

AGNES
SCOTT

*Florene Dunstan Compares
Two Contemporary Novels • see page 2*

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The Alumnae Quarterly was the recipient of a distinguished achievement award at the annual meeting of the American Alumni Council held last summer. The award concerned the concept of the College, and was judged on the basis of writing as well as layout, design, and photography.

Balun-
Canán

AND

To Kill A
Mockingbird

By FLORENE J. DUNSTAN

WHEN two young women—one from Monroeville, Alabama, U.S.A. and the other from Comitán, Chiapas, Mexico—write their first novel dealing with the same theme, from the same point of view—that of a child—during the same period of time—that of the 1930's—and when both works are recognized immediately and win prizes and international attention, a study and comparison of the two novels is exciting.

To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee, was published in 1961, and suddenly climbed to the best-sellers' lists, despite the fact that it was Miss Lee's first novel and she was an unknown writer. Its success amazed critics, but the enthusiasm of what *Newsweek* called a "volunteer claque," along with its intrinsic worth, quickly led to the publication of more than a half million copies and the awarding, in 1961, of the Pulitzer prize to the author. It became a selection of the Literary Guild and the British Book Society and a condensation appeared in the *Readers' Digest*. Jonathan Daniels wrote: "*To Kill a Mockingbird* is an authentic and nostalgic story which in rare fashion at once puts together the tenderness and the tragedy of the South. They are inseparable ingredients of a region so much reported, but seldom so well understood."

The Mexican novel, *Balun-Canán*, by Rosario Castellanos, had been published four years earlier, that is, in 1957, and the English translation by Vanguard Press in 1960, one year be-

fore the publication of *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Already known in literary circles as a poet, with many of her poems appearing in anthologies, Miss Castellanos immediately attracted attention as a novelist. *Balun-Canán* was voted the best work of fiction in Mexico in 1959 and since has been translated into English, French, German, and Polish.

The title *Balun-Canán* is a Mayan expression meaning "the nine guardians". Its setting is in Chiapas in the southernmost state of Mexico, and the author's sensitivity and art reveal the tragedy of that remote district which, as our Southland, is often misinterpreted.

Both writers are sensitive and articulate in describing events from the point of view of a child. In *Mockingbird*, the child is Scout Finch, a little girl of eight years who lives in Maycomb, Alabama. She and her brother are left largely to the care of the family cook, Calpurnia, because their mother is dead and their father, Atticus Finch, is a lawyer. In recalling those days Scout says:

We lived on the main residential street in town—Atticus, Jem, and I, plus Calpurnia our cook. Jem and I found our father satisfactory: he played with us, read to us, and treated us with courteous detachment.

Calpurnia was something else again. . . . She had been with us since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember.

The narrator of *Balun-Canán* is a little girl of seven. Her name is never mentioned, but her brother, younger than she, is Mario. She introduces herself:

I'm a little girl and I'm seven years old. All five fingers of the right hand and two of the left. And when I stand up straight I can see my father's knee just in front of me. . . . My brother I can see from head to foot, because he was born after me, and when he was born I already knew lots of things which I explain to him now very carefully. This for example:

'Columbus discovered America,' Mario looks at me as if I didn't deserve his attention, and shrugs his shoulders indifferently. I'm choked with rage. As usual, I feel the injustice of it all.

Both novels take place in a small town, and the nineteen-thirties form the background for each story. Southerners who lived through those years feel a twinge of nostalgia when Scout mentions the radio "soap opera," *One Man's Family*, Book VI, Chapter XXV. She tells about Mr. Bob Ewell's acquiring and losing a job in a matter of days, and she thinks it unique in the annals of the nineteen-thirties because he was the only man she had heard of who was fired from the WPA for laziness. By the end of October of the year in which the action takes place, she says that Maycomb was itself again after the excitement of the trial, except for one or two minor changes. One change was that



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people had removed from the store windows and automobiles the stickers which said, "NRA—WE DO OUR PART." "I asked Atticus why, and he said it was because the National Recovery Act was dead. I asked who killed it; he said nine old men." The actual date of 1935 is given during the trial of Tom Robinson, a Negro accused of rape, whom Atticus is defending:

One more thing, gentlemen, before I quit. Thomas Jefferson once said that all men are created equal, a phrase that the Yankees and distaff side of the Executive Branch in Washington are fond of hurling at us. There is a tendency in this year of Grace, 1935, for certain people to use this phrase out of context, to satisfy all conditions. . . . We know that all men are not created equal in the sense some people would have us believe—Some people are smarter than others, some people have more opportunity because they are born with it. . . . But there is one way in this country in which all men are created equal—there is one institution that makes a pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man the equal of an Einstein. . . . That institution, gentlemen, is a court.

Atticus's defense shows that there is no real evidence of the guilt of Tom Robinson, but prejudice and fear prevail. A worthless white man's word is accepted over the testimony of a black man, and Tom Robinson is declared guilty of a crime which almost everyone in the courtroom, deep in

his heart, believes Tom did not commit.

Bahun Canán is also set in the nineteen thirties, in the difficult times during the regime of President Lázaro Cárdenas, from 1934-1940, when there were prejudice, hatred, and racial strife. Efforts to break up the large estates and distribute the land among the Mexican peasants had not been effective in many places. Chiapas was so very remote and roads were practically non-existent. The difficulties experienced by the César Arguello family show that roads were bad and the Indians impassive and unfriendly. A new federal law requiring any landowner who had as many as five workers on his *hacienda* to set up and run a school—a secular school—is used by the author to portray the difficulties faced by the landowners and by the Indians who were eager for their children to have "schooling." During a part of this period all churches were closed by government order and teaching of the three R's or of the catechism, or anything resembling religion, had to be done clandestinely. For instance, the children's mother, Zoraida, had to arrange with her friend Amalia to prepare the children secretly for communion, and when the priest went to see Mario, as he was dying, the military arrested the priest.

In the two novels the similarities are not only found in the narrators, the setting, and the period of time, but also in the characters, which offer

the most striking parallels, with a few divergencies. Each author has skillfully presented well rounded, three-dimensional characters, products of their milieu. Both books have a strong central character, the father in each instance, a protective nurse figure who is like a member of the family, the two children always in the center of the story, and even a sex-starved person whose hunger for affection causes tragedy.

The strong character in *Mockingbird* is Atticus Finch, wise in the ways of the world and in the psychology of children, and a lawyer in the small town of Maycomb, some twenty miles from Finch's Landing—the family homestead. Atticus was the first to break the tradition of living on the land when he decided to study law and practice it in Maycomb. Scout mentions his fondness for Maycomb:

During his first five years in Maycomb, Atticus practiced economy more than anything else; . . . but after getting Uncle Jack started [in medicine] Atticus derived a reasonable income from the law. He liked Maycomb, he was Maycomb County born and bred; he knew his people, they knew him; . . . and Atticus was related by blood or marriage to nearly every family in town.

Atticus does not have much time to spend with the children, and when they are young he entrusts them to the Negro maid, Calpurnia. When Scout is eight and Jem twelve, Atticus

(Continued on next page)

Balun-Canán and To Kill a Mockingbird

(Continued)

begins to worry about leaving them while he is serving in the State legislature. He thinks that Scout should have some "feminine influence," so he asks his sister Alexandria to come and live with them "for a while." Sensing the lack of joy on the part of the children and feeling it necessary to justify to the children his invitation to Alexandria, Atticus tried to tell them the "facts of life" and finds the telling difficult. Finally, in his lawyer's voice he says:

Your aunt has asked me to try to impress upon you and Jean Louise that you are not the run-of-the-mill people, that you are the product of several generations' gentle breeding . . .

The fine distinctions that make the Finch family "quality" are not clearly understood by Scout and Jem; but everyone in Maycomb knows that Atticus Finch belongs to one of the "first families." He is a person of good will; he has a sense of humor—which he needs in dealing with his children—and a strong conviction about the dignity and worth of human life. That he has a sense of compassion is seen in his warning to his children that it is a sin to kill a mockingbird, because mockingbirds harm no one and give great pleasure.

Atticus' moral courage

His moral courage is evident when he defends a Negro unjustly accused of rape, knowing full well that he and his children will suffer. He shows physical courage as he sits propped against the front door of the jail, clearly outlined in the light cast by the single light bulb, and reads his newspaper, seemingly oblivious to the nightbugs flying around his head or to the danger from the menacing group of men who had come to "get" Tom Robinson and take justice into their own hands. We learn more and more about Atticus as we look through his children's eyes and see his true greatness. As they gradually realize the various facets of their father's life and personality, the dominant thread of the novel—his humanity and wisdom—becomes visible.

The strong central figure in *Balun-*

Canán is César Arguello. Like Atticus he belongs to one of the old landowning families, and like all the sons of well-to-do Mexican families he had been sent to Europe to study. He had no "head" for such things and did not get a degree, but he did enjoy himself thoroughly—as long as his parents lived and kept him in funds. Thereafter, however, he had to return to Comitán, and he arrived just in time to rescue the ranch Chactajal from falling into the hands of a dishonest overseer. Even in Paris he had missed Comitán and the ranch, and had the family send him coffee, chocolate and sacks of sour *posol*.

Character of César

César was certainly not a rolling stone, for despite his wanderings, he always found his way home. He was proud of his family name and had complete self confidence because, in the past, the Arguello name had meant something, and the family fortune was equal to or greater than that of any of his neighbors. In former years he had inspired respect, sometimes fear, and, in some instances, love on the part of many of the Indians. One of these is the Indian nurse, Nana. The little girl narrator tells about seeing a soft reddish wound disfiguring one of Nana's knees. When questioned about it, Nana explains that she had been hurt because of her relation to the Arguello family: "I was brought up in your house. Because I love your parents, and Mario and you."

"Is it wicked to love us?"

"It is wicked to love those who give orders and have possessions. That's what the law says."

César is physically strong and knows no fear. When one of the Indians sets fire to the canefields and thousands of pesos are lost in the blaze, César shows physical stamina and complete lack of fear in trying to bring the fire under control before it reaches the living quarters.

Though César and his family live in Comitán, he keeps in touch with Chactajal and goes every year to supervise the grinding of the corn and the branding of the sheep and cattle. The Indians come into Comitán pe-

riodically from the ranch to bring sacks of maize and beans, bundles of salt beef, and cones of brown sugar. Lounging in the hammock on the veranda, César receives them.

They approach one by one and offer their foreheads for him to touch with the three middle fingers of his right hand. Then they return a respectful distance where they belong. My father talks to them about the business of the farm. He knows their language and customs.

César symbolizes the old regime, adverse to any change which will result in loss of power. Felipe Carranza represents the traditionally underprivileged Indians. When Felipe informs César that "it is the law" that he must have a school for the Indian children, César agrees to it, thinking that he can appease them by starting something which may be called a school and being sure that the interest of the Indians will not persist. César makes his nephew, the illegitimate son of his dead brother Ernesto, agree to be the teacher. Ernesto tells him that he has only a fourth grade education and knows not a word of *Tzeltzal*, the language of the Indians. César insists that this makes no difference; and Ernesto, flattered by the attention of César, and at the thought of associating intimately with the family—which had never recognized him—consents to go. The family set out on the journey to the ranch, experiencing along the way the enmity of the Indians when they are refused even the barest lodging as they struggle to find shelter from the severe weather. When the opening of school can be delayed no longer, Ernesto has to go to the school house where the Indian children scrubbed and clean, are expectantly awaiting some miracle from the "school." Ernesto reads out of the *Almanac* in Spanish to Indian children who speak only *Tzeltzal* and who understand not one word he reads. The tragic outcome can be foretold only too clearly.

César's dilemma

César, unlike Atticus, clings to custom and wishes to keep the *status quo*. He resists change and is honestly convinced that every one will be better served if the Indian is "kept in his place," allowed no education, and given only what the landowners think best for him. César simply cannot



Mario Castellanos, contemporary Mexican novelist, considered by critics the most distinguished woman writer in Mexico today.

me to terms with the Revolution; and when his property at the ranch destroyed, he goes personally to seek aid from the governor. He meets the governor at a barbecue party on a farm near the capital, and the governor promises to see him the next day. When he presents himself formally at the Government Palace, the aides tell him that the governor has had to make an unexpected trip to Mexico City to work with President Cárdenas, and Cesar has to continue to wait.

The dilemma of César can be more fully seen and understood than revealed. For centuries the head of the Arguello family had been the *patron*, a member of one of the *criollo* families who have been leaders in a closed society. They cannot understand the awakening desires of the Indians, their determination that their children are to be educated, and their need to be treated with dignity as human beings. The *criollos* resistance to change is justly and inevitably doomed to breakdown; but César Arguello, a descendant of Spanish pioneers, a *patron* of inheritance and a name he wants to leave to his son Mario, can do nothing but resist its coming. The family servant in both novels offers another parallel in characterization and is integral to the story. In *Don-Canán* it is Nana, the Indian from Chactajal, who looks after the children, sees that they are clean and properly dressed, and accompanies them to school. When the little girl

wants to know anything, it is to Nana, rather than to the mother, Zoraida, that she goes. Nana tells the children the old folk tales, legends, and stories which reveal her own belief in the superstitions of Indian lore. When the preparations are made for the family journey to Chactajal to set up the school and attend to the annual chores, Nana assists in the preparation, but she refuses to return to the ranch because she is afraid of sorcerers.

Shortly before the time for departure Nana takes the little girl aside to say goodbye. The new law has caused all churches to be closed for worship, but the two slip into the small chapel. They kneel before the statues on the altar; Nana crosses the forehead of the child and utters a prayer which shows her deep faith in God, her devotion to the child, her realistic approach to life, and her wisdom about things of the world:

I come to deliver my little child to thee, Lord; thou art witness that I can no longer watch over her now that distance will divide us. But thou who are here, and there also, protect her. . . . Protect her, as up to now I have protected her, from breathing scorn. . . . May she also stoop to pick that precious flower which is given to few to gather in this world, and which is called humility. . . .

Open her understanding, broaden it so that truth may find ample space there, that she may pause before raising the whip, knowing that every lash that falls prints

a scar on the chastiser's shoulder. . . . May she never be found wanting in gratitude. . . . I commend her to Thee.

The goodbye is tearfully said by Nana and the little girl, and on the trip the little girl misses Nana greatly. Though Nana has been with the Arguello family all of her life, when, later in the story, she has a "vision" and foretells the death of Mario, the *varon* of the family, she is abruptly dismissed by her distraught mistress, Zoraida.

In *To Kill a Mockingbird* the family maid, Calpurnia, according to Scout, was "something else again. . . . She was all angles and bones. . . . She was always ordering me out of the kitchen. . . ." Calpurnia was responsible for rearing the children, which included keeping them clean, teaching them manners, and instilling character into them. When Jem invited one of the poorest and proudest children in town, Walter Cunningham, to eat with them, he accepted. He was obviously hungry and ate voraciously. He poured syrup on his vegetables and meat, and would have poured it into his milk glass, thought Scout, if she had not asked him what the sam-hill he was doing. Calpurnia heard her and requested her presence in the kitchen. "She was furious, and when she was furious Calpurnia's grammar was erratic." She gave Scout a verbal thrashing, ending with:

That boy's yo' comp'ny and if he wants to eat up the table cloth you let him, you hear? . . . Don't matter who they are, anybody sets foot in this house's yo' company, don't you let me catch you remarkin' on their ways like you was so high and mighty!

When Atticus was in Montgomery, one Sunday, in an emergency session of the legislature, Calpurnia, evidently remembering a rainy Sunday when the children were fatherless and teacherless and got into mischief, suggested they go to church with her. They were delighted at the prospect, and Calpurnia stayed overnight with them, on Saturday, sleeping on a folding cot in the kitchen, so that she could "look after their clothes." When they were finally dressed to her satisfaction, they set out for First Purchase African M.E. Church—so-called because it was paid for from the first earnings of freed slaves. Scout recalls: "The warm bittersweet smell of clean Negro welcomed us as we entered the church
(Continued on next page)

Balun-Canán and To Kill a Mockingbird

(Continued)

yard. Hearts of Love hairdressing mingled with asafetida, snuff, Hoyt's Cologne, Brown's Mule, peppermint, and lilac talcum." After a most interesting service at which the hymns were "lined" because most of the congregation could not read, Scout and Jem learned that Calpurnia was one of four folks at First Purchase who could read, and that she grew up at Finch's Landing and had worked for the Finch family all of her life.

In addition to the strong central character of the father and the nurse or family servant who is so much a part of the family, there is also to be found in each novel a sex-starved figure who, in her hunger for affection, transgresses the laws of the society in which she lives, with inevitable tragedy as the result.

Transgression of moral code

In *Mockingbird* Mayella Ewell admits that she has no friends. So starved is she for kindness or affection that she tempts a Negro. She does something that is unspeakable in that community: she kisses a black man. When Tom Robinson rejects her advances she accuses him of rape and he is put on trial for his life. Atticus is assigned to defend him and in his speech to the jury he says:

I have nothing but pity in my heart for the chief witness for the state, but my pity does not extend so far as putting a man's life at stake, which she has done in an effort to get rid of her own guilt. . . . She has committed no crime, she has merely broken a rigid and time honored code of our society, a code so severe that whoever breaks it is hounded from our midst as unfit to live with. She is the victim of cruel poverty and ignorance. . . . but she wishes to destroy the evidence of her guilt.

It becomes a question of a white girl's word against that of a black man's, and the white person always wins. Unreasoning prejudice wins, and Tom Robinson is declared guilty. His case is appealed; but Tom, distrustful of his chances with white men, decides to take his own chance, and, in trying to escape, is killed, with seventeen bullet holes in him.

In *Balun-Canán* the transgression of the moral code also leads to tragedy. En route to Chactajal, the César Arguello family stop at Palo Maria, a cattle farm belonging to César's first cousins. There are three of them, Aunt Romelia, the solitary one who shuts herself in her room whenever she has migraine, which is frequently; Aunt Matilda, a spinster who blushes when she is spoken to and who cannot keep her eyes off the illegitimate Ernesto, who is traveling with César's family; and Aunt Francisca, who is in charge and who has the reputation of being a witch. They have lived at Palo Maria for years and, since their parents died, Francisca has run things, even though there have been troubles with the Indians. They made only occasional trips to town, staying with César's family for a week or so, returning to the ranch, and infrequently communicating with their relatives thereafter.

Fear of Matilda

Sometime after the Arguellos' arrival at the ranch, peddlers showed up with their wares, and "in their wake came a woman riding a fine white mule, her head and face veiled with a transparent scarf." It was Matilda who had fled from Palo Maria because she was afraid her sister Francisca would kill her. Orphaned early in life, she had clung to Francisca and to the memory of her mother. She had been

lonely all of her life, and the remoteness of the farm accentuated her isolation. Now that Francisca was doing queer things to frighten the Indians she had indeed frightened her sister. Matilda begged them to let her stay and not to let her sister know that she was there. She tried to fit into the life at Chactajal and not be a burden. Mealtimes—which was when they a met—were a torture for her and, on the pretext of supervising the serving, she joined the family less and less.

Matilda's tragedy

She insisted on cleaning Ernesto's bedroom herself. One day, as she was making the bed, she put a bunch of herbs under the pillow. Ernesto came into the room, saw what she was doing, and accused her of coming to Chactajal to find him. When she protested his familiarity and treatment of her as an equal, he reminded her that he, too, was an Arguello, and revealed the suffering he had endured all of his life as a bastard. She was touched by his plight and when she spoke tenderly, he interpreted it as admission of her love for him. "Yes, it's true. I saw it from the first, from the way you looked at me." Although old enough to be his mother, and, more importantly, from a different social class, her hunger for affection and her passion were stronger than her pride, and she submitted to his embraces. Surprised at herself and ashamed she thereafter avoided contact with Ernesto and no one knew of the incident until she tried to drown herself. Ernesto saves her, and she is furious. She tells him that she wants to die because she did not want to bear his child. She has transgressed the laws of her social class and in the breaking of the code, only tragedy can result. Ernesto is killed, indirectly because of her; then she admits what she has done. "She went in disarray, and threw herself weeping onto Ernesto's breast, intact in death." When she tells César and Zoraida that she was his lover, there is a threatening silence. "Aren't you going to kill me

Finally shakes his head, turns back on her and says, "Go." Maria kisses Ernesto's cheek again and up. She starts to walk, in the hot across the scorched moor, and one follows her. Like Dona Bárbara in Romulo Gallegos' novel, she is led on and on and no one knew it became of her. That night the Tello family returned to Comitán, the last parallel to be discussed is of the injury or serious illness striking to the boy in each novel. At the very last of *Mockingbird* Scout and Jem are returning home from the program at school, Scout is seriously hurt—his face has a ugly gash cut in it and his arm is swollen—and both of them would have been killed if it had not been for Arthur Radley, their next door neighbor whose real name was Arthur. Scout is unconscious, and Scout is dead. She is assured that Scout will live, however, and the book ends to a dramatic and highly moving climax as the sheriff and Atticus discuss about who is to be blamed. We see through Scout's eyes, justice accomplished and, after escorting Mr. Radley home, she stands on the Radley porch and sees the situation from Scout's point of view. With many incidents passing in review through her mind, she has a different feeling for Arthur and a new appreciation of her father.

Prediction of servant

Balun-Canán the tragic ending is predicted, not by individuals directly, but by superstition and ignorance. One Nana begins to sob and, in great distress, predicts that Mario will die, that he will never reach manhood. When Mario's mother presses her for explanation she sobs:

How should I be saying so, King against my own entrails? The others who've said it. The prophets of the tribe of Chactajal were gathered in conference. For each one of them has heard in the retreat of his dreams, a voice saying: "May they not prosper or be

perpetuated. May the bridge they have thrown into the future be broken." . . . And they have marked Mario for condemnation. Nana's belief in the sorcerers is so strong that threats of physical violence and her dismissal cannot force her to admit that what she has just predicted is a lie.

Role of superstition and ignorance

Naturally the mother, Zoraida, is greatly distressed. She refuses to believe that her only son—a *varon*—can die. In desperation she goes to a crook-back and superstitiously asks her to read the cards. When spades—meaning trouble, and spades, and still more spades turn up, Zoraida stares at them in horror. Although Mario seems to be in perfect health, Zoraida trembles with fear as she returns home.

Some few days later Mario has no appetite. He says he is sleepy and will be all right tomorrow and wishes only to be left alone. During the night he screams with pain and shows unmistakable signs of appendicitis. Dr. Mazariegos, a "short, stout, childish-looking man with an innocent smile and chubby cheeks," arrives, examines the patient, is baffled, and then says it is too early to diagnose. They must wait until symptoms are clearer. When the mother shows much concern and says urgently, "We've got to help him, Doctor," the physician answers:

Of course we'll help him. But calmly, Senora. It's just as well you called me. If this case had fallen into the hands of a young doctor, one of those full of long words and not very thorough, he wouldn't have had the least hesitation in giving the condition a name, one of those outlandish names you've never heard of. They'd rather eradicate the trouble at its root than have the patience to attack it with other and slower remedies that are more effective and less harmful in the long run. Experience shows, you see, that surgical intervention always has its risks, and then, too, the consequences are unforesee-

able. For instance, it's been calculated that a high percentage of patients who have their appendix removed go deaf.

