AGNES SCOTT

For the first time, the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education has honored Agnes Scott College's Alumnae Magazine with one of three gold medals for overall excellence in college magazines. The competition included entries from colleges and divisions of universities throughout the country.

The magazine also won honors for cover design. The Winter 1988 issue, featuring a hand-tinted archival photograph of Appalachia set on a black background, won a gold medal for cover design. The Spring 1988 issue with artist Theo Rudnak's illustration on women in science earned a bronze medal.

An article on Professor Bo Ball, also in the Winter 1988 issue, won a silver medal for David Guggenheim's photography and for overall feature presentation.

CASE also honored Agnes Scott's total publications program with a gold medal, making this the first year the college has won top honors for the magazine and the publications program.

I especially want to thank Stacey Noiles, managing editor, and P. Michael Melia and Mark Steingruber, who art direct and design the magazine. The magazine taps, challenges and sometimes frazzles all of our skills and patience as we work together to create each issue.

It is often in the midst of frustration that some of our best ideas emerge, if we recognize them. In working on the last issue, we decided to use a cover photo showing a coal miner coming home to his family. Artist Julia Mueller-Brown duplicated the photograph, printed it on water-color paper, then hand-tinted the photo to give it more life-like tones. But the coloring was so delicate that all of the background colors we considered seemed overpowering.

The designers suggested a black background, but a solid black ink seldom prints well over areas as large as our cover and back cover. Then Mike Melia tried using photographs of black paper or black fabric, hoping a more textured image would allow enough variation in the black tones. Neither option worked.

Meanwhile, the rest of the magazine was nearly ready for press. One night, about three days before we were scheduled to hand over the publication to the printer, I dreamed we photographed a bed of coal. The next day, I mentioned the idea to Stacey Noiles, but I hesitated to suggest it to the designers.

Mike Melia called the following morning. "I've got the solution to the cover," he said excitedly. "Let's shoot a bed of coal. There's a photographer who lives in our building who has just done an industrial shoot. He has the coal in his studio, and he can have the photo done in an hour."

We felt it was our best cover yet, and we were gratified to see it win a gold medal. This issue has no strange stories to go with it, but we hope you enjoy it anyway.
—Lynn Donham

Editor: Lynn Donham, **Managing Editor**: Stacey Noiles, **Art Director**: P. Michael Melia, **Editorial Assistant**: Angelie Alford
Student Assistants: Allena Bowen '90, Michelle Cook '91, Louisa Parker '89, **Editorial Advisory Board**: George Brown, Ayse Ilgaz Carden '66, Christine Cozzens, Susan Ketchin Edgerton '70, Karen Green '86, Steven Guthrie, Bonnie Brown Johnson '70, Randy Jones '70, Elizabeth Hallman Snitzer '85, Tish Young McCutchen '73, Becky Prophet, Dudley Sanders, Edmund Sheehey, Lucia Howard Sizemore '65,

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About the artwork: These illustrations and photographs were provided by the artists represented by Alexander/Pollard. David Guggenheim photographed the international students. Lindy Burnett created the collage of items from academic life, and Cheryl Cooper painted the portrait of Professor Miriam Drucker and the cover illustration.

In an issue of the alumnae magazine that stresses "Getting It Write" and (on page 14) *accurate and careful* writing, I would think that you would take special pains to insure [sic] "careful accuracy."

Consequently, I call your attention on page five (lower right) to a non-existent adverb, "contently," which should be "contentedly;" and (on page 14) a few lines above the discussion of "accurate and careful writing" the misspelled word, "grammer."

Shirley Christian Ledgerwood '36
Palo Alto, Calif.

We obviously "got it wrong" in those two instances. Would you believe us if we said we were testing our readers?

Susan Medlock's interesting article, "Getting It Write," quotes advice said to be given by William Faulkner to a class in writing at the University of Mississippi.

John P. Marquand, in the foreword to his book, *Thirty Years*, attributes to Sinclair Lewis a quite similar admonition to students at Columbia University.

I don't know which statement is accurate. Perhaps both are apocryphal.

By the way, in Marquand's version of the incident, Mr. Lewis did not find it necessary to punctuate his advice with profanity.

Mary Frances Guthrie Brooks '39
Cape Elizabeth, Me.

I thought the article "Questions of Value" in the recent alumnae magazine was particularly interesting and well-written, but I was sorely disappointed that Dr. Brueggemann's name was misspelled.

Jo Hinchey Williams '55
Houston, Texas

My compliments and deepest gratitude to the alumnae magazine staff for the Winter 1988 issue. It was a beautiful contribution to my holiday reading. I

Continued on Page 5

Cover artwork is an oil painting of spring on the Agnes Scott campus.

CONTENTS

Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine

AGNES SCOTT

Spring 1989 Volume 67, Number 1

Page 8

Reflections on Academic Life

As Dean of the College Ellen Hall heads for the presidency of Converse College, she writes on the life of teaching.

Page 16

A Mandate for the Twenty-First Century

In the heady celebration of Agnes Scott's first century, Ruth Schmidt shares her vision for the next.

Page 18

The Student Teacher

Through every conversation, in every class, Dr. Miriam Drucker teaches her students for life.

Page 22

The Ambassadors of Agnes Scott

The international students on campus spend a lot of time learning about the U.S. This article turns the spotlight on them.

Page 4
Lifestyles

Page 30
Finale

Faith seeds second career in Africa as nurse missionary

Mary Aichel Samford '49 and her husband, Chuck, were taking Arabic at Emory University in preparation for their mission work in Sudan. When a Presbyterian church official called with a change of plans, Mary Samford's reaction was characteristically enthusiastic: "They asked if we would like to go to Malawi instead of Sudan. I said, 'We'd love to go to Malawi! — where is it?' "

Malawi, they learned, is in central Africa, north of Mozambique. From 1979 to 1988, it was home for Mary and Chuck Samford.

They left Malawi when Chuck Samford retired at sixty-five. Back in their home in Decatur, Ga., they spend their time making plans for speeches and presentations to church groups; catching up with family and friends; and savoring memories of their years in Malawi, "the warm heart of Africa," Mrs. Samford says.

After earning her degree in Bible at Agnes Scott, Mrs. Samford taught in Jacksonville, Fla., for two years. When she and Chuck married, she devoted her energies to rearing a family. She returned to the classroom in the late 1960s, teaching Bible studies in four different schools in the Jacksonville area. "I covered about forty miles each day," she recalls. "I was a sort of circuit rider."

She continued to teach in Jacksonville "until we really felt led to get into mission work. Without ever talking about it with each other, we both had a feeling for Africa."

Mrs. Samford runs a freckled hand through her short, white hair as she recalls their decision to seek missionary appointment in Africa. "Chuck read some ads about the need for hydraulic engineers in Madagascar. He only had his bachelor's degree in civil engineering, and one day he said to me, 'What would you think if I went back to school?' I said, 'gulp.' We had two boys in college and one in high school. Our daughter (Margaret Samford Day '75) was already married."

After that initial hesitation, she moved forward

Mary Aichel Samford: A commitment to nursing the hurts of Africa's children

"THERE IS A PRIDE IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES. THEY WANT PEOPLE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SHARE."

with zeal. In 1976, the Samfords sold their Jacksonville home and moved to Atlanta. Her husband returned to Georgia Tech to work on a master's in hydraulic engineering.

Mrs. Samford, meanwhile, decided that "it would be advantageous for me to have something more than just Bible. There is a certain pride in these developing countries. They want people to have something to share," she says, her gestures punctuating her statements. "And I'd always been interested in nursing."

So, while her husband attended Tech, she began the two-year course of study—at age 49—that would earn her a bachelor of science in nursing from Emory.

Obtaining the license necessary to use her nursing

Children playing in a rippling stream present an almost idyllic picture. But as a nurse in Africa, Mary Samford found such beauty deceptive: diseases carried in stream waters caused many illnesses.

Some of Mrs. Samford's most cherished memories are of the pediatrics ward. "The kids sure made it all worthwhile."

skills in Malawi proved difficult. "When I applied," she says, "I didn't realize that the rules required you to have three years of nursing school. They said, 'Sorry, you don't qualify.' " She leans forward, hand on her forehead, and groans, "Ohhhh! All that work. I couldn't believe it."

She refused to accept it. She explained to officials that she had, in fact, had six years of college training, twice as much as required. The result: a provisional license; one month's work in the local hospital and Mary Samford was duly licensed as a nurse in Malawi.

During the eight and a half years she and Chuck lived in Malawi, he helped solve water problems, offering his services to all Christian missions, not just Presbyterian ones. His work took him on trips into the interior. "Occasionally I got to go with him. I loved going out into the country, really out," Mrs. Samford says. But her own work often kept her at home. She made good use of the nursing skills she worked so hard to obtain. She helped establish a successful blood bank—the first in the country. But memory of her work on the hospital's pediatrics ward brings a special glow to her face and the sheen of tears to her eyes.

While a missionary nurse, Mrs. Samford started a blood-mobile and blood bank.

"So many of the kids were in there such a long time, weeks—months. For TB. Broken limbs. And polio. . . ." Her hands are momentarily still, her eyes focused on the past. "They still have polio. . . . And burns." Her quick intake of breath accentuates the tragedies she has seen. "Mothers cook over charcoal fires and leave the kids unattended. The burns are horrible."

Mary Samford is lost for a few seconds in unspoken memories. With a bittersweet smile she returns to the present. "The kids sure made it all worthwhile." — **A.R. Gibbons**

A.R. Gibbons is an Atlanta free-lance writer.

Letters

Continued from page 3

especially enjoyed the Professor Ball portrait and "Questions of Value." These two articles renewed my pleasure in having received a liberal arts education at Agnes Scott. I commend my alma mater.

Emily Moore '80
Tallahassee, Fla.

In the Spring 1988 issue of the magazine, Sheryl A. Roehl makes quite a point in her article, "Subtle Strength," that the Rev. Joanna Adams is the first non-alumna woman to serve as a trustee of Agnes Scott College. This is not true; the first non-alumna woman was elected to the board on Oct. 17, 1917!

Check Dr. McNair's history of the College. On pages 56-57 and 360, you'll find that one of the first three women elected to the board was a non-alumna, Mildred McPheeters Inman. She served on the board until her death in 1947 and was vice-chairman for over twenty of those years.

While I'm delighted with Ms. Adams' election to the board, I think that a non-alumna woman who served as a trustee for thirty years deserves not to be overlooked as the current board and administration pat themselves on the back for an action which was actually taken over seventy years ago!

Sam M. Inman
Greenville, S.C.

Air controller flies to job freedom, new experiences

For Lu Ann Ferguson, career aspirations had nothing to do with the psychology degree she received in 1982. "Psychology was just a nice subject to study. It was very interesting and all. But I knew I didn't want to be the next college psychology professor," the 29-year-old Franklin, Ky., native concedes.

"After I got out of school, I waited tables and worked a hotel registration desk," she recalls.

Air traffic control was then a highly publicized job because of the strike by Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organizations, which eventually led to 1,400 federal employees being fired.

Ms. Ferguson remembers, "That was in the news all the time. I said, 'That would be something I could do.' "

It's the job she has been doing for almost six years. She and her husband of four years—Randal Johns, also an air traffic controller—work at the Fort Worth Air Traffic Control Center in Euless, Texas.

Among other tasks, her job is to monitor airplane flights on radar. She keeps radio contact with the pilots after they leave an airport until they approach another facility or leave the region. The building where she and other controllers work has no windows. Light interferes with visibility on the radar screen. But these people are, in a sense, eyes for the pilots.

"The pilots can't see very far outside the cockpit. If they are in the clouds, they can't see at all. They rely on us to get them on the ground," says Ms. Ferguson.

Working near the Dallas-Fort Worth airport, the world's fourth-busiest, keeps Ms. Ferguson moving at a rapid pace. The federal facility covers portions of Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. She is responsible for air traffic in the Central Texas area.

"You can't do it all yourself if you are very busy," she says. "You need a helper who does the paper work. In this area, you usually don't work more than 15 [planes]. And with that, you are busy."

She enjoys her job because it offers a different experience each day and gives her the freedom to do what she was trained for. She's not constantly reporting to a supervisor, she says. "I've been trained. I use my judgment. I don't have to deal with the higher-ups unless I screw up."

Although no planes have had serious trouble in her territory, Ms. Ferguson recalls she was shaken when a military jet carrying a flight instructor and a student pilot crashed after leaving her region. "I thought, 'I was just talking to them, and now they are dead.' "

> "I'VE BEEN TRAINED. I USE MY JUDGMENT. I DON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE HIGHER-UPS UNLESS I SCREW UP."

The Dallas-Fort Worth Airport has been the location of two airplane disasters in recent years. In August 1988, 14 of the 108 people aboard Delta Air Lines Flight 1141 were killed upon takeoff. On Aug. 2, 1985, a Delta jumbo jet crashed on approach, killing 137 people.

Evidence from the 1985 crash suggested that an air traffic controller warned the pilot against flying into thundercloud lightning. It was Ms. Ferguson's husband who told the pilot to take

Freedom coupled with responsibility makes air traffic controller a perfect career for Lu Ann Ferguson.

another route. The pilot flew into the storm anyway, she says.

"Randal felt really bad about that for days. I had to convince him that it wasn't his fault," she recalls.

Ms. Ferguson confesses that her initial contact with federal officials is a mystery. Without applying, she and three other students in her class received an application for the controller position in the mail after graduation. She passed the examination in July 1982 and was hired in February 1983.

After a three-month screening program, she was transferred to the facility in Euless for a three-and-a half-year training period. The Euless facility has separate responsibilities from the D-FW airport towers, but both work to keep the airways safe.

Ms. Ferguson begins monitoring a plane's flight when it is 40 miles from the Dallas-Fort Worth airport. She also monitors incoming planes. She keeps the planes at a minimum lateral separation of five miles. In addition, she tells pilots what speed to travel so that distance will remain constant.

"Rarely do you work two hours without a break," Ferguson says. "If you sit there and you look at a green scope [for too long] your eyes start to glaze over."—**David Ellison**

Houston writer David Ellison last wrote a feature on Margaret Beain for the Spring '88 AGNES SCOTT MAGAZINE

Learning to learn helps bring corporate success

As executive vice president, corporate secretary and general counsel of Bancorporation, a Birmingham, Ala., bank holding company, Maria Bouchelle Campbell '63 rarely neglects to read both the bold and the fine print.

As general counsel, Ms. Campbell heads the firm's legal department, composed of nine lawyers and support staff. As corporate secretary, she is custodian of corporate records and preparer of proxy statements. As executive vice president, which she calls a "wonderful extra-added attraction," she is a member of the company's executive committee, which sets policy.

It is rare to find a woman holding this three-tiered position.

Since leaving Agnes Scott in 1963, Ms. Campbell has hopscotched her way through the University of Georgia's law school, a private practice in tax and corporate law, and escalating jobs at Bancorporation.

A bank holding company owns banks and other bank-related businesses. Bancorporation owned some 20 Alabama banks until last year, when the separate institutions merged to become AmSouth. Bancorporation also owns one bank in Florida.

During her three years at Agnes Scott, Ms. Campbell was a French major with dreams of studying at the

Maria Bouchelle Campbell: a rare three-tiered job for a woman in corporate business

Sorbonne and eventually working at the United Nations. But finances forced her to consider another career option—law.

To qualify for an accelerated honors program in law at the University of Georgia, Ms. Campbell left Agnes Scott, before receiving her degree, to establish a one-year residency requirement in Athens.

Ms. Campbell considers her liberal arts education at Agnes Scott an excellent foundation for executive decision-making. In fact, two-thirds of the Bancorporation's top 20 officers have liberal arts backgrounds.

"The ability to learn—to read, analyze, think, ask questions, to relate one subject to another—is something for which I give Agnes Scott a lot of credit," says Ms. Campbell.

She also credits Agnes Scott with reinforcing the belief her family gave her: that women can succeed at anything.

"Scott was an intellectually challenging place and an exciting place to see women darn near doing everything," she says.

While Ms. Campbell found the intellectual experience challenging, social life on campus during the sixties was too repressive. Students were required to double date and drinking was prohibited—even in the company of one's parents at home.

"That's unrealistic," she says. "Life is not that way . . . having someone looking over your shoulder so you will not make the wrong choice."

She is pleased to hear that quite a bit has changed socially at Agnes Scott in the intervening 25 years.

Aside from her corporate responsibilities, Ms. Campbell is incoming president of the Children's Aid Society, an organization that meets the special needs of families with children in a five-county area of north central Alabama. She has been a member of the society for 15 years.

As Ms. Campbell looks to the future, she anticipates challenges both professional and personal. "The banking industry is continuing to change and evolve. My challenge is to stay on top of that and help our institution to meet those challenges."—**Gale Horton**

Gale Horton is an Atlanta free-lance writer.

As she moves to greater challenges in higher education, Ellen Hall — soon president of Converse College — muses on the labor of love that is academia.

REFLECTIONS ON ACADEMIC LIFE

ON BECOMING DEAN

I became a dean at a liberal arts college for one reason: I had been a faculty member at one, Westminster College in Pennsylvania. My love for the academic life in the liberal arts college was, and is, deep.

Working with human beings one-on-one is a key to much human success, and certainly is the heart of the liberal arts college. My own field of literary criticism gives me a thrill, as does an elegant demonstration in physics.

All the same, my life as a faculty member was often tough and lonely.

Even though my colleagues were helpful, I often felt that I was hanging out there by myself, without anyone caring or thinking that I was making a difference.

On one occasion, I bought my own computer and worked so hard on one institutional grant proposal that I swore I would never do it again. My administrators were supportive, and ultimately responded to my needs, but I was still out there by myself. At the time I never realized that my academic training—and my colleagues'—might be at odds with my task, or that I myself might be at fault, or that the dean had too much work and too many people reporting to him.

So, in the tradition of liberal arts colleges, I decided a job needed to be done. Things become possible in liberal arts colleges because everyone pitches in and does some part of every job. I would become a dean because faculty life needed support, teamwork, and some sense that we were all in this together. I called it "institutional thinking." Academic administration should be the "art of the possible" for everyone.

After I came to Agnes Scott as a dean, I discovered another factor in the equation of academic cooperation. Graduate schools train students to work alone and to be self-sufficient. Once they become professors, they often do not know how—nor do they care—to work with others. For so many years they have fine-tuned their skills to become independent, original scholars. Some, when they come to a liberal arts college, feel diminished because they are not original scholars in research universities. They resist endeavors that require teamwork. They cannot understand that in the liberal arts college, working together is as important as working alone.

One is never bored in the liberal arts college; tired, yes, but not bored.

ON GRANTS & THE TEACHING PROCESS

Professors Sandra Bowden and Patricia White were already in the grace period, the single extra day the National Science Foundation had given them, the day when twenty copies of the $125,400 proposal had to be postmarked. It was 7:55 p.m. Federal Express offices, seven miles away, would close at 8:30. Ruby Perry-Adams, coordinator for Office Services, helped in the hurry to get the 55-page proposal together.

This area of research was new for the two biology professors, but this was their second big collaborative proposal this year. For three months they had read and pondered, written and revised.

Although faculty members discuss their ideas with the dean and other officers, each officer must give approval from the academic, budgetary and development points of view. Does the project fit within the academic program of the College? Does it have a sound budget? Is it appropriate to seek funds from this agency or foundation? The president's signature indicates the College's commitment to the project.

Finally, all was ready. At 8:00 p.m. the professors jumped into the car and headed for Federal Express. They caught every red light. At 8:26, the two professors handed the giant package to the patient delivery agent, who whisked it away to the National Science Foundation in Washington.

Why bother? Why push so hard on a research proposal? Isn't faculty life about teaching? Shouldn't faculty prepare for class and interact with students?

Often we in the academic professions ask ourselves these questions. For me, academic life is about learning. Most of us chose to teach because learning gives us a thrill. I learn, have learned how to learn, and am in the business of helping others to learn.

A research project, funded through a proposal for equipment, research assistants, a typist or a stipend, offers the professor a new learning experience. The professor becomes expert in a certain area. Becoming more knowledgeable enriches his or her teaching, even though the research project and the teaching may not directly relate to one another.

Teaching triggers ideas for research. A student asks a question. A new idea floats through my head. I write it down after class. Teaching increases the depth and resonance of one's understanding.

THE TIME OF A TEACHER

As an undergraduate at Agnes Scott and as a graduate student at Bryn Mawr, I thought I spent a lot of time studying. I had no idea what kind of time teaching would demand!

There is no going home at five o'clock. A professor may spend the entire summer or holiday break preparing or revising a single course. Beyond the primary course works, one must know the critical literature in the field. What in our library can the student use for research? What needs to be ordered? What audio-visual materials are available? Every field—astronomy, mathematics, art history, Latin American studies—has a different set of problems to solve before the student enters the picture. Only finishing

AGNES SCOTT FACULTY
PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT PROFILE
1987-88

End of Reporting Period March 31, 1988
(59 full-time, 6 part-time faculty reporting)

■ PROFESSIONAL OUTPUT

1. Publications

	Published	Accepted for Publication
Books	1	8
Articles	25	19
Reviews	18	5
Abstracts		
Stories	2	
Poetry		1
Editing	2	

TOTAL: 81

2. Performances, exhibitions, productions

	Choreography, curation, direction	Indiv. performance exhibition, recitals	Related tech. activities
Dance	7	5	2
Music	12	11	
Theatre	10	2	18
Art	4	14	
Athletics	6	2	

TOTAL: 74

3. Professional activities for non-College audiences and organizations

a. Evaluating, judging, jurying, reviewing - 29
b. Consulting, visiting specialist - 24
c. Organizing, assisting, coordinating - 24
d. Presentations, demonstrations, interviews, lectures - 27

TOTAL: 104

touches are added to courses on a day-to-day basis. The real work has gone on during the "breaks."

Then there are papers to grade, or student art works to judge, or laboratory results to evaluate. A professor may go home at 3 p.m. or come in at noon, but outside the classroom many other tasks await. The professor's commitment to evaluation is multiplied by the number of students. Sometimes, a student's grade is clear. Other times, assigning a grade is a wrenching decision.

As a teacher, one is always aware of how the world echoes one's discipline. Whenever I teach medieval French literature, I am always looking for examples in everyday life which show that chivalry, one of France's most lasting contributions to Western civilization, is not dead. In fact, its chauvinist attitudes continue to hold women down even today.

ON ENJOYING LEARNING

Recently, one faculty member described teaching this way:

To me, teaching is not only the communication of the "methods" and "facts" of [my field]. It is the encouragement of a lifetime enjoyment of learning, the application of what is learned to private and public lives, the ability to question critically and to evaluate, the ability to admire and to appreciate, to feel inquisitive and have discipline, to sustain this curiosity as one seeks answers, to feel passion about an intellectual endeavor, to teach the heart how to experience that which the intellect learns so much more readily and quite often so well. Only a part of this kind of learning goes on in the classroom. If it is to be effective, it has to permeate the entire atmosphere of the learning environment.

Therefore, I see my teaching as being very important in the classroom as well as out of the classroom, in formal learning environments as well as in all the informal encounters and experiences out of the classroom.

ON TEACHING LITERATURE

Another of my colleagues told me, "I must have taught Don Quixote more than a hundred times in the past twenty years, but there I was at 5 a.m., reading the section for the next day. Every time I assign a piece of literature, I read it all again—before every class—even though I know it by heart. You cannot teach literature without freshness. You read it word by word, line by line, page by page. You must have the whole thing in your head at once to see it as art and to be a good interpreter of the literature.

"Literature is one of the most time-consuming and difficult subjects to teach."

ON COMMITMENTS, PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL

The deep commitment to teaching and enthusiasm about the profession bring demands both physical and mental. Recently, a

PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITIES 1987-88

PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

	Meetings attended	Presentations given	Offices held
Int'l.	8	5	
National	65	17	7
Regional	39	13	7
State	22	4	6
Local	23	4	8
	157	43	28

PROFESSIONAL ACHIEVEMENT

1. Recognition - 5
2. Awards - 3
3. Grants (ASC) - 12
4. Fellowships - 1
5. Honoraria - 1
6. Membership - 2
7. Grants (outside agencies) - 8
8. Tenure awarded - 3
9. Visiting professor - 3
10. Sabbatical approved - 3
11. Promotion - 2
12. Ph.D. awarded - 1

TOTAL: 44

ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES 1987-88

■ COLLEGE-RELATED

1. Committee work

	Membership	Office(s) held
Faculty	51	10
College	16	1
Evaluation	15	
Search	5	
University Center	2	
Phi Beta Kappa	3	3
Misc. coms., groups, & task forces	103	
	195	

TOTAL: 195

2. Work on special events

a. Admissions-related - 24
b. Alumnae-related - 14
c. As speaker at Tabletalk, Collegium, symposium, convocation or other forum - 39
d. Arrangements for special speakers and events - 22
e. Writers festival - 5
f. Honors Scholars - 12
g. Orientation - 6
h. Graduation - 5
i. Miscellaneous - 11

TOTAL: 116

3. Course preparation

a. New course - 36
b. Course revision - 40
c. Extra course load - 13

TOTAL: 89

4. Department chair - 12

5. Special projects and miscellaneous academic activities - 26

6. Preparation of grant proposals - 14

■ STUDENT-RELATED

1. Supervision of special studies - 33
2. Sponsorship of extracurricular - 57
3. Counseling, advising - 26
4. Global Awareness planning - 6
5. Miscellaneous - 5

TOTAL: 127

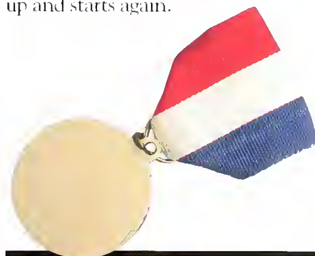
Global Awareness class, during class work on marine biology, was snorkeling off the shores of a South American country. The professor noticed a student suddenly thrashing around in the water. He rushed over and pulled her to the surface, yelling for the boat. She had been stung by a man-of-war. The boat arrived, they hauled her aboard and treated her sting. The next day, she was back in the water.

