

THE
Agnes Scott
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

WINTER 1959

**THE FACULTY SPEAKS
ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS**

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**ALASKA HOMESTEADING
VS. PHILLIPINE'S HEAT**

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Ferdinand Warren Creates Mural
(See back page for the story)





THE Agnes Scott ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

WINTER 1959

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE / DECATUR, GEORGIA

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COVER—Ferdinand Warren's mural (see explanation on back cover) is hanging in the new offices of Foote and Davies. Atlanta printing firm which commissioned it.—*Photograph on front cover by Kerr Studios; that on back by Lane Bros.*

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*The threats in the possible closing of Georgia's public schools
are clearly stated in*

THE FACULTY MANIFESTO

"AS MEMBERS of the faculty of Agnes Scott College and citizens deeply concerned for the welfare of the South, we wish to express our earnest hope that the public schools will be preserved. We feel that closing them would be a major disaster to the region.

"We assent entirely to the warning published by the Emory faculty of the loss in people qualified for every sort of work demanding special training, which the suspension of public education would cause.

"Another even more far-reaching evil would be

the spread of actual illiteracy. For the past fifty years we have struggled to build up the public schools in order to combat exactly this handicap and to give every person the educational equipment to function as a citizen in a democracy. It seems the height of folly to jeopardize now the fruits of the struggle. The substitution of private for public schools, haphazard at best, would work a peculiar hardship on the children of parents with small incomes, who would be left largely without any schooling at all. Since numerically this group is far the largest in our population, a great



Part of the faculty section of an academic procession moves from the colonnade to Presser Hall at Commencement.

roportion of our people would have little or no education.

"Furthermore, illiteracy is now a much more serious economic handicap than it was fifty years ago, when the society of the region was largely agrarian and much of the work was hand labor. In this day of mechanization, there are very few jobs which can be performed by illiterates. The deterioration of the working group because of lack of education would make a still further gap between the per capita income of the region and that of the rest of the nation.

"We feel also that closing the schools and thus making idle a great number of active boys and girls would be inviting them to turn their energies to mischief or more serious trouble making. This is said in no disparagement of our young people. There is real danger to the community in depriving any large group of its normal fruitful occupation.

"Any dislocation in our educational system

would accelerate the migration from our region of its most gifted young people. We are just beginning to be able to hold them because of the influx of industry, which would itself be endangered by uncertainty about education and a supply of trained workers.

"It is sometimes said that if the schools close, they can be re-opened. But it is wishful thinking to suppose that the re-opening would be the simple performance of opening the doors. A closing of the schools for however brief a period would bring about the loss of the best teachers and of many students who would never return. Re-opening would mean starting again the whole arduous and costly process of building up the organization and establishing standards.

"We urge, therefore, that our public schools be kept functioning without any break in the continuity of their service, so essential to the very life of the community."

COMMENTS ON THE MANIFESTO

PRESIDENT WALLACE M. ALSTON has expressed the following reaction to the statement signed by members of the Agnes Scott family:

"This statement, issued by members of the Agnes Scott faculty, has my complete approval. It comes un-
tarily from honest and concerned members of the teaching profession who have evidenced their interest in the welfare of young people by their sacrificial and devoted service. It is a measured, realistic warning that closing our schools will prove to be an ill-considered action, destructive of the economic, intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of our state."

Mr. Hal L. Smith, Chairman of the Agnes Scott Board of Trustees, commented on the statement as follows:

"The statement that came from the members of the Agnes Scott faculty is a fine one. They have a perfect right to express their beliefs in this manner since Agnes Scott stands for academic freedom.

"It was not inspired by the administration of the college, but is an expression of the deep concern of the faculty members who have signed it. Speaking solely as an individual I concur with their position."

Dr. J. R. McCain, President Emeritus of Agnes Scott and Chairman of

the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, has authorized the following comment about the statement from Agnes Scott faculty members:

"I quite approve of it. The emphasis is on a single point—the importance to education at all levels of the public schools of the State.

"There is no group of my acquaintance better qualified to testify on educational matters than the Agnes Scott Faculty. In academic training, in experience, in all tests of good citizenship, in unselfish and devoted service through teaching, and in other ways, they have proved to be wise and helpful counselors."

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Mt. Mayon in the Philippines is said to be the world's most perfect volcanic cone.

After Five Years On Ice

The Contrasts of Life in the 49th State and the Philippine Islands

Sarah Cook Thompson '35

OUR FAMILY has been particularly fortunate in that we have been located in Alaska and the Philippine Islands for the past six years. It is wonderful to be living in this age to see the change, growth and development of places and people who live in them, to know and understand the people, their customs, their ideals, their dreams; and to feel that one has in some way made a contribution, however small, and has had a personal part in the progress made by them.

Both of these places have worked tirelessly to achieve recognition in the world. Alaska, the last frontier

of America, has, after many years of striving, finally become the 49th state of the United States of America. There is a continuing struggle in the Philippine Islands to establish this twelve-year-old Republic on a secure foundation and to have an honest, efficient government organization which works for the development of the country and the good of its people.

On April 2, 1952, at 2:00 p.m., the Thompson family which includes my husband, whom I call Tommy (to others he is Herb), our daughters, Sally and Joy, and myself reached Fairbanks, Alaska. Tommy

had been assigned to Alaska by the Civil Aeronautics Authority. We had driven our 1949 Dodge sedan for approximately 5,200 miles over the fine roads of the United States from Flushing, N. Y. to Canada through the mud to Dawson Creek and over 1,500 miles of snow and ice on the Alcan Highway. It had taken fourteen days to make the trip.

Even now some details of the drive are very vivid, like my surprise when six-year-old Joy's attack of car sickness (so I thought) actually proved to be chicken pox. No shall we ever forget the mud we encountered between Calgary and

Athabasca in the Province of Alberta, Canada; we drove for ten hours that day, and we progressed exactly 50 miles!

When we reached Fairbanks, there were no houses, no apartments, not even a hotel room available for us. Each of the three hotels in town was full. The one modern apartment house had 285 families on the waiting list. In the entire town there were two houses for sale, and the mortgages on them, at 8%, had to be paid in full within three years. The payments on one, a tiny, two-room shack, without water, plumbing, or central heating were \$130 per month, and the house was five miles from Fairbanks. The second house was little better but more expensive.

These facts we learned between 2:00 and 4:00 p.m. that first day. A very kind lady who wished to help us called a friend who worked in the old Pioneer Hotel (a three-story frame building which burned a few months later with the loss of many lives), and he arranged for one room for the four of us.

After three days, with our living expenses averaging \$50.00 to \$60.00 per day, we bought the shack which was located just at the foot of College Hill in an area called College Flats. Before we could move in, we had to rent a bulldozer to move the drifted snow which blocked the entrance. We lived for three years in this house, to which we added a very large concrete-block basement and four additional rooms. Tommy and I believe that we were the original "do-it-yourself" couple: we did all the work ourselves, after we each had put in eight hours at our office jobs.

After four months we sent Sally to College Park, Ga., where she lived with my mother and went to school until November, 1953, when she joined us again in Fairbanks. The unexpected happens in every family. The following spring Sally met Joseph P. McCarthy, who was a member of the Armed Forces at Ladd Air Force Base. They were married in November, 1954, and remained in Alaska until April, 1956. Joe is now working with a radio station in De-

troit, and they live in St. Clair Shores, Michigan. They are parents of a two-year old son, Johnny, and a brand-new daughter, Susan; I cannot decide who are prouder, parents or grandparents.

In November, 1955, we moved to an eighty-acre homestead, five miles from the center of Fairbanks. We were living there in December, 1956, trying to complete the requirements of the Homestead Law for ownership of the acreage, when my husband was notified by the CAA that he was being transferred temporarily to Anchorage, Alaska, five hundred miles from Fairbanks. So, Joy and I lived alone in our Quonset Hut home for a year and a half, until April 9, 1957. We had no running water, or telephone, and our nearest neighbor was a mile away.

However, to us those were minor details compared to keeping the car running at 50° below zero temperature and keeping the fuel flowing for the heater in the house. Joy and I always slept with our boots, slacks, heavy coats, mittens and woolen scarves at the foot of our beds, so that in event of any emergency we could be dressed quickly for outside temperatures. We were most fortunate, for we missed only one day from her school and my work.

On March 8, 1957, Tommy received a cable from the United Nations offering him employment with the International Civil Aviation Organization in Manila. The position offered him was to be Chief of the ICAO Technical Assistance Mission. As an expert in air traffic control, he would instruct Filipino na-



Chess is the most popular form of game; people from all walks of life play.

Cowboy pants and hat have reached the Philippines—and music is on international language.





Sarah and Jay travel by dugout boat to reach Pagsanjan Falls.

tionals in air traffic control procedures and would act in an advisory capacity to the Philippine Government on aviation matters. He accepted this offer, obtained a leave of absence from the United States CAA, and arrived in Manila on March 23.

Joy and I left Fairbanks on April 10, and visited in Chicago, Detroit, New York City, and Atlanta. On the evening of May 24, she and I boarded a plane in Atlanta and began the long flight to our new home. We particularly enjoyed the several hours we spent in Honolulu; this was my first visit to the place where Tommy had spent the four years, 1931-1935, which I spent at Agnes Scott.

It was a sparkling, clear, bright morning on May 27, when we caught our first glimpse of Manila Bay and the city where we now live. April and May are the hottest months of the year in Manila, and the soaring temperatures seemed very strange after the snow that we left in Fairbanks. Actually, the heat here was a shock—but a pleasant one after five years on ice! Within an hour Joy was in a swimming pool for the first time in years.

Since this was my first experience in the Far East, I was very conscious of the contrasts in the city of Manila. The new, modern buildings, often white against the tropical background of palm trees and poinsettias, rise high in the air, while beside

them are bombed-out ruins. The beautiful, wide streets, like Dewey Boulevard along the bay, remind one of the parkways in the United States, but when one enters the pre-war section of the old, walled city, the streets become narrow and congested, packed with cars, taxis, jeeps, calesas, and pedestrians, and one immediately feels the impact of the East. It is very disturbing to see the splendor of the Forbes Park residential section, with its gorgeous mansions and landscaped grounds, set against the squalor and filth of the hovels where squatters live in bombed-out buildings. In these places I saw naked children playing in the mud, for there were no floors. Becoming personally aware of this kind of life helps an American understand how it is possible for people living under such conditions of poverty to become confused and easily led by promises of help from those who wish to dominate the world.

Another startling contrast shows in the very nice shops and stores, many air conditioned, on A. Mabini Street and the Divisoria Market, where hundreds of people haggle and bargain for purchases of all their needs, from food to bobby pins. In this market one's ability to bargain determines the price he pays! The bargaining is conducted as a good-natured game—but for an American it can be a very expensive game unless one is familiar with

current prices! Finding and buying daily supplies is a time-consuming endeavor.

The Filipino people are the most hospitable folk I have ever met. We have been invited into their homes taken on trips, introduced to their immediate families, relatives, and friends. They have done everything possible to make a stranger feel at home.

These people are very ambitious and believe strongly in education. It is a distinct surprise to meet a young woman who looks as though she should be a high school girl and to find she is a graduate radiologist, an engineer or a doctor with her M.D. degree. A great many of the persons who work in offices are also attending college at the same time. The scholarship competition in every field is very keen, and parents make tremendous sacrifices to send their children to the United States and Europe for their higher education. This, perhaps, accounts for the great number of people I have met who have lived in the States. (So far the only one who said she did not like the United States joined her husband in the middle of the winter in Minnesota. It must have seemed colder to her there than Alaska did to me when I went from New York State.)

The Filipino people love music from the "rock and roll" on juke boxes to the symphonic concert music. Although the local instruction in music is quite good, and they have many excellent performers, many of their best-known artists have studied abroad. So far the interest in classical music seems to be in foreign music, and even though there is lovely native music, little has been done to perpetuate it and give it to the world. But there are many concerts given by local musicians, and visiting artists often perform here.

It seems to me that Filipinos must come into this world dancing. I have seen tiny children and an eighty-year-old lady doing intricate dances with grace and beauty. Also, even the motions of work of the Filipinos are rhythmic and patterned, whether it be the houseboy, who is polishing the floor with coconut husk on his

et, or the farm workers threshing the rice at harvesting time.

And the folk dances are very lovely. They range from the primitive, stamping rhythm of the Igorot Festival Dance, a dance which is essentially a thanksgiving rite, to the Carinosa, which is a courtship dance and shows the influence of Spanish culture on Philippine life. Some of the other dances show the Moslem influence in the Philippines. Possibly the most famous of all the dances is Tinikling, in which the dancers imitate the movements of a tikling, a long-legged, long-necked bird, as it walks about in the fields.

In addition to being beautiful folk dancers, the Filipinos are outstanding dancers on the ballroom floor. Dancing has been Tommy's and my hobby since before we were married, and we are enjoying very much the variety of dance music here. There are always rhumbas, tangos, chachas, mambos, pasa-dobles, occasionally a samba, and popular American dance music. This is so different from the situation in Alaska, where I remember once a few years ago, we requested that the orchestra play a rumba, and when they did, we became the only people on the dance floor, much to my dismay.

The pastimes of the people range from chess to cock-fighting, and even, periodically, bull-fights. The Filipinos are true gamblers, and their games of chance include poker, mah-jong, Jai-Alai, horse races, cock-fighting, and the Philippine Charity Sweepstakes which are legalized, and from which the winnings are tax-free. Chess is the most popular form of game; people from all walks of life play. Although it is said to be President Garcia's favorite game, in the Philippines chess is not reserved for the intellectual but is enjoyed by all.

The culture and physical characteristics of these people show the influence of many nationalities. These islands were invaded in 100 A.D. by the Chinese, in 200 A.D. by the Arabs, in 1521 by the Spanish, and in 1898 by the Americans, and the religions, customs and characteristics of each group are seen reflected in the present culture and



The carabao is the chief work animal as the mule once was in the United States.

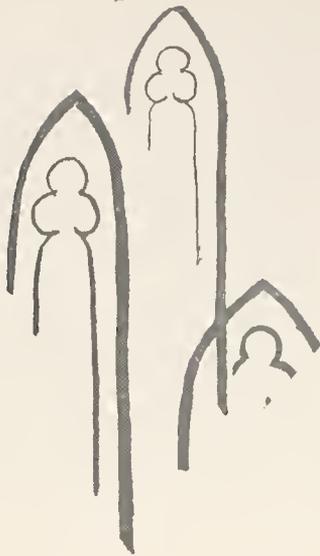
people. There were, of course, other groups who came but with less lasting influences. One of the most obvious results of these invasions is the variety of religions. Christians form the largest group (predominantly Roman Catholics, a minority of Protestants), and there are Moslems, a few Jews, and pagans.

The Philippine Islands is a country composed of 7,109 islands, but many of them are not developed and are not easily accessible. Transportation between islands is either by water or air, and the problem of roads exists on each individual island. But the traveller finds rewards outweighing these hazards. A foreigner should not come to Manila and go away thinking he has seen the Philippines. In the north, Bagiuo is a mountain resort town with many lovely houses and clubs and a very nice hotel. The mountain scenery plus the cooler temperatures make trips there a must in hot weather. Cebu is one of the oldest cities in the Philippines; there we saw the place where Magellan planted the Cross in 1521 and the old Cathedral of Santo Nino built in the 16th century by the early Spanish conquerors.

There are two interesting places for a day's outing within fifty miles of Manila. One is Tagaytay, which is mountainous. From a lodge there one can look out over Taal Lake with its extinct volcano island-crater

which has another lake and a still smaller island in its center. The other place is Pagsanjan Falls. To reach it, we sat, two passengers to each dugout boat, with our legs flat on the bottom of the boat, and were rowed up-river through sixteen steps of rapids. The river winds tortuously in its banks which are striated with marks of previous water levels and covered with tropical vines.

Tommy and I believe that our experiences both in Alaska and in the Philippine Islands are of exceptional value not only for us but especially for Joy, who is growing up in this world at a time when extremes are the order of the day. Certainly she is learning to adjust to places no matter how different they may be in climate, living conditions, or economic development. Too, although she attends school at the American School, she has many friends among the Filipino children who, large and small, readily accept her. One little boy two years old, who speaks no English, talks happily to her in Tagalog. She replies in English, and they get along wonderfully! The girls who are her age seem much younger than Americans of the same age. They are quite shy, very quiet, respectful and religious. And so Joy, at the age of twelve, has already learned from personal experience that it is not the differences but the similarities in people which are important.



A MODERN SAINT

Simone Weil's writings are intensely Christian, even shockingly so in the reality they restore to the Christian paradoxes we have made into platitudes.

ELLEN DOUGLAS LEYBURN '27

AS WE SURVEY the range of modern literature, I think we are bound to be struck by the seriousness with which our major writers take man's ultimate concerns. Here and there is a nihilist who seems able simply to shrug off his sense of meaninglessness and to laugh in a frivolous way at man's helplessness. So it seems to me Ionesco does in his at once hopeless and diverting plays like "The Chairs," where an old couple get ready for a performance which never occurs, or "The Bald Soprano" in which the banal conversation returns at the end to a repetition of the opening dialogue, giving a sense of life as a phonograph record caught in a discordant groove. But in the plays of Ionesco's master, Samuel Beckett, while there is laughter at the incongruities of man's aspirations with his actions, there is nevertheless a sense of passionate concern, a longing to find meaning in this apparently hopeless round of trivialities and bodily performances. "Waiting for Godot" is to me an intensely moving play because while the two comical tramps who represent mankind never find the revelation which they seek, they support each other in the search and they continue to wait and hope. Beckett is often referred to as a nihilist; but in this play, at least, I find a powerful affirmation both of human values and of the importance to man of his sense of something beyond himself.

One of the writers who seems to me to convey most

About The Author

Dr. Leyburn, professor of English, beloved teacher and renowned scholar, holds degrees from Agnes Scott College, Radcliffe College and Yale University. This article has been edited from a chapel talk which she presented recently at Agnes Scott.



Ellen Douglass Leyburn

poignantly this longing of modern man for meaning and his despair of finding it is Franz Kafka. In his novels, *The Castle* and *The Trial*, there is a nightmarish sense of man's bewilderment before his destiny as in the one the hero struggles to reach the completely unapproachable castle to which he is summoned and in the other he is involved in the trammels of an incomprehensible process of law. But the overpowering impression in both is that of the compulsion to *seek* a meaning. The great religious impulse of our time as I see it manifest in literature seems to me to be this longing for a clarity which is denied. The seeking itself carries a kind of conviction. Certainly in a writer like Camus there is courage in facing what seems to be reality and a sense of the importance of ultimate values.

Besides those who write almost with the courage of despair, which has its own nobility, there are some writers like T. S. Eliot who have come through the Waste Land and found in Christian revelation the ultimate reality. I should like to discuss a writer who never became a part of an established communion as Eliot has done, but who was nevertheless profoundly Christian. Nor did she think of herself as a writer. She published little during her lifetime, but the posthumous publications from her journals show a power of pointed expression which makes the comparison of them with the *Pensées* of Pascal seem not at all far fetched.

Simone Weil was born in 1909 into an agnostic Jewish family in Paris. She died in 1943 in England, really of starvation because she refused in her illness from undernourishment to take more food than the rations of her compatriots in the occupied zone in France. During her brief life, she attained to such spiritual vision and such commitment to it that it seems quite natural to find her referred to again and again in the accounts of her as a saint: "the Outsider as Saint in an age of alienation [one calls her] our kind of saint." Her writings are intensely Christian, even shockingly so in the reality they

restore to the Christian paradoxes we have made into platitudes; but she did not feel that God intended her to serve in any communion. "I should betray the truth," she declared, "that is to say the aspect of the truth that I see, if I left the point, where I have been since my birth, at the intersection of Christianity and everything that is not Christian." One part of *Gravity and Grace*, the selection from her diaries made by Gustave Thibon after her death, he heads Contradictions. This power to see varied, even conflicting truth as true, is one of the strongest marks of her special perception. The other is her absolute commitment to the truth which she sees.

At the age of five she refused to eat sugar because the soldiers at the front in the first World War could not get it. This self denying act of her childhood seems symbolic of the renunciations of her whole life, all made for the sake of identifying herself with those who suffer or are deprived. She says in one of her letters, "I have an essential need, and I think I can say vocation, to move among men of every class and complexion, mixing with them and sharing their life and outlook . . . so as to love them just as they are."

