

# AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE WINTER 1990

Celebrating a Century of Women's Education



Take yourself back 100 years. North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington had just become states. The government had opened Oklahoma to non-Indian settlement.

The South was still in disarray. Although the last Federal troops had withdrawn by 1877, the Civil War's devastation had set this region back decades behind the rest of the nation.

As Edward McNair writes in *Lest We Forget*, this destruction was nowhere more evident than in education. "Many schools and colleges never reopened after the war," he writes, and many found their endowments gone, their buildings destroyed, their faculties scattered.

Elementary and secondary public education was rare and rudimentary. One-room schools were the standard, many teachers barely literate.

During the 1870s and 1880s, Georgia was impoverished. The Atlanta public school system began its struggle in 1872, but rural areas had little to work with.

Six miles from Atlanta, Decatur's one thousand citizens crossed the unsettled stretch to Atlanta via the Georgia Railroad or by horse-drawn buggy. In 1888-89 two schools operated in the town, one public and one private; they both soon folded. Public education in Decatur would not take hold for another thirteen years.

Further east in Oxford, Ga., Isaac S. Hopkins resigned as president of Emory College to become the first president of the Georgia School of Technology. Hopkin's successor, Warren A. Candler, took the helm of Emory College, the same year his enterprising brother, Asa,



*Students of Agnes Scott Institute, 1891, in front of White House. (Courtesy of the late Mrs. Ella Smith Durham, a student at the Institute.)*

bought the formula to Coca-Cola.

Meanwhile in Decatur, the Rev. Frank Henry Gaines came as pastor of the Decatur Presbyterian Church. And events were set in motion. . . .

This issue, and the College's Centennial, celebrate all that has happened since then. Reminiscences by Dr. Catherine Sims, images from the College exhibit at the Atlanta Historical Society, a fond look back at the celebratory year, and a taste of the history of Agnes Scott comprise our offering.

The Centennial year also brought five alumnae, each distinguished in her field, to the College as lecturers. We feature four of them in this issue's Life-style section: the fifth, Carolyn Forman Piel '40,

has been so featured before, after her selection as an Outstanding Alumna (AGNES SCOTT MAGAZINE, Fall '87).

We want to especially thank College Archivist Lee Says '69 for her cooperation in photographing and identifying images and objects from the archives and alumnae. But the task is only beginning.

We also ask your help in giving any information you may have about dates, locations and identities of people pictured in the photos we've included. Lee is now working with faculty member Christine Cozzens on a pictorial history of Agnes Scott to be published next spring. More information on the Centennial book appears in the news section. Please send any information you have to Editor, ALUMNAE MAGAZINE, Office of Publications, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., 30030. — Lynn Donham

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Please accept my hearty congratulations on the fall issue!

So far, I've had time only to read the interesting and provocative articles, but am anticipating reading every word. Your choice of the outstanding people who contributed is inspiring, provocative and just plain wonderful!

Now I feel even more proud to claim Agnes Scott College as my Alma Mater.  
Elizabeth Moore Kester '26  
Highlands, N.C.

I would like to clarify a couple of points in the Spring '89 article about my work as an air traffic controller. First in the 1981 controllers' strike there were considerably more than 1,400 controllers fired by President Reagan—the number should have read about 11,400. Due to retirements and the number of people who never complete the training program, we are still struggling to recover.

Secondly, with the litigation still in progress concerning the crash of Delta flight 191 in August, 1985, I want to emphasize that my husband, Randal Johns, was responsible for the control of Delta 191 in the vicinity of Texarkana, some 40 minutes before the crash. At that time he told 191 that he thought a southwesterly route looked better for storm avoidance, en route, as opposed to the westerly route that the pilot wished to take. As in all cases, the pilot has the final say as to what he or she will do and 191 took the westerly route. That action had no bearing on the actual crash.

Randy's thoughts afterward were that if he had insisted that the pilot take another route to the airport, 191 would not have been at the crash point at the particular time, because it would have taken the plane a different length of time to arrive. He did not warn the pilot away from the storm that ultimately caused the crash because he did not know it was there and it was about 200 miles away from where Randy's airspace was.

Randy's feelings were entirely self-imposed and no one has ever implied that his actions in any way affected the outcome.

Lu Ann Ferguson '82  
Keller, Texas

Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine

# AGNES SCOTT

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**Fifty Years of Sojourns at Agnes Scott**  
by Catherine Sims



*In her fifty-year acquaintance with Agnes Scott, Catherine Sims has seen many changes, yet many things remain the same.*

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*Another look at some images from the Agnes Scott exhibit featured at the Atlanta Historical Society last year.*

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*A festive and intellectually stimulating year, remembered with pictures and anecdotes.*

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**A Stunning Legacy, A Shining Tomorrow**  
by Lynn Donham



*A brief look at Agnes Scott's history and how it shaped the College we became, and will become in the future.*

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## Anderson's "art" is helping others through art

**D**r. Frances E. Anderson '63, wears many hats. The artist, researcher, innovator, author, international scholar, future thinker, therapist and teacher says of herself, "I suppose I could be labeled either a dilettante or a renaissance person, but I've always enjoyed viewing the art field from the broadest of perspectives."

The New Castle, Del., native, who grew up in Louisville, Ky., hopes her work reflects the native American adage, "we have no word for art . . . we do everything as well as we possibly can." She began her college career planning to write poems and short stories, but during her sophomore year art won her over, and she finished with majors in art and psychology. Those fields marked the beginning of her interest in art for special-needs children.

A founding member of the American Art Therapy Association in 1969, Dr. Anderson has been among those pushing to open the door of art therapy for disabled children. It took professionals with multidisciplinary expertise to make art therapy the respected discipline in education and mental health that it is today.

For twenty years

Frances Anderson's interest has been delineating this emerging discipline. As a professor of art at Illinois State University for much of that time, Dr. Anderson has been a national and international leader in art education and art therapy. Her involvement spans research, education, publications, consulting, program evaluation; her expertise has taken her throughout the United States as well as to Australia, Pakistan, Thailand and Yugoslavia.

She has published more than forty articles, written or contributed to six books, received thirty-five grants and made more than one hundred conference presentations.

Dr. Anderson focuses on studying and documenting how the arts can help remediate behavioral and learning problems in disabled children. Her 1982 monograph, *A Review of the Published Literature on Arts for the Handicapped: 1971-1981*, which was published by the national committee Arts for the Handicapped (since renamed Very Special Arts: USA), became a nationally recognized resource.

As a result of that landmark work, five years ago a commission asked that Dr. Anderson conduct the first comprehensive evaluation of the more than 450 Very Special Arts programs in the United States and



Art educator Frances Anderson: "The artistic process is a means for growth and change for the disabled child."

thirty other nations. Back then, no hard data existed in these programs, and her information was vital in preserving and expanding VSA funding.

"Working on that evaluation was especially satisfying for me," Dr. Anderson recalled. "I took part in the establishment of Very Special Arts in Washington, D.C., in 1974."

However, it is her direct involvement with children who have emotional problems, physical or mental disabilities, hearing problems, learning disabilities, and visual problems that gives her the most reward, said Dr.

Anderson during her speech as a Distinguished Centennial Alumnae Lecturer last January at Agnes Scott.

"The overall therapeutic goal of this work is to facilitate each child's total development—emotional, physical and intellectual—through art. The artistic process is the means for growth and change, the process through which a child gains a greater self-awareness and has experiences with success," she said. "The special child learns to decode the chaos of traumatic life experiences via the intermediaries of paper,

paint, and clay. The benefits of art as therapy," Dr. Anderson said, "are related to fulfilling needs that special children have: [the same] needs that nonimpaired, 'healthy' children have."

As for her contributions to the profession of art therapy, the educator is most proud of her graduate students. All have made their own contributions to the profession, she noted.

In 1979 she published a work jointly authored with a colleague at Illinois State University and one of her doctoral students titled "Art for the Handicapped." The training model and subsequent evaluation method used in the book are still very valid, according to Dr. Anderson. After a decade, "Art for the Handicapped" is still the seminal work in the field. She plans to include case studies from it in a revised edition of another work.

Dr. Anderson has been a visiting scholar or professor at universities in the U.S. and Australia, including a 1982 term as visiting scholar at Radcliffe College's Bunting Institute.

Two years ago, Dr. Anderson received the prestigious June King McFee Award from the National Art Education Association. The award has been given to fewer than ten outstanding art educators for significant

contributions to the field. This past February, she was one of three Illinois State University faculty members named outstanding researcher.

Despite the vast amount of time Dr. Anderson spends with her work, she continues her own artful pursuits, including ceramics, watercolors and photography. She blended her photography skills with a recent passion for scuba diving and has become an underwater photographer. She also is an avid tennis player.

Although she is quick to acknowledge her mentors, Mary J. Rouse of Indiana University (where Dr. Anderson earned her master's and doctoral degrees) and Agnes Scott's Miriam K. Drucker, Dr. Anderson realizes that mentors are rarely recognized.

In addition to those women, said the distinguished educator, "I would have to quickly add all the handicapped children with whom I have worked. They have taught and given me far more than I have ever given them." In the final analysis, the real test of mentorship is whether it is 'passed on.' My hope is that those whom I have helped along the way have indeed 'passed it on.'" — **Marc Lebovitz**

*Marc Lebovitz is assistant director of the Illinois State University News Service.*

## Legislator's career stresses equality for all

Nobody in Washington, D.C., wanted to hire women lawyers back when Bertha "B" Merrill Holt '38 was looking for a job after earning her law degree. Take a typing course, they said, and maybe you can find work as a legal secretary. Ms. Holt never did learn how to type, but it hasn't slowed her down.

Now in her fourteenth year as a North Carolina state legislator, Ms. Holt still encounters folks who don't expect a lawyer to be a woman. "The most fun I have is driving around Stokes County, where you can find a bunch of guys wearing bib overalls sitting around a wood stove at a country store. They look at me like I'm something from Mars. But we get chatty, and when I come back, they greet me and ask questions and we talk."

But if Ms. Holt is something of an anomaly in the state legislature, it's for her outspoken views rather than her gender. She can be as charming and gracious as you please, but mention an issue like the Equal Rights Amendment—which was narrowly defeated in North Carolina—and Ms. Holt gets visibly agitated.

"If I had passed the amendment here in North Carolina, it would have been ratified nationally," says Ms. Holt, who served

as the constitutional amendments committee chair at the time. "We lost it by two votes, and it was absolutely lost by our chief justice, a woman, who called members of the Senate and asked them to change their vote. I will never get over that. It was totally unbelievable to watch women destroy the Equal Rights Amendment.

"John Stuart Mill, way back yonder, wrote an essay about women," she continues. "And he said this: Women will stop women from getting anywhere. He wrote that back in the 1800s, but if it were reprinted, you'd think it had been written today."

Even though Ms. Holt has been active in social legislation, she has avoided working strictly on "women's issues," since her district, the 25th, consists of a diverse constituency. Her formula for success is simple: "I can't bother to lie because it's too much trouble to remember what I said. So I just tell the truth no matter what. You just emphasize different things" depending on your audience, she says.

Ms. Holt has also been active in the Episcopal church. When she was appointed to the vestry, Ms. Holt was instrumental in getting a woman lay reader licensed to administer the chalice. "We had to set it up so that two people administered the



A strong advocate of women's rights, "B" Holt has been surprised that "women stop women from getting anywhere."

chalice," she says, "and if someone didn't want to receive the wine from a woman, they could go to the other side—and they did." Ms. Holt is also one of only three people to receive the North Carolina Council of Churches' Faith Active to Public Life Award.

For the past twenty years, Ms. Holt and her husband, Winfield Clay Holt, have traveled

abroad on what she calls their "total immersion plan." This fall, they ventured to Istanbul, Egypt, and England. She spends a year preparing for these trips, reading about the countries they plan to visit and learning some of the native languages.

But her biggest passion, outside of work, is fine wines. Before she entered the legislature, Ms. Holt presented slide

show lectures about wine and even considered opening a wine store. "I wish I'd started this hobby earlier because there's so much to learn," she says. "I used to belong to a group called *Les Amis du Vin*, and we'd hold working taste testings to compare different wines. That's one way to learn. But it bothers me when people come up to me at a party and say, 'You'll be pleased to see I'm drinking wine now instead of liquor,' and they've brought a jug of something and drink the whole thing. That's not the point."

As a politician who's seen many changes during the course of her career, Ms. Holt has maintained a wry sense of humor about her profession and herself. "Since I've been [in the legislature] a long time, people know my name and they'll call me and want to know everything in the world. One minute they think I don't know anything, the next minute I'm supposed to know everything. Girls will call me up and want to know what to major in. Last winter, on a rainy Sunday afternoon, a woman called me up and wanted to see me urgently. So she came in, and explained that she was retired, had been divorced, was drawing Social Security, and she wanted to know if I thought she should get married again."

Ms. Holt says she wants to continue in the legislature as long as possible, because it's a "never-ending source of excitement. I've purposely stayed in the House rather than going into the Senate because I like the making of laws. Actually, last session I spent more time trying to stop bad legislation, which takes more time and effort than it does to pass good legislation. But it's rewarding when you can see that you're having some kind of effect on getting good laws passed and making good things happen."

Her hard work in the legislature has not gone unnoticed either. In November, Ms. Holt will receive the Ellen B. Winston Award for her work in social legislation. Ms. Winston was the first woman commissioner of welfare in North Carolina and went to work in the Health, Education and Welfare Department in Washington, D.C. Ms. Holt says Ms. Winston "never stopped working; she was a real ball of tire."

"When you gather all the awards together they look pretty good," she says. But working for better social conditions "is one of those things you just do." — **Bridget Booher**

*Bridget Booher is the features editor for Duke Magazine in Durham, N.C.*

## Editor Taylor seeks to capture the write word

Editors eventually use almost every piece of information picked up from their formal education, general reading, and life experience, says Priscilla Shephard Taylor '53 of her chosen profession.

"What I most like," she says, "is that I learn something new every day, indeed, with every project. And I've never met a manuscript that couldn't be improved, however esoteric the subject."

A Distinguished Centennial Alumnae Lecturer this past year, the McLean, Va., resident edits Phi Beta Kappa's quarterly *Key Reporter* and is senior editor for Editorial Experts, Inc., the largest editorial firm in the Washington, D.C. area, where her affinity for precision with the written word has earned Priscilla Taylor a notable reputation.

When the College asked her to talk about editing in general, and the relationship between liberal learning and her career, she says she enjoyed being forced to put some perspective on her profession and Agnes Scott's contribution to her preparation for it.

"In effect, editing is a liberal arts education carried to its logical extreme — it spans every discipline. Agnes Scott not only educates you broadly, but it teaches you to think

clearly—and clear thinking is the secret of clear writing," Ms. Taylor says.

Agnes Scott's first Fulbright Scholar, Ms. Taylor received her master's degree in international history from the London School of Economics in 1955. She subsequently worked as an analyst/editor for the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington, D.C., and later lived in four Asian cities during her husband's stint with the State Department. She has taught overseas and at the University of Virginia.

Before joining the just-started Editorial Experts in 1976, Ms. Taylor worked as a contract writer with several government agencies. Before taking on *The Key Reporter* in 1984, she was editor of *The Editorial Eye*, a newsletter for editors and writers that focuses on publications

standards and practices, and she continues to write articles and to review books for that publication.

She works on a variety of publications—from national commission reports and government agency journals to popular magazines—but Priscilla Taylor says that for the past few years she has concentrated on academic publications, including a series of diplomatic case studies for the John Hopkins School for Advanced International Students and a number of books on current domestic policy for Washington think tanks.

She has completed a dozen books for the Woodrow Wilson Center for International Scholars, which are being published by the Cambridge University Press.

"If I have a specialty," she says, "it may be turning scholarly papers

presented at conferences into readable books. Right now, I'm finishing a fascinating study on "Whither the Balkans?" for the Wilson Center, and I can't wait to get to the next in line, a review of German and Chinese literature since World War II.

"My husband has often said he thinks I'd probably work for free, because I enjoy it so much."

Ms. Taylor met her husband, Jack, a veteran of several government departments, when they were both working in Washington in the mid-1950s. Both now work at home surrounded by books, electronic typewriters, and a computer. (Ms. Taylor's husband is a full-time writer.)

Doubleday recently published Jack Taylor's third biography, a book about his father called *General Maxwell D. Taylor: The Sword and the Pen*. When asked if she edits her husband's writing, Priscilla Taylor says, "His work needs little editing—I taught him all I know some time ago, but I do make sure that the style is consistent. We often consult each other on our various projects."

She believes that writing and editing take different skills. "I consider myself an editor rather than a writer," she says, "though I end up doing a great deal of writing. But most writers are creative,



Priscilla Taylor, an "inborn" editor of skill and practice: "I've never met a manuscript that couldn't be improved."

and creativity can detract from one's willingness to retain the original flavor of someone else's work."

For his part, Jack Taylor comments, "My wife's remarkable power of concentration is part of the secret of her success. I write at most for a few hours at a stretch, but she can concentrate almost without stopping all day."

She does stop, though, whenever a tennis game beckons, which can be two or three times a week. "I didn't discover tennis until I found myself in Rangoon [Burma] with a tennis court in my front yard," Ms. Taylor says.

The Taylors have three children, the second of whom, Katharine, has taken an editorial job in Maryland. "The predisposition that makes good editors is inborn, though editors become skilled with practice and study," Ms. Taylor says. "I used to smile at Kathy's efforts to resist being an editor because she obviously had all the right instincts."

The Taylors' oldest daughter, Alice, is a professional cellist in London where she lives with her husband, a musicologist at the University of London. Jim, 23, graduated from Davidson College in June. — **June Dollar**

*June Dollar is a writer and editor at the American University. She last wrote on Katharine Van Dusen '72 for the Winter 1988 issue.*

## Asia watcher delighted by era of change

June 4, 1989 was a memorable, emotional day for Dr. Mary Brown Bullock '66. It was difficult for her to watch television from her home in Washington, D.C., and see the eruptions in Beijing's Tiananmen Square without feeling anxiety for a country so close to her heart.

The daughter of Presbyterian missionaries, Dr. Bullock spent her childhood in Asia and gained appreciation and understanding of the region's people. Her elementary years were spent in Kwangju, Korea, where her mother taught her school. She later attended an international high school in Japan, and returned to the U.S. to attend Agnes Scott, majoring in history. She received her master's and Ph.D. in Chinese history from Stanford University.

Dr. Bullock recently accepted the opportunity to put her experience to work in the nexus between academics and public policy. As the new director of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars' Asia program, Dr. Bullock directs research programs and program conferences on both East and South Asia.

The Woodrow Wilson Center is a non-partisan research institution for the humanities and social

sciences that brings in fellows from throughout the world through an annual international competition. The center is designed to bridge the gap between the world of scholarship and the world of public policy.

"About a year ago I decided I needed a change," says Dr. Bullock, who had spent a year at the Wilson Center as a fellow while on sabbatical in 1984. "I knew that the Wilson Center would provide an ideal opportunity to continue my work in China, while returning to my broader Asian interest in both Korea and Japan. The Asia program has a wide geographical reach—from Afghanistan to Japan. I spent several weeks in Japan this summer, and will travel to India in November."

For more than a decade Dr. Bullock had been the Director of the Committee on Scholarly Communication with the People's Republic of China (CSCPRC). This national organization pioneered the renewal of American academic relations with China.