Although the family has the means, and although there still is time to get Mario to a hospital in Tuxtla-Gutiérrez, the capitol, before his appendix ruptures, the doctor does not recommend the journey and sheepishly gives Zoraida a prescription for quinine—just in case it is malaria—and advises cautious waiting. They choose to follow his advice and within a matter of days Mario dies. Superstition and ignorance take their toll and the book ends, leaving the reader with a sense of the magnitude of the problems to be faced in Chiapas before the Revolution brings a sense of dignity and worth to every human being in the Deep South of Mexico.

Universality of problems and values

In an effort to evaluate the two novels, it should be said that the basic theme of both is the dignity and worth of man, and although there are divergencies in details, the sameness of people everywhere, in their basic desires, is revealed in these two books.

Both are autobiographical. Miss Lee states frankly that the character of Atticus is based on that of her father, whom she greatly admires. Through her excellent characterization, folksy dialogue, keen sense of humor, and knowledge of the way a child's mind works, she has created a novel with its setting in the Deep South, U.S.A., but with universal value. Rosario Castellanos has used a period of history, conflicts between classes, and personal incidents in her own life—such as the death of her brother Mario—to weave a novel which artistically shows the various facets of life in Chiapas, with fear, superstition, and selfish pride as the outstanding threads. She has penetrated deeply into the life of Chiapas, and although certain ideas and beliefs are local, she shows, as does Harper Lee, that the problems and values are all embracing.

How to Write Class Notes.

By BARBARA MUHS WALKER

MY counsel is addressed to the thousands of educated women who suffer on those "difficult days" from a run-down, lopy feeling—a feeling of tired back, tired front, tired blood, and general comprehensive failure in the Highly Competitive Society in Which We Live. By "difficult days" I refer to the four or five times yearly when the morning mail—that daily reminder of man's inhumanity to man—brings, along with the orthodontist's bill and a Distinguished Publishing event, the *Alumnae Magazine*. To put it aside is as easy as forgetting a festering hangnail or keeping one's tongue from a newfound dental fissure. I say this (brava, Editor, for resisting censoring!) not because of the very worthwhile "Chaucer for Children" or "A Vassar Grandmother re-examines Her Faith," which one is always too busy to read at the time, but because of that insidious institution known as Class Notes, which one is rarely busy enough to ignore. To the female, Class Notes have all the attraction of *Screen Romances* for a shopgirl, except for one important difference. In *Screen Romances* and Cholly Knickerbocker the shopgirl and waitress can read endlessly of divorce, desertion, mental breakdown, bankruptcy, and alcoholic stupor, and

Editors Note: Barbara Muhs Walker, Vassar, '48, writes a tongue-in-cheek autobiography following the advice of her article: "[land] has pursued a brilliant career . . . in the field of housing, architecture, and city planning, sharing her meagre talent and training with those even less fortunate . . . and has resisted intellectual flabbiness by researches in Dr. Spock and Woman's Day. . . ." Copyright by Editorial Projects for Education, Inc.

rejoice in the superior sane serenity of their own lives. Not so with the Educated Woman, whose college gossip sheet is a series of success stories about her friends, discreetly suppressing the sordid details and calculated to throw her into a fit of despair, feeling that she alone has failed to realize the glamorous potential of her high birth and higher education. For sheer masochism, the reading of Class Notes outruns attending P.T.A. meetings or giving four-year-old birthday parties.

No one else in your class, it seems, is bothered with overweight, overdrawn checks, Dutch elm disease, stopped-up plumbing, or a third-grade roseola epidemic. *They* are all in Kuala Lumpur with the U.N., or teaching madrigals to the Navajos, or editing significant magazines, or helping the Johnsons found the Great Society. *Their* husband is not one of a million-and-a-half insurance men, but the Only Missionary Doctor in Madagascar; *they* have seven ruddy children, as opposed to your allergy-ridden 3.2; *their* household seems to care for itself as they canvass the globe for adventure and enlightenment. Reading their sparkling sagas over morning Clorox is likely to cast a pall that lingers until the next issue arrives with new and more terrible tidings. SOME ALUMNAE have attempted to solve the problem of "difficult days" by cutting off the College without a cent and the Class Correspondent without a scent, only to find the same Glad News cropping up in an occasional letter from a friendly classmate. But as any modern adult—particularly any modern mother—should know, there is only one way to keep from being bested in this game. It is, in the simple language of the schoolyard, to

Fight Back. Instead of *reading* invidious Class Notes, *be* one!

The technique is easy, as anyone driven to a career in public relations will try to deny. It requires no change in your dull daily routine, simply in the way you report it. It involves not the denial of truth but the discriminating choice of it—a kind of survival fitting, or process of unnatural selection. It operates on the age-old principle of putting your best foot forward to obscure the clubfoot behind. With a little careful reportage, the most lackluster alumna can become the kind of Class Note that will fill her peers with awe, envy, shame, and—most important—a deep sense of inadequacy.

To demonstrate this technique let me take a typical note from a typical



"over the morning Clorox!"

Without Really Lying



"a burgeoning, bustling family"

and three hamsters (4), which Tip often manages alone while Bruce travels (5). He is a sales executive for a firm that helped to outfit Col. Glenn for his historic space flight (6). Tip, who has been nursing a sick child most of the winter (7), protests she's grown inert (8), but it doesn't sound that way to us (9). She supplements the children's schooling with home teaching (10), and is active with the local Fight for Sight organization (11). Her chief recreation, she says, is making fudge of all kinds—she was just named Fondant Queen of the local Presbyterian Church (12). Topsy drives in a car pool three times a week (13) and is a

regular visitor to Battle Creek Home for the Infirm (14). Now that the children are getting on in age she is thinking of pursuing her doctorate in microbiology (15). She urges all of us to make Battle Creek a stop in our vacation sojourn (16) and promises, in addition to some of that fudge, a fascinating glimpse of how shredded wheat is made (17).

THERE IT IS, a seemingly simple homely statement by an average classmate that nonetheless exudes an aura of Capable Mother, Loveable Helpmeet, Competent Executive, Servant of Humanity, Fun-loving Lass, and Indomitable Intellect. Here is a girl, you say, who, unlike yourself, does much more than merely cope.

In fact the secret of this success is one you can easily learn, at home in a dignified manner in your spare time. Let us examine the dynamics of this little bit of dynamite.

(1) Use of youthful nickname immediately establishes a gay, informal schoolgirl tone. Actually no one at college ever called Thelma Poltergeist "Topsy," but who can prevent her using the sobriquet on herself? (2) Nobody really recalls. Was she mousey lunchwait at the next table or the ravishing blonde in Body Fundamentals? The doubt is unsettling to the reader. (3) Columbia is in this case Columbia, South Carolina, home of University of. The implication is that Thelma got her Master's, which she didn't, being an indifferent student who spent most of her time at the Dixie Bowlarama, where Bruce ran the shoe rental concession. Note the telescoping of these superfluous details. (4) Two children is actually below her classmates' standard for

(Continued on next page)



"just named Fondant Queen"

member of a typical class. To the typical reader, scanning it on time borrowed from the day's chores, it appears for all the world as a simple, effortless communication, tossed off with one hand while the other pushes the snow plow. To the grateful correspondent it obviously seemed a jewel of spontaneous expression, worthy of a batim quotation. Only the writer knows that it is the result of three nights and four hours' editing, an effort worthy of Drama 270, carefully developed along the lines elucidated in the footnotes that follow.

After a long silence a breezy note from Topsy Poltergeist Brumbaugh (1). Tip, you may recall (2), went on to Columbia for her M.A. (3), and there met and married Bruce Brumbaugh. Their household in Battle Creek, Michigan, by now includes Bruce Jr., 8, Beverly, 6, four parakeets

How to Write Class Notes (Continued)

Sketches by Vicki Justice '68.



"three times a week"

procreation, but note how the juxtaposition of other numbers—mere pets, to be sure—conjures up the picture of a burgeoning, bustling family. (5) A good example of the careful turn of Phrase. While a salesman's wife may normally feel *left* alone, she need not confess this to the world. "Managing alone" evokes the image of the pioneer woman rather than the heretofore spouse. (6) Another way of saying it, "Bruce is an underwear salesman," but why so unpoetic? (7) A clumsy writer might gracelessly refer to her daughter's recurring impetigo. (8) The self-deprecating, I'm-not-doing-enough stamp is essential to authentic Class Notes. Without it the work might be suspect as that of an imposter from another college. (9) A little awe and wonder and gee-whiz on the part of the Class Correspondent is always a help. Most correspondents are willing to pay this small price for a genuine Class Note. (10) Would you have thought that helping hopeless kids with homework could be so nobly described? (11) Last year Thelma contributed seven pairs of eyeglasses after clearing out her parents' house. Perhaps "active" is overstating the case. (12) It is important to brandish hobbies, since only poor managers and disorganized types like you, the reader, lack time for fun and games. The fudge is ready-mix, of

course, and why shouldn't she be winner in an uncontested field? (13) We *all* drive in car pools, but how many of us think to credit ourselves for it? (14) Another necessity-turned-virtue: Thelma's father-in-law is a patient at the Home. (15) This is an excellent device whereby one earns points for mere *fantasies*. Anyone can *think* of winning a Nobel prize, be-



"contributed seven pairs"

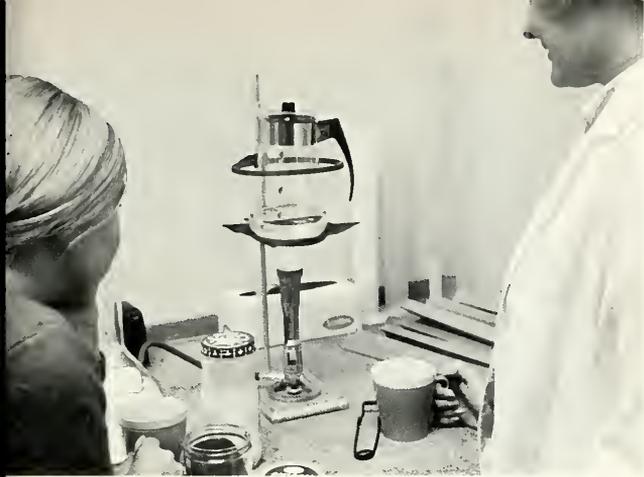
coming a Metropolitan Opera star, or being the first woman on the moon. An opportunity for self-aggrandizement not to be missed when the action star is thin. (16) A grand woman-of-the-world gesture which one can easily afford to make from an unlikely outpost like Battle Creek. (17) The principle at work here is, Embracing the Existing and Earning Credit for What Is. Kellogg has been running daily tours of the shredded wheat factory since before Thelma was born.

USING THIS SIMPLE ESSAY as a pattern, you too can weave of the warp and woof of your daily routine a tapestry of dazzling whole cloth, fit for the most discriminating Correspondent (and what Correspondent *dares* discriminate?) Before you take pen in hand, however, a few general rules must be stated.

The first regards *when* to write. Don't do it just after reading your current Class Notes, when you are at your lowest ebb. If you do, make a draft to be put away for at least a week before reviewing. Second, use the note-topic method to organize your thoughts. It will give you the warm sensation of putting your college education to use, help you dispose of surplus topic pads, and aid you in discarding thoughts that were better left unsaid.

Third, test your draft on a confidante, if you are lucky enough to have one. Be sure it is someone *supportive* like a psychiatrist or a priest and not competitive, like your best friend, your oldest daughter, or the next-door neighbor. Your husband is the least likely counsel, since he doesn't understand why you suffer over such trivia and will surely think the whole thing is silly. Fourth, make sure the final version for the Correspondent has the proper air of haste and insignificance. Use lined yellow tablet paper or the back of an old grocery list instead of monogrammed stationery, and put the stamp on slightly askew. If possible, arrange to write it on the train the next time you go to town to luncheon or the theatre—mentioning only that you are writing "in transit."

Whatever you do, don't neglect to write *something* occasionally. However faltering your prose, your own contribution is surely better than abandoning yourself to the mercy of well-meaning classmates or a desperate correspondent.



Ida Copenhaver and Barbara Johnson have put the bunsen burner to one of its time-honored uses in the chemistry lab—that of making coffee.

Student Life – Vintage 1967



The quiet and tranquility of the library is contrasted with the noise and confusion of the mail room.



Bebe Guill (right) and Dede Bollinger offer coffee to Sarah Frances McDonald '36.

Alumnae Sponsor Freshmen



Sally Fortson Wurz '57 is greeted at the front door of Hopkins by Rita Wilkins (left) and Susan Ketchin



Mary Warren Read '29 reminisces about Miss Hopkins to Sally Skardon and Joan Bell

DEATHS

Faculty

Miss **Ethel Curry**, assistant in voice culture 1920-21, September 22, 1966.

Institute

Josephine Burroughs Taylor (Mrs. Clyde A.), May, 1963.

Olive Carothers Blake (Mrs. John), 1966.

Nancy Caroline Strother Dodd (Mrs. Fair), December 11, 1966.

1908

Olive Hay Hay (Mrs. O.P.), April 12, 1965.

1911

Eliza MacDonald Muse (Mrs. Joseph K.), mother of Ora Muse '37, September 24, 1966.

Willie Lea Johns Hunter (Mrs. Earl T.) August 25, 1966.

1912

Eunice Ernestine Briesenick Sloan (Mrs. W. L.) July 24, 1966, sister of Gertrude Briesenick Ross '15 and Clara Briesenick Gardner '16.

1917

Mary Ganson Brittain (Mrs. Max G.), sister of Mary Hough Clark '28, October 6, 1966.

1918

Myra Scott Eastman (Mrs. E. Guerry) October 19, 1966.

1920

Margaret Shive Bellingrath, (Mrs. George), mother of Jean Bellingrath Mobley, '48 and sister of Rebecca Shive Rice '25, Edith Shive Parker '21, and Mary Shive '27, November 16, 1966.
Lurline Torbett Shealy (Mrs. Crawford S.) January 3, 1966.

1924

Claudia Sentell Wilson (Mrs. Page G.), sister of Eulalie Sentell Cappel, Academy, Bess Sentell Martin Coppedge '08, Marguerite Sentell Flesherman '22, October 20, 1965.

1925

Frances Summerlin, October 7, 1966.

1927

Dr. **William Z. Bradford**, husband of Mary Speir Bradford October 16, 1966.
Douglas Crenshaw, husband of Mable Dumas Crenshaw, July 6, 1966.

1928

Dan M. Boyd, husband of Sarah Glenn Boyd, April 1, 1966.

1933

Dr. **James A. Jones**, husband of Mary Boyd Jones and father of Mary Jones Helm '57 and Ina Jones Hughs '63, November 17, 1966.

1934

John Southern Austin, Sr., husband of Ruth Shippey Austin and brother of Sarah Austin Zorn '34, December 4, 1966.

1936

First Lieutenant **Frank C. Packer**, son of Ann Coffee Packer in a military plane crash, November, 1966.

1939

Clyde Shepherd, Sr., father of Elizabeth Shepherd Green and Margaret Shepherd Yates '45, September 25, 1966.

Mrs. Roger D. Flynt, mother of Jeanne Flynt Stokes, December 6, 1966.

1940

Edna Lewis Cotton (Mrs. James A.), September 30, 1966.

Mrs. Lela Wilson, mother of Claire Wilson Moore, September 26, 1966.

1941

Dr. **M. H. Stuart**, father of Ellen Stuart Patton, October, 1966.

1945

Otto A. Leathers, father of Marion Leathers Daniels, and Sarah Leathers Martin '53, September 16, 1966.

1949

Mrs. E. G. Ammons, mother of Mary Jo Ammons Jones, September, 1966.

William K. Inman, husband of Johanna Wood Inman, summer, 1966.

1952

Dr. **Anita Coyne Adams**, November 1, 1966.

1960

Mrs. W. D. Richardson, mother of Mary Hart Richardson Britt, November, 1966.

1969

Barbara Lee Bates, November 24, 1966.



Worthy Notes...

How Would You Direct Alumnae Affairs?

SOMETIMES I'VE HAD the fleeting wish that Agnes Irvine Scott might have had her son, George Washington Scott, born on a day other than February 22. She, dear lady, could not have foreseen that we would annually be frantically involved in getting faculty members out to speak to Alumnae Clubs on his birthday, usually in the worst winter weather.

This February in Atlanta has been deceptively mild, and can only hope that planes can fly and roads will be open. Alumnae Club Founder's Day speakers are: President Wallace M. Alston, Charlotte, N.C.; Miss Georgia Willis '65, assistant in admissions, Tampa-St. Petersburg, Fla.; Dr. George P. Hayes, professor of English, Columbia, S. C.; Dr. Marie Huper Pepe, associate professor of art, Greenville, S. C.; Dr. Margaret W. Pepperdene, professor of English, Marietta, Ga.; Dr. Walter Posey, professor of history, Birmingham, Ala.; Dean Carrie Scantrett, Washington, D.C. and Roanoke, Va.; Dr. Margret Trotter, associate professor of English, Louisville, Ky; and Dr. John Tumblyn, professor of sociology and anthropology, New York City and Boston, Mass.

The Jacksonville, Fla. Club accommodated me by moving their meeting into early February. I've just returned—and wish I were still there. I spoke at their splendid luncheon after Barbara Murlin Pendleton '40, assistant director of alumnae affairs, and I had attended the Southeastern District Conference of the American Alumni Council at Daytona Beach.

What is the Council? Let me answer with another question. Have you ever heard one of your children remark, "Mother, when I grow up I want to be an alumnae secretary?" Or, I've never seen a Ph.D. degree offered in Alumnae Affairs—much less a high school diploma!

So, The American Alumni Council, a national organization, gives those of us who are making careers in this nebulous alumnae work the chance to be with our colleagues and peers, to swap ideas and "how-tos", to get professional help in administering offices and programs, in fund raising, in editing magazines and other publications.

Perhaps most important, the Council gives me the opportunity to discover changes and trends in higher education today. It is difficult enough for me to keep up with constant change on my own campus to say nothing of the increasingly intensive pace, or race, of change at other colleges and universities.

When I was a novice in the alumnae business at my first Council Conference, an older alumnae director said,

"Ann Worthy, take Agnes Scott College and your position as director of alumnae affairs very, very seriously—but never, never take yourself seriously."

I try not to, but I return from AAC conferences inspired to look afresh, at least, at the job I do in interpreting Agnes Scott today to alumnae and vice-versa. No human being, no college, is flawless. I prefer to recognize the flaws, do my bit to correct rather than cover them and thus free myself to dwell upon the splendid strengths in an institution or an individual.

Perhaps I'm caught in the "generation gap"—but I don't believe it! Agnes Scott students, vintage 1967, are more open in communication with adults than ever. Granted that they are often so honest their words hurt, and experience has not yet turned their direct and concerned questioning of every phase of their college life into wisdom.

But they can laugh, too, at themselves. For instance, each alumna, no matter what her college year, can remember the crush in the mailroom. Today the mailroom has not increased markedly in size, but the student body has. I quote from an editorial, "Mailroom Mess" in a recent issue of "The Profile," the student newspaper (italics mine).

... Something should be done to ease the problem.

... Until that day comes, however, we are stuck.

We may be stuck for a long time; we are certainly stuck for this year. So, for the duration, may we offer a few suggestions to help things out. Do not pull out your mail piece by piece and read slowly everything from the stamp and postmark to the zip code in the return address. . . .

Do not pick the most crowded hours to check out the wedding announcements, or see which faculty member wants a babysitter or a buyer for his '32 Ford.

Do not open packages and try on the clothes your mother has sent. . . .

Do not stand there and deliver a 10-minute impassioned speech on how you hate your boyfriend who didn't write you for the fifth time this week. . . . In short, be careful and considerate of others. Only through the efforts of individuals can the mess created by students be helped.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

Mrs. Edna Byers



A Special Report: "Life with Uncle" • see page 13

AGNES
SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SPRING 1967





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

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FRONT COVER

Dr. Michael J. Brown of the History Department is a willing victim of the "slave sale" during Junior Jaunt. (See p. 33)

BACK COVER

Spring draws Miss Boney's Bible students outside the classroom.

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Governor Sanders, Barbara Dowd '67, Jack Hamilton, Mayor of Decatur, Georgia

he State of Georgia must live up to its responsibilities to make urban life in our state truly urban. It has been said that 'nothing is more powerful than an idea whose time has come.' I tell you today that the idea of a gracious city, a city which can meet the needs of her people, and the demands of the time is coming.'

Former Georgia Governor Carl Sanders

Symposium on the City: "The Conscience of a Blackened Street"

Agnes Scott College

March 28-30, 1967

Gay writes from Hagerstown, Md., "I wanted to come home very much, but we do miss it. It was very easy to become as time-unconscious as the Nigerians, and we are having an awful time getting anywhere on time."

Things They Didn't Tell Us

By GAY SWAGERTY GUPTILL '41

PREPARING to go overseas for a two year period is quite an undertaking. First we had to find Enugu in eastern Nigeria on a map—it does not appear on all maps. What shots must we take? What were living conditions? What could we get or must we take in the way of food? What kind of schools were available? There were a hundred other things we needed to find out about that we take for granted here. Our information had to be gleaned from many sources. We read everything we could find about Nigeria (there is not much available) and talked to a few people who had been there. Paul dredged his memory (he was born in the Belgian Congo and lived there until he was seven) for details about Africa. We armed ourselves with a considerable amount of information and set out for our two year stint fairly confident that we had thought of everything. But, oh my, there were things they didn't tell us.

English is the official language of Nigeria, but we were there several months before we were really convinced that Nigerians were not speaking a language quite unrelated to English. English is a second language to most Nigerians and it is learned by rules that are unvariable. Try saying every four-syllable word with the accent on the second syllable except some like development where they change the accent to the third syllable. Words like delicacy (de-lick-a-sy), categories (ca-tag-ories), controversy (con-trav-



Where is Enugu, Nigeria?

esy) really stumped us temporarily. We were convulsed the night we heard Mis-siss-sippi on a news telecast.

We took only summer clothes with us. Many of these were wash and wear garments that would require a minimum of care. They didn't tell us there was a peculiar sort of bug that lays its eggs in freshly washed clothes drying in the sunshine. These eggs hatch out with the warmth of the body and burrow into the skin making a very painful sore. Consequently, everything must be ironed that is hung outside. This played havoc with wash and wear clothes. Underwear was nearly impossible to obtain, and soon we were all needing to pin up the waistbands of

our underpants because all of the elasticity was gone. I drew the line and ironed socks and had them hung inside the house.

