really, any of us, afraid of intellectuals in this country. This idea, it seems to me, has been more or less manufactured by certain politicians. We do not like pretentiousness, and when people try to show off their superior wisdom, I think the average American is likely to be amused rather than admiring. Real knowledge and education are admired in this country as much as in any other country."

My comment on this is that in no country is pretentiousness admired, but sometimes we Americans do tend to be suspicious of those with good education and those who speak the English language with correctness and precision. A recent candidate for governor in the Commonwealth of Virginia had the charge made against him by his opponent that he had been a Rhodes scholar. That seemed to be a derogatory thing to say about him.

Since I am not a metaphysician, I cannot spend too much time defining the this and that, and I am not sure that I can tell exactly what an intellectual is. If you want a definition, see the October 8th copy of NEWSWEEK. Certainly all of us who graduate from Agnes Scott are not really intellectuals, but I assume that we are above the general average and that some hope to be intellectuals. I also assume that those who do aspire to be termed intellectuals are not despised on this campus. I have noticed on this campus and on others that the students who excel in academic fields are frequently elected to major student offices and, upon occasion, to the beauty section.

One of the few quotations I remember from my one philosophy course at Agnes Scott was from Spinoza and it was something like this: All excellent things are as difficult as they are rare. We must admit that being

above average is not easy and that if you are considerably above the average you are, statistically and otherwise, a rare individual. I take it that in this group we assume it is a good thing to be above the average. I take it that we assume our country and our world need intellectuals. If those things can be taken as givens, then we can develop two theses: one is that it costs something to be above average, and two, that there are rewards to those in the above the average group.

Now, what are the costs of being above average in the realm of the mind? One must pay a price to be above average in any field, but we are speaking here of superior knowledge and wisdom rather than beauty or athletics or dancing.

Use of Time

The first cost is in terms of time. If you want to be above average intellectually, then you must pay the price in choice of activity. You can't play bridge every night, you can't belong to every club under heaven, you probably can't even be thought of as a good scout, always lounging around the club house. You have to engage in those activities that mark you as an intellectual sort of person and you honestly have to like those things. People quickly mark you as a phony if you only pretend to be an intellectual. One of the most unusual men of our day who died several years ago was Dr. Douglass Southall Freeman of Richmond, editor of the *Richmond News Leader* for over thirty years. He wrote the four-volume biography of Robert E. Lee which won the Pulitzer prize in 1935. He had completed five volumes of the biography of George Washington at the time of his death. But his activities as historian were only part of his life. He served as chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Richmond, taught a course in journalism at Columbia University, and was on many church and civic committees. He was way above average and of course he gave up many ordinary things to accomplish all he did. It is said that he had two days within every 24-hour period. He would get up around 4 o'clock in the morning, go to his office, write his editorials, give his early morning broadcast over the radio, then go home for a period of sleep in the middle of the day. When he got up, he was ready for his research and writing. The guiding rule of his life, displayed in a placard over his desk, was: "Time along is irreplaceable; waste it not." While few of us here will follow in the footsteps of one so completely disciplined about the use of time as Dr. Freeman, we must mark it down that we will accomplish nothing unless we have the discrimination to use our time well. One must choose her goals and use her time to accomplish those things in

life which seem most worthwhile to her. A system of priorities must be established.

Another cost in being above average is in reading. It has been said that those who do not read are no better off than those who cannot read. Now we happen to live in an age in which reading is not too popular. Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the sensational type of newspaper in England, was the inventor of the modern tabloid. Of him it has been said that "he got out a paper for people who couldn't think, and it was a great success; then he got out a paper for people who couldn't read, and it was an even greater success." One wonders how we will have any abstract thinkers in the future with the emphasis now put on picture magazines, TV, radio, etc. Not long ago, I read about the low estate of the book business in our country. The president of one of the big publishing companies asserted that the annual farm value of the peanut crop in the U. S. was 147 million dollars, while publishers realized only 100 million for their crop. More humiliating perhaps is another comparison. We Americans spend approximately twice as much on dog food as on books. To accomplish anything we must be thinkers. I noticed in a description of Sal Maglie, the remarkable pitcher for the Dodgers, that he frequently seems distant and untalkative. His explanation is "I'm always thinking." He is thinking how he can pitch to the next batter to get him out at the plate. I do not belittle that kind of thinking, but I do say that in the realm of abstract thought we must read and read and read in order to attain the level of thinking necessary to deal with the problems of our day. If you want to be among those above average, consider your reading. Do you read anything beyond the daily assignments? What do you read when you are on your own time? Perhaps you have to ration your reading for fun as I do because otherwise I would read entirely too many mysteries!

Assumption of Responsibility

But there is another cost of being above average which should be mentioned at this point. It is the assumption of responsibility. The intellectual diletant is not an admirable figure. The person who goes to school all his life but never finds time to become a part of his community is not the kind of person to be of service to home, or church, or nation. Learning is to be shared. It must be put to work. No one would deny that there may be for the initiated great enjoyment in learning for its own sake, but we cannot afford to live in ivory towers. The man or woman who has had unusual opportunities must have a feeling of noblesse oblige. The body politic needs intellectuals. An interesting book

by Robert Lynd entitled *Knowledge for What* brings out the importance of putting our learning to work. The practical man of affairs works by a small time-dial over which the second hand of immediacy hurries incessantly. "Never mind the long past and the indefinite future, insists the clattering little monitor, but do this, fix this—now, before tomorrow morning." Immediate relevance has not been regarded as so important as ultimate relevance. The scholar is likely to feel that he is caught, in the words of one of Auden's poems, "Lecturing on navigation while the ship is going down." Ideally, the above-average woman possesses through her liberal education the great wisdom of the past and has the judgment and ability to meet the varied problems of life. She will always be ready to respond to community needs.

Subservience to Majorities

There is one other cost of being above average and that is the danger of being misunderstood and ridiculed. We all know of the many jokes about the brain-truster of a generation ago and the egghead of today. There is a popular caricature of the above-average person which is usually unfair, but pretty well entrenched in the public mind. The one who lives above the average frequently has to suffer the consequences of being a non-conformist. For this reason, the prisons of history have been filled with two kinds of people, the worst and the best. "The death cell in Athens had in it the scum of Attica, but also Socrates, the wisest soul in Greece. The jail in Phillippi had in it the scoundrels of the countryside, but Paul as well, the Apostle of Christ. Bedford jail was filled with debauchees, but there, too, John Bunyan dreamed *The Pilgrim's Progress*. And Worcester jail contained the riff-raff of the country, but George Fox, too, father of the Quakers and a man of peace." (Fosdick, *Twelve Tests of Character*.) If you are going to be above average, you will frequently not go along with the majority. You will perform a service to the democratic ideal if you learn how to deal with controversial ideas. One of our leaders has said: "There is nothing more democratic than intelligent and devoted non-conformity because it means that the individual is giving his freedom and courage to the service of the whole. Subservience to majorities, as to any other authority, tends to make a vigorous democracy impossible. So, if sometimes you have to pay the price of being thought peculiar because you are above average, that is exactly what being above average means. You can't be like everybody else and be anything but average."

Somehow the idea that the salvation of the individual and of society depends upon conformity and adjustment

must be attacked. This is the diagnosis David Riesman made in his book, *The Lonely Crowd*, when he charged that we are now in an "other directed society." We have lost the power of making up our own minds. Someone has said that this change may be indicated in the revision of the old nursery rhyme which used to state:

This little pig went to market
This little pig stayed home
This little pig had roast beef
This little pig had none
This little pig said wee, wee, wee
all the way home.

Today none stay home, all have roast beef if any do, and all say wee, wee, wee all the way home.

This desire to be like everyone else and do what everyone else does seems to be firmly implanted at an early date in the lives of most of us. Recently some children were interviewed about their favorite TV show. One of them indicated her horror of being above average with this comment: I like Superman better than the others because they can't do everything Superman can do. Batman can't fly and that is very important. The interviewer asked this child: Would you like to be able to fly? I would like to fly if everybody else did, but otherwise it would be kind of conspicuous.