"At the CSCPRC I had the extraordinary opportunity of being in the right place at the right time. We were able to bring together Chinese and American scholars just as the door to China was opening. I became involved in establishing training and research programs for American graduate students and faculty in China,

as well as the flow of Chinese students to the United States.

"Now that I am at the Wilson Center, I am able to continue my focus on academic relations with China, including the current plight of Chinese intellectuals and students, both in and outside China. For example, we are holding a series of seminars titled 'China's Continuing Revolution,' which brings policymakers from Capitol Hill, the Department of State, and the National Security Council together with scholars to explore the historical roots of China's current crisis."

Dr. Bullock says that her decision to take the career direction she has was a "fairly natural" one.

"Living abroad was such an important experience for me," she says. "I look back on my childhood as an idealistic time, although I do remember being stared at a lot. There were few Americans living in Kwangju at the time. There might have been seven American families in a city of 250,000 people." Although this was isolating, she believes her childhood shaped and prepared her for what she is doing now.

"I became good friends with Korean children. I've developed a long-standing affection for Asian people, and I feel very comfortable in their environment."

Dr. Bullock says the



transition from Asia to the United States wasn't easy. The U.S. was in the midst of the civil rights movement of the '60s and the emphasis of the nation was less on international affairs than on domestic ones.

"I had friends at Agnes Scott who helped smooth my transition, but I was not prepared for the extent of segregation in the U.S.," she says. "I do look back at those years at Agnes Scott as a time when the South was going through tremendous change. It was ulti-

mately a very positive experience.

"One of the most memorable times was participating in the Selma march. It was scary, but I never doubted that the changes people were striving for would be made."

Dr. Bullock doubts that her family will ever live abroad, but hopes to expose her children to as much Asian culture as possible. Her son, Graham, 13, has traveled with her to Asia, and her daughter, Ashley, 9, will

accompany her in the near future.

"Graham, my brother Bill, and I traveled to Kwangju a few years ago and met with some of my father's associates. Korea has changed more than China. We had a marvelous time," she says.

A second brother, George Brown, directs Agnes Scott's Global Awareness Program, while her mother, Mary Hopper Brown, is an alumna, class of '43. Dr. Bullock's husband, George, is an historian who shares his wife's interest in international affairs.

She and her husband met at Stanford and married shortly after her Ph.D. exams. They moved to Texas and later Alaska, where both taught at the University of Alaska. Eventually, job opportunities brought both Bullocks to Washington.

"I finished my dissertation in 1973. Nixon had traveled to China and everything was beginning to open up. In 1974 I made my first trip to China, accompanying American seismologists. That was the beginning of about fifteen years of work in U.S./Chinese relations," Dr. Bullock says. "Since the early '70s I've travelled to China once or twice a year, working mainly with scholars in all disciplines.

"The changes I've seen in Beijing have been extraordinary. I doubt that any city has changed as much in the past decade.

Anyone participating in U.S./Chinese relations sensed the escalating pace of change until this summer. It is difficult now to assess the future."

Dr. Bullock's first book was on the Rockefeller Foundation in China, and she has authored many articles on U.S./China relations. She is currently working on a second book which is partly based on her experiences, *China Turning West: Scientific and Cultural Relations with the U.S., Japan, and Europe, 1978-1988*.

She says that in looking at China she perceives a nation preoccupied with both tradition and change. "The key question for more than a century has been: What does it mean to be Chinese in a modern world? What values—Chinese or Western—will promote social cohesion, national unity, and economic development?"

"Our two societies are quite different," Dr. Bullock says, "But, when I sit down with my Chinese colleagues, I find that the conversation most always turns to our children.

"We talk about their education and their future. 'What does the future hold for them?' we ask ourselves. China doesn't have problems with drugs or teenage pregnancies as we do, but their world is very uncertain. A different world, but a shared concern with family."

— June Dollar



Mary Brown Bullock: An "idealistic childhood" in China laid the groundwork for a lifelong interest in Asian studies.

# FIFTY YEARS

## OF SOJOURNS AT AGNES SCOTT

A distinguished writer, Maya Angelou, had been invited to address the final Centennial Convocation on September 22, 1989. On the afternoon of September 21, the speaker sent word that travel problems would prevent her filling the engagement. On the evening of the 21st President Ruth Schmidt asked me if I would speak briefly at the Convocation. That I would consider doing so is one of the benefits of a liberal arts education. It helps you to learn how to do what passes for thinking while on your feet.



BY CATHERINE SIMS



I give the credit to those class discussions in which we had to participate, those essay questions we had to answer when we hadn't quite finished the assignments.

As I stood at the lectern, it came to me that the only reason for my being there was that I have been around a long time. My appointment as interim dean of the College was the fourth time I had been on the payroll. On three previous occasions I had been a member of the teaching faculty, once for about twenty years. Clearly I was a re-tread, but a re-tread rolling along happily and very glad to be back even for a short time in these familiar surroundings. In fact, as I walk from building to building, in and out of the office in Buttrick, to the library, the business office, Presser, Evans, the Faculty Club, I feel as if I have never left.

I do not remember even one telephone. There were a few, very few, on the first floor: in the President's Office, in Dean Stukes' office, in the Registrar's, and in Mr. Tart's office. There may have been a pay telephone which faculty could use if they had the correct change.

We did not, as I remember it, feel ourselves mistreated. Our offices

*President McCain shows the new Frances Winship Walters Infirmary to alumnae, circa 1949.*



were very few student cars on the campus, and I cannot remember many complaints about parking. I used to come out from Atlanta on the trolley, getting it somewhere in the neighborhood of Auburn and Edgewood Avenues. The fare was five cents. There were always some students going out to the College and then returning to Atlanta in the late afternoon. They watched with amusement as I corrected papers on the return trip or studied my lessons on the way out.

We faculty complained a good deal because we couldn't have all the new books we felt the library should be buying. Those of us teaching on the library side of Buttrick complained because the grounds crew always seemed to be cutting the grass right under the windows of 102 and 103 and 105. I think that the dean's office where I now sit five days a week is where I



*Catherine Sims advises student Nan Johnson '49. The present interim dean then taught history and political science.*

On the large, impressive desk in the Office of the Dean there is an impressive telephone. There are 47 buttons to push and I have had considerable difficulty in making full use of them. This reminds me of the time when there were no telephones in faculty offices. On the third floor of Buttrick, there was one telephone. No one would answer it. In fact it was as though there were an unspoken agreement to pretend that it was not there. On second Buttrick

were very plainly furnished. Some of us shared them with others. There were no computers, no word processors. If there were bookcases, they might be on the decrepit side. No rugs, no easy chairs, unless someone had brought one from home. No typewriters, unless our own. No faculty secretaries. We made out our own tests and examinations, using a device unknown to the present generation of faculty. It was called a stencil. Having typed it yourself, you placed it on a type of well-inked roll and turned the roll by hand until you had the number of copies you needed. Or, if you didn't feel equal to coping with the stencil, and if your class were small, you simply wrote the questions on the blackboard.

Why all this deprivation? Because the College was poor. It was a case of plain living and high thinking. Our salaries were meager, even by the standards of those days. There



*Present-day students "would be wise to take some tips" on neat dress from these hobby-soxers, says Dean Sims*

taught History 101 and History 203 and a cocktail of political science courses. In the afternoon, for some years, there was a once-a-week current events class. That one I remember because the class reading was Section IV of *The New York Times* Sunday edition and selected articles in the *Sunday Magazine*. *The Times* of today is only a shadow of

what it was, and this is especially true of Section IV, if Section IV still exists.

One reason we did not complain much, except about books for the library, was that no one around us seemed to be living in luxurious conditions. Dean Stukes had a very small office, and if he had a secretary, I cannot remember her. President

*Students from the 1940s play basketball in Bucher Scott Gymnasium, now the Alston Campus Center.*



Campbell Foundation to fill some gaps in our library collection, particularly in international law. And the foundation paid for two large, plastic relief maps, one of Europe, the other of the United States. They were a great help in teaching, in explaining the movement of peoples, how boundaries in Europe were set, the significance of city locations in relation to river valleys and intersections of rivers. The map of the United States was extensively used by Walter Posey, professor of history, in his classes on western migration. I remember once that he put the map on a very large table, poured a cup of water on it somewhere up near the Canadian border, and we watched the water trickle down, through little streams into mighty rivers, and the water drained into the Gulf of Mexico.

Before there was dependable TV, and even in the infancy of TV, we

were modest, even though the speakers were often well known. Three hundred to five hundred dollars was a large fee.

Now that I am back again I see many changes but I don't always notice them until someone says something about the Faculty Club. "It's in the Old Infirmary." "What do you mean," I say, "the OLD Infirmary. That's the new Infirmary."

I remember when it was being

*Annual visitor Robert Frost with students, before a dinner in his honor.*



McCain had a secretary but she carried out many duties, and he typed a great deal of his own mail. In fact, the two or three of my letters of appointment from him had all been typed by him, with some of the signs of the amateur typist which my own work shows.

Poor we might have been, but anything needed for the teaching program, anything which was available in those simpler days and which the College could find the money to pay for, was available. For our current events talks during the war years, in the weekly convocations, Dr. McCain bought a fine, very large map and a stand to hold it. A student, with a wand, pointed out the places that were discussed in the talks. She wasn't the world's best geographer but sooner or later she would find the place which was mentioned.

I recall that the College received a generous gift from the John Bulow



*Students and their dates sign out to visit the Ansley Hotel's Rainbow Room after the 1939/40 Junior Banquet.*

depended on our convocations and our public lectures to keep in touch with the great world outside. The College Lecture Committee, of faculty and student members, was chaired by Miss Emma May Laney, a woman who demanded much of herself, of her students and of the lecturers whom the committee invited to the campus. Fees paid

constructed, the gift of a very generous donor, Mrs. Frances Winship Walters. She wanted it to be elegant as well as practical. Dr. McCain, who understood well that it is one thing to make a friend who will give you a building, but equally important to keep the friend (who may well be persuaded to give another building), wanted to let her see the building as the exterior construction was completed and work had begun in the interior. But this was during one of those long, cold, wet spells which we sometimes have in this area. The lot lay low and the site was a muddy mess. Mrs. Walters couldn't get near it.

This worried Dr. McCain. I remember him telling me about it, and he said, "It would break your heart to see the old furniture from the old infirmary which we are going to have to move in there." I take credit for giving him one piece of advice which worked well. "Take Mrs.

Walters into the old building and let her see the iron beds and the beat-up chairs and tables." He did so, and the result was that we had the most elegantly and luxuriously furnished college infirmary in the country. The living room looked as if it had been done by Brown Decorating Company. In those days, there was hardly anything more impressive than a room "done" by Brown.

I remember the students of the '40s and '50s very well. Those were the classes which I taught, some of them from freshman through senior year. I see many of them rather often, at the grocery, at the College, at the symphony, at the High Museum, all around the Atlanta area where I live. I remember them as wearing skirts and blouses and saddle oxfords. They always looked neat and the students of this present generation would be wise to take some tips from them. Not that they were

program, the president of a well-known college in the middle west. He was asked from the floor about what academic and educational issues he discussed with his students. He paused for a second and then said, "Most of the time I am talking about Bermuda shorts and beer on the campus."

*Consumer lobbyist Ralph Nader, one of many important public figures to visit the campus.*



the context of academic freedom.

Wallace Alston was president when the College received the first very large bequest (from the estate of Mrs. Frances Winship Walters) and he therefore had fewer financial concerns than had Dr. McCain. He could pay better salaries, be more generous in grants to attend professional meetings. I think we even got a few telephones and the library budget was larger. But he also had to deal with a time of changing relations within the College. The faculty were much more assertive, students much less acquiescent. Nor was it, the '60s especially, a very happy period in our country. The murder of President Kennedy, the morass in Southeast Asia in which President Johnson found himself engaged were reflected in student attitudes. Not only were they questioning the policies of the Washington government, they were



*Dean Sims remembers only one phone on third-floor Butttrick in the '30s. By the '70s every office had one, by the '80s all had computers.*

all great beauties. But they made the best of themselves. Points of dispute between administrators and students turned on relatively simple matters (as I see it now) like wearing stockings. The dean of students thought stockings essential for classrooms and the dining room. The students eventually won the argument when stockings became difficult to get and expensive. I remember that we had a very distinguished educator on the lecture

In the long period covered by my lives at Agnes Scott, there are two presidents whom I remember well, who stand out. One was James Ross McCain, who presided over a very poor college. But he saw to it that we always had everything in reason that was needed for the teaching program. What we had would be peanuts to the present faculty, but it was the best that could be given then and the president's effort was to ensure the highest quality for the educational program. He never pressed for research, though he was always gracious in recognizing those in the faculty who found the time for research; what he wanted was the best teaching of which we were capable. Never was there any pressure, any even slight evidence, of an effort to control our work. Our duty was to be professionally competent, professionally responsible, professionally fair, and to present the disciplines in which we worked in



*Deadline crunch. Members of the 1977 Profile staff.*

resisting what they felt to be unreasonable, anachronistic policies on the campus, especially in the residence halls.

I happened to be here in the 75th anniversary year, on a fleeting visit after four years' absence in Turkey and Western Europe and before leaving for ten years in Virginia. I remember that a group of students

wanted to have a non-credit course on Vietnam. We met twice a week in the late afternoon for some weeks. There were no assignments. The students read as they pleased and, of course, by that time the commentators and "talking heads" were at their peak of commentaries and pontifications. I stood in front of the

*Agnes Scott has had three physical education buildings in its history. Pictured, the pool in the latest physical activities center, the Woodruff Building.*



the war in Southeast Asia. There were several weeks in 1970 when it was hard to keep the educational program going. A mobile and restless student generation tested the patience of all. By the beginning of the '70s President Alston was worn-out, and so was the campus.

A new president, Marvin Perry, came in 1973. I was on the campus, doing sabbatical supply teaching in the mid '70s, and watched with admiration the beginning of the renovation and new building which, continued in the presidency of Ruth Schmidt, have made this campus beautiful and functional to a degree it never had been. Now Agnes Scott is rich in buildings, books, computers; rich in a highly qualified faculty, rising enrollment of good to superior students, a lively, interesting place, benefiting from the past but not possessed by it.

In the 75th year the fee for tui-

Nelson, Bertie Bond, Mollie Merrick, Dot Market, and Lillian Newman.

On the board of trustees for 1989-90 we find a Smith, John E. II. Wallace Alston Jr., Scott Candler Jr., two Sibleys, a Gellerstedt, this being "Young Larry," a great-grand daughter of Colonel George Washington Scott, Betty Noble Scott, and on the emeritus board, Alec Gaines, J. Davison Philips, another Smith,

*Before graduation, students find themselves on the road to adulthood, not always easily and evenly, but on their way.*



group, but the students did the talking. The faculty were restive enough to respond immediately when it was suggested that we needed a chapter of the American Association of University Professors. So far as I know, there never had been one at Agnes Scott. Students pressed very hard for liberalization of the social rules, such as male visitors in the dormitories, beer and wine on the campus, relaxed hours for return to the campus at night. It was not an easy time for President Alston, a wise man, a generous man, and a man of peace.

It was Wallace Alston's special contribution to the College to work to heal the divisions, to make of what was a divided campus a cooperating community. For the faculty there was a more generous retirement plan, there were sabbatical leaves. Late in his presidency (I wasn't here but I heard about it) he faced with patience and courage the divisions within the community over



*Times and dress change, says Dean Sims, but Agnes Scott students remain "above average" intellectually.*

tion, room and board was \$2,125, for the year (not for the month), now it is \$13,685. Among the faculty and administrative staff on the list for that year you will find some familiar names of people who are still here — Miriam Drucker, John Tumblin, Sara Ripy, Eloise Herbert, Kay Manuel, Thomas Hogan, Jack

this is Hal, father of John, and Diana Dyer Wilson. Twenty-five years ago, there was Hal Smith, chairman of the board, Alex Gaines, vice chairman, G. Scott Candler Sr., John A. Sibley (father of Horace), L.L. Gellerstedt Sr., Wallace Alston Sr., Diana Dyer Wilson, J. Davison Philips.

Of the several ages of Agnes Scott College which I have seen, and of which I have been a very small part, there are the similarities: a highly qualified faculty, dedicated to good teaching and scholarship, students above average, active, concerned about their responsibilities as citizens, growing to full adulthood, not always easily and evenly, but on their way.

And from top to bottom, a commitment to qualify in all aspects of life at Agnes Scott. Other times—other manners. But the essentials remain the same.





# KEEPING · THE · PROMISE

Agnes Scott was on display for much of the past year, as the College celebrated its 100th birthday. The most lengthy and visible vestige of the celebration was the College's exhibit at the Atlanta Historical Society, which ran from December 1988 to May 1989. There, a wider audience could take a glimpse at the fledgling girls' school that grew into prominence and became Agnes Scott College. ■ For visitors familiar with the campus, real brick walkways and columns lent a familiar touch. Photographs,

documented the College provided a capsule of life the South throughout the academics, strict dress just plain-old-fun were



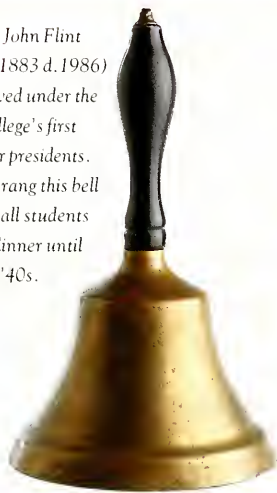
clippings and mementos and its graduates and in Atlanta, Decatur and century. ■ Rigorous and behavioral codes, and chronicled in the ex-

hibit as well. The still-traditional aspects of College life such as Investiture, Black Cat and the Honor Code Parchment graced the exhibit along with such former traditions as the much-awaited annual visit of New York's Metropolitan Opera, when students dressed in their finest and "went to town," and the Hopkins' jewel, given each year to the senior "who most nearly embodied the ideals of Miss Nanette Hopkins," former dean of students. ■ But mostly, the exhibit celebrated Agnes Scott women as students and as graduates. Their tradition of missionary and volunteer service, their excellence in the professions, from psychiatry and movie-making to writing, law and theater, were displayed for all to see. ■ If time or distance prohibited you from seeing the Atlanta Historical Society exhibit, turn the page for your personal tour.

**S**tudent life consisted of more than academics, as the objects on this page exemplify. Lively dinnertime conversation, frequent and festive trips to nearby Atlanta to indulge in the arts, and the pursuit of a fit body kept Agnes

Scott students busy in their free time. Many students made their theatre debut in Blackfriars productions or pursued their editorial inclinations by working on the *Aurora*, *Silhouette* and *Agonistic*, the student magazine, yearbook and newspaper, respectively.

▶ *John Flint* (b.1883 d.1986) served under the College's first four presidents. He rang this bell to call students to dinner until the '40s.



▶ *Falling Icarus*. This Otto Flath sculpture commemorates 12 alumnae who were among the 122 Atlanta art patrons who perished in a 1961 plane crash at Paris' Orly Field. It is named for the mythological figure who fell into the sea and drowned after flying too close to the sun.





▲ Remnants of another era's school pride. Agnes Scott Institute lapel pins.