They didn't tell us that Nigerians have no regard for time. Life progresses at a very leisurely pace. No one is ever in a hurry. The simplest operation can drag out for many times its normal completion time. The first time I invited a Nigerian guest for dinner, I was distinctly disturbed when he showed up very late. As a hostess I was concerned for my dinner and my nine other guests. It was not until our tour was nearly over that I learned there is a definite code the Nigerians follow in timing their arrival for dinner. If the invitation is from a very close friend, he might not appear until the next day or even a week late than the appointed time. If he wishes to express the epitome of Nigerian promptness, he shows up exactly one hour late. My first Nigerian dinner guest was exactly one hour late.

The Nigerians are wonderfully friendly, happy, healthy looking, and quickly sympathetic. Our house steward, a most intelligent young man named Mandy Inyany, always greets us in the morning with "Good morning Madame, Good morning, Maste Good morning Stephen, Good morning Roger, Good morning Miriam. He always met us at our door after we were away from the house at a time with "Welcome." If any small accident happened like a bump or broken fingernail, he immediately sa-



They didn't tell us there's a bug that lays eggs in clean clothes.

cerely, "Sorry, Madame." They didn't tell us that every Nigerian expects and wants to be greeted with "Good morning." A crew of fourteen workmen putting screens on our house several months after we arrived was able to continue happily only after Madame (Gay) had greeted each one with "Good morning" every single morning. A man urinating on the side of the road (the usual custom) will do to you and say "Good morning" and expect a cordial "Good morning" back. We got used to many things. They didn't tell us that Nigerians have a very definite place consciousness or, in slang, a pecking system. It is mysterious to a foreigner (ex-

patriot is the term) exactly how this is decided, because the place is not designated by birth or by wealth. Education might have some connection, but again, not complete control. Our introduction to this came at Paul's office. He was one of two American advisors in Enugu, Nigeria, working with modern aids to education on a USAID contract with Washington County, Maryland. There were seven men with this contract in various parts of Nigeria. Paul worked with teachers of various rank (decided by the government) in all sorts of visual aids, radio, and particularly, television. A shipment came from Washington County that was long overdue. All of the Nigerians sat or stood around and looked at the box, speculating among themselves about the things that might be included. Someone went for the custodian. Paul and the other American got hammers and pry bars and began to open the boxes themselves. The Nigerians watched in amazement. None of them would consider doing such mental work.

On another occasion when a new section of the building was completed, not one of the "teachers" would move any furniture or books, even his own. Sometimes the house servants had hilarious arguments with each other that only "Master" (Paul) or Madame could settle about the "proper" person to assign tasks, or the "appropriate" task for a certain rank.

Nobody told us that the Nigerian national anthem is played after every

Illustrations by
MARY DUNN EVANS '59

movie, and we were expected to stand at attention during this time. One Indian couple (the woman was pregnant) was almost forced to leave Nigeria because they failed to stand once. We learned, too, all about bargaining. Except in a very few stores with set, high, prices, everything must be haggled over until a price is agreed upon. A spirited ex-patriot bargainer is a delight to a seller. Of course, a white face automatically doubles or triples the price. My own trick was to take my steward "shopping" and show him exactly what I wanted at the market. I would send him back alone the next day and he could buy the article for a fraction of what I would have had to pay. (By the way if you are willing to look, you can find anything from any place in the world at an African market.)

They didn't tell us many wonderful things about Nigeria that we loved discovering for ourselves. Africa is beautiful, and we fell in love with it all over again every time we saw the bright blue heavens filled with billowy clouds during the rainy season, or a tropical sunset so brilliant it was startling, or a little naked Nigerian boy smiling at us with perfect teeth.



Each individual must be greeted.

Editor's Note: Dr. Rufus C. Harris, a distinguished educator, is president of Mercer University, former president of Tulane University, and holds the A.B. degree from Mercer, the LLB and Juris D. degrees from Yale University, and numerous honorary degrees. He made the Founder's Day address, February 22, 1967 at Agnes Scott.

Response to The Founders

By RUFUS CARROLLTON HARRIS



IT is fitting that colleges should celebrate their founding. In a very real sense one should not speak of a college as having been founded. As it grows and improves, it is in the unending process of being founded in each stage of its life. I am pleased to take part in this Founders' Day convocation observing the completion of 78 years of service by Scott College. I am obliged to President Alston for his invitation, and to you for your presence here.

I have known and admired many of your distinguished predecessors in the ranks of students, alumnae and officers. Their contributions to the good life, and to the educational

advancement of this area, have been limitless. Any list of outstanding figures in the leadership of Southern education would carry the name of James Ross McCain, who for 28 years was the President of this College, and who died a year ago. No more stalwart figure than he ever paced the ranks of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools in the quest for educational integrity and excellence.

As an educator, I am concerned primarily with good education performance and adequate opportunity regardless of who provides these or where they may be found. This area should take considerable pride in the performance of Scott College which has brought her to the level of service and achievement which it occupies. She now must spend herself in the service of this new period of our life and time as faithfully as she has served that which has gone before.

An ancient Roman poet, Lucretius, several centuries ago wrote that "rolling time" affects the status of all things, so that what once was "held in high esteem from honor falls," and something new emerges, sometimes out of scorn, to become each day more desired. It is obvious that many Southern folkways once held in high esteem in the areas known to most of these students are giving way to something new, as Lucretius wrote, emerging perhaps out of scorn. The unwritten laws of color, caste and discrimination are

disappearing. The ceaseless tides are turning. Our region is beginning to comprehend that in order to become an organic, functioning part of the United States, unified in a new society for national greatness, some of its ways once held in high esteem must from honor fall

Concern over Leadership

Much, however, of our region remains uncertain. Uncertainty now the condition of Georgia. Do you have anxious concern over Georgia's leadership during the next few years? The uncertainty of our region generally is apparent in leadership. What sources will afford it unselfish, thoughtful and compassionate direction? Instead of backward through the embers of love to hate, bitterness and empty revenge, where forward must leadership take us to find inspiration, unselfishness and confidence by which we may advance? What is the depth of our concern over the lingering problems in political integrity? Will this region manage to find an agreeable, progressive and rational consensus, or must we fall back to an ancient and untimely racial posture? Shall smart political operators reach their offices by the exploitation of the area's traditional provincial fears and hates? Must Georgians continue the unchastened and senseless abuse by politicians of the President of the United States and the government which he heads?

Aren't we weary of observing the strange condition of an area whose economy and education would stagger without federal assistance, but with such assistance it becomes strong enough to pretend denunciation! Aren't you dismayed by an elected public official who contemptuously labels editors and others who discourse on public action as being those who are best qualified to "stick their noses in other people's business," as if the public business of his office belongs to him and is not the business of anyone else? Government is everybody's business! These are questions which must involve the concern of all college students in our area.

In some ways our region already is a conspicuous part of a new age. In these years, for instance, many foreign journalists visit the United States. They come to broaden their professional horizons, and to become better acquainted with us. These journalists, sometimes more readily than we, have become aware of the strategic importance of Southern higher education and its responsibility for human freedom and public leadership. They are forming and conveying their impressions to others, day by day. We are thus touching the lives and aspirations of men and women in remote parts of the world. In similar fashion, hundreds of students from scores of countries around the world are enrolled in Georgia colleges. Here they are gaining their vivid, personal impressions of our life, favorable or not, to take back to their people. A number of them may be in this student body at Scott College. We should be pleased if we are able to note an appreciation acquired by them of our new competence, valor and compassion.

Colleges' Role of Leadership

Our colleges and universities, by no hard way, have come to comprehend their role of leadership in Southern life, and its intimate identification with educational opportunity. Their hands have been so

full of difficult problems residing largely in regional impoverishment and outlook, they could scarcely cope with the problems of inadequate schooling. There have been not only the two known worlds of white and color within the South, but also several others—the world of the rich and the world of the poor; the world of fact and the world of fancy; the world of progress and the world of worship of the past. Since Appomattox the South has carried the complicated burdens of racial disarrangements, as well as the uneven burdens of pride, poverty, prejudice, and ignorance. Thus without adequate preparation, the swelling of college enrollments and the shortage of competent scholars and adequate facilities have crippled the sources of strength needed by Southern higher education.

Several Promising Answers

Where is the South to find assistance and strength? Oppressed by huge areas of poverty, addicted sometimes to a cultural enslavement of itself, harangued by some politicians who mislead the people, overly sensitive even to fair criticism, what are the best sources of hope for our advancement? Whatever else our old way of life afforded, it assured consistency of expectation. This too now is gone. It is doubtful if any Scott College student body has encountered more pertinent questions. But these students need not feel hopeless.

There are, I believe, several promising answers: first, there is a new enlightened self-interest growing in the region. Prominent in this growth has been the strength and sense of confidence given to the state by the excellent administration of Governor Carl Sanders. This is observed, for instance, in the more positive assumptions of responsible leadership in our area by business and industry, as well as by local government. Secondly, citizens in the non-South are learning at last that their own long-range interest

depends in some measure upon helping us in a comradely, not a condescending way. Happily, the South with all of America is developing a "consciousness of kind," with no section feeling beset by the others. We now see that all of us are in the center of contemporary world life together. Third, while distrusted by many Americans, there is a powerful new source of help in federal assistance. This source is affirmed by the widespread support for the Economic Opportunity Act, legislation authorizing federal money for widespread education, and the federal attack on national poverty.

Character of Social Action

The proposal by the federal government to attack poverty is the most sensible, necessary and timely project proposed by government in this part of the twentieth century. It is the logical response to the years which brought the population explosion, the riotous determination of millions of Americans to gain better employment and housing opportunities, and the sensational revolution of modern industry and technology. These new conditions detonated vast needs for change in the character of social action and welfare responsibilities required of government. These changes will not go away because we dislike or despise them. Indeed the attack on poverty is not only timely but also it is necessary. There are countless signs of its increasing need. One should think that the incidents in the Watts district in Los Angeles, as well as the outbursts in Chicago, Cleveland, Dayton and Atlanta last summer are convincing enough. With new and more complex problems in urbanization, automation, diffusion of skills, training and health, if this poverty is neglected there may be no effective escape from the dangerous disarrangements which it invokes. It was unfortunate that the war on poverty was given the fatuous name "The Great Society." More aptly its label is "The Great
(Continued on next page)

Response to The Founders

(Continued)

Necessity." There is no way for us to escape that war. We must fight it and win with our resources or pay for it in blood, death and disorder. We may well doubt if huge numbers of people can be left without training, health, hope or employment in the ghetto areas of American life, wherever those areas lie. It is estimated that there are more than 30 million such persons in the nation. A political rallying cry of "Poor Power" instead of "Black Power" from these people should arouse much more apprehension in the American political mind.

The chief obstacle to a good society is ignorance. It abounds primarily from poverty. The children of poor families are difficult to educate, largely because their homes lack the needed cultural advantages—not because they are less bright than the others. Their schools are more overrun, more neglected, and they have more inept teachers than do the schools of more fortunate children. These facts are not difficult to comprehend. Mr. Marvin Wall, writing for *The Atlanta Constitution*, has demonstrated that there is a cycle of poverty. Families living in deprivation are likely to pass their deprivation on to their children, and thence to subsequent generations. What many interpret as laziness and lack of ambition is often the pessimism and defeatism established by years of failure and self-pity, producing the school dropouts, the sub-marginal employment, the neighborhood delinquency and the impassive acceptance of a lifetime of slum existence.

The Explosion Potential

As our country enters upon an increasingly bewildering and explosive generation, ignorance and poverty add seriously to the explosion potential. This is dangerous to government and to order. We were slow to comprehend their peril because the population explosion and

the effects of the industrial and scientific revolutions were slow in their manifestations. They concealed dangerous leadership and educational deficiencies which now reveal the fact that the total forces of education in our area, public, private and church-related, are inadequate for the needs of our time. This does not seem adequately to be understood, at least by those controlling the church schools where these controllers seem so unconcerned over their meager support. These dangers reveal a deep chasm between what we are and what we wish to be. In these fat years all is not well with us if solicitude and responsibility are replaced by disregard, ignorance and self-indulgence. Nevertheless our region is capable of adequacy. If the essential insight, stamina and courage are found, its future is bright—not gloomy.

Needed Personal Product

I wish to invite the attention of these students and the leadership of this College to what I regard as the essential, personal product needed by the South from the necessary educational resources. This could be the finest response to any obligation felt by the college to its founders. An important function of educational institutions is to encounter and to debate ideas. Such function is vital to the quest for truth. This debate will sometimes arouse wide and active disagreement and dispute, which everyone should expect. Learning advances that way.

In a period when so many strident voices are demanding that we follow them, and where so actively they are seeking to confuse us, and in a time when there is so much being presented to evoke bad taste and breeding, our culture needs an improved image of gracious life and deportment! This image can well be established by an educational experience which patiently seeks unobtrusive ease of manner, breeding, poise and relaxed assurance. This art is now suffering in many colleges. It has been kept alive, how-

ever, by those concerned with its cultivation. Its relevance lies in the area of inner qualities of character which contain the ability to bear accomplishment lightly. It implies contempt for the notion that one must prove good birth, or make known great learning, or claim great virtue, or assert personal opulence, or proclaim superior accomplishments.

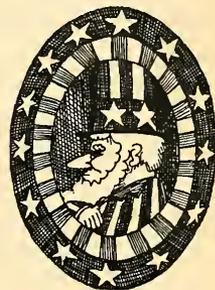
Manner of Living Life

If you find the moderate and the disciplined more to your liking than the boorish and the promiscuous; if you prefer discrimination and taste to vulgarity and crassness; if you favor the silent commitment over self-advertisement; if you believe well-doing is superior to well-knowing, if you insist that an important matter in life is the manner of living it, this portrayal of relaxed poise and confidence which I urge is your cup of tea! It is purpose, ability, and duty, integrated into a matchless composite of harmony. It has been displayed in one form or other by great people in every age, and it is a luxury which this generation can afford. It stresses dimension in personal character.

You have sensed by now the parallel between the quality and discipline implied in the program I have suggested, and the quality and discipline involved in the heart of the liberal arts tradition. This tradition avows something more to education than accumulation and display. It is the ideal possession for the person who has everything! While it is neither bought nor sold in the markets of the world, yet you can readily find the ingredients for its cultivation. They are not vaunted, nor are they puffed up, but neither are they hidden in the vapors of a mystic culture! Indeed they are here. May God bless you and help you to find from your Scott experience this bright promise of something new and better for Georgia life, which each day should be more desired. This could be your finest response to the founders of this College.

*America's colleges and universities,
recipients of billions in Federal funds,
have a new relationship:*

Life with Uncle



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if all the Federal dollars now going to America's colleges and universities were suddenly withdrawn?

The president of one university pondered the question briefly, then replied: "Well, first, there would be this very loud sucking sound."

Indeed there would. It would be heard from Berkeley's gates to Harvard's yard, from Colby, Maine, to Kilgore, Texas. And in its wake would come shock waves that would rock the entire establishment of American higher education.

No institution of higher learning, regardless of its size or remoteness from Washington, can escape the impact of the Federal government's involvement in higher education. Of the 2,200 institutions of higher learning in the United States, about 1,800 participate in one or more Federally supported or sponsored programs. (Even an institution which receives no Federal dollars is affected—for it must compete for faculty, students, and private dollars with the institutions that do receive Federal funds for such things.)

Hence, although hardly anyone seriously believes that Federal spending on the campus is going to stop or even decrease significantly, the possibility, however remote, is enough to send shivers down the nation's academic backbone. Colleges and universities operate on such tight budgets that even a relatively slight ebb in the flow of Federal funds could be serious. The fiscal belt-tightening in Washington, caused by the war in Vietnam and the threat of inflation, has already brought a financial squeeze to some institutions.

A look at what would happen if all Federal dollars were suddenly withdrawn from colleges and universities may be an exercise in the absurd, but it dramatizes the depth of government involvement:

- ▶ The nation's undergraduates would lose more than 800,000 scholarships, loans, and work-study grants, amounting to well over \$300 million.
- ▶ Colleges and universities would lose some \$2 billion which now supports research on the campuses. Consequently some 50 per cent of America's science faculty members would be without support for their research. They would lose the summer salaries which they have come to depend on—and, in some cases, they would lose part of their salaries for the other nine months, as well.
- ▶ The big government-owned research laboratories which several universities operate under contract would be closed. Although this might end some management headaches for the universities, it would also deprive thousands of scientists and engineers of employment and the institutions of several million dollars in overhead reimbursements and fees.
- ▶ The newly established National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities—for which faculties have waited for years—would collapse before its first grants were spent.
- ▶ Planned or partially constructed college and university buildings, costing roughly \$2.5 billion, would be delayed or abandoned altogether.
- ▶ Many of our most eminent universities and medical schools would find their annual budgets sharply reduced—in some cases by more than 50 per cent. And the 68 land-grant institutions would lose Fed-

A partnership of brains, money, and mutual need

eral institutional support which they have been receiving since the nineteenth century.

► Major parts of the anti-poverty program, the new GI Bill, the Peace Corps, and the many other programs which call for spending on the campuses would founder.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT is now the "Big Spender" in the academic world. Last year, Washington spent more money on the nation's campuses than did the 50 state governments combined. The National Institutes of Health alone spent more on educational and research projects than any one state allocated for higher education. The National Science Foundation, also a Federal agency, awarded more funds to colleges and universities than did all the business corporations in America. And the U.S. Office of Education's annual expenditure in higher education of \$1.2 billion far exceeded all gifts from private foundations and alumni. The \$5 billion or so that the Federal government will spend on campuses this year constitutes more than 25 per cent of higher education's total budget.

About half of the Federal funds now going to academic institutions support research and research-related activities—and, in most cases, the research is in the sciences. Most often an individual scholar, with his institution's blessing, applies directly to a Federal agency for funds to support his work. A professor of chemistry, for example, might apply to the National Science Foundation for funds to pay for salaries (part of his own, his collaborators', and his research technicians'), equipment, graduate-student stipends, travel, and anything else he could justify as essential to his work. A panel of his scholarly peers from colleges and universities, assembled by NSF, meets periodically in Washington to evaluate his and other applications. If the panel members approve, the professor usually receives his grant and his college or university receives a percentage of the total amount to meet its overhead costs. (Under several Federal programs, the institution itself can

request funds to help construct buildings and grants to strengthen or initiate research programs.)

The other half of the Federal government's expenditure in higher education is for student aid, for books and equipment, for classroom buildings, laboratories, and dormitories, for overseas projects, and—recently, in modest amounts—for the general strengthening of the institution.

There is almost no Federal agency which does not provide some funds for higher education. And there are few activities on a campus that are not eligible for some kind of government aid.

CLEARLY our colleges and universities now depend so heavily on Federal funds to help pay for salaries, tuition, research, construction, and operating costs that any significant decline in Federal support would disrupt the whole enterprise of American higher education.

To some educators, this dependence is a threat to the integrity and independence of the colleges and universities. "It is unnerving to know that our system of higher education is highly vulnerable to the whims and fickleness of politics," says a man who has held high positions both in government and on the campus.

Others minimize the hazards. Public institutions, they point out, have always been vulnerable in this

Every institution, however small or remote, feels the effects of the Federal role in higher education.



ense—yet look how they've flourished. Congressmen, in fact, have been conscientious in their approach to Federal support of higher education; the problem is that standards other than those of the universities and colleges could become the determining factors in the nature and direction of Federal support. In any case, the argument runs, all academic institutions depend on the good will of others to provide the support that insures freedom. McGeorge Bundy, before he left the White House to head the Ford Foundation, said flatly: "American higher education is more and not less free and strong because of Federal funds." Such funds, he argued, actually have enhanced freedom by enlarging the opportunity of institutions to act; they are no more wanted than are dollars from other sources; and the way in which they are allocated is closer to academic tradition than is the case with nearly all other major sources of funds.

The issue of Federal control notwithstanding, Federal support of higher education is taking its place alongside military budgets and farm subsidies as one of the government's essential activities. All evidence indicates that such is the public's will. Education has always had a special worth in this country, and each new generation sets the valuation higher. In a recent Gallup Poll on national goals, Americans listed education as having first priority. Governors, state legislators, and Congressmen, ever sensitive to voter attitudes, are finding that the improvement of education is not only a noble issue on which to stand, but a winning one.

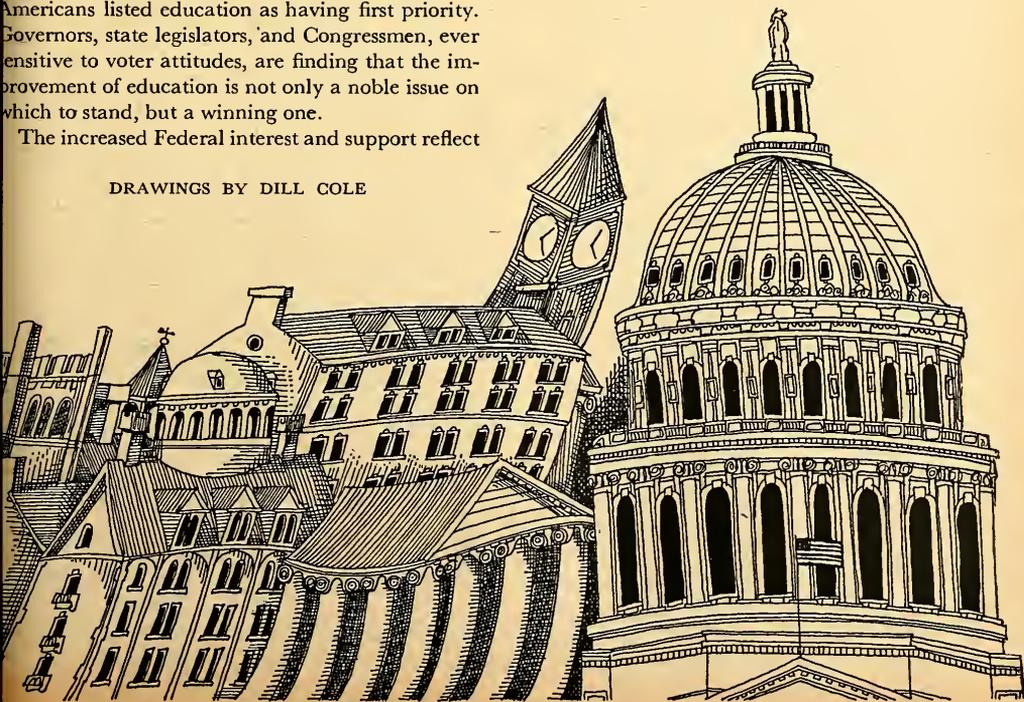
The increased Federal interest and support reflect

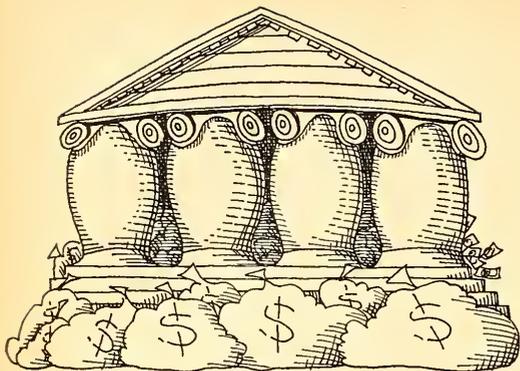
another fact: the government now relies as heavily on the colleges and universities as the institutions do on the government. President Johnson told an audience at Princeton last year that in "almost every field of concern, from economics to national security, the academic community has become a central instrument of public policy in the United States."