A politician put it this way: "Every public action which isn't customary, either is wrong or, if it is right, is a dangerous precedent. It follows that nothing should ever be done for the first time!"

The total cost of being above average is high in the use of time, in selection of reading, in participation in affairs, and maybe highest of all in being different from the masses.

Rewards

But if there is a high price, there is a big reward.

Some want to be above average in order to have greater earning power. It is axiomatic today that a college education, which less than a fifth of our people have a chance to enjoy even for a year or two, is worth a good bit in dollars and cents. Lifetime earnings show that a college education is worth about \$100,000 more than a high school education and about \$150,000 more than grade school training. But I doubt if many here have thought of college education directly in these terms.

Another advantage is the sense of participating in the more important outreaches of the human spirit. There is a certain excitement and self consciousness in being different from your fellows if your actions are approved by your conscience and you know in your heart you are doing the right thing. The martyrs undoubtedly

had that feeling and were buoyed up by it. There is a great loss of self respect if we do not follow where conscience leads. A century or so past, Henry David Thoreau wrote: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." Much of society marches to the loud drums of fashion and custom and desire for material satisfactions. Sometimes these things seem so important that those who heed these drums have little sympathy with those who are out of step. Yet it is well to remember that if a man does not follow the general trend perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. One of the rewards of the intellectual is keeping step to the music he hears.

Most important of rewards is that which comes to the follower of Jesus when he feels that he has lived worthily according to the talents entrusted to him. Luke 12:46 states this important and sometime rather terrifying truth: For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required. If you have it in you to be above the average and refuse to live up to your capacity, then you are failing yourself, your fellowman, and even God himself.

Warning

I cannot close these remarks on being above average without a postscript or two of warning. Pride, you remember, was regarded by the theologians of the middle ages as the first of the seven deadly sins, and I am sure it comes at the head of the list today too. Sometimes we feel so superior to our fellow men whom we regard as common and philistine that we become insufferable. I believe that is one of the major reasons for the distrust some have of the intellectual. He brings on himself at least part of the misunderstanding. I don't mean that we should adopt a Uriah Heep attitude toward what we stand for, but I doubt, too, if we can honestly feel superior. Jesus, the only sinless man who ever lived, never boasted of his moral superiority. Sometimes the reason our moral and mental superiority is not followed by others is the unattractive way we have of acting puffed up over our virtues. We actually repel those around us.

Sometimes too the person with superior educational advantages assumes that he is much smarter than the so-called man of the street. It may not be so at all. A young Polish girl in a New York school, asked to write an essay on the difference between an educated and an intelligent man, summed up the matter: "An educated man gets his thinks from someone else, but an intelligent man works his own thinks." All of us,

regardless of educational background, need to work our own thinks.

And how will you be recognized as being above average? It won't be by your diploma, your Phi Beta Kappa key, or any other outward symbol. My husband was the son of a missionary and had little money in college for extras. When time came in his junior year for the class rings to be bought, he did not place an order with the secretary. One of the boys came to him in amazement and said, "Well, if you don't buy a ring, how will anyone know you have been to college?" Surely there must be a number of ways by which the above average person will be known. I believe I know at least some of them—he will be recognized by his thought, his speech, his acts — and finally by his humility.

Humility must inevitably result from even superficial communion with the wisdom of the ages. In college you are in contact with the best minds of the past and with the best thought of the present. Standing before this vast accumulation of knowledge one must naturally be humble in her approach to it.

Herbert Hoover's comments on *The Uncommon Man* summarize what I have been trying to say:

"In my opinion, we are in danger of developing a cult of the Common Man, which means a cult of mediocrity. But there is at least one hopeful sign: I have never been able to find out just who this Common Man is. In fact, most Americans—especially women—will get mad and fight if you try calling them common. This is hopeful because it shows that most people are holding fast to an essential fact in American life. We believe in equal opportunity for all, but we know that this includes the opportunity to rise to leadership. In other words—to *be uncommon!*

"Let us remember that the great human advances have not been brought about by mediocre men and women. They were brought about by distinctly uncommon people with vital sparks of leadership. Many great leaders were of humble origin, but that alone was not their greatness.

"It is a curious fact that when you get sick you want an uncommon doctor; if your car breaks down you want an uncommonly good mechanic; when we get into war we want dreadfully an uncommon admiral and an uncommon general.

"I have never met a father and mother who did not want their children to grow up to be uncommon men and women. May it always be so. For the future of America rests not in mediocrity, but in the constant renewal of leadership in every phase of our national life."

These statements on what Agnes Scott means to current students were presented in a chapel program this spring by the newly-elected presidents of the three main campus organizations.

THE WHAT, WHY, AND HOW OF AGNES SCOTT

Nancy Edwards, Sue Lile, Martha Meyer 1958



Top: Nancy Edwards;
Bottom: Sue Lile, Martha Meyer

THE "WHAT" OF AGNES SCOTT

Nancy Edwards '58
President, Student Government 1957-58



SUE AND MARTHA AND I met to organize our talks for today. For awhile we thought of our three groups and our plans for the coming year. Then we came to an impasse: at the bottom of each of our thoughts was the same idea, the same desire to communicate in, to convey to you a consuming enthusiasm, a dedication, a life-giving love for Agnes Scott. We discovered that it is simply from different interest centers that we are about to approach the same purpose—to hold to what we have here, to expand enough to fit it into ourselves, the community, while we build, perhaps microscopically, upon it, through worship, fellowship, recreation, order and government.

Perhaps if we had *heard* positive expressions of feeling for this place to off-set normal growls and mutterings, we would not have stumbled so long before we

discovered what there really is to gain and to give. So we shall attempt to present the "what," the "why," the "how" of Agnes Scott.

So what *do* we have here? To what do we belong? Define purpose. This community is established because we can do together what none of us can do alone.

From my own experience and from contact with those who have experienced more, I find that we *do* live in a different environment.

We are extremely fortunate that we are able to dive for education, learning, in a purer form. Careful selection of applicants to Agnes Scott eliminates those who would necessarily pull the level of the lectures and assignments to a less demanding level. And this is good. Intellectual endeavor is made naturally a vital part of our lives. It is not queer; it is not an escape. We start here, as it were, together—from the second step.

And those who teach us . . . I am staggered over and over again as I continue to discover the quality of our faculty, administration, and staff. One good look in the catalogue affords overwhelming proof of extended qualification to instruct. And beyond this they teach with heart. They care. And we are few enough in number so that this may be recognized.

The religious atmosphere here is of similar character. Agnes Scott is admittedly and proudly a Christian college, and all types of endeavor are to be synthesized in seeking and striving for ultimate truth. This reality is kept constantly before us as an overall tone which is derived from such specific exercises as chapels, vespers, hall prayers, C. A. projects, faculty prayers, campus charities. Rather than being an element apart, our religious life is the river from which flow two-way tributaries of all activities, and to which are directed again all our efforts. It is both enveloping and interwoven. It is not gaped at, but is rather, assimilated into ourselves and our purposes.

And neither of these emphases is warping. There is a freshness here that would seem remarkable in view of these possibly smothering elements. We are in a large city, a cultural nucleus. Personality can bloom and can relax. We have men's colleges near, and that is not just an added attraction to be smiled about! It is a very rounding factor in development. Equally important, if not more so, is our association with the women students on this campus who have similar values and goals. I am convinced that never again will I be a part of a group of so many such outstanding people. And we live together honorably, taking for granted the integrity of our fellows. An evasive apology at being found out to be "an Agnes Scott

girl" has become an emphatic acknowledgment—yea, an exalting pride that is at the same time a leveling humility. Identification with a composite of individuality such as we are can be soul nourishing.

Granted, Agnes Scott, *is* different. I believe that we are stimulated for these four years as we shall never be again. There are more paths here identified as leading to ideals. But does that make our life less real—do we stand on cloud 78 in detached contrast to the world? No, we do not. May I lift from Dr. Alston the reminder that "this is not preparation for life—this is life."