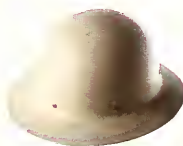
► These mannequins stood at the entrance to the exhibit. Pictured are bachelor's and doctoral gowns. The cap and gown shown on the left mannequin belonged to Dean Nannette Hopkins. To the center is Dr. Frances Clark Calder's ('51) faculty gown, its adornments signifying doctoral status.



◀ Dressing up and "going to town." An Agnes Scott student may have carried this evening bag to the annual visit of New York's Metropolitan Opera, once the most-awaited event of the winter season.



▼ Agnes Scott has had a physical education program since its infancy, as this field hockey stick attests.



▲ According to oral recollections, Dr. McCain wore this pith helmet as campus air-raid warden during World War II.

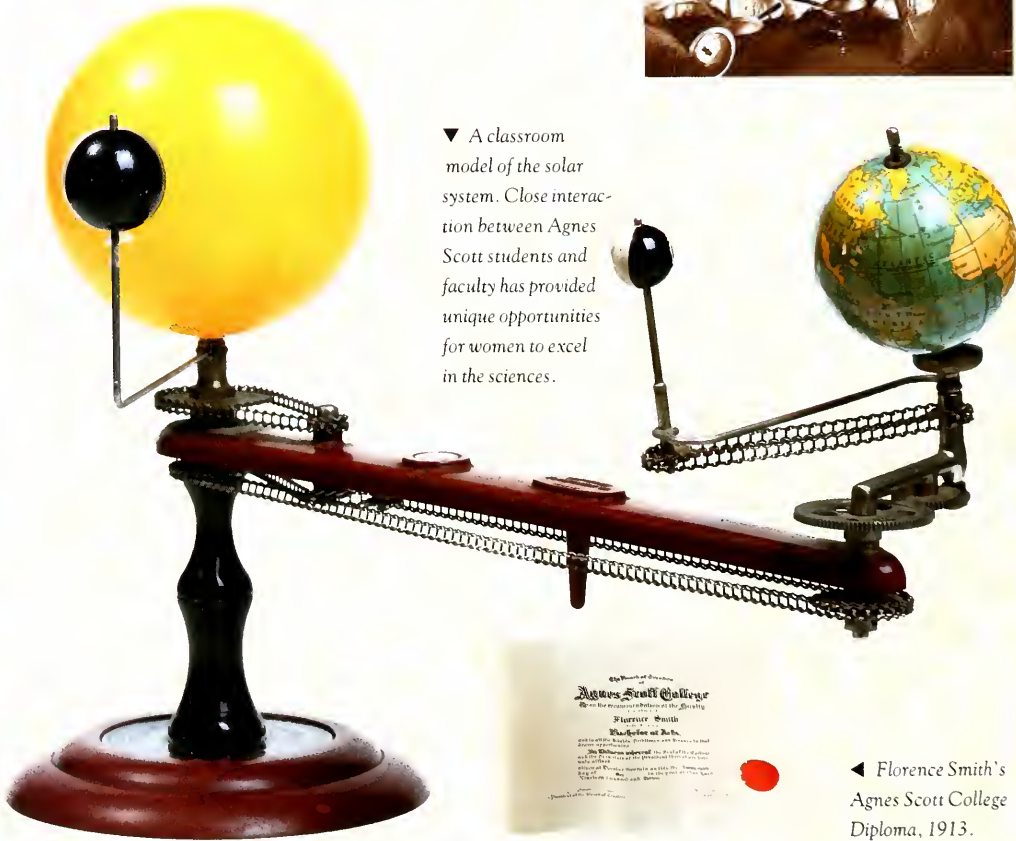




◀ Early on, administrators saw the connection between a healthy body and an inquisitive mind. Students regularly donned the athletic attire of their day in their quest to keep fit.



▼ A classroom model of the solar system. Close interaction between Agnes Scott students and faculty has provided unique opportunities for women to excel in the sciences.



◀ Florence Smith's Agnes Scott College Diploma, 1913.

◀ The Chafing Dish Club, 1902. College administrators sometimes wrote to parents,

asking them not to send sweets to their daughters.



▶ Agnes Scott's Glee Club has performed in many places throughout Europe. Members brought this Swiss cowbell home from one of their tours.

**A** strong intellectual life has been the hallmark of an Agnes Scott education. Frequent visitor Robert Frost once told an audience of students, "Choose your associations from those minds stimulating and responsive to yours and earn your place among them." Many Agnes Scott alumnae, distinguishing themselves as authors, educators, volunteers, lawyers and other professionals, have taken those words to heart.

▶ This microscope belonged to biology professor Mary Stuart

MacDougall (1919-1952).



Robert Frost

COLLECTED  
POEMS OF  
ROBERT FROST

1939



NEW YORK  
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

◀ A special friend of the College, poet Robert Frost visited Agnes Scott twenty times. The autographed book is part of Agnes Scott's Frost collection, one of the largest in the country.

# A

gnes Scott's earliest graduates pioneered in fields their mothers never dreamed of. That remains true as opportunities continue to unfold for women today. For present-day students, some of the College's traditions of excellence, such as the Hopkins jewel – given to the student who most embodied the ideals of beloved Dean Nannette Hopkins – are gone. Other traditions – the Global Awareness Program, for example – are helping women find new ways to excel.



▲ The beginning of a lifetime of opportunities. Graduates of this Decatur college have made an impact in their communities around the world.

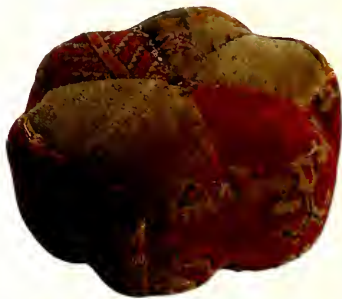


◀ A statue from Burkina Faso given to Decatur Mayor Mike Mears during a visit. Agnes Scott joins Decatur in its sister-city relationship with the capital of this African country.



◀ A glass retort and stand used in distillation. Current equipment and instruction are a mainstay of scientific study at ASC.

▼ Dean Hopkins' footstool, on which many classes knelt for Investiture and Commencement.



▶ A Hopkins jewel, awarded 1929–1954.



▶ A mannequin stands in a replica of Agnes Scott's first library, housed in

President Frank Henry Gaines' office. At night students would slip down the

stairs to use the books. The stained glass window was taken from the Hub.



◀ A student handbook. Many parents feared that educating their daughters made them unmarriageable, but students stringently followed rules of good behavior.

▶ This drummer hails from Zaire, one of the many countries in which Agnes Scott graduates have served as missionaries or nurses. The spiritual life of the College has inspired many women to pursue a religious vocation.



*Party Hearty! Students at the Closing Weekend's Street Dance outside the Alston Center. Celebrants ignored unusually cool full weather and danced until 1 a.m.*







CENTENNIAL

# CELEBRATION

AS GOOD TIMES SEEM TO, THE YEAR PASSED TOO FAST. AGNES SCOTT'S YEARLONG BIRTHDAY PARTY CULMINATED LAST FALL WITH "THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY" AND A WEEKEND FULL OF FESTIVITIES.

IN BETWEEN WAS ARTS SYNERGY, ALONG WITH THE VALUES SYMPOSIUM, LECTURERS, DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, EXHIBITS AND PARTIES. AND SOMEHOW, THROUGHOUT IT ALL, THE ENTIRE CAMPUS MANAGED TO KEEP UP WITH REGULAR TASKS AND EVENTS. NO SMALL FEAT.

A FEW GLITCHES — SOME MINOR, SOME MAJOR — OCCURRED. A WINNY DAY ON THE OPENING WEEKEND SENT VOLUNTEERS SCURRYING TO SETTLE TABLECLOTHES BEFORE LUNCH ON THE QUADRANGLE. IT RAINED ALUMNAE WEEKEND AND THEN AGAIN A FEW WEEKS LATER AT COMMENCEMENT. AND HURRICANE HUGO, WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY KEPT MANY SOUTH AND NORTH CAROLINA ALUMNAE FROM ATTENDING THE CLOSING CELEBRATORY WEEKEND, ALSO PREVENTED SPEAKER MAYA ANGELOU AND MAURICE AND THE ZODIACS LEAD SINGER MAURICE WILLIAMS FROM APPEARING. BUT PEOPLE WERE DETERMINED TO HAVE A GOOD TIME — AND DID.

NO ONE PERSON WAS AS CLOSELY INVOLVED WITH THE YEAR'S ACTIVITIES AS CAROLYN WYNENS, THE DIRECTOR OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. LAST SPRING, BEFORE THE CELEBRATION'S OFFICIAL END, HER CO-WORKERS NAMED HER ONE OF THREE EMPLOYEES OF THE YEAR, NO DOUBT IN RECOGNITION OF HER HARD WORK AND SPECIAL TOUCH THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. FOLLOWING, MS. WYNENS MUSES ON HER WHIRLWIND YEAR.



Part of Arts Synergy week, this whimsical sculpture by Mary Jane Hasek became a campus favorite.



**"IT WAS LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY AND CHRISTMAS ROLLED INTO ONE. THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION OF SPIRIT AND PRIDE, AND I SENSED A FEELING OF COMMUNITY THAT I HAVEN'T FELT FOR A LONG TIME. MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT EVERY ALUMNA COULDN'T EXPERIENCE IT FIRSTHAND." — ANNE REGISTER JONES '46**

*What's a celebration without fireworks?*



Descendents of Agnes Irvine Scott and College officials went to Alexandria, Pa., to pay homage to the College's namesake.

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The world premiere of "Echoes Through Time" featured Atlanta-area musicians and Agnes Scott music faculty.



Elegant couple Nancy Blake '82 and Jonathan Hibbert at the tea dance.

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The closing weekend of the Centennial Celebration coincided with Alumnae Leadership Conference and Investiture as did the opening weekend a year earlier.



I HAVE SO MANY MEMORIES AND PICTURES OF VARIOUS MOMENTS DURING THE CENTENNIAL YEAR — IT'S REALLY TOUGH TO PIN DOWN THE MOST MEANINGFUL OR MEMORABLE. I CERTAINLY CAN'T SAY THERE WAS ONE PERSON WHOM I ENJOYED ABOVE ALL, BECAUSE THERE WERE MANY WHO MEANT SO MUCH TO ME, AND ENABLED ME TO GET THE JOB DONE, IN EITHER CONCRETE WAYS, OR BY THE PSYCHOLOGICAL BOOST THEY GAVE ME BY THEIR INTEREST AND ENTHUSIASM.

ONE OF THE BEST ASPECTS OF THE CELEBRATION WAS THE INVOLVEMENT OF SO MANY PEOPLE THROUGH COMMITTEE AND VOLUNTEER ASSIGNMENTS. COMMITTEES OF ADMINISTRATORS, FACULTY, STUDENTS, AND ALUMNAE CAME TOGETHER TO CREATE SOMETHING — AN EXCHANGE OF IDEAS, A CAMARADERIE — THAT WAS WONDERFUL TO WATCH.

WHEN I ATTEMPTED TO DESCRIBE TO A FRIEND MY DISJOINTED FEELINGS A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE CLOSING WEEKEND, SHE NAMED MY STATE "POSTPARTUM CELEBRATION." DESPITE THE TREMENDOUS FEELING OF RELIEF THAT WE GOT THROUGH ALL THOSE MAJOR EVENTS, AND TRIDE IN THE OVERALL SUCCESS OF THE CELEBRATION, I MISS THE CELEBRATION STEERING COMMITTEE MEMBERS, THE GROUP OF SIX STAFF AND FACULTY AND ONE STUDENT, WHO MET REGULARLY FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS TO PLAN, DISCUSS AND REPORT OUR PROBLEMS AND PROGRESS. NO MATTER HOW UNEASY WE SOMETIMES FELT ABOUT BEING READY FOR THE NEXT MAJOR EVENT, EXCITEMENT AND

PROMISE HUNG IN THE AIR AT THESE COUNTLESS MEETINGS. IT'S BOTH AMAZING AND GRATIFYING TO THINK ABOUT WHERE WE STARTED AND WHAT WE ULTIMATELY ACHIEVED.

PERSONALLY, THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION WAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET TO KNOW MORE MEMBERS OF THE AGNES SCOTT FAMILY. BECAUSE OF THE NEED FOR VOLUNTEERS, I MADE CONTACT WITH MORE STUDENTS, ALUMNAE, FACULTY, AND STAFF THAN I WOULD HAVE OTHERWISE, AND BECAME FRIENDS WITH MANY OF THEM. WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN A BAPTISM BY FIRE PROVED TO BE A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY; ONE OF THOSE YOU THINK MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREORDAINED. THAT BECAME THE LONG-TERM GIFT THE CELEBRATION LEFT TO ME.

SOME IMAGES I'LL REMEMBER:

THE OBVIOUS EXCITEMENT AS WE KICKED OFF THE OPENING WEEKEND OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION WITH NEW BANNERS FLYING, A BAGPIPER LEADING THE CONVOCATION PROCESSION, AND THE CROWD SPILLING OUT OF PRESSER FOR A PICNIC ON THE QUAD UNDER THE GIANT TENT — SO MANY HAPPY ALUMNAE AND A FESTIVE SPIRIT ABOUT US ALL . . . .

THE BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE OF THE PARTY AT THE HIGH MUSEUM OF ART IN OCTOBER, GIVEN IN CONNECTION WITH THE MONET EXHIBIT. . . .

THE PRIDE OF ALUMNAE AT THE DECEMBER OPENING OF THE ASC EXHIBIT AT THE ATLANTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MACELREATH HALL DECORATED IN ALL ITS HOLIDAY FINERY. . . .

*Agnes Scott students performed and sang all parts for Thea Musgrave's "Echoes Through Time," the nucleus of the Arts Synergy festival.*



*These pretty banners decorated the campus throughout the year and alerted visitors to the College's special celebration.*



*This mother-figure puppet sculpture by Elaine Williams '77 filled the Dana Building's courtyard during Arts Synergy week.*



*Distinguished Centennial Lecturer Rosalynn Carter came to campus many times throughout the year.*

*Although Hurricane Hugo forced leader Maurice Williams to be a no-show, revelers twisted the night away to music by the Zodiacs.*



**"BY THE TIME I FINISHED HELPING WITH THE PLANNING AND IMPLEMENTATION OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AND THEN ATTENDING ALMOST ALL OF THE YEAR'S EVENTS, I FELT ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS THE COLLEGE. BUT WASN'T IT A SPLENDID, STAR-SPANGLED TIME!" — BERTIE BOND '53**

*New board chair Betty Henderson Cameron '43 won a prize at the tea dance for her 20s-flavored outfit.*



THE CLOSING WEEKEND LENT ESPECIALLY POIGNANT MEMORIES OF THE WALK TO DECATUR PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ON SUNDAY MORNING — AND THE SPECIAL SIGHT OF A LONG ROW OF STUDENTS, PARENTS, ALUMNAE, FACULTY AND STAFF MEMBERS ALL DRESSED UP AND ON THEIR WAY TO WORSHIP. . . .

THE OLD-FASHIONED DINNER ON THE GROUND AFTER THE SERVICE — THE LOVELY FRONT LAWN SET UP FOR THE PICNIC, AND THE EXCITEMENT ON SO MANY FACES AS THEY SAW THE BIRTHDAY CAKE, A REPLICA OF "MAIN." . . .

DURING "THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY," I REMEMBER WALKING INTO THE SOCKHOP AT THE WOODRUFF PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES CENTER. THE PLACE WAS PACKED, DANCERS OF ALL AGES FILLED THE GYM FLOOR AND A LARGE NUMBER OF PEOPLE SAT IN THE BLEACHERS. I FOCUSED ON THE MOTHER OF A SENIOR. SHE WAS PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF BLEACHER'S BOTTOM ROW, PULLING ON THE ASC SOCKS SHE'D BEEN GIVEN AT THE DOOR, AND KEEPING HER EYES ON THE DANCERS. HER PARTNER STOOD A FEW FEET AWAY WITH HIS HAND OUTSTRETCHED, AS ANXIOUS AS SHE TO GET ON THE DANCE FLOOR. THE SMILE ON HER FACE SAID SHE FELT 18 AGAIN! IT WAS THE BEST POSSIBLE COMPLIMENT TO THOSE OF US WHO WORKED ON THE WEEKEND! — CAROLYN WYNENS



LAWN TENNIS WAS THE NORM  
WHEN THESE YOUNG WOMEN PLAYED THE GAME  
AT AGNES SCOTT, CIRCA 1910.



# *a stunning legacy,*

HOW DIFFERENT THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF WOMEN MIGHT HAVE

In 1889, the community of Decatur claimed about 1,000 citizens clustered in the gently sloped woods six miles east of Atlanta. That same year, 36-year-old Frank Henry Gaines became pastor of Decatur Presbyterian Church. From his earlier work in Virginia, the Rev. Gaines brought with him a strong interest in education.

Once in Decatur, the Rev. Gaines saw the need for a private secondary school and broached the subject to several church leaders. Within six weeks of their first meeting in the church manse on July 17, 1889, the Decatur Female Semi-

nary was chartered. The school opened on September 24 with 60 day students, three boarding students and four teachers.

On a visit to Virginia, the Rev. Gaines hired 29-year-old Nannette Hopkins, a Hollins Institute graduate, as the first principal. For the next year or two, the board of trustees talked of finding a man for this post, but the matter was soon dropped. Miss Hopkins remained at Agnes Scott until her retirement 49 years later.

Near the end of the first year, church elder Col. George



TENNIS REMAINS POPULAR  
HERE, AND IS NOW PLAYED AT  
THE INTERCOLLEGIATE LEVEL.



# *a shining tomorrow*

BEEN WITHOUT THE VISIONARY GIFT OF AGNES SCOTT'S FOUNDERS

Washington Scott offered Dr. Gaines \$40,000 for a school building, saying, "The Lord has prospered me and I do not wish it to harden my heart. . . . I would like a permanent home for our school." He requested that the institution be named for his mother, Agnes Irvine Scott.

The next year the school flourished, doubling its enrollment to 138 students, of which 22 were boarders. In 1890, Agnes Scott published its first annual catalog, offering elementary and secondary school instruction. The catalogue listed board and tuition at \$185 per year. Day students

paid \$7.50, \$10 or \$12 a quarter, depending on their grade.

Meanwhile, Col. Scott became convinced after studying school buildings on a trip north that \$40,000 would not provide the type of building he wanted for the Institute. By the time Agnes Scott Hall opened, he had contributed \$112,250 for five acres of land and building costs. This was the largest gift made to education in Georgia up to that time; today it would equal nearly \$2.1 million.

With electric lights, steam heat, hot and cold running water and sanitary plumbing, the 1891 building expressed a



A VIEW OF CAMPUS, CIRCA 1910-1930. NO ONE SEEMS TO REMEMBER THE TWO BUILDINGS IN THE REAR LEFT.



great vision of the school's future. It had a powerful effect on Presbyterian and other churches throughout Georgia, wrote Dr. Gaines, who later resigned his pastorate to become president of the Institute.

When Agnes Scott began its third session in 1891, the enrollment of 292 students included 98 boarders. Despite strong enrollment, the Institute often operated at a deficit in the early years. Dr. Gaines frequently relied on Col. Scott and other trustees for additional funds. By 1899 President Gaines began Agnes Scott's first fund-raising drive, with a \$100,000 goal, and he worked hard to gain the support of Presbyterian Synods throughout the Southeast.

