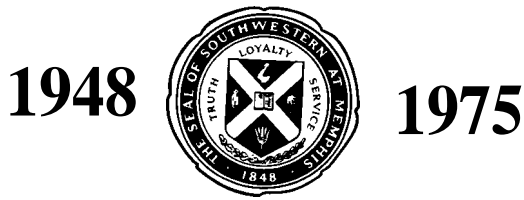


# Southwestern At Memphis



*by*

JAMES E. ROPER

*Professor of English, Southwestern At Memphis*

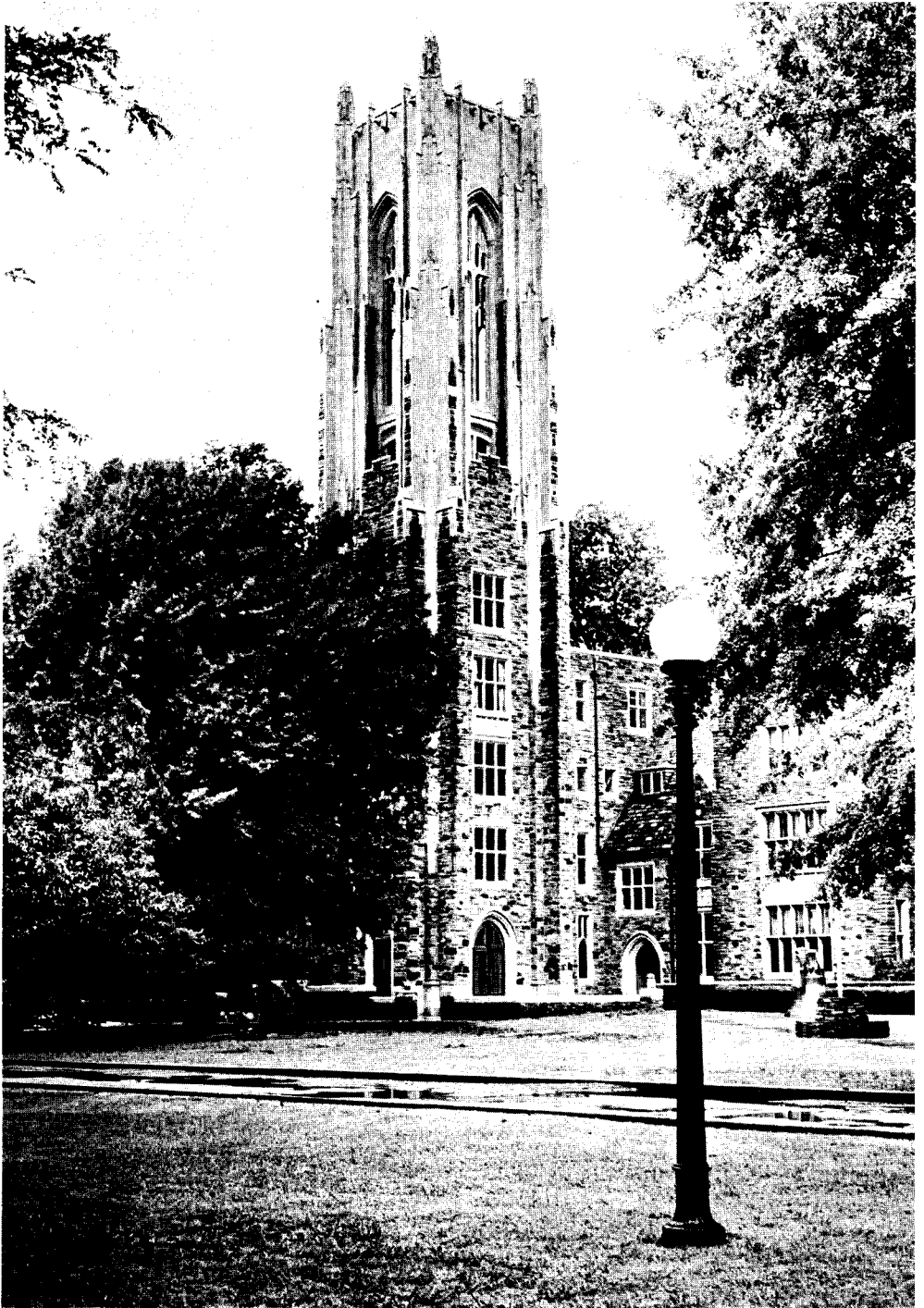
**Southwestern At Memphis**

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**Southwestern At Memphis  
1948-1975**



*Richard Halliburton Memorial Tower in 1962, with bell not yet hung*

*To*

**President and Mrs. Peyton Nalle Rhodes**

I thank all my colleagues and other friends who have helped. Special thanks is due to those who have made substantial gifts of data, or who checked my rendering of the facts, or both. President Emeritus Peyton Rhodes has been a constant source and critic as has President Daughdrill; Granville Davis, Jack Taylor, and Burnet Tuthill have made available the excellent histories of their departments and have corrected as needed; Mrs. W. Eugene Solomon has brought to bear her formidable memory and her sense of tact and decorum. I am also grateful for the patience and good will of the Burrow Library staff and the president's office staff.

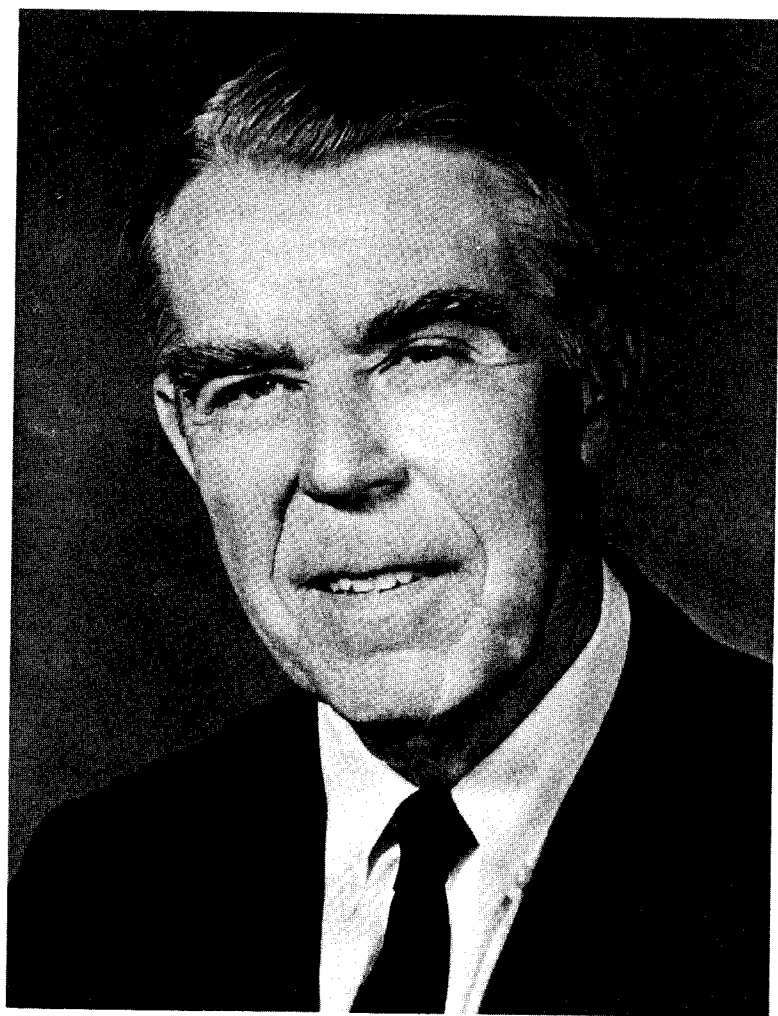
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**Peyton Nalle Rhodes**  
**1949-1965**



# I

## Epilogue and Prologue

When Charles Edward Diehl handed over to his successor the keys to his bay-windowed office in Palmer Hall's clock tower, and strode off across the campus with his twenty-year-old green hat on and his faithful cane swinging like Excalibur at his side, everyone knew it was not merely Snowden Avenue he headed toward, but legend. For thirty-two years he had borne the battle, and he left the field as Charles the Great.

He had found Southwestern with the death rattle in its throat, emaciated to some fifty fulltime students. Its financial pulse was feeble and fluttery, and there was no reserve stamina to call on. Through the fevers of two World Wars and the chill of an acute Depression he gradually nursed his charge back to life, nourished it skillfully, and brought it finally to a more healthful civic climate where specialists could be called in and eager help be found. Now in this July of 1949, on the eve of centennial celebration, Southwestern's solid bonework of Arkansas sandstone carried the sleek musculature of a 600 enrollment, and its Gothic cheeks flushed with the ferruginous bloom of a two-and-a-half-million endowment. The color was not the rosy bronze of perfect health, but at least the anemia was no longer pernicious.

And with all his getting, President Diehl had got wisdom. The business of his college was liberal arts education, and he had defied all the temptations and chimeras—no watering down, no curricular smorgasbord, no following the band off into a subsidized stadium. He also accepted fully the responsibility of the then-prevailing tradition that a college stood *in loco parentis* to its students, a tradition which today is not only broken but hurled vehemently into the generation gap, with the rites of revolt certified by legislatures. He believed firmly that it was the obligation of a college to strengthen the moral fibre of its students, nor was he one to flinch at the word "moral", nor to include in it some of the farther reaches of today's more amiably elastic phrase, "life style."

But he never took the idea of an undergraduate's being *in statu pupillari* all the way back to its original Latin meaning of "puppet." That he believed in giving every student the maximum responsibility

for himself is implied in the plan of student government which he fostered, and especially in the honor system whereby the student body became the final judge of its own ethic, with the faculty having only an advisory role. Such a built-in reliance on the good judgment of students was to prove invaluable in the stressful sixties yet to come.

As a means of furthering his aims of moral responsibility and academic excellence, President Diehl thought that "the English system of higher education is incomparably better for the moral welfare of the student than the Continental system." He brought the Oxford-Cambridge tutorial plan—one professor, one student—to small and poor Southwestern when the only other American institution to have it was Harvard. He specialized in hiring Rhodes Scholars for his faculty, some seventeen in all during his presidency; in 1949 there were seven on hand, plus one home-grown Oxonian. Living arrangements for undergraduates were patterned (more or less) after the British quadrangle, with dormitories making up small communities and having resident faculty members. The original idea was to have some 35 students to a hall, and about 175 for a quadrangle, with two students sharing a two-room suite, but since World War II occupancy figures have remained about double the norm.

It was a measure of the man that the Reverend Dr. Diehl kept his style and his dignity throughout a medieval inquisition to which certain members of his church haled him charged as a heretic. He not only survived as a minister of that church but went on to become Moderator of its General Assembly, an outcome bringing credit to both man and church.

Dr. Diehl's performance was summed up by alumnus Shields McIlwaine in his *Memphis Down in Dixie*, published in the last year of that career. It was, he said, "without parallel in the history of higher education and of civic spirit in the Mid-South."

The Clarksville Academy, that primordial Southwestern, had taken its first overt step toward becoming a college on February 4, 1848, when it turned over its property to the Masonic Lodge of Tennessee on pledge of being converted into a university. Its new "college department" had opened its metaphorical doors on January 1, 1849, though the more tangible portals did not appear for another couple of years when the "Castle" was built. One hundred years of academics would therefore be achieved at the New Year of 1949, and the 1948-49 school year was declared to be the centennial session. However, since

at the beginning of that year the college was engaged in selecting Dr. Diehl's successor, it was decided to postpone the official celebration and combine it with the new president's inaugural at the beginning of the 1949-50 session. A special series of public lectures by the faculty did grace the Centennial Session, including one by Professor Raymond Cooper on "One Hundred Years of Southwestern," a foretaste of his history, *Southwestern at Memphis: 1848-1948*, due to be released during the double festivities.

In order to be printed in time for the centenary as first planned, Dr. Cooper's book had to be ended as of the close of the year 1947. It therefore could not include such noteworthy items as the completion of the first real dorm for women, dedicated on April 10, 1948. Named in honor of Mrs. Emma Denie Voorhies, the new structure could house 85 women within its \$400,000 walls, and featured a special study room, five soundproof practice rooms with pianos, recreation and game rooms, and a utility basement. It also offered a sunbathing roof, but the parapets thereof failed eventually when the Physics Tower enabled eager young scientists to rise above that sort of thing (not to mention the telescopes). Built into Voorhies Hall was the Sallie P. Williams Memorial Prayer Chapel presented by Mrs. Williams' niece, Elizabeth L. Williams. Clarksville Hall, a large rooming house at Lynsdale Avenue and Barksdale Street, yielded up its co-eds and passed from the Southwestern scene.

Fargason Fieldhouse was likewise relieved of part of its burden when the music and psychology departments moved into newly acquired G.I. wooden buildings. The psychology headquarters was socially adaptable, and lined up with the other veterans along the east side of Fargason Field, where it eventually suffered trial by fire and then the common euthanasia of its fellows. The music shack, however, was more of a prima donna, and finally won transfiguration into Gothic immortality by acquiring a veneer of official sandstone and adopting the honorable title of Tuthill Hall upon the retirement of its namesake. In that Centennial April the music department celebrated its termite-proof Parnassus with a three day Bach Festival. The recently rehabilitated Southwestern String Quartet took part (it took a year to replace the cellist), and the Southwestern Singers climaxed the occasion with the B Minor Mass. The New York *Times* gave it respectful attention, and pointed out that this was the first presentation in Memphis of this musical monument.

The faculty said its goodbye to Dr. Diehl in the most appropriate

way, by pushing up the academic standards still another notch: comprehensive examinations, formerly a voluntary matter for seniors, became a requirement, and are still one today. To arrange for sounder bodies to go with these sounder minds, the athletic committee made baseball a major sport again after twenty years' absence. The new team expressed its thanks and its devotion by spending the Easter holidays laying off a diamond. However, the alumni felt the retiring president should be treated in a more time-honored fashion, and presented him with a gold wristwatch.

The chief event of the Centennial Session was, of course, the election of a new president. On February 1, 1949, the Board of Directors by a "heartly and unanimous vote" chose the man who had served the college as Vice President for six years already and who had been a dynamic and dedicated member of the faculty since 1926.

Peyton Nalle Rhodes was a practicing Virginian, born in Crozet on the Sacred Soil and earning all three of his degrees from *The University*, including an M.A. in chemistry and a Ph.D. in physics. He had arrived at Southwestern in its second year at Memphis as an associate professor of physics. He brought with him to the new office an epitome of gracious womanhood, a fellow Virginian born Alice Boisseau Archer, along with a thirteen-year-old son, Joe. The president-elect was forty-nine, an elder of Idlewild Presbyterian Church, a lanky but lithe tennis addict with an unfailing dry humor, a teacher whose backhand in Spanish literature was as strong as his chemistry forehand and his physics serve. He was, as the Board pointed out, "esteemed by generations of students."

Dr. Diehl expressed his "sense of relief and great satisfaction" about the choice, which he saw as insuring the continuation of his own basic principles. "He is genuinely devoted to intelligent Christian ideals. He believes wholeheartedly in the educational ideals of Southwestern and is well acquainted with the currents in academic theory and practice which characterize the present-day American college world." It was with particular pleasure that the retiring president assigned himself the task of arranging all the details of the inaugural and centennial celebration and worked all through that exceedingly hot summer of 1949.

The three days of September 19-21 were dedicated to the double event, a week before the beginning of classes. The sponsoring synods of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee agreed to hold their regular annual meetings on campus at that time, and on Monday the 19th the synodical delegates held in Hardie Auditorium a joint session

entitled the United Worship Service of the Centennial and Inauguration Ceremonies. The Reverend William Crowe of Talladega, Alabama, delivered the sermon, after which the synods dispersed into separate meetings to elect Moderators and conduct other regular business.

On Tuesday evening a public assembly heard two lectures. Lawrence I. MacQueen of Pittsburgh, previously a Latin teacher at Southwestern and brother of math professor Marion L. MacQueen, gave "A Glimpse of Southwestern's Past." Dr. George A. Buttrick of New York challenged the audience: "What About A Christian College?"

The finale for the Centennial portion of the festivities was a symposium on Wednesday afternoon. After a brief introductory address by Dr. Guy E. Snively, Executive Director of the Association of American Colleges, discussions were led by Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; Dr. Donald J. Cowling, president of Carleton College; and Dr. Thomas K. Young, pastor of Idlewild Presbyterian Church. Topics debated were "The Country's Role in the New World Order," "The Kind of Education Needed for the Task," and "The Responsibility of the Church for This Divine Enterprise."

Professor Cooper's history, on hand since July actually, was officially released and a copy was given to each official visitor. The Centennial was declared to be duly observed, and sealed in writing.

On the morning of Wednesday the 21st several hundred enrobed and behooded academicians, an impressive parade half Gothic-sombre and half harlequin-gaudy, moved majestically into the Hubert Fisher Memorial Garden to the exotic splendor of the "Triumphal March" from *Aida*. Watkins Overton, mayor of Memphis, was among them, and Lucian C. Connell, Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of Tennessee, who dimmed even the academic regalia in his lambskin apron and jewels. Many colleges and universities of the nation were represented, and many religious and civic organizations.

Sidney W. Farnsworth, chairman of the Board of Directors, put the two questions to the presidential candidate: "Do you accept this position of high responsibility?" and "Do you pledge yourself to continue the high principles of this college to the best of your ability?" Having passed his entrance exam with flying colors, Dr. Rhodes was declared to be the fifteenth president of Southwestern at Memphis.

In his inaugural speech the new president first paid tribute to the city where the college had made its "greatest growth and advance." Then he set forth his own basic principles as being those of Dr. Diehl,

"genuineness and excellence," and proposed to "do a few things excellently rather than to scatter efforts over many fields, with mediocrity as the inevitable result." The curriculum would adhere to its plan of offering "only liberal arts subjects whose value has been established," and there would be no weak or thin academics, no novelty or "filler" courses, no studies designed for purely technical training. The Christian religion would be emphasized, "to impart a learning grounded in the Christian philosophy of life." And it was still a time when the president of a small liberal arts college could warn of the dangers inherent in federal aid and uphold the essential freedom offered by the private institution.

Specific aims included making the student increasingly aware of his role as world citizen in the new postwar order. Studies relating to the Near and Far East would be amplified, and the curriculum would be modified gradually "so as to serve the needs of the greatest number of students without weakening the solid bases which have proven invaluable in the education of many student generations." Eventually the program of study would offer alternative routes, one for those whose formal education would end with the B.A., the other for those going on to higher levels.

An evening reception in honor of both presidents was held in Voorhies dorm, after which the captains and the kings departed and the divine enterprise got down to the more mundane aspects of day-to-day educating.

Student enrollment (average for the two semesters), which had been as high as 755 recently, now stood at 600 for the 1949-50 session, with men and women in a 60-40 proportion. The number of veterans had already dwindled from being about half the male roster in the peak year of 1946-47 to scarcely more than a fifth, and the veterans' organization on campus had become extinct in 1948-49, replaced by a counseling service. The median size of classes had shrunk to about 15 as compared with the pre-war level of 18, largely because the faculty census had not dropped as rapidly as the student count.

Of the 54 members of the academic faculty who witnessed the inaugural, only four are still on full active duty: Charles I. Diehl, '31, then freshman counselor, later dean of men until 1974, and now coordinator in the Office of Institutional Advancement, Professors E. Llewellyn Queener, Arlo I. Smith, and Gordon D. Southard. Professor Raymond S. Hill is now a part-time member of the faculty. William R. Maybry, '42, was then assistant director of physical educa-



tion and has since become director. Ireys Martin, cashier, and M. Goodbar Morgan, alumni secretary, have survived technical retirement out of sheer indispensability.

Those present who remained faithful unto emeritus are President Rhodes, Deans A. Theodore Johnson and Burnet C. Tuthill, and Professors David M. Amacker, Clinton L. Baker, John R. Benish, Ralph C. Hon, Marion L. MacQueen, '19, and Laura Robinson. Called to a higher degree than emeritus are Professors W. Raymond Cooper, John Henry Davis, Alexander P. Kelso, Robert S. Pond, Martin W. Storn, R. P. Strickler, Charles L. and Margaret H. Townsend, and John Q. Wolf, Jr. Also of blessed memory among alumni are those who died at their academic posts: Professors Laurence F. Kinney, Raymond T. Vaughn, and Jared E. Wenger.

Staffers of that day now in retirement, in addition to Miss Martin and Mr. Morgan, include Helen Bowld of the business office, Erma Reese Solomon, executive secretary to the president, and C. L. Springfield, comptroller and assistant treasurer to the Board. Among the unforgettable departed are Registrar Malcolm Evans, Auditor Warren "Doc" Howell, and College Engineer John A. Rollow.

College assets as of June 30, 1949, were listed as \$5,193,308, with buildings, equipment and real estate holdings making up a bit more than \$2,000,000 of that amount. The remainder consisted of the \$2,500,000 endowment gathered in the campaign which had ended in 1947, and almost \$400,000 earmarked for a gymnasium. Operating expenses for the year were \$387,922. The new endowment had brought in almost \$100,000 in earnings, but only about half that sum could be counted as gain, since the capital funds had been obtained on the basis of discontinuing the annual campaign in Memphis which had been providing about \$40-50,000 of each year's needs.

Palmer Hall still housed most of the non-scientific classes, with some help from the G.I. shacks, especially Forrest Hall, whose U-shape provided several classrooms and some faculty offices. The southernmost shack had been rigged out as a "Man" course reading room and included a few specimens of that subject living on the premises as well. Few habitués of Forrest are apt to forget the beaverboard walls where a casual elbow might produce a non-scientific breakthrough, or the heating ducts along the ceiling which, with the thermostat set at 95, would establish a fiercely tropic zone beginning about four feet above the floor. Sitting students had an integrity of chilblains, while the instructor developed thermal schizophrenia.

Palmer had won its architect a national award in 1925, and well deserved it—from outside. But two narrow stairs, where the ascender and the descender had to dodge each other, provided the only means for 600 students to change classes several times a day—not to mention their fire escape function for assemblies in Hardie. No classrooms had wall outlets, so record players or slide projectors were ruled out of instruction plans. The honor system was preserved, at least in part, by the fact that the larger rooms had the same number of feeble light fixtures as the smaller (four) , and on gloomy days such daylight as trickled through the ivied windows and the purple panes could not, even when joining forces with the overhead bulbs, provide a student with enough light to read his neighbor's paper. The stairs at the east end of Hardie successfully disputed the passage of a concert piano, and artists were known to turn down bookings when invited to use a baby grand. The library was crammed into the third floor; each new book acquired meant that an old one had to go into storage. A metal flashing built into the stonework over the west-end door gleamed its hope for a future addition. Today all these frustrations have been overcome by enlargement of facilities or the discovery of fluorescence.

The Science Building (now the Kennedy Building for chemistry) embraced (squeezingly) all the natural sciences. Solid doors along both sides of its central halls lent a certain nocturnal charm to the noon-day traveler. One furtive ceiling had its lathing pinned up with nails too short for the job, and was inobtrusively preparing to descend in a seamless blanket over an entire lab.

The male part of the campus population lived with chauvinistic freedom in three adjoining buildings. Robb and White Halls (the latter once known as Calvin) had recently been augmented by a still nameless dorm which would remain so for several more years. Co-eds enjoyed the carefully regulated amenities of Voorhies, except for 60 equally regulated first-year women who lived across University Street in the brick building then known as Evergreen Hall. Evergreen had begun life as Stewart Hall, with masculine contents, but wartime disproportion had given it over to a sex change. For some reason it was determined that the mystic virility of the name Stewart was not for women, and that Evergreen was somehow more suited to the feminine mystique, so the yet-unliberated freshpersons were granted the seemingly neutral title. Dining was a congested affair managed at the Gothic tables and benches of Neely Hall, where Mrs. M. L. Hill after fifteen

years of being in charge was about to turn the job over to Dan West, '42, hitherto manager of the Lynx Lair.

Fargason Fieldhouse, a dilapidated steel-frame wooden barn, sat alongside its football field, which was encircled by a cinder track bordered with large stones. Professor John Osman was wont to jog around daily, pausing now and then to lift a border stone. On one public occasion President Rhodes presented him with a personal rock, slung in its own leather holder, with the hope that he would cease and desist from leaving the track ones out of place.

In addition to the stone buildings and the G.I. shacks already named, the Infirmary shack (today the Security Office and the Black Cultural Center), the faculty apartments across University Street, the small shack which housed both Adult Education and the Speech Department, and the Harris Memorial gatehouse in which the Rollow family lived made up the full complement of campus structures.

Classes met six days a week. Every day was chapel day, though each student need come only three times a week because of space shortage in Hardie. Four programs a week were religious in nature, while Friday and Saturday were abandoned to worldliness. Two years of Bible study were exacted of all undergraduates—a freshman kind and a senior kind—and another biennium of English was a universal debt. However, one could choose freely between math and the classical languages in meeting the third two-year requirement, and could even escape the fourth one entirely by passing a proficiency test in modern languages. After finishing a year of science (once two years), another of history, and still another of philosophy or psychology, the broken-field runner could sprint electively through a course or two of his heart's desire. The tuition for this package tour of Academe had just been raised to a painful \$250 per semester.

It was, in many important ways, the same Southwestern we find today, but its manners and mores have, for perhaps a decade now, become as archaic and quaint as those of the 1840's. Sex, for example, was a four-letter word not customarily encountered in public places except for the biology lab and the registrar's inquiry form (where a firm decision was expected). Skirts, then at midcalf, were the approved feminine wear; even young ladies on their way to the gym in their athletic shorts were expected to cover up with a raincoat, lest an inch of liberated femur reduce the male undergraduate to gibbering depravity. On the other hand, men were expected to be more revealing than today: the flat-top imparted a touch of sleek robotry to the stream-

lined cerebrum, and ears, chins, and upper lips were telling it like it was.

The diapers waving like banners among the veterans' trailers heralded the vanguard of the sex revolution on campus. However, with war safely a thing of the past, and the veteran population slowly disappearing, the parental instincts of administrators kept the incursion of matrimony quarantined in its own village, and took comfort that it would recede before total corruption set in. Any student who perpetrated a secret marriage was subject to expulsion, even if he voluntarily revealed all. The ancient ideal of undergraduate celibacy was alive and doing well, so far.

"Minority" was not yet a racial word; like most Southern colleges Southwestern had not even the one black student needed to justify that term. Minority was a prevalent legal situation, however, which kept chaperons on hand at dances and alcohol out of sight, at least among the circumspect. The dances themselves were conducted under the curious romantic notion of that day that the music had something to do with sentimental feelings between partners. The synchronized dervishry and the psychedelic daze of more enlightened eras had yet to dawn. Rock was something Granny did on the front porch (there were still a few front porches then), and amplifying was something a professor did to a topic, *ad nauseam*. Chuck Foster or Horace Heidt played at the Balinese Room of the Claridge Hotel, but freshmen were warned that a four-course dinner there, plus dancing, could run to a cool \$1.80. Marijuana was mostly the occupational hazard of jazz musicians, especially drummers, and stronger stuff was the peculiar curse of a few half-mythical dope fiends, or a tourist feature of Hong Kong.

Two days after the inaugural symposium the New World Order began to take on more ominous dimensions. Russia detonated her first atomic bomb, breaching the complacency of the American monopoly and setting up the chessboard on which we still live. Three weeks later the North Korean government notified the United Nations clearly and frankly of its intention to reunite Korea by armed force—and soon.