Psychological demands are often underrated, perhaps because they are more common than that type of danger.

A student has not come to class for days. Her professor asks why. Is she sick, intimidated, discouraged? Do family problems plague her?

Her professor calls her room, writes her a note, calls the associate dean of the college, the dean of students, the student's advisor. If the student responds, she and the professor may talk, all may be well. In many cases, the professor's time and energy to save a student may pay off.

But they may not. And when that happens, professors become discouraged: all of the emotional energy may not seem worthwhile. No training, no graduate work prepares us for this part of the teaching enterprise. These are person-to-person relationships. Sometimes they succeed, and sometimes they don't. A good faculty member picks up and starts again.



SUCCEEDING IN ACADEMIC LIFE

Faculty have an enormous sense of professional responsibility to their students, their institutions, and their work. Yet most faculty members spend careers with little public recognition and only occasional words of gratitude from students. From

where comes satisfaction? What yardsticks measure their success?

How can a professor communicate the thrill of a real discovery after years of being puzzled by a certain group of works? The dull and dusty volume in which the article will appear cannot communicate that exhilaration.

How can a professor communicate the joy of seeing a student master a particular skill, achieve a certain goal, grow a few more mental inches in the months of her study?

This American work force casts its bread upon the waters without any real hope of gratification. "Results" are rarely immediate and may never be seen by the professor. The real payoff comes with what a student accomplishes in life, but the student may never share her achievements with the institution or with the professor.

How does one measure good teaching thirty years after the job is done? If the students keep coming, does that indicate quality teaching?

It is no wonder that faculty accomplishment is often measured in terms of publishing, rather than by how well a person teaches. It is much easier to count numbers of publications than students well taught. And yet, from our teachers we learn how to live, to learn, to work.

The academic life is fragile, and faculty become exasperated—as do administrators. But their enterprise, with its tensions and joys, is the crucible for our future.

ACADEMIC GRANTS AND AWARDS, 1984-1989

Project Director	*Project*	*Funding Agency*	*Submission Date*	*Project Period*	*Amount Awarded*
		ACADEMIC YEAR 1984 - 85			
Richard Parry	Summer Seminar for Secondary Schl. Teachers	National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH)	4/85	Summer '85	40,198
Leon Venable	Research in Metallaboranes	Petroleum Research Fund	10/84	Summer '85	15,000
David Good	Travel to Collections	NEH	10/84	Summer '85	50
Penelope Campbell	Fulbright lectureship in India	CIES	9/84	Fall '85	5,000

Note: ASC share includes indirect costs, in-kind contributions, and/or matching funds.

Project Director	*Project*	*Funding Agency*	*Submission Date*	*Project Period*	*Amount Awarded*
		ACADEMIC YEAR 1985 - 86			
	Global Awareness	Jessie Ball	3/86	Ongoing	255,000
Patricia Pinka	Research on Bacon at Folger Library	NEH	1/86	Summer '86	500
		ACADEMIC YEAR 1986 - 87			
C. Scott/ A Cochran	Fulbright Scholar-in-Residence	CIES	10/86	Fall '87	not applicable
H. Chatagnier R. Reynolds-Cornell	French Summer Lang. Institute	Ga. Dept. of Ed.	11/86	Summer '87	30,000

LINKING PAST & FUTURE

We teach our students the accomplishments of the past—language, literature, great events, scientific achievements, mathematical connections, rediscovery of women's accomplishments. We do less well connecting what we do here to their future and to ours. We must teach women to face unimagined opportunities in the 21st century. They need to learn how to solve group problems with due speed. The best liberal education will link them to their future.

Every time faculty struggle with applications to Agnes Scott in the Admissions Committee, every time they spend hours discussing a curricular issue or work to establish proper criteria for a faculty appointment, they operate from the viewpoint of providing the best education and brightest future for students.

The connections between now and the future are difficult to conceptualize. But, to quote my favorite living French author, Hélene Cixous, "just because you cannot see the connections, it does not mean they do not exist."

Ellen Wood Hall '67, Dean of the College since 1984, is leaving Agnes Scott in June to assume the presidency of Converse College.

Project Director	Project	Funding Agency	Submission Date	Project Period	Amount Awarded
ACADEMIC YEAR 1987 - 88					
Rosemary Cunningham	Fulbright/Hays Seminar in China	U.S. Dept. of Ed.	12/87	Summer '88	N/A
Alice Cunningham	Summer Institute for Chemistry Teachers	Ga. Dept. of Ed.	10/87	Summer '88	34,510
Leon Venable	Research in Metallaboranes	Petroleum Research Fund	9/87	1988-90	20,000
Ellen Hall/ Richard Parry	Values Seminar	NEH	4/87	Summer '88	47,475
Marylin Darling	General support for Studio Dance Theatre	DeKalb Council for the Arts		1988	1,000
ACADEMIC YEAR 1988 - 89					
Candice McCloskey	Research in bio-sensor applications	NSF		1989-91	12,000 cost
Alice Cunningham	Workshop on research careers in chemistry	NSF		March '89	1,700
Harry Wistrand	Community College residency program	Vassar/AAC		Summer '90	25,000
L. Bottomley/ A.Cunningham	Spectro-photometer	NSF	11/87	Ongoing	16,132
P. White/ S. Bowden	Molecular Genetics Lab	NSF	11/87	Ongoing	32,545
Marylin Darling	General support for Studio Dance	DeKalb Council for the Arts	1/88	1989	1,000
Terry McGehee Sculpture	"Artsweek" for the Arts	Ga. Council	4/88	Apr-May '89	2,000
Terry McGehee	"Expressive Traditions" Exhibition	Ga. Humanities Council	7/88	Mar-Apr '89	3,000
Alice Cunningham	Phase II Summer Institute for Chemistry Teachers	Ga. Dept. of Ed.	10/88	Summer '89	67,925
Jere Link	Research travel to E. Germany	IREX	10/88	Summer '89	1,200

A MANDATE FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

In October, President Schmidt made reports to the board of trustees and to the faculty that outlined the accomplishments of her first six years in office and suggested the nature of Agnes Scott's task in its second century. Here she shares these thoughts with alumni.

A Centennial is a time to look both backward and forward. It's an excellent occasion to take a longer view than usual in reporting on the state of the college. We can all take great pride in the advances and achievements of the past six years. The operating budget (in deficit in 1982-83) now is not only balanced, but also provides for higher salaries for faculty (47 percent increase in five years), better maintenance of our eight recently renovated buildings and greatly increased financial aid for students of all ages.

There are seventy computers in various locations for faculty and student use; in addition, administrative offices are also equipped with computers. On campus in 1982 were only a few personal computers and one terminal connected to Emory University's computer.

After four years of renovation and construction, the plan for physical improvement of the campus (now known as the Centennial Campus) is a reality. We have splendid facilities for physical activities (a track and soccer field, a 25-meter swimming pool, racquetball courts, a regulation gymnasium). Our prominent, legible signs fit the campus architectural style. Well-kept lawns, shrubbery, and trees delight neighbors and campus citizens. Residence halls safely provide for the plethora of appliances brought by today's students, and there is a telephone in every room. A computerized energy system replaces an antiquated steam plant that operated at less than 30 percent efficiency in 1982.

All public safety officers are professionally trained. The food service capably provides for our catering needs (many and great in our Centennial year!).

The chaplain sponsors regular religious services in the Mary West Thatcher Chapel in the Wallace M. Alston Campus Center.

Minority persons make up 18 percent of our professional and clerical workers, as contrasted to only two minority employees in these categories in 1982. Minority student enrollment in the entering class this fall grew to 13 percent. The President's Committee on Community Diversity has led the campus in educational efforts for a campus climate which affirms *all* members.

The Global Awareness Program has made a great difference in students' understanding the world where they will live as interdependent inhabitants. Our program, begun four years ago, is in line with the most recent recommendations of the Council on International Educational Exchange report that, countries other than those in western Europe be included in study abroad programs. Our goal remains that every student will have an opportunity during her years at Agnes Scott to experience a culture quite different from her own.

Much more expertise—technical,

Economics Professor Edmund Sheehey talks with (L-R) Catherine Martin '88, Mary Ann Athens

mechanical, and professional—is evident on campus in the various workforces, be they office workers or groundskeepers. The faculty are clearly more active professionally. During the academic year 1987-88, they published or had accepted for publication 44 articles and gave 43 presentations at professional meetings while continuing to emphasize their and the college's primary commitment to teaching. They prepared thirty-six new courses and revised forty. [The Board of Trustees officially commended their fine report of professional activity at the October board meeting.]

We now have professional counseling available for students, who in this stressful modern life often come with serious family or personal issues.

And perhaps most important, for the first time in many years a serious consideration of our mission and purpose by trustees and campus people has affirmed both our heritage and our future as an outstanding liberal arts college for women where the Christian faith continues to shape the college's life.

Having made significant improvements in all of these areas, Agnes Scott is now ready and poised for something *more*. In a recent article on top colleges in *U.S. News & World Report*, Agnes Scott ranks as one of the top five national liberal arts colleges in terms of resources (endowment and library expenditures). The value of the endowment has more than doubled in the past five years, and now totals approximately $100 million.

While the college can aspire to be one of the top 25 in our category of national liberal arts colleges, to achieve this goal will be extremely difficult, for this category represents the very best of liberal education in this country. The college *can* and *must be* worthy of its resources, and in the next few years our task will be to bring the college's reputation nationally to the level of its resources.

As we think about the college's second century, I ask you to consider several elements which I think are key to our future position in higher education in this country.

(1) To be a more outgoing community (our true heritage), less concerned with our own welfare, and to reach out to others in our immediate surroundings, in Metropolitan Atlanta and across the globe.

(2) To be a more diverse community—socially, culturally, and racially. The College must continue the progress which has been made in recruiting minority students and employing minorities on our administrative staff. The faculty's resolution of commitment to recruit minority faculty members, adopted this fall, must become a reality.

(3) To develop a more cohesive educational program, starting by asking the basic questions of what women need to *know*, *experience*, and *be* in the 21st century. Agnes Scott needs to develop a curriculum that is less imitative of large research universities. It seems ludicrous that we offer as many courses as there are students at the college. The curriculum should be more attuned to providing a unique educational program, including academic work and student development.

No one has yet devised the best possible educational experience for women in the 21st century. We have the opportunity to do this.

As we do these things together, Agnes Scott will make its leadership in women's education known everywhere. With its resources of endowment and skilled faculty and staff, an ideal campus for our purposes, an attractive urban setting in a growing metropolitan area, and our tradition of high quality liberal arts education, Agnes Scott is poised to make its leadership role more visible.

"Keeping the promise"—our Centennial theme—should not be difficult. Expanding the promise and making it reality for women of the *21st* century, and our *second* century, is the goal to pursue.

l Maria Teresa Ramirez '90. The best education for women in the 21st century has yet to be devised.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After preparation of this article, three minority faculty were hired, including two Black women. The 1989-90 full-time faculty will include one Hispanic and three Black members.*

BY PHYLLIS THOMPSON

THE STUDENT TEACHER

TO MIRIAM DRUCKER, STUDENTS, NOT SUBJECT MATTER, ARE TEACHING'S MOST VITAL ELEMENT.

WHEN ONE DAY A STUDENT BEGAN, "IF I DIE . . .," MIRIAM KOONTZ DRUCKER, AGNES SCOTT'S CHARLES A. DANA PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, INTERRUPTED. "START OVER AND SAY, '*WHEN* I DIE.' " THE STUDENT PAUSED. THE CLASS BECAME QUIET. AND THE STUDENT SAID, "WHEN I DIE. . . ." WHEN ANOTHER STUDENT'S FATHER DIED, DR. DRUCKER'S CLASS BECAME AN OUTLET FOR THE YOUNG WOMAN'S GRIEF. CLASSMATES LISTENED AS THE STUDENT DESCRIBED IN DETAIL HER FAMILY'S PREPARATION OF THE BODY FOR BURIAL. "I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE WAY THE CLASS ENCIRCLED THAT YOUNG WOMAN," DR. DRUCKER SAYS.

Creating that kind of closeness is important to Miriam Drucker. "Students today carry a lot of pain," she explains. "If I can convince them that we share that pain, that we understand, then I will have met my goal."

There was never a time, she says, when she actually chose psychology as a profession. It was one of those things that just happened.

"I enjoyed my psychology classes in college," she says, "and I grew up believing in the importance of people. It evolved from there."

For thirty-three years as an Agnes Scott professor of psychology — eighteen years as department chair — Miriam Drucker has led students in introspection and the search for truth.

And during that time, she has never lost her belief in people, her certainty that each individual is important and special. The philosophy that led her into teaching has sustained her: "I am a teacher of students, not subject matter," she explains. "The classroom doesn't belong to me. I share it with my students."

Each morning Miriam Drucker rises at 5:45 and is in her office by 7:40, preparing for the day ahead. She reads constantly, seeking new ideas and creative ways to challenge students. Her drive and enthusiasm stem from firm foundations. "Along the way," she says, "some wonderful people took time with me. They helped me see my potential. Now, each day offers an opportunity for me to give back the best of what I know."

Dr. Drucker grew up in Baltimore, the younger of two daughters. Her father and grandfather were Evangelical Church of Brethren pastors. Often, she heard stories of her grandmother, a German immigrant who worked as a field laborer to buy books. In her mother she saw a scholar who gave time to tutor neighbors. "From two such wonderful role models, I came to see the value of women's education," she says. "And I believe that for women, learning is best carried out in a setting such as Agnes Scott. Here, I see women leave taller and prouder than when they arrived. That is a purpose for which I am glad to devote my life."

Upon the recommendation of her mentor, the late Emory University professor of psychology Curtis Langhorne, Dr. Drucker came to Agnes Scott. She had not visited Agnes Scott before interviewing but "liked everything I had heard and read about its academic excellence." Upon arrival, "I liked it more and more," she recalls.

Times have changed since the fall of 1955 when Miriam Drucker taught her first class. She has seen students struggle through civil rights activism, the Vietnam War and the near impeachment of a United States president. She has seen them become wiser — and often more vulnerable.

"Students are more experienced today than they were in 1955," she says. "They have traveled more; they have seen more of life. Sometimes that's good and sometimes that's not good. But wherever they are, they need to know that we're here to help."

Miriam Drucker stands slightly below average height. Her hair is gray, her ways gentle. When teaching, she stands proud and erect. Her movements are fluid. Gestures, facial expressions, voice inflections and sentence rhythm all help her lectures communicate.

"I would describe myself as a little shy," she says. "But I am enthusiastic. And I do pretty well at caring."

Inside and outside the classroom, the professor is gracious but not effusive. "I always saw her as rather formidable," admits former student Katherine White Ellison '62. "In fact, it wasn't until I came back to Agnes Scott after being away for many years that I realized how physically small she actually is. I'd always considered her a tall person—it's the way she carries herself."

Psychology professor Thomas Hogan, who has worked with Dr. Drucker since 1965, says, "She is so constant in her work that you don't see a lot of the things you see in others—the things that show her humanity. You don't see blunders; you don't see her in humorous situations. What you see one day is pretty much what you see the next."

Few call Dr. Drucker an easy teacher. "She's very demanding," says Director of Student Activities Karen Green '86, who had Dr. Drucker as a professor and now serves with her as co-chair of the President's Committee on Community Diversity.

In both situations, says Ms. Green, Dr. Drucker demands the best of students and colleagues. "Just when you think you've crossed one hurdle," she says, "she causes you to stretch a little more."

AS A TEACHER, DR. DRUCKER HAS BEEN EXACTING, DEMANDING, CHALLENGING. "JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE CROSSED ONE HURDLE," SAYS ONE STUDENT, "SHE CAUSES YOU TO STRETCH A LITTLE MORE."

Psychology department chair Ayse Ilgaz Carden '66 agrees. "She *is* very demanding. And she causes you to demand more of yourself."

But none seem to resent Miriam Drucker's demands. "Dr. Drucker is a very caring person," says Kimberly Osias '89. "She really wants the student to learn."

"She listens. She makes you feel important," says Sarah Napier '89.

"She is also very fair," explains Dr. Carden. The Turkish native remembers well the first paper she wrote for Miriam Drucker. "I must have been tired," she says, "because I didn't realize that I had done anything

wrong." But at her residence hall—on a Saturday—she received a call from Dr. Drucker. "I really enjoyed the first half of your paper," the professor said, "and I'm sure that the second half must be equally good. Only, I have a slight problem. I can't understand it." Dr. Carden laughs, "I'd written the second half in Turkish."

Dr. Drucker imposed no penalty; Ayse Carden translated the second half into English and received an A.

Most of Dr. Drucker's students come to class early, knowing her aversion to tardiness. "She really hates the disruption," explains Dr. Carden. "And who could blame her? She puts so much time into preparing her lectures that she expects the students to show some respect—that isn't too much to ask."

"In my day," says Katherine Ellison, now a respected social psychologist, "we were not late. We might have worn our pajamas to class, but we were not late. Period."

It's 9:23 a.m. on a Thursday. Dr. Drucker's general psychology class is already three-quarters full. When she enters, conversations halt; students pull out pens and paper and sit poised, ready to begin. Dr. Drucker smiles. "It's very intriguing to have a classroom of students waiting and ready for my lecture," she says, "but the truth is, it isn't time to start. You may have your last two minutes."

Students relax. Postures slouch. Conversations resume. Exactly two minutes later, Miriam Drucker begins. Today's topic is methodology. "Are there any questions?" When no one responds, she comes from behind the lectern. "Think about it—do you have in mind a simple experiment, a hypothesis that we should consider? Do you understand what experimentation means to the world of psychology? Someone—anyone—give me a hypothesis you often hear."

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," suggests a student near the back of the room.

"Good," responds Dr. Drucker. "Now, how would you test that hypothesis? Who would be your random sample?"

And so the class continues. "You'd better think about this," Dr. Drucker warns. "I guarantee I'll ask you about it on your exam."

Dr. Drucker plans to retire in 1990. So will her husband, Melvin, a professor of psychology at Georgia State University. Their years together have been full. "My life is round," she says. "I haven't just lived Agnes Scott. I have had a wonderfully rich marriage."

"My wife is the most remarkable woman I know," says Melvin Drucker. "She is my first-line consultant, my first-line advisor. In every matter, I always turn to her first."

"To know Miriam, you must also know Mel," says Dr. Carden. "More than any relationship I've seen, they are truly complementary; they are one in their marriage."

"When I was at Agnes Scott," remembers Ms. Ellison, "she was one of the few married teachers. We used to love to see her and Melvin walking around campus holding hands. It made her seem more human."

As colleagues, the Druckers have prepared videotapes, given workshops and lectures, led classes. As marriage partners, they have befriended students during good and bad times. "I became engaged shortly after my senior year at Agnes Scott," says Dr. Carden. "During the time I planned the wedding, I could always go to Miriam and Mel. They listened; my happiness mattered very much to them." Likewise, when Dr. Carden's father died, "Mel and Miriam were there for me," she says. "They're family."

Students often call the Druckers at home. "If my husband answers," says Dr. Drucker, "They say, 'Mel, I'd like to speak to Dr. Drucker.' " She smiles. "He's just that kind of person. All my students know him as 'Mel.' "

"We're really looking forward to retirement," says Melvin. "Our only problem over the past few years has been too little time together."

As retirement draws near, Dr. Drucker occasionally reflects on her career. Along the way have been special honors, including an award in her name for return-to-college students, in whom she has shown special interest. Academic honors are not a true measure of success for Dr. Drucker. Instead of research, she chose counseling: she was Agnes Scott's first counselor. Her published writings and her professional seminars have dealt with childhood development, euthanasia, grief and death, rather than methodology.

"I have always put my time into people," she says. "And I'm sure that had I another chance, I'd make that choice all over again.

"Perhaps the greatest memory, the accomplishment of which I am most proud," she continues, "is that I never went to class unprepared. The students are what count; they're number one."

She ponders. "I suppose the greatest honor has been watching students grow." She smiles. "As they reach full potential, I experience a sense of living forever."

FOR HUNDREDS OF AGNES SCOTT STUDENTS, DR. DRUCKER AND HER HUSBAND, MEL, HAVE BEEN FAMILY. IN TIMES OF JOY AND OF SADNESS, "I COULD ALWAYS GO TO MIRIAM AND MEL," SAYS A FORMER STUDENT.

Phyllis Thompson is a writer for the Baptist Home Mission Board in Atlanta.

THE AMBASSADORS OF AGNES SCOTT

B Y F A Y E G O O L R I C K

Several dozen international students are making Agnes Scott College their passport to future success in life

About five years ago Nela Nanyakkara's mother, a social worker in her native Sri Lanka, was talking with women at a conference in Nairobi, Kenya. She mentioned that her daughter aspired to a college education in the United States. A woman from Philadelphia recommended Agnes Scott.

Today Nela Nanyakkara '89 marvels over the U.S. Postal Service's extraordinary ability to deliver a letter from Sri Lanka addressed, cryptically, to "Agnes College, Dekuter, GA." The college promptly responded to the Nanyakkaras' inquiry with a packet of admissions materials and an application, and Nela, with only photographs and the printed word to guide her, made a momentous decision about her future.

For the two dozen or so international students enrolled at Agnes Scott, such serendipitous stories are not unusual. To Ms. Nanyakkara, in fact, the challenge of selecting Agnes Scott was only slightly less nerve-wracking than her struggle to obtain a student visa.

"I waited for hours, not knowing what was going to happen," she says. "The seven people in line before me were all refused visas. It was very difficult; we were all made to feel very degraded, very small. . . . But when my turn came, the [American] Embassy man said yes. I had my student papers, I had been accepted, I could go."

Zepnep Yalim of Turkey had less difficulty coming to Agnes Scott. One of her teachers at Roberts College in Istanbul was an Agnes Scott alumna. Seeking a double major in economics and psychology, Ms. Yalim applied to her teacher's alma mater. Now a junior and the president of Chimo, a campus international students' organization, Ms. Yalim works closely with Agnes Scott psychology professor Ayse Ilgaz Carden '66, the "unofficial" faculty adviser to international students.

Coincidentally, Dr. Carden also came to Agnes Scott from Istanbul's Roberts College (now Bosphorus University); the Turkish institution has had several prominent faculty members who either taught or studied

"I realized that I can't help but let my identity as a Pakistani come out, in everything I do and say."
—Amna Jaffer, Pakistan

"I love meeting people from all over the world—but it also makes me realize how much I appreciate my own country."
—Tatiana Mejía, Bolivia

at Agnes Scott.

In contrast, Pakistani native Amna Jaffer applied to fifteen different colleges all over the U.S., eventually choosing Agnes Scott for its psychology and art departments. But her visa experience, while relatively painless, had its own twist of coincidence: The American Embassy officer processing her papers looked up, smiled, and said: "Agnes Scott? Well, how about that! I'm from Atlanta."

Ms. Jaffer, now a slender, dark-haired Agnes Scott junior, looks back on those nervous moments with calm self-assurance. Elegant even in student attire (American blue jeans, of course), she speaks in cadences of British English and displays a sense of humor about her cross-cultural lifestyle. Because of the Pakistani educational system and the class distinctions in her society, she explains, many upper-class Pakistanis are virtually bilingual in English and Urdu. She has studied and spoken English for most of her life.

In fact, language, alone, may be the least "foreign" part of many students' experiences. Far more dramatic are other explorations—cultural, societal, political, personal, religious, moral, philosophical. Each student expresses some aspect of the inescapable, certain challenge facing every international student: absorbing a new culture and learning from it, while remaining oneself. "I realized that I can't help but let my identity as a Pakistani come out, in everything I do and say," Amna Jaffer says. "Agnes Scott is a small school, a community. So as international students in this small community, I know we must be making some sort of mark."

According to the National Association for Foreign Student Affairs (NAFSA), approximately 350,000 foreign students from 160 nations are studying in United States colleges and universities. They spend some $3 billion a year for the privilege—a sum that, surprisingly, makes higher education one of the U.S.'s most prominent exports. As George Brown, director of Agnes Scott's Global Awareness Program, points out, education is one U.S. offering that has become more and more desirable in the global marketplace . . . a product that has not been undercut by American trade deficits or decline to debtor-nation status.

Though seldom viewed as a commodity, U.S. higher education is booming among students overseas. In 1955, NAFSA figures show, only 35,000 foreign students studied in the United States, many on generous U.S. aid programs. Today the foreign-student presence has grown tenfold, and they largely pay their own way. According to Atlantan Fahed Abu-Akel, a Palestinian Arab emigrant and Presbyterian minister who has worked with international students for some twenty years, the thousands of foreign students trained in the U.S. ultimately become a tremendous global resource.

