

AGNES
SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY WINTER 1964



th

Anniversary Issue

AGNES SCOTT
75TH
ANNIVERSARY
COLLEGE

The importance of Agnes Scott as a college cannot be estimated by numbering our alumnae... The ultimate test is the intrinsic worth of Agnes Scott students... in the homes they establish - the professional and business careers upon which they enter - the church, civic, educational and social relationships that they maintain. ✍

PRESIDENT WALLACE M. ALSTON







AGNES SCOTT

THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY VOL. 42, No. 2

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Victory Crowns Campaign

THIS is the moment that I have anticipated for more than a decade. I am in a position to announce officially that Agnes Scott has achieved her great seventy-fifth anniversary development objective. The success of the recent mail appeal and the January campus campaign put the capstone on a venture of faith and dedication that began in July, 1953, when our Board of Trustees launched us upon an eleven-year effort to add \$10,500,000 to the capital assets of the College by the spring of this year, 1964, when Agnes Scott celebrates her seventy-fifth birthday. The original goal was augmented by several conditional grants and by the opportunity to match, dollar for dollar, a trust fund. The challenge grants, already claimed successfully by Agnes Scott, have amounted to more than \$2,000,000. In other words, the unparalleled challenge that has faced the College has been to come to the period of the observance of our seventy-fifth anniversary with cash and pledges of more than \$12,500,000 for capital purposes, realized since the program began in July, 1953.

At the Founder's Day Convocation on Saturday, February 22, 1964, we had the satisfaction of announcing the successful completion of our Seventy-fifth Anniversary Development Program. Agnes Scott has exceeded her over-all objective of \$12,500,000. This accomplishment represents a magnificent achievement on the part of more than 6,000 individuals, groups, business firms, and foundations who have participated generously and loyally.

During his lifetime, poet Robert Frost served as honorary chairman of this campaign. Honorary co-chairmen have been Catherine Marshall LeSourd, Class of 1936, of Chappaqua, New York, and John A. Sibley of Atlanta, both Trustees of the College. The active chairman of the effort has been Hal L. Smith of Atlanta, who is also chairman of the Agnes Scott Board of Trustees. Assisting these leaders have been the area chairmen, all but one of whom are alumnae, in the forty-five campaign centers located over the United States wherever groups of Agnes Scott alumnae and friends are to be found. Then, there have been hundreds of workers, primarily alumnae, who have made the vitally important contacts which have meant success in this effort.

We can never adequately thank the thousands of people who have had a part in this great forward step for Agnes Scott. I would like to be able to express personally the College's appreciation to each one of them. Particularly would I single out our students, faculty, and staff who responded so generously in our two campus campaigns—the one in 1960 and the one just concluded this year. In these two efforts, our small campus community contributed or pledged in excess of \$200,000 toward our anniversary goal. This same loyalty and devotion to Agnes Scott has been the rule, not the exception, with our people everywhere.

The major portion of the financial assets received through our Seventy-fifth Anniversary Development Campaign has gone into endowment to strengthen Agnes Scott's educational program.

PRESIDENT WALLACE M. ALSTON

Also, three dormitories (Hopkins, Walters, and Winship) have been constructed, additional property has been purchased, and capital improvements have been made in a number of our older buildings. Just now construction has begun on the Charles A. Dana Fine Arts Building where our departments of art and of speech and drama will be located. It is expected that this structure will be put into full use not later than the fall of 1965.

Now with substantially increased capital assets, the College is in an improved position to meet the opportunities of the present and prepare for the challenges of the future. It is, therefore, with high hopes that Agnes Scott enters the last quarter of her first century as an educational institution. The academic life of the College has never been at a higher level than it is at this time. Our faculty is exceedingly able, and our students, a carefully chosen group, are competent and responsive. Those of us here at Agnes Scott now are building on a strong foundation laid by our predecessors and strengthened by those who have participated in the recent effort to increase substantially the College's capital assets. We are determined to be worthy of the confidence which so many have placed in us. It is our firm purpose to enhance the excellence which has always characterized the College so that Agnes Scott, because of her academic stature, because of her Christian commitment, and because of her concern for young people, will continue in the company of the truly great colleges of our nation.





THE HEMSTITCHING CLUB poses prettily in front of Main.



FIRE BRIGADE appears ready to deal with disaster.



VESTAL VIRGINS were a part of an early May Day.



FOUNDER'S DAY featured seniors dressed as colonial dames and gentlemen.



VARSITY TEAM WEARS UNIFORMS and monogrammed cardigans.

Turning back the pages ...

T. S. Lewis

DEALER IN

Crackers and
Cakes

CORNER E. MITCHELL AND LOYD STREETS

TELEPHONE 630

DRINK REFRESHING

Coca-Cola

RELIEVES HEADACHE IMMEDIATELY
AT SODA FOUNTAINS, FIVE CENTS PER GLASS

ADVERTISEMENT
featured a 5¢ Coke.



ART CLUB of 1897 set for an outing in an open wagon.

One Grea

For seventy-five years people plus princi



EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is taken from an address which Miss Leyburn made on Founder's Day, 1963, to the campus community and members of the four Atlanta area alumnae clubs. Ellen Dauglass, eminent alumna and beloved professor of English, has here caught the essence of Agnes Scott's history.

IN the letter asking me to make this Founder's Day talk, I thought I detected something of the implication that I was asked because my own history goes back so far into the history of the College. I have grown used of late to having mature colleagues say "ma'am" to me; and I am no longer disconcerted to be asked about the origins of Black Cat, which was a flourishing institution when I came and did devastating things to my studies in the fall of my freshman year, or what went on in the Mnemosynean and Propelyan Literary Societies, which had vanished long before my day. I find it, indeed, rather heartwarming to be linked with the beginnings of Agnes Scott; and since Miss McKinney [now in her ninety-seventh year], who was one of my teachers and is now one of my dear friends, is a part of those beginnings, they do perhaps touch me in a special way. But what I want to suggest to you this Founder's Day is that they touch us all and are alive in us.

I have no intention of preaching a sermon this morning; but I should like to give you a text from St. Paul: "We are every one members one of another." Like the church of which he spoke, the college is an entity, a living being, a composite life containing something of all who have ever been associated with it, but greater than the sum of its parts, a distinct essence, whose life flows into the separate lives which compose it and in turn create its life. This constantly renewed being, always changing, yet always retaining its identity, is a mystery, like the growth of individual personality, and just as much a recognizable fact, though our relation to it is more inscrutable. We are bound

Society

By ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN '27

produced the character of the College.

to feel it as a part of all of us who make it up; and we are part of it, whether we will or not and whether we are worthy or not. We can no more escape the heritage of our alma mater than we can that of our natural mothers, even if we resist it. This college family affects all of us, even the black sheep in it; and we as inevitably affect it. Not one of us can be here without leaving a mark upon the common life, even if it is only in the form of wear and tear on the physical plant and more grey hairs for the faculty.

A Founder's Day occasion is a birthday celebration: and as in our families, we like to think on birthdays of the traits which make us love those who are near to us, it seems fitting that we should think on Founder's Day of some of the best traits which belong to the college because they were wrought into its essential being by the founders and have continued to characterize it and to belong to the corporate life which sustains and nourishes us all.

When I think of that little gathering in Dr. Gaines's study where the conception of the college was formed, I think first of the quality of vision. Let me read to you again the words they set down in stating the purpose of the institution they were creating:

1. A liberal curriculum, fully abreast of the best institutions in this country.
2. The Bible a textbook.
3. Thoroughly qualified and consecrated teachers.
4. A high standard of scholarship.
5. All the influences of the College conducive to the formation and development of Christian character.
6. The glory of God the chief end of all.

When you consider that those words were written at a time when Agnes Scott was a grammar school

with no endowment, no buildings, and only two faculty members, and when there was little formal education for women anywhere, they seem to embody an almost incredibly long view, a dream that would have been visionary in the pejorative sense, even foolhardy, if it had not been accompanied by faith and by indomitable courage. And those who have led the college ever since have been both a part of the fulfillment of that vision and the seers of the future. Indeed, there is something awesome to me in the realization that *we* are part of the fulfillment of that early dream. I sometimes wonder what the little group who sat in Dr. Gaines's study would think if they could visit us now: how they would marvel at this chapel in which we are gathered, at the laboratories in the science building and the telescope in the observatory, at the library with its wealth of books, at the luxury of the new dormitories and the modernization of Main Building, which they all lived to see built through the generosity of Colonel Scott and to hear loudly acclaimed as the most modern and best equipped educational building in the South. Dr. Gaines's account reads: "This building was beautiful in architecture, was lighted with electricity from its own plant, was heated by steam, and had hot and cold water and sanitary plumbing." To remember that all of these comforts were unique in the neighborhood—little boys from all over Decatur would gather each evening so see the lights come on—is to understand their pride in it and their gratitude to Colonel Scott for providing it.

But neither Colonel Scott nor his associates thought of the building as central; nor would it be our plant which would chiefly interest the founders now. I am sure that what would most



ONE GREAT SOCIETY

(Continued)

concern them would be the people they would find here. You remember that there is nothing in their statement about buildings. It is all directed toward the development of human beings—toward us, in short. It is of us that they were thinking when they wrote those words. There is something uncanny about the power this gives us that I always find almost overwhelming, just as I do reading words like Milton's "a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," and knowing that the life beyond life depends on us as readers—or reading Shakespeare's proud proclamations that his sonnets will give undying life to his love and realizing that I, along with others readers, control that immortality. We are the immortality of the founders of Agnes Scott in an even more crucial way. If they could see us as the people they were planning for in their statement, I am sure that they would be startled at the way we look, with legs exposed and hair in strange shapes, and at the informality with which we act and speak; but I hope that they would not find us as people incongruous with their dream of us, would find us still pursuing the human ends they had in mind and dreaming the right dreams for the future.

But they did more than dream, or we should not be here. They worked with ardor and with unswerving loyalty to bring to birth what they had conceived, and what was harder, to keep it alive once born. You remember Dr. McCain's telling you last fall how Colonel Scott year after year made up out of his own modest fortune the deficit for running expenses. Indeed, it was not until Dr. McCain himself began to impress the Foundations with our academic integrity and to conduct a series of campaigns for funds that we paid off our indebtedness and began the endowment which has steadily grown and must continue to grow if we are to survive and to progress into an expanding vision. Besides contributing to the support of the institution in which they had faith, the founders were willing to do the most humble services to keep it alive and enable it to justify their faith. The elder Mr. Murphey Candler, for instance, who was for years the board chairman of buildings and grounds, checked all the luggage himself and used to say that he knew the girls by their trunks. When there were performances of plays in Atlanta, it was he who bought tickets for Agnes Scott faculty and students and saw that they got to the theatre on the train or the little dummy line street car that ran through what is now Evans Drive. And this is typical of the kind of familiar care and energy which those early trustees lavished on the institution they had brought into being.

First Faculty

To their willingness to work for the college they were creating, the founders added the still more important qualities of wisdom and good judgment. The first object of their attention was bringing to the institute the best possible faculty, for on this they knew that its value depended. Dr. Gaines, who was an uncommonly shrewd judge of people, was able to find and to attract to the struggling little institute a group of able and devoted teachers. Miss Nanette Hopkins, who came as a teacher of math, was made principal and was dean for many years after Agnes Scott became a college, guiding the destinies of hundreds of students with quiet firmness. I should like to read you two paragraphs

from the faculty resolutions at the time of her death in 1938:

Farseeing and dedicated, she made unmeasured contributions to the growth of the college. She was closest and most valued fellow worker of the only two presidents that the institution has had. Having come in 1889 to the newly founded Decatur Female Seminary as one of its two teachers, she was in 1897 made lady principal of the Agnes Scott Institute; in 1906 she became dean of Agnes Scott College and in 1927 was elected to membership on its Board of Trustees. In her administrative capacity, she was, during all these years, a leader of steadfast vision, of sound judgment, and of selfless devotion to duty. To both Dr. Gaines, the founder and first president of Agnes Scott, and to Dr. McCain, his successor, she gave counsel and courage when perplexing problems—academic, financial, social—beset the rapidly growing college.

Nor did its growth outdistance her own. She had a remarkable capacity for adjustment to changing times and new conditions. A woman who had taken the minute personal supervision of the sheltered lives of girls within school walls in 1897 might well have found it impossible to adapt herself to the social freedom and self-government of students today. Keeping an intimate sense of the family. Miss Hopkins could yet rejoice that her family had become sufficiently adult to govern itself. For generation after generation of students she blended the past and the present, preserving tradition that enriched the life on the campus and yet welcoming innovation that stimulated it. And so the college at every stage of its development during the past fifty years has been inseparable from this woman who loved it.

In 1891, Miss Hopkins was joined by Miss McKinney, who taught English for forty-six years, making us feel not only her dedication as a teacher but her warmth as a friend, chiding us when she felt we needed it in the caustic way which is the rough side of her lively temperament, but giving only the kind of wounds which we recognized as the faithful wounds of a friend. I never saw the others who came with Miss McKinney in 1891, but I have a vivid sense of them from her: Miss McGee, who taught science and was famous for her forthrightness, and Miss Massey, the history teacher and the beauty of the faculty, whose winemomeness left a gracious impression long after illness made her retire. She was succeeded by one of the most colorful of the early teachers, Miss

Cady, who was also gone before my day, but who seems very real to me. Her individuality was shown in her animated lectures on history as well as in her striking appearance, her huge frame always encased in a straight serge suit, sturdy brogans on her large feet, and a cloche hat with an incongruous red rose bobbing over her nose as she spoke with more and more vigor or shook with one of her deep laughs. I have never heard her mentioned without some smiling reference to her appearance and then a glowing account of her power as a teacher. There is always a suggestion of Dr. Johnson in the impression I get of her strange appearance which somehow accentuated her wit and her intellectual force.

Real Personalities

And I like to think that there is some idiosyncrasy to give flavor to this character of a college which was formed in those early days. It gives me pleasure to reflect that it was one of the most individual teachers of my own day who declared, with a beguiling lack of awareness of how much she delighted us by her own oddities, "Of course, there are no freaks on the Agnes Scott faculty." I always remember her remark when I see students smiling indulgently at some unrecognized foible of my own. These early teachers were all real personalities; and they were as ardently committed to Agnes Scott and its future as were the founders. The stand they made for academic excellence in the days when standards in the region as a whole were vague, their creating a sound curriculum and steadily adding grades at the top and eliminating them at the bottom, shows not only their intellectual concern, but their moral courage. And Miss McKinney says that in spite of the financial plight of the institute and the need of students, there was never an occasion when Dr. Gaines did not uphold the faculty in the struggle for excellence. There is a reference to his passionate integrity in the faculty resolutions at the time of his death in 1923:

It was his faith in God that enabled him to hold steadfastly to the admission standard as stated in the catalogue, year after year in those trying days of a decade and more ago when the very life of colleges appeared to depend on their ability to attract large

ONE GREAT SOCIETY

(Continued)

numbers of students. Knowing full well that adherence to the standard of admission would probably mean a deficit to be reported to the Board of Trustees at the end of the year, he yet never let himself be turned a hair's breadth from his purpose to maintain an honest standard, despite the mental worry that would inevitably result from his action, and the ease with which he might have doubled the student body by making concessions which most institutions similarly situated were making freely. No one who did not live through those years with him can fully appreciate the greatness and steadfastness of the man in these trying years.

Such integrity required self sacrifice; and this was a quality which the faculty shared with the founders. I did not know when I was a student in the late twenties what low salaries the faculty received; but I was acutely aware when I came back to teach of their real heroism. There was none on my part. I assure you, for I had quite literally nowhere else to go. I hope you will not mind if I speak about myself on this intimate occasion, for I think that my experience reveals something of the spirit of the college. I finished graduate school in 1934, when the depression had reached its very bottom and new openings for teachers were non-existent. The only offers of jobs I had were at a boarding school in New England, where one of the chief duties of the English mistress seemed to be to censor the letters which the students were required to write home each week and at a so-called college for whose work I had no respect. So I came and simply asked Dr. McCain to let me teach at Agnes Scott. It was a case of Frost's definition of home as a place where when you have to go there, they have to take you in; and it shows something about the college that a place was made for me in the English department.

Personal Experience

What I learned when I became a part of the faculty was that they were all working for reduced pay and that they had chosen to accept the reduction in salaries on which they were already unable to make ends meet rather than lower the standards

of the college in order to attract more students. In these days of prosperity, I think it is hard for you to conceive of the real poverty of those times and how few families were able to manage the total of \$700.00 for board and tuition. Indeed it is hard for any of us really to sense again what it was like to be anxious for more students when we are in the midst of the pressure for admission of the long waiting lists which now beset us. But the action of the faculty in the time of the depression required the kind of integrity and heroic commitment to excellence which is part of our heritage and of the basic character of the college.

Character of College

This character has always, I think, attracted students of a corresponding calibre who have become a part of the whole ethos of the college. Each generation of students receives much from earlier ones and leaves much for those to come. The richness of friendships with fellow students formed during our own generation at the college is for most of us simply immeasurable; and many of these friendships endure and grow after college and are distinguished by the special bond of a common inheritance. As we live and work here together, our associations, our ways of thought and behavior, are permanently affected by the essential life of the college, of which all the rich variety of our individual temperaments and endowments in turn becomes a part. The college helps create us as we renew its creation.

Continuing Growth

The continuance of its life rests with us; and I like to think that it is carried on not just here on the campus, but in all the places from which the alumnae come to us today and in the far corners of the earth, where our graduates are living parts of the total life of the college. They have taken something of Agnes Scott to every state in the union and to every continent in the world. And they pass it on wherever they are, as it will, I feel



With the Peace Corps

Philippine Perspective

By EVE PURDOM INGLE '60

F

OR over a year my husband, Clyde, and I have been living in the Republic of the Philippines as members of the United States Peace Corps. Clyde has been teaching English and social studies in a teacher's college, and I have been teaching high school mathematics.

We live in Zamboanga City, one of the loveliest cities in the Philippines, and we are the envy of some of our Peace Corps colleagues who are stationed in less exotic places. Zamboanga City has every feature of a tropical paradise. Sprays of bougainvillas and orchids decorate even the most modest houses. We enjoy swimming in crystal-clear water at beaches which are lined with coconut palms. Coral reefs where a variety of shells and beautifully colored fish abound are only an hour away by native sailboat. The sunsets over the Sulu Sea fill the sky with yellows, oranges, purples, and pinks in contrast to the blue-gray islands across the straits. Nature is very generous. The market overflows every morning with fish, crabs, clams, shrimp, and occasionally, lobsters and sharks. Fruit trees, bearing an endless variety of fruits, grow wild.

(Continued)

Eve Purdom Ingle '60 talks with students while other girls rehearse for a pageant at the high school.

Philippine Perspective

(Continued)

The soil is rich, and beautiful vegetables can be grown with very little effort.

Coming from a temperate to tropical climate demands many physical adjustments. We have learned the necessity of preventive warfare against mold, termites, and dysentery. We have learned to slow down when we walk and to take a siesta every day after lunch. In our eyes, our cold shower is the height of luxury. We have even developed an appreciation for the durian, the fruit that smells like sulfur dioxide.

Psychological Adjustments

The physical adjustments are easy to cope with because they can be dealt with in physical terms. But the psychological adjustments required for living in a new culture are hard to make. After four years conditioning to being regarded with indifference as a representative of the female of the species by Georgia Tech males, it was confusing when suddenly I was considered a living, breathing Marilyn Monroe to the man on the street in the Philippines. And the Filipino makes no secret of his appreciation of blond hair and white skin. In the stores and public market, it is necessary to bargain for all items, and we are never quite sure whether we are getting the Filipino price or the American price. We have a limited knowledge of the dialect spoken here, and so we cannot always be certain whether the remarks made about us are friendly or insulting. Since we do not know exactly where we stand in any of these situations, more than once we have become rather paranoid in thinking we are being ridiculed or cheated.

Agnes Scott, more than most institutions of higher learning, attempts to instill in its students certain ideals.

Neighborhood children gather to talk in front of Eve and Clyde's house.



Upon graduation from Agnes Scott, I had incorporated these principles—the belief in striving for excellence, concern for other people, the need for communication between human beings—into my set of values. With the naivete of youth, I believed that I was capable of achieving such deals. Two years of living and teaching in small communities in the southern part of the United States provided no experiences that shook my faith in my ability to attain these deals. Living in a different culture, however, has made me realize how far I fall short of this goal.

Soon after our arrival, I discovered that I did not love humanity, not even the more lovable portion of humanity—children. I feel no love for children who mimic my American accent to my face or who climb up in our orange tree to pick unripe oranges as soon as we turn our backs. There is no common bond of humanity, as far as I am concerned, between me and the teen-age boys who make abusive remarks about me. I find no bond of communication between myself and the mother who shows great affection for her child by the loving expression on her face, but is not at all concerned about the running sores all over the child's legs.

Convictions in Practice

Confronting people and situations such as these has made me realize that the noble convictions I held are tremendously difficult to put into practice. As a result, both Clyde and I have become much more realistic about what can actually be accomplished in the field of human relationships, and thus we are more appreciative of the small bits of progress between human beings that we see around us in the world today.

One of our goals in coming to the Philippines was to make some lasting friendships with Filipinos. We have found that friendship across cultures is just as difficult to realize as the deals fostered at Agnes Scott. Our failure in this area does not stem from lack of friendliness on the part of Filipinos. We have met almost no hostility. Filipinos are unusually

friendly toward Americans because of the wise administration of the Philippines when it was our possession and the partnership in fighting during World War II. Certainly Clyde and I are on friendly terms with many people, but we have not been able to develop the type of friendship we did in the United States. Friendships such as those formed at Agnes Scott out of the sharing of romantic crises, heated discussions about religion, and frantic study for exams continue long after graduation. In the Philippines we have not been able to find common experiences that both we and our acquaintances enjoy. Filipinos do not like swimming or sailing, our favorite recreational activities. With the Filipino emphasis on smooth interpersonal relationships, a Filipino is uncomfortable in a discussion where ideas are tossed back and forth; even a teacher is apt to take personally an attack upon his ideas. Because Filipinos and Americans are sensitive to different things, we have inadvertently cut short budding friendships, and we have been offended by situations which we now understand were not intended to be insulting. It is only now, after more than a year here, that we are beginning to find friends with whom we can really communicate. These people certainly do not share all our views and values, but there are areas where our interests and values overlap so that there is some foundation for communication.

Western Influence

When we arrived here, we were struck by how Western the Philippines appeared. Almost fifty years under an American government left a strong American imprint. Most people wear Western clothes. Teen-agers much prefer the twist to any native dances. The national government consists of a president elected every four years, a bicameral legislature, and a supreme court. Zamboanga City has all the organizations indigenous to American small towns—Rotary Club, Jaycees, Red Cross, Boy and Girl Scouts.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: We wanted words from a recent graduate to balance wisdom from older ones, so asked Eve Purdom Ingle '60 to write an article. Eve, an English major, member of Phi Beta Kappa, president of student government, taught school in North Carolina, married another teacher, Clyde Ingle, in December, 1960, and they are now serving as Peace Corps volunteers.

After a few months, we began to realize that though these American and Philippine institutions have the same names, they certainly do not have the same functions. After being asked to be a committee chairman for a Christmas program at the high school, I was surprised when, a day before the scheduled meeting of the committee, a teacher asked me, "Have you decided yet what the program will be?" From her remark and the performance of the committee the next day, I learned that a committee chairman does not lead the group to reach a decision, but instead announces to the committee what the program will consist of and what the responsibility of each member will be. The decisions of the chairman are accepted without question. Though this incident is innocuous in nature, the concepts of authority and group action expressed in it have serious implications for a nation which is a democracy.

One of the great values of our experience in the Peace Corps has come from such incidents which reveal so much about Philippine society. Because those of us who live in the southeastern part of the United States hold basically the same values, we assume that these values are universal. Only by living and working with people who operate under a different system of values have Clyde and I come to realize, by contrast, what our own American culture really is.

I suspect that the values I call American are common to all Western countries or perhaps all industrialized nations, but since I have lived in only one Western nation, I will refer to them as American values. In like manner, I will call the values I find here Filipino values, even though other Oriental or tropical nations may share such values.

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Philippine Perspective

(Continued)

Americans, I have learned, have a religion of work. Perhaps because our forefathers lived so long in an agricultural economy whose sole purpose was to prepare for winter, they unconsciously handed down to us the feeling that work is necessary. We feel slightly uncomfortable if we have no work, and so those of the leisure class create clubs and community activities to give themselves a feeling of accomplishment. Because of the constant heat and humidity which drain away body energy, work is rather distasteful in a tropical country. When it is not the rice planting or harvesting season, the Filipino farmer is quite content to sit under the coconut trees and gossip, drink coconut wine, or preen his fighting cocks.