## II

# A War, A Waning, A Weathering

It would be almost a year before the first faint reverberations from a small Asiatic country halfway around the world would be felt on North Parkway. The frosh in their beanies and baby bonnets had a nearer dread, that of the hawk-eyed Sanhedrin and the pitfalls of hazing. Freshman research could include a census of the slates in Palmer terrace, or a test of the tensile strength in an arm muscle which carried a brick around all day. But it was comforting to know that after Orientation would come in fixed succession all the ancient litany of the yearly round: Rushing, Religious Emphasis, the campus Maid of Cotton contest, the Torch Dream Man selection, Homecoming, the All-Sing, the Christmas Party, Stunt Night, April Fool Carnival, Alumni Day—and the whole spangled with football games and basketball matches and Greek formals and occasional exams, until the climax of May with its panty raids and its outdoor classes and its congested etcetera exploding into final exams and Commencement.

The bonnets and beanies were still embellishing the chapel audience which in early October learned that the brains presumably underneath had become eligible for aspiring to the cerebral grandeur of Phi Beta Kappa. Southwestern had applied for a chapter of the honor fraternity before World War II, but had not been accepted; inadequate library facilities had been one major reason. The United Chapters had not held a national meeting since 1941. Among Dr. Diehl's last labors had been the preparation of another request, and President Rhodes was on hand to present the case at the first opportunity in 1949. He now returned triumphant, with permission to form Gamma chapter of Tennessee, which joined the two existing chapters at Vanderbilt and Sewanee as well as the 151 chapters of the country as a whole—the academic elite among 1800 schools.

In accordance with Phi Beta Kappa custom, the new chapter was established on the anniversary of the first chapter, December 5. The twelve charter members were those members of the Southwestern faculty who had already been initiated during their individual academic careers: President Rhodes, Dean Theodore Johnson, Professors David

Amacker, H. J. Bassett (emeritus) , Vernon Perdue-Davis, Thomas Lowry, Laura Robinson, Gordon Southard, R. P. Strickler, Richard Vowles, James Webb, and B. A. Wooten. These in turn chose seven distinguished men closely associated with Southwestern to be "foundation members:" Dr. Diehl, Professors A. P. Kelso, Samuel Monk, and Marion MacQueen, '19, and alumni Shield McIlwaine, '24, Abe Fortas, '30, and the Reverend Harris Kirk, '97. The prescribed ritual of organization was performed on behalf of the United Chapters by Goodrich C. White, president of Emory University, who installed in office chapter president Strickler and secretary-treasurer Johnson.

The first student members were elected the following spring, and included Denby Brandon, Virginia Catching, John Johnson, Jr., Herman Kaplan, Louise Osborn, Jane McAtee (now Mrs. Dean Robert Patterson) , Barbara Patersen, Gene Canestrari, and Moris Shore. The local honor fraternity, Alpha Theta Phi, remained in being for two years as a means of recognizing undergraduates below the rank of senior, and disappeared when this function was taken over by the Honor Roll and Dean's List. Over the quarter of a century since its inception on campus Phi Beta Kappa has sponsored annual visits by some of the most illustrious scholars of our time, affording the student not only the chance to hear lectures but to hob-nob with the visitor in classrooms, or in informal sessions or on social occasions.

That winter of 1949-50 brought other evidence of the college's improved footing. Dr. Kelso discoursed on medieval asceticism, especially the unshod friars, and deprecated the modern ability to undergo such ordeals. A few days later it snowed, and the professor on entering his classroom was greeted by some forty naked feet being brandished at him, all dripping with well-trudged whitefall. It may not have been the only, but it was the most dramatic snow job ever bestowed upon a teacher.

The Zeta Tau Alpha sorority had been having less fun with meteorology than Dr. Kelso. Their lodge on campus had been blasted and burnt by fire from heaven in 1946, and now four years later to the day a new house was finished and duly christened with tea.

Spring brought the college an association as pleasant as it was helpful. Walter D. Bellingrath, a prominent business man and civic leader of Mobile, Alabama, announced the formation of the Bellingrath-Morse Foundation in memory of his late wife, Bessie Morse Bellingrath, for the purpose of enhancing Christian education and responsible citizenship. The Bellingraths in 1917 had acquired a

400-acre tract of semi-tropical jungle near Mobile, and Mrs. Bellingrath had devoted great time and effort to transforming it into gardens rivalling any in America. They were opened to the public in 1932. Now the Foundation assigned the income from the gardens to three colleges and two churches of the South. Forty per cent went to Southwestern as an outstanding example of the kind of educational institution the Bellingraths wished to foster. Dr. Diehl's personal friendship with Mr. Bellingrath played a part, and also the yearly concerts given by the Southwestern Singers against the delightful backdrop of the gardens. The college's portion of the garden fund varies from year to year in amount, but has exceeded \$60,000 in recent times.

In June, as the Korean War got under way, came news of the first major achievement in the remarkable construction program that was to characterize the Rhodes presidency. A. K. Burrow, treasurer of the college for five years, announced to a meeting of the sponsoring synods that he was presenting to the college the amount of \$600,000 for the acutely needed new library. It was the largest gift ever made by a living Presbyterian to his church or a related institution, at that time.

Dr. Diehl had been wont to refer to the annual report of Librarian Mary Marsh as her "perennial jeremiad." She had doggedly waged a diligent campaign of her own to raise what funds she could from library fines, book sales, and such, and was able to supplement the Burrow gift with a carefully hoarded \$4000 mite. Ideas for the new structure had already been considered. Now delegates were sent to study such libraries as those of Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Suggestions from faculty and students were incorporated. The first ground was broken scarcely more than six months after Mr. Burrow's announcement.

The new administration made its first major self-adjustment by setting up an Office of Development which gathered under its wings the existing Office of Public Relations along with responsibility for alumni relations and public occasions. In 1951 Dr. Robert P. Richardson, '17, became Vice President of Development. "Pete" Richardson was a Clarksville graduate who had served as Southwestern coach for all four major sports before going to China as a missionary in 1923. He was taken prisoner of war there by the Japanese. After six months he was exchanged, and returned promptly at war's end, leaving again only when the Communist takeover made his mis-

sion impossible. Now he began to co-ordinate plans for a campaign to obtain \$1,500,000 in capital funds. The Southwestern Development Fund, as it was labeled, would provide \$400,000 for a new gymnasium (an equal amount being already on hand) , \$300,000 to arrange for its regular upkeep, \$300,000 for maintaining the new library, \$250,000 for another dorm, and \$250,000 for scholarships and student aid. Half the amount was to come from Memphis and the other half from the four sponsoring synods, in a two-part drive during 1952 and 1953.

Toward the end of 1950 the college's affairs began to take a downward turn. Enrollment began to dwindle. The veterans of World War II had already departed. There was a problem already anticipated, that the low birth rate during the depression years had created a scarcity of available students for the late 40's and early 50's. Now with the oncoming of the Korean War there was also great uncertainty for male undergraduates, especially since their status with regard to Selective Service was not clarified right away. Some enlisted in order to choose their assignment, while some transferred to colleges where there was an ROTC unit which could provide deferment. Southwestern had applied for such a unit, but was refused as not having a large enough male population. The crisis was nationwide, usually referred to as "the Plight of the Colleges." It was not alleviated until the guide lines became fixed and deferment could be obtained either by being in the top half of the college as to grades, or by taking successfully the Selective Service Qualification Test. Not the least among the problems was the miasma of disillusionment which accompanied the new war, coming as it did only five years after the end of one world holocaust and carrying the threat of another.

The average enrollment for the 1950-51 session—that is, the number of full time students registered for both semesters—sank to 501, less than the previous year by 110, mostly male. The next year the figure went down to 446. For a college which had prepared its budget for a registration of 550, the situation was grave.

In the realm of intercollegiate sports there was a debacle. For the season of 1950 the football team had a perfect record of 7 losses. The basketball team, which the previous season had won 12 while losing 9, now lapsed into a steady losing streak of 14 games, climaxed (or anti-climaxed) in December by an episode in which six members



of the team went on strike, complaining about bad coaching. In February, 1951, the remaining games on the schedule were cancelled, track competition was dropped, and finally the faculty committee on athletics recommended abandonment of football as a varsity sport. It was so ordered. *The Sou'wester* blamed the basketball situation on lack of student support and defended Coach Al Clemens, who had been at Southwestern since 1942 with a pretty good record, considering de-emphasis. The administration blamed the lack of available athletes, inadequate funds, and the cramped decrepitude of the Fargason Fieldhouse training facilities. Coach Clemens resigned. There was no football in the fall of 1951.

But the apathy appeared to be more widespread. The young ladies of Evergreen were driven to lament their neglected state in open chapel and plead for more attention lest they shrivel into mass spinsterdom. The scarcity of dates around Voorhies was so obvious that certain timid co-eds asked for better lighting in the vicinity. Johnny Rollow responded with a floodlight affixed to the south end of Palmer Hall, whereupon the non-timid women and the male component of the student body (ardent in the pursuit of its abstract rights, if not in the pursuit of more tangible ideals) protested vigorously against invasion of privacy and held the outrage to be a move by Big Brother to discourage whatever couples might be found still lingering about Voorhies' neglected entrance.

Chapel assemblies were alleged to be "sloppy, time-wasting farces, unplanned and disorganized," announcements were "haphazard and unenthusiastic," and the tone of complaint had a sharper ring than the usual litany of chapel gripes. Though fifty-five students were known to have played in high school bands, and though brand-new uniforms and instruments were on hand, no college band could be recruited. Poet Robert Lowell has described this time as one in which the nation was about to elect Ike, "with the mausoleum at its heart." It would have been hard to refute him at Southwestern, at least for the moment.

Insofar as the men of Southwestern were concerned, their absence from Voorhies may have been in part due to diversionary influences. Thirty student nurses from the Methodist Hospital training program arrived in September, 1951, to take up their special studies at Southwestern in accordance with an agreement between college and hospital. Their curriculum consisted of five courses which did not give

college credit but amplified and enriched the usual training. By 1952 the number of nurses on campus was 58, and the association between the institutions continued for several years.

The faculty continued its perennial modulating of the educational program: a "B" average would entitle a graduate to the rank of "distinction", the honor system was stretched to cover checking off one's name outside chapel as evidence of attendance, and a committee was formed to reflect upon the college's targets for the year 1960 in the way of academic and physical development. The Board of Directors took a more radical step, enlarging and de-chauvinizing itself to include women—one from each synod, making a total delegation of five members per synod and an over-all total of twenty-one (with the president) where before it had been only seventeen.

Slowly things in general took an upturn. A hopeful token of the ability to break through the bonds of circumstance appeared in the Psychology Department, where a free soul among students succeeded in defying the proud new lie detector in its first demonstration of power. The adoption of Sadie Hawkins Day on campus afforded effective new methods for solving the problem of the lonely co-ed while at the same time helping build up the track team. By April, 1953, some 97% of Southwestern men who had taken the Selective Service test had been deferred. Enrollment began to creep upward until by 1954 it was back at the pre-nadir level of about 500.

Intercollegiate sports were caught up in the renaissance. Glenn Johnson, formerly coach at Bethany College in West Virginia, became director of athletics. Two new coaches arrived who were to prove effective, popular, and long-staying—in golf, Pat Abbott, and in tennis, Derrick Barton, former Davis Cup player. Track, a specialty of Coach Johnson's, was re-adopted, and the basketball team managed a few victories though it would be several years before it could turn in a winning season.

Homecoming without football had been too mind-boggling to endure more than once, and faculty, alumni, and Board (not to mention Memphis' indignant sports writers) cried out for resumption. But there was reluctance to launch a new football effort without explicit assurance from the student body that it really wanted to participate in, and to support, a non-commercial, non-subsidized, non-bigtime team. A referendum was held. The vote was strongly in favor of fielding a team in 1952, and football was declared back in. When

ground was broken for a new gym in December, 1952, the light at the end of the tunnel got brighter.

In any good sports story this would be the signal for a grandstand finish, but the road back was a hard one. The 1952 football squad surpassed its predecessor in losing all its games again, this time 8 of them. The Southwestern Men of Memphis, under the presidency of Richard C. "Rick" Mays, '37, who himself had been an important part of the celebrated 1936 team, addressed themselves to helping out. In the spring of 1953 they held a monumental banquet honoring Southwestern's outstanding athletes of the past. The 150 reservations were taken up days beforehand, and Neely Hall was filled with the likes of Gaylon Smith, '39, Little All-American and probably Southwestern's best all-round athlete ever; "Toto" Houts, '37, captain of the "twelve iron men" of 1936 who made up the entire squad that crushed Vanderbilt 12-0 in the college's most memorable game; Harold "Chicken" High, '34, star of the great 1929 team; Freeman Marr, '48, track great who would soon return to his alma mater to coach his sport; Billy Speros, '44, Frank Boswell, '49, and many other figures of the Southwestern varsity Valhalla. The evening was a rousing one, with a locker-room, towel-snapping atmosphere of jokes and nostalgia, and an inevitable speech or two, and it all served to publicize the college's pride in its athletic past.

What with one thing and another at work, the football team the following fall struggled through to the first college victory in 24 games by beating Hendrix 7-6. There was a wild joy on campus unequalled since the Vanderbilt victory; a school holiday was declared, or rather extorted and retroactively authorized. Nor did the next week's loss (41-0) dampen the growing enthusiasm. A better school spirit was in the making. By 1955 the team would ring up a winning season under the coaching of Rick Mays.

Even by the end of 1952 it was evident that there was an ebbing of what *The Sou'wester* had called "the degenerating force which had enveloped the campus." In fact, the reaction against the doldrums had become so successful that a faculty-student committee had to meet during the Christmas holidays to prune the proliferating activities and the social calendar.

### III

## "... A Continuous and Stationary Music"

Students returning to Southwestern in the fall of 1953 found new construction meant to serve their need for both gastronomic and intellectual nourishment. A balcony now graced the steamy heights of Neely Hall, relieving the first floor benches of about 60 gourmands and allowing the remainder to drop shoulders from the fixed shrug enforced by wedging. What had been known as "ptomaine tavern" by unalterable and prehistoric student tradition, now reached a transcendental rank seldom achieved by an institutional kitchen—even *The Sou'wester* editor found the food "pretty good."

The real splendor of the campus, though, was the new library, two and a half years in building because of wartime difficulties about materials. Its original \$600,000 cost had become \$942,000, and the generous A. K. Burrow gallantly added to his original gift to meet the final expense. A native of Macedonia, Tennessee, a highly successful business man dealing in cotton linters who had retired in 1947, and a member of the Executive and Investment Committees of the Board of Trustees, Aaron Knox Burrow said he simply "wanted to help young people and the nation."

The new book palace reflected months of planning and consultation with library experts of the entire country. Its six floors of stacks with their hundred individual study cubicles were buttressed by spacious work quarters for the staff, and flanked by seminar and tutorial meeting rooms, a large reference and reading room, a lecture and exhibit hall seating 150, rooms for listening to records, staff and faculty lounges sharing a small kitchen, and miscellaneous rooms left over for future need. Walk Jones and Walk Jones, Jr., architects, had given the plans a special measure of concern, and the Harmon Construction Company had carried them out faithfully. What with the air conditioning and the glistening woodwork and the miracle of ample light and the 1800 new phonograph records, culture lovers found the whole experience a kind of Gothic euphoria. There was a

stone-patting glow in both faculty and students for some time to come, as they passed under the esoteric symbols of the seven liberal arts carved above the front loggia and entered the glass portals. The less literate but more enterprising quickly discovered the fringe benefits of the private tutorial study rooms (a tutorial cannot have more than two participants) . And the Sanhedrin warned that noisy frosh would be thrown to the librarians.

Dedication took place on October 10, 1953, though the building had been in use since the opening of term. The principal speaker was Dr. Clarence H. Faust, president of the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education. Heartfelt thanks to Mr. Burrow were voiced by representatives of all the beneficiaries—the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., the dean of the college, the mayor of Memphis, and the president of the student body, who presented a document of 25 pages signed by every undergraduate. The key to the new edifice was solemnly turned over by architect Walk Jones to Mr. Burrow, who in turn handed it over to the chairman of the Board, Sidney W. Farnsworth, who entrusted it to Librarian Marsh, who with her usual no-nonsense attitude finally opened the glass floodgates of knowledge (the key still fit, after all the friction) .

Mayor Frank Tobey expressed the city's special pleasure in the fact that the lower level of the north wing would provide ample space for the activities of the Center for Adult Education, the college's most direct tie with the adults of its urban community. The Center had its own dedication a month later. Its new home offered a large lecture hall (one end of which could be partitioned off to make a smaller room for discussions) , an office, a large seminar room with compact kitchen, and a storeroom. Robert J. Blakeley, president of the Ford Fund for Adult Education, inaugurated the Center. His particular relevance to the occasion derived from the fact that the Fund had recently chosen Southwestern to receive one of its "Test Cities" grants. These would sponsor adult discussion programs in twelve carefully chosen locations among urban colleges and universities. Southwestern was allotted \$42,000 for a three-year period of experiment.

Adult education, as it was then called, had begun at Southwestern in 1944 as the traditional curriculum made available in the evenings for those who wanted to get academic credit in the familiar subjects. Professor John Osman directed the enterprise until his departure in

1952, after which his two colleagues Professor Laurence F. Kinney and May Maury Harding, '48, continued it. They operated from a small shed which has since been demolished; it had to be shared with the Speech Department until 1953.

In its second year the program began to have a new orientation, taking its cue from the college's mission as an urban institution. The change in direction was signaled by a discussion course without credit called "The Great Tradition," an intensive study of twenty classics from East and West. The third year brought a manifesto pamphlet declaring the new concept to be the permanent one for the future. Entitled "Freedom and the Books: A New Education for Adults," it outlined a fresh kind of learning experience which would help adults "fulfill their responsibilities as citizens." The credit courses were phased out and the expanded program of discussion took up such topics as "The Soul of Russia," "Freedom and Responsibility," and "The Great Books Theater." For the first time lay leaders were appointed from among the participants. One of the first was Frank A. Faux, who has continued his valuable association with the Center through the years, eventually becoming a staff member after his retirement from business.

By 1951 the program was focusing clearly on municipal problems. A nine-session symposium, "The Design for a City," sought to give Memphians a sense of the history of river valley civilizations and to identify and arouse the potentialities of this promising metropolis on the Mississippi. A corollary course offered an examination of the idea of a city, from Plato to Saarinen. In the year of its translation to Burrow's bosom and its transfiguration by Ford funds, the Center joined with the Memphis Civic Research Committee to organize discussions dealing with the best in city planning. Out of these grew a television series, "The City is You," financed by a grant from the Twentieth Century Fund.

The name of the non-credit, discussion kind of education has changed from "Adult" to "Continuing," partly to distinguish the new concept from the traditional one, partly because "adult" no longer serves, even legally, to differentiate undergraduates from their elders (some undergraduates attend evening classes, as well), and especially because of the desire to remind those of all ages that education is, or should be, a lifetime occupation. But the principles proclaimed in 1946 have remained the ground plan for later programs. Lay leaders are not only called on, but trained in special seminars; the liberal arts

are still the basis of all courses presented; and the original purpose has been kept—to help participants to be aware of and to implement their roles as thoughtful and effective citizens. In carrying out this aim the Center has won for itself not only outstanding local success, but a position of nationally recognized leadership, as these annals will show. At the end of its first three years of operation in the new location, the Center received from the Fund for Adult Education a bravo of \$180,000 for four more years' support.

The undergraduate sector of the college likewise took part in the expansive civic spirit of 1953 with the inaugural of the Free World Issues Program, for many years directed by Professor David Amacker. It has brought to convocations the experienced commentary of public affairs experts—diplomats, statesmen, political officeholders and candidates, and respected analysts. A former mayor of Memphis, Walter Chandler, initiated the series with the assertion that "Every Good Citizen is a Politician." The converse statement, of course, still needs a little work, but it is the program's goal to have that too become a truism.

Librarian Mary Marsh, having won the good fight she had fought for years, and having no new worlds at hand for immediate conquest, decided to turn her attention to certain study and research in New York which she had long been wanting to do, and resigned not long after the Library dedication. She had been with Southwestern since 1930, and chief librarian since 1931, and had presided over the increase in volumes from 18,000 to 70,000. Opening the stacks to students, by no means a universal custom, was her idea. Her successor, Dr. Jay W. Stein, came in March, 1954, from the New York Public Library. He also was appointed professor of social studies. Among his first tasks was the cataloguing of a thousand engravings of famous actors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in their Shakespearean roles, the gift of Mrs. Sidney W. Farnsworth.

Though the campaign for funds moved along more slowly in the synods than planned, the Church strengthened its support of the college in various ways. In 1954 the Second Presbyterian Church of Memphis undertook to support the Albert Bruce Curry Chair of Bible in memory of their pastor of many, many years. The following year the Thomas Kay Young Chair of English Literature was added by Idlewild Presbyterian Church. Dr. Young holds a special place in Southwestern's story. At the time the college began its capital funds drive in the '40's, Idlewild was just about to launch its own drive to

"that humped old structure with its hallowed covering of green and brown mold," was retired and soon demolished. A portion of the estimated cost of the new gym had been donated just after World War II by the Citizens' Committee for the Mallory Memorial headed by Robert Bogardus Snowden.

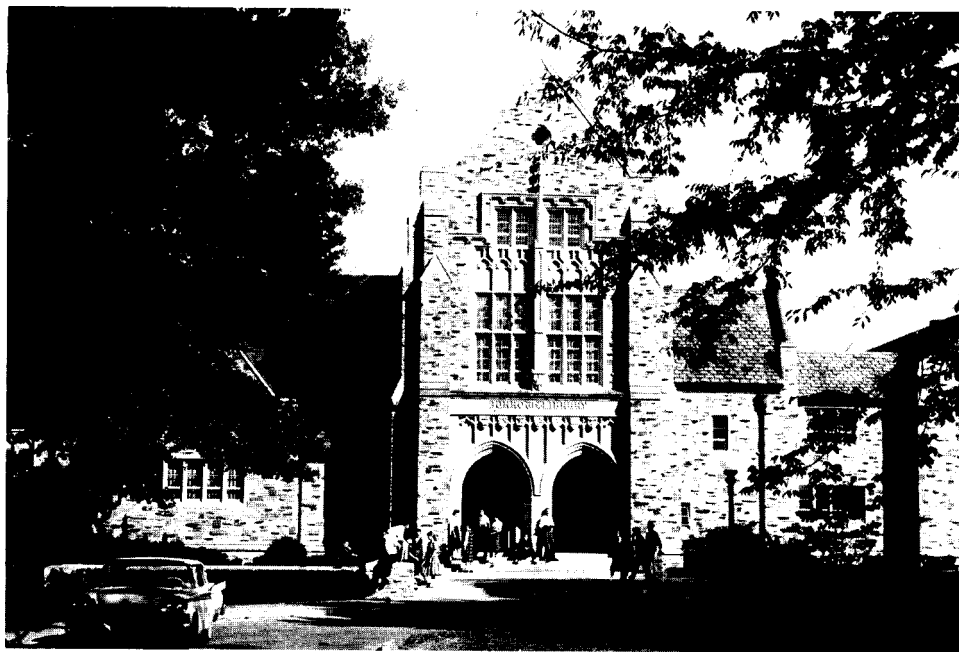
An All-American fullback at Yale, where he captained a distinguished team, Bill Mallory had been one of the staunchest friends of Southwestern during his career as member of the Executive Committee of the Board. He served as college treasurer for seventeen years and headed a number of the annual support campaigns. As adviser on athletics he firmly upheld the cause of non-subsidized sports, and himself served without pay as coach for one season when no other could be found. In World War II as a major he was awarded the Legion of Merit for tactical plans in the Italian campaign, and the Silver Star for the mission during which he was killed in a plane crash.

The Development Fund, though not yet completed, had provided the additional means to start construction of the new athletics headquarters. Original plans included a women's gym and a swimming pool at the east end of the structure, the whole being estimated at \$900,000. Necessity, however, limited the actuality to the estimated \$623,000 which would build only the main gym. As it turned out, even this was to cost more than \$750,000 by the time it was finished.

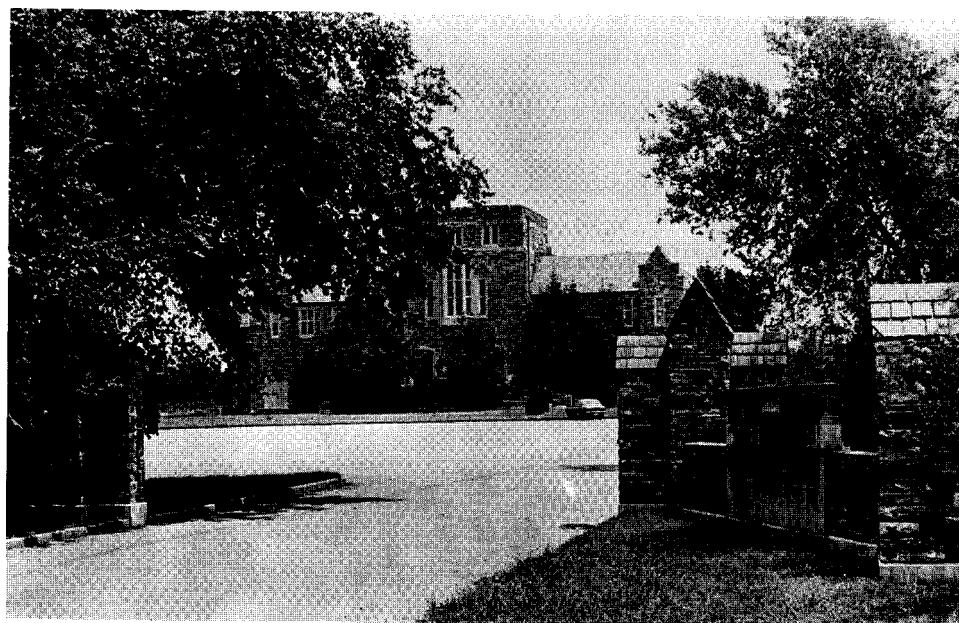
However, there was nothing skimpy about the new building in itself. Like its fellows, it was a Gothic arrangement of Arkansas sandstone roofed with slate. It was more than a fieldhouse; it was a teaching gymnasium. Its main floor accommodated a basketball court, or four badminton courts, or two indoor tennis courts, as well as seats for 1200 spectators, and coaches' offices. A half-basement provided dressing rooms, two sunken handball courts, lounges, offices, and classrooms. The balcony added five classrooms and seating for 800. The fourth level, the top of the huge tower, was left unfinished. The architect was H. Clinton Parrent of Nashville, whose plans were executed by the contracting firm of Canfield, Badgett, and Scarbrough. The building contract had been signed in December, 1952, and the ground broken a month later by Mrs. Barton Lee Mallory, mother of Major Mallory.