As new faculty with Ph.D.s were hired and college-level work expanded, the trustees separated the secondary school to become Agnes Scott Academy (elementary grades had been eliminated earlier). By 1906, the trustees had amended the charter to call the school Agnes Scott College and to grant its first bachelor of arts degree. In 1907, Agnes Scott became the first college or university in Georgia accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Universities.

The College's growth demanded expanded space and facilities, among them the construction of its second permanent building, Rebekah Scott Hall. Although Col. Scott had died in 1903 after serving ten years as chairman of the board, the Scott family gave \$20,000 from the Rebekah Scott endowment fund for the building, built in 1905.

Still, the fledgling school struggled. Enrollment wavered, and even President Gaines conceded that Agnes Scott's high standards were a barrier to attracting and keeping students. Many parents considered education a luxury for their daughters and seldom took it seriously. Students came and withdrew continually; many lacked the commitment to pursue their degree. Years later, Director of Alumnae Affairs Ann Worthy Johnson '38 would note in her alumnae quarterly column that nearly two-thirds of the College's early alumnae failed to matriculate until graduation.

In 1908, the General Education Board, established in 1902 by John D. Rockefeller, took an interest in Agnes Scott. Over the years, this philanthropic organization gave away more than \$324 million dollars, much of it to southern





A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF WHAT  
IS NOW THE WOODRUFF QUADRANGLE, PART  
OF THE CENTENNIAL RENOVATION.



education. In October 1908, the GEB's Dr. Wallace Buttrick approached President Gaines with a \$100,000 challenge grant, provided the College raised another \$250,000. The trustees accepted the offer and its deadline of Dec. 31, 1909.

By November 1909 the fund-raising committee chaired by trustee J. K. Orr raised \$140,000, including \$50,000 from board chair Samuel Inman for a residence hall and \$25,000 from industrialist Andrew Carnegie for a library. But officials lacked the remaining \$110,000.

College leaders decided to wage a two-week, whirlwind campaign from November 17 to 30. All three area newspapers gave daily accounts of the drive, and a large clock at downtown's Five Points marked daily progress.

During the campaign the Alumnae Association took over vacant space in what was later the Loew's Theater (famous for the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*) and served lunch every day. Leaders from all denominations joined in the fund-raising, and many prominent women canvassed downtown office buildings for contributions. By November 28, they were \$50,000 short of the goal.

The *Atlanta Journal* challenged the city to raise \$50,000 in fifty hours, and the campaign became a city-wide cause. One newspaper carried an open appeal for funds with a subscription form that all Atlantans were encouraged to cut out and send in. Nevertheless, on November 30, \$30,000 remained to be raised. A mass rally was slated for 8 p.m., in what was later called the Municipal Auditorium on Atlanta's Courland Street.

Amidst appeals by prominent Atlanta leaders, subscriptions continued to come in until 10:55 p.m. Soon after, lacking only \$4,500, J.K. Orr excitedly announced that the Georgia Railway and Electric Company just donated \$5,000 and "the crowd went wild," allowed Dr. Gaines later. Among the next morning's Constitution headlines was this one: "Agnes Scott Clinches Million Dollar Endowment."

It was little wonder the College inspired such pride in Atlantans. Its high standards distinguished it among Southern institutions, so much so that in 1913 it was the only college in the South approved by the U.S. Bureau of Education. Its stringent standards required that all faculty be



MAY DAY, AN AGNES  
SCOTT TRADITION SINCE 1903, WAS  
DISCONTINUED IN 1960.



members of one of the protestant evangelical churches, and that no teacher was hired without a personal interview with the president.

Some \$20,000 of General Education Board money from a later challenge grant funded the construction of the Anna I. Young Alumnae House, built a year after her death in 1920. Agnes Scott's alumnae house was the second such building in the U.S., and the first in the South; it soon became the center of social life for the College.

The campaign's success came on the heels of a campus typhoid epidemic. By November 8 there were 22 diagnosed cases and four suspected. Some parents called their daughters home, but to their credit, Dr. Gaines and Miss Hopkins sent daily bulletins to parents with the unflinching truth. And although the count rose to 30 cases, all the students recovered. A broken sewer had contaminated the drinking water, requiring repairs of more than \$11,000.

Dr. Gaines died in 1923, leaving a stunning legacy. "From a rented house in 1889, the College had grown to twenty acres of land and twenty-one buildings," wrote Edward

McNair in *Lest We Forget*. There were 435 students and 54 teachers and officers. The assets had grown from pledges of \$5,000 to more than \$1.5 million. After Dr. Gaines' death, the trustees elected Dr. James Ross McCain as president. Dr. McCain had spent the last seven years at Agnes Scott, first as registrar and professor of Bible, then as vice president in charge of fund-raising. By 1920 he had been elected a trustee and charged with hiring faculty and dealing with academic matters as Dr. Gaines' health declined.

"No thoughtful person would ever say that Dr. McCain was a scholar," wrote Dr. McNair. Yet, he is commonly considered Agnes Scott's first "education president." He consistently championed high academic standards, and during his tenure the school installed its chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, becoming the ninth women's college in the nation to do so. Dr. McCain "remarkably developed Agnes Scott, lifting it into the front rank of colleges for women in America," said his successor Wallace M. Alston. Dr. McCain was a founding member of the University Center, a consortium of Atlanta-area institutions of higher education,



DESPITE MAY DAY'S DEMISE,  
AGNES SCOTT STUDENTS STILL FIND  
WAYS TO ENJOY THE SPRING.



including the University of Georgia.

War bond sales, tin can recycling, knitting, air raid drills, and blackout preparations drew Agnes Scott students into the war effort in 1942. The war intruded in more personal ways, as well. One student's father was taken prisoner on Bataan; others lost brothers and fathers in the fighting. Times were austere: food was rationed and there was no gasoline.

The January 1942 *Alumnae Quarterly* noted that Main Tower had been prepared as a lookout in case of an air raid alarm. "In the event of an air raid," the periodical advised, "students would find themselves very safe on the first or basement floors of Buttrick, Presser or the library since these buildings are made with floors of steel-reinforced concrete."

Once the war ended, Dr. McCain's retirement was approaching, and the board selected Wallace Alston to succeed him. Dr. McCain's fund-raising work during his last years enabled the completion of a new infirmary and a new dining hall, as well as the Bradley Observatory, a science hall, a home for the incoming president, and the new arched

entrance to campus. Another of Dr. McCain's last acts was to lift the campus ban on smoking, conceding the basement of the Hub to those who wished to puff.

A much-respected Presbyterian minister before coming to Agnes Scott, Dr. Alston was called the minister-president. And, like a pastor overseeing his flock, he was, said former colleague C. Benton Kline Jr., "in intimate touch with every aspect of [the College's] being." Alumnae fondly remember Dr. Alston's habit of memorizing the names of each first-year student before they arrived at school. The College admitted and graduated its first black students during his tenure as well.

Dr. Alston created Agnes Scott's first budget. Although his predecessors handled funds frugally, they used no formal budgeting process. He also signed an agreement with Emory University that nullified a prior agreement between the two institutions that effectively prevented Emory from admitting women. The new agreement in 1951 allowed Emory to admit women and ended the time when Agnes Scott and Spelman College were the only places in the Atlanta area



FROM 1936 UNTIL THE 1974-77  
RENOVATION, THE FIRST FLOOR OF MCCAIN  
LIBRARY LOOKED LIKE THIS.



where a young woman could attend college and live at home. This shifted Agnes Scott toward an increasingly residential college, with more of its students coming from outside Atlanta. In 1951-52, Agnes Scott had 473 students, 317 residents and 156 day students. By 1961, Scott's 650 students included only 58 day students.

Housing quickly became a problem. In 1951, there were still only three dormitories, Main, Rebekah and Inman, and some six cottages used. Hopkins Hall was completed by September 1953.

The next year Dr. Alston appointed a long-range planning committee for the College, charging them with developing a plan that would culminate in the observance of the College's 75th anniversary. Although some plans would later change, by 1964 this effort would add more than \$12 million in assets.

Dr. Alston's tenure coincided with the Civil Rights Movement and was ending as the Women's Rights Movement was coming into vogue. Like their counterparts nationally, Agnes Scott women took another look at the status

quo. From 1969 to 1970 the Special Commission on Rules and Regulations, or SCRAP, as it was known, sought to review and alter outdated social requirements. The end result, Dean of Students Roberta K. Jones told the board as she presented the committee's suggestions, was "to achieve a code of behavior for students that maintains the standards of the College and, at the same time, gives students a sense of freedom with responsibility."

Six years later, the administration allowed men to visit students in their rooms, but only on Sunday afternoons and only with escort to and from the room.

When Marvin Banks Perry Jr. became president in 1973 declining college enrollments had become a national problem, liberal arts curriculums were under fire and increasing numbers of single-sex schools were making the move toward co-education.

Under his leadership, the College added a dual-degree program in engineering with Georgia Tech to its curriculum and began the Return to College Program for non-traditional age students. He wrote of the first group in 1974,



THE FIRST FLOOR STILL HAS STUDY  
AREAS, BUT THE RENOVATION PROVIDED  
FOR INCREASED STACK SPACE.



“Most have children and are juggling babysitters and car pools in order to return to college. Half of them are receiving financial aid from Agnes Scott in the form of work scholarship or tuition grants. . . . Although most were apprehensive about ‘returning to college,’ all have done well so far.”

That same year the board of trustees amended its charter to broaden membership. Previously three-quarters of the board had to be members of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, the other fourth needed to be “members of some evan-gelic church and sympathetic with the fundamentals of the Christian religion.” The new articles of incorporation provided that two-thirds of the board be Presbyterian with the remaining third “in sympathy and accord with the objectives of the College,” non-Christians and non-churched alike.

“Through the encouragement of women administrators during [Dr. Perry’s] presidency,” a columnist noted in the alumnae magazine in 1982, “he provided a time of transition toward the ascendancy of a woman whose time has come.”

That woman, Ruth A. Schmidt, became the fifth and

present president of Agnes Scott. Her tenure has seen the formation of the Global Awareness Program, and the beginning of a successful capital campaign to raise \$35 million for the College’s physical plant and academic program. Under her guidance, residence halls and other buildings have been renovated and refurbished, many long overdue. A new gym was built and the old one was made into a new student center that offers facilities conducive to meditation or physical exertion.

Dr. Schmidt will be the president to prepare the College for the coming century, much like Dr. Gaines and George Washington Scott did one-hundred years before. Unlike her predecessors, Dr. Schmidt provides a female role model for undergraduate women and alumnae alike to emulate.

Lynn Donham is editor of *AGNES SCOTT MAGAZINE*.

## Centennial time capsule offers keys to ASC's past

If the ancient Egyptians had left a key for deciphering hieroglyphics, archaeologists might have had a much easier time unlocking the secrets of the past. Fortunately for those who come after us, the twentieth century has brought forth the invention of the time capsule, and into these tiny vessels go forth messages to the future.

The Centennial Celebration Steering Committee has decided that putting some current Agnes Scott history into a time capsule, to be exhumed in perhaps fifty or one hundred years, would be a fitting way to end the Celebration. "You should use an occasion like the Centennial to not only look backwards but forward, as well," says Assistant Professor of Theatre Becky Prophet, who co-chairs the committee.

Committee members have yet to narrow down which objects will go into their box, but Dr. Prophet says she has an "active faith that these will be objects that provide answers, rather than questions, to future generations."

The "time capsule" is actually a small (12 x 12 x 10 inches) box that will be buried somewhere on campus. Committee members discovered during their research that another time capsule may be buried somewhere near Main. Both Milton Scott, grandson of founder George Washington Scott, and Caroline McKinney Clarke '27 have vague recollections

of such a ceremony when they were children, perhaps at the College's twenty-fifth anniversary. No one has been able to locate the object.

That can be a problem, says sociologist Albert Bergesen. "My own rough estimate is that several thousand time capsules are ceremoniously squirreled away and forgotten for every one that successfully conveys its cargo into the hands of a future generation," he wrote in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Historians credit former Oglethorpe University president Dr. Thornwell Jacobs with inventing the time capsule concept. In 1937, discouraged by the lack of accurate information regarding ancient civiliza-



tions, he embarked on an ambitious three-year project to scientifically preserve "every salient feature of present day civilization for the future," according to Oglethorpe literature. He finished his 2,000-cubic foot tomb of knowledge, called the Crypt of Civilization, in 1940. Beneath the university's Phoebe Hearst Hall, it is to be opened May 28, 8113 A.D. A date he calculated in 1938 as being as

far into the future as the first recorded date in history was in the past.

Westinghouse public relations people coined the phrase time capsule in 1938 when the company decided to send what they termed their "800-pound letter to the future." Perhaps the most famous, thousands viewed the seven-and-a-half foot long, six-inch diameter torpedo-shaped container at the 1939 World's Fair in New York before it descended into its (almost final) resting place.

Major libraries throughout the world hold a book of record from the company detailing the contents of the capsule and explaining how to calculate the opening date (6939 A.D.) by the use of the

Gregorian, Chinese, Jewish, Mohammedan and Shinto calendars.

Just in case future generations do not speak English, a key was included to "translate our tongue and to pronounce it 1938 style as well," announced Westinghouse executive David S. Youngholm at the capsule's interment.

It only the ancient Egyptians had been that considerate.

## "Miss Daisy's" Uhry among spring lecturers set for ASC

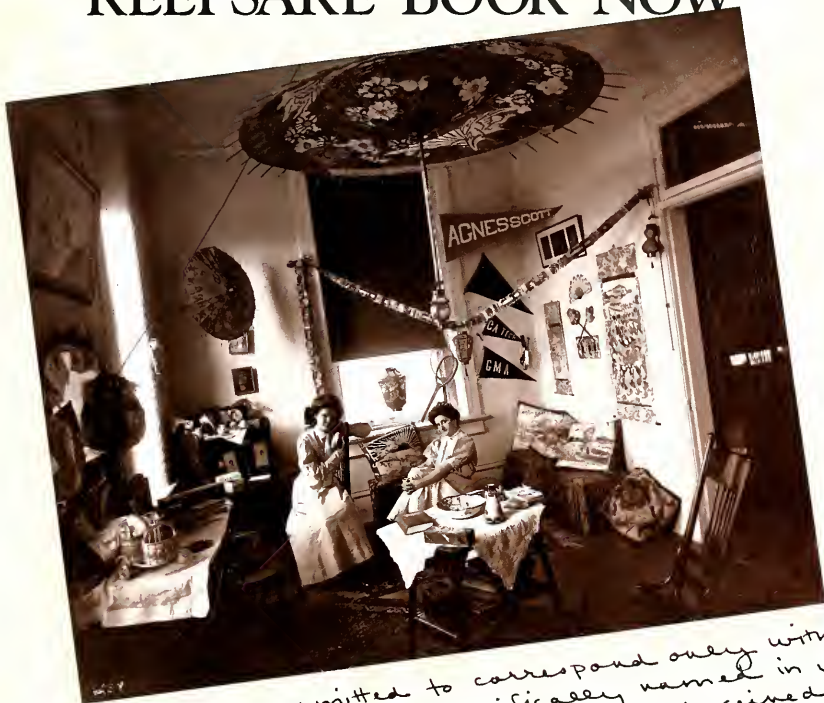
Lots of events dot the spring semester calendar. Playwrights Sandra Deer ("So Long on Lonely Street") and Alfred Uhry ("Driving Ms. Daisy") will be in residence. Ms. Deer will be a visiting lecturer in the spring and Mr. Uhry will participate in the Writers' Festival from April 26-27, as will writer Josephine Jacobson.

Swarthmore College's Dr. J. Barrie Shepherd will be the Founder's Day speaker on Wednesday, Feb. 21, in conjunction with the Community Focus on Faith and Learning Committee. He delivered the sermon during Alumnae Weekend's worship service.

Veteran reporter-commentator Daniel Schorr, formerly of CBS, now a senior news analyst for National Public Radio, is this year's commencement speaker on May 19. The baccalaureate speaker is the Rev. Joan Salmon-Campbell, moderator of the Presbyterian Church USA.

Other noteworthy events: An ongoing French Music Festival; performance arts series appearances by The Negro Ensemble Company on Feb. 22, the Borodin Trio on March 26 and the Blackfriars presentation of *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You* March 29-30 and April 5-7. For further information about the College's performance arts series call 371-0430. For information about other events contact Agnes Scott's public relations office at 371-6204.

# ORDER YOUR CENTENNIAL KEEPSAKE BOOK NOW



*"Pupils are permitted to correspond only with such gentlemen as are specifically named in writing by parents. Visitors will not be received during school study hours, nor the visits of young men at any time...." (1892-93)*

Agnes Scott's first hundred years overflow with memories of people, places and traditions. As the final commemoration of our Centennial, a pictorial history of the College will be issued next spring. This beautiful book will capture the experiences of the students and faculty, as well as include photographs, anecdotes, legends and little-known facts. Published by Susan Hunter Publishing Company of Atlanta, the

book will be a high-quality hardback, over 100 pages long, with a ribbon book-

mark, dust jacket and an embossed linen cover. The book is written by Archivist Lee

Says '69 and Dr. Christine Cozzens, English professor and director of Agnes Scott's Writing Workshop. Until February 22, 1990, you can order this special book for \$29.95 plus \$3.50 shipping and handling. The regular price will be \$39.95 plus shipping and handling. To order, make checks payable to Agnes Scott College and send to Centennial Book, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia 30030.

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**TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PRE-PUBLICATION PRICE**

The German Club remains  
a part of student life at ASC.  
What other vestiges of the  
College's early years still  
exist? See for yourself inside.





# AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE FALL 1990



REFLECTIONS  
ON A NEW WINDOW

Mary Alverta "Bertie" Bond '53, tells about the time Dr. Wallace M. Alston ended up holding the bouquet for an Agnes Scott bride while her maid of honor searched for the groom's ring.

That moment is telling. In spite of his own demanding schedule, Dr. Alston was there. A Presbyterian minister as well as Agnes Scott College president for 22 years, he made time to officiate at numerous ceremonies or to celebrate with students and alumnae.

"To Dr. Alston it mattered: whether it was your birthday, whether your mother was ill, whether you made Mortar Board, whether you had a date or not," says Miss Bond, administrative assistant to the president.

"His friendship with students did not end when you graduated. He performed their marriage ceremonies. He baptized their children."

Growing out of that legacy of friendship and concern, Dr. Alston continued to secure quality educators and facilities for students. The book value of the endowment when he retired in 1973 was 12 times greater than when he came in 1951.

He was also a careful steward who anticipated needs and gave generously of himself. "And," says Miss Bond, "he expected you to do your best, to use well the gifts God had given you."

Among his unfinished dreams was a chapel for the campus.

The Class of '52 knew he wanted a special place for ceremonies—lovely, accessible and more intimate than



Gaines Auditorium in Presser Hall—a quiet corner for student prayer and introspection.

Under the administration of Dr. Ruth Schmidt, that dream began taking shape when in 1988 an upstairs room in the Alston Campus Center (the former Bucher Scott Gymnasium) became the Mary West Thatcher Chapel. Amish woodworkers crafted the pews which seat 70—and that year a small pipe organ was constructed for the room.

This year the Class of '52 combined resources to replace the clear plate glass window at the end of the chapel with stained glass.