Our view of work is based on the premise that work has inherent dignity. We feel that the farmer, whose work is certainly largely manual, is the backbone of American life and represents the best and basic ideals of America. Filipinos shun any kind of work that involves getting oneself dirty. Because of the low status associated with farming, a college graduate, even one with a degree in agriculture, would much prefer a clerical job to farming, in spite of the fact that he could earn a great deal more money in agriculture.

Protestant Ethic

I am only now beginning to understand what the Protestant ethic is and why it is unique. Americans, no matter what religion or lack of religion they profess, believe fundamentally in the relationship between behavior and the corresponding reward or punishment. Again, climate may be a factor. When winter comes, it presents an inescapable day of reckoning for the work performed during the growing season. In a tropical country there has never been such a day of judgment. Nature has always provided; there have always been plenty of fish in the sea and bananas on the trees.

A basic tenet of the Protestant ethic is a strong emphasis on individual responsibility. American society makes it clear to a young woman that she alone is responsible for her physical relationships with men. A Filipina, on the other hand, never has to be concerned about her physical behavior with men. In her courtship, she is constantly chaperoned. Since the system of chaperonage removes any element of individual choice from the situation, the girl does not have to assume any individual responsibility for her conduct.

Group Identification

Our stress on individual responsibility stems from the fact that we think of ourselves as individuals. Filipinos identify themselves, not as individuals, but as members of a group, whether it be the family, class in school, or a club. On a picnic with a group of college girls who live in the same boarding house and are close friends, I found the dessert delicious and wanted to compliment the cook. When I asked who made the dessert, one of the girls answered, "All of us, ma'am." I persisted in trying to find out who the cook was, but I kept getting the same answer. The girls preferred giving the credit to the group rather than singling out one individual for praise.

Americans place great value on discipline. Though it did not impress me as significant at the time, I recall now that in teaching in elementary school in the United States, all of the teachers placed a great deal of emphasis on the children's ability to form a line in going to and from all activities. In the post office in Zamboanga City whoever can gently but firmly push his way to the front of the cluster of people grouped around the stamp window is the one who will buy stamps next.

The American emphasis on discipline is most clearly seen in the way we raise our children. In the Philippines mothers are generally very affectionate and permissive with their children. As a rule, babies are breast fed on a demand schedule. I

seldom hear young children crying for the mother, an older brother or sister, or a servant immediately picks up and holds the child when he begins to whimper. Toilet training begins at the age of five.

Few Guilt Feelings

Because much is demanded of American children at an early age, our society produces adults who tend to hold deep guilt feelings because of an inability to live up to the norms society has set for them. Tranquilizers, alcoholism, and psychiatrists do not play a minor role in American life today. Little, however, is expected of Filipino children, and as adults they have few guilt feelings. People on the streets and students in the classroom display almost none of the nervous habits that indicate feelings of tension. Mental illness and suicide are rare.

In addition to deepening our knowledge of our own American values, living here has given us an appreciation of the values of Philippine culture. Though our ideas about life are too firmly fixed to be drastically changed at this point, we hope that some Filipino ways of thinking will rub off on us.

Personal Touch

Coming from a technological society where an abundance of machines has made some areas of life rather impersonal, we find great pleasure in the personal touch that pervades Filipino life. Transportation by jeepney offers a striking contrast to a city bus ride in the United States, in terms of people. The jeepney driver will stop his gaily colored, eight-passenger vehicle any place on his route where I hail him. The seating arrangement, with six passengers facing each other on parallel benches in the rear of the jeep, is very conducive to conversation, whether it be neighborly gossip or national politics. In the crowded jeepney, with live chickens and market baskets full of food at our feet and several children standing in any remaining empty spaces, suddenly perfect strangers are

not really such strangers after all, and many people we have never seen before strike up conversations with us. Added personal services are the driver's willingness to stop the jeep and wait while I go to buy ice and his co-operation in delivering letters to people who live along his route.

We appreciate the Filipino's tendency to make relationships between himself and other people. When I walk through the fish market, the fish vendors point to their wares and call to me, "You like to buy fish. Nene?" Nene is an affectionate term meaning "little sister," and these men have made me their little sister, rather than placing me in the category of a consumer or an American who will gladly pay outrageous prices.

Enjoyment of Life

A second aspect of life here that we find refreshing is the sheer enjoyment of life itself. As Americans accustomed to running from one extremely important task to another equally significant mission, we take delight in the attitude that there is plenty of time to sit down, relax, and chat with one another. The notions that we as insignificant humans cannot accomplish great deeds on earth, that a tally sheet of our daily works is not being kept in some corner of the universe, that perhaps one of the purposes of the gift of life is our own enjoyment of the living of it—these ideas are very appealing to us.

Our contribution to the Philippine educational system has been very small. For Clyde and me, the real value of our living here has been what we have learned not only about the Philippines, but also about ourselves. For living in a society that is new to us has revealed problems that we never dreamed existed before and has made us experience the depths of loneliness and the height of joy that somehow combine to give this life so much meaning.



Children of Peace Corps Representatives in the Philippines attend the Ayala primary school.

I CHOSE POLITICS

BY ZENA HARRIS TEMKIN '44

IN May of 1958. Chester Bowles came to Torrington on a swing around Connecticut in quest of delegates favorable to his candidacy for the nomination as United States Senator. Although I was not a delegate nor even remotely interested in active politics, I attended the open meeting at a local hotel in order to speak with this erudite man whose writings and opinions I had found lucid and sensible.

Mr. Bowles did not succeed in capturing the nomination he sought, but he did succeed in capturing my fervor and energies to the extent that the fascinating art of politics, which I had hitherto shunned as too "dirty" for my delicate intellectual constitution, became vital to me. For the next five years, politics was the most important thing in my life. Its onslaught was insidious and my thrall-dom complete. So complete that I finally decided to take a sabbatical in order to sit quietly, to think, to read, to unwind.

It was an exciting time and it was a time, incidentally, when all I had gleaned from college courses came into maximum use: historical facts, basic philosophies, literary allusions, creative writing and speech—always

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Born in London, Zena says she became a Democrat while at Agnes Scott where she majored in English and speech, met and married a dental student—and longed for a career in the theater. Her three children have helped her make a career in politics; they accompanied her on the hustings of her 1959 successful campaign for election to Connecticut's House of Representatives.

speech. One Henry Higgins type said he voted for me because I was the only candidate he had ever heard who pronounced the sibilants properly!

In November 1958, I won my first election and became one of Torrington's two State Representatives to the Connecticut General Assembly. Our legislature meets for the first five months of the odd-numbered years; the remainder of the two-year term is spent meeting in committee, making speeches, attending political functions, and being a vessel into which constituents pour all their problems, real and imaginary.

A Democratic Sweep

That first term was wonderful! I had been elected on a wave of Democratic support which swept to victory all our candidates for state office and, for the first time in 82 years, gave control of both legislative houses to the Democratic Party. Our majority in the House was three votes. During the session, when one of our members died and was replaced by a Republican, that majority was reduced to one vote.

The Democratic platform for years had advocated wholesale reforms: abolition of county government, professional municipal courts, reorganization of the executive branch, sweeping changes in welfare, mental health and labor programs. We had promised to do all kinds of things when and if we could. Well now, to our shock, we could. And we did. Despite the anguish caused in many Democratic circles by the loss

of patronage resulting from reforms, the platform promises were kept.

It was not easy. Day after day we sat in the Victorian monstrosity which is the Connecticut Capitol debating, arguing, disputing and voting, always voting. As winter faded and spring arrived, and oh! it was a very warm spring, the atmosphere in the high-ceilinged House chamber became nigh to impossible—hot, airless and charged with cigar and cigarette smoke. But, we stayed in session until all hours—disheveled, hungry, and distraught. We had to stay because our majority was so slim. To reduce truancy, food was brought in to us, and John Bailey, our state Democratic chairman, prowled the corridors and lounges rousing weary legislators and urging them back into the House, which was rapidly becoming a chamber of near-horror.

The worst for me was the day I all but collapsed from dehydration and had to be half-carried from my desk into the office of the Secretary of the State to recover. All the business of Connecticut was delayed while a deputy attorney-general dashed to a drug store to buy me some salt tablets!

After the Session

When the session ended in June in a chaotic blaze of glory and accomplishment, we all went home to recuperate and to bask in our own importance as members of the historic 1959 Legislature.

In December of that year, I was one of eight politicians chosen by the state organization to take an all-New England leadership course sponsored by the Democratic Na-



Zeno Harris Temkin '44 served as Senator Abe Ribicoff's political agent in his campaign for the Senate. She is pictured with Senator Ribicoff (left) and former Stamford Mayor J. Walter Kennedy.

ional Committee. Some of the men from Massachusetts who were students at that conference became members of the Praetorian Guard which surrounded President Kennedy. They are part of the "White House staff" which Lyndon Johnson urged to stay on with him when he assumed the Presidency. They were, and are, a cool, sharp, articulate, brilliant group. At the conference we argued for hours; I usually lost.

The Discussion Group

The two days of intensive work and discussion were marvelously stimulating and to this day—in all kinds of situations, not only the political ones—I am able to utilize some of the things taught me at that time.

The following spring was spent in teaching the same course all over Connecticut. Our pupils were town chairmen, state central committee people, Young Dems, and members of town committees and Democratic Women's Clubs.

There was, of course, a reason for all this emphasis on leadership. It was 1960 and there was a presidential election approaching which we Democrats felt we must win. We hoped that leadership in the right places would help accomplish the goal if we had the right candidate. But, who was he? I had attended a dinner in Washington in January and, sitting between Dean Acheson and Maurice Neuberger, had listened to the six or seven men who aspired to the presidential nomination. I made no mental commitment at that time, but I thought maybe—just maybe—I could support Senator Kennedy.

Once I was named a delegate to the National Convention in July 1960, that support was taken for granted. Our state delegation was bound by unit (majority) rule and our Governor, Abe Ribicoff, had been working for months to bring delegates into the Kennedy camp. Certainly, Connecticut's twenty-one convention votes would be with him.

I had never been in Los Angeles before the Convention and that particular week might have occurred on another planet, so removed from reality did it seem. The Connecticut delegation camped around the pool at the Sheraton-West Hotel and left there only to go to meetings, restaurants or the Convention floor. So important was Governor Ribicoff's position that candidates came to us. But, the vast majority of delegates was exposed only to results and apart from their own caucuses, knew little of the activities behind the scenes. I was lucky to have a kind of private "pipe-line" in the form of Ribicoff's executive aide. He told me enough to make me feel I was on the "inside" and I was naively pleased.

Among the Greats

I was and still am impressionable. It impressed me to meet or eat or swim or speak with the greats, the near-greats and the famous among Democrats: Adlai Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Stuart Symington, the Roosevelt sons, Sam Rayburn and the rest. Finding nearly-forgotten friends in delegations from other states, dressing to go out to dinner at 1 a.m., discussing religion with Ralph McGill at midnight on a

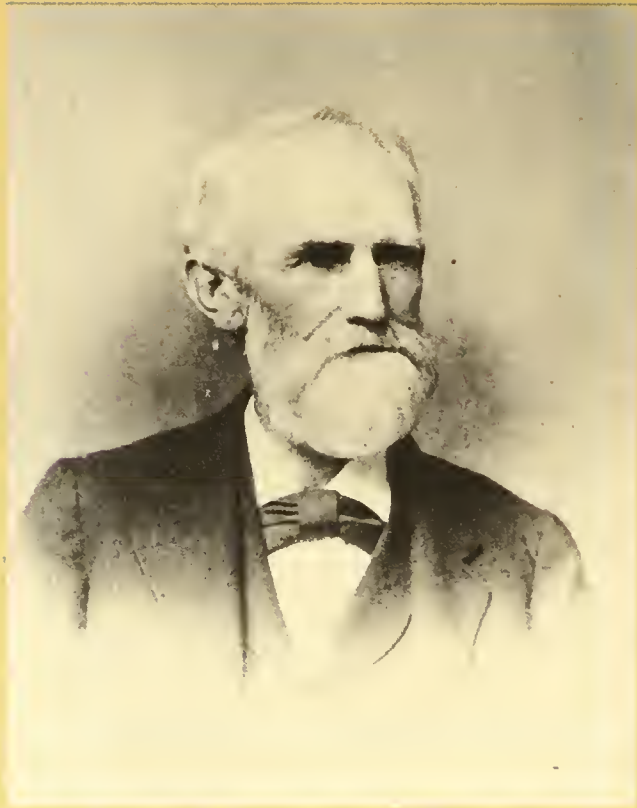
downtown street corner, being inadvertently trapped in a phone booth by a gaggle of Texans and listening intently to their private caucus—these are only some of the bizarre moments which contributed to the unreal quality of the frenzied week in Los Angeles.

The fervor aroused in that week stretched woefully thin during the seemingly endless fall campaign. It was a hard and bitter time. But, when the exhausting election day and the irritatingly inconclusive election night were over, John Kennedy was apparently elected to the Presidency and I, very incidentally, was re-elected to the Legislature.

Some Frustrations

Unfortunately, however, the old Connecticut pattern of Republican House and Democratic State Senate prevailed, and the five-month session was one long frustration of obfuscating tactics and minor accomplishment. No legislation could pass the majority party in one house unless reciprocity on another measure was agreed to by the majority party in the other house. The bargaining was frantic and often futile. But, this is the way our state government functions most of the time, and in the long run, the job is done—not brilliantly but adequately.

In the fall of that year, 1961, I offered my services to the State Central Committee to do what I could for the Senate candidacy of Abe Ribicoff, then in the Cabinet as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. My real reason was a great desire to see a state-wide campaign



Cal. George Washington Scott took the far less traveled road of settling in Decatur and helped found the college in 1889.



The College was named for Cal. Scott's mother, Agnes Irvine Scott.



The school opened under the name Decatur Female Seminary in this rented building later known as White House.



Miss Nanette Hopkins came from Virginia to be principal of the school.

“The Road Not Taken”

By JAMES ROSS McCAIN

ONE may hardly think of Agnes Scott except in terms of the men and women whose lives have been so closely woven into its being. One's belief in divine providence is deepened if we review the ways in which some of these became connected with our College. In reminding ourselves of the circumstances involved, I will call your attention to Robert Frost's poem, "Two Roads." It was a favorite of his and of ours. Many of us have heard him read it from our platform at least twenty times. These excerpts will illustrate the point:

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth:

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear: . . .

. . .

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

This experience is quite true in the relation of Colonel George Washington Scott and Agnes Scott College. He was born in Alexandria, Pennsylvania, on February 22, 1829, the fourth child of John and Agnes Scott. When he was twenty-one years old, he became ill and was thought to have tuberculosis. The road of experience and custom in that day was for tubercular patients to go to the South-

west for a warm and dry climate. Mr. Scott, contrary to the advice of friends, decided to take the less traveled road to health by going to Florida, then regarded by many as swampy and unhealthy. He recovered his health.

When the Civil War came, it would have been logical for him to return to the North, where his brothers were enrolled in the Union army; but he decided to stick with his adopted state and fought so well that he was made a colonel and was in command of the Florida troops.

Later Col. Scott decided to move to Atlanta for business reasons. The ordinary road for such a move would be to buy a home in Atlanta. He took the far less traveled one of settling in Decatur, which was not easily accessible from Atlanta and was a very small, sprawling village. This choice made all the difference, for he was on hand in Decatur when a new school was to start.

In 1887 The Reverend Frank H. Gaines was the pastor of a well-established and prosperous Presbyterian church in the Valley of Virginia, when he was called to the Decatur Presbyterian Church in Georgia. His friends could not imagine his accepting the call. The church was smaller than his and far less promising by human measurements; but he took the less traveled road, and again it made all the difference. Just then he contracted a very serious case of typhoid fever, and his friends felt sure it was a sign that he ought not to leave Virginia, but he still felt a clear call to do the unusual. When he saw the need of a school for girls, he and Col. Scott became partners in the enterprise that is Agnes Scott.

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The Road Not Taken

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In the autumn of 1889, Miss Nanette Hopkins was registered to enter Vassar College. She had graduated from Hollins Institute but did not have a degree. She felt that the two additional years at Vassar would equip her for the teaching she wished to make her life-work. Only a few weeks before the college was to open, Rev. Gaines from Georgia came to her Virginia home and invited her to become the principal of a new school in Decatur. It was to be called Decatur Female Seminary but had as yet no building, no faculty, and no students. Its total assets were a subscription list for \$5,000, which had not been collected. Her family felt it most unwise for her to make a change in plans, and the financial inducements were not large; but Dr. Gaines was very persuasive, and the need of the school appealed to her. She took the less traveled road, and it again made all the difference. She accepted "for only a year," but she never pursued her degree, and no one felt she needed it.

In 1891, Miss Louise McKinney was also seriously thinking of further study. She had graduated from the State Teachers' College in Harrisonburg, Virginia, and had done successful teaching, but she wished to have a degree. Again, Dr. Gaines went to Virginia in search of an English teacher, and again he was successful. He persuaded Miss McKinney to come to what was known then as Agnes Scott Institute. The approved thinking of that day would have been that she should go on with her education and then teach in her native state of Virginia, for Georgia was far away, backward in many ways, and had not then recovered from Sherman's march. But Miss McKinney, like Col. Scott, Dr. Gaines, and Miss Hopkins, took the less traveled road, and again it made all the difference. She has been on the Agnes Scott campus for seventy-three very fruitful years; she is the only person of my acquaintance who has been the head of a principal department of a first-class college without even a bachelor's degree, and no one need apologize for her.



In 1887 The Rev. Frank Gaines was called to the Decatur Presbyterian Church and became a partner in the enterprise that is Agnes Scott.



Frances Winship Walters, the college's greatest benefactor, was among the first boarding students at Agnes Scott.

Thinking of Misses Hopkins and McKinney reminds me of many other career women, who, like them, were pretty and interesting, and who could have no doubt followed the usual road of marriage and family and home, but who chose the less-traveled road of notable careers. Agnes Scott could not have been the fine college it is without the dedicated services of such women. I never knew any of them who seemed to regret the choices or who seemed to discount husbands as did the novelist, Marie Corelli. The latter is said to have remarked, "I have a dog that growls all morning, and a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night: why should I bother with a husband?"

I would like to follow in detail the contributions of some of these career women, but I will mention only one—Carrie Scandrett. She graduated from Agnes Scott in 1924, where she had been President of Student Government. She assisted in Miss Hopkins' office for a period and then went East to take her M.A. degree in personnel and administration. It looked to us as if we had made a big mistake in letting her do that, for Syracuse, Cornell, and other places wanted to keep her. I was particularly disturbed by the pressure from Cornell. It offered her the freedom of graduate life, more money, and more comforts than Agnes Scott could provide. Staying there would have been the normal choice, but she decided to return to Agnes Scott, much to our delight and relief. Only two women—she and Miss Hopkins—have been Dean of Students during seventy-five years, and what a difference it has made!

Unexpected Choice

My own coming to Agnes Scott was the result of an unexpected choice that made a great deal of difference to *me* rather than to the College. In late 1914 I was elected President of Westminster College for men in Missouri and had no serious doubt about accepting the work. I had visited the college and liked it. It had the support of both Presbyterians U.S. and U.S.A.; it had a good plant, no debt, and a very lovely home for the President. However, before I had given acceptance, a long

distance call from John J. Eagan (chairman of the Finance Committee of Agnes Scott's Board of Trustees and a personal friend) asked me to come to Atlanta for a conference with him, Dr. Gaines, and others. In the meeting that followed, I was offered the position of Registrar at Agnes Scott. The College was not then impressive. Its total assets were only \$450,000, and it had a debt of \$65,000. The salary offered was less than I would get in Missouri, and the house offered was far from interesting. It was the overwhelming conviction of Dr. Gaines that *education for women would be the most important work in the next fifty years* that changed my plans and led me from handling boys at Darlington School and from going to Westminster to teach them there. It has been very wonderful for me but not along the road I had expected to travel.

Largest Single Gift

In 1891 Frances Winship of Atlanta was ready to go away to school. At that time the best known boarding school for girls in the area was Lucy Cobb at Athens, Ga. Her older sisters had gone there. A daughter of Col. Scott had been a student at Lucy Cobb. The traveled road would certainly have taken her to Athens. However, she chose to be among the first boarding students at Agnes Scott Institute, then only two years old. What a difference her coming has made! She loved Agnes Scott and gave generously to it while she lived, and in her will she more than doubled the endowment of the College with a gift of \$4,500,000!

In 1944 The Reverend Wallace M. Alston was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Charleston, W. Va. This was the third largest church in the Presbyterian General Assembly; it was well-staffed and doing a great work. The Druid Hills Presbyterian Church of Atlanta rather timidly issued a call to him. There seemed no good reason for him to make the change. The traveled road would lead him to stay in Charleston, but he accepted the call to the smaller church with much less prestige and financial resources and without an adequate sanctuary. What a difference it made! Dr. Alston was close to Agnes Scott, was soon

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The Road Not Taken

(Continued)

elected a member of the Board of Trustees and was ready to become Vice-president, then President, as he probably would never have thought of doing if he had stayed in West Virginia.

Scores of other individuals have had their lives linked with that of Agnes Scott in ways that seemed unlikely, but which have proved to be of great value in the history of the College.

The life of Agnes Scott is closely knit with those of individuals, but other contacts and plans have gone along less traveled paths. One of these has to do with the relation of the institution to the Presbyterian Church. Before Decatur Female Seminary was organized in 1889, nineteen Presbyterian schools had died in Georgia, three of them in Decatur. The founders of what is now Agnes Scott did not want another funeral, but they did want the influence of the church. The only traveled path in this field was to have a school controlled and supported by a presbytery or a synod. The Agnes Scott trustees decided to have a school independent of any church court, and yet to have Presbyterians on the Board and thus have a tie through individuals.

This was an untraveled road, never tried before. However, the educational leaders of the General Assembly liked the idea and set up a category that only Agnes Scott fitted—termed an “affiliated Presbyterian” school. This has worked well. The College has rendered a larger service to the church in providing more full-time Christian women workers than any of the other technically “Presbyterian” colleges, but the denomination as such has never contributed to its support. It is technically and legally independent, but really in the very heart of church work.

Wisconsin Election Influence

One of the most astonishing experiences of Agnes Scott with the less traveled road was an election in Wisconsin in 1928. For several years the LaFolletes and the Progressive Party had dominated the state, but in 1928 the Republicans were

victorious, and a man named Kohler was chosen Governor. He had a large manufacturing plant and needed a man to operate this while he served in his new office. He went to New York and invited Dr. H. J. Thorkelson to accept the job, and the latter did move to Wisconsin and did a good job for many years. All that was more than 1,000 miles from Agnes Scott and seemed as unlikely to affect its history as happenings in Russia or China. However, the events were most important to us.

General Education Board Grants

Dr. Thorkelson in New York was the chief executive of the General Education Board (a Rockefeller Foundation), and he had a very poor estimate of colleges for women and even of private colleges of any kind. He had frankly told us at Agnes Scott not to take the trouble to bring any applications for Rockefeller money. However, when the unusual Republican victory in Wisconsin took him to the state, the General Education Board chose Trevor Arnett to be its President. He was a friend of private colleges and of those for women in particular. He was Chairman of the Board for our neighbor, Spelman College, and knew Agnes Scott well. He encouraged an application from us right away and helped to get the money. After that time, Agnes Scott received over \$1,500,000 in six grants from the General Education Board. Humanly speaking, none of this would have come if the less traveled road of a Republican victory in Wisconsin had not occurred.

In each of these cases, the individual or group made its own free choice, a surprising one in many instances, and that illustrates the Biblical doctrine of free will. However, when we look back and see how each decision fitted into the growth and future of Agnes Scott, we are sure that God had His hand upon the decisions and the results all the while, and we call that predestination, which is just as Biblical as the other doctrine.

Isn't God an interesting Heavenly Father, who gathers the threads of many lives and weaves them into the Agnes Scott which is His College—and ours.



President Emeritus James Ross McCain's coming to Agnes Scott was the result of an unexpected choice.



Miss Louise McKinney, professor emeritus of English, has spent seventy-three fruitful years at Agnes Scott.



The present Dean of Students, Miss Carrie Scandrett '24, is the second in the college's history.



The third president in Agnes Scott's history, Dr. Wolloce M. Alston, came to the college as vice-president in 1948.

Wear Your Education Becomingly

By JEAN BAILEY OWEN '39



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: A former president of the Alumnae Association and current president of the Class of 1939 which holds its 25th Reunion this 75th year, Jean maintains a lovely home for her two Edwards, husband and son, and holds a part-time position in the personnel department of Rich's, Inc., one of Atlanta's department stores.