It should in no way be overlooked that the gymnasium was also a memorial to the forty alumni and one alumna of Southwestern who

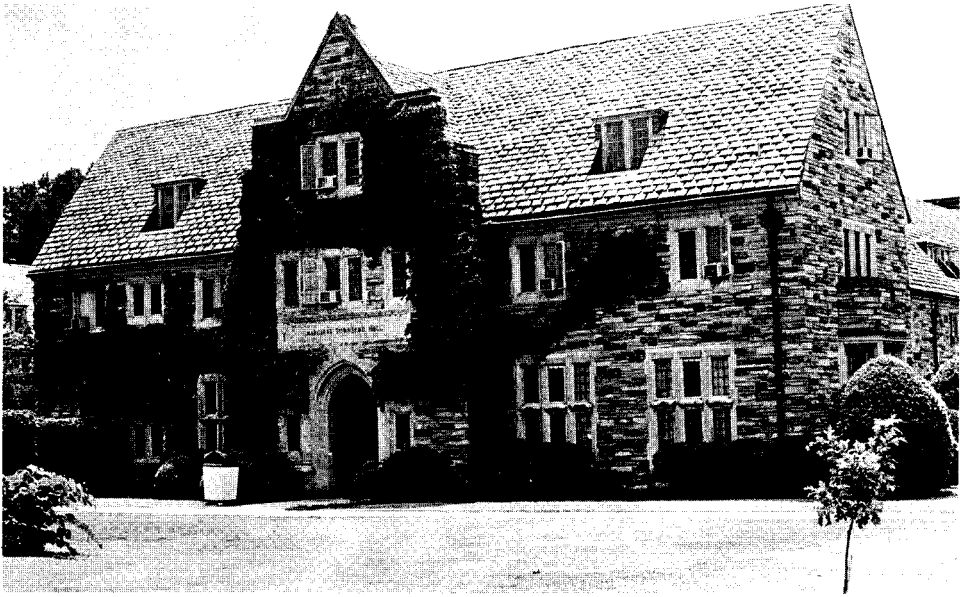




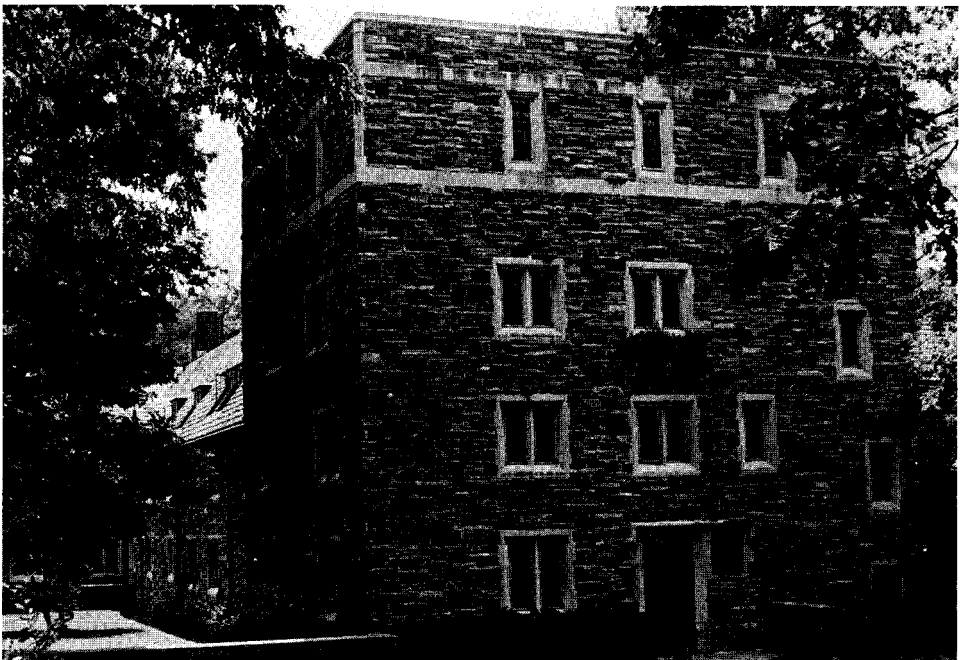
*Burrow Library*



*William Neely Mallory Memorial Gymnasium, with Richard C. Mays Memorial Gateway in the foreground; the Ruth Sherman Hyde Memorial Women's Gymnasium is the east annex of Mallory Gymnasium*



*Margaret H. Townsend Hall*



*Walter D. Bellingrath Hall*

lost their lives in World War II, and whose names are inscribed on the bronze plaque at the gymnasium entrance.

Dedication of the gym was a two-day affair, December 10-11, 1954, almost two years to the day after the contract signing, although construction had been finished the previous June and the building had been in use since September. On the evening of the first day inaugural ceremonies were held. Chief speaker was Edwin Foster Blair, a prominent New York attorney and civic leader who had been a roommate of Bill Mallory at Yale and remained his lifelong friend. Following the formalities the Southwestern and Sewanee basketball teams played the Dedication Game. Next afternoon there was a basketball clinic where outstanding coaches of the South lectured and held discussion sessions for other coaches of the area. The final event was a doubleheader that night, Sewanee-Davidson and Southwestern-Ole Miss. In the weeks that followed it was evident that the new Muscle Manor, by its very being, gave an impetus to sports such as had not been known at Southwestern for fifteen years or so.

*The Sou'wester* put out a special edition devoted to the dedication, and took the occasion to point out that it had published three extra issues during the semester, including Orientation and Christmas specials. Furthermore, it had also published a record number of issues for a semester, 19 as compared with the previous record of 16 set in 1927. And, despite the fact that after 1949 the newspaper had shrunk from a full seven-column size to tabloid dimensions, it had in 1954 provided "second-best coverage" for column-inches filled, exclusive of ads.

The building binge of the mid-fifties went on unabated. Townsend Hall opened for the fall term of 1955 to accommodate 70 freshmen. It adjoined Voorhies on the north and represented an investment of \$300,000. Evergreen Hall now underwent its second sex-change operation, doffing its alias and revealing its true macho identity as Stewart once again. The rootless name of Evergreen floated a few feet southward and eventually came to rest on the apartments located on the corner of University and Tutwiler. All campus femininity was now collected into one sandstone seraglio where all was secure.

The firming up of names continued with the christening of the structure which had been known as "the new men's dorm" for almost a decade. In December, 1956, it became Edward Coleman Ellett Hall, in memory of a Clarksville alumnus of 1888 who had won high

esteem as eye specialist and teacher. His \$235,000 legacy to the college had already been used in part to endow the Ellett Chair of Mathematics, of which Dr. Marion MacQueen became the first occupant, and to help in reorganizing methods and curriculum to reflect the "new math."

At about the same time still another building was acquired, this time by bringing the campus to it instead of the more conventional arrangement. The house at 671 West Drive was purchased as the president's home. Of English design, and coincidentally of the same stone as the campus buildings, the new place conveniently had the campus as its back yard, so in effect the college grounds were extended to West Drive with an harmonious edifice already standing on the extension. The Rhodeses were settled in by Christmas, and thereafter the house and grounds became a favorite place for receptions under the great trees or within the baronial walls.

That same December's cold earth was attacked again by the builder's unrelenting spade. As a finale to the five-year frenzy of building, a new dining hall began to rise. Mr. Burrow, having provided a banquet hall for the studious mind, now turned his benevolence toward the more mundane kind of nourishment. He not only contributed most of the needed sum himself, but was instrumental in getting the remainder of the \$245,000 cost. Other major givers were Douglas W. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo N. Dixon of Memphis, and Mr. and Mrs. Vance Higbee of New Orleans, the Kresge Foundation of Detroit, and the David Warner Foundation of Tuscaloosa. The ubiquitous Mr. Parrent drew up the plans, and the ever-faithful Canfield, Badgett, and Scarbrough executed them.

The new building, which was finished in time to greet entering students in the fall of 1957, was added to the north end of Neely Hall, the interior space being continuous between the two structures. All was spacious, lofty, and well-lit, with overhead beamwork, pastel green walls, and furniture in the college colors of cardinal and black. Now one could sit in civilized chairs at small tables instead of having to clamber over Neely's benches (usually by means of a strategic leg which would cleave apart a couple of fellow diners).

Mrs. Burrow, who had given of her personal funds, was ill during the construction but kept in touch, making a special effort to choose and provide the draperies personally. Such a scene of gastronomic grandeur transcended the more ordinary classifications and became, not a dining hall, but a refectory—the Catherine Walters Burrow

Refectory, a fitting tribute to a well-deserving lady. The ell at the northwest corner, with folding doors to shut it off into a private room for about 40 diners, became the Douglas W. Brooks Room, with an appropriate plaque. In the entry foyer two other bronze tablets recognized, on the one hand, the various donors, and, on the other, Mr. and Mrs. Burrow:

Because of their belief in the ideals for which Southwestern stands and to which it is dedicated, these two loyal Memphis Presbyterians have, by their farsighted vision and sacrificial giving, woven their lives into the structure of this college. Their beneficent influence will endure for generations as a symbol of the greatness of the human spirit.

It must be recorded that the hybrid dining hall with its two steam tables developed traffic problems. The waiting line of the hungry was subject to constant invasion by the replete who were dutifully carrying their trays to the dishwasher window. To accumulate a drink, a salad, and a dessert called for ballet poise and agility—an aerial view of the foodhunters at mealtime would be something like surveying a suddenly disturbed anthill. Not till 1974 did a radical rearrangement and remodeling ease the situation.

## **Iv**

# **The Fattening Fifties**

The expansiveness of the mid-fifties exerted itself in many directions besides that of stonework, however. President Rhodes at his inaugural, it will be remembered, had expressed a desire to make undergraduates more aware of their roles as world citizens, mentioning in particular Near East studies. In the summer of 1955 he was invited to make the dedicatory address at Bar Ilan University near Tel Aviv in Israel, a liberal arts college built by American funds. With the opening of the 1955-56 session his desire was further fulfilled by the formation of a program in International Studies, an interdepartmental major drawing on the resources of the departments of political science, economics, history, and modern languages. Dr. Ross J. Pritchard, a graduate of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, directed the effort, while also serving as an admirable backfield and track coach. The Carnegie Corporation of New York applauded this venture with a \$35,000 grant, payable over three years, to expand library holdings in the field, broaden the Free World Issues series, and promote better high-school awareness of career possibilities. Southwestern was the first college in the Mid-South to offer such an opportunity for would-be foreign service professionals. In 1958 International Studies became a separate department of the regular curriculum.

Out of this new emphasis came multiple results in the next few years. An International Center was set up on the balcony floor of the gym; it included a reference library of current periodicals and newspapers, a display of current maps, and a reading room. A series of eight television programs, "State of the Union," was created in collaboration with the Memphis public service station WKNO. And in March, 1957, the first Memphis Assembly met on the campus for three days, under the direction of Professor Pritchard.

The Memphis Assembly was a local version of the American Assembly, a project originated by General Eisenhower when he headed Columbia University. It brought together a group of expert "thinkers in residence" to discuss a chosen topic each year. President Rhodes had attended the national assembly in New York in 1956, while at

the same time Professors Amacker and Pritchard were sitting in on the regional assembly at Biloxi. The first Memphis Assembly enlisted the services of ten authorities in world affairs and world trade in particular, as well as those of a faculty technical committee and two groups of interested students, to concentrate on "The Representation of the United States Abroad." Next year the Assembly considered "International Stability and Progress: Foreign Aid."

By the spring of 1958 an International Language Center was installed adjoining the International Studies Center. Eight booths were provided where students could listen to and imitate language tapes, their own recordings being reversible or erasable. Russian joined French, German, Spanish, and Italian as a regular part of the curriculum.

Church as well as State took on new dimensions during this period. The Danforth Foundation of St. Louis wanted to foster "commitment and craftsmanship in Christian living," and gave Southwestern \$30,000, over three years, as one of the ten colleges it chose to carry out its purpose. The Foundation envisioned three vectors: toward a life vocation in the ministry, toward a practical program of social services, and toward a deepening of Christian perspective in teaching. The first aim was already being served at Southwestern; the latter two found expression in immediate results. Beginning in 1957 a major was offered in Bible and Christian Education. Also, a Christian Service Project was established in which students prepared for a life of church leadership by undergoing seven weeks of special training experience. Some 9 1/2 hours a week were devoted to such things as teaching Sunday School, guiding recreation, directing children's choral groups, or working with various social agencies. This project was organized and directed by Mrs. W. Morgan Cone for seventeen years until her retirement in 1974 when Mrs. Ray M. Allen (Julia Wellford, '47) took over. When the Danforth grant came to an end the college continued the program on its own. After the death of Professor Laurence Kinney, it became known as the Kinney Program because of his part in it and because the nature of it so well bespoke his Christian way.

At Christmas time in 1955 the (Ford) Foundation for the Advancement of Education announced what may well rank as the largest single act of philanthropy by a private source in academic history. A stupendous \$260,000,000 was distributed among a selected 615 colleges and universities of the nation. The intent was to "prime the

pump" so as to encourage the increase of teacher's pay, and extra "accomplishment" grants were awarded to 126 of the institutions which were found worthy of special recognition. Southwestern received \$227,000 as the basic allotment and \$141,000 as an "accomplishment" dividend, thus being rated among the top 7% of the country's institutions of higher learning. The entire amount received was added to the endowment fund, but the finances of academe are on such a scale that even this Medicean munificence, when its benefits began to be felt in 1958, could serve to raise salaries only by 4%.

When Southwestern moved to Memphis in 1925, there were three Rhodes Scholars on the faculty, two of whom had just arrived for the opening convocation. These two, Dr. R. W. Hartley in Mathematics, and Dr. R. P. Strickler in Greek, retired together in 1955. Dr. Hartley was a Nevadan with a doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania. A scholar who was constantly publishing articles, he taught navigation and mathematics to the Air Force cadets of World War II days. More than one student remarked during the thirty years of Dr. Hartley's stay, "He's the pleasantest prof I've ever had."

Professor Strickler, a West Virginian with a doctorate in Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, and Comparative Philology from the Johns Hopkins University, was as versatile in athletics as in things scholarly and aesthetic. He starred in baseball, basketball, pole vaulting, and a few other modes of sweating, had worked for several years on a three-volume edition of part of Plato ("It's a joy to read Plato, and a pain in the neck to read Aristotle"), and played his eighteenth century 'cello with many symphonies, including that of Memphis. His learning in the classics, as well as his golf game, have become legend.

Dr. A. Theodore Johnson stepped down from his deanship because of age requirements, but continued as professor of English, under that curious system which ignores the senility of teachers but is very tetchy about those who do the managing. Not that Dr. Johnson was an arguable specimen of the former; he was a consummate teacher at all times. As his eulogist Dr. Wolf said, "He had listened for more than twenty years with sad civility to student nonsense and petulance."

The new dean was Dr. Jameson M. Jones, '36, a native of Corinth, Mississippi, with degrees from Southwestern, the Louisville Theological Seminary and Duke University. He had taught in the religion and philosophy departments at Centre College since 1942, and had been dean there since 1947. His studies included a year at Oxford in 1952.



Dean Jones declares that President Rhodes told him, "I look on myself as shepherd of the Southwestern flock, and I need you for my crook."

Eleanor Bosworth had been acting as dean of women since Mrs. Townsend's retirement, and in 1955 left to pursue her studies, and eventually to become the University of Virginia's first lady by marrying Dr. Edgar Shannon. Jane Leighton Richards became permanent dean of women, and also associate professor of history. Daughter of a Davidson College Bible professor, with degrees from Converse College and Duke University, Dean Richards had taught in several colleges including Centre and Converse, at both of which she had been dean of women also.

It was a time of illustrious visitors, including Dean Rusk, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation, who gave the commencement address in 1956; Sir Richard Livingstone, foremost British classics scholar; and Senator Estes Kefauver, whose whirlwind campaign schedule began to overlap itself, causing him to begin his address in Hardie Auditorium with the pronouncement that "what this country needs is more schools like Memphis State."

Many kinds of more accurate recognition reminded the Memphis community of Southwestern's presence. The State of Tennessee placed a marker on the southwest corner of the campus alongside North Parkway, acknowledging the school's considerable past. A prominent Memphian, Abe Waldauer, presented to Burrow Library the first copy of the Dead Sea Scrolls to be received by an American college. Two of the most personable and capable women undergraduates were chosen Cotton Carnival Queen in rapid succession, Sherrye Patton in 1955 and Lila Wrape in 1957 (Miss Patton, now Sherrye Patton Henry, is known to millions of viewers as a television personality). And the football team rose like a phoenix from its 1951 ashes: it produced three Little All-Americans within four years, racked up its first winning season in many years (6-2) for the fall of 1955, and as a final flourish rated eighth in the nation for total offense per game in 1956.

The sciences played their part in the rapport between college and city. In co-operation with the Lumbermen's Club of Memphis, an Arboretum Committee was formed, five of its members being from the Club and five from Southwestern. Vice-president Richardson was the activating agent, and Professor Arlo Smith of the Biology Department became curator. By September, 1955, some 1550 trees on cam-

pus had been identified, counted, and located on an area map. Conspicuous specimens of each variety were labeled for the use of biology students as well as for casual visitors. 62 types of trees were inventoried, including 15 kinds of oak. Plans were made to plant as many other varieties of trees and shrubs as might succeed in the climate.

Somehow all this expansiveness had passed the Physics Department by. Dr. Rhodes had *been* the department until World War II, when the sudden crash program of the Air Force began to crowd some 200 cadets a day into facilities and equipment meant for 30. Just as the disruption reached its height in 1944 Dr. Rhodes became college vice-president and was unable to preserve in the Physics Department the high standards for which he was known. There was a rapid turnover in personnel in the postwar years; one of the most promising professors, David Matthews, died suddenly just after being awarded a large research grant. Fortunately Dr. Julian C. Nall, '43, was able to leave his administrative post and take over the physics teaching for a time. All three natural sciences were still housed in the same building, and the situation was one of unbelievably cramped chaos.

To revitalize the department President Rhodes in 1956 turned to one of his ablest former students, Jack H. Taylor, '44, who was at the time consultant to the Optics Division of the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington. He had taught at the University of the South and done research for the E. I. DuPont Company. Dr. Taylor vividly recalls the physics labs as he found them:

There were literally dozens of government-surplus wooden filing cabinets stacked on top of each other and crammed with components, a glass turning lathe and the attendant mess . . . , innumerable pieces of 'stuff' plus many of the old dark-stained apparatus cabinets . . . from Clarksville. In order to read a meter anywhere in these labs it was necessary to use a flashlight.

Space was being obtained in the worst possible way: there was a shortage of physics students. In 1957 there were no graduates in the department. Dr. Taylor remembers President Rhodes telling him he didn't care what steps he took with the department provided it was creative and didn't cost money.

Professor Taylor began by cutting panels out of the hall doors in favor of glass, and added fluorescent lighting to the premises. Besides

the straightening up, and the cleaning and painting, extra space was "rooted out" of the basement area, which in a short time came to house an instrument shop and three labs. By 1959 there were three B.S. candidates in physics, and department enrollment had doubled. Dr. Taylor intended to have a program of creative research which would involve as many students as possible, and he realized early along that the best hope for it rested in some kind of specialization. As the only member of the Physics Department he decided, with impeccable logic, that the best choice would be his own field of optics, in particular, infra-red spectroscopy. His judgment would prove sound in the sixties when this specialty brought Southwestern onto the national scene as an integral part of the scientific intensity of the decade.

President Rhodes returned to his old role as physics lecturer briefly. As he explained his experiment, by using Newton's three laws of motion and the laws of conservation of angular momentum he could "exert a small but carefully regulated impulse (the product of force times time) by allowing a hypersensitive sacro-iliac to impinge on a small portion of the interior periphery of a plastic circle." The occasion was a Rotary Club picnic, and the explanation accounted for his winning first place in the hoola-hoop contest.

The bond between city and college was reinforced yet again in the sciences with the organization in 1957 of the Southwestern Research Institute, which made available to local industry its consultant and experimental services in chemistry, physics, biology, and mathematics. Professor Raymond Vaughn of the Chemistry Department acted as director, in association with representatives from the other departments. Dr. Scudder Smith, a Memphis business man turned inventor who held many patents, became a staff member and moved into the physics lab his own equipment to do research in solid state physics. Through the Institute undergraduates helped in practical research which brought them into contact with career opportunities, while Memphis industry drew on expert knowledge and experiment.

Jack Taylor was not the only alumnus to return to an important post on campus—in fact, there was a general homecoming. Alfred O. Canon, '44, was appointed in 1956 to the newly-devised office of Dean of Alumni, a functionary of the Office of Development. Dr. Canon had previously been Dean of Students and Director of Admissions at Birmingham Southern College. His new role was to keep in touch with alumni and friends, to organize them where appropriate, and to en-

courage participation by them in the Continuing Education program.

Firstfruits of the new deanery were two in number. At a breakfast in January, 1957, the President's Council came into being. It was an organization of distinguished alumni "ambassadors for Southwestern" who were willing and able to represent the college in the community, advising the administration, keeping in touch with Southwestern achievements and needs, helping to obtain financial support. In its second year the Council enlarged to include non-alumni. It now numbers more than 200.

The other development was the establishment of the University Lecturer Series. Here the idea was that an eminent lecturer from a major university be invited to speak at Southwestern. Prior to the public address the speaker would be honored at a dinner attended by the local alumni of his university. Under the concerted efforts of this series together with the Free World Issues series, the college community has the opportunity to hear some twenty to thirty speakers of high calibre in many fields every year.

Librarian Jay Stein left the Burrow Library to do research and was succeeded in 1957 by Albert M. Johnson, '30, who had earned his degree in library science at Emory University and had been reference librarian at Cossitt Library (part of the Memphis municipal library system) and since 1946 chief librarian at Kennedy General Hospital. He settled in to give the Burrow Library the long-term continuity of expertise which such an institution needs. His advent was celebrated by a general amnesty for students: the library seminar rooms which had been closed by the library committee the previous semester were reopened, upon solemn assurance from the student body that in the future the rooms would become veritable monastic cells of austere meditation.

The roster of returnees was rounded off with the name of John Turpin, '55, who took on the job of assistant registrar. In his immediate wake came the Electronic Era in 1957. Its first delegate was a super-cerebral papyrivore card-punch which on command could fang bits of cardboard in viciously aesthetic patterns. This Gog was joined by its Magog in 1959 which snuffled among the mutilated victims of the card-punch and sorted out the holey alliances. After a while a venerable computer arrived to receive the sacrifices in its quasi-jukebox, mull them over, and react with a berserk barrage of class rolls, student report sheets, grade averages, and other statistical gobbets. All this analytic saturnalia made it well worth while to wait

the few extra weeks required to get the grade reports out as compared with the former dull simplicity of two people with 290 pens. Palmerward the course of IBMpire made its way irresistibly. Today the ground floor, redeemed from the human crudities of those classrooms where Shakespeare sonneted and Plato conversed, has been turned into a Gothic version of the Cape Canaveral control room.

But it was still a decade when the humanities could fight back. A new interdepartmental course in American studies was added to the curriculum in 1957, and a major was finally scraped up in Art, that ancient and rather respected aspect of culture so curiously and assiduously neglected at Southwestern hitherto.

Admission to the college as a freshman was made contingent upon a satisfactory performance in the Scholastic Aptitude Test given by the College Entrance Examination Board. It was also made contingent upon paying an additional \$75 per semester, making a total of \$325 twice a year—the first increase since 1949 but not, alas, the last. However the blow was softened ever so slightly by a \$12,000 gift from the Evergreen Club of Memphis. At its chartering in 1908 the Club was the first civic club in Memphis and one of the first in the country, at a time when President Rhodes' cherished gypsies in their roving bands bivouacked on the campus site. The Club had been influential in having Southwestern located in its Memphis area. It now found itself having to disband, and at its last meeting voted to give its bank balance to provide a scholarship fund.

For the less indigent an opportunity opened up to spend the junior year abroad while still being considered a Southwestern student, an arrangement which today is commonplace but in 1958 was a rarity. An agreement was made with the Institute for American Universities of Aix-Marseilles whereby Southwestern undergraduates could attend classes in France under the guidance of Southwestern faculty members and receive suitable credit. They could also live with French families and acquire an intimate experience of everyday life in that land while exercising their French in its native milieu. The pioneer group under this program consisted of nineteen students who arrived at Aix-en-Provence in September under the tutelage of Professor J. O. Embry.

The year 1957 evolved two events which a chronicler may use to prefigure the shape of things to come in the next decade. One was a setback to the humanities, the other a spectacular herald of technology's accession to the throne as queen of the sciences. South-

western did what it could to temper the one effect and modulate the other, in order to maintain its traditional equilibrium between the humane letters and the mathematical symbols, but the nation as a whole turned toward the scientists and technicians.

The setback was that in June Professor A. P. Kelso retired. One of Dr. Diehl's Rhodes Scholars, during his more than thirty years at Southwestern he had contributed as much as any one man to the excellence of the liberal arts curriculum. He was one of the chief agents in introducing the Honors Program, the Tutorial system, and the first interdepartmental course, "Man in the Light of History and Religion."

But he is among the most vividly remembered professors even today because of the Kelsonian Method of Instruction—which consisted largely in being Dr. Kelso, a unique achievement. Perhaps its most notable feature was the orchestrated dynamics—what has been called the "joys and jolts" of the Kelso approach. The quiet, reflective, questioning theme would be shattered periodically (and unpredictably) by eruptions of thunderous rhetoric. The irrelevant and the parenthetical accompanied all this in a disjointed obligato, weaving their way through the main motifs, eventually revealing their real necessity in some unexpected reprise. On one occasion, for example, in the midst of a discussion on ethics, the seraphic doctor suddenly froze, stared fixedly out the window, and hissed, "I see a face!" The class turned as one to the window. It later developed he had decided to turn to the aesthetic side of the topic and was quoting a line about Helen of Troy's beauty. Or there was the dramatic build-up of rhetorical questions, tottering on the verge of a great epiphany, only to sink back and collapse into an "I don't know." Or the wisecrack which often so convulsed the lecturer himself that he never bothered to finish the utterance. Or the aside whose pertinence never came to light ("Clarksdale—that's a crazy town!")

Anne Howard Bailey, '45, a leading television playwright and opera librettist, used Dr. Kelso as an important character in one of her network dramas. "Kel" was minister at Whitehaven, Tennessee, for many years, and at his retirement he was presented with \$1000 for a trip to England, a gift from the alumni and friends of Whitehaven, Hughes, Arkansas, and that crazy Clarksdale. He also got a volume of letters from remembering students; one wrote a letter of only three words: "Socrates, Erasmus, Kelso."

Four months after Dr. Kelso's descent from orbiting interior space,

the Russians sent up the first artificial *sputnik zemli*, Earth's Little Fellow-Traveler. In the years which lay between Russia's launching of earth's second moon and the American landing on its first one, the quality and quantity of science teaching in the United States would be profoundly affected.

In 1958 Dr. Martin W. Storn retired; he, too, had been more than thirty years at Southwestern, arriving as it opened in Memphis in 1925. As Professor of Romance Languages he emanated urbanity and precise scholarship, and an Old-World courtliness of high degree.

The fifties ended in recession and re-orientation. At Southwestern there was a breathing space for architect and stonecutter that lasted some three years. There was time for evaluation and review also. The college engaged in a self-study of several months' duration in 1957-58, and the results were appraised by a visiting team from the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in February, 1959. The findings reveal much about the state of Southwestern at the end of President Rhodes' first decade in office.

The size of the college was substantially the same as in 1949 in terms of faculty (55) and students (664). The general requirements for graduation were not only the same, but had remained so since 1915 except for a minor option or two. The linking of mathematics with the classical languages as alternative choices was distinctive with Southwestern. Psychology was now acceptable as an alternative to philosophy, and a year of Social Studies had been added to the list. Elective subjects made up 12 to 32 per cent of the curriculum, depending on the major, and in most cases was nearer the lower figure. The college still adhered to the departmental approach to requirements, though many colleges had turned to the "area" or "division" method of grouping subjects. A faculty committee was at the time of the self-study considering the desirability of some such change.

The evaluating committee of the Southern Association had some reservations about the administering of tutorials, pointing out that the Oxford-trained members of the faculty were disappearing and that the newer faculty were perhaps not as dedicated to the method and at best might need some orientation process. Since tutorials were a voluntary extra load on the faculty, they were often postponed until regular classes had been registered, and might be uncertain. The committee also expressed concern about possible over-specialization at the

undergraduate level in honors and tutorials, though it acknowledged that highly superior work was being done and that some honors papers were equivalent to M.A. dissertations.

The evaluators demurred at the penalty for excessive non-attendance at chapel (an extra hour of graduation requirements for each over-cut term) . However, seniors were already exempt and the lower orders had fifteen cuts per term allowed.

There were also demurrers at the fact that student participation in campus life seemed much too rigidly organized along fraternity and sorority lines; the social calendar tended to conflict continually with the academic schedule, too. There was a notable lack of interest in drama. A recommendation that freshmen be given orientation in use of the library was adopted as part of the English course, while another recommendation that the library be open on Saturday and Sunday afternoons was shelved for several years.