At 14 she passed through what one biographer calls "the darkest spiritual crisis of her life, feeling herself pushed to the very verge of suicide by an acute sense of her absolute unworthiness and by the onslaught of migraine headaches of unbearable intensity." She was to endure this acute physical pain all her life; but it never kept her from making the most rigorous demands on herself. Nor did she ever relinquish the sense of her own stupidity, feeling that God gave it its use in teaching humility. Actually she had a brilliant mind and obtained her baccalaureate with distinction at the age of 15. At the *Ecole normale (Supérieure)*, where she studied from 1928 to 1931, she attained her *agrégée de philosophie* at the age of 22 and won the undying friendship and admiration of the philosopher Alain, who introduced her to Plato, perhaps the strongest intellectual influence of her life.

At this time she was an ardent radical and shocked the town where she held her first teaching post by making friends with industrial workers. Her response to criticism was to become a worker herself, taking a job in the Renault automobile factory. Of this experience she writes: "As I worked in the factory, indistinguishable to all eyes, including my own, from the anonymous mass, the affliction of others entered into my flesh and soul." After she recovered from the pleurisy brought on here by overwork, she went to Spain to join the Loyalists. This was her last purely political act; but she never lost her concern for a good society. One of her few writings intended for publication is *The Need for Roots*, written at the end of her life at the request of the Free French Government and setting forth not just principles for the regeneration of France, but her idea of a sound social order.

It was after the time in Spain that while listening to a Gregorian chant at Solesmes, she had her first mystical experience, the feeling of Christ's passion as a real event.

From that time on she made her strange spiritual journey, so full of meaning for us because of its very individuality. There were two Roman Catholics who meant a great deal to her in these years of her development as a Christian, Father Perrin, to whom her most revealing letters are addressed, and Gustave Thibon, a lay theologian in charge of a Catholic agricultural colony in the south of France, under whose guidance she worked in the fields with the peasants. But in spite of her great respect for these friends, she felt that she could not become a Roman Catholic, that her own destiny was to wait for God outside any group or organization. From this position she has spoken in a special way to the modern world.

Leslie Fiedler, who writes the excellent introduction to the posthumous collection of her writings called *Waiting for God*, says, "Simone Weil's writing as a whole is marked by three characteristic devices: extreme statement or paradox; the equilibrium of contradictions; and exposition by myth. As the life of Simone Weil reflects a desire to insist on the absolute event at the risk of being absurd, so her writing tends toward the extreme statement, the formulation that shocks by its willingness to push to its ultimate conclusion the kind of statement we ordinarily accept with the tacit understanding that no one will take it *too* seriously. The outrageous (from the natural point of view) ethics of Christianity, the paradoxes on which it is based are a scandal to common sense; but we have protected ourselves against them by turning them imperceptibly into platitudes. It is Simone Weil's method to revivify them, by recreating them in all their pristine offensiveness."

The core of all her thought seems to me to be a tremendous reverence, a sense of the immense distance between man and God, over which God chooses to come to man. She often uses the figure of hunger to express man's state and his having to look in reverence and not to eat, or the figure of walking toward a goal. She says: "We cannot take a single step toward heaven. It is not in our power to travel in a vertical direction. If however we look heavenward for a long time, God comes and takes us up."

I have the feeling that the best way to communicate the quality of such a spirit is simply to let her speak. Here are some passages from her writing, which I have grouped according to the themes that recur throughout her work.

The first general comments are on the nature of religious truth. She puts our whole concern with it in proper perspective by saying:

If we go down into ourselves we find that we possess exactly what we desire.

An Imaginary divinity has been given to man so that he may strip himself of it as Christ did of his real divinity.

Renunciation . . . [is the] imitation of God's renunciation in creation. In a sense God renounces being everything. We should renounce being something. That is our only good.

We are like barrels with no bottom to them so long as we have not understood that we rest on a foundation.

Further she clarifies our relation to truth:

We do not have to understand new things, but by dint of patience, effort, and method—to come to understand with our whole self the truths which are evident. [Stages of belief.] The most commonplace truth, when it floods the *whole soul*, is like a revelation.

About faith she says:

We know by means of our intelligence that what the intelligence does not comprehend is more real than what it does comprehend.

Faith is experience that intelligence is enlightened by love.

Another subject which absorbs her is God's creative act.

Creation is an act of love and it is perpetual. At each moment of our existence is God's love for us. But God can only love himself. His love for us is his love for himself through us. Thus, he who gives us being loves us in the acceptance of nonbeing.

Then later in the same discussion:

On God's part creation is not an act of self-expansion but of restraint and renunciation. God and all his creatures are less than God alone. God accepted this diminution. He emptied a part of his being from himself God permitted the existence of things distinct from himself and worth infinitely less than himself.

By this creative act he denied himself, as Christ has told us to deny ourselves. God denied himself for our sakes in order to give us the possibility of denying ourselves for him. This response, this echo, which it is in our power to refuse, is the only possible justification for the folly of love of the creative act.

She speaks of the parallel to God's creativeness in ourselves.

Creative attention means really giving our attention to what does not exist. Humanity does not exist in the anonymous flesh lying inert by the roadside. The Samaritan who stops and looks gives his attention all the same to this absent humanity, and the actions which follow prove that it is a question of real attention.

This leads directly to her comments on love.

Among human beings, only the existence of those we love is fully recognized.

Belief in the existence of other human beings as such is love.

Lovers or friends desire two things. The one is to love each other so much that they enter into each other and only make one being. The other is to love each other so much that, with half the globe between them, their union will not be diminished in the slightest degree. All that man vainly desires here below is perfectly realized in God. We have all those impossible desires within us as a mark of our destination, and they are good for us when we no longer hope to accomplish them.

It is only necessary to know that love is a direction and not a state of the soul. If one is unaware of this, one falls into despair at the first onslaught of affliction.

This conception of love is linked to what she says of affliction.

The extreme greatness of Christianity lies in the fact that it does not seek a supernatural remedy for suffering, but a supernatural use for it.

Love of God is pure when joy and suffering inspire an *equal* gratitude.

In general, we must not wish for the disappearance of any of our troubles, but grace to transform them.

On the other hand she sees beauty as holy.

Only beauty is not the means to anything else. It alone is good in itself, but without our finding any particular good or advantage in it. It seems itself to be a promise and not a good, but it only gives itself; it never gives anything else.

The beautiful is the experimental proof that the incarnation is possible.

Hence all art of the highest order is religious in essence. (That is what people have forgotten today.) A Gregorian melody is as powerful a witness as the death of a martyr.

Poetry: [is] *impossible* pain and joy. A poignant touch, nostalgia. Such is Provençal and English poetry. A joy which by reason of its unmixed purity hurts, a pain which by reason of its unmixed purity brings peace.

Of our relation to beauty, she says:

We have to remain quite still and unite ourselves with that which we desire yet do not approach. We unite ourselves to God in this way: We cannot approach him.

Distance is the soul of the beautiful.

This idea of attentiveness that means union recurs constantly in her writings. The subject of attention is of the utmost importance to her.

Extreme attention is what constitutes the creative faculty in man and the only extreme attention is religious. The amount of creative genius in any period is strictly in proportion to the amount of extreme attention, and thus of authentic religion, at that period.

Absolutely unmixed attention is prayer.

She gives this account of her practice of attention in prayer.

A week afterward I began the vine harvest. I recited the Our Father in Greek every day before work, and I repeated it very often in the vineyard. Since that time I have made a practice of saying it through once each morning with absolute attention. If during the recitation my attention wanders or goes to sleep, in the minutest degree, I begin again until I have once succeeded in going through it with absolutely pure attention. Sometimes it comes about that I say it again out of sheer pleasure, but I only do it if I really feel the impulse.

The effect of this practice is extraordinary and surprises me every time, for although I experience it each day, it exceeds my expectation at each repetition.

At times the very first words tear my thoughts from my body and transport it to a place outside space where there is neither perspective nor point of view. The infinity of the ordinary expanses of perception is replaced by an infinity to the second or sometimes the third degree. At the same time, filling every part of this infinity of infinity, there is a silence, a silence which is not the absence of sound but which is the object of a positive sensation, more positive than that of sound. Noises, if there are any, only reach me after crossing this silence.

Sometimes, also, during this recitation or at other moments, Christ is present with me in person, but his presence is infinitely more real, more moving, more clear than on that first occasion when he took possession of me.

Ruth Simpson Blanton '46



Ruth Simpson Blanton

Ruth Simpson Blanton '46 died May 13, after heart surgery. Her husband, The Reverend Leonard Blanton, and three children are in Laurel, Miss. Alumnae who were in college with her will remember her poetry, often published in *The Aurora*. We believe she would like best, as a memorial, for some of her poems to be published here, so that many alumnae may delight in them. Miss Laney wrote about her recently in a letter to Dr. Hayes: "George. I have not been able to get your news of Ruth Simpson out of my mind—such eagerness for life so crushed."

To introduce her poems, we print first one written about her by her classmate and close friend, Bunny Weems Macbeth.

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

Together we aspired to scale the heights
And plumb the depths of all there was to
know.

While you were always first to glimpse new
sights,
You waited while I clambered up below.

Together we heard harmonies inspired,
And practiced many hours side by side.
We shared the world of music. We desired
So many things alike, so much we tried.

Why you should have to leave this world
I do
Not know. You were so full of joy and wit
And lovingkindness. But perhaps you
knew
The end; you were so near the infinite.

BUNNY WEEMS MACBETH

TO A FAVORITE PROFESSOR

(Dr. Hayes)

Can it be so that you have sorrow, too?
You live among the highest hills of thought
With stars around your feet. It is in you
I find the quiet radiance I have sought:
The sunlight of unnumbered centuries,
The spirit which transcends the baffled
years,
The long, still vision of Eternities,
And sympathies too great, too deep, for
tears.

Your voice, your smile enchant me with
their kindness.
You take me from this pebbled world of
mine
To mountaintops. With patience for my
blindness
You teach me "how man makes himself
divine."
Do you have sorrow, too? Can it be so?
Your spirit is to pain as sun to snow.

Lines written on leaving Agnes
Scott after graduation:

FAREWELL

Does the bird
Say "Soft, soft, soft, they go, they go,"
With tremulous shimmering note? Does he
know
The sweet sad word?
Are there tears
Between the petals of the rose
Because the ivied gate must close
For passing years?

ON THE EASTER MORN BIRTH OF ELIZABETH RUTH

(April 21, 1957)

I did not sing the Easter song at Church
That day, but went instead upon a search
For Life, or Death—I really had no say—
But crimson clover bloomed along my way.
I had to go where those who dress in white
Stayed round about like angels, till the
night
Brought miracle, the empty tomb, bright
earth,
Again the angel voice—not Death, but
Birth.

AUTUMN

Star-leaves,
Five-pointed, red,
Purple and saffron-gold,
What is the whisper on the cold
Wind's breath?
Who grieves
For summer fled?
Autumn, dark-bright, will fold
The leaves away; wind-voices old
Sigh, "...Death."

THESE FOUR YEARS



Lila McGeachy '59
President, Student Government

Lila says:

OFTEN WE ASK ourselves, what is so special about Agnes Scott? Why are we so grateful to be a part of it? What difference does, has, and will it make in our lives? It seems to me that we are limited in a comprehensive understanding of the college field; if we graduate from Agnes Scott, most of us have been no other place and have no basis for comparison. And so in an evaluation we can only judge according to our own values, or another set of values which we accept for our own, and assimilate into ourselves.

Agnes Scott has its roots in a set of values by which it has guided its students throughout its relatively short history of seventy years. Its founders wanted a Christian college which would further and nurture the education of young women. They wanted it to be a college of the liberal arts, insisting upon a high quality of scholarship in an atmosphere of freedom and mutual concern which they felt could most naturally develop within the scope of *genuine* Christianity.

And so we, the present student generation, have walked into an arena of life where for these short years of our lives we are given a great deal of freedom and yet we are given a guide by which to make decisions and upon which we exercise this freedom. We have become a part of a heritage which stands for the *best* man has to give, and beyond that, in ultimate terms, the *best* man has to give to God.

The girls who come to Agnes Scott come from very representative backgrounds, geographic and

economic. We have 615 students, a third of whom are from Georgia; the rest of us are from approximately thirty different states and six foreign countries. We are largely Presbyterian, with lots of good Methodists, Episcopalians and Baptists keeping us in line; we also have some Jewish students.

We are different sizes and shapes, with blue, brown, gray and green eyes, brown, blonde, red or black hair. We cry against the idea of the typical Agnes Scott girl. We are normal, healthy, happy individuals, and just because our mothers tried to teach us nice manners and we like the southern tradition of young ladies wearing gloves doesn't mean that we are so special. If there is anything unusual about us, the reason for this is that we have come in contact with something real and right in this confused and troubled world.

We live at a high rate of intensity at Agnes Scott. Most of us want to do well in our academic work. We want to accept responsibility, we want to take advantage of the opportunities which surround us, we want to really get to know other students and our administration and faculty, we want to read, to play, to date.

Perhaps the finest and most meaningful thing about Agnes Scott is the people who make it up. The values of the college and the purposes it sustains are both the subtle and the open standards of all our judgments and policies and actions toward one another. These could not be carried on without people who believe in them and live by them.

Because we do somehow care for each other, we can operate within the freedom of an honor system.

This is a reciprocal process, I believe. The honor system is a permeating attitude, or approach, to all matters of our life. It is the guide by which we make decisions. With as many folks as we have, all of us cannot be relative to each person, and so we have an established structure, or rules, by which we agree to co-operate. But the structure does not limit personal integrity: to follow the structure demands personal integrity, and the rules are not so tight that there is no room for choice.

So, for us there is an aura of trust which living within the bounds of the honor system allows us to have. We do not drink for situational and practical reasons; we make it no moral issue because that is left up to each girl; but whether we drink in our homes or not, we agree that in order to preserve the dignity and respect and purposes of our College we will unitedly not drink.

We get knocked down with our papers and tests, in elections, in sports defeats, but we see each other pop back up and each of us, then, learns to do that. We develop aspirations to tackle almost anything, even if we must stand alone, humanly speaking, realizing that we may always get knocked down. We will tackle Kierkegaard's *Sickness Unto Death*, qualitative chemistry, Shakespeare's tragedies, or social psychology right now, and we will put them into a perspective for future reference and life experience. Deep down inside we know that we are absorbing a good and penetrating and demanding approach to life and, as much as we kick in the traces, we are grateful and willing to continue our lives in this way.

Campus Leaders Delight in

AT AGNES SCOTT

LILA McGEACHY '59
WARDIE ABERNETHY '59



Wardie Abernethy '59
President, Mortar Board

Wardie says:

To STRIVE for intellectual attainment, to search for knowledge, to pursue and know the truth—these are the primary reasons we are here at Agnes Scott, and it is to these goals that we first direct our efforts. The academic program occupies an essential position in our aim to develop the integrity of each individual girl, the whole person.

Our academic system at Agnes Scott involves a developing, progressive program. The first two years are filled with required courses, covering a wide range of subjects, to acquaint the student with a variety of fields in order that she may choose her major subject intelligently later on. The last two years are primarily devoted to one major subject. However, the opportunity for studying in departments other than the chosen major one are vitally used. I have a friend who is a biology major and is taking two English courses this quarter, and another who is a music major but is interested as equally in philosophy.

Our educational process at Agnes Scott is not confined to the classroom, however. To our campus come such eminent speakers as Robert Frost, Arnold Toynbee, Paul Tillich, and Sir John Gielgud. Some of these visitors remain on our campus for several days, talking with the students personally.

Student-faculty friendships in and outside of class are one of the highlights of our college careers. These are friendships which go beyond their particular area of specialization and which develop mutual appreciation and understanding. We,

as students, are invited into the homes of our professors, sometimes for seminars, other times for fun and fellowship with their families. Foremost among my Agnes Scott memories are the many Sunday evenings spent sprawled out on the rug of Dr. Alston's den listening to Saint-Saen's Symphony No. 3 in C Minor and eating do-nuts and hot coffee, or afternoon teas in the fall when he subtly guides us into the TV room to watch the World Series, a most important part of a woman's education, he says!

As part of the development of the whole person, we feel that stimulation of leadership qualities is very important. In this atmosphere of freedom and self-development, we have a system of democratic self-government. The four areas of our campus life are directed by four student boards: Student Government, Christian Association, Athletic Association, and Social Council. A group related to these four, which is very close to my heart, is Mortar Board, a senior society of leaders and scholars which seeks to serve the entire campus through creative thinking and as a liaison between the college's administration and its students. We feel that all these activities are not so much extra-curricular as co-curricular, a vital stimulus to our thinking process and our search for the truth.

Social life at Agnes Scott begins right in our own gothic halls and spreads as far away from the Tech engineers as Princeton Seminary. First of all, our dormitory life is both the bane and the blessing of our existence! Here we find our rest and friends, as well as a con-

tinual burning of the midnight oil to put finishing touches on a term paper. The newness and the intimacy of this closely-knit life involve many growing pains, but the lessons in thoughtfulness, consideration and understanding gained in the process are well worth the effort.

At any moment during our 18-hour waking day, a goodly proportion of students can be found in the Hub, taking a study-break with bridge cards, coke bottle and cigarette in hand. The Hub, our student activities building, is the center of our campus society; here we play, we hold bull sessions, we swap jokes, we swap dates.

Highlights among our campus events begin each year with Black Cat Day, a day when the entire campus community—faculty and administration and families, students and dates—honor the new freshman class in a day of competition and fun. Black Cat's a development from, and a far cry from, the hazing of Freshmen in years gone by.

Then in December we have our annual Christmas party, one of our most cherished traditions; this includes a program by our Glee Club followed by refreshments (always do nuts and coffee), a big fire and Christmas carols. In January, the Junior class sponsors Junior Jaunt, a week of concentrated money-raising efforts for local, national and international charities, culminating in a formal dance week end. We at Agnes Scott cherish these opportunities to join together as a unit, realizing, enjoying and appreciating the bond of love which ties us together within a mutually giving and receiving unit.

Retired Classics Head Dies

MISS CATHERINE TORRANCE, retired chairman of the classics department at Agnes Scott, died October 20, 1958.

Born in Charleston, Ind., Miss Torrance was a graduate of Hanover College, Hanover, Ind. She received her master of arts and doctor of philosophy degrees from the University of Chicago.

Miss Torrance came to Agnes Scott in 1909 as co-principal of the Academy. She later joined the college as a teacher of Latin, and retired as head of the classics department.

**GFFIC Contributors Increase;
1958 Gifts Total \$72,500**

The Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges has distributed \$72,500 to the state's four-year, accredited, private colleges not supported by taxes during 1958. More than 175 businesses and other friends have made contributions to the united fund for independent higher education.

The amount contributed to the Foundation in 1958 is a \$25,000 increase over 1957 gifts. Number of contributors has doubled.

Unless otherwise designated by donors, 60 per cent of each contribution is divided equally among the member colleges, and 40 per cent is divided on the basis of enrollment. The nine member colleges which share in the gifts are Mercer Emory, Agnes Scott, Wesleyan, La Grange, Shorter, Tift, Oglethorpe and Brenau.

Dr. Virginia Tuggle '44, new "Phi Beta"





Meet the members of the art department: Marie Huper, art history and sculpture; Robert Westervelt, ceramics; Ferdinand Warren, painting.

DEATHS

FACULTY

Catherine Torrance, former co-principal of the Academy and head of the classics department of Agnes Scott, Oct. 19.

INSTITUTE

Ola Bob Jester Harbour, Sept. 29.

Juliet Webb Hutton, Aug. 31, 1957.

1920

Clara Boynton Cole Heath, May 4. Her sister is Elizabeth Cole Shaw '28.

1927

Lib Norfleet Miller's father, Sept. 12, 1957.

1928

Laurence Lowe McCullough, husband of Mary Crenshaw McCullough, Dec. 12.

1929

Robert James Varner, husband of Jose-

phine Pou Varner, and father of Joanne Varner '54 and Barbara Varner '59, Sept. 30.

1933

Mrs. Charles N. Alexander, mother of Mary Charles Alexander Parker, Sept. 18.

1935

Mary Lillian Deason's mother, in May.

1946

Eleanor Reynolds Verdery's mother, Sept. 16.

1948

Mrs. B. C. Davidson, mother of Alice Davidson, in October.