WILL Durant, whom your Agnes Scott professors may disdain as an authority, but who has a memorable way of saying things about civilizations, reaches a chilling conclusion in his volume, *The Life of Greece*. As he describes the closing days of the second Athenian empire he remarks, "The life of thought endangers every civilization that it adorns. . . . As civilization develops, as customs, institutions, laws and morals more and more restrict the operation of natural impulses, action gives way to thought, achievement to imagination, directness to subtlety, cruelty to sympathy, belief to doubt . . . behavior becomes fragmentary and hesitant, conscious and calculating, the willingness to fight subsides into a disposition to infinite argument. Few nations have been able to reach intellectual refinement and esthetic sensitivity without sacrificing so much in virility and unity that their wealth presents an irresistible temptation to impecunious barbarians. Around every Rome hover the Gauls, around every Athens some Macedon."

Relax, I shall not debate Durant's conclusion about civilization or draw parallels with present world conditions. There are far too many history majors and history professors, who might be present, for me to dare. But I do want to say that when you are graduated from Agnes Scott and leave to become a housewife, a technician, a junior economist, a copywriter, a teacher, or even if you go on to graduate school, you Athenians are going to "meet up with" some Macedonians. You will not be able to go back, to deny your academic past, to stop thinking, to avoid doubt, any more than those ancient Athenians could. But you could do something they did not. You could set about learning from the Macedonians and, building upon that knowledge, become a leader among the hovering Gauls. Certainly other graduates have done so.

So why bring up the subject? Students of the sixties cannot imagine its being a problem, but it will be for some of you. You will meet unsubtle types who giggle when you pronounce a French word correctly, or know what existentialism is,

or are even aware that *Night of the Iguana* is not a treatise on the nocturnal habits of lizards. You will have to learn to suffer silently through the repeated reading of some woman's club creed that is a rosary of clichés. You may even be complimented by some superior on your "versatility." If you do not "watch out" you will find yourself trying to deny Athens, purposely using speech and phrases that do not come naturally, not mentioning the book you are reading because the rest of the group does not have the filthy habit.

Responsibility of Stewardship

But think for a moment if you are tempted. You will have spent four years honing this already excellent intellectual equipment each one of you has, and you really cannot afford to let its edges get dull. God gave you a mind. Your parents or your teachers recognized this mind, and few of you can take credit for having given anything more than willingness-to-accept financial and mental aid in its development. Not until you finish Agnes Scott will you have an opportunity to show what you are going to do with your inheritance. You must not sit in the scorners' seat and feel superior, or be frozen into immobility by the "impecunious barbarians'" shocking behavior, or let your "life of thought" in college endanger your active role in whatever segment of society you enter. You cannot just talk about the inadequacies of your children's Sunday school teachers. You cannot just attend lectures and discussion groups on government or personnel policies. If you play only these spectator roles, your behavior will become "fragmentary and hesitant." You will talk yourself out of action and achieve only "endless argument."

You cannot afford to -- and there is really no reason why you should -- let your intellectual tools suffer corrosion. And they will, *if* you keep them locked in a mental vault, like the illegal possessor of a great painting, who dares not admit to the world that he has it. An automobile needs to be driven and a mind needs to think; and a person needs to take action resulting from thought. No one says it will always be easy to make "intellectual

refinement and esthetic sensitivity" mesh with the stick-shift life of domesticity. Feeding formulas, the teething cycle, and making paper maché masks for the skit at Cub Pack meeting will make it difficult to remember that your education gave you a grave responsibility of stewardship, like the possession of great wealth. You may even forget to how many you owe a debt, and that your riches are not yours alone.

Now having talked about you Athenians, let me say a word in behalf of the Macedonians, not that they need it because they won, you know! After college you may well pass through three stages. First, there will be the awe at having a real job -- if it is your first, satisfaction at being paid for the work you do, delicious release in having no parallel reading, no test to study for, no papers to write. Second, there will be surprise and delight over how much of your college material you are able to put to use. Whether you are planning a safety campaign, teaching a leadership course, or running down a money shortage, the research into the background of the problem, the gathering of concrete examples to back up your conclusion are all techniques you have been practicing during your college years and will present no mystery however different the environment in which you may be using them.

Virtue of Humility

But the third stage will last longer and is much more important to reach as early as possible. Someone once asked me if, having met and talked with various members of a junior executive training group, I thought there was any subject or phase of the program that needed adding to or strengthening. I said in all sincerity that what they needed most was a course in humility. You see, starting salaries in such groups in most businesses today are higher than those that production-line employees, for example, with many years experience are paid -- because the young people in the executive training group have great potential. And yet, when such an inexperienced young person is first placed in a supervisory capacity, the *worker* is the one who teaches and the junior executive needs to

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Wear Your Education Becomingly

(Continued)

listen with humility. The recent college graduate may be made assistant to a manager who wants the "Eyetalian" imports checked and the "colyums" added. Having her ears thus assaulted, the new assistant just might feel too superior to note that this same manager operates a large business, maintains discipline without friction over many employees, has a staggering grasp of figures and detail both past and present, instinctively organizes and plans, shows originality and initiative, even sees through the superiority complex, and -- again quoting Durant on Macedon -- "has all the virtues except those of civilization!" He might not know whether Sappho, Shakespeare or Shelley came first, or whether Evtushenko is poet or foreign minister. He is a Macedonian, and you, the junior executive, the recent graduate, can learn from him or snicker at him, depending upon whether you are staying in the second stage or have reached the third.

Educational Levels

Possibly no one here today would have so short sighted an approach as has just been described, but there have been a few such at Agnes Scott in years gone by. In fact, on the very first Black Cat week end after I was graduated, four hundred years ago, the following incident took place. Within some three weeks following Commencement, almost by accident, I entered an antediluvian version of junior executive training at a local retail establishment, and by fall had been placed to sell in the book department to prove whether I could cope with the fundamental job in a selling organization. Someone invited me back to the college on

that October night and I sat beside a student whom I had known for many years. She asked about my present occupation and when told, remarked -- now that I recall, in quite an Athenian tone -- "Well, of all things, an Agnes Scott graduate selling in a store!" When my blood pressure came down to normal, I began to view the Macedonians with much more respect then and there. There are, you will find, several kinds of intelligence, not all of them tied inseparably to I.Q. or formal education. You must regard the world of business, if that is where you go after your undergraduate days, or the world of PTA's and garden clubs, or teachers' meetings and obnoxious parents as another level of education from which there is fully as much to learn as there was at Agnes Scott where you were given matchless means of mastering it. And the greatest of these tools should be the open mind which is the aim of a liberal arts course.

Gold Worth Owning

So what have I said? First, that you will be forever marked by your education. Second, that you must wear it neither like a family crest nor a scarlet letter. Third, that it is an inheritance that must be wisely re-invested to pay future dividends to others. Fourth, that your kind of wealth is not the only honest coin of the realm. There are others who have gold worth owning and you Bachelors-of-Arts-to-be could use some of it. Finally, when you receive your degree and start out, you face the dangers of adjusting to life in Macedonia, but you come down from the Athenian hills with the finest set of weapons the combined efforts of you, your parents and your faculty can forge. If you put them to use rather than stand them like trophies on the shelf, your life of thought will not endanger the civilization that it adorns, only strengthen it.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way

By SARAH FRANCES McDONALD '36



*Who should make a will
... and when, where,
and why?
Have you?*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Current president of the Alumnae Association, Sarah Frances exemplifies the alumna in the professions. She is an extremely competent attorney in Decatur, Ga., known particularly for her work in estate planning, and has just been appointed to the Governor's Commission on the Status of Women.



ONE of the most ancient rights for which freedom loving civilizations have fought and even given their lives is that of the enjoyment of property. Our American Constitution guarantees to all life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the protection of property rights. As Americans we have an amazing history of ambition and accumulation of wealth; yet it is unbelievable how inattentive and careless we are toward conserving the products of our lifetime labors for loved ones who may survive us. Lawyers who are engaged in the field of estate planning are astounded at this paradox of inconsistency.

The major general proposition is that virtually everyone should have a valid legal will. Only in this way can we be assured that our property goes to those we want to have it. If we fail to exercise this privilege, the law takes over and prescribes who does inherit, in what proportion, and regulates the administration of the estate. This often results in a gross miscarriage of our wishes and in needless administrative expense and burdensome detail.

For example, if I were to die intestate, my legal heirs at law would be my fifty-two first cousins and six aunts and uncles. An administrator would have to be appointed; he would be required to post bond in double the amount of the estate; after court orders and legal advertisement my property would be sold at public sale, undoubtedly at a loss, and the balance divided in small portions equally among these fifty-eight people, some of whom I haven't even seen in years. This is the penalty that my neglect would impose on those close to me. *(Continued on next page)*

Where There's a Will

(Continued)

While this ludicrous situation would not happen to a person with a spouse and children, I cannot emphasize too strongly that anyone with minor children or grandchildren needs a will. Property should never be left directly to minors, and we should not allow chance to decide that they might inherit through intestacy.

First, who may make a will? In Georgia every person is entitled to do so unless he is laboring under some legal disability arising from lack of mental capacity, from being under the specified age, or from lack of perfect liberty of action, as in cases of fraud or undue influence.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

It may be of historical interest to Agnes Scott alumnae that about the time America was being colonized women were classed in England with criminals, idiots, and imbeciles as not being capable of making a will. We have progressed considerably from the time when immediately upon marriage a woman's property became the property of her husband, and she had no right to dispose of it by gift, will, or otherwise. To illustrate these changes, I quote our famous Chief Justice Bleckley when he declared in the mid-1880's in the case of *McNaught vs. Anderson*, 78 Ga. 503, that "the legal unity of husband and wife has, in Georgia, for most purposes been dissolved, and a legal duality established. . . . Legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as an element, but as a compound. A husband can make a gift to his own wife, although she lives in the house with him and attends to her household duties, as easily as he can make a present to his neighbor's wife. This puts her on an equality with other ladies, and looks like progress."

The laws differ among the states as to a person's freedom to leave all of his property to others than his family members and as to the amount of mental capacity required to make a valid will. The premise in Georgia is that every person is entitled to leave

his property to any one he chooses, even to the exclusion of his wife and children (with an exception in large estates); and in our state precious little mental capacity is required to make a will. If the testator understands the nature of his act in making a will, knows what property he has and who are his family relations, he is generally considered competent. A careful lawyer wants to avoid a will contest and takes every precaution to assure himself of the mental competency of the testator before drafting a will.

Each will should be tailored to a person's family situation and property holdings. However, what almost everyone wants is the so-called "simple will." Never have so many been so mistaken about their needs in this important area of their lives and so penny wise and pound foolish.

The most common family group is a man and wife with a child or children. The husband and wife usually wish to leave everything to each other if one survives; and if not, to the children. So often they will insist that it is unnecessary to provide a contingent trust for the children who may be minors because, they say, if one spouse dies while the children are under age, the survivor will take care of the problem then.

It is not wise to leave the vital interests of children to the future for at least three good reasons: One, in these days of the great American traveling public, it *can* and does happen that husband and wife are killed in a common accident, and this contingency must be foreseen.

Complementary Wills

Two, as tragic as disasters are which take both parents at once, what disturbs thoughtful attorneys is the knowledge gained from experience that *people postpone making a will*. Even if one spouse survives the other, there is no assurance that the survivor will do anything about making a new will containing proper provisions for minor children or grandchildren. I consider it highly desirable that a will be drafted for both husband and wife at the same time, so that the two instruments will complement each other. Where there is any fair possibility that minor children could be bene-

beneficiaries, trust or testamentary guardian provisions for them are extremely important, so that they can be cared for in nearly the same way as the parent would do if living and so that these interests are protected in any eventuality.

Three, many people maintain that they have so little property that it doesn't warrant making a will. My answer is that the smaller the estate the more urgent it is to preserve it.

Impact of Taxes

If minor children survive a parent who did not leave a will or who failed to provide for them properly in his "simple will," they have good reason to feel cheated. Should it become necessary to handle the minors' estates through the courts, needless expense and circumscribed legal procedures often eat up their inheritance and limit or make impossible any growth in assets. We can vouchsafe that this is not what any parent would want, but this is the result of procrastination or refusal to spend a small amount more to get a properly drawn will.

The first responsibility of an attorney is to come to know the family situation so that he can be alerted to special problems which require consideration in estate planning. The testator may have a closely held family business and valued employees calling for particular attention; one child may have a handicap necessitating special provisions; another may be endowed with unique talents making it advisable to provide extraordinary expenditure from the estate for him; one may be a spendthrift, an alcoholic, or have an undesirable spouse; a son may be highly successful or a daughter married to a man with money, whereas another child has perhaps great need for financial assistance; or there could be children of a prior marriage for whom definite provision should be made. Often it is inadvisable to leave any considerable estate to children upon their reaching the legal age of twenty-one. Through planning, different ages can be set up at which beneficiaries will receive percentages of their inheritance and thus minimize the danger of their squandering money or property through immaturity.

Husbands or wives feel strongly sometimes that they do not want a second husband or wife to enjoy the family treasures. These very human desires can be carried out if you discuss them with your attorney.

Taxes are a major factor in the cost of living today and cannot be ignored in careful estate planning. Generally the biggest item of cost in transferring property from one estate to another is the estate tax. Thus it must be part of the planning of anyone who has an estate exceeding \$60,000 to consider the impact of estate taxes at his death. The value of the estate, for this tax purpose, includes all life insurance regardless of the beneficiary to whom it is payable. Most people would surely prefer to conserve their property for their beneficiaries rather than to pay out more than is necessary in taxes. By entering upon a calculated plan of making lifetime gifts, by use of the marital deduction provisions in a will, through trusts, and charitable bequests, estate taxes can be minimized or avoided altogether. Here's how the saving in Federal tax works out in a \$200,000 estate owned by the husband:

	<i>If trust is not used</i>	<i>If trust is used for excess over Marital Deduction</i>
Gross estate	\$200,000	\$200,000
Specific exemption	60,000	60,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Net estate	140,000	140,000
Less marital deduction (1/2)	100,000	100,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Taxable estate when husband dies	40,000	40,000
Federal estate tax	4,800	4,800
Taxable estate of wife on her later death (received from husband)	195,200	100,000
Federal tax	31,000	4,800

By splitting the husband's estate into the marital deduction, one-half for the sole benefit of the wife and the second half for her use during life and at her death for the children or other beneficiaries, the same money was not taxed twice, and \$26,200 was thus saved for the family.

Where There's a Will

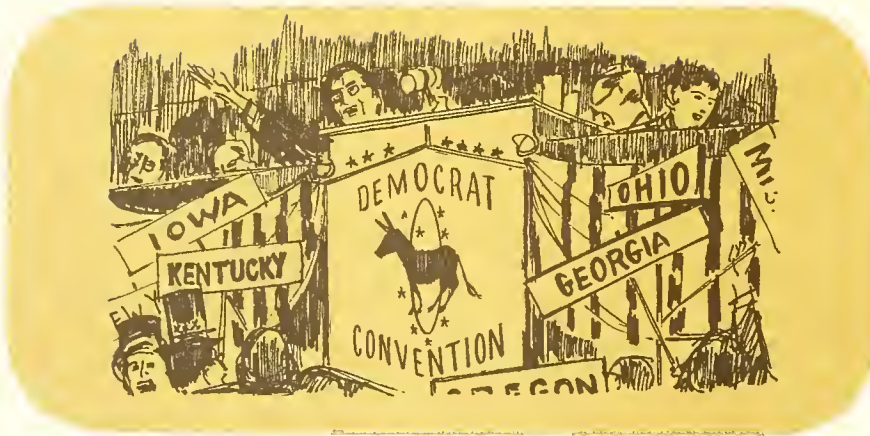
(Continued)

It is frequently overlooked that phenomenal savings can be effected through lifetime gifts, or testamentary bequests to charitable or educational institutions. Some may prefer to set up a trust providing lifetime benefits for individual beneficiaries with the remainder (at the death of all beneficiaries) going to a charity or an educational institution. If this plan is feasible, it has the advantages of making the estate assets available to designated beneficiaries for so long as they live, effecting spectacular tax savings, and making a great contribution to mankind by ultimate distribution to the education of our future citizens or to other charitable causes.

During Agnes Scott College's seventy-five years some magnificent bequests have been made to the

College through the wills of alumnae, faculty members, and other friends. In planning our estates both lifetime and testamentary, at this vital moment in Agnes Scott's history we who are alumnae have a unique opportunity to make contributions to the College which can be deducted from income taxes now or to employ testamentary provisions which will reduce estate taxes later.

In addition to the methods previously mentioned other assets which are particularly attractive for gifts to our College are stocks which have appreciated in value. We cannot sell them because of a high capital gains tax, but they may be given to Agnes Scott College, and we can take a tax deduction for their present high value without reducing cash reserves. Another tax gain may be realized by making a gift of insurance policies to the College. The revenue code will permit a current in-



I CHOSE POLITICS *(Continued from page 19)*

from the inside. Although I admired Governor Ribicoff for his abilities and respected him for his integrity, we had never been particularly cordial. As a matter of fact, at our first private meeting he had practically thrown me out of his office.

That happened in February of 1959 when I, a brash, freshman legislator who didn't know any better, barged into his office and advised him that my corner of Connecticut might as well secede to Massachusetts for all the good we were deriving

from the way he was governing the state. I continued in this vein for quite twenty minutes, throwing in a few choice appellations along the way until he had enough. I was no more to him than a gnat buzzing around his eyes; but he is a man with a remarkably short temper where gnats are concerned. He politely and thoroughly demolished me in about four sentences and although there were two exits from his office, in my confusion I could find neither. He pointed out the nearest.

And here I was, a few years later, offering to help. The offer was eventually accepted and then I found out what it means to be consumed by a job. It soon became evident that I would not have time to run for my own reelection. I didn't care. For eight months I talked, thought, acted, ate and drank only in the interest of reaching one particular goal. I became a crashing bore to everyone

come tax deduction for insurance premiums and also an estate tax deduction for the face amount of the policy if it is properly assigned to Agnes Scott. This arrangement not only makes possible a substantial gift to the College without changing your present position but also will result in a smaller estate tax and a larger net inheritance to your beneficiaries.

One more point should be considered. There is a rather common misconception regarding jointly held property. Without going into the ramifications on this subject, I will simply point out that many problems can arise in joint ownership situations. One fact which is not generally known by the layman is that in the case of joint ownership the Internal Revenue Service takes the position that all of the property actually belonged to the first one to die, and the taxes on the whole property

are levied on his or her estate, except to the extent that the survivor can prove a contribution to the property.

I was asked once to make a talk on Estate Planning and Wills, and an imaginative Program Chairman announced in the press that my subject would be "Solid Gold Securities." The best way to make secure your "solid gold securities" is to select a competent lawyer experienced in this field and prepare your will now. When a matter as important as the eventual distribution of your estate is at stake, do not try to "do it yourself." Bear in mind that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and that "he who has himself for a lawyer has a fool for a client." Consult your lawyer and, if indicated, he will call in other experts in the field such as an accountant, a life insurance representative, and bank trust officers.

who was not involved in the campaign. (Fortunately, my husband was.) But, I loved it!

Governor Ribicoff is an ideal candidate who thinks fast, works assiduously, campaigns at a gallop and has an almost infallible political intuition. He expects no less from his staff. It was vitally necessary that the three or four of us most intimately concerned with his campaign be able to grasp ideas immediately and solve problems instantly. We had to be able to pick the salient point, the vital information from a plethora of points and information. We had to recognize it promptly when the machinery of the campaign started to falter. And we had to fix it—fast! One becomes tough and dedicated under these conditions. There was ice-water in my veins and wariness in my mien. In other words, I became a "pro."

My title was "political agent," a

statutory term loose enough to cover every contingency. And there were all kinds of contingencies. I had found it difficult to balance my own check-book every month, but now I was responsible for the care and spending of a quarter of a million dollars. I had been known for my irreverent sarcasm, but now I had to be tactful and diplomatic with all breeds of political prima donnas. I had always hated the telephone as a means of conversation, but now I had to spend about six hours on the telephone every single day talking to delegates, mavericks, trouble-makers, crack pots, friends, volunteers and rumor-mongers. I had always avoided face-to-face combat, but now I had to be bluntly honest with the candidate and tell him the bad as well as the good even though it usually meant an uncomfortable few minutes. All this was part of the job. I was often harried and occasionally an-

guished. I don't think it showed.

And then it was over—successfully. Since then I've been hibernating. Looking back over the past five years, I know I wouldn't have missed them for the world. The by-products are many and varied. I think I may have done some good as a legislator. I have learned to listen—really listen—when people talk to me. I have made some wonderful friends who are good at their jobs and vibrating with their interest in life. My children are very much aware of their world and the systems that run it, much more than most young people. I have been in every one of the 169 towns of Connecticut and have seen the beauty of the land and the problems of governing it. I have met people from all walks of life, people I never would have met had I chosen to lead a typical life as the wife of a dentist in a small city in Connecticut. I didn't choose to. I chose politics.

Atlanta And Agnes Scott Advance Apace

By IVAN ALLEN, JR.

TO speak of the progress of Atlanta and Agnes Scott College is to speak of notable past performances and exciting future potentials. For three quarters of a century now our city, our metropolitan area, and Agnes Scott College have been associates in many areas of progress with widening horizons, always expanding opportunities, and stimulating challenges.

In the first seventy years of constructive and compatible association, both Atlanta and Agnes Scott, together and separately, have achieved amazing records of advancement. It was only twenty-four years after Atlanta began rising from the destruction of the War Between the States that two remarkably farsighted and dedicated men met in Decatur—then our small neighbor city with only one thousand inhabitants—and founded the little Decatur Female Seminary which was to become the distinguished, internationally known Agnes Scott College of today. At that time Atlanta was also a small city with only some thirty thousand souls within its city limits.

During the seventy-four years which have passed since The Reverend Frank H. Gaines and George Washington Scott founded the small but sturdy forerunner of the present college, both Agnes Scott College and Atlanta have increased astoundingly in physical size, financial strength, regional and national significance. For example, Agnes Scott this year has an enrollment of 699,

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ivan Allen, Jr. is Mayor of Atlanta and a member of Agnes Scott's Board of Trustees. This article is edited from an address he made to the Atlanta Alumnae Club in January as a major part of the Club's 75th anniversary year program.



the largest in its history, representing some thirty states and a number of foreign countries. Its sixty-five acre campus in the heart of Decatur presents an impressive array of splendid new buildings, and more are on the way. Its financial assets now total more than \$18 million, some \$11 million of which is represented by endowment. All in all, Agnes Scott College as an institution now is as substantial as the faith of its Presbyterian founding fathers.

By comparison, the city of Atlanta now has a population of more than 500,000. Its tax digest has climbed to an all time high of \$1,203,525,000. Its position as business, industrial, financial, and transportation capital of the southeastern states is undisputed.

Like Agnes Scott, along with its physical and financial advancement, Atlanta has maintained a high moral tone, integrity of spirit, a healthy social attitude capable of adjusting to the needs and challenges of changing times. By so doing Atlanta has been able to foster and preserve a healthy racial climate and avoid the virus of violence which in the last few years has infected so many cities throughout our nation.

Truly the material progress shown by Atlanta and Agnes Scott in the first seventy-four years of association is amazing. Agnes Scott has contributed much to the economy of the Atlanta metropolitan area. But of far greater value—literally beyond price—has been Agnes Scott's contribution to the cultural, artistic, educational, and spiritual advancement of the Atlanta metropolitan area and to our region. Beyond our region Agnes Scott alumnae have spread the light of learning joined with independence of thought and firmness of faith throughout our nation and around the world.

To some extent it might be said that the often all too

rue line from St. Matthew. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." might apply to Agnes Scott. For I doubt if many residents of our Atlanta metropolitan area, especially those who have moved here during the last few years, are aware of how distinguished an educational institution Agnes Scott College is. Like so many well-established institutions and businesses it is apt to be largely taken for granted. It carries on its important work of educating young women to become citizens of value wherever they go, quietly and without fanfare. It has no football team to excite public interest. It does not seek the limelight with campus capers or academic controversies. But when surveys are made of the academic excellence of American institutions of higher learning Agnes Scott always is rated among the leaders.

That has been so over many years. For example, as far back as 1920, Agnes Scott won the distinction of being put on the approved list of the Association of American Universities, and that is the blue ribbon award in higher education in America. Agnes Scott is among the select sixteen of women's colleges east of the Mississippi having chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, the scholarship honorary society. Two recent national studies have ranked Agnes Scott among the top ten colleges for women in the nation.

I am sure it is comforting to President Alston and my fellow trustees that Agnes Scott is also ranked among the top ten colleges for women in financial strength. By these and many other yardsticks of excellence Agnes Scott stands among the foremost colleges for women in our region and in our nation.

