

AGNES  
SCOTT

*Tribute to Dr. McCain • see page 2*

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY WINTER 1966



President Emeritus James Ross McCain  
1881-1965



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## CONTENTS

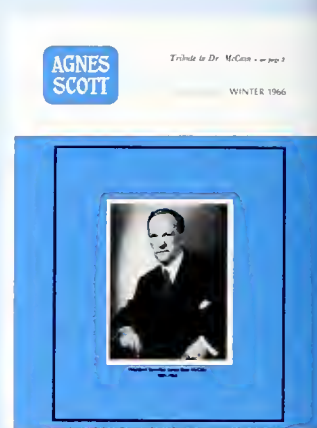
- 1 **Memorial Service to James Ross McCain: Prayer**  
C. Benton Kline, Jr.
- 2 **James Ross McCain: A Genuinely Dedicated Christian Gentleman**  
Wallace McPherson Alston
- 5 **A Rare and Select Spirit Walked With Us**  
Hal Smith
- 6 **'Nobody is Stagnating'**  
Evelyn Baty Landis
- 8 **Christianity in Kerala**  
Aley Thomas Philip
- 10 **Types of Intimidation**  
George Boas
- 13 **Class News**  
Margaret Dowe Cobb
- 25 **Worthy Notes**

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### COVERS

**Front Cover:** President Emeritus James Ross McCain

**Back Cover:** Mr. Alex Gaines (grandson of the first president of Agnes Scott), Dr. Alston and Dr. McCain at the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the College.

### PHOTO CREDITS

Page 3 by Tom Calloway. Page 5 by Thurston Hatcher. Page 6 by Leon Trice. Page 8 by Marion Crowe. Pages 14, 16, 19, 22 by Charles Pugh. Page 18 by Courier Journal and Louisville Times. Pages 7, 20 by Ken Patterson.

# *Memorial Service to James Ross McCain*

*Agnes Scott College*

*November 3, 1965*

## *Prayer*

*C. Benton Kline, Jr.*



ALMIGHTY GOD, our heavenly Father:

Who hast made the world and set men in it to live lives of creativity and service to Thee;

Who dost guide and direct the ways of men in the world and who dost number the days of every man;

Who hast sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to bring life and immortality to light through the Gospel;

We give Thee thanks for this institution, for its founders who dedicated it to Thee, for those who through the years have as officers, teachers, students, and workers shared in its life under Thy guidance and direction, and who have sought to serve Thee by serving Agnes Scott.

We thank Thee particularly for Thy servant, James Ross McCain, who for more than fifty years made this institution his life and his service to Thee. We thank Thee for his wisdom and foresight, his courage and resolution, his dedication to the cause of learning, his quiet, steady witness to Thy presence and direction in his own life, and his ever seeking Thy guidance for this college.

We thank Thee for his service beyond the campus in the cause of education, in constructive community endeavor, and in the work of the church in this community and around the world.

We thank Thee for his life as husband and father, for the radiant witness of his home, for his family. And we pray for them the comfort that comes from trust in Thee and the assurance of the reality of the unseen world where there is neither suffering nor sorrow.

Renew our own confidence in Jesus Christ who by His death destroyed the power of death, and by His resurrection opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Grant us assurance that because He lives we shall live also and that neither death nor life nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor anything in all creation shall be able to separate us from Thy love which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord.

Amen.

# A Genuinely Dedicated

By WALLACE McPHERSON ALSTON

I STOOD BY LAST SPRING as Dr. McCain at the age of eighty-four set out alone to make a journey around the world. The occasion for the trip was a request from the Board of World Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. that he study two mission colleges—one in Japan and one in Korea. He left us with no fear, but rather with anticipation, having prepared in his characteristic methodical and careful fashion for the experience that awaited him. There was work to be done for his Lord, and he was ready to answer the summons. Last Saturday evening I stood by again as my long-time friend set out on another journey—one for which he had made meticulous preparation and upon which he entered quietly and confidently. Once again, there was something required of him, and he was ready. God was good in that there was no lingering illness, little or no pain. Dr. McCain was at his desk in his home at the time of the heart attack, fully dressed, and with a son and daughter at his side. He died a little while later in the hospital that he had been largely instrumental in bringing to this community. His was a complete life. You won't misunderstand me when I say that the services Monday seemed to me more in the nature of a celebration than an occasion of mourning. There was thanksgiving and praise to God in it all. I am not underestimating the loss to his family, the church, the college, and the community. Outside of his immediate family circle, there are few people who will miss him as Mrs. Alston and I will. He has been our next-door neighbor for nearly eighteen years. I have known him since I was a small boy living across the street from him in the early years of his long service to Agnes Scott. His son, Martin, who died at the age of thirteen, was my close childhood friend. Our baseball diamond was the plot of ground on which Dr. McCain decided to build the President's House into which the Alstons moved in 1951. Our lives have been closely linked. He has been to me as much a part of the college environment as Main Tower! The impact of his life upon Agnes Scott

and upon those of us who have known him well deep and permanent.

James Ross McCain, son of John I. and Lula To McCain, was born near Covington, Tennessee, on April 9, 1881. His father was for many years professor of English at Erskine College in Due West, South Carolina. There most of his boyhood was spent. Much of the pre-college preparation was received in his home and with the help of his parents and other relatives. The young boy entered Erskine College at the age of fourteen, graduating with a straight A record when he received the B.A. and M.A. degrees. Then followed a law course at Mercer University where James Ross McCain received the LL.D. degree in 1901. He entered the law firm of Johnson and Nash in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where he practiced for two years. Trying to settle disputes over estates and wills was by no means satisfying to him. Dr. McCain, looking back upon this period in his career, said, "No one comes to a lawyer unless he is in trouble or planning to get someone else in trouble. I decided that teaching would be a more constructive life work."

From 1903 to 1905, James Ross McCain served as principal of the high school in Covington, Tennessee. Then came one of the important decisions of his early years. He was invited to Rome, Georgia, in 1905 to launch the now well-known Darlington School for Boys. The young man worked tirelessly, organizing the boarding school, raising money, teaching, and even coaching the football team. Dr. McCain once said that his career as a football coach came to an abrupt end when the McCallie School in Chattanooga sent a team to Rome and defeated his boys 69 to 0. After this defeat, an athletic director for Darlington was employed!

It was in 1906 that the young headmaster persuaded Miss Pauline Martin to be his wife. They had previously met when she was a junior at Erskine College for Women and he a law student at Mercer.

During the Darlington years, James Ross McCain



# Christian Gentleman



Dr. McCain

received an M.A. degree from the University of Chicago and a Ph.D. in history from Columbia University. Interspersing the work at Darlington with graduate studies, Dr. McCain remained in Rome until 1915 when President Frank H. Gaines and Mr. J. K. Orr, Chairman of the Board, persuaded Dr. McCain to accept the position of registrar and part-time teacher of economics at Agnes Scott College.

In 1919, Dr. McCain was made vice president of Agnes Scott and was placed in charge of the financial development of the college. Under his leadership, two grants from the General Education Board (one for \$175,000 and another for \$100,000) were matched in a highly successful campaign.

When Dr. F. H. Gaines died on April 14, 1923, Dr. McCain became the second president of Agnes Scott College. Dr. Gaines had laid a solid foundation. Dr. McCain in the years from 1923 to the date of his retirement in 1951 developed Agnes Scott remarkably, lifting it into the front rank of colleges for women in America. With courage, unselfishness, and clear-headedness, he did more than any one person to shape the character of the college. He was brought to the college to lead—and he led! How he enjoyed a financial campaign! Most college administrators endure them; Dr. McCain dearly loved them! During his administration, the permanent assets of the college, largely through a succession of financial campaigns, were increased from slightly less than \$900,000 to \$7,023,000. The academic and spiritual character of the college reflects the quality of Dr. McCain's lifelong purposes and convictions.

Let it never be forgotten that Dr. McCain set enviable standards in higher education, not only for Agnes Scott College but for the southern part of this country as well. He was regarded as a leader in education in the South. He, with men like Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt University and President Theodore Jack of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, fought the early battles for standards of excellence and academic freedom in

institutions of higher education. Dr. McCain received regional and national recognition for his leadership, serving as President of the Association of American Colleges, President of the Southern University Conference, Senator of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, and a Trustee of the General Education Board of New York. Honorary degrees were conferred on him by Erskine, Davidson, Emory, University of Chattanooga, and Tulane.

Dr. McCain's family has been and, indeed, continues to be a truly remarkable one. I wish each one of you might have known Mrs. McCain. She was an invalid for much of the time that I knew her. Though she seldom came to college events, she knew all about them and about the faculty and students—their names and their accomplishments. Dr. McCain's tenderness and thoughtfulness in dealing with her constitutes one of my most vivid impressions of their home. She, in turn, was a major source of his effectiveness. What a prayer life she led! She majored in the fine art of intercession as her contribution to Agnes Scott. As many of you know, three sons and three daughters, their wives and husbands, and 22 grandchildren constitute the immediate McCain family.

No distinction that ever came to Dr. McCain was more richly merited than his election in 1951 as Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. His service to his local church, to his denomination, and to the whole Body of Christ has been faithful, constructive, and sacrificial.

It would be impossible even to mention the innumerable channels through which Dr. McCain has served his community. I can not think of any important cause in Greater Atlanta or in the State of Georgia with which he has not been helpfully associated. I would not dare to appraise his contribution to the schools and colleges (Westminster, Darlington, Rabun Gap-Nacooche, Columbia Seminary, Erskine, and others); to the Protestant Radio and Television Center; to the DeKalb  
*(Continued on next page)*

## A Christian Gentleman (Continued)

General Hospital; nor to any one of a dozen other worthwhile enterprises.

When Dr. McCain retired as president of the college in 1951 and became our president emeritus, he entered upon a new phase of his service to Agnes Scott. Although relieved of administrative responsibilities, he continued as a member of our Board of Trustees, serving for the past fourteen years as chairman of the



Dr. McCain chats with students at a formal reception. Dr. McCain enjoyed his contacts with students in all levels of campus life, and he was a favorite guest at campus functions.

executive committee. *For fifty years he has given himself to Agnes Scott College.* The impact of his life upon this institution is simply incalculable.

If I were asked to select the most impressive qualities in Dr. McCain's character and in his service to this college, I think I would choose four:

*Self-discipline* was one of the secrets of Dr. McCain's effectiveness. His was one of the most orderly, habitual, regularized lives that I have known. If he was ever late for an engagement, I never heard of it. We went many places together, early and late. He was always ready and waiting, usually on his front porch, sometimes on mine. He had learned self-control, self-management, self-discipline; he was thereby enabled to focus his

enormous energies, even when past eighty, upon task to which he had given himself.

A second quality of Dr. McCain's life that will stand out in my remembrance of him was his *faithfulness to his commitments*. It mattered not what they were—whether the weekly round-robin letter to his family, Rotary attendance, some one-of-a-score of committee meetings that he scheduled almost every week of his later life, or some duty undertaken for the church or the college—Dr. McCain did what he had agreed to do. I have never known a person who surpassed him in this respect.

Another aspect of Dr. McCain's life that I have particularly valued was the *youthfulness and flexibility of his mind*. He had the ability to think, to face contemporary issues, even to change his mind. In the past fifteen years, he and I talked about every conceivable thing concerning the present and the future of the college. I have never seen him run for shelter in some shibboleth about "the good old days." His mind had a growing edge. I came to realize that he was probably as youthful, as receptive to change, and as realistic a person as any who serve on the Agnes Scott Board of Trustees.

The heart of the matter, when all else has been said, is that Dr. McCain was *a devout man, a genuine, dedicated Christian gentleman*. He doesn't make sense unless this is understood. God was real to him. His faith was quite simple and uncomplicated. It was Biblical to the core, with a strong Presbyterian accent. He believed it and tried with every power of his being to live it. How many times those of us who knew him have heard him close a prayer with a phrase that to him was no cliché but rather a summary of his faith: "in the all-prevailing name of Jesus." Dr. McCain made everything he faced, all that he did, a matter of prayer. When I came to Agnes Scott, I was shocked at first by the legend that it never rained on May Day or on one of the other days when Agnes Scott scheduled out-of-doors events, because Dr. McCain and the Almighty were working things out together. I once asked him about this. He didn't claim to have anything to do with the fact that we always had good weather on such occasions—but he didn't deny that he might have been in on it! He simply shrugged his shoulder in typical fashion, took a tug at his trousers, smiled, and answered: "Well, I think the Lord will do what He thinks is best."

A life of great consequence has been lived in our midst. This college has been the residuary legatee of wealth—the wealth of character, conviction, consecrated service, and faith. Let us thank God that we have been thus favored and blessed. Let us thank God and take courage for the days ahead!



# A Rare and Select Spirit Walked With Us

It is my privilege to pay tribute to one of the most remarkable men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing, Dr. James Ross McCain.

He had been a member of the Board of Trustees of Agnes Scott since 1923. After his retirement in 1951 as president of the college, he had served as chairman of its executive committee.

He shall be missed by many people in many areas of life, but none shall miss him more than we of the Board of Trustees. His loyalty, wise counsel and deep understanding could always be depended upon.

A short time ago he came by my office, and we discussed various matters relating to the college. I was impressed with the fact that, as always, he was looking ahead and planning ahead. He was not one to look backward—this was one of the elements of his greatness. In all the relationships and institutions of life he made a significant and permanent contribution. His sense of values both moral and material was unerring. His courage was steadfast under all of life's stresses, rains and emergencies. He answered every call of duty. He made this community and our lives richer by his presence. Few men's lives have been so valuable and counted for so much.

The imprint of his life was strong in the church he loved. He was one of its outstanding leaders.

In educational circles he had no peer. Agnes Scott, of course, was his first love; however, his broad interest in education is substantiated by the fact that he served on the Board of Trustees of Columbia Theological Seminary, Erskine College, Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School, The Westminster Schools, Darlington School, and as a member of the Board of Visitors of Davidson College.

The City of Decatur, DeKalb County and metropolitan Atlanta were close to his heart as evidenced by his interest and service in so many humanitarian activities. He had the full confidence of the business leaders. They trusted him and followed him. He was a strong man full of good works, led by the Hand of God.

He had a zest for life and lived it to the fullest, as



As a young man Dr. McCain came to Agnes Scott from Darlington School in Rome, Georgia, where he was Headmaster.

illustrated by his recent trip around the world. A short time ago he said, "My anticipation in making a trip around the world cannot compare with my excitement about my trip to Eternity." He often said, "The first fifteen minutes in Heaven will be the most exciting and glorious thing I can imagine."

Dr. McCain towered above his peers in a unique way. He towered above us because he had found the simplicity of faith "in the all prevailing name of Jesus Christ," which left him free to dedicate his life in service to others.

The memorial service held at the Decatur Presbyterian Church Monday left us all conscious that not many can measure up to his stature, but it left us with the determination to try harder to follow in the footsteps of the Master that he followed so well.

We thank our Heavenly Father that occasionally He sends a rare and choice spirit to walk the earth with strength of purpose and dedication, to inspire the lives of all. Such a man was our beloved Dr. McCain.



By EVALYN BATY LANDIS, Class of 1940

# 'Nobody Is Stagnating

ONCE I remarked to another member of the class of '40 how surprising it was that she and I could pick up our conversation after ten years or so just as if we had been seeing each other regularly. Her reply was, "It doesn't really matter if you are not together so long as you are growing in the same direction."

At our twenty-fifth reunion last spring, I thought of this remark. For there we were, more than half our class, finding that we still liked each other—or, in some cases, discovering that we liked people we had not known well in school. Why? Certainly the feeling was not just nostalgia, a desire to reminisce about the days of the *Gone With the Wind* premiere and the Martian "invasion." The answer, it seems to me, is still the same: we have been growing in the same direction.

Two things are significant here. First, we have been *growing*. (And not physically! Answers to a questionnaire revealed that most of us still wear the same size dress as in 1940.) But we have been growing as people. Some have full-time careers as teacher or pediatrician or bank teller or Red Cross director; some are volunteers in Scouts or church or League of Women Voters; some are pursuing hobbies of gardening or sailing or painting; some are studying for advanced degrees. Everybody has ideas about what to do with the years ahead: travel, most said, to Paris, to Greece, to the Orient, anywhere. Nobody is stagnating. Second, we have been growing in the same direction. Not that we all think alike, although we did find agreement on many subjects, but rather that we

have been growing toward maturity, toward realization of the best within us, toward fuller awareness of the world and our place in it.

Would we have been the same without Agnes Scott? I think not. For many of us it was the turning point in our development as people. For that reason many of us cherish the same kind of education and atmosphere for our daughters. We *know* how important those years are.

Most of the influences we felt have characterized the college since its beginning and are still significant; some, perhaps, were peculiar to our era. In the first place, we were expected to be ladies. One item on our questionnaire asked whether the alumna wears shorts to the grocery store. It sounds like a silly question, but the replies did reveal something special: that most of us are still very conscious of appearances, of dressing to fit the occasion. Even in this informal age, many of us find that we cannot go to town happily without the hat and gloves required once upon a time for Atlanta.

Being a lady was not just a matter of dress, of course. We were expected to practice social graces and to acquire appreciation of the "finer things." There were Wednesday night dinners, when we dressed formally, invited faculty members to sit at our tables, and had coffee afterwards in the Murphey Candler building. There was "Campus Code," published by Mortar Board the year we were seniors, to explain how to make introductions, how to answer invitations, how to conduct oneself at concerts and lectures ("follow the example of

more seasoned clappers, such as McCain in the chapel"). There were the college visitors invited to eat at student tables, presided over by juniors or seniors as hostesses. There were trips to Atlanta by streetcar (with all of us in long evening dresses) to hear a symphony or opera.

In the second place, we found a new sense of personal responsibility. I have sometimes tried in vain to explain to someone from another school how our Honor System worked, that we really did "turn ourselves in" when going into a hotel lobby unchaperoned! We agitated to change certain social rules, of course, but to *change* them not *break* them. The present generation wants drinking rules relaxed; we wanted a smoking room and permission to dance with men on the campus. Cheating was unthinkable, and we protested greatly when a student who inadvertently took an exam book out with her was not allowed to turn it in later.

Closely related to this sense of moral responsibility was the religious atmosphere on the campus. We represented all kinds of viewpoints: Jewish, Catholic, fundamentalist or freethinking Protestant, even agnostic. But we knew that the real concern was our relationship to God, our growth as decent human beings. We were not coerced or ridiculed; we were given the chance to grow and find our own answers, through Dr. McCain's Sunday School class for freshmen, through "morning watch" meditations led by different girls, through chapel programs designed to stimulate inquiry through mission work in the slums of Atlanta in cooperation with Columbian



**THE AUTHOR:** Evelyn Baty Landis graduated from Agnes Scott in 1940. She later worked at Emory University, then at Agnes Scott and Queens College. For the past few years she has been teaching at the Neuman School in Atlanta, and last year their annual was dedicated to her. She is the mother of three children, and this year she returned to private life.

did not accept enough of what was offered even so; but we studied and we questioned and we learned, in an atmosphere where intellectual curiosity was the accepted attitude. We think we were fortunate in being guided by such giants as Dr. McCain, Mr. Stukes, Miss Alexander, Miss Hale, Miss Laney, Miss MacDougall, Miss Torrance, Miss Phythian, Miss Jackson, Mr. Holt—the list is a long one, including some whom present students are privileged to know, such as Dr. Hayes, Dr. Robinson, Miss Leyburn.

These are the traditional Agnes Scott values, forming generations of other young women just as they molded us. But how was the class '40 different? I cannot accurately judge the spirit characteristic of other classes, but it does seem to me that ours was peculiarly attuned to civic responsibility and social problems. One '40 alumna says that Dr. Arthur Raper, professor of sociology, made the difference, that he released a spirit of concern for others that transformed even those not in his classes. His influence was undoubtedly tremendous. There were, however, other

forces at work: our relative poverty in that time of Depression (someone called us the poorest class ever to graduate from Agnes Scott); the war about to explode and make us re-examine our pacifist beliefs; an awareness of the world community, encouraged in us by such teachers as Dr. Davidson and Mrs. Sims; voices being raised in behalf of rights for Negroes—at one point I remember that we were preparing a petition to integrate seating on street cars. Whatever the reasons, we were, and are, a class of do-gooders, in the best sense of the word. We are more prosperous now, and sometimes, perhaps, more restrained in our opinions and activities, but essentially we are just older versions of the same enthusiastic young women who, learning about themselves and their world, wanted to *be* something and *do* something.

Agnes Scott then was not just a pleasant place to spend four years. It was a source of abiding friendship, of a sense of beauty, of personal morality and faith, of intellectual attainment and promise, and finally of commitment to life. All of this sounds sentimental, I know, and perhaps a little smug, for it is difficult to pay tribute to a strong force in one's life without implying satisfaction with the result. Nor do I pretend that I speak for all alumnae, for there naturally were those who found the academic standards too high, or the social regulations unduly restrictive, or the moral idealism unrealistic. I do believe, strongly, however, that this college of ours has had a large part in making us what we are: not finished products, proud of our achievements, but growing individuals, seeking and working to find the answer for successful living.

Two other alumnae members of the class of 1940 have expressed well our feeling of debt to Agnes Scott. One said, "Agnes Scott has tempered us and left us well qualified to meet other tests." The other said, "The Agnes Scott experience with its special atmosphere, its exposure to ideas, study, fine relations and friendships with both faculty and students, was for me the best thing that could have happened at that time. It is particularly rewarding to me to know that the college is forging ahead, abreast of the times, and extending this experience to more and more."

minary. As alumnae we are still diversified in belief and practice but we are also still concerned with eternal values.

Another emphasis, so much a part of the Agnes Scott tradition that it sometimes overshadows everything else in the minds of outsiders, is academic excellence. Perhaps that 1940 curriculum looks narrow to the present student, and some of us realize that we





Librarian Edna Hanley Byers welcomes Aley Thomas Philip to Agnes Scott.

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR:** Mrs. Philip is a visiting scholar in political science the fall quarter at Agnes Scott College in the U. S.—India Woman's College Exchange Program. She also taught a continuing education course for adults on Modern India. This quarter she is teaching at Queen's College.