THE "WHY" OF AGNES SCOTT

Sue Lile '58

President, Christian Association, 1957-58

Nancy has pointed out what the life at Agnes Scott is, and I would ask along with some of you: *Why* become a part of Agnes Scott? *Why* bother? *Why* want this utter devotion which grows necessarily from giving yourself to the school?

Primarily because, as Bernard Shaw says, "This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one."

In case you haven't gathered, the three of us think Agnes Scott is such a purpose because of what it stands for and because of the kind of well-rounded, mature, Christian woman it thereby develops.

Hear the statement in our hand book as to the high purpose behind Agnes Scott: "The Agnes Scott ideal was conceived by the founders of the institution. The spiritual element was dominant in the minds of those leaders. They earnestly desired to advance the kingdom of God, believing that nothing else would be so effective as a strong institution for women."

You may have read the recent series in *Life* magazine on the Lowell family which has consistently, for several generations, produced great men. After reading the articles, a boy asked his mother how one family could produce such men, and she, without batting an eye, said: "It depends upon the women they marry."

I would say that the development of the kind of men that will run the world depends on the women who teach them, who raise them, who marry them.

Because spiritual ideals have here an unusually fine environment in which to flourish, lots of us have the

tendency to say, "Oh, yes, this is a good thing to live by honor, etc., but this is unrealistic and not at all like the world outside our protective hothouse."

But this attitude is not valid. It is true that the Agnes Scott environment is special, and for that very reason we should do everything in our power to make these ideals an integral part of ourselves while we are here. For aren't these the very standards of strength by which the world can know what real abundant life is?

We leave the concentrated study of life both to become dispersed among and *join* those who are busy with practicalities and we, through our training here, can busy ourselves, too, in walking but will have all the while insight into where we are going.

We have been told in various ways of the obligation that rests on us to use what is available here for growth. We know that because of this opportunity we have incurred a debt which we can never fully repay, to use what God has abundantly given us in order to be those "cells of sanity," that "part of the solution, not the problem," which Dr. Alston has encouraged us to be.

We would urge you today to give yourself to Agnes Scott in order to be used of God to accomplish His purpose. He has given you great capacity, and He has put you in a place where this capacity can be realized and used.

THE "HOW" OF AGNES SCOTT

Martha Meyer '58

President, Athletic Association 1957-58

During the past couple of weeks, the three of us have been more or less forced to face the fact that this next year will be last in which we will be able to serve this college actively. It is extremely hard to express this sort of realization, and in trying to do so, we discovered at the base of all of our thinking a common element which we have chosen to call an utter devotion for this school. We believe that this utter devotion is not a predetermined possession, but rather that it is a quality which has developed and

grown within each of us. How then does this sort of a feeling grow and develop within a person?

In attempting to answer this question for myself, I began to look back at the first week I spent on this campus. I felt as though I had literally been picked up and thrown into a place that I had never seen before, a place that would be my life for four years. I was extremely impressed with both the students and the members of the faculty whom I met, but two questions entered my mind and stayed with me for a great part of my first year, "Will I ever feel as if I belong here?" and "Is there a place for me on this campus?" It is a thrill to realize the answers to these two questions. There is not only a place on this campus for me but there is also a place on this campus for everyone here. Because of this, there naturally follows a true sense of belonging.

We each enter a new situation as individuals, and what we gain from the situation itself depends largely on what we give to it out of our own individual capacity to serve, respond, support, identify, and love. We each possess these capacities in a different degree, but regardless of their depth or quantity there are *here* numberless opportunities for their expression. To pass up these opportunities is to lose the chance for individual growth and maturity. By overlooking these opportunities, we fail to develop our potential qualities which are God given and universal among all peoples. If we do not hesitate to give what we have, in love of our school and love of our fellow students, then the end result cannot help but be an utter devotion for all that exists here. Unfortunately we find, all too often, a tendency within ourselves which inhibits the development of an utter devotion, on our part, to anything. *Why*, when we each possess this capacity and when opportunities to express it is all around us, do we shy away from the development of a selfless utter devotion? *Why* are we lax at our own expense? Perhaps it is because we are of a generation which identifies such a quality with a childish denial of reality. Or perhaps this quality is a level of development which requires the giving of all that we possess and this is more than any one of us is willing to give. I am convinced that the latter reason is primarily the cause of our tendency to overlook the development of this capacity of utter devotion. In view of this, it still remains true that only in giving do we receive, and only by giving of our capacity to serve, respond, support, identify, and love can we develop an utter devotion for anything in this life. And in turn, by giving of our individual capacities, we not only retain our identity, but we also become a part of the whole. *This insures a bigger you and a bigger whole!*

CLASS NEWS

Edited by Eloise Hardeman Ketchin

News in this issue includes that of the Winter and Spring Quarterlies, which were not published. Deadline for news for the Fall issue is Sept. 10.

DEATHS

Mr. George Winship, chairman of the Board of Trustees of Agnes Scott College since 1938, died June 20, 1956.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Mrs. Clair Bidwell Cunningham, former head of the primary department at Agnes Scott, died May 1.

INSTITUTE

Irene Ingram Sage lost her daughter, Charlotte Sage McKnight, March 13, 1956.

Lucile Shuford Bagby died in February, 1954.

Ella Emery Moser died April 27, 1956.

Birdie Lee Stewart Laird died June 13, 1956.

Jessie Parkins died Aug. 30, 1956.

Livingston Pope Noell, husband of Carolyn Graham Smith Noell and father of Anne Noell Fowler '46, died Aug. 30, 1956.

Sallie Chase Cowles died Sept. 10, 1956.

Mary Pearl Powell Everhart died Oct. 3, 1956.

Ora Wing West died Sept. 16, 1956.

C. M. Hutton, husband of Juliet Webb Hutton, died Aug. 29, 1956.

Claude Dabney Fussell died Dec. 2, 1956.

Bess Smith Sutton died Dec. 3, 1956.

Addie Boyd Pattillo died March 25.

Mildred Watkins Byers died March 29, 1956.

Minnie McIntyre Bramlett died May 7.

Frank Harrington Baker, Sr., husband of Catherine Spinks Baker and father of Catherine Baker Matthews '32, died Jan. 15.

Annie Newton died Jan. 13.

ACADEMY

Llewryne Gregory Scott died April 25, 1956.

Martha Jewett died March 3. She was a sister of Mabel Jewett Miles Institute.

1914 J. Harold Saxon, husband of Zollie McArthur Saxon, father of Zollie Saxon Johnson '48, and brother of Lizzabel Saxon '08, died Dec. 7, 1956.

Mrs. W. T. Roberts, Sr., mother of Essie Roberts DuPre, died Feb. 25.

1915 Otis L. Brenner, brother of Martha Brenner Shryock and Mathilde Brenner Gercke '13, died Nov. 18, 1956.

1916 The Reverend A. W. Barwick, husband of Charis Hood Barwick, died in August, 1956.

1917 Charles Newton, father of Janet Newton, Virginia Newton '19 and Charlotte Newton '21, died Jan. 13, 1956.

1918 Adrian Voorhees Cortelyou, husband of Sarah Patton Cortelyou and father of Patricia Cortelyou Winship '52, died Dec. 1, 1956.

1920 Rosa Lee Monroe Winfree died April 30.

1921 Benjamin G. Battle, husband of Isabel Carr Battle, died Nov. 14, 1955.

1922 Marion Hull Morris died April 6, 1956.

1923 H. Rutherford Brown, father of Louise Brown Hastings, died March 20, 1956.

Dr. Robert Edward Latta, husband of Mary Hewlett Latta, died April 8, 1956.

George William Little, father of Lucile Little Morgan and Georgia May Little Owens '25, died Sept. 7, 1956.

Charles Lucien Elyea, father of Dorothy Elyea Minchener and brother of Grace Elyea, Institute, died Jan. 9. His mother was the first housekeeper at Agnes Scott.