However, the committee's report was full of accolades:

The superior quality of the undergraduate program is indicated by the increasing number of Southwestern graduates who are entering graduate and professional schools. The number has doubled between 1949 and 1957 . . . . Students have been admitted to most of the leading graduate schools of the country. . . . Records reveal that undergraduates who transferred to the so-called quality institutions before receiving their bachelor's degrees continued to measure up well in these institutions . . .

There is no doubt that the institution is making a considerable contribution to the cultural life of Memphis. The individual testimony of many prominent citizens emphasized again and again the present contribution as well as the future potential of this important center of learning.

Four major buildings had been added to the campus since 1949. Total college assets were reckoned at \$8,536,316, of which \$3,406,530 represented endowment and scholarship funds, the rest being real estate, buildings and equipment (including library books) . Perhaps as good a gauge as any of the college's increased financial responsibility was the January, 1938, utilities bill which turned up about this time, in the amount of \$637. The bill for January, 1948, was \$1,165; that for January, 1958, was \$2,590.

However, the Development Campaign which had begun in 1952 as a two-year effort, with hopes of \$1,500,000, had bogged down in the



synods, though Memphis had come through with more than her half in fine style. After seven years only \$508,636 of the synod's half had been subscribed, and of this subscription only \$408,952 had as yet been actually received. The following year, 1960, there had been so little change in these figures that further announcements were discontinued. Old campaigns, like old campaigners, never die, they just fade away.

Nevertheless at the alumni dinner in 1958 President Rhodes revealed his "dream" for 1975: three more dorms, a tower building with administrative office space, a student center, a "science and academic" building, an infirmary, and a fine arts building. All these dreams were solid Gothic sandstone by 1969, plus an extra dorm and much more science construction than had been envisioned in hopeful 1958.

In retrospect President Rhodes found that "these ten years bridge probably one of the most tempestuous and uncertain periods in American higher education. Hot and cold wars, increased enrollment, almost prohibitive costs of construction, teacher shortages in certain subject matter areas, and general inflation . . ." He was well aware that beneath the traditional patterns of the educational process which still seemed to be the mode, "emphases and atmosphere and mental attitude have undergone major changes." And he quoted the Rockefeller Report, which declared that now it had become necessary "to educate our young people to meet an *unknown need*, rather than to prepare them for needs already identified."

The fifties may have seemed "tempestuous" beyond the ordinary, in 1959. But the sixties were upon us.

# V

## A Burgeon of Buildings

The last six years of Peyton Rhodes' presidency, 1959-1965, certainly had nothing of sunset or autumn about them. He was not one to get the hang of coasting. The early sixties at Southwestern display a ferment, a yeasty buoyancy throughout the college's activities and plans which breathes more of renascence than finale. The national background for it was one of growing activism by students after the Eisenhower era of the "silent generation." The activism was not yet rancorous, being chiefly dedicated to integration and student rights, and still dealing for the most part in terms of analysis, mutuality, and discussion. Vietnam was still a remote jungle where there were only American "advisers" until 1964 (17,000 of them, actually) . A youthful president, a space race, a budding national interest in social and political responsibility were among the various facts of public life which affected universities in particular.

At Southwestern attention turned toward laying out the future more meticulously than before. Also, the curriculum underwent examination by faculty and students even as it began to expand into more non-Western areas. And the college attained a national—even an international—status not only of recognition but of conspicuous leadership, most notably in Continuing Education and in optical physics.

In March, 1959, the Board of Directors approved in principle "The Second Century Development Program," a long-range prospectus which had evolved out of the self-study of 1957-58. The enrollment would be topped off at 1000, divided equally between resident and day students whenever four more dorms should arise to house them. A folder, "Southwestern Today and Tomorrow," presented an artist's rendering of the imagined campus of 1975. It envisioned all those buildings which this chronicle will include, pretty much as they are today. Two of its proposed structures remain as yet in the minds of the planners: the sorely needed auditorium for student assemblies, with fringe benefits for dramatic and musical productions, and the Charles E. Diehl Memorial Chapel. Fine Arts and Continuing Education were seen as occupying separate and palatial quarters on the

northeast part of the campus. The latter's dream home was a quasi-Babylonian fortress with a zigguratish central auditorium for "civic disputation and discussion" surrounded by arcade-battlements, with bastions at the corners which were to house smaller scale set-to's. Both these princely plans are today incarnated in a more modest building officially—and misleadingly, perhaps—labeled Fine Arts and Humanities (Clough Hall) . In the 1959 plan it is the building shown as adjoining Palmer Hall on the east, marked as "academic building" and apparently thought of as being for the humanities. Today Clough Hall houses the Fine Arts legitimately, but otherwise is inhabited by Continuing Education, the behavioral sciences, and some faculty offices. The humanities seem to have disappeared from the general planning, and are now cornered and at bay in one half of one floor of Palmer.

As a matter of fact, the 1959 priority gave first place, after the Student Center (soon erected) , to the auditorium, though all the furious construction of the next decade did not somehow produce it. Fine Arts had next priority, though as things turned out it was the last building to go up. The Science Center, on the other hand, being more in tune with the national disposition and the emphasis of the time, was accomplished sooner than the rosiest optimist of 1959 would have predicted.

The sixties easily rivaled the fifties for construction; there seems to have been hardly a year during the entire decade when there was not a new structure under way, or often two. Gothicism finally popped a small seam or two under the pressure of scientific need, but soared to new heights of both a literal and aesthetic kind elsewhere. Concrete skeletons in various stages of coagulation, surrounded by stone heaps and by dust and mud, each in its season, became the way of life on campus. Buildings began to arise by twos and even by threes.

In the latter part of 1959 two new dorms got under way. A loan for \$600,000, obtained under recently enacted federal legislation to aid college construction, underwrote the major portion of the cost. One dorm, designed for 106 men, paralleled the three existing male dorms on their west side and joined with Ellett Hall to make up the south front of a quadrangle. Funds from the Bellingrath-Morse Foundation had been carefully set aside over the years for the express purpose of building the badly needed residence, and the total now served to pay for a substantial part of the construction. Mr. Bellingrath, who died in 1955, would have been especially pleased with the prayer chapel

included. His long-time friend and associate George E. Downing of Mobile, Alabama, who was also chairman of the Foundation, officially dedicated the new Walter D. Bellingrath Hall on October 18, 1961, by which date it was already in use.

The other dorm gave shelter to 66 women and was finished by December, 1960, in time to be of use for the second semester. It was east of and parallel with Townsend Hall, with which it was connected by an arcade, and was known merely as "East" for several years. During the Challenge Campaign of the mid-sixties, however, Mr. Edward H. Little, retired president and board chairman of Colgate-Palmolive Corporation, gave the largest amount received from a living individual in the campaign up to that time, \$100,000. He gave it as a memorial to his late wife, whose family was among the more distinguished of Memphis, including an antebellum mayor. Mr. Little said his reason for choosing Southwestern was that he was impressed by its being selected by the Ford Foundation for one of its "challenge" grants. The Southwestern Board expressed its appreciation by naming "East" the Suzanne Trezevant Hall.

A second brace of buildings began in July, 1961. A new and much better infirmary was made possible by a bequest of \$132,000. It came from another of that breed of loyal Southwesterners whose gifts of funds are but a part of the lifetime devotion they have given the college. Moore Moore, M.D., had been a member of the Board of Directors since 1924 and Secretary almost as long. He had much to do with bringing Southwestern to Memphis, and he sent all three of his sons to its classrooms. He was college physician from 1925 to 1947 and acted as medical consultant afterward until his death in 1957. So it was with more than usual appropriateness and more than usual remembrance that the new building was named the Moore Moore Infirmary at its dedication in June, 1962, when Dr. Orren W. Hyman, Dr. Moore's colleague and close friend, paid tribute to him and to Mrs. Moore. The new facility had beds for 14 ailing, rooms for examination and treatment, a kitchen, and offices. It extended the line of the Neely-Burrow dining hall to the north, being connected with it by a covered porch which could shelter the ambulatory invalid from the elements. It also had the distinction of being the only major building whose cost never changed between planning and erection.

Contracted for on the same date as the Infirmary was the Richard Halliburton Tower with its adjoining office building. Wesley Halliburton, retired Memphis engineer and real estate developer, had long

planned a tower memorial to his famous son Richard, world traveler and adventurer who enacted all the romantic feats dreamed of by millions of Walter Mittys: swimming the Hellespont, climbing Mount Olympus, marching with the French Foreign Legion. In the 1920's he had three books on the bestseller list at one time, including his best-known title, *The Royal Road to Romance*. In 1939 he drowned in an effort to sail a junk, the Sea Dragon, from the China coast to the San Francisco World Fair. His mother died in 1955, but she and Mr. Halliburton had already decided to make Southwestern the site of Richard's memorial.

Mr. Halliburton, a man of ageless stamina who flew to far corners of the globe in his late eighties, felt upon reaching his nineties some signs of approaching middle age and determined to make the tower an actuality during his lifetime. His gift of \$375,000 in securities, which appreciated considerably during construction, was translated into as sheerly beautiful a tower as Memphis, or many another place, can boast. The donor, carrying a cane more for jauntiness than support, would regularly go up on the workmen's hoist to make sure his tower was well and truly built. When the great bell was being lowered into place Mr. Halliburton was sitting on the parapet 140 feet high waving encouragement.

The tower's proportions are governed by those of the Pythagorean Golden Section and the Fibonacci numbers mystically associated with its diagonals. The Golden Section derives from a rectangle whose short side is to its long side as the long side is to the sum of both sides. The Fibonacci numbers are those in a series whereby any number is the sum of two previous numbers. The setbacks in the tower occur at Fibonacci intervals measured in feet according to the basic series 7, 14, 21, 35, 56 (counting from the top downward and with minor adjustments). It is these proportions that have created the peculiar satisfaction of both the classical Parthenon and the Gothic Notre Dame de Paris.

A four-storied office building stretched to the north of the tower in an eighty-foot train. Together the two structures housed comfortably (then) in their upper stories a president, a galaxy of deans and secretaries, and the offices of Development, Alumni, and Public Relations. The tower connects on the east with Palmer Hall, engulfing the west-door flashing in a consummation for which it had devoutly wished during a third of a century. An elevator adorned the north end, and Palmer was fitted out with one of its own.

The ground floor of the Tower was planned to be the formal front door to the college, for the reception of visitors and the display of the Halliburton memorabilia along with the many-splendored Jessie L. Clough Memorial for Teaching. This valuable assemblage of fabrics, ceramics, and other objets d'art, largely but not entirely Oriental, had been bequeathed to the college in 1950 by Miss Floy K. Hanson, to whom Miss Clough had been mentor and traveling companion. Miss Etta Hanson, Miss Floy's sister, acted as curator as her own contribution to the memory of both. S. DeWitt Clough, Miss Jessie's brother, and Mrs. Clough donated funds to help build the Tower structure and to provide a storage room as well as display cases. Mosaics in the Tower floor depict the Sea Dragon, the Halliburton family arms, and a map of the synods which sponsored Southwestern.

A low platform with a parapet and steps graces the front of the Tower, and to this parapet is affixed a memorial tablet presenting the gallant adventurer as Icarus. Art Professor Lawrence Anthony's original Icarus was considered to have a bit too much of Greek clarity about it, and the young man's flight pattern was revised slightly to achieve an "R" rating.

But the glory of the Tower is its great bell. Seven feet high, weighing five tons, and sounding an inexorable A-flat, it was cast in France by the ancient and honorable firm of Les Fils de Georges Paccard. Three Memphis firms contributed their services in getting it from shipboard in New Orleans to the top of the Tower: Vance Alexander and Company expedited it through customs, Gordon Transports unloaded it and brought it to the campus, and Patterson Transfer Company furnished the gigantic 180-foot crane (with its crew) needed to hoist it to its eyrie. On a morning in September, 1962, a major portion of the college community watched for four hours while the bell was hung. The enormous bronze weight was slowly heaved upward, dangled above the roofless Tower, and, with only a few inches of leeway on each side, lowered in breath-taking suspense, inch by inch. The faculty had been solicited for suitable inscriptions for the bell, on the theme of adventure or some such motif relevant to Richard Halliburton's career and to the college's role. Two were chosen, one from Shakespeare's *King John*:

The day shall not be up so soon as I  
To try the fair adventure of tomorrow.

The other was from T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, "Not fare well. but

fare forward, voyagers." Let their double encouragement boom forth uplift to the groggy student stumbling through the wintry dark toward an eight o'clock class in which he is flunking. And let him reflect upon the words of Euclid to an impatient king who wanted instant knowledge—words with which Richard Halliburton would be among the first to agree—"There is no royal road to learning."

The Tower is not only an architectural triumph in itself, it serves as a focal point, a polarizing influence upon the gaggle of Gothic with which the campus has become overspread. It brings to the eye that feeling of unity which Mr. Halliburton hoped for in another way when the Tower was dedicated. After the speeches on that soft, moonlit October night in 1962, and after the memorial tablet had been unveiled by four of Richard Halliburton's classmates at Princeton, the 92-year-old benefactor sounded the great bell for its first official peal, saying, "May it ever ring out with good will, and help to create the Alma Mater spirit in all."

After a brief pause building resumed in September, 1964. A fifth dorm for men began to arise on the plot of ground west of the refectory-infirmary complex and north of the kitchen driveway, the first such dorm to be unconnected with any other. A loan from the federal government furnished \$600,000 of the \$700,000 cost. The capacity of the dorm, which was known as North Hall for several years, was 124 men. Its three wings were laid out in the form of a "J" in order to save important trees. During its construction a stonecutter, in a moment of inspiration which Ruskin would have applauded, was prompted to carve a pretty fair likeness of President Rhodes out of a block of concrete and install it in one of the walls. Whether from native modesty or the desire to await immortality at the hands of an Epstein or Lipschitz, the head of Southwestern ordered the head of North Hall to be removed (a recent inquiry as to its whereabouts produced only a vague reply). *The Sou'wester* featured the objet d'art as the "Colossus of Rhodes."

In 1968 North Hall got a much more specific name. Alfred C. Glassell, '11, of Shreveport, Louisiana, had served for 24 years on the Board of Directors, and had all his useful life been among the most faithful and concerned of Southwestern's sons. It had been his expressed goal to be able personally to add \$1,000,000 to the college endowment. Upon his death in 1966 a bequest of \$644,000, added to trusts already established by him, achieved that purpose, "the highest flowering of alumni loyalty in the history of Southwestern,"

as a deeply grateful administration put it. The bequest came at the end of the Challenge Campaign to put that venture considerably over the top. Accordingly, at a dedication ceremony held in May, 1968, North Dorm became Alfred C. Glassell Hall. Dr. William Alexander, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Shreveport, was the speaker, and Mr. Glassell's son, daughters, and daughter-in-law were guests of honor.

From the student point of view there was little doubt about which prospective building had top priority. The grubbiness of the Lynx Lair under Neely Hall, with its overhead pipes and its underfoot grime and grit, not to mention its general basement gloom and limited space, had aroused an intense desire for a civilized Student Center which might serve as a suitable headquarters for campus life. In 1958 Michael Cody, president of the Student Council, took the step of appointing a committee to raise funds, with Allen Reynolds as chairman. Reynolds was a composer-entertainer, and produced a benefit show that took in \$177 which was presented to the Board of Directors as evidence of student earnestness. The Board and the administration promised to make a special effort to provide the remaining \$299,823 of the estimated cost. The student campaign eventually raised \$3000, and additions from faculty, alumni, and friends swelled the total to some \$25,000 by the time the Center was a reality. Specific plans were revealed in October, 1961, including a large terrace front and back, a snack shop seating 140, two ample lounges, a bookstore, a postoffice where every resident student would have a box, a game room, and various rooms for offices and seminars. There would be two somewhat squat towers, suggesting a sandstone Rheims with perhaps a bit of pituitary trouble. The only thing now lacking was money.

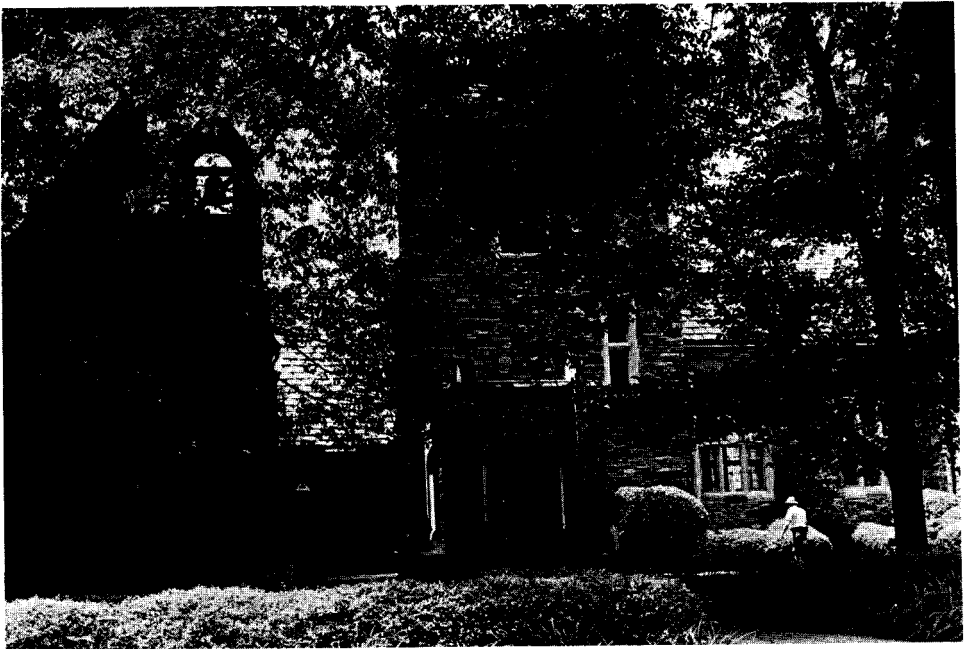
In January, 1963, the student assembly in Hardie broke out into wild cheering such as that stronghold of apathy had seldom heard. It was announced that Thomas W. Briggs of Memphis had given the college a 34-acre tract in the heart of the city valued at \$270,000, and that the Student Center was a certainty. Mr. Briggs was founder of Welcome Wagon International, and the acreage had at one time been his family home at the corner of University Street and Vollintine Avenue. The joy was reduced when Mr. Briggs died in March, 1964, before construction of his building had begun.

There had been various complications, including the need first to move Fargason Field, astride which the Center would stand. It was





*Moore Moore Infirmary*



*Catherine Burrow Refectory*

not until February, 1965, that Mrs. Briggs turned the first spade at the groundbreaking; with her was Mrs. Rosanne Beringer, president of the Thomas W. Briggs Welcome Wagon Foundation. It developed after construction began that more money would be needed than originally planned, and the Welcome Wagon Foundation enlarged Mr. Briggs' gift by another \$50,000. The architect was the indispensable H. Clinton Parrent, and the builders were the trusty Canfield, Badgett, and Scarbrough. A little over a year after the groundbreaking, in May, 1966, the Thomas W. Briggs Student Center was dedicated. After a concert by the Southwestern Brass Ensemble and appropriate speeches an oil portrait of Mr. Briggs was unveiled.

The Modern Language Center, now assigned to the lower level of the Briggs building, had been tripled in size, with thirty listening posts and other updated facilities. Funds for this had been provided by Mrs. David K. Wilson, a Board member, and her mother, Mrs. Justin Potter, both of Nashville, in honor of the wife of Dr. Walter R. Courtenay, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville. The new linguistic citadel was named for her the Emily Simpson Courtenay Modern Language Center.

Two lesser structures—in size, not in meaningfulness—were erected in the early sixties also. Together they make up the formal gateway to the Mallory Gymnasium, and they bear bronze plaques dedicating them to three alumni whose association with athletics is immortal in Southwestern memory. Gaylon Smith, '39, perhaps Southwestern's greatest all-round athlete, died at the age of 42 in 1958, and a fund was gotten up by his friends and fellow alumni to build a memorial. He was eulogized by Walter Stewart, '30, a sports writer of special genius for the Memphis Commercial Appeal, as "a legend worthy of a lifted hat and a sigh reaching backward across twenty years." Within a few months Stewart himself was dead, and he, with a quote from his eulogy, was included in the Smith plaque. The Smith Gateway was dedicated in October, 1960, and stands just south of the Gym entrance.

Its companion structure, flanking the north side of the Gym driveway, was dedicated exactly two years later to another athlete untimely dead. Rick Mays, 130 pounds and all of it heart, drowned while on a fishing trip in the Ozarks in the summer of 1961. As an undergraduate he spark-plugged the legendary teams of the middle 30's, and he returned to coach football at Southwestern for seven years with brilliant success and at some sacrifice to his business in-

terests. He was also a poet, and his verses still hang on the wall of the Gym office. His sunny humanity and his rich Christianity keep his memory ever green. Southwestern never had a more fervent alumnus.

# VI

## Crescendo to Finale

When the Board in 1959 approved the "Second Century" prospectus, a "Committee on Development and Planning" came into being, composed of eight faculty members and two students. It was charged with determining and planning for the college's needs "other than the curriculum," and it soon began to send out questionnaires. Its student members were the first to participate officially in the policy-making of the college, and they were the entering wedge of more and more undergraduate responsibility. In 1962 the future was put into the hands of seven interacting committees under the banner of "Southwestern-1963-1971." They included Board and Executive Committee members, faculty, students, staff, and alumni. Their several missions were assigned as Plant and Grounds, Financial Development, Budgetary Planning, Campus Community, Instruction, Public Relations, and College Organization. These committees were advisory in nature, but it was hoped that through their joint efforts "clear understanding, new ideas, and methods of implementation will evolve." In 1964 the firm of Harland-Bartholomew, city planners for Memphis, was asked to appraise the college lay-out and make recommendations.

In 1945 when it undertook the Endowment Campaign Southwestern had discontinued the annual Memphis support campaigns, and for fifteen years had depended only on individual contacts to provide funds from the municipal area. In 1959, surveying the fact that the endowment income had become comparatively small in proportion to the college's current needs, while the city had not only grown to double its 1945 size but had become intricately linked with the campus in many more ways than before, the Development Office decided to reactivate the Memphis appeal for funds. When the Southwestern Annual Support Campaign was launched in March, 1960, the city willingly responded. Under the name of The Annual Sponsors Campaign the yearly quests continued thereafter.

The curriculum was enriched and amplified directly during these years by funds from both private and public sources. The George F. Baker Trust of New York named Southwestern as the twentieth col-

slid away to unmask its heavenly battery, the chief fieldpiece of which was a 31-inch reflecting telescope—the largest in the South—which was at first on loan from the Cambridge Laboratories but was later turned over to the college to keep. Mounted on an ex-antiaircraft gun frame, it was surrounded by a tasteful garnish of spectroscopic and other gadgetry, ready to bristle at the mere suggestion of radiant invasion from the sun, the night sky, or the aurora. It was soon joined by a van (\$35) fitted out as office and lab, and in the summer of 1960 the whole assemblage set out for Santa Rosa Island, Florida, a part of Eglin Air Base, to join in Operation Firefly, an exercise in tracking rockets by their radiated spoors.

The next eclipse was scheduled for 1963, and the preceding year there were rehearsals at the High Altitude Observatory, where a coronagraph could produce instant eclipses on demand. The real thing, however, had changed its haunts to Alaska, some two hundred miles northeast of Anchorage at Gulkana. With food and camping equipment provided by local merchants, the sun-hunters trekked into the wilds where they lived in tents and cooked, so to speak, their own meals. President Rhodes found the Jack London-Jules Verne combination too good to miss, and joined the party to be in at the kill. This time there was no escape, and the eclipse's statistical hide was nailed to the lab door after 37.8 seconds of coronary attack.

Southwestern's role as infant prodigy in astrophysics research had by now attracted national attention. The Optical Society of America, concerned over the lack of optical physicists, had instituted an action program which it divided up into several missions. Its "Task IV, Undergraduate Research in Optical Physics," was entrusted to Southwestern and grants were invoked from the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation. Moreover, a national conference to discuss the fostering of undergraduate research was arranged for the Southwestern campus in 1964.

Meanwhile, Alfred Kelleher of Research Corporation of New York, an organization to stimulate research in the sciences, urged President Rhodes to establish a Laboratory of Atmospheric and Optical Physics, promising help in the enterprise. Accordingly, on May 7, 1964, LAOP was formally announced, a pilot program which would serve as a model for other colleges. \$25,000 from Research Corporation aided in bringing to the Lab's directorship Dr. Fritz Stauffer, an expert in infra-red balloon astronomy, and in setting up an office staff. A little later Southwestern acquired a professional astronomer,

Dr. J. L. Schmitt, who represented a real rarity among liberal arts colleges of Southwestern size.

The Lab announcement came only a few weeks before the Optical Society's conference and added to the prestige of the occasion wherein 110 authorities converged on the campus. As a result of this meeting the Society formed a permanent Office of Research and Education to promote undergraduate physics. Professor Taylor publicized the Southwestern research program in several papers read at professional meetings, including the International Commission on Optics in Paris, where he was the United States delegate. He also enhanced research opportunities at Southwestern by becoming consultant to Research Corporation and to such firms as Electro-Optics of Cape Kennedy.

Meanwhile due reverence was being paid to the 31-inch telescope by enshrining it in a permanent observatory just east of the tennis courts. It was a \$2500 no-nonsense, non-Gothic, cement block affair of three rooms. Ten feet of roof slid open when the one-eyed monster felt the urge to stare 200 million light years into space. All in all, by the mid-sixties Southwestern had a worldwide reputation for enterprise and accomplishment in astrophysics far out of proportion to its size and undergraduate status.

The college entered upon the national scene by still another avenue, this time through the joint effort of the Center for Continuing Education and the Development Office. The success of the two Memphis Assemblies already mentioned stimulated the impulse to intensify and widen the dialogue between college and city. In June, 1960, the first American Alumni Seminar for Public Responsibility was held at Dauphin Island on the Gulf Coast. This six-day conference, attended by the alumni of 18 colleges, aimed to "out-think, out-plan, and out-perform totalitarianism" by the "creation of civic consciousness and conscience among the alumni of America." The initial meeting was to be followed at intervals throughout the succeeding year by three-day workshops on the Southwestern campus. Professor Pritchard of the International Studies Center directed the program, the Dean of Alumni arranged for the co-operation of the participating schools, and the Dean of Continuing Education led the talks. As a result of the interest generated by this seminar Columbia University invited Southwestern to join it in sponsoring a national conference on alumni education for public responsibility.

It was in recognition of this pioneering, and of the generally super-

lative record of the Continuing Education program at Southwestern, that the Fund for Adult Education, upon nearing the end of its career in 1961, decided to include the college in its terminal distribution of funds. Ten large universities and one small college—Southwestern—were named as recipients. C. Scott Fletcher, president of the Fund, when notifying the college of its \$300,000 endowment grant declared that "Southwestern, without any question of doubt, leads all other four-year colleges of liberal arts in this country in the field of continuing education. There is no other college which even approaches it." And he had special praise for President Rhodes, Dean Granville Davis, Professor Laurence Kinney, and Dr. John Osman of the Brookings Institution (and formerly of Southwestern) for their contributions to the achievement. The grant was on a matching basis, the college to provide an equal amount for the same end.

The eleven beneficiaries of the Fund were invited to Chicago in 1962 as charter members in the founding of the University Council on Education for Public Responsibility. Among the products of this venture was a series of half-hour programs for the National Educational Television network; it was called "Metropolis: Preserver or Destroyer?" A book of readings was prepared to accompany the showings and the discussions evoked by them.