1951

Jeanne Kline Malloy's mother, Oct. 14.
Jeanne Kline Malloy's father, Oct. 31.



Worthy Notes...

We Celebrate Founder's Day and Alumnae Week-end

YOU ARE one of the many alumnae who read *The Quarterly* by beginning with the class-news section and saving the articles for future personal, please do turn back, now, to page 2 and digest the Faculty's statement on the crisis facing education in Georgia—and, by implication, in her southern states.

Such a clear-cut assertion of the reasons for the necessity of keeping open our public schools, from such a qualified group, cannot but make alumnae hearts rejoice. And, I trust, will bear some weight with Georgia's General Assembly, which opens its sessions as I am writing this, the 12th of January.

By February 21, 1959, no prophet, then, could foretell in what directions the General Assembly may have moved. On that date, the Alumnae Association, with help in planning from the Faculty Committee on Alumnae Relations, will hold an open forum for members of the five local alumnae clubs on the subject of this crisis in education. (I will report to you on this in the spring issue of *The Quarterly*.) After the forum, Dr. McCain will speak to the local alumnae at an informal luncheon.

It seems to me that Agnes Scott alumnae do, at least once a year, and thoughts about their College popping into mind. And this occurs,

usually, around February 22, which the College celebrated for many years with a holiday. This is now no longer possible in the college's calendar, because class time cannot be taken from the too-short winter quarter. This year, Dr. McCain will talk to the students about the early days of the College—as only he can—at chapel on Friday, February 20.

And we who are alumnae can certainly, and do, commemorate the founding of Agnes Scott. For some of us fortunate enough to be living in communities where alumnae have banded together to form clubs, there will be Founder's Day meetings of alumnae clubs. Beyond the Atlanta area, the clubs which have reported to their regional vice-presidents and/or the Alumnae Office on plans for such gatherings include Baton Rouge, La.; Birmingham, Ala.; Charlotte, N. C.; Columbia, S. C.; Huntsville, Ala. (organizing a new club); Jacksonville, Fla.; Los Angeles, Calif., and Washington, D. C.

From plans for Founder's Day, my thoughts must project to mid-April and Alumnae Week End, Class Reunions, the Alumnae Luncheon—to Spring at Agnes Scott. It must be admitted that I find this projection a bit difficult, with Decatur's temperature now hovering around 20°. It helps to remember the soft greens

and softer breezes of a spring in Georgia, and to know that April will bring dresses of white and pink dogwood blossoms to Atlanta and the campus. I do, indeed, hope that April 17-18 will also bring many of you back to the campus.

Reunion classes this year are, under the Dix plan: 1908, '09, '10, '11, '27, '28, '29, '30, '46, '47, '48, '49, '58. Milestone reunions will be held by the classes of 1934 (their 25th) and 1954 (their 5th.) Two classes, 1909 and '49, which are tapped under the Dix system for reunions this year are also milestone reunion classes, the 50th and the tenth.

Reunion class chairmen are already laying plans for special reunion gatherings. And the Alumnae Association is working with the Faculty Committee on Alumnae Relations to make the April week end the kind that you want when you return to the campus. Blackfriars will present their annual spring play that Friday and Saturday nights; Saturday morning there will be a "Going-Back-to-College" hour for those of us who yearn for some intellectual stimulation; and the hour before the Alumnae Luncheon we will meet informally with the faculty. So, come one, come all!

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



THE "HISTORY OF PRINTING" MURAL

A remarkable mural depicting the history of the written word has been created by Ferdinand Warren, N. A., head of the art department at Agnes Scott. Commissioned by an Atlanta printing house, the mural celebrates printing from primitive cave drawings through the Gutenberg Bible to contemporary presses. Mr. Warren has employed dynamic texture and color in each panel; international recognition has been predicted for his innovations in the mural.

THE
Agnes Scott
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY
SPRING 1959

SPECIAL REPORT

**THE COLLEGE
TEACHER: 1959**

See Page 10

"Pormenides said, 'Reality cannot be otherwise than logic will allow..."



that which is is, that which is not is not.'...

Now have I lost you?"





THE Agnes Scott ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

SPRING 1959

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE / DECATUR, GEORGIA

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COVER—It is a task to try to portray in pictures the art of teaching. Here the camera has captured C. Benton, Kline, Jr., dean of the faculty, teaching a philosophy class. See article on p. 10. (Cover photographs by Gaspar-Ware; frontispiece by W. A. Calder.)

The Alumnae Association of Agnes Scott College

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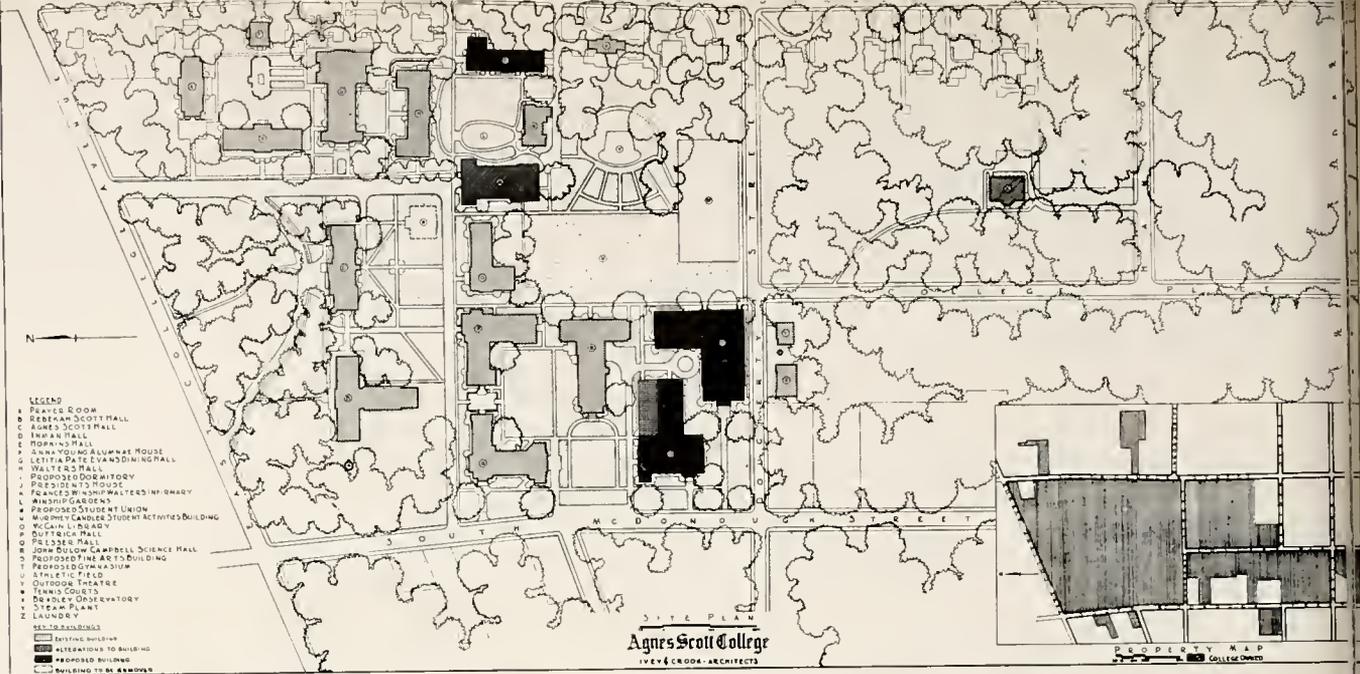
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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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Block buildings on this drawing show tentative locations of new gymnasium, fine arts building and dormitory.

THE LIFELINE TO GREATNESS

Large Plans Are Ready for Agnes Scott's Development

By W. Edward McNair

SOMEONE has said, "Make no small plans; they have no magic to challenge men's minds." Assuredly Agnes Scott has never made any small plans. In the earliest days when the institution had only five thousand dollars capital and no physical property, Colonel George W. Scott, our founder, wrote that it was his desire for the school to be as great as any institution of its kind in the land. From that day until now that same purpose has directed every effort and permeated all the plans of Agnes Scott.

Certainly no small plans have been made. Through the years since 1889 one challenge after another has been met until today there is no college which surpasses Agnes Scott in academic recognition and, in the area of inde-

pendent colleges for women, only seven which have greater financial assets. Indeed, we of the present are the recipients of a remarkable heritage of sacrifice, devotion, and unstinting effort.

However, one is worthy of a great heritage only as he rises to its privileges and increases its values for succeeding generations. It was in this spirit that the Board of Trustees in 1953 took the action which launched the development program in which we are now engaged.

This program, as originally adopted on June 5, 1953, envisioned increasing the assets of the college by \$10,025,000. In 1957 this goal was increased to \$10,475,000, this total being the aggregate of \$8,050,000 for endowment and \$2,425,000 for buildings, grounds, and equipment. It is intended that this challenging goal be reached by 1964, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college.

Since the inception of this program much has been accomplished. Hopkins Hall (completed in 1953) and Walters Hall (completed in 1956) were among the need outlined in 1953. The renovation of Main, Rebekah Scott and Inman, as set forth in the initial development plans has been completed. Additional property has been purchased, and many campus improvements have been made. Moreover, in the last six years the endowment of the college has been increased by more than \$5,000,000 thereby bringing Agnes Scott's total assets to approximately \$13,500,000. Of this total, \$6,500,000 has been added within the framework of the development goal of

About the Author

Dr. McNair is Director of Public Relations and Development at Agnes Scott and is also a member of the English department's faculty. He holds a degree from Davidson College and two from Emory University.



Dr. W. E. McNair

Gaspar-Ware

\$10,475,000. Indeed, much has been achieved! But much still remains to be done before 1964. What, then, are the plans for raising the remaining \$4,000,000 and how is it to be used?

Let us deal with the second of these questions first. At least half of the sum to be raised will go into endowment. This area of the college's assets cannot be overemphasized, for it is the life-line to the maintenance of the academic excellence which characterizes Agnes Scott. In the ten year period 1948-1958 the total expenditure for faculty salaries has increased by more than 105%, but when one considers both that the cost of living has continued to rise and that faculty compensation was at a very low level in 1948, it is clear that the college still has much to do in this area. The competition in getting and holding skilled faculty members is becoming increasingly keen, and if Agnes Scott is to continue as a college where quality work is done, increased endowment from which income can be derived for the improvement of faculty salaries must be secured. (See the special article on page 10.) Further, there is need for additional invested funds for purposes of scholarships, or many young women who are in every way fitted for Agnes Scott will be unable to attend. The importance of increasing faculty salaries and of strengthening scholarship resources is attested by the circumstance that almost 80% of the total development goal is earmarked for endowment.

New Buildings Needed

In the realm of additional buildings there are also specific plans. For a long time Agnes Scott has needed an adequate student activities building. The old library, popularly known as the Hub, has in a makeshift way served this area of campus life for twenty years, but it was never intended to be used as an activities building. A commodious student center, then, is a must. Such a center as the Trustees have in mind needs to be in the dining hall-dormitory-classroom area of the campus; however all building sites on this part of the campus have long been in use. When it was realized that the student body has completely outgrown the present Bucher Scott Gymnasium (erected in 1925), the problem of the right location for the student activities building was solved. The gymnasium will be completely remodeled into an up-to-date student center and a new gymnasium will be constructed at the southwest end of the hockey field, this new physical education building to be large, modern, and functional in design.

Another structure included in Agnes Scott's development program is a new fine arts building designed to accommodate the departments of art and speech. The art department, cramped as it now is in one wing of the third floor of Buttrick and in a portion of the basement of Campbell Hall (the science building), is in dire need of improved facilities. Also the department of speech has limped along for many years in inadequate quarters on the first floor of Rebekah Scott. The new building, as currently planned, will contain not only an art gallery but also class rooms, laboratories, offices, and a work-shop

theater—all facilities sorely needed by these departments in which work is steadily growing in scope and importance. Further, the shifting of the art department to this new building will free the space it now occupies and relieve over-crowding in other areas of Agnes Scott's academic program. Present plans call for the new fine arts building to front on McDonough street south of Campbell Hall.

An additional dormitory is also in the picture. This building, it is hoped, will allow the college to eliminate the present outmoded "cottages" and house all resident students in adequate structures. This new dormitory, as now planned, will stand on the site presently occupied by Cunningham and Tart cottages.

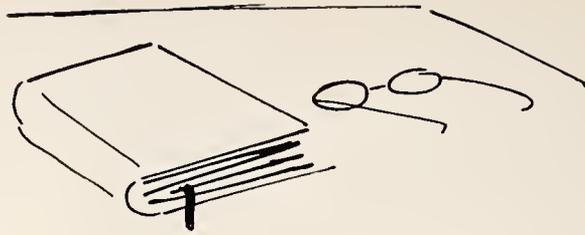
Realizing that a major capital funds campaign will of necessity be a part of the completion of the seventy-fifth anniversary development plans, the Board of Trustees in the fall of 1958 through its development committee, of which President Emeritus James Ross McCain is chairman, retained the firm of Marts and Lundy of New York to conduct a pre-campaign survey to determine what specific goals the college should aim for in a capital funds campaign. In this survey confidential interviews were held with a representative cross-section of alumnae, parents, students, faculty, and other friends of the college, not only in the Atlanta area but also in four other geographical centers. In addition the administration of the college was asked to supply a vast amount of information. Having gathered all this material, officials of Marts and Lundy studied it carefully and early in 1959 submitted a full report of findings plus recommendations. On March 13, 1959, the president of the firm met with the Board of Trustees and discussed what should be the next steps Agnes Scott would take.

Campaign To Be Launched

Meanwhile in January, 1959, during the period that Marts and Lundy was formulating its report and recommendations, Agnes Scott received from an anonymous donor a conditional gift of \$500,000 payable on the condition that Agnes Scott raise the remaining \$4,000,000 of its development goal on or before January 26, 1964.

On the basis of this recent anonymous gift and the amount remaining to be secured toward the development goal of 1964, the Board of Trustees in its meeting on March 13, 1959, unanimously voted to set the goal for the forthcoming capital funds effort at \$4,500,000. The Board further approved in general the Marts and Lundy report with its recommendations and authorized the development committee to engage Marts and Lundy to conduct the capital funds campaign, delegating to the committee the responsibility and authority for working out and effecting this program.

Thus, Agnes Scott is launched in another momentous activity—one characterized by *large* plans. The aim and purpose of this program is to undergird the college for the challenging days ahead. It is designed to give Agnes Scott the resources necessary for the greatness which we firmly believe is the college's destiny.



What America Reads

By SYBIL CORBETT RIDDLE '52

TO THOSE OF US who are entertained by browsing the shelves of a second-hand bookstore, or reading the dim titles of our parents' or grandparents' library, the study of the best-selling books of America can be fascinating and adventurous. The literary taste of an age is a transient, varied, colorful show. For the true record of the vast public who take part in contemporary events, we must discover what they were thinking as well as what they were doing, and what they were reading of the millions of pages of fiction and non-fiction written for them to digest.

What makes a book popular? Recently in the *New Yorker* magazine, a cartoonist showed a publisher's agent exclaiming, "It can't miss, J.

About the Author



Sybil, Gene and their two children are living in Birmingham. She is a regional vice-president of the Alumnae Association and is completing a master's degree in English; she used material from her thesis for this article.

G.! The author got disillusioned with Communism, escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, came to the United States, lived on a sharecropper's farm in Georgia, spent a year in a state insane asylum, turned to religion, and now is a monk!" Thus if we look for elements that produce best-sellers through the years, we are certain to glean a great many ill-assorted themes and no obvious answer to the question of literary taste.

Certain themes do reappear, however, over the decades, religion, romance, self-help, historical or nostalgic episodes. It is heartening to remember one clear fact for the sake of the Christian foundations of our nation, though they seem often to have fallen. As Frank Luther Mott points out in *Golden Multitudes*, "Strictly speaking, there is only one all-time best seller—the Bible—and all others are only "better sellers" or "good sellers."

If religion is a constant factor in popular books of America's three and a half centuries, so, too, is romance, chiefly of the historical or nostalgic school. The novels of Sir Walter Scott and of James Fenimore Cooper, his American counterpart, were the most popular books in America in the early 1800's. The ideals of chivalry and honor in the ante bellum period of the South were derived in great measure from Scott's medieval novels. *Ben-Hur* by Lew Wallace, published in 1880, sparked a revival of the historical romance lasting to the turn of the century. The 1930's and '40's saw a revival of the romance in the

nostalgic vein; notable in this era were *Anthony Adverse*, and of course, *Gone with the Wind*.

It would appear that periods of stress and insecurity lead people to the religious theme for sources of faith and to the romantic ideal for escape and entertainment. Whatever the theme or plot of a best-seller, the single unifying element creating a popular book in a given era is simply the particular needs of the people at that point in history.

Let's take a look now at the leading books of the nation since 1900. We shall divide the half-century into four periods; first, the Turn of the Century, then World War I and the "Roaring Twenties," next, the Depression 30's and World War II and last, the Post-war Decade just past.

At the turn of the century, the U. S. could most truly be said to "stand on the threshold." Industry was booming, railroads had conquered the West, capitalism and giants of finance were in their heyday. But while facing the world with a bold and braggadocio front, the nation was torn with internal dissension.

In reading taste there was primarily a nostalgia for the early days of the nation. James Lane Allen and Winston Churchill were the leading novelists, and their tool of expression was the historical romance. Allen, author of *The Choir Invisible* and *The Kentucky Cardinal*, was a sentimentalist, whose novels were marked by high ideals and nobly simple characters. Winston Churchill, whose

ooks like *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, and *The Crossing*, led best-selling lists of fiction from 1901 to 1913, wrote with greater pith, taking as subjects the Revolutionary hero, the conflict of rebel heroine and Yankee lover of the Civil War period, and the adventures of George Rogers Clark.

Another group of novels had a yet wider appeal. These were books which radiated happiness and optimistic outlook to the so-called down trodden masses of the period, victims of industrialism. Alice Rice led with *Mrs. Viggs of the Cabbage Patch*, the scene laid not in the vegetable garden at all, but in the slums of the Louisville factory district. Kate Douglas Wiggin followed with *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, in which an orphan girl portrayed unflinching optimism in the face of poverty and sorrows. Then appeared a sentimental author whose fiction was to outsell all others in this field, Gene Stratton-Porter, whose *Laddie, Girl of the Limberlost*, and *The Harvester* are fond recollections of my own teenage reading. Another Mrs. Porter (Eleanor H.) scored with the Pollyanna stores. Following these were the eighty-nine Grace Livingston Hill "wholesome romances," perennial favorites of countless young girls and their mothers.

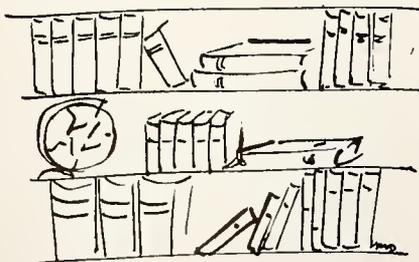
The same innocent type of fiction, though more rugged, attracted men. The popularity of these books stemmed in part from the tremendous appeal of Theodore Roosevelt's espousal of the rough outdoor life. Jack London and Harold Bell Wright exemplify this type of novelist, the first with pictures of primitive and wild life, the second with heroes who lived clean and worked hard, and typified a kind of simple, muscular Christianity. How simple were the tastes in those days—none of the psychological probings of the sex life of a middle-aged lawyer as seen in James Gould Cozzens' recent tome *By Love Possessed*. Zane Grey later set an all-time high record for total sales of adult fiction with his myths of the western range. These proved to be exciting escape literature, "printed daydreams" for the pre-movie era.

Lastly in this period, there was the

literature of the muckrakers. Socially conscious Americans read Lincoln Steffens' *Shame of the Cities* (1904) and other books whose authors pointed to the ills of industrialism. Such lurid themes as poverty, child labor, starvation and slams called forth a new realism in fiction. Outstanding of the new generation of authors were Frank Norris with *The Pit* (1903), Upton Sinclair with *The Jungle* (1906), and Winston Churchill's *Coniston* (1906). Sinclair's famous novel prompted an investigation of filthy conditions in the meat-packing industry, and resulted in pure food legislation.