1924 John Cunningham, father of Margaret Cunningham Bennett, died Dec. 3, 1956.

1926 Dr. Walter L. Lingle, president emeritus of Davidson College, father of Nan Russell Lingle and Caroline Lingle Lester '33, died Sept. 19, 1956.

1927 Mrs. Graham P. Dozier, mother of Eugenie Dozier, died Nov. 7, 1956.

Dr. William Albert Maner, father of Kenneth Maner Powell, died March 4.

John A. Shields, father of Sarah Shields Pfeiffer and grandfather of Peggy Pfeiffer Bass '55, died May 3.

1928 Mrs. Mary Demetry Papageorge, mother of Evangeline Papageorge, died Dec. 2, 1956.

Lillian White Nash lost her mother in February.

1929 Mrs. R. J. Knight, Sr., mother of Evelyn Knight Richards; Genevieve Knight Beauclerk; Adah Knight Toombs; Nancy Knight Narmore '27, and Eloise Knight Jones '23, died in the fall of 1956.

Dan Lott, father of Katherine Lott Marbut and Mary Dean Lott Lee '42, died March 21.

1930 Emerson Greer Wilson, father

of Raemond Wilson Craig, died March 12, 1956.

1931 Kitty Purdie's mother was killed in an accident on Mother's Day, 1956.

1932 The Rev. R. R. Gray, D.D., father of Virginia Gray Pruitt, died Jan. 20, 1956.

Robert J. Hudson, father of Imogene Hudson Cullinan, died May 17, 1956.

William Henry Bowen, father of Kathleen Bowen Stark, died July 17, 1956.

Anthony Brown Barnett, son of Penny Brown Barnett and Crawford, died Oct. 21, 1956.

1933 Barbara Hart Campbell lost her mother Nov. 30, 1955.

Julia Hooten, sister of Mildred Hooten Keen, died Oct. 23, 1956.

1935 Susan Nell Tarpley Miller died in March, 1956.

1936 Lavinia Scott St. Clair died Feb. 2, 1955.

Brig. Gen. Troup Miller, U.S.A. (Retired), father of Rosa Miller Barnes, died Jan. 26.

Carrie Phinney Latimer Duvall's mother died in April.

1937 Nellie Margaret Gilroy Gustafson's mother, Mrs. Nellie W. Deatz, was killed in an automobile accident June 27, 1956.

William Harry Steele, father of Laura Steele, died June 16, 1956.

Mary Willis Smith died Feb. 11, 1956.

Laurence S. Critchell, husband of Mary Jane King Critchell, died April 26.

1938 Elizabeth Warden Marshall's father died May 19, 1956.

Mrs. H. L. Watson, mother of Virginia Watson Logan and Margaret Watson '37, died July 2, 1956. Mr. Watson died four months later, Nov. 6.

Charles Thames Molton, husband of Nell Scott Earthman Molton, died April 26.

1939 Elinor Tyler Richardson's eldest son died in May, 1956.

1940 Isabella Robertson White's mother died May 2, 1956.

Mrs. W. P. Robertson, mother of Isabella Robertson White, died in the Spring of 1956.

Mrs. Andrew Sledd, mother of Antoinette Sledd, Florence Sledd Greenbaum, Frances Sledd Blake '19, mother-in-law of Mary McDonald Sledd

'34, and grandmother of Julia Blake Jones '49, died April 26.

1942 Margery Gray Wheeler lost her father Jan. 20, 1956.

James Kimbrough Owen, husband of Frances Tucker Owen, was killed in an airplane accident April 28, 1956.

James A. Huff, husband of Jane Coughlan Huff, died in November 1956.

Gordon Hill Robertson, Sr., father of Elizabeth Robertson Schear, died March 3.

1944 Charles B. Tuggle, father of Dr. Virginia Tuggle, died June 22, 1956.

Hugh Franklin Dickson, father of Betty Dickson Druary, died Nov. 29.

1945 N. A. Azar, father of Mary Azar Maloof, died Sept. 6, 1956.

Margaret Mace Hannah's father died in October, 1956.

1946 Mrs. B. W. Bradford, mother of Emily Bradford Batts, died March 31.

1947 L. M. Zeigler, father of Betty Ann Zeigler DeLaMater, was killed in a hunting accident in December 1955.

Anna George Dobbin's father died Dec. 7, 1955.

Sarah Smith Austin's father died in April.

1948 Mrs. C. J. da Silva, mother of Jane da Silva Montague and Jean da Silva Ricketts, died Jan. 19.

Southworth F. Bryan, husband of Rebekah Scott Bryan, was killed in a plane crash Jan. 4.

James David Hughes, Jr., son of Ann McCurdy Hughes and Jimmy, died from severe burns Jan. 4.

1949 Dr. S. M. Carroll, husband of Marguerite "Peggy" Pittard Carroll, was killed in an automobile accident in January.

1950 Dr. Charles William Bartlett, father of the late Charlotte Bartlett, died March 1, 1956.

1952 Mrs. J. Wright Brown, mother of Barbara Brown and Judy Brown '56, was killed in an automobile accident March 2, 1956.

1953 George B. Sheppard, father of Priscilla Sheppard, died July 18, 1956.

Rosalyn Kennedy Cothran's father died in February.

1954 Harriet Durham Maloof's mother died in the summer of 1956.

J. B. Hutchinson, father of Eleanor Hutchinson Smith, died Sept. 4, 1956.

1957 Dorothea Anne Harlee died Oct. 8, 1956.

SPECIALS Lois Patillo Bannister died March 16, 1956.

Emma Belle Dubose Johnson died April 13.



AGNES SCOTT PLATES

*A view of Buttrick Hall as seen from
Inman Porch is pictured in blue on
Wedgewood's white "Patrician" pat-
tern plate.*

Order yours from the Alumnae
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fall • 1957

DEAN STUKES RETIRES



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The AGNES SCOTT
Alumnae Quarterly

Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

Volume 36

Number 1

Fall, 1957

CONTENTS

COLLEGE NEWS

"SKIT DAY" FOR MR. STUKES
DEAN S. GUERRY STUKES

Mildred Mell

"A TEMPERATURE OF THINE OWN"

Lynn White, Jr.

THE GEORGIA FOUNDATION
FOR INDEPENDENT COLLEGES

Luther Smith

CLASS NEWS

Eloise Hardeman Ketchin

Cover. We tried to catch for you in pictures Mr. Stukes' famous grin and laugh. Cover photographs by Gospor-Ware; other photographs in this issue, p. 1-5, ASC News Service; p. 6, Timothy Golfos; p. 7, Kerr Studio; p. 11 John Carros; p. 13, Gospar-Ware.

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

College News

THE 69TH ACADEMIC SESSION opened with a full house—601 students. There are 211 new students, from 22 states and 1 foreign country. The Freshman class has 197 members, all brilliant and beautiful. Only 57 day students are commuting to the College this year, and 20 of these are married so must live in town (we do not yet offer co-ed dormitories!) Thus, the trend toward an almost total boarding student population, noticed six years ago, is now a pattern at Agnes Scott.

C. BENTON KLINE, JR., new Dean of the Faculty and Head of the Philosophy Department, spoke at the Honors Day Convocation, on October 3, which occasion served as Dean Kline's inauguration. You will receive a copy of his address, an excellent interpretation of Agnes Scott as a liberal arts institution and an indication of Mr. Kline's foresighted thinking about the College's future.

THERE IS ONLY ONE MR. STUKES, and that one served Agnes Scott for many years in three capacities, as Dean of the Faculty, Registrar, and Head of the Department of Psychology. Laura Steele '37 has been promoted to the position of Registrar; she will also continue to carry the responsibilities of the Admissions Office. Dr. George E. Rice joined the faculty this year as Professor of Psychology and head of that department.