The University Council stressed the study of urban problems on a nationwide basis. Its local counterpart at Southwestern was the Urban Policy Conference, which began in 1962 and has continued ever since. It was designed as a permanent instrument for developing the relationship between college and community, and was an arm of the Advanced Study Program of the Brookings Institution, in collaboration with the staff of Southwestern's Continuing Education Center. Some ten or twelve full-day sessions scattered through the year have been attended by many elected and appointed city and county officials, civil-service professionals, college and university faculty members, and business and professional leaders of the community.

Those who have participated in the Conference have shown an unusually high appreciation of the opportunity to confer with the best national authorities available. For example, when Memphis changed its form of government in 1967, the new city council asked for special sessions on fiscal policy and housing management and other expertise before beginning its official duties. So intimate has been the dialogue between community and college that on one occa-

sion a city ordinance was framed on campus. Several regional councils have been formed as outgrowths of the Urban Policy Conference or have sought its advice regularly. Among such organizations fostered by the Conferences at Southwestern are the East Arkansas Development Council and the Mississippi-Arkansas-Tennessee Council on Government (MATCOG) . The college, in return for organizing professional assistance, makes the city a part of its curriculum. The symbiosis is perfect.

Southwestern undergraduates, meanwhile, were not waiting to become alumni before assuming responsibility. The students of the fifties had been labeled "the silent generation" and accused of ox-like stolidity and pure mammonism unrelieved by any spiritual or idealistic motives, or indeed by any sense of humor adequate to prankishness. When at the end of 1959 the editor of *The Sou'wester* joined the rebukers, he got a reply from one of his compeers which is quoted here as an articulation by a "silent" student explaining and defending her silence. Whatever the intrinsic merit as justification (it notably does not consider any happy medium) , it certainly ranks high as prophecy for the decade to come:

Perhaps our stability, worldliness, and general unwillingness to let off steam is a protective device to shield us from the officiousness of a well-developed and too-well-publicized science whose present purpose seems to be . . . to divert the older generation's attention away from its faults to our own. Perhaps this device is justified. Perhaps the privacy and anonymity of a group are sacred, that, denied those conditions, we have the right to present to the world the face of an indifferent, materialistic, emotionless generation. . . .

If we exhibited the opposite type of behavior we would immediately be branded as 'wild,' ridiculous,'immature,' and 'impractical.' The psychological reasons for our actions would be printed in every media available, simplified for layman consumption. . . .

Perhaps we—the generation without a cause—do have a cause. Perhaps that cause is to preserve ourselves from the horror of intrusion on every hand.

Pat Pumphrey ('63)

The picture one gets of the Southwestern student during the sixties



is that he was noticeably conservative. A straw vote in 1960 revealed that undergraduates favored Nixon over Kennedy by two to one, while their professors, hardly a representative group of radicals, were evenly divided. The Psychology Department submitted the student body to a horror of intrusion, a quiz about attitudes toward integration. As printed in "every media available" (faculty records and *The Sou'wester*), the results showed that Southwesterners stood for civil rights and social justice, but believed, by a slight margin, that separate but equal facilities were preferable. When the Beatles had been ascendant for some time, Southwesterners were more apt to note that they "sang off key," or were "damn tired of listening to them," even if their long hair did seem reasonably clean. One respondent's query was, "Would you want your daughter to marry one?"

In the fifties the student body had voted to join the National Students' Association, a group which was among the less radical components of the undergraduate "left." However, when the NSA sponsored a Nashville sit-in, the Southwestern students voted to secede because the NSA was proving too radical. The following year, though, another referendum authorized rejoining. But in 1961 when the NSA asked the Student Government Association to conduct a survey on "student rights and other matters" with an eye toward drawing up an "academic bill of rights," the Student Council of Southwestern voted unanimously *not* to take part in the project. Feeling was against a written code as "too restrictive." Students at Southwestern, said the Council, "already have a considerable number of rights, including many that aren't on the books as a definite code." Apparently the Southwestern position must be classified as hovering on the right boundary of the NSA, sometimes inside, sometimes out. In 1965 illegal acts such as taking over buildings and vandalizing files were condemned by 583 students, while 150 did not object. In the same poll, at a time when 15,000 student protesters had demonstrated at the White House against the influx of United States troops into Vietnam that year, 590 Southwesterners approved the government's policy while only 73 frowned.

On civil rights for minorities the students, or at any rate the leadership, were much less conservative. At its March, 1963, meeting the Board of Directors authorized the admission, "as day students," of qualified applicants "without regard to race, beginning with the 1964-65 session." The Student Council got into another of its customary hassles over the matter, but this time only over the question

of how to express its approval to the Board more strongly, by letter or by resolution. To prepare for integration the Student Council by a 17 to 5 vote decided to invite to the campus as speaker James Meredith, whose enrollment at the University of Mississippi had been attended by rioting and troops. The administration, however, objected to his appearance, maintaining Meredith was "not of sufficient intellectual calibre and didn't fit into the educational context." A student referendum was ordered for November 23, 1963 to decide whether or not to invite Meredith anyway. What might have turned into a rebellion was averted by the national disaster which occurred on the day before; in the midst of the mourning for President Kennedy James Meredith was not invited. However, other black speakers did appear on campus without administration objection, including a Memphis State undergraduate and the national treasurer of the NAACP, in early 1964. And Southwestern students joined those of three other Memphis colleges as volunteers in the Educational Improvement Project, which called for at least an hour's work a week with a group of junior high students "in socio-economic environment not conducive to intellectual endeavor."

Life style began to change in less obtrusive ways. There was still time for the cherished inanities such as breaking records for long-term showering or ice-cube tossing, and for more purposeful pastimes such as "D-Day," when everybody tried to look as much like Dean Charlie Diehl as possible—dark suit, brown loafers, black umbrella over arm, clear plastic glasses on tip of nose, hair parted down the middle. Dining hall rules now permitted coats off in warm weather at the evening meal (but socks were insisted on, and shoes still taken for granted). The Protestant Religious Council converted one of the G.I. shacks into a coffee house, "The Living End," complete with hoot-nannies, poetry, and finger-snapping.

Freshman hazing, which by earliest tradition used to go on until Southwestern won its first football game, had already been shortened to a few weeks when winning became purely hypothetical. In 1960 it was shortened further to nine days, to be followed by one day of "backward hazing" when the Sanhedrin and the Women's Undergraduate Board yielded themselves to revenge. This arrangement not only evened things up somewhat, it also tended to make the nine days less provocative, of course. A trend away from joining fraternities and sororities was officially noted.

Public discussion proliferated, eventually developing by student

initiative into one of the proudest of student achievements, an annual two-day symposium of national and international leaders. In the beginning there were panel debates such as the one wherein eight seniors gave their ideas on "What's wrong with Southwestern?" The diagnosis was that things were too homogeneous, too upper middle-class Protestant, so congenial that students "failed to do anything." And paternalism intimidated student intelligence and maturity, it was felt in those faltering days of the Father Image. Concrete recommendations included relaxing degree requirements to allow more exploration, evaluating professors and courses for their "worthiness," and liberalizing dorm rules "to the level of mature men and women." Administration and faculty often took part in these highly informal and civilly irreverent sessions. It might be noted that before the decade ended all the student suggestions were in full effect.

In early 1964 an enterprising undergraduate, (C. V.) "Bo" Scarborough, attended the Vanderbilt "Impact" symposium and returned to Southwestern fired with ambition to do the same sort of thing on campus. First reactions were that "our campus is too small and provincial to present a conference on such a large scale." Bo knew better. Enlisting the aid of his fellow students, he managed to raise an astounding \$6000 from among students, faculty, and friends, with some help from the administration. In the spring of 1965 planning got under way for "Dilemma 1966" to be held in February. The theme was "Society in Search of a Purpose," arranged as a "dialogue between the student and active and successful participants in our society." And cheerfulness might break in, too, with a dance and other entertainment.

To everyone's surprise the thing worked, and has gone on working ever since. The array of speakers has been formidable and wide-ranging. The first "Dilemma" offered Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, president of the National Council of Churches, Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky, author Jesse Hill Ford, and others. Successive "Dilemmas" have produced the likes of Dean Rusk, Ralph Nader, and Allen Ginsberg. One occasion of special intensity confronted William Rusher with Daniel Ellsberg, and in 1968 there was a Republican congressman named Gerald Ford.

In these last years of Peyton Rhodes' governance the bookkeeping of time kept up its remorseless entries of loss and replacement. Dean Jane Richards contracted in 1959 a terminal case of matrimony with

Dr. R. T. L. Liston, president of King College, and was succeeded by Anne Caldwell, '51. Taylor Reveley was translated from Dean of Admissions to President of Hampton-Sidney College, and his place was taken in 1963 by Ray Allen, '44, who has vigorously endured in this critical post to the present.

On February 27, 1964, President Emeritus Diehl died in his eighty-ninth year. He had spent his retirement as a fountain of advice and moral support. As his eyesight grew dimmer with the years, a steady supply of Southwesterners, faculty and students and alumni, arrived at his house to read to him and be illumined by his conversation. On his eightieth birthday the entire student body gathered to sing him greetings. This chronicle has already rehearsed his magnificent career, and has but to record that he passed from the scene as full of honors and love as of years. His library, more than 1300 volumes of carefully selected content, he left to Southwestern. But his real legacy to the college has been the remembrance of his presence and the challenge his spirit will always offer to those who might lower the standards or shade the integrity he incarnated. Thus far none has dared.

Retirement took its full toll of stalwarts too. Burnet Tuthill, Director of the School of Music, in 1959 turned over the job to Dr. Vernon H. Taylor. "Papa" Tuthill had headed the Music School when it became associated with Southwestern in 1938, and became the first professor of music. A nationally recognized composer, son of the man who designed the acoustical perfection of Carnegie Hall (where his son's work has been performed), after World War II chief administrator of musical affairs for Allied headquarters, Papa Tuthill has been one of the chief ornaments of American music education, not the least so when he helped found the National Association of Schools of Music in the 1920's and became its first and perpetual National Secretary. His annual tours with the Southwestern Singers made the college better known all over the South. He was more than ordinarily blessed in his helpmeet, "Mama," officially Ruth, a musician of great personal charm and ability who went on teaching music theory on campus after Papa's retirement until her death in 1974. Both these gifted people contributed much to the success of the Memphis Symphony, as did their entire family; Memphis would have been a far poorer city in classical music had it not been for the Tuthills. Papa's farewell gift was another performance of the B Minor Mass.

1961 was a very expensive year in terms of veteran Southwesterners. Professor A. Theodore Johnson had already rehearsed step-

ping down when he finished his career as Dean in 1955. As valedictory orator John Henry Davis put it, Dr. Johnson "is among the most retiring and gifted men on the faculty, for tonight we witness his second retirement and his third gifting." He had been *The Dean* "when the title had not been watered down by its recent inflation." Through his efforts the English curriculum was revamped and general comprehensive exams had become a Southwestern hallmark. His chief extra-curricular activity had been to raise Bibb lettuce on the northeast part of the campus; at his retirement it was suggested that the Board erect a Gothic vegetable stall there in his honor. He had served Dr. Diehl as a worthy assistant, and his students still remember his courtly way with the Renaissance poets and his gentlemanly idealism.

As orator Davis went on to point out, four veterans of World War I arrived on campus in 1926, two from the Army, two from the Navy. The Army duo—Peyton Rhodes and Ted Johnson—"rose to promotion and power," leaving the sailors—John Henry Davis and Warren Howell—to remain as "hewers of wood and drawers of water." "Doc" Howell was now retiring also from his post in the Bursar's office. He arrived every morning armed with a joke for the day, and was known for his friendliness and hospitality. In 1959 he had received the Algernon Sidney Sullivan Award.

Registrar Malcolm Evans had come a bit later, in 1945, but had quickly attained an indispensability like that of Erma Reese Solomon or Johnny Rollow. A largely self-educated Arkansan, he had accumulated a superb collection of classical records and first editions. His keen wit expressed itself in a kindly astringency that bespoke a humane shrewdness. He had been active in getting Southwestern allied with the College Entrance Examination Board and the College Scholarship Service, and had promoted the cause of electronic record-keeping.

Dr. R. P. Richardson, Vice President for Development, also retired in 1961, after an energetic and effective regime. The title was retired with him, and Alf Canon became Dean of both Development and Alumni, while the heads of Continuing Education and of Admissions became Deans also about the same time. The relentless year 1961 reached all the way to the top with its removing power: Sidney W. Farnsworth resigned after nineteen years as Chairman of the Board, because of ill health. Since the middle of World War II he had helped guide the destinies of the college, always with the utmost

dedication and ability. He was succeeded by A. Van Pritchart, insurance executive who had been Chairman of the Executive Committee, another dedicated partisan of Southwestern who had been a leader in organizing the President's Council and in conducting the annual support campaign.

Last, but scarcely least, in this roll call of retirees was Peyton Rhodes himself in 1965. A master stylist, he knew the orchestra conductor's credo: always end with the fireworks. At the testimonial given in his honor in the last week of his presidency, he announced that Southwestern had been chosen for the privilege of doubling its endowment. Because of the college's commitment to superior scholarship, its quality of leadership, its potential as a model of excellence for its region, the strength of its alumni support, and other reasons, the Ford Foundation for Special Progress in Education offered \$1,900,000 on condition that Southwestern match the amount two to one in contributions received in the next three years. Success would raise the college's assets by \$5,700,000 at least. A Challenge Campaign Fund Drive was immediately formed to take advantage of the offer. The firm of Ward, Dreshman, and Reinhardt was engaged to manage the drive, which sought the largest amount in Southwestern history. President Rhodes would be spending his "retirement" as consultant, campaign worker, and planner of the new Science Center which the funds would make possible.

As he neared the time of leaving the Tower office which had become known as "Peyton Place," Dr. Rhodes was the target of a barrage of honors and acclaim, including his selection as "Educator of the Year" by Memphis State University. The Class of 1933, which in its Depression day had been too poor to give the traditional class gift, made up the deficit by having the portraits of Dr. Rhodes and Mrs. Rhodes painted by Nelson Shanks, and the alumni presented him with a Buick.

He had enlarged the student enrollment by half in his sixteen years, from 600 to 900, and the total assets by two and a half times, from \$5,193,308 to \$13,942,993 (not including the additional funds he would be raising in the Challenge Campaign). The operating budget was almost six times as large as 1949's—\$2,229,494. Buildings and real estate assets had quadrupled, from \$2,000,000 to more than \$8,000,000, on the books. Ten major structures had been added to the campus complex, and several lesser ones such as the observatory and the gateways. Only Christopher Wren's epitaph serves to mark

President Rhodes' achievement: "If you seek his monument, look about you."

The students summed it up about as well as anyone. *The Sou'wester* found that he had "gone beyond his responsibilities to make his sixteen years as President as full of positive accomplishments and achievements as any president's administration in Southwestern history." After reviewing the spectacular building program, the eulogist went on to point out that "the real thing is that these structures have bettered the educational standards."

Dr. Rhodes' keen foresight, his devotion to the ideals of education and his energetic striving for continual improvement of the college are what matters. . . He has followed in the tradition of leadership and insight into the future that Dr. Diehl began, has made Southwestern a better institution of liberal education, and has met the challenges that an ever-changing society has presented. His act will be hard to follow.

**John David Alexander**  
**1965-1969**





## VII

### "...And Visions Young Men See"

On May 28, 1964, more than a year before Peyton Rhodes was scheduled to retire, the Board of Directors chose his successor. John David Alexander became one of the youngest college presidents in the country and the first alumnus to be elected Southwestern's president (though an alumnus had acted as temporary president just prior to the selection of Dr. Diehl) . A native of Springfield, Tennessee, he had done most of his growing up in Bowling Green, Kentucky. After his Southwestern B. A. in 1953 he studied at the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and while there was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship--the fourth obtained by a Southwesterner. In 1957 he assumed the robe of fire which is the especial and rare privilege of the Oxford Doctor of Philosophy, and that same year was ordained a Presbyterian minister. Since then he had been teaching Old Testament studies as an associate professor at the San Francisco Theological Seminary, having taken a year's leave of absence along the way to renew study at Oxford. That his high intelligence was more than academic was reflected in his marriage with Catherine Ballard Coleman, '55, a Phi Beta Kappa whose congenial charm had made her a popular undergraduate. They were the parents of a young daughter, Kitty, and an even younger son, John.

In former days youth was a debit against the potential college president, but in the revolutionary sixties it had become almost a protective device. President Alexander in his mid-thirties offered a slight chance that senility had not invaded all his faculties even though he was doddering down the far side of that great age divide which the younger generation had set to identify itself. He had a no-nonsense height, but did not seem to emanate the deadly Father Image; his appearance was, as a matter of fact, a pretty good index of his attitude, which sought to avoid patriarchy while maintaining a lofty enough vision to foster fairness and forbid folly.

In the interim between his election and his assumption of office

the president-elect returned to Europe for more study, arriving on the campus finally in the spring of 1965 and officially taking over on July 1. President Rhodes remained available where needed, and took considerable part in such matters as the Challenge Campaign just launched and the construction of the Science Center; he was made official Consultant for Science. The new president in the fall of 1965 began meeting with students in highly informal sessions on Monday nights (fraternities and sororities even delayed their regular meetings for the purpose) . He began insisting on the faculty's assuming more responsibility than it had been inclined to do, and to become decision maker where it had been content to be merely adviser. He established a "Task Force" which included administration, faculty, and students, and was charged with reviewing and renovating all aspects of the college's educational system. Through rotation as emphasis shifted, the Task Force eventually included more than half the faculty and a considerable delegation of undergraduates, and in the end achieved many radical changes in the academic program.

The inauguration of President Alexander took place toward the end of his first year on May 3, 1966. It was combined with the dedication of the Briggs Student Center, for which the chief speaker was Dr. Edgar Shannon, the equally youthful president of the University of Virginia. More than 300 representatives of academic institutions, including 27 presidents, were banqueted in the Briggs Center the night before the inauguration. Next day a kaleidoscopic cloud of academic brilliance moved ponderously across Palmer Terrace to the front of Halliburton Tower. Bringing up the honorable rear was the guest who had traveled farthest and who bore the heaviest oratorical burden, Edgar Trevor Williams, Warden of Rhodes House at Oxford. When Board Chairman Pritchard had determined by interrogation the candidate's strictly honorable intentions toward the college, and had declared him to be the sixteenth president thereof, a new note of ritual was introduced: a college seal, wrought in metal by Professor Lawrence Anthony, was hung about the new executive's neck (and there were those who thought that considering the parlous times it should perhaps have been an albatross instead) .

President Alexander characterized life at Southwestern as a "tradition of innovation." He refused, he said, to believe that the liberal arts tradition was dead, as many were saying. He saw his job as involving three kinds of challenge: integrity within, outreach into the community, and the proclamation of transcendent values. "At these

points the life of the college intersects with the life of the community, the region, the nation, and with the continuing mission of the Church to witness among the young." After the academic durbar had dissolved to the booming of the great bell, a reception was held on the lawn.

The first two years of David Alexander's presidency were perhaps the most dynamic in the history of Southwestern's academic program, in terms of basic review and remodeling of the whole structure. The Task Force, which later became the Committee on Educational Development, under the vigorous leadership of Deans Jameson Jones and Granville Davis began to formulate specific alterations of an extensive kind. Seven papers were turned out by the Committee during the biennium: "From Good to Excellent," "Degree Requirements," "The College Calendar," "The Freshman Program," "Methods of Instruction," "Development of Specific Areas," and "The Recruitment of Faculty and Students." By and large the faculty and administration accepted the recommendations of these papers, though degree requirements took a little more time and caution than other things and were not radically changed until after President Alexander's departure from office. But by the end of the 1966-1967 session the college had a distinctly new look.

Among the chief aims of the remodeling was the desire to give students additional leeway for more independent study and more interdisciplinary study, and to enable them to tailor the independent study to individual needs. Certain rigidities in the existing degree requirements were relaxed and two new programs were created, the "Directed Inquiry" and the Freshman Program.

To begin with, the ancient alternative yoke between mathematics and the classical languages was broken, the former no longer being a general requirement and the latter joining modern languages as an option. The rock-ribbed Bible requirement for freshmen and seniors was adapted so that certain other courses might be substituted, and "senior" Bible might be ventured upon in one's junior year. The sophomore year of English literature now offered three choices: all English, English-American, or worldwide literature. There were other streamlining changes, but since they were subsumed a little later in the more radical transformation of degree requirements, they are omitted here.

The Directed Inquiry enlarged the scope of a student's freedom while it intensified the individuality of his work even beyond that of

the tutorial plan. The latter offered courses of the teacher's choice, listed in the college catalogue; it required weekly meetings, and coincided with term periods. The "D.I.", on the other hand, presumed that a student would take the initiative in choosing a topic. If he could get an appropriate professor to collaborate, and a special faculty committee to approve the enterprise, he could study on his own, at his own pace, coming back to the professor only when he felt the need of help or advice. He could do this at any time, starting in the middle of one term and spilling over into another if he wished, or working during the summer vacation, according to a schedule which he set for himself in advance. Limitations and safeguards prevented the abuse or over-use of the method. Administering the program has been a complicated affair, especially in the pioneer days, but both faculty and students seem to find it well worthwhile. In the first experimental year there were about 30 Inquirers; in 1974 there were 277. The approach has been used for every educational purpose from creative photography to acting as chaplain in the county jail, or studying life in a hippy commune.

The Freshman Program, or the Colloquia as they are better known, are a means of initiating new students early into the discussion method and into the idea that any particular subject they are immersed in may have relationships with other subjects. The ever helpful Danforth Foundation provided a \$20,000 grant to make the experimental effort. As first conceived, each Colloquium would bring together two professors from different departments and ten freshpersons, and their topic would imply a cross-discipline approach. The availability of professors has not been luxurious enough to adhere to this ideal always, and the undergraduate scientist found that the rigorous demands made upon his time by the monomaniac graduate schools did not give him much chance for academic fooling around. However, the Colloquia have prospered where they could; the original experimental quintet, comprising fifty students, has grown to offer seventeen topics to a majority of the freshman class in 1974. As an experiment, the first participants were made free of general degree requirements, and the colloquium professor became the faculty adviser to his colloquists until such time as they chose a major and transferred allegiance to the department chairman. On the whole, the freshmen proved worthy of the trust. The maturity and responsibility which they displayed did much to encourage the faculty to adopt a

more free-wheeling attitude toward the whole student body when revolutionizing the degree requirements a bit later.

An evaluation study was launched at the same time as the Freshman Program. At the end of the first year the evaluators, Professors Herbert Smith and James Morris of the Psychology Department, reported that while there was no significant difference between the colloquists and the traditional freshmen as to grade averages, the colloquists spent significantly more time preparing for course work beyond actual class requirements. They also expressed more satisfaction about opportunities to work at their own projects, and found the colloquium content more relevant to their individual lives than did those of the regular class courses.

The change most widely recognized and welcomed was the revision of the college calendar, which took on its new look with the 1968-1969 year. A three-term arrangement was settled upon, two being of twelve weeks duration each, the third being of six weeks. Saturdays classes were abolished, to resounding applause, and Tuesday-Thursday classes were extended to an hour and a half each. By making the standard class a full hour instead of 53 minutes, enough crumbs of time could be salvaged so that, at least to the mathematicians' satisfaction, the student spent the same amount of time in class as he had done in the sixteen-week semester. The short term was designed to allow innovations, offering two-hour time slots within which teacher and students could arrange their own schedules to provide the six hours, or whatever, of class time each week; any or all weekdays might be used.

One of the prime advantages of the new calendar was that the student normally would cope with only four courses per long term, and two in the short term, thus ending the year with the same number of courses as before, but with less strain at any one time. Another distinct advantage was that the first term now ended before the Christmas holidays, eliminating the post-Christmas languor which had been typical of a dying semester in gloomy January, when the three-week revival of classes was hardly enough to get up steam again before term end. There were disadvantages, of course, among them the fact that some subjects did not lend themselves handily to adding 7/53 to each assignment, or the difficulty for transfer students in meshing term times with the unique Southwestern arrangement, or the jerky rhythm of the Tuesday-Thursday classes, with one day between and then four days (not to mention the Registrar's headache

in making Easter coincide with the term-break vacation each year) . On the whole, however, the three-term plan seems to be more or less satisfactory to all concerned.

There were less radical but worthwhile developments in the academic program. A limited Pass-Fail arrangement allowed the student to explore subjects where he might have been hesitant had his grade-point average been at stake. A "Natural Science" course for non-science majors dealt with method and philosophy its first term, and in laboratory work the second term, thereby managing, as *The Sou'wester* put it, "to prevent graduation of scientific idiots." In 1967 an agreement was made with the Memphis Academy of Arts whereby students of either institution could be credited for work done at the other, while mutual use of both faculties might be made as appropriate. That same year a Computer Center was set up on campus, enshrining a venerable IBM 1620 cogitator which came as virtually a donation from the University of Tennessee Medical Units, the price being fixed at a whimsical \$1620. It fit its new surroundings very well, for its own past was also Gothic; it had brooded over the dissection labs, and its push buttons allegedly arrived with dark sticky stains.

The Burrow Library, helped along by a \$20,000 grant from the Ford Foundation (it almost doubled the year's budget) and \$5000 under the Higher Education Act, reached the 100,000 mark in volumes during the 1965-1966 session. Such growth called for a more spacious cataloguing system than the Dewey classification; as of July 1, 1967, the Library of Congress categories were adopted and the colossal job of reclassifying began. It is still going on. Students began a campaign to keep the study area of the Library open until midnight, as being allegedly the only place of guaranteed serenity. Since funds for overtime personnel were not available, the undergraduates concerned volunteered to do late duty themselves and their offer was accepted tentatively. They proved equal to their promise.

In the summer of 1966 the college's rapport with the Memphis citizenry produced a mutual enterprise in the drama. Southwestern, by joining forces with a local repertory group, the Front Street Theatre, and with the aid of a \$10,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, sponsored the Front Street Summer Youth Theatre, a project which offered to teen-agers, especially the underprivileged, a chance to do almost any kind of theatre work they might choose—acting, stage managing, scenery making, directing, and even financial management. The practical experience acquired at the Theatre, which was turned

over to them for the summer period, was supplemented by classes and seminars at the college led by volunteer faculty members and others. The Rockefeller grant called for a study of audience possibilities in Memphis, and Professor Jack Conrad of the Anthropology Department undertook this unique task. The Youth Theatre was repeated in 1967, but unfortunately the Front Street Theatre died of financial asphyxiation before a third effort could be made, and before it could benefit from Professor Conrad's findings.

The faculty included itself in the renovation, streamlining its roster of committees to a mere seven (but as happens with all reducers, the bureaucratic waistline has now bulged again to twelve). The Board granted a special elevation of salary level to bring the faculty wage profile into agreement with the "B-C" bracket of the American Association of University Professors where before it had been only "D-E." The budget for creative activity and research by the faculty was also greatly expanded.

Southwestern, of course, had its share in the student activism of the late sixties. Seen in retrospect, though, the college's experience was much more invigorating than traumatic, with both protesters and protestees revealing a fund of good will, integrity, and reason when issues arose. That the Southwestern campus never knew the office take-overs or building blockades or draft card cremations or gross vandalism or brittle confrontations such as frequently occurred elsewhere was attributable to various things, not the least of them being the existing tradition of student responsibility and trustworthiness. Then, too, the majority of Southwestern students were conservative anyhow; indeed, the few rabid but frustrated militants saw them as afflicted by the same apathy that made it hard to get out volunteers for drama productions or newspaper work or any energetic activity apart from Greek affairs and general social occasions. But the student leaders who achieved real progress in the midst of the radical sound and fury did so because they were positive and constructive in approach, and frequently were good strategists rather than cheap gauntlet-flingers. Also, President and Dean were both recognized as men of good will who were perfectly willing to sit down and discuss any matter whatsoever, however far out, and try genuinely to winnow out whatever wheat might lie among the fashionable chaff. Questions of real concern to students were debated in an atmosphere of con-



sideration and potential change, not settled by patriarchal fiat nor evaded vaguely.