But it is in the value of the lives of those who go out from their alma mater over our nation and around our world that Agnes Scott has its highest distinction. Now

as Agnes Scott enters its seventy-fifth year, more than ten thousand alumnae are engaged in many walks of life. They carry with them—in the professions, in homes, in business, in government, in religious work, in education—that emphasis on excellence, that determination on efficiency, that outlook of Christian service which they learned and developed in their years on the campus in Decatur. Also, they have with them wherever they may go and live the ideal that never can they be satisfied with mediocrity. They always must look to the stars and strive with high ideals for excellence in whatever they do.

Wherever they go, whatever they do, they spread the message of intellectual integrity and set an example of service on a high level. They take with them the breadth of vision and the widening of personal horizons they learned at Agnes Scott. Their ideals and example are particularly of value to our own South as it is now going through an extremely trying and difficult period. Our problems cannot be solved by issuing proclamations of protests or exerting pressures of prejudice. It is through the intelligence, integrity, and high character of people trained and disciplined to think realistically and constructively by schools and colleges of high quality that our challenges will be met and our problems solved.

Agnes Scott is one of the centers of training to develop such thinking and the qualities of understanding and forbearance that will bring our region and our nation through the troubles which now beset us.

During their first three quarters of association in progress, Atlanta and Agnes Scott not only have grown together, they have grown up together. In the doctrine of the great Presbyterian founders of Agnes Scott, I am sure they are predestined to achieve greatness in their future association.

ONE GREAT SOCIETY

(Continued from page 12)

sure, continue to grow and be passed on here, for we are all part of a process, a living organism such as Burke was describing when he called society a contract and said "it becomes a partnership, not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." In a way, we are celebrating ourselves when we celebrate our college, not with arrogance, but with joy at the privilege of being members one of another.

I hope you will forgive me if I have spoken today only of the aspects of the college which fill us with pride and love. I am very conscious that

we have faults which need to be corrected; and it is part of the honesty of this Agnes Scott character we cherish to admit them and work to overcome them. But on birthdays, it seems legitimate to speak of what we want to celebrate. And so on this Founder's Day, I give you the qualities of Colonel Scott and the other founders, the qualities of our alma mater, which seem to me most cherishable: the largeness of vision, the wisdom in planning, the indomitable courage, the loyal devotion, the willingness to do hard and self-sacrificing work, the intellectual and moral integrity, the continuing commitment to high purposes, in the hope that we may be, as far as in us lies, a worthy part of what Wordsworth calls "one great society on earth, the noble living and the noble dead."



Worthy Notes...

Now We Are Seventy-four

YOU may be aware of the Agnes Scott adage which states: "If we do something once at the College, it becomes a tradition." Such a tradition is the Faculty Skit — or Faculty Revue — which is produced when the College is engaged in a financial campaign.

In January a campus campaign marked the climax of the 75th Anniversary Development Program, and the traditional faculty skit, this time based on Winnie the Pooh and other A. A. Milne characters, was titled "Now We Are Seventy-five."

This made me think, as I contemplated how I might celebrate seventy-five years of alumnae in this column, that we are now seventy-four. And are you aware that there are a few *alumni* among us? As President Emeritus McCain tells the story, a few more students were needed to open the door of the Decatur Female Seminary in 1839, so six little boys attended that first year.

Certainly from seventy-four years of the experience of being alumnae we should glean wisdom and insight about ourselves, our own lives, and our relationships with Agnes Scott College. One way to reflect this, the way open to me, is the printed word in this magazine. So, with the advice and guidance of the Alumnae Association's Publications Committee, we asked several alumnae to write articles about themselves, the living of their lives.

We received a veritable wealth of material — so much that we could not publish all the articles in this issue. Even automation has not yet solved the problem of expanding the printed page. But this just means that we shall rejoice in more articles by alumnae in the succeeding issues during this anniversary year.

Another way of celebrating, open to me in my capacity as editor of the *Quarterly*, is to look to the future in the format, the design, of the magazine. It has been an exciting experience to create, with the astute assistance of the printer, a whole new concept of the magazine's form. Do you like the new look? (To reassure those who miss the Class News in this issue: we *will* publish this section again and again!)

It is an axiom that a college is judged by the people

it produces, its alumnae. President Alston has expressed this far better than I can when he said: "The importance of Agnes Scott as a college cannot be estimated by numbering our alumnae; the number, of course, will always be relatively small. Nor can the contribution of this institution be measured accurately merely by determining the wealth or renown of our graduates. The ultimate test is the intrinsic worth of Agnes Scott students, here and after college days are over, in the homes they establish — the professional and business careers upon which they enter — the church, civic, educational, and social relationships that they maintain."

I know of no yardstick, no set of statistics, which would perform the kind of measuring which Dr. Alston mentions. I only know that during the ten years I've served as director of alumnae affairs, I've found certain characteristics of alumnae to be evident. There is, thank goodness, no such thing as a "composite alumna," and I would not put any one of us into such a mold. I shall simply outline some of our common characteristics.

In the area of pursuing academic excellence, a fundamental purpose of this college, alumnae prove themselves and the college. For seventy-four years, and at an increasing rate today, the alumna does graduate study, and her performance is usually of high order. And alumnae do teach — everything from nursery school to psychiatry. Most important to the individual alumna, perhaps, is the teaching she does, in a different sense, for her children. The pattern is repeated: children of alumnae win academic honors in numberless colleges and universities.

The Agnes Scott alumna is certainly articulate. She does not hesitate to tell Dr. Alston, for example, how to run the College — often to his despair. But she feels, quite healthily I think, free to speak her mind on the College or any other subject — and then to act on her reasoned judgment about a given situation. She takes the responsibility of being an educated woman in our society. Best of all, she leads others out of the current trap of cynicism, defeatism, hopelessness as a way of life — and will. I'm sure, do so for another seventy-four years.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

The 75th Anniversary Lecture Series



VIKTOR E. FRANKL
Wednesday, Feb. 26
8:15 P.M.



BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET
Friday, March 6
8:15 P.M.



MARGARET MEAD
Wednesday, April 1
8:15 P.M.



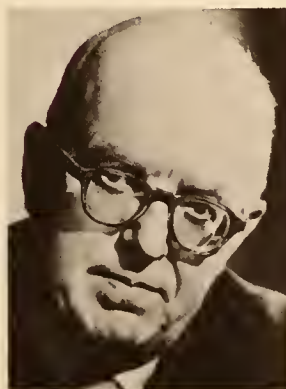
CHARLES P. TAFT
Thursday, April 16
8:15 P.M.



ALICE J. DOWLING
Friday, April 24
8:15 P.M.



MARK VAN DOREN
Tuesday, May 5
8:15 P.M.



C. P. SNOW
Date in May to be
Announced

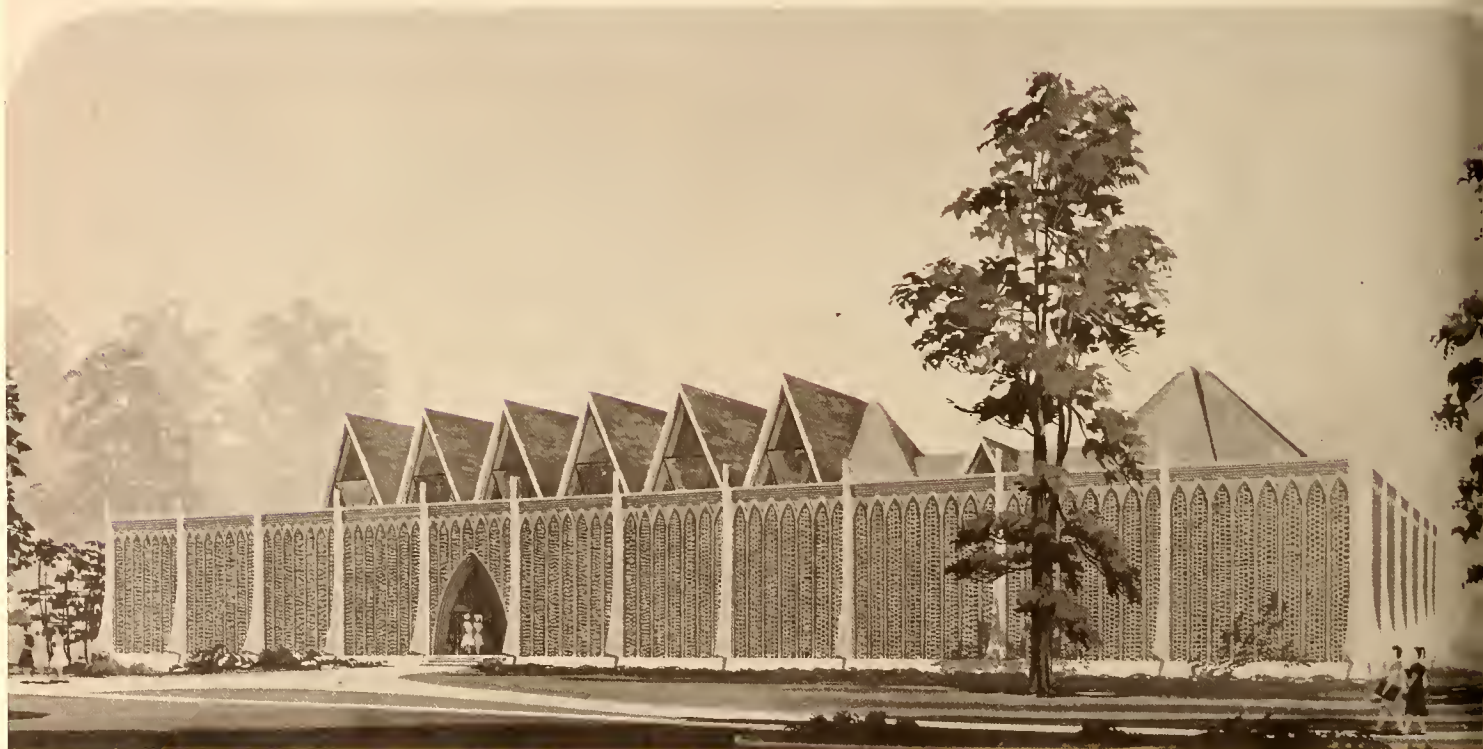


GEORGE M. DOCHERTY
Sunday, June 7
11 A.M.



LEROY P. COLLINS
Monday, June 8
10 A.M.

Library



Architect's rendering of new plans for the Dana Fine Arts building now under construction shows the exciting combination of Gothic and contemporary design.

AGNES
SCOTT

Jane Preston's Poetry / see page 9

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SPRING 1964





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

VOL. 42, No. 3

SPRING 1964

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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FRONT COVER

Spring comes to Agnes Scott—
Caryl Pearson '64

PHOTO CREDITS

Cover, frontispiece, back cover, and photos on pp. 10 and 11 by Ken Patterson. Photo on p. 16 by Billy Downs. Drawing on p. 7 by Joe McKibben.



“an’s finite capacity cannot
get hold of the ultimate meaning of life”
...but the idea of meaning
“must always be ahead
to set the pace of life.”

VIKTOR FRANKL: *Man in Search for Meaning*

The Viennese psychiatrist spoke at Agnes Scott in February as part of the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series.

Bangkok Classroom

By PRISCILLA SHEPPARD TAYLOR '53



Pris takes time out to study her guidebook during one of her frequent tours of Thailand.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: "Pris" used her Fulbright award to pursue graduate work at the University of London where she made an enviable record. She married John Maxwell Taylor in 1957, and they and their two daughters have had tours of duty with the State Department in Korea and Thailand.

AFTER years of never expecting to be in another classroom, I found myself last year teaching American literature and history to eleventh and twelfth graders in the International School of Bangkok. This is a private school operating under the general supervision of the Thai government but run by American administrators with a predominance of American teachers and accredited in the United States. It serves all the foreign community in Bangkok, which is considerable because of that city's position as a center for business enterprises, diplomatic missions, and our own aid missions.

Of the 1,200 students about three quarters were Americans; the rest were a remarkable mixture. Although many Thai schools have fine reputations, the Thai language has no application outside Thailand. Hence the American school serves children of Indian, Japanese, European, and other diplomats and businessmen who preferred their children to know English. Children of the local Chinese community made up another large contingent.

Despite my very limited experience, I shall attempt to give something of a profile of the American high school students in such an environment. How do they react to the challenges of living and learning in a modern, tropical, Asian city? Do the advantages outweigh the disadvantages of transient living for them? A secondary topic will be the question of how the teacher must adapt material to the sophisticated international young Americans and, simultaneously, to the assorted Australian, German, Korean, and other students in any given class.

A key word in the discussion of any topic connected with Bangkok is "tropical," for a climate which fluctuates only between the "hot" and the "hottest" season requires a continuous effort at adaptation. It is very difficult to arouse or maintain much intellectual excitement in such continuously enervating weather, and it is unrealistic to expect students to

pend much time after school in sustained study. Incidentally, it is also difficult for them to "identify" with descriptions of "Snowy Woods!"

In addition to having to fight the soporific effects of the heat, many of the American students who have traveled abroad much of their young lives appear to resent having to spend their vital senior high school years away from the United States. Those who adjust best to the foreign environment fall into two opposite categories: those for whom life overseas is a new experience—a "dream come true"—or those who have always lived abroad and do not know what they are missing, or could be missing, at home. Those who seem to have the hardest adjustment are students who have remained out of their homeland for perhaps five years at a stretch and who feel out of touch, sometimes nostalgic, and often cynical beyond their years.

Although almost all of the Americans in the Bangkok high school expect to go to college when they graduate, the distance of Bangkok from the United States combines with the heat and these other factors to diminish both intellectual competition among them and also the feeling of pressure to win acceptance at the college of their choice. Many of the students lack real roots in the United States and hence are less determined in their own minds on particular colleges or geographical areas. Some also feel they can remain overseas with their parents and enter college at a date of their choice.

The generally impermanent atmosphere of an overseas post is another drawback for students caught up in it. Despite efforts of our government to shift families in the summer, lengths of official tours vary, and students often leave in mid-term. Obviously the preparation of the students entering the school varies tremendously, and some come armed with book reports or term papers from their previous schools which may, they think, come in handy again. With a teaching staff recruited locally, and from an almost equally mobile group, one can expect also

that some students will gamble on Mrs. Jones' having to leave before they themselves do.

Compared to schools in the United States, overseas schools often sponsor few extracurricular activities, and the community at large in Bangkok does not offer many of the recreations to which Americans are accustomed. The horseback riding, Thai dancing lessons, and endless birthday parties which make Bangkok a delight for younger foreign residents have less appeal for teenagers. Instead of the usual multifarious school sports, band, and active music program, Bangkok offered little for teenagers beyond the downtown Elvis Presley movie, bowling, or swimming when clubs or beaches were available. Almost no parents could in good conscience allow their children to drive in Bangkok's traffic, and "Gunsmoke" with Thai dialogue on television soon ceased to be much of an attraction.

Other drawbacks to living overseas during the senior high school years are not necessarily endemic to a foreign situation but occur so frequently they may appear to be. Some American students in Bangkok echoed their parents' indifference to their surroundings and reluctance to explore the unfamiliar. Many families abroad are busy with official entertaining and have less time to supervise their children. Servants can be a very mixed blessing, especially in the East where a Western child is still "master" or "madame" to the servant. Children abroad also often miss the friendships and activities connected in the United States with churches because so many families let church affiliations lapse when they are abroad.

In Bangkok as in many other overseas posts it is not easy for Americans to meet local youngsters. Few Thais entertain in their homes; the businessman's lunch at a restaurant is a common way adults maintain their contacts. A few American students were called upon from time to time to tutor children of Thai officials in English, but most others might never glimpse inside a Thai home. Thus the only chance many of the

students have to practise their Thai language, which all are required to study in the international school, is in their kitchens at home.

Nevertheless, some of the Americans did seize various opportunities to help with programs at Thai orphanages or at the School for the Blind, and many collected and delivered toys and food to various



Very typical of Thai architecture is this twentieth-century marble temple in Bangkok.

charities around the country. Some of the most adventuresome tried living as many of the Thais do, on one of Thailand's many waterways, on the annual vacation raft trip away from civilization. A few families spent each available week-end visiting points of interest within a day's drive from Bangkok, and joined the Siam Society's day-trips to places difficult to reach except by organized excursions.

In addition, the perceptive young American could absorb much from

Bangkok Classroom

(Continued)

the observance of the numerous local holidays, the brisk bargaining with drivers of Bangkok's three-wheel taxis, or the unusual experience of riding to school on a canal. Their observations turned up in poems regarding lanes too narrow for Western cars, meditations on a timeless stone fragment, ballads on Bangkok bus riding, plays with scenes laid in China or themes based on the Buddhist philosophy — all alien concepts to youngsters steeped in "The Little Engine That Could" and Log-Cabin-to-White-House legends.

With respect to the classroom overseas, one should begin with the obvious comment that the American students can hardly fail to benefit from belonging to classes in which several nationalities, religions, and geographic backgrounds are presented. One Chinese clarified the "overseas Chinese" concept when he wrote of his family's determination that, despite his travels from north China to Hong Kong, Taiwan, and finally Bangkok, he should be so well versed in his native dialect and customs that he could return tomorrow to his original village and be assimilated as though he had never been away. The hostile comments of one Korean student on the Oriental exclusion laws of the 1920's can be more memorable than lectures by an American instructor. The inability of three German boys to comprehend how any criticism could be leveled against Theodore Roosevelt for his methods of seizing the Panama Canal gave the Americans some insight into German politics and habits of mind.

Indeed, these same German students in our history class were later to provide their classmates with a good example of overly zealous nationalism. The Germans' initially provocative defense of their country's leaders and policies throughout both World Wars sparked a great deal of classroom debate and research among all the students. The result was not only greater interest in the period



This village elementary school is the complete opposite of the International School in Bangkok.

but also some real comprehension of the ideologies involved, to say nothing of the complexities in making historical judgments.

In an international class the minorities are not the only ones who reveal national sensitivities. In some instances the Americans reflected an insecurity which is not restricted to youth. Some sought assurance and proof that objectionable facts about America's past were not being hidden or slanted by the author of their major text. The cynical reaction of the foreign students in the classroom to President McKinley's moralistic justification of America's imperialist ventures at the turn of the century worried the young Americans. Moreover, the Americans were inclined to be timid in criticizing others. Almost overly instructed in tolerance, they tended to give even Naziism the benefit of the doubt. Communism, on the other hand, is a sufficiently current threat for them to be well indoctrinated against it.

The same youngsters who were inclined to question seriously the motives of the authors of their history texts, considered themselves too worldly for some of the literature they were offered. Just as many urban elementary teachers in the United States have found the idealized white picket-fenced cottage illustrated primer too far removed from the experience of their apartment or slum-

dwellers, a teacher in a foreign environment finds many standard American textbooks too provincial or out of date for the audience they must reach. It takes some effort to persuade jet age students, generally impatient with anything written before this century, to accept Hawthorne's fatalism or Longfellow's didactics and sentimentality on any terms. Some had been away from home too long to respond to Robert Frost, and found him either too simple or too difficult. Some even assumed that Thoreau went to Walden to economize. Remarkably few recognized or comprehended any Biblical references. To these veteran travelers, James' *The American* seemed dated and almost ridiculous.

To try to divert the cultivated contemptuousness into creative critical lines, I resorted to occasional impromptu writing assignments during class time on topics of which the students had no previous knowledge. I read to them brief excerpts from William Allen White or e.e. cummings and required them to produce immediate written critiques. Some students who had never before revealed any great perceptiveness proved capable thinkers and writers when caught off guard and given an occasional vent for real satire. I would not make any dramatic claims for how much my students learned. I, however, learned a lot.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: A spokesman for the organization said: "We of the National Association for Retarded Children do not consider that Miss Mildred Thomson is a gift from Minnesota; she is a gift from God, for retarded children everywhere."

Pioneering a Program in Mental Health

By MILDRED THOMSON '10



IN 1963, fifty-three years after graduating from Agnes Scott College my first and only book was published, *Prologue, A Minnesota Story of Mental Retardation*. It is largely the story of the thirty-five years I worked in a program for the mentally retarded, years embracing an astounding change in philosophy and attitudes based on greatly increased knowledge and understanding.

In 1924 I was employed by the Minnesota State Board of Control to work within its Children's Bureau as Supervisor of the Department for the Feeble-minded and Epileptic. I was to help county child welfare boards understand and plan for the "feeble-minded"—now mentally retarded. This responsibility included acting in a liaison capacity between these boards and the state institution for the feeble-minded, which was the main facility for providing care and training outside the home.

Other facilities were two small private institutions and some public school classes for the brighter children, children who could learn to read and write with varying degrees of proficiency, occasionally up to that required for the sixth or seventh grade.

Many of these brighter children—or adults—placed within the institu-

(Continued on next page)

Pioneering a Program in Mental Health

(Continued)

tion had presented problems with which homes could not cope, especially when there were also normal children.

Community Living

In some instances parents of such children were also retarded. Thus, the unsocial behavior shown by the children—and parents—had been attributed to hereditary factors. Lifetime residence for those in the institution was therefore the usual recommendation in order to provide protection. In addition they were to be made happy with recreational activities and to be taught to perform tasks needed in the administration of the institution.

The Minnesota Board of Control, believing that self-support was possible for many of this group, determined that they should be given a trial of again living in the community. "Club-houses" were established where some of the girls could live and work in factories or laundries. Others worked and lived in private homes. Boys were usually employed on farms.

Individual Stories

The transition from institution to community living was not always easy. There was, for instance, Mary who wept because the clubhouse matron had not told her where to find darned cotton; or Betty who threw temper tantrums and failed to hold a job until she was placed in a private home where the employer was patient with her and had faith in her; or Janice who was kidnapped by her lover, and when found in poverty was the mother of twin daughters; or Billy, who managed to get to another state, visit a house of prostitution—"but a nice one with pretty furniture"—acquire gonorrhea and

then return hungry and cold, asking to be cared for.

Each individual had his or her own story, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic. Some were success stories; some were failures.

There were other groups within the institution walls not capable of self-support: those completely helpless, infants even when adult in years; and those capable, if properly taught, of learning self-care, simple tasks and social adjustment.

These "children" came from all types of families. Many of them were desperate because of the effect this "different" child had on home life. The unsatisfactory behavior of the child was often partly due to a lack of understanding, training, and discipline. There was also frequently an added emotional strain caused by the lack of an answer to the question of why such a child had been born into the home.

"Why?"

The devastating effect of not knowing the answer to "why" was poignantly shown when a father came to me for help in planning for a twenty-five-year-old son who as an infant had been placed in a private institution in another state. The family and friends were then told the baby had died at the hospital. Now twenty-five years later that institution was closing and sending the son to his father. One can only imagine the anguish of parents who must try to hide the birth of a baby and never see him, love him, or even speak of him! And then after those years of restraint and silence, to have him return as it were from the dead must have been almost unbearable.

This was, of course, an extreme situation, but other parents in varying degrees, and in spite of love for their children, suffered disappointment, frustration, despair, and fear because often there was no answer to the question "why." In 1924 there was discussion of the Mendelian law as related to human reproduction and some vague mention of recessive genes. It was many years, however,

before the laws of heredity were sufficiently understood for parents to assert with confidence: "Anyone may have a retarded child."

Change of Attitude

As the years passed there was a gradual change in the public attitude toward the retarded, both the brighter group and those more severely retarded. Not only was interest shown, but there was faith that many could be acceptable members of society if adequately trained and understood. This change in attitude became dramatic in the late forties and the decade of the fifties. It was then that parents, many of them leaders in their chosen field but helpless concerning their children, banded together to work for greater consideration for them. This took place in Minnesota in 1946. In 1950 such local groups from all over the United States joined together to organize The National Association for Retarded Children. In Minnesota and nationally, parents now demanded: research into the causes as a basis for prevention; better institutions; more classes in the public schools, including classes for some of the severely retarded termed trainable; and community facilities such as clinics, day nurseries, activity centers, work shops, recreational facilities, and spiritual guidance by the churches. Activity was set in motion in all these areas, some of it based on laws and appropriations, and some on community response. Professional interest in all areas was accelerated.

This activity was beginning to get into full swing when I retired in 1959. Minnesota's prologue was by then ended. The first act of the drama of providing an adequate program for the retarded was being enacted, but the play even now is far from being ended. Parents, persons from many professions, state legislators, congressmen, the federal government, and the interested public are all participating. The climax is still in the future, but the goal of full opportunity for all will be reached.



“Upon Our Pulses”

By JANEF N. PRESTON '21

*Here's a taste from a
forthcoming book
of poems*

Jane says that the creation of a poem begins, for her, in a time of intense emotion. She describes this as “a state of incandescence, when one is very much alive to everything.”

UPON OUR PULSES

*“... axioms in philosophy are not axioms
until they are proved upon our pulses.”*

John Keats

THE CLUTCHED KEY

My brother man
Does all he can
To hide himself
From curious guess.
But six steps more
I creep to locked door—
My clutched key
Our loneliness.

With foot held fast in rock,
My mind girdles the globe through lightning skies.
But my human eyes
Behold no revolving man-flung flame—
Only, everywhere on the shriveled earth,
The lame.