"The U.S.A. produces more than a million international leaders—M.A.s and Ph.D.s in all sorts of fields—every fifteen years," he says.

In Georgia this year, there are roughly 6,000 international students from 120 countries; about 5,000 of them study in the twenty colleges and universities in the Atlanta metropolitan area. Through AMIS (Atlanta Ministry to International Students), an ecumenical friendship organization for Atlanta's foreign students, its Amigo Friendship Society (a host family program) and GAFSA (the Georgia chapter of NAFSA), many of these students have the opportunity to meet one another and members of their own culture who have settled in Atlanta. Along with representatives from Georgia Tech, Emory and other schools, Agnes Scott faculty and staff—Dr. Carden, Dean of Students Gué Hudson and others—work through GAFSA to keep abreast of a host of issues affecting foreign students.

"There is a tremendous network among international students in the Atlanta area," says Professor Carden. "In GAFSA, we deal with visas, work permissions, Immigration and Naturalization Service regulations. But there are many other [social] ac-

In Georgia this year, there are roughly 6,000 international students from 120 countries; about 5000

of them study in the twenty colleges and universities in the Atlanta metropolitan area.

tivities. For example, AMIS sponsors a very elegant reception every fall at Symphony Hall. The hall is packed!" At the 1988 event, which coincides with International Student Day in Atlanta, Zehnep Yalim, Agnes Scott's Chimo president, gave a brief speech to the 1,100 people in attendance.

International students at Agnes Scott seem to find their curriculum options, courses, study materials and professors first-rate and "globally aware."

At Agnes Scott, as at most institutions, defining "foreign" students is a bit tricky. Chimo prefers "international students"—and with good reason, observes Agnes Scott senior Mariah Quintana, a fair, black-haired Puerto Rican.

"Some students ask what kind of passport we have," says classmate Scharie Jordan, also from Puerto Rico. She grins. "We tell them, 'The same as yours.' "

The two young women then find themselves politely explaining that although their heritage is Hispanic, they're citizens of the United States, with all the rights, privileges and obligations thereof. Both students consider themselves part of the international community at Agnes Scott. But "foreign" they are not.

Similarly, there are students like Nela Nanayakkara's roommate, Mini Abraham '89, who is from India but has U.S. citizenship.

Others, such as sophomore Camila Weise, are so truly international that it is hard for them to define a home country. Brought up mostly in Venezuela by German parents (who now live in Ecuador), Ms. Weise's cultural heritage is at once German and Hispanic. She converses fluently in Spanish with her friend from Bolivia, then switches effortlessly into English. Blonde and blue-eyed, she faces a reverse sort of cultural bias from most of the other international students: Her looks and accent are so convincingly middle American that her essential cultural "otherness" is sometimes overlooked.

"I love meeting people from all over the world—but it also makes me realize how much I appreciate my own country," says Tatiana Mejía, a Bolivian. Looking around a roomful of international students, she adds, "I think we've all become much more patriotic since we came here." A chorus of laughter greets this observation, as everyone agrees with good-humor that yes, America is a wonderful place and she really loves being at Agnes Scott, but there are some things. . . .

"It is difficult to adapt to college life—the dorms, the rules," says Anna-Lena Neld of Sweden, clearly unaccustomed to the parietal role of small liberal arts colleges in the South.

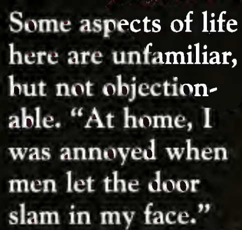
The group also finds certain habits of politeness amusing —for example, the hurried "Hello, how are you?" that doesn't wait for a reply. "We sometimes answer 'Oh, I'm just awful,' they explain, laughing. "But no one even slows down."

Other aspects of Southern life strike them as unfamiliar, but not entirely objectionable. "When I went home for break, I was annoyed when the men just let the door slam in my face," admits Anna-Lena Neld. "And at a restaurant, I had to pay for my own meal!"

Ms. Neld and other European students—Margarete Arand and Elke Pohl of West Germany, Eva Mihlic of Yugoslavia—find the United States more conservative politically and socially than their own countries. In fact, says Arand, she was astonished that the American public considered Governor Michael Dukakis a liberal in the recent presidential race. By West German standards, he seemed very conservative.

Ms. Arand and other students—especially Mihlic of Yugoslavia—also face the fears and unfamiliarity many U.S. residents harbor regarding communism.

For first-year student Mihlic, such attitudes are shugged off. She realizes misconceptions are the result of Americans' myopic view of the world. "As international students here, we have to learn a lot about the United States," she says, "but U.S. students don't have to learn much about us."



Some aspects of life here are unfamiliar, but not objectionable. "At home, I was annoyed when men let the door slam in my face."
—Anna-Lena Neld, Sweden

"As international students, we have to learn a lot about the United States, but U.S. students don't have to learn much about us."
—Eva Mihlic,
Yugoslavia

While many concerns voiced by international students are unique to their international status, others are typical of college students everywhere. Significantly, no one says anything negative about the quality of instruction at Agnes Scott. Students here seem to find their curriculum options, courses, study materials and professors first-rate and "globally aware." Academic expectations met, they concentrate on becoming more integrated into the rhythms of collegiate life.

Zeynep Yalim, president of Chimo (the word means "Hello" in Eskimo), points out that the organization itself is not limited to international students. Chimo members, she says, would like their American friends to join. Along with purely social occasions—a recent "Latin party," for example—Chimo sponsors campus-wide convocations and topical programs on cross-cultural issues of interest to the greater Agnes Scott community. A recent discussion dealt with cross-cultural perspectives on marriage.

Chimo recently lobbied—successfully—to have a permanent international student representative on the Student Government Association's Representative Council. "We had some specific needs that, most of the time, people on Rep Council are not aware of," Ms. Yalim says.

"We wanted to be directly involved rather than taking our problems indirectly or talking with someone else."

The new representative will be chosen by international students who are not U.S. citizens.

Several students would like to see more financial aid, although administrators stress that the College meets 100 percent of each student's financial need.

Another student recommends a bit more flexibility in college regulations about applications, fees and tuition payments, especially those coming from halfway around the world. Others would like better arrangements on campus for international students who are unable to return home during school breaks. (During the recent winter break, several international students were moved from dorm to dorm, finally assigned to reside in the Agnes Scott alumnae house at a charge of $10 a day.)

And almost all—like many other Agnes Scott students—would like greater opportunities for casual, less date-oriented occasions to get to know male students at other schools.

By and large, Agnes Scott's international students intend to return to their home countries. One aims for dental school, another will go into a family business. One intends to become a social worker. Several want to work with languages—as teachers, translators and scholars. Still others pursue college majors in international relations, availing themselves whenever possible of the College's Global Awareness program for the travel, cross-disciplinary curriculum, and foreign study it makes possible.

Of this last group, Tatiana Mejía of Bolivia has perhaps the most lofty goal. Says she: "I want to be the Chancellor of my country."

Ms. Mejía, a junior at Agnes Scott, explains that her father has worked for the United Nations and UNESCO, and she grew up knowing ambassadors and others in the diplomatic life. Her dream is grounded in reality. In the meantime, she's intent on obtaining the best possible education.

Advice to future international students? "Don't expect the experience to be perfect—it won't be," she replies. "But do expect it to be one of the greatest experiences in your life."

Faye Goolrick is an Atlanta free-lance writer. She last wrote on Jean Hoefer Toal '65 for the Spring '86 magazine.

According to the National Association for Foreign Student Affairs (NAFSA), approximately 350,000 foreign students from 160 nations are studying in United States colleges and universities.

This year's Founders Day Convocation featured a Values Symposium, at which speakers former first lady Rosalynn Carter and church historian Martin Marty received the Award of Distinction (below).

Educators grapple with concepts of values at ACS event

Even Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary struggles with the term "value." The seventh of eight definitions vaguely describes value as "something (as a principle or quality) instrinsically valuable or desirable."

From February 22 to 24, educators and leaders from across the country came to Agnes Scott to grapple with this hard-to-define concept. What do values mean to us as individuals, as educators, and as business people?

A majestic procession of representatives and presidents from women's colleges throughout the country, faculty and distinguished guests opened the conference at the annual Founder's Day Convocation on the 22nd.

Martin Marty, Fairfax M. Cone Distinguished Service Professor at the University of Chicago Divinity School, gave the morning's keynote address, " 'Descript' Education in a Nondescript World." Dr. Marty's address and others will be included in a special theme issue on values in the Fall Agnes Scott magazine.

Dr. Marty and former first lady Rosalynn Carter, the College's Distinguished Centennial Lecturer, received

Agnes Scott's first Award of Distinction. The award, established as part of the Centennial Celebration, honors well-known individuals who are not alumnae of the College, who have contributed significantly to society and the world around them, and who embody the ideals of Agnes Scott College.

Artist Robert Hild designed the award, an etched crystal pyramid resting on an ebony base. Rendered on the crystal is the College's gazebo, which has become an increasingly familiar campus landmark. Tiffany & Company executed the statuette design.

Along with Mrs. Carter and Dr. Marty, other symposium participants included: Johnnetta B. Cole, Linda Koch Lorimer, and Anita M. Pampusch, presidents of Spelman College, Randolph-Macon Woman's College and College of St. Catherine, respectively; Michael Novak of the American Enterprise Institute; Jerome Harris, superintendent of Atlanta Public Schools, Sergio Muñoz, editor of *La Opinion*; Gayle Pemberton, director of minority affairs at Bowdoin College; Robert Coles, professor of medical humanities at Harvard University; Nancy Woodhull, president of Gannett New Media; and Rosabeth Kanter and Barry Stein of Goodmeasure Enterprises.

Search narrows for new college dean to replace Ellen Hall

The search committee charged with finding a replacement for College Dean Ellen Wood Hall '67 hopes to fill the position by July 1. "We'd like the dean well in place before the academic year begins," says Professor Ed Sheehey, who chairs the committee.

Dean Hall leaves Agnes Scott in June to become president of Converse College in South Carolina. Dr. Sheehey says the committee has received vitae from a wide spectrum of candidates from across the nation. "A number of them well qualified," he adds.

Requirements for the position include a doctoral degree, experience as a faculty member, a belief in the liberal arts, an understanding of women's education and the College's Presbyterian heritage, and demonstrated administrative and leadership skills.

Before the committee narrows the field to three candidates, they want to meet with faculty to discuss what qualifications the faculty desires in a candidate and how to involve them in the interviewing process, Dr. Sheehey explains.

Other members of the search committee include Professors Doris Black, Sandra Bowden, Huguette Chatagnier, Dudley Sanders and Peggy Thompson, Lauren Fowler '92, Melanie Mortimer '91, Lillian Newman, and Dean of Students Gué Hudson '68.

First woman to chair ASC's board of trustees

Agnes Scott's first female chair of the board of trustees will take office on July 1.

Swanna Elizabeth Henderson Cameron '43 has been named to succeed current board chair L.L. Gellerstedt Jr., who is retiring as chair after nine years. Mr. Gellerstedt will remain a trustee. Members of the board unaminously voted the North Carolinian into office at their January meeting.

Said President Ruth Schmidt, "Knowing Betty Cameron since my arrival in Georgia, I have total confidence that we have another outstanding person to chair the board, and I look forward to working with her."

Betty Henderson Cameron lives in Wilmington, N.C., with her husband, Daniel. The former psychology and English major most recently served on the board's executive committee.

In addition, she serves as secretary of the board of the University of North Carolina in Wilmington.

Betty Henderson Cameron '43

Other interests and activities include membership on the New Hanover County Human Relations Commission and in the Association of Junior Leagues. She has also been a board member of the Presbyterian Personal and Family Life Center and a member of the YMCA's Interracial Dialogue Group. In the late '60s and early '70s, Mrs. Cameron presided over the group Women in Action for the Prevention of Violence and its Causes.

The Camerons have five children, one of whom, Swanna Cameron Saltiel, graduated from Agnes Scott in 1971.

Kresge challenge grant offers ASC great opportunity

For months, Agnes Scott alumnae and friends have been working to raise the $836,232 needed to reach the Kresge Foundation's challenge grant of $300,000.

The money will fund renovations and purchase equipment for Presser Hall and Dana Fine Arts Center. But the College had to raise the challenge funds by June 1.

College Vice President for Development and Public Affairs Bonnie Brown Johnson '70 stresses the difference between a matching gift and a challenge grant.

"Matching gifts are dollar for dollar. We raise a dollar, they give one," she explains. For a challenge grant, "We have to raise all of the money. If we fall ten dollars short, we don't get one cent from Kresge."

While the Centennial Campaign appears in good shape overall, "some areas are underendowed in terms of designated gifts," says Christie Theriot Woodfin '68, who chairs the Kresge Challenge committee with Dorothy Quillian Reeves '49. Global Awareness and the arts are two such areas.

"When I was in school twenty-five years ago, the Dana Fine Arts Building was new," she says. "We thought it was state-of-the-art."

In art, as in manufacturing, publishing, or just about any other field, computers are affecting how people approach their work. "So much has happened in art, theatre and music that's tied to computers," says Ms. Woodfin. "The only way to keep up is to raise funds for improvements.

"Take for example the proposed visiting artist program," she states. "To have an artist of national calibre, we have to have the kind of facilities that take advantage of that person's presence."

Art student Jill Jordan '89 applies finishing touches to a painting.

"Today's skilled artists cannot continue to make art without addressing technology," agrees Associate Professor of Art Terry McGehee. "We're tremendously excited by the possibilities now open to us here."

Organizer Mary Anne Gaunt of the development office and her alumnae volunteers have been busy raising the needed capital.

"Reaching the goal the foundation has set has been a challenge," says Anne Register Jones '46, chair of the foundations committee. "But it's a challenge I have always felt we could meet."

"We have a long relationship with The Kresge Foundation," says Ms. Johnson "They've been generous in the past and we're really pleased by their faith in the goals the College has set."

For further information about the Kresge Challenge, contact Mary Anne Gaunt, development specialist, at 404/371-6296 or Christie Theriot Woodfin at 404/355-2525.

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE FALL 1989

VALUES SYMPOSIUM

Choosing Our Lives, Living Our Choices. A Centennial Symposium on Values

Psychologists tell us that each of us views the world through the lens of our unique experience. No two of us living through the same event come away with the same experience.

This is never clearer to me than when I am pregnant. It's more than an ironic appreciation of the large-scale beauty of the sea manatee, or the conclusion that most public restrooms are built too small. Being tall, short, wide or skinny certainly changes my experience and perceptions. But beyond bodily changes, are the mental and emotional ones.

Whether it's a news report about air pollution, high prices at the grocery store, drug use among youth, scandals in government, or child abuse, I feel personally confronted and concerned. I find myself wondering what the world is becoming. Am I equipping my children to deal with it—can I deal with it myself?

What kind of people will they choose to be?

In this special issue on values, leading educators and citizens pose similar questions. They were all presenters at the Centennial Symposium, "Values For Tomorrow: How Shall We Live?" held February 22-24 at Agnes Scott. We regret that even in this expanded issue, we could not include all of the symposium presentations.

How we shall live and what we choose to teach our children pierces to the core of our moral and ethical values. Each day we face new and difficult choices on shifting frontiers. How do we guard against AIDS and what do we do with its victims? How do we deal with the lives of unborn children, and what is our responsibility to those born into poverty and misery? Must professional women choose between a career and a family? In our spinning, pluralistic society, what does liberty and justice for all mean?

As I reread these articles after the symposium, they reminded me of a letter by the Danish poet Rainer Maria Rilke to a young man about the age of Agnes Scott students. He wrote:

"Have patience with everything unresolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves as if they were locked rooms or books written in a very foreign language. Don't search for the answers, which could not be given to you now, because you would not be able to live them. And the point is, to live everything. *Live* the questions now. Perhaps then, someday far in the future, you will gradually, without even noticing it, live your way into the answer."

Symposia and renowned speakers cannot hand us answers. But they can inspire the mind, the heart and the imagination that renew us all as we, day by day, live our way into the answer.—**Lynn Donham**

Editor Lynn Donham, **Managing Editor**: Stacey Noiles Jones, **Art Director** P. Michael Melia, **Editorial Assistant** Angelie Alford
Student Assistant: Jennifer Burger '90, **Editorial Advisory Board**: George Brown, Ayse Ilgaz Carden '66, Christine Cozzens, Susan Ketchin Edgerton '70, Karen Green '86, Steven Guthrie, Bonnie Brown Johnson '70, Randy Jones '70, Elizabeth Hallman Snitzer '85, Tish Young McCutchen '73, Becky Prophet, Dudley Sanders, Edmund Sheehey, Lucia Howard Sizemore '65.

Photography by Ron Sherman

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This is to express my gratitude to [teacher education alumnae] for your kind and generous response to the announcement of my retirement. Your letters, photographs and presence meant more to me than I can say. During the twenty years I've spent in this place, you have been my *raison d'être*. For that I honor you and I thank you.

Margaret Ammons
Professor of Education Emerita
Decatur, Ga.

Just to add to the many thank-yous deserved by the Agnes Scott community during the "Arts Synergy" celebration in April, one other special one: all of us who are alumnae artists or who are trying to encourage the arts at ASC have benefitted greatly from the hard work of Shelby White Cobb '75, who chaired the first Alumnae Art Exhibit. Every detail of the show (and there are so many!) was handled in a careful and totally professional way. We are lucky to have had her expertise and I hope that we will again in the future.

Lynn Denton '63
Philadelphia, Penn.

I enjoyed the Spring 1989 issue of the Alumnae Magazine, especially the article written by Ellen Wood Hall and the feature on Dr. Drucker.

The oil painting on the cover is very beautiful. Are there any prints of it available? I would very much like to have one. If you have any information about this, or if the painting is for sale, I would appreciate you letting me know.

Tracy Baker Bengtson '84
Palm Harbor, Fla.

There are no current plans to sell copies of the cover painting from the last issue. However, the Alumnae Association has a limited edition lithograph print of the College for sale.—Ed.

CORRECTION: In the last issue of the magazine, Alexa Stough '92 was incorrectly identified as Mary Ann Athens in the photo accompanying "A Mandate for the Twenty-first Century."

Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine

AGNES SCOTT

Fall 1989 Volume 67, Number 2

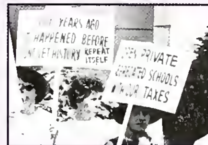
Page 8

Descript Education in a Nondescript World
by Martin E. Marty

Without a distinct mission, a college goes with the flow to become anything else at any moment.

Page 12

The Moral Life of Children
by Robert Coles



In the actions of children, lessons of humanity and courage pass from generation to generation.

Page 20

What in the World Shall We Teach?
by Michael Novak
Responses by Sergio Muñoz, Jerome Harris and Gayle Pemberton

By transmitting values, teachers should help today's students become as good as the best in the past, in all traditions.

Page 36

More Values for Your Dollar
by Nancy Woodhull

Should there be a different standard for the moral conduct of businesses than for that of families?

Page 40

Transmitting Values to Women
by Rosalynn Carter

Values were clearly defined in the past. Today there is more ambiguity. But values can still be transmitted through families.

Page 4
Lifestyles

Page 46
Finale

Feeling of helping "folks" rewards government work

She's a bureaucrat's bureaucrat. At 26, Valerie Hepburn is director of administration for the Secretary of State's office and is a proverbial mainstay in Georgia's state government.

She describes herself as committed, desirous of knowledge, humorous and hard-working. Her success in infiltrating the good ol' boy network of Georgia politics is proof she's right.

"The most important trait, and one that I think I have, is the ability to laugh at a situation and at myself," she says. "Maybe at some point in my life I will be a standup comic."

Her drive, her passion for politics, started in Oconee County (Ga.) High School. While most of her fellow students were bopping to the Bee Gees and Barry White, Miss Hepburn had her blue eyes set on government.

"I can't remember when I ever wanted to do anything else. My parents are both professors of political science, and while they never encouraged me to go into government service, my socialization at home was government is important."

Agnes Scott became her college of choice because of its locale and curriculum. After being accepted in 1979, the next order of business was finding a government job.

Miss Hepburn worked on Manuel Maloof's 1980 campaign for chief executive officer of DeKalb County. "Manuel is sort of the King Democrat in DeKalb County," Miss Hepburn says. "The story is that you can't make it in this business unless you've been initiated by Manuel.

"My mother's side of the family is Lebanese and we all think we're related to him. If you're in DeKalb County and you're active in the Democratic Party, you crave to work on a Manuel Maloof campaign."

For the next two years, she worked in a whirlwind of political campaigns, including Cathey Steinberg's 1980 bid for the Georgia House of Representatives, Sidney Marcus's campaign for mayor of Atlanta and Bo Ginn's gubernatorial race.

"Thank God for Cathey and Manuel, they are the only winners I've had," she says.

She walked away from all the campaign slogans and fried chicken fund-raisings with a wealth of political savvy and a job with Max Cleland, the newly elected secretary of state.

At 21, the tenacious Miss Hepburn was Mr. Cleland's director of governmental relations—the highest-ranking person of her age at the Capitol.

"Initially, people looked at me and said, 'How'd she get that job? Surely she can't be qualified.' But basically people know I'm here because I've earned the right to be here.

Valerie Hepburn: For a woman, the work's never done

"Most people don't know how old I am, and I don't offer it unless they ask. It's not that it bothers me, it's just not particularly relevant."

Despite her achievement, she still thinks women have a harder time climbing the ladder to success.

"I work weekends because I feel like I have to prove myself even after all this time. I don't ever want to make a mistake, and when I do, I'm mortified. Because, somehow, I know they are going to think it's because I'm a young woman that I made the mistake. You feel compelled almost to overkill, to . . . excel all the way.

"It's a reflection of our time."

Five years ago, Miss Hepburn came face to face with the gender gap. She entered a statewide contest sponsored by a professional women's organization that measured the success of young career women. Despite her obvious rise on the professional ladder, the judges did not choose her as the state's exemplary career woman.

"I was later told [by one of the female judges] that I

didn't win because the men judges didn't feel I was an appropriate model young careerist. They felt you should not only have a job, but have your personal life in order. And 'in order' to them meant a marriage and children.

"That's the reason that women have to be superwomen—to raise families, get graduate degrees, be corporate leaders. There's nothing wrong with being at home and just raising children. There's nothing wrong with being a corporate leader. But there's a sense that you have to accomplish it all and be super-human."

These days—for now anyway—Miss Hepburn's babies are the six divisions of the Secretary of State's Office—public service, business service and regulations, examinations boards, elections, archives and history and administration—and she also handles governmental relations.

She earned a master's degree in public administration at Georgia State University and now commutes to the University of Georgia, where she is working toward a doctorate in public administration.

"I like to have a little free time to have some fun —to play some tennis and take advantage of the fun things to do around Atlanta. I play ALTA [Atlanta Lawn and Tennis Association] tennis, not particularly well, but I flail around with it. I like the symphony and the ballet.

"You have to decide to pull back in on some things, so that you can do two or three things well and not eight or ten hideously. I am realizing that I'm getting older and my energy level is lower. I used to be able to stay up until 2:00 in the morning and get back up at 5:00 and just go, go, go, and nothing ever fazed me. I can't do it anymore."

Outside the window of her eighth-floor office in the government building across from the Capitol, cars have begun their usual rush-hour crawl. Miss Hepburn gazes pensively at the Capitol's golden dome, knowing her work isn't done.

"There are two things I want to do in my life," she says. "I want to be either the commissioner of baseball or a writer for *Sports Illustrated*. When I have my midlife crisis, that's what I'm going to do. I'm a sports nut.

"But, I think for now I'll stay in state government, at least for a while longer. I like the commitment to doing something good for folks. You go to bed at night and you put your head on the pillow and you think, 'I might have done something decent for somebody today.' "—**Faith Peppers**

This article was first published in the Atlanta Journal/Constitution *and is used with permission.*

Time important gift for ASC's professional volunteer

On a typical Tuesday, Louise McCain Boyce gets up and out shortly after sunrise. She has work to do—helping remove debris from the woods behind her church, delivering fourteen lunches to the elderly, attending a hospital auxiliary board meeting, training volunteers for Recording for the Blind and tutoring a sixth-grade student. The life of a professional volunteer.

Mrs. Boyce maintains such an active schedule because her interests are diverse and her energy is apparently boundless.

"All my time is my own," she says. "I enjoy doing what I do and it's not work at all."

Mrs. Boyce began her tradition of volunteerism during the 1930s while a student at Agnes Scott. A member of the student chapter of the Young Women's Christian Association, she regularly traveled to Atlanta's inner city to teach Sunday school to the poor.

The experience gave her a chance to "see what Atlanta was like" far from

Louise McCain Boyce: A life committed to helping others

the refined and restricted environment of campus.

Today Mrs. Boyce dedicates her life to such groups as Habitat for Humanity, Junior League, Central Presbyterian Church, the American Association of University Women, Delta Kappa Gamma, Athens Regional Medical Center Auxiliary, Retired Teachers Association and others.