TYPICAL OF American feeling on the eve of World War I was the election slogan of Woodrow Wilson—"He kept us out of war." Despite tremendous propaganda efforts of German and English journalists to sway public opinion each to his own side, and the war at sea that sank American ships and lost American lives, the American people remained relatively indifferent to the war in Europe right up to the eve of this country's entrance into the conflict. The top sellers in fiction to 1917 continued to be the pale romances of Gene Stratton-Porter, and the he-man action stories of Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright.

Beginning with the fact of United States' participation in the war, however, there was a demand for war literature. One of the first and most influential of the war books was H. G. Wells' novel, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916-17), which gave Americans an insight into British character and behavior as an ally in war. The non-fiction list showed more clearly what the now war-minded United States wanted to read. There

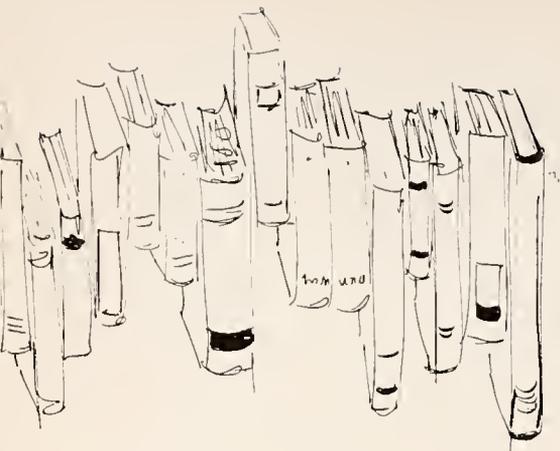


was the war poetry of Robert W. Service, and of Alan Seeger, who wrote "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." Arthur C. Empey's book *Over the Top* glorified the doughboy, and Edward Streeter's *Dere Mable* (1918) gave a touch of humor. The non-fiction of 1918 was primarily concerned with the bloody events in Europe, such as Richard Harding Davis' *Adventures*, and the several books by Coningsby Dawson on war as a crusade.

In 1919 the top book in fiction was the famous *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* by Ibanez, an arresting combination of exciting romance and hatred of the Germans. Later, in 1921, the movie version of this war novel became the pathway to stardom for Rudolf Valentino. Following this, there was a complete fadeout of war books through the 1920's decade. A final postscript was added to the war literature in 1929, as a bitter novel by Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, summed up the disillusionment of a people sated with glory and honor, bent on achieving material success.

THE YEAR 1920 is almost a magic date, for it ushered in a period of profound change in habits, attitudes, morals, and ideas among the American people. Three primary elements of the new, so-called sophisticated attitude may be mentioned. The complete revulsion against the war just fought could be summed up in F. Scott Fitzgerald's statement that a new generation found "all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken." The automobile, shining symbol of speed, adventure, cosmopolitanism, brought far-flung alteration in habit and outlook for the average American family. Movies, radios, phonographs and jazz soon were replacing the quiet of the family parlor. Wartime had as always brought upheavals in society; labor came to the fore, as well as new rich, new middle, and especially new poor classes. The status of women was altered—as we "emancipated ones" may still testify.

In the intellectual field, Freud and



WHAT AMERICA READS *Continued from page 7*

Darwin were seeping through the upper learned circles to greater numbers of readers. Established writers and new ones gave impetus to a new morality and a breaking-down of old standards of behavior and belief. Notable new writings were the fiction of Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Dangerous Days*, 1919) and Edith Wharton (*Age of Innocence*, 1921). Sinclair Lewis in *Main Street*, published in 1921, brought a new note of realism into American fiction, which he continued in his later best-selling novels—*Arrowsmith*, *Dodsworth*, and *Babbitt*, the last adding a vivid new word to the American language idiom.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's novels, beginning in 1920 with *This Side of Paradise*, never reached the best seller lists, and were read by only a limited public. Nevertheless, they seemed to sum up the feeling of the jazz age. His works in turn affected other authors who did reach into every crevice of American life. His new description of hero and heroine as enjoying to the fullest the pleasures of the moment was in direct conflict with the earlier romantic notions of nobility, chastity, and idealism.

In non-fiction, there was a steadier re-examination of former standards, a questioning of morals as judged by practical needs of the day, which represented a saner feel for values than that in fiction. The trend began with Henry Adams' critical examination of his boyhood training in the light of contemporary need, in *The Education of Henry Adams*. This

solid book led the best-selling non-fiction in 1919, and has since become a classic in our literature. Other books which were read for the light they might shed on past and future were Henrick Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind*, (1922) James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* (1922), H. G. Wells' *The Outline of History* (1921-22), Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* (1922), setting a new and urbane style for biography, and Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* (1926-27). The religious theme predominated in *The Life of Christ* (1923) by Papini, an interpretation in the light of the new psychology, and the books of Bruce Barton: *The Man Nobody Knows* and *The Book Nobody Knows* (1925-26), the last two on practical religion, written in a breezy, businessman's language. The rise of aviation was hailed with the popularity of *We* by Charles Lindbergh (1927) and *Skyward* by Admiral Richard Byrd (1928). There were many notable biographies which were widely read during the period, especially *Victoria* and *Elizabeth and Essex* by Strachey, Ludwig's three of Napoleon, Goethe, and Lincoln, and one of Henry VIII by Hackett.

THE CHANGE in temper from 1920 to 1930 was a phenomenon which took place almost overnight. Apropos was the sudden switch in popular song titles: 1928—"Making Whoopee," 1929—"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," 1933—"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" People were unemployed, dispossessed, poverty-stricken; there were hungry, wandering millions. Then came the New Deal with its optimism and its determination to make things better. Where could they go but up?

Although John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* did not appear until 1939, it quickly became the epic of the decade. Almost as stirring in its propaganda as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the 1850's, it became the subject of impassioned discussion and the period's most popular novel, representing the search for answers in terms of social values.

The search went on in other areas,

too, as great numbers of people sought new sources of faith. Many new sects and cults sprang up, notably the Oxford Group with upper class appeal, and Jehovah's Witnesses and Father Divine's "branch heavens" at the other end of the pole. This religious fervor is reflected in the fact that in the period from 1930 to 1945 there was at least one religious book on every annual best-seller list, while in the 1920's there was hardly a volume. The Lloyd C. Douglas books began to appear in this decade, *Magnificent Obsession* (1932), *Forgive Us Trespasses* (1932), *Green Light* (1935), *White Banners* (1936) and *Disputed Passage* (1939). Henry C. Link's well-known *Return to Religion* came out in 1937, and Sholem Asch's series of books began with *The Nazarene* in 1939. In the forties the demand for Bibles exceeded the book stores' supply, and heading the list of fiction best sellers for three consecutive years were *Keys of the Kingdom* by A. J. Cronin, *Song of Bernadette*, by Franz Werfel, and *The Robe*, by Lloyd C. Douglas.

Rising from the same psychological need of the people for reaffirmation of old values was Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, which topped the fiction lists in 1931 and '32. In the same vein was Hilton's *Lost Horizon* (1935); in non-fiction, Lin Yutang's graceful Oriental philosophy, *The Importance of Living*, topped the list in 1938.

The general reader sought other sorts of escape. There were Ely Culbertson's Contract Bridge manuals also *Life Begins at Forty*, *You Must Relax*, *Orchids on Your Budget* especially Dale Carnegie's classic *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, all of which offered momentary vistas of success and security. Escape readers also created a tremendous vogue for the mystery and detective story, especially the Earl Stanley Gardner series.

Readers in the '30's and '40's seemed to prefer, however, historical novels. Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse* in 1933 led off, topped the fiction best sellers for two years running and set the pace for others to follow. The greatest of all was *Gone*

with the *Wind*, which appeared in 1936, and proceeded to become America's largest-selling novel. Its dual appeal of action and characterization was teamed with romanticism in setting and plot, realism in characters, and it became part of the fiber of American thought.

The appeal of the romantic past was a product of the hard times, to people frustrated by the present. Typical of a people's nostalgia were these best sellers, 1935, Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River*; 1936, George Santayana's *The Last Puritan*; 1938, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, *The Yearling*; 1939, Elizabeth Page's *The Tree of Liberty*.

AS WORLD WAR II approached, there developed a great interest in non-fiction concerned with the rumbling events in Europe. Americans bought Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, Vincent Sheehan's *Not Peace but a Sword*, John Gunther's *Inside Asia*, and William Shirer's *Berlin Diary*. In 1941, 7 out of 10 books on the non-fiction best-selling list were concerned with the war; in 1943, the proportion was 8 out of 10.

The war best sellers included few novels, however. An exception was *For Whom the Bells Tolls* by Hemingway, published in 1940, which sold 1 million copies by 1946. Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down* and John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano* were also highly popular war novels. The rash of war fiction in the postwar decade came as an afterthought.

By 1945, the reading public had been greatly increased; it has been estimated that about 49 million people over 15 read at least one book a month.

The world was as greatly altered after this war as by any previous conflict. Events required a knowledge of new scientific discoveries and a re-orientation to a world always on the brink of war, if not involved in actual hostilities.

Readers were led first of all to search for realities in religion. Rabbi Joshua Liebman's *Peace of Mind*, blending religious faith and techniques of modern psychology, was sec-

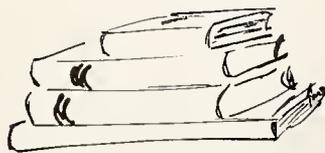
ond on the best-selling non-fiction list in 1946, led all others in 1947 and was in third place in 1948.

Other religious books were best-sellers, but none so popular as *Peace of Mind*. Norman Vincent Peale reached a large public with *Guide to Confident Living* in 1948 and *The Power of Positive Thinking* in 1952. Fulton J. Sheen's *Peace of Soul* and Fulton Oursler's *Greatest Story Ever Told* also made the best-seller lists. In 1950, 1952 and 1954 we had the Peter Marshall books, beginning with *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*, then Catherine Marshall's two based on her husband's life. Beginning in 1952, the Revised Standard Version of the Bible headed the non-fiction list for four consecutive years.

The religious theme in fiction again reflected the American's seeking of answers to the problems of the insecure days. Sample leading books were *The Robe*, Russell Janney's *The Miracle of the Bells*, Lloyd C. Douglas' *Big Fisherman*, Agnes Sligh Turnbull's *The Bishop's Mantle*, *Moses and Mary*, by Sholem Asch, and Cardinal Spellman's *The Foundling*.

One of the most surprising best sellers of the postwar period was Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History*. This British historian linked history with theology and showed that the collapse of nations is concurrent with the failure of morals.

Other strong sellers were the Kinsey books on Male and Female Sexual Behavior (1948 and 1953). Thus, sensationalism became an habitual attitude following the horrors of war and psychological maladjustments. High on the lists of best-selling fiction were *Earth and High Heaven* by Gwethalyn Graham, Laura Z. Hobson's *Gentlemen's Agreement*, *Strange Fruit* by Lillian Smith, and John Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus*. We find this a continuing trend—a greater preoccupation with sex and



Drawings by Mary Dunn '59

sensationalism in fiction than ever before.

Biographical books came back into vogue beginning with Betty McDonald's *The Egg and I* (1945). Books about Franklin D. Roosevelt were legion; ranging from recollections of cabinet members, his wife and son, to his secret-service guard and housekeeper, any and all Roosevelt reminiscences were collected. Other biographical studies which captured the popular interest were: *Black Boy* by Richard Wright, *Together* by the wife of Gen. George C. Marshall, Gilbreth and Carey's *Cheaper by the Dozen*, *Tallulah* by the most famous Bankhead, the political autobiography *Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers, and *I'll Cry Tomorrow* by Lillian Roth.

In non-fiction there was a rash of non-reading books; 1945-55 was the era of the do-it-yourselfer. Especially popular were cookbooks (4 best sellers in 10 years), garden books, canasta books, picture books ranging from *The American Past* in 1947 to Edward Steichen's *Family of Man* in 1955, from the *Life and Times of the Schmoo* in 1948 to *Pogo* in 1951.

Now we may ask, what of the American reader today? Stuffed with psychology and sex, reaching for a practical religion, dreaming of doing it himself, what conscious thought does the general reader take for the issues of his time that will determine the future?

Reading down the list of best sellers in recent years, especially non-fiction, we are forced to conclude with Randall Jarrell, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* for July 26, 1958, that the taste of the age is appalling. Yet when many more millions than ever before actually are reading something, that is itself a heartening fact. The tragedy is that to be intellectual is to be an egg-head, to read widely and constructively from the scholars of today is unheard of, certainly to discuss your thoughts on the crucial issues of the day with your neighbor often is to meet a blank wall. Yet, in a democracy, it behooves us all to become well-informed, to discipline ourselves to constructive and critical thinking.

PORTRAIT OF A POET: 1959



Poet Robert Frost's portrait, painted by Ferdinand Warren (left), head of the art department, hangs in the McCain Library. It was unveiled in January when Mr. Frost made his annual visit to Agnes Scott.

ROBERT FROST wrote in a letter to Dr. Alston, upon the occasion of Miss Laney's retirement, "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." The good ones are the core of higher education, and the following special report helps us understand why and how we must keep them so today.

The College Teacher: 1959



*“If I were sitting here
and the whole outside world
were indifferent to what I
was doing, I would still want
to be doing just what I am.”*

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT SOMEWHAT HARD TO SAY JUST WHY I CHOSE TO BE A PROFESSOR.

There are many reasons, not all of them tangible things which can be pulled out and explained. I still hear people say, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." But there are many teachers who *can*. They are teachers because they have more than the usual desire to communicate. They are excited enough about something to want to tell others, have others love it as they love it, tell people the *how* of something, and the *why*.

I like to see students who will carry the intellectual spark into the world beyond my time. And I like to think that maybe I have something to do with this.



THERE IS A CERTAIN FREEDOM IN THIS JOB, TOO.

A professor doesn't punch a time clock. He is allowed the responsibility of planning his own time and activities. This freedom of movement provides something very valuable—time to think and consider.

I've always had the freedom to teach what I believe to be true. I have never been interfered with in what I wanted to say—either in the small college or in the large university. I know there have been and are in fringements on academic freedom. But they've never happened to me.

**I LIKE YOUNG PEOPLE.
I REGARD MYSELF AS YOUNG.**

I'm still eager about many of the things I was eager about as a young man. It is gratifying to see bright young men and women excited and enthusiastic about scholarship. There are times when I feel that I'm only an old worn boulder in the never-ending stream of students. There are times when I want to flee, when I look ahead to a quieter life of contemplation, of reading things I've always wanted to read. Then a brilliant and likeable human being comes along, whom I feel I can help—and this makes it all the more worthwhile. When I see a young teacher get a start, I get a vicarious feeling of beginning again.





THE COLLEGE
TEACHER: 1959

PEOPLE ASK ME ABOUT THE
“DRAWBACKS” IN TEACHING.

I find it difficult to be glib about this. There are major problems to be faced. There is this business of salaries of status and dignity, of anti-intellectualism, of too much to do in too little time. But these are *problems* not drawbacks. A teacher doesn't become a teacher in spite of them, but with an awareness that they exist and need to be solved.

AND THERE IS THIS
MATTER OF “STATUS.”

Terms like “egghead” tend to suggest that the intellectual is something like a toadstool—almost physically different from everyone else. America is obsessed with stereotypes. There is a whole spectrum of personalities in education, all individuals. The notion that the intellectual is somebody totally removed from what human beings are supposed to be is absurd.





**TODAY MAN HAS LESS TIME
ALONE THAN ANY MAN BEFORE HIM.**

But we are here for only a limited time, and I would rather spend such time as I have thinking about the meaning of the universe and the purpose of man, than doing something else. I've spent hours in libraries and on park benches, escaping long enough to do a little thinking. I can be found occasionally sitting out there with sparrows perching on me, almost.



"We may always be running just to keep from falling behind. But the person who is a teacher because he wants to teach, because he is deeply interested in people and scholarship, will pursue it as long as he can."

—LOREN C. EISELEY

THE CIRCUMSTANCE is a strange one. In recent years Americans have spent more money on the trappings of higher education than ever before in history. More parents than ever have set their sights on a college education for their children. More buildings than ever have been put up to accommodate the crowds. But in the midst of this national preoccupation with higher education, the indispensable element in education—the teacher—somehow has been overlooked. The results are unfortunate—not only for college teachers, but for college *teaching* as well, and for all whose lives it touches.

If allowed to persist, present conditions could lead to so serious a decline in the excellence of higher education that we would require generations to recover from it.

Among educators, the problem is the subject of current concern and debate and experiment. What is missing, and urgently needed, is full public awareness of the problem—and full public support of measures to deal with it.

HERE IS A TASK for the college alumnus and alumna. No one knows the value of higher education better than the educated. No one is better able to take action, and to persuade others to take action, to preserve and increase its value.

Will they do it? The outlines of the problem, and some guideposts to action, appear in the pages that follow.

WILL WE RUN OUT OF COLLEGE TEACHERS?

No; there will always be someone to fill classroom vacancies. But quality is almost certain to drop unless something is done quickly

WHERE WILL THE TEACHERS COME FROM?

The number of students enrolled in America's colleges and universities this year exceeds last year's figure by more than a quarter million. In ten years it should pass six million—nearly double today's enrollment.

The number of teachers also may have to double. Some educators say that within a decade 495,000 may be needed—more than twice the present number.

Can we hope to meet the demand? If so, what is likely to happen to the quality of teaching in the process?

"Great numbers of youngsters will flood into our colleges and universities whether we are prepared or not," a report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has pointed out. "These youngsters will be taught—taught well or taught badly. And the demand for teachers will somehow be at least partly met—if not with well-prepared teachers then with ill-prepared, if not with superior teachers then with inferior ones."

MOST IMMEDIATE is the problem of finding enough qualified teachers to meet classes next fall. College administrators must scramble to do so.

"The staffing problems are the worst in my 30 years' experience at hiring teaching staff," said one college president, replying to a survey by the U.S. Office of Education's Division of Higher Education.

"The securing and retaining of well-trained, effective teachers is the outstanding problem confronting all colleges today," said another.

One logical place to start reckoning with the teacher shortage is on the present faculties of American colleges and universities. The shortage is hardly alleviated by the fact that substantial numbers of men and women find it necessary to leave college teaching each year, for largely

financial reasons. So serious is this problem—and so relevant is it to the college alumnus and alumna—that a separate article in this report is devoted to it.

The scarcity of funds has led most colleges and universities to seek at least short-range solutions to the teacher shortage by other means.

Difficulty in finding young new teachers to fill faculty vacancies is turning the attention of more and more administrators to the other end of the academic line, where tried and able teachers are about to retire. A few institutions have modified the upper age limits for faculty. Others are keeping selected faculty members on the payroll past the usual retirement age. A number of institutions are filling their own vacancies with the cream of the men and women retired elsewhere, and two organizations, the Association of American Colleges and the American Association of University Professors, with the aid of a grant from the Ford Foundation, have set up a "Retired Professors Registry" to facilitate the process.

Old restraints and handicaps for the woman teacher are disappearing in the colleges. Indeed, there are special opportunities for her, as she earns her standing alongside the man who teaches. But there is no room for complacency here. We can no longer take it for granted that the woman teacher will be any more available than the man, for she exercises the privilege of her sex to change her mind about teaching as about other matters. Says Dean Nancy Duke Lewis of Pembroke College: "The day has passed when we could assume that every woman who earned her Ph.D. would go into college teaching. She needs something positive today to attract her to the colleges because of the welcome that awaits her talents in business, industry, government, or the foundations. Her freedom to choose comes at a time when undergraduate women particularly need distinguished women scholars to



inspire them to do their best in the classroom and laboratory—and certainly to encourage them to elect college teaching as a career.”

SOME HARD-PRESSED ADMINISTRATORS find themselves forced to accelerate promotions and salary increases in order to attract and hold faculty members. Many are being forced to settle for less qualified teachers.

In an effort to attract and keep teachers, most colleges are providing such necessities as improved research facilities and secretarial help to relieve faculty members of paperwork and administrative burdens, thus giving faculty members more time to concentrate on teaching and research.

In the process of revising their curricula many colleges are eliminating courses that overlap one another or are considered frivolous. Some are increasing the size of lecture classes and eliminating classes they deem too small.

Finally, somewhat in desperation (but also with the firm conviction that the technological age must, after all, have something of value to offer even to the most basic and fundamental exercises of education), experiments are being conducted with teaching by films and television.