On September 21, faculty, administration, alumnae and members of Dr. Alston's family

gathered in the chapel. Dr. Schmidt offered the welcome: "We trust this will be a blessing to you." Patricia Snyder, the first full-time chaplain at Agnes Scott, wrote a litany for the occasion.

"To the glory of the Lord of Light, we dedicate this window," read the audience.

"This many-faceted God who leads us in rekindling hope among all creation and offers clarification for complicated lives, also comes to us through the dedication of human beings. One such person was Wallace M. Alston," read Sally V. Daniel '52, pastor of Grant Park-Aldersgate United Methodist Church.

"As a faithful steward of his gifts, he helped in many ways to focus the glory of the Lord of Light for Agnes Scott College. . . ."

May that generosity of spirit and pure light guide all our giving as we enter this holiday season.

Editor: Celeste Pennington. Design: Harold Waller and Everett Hullum.

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Cover photo: Michael McKelvey.

SB 265

Just a word to tell you how invigorating to the thought-life was the Fall (1989) issue of the *Alumnae Magazine*. Most people believe in the golden rule and other good ideas but are not very enthusiastic about such philosophies. All of the articles in this magazine rekindled my thinking, especially the article by Robert Coles on "The Moral Life of Children."

*Mary Elizabeth (Heath) Phillips '27  
Knoxville, Tenn.*

I have a couple of minor contributions: the mysterious buildings in the rear left on p. 32 (Winter 1990) were probably the physical education building and the steam plant (see pp. 72 and 80 of Ed McNair's book, *Lest We Forget*).

Second, the pictures on pp. 36 and 37 are of different floors of the library, as you can see by the windows. The old one is of the floor below the street level which was called the Reserved Book room. Nearly everybody studied there, because that was where special reading for one's classes was shelved.

*Eleanor Hutchens '40  
Huntsville, Ala.*

Enjoyed the Centennial issue of *Alumnae Magazine*. But thought you might like to "re-file" the basketball photo on p. 13. It's from 1958, not the 1940s. Martha Meyer and myself and Lang Sydnor (Mauck) at right. Good memories!

*Pinky (Marion McCall) Bass '58  
Fairhope, Ala.*

I remember the building nearest Rebekah shown in the picture on p. 32 of the Winter (1990) issue of the *Alumnae Magazine*.

When I was about 10 years old my older sister Elizabeth Moss Mitchell of the class of '29 took me to Miss Emily Dexter's child psychology class to be given an I.Q. test. . . . The class was in a room on the McDonough side of that building. . . .

The building must have been torn down shortly after that, because I remember playing with other children around the construction site of Buttrick. . . .

*Nell Moss Roberts '40  
Atlanta, Ga.*

Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine

# AGNES SCOTT

Fall 1990 Volume 68, Number 2

Page 4

## A Meeting of Minds

by Celeste Pennington



*What happens when Fuller Callaway Professor (and gadfly) Richard Parry introduces Socrates to the MTV generation.*

Page 10

## Reflections



*Stained glass for Agnes Scott College from the class of '52*

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## Exceptional Vision

by Mike D'Orso

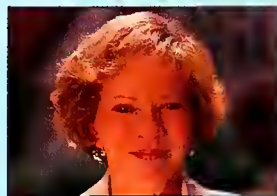


*It's easy to forget that Harvard-educated lawyer-linguist-musician Karen Gearreald '66 is also blind.*

Page 20

## Rosalynn Carter Connection

by Faye Goolrick



*For the third year, former First Lady and ASC Distinguished Lecturer brings a political insider's vantage to global awareness.*

Page 24

## My Favorite Student

by Jane A. Zanca



*In some classes it's just harder to tell who is the student—and who are the teachers.*

Page 2  
Lifestyles

Page 30  
Classic

Page 31  
Finale

## Building for the future —hotel designs with a woman's touch

Sensitivities to people's needs can give women a clear edge in the field of architecture, believes Helen Davis Hatch, '65, design director and principal in Cooper Carry & Associates Inc., one of the largest architecture firms in the country.



ASC's Hatch: "A lot of people work together on a building."

Among other projects, she designs a number of the leading hotel-resort-conference centers for the Marriott Corporation—at a time when the travel industry is increasingly concerned with catering to the business-woman.

The percentage of women business travelers has grown from single digits in 1970 to 39 percent today. Marriott and others in the hotel industry are anticipating that by 2000, women will comprise 50 percent of all business travelers.

Security is a primary issue, leading to additional lighting in hotel parking lots, corridors and elevator lobbies, to

more closed-circuit television cameras and to new lock systems (from keys to cards).

A woman traveler's needs, as well as Mrs. Hatch's designs, are giving shape to a wider range of hotel services and comforts. Her hotels include spas or health clubs, indoor pools and more spacious rooms. "Business hotels will have more of a residential feel," she says. They also will offer services such as secretaries, fax machines, computers and extensive recreational facilities.

One of her most recent Marriotts, at the Crocker Center mixed-use development in Boca Raton, Fla., was selected by the American Institute of Architecture (AIA) for display in the institute's national traveling exhibit: "Many More: Women in American Architecture."

Mrs. Hatch is one of two women principals in the 12-partner firm of Cooper Carry. She leads a team of architects and other professionals through the months-long process of developing a hotel from concept to working blueprints in the field. "It takes a lot of people to put together a building—a lot of guiding, working with people, teaching." In addition to her firm's production team, each project involves consultants: engineers, interior designers and others. "In a hotel," explains Hatch, "you even have kitchen consultants and laundry consultants. It's a lot of coordination among people."



Crocker Center in Boca Raton, Fla., is an award-winning mixed use development with shops, restaurants and meeting places.

Mrs. Hatch is from a family of architects; her mother was the first licensed woman architect in Alabama. Her father and husband are architects as well.

And although she em-

phasizes the team approach and uses phrases like "working with"—the fact of the matter is that, in her own low-key, unpretentious way, she's the boss—and she is one of the most successful,



*Memphis Marriott (left and above) displays Mrs. Hatch's flair for placing modular design elements in a dramatic, but subdued setting.*

better-known women architects in the country.

Her hotel designs have drawn among the highest occupancy rates in the industry. She's also a well-respected, trail-blazing minority player in a field that's still only 10 percent female.

For Hatch, however, the "you-can-have-it-all" success story takes a back seat to the more practical side of architecture: It's a good profession for women, whatever their ambitions or stage of life.

"I don't want to be snobbish about this, but I think there are certain sensitivities that women have that help a lot in architecture, in designing for people," she says. "And there are so many different areas women can go

into. You can make architecture a full-time profession, or it's easy to make it a part-time profession, especially in smaller-scale residential design." When asked if women might get pigeonholed into residential, more "female" endeavors such as designing kitchens, she laughs, then responds slyly: "No—but I think we're pretty good at it."

When her son Charles, now 11, was younger, Mrs. Hatch worked part-time with her husband in their small firm, Rabun Hatch. Her introduction to design for the hospitality industry, however, was with Atlanta-based Thompson, Ventulett Stainback & Associates Inc. when Hatch designed the

liberal arts background contributes to the more humanistic, "people-oriented" side of the profession which she ranks equally with her more technical skills of architecture.

She was a math major who taught school for several years at the Westminster Schools in Atlanta before switching fields. Her liberal arts degree was a stepping stone to graduate-level study in architecture

auditorium and conference rooms for the Georgia World Congress Center (in the Omni complex in downtown Atlanta).

Since joining Cooper Carry in the early 1980s, Hatch has concentrated on hotel and resort design, a corner of the profession that she particularly enjoys because "it's an ever-changing challenge—you never do the same thing twice—and it's very people-oriented."

"While you have to satisfy the owner of the facility and meet the budget, you always approach design—especially hotel design—based on how people will use the structure. I'm constantly putting myself in place of the people who are going to be using the hotel."

Mrs. Hatch believes her

at the Harvard Graduate School of Design, where she earned a master's degree in 1973. (Most architecture schools offer only a five-year, technically-oriented bachelor's degree.)

In retrospect, although she didn't plan her curriculum at Agnes Scott with the Harvard Graduate School of Design in mind, her career preparation was clearly solid—and flexible enough to accommodate her future choices in graduate school and beyond. "As a matter of fact," Hatch observes, "I think every architect should have a liberal arts background—because there's so much more to architecture than just drawing pretty pictures and building buildings."

—Faye Goolrick



# A MEETING OF MINDS

BY CELESTE PENNINGTON

Illustration by Ian Greathead  
Photography by Laura Sikes



It's early in the morning, and Dr. Richard Parry's philosophy students are studying Socrates, El Salvador, and what it means to have a compassionate and moral soul. ■ ■ ■ In the incandescent light, a student rests her head on a fat, looseleaf notebook. Another with a

thatch of fly-away red hair chases sleep with a swig of Classic Coke from a can.

Roughly 20 other students pore over recently returned and graded philosophy papers. "I got an 80. I always make Cs," half laments/half brags a student seated sideways in her desk. "C.C.C.C."

Quickly moving into this throng is a modest man in gray tweed: Richard D. Parry, Ph.D., Fuller Callaway Professor of Philosophy.

Plastic glasses circle his eyes. Neat beard and thinning hair rim his face.

He clears his throat and grabs a piece of chalk.

"What is justice?" he asks. "Is justice more profitable than injustice?"

"Profitable," he offers as an aside, "means is it *good* for you?"

Those acquainted with Parry know this is not merely a question posed for discussion, but a concern with which he wrestles, personally.

GOD ORDERS ME  
TO FULFILL THE  
PHILOSOPHER'S MISSION  
OF SEARCHING INTO  
MYSELF AND OTHERS.

*Socrates, Apology*

It's a roughly 2x3-foot cross of unfinished wood lathing. In the sunshine of a crisp January day, Richard Parry carries this cross which bears the name of a murdered El Salvadoran woman.

Her death is one of a string of murders dating back to 1980 with Archbishop Romero, then four North American churchwomen and now six Jesuit priests, their housekeeper and her daughter.

So today, Parry and about 20 protesters walk around outside the Russell Building in downtown Atlanta, while an Irish priest from their group delivers a petition for U.S. Sen. Sam Nunn. In-

stead of meeting Nunn, the priest has an audience with an aide who says he knows little of El Salvador.

Justice—and so, El Salvador—is a cause with Parry.

His 15-year-old Amy teases that her dad has *many* causes. In the interest of justice, she says, "We are not allowed to buy from G.E. Or Nestles. Or Exxon."

She giggles. "He has far too many causes. While we're still eating dinner, he's off to another meeting. He says, 'I hate to eat and run, but . . .'"

Parry, who cooks the evening meal for his own family, monthly dishes up lunch for the homeless at the Open Door Community.

Pax Christi, an international peace organization for Catholic laity, is one of his causes which also engages Amy. "I decided to join the group," she says. "It's something I have done on my own."

"Last night at a Pax Christi meeting and my dad was talking," Amy grins. "I just wanted to go up and hug him."

It was Quakers standing silently and almost shoulder-to-shoulder along Franklin Street in Chapel Hill, N.C., protesting the war in Vietnam that first focused Parry's concern for peace. He, a grad student completing his dissertation (*The Agent's Knowledge of His Own Action*) at the University of North Carolina, decided to join them. "The Quakers," he says, "are the shock troops of the peace movement."

By the winter of 1967, Parry, a new Agnes Scott philosophy professor, was standing with several other faculty at the bottom of the steps in front of the dining hall in another demonstration against the war in Vietnam.

"When I first came to Agnes Scott I was both aggressive," comments Parry, "and *offensive*."

The wry comments which spark his conversation belie the force of his commitment, which on this January day in

In the quiet solitude of a secluded corner on campus, Parry pauses to reflect. But he is equally willing to be involved in group protest, too.

"I call him," says a colleague, "the conscience of the college."

1990 draws him to the steps of the Russell Building to protest the war in El Salvador—whether anybody seems to notice, or not.

"It's always kind of discouraging," Parry admits.

"On the other hand, I read about six Jesuit priests who were murdered and mutilated. I feel like I want to do something."

WHO ARE THE TRUE  
PHILOSOPHERS?  
THOSE, I SAID, WHO ARE  
THE LOVERS OF THE  
VISION OF TRUTH.

*Socrates, Republic*

"Even if Sam Nunn is not going to talk to us about it, I get the ritualistic consolation that at least I and some other people have expressed our disgust." Back in the wide and marbled portico of second-floor Buttrick, Parry weaves in and out of rows of classroom desks.

The students are women. Their togas are jeans with T-shirts or sweaters or bright-colored sweats.

"Socrates says, 'Justice is good in itself and good in its consequences.' *But the many say*, 'be immoral—if you can get away with it . . .'"

It is not lecture so much as repartee that bristles with Parry's questions and oblique humor.

"If you surrender to your passions and eat that third piece of chocolate cake, what happens?" he asks and pauses for response. "You get halfway through the third piece of chocolate cake and you feel a revulsion."

"Your spirited side says, 'See, I told you.'"

"Later, reason says, 'Remember the time you ate the third piece of chocolate cake?'"

With analogy he drives these 20th





For Agnes Scott's Socrates,  
the students are women,  
the togas are jeans and T-shirts.  
In his teaching, he rummages  
through the treasures of the mind,  
using the past to light the future.

century students to the crux of Socrates' bid for balance—in passion, spirit and reason.

And there are the questions, always the questions. He leans toward the class. "Let me ask you: 'Would you like to have this kind of ordered soul?'"

NEVER MIND THE  
MANNER WHICH MAY  
OR MAY NOT BE GOOD; BUT  
THINK ONLY OF THE  
TRUTH OF MY WORDS  
AND GIVE HEED TO THAT.

Socrates, *Apology*

It's a guise Decatur student Elizabeth Fraser won't soon forget: Dr. Richard Parry striding into class dressed in his son's camouflage jacket and aviator sunglasses to present an hour-long argument for nuclear deterrents.

"I hammed it up," admits Parry, mischievously.

"I couldn't get a speaker, so I assumed the persona of someone from the Department of Defense.

"Humor is very important," he insists. "A year or so later the student won't remember the course name—but they do remember the joke."

A few years before that he made another memorable entrance—disguised as a rabbit at his daughter Amy's sixth grade party. "He came hopping down the stairs. He introduced himself as the Easter Bunny," reports Amy. "It totally humiliated me in front of my friends."

"He is unpredictable," surmises Fraser.

"He's a crazy person," counters Amy.

"He's incredibly playful," says Donna Sadler, Agnes Scott assistant professor of art history who recalls Parry "in Plato baseball cap and tacky shorts" actually leading a group of Agnes Scott College

students through the streets of Athens, looking for Socrates' prison cell.

That playfulness served them well as she taught art and archaeology of the ancients and Parry taught the dialogues of Socrates. It also came in handy when Sadler lectured students among Greek ruins and her two-year-old Lauren needed a friend. "Richard would whisk Lauren away, tell her the worst jokes you have ever heard. She loved it."

That playfulness also takes the edge off situations that require discipline. "What strikes me about Richard," says Sadler, "is the lightness with which he treats certain situations. In his aw, shucks, throat-clearing manner, he got across to the students that this behavior would not be tolerated."

Says Parry's son Matthew, 20: "My Dad's never been really strict—but he is definite on morals." His wife Susan calls Parry "the moral fiber of our household."

As an Agnes Scott faculty member, his commitment is to a strong liberal arts curriculum. "He is able to analyze complicated issues and condense them down to manageable choices," says Gus Cochran, associate professor of political science who serves with Parry on the faculty executive committee.

As chairperson, Parry insists on exploring thorny issues and looking at all the angles. "He raises this voice: 'Is this the right thing to do,'" notes Sadler. "He may stop procedure to ask that one question.

"Under the cuff," she says, "I call him the conscience of the college.

"And in the classroom? He questions, always questions. Sometimes I want to take him by the lapels and say, 'What do you think?'"

"It's apparent how much he values the students in this way he teaches. His teaching is not hierarchical.

"He gets in a circle of students. He engages them."



IF THE DIFFERENCE  
CONSISTS ONLY IN WOMEN  
BEARING AND MEN  
BEGETTING CHILDREN, THIS  
DOES NOT AMOUNT TO A  
PROOF THAT WOMAN DIF-  
FERS FROM MAN IN RESPECT  
TO THE SORT OF EDUCATION  
SHE SHOULD RECEIVE.

Socrates, 470-399 BC

"Reason. Order in life. This is what I strive for," asserts a student near the front of class.



Interrupts another, "But this happens in the dorm all the time: You have a paper to write. You want to do something else. So you forget the paper. You can *reason out* this decision. . . ."

Parry: "Reason can be perverted. . . ."

Another student: "You have a passion to go out and make love to your neighbor's wife . . . injustices could be reasoned out and crimes committed."

Parry: "But aren't your passions getting out of whack? Where's the balance Socrates talks about?"

"What if you try and try, but it just doesn't balance out?" questions a student.

Parry: "Let's go back. This is a modern way of seeing moral issues. *We* concen-

trate on the act—like sleeping with a person. *To Socrates*, the more important question is, 'What sort of person should I be?'"

Outside class, Parry admits, "What we consider in class must seem awfully precious or esoteric. But here at Agnes Scott we are dedicated to the idea that this is all vital to the kinds of lives people are going to lead.

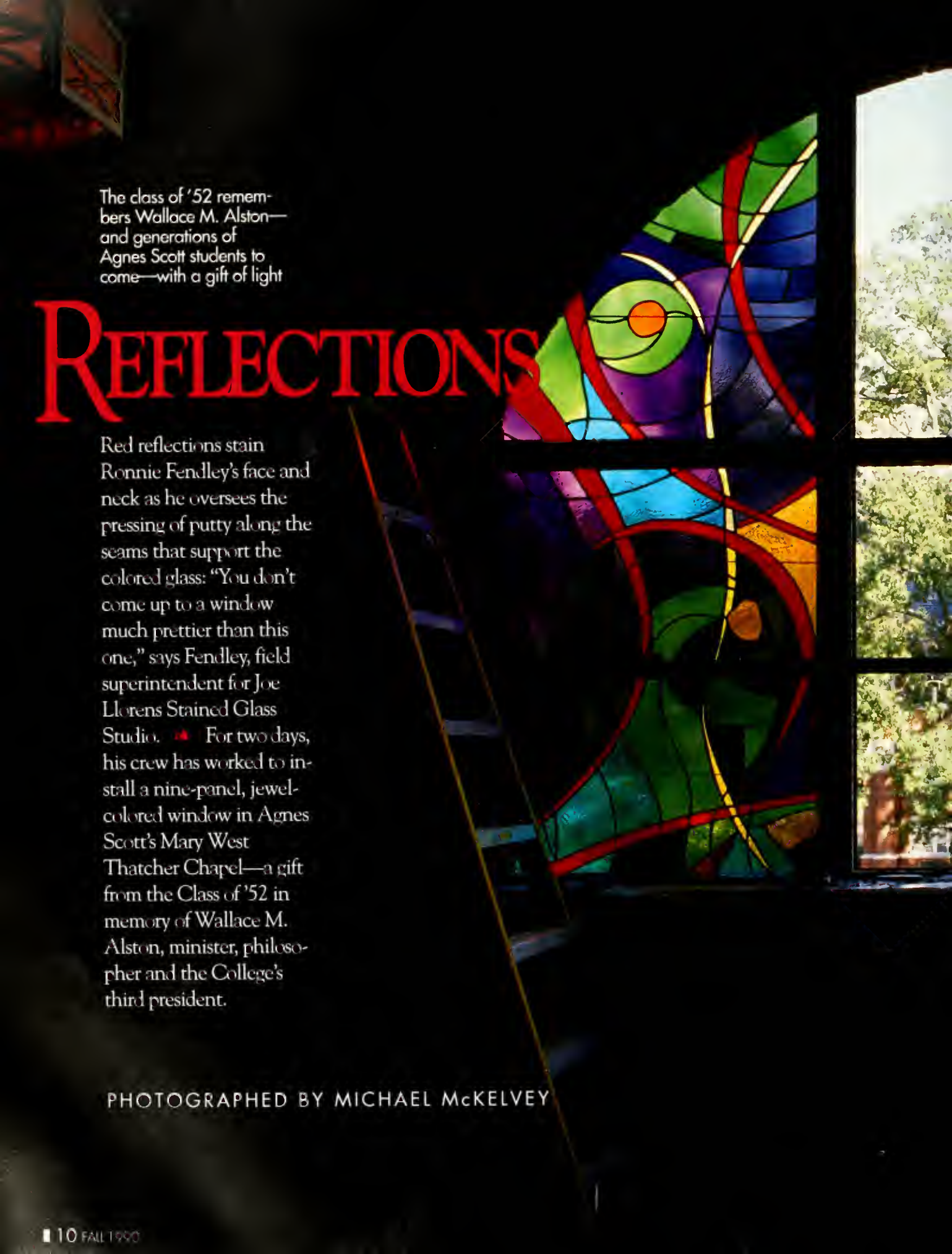
"In class, we had people talking earnestly about adultery as if it were an issue. I don't watch television much, but it bothers me that sex is cast so . . . as if it were not a question of what resonance it has in your life or what obligations with which it is enmeshed. . . ."