*Agnes Scott's  
first Indian  
exchange profes-  
sors  
enlightens us on*

**I** COME from Kerala and it is indeed a far cry from Decatur. In Georgia it is one of the southern states in India. It is a place of wonderful scenic beauty, with hills, alleys and rivers. We've thick green vegetation as if a green carpet had been spread all over the place. We have tall coconut palms that sway in the winds. We have extensive plots of paddy fields that undulate in the wind. Kerala is at the very tip of India, washed by the waters of the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. Yet I must admit that Kerala is politically a problem state. It has the highest percentage of literacy, and unemployment, the lowest percentage of industrialization, and the smallest area. Thus with so many highs and lows Kerala is indeed an enigma.

Whenever you think of India you think of her as a Hindu state. You are right because the vast majority of them is Hindu. But India is a secular state and thus gives religious freedom to people of all religious denominations—only a small percentage—5% of the total population is Christian and of that 3% lives in Kerala. If you take the population of Kerala 1/3 the population is Christian. In education, industry, and political life the Christian community is indeed an enterprising community in Kerala, unlike Christians elsewhere in India.

I do not belong to any of the churches that exist in America. I belong to an essentially indigenous



# Christianity in Kerala

by ALEY THOMAS PHILIP

Church in Kerala—to one of the oldest Christian communities of the world. I call myself a Syrian Christian and hence I have been free from all Western missionary influences. What does the term Syrian Christian signify?

It is commonly held that Christianity in India is an importation from the West. This is understandable because at various times during the long and checkered history of India, parts of it came under the domination of the Portuguese, the French, the Dutch, and finally the whole of it, under the British. All these Western powers were Christian powers and conversion was the concomitant of foreign domination. Thus in India Christianity has been identified as an exotic Western product from Portugal, Holland, or England. But 1500 years before these Western powers ever came to India Christianity had taken deep roots in Kerala.

After Christ's death in 31 A.D., His Disciples went in various directions preaching the Gospel. They cast lots among themselves as to where each should go—and to Thomas—the doubting Thomas fell the lot to go to India. Peter went to Rome. St. Thomas came to India with some Greek traders who had trade relations with South India. He landed on the western coast of Kerala in 52 A.D. and founded 7 churches there and converted a number of high-caste Hindus he found there. He journeyed throughout Kerala, converting many; he went across to the eastern side.

He went out to Madras and there he was martyred in 68 A.D. He was buried in Madras in St. Thomas Cathedral. In 1952, we celebrated the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the founding of our church.

During the first few centuries after the death of St. Thomas, the Christians of Kerala enjoyed a long period of peace and quietude during which they increased in number. The Christians were regarded among the noble races of Kerala. The 7 churches founded by St. Thomas were cared for by the Nestorian Church of Babylon—and our bishop and clergy came to be ordained by the Patriarch of Babylon, and hence we call ourselves Syrian Christians. Another reason why we call ourselves Syrian Christians is that several Christian immigrants from Syria came and settled in Kerala for purposes of trade and intermarried with the native Christians. But the real reason for the term Syrian Christian is that our liturgy is Syrian. Syriac is a dialect of Aramiac, the language of Jesus Christ and His Disciples, and became the language of the Church at Babylon and hence of the Church of Kerala. In recent times we've translated a great deal of the Syrian liturgy into our own mother tongue—Malayalam.

When the Portuguese conquered parts of India in 1542, they tried to break the connections between the Syrian Christians and the Patriarch of Babylon and make them acknowledge the authority of the Pope in Rome.

The Syrian Christians were unwilling to give up a tradition that they had from the 1st century A.D. They gloried in its antiquity and refused to acknowledge the Pope—at least, the majority of them refused. By 1653, the Portuguese backed up by political and military power in India, arrested a bishop sent from Babylon, prevented him from landing in India, and when he did, sent him to the Court of Inquisition in Goa. When the Syrian Christians heard of it they were angry and decided to resist the Portuguese. They gathered at a place and erected a large wooden cross. Every one took an oath, touching the cross, that they would have nothing to do with the Portuguese bishops. Their number was so great that all of them could not touch the cross and take the oath. So they connected themselves to the cross by long ropes. The cross actually bent under the pull and the place is still known as the place of the "Bent Cross." That marked the final split between the Roman Catholics who acknowledged Portuguese bishops and the Syrian Christians who refused to. Thus I belong to the Syrian Christian Church and this very nominally owes allegiance to the Patriarch at Babylon. Apart from that, it is free from all outside control. Many of our customs are like those of the Hindus. I wear on a gold chain around my neck a small pendant in the form of a paddy with a cross on top of it. It is a symbol of the Syrian Christian marriage.



# Types of Intimidation

THERE IS no doubt about it: people like to be scared.

The fairy tales we read as children were full of ogres, witches, blood-thirsty giants, changelings, people turned into beasts by the spells of magicians. And when there was nothing inherently horrible to frighten us, we read about *The Man Who Could Not Shiver and Shake*—and never stopped to ask why he should want to. As we grew up, we read the gruesome tales of Edgar Allan Poe and were told that they were great masterpieces of romantic imagination. And in college we learned that the whole thing was a literary tradition going back to the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, the stories of martyrdom and battle in the Middle Ages, the Gothick Novel, that whole series of crime and detective stories in which the murder committed in the first chapter is not solved until the last, with the result that one is supposed to be on pins and needles until the book is ended. I don't imagine that I need mention the contemporary novel of horror in which a half-ruined *ante bellum* mansion in Mississippi replaces the ruined castles of Ann Radcliffe, and idiots, perverts, and generally ineffectual fellows become the heroes.

This was all very well, so long as it was confined to fiction. When one's life is sunny and happy, it is good to sit in the shade and mope; and the tales of gloom and horror provided a thick shelter from the joy of life. But one can take just about so much. The worm who is turning in these pages revolted when he was giving a course in the History of Philosophy and found that—of all the philosophers whose doctrines he was trying to expound—Schopenhauer was the one who appealed the most strongly to his class. That we are dominated by the Will to Live, and that it is inherently evil, seemed to most of the young hopeless to be a real revelation.

But, since reflection is my trade, I began to think a bit more deeply than was economically necessary. I woke up to the fact that if one took seriously the works of the Intelligentsia, Schopenhauer was right. The only way of not being scared to death was by not reading anything other than the sporting pages of the daily

papers. There might be defeat in that form of literature but there was seldom tragedy.

I KNEW A MAN ONCE who always urged me to take what he called the point of view of Sirius, which (everyone knows, but I'll tell you nevertheless) is somewhat distant star. From the point of view of Sirius nothing that happens on Earth is of much importance. One would think of this Earth as a minor planet turning about a minor sun in a minor solar system of one of the lesser galaxies.

If you elaborate on this theme in a throaty tremolo you become pretty depressing. At least it depressed me to hear an organ voice telling me that human life from the cosmic point of view, was of less importance than that of a mosquito. All my loves and hates, my family, my birthplace, my country: nothing counted at least from the point of view of Canis Major. That no doubt was true enough, but I was not living on that burning star, eight and a half light years away from Providence, R. I., and from my professor of mathematics, who refused to assume this astronomical attitude. Furthermore (it occurred to me in one of those rare moments of enlightenment that punctuated my youth), though no one was living on Sirius, yet if there had been someone there, maybe he would have been told to take the point of view of Earth. If a Sirius undergraduate was about to flunk mathematics, could he go to his professor and tell him that if he would only take the point of view of Earth, he would see that it was unimportant whether he passed his incompetent students or not? I was only too willing to admit the relativity of values, but to say that something is unimportant in a situation in which it doesn't exist is no more than saying that earthworms don't care for Michelangelo. My problems were down here on Earth and, though they might not be problems in the starry heavens, they were real enough in relation to human society. For that matter, they concerned no one except those unfortunate members of my family who were paying my tuition. But that didn't lessen their sting.

Astronomical intimidation is the most respectable. It has a kind of Pascalian grandeur about it. It is a throwback to Seneca and his Stoic predecessors. But

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## GEORGE BOAS

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR:** Dr. Boas received degrees from Brown, Harvard, and California, and is professor emeritus of philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University. This is the second of a series of Dr. Boas' articles published by the *Quarterly*. He was Agnes Scott's Honor's Day speaker last fall.

Sometimes people descend from the skies and turn to biology for their arguments. Man, they then say, is one of the primates, a fancy kind of ape which conceals his simian ancestry by his smooth skin and vestigial tail. He can best be understood when one sees that all his hopes and aspirations can be translated into animal drives, pre-eminently sex and hunger. In the Nineteenth Century writers resorted to that lowly art of polemical tricks, the philosophic pun. Playing on the word "fitness," they argued that the weak were obviously unfit to survive and therefore should be thrown to the wall. Away, they said, with those who cannot hold their own in the struggle for existence. We must become a race of He-Men, battling our way to success, with bulging muscles and prognathous jaws.

I was never much of a Tarzan, myself, and that may account for a certain skepticism that this ploy aroused in me. It was delightfully gloomy, no question about that. But the hairy apes on the campus just didn't seem to me to be so fit to survive as we weaker but more entertaining types did. And finally I realized that there was a struggle for existence going on, as we were told, all exhortation to join in was futile. And then, of course, I read Kropotkin and decided that cooperation was often more useful than muscles.

Worse than either astronomical or biological intimidation is historical. There may well be some laws of history, but I think I am on safe ground in saying that so far they have not been generally accepted. Men like Herodotus, Spengler, and Toynbee are certainly ingenious speculators, and they have set up ingenious models that have appealed to the general public. The great appeal of Spengler was that he gave us no hope whatsoever. The West was doomed. For its culture, like all others, was turning into a civilization, creation turning into routine, and sooner or later what had started out as a vigorous, youthful society would become senile and moribund, and then just lie down and die.

This was a law, and we might as well recognize it. Historical laws laid down declines and falls, the westward or the northward course of empire, the search for *Lebensraum*, the inevitable spread of democracy (pro-ulgated by the president of the American Historical

Association as late as 1925), the ultimate triumph of the good—undefined—or the emergence of a classless society. Some of these laws were fairly good descriptions of what had happened up to the time of their publication, but as prophecy they were all failures. It is as if human beings were so cursed that they refused to obey the laws of their own development. As soon as a historical law was voted and signed, people started in to violate it—just as they do with statutes.

If I am right in thinking that these historical laws cannot serve for prediction, there must be something in the human condition that prevents it. There is no question in my own mind that some generalizations about human beings are possible. But we have also found out that there are certain individual traits, both physiological and psychological, that induce disorder in every community. I refer to nothing more recalcitrant than the antithetical traits of submissiveness and recalcitrancy. We shall someday know why people differ in their willingness to submit to law; the reason may lie, for all I know, in their endocrine physiology. But that they do differ, no one would deny. Furthermore, no one would deny that recalcitrants exist in all societies, even in religious orders and the armed services. One has only to hear of a law in order to want to disobey it. And the possibilities of getting away with disobedience need not be minimized.

The diversities in human nature which are of interest here are those that bring about conflicts. Though the majority of people form a statistical whole, the behavior which can be described in general propositions, the minority is always there—and we have learned that an organized minority can always have its way over a loose majority.

But even here the organization must exist for some purpose or other, even though the purpose be stupid. It may be merely the perpetuation of a slogan, like *The Wave of the Future*. If the future is something inevitable, bound to come, one is supposed to give in and accept one's fate. But why give in? Why not put off the evil as long as possible? It is inevitable that we all die, some time or other. Should we therefore slit our throats to help the processes of history? Why not  
(Continued on next page)



# Types of Intimidation *(Continued)*

argue that since the sun will inevitably set, one might as well pull down the blinds and live in darkness?

MORE POPULAR THAN HISTORICAL LAW is Old Man Economics, as we used to call it in my youth. A hundred years ago, writers like Herbert Spencer were saying that Evolution would take care of everything. Now it is no longer evolution, but economic determinism. If this simply means that people would rather be rich than poor, we can all join hands in happy unison. But that is too superficial an interpretation of economic determinism. You must bring in unconscious motivations to make it profound, for to say that we don't know what we are doing (though probably true in too many cases) always seems deeper than to speak of a conscious program as a real one.

Only a man who was young when this theory first hit the classrooms can feel its sting. If you saw education, politics, international relations, and even the arts and sciences as the victims of the moneymaking classes, what was the good of fooling yourself that truth, beauty, and goodness could be pursued in a disinterested fashion? Those of us who volunteered for service in the first World War might have thought we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy; we were really, the theory told us later, fighting to make it safe for U. S. Steel. Those of us who were teaching school in the hope that education would make students more intelligent were really, we were informed, teaching them to stuff the pockets of the trustees and their hidden bosses in industry and finance. There was nothing we could do about it, except of course gloat over our impotence and have another drink.

But (there is always a *but*) the economic determinist went right on writing his books, preaching his doctrines, haranguing his audiences, just like any other man who has an idea he wants to propagate. I have not noticed that even the Soviet leaders have been willing to rely entirely on the ultimate victory of the proletariat, as promised by the laws of dialectical materialism, without benefit of propaganda. Usually we don't cheer the Law of Falling Bodies to make it work better, nor do we urge our fellows to climb on the bandwagon of the Binomial Theorem. One can be open-minded when an outcome is inevitable. Could it be that the economic determinists suspect that human beings act differently from physical objects?

THE LAWS OF HISTORY and of economics are accompanied sometimes by the laws of sociology. And

these are supplemented by those of biochemistry, genetics, and psychodynamics. Listening to them be expounded, we sit covered with gooseflesh as we read our utter incompetence to do anything but shiver. It would, however, be boring to take up each type in detail.

I shall end on a brief consideration of what one might call general determinism. The spokesman of this type of philosophy maintains that everything that happens is caused, and that causation follows a general pattern which is never broken. Therefore we human beings are in the fell clutch of circumstance, with an army of inexorable law guarding us—and woe to the man who pretends that he can break out of whatever this mixed metaphor symbolizes.

There is something fishy about all this. The general determinist is willing to admit that each cause contributes something to the future. He is willing to say that antibiotics will kill pneumococci, that nitrogen will aid the growth of plants, that a glass of water will quench thirst. Every physical object, every complex of physical objects, is allowed a share in shaping the future. The only exception is, oddly enough, human beings. If, however, determinism is really general, how can we explain this glaring exception? Why is it that of all things in the cosmos this one group should be utterly ineffectual?

Moreover, no cause operates in a vacuum. Things occur in contexts. And everything that enters into a causal situation modifies its outcome. Hence if human beings are involved in changes of any kind, their presence must make a difference to what is going on. An axe will cut down a tree only if wielded by a man. And there are, as it happens, different types of man, in some of whose hands the axe will not cut down the tree. Men are anatomically and physiologically different from one another. They vary in their sensitivity to drugs, to heat and cold, to other human beings, to works of art, to education, to every imaginable influence. How can one believe that, with all this, they contribute nothing whatsoever to the events of which they are a part?

TO POINT to such details of thinking is to rob men of the pleasure they can take in despair. Despair is a great help to the incompetent, for it excuses their inaction. Fortunately it is also the end of the road. It may be that when the hucksters of despondency have sunned their wares for a certain time, someone like the child in *The Emperor's Clothes* will see the nakedness of their philosophy.





# Worthy Notes...

THE REVEREND CHARLES R. MCCAIN, one of Dr. James Ross McCain's sons, wrote Marybeth Little Weston '48 as president of the Alumnae Association to thank her for expressions of sympathy upon the occasion of Dr. McCain's death last fall. Marybeth asked that we share the letter with alumnae.

Dear Mrs. Weston:

Please let me express to you for the family our deep appreciation for your telegram at our father's death.

In his will Father stated that he thought Agnes Scott College to be the best investment one could make of time and money. He himself devoted most of his life to the College. He was very proud of the College and its progress, but always felt that its greatest asset was its students and alumnae and the influence of their lives in the world. This was the thing that made him feel Christian education was so worthwhile.

He was not always able to keep up with the alumnae as well as he would have liked in recent years, but it was always amazing to us that he kept so up-to-date with so many.

We have many things for which to be grateful at this time, but we have all been especially helped and strengthened by the many expressions of sympathy and understanding from alumnae. We wish it were possible to express a personal word of appreciation to each one and hope that some way, through alumnae channels, you might do this for us.

With best wishes to you,

Sincerely,

Charles R. McCain

Allow me to select Charles McCain's phrase "its greatest asset was its students and alumnae" to use as a preface to an announcement of the establishment of the James Ross McCain Lectureship Fund.

It all began with students. Before Christmas several students discussed among themselves a memorial for Dr. McCain (I hear that, seeking to discover campus needs, they had suggestions of everything from repainting the late parlors in Main to erecting a chapel.) One of the students, Mary Brown, daughter of Mardia Hopper Brown '42, a senior, president of Christian Association and member of Mortar Board, took the suggestions to Representative Council (the student "congress"), to President Alston, and to the Alumnae Association.

Uppermost in student thinking about a memorial was

something which would in all the years to come make Dr. McCain's memory an integral part of the lives of students at Agnes Scott. The income from the McCain Lectureship Fund will "provide a lecture or series of lectures on some aspect of the liberal arts and sciences with reference to the religious dimensions of human life." Thus will be linked the two concerns which imbued Dr. McCain's life, providing education for women that was "the finest in the land" and an essentially strong but simple Christian faith.

It is both fitting and humbling to know that the initiative for the McCain Lectureship came from students—fitting because Dr. McCain believed so implicitly in starting any fund-raising effort on campus, and humbling because the "older" members of the Agnes Scott community, alumnae, faculty, administration, trustees are, once again, grateful to student leadership.

With this impetus from students, the College is now planning to offer all members of the college community, plus persons outside the college family who were close to Dr. McCain, an invitation to help establish the Lectureship Fund. Alumnae will receive notice about this soon, and we trust that by the time of Dr. McCain's birthday, April 9, the firm foundation for the Lectureship will be secured.

From this time forward, I believe that Founder's Day at Agnes Scott will remind us of Dr. McCain. It does as I write these words, and makes me know that we shall stop for a moment this time of year for the rest of our lives to offer individual prayers of praise and thanksgiving for the life of that great man with whom we were privileged to walk during our college years. This kind of memorial will continue in the hearts of countless alumnae.

Founder's Day on campus will be marked by a special convocation on the liberal arts, with Dean Judson C. Ward of Emory University as speaker. After Dr. Ward's address, members of local alumnae clubs will hear a student panel discuss various aspects of current student life.

Mark your calendars for Sunday afternoon, March 6, when four Agnes Scott students will appear on national television. The program is General Electric's "College Bowl," shown on NBC-TV at 5:30 p.m. (EST). Eleanor N. Hutchens '40, associate professor of English, is coaching our team. Gather your alumnae neighbors on March 6 and let's have the fun of rooting for Agnes Scott!

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

*Mrs Edna Hanley Byers*

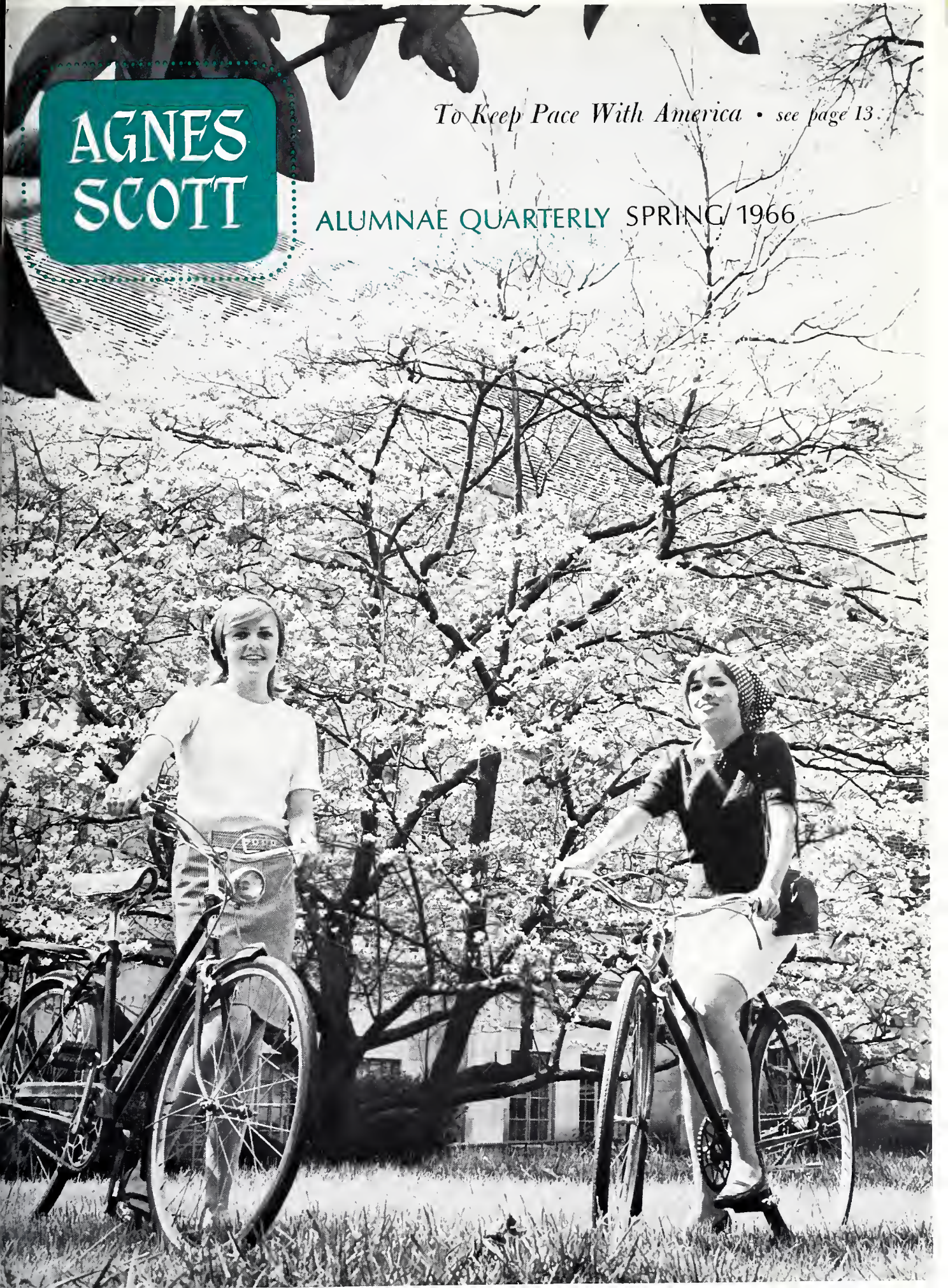




AGNES  
SCOTT

*To Keep Pace With America • see page 13.*

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SPRING/1966







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SPRING 1966

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CONTENTS

- 2 Warren Exhibits Recent Work
- 4 On Doing Something Shocking  
John A. Tumblin, Jr.
- 7 Class News  
Margaret Dowe Cobb
- 13 To Keep Pace with America  
Editorial Projects for Education, Inc.
- 41 Worthy Notes

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Ann Worthy Johnson '38, Editor  
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COVERS

Spring at Agnes Scott means among other things dogwood and bicycles. L., Karen Stiefelmeyer '66, Cullman, Ala. R., Jo Ann Morris '66, Coral Gables, Fla.