TWO NEW EVENTS ARE SCHEDULED in the college calendar this year, Sophomore Parents Weekend and the Spring Arts Festival. Fathers and mothers will "go to Agnes Scott" with their daughters at Founder's Day time, February 22. Student inspired and planned, the Arts Festival will combine the efforts of Blackfriars, Dance Group and May Day Committee in one major production. Other sections of the festival will include a lecture by May Sarton, who writes for *The New Yorker* magazine; a creative writing panel discussion; and an art panel discussion plus an exhibit. Alumnae Day, Saturday, April 19, will be a part of the Festival. This will give alumnae the best opportunity imaginable to see Agnes Scott in action today.



Class of 1961 Granddaughters

Bottom Row

Beth Magoffin
Betsy Paterson
Nancy Moore
Carol Fields

Dorothy Seay '32
Elizabeth Howard x-'33
Ann Pennington x-'34
Sarah Campbell x-'34

Second Row

Pam Sylvester
Pete Brown
Judy Maddox
Alva Gregg
Rosa Barnes
Ann Frazer

Annie Johnson '25
Valeria Posey '23
Mary Smith '24
Crystal Wellborn '30
Rosa Miller '36
*Mary Danner Inst.

Third Row

Mary Ware
Dinah McMillan
Letitia Moyer
Nancy Hughes
Betsy Boyd
Mike Booth
Marion North

Mary McCallie '30
Leonore Gardner '29
Elizabeth Woolfolk '31
Douglass Rankin '27
Elizabeth Cobb '33
Alice Chamlee '36
Julia Napier '28

Fourth Row

Betsy Dalton
Caroline Simmons
Harriet Higgins
Margaret Roberts
Betty Mitchell

Mary Keesler '25
Emily Spivey '25
Katharine Gilliland '27
Margaret Kump '35
Ann Moss '29

Not pictured: Florence Goines—Kathleen Belcher x-'22.
*Grandmother; deceased.

"SKIT DAY" FOR

FELLOW STUDENTS, faculty, administrators, staff, alumnae, trustees, friends — never let it be said that a woman can't keep a secret. For we, 600-strong . . . have kept [one] for over three months, a secret extending well beyond the limits of the college community." The secret—"Skit Day," the day when students, faculty, administrators, alumnae, trustees, and friends expressed their love and gratitude to Dean S. Guerry Stukes for his forty-four years of service to Agnes Scott.

In November, 1956, a committee appointed by President Wallace M. Alston met to discuss how to honor Mr. Stukes on his retirement from the college. The members of the committee were unanimous in feeling that whatever way was chosen must be in the spirit of smiles and laughter, rather than farewell and tears. Finally, it was decided that March 29, 1957, would be "Stukes Day." The entire plans for this day were kept a secret from Mr. Stukes, and included a "This is Your Life" skit by the students, a luncheon for the entire campus community, and the gift of a new Oldsmobile to Mr. and Mrs. Stukes.

In the months that followed there was considerable

conspiring, exploration, research, and planning. Miss Leslie Gaylord, assistant professor of mathematics, and Penny Smith '57, president of Student Government, were appointed co-chairmen of activities for Stukes Day. Correspondence with trustees and members of Mr. Stukes' family was Miss Gaylord's main assignment, but she also attended to last minute details such as having students make appointments with Mr. Stukes for March 29 to assure his presence on campus. Mrs. Roff Sims, professor of history, was chairman of the committee charged with raising funds for the purchase of the car.

As the time approached for the occasion, there was one major problem — how to be sure that Mr. Stukes would be in chapel. The problem was solved by having the president of Student Government write a letter to the faculty requesting that the students be allowed to have a "Skit Day," since the faculty had found it impossible to present their famous production of past years, "Shellbound." The Skit Day, as the letter read, was to be a program by the students consisting of take-offs on the faculty. After reading the letter at the March faculty meeting Mr. Stukes commented: "As

"The shadowed, studied, recorded, and deluded-by-a carefully-contrived-misconception" Mr. Stukes goes to "Skit Day."

Peggy Fanson '59 portrays the Air Force days of Mr. Stukes in the "This is Your Life" skit.



Photographs for this article were made by Dorothy Weekley '56 for ASC News Service.

R MR. STUKES

one who is close to the student body and aware of currents and undercurrents, I feel that this is a very valid proposal which deserves our support. The students just need this." The "informed" faculty voted affirmative for the proposal and all, including Mr. Stukes, agreed to be there.

The long-awaited day arrived and at noon, the shadowed, studied, recorded, and deluded-by-a-carefully-contrived-misconception Mr. Stukes went to "Skit Day."

A student group, headed by Carolyn Barker '57, had written "This is Your Life, Mr. Stukes" which began with the birth of Little Guerry, who laughed and giggled instead of crying. The skit included his days at Davidson College, early days at Agnes Scott, Air Force days, courtship with his wife, Frances Gilliland '24, and his duties as teacher and administrator at the College. Many of his family were present for the day and appeared in the skit: his wife, his sister, Mrs. John A. Burgess; his brother, Judge Taylor Hudnell Stukes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina; his daughter, Marjorie Stukes Strickland '51; and grandson, Peter Strickland.

There was no speech-making, or program, at the luncheon served in the Letitia Pate Evans Dining Hall. This was a time of informal good fellowship for the campus community, the Stukes family, trustees and the Alumnae Association's board. The napkins for the occasion were inscribed with "We Love You, Mr. Stukes" in large red letters.

As groups left the dining hall, they gathered on the steps and lawn to await the climax of the day. On the steps of the building, Mr. Stukes was presented with the keys to a metallic-rose Oldsmobile by President Alston on behalf of all who had contributed toward the gift. During the luncheon, the car had been driven to the front of the dining hall, where it was wrapped with a clear plastic cover and wide blue ribbons.

Even greater than the tangible gift perhaps was the spirit which pervaded the whole campus throughout the day. It was one of smiles, laughter and a great deal of love for one who was characterized in the skit as a "counselor of students, backpatter, sounding-board, and giver of loving advice."

The Stukes family gathers at the luncheon in Evans Dining Hall.

Mr. Stukes' daughter, Marjorie, and grandson, Peter, came from Pennsylvania for a visit, and unknown to Mr. Stukes, were in Decatur a day before the occasion.





On the steps of the dining hall Mr. Stukes is presented with the keys to a metallic-rose Oldsmobile by President Alston.

Mrs. Stukes, who was, of course, informed of all plans, chose the color of the car, and escorts her stunned husband to the car.



The gift from alumnae, students, faculty, and friends awaits Mr. Stukes.

Mr. T. M. Callaway, Decatur Oldsmobile dealer, who assisted in the purchase of the car, is ready to take Mr. Stukes for his first ride as President Alston speeds him on his way.



Mrs. T. M. Callaway (Dorothy Cheek '29), member of the Alumnae Association Board, congratulates Mr. Stukes on his "merry Oldsmobile."

After his first ride, Mr. Stukes laughs with conspirators Miss Leslie Gaylord, Mrs. Wallace M. Alston (Madelaine Dunseith x-28) and President Emeritus J. R. McCain.



Mr. Stukes said he was fearful that the Alumnae Association would "do" to him what we "did" to Miss Laney upon the occasion of her retirement — formal speeches at the Alumnae Luncheon by a former student and a colleague. We gave him our word that this would not happen, but we did ask Miss Mell to write this article for the Quarterly, on Mr. Stukes as a faculty member knew him.

Dean S. G. Stukes

Mildred Mell

TO TELL THE STORY of years of experience at Agnes Scott, with Mr. Stukes as Dean of the Faculty and as a fellow faculty member, requires deliberate use of the "boiling down" process, because of the great mass of impressions which come vividly to mind when looking back over those years. And yet the mass when mulled over and enjoyed seems to make a pattern which is clear and certain. The pattern when described with mere words falls far short of the reality but perhaps it may have the power to evoke pleased recognition of a familiar personality from

those who have known him as guide, as counsellor, as ready-listener, as fellow teacher and as friend.