"This (academic) course is presented in the context of an author who has been dead for two thousand years. If the outside world looks on it as precious and esoteric—here, on the inside, its consideration is just the opposite."

Parry refers to his teaching task as "rummaging around in the treasures." In the space of this one hour class, he has helped excavate and bring those treasures to light.

He also has pushed and probed, listened and questioned until these AD 2000 minds at least brush with the mind of a philosopher from 470 BC.

And today, it seems, they did momentarily connect.



The class of '52 remembers Wallace M. Alston—and generations of Agnes Scott students to come—with a gift of light

# REFLECTIONS

Red reflections stain Ronnie Fendley's face and neck as he oversees the pressing of putty along the seams that support the colored glass: "You don't come up to a window much prettier than this one," says Fendley, field superintendent for Joe Llorens Stained Glass Studio. For two days, his crew has worked to install a nine-panel, jewel-colored window in Agnes Scott's Mary West Thatcher Chapel—a gift from the Class of '52 in memory of Wallace M. Alston, minister, philosopher and the College's third president.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL McKELVEY



Class members knew that Alston had dreamed of establishing a chapel for students. They determined their gift in his memory would enliven that space with color and light.

"Dr. Alston was inaugurated in the fall of 1951," says class president Shirley Heath Roberts '52. "We were his first graduating class—we were all very close."

Those class members recall not only Dr. Alston's intellect and dignity, but his warmth, and the moments when he took some personal interest in them. He knew each student by name. He opened his office and his home to them. He kept their confidences.

"We became an extension of his family—he made us feel that good about ourselves," says Barbara Brown Page '52.

"He was tender and kind. We knew that he loved us, and we of the class of 1952 loved him back.

"It was just that simple."

To handle their project, the class commissioned Joe Llorens. (His father, Joseph V. Llorens, made the original windows for Agnes Scott's gymnasium, library and Presser Hall.) He furnished the committee (Roberts, Adelaide Ryall Beall '52 and Shirley Ford Baskin '52)

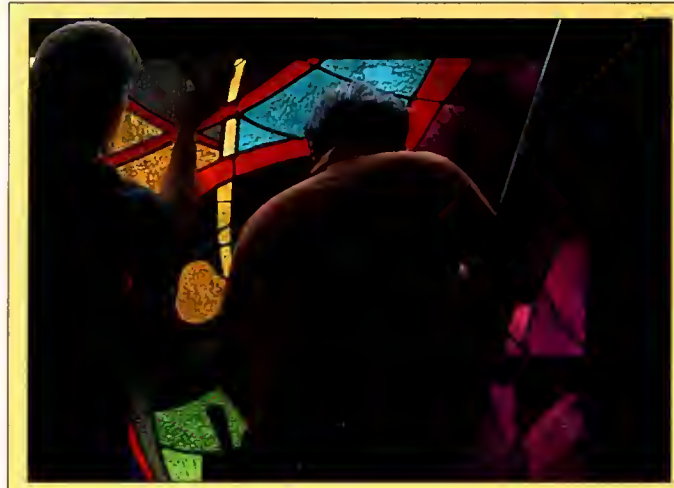
with designs. They selected one. He submitted a watercolor rendering for approval. Then he did a layout and made a full-size template to guide glasscutters

and other edifices across the United States and in five foreign countries. Its Atlanta work includes the opalescent windows with portraits at Ebenezer Baptist Church, windows depicting the life of Christ at Wheat Street Baptist Church and stained glass windows at The Columbia Theological Seminary.

On this morning, as the crew quietly daubs black paint on putty, Fendley pushes back his cap and surveys the shower of morning light pouring from the upper panel. "It's a blessing to do this kind of work."

In these converging patterns of light and glass, he finds a message. "The top is a star," he points out. "To me that says you're supposed to let your light shine."

His interpretation fits the verse inscribed on glass at the



"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts . . ."

and, finally, glazers who assembled each panel.

Then Fendley's crew began installation. They knocked existing clear and amber glass from its metal frames. Section by section, those spaces they carefully filled with the vibrant hand-blown Blenko glass.

Joe Llorens Stained Glass has made windows for more than 2,000 churches

window's base: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

That was a favorite scripture verse of Dr. Alston's.

"We believe," says Roberts, "this stained glass window will be a glorious reminder of his presence."



# EXCEPTIONAL VISION

BY MIKE D'ORSO  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL TIERNAN



In Karen Gearreald '66—a “woman for all seasons,” teacher, pianist, singer, attorney, computer expert, poet—believing is seeing

# If

Karen could see, she would not have to feel along the wall with her fingertips as she leads a guest into her living room.

If she could see, she would know her visitor has explored her piano, rubbing his own fingers across the Braille notes of the Mozart arrangement opened above the keyboard.

If she could see, Karen Gearreald would not have to ask which of her stuffed animals the guest holds in his hands before she says: “Yes, the tiger. My coach is always encouraging me to play like a tiger.”

If she could see, she would know her visitor's eyes have moved to the tiny, time-worn typewriter stored on a corner shelf, the same machine on which she first tapped out the alphabet when she was 4 and on which, 21 years later, she wrote her Ph.D. dissertation at Harvard.

“An old friend,” says Karen, smiling in the direction of the aged Royal. “This place is just full of old friends.”

If Karen could see, she would not need a computer that speaks. Her upstairs office hums with an array of state-of-the-art machinery she uses to type and transmit correspondence lessons for blind students. The centerpiece is an IBM talking computer she affectionately calls Isaac. For seven years, she has listened to Isaac's deep, synthesized gargle. “Sometimes he won't stop,” she says, grinning and nudging the machine as its babbling fades to a halt.

If she could see, it might not mean so much to have the sculptured Oriental rug on the floor of her bedroom.

“Oh, it's one of my favorite things,” she says, stepping on the carpet. “You can feel the flowers.”

Karen feels it all, from the carpet beneath her feet to the sunshine on her face and the music in her ears. If she

could see, she might not, at 46, remain as eager to devour life as she was when she was 16. She might not glow with the inner peace so gentle and so generous it cloaks those around her like a quilt.

If she could see, she might not have built an army of friends, both sighted and blind, who shake their heads in wonder at all she has done and been.

But Karen cannot see, and so she continues to do and be all these things.

# It

is easy to forget that Karen Gearreald is blind. Besides her doctorate in linguistics and literature, she is an attorney—a graduate of Duke Law School, a member of the Virginia Bar Association and a mainstay in the legal office of the Norfolk Naval Supply Center, where, for each of the past 14 years, she has guided hundreds of millions of dollars of contract bids and government purchases through a procedural maze.

“I don't relish litigation at all,” she says, preferring the paper work she does mostly at her desk. “I don't enjoy going for the jugular of anyone.”

But neither will she back away from a challenge. It was 40 years ago that she became the first blind child to begin public school in Richmond. She was a test case, arranged by the state's Commission for the Blind (now the Department for the Visually Handicapped) to break ground in a city that until then had barred children without sight from all but its high schools.

“We were all watching her,” recalls

*Raised just as if she were as “normal” as her sister and brothers, Karen often walks with her father in the neighborhood near her home.*







In the 1966 G.E. College Bowl, Karen's correct answers clinched the ASC's upset over Princeton. She just doesn't miss much.

Virginia Diggs, a retired commission member now living in Newport News. Diggs, who is blind herself, was Karen's Braille teacher when she entered first grade in 1950. "We were very interested in how Karen was going to turn out, because there were a lot of other children wanting to go to public schools at that time. She really opened the door for the ones who came after."

"It's routine now," Karen says of the more than 1,200 visually handicapped children who attend Virginia's public schools each year. "But it wasn't then."

Nor was Karen. Even her blindness was out of the ordinary. Retinitis pigmentosa is a condition of gradual sight loss that normally strikes adults, rarely people younger than their teens.

Karen was born with it. When she was six weeks old, a nurse noticed her unusual rapid eye movements. When the doctor checked her sight, he discovered she had none. But it was not until Karen was 8 that doctors were finally able to give a confirmed diagnosis.

"It was quite mysterious, really," Karen says.

"It was a real blow," says her mother, Marion Gearreald, recalling the 29 doctors she and her husband, Tull, took Karen to over the years. "We just didn't think we could deal with this."

The Gearrealds and their three other children lived in New Jersey when Karen was born. Tull was an Army officer. When he left the service a year later, the family moved to Richmond. Keeping their questions about their youngest daughter's condition to themselves, Tull and Marion raised Karen just as they did her sister and brothers. Like them, Karen made her bed, cleared the table, washed the dishes. "We just treated her like she was normal," Marion says. "Having the others around helped her learn every-



*Classically trained in piano and voice, Karen practices on a synthesizer in her bedroom and a grand piano downstairs.*

thing from obedience to love."

"Faith, love and discipline," echoes Karen. "We were very consistently brought up that way."

Nothing about that upbringing seemed abnormal to Karen—not even the fact that she could not see. "I've often tried to remember if there was a day when I realized I was blind, and I can't," she says. "It was never a shock or a trauma for me. I think people who lose their sight later have it much harder."

When she entered first grade, she knew she was what she calls "an experimental child." But she didn't let that prevent her from feeling as normal at school as she did at home.

"I could hardly wait to seek out girlfriends and boyfriends. I remember exploring the classroom, finding the rhythm instruments, sitting on the rug that first day with all the others. Oh, I loved that, sitting on the rug."

There was cruelty too, of course. But not much, Karen says. Certainly nowhere near enough to discourage her. "I was just happy to be there, and to be growing up with my family. I didn't want to be sent away to a school for the blind.

I was determined to do whatever I had to do to make it work. If the price I had to pay was a little cruelty, a little inconvenience, I didn't care."

**A**t a time when public schools were ill-equipped to handle blind students, Karen got help from a legion of volunteers. Church friends, Red Cross volunteers and family members sat by her side as readers. After the Gearrealds moved to Norfolk when Karen was 10, she began taking supplemental correspondence courses from the Illinois-based Hadley School for the Blind. Braille and recorded texts were sent from groups around the country. As much as Karen appreciated the help then, she is even more thankful now.

"The depth of volunteerism in this country is something that should be mentioned more than it is," she says. "Other countries don't have nearly the level we do. I know. My students tell me.

"Part of it has to do with our higher standard of living and having more leisure time, but I think much of it is simply the fact that many Americans are thankful for the privileges they have in this country. They're thankful for what they've been given, and at some point they give it back."

From her years at Larchmont Elementary, through James Blair Junior High, Maury High and on into her undergraduate career at Agnes Scott College, Karen amassed dozens of local and national academic honors, ranging from a National Merit Scholarship at Maury and selection as Norfolk's Outstanding Teenager of the Year in 1962 to an appearance on the nationally televised "G.E. College Bowl" program her senior year at Agnes Scott. It was Karen's answer with one



Karen is active in her church, Larchmont Baptist, where she is choir president and soprano soloist and a Sunday School teacher. "She's a classic," says a friend, "a woman for all seasons."

second left on that 1966 broadcast ("the sword in *The Song of Roland*") that allowed her team to come from behind to beat Princeton, an upset that was trumpeted the next morning in newspapers around the nation. Much was made of her coolness in the clutch, but Karen tells a different story.

"I simply had no idea of our situation," she says with a soft smile. "If I'd been able to see the scoreboard or the clock, I would have choked."

Paying particular interest to that broadcast was the admissions staff of Harvard Graduate School. A week earlier, they had called Agnes Scott to ask Karen's professors about her. "I guess they had some qualms," she says. Two days after the College Bowl, the mail brought not only Karen's acceptance to Harvard but a scholarship as well.

"I was lucky," she says, explaining the award in the same way she sums up her pioneering grade-school role in Richmond. "I was just in the right place at the right time."

**She** has been in so many places since. One was the Hadley School itself, where Karen went after Harvard to do a little giving back of her own. That was in 1969, when she joined the staff at

Hadley's headquarters in Winnetka, Ill. The homestudy school has graduated 50,000 students since its creation in 1920. But Karen Gearreald, says Hadley's current dean, Dr. Charles Marshall, is in a class by herself.

"She goes beyond all her credentials," Marshall says. "She's a classic in the Sir Thomas More sense, a woman for all seasons. A teacher, a pianist, a singer, a Brailist, an attorney, a computer expert, a poet. She's just a remarkable human being, and the best part of all is she's so modest."

"If I were to boil it down, I'd say she has an inquiring mind and a compassionate heart, and that's a real nice combo."

The dean might have mentioned Karen's driving skills. She displayed them in 1970, when a fellow faculty member—he was sighted—took her for a spin in the school's station wagon.

"He regarded driving as a sport," she says, savoring the story. "That's what he called it, a sport."

Somehow, Karen says, she ended up behind the wheel that day.

"We started out in the woods and gradually worked into traffic. I got up to about 40 miles an hour, steering and giving more or less gas. I loved it. But I gave up when it came time to park."

When she arrived at Hadley, Karen wasn't sure if she would ever want to

leave. But after four years, she set her eyes on law school. "I simply continued to grow," she says. "And I hadn't expected to."

She should have known better. Although she has now been with the Naval Supply Center's legal staff for 14 years, she has done anything but slow down. Since 1982, she has worked with the Department of Justice and the Navy to develop ways of using computerized speech synthesis for disabled employees. In 1983, she went to Indiana to appear in a film on the life of 19th century blind hymn writer Fanny Crosby—"I die in the first reel."

In 1988, she began teaching Hadley students again, from her Norfolk apartment. There are 67 of them, all blind, all learning Latin, Bible studies and rapid Braille through correspondence courses taught by Karen. She is choir president and soprano soloist at Larchmont Baptist Church, where she also teaches an adult Bible studies class. And for the past six years, she has commuted regularly to Manhattan for classical piano and voice lessons with a coach she met through the Virginia Opera Association. The idea of eventually appearing on stage is something she allows herself to imagine—with caution.

"If I ever got to appear in a stage production, I'd love it," she says. "But one has to be realistic about these things. Normally a part on stage goes to a younger person—who can see."

There are some things Karen can't imagine anymore—such as being a mother. "I'm too old now," she says. "But I feel like my 60-some students are my children—an instant family."

Marriage, too, she says, seems less likely now. "It was a very real possibility, more than once," she says. "But I'm glad it didn't happen. I don't think it was the

"I can do a great deal by example, by teaching and, more than that, by encouraging . . . I want to overflow with what I'm wanting to share"

right time. I'm not ruling it out, but neither am I seeking it. It would have to be a very special situation."

The church is only four blocks away. Her parents live within a mile. She occasionally visits friends and they her. She rides a city van to and from work. But most of Karen's time is spent at home, with her music and her students' lessons and Isaac.

There are times, Karen says, when she feels lonely. "But everybody does," she adds. "I think I feel less lonely than a lot of people."

There are times as well when she considers how many blind people, with credentials even as strong as hers, have jobs far below their qualifications—if they have jobs at all. Asked if that's fair, Karen responds with a line from Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* when Scrooge is asked to give to a charity, "if it's convenient."

"He said: 'It's not convenient. And it's not fair!'"

She pauses and shrugs.

"We visually impaired people recognize there are many things that are not convenient nor are they fair. But every sighted person I know is struggling as well with things that are not convenient and not fair."

As for the cause of the blind in general, Karen is not one to take to the ramparts. "I don't think I'm much of a mass crusader. Though I do think I'm a good individual advocate, I can't get up and tell a whole group to pass a law. I'm not good at commanding or demanding. But I can do a great deal by example, by teaching and, more than that, by encouraging. Encouragement—the lost art."

Even after 46 years, Marion Gearreald still struggles with the hardest part of having a child who is blind—accepting it. "This is what breaks my heart about

Karen," she says. "I think of it every time I see a sunset or a flower. I hate to think her life will end and she will not have seen what her family looks like."

But Karen talks of the same issue in a different terms when she speaks of how close she is to her students, even though they have never met.

"We don't put the same value on a face-to-face visit as people with sight," she says. "But we feel very close."

**I**t is, in the end, her feelings that drive Karen to pull so much of the world into herself and to give so much of it back. It's the way she approaches everything, from a day at work to a piano lesson to conversation with a stranger.

"My coach says I'm like a sponge, I'm just so ready," she says. "And it's true. You have to be full in order to give. I want to feel overflowing with what I'm wanting to share. That's why I want to get the maximum mileage out of every experience, no matter what it is."

The radio beside her bed gives Karen much of her news each day. On this day, the news is of horse racing, of the Belmont Stakes and the fate of the ailing thoroughbred Mister Frisky. Karen is hurt to hear it.

"There's something about horses," she says, her voice quavering with concern. "They're so elegant, so powerful, so beautiful. And yet so frail."

She pauses and turns her face toward the window.

"They remind me of people in many ways."

If Karen could see . . .

But, then she can.

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T H E R O S A L Y



# N N C A R T E R

# CONNECTION

A slender, neatly dressed woman of middle years looks out over the Agnes Scott College Global Awareness class. "The world is getting smaller and smaller," she says.

"Thursday, we were in Atlanta and then over the weekend we went to Haiti and to Guyana to talk to leaders about holding free elections. We were in Plains for church and a family reunion Sunday, then yesterday we were in Rochester, New York. And today, we're back in Atlanta."

She stops and smiles.

"You know, when I was a child, it was an all-day trip from home to Americus, which was only 10 miles away."