On the other hand, President Alexander laid down very clearly the boundaries of legality and human rights which would not be overstepped with acquiescence on his part. He expressed the college's view in the fall of 1967.

One of the disheartening qualities of the young is their unwillingness to see the Emperor's New Clothes, so that when the phony acceptabilities of the 'Establishment' are paraded with ruffles and flourishes they laugh—which is bad—or turn away—which is worse. One of the major tasks of a college, particularly in such a day of unblinking public gaze at what goes on in the once ivory towers, is to give students a sense of historical balance in order that their fresh appraisals of the givens of life may be adequately informed and balanced. A college has a paradoxical role to play (so does any educational process) in that it seeks to preserve the past and support the institutions of society while at the same time it endeavors to goad society toward change. The success of this dynamic enterprise depends on honest and open discussion, a sense of the past, and an optimistic excitement for the future. Neither repression of the vitality of the young by the older nor witless anarchy and romantic adventurism by the young against their elders will avail in the effort to better the human condition. Southwestern's faculty and students have demonstrated during the past year, I believe, a sense of community in the evaluation of the past and in openness to the amelioration of the present which might be a model of discussion, study, work, and action.

There was also a certain amount of good luck. As a result, by the time the seething sixties had simmered down, Southwestern had changed in many ways, but the changes had been worked out as a mutual achievement and not as a rancorous struggle of bravado and frustration.

The "Free University" movement covered most of the spectrum of student activism. In 1967 the organizers of these extra-curricular studies petitioned the student Senate for \$75 allotment to cover cost of books, mimeo material, and a small gift to Dean Granville Davis who had led a series of volunteer discussions on Current Urban Problems. The book cost was denied, but the others granted. That same

year a forum on Vietnam was led by attorney A. G. Burkhart, an expert on international law, who warned he was a "hawk." There were many *ad hoc* palavers with professors on various topics in the Greek lodges. By the next year the "University" was better organized as the Students' Experimental College, with seminars on the more burning issues: the generation gap, race and politics, student activism, drugs, the sex revolution. The 1969 sessions took up Black Studies, Radical Economic Thought, Codes of Poverty, and that perennial favorite, Vietnam. There were also non-activistic embellishments such as Existentialism and International Cuisine. After that the "University" seems to have petered out.

Protest against the Vietnam war was an unflagging theme, of course. Even students who, like the Congress itself, had approved by formal vote the Southeast Asia conflict in 1965, had come to hold the opposite view, whether because of a clarification of moral and political issues or whether because of deepening personal involvement as potential draftees. Don Hollingsworth, '67, president of the student government, was authorized to add his name to those of more than a hundred other student presidents appended to a letter of protest sent to President Johnson. When the Committee of the Southern Students' Organization came along on its Peace Tour, Southwestern invited it to the campus for a panel discussion. At least one Southwesterner joined the march of 78,000 protesters in Washington in October, 1967 (to which, for example, the University of the South contributed about 40) , while in Memphis a considerable group took part in an all-night vigil and protest march which went from the Spanish War Memorial on East Parkway to the Doughboy Statue in Overton Park. A day of "moratorium" on classes became popular as a mode of protest; the faculty could not agree with the principle of renouncing education officially to show concern over the war, but agreed to co-operate in group discussions, and professors who considered these sessions educational could release classes for them. Dark looks greeted the military recruiters who made their annual appearances, but there was no outright interference. The Arts Renaissance Group, better known as ARG, combined protest with good humor by conducting a "War Weekend" featuring fun and games along with anti-war programs. Pie throwing, boxing and karate were provided, along with war movies and discussions. Audience reaction was filmed, and it was concluded from the evidence that one must face the dismal

fact that "violence does command respect" (a point anticipated, it would appear, by both generals and Godfathers) .

Black students kept up a steady pressure for such things as admitting blacks to the dormitories, reducing entrance requirements, having a program of studies in Black History and other pertinent subjects, hiring more blacks as instructors, and similar items of special interest to that part of the campus community which organized itself as the Black Students' Association. When a black Southwesterner was refused service in a steakhouse near the campus, students of both races along with some professors and others concerned, organized a picket line at the establishment. A referendum revealed that while 614 students favored full integration on campus, 52% of those polled did not support the boycott and 65% thought the Student Senate should not take an official position in the matter. The recalcitrant steakhouse owner went bankrupt before very long, as it happened.

The climax of the race struggle in Memphis came in the bloody spring of 1968. The sanitation employees began their now historic strike. 40 or 50 Southwesterners as individuals joined with them, eventually organizing into shifts for picket and other duty. They took part in the march of March 28, 1968, which started out under the leadership of the Reverend Martin Luther King but was marred by an infiltrating group of young black militants apparently out to embarrass the non-violent movement. The result was rioting and looting in which one person was killed, some 85 injured, and almost a half million dollars in damage done. Coby Smith, '68, one of Southwestern's first black students, was interviewed for the national TV network by the Huntley-Brinkley news program. A week later came the murder of Dr. King; the city was an armed camp and there was sporadic violence, but the tanks and the forces of order left the campus alone, and the stressful time passed by without significant incident at the college.

Race relations on campus ran the gamut from civility to empathy; there were a few noticeable moments. In April, 1967 the faculty proposed that the Board appoint a committee with members drawn from the student body, faculty, administration, and the Board itself, the purpose being to evaluate the inter-relationships between the college on the one hand and the Greek organizations on the other, and to make sure that racial discrimination was not practiced in these organizations. A committee of ten was authorized to send out questionnaires to the Greeks and letters to the alumni. While this evaluation

was getting under way there occurred an incident in one of the fraternities: a black student who had been pledged was rejected by the opposition of one member only, who allegedly had made it clear that he acted for racial reasons. The objecting member was deactivated from membership and the black pledge elected. The national organization, though it had already removed its discriminatory requirement, objected to the procedure of by-passing its standing rule that one blackball was sufficient. It deposed the local chapter president and called for a new election. All activities of the local chapter were frozen by President Alexander's order pending settlement of the intra-fraternity dispute. When the demanded election was held anyway, the fraternity's lodge was padlocked indefinitely.

At this point the evaluating committee reported to the Board and its recommendations were adopted. They called for clear evidence by September, 1969, that no Greek organization was closed to any Southwestern student because of race, and in the meanwhile by September, 1968, evidence in writing would be required that positive steps were being taken to achieve this condition. A ninety per cent approval by the chapter membership would be sufficient to elect a new member, and only active members of the chapter could vote. No alumni approval or other recommendation by anyone other than active members could be imposed as a requirement. Rushing was postponed until after the freshman year at first, but this rule was later relaxed to allow it after the first term. Eventually the padlocked lodge was reopened when the national chapter synchronized its rules with those of the college, and all Greek organizations were brought into conformity by the deadline or soon thereafter.

The salient of activism which received most heartfelt support from the generality of students was that which dealt with the day-by-day regulations for life on campus—compulsory chapel attendance, prescriptive dress, dorm rules, drinking prohibitions, and other such restrictive standards. In the fall of 1966 a student poll rejected the idea of requiring chapel attendance, by a two-thirds majority. The administration took its own poll of nineteen Presbyterian ministers in the Memphis area, and found that eleven supported the students, feeling that compulsion "cheapens the worship service," that "pressuring does not produce a worshipful attitude," and that "the school really doesn't have the right to act as parent." In 1968 chapel attendance became no longer obligatory, though regular programs were offered on a voluntary basis. Whatever the religious aspects of the

change, the secular baby was thrown out with the ecclesiastical bathwater, as it were, for the compulsory feature was removed from any kind of assembly, however profane. There was no meeting place capable of holding the entire student body anyhow, and these conditions have made it harder to achieve a full sense of campus community; general announcements, support for athletic or musical or dramatic events, the general sharing of campuswide experiences, all have suffered from there being no regular conclave of the whole student body.

As school opened in 1967 the students, not to be diverted with a few minor relaxations of the rules such as no coat or tie for Saturday night dinner, formed a "Universal Movement" to work on a general overhaul of the regulations (and, as an afterthought, to promote a second teacher for the Art Department). Women complained that the local moral geography was such that they could wear shorts and slacks on North Parkway but must change to skirts as they came through the boundary hedge. Regulation skirts were obviously on their last legs (and already shorter than the offending shorts); by November the outworks of Library and Student Center had fallen to shorts and slacks, though the inner citadels of antique femininity, the classroom and the Refectory, still held out lest the bare knee turn the studious head or the busy stomach. The Honor Council advanced the flag of women's rights by proposing that dorm hours be the responsibility of parents, that a permission slip be obtained at the beginning of each year authorizing overnight absences. The administration approved the idea.

The revolution at Southwestern had by now spread to the Board of Directors itself. In 1967 the Board's charter was amended to permit the existing 20 members, elected by the four synods, to choose an additional 18 directors, who need not live within the synodical area. Alumni were also given statutory representation. In 1969 the directors renamed themselves the Board of Trustees. The newly amplified Board in 1968 got down to cases on the problems of dress, dorm rules, social functions, and such. It established a more or less autonomous Social Regulations Council, run by students, with faculty and administration serving only as advisers. Along with the Student Government Association and the Honor Council, the SRC represented the third great act of faith by the Board in giving the students responsibility for themselves.

The Council was asked to make a thorough study and draw up a

comprehensive code. For six months all conceivable matters were investigated, the SRC at times breaking up into several small groups to handle different aspects of their duty. In May, 1969, their recommendations were submitted to the Board and approved. Taste in dress was left to individual discretion—or lack of it, if need be. Being shod in the dining hall was a state health requirement, it was noted wistfully. Parietal rules for visitation in dorms were eventually left to the governance of each dorm board under the co-ordination of the Rules Revision Committee; any veto by the SRC could be over-ridden by a two-thirds majority of those concerned.

Demon Rum—or, more usually, Poltergeist Beer—had been exorcised from the campus since the founding of the college, and as late as 1963 President Rhodes had repeated a full support of the total ban. Nevertheless in 1966 some students began a campaign against the "liquor hypocrisy" by conducting yet another poll—only to lose out, 336-252. The wets felt they had support from the silent minority, though, and drew up a petition that drinking be permitted at social functions "at least," and in dorms and lodges. 224 signed. Three-fourths of the student population were either in favor of the ban or uninterested.

In early 1968 the Community Life Committee undertook a thorough examination of the question. An *ad hoc* sub-committee was named which included the three estates, faculty, administration, and students. It was charged to make a report "so objective, thorough and extensive that it could be referred to as a foundation paper for any other considerations of the question. . . ." After investigating the legal and social aspects of the matter, including arguments pro and con submitted by the senior Religion students in their final examinations, and receiving reports from a dozen fellow institutions as to their policies and experience, the sub-committee recommended changes which were accepted by the Board in May, 1968. Students of legal age could drink in dorms and Greek houses, but not in dorm lounges or other public areas, nor outdoors. No intoxicants were to be served at any social function given on or off campus by an organization, nor could an organization buy or provide alcohol for its guests. In other words, for those legally qualified, drinking was to be a private, un-organized, and orderly affair.

A spore of the drug culture drifted in and settled on the South-western campus, as on all American campuses. Like some hideous Rappaccini plant it fed upon the curiosity and thrill-seeking of the

young, and upon all that nourishing compost formed wherever civilization rots—the fragments of a home, the withered faith, the dried-up ideal, the bloody scraps of a dog-eat-dog society, the slake lime of corrosive social injustice. In the hothouse atmosphere of a hateful war it thrived, offering its poppylike flowers as a guaranteed heal-all: serenity for the tortured, the ghost of God for the Fatherless, strange communion for those who ached to be "in," a brave new world for those with dull senses, wings for those in terrified flight. The hollow eye and jittery hand of the upper-downer, the agony of the bad trip, the shriveled iris and the semi-trance, all became as much a part of the American college scene as ivy or pigskin, and the Registrar tolled the knell of F's and drop-outs. Southwestern had its share in these things, though its statistics were less grim than for many other places. Statistics, though, do not redeem the blighted individual.

In November and December, 1969, a special committee obtained facts and figures on the drug problem in the college. Anonymity was certified by special procedures, and the thorough-going questionnaire (750 questions) was completed by a remarkably high proportion of the 1020 students enrolled—96 %<sup>6</sup>X9, making the results a bit more reliable than ordinarily. Only 5% had had any acquaintance with hard drugs—heroin, opium, methadone, cocaine—and most of these had not continued it; only about 1% of all students had kept up the practice to some extent or other—that is, about a dozen individuals, not all of whom considered themselves addicted.

A little more than 1 in 5 had tried marijuana at one time or another, and there was significant evidence that the smokers came from families where parents were more affluent and better educated than the average. Of those who had undergone psychotherapy of less than five sessions, smokers prevailed 5 to 1; where therapy had gone on as long as a year, the prevalence rose to 10 to 1. Science-math majors had noticeably fewer smokers among them than humanities majors, and both had significantly better records than the social science students. About a third of the smokers had started the habit before coming to college.

A fourth of the student population had used amphetamines ("uppers") at some time or other; only 1 in 7 were currently doing so. Among marijuana smokers, the use of amphetamines, barbiturates ("downers"), and LSD was more than three times as prevalent as among non-smokers. The committee's report did not include statistics on these latter two drugs.

Asked their reasons for using the various drugs, the respondents said they took "uppers" chiefly to improve study or stay awake. Barbiturates were looked to primarily to relieve tension and relax (presumably as an antidote to the amphetamines). Marijuana smokers put their priorities in the following order: to feel good, to increase aesthetic awareness, to satisfy curiosity, to "get kicks," and to relieve tension. LSD was thought of mainly as an aid to aesthetic awareness; secondarily it deepened self-awareness, satisfied curiosity, and sharpened religious insight, in that order.

85% of all students, users and non-users, agreed emphatically that the college should issue a clear statement of its drug policy, including an outline of disciplinary procedures for violations. Such a statement was drawn up and disseminated. It defined the college's responsibilities: educating students as to the nature and effect of drugs, and as to current laws and the citizenship involved in observing them; counseling and help for those involved with drugs; dealing firmly with disruptive behavior under the due processes already set up for such behavior. A student convicted of breaking a drug law would be allowed to finish the term, but readmission thereafter would be subject to review by the Dean.

The Alexander presidency kept up the construction gusto of the Rhodes era. Helping to make possible the two major buildings and the science complex was the resounding success of the Ford Foundation's Challenge Campaign. On June 30, 1968, the final date set, the hoped-for sum of \$3,800,000 had been surpassed by more than a third for a total of \$6,044,190, which together with the Ford contribution credited \$7,944,190 to the college finances. After deducting operating expenses for the three years during which no annual support campaign was waged, some \$6,500,000 remained to be added to the capital assets. The Synod of Mississippi was already committed to other projects during the Campaign and could not take part at the time, but in 1970 launched a drive on its own which eventually brought in more than \$100,000 additional. The Challenge Campaign opened up a whole new era of potential for Southwestern, and about half the increase had been already earmarked for a construction program by the time the drive had ended.

A considerable portion of these funds had already been allotted to help erect the new Science Center, which would cost \$2,800,000. A loan under the Higher Education Act took care of about a fifth of



that sum. Just about the time the cavernous foundations had been laid at the end of 1966, the college was notified by Mr. Hallam Boyd, president of the Frazier Jelke Foundation of New York, that his organization was giving \$500,000 toward the new building. Frazier Jelke was an international investment banker and philanthropist who died in 1953. His Foundation gave as its reasons for choosing Southwestern the high calibre of the faculty, student body, and Board, and in particular the Ford Foundation's view of the college as "one of the greater institutions in the country." No dedicatory strings were attached to the gift, but in appreciation the new suite of buildings became the Frazier Jelke Science Center.

Architect Parrent this time called to his aid the architectural firm of Carroll, Grisdale, and Van Alen of Philadelphia. The limitations of Gothic architecture are such that there is difficulty in achieving length and breadth simultaneously, and the new Center was to have several large lecture halls and other such rooms. There was also the need to preserve openness in the heart of the campus, and to avoid interposing a large structure between the Briggs Center and Palmer Hall. The architects came up with an innovative and effective solution--a large underground ("at reduced grade," they called it) complex topped by a broad esplanade or terrace, from which rose the modest dimensions of the Mathematics Building to one side of the Briggs Center and the massive Physics Tower to the other. The Biology Department would have the west half of the underground space; the other half would provide the lecture halls and some Physics facilities. In the center of the esplanade, a rectangular well provided light to the lower realms and to the small garden at its base. Around the well circled a wide concourse, offering airy space for such things as art exhibitions or large receptions. At the main entrance a semi-octagon of cascading steps formed a kind of Greek theater. The whole was novel and impressive.

The advent of actual construction was awesome—an entire acre of ground right in the middle of everything was dug out to an average depth of eight feet. Toward the bottom of this crater the diggers uncovered the 21,000-year-old bones of a prescient mastodon who had chosen the offices of the Biology Department as his tomb, and who was translated only a few feet to a glass exhibit case.

The six-story Physics Tower was left to the ingenuities of Jack Taylor, who designed what he saw as an aircraft carrier: the service facilities—stairs, elevators, pipe shafts, toilets and such—were all

located on one side in what would correspond to the island of the carrier. Above the roof parapet swelled two mammiform domes in all their anti-Gothic sphericity; they were housings for telescopes, one of which was the 31-incher now ascended out of its lowly cement blocks, the other being merely a hope. Three smaller papillae, two of them not readily visible from below, housed an optical tracker and coelostats. The three top floors were assigned to the LAOP, and included a long dark tunnel for sunlight experiments.

The Biology Department acquired eight new labs, with eight faculty offices adjoining, an electronic microscope complex, and auxiliary rooms for seminars, animals, instruments, photography, and a herbarium. A greenhouse ornamented the roof of the Mathematics Building with an anti-Gothic counterpoint for the Physics domes, and wit ' , the same building was a library for the two departments (math and biology) endowed by the Stanley J. Buckman Foundation of Memphis.

What had been the Science Building now became the sole property of the Chemistry Department—the original intent in 1925. In April, 1967, Dr. and Mrs. Berthold Stamps Kennedy of Memphis (he was a 1912 graduate of Southwestern) gave \$300,000 to be used in remodeling and updating the old structure, including new wiring, plumbing, and other basics. It became the Berthold S. Kennedy Chemistry Building.

Dedication of the splendid set of edifices, both new and rejuvenated, took place over a three-day period in October, 1968. A dinner honoring the Board was the first event, and especially honoring the retiring Chairman, Van Pritchard, who was leaving behind him (or so it seemed at the time) eight years of intense concern for the college he had done so much for. The new Chairman was Robert D. McCallum, a distinguished Memphis business man who has continued to the present time with equal dedication and concern. Next day there was a symposium on visual perception in its biological, psychological, and physics aspects, which was conducted by a committee of the Southwestern faculty. On the last day Dr. Robert Charpie, president of Bell and Howell Company, dedicated the Frazier Jelke Science Center in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy.

In addition to the plaques honoring the donors, two other tablets were unveiled. One memorialized the two architects who between them had built the entire campus except for the Burrow Library. Henry C. Hibbs, who died in 1949 just after completing Voorhies

Hall, had won a gold medal for the best architecture in the South in recognition of his plans for the first Southwestern buildings at Memphis and for Scarritt College at Nashville. His protege and successor, H. Clinton Parrent, died just before his Science Center was finished. The other tablet paid tribute to 42 years of "selfless concern and tireless labor" given to Southwestern by President Emeritus Peyton N. Rhodes, as physics professor, president, and science consultant.

While the Science Center was under construction Research Corporation, which had already done much to help Southwestern to its prominence in atmospheric and optical physics, granted the college a bounteous \$275,000 to be distributed among all the natural sciences. Over a 3-year period this sum would help "strengthen research-oriented science departments" in a college which the Corporation found to be "a model for the entire country. . . . The research there undergirds but does not replace the educational institution." The grant called for a matching \$200,000 in funds from other sources. At about the same time the National Science Foundation granted \$135,000 for similar purposes. As a result of these boosts the Biology Department added five members, Physics two, and Chemistry and Mathematics one each.

Soon after the Center's opening Dr. Joseph Chandler Morris, for many years physics chairman and financial vice-president at Tulane University, and a director of the NSF, gave \$25,000 to equip an electrical measurements laboratory. He thereupon helped Southwestern to wangle \$60,000 worth of discarded equipment from Tulane for a mere \$7000 of his gift, and then to parlay the other \$18,000 into a much larger grant from NSF. The lab he equipped bears a bronze plaque in his honor. Dr. Morris also gave the Physics Department a handsome addition of periodicals and journals from his own collection, and later bequeathed a substantial portion of his whole magnificent library to Southwestern.

By the time the Science Center was ready, a new dorm for women was several months along, reaching completion in April, 1969, at a cost of about \$900,000. McGehee-Nicholson Associates of Memphis designed it, and Allen and O'Hara were the builders. Mrs. David S. Carroll, '50, gave her professional services as interior decorator. In tune with the time, the new lodging was what students called "a radical dorm." Three storeys in a more or less H-shape, it housed 120 women and a resident house mother (by now an endangered species) under an entirely new plan. Instead of long, drafty, and

echoing corridors, there were self-contained "living modules" or "houses" for each 16 women. Eight two-person bedrooms made up a cluster with study rooms, a lounge, and a kitchenette to form each "house." The center of the "H" was a lobby on the main floor, with a dating lounge and discreet embayments for uninterrupted intellectual discussions. A long, long passageway connected the new building in a weatherproof way with the other women's dorms, being much more like a genuine "cloister" than that most public part of Palmer Hall which somehow acquired that most inapt label.

The rhythm of construction went on without missing a beat: as the New Dorm (today it is still in that nomenclatural limbo) came to completion, ground was broken for still another sandstone assemblage, the S. DeWitt Clough Memorial Hall of Fine Arts and Humanities. It was built largely by the combined benevolence of several generous donors, including one who gave \$100,000 anonymously though she only knew about Southwestern through hearsay. This was Mrs. Ailsa Mellon Bruce of New York, who died before the building was finished, and whose executors gave permission to acknowledge the giver. The Clough family had already provided facilities for the Jessie L. Clough Art Memorial for Teaching in the Halliburton Tower. Now Mrs. Clough wished to honor the memory of her late husband with an entire building, primarily to furnish a permanent home for the Art Memorial but also to include a gallery for displaying student or visiting exhibits. It would be called the Clough-Hanson Gallery and would include in its dedication the name of Miss Etta Hanson along with her sister's, she having tended the Art Memorial devotedly for many years until her death in 1969.

The late Edward J. Meeman, one of Memphis' finest citizens and most admired newspaper editors, had left \$500,000 to the Center for Continuing Education, half to be used for its endowment and half toward new quarters for it. Mr. and Mrs. Hugo N. Dixon, known for their constant contributions to the cultural life of Memphis, sponsored another portion of the \$1,400,000 total. Other important donors were Mr. C. W. Kempkau of Nashville, the Goldsmith Foundation of Memphis, the George H. McFadden and Brothers Fund of Memphis, and Mr. Sidney M. Neely, Jr. of Memphis. Mrs. Ernest B. Cummings, one of the most loyal and invigorating participants in the programs of the Continuing Education Center, established a memorial to her late husband by providing a staff conference room.

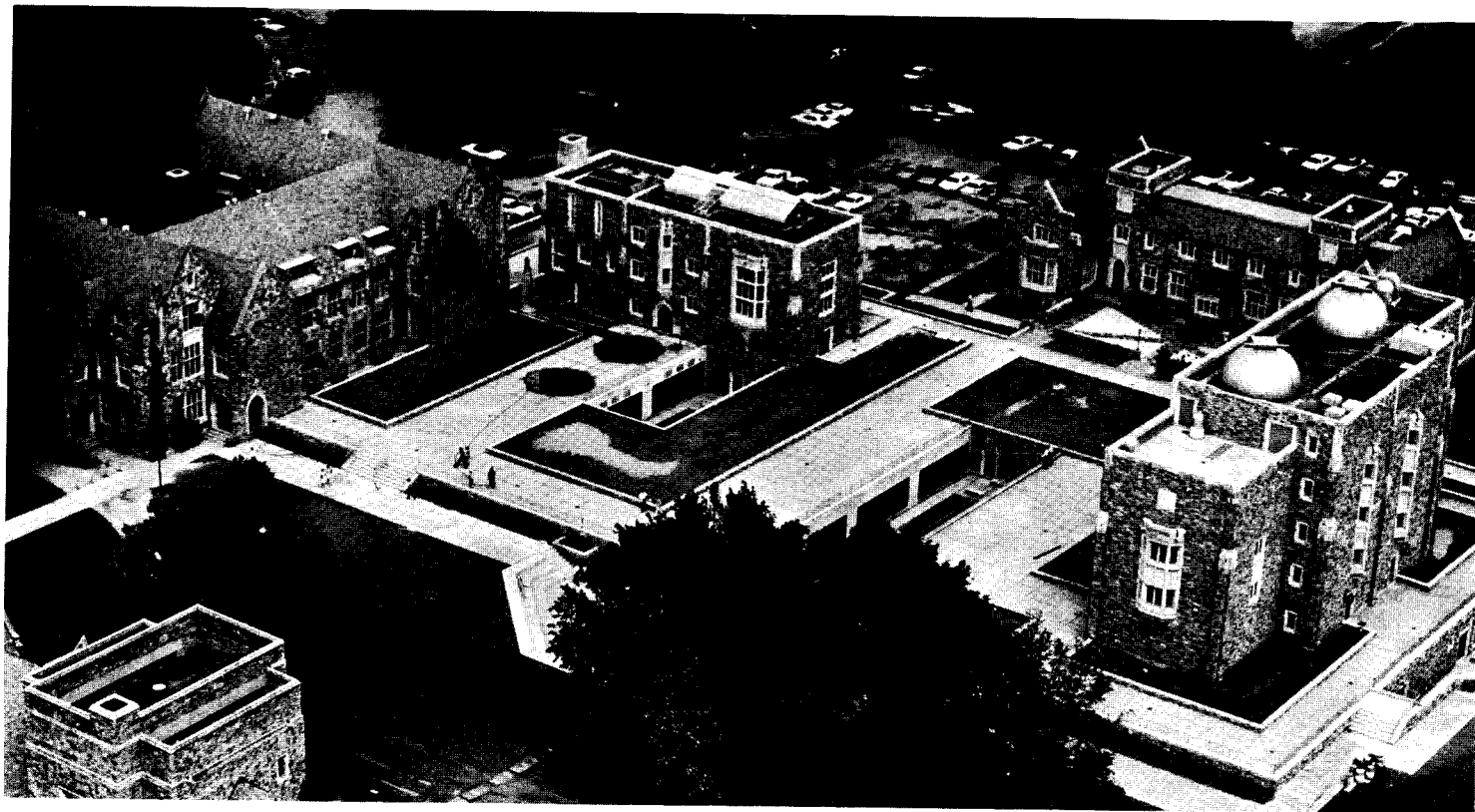
Architect for Clough Hall was Wells Awsumb, '38, of the firm of

George Awsumb and Sons, and the contractor was Allen and O'Hara, headed by another alumnus, Robert Elder, '40. Set at right angle to Palmer Hail, the new building, though it had an extra half-storey visible above ground, was given the same elevation, and such details as roof pitch and gutter line echo Palmer to bring the two into a measure of harmony. The window treatment of Clough, however, was a distinct departure from the traditional, featuring large contemporary panes instead of the hallowed mullions, with louvre openings instead of casement kind., On the sub-level were classrooms and labs for the Anthropology and Psychology Departments. On the floors above, to the north, is the Hugo N. Dixon Wing, embracing the Clough-Hanson Gallery and the facilities of the Art Department for painting, sculpture (including a small outdoor sculpture court) , graphics, and faculty offices. To the south is the Edward J. Meeman Center for Continuing Education, comprising a luxurious assembly room on the main floor and, above, several large discussion rooms and offices as well as a small kitchen. The assembly room was dedicated in 1973 to Edmund Orgill, a distinguished Trustee. An adjoining room which for several years was the bookshop was named the Virginia Burks Neely Room as a memorial to the wife of Sidney M. Neely, Jr.