At Penn State, where televised instruction is in its ninth semester, TV has met with mixed reactions. Students consider it a good technique for teaching courses with

large enrollments—and their performance in courses employing television has been as good as that of students having personal contact with their teachers. The reaction of faculty members has been less favorable. But acceptance appears to be growing: the number of courses offered on television has grown steadily, and the number of faculty members teaching via TV has grown, also.

Elsewhere, teachers are far from unanimity on the subject of TV. “Must the TV technicians take over the colleges?” asked Professor Ernest Earnest of Temple University in an article title last fall. “Like the conventional lecture system, TV lends itself to the sausage-stuffing concept of education,” Professor Earnest said. The classroom he argued, “is the place for testing ideas and skills, for the interchange of ideas”—objectives difficult to attain when one’s teacher is merely a shadow on a fluorescent screen.

The TV pioneers, however, believe the medium, used properly, holds great promise for the future.

FOR THE LONG RUN, the traditional sources of supply for college teaching fall far short of meeting the demand. The Ph.D., for example, long regarded by many colleges and universities as the ideal “driver’s license” for teachers, is awarded to fewer than 9,000 persons per year. Even if, as is probable, the number of students enrolled in Ph.D. programs rises over the next



few years, it will be a long time before they have traveled the full route to the degree.

Meanwhile, the demand for Ph.D.'s grows, as industry, consulting firms, and government compete for many of the men and women who do obtain the degree. Thus, at the very time that a great increase is occurring in the number of undergraduates who must be taught, the supply of new college teachers with the rank of Ph.D. is even shorter than usual.

"During each of the past four years," reported the National Education Association in 1958, "the average level of preparation of newly employed teachers has fallen. Four years ago no less than 31.4 per cent of the new teachers held the earned doctor's degree. Last year only 23.5 per cent were at this high level of preparation."

HERE ARE SOME of the causes of concern about the Ph.D., to which educators are directing their attention:

► The Ph.D. program, as it now exists in most graduate schools, does not sufficiently emphasize the development of teaching skills. As a result, many Ph.D.'s go into teaching with little or no idea how to teach, and make a mess of it when they try. Many who don't go into teaching might have done so, had a greater emphasis been laid upon it when they were graduate students.

► The Ph.D. program is indefinite in its time requirements: they vary from school to school, from department to department, from student to student, far more than seems warranted. "Generally the Ph.D. takes at least four years to get," says a committee of the Association of Graduate Schools. "More often it takes six or seven, and not infrequently ten to fifteen. . . . If we put our heads to the matter, certainly we ought to be able to say to a good student: 'With a leeway of not more than one year, it will take you so and so long to take the Ph.D.'"

► "Uncertainty about the time required," says the Association's Committee on Policies in Graduate Education, "leads in turn to another kind of uncertainty—financial uncertainty. Doubt and confusion on this score have a host of disastrous effects. Many superior men, facing unknowns here, abandon thoughts about working for a Ph.D. and realistically go off to law or the like. . . ."

ALTHOUGH ROUGHLY HALF of the teachers in America's colleges and universities hold the Ph.D., more than three quarters of the newcomers to college and university teaching, these days, don't have one. In the years ahead, it appears inevitable that the proportion of Ph.D.'s to non-Ph.D.'s on America's faculties will diminish.

Next in line, after the doctorate, is the master's degree.

For centuries the master's was "the" degree, until, with the growth of the Ph.D. in America, it began to be moved into a back seat. In Great Britain its prestige is still high.

But in America the M.A. has, in some graduate schools, deteriorated. Where the M.A.'s standards have been kept high, on the other hand, able students have been able to prepare themselves, not only adequately but well, for college teaching.

Today the M.A. is one source of hope in the teacher shortage. "If the M.A. were of universal dignity and good standing," says the report of the Committee on Policies in Graduate Education, "... this ancient degree could bring us succor in the decade ahead. . . ."

"The nub of the problem . . . is to get rid of 'good' and 'bad' M.A.'s and to set up generally a 'rehabilitated' degree which will have such worth in its own right that a man entering graduate school will consider the possibility of working toward the M.A. as the first step to the Ph.D. . . ."

One problem would remain. "If you have a master's degree you are still a mister and if you have a Ph.D., no matter where it is from, you are a doctor," Dean G. Bruce Dearing, of the University of Delaware, has said. "The town looks at you differently. Business looks at you differently. The dean may; it depends on how discriminating he is."

The problem won't be solved, W. R. Dennes, former dean of the graduate school of the University of California at Berkeley, has said, "until universities have the courage . . . to select men very largely on the quality of work they have done and soft-pedal this matter of degrees."

A point for parents and prospective students to remember—and one of which alumni and alumnae might remind them—is that counting the number of Ph.D.'s in a college catalogue is not the only, or even necessarily the best, way to judge the worth of an educational institution or its faculty's abilities. To base one's judgment solely on such a count is quite a temptation, as William James noted 56 years ago in "The Ph.D. Octopus": "The dazzled reader of the list, the parent or student, says to himself, 'This must be a terribly distinguished crowd—their titles shine like the stars in the firmament; Ph.D.'s, Sc.D.'s, and Litt.D.'s bespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it from a pepper caster.'"

The Ph.D. will remain higher education's most honored earned degree. It stands for a depth of scholarship and productive research to which the master has not yet addressed himself so intensively. But many educational leaders expect the doctoral programs to give more em-

phasis to teaching. At the same time the master's degree will be strengthened and given more prestige.

In the process the graduate schools will have taken long step toward solving the shortage of qualified college teachers.

SOME OF THE CHANGES being made by colleges and universities to meet the teacher shortage constitute reasonable and overdue reforms. Other changes are admittedly desperate—and possibly dangerous—attempts to meet today's needs.

The central problem is to get more young people interested in college teaching. Here, college alumni and alumnae have an opportunity to provide a badly needed service to higher education and to superior young people themselves. The problem of teacher supply is not one with which the college administrator is able to cope alone.

President J. Seelye Bixler, of Colby College, recently said: "Let us cultivate a teacher-centered point of view. There is tragedy as well as truth in the old saying that in Europe when you meet a teacher you tip your hat, whereas over here you tap your head. Our debt to our teachers is very great, and fortunately we are beginning to realize that we must make some attempt to balance the accounts. Money and prestige are among the first requirements.

"Most important is independence. Too often we sit back with the comfortable feeling that our teachers have all the freedom they desire. We forget that the pay-off comes in times of stress. Are we really willing to allow them independence of thought when a national emergency is in the offing? Are we ready to defend them against all pressure groups and to acknowledge their right to act as critics of our customs, our institutions, and even our national policy? Evidence abounds that for some of our more vociferous compatriots this is too much. They see no reason why such privileges should be offered or why a teacher should not express his patriotism in the same outward worn and often irrelevant shibboleths they find so dear and so hard to give up. Surely our educational task has not been completed until we have persuaded them that a teacher should be a pioneer, a leader, and at times a non-conformist with a recognized right to dissent. As Howard Mumford Jones has observed, we can hardly allow ourselves to become a nation proud of *machines* that think and suspicious of any *man* who tries to."

By lending their support to programs designed to improve the climate for teachers at their own colleges, alumni can do much to alter the conviction held by many that teaching is tolerable only to martyrs.

WHAT PRICE DEDICATION?

Most teachers teach because they love their jobs. But low pay is forcing many to leave the profession, just when we need them most

EVERY TUESDAY EVENING for the past three and a half months, the principal activity of a 34-year-old associate professor of chemistry at a first-rate midwestern college has centered around Section 3 of the previous Sunday's *New York Times*. The *Times*, which arrives at his office in Tuesday afternoon's mail delivery, customarily devotes page after page of Section 3 to large help-wanted ads, most of them directed at scientists and engineers. The associate professor, a Ph.D., is job-hunting.

"There's certainly no secret about it," he told a recent visitor. "At least two others in the department are looking, too. We'd all give a lot to be able to stay in teaching; that's what we're trained for, that's what we like. But we simply can't swing it financially."

"I'm up against it this spring," says the chairman of the physics department at an eastern college for women. "Within the past two weeks two of my people, one an associate and one an assistant professor, turned in their resignations, effective in June. Both are leaving the field—one for a job in industry, the other for government work. I've got strings out, all over the country, but so far I've found no suitable replacements. We've always prided ourselves on having Ph.D.'s in these jobs, but it looks as if that's one resolution we'll have to break in 1959-60."

"We're a long way from being able to compete with industry when young people put teaching and industry on the scales," says Vice Chancellor Vern O. Knudsen of UCLA. "Salary is the real rub, of course. Ph.D.'s in physics here in Los Angeles are getting \$8-12,000 in

industry without any experience, while about all we can offer them is \$5,500. Things are not much better in the chemistry department."

One young Ph.D. candidate sums it up thus: "We want to teach and we want to do basic research, but industry offers us twice the salary we can get as teachers. We talk it over with our wives, but it's pretty hard to turn down \$10,000 to work for less than half that amount."

"That woman you saw leaving my office: she's one of our most brilliant young teachers, and she was ready to leave us," said a women's college dean recently. "I persuaded her to postpone her decision for a couple of months, until the results of the alumnae fund drive are in. We're going to use that money entirely for raising salaries, this year. If it goes over the top, we'll be able to hold some of our best people. If it falls short. . . I'm on the phone every morning, talking to the fund chairman, counting those dollars, and praying."

THE DIMENSIONS of the teacher-salary problem in the United States and Canada are enormous. It has reached a point of crisis in public institutions and in private institutions, in richly endowed institutions as well as in poorer ones. It exists even in Catholic colleges and universities, where, as student populations grow, more and more laymen must be found in order to supplement the limited number of clerics available for teaching posts.

"In a generation," says Seymour E. Harris, the distinguished Harvard economist, "the college professor has lost 50 per cent in economic status as compared to the average American. His real income has declined sub-

stantially, while that of the average American has risen by 70-80 per cent."

Figures assembled by the American Association of University Professors show how seriously the college teacher's economic standing has deteriorated. Since 1939, according to the AAUP's latest study (published in 1958), the purchasing power of lawyers rose 34 per cent, that of dentists 54 per cent, and that of doctors 98 per cent. But at the five state universities surveyed by the AAUP, the purchasing power of teachers in all ranks rose only 9 per cent. And at twenty-eight privately controlled institutions, the purchasing power of teachers' salaries *dropped* by 8.5 per cent. While nearly everybody else in the country was gaining ground spectacularly, teachers were losing it.

The AAUP's sample, it should be noted, is not representative of all colleges and universities in the United States and Canada. The institutions it contains are, as the AAUP says, "among the better colleges and universities in the country in salary matters." For America as a whole, the situation is even worse.

The National Education Association, which studied the salaries paid in the 1957-58 academic year by more than three quarters of the nation's degree-granting institutions and by nearly two thirds of the junior colleges, found that half of all college and university teachers earned less than \$6,015 per year. College instructors earned a median salary of only \$4,562—not much better than the median salary of teachers in public elementary schools, whose economic plight is well known.

The implications of such statistics are plain.

"Higher salaries," says Robert Lekachman, professor of economics at Barnard College, "would make teaching a reasonable alternative for the bright young lawyer, the bright young doctor. Any ill-paid occupation becomes something of a refuge for the ill-trained, the lazy, and the incompetent. If the scale of salaries isn't improved, the quality of teaching won't improve; it will worsen. Unless Americans are willing to pay more for higher education, they will have to be satisfied with an inferior product."

Says President Margaret Clapp of Wellesley College, which is devoting all of its fund-raising efforts to accumulating enough money (\$15 million) to strengthen faculty salaries: "Since the war, in an effort to keep alive the profession, discussion in America of teachers' salaries has necessarily centered on the minimums paid. But insofar as money is a factor in decision, wherever minimums only are stressed, the appeal is to the underprivileged and the timid; able and ambitious youths are not likely to listen."



PEOPLE IN SHORT SUPPLY

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

It appears certain that if college teaching is to attract and hold top-grade men and women, a drastic step must be taken: salaries must be doubled within five to ten years.

There is nothing extravagant about such a proposal, indeed, it may dangerously understate the need. The current situation is so serious that even doubling his salary would not enable the college teacher to regain his former status in the American economy.

Professor Harris of Harvard figures it this way:

For every \$100 he earned in 1930, the college faculty member earned only \$85, in terms of 1930 dollars, in 1957. By contrast, the average American got \$175 in 1957 for every \$100 *he* earned in 1930. Even if the professor's salary is doubled in ten years, he will get only a



TEACHERS IN THE MARKETPLACE

\$70 increase in buying power over 1930. By contrast, the average American is expected to have \$127 more buying power at the end of the same period.

In this respect, Professor Harris notes, doubling faculty salaries is a modest program. "But in another sense," he says, "the proposed rise seems large indeed. None of the authorities . . . has told us where the money is coming from." It seems quite clear that a fundamental change in public attitudes toward faculty salaries will be necessary before significant progress can be made.

FINDING THE MONEY is a problem with which each college must wrestle today without cease.

For some, it is a matter of convincing taxpayers and state legislators that appropriating money for faculty

salaries is even more important than appropriating money for campus buildings. (Curiously, buildings are usually easier to "sell" than pay raises, despite the seemingly obvious fact that no one was ever educated by a pile of bricks.)

For others, it has been a matter of fund-raising campaigns ("We are writing salary increases into our 1959-60 budget, even though we don't have any idea where the money is coming from," says the president of a privately supported college in the Mid-Atlantic region); of finding additional salary money in budgets that are already spread thin ("We're cutting back our library's book budget again, to gain some funds in the salary accounts"); of tuition increases ("This is about the only private enterprise in the country which gladly subsidizes its customers; maybe we're crazy"); of promoting research contracts ("We claim to be a privately supported university, but what would we do without the AEC?"); and of bargaining.

"The tendency to bargain, on the part of both the colleges and the teachers, is a deplorable development," says the dean of a university in the South. But it is a growing practice. As a result, inequities have developed: the teacher in a field in which people are in short supply or in industrial demand—or the teacher who is adept at "campus politics"—is likely to fare better than his colleagues who are less favorably situated.

"Before you check with the administration on the actual appointment of a specific individual," says a faculty man quoted in the recent and revealing book, *The Academic Marketplace*, "you can be honest and say to the man, 'Would you be interested in coming at this amount?' and he says, 'No, but I would be interested at *this* amount.'" One result of such bargaining has been that newly hired faculty members often make more money than was paid to the people they replace—a happy circumstance for the newcomers, but not likely to raise the morale of others on the faculty.

"We have been compelled to set the beginning salary of such personnel as physics professors at least \$1,500 higher than salaries in such fields as history, art, physical education, and English," wrote the dean of faculty in a state college in the Rocky Mountain area, in response to a recent government questionnaire dealing with salary practices. "This began about 1954 and has worked until the present year, when the differential perhaps may be increased even more."

Bargaining is not new in Academe (Thorstein Veblen referred to it in *The Higher Learning*, which he wrote in

1918), but never has it been as widespread or as much a matter of desperation as today. In colleges and universities, whose members like to think of themselves as equally dedicated to all fields of human knowledge, it may prove to be a weakening factor of serious proportions.

Many colleges and universities have managed to make modest across-the-board increases, designed to restore part of the faculty's lost purchasing power. In the 1957-58 academic year, 1,197 institutions, 84.5 per cent of those answering a U.S. Office of Education survey question on the point, gave salary increases of at least 5 per cent to their faculties as a whole. More than half of them (248 public institutions and 329 privately supported institutions) said their action was due wholly or in part to the teacher shortage.

Others have found fringe benefits to be a partial answer. Providing low-cost housing is a particularly successful way of attracting and holding faculty members; and since housing is a major item in a family budget, it is as good as or better than a salary increase. Oglethorpe University in Georgia, for example; a 200-student, private, liberal arts institution, long ago built houses on campus land (in one of the most desirable residential areas on the outskirts of Atlanta), which it rents to faculty members at about one-third the area's going rate. (The cost of a three-bedroom faculty house: \$50 per month.) "It's our major selling point," says Oglethorpe's president, Donald Agnew, "and we use it for all it's worth."

Dartmouth, in addition to attacking the salary problem itself, has worked out a program of fringe benefits that includes full payment of retirement premiums (16 per cent of each faculty member's annual salary), group insurance coverage, paying the tuition of faculty children at any college in the country, liberal mortgage loans, and contributing to the improvement of local schools which faculty members' children attend.

Taking care of trouble spots while attempting to whittle down the salary problem as a whole, searching for new funds while reapportioning existing ones, the colleges and universities are dealing with their salary crises as best they can, and sometimes ingeniously. But still the gap between salary increases and the rising figures on the Bureau of Labor Statistics' consumer price index persists.

HOW CAN THE GAP BE CLOSED?

First, stringent economies must be applied by educational institutions themselves. Any waste that occurs, as well as most luxuries, is probably being subsidized by low salaries. Some "waste" may be hidden

in educational theories so old that they are accepted without question; if so, the theories must be re-examined and, if found invalid, replaced with new ones. The idea of the small class, for example, has long been honored by administrators and faculty members alike; there is now reason to suspect that large classes can be equally effective in many courses—a suspicion which, if found correct, should be translated into action by those institutions which are able to do so. Tuition may have to be increased—a prospect at which many public-college, as well as many private-college, educators shudder, but which appears justified and fair if the increases can be tied to a system of loans, scholarships, and tuition rebates based on a student's or his family's ability to pay.

Second, massive aid must come from the public, both in the form of taxes for increased salaries in state and municipal institutions and in the form of direct gifts to both public and private institutions. Anyone who gives money to a college or university for unrestricted use or earmarked for faculty salaries can be sure that he is making one of the best possible investments in the free world's future. If he is himself a college alumnus, he may consider it a repayment of a debt he incurred when his college or university subsidized a large part of his own education (virtually nowhere does, or did, a student's tuition cover costs). If he is a corporation executive or director he may consider it a legitimate cost of doing business; the supply of well-educated men and women (the alternative to which is half-educated men and women) is dependent upon it. If he is a parent, he may consider it a premium on a policy to insure high-quality education for his children—quality which, without such aid, he can be certain will deteriorate.

Plain talk between educators and the public is a third necessity. The president of Barnard College, Millicent C. McIntosh, says: "The 'plight' is not of the faculty, but of the public. The faculty will take care of themselves in the future either by leaving the teaching profession or by never entering it. Those who care for education, those who run institutions of learning, and those who have children—all these will be left holding the bag." It is hard to believe that if Americans—and particularly college alumni and alumnae—had been aware of the problem, they would have let faculty salaries fall into a sad state. Americans know the value of excellence in higher education too well to have blithely let its basic element—excellent teaching—slip into its present peril. First we must rescue it; then we must make certain that it does not fall into disrepair again.

Some Questions for Alumni and Alumnae

- ▶ Is your Alma Mater having difficulty finding qualified new teachers to fill vacancies and expand its faculty to meet climbing enrollments?
- ▶ Has the economic status of faculty members of your college kept up with inflationary trends?
- ▶ Are the physical facilities of your college, including laboratories and libraries, good enough to attract and hold qualified teachers?
- ▶ Is your community one which respects the college teacher? Is the social and educational environment of your college's "home town" one in which a teacher would like to raise his family?
- ▶ Are the restrictions on time and freedom of teachers at your college such as to discourage adventurous research, careful preparation of instruction, and the expression of honest conviction?
- ▶ To meet the teacher shortage, is your college forced to resort to hiring practices that are unfair to segments of the faculty it already has?
- ▶ Are courses of proved merit being curtailed? Are classes becoming larger than subject matter or safeguards of teacher-student relationships would warrant?
- ▶ Are you, as an alumnus, and your college as an institution, doing everything possible to encourage talented young people to pursue careers in college teaching?

If you are dissatisfied with the answers to these questions, your college may need help. Contact alumni officials at your college to learn if your concern is justified. If it is, register your interest in helping the college authorities find solutions through appropriate programs of organized alumni cooperation.

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The editors are indebted to Loren C. Eiseley, professor of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, for his contributions to the introductory picture section of this report.

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without express permission of the editors.*



Worthy Notes...

"Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax..."

THIS ISSUE of *The Quarterly* has been a particularly exciting one for me, its editor, for two reasons. First, we were able to publish the special article (see page 10) on faculty problems. Dave Garroway said, on his TV program, "Today," March 25th, that the article would be published in "all the better alumni magazines in the nation." Our thanks go to the American Alumni Council under whose auspices the report was prepared, and to the Carnegie Corporation which granted funds to the Council for editing costs.