Mrs. Boyce, who double majored in Bible and Latin, likes to say that her attendance at Agnes Scott was predestined. Her father, James Ross McCain was the College's second president.

"He would laughingly say, 'If it's not good enough for my girls, how can I say it's good enough for anyone else,' " she recalls. "We really didn't have a choice."

All three of Dr. McCain's daughters attended Agnes Scott. Their brother, Dr. Paul McCain, served as the College's vice president for development from 1969 to 1984.

Young Louise simply wanted to "get married and be a schoolteacher," and she has done both.

For the past twenty-five years, she and her husband, educator Eugene M. Boyce, have taught around the world. They have roamed from Florida to Nigeria and Ethiopia. Along the way, they've reared a family of two sons and a daughter.—**Gale Horton**

A career proving "there's nothing a woman can't do"

According to Kathryn Johnson '47, it was her burdensome senior year at Agnes Scott that taught her a valuable lesson for the future. Carrying a double major in French and English, she had the formidable challenge of completing 14 papers at the same time.

By her own admission, she "tended to be a bit careless" about bibliographical notation. To her surprise, professors critically cited every missing ibid.

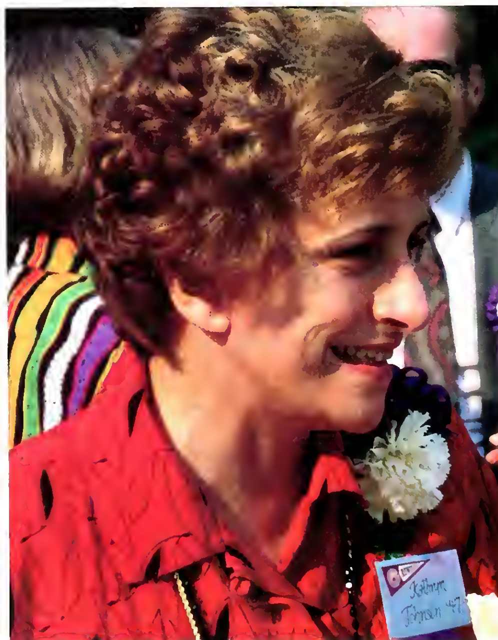
"Not a one got by," says Ms. Johnson. "It taught me to be extremely careful about details and about facts."

Now a distinguished journalist—one who has chronicled the civil rights movement, the court-martial of Lt. William Calley, the trials of the Alday family killers and Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign, among other historical and noteworthy events, Ms. Johnson has spent the last forty-two years gathering facts and details.

Her resume includes jobs as an Associated Press reporter as well as reporter and bureau chief for U.S. News and World Report. She covered Capitol Hill for seven years, writing investigative stories on military spending and campaign spending and financing.

Currently on leave from *U.S. News and World Report*, Ms. Johnson has returned to Atlanta to care for an ailing relative. She now writes anchor news for Cable News Network.

Kathryn Johnson: Adequate has never been good enough



When Kathryn Johnson attended Agnes Scott in the mid 1940s, the school instilled in her the sense of purpose and determination echoed by many Scott graduates.

"I had a lot of professors, men and women," she says, "who were so brilliant." She notes that her female professors made her feel especially that "there was nothing women couldn't do."

Ms. Johnson did not know in college that she wanted to become a journalist, although writing intrigued her. But she thinks that her solid liberal arts education laid the foundation for excelling as a journalist.

"Agnes Scott's commitment to excellence is probably the one single thing that mattered most in the journalism work—academic standards, personal conduct, ethics. Adequate was never enough.

"It challenged me to do my best."

Ms. Johnson is the recipient of numerous

honors — including the Distinguished Individual Achievement Award from the Associated Press for her coverage of the civil rights movement. In 1976, she became a Harvard Neiman Fellow, and was elected Neiman class president.

As a cub reporter, Ms. Johnson used her resourcefulness and youth (she graduated from Agnes Scott barely 19 years old) to land a story.

During the struggle over integrating the University of Alabama, she covered the confrontation between Governor George Wallace and Assistant U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach.

Although reporters had been locked in the gymnasium to prevent news coverage, Ms. Johnson escaped by persuading a young state trooper to let her out. Taking advantage of her small size, she slipped under a table only a few feet away from Wallace's famous doorway blockade. From her vantage point, she not only could see the feet and legs of Wallace and Katzenbach, but could also hear them well as she scribbled notes under the table.

Despite pistol-waving police, she later secured the only telephone in the gym and held a line open to Montgomery for six hours—dictating a running, eyewitness account of the confrontation.— **Gale Horton**

Keeping in touch means lifetime commitment to ASC

Thirty minutes spent with Elizabeth Jefferson Boyt '62 are enough to understand what makes her such a successful fund-raiser, recruiter, and alumnae organizer. She is confident, but not overbearing. Articulate, but not effusive. Warm, but never gushy. And enthusiastic about Agnes Scott College.

That enthusiasm is contagious. Betsy Boyt's husband, Pat, travels on business, and she often goes with him. Wherever she finds herself, she calls Agnes Scott alumnae. She has no illusions about their initial reaction. "They aren't necessarily glad to hear from me," Mrs. Boyt explains. "They think I'm going to organize them." She laughs, then adds, "Once we meet, they are relieved."

But before they know it, they are also organized. Betsy Boyt's genuine interest in other people and her commitment to the College operate seamlessly.

She muses, "You have to recognize that a school is a living, growing organism. It's really important to get back on campus, to be reaffirmed and reassured. To realize that excellence in education and a commitment to liberal arts are still there. It's really difficult to get that reaffirmation and reassurance off the printed page."

Elizabeth Jefferson Boyt: Her involvement grew naturally

She never planned to become this involved with the College—"I never had a goose's clue. My volunteer work was unplanned and evolutionary." It grew naturally from her interest in people. "I became involved with college activities because I knew if I didn't make an effort to keep up, I'd lose touch with my classmates."

Her volunteer work isn't limited to the College. She is past president of the Devers, Texas, PTA, the Rice Belt Counties Council PTA, the South Liberty County AAUW, and the Ladies of the American Brahman Breeders Association. She is active in Democratic party politics, docent of the Art Museum of Southeast Texas, and an officer of the museum's Gallery Guild Board.

When one considers that Betsy and Pat live on a ranch 12 miles from the nearest town—that's 24 miles roundtrip to pick up their mail and the daily newspaper — her volunteer work takes on an new dimension. "I have chosen to live an urban existence in a rural setting," says Mrs. Boyt. "When you live with everything so far apart you have to organize your life. I never go anywhere without a long list."

As for receiving the Outstanding Alumnae Award for Service to the College, no one was surprised but the recipient herself. Receiving honors has been difficult for Betsy Boyt. "I'm used to being on the other end," she says, "organizing the honors for someone else. It hasn't been easy, being the one to receive the recognition." — **A. R. Gibbons**

Descript education
IN A NONDESCRIPT WORLD

SOME SCHOOLS THINK THAT BEING UNDIFFERENTIATED ALLOWS THEM TO BE EVERYTHING TO EVERYONE BUT AGNES SCOTT'S FOUNDERS KNEW BETTER. ■ BY MARTIN E. MARTY

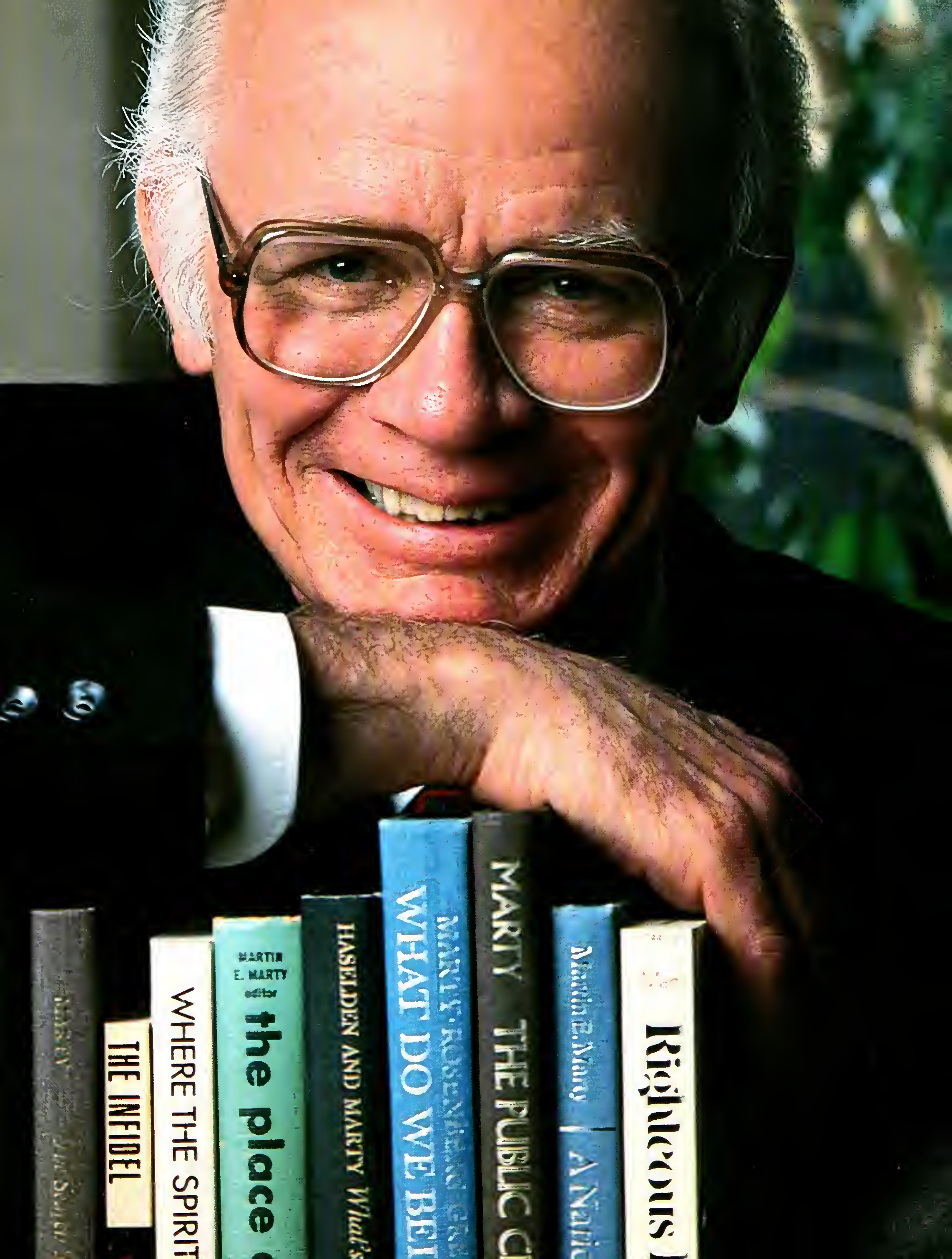
The word "descript" does not appear in your dictionary. What appears is "non descript," which means "lacking in distinctive qualities; without any individual character," or, in another delicious version, "not one thing or another." The world of higher education has many nondescript institutions with nondescript curricula. We today observe the centennial of a school whose founders set it on a course. They wanted it to have distinctive qualities, individual character, and to be one thing and not another. This year you are asking, "How shall we live?" It is possible, even easy, to live individual and corporate lives that are best described as nondescript. When people engage in mere living and drift through life, they are nondescript. Wallace Stevens has said that we do not live in a place. We live in the description of a place. I have no doubt that the ability to describe has something to do with the quality and fact of living.

Second, we ask, who are the "we" who are asking about living? Here comes the question of identity. William Butler Yeats has said that we cannot grasp the universe barehanded. We need something like a nation, a people, to serve as a glove. José Ortega y Gasset has written that without the experience of a community, a people, a nation, we are like an undifferentiated drop in a mist, a cloud. Erik Erikson, the century's expert on identity, sees it connected with trust, with continuity, with the fact that we are someone on whom others can count as having some characteristics or qualities.

The third element in the question assigned us has to do with the "how." How shall we live? Fyodor Dostoyevsky once said that people who have a "why" behind their living can tolerate any kind of "how." A college asks its community to ask basic questions about the "why," the meaning of life.

One evening I chanced to ask a philosophy professor who doubled as a college president what he was working on. "A book on deontological ethics." A lay person, a friend of his and mine, gasped: what is deontology? We heard the answer: it is an ethic, a system of doing good, based on the Greek word for "duty." "It makes no sense unless you ask about the ground of duty. And for that you have to ask questions about the meaning of life." And off we went, talking about the limitless but not fruitless subject of the "why" behind the "how" of living. That is what goes on in serious classroom and living experiences, including encounters with the company of the dead—who live through writings—in a college library. This college would be descript in the way it urges such encounters.

Apply all this to education: how



THE INFIDEL
WHERE THE
MARTIN E. MARTY editor
the place
HASELDEN AND MARTY
WHAT DO WE
MARTY THE PUBLIC
Martin E. Marty
Righteous

shall we live? We know that higher education by itself does not always press values questions—at least not systematically—on students and faculty. Modern life is differentiated, specialized, chopped up—into disciplines, skills, majors, careers. But some colleges have at least aspired to and partly realized more nearly integral approaches to learning and living.

To be specific about this place, the analogue to Yeats' nation, Ortega's people, Erikson's group basis for continuity, Dostoyevsky's milieu for asking the "why" questions: Why pay attention to the roots of this college? John XXIII once told Catholic religious orders to reform "in the light of the intentions of their founders." They should work to discern the roots, so the branches would be strong. They should seek their distinctive "genius" or "character," as you busy yourself doing this year. No one can or would "go home again" to the founders, in their contexts—pre novocaine, telephone for reaching out to touch someone, CDs and Social Security. But people can engage in what Karl Rahner calls "selective retrieval" from the past. That is what goes on here as you recall past leaders, respondents, participants in the Agnes Scott community.

I have read much in your history this season. If we are to go to the intentions of your founders, we could do worse than revisit the minutes of a meeting July 17, 1889, at the Presbyterian Church of Decatur, with the Rev. F. H. Gaines and Mr. George W. Scott present. The first recorded words were that after discussion someone moved and it was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, that we determine to establish at once a school of high character."

The word "determine" helps us locate the sponsors as Presbyterian. They led a predetermined existence that called them to acts of determination. It was also Presbyterian of them to intend to "establish" something, because their kind of Reformed Protestants were never easy unless they set up an institution of some sort or other. And they showed their eagerness to be descript by throwing in the phrase "at once." Don't wait for definition to emerge, they told themselves. Most of all, the school must have a high "character," a genius of its own.

The charter of July 27 says: "The object of their association is to establish an institution of learning in the town of Decatur. . . for the moral and intellectual training and education of female youths." An institution of learning: they were pious, but this was not to be a church, not a vocational training center, not a self-protective Bible college. They were clear, those founders were, about what was needed.

In the first year Chairman Gaines wrote the still-quoted "Agnes Scott Ideal," further to clarify the intentions of the founders. George Scott endorsed this "Magna Carta" which was reaffirmed in 1939 and 1951 by later presidents and no doubt used for measurement of loyalty by your current president as well. This "Ideal" had many elements. Some which strike us are: "One: A liberal curriculum fully abreast of the best institutions of this country." It took WASP chutzpah to envision "bestness" so early in the game. The Ideal spoke of "the Bible as *a* textbook." Let me italicize the "a" not to downgrade it by particularizing it, but to stress that the genius of this school in the mind of its founders was that they could risk their sacred scriptures among "the" texts.

There was and is talk about "qualified and consecrated" teachers: the third of those words may not be collegiately current, but the intention is translatable. I think the really great teachers have a sense of the sacred in their subjects and their students' minds. The Ideal wanted "a high standard of scholarship." The intention of the founders—still able to be reworked in a pluralist society where the 'Christian' cannot apply to all, was the notion that all the influences of the College should be conducive to "the formation and development of Christian character." Accent the character: learning by itself did not fulfill the intentions.

Of course they being Presbyterians would recall their Catechism, finally getting around to first things in Ideal Number 6: "The glory of God, the chief end of all." That's not bad for "the meaning of life." (There's a new book called *The Meaning of Life*. Hugh S. Moorhead collected book inscriptions from scores of people whom he asked for comment. Most admitted they had not the faintest idea how to answer.) The liberal Protestant theologian Harvey Cox had a memory that reached as did your founders: "The purpose of life is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Somehow. Lest anyone think that the founders used these themes to narrow things, note in the charter: 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." That was truly venturesome in 1889.

All in all: a descript college and concept.

Today some schools choose to go nondescript, thinking that being undifferentiated will put them in a better market condition, so they can be anything and everything to each and to all. They end being "not one

odern life is differentiated, specialized, chopped up—into disciplines, skills, majors, careers. But some colleges aspire to more nearly integral approaches to learning and living.

thing or another." Robert J. Lifton has spoken of the Protean personality, after the god Proteus, who could and did constantly change shape and appearance. The Protean person or institution has no stable character around which to be dynamic; she or it "goes with the flow," and becomes anything else at any moment.

The descript school has a different charter. I should quote the rest of Pope John's word about reforming in the light of the intentions of the founders; he added, of their time, "to which you cannot go back." This being 1989 you ask what values are to be now. By values I mean the preferring of one means of getting there to other means; and that these preferences are grounded in our deepest beliefs. I want to point to six themes which have emerged in your history, and which can re-emerge if you stay descript.

First, such a college can help the person find vocation. This is a liberal arts college, not a vocational training school, but it helps people locate their calling. Ortega feared, as if for today's collegians, that they would be more interested in the "social schema of a career" than in the vocation to live a whole, fulfilling, integral life. This is a college, a place for coming and reading together; it is not a place of cells for solipsists.

Add to this the ideal of responsive education. The Presbyterians of old would have said "responsible," but they also meant responsive. The participants are aware of the role of the past, of parents, of roommates and faculty members, of authors who wrote their books, and of sages who press the social character of truth upon them and ask them not merely to admire but to react, to act.

Descript education is located education, which means, it seems to me, that a college like this one situates itself between the solitary self and Leviathan, the mass and the monster. Edmund Burke spoke of such institutions as "little platoons," inns or resting places between the individual and the larger country and world. The college partakes of the larger society's meanings, but it also creates a kind of shelter for trying out the ideas and elements of ethos.

At the same time, the intentions of the founders were to help the students find larger meanings, which we can here call a global or cosmic or universal context. They did not think that Decatur or Agnes Scott was the be all and end all of existence. It was a place to be in order to encounter a larger world. Here people were to study, are to study, the created order, to ask questions of its survival. "How shall we live?" becomes "shall we live?" Here they relate their "little platoon" to the larger forms of human society, the "many centers" which novelist Thomas Mann said would make up the world. They take the day to day meanings and attempt to go deep, taking the chance that they will better meet people of convictions, of deeper convictions, on profound as opposed to superficial levels.

Liberal learning, they knew—and you know if your values are descript—is problem-oriented learning. Liberal arts curricula do not preoccupy themselves with imparting skills, though they have nothing against practical abilities and preoccupations. But they focus not on textbook answers to yesterday's world, but in helping the constituents, chiefly the students, learn to locate and isolate a problem, to define it, and to begin to address it.

And a descript college has some idea of the character it would see formed and would help form. French novelist Stendhal said that you can acquire anything in solitude except character. One tests values, preferences, beliefs, and character in the company of others. Aristotle said that the good person is someone who habitually does good things through good means toward good ends. College is a place where you debate the "good" while becoming habituated to its pursuits—together.

Remember John XXIII's words:

The Protean person or institution has no stable character around which to be dynamic; she or it "goes with the flow," becoming anything at any moment.

"you cannot go back." It is possible, however, that the founders knew some things back there already that we do not know as yet. By being descript they gave you a fighting chance not to see your college, its curriculum and character, or you, be lost to the mist of nondescriptness which surrounded them and surrounds you.

Happy second hundred years.

Called "the most influential living interpreter of religion in the U.S." by Time *magazine, Dr. Martin E. Marty, Fairfax M. Cone Distinguished Service Professor at the University of Chicago's Divinity School, gave this year's Founders' Day address.*

Dr. Marty is currently president of the American Academy of Religion, as well as the Park Ridge Center, an institute for the study of health, faith and ethics.

The author of forty books, Dr. Marty won a National Book Award in 1972 for Righteous Empire. *He is also senior editor of* Christian Century, *where he has worked since 1956.*

The recipient of over 25 honorary degrees, he is an elected fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and an elected member of the Society of American Historians and the American Antiquarian Society.

He is currently engaged in a five-year study of world fundamentalism, a project he chairs for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, funded by a MacArthur Foundation grant.

The Moral Life of Children

B Y R O B E R T C O L E S

The prayer of a six-year-old black child, uttered daily before an angry mob opposing integration in New Orleans, Lawrence's lessons of Santa Claus on the night of the basketball game in Atlanta—these moments of "sweet pain" gave researcher Robert Coles important insight into the "culturally deprived and the culturally disadvantaged" and linked him, and them, with the Dietrich Bonhoeffers and others who travel "this moral journey called life."

It always means a lot to come back to this city where in many ways my life and my wife's life were shaped. We came here as a young couple twenty-eight years ago to begin a life in this city and in New Orleans, working with the children who began school desegregation in the early years of the civil rights movement. We spent our time in four schools in this city—the high schools that federal Judge Hooper insisted be desegregated in the fall of 1961.

A couple of years ago, the Harvard Club of Atlanta had me come back and speak at Grady High School, which I used to visit when Lawrence Jefferson went there. Lawrence lived on Ponce de Leon Place, his father a janitor, his mother a worker in a little factory making bowla-bowla rackets: paddle, plastic band, little ball.

Boy, did someone like me trained in child psychology and psychoanalysis, did I learn something in this city! In New Orleans, also, I was getting to know little black children who were going into the schools there.

Those of you who saw "Eyes on the Prize" met Ruby Bridges, whom I regard as an important mentor and teacher in my life. This six-year-old girl whom my wife to this day calls

upon as she thinks about children, called upon her when we were bringing up our children. We learned maybe more from her than from maybe all those Harvard professors, certainly more from her about life and struggle and hatred and stoic endurance. A little girl in elementary school, totally boycotted; a mob greeting her twice a day, telling her they were going to kill her; and her willingness to pray for people who wanted to kill her. That's what I found out from this little girl whose parents were illiterate.

They were black sharecroppers, tenant-farming people who came into New Orleans and taught their little girl to pray for that mob, which never ceased to appear at 8:30 in the morning and 2:30 in the afternoon. To hear a six-year-old child explaining why she wanted to pray for them, while I, a smarty shrink, pressed her—all that effort to try to understand how her mind worked. She was teaching me about the mind, all right.

I'll come back to Ruby, but let me tell you what happened. I will never forget going to the high schools of Atlanta and finding no mobs in *any* of the high school neighborhoods. Why?

There had been mobs in Little Rock; in Quinton, Tennessee; in New Orleans, why not in Atlanta? Do you think it's because the city of Atlanta had mobile mental health units running around trying to get people to talk about their problems so they would get a little bit of psychiatric help and not join mobs? In the 1950s Americans were told that you need a lot of time. Only over the generations will these hatreds disappear. Suddenly in a southern city, mobs were not there. What happened to the attitudes?

I remember the campaign that preceded the desegregation of the Atlanta schools. A mayor, a business community and a newspaper—very important that newspaper—all decided that this must not happen again. And it didn't. To someone like me, trained in psychoanalytic psychiatry, it was fascinating to watch the changes in a community that were not wrought by individual psychotherapy—political changes, social changes, economic changes.

I remember going to the first [integrated] extracurricular athletic event at Grady High School. I remember sitting on the front row with 16-year-old Lawrence Jefferson, spitballs being thrown at us. I remember turning to Lawrence and saying, "Let's go and sit up there," pointing to an exit sign. He wouldn't move. And I kept telling him that I really thought we'd get a better view of that basketball, and he wouldn't move.

Finally, I remember pulling at him and saying, "Lawrence, let's go." But he said to me, "If you want to go, I'll meet you after the game." By this time I had mobilized the whole psychiatric literature in my mind. I knew about his problems, and I now was learning something about his defense mechanisms. I stopped asking him to move our seats. I sat back in my chair and he in his, and we watched the game.

Afterwards, I took him home in my car, and I thought to myself, in the self-important ways that are not totally uncongenial to people like me, "I have to talk with him about what made him so reluctant to use a little common sense, to get out of that chair and sit in another place."

Well, you know what minds like mine would think: He was denying how frightened he was, pushing it aside.

We got home, and we sat there. And I said to him, "Lawrence, before the game, that was quite a turn we had." He said to me: "Not particularly." I said, "It was terrible there for about five minutes." He said, "Not particularly."

And I thought to myself, what do those words mean? People like me are always asking why people use [particular] words. And as he said nothing, I decided to remind him about what we had just gone through, to point it out to him. That's typical of people like me—to point things out. "Some of those paper planes had pretty nasty words on them, the spitballs, the threats. It was scary! Really scary!!"

He said, "Not particularly."

I said, "Lawrence, the police finally came, that's why the game got going."

He didn't say anything. Then in a moment of noblesse oblige, I thought that I would help him out by talking to him another way. I said to him, "You know, Lawrence, I was scared there for a moment." If I could acknowledge this, then maybe it

The two of us sat there, going through the same experience, the same words, the same threats. What for me had been a sudden moment of horror, for him was something not special, but all too ordinary.

would be easier for him.