In Peru . . .
and Cameroon . . .
in Pakistan . . .
in Quemoy and Matsu . . .
in Iran . . .
in the Hebrides . . .
and Brazil . . .

and in the house beyond my hill
The lame creep or stumble or lie still.
Must I walk *blind* to touch the granite dark?
Or *deaf* to know that death devours the lark?

(Continued on page 12)

Winnie the Pooh Revisited

*Rare candid studies of the hustle, bustle and anxieties
that form the fiber of great performances*





Bird's-eye view of distinguished faculty members awaiting stage call.

Actors backstage enthralled with the emotion-packed drama.

"Shellbaund" Leyburn (r) consults Edward Ladd (Dr. Unafreud), and nurse Steele is horrified.





Faculty approves Heroine Leyburn's proposal to forego teaching for entertaining, and Dr. Alston "covets" the idea

FACULTY SKIT *(Continued)*



Eleonor Hutchens ruins literary criticism with "Pooh: Levels of Meoning and Ultimate Significance."



Carrie Scandrett pantomimes the voice of Frances G. Stukes while Dr. Calder plucks his horp.



Groces, contemporary dancers, inter-Pooh in borrowed "leotards."

(Continued from page 9)

HEIGHTENED HOUR

(Written for Professor-Emeritus Emma May Laney)

Your class was not mere time from bell to bell:
It was a heightened hour of quick surprise
Our pulses measured as you wove the spell
That gave us ears and that unsealed our eyes.
Chaucer charmed us with a laughing tale,
Milton summoned us with grandeur's call,
Spenser sang and Keats's nightingale,
And Eliot with the hidden waterfall.
Though wonder was about you, you were formed
Of other elements than magic's fire:
With militant delight you daily stormed
Our sleeping wills, commanding our desire
To wake and stir and reach and sternly strive
To *be*—and be entirely alive.

A SUPERIOR WOMAN

She says that sorrow is a cross to bear
And that she will not let herself be sad,
And sighing she assumes the special air
Of owning something others never had.
Just as she prides herself on blue-blood sires,
The soundness of her orthodox belief,
The way she trains the servant that she hires,
So now she is superior in grief.
No tender ghost of love's remembered tale
Companions her when firelight shadows stir,
But a grim figure in a coat of mail
Sits down to every silent meal with her.
And still she preens herself that she may be
Hostess to such imposing company.

Editor's Note: Published in April by the Golden Quill Press, Francistown, New Hampshire, *Upon Our Pulses* by Janef Preston is available through the Agnes Scott College Bookstore for \$3.34 (including sales tax and postage).

What a wheeling way
White clouds climb sky
Wave-high
And roll to the rim of the blue day!
The air's imperious to-and-fro
Bends the tender leaf and bough.
Flowers too frail for touch of hand
Curve at the wind's command.
What grace to me, stiff with stress,
This unsought suppleness!

TO RESCUE TODAY FROM OBLIVION

As trees print coolness on the heated grass
In clear sharp images, that lie outlined,
So beauty lays cool fingers, as I pass,
Upon the parched places of my mind.
The honeysuckle hedges' breathing bloom
That fills a little lane with fragrant May;
A star that opens in the velvet gloom
That gathers at the closing of the day;
The sudden glowing of a gracious thought,
Akin to wonder, on a lifted face,—
These cool imprints of beauty have been wrought
Upon the dullness of the commonplace.
And beautiful as bloom or thought or sky,—
A shining name, today, one called me by.

VERB TO BE

This moment has no after, no before:
Wind-washed and morning-fair,
It holds me in its everlastingness.
As I stand here
Barefoot on live grass,
Greenness flows upward through my body's length.
I draw strength
From earth's power to *be* . . .
And after drought and fire and flooding rain,
To *be* again.



Worthy Notes...

Alumnae Answers to Self-Study Prove Provocative

AFTER SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS, how do alumnae judge the impact of Agnes Scott upon their lives? Some answers, though by no means all, are to be found in the questionnaire completed by alumnae for the College's recent Self Study.

Knowing the risk of being redundant, I shall summarize the summary of these questionnaires prepared by Frazer Steele Waters '57, an alumna member of one of the self-study committees. First, the questionnaire itself was unsatisfactory: it proved to be difficult to answer clearly and concisely, and alumnae found that attempting to put themselves and the College's influence on them into compartments was frustrating.

But aside from scientific validity, the questionnaire was good because, as Frazer says, "it caused strong reactions of some sort in almost all alumnae, it stimulated real probing thought in most cases, and it left alumnae free to express any feelings or ideas they might wish to."

A pattern did emerge in the answers to the questionnaire. This is "noblesse oblige," or the fundamental idea that the Agnes Scott education places on an alumna the responsibility to take an active part in all her fields of endeavor and to maintain standards of excellence. Agnes Scott has given the alumna the ability to think independently, clearly, and deeply, to reach for basic issues and principals, to undertake deep religious commitment, to be open-minded and tolerant of other views and other people, and to possess standards of lasting value to live by, a sense of purpose.

The underlying thought of those replies indicating an unfavorable influence was that the College is too provincial and narrow in its attitude, too church-oriented in its religious atmosphere, and therefore too stifling in its effects on individuals. As Frazer indicates, "an important point here is that many of these negative replies came from people who seemed to have picked the wrong college The other negative replies came from alumnae who seemed to have a genuine desire to be constructive and to suggest areas in which the college might improve."

The reasons alumnae gave for positive influence, intellectually and in other ways, ranged from excellent faculty, high standards demanded and expected, intelligent student body, small classes, to location in At-

lanta, freedom to discuss and differ, variety and quality of courses offered, the honor system, independent study, and the effort to integrate all areas of knowledge into a whole.

Lacks in the College's program and/or suggestions to improve it were both general and specific. Some alumnae thought that Agnes Scott is too "sheltered" in its outlook, that students need more confrontation with controversial issues, more freedom of thought and more freedom to discuss and discover all ideas. The "ivory tower" complaint was often repeated. The lack of a genuine *search* for truth was deplored (several felt that the College's attitude implied that it had already found all the important truths, and that this smugness and resulting snobbery were irritating).

So far, I have been reporting and have refrained from injecting my opinion. As we approach concrete suggestions for improvement, I will say that the word "more" is the key one—alumnae want "more of" most phases of the College's program. Thus, alumnae suggest more contact with the outside world; more emphasis on the contemporary in art, music, and literature; more time for free reading, for independent and critical work and research; more "quiet places;" more counseling and vocational guidance.

Alumnae also want upgrading in the science departments, emphasis on current affairs and politics, a course in the relationship of the arts, more electives, more informal contact between students and faculty.

There are suggestions that Bible courses are too church-oriented, that social regulations are too rigid, that the student body should have more variety (in personalities, background, and geography), that some faculty members are too limited to teach advanced courses—and that the student newspaper could be improved!

Agnes Scott has influenced alumnae largely through interests stimulated by certain courses or people, which have continued since graduation. Difficulties in distinguishing the College's influences from that of other environments were recognized by all alumnae, but all felt that Agnes Scott had had a major part in helping them to become better people. One alumna said: "The college is not much help in giving its students a way to make a living but instead gives them a way of living."

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

Mrs. Byers



Early spring rains have made Georgia red clay mud at the site of the Dana Fine Arts Building.

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Women of Conscience • see page 10

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SUMMER 1964

THE





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Alumnae Luncheon — 1964

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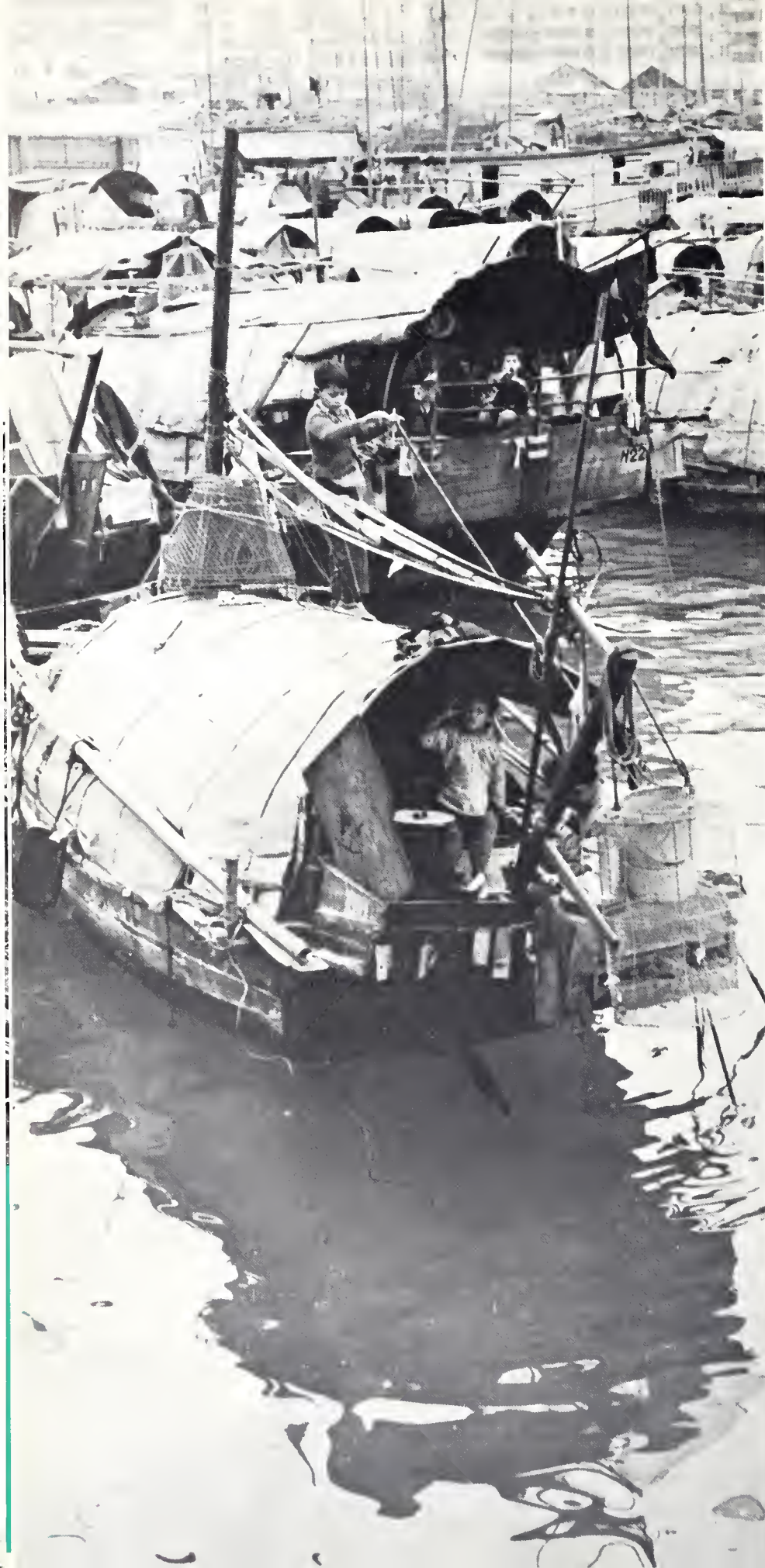
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“**T**here are a growing number of Americans who have no idea who to trust on any question on which it is important to have an opinion I think we can rebuild our willingness to trust the kind of evidence on which this country has been based It is worth realizing that our capacity to trust is impaired and in danger and is worth very careful cherishing, nurturing, and reinvigoration.”

Margaret Mead: The Crisis of Trust

Eminent anthropologist, writer, and teacher, Margaret Mead spoke at Agnes Scott April 1, 1964 in connection with the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series.



Dr. Jim Turpin moves m

'Project

By MAR

KAI yeh, Kai yeh, ka yeh... As we move toward shore in our tiny sampan, children pop up from their small boat homes waving violently—sometimes with both hands—calling out this greeting to Dr. Jim Turpin. Kai yeh is the Cantonese for “God father,” the name which the little one of Yaumati typhoon shelter here in Hong Kong spontaneously began calling him soon after our clinic-junk was launched in March of 1963. Now that we also live on the boat, they call me Kai Ma. The adults smile and wave more sedately. But there is no doubt that all of the patients of “Yauh Oi” (the Chinese name for the boat, which means Brotherly Love) feel loved.

Two and one-half years ago we were a perfectly ordinary suburban family in Coronado, California. Jim had a busy general practice; we had a nice home, two cars, and were buried deep in community life. He was even in local politics as a Coronado City Councilman. Being near the border of Mexico, one day a week we were across into Tijuana to help in a small clinic in a canyon squatter area. I didn't take long for this to become the highlight of the week, especially for Jim, for here he felt really needed. Many days he would leave Tijuana feeling that if he had failed to go that day some of the seriously ill children might not have lived. How foolish this was, we agreed, to do something you loved for only one day a week. So it was that we mapped out our plan to do this kind of work

THE AGNES SCOTT

ains as he develops

cern' in Hong Kong

AMSON TURPIN

every day. We would write to two hundred close friends, hoping to get them to support us as a couple by sending \$10 a month and allow us to work among the refugees in Hong Kong.

We would have laughed heartily at anyone who suggested that in one year our budget would approach \$10,000 per month, our staff number more than thirty, and our dreams grow to include plans for Macao and Bhutan. In fact, those first few months it seemed so difficult to reach even those small initial goals that there were days even those seemed impossibly high.

Project Concern is our independent medical relief organization. It was started to fill our personal desire to do medical relief work without the organizational strings of government or church. This is one of the main reasons for its rapid growth. People everywhere are tired of help for a reason, whether it be to sell democracy or religion. Our personal lives are dedicated to Christ, and it is an important motivation to us. If this can be absorbed by the people with whom we work, we will be very pleased. But if they do not absorb it simply by knowing us, we feel it must not be worthy of sharing—or rather that our living interpretation of it is insufficient. Project Concern is now international both in staff and support.

We now have three clinics in the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. The first to be opened was inside the infamous Walled City of Kowloon where approximately 50,000 people



Shining brightly above Chinese sompans, the floating clinic offers aid to 35,000 boat people.

live in six square blocks of squalor and deprivation. Here there is no running water or sanitation. Although the area is in the center of this metropolitan area, the Communists claim ownership as it was omitted from the lease of 1898. The British deny this, but there is no police protection or government within the area as neither group takes the responsibility. Families of ten or twelve live in one small cubicle which never sees the light of day. Many such cubicles are rented out to three different groups of sleeping people—eight-

hour periods. Our facilities here are very poor and cramped but we hope to build an adequate clinic during 1964.

The second clinic to be opened was aboard a 63-foot Chinese junk which we converted into a modern medical facility. Here in Yaumati typhoon shelter among 35,000 boat people we have a clinic any American community would be proud of, three examining rooms, laboratory, pharmacy, waiting room. Our living quarters are on the lower floor for the

(Continued on page 6)

'Project Concern' in Hong Kong

(Continued from page 5)

six of us, Jim and I, Keith 13, Pate 11, Scott 6 and Jan 4. Now anchored alongside is a "twin," an auxiliary clinic adding X-ray, two modern dental rooms, eye, ear, nose, and throat services and storage facilities. This auxiliary clinic was a gift of Kowloon Rotary Club West. Their interest was one of the most important steps along the way, for they represent a group of Chinese businessmen who liked the way the clinics were handled and wanted to be a part of this effort. Beside this is our tiny generator boat, and soon to be completed is a water ambulance given by the officers and men of the U.S. Carrier Hancock during its week in port here.

The third and newest clinic is among the hillside squatters in Jordan Valley. Now it is being conducted in a crumbling old cemetery office, but plans have been drawn to reconstruct this small building into an

adequate clinic. Into this area many of the new refugee families come with sheets of tin and cardboard to construct a cheap shelter.

It is very difficult to write about my personal experiences here, for the glamor, excitement and achievement seems to be in the story of Jim's day with the patients who need him, and with the organization as it grows. My day is filling in the gaps where I can, helping behind the scenes in the clinic only enough to steal a small piece of the fun, but most of all with our children. Much of my time is spent with visitors, for the ones who have actually been here and seen the work are by far the most enthusiastic helpers when they have returned home. To be perfectly honest, I feel that we are living in the best of two worlds. We still have the pleasures of stimulating friendships, a full and exciting social whirl but added to this a wonderful fellowship with peo-

ple who because of chance circumstances are in great need of a help we can give. How very, very strange our lives must seem to them as they watch us come and go in an ever-changing wardrobe, as they peep in to our portholes to glimpse the so-cushioned chairs, beds with mattresses, stove without a fire, a roof for cooking which is larger than the entire home.

I am writing downstairs in our apartment. Here the portholes are too high to really watch all that is going on around me unless I am standing at one—as when I watch for the sampan bringing the children home from school, or later, watching Scott and Jan play on the floats with the children who are "parked" all around waiting for their families who are on waiting boats. Some of them are seeing the doctors. Others are hoping to earn a few cents skulking visitors back and forth from Yauh Oi.

Upstairs on the clinic deck, it is a different story—the windows are large and the life of Yaumati presses in all around us. There is a constant stream of majestic fishing junks, working cargo junks, walla walla (water taxis) and tiny sampans, the many movable homes of the harbor along the water "street" in front of us named Central Avenue. About five times a day one of the tour boats passes through, loaded with well-dressed tourists snapping pictures one after another. This is the only glimpse many of our people have of westerners. Of course the clinic floor is thronged with patients waiting for the doctors, for lab work, or medicine but if we press through we can get to the roof, a lovely fenced open space where the staff eats lunch, the children play, where parties and movies are held for the children of Yaumati and where our dog lives. From this vantage point one can watch the life around him easily. In the distance is the skyline of Hong Kong itself, at night as magnificent as San Francisco is from Sausalito.

A few nights ago I felt a bit cross impatient with the routine of bedtime. I called to Jim to do the final checking of teeth, faces, etc. and then



The Turpin family (from left to right), Pate, Keith (standing), Scott, Jim, Martha and Jan, has been in Hong Kong for more than two years.

made my way to the roof. Immediately my eyes fastened on one of the many sampans anchored nearby. There was no reason for choosing his particular one—they are all very much alike. This mother was also busy about the routine of bedtime, doing many of the same things I do: leaning faces, putting up the few dishes, and making room for the family to stretch out on the small hard floor. One little boy was hunched over the lantern doing a few characters; a little girl was sitting out over the water using the "toilet." It did not take many minutes for the mood of impatience with my own little crew to slip completely away, and in its place to come a deep feeling for the throbbing aliveness around me. It was an exhilaration far more exciting than that which comes from a new dress, from the success of your child in competition or from a new signed contract at work.

The two older boys are busy in a good British secondary school, King George V. They leave of course in a

sampan, and on shore take a bus. They have adjusted well to the rigorous discipline and hard-hitting basic instruction in the school. At 13 and 11 they are both taking French, Latin, physics, chemistry, and biology as well as English, history and math. They have good friends from all over the world, for Hong Kong is quite a cosmopolitan city of almost 4,000,000. They have soccer rather than football, cricket rather than baseball, books rather than television. My only complaint is that they do not teach Chinese in the schools even as an elective, since most of the families are in the government service and do not plan to be in Hong Kong that long. Keith is extremely interested in science and has a lab on the roof. Pate has his own little sampan and enjoys skulling around with the nearby children. They are learning Cantonese in bits and pieces.

Scott is in a British primary school which also has a serious strict program. He enjoys life aboard the boat



Dr. Jim chats with some young friends.

An old woman's face shows that neither compassion nor laughter know any language barriers.



more than any of the children, spending hours writing the Chinese characters on the pill envelopes given out in the pharmacy, stamping cards, and helping in many ways. Jan is attending a Cantonese kindergarten, and will be the only one in the family who learns the language easily.

Lunchtime on the roof of the boat is one of the highlights of the day. An excellent Chinese cook prepares typical Chinese food, and of course we use chopsticks. Our staff is divided into two teams, alternating days on the boat. One team divides its time with mornings in the Walled City and afternoons in Jordan Valley. Each team has five doctors (one fully registered and four refugee doctors who are in the long struggle to obtain licenses in Hong Kong), a nurse, lab technician, pharmacist and two registrars. There are also two dentists, an X-ray technician and radiol-

'Project Concern' in Hong Kong

(Continued from page 7)

ogist, and ear, nose, and throat specialist, and two volunteer ophthalmologists. Any one of these could be the subject of a complete article. Almost every one has left China with great difficulty. Many have husbands, wives, parents, brothers and sisters still in China and unable to leave. They have lived through Japanese occupation (many fleeing for years in front of the army), the Communist take-over, and harrowing escape. Now they face the fact that their training is not recognized here. Skilled surgeons, specialists in all fields work for less than \$100 U.S. per month while they study their medicine again in English. They must pass rigorous tests for the privilege of further study in foreign hospitals. Jim screens them carefully, has regular teaching sessions with them, and discusses each day any questions that arise. When hiring a new staff member he has two equally important requirements, that they are professionally competent, and that they genuinely care for the people they serve. And they do. It is not at all uncommon to see one of them scoop a dirty little toddler up for a quick squeeze as they pass down the hall. But here on the roof at lunch we laugh, tease and enjoy one another—Americans, Canadians, British, Australians, Dutch, Chinese and Malayan, united by the bond of "concern."

Hong Kong is indeed a fascinating, heart-breaking city. The refugees continue to pour in, although one cannot see them doing so or know an exact count except perhaps by the general swelling population. There are still thousands sleeping in the streets. In spite of the British government's vigorous program of resettlement housing the yearly increase in population is still 60,000 more than they are able to handle. This means that instead of being eased by all of the efforts, the problem continues to grow. Wages are low, schools are inadequate and expensive; so what hope have the children of today for something better for their own fam-

ilies in years to come? It is not honest to blame them for lack of effort or intelligence.

One of our most surprising discoveries has been that there is as much anxiety-caused illness among these unfortunate people as there is in suburbia. When Jim was touring the U.S. last winter he made a big joke about the 1,000 cases of antacid that had been sent to him, saying "We have enough antacid for all of Asia for five years." Already he has used almost half of it treating the large numbers of ulcers. Somehow we rationalize that these people are hardened to their circumstances. Many of us feel that because they are unable to have chairs, beds, toys, meat—that they don't want these things and don't care that their children must work rather than go to school. This simply is not true. Each individual one of them is as desperately concerned about the life he and his family lives as you and I are.

These are warm feeling, loving people. Two days before Christmas one sampan family came down into our apartment to visit us. This happened to be a family we like particularly. They skulk us back and forth to shore regularly, and our children play with theirs daily. They brought us cards, fruit, candy—and two live chickens in a paper sack. These were not something they had picked up carelessly at a store for a Christmas gift. These chickens had been raised in a small box wired to the back of the sampan. They had been carefully tended, fed and watered for months, and represented this family's opportunity to have two meals with meat rather than the regular rice and cabbage with an occasional small fish. I tried to think of some gift our family might make which would be an equal sacrifice to us—and could not. No matter what it might be, we would always find a way to replace it with what we wanted rather than do without.

Hong Kong is deeply entrenched in a struggle to survive a critical water

shortage during this winter. As if the other problems were not enough those refugees crowded into the resettlement areas and squatter areas must stand in lines one-fourth of a mile long for two buckets of water—and have an opportunity to do this for only four hours every other day. Those fortunate enough to have running water at home find water in the tap for three hours every fourth day, and must store all that is needed for the ensuing four days. This is not only an additional hardship to the poorer people, but uses up valuable time from home labor and possible jobs.

Malnutrition, more specifically hypo-vitaminosis is the most prevalent disease in all three of our clinic areas. Among the other all-too-common diseases are: intestinal parasites, tuberculosis (Potts disease and spine deformities caused by tuberculosis are common), skin diseases, especially impetigo, pneumonia due to almost constant exposure and cholera. There has been no resistance at all to the western medicine. The very first day the doors of Yaun Oi were opened there were 80 patients, and the next day 171. The new dental clinic has been a different story. The care is badly needed—but the people are not yet used to the forbidding equipment.

It is thrilling for us to watch the whole program—which seemed at first to be a wild scheme—take on real soundness and value. I am very proud that for an average monthly expenditure of \$7,291 a staff which has grown from eight to thirty-five treats an average patient load which has grown from 150 to 350 a day. This expenditure includes all laboratory work, medication, complete record and referrals, a feeding program of milk and wafers, and a family counseling service. I feel that this is an amazing return for that amount of money, since it took half that much to run Jim's thriving general practice office with a staff of three, no medications (except injections and treatments of course) and a daily patient load of about twenty. A charge of 50¢ HK is made for each patient, which amounts to less than 9¢ U.S.

We fully expected the rewards of ease in our work. We expected any advantages for our children in such a life as this. But there have been many unexpected rewards, such as public honors and acclaim. My award by the Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1962 gave a helpful boost to the project when it needed believability. Not the least of these rewards to me is being invited to share something of our plan with you.