Second, this issue is being mailed to all alumnae whose addresses we have, and our thanks go to the College for the additional financial bounty to make this possible.

And more hearty thanks go to the College for the good news that next year all four issues of *The Quarterly* will go to all alumnae, beginning with the fall issue. This means that a contribution to the Alumnae Fund is no longer a requisite for receiving the magazine.

It also means that next year we must plan our contributions to the Alumnae Fund with honest care: we are supporting the *kind of education* we received and want others to continue to receive. More of us need to contribute, and all of us need to contribute more.

Now is the moment to turn back

and read, or re-read, Dr. McNair's article (page 4) on plans for Agnes Scott's development. I like Ed's phrase describing this whole effort as "Agnes Scott's vision of greatness."

Dr. Alston makes this vision more explicit in his address at the Alumnae Luncheon on April 18. Be assured that alumnae will be kept informed as plans and decisions are made in the development program.

The moving of Class Reunions, the Alumnae Luncheon and the Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association out of the hectic Commencement weekend has proved to be propitious. Alumnae can more quickly plunge into Agnes Scott's own atmosphere when College is in session.

So, many good heads and hands have worked to help alumnae do just this on April 17-18. Roberta Winter '27 and her Blackfriars chose four contemporary one-act plays to produce for us; three faculty members were asked to do special lectures for us, Dr. Garber on archeology and the Bible, Dr. Omwake on child development and Dr. Sims on current educational trends. There was also a pleasantly informal hour with the faculty and Dr. Calder had "Observatory Open House" for us. Behind this program lies an attempt to answer the demand from you for intellectual stimulation when you return.

Another hue and cry from you is to continue publishing new addresses in *The Quarterly*. We accede to this demand in this issue and will continue to print them in next year's issues; they cannot be reprinted in the last issue this year, Summer, 1959.

Several of you have asked where to get Simone Weil's books. This stems from Miss Leyburn's article on her writings in the last *Quarterly*. The three books from which Miss Leyburn quoted, *Gravity and Grace*, *The Need for Roots* and *Waiting for God*, are all published by Putnam, 210 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16. There is also a paper-back edition of *The Need for Roots*, published by Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8.

This leads me to confess that my printer and I have been in some sack-cloth and several ashes; there was a typographical error in Miss Leyburn's name in the *Winter Quarterly*, and to the first person who writes me about a gross error on the front cover of that issue, I'll send, free, a copy of a book titled: *A Primer of Alumni Work*.

My calendar shows May Day back in its proper place—the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice will be its theme, and modern dance its hallmark. Then, we draw one deep breath and Agnes Scott's *seventieth* Commencement will be at hand, June 8, 1959.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



Kerr Studios

Dr. George Hayes, head of the English department, and Dr. Margaret Pythian '16, head of the French department, are on leave this quarter, and each is traveling in Europe.

**Alumnae Fund Report
April 1, 1959**

Total: \$17,066.79
Restricted \$ 4,054.6
Unrestricted 13,012.1
Total Contributors: 1435
22% of 6592 contacted
35% of graduates

The overall percentage of contributors (22%) is based on the total number of alumnae who are contacted—we have 6592 current addresses for graduates and non-graduates. The class percentages (which will be published in the summer issue of the Quarterly) are figured on the number of graduates in the class.



James T. Cleland, Baccalaureate speaker,
is Dean of Duke University's Chapel.

DEATHS

INSTITUTE

Ona Spilman Moise, Feb. 15.
Annie Trotti Wilson, Jan. 12.

ACADEMY

John Lorton Lee, husband of Lidie Whit-
ner Lee and father of Lorton Lee '49 and
Lidie Lee Walters '47, Jan. 16.

1909

Edith Lott Dimmick, June, 1958. Her
daughter is Harriet Dimmock '35.

1912

Martha Hall Young's mother, in the winter.

1926

Frances Cooper Stone, Dec. 14, 1958.
Professor L. O. Freeman, father of Mary
Freeman Curtis and grandfather of Memye
Curtis Tucker '56, Dec. 14, 1958.

1932

Elizabeth Howard Reeve's mother, Aug.,
1958.

1935

Josephine Adamson, July 6, 1958.
William M. Cook, father of Sarah Cook
Thompson, Feb. 15.

1936

Tom Maxwell, son of Sallie McRee Max-
well and Tom, Jan. 30.

1938

Edgar B. Kernan, father of Mary Anne
Kernan, Feb. 7.

1939

Cary Wheeler Bowers, Feb. 13.

1950

Nancy Wilkinson, Jan. 31.

1951

W. Frank Woods, father of Marie Woods,
Dec. 29, 1958.

1954

A. H. Rogers, father of Gail Rogers Min-
chew and Celeste Rogers '58, Jan. 31.
Marion Tennant Moorefield's father, Nov.
25.

1956

D. Lee Williamson, husband of Nancy
Fraser Williamson, Jan. 18.
John Rogers, Jr., husband of Jean Gregory
Rogers, Dec. 23, 1958.

THE
Agnes Scott
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

SUMMER 1959

ON HAVING A POINT
OF REFERENCE

SEE PAGE 4

B.A. and other things in hand



The Library
Agnes Scott College



THE
Agnes Scott
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

SUMMER 1959

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE / DECATUR, GEORGIA

Volume 37, Number 4

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COVER—Jane King '59, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. King, and brother, Al, of Bristol, Va., leave Inman Hall (where Jane served as house president) with a small portion of the car's load. (See back cover) Photographs by Kerr Studios. Frontispiece (by Jim Brantley) shows the 1959 baccalaureate procession.

The Alumnae Association of Agnes Scott College

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ON HAVING A POINT OR

Such A Point Agnes Scott Can Be Suggests The 1959 Baccalaureate

MANY OF YOU are acquainted, I hope, with the writings of John Buchan, the Scottish novelist, essayist, poet and biographer, who died a few years ago when Governor General of Canada. Perhaps you know him better as Lord Tweedsmuir. His autobiography—*Pilgrim's Way*—has been a best-seller, and it may well become a classic.

There is one tale in it that has always been a sheer delight to me. It brings together two very diverse geographical localities. One is Rothiemurchus, a little highland hamlet nestling under the shoulders of the Cairngorms, part of the mountainous backbone of Scotland. It is a wee bit village; in 1957 the parish kirk could boast of but 154 members. The place with which it is linked is Baghdad, the fabled old Mohammedan city in Iraq, on the eastern bank of the Tigris. It was once renowned for learning and culture; it was a cross-center of trade and was known for its minarets and gardens and palaces. What have these two places in common in John Buchan's tale—a Scottish village and a Mesopotamian city?

For that we have to go back to the War of 1914-18. Baghdad was a Turkish base of operations against the British in Mesopotamia. In 1916 General Townshend had been defeated at Kut, and British prestige was at a low ebb in the Near East. But in 1917 a new campaign was opened, and in due course Baghdad was captured. There was in that successful British force a boy from Rothiemurchus, who was wounded and shipped home. A friend of John Buchan saw the soldier in hospital and asked him where he had received his wound. He answered simply and to the point: "It was twa miles on the Rothiemurchus side of Baghdad." Two miles on the Rothiemurchus side of Baghdad! And John Buchan commented: "His native parish under the knees of the Cairngorms was the point from which he adjusted himself in a fantastic world, and the city of the Caliphs was only an adjunct." The Rothiemurchus side of Baghdad! He estimated the world by what he knew as really meaningful to him. He had a point of reference that was fixed, steady, immutable, to which all else referred, and by which all else was measured. He drew his meridian not through the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, but through his mother's cottage in Rothiemurchus. No longer is Baghdad a far away place, with a strange-sounding

name, when you know which part of it is the Rothiemurchus side. You domesticate it. You make it a suburb of home.

IT IS IMPORTANT for us to have a Rothiemurchus as we dwell in and visit the Baghdads of the world. Why?

For one thing, it gives us a fixed point amid the drift and swirl of the passing show. It is a passport from home in the midst of a world of alien visas. It is a point of reference by which we fix the geography of the world we experience. Think of David in the Old Testament, chased all over the foothills of Judah by the Philistines; separated from home, a fugitive with a price on his head, a stranger in his own land. Do you recall how he sits with his men outside the Cave of Adullam, during a lull in the constant, miserable going-to-and-fro? He reflects. And his mind goes back to one place. Bethlehem—his village, his father's farm, the flocks he tended—his home. He mutters to himself, yet loudly enough for others to hear: "Oh, that someone would give me a drink of water from the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." (II Samuel 23:15) Three of his men did just that. They broke through the Philistine lines and brought him a skinful of Bethlehem water. That steadied David. He went on from there to complete and decisive victory, to the kingship. He made Jerusalem his capital city, but he is always known as "David of Bethlehem." A point of reference can be a stabilizing influence, partly because it is a known and loved fact in a world of change. That's Rothiemurchus over against Baghdad.

A point of reference can also be a source of endless satisfaction. It can be a memory that sweetens the sour days, that gives a chuckle to the heart when the environment is gloomy and the atmosphere raw. Leigh Hunt has put that fact into memorable lines:

Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me.

REFERENCE

Address by James T. Cleland

These last four times have caught something that nothing can destroy or even damage:

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,

Say that health and wealth have miss'd me.

Say I'm growing old, but add,

Jenny kiss'd me.

There's a memory from Rothiemurchus that is a source of endless satisfaction in Baghdad.

A point of reference can be a point of return. It is not good for us to be drifters, voyagers with no home port, tramp steamers which seldom return to the home waters. It breeds restlessness and a discontent; it makes us footless rather than footloose. We become a thing of shreds and patches, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles. Baghdad is fun; it is exciting; it is stimulating; it is challenging. But it is wise to take time out, to go home on furlough, to see the old familiar faces and the half-forgotten scenes. Here are some lines from *The Laws of the Navy*, a parody on Kipling's *The Law of the Jungle*:

When the ship that is tired returneth,

With the signs of the sea showing plain:

Men place her in dock for a season,

And her speed she regaineth again.

So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary,

In the uttermost parts of the sea.

Pray for leave, for the good of the service.

As much and as oft as may be.

It may be fun to be a ramblin' wreck. But I'm sure it is more sensible fun to be a ramblin' wreck from Georgia Tech. Because then one does have a point of return. Don't forget to come back to Rothiemurchus after you have wearied your feet and yourself in Baghdad.

Thus, it is a good thing to have a point of reference. It steadies us, delights us, and receives us to itself.

THE HOPE of the administration and faculty of this college is, I am sure, that Agnes Scott will be to you just such a point of reference. They want Agnes Scott to be for each of you an established, known, and loved fact. They want it to be a source of endless satisfaction. They want it to be a point of glad return. They want it to be Rothiemurchus in a world of a thousand Baghdads.

For those of you who are graduating, the College has

continued on page 6



Kerr Studios

DR. ALSTON LEADS A COMMENCEMENT SERVICE IN GAINES CHAPEL.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS *Continued*

sought to enlarge your cultural interests; to stabilize you with a sense of history; to cultivate a taste in literature, in more than one literature; to stretch your thinking and to make it thinking. It has strived to open up enough vistas to make you wish to wander down them for years. Not all of you will. I think of the reaction of two students to a course on Shakespeare. One became so excited about the dramatist and his era that he made the Elizabethan period his avocation. He laid possessive hands on great wealth in the commercial world, and when he died he gave his college and his nation and the world the Folger Shakespearean Library in Washington.

The other student, returning to his Alma Mater for a reunion, stumbled across his English professor and commented: "There is a question I've been meaning to ask you for years. You may recall that I never completed your class. I left in the middle of *Hamlet*. Would you tell me: How did the play ever come out?" (Yet I am told he probably makes a good alumnus. We shall not go into the connotation of "good.") For some of you—the elect—your courses have offered you a fixed point of judgment and taste, a norm of deep satisfaction by which you will test what life brings to you.

In the papers you have written you have sought to add something to the sum total of your knowledge. It may be a very little something, at its best; but it is something—discovered, nourished, and brought to maturity with care, with accuracy, with insight, and with due recognition of the contribution of others. That is a sound point of reference for the future.

That is true in the scientific disciplines also. There you have been subjected to the demands of measurable accuracy. You have been rigorously taught to seek the truth, come whence it may, cost what it will. You have been disciplined to obey the laws of nature. Sometimes

you have been able to adapt them for man's comfort but only if you cooperated with them. That is a good point of reference.

Thus Agnes Scott has hoped and tried to be in different areas, with different interests, a Rothiemurchus—an established fact in your life, and an experience of deep satisfaction. Moreover, it wishes to be a point of return. You will come back for class reunions, or at other seasons. Good, but not good enough. The folk who taught you know that, and they ask you keep in touch in such a way that the standards set and accepted may be maintained and improved for the College and for you. There are the alumnae groups throughout the land, where now and again you may hear about your Alma Mater and its hopes and fears, its disappointments and successes. No matter in what Baghdad you exist, Rothiemurchus will be whispering its wisdom and its love. It will keep you in mind of its various points of reference.

ALTHOUGH THESE individual and separate points of reference are good, there is one criticism of them which is valid. They are too numerous to make for an integrated alumnae body. Loyalty to any one of them would mean the fragmentation of life rather than its unification. They would set you off in separate fields of enterprise, with scarcely a gate breaching the walls and hedges. Good fences do not necessarily make good neighbors. Robert Frost is right: "Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

In a college we seek the truth. It is surely a valid assumption that there is a unity to truth, and that each several part is what it is by virtue of its place within the whole. But it is an obvious fact that no one academic study ever grasps the whole. Some would say that there is no attempt made by any to grasp the whole. They are



JAMES T. CLELAND, Duke University

A Rothiemurchus for Dr. Cleland may well be Duke University, where this Scotsman is now the James B. Duke Professor of Preaching and Dean of the Chapel. Born in Glasgow in 1908, Dr. Cleland earned his M. A. at Glasgow University and then came to Union Theological Seminary in New York, from which he holds two degrees, S.T.M. (*summa cum laude*) and Th.D. Davidson College has awarded him an honorary D.D. degree. Aside from degrees, he is a master of the arts of preaching and teaching; in addition to holding five lectureships at theological seminaries, he has been on the faculties of Amherst, Union Theological Seminary,

Pacific School of Religion and Duke. He went to Duke as Professor of Preaching in 1954 and was named Dean of the Chapel there in 1955. He is in such demand as a speaker, teacher, and preacher that President Alston had to invite him many months ago to preach Agnes Scott's 1959 Baccalaureate Sermon. His words go so straight to alumnae hearts, as well as to Seniors', that we wanted to share them with alumnae. If you would like to pursue his writings further, he lists the following publications: *The True and Lively Word* (1954) and sermons in *Best Sermons, 1949-50* (1949) and in *The Interpreter's Bible* (1953-57, Vols. II and VI).

severally content with the area prescribed to each. Each has enough to do to probe the depths of its own particular interest. Yet there must be some unity, some over-all wholeness, which embraces every particular area, so as to give meaning to the business of living—something which unites literary criticism and nuclear physics, which links the Mendelian Law and the Beethoven Fifth, which makes Karl Marx and Winston Churchill brothers under the skin, away under the skin. How do we find their interrelatedness, and so the unity in which all cohere? Here we are driven back to philosophy and religion. We are forced back, down and up to the idea of God. That is all-important to any person as a person, though it may seem remote to her as an economist, as a nurse, as a musician, as an English major, or as a housewife. Theology will always be in theory the Queen of the Sciences. As Dr. Van Dusen, the President of Union Theological Seminary, has pointed out: it will be the Queen of the Sciences, "not because the Church says so, or because superstition or tradition have so imposed it upon human credulity, or because it was so recognized in one great age of learning, but because of the nature of Reality—because if there be a God at all, He must be the ultimate and controlling Reality, through which all else derives its being; and the truth concerning Him, as best we can apprehend it, must be the keystone of the ever-incomplete arch of human knowledge." I imagine that it why we are here in this Baccalaureate Service before you graduate on the morrow. It is a recognition of that fact—that only under God is our knowledge complete; that the fear of the Lord—i.e., religion—is something beyond knowledge; it is the beginning of wisdom.

I hope you will make the 139th Psalm part of your heritage. It is the poetic prayer of a God-conscious man, a man who knows that no matter what he thinks or says or does, no matter where he is in life or death, he is constantly under the eye of God. Do what he will, he cannot escape God once he has become aware of Him. It is an awesome fact, to become so aware of the living God. Listen to Him:

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.
 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.
 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.
 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.
 Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea:
 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.
 If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.
 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Let us bring that norm to our condition. It is good to be a research student in Medieval History. Yes, but it is not the point of reference for testing life. It is good to be a buyer of merchandise. Yes, but at most it gives you a job. It is good to be a nurse. Yes, but how do you relate new life and new death in your care of the patient? What the different disciplines can each give us is its distinctive point of reference for making a living or enjoying a life. Each gives us a point of reference. They cannot, and do not, (or should not), give us the point of reference for mortal men and women, who are set in the mystery of whence and whither. When man thinks hard, and thinks wholly, not fragmentarily, he begins to think of God and His ways with men. That has been obvious in fiction like *Mountain Meadow* and movies like *The Little World of Don Camillo*. It is the nub of plays as old as the *Antigone* and as new as *Family Portrait*.

We need your separate brains, your distinctive trained minds, on this question of integration and unification in God, because it is a question of the whole truth. We need your insights and researches, not in competition, but in cooperation, to help us know more and more about God and His purpose for man. It means that the poet and the scientist, the prophet and the technician, the mystic and the research scholar should work together. This question of God is tremendously important for all of you, because long before you were Agnes Scott graduates (and long after), you were women, the creatures of a Creator. He is the point of reference.

I HAVE BEEN talking about Rothiemurchus and Baghdad. I want to change the name of one of these towns to another name already mentioned. Baghdad remains; it is always with us. I want to substitute another for Rothiemurchus. An Old Testament story tells us of a statesman, Daniel by name, who was caught in a political frame-up in the town of Babylon, not too far from the present site of Baghdad. He was commanded by law to do something against his principles. What did he do? He opened his windows toward Jerusalem, and laid the matter before God. Then he defied the authorities. Now, why Jerusalem? That was his homeland, his spiritual homeland. He tested Babylon by Jerusalem.

Our churches are oriented east; the altar or the communion table stands in what is the ecclesiastical East even if it be not the geographical east. Why? Because it, too, points to Jerusalem. It reminds us of Daniel and of a greater than Daniel. It reminds us of Jesus the Christ, whose standard was so consciously and consistently the idea of God that, in an endeavor to understand him, men called him the Son of God, the Word of God become flesh. When we begin to know what he was seeking to do in the name of God, and begin to understand what he was seeking to teach about the character and will of God, and begin to follow in the way that he walked through life under the eye of God, then our Rothiemurchus will be Jerusalem. And we shall live, and one day we shall die, on the Jerusalem side of Baghdad.

DEATHS

INSTITUTE

Ruth Holleyman Patillo, April 9.

Nina Jones, March 5. Her sisters are Lillian Jones Grey Academy, and Inez Jones Wright '11.

Annie Laurie McDuffie Monroe, April 25.

ACADEMY

Emmukate Amorous Vretman, April 15.

Dr. Hal Curtis Miller, husband of Lillian Davies Miller, Feb. 27.

1911

Virginia Hoffman Leach, March 26.

1913

Christian A. Raanschenberg, husband of Lina Andrews Rauschenberg, March 3.

1919

Margaret Burge, April 16.

1936

George W. Stowe, father of Mary Margaret Stowe Hunter and Mabel Stowe Query '43, April 18.

1938

Walter Goode Paschall, husband of Eli King Paschall, May 5.

1942

Mrs. Roscoe Arant, mother of Marti Arant Allgood and Louise Arant Rice '5, April 12.

1949

Sarah Elizabeth "Boo" Agel, daughter of "Penny" Rogers Agel and Fred, Feb. 2

1951

J. Donald Reid, husband of Ann Kinca Reid, Feb. 28.

1956

Jacqueline Plant Fincher's father, March 14.



Worthy Notes...

Brief Words On Some Beloved Agnes Scott Folk

Agnes Scott's Commencement, the end of the academic year and publishing the year's last issue of the *Quarterly* make me feel as if I should write you an evaluation, a summing up of 1958-59.

But President Alston will do this for you—and more beautifully and better than I could—in his annual report. So, I would just like to call to your minds some of the people who are a part of Agnes Scott.