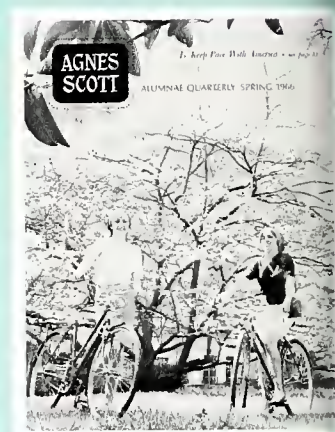


PHOTO CREDITS

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## Ellen Douglass Leyburn '27

1907-1966

*Miss Leyburn, professor of English and head of the department, died on March 20, after years of her unbelievably heroic battle with serious illness. The integrity of her life is reflected in the lives of many alumnae—she never wavered in demanding, quite simply, the best. A faculty colleague says: "Miss Leyburn always managed to make something other than excellence in college matters be the issue; she made us expect excellence as a given."*



City at Night

# Ferdinand Warre



Table Top



Nautical Theme



Top: Jet Flight (Oil)

Bottom: North Georgia (Water Color)



The range of Mr. Warren's talent is remarkable. Working in various media and various moods, he turns from creating an almost classic still-life to painting in contemporary idiom the impact that the great, burgeoning city of Atlanta makes on him. Agnes Scott is fortunate indeed to have him as chairman of the art department.

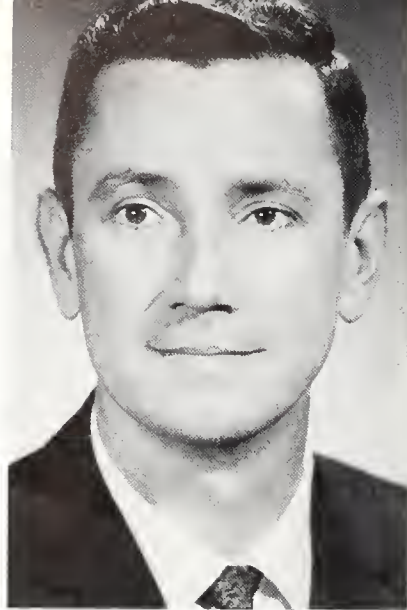
## Exhibits His Recent Work



Don Quixote



Poppies



## On Doing Some

SIX years ago a Spelman student characterized Agnes Scott College as "a hotbed of apathy" in a talk she made here. This was during the time when the state of Georgia was skirting dangerously close to wrecking its public school system over the question of desegregation. It was also just before the Tumblins moved here from Brazil, and when we read the article in what was then the Agnes Scott News, we were horrified. We were relieved to find upon arrival here that it wasn't so, and it certainly is not true today. This afternoon many of you are going out to demonstrate in favor of "our commitment in Viet Nam." Bully for you! In the last three weeks two of you wrote intelligent protests against loose thinking during your preparation for today's demonstration. Bully for them and those they represent, too! We welcome controversy and concern in this place. It is part of the stuff out of which we build new ideas and revamp old ones and keep "growing points," as Barbara Ward expressed it here the other day, on the tips of the branches of our existence.

But openness to the new, the different, the out-of-the-ordinary is only maintained by doing, by planning to determine how, and by some effort to "keep in practice." If we sit back, we are quite likely to settle into routines which solve current needs, ignore alternative solutions, become ritualized, and eventually become endowed with the weighted definitions of "proper," "holy," and "the only reasonable way."

I believe that you Sophomores are in the midst of a healthy climate. Exposed to the stimulus of conflicting ideas, active in groups on and off campus which are testing many of these ideas in real-life behavior, you are making decisions about college, courtship, career with a degree of aplomb which you certainly did not show during those maddening months in the

winter of last year. Maybe your posture has been propped up for your parents, but you don't look like you are suffering from Sophomore Slump to me! At eight-thirty on a Monday morning once in awhile, you may look tired and a bit worn around edges, but you still look perfectly capable of fighting like well-mannered banshees for or against anything in which you believe. Furthermore, I'll go out on a limb and insist that in spite of those transcripts to Carolina and F.S.U., I will be seeing most of you, grinning half-apologetically, right back here next fall.

So it is not so much your Sophomore year that concerns me just now, but your Senior one and the year after that. What will the "Popeye" class be like after the sailor hat is replaced by the mortarboard?

By the end of the Christmas holidays, or at least by Saint Valentine's Day, about a third of you will have diamond rings on the left hand and be well on the way toward getting married no later than Saturday, June 30, 1968. Most of the remainder will be moping around, searching for reassurances that there really isn't anything basically wrong with you . . . and there won't be. This is terrible! About one-sixth will be preparing to enter graduate school in the fall, and a third or more will start teaching runny-nosed little kids in one of the better-paying school systems, preferably near a large city where you can get another alumna to share the costs of an apartment. How horrible! A handful will try being secretaries for awhile. Later, you will moan and groan when a little blonde thing who barely made it through high school and a messy business college is promoted ahead of you because she can take shorthand and type mindlessly at one hundred and twenty words per minute. How dull! To crown it all, I

am afraid most of you will buy a car and for the next twenty-eight months that assortment of chrome, paint and bolts will so tie you to job, budget and the boundaries of one state that you will begin to wonder if the thing belongs to you or if you belong to the thing.

It's not that I object to love, wedding bells, respectable jobs and new automobiles. I could wish each and all of these for any of you. It's just that acquiring these has become so patterned, predictable, and ritualized that I'm afraid the whole bit will wound and hurt some among you whom I like the most and for whom I would wish the best.

When that Senior year comes around, if you *really* want to get married, buy a ranch-style house, drive a new car, take a conventional job go ahead, and God bless you. It's respectable, patriotic, and good for the U. S. economy. But if you aren't sure you want to do these things right away or if you don't have a chance to, let me make a suggestion. Do something shocking.

By "doing something shocking" obviously don't mean just becoming a A-go-go Dancer, seducing the Dean of a college, or telling the Internal Revenue Bureau that your Uncle Herman has still another source of income. I mean daring, deliberately, for reasons that are clear to you, to expose yourself to a threatening and somewhat dangerous experience of cultural shock before you settle down to duplicate most of the behavior patterns of your peers.

Culture shock is an experience familiar to those who suddenly have found themselves in a totally different environment, where the common signs, symbols, and values that govern social interaction no longer apply. All of you have had this experience to a degree leaving a comfortable home, the



# g Shocking

By JOHN A. TUMBLIN, JR.

arning to get along in a nursery school, and then finding the rules don't apply in the first grade. Or, you may have made it all the way to class president and Beta Club in a co-ed high school, then found yourself competing

Agnes Scott with scores of Beta Clubbers who were also Valedictorians, and who always looked so poised while you anguished over that miserable Freshman English paper Miss Hutchens had just handed back to you. In a different area, perhaps you new for sure you could handle any fresh boy in the world after dealing with Joe Smith back home, then found that the techniques just didn't work with a fraternity-full of Rho Rho's who were already well into their fourth cans of Milwaukee's finest.

These experiences with mild culture shock were helpful, I'll grant you, in learning to get along with white, Anglo-Saxon, middle-class Protestants of the South. But their very effectiveness may have immunized and narcotized you as well, so that our segment of current behavior patterns in America has become for you understandable, right, proper, and "the way things are." Even a summer trip abroad, or three months of work in a New York black ghetto is measured by the norms of this level of American society and is of only limited value in gaining as different a perspective of yourself and of human behavior as you might well profit from having.

**About the Author:** This article is edited from an address Dr. Tumblyn made at Sophomore Parent's Week-End. Born in Brazil, John Tumblyn holds a bachelor's degree from Wake Forest College, and the master's and Ph.D. degrees from Duke University. He has taught at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Duke University, two colleges in Brazil, and is now Chairman of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Agnes Scott.

For some of you, then, I would urge exposure to the experience every professional anthropologist must have as part of his training, the experience of living for at least a year among people whose language you must learn, whose customs make no sense at first, whose values are predicted on different premises, whose facial expressions, tones of voice, overt and covert gestures, clothing, smells, and foods are alien. Only after you have experienced the pattern there, and seen that it makes sense, can you fully appreciate that any set of ways of coping with life is mainly relative. And, having genuinely experienced and understood cultural relativity, then come home to weigh, to judge, to assess alternative behaviors more objectively.

The experience I am urging for some of you will be a miserable one in a number of ways and a wonderfully exciting one in others. What can you expect from it?

You will go through several stages in the experience, stages which may be seen as analogous to the etiology of a disease. (Thanks to Kalervo Oberg for this analogy.) In Stage One everything will be wonderful, fascinating, and fulfilling. This stage may last from a few days to a few months. The country to which you go will seem much more "advanced" than you had expected it to be, the people more "interesting" and intelligent, and you will be amazed that neither they nor previous carriers of American ways have seen how to apply some straightforward "know-how" to the solution of a dozen problems that are right there before your eyes. You will wish you could rush home for a few days and explain to the folks here how distorted have been the newspaper accounts, the television reports, the white papers about that country. You can come back at this point, your suitcases loaded with color slides and

curios. Half the civic clubs in town and two-thirds of the women's missionary groups will invite you to speak, hear you eagerly, and nod grey heads in agreement with what you say. But if you want culture shock, you won't have had it yet. Stick around.

You won't recognize it when it comes, nor will you know when you enter Stage Two of your experience abroad. Others, however, will notice that you are beginning to be irritable more often, to wash your hands every time you touch something "native," to stare blankly into a distant corner of the room, to complain of being cheated on the bus or in the market, to want always to be accompanied by an American whenever you go out. From your standpoint it will just seem as if there are more noisy people, smelly places, purposeless delays, senseless regulations, than any *intelligent* group of people could ever have dreamed of inventing, much less enduring. Conditions there will never change, you'll say, so why should you change to fit the miserable conditions? You will long for a radio or T.V. station which airs familiar music and short commercials, as you lunge at the "off" button on a set from which two men and a woman try to shout each other down during five minutes of commercials about mispronounced Colgate, mispronounced R.C.A. Victor, and mispronounced Coca-Cola. "Kawka-Wawlah be damned," you think, "what I want is a man who can say 'let's have a Coke' and relax about it." And why don't "They" learn to brew coffee right, bake pies with crusts, speak in normal tones, and make sense when they say anything? You come to *hate* them with a passion, and only wish you could tell them so. You fall into a pattern of using stereotypes to describe the "locals" to fellow-Americans. This helps to preserve your self-respect,

and therefore has some value, but it doesn't help, of course, toward understanding the country or its culture.

Maybe you should leave at this point, while ulcers are still only a threat and not an actuality. You feel you may have a nervous breakdown if you stay, and then you will have to leave anyhow. But *if* you stay and *don't* come unglued, things are bound to improve.

From this point on, as you enter Stage Three of culture shock, you are on the mend. This stage is still difficult, but it may be handled in a number of ways. It would be senseless to recommend any one of them now, for the path you cut through the maze must be your own, must fit you and the place. You could, for example, intellectualize the situation, take a rather superior attitude toward the whole thing, and say with convincing suaveness, "It's really just a matter of thinking things through, analyzing the odds and alternatives, and then heating the system within its own rules. Just play it nice and cool!" Or you could grit your teeth and hiss to a confidant as an already acclimated American walks by, "If *that* fink learned how to get along in this stupid country I know darn well I can make it." Or you can smile a little crooked smile, choke back a tear, and say in a brave and soft little voice, "It's my Cross, and I am Grateful that I was Chosen to be Tested."

During this stage your sense of humor begins to reappear, and the sheer ridiculousness of some of the very real problems you face begins to be apparent. Furthermore, you can always look back at the poor newcomers, still blundering through Stages One and Two, and be glad you aren't in *that* shape. Helping these poor devils does wonders for your assurance that you can already say a lot, understand a great deal, and move around with relative freedom.

It would be a shame if you left Brazil, or Nigeria, or Thailand, during the Third Stage of culture shock. From here you move quickly into Stage Four, when culture shock is as nearly cured as it can ever become. In Stage Four you see the ways of the people as neither quaint nor threatening but just another means of coping with problems day by day. You solve your own problems within this setting, shifting rather smoothly from the American to the local perspective on the world and back again. You're not quite bicultural (perhaps one cannot and should not be) but now you are able not only to accept their customs and foods and games but also to actually enjoy the freedom and privilege of fully sharing them. For a long time you will fail to grasp

some of the meanings within and behind what is said to you. You will still feel apprehensive in some situations, sometimes because you do not understand them, and sometimes because you do. You will occasionally recognize that there are good reasons to be apprehensive, which the newcomer does not fathom. But you are well enough acclimated to do what needs to be done, to assume your share of your group's and the community's responsibilities, and to originate action which is appropriate within your new home place.

And once you reach this stage you will always retain a great deal of love for that country and its people.

At this moment I can almost hear some of you saying to yourselves, "Tumblin has finally flipped! Why should I go through all of that for what's likely to be in it for me?" You are probably right! Most people couldn't take the experience, much less profit from it. Besides, there's a limit to how many persons in a state of culture shock a community or country can absorb! Beyond a certain point, gaggles of American girls living in any given area would just clutter up the place and create all kinds of trouble. So if you really don't want to go, for heaven's sake don't. You can test your mettle in all sorts of ways within twenty-five hundred yards of this auditorium for that matter. Furthermore, you will be with the majority if you stay. In the past five years, no more than fifteen of the six hundred and forty graduates of this college have actually tried what I am proposing.

If you want to join this minority group, how could you do it? Miss Ione Murphy's Vocational Guidance office, I noticed last week, has a booklet listing dozens of opportunities for teaching in overseas schools for military dependents abroad, children of religious and commercial personnel, and a number of private schools. Teachers of English conversation are in demand in many parts of the world. The United States Information Service, State Department, A.I.D. programs, and the American Red Cross offer employment overseas. The Peace Corps, as will be pointed out by its Director when he visits this campus later this month, needs people like you, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and possibly other churches I don't know of, have two-year appointments in their mission programs. Germany and Switzerland are importing laborers, male and female, for factory work. These suggestions are only a good beginning.

In all fairness, it should be said that the pay in most of these jobs is terrible. You should also realize that

although they may congratulate you many of your classmates and kinfolk may really feel that you are going out of your mind for trying it. This is unfortunate, but not incapacitating. Adventurous people learn to organize their lives in unusual ways which are nevertheless satisfying to themselves and that's enough.

On the credit side of the question such an experience would be a tremendous adventure, and adventures are getting scarce these days. I listen constantly to young-old people, or old-young people moaning for the good old days when everyone wasn't protected by the government, things weren't soft and easy and rugged competition separated the little girls from the whole women. Try to convince them that they can pick their time in history, turn the calendar back on board a boat or jet plane, and experiment with the past if they really want to. In Brazil alone they can live in any century from the present one on back to 1000 B.C., they pick the right place and pay the price of settling there. But most of these people either don't believe me or don't have the courage to test it—they don't really mean what they say. For some of you it would be an adventure from which you would be drawing income for the rest of your life. (And for years you could turn the tables on your parents by boring them with stories of how rough it was "out there" when you were young and brave.)

It might be said in passing that you may be able to serve some people or a good cause, and there is satisfaction in that. One of the greatest benefits will come upon returning to our country and seeing it from points of view you had never imagined before. You will see it uglier in some previously undetected ways. But in the light of new values you will also find it more beautiful than you had ever seen it before. You will learn primarily about life in a society that operates by a different set of rules, and you will broaden your own perspectives in ways which will forever block you from saying "it's human nature" when you are talking of behavior and values which are peculiar to Americans of your social stratum. Having learned it as it can best be learned, through living it, you can come home to do missionary work among some of your complacent and provincial townsmen. And do come back and tell us at this college what is provincial about us, after you have become less provincial yourself. Tell us also, please, what was done here by design and accident that helped you to survive culture shock and derive benefit from the experience, and we will try to modify our offerings to later students so as to make them better able to cope.



*No memory of Alma Mater  
older than a year or so  
is likely to bear much resemblance  
to today's college or university.  
Which, in our fast-moving society,  
is precisely as it should be,  
if higher education is . . .*

# To Keep Pace with America

# W

HAT ON EARTH is going on, there?

Across the land, alumni and alumnae are asking that question about their alma maters. Most of America's colleges and universities are changing rapidly, and some of them drastically. Alumni and alumnae, taught for years to be loyal to good OLD Siwash and to be sentimental about its history and traditions, are puzzled or outraged.

And they are not the only ones making anguished responses to the new developments on the nation's campuses.

From a student in Texas: "The professors care less and less about teaching. They don't grade our papers or exams any more, and they turn over the discussion sections of their classes to graduate students. Why can't we have mind-to-mind combat?"

From a university administrator in Michigan: "The faculty and students treat this place more like a bus terminal every year. They come and go as they never did before."

From a professor at a college in Pennsylvania: "The present crop of students? They're the brightest ever. They're also the most arrogant, cynical, disrespectful, ungrateful, and intense group I've taught in 30 years."

From a student in Ohio: "The whole bit on this campus now is about 'the needs of society,' 'the needs of the international situation,' 'the needs of the IBM system.' What about *my* needs?"

From the dean of a college in Massachusetts: "Everything historic and sacred, everything built by 2,000 years of civilization, suddenly seems old hat. Wisdom now consists in being up-to-the-minute."

From a professor in New Jersey: "So help me, I only have time to read about 10 books a year, now. I'm always behind."

From a professor at a college for women in Virginia: "What's happening to good manners? And good taste? And decent dress? Are we entering a new age of the slob?"

From a trustee of a university in Rhode Island: "They all want us to care for and support our institution, when they themselves don't give a hoot."

From an alumnus of a college in California: "No one seems to have time for friendship, good humor, and fun, now. The students don't even sing, any more. Why, most of them don't know the college songs."

What is happening at America's colleges and universities to cause such comments?

## Today's colleges and universities

**I**T BEGAN around 1950—silently, unnoticed. The signs were little ones, seemingly unconnected. Suddenly the number of books published began to soar. That year Congress established a National Science Foundation to promote scientific progress through education and basic research. College enrollments, swollen by returned war veterans with G.I. Bill benefits, refused to return to “normal”; instead, they began to rise sharply. Industry began to expand its research facilities significantly, raiding the colleges and graduate schools for brainy talent. Faculty salaries, at their lowest since the 1930's in terms of real income, began to inch up at the leading colleges. China, the most populous nation in the world, fell to the Communists, only a short time after several Eastern European nations were seized by Communist coups d'état; and, aided by support from several philanthropic foundations, there was a rush to study Communism, military problems and weapons, the Orient, and underdeveloped countries.

Now, 15 years later, we have begun to comprehend what started then. The United States, locked in a Cold War that may drag on for half a century, has entered a new era of rapid and unrelenting change. The nation continues to enjoy many of the benefits of peace, but it is forced to adopt much of the urgency and pressure of wartime. To meet the bold challenges from outside, Americans have had to transform many of their nation's habits and institutions.

The biggest change has been in the rate of change itself.

Life has always changed. But never in the history of the world has it changed with such rapidity as it does now. Scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer recently observed: “One thing that is new is the prevalence of newness, the changing scale and scope of change itself, so that the world alters as we walk in it, so that the years of a man's life measure not some small growth or rearrangement or modification of what he learned in childhood, but a great upheaval.”

Psychiatrist Erik Erikson has put it thus: “Today, men over 50 owe their identity as individuals, as citizens, and as professional workers to a period when change had a different quality and

when a dominant view of the world was one a one-way extension into a future of prosperi progress, and reason. If they rebelled, they did against details of this firm trend and often only the sake of what they thought were even firm ones. They learned to respond to the periodic challenge of war and revolution by reasserting the interrupted trend toward normalcy. What has changed in the meantime is, above all, the character change itself.”

This new pace of change, which is not likely slow down soon, has begun to affect every facet American life. In our vocabulary, people now speak of being “on the move,” of “running around,” and of “go, go, go.” In our politics, we are witnessing a major realignment of the two-party system. Editor Max Ways of *Fortune* magazine has said, “Modern American political and social issues today arise out of a concern over the pace and quality of change. In our morality, many are becoming more “cool” or uncommitted. If life changes swiftly, many think it wise not to get too attached or devoted to any particular set of beliefs or hierarchy of values.





## *busy faculties, serious students, and hard courses*

Of all American institutions, that which is most profoundly affected by the new tempo of radical change is the school. And, although all levels of schooling are feeling the pressure to change, those probably feeling it the most are our colleges and universities.

**A**T THE HEART of America's shift to a new mode of constant change is a revolution in the role and nature of higher education. Increasingly, all of us live in a society shaped by our colleges and universities.