Logan Wilson, president of the American Council on Education (an organization which often speaks in behalf of higher education), agrees. "Our history attests to the vital role which colleges and universities have played in assuring the nation's security and progress, and our present circumstances magnify rather than diminish the role," he says. "Since the final responsibility for our collective security and welfare can reside only in the Federal government, a close partnership between government and higher education is essential."

THE PARTNERSHIP indeed exists. As a report of the American Society of Biological Chemists has said, "the condition of mutual dependence be-

DRAWINGS BY DILL COLE





tween the Federal government and institutions of higher learning and research is one of the most profound and significant developments of our time."

Directly and indirectly, the partnership has produced enormous benefits. It has played a central role in this country's progress in science and technology—and hence has contributed to our national security, our high standard of living, the lengthening life span, our world leadership. One analysis credits to education 40 per cent of the nation's growth in economic productivity in recent years.

Despite such benefits, some thoughtful observers are concerned about the future development of the government-campus partnership. They are asking how the flood of Federal funds will alter the traditional missions of higher education, the time-honored responsibility of the states, and the flow of private funds to the campuses. They wonder if the give and take between equal partners can continue, when one has the money and the other "only the brains."

Problems already have arisen from the dynamic and complex relationship between Washington and the academic world. How serious and complex such problems can become is illustrated by the current controversy over the concentration of Federal research funds on relatively few campuses and in certain sections of the country.

The problem grew out of World War II, when the government turned to the campuses for desperately needed scientific research. Since many of the best-known and most productive scientists were working in a dozen or so institutions in the Northeast and a few in the Midwest and California, more than half of the Federal research funds were spent there. (Most of the remaining money went to another 50 universities with research and graduate training.)

The wartime emergency obviously justified this

The haves and have-not

concentration of funds. When the war ended, however, the lopsided distribution of Federal research funds did not. In fact, it has continued right up to the present, with 29 institutions receiving more than 50 per cent of Federal research dollars.

To the institutions on the receiving end, the situation seems natural and proper. They are, after all, the strongest and most productive research centers in the nation. The government, they argue, has an obligation to spend the public's money where it will yield the highest return to the nation.

The less-favored institutions recognize this obligation, too. But they maintain that it is equally important to the nation to develop new institutions of high quality—yet, without financial help from Washington, the second- and third-rank institutions will remain just that.

In late 1965 President Johnson, in a memorandum to the heads of Federal departments and agencies, acknowledged the importance of maintaining scientific excellence in the institutions where it now exists. But, he emphasized, Federal research funds should also be used to strengthen and develop new centers of excellence. Last year this "spread the wealth" movement gained momentum, as a number of agencies stepped up their efforts to broaden the distribution of research money. The Department of Defense, for example, one of the bigger purchasers of research, designated \$18 million for this academic year to help about 50 widely scattered institutions develop into high-grade research centers. But with economies induced by the war in Vietnam, it is doubtful whether enough money will be available in the near future to end the controversy.

Eventually, Congress may have to act. In so doing, it is almost certain to displease, and perhaps hurt, some institutions. To the pessimist, the situation is a sign of troubled times ahead. To the optimist, it is the democratic process at work.

RECENT STUDENT DEMONSTRATIONS have dramatized another problem to which the partnership between the government and the campus has contributed: the relative emphasis that is placed

ompete for limited funds

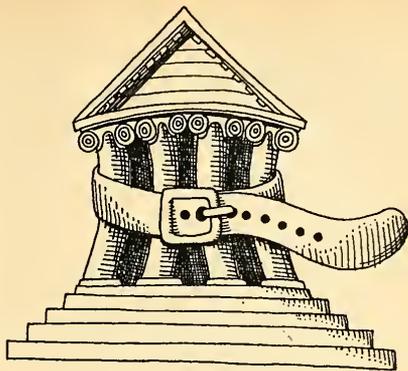
on research and on the teaching of undergraduates.

Wisconsin's Representative Henry Reuss conducted a Congressional study of the situation. Subsequently he said: "University teaching has become a sort of poor relation to research. I don't quarrel with the goal of excellence in science, but it is pursued at the expense of another important goal—excellence of teaching. Teaching suffers and is going to suffer more."

The problem is not limited to universities. It is having a pronounced effect on the smaller liberal arts colleges, the women's colleges, and the junior colleges—all of which have as their primary function the teaching of undergraduates. To offer a first-rate education, the colleges must attract and retain a first-rate faculty, which in turn attracts good students and financial support. But undergraduate colleges can rarely compete with Federally supported universities in faculty salaries, fellowship awards, research opportunities, and plant and equipment. The president of one of the best undergraduate colleges says: "When we do get a young scholar who skillfully combines research and teaching abilities, the universities lure him from us with the promise of a high salary, light teaching duties, frequent leaves, and almost anything else he may want."

Leland Haworth, whose National Science Foundation distributes more than \$300 million annually for research activities and graduate programs on the campuses, disagrees. "I hold little or no brief," he says, "for the allegation that Federal support of research has detracted seriously from undergraduate teaching. I dispute the contention heard in some quarters that certain of our major universities have become giant research factories concentrating on Federally sponsored research projects to the detriment of their educational functions." Most university scholars would probably support Mr. Haworth's contention that teachers who conduct research are generally better teachers, and that the research enterprise has infused science education with new substance and vitality.

To get perspective on the problem, compare university research today with what it was before World War II. A prominent physicist calls the prewar days "a horse-and-buggy period." In 1930, colleges and universities spent less than \$20 million on scientific research, and that came largely from pri-



vate foundations, corporations, and endowment income. Scholars often built their equipment from ingeniously adapted scraps and spare machine parts. Graduate students considered it compensation enough just to be allowed to participate.

Some three decades and \$125 billion later, there is hardly an academic scientist who does not feel pressure to get government funds. The chairman of one leading biology department admits that "if a young scholar doesn't have a grant when he comes here, he had better get one within a year or so or he's out; we have no funds to support his research."

Considering the large amounts of money available for research and graduate training, and recognizing that the publication of research findings is still the primary criterion for academic promotion, it is not surprising that the faculties of most universities spend a substantial part of their energies in those activities.

Federal agencies are looking for ways to ease the problem. The National Science Foundation, for example, has set up a new program which will make grants to undergraduate colleges for the improvement of science instruction.

More help will surely be forthcoming.

THE FACT that Federal funds have been concentrated in the sciences has also had a pronounced effect on colleges and universities. In many institutions, faculty members in the natural sciences earn more than faculty members in the humanities and social sciences; they have better facilities, more frequent leaves, and generally more influence on the campus.

The government's support of science can also disrupt the academic balance and internal priorities of a college or university. One president explained:

"Our highest-priority construction project was a \$3 million building for our humanities departments. Under the Higher Education Facilities Act, we could expect to get a third of this from the Federal government. This would leave \$2 million for us to get from private sources.

"But then, under a new government program, the biology and psychology faculty decided to apply to the National Institutes of Health for \$1.5 million for new faculty members over a period of five years. These additional faculty people, however, made it necessary for us to go ahead immediately with our plans for a \$4 million science building—so we gave it the No. 1 priority and moved the humanities building down the list.

"We could finance half the science building's cost with Federal funds. In addition, the scientists pointed out, they could get several training grants which would provide stipends to graduate students and tuition to our institution.

"You see what this meant? Both needs were valid—those of the humanities and those of the sciences. For \$2 million of private money, I could either build a \$3 million humanities building or I could build a \$4 million science building, get \$1.5 million for additional faculty, and pick up a few hundred thousand dollars in training grants. Either-or; not both."

The president could have added that if the scientists had been denied the privilege of applying to NIH, they might well have gone to another institution, taking their research grants with them. On the other hand, under the conditions of the academic marketplace, it was unlikely that the humanities scholars would be able to exercise a similar mobility.

The case also illustrates why academic administrators sometimes complain that Federal support of an individual faculty member's research projects casts their institution in the ineffectual role of a legal middleman, prompting the faculty member to feel a greater loyalty to a Federal agency than to the college or university.

Congress has moved to lessen the disparity between support of the humanities and social sciences on the one hand and support of the physical and biological sciences on the other. It established the National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities—a move which, despite a pitifully small first-year allocation of funds, offers some encouragement. And close observers of the Washington scene predict that

The affluence of research

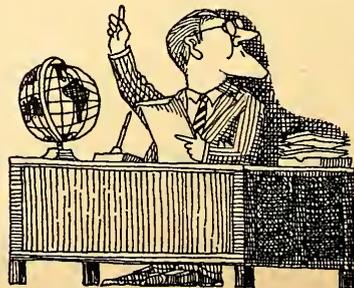
the social sciences, which have been receiving some Federal support, are destined to get considerably more in the next few years.

EFFORTS TO COPE with such difficult problems must begin with an understanding of the nature and background of the government-campus partnership. But this presents a problem in itself, for one encounters a welter of conflicting statistics, contradictory information, and wide differences of honest opinion. The task is further complicated by the swiftness with which the situation continually changes. And—the ultimate complication—there is almost no uniformity or coordination in the Federal government's numerous programs affecting higher education.

Each of the 50 or so agencies dispensing Federal funds to the colleges and universities is responsible for its own program, and no single Federal agency supervises the entire enterprise. (The creation of the Office of Science and Technology in 1962 represented an attempt to cope with the multiplicity of relationships. But so far there has been little significant improvement.) Even within the two houses of Congress, responsibility for the government's expenditures on the campuses is scattered among several committees.

Not only does the lack of a coordinated Federal program make it difficult to find a clear definition of the government's role in higher education, but it also creates a number of problems both in Washington and on the campuses.

The Bureau of the Budget, for example, has had to



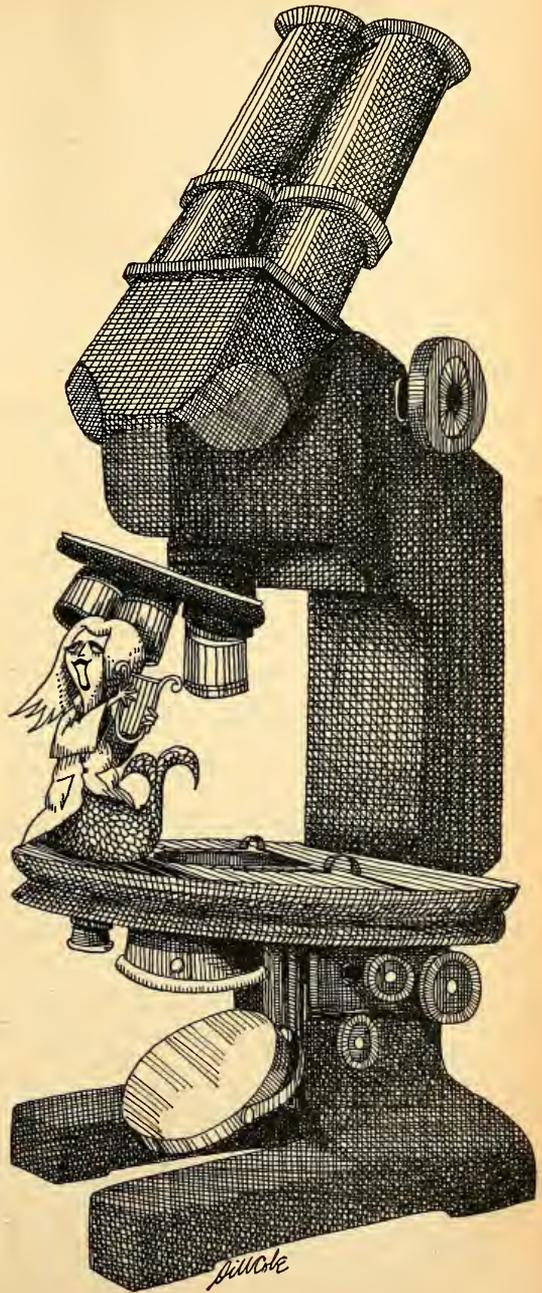
siren song to teachers

wrestle with several uncoordinated, duplicative Federal science budgets and with different accounting systems. Congress, faced with the almost impossible task of keeping informed about the esoteric world of science in order to legislate intelligently, finds it difficult to control and direct the fast-growing Federal investment in higher education. And the individual government agencies are forced to make policy decisions and to respond to political and other pressures without adequate or consistent guidelines from above.

The colleges and universities, on the other hand, must negotiate the maze of Federal bureaus with consummate skill if they are to get their share of the Federal largesse. If they succeed, they must then cope with mountains of paperwork, disparate systems of accounting, and volumes of regulations that differ from agency to agency. Considering the magnitude of the financial rewards at stake, the institutions have had no choice but to enlarge their administrative staffs accordingly, adding people who can handle the business problems, wrestle with paperwork, manage grants and contracts, and untangle legal snarls. College and university presidents are constantly looking for competent academic administrators to prowl the Federal agencies in search of programs and opportunities in which their institutions can profitably participate.

The latter group of people, whom the press calls "university lobbyists," has been growing in number. At least a dozen institutions now have full-time representatives working in Washington. Many more have members of their administrative and academic staffs shuttling to and from the capital to negotiate Federal grants and contracts, cultivate agency personnel, and try to influence legislation. Still other institutions have enlisted the aid of qualified alumni or trustees who happen to live in Washington.

THE LACK of a uniform Federal policy prevents the clear statement of national goals that might give direction to the government's investments in higher education. This takes a toll in effectiveness and consistency and tends to produce contradictions and conflicts. The teaching-versus-research controversy is one example.



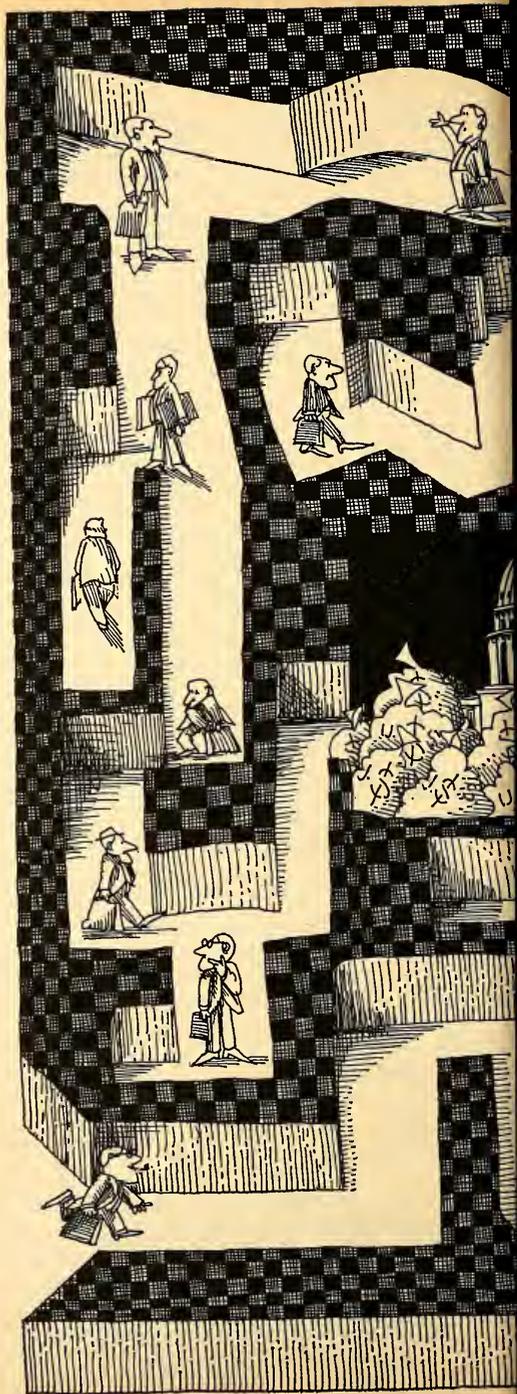
Fund-raisers prowl the Washington maze

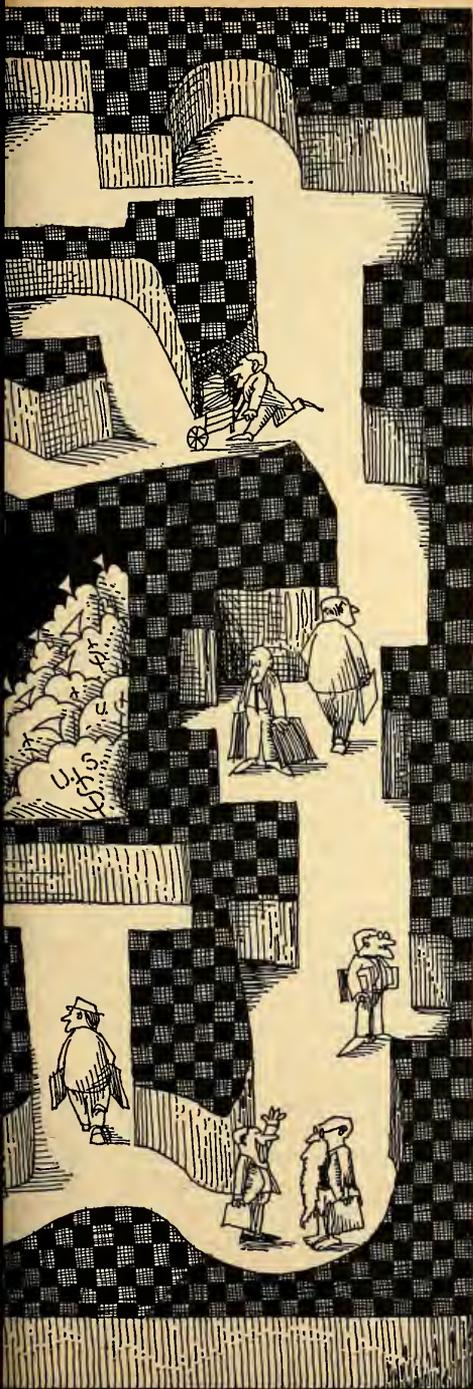
President Johnson provided another. Last summer, he publicly asked if the country is really getting its money's worth from its support of scientific research. He implied that the time may have come to apply more widely, for the benefit of the nation, the knowledge that Federally sponsored medical research had produced in recent years. A wave of apprehension spread through the medical schools when the President's remarks were reported. The inference to be drawn was that the Federal funds supporting the elaborate research effort, built at the urging of the government, might now be diverted to actual medical care and treatment. Later the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, John W. Gardner, tried to lay a calming hand on the medical scientists' fevered brows by making a strong reaffirmation of the National Institutes of Health's commitment to basic research. But the apprehensiveness remains.

Other events suggest that the 25-year honeymoon of science and the government may be ending. Connecticut's Congressman Emilio Q. Daddario, a man who is not intimidated by the mystique of modern science, has stepped up his campaign to have a greater part of the National Science Foundation budget spent on applied research. And, despite pleas from scientists and NSF administrators, Congress terminated the costly Mohole project, which was designed to gain more fundamental information about the internal structure of the earth.

Some observers feel that because it permits and often causes such conflicts, the diversity in the government's support of higher education is a basic flaw in the partnership. Others, however, believe this diversity, despite its disadvantages, guarantees a margin of independence to colleges and universities that would be jeopardized in a monolithic "super-bureau."

Good or bad, the diversity was probably essential to the development of the partnership between Washington and the academic world. Charles Kidd, executive secretary of the Federal Council for Science and Technology, puts it bluntly when he points out that the system's pluralism has allowed us to avoid dealing "directly with the ideological problem of what the total relationship of the government and universities should be. If we had had to face these ideological and political pressures head-on over the





past few years, the confrontation probably would have wrecked the system.”

That confrontation may be coming closer, as Federal allocations to science and education come under sharper scrutiny in Congress and as the partnership enters a new and significant phase.

FEDERAL AID to higher education began with the Ordinance of 1787, which set aside public lands for schools and declared that the “means of education shall forever be encouraged.” But the two forces that most shaped American higher education, say many historians, were the land-grant movement of the nineteenth century and the Federal support of scientific research that began in World War II.

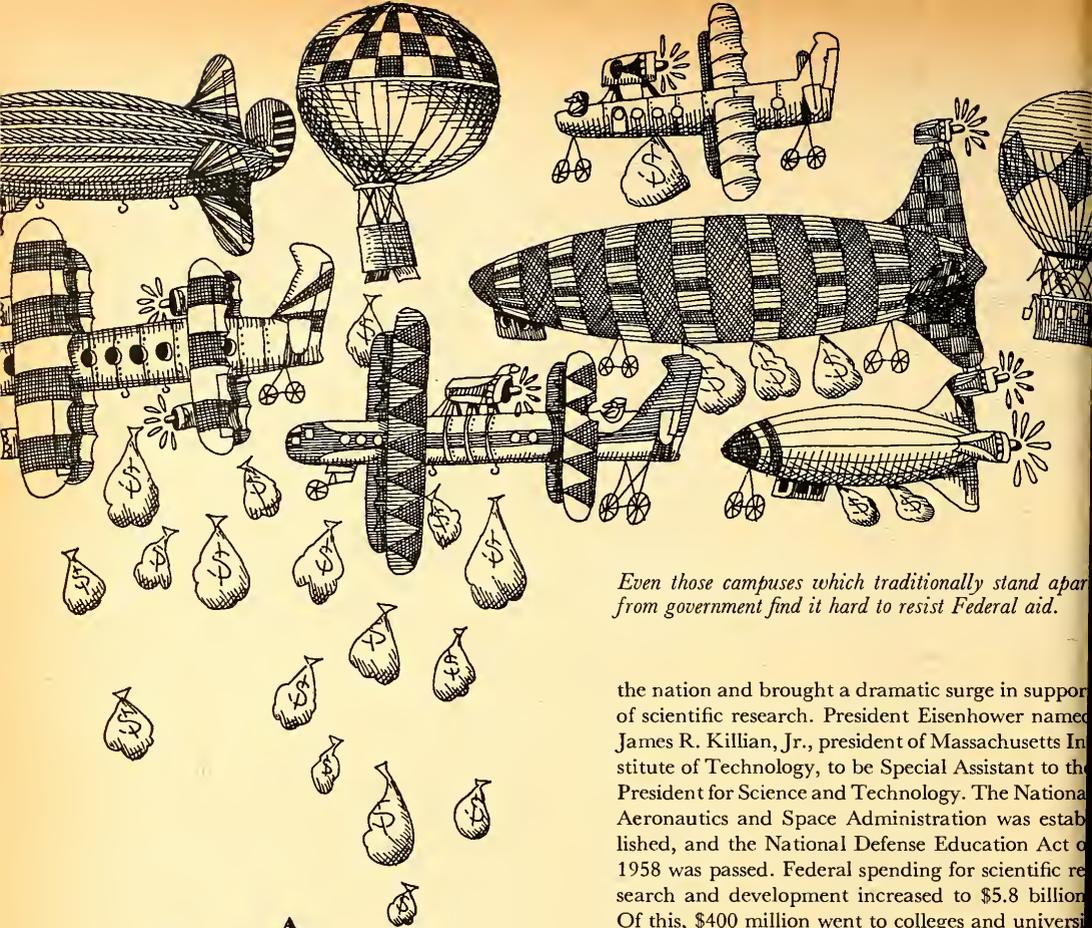
The land-grant legislation and related acts of Congress in subsequent years established the American concept of enlisting the resources of higher education to meet pressing national needs. The laws were pragmatic and were designed to improve education and research in the natural sciences, from which agricultural and industrial expansion could proceed. From these laws has evolved the world’s greatest system of public higher education.