He looked at me, and he said, "I know you were."

I said, "Ah, well, Lawrence, and how about you?"

That was his key. It started out word for word like this, and I can go over the years and still see the moment, the two of us in that sparsely furnished apartment.

He said, "You know, when I was about six years old, my mom took me to Rich's to see Santa Claus."

And I looked at him, and I thought, "My Lord, what's that got to do with what we're talking about. This is an inappropriate kind of comment that has me worried." I turned to Lawrence and his mother and said, "You two should behave yourselves. You two should be glad to be here and not be moving around like that! Look what you did to my daughter's shoes!" At which point, Lawrence told me, his mother grabbed him and took him home, so he never saw Santa Claus. She took him home, and she gave him the beating of his life.

We are now entering that intersection between history, family life, and memory. She beat him, and then she said, "If you don't watch yourself, you're going to die." If you don't behave yourself, you're going to die. An American mother, a black taught children: reality.

When he finished telling me that, Lawrence looked at me, and had mercy on me.

I must have looked vacant. He said to me, "You see, Doc, tonight it was sweet pain."

I almost said, "Why do you say that?" but something told me to shut up and learn from that moment.

The two of us had sat there, going through the same experience, same words, same threats. When he said "not particularly," he meant, "Bobby, every other day, I know this." What for me was a sudden moment of horror, for him was something not special, but all too ordinary.

thought to myself, "I'll let him finish what he's going to tell me and then learn why he had to go off to his childhood."

"We went to the store," Lawrence said, "and we stood in line." (I later learned that Rich's had allowed black and white children equal access to Santa Claus without the need for a Supreme Court decision.) Lawrence and his mother were standing in line and suddenly he got a little fidgety, so fidgety that he happened to step on the toes of a little girl who was white, and he dirtied her shoes. (The symbolism of this was worthy of Flannery O'Connor.)

The girl's mother got upset and mother, a southern mother, teaching her child politics, sociology, human behavior.

Let me tell you about his mother, Wilhelmina Jefferson. She was born in a little town in South Carolina. She remembered getting off the sidewalk as *they* came down the street. And she had a memory, at the age six or seven of seeing a body hanging from a tree and her father saying to her, "That's what can happen." This is in our century, in our beloved country.

That was her memory, and now she was teaching her child, as parents over the centuries have

To discuss the moral life of children, or youths, or all of us, what are the assumptions we have about behavior? How are we to behave? How was Ruby to behave when a mob told her they'd kill her?

After a couple of months of this, her schoolteacher, who had Ruby in the classroom by herself, said to me almost complainingly, "I don't understand this girl, she seems so cheerful. She comes here so eager to study. Look what she has to go through. Seventy-five men with guns have to get her into this school. And she smiles, comes in, and wants to learn how to read and write. Her appetite holds up, she tells me she sleeps well. I've seen kids in this hitherto all-

white school come here and they're not going through mobs, and they have their troubles like some children have their troubles," she says to me.

The teacher then turns to an expert, all those poor, intimidated teachers all over America turning to these experts; not to mention all of us intimidated parents turning to these experts, and these experts, who don't often show an enormous amount of humility, give us answers. Boy, do they have answers! Books full of answers—telling us what to do and when to do it, marching us through stages and phases, giving us explanations. World without end.

I said, "You know, sometimes when people are in a lot of trouble, they mobilize every ounce of psychological strength they have to deal with that trouble. This can last and last until eventually it begins to wear thin, and then they start getting into trouble and they develop symptoms." Which is, of course, what I was there to document so that I could write a paper and, niche in my belt, read this before a psychiatric association.

She said, "You mean that because Ruby seems to be doing so well that means she's in trouble? And when she starts getting into trouble that means she's probably getting a little better?"

And I said, "Yes, that's what I mean. That's right. You've got it!"

One day she saw Ruby stop in front of that mob and open and close her mouth for a whole minute. And the federal marshals were trying to get her into the school building. "I asked Ruby what she said. And she said, 'I wasn't talking to them.' " And the teacher said, "Well, who were you talking to?" And Ruby said, "I was talking to God!" At which point the teacher stopped cold in her tracks and said, "I thought I'd better let you continue with that questioning." I thought to myself, "That is a wise teacher. She knows when to let others take over."

That evening my wife and I went to the Bridges' home, and Ruby and I sat at the kitchen table drawing pictures. I have been sitting and drawing pictures with children now for a long time. At that time black children were showing me what their world was, and eventually white children would show me the same when they came back to the elementary school where Ruby went; but it took them a whole year to come back.

Anyway, that evening, as Ruby and I sat drawing pictures, I suddenly turned to her and said, "Ruby, your teacher told me you were talking to the people in the street this morning before you got into school."

And she said, "I told the teacher I was talking to God!"

I said, "You were talking to God, Ruby?"

She said, "Yes, I was!"

I said, "You do that often?"

She said, "Very often."

I said, "Ruby, why did you talk to God this morning in front of that mob?"

She said, "Because I forgot to talk to Him two blocks before the school, the way I usually do."

I said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "Well, the marshals told me that if I just say my prayers before I get to the building, that's fine, but I should not stop and say a prayer in front of that crowd." And then she told me that every morning she said her prayers two blocks before the school and then two blocks away from the school in the afternoon at 2:30, at which point her mother intervened and said, "She also prays for those people in the evening."

I said, "Prays for those people?"

Ruby said, "Yes! I pray for those people."

I said, "You do?"

She said, "I sure do!"

I said, "Ruby, do you really feel like praying for those people?" Isn't that what you'd expect for me to ask?

She said, "I do."

I said, "After all the horrible things they say to you everyday?"

She said, "I sure do."

I said, "The terrible things they say to you everyday."

She said, "Well, don't you think they need praying for?"

(I thought to myself, "That is an interesting dodge! I will, by now having known this girl for a few months, help her to get around that corner of her life.") I said, "Well, Ruby, they may need praying for, but I wonder why you should be the one who prays for them." (Getting closer to how she feels, the ultimate truth in this fight.)

And she looked at me, and she said, "Well, I'm the one who hears what they say."

I then countered, "Ruby, you may hear what they say, but that doesn't mean that you need necessarily want to pray for them, given what they say." (Don't you think it was helpful that I kinda qualified that point a little bit with her?)

And she said, "Well, I feel like praying for them."

I said, "Do you pray for them a lot, Ruby?" And then I made the point that this was after all, three times a day. Then with her silence, I decided to take a new tack. I said, "Ruby, what do you say in this prayer?"

She said, "I always say the same thing."

(At which point I am sure the old physiologist, if he had electrodes connected to me, would have noticed dilatation of the pupils, slight increase in the blood pressure.) I said, "What's that?"

She said, "I say, 'Please, God, try to forgive them, those people, because they don't know what they are doing.'"

I hope that in this campus with its tradition, that there's a certain resonance to that prayer. There was in my moment with Ruby. I remember thinking to myself, "I've heard this before. I've heard my mother use those words." I then asked Ruby why she chose to say that, and she gave me her

biblical exegesis.

This six-year-old little girl said to me, "Well, you see, when Jesus had that mob in front of him that's what he said. He said, 'God please try and forgive them because they don't know what they're doing.' "

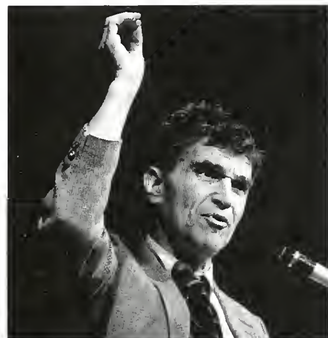
And I said, "Well, Ruby, where did you hear that?"

She said, "I hear it all the time, I hear it in church . . . my mummy and daddy told me that that's a good prayer to say in front of those people."

Now, you and I know that this little Ruby Bridges came from a very poor black family, uneducated, hadn't gone to Agnes Scott, or Harvard, or all the other fancy colleges in America. In the sixties we started calling people like this culturally deprived and culturally disadvantaged. Oh, did we come up with words for them. Nevertheless, they were telling their child to pray. They knew by heart a passage from both the Old and New Testament. They knew by heart passages from Amos here, a passage from Jeremiah there. They knew the Beatitudes. They knew the ministry of a rabbi a couple of thousand years ago, his life, how he lived it: to live among the humble, the lame, the blind, the unpopular, the banished, the rebuked, the scorned, the humiliated, to pray for them, to feed them, to heal them, to teach to them, to make them part of one's life.

With whom did he associate? Not that time's equivalent of Ph.Ds and M.D.s and all those other letters with periods after them. He took as his friend, as his drinking buddies and eating buddies for the bread and for the wine, fishermen, peasants. He reminded us that the first can be last, even as the last can be first. This, Mr. and Mrs. Bridges knew and taught their child in the tradition of the blues, of witnessing and testifying and hard, hard praying. They taught their daughter that kind of prayer—and she prayed.

"Well, you see," this six-year-old girl said, "When Jesus had that mob in front of him, he said, 'God, please forgive them because they don't know what they're doing.' " They taught her that prayer—and she prayed.



Now, you know here in this college and in all the other colleges all over America that there are courses in moral development, aren't there? And this lecture is—purports to be—a lecture on the moral life of children. I can give you a technical language and provide you with the stages that I'm sure some of you students know about. I don't in any way deny the validity of those stages, which are meant to tell us about moral thinking—I say *thinking*.

Thinking is not conduct. Thinking is thinking. How we behave is not necessarily how we think. At Ruby's age we are told that moral thinking is the preconventional stage of moral development—the beginning of the walk up the ladder of moral development. She or he imitates, reflexively obeys, copies.

Few people get to the top rung of the ladder—that's the postconventional stage. Gandhi got there. Albert Schweitzer got there. Atlanta, desegregation of the highest stage of moral development, and Dr. King got there! But most people don't get to the postconventional stage of moral development. Most people, as Yeats put it, slouch toward Bethlehem.

One hundred fifty years ago at Harvard, Ralph Waldo Emerson gave his American scholar essay in the form of an address. He made a distinction that we all should remember here as you celebrate your hundredth anniversary—the distinction between character and intellect. They are not the same, Emerson reminded his audience. One can be brilliant and not necessarily good. Character, he said, is different from intellect. It's higher; it is not the same.

And, my great hero, William Carlos Williams, again and again in his poetry reminded us that ideas are not to be equated with "conduct." One can have great, wonderful ideas, and, oh, not necessarily be a good person.

When my wife and I left Ruby's home, we went to the Napoleon House Bar, two blocks away from Jackson Square—still there, good drinks, wonderful classical music. As we sat and drank, my wife suddenly said to me, "What would you have done if you had to go in the Harvard Faculty Club and fight your way through a mob?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, what would you do?"

"I sure as hell wouldn't pray for them."

She said, "Of course you wouldn't. What would you do?"

"I'd call the cops."

Ruby couldn't call the cops, that's why there were federal marshals there. The Louisiana police had refused to protect her. "The next thing I'd do is get a lawyer." Ruby's parents had no money to get lawyers. "Third thing I'd do if there were a mob harassing me, is to turn my formidable education on this mob. I'd mobilize the social sciences. Who are these people? What are their problems? They're neurotic. They're psychotic. They've got character disorders. They are acting out."

Ruby had no warriors, no policemen, and no social science, psychiatric or psychoanalytic vocabulary.

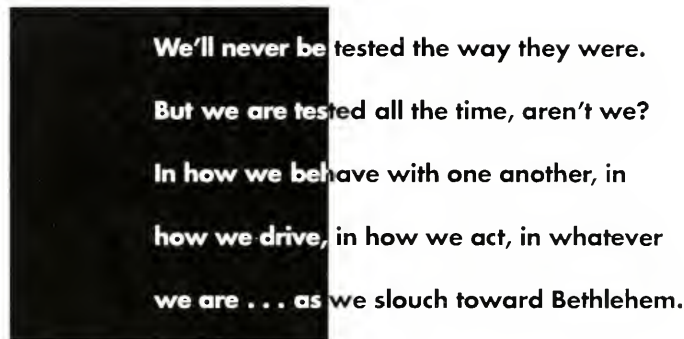
The fourth thing someone like me does is write an article about what he's gone through, or a book!

None of that for Ruby. Prayer for Ruby. Calling upon the Hebrew prophets and Jesus of Nazareth in her life. Now, I have to remind you of something as I begin to wind this down. This is the twentieth century we've been living in. We've only got another eleven years left of it, and some of you, like me, are old enough—the students have parents who are old enough—to have lived at a time when Germany was ruled by the Nazis. That was a half a century ago, wasn't it?

You and I must remember, always, that Germany was the best-educated nation in the world when Adolf Hitler took power in January of 1933. It had fewer illiterates than any other of the western nations. Indeed, it had virtually no illiteracy. The high schools were excellent. This was the nation of Goethe and Schiller, of Beethoven and Brahms, of a great philosophical tradition. The Nazis took over an educated nation; it is a matter of history that ought to be engraved in our minds what happened between the Nazis and the intellectuals and the professional people.

Three thousand doctors and lawyers worked for the SS in the concentration camps. Great names—in psychoanalysis, Jung; in philosophy, Heidegger; in law; in journalism; in the clergy—held hands with the Nazis, worked for them, celebrated them, apologized for them, did their bidding. Isn't that what totalitarianism has taught us? When the all-powerful state bids acquiescence, bids moral turpitude, bids moral evil, the educated minds, even some well-analyzed, educated minds, bow and say, "Yes. Yes. We'll go along. To get along, we'll go along, and to get, we'll go along." That's reason humiliated by power and convention and social pressure and intimidation.

So the next time someone tells you, "Well, you come here. We'll teach you. We'll make you virtuous. We'll help your moral life," that's what we have to think about. That's our moral legacy of this century, a very important one.



Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German minister who took up his own kind of arms against Hitler, died in a concentration camp. He was in this country studying at Union Theological Seminary when Germany and England went to war on September 1, 1939. He chose to go back to Germany to stand up against Hitler. If you read his letters, he is haunted by what Tolstoy was haunted by—the knowledge that he, a member of the intelligentsia, had to look around and see what could happen to the intelligentsia. On the boots, of the mighty, entered in a world.

When I think of Ruby these days, I think of Natan Sharansky, how he stood up to the gulags. They put him away in one of their prisons, this Jew, who could not forget the prophets of Israel who stood outside the gates criticizing the horrors they saw in their time. Horrors which are in all of our worlds, aren't they? Injustice, arrogance, smugness, callousness.

Sharansky and Ruby. Christian, Jew. Man, woman. Russian, American. White, black. All those differ-

ences that we spent so much time making so much out of. Both of them, faced with a horror of hate and meanness, stood up and said, "We shall overcome!" Ruby and Sharansky, as well as Dr. King, and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of others whom I remember in this city during the days of SNCC, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. The Mississippi summer project, 25 years old this summer, those glorious moral days in our history, and an Agnes Scott graduate, Frances Pauley ['27] running the Georgia Council on Human Relations, stood with us in her sixties, standing up as she did, at a time when it wasn't so easy for someone like her—maybe for any of us. That was possible, that is still possible for human beings.

Let us hope and pray that in our moments of testing we will be able to acquit ourselves as Ruby or Sharansky did. We will never be tested—Lord, Lord, let us pray—the way they were. But we are tested all the time, aren't we? In how we behave with one another, in how we drive, in how we are as students, as teachers, as doctors, as workers, whatever we are.

Williams has a beautiful moment, a haunting moment in "Paterson." A doctor is in his office; it's Williams. He's a poet. Everyone thinks he's a great, sensitive, marvelous writer, physician, whatever. He knows his own moments of moral blindness, of egoism. As Walker Percy puts it, "the great sock of self." Oh, to fight that off is a lifetime's challenge. Isn't it for all of us, no matter our years of training?

There's a wonderful subtitle that Walker Percy had for one of his collection of philosophical essays, *Lost in the Cosmos*. (You know where he got the title, he's been watching too many Carl Sagan PBS programs.) The book is a wonderful series of essays by an American novelist, who is also a great moral philosopher. He originally had a subtitle to that book which his publisher would not use. And I can share it with you, I hope, and not unduly offend some of you with one word that I'll use. But the original subtitle that the lawyers said couldn't be used went: Lost in the Cosmos: or why is it that Carl Sagan can tell us within two millimeters how far the planet Earth is from the planet Jupiter and still be such an asshole?

By which he means not only Carl Sagan, but Walker Percy. He means this speaker.

He means, I fear, all of us.

Factuality we can command. Degrees we can get. We can cram our way into higher and higher SATs. Goodness of heart, thoughtfulness, a bit of affectionate response to the strangers among us—and in certain ways we're all strangers to one another—with those qualities, the cramming schools, the universities, the professors, find themselves in the same boat as Ruby and Sharansky, all of us, on this moral journey called life.

It is always nice for me, I repeat, to come back to this city that so much helped my wife and me to find our bearings. As I was being driven through the city this afternoon and had all those memories, I thought to myself, the 'Atlanta Ten' as they were called, may have helped desegregate the city of Atlanta in '61 and '62; they sure helped my wife and me as we did our slouching, as we continue to do our slouching, toward Bethlehem.

Robert Coles is "one of the very few scholars who has managed the surpassingly difficult and complicated task of remaining a scholar while personally participating in the civil rights and anti-poverty movement," said one writer. This noted child psychiatrist and author won the Anisfield-Wolf Award in Race Relations and Phi Beta Kappa's Ralph Waldo Emerson Award, among others, for his book Children of Crisis, *in which he first introduced Ruby Bridges.*

Robert Coles was born in Boston and educated at Harvard and Columbia universities. He is currently a professor in psychiatry and medical humanities at Harvard Medical School.

In addition to his duties there, he serves as a consultant to the Ford Foundation, the Southern Regional Council and Appalachian Volunteers. He is on the board of numerous other foundations, including Reading is Fundamental (RIF) and the Twentieth Century Fund.

Dr. Coles is the author of over thirty books and a contributor to many periodicals and professional journals. He is a member of the American Psychiatric Association and Phi Beta Kappa and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

HAT IN THE WORLD SHALL WE TEACH?

Because republican—representative—government demands republican virtue, educators must mold and nurture those with whom they work.

BY MICHAEL NOVAK

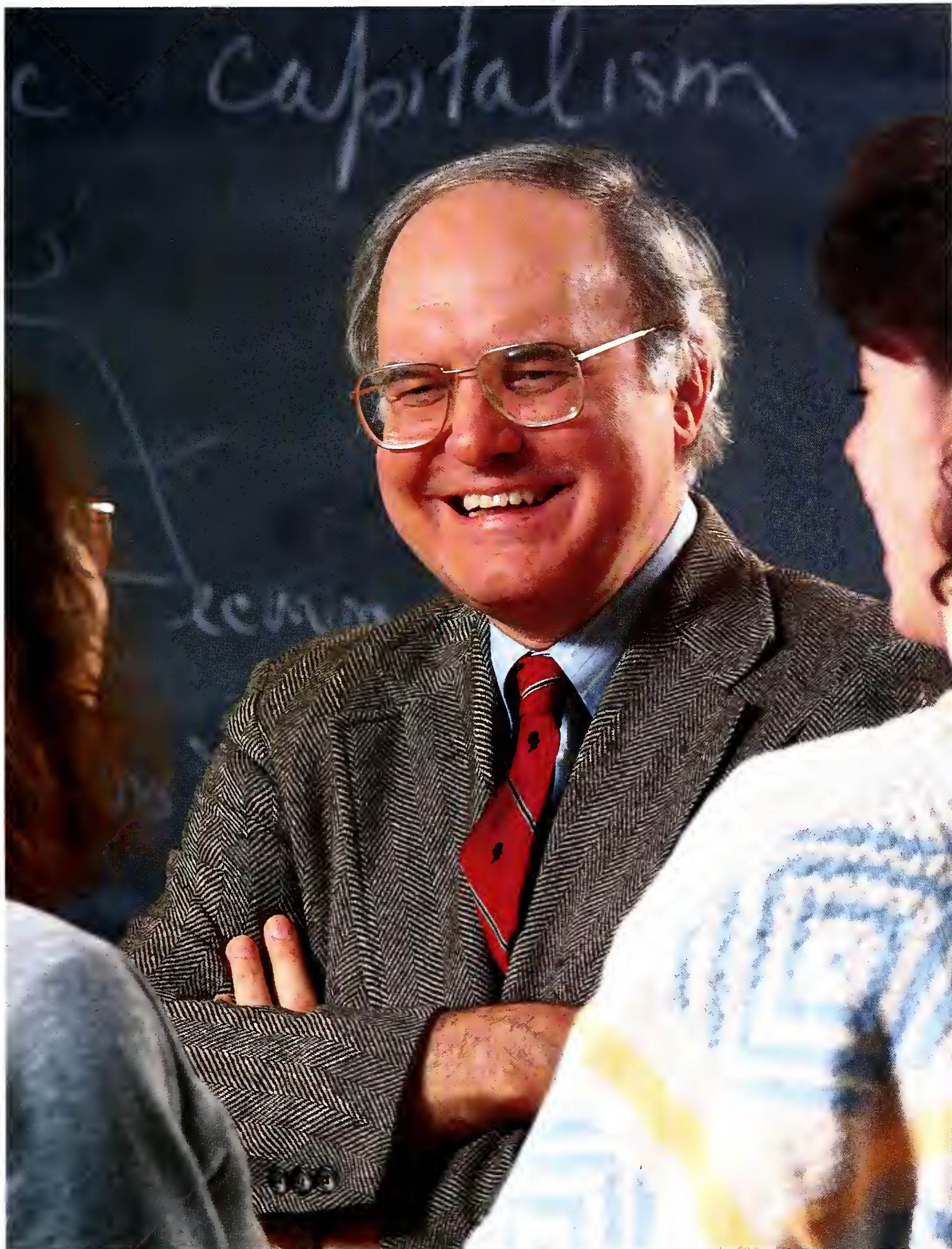
Every culture has its own set of ideals, virtues, and habits necessary if that culture is to function. The education of citizens always takes place within that moral context. So our problem is a very difficult one. We have to understand rather well the system for which youngsters are being educated, whose furtherance, whose improvement, and whose, in Jefferson's words, "revolutions" they will be responsible for achieving. (Jefferson believed that a society based on free persons ought to have a revolution, a return to its originating values, every eighteen and one-third years, that is, in every generation.)

Well, it's not so easy to understand a system such as ours. It is a human and imperfect system. But it has a novel design and a novel set of principles, which enable it to make slow but steady progress.

The framers were so aware of the originality of the American experiment that they stamped notice of it on the very seal of the United States. (You can see it on the green side of the dollar bill, under the pyramid.) They expressed it in Latin: NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM, the new order of the ages. As James Madison wrote in Federalist 14, the people of the United States "accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society."

Still, I suspect that if I were to hand out blue books to all of you just now, and ask you to take three minutes and write down, "What is the new order?" and then to take another three minutes to answer, "What's new about it? What makes it different from Great Britain, or France or Germany or anywhere else on earth?" I wonder how many of you could do so.

In the next-to-last draft of the seal, instead of "novus ordo seclorum," the framers first tried the motto: 'Virtue.' For them this word had a specific meaning deriving from Aristotle, Cicero, and the traditions in which they were remarkably learned. Their point in emphasizing 'virtue' was a very practical one. Most philosophers have said that democracies couldn't work. Every republic in history had failed, they noted, often within a single generation. The framers well knew that if the citizens of a republic did not practice self-discipline and self-


capitalism

government regarding their own passions, prejudices and desires, then they couldn't possibly practice self-government in public life. If you can't govern yourself, how on earth are you going to govern a republic?

For that reason they wanted to remind their fellow citizens that the notion of establishing a successful republic apart from virtue is, as Madison put it, a "chimera," a dream, a fantasy. If judges won't be honest, if legislators can't get by their own personal ambition, if citizens can't think beyond their own pleasures, there is no way a cooperative free republic can go forward.

Republican government, in short, demands republican virtue. This is the point that Martin Luther King, Jr., emphasized when he expressed the hope that one day black children, like all others, would be judged not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character. Martin Luther King, Jr., came from the same intellectual traditions as the framers, and he understood these two key words as they understood them. Virtue and character.

Indeed, for some one hundred and eighty years, the word 'character' was the central word in American education and American culture. You hear the echoes of this in the classic hymn, "Confirm thy soul in self control, Thy liberty in law." That's what the framers meant by virtue. Doing this habitually, regularly, is to have character.

Then quite suddenly, as James Q. Wilson has pointed out, first in the 1920s and then with a great burst in the 1960s, a culture based on self-mastery and self-control gave way to a new morality based on self-expression. Being self-controlled and self-mastered was suddenly considered to be square and uptight. Being cool, loose and groovy, doing what one felt like when one felt like it, was considered "liberation." What Americans in prior generations would have thought of as slavery—giving way to your feelings and your passions—was now taken to be liberation.

The consequences of this cultural shift are now visible and all of its ill effects are widely deplored. So the original beliefs of the framers now seem much sounder than they did twenty years ago. We've learned through hard experience that without private self-government in our personal life, public self-government is just not possible.

The Statue of Liberty is a good example of what Americans mean by freedom, even though it was designed in France. Put yourself in the place of the sculptor given the assignment to celebrate the distinctive American idea of liberty, different from what "liberté" means in French. What sort of image should he create?