From the campuses has come the expertise to travel to the moon, to crack the genetic code, and to develop computers that calculate as fast as light. From the campuses has come new information about Africa's resources, Latin-American economies, and Oriental politics. In the past 15 years, college and university scholars have produced a dozen

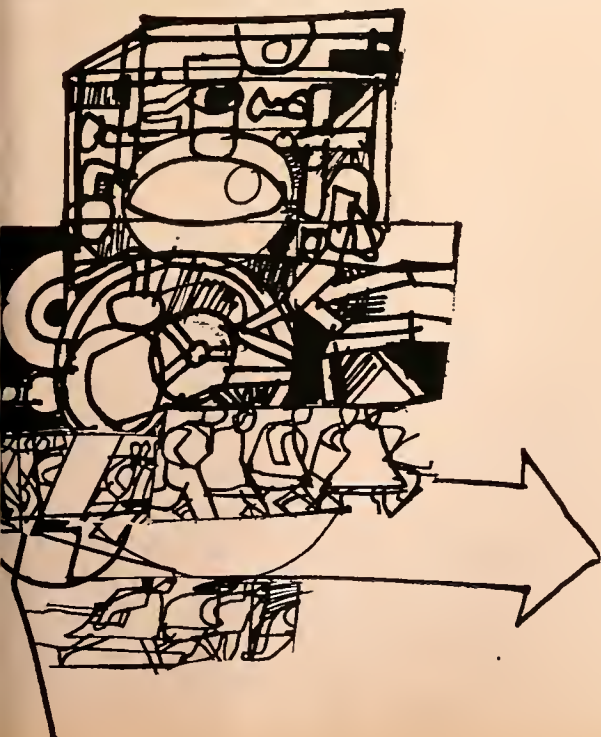
or more accurate translations of the Bible, more than were produced in the past 15 centuries. University researchers have helped virtually to wipe out three of the nation's worst diseases: malaria, tuberculosis, and polio. The chief work in art and music, outside of a few large cities, is now being done in our colleges and universities. And profound concern for the U.S. racial situation, for U.S. foreign policy, for the problems of increasing urbanism, and for new religious forms is now being expressed by students and professors inside the academies of higher learning.

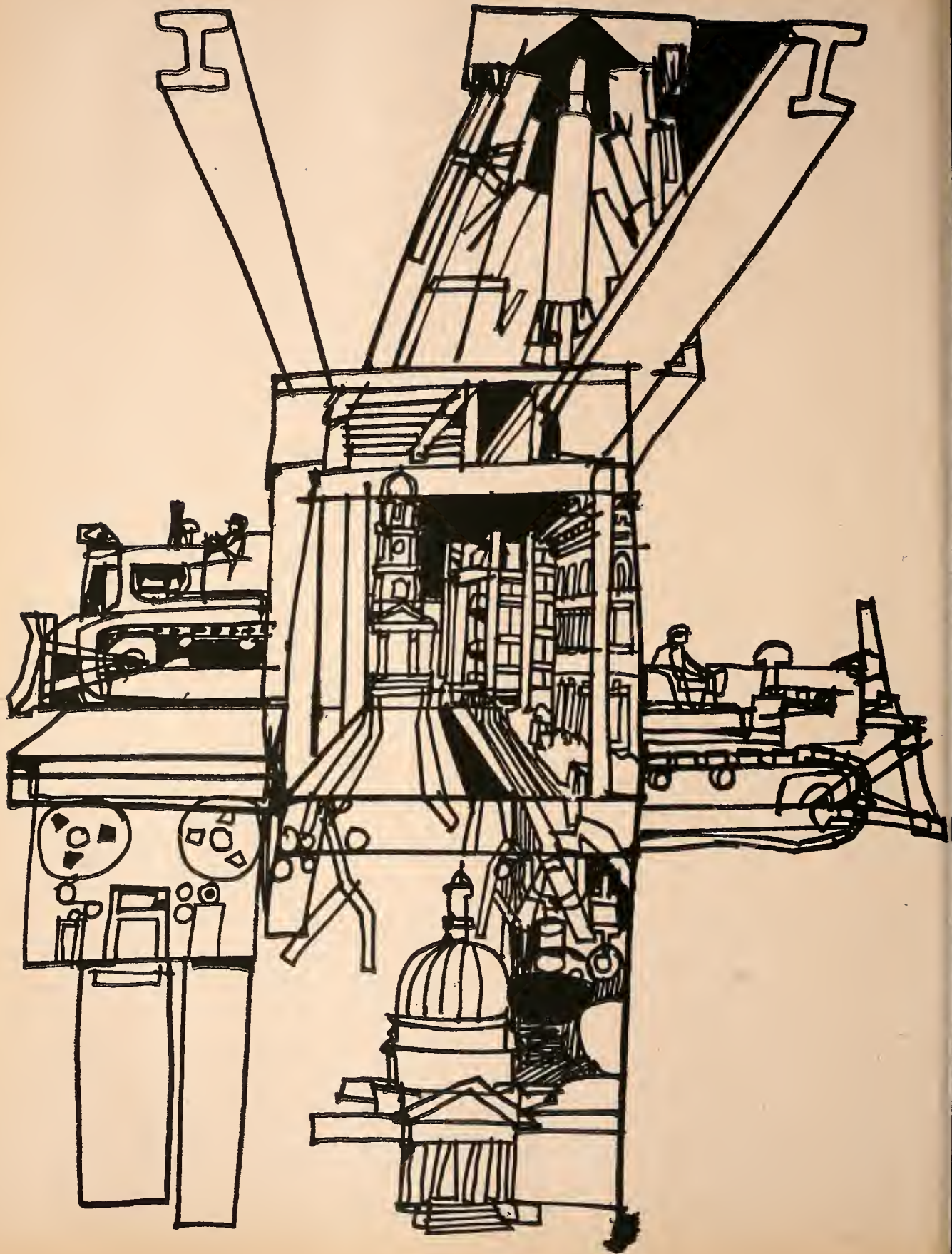
As American colleges and universities have been instrumental in creating a new world of whirlwind change, so have they themselves been subjected to unprecedented pressures to change. They are different places from what they were 15 years ago—in some cases almost unrecognizably different. The faculties are busier, the students more serious, and the courses harder. The campuses gleam with new buildings. While the shady-grove and paneled-library colleges used to spend nearly all of their time teaching the young, they have now been burdened with an array of new duties.

Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, has put the new situation succinctly: "The university has become a prime instrument of national purpose. This is new. This is the essence of the transformation now engulfing our universities."

The colleges have always assisted the national purpose by helping to produce better clergymen, farmers, lawyers, businessmen, doctors, and teachers. Through athletics, through religious and moral guidance, and through fairly demanding academic work, particularly in history and literature, the colleges have helped to keep a sizable portion of the men who have ruled America rugged, reasonably upright and public-spirited, and informed and sensible. The problem of an effete, selfish, or ignorant upper class that plagues certain other nations has largely been avoided in the United States.

But never before have the colleges and universities been expected to fulfill so many dreams and projects of the American people. Will we outdistance the Russians in the space race? It depends on the caliber







## *New responsibilities are transforming once-quiet campuses*

of scientists and engineers that our universities produce. Will we find a cure for cancer, for arthritis, for the common cold? It depends upon the faculties and the graduates of our medical schools. Will we stop the Chinese drive for world dominion? It depends heavily on the political experts the universities turn out and on the military weapons that university research helps develop. Will we be able to maintain our high standard of living and to avoid depressions? It depends upon whether the universities can supply business and government with inventive, imaginative, farsighted persons and ideas. Will we be able to keep human values alive in our machine-filled world? Look to college philosophers and poets. Everyone, it seems—from the impoverished but aspiring Negro to the mother who wants her children to be emotionally healthy—sees the college and the university as a deliverer, today.

Thus it is no exaggeration to say that colleges and universities have become one of our greatest resources in the cold war, and one of our greatest assets in the uncertain peace. America's schools have taken a new place at the center of society. Ernest Sirluck, dean of graduate studies at the University of Toronto, has said: "The calamities of recent history have undermined the prestige and authority of what used to be the great central institutions of society. . . . Many people have turned to the universities . . . in the hope of finding, through them, a renewed or substitute authority in life."

**T**HE NEW PRESSURES to serve the nation in an ever-expanding variety of ways have wrought a stunning transformation in most American colleges and universities.

For one thing, they *look* different, compared with 15 years ago. Since 1950, American colleges and universities have spent about \$16.5 billion on new buildings. One third of the entire higher education plant in the United States is less than 15 years old. More than 180 completely new campuses are now being built or planned.

Scarcely a college has not added at least one building to its plant; most have added three, four, or more. (Science buildings, libraries, and dormitories have been the most desperately needed addi-

tions.) Their architecture and placement have moved some alumni and students to howls of protest, and others to expressions of awe and delight.

The new construction is required largely because of the startling growth in the number of young people wanting to go to college. In 1950, there were about 2.2 million undergraduates, or roughly 18 percent of all Americans between 18 and 21 years of age. This academic year, 1965-66, there are about 5.4 million undergraduates—a whopping 30 percent of the 18-21 age group.\* The total number of college students in the United States has more than doubled in a mere decade and a half.

As two officials of the American Council on Education pointed out, not long ago: "It is apparent that a permanent revolution in collegiate patterns has occurred, and that higher education has become and will continue to be the common training ground for American adult life, rather than the province of a small, select portion of society."

Of today's 5.4 million undergraduates, one in every five attends a kind of college that barely existed before World War II—the junior, or community, college. Such colleges now comprise nearly one third of America's 2,200 institutions of higher education. In California, where community colleges have become an integral part of the higher education scene, 84 of every 100 freshmen and sophomores last year were enrolled in this kind of institution. By 1975, estimates the U.S. Office of Education, one in every two students, nationally, will attend a two-year college.

Graduate schools are growing almost as fast.

\*The percentage is sometimes quoted as being much higher because it is assumed that nearly all undergraduates are in the 18-21 bracket. Actually only 68 percent of all college students are in that age category. Three percent are under 18; 29 percent are over 21.

## *Higher education's patterns are changing; so are its leaders*

While only 11 percent of America's college graduates went on to graduate work in 1950, about 25 percent will do so after their commencement in 1966. At one institution, over 85 percent of the recipients of bachelor's degrees now continue their education at graduate and professional schools. Some institutions, once regarded primarily as undergraduate schools, now have more graduate students than undergraduates. Across America, another phenomenon has occurred: numerous state colleges have added graduate schools and become universities.

There are also dramatic shifts taking place among the various *kinds* of colleges. It is often forgotten that 877, or 40 percent, of America's colleges and universities are related, in one way or another, with religious denominations (Protestant, 484; Catholic, 366; others, 27). But the percentage of the nation's students that the church-related institutions enroll has been dropping fast; last year they had 950,000 undergraduates, or only 18 percent of the total. Sixty-nine of the church-related colleges have fewer than 100 students. Twenty percent lack accreditation, and another 30 percent are considered to be academically marginal. Partially this is because they have been unable to find adequate financial support. A Danforth Foundation commission on church colleges and universities noted last spring: "The irresponsibility of American churches in providing for their institutions is deplorable. The average contribution of churches to their colleges is only 12.8 percent of their operating budgets."

Church-related colleges have had to contend with a growing secularization in American life, with the increasing difficulty of locating scholars with a religious commitment, and with bad planning from their sponsoring church groups. About planning, the Danforth Commission report observed: "No one



can justify the operation of four Presbyterian colleges in Iowa, three Methodist colleges in Indiana, five United Presbyterian institutions in Missouri, nine Methodist colleges in North Carolina (including two brand new ones), and three Roman Catholic colleges for women in Milwaukee."

Another important shift among the colleges is the changing position of private institutions, as public institutions grow in size and number at a much faster rate. In 1950, 50 percent of all students were enrolled in private colleges; this year, the private colleges' share is only 33 percent. By 1975, fewer than 25 percent of all students are expected to be





by, but 15 years ago there were roughly 120,000 Negroes in college, 70 percent of them in predominantly Negro institutions; last year, according to Whitney Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, there were 220,000 Negroes in college, but only 40 percent at predominantly Negro institutions.

**T**HE REMARKABLE GROWTH in the number of students going to college and the shifting patterns of college attendance have had great impact on the administrators of the colleges and universities. They have become, at many institutions, a new breed of men.

Not too long ago, many college and university presidents taught a course or two, wrote important papers on higher education as well as articles and books in their fields of scholarship, knew most of the faculty intimately, attended alumni reunions, and spoke with heartiness and wit at student dinners, Rotary meetings, and football rallies. Now many presidents are preoccupied with planning their schools' growth and with the crushing job of finding the funds to make such growth possible.

Many a college or university president today is, above all else, a fund-raiser. If he is head of a private institution, he spends great amounts of time searching for individual and corporate donors; if he leads a public institution, he adds the task of legislative relations, for it is from the legislature that the bulk of his financial support must come.

With much of the rest of his time, he is involved in economic planning, architectural design, personnel recruitment for his faculty and staff, and curriculum changes. (Curriculums have been changing almost as substantially as the physical facilities, because the explosion in knowledge has been as sizable as the explosion in college admissions. Whole new fields such as biophysics and mathematical economics have sprung up; traditional fields have expanded to include new topics such as comparative ethnic music and the history of film; and topics that once were touched on lightly, such as Oriental studies or oceanography, now require extended treatment.)

To cope with his vastly enlarged duties, the mod-

nrolled in the non-public colleges and universities.

Other changes are evident: More and more students prefer urban colleges and universities to rural ones; now, for example, with more than 400,000 students in her colleges and universities, America's greatest college town is metropolitan New York. Coeducation is gaining in relation to the all-men's and the all-women's colleges. And many predominantly Negro colleges have begun to worry about their future. The best Negro students are sought after by many leading colleges and universities, and each year more and more Negroes enroll at integrated institutions. Precise figures are hard to come

## *Many professors are research-minded specialists*

ern college or university president has often had to double or triple his administrative staff since 1950. Positions that never existed before at most institutions, such as campus architects, computer programmers, government liaison officials, and deans of financial aid, have sprung up. The number of institutions holding membership in the American College Public Relations Association, to cite only one example, has risen from 591 in 1950 to more than 1,000 this year—including nearly 3,000 individual workers in the public relations and fund-raising field.

A whole new profession, that of the college “development officer,” has virtually been created in the past 15 years to help the president, who is usually a transplanted scholar, with the twin problems of institutional growth and fund-raising. According to Eldredge Hiller, executive director of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, “In 1950 very few colleges and universities, except those in the Ivy League and scattered wealthy institutions, had directors or vice presidents of development. Now there are very few institutions of higher learning that do not.” In addition, many schools that have been faced with the necessity of special development projects or huge capital campaigns have sought expertise and temporary personnel from outside development consultants. The number of major firms in this field has increased from 10 to 26 since 1950, and virtually every firm’s staff has grown dramatically over the years.

Many alumni, faculty members, and students who have watched the president’s suite of offices expand have decried the “growing bureaucracy.” What was once “old President Doe” is now “The Administration,” assailed on all sides as a driving, impersonal, remote organization whose purposes and procedures are largely alien to the traditional world of academe.

No doubt there is some truth to such charges. In their pursuit of dollars to raise faculty salaries and to pay for better facilities, a number of top officials at America’s colleges and universities have had insufficient time for educational problems, and some have been more concerned with business efficiency

than with producing intelligent, sensible human beings. However, no one has yet suggested how “prexy” can be his old, sweet, leisurely, scholarly self and also a dynamic, farsighted administrator who can successfully meet the new challenges of unprecedented, radical, and constant change.

One president in the Midwest recently said: “The engineering faculty wants a nuclear reactor. The arts faculty needs a new theater. The students want new dormitories and a bigger psychiatric consulting office. The alumni want a better faculty and a new gymnasium. And they all expect me to produce these out of a single office with one secretary and a small filing cabinet, while maintaining friendly contacts with them all. I need a magic lantern.”

Another president, at a small college in New England, said: “The faculty and students claim they don’t see much of me any more. Some have become vituperative and others have wondered if I really still care about them and the learning process. I was a teacher for 18 years. I miss them—and my scholarly work—terribly.”

**T**HE ROLE AND PACE of the professors have changed almost as much as the administrators’, if not more, in the new period of rapid growth and radical change.

For the most part, scholars are no longer regarded as ivory-tower dreamers, divorced from society. They are now important, even indispensable, men and women, holding keys to international security, economic growth, better health, and cultural excellence. For the first time in decades, most of their salaries are approaching respectability. (The national average of faculty salaries has risen from \$5,311 in 1950 to \$9,317 in 1965, according to a survey conducted by the American Association of University Professors.) The best of them are pursued by business, government, and other colleges. They travel frequently to speak at national conferences on modern music or contemporary urban





problems, and to international conferences on particle physics or literature.

In the classroom, they are seldom the professors of the past: the witty, cultured gentlemen and ladies—or tedious pedants—who know Greek, Latin, French, literature, art, music, and history fairly well. They are now earnest, expert specialists who know algebraic geometry or international monetary economics—and not much more than that—*exceedingly* well. Sensing America's needs, a growing number of them are attracted to research, and many prefer it to teaching. And those who are not attracted are often pushed by an academic "rating system" which, in effect, gives its highest rewards and promotions to people who conduct research and write about the results they achieve. "Publish or perish" is the professors' succinct, if somewhat overstated, way of describing how the system operates.

Since many of the scholars—and especially the youngest instructors—are more dedicated and "focused" than their predecessors of yesteryear, the allegiance of professors has to a large degree shifted from their college and university to their academic discipline. A radio-astronomer first, a Siwash professor second, might be a fair way of putting it.

There is much talk about giving control of the universities back to the faculties, but there are strong indications that, when the opportunity is offered, the faculty members don't want it. Academic decision-making involves committee work, elaborate investigations, and lengthy deliberations—time away from their laboratories and books. Besides, many professors fully expect to move soon, to another college or to industry or government, so why bother about the curriculum or rules of student conduct? Then, too, some of them plead an inability to take part in broad decision-making since they are expert in only one limited area. "I'm a geologist," said one professor in the West. "What would I know about admissions policies or student demonstrations?"

Professors have had to narrow their scholarly interests chiefly because knowledge has advanced to a point where it is no longer possible to master more than a tiny portion of it. Physicist Randall Whaley, who is now chancellor of the University of Missouri at Kansas City, has observed: "There is about 100 times as much to know now as was available in 1900. By the year 2000, there will be over 1,000 times as much." (Since 1950 the number of scholarly periodicals has increased from 45,000 to

95,000. In science alone, 55,000 journals, 60,000 books, and 100,000 research monographs are published annually.) In such a situation, fragmentation seems inevitable.

Probably the most frequently heard cry about professors nowadays, even at the smaller colleges, is that they are so research-happy that they neglect teaching. "Our present universities have ceased to be schools," one graduate student complained in the *Harvard Educational Review* last spring. Similar charges have stirred pulses at American colleges and universities coast to coast, for the past few years.

No one can dispute the assertion that research has grown. The fact is, it has been getting more and more attention since the end of the Nineteenth Century, when several of America's leading universities tried to break away from the English college tradition of training clergymen and gentlemen, primarily through the classics, and to move toward the German university tradition of rigorous scholarship and scientific inquiry. But research has proceeded at runaway speed since 1950, when the Federal Government, for military, political, economic, and public-health reasons, decided to support scientific and technological research in a major way. In 1951 the Federal Government spent \$295 million in the colleges and universities for research and development. By 1965 that figure had grown to \$1.7 billion. During the same period, private philanthropic foundations also increased their support substantially.

At bottom, the new emphasis on research is due to the university's becoming "a prime instrument of national purpose," one of the nation's chief means of maintaining supremacy in a long-haul cold war. The emphasis is not likely to be lessened. And more and more colleges and universities will feel its effects.

**B**UT WHAT ABOUT *education*—the teaching of young people—that has traditionally been the basic aim of our institutions of higher learning?

Many scholars contend, as one university president put it, that "current research commitments are far more of a positive aid than a detriment to teaching," because they keep teachers vital and at

## *The push to do research: Does it affect teaching?*

the forefront of knowledge. "No one engaged in research in his field is going to read decade-old lecture notes to his class, as many of the so-called 'great professors' of yesterday did," said a teacher at a university in Wisconsin.

Others, however, see grave problems resulting from the great emphasis on research. For one thing, they argue, research causes professors to spend less time with students. It also introduces a disturbing note of competitiveness among the faculty. One physicist has put it this way:

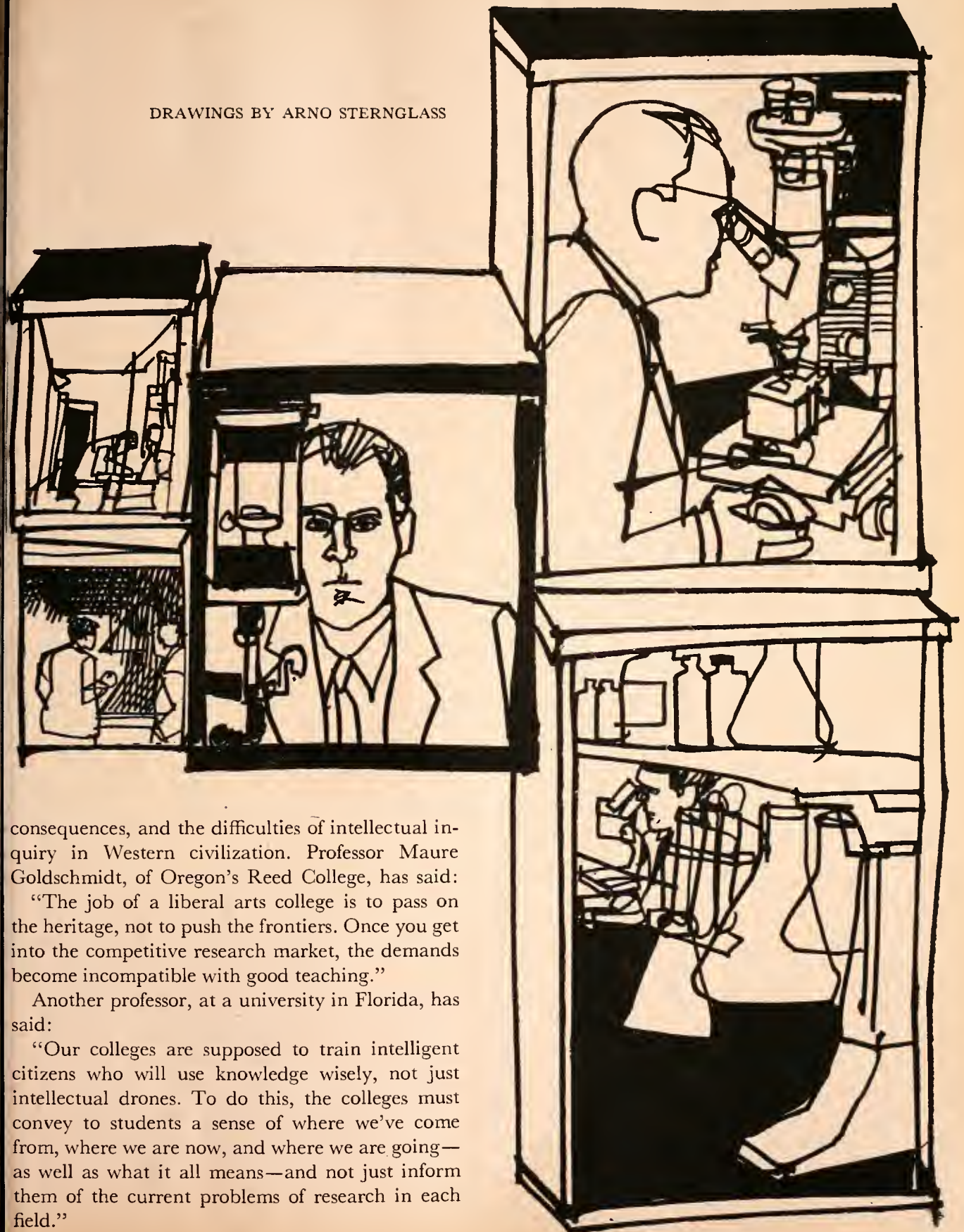
"I think my professional field of physics is getting too hectic, too overcrowded; there is too much pressure for my taste. . . . Research is done under tremendous pressure because there are so many people after the same problem that one cannot afford to relax. If you are working on something which 10 other groups are working on at the same time, and you take a week's vacation, the others beat you and publish first. So it is a mad race."