In this century the Federal involvement grew spasmodically during such periods of crisis as World War I and the depression of the thirties. But it was not until World War II that the relationship began its rapid evolution into the dynamic and intimate partnership that now exists.

Federal agencies and industrial laboratories were ill-prepared in 1940 to supply the research and technology so essential to a full-scale war effort. The government therefore turned to the nation’s colleges and universities. Federal funds supported scientific research on the campuses and built huge research facilities to be operated by universities under contract, such as Chicago’s Argonne Laboratory and California’s laboratory in Los Alamos.

So successful was the new relationship that it continued to flourish after the war. Federal research funds poured onto the campuses from military agencies, the National Institutes of Health, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the National Science Foundation. The amounts of money increased spectacularly. At the beginning of the war the Federal government spent less than \$200 million a year for all research and development. By 1950, the Federal “r & d” expenditure totaled \$1 billion.

The Soviet Union’s launching of Sputnik jolted



Even those campuses which traditionally stand apart from government find it hard to resist Federal aid.

the nation and brought a dramatic surge in support of scientific research. President Eisenhower named James R. Killian, Jr., president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to be Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration was established, and the National Defense Education Act of 1958 was passed. Federal spending for scientific research and development increased to \$5.8 billion. Of this, \$400 million went to colleges and universities.

The 1960's brought a new dimension to the relationship between the Federal government and higher education. Until then, Federal aid was almost synonymous with government support of science, and all Federal dollars allocated to campuses were to meet specific national needs.

There were two important exceptions: the GI Bill after World War II, which crowded the colleges and universities with returning servicemen and spent \$1 billion on educational benefits, and the National Defense Education Act, which was the broadest legislation of its kind and the first to be based, at least in part, on the premise that support of education in itself is as much in the national interest as support which is based on the colleges' contributions to some thing as specific as the national defense.

The crucial turning-points were reached in the Kennedy-Johnson years. President Kennedy said "We pledge ourselves to seek a system of higher edu-



ation where every young American can be educated, not according to his race or his means, but according to his capacity. Never in the life of this country has the pursuit of that goal become more important or more urgent." Here was a clear national commitment to universal higher education, a public acknowledgment that higher education is worthy of support for its own sake. The Kennedy and Johnson administrations produced legislation which authorized:

- ▶ \$1.5 billion in matching funds for new construction on the nation's campuses.
- ▶ \$151 million for local communities for the building of junior colleges.
- ▶ \$432 million for new medical and dental schools and for aid to their students.
- ▶ The first large-scale Federal program of undergraduate scholarships, and the first Federal package combining them with loans and jobs to help individual students.
- ▶ Grants to strengthen college and university libraries.
- ▶ Significant amounts of Federal money for promising institutions," in an effort to lift the entire system of higher education.
- ▶ The first significant support of the humanities.

In addition, dozens of "Great Society" bills included funds for colleges and universities. And their number is likely to increase in the years ahead.

The full significance of the developments of the past few years will probably not be known for some time. But it is clear that the partnership between the

Federal government and higher education has entered a new phase. The question of the Federal government's total relationship to colleges and universities—avoided for so many years—has still not been squarely faced. But a confrontation may be just around the corner.

THE MAJOR PITFALL, around which Presidents and Congressmen have detoured, is the issue of the separation of state and church. The Constitution of the United States says nothing about the Federal government's responsibility for education. So the rationale for Federal involvement, up to now, has been the Constitution's Article I, which grants Congress the power to spend tax money for the common defense and the general welfare of the nation.

So long as Federal support of education was specific in nature and linked to the national defense, the religious issue could be skirted. But as the emphasis moved to providing for the national welfare, the legal grounds became less firm, for the First Amendment to the Constitution says, in part, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion. . . ."

So far, for practical and obvious reasons, neither the President nor Congress has met the problem head-on. But the battle has been joined, anyway. Some cases challenging grants to church-related col-

A new phase in government-campus relationships

Is higher education losing control of its destiny?

leges are now in the courts. And Congress is being pressed to pass legislation that would permit a citizen to challenge, in the Federal courts, the Congressional acts relating to higher education.

Meanwhile, America's 893 church-related colleges are eligible for funds under most Federal programs supporting higher education, and nearly all have received such funds. Most of these institutions would applaud a decision permitting the support to continue.

Some, however, would not. The Southern Baptists and the Seventh Day Adventists, for instance, have opposed Federal aid to the colleges and universities related to their denominations. Furman University, for example, under pressure from the South Carolina Baptist convention, returned a \$612,000 Federal grant that it had applied for and received. Many colleges are awaiting the report of a Southern Baptist study group, due this summer.

Such institutions face an agonizing dilemma: stand fast on the principle of separation of church and state and take the financial consequences, or join the majority of colleges and universities and risk Federal influence. Said one delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention: "Those who say we're going to become second-rate schools unless we take Federal funds see clearly. I'm beginning to see it so clearly it's almost a nightmarish thing. I've moved toward Federal aid reluctantly; I don't like it."

Some colleges and universities, while refusing Federal aid in principle, permit some exceptions. Wheaton College, in Illinois, is a hold-out; but it allows some of its professors to accept National Science Foundation research grants. So does Rockford College, in Illinois. Others shun government money, but let their students accept Federal scholarships and loans. The president of one small church-related college, faced with acute financial problems, says simply: "The basic issue for us is survival."

RECENT FEDERAL PROGRAMS have sharpened the conflict between Washington and the states in fixing the responsibility for education. Traditionally and constitutionally, the responsibility has generally been with the states. But as Federal support has equaled and surpassed the state alloca-

tions to higher education, the question of responsibility is less clear.

The great growth in quality and Ph.D. production of many state universities, for instance, is undoubtedly due in large measure to Federal support. Federal dollars pay for most of the scientific research in state universities, make possible higher salaries which attract outstanding scholars, contribute substantially to new buildings, and provide large amounts of student aid. Clark Kerr speaks of the "Federal grant university," and the University of California (which he used to head) is an apt example: nearly half of its total income comes from Washington.

To most governors and state legislators, the Federal grants are a mixed blessing. Although they have helped raise the quality and capabilities of state institutions, the grants have also raised the pressure on state governments to increase their appropriations for higher education, if for no other reason than to fulfill the matching requirement of many Federal awards. But even funds which are not channeled through the state agencies and do not require the state to provide matching funds can give impetus to increased appropriations for higher education. Federal research grants to individual scholars, for example, may make it necessary for the state to provide more faculty members to get the teaching done



"Many institutions not only do not look a gift horse in the mouth; they do not even pause to note whether it is a horse or a boa constrictor."—JOHN GARDNER

Last year, 38 states and territories joined the Compact for Education, an interstate organization designed to provide "close and continuing consultation among our several states on all matters of education." The operating arm of the Compact will gather information, conduct research, seek to improve standards, propose policies, "and do such things as may be necessary or incidental to the administration of its authority. . . ."

Although not spelled out in the formal language of the document, the Compact is clearly intended to enable the states to present a united front on the future of Federal aid to education.

IN TYPICALLY PRAGMATIC FASHION, we Americans want our colleges and universities to serve the public interest. We expect them to train enough doctors, lawyers, and engineers. We expect them to provide answers to immediate problems such as water and air pollution, urban blight, national defense, and disease. As we have done so often in the past, we expect the Federal government to build a creative and democratic system that will accomplish these things.

A faculty planning committee at one university stated in its report: ". . . A university is now regarded as a symbol for our age, the crucible in which—by some mysterious alchemy—man's long-awaited Utopia will at last be forged."

Some think the Federal role in higher education is growing too rapidly.

As early as 1952, the Association of American Universities' commission on financing higher education warned: "We as a nation should call a halt at this time to the introduction of new programs of direct Federal aid to colleges and universities. . . . Higher education at least needs time to digest what it has already undertaken and to evaluate the full impact of what it is already doing under Federal assistance." The recommendation went unheeded.

A year or so ago, Representative Edith Green of Oregon, an active architect of major education legislation, echoed this sentiment. The time has come, she said, "to stop, look, and listen," to evaluate the impact of Congressional action on the educational system. It seems safe to predict that Mrs. Green's warning, like that of the university presidents, will fail to halt the growth of Federal spending on the campus. But the note of caution she sounds will be well-taken by many who are increasingly concerned

about the impact of the Federal involvement in higher education.

The more pessimistic observers fear direct Federal control of higher education. With the loyalty-oath conflict in mind, they see peril in the requirement that Federally supported colleges and universities demonstrate compliance with civil rights legislation or lose their Federal support. They express alarm at recent agency anti-conflict-of-interest proposals that would require scholars who receive government support to account for all of their other activities.

For most who are concerned, however, the fear is not so much of direct Federal control as of Federal influence on the conduct of American higher education. Their worry is not that the government will deliberately restrict the freedom of the scholar, or directly change an institution of higher learning. Rather, they are afraid the scholar may be tempted to confine his studies to areas where Federal support is known to be available, and that institutions will be unable to resist the lure of Federal dollars.

Before he became Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, John W. Gardner said: "When a government agency with money to spend approaches a university, it can usually purchase almost any service it wants. And many institutions still follow the old practice of looking on funds so received as gifts. They not only do not look a gift horse in the mouth; they do not even pause to note whether it is a horse or a boa constrictor."

THE GREATEST OBSTACLE to the success of the government-campus partnership may lie in the fact that the partners have different objectives.

The Federal government's support of higher education has been essentially pragmatic. The Federal agencies have a mission to fulfill. To the degree that the colleges and universities can help to fulfill that mission, the agencies provide support.

The Atomic Energy Commission, for example, supports research and related activities in nuclear physics; the National Institutes of Health provide funds for medical research; the Agency for International Development finances overseas programs. Even recent programs which tend to recognize higher education as a national resource in itself are basically presented as efforts to cope with pressing national problems.

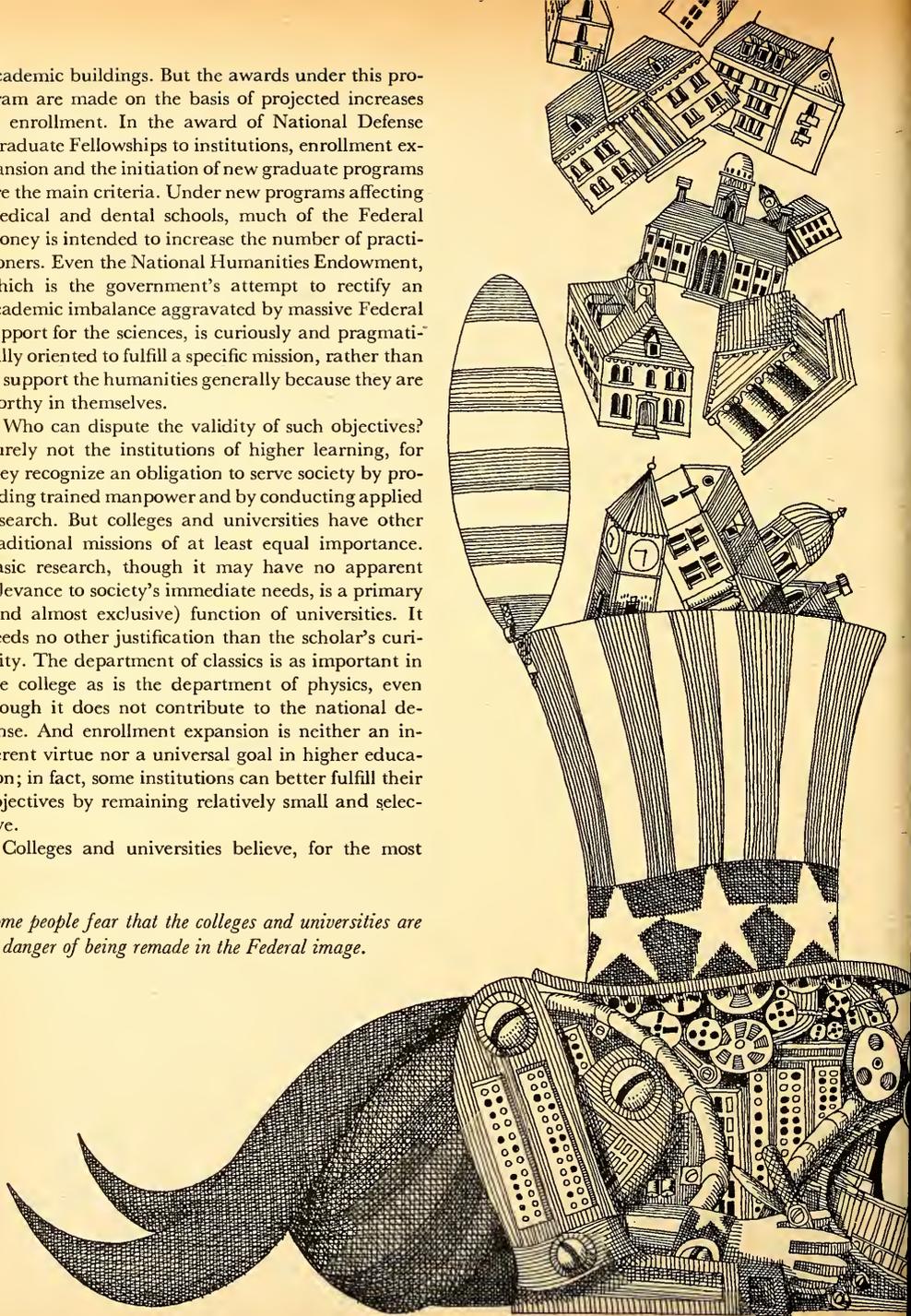
The Higher Education Facilities Act, for instance, provides matching funds for the construction of

academic buildings. But the awards under this program are made on the basis of projected increases in enrollment. In the award of National Defense Graduate Fellowships to institutions, enrollment expansion and the initiation of new graduate programs are the main criteria. Under new programs affecting medical and dental schools, much of the Federal money is intended to increase the number of practitioners. Even the National Humanities Endowment, which is the government's attempt to rectify an academic imbalance aggravated by massive Federal support for the sciences, is curiously and pragmatically oriented to fulfill a specific mission, rather than to support the humanities generally because they are worthy in themselves.

Who can dispute the validity of such objectives? Surely not the institutions of higher learning, for they recognize an obligation to serve society by providing trained manpower and by conducting applied research. But colleges and universities have other traditional missions of at least equal importance. Basic research, though it may have no apparent relevance to society's immediate needs, is a primary (and almost exclusive) function of universities. It needs no other justification than the scholar's curiosity. The department of classics is as important in the college as is the department of physics, even though it does not contribute to the national defense. And enrollment expansion is neither an inherent virtue nor a universal goal in higher education; in fact, some institutions can better fulfill their objectives by remaining relatively small and selective.

Colleges and universities believe, for the most

Some people fear that the colleges and universities are in danger of being remade in the Federal image.



When basic objectives differ, whose will prevail?

part, that they themselves are the best judges of what they ought to do, where they would like to go, and what their internal academic priorities are. For this reason the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges has advocated that the government increase its institutional (rather than individual project) support in higher education, thus permitting colleges and universities a reasonable latitude in using Federal funds.

Congress, however, considers that it can best determine what the nation's needs are, and how the taxpayer's money ought to be spent. Since there is never enough money to do everything that cries to be done, the choice between allocating Federal funds for cancer research or for classics is not a very difficult one for the nation's political leaders to make. "The fact is," says one professor, "that we are trying to merge two entirely different systems. The government is the political engine of our democracy and must be responsive to the wishes of the people. But scholarship is not very democratic. You don't vote on the laws of thermodynamics or take a poll on the speed of light. Academic freedom and tenure are not prizes in a popularity contest."

Some observers feel that such a merger cannot be accomplished without causing fundamental changes in colleges and universities. They point to existing academic imbalances, the teaching-versus-research controversy, the changing roles of both professor and student, the growing commitment of colleges and universities to applied research. They fear that the influx of Federal funds into higher education will so transform colleges and universities that the very qualities that made the partnership desirable and productive in the first place will be lost.

The great technological achievements of the past 50 years, for example, would have been impossible without the basic scientific research that preceded them. This research—much of it seemingly irrelevant to society's needs—was conducted in univer-

sities, because only there could the scholar find the freedom and support that were essential to his quest. If the growing demand for applied research is met at the expense of basic research, future generations may pay the penalty.

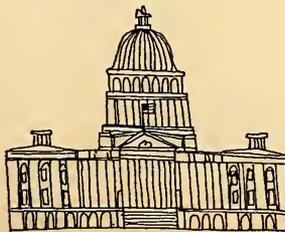
One could argue—and many do—that colleges and universities do not have to accept Federal funds. But, to most of the nation's colleges and universities, the rejection of Federal support is an unacceptable alternative.

For those institutions already dependent upon Federal dollars, it is too late to turn back. Their physical plant, their programs, their personnel are all geared to continuing Federal aid.

And for those institutions which have received only token help from Washington, Federal dollars offer the one real hope of meeting the educational objectives they have set for themselves.

HOWEVER DISTASTEFUL the thought may be to those who oppose further Federal involvement in higher education, the fact is that there is no other way of getting the job done—to train the growing number of students, to conduct the basic research necessary to continued scientific progress, and to cope with society's most pressing problems.

Tuition, private contributions, and state allocations together fall far short of meeting the total cost of American higher education. And as costs rise, the gap is likely to widen. Tuition has finally passed the \$2,000 mark in several private colleges and universities, and it is rising even in the publicly supported institutions. State governments have increased their appropriations for higher education dramatically, but there are scores of other urgent needs competing for state funds. Gifts from private foundations, cor-



porations, and alumni continue to rise steadily, but the increases are not keeping pace with rising costs.

Hence the continuation and probably the enlargement of the partnership between the Federal government and higher education appears to be inevitable. The real task facing the nation is to make it work.

To that end, colleges and universities may have to become more deeply involved in politics. They will have to determine, more clearly than ever before, just what their objectives are—and what their values are. And they will have to communicate these most effectively to their alumni, their political representatives, the corporate community, the foundations, and the public at large.

If the partnership is to succeed, the Federal government will have to do more than provide funds. Elected officials and administrators face the awesome task of formulating overall educational and research goals, to give direction to the programs of Federal support. They must make more of an effort to understand what makes colleges and universities tick, and to accommodate individual institutional differences.

THE TAXPAYING PUBLIC, and particularly alumni and alumnae, will play a crucial role in the

evolution of the partnership. The degree of their understanding and support will be reflected in future legislation. And, along with private foundations and corporations, alumni and other friends of higher education bear a special responsibility for providing colleges and universities with financial support. The growing role of the Federal government, says the president of a major oil company, makes corporate contributions to higher education more important than ever before; he feels that private support enables colleges and universities to maintain academic balance and to preserve their freedom and independence. The president of a university agrees: "It is essential that the critical core of our colleges and universities be financed with non-Federal funds."

"What is going on here," says McGeorge Bundy, "is a great adventure in the purpose and performance of a free people." The partnership between higher education and the Federal government, he believes, is an experiment in American democracy.

Essentially, it is an effort to combine the forces of our educational and political systems for the common good. And the partnership is distinctly American—boldly built step by step in full public view, inspired by visionaries, tested and tempered by honest skeptics, forged out of practical political compromise.

Does it involve risks? Of course it does. But what great adventure does not? Is it not by risk-taking that free—and intelligent—people progress?

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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DEATHS

Faculty

Frances K. Gooch, associate professor of speech, emeritus, February 28, 1967.

Institute

Anais Cay Jones (Mrs. Selden Bryan), mother of Anais Jones Ramey '28, November 21, 1966.

Mary Elizabeth Branam Dunwoody (Mrs. Robson), January, 1967.

Orra Hopkins, Agnes Scott's oldest alumna, sister of Nanette Hopkins, first dean of students, and great-aunt of Sweetie Galley Story '47, February 22, 1967.

Evelyn Ramspeck Glenn (Mrs. John), April, 1966.

Academy

Dora Elizabeth Dunwoody McManus (Mrs. Leonard), September 22, 1966.

Ruth Abbot Burton (Mrs. K. L.), sister of Julia Abbot Neely '18, February 18, 1967.

1907

Hattie Lee West Candler (Mrs. Asa Warren, Sr.), February 9, 1967.

1911

Mattie Love Blau Smith (Mrs. Cliff D.), Fall, 1966.

Willie Lea Johns Hunter (Mrs. Earl T.), August 25, 1966.

1916

Florine Lewis Griffin Carmichael (Mrs. J. Floyd), November, 1966.

1917

Mary Ellen Stanley McCoy (Mrs. W. Clifford), September 24, 1966.

1922

C. J. Lammers, husband of Helene Norwood Lammers, January 6, 1967.

1924

Mrs. James W. Morton, mother of Cora Morton Durrett, January 5, 1967.

1927

Alfred D. Day, husband of Mary Ferguson Day, March, 1966.

Mrs. Dora Jacobsen, mother of Elsa Jacobsen Morris and Elaine Jacobsen Lewis '29, March, 1966.

Mr. Wilkinson, Courtney Wilkinson's father, August, 1966.

1928

Mrs. Joseph Brooke Overton, mother of Martha Lou Overton, October 11, 1966.

Mrs. Roxie Campbell Miller, mother of Mary Virginia Miller Johnson, January 21, 1967.

1930

Janice C. Simpson, June, 1966.

1931

Mrs. E. L. Duke, mother of Helen Duke Ingram, January 29, 1967.

1932

Milton O. Hollis, father of Sarah Hollis Baker, December 2, 1966.

1933

Mrs. David B. Bell, mother of Margaret Bell Burt and Mary Bell Garner '31, September 1, 1966.