First, let me commend to you, individually and collectively, the Class of 1959, 108 strong. As they assume alumnae status, they should know that they are, indeed, a welcome addition to the 3600 graduates of the College. And let me assure them that we will begin publishing news about them in the fall issue of this magazine.

During the year, several alumnae have been asked to represent Agnes Scott at colleges and universities which were holding inaugurations for new presidents. This service on the part of alumnae is a good example of the two-way path between alumnae and the College. I quote from a report Ann Alvis Shibut '56 wrote after attending such a ceremony at the University of Hawaii: "I did some thinking on the way home; I had welcomed the chance to participate in the ceremony for several reasons: to repay in some way all that Agnes Scott had meant to me. . . . The experience of serving as Agnes Scott's delegate . . . brought me an enriched feeling of pride in my own alma mater and its administration and faculty."

Other alumnae representing Agnes Scott were: Virginia Sevier Hanna '27, Virginia Caldwell Payne '37, Gentry Burks Bielaski '41, Sybil Corbett Riddle '52, Scott Newell Newton '45, Helen Land Ledbetter '52, Frances Greg Marsden '41, Mitzi Kiser Law '54, Isabel Ferguson Magardine '25, Eugenie Dozier '27, Miriam Preston St. Clair '27 and Mary Ford Kennerly '19.

On page 9 you will find that Miss McKinney, beloved professor-emeritus of English, has been in the news recently. So, also, has been Dr. Alma Sydenstricker, professor-emeritus of Bible, who, at the age of 93 has just completed a nine-months course in Bible study, given to some 200 women in weekly classes in her home in Bates-

ville, Ark. A story about her was published in the *Arkansas Democrat* May 10, 1959. From which I quote:

"Mrs. Sydenstricker has a brilliant mind. She was graduated from Montgomery College, Montgomery, Mo., her birthplace, at the age of 16. When only 22 she was awarded a Doctor of Philosophy degree at the University of Wooster, now Wooster College, in Ohio. She was the first woman ever to receive a Ph.D. degree from the school, and at that time she was among the few women in the nation with a Ph.D. degree

"Mrs. Sydenstricker speaks and reads six different languages. Her large Bible is written in six languages—Hebrew, Latin, Greek, German, French and Italian She has been 'retired' as a professor of Bible at Agnes Scott College since 1943 after serving in that capacity for 26 years Dr. Sydenstricker is already looking forward to next fall's classes."

The exigencies of printing space do not allow me to quote from the many letters we receive from Agnes Scott people—or to print the letters themselves. There is space to share with you part of one from an alumna of my class, 1938.

Elsie West Meehan wrote of her pleasure in knowing that the *Quarterly* would go to all alumnae next year, because "we don't have any conscious interest in current events, and like the senile, remember mostly the cold grits on the breakfast table, the mission furniture in Inman, the sickly atmosphere of the old Infirmary, antique toilet fixtures, library at the Murphey Candler, and a quick snack in the Alumnae House.

"It is the new *Quarterly* with its photograph of Hopkins Hall in dogwood dress that stimulates one's interest in ASC today; class news to make her nostalgic; familiar names of forgotten faculty members; and blueprints of development plans to make the reader suddenly aware of her link to something *alive and growing*."

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



BACCALAUREATE, receiving diplomas, the daisy chain, book burning, teas and coffee are not the only events significant to Commencement at Agnes Scott. The moving of a four-year accumulation is perhaps the

most unglamorous item in the schedule. A typical commencement morning scene on the Agnes Scott campus is the graduate and her family striving to pack the variety of possessions into the family car.



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FALL 1959 -
SUMMER 1960

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Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Dear Mom... So Far
It's Wonderful page 6



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THE Agnes Scott

FALL 1959 Vol. 38, No. 4
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley, *Assistant Editor*

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COVER:

Gayle Rowe '61, Richmond, Virginia, studies amidst falling leaves beside Presser Hall. *Photograph by Charles Pugh.* Frontispiece (*opposite*): This shot of Investiture begins a series this year on Agnes Scott traditions. *Photograph by Kerr Studios.*

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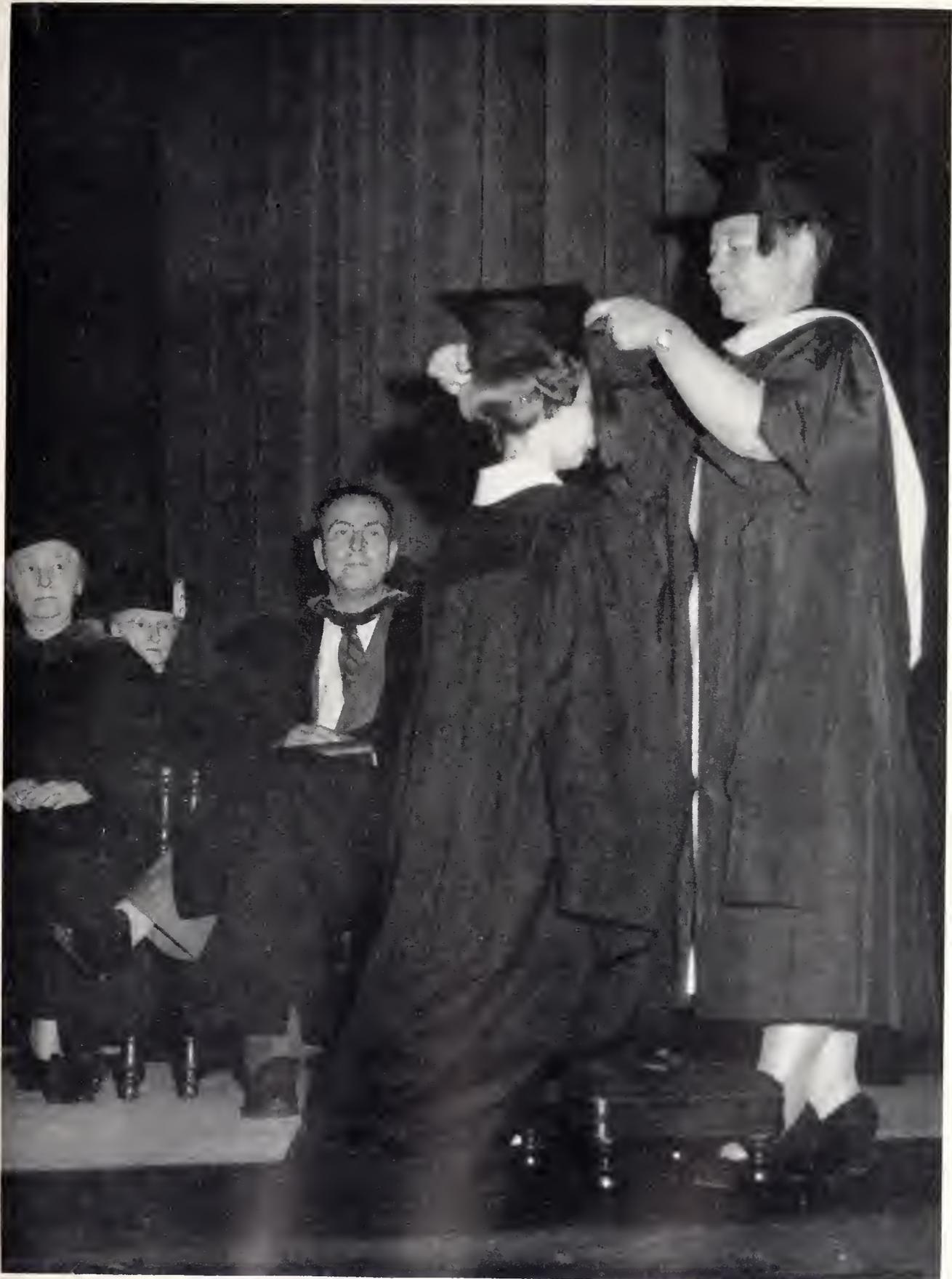
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MISS CARRIE SCANDRETT CAPS A SENIOR IN THE TRADITIONAL OBSERVANCE OF THE INVESTITURE CEREMONY

Playwright's Progress



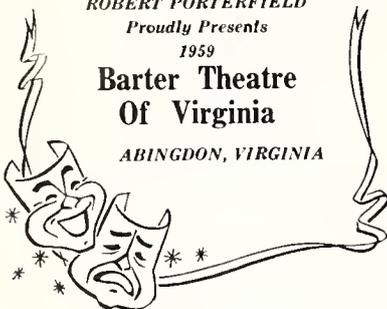
ROBERT PORTERFIELD

Proudly Presents

1959

**Barter Theatre
Of Virginia**

ABINGDON, VIRGINIA



WORLD PREMIERE
VOICE OF THE WHIRLWIND

by Pat Hale
with

Mitch Ryan, Virginia James, William Corrie
Mon. June 29 thru Thurs. July 2

GIGI

Fri. July 3 thru Sat. July 4

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

by Edmond Rostand
with Mitch Ryan

A World Wide Success
Mon. July 6 thru Sat. July 11

Others To Be Announced

Handbill of premiere production of
Voice of the Whirlwind

Editor's Note: We asked Pat Hale to write an article about her current play or about being a playwright. She has done both in this article. Pat has an option for an off-Broadway production of "Whirlwind" this season—and asks us all to keep our fingers crossed. She is currently in Abingdon, Virginia, at the Barter Theatre, "ghostwriting" Robert Porterfield's autobiography.

PLAYWRIGHTS are very popular people, in the abstract. To be a Young Novelist nowadays is a tedious platitude, and it is a monotonous cliché to be a Young Poet, but a Young Dramatist, is somehow, refreshing, original, even a little bit less unnecessary than his colleagues. *Everybody*, from the highest-paid stagehand to the lowest-paid actor, knows that What Our Theatre Needs Today Is More Good Playwrights. Actors love us. (Is there a part in it for me?) So do directors, costume mistresses, scenic designers and lighting technicians, because the playwright, second only to the producer, creates jobs in the theatre. Committees are formed to give us a hearing, like The New Dramatists Committee. Off-Broadway beckons us with low-budget productions of avant-garde masterpieces. Lately the Fords have taken us up, with Foundation to subsidize us. As a playwright, one is bewailed in the breach, be-laureled by mass meetings, and even allowed to wax pompous in alumnae quarterlies.

Eventually, however, all this lovely attention demands that one come forward with three acts of a script. Eventually, one does. Everyone is curiously disappointed. They had expected, somehow, a full-blown genius. Not getting it, they turn upon us in anger and disillusion. Why can't we be eloquent and true-to-life and Write Big and build proper second act climaxes and turn out exciting, contemporary, sexy, theatrical, commercial, angry, star-vehicle Hits? Why are there so many bad plays in circulation? What This Country Needs Is More Good Playwrights. Piles of our unsolicited manuscripts collect dust upon the desks of agents and pro-

ducers. Off-Broadway does revivals of bad Elizabethan melodramas with sufficiently lurid titles rather than risk their \$15,000 or \$20,000 on the untried work of an unknown playwright. The New Dramatist Committee limits its membership to 25. The Fords, turns out, are only interested in playwrights with a couple of professional productions in their background. And on Broadway, everybody knows, requires a Name. The ladder of success appears to have several rungs missing.

In spite of our well-advertised plight in America, I cannot in realism envy my European colleague. Europe is a magnificent continent for playgoing. But its very mass of classical culture must prove an oppressive weight to the young dramatist. When I was in England I saw, within one week, two plays directed by Douglas Seale, one of Britain's eminent directors. One was Shakespeare's *King John*, at the Stratford Memorial Theatre. The other was a new play, *Lizard on the Rock*, done at Birmingham's Repertory Theatre. *King John* was brilliantly produced, with sumptuous settings and costumes, and world-wide excitement. Everybody was pretty happy that Shakespeare (in his apprentice period, God help him, at the time of King John) carried through as well as he did. It was terribly Early Shakespeare, to be sure, but how wonderful of the Old Boy to provide us the excuse for such a spectacular production!

Lizard On The Rock, it seemed to me, had many of the faults of *King John*—turgid, lengthy dialogue, bombasticism, inept jumps from scene to idea. Yet it had, I thought, the same things that made *King John* exciting—interesting people in m-

Pat Hale, left, discusses her play with Dot Comp (another young playwright) and Robert Porterfield, managing director.

By Pat Hale '55

ments charged with stress, and a vibrant sense of theatricality. It was weakly produced and seems to have been ignored. What This Country Needs Is More Good Playwrights.

As a practicing playwright I resent the overworked Shakespearean Analogy. "Shakespeare wrote two masterpieces a year; why does it take you so long?" The Tennessee Williams' analogy is bad enough. Nevertheless, I am tempted to make one point. Shakespeare had an opportunity to see produced early plays that were awkward, inept, and, if my First Folio serves me correctly, occasionally boring. Why can't I? He got better. Maybe I will too. I will defend passionately the right of the new dramatist to write a bad first play. And if this first play, or second or third or fourth or fifth, has interesting people doing interesting things in a theatrical way, I defend his right to have it produced—inept, pretentious, over-ambitious, awkward or ever obscure though it may be. Playwriting is a difficult, specialized art form, a painstakingly acquired craft, and there is no course or textbook half so good as a bored matinee audience.

My agent was trying to market "Voice of the Whirlwind" among the off-Broadway producers in New York last winter. He had little success. An original script is hard to sell, because an off-Broadway producer would rather do a revival unless he can discover a new Tennessee Williams. And, said my agent, someday he must be told that he won't. To create a new Tennessee Williams takes directors, theatres, actors, producers and, above all, audiences. Providing them may be expensive, and it may be embarrassing, but it is unquestionably

Photographs by Patterson Photo Service



The full cast of *Voice of the Whirlwind* takes a bow.

necessary, that is, if the theatre is genuinely serious about bringing to blossom all its budding young playwrights.

Actually, I have been luckier than most. The first thirty years in theatre, they tell me, are the hardest, and though I still have nearly twenty-six to go, I've had two full-length plays produced and several television scripts. I started writing when I was seven, but I was a junior at Agnes Scott when I first realized I was destined to be lost to the theatre. During a playwriting course with Miss Roberta Winter I wrote three one-act plays, and then one of them, "Words Without Knowledge," was produced. I was so exhilarated by the dramatic impact, the excitement and immediacy, the sheer sense of theatricality, of this new mode of writing, that I knew I never wanted to be any-

thing but a playwright. So I sat down and wrote to Mr. Robert Porterfield, founding director of the Barter Theatre of Virginia. Shakespeare and Moliere and Ibsen, said I, had become great playwrights because they had great theatres for which to work and write. As an aspiring dramatist, I wanted such a workshop. How about the Barter Theatre?

Being one of the great and gallant gentlemen of the theatre, Mr. Porterfield replied with a letter which I still cherish. "Eugene O'Neill said if you want to write for the theatre, pick up a hammer and join one. I want to give you that opportunity. Bring your hammer." I brought my hammer, and I got my name on the program as Resident Playwright. I swept the stage, painted scenery,

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There are moments when an actor becomes no longer an alien but a collaborator.



Dear Mother

FOR THOSE of you who want statistics, here are a few on Agnes Scott's new students as of September, 1957, when the College began its seventy-first academic session. There are 207 young women who are having their first experience of Agnes Scott this year; 198 of them are Freshmen, 4 transferred from other colleges and universities and 3 are classified as "specials"—not in the degree program of the College. They came from 19 states in the nation and from China, Venezuela, the Belgian Congo, Germany and France: those from the last three are Americans. The 207 new students form almost one-third of a total student body of 647. Approximately one-third of the Freshmen live in Inman Hall, one-third in Rebekah Scott Hall and one-third in "Main." Most alumnae will recall living in one dormitory as freshmen with their classmates: today, freshmen live with juniors and seniors in several dormitories. A member of the Deans of Students' staff lives in each dormitory; her title as such serves in this capacity is Senior Resident. Each freshman has a Junior Sponsor and a Sophomore Helper and each is soon assigned to a Faculty Advisor.



"Dear, dear, Mother,

I am awful sorry not to have written but you know what it's like..."

"I've seen Miss Scandrett (Mama, she said give you her love)..."

"...and when I talked to Dr. Alston he knew all about me!..."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JIM BRANTLEY



far I Love it...



... started getting books today... may be lucky and spend less than we'd planned..."

What these statistics cannot tell about new students are things that are basic to the kind of education Agnes Scott offers: the kind of person the new student is herself, reflecting the careful, thoughtful, difficult process of selectivity which the Committee on Admissions engages in constantly, and the way in which the numberless resources of the College are brought together for freshmen during their first days, in a program known by the rather cold term "orientation." There is surely nothing even cool about this program. The warmth of all the people who make up the college community embraces the new student as she takes tentative first steps on the campus and carries her through the seemingly intricate processes of registration and course selection, the impact of first classes, the constant encounters with persons new to her. This experience lays good groundwork for the new student's whole career at Agnes Scott. It is reflected best in the letters freshmen write home during their first weeks at Agnes Scott, and would that we might print some of these. Nothing through the few we've been privileged to read this fall is a true image of the College being passed on to mother and father. The worries that get home via the mails seem to be typical of freshmen anywhere: spending too much money, bedspreads which don't match curtains the roommate brought. The delights that get home seem unique to Agnes Scott's kind of education.

"... and the first Sat. night at the ASC-Jech dance, I met a boy named Skip..."



"My French teacher, Monsieur Thomas, has a bubbling personality..."





The YOUNG INTELLECTUAL

For young or old, the intellectual life, informed with heart and conscience, promises the most for women in today's world.

By Hollis Edens

LET ME ASSURE you that I am fully conscious of being honored myself today as I share the spirit of this important day with the students. Agnes Scott College stands for much that is meaningful in higher education today. Those whom she asks to share her platforms are always honored.

I want to address myself briefly to a subject that is increasingly important these days, the role of the intellectual in our modern America. It is fitting to dwell on this topic here because of the lively intellectual climate of this college. Equally important, today I must assume that I am addressing the young intellectuals of this institution. You are being honored primarily for one quality which you have demonstrated—intellectual excellence—perhaps the one laurel an educational institution, above all institutions, can claim as its peculiar prerogative. It is true that we honor long and faithful service in our colleges; we do not forget generous donors, nor should we: and sometimes we even honor college presidents who have survived. But primarily we seek out and reward the ability to reason, to doubt and to ponder. To me, then, you are young intellectuals and I will not quibble with those who prefer a more precise definition. It is important, however, to discern the difference between intelligent and intellectual. You are intelligent through no effort of your own. It requires conscious effort to be an intellectual. A merely intelligent woman may be satisfied with surface answers and with the techniques and formulas to facilitate the comforts of living. The intellectual

is concerned first with the dimensions of the mind, with creative thought, with noble ideas, with the enrichment of our cultural heritage. The intellectual who sets for herself the task of looking at her world clearly and trying to understand it often will find herself peering in the mist over the bow of the ship, while the rest of the passengers are playing bridge on the stern unconcerned with the progress or direction of the ship.

Most of you who choose to accept that label may have two minds about it. Before you came to college some of you were courted and sought after in a fashion that would have been unheard of a generation ago. After you came some of you received further attention in the form of special placement, independent study programs and the like. Now you are enjoying a few more rewards. So to some of you the whole pattern has been pleasant and not relaxing—at least as you see it with one part of your mind.

Lonely Life

Doubtless, you have pondered deeply about all of this special attention and some of you may have occasionally wondered, is it worth it all? You recall that you had to pay a price, not only in the time and the self-denial required to discipline and properly use your minds, but socially as well. As far back as high school you may have labored under another label—to some of your casual classmates you were a "brain." Indeed, even

on this campus you may have found resentment mixed with admiration for your academic success. In short, you may have wondered if it really is worth it. You may have asked, isn't it a lonely life being an intellectual?

For a large part the intellectual pilgrimage of the young student is one of loneliness. Seeking authentic answers to the mind's questions about the universe, striving courageously to enlarge the vision, uncomfortably ventilating and sometimes blowing away comfortable beliefs do not invite convivial company. It takes courage to change, to be different, and sometimes you will wish terribly to return to the simpler and more familiar truths. But the mind cannot go back. Disciplined intelligence will find its true integrity only in moving from the negative to the positive, in venturing into the unknown, in trying to answer the questions that have always plagued men's minds. Such questions as, what is the common denominator of men's minds, what do men and women want most at all times and in all places and conditions? The intellectual seeks a point of eminence from which to view such questions, a point which transcends the local and the present and views in perspective the universality and timelessness of truth. Such point of eminence is rarely attained while attending a political rally, at a cabin party on Saturday night or in watching a majorette at the head of a marching band, however enjoyable such sights and experiences may be. I suspect it will continue to be a bit lonely being an intellectual.