The growth of our work has come through individuals who care. So far we have no professional promotion, and have counted on our newsletters and words of friends to spread the news of the work. Rotary, Jaycees and Active 20-30 have played a large part in our support. Committees in ten cities work hard presenting programs and conducting campaigns.

It is genuine fun to see individuals from different parts of the world "take care" and accomplish almost impossible tasks. One woman in San Diego has single handedly organized a drug



The Turpins lunch on the roof of their boat with (l to r) the Vice-President of the Hong Kong Jaycees, the President of the New Zealand Jaycees and the New Zealand Trade Commissioner.

A tiny patient receives attention.



A typical home within the walled city.



collection and sorting operation that has already sent to us more than \$100,000 worth of drugs. One single Australian Jaycee who became interested while here for the International Convention last year went back home to sell his own club, then his entire state, and finally this fall the National Convention on adopting Project Concern. One Atlanta businessman has adopted the policy of replacing his many gifts to customers and salesmen by gifts to Project Concern.

All of the plans for the future depend entirely on such people as these. Project Concern could be proud to remain as it is in Hong Kong. But we believe now that it will grow rapidly and spread widely, this year to Macao and the small Himalayan country of Bhutan, and next year to other southeastern Asian countries. We believe this, because the whole world seems filled with people who are looking for some way to help those who need it directly. We are giving them one avenue they may choose for this help.



Women of Conscience in a Changing World

By ALICE JERNIGAN DOWLING '30

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Alice was the Alumnae Speaker in the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series. Her husband, Walter Dowling, has recently retired from a long career in Foreign Service—his last post was Ambassador to West Germany. In Vienna, in Korea, in Germany, wherever they have been, Alice has devoted her time to women and children's organizations.



THOUGH goodness without knowledge is weak and feeble; yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous; both united form the noblest character and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind."

The words are those of John Phillips, who founded one of the great New England schools almost 200 years ago, and I think he would have been proud to have them used to define the spirit of this Southern college whose 75th year we are celebrating.

I am grateful for your invitation to return to Agnes Scott as the Alumna Speaker on this very special

and joyful anniversary. for I have never before been able to participate in one of the great occasions of the college. Those of us who live "far from the reach of the sheltering arms" feel a greater dependence, I think, on the lessons we learned at Agnes Scott than do those who live at home, in the comfort and security of familiar ways and a familiar language. I have been thankful for many years, in many countries, that ours is a college where goodness and character and usefulness to mankind are prized as highly as knowledge.

I share, with most American women who live and work abroad, the feeling so spontaneously expressed by a young friend of mine.

the wife of an Army sergeant, who was about to join her husband in Europe. As she and her children were waiting at their port of embarkation to board the ship for Bremerhaven, she could scarcely control her excitement. Her neighbor in the line, who obviously did not share her enthusiasm for going so far away from home, looked at her scornfully and said: "Anybody would think you were going to Heaven." And my friend replied, "Honey, I *know* I'm going to Heaven, but I *never* thought I'd get to Germany!" In other words, all this and Heaven too.

Returning to the college after thirty-four years has made me acutely

conscious of the passing of the years and the changes they have brought, here at Agnes Scott as well as in the world beyond these gates. At the time of my graduation in 1930, we Americans were living in comparative isolation, preoccupied with the problems of the depression, and almost wholly unconcerned with the affairs of the rest of the world. Now in 1964, the simple fact is that there are no strangers left on earth, and our involvement in mankind is total. Science has annihilated space, opened up instant communication, and made the world a single neighborhood. In Barbara Ward's words, "Everything is exploding—population, knowledge, communications, resources, cities, space itself." Thanks to television and the press, the ordinary citizen, here and in other lands, is far better informed about the world scene than he was thirty years ago about his own country. In very recent years, more than fifty new nations have come into being, and despite their diverse character and size, they have one quality in common—the determination to establish and maintain their national identities, and to make use in their own ways of the tools and techniques and ideas which the twentieth century provides. The nations of Western Europe, long divided, as President Kennedy once said, "by feuds more bitter than any which existed among our thirteen colonies, are joining together, seeking as our forefathers sought, to find freedom in diversity and unity in strength." Distances have diminished to the point where they have little meaning, and inter-relationships of every kind are so steadily and obviously increasing that no man and no nation is, or indeed can be, an island entire of itself. We can no longer choose *whether* we shall live together, but rather *how* we shall live together in this world which has so suddenly become a neighborhood.

No one group has been more affected by this whirlwind of change than the women of the world who stand at the very center of "the revolution of rising expectations." In countries where for centuries they have been held to a subservient role, they are emerging to play a larger

part in national life. Girls and women have new or larger opportunities for education, and with education has come not only knowledge but a degree of independence previously denied them. Their changed status in the field of political rights is phenomenal. Of the 113 nations which are members of the United Nations, ninety-seven give women full and equal rights. In only eight countries of the world do they have no rights at all; and even in the most conservative Moslem nations, the winds of change are stirring. Women everywhere are now aware that a better life is possible for them and for their children; they no longer need think of themselves as second-class citizens.

Women's Education

Of all the forces working to change the lives of women around the world, there is no doubt that education is the factor which is making the greatest difference. Even here at home, education is a subject of debate, and we are deeply concerned for its direct bearing on the urgent problems of juvenile delinquency, unemployment among the young, and the need for a new order of skills in a changing world. One is not surprised, therefore, at the emphasis now placed on education in the developing countries. In Saudi Arabia, for example, where progress, more than in most countries, must reckon with the tradition of centuries, girls may now attend school. This seems commonplace to us, but in that country it has only been true since 1961.

In Northern Rhodesia, forty-one women—the fortunate ones out of 500 applicants—are taking a six-months course at the Ecumenical Center which is supported by the World Council of Churches. These women, whose husbands are the new governmental leaders, come from their villages to learn the ways and skills which will make them helpful and valuable to their husbands in their new lives of responsibility—how to set the table, furnish a room, care for children, make a speech, draw up a will, learn the principles of government, discuss problems and conflicts. By your standards, this

would not be considered education, but for them it is changing the world. I know; I have seen them in Bonn, these women from the Cameroons and Gabon and Chad, homesick for the sunshine and their families and their familiar foods, perplexed by the complicated ways of Western life and etiquette, troubled because they feel inadequate, and fearful that their husbands might be ashamed of them—but always desperately anxious to learn.

Three years ago in the once arid valley of Jericho I visited with my son a farm school for Arab orphan boys, which was established by one of the most remarkable men I ever knew, Musa el Alami, an Arab refugee himself, who quite literally made the desert blossom like a rose. He told me that after the first classes of boys had left the school and were established in the new lives he had made possible for them, they began to return, one by one, saying that something was wrong. There were no girls who were educated as they were, and therefore they could find no suitable wives. I imagine you have guessed the solution; their benefactor somehow found the means to open a school for girls as well.

When the United States opened a legation in Yemen a few years ago, the only schools were the ones where boys were taught the Koran. The wife of our representative there, like so many American women around the world, organized classes at home for her own children and those of her friends in the diplomatic corps. It was not long before a Yemini official came and begged her to take his two daughters into the school. "Unless our children, especially our girls," he said, "can be assured a modern education, our country has no future. We know that the Middle Eastern countries which have progressed in the last fifty years are those where schools have been established and where eventually women have been allowed to learn as well as men."

Officials from the newly independent nations who have visited more developed countries are impressed by the achievements of the women. They

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(Continued)

are quick to realize that a capable, educated female population is a characteristic of development; therefore they want it at home. I suppose one might almost say it is a status symbol.

These changes are taking place over a vast area, on every continent and in many countries. The rate of change varies from one country to another and from one region to another, depending on history, religion, tradition, local attitudes; on whether the area is rural or urban, isolated or open to outside influences.

But everywhere you will find the pioneers: the educators, doctors, social workers, leaders of women's organizations who have the courage to go on ahead and open the doors. These are the women of conscience, those who, like Eleanor Roosevelt, would "rather light a candle than curse the darkness."

In Israel, there is Golda Meir, the Foreign Minister, the only woman in the Western world to reach such political eminence, but so plain, so strong, so old-fashioned, like a woman of the Bible. In Egypt, Dr. Abou Zeid, the United Arab Republic's Minister of Social Affairs, is pressing a vigorous enlightenment campaign, through new laws and education, against polygamy, juvenile delinquency, and primitive superstition in the field of medicine.

During the sixteen years since India won its independence, the country's women have progressed from second-class citizens to leaders in the government. There are many women in the state and federal legislative bodies, and a woman holds the high post of Deputy Speaker of the Federal Parliament. A woman is Chief Minister of the largest Indian state, and two other states have women governors. Indian women never had an organized feminist or suffragette movement; instead, they fought beside the men for national freedom, and found their own liberty during the struggle. In recognition of their battle, they automatically came into their own.

In the past generation, Latin American women in increasing numbers have entered the universities and advanced steadily in such professions as the law, teaching, medicine, architecture, social work, pharmacy—and, on the whole, they encounter less discrimination than do women in these professions in the United States. One of these is Señora Ana Figueroa of Chile, the Assistant Director General of the International Labour Office in Geneva. She might have been speaking for all women of conscience everywhere when she said not long ago: "I know it is a difficult task to see this world as it is and to love it as it is. To help its people calls for courage and conviction. But I would rather live a short life full of effort and endless concern than to reach old age with empty hands."

Dr. Helen Kim

For these women, and the thousands of others like them whose names we may never hear, conscience is not a code of denial or a negative thing. It is a vital and positive force, guiding them when in doubt, leading them in the darkness, forcing their voices to be raised against injustice and, above all, committing them to the course which is *right*.

It is not easy for American women to comprehend the difficulties which women in many other countries face when they attempt to raise money for a school, or wage a battle against corruption, or urge the passage of a law which will protect their children. We have been doing these things for so many years, with such astonishing success.

But let me try to tell you what life has been like, until a few decades ago, for a woman in Korea. In the Korean society, the supreme concern is the preservation and development of the family, achieved by paying tribute to the ancestors, by enlarging the family property, and above all, by begetting male heirs. The patriarch had absolute power over each and every member of the family and demanded and received absolute obedience. Marriages were arranged, and men and women were

socially isolated from each other. Even today, in the Presbyterian Church in Chonju, where Sophie Montgomery Crane's ('40) husband Paul is an elder, men and women still enter the church by separate doors, and only recently, following the bold example of the University president, who was educated in the United States, have a few husbands and wives begun to sit together during the service. Family relationships are based not on equality but on the order of the status of every member of the family—children subordinate to parents, wife to husband and parents-in-law, younger children to the older ones, girl child to male child. In the Children's Relief Hospital in Seoul we always cared for a great number of abandoned babies, but there was seldom a male child among them, for a Korean mother would have to be in very dire straits indeed before she would give up a son.

Some of these attitudes began to change under the influence of the missionaries at the end of the last century, but progress was slow until the devastation of the war brought social upheaval in its wake. In the cities life is different now, but in the rural areas change comes slowly.

But at almost the same time Agnes Scott was founded, there opened in Seoul a tiny mission school for girls—a bold venture indeed in Korea seventy-eight years ago. In three quarters of a century this school has grown into a great women's university with a student body of 3000. Much of its financial support has come from the Methodist Board of Missions, but otherwise Ewha University is almost entirely the creation of one great Christian woman, Dr. Helen Kim.

I wish I could make you see the tiny determined figure of this young Korean girl, thirsting for knowledge and burning with the patriotism and resentment all Koreans felt early in this century under the domination of the Japanese. One of her teachers wrote: "One could not guide such a spirit without growing oneself." In order to enroll at Ewha as a college student, she was forced to make the

painful choice between absolute obedience to her father, who bitterly opposed higher education for women, and the new way of following one's conscience which the missionaries had been teaching. Her conscience won—with a great deal of help from her mother—and in 1915 she was the sole member of the fifth graduating class of Ewha, confronted by the very feminine problem of how to buy a pair of Western shoes to replace the traditional Korean slippers with upturned toes which were not considered appropriate with cap and gown. She mortgaged a full month's salary as a teacher to buy a second-hand pair of high laced boots—old fashioned even for those days, she remembers wryly. But her most vivid memory of that graduation day was her consciousness of new dignity, and the pride she felt in the status women were gaining in Korea—for by then she was the fifth woman to graduate from college in her country.

Her missionary friends were well aware of her promise, and soon sent her to the United States, to study at Ohio Wesleyan. She was impatient at having to enroll as a sophomore, because she was driven always by the thought of the urgent work she had left at home and by the conviction that every minute was precious and must count for some gain in knowledge or experience. I was amused to hear that when she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year, she had no idea what it was!

Her whole life has been devoted to the education and advancement of Korean women, and from Ewha University have come most of the women doctors and educators and social workers and Y.W.C.A. and Girl Scout leaders in Korea. She has found time to establish and guide the Y.W.C.A., to represent her country for twelve years as an observer at the United Nations, and to participate in innumerable international conferences, so that her name is known and respected throughout Asia, and indeed, the world.

Now she is writing a column in the English language newspaper which she helped establish some years ago. Sophie Crane has just sent me a clipping of the column which de-

scribes the opening in Seoul of a grand new building for a women's center—"something unheard of before in the history of our nation," she writes—I realized anew how truly we have become a single neighborhood when on the back of that clipping I saw a news story from Atlanta. Here at home we have become quite accustomed now to reading in our own headlines about Saigon and Nicosia and Zanzibar, but we sometimes forget that what happens in Atlanta may be on the front page of the *Korea Times* the next morning.

German Women

Half the world away from Korea in another divided country, German women after the war were confronted by different but equally perplexing problems. By the end of the 19th century a small but vigorous group of women had already given strong impetus to the women's movement in Germany. They had gained access to the universities, entered the intellectual professions, and in 1918 won the right to vote. Their influence soon became evident in the Reichstag, especially in the area of social policy and legislation for family welfare and education. From the very beginning there was a multiplicity of organizations — teachers' associations, religious and political clubs, labor union groups, housewives' associations. Those early years were a period of great vitality and idealism and almost revolutionary energy.

All this ended abruptly in 1933, with the advent of National Socialism. Hitler believed that a woman's place was in the home and not in public life. Women were sent back to their household tasks and as a consequence divorced from politics and constructive action. Thus it came about that after the defeat of Germany in 1945, the whole structure of women's activity, like most things in that utterly devastated country, had to be painfully rebuilt.

It required what Winston Churchill called "an act of faith" to reverse the old attitudes of bitterness and distrust at the end of the war. But somehow a miracle happened, and slowly, and sometimes painfully, we dis-

covered that we were no longer enemies, but nations groping their way toward a partnership which would soon be based on common interests, a growing sense of mutual respect, and an increasing comprehension of each other's problems. I should like to say most emphatically that we have no stronger partners in the Atlantic Alliance than the German people. "A faithful friend is a strong defense, and he that hath found such a friend hath found a treasure." There is a new Germany which is our faithful friend and our strong defense.

In those early postwar years we were fortunate to have as the wife of the American High Commissioner in Germany a woman of great intelligence and character, Mrs. John J. McCloy. German women will always remember the encouragement she gave them during those bleak and bitter years. The women's organizations, like their individual members, were impoverished, and there were no funds for publications or for participation in international conferences. Even communication was difficult, because of the artificial division of the country into occupation zones. Most women were bearing exhausting family burdens as breadwinners, because their husbands had been killed or disabled or were still prisoners of war, and they had little time or strength for anything else, while the younger women, who since 1933 had been completely cut off from women's activities, had developed no feeling of civic responsibility. Yet a compelling sense of obligation soon brought together women of divergent political thought from all walks of life in a common effort to rebuild the family, the community, and the state.

One of the great women of that time was Luise Schroeder, the dedicated Socialist who was the acting mayor of Berlin from 1947 to 1948, probably the most difficult time in the life of that hard-pressed city. The Berliners adored her, and when she died in 1957 she was given a state funeral, the first time such an honor had been paid to a German woman.

Since World War II Germany has

Women of Conscience

(Continued)

had only two presidents, and both were married to women of great compassion and understanding. The first, Frau Elly Heuss, worked all her life to further the concept of religious and civic obligation in which she believed so deeply, especially where mothers and children were concerned. Her successor, Frau Wilhelmine Luebke, trained as a teacher and fluent in five languages, has a deep concern for the welfare of the aged. She has travelled with her husband through Asia and Africa and Latin America and has won countless friends for her country through her simplicity of manner and her warm interest in human beings.

Among the women journalists of the world, a German woman stands in the first rank. She is Countess Marion Doenhoff, the leading columnist of *Die Zeit*. In the last winter of the war she rode 500 miles on her horse over the icy roads from her home in East Prussia to Hamburg to escape the Russian occupation. Smith College gave her an honorary degree in 1962 in recognition of her professional excellence, and in German life she has won her place as a woman of conscience and conviction. She does not know the meaning of compromise, and for her the two cardinal sins, either in governments or individuals, are immobility and disengagement.

It is interesting to me that, while the average married woman in Germany has been far less active in public life than her American counterpart, ten percent of the deputies in the Bundestag and the Laender parliaments are women. Here in the United States we have a population of 90 million females, yet only two women serve in the Senate, and only nineteen women in the 435 seat House of Representatives. German women are proud, too, that one of their number serves in the Cabinet as Minister of Health.

I have a German friend who retires next month from public life after a long career devoted to govern-

ment and to women's work on the international level. When I asked her how a woman could accomplish what she has done, she replied, "She must have the strength to undertake what is worth changing and the judgment not to attempt what cannot be changed, and she must pray for the wisdom to distinguish between the two."

All of these women, it seems to me, have contributed something very essential to postwar German life—something which it urgently needs: respect for the individual, and the lively conviction that the only purpose of all political activity, from foreign and defense policy to financial and budgetary questions, is to serve the welfare of the individual citizen.

America's Representatives

I cannot bring this long discussion to a close without speaking of the women who represent you abroad. I believe you would be proud of the American women in Foreign Service and military posts around the world.

American women seem determined, wherever they go, to leave the place a little better than they found it. Mrs. Katie Louchheim, the remarkable woman who is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Community Advisory Services, puts it in a very homely way: "Like thoughtful guests, they help quietly with the host country's housework, but at the same time they are careful not to try to move the national furniture around unless asked to do so."

Their first task, of course, is to summon the ingenuity and courage and imagination which bring home and family into warm, familiar focus in a dusty African village or a great European capital. A little girl I know explained very carefully to a friend soon after her family arrived at their new post in Germany: "Oh, we have a *home*. We just don't have a house to put it in yet."

Having a house to put it in is very important, but almost as soon as the trunks are unpacked and the children settled in a new school, the American woman overseas looks around to see where and how she can be most useful in her new community. Women's

volunteer service is an idea which for a number of complex economic and sociological reasons was until recently little known outside the Western world. The spreading of this concept by example is an invaluable gift which Americans can and do bring to their sisters overseas.

It was a Frenchman who wrote in genuine astonishment after a visit to America more than a century ago: "An American may conceive of some need that is not being met. What does he do? He goes across the street and discusses it with his neighbor. A committee begins functioning on behalf of that need, and all this is done by private citizens on their own initiative." Transplanted abroad, American women are giving new meaning to this tradition. In a foreign land the urge to do something which needs doing must be carefully controlled and exercised with great tact. Where local organizations like the Y.W.C.A. and the Red Cross already exist, women work through them with their new friends. Where there is no organized welfare program, they find it wise to proceed very slowly and cautiously, to avoid giving offense.

There is scarcely a country in the world where your compatriots are not busy in hospitals, orphanages, schools for the handicapped and homes for the aged. In many places they are sharing their strength and skills. I am thinking of the four community centers in Ecuador, staffed almost entirely by American volunteers who teach home economics, nursing and child care, home industry, and civics. There is the Foreign Service wife in Laos who happens to be a doctor; she visits the sick in remote villages and works in the pediatrics ward of a Vientiane hospital. One American is doing volunteer psychiatric work in Liberia and training local nurses to carry on after her husband's tour of duty comes to an end. A young friend of mine in Korea taught English composition at Ewha in the morning, read proof on the *Korea Times* in the afternoon, and still found time to learn to speak Korean, one of the most difficult of languages. During last year's disastrous floods in Paki-

an, two wives from the United States Consulate in Dacca set out in a small boat to distribute food. Their boat capsized during a sudden and violent storm, but the women managed to get to an island where they lived on mangoes for five days before being rescued by a helicopter. As soon as another boat could be found, they were out distributing food again.

Those who have special gifts serve their country in a very special way through the expression of their talents. In Seoul an Embassy wife has taught sculpture for many years at one of the universities, and another is playing the French horn in the Seoul Symphony Orchestra. In the Baghdad Symphony the second violinist is an American woman. Virginia Pleasants of our Embassy in Bonn is known throughout Europe as a harpsichordist of the first rank, and Sheila Isham, during her husband's assignment in Hong Kong, is teaching a class in contemporary art to Chinese students and exhibiting her paintings and lithographs all over the Orient. In Greece an American woman is recording Greek folk music and dance for the folklore archives of the Academy of Athens. Working alone or as part of a local group, these women of high professional competence win admiration and respect wherever they go and help to erase the impression that Americans are interested in material things only.

Artists and musicians seldom need an interpreter, and you may be sure that as they share their gifts these women receive a rich return in friendship and understanding of peoples. I think they would agree with the artist who said, "When I look at the starry sky, I find it small. Whether I am growing or else the universe is shrinking—unless both are happening at the same time."

I have not spoken of the Peace Corps nor of the missionaries. Here Agnes Scott the story of the missionaries is too well known to need my comment from me. No one knows better than they how much the world has changed, for they have been caught up in the wave of nationalism and anti-colonialism which is sweeping over Africa and Asia. I

believe with all my heart in the new way of preaching Christianity by practicing it, and I wish you could visit the Presbyterian Medical Center in Chonju, in the heart of Korea—perhaps not as a patient there, as I was—and see what Paul and Sophie Crane are doing to fight poverty and disease and despair. Until I knew them, I think I never truly understood what Christianity meant.

Family of Man

For a great many years after I left Agnes Scott, the verse from Micah which was the Y.W.C.A. theme during my senior year seemed a very firm foundation upon which to build a life—"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" But as the earth has seemed to shrink—or as I perhaps have grown—that no longer fulfills my need for a standard, for it leaves me uncommitted. Justice, mercy, humility are all very well, but I know now that one must be deeply involved in this changing world to justify being a part of it.

Three years ago the High Holy Day message of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America gave me the insight which I had been seeking. The Provost of the Seminary told me, when I wrote to acknowledge my debt of gratitude, that he had had hundreds of letters like mine, and the message had been widely circulated, so it may be familiar to you, but I think it bears repeating—in fact, I think it bears repeating every day.

Do you sometimes find yourself saying "There's nothing I can do about the problems of the world?" Nothing? There isn't a world problem which doesn't begin where you are, and always you can diminish or add to it. Not to be aware of this—not knowing the difference you make—is in itself one of the biggest of world problems.

Consider these three major issues of our time—ignorance, poverty, oppression.

We often think the world problem is ignorance—yet the real problem is our own unwillingness to learn. Only when we seek to understand the minds of other men and women can we diminish ignorance in the world, right where we are.

In the opinion of many people, the greatest world problem is poverty. Here at home, in the midst of our abundance, poverty is very real indeed. What are you doing in your community for the poor, the handicapped, the aged? Are you and I doing it in the right way, with understanding and compassion and humility, because we ourselves have been so richly blessed? To share what we have, and for the right reasons, will reduce poverty, right where we are.

Many of us think the world problem is oppression, yet the real problem is the rejection of our neighbors. We all belong to the Family of Man, and we are all alike, in that each of us is different. Whenever we make welcome a neighbor, of whatever race or creed, whenever we reach out of our tight little communities to touch the lives of those around us with respect for their differences, we reduce oppression and suspicion, right where we are.

The problems of this changing world are so complex and overwhelming that it is all too easy to be discouraged, but we would do well to remember that mutual understanding between peoples is not often advanced by a single dramatic stroke, but far more frequently by a thousand different pacts, by a thousand different people, all working in the small ways they know best, patiently trying to enlarge the area of mutual respect between human beings.

As you go back to your homes in Atlanta and Birmingham and Chattanooga and Winston-Salem, think on these things. The world begins where you are.

Author's Note: I owe a debt of gratitude to many people for their assistance with this speech, but especially to the Honorable Katie Louchheim and Mrs. George Morgan of Washington, D. C.; Frau Elisabeth Klee and Frau Balbine von Diest of Bonn, Germany; Mr. Chae Jae-Sak, Chungyang University, Seoul, Korea; and to Dr. Helen Kim, President Emeritus, Ewha University, Seoul, Korea for allowing me to read the first chapters of her autobiography in manuscript.