1943

Peter G. Walker, III, husband of Leona Leavitt Walker, January 26, 1967.

1946

Barbara Perez Westall, February 15, 1967.

1947

Mary Emily Harris, February 26, 1967.

Dr. Claude Squires, father of Caroline Squires Rankin, December, 1966.

1948

Eleanor Bowers Slaughter (Mrs. A. Harris), daughter of Grace Anderson Bowers (Mrs. W. E.) '13, February 8, 1967.

1960

A. L. Moses, father of Anita Moses Shippen, January 30, 1967.

1961

Molly Jane Schwab, January 7, 1967.



Worthy Notes...

How Would You Conduct a Christian College Today?

AS DIRECTOR of alumnae affairs and editor of this magazine, I am aware that it is my "bounden duty" to report to alumnae on Agnes Scott's faculty hiring policy which has, in recent months, stirred discussion in the press and elsewhere.

Discussion may not be an apt word—a restatement of the policy by the Board of Trustees has caused shouting and recriminations rather than reasoned dialogue. In such an emotionally charged atmosphere, it is almost insurmountably difficult to report objectively, which is my duty. I now ask your forgiveness for any misrepresentation my words may convey.

May I commend to your careful attention the statement issued by the Board of Trustees on January 27, 1967:

"Since its inception in 1889, Agnes Scott College has been a Christian liberal arts college, striving for excellence in the higher education of women. As stated in its charter, it was established for the purpose of

perpetuating and conducting a college for the higher education of women under auspices distinctly favorable to the maintenance of the faith and practice of the Christian religion, but all departments of the College shall be open alike to students of any religion or sect, and no denominational or sectarian test shall be imposed in the admission of students.

"In order that the purposes for which the College was founded and the principles upon which it has been operated for seventy-eight years may be most effectively implemented, it is essential to sustain on the campus conditions distinctly favorable to the maintenance of the faith and practice of the Christian religion.' The Trustees of Agnes Scott College therefore believe it is imperative to continue to secure for the faculty of the College men and women of the most competent scholarly training and teaching ability who are sincerely committed to the Christian faith as it is expressed historically in the mainstream of Christian thought and action, and in the ecumenical nature of the contemporary Christian Church. Other than this commitment, the Trustees do not require of faculty or administration any theological, sectarian, or ecclesiastical preference."

Let's see if we can put this statement into a larger context, where it properly belongs, as one area of the College's whole existence. President Alston did this, in far better words than I have at my command, for over 550 alumnae

gathered on April 22 for the Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association.

He titled his remarks "Agnes Scott's Educational Task" and spoke of the attributes necessary to accomplish this task—attributes which, in combination, also make up the College's particular personality. The first of these is insistence on academic excellence in an atmosphere of academic freedom where the search for truth, as we can know it, is a continuous commitment. Then comes the insistence on treating each person, each student, as an individual human being deeply involved in the process of growing and maturing. And, since the human being is not a disembodied intellect, or merely an amazingly wondrous biological-chemical-physical phenomenon, a part of Agnes Scott's educational task is the making of an environment in which spiritual values, in their widest, most freeing sense, within the contemporary ecumenical Christian movement, are reflected.

(The last point Dr. Alston made has relevance to the College's future and its location in the greater Atlanta area.)

The crux of the question of whether Agnes Scott should hire faculty members who are Christians is another question: How would *you*, an Agnes Scott alumna, conduct a Christian College today? There are many of you who say, in all kinds of terminology, that a "Christian college" cannot exist *anno domini* 1967, that this joining of words is an anachronism straight out of the 19th century and is meaningless, particularly offensive to non-Christians, and (the word you've used most often in your letters) parochial.

I do not want to get bogged down in semantics, and I have no pretenses about being a theologian. The only way that I know to conduct a Christian college today is by having the leadership on campus, the faculty, being able to identify positively with all the purposes of the college, including its Christian commitment.

After all, it is *people* who make Agnes Scott's purposes live. Let's rejoice that for 78 years Agnes Scott has had men and women leading it who are concerned with a true tolerance of all faiths, all human beings, which is not inconsistent with their own Christianity. If you know any other way to conduct a Christian college, let us know!

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

The Library



AGNES
SCOTT

Alumnae Gather during April Week-End... see page 8

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SUMMER 1967





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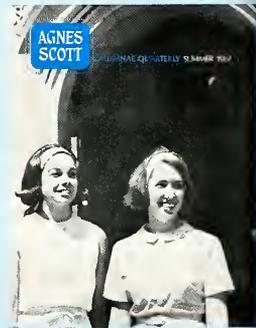
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FRONT COVER

New alumnae officers: Jane McCurdy, president, and Marsh Davenport, secretary of the Class of 1967.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Llewellyn W. Wilburn '19 Retires

We'll think of you, and miss you, Llewellyn, when hockey sticks clash, when a golf club connects with a ball, when a basketball drops straight through the hoop, when memory conjures up former May Days . . . but most of all we'll miss you and your hearty good humor on campus.

BLACKFRIARS FOUNDER

A Tribute to Frances K. Gooch

1880-1967

ON this Fiftieth Anniversary of Blackfriars, we come to pay tribute to its founder, Frances K. Gooch. Miss Gooch, as you know, now lives in Tennessee and is unable to be with us tonight, so it is less for her sake than for our own that we pause a moment to remember the one whose spirit so greatly influenced Blackfriars' tradition of excellence.

In preparing this tribute I talked with many alumnae who had studied with Miss Gooch during her years at Agnes Scott, from 1915 to 1951. Although each mentioned a different aspect of her contribution to the college, there were two ways in which those with whom I spoke were strikingly alike: they were articulate and they were loyal to Miss Gooch, grateful, as one put it, for "what she has helped us to become."

Perhaps the simplest explanation for their continuing love, as well as for the quality of the dramatic group she established, is that in her Agnes Scott found, as it does so often, a truly fine teacher. She knew her subject, believed in its value and in the value of the individuals she taught.

It was obvious to all that Miss Gooch knew her field. She held the BA and MA from the University of Chicago and was a graduate of the Boston School of Expression, perhaps the foremost school of speech and drama of the time. During her summers she traveled in Europe; studied at Oxford, Cambridge, the Central

School of Speech in London, and the University of Wisconsin; and taught speech workshops. Her talents were widely recognized. The only director at a Southern school invited to participate in the first National University Theatre Tournament, in 1924, she saw her group of Blackfriars take high honors, as they were to do again in 1928 at The Little Theatre Tournament in New York, when they were leaders in the Belasco Cup Competition and where their production of "Pink and Patches," by Margaret Bland Sewell, won the Samuel French award for an unpublished play. Honored among her colleagues, she was vice-president of the American Speech Association; president and many times vice-president of the Southern Speech Association, of which she was a charter member; and founder of the Georgia Speech Association, which on its twentieth anniversary, in 1951, paid special tribute to her.

More compelling to some than her degrees and offices were her own public readings. For several years she played a leading role in an early radio serial in Atlanta. She read and spoke widely. And several of her students, from earlier and later years, have said that it was Miss Gooch's readings, especially from *As You Like It*, which brought them to Agnes Scott that they might study under her. I remember in particular an evening in the Hub, after her retirement, when with a reading from *Much Ado About Nothing* she enthralled a group of students with her grace and power. To any who would say that those who can, do, and those who can't, teach, one must reply that Miss Gooch could both do and teach.

Training both the imagination and the medium through which its insights must be communicated, and feeling that the finer the mind and body the more meaningful the communication, Miss Gooch saw her task as a cause worthy of dedication and hard work. Her defense against those who seemed to her to challenge its worth in the curriculum may sometimes have been carried on with an unsettling directness. But even those who disagreed with her admired her abilities.

Not only did she know her subject, she was able to impart to others her knowledge of the theatre, of dramatic literature, of pantomime and vocal modulation, of standard English diction. In directing a play, for example, she led her students toward empathy with the characters they were to portray—toward "othering themselves," as she termed it in one of her articles in the *Journal of Expression*. And she also taught them the fundamental techniques of acting by which they could convey to the audience their empathic understanding, for she realized, like Pope, that in all the arts, "those move easiest who have learned to dance." If these experiences made her students more effective persons, so did the practical lessons in speech and diction. Miss Gooch's reputation as a teacher of speech was such that ministers, teachers, and men and women in business and industry came individually and in organized groups to study privately under her during her years at the college and after her retirement. At Wesleyan, before coming to Agnes Scott, she taught Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. And today at Agnes Scott, the ability and achievements of Miss Roberta Winter, who succeeded

Editor's Note: Miss Gooch died on Feb. 28, 1967. Memye Curtis Tucker '56 wrote and delivered this tribute to her upon the occasion of Blackfriars' Golden Anniversary Celebration, April 22, 1966.



An enlargement of this photograph now hangs in the Dana Fine Arts Building.

Miss Gooch, are themselves a testament to the powers of her teacher.

Miss Gooch was in many ways a

pioneer. She organized the first speech courses at Agnes Scott. In her writings she stressed the importance of educa-

tional theatre in the American college curriculum, pointing out among its merits that it could help lead students to approach literature with a "deeper seriousness" than that of the London charwoman who, having seen a Shakespearean play the previous evening, said to a friend, "I've been thinking about them 'Amlets. They 'ad a 'orrible 'ome life!" From the first, when she produced plays with a scant budget and untrained actresses on a narrow platform with trains whistling by, she inspired her students by doing "so much with so little." She managed to create her illusions not on a bare stage, like the exquisite new one where her portrait now hangs, but in spite of not having a stage bare of other associations. She somehow made believable *As You Like It* besides *Rebekah* and an elopement out of Dr. Gaines' study window. Dynamic, welcoming challenge, generous in giving of herself but never lowering her high standards, she was, one student has said, "a great spirit, not a blithe spirit." She combined the creativity and the capacity for hard work of which it is said genius is made.

Her moments of teaching seem to have been infused with the vision of what was to come: women whose poise would enhance their contributions to the world beyond college and whose power to "other themselves" would enlarge their understanding and compassion; audiences who would grow through the experience of good drama; and a continuing privileged group known as Blackfriars, whose performances and ideals would through the years to follow draw upon the legacy of excellence which she has given us.

The Incomparable Winston Churchill

By MICHAEL J. BROWN



ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. HARTLINE

About the Author: Michael John Brown is associate professor of history at Agnes Scott. Born in Wallasey, Cheshire, England, he married Lee Hale of LaGrange, Ga., and was graduated from LaGrange College in 1956. He holds the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Emory University. He has taught at LaGrange, Davidson and Agnes Scott, rejoining our faculty in 1965.

MUCH OF Winston Churchill's career is, of course, well known to everyone, so I want to stress, for the most part, the less known years. I hope you will excuse me for quoting often from Mr. Churchill, but I will try to tell his story largely in his own words.

Because of the speed with which today's news media invent their clichés, it had become a commonplace—almost before Churchill was in his grave—to speak of him as “the man of the century.” But I confess to you, here at the beginning, an ever wider admiration; for in all history I find only half a handful of men who can bear comparison with him, and even they fall short in this: that for sheer variety of genius, range of talents, universality of experience and just plain old longevity he stands alone. He was a soldier and a poet; a statesman and an artist; an historian and a bricklayer, a politician and an orator without parallel. He was a remarkable combination of action and sensitivity, of energy and poetry.

When he was born (rather unexpectedly, in one of the small rooms of his uncle's palace at Blenheim), Queen Victoria occupied the English throne. Lincoln was newly dead. There were men alive who had seen Napoleon and Washington. The automobile, the aeroplane and the electric light bulb still lay in the future. England was the mightiest nation in the world. Her society was frankly aristocratic and, as Churchill himself said, “the world was for the few—and the very few.”

His mother was American. Her name had been Jenny Jerome and she was one of the celebrated beauties of her day. His father was a younger son of the Duke of Marlborough and one

of the leading figures on the British political scene. He loved them both—but from a distance. The aristocracy of those years were far too busy to be bothered with raising children, so a nurse (a woman named Mrs. Everest) became the central figure in young Churchill's life. When he was seven, he was bundled off to boarding school, to the spartan, rigorous life that the aristocracy customarily inflicted on their sons.

He hated school and made very little progress with his lessons: “I counted the days and the hours to the end of every term, when I should return home from this hateful servitude and range my soldiers in line of battle on the nursery floor.” When he was twelve, he was sent to Harrow, one of Britain's most famous schools. There he found himself (as he put it): “in the third, or lowest, division of the bottom form. The names of the new boys were printed in alphabetical order; and, as my correct name, Spencer-Churchill, began with an ‘S,’ I was only two from the bottom of the whole school; and these two, I regret to say, disappeared almost immediately through illness or some other cause.”

Many Rigors of Schooling

His complaints will have a familiar and timely ring. “I now entered the inhospitable regions of examinations. They were a great trial to me. I would have liked to be examined in history, poetry and writing essays. The examiners were partial to Latin and mathematics. And their will prevailed. Moreover, the questions they asked on both these subjects were invariably those to which I was unable to suggest a satisfactory answer. I should

ave liked to be asked to say what knew. They always tried to ask me that I did *not* know. When I would ave willingly displayed my knowledge, they sought to expose my ignorance. This sort of treatment had only one result: I did not do well in examinations."

But he tells us that there were compensations. "By being kept so long in the lowest form I gained an immense advantage over the cleverer boys. They all went on to learn Latin and Greek and splendid things like that. But I was taught English. We were considered such dunces that we could learn only English. We did it daily; and as I remained in the Third form three times as long as anyone else, I had three times as much of it. I learned it thoroughly. Thus I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing. Naturally, I am biased in favor of boys learning English. I would make them all learn English, and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honour; and Greek as a treat. But the only thing I would whip them for would be for not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that."

After four and a half years at Harrow he took the entrance examinations for the Royal Military College. He failed them twice, but on the third attempt he passed and was admitted to the British equivalent of West Point. He loved it from the start. He had always had military inclinations, a natural thing in view of the fact that he was descended from Britain's greatest soldier, the Duke of Marlborough. His collection of toy soldiers had become something more than a child's plaything; it had grown by now to fifteen hundred, and he organized them into troops and battalions and maneuvered them across the floor with professional skill. At Sandhurst he felt that he was making a new start. He was no longer handicapped by his earlier neglect of Latin, French and mathematics. Now he was learning things he liked. (There had never been any doubt about his mental ability; when he was a young boy he had won a prize for reciting without a mistake 1200 lines of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.)

He graduated from Sandhurst with honors, eighth in a class of 150. He was full of ambition, hungry for ad-



Michael J. Brown

venture, but without any real hope of finding it. The world had become too peaceful and unexciting for his taste: "It seemed such a pity that this study of divisions, armies, bases, supplies and lines of communication should all have to be made believe, and that the age of wars between civilized nations had come to an end for ever. If it had only been a hundred years earlier! What splendid times we should have had! Imagine being nineteen in 1793 with more than twenty years of war against Napoleon in front of you! But all that was finished. The world was growing so sensible and pacific—and so democratic too—the great days were over. Luckily, however, there were still savages and barbarous peoples in remote places. There were Zulus and Afghans and Dervishes; and some of these might, if they were well disposed, put up a fight one day. There might even be a mutiny in India, and we all fastened hopefully upon an article in the *Spectator* which declared that perhaps in a few months we might have India to reconquer."

From Sandhurst he went in search of adventure. He was assigned to the Fourth Hussars, one of those glamorous old cavalry regiments with magnificent horses and uniforms of blue and gold, so gay they looked as though they had come out of an operetta. He heard there was fighting in Cuba, where the Spanish were struggling against a rebellion. He was given per-

mission to go there, fought on the side of the Spanish and on his twenty-first birthday came under enemy fire for the first time.

In the autumn of 1895 he was sent with his regiment to India. Being a guardian of Empire can never have been more delightful. "He has described his life there. He lived with two friends in a palatial bungalow, "all pink and white with heavy tiled roof and deep verandahs sustained by white plaster columns wreathed in purple bougainvillea." There were three butlers to look after them, and stables for thirty horses and polo ponies. The day began when a valet came to shave them as they lay in bed; then it was parade at six, followed by drill and maneuvers. They were back in the bungalow well before noon, for at that hour the sun made work unthinkable. They ate lunch and slept until five, and then came "the hour for which we had been living all day long—time for polo." This went on until nightfall; and then "as the shadows lengthened over the polo ground, we ambled back, perspiring and exhausted, to hot baths, rest and, at 8:30, dinner to the strains of the regimental band and the clinking of ice in well-filled glasses. Thereafter we sat smoking in the moonlight until half-past ten or eleven, when we went to bed. This was a typical day for us in India."

Lively Desire for Learning

But he was not really cut out for this kind of leisurely and lazy existence, and it was while he was in India that Churchill first felt a lively desire for learning. He was always conscious of not having gone to University and of having missed a liberal education. He became conscious of great gaps in his knowledge; he wrote home asking for books and with the enormous gusto and zest that was always his trademark he began to read the great works that helped shape his thinking and certainly to fashion his speech. As you would expect, they were works cast in the heroic mould. First came Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "I was immediately dominated, both by the story and the style. All through the glistening middle hours of the Indian day, I devoured Gibbon. I rode triumphantly through it from end to end and enjoyed it all."

Winston Churchill

(Continued)

For four or five hours a day he read, mostly his *ency* and philosophy: Gibbon, Macaulay, Plato, Aristotle, Darwin and many others. His mind found its stride in these years, and they were crucial in the forming of Winston Churchill. His pervading sense of history; his noble and even exaggerated eloquence; his great sensitivity to the human condition—these things grew out of the liberal education that he hammered out for himself during the hot middle hours of the Indian day from books sent from home.

Simple and Honorable Creed

His reading led him to ask himself some questions about religion, a matter to which he had not given much thought and something about which most of his writing is silent. He had been to this point rather impish and irreverent about it. He had been *made* to go to Church regularly at least once a week, and as a result had accumulated what he called "a fine surplus in the Bank of Observance—so fine, in fact, that I have been drawing confidently upon it ever since. Weddings, christenings and funerals have brought in a steady annual income, and I have never made too close an inquiry about the state of my account. It might well even be that when I go to meet my Maker I shall find an overdraft." Like many young men he passed through an aggressive anti-religious phase and doubted the existence of God. But he found that whenever he was in danger he did not hesitate to ask for special protection or to feel sincerely grateful when he got home safe to dinner. He came across the French quotation to the effect that the "heart has its reasons which the mind doesn't know" and concluded that it was foolish to discard a thing just because you couldn't explain it. "The idea that nothing is true except what we comprehend is silly." He didn't let himself get dragged into mental torments by religious questioning but, as he put it, "yielded myself complacently to a broad-minded tolerance and orthodoxy. If you tried your best to live

an honorable life and did your duty and were faithful to friends and not unkind to the weak and poor, it did not matter much what you believed or disbelieved." This is hardly a declaration of white-hot Christianity, but a simple and honorable creed, and the world would be a better place if more men practiced it. Churchill appears to have been content with it to the last. He certainly retained a sort of puckish irreverence: in his twilight years he declared: "I am ready to meet my Maker; whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter."

A Comet Giving off Sparks

In 1897 Churchill heard about plans for an expedition that was to be sent to Egypt to wage war against the tribesmen of the Sudan who had recently slaughtered an English garrison under the command of General Gordon. He used his influential family connections to get himself transferred to this force and, as a result, he took part in the very last of the old cavalry charges: three hundred horsemen, launching themselves with lances against a mass of native tribesmen and losing a quarter of their number, fighting hand to hand in the old-fashioned way.

From this point on his story becomes almost too good to be true, and his energy almost overpowering. Already, at the age of twenty-four, he seems larger than life. From the Sudan to England and back to India, where his regiment won the long-coveted polo championship, with Churchill scoring three of the winning goals in the final game. Then he resigns from the army and tries to get himself elected to Parliament. He was defeated, but almost at once he flew off on a new tangent, a comet giving off sparks, to South Africa where the Boer War had just started. Within two weeks he had been captured by the Boers, and within two more he had escaped. A public relations man couldn't have invented a better script, yet his exploits are historically documented; they are not glamorous fiction concocted to give color to the early life of a popular hero: they happened.

The story of his escape is a remarkable one. He climbed the prison wall when the sentry's back was turned and

walked brazenly down the centre of the road through the enemy's capital. He jumped aboard the first moving train he saw and it carried him in the right direction. He wandered about hundreds of miles behind the enemy lines, and at last hungry and desperate gave himself up to a man who miraculously turned out to be an English sympathizer. Posters were up by this time, offering twenty-five pounds

for the capture, dead or alive, of Winston Churchill. Englishman, twenty-five years old, about five feet eight inches tall, indifferent build, walks with a forward stoop, red-brownish hair, talks through his nose, and cannot pronounce the letter "s" properly.

Churchill, meanwhile, was hiding out in an abandoned mine-shaft, reading by candle-light Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. After many more adventures he made his way back to England where his story made a sensation. Churchill capitalized on his new fame by writing a stream of dispatches to a newspaper which paid him very well. For the rest of his life he was to make his living from his pen—newspaper articles, a bad novel, and volume after volume of history, magnificently written but with some serious defects as to content. In 1953 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

A Potent Political Career

He returned from South Africa a hero and in 1900 he was elected to Parliament for the first time, thus beginning a political career that is certainly one of the most remarkable in English history. He had the strength of his convictions and always stood up for what he believed to be the right; in the House of Commons he turned against his party in an important vote and was considered by some to be a traitor to his class. In 1908 he "married and lived happily ever afterwards." The same year he was given an important position on the cabinet, and during the remaining years of his long life he held almost every vital post in the inner circle of British government. In 1911 when he was just 37, he was put in charge of the Admiralty and given the enormous responsibility of preparing the Royal Navy for the war with Germany that was already being anticipated. He

performed magnificently, and when the war came in 1914 the Navy was ready.

From that time on, Churchill's career was very much in the public eye. There was the disaster of the Gallipoli campaign which he had strongly advocated; his exile from high office; some months in the muddy trenches of France in 1916, and then back to the highest circles of government as Minister of Munitions. With his usual exuberance he learned to fly, and in the later days of the war he developed the habit of rising early, finishing his work in the morning and then buzzing over to France in the afternoon to learn at first hand how things were going.

For almost ten years after the war he continued to hold a variety of high government posts. These were difficult years for Britain, and Churchill came to his full share of the criticism that inevitably focussed on the government. He was the Chancellor of the Exchequer when the country's economic fortunes reached their lowest point, and he was never completely forgiven for that.