First, there has been over the years Mr. Stukes as Dean of the Faculty. Holding fast to his determination that academic standards at Agnes Scott must be kept high and therefore must be subject constantly to critical evaluation and revision, he has led the way by pointing out problem points and suggesting needed changes. But always he has refused to dictate; he has made the faculty feel that the shaping of the academic program was equally its job. When teaching in the classroom is part of a situation in which the teacher must assume some responsibility for the total program, the experience becomes a freer and more satisfying one. At Agnes Scott we who teach know that to a great extent because of Mr. Stukes we have "our fingers in the pie" and therefore both the "pie" and our teaching take on more meaning for us.

As Dean, Mr. Stukes has had to listen to faculty members, particularly to heads of departments, talk over new courses to be introduced or old courses to be repeated. The voice of the faculty member might have been sure and full of conviction. Or it might have been uncertain and troubled. No matter, Mr. Stukes listened patiently, interestedly and constructively. Just to talk things over with him often clarified one's thinking or gave perspective, or brought new ideas to the surface which had been vague and unformulated. Mr. Stukes would say what he thought with directness and conviction, but he never failed to send the faculty member out feeling that even if all course problems had not been solved, the way had been opened for the finding of a good solution and that the good solution would be found by the faculty member.

Again as Dean, but half-way as friend, general problems in one's teaching or special problems involving the



Dr. Mildred Mell

work of an individual student could always be talked over with him and thereby usually be made to appear the kind of thing which most people encounter from time to time, just a part of the "normal" experience. Most of us can take the "normal" in our stride and get ready for the next thing which may loom up ahead of us. So, having the chance to take troubles to Mr. Stukes was just the thing we needed sometimes, a sort of life-saving prophylaxis. His ready willingness to listen and to talk has made many of us of the faculty want to talk things over with him even when those things were only remotely connected with the college. And many a tense nerve has become relaxed and quiet because of his wise analysis, sympathetic understanding, and friendly interest and concern.

Busy as Mr. Stukes' official duties always kept him, he did his full share, if not more than his full share, of committee work. There was, of course, the Curriculum Committee. Even when he was not a member of a sub-committee, many hours and half-hours of his time were given to discussing ideas and recommendations while they were in process of formulation for a report to the whole committee. And there was never a sign of impatience or unwillingness to help even if he needed the time desperately for something else. The story of his work on committees could be endless. That on the Lecture Committee continued through many, many years of doing a job really "beyond the call of duty." During those years he was a familiar figure in the lobby of Presser seeing that people felt welcome and that details of handling the events planned by Lecture Committee went smoothly. How many times emergencies

Mr. Stukes and Mr. J. A. McCurdy, president of the Decatur Federal Savings and Loan Association, discuss Mr. Stukes' new position, Educational Consultant to the corporation. In announcing Mr. Stukes' appointment, Mr. McCurdy said: "Mr. Stukes is one of the South's best known educators. In making available his services to provide educational counselling for those who may wish it, Decatur Federal takes the lead in seeking to help its members and others solve problems which are constantly increasing. If you have children below college age, we believe a conference with Mr. Stukes will be enlightening and helpful."

Mr. and Mrs. Stukes are living in Decatur at 639 E. Ponce de Leon Ave.

arose over the years is unknown, but Mr. Stukes always managed to cope with them!

Association in work and conferences has been only a part of the way by which the faculty has known Mr. Stukes. The association has been a many-sided one involving chats in the hallways, chats at coffee hours before faculty meetings, perhaps longer conversations in his own homes or in the homes of faculty members. Seeing him in this kind of friendly, informal way has strengthened and enriched the bonds established in working with him. What a "pick-up" it has always been to see him in the hall of Buttrick and laugh over some amusing incident with him! Indeed, what a "pick-up" it has always been to just hear his laugh in Buttrick even while he talked with someone else!

These are a few of the impressions which a faculty member likes to think about when looking back over the years during which Mr. Stukes was — well, he was Mr. Stukes on our campus. There he was always "glad to see you," and he meant it. Always he was approachable, ready to talk things over from the gravely important to even the trivial, and through the days and years he had in all his relations to the faculty and to all others wonderful "human-ness" which marked him as a very rare person.

This fall his retirement has taken him out of the routine activity of the college, but we hear his laugh in the halls and we can stop and talk without feeling conscience stricken about taking up his time unnecessarily! Having him around as friend to all of us has given a good start to this year.



Here is Agnes Scott's 68th Commencement address, delivered June 3, 1957. Dr. Lynn White, Jr. is president of Mills College, Oakland, California, a liberal arts college for women very similar to Agnes Scott. After you have read this article, we think you will want to read Dr. White's book, *Educating Our Daughters*.

“ A TEMPERATUR

THE COMMENCEMENT exercises of a college are always a moment of jubilation: the harvest is in, and those who have sowed in tears come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. You of the graduating class are to be congratulated. And what's more, you know it!

But let's be candid. Isn't it a fact that if you had been receiving this degree two years ago, when you were sophomores, you would have assumed it with far more confidence than you have today? In a liberal arts college like Agnes Scott, at the end of four years you rather suddenly become much more aware of the vast extent of what you don't know than of what you do know. No matter how brave a front you put on, you feel your inadequacy a bit more vividly than you do your competence. This is nothing to be discouraged about. In fact it is the sign that your education has begun to "take"; for in intellectual humility is the beginning of wisdom. But one's first experience of learned ignorance can be very disturbing.

To graduating seniors like you it is the more disturbing because Commencement breaks the orderly pattern of academic life and — unless you are going on to graduate work — catapults you into uncertainties and irregularities of daily existence where you will be much more on your own than ever before. This greater freedom of choice as to what you will do and when you will do it is in itself an achievement, something very good. But like learned ignorance, and particularly in conjunction with learned ignorance, this new freedom which is coming to you has its dangers.

Indeed, an influential school of social psychologists led by Eric Fromm insists that the maladies of our modern age can largely be traced to the double fact, first that we now know so much, and so much that seems mutually contradictory, that we have lost our confidence in truth, and second that we have achieved

so much freedom of action and choice, that we have lost the ability to choose. So we seek an authority which will both choose for us and tell us what the truth is. Such a theory does much to explain the world-wide growth not only of communism and the various fascisms, but of a wide spectrum of milder authoritarianisms which tell people what to think and do.

The escape from freedom and responsibility takes curious forms here in America. For your summer reading, let me commend to you Wallace Stegner's marvellously written *Big Rock Candy Mountain*. When it was published a few years ago it achieved far greater critical acclaim than popular sales because, I believe, it probes so deeply into the mythology of American life that it makes most of us terribly uncomfortable. For nearly three centuries, whenever an American found life getting too dense, he picked up and moved West. If things didn't work out where he settled, he picked up again and moved on, always confident that just over the Western horizon lay that Land of Cocayne — what the frontier ballad calls "the big rock candy mountain with the lemonade springs" — where all his problems would automatically be solved. So long as there was good free land to be taken up the myth had enough substance so that many good lives could be built on it. But when about 1890 the land suited to homesteading gave out, the myth remained. Stegner's novel is the tragedy of a life built upon escape from immediate problems in terms of a once valid solution which has ceased to be available. His hero's wife and son do their best to get him to face up to things as they are, but in vain. The mirage of a vanished frontier leads him to destruction.

These things are not fiction, even though their most powerful analysis, in this case, is a work of fiction. While as a native son of California, I should be the last to say that the West does not have its charms,

OF THINE OWN''

Lynn White, Jr.

nevertheless the continued westering migration of millions of Americans is something which cannot be explained entirely in rational terms. In some measure they are escaping, but in terms of an outmoded myth; and if things don't work out in California, there is no place further west to go. This is certainly one reason why California has by far the highest suicide rate in the United States. When the frontier myth fails these men and women, and they find that they have not escaped by moving, but remain trapped, they go to the Golden Gate Bridge and throw themselves lemming-like into the Pacific waters gilded by the setting sun.