First, being French, he knew liberty would have to be symbolized by a woman, not a warrior. For the French, a woman is the traditional symbol for wisdom. Wisdom is further signified by her holding in one hand a torch, representing light against darkness, storm, ignorance, passion, bigotry, hatred. And in her other hand is a book inscribed "1776," meaning the Declaration of the "Truths We Hold." This is a distinctive idea of liberty, liberty through reason: ordered liberty.

And look at the face of that woman: severe, resolute, purposeful, she knows exactly where she's going and where we're going. (Hers is the face of every third-grade teacher in the history of New York City.) She does not represent libertinism, that Lady; it is ordered liberty that she represents, liberty in law, soul confirmed in self-control.

Such a vision is not limited to one country. It may have been celebrated first by the American experiment, but something in it appeals to the entire human race, every member of which is capable of that liberty. That is what the French saw so clearly.

Today, however, regarding the teaching of virtue, we face a problem, namely that the vast majority of Americans are religious, and of that small percentage that is not religious, most pride themselves on high ethical standards. In so pluralistic a nation, we each learn values, virtue, and character in different languages and different traditions. The Baptists stress virtues and values that the Lutherans don't. Episcopalians and Methodists stress still others. Catholics and Jews others again. And in our different ethnic traditions, emphasis is also diverse. Jews from Eastern Europe are not like Jews from Spain. Blacks from different cultures in Africa differ from black cultures here in the United States. Slavs and Italians and Latins and Japanese are not quite like Anglo Saxons.

We differ in our languages, in our response to optimism and pessimism, in the emotions we like to show in our worship, and in the images and cadences we use with words like "family," or "brother," or "sister," and a whole host of other words.

Well, cultures differ, along a whole number of indicators. And the problem is that in public it's very difficult to speak about all these differences. So when we speak together, we can't just speak our own particular language; we have to adapt to the others in the group. Unfortunately, the easiest adaptation is to speak at the lowest common denominator, to find something there so neutral that we can all agree about it, even on a very low level. That can sometimes be like standing in eighteen inches of peanut butter. It doesn't allow us to express our deepest feelings and our deepest commitments and the nuances of our thoughts.

Therefore, in public education, in a large pluralistic school, or even in a school as small as Agnes Scott, it is difficult to speak to the variety in our midst. We have got to devise, in a pluralistic culture such as our own, a new way for celebrating both our unity as a planetary people coming from everywhere, and our capacity to

understand the differences that each of us brings with us.

This attention to pluralism means that we are going to have to accept a more lively argument in the public forum. We are going to have to allow each of us to speak in her or his own particular voice. At the same time, we must each try to reach a deeper understanding of one another. One route is to boil everything down to the lowest common denominator, a very shallow way. Another is to take pleasure in and to enjoy the differences among us, because each of these differences teaches us a new way of looking at things. That way we come to appreciate our own way of being, and why we don't feel the same way about certain public events that others do, or why we react differently and sometimes in ways we can't explain entirely, even to ourselves.

If we are able to do this, our public forum will be very lively indeed—lively with the multiple voices in our midst. And our society will be alive with argument. The trick will be to keep our arguments civil, not to enunciate our differences so as to intimidate others, but so as to find a deeper level in which to join together with others.

Now such an effort will also have practical effects. What is it, for example, that makes so many of the new Asian immigrants to the United States show superior performance in our educational system? It's incredible, the test scores and the results they achieve. We've seen nothing quite like it in such numbers. What causes this? All signs point to a strong family life, strongly emphasizing self-discipline and a commitment to excellence. That is to say, all signs point to the formation of character in the family. For education cannot occur apart from the efforts of the student. Merely hearing information isn't enough. One must labor to master it, to appropriate it, and to make it part of the fiber of one's own mind. The point of education is to change one's self.

As Plato said, learning is like giving birth, like midwifing a change in one's self. Education is not just learning some information to pass a test; it's learning to think in a new way, to feel new feelings, to learn new judgments, and new points of view, which forever alter the ways in which one looks at things. The point of education is to change one's own being, and to change one's own habits of seeing.

Character is thus basic to all successful education. You won't acquire it unless you apply yourself, involve yourself, and hold yourself to high standards. Character is also, of course, basic to all successful civic life in a democratic republic, because if we are not responsible citizens, there's no one else to govern. We, the people, are sovereign. If we can't discipline ourselves and be willing to pay for what we want, then we're simply bankrupting ourselves. And that would mean the collapse of the idea of self-government.

This, at least, was Jefferson's view. Consider the emphasis he placed upon character formation in the statutes of the University of Virginia, for which he wanted along with the Declaration of Independence most to be remembered.

Attention to pluralism, to national diversity, means that "we the people" are going to have to accept a more lively argument in the public forum.

What is character? Character doesn't mean the part a character plays in the movies. It means the bundle of habits, a stable disposition, that makes our actions predictable to others and to ourselves. As when someone says, "That's not like her," or "That's out of character."

Part of character is a gift, as when people recognize that they owe more than they can ever say to their mothers and fathers because when they themselves were too young to choose, their parents formed in them good solid habits. But part of it also comes from our own self-conscious decisions, when we begin to choose what to do with the gifts we've been given. We can go against them, we can rebel. We can strengthen parts of what we learned from our parents, diminish other parts. We can turn our attention in a thousand new directions. In that way, we partly create ourselves. We create our own character. This is the central business of human life, especially in a self-governing republic.

This is what Martin Luther King, Jr., meant when he spoke of "the content of their character." Our framers, like King, understood that there are such things as good characters and bad characters; when they talked about character, they obviously meant good character.

What is good character? The point occurs in the very first paragraph of the Federalist Papers, in which Hamilton writes that it "seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question, whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice . . . ." More than any other people in history, the early Americans wanted to build a civilization by multiplying acts of reflection and of choice.

"Reflection" means looking back on the past and seeing alternatives in it, wishing you had not done this and being glad you did that. Then you must "choose"—choose among the alternatives which ones you approve of, and which ones you are sorry for. Similarly, it means looking ahead to the future and reflecting on various alternatives. Reflecting means seeing different possibilities. Where will you live ten years from now? And what religion will you be? What will be your politics? The chances are, these are not fixed. You could have a big change in your political views or your religious views.

To acquire a good character is to keep as much of life open to being reflective and to making real choices as possible, and not acting thoughtlessly.

It's extraordinary to be a people in a country with that much openness. It is sometimes frightening. There are times in life when we can't find a purpose. There are too many purposes, and we don't know which to choose.

Reflection and choice are the two key constituents of character. To acquire a good character is to keep as much of life open to being reflective and to making real choices as possible, and not doing things by whim, by bigotry or by passion.

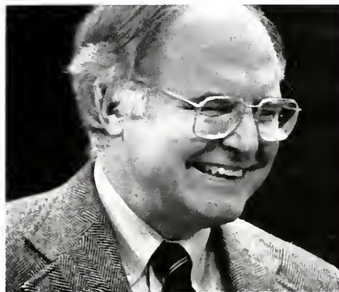
Nobody can be reflective all the time (thank God). But you want to increase the number of reflective, chosen things you're doing, so that you're reliable. You want to be the sort of person, that when you say something, people know you mean it, that you have thought about things, that you are worth listening to. And when you've made a decision, you've made a decision. (A friend of one of our children once said of her mom: "There's no use asking her that; I know my mom. When she makes a decision, she means it." The mother was quite proud to hear that. Well, she should have been. It meant her daughter thinks her mother is reflective, and that when she makes a choice, she's thought it through.)

How do we teach character? First, we have to talk about it, emphasize it, call attention to it. Out of the blooming, buzzing confusion of life there are only so many things a person can concentrate on. Character is the most important, because it affects everything else. We've got to

select out from experience the importance of habits, of self-discipline, of self-mastery, of character. Because otherwise, most just don't pay any attention. The young don't know the price they will pay later for not paying attention to it now. For some things, later is too late.

Often youngsters wish they had done things differently. It's never too late in one sense, but it's too late for some things. The sooner the young start paying attention to character, the better.

Second, we have to put our



concern for character into words. If we don't put these things into words, people won't pay attention. That's why our forebears put so much stress on maxims; they put them on the wall, they put them on calendars, they put them in textbooks. We don't do that so much today. We suffer for it. There are important lessons of life that you don't appreciate when you're younger, but it's good to learn them anyway, so that when you hit the rough spots they're there to fall back on.

Third, we must have ceremonies to celebrate character. We've got to have ceremonies about Madison, Jefferson, Martin Luther King, Jr., and many others. The ideas they had were different, and the heroism they practiced when other people said, "Don't do it, you're crazy, you'll get hurt," deserves attention. Often, they stood alone. At such moments in our lives, examples of others who have done so give us courage.

There have to be ceremonies in which youngsters see by the seriousness of the adults around them that such occasions are serious. Such ceremonies dramatize crucial examples of how to conduct oneself in difficult times. They show how good persons have acted. They show how to do likewise.

And we have to encourage one another in the virtues for friendship's sake, because what we actually love in others, it always turns out, are their virtues, their honesty, their perseverance, their endurance. If we don't encourage these in one another, we don't encourage the grounds of personal friendship, or even the grounds of civic friendship, which unite us as a people. Friendship of this broad sort is all the free republic has to rely on. A free republic has given up coercion, so what we have to hold us together is the friendships we establish, our respect for one another's virtues, our respect for the content of one another's character.

That was the civic vision Martin Luther King, Jr., was reaching out to in his deservedly famous speech. He selected an important thread in life on which to concentrate. He put it into words. He developed ceremonies in which to celebrate it. He built many friendships, and encouraged the best in many hearts. We have had many exemplars of character and virtue in this republic—nobody perfect, but many who were beacons for others. He was one.

Our task as educators is to help those we work with to become as good as the best in the past, in all our many traditions.

Michael Novak presently holds the George Frederick Jewett Chair in Religion and Public Policy at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C., where he serves as director of social and political studies.

He's the author of over twenty books on philosophy, politics, economics and culture, including The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics *(1972) and* Liberty and Justice for All *(1986).*

In 1974 he founded the Ethnic Millions Political Action Committee and campaigned for the creation of a White House Office of Ethnic Affairs. The project found a home in the Ford Administration and continued under President Carter.

Born in Johnstown, Penn., Michael Novak graduated summa cum laude from Stonehill College in 1956 and two years later received a bachelor's degree in theology from the Gregorian University in Rome. He graduated from Harvard University in 1965 with a master's degree in the history and philosophy of religion.

Simmering Stew

CALIFORNIA HAS BECOME THE PACIFIC RIM'S MELTING POT. BUT WITHOUT BETTER EDUCATION FOR ITS NEWCOMERS, THE FUTURE LOOKS BLEAK.

I am not a teacher. I am a Hispanic journalist who works for a Spanish language newspaper in California, *La Opinion*. I have been a teacher though, and I believe in the value of education. Furthermore, I believe that education is the single most important issue for the Hispanic community. Thus, the idea of discussing in this public forum what and how shall we teach is very attractive to me.

I couldn't agree more with Dr. Novak's call for excellence. Strengthening our character will indeed make us better persons and better citizens.

I also agree with him that it is necessary for each student to make an individual effort to achieve excellence.

However, it seems to me that Dr. Novak's presentation, even when it recognizes that we live in a pluralistic society, elaborates the notion that the United States is one homogeneous society.

I don't believe that we live in a homogeneous society. I don't think there is equal treatment for all persons regardless of their economic situation. I think the color of skin still makes a difference in the way people are treated and I don't think minority children are given the same educational opportunities that their Anglo counterparts receive.

Furthermore, I think that until these inequalities are readdressed, we as a people will not succeed in our quest for excellence.

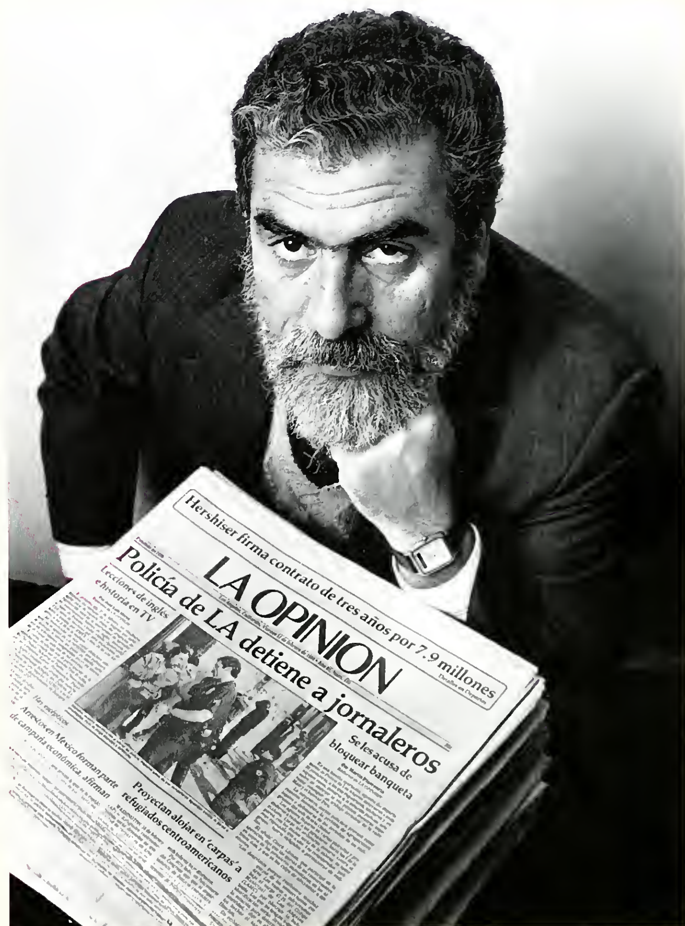
To describe this nation of immigrants somebody called it the "melting pot." In Los Angeles it is called the "salad bowl," perhaps recognizing that we are *juntos pero no revueltos*. Together but not mixed.

Assimilation is a two-way exchange and it happens on different levels: structurally, culturally, economically, psychologically and biologically. In the Hispanic community the assimilative factors outweigh the dissimilative ones, yet we are still either a threat or a mystery to mainstream America.

Yes, we are different from the American stereotype. The closeness to our fatherland, Mexico, makes it difficult for us to assimilate as the Europeans did, but that does not make Hispanics bad Americans.

Many factors differentiate the Hispanic experience, but the will to belong is the same as that of any other group of any other origin.

As the new wave of immigration becomes a fact of life in America,



Sergio Muñoz: *Hispanics in the U.S. must first reach equality before they can excel*

everyone would benefit to understand the Hispanic experience.

And please, let me be very clear. We Hispanics value self-discipline and self-mastery and all those traits that define character. Even more, we cherish such values as fairness and the belief that diversity is a plus.

Like the new Asian immigrants, we believe in a strong family life. We show respect for our elders and we are an optimistic group. Our faith in tomorrow springs out of necessity.

We want to participate in the larger society, but we also want to maintain our language and traditions. We feel this will make us richer citizens; that bilingualism is better than monolingualism. In many ways, including our performance on the battlefield, Hispanics have proven to be loyal Americans.

According to the latest census figures, 19 million Hispanics live in the U.S. This number does not consider the undocumented population, which may add perhaps 3 million more. California is our favorite place of residence—33 percent of all Hispanics in the U.S. live there. There are many reasons why we live in California. One is the impressive economic growth of the state. Yet the human phenomenon in California is far more interesting than the state's gross domestic product or the record-high levels of productivity. California has become the gateway for new immigrants. Thousands of people from all over Latin America and the nations of the Pacific Rim arrive daily to the West Coast's version of Ellis Island.

Most Hispanic immigrants are young people. The median age is 22, and nowhere is our youthfulness more evident than at school. This is the good news. Right now, of the 600,000 students in the Los Angeles Unified School District, 59.6 percent are Hispanic. Surveys report that Hispanic parents and students have higher educational aspirations than those of any other group.

Now the bad news: in 1988 about 65 percent of the kids in kindergarten were Hispanic; of 26,880 seniors who graduated in June '88, 10,365 were Hispanic, or 39 percent; 17,543 children dropped out of the 10th, 11th and 12th grades. Of these, 9,001 were Hispanic: 51 percent of all dropouts. This disproportionate rate of attrition means that our needs will exceed our future opportunities. Without education, our future looks bleak.

But why is this happening?

To explain this complex and multifaceted reality, some people have proposed a one-dimensional answer: Hispanics do not support education and their children are incapable of achieving. This nonsensical and racist approach intends to justify the failures of our educational institutions with a cliche.

"Such beliefs," writes Dr. Arturo Madrid, one of the many outstanding Hispanic educators, "betray a lack of understanding of American realities and Hispanic conditions. Our history has been one of exclusion from the life of U.S. institutions, not the least from educational institutions."

We Hispanics have been long ignored and now when we are recognized it is with a stigma: we are a problem, a deficit, non-participants in the life of the society. This discourse should be avoided, as it traps us in parodies and stereotypes—a people deprived of character.

For every stereotype that tries to diminish our stature as a people, I can counter with numerous examples of a hard-working, creative, resourceful and tenacious population.

To those who doubt our capacity for hard work, I invite them to work one day in the fields picking strawberries; to those who deny our creativity, I suggest that they become acquainted with the vibrant expressions of our painters, sculptors, poets and novelists; to those who don't believe in our resourcefulness, I invite them to survive in a marginalized world and prosper as we have done; to those who are skeptical about our tenacity, I would ask them to visit Garfield High School and talk to Professor Jaime Escalante and the students he prepares for the advanced calculus exams. There they could understand what determination really means.

What has happened is that we have been excluded from mainstream America.

Professor Madrid says that despite the fact that he is an American citizen by birth, whose ancestors' presence in America predates the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, his normal experience is to be asked, "Where are you from?"

His physical appearance, his speech patterns, his name and even his profession (a Spanish professor) make people see him as "the other."

There were many other things that made him realize as a young boy that he indeed was "the other."

Madrid grew up in a small village in New Mexico where most people were of Hispanic descent; yet in newspapers, magazines, books and movies, on radio and television, nobody looked or sounded like him, his family or friends. The outside world was wide, but belonged to someone else: the Americanos.

School became an opportunity "to become an Americano." He learned the Pledge of Allegiance and how to speak English.

He learned the language but he also learned that the corollary to learning English was forgetting his knowledge of Spanish.

As difficult as it is to believe, I know many Hispanics who were hit by their teachers and scorned by their peers for speaking Spanish.

"Being the other," writes Professor Madrid, "is feeling different. It means being outside the circle, being on the edges. Otherness results in feeling excluded, closed out, precluded, disdained and scorned."

Have things really changed from the time when Arturo was a child? Yes, to a certain extent. Yet there are still quite a few problems with the

educational programs that Hispanics in the U.S. have to endure. The education provided to our children is so deficient that, unless we change it dramatically, we will never catch up as a group and excellence will be achieved only by a few individuals—at an enormous price.

To prove my assertion, let me give you some facts about our schools.

Latinos are concentrated in very large schools where there is hardly any student interaction with adults, be they teachers or principals.

Our schools are perpetually underfunded. At the rate the school population is growing, there is already the need for additional funding merely to stay even with current levels.

Most of the Hispanic children who attend school have limited proficiency in English. To make them more proficient, we can try many methods, but most educators believe that bilingual education is the fastest and best method to achieve language proficiency.

In L.A. there is now a serious contrast between teachers and students. The average teacher is white, 50 years old, monolingual in English, underpaid and thinking about retirement: the typical student is young, Hispanic, poor, almost bilingual and comes from a culturally distinct background.

The mismatch is evident and the consequences tragic. We not only have a severe dropout problem, but also a severe push-out problem, stemming from boredom.

The question then becomes what do we do so that our children can achieve a quality education?

As Estela Herrera, a colleague at *La Opinion* pointed out in testimony before the Civil Rights Commission, "Tightening standards alone will solve nothing until all students have an equal chance of accomplishing these higher goals. By 1990 there will be half a million more students in the schools and a disproportionately large number of them will not speak English, will live below the poverty line, and will have physical and emotional handicaps. Because of these factors, the school system will require more funds just to provide services at current level."

In other words, we must first reach equality so that we can then excel.

Even so, this is not an easy task. There is ample evidence of the gap between Hispanic children and children from other ethnic backgrounds; we still lack appropriate preventive and remedial programs for our children.

Faced with this nightmarish landscape, where do we meet? Dr. Novak has chosen virtue as an essential value. Virtuous will be he or she who possesses self-discipline, self-mastery, autonomy and freedom from passion, ignorance and prejudice. In other words, he or she who has character. If there is a distinctive feature of the Hispanic experience in the United States, I would describe it in terms of self-discipline, self-mastery, and character. If you don't have these qualities you don't leave your homeland, endure the long and painful journey towards the North and have optimism for your future as we Hispanics do.

But virtue should not mean only self-discipline, self-mastery and character. It should mean placing value on the differences among us and striving for a harmony based on this respect. Hispanics are different, but this is a virtue, not a detriment. This difference should not mean a reduction in our quality of life.

What we should accomplish is the actualization of the old American dream of equal opportunity for the tired, the poor, and the unwanted who come here.

By the first half of the nineteenth century, Charles Fourier had conceived the perfect place in which to live. A society devoid of injustice, vice and crime. The name of this place was Harmony and he chose the name to fit within a musical context. He was proposing an established order made up of variations and contrasts that would be resolved in chords.

This idea of Fourier struck me as a concept that somehow prefigured my vision of the United States. Where else in the world can we find such diversity? Where else had there been a nation of immigrants struggling and succeeding to obtain a national identity? We should join forces with the advocates of the plural choir and devote our effort towards reaching harmony. Let's arrange the voices in concert and create a symphony where the bass complements the soprano and supports the baritone. Harmony is the goal; variations and contrasts are welcomed.

Sergio Muñoz was born and reared in Mexico City. He moved to the United States ten years ago, when he joined La Opinion, *the nation's oldest and largest Spanish-language newspaper. He serves as the paper's executive editor.*

He was a teacher for twenty years, instructing students from kindergarten to graduate school in such diverse subjects as history, Spanish, philosophy, civics, and literature.

"For the past ten years," he states, "I've worked toward building a multi-national, multi-lingual, multi-cultural society and I'm convinced that this multiplicity has given me the opportunity to understand better the complex world we live in."

Teaching by the Book

B [illegible]

AMERICANS HAVE CREATED A CULTURE THAT SUPPORTS FAILURE AND A SCHOOL SYSTEM THAT LEADS THE WAY

I was doing all right with your speech, Mike, until you got down and began to quote Jefferson, and I just stopped listening. We hold Jefferson up as a man of values, but you have read of Jefferson's relationship with people that are dark and different, and learned something he did down in Virginia besides build an institution. I understand his relationship with the slaves, but Jefferson is not the one that's going to get to me about values.

I was also concerned when I looked at our panel here and I saw that there's one Hispanic and two blacks. My paranoia says that in this country, if that's the case, there's another set of values or something going on, and I don't understand. Well, I do understand.

If we want to talk about education—how can we teach—we have to consider some basic facts. One is that the inequity in our American education derives from our failure to teach those students that are dark and different, those who are poor. The truth is that schools teach those that they think they must teach; the ones that they think they shouldn't teach, they just don't bother to teach. The truth of the matter is that our kids know how to learn in more ways. But we kind of equalize that because we know how to teach in some ways, so that most of them can't learn. And we choose to do that time and time again.

But there's never been a time in the life of the American school when [educators and policymakers] haven't known all we need to know in order to teach those that we choose to teach. So we are going to come back and talk about which values and whose values and be upfront about our values. The confusing thing is that we have a fairly decent set of espoused values, but our values and actions are something altogether different. And you'll find that many of us now, after so long seeing what you do, no longer hear what you say.

Jerome Harris: *Values change according to those who are standing in front of them.*

So we talk about the value of education in Los Angeles and how we wish to educate the Hispanic. And you have Garfield High School, and you have a teacher over there who's done such a marvelous job of

getting many of those kids to pass the SAT, that a movie was made about him. And he knows how to teach kids from the barrio. And he's been there five, seven years. Two miles down the road, there's Roosevelt High School, and nobody has found out how to transfer that knowledge from Garfield to Roosevelt. In fact, they haven't even transferred it from Garfield to the other math classes in Garfield, because there are more than two math classes in Garfield. That can't be an accident. The values of this country say that we don't want to educate those kids.

Basically in this country there is a clear conspiracy, and that conspiracy is designed to keep kids in the dark—"poor, dumb nigger." The problem with the conspiracy is that it is a covert conspiracy. People don't even have to get together to conspire because they can just do it intuitively. They don't have to wake up and say, "How am I going to keep them down today?" When everybody wakes up, it's already been designed. We already know what we have to do, and we do it.

The problem is that we are all conspirators . . . even me. We're all doing it because the culture and system we have force us to do it.