Call To Be Prime Minister

Nineteen-thirty saw the beginning of ten years without office for Churchill; ten years in the political wilderness, "the void," as he called it. The man of action was cut off from the seats of power, and he felt a kind of impotent fury at his inability to affect the course of events. He took up painting (and became very good at it) and amused himself by building waterfalls and a complicated brick wall on his country estate at Chartwell in Kent. After the rise of Hitler he thundered warnings in the House of Commons, but the policy of appeasement went on in spite of all he could say—and he was more than once branded as a war-ponger for his insistence that Britain must arm. But when the inevitable became obvious, the country turned again to Churchill, and he was sent back to his old (and favorite) government post at the Admiralty. And then, of course, as the war went from initial reverses to full-scale catastrophes he was called upon to take the full burden of supreme command and became Prime Minister. He has recorded his feelings at that moment. "As I went to bed at about 3 a.m. I was

conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial. I was sure I should not fail. Therefore, although impatient for the morning, I slept soundly and had no need for cheering dreams. Facts are better than dreams."

Humour—a Churchill Trademark

The rest of his career is well known; the war-time leader; the stunning defeat in 1945 when the people turned him out of office; the comeback in 1951; retirement and a gracious old age; finally, in 1965, death under the eyes of a watching world. I will simply flick out some random personal impressions about this man.

He once said that a man cannot direct the great serious affairs of life without understanding the humour of life, and humour has always been a Churchill trademark, humour that, as often as not, was wrapped up in the grand Churchillian phraseology. When his political opponent, Mr. Attlee, finally agrees with him on an important point, he says that Mr. Attlee is exercising his usual talent for belated conversion to the obvious. He is told that another Labour minister, his bitter rival, Aneurin Bevan, is absent from the House of Commons because of illness. Churchill's comment: "Nothing trivial, I trust!" To call a man a liar in the House of Commons would be unthinkable, so Churchill on one occasion accused an opponent of "terminological inexactitude." On a visit to Montgomery in the North African desert the general boasts that he doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, and is 100% fit. Churchill's reply is that he "smokes like a chimney, drinks like a fish, and is 200% fit." Once, Lady Astor, after a long, hard argument, said to him in exasperation: "If you were my husband, I'd put poison in your coffee." "If you were my wife," Churchill replied, "I'd drink it."

One cannot sum up a man like this; to say he was great sounds totally inadequate. He seems in every way to have been larger than life. His physical size, his enormous cigars, his tremendous emotional range, the length of his life, the variety of his works, the grandeur of his language,

his family connections, the breadth of his thought (ranging from the atomic bomb to "putting milk into babies")—any two or three of these would have made him remarkable; all of them together make him, in my judgment, unique.

What was the secret of his success? That of course, is one of those mystical things we shall never understand. But I think that at the height of his career his unique ability was to give the man-in-the-street the feeling that he could make history. "This is one of the most awful hours in the long history of our island; but it is without doubt the most sublime. Let us so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and its Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say, this was their finest hour." It was this power to look beyond the danger to the challenge, to look beyond the immediate to the broad judgment of history. Churchill always wanted to be famous; but he was not interested in mere popularity. He wanted fame of an historical quality.

A Challenge to Young Folks

Here are some words of Winston Churchill which were written a long time ago, but they have about them the ring of an epitaph—and also of a challenge, a challenge to young men and women to live life as he had lived it, sampling it full, with gusto and enthusiasm:

"When I look back across the years, I cannot but return my sincere thanks to the high gods for the gift of existence. All the days were good and each day better than the other. Ups and downs, risks and journeys, but always the sense of motion, and the illusion of hope. Come on now, all you young folks, all over the world. You have not an hour to lose. You must take your places in Life's fighting line. Twenty to twenty-five! Those are the years! Don't be content with things as they are! Enter upon your inheritance, accept your responsibilities. Don't take 'No' for an answer. Never submit to failure. Do not be fobbed off with mere personal success or acceptance. You will make all kinds of mistakes; but as long as you are generous and true and brave you cannot hurt the world or even seriously distress her. She was made to be wooed and won by youth."

Friends Find Each Other



Alumnae greet Llewellyn Wilburn '19, chairman of the physical education department.



Llewellyn Wilburn gets a bear hug from an alumna on the Colonnade.



Members of the Young Atlanta and the Decatur Alumnae Clubs handled registration.



Ferdinand Warren, art department chairman, chats with former students.



Professor George Hayes laughs with Jane Stillwell Esp '42 and Myree Wells Maas '42.

President Alston jokes with members of '66, returning for their first reunion.



at Alumnae Week-End in April



Crowded into a few precious hours, April 21-23, 1967, Alumnae Week End, were Blackfriars' performances of Liliom, Class Council Meeting, Faculty Symposium on "What's 'New' about the New Morality?", an informal meeting with faculty on the Colonnade, the annual Alumnae Luncheon, President Alston's address, "Agnes Scott's Educational Task," at the Annual

(Continued)

rs. Kline (philosophy), Pepperdene (English), Drucker (psychology), Chang (ible and Philosophy) gave a splendid symposium on the "New Morality."



Kwai Sing Chang clarifies a point.



Dean C. Benton Kline and Lulu Croft '38 argue a point.

Alumnae Week-End

(Continued)

Meeting of the Alumnae Association, plus special events held by reunion classes. Over 550 alumnae participated—and your director of alumnae affairs is exhausted all over again just writing about the Week End!



'66ers admire Dr. Alston's new office in Buttrick.

Catching-up chatter holds sway during luncheon at Class Reunion tables.





Gay and charming ladies of the Class of 1917.

50th Class Reunion

By MARTHA P. DENNISON '17

Expectation and Exhilaration

THIS REPORT on our reunion is for those 1917ers who requested it—others probably have trash baskets!

For me it began on Tuesday the 8th when Ruth Nisbet Jarrell from whom we had heard nothing for years, arrived. On Thursday Agnes Scott Donaldson, much to our delight, called to say she was at the Biltmore. She and Janet Newton had lunch with me and Ruth at my apartment on Friday. By Friday night the Alumnae House had admitted: Agnes, Janet, Amelia Alexander Greenawalt, Claude Martin Lee, Anne Kyle McLaughlin, Mary Pottswood Payne, and Elizabeth Ring Lehling. Mildred Hall Pearce and Anne Harwell Rutland had also arrived to stay with Willie Belle Jackson McWhorter.

Several of us had dinner together in Decatur, all talking at once, and then saw the Blackfriars present "Lil'om" in the theater of the beautiful new Dana Fine Arts Building. It was interesting and very well done.

The weather for the weekend was about the best we can produce in April and, for those who hoped to see dogwood, it and most other spring flowers came early and were gone. When I arrived on the campus about 10 a.m. on Saturday, it was sprinkling rain. Ann Worthy Johnson said it was because Dr. McCain was no longer here to speak to God about it. Well, I had spoken but it looked as if He hadn't heard me. Then, just as the symposium on The New Morality broke up about noon, and we had to cross the campus, the sun came out and the rest of the day was beautiful.

There were 19 in our group at lunch—Augusta Skeen Cooper, Sarah Webster, Katharine Simpson, Regina Pinkston, Isabel Dew, Frances Thatcher Moses, and Margaret Phillips Boyd had joined those listed above. (Later Dr. Alston told us we were the largest and best looking 50th reunioners ever. To which Amelia—whose gorgeous eyes and dimples are undimmed by time and great grandmotherhood—retorted, "I'll bet he says that to all the ladies!" Well I'll bet that, if he does, he means it at the time.)

The luncheon was beautiful and oh, what a mob! Including us (Yes, strangely enough there were other classes there!) and the class of '67 there were over 550 "daughters" packed in the dining room. We had delicious food, fine speeches, introductions of classes, photographs and the presentation of charms to the 50th reunioners. (The charms resemble Phi Beta Kappa keys which some of us were too dumb or too lazy to earn.) One thoughtful gesture which added to our pleasure: Sarah Fulton, '21, had made small book marks for each of us "To mark a happy memory."

Departing from custom (money is seldom mentioned at reunions), Sarah Frances McDonald '36, Alumnae

Fund Chairman and a beautiful blonde lady, made an urgent appeal for contributions. She stressed percentages of contributing Alumnae—even \$1.00 makes you a contributor! They had hoped to report 67% in '67 but didn't quite make. Surely we can each give something!

Then we held a brief business meeting of our own, on the side steps outside the dining room. Details of the Class Council decisions Saturday morning will probably be furnished you by the Alumnae Office. We decided henceforth to have only one officer, a Class Representative. No one wanted this job. Neither did I but they sort of "ganged up" on me so I'm it. (Ah me! Why did I never learn to say No loud and clear!)

I plan to get out a reminder, long enough before each issue of *The Quarterly* goes to press, to have some news each time of some of us. It's so disappointing to open your magazine eagerly to '17 and find nothing there. It doesn't have to be world-shaking news: a new grandbaby, a hobby or trip—any items such as you would like to hear about your friends. (Anyone who is not interested in being thus circularized let me know and I won't bother you further.)

Then we walked along S. Candler St. which, near the College, looks much as it used to, to Dr. Alston's lovely home which was designed by Augusta's Sam. There we had a beautiful party and enjoyed becoming better acquainted with our new President

(Continued on next page)

50th Class Reunion

(Continued)



Augusta Skeen Cooper gave a beautiful dinner at the Driving Club.



Isabel Dew was a sparkling '17er present.

and his charming wife, who was Madeline Dunseith '28.

Back at the Alumnae House we collapsed on beds, where some napped and others shared impressions. (My chief criticism of our wonderful reunion is that there wasn't enough time just to talk to each other.) Before we knew it, we were rushing to get to the Piedmont Driving Club for Augusta's dinner.

That party was beautiful and fun, from beginning to end. The surprise of the evening was our mascot, Ed Cunningham. Do you remember the sweet, small boy who used to play tennis with Isabel? He is now a well-known, busy doctor in Decatur and looks exactly like his father as we knew him at A.S.C. We turned over the job of snapping pictures to him—since our expert, Gjertrud, couldn't "make it"—and he got us some honies. Augusta brought along Sam for company for Ed and he added much to our pleasure all evening.

This is growing much too long to give you all the details, but Augusta hadn't missed a trick! The three lovely arrangements of "our daisies" down a long, gold-cloth-covered table with golden candles and precious little golden packages at each place (these were golden book marks engraved ASC and our dates) show up beautifully in several pictures. The place cards (made by Jan who had been pouring over old annuals for weeks) were pictures of our young selves mounted on gold lace paper fans and supported by tiny golden owls. (Some

of us had difficulty recognizing ourselves!) As for the food—well, if I ever get to Heaven and I'm asked, I'll say "No milk and honey for me, please. Just let Augusta plan my menus."

As a final surprise, Augusta had brought a record player, and Sam played records she had made of Agnes Scott voices, some we knew long ago and many now silent: Dr. McCain, so natural, he might have been standing right behind me; Miss McKinney and Dr. Sweet, Miss Lillian Smith and Miss Torrance, Miss Alexander, Miss Scandrett, Mr. Dieckmann, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Cunningham and two of our long-time maids, Mary Cox and Ella Carey. Their conversations were delightful. Ella was asked why she had never married and replied, "Miss Hopkins never married and what was good enough for her, was good enough for me!" It ended with our Alma Mater, and being there on our feet, we departed for our respective beds, after a lovely day.

Sunday was dreary and showery, but when we reached Willie Belle's lovely home, she had a bright wood fire going—in lieu of sunshine, she said. She, Mildred and Jane were charming and gracious hostesses and we had a wonderful gab-fest around the fire, before and during brunch. Her table too was beautiful, with a most lovely arrangement of roses and sumptuous food (as you can see, we ate our way through the week-end! In between-times (?) we nibbled two huge boxes of Russell Stover choco-

lates which Katharine Lindamood Catlett had sent us.)

From Willie Belle's some of us went to relatives in Atlanta, some had to start home—for, surprisingly, some of us are still "working girls"—and some returned to the campus to look more closely at the changes and the lovely new buildings. Some of us, especially Ruth, were disappointed that the can containing mementoes of '17 which we buried near White House and planned to dig up at this reunion, could not be located. White House is no more and the space is covered by Hopkins Hall, a dormitory named for Miss Hopkins, and a cement parking lot.

Ten of us were still around for Isabel's supper—I knew she had gone to a great deal of trouble for us and I was worried for fear we would be unable to eat anymore. But do you know? Everything was so good we ate as if we were famished! This, too, was a lovely party and the most relaxed and informal get-together of all—perhaps because there were fewer of us, perhaps because the push was over. Anyway, we might have sat around indefinitely, discussing life experiences and reactions but, about nine o'clock, a clap of thunder warned us we'd better get going. Everyone made it home before the heavens opened and Georgia got the heavy rain it so urgently needed.

By 10:30 Monday morning, when I called the Alumnae House, everyone had checked out and our 50th reunion had become a Golden Memory.

DEATHS

Faculty

Susan Robinson Walker (Mrs. Larry), instructor in art, in an accident on campus, April 26, 1967.

Institute

Bessie Duke Carter (Mrs. Walter S.), December, 1966.

Anna Emery Flinn (Mrs. Richard Orme), mother of Elizabeth Flinn Eckert '30, April 13, 1967. (See p. 13.)

Lucy Shute Ewing (Mrs. Paul L.), May 12, 1967.

1905

May McKowen Taylor (Mrs. B. B.), September 8, 1966.

1915

Fannie Marcus Revson (Mrs. Alfred F., Sr.), March 15, 1967.

1919

Jane Bernhardt Stryker (Mrs. William S.), February 6, 1967.

1925

Harlee Branch, Sr., father of Elizabeth Branch King '25 and Virginia Branch Leslie '29, March 15, 1967.

Frances Lincoln Moss, March 24, 1967.
Joe Moss, husband of Frances Lincoln Moss, February 1, 1967.

1926

Walter Turner Candler, husband of Rebekah Sheen Candler, April 23, 1967.

1929

Maitha Broadhurst Brooks (Mrs. Francis A.), January 3, 1967.

Joe B. Harrison, husband of Ruby Hendrix Harrison, January 18, 1967.

1930

Dr. Charles Sterling Jernigan, father of Alice Jernigan Dowling, May 16, 1967.

1935

Dr. W. Evans Goodyear, husband of Julia Ann Clark Goodyear, October, 1966.

1936

Mrs. F. B. Derrick, mother of Marion Derrick Gilbert, April, 1967.

Dorothy Lyons Johnson (Mrs. William H.), March 5, 1967.

1937

Mrs. Josephine Kirkup Malone, mother of Mary Malone Martin, May 4, 1967.

1938

George Seldon Waldo, son of Tommy Ruth Blackmon Waldo, in an automobile accident, May 2, 1967.

1940

Gene McLarty Roberts, husband of Nell Moss Roberts and father of Ann Roberts '67, April 20, 1967.

Dr. Lee George Sannella, husband of Nell Pinner Sannella, November 16, 1966.

1942

Williams Collins Lee, son of Mary Dean Lott Lee, March 18, 1967.

1945

Mr. Thad M. McConnel, father of Sylvia McConnel Carter, May 15, 1967.

1946

Dr. B. F. Reynolds, father of Eleanor Reynolds Verdery, April 10, 1967.

Dr. Robert Vinsant, father of Mary Vinsant Grymes, March, 1967.

Mrs. French Wright, mother of LaNelle Wright Humphries, March, 1967.



Dr. George P. Hayes looks with delight at the new car his students—present and former—gave him upon his retirement this June.



Also retiring this year is Janef N. Preston '21. She and Dr. Hayes will be sorely missed in the English department, but they leave a legacy of distinguished teaching and inspiration to their students over the years.



Cmdr. Sybil Grant '34 was awarded the Legion of Merit (a medal that usually goes to admirals) when she retired in April after almost twenty-five years in the Navy.



S. G. Stukes shows the silver tray presented to him as "Senior Citizen of the Year" in Decatur, Ga. The fourth annual award was in recognition of his distinguished career in SC and in public service.



Worthy Notes...

Great and Stalwart Campus Figures Reach Retirement

THE MOST DESOLATE day of the year on campus, for me, is the Monday after Commencement Sunday. Students and faculty members have gone, and only the "administrative ones" are left to face the long summer.

One way I hurdle this Monday is to concentrate on re-joining in having brand new alumnae. So here's a hearty welcome to the Class of 1967, 140 strong, and may each of you hold close, always, your experiences and friendships at Agnes Scott. The Alumnae Association is here to help you do just this.

This year, The Monday was particularly dreary because with it came the realization that four stalwart campus figures had retired: George P. Hayes, professor of English; and poet, Janef N. Preston '21, assistant professor of English; Pierre Thomas, assistant professor of French; Llewellyn W. Wilburn '19, associate professor of physical education.

Their impact, each in his or her own way, on the life of this college is immeasurable. And it helps to know that even though they have reached emeritus status and will not be with us in their former capacities, they will all be nearby in Decatur. If you want to write, here are addresses:

The Hayeses, 162 McLean St., Decatur, Ga. 30030;
Miss Preston, 128 Winnona Dr., Decatur, Ga. 30030;
The Thomases, 347 Mimosa Dr., Decatur, Ga. 30030;
Miss Wilburn, 1213 Oldfield Rd., Decatur, Ga. 30030.

On a bright Wednesday in May Athletic Association held its annual spring picnic on the hockey field, a time for the entire college community to participate in and/or be spectators of sports events and athletic awards. The whole day was dedicated to Llewellyn Wilburn, and "Miss Wilburn Day" was climaxed with a gift of a color TV set to her from "her girls," marking her forty-one years of service to the College.

On a cool June evening, at a delightful party held in the home of an Atlanta alumna, Dr. Hayes was surprised—and stunned—by a gift of a new automobile. I quote from

an article published in The Atlanta Journal written by Carrington Wilson '60, the College's news director and headed "Women in His Life Unite in Tribute."

"It's not often that a man is genuinely loved by 4,000 women and even rarer if these women unite to honor him.

"But such was the case when more than 100 former students of Dr. George P. Hayes, professor of English at Agnes Scott College, gathered here to express their devotion to the man who is retiring after forty years of bringing Shakespeare and Dante alive to approximately 100 students each year.

"A week ago the celebration was just an idea among several students on campus, but within days the word and enthusiasm had spread not only locally but by long-distance calls to alumnae across the country . . .

"For a man whose gravelly voice boomed out daily from the Gothic windows of Buttrick Hall, there were few words when he saw the . . . car . . . and the crayoned sign in one window, 'We Love Dr. Hayes.'

"But the proverbial quip wasn't long in coming: 'This looks as if it's for a bride,' he smiled. 'Thank you, thank you very much.'"

Gifts are one way for us to say thank you to great teachers as they retire. Another way is to honor them at the Alumnae Luncheon and Annual Meeting. We were fortunate this year to have Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Miss Wilburn and Mrs. Annie Mae F. Smith, former supervisor of dormitories, who retired January 1. The first order of business was the recognition of and tribute to retiring faculty and staff members, beautifully expressed by Reese Newton Smith '49, Class Council Chairman.

But the best way to honor retired faculty is to have something permanent to enrich the life of the College. The Board of Trustees has acted on this, and you'll hear about it in the fall.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

████████████████████
DECATUR, GA., 30030

The Alumnae Luncheon, Letitia Pate Evans Dining Hall, April 22, 1967



Agnes Scott

THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

FALL 1967



Front Cover. Our cover girl in "living color" is Carol Ann McKenzie, daughter of Virginia Brown McKenzie '47, and John S. McKenzie, Vice-President of Higgins-McArthur Co., and Design Consultant of the Quarterly.



THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY ▲ VOL. 46 NO. 1

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Student Leaders Know when to . . .

RETREAT

By SUSAN AIKMAN '68

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1967. Over 100 eager student government members report to the Agnes Scott campus. The enthusiasm overflows. Everyone is ready for the new year to begin.

Wednesday, September 13. These same girls return to the campus, weary and worn. The enthusiasm is still there, but it is marked by a sense of exhaustion and dirt.

These young ladies had just spent three busy days at the 1967 Student Government Retreat at Camp Calvin in Hampton, Ga. There the boards planned the business for fall quarter and decided on the emphasis for the

coming year.

At the Monday morning opening session, Alice (Zolly) Zollicoffer, student government president, introduced the theme for the year—"To What Intent?" This theme follows closely those of the past few years—"perspective," ('65) "markings," ('66) and "emergence," ('67).

In her speech, which was geared to student government, Zollicoffer said that students desire to play "more than a receiving role" in their college community. The student "is grasping for his place as a contributor within the academic world to help better the

educational process and to confront those within his college with the crucial issues concerning the goals of higher education."

She went on to say that "students are moving from the isolated ivy-covered walls and beginning to draw from both the college community and larger society for their learning experiences." The experience of learning, according to Zollicoffer, "should include student government. Self-government represents no practice ground—rather it provides an opportunity for students to learn, to express themselves, and to act."

Attending the student government retreat were the members of Judicial Board, Representative Council, Christian Association, Athletic Association, Social Council, Orientation Council, and the Silhouette staff, along with their advisors.

"The Purpose of Education" served as the topic for a faculty-student panel discussion at the Monday evening session. Representing students were senior Judy King, sophomore Ann Marquess, and junior Evelyn Angeletti. Faculty members included Kwai Sing Chang, associate professor of Bible; Geraldine Meroney, associate professor of history; Julia T. Gary, associate professor of chemistry and associate dean of the faculty, and Miriam K. Drucker, professor of psychology. Allyn Smoak, a senior, was the moderator.

Each of the panel members seemed to agree that the liberal arts education was the best kind. Each faculty member, however, had a different definition of the "liberal arts" education, but each seemed to imply that it would, in effect, create the "whole woman."

One aspect of retreat which allowed participants to get away from the serious business for a while was the Olympics in which students participated in sports events—such as bubble gum blowing contests. The most unusual event was the Odd Animal contest in which the sponsors of the organizations participated in an egg throw, won by Bertie Bond of Social Council.

The final session of Retreat, Wednesday, featured a speech by President Wallace M. Alston. After adjournment, the students returned to prepare to meet the freshman and a new year.



'But Ever Follow That Which is Good'

By ROGER HAZELTON

"TEST EVERYTHING; hold fast to what is good." This is one of those verses (1 Thessalonians 5:21) in which Paul the apostle manages to capture in a very few words a whole wealth of meaning for our life. In fact, a text like this is tricky and slippery to handle just because it is so terse, so general, that it can be taken in a great variety of ways. You may remember Humpty-Dumpty's remark in *Alice in Wonderland* about his use of words: "I pays them extra and makes them mean what I like." That is always happening with the Bible, too. Paul's crisp imperatives or Jesus' humorous asides get blown up into bland formulas supposed to be capable of meeting our needs and solving our problems, whereas their real purpose may be to generate new needs and pose problems we had never thought of before. At least that is my experience in reading the Bible, and this text is no exception to the rule.

Testing and holding fast are images that mark contrasting if not contradictory attitudes. Almost every group contains those who want to try everything, the experimenters, and those who cling firmly to what they already know to be good, the conservers. There is usually little love lost between the two; they call each other unpleasant names, cannot seem to get together on a single program or proposal, and remain locked in a kind of civil war with each other. Our political stereotypes of "left" and "right" give proof of this, and the same split is often found in the communities of faith and learning too. You may watch it in operation in practically every committee room or council chamber in the world. I suppose the history of mankind could be written in terms of it.