Penetration into Reality

We have not really grown up until we consciously determine to face up to our problems and how to solve them in the light of the inescapable facts, and in the darkness of the inescapable uncertainties. Anything else is escapism. But it should be noted that such words as "escapism," "evasion," "flight" must be used cautiously; for some things which may look like flight *from* reality may be in fact penetration *into* reality. Those of us who are Protestants, for example, generally look at monasticism as an "escape." But we should remember the decision of Ishmael, the narrator of another great American novel, *Moby Dick*, to seek the silence of the night watches of the infinite ocean. Puritanism in New England provided no monasticism, so Ishmael found his cloister in a whaler, and plumbed the depths of reality.

Conversely many actions which, on the surface are socially accepted as "facing the facts" may be actually a means of escape from freedom and responsibility. If I were speaking to a graduating class of young men I would talk chiefly about escape into "success." You all know perfectly well what the word "success" means

in the American language; it is success as an economic producer. This image is the most powerful single influence in the lives of American men. It is almost universally believed that if a man is a "success" he is likewise a good husband and father, a stout citizen and a child of God. Although it stems largely from women, few American women really understand the fearful pressure to which every American boy is subject, from earliest infancy, to become a "success." It has built the world's most magnificent economic structure, and it has destroyed scores of millions of souls. There is, of course, nothing at all inherently evil in the normal pattern of an American man's life and ambitions; we need and must have business and professional men dedicated to doing well what they start out to do. What is spiritually wrong with our pattern of "success" is that the definition and scope of masculine "success" has become so rigid and universally accepted that it relieves the male of the species, as a rule, of the necessity of asking "Who am I, and what is my destiny?"

You who are women, and especially college women, are more fortunate. Our society is much more doubtful about you than it is about your brothers. We don't quite know what we mean by "success" for a woman. Thanks to the older feminism and the newer technology, you can now do practically anything a man can do, if you want to, and if you are four times brighter than most men. You can even be ordained into the clergy of some of our most respectable churches! On the other hand it is still socially permissible for you to do all the fine old female things which the feminists disliked so thoroughly. In other words, you face a range of options which really compels you, as few men are ever compelled to ask "Who am I, and what is my destiny?" America offers you no automatic escape from the reality of your soul by a stereotype of womanly "success." You

must think and choose as few men ever have to think and choose.

This is magnificent, but it is also tough. In a sense, men have it easier! Here you are at your Commencement, equipped with that superbly detailed ignorance which is the finest flower of a college education, and likewise with the necessity of finding a new pattern of daily living to replace the collegiate routine. The temptation to escape is going to be greater than you may realize. Neurosis, dope, alcoholism — these are the cruder forms of escape, and you doubtless have enough sense to avoid them. The three commonest forms of escape which I see in girls in the years immediately after college are all things excellent in themselves which may be entered into for the wrong reasons. All three of them boil down to trying to get somebody to solve your problems for you.

Escape—Matrimony

First of all, there is the flight to matrimony. I believe firmly in the value of marriage for most people, myself included. But I am very much afraid that many girls get married because they want someone to be strong *for* them, to make adult decisions *for* them. They confuse the greater physical strength of men with intellectual and moral strength, not knowing that we men in general are, on the inside, just as weak, pulpy, groping —altogether like little white maggots — as are most human beings. A girl who marries a husband as a substitute father is likely to discover between the fine biceps a boy who married her as a substitute mother — for men too, sometimes use matrimony as an escape.

I hope that most of you will decide to marry; but I hope that you will marry as adults, and not to prolong your childhood. Moreover I hope that you will stand for the right of some people to remain unmarried if they want to. The bachelor and spinster were once common, perhaps, usually, by reason of economic or other misfortune. But marriage in our time is getting to be a social necessity; just a habit, not a sacrament. And in so far as it becomes a fixed pattern, it runs the risk of becoming an escape.

Escape—Religion

In addition to the flight to matrimony, there is the flight to religion. Religion can serve either as a way of facing the ultimate mysteries, joys and agonies, or as an opiate, a way of evading adult responsibility for thinking rigorously and making choices in terms of all the ambiguities. When Jesus said that only those who become like little children can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, I think he did not mean that perpetual infantilism is essential to salvation. I think rather that he wanted us to have the little child's sense of perpetual wonder and confidence in the incomprehensible.

Nothing depresses me more than the escapism of the peace-of-mind books which have flooded this country: they have no relation to high religion. I do not detect that Christ enjoyed perpetual peace of mind: he wept over Jerusalem, scoured the money-changers from the Temple, sweat blood in Gethsemane, and felt a moment of abandonment by God on the Cross. As for so-called

“positive thinking”: I find Scripture thunderously replete with negative thinking when negation is needed.

Melville's *Moby Dick* is a curious but intensely religious book, and it is high religion which speaks when Ishmael says: “Doubts of all things earthly, and intuitions of some things heavenly; this combination makes neither believer nor infidel, but makes a man who regards them both with equal eye.”

I hope that each of you may discover for yourself a living faith which will not be destroyed by the recurring phenomenon which St. John of the Cross used to call “the dark night of the soul,” but which will enable you to say, with his fellow Carmelite St. Teresa of Avila, “All the road to heaven is heaven.” But this is not a road to be found by those who use religion as an escape from the necessity of their own thinking and choices.

Escape—Counselling

The third mode of escape which tempts young college women in our time, in addition to the flight to marriage and the flight to religion is what (for lack of a better word) I shall call the flight to counselling. The temptation is the greater because the campuses of our better colleges today are so thoroughly equipped with experts professionally set up to give every manner of good advice: deans, assistant deans, residents, assistant residents, vocational advisers, chaplains, physicians, consulting psychiatrists, and so on. Everyone of these officers, and their equivalents in the larger society beyond the campus, has a legitimate function, and we would not be without them. Yet they themselves, in their franker moods are generally the first to admit that many who seek them are really trying to pass on to them responsibilities which should not be passed on. The symbol of this whole situation is a classic *New Yorker* cartoon of not long ago: a lurching debutante says to her girl friend, “It's going to be a very happy marriage. You see, our psychiatrists know each other.”

Very often each of us need advice, and when we need it we should seek the best available. All I am suggesting is that when we ask for it we should first look at ourselves with very clear eyes and make certain that we are not asking it simply as a means of prolonging the dependency and irresponsibility of childhood.

How can we find the strength, the stability, to make unnecessary the sort of escapes from maturity which I have been describing?

Traditionally people have thought of inner fortitude in terms of such metaphors as the rock, the pyramid. But for our new age such images are misleading: we can find no security in institutions, in inherited but unexamined ways of life, or in beliefs validated by an outside authority. Not the pyramid but the gyroscope, must be the model for the strong individual today. Margaret Mead expressed the issue perfectly when she said that we must help children to achieve the stability of a trout in a mountain torrent. And this is perhaps the central ideal of Melville's *Moby Dick*: the sea is “the image of the ungraspable phantom of life”; and as the novel draws toward its climax, Captain Ahab cries, “Then hail, forever hail, O sea, in whose eternal tossings the wild fowl find this only rest!”

A commencement like this is like the dropping of a garland of flowers on the waves as one sails out of the harbor of Honolulu. As you sail on, you will find, if you wish to find, that the ancient Ionian philosophers were right when they said "All is Flux"; but you may also discover that this is not a counsel of despair. You may find stability in yourself, as you learn the way of the gyroscope, the trout, the sea fowl. It is in each of you to become not a person who spends her life passively adapting to uncontrollable circumstance, but rather a free agent acting *in terms of* uncontrollable circumstance, riding out the waves by good helmsmanship, *intiger vitae* — "Unscathed by life"—invulnerable to change.

This kind of strength, and its sources, cannot really be described in words, but only pointed to by the great symbols of religion. It was said in Greece that "Apollo who speaks at Delphi neither denies nor affirms, but points." Yet in our time my friend Alan Watts has ruefully noted how many people suck such pointing fingers for consolation.

It is the central paradox of high religion that the clear recognition and acceptance of our limitations frees us from those limitations. In college, during registration for a new term, how often have you moaned "Oh, what course shall I take? when obviously the only real answer is "Do well, whatever you take." In coming years you will occasionally hear a young wife whining, "Did I marry the right man?" Only by such acceptance of the defects and inadequacies inherent in the human condition can we learn spiritual equilibrium, the art of the trout.