Heavy research, others argue, may cause professors to concentrate narrowly on their discipline and to see their students largely in relation to it alone. Numerous observers have pointed to the professors' shift to more demanding instruction, but also to their more technical, pedantic teaching. They say the emphasis in teaching may be moving from broad understanding to factual knowledge, from community and world problems to each discipline's tasks, from the releasing of young people's minds to the cramming of their minds with the stuff of each subject. A professor in Louisiana has said, "In modern college teaching there is much more of the 'how' than the 'why.' Values and fundamentals are too interdisciplinary."

And, say the critics, research focuses attention on the new, on the frontiers of knowledge, and tends to forget the history of a subject or the tradition of intellectual inquiry. This has wrought havoc with liberal arts education, which seeks to introduce young people to the modes, the achievements, the



DRAWINGS BY ARNO STERNGLASS



consequences, and the difficulties of intellectual inquiry in Western civilization. Professor Maure Goldschmidt, of Oregon's Reed College, has said:

"The job of a liberal arts college is to pass on the heritage, not to push the frontiers. Once you get into the competitive research market, the demands become incompatible with good teaching."

Another professor, at a university in Florida, has said:

"Our colleges are supposed to train intelligent citizens who will use knowledge wisely, not just intellectual drones. To do this, the colleges must convey to students a sense of where we've come from, where we are now, and where we are going—as well as what it all means—and not just inform them of the current problems of research in each field."



Somewhat despairingly, Professor Jacques Barzun recently wrote:

"Nowadays the only true believers in the liberal arts tradition are the men of business. They *really* prefer general intelligence, literacy, and adaptability. They know, in the first place, that the conditions of their work change so rapidly that no college courses can prepare for them. And they also know how often men in mid-career suddenly feel that their work is not enough to sustain their spirits."

Many college and university teachers readily admit that they may have neglected, more than they should, the main job of educating the young. But they just as readily point out that their role is changing, that the rate of accumulation of knowledge is accelerating madly, and that they are extremely busy and divided individuals. They also note that it is through research that more money, glory, prestige, and promotions are best attained in their profession.


For some scholars, research is also where the highest excitement and promise in education are to be found. "With knowledge increasing so rapidly, research is the only way to assure a teacher that he is keeping ahead, that he is aware of the really new and important things in his field, that he can be an effective teacher of the next generation," says one advocate of research-*cum*-instruction. And, for some, research is the best way they know to serve the nation. "Aren't new ideas, more information, and new discoveries most important to the United States if we are to remain free and prosperous?" asks a professor in the Southwest. "We're in a protracted war with nations that have sworn to bury us."

**T**HE STUDENTS, of course, are perplexed by the new academic scene.

They arrive at college having read the catalogues and brochures with their decade-old paragraphs about "the importance of each individual" and "the many student-faculty relationships"—and having heard from alumni some rosy stories about the leisurely, friendly, pre-war days at Quadrangle U. On some campuses, the reality almost lives up to the expectations. But on others, the students are







*The students react  
to "the system" with  
fierce independence*

dismayed to discover that they are treated as merely parts of another class (unless they are geniuses, star athletes, or troublemakers), and that the faculty and deans are extremely busy. For administrators, faculty, and alumni, at least, accommodating to the new world of radical change has been an evolutionary process, to which they have had a chance to adjust somewhat gradually; to the students, arriving fresh each year, it comes as a severe shock.

Forced to look after themselves and gather broad understanding outside of their classes, they form their own community life, with their own values and methods of self-discovery. Piqued by apparent adult indifference and cut off from regular contacts with grown-up dilemmas, they tend to become more outspoken, more irresponsible, more independent. Since the amount of financial aid for students has tripled since 1950, and since the current condition of American society is one of affluence, many students can be independent in expensive ways: twist parties in Florida, exotic cars, and huge record collections. They tend to become more sophisticated about those things that they are left to deal with on their own: travel, religion, recreation, sex, politics.

Partly as a reaction to what they consider to be adult dedication to narrow, selfish pursuits, and partly in imitation of their professors, they have become more international-minded and socially conscious. Possibly one in 10 students in some colleges works off-campus in community service projects—tutoring the poor, fixing up slum dwellings, or singing and acting for local charities. To the consternation of many adults, some students have become a force for social change, far away from their colleges, through the Peace Corps in Bolivia or a picket line in another state. Pressured to be brighter than any previous generation, they fight to

feel as *useful* as any previous generation. A student from Iowa said: "I don't want to study, study, study, just to fill a hole in some government or industrial bureaucracy."

The students want to work out a new style of academic life, just as administrators and faculty members are doing; but they don't know quite how, as yet. They are burying the rah-rah stuff, but what is to take its place? They protest vociferously against whatever they don't like, but they have no program of reform. Restless, an increasing number of them change colleges at least once during their undergraduate careers. They are like the two characters in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. "We got to

go and never stop till we get there," says one. "Where are we going, man?" asks the other. "I don't know, but we gotta go," is the answer.

As with any group in swift transition, the students are often painfully confused and contradictory. A *Newsweek* poll last year that asked students whom they admired most found that many said "Nobody" or gave names like Y. A. Tittle or Joan Baez. It is no longer rare to find students on some campuses dressed in an Ivy League button-down shirt, farmer's dungarees, a French beret, and a Roman beard—all at once. They argue against large bureaucracies, but most turn to the industrial giants, not to smaller companies or their own business ventures,

*Aro Stenglan*





## *The alumni lament: We don't recognize the place*

when they look for jobs after graduation. They are critical of religion, but they desperately seek people, courses, and experiences that can reveal some meaning to them. An instructor at a university in Connecticut says: "The chapel is fairly empty, but the religion courses are bulging with students."

Caught in the rapids of powerful change, and left with only their own resources to deal with the rush, the students tend to feel helpless—often too much so. Sociologist David Riesman has noted: "The students know that there are many decisions out of their conceivable control, decisions upon which their lives and fortunes truly depend. But . . . this truth, this insight, is over-generalized, and, being believed, it becomes more and more 'true.'" Many students, as a result, have become grumblers and cynics, and some have preferred to withdraw into private pads or into early marriages. However, there are indications that some students are learning how to be effective—if only, so far, through the largely negative methods of disruption.

**I**F THE FACULTIES AND THE STUDENTS are perplexed and groping, the alumni of many American colleges and universities are positively dazed. Everything they have revered for years seems to be crumbling: college spirit, fraternities, good manners, freshman customs, colorful lectures, singing, humor magazines and reliable student newspapers, long talks and walks with professors, daily chapel, dinners by candlelight in formal dress, reunions that are fun. As one alumnus in Tennessee said, "They keep asking me to give money to a place I no longer recognize." Assaulted by many such remarks, one development officer in Massachusetts countered: "Look, alumni have seen America and the world change. When the old-timers went to school there were no television sets, few cars and fewer airplanes, no nuclear weapons, and no Red China. Why should colleges alone stand still? It's partly our fault, though. We traded too long on sentiment

rather than information, allegiance, and purpose."

What some alumni are beginning to realize is that they themselves are changing rapidly. Owing to the recent expansion of enrollments, nearly one half of all alumni and alumnae now are persons who have been graduated since 1950, when the period of accelerated change began. At a number of colleges, the song-and-revels homecomings have been turned into seminars and discussions about space travel or African politics. And at some institutions, alumni councils are being asked to advise on and, in some cases, to help determine parts of college policy.

Dean David B. Truman, of New York's Columbia College, recently contended that alumni are going to have to learn to play an entirely new role *vis-à-vis* their alma maters. The increasingly mobile life of most scholars, many administrators, and a growing number of students, said the dean, means that, if anyone is to continue to have a deep concern for the whole life and future of each institution, "that focus increasingly must come from somewhere outside the once-collegial body of the faculty"—namely, from the alumni.

However, even many alumni are finding it harder to develop strong attachments to one college or university. Consider the person who goes to, say, Davidson College in North Carolina, gets a law degree from the University of Virginia, marries a girl who was graduated from Wellesley, and settles in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he pays taxes to help support the state university. (He pays Federal taxes, too, part of which goes, through Government grants and contracts, to finance work at hundreds of other colleges and universities.)

Probably the hardest thing of all for many alumni—indeed, for people of all loyalties—to be reconciled to is that we live in a new era of radical change, a new time when almost nothing stands still for very long, and when continual change is the normal pattern of development. It is a terrible fact to face openly, for it requires that whole chunks of our traditional way of thinking and behaving be revised.

Take the standard chore of defining the purpose of any particular college or university. Actually,

some colleges and universities are now discarding the whole idea of statements of purpose, regarding their main task as one of remaining open-ended to accommodate the rapid changes. "There is no single 'end' to be discovered," says California's Clark Kerr. Many administrators and professors agree. But American higher education is sufficiently vast and varied to house many—especially those at small colleges or church-related institutions—who differ with this view.

What alumni and alumnae will have to find, as will everyone connected with higher education, are some new norms, some novel patterns of behavior by which to navigate in this new, constantly innovating society.

For the alumni and alumnae, then, there must be an ever-fresh outlook. They must resist the inclination to howl at every departure that their alma mater makes from the good old days. They need to see their alma mater and its role in a new light. To remind professors about their obligations to teach students in a stimulating and broadening manner may be a continuing task for alumni; but to ask the faculty to return to pre-1950 habits of leisurely teaching and counseling will be no service to the new academic world.

In order to maintain its greatness, to keep ahead, America must innovate. To innovate, it must conduct research. Hence, research is here to stay. And so is the new seriousness of purpose and the intensity

of academic work that today is so widespread on the campuses.

Alumni could become a greater force for keeping alive at our universities and colleges a sense of joy, a knowledge of Western traditions and values, a quest for meaning, and a respect for individual persons, especially young persons, against the mounting pressures for sheer work, new findings, mere facts, and bureaucratic depersonalization. In a period of radical change, they could press for some enduring values amidst the flux. In a period focused on the new, they could remind the colleges of the virtues of teaching about the past.

But they can do this only if they recognize the existence of rapid change as a new factor in the life of the nation's colleges; if they ask, "*How and what kind of change?*" and not, "*Why change?*"

"It isn't easy," said an alumnus from Utah. "It's like asking a farm boy to get used to riding an escalator all day long."

One long-time observer, the editor of a distinguished alumni magazine, has put it this way:

"We—all of us—need an entirely new concept of higher education. Continuous, rapid change is now inevitable and normal. If we recognize that our colleges from now on will be perpetually changing, but not in inexorable patterns, we shall be able to control the direction of change more intelligently. And we can learn to accept our colleges on a wholly new basis as centers of our loyalty and affection."

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The report on this and the preceding 15 pages is the product of a cooperative endeavor in which scores of schools, colleges, and universities are taking part. It was prepared under the direction of the group listed below, who form EDITORIAL PROJECTS FOR EDUCATION, a non-profit organization associated with the American Alumni Council.

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# Worthy Notes...

## Spring Brings Sadness, Happiness, Showers and Sun

I AM THE RESURRECTION and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." With these great words from *The Book of Common Prayer* the last service for Ellen Douglass Leyburn '27 began, on March 22, 1966 at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in Atlanta.

Later in the service came the words: "In the midst of life we are in death." I came out of church into a bright, unlit, spring world, rejoicing that Ellen Douglass' human suffering was forever done, struggling to overcome my almost overwhelming sense of loss, and, finally standing part for a moment to allow release for the tide of great memories of her which swirled in me.

These are very personal words I'm writing, and I can't beg understanding of you who read them. In the fall of 1934, when I came to Agnes Scott, I was fortunate to have Miss Leyburn as my freshman English teacher. (This was her "freshman year" on the Agnes Scott faculty.) It was she who guided my willing but diffused mind to the joys and insights of intellectual excitement combined with scholarly endeavor. I know that I share this experience with numberless others of you, her former students.

One of her articles which I have published in this magazine (*Quarterly*, Winter, 1959) she titled "A Modern Saint." She was writing about Simone Weill, but for me his title embodies all that was Ellen Douglass Leyburn herself.

A bright bit of happiness this spring was the Agnes Scott student team's victory over the mighty men of Princeton in the General Electric "College Bowl" television program March 6. Here is a resounding kudos to the team members (see p. 31) and their coach, Eleanor N. Hutchens '40, associate professor of English. I could devote several issues of the magazine to letters and news stories about this momentous event, from people and papers all over the nation.

Instead, I must be content to report on "the New York View." Marybeth Little Weston '48, president of the Alumnae Association, and Cissie Spiro Aidinoff '51, vice-president, invited alumnae and their husbands in the New York area to a pre-telecast meeting. They asked Roberta Winter '27, associate professor of speech and

drama, Carrington Wilson '60, news director, and me to come from the campus. (We accepted this invitation with unabashed alacrity!)

New York greeted us with abominable weather, rain, fog, and snow. Planes were late or could not land (including the team's.) But the elements could not daunt Agnes Scott alumnae. Approximately eighty alumnae and husbands attended the pre-telecast meeting, then we went in a group to the studio to be a major portion of the studio audience. (Yes, those screams you heard during the last hectic seconds of the show were ours.) I carry still the remnants of bruises given me by ecstatic alumnae—normally calm, mature, composed human beings.

I flew back to Atlanta with the team. I had left my car at the airport and offered to transport them to Decatur—foolish words, for upon arrival we were greeted by students and faculty who had swept from the campus to the airport in a fifty-car motorcade with police escort.

Bedlam reigned supreme for many moments. Atlanta's press, radio, and TV reporters tried to interview team members against a background of shouting, singing students. The students eventually won this one-sided fray and took "their own" back to the campus for a celebration in The Hub. No victorious Georgia Tech football team homecoming could have been more wondrous.

Spring at Agnes Scott means to me primarily the joys and the woes of Alumnae Week End, the joys of planning special events for returning alumnae and the woes of worrying over possible miscalculations in the plans. I'm very pleased to report that even I forgot my worries this year and heartily enjoyed every moment. (One small sideline woe I'll share with you: the College's business manager spent that Friday afternoon hunting china because the dining hall manager had suddenly discovered there was not enough to serve the Alumnae Luncheon on Saturday.)

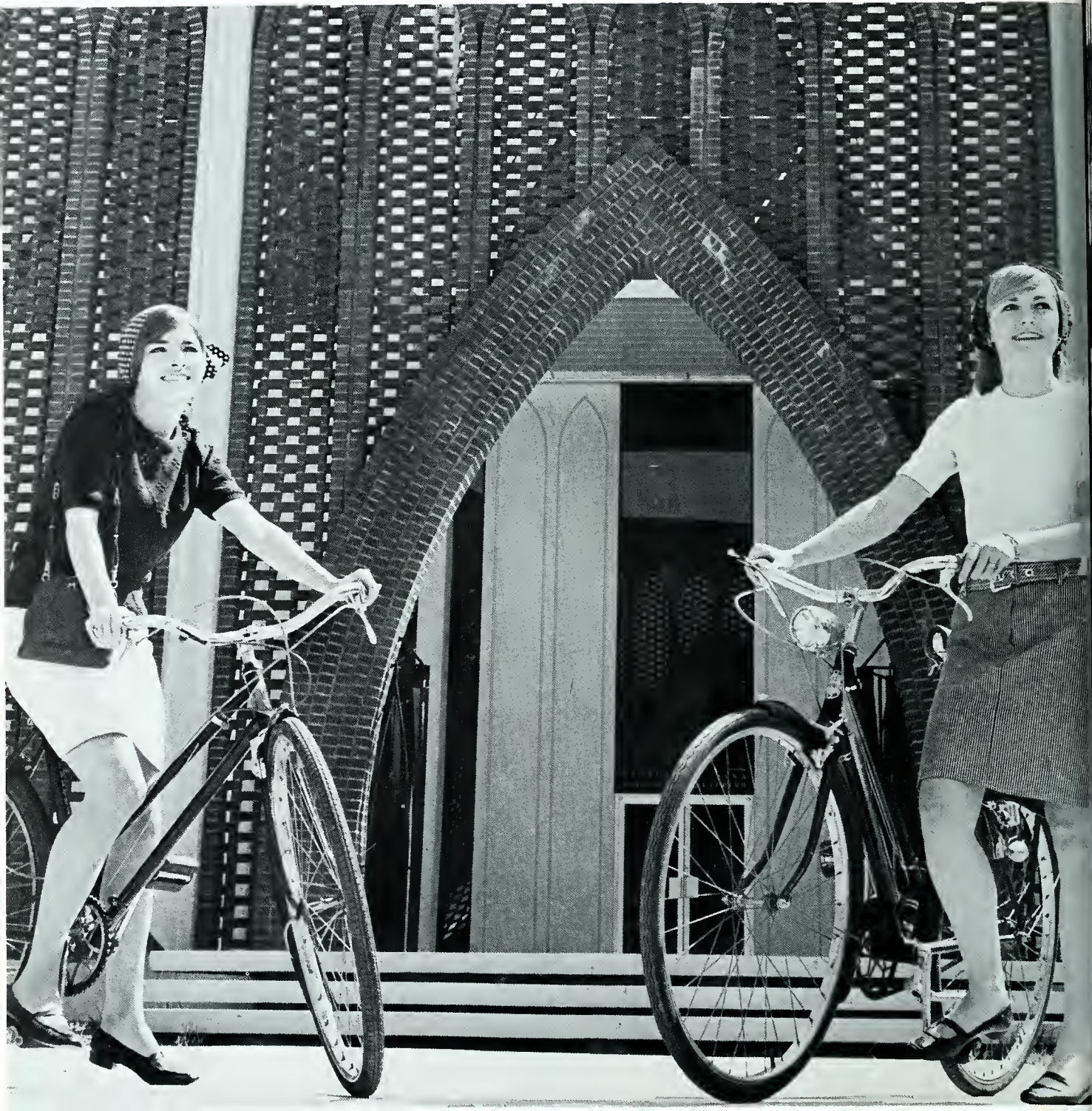
I revelled this year because Elizabeth Blackshear Flinn, '38, my classmate and friend, who has given so much of herself, her keen mind, her concern, and her time, to the Alumnae Association, is its new president.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



*Miss Lillian Newman*

Spring has come also to the new Dana Fine Arts Building.







*An Appreciation of Miss Leyburn • see page 7*

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SUMMER 1966

*Blackfriars Celebrates Fifty Years • see page 2*





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

VOL. 44, NO. 4

SUMMER 1966

**CONTENTS**

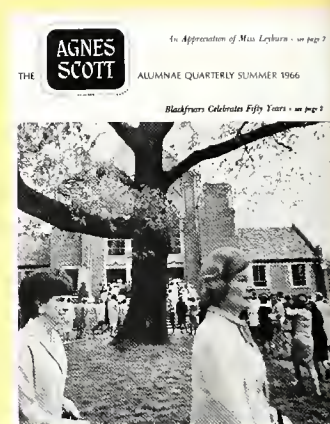
- 2 **Blackfriars' Golden Anniversary**  
by Jean Bailey Owen '39
- 7 **She Did Gladly Learn and Gladly Teach**  
By George P. Hayes and C. Benton Kline
- 9 **"The Courage of Confidence"**  
An Appreciation of Ellen Douglass Leyburn  
by President Wallace M. Alston
- 10 **Prayer**  
by C. Benton Kline, Jr., Dean of the Faculty
- 12 **Alumnae Week End 1966**
- 15 **Class of '16 is Fifty Years Young**
- 16 **Class News**
- 29 **Worthy Notes**

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**FRONT COVER**

Entrance to Dining Hall. The great oak is the one under which Blackfriars held its first performances. See p. 2. Photo Credits: Ken Patterson





*Intellectual fare which alumnae could "inwardly digest" with delight was provided on Alumnae Week End by a faculty panel discussing the creative arts.*

# Pomp and Circumstance Surround

**F**OR a group whose leader, during the first thirty-nine years of its existence, thrice annually declared its members to have failed in their performance and "washed her hands" of the current effort, at the end of its first half century Blackfriars of Agnes Scott is dramatically alive. But during Miss Frances K. Gooch's near-Elizabethan reign, word was passed down from generation to generation of students that this was her M.O., the sign and seal of each production. Her words were an imprecation that must be uttered to assure its success. Without implying anything so unintellectual as superstition in connection with Agnes Scott students, we might still suggest that if this particular "swearing-out" ceremony and an occasional fainting spell worthy of Maude Adams had not taken place on the night of dress rehearsal, postponement of opening night might have been considered. Like the sweeping, descending theme of Tschaikevsky's *Pathétique* this is the consistently recurring memory recorded in letters from Blackfriars charter members of 1915 right up until 1951 when the redoubtable Miss Gooch retired.