But what if these two tendencies, which have so often divided us, could be induced to lie down together like the lion and the lamb in the prophecy



Dr. Hazelton, a distinguished theologian, is Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at Andover Newton Theological School. This is his Baccalaureate Address June 11, 1967 at Agnes Scott.

of Isaiah? Or rather, to stand up together in both the person and the group, for the facing of our common problems and our individual needs? As Pascal would say, these two together would make one good man, as each would give what the other lacks, instead of lacking what the other has to give.

And they do belong together, even if we usually come upon them in separation and at odds with each other. Testing and holding fast are not two approaches to life, but one. If there has been no trying of different experiences, different convictions on for size there cannot be the right to judge one as being better than another. There is no valid substitute for personal participation, being there yourself, whether it is in the realm of science, art, faith or friendship. Far too much of life is lived at second hand, by hearsay, on the basis of opinion only—and we should not be surprised if it is accordingly tame and trite when this is the case. Things and people give themselves to us only as we can

give ourselves to them, trustingly and generously.

I know, as you do, that there is real risk and even danger in this willingness to test everything which Paul is recommending. If I deliberately put myself in the way of a wide variety of encounters, conversations, invitations I run the risk of being changed; I cannot stay as I now am, but may even lose myself, or what I take to be myself in the process. We do not speak much of temptation nowadays, either in home or church; but there is temptation in all testing, which is at the same time a being tested. I cannot respond with out becoming responsible. But neither do I earn the right to call anything truly good except on the terms of a genuine venturing-forth out of what is tried and true in the direction of a truth that has never yet been tried. A taste and zest for life, in all its tumbling, turbulent variety, is what makes possible the discovery and definition of what is good. As the great philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead, wrote, we must not neglect "the multifariousness of the world—the fairies dance, and Christ is nailed to the cross."

The sad fact is that ordinarily our experiences are so grooved and patterned, so *expected*, that the range of possible good is much more narrow than it ought to be for most of us. We play it safe when we should be taking healthy chances; so, for instance, our natural inquisitiveness gets channeled, confined, and finally all but stifled in the routines of formal education, when it might better be sharpened and made expert. We have to learn and re-learn, sometimes quite painfully, how to become open to one another and to moments of truth within the web of our inquiry and involvement. It is an arduous but precious lesson that is contained in Paul's words, "Test everything"; and it may come with something of a shock, for we do not usually

find spokesmen for religion on the side of the experimenters but of the conservers. Or at least that is where we are in the habit of looking for them, as if religion existed mainly to underscore our timidity and inertia, instead of releasing our capacity and appetite for what is new and different! But let it not be forgotten that the Christian faith equips us not merely to endure change but to produce it, to take it into ourselves and be shaped by it.

In the eyes of faith this is God's world, and we are free to use and enjoy everything in it for our good and for his glory. Indeed, there is a kind of recklessness or daring that belongs to faith's own manner of life. The poets know this just as well and often better than the saints. Here is John Keats, reflecting on our need to get out into the mainstream and away from the safe, already known world: "I leaped headlong into the sea and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands and the rocks than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice."

Yes, everything is to be tested for its possibilities of good. Whether we are thinking of areas of study, fields of action or relationships with one another, the same principle holds. But notice what a delicate and nicely-balanced principle this is. It does not mean taking everything as it comes with no questions asked, for that is only to make experience shapeless and trivial; and neither does it mean using things and persons for devious purposes of my own, asking interminably just what good they have for me. The point is to keep trying, tasting, testing, to be "out for stars" as Robert Frost said, so that the freshness and goodness of life may not be squeezed out altogether but may go on nourishing and enriching us.

The truth is, we are not without guidance or direction for the "soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks" into which life plunges us. It is not as if no one had ever passed this way before. The line of living runs from past to present, teacher to student, parent to child, institution to individual, and not the other way around, even if this is not a one-way street or a dreary place where there is "nothing new under the sun", to quote that

biblical cynic called Ecclesiastes. Time goes not backward, but *forward*. There is both truth and error in the view I hear expressed so often that each of us must learn his own lessons and be allowed to make his own mistakes. Our freedom, just because it is real freedom, is always bounded by responsibility; we are inheritors and debtors even in our most creative or solitary moments, when we are not merely practicing our own signature or tiresomely imitating our own style.

When we were in Japan three years ago we heard a great deal about the "generation gap" between parents and teachers on the one hand and young students on the other. The war and the occupation, we were told, had brought about a situation in which older and younger Japanese could no longer understand or even communicate with each other, where the ancient landmarks of loyalty had disappeared and a vacuum of confusion and rootlessness had been produced instead. We know something about this generation gap in our country too. The structures in which we live and work are deeply disturbed and shaken by it. Are there ways in which this gap can be reduced or bridged? Just here, it seems to me, is where the institutions of religion and of higher education can be mightily helpful if they will. All of them have a heritage, a tradition to be made available to us in our present vacuum of moral and spiritual resources. We need this wisdom greatly, for it can widen our horizons immeasurably and deepen our capacities incalculably. But these resources are not simply lying around the landscape waiting to be picked up and put to work. They are guideposts and searchlights, not commodities or pre-cooked food in tidy antiseptic packages. They must be conveyed and accepted in the continual dialogue of faith with truth, both new and old, in forms as changing as the needs they are meant to serve.

And so I come to the last part of Paul's verse which is of a piece with the first. "Hold fast what is good"—or, if you prefer Kierkegaard, "In order to sew you must first have a knot in the thread." It is by virtue of the good we know that we become cued-in to good as yet unknown but wished-for; we are not doomed to endless, fruitless repetition; when the

mind is once drenched about a truth, or the heart fixed, or the will established, we do not have to fight that battle all over again. We can go on from where we were to where we ought and really want to be.

What is it that you know for sure and do not have to doubt forever? What is it that you have found good, so good that neither time nor tide can separate you from this assurance? I am not talking about dogma or opinions but about the actual knots by which we sew the fabric of our life both personal and corporate. I am thinking of those things we hold fast simply because they will not let us go, the stars by which our course is set and navigated. They may not be very many, nor impressive to outsiders, but if they are truly yours that is enough. It may not even matter too much what you call them or whether they have names at all, though it is probably better to know what you believe in than not to know it, and certainly better than not caring to know it.

When Paul says, "Hold fast what is good", he is not throwing out some general advice to whomever happens to be listening. He is writing as a Christian to fellow-Christians, sharing with them his findings in a troubled and tangled time. He is giving some clues as to how life should be lived when the day of the Lord for which they have prayed long and earnestly still does not come. He reminds them that they are not in darkness but belong to the day. So too do we, for we are Christians, we belong to Christ.

Therefore let us, in like spirit, test everything and hold fast to what is good. Let life be lived for goodness' sake, but let us be quite sure to live it, too. If venturesomeness without steadfastness is empty, steadfastness without venturesomeness is blind. The way to wholeness in the person and in the world embrace both. Robert Frost has a poem about a young man who leaves home and friends to go his own way, then comes back much later to the place he started from, older and wiser. He wonders how his family and friends will now respond to him, and he says, in words which I trust you can someday make your own:

They will not find me changed
from him they knew,

Only more sure of all I thought
was true.

DEATHS

Faculty

Maude Montgomery Parry Paul (Mrs. Harvey), former chairman of the Physical Education Department, mother of Anna Marie Parry Blanchard (Mrs. Edwin Howell) *11. May 27, 1967.

Institute

Ella Elizabeth Smith Durham (Mrs S. Wade), Spring, 1967.

1908

Bessie Sentell Coppedge (Mrs. Llewellyn J.), October 3, 1967.

1912

Dowse B. Donaldson, husband of Fannie Mayson Donaldson (deceased), May, 1967.

1914

Roberta Florence Brinkley, June 9, 1967.

1915

Lucile Daley, July 10, 1967.

1917

Col Fonville McWhorter, husband of Willie Belle Jackson McWhorter, July 25, 1967.

1922

Mary McLellan Manly (Mrs. William Judson), August 3, 1967.

1923

Frances Grace Harwell, August 8, 1967.

1928

Louis Twells Parker, husband of Josephine Walker Parker, summer, 1967.

Lillian White Nash, (Mrs. Donald Franklin), September 18, 1967.

1929

Henry J. Toombs, husband of Adah Knight Toombs, June 15, 1967.

Mrs. G. V. Welsh, mother of Frances Welsh, January 22, 1967.

1937

Mrs. James Malone, mother of Mary Malone Martin.

Neil Winner Printup, father of Kathryn Printup Mitchell, July 19, 1967.

1948

Howell E. Adams, father of Dabney Adams Hart, August 16, 1967.

1950

Rigmore Kock Rowe (Mrs. Frederick B.), August 31, 1967.

1953

Tallie Odus Winn, Jr., husband of Ellen Hunter Winn, July 6, 1967 in an automobile accident.



Here's What You Helped to Do

A special report to alumnae on the 1966-67 Agnes Scott Fund

THOSE OF US at the College, volunteers and staff alike, who are charged with responsibility for seeking financial support for Agnes Scott, are also seeking answers to the question: "How can we put fun into fund-raising?"

Last year we had the greatest Agnes Scott Fund in the history of the College's annual-giving program, and we had a good time doing it, so we want to share results with those of you who made this possible.

There were several "firsts" during the '66-'67 annual-giving campaign. In the summer of 1966 we established the Annual Fund Council, or steering committee. It is made up of three members of the Board of Trustees; the Fund Chairman, the President, a vice-president, and a member-at-large of the Alumnae Association; and from the College's administrative staff, the President, the Director of Development, and the Director of Alumnae Affairs. The Council met four times and gave immeasurably good advice and counsel for the annual-giving effort—aside from their actual work in the campaign.

Another "first" was the amount of money contributed by alumnae (see charts on next pages.) One reason for this increase may be *your* new awareness of Agnes

Scott's financial problems and *your* willingness to help alleviate them—on an annual basis. Sarah Frances McDonald '36, Alumnae Fund Chairman, said (in a splendid speech last Alumnae Week End), "I don't think a college which has been a major factor in molding our lives should have to *beg* for money from its only family—her alumnae. I believe that if we want Agnes Scott to continue to make a real contribution to society through us, its products, we should not have to be asked. We must *plan* to budget annually for the College *some* amount, be it large or small, each according to her ability to give—as we do for our churches—which we surely want to survive—and to our Community Funds."

A third "first" was the beginning of a plan to send different kinds of fund appeals to different groups of alumnae, rather than just mailing the same letter or brochure to all of the approximately 8,500 alumnae on whom we have current addresses. This consumed enormous staff time and effort in production—and will you believe, please, it *is* expensive. But we could rejoice in the results. And we shall be doing more of this in the current '67-'68 Annual Giving Program, as you will read later in this special report. ▲

Annual Giving Program – Financial Report

July 1, 1966 – June 30, 1967

	ANNUAL FUND				CAPITAL FUND*		TOTAL	
	Paid		Pledged		Paid		Number Contributed or Pledged	Amount Contributed or Pledged
	Number Paid	Amount	Number Pledged	Amount	Number	Amount		
Alumnae	1,806	50,391.89	32	3,406.50	143	28,344.09	1,981	82,142.48
Parents and Friends	64	7,564.00	1	25.00	86	13,959.68	151	21,548.68
Foundations	14	17,817.00			4	31,538.00	18	49,355.00
Business and Industry	See** Below	38,144.85			See** Below	16,250.00	See** Below	54,394.85
Total	1,884	113,917.74	33	3,431.50	233	90,091.77	2,150	207,441.01

*Capital contributions reflected in this report are new gifts received since July 1, 1966, not payments on pledges made prior to this date.

The gifts from business and industry have been received primarily through the Georgia Foundation for Independent Colleges, Inc. Based on the solicitation of 8,475 alumnae, **graduates and non-graduates are these statistics:

Average gift: \$40.00

Percent of alumnae who gave to annual fund: 22%

Percent of alumnae who gave to annual and capital funds: 23³/₄%

Editor's Note: A brief explanation may help you interpret this report. 1. The Annual-Giving Program runs on the College's fiscal year, July 1-June 30. For example, if you make a contribution on July 10, it is counted in the new year—**unless you indicate** it is for the last year. 2. The College Development Office keeps all fund records and makes fund reports (although alumnae form the basis of the Annual-Giving Program, there are other divisions in the program—**alumnae contributions are often the incentive for other gifts.**) 3. The Annual-Giving Program is divided into two parts, the Annual Fund and the Capital Fund. The former goes into current use, i.e. for increasing faculty salaries. The latter is invested (with other capital funds which the College has—known as "endowment"—and only the income is used.) An alumna, for example, may be building a scholarship fund which is a capital fund, and her contribution to that is so counted. 4. All "new" money given within the fiscal year is the total of that annual-giving program. Read across the first line at the top to see the splendid record alumnae made in 1966-67.



Annual Giving Program – Report by Classes

July 1, 1966 – June 30, 1967

Class	Number Contributed	Percentage of Class Contributing	Amount	Class	Number Contributed	Percentage of Class Contributing	Amount
Institute	28	10%	\$2,492.00	1939	35	23	\$1,788.00
Academy	16	9	262.00	1940	43	27	958.50
1906	3	60	1,325.00	1941	41	26	1,180.50
1907	3	30	80.00	1942	35	23	1,543.00
1908	6	13	191.00	1943	32	24	675.00
1909	7	20	141.00	1944	33	22	1,070.25
1910	9	24	126.00	1945	39	25	977.00
1911	5	15	140.00	1946	42	25	1,225.00
1912	6	21	2,549.68	1947	38	24	1,184.00
1913	9	29	220.00	1948	45	30	1,166.00
1914	10	19	225.00	1949	45	27	1,367.00
1915	12	21	12,232.00	1950	33	23	761.00
1916	16	24	1,265.00	1951	33	20	707.00
1917	22	29	661.00	1952	37	23	783.00
1918	13	22	1,315.00	1953	41	30	864.00
1919	16	19	420.00	1954	29	23	663.00
1920	15	18	331.00	1955	43	28	873.00
1921	23	19	1,477.00	1956	50	31	895.00
1922	23	23	1,072.50	1957	51	28	1,599.00
1923	23	15	1,555.00	1958	54	33	2,064.00
1924	29	22	1,395.00	1959	42	24	425.00
1925	26	20	542.00	1960	48	26	971.00
1926	33	25	1,473.00	1961	60	25	1,097.00
1927	39	25	1,408.60	1962	40	20	694.50
1928	35	25	1,990.00	1963	30	14	578.50
1929	46	28	3,841.00	1964	18	9	269.00
1930	36	27	825.70	1965	28	14	543.00
1931	31	29	1,648.50	1966	34	15	625.00
1932	24	20	950.00	1967	47	21	1,209.75
1933	37	28	653.00	1968	7		38.00
1934	32	34	2,230.00	1969	4		17.50
1935	28	23	3,456.00	1970	2		15.00
1936	33	23	2,643.00	Special	9		82.00
1937	28	23	758.00	TOTAL	1,917		\$82,142.48
1938	26	18	1,340.00				



Now Look at What You Are Going to Do

Plans for the 1967-68 Agnes Scott Fund

AMONG THE “FIRSTS” in last year’s Annual-Giving Program was the inauguration of a particular fund leadership group which we called “The Tower Circle.” The members of The Tower Circle were those alumnae who, between July 1, 1966 and June 30, 1967, contributed \$1,000 or more to the College. We take great delight in announcing that there were *nineteen* founding members of The Tower Circle—here are special thanks to them, and “may your tribe increase.”

Ferdinand Warren, chairman of the art department and a nationally recognized painter, created a serigraph (or silk-screen color print) of an artist’s view of the tower of Main Building, for each of the charter members. The colors are dark green and light blue on a white background—which means Mr. Warren used two silk screens and did each print individually, so the founding members have an “original” Warren. The prints were presented at an informal luncheon at the College and others were mailed to out-of-town members.

(We *did* have fun soliciting these alumnae. Some were aghast, thinking that we meant making a commitment of \$1,000 or more a year “from here to eternity”—we didn’t, because this is an *annual-giving* program; all seemed flattered to be asked for this

amount of money, whether or not they could give it. In the Greater Atlanta area, twenty alumnae volunteers came to a training meeting, then personally solicited this special group, so hearty thanks are due them—and they report good visits and conversations.)

For 1967-68, this year, in addition to The Tower Circle, the Annual Fund Council has announced the formation of other fund leadership groups, or clubs. We have wracked our brains to name them and trust you will approve. They are:

The Mainliners: those alumnae who contribute \$100 or more to The Fund this year

Quadrangle Quorum: those who contribute \$250 or more

Colonnade Club: those who contribute \$500 or more.

Also, this year, as many of you are already aware, we are deep in organizing each alumnae class with a number of Fund Agents so that classmates will be writing each other, literally all over the world, about giving to the 1967-68 Agnes Scott Fund.

Whether you become a “Mainliner” join The Quadrangle Quorum, The Colonnade Club, The Tower Circle, or make any contribution as generous as your own circumstances will permit, please be assured that your gift to the 1967-68 Agnes Scott Fund is vital. ▲

Genes and Chromosomes Will Out!

Alumnae Daughters Among New Students



Evelyn Brown
Daughter of
Isabel McCain Brown '37



Beth Caldwell
Daughter of Virginia
Carter Caldwell '45



Swanna Cameron
Daughter of Betty
Henderson Cameron '43



Gayle Gellerstedt
Daughter of
Mary Duckworth
Gellerstedt '46



Ellen Gilbert
Daughter of
Marion Derrick Gilbert '36



Caroline Hill
Daughter of
Carolyn Fuller Hill '45



Nancy Hutchin
Daughter of
Iyllis Lee Hutchin '43



Edith Jennings
Daughter of
Maud Van Dyke Jennings '46



Christine Johnson
Daughter of Marjorie
Tippins Johnson '44



Janice Johnston
Daughter of
Elizabeth Davis Johnston '40



Josephine Lightner
Daughter of Annie
Lee Crowell Lightner '39



Elizabeth Mathes
(transfer)
Daughter of Jacqueline
Woolfolk Mathes '35



Nancy Newton
Daughter of Delores
Middour Newton '51



Eleanor Ninestein
Daughter of Ella Hunter
Mallard Ninestein '39



Betty Noble
Daughter of
Betty Pope Scott Noble '44



Betty Palme
Daughter of
Hansell Cousar Palme '45



Arabelle Plonk
Daughter of
Arabelle Boyer Plonk '44



Myki Powell
Daughter of Mary
Elizabeth Martin Powell '46



Sue Russ
Daughter of
"Mas" House Russ '44



Kay Shellack
Daughter of
Billy Walker Shellack '44



Katherine Setze
Daughter of
Theresa Kemp Setze '47



Janet Truslow
Daughter of
Caroline Gray Truslow '41



Wimberly Warnock
Daughter of Julia
Harvard Warnock '44



Julia Watlington
Daughter of
Lelia Carson Watlington '39



Linda Wilson
Daughter of Elizabeth
Edwards Wilson '44



Patricia Winter
Daughter of
Eva Ann Pirkle Winter '40

Worthy Notes



Educated Women in America Are in Danger

APOLOGIES ARE DUE each of you for the late publication of this issue of *The Quarterly*. It is I who have erred—"it's ye old editor's fault!" Since it would take a whole issue to tell you why, I'll simply ask your forgiveness, trust you have now enjoyed reading it and promise to have the winter issue out on schedule.

Agnes Scott opened its doors for the seventy-ninth session September 20 to 775 students—225 freshmen of whom twenty-six are daughters of alumnae (see p. 17). There are approximately twenty-two new faculty members who are already adding fresh intellectual vigor to the campus community. In the Administration, the new College Treasurer, Mr. William H. Hannah, comes to us from the position of Comptroller at the University of Pennsylvania (see p. 21).

We offer hearty words of welcome to each of these people—and some special words to Dianne Snead Gilchrist '60 who has joined the staff in the Alumnae Office as Class News Editor for *The Quarterly* and *Assistant in the Office*. (Margaret Dowe Cobb '22 remains as the Alumnae House Manager.)

The first academic occasion in the college calendar is Honors' Day when students are recognized for various kinds of intellectual achievement during the last session. This is done at a Convocation, and a guest speaker is invited to give the Honors' Day address.

On September 27 Dr. Felix C. Robb, director, Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, spoke on "Woman Power, Fact or Fancy?" We asked him if we might publish his speech in this magazine, but he did not have it in manuscript form. Sally Gaines, a reporter for Atlanta newspapers, interviewed him and wrote a feature story which appeared in *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* Sunday, October 29. I shall use her quotes from Dr. Robb's address and interview.

His deep concern is with the fact that American college women, educated women with trained and enlightened minds, are much too often today devoting themselves to "trivia" rather than to responsible leadership in their communities. He believes that this kind of woman power is the most important latent force in the world today, but it needs to be "exercised."

"Many of the obstacles in the career fields have been reduced for women, but I don't think women as a whole

are taking advantage of it. Women are reluctant about entering politics. They are timid about economics and business. Too few think about anything but the bridge club and Dr. Spock."

With a sense of urgency Dr. Robb said to Agnes Scott students, "You have been dubbed the 'new' generation. Now, then, is the time for you to reveal what you can do to change, improve, reformulate, reorganize, renovate and restore a frayed, fragmented and fearful society. This is the age of youth with power in the hands of those twenty-six and under. To be non-involved is worthless."

He recognized that today's mores, particularly early marriage, often premature, does not allow time in late adolescence for a young woman to evolve a value system of her own, so that she adapts herself to her husband's outlook and attitude at the expense of her own intellectual growth.

"You women are the mothers of mankind and the central force in shaping the home, but that's where you stop. You can vote, but it's a rusty tool. You are rich. Seventy percent of the nation's private wealth is in your hands, chiefly because you outlive males. But do women use the wealth in the best way?"

"Women are notoriously poor supporters of institutions for higher learning. The ashes of women's colleges which have merged or closed are proof. *Women are sentimental about their alma maters but not likely to act on it.* (italics mine)

"Do not retreat. Get involved in community life. I'm not suggesting neglecting your home and children. There must be a balance. But we can't afford to have one enlightened woman hide her lights under a bushel. The world is coming apart at the seams.

"You have allowed yourselves to become much manipulated. Cosmetic manufacturers and clothing stylists are but two influences that come to mind. Don't fall into the trap of trivia. One of the finest examples of responsible concern and the democratic processes is the League of Women Voters. Of course there are others, too.

"Also, if you don't participate, your rights, which this generation did not fight for, will tend to wither. Don't take them for granted."

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

Mrs. Edna Hanley Byers
Library

A soaring arch of the Dana Fine Arts Building frames four students and the green vista toward Presser Hall.