On this June morning I seem to have been larding my thinking liberally with strips of blubber from the Great White Whale. And Ishmael has said all this better than I; so I leave you with his words.

"Oh Man! admire, and model thyself after the whale! Do thou too remain warm among ice. Do thou too live in this world without being of it. Be cool at the equator; keep thy blood fluid at the Pole. Like the great dome of St. Peter's and like the great whale, retain, O man! in all seasons a temperature of thine own."



The Commencement Academic Procession forms on the Colonade and marches to Presser Hall.

G F F I C

Luther Smith

This fall, President Alston and the presidents of eight other Georgia colleges have been devoting a great deal of concentrated time to the work of the Georgia Foundation For Independent Colleges. Travelling in teams of two, they have visited businessmen throughout Georgia interpreting the role of the independent college. In this interpretation, an important factor is the percentage of alumnae who contribute to the college. Alumnae may strengthen and undergird with pleasant fact Dr. Alston's words by giving to the Alumnae Fund and thus increasing our percentage. As of October 1st, 12% of the 6900 Agnes Scott alumnae sent fund appeals in September have contributed to our 1957-58 Alumnae Fund.

TWO SIMILAR problems face Agnes Scott and eight other accredited, four year liberal arts colleges in Georgia. These problems are 1) retaining good teachers when other fields beckon with more tempting salaries, and 2) planning for a future which promises rising costs.

During the past fifteen years, colleges have received diminishing income from sources of endowment, gifts and grants. Institutions of higher learning, frontiers of our free enterprise system, need more assistance today.

Their income has remained relatively fixed during an inflationary period. Economic conditions limit new endowment funds, and income from existing endowment buys less than formerly. Notwithstanding a few large gifts from devoted friends of higher education, huge gifts from individuals have been largely curtailed by tax policies of recent years.

To meet their economic problem with foresight, Agnes Scott and eight other accredited, four year liberal arts colleges of Georgia formed *The Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges* in October, 1956. The colleges associated in response to the need of business and industry for a joint or "United Fund" channel for aid to higher education in the state. Member colleges of the Foundation are Agnes Scott, Brenau, Emory, LaGrange, Mercer, Oglethorpe, Shorter, Tift, and Wesleyan. Only the undergraduate College of Arts and

Sciences of both Emory and Mercer are members, not the whole of the universities.

In the brief time since the Foundation's office was established at Macon during February, 1957, contributions have been made by, to name a few, Plantation Pipe Line Co., Union Carbide and Carbon Corp., U. S. Steel, National Dairy Products Corp., Addressograph-Multigraph Corp., Time Inc., Babcock and Wilcox Co., 20th Century Fox Film Corp., Graybar Electric Co., Inc., Massachusetts Mutual Life Ins. Co., and New England Mutual Life Ins. Co.

The association of liberal arts colleges in Georgia is similar to a pattern followed in 38 other states. Such associations are formed to provide businesses, industries, and foundations a single channel of investment in higher education. The following amounts show how business is investing in the South's colleges through independent college associations:

<i>Foundation</i>	<i>Amount Given Through 1956</i>
Virginia Foundation (formed 1952).....	\$817,039
Kentucky Foundation (formed 1952).....	490,498
Arkansas Foundation (formed 1954).....	355,983
North Carolina Foundation (formed 1953)....	289,197
Louisiana Foundation (formed 1952).....	211,200
South Carolina Foundation (formed 1953)....	174,377

Author of this article, Luther Smith, is executive secretary of the Foundation. Copies of the Constitution and Bylaws of the Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges will be sent upon request. Please write to Mr. Smith at 306 Persons Building, Macon, Georgia.

Like these foundations, the Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges was formed to interpret the basic philosophies in which its member colleges believe and on which America was founded, and through

greater understanding, to encourage continuing financial support of higher education from business and industry.

The question may well be raised, "Why does corporate business and industry so strongly support higher education?" First, such support is given because colleges represent the frontiers of free enterprise. They contribute to the creation of a climate of public opinion necessary to maintain our American system unencumbered by false ideologies and philosophies.

Another reason for this strong support is that colleges help develop the human resource: prospective employees capable and willing to be trained for executive responsibility, and young people better able to adjust themselves and their homes to our rapid state and national expansion.

A third reason for such support is that gifts are used where there is real need. One of the pressing needs is the improvement of faculty salaries.

A fourth reason business, industry, and foundations invest so wholeheartedly in colleges is the very fact of alumni support. A frequent question asked by a corporation which plans to contribute is, "How much do

your alumni give?" Another is "How many of your alumni give?"

When a large or small corporation or foundation gives to the Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges, all nine accredited, non-tax-supported, four-year liberal arts colleges in Georgia share in the gift, unless it is designated. If assignment of gifts is not stipulated by the donor, they are divided 60 per cent equally and 40 per cent in proportion to enrollment. Gifts to the Foundation are deductible for tax purposes.

Trustees of the Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges include President Wallace M. Alston and W. E. McNair from Agnes Scott, President Josiah Crudup and Worth Sharp from Brenau, President S. Walter Martin and Bradford Ansley from Emory; President Waights G. Henry Jr. and G. M. Simpson from LaGrange, President G. B. Connell and Rabun L. Brantley from Mercer, President Donald Agnew and George Seward from Oglethorpe, President George A. Christenberry and Cecil Lea from Shorter, President Carey T. Vinzant and Starr Miller from Tift, and President B. Joseph Martin and Miss Carolyn Churchill from Wesleyan.



President Wallace M. Alston Prepares His Talks for Georgia Businessmen.

DEATHS

FACULTY

Jane Brookfield Brown, former member of the faculty, July 5.

INSTITUTE

Jane Strickler Denny, May 24.

Mrs. Milton A. (Nellie Scott) Candler, daughter of founder, George W. Scott, July 4. She was the mother of Nell Scott Candler and Eliza Candler Earthman, and the grandmother of Nell Scott Earthman Molton '38.

Bessie Harris Clayton, Jan. 22.

1910

George E. Wilson, Jr., husband of Lida Caldwell Wilson, in August.

1917

Mrs. L. P. Skeen, mother of Augusta Skeen Cooper; Rebekah Skeen Candler '26; Virginia Skeen Norton '28; Elizabeth Skeen Dawsey '32, and Martha Skeen Gould '34, June 1.

1919

Henry Losson Smith, father of Lulu Smith Westcott, Aug. 15.

1920

David Ira Shires, husband of Ann Houston Shires and father of Ann Shires '57, in June.

1923

Mrs. Daniel Gilchrist, mother of Philippa Gilchrist '24, and Edith Gilchrist Berry '26, April 20.

1926

James Toole Fain, Sr., father of Ellen Fain Bowen, May 15.

1927

Eugene A. Stead, Sr., father of Emily Stead, May 14.

1931

Ruth Hall Christensen's mother, in February.

Ruth Pringle Pippen's mother, Aug. 12.

1932

Frances Crosswell Symons, May 3.

Mimi O'Beirne Tarplee's mother, in August.

1933

Charlton Keen, Sr., husband of Mildred Hooten Keen, July 11.

1938

Mrs. Robert Rounsaville, mother of Capt. Frances E. Castleberry, May 10.

1942

Mr. Fred P. Brooks, Sr., father of Dr. Betty Ann Brooks, May 24.

1944

Walter Frederick Kuentzel, husband of Agnes Douglas Kuentzel, in August.

1955

Benjamin Franklin Stovall, father of Harriett Stovall, June 12.

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Miss Nonette Brown
Library



AGNES SCOTT PLATES

*A view of Buttrick Hall as seen from
Luman Porch is pictured in blue on
Wedgewood's white "Patrician" pat-
tern plate.*

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\$3.50 each

6 for \$20.00

Proceeds from plate sales go to the
Alumnae House.