It seems that there were two organizations producing plays on the campus during the years between Agnes Scott becoming a four-year accredited college (1906) and 1915 when Miss Gooch came. They were known by the unpronounceable names, Mnemosynean and Propylean societies. Official history does not record the exact reasons for the creation, on executive order from the faculty, of Blackfriars as a new, administration-backed repre-



Dr. Alston, Pat McManmon Ott '48, alumnae chairman of the celebration, and Roberta Winter '27, chairman of the Speech and Drama Department, made a handsome threesome at the reception.



in the lawn to the  
beautiful new boards  
in the Dana Building  
a leap of fifty years  
to the College's  
drama group

# Blackfriars' Golden Anniversary

representative of dramatic art. At any rate, an invitation went out from the head of the English department, Dr. J. M. D. Armistead, to fourteen outstanding students to meet and organize an officially recognized drama group under the guidance of the new speech instructor, Frances K. Gooch. No splinter group seems to have been formed, so the fourteen met, made plans, and an organization was born.

We have a very clear recollection from Maryellen Harvey Newton '16 of the prophetic day upon which she received her invitation from Dr. Armistead to act as secretary of the selected group and call a meeting upon a designated date in the fall of 1915. She lists the charter members as Gjertrud Amundsen, Laurie Caldwell, Lois Eve, Alice Fleming, Eloise Gay, Olive Hardwick, Maryellen Harvey, Ray Harvison, India Hunt, Margaret Phythian, May Smith, Jeannette Victory, Louise Ware and Vallie Young White. Besides Miss Gooch, other faculty members named to the group were: Miss Cady, Miss DeGarmo, Miss Markley, Miss McKinney, Dr. Armistead and Mr. Stukes. Both Miss Cady and Dr. Armistead had directed plays produced by the two literary societies. The first officers, elected at meetings in the chapel in Rebekah Scott Hall and on the colonnade were: Jeannette Victor, President; Louise Ware, Vice-president; Maryellen Harvey, Secretary; Lois Eve, Treasurer; Gjertrud Amundsen, Stage Director; and Vallie Young White, Property Manager.

The name was chosen from that of Richard Burbage's theater which stood in Shakespeare's day on the grounds

of an old Dominican monastery in London where friars whose habit was black had been housed—quite an etymological pedigree to be sustained by fourteen young ladies in a college only ten years removed from a “female seminary.” The first production was a one-act play, *The Kleptomaniac*, modest, comical, and without Freudian implications.

Gjertrud Amundsen Siqueland '17 recalls that men's roles were not only acted by the girls, but also, for “modern” plays Miss Nanette Hopkins, the Dean, could not quite go to the length of permitting the young ladies to wear trousers. Long black skirts put further burden on their acting ability in playing male parts, not to mention on the audience's imagination. One of the earliest “break-throughs”—probably achieved by Miss Gooch after many heated conferences—is recorded by Frances Lincoln Moss '25 who remembers borrowing Mr. Stukes' trousers for her tryout as Sir Peter Teazle in *School for Scandal*, but being six feet tall herself had to obtain a pair of Dr. McCain's instead.

In the spring of 1916 an established tradition was continued by Blackfriars with the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* under the big oak in front of Dr. Gaines' house. (The tree still stands in front of Evans Dining Hall.) Gjertrud Amundsen says that costumes were ordered from New York for these efforts and usually proved a great disappointment both in fit and glamour. When *Twelfth Night* was performed in 1917, the men's doublet and hose must surely have been shrouded in floor length

cloaks, although no mention is made of Miss Hopkins ruling on this subject. Malvolio's soliloquy on cross-gartering must have suffered from the chains of modesty.

As for the long weeks of practice under Miss Gooch, all Blackfriars alumnae are agreed that, “we hated her, we loved her, we worked for her,” that she was “a temperamental artist,” an excellent director—and no diplomat.

The hopes and fears of those who “tried-out” for Blackfriars are still vivid remembrances. Some students were accepted as full members, others as associates. There were, for example, sixteen associate members in addition to the fourteen organizers. Llewellyn Wilburn '19, now head of the physical education department, was one of the first associates. Louise Girardeau Cook '28 still remembers it as thrilling to have been notified of her election to Blackfriars after constructing a much-researched model stage-setting for two acts from *As You Like It*. She and Sara Glenn Boyd '28 collaborated on the set, and in 1926 it won them the desired invitation. Dorothy Cheek Callaway '29 says that she watched the bulletin board for days after her tryout, fearing the worst, only to find the cherished notification resting quietly in her mailbox one day.

Once in, the hazards were not over, for initiation involved further obstacle courses. Frances Lincoln Moss '25 was asked to bring thirteen Lincoln pennies bearing the date 1905 to her initiation. Of course there were none of that date in existence, which she discovered only after going through some five hundred with a magnifying glass.

(Continued on next page)

## BLACKFRIARS' GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY (Continued)

From 1915 to 1929 the productions showed a loyalty to Shakespeare, with more modern and less demanding vehicles interspersing the schedule. Several plays were repeated a year or two apart, reflecting, perhaps, limited funds for purchases of scripts, some of which required royalty fees. Hallie Alexander Turner '16 records the fact that a young soldier from New York's East Side, stationed here, attended a play performed on the lawn in front of Dr. Gaines' home and was inspired to poetry and a romantic interest in her. She did not accept his proposal, but she still recognizes the magic spell cast by the outdoor production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which she played a part.

By 1927 plays had moved from chapel and lawn into the Bucher Scott Gymnasium, and a more sophisticated era was developing. Girls wore men's clothes for men's parts, and the Victorian age showed signs of passing. The rigorous discipline and heroic measures to achieve perfection demanded by Miss Gooch, however, did not diminish. In 1916 she wanted to know if Maryellen Harvey thought she

could improve on Shakespeare when she failed to remember some lines and had to ad lib a bit.

She made Frances Lincoln read an entire act of *Julius Caesar* from a prone position while Miss Gooch held a book pressed against her victim's diaphragm in order to bring her voice down several pitches. She tried sarcasm, charm, bribery, despotism and tantrums to get performances she considered satisfactory. She accused students of having "no more concentration than a chicken." In the thirties her hair turned whiter and her eyes bluer. Her pince-nez bobbed and flashed when she tossed her head and pounded her cane in anger. She shouted and she ridiculed, and once in a while a student would be driven to defy her—whereupon all the fury vanished, and she bowed quietly to courage and logic.

Blackfriars not only produced plays and brought out the ingenuity of its non-acting members in set production and costuming but also participated with other colleges at speech conventions. Betty Lou Houck Smith '35, Elizabeth Cousins Mozley '38, Jeanne Flynt Stokes '39, Joyce Roper McKey '38, and Jean Bailey Owen '39 recall a momentous trip to Nashville in 1937 with Miss Gooch driving. The return trip reached a suitable climax in an automobile accident. Betty Lou suffered a concussion—could not remember the trip for a while—and four of the wayfarers "sort of hitched a ride with a traveling salesman" as far as Chattanooga and proceeded thence by bus to home, hearth and harrassed parents.

Still another facet of the artistic stimulation Blackfriars gave to the Agnes Scott campus was its productions of plays written by students and faculty. In 1926 three plays by students Elizabeth McCallie Snoots '27, Margaret Bland Sewell '20, and Grace Augusta Ogden Moore '26 were performed at the Atlanta Women's Club and in Charlotte, North Carolina. In 1927 four others by Frances Freeborn Pauley '27, Lillian Leconte Haddock '29, Helen Lewis Lindsley '27, and Roberta Winter '27 were on the boards. *Pink and Patches* by Margaret Bland Sewell was presented in the National Little Theatre Tournament and

the David Belasco Cup Contest in New York and won first prize for an unpublished play. These were only a few of the awards achieved and road-traveled by Blackfriars in keeping dramatic art alive and lively. They made membership in Blackfriars competitive and coveted at Agnes Scott.

One of the most stimulating awards which has been offered for nearly a quarter of a century is the Claude S. Bennett Trophy for Acting. In 1931 Blackfriars morale was about as low as the nation's, and Miss Gooch decided upon one of her "operatic bootstrap" projects. She wanted to give an award for the best acting done each year, and for 1932 a silver cup was purchased and awarded to Amelia O'Neal for her work as Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's *Pygmalion*. In 1933, when the treasury was nearly bankrupt in that year of the Roosevelt Bank Holiday, Margaret Belote Morse '33 was shopping with the club's insufficient funds and was led by the Muses to Mr. Claude S. Bennett. Upon hearing the specifications for the cup and its winner, he volunteered to be the donor. Mr. Bennett was the proprietor of a leading jewelry store in Atlanta and the spouse of an Agnes Scott alumna, Estelle Chandler '24. He set up a continuing prize of a sterling silver cup to be awarded annually to the best actress judged on acting, voice, diction, pantomime, characterization and general stage presence. The award is still being given, and the quality of the acting has continued to improve. In recent years there has been the challenge of more difficult vehicles improving standards of artistic performances in Atlanta (from whence the judges come each year), and in 1966 the stimulus of a really fine theatre on campus in which to perform.

But, back to the thirties, the staging in the gymnasium, the need for scripts that cost little or nothing in royalty payments, the relatively small group of willing males from Emory and Georgia Tech who went in for dramatics made for, shall we say, restrictions on artistic expression. During this period a group of Life Memberships in Blackfriars were given both to honor past performances and loyalties among alumnae and to stimulate alumnae interest in play attendance. They provided free admission to Blackfriars' plays, and the letters of thanks in Blackfriars' files indicate

Margaret Phythian '16 and Maryellen Harvey Newton '16 were charter members of Blackfriars.







Ane Morgan '69, Tom Thumb, and Lennard Smith '69, Princess Huncamunca, leads in the Blackfriars production during its 50th anniversary celebration, added color to the lovely buffet and reception.

hat they were indeed appreciated. It was also at the end of this decade that the College conducted a fund campaign which made possible the building of Presser Hall. The greatly improved staging facilities there gave impetus to better productions by Blackfriars.

Such source material as Blackfriars' Play Programs indicates that in May 1930 there occurred the first unmistakably male names among the actors. The millenium had arrived! But something must have taken place to set back this precedent shattering, for no other male name besmirched the cast of characters until March 1931, when Charles McCain, President McCain's eight-year-old son, played the part of Georgy in Sir James Barrie's *Quality Street*. Miss Hopkins, after all, could hardly take issue with that! Like the first income tax, however, a new procedure had occurred, and forevermore man has trod the boards in numberless productions at Agnes Scott. Shakespeare and some of the Greek classics remained feminine throughout, largely because nine-tenths of the char-

acters in Shakespeare are men anyway, and the play directors would have had a nearly impossible casting and directing job with so many off-campus cast members. We have no statistical proof but are virtually certain that attendance by students increased markedly whenever men were in the cast during those first momentous experiments!

It was in the fall of 1939 that Roberta Winter, '27, who had been such an active Blackfriar in both acting and play-writing, came to the campus as assistant to Miss Gooch. She followed such able instructors as Polly Vaughan Ewing '34 and Carrie Phinney Latimer Duvall '36. Her experience since graduation from Agnes Scott in 1927 with Phi Beta Kappa honors had included teaching speech at Hillhouse High School in New Haven, Connecticut. She worked as technical director under Miss Gooch until November, 1943, when she had full direction of the play *Shubert Alley* by Mel Denelli. During this period the plays selected tended to move away from "originals" and included more well-known and con-

temporary plays interspersed with classics—from Euripides to Shaw.

In April 1951 Blackfriars and The Emory Players produced jointly Shaw's *Heartbreak House* at Emory and Agnes Scott under the direction of George Neely of Emory. The following spring the favor was returned when Roberta Winter directed the same two groups in *I Remember Mama* by John van Druten. A similar collaboration with Drama Tech resulted in productions on both campuses in 1960 of Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* with direction by Tech's Mary Nelle Santacroce and technical direction by Blackfriars' Elvena M. Green.

Courses in speech and drama at Agnes Scott had always been offered as part of the English department's curriculum. In 1956-57 a splendid step toward establishing a separate department, with a major, was taken when Annie Louise Harrison Waterman, class of 1895, gave funds for a chair of speech and drama. The College had long desired this change, and Roberta Winter had been given leave of absence during 1950-51 to start work at New York University that led to her Doctor of Education degree—thus satisfying another College requirement, that departmental heads

Memye Curtis Tucker '56 and her mother, Mary Freeman Curtis '26, both Blackfriars alumnae, helped celebrate.





## BLACKFRIARS' GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY (Continued)

hold doctoral degrees. During the 1950's play programs indicate a growing artistic standard and originality attesting Blackfriars allegiance to all phases of dramatic production.

It was in 1958 that a new award appeared, in addition to the Claude S. Bennett Trophy. Nancy Kimmel Duncan '59 and her mother established the Harley R. Kimmel Trophy in memory of Nancy's father. It is given to the member of Blackfriars, acting or technical, who is considered by a committee of members to have been the most valuable to Blackfriars productions. Annette Whipple '59 was the first recipient.

Then in 1962 a third award was announced, the Winter-Green Scholarship, a summer-stock grant, which provides that the winner may have her choice of working at Barter Theater, Abingdon, Virginia, or Flat Rock North Carolina. Margaret Roberts Perdue '62 was the first student to win this newest award.

As a feature of the Golden Anniversary Celebration this year all Blackfriars alumnae were invited to write in reminiscences, fond or otherwise, and it is fascinating to note that the recollections were more vivid and seemed much more significant to individuals in direct ratio to their seniority. Whether membership in the drama group today does not loom as large as in the first quarter century, or whether younger alumnae lead more hectic lives, thus crowding out nostalgia, we cannot know. Certainly the theatre in our world is reaching many more people with both amateur and professional productions. And as the stage widens and adds new dimensions, there must be a chronological stage for the individual person at which remembrance is enhanced, even possibly embellished.

Barbara Battle '56, writing from Columbia University where she is pursuing a career in educational drama, sent in a cartoon sketch done by Jene Sharp '57 in "tribute" to three faculty members, one of whose remarks had touched an exposed corporate nerve in their play-production class. It seems that Janet Loring, instructor in speech and dramatic art, offered the opinion that the group lacked initiative.



Blackfriars alumnae greet Elvena M. Green, Assistant Professor of Speech and Drama, and director of the Blackfriars' fiftieth anniversary play, "The Tragedy of Tragedies or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," by Henry Fielding.

Whether containing any element of truth or not, her statement set off waves of a kind of initiative in the form of the sketch depicting Miss Loring and her close associates, Catherine Chance and Elizabeth Zenn, as Macbeth's witches. The visual metaphor caught on, and "I've got no initiative" became a campus cliché along with the predictable excursions into voodoo and allied black magic.

Nineteen fifty-eight saw the first Fine Arts Festival bringing all phases of artistic endeavor together and a return of one-act original productions from the pens of students and faculty. And so an era came back to a campus where drama has been a tradition

never allowed to grow hoary, always polished with much use, being tuned constantly to pick up new glints and glows from current trends in playwriting, acting and producing. We have become so used to "new eras" in this accelerated century that the term should be avoided, but what else can describe the years ahead with the Dana Fine Arts Building in its first year of occupancy, with 1968 peeking around the corner when for the first time, finally, it will be possible to graduate some seniors with a major in dramatic art? Blackfriars is fifty, and we submit that longevity has moved that date when "life begins . . ." forward by a decade!



# She Did Gladly Learn and Gladly Teach

*A tribute to Ellen Douglass Leyburn '27, from her colleagues*

ELLEN DOUGLASS LEYBURN was born September 21, 1907, in Durham, North Carolina. She entered Agnes Scott College as a freshman in the fall of 1923. As an undergraduate she excelled in English, graduating in 1927. Active in campus affairs she served as president of HOASC.

Upon graduation she entered Radcliffe where she earned her M.A. in English in 1928. For four years she taught in private schools until she entered Yale in 1932 to work on her Ph.D. She completed the degree in 1934.

In 1934 she returned to Agnes Scott as instructor in English, rising to assistant professor in 1938, associate professor in 1943, professor in 1957. In the spring of 1965 she was named chairman of the department of English. From her pen flowed a steady stream of articles on topics from the 18th Century and contemporary literature. After a leave at the Huntington Library in 1953-54, *Satiric Allegory: Mirror of Man* (Yale, 1956) appeared. At her death she left a manuscript for her last work, *Comedy and Tragedy in the Works of Henry James: A Strange Alloy*, written during a leave in 1964-65. Unable to return to the classroom in the fall of 1965, she directed two students in independent study, sending in their grades two days before her death on March 20, 1966.

She dedicated herself fully to the purposes of Agnes Scott and worked untiringly for its well-being. Always critical of what was unworthy, shabby or less than first-rate, she gave the best resources of her mind to thought about what would improve the College. Over the years she served on many important com-



This photograph of Ellen Douglass Leyburn appeared in the 1944 "Silhouette," which was dedicated to her.

mittees. The Independent Study Program was the fruit of a study she led, and the statement of its purpose is hers. On two occasions she led the committee to consider comprehensive examinations and never surrendered her conviction that such a culminating experience was needed.

Her sense of order and propriety gave distinction to her service as faculty marshal, and countless graduates as well as her colleagues remember her figure, sturdy and erect, leading the procession to "Ancient of Days."

Ellen Douglass Leyburn was first of all a  
*(Continued on next page)*

## She Did Gladly Learn and Gladly Teach *(Continued)*

student and a teacher. She would gladly learn and gladly teach—be “an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things.” She spent hours every day preparing for the classroom what in essence she had mastered years before and was never ceasing to augment and modify with the advance of knowledge. If she imposed strict standards on students, she exemplified even stricter in her own writing. Students looked up to her with awe as master, with deep affection as friend. Yet she herself put it simply and lightly: “Teaching is such fun.”

In the classroom she aimed at giving over the discussion to the students. At other times when her questioning elicited an inarticulate reply, she would re-phase the student’s answer so that the student was astonished at her own intelligence.

In graduate school feeling the need of self-discipline, she chose for her primary field of study not the expansive Renaissance or the expansive Romantics but the era of concentration, of discipline, of clear thinking, the eighteenth century Age of Reason, of Dean Swift and Dr. Johnson. Like her models she approached every subject with an unflinching eye for its essentials. Hence the impregnability of her intellectual positions granted their premises. Hence too the pregnant conciseness of her utterance oral and written.

To a degree that seemed to give a physical wrench to her nature she identified herself with the sufferings of others. Just as Simone Weil—her spiritual sister—half-starved herself by confining her diet, when in England, to that permitted to her French compatriots under the German occupation, so Ellen Douglass Leyburn, harassed by repeated illnesses, wore herself out by a total giving of her intellectual, emotional and spiritual resources

to others. In pain much of the time over many years, she never failed to make the most rigorous demands on herself. Her raw courage carried her through every trial, renewed itself after each illness, and stood by her to the end, cheering her friends who would come to console her.

One felt in her presence a total commitment to intellectual and religious ends. Hence her extraordinary will power, legendary on campus. Student papers, no matter how many, were always returned, minutely criticized, on the day after they were turned in. Who can measure the influence that the general knowledge of this little fact has had upon students?

Applying to her what she herself said of Camus and Dr. Johnson, she had “immense power . . . to fortify the spirit and to communicate . . . the feeling that the dignity of man endures—and that it consists in his integrity.”

Her passing “has made a chasm which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up.”

Perhaps during those last long months she was living with the words which she quotes from Simone Weil:

We cannot take a single step toward heaven. It is not in our power to travel in a vertical direction. If however we look heavenward for a long time, God comes and takes us up.

GEORGE P. HAYES  
*Professor of English*  
C. BENTON KLINE, JR.  
*Dean of Faculty*

Adopted by the faculty of  
Agnes Scott College at its  
meeting on May 13, 1966.





Miss Leyburn gave a delightful and thoroughly excellent performance as the leading actress in the last great Faculty Skit.

# 'The Courage of Confidence'

*An appreciation of Ellen Douglass Leyburn's life at Agnes Scott*

*by President Wallace M. Alston*

I count it a privilege to speak briefly in appreciation of a life nobly spent in the service of this college. Since Ellen Douglass Leyburn was taken from us last March, I have thought often of her long-time investment here and of her rich bequests to Agnes Scott. She gave the best that she had to make this a good college. And she had abundant wealth to share. When I speak of Ellen Douglass Leyburn's gifts to Agnes Scott, I am by no means unmindful of the fact that she gave us her much-loved home on South Candler Street and the books that were her prized possession. Much as we value these material tokens of her devotion to the College, we

recognize that the inheritance that we have received from her intellectual and spiritual life was her major contribution not only to Agnes Scott but to her day and generation. Her life was wrapped up in the affairs of this college. We hold in trust, therefore, something very valuable—the net worth of a great life that was devoted to the purposes for which this college exists.

Shortly before leaving the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. John W. Gardner made a widely-publicized address in which he described what he called a new generation of college teachers. According to John Gardner, they are committed to their respec-

tive professions but scarcely to the institutions that they serve. They are peripatetic. They go where salaries and research grants are highest, teaching loads lowest, and fringe benefits most favorable. Ellen Douglass Leyburn did not even faintly answer to such a description. She was committed to her profession as have been few people of my acquaintance, but she was at one and the same time deeply loyal to the institution in which she served. My personal files include a number of letters from her pen, written at different times in the period of our association, in which she warmly and enthusiastically renewed her

*(Continued on page 11)*

**A**LMIGHTY GOD, our heavenly Father,

By whom we are created, in whose love we are kept, and to whom we go at our appointed time:

We remember before thee today, Ellen Douglass Leyburn, our colleague, our teacher, our friend.