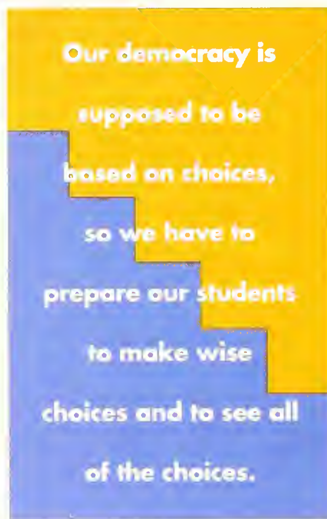
So we need to begin, I think, to speak to behaviors and not to values, because we know, clearly, that the difference in pupils' performance seems to be attributed to factors that are directly under control of the schools. But we would rather believe—because how else can you explain to those kids at Garfield that learned a higher math—that kids' learning abilities are attributed to factors on which the school has no influence—something like their family, their income, their race, and other items of that nature.

Now know that [these factors] do play a part. But we can find kids from almost any race, any economic level, any home circumstance, that can do well in school. And *do* well in school.

When I was in school, we found exceptions to the rule. We could not have law if there were exceptions to it, and I imagine that still holds. One of the things we need to do is to take the natural conflicts that are in our society and milk them, massage them, so that we can bring about a new order that allows all persons in the salad bowl to begin to participate in our society.

How can we have a society that has too many choices?

That's what freedom is about. Freedom is about choices. The more choices you have, the freer you are.



If you have only one choice, that's what we talked about as Communism. There aren't any choices. Our democracy is supposed to be based on choices, so we have to prepare our students. We have to prepare our students to make wise choices and to see all of the choices. The more choices they can see, the better off we are.

Effective schools are as eager to abort those things that don't work as they are to find things that do work. We have found, clearly, many things that do work. But if you look at our school system and see the conspiracy, you'll see that in the 1950s or 1960s, Coleman came out with a report in which he says basically [that non-whites are] culturally deprived. Hispanics have no culture; blacks have no culture.

By definition I'm certain that we know at this school, everybody's got a culture, whether it's good or bad. Nobody can be culturally deprived. Culturally deprived—that was the term of the times. And from that [politicians] passed Chapter 1 Legislation, which was supposed to place into the schools cultural experiences of the kind to correct that cultural deprivation.

That was a long time ago, and it hasn't been corrected yet. But [the program] never was designed to correct [cultural deprivation] because that was part of the conspiracy. They took a school day, from 8:30 to 3:00, and said, "We are going to put something extra in this school day, but we are going to do it between 8:30 and 3:00."

Now, how can you put something into a day that's already filled up? If you want to do something extra, you would have to add it either before the school starts or after school.

Then, the government spent the rest of the time—the next five, ten, twenty years—running around trying to see if educators were, I think they used the word "supplanting." That is, if [schools] were using federal money to supplant their other money.

By definition, you have to do that because it would be used during the same period of time. So that cultural deprivation model lasted and is still there.

But in the sixties, Monahan came on the scene with a different set of research for our friend Nixon. His advice to Nixon was that there is nothing you can do for those people you are trying to help . . . that the best thing you can do is shy them off.

And after this came "denial and neglect," another part of the conspiracy. Nixon did that—deny and neglect.

In fact, Reagan picked it up, and it is still going on—denying and neglecting that which we know. And in between Reagan and Nixon there were other scientists, Jenson and Jenks. They said that there is something genetically wrong with minority people in this country. [Minorities] will never be able to do anything because they don't have the genes. And we know I don't buy that.

In the 1970s we did come out with a bit of research that was important, and that bit of research was about the effect of schools. It talked about schools that could work. It talked about the examples in Garfield. It talked about the schools that are here, that are there, that are all over the country, with large numbers of minority kids, where all students have learned. And it looked at those schools in the files and isolated the characteristics that cause them to be effective.

We would much rather believe, as educators, that the reason our kids don't learn is because they have the wrong parents, because they use drugs, or because they're poor. That abstains us from having any responsibility at all and places all the value on the child.

So if we talk about values, I'm paranoid. Because I don't know whose values we are going to talk about and who is going to define those values.

However, I have realized that our world is always value labeled and in everything that we do values are applied. But I think that we have to be ever vigilant so that we don't keep doing the same things in perpetuity even though the data consistently reveals that a large portion of the population gets absolutely nothing for what it is that we are doing.

This system basically has not worked for me, it hasn't worked for many of the poor kids, and surprisingly enough, there's a large white population that it didn't work for either. And we need to do something about that because we can't ignore the masses of people that the system is not working for.

What happens when the homeless outnumber you? When the homeless outnumber you, are you going to let them vote? If you let them vote, you know what's going to happen in every election. They're going to vote out whoever is in because the system will not be working for them. And if you don't let them vote, then you're talking about a form of government that is supposed to be alien to us.

We have a culture that supports failure, and our school system leads the way. Our schools basically are designed for what I call the culture of America. Our schools are the only place in America designed for cooperation. In the school system, people are supposed to work together, study together.

Now, in college or in public schools, they even tell teachers they are supposed to teach together. I say, "How are they going to learn how to teach when nobody will show them how to do it in college?"

But the school system is built on cooperation.

Democracy, however, is built on competition—and that's the difference. Our kids get competition when they watch television, competition when they hear the radio. They get competition when they read the paper; and when they come to school, we say, "cooperate." And that's kind of heavy to them.

You see, cooperation carried to a larger extreme becomes Communism, and that's the thing we are supposed to hate. But I've learned that when we talk about values, that is, as we talk about values, our values shift according to where we are. If Georgia keeps going in the direction it is going, we will have one school system run by the state. Understand the significance of that. When we talk about the State of Georgia, we talk about state rights versus local rights. We almost have one school system now run by the state.

The state controls entry and evaluation to all the public schools: who can teach children, how you are going to evaluate their teachers. And if the state can control all of that, it can control what [administrators] are going to do in [schools].

Values change according to those who are standing in front of them. So the one thing I try to do with my kids is at least teach them skepticism, so they can at least question the values.

Because more often than not, those values are not in their best interest.

Dr. J. Jerome Harris was born and educated in Raleigh, N.C. He received degrees from Shaw University, Tuskegee Institute and Claremont Graduate School.

Dr. Harris began his career as a science teacher in North Carolina. He worked for the Los Angeles City School District from 1960-1970. Under his leadership, New York City's Community School District 13 became the only predominately minority school district in which more than sixty percent of its students performed at or above grade level on standardized reading and mathematics tests.

Dr. Harris currently serves as Superintendent of the Atlanta Public School System.

The Late-Model Student

BY GAYLE PEMBERTON

TODAY'S STUDENTS ARE DIFFERENT FROM 1950s' UNDERGRADUATES. WHAT VALUES WILL A GENERATION RAISED ON TELEVISION DURING THE "ME" DECADE TAKE INTO THE FUTURE?

There are so many issues in Michael Novak's talk that I would like to address; I know it's impossible, but I thought I would just start by way of quoting the epilogue of Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*, a very major American classic. At the beginning of this novel, the invisible man is a young boy, almost a teenager, who hears his grandfather's deathbed words that have shocked the family. The family is much undone by these words his grandfather says to his father. " 'Son, after I'm gone I want you to keep up the good fight. I never told you, but our life is a war and I have been a traitor all my born days, a spy in the enemy's country ever since I give up my gun back in the Reconstruction. Live with your head in a lion's mouth, I want you to overcome 'em with yeses, undermine 'em with grins, agree 'em to death and destruction, let 'em swoller you till they vomit or bust wide open.' They thought the old man had gone out of his mind; he had been the meekest of men. The younger children were rushed from the room, the shades drawn, and the point of the lamp turned so low that it sputtered on the wick like the old man's breathing. 'Learn it to the younguns,' he whispered fiercely; then he died."

Gayle Pemberton: *The founding fathers' pluralism may be different for our new age.*

Invisible Man is a novel of the absurd, often surrealistic journey that the black invisible man takes through this life, in a world where he is not seen for his individual self, but is seen just as black, and hence, not seen.

So at the very end of the epilogue [the protagonist] is still wondering about these words, these words that have haunted him for twenty years, so he says, "Could he have meant," and he's speaking of his grandfather's words, "hell, he *must* have meant the principle, that we were to affirm the principle on which the country was built and not the men, or at least not the men who did the violence. Did he mean to say 'yes' because he knew that the principle was greater than the men, greater than the numbers and the vicious power and all the methods used to corrupt its name? Did he mean to affirm the principle, which they themselves had dreamed into being out of the chaos and

darkness of the feudal past, and which they had violated and compromised to the point of absurdity, even in their own corrupt minds? Or did he mean that we had to take the responsibility for all of it, for the men as well as the principle, because we were the heirs who must use the principle because no other fitted our needs? Not for the power or for indication, but because we, with the given circumstance of our origin, could only thus find transcendence? Was it that we of all, we, most of all, had to affirm the principle, the plan in whose name we had been brutalized and sacrificed—not because we would always be weak nor because we were afraid or optimistic, but because we were older than they, in the sense of what it took to live in the world with others and because they had exhausted in us, some—not much, but some—of the human greed and smallness, yes, and the fear and superstition that had kept them running."

He goes on.

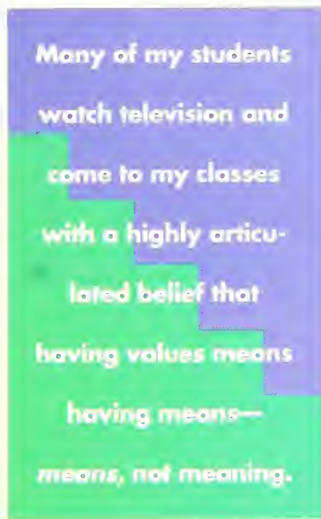
He's still answering the question, still stuck with this, ultimately coming to the conclusion that his grandfather's words were right for his grandfather's time. Out of Reconstruction, giving up his gun, he had developed a method of living that still affirmed the principle but that he could not take his grandfather's words and superimpose them on his life and have them give the meaning that he needed in modern times.

Let me take a very large leap. It's connected. I've been intrigued by the television advertising slogan, and I think this is a national campaign. If it isn't, I'm lost. "This is not your father's Oldsmobile." Good.

Much comes to my mind. First literally, the picture of the automobile on the screen is *not* my father's Oldsmobile. My father had a Packard, later a Buick.

Now, my grandfather had an Oldsmobile, from the days of Florence Henderson and Bill Hayes singing the Oldsmobile song. It was wrecked one afternoon as I was sitting at a stoplight in Kansas City, Missouri, when a driver, impatient with the evening rush hour and who unknowingly cut off a monster truck, which plowed into me. My grandfather's Olds was in smithereens.

I also suspect the car in the picture is not your father's, or your grandfather's, Oldsmobile either. But all this being said in spite of the literalist mentality driving most television ads, one of the lower common denominators. I suspect the ad people don't expect me to go



quite as far as I have with one possible and very personal reading of their slogan. So I go to another reading, on a broader, but not necessarily less literal, level.

"This is not your father's Oldsmobile" suggests that the new sleek 1989 model on the screen is for a new generation—new technology, lighter materials. (Oldsmobiles were always thought to be heavy cars where I came from.) You missed your chance is another reading. There could be a gender reading, "It is not—definitely is not—your mother's Oldsmobile."

Now, if I gauge the age group appeal correctly, I'm probably closer in age to the mother who didn't get a chance to drive an Oldsmobile, heavy cars. After all women old enough to be my mother, if they drove at all, were expected to drive tentatively, and not well, Nash Ramblers. The age groups of the fathers in these ads is mid-fiftyish, so these fiftyish mothers drove Fords and Chevys, whose station wagons were heavy cars, and the price of which was not comparable to Dad's Oldsmobile.

I shouldn't be too critical. The images and texts of the love affair with automobiles have always been male. "Drive away with me, Lucille, in my brand new Oldsmobile." Or take what reportedly *is* the ultimate driving experience—the German road cars—the Porsche, the Mercedes-Benz, the BMW. You will not see a woman driving the American businessman with his West German counterparts on the Autobahn at 160 kilometers per minute.

There's another reading. As a black American woman, I also read "this is not your Oldsmobile" along racial lines, except for the argument of cultural imagery about blacks of my generation. My father, if he could afford a car at all, would not have been caught dead in an Oldsmobile. Another GM variety, also called the Buick Electra 225 by the GM catalog, is what my father should have driven.

Actually, my father was in race relations, made very little money, and concluded that the economy Buick was as far as he could go for the sake of propriety. To drive a Chevy made him look unprofessional; to drive a big Oldsmobile or Buick made him look as if he made too much money. He didn't want to send messages that might be misread. When he died, he owned a mid-sized Pontiac.

I'm suggesting that the four readings of "This is not your father's Oldsmobile" that I have mentioned have some variety of value attached to them. Granted, values range from my sense gleaned over the years from

handed-down wisdom that an Oldsmobile is a terrific, once comparatively expensive car, that appealed to white men. The only news in this for you, I suspect, are the levels of personal narrative I add.

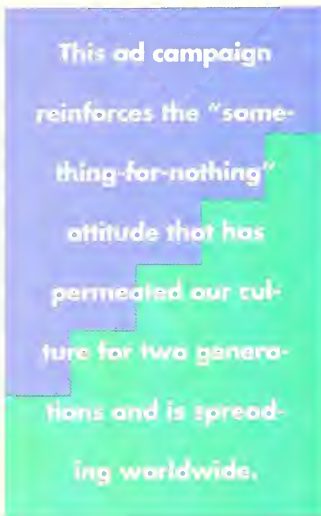
What really bothers me about this ad requires more narration. I've seen it in three variations: Two sons and one daughter of celebrities are featured. In each the child says, "Look what my father had to do to get this Oldsmobile." Monte Hall of "Let's Make a Deal" fame had to oversee thousands of presumably normal citizens dressed in ridiculous costumes, throw up, gush, and otherwise make fools of themselves in order to win prizes, to get his Oldsmobile.

In another, an astronaut had to show the extraordinary skill, courage, and mental agility to fly to the moon. I can't remember what the third dad did, but he did something to get his Oldsmobile, and the children, satisfied and content, said, "All I have to do to get my Oldsmobile is to go see my Oldsmobile dealer." As the ad ends, fading into the sunset, Dad climbs into the passenger seat and lets the child drive him away.

My fifth reading of this ad campaign bothers me for it says that Dad has to do some kind of work for his Oldsmobile—stupid, courageous, banal, hard—whatever. He worked for it, while the child merely plunks down money—the source of which is really unclear but it is implied, "Dad gave it to him/her"—to get the car to drive the ol' geezer home.

Something is amiss in all of this for me. The source of my anxiety is a television ad, not a scholarly text. And if you are prone to dismiss my concern because it is just a commercial, let me remind you that our political campaigns have been commercials for years. Written by ad people for a public that they assume can and will only read visual text less than one minute long, and who will not agonize over the veiled subtext therein. I do not know whether this new Oldsmobile campaign will be successful. What I do know is that to me it reinforces the something-for-nothing attitude/dream/desire that has permeated our culture for a longer time than the last two generations, and which shows every indication of spreading worldwide.

You may not watch television or pay any attention to commercials; my colleagues may not either. Historians, philosophers, literary critics, and policymakers may abhor television ads and my use of one as a



text. But many of my students do watch television and come to my classes with a highly articulated belief that having values means having means—*means*, not meaning. They believe that values are personal and relative, and that making as much money as possible by packaging the self will make everything better. After all, Henry Ford said, "History is bunk."

This is not your father's undergraduate. What does this have to do with the questions of the afternoon or Michael Novak's comments?

Plenty. No, I do not teach a course in what is commonly dubbed popular culture. I do believe in texts taught well, and what I mean by taught well does not consist of a sea of heads lowered with pens transcribing received wisdom, but tests, challenged by teacher and student, with everyone teaching and learning. That creates a context for discourse. Taking it probably as far as I can go, "This is not your father's Oldsmobile" questions the wisdom of the American work habit. None of the featured children has done any work that we, the audience, knows of, other than appearing in the ad and being lucky to have been the child of the father. The message can be loaded and pernicious, without the mediation of questioning, without a collective effort to ascertain meanings, without a context. The suppositions we need to know that are fundamental to that ad campaign. Without this questioning, we run the risk of helping to create ignorant and arrogant citizens. They do not really know otherwise, and I think they become a kind of oxymoronic title of the innocent cynic, when in the language perhaps of Dr. Marty yesterday, they read value as a good buy in the Sunday newspaper.

But wait, perhaps there is some value in "This is not your father's Oldsmobile." I won't let it go. It might well rest on something else Dr. Marty said on Founders' Day: "We can reform in light of the intentions of the founders."

Times, indeed, have changed. Your father's Oldsmobile used leaded gas, drank that gas at an obscene rate, had no catalytic converter, intermittent wipers, harness seat belts, rear defroster, A.M.-F.M. multiplex stereo, or graphic equalizer. It would serve only as a classic on a beautiful New England fall afternoon, leading a parade, in an Arizona classic car sale, or as a safe piece of junk to park in Boston or New York. It simply isn't the same now as it was then. And Dad can't drive it because he hasn't the experience for it. He was only at the point of conceiving of it; the child must drive it home. It is important to know the context of the world of

your father's Oldsmobile, however, that there is indeed some wisdom to be received about that old Olds that has absolutely nothing to do with the vehicle itself, but rather a society and its assumption that some ad person so cavalierly believed were worthless to your intentions now.

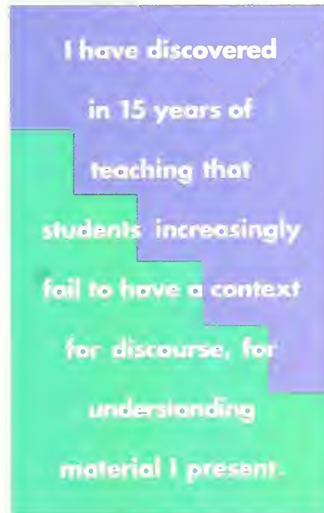
The University of Chicago is doing well during this symposium, and we've heard a wonderful talk by one of its greatest scholars. And the topic of this panel exists in some part in the shadow of the pronouncements of Martin Marty. And I am lately much taken with the latest book by Wayne C. Booth, one of very few literary critics who keeps me believing in the enterprise of literary scholarship. Booth, in *The Company We Keep*, an ethics of fiction, writes about our contemporary need to reaffirm ethical criticism. He says in his introduction:

"We can no longer pretend that ethical criticism is passé; it is practically everywhere, often surreptitiously, often guiltily, often badly, partly because we have so little serious talk about why it is important, what purposes it serves, and how it might be done well."

Booth, incidentally, does not limit his range of texts to the so-called canonical texts of Western literature. I will be bold and extend Booth's range to a wider range of criticism and not just literary; it is practiced everywhere. What I have discovered in over 15 years of teaching is that increasingly my students fail to have context for discourse, for understanding the material I present to them.

When I ask what the cultural suppositions and beliefs of the author are, what we can understand from his/her writing, I'm often met with silent stares. They seem not to have enough material to make connections.

It is probably obvious then that I don't think those connections only come from reading the classics but that the classics and the hidden classics of women, blacks, and members of other minority groups are being enhanced when we make the connections between them. It is impossible to read the literature of black Americans in a vacuum; it responds, criticizes, comments on, emulates the so-called tradition of white male letters. Similarly, Melville's *Benito Cereno* or *Moby Dick*, Twain's *Huck Finn* or *Puddinhead Wilson*, Hemingway's novels, and William Carlos Williams' poetry are made much clearer by leading to the narrative life of Frederick



Douglass, Richard Wright's *Native Son*, the literary experimentation of the writers of the Harlem Renaissance, and the efforts of thousands of black poets to wash the language clean of so much connotative baggage that even the attempt to express blackness in positive language becomes a dearly impossible feat. The discourse comes from making connections, asking questions, questioning the authority of texts, not from unquestioned acceptance of the wisdom of the older text. This is, indeed, not your father's Oldsmobile, nor should it be.

Booth in writing about the search for universal standards says, "The search stacks narratives into a single pyramid, with all of the candidates competing for a spot at the apex. Such an assumption, when applied rigorously, will always damn a large share of the world's most valuable art, and I'll add to that thought. I propose that we think instead of an indeterminate number of pyramids," he continues, "or since pyramids suggest a rather formal stasis, of a botanical garden full of many beautiful species, each species implicitly bearing standards of excellence within its own kind. We cannot know how many good kinds there are, but presumably there is a limit somewhere. We can tell when a tulip fails to bloom or an iris is stunted and withered."

There are connections to be made, and perhaps the character that needs to be built is a character where we resist the tendency to accept the many conflicting signals of our culture, where we turn on the electronic gizmo that sends us a set of highly-charged propagandistic values that are in direct competition with some texts that subvert the intentions, perhaps, of our founders. Where character and metals and virtue and values—that are so important for our survival—might indeed be undone, where we can continue perhaps to recognize that the pluralism of which the founders spoke might have to be a different kind of pluralism for a new age.

Gayle Pemberton is director of minority affairs and a lecturer in English at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Me. She received her master's and doctorate from Harvard University and did her undergraduate work at the University of Michigan.

She has received a W. E. B. Du Bois Foundation Fellowship from Harvard University and a Ford Foundation Doctoral Fellowship.

Prior to her tenure at Bowdoin, she taught at Reed College, in Portland, Ore., Illinois' Northwestern University, Vermont's Middlebury College and Columbia University.

BY NANCY WOODHULL

FOR YOUR DOLLAR

I feel it is important to share our experiences in the world, to network, if you will. There are still lots of trails to blaze. Women running things is still new in our society—at least according to the rules the existing establishment has set.

But every day more of us are doing it. And, who knows, we may invent a better way to do it.

I want a world where we are not so driven by the dollar, where what a person says is what he or she means and does, where the good of society is as important as the good of the stockholder, where women and minorities and people from a different side of the tracks are welcomed, not ostracized.

Are we there now? No.

Can we be? Absolutely.

And women leaders have an opportunity to play a big role in changing things. Why? Because some of us don't know the existing rules.

And for those of us who have had to learn the old rules to survive, let's hope we don't get so used to them that we don't know how to modify them. So don't read too many books on how to play by the rules. Read about those people who are finding new rules, new ways to lead, to run businesses that serve our society.

We should be proud that we're smart, well educated, and have a strong sense of integrity. We don't have a history of lying, stealing and killing—crime stats attest to that. If we can find the confidence and the opportunities to lead—or be heard by leaders—we have a lot to offer.

I sound like women are the solution to the world's problems. Who knows? We may be.

About business and ethics without regard to sex.

People can make this subject of business and ethics sound complicated—like the ethics of business are different from anything else. But they aren't any different from standards that are acceptable in other parts of our lives. Most of us wouldn't steal from members of our family.

But adults think nothing of taking notepads from the office and not asking for them nor offering to pay.

You might say, "Big deal. That's pretty small stuff."

Then let's get more complicated.

If brother Johnny told us a secret, we wouldn't blab it all over town. People wouldn't trust us as much; we would burn our bridges. Not a good position to be in when you want to convince others you want to use the family car or borrow some money.

But in business these days, it's not considered odd to take advantage of other folks' secrets. To bank on "inside information"—secrets.

Is the difference between how you act in the business environment and family environment the fact that in the family you get caught faster? You don't have to face your business cohorts at the dinner table every night?

I think that's one of the reasons.

Before planes, trains and automobiles, most of us stayed put in our small town. Every day we had to face our successes and failures. It was tough to pull the wool over people's eyes and still get a job or remain a member in good standing of a community.

Good standing. Boy, that was a jewel to have. You don't hear it much anymore. Maybe because people aren't as associated with communities anymore.

Thanks to those wonderful inventions—trains, planes and automobiles. They allow us to move on, to leave our mistakes behind. They

USA TODAY

even allow us to be creative about what we did back home. Resumes, for instance. You can do more tinkering. Who's to know that weekend management seminar wasn't an MBA program?

And people got away with this.

Why did people let this happen? Why did business let it happen?

We had the wherewithal to move away from our past and not be followed.

But also a good part of society rates money as the most important thing. We have a society brought up on the Vince Lombardi statement: "Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing." That oversimplifies football and life. And since Lombardi is no longer here to defend himself, it's unfair for me to imply he was the root of today's evil. He was talking about desire, not results.

My business, the journalism business, has not been without its ethical problems.

In 1981, a *Washington Post* reporter admitted she made up the newspaper story that won her a Pulitzer Prize.

In 1985, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter was convicted of fraud. He sold advance word on the contents of his column to Wall Street insiders.

Earlier this year, an assistant TV news director in Florida was accused of tapping into a rival station's newsroom computer. He allegedly was able to get into the system because he used to work for the station.

Such events are of great concern to us because millions of people every day read newspapers, watch the news on TV or listen to it on the radio. If a news company loses its credibility, it loses its business. In the sixties there was a great ethical cleanup. Codes of ethics were drawn up in newsrooms, freebies that used to be taken—such as free plane trips to faraway places—were no longer accepted, etc.

In our business, public perception is as important as the truth. It can't even look like something is wrong.

We have a new ethical controversy going on in our business. That has to do with a group of folks who have been referred to as the "Celeb Press"—those are the folks who populate the talk shows, who haul in huge speaking fees for convention dinners, who leverage their role as a member of the press to line their wallets.

Coleman McCarthy, a Washington Post columnist, really took this group to task in his column. He focused on the controversy in D.C. that is pushing for congresspeople to reform honoraria—the payment of fees for speaking engagements. Rep. William H. Gray III of Pennsylvania says he will support reform of such honoraria for folks in Congress when the press reforms honoraria.