Alumnae Weekend 1964



"VIP's" at the speakers' table included Dr. McCain and Dr. Alstan.



The class of 1914 poses prettily after receiving their 50 year pins.



Dr. Hayes entertained alumnae — both in and out of class.



More than half the class of 1939 were here for their 25th reunion.

Mary Louise Duffee Philips '44, Alice Clements Shinall '43, Eleanor Hutchens '40 and Sarah Frances McDonald '36.



New President Marybeth Little Westan '48 (left) talks with Kagie Jahnsan '47.

An alumna delineates her particular process of maturing.

Our Daily Bread with Indians in Wyoming

By BET PATTERSON KING '47



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Bet, her husband, Ware King, an Episcopal clergyman, and their four children live on an Indian reservation. She, with Lorraine Juliana, has published a book, *The Wall Between Us*, an exchange of letters which is a Protestant-Catholic dialogue.

Here I sit at my Danish modern desk in a comfortable stone house on a mission circle in the middle of an Indian reservation in the middle of Wyoming. The air outside, this December evening, is a mild 38 degrees, and I have just returned from the outdoor swimming pool with our four children. It seemed strange tonight: usually most of the swimmers in the hot springs pool, which belongs to the Shoshone and Arapaho tribes, are Indians, but tonight I saw only whites. The Indians have all gone to Fort Washakie to a big dance. Tomorrow night they will come here to the mission gym for the biggest Indian dance of the year. Every night in Christmas week a dance is held somewhere on the reservation, with men in big western hats sitting around a drum, thumping away and singing weird, high-pitched songs, while men, women, boys, and girls in buckskin, beads, feathers, and jingling bells dance around the circle of drummers, watched by their neighbors and kin sitting in chairs all around the hall. The men are the chief dancers, but anyone who wants to, whether in costume or not, is welcome to take a turn around the floor.

My husband, Ware, tried to describe Wyoming to me before we moved west eight years ago. I could not picture what he meant by wide open spaces and sagebrush and big

incredibly blue skies. But I have felt at home here from the very first day. When we came we lived in a city for five years. At least in Wyoming it is a city. It had 5,000 persons when we arrived and was one of Wyoming's major cities. The two largest places in the state have about 35,000 population each. We have so few inhabitants that we elect only one Representative to Congress; but, as Ware says, "Wyoming has more *people* per capita than any other state." Sometimes, in other parts of America, it becomes hard to see the trees for the forest. As a suburban friend of mine wrote to me last summer:

"We lived in Florida in the thirties, during the depression and after the collapse of the land boom down there, with wide paved streets grown to grass and half-finished buildings crumbling away in the sand. It was like living among the relics of a vanished culture. Only what had happened was that this culture hadn't happened at all. But what I noticed most, and still relish in memory, was that people were scarce enough to make each person individual and valuable. Now we live in a town where practically everybody I meet would have seemed to me then like the find of a lifetime—but there's no space around them, they're all crammed in here together. You know, like a forest, in which no tree can ever develop into a specimen. I don't mean that this stunts the people, merely that it crowds



"Elk" come larger-than-life of Dubois, Wyo. Four little Kings take a ride on Joe Back's sculpture.



Bell tower at Our Father's House.



Ann and David King with Indian friends.

one's enjoyment of them. I should think that this would be one of the benefits of living where people are spread out thin: congenial ones are rare enough to look just great when you find them."

Well do I know what she means! When we lived in New York I worried because I lost my sense of the individual worth of the people I saw all jammed together in subways and fighting each other in department stores. Here, where the density (of trees and people) is about two per square mile, one notices and appreciates both persons and trees.

One has more time, too. In a little city nobody has to leave for work or church or a meeting downtown more than five minutes before time to be there. The airport is less than ten minutes from anywhere in town. Yet at the same time we become accustomed to going great distances. We spend all day getting to a state convention. It is not rare for me and others to get "cabin fever" and decide to take off for a movie in Casper, 150 miles away, or to make the beautiful drive to the Tetons, about the same distance in the other direction. The nearest four-year college (the only one in the state) is 270 miles away.

Now that we live on the reservation, we have even more free time. Church life is less highly organized than it was in town, and we have given up the town's organizational life, which I used to enjoy but find

I can do without. People in town kept telling us contradictory things about how it would be to live among the Indians. One said, "Now you'll have all the time in the world, Betty, to read and write." Another warned, "You won't have a moment you can call your own. You'll be on call 24 hours a day." Both were right. We receive telephone calls at 2 a.m.—both true emergency calls and also friendly, sociable calls from someone in Salt Lake City, say, who may be a bit tight and wants to say hello to some kin down the road from us, and who wants us to go and get the kin. It seems that a lot of our time involves people without telephones telephoning people without telephones, long distance. The southern part of the Arapaho tribe is in Oklahoma, and there is much calling back and forth. Our people live in houses scattered over the countryside, often reached only by rutted roads where it is easy to get stuck in mud or snow.

Although they are not poverty-stricken, the Indians among whom we live and work share many of the problems of Indians throughout the United States—inability to adapt to white men's culture and consequent purposelessness leading to social chaos. Last night at the Indian dance I was thinking how many young men and women who were probably at a similar dance four Christmases ago have dropped out of sight. Two are in the state penitentiary for crimes committed while they were drunk.

Our Daily Bread

(Continued)

One was burned to death in a cabin where he and some buddies had gone to sleep off a drunk. A woman who had been drinking froze to death in the snow beside a road where she had been kicked almost to death by a drunk companion. Experts tell us that real alcoholism is not to blame, but severe problem drinking caused by acute despair, is. In one family in the past few months the son-in-law died at the wheel of a car that, before it crashed, had been going 90 miles an hour while he was drunk; a daughter, eleven years old, fell off the back of a moving truck while playing with some other children; and her brother, fourteen, died of complications from rheumatic fever. The birth rate is very high, but the mortality rate for infants (mostly between eight and 12 months, from diarrhea or pneumonia) and for young adults, is much too high.

Our own children go to a modern, well staffed public school about four miles away. Seven-eighths of their classmates are Indians. Sarah, our firstborn New Yorker, almost fourteen now, says she loves it here and hopes we never leave. She is a country kid through and through, and so are her New York-born sister, Martha, twelve; her Trenton-born sister, Ann, nine; and her Wyoming-born brother, David, almost seven. Martha said wistfully the other day, "If I had my choice of races, I'd be an Arapaho Indian—or maybe a Shoshone."

The Indians are a proud and independent people. They have never been slaves. "They're undependable!" snort some of the white folk around here. Well, that goes with being independent. You cannot depend on them to do what you want them to do, but that fact does not necessarily mean they are undependable. They usually manage to accomplish what *they* want to do. They have a sense of decency and order in their community life. They value bravery, kindness, good judgment, and generosity. If one of their number fails

to share all he has with whomever asks him, they say, "He has a white man's heart." When someone makes off with the \$300 raised to provide Christmas treats for the old people, he is disciplined not by lawsuits and demands for restitution, but by gossip and ostracism.

Intratribal jealousies, rivalries, and hatreds build up in ways that are difficult for an outsider to understand. It is said that if you want to consider yourself an expert on Indians, you'd better leave the reservation before you've been there a year. Now that we are in our fourth year here, I am much less an expert than I was in our first year.

Our church seeks to be a good influence on the whole community, working to meet whatever needs exist or arise. We do not have enough resources, personal or financial, to meet many needs at once; but we are trying to do the best job we can. Two social workers have recently come to help in the mission work, and they are a constructive influence.

I do not feel adequate as a minister's wife in this situation. I like the people, but I have not been able to develop real rapport with more than one or two of them. People said to us when we decided to come here, "It takes the Indians four or five years before they begin to trust you." and also, "They make up their minds in the first two or three weeks whether they are going to like you." We had some highly vocal white opposition when we first arrived: the reason Ware volunteered to come in the first place was to deal with an unstable situation that had developed. It was the first time I had been conscious of being labeled as one of the "bad guys," and I found soon that it is difficult to distinguish between being persecuted for Christ's sake and developing a nasty touch of paranoia. Now, thanks largely to Ware's patience and tact, the people are beginning to develop more confidence in us and in the Church we represent.

I do not think I could have dealt with our circumstances here ten or fifteen years ago. I enjoy our life now as I did not then. I like being middle-aged. Sometimes I think I

must have been about eighty years old when I was born, and I am growing younger all the time. Now that I am approaching forty I feel more at home in me.

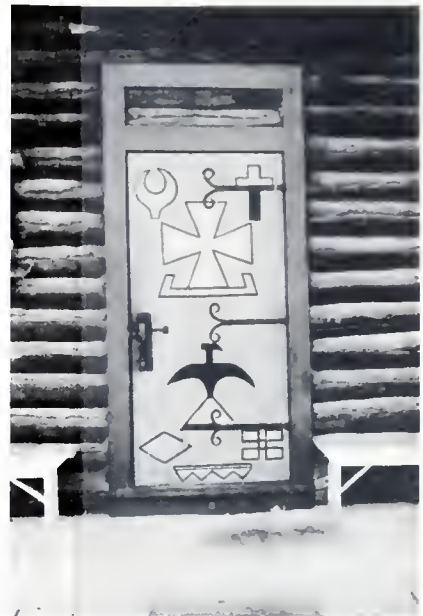
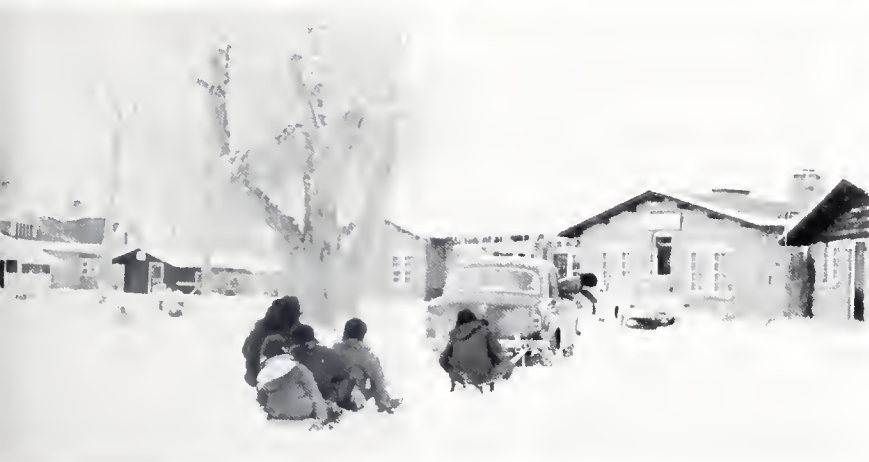
It simply will not do to go far with that figure of speech; I'll start on another. I learned a great deal at Agnes Scott, but at the time I was there, I was not enough of a person to know what I was learning. (Were all the rest of you that way, too, I wonder? But I have felt that I was different.) A boy said of me in high school, "Bet is the dumbest smart girl I ever saw." I know now just what he meant. I was amazingly good at the advanced literature, intellectually, when I had not even learned the alphabet emotionally. This terrible deficiency made it hard on the ones who cared, the friends and professors who did not know what to do for me and hoped somehow it would come out all right.

My husband has much of the sanity I lacked, but he was and is so non-verbal, and I was, and am, so verbal that I did not understand most of what he tried to communicate in the first few years. It was not until we began to have children that I began to know how spiritual flesh is, how impossible it is to minister to an infant's spirit in any other way than physically, how much rich communication is possible without any words at all. With all this learning going on I had a rough time of it for a few years. I had sometimes been called "sweet" in high school and college. Now I discovered depths of bitterness and hatred that had been buried all those years. Having to stay home most of the time and to be responsible for children twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, four or five weeks a month, twelve months a year, how many years until they grew up! Who, me? It was fantastic.

I started learning the alphabet. Now the advanced literature glows with new dimensions. Last fall, when our youngest started proudly off to first grade, having through many trials and errors learned to live with our children (and at the same time to understand and appreciate everyone else better), I found that I could



The King family (l-r)—Martha, Betty, Sarah, David, Ware, Ann.



Arapoho creation story drawn on the door of Our Father's House.

A winter view of part of the Mission Circle.

...easily live without them for eight hours a day. Life's possibilities, for me as well as for our first-grader, had opened up even further: I was free once more to choose where I would go and what I would do during the day. This may seem like a small freedom to those who have always had it, and all of us know it is a limited freedom in view of our many responsibilities; but it is a freedom I cherish and enjoy to the fullest. Again I say, I like being middle-aged.

Our first daughter's teen-age re-

bellion has taken the form of an extraordinary neatness, not only about her person but also about her room, which she shares with our second daughter. When she really gets going, her industry, in pointed contrast to my sloth and sloppiness, carried her into our third daughter's room to clean *it* up! Am I hurt by this repudiation of the example I've always set her? No, I am not. I am delighted. This is my unexpected, undreamed of, glorious compensation for the shadows caused by those four years of hearing, "Your room in-

spection report goes on your permanent record."

A year or so ago Miss Emma May Laney, who was one of the splendid English professors at Agnes Scott and whom we like to see when we go to Denver, asked us, "Are you committed to the Indian work for life?" I was interested in knowing the answer, but I did not learn much factually when Ware replied, "Yes, from day to day." But now I have found one does not need so desperately to know where one is going if one knows where one is.



Worthy Notes...

Agnes Scott's 75th Anniversary Year in Retrospect

AS THE SUMMER'S HEAT and quiet descend all too quickly on the campus, I am already looking back with a certain nostalgia to the rush and pleasant noises of the 75th anniversary year at Agnes Scott.

I shall attempt to sort the welter of impressions that keep running through my consciousness. First comes the realization that it was a splendid idea to spread the anniversary celebration over several months rather than to jam all events into one month, much less one week.

My own real rejoicing began when I was sure that the 75th Anniversary Campaign would be a resounding success. I had been so deeply involved in the "dailies" of the campaign that it was a very particular kind of joy to revel in the knowledge of going *over* the campaign goal. This was not just delight in the fact that needed financial support for my college was assured but was also delight with alumnae, members of the campus community and others who joined forces to make this possible.

Next in my reactions to the year was the pleasure of the 75th Anniversary Lecture Series. Hearty thanks are here given to Dr. Mary L. Boney, faculty chairman of Lecture Committee, for bringing these great people to Agnes Scott. I had thought it might be difficult for me to make the transition from, for example, Dr. Viktor Frankl's theory of logotherapy to Sir C. P. Snow's approach to novel writing. But, of course, no transition was needed. I found myself easily savoring each lecture experience. And I just wanted to keep Dr. Mark Van Doren and his poetry as a permanent part of Agnes Scott.

Then came Alumnae Week End in this special year. Again, I had been so close to the myriad details of planning the week end that I kept having nice surprises during those three days in April. That Friday morning in a chapel program some of Janef Preston '21's poems, recently published as a long-awaited book, *Upon Our Pulses*, were read by Neva Jackson Webb '42 (who taught speech during Roberta Winter '27's leave of absence this spring), Martha Trimble Wapensky '44, and a group of Neva's students. I can find no words which can create for you the effect that the *sounds* in Janef's poetry created for me.

Alice Jernigan Dowling '30, the Alumna Speaker in

the 75th Anniversary Lecture Program, stayed on campus for several days after her excellent address Friday night of Alumnae Week End (see p. 10), and I had the chance to begin to know her rather than just knowing about her.

Prior to Alice's lecture, the College gave a dinner honoring the alumnae who were Area Chairmen in the forty-five geographic regions of the Campaign. Invited to be with the area chairmen and their husbands were the College's Board of Trustees, the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association, and administrative officers of the College. Dr. W. Edward McNair, director of public relations and development, presented the area chairmen with citations which were modelled on the Agnes Scott diploma.

As I take this quick glance back at the seventy-fifth year, I am amazed and want to reassure you that the College *did* go on as usual in the midst of all the celebrations. Betty Brown '65, daughter of Isabel McCain Brown '37 and granddaughter of President-Emeritus James R. McCain, was awarded the George P. Hayes Debate Trophy, given annually by Louisa Aichel McIntosh '47 and Dale Bennett Pedrick '47.

Also among underclassmen, Sarah Timmons '65, daughter of Mary Ellen Whetsell Timmons '39, received the Houghton Scholarship, awarded on the basis of future promise as indicated by character, personality, and scholarship; and Grace Walker Winn '67, daughter of Grace Walker Winn '41, is a Stukes Scholar, so named for ranking first academically in her class.

The student body voted to change the name of the student newspaper from *The Agnes Scott News* to *The Profile*. Elected as editor for 1964-65 was Jere Keenan '65, daughter of Lucille Dennison Keenan '37. Jere says she would welcome subscriptions from alumnae. Checks for \$3.50 should be made payable to Agnes Scott Profile and mailed to Box 648 at the College.

The Class of 1964's Senior Opera was an hilarious "Hamlet: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love My Mother." They graduated June 8, 139 strong, and we welcome them to alumnae status.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



A magnificently tall pierced-brick wall will be the architectural feature of the Dana Fine Arts Building.

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"She's Burning to Act" . . . / see page 4

AGNES
SCOTT

THE

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY FALL 1964





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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FRONT COVER

Susan Duffee Philips '68

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M 114



Eager Freshman

FALL 1964

As she faces the myriad facets of first days at Agnes Scott, she finds at her disposal the heritage of centuries in man's search for truth.

107038

“ Don't Put Your Daughter On the Stage... ”

BY ALICE BEARDSLEY '47

DON'T put your daughter on the stage, Missis Worthington;
Don't put your daughter on the stage.
The profession is overcrowded and the struggle's pretty tough,
And admitting the fact,
She's burning to act,
That isn't quite enough.

Regarding yours, dear Missis Worthington,
Of Wednesday the twenty third;
Although your baby
Maybe
Keen on a stage career,
How can I make it clear —
That this is not a good idea?
For her to hope, Dear Missis Worthington,
Is on the face of it absurd.
Her personality is not in reality
Inviting enough,
Exciting enough
For this particular sphere.

Don't put your daughter on the stage,
Missis Worthington;
Don't put your daughter on the stage.
Tho' they said at the School of Acting she was
lovely as Peer Gynt
I'm afraid on the whole an ingenue role
Would emphasize her squint.
She's a big girl and tho her teeth are fairly good
She's not the type I ever would
Be eager to engage.
On my knees, Missis Worthington;
Please, Missis Worthington,
Don't put your daughter on the stage.

When Noel Coward put this impassioned plea to music, he did further damage to an already questionable career possibility for proper young ladies. (As far as proper old mothers are concerned.) But to a hapless few of their proper daughters, the world of bright lights and make-believe woos with strange song and in the fall they flood New York in waves of shining womanhood. And nobody's mother seems to approve.

Now I understand you're mostly mothers and I've been asked to bring the old Agnes Scott spirit of objective reporting (I say "old" because we certainly used to have it; I don't know what they're doing to it these days), to this subject of a theatre career for your daughters. In asking me to make this report, your Committee has not exactly had a choice. I seem to be their only pioneer in this jungle of the star-driven unemployed.

Actually, I'd just as soon you did keep your daughters off the stage. Just to be honest about it. Fellows I don't mind, but keep the girls away. It's a matter of work. There are 13,500 members of Actors Equity, the stage union, and only 1/6 to 1/3 of them are at work at any given time. So you see why many of us take a dim view of any further feeding from the provinces. I'm sure that's the reason Mr. Coward talked so tacky to poor Mrs. Worthington. He had a young friend whose job he was protecting. I accepted this assignment because I believe the truth will set your daughter free of her yearnings. And I am for truth.

The first truth is a financial one. Though you'd better not mention money first. She'll think you're not very "hip" to bring her down to such a mundane level from lofty soaring heights of creativity.



I only mention money first because I've been here awhile. Some time sneak in the fact that somebody as marvelous as Moss Hart told the graduating class of the American Academy that the first and most important art in theatre is the art of survival.

If you can survive through the years, everything is possible. If you cannot, no amount of soaring

creative talent will be of use. Tell your daughter the town is full of talent and full of those willing to train the talent, but nobody will teach her survival technique.

The years she must survive have been set at a legendary seven . . . seven years before her star shoots or she begins to work more frequently than infrequently. You can see, therefore, how thoughtful it would be if you would give her a private income. If you're not that thoughtful, then give her a skill. Teach her to be a short-order cook or a typist. In any case, give her a skill of mind, a curiosity and vitality able to ward off the long days of ennui that dampen and drug the spirit.

I suppose anyone interested in a stage career is aware of the relentless focus on the self. While the artist is separated from the crowd by canvas or clay, the writer by a bookshelf or newsstand, a musician by instrument of wood or brass, the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Since her graduation from Agnes Scott, Alice has been head of the radio department of the Ohio Form Bureau, has made bicycle tours of New England, England and France, but primarily has launched herself in a career as actress on and off Broadway. Some words of Tennessee Williams about his play "Camino Real" in which Alice played Nurse, reflect her attitude toward the theater: "Life is an unanswered question, but let's still believe in the dignity and importance of the question."

(Continued on next page)

“Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage”

(Continued)

actress' instrument is her own body. When she delivers her product to be judged, it is her own legs which must dance the dance, her own voice which must sing the song and speak the speech. It is her own body which must communicate. And those who judge have a just right to say those devastating things denied to anyone except a politician in the white heat of campaign or a town's most virulent and fearless gossip.

(Brooks Atkinson, formerly revered and feared critic of *The New York Times* once said of an actress I knew, “Miss is an actress of no temperament.” I thought, at the time, that was the worst. I know now Mr. B.A. to be a tender-hearted, loving-spirited old dear. Incidentally, having no temperament *on* stage should not be confused with having plenty of it *off* stage. It's a significant distinction. But another story. Remind me to tell it to your daughter when she gets here.)

This focus on one's self requires, it seems to me, two adjustments. You have to protect yourself. And you have to remain vulnerable.

Way of Protection

I recall the advice of a casting director who tried to prepare me to protect myself. “Alice, you have to look at yourself like a package of cigarettes,” he told me. “If someone says ‘no’ to you, you have to think ‘He wanted Camels instead of Pall Malls.’ And you have to think ‘Someone else will want Pall Malls.’” And so you do begin to think of yourself as a product. You are a product tall, or short, or round or skinny. You are a product too old for this part and too young for that. You are not beautiful enough to be that leading lady or too beautiful to be the funny girl.

The failure to develop soon enough one's own way of protection has sent many talented young ladies fleeing from the big Town back to the hamlets of shelter and solace.

But you also have to remain vulnerable. No matter what attitude you develop to protect yourself from the “slings and arrows,” the fundamental

vision has to remain honest and open. The word “vulnerable,” as we use it, means “willing to let things happen to you and willing to be affected by them.”

I have seen some who rebel against the necessity of this continuing vulnerability. I once worked with an actress who played the drab, spinster sister of Emily Dickinson. She allowed her imagination to play with the reality of her own life and produced an exciting portrait. But some years later I saw her making the “rounds” (that grim or happy walk around the Town to agents and producers who frown or smile). She wore little girl black patent shoes with black, grosgrain bows, a little girl dress with puff sleeves, and her long graying hair flew loose around her shoulders. I remember being saddened at seeing her like this for in rebelling against the reality of herself, she relinquished the possibility of vital creativity.

A Blessed Unrest

By daring to stay vulnerable to all experience, one may fashion an instrument seasoned to make one's own peculiar statement. I know of no one who has put the high call quite as well as Martha Graham (*italics mine*):

There is a vitality, a life-force, an energy, a quickening that is translated through you into action, and because there is only one of you in all of time, this expression is unique and *if you block it*, it will never exist through any other medium and be lost. The world will not have it. It is not your business to determine how good it is nor how valuable nor how it compares with other expression. It is your business to keep it yours clearly and directly to the urges that motivate you. *Keep the channel open*. No artist is pleased nor has he any satisfaction at any time. There is only a queer divine dissatisfaction, a blessed unrest that keeps us marching.

Of course this all sounds very significant and challenging and we must avoid that, for nothing will seem more attractive to your daughter than significance and challenge. You see, you musn't try to keep your daughter off the stage by attempting to dispel the myth of its attendant glamour.

Glamour might still appeal to you, but not to her. She could care less. Significance is the big thing.

Glamour, as a lure, went out with the era of the great Hollywood stars and the grand ladies of the stage. As awe inspiring as Vivien Leigh is as one of the greatest of grand ladies, your daughter will be led toward theatre by a Joan Plowright who adds significance to already significant plays (*Taste of Honey*). She will dismiss the actress photographed in billowing chiffon and embrace the actress photographed in blue jeans sitting on a ladder. She won't care about champagne in slippers as much as black beer in the corner bistro. And instead of mink, she might just prefer raccoon. Not that blue jeans, ladders, black beer or raccoon are any more significant than chiffon, champagne, slippers or mink. They just feel more dedicated and earnest.