Impecunious Life

It has been suggested that the intellectual is not only lonely but also impecunious, that knowledge and insight are pursued for their own sake and that they have seldom been financially rewarded. This point of view has been encouraged by the oft repeated toast, "Here's to scholarship and may it never be of any use to anyone." Indeed the tradition is so firmly established that the salaries of college personnel have only rarely violated it—although here are signs that the informed public is beginning to understand that it is not necessary to be poorly paid to be an intellectual.

Aside from the question of material rewards, or the lack of them, there is a genuine thrill for the individual who responds to the excitement of intellectual competition, who enjoys engaging in creative conversation, who is conscious of being intellectually awake. There is something to be said for the excitement of the game itself. The real intellectual, like an athlete, is at his best when he is flexing his muscles, and like the athlete he cannot break training without damage to himself. Traditionally the daily exercises take place on a field of debate and discussion. You know the rules of the game. It is not the slugging match of the dormitory where discussion is conducted at the top of one's voice; it is always characterized by the participant's willingness to say quietly "I don't know." To the keen player the game has endless pleasures, perhaps because no one ever really wins. In fact, the game never ends.

Before we wrap the cool wisp of snobbery about your row and retire to the intellectual parlors for genteel discussions, let us take a further look. It is heady business admiring your own halo. Is it too much to suggest to

the young intellectual that her honors and her thrills cannot be enjoyed apart from certain responsibilities? This may sound like the monotonous refrain of a commencement address. Yet, I must remind myself and you that some things are repeated, however monotonously, because they are true. Perhaps responsibility weighs more heavily upon all of us now because our problems seem so complex and are shared on such a world-wide basis. We have had a vivid example of this in the recent visit of the Soviet Premier. Responsibility, though sometimes a wearisome word, remains with us whether we like it or not.

Responsible Role

If you will permit a personal reference, I recall that during my undergraduate days I was frequently baffled by the repeated injunction to be responsible. It reminded me of my earlier years of childhood when I was told, all too often I thought, to be good. In later years I have learned how difficult it is to define the responsible role of the student leader, especially the intellectual leader, on a college campus. And sometimes I have had sympathy for the complaint of students who have been asked too often to confine their criticism to the "constructive" variety. I suspect that sometimes they were right when they replied that this may be another way of saying "criticize but do not offend, do not suggest any change, do not rock the boat." It is hard to be a young intellectual and to believe you have discovered a segment of virgin truth and then be restrained from giving it to the world. Older intellectuals by and large have made the rules and they are good ones. They operate under a mandate to investigate fully, to bring *understanding* as well as criticism to bear upon human problems. The reservations they have in permitting the same rules to apply to young minds center on the word *mature*, and this has no reference to chronological age but to a state of mind. Let me illustrate. The young intellectual who has prepared carefully a research paper representing the best thought of a semester's work is likely to present the judgment of a mature mind. Much time and thought and weighing of evidence have gone into the production. All

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About the Author

Dr. Edens is president of Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. This article is his Honors Day address at Agnes Scott, given October 7. Dr. Edens, a graduate of Emory University (where he and Agnes Scott's President Alston were students together), holds graduate degrees from both Harvard and Emory Universities. He is also a former vice-chancellor of the University of Georgia, and a member of President Eisenhower's U.S. Advisory Commission on Educational Exchange.



Dr. Edens

too often, however, the same student in a letter to the student newspaper may dispose of the knotty problems in college administration or state affairs on the basis of a few minutes' reflection. In such an instance we have the right to insist that responsibility cannot be slipped on and off like a fall coat.

The exhilaration of being an intellectual may lead into another pitfall. If the accumulation of knowledge and the ability to reason do not inevitably produce good judgment, neither do they inevitably produce personal initiative. Not long ago a student complained to me that he was not being sufficiently challenged in one of his classes. He possessed high intellectual potential and had been told as much from time to time. But it is fair to state that his attitude was "well, here I am. I have brought my mind to your campus. What are you going to do about it?" I think we were trying to do a great deal about it but we needed his help. He had not confided his boredom to his instructor, from whom he could have received special help, advanced reading lists and the stimulation of personal discussion. Indeed, the student had even failed to explore the stacks in the library. I repeat that the obligation of the intellectual is to use his own mind as well as the minds of his associates. Personal initiative, then, is an ingredient which must go into the making of a young intellectual.

Human Experience

This line of reasoning leads to the conclusion that the young intellectual must break away from the isolation in which she finds herself. To understand our society one must range widely through its bypaths and have a grasp of the ways of all of its inhabitants. It is possible for the young intellectual, enraptured by the heights she occupies, to associate only with other exotic birds and observe life at a great distance below her. If the intellect needs exercise it also savors contrast and challenge. I think that both are available on most campuses, but they also exist far from the academic world. It is sometimes a surprise to us to find lively and profound minds quietly struggling with ideas in the strangest places, completely unaware that we academics are carrying the world on our shoulders. If one is to learn to like as well as serve the masses, he will gather his data from the broad base of human experience.

It would be folly to ignore the laboratory of a swiftly changing new world. Need I more than suggest its material advances? Not long ago a group of writers helped *Fortune* magazine celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary by preparing a series of essays about the technological advances we may expect in the next twenty-five years. After noting the gains of the last century (which encompassed more technical and scientific achievement than in the previous thousand years), they confidently predicted a future of spiraling wonders. The age of nuclear power for a peaceable civilization is upon us. Born in war and baptized in the fires of destruction, it is being shaped for constructive purposes. They tell us that atomic batteries for peaceful use will be commonplace by 1980. Small atomic generators will be installed in homes for a lifetime of use without recharging. Gas, coal and oil will

then be devoted to chemical wonders. The sun, the tides and the winds will be harnessed beyond present expectations. The briny waters of the ocean will be purified to make the waste areas of the earth blossom and new food and chemical products will come from the seas. Ever-guided missiles and pilotless planes will carry peacetime loads in transcontinental flight. Electronic machines will compute, remember and record in the routine jobs now handled by people. Atomic equipment will take out more of the drudgery. Innovations will change the method of doing things and new products will call for new techniques and new brainpower to supervise. In summary, there is no element of material progress we know today that will not seem as a mere prelude to 1980 when we reach that date.

Now this rhapsody of progress contains some somber notes, not the least of which is, who is to manage this new world? The demand for mental competence will be vastly enlarged in the next twenty-five years. Is it too much to expect, then, that we shall increasingly single out the intellectual in our society and put such scarce abilities to work in the right places. It is hardly necessary to point out the advantages that are likely to accrue to those who hold talents that will continue to be in short supply.

Finally, I should like to impose upon the intellectual the responsibility to be concerned with character and with the development of heart as well as mind. Actually by definition she is expected to deal with ethical questions. She is expected to ask, What is good? What is lasting and what is ephemeral? One who wishes to develop a broad education is never far from moral stability, civic responsibility and social competence. I believe that we must be concerned with these things in a society that seems to have less time to devote to them. In her preoccupation with intellectual competence, she who believes in reason must ask, to what is this competence directed? If this is preaching, let it be so. I do not retreat from my point.

Intellect and Character

I am reinforced in this view by the judgment of others who have tried to examine the relationship between intellect and character. Just recently, a study was undertaken to discover what qualities in different colleges contribute to the development of student character. A mass of data and conjecture was collected. I was most impressed by the "major conclusion" that was reached namely: "that the conditions conducive to the development of character are in many ways the same ones which are conducive to good teaching and sound learning." Indeed, intellectual excellence and force of character were found, again and again, to be "inextricably interwoven in the truly educated man."

In conclusion, then, I would like to recall with you the words of William Jewett Tucker, written half a century ago:

"Be not content with the commonplace in character any more than with the commonplace in ambition or intellectual attainment. Do not expect that you will make any lasting or very strong impression on the world through intellectual power without the use of an equal amount of conscience and heart."



Thomas Stone, technician, in the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies' mobile radioisotope laboratory parked by Agnes Scott's Science Hall.

OAK RIDGE COMES TO AGNES SCOTT

By Edwina Davis Christian '46

EIGHT STUDENTS and four teachers at Agnes Scott College are taking one of the first off-the-premises courses in the uses of radioisotopes offered by the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies.

The institute's mobile radioisotopes laboratory is parked behind the Science Hall on the Agnes Scott College campus. It is the focal point of a two-week course being taught by scientists from the institute. They are Drs. T. Overman, Adrian Dahl, Elizabeth Rona, H. K. Ezell, Thomas Stone, Lee Bowman and Lowell Muse.

The laboratory is a 30-foot, bus type vehicle equipped with laboratory sinks, air conditioning and a power generator. The scientists and technicians conduct laboratory sessions in the vehicle and give lectures in an Agnes Scott classroom.

Radioisotopes—the subject under study—are by-products of the atomic energy process.

"They have opened up new avenues of investigation in every field of scientific endeavor," Dr. William J. Frierson, chairman of the College's chemistry department,

said. He referred to their use as "tracers" of various substances and activities in the body.

Agnes Scott is one of two Southern colleges—the other is Wofford College—selected for the initial program. Dr. Frierson said he understands the course will be evaluated after the first two schools have been visited.

Faculty members taking the course are Dr. W. A. Calder, professor of physics and astronomy; Dr. Julia Gary, assistant professor of chemistry; Miss Nancy Groseclose, assistant professor of biology, and Miss Anne Salyerds, instructor in biology.

Students are Dorreth Doan, Becky Evans, Myra Glasure, Kathryn John, Charlotte King, Warnell Neal, Nancy Patterson and Martha Young. All the students are seniors majoring in science.

Editor's Note: This article is reprinted by permission from *The Atlanta Journal* of November 5, 1959. Edwina is a science writer for the *Journal*.

PRIZE-WINNING POETS

Three alumnae poets speak to us in varying idioms -- and win prizes

"Smiley" Williams Stoffel '44 won the 1959 Society Prize of the North Carolina Poetry Society with this poem which has been published in The Presbyterian Survey.



THE LONGING FOR GOD

Break upon me, O Thou Mighty Sea!
Sweep in great waves across this empty shore;
With driving, surging fierce intensity
Pulse with great power till I can bear no more.
Upon these burning sands let ocean flow,
This narrow shore be swallowed up in Thee,
By Thy eternal vastness let it know
The crushing weight of Thy immensity.
Leave no alternative to full submission,
No bit of shore untouched by swelling tide
Let every weight force from me full contrition
Till everything but Thee is swept aside.
This arid shore waits, hungry for the sea,
O let it again be overcome by Thee.

Betty Williams Stoffel

CEREMONY

I promised you to come when full spring made
Majestic shade
Of your encircling trees
And roses rioted on trellises
And garden wall.
In mind's forward flash I saw all these
And felt the welcome, — ceremonial,
Unhurried, bountiful.

At last on this translucent day
Of bloom-abundant May,
I walk on velvet grass, look up at skies
Loved by your eyes.
And I, impoverished beyond belief,
Stand beside you at an opened door
Where you never were before.
Reception is now for you, abrupt and brief.

At last, at last I am come. —
But to our most ancient home.

Janef Newman Preston



Janef Newman Preston '21 is the winner of the Society Prize of the Poetry Society of Georgia for 1959. Her poem is re-published by permission from the Society's Yearbook.

THE MESSENGERS

All day each day crisp manila envelopes
freckle Madison Avenue and cross-town buses,
convey the bright ideas, rush proofs of the bright run
worlds of magazine, network and agency. Most
of the mercuries are thin legged boys with foolish smiles
or shiny cuffed old men with old-country speech
or feet-dragging cripples with tragic faces —
incongruity surpassing metaphors.

Yet a little sorrow of my own tags at the heels
of the messengers and the mockery
they hug to their ribs all unknowing.
I think how each day my proofs and messages
of love reach you by like ambassadors:
help that is frail, that comes on tardy feet,
and words that do not mirror the beauty
they are asked to take.

Marybeth Little Weston

Marybeth Little Weston '48's poem won second prize in the 1957 Village Voice Poetry Contest in New York City.



PLAYWRIGHT

Continued from Page 5

ulled the curtain, played a Roman soldier in "Julius Caesar," and washed innumerable cocktail glasses for a production of "The Cocktail Party." Also, I wrote plays.

Along about the third play, I entered a contest. The Woodrow Wilson Centennial Celebration Commission, sponsored by the United States government and the State of Virginia, wanted a play based on the life of Woodrow Wilson. Delving into the subject, I found that Woodrow Wilson, far from being dishwater dull, was a man of deep passions and intense dreams, whose life, more than any other figure of recent times, fit the pattern of the tragic hero. I wrote "Hall of Mirrors" about the valiant, doomed struggle which he waged for peace during the year 1919. The Woodrow Wilson award, which I won, was production of my play and \$750. On my passport I listed playwright as my occupation and went to Europe.

The Play Itself

By the time I got back I had another play. "Words Without Knowledge," the play which inspired my initial plunge into grease paint, had fermented and grown in my mind into three acts, with new characters, new scenes and events, and a new title—"Voice of the Whirlwind." The basic situation is still there, for this is a play which has always been close to my heart. It is a play about the turmoil stirred up in the family of Joel Andrews, a country preacher, and his community when Sunday Jackson, a fiery, faith-healing revivalist, pitches his tent in the West Virginia mountain town and tries to pass a miracle. I was eager to see it staged from the time I first heard it read in a playwriting class. One April morning I went over to the Motor Hotel to have breakfast with Mr. Porterfield, who was in New York for the week, and read the play aloud to him. He was interested, and wrote later for additional scripts, that it was the following winter before the play was put on his schedule. Finally, in June of this summer, "Voice of the Whirlwind" became

my second full-length play to go into production at the Barter Theatre.

It is supposed to be a pretty big thrill for a writer to see live actors with real eyes that open and close get up on a stage and recite his words. For me, the happiest time comes when I am creating my plays in the theatre of my imagination. Then I can project and cast them to my heart's desire, choosing among Henry Irving and David Garrick and Ethel Merman. (Will Kempe is currently taking the role of Uncle Sam in my new comedy, "Uncle Sam's Cabin." He is marvelous.) It is frightening to relinquish to strangers the children of one's fancy; painful to be forced to expound and justify their every word, and uncover the secret springs with a banal line of explanation. ("Hey, Will, what's the line on this fellow, Hamlet? Naw, nothing fancy, just a sentence or two, something for the newspaper boys.") Actors and directors are an infuriating and endearing people. They have a deplorable tendency to think they know more about your play and how to write it than you do, but then they turn around and do something so marvelous and right and unexpected that you forgive them everything. There are wonderful moments in rehearsal when an actor's imagination leaps with yours and he becomes no longer an alien but a collaborator.

Playwright and Audience

But the great thrill of production, for me at least, is the audience. During and after the run of "Whirlwind" I was tremendously excited by the response I had aroused in people. Out of their sense of deep concern, hot disagreement, sympathy, identification or dissatisfaction, they talked and wrote to me, apologizing as strangers for their intrusion. But they were not strangers. No one for whom Sunday Jackson and Joel Andrews and Woodrow Wilson have taken on reality and importance through me, no one with whom I have shared my concern for their lives and destinies, is a stranger to me. Within the theatre, they have become my friends. This is a playwright's greatest joy—to discover and create friends, out of his fierce, unbearable passion for communication, in our crowded, lonely universe.



Dr. Calder

DR. CALDER DISCUSSES RACE FOR THE MOON

Why do scientists want to go to the moon? Only fifteen years ago, during World War II, Dr. William A. Calder, professor of physics and astronomy, was doing work concerned with developing torpedoes that would destroy submarines. In his work, he wished, as he often said: "If only all of the energy and time that is being consumed in this project could be directed toward research in astronomy rather than in weapons to destroy mankind."

This wish seemed in the realm of impossibility. "That is why today, in this race for the moon," Dr. Calder commented in a chapel talk, "I can't complain; it's what I wished for, so we might as well all enjoy the race."

After discussing some areas of scientific knowledge that could be expanded by direct study of the moon, Dr. Calder said:

"Today this contest between us and the Russians is so unbelievable as compared to the types of scientific contest in the last war. It is too good to be true that brains and facilities are being used for pure science. There is an honest exchange of scientific ideas and information between the Russian and American scientists. The scientists are not going to start a war. In fact, if we are not able to obtain world stability through religion and morals perhaps communication in scientific matters could be a means to this end."



Worthy Notes...

"New Looks" Mark Several Spots on Campus this Fall

DATE IN AUGUST there was a fear in the minds of some of us who are year-rounders on the campus that the doors of the College might not be able to open for Agnes Scott's seventy-first session. P. J. Rogers, Jr., whose title Business Manager does not even remotely explain his many functions and services for this campus, suffered a heart attack and just now, in late October, is in his office again for two hours a day. His staff, and many others, proved to have firm shoulders, in lieu of Mr. Rogers' ever stalwart ones, and the doors did get open in time.

There are a few new looks on the campus which Mr. Rogers and his staff had completed this summer. The old kitchen space in the rear wing of Rebekah Scott Hall has been renovated for administrative offices, with a new entrance portico, and the parking lot adjacent to this has been paved and landscaped. This whole effort has made for a pleasant feeling of space as one drives into the campus on Buttrick Drive.

The house on College Place long occupied by two members of the faculty, Miss Harn and Miss Omwake, has been practically rebuilt this summer to accommodate eight students. Miss Harn and Miss Omwake purchased the house in Decatur last year and moved into their own home during the summer. Also renovated for use as a student cottage was East Lawn: this venerable old house could stand one more face-lifting—how many times has this been done in its many years? Most recently it had been used to house the department of education.

For returning students, perhaps the great change in campus buildings this summer was what happened to the east wing of Rebekah Scott. In campus parlance we still use the term, even though 'tis anachronistic, "date parlor." There are several new, small date parlors now in this wing of Rebekah, brightly painted and furnished, and across the rear end of the wing are several booths and kitchen facilities. Also, President and Mrs. Alston converted the basement area of their home this summer to an informal and cozy recreation room which promises many good hours for students as they visit the Alstons.

The Alumnae House has new furniture and new inhabitants this fall. Four students are housed here for the fall term; this is not easy living for them, in rooms

planned for transient occupancy, but ever resourceful, they manage to create closet space literally out of thin air.

The new look in the Alumnae Office is addressing equipment which to me and Dorothy Weakley is very precious. We spent a great portion of the summer months redoing almost 10,000 records on alumnae in preparation for using the new equipment, part of which has an electronic brain, and our only problem now is that we have just human brains and have to learn to feed the electronic one properly. The equipment was purchased with funds of both the Alumnae Association and the College, and other administrative offices on the campus use it, too.

A major area in which it will be of immeasurable help is in serving the four regional vice-presidents of the Alumnae Association as they serve individual alumnae and alumnae clubs in their territories, which are set according to alumnae population. Let me commend to each of you the work that these four alumnae are carrying forward in your behalf. They are a fresh link between you and the College. Let me also make one plea for them: this time, instead of for money, it is for some of your reading time. They and the alumnae office staff will try to keep you not only informed but abreast of happenings in several areas of the College's life, but this must be done primarily by the written word reaching you. You will be hearing from them.

You will also receive the four issues of *The Quarterly* this year, beginning with this, the fall issue. The magazine won a national award for 1959, an honorable mention for featured articles, from the American Alumni Council, and I received this with joy. There are some news items about the College which you should know and which do not properly belong in a magazine article; the Office of Public Relations is planning to issue two Agnes Scott Newsletters this year, the first of which will reach you after Christmas. You have already been mailed a copy of Dr. Alston's report to the Board of Trustees for 1959 and a copy of the 1959-60 Alumnae Fund brochure, so.

Happy Agnes Scott reading this year.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

Mrs. Byer
Library



CLASS SCHOLARSHIP TROPHY

EACH YEAR on Honor's Day the Class Scholarship Trophy is awarded to the class with the highest academic average in comparison to the three preceding classes of the same level.

The trophy was given by the 1956-57 chapter of Mortar Board for the purpose of encouraging high scholastic attainment within the classes.

The Class of 1960 won the cup for the first two years and this year the Class of 1961 was honored.