Dedication took place in October, 1970. Honored guests included Mrs. Clough (now Mrs. Rachel Clough Littler) , Board members, and representatives of the other donors, as well as John Stennis and the Reverend Park H. Moore, Jr. of Jackson, Mississippi, who had led a belated but welcome fund campaign in their state.

One fringe benefit of the building outburst was that the G.I. shacks slowly disappeared though not without a last senile fling by the Art unit, which went out as a psychedelic and graffiti-ridden old harri-dan in a flare of lurid paint. Only the Security Office cum Black Students' Association, once the infirmary, remains to challenge the total dominion of stone.

Student marching, debating, and protesting did not exhaust the available energies; in 1966-67 the athletes turned in one of the best all-around seasons in the college's history. Football only broke even—an improvement—but basketball had its best record to that date, 15-9; the golf team won the conference championship for the third time, tennis came second in its conference, and the track squad led both conference and state colleges as well as winning its own invitational tournament. Basketball kept up the momentum with an



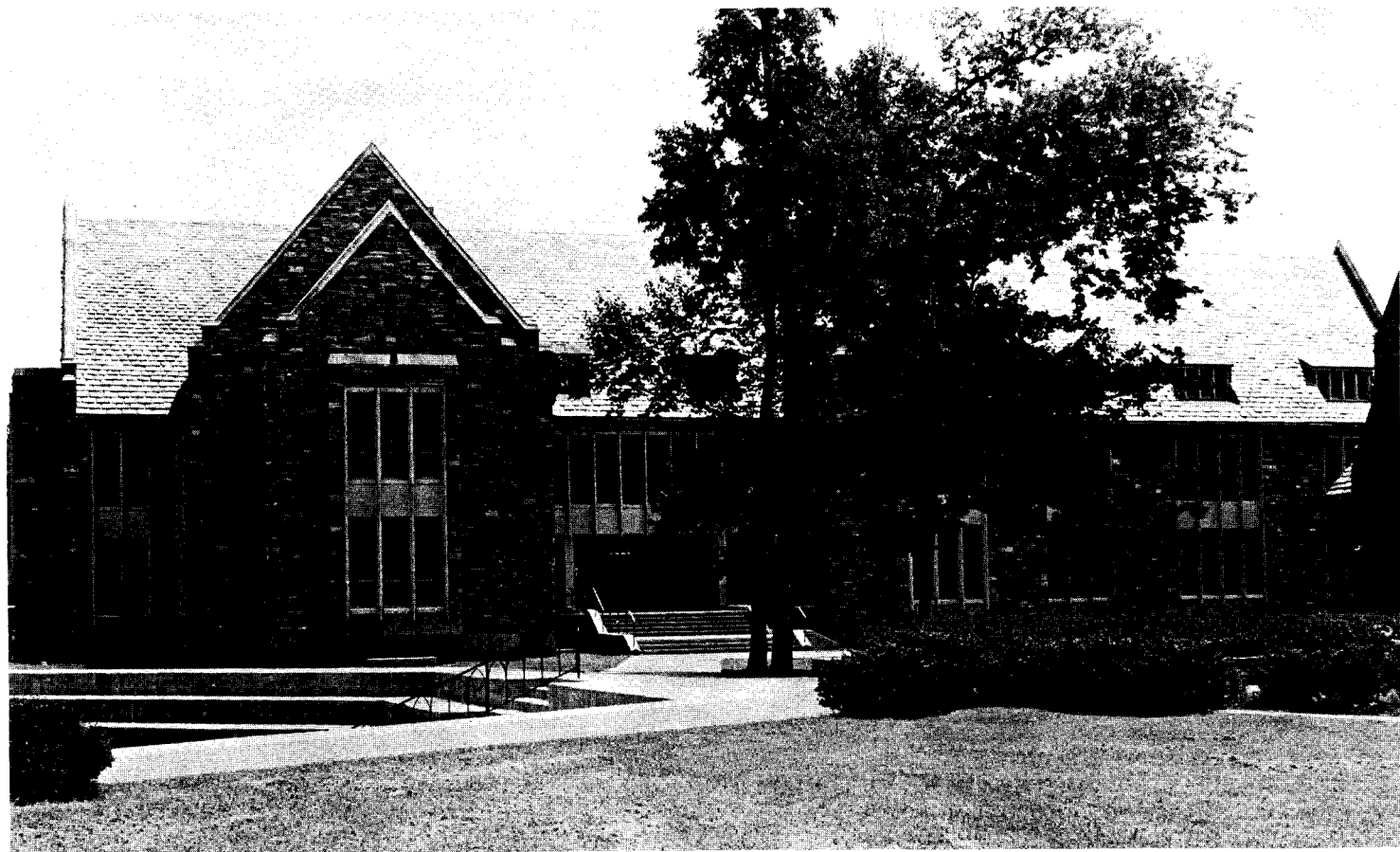
*Frazier Jelke Science Center and Thomas W. Briggs Student Center*

MATHEMATICS BUILDING

BERTHOLD S. KENNEDY HALL

THOMAS W. BRIGGS STUDENT CENTER

PHYSICS TOWER



*S. DeWitt Clough Hall*

emphatic win record through 1971, including a phenomenal 1969 tally of 22-3. The football team reached new heights in 1971 by winning 7 out of 8 games.

The Biology Department followed the Physics Department into the space program, and also into exotic voyaging. In 1966 NASA turned to the love life of the spaced-out wasp (insect variety) and Southwestern's Professor Robert Amy became technical consultant at the launch site. In 1968 there was a summer trip to the Rocky Mountains for a faculty-student group, and in 1969 two professors and eight students during the spring vacation studied tropical biology at the Caribbean Biological Center at Port Maria, Jamaica. This foray proved profitable enough to make the excursion repeatable every other year.

The 1969-1970 catalogue announced a new department and major, Communication Arts. It embraced matters theatrical, cinematic, discursive, and authorial—and for the first time drama production was admitted to the liberal arts curriculum in full dignity. Professor Ray Hill, who for two decades had been strenuous in his efforts to render play scripts effective despite the hostilities of Hardie Auditorium and the limitations of the Continuing Education Center where he directed the Center Players, was finally awarded Room 6 in Palmer basement as his more or less sole domain. This Draculesque crypt still serves as drama headquarters. When Professor Hill opened a private school of his own and became only a part-time faculty member at Southwestern, he was succeeded by Mrs. Betty Ruffin, and under her guidance a miniature laboratory theatre has been created out of the dungeon, largely by the aid of a group of dedicated drama students. They cheerfully change costumes while straddling the trickles of drain water that wander among the grimy furnace pipes, and post warning signs on the floor above enjoining the use of restroom plumbing during performances. In the year following the adoption of Communication Arts as a major, enrollment in its offerings tripled.

The extra-curricular kind of communication art was having a checkered career at this time. *The Sou'wester*, under Editor Ed Yarbrough, in 1967 won an "All-American" honor rating from the Associated College Press Service for its outstanding coverage, creativeness, editorials, columns, and layout. During the next two years of peak activism *The Sou'wester* concentrated on the struggle almost exclusively, even putting out some extra issues on the sanitation strike of 1968. But journalistic ardor ran aground finally on the rocks of general student quietism. The 1969 editor resigned in despair because



he couldn't get any help for a job which had "burnt out the finest collection of journalistic talent this school has seen in decades, that this year has broken two editors and three managing editors." There was no *Sou'wester* for two months in the spring of 1969; thereafter the situation was retrieved, and the coverage began to concern itself with traditional campus affairs a bit more.

Southwestern's showcase for creative writing, *Stylus*, became aware of the generation gap and asked its faculty adviser to stay away from its discussions of material. Then *Stylus* itself, despite its dissociative struggle, proved to be too established and venerable. It appeared in 1967 as *The Journal*, a disguise too thin to succeed for more than one try. *Sternwheeler* and *The Southwestern Review* bid to fill the gap, but died a-borning. Finally in April, 1968, the journalistic Age of Aquarius arrived at Southwestern with the first issue of *Ginger*: luxurious paper, glossy graphics and photos of real merit, streamlined interviews interspersed with poems, articles, and a short story or two. The irreverence was notable, and the language a judicious shade of Aquarian blue. Michael Patton was the editor. Unfortunately *Ginger*, announced as a twice-a-year effort, has achieved only about half that and has managed to avoid the tyranny of predictability. An interview with a local black militant, "Sweet Willie Wine" Watson, in its second issue evoked opinions such as "capitalism corrupts" and that non-violence was a failure. There were rumblings from the alumni and reproaches from the Memphis press, and *Ginger's* success was assured, in its hit-or-miss way.

There were even more ominous tremors on another front. The improvement of faculty income and the increased usage and maintenance of the several new buildings, along with the inflationary trend just getting up steam, all drained an alarming amount from the Challenge Campaign funds. President Alexander recalled Dr. Diehl's metaphor, that there are two points of view: cut your garment according to your cloth, or make an ideal garment by going after and securing the necessary cloth. He would follow Dr. Diehl in choosing the latter course.

In a sense this deficit is an index of the educational purchasing power of any good institution of learning, and Southwestern is able to achieve its educational goals for quality only by spending more than it receives. The fact remains, however, that until the gap between income and expense is narrowed by a healthier

endowment income, funds which are contributed each year will not appreciably enhance the prospects for the future. A gradual increase in capital investment of contributed income and a consequent reduction of the college's dependence on these contributions for current expenses are an inescapable duty lest we of the present beggar the college's future and jeopardize its continued growth and improvement.

The United States Trust Company of New York was put in charge of getting the most out of the invested funds. However, after the Challenge Campaign barrel had been scraped, the 1968-69 session revealed an operating deficit of \$339,902, and the red blot on the financial escutcheon was beginning to spread rapidly.

Time itself seemed to join in the revolutionary impulse which characterized the Alexander quadrennium. It took a terrible toll of stalwarts. On April 19, 1966, Dr. Laurence F. Kinney died after a long illness, and, as the Board memorial said, "Southwestern lost one of its claims to distinction." For twenty-two years, as Presbyterian minister and holder of the Curry Chair of Bible and Religion, he had been deeply involved in educational innovation, community outreach, and Christian commitment. He was an adviser's adviser, compassionate and wise, with unbelievable tact and patience, and he was a mainstay of the Continuing Education programs. The words of William James to his dying father were summoned up to express the feelings of those who knew him: "As for us, we shall live on, each in his way, feeling somewhat unprotected, old as we are, for the absence of the parental bosom as refuge, but holding fast in that common sacred memory."

When Professor Marion L. MacQueen retired from the E. C. Ellett Chair of Mathematics in 1966 Southwestern lost not only another claim to distinction but its last faculty link with Clarksville days. A 1919 graduate there, the young MacQueen was offered a teaching post by Dr. Diehl a year or two later when he was about to get his M.A., but he refused in favor of doing doctoral work. On the day he got his M.A. he went fishing with a friend; a bolt of lightning killed his companion and put the fresh M.A. in the hospital for weeks. There he had time to reflect on the power of Dr. Diehl's Ally and His chariots of wrath, and chose to start teaching. Later he did sneak off on a leave of absence to get his Ph.D. When the 1925 move to Memphis came about, Dr. MacQueen superintended the transfer of 13 freight-car loads, with the work done mostly by a group of

volunteer students, another professor, and himself. There was a temporary railroad spur just north of Palmer Hall (apparently built for the construction work), and here the cars were unloaded. It was Dr. MacQueen who brought a pocketful of acorns from the Clarksville campus and planted them in an "S" shape on the front campus, where they are towering oaks today. Secretary of the faculty for twenty years, he was also an assiduous gardener and carpenter, and a kind of genius in designing formats for the more elegant college publications. He was an unusual combination of brilliant scholar, reliable workhorse, and scrupulous craftsman, with enough energy left over to be a favorite mentor for students.

Alf Canon gave up his job as Dean of Alumni and Development to become president of Drury College in Missouri, and his unique deanship retired with him in 1967. The garment of his duties was divided between Loyd C. Templeton, Jr., '56, as Director of Development, and A. P. Perkinson, Jr., as his associate in charge of the specifically financial side of things.

1967 brought another academic pillar crashing down. Professor David L. Amacker had come to Southwestern in 1936 with an illustrious record. A Rhodes Scholar from Louisiana, he had served as interpreter during the Big Four meetings in Versailles in 1919, acting as private interpreter for Woodrow Wilson. As Orgill Professor of Political Science at Southwestern, he labored long and effectively to create and build up the Free World Issues lecture series, and to guard the gates against Communist imperialism. In the words of his valedictorian John Henry Davis, he was "Kremlinologist, Peiping Tom, and Vietnam hawk," and was easily the most sought-after local expert for making talks. His favorite topic was the cobalt bomb and its ultimate horrors, and his favorite audience a gathering of terrifiable innocents; he is remembered for his closing words during the Cuban missile crisis: "Take cover! The bombs will fall tonight!" He was an "introducer de luxe and par excellence," often leaving the introducee just enough time to fill in as an anti-climax. His exams ran up to eight hours, and his students went forth in full political omniscience. His vision was cosmic, and his judgment sober, but his own kind of humor flashed out on occasion. When Professor Davis in retiring him hailed him as "Zeus," the Olympian responded with "Keep the faith, baby."

The next year dealt further shuddering blows to the administration. Anne Caldwell, after thirteen years in the Dean of Women's office as

associate and as Dean, resigned as of the end of the 1968-69 session, and was succeeded by Mrs. Judson O. Williford (Anne Marie), '52. The college's chief finance officer for more than thirty years, C. L. Springfield, stepped down from his shrewd and knowing husbandry of resources. His outstanding ability had been recognized by the Board, which had given him the special post of its own Assistant Treasurer in addition to his regular title of Comptroller—which title, possibly because everybody pronounced it the way it looked, was retired with him. He was succeeded by M. J. Williams, previously an accounting supervisor with E. I. DuPont, who was designated Treasurer of the college.

The third massive blow of 1968 was the departure of John A. Rollow, inadequately styled College Engineer. *The Sou'wester* summed up his stature in a cartoon which has the college as a whole—Board, administration, faculty, and students—mourning aboard a ship from which Johnny Rollow is walking away—across the water. He was one of the undergraduates transferred from Clarksville in 1925, and by the time of his graduation in 1926 he had become a physics assistant as well as aide to B. B. Scarbrough, the college's builder. He soon became college engineer and superintendent of buildings and grounds. He and his family lived in the Harris Memorial gate house; it became the center of campus hospitality, even attracting a fugitive zoo elephant which tore up part of the fence. He learned what had to be learned as it came along—refrigeration, air conditioning, the intricate and sophisticated heating, wiring, and plumbing systems underlying the campus and ramifying through the mushrooming structures. President Rhodes said, "If it can be done, Johnny Rollow knows how; if it can't be done, Johnny Rollow will find a way." The elderly college truck finally contained not a single original part because of Rollovian tinkering and scrounging. But what really distinguished the man was his infinite friendliness and patience at all hours, and his boundless loyalty for both Dr. Diehl and Southwestern. It was a typical Johnny Rollow act, when he was presented with a \$500 check by the alumni, to add \$500 of his own and present the total to the college as a memorial to Dr. Diehl. At his death in 1969 a memorial fund was established in the name of John A. Rollow. It is a name which, on the list of all those who by selfless, unremitting, productive effort have brought Southwestern to its present stature, must be put very, very near the top.

1969 continued the devastation in the ranks. Dr. Vernon H. Taylor,

Director of the College of Music, was fatally injured in an auto accident in Mexico during the summer. He had been in charge of music education at Southwestern for ten years.

Robert Ford had helped build the dining hall in 1925 and then became its most enduring and reliable employee, and a veritable campus institution. On one occasion in the 1960's Robert's sacred traditions encountered the Revolution; an intractable dining hall manager exiled him to the outdoors, where he gloomily picked up litter for a while until it dawned on everybody that the dining hall was Robertless and he was promptly restored to his dignities. At his retirement he had given 45 years of service to the college, a record exceeded by only one other Southwesterner.

George Washington was a Southwesterner for only 17 years, but he left a remarkable record of having walked his nightwatchman's rounds seven nights a week without a miss in all that time. He was interviewed by *Ginger*, apparently as a counterpoise to the black militant, for George Washington was a mellow philosopher of peace and he left in 1969 shaking his head at the strange new inner perils which threatened the campus he guarded.

John Henry Davis for many years at the faculty picnic had officiated at what he called "our premature obsequies over the living body of a departed brother," and had earned for himself the title of Picnic Ham. But when the annual rites of spring came round in 1969 he found himself at that same grim door through which he had ushered so many others. A Rhodes Scholar from Kentucky, he had arrived at Southwestern in 1926. He married one of his students, Louisa Harrison, known to one and all as "Ponnie," a gentle, intelligent, and much loved lady who was to meet death by drowning only a few months after her husband's retirement. Dr. Davis' friends all referred to him among themselves as "Prof"—no surname needed, he was the archetype. At Southwestern he became known for his Leonardo-like learning and activity. He was one of the originators of the "Man" course, and editor of its syllabus, and was officially and thoroughly a historian. But he was also an accomplished musician who organized recorder concerts and piano duets; a campaigner for liberal politics; a muralist who enriched his kitchen with a medieval bacchanale; a formidable wielder of tongues classical and modern, including a weekly reading session which over many years covered every Russian novel in the original; a devil-may-care in dress, with the "grace and elegance of a besotted Bedouin" according to his colleague Jack Farris; a golfer ex-

pert enough to be truthful; a perpetual deacon of the Episcopal cathedral, to which he gave his earnest and devout concern as both ecclesiast and historian. He was in all things a lover of life, a robust spirit, a Falstaff without the vice or the volume. His own benediction required the services of more than one requiescat. Professor Richard Wood, '48, a former Davis student and a poet, was moved to a farewell of his own:

We never got from you the notion  
Of cycles, things coming back to haunt  
Like chili dinners or the hollow places  
Of the man-moulding moon. Everything unique,  
If somehow similar, like fingerprints,  
Men, monkeys, lap dogs, treaties, leap  
And flash and drop into the dark flow  
Heraclitus imaged for us . . . by that sign then,  
There is only one of you .. .

Last in this academic procession of the departing came the highest in rank, President Alexander himself. In January, 1969, he announced his acceptance of the presidency of Pomona College at Claremont, California, one unit in a closely knit consortium of institutions there. He gave his reasons:

If Pomona had not offered me a new dimension of challenge arising from the unique university and college affiliations it enjoys in the Claremont University Center and Graduate School, I would not have considered allowing my candidacy to go forward. Because of my personal commitment to this idea of educational co-operation I feel that moving to Pomona is the proper action for me to take.

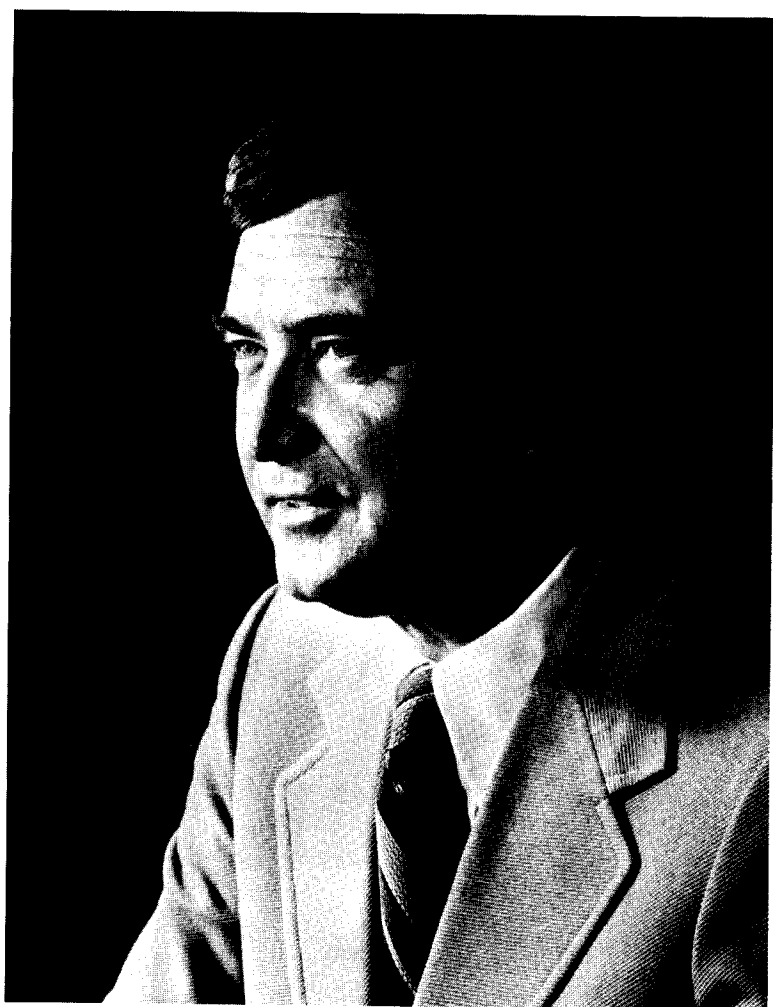
He would be expected at his new post the following September. Former Board Chairman A. Van Pritchett was named head of a special committee to seek a new executive. The committee was made up of two sub-committees working both separately and jointly, one consisting of appointed faculty and students, the other of Board representatives.

The Alexandrian quartet of years had wrought a transformation at Southwestern far out of proportion to its brevity. Many changes had been fermenting for a long time before his inaugural, of course, and countrywide upheaval would have inevitably precluded Southwest-

ern's remaining as it was. But President Alexander deserves credit not only for orchestrating these local expressions of national impulses with tact and grace; he also displayed initiative in awakening faculty and students to a deeper awareness of their respective and their inter-related duties and dependencies. He enhanced the faculty's financial dignity, while at the same time he called upon it for full participation in the administrative aspects of the college. He encouraged a like kind of participation by students in all affairs where their particular interests were involved, and encouraged the Board to give them greater responsibility for their self-regulation. Southwestern is fortunate that it did not have a lesser man at the helm during these times of unparalleled storm and stress.

**William Lukens Bowden**  
**1969-1973**





## VIII

# After a Christmas Comes a Lent

When President Alexander left for California at the end of August, 1969, his successor had not yet been chosen; President Emeritus Rhodes was called on to act as chief executive during the interregnum. Two major reorganizations came about in his autumn tenure.

The Board of Trustees admitted students and faculty to three of its committees, those for Students and Educational Program, Development and Institutional Planning, and Buildings and Grounds. For each of these committees two students and two professors were authorized to meet four times a year, two occasions being for themselves only, the other two with Board members. This plan marked the first official acceptance of students and faculty as part of the Board machinery.

The Student Government Association followed suit with a reorganization of its own. The Student Senate was abolished and there was now an Executive Council, a Budget Committee, and an Information Committee with a Secretariat. The elected officers and commissioners, together with representatives from campus organizations, made up the Council. The Budget Committee comprised the SGA Treasurer, the four class presidents, and four members elected by their classmates. The Information Committee included the Publicity Co-Ordinator of Publications, and his counterpart on each Commission, along with "any other interested students."

Student activism had simmered down to a grumbling about comprehensive examinations and a vague threat of boycott. The faculty agreed to re-examine individual department requirements, but not to abandon the comprehensives as demanded. For Christmas a "Freedom Tree" was set up north of Kennedy Hall, the traditional ornaments being replaced by peace symbols and other mementos of a more current kind than Bethlehem's. There was a lighting ceremony, and songs of peace and freedom, to express "the freer search for life we're all after."

By the time Dylan and Baez came upon the midnight clear, a new

shepherd had been found for the Southwestern flock. At the Board's October meeting, after almost a year of seeking, the new president was announced to be William Lukens Bowden, '48, the second alumnus to take over the care of his alma mater. A native Kentuckian brought up in Memphis, his undergraduate career at Southwestern had been interrupted by four years of naval service between 1942 and 1946; thereafter he was perhaps the most active and versatile man on campus, especially in creative writing, journalism, dramatics, student government, and band. Just after entering the University of Chicago graduate school he married a fellow Southwesterner, Carol Morris, '47, of Paris, Tennessee, who was to keep up in true fashion the Southwestern tradition of wise, lovely, and busy first ladies. After acquiring a doctorate at Chicago, Dr. Bowden was associated with the University of Virginia until 1958 as a key figure in the inter-relationships between that institution and the surrounding area, especially in Continuing Education, but also in regard to undergraduate programs. His ability won general admiration, and he was appointed to the Southern Regional Education Board in Atlanta, where his administrative and program responsibilities covered a wide and complex scope involving a sixteen-state area. In 1966 he became program adviser for the Ford Foundation in Buenos Aires, but the Argentine revolution that year cut short his work there, and he returned to be head of adult education at the University of Georgia. In 1968 he became vice-chancellor for services for the University System of Georgia, which made him responsible for extension programs throughout 26 colleges and universities in the state. Amidst all this he had fathered four children, Breck, Scott, Marion, and Craig, ranging in age from 18 to 7 at the time of his appointment to Southwestern. His executive manner was low-key, with a sense of humor—"his presence stimulates rather than tires those around him," one commentator put it. He assumed the duties of the presidency as of January 1, 1970.

The first few months were spent in "rap" sessions with the various campus organizations or at regular Friday luncheon meetings with the chief administrators or in monthly meetings with the Board's Executive Committee to keep close watch on the austerity budget, or in a program of visiting all organized alumni groups around the country. At the end of school in 1970 the key administrators betook themselves to an Ozark resort for a three-day sorting out of basic needs and goals as well as a plan of attack. It was agreed that a

better job could be done to educate students in foresight, in managing information acquired, in aesthetic appreciation, in the psychology of human relationships, and in creating the confidence for critical awareness. In specific terms, the curriculum should be geared more effectively to contemporary life. Independent study should be emphasized even more, and learning should take place within the world of actual work wherever appropriate—internships in the community, political participation, effort expended on campus publications, participation in community projects. Many activities previously classified as extra-curricular should be legitimized as learning experience where reasonable.

The new president felt that the administration should be decentralized somewhat, to make it more responsive and responsible. It became a five-fold instrument, with three Vice-Presidents and two Directors. Jameson Jones became Vice-President for Academic Affairs and Dean of the College; M. J. Williams became Vice-President for Fiscal Affairs and Treasurer; Julius Melton of the Department of Bible and Religion became Vice President for Student Affairs. Loyd Templeton's title was now Director for Institutional Advancement, a new label for alumni and public relations, while A. J. Perkinson reached cabinet level as Director of Development, a title now referring solely to financial affairs. The two new offices reflected the growing importance of the student role and the increased need for a vigorous program of financial support. These five lieutenants were designated informally as the "cabinet," and together with the President himself made up the Management Team (the word "team" was a favorite with President Bowden).

The most pressing concern, of course, was the mounting deficit, which by the end of the 1969-1970 session had soared to a peak of \$527,000. The Board was insistent that there be a return to a balanced budget with all deliberate speed, but acknowledged that to do so all in one year would unduly sabotage the basic educational program. So two years were allowed, and it was directed that the 1972-73 budget be perfectly symmetrical. Stringent measures were immediately adopted to tourniquet the hemorrhage.

First of all, there would be a general wage freeze. No personnel would be added or replaced. Six of the newest faculty members did not have their contracts renewed. The faculty accepted this as a necessity, but did not so easily accept the fact that the administrative staff was increased by several new employees anyhow. The 1970-71

Bulletin listed 94 fulltime faculty, 104 administrative personnel; the 1972-73 Bulletin listed 83 of the one and 111 of the other. Professor Jack Russell of the Mathematics Department prepared a study of the matter which showed that, using the 1965-66 year as a base, the study body had increased only by 6% as of 1971-72. In that same time the teaching faculty had increased by 18%, the administrative staff by 58%. As of 1972-73, when faculty had been reduced to being only 10% greater than 1965-66, the administrative staff had increased again to 63%, and the students remained the same in number.