She soon discards the microphone and sits on a nearby desktop. And for the next 50 minutes or so, former first lady Rosalynn Carter fascinates her audience of 45 students with her firsthand accounts of politics in Haiti and Moscow, of women and children in the Sudan and Pakistan, and the worldwide medical war against such horrors as river blindness, tetanus, guinea worm and polio.

This fall marks her third year as a Distinguished Lecturer at Agnes Scott. Her association runs parallel with that of her husband and former President Jimmy Carter who is Distinguished Lecturer at Emory University in Atlanta.

With riveting, first-person accounts, the former First Lady and Agnes Scott College Distinguished Lecturer brings Global Awareness home



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH KURYLO

# T H E R O S A L Y N N C A

At Agnes Scott, Mrs. Carter has participated in classes on international relations (dealing with human rights), ethics, psychology (with mental health), American history, conflict resolution, advanced composition (on writing an autobiography) and religion. She has held informal "Conversations with Mrs. Carter" and attended receptions and luncheons with administration, faculty and students.

Today, as the class winds down, she opens the floor to questions.

"What do you think about Mikhail Gorbachev winning the Nobel Peace Prize?" asks one student.

"It's wonderful and very well deserved," answers Mrs. Carter. She and former President Carter have met with Gorbachev many times. "He has changed the world, more than anybody I've known in my lifetime."

"I'd really like to get involved in Habitat for Humanity over spring break next year," says Susan Pittman, a sophomore from Charlotte, N.C., talking about a project both Carters participate in to help provide inexpensive housing for the poor.

"Just imagine," senior Cathie Craddock says. "We're talking with someone who converses with Gorbachev!"

**B**oth Mrs. Carter and her husband lecture frequently. "It took me a while to decide whether I could do this, because I am so busy," she says. "But then I decided that I'm so wrapped up in the things I'm doing that it would be good to get away and be with young people.

"Being at Agnes Scott, I get a different outlook

on life. I thought it would be something meaningful and something I would enjoy."

In her measured, distinctly South Georgia cadence, she continues, "For instance, the first class I taught was on human rights. Before the class, I studied the history of human rights and how it became part of international law, so I had to look deeper into this issue. . . .

"This adds a new dimension to what I'm doing."

**W**hat former first lady Rosalynn Carter and husband are doing these days is unusual among "retired" residents of The White House. Instead of withdrawing from public life, they have turned The Carter Center, an adjunct to the Carter Presidential Library in Atlanta, into an international think tank and mediation center for hammering out peace agreements among warring nations, for negotiating the release of hostages and political prisoners and for proposing solutions to a range of Third World problems.

Nearly 10 years after leaving Washington, the Carters' work for human rights, peace and anti-poverty has drawn international recognition. As a December 1989 cover story in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* pointed out, former President Carter and his entourage accomplish things at the bargaining table that are off-limits for official U.S. foreign policy operatives.

Carter retains "considerable clout in international affairs," wrote the *Times*, and his negotiating efforts are normally conducted with the "advice, consent and even encouragement of the Bush White House."

Mrs. Carter's Agnes Scott connection has opened the way for administrators, faculty, students and alumnae here to partake in this "living history."

She comes to class with galvanizing, first-hand descriptions and an insider's view of world political events and leaders that she combines with a unique perspective of a morally conscious, small-town Southern woman whose own life has spanned dramatic changes in the way American women live.

She personalizes world events, in one class addressing the conflict between Ethiopia and Eritrea. "This is a war in Africa," she says. "There are wars all over. What does that mean to me, to you?"

"When you sit down with one of

## PREVIOUS PAGE:

*On a trip to oversee the elections in Nicaragua, Mrs. Carter pauses to talk to a young child. The Carters concern for human rights extends beyond political issues to very deep, very personal concerns.*

*In one of her many visits to campus, Mrs. Carter speaks to Gus Cochran's political science class. Her lectures range over such human rights and humanitarian issues as infant mortality, water purification and other Third World concerns.*





# T E R C O N N E C T I O N

these people and talk about mothers fighting and daddies fighting and babies having to be cared for underground—everybody lives underground in Eritrea, because of the war. This is a war that has gone on for 29 years. Two generations of children have grown up underground. They have to find somebody to take care of the babies, because the father might not ever come back from the war, or the mother might not.”

Mrs. Carter, herself a mother of four, pauses a moment. She looks stricken at the memory. “So that makes me want to do something about peace in that country, to really work to help them.”

She is part of the negotiating team which helped persuade the president of Ethiopia to release 220 Somalian prisoners of war along with eight political prisoners sentenced to death. The team has also convinced then-President Daniel Ortega of Nicaragua to allow 30,000 Miskito Indians living in exile in Honduras to return to their homeland. The Carters monitored elections in Panama and Nicaragua. This fall they are campaigning for free elections in Haiti and Guyana.

In Moscow this past spring, Mrs. Carter met Soviet officials and human rights activists and members of Helsinki Watch, an international human rights organization. By summer she was living in a tent in Tijuana, Mexico, helping Habitat for Humanity build houses for the poor.

With Carter Center personnel, she helped plan an agenda for the World Summit on Children at the United Nations. One Carter Center project is aimed at immunizing the world's children and teaching mothers oral rehydration therapy (a cure for diarrhea and dehydration that kills, by some estimates, as many as 40,000 of the world's children every day). “We were looking at some figures yesterday,” she says. “For \$29 to \$30 billion, in 10 years, you could cut that number in half.”

**T**he Carter connection began when Juliana Winters '72, an Atlanta attorney and former Carter campaign worker, mentioned the idea to other Agnes Scott trustees and President Ruth Schmidt, who approved wholeheartedly and approached Mrs. Carter.

“I remember a luncheon on campus with Rosalynn and six or eight students,” says Winters. “Something major had just happened in the Middle East and in the course of talking about it Rosalynn quoted first Mrs. Begin and then Mrs. Sadat. It was extraordinary. It gave me goosebumps. I looked around and thought, ‘Here we are in the throes of history, listening to a personal encounter from someone who was there.’”

Mrs. Carter is “excellent with students,” believes Dr. Catherine Scott, assistant professor of political science who hosted Mrs. Carter last spring. “When she visited my class, it was around the time of the 40th anniversary of the United Nations’ Universal Declaration of Human Rights. “She was very soft-spoken at first, but then she warmed to the topic and talked about the politics of human rights around the globe.”

Says Dr. George Brown, director of the Agnes Scott’s Global Awareness program, “I think both of the Carters have a sense that they’ve been blessed with unique experiences and they are interested in sharing those experiences, especially with young people. Rosalynn sees the college environment as a forum for doing that.”

Mrs. Carter speaks of her experiences on campus with satisfaction. Drawing on the experiences of her own daughter, Amy, 22, Mrs. Carter says, “It’s a difficult time, I think, for young women because they are making a transition from the kind of life I lived to the kind of life my daughter will live. And it’s so totally different. . . .

“Awareness is a main issue. The more we become aware of other people in the world and the situations they live in, the more that makes us willing to work for peace and to vote for people we think will help us solve these problems.”

Over the course of a lifetime, Mrs. Carter has found her own way from tiny, traditional Plains, to power meetings throughout the world. She has deliberately moved into the firing line of international negotiations. Yet she is able to go home again, to tend her garden, to hold her grandchildren, to help them take their first steps.

If knowledge is power, then Rosalynn Carter’s presence at Agnes Scott should help empower young women who must negotiate the future.

Clearly she believes women today have choices, not only in the voting booth, but in day-to-day life also.

Here at Agnes Scott, her life is an open book that challenges all of us to ask, “What can I do?”

*Faye Goolrick is a freelance writer in Atlanta and a frequent contributor to Agnes Scott publications.*



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH KURYLO

*A member of negotiating teams that have worked in many countries for human rights, Mrs. Carter takes notes at all meetings and transcribes them—as on a recent trip to Africa.*

# My Favorite Student

ASC ALUMNA JANE ZANCA FELT PREPARED TO TEACH HER DEKALB COMMUNITY COLLEGE CREATIVE WRITING CLASS. THEN IN STRODE IVY IN BLACK PARACHUTE PANTS. NEXT CAME THE PREACHER. THE TEA LADIES. TEX. WREN. AND ANNIE OAKLEY. EACH STUDENT OFFERED PROVIDENT INSIGHTS.

**T**o teach: to show, in struct, guide; to impart information. Most of us who work with our backs to the blackboard know these definitions well. One of the most delicious discoveries of teaching, however, is that the *object* of the verb “to teach” may well be the teacher, not the taught.

There was, for example, the lesson I learned from my favorite student. Her name was Ivy. (Not really, I am a fiction writer at heart, so I will name my characters as I please. But the story is true.)

Ivy strode into my first class in black parachute pants, a black lace see-through blouse, and a huge, glow-in-the-dark crucifix on a black satin ribbon. Mixed messages were definitely her bag, except in response to my lectures. On that topic, she was clear and even-

handed: I didn't know what I was talking about, and she didn't mind saying so, frequently, in a loud, abrasive voice.

Ivy was armed with a manuscript that weighed in at 13 pounds. It was a cantata of mumbled horrors, most of them sexual. She assured me that every word was true. She wanted, via fiction, to make some sense of autobiographic horrors. To read it was traumatic. To live it must have been hell. To critique her work was to critique her life. I offered a few limp suggestions on syntax and punctuation and let it go at that.

Any shortcomings in Ivy's ability to invent cruel twists of plot were overcome in her written evaluation of my class at the end of the quarter. She vividly described me as incompetent, unavailable, unprepared and unknowledgeable. In bold, curlicued, underlined phrases, she demanded a tuition refund.

Outrageous as it seemed at the time, there was some truth to Ivy's assessment, even if it was solely Ivy's truth. She had come to Creative Writing with the hope of healing, the expectation of a philosophical revelation from me that would cut the Gordian knot of her suffering. In that, it is true, I failed. Perhaps, instead of editing her grammar, I should have acknowledged her pain; in retrospect, it seems that was what she needed most. But Ivy taught me that I will not always

know, or be able to give, what a student needs; that sometimes my students will want things from me that it is not appropriate for me, as a writing instructor, to render. I am a teacher, not a healer, and the confines of an eight-week course, even for the most astute of instructors, are not enough to glue a life back together when it has been shattered by years of brutality.

My favorite student, in a later quarter, was The Preacher, a young religious militant who specialized in guerrilla assaults on wayward souls. I opened that quarter with the question, “What keeps you from writing?”

Fear, ventured some.

Lack of time, said others.

“Nothing!” beamed The Preacher. “My writing is inspired by God, and nothing keeps me from writing it.”

Well! In a stint as an editor for a cultural magazine, I had boldly negotiated editorial changes on the work of many fine and well-known writers. Now it seemed, I would be called upon to edit the work of God.

Two other students, the Tea Ladies, were distinctly unimpressed with The Preacher's smug self-assurance. They were (I imagined) from an ivory suburb where dark-skinned preachers and impoverished writing instructors dare not tread. They lived (I imagined) in houses

with rooms that were interior-decorated, and cooked low cholesterol, greaseless meals in kitchens that were bigger than my entire house.

I admit it; at first, the Tea Ladies were not my favorite students. I wasn't very nice to them. The more they squirmed and resisted The Preacher, the more protective I felt toward him. At times, however, even I longed to pull him off the soapbox and into the classroom. He did try my patience when he began every response in class with "As God said to me the other day. . ." or something to that effect. How, I wondered, did he get a direct line to God, when all I could get was a recording that the number was now unpublished?

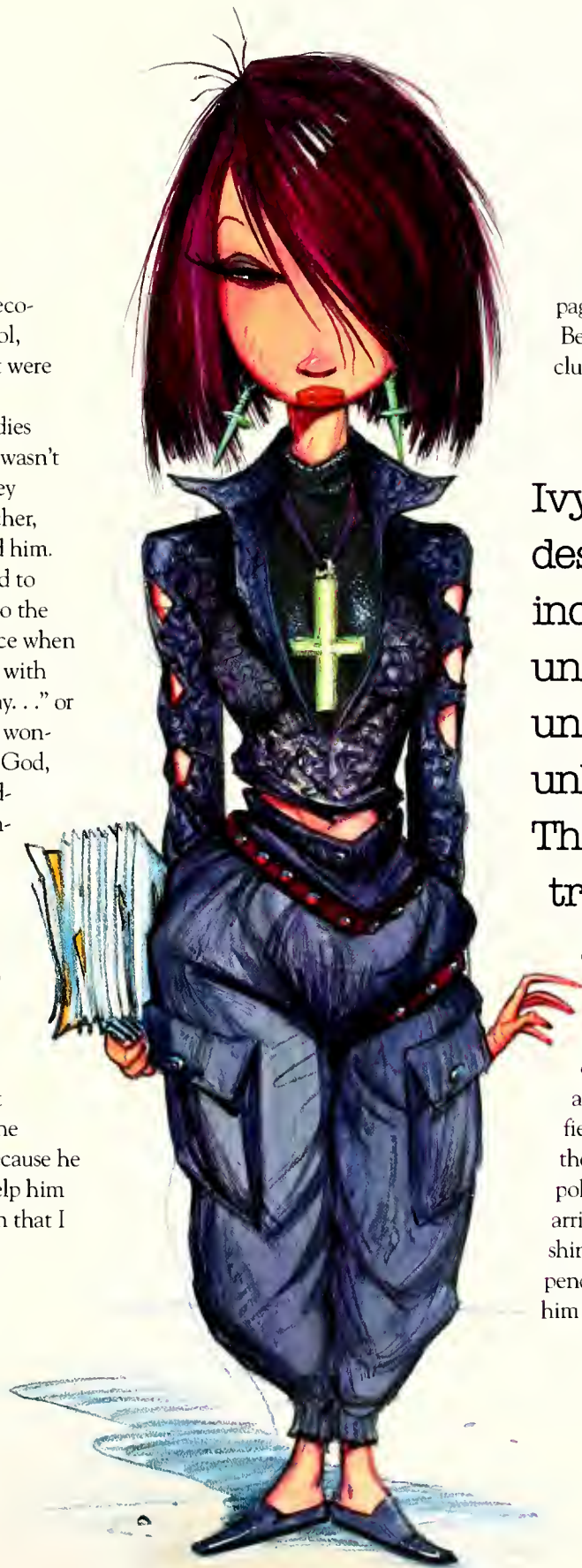
It was with shock that I read The Preacher's first assignment. Though rambling, the work demonstrated an excellent grasp of grammar and syntax. His plots were unengaging, but he was a man who had witnessed suffering, and he refused to avert his eyes. He wanted to change the world, and he was in my class because he believed written words would help him do that. Ignoring my admonition that I would accept only 20 pages per student over the quarter, The Preacher handed in 8 to 10

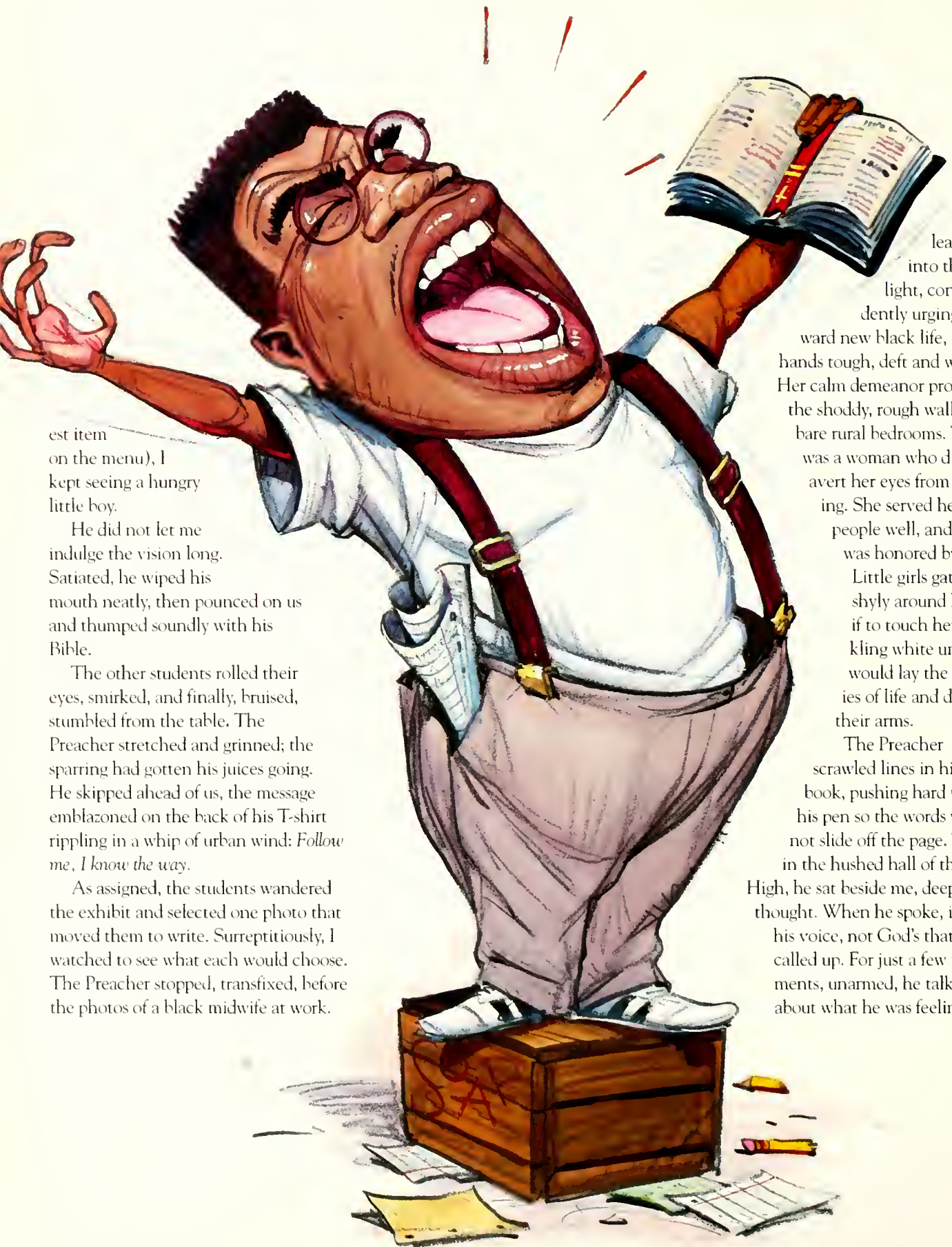
pages each week.

Because all of us, The Preacher included, might benefit from some

Ivy vividly described me as incompetent, unavailable, unprepared and unknowledgeable. There was some truth to Iveys's assessment.

earthbound inspiration, I scheduled a Saturday morning brunch and field trip to a photography exhibit at the High Museum. The Tea Ladies politely boycotted us. The Preacher arrived late; his outfit, gray slacks worn shiny and thin and held up by suspenders, tugged at my heart. Watching him tackle a bowl of cereal (the cheap-





est item on the menu), I kept seeing a hungry little boy.

He did not let me indulge the vision long. Satiated, he wiped his mouth neatly, then pounced on us and thumped soundly with his Bible.

The other students rolled their eyes, smirked, and finally, bruised, stumbled from the table. The Preacher stretched and grinned; the sparring had gotten his juices going. He skipped ahead of us, the message emblazoned on the back of his T-shirt rippling in a whip of urban wind: *Follow me, I know the way.*

As assigned, the students wandered the exhibit and selected one photo that moved them to write. Surreptitiously, I watched to see what each would choose. The Preacher stopped, transfixed, before the photos of a black midwife at work.