We thank thee for her *integrity*, born out of her singleness of purpose and evidenced in all her words and deeds;

We thank thee for her *intelligence*, exhibited in classroom and in private conversation alike, and illuminating in its brilliance every subject to which she turned her mind;

We thank thee for her *humility*, that made her a person without pretense and found in others the qualities they hardly knew themselves to possess;

We thank thee for her *devotion to duty*, exemplified in her teaching, in her response to the needs of students, and in every responsibility fulfilled with promptness and with zeal;

We thank thee for her *courage*, which made her life through many years and especially in its latter months a rare testimony to all who knew her;

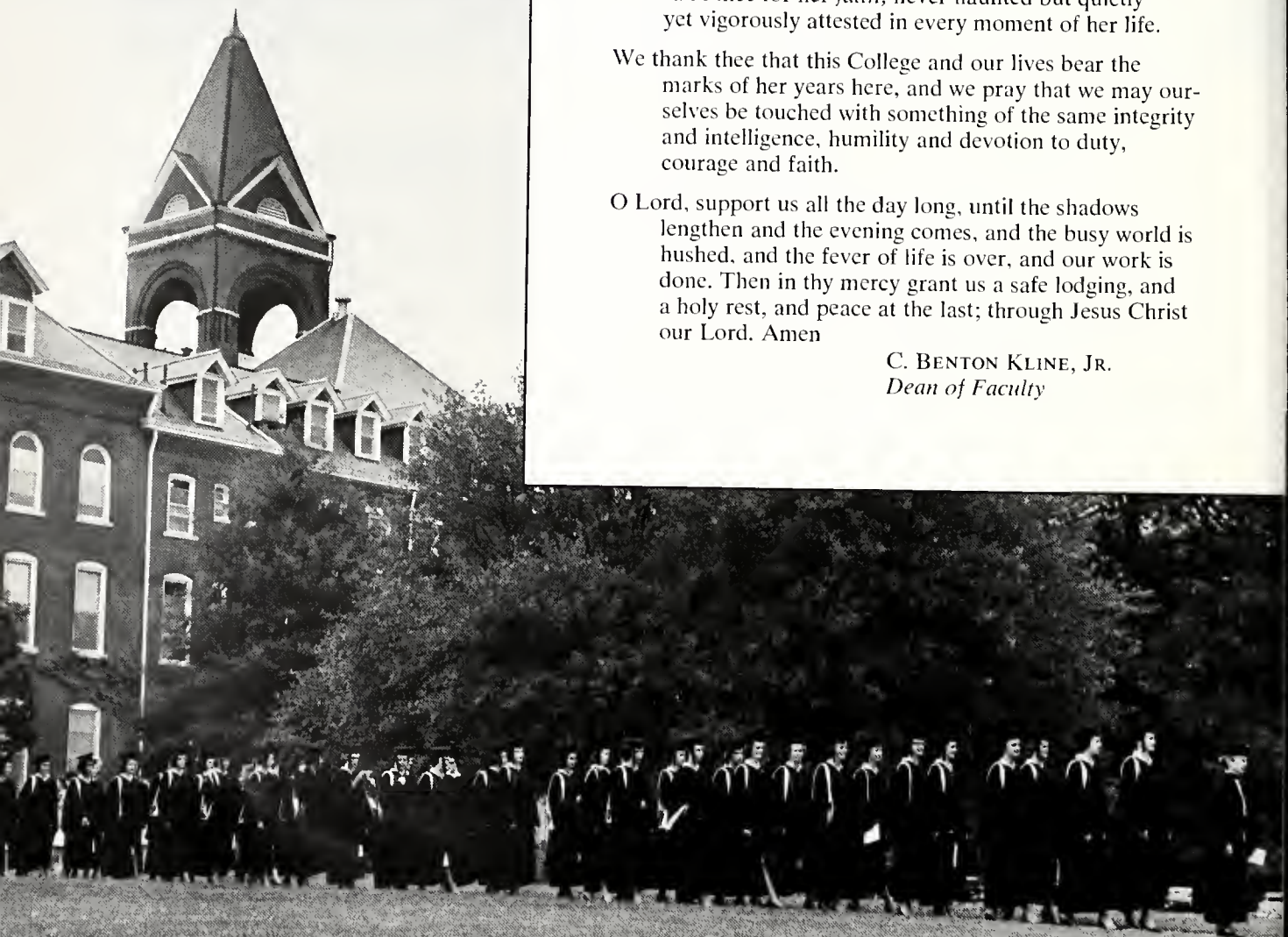
We thank thee for her *faith*, never flaunted but quietly yet vigorously attested in every moment of her life.

We thank thee that this College and our lives bear the marks of her years here, and we pray that we may ourselves be touched with something of the same integrity and intelligence, humility and devotion to duty, courage and faith.

O Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

C. BENTON KLINE, JR.  
*Dean of Faculty*

"Countless graduates, as well as her colleagues, remember her figure, sturdy and erect, leading the procession to 'Ancient of Days.'"





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**Editor's Note:** The tribute to Miss Leyburn from the faculty, read by Dr. Hayes, Dr. Alston's splendid words of appreciation, and Dr. Kline's poignant prayer composed the Memorial Service for Ellen Douglass Leyburn held in Gaines Chapel at the last College Convocation of the year, June 7, 1966. Her former students will be interested to know that Edna Hanley Byers, College Librarian, has compiled a bibliography of Miss Leyburn's published writings. Reprints of some articles are available on request from Mrs. Byers.

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## COURAGE (Continued)

commitment to the purposes and aims of this college. She taught us that a critical mind and an independent spirit are not inconsistent with a devoted loyalty.

In the eighteen years that I have known Ellen Douglass Leyburn as colleague and friend, I have had the opportunity to observe the maturing of a brilliant mind and the deepening of a profound spiritual nature. She was a scholar whose honesty and integrity of mind could not be questioned. She was a superb teacher who made rigorous demands upon herself and who would not tolerate shabby or tawdry work from her students. Teaching was serious business, so far as Ellen Douglass Leyburn was concerned. She had an exalted notion of the teacher's role because she believed the discovery and impartation of truth to be the most important venture in which a human life can be engaged. She never trifled with truth because truth to her was sacred. She taught by deliberate choice to the end of her life. As long as there is an Agnes Scott College, she will be remembered as one of the truly great teachers here.

I have had the privilege of personally knowing to some extent Ellen Douglass Leyburn's insatiable desire for meaning. Her interest in intellectual matters was primarily to discover deep-lying meaning. She was inquisitive, penetrating, and persistent in her determination to get at the heart of whatever she sought to understand. The problems of philosophy and theology intrigued her mind. She asked probing, discomfiting, relentless questions. She could not be put off with generalizations nor satisfied with pat, conventional answers. But her concern to find meaning was that she might take it up into her life and make it part of the very fiber of her being. She did just *that*.

I recall a conversation with Ellen Douglass Leyburn several years ago in which we were talking about one of the most striking sections in Paul Tillich's book, *The Courage to Be*. The particular passage that we were discussing was the one in which Tillich magnificently interprets in contemporary fashion the thought of the Apostle Paul and Martin Luther on justification. Tillich speaks of the "*courage of confidence*" as a necessity for great living and insists that it involves *acceptance of God's*

*acceptance of us even though we are unacceptable.* Ellen Douglass Leyburn, aggressive intellectual, aspiring idealist, eager activist, had trouble with that, she insisted. But the truth of it bore in upon her mind and heart. Moreover, in the past two years of suffering, of discouragement, and, finally, of making her peace with the inevitability of death—interrupting her plans and shattering her hopes and dreams in the very prime of her life—I have watched her take up into her deepest soul Tillich's meaning and the meaning of the Christian doctrine of the grace of God. As she came to accept God's acceptance of her and God's loving purpose for her, there was no cessation of questions, but she found quietness and confidence, courage to live out her life and to plan for her death. If ever a person discovered and appropriated "*the courage of confidence*," it was Ellen Douglass Leyburn. She walked with dignity, integrity, and a deepening sense of God's presence in the daytime of her life; when night came on, she was unafraid. Her witness as a great Christian teacher both in living and in dying will endure as one of our most cherished possessions.





First on the agenda of the returning alumna was to check in at the registration desk.



For many an out-of-towner a quick tour of the Dana Fine Arts Building was a "must."

## Happiest Agnes Scott 'Happening'

Returning alumnae spilled down the steps of the Colonnade and on to the Quadrangle during the pre-luncheon meet-the-faculty hour, an innovation this year.







ean Kline, Richard Hensel, Ferdinand Warren, and Margret  
rotter conducted a lively and penetrating panel on the arts.



Alumnae crowded together on the Colonnade to greet  
members of the faculty.

# April Alumnae Week End 1966

Tomato juice, crackers, and the joy of finding old friends was the  
order of the day before lunch.



Dr. Alston and Nancy Holland Sibley '58 found  
time for a spirited discussion before the  
luncheon.





# April Alumnae Week End 1966

*(Continued)*



Returning alumnae were fascinated by the new Dana Fine Arts Building and its exhibits of various art forms.



The classes of '41 and '57 had fine turn-outs; '65 had a record-making number, and the class of '17 looked forward to celebrating their 50th next year.





# Class of '16 Is Fifty Years Young

F all 50th reunions could be as rewarding and glamorous as 1916's as this year, there would be one hundred percent attendance! Ours was high-lighted by President Alston's announcement at the Alumnae Luncheon that the Margaret T. Physician Fund had been established by the College. It will be a scholarship for summer study in French to be given to an Agnes Scott student.

What pride will be ours to share in the growth of the Fund which so deservedly honors Margaret, as it continues in an ever-broadening sense of influence and the work to which she devoted so much of herself. It is a splendid way to recognize a great teacher and former chairman of the French department. The members of the Class of 1916 present at the Luncheon voted unanimously to start the Fund list with an anniversary gift which Evelyn Goode Brock had sent.

Because of the brief time we had on Alumnae Week End, it was most difficult to choose from the many pleasures offered us. The delight in the beauty of the new Fine Arts Building—as well as that of other buildings “new” to us—was equalled only by the marvel and appreciation of their facilities for times such as these. But along with the many impressive physical changes we saw on the campus, that remembered and cherished Agnes Scott atmosphere was never more evident than in the gracious hospitality extended by Dr. and Mrs. Alston at the tea in their home which they gave for our Class.

And then the day ended with a truly elegant candlelight dinner given by Maryellen and Margaret in the delightful Newton home. For the twelve of us who were there it will be an evening long to be remembered for wonderful hospitality, delicious food beautifully served, happy conversation and the sense of abiding and renewed friendships.



AGNES  
SCOTT

James Ross McCain: A Special Memoir • see page 4

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY FALL 1966







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CONTENTS

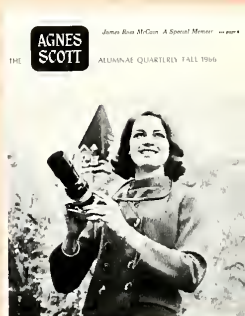
- 2 **Emergence Today Toward Tomorrow**  
by Lynne Wilkins '67
- 4 **James Ross McCain: A Special Memoir**  
by John A. Sibley
- 7 **The Best is Yet To Be**  
by Pattie Patterson Johnson '41 and  
Elaine Stubbs Mitchell '41
- 9 **Class News**
- 25 **Worthy Notes**

Ann Worthy Johnson '38, Editor  
 Barbara Murlin Pendleton '40, Managing Editor  
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FRONT COVER

Nancy M. McLean '67, from Rock  
 Mount, N.C., is Georgia Tech  
 1966-67 Homecoming Queen.  
 Sponsored by the Tech Photo-  
 graphy Club, Nancy is the first  
 winner representing a non-fra-  
 ternity organization since 1951.

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*Carol Thomas and Susan Philips, daughter of Mary Louise Duffee Philips '44, can smile over new textbooks as they start their junior year.*



*The President of the  
Student Body Discusses*

# Emergence Today Toward Tomorrow

By LYNNE WILKINS '67



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT at Berkeley, the machine stopped! Yet today little seems to have changed. Berkeley goes on and the machine continues much as it did before. It looks quite the same; students are the same; but these are only appearances.

The moment's pause was sufficient—for students, for educators—to step back and take a conscientious look at themselves. Education was forced into painful moments of self-awareness. Few understood.

Many were horrified and shocked. Many chose to ignore what was happening. Some were encouraged, and new patterns of progress were begun.

Though the following year evidenced far fewer dramatic episodes of student protest against either administrative or educational policies, the situation was far from quiescent. At San Francisco State, students conceived and initiated their own free university, outside the university structure, run and taught for the most part by the students themselves.

In more and more colleges and universities, students pressed for curricular reform, more voice in academic policy making, and more relevance for their education. The one-shot protests have begun to seem less important than long-range reform.

Yet in this last year, one central fact has emerged: that students have arrived as a new voice, "a fourth es-

tate which is taking its place beside the traditional estates of administration, faculty, and trustees." We have discovered that the best thing going for change is students.

What is more, the situation is irreversible. No longer will students be able to sit back and accept their education as spoonfed. The mood is activism and the tense active, not passive.

Students are not merely demanding a voice in education, not merely protesting in negative terms, but they are insisting that their education become meaningful—the very best that they can make it.

What is happening is the emergence of the "new student." The term student itself is being re-defined, re-outlined, re-opened, and certainly expanded.

What is actually new among students is a new understanding and new maturity about the aims of education and the methods of realizing these aims.

No longer is the here and the now the only criterion. It is tomorrow, next year, and better worlds that have become the students' battlecry.

They have become concerned with the roots of the problem—what is education? They are no longer willing to accept, uncriticized, such traditional definitions as Jefferson's "the purpose of education is to provide adequate information to insure the survival of democracy."

Students will not see education as a means of stereotyping. They want to "connect education with their primary concerns as humans," and make this connection increasingly more clear.

What is emerging, however, is not only a clearer understanding of the educational process, but the idea of a student himself.

Where can we in our own process of emergence approximate this new student? Emergence in itself can signify the growth of chaos, of disorder of the asymmetrical or conversely pattern and form, of creativity and spontaneity, of forward movement, channeled novelty in which we take very careful evaluation of where we are, and what we are.

We mark out the good and the bad, and viewing it in perspective with both the past and the future, we move forward in a process of "creative advance."

Perhaps emergence signifies the movement from the theoretical of last spring to the actual of the fall. Perhaps it is a movement from out of the limited horizons of the previous years, from our introspective past, to the involvement of the future.

Perhaps it is crystallizing of this past with our new ideas, in terms of understanding, awareness, and the subsequent movement forward. Perhaps it is the expansion of our concern from individual to community and social.

Finally, perhaps it is that we move from the immediacy of change, to the continuum of planning, that we begin to consider times as an important element for those that come after us.

What is required first is that each of us think deeply and honestly about the philosophy of education; that we examine seriously the connotations of our own environment, realizing that any educational system imposes a complex framework within which the individual must find himself.

We must understand that the problems facing education today are the problems of the individual—"his attempt to relate himself to the world, to search for a self, and to come to a realization of his own individual style of behavior on a continuum that has as its poles reason and emotion."

Such a process can only be achieved as we accept that the responsibility lies totally in our hands. The burdens of this responsibility are all too heavy, and the guidelines all too few, so that perhaps the best we can do is to implant the seeds of questioning. . . .

Can we regard our education as a moratorium? "an island community set apart from the continent of life? the student years an interlude between childhood and citizenship?"

There is certainly value to this view, for we each have the unique opportunity to develop individually, the freedom to question without the demands and pressures we will meet later, the time for self-evaluation, and the possibility of viewing this world

with more detachment and perspective than in later years.

Yet often times this is to deny the fact that one becomes through being, that education is integral, not accessory. Alfred North Whitehead puts it this way:

The mind is never passive; it is perpetual activity, delicate, responsive to stimulus. You cannot postpone the life of the mind until you have sharpened it. Whatever interest attaches to your subject matter must be evoked in the here and the now; whatever powers you are strengthening in the student must be exercised in the here and the now.

How can we achieve a balance?

How do we stimulate student involvement? How do we create academic activism? How do we encourage a climate of intellectual awareness?

Perhaps the novel experimental nature of other student projects such as the free universities, pass-fail systems, non-graded systems, independent work-study programs, and interdisciplinary courses are beyond possibility or necessity at Agnes Scott—but the principles are not.

They are based on student initiative, independent study, and acceptance of responsibility. And in time changes in atmosphere often bring about changes in structure.

The dissatisfaction we register now is not so much with the existing structure, but with ourselves for not contributing to the possibility of a meaningful education.

However, the evolution of such an atmosphere is only a part of the emerging process. The campus is part of the world, and the concerns of students involve the furtherance of their beliefs and the application of their knowledge.

Most students are indeed vaguely disturbed about the outside world. But somehow it rarely gets related to the individual educational experience.

As students we have the responsibility to discover what the words integrity, dignity, and equality imply;

but as students we must also go further than this; we must learn how to apply these concepts.

The abolishment of Student Unions in South America, the South African Apartheid, the denial of the right of assembly at universities in Barcelona, and the dismissal of 31 professors at St. John's are challenges to students everywhere.

Until the equality of education both here and abroad is reached, each student has unfinished business. If we cannot relate to social concern in hard political facts, we must certainly be able to relate as student to student.

Not to do so is to deny the very possibility of the academic freedom we value so highly.

To fail to question, to inquire, to communicate, to search for truth and to seek to attain it is to fail in one's responsibility to oneself for personal growth, and to fail in one's responsibility to the school which has insured this academic freedom. It is to make education regressive rather than progressive.

Perhaps we can see vaguely where we are going and why, but not the how? How much student activism? What kind?

Perhaps the only thing we can be sure of is that the future depends in large measure on students! "We live," as Thornton Wilder says, "in a world in which every good and excellent thing stands moment by moment on the razor edge of danger and must be fought for."

To fight means to honor, to listen, to criticize, to build, to look to the future, and to realize the potential within the actual. It is the emergence of a continually ongoing process.

"Quo vadimus?" we ask. The answer to this depends wholly upon the seriousness and determination we dedicate to the tasks ahead.

What will it mean to be a student? It will mean something beyond the four years at Agnes Scott, beyond even the goals of the institution or individual.

It will mean increasingly to be, to become. If the questions are honest, if the movement is forward, if the concerns are involved, to be a student is never to take no as an answer. . . .



*Mr. Sibley, splendid "elder statesman" of Agnes Scott's Board of Trustees, of the Atlanta community and of the State of Georgia, and long-time friend and associate of Dr. McCain, presented this delightful memoir to the Board's last annual meeting.*

# James Ross McCain

## *A Special Memoir*

By JOHN A. SIBLEY

OUT of respect for the innate modesty of Dr. McCain, words of praise will be avoided; out of respect for his conviction that death is the doorway to life eternal, a time and an event for worship and celebration, expressions of grief and sorrow will be omitted, notwithstanding the sense of deep loss that his departure brings to each of us.

An attempt will be made to give a brief recital, taken largely from a private account written by him for his children only, of his background, his heritage, his experiences and his training that influenced his life and made him the man we knew him to be.

From his Scotch ancestors on both sides of the family he inherited qualities of courage, intelligence, durability, integrity and an unshakable faith in the reality of God and of the guiding hands of Providence in the affairs of man.

In dealing with problems and facing difficulties he adhered firmly to sound principles of morality and life but in seeking solutions his approach was always flexible, moderate and reasonable. This gave him an effectiveness seldom equaled in influencing men, in harmonizing

differences and in getting results.

Dr. McCain's ancestors came to America as the result of the loss of the Battle of Culloden in which they fought on the losing side, escaping first to Northern Ireland, then settling in Pennsylvania and moving on to North Carolina and then to South Carolina.

It is a matter of interest that Dr. McCain owned a gavel made from a walnut tree upon which his ances-

tor, Hugh McCain, was hanged for refusing to divulge the location of reputed hidden gold. His life was saved by the kindness of his slaves who cut him down after the British soldiers had left.

His immediate family supported the Confederate cause and suffered all the privations and hardships resulting from that war and the Reconstruction Period. Their home in South Carolina was sold for taxes and purchased by a former slave affectionately known as "Uncle Isaac," with money that "Uncle Isaac" had been permitted to earn and accumulate during slavery.

Each year at the invitation of "Uncle Isaac" the family returned to the old home for a visit and were served by him in the same courteous and kindly manner that existed before he became free.

From these historic and disastrous experiences the family had learned never to accept defeat as the final verdict nor hardship as an insurmountable obstacle to future accomplishments. Always they had the enduring asset of personal integrity and an abiding faith that God would be their helper in times of difficulty and adversity.

Dr. McCain's early education



John A. Sibley

measured by present standards, was spotty.

The great lessons of life he learned at home from his parents. As a child he was raised under the discipline of prayer and punishment. The rod, when needed, was never spared, nor was it relied on solely to develop character. His father and mother used painstaking care to find opportunities to have intimate companionship with him as a child, using these opportunities to teach him the deeper meaning of life.

For example, on one occasion his mother gave him ten cents for filling a box with stove wood. He had often done the same job but without pay. His mother then said: "If you will take one penny of this dime and give it to Jesus in the collection box you will be a tither and a partner of God himself."

From this experience a lasting and profound lesson was taught a little eight-year old boy, who in after years recalled: "It seemed to me a fine bargain and I gave the penny gladly, and I have never had a dime since then when I did not give at least one penny. Of course, I put money in the collection plate for many years—money given me by my Papa—but this was my money and it was given with a special-thought of the Lord. It was a good lesson, for which I have been grateful."

In Dr. McCain's childhood "Aunt Phyllis" had an important place. She was an ex-slave who continued to love and serve the family after freedom. She built the fires, swept the house and cooked the meals, always with the statement that "the Lord Jesus might find things in order when he visited the home."

Dr. McCain paid "Aunt Phyllis" this tribute: "When I get to Heaven I think that not even Paul and Peter will be closer to the Lord, whom she adored, than 'Aunt Phyllis', who had a great influence on my life."

Dr. McCain's father, John Iraneus McCain, as professor at Erskine College at an annual salary of

\$900, gave to his son the unpurchasable assets of a home in which learning was encouraged and Christian virtues were respected and practiced.

In those days of financial hardship and privation kinspeople and neighbors looked after each other by sharing home and food and sometimes even clothes. Out of these conditions developed a spirit of helpfulness and hospitality that lasted long after the period of dire economic distress had passed.

Those who live through such tough times successfully developed a stability, strength of character and an understanding of the true values of life that have seldom if ever been equalled in the history of our country.

It was a time when young people had little opportunity to earn money. There was some field work such as cotton picking at 25¢ a hundred.

Grandmother Todd, however, created a source of income by offering to the grandchildren one cent per verse for each verse of the Bible that they learned. Dr. McCain, who learned at one sitting the 119th Psalm and received \$1.76, found this source of income much more lucrative than picking cotton at 25¢ a hundred.

Although Dr. McCain, upon entering Erskine College, had no training in arithmetic, algebra and practically none in English grammar, by hard work he was able to overcome these deficiencies and graduate with a creditable record.

After a year's study at Mercer University, he was admitted to the Georgia Bar and entered the practice of law at Spartanburg, South Carolina.