Den of Triviality

It seems to me that the best approach for you in the light of these developments is to convince your daughter that should she choose to go into theatre, she would be entering a den of triviality. She might even be forced to have fun, and would therefore suffer great guilt. Tell her it's bad enough to have to dance and sing around the country or on camera. But on top of that she will have to be paid for it.

To show her what she's in for, I'll tell you about one of my recent jobs. I had to put on a 19th century dress and drape a ten foot string of garlic buds around my neck (I was warding off disease); put on an 18th century dress and capture a big rubber spider (that wasn't much fun, but they let me scream); turn cartwheels for an hour; sneak melodramatically away from imaginary assailants; and play tennis. Now that tennis game I must tell you about. The stage hands all lined up and threw balls at me. There was no such thing as chasing gone balls — a great improvement, as you can see, over the real game. Those big, burly, wizened, blase stage hands chased all over the set picking up balls while I stood in the lights on camera vollying back the fruits of their frantic efforts. They may not use that bit. The director told me that in real life people don't have hysterics while playing tennis.

And for these days of delight, I got money. I used to suffer so much that occasionally I would express myself. Once I told Sid Caesar's producer,

(Continued on next page)



“Don’t Put Your Daughter on the Stage”

(Continued)

“I get to dance with Sid and you’re going to pay me too?” He seemed very willing to relieve me of part of my guilt so I decided that in the future I would repress my true feeling and become more stoical about my problem. Warn your daughter she must be ready for repressions and stoicism.

As I said, stress fun and triviality. Be concerned for her. Be concerned that her days and years will be squandered in insignificance; that the quality of her mind will be tested by no greater challenge than selling soap suds, deodorants and ointments; that slowly her talent will be atrophied in a morass of inanities. Well . . . maybe you’d better not say it that strongly. It sounds a little overproduced. Make it a little lower key, but you get the idea.

Now for your information, the truth is not quite like that — about the morass of inanities, I mean. But I don’t suggest you tell the truth, because in this case I’m not at all sure it’s going to set her free.

You see, if your daughter has acted at all, and depending on the quality of her natural talent, she may have experienced creating a character who takes off from her in a life of its own. She will remember finding a walk for the character, a way of talking, perhaps a few mannerisms. She will find out what the character wants in life and in each moment of time of the play. And then all of a sudden, the character becomes a person who lives apart from its mother’s apron strings. If your daughter has made too many characters into people, I’m afraid this aid to you comes too late. For this can only happen when she gives to a character the dignity of respect as a symbol of living being. And whenever that communion occurs between her and the character she creates, she has experienced something of unforgettable significance. With just one experience of that nature she can withstand endless sessions with soap suds.

And the trouble is that that kind of significant experience is a potential in each role she is given, no matter how great or small, no matter the playwright’s renown. For instance, for a long time I figured that the great, glowing experiences of my



“This may look a little illegitimate, but it’s from Brecht’s *A Man’s A Man*—the Eric Bentley version. I was Mrs. Galy Gay, and I’m getting my Irish bath in my Irish rain barrel. . . .”

career would be the great, glowing plays — the Shakespeares, the Giraudoux’s, the Williams, the Brechts. I thought I would never again experience anything like being in *The Wall*, adapted by Millard Lampell from John Hershey’s novel about the uprising of the Polish Jews against Hitler.

The play wasn’t exactly full of easy cheer and after about four months it announced its closing. In the audience that night of the announcement was Mrs. Isaac Stern whose husband, the violinist, had just finished saving Carnegie Hall. I guess she figured it was her turn to save something that mattered, and much to our producer’s astonishment she began to save *The Wall*. When, through her, people began to hear of the play’s plight, mail began to pour into the producer’s office: “I am sending \$2.00 from my pension of \$34.00” kind of mail. Students who had been allowed inexpensive seats sent back 50 cents and dollars. For those of us who acted in it, it began to feel something like a

religious mission. As I said, I thought I would never again experience anything like it.

But soon afterwards I had to create the role of a maid. The play was slight and the maid was rather strange. Maggie was brash and nose-y and she wore hair curlers during the day. I tried to cover the curlers with a cap, but Darren McGavin, who had cast me in the play, told me to take off the cap. All the time I was embarrassed for this terrible maid, like being responsible for a bad mannered child and not knowing how to control it. Then one day when we were going to a movie in Falmouth, Massachusetts, I saw some native women with hair curlers blossoming forth unashamedly. And then I understood my maid. She had a great night in front of her, that's all. The day with its responsibilities was just a trifling journey toward the evening. Then everything else began to fall into focus. What I hadn't realized was that I had gotten ahold of one of those free spirits who still can swing through life by her own very personal antenna. Maggie wasn't

brash. She was helping people solve their problems and leading them toward sanity and perspective. She wasn't nose-y. She was gathering the facts she needed in order to help. And the large-sized basketball sneakers? Well, there was a corn and rather than limp through on a half-job basis, she wore those sneakers (her nephew's) so she could run through life with her usual dedication.

When the curtain came down on Maggie for the last time, I was very sad. She had been such fun to have around, and in the way she tackled life with love and energy and her own kind of dignity, I found in her some things I always want to remember. I have known some marvelous beings in the magic world of "If," but nobody will haunt me with more delight than Maggie.

Well, we'll hope, won't we, that your daughter hasn't yet changed too many characters into people. That's a heady happening to resist. And another thing — the provinces of this country used to be safely devoid of live theatre, so that even if a girl had talent, the neighbors would have to say, "You ought to go to Hollywood and be in movies." But now the theatre is becoming more decentralized and even the most isolated town is invaded by professional productions. So that now a girl is in danger of being told by the neighbors, "You ought to go on the stage in New York and be significant." So watch out for the neighbors.

BUT FINALLY, if your daughter dances to music — alone, and sings while washing dishes; if her heart quickens and wildness is in her eyes at 8 o'clock every evening when players walk through stage doors; if she can pay for fun by bearing guilt; if she is susceptible to significance and allergic to boredom; if you have seen her make characters into people; if she has seemed transfixed by the lone, raw light bulb that stands on an empty stage when the players and people have gone, then I hate to have to tell you the diagnosis, but your daughter is breeding fatal yearnings. You can use the techniques I've indicated and they'll work on most daughters, but every once in a while there will come one for whom truth is no dispeller of yearnings. You will not have to put this daughter on the stage, Missis Worthington. She will find it herself.



A Letter from a Paul in Rome

BY PAUL LESLIE GARBER

HOW the good news was carried from Jerusalem to Rome" is a way the composition of the Book of Acts has been described. Athens to Jerusalem and back to Rome, these cities and their lands on the eastern edges of the Mediterranean, which together form the geographical background of the New Testament, were areas of my investigations during the academic year 1963-1964. The previous year rounded out a full score years for me at Agnes Scott. It was with much regret that my family and I had to miss the College's seventy-fifth anniversary but, our careful, lengthy, calculated projections of the needs and wants of our five persons of different sizes and ages seemed to indicate that this was the year to undertake a joint program. With the approval of the College for a year's leave of absence and some financial help, Mrs. Garber and I took our life-savings and all our courage and attempted to realize the dreaming of a decade and more, a fifteen month tour of Europe and the Middle East with our three teenage sons, Leslie who became nineteen at Massada, David who had his seventeenth birthday at Abu Simbel and

Carter who ate his twelfth birthday cake in Vatican City. Through the school term I was to have opportunity to pursue in several American research centers a reading program on the cultural backgrounds of the New Testament and, as a family, we would visit archaeological sites relevant to my reading. The two summers we reserved for motoring and camping in Europe.

To economize on travel costs and to enable us to get to the more remote New Testament sites, we ordered "out of a catalog" a vehicle the British call a "motorized caravan," meaning a sedan-trailer body built on a small commercial chassis. By day it's a car. At night it becomes a trailer. It carries us and all our gear for fifteen months, sleeps five under a solid roof and has gas stove, water tank and sink. Mrs. Garber, two of our sons and I took delivery on the caravan in London in June 1963. Leslie chose to miss his graduation exercises at Druid Hills High School to meet an early sailing of a student ship with some of his school friends with whom he "hostelled" until he met us in August. The four of us had six weeks to tour England, Scotland

and Ireland as gradually we broke in the Morris motor. During August we crossed: France where at Besancon we weer briefly with *Frances Clark Calder* (Mrs. Wm. A.) ('51), Switzerland which we greatly enjoyed, charming little Lichtenstein, easy-going Austria with its incomparable Vienna and through communist (?) Yugoslavia to Greece.

The Lord blessed us in numerous ways, not the least of which has been freedom from accidents and our generally good health. All of us had to experience intestinal upsets in the Middle East at least once. For this we were prepared. We were not prepared for the two minor operations in Greece and the major surgical procedure Mrs. Garber had to have in Beirut. Her surgeon's mother was *Marie Henderson Bickers* who attended Agnes Scott in 1893 and 1894. Even more trying for Mrs. Garber was a stubborn and complicated internal infection which drained her energy before it was discovered; getting over it kept her out of things for about ten weeks. Help received at Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem put her on her feet again, and the riot of color of wild flowers on the Galilean hills at Eastertime gave her renewed zeal for traveling. The caravan has taken us through narrow ways and difficult places as well as rolling down wide motorways without stumbling or difficulty. Even the boys' clothing has held up with few needed replacements. Truly we have been blessed.

Athens to Jerusalem

For September-October we were located in a pension in Athens where I worked in the library of the American School of Classical Studies, a splendid facility. During those months on short excursions, several camping trips and an Aegean cruise, we saw much of both classical and Christian Greece and her islands. On the cruise ship we enjoyed seeing *Josephine Douglass Smith* (Mrs. Alden H.) ('25) and her husband from Nashville, Tenn. From Athens we moved overland more than 3,000 miles to Jerusalem, steadily and slowly, camping for nearly six weeks of "Indian summer" as we explored the present

day byways which in New Testament times were the main population centers in today's northern Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan. At Istanbul we spent a weekend with *Knox Jones* (x-62) who is finishing a missionary-math. teacher term at the American Girls' School. We also saw *Betsy Boatwright* ('62) who is teaching at the school of which until recently Dr. Catherine S. Sims was head.

Christmas in Bethlehem

At the American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, Jordan, where we lived in the hostel, as at other places this year, I was able to introduce my family to places and people I had known on my previous two trips to Palestine. We were in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. Being on that particular night with shepherds and their flocks in fields outside Bethlehem and overlooking Jerusalem was an especially thrilling experience. Arab choirs sang familiar tunes with their own words. The Lord's Prayer was said in half a dozen languages. Under the brilliant stars the traditional words of scripture took on added meaning "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." The family of *Helen Salfiti Muna* ('58) was most kind to us; Helen who lives in Kuwait had her second child, a girl, in February. Before we left Jordan we had traveled from northern Taanach and Dothan to southern Petra and Aqaba (where "Lawrence of Arabia" was filmed).

Pope Paul made a history-making pilgrimage to Jordan and Israel the first of January. We observed the preparations made for him and for the Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox church. Before these dignitaries arrived, we were compelled by prior arrangements to proceed to Cairo where I was to work in the American University, the American Research Center and the Coptic Library. We had tried to "follow the sun" and were surprised by the penetrating, cold weather. We were really warm only during a southern Nile cruise from Aswan with its dam, to Abu Simbel, the much-discussed mortuary

temple of Ramses II, and back again to monumental Luxor. During that trip particularly, ancient Egyptian history and culture came alive for us. Later as we traveled across the Suez canal and the peninsula to Mt. Sinai and historic St. Catherine's monastery, then as we toured the Land of Goshen and, still later, the western Delta down to Alexandria, contemporary Egypt and its varied living conditions spoke significantly to us of life as it was known to Israel and the Jews in Egypt both under the Pharaohs and at later times.

When we came again to Jerusalem, Jordan, to resume touring in our own car, an unusual opportunity opened, to spend a day with archaeologists who were exploring the remote caves of Wadi Dalyeh. Here in one cave Samaritan scrolls of the fourth century B.C. were found with the food, dishes, clothing, and bones of people who escaped the attack of 333 B.C. by Alexander the Great on the city of Samaria only to be cornered and apparently suffocated by the fires the pursuing soldiers built in the mouth of the cave.

Holy Week in Galilee

When spring finally came, we were in Israel. I found much to do in the libraries of the Hebrew University and the Pontifical Biblical Institute, and also at the American Institute for Biblical Studies where our three boys had opportunity to learn pottery-mending by working on fifth century B.C. Persian-period sherds. Leslie and David spent two weeks helping with Dr. Yadin's exciting excavation of Massada, Herod's spectacular palace-fortress near the Dead Sea.

We spent Holy Week in Galilee. On the way we just missed *Miriam Inbar Rosenberg* (Spec. '57-'58) who lives in Holon, a suburb of Tel Aviv. James Smith, who with his wife *Betty Flanders* (x-'49) heads Baptist work in Nazareth, provided a memorable experience for us by inviting me to preach at the Easter sunrise service on the Sea of Galilee. The Smiths spent a recent furlough in Decatur. The service was held in the partially reconstructed synagogue of Capernaum.

(Continued on next page)



The Arch of Titus in the Roman Forum.



The Mount of Olives — Jerusalem.



The Garbers at the Acropolis in Athens.

A Letter from a Paul in Rome

(Continued)

naum which occupies the site of the place Jesus knew. The choir was led by a Presbyterian Korean layman. The setting and the scripture (John 21) gave the message. We spent Easter day along the shores of the lake, reading the scriptures, enraptured by the spell of the time and place. While in Galilee we went to the kibbutz Maayan Barch where *Evelyn Elkton* Bauman (x'46) lives. She has two children and uses her Hebrew name, Chava Banai.

Our journey to Rome was by ship from Haifa, stopping at Cyprus, Rhodes, and Athens, to Venice and thence *via* the "Romeo and Juliet" country (Padua and Verona) and St. Francis' Assisi. Rome has been called the "eternal" city at several periods in her history with consequently different meanings given to the word. By my study at the American Academy, the Waldensian Theological Faculty, and the Pontifical Biblical Institute, and by our sightseeing, details in our picture of ancient history have been added which are especially helpful to my studies of the significant share Rome played in the earliest history of the Christian movement. The far-reaching and positive contributions of the Second Vatican Council to interchurch relations have opened new possibilities for

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Paul Leslie Garber, professor of Bible, holds the B.A. degree from the College of Wooster, the B.D. and Th.M. degrees from Louisville Presbyterian Seminary, and the Ph.D. from Duke University. He has devoted years to research in Old Testament lands and constructed a model of Solomon's Temple which is unique. Now he has traveled and studied for fifteen months to steep himself in studies and sites of the New Testament world.



On David's seventeenth birthday, January 26, the Garbers were in upper Egypt and posed for this photograph at Abu Simbel.

work by a Bible student in Rome. We leave with the feeling of much being left yet undone, a feeling which, as a matter of fact, has been mine as we have taken our leave from each place where we have spent some time.

This letter-report has been made informal and brief. It could be expanded many-fold by anecdotes of amusing, exciting, irritating and embarrassing episodes. I wish I might tell of the American Protestant church people abroad who extended friendship and help when sometimes we greatly needed it, of academic folk in many lands to whose interest and concern an introduction as a "professor" is an effective key, and of Americans abroad whose attitudes and activities as we observed them

are far from what has been tagged "ugly." However I will add only this simple but deeply felt conviction. The time-honored academic scheme of sabbaticals for teachers is good for both teachers and schools. We have met high school teachers from New England, the Middle West, and California who were traveling for the year on full salary. I hope Agnes Scott may speedily come to the position President Alston hopes for when sabbatical opportunities can be made widely available to members of the Faculty whose dedication and teaching skills, it is acknowledged, have constituted a major factor in the honored academic status the College has attained, and which rightly has been recognized in this her 75th year.

Freshmen Follow in Mothers' Footsteps



LIKE MOTHER
USED TO DO



Susan and her roommate, Carol Thomas from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, unpacked in Inman dormitory.

Mary Louise (Mrs. Frank A. Philips) and Susan look much alike as these pictures prove.



Mary Louise Duffee graduated in 1944.



Susan registered at Agnes Scott in 1964.

IN the next few pages we follow Susan Duffee through her first days as an Agnes Scott student. Although many changes have been made since "Mother" came to college, Susan finds that the essentials have remained the same as she begins to make new friends, to explore new intellectual and spiritual paths, to become a part of all that is Agnes Scott.

The class of '68 is the largest in the history of the college. Of the 222 freshmen, 22 are daughters of alumnae. 16 are sisters of present students or alumnae. Twenty per cent were admitted on the Early Decision Plan. There are 3 National Merit Scholars and one General Motors Scholar in the class. One of the Merit Scholars is among the 121 Presidential Scholars in the nation.

(Continued on next page)



The delicious food in the dining hall was welcome after a long morning of orientation. Susan had lunch with Louise Lewis, a senior from Monroe, Georgia.

LIKE MOTHER USED TO DO *continued*

Vespers in the amphitheatre brought a busy day to a satisfying close.



After lunch, Susan stopped to share a laugh with a new friend.



Watson's Drugstore is a favorite place of students as Susan, Candy Hodges (1.) and Sarah Baykin (daughter of Sarah Lewis Baykin X-'40) saan learned.

Books and supplies all purchased, a tired and happy frsehman reads that first letter from home.



DEATHS

Faculty

Irene Leftwich Harris (Mrs. Robert Olin), instructor in music, September 4.

Institute

Carrie Brown, sister of Myrtice Sue Brown, October 10.

Love Haygood Donaldson (Mrs. Will), summer 1964.

Grace Hollis Lowrance (Mrs. Robert S.), mother of Isabel Lowrance Brooksher '34, and grandmother of D'Nenn Lowrance Moore '63, September 30.

Mary Patr, in July.

Teresa Somerville Price (Mrs. Relbue), May 22.

Academy

Mai Horine Carlock (Mrs. Floyd D.), sister of Laurence Horine Philippe, Academy, July 3.

Walter L. Haynie, husband of Eudora Campbell Haynie, March 14.

Frank Ford, husband of Amanda Taylor Ford, summer 1964.

Marguerite Minter Privett (Mrs. W. C.), spring 1964, in an automobile accident.

1907

Bessie Rea Walker (Mrs. George B.), May 21.

1914

Helen Louise Speer Miles (Mrs. George Holland), January 15, 1963.

Lidie Torrye Minter, spring 1964, in an automobile accident.

1915

Rundle Smith, husband of Cherry Barnes Smith, April 3, 1963, of a heart attack.

1917

Virginia Scott Puges (Mrs. James), April 28.

1920

Alice Cooper Bell (Mrs. Charles), sister of Cornelia Cooper '12, Laura Cooper Christopher '16, and Belle Cooper '18, in late August.

1921

Dr. Charles Morton Hanna, husband of Margaret Bell Hanna, June 7, of a heart attack.

1922

Alice Louise Travis Aiken (Mrs. William White), April 20.

1924

Marion Louise Hendrix Buchanan (Mrs. Thad M.), Sept. 5.

1925

Clyde Passmore Dyson (Mrs. John), May 3.

Louise Thomasson Taylor (Mrs. William C.), August 6.

1926

Mrs. D. A. Shaw, mother of Elizabeth Shaw McClamroch, Mamie Shaw Flack '27, and Jeanette Shaw Harp '31, in March.

1927

Mary Davis Johnson (Mrs. J. Fred, Jr.), in June.

1928

Captain John P. German, U.S.C.G., husband of Lilo Porcher German, June, 1963.

Dr. Jesse Cox Ellington, husband of Elizabeth Roark Ellington, October 8, 1963.

Charles H. Girardeau, brother of Louise Girardeau Cook, June 14.

Mr. E. H. Kulmon, brother of Hilda Kalmon Sloger and Kathryn Kalmon Nussbaum, in April.

Ruth Evans Masengill Wiley (Mrs. John Fain), July 17, following a brief illness.

1931

Caroline Jones Johnson's sixteen year old son, summer 1964.

Mary Winter Wright (Mrs. Charles P.), sister of Roberta Winter '27, June 5.

1936

Maxine Crisler Johnston (Mrs. Charles L.), August 8.

1943

Sara Burke Addison, daughter of Dorothy Holloran Addison, October 1.

1947

John Charles Cross, 2½ year old son of Jane Cooke Cross, June 12.

Dr. Herbert Newman, father of Alice Newman Johnson, spring 1964.

1950

Mr. and Mrs. James Mullen Goode, parents of Julia Goode, in an automobile accident, September 1964.

1952

J. Wright Brown, father of Barbara Brown Waddell and Judy Brown '56, September 30.

1962

Mrs. John W. Hughston, mother of Beth Hughston Carter, in September.

John Smith, brother of Margaret Annette Smith, in an automobile accident, July 22.

1963

Charles F. Abernethy, father of Nancy Faye Abernethy, in July.

1964

Linda Ann Griffin Smith (Mrs. Robert), September 28.

E. R. Hall, father of Virginia Mae Hall, in August.

W. Holt Wooddell, father of Jane Wooddell, in July.



Poet Archibald MacLeish, three times Pulitzer Prize winner, lectured at Agnes Scott this fall. Backstage after his address he talks with Jean Jarret (l), Blaine Garrison (c) and Lynn Maxwell.



Worthy Notes...

Renovations on Campus are Rampant

ONE SEPTEMBER MONDAY morn became suddenly bright for me when I received an envelope addressed to the Alumnae Office, postmarked Decatur, Georgia, containing a witty bit of verse—signed “Can’t sign my name!”

TOO MUCH SMILING?

Methinks there’s too much smiling on Alumnae Day at Agnes Scott.

Could it be they’re all pretending that things are as they’re not?

Can their houses really be so big, and hubby’s love so hot?

Or am I the only weebegotten fraud amongst the lot?

Of all the reams of words being printed today about the changing image of women, these do a better job of honest communication than most. As an editor, I must say that I regret the author’s anonymity, but here are my public thanks to her. Any replies or rebuttals from any of you? I’ll give you a quote from Pearl Buck to start you thinking. She says “Now is the time for all good men and women.”

This cheerful note started my new year on the campus. The summer was not only long and hot but also full of ambitious activity for us. The College renovated the Alumnae House from top to bottom, including the Alumnae Office. I have written before in these columns about the unexpected and often alien demands my work as director of alumnae affairs entails. Last summer I became a variety of instant interior decorator, and I now have fresh respect for the real, percolator, professional person in this field.

But having lived through and with the constant procession of carpenters, plumbers, painters, electricians, and all their helpers, I can rejoice in new quarters—even a new desk helps. (I’ll admit that when the carpenters came that first July day and applied a buzz saw to the floor under my old desk, I did run to the mountains for a week.) Also, I take great pleasure in announcing the appointment of two new members on my staff. Mrs. Milton Levy is managing the Alumnae House, and Mrs. Roger Gallion is secretary in the Alumnae Office.

So, we welcomed change and were, thankfully, ready to welcome the 76th session of Agnes Scott College which is bringing changes of a different sort as each new academic year inevitably does. This year the largest student

body in the College’s history is enrolled. There are 723 students including 222 freshmen of whom 10 per cent, or 22, are daughters of alumnae. (See granddaughter’s listing, p. 18, and picture story, pp. 13-15.)

There are over one hundred alumnae in the greater Atlanta area who are serving this year as “alumnae sponsors” for freshmen boarding students. With the help of Mollie Merrick ’57, assistant to the dean of students, we assigned two freshmen, roommates, to an alumna. The alumna came to the campus to meet their freshmen informally on Oct. 26, and since then have provided all kinds of splendid occasions for new students—a meal, perhaps a whole week end in the alumna’s home, a shopping expedition, or an opportunity to see and hear concerts, theater, and art exhibitions in Atlanta. Both freshmen and alumnae are responding splendidly to this new program, and I predict it will become a permanent part of the Alumnae Association’s efforts to invigorate relationships within the various groups of individuals comprising the college community.

Another effort is the program of continuing education for alumnae and their husbands provided by faculty members. This fall we are presenting three courses of lectures, and another series is planned for late winter. More than one hundred “students” are registered in the fall series. They have to choose among “Introduction to James Joyce,” given by Eleanor N. Hutchens ’40, associate professor of English; “The Cultural Background of Modern Turkey,” given by Catherine S. Sims, professor of history and political science; and “The Page and the Pick: a Practicum in the Contributions Archaeology Makes to Bible Study,” by Paul L. Garber, professor of Bible. The comment from alumnae about this series is not a criticism but a lament (the same kind I hear regarding the faculty lectures on Alumnae Week End), a cry of woe that one must choose rather than be involved in all three courses.

A new kind of involvement for students and faculty this year is the privilege of having two distinguished scholars on campus for an entire academic quarter. This fall, Theodore M. Greene is visiting professor of philosophy, and during the winter quarter George A. Buttrick will be visiting professor of Bible.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

*Library
Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Ga.*



Beautiful weather this fall has kept construction of the Charles F. Dana Fine Arts Building right on schedule. The new building will be finished in January.