She leaned into the light, confidently urging forward new black life, her hands tough, deft and warm. Her calm demeanor propped the shoddy, rough walls of bare rural bedrooms. This was a woman who did not avert her eyes from suffering. She served her people well, and she was honored by them.

Little girls gathered shyly around her, as if to touch her sparkling white uniform would lay the mysteries of life and death in their arms.

The Preacher scrawled lines in his notebook, pushing hard with his pen so the words would not slide off the page. Then, in the hushed hall of the High, he sat beside me, deep in thought. When he spoke, it was his voice, not God's that he called up. For just a few moments, unarmed, he talked about what he was feeling. It

This time, when  
The Preacher spoke,  
it was his voice,  
not God's, he  
called up. It was  
an encounter in  
trust. I scarcely  
dared to breathe  
or move.

was an encounter in trust. I scarcely  
dared breathe or move.

Ironically, I cannot take credit for  
those splendid, slippery moments with  
him. It was the Tea Ladies, my favorite  
students, who had opened The Preacher  
up. In the class preceding the field trip,  
we had critiqued one of The Preacher's  
works—"anonymously," as always—but  
of course everyone recognized the au-  
thoritative voice of his Co-Author. The  
Tea Ladies leaned together, whispered,  
then ventured, "This work does not *in-  
vite* us into the author's experience."

Clatter. Not only could I not have  
said it as well, I couldn't have said it at  
all because I had so wanted to protect  
The Preacher. Instead of helping him rid  
himself of his cumbersome armor, I had  
inadvertently been adding to it. It was a  
lesson in pride, which as The Preacher  
would gladly remind me, goeth before  
the fall. And shame on me for my judg-  
ments on the Tea Ladies; for all I know,  
they may actually live in a trailer park,  
take in laundry and write by the light of

a candle. They were witty, talented,  
incisive writers and fine students. They  
taught me that I can be as bigoted as  
anyone, and that sometimes it will be  
students, not I, who will offer the most  
provident insights.

Then there was Wren, my favorite  
student. Her silent, intense scrutiny of  
my every word, from the farthest reaches  
of the classroom, was a mystery to me  
until the night that I announced a field  
trip to the campus library. Wren raised  
her hand, just a little. Pressing toward  
the wonders of the library, I nodded im-  
patiently in her direction.

"I have a confession to make," she  
said. I had to lean forward to hear her. "I  
have never been inside of a library."

**T**he courage it must have  
taken for Wren to speak  
those words! Stunned, I  
looked around the class-  
room to assess the re-  
sponse. Her quivering voice continued.  
Her formal education had ended at a  
very young age. She was in my class be-  
cause she had always dreamed of becom-  
ing a writer.

The other eight students, my favorite  
students, were silent, but it was compas-  
sionate silence, and in the breathless mo-  
ments that followed, I sensed them  
weaving ever so gently a protective nest

around Wren.

"Wren," I asked, my heart pounding,  
"do you like to read?"

"Yes."

"How do you select a book when you  
want one?"

"I go to the bookstore."

The vision of the local, gaudy, com-  
mercial bookstores flashed before my  
eyes, framed by high gulleys and abysses  
of dark unknowing. A bookstore's pur-  
pose is to sell, not educate; reading only  
what was available in the bookstore was  
like going to the Grand Canyon and see-  
ing only the souvenir stores.

Downstairs, I knew, there was a  
tough, toe-tapping librarian waiting for  
us. The bolt of opportunism had struck  
me only a half hour before class, and it  
had taken some fast talking to persuade  
her to tolerate this spontaneous intrusion  
by a large group of students. Now, to-  
gether, she and I had in our grasp the  
power to change a life. Maybe several  
lives. Maybe there were others in the  
group who also had never been in a li-  
brary, but lacked the courage to say so.

The librarian (my favorite librarian)  
welcomed us graciously, albeit suspi-  
ciously. Everyone browsed and read and  
browsed to his or her heart's content. At  
the end of the half-hour allotted to us,  
no one wanted to leave, and the librar-  
ian would have thrown her body in the

doorway if I had forced the issue. These were, after all, *her* favorite students.

It was there, in the library, that I learned the power I hold as a teacher is not my power at all; it is the power of knowledge that draws these people, my favorite students, into my classroom. When they open themselves to me, trust me with a life's secret (so thinly guised in fiction writing), risk the red slash of my pen across their attempt at expression, it is a gift, and one that perhaps I have not earned.

Let me tell you about Still, one of my favorite students, a man more given to the written word than spoken. The only word he spoke, each class, was "Here," but he had outlined an epic novel built on intense memories and set in a grand and expansive country. The words had a long way to go, but the scope of the task he had set for himself was admirable. Because of Still, I learned that there are some students whom I will never favor, especially Tex.

**T**ex was in my class to meet women. Not that this is an unworthy goal; what is unconscionable is that this appeared to be Tex's sole focus. He brought no paper or pen, took no notes, and distracted me by running his fingers lingeringly through

the tresses of one beautiful, charming, intelligent brunette (way out of Tex's league). To his chagrin, she was happily married and frankly uninterested.

Thus preoccupied, Tex heard not a word of my most important lecture, rendered each quarter: How to Critique a Fellow Student's Work Without Destroying Forever the Will to Write.

So, when Still's work was read out loud, Tex launched an assault that the entire class will forever remember as Tex's chainsaw massacre. The story, he said, was boring; clearly, the author had never even been to the country that was the setting, and the story was devoid of authenticity. I watched Still's eyes widen, his precious memories shudder. Pressed to explain what he meant by "boring," Tex pulled the cord and revved his saw, but the brunette cut him off. In a stage whisper that could be heard on the South Campus she commanded, "*Tex, shut up.*"

Oddly, it was Tex who dropped the course, while Still went on, quietly, gently, to complete it. Please, Still, if you read this, *keep writing*.

Then, there are the others.

Daisy, who pops up perennially, quarter after quarter, pen poised, notebook with the jottings from the preceding quarters.

And the Roses, all of them, who raise

tiny children on tiny salaries and fill the tiny corners that life allots them with stories of beautiful heroines in marble mansions. There's Wiley, who had never written about anything, ever, but began with two handwritten pages about what happened to him in Vietnam.

There's Annie Oakley, a rootin-tootin grandmother who takes in stray dogs, cats, and teaches and heals their boo-boos with cheesecake. There are my black students, all of them, whom I lump together only because they have all experienced the oppressiveness of the white race (yes, still), and still they come to my class and sometimes, despite the ignorant things that fly out of people's mouths, they stay and they take the leap to trust this white woman's eyes with their words and their longings. And ah, my favorite youngsters: Bill and Coo, who lit the gray halls with their smooching during coffee breaks. When they were forced to tear their eyes from each other, one heard the sounds of

There were  
Rose and Wiley  
and Daisy and  
Annie Oakley, a  
rootin-tootin grand-  
mother who takes  
in stray cats.  
Kindred souls. Who  
taught me so much.



sheets ripping. They didn't hand in much written work, but they left me with faith in myself; I thought that kind of love was something I had only dreamed of.

They are such amazing people, these students of mine; scratch ink on the dog-eared pages and one finds struggles and tragedies and triumphs. Mine are not necessarily the students who had been read stories as a child, and thus arrive endowed with love of reading and the ability to sit placidly through a story from the beginning to end. Mine may not be the ones who have been well-drilled in the marches of research, study and application. Mine are the ones who, after a ten-to-

twelve-hour day of work (usually deadening) and travel (usually exhausting), throw together a sandwich, skirt the lure of an evening on the sofa with *Jake and the Fatman*, and trek, faithfully, to my classroom, to hear what I have to say about writing.

A few come fully equipped as professional writers; most have never written more than a grocery list. But they want to learn, and for that reason, we are kindred souls, on an equal footing: learners all.

My students never permit me the luxury of complacency, or the dubious "success" of completing a class as outlined. They demand a log-rolling performance in a stormy sea of questions, needs, hopes and expectations. But that's not as intimidating as it sounds.

Actually, the demands of the job are so simple. Keep my feet moving, keep my balance. These, my favorite students, are hungry.

Feed them and be filled.

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Jane Zanca '83 is a writer in professional education at the National Offices of the American Cancer Society, Atlanta, Ga.

**Blackfriars: The curtain has been going up for 75 years**

Gentle light falls on fragile teacups and saucers held by two ladies seated at the corner of a delicately carved table. One is smiling and leans so close that the wide brims of their hats almost touch.

That scene from a vintage photograph depicts the six-member Blackfriars ensemble in its first theatrical production, a breezy little comedy: *The Kleptomaniac*.

From that 1915 portrait, one might think the fresh-faced founders of Agnes Scott's drama club had only frivolous intents.

But think again.

They named themselves Blackfriars. The original was a private theater, one of few housed inside London's walls during a time when theaters were banned. Its founder Richard Burbage discovered a loophole in the urban statutes and therefore a sanctuary for his troupe within a London monastery. His all-male troupe played only Shakespeare.



The Agnes Scott Blackfriars' repertoire over the years has included comedy and serious drama: *The Trojan Women* by Euripides. *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller. And *Getting Out* by alumna Marsha Norman.

They have long outlived every other theater group in Atlanta.

And this year marks their 75th anniversary.

To celebrate, backstage Chrissie Lewandowski pours a pool of grape-black into a pan. She and a handful of Blackfriars have swept the last sawdust from the floor, quickly moved back sawhorses and a table.

Now they are ready to paint the set.

In this 1990 anniversary production of *Antigone*, she plays the lead. Yet amid the squish-squish-squish of paint rollers, she explains, "There's

no room for being a prima donna in Blackfriars.

"You have to do it *all*." It's a unique arrangement for undergraduate theater.

Under faculty direction, through the years Blackfriars have handled each production on their own.

By committee they select the play and cast,

they help build the sets, do costumes, lighting, makeup, stage direction and props.

Finances for future plays are derived entirely from past box office profits.

"I guess we were just red-

take in a play in town. In 1924, Blackfriars had enough box office to take their play, *Conflict*, to an intercollegiate contest at Northwestern University.

Prior to this production,



*Blackfriars' first drama: The Kleptomaniac.*

headed step-children," muses Mary Ben Erwin, Blackfriar from the class of '25. "We were never in the college budget."

A lean box office one season may mean simpler costumes and a spare set, the next. Yet Becky Prophet, assistant professor of theater, believes student involvement at this level elicits a vitality not always experienced in college theater.

It also provides unforgettable instruction. "When we were in dire straights, we did a musical," says Lewandowski, now spattered to the elbow with black paint.

"On the other hand, when you have money in the bank, you can take a few risks."

With money in the bank, together Blackfriars may

any Agnes Scott student playing a male part improvised with a long coat—appearing in trousers was not allowed. Louise Buchanan Proctor '25, remembers for this play they made an exception. She played a barefoot boy—her costume was overalls. But she was called into Dean Nanette Hopkins office before the cast made the trip to Chicago. "She said our representing Agnes Scott was a sacred trust. 'You play the part of a barefoot boy?' she asked me. I said yes, m'am. 'That would not be becoming of the college,' she said. 'You must not go barefoot. You wear your hosiery onstage.'"

*We come from a tribe that asks questions, remorselessly and to the end,* Lewandowski says under the strong light of



the Winter Theater stage.

Night after night she returns. To discover meaning. To explore inflection, silence, timing, nuance, gesture, space.

Seventy-five years ago, Gertrude Amundsen Siqueland '17, one of the 14 founders of Blackfriars, was preparing for her role as Val in *The Kleptomaniac*.

With fondness, she recalls those days. She played Curio in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*; Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing* and Oberon the fairy king in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. For the part of Oberon she sewed a long flowing tunic. Blackfriars presented their play in front of a dark green curtain stretched out under the widespread arms of an old oak tree.

Blackfriars. When they couldn't find plays written for women, Blackfriars assumed male roles. When they were not allowed to wear trousers, they improvised. When they had no stage or theater, they performed in borrowed halls or on the campus lawn. And when they couldn't find a play they liked or could afford, they wrote their own.

Historically speaking, perhaps, the best reflection of these young thespians and their purpose is not so much in that lovely old photo but in a word: Blackfriars.

A strong community. With resourceful leaders. Properly steeped in Shakespearean lore.

**Agnes Scott praises its outstanding alumnae for 1990**

Three distinguished Agnes Scott graduates: Saxon Pope Bargerón '32, Frances Steele Garrett '37 and Aurie Montgomery Miller '44 were named Outstanding Alumnae for 1990.

They were cited for accomplishments in career, service to the college and community service, respectively.

**Saxon Pope Bargerón**

Known as "Mrs. Education" in Savannah, Mrs. Bargerón served consecutive terms as elected president of the Chatham County Board of Education and worked for a half a century as teacher and administrator there.



*Saxon Pope Bargerón: Mrs. Education in Chatham County.*

"She helped to educate Savannahians and to build the community's modern public school system during an age of racial controversy and change that threatened to pull it down," according to the *Savannah News-Press*.

She was a Phi Beta Kappa

ASC graduate with a BA in Latin and Greek, who began her career as an elementary school teacher and eventually became director of the division of curriculum development and pupil services in Chatham County.

After retirement she ran for president of the Chatham County Board of Education. During her presidency, the Savannah-Chatham County Board of Public Education was honored as one of 17 Distinguished School Boards in the United States for excellence in education in 1984. She was the first and only president re-elected to the Savannah-Chatham Board of Public Education.

**Frances Steele Garrett**

Cited by the awards committee for "contributions toward making this campus one of which we can all be proud," Mrs. Garrett has through the years diligently supported Agnes Scott College.

Due to her efforts as chairman of the Acquisitions Committee, furniture donations were solicited, collected, refinished and placed in public areas of newly refurbished buildings.

She has served as president and fund chairman of her class. From 1981 to 1985 she was career planning representative on the Alumnae Board. Recently she was a member of both the Centennial Steering Committee and the Centennial Exhibition Committee. She arranged for the Centennial

Exhibition at the Atlanta Historical Society and planned the opening reception.

Mrs. Garrett graduated from Agnes Scott with a BA



*Frances Steele Garrett: Her contributions to ASC have "made this campus proud."*

in Sociology and Economics. For two years she was supervisor for the National Youth Administration and eight years with the Southeastern Regional Division of the DuPont Corporation.

From 1956 until retirement in 1974, she joined the Coca Cola Company where she worked in public relations, the export division and the treasurer's office.

**Aurie Montgomery Miller**

Mrs. Miller pioneered medical technology in what is now Zaire. She set up the first laboratory in Lubondai and began training Congolese students in chemistry, bacteriology, serology, parasitology and hematology. As an appointed Presbyterian missionary, with her husband John Knox Miller, M.D., she established the

Christian Medical Institute of the Kasai and the Good Shepherd Hospital. With a colleague she also organized a lab school at Tshikaji.



*Aurie Montgomery Miller:  
Her commitment helped bring  
hope and opportunity to Zaire.*

Her community service extended beyond her professional commitments. To combat malnutrition she distributed seeds, encouraged gardening and wrote a cookbook in the Tshiluba language.

She also served as a welcoming committee for diplomatic personnel, Peace Corps workers and missionaries.

During the struggle for Zairian independence, tribal warfare forced Aurie and the children to be evacuated twice and to endure house arrest on several occasions.

After establishment of the new nation, Mrs. Miller worked to heal broken relationships in much the same way she had worked so long to heal the sick.

Montgomery is a native of Tsing Kian Pu, China where her parents were Presbyterian missionaries.

### **Alexander Gaines: a friend of the College dies at age 80**

Alexander Pendleton Gaines, a friend of Agnes Scott College whose commitment and service spanned three decades, died in Atlanta on September 20 at the age of 80.

Trustee Emeritus at the time of his death, Mr. Gaines served on the board from 1959 to 1984. He was vice chairman from 1964 until 1973 and chairman from 1973 until 1979.

His daughter, Mrs. Virginia Ford of Atlanta, said her father's loyalty and devotion to Agnes Scott date back to his own childhood when his grandfather was college president. She said these feelings stayed with him throughout his life.

"He grew up with people who were part of the beginning of the school," she said.

His grandfather, the Rev. Frank Henry Gaines, was the college's co-founder with Mr. George Washington Scott in 1889.

"He had a tremendous appreciation for the fact that a college like this could give young women leadership that other schools couldn't," said Mrs. Ford. "Agnes Scott was absolutely a special place for him."

Born in Atlanta in 1910, Mr. Gaines was the son of Lewis M. and Virginia Ethel Gaines. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1932 and received his law degree at Emory University in 1935. He was a senior partner of the Atlanta law firm

Alston, Miller and Gaines.

Mrs. Ford said her father shared his devotion to ASC with Central Presbyterian Church in downtown Atlanta, where he served as an elder for many years.

"These were his loves," said Mrs. Ford. "The time and effort he put into these endeavors came from his heart." Mrs. Ford quoted a former Central Presbyterian minister who once said that Mr. Gaines was "able to see his way clear through a barrel of fish hooks." She believed that described her father's talent. "My daddy was somebody who was always up on a pedestal. What he said I thought was right, and it usually was."

President Ruth Schmidt, in announcing Mr. Gaines' death, said, "During almost 31 years of official association with Agnes Scott, Alex Gaines provided wise and effective leadership and unselfish commitment in fostering the mission and purpose of the college. He will be remembered on this campus with deep gratitude."

Mr. Hal Smith, who preceded Mr. Gaines as chairman and knew him for 45 years, said, "He was one of the great citizens of Atlanta. He was just an outstanding man in many ways."

Mr. Smith recalls his friend for his wonderful sense of humor. "He had a attractive laugh and smile. He had a lot of fun in him."

Former board member, retired minister and semi-retired president Davison Philips knew Mr. Gaines for 30 years and remembers him

for his leadership and commitment to the college. He also remembers the kind of relationships he developed.

"He was committed to the students," Rev. Philips said. Many undergraduates looked up to him as a quiet, steady person.

Rev. Philips said Mr. Gaines also cared about the philanthropic sector. "He wanted to see money put toward the educational and religious life of the city."

Mr. Gaines worked closely with several foundations, including the Campbell Foundation, Loidans Foundation and the J.M. Tull Foundation.

Mr. Gaines was never afraid to take a position, but always acted in a quiet yet commanding way.

His son, Alex Jr., said his father's religion, family and commitment to Central Presbyterian Church and education are the things that meant the most to him.

As a child, he remembers visiting his grandmother, who lived near the college. "My father would talk to me then about Agnes Scott. He would say that the future of this complicated and changing world was in the hands of the generation coming out of this school. He really believed that that each generation graduating from Agnes Scott had something very special to give."

*Many friends and associates are contributing the Alex P. Gaines Honor Scholars Fund. For information, contact the Office of Development and Public Affairs, ASC.*



*“For God, who commanded the light to shine  
out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts,  
to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of  
God in the face of Jesus Christ.”*

*II Corinthians 4:6*

*May God continue to illumine  
this institution and our lives.*

*Season's greetings from the  
Agnes Scott Alumnae Association*

*Gay Blackburn Maloney '76*

*President*

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In Habitat for Humanity, an organization building homes for the poor, and in other endeavors, Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter—ASC's Distinguished Lecturer—challenge others to ask, "What can I do?"  
See Mrs. Carter's story, page 21.



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