Coleman McCarthy, the Post columnist, says "right on" to Gray's statement. He says that many special-interest groups that pay $2,000 for a politician's speech pony up two, five or sometimes ten times that much for the chatter of a media hotdog. McCarthy adds that trade associations lavish honoraria on well-known editors, anchors, reporters, and columnists for the same reasons politicians are paid: to reward past favors or to increase the chances for future ones. Buying access to an editor or columnist isn't strategically different, McCarthy says, to buying it from a politician. Either way, it's a carefully considered investment.

Why shouldn't, McCarthy asks, the public be told that a columnist, who regularly supports the positions of one trade association, also tell the public in the same column he might be writing about the association, that he or she spoke at the group's annual convention and what the fee was?

McCarthy says, in Washington, "A double standard is now in place as if put there by poured cement."

Now I don't want to give you the idea that this is running rampant among members of the press. It is not. Many news organizations impose internal sanctions against editors and reporters accepting fees from groups—or others have sanctions against accepting fees from those they cover.

So ethics continues to be a watchword for the press. And also the most popular issue surrounding politicians. Another raging controversy is whether folks take government jobs to serve the people or to make more from writing books after they quit the job of serving the people.

That wasn't always the way. Bryce Harlow was a Republican advisor to presidents . . . a confidante to Eisenhower. He set up the Nixon and Ford White Houses. He was called back to help out during the Watergate days. He died last year. He never wrote a book. He chose not to. He steadfastly believed that his thoughts were the property of the people he served.

He was trusted to advise. People knew he advised for the good of the government without any considerations for personal gain. And he often differed with the leaders he advised. But they listened. Possibly because they knew he had no ax to grind.

But Bryce Harlows are rare because the high rent district looks good and the chances of eviction are slim as long as the money keeps coming in.

By the way, I've never gotten a fee for speaking. If a group chooses, they can donate [the funds] to charity, but I never take money for myself.

Now, you may ask, when does unethical behavior catch up with us?

Maybe it's beginning to catch up with us now.

There's a lot of talk about ethics these days. It's a hot topic in Washington. There are signs that some folks are starting to feel the heat.

When do you feel the heat?

You feel the heat when the bottom line starts to suffer. The bottom line starts to suffer when several of your employees get convicted in court, and people don't want to do business with you anymore.

You feel the heat when people go elsewhere for services when they don't find your services reliable.

Enter the computer network and enter Marshall McLuhan's global village. Because the whole world is linked by computers and satellites and fiber optics now, it is a lot easier to take your business elsewhere.

And it's a lot less easy to move from town to town without leaving a path. For instance, the politician who says one thing in one state about taxes and another thing about taxes in another state, is more easily found out as journalists become more adept at researching the issues via computer libraries.

And computer tracking has made it easier to find the inside traders, too.

But we need more than just computers to force us to be accountable. We need a new sense of direction and an idea of where we're going.

In his recent book, Lee Iacocca worries that we won't leave the world a better place for the next generation. He talks about the Statue of Liberty, and why he was so involved in raising money to repair her weathered body. He talks about liberty. And he talks about the many letters he received. One of the letters was from a Japanese medical professor who told Iacocca that when he studied in America two decades ago, he learned many things. Among them: Do not break a promise, respect a contract, encourage public morality. . . .

Since returning to Japan, he and his family have lived by those values. But when he visited this country recently, he saw an old American friend. His friend no longer lived by those principles. He told Iacocca that he felt that America had really changed since he was here.

Iacocca says there's truth in what the man writes. Iacocca talks about how he looks around and sees Wall Street executives being dragged away in handcuffs. A national deficit so high he can't count the zeros. A government paying farmers not to plant their land while the homeless go hungry on the streets.

Iacocca thinks we've got to start with the basics; how we raise our kids, how we care for our sick and homeless, what each of us truly believes. He says the only institution he knows that works is the family; he thinks a civilized world can't remain civilized if its foundation is built on anything but the family. A city, state, or country can't be any more than the sum of its vital parts—millions of family units. He says you can't have a country or a city or a state if you don't start with the family.

WHEN DOES UNETHICAL

CONDUCT CATCH UP WITH

UST MAYBE NOW.

I agree, Mr. Iacocca.

And that brings me back to something I said earlier. Something I said I'd get back to.

Women . . .

When it comes to honesty, integrity, doing the right thing, the most consistent environment in America has been the home. And as more women take their talents from the family place to the work place, I hope they will bring along those values and not be ashamed or shy about advancing them.

So just maybe instead of talking about ethics in business here today, I'm talking about a future of ethics and integrity in everything we do. Not because we're women, but because we can bring basic values and a fresh approach to everything we do—every day we do it. It's not that men can't do the same, but now they may be looking to us as role models for a better way to go. That's a lot of responsibility, and if we're going to live up to it, we need to be constantly aware that everything we do has an impact on everyone and everything around us.

And we need to improve our ethical memory.

Try this exercise . . .

If you can, play back—in your mind—the scene of that fateful moment during the final flight of the space shuttle Challenger. Then play back the months of anguished testimony on all the opportunities to correct the hundreds of flaws on that ill-fated spaceship . . . the final chances to say, "No, don't fly it."

Then try and say: "It's okay to cut corners. It doesn't matter. It's not me. It's not my family."

Just try it.

You'll get my point.

We each need to make sure we approach everything we do with ethics and integrity. Then we need to ask the same of our associates and our leaders. We need to ask our business, government and political leaders to be servants of society.

We need businesses and governments staffed with trustworthy teams of people who would no more treat a co-worker or customer any differently than they would a member of their family.

We need to hold our families in the highest regard.

We need to stop believing that life owes us anything more than a chance to do our best.

If you expect more than that chance, you're likely to find yourself with only the realization that the chance has passed you by.

Some way or another, we've got to make integrity stylish again.

President of Gannett News Services, Nancy J. Woodhull began her career in 1964 as a reporter at the Woodbridge (N.J.) Tribune. *She later was a reporter at the* Detroit Free Press *and managing editor of the* Rochester Times-Union *and* Rochester Democrat *before moving to* USA Today *in 1982. She currently directs both Gannett News Service and Gannett New Media, a research and development unit.*

TRANSMITTING *values* TO WOMEN

BY ROSALYNN CARTER

Values were clearly spelled out for young Rosalynn Carter. Teachers had answers and children learned them. Transmitting values to the young people of this generation is more difficult. But it can be done.

I think about how far American women have come since the time when my friends and I, in Plains, spent our free time dreaming of catching the right man and making marriage our career so we would never be old maids. Enormous changes have taken place.

Thanks to the efforts of brave women such as those whose stories we have just seen portrayed [in Out of Our Father's House] and many others up to the present day, the opportunities open to [women] are so commonplace and taken for granted that our daughters don't even know that they should thank us for them. What they can imagine themselves doing and being is truly limitless. Every young girl in our country, no matter how small her home town is, can dream of becoming anything that a young man can become. Releasing the limits on girls' imaginations may be the greatest achievement of all the changes we could have made.

There are other changes, too, both small and large. When my granddaughter, Sarah, who lives in Chicago, announced at the age of six that she was glad she was not a boy because she didn't like to wash dishes, it made me realize not only the fact that her father, my son, was doing the dishes, but that her assumptions about who does what

kind of work and about life in general are very different from those that I grew up with.

I grew up in Plains, Ga., Population 680—then and now. Everyone in town knew everyone else, which was very nice when there was trouble or somebody was sick or when someone died. There was no such thing as privacy though; everybody knew everybody else's business. (I've always said that made politics easy for me. I grew up with scrutiny.)

But Plains was a good place and a good spirit to grow up in. We grieved with one another over the sad things and rejoiced together over the happy things. Collectively, we were secure and isolated from the outside world.

With no movie theater, no library, no recreation center, and no television, the social life of the community revolved around the churches. My grandmother was a Lutheran, my grandfather was a Baptist, my mother and father were Methodists, and I went to all three churches almost every time the doors opened. I went to Sunday school and regular church services; I went to prayer meeting, to Methodist League, Baptist Girls' Auxiliary, Bible school, family nights, dinner on the grounds. And one of the big events of the year was the revival meeting in the summer. For a whole week there would be preaching morning and night, and we never missed a service. We sang and prayed and the preachers always came to our house sometime during the week for a meal.

School was the other focal point in our community. We were very proud of our school. We had about 200 students in eleven grades. Our parents participated in all school activities. We were taught to strive and compete. And successful graduates of Plains High School were invited to morning chapel services to be admired and, hopefully, emulated by the students. We studied the lives of great men and women and pondered the reasons for their achievements in life—always including their high ideals, closeness to God, and hard work.

Times were hard in the 1930s, not only for my family but for everybody. My mother and father waited until my father had a thousand dollars in the bank before they were married. A few months after they married, the bank failed and his "nest egg" was gone.

But as children we were unaware of any hardship. We grew our own food. We had good clothes—my mother made them.

We all had chores to do around the house. Our father was very strict about our responsibilities and we did our best to please him. One day when it was my brother Murray's turn to take the cow to graze by my father's garage, a car passed and frightened the cow. It ran all the whole long block home, dragging Murray the last part of the way, badly bruising and scratching him. When mother asked why he didn't just turn the rope loose, he said, "I couldn't. Daddy told me not to!"

We were brought up to believe that you did what your mother and father told you to do or you took the consequences. Sometimes, but not often, we took the consequences.

Values were spelled out very clearly in those days. Parents and teachers had the answers; we children learned them.

Ours was a traditional household. My father went off to work every day. My mother stayed at home and took care of the children. I remember the warm kitchen with a wood stove and my father coming home from work. He always rushed into the kitchen and picked up my mother, swung her around and gave her a kiss.

Stable homes were taken for granted when we were children. We never heard of a divorce in our community until long after we were adults. Divorce was considered to be a terrible sin that was committed only in Hollywood and New York—far off places. And the subject of sex was never discussed, neither at home nor in school. My mother once told me that she and my father did not even hold hands until after they were engaged. There was, it has to be said, a strong streak of primness in our values.

My life was happy and carefree in those early years, and then tragedy struck. When I was thirteen years old, my father died; within a year my mother's mother died.

One of the greatest impacts on my life was watching Mother—a traditional housewife, cherished as an only child, sheltered and cared for and very dependent upon my father, a widow at age 34 with four small children—develop into a very strong person, meeting needs and caring for her family. She did what she had to do. She went to work.

And I had to grow up overnight, being the oldest child, and assume a great deal of responsibility, especially looking after the other little children.

Within a generation, as Jimmy and I began to raise our own family, relationships between adults and children had been forever changed by the pace of events, by technology, by everyone's greater mobility.

Yet some things remained the same in our little town. When our boys were small, the churches and school were still an important part of the life of the community. This was important as we tried to give them the stability that a small community provides, the sense of belonging.

The boys were an integral part of our family enterprises, too, working alongside us in the peanut business after school and in the summer. And just as we worked together at the warehouse, we did at home, everyone pitching in with chores.

But to get to the transmission of values to the daughter in the family, which was my assignment for today: Amy was almost another generation. We had been married 21 years, our

oldest son was 20, the youngest 15 when she was born. We doted on her. People used to say she had four fathers, Jimmy and the three boys. She was never as disciplined as the boys; Jimmy always said the stern discipline hadn't worked anyway! And by the time she came along, the life of our family had changed dramatically.

Amy grew up in the Governor's Mansion and in the White House. She had just had her third birthday when we moved to the Governor's Mansion.

We had waited a long time for a little girl, and we took her with us everywhere. The problem was the places we went—political rallies or other speechmaking events. Very soon, Amy let us know that she didn't want to go anywhere she had to sit still and be quiet. So we started letting her take a book along, or a coloring book and crayons, and we even let her wander around the back of the room when she wanted. She went with me to visit mental health centers, convalescent homes, Golden Age Clubs, inner-city schools. And I never knew whether or not she listened to anything I was saying until one day when I was talking to some children in an orphanage. One of the little boys had a broken arm. I was telling him that Jimmy's mother, "Miss" Lillian, had just been in Hawaii and had broken her left arm. Amy, who had been wandering around the back of the room, came walking up onto the platform I was standing on and tugged at my skirt. When I looked down to see what she wanted, she said, "You said that wrong, it was grandmomma's right arm." She was right.

Amy grew up with the issues of the day being debated at the table and she learned to join in as she grew older—a very different life from mine. There were other differences, too. I remember one day in the Governor's Mansion when she was just three, she came into my office and asked for a pencil for her pocketbook. It was a Saturday morning and

In our own family, relationships between adults and children had been changed forever by the pace of current events, by technology, by everyone's greater mobility.

her father was going to take her to the zoo. I asked, "Amy, what do you want with a pencil?" She said, "To sign autographs." She was, and still is, nonchalant about things that were inconceivable to me. The first time I was asked for an autograph, I was overwhelmed.

But I think Amy came through this period of her life with a good perspective. Not too long ago I heard someone ask her what it felt like to live in the White House. She said, "Natural."

Well, the Governor's Mansion is on an 18-acre lot with a fence around it. We lived on the second floor, with tourists downstairs almost every day. The White House is on an 18½ acre lot—or thereabouts—with a fence around it; we lived on the second and third floors and there were tourists on the ground floor. She was not being coy.

Amy's assumptions about women's roles are closer to those of my granddaughter, Sarah, than they are to mine. All of her life I have been out of the home often. During this period of time I didn't cook or wash dishes until we came home from the White House when she was 13.

And though she grew up debating issues, we have been surprised at her activism. She never seemed very interested in issues or events of the day; she buried her head in a book at the table (a Carter family trait) or ran off to play with friends instead of meeting a visiting head of state. These things were a "natural" part of her everyday life. But she must have picked up something from the periphery. She has very strong opinions on issues and has been arrested only four times! We don't always agree with her, but we are very proud of her.

I have a story about Amy's activism that I don't know whether I should tell or not because it is really a mother's story. But not long ago we were in Africa. We have a lot of projects there, agricultural and health programs of the Carter Center, and we visit regularly. One night we were sitting around the table at a banquet with leaders of several of the countries. Jimmy had to come back home and make a speech to college presidents about how universities could help third world countries. And so he asked the men at the table what a university could do to help them. One said, "They could study the issues of our country and become familiar with our needs." Another suggested a cultural exchange program. One said that a university could develop an agricultural program for them. The last man at the table said, "One action is worth a thousand studies. Amy Carter has done more for my country than any study ever has done." It was so moving, I cried. And I decided that night that I wouldn't worry about Amy anymore. Her heart is in the right place.

Our family has always been close. I think it is because we worked together as a team in the peanut business, and then when Jimmy ran for governor and for president, we all worked together. We experienced some wonderful victories; we experienced some losses—together. And when we were in the Governor's Mansion and the White House, with everybody in the spotlight, we treasured the times we could be at home and be a normal family.

We have always tried to preserve, as much as possible, the importance of the family because we feel very strongly that it is in the home that we begin to learn some of the basic values that guide our lives and our lifestyles. Our boys are older now and scattered, but we still get together during the year. At Christmas we always take a trip together—15 of us, 16 with my mother.

We have tried to preserve the family because we feel very strongly that it is within the family, within the home, that we begin to learn the basic values that will guide our lives and our lifestyles.

Amy is 21 years old—not a child anymore—but still a young person and very independent. And young people nowadays, besides being independent, lead impersonal lives compared to the life that I lived. They have so many different options offered to them that they don't feel the same attachment to people who affect their lives as we did. They can abandon their values without much attention. This would not have been possible when I was growing up. And in all the cacophony surrounding them, from television and movies to

peer pressure concerning drugs and so on, they often decide not to let their parents or teachers—adults—preach to them.

We cannot command young people to do things today. We have to convince them that something is beneficial and let them make the decision.

Institutions play a major role in helping to shape values. Agnes Scott has traditionally found ways not only to provide the best possible education for women, but also to emphasize things like honor, spiritual growth, and personal values. Transmitting values is at the heart of the purpose of this college, and it is timely that we have this symposium and examine our values, be firm in them, and know what we stand for personally and as an institution.

Betsy Fox-Genovese, a noted historian, has said about transmitting values to young women: "They need something to rebel against and to stretch against. The greatest gift we can give is that we really believe in our values so that when they return from their rebellion, from their stretching, they have something solid to come back to." She also said, "Mrs. Carter has that with Amy. Amy is pushing values."

There are other things we can do. We can share stories about women's accomplishments from generation to generation. We can share what women have learned, and even though the world is changing, we can let young women know what women's values are, in the tradition of our mothers and grandmothers.

There is real joy of discovery for young women in seeing seeds of themselves in women who were different, different from the lives they expect to lead. Mary Hoyt, who was my press secretary at the White House, did an interview with Amy on her 16th birthday and then again on her 20th birthday for Good Housekeeping magazine. She asked Amy both times if she thought she was like her grandmother. Jimmy's mother was always outspoken, she was always for the underdog. At age 16, Amy's answer was no, she didn't think she was like her grandmother; at age 20, she said yes.

We transmit our values by living them. Someone has said, "If you want to know your values, look at your lifestyle. We express our opinions and live our values."

I have a friend—a man, a feminist—who has written a lot about women. He writes that women must be true to their values: family life, protection of young and old, equality for everyone, willingness to sacrifice for the good of others—nurturing, caring values. He also says that we should not be so interested in being equal with men that we give up what is important to us. Make the world accept our values, not accept those that are dominant in today's world, is his basic theme. It might be a good one for all of us.

But what about the future? What will my children be transmitting to their children? What values will be passed on to Sarah?

Will my children retain the traditional values that have been important to my generation?

Though roles change, the basic values of honesty, integrity, compassion, and love, as well as ideas of hope, charity, humility, and service to others, don't change. But this generation is faced with the challenge of figuring out how to cling to these basic values in a modern, fast-changing world.

Let's look ahead now to the second centennial of Agnes Scott. We cannot predict what the issues of that day will be, but from today what do we hope will be present? The honor system, respect for diversity, search for meaning that is more than material success, service to others, excellence, becoming all you can become, opening doors for women, respecting choices different from our own, and valuing the past while not being bound to it?

Much will change by the year 2089. Maybe the speaker will be a former woman president or a former "first husband." But regardless of the changes, I think we can feel secure in the knowledge that those celebrating the second centennial will look back at today and see continuity in their values.

Former First Lady Rosalynn Carter spent much time on Agnes Scott's campus in the past year as Distinguished Centennial Lecturer. She is author of First Lady From Plains *and* Everything to Gain: Making the Most of the Rest of Your Life *(with Jimmy Carter). Along with her duties at the Carter Presidential Center, Mrs. Carter serves on the boards of The Friendship Force, The Gannett Company and the Crested Butte Physically Challenged Ski Program. She is on the board of advisors for Habitat for Humanity and a trustee of the Menninger Foundation.*

Mrs. Carter has received the Vincent De Francis Award for Outstanding Service to Humanity and was given the Volunteer of the Decade Award by the National Mental Health Association in 1980.

New frosh class exceeds goal; largest in 18 years

This fall Agnes Scott welcomed its largest first-year class in eighteen years. One hundred and seventy-five students have entered the College's class of 1994. This represents a 23 percent increase over last year's class.

Says Teresa Lahti, director of admissions, "The pool of 429 applicants is the largest we've seen in nineteen years.

"Eighty-two percent of these applicants were offered admission, a solid forty-nine percent enrolled," she adds.

The class came in with an average SAT score of 1081, compared with last year's average of 1077. A record number of black students, sixty-three, applied to the College this year—a 19 percent increase over last year. Black students comprise 9 percent of the class, which has a total minority enrollment of 14 percent.

Ms. Lahti says that there has been a noticeable shift in the geographic distribution of students. "Only 42 percent of the class is from Georgia," she notes, "compared with the usual 49 to 52 percent." The students come from twenty-three states and six foreign countries. There are eight international students in this class, last year's had only two.

This year Texas emerged as a "feeder" state, one that contributes lots of applicants. The eight students coming to Agnes Scott from Texas are second only to Tennessee's twelve enrollees and ahead of Alabama's seven. "Part of that connection is Betsy Boyt," says Ms. Lahti, "the groundwork was laid five or so years ago." Trustee Betsy Boyt '62 was named an outstanding alumna this year for her work on behalf of the College over the years. Alumnae, current students, parents and faculty are critically important, believes Ms. Lahti. "People who know and believe in Agnes Scott are our most credible and effective spokespersons.

Ms. Lahti says that she and her staff will concentrate on expanding Agnes Scott's applicant pool further into the Southwest, with continued emphasis on Texas and other southern states.

Many factors contributed to this year's success. The College hosted three applicant weekends this past year: scholarship, leadership and Great Scott! weekends. Over 50 percent of these attendees enrolled at Agnes Scott. The admissions staff reduced the number of its high school visits and went to four times as many college fairs. They also held quite a few "dessert and discussion" gatherings for students and parents.

Ms. Lahti also thinks the publicity from the Centennial Celebration put the College's name out into the community. Also, visiting applicants no longer see the buildings and grounds in a state of renovation, she says.

Ms. Lahti proudly points out that in an overlap survey of eighty colleges, some students picked Agnes Scott over such competitors as Emory, Rhodes, Mount Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, and Tulane. The overlap survey shows the colleges to which students were admitted and the students' final selections.

Not content to rest on their record-breaking laurels, Ms. Lahti and her staff started planning for next year in January. And, evidently, would-be students are getting a jump as well. Back in June, when most high school seniors are just starting their summer vacations, one young woman was apparently thinking ahead. She filled out and sent her application for Agnes Scott's class of 1994.

The record frosh class promises more diversity in race, geography

ASC claims Kresge challenge grant

With outstanding staff and volunteer effort, Agnes Scott met the challenge. Their labor netted the $836,232 needed to claim a $300,000 challenge grant by the Kresge Foundation.

"Alumnae played an important part in helping us claim the grant," says Bonnie Brown Johnson '70, vice president for development and public affairs. "Over 40 percent of the funds raised came from alumnae. [Kresge Challenge Committee Chairs] Christie Woodfin '68 and Dorothy Quillian Reeves '49 and their committee were invaluable in helping us meet the goal."

The funds will be used for the College's fine arts program. Development officials note that $730,000 was raised specifically for the fine arts, the remaining $106,000 came from unrestricted campaign funds.

This year has been a good one for alumnae donations, Ms. Johnson notes. "Alumnae gifts were a much higher percentage of our giving than last year. Alumnae have been assuming greater ownership of the College.

"We're grateful for corporate and foundation support," Ms. Johnson continues, "but at last we're bearing some of the responsibility ourselves."

Those interested in contributing should contact MaryAnne Gaunt, development specialist, at 404/371-6296 or Bonnie Brown Johnson, at 404/371-6304.

Sims returns to ASC as interim dean

JOE BENTON

Dr. Catherine Sims: *Continuing to serve Agnes Scott*

Because Catherine Sims believes that "no good and gracious gesture should ever be refused," she accepted President Schmidt's offer to become interim Dean of the College for a one-year term. The search committee was unable to find a permanent replacement for Dean Ellen Wood Hall '67 before she left to become president of Converse College.

Dr. Sims says that she was reluctant to come back to Agnes Scott for a fourth time, but President Schmidt convinced her otherwise. "She said that she thought I could be of use to the College and give the board some time —without undue haste—to find a dean," says Dr. Sims.

Dr. Sims attended Barnard College, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She earned her master's degree and doctorate from Columbia University.

Her youthful appearance belies the fact that Catherine Strateman Sims first came to Agnes Scott 50 years ago. She began as a part-time lecturer in the history department, eventually becoming a professor of history and political science. In 1960 she went to Turkey to become vice president and dean at the American College for Girls. Psychology Professor Ayse Ilgaz Carden '68 attended the school, founded by Americans over 125 years ago, for Turkish girls.

After Turkey, Dr. Sims returned to Agnes Scott to teach for one year and then left to spend eleven years as dean of the college at Sweet Briar before packing up and returning to Atlanta once more. Her next stint at the College was as visiting professor of history in 1975.

"Since then," she says, "I've been busy being a citizen of Atlanta and a homemaker." She is also active in a number of volunteer activities. Dr. Sims now serves on the national senate of Phi Beta Kappa and was president for a three-year term.

Dr. Sims intends to be a busy interim dean. She ticks off a number of issues on her agenda: getting to know the faculty and understanding the curriculum; discussing staffing needs with department chairs; working with two faculty committees on a revision of the faculty handbook; and learning more about such programs as Global Awareness, academic computing, and women's studies.

But as a slower-paced summer geared up to the hectic fall, the former history professor said she enjoyed reacquainting herself with the College. "I still know a number of people here," she said, smiling, "and I'm taking a great deal of pleasure in that."

CENTENNIAL KEEPSAKE

Agnes Scott College's first hundred years overflow with memories of persons known, places recognized and traditions shared. As the final commemoration of our Centennial, a pictorial history of Agnes Scott College will be issued next spring.

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Archivist Lee Sayrs '69 and Dr. Christine Cozzens, English faculty member and director of Agnes Scott's Writing Workshop. Before coming to Agnes Scott, Dr. Cozzens taught writing at Harvard and Emory universities. She writes for journals and newspapers, including *The New York Times* and the *Boston Globe*.

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Page 12