On deciding to give up the law he states: "So far as I am aware I had no distinct 'call' in any particular way for either the ministry or teaching: I was involved in the idea of trying to be more personally helpful than I had found the law to be. At all events I did decide to teach."

This was not only a momentous personal decision but it was a decision that unknowingly influ-

enced the history of Agnes Scott and many thousands of its pupils.

He taught for one year at Covington, Tennessee for a salary of \$75 a month.

He was offered the principalship of a school at Rome, Georgia in 1905. When he arrived to look the situation over he found no students, no buildings, no faculty—just an idea in the mind of J. P. Cooper. It was a dreary outlook but Dr. McCain accepted the position, enrolled pupils for eight classes from the fifth through the twelfth grades and the first year he did all the teaching himself in an old wooden fire station in East Rome "without blackboard or desk—simply a few chairs".

His only helper was a janitor, Sham Thomas, about whom Dr. McCain writes: "He was a very remarkable Negro, not being able to read or write, but deeply religious and utterly faithful to the best interest of the school. I don't know how I could have run the first year without his assistance."

After ten years of hard work Darlington was recognized as a preparatory school of quality and has so continued.

In 1914 Dr. McCain was elected President of Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, effective July 5, 1915. He was inclined to accept the position and his failure to do so was due to the fact that he had written the Chairman of the board asking certain questions about the relationship of the school to the church. As the Chairman had sailed for an extended trip to Europe before the letter reached him, the questions remained unanswered until the Chairman returned after several months absence.

In the meantime, Dr. McCain had been offered the position of Treasurer and Professor of Bible, with the general understanding that sometime in the future he would probably succeed Dr. Gaines as President of Agnes Scott.

Dr. McCain was impressed with the ideals of Agnes Scott and its location and the fact that Dr. Gaines had emphasized that "if you  
(Continued on next page)



# James Ross McCain

(Continued)

train a man, you get a good citizen; but if you train a woman, you get a whole family."

As we know, he accepted the position at Agnes Scott and in retrospect he looked upon the failure of the Chairman of the Board of Westminster to answer his letter as providential.

Upon Dr. Gaines' sudden death on April 14, 1923, Dr. McCain thereafter in May of that year was unanimously elected President of Agnes Scott, which position he held until his voluntary retirement in 1951, when he became President Emeritus.

Dr. McCain felt strongly that his great success as the head of Agnes Scott was due in large to the fact that he had the experience of an apprenticeship under Dr. Gaines before assuming full responsibility for the operations of the college.

When it came Dr. McCain's turn to select a successor, the advantages that he had received from his experience as an understudy, he wanted his successor also to have. So, in inviting Dr. Alston to head Agnes Scott, he requested Dr. Alston first to serve as Vice President and Teacher of Philosophy.

This period of apprenticeship has established a sound tradition, which has served the institution well and has brought to the school men of great ability and a deep sense of humility.

During the term of 1927-28 Dr. McCain turned down the presidency of Winthrop College without mentioning the fact to his trustees. Upon the news reaching them from other sources, his salary was increased to \$10,000 per year.

Dr. McCain later stated: "I thought this too much and, as a matter of fact, I gave back to the College on an average of \$2500 per year for nearly ten years."

Hampden-Sydney, Davidson College and the University of Alabama at various times indicated that they desired Dr. McCain to head those splendid institutions but he gave them no encouragement to pursue the matter. The same was true with Erskine.

Dr. McCain's achievements at Agnes Scott are so well known, the development and the progress of the School so outstanding that there is no necessity for me here to either review or appraise his work. Materially and educationally, the College under his administration is ranked among the soundest and best in the Nation.

Bearing on the usefulness of the man is not merely his connection with Agnes Scott but his broad and profound influence on other related institutions, educational, religious and philanthropic. I will name just a few.

He was given the assignment of chairman on the Committee on Reports of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools at a time when that organization was weak. He used this position to upgrade the quality of education in the member colleges by requiring very thorough reporting and auditing systems installed and by employing a paid secretary to make detailed studies of required reports and personal inspection of the various institutions to verify the reports.

He was instrumental in 1935 in organizing the Southern University Conference, an organization whose membership was limited to the better schools, with arts and sciences as the core of their structure.

In 1934 he became a member of the Executive Committee of the Association of American Colleges and its president in 1936.

He undertook at the request of the Executive Secretary of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief to put the educational institutions of the denomination on a sound basis and served as President of the Presbyterian Educational Association in 1936-1937 and remained active until 1951.

He became an Advisory Member of the General Education Board in 1936 and was appointed a member in 1939 to succeed John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and continued to serve until he reached the retirement age of sixty-five.

In 1951, the year of his retirement as President of Agnes Scott College, he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of

the Presbyterian Church, the most honored position the Church has to offer and one that seldom has been held by a layman.

After his retirement in 1951, he was appointed chairman of a committee to raise ten million dollars for Agnes Scott. The campaign was successfully conducted.

With all these activities he never neglected his home. His wife, the former Pauline Martin, was the love of his life. She was his helper and his inspiration. He lived to see his children all develop into useful men and women, and motivated by the same Christian service that was the guiding principle of his own life.

We rejoice in the legacy that Dr. McCain has left to the College and those associated with him.

In material things the College experienced extraordinary growth. During his administration the institution was run debt free, never incurring obligations beyond its income, and all capital expenditures and improvements, running into millions of dollars, were paid for with money in hand. He practiced his belief that it was wrong to enjoy present benefits, the cost of which must be paid for by those who come after.

Even greater and more important was his legacy of the educational, moral and spiritual values that he maintained in the college program. The excellence of Agnes Scott's academic standards within the scope of its work, ranks among the highest in the Nation.

His ability to maintain academic freedom without in any way getting in conflict with the most rigid principles of moral and intellectual integrity was an outstanding achievement.

Underneath and supporting the entire program of education was the motivation of service and the practice of Christian virtues.

As his spirit is immortal, so his work and influence will be permanent.

RESOLVED that a page in the Minutes of this meeting be set aside in honor of James Ross McCain and that this report be preserved as part of the permanent records of this institution and that a copy be sent to his family. ▲

# The Best is Yet to Be

By PATTIE PATTERSON JOHNSON '41 and

ELAINE STUBBS MITCHELL '41

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: I am married  single  wid-  
owed  divorced . My occupation is teaching  
I have 4 children: 3 boys, 1 girl, No grandchildren,  
1 pet (what kind) dog. I have worked (for  
pay) for 9 years since graduation. I have moved 5  
times. I live in a house , apartment , duplex , other  
(what other?) . My husband works as a  
science-specialist-teaching Nigerians  
to teach on TV

VERY PERSONAL: I have colored my hair doesn't  
everyone? I wear glasses . I wear the same size  
dress I wore in college . Larger in hips,  
smaller . I refer to my friends as the girls , the  
women , other friends (ha!).

STATE OF PRESERVATION: I still participate in  
active sports (even calisthenics count) yes. Which?  
tennis Indoors I'm a whiz at cooking 3, other  
sewing. Wish I could play golf credi-  
tably with my husband

MEN: Men, splendid in crises, really let trifles throw  
them. (Opinion)  Examples He's very  
easy-going

Does your husband allow rollers in your hair at night? I  
can't stand them - he's never said

Does he ever have to be nagged? yes On what subject?  
Clearing up his science-teaching  
equipment

WORRIES: Things I worry about—trivial making  
underwear last till we go home  
serious Politics in Nigeria  
don't worry much, really!

COMEDIE HUMAINE: My husband's best trait he  
loves me and he's funny. What I love best about my  
children constant submissiveness. The best thing about  
me is my optimism (I think) my good nature  
(My husband thinks).

FINALE: What I have enjoyed doing most since grad-  
uation: Teaching - the most rewarding occupa-  
tion ever devised - and traveling  
What I would like to do most in the future: They  
traveling and becoming a better teacher

Twenty-five years after graduation from Agnes Scott,  
the Class that launched Miss Scandrett on her career of  
deaning, baptized Presser Hall with its first commence-  
ment, and headed precipitously into World War II wanted  
to take a look at itself inside and out. We contemplated  
the fate of a serious questionnaire (trash basket or back  
of the desk drawer) and decided on something short, gay,  
easy, and disarmingly probing.

If the 45 of us who replied can be considered the norm,  
this is what we are like. With married alumnae sharing  
their children and unmarried sharing their jobs, each of  
us has contributed 2.9 offspring and worked six and a  
fraction years for pay. So far only one grandchild has been  
reported. While most of us work conscientiously at main-  
taining our homes and improving our communities on a  
volunteer basis, we also pursue careers as school teachers  
(one high school principal), music teachers, systems an-  
alysts, artists, real estate dealers, and one farmer! We are  
married to men who teach (one seminary president), en-  
gineer, sell real estate, bank, build, manufacture, represent  
manufacturers, direct laboratories, and farm. (The lady  
farmer wants to meet the gentleman farmer!)

We appreciate our husbands and accept their foibles  
philosophically but have to nag at them about doing yard  
work, not buying clothes for themselves, setting the mouse  
trap, working too hard; but we never lose sight of their  
fine traits such as: good looks, good natures, patience,  
sense of humor, devotion, industriousness, and love of  
travel.

We think they are fortunate to have wives who are so  
loving, loyal, fair-minded, thrifty, energetic, enthusiastic,  
durable, determined, willing to do the yard work, fond of  
travel. Our pride, ambitions, and worries, and often our  
exercise revolve around our children: high school grades,  
choice of college, dating problems, energy. Viet Nam is  
very much on our minds. We delight in their individuality,  
good minds, enthusiasm, kindness to unfortunates; but  
what we like about them best is that they are *ours*.





# The Best is Yet to Be

(Continued)

The past has been satisfying. One alumnae "would like to do it all over again." The future holds promise of serious study in some field, efforts to paint, play the piano and the drums, work with handicapped children, do more of what we're doing (including yard work); one smart alumnae is planning to rest a little, but we're all going to *travel, travel, travel!*

At the Reunion dinner, a gala affair, Elaine Stubbs Mitchell, at the Class's request, picked up from the questionnaire report and did some splendid lotus-eating.

With twenty-five years intervening, Tine Gray came up to me after lunch today and said, "Hey, nut!"

"What do you mean, 'nut'?"

"You haven't *changed*, have you?"

Anne Martin and I went to see "The Group" last night at the Lenox Theater. After the show, Anne said, "I think we'd better skip tomorrow night."

I have been asked to help us eat lotus by reminiscing. I agreed to start off with a few incidents, as I remember only from my point of view. I hope everyone will remember something special as we go along.

Do you remember our freshman year when Marion and Sue Phillips ran screaming down three flights of stairs and out of the Science Building because they had just learned the facts of life?

Martha Moody said she never knew it was possible to keep a neat room by throwing everything into the closet until she lived with Weezie Sams.

Lucile Gaines and Anne Martin once went around asking the boys at Clemson Homecoming when they had their re-exams. They were taking Sophomore English from Dr. Hayes.

Kaby Benefield had a car named "Passion" because she couldn't control it.

Coming back from spring holidays after a house party at Carolyn Strozier's, Mr. Strozier got out of the car to let someone else drive. Carolyn and her mother had been in a heated argument over who should drive for some time. One of them got into the driver's seat and shot away. A quarter of a mile down the road the guests on the back seat were finally able to speak, to tell Carolyn they had left her father on the side of the road.

*Do you remember:*

Margaret Murchison in her black riding habit?

Beryl Healey swimming?

Pattie Patterson diving?

Scottie Wilds defending the goal in hockey?

Anne Fisher returning a tennis drive?

Ethalyn Dyar arching a basketball into the net?

Ida Jane Vaughan playing the piano?

Jeanne Davidowitz talking on the telephone?

The sounds coming forth from Miss Gooch's Spoken English class?

Miss Scandrett, Dean of Students, said in her talk that she doesn't know about the things we want to reminisce about. In my case, unfortunately, Miss Scandrett *does* know about most of the things I have to remember. That's how we got to know each other so well.

I guess I remember best the time I was sure I would be expelled, and wondered where I would go after I packed my belongings. My freshman roommate who did not come back, Hilda Woodard, had sent to Anne Martin, Georgia Poole, Nellie Richardson, Carolyn Strozier and me a box of cheeses, with one can of beer sitting right in the middle. One night, after we had returned home from a concert (on the street car and in evening dresses) we decided that our thirst for adventure had not been fully satisfied. So I thought of the can of beer.

Anne, Nellie, Georgia, and I stretched out two beds, spreads over the beds, concealed ourselves under the covers and proceeded to drink the can of beer. Carolyn declined (and I really believe this!) because she did not like the taste of beer. Georgia did not know that beer was an alcoholic beverage (and anybody who knew Georgia would believe this!).

Our thirst for adventure satisfied, we went on about our usual routine, leaving the beer can under the bed.

Several nights later, we noticed the whole body of Student Council, headed by Mary Ellen Whetsell, '39, President of Student Government, coming seriously and resolutely up the stairs. Our advance guard notified Anne to dispose of the beer can, since it was under *her* bed. She put it in a hat box on the top shelf of one of those high high Main closets. Later, Mary Ellen stopped by the door of my room, where we were huddled in panic, gave us long hard stare, and walked away. That was the moment when we were all ready to pack up and go anywhere but home. We went flying for support to "Frank" McCall, '35, biology instructor and senior resident who had known from our freshman year what good girls we *really* were.

To make a long story short, there were three outcomes:

- (1) Mary Ellen informed Anne that she had "ruined a perfectly good hat."
- (2) We were campused for "indiscreet conduct." (This really made us suspect characters.)
- (3) It was announced in chapel that "beer is an alcoholic beverage."



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## DEATHS

### Faculty

Dr. Elizabeth Cole Stack, associate professor of education and chairman of the department, August 6, 1966.

### Institute

Virginia Thomson Johnson (Mrs. Y. J.), November 7, 1965.

Florence Bishop McMullan (Mrs. L. L.), summer, 1966.

Mary Lou Patton Napier (Mrs.), June 3, 1966.

Julia Watson, spring, 1966.

Emma Laura Wesley, June 15, 1966.

### Academy

Winifred McKinnon Lord (Mrs. Daniel M.) sister of Gladys McKinnon Morgan, Special, June 23, 1966.

Louise Gaines Oates (Mrs. J. C.), sister of the first president of Agnes Scott, Dr. Frank Gaines, 1964.

### 1907

Virginia Wells Logan (Mrs. R. Newton), March 13, 1966.

### 1913

Elizabeth (Lily) Joiner Williams (Mrs. L. D. B.), May, 1966.

### 1915

Margaret Anderson Scott (Mrs. Legh), mother of Margaret Scott Cathey '46 and sister of Ruth Anderson O'Neal '18, summer, 1966.

### 1917

Mary Elizabeth Gammon Davis (Mrs. A. L.), January 4, 1966.

### 1920

Emilie Keyes Evans (Mrs. F. W.), May 27, 1966.

### 1922

Mary Elizabeth Nisbet Marty (Mrs. S. C.), 1966.  
Sue Thompson Cureton, sister of Gladney Cure-

ton '30, Pauline Cureton Perry '34, and Cureton Prowell '36, Sept. 18, 1966.

### 1924

Janice Stewart Brown, August 27, 1966.  
Sarah Dunlap Bobbitt (Mrs. William H.), Oct 25, 1965.

### 1928

Mary Crenshaw McCullough (Mrs. Laure) sister of Juliet Crenshaw Winship '26, Au 1966.

Eugenia Gobere De Leon (Mrs. Roger M.), 6, 1966.

### 1931

J. W. Watson, father of Martha North Watson Smith, spring, 1966.

### 1933

Dr. Harry Lange, husband of Letitia Rock Lange, September 3, 1966.

### 1934

Marguerite Kennedy Griesemer (Mrs. Douglas Jr.), July 30, 1965.

### 1937

Howard F. Gustafson, husband of Nellie Margaret Gustafson, May 28, 1966.

### 1939

Rosalinde Richards Grimes (Mrs. William H.), sister of Lois Richards Kennedy '36, August 1966.

### 1957

Mrs. James M. Hill, mother of Margie Krauth, June 13, 1966.

### 1960

Mrs. M. W. Starrett, mother of Martha Star Stubbs, July 30, 1966.

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# Worthy Notes...

## Fall Happiness is Freshmen, Politics, New Faculty and Fund-Raising!

WHETHER I AM reeling from a recent bout with minor surgery or from the state of politics in my native state, Georgia, I am not sure; but this fall of 1966 finds me a bit shaky—undaunted, however, I assure you.

My private brand of tranquilizer, the best, is named Agnes Scott College. Amazingly enough, to me, there are new students, 234 of them, successfully launched on an Agnes Scott career with little help from me, and the Alumnae Office is functioning splendidly without my ministrations—thanks to Barbara Murlin Pendleton '40, assistant director of alumnae affairs, Pattie Patterson Johnson '41, secretary, and Margaret Dowe Cobb '22, house manager and class news editor.

Politics somehow just do not work as smoothly as the College. Regardless of my own political beliefs (with which I shall magnanimously not bore you), I had planned the possibility of devoting this column to Beth Walton Calloway '47 being Georgia's new first Lady. Now I cling to the possibility that by the time the winter issue of the Quarterly goes to press we'll all know who is Governor of Georgia—maybe?

But let's get back to the campus. Enrollment in this 78th session, 754, is the largest in Agnes Scott's history. The good news about this statistic is that more upper-classmen have returned, which means we will have more "graduate alumnae" than in past years. (Did you know that there are approximately two-thirds more non-graduates than graduates of Agnes Scott?)

Among new students are thirty daughters of alumnae—see p. 11—and nine sisters of current students or alumnae.

Among new faculty and staff appointments (also the largest number in history) are three alumnae: Mildred Love Petty '61, instructor in history (part-time); Alice Airth '66, clerical assistant in the library, and Judy Stark Romanchuk '64, secretary to the registrar-director of admissions.

Scheduled for retirement at the end of this session are George P. Hayes, professor of English, Janef N. Preston '21, assistant professor of English, and Llewellyn Wilburn '19, associate professor of physical education and head of the department. Faculty promotions this year include Mary L. Boney to professor of Bible, Margaret W. Pepperdene to professor of English, and W. Edward McNair to associate professor of English.

Faculty members who are on leave during 1966-67 are Nancy P. Groseclose, associate professor of biology who is teaching on the U. S.-India Women's College Exchange Program at Miranda House, Delhi; Julia T. Gary, associate professor chemistry and assistant dean of the faculty,

and Eleanor N. Hutchens '40, associate professor of English.

The college community was shocked and grieved by the sudden death, on August 6, of Elizabeth Cole Stack, associate professor of education and chairman of the department. The memorial minute to her adopted by the faculty states in part:

Mrs. Stack was an excellent teacher with a deep personal interest in the students who came to her. On more than one occasion her special insight and guidance helped a student realize her full potential. As a scholar she won the respect of her colleagues for herself and for the study of education. Never a narrow specialist, she made the education courses she taught a challenging and an integral part of the liberal arts education for women . . . Her enthusiasm for living was equally great, and for those who knew her well, this is the characteristic most vividly remembered.

The national academic renown which Agnes Scott enjoys, and in which we as alumnae take particular pride is due in great measure to the succession through the years of great faculty members like Elizabeth Stack, teachers committed to the liberal arts and the high purpose of Agnes Scott College.

And today it is up to alumnae to insure the continuity of great teachers for the student of today and tomorrow. This is the reason that the College appeals to alumnae, through the annual fund, for money to help increase faculty salaries. By the time you read this, each of you will have received information about the 1966-'67 Agnes Scott Fund. I beg your indulgence (because this fall I've been so deeply involved in the annual-giving program) to emphasize the current situation.

We have chosen "67 in '67" as the theme for this fund year—we are shooting high, to 67% participation by alumnae. Last year about 25% of the total alumnae body contributed, or, as I prefer to say it, invested in Agnes Scott College.

*All gifts to the annual Agnes Scott Fund go directly to faculty salaries.*

Please do make your investment today!

*Ann Worthy Johnson '38*

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██████████  
DECATUR, GA., 30030

## Alumnae Club Directory 1966-67

Atlanta—Jackie Simmons Gow (Mrs. Wm. F., Jr.)

Decatur—Betty Medlock Lackey (Mrs. David)

Young Atlanta—Diane Snead Gilchrist (Mrs. Kenneth W.)

Baltimore—Nancy Anderson Benson (Mrs. Wm. L.)

Birmingham—Margaret McRae Edwards (Mrs. Sterling)

Boston—Harriett Talmadge Mill (Mrs. W. Robt.)

Charleston, W. Va.—Lura Johnson Watkins (Mrs. Wm.)

Charlotte—Martha Jane Mack Simons (Mrs. Henry)

Chattanooga—Jennie Dixon Philips (Mrs. Harry)

Columbia—Eva Wassum Cunningham (Mrs. Robt. B.)

Columbus, Ga.—Mary Louise Duffy Philips (Mrs. Frank A., Jr.)

Greenville, S.C.—Kitty Williams Stall (Mrs. Newton, Jr.)

Hampton-Newport News—Margaret Hartsook Emmons (Mrs. M. A., Jr.)

Jackson—Louise Sams Hardy (Mrs. James D.)

Jacksonville, Fla.—Dorothy Dyrenforth Gay (Mrs. James E.)

Los Angeles—Dorothy Grubb Rivers (Mrs. Wm. R.)

Louisville, Ky.—Elizabeth Allen Young (Mrs. Edward P.)

Marietta, Ga.—Grace Olert Daily (Mrs. Robt.)

Memphis—Alice Reins Boyd (Mrs. John S.)

Miami, Fla.—Helen Hardie Smith (Mrs. Wm. H., Jr.)

Nashville, Tenn.—Katherine Hawkins Linebaugh (Mrs. Mack S., Jr.)

New Orleans—Evelyn Baty Landis (Mrs. F. S.)

New York, N.Y.—Celia Spiro Aidinoff (Mrs. M. Bernard)

Richmond—Anne Thompson Rose (Mrs. Ben L.)

Roanoke—Betty Patrick Merritt (Mrs. Wm. R.)

Shreveport—Louise Brewer Branch (Mrs. Jack E., Jr.)

Washington, D.C.—Pauline Wertz Wechsler (Mrs. Nathan)

Westchester-Fairfield, Conn.—Kitty Reid Carson (Mrs. Robt.)