All sub-budgets were cut by ten to fifteen per cent across the board. Only essential travel would be authorized, and outlays for special events and publications were severely reduced. No new equipment would be purchased, and work assignments for service personnel would be revised and adjusted for most efficient results as attrition occurred.

The Finance Committee of the Board planned to meet quarterly or bimonthly for more intensive care and caution. The Management Team was also known as the Planning Team, and had come to include Marshall P. Jones, '59, who had formerly been an associate professor of mathematics but was now named Associate Dean. His role was to act as liaison among the assorted V.P.'s and Directors. Financial planning was put on a 3 to 5 year basis instead of year-by-year. An Analytical Studies Team was formed, comprising the Associate Dean, the Business Manager, four faculty members elected by their colleagues, and one student. This group set about studying and evaluating goals and resources, and to draw up recommendations to the Planning Team for a three-year budget.

President Bowden's inauguration was in keeping with both the austerity atmosphere and his own low profile as an executive. It was held on November 7, 1970, so as to coincide with the combined festivities of Homecoming and Alumni Days, put together as an experiment for the first time. Only the college community attended the simple ceremony at Evergreen Presbyterian Church adjoining the campus, there being no visiting delegates or exotic dignitaries. Board Chairman Robert D. McCallum proclaimed the seventeenth president to be duly installed, and the rest of the day was given over to the usual delights of the annual return—a picnic lunch, a buffet dinner, and a dance.

Much to everyone's surprise, the immediate financial crisis was dissolved exactly as scheduled. By 1971 the deficit had been whittled

down to \$462,500, and by 1972 had dwindled further to \$157,000. The 1972-73 budget was triumphantly balanced as ordered.

A most timely help had arrived amid the freeze: the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation chose "a select group of institutions" which it desired to aid in the nationwide financial crisis, and Southwestern received \$200,000 to be used entirely for instructional purposes over a three-year period. Out of this boon came a salary supplement for the faculty, an additional professor in economics, and extra means for faculty research in the humanities. Less splendid on the fiscal record, but fully as much appreciated were student tokens of concern, such as when some fifty of them donated a whole Saturday to planting flowers and shrubs in the area still raw from construction. And Herbert Shainberg, president of Sam Shainberg Company of Memphis, who had been an early participant in the Continuing Education program, gave the college his large home at 601 East Drive near the campus; it brought a substantial sum to the positive side of the budget when sold a little later. The trustees of the Estes Kefauver Memorial Lectures, who had been sponsoring a lecture series each year, decided to convert the memorial into a permanent fund for scholarships, and turned over \$65,000 for that purpose.

Meanwhile the Offices of Development and Advancement bent their backs more strenuously to the long-range task. Development deployed itself into three platoons: Annual Support, Deferred Gifts, and Capital Funds. The advisory function of the President's Council was reinforced by the organizing of a special group called the Board of Visitors, specialists with distinguished careers who might act as consultants. In 1970 the various chapters of Southwestern alumni scattered over the country were organized under regional chairmen into a national hierarchy. The success of this move was evident in the award received by Southwestern in 1972 for the most improved record of annual giving by alumni: the American Alumni Council recommended to United States Steel that its yearly prize of \$1000 should go to Southwestern as leader in its class. At that time the college had risen to tenth in the nation in percentage of alumni donors (actual number, 2599), and the following year it was sixth.

The Board expressed its prudent faith in the future by establishing a maintenance endowment for buildings, some of which were almost half a century old by now and had been kept up by hook-or-crook methods thus far. Disability insurance was initiated for the faculty and staff. And in March, 1972, the Board took another revolutionary

step by admitting faculty and students to its deliberations. Three faculty representatives and three student delegates were authorized to attend as non-voting observers, but with full floor privilege to air their views. Three trustees who retired from active duty that same year—the Reverend W. J. Millard, '20, A. Van Pritchartt, and Edward B. LeMaster—were paid the unusual honor of being made Life Trustees in recognition of their long and valuable services.

The faculty had been mulling over degree requirements for several years. Finally, in the spring of 1970, it took the plunge into the sea of faith where it had dabbled its toes so long. The ancient, long, and rigidly specific list of required subjects, a list which had remained unchanged for more than half a century and, indeed, as an index of essential attitude had not really changed since the college's founding, was torn up and thrown away—including such sacrosanct items as the Bible and English universals. For the 1970-71 session and thereafter, the curriculum was divided into four clusters of subjects: Humanities, Social Sciences, Natural Sciences, and Arts and Communications. A student's general degree requirements were specified only by these "areas", and he had five or six departmental choices within each area. The only universal requirement, aside from physical education, was two terms of the freshman colloquium, with the "Man" course counting as such a colloquium. B.A. candidate and B.S. candidate had a distinction of emphasis, but within the area boundaries. The individual student now had about as much leeway as possible within the broad notion of a "well-rounded" education. There was some trepidation in abolishing the English requirement, a fear that exactly those who needed it most would be the most likely to take advantage of the escape hatch. However, student good sense prevailed again—freshman composition courses kept on being elected to the extent that nowadays they must be given in all three terms, even though they compete with more glamorous subjects like art, drama, or foreign languages.

Opportunity for a broader curriculum was extended even more about this same time, when Southwestern joined the "Greater Memphis Consortium" of Lemoyne-Owen, Christian Brothers, and Siena colleges, the Memphis Theological Seminary, and the Memphis Academy of Arts. The six schools pledged co-operation in academic, financial, student, and developmental affairs. Siena disappeared from the bleak educational scene afterwards, but the consortium continues.

The Memphis College of Music had begun as an independent institution in 1933. In 1938, when it was located at Union Avenue near Bellevue Street, it affiliated with Southwestern. In 1943 it became the Music Department and moved to a new location much closer to the main campus, a turn-of-the-century mansion on Overton Park Avenue which became known as Bohlmann Hall. Eventually the shadow of the mid-city expressway fell upon a corner of the site, though for many years now the bulldozers have been held at bay by a determined band of nature lovers who want to preserve Overton Park (not least, among which champions is Professor Arlo Smith of the Biology Department, acting as an individual). By 1970 the administration decided it was time to put the property on the market and move teachers and facilities to the main campus. Since the Psychology Department and other former inhabitants had moved out of Stewart Hall and into the new buildings, that venerable edifice became the new musical Parnassus. This closer association with the main student body resulted in a 71% increase in enrollment for the Music Department in its first year of intimacy.

Some of this increased interest in music, however, may have been the afterglow of a month in residence by the Hungarian String Quartet during February, 1970. The superb musicianship of this foursome, held in awe by the world at large, was made available to the college community as the result of arrangements made by President Alexander with an anonymous sponsor. There were five formal concerts and an infinite number of seminars, interviews, and informal talks during the visit, but what is remembered most is the warm humanity, keen humor, and outgoing friendliness of the Quartet members and their wives, exerted in a fervent evangelism for their chosen art.

Like most colleges, Southwestern experienced some dropping away from the traditional modern languages of western Europe, and a corresponding build-up of interest in tongues once thought of as exotic or peripheral. In an era when the average American's personal tie with the Arab world is as strong as the gas hose down on the corner, it makes sense to learn the speech of that world, even if no more than the equivalent of "If you please, sir, I'd like some more." In 1972, under the auspices of the Sabine Trust of Tyler, Texas, Arabic became available at Southwestern; in 1973 a teacher of Arabic was added to the faculty and the offering became regular and permanent.

International Studies had been emphasizing the Mid-East for



many years already, the new subject gave extra dividends, not the least of which was the chance to encounter an ancient and rich culture on its own linguistic terms.

Urban studies, long a feature of the Continuing Education Center, was erected into an undergraduate major in 1971. It is interdepartmental, drawing on the four disciplines of Political Science, Economics, History, and Anthropology-Sociology.

When Dr. Diehl left the helm, there went with him his preference for things Oxonian in general and for Rhodes Scholars as faculty members in particular. The college kept up the creditable rate of local Scholar production which it had set since the '30's, one to a decade: John David Alexander in 1953, Wayne Goldsworthy in 1962, and John Churchill in 1971. But the seven faculty Oxonians of Dr. Diehl (a fifth of the fulltime teaching staff) had dwindled by 1969 to one lone and dubious survivor. The solution adopted in that year was to eliminate the middle man and take the undergraduate directly to the source. A Southwestern-at-Oxford summer program was conceived by Professor Yerger Clifton, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who had done research at Oxford.

The plan was audacious and ambitious. Oxford colleges in the summer make ends meet by harboring various American study groups, ranging from nondescript coteries of researchers to thinly disguised troops of tourists being spoonfed a glossy froth of Anglic lore. An Oxford don or two is usually associated with the proceedings. Professor Clifton's notion was much more magnificent and genuine. Participants who would come from all over the United States would be housed in University College, one of Oxford's oldest, where they would occupy rooms once the haunt of prime ministers and assorted geniuses (coffee twice a day in the room from which Shelley was kicked out). Each summer would deal with a different period of British history until a four-year cycle would take the unwearied note-taker from Stonehenge to strontium-90. Some two dozen British lecturers of the highest calibre would be enlisted to provide a total of about sixty lectures each year, while several Southwestern professors would go along to hold seminars in particular aspects of the period being studied, of which the student would choose two: art and architecture, literature, philosophy, or politico-social history. Evenings and long weekends could be spent in London or Stratford or any part of the island reachable. The whole thing would be expected to pay for itself—a startling academic departure.

By what Faustian bargain Professor Clifton acquired the power to mesmerize his desired dons and make the whole incredible thing work, we know not. A major part of the secret, though, was the impassioned drudgery of Professor Mary Ross Burkhart, who acted throughout the year—and every year since—as registrar, international book-negotiator, propagandist, and treasurer, and in summer as house-keeper, mother-confessor, and executive secretary (all in addition to a fulltime teaching load). The friendly co-operation of Lord Redcliffe-Maude, Master of University College, also played a large part. He is an Americanophile whose daughter married a Tennessean, and besides being the most agreeable of hosts he has brought to the graduation dinners the oratory and wit for which he is renowned in the circles of British statesmanship. Emeritus Professor John Henry Davis was named president of the program, as well as history teacher, with Dr. Clifton as dean. Faculty members at first were all Southwesterners: Lawrence Anthony of the Art Department, James Jobes of the Philosophy Department, and James Roper teaching literature and history.

The British lecturers who take part in the program are themselves impressed by the array of learning that they are part of—more than one has waved the printed programs in Dr. Clifton's face with an "I say, you're not pulling my leg?" Such men as A. L. Rowse, outstanding historian and a fellow of England's academic Valhalla, All Souls College, have become fast friends of the enterprise. Dr. Rowse each year escorts the students on an intimate tour of All Souls, unlocking musty crypts and private treasures never seen by the general public. Nevill Coghill, England's chief Chaucerian and producer of Shakespeare for the BBC, in addition to his own lectures which brought thunderous applause, has been instrumental in recommending and enlisting other lecturers. Sir Nicholas Pevsner, foremost (indeed, awesome) architectural historian of Britain, who had to miss one year because of surgery, made it plain he wanted to be asked back the following year to renew his genial evenings of sherry and students. Many lecturers stay overnight and have dinner with students as well as after-dinner conversation in rooms or in a nearby pub. To lounge around a table until late into the night, talking about Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury with her convivial nephew-biographer, or to have a coffee conversation with the distinguished author of the textbook you are studying, is a uniquely valuable experience.

The first two years of the program ended in the black, as, indeed,

has every year since, and the enrollment went from 51 to 85 (in 1974 it was 95) . Nevertheless, under pressure of the austerity time, the administration began to bite its nails. In 1972 it decided to share out the enterprise with a consortium of nine other schools known as the Southern College University Union, and Southwestern at Oxford became British Studies at Oxford. Southwestern still handles the administrative details, including the obtaining of lecturers and the planning of the curriculum, with the consortium providing faculty, many students, and a certain financial security. Dr. Clifton, in addition to his necromantic powers of organization, has the taste to design posters and brochures which have not only won regional awards from American professionals, but have impelled blasé Oxonians, who hurry daily past windows full of the finest in English engravings, to collect and display the Cliftonian graphics which are taken from their own archives. Few here at home, even Southwesterners, appreciate fully how widespread is the prestige which has accrued to the college because of the Oxford program, and how distinctly it stands out against the ordinary summer abroad.

Student resentment against the Asian war had crackled along, nationwide, until in May, 1970, its flames engulfed the ROTC building of Kent State University and evoked the slaughter that sickened an entire country. In Memphis some 200 protest marchers from Southwestern made their way to the National Guard Armory behind a black-draped coffin, carrying white crosses and roses which they proposed to present to the local commandant, in concert with other marching groups from other colleges. The officer understandably rejected the principle of guilt by association and refused the accusing tokens.

Concerned about the effects of all the stresses of the times—the war, drugs, upheaval generally—the administration arranged for special counseling to be made available to undergraduates. During the 1970-71 year Dr. Frances H. Redmond, former dean of students at Hiram College in Ohio, was on campus as fulltime counselor. She provided expert tact, knowledge, and compassion for those in need of them, and strove to encourage faculty cooperation in arriving at a better rapport with students.

The following fall Southwestern activism, if it really was that, reached its most acute stage. The first issue of *The Sou'wester* proclaimed in a startling front-page banner headline that at the Refectory

the processes of ingestion and excretion were being confused, and it proclaimed it in the most economical Anglo-Saxon. The complaint was not the usual literal denunciation of the cuisine, but a metaphor expressing humiliation at a new system of checking I.D. cards.

The Publications Board met, reproached the co-editors responsible, and got a promise to use more taste and discretion in the future. But some of the Trustees were outraged, especially against the background of things in general, and the Executive Committee held a special meeting. Some Board members demanded expulsion of the editors. After what President Bowden referred to as "a sticky one and a half hours" no formal vote or recommendation was made, and the matter was left in his hands, though with "vigorous action" being exhorted. President Bowden was quoted as saying, in reply to a reporter's question as to the outcome of the session, "We won retention of the right to administer this college." He declared a "recess" of publication for *The Sou'wester*, and proposed to have a special committee which would include representatives from the SGA examine the newspaper's responsibilities in full. The Publications Board rejected both ideas by formal vote. After a few days *The Sou'wester* was allowed to resume (it seems not to have missed an issue) and, as lagniappe, the offensive I.D. check was abandoned. The students, most of whom sharply criticized the bad taste of the headline, nevertheless considered the president to have been their defender against a threat of invasion into a strictly student area, and to have handled the matter with diplomacy and courage on the whole.

At about this time the college received a communication which stilled a controversy instead of provoking one—though more than a century ago, and in better prose. It was a letter signed by Abraham Lincoln, ordering the Union troops in Memphis to return to its rightful owners the Second Presbyterian Church which they had appropriated for military use. Mr. William Goodman of Memphis presented this valuable bit of history to the Burrow Library, which published it as one of its monographs.

Only one building went up during the brief and ascetic Bowden regime. The Ruth Sherman Hyde Gymnasium for women was erected at a cost of some \$400,000, the major part of it being paid for by funds provided by the late Miss Hyde's family. The donors included her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Hyde, Sr., he being chairman of Malone and Hyde, Incorporated, of Memphis; her brother, Joseph R. Hyde, Jr., '32, and his wife, Susan Hightower Hyde, also '32; Miss

Margaret Ruffin Hyde, '34; and Mrs. Charles Boone. Mrs. Jane Hyde Scott, '30, and her daughter Mrs. Daly Thompson, Jr., '58, also included a memorial for their husband and father Robert A. Scott. The structure was a two-storey extension of the Mallory Gymnasium on the east end. Its 136-by-60-foot dimensions included regulation courts for basketball, badminton, and volleyball, along with recreation, dressing, and equipment rooms. Barge, Waggoner, and Sumner of Nashville were the architects, and Allen and O'Hara of Memphis did the construction. The gym provided a finale for two decades of mushrooming sandstone Gothic. The financially difficult years since 1970 have not produced a successor.

There were other finales, too, of a less happy kind, by resignation, retirement, or death. Vice-President Jameson Jones resigned as of August 1, 1971, to become associate director of the Memphis Academy of Arts. For sixteen years he had given the college the benefit of his quiet but intelligent decision making, his broad educational vision, and his integrity. But he was himself a considerable artist, and decided to take the congenial post at the academy. He had borne the brunt of administrative battle during the most hectic times that deans ever knew, and he had turned in a bravura performance. The students saluted him: "He was a gentleman and a scholar, and he had guts."

His successor became the first Southwestern dean (and vice-president) to be selected by the faculty, which appointed a special committee that included students. The popular choice was Dr. Robert G. Patterson, holder of the W. J. Millard Chair of Bible and Religion. Born in China to Presbyterian missionaries, and himself a Presbyterian minister who among other things taught Mandarin Chinese and Oriental studies, he was a graduate of Washington and Lee, Virginia's Union Theological Seminary, and Yale. He is the husband of one of Southwestern's first Phi Beta Kappas, Jane McAtee Patterson, '50, and the father of four.

Miss Ireys Martin, '30, had become Cashier of the college even before her graduation, and gave forty years of formidable diligence and accuracy before being formally retired in 1970. The gesture didn't fool anybody, least of all Miss Martin, who has been just as busy in the same office ever since.

Leroy Rascoe, after twenty-five years as gym attendant, became disabled and was retired on a special pension provided by the college.

At Homecoming in 1970 the football team hoisted him on its shoulders and carried him off the field as a way of saying thanks for all the good humor and good service.

The retirement of Mrs. Erma Reese Solomon in 1970 not only severed the last human link with Clarksville, but shook the house to its foundations. She was just out of high school when Dr. Diehl asked her to join the staff and move to Memphis. Since then she had regulated four presidents with superb efficiency and initiative. Dr. Diehl once called Johnny Rollow, Erma Reese, and himself the "three Muskeeteers"; it would be equally true to say they were the Aaron and Hur who held up Dr. Diehl's arms while the forces of ignorance and penury were routed like Amalekites from the campus. She agreed to stay on after Dr. Diehl's retirement only if she could be allowed to continue as his personal secretary also; in addition to reading his mail to him and answering it, she was always available for making out income tax forms for the humblest employee. When the Physics Department got involved with cloak-and-dagger governmental projects, it was Erma who was named Security Officer and put in charge of top secret files while the Kremlin blanched and the CIA relaxed. Dr. Diehl once said of her, "She's never actually told anybody to go to hell, but particular pests can sometimes infer from the look in her eye that it would suit her for them to proceed in that general direction." The Board devised a special compliment for her, designating her as Executive Secretary to the President in recognition of her superlative abilities. In 1965 she married W. Eugene Solomon of Clarksville, Tennessee. President Alexander, one of her four proteges, wrote on the occasion of her retirement:

Erma Solomon had one cause—Southwestern—and one standard—excellence—for which she worked during her entire professional life. . . . Only her encyclopedic memory and firm patience kept the college from wandering too far by presidential divagation. . . . I cannot compare Erma to anyone or anything, because for me she is unique.

She served Southwestern longer than anyone else on record, forty-six years.

Gardner P. Ruffin, for thirteen years a technical assistant in the Physics Department, fell victim to disabling bad health and retired prematurely in 1970. His skill, ingenuity, and care as a machinist had much to do with the way the department constantly made much

out of little. He had sometimes taught courses in machine shop theory to future scientists.

Dr. John Quincy Wolf, Jr., had come to Southwestern as a teacher of English in 1937, and soon became renowned for various activities, curricular and extra-curricular. As a teacher of freshman writing he pushed his charges unmercifully to write "beyond themselves," "better than they could write," and concisely and vividly—and frequently. As a Wordsworth scholar and idolater he made the English Lake District second home to generations of English majors. As a folklorist he was a national figure recognized by such authorities as the Carnegie Foundation, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress. He took advantage of his Ozark heritage to collect more than 1500 versions of folk ballads as sung in his native mountains, some of them unique. He took his students to Sacred Harp song services in Alabama and Mississippi, recording these distinctive forms of worship and getting some of the singers to hold such a service in Memphis for the first time. He discovered and made known such now popular folk singers as Jimmy Driftwood and Almeda Riddle. Disabled by sudden and severe arthritis, Dr. Wolf for several years taught students in his home, and from his sickbed carried on more activities than the average sound professor. No longer able to wander the Ozarks, he turned his attention to Memphis, through his students, and revealed to Memphians jazz and blues singers of the old days still around and neglected. He and Mrs. Wolf built up a superb collection of rare china and glass, some of its pieces rivaled only by the choicest treasures of such museums as the Victoria and Albert. And he took thousands of photographs, many of them used in college publications. Poet-professor Wood, Dr. Wolf's heir in the folklore line, summed it up at the retirement of his mentor in 1971:

Strong of a mountain people, steeped in  
The mountain poet's mind, twelve mystic  
Books of growing up from earth to love,  
John Wolf gave us to hear that famous  
Music of humanity.

In that same year Professor Clinton L. Baker found the tumbril waiting at his gate also. Since 1932 he had been a pillar of the Biology Department. An Arkansan like Dr. Wolf, he came to Southwestern as a specialist in the ambiguous sex life of the amphiuma. After 1936 he was director of the Reelfoot Lake Biological Station,

a facility used by students, researchers, the TVA, and the Public Health Service, under the aegis of the Tennessee Academy of Science, of which Dr. Baker was president at one time. He took delight in raising fish in the Overton Park lake so children could have their fishing rodeo each summer, and he organized a science fair for high schools which is still an annual institution in Memphis. A 33rd-degree Mason, he also occupied his time with salon photography, oil painting, woodworking, and clarinetry. He also found fame as a practical joker.

A year later it was the turn of John R. Benish, yet another Arkansan. He had taught American Literature for 27 years with a wry growl and salty wit. His constant war against pretentiousness and preciousness, along with his endless patience and general humanity, made him one of the best-liked and most effective of Southwestern's teachers. He occupied the Thomas K. Young Chair of English, and had been chairman of the English Department for several years prior to his retirement.

And there were those who left us by a loftier voice than the banter of John Henry Davis. Professor Raymond T. Vaughn, head of the Chemistry Department for many years, died in April, 1970, after a year of illness. A Missourian, in his long tenure at Southwestern since 1942 he served as consultant to many industrial firms and was a director of research for Barrow-Agee Laboratories. He was active in church and civic affairs, was a deacon of Lindenwood Christian Church, and his two sons were students of distinction at Southwestern.

Moses W. Jefferson, a maintenance employee for more than 21 years, also died in 1970. He was a World War II veteran and a dedicated churchman, and was best known to Southwesterners as the man who ran the concession stand at the basketball games.

Professor Jared E. Wenger died suddenly in October, 1971. A courtly man with a rich sense of humor, Jed was a multilinguist and a literary scholar in all his languages—French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian. He introduced the teaching of Russian in 1958 and made it a popular class. He spent his sabbatical leave in Scandinavia learning Swedish and Norwegian, and at the time of his death was debating whether to start on Turkish or Arabic. The *Tennessee Philological Bulletin* devoted an entire issue to his memory; it contained only articles by or about him. As a Californian with degrees from not only Stanford and UCLA but also Princeton, he had a cosmopolitan eye for some of the more provincial goings-on at faculty



meetings and elsewhere, and his infrequent remarks had an accurate sense of the human comedy, worthy of that Balzac whom he served as an international authority. He had some twenty canes ("one for each mood") , a profound knowledge about railways both American and European, and a passion for opera. Both learning and good fellowship suffered by his untimely death.

In mid-1972 President Bowden announced that he had accepted appointment as Director of the Southern Growth Policies Board, where he could co-ordinate plans for land use, ecology, and growth for the Southern Governor's Conference. He was at first scheduled to begin the work in February, 1973, but as events developed he found it necessary to leave in September, 1972. A. Van Pritchatt, honorary Life Trustee and former Chairman of the Board, agreed to serve as acting president until a permanent successor could be found.

**James Harold Daughdrill, Jr.**

1973-

### When I Feel Important

God, sometimes I feel like doing you a favor—  
 like "applying a little Christianity on the job,"  
 or like asking you to "be with me" at work.  
 But the process gets reversed. Questions rebound.  
 My question changes.  
 Who am I to invite *you* into *my* day?  
 I can merely turn myself over to you today.  
 Thank you for taking me into your freedom.  
 Amen.

Mrs. Daughdrill, the former Elizabeth (Libby) Ann Gay, beyond any question met the established requirement that Southwestern's first lady be lovely, capable, and energetic. There are three children, Hal and Risha, teen-agers, and Gay, 7.

In the way of his predecessor, President Daughdrill favored simplicity (though not so starkly—President Bowden had done away with ceremonial convocations to open the school year; in 1973 these were restored). His inaugural was held in October, 1973, at Evergreen Church. The processional included representatives of student organizations, and was not wholly without fanfare, since the Brass Ensemble made itself heard. Investiture with the official seal had by now become a well-worn tradition, with three occasions in seven years; there was a recessional to the booming of the Halliburton bell. During the proceedings Acting President Van Pritchatt was praised for his decisiveness and "his spirit, endearing to the whole campus."

President Daughdrill said, "It is not necessary that *I* run Southwestern well. It *is* necessary that Southwestern be well run." New times, he felt, called for a more inclusive approach to leadership in which everyone shared. He was also a believer in setting definite goals and meeting them as planned.

He saw seven objectives for the year ahead: fiscal improvement, equal opportunity, the re-defining of college-church relationship, studying the emerging role of trusteeship in the seventies, developing new services to the Memphis community, increasing the spirit of campus community and understanding, and co-operative planning for the use of building space. In the process of advancing toward those goals he wanted a new emphasis on persons—"People are important." His own friendliness was so genuine as to be contagious, and his administrative approach encouraged co-operation.

The Board in the fall of 1972 had begun informally discussing the long-range view for Southwestern. With the advent of President Daughdrill this discussion was crystallized into a thorough-going, carefully evolved program for drawing up a Ten-Year Master Plan. A "Case Statement" was formulated by a committee, and the feasibility of it was then checked by an outside consulting firm which interviewed key figures among Trustees, alumni, churchmen, and the Memphis business community. With this as a general guide, a Long Range Planning Team (students, faculty, administration, alumni) assigned each of its members to write a "Future History of Southwestern-1983." Ideas from these were gathered together and given priority ratings. Simultaneously a Board committee on church relations, including the other estates of the college as usual, prepared a "1974 Statement of Christian Commitment and Church Relationship."

In the winter of 1973 eleven Task Forces were appointed and each was assigned one aspect of the college's life to study in great detail. The Task Forces were instructed to make 10-year projections on the basis of tight budgets. At the end of four months these recommendations were collated into a 212-page document. The hard work of setting priorities was done during a two-day retreat in a nearby state park in July, 1974. Some 209 recommendations were run through a sieve of four questions—important enough for the Ten-Year Plan? cost? when should it be begun? from which source will funds presumably come? A Draft Ten Year Master Plan was then distributed to the Long Range Planning Team for study and editing. The edited Draft was presented to all the four estates, as well as alumni and friends—about 9500 individuals in all—for comment and advice. A discussion was held on campus at Homecoming in November, 1974. The final version of the Ten-Year Master Plan was approved by the Board, with a few minor modifications, in April, 1975.

It would be hard to conceive of a more comprehensive, thorough, and systematic approach toward planning a college's future. Some forty-five tangible developments are now in outline and in varying degrees of progress. In fact, many suggestions encountered along the way are already realities—increased student internships, a monthly college newspaper replacing the quarterly Alumni News, an Advisory Council for the Economics Department which integrates study with the expertise of Memphis business executives, the renovation of Refectory and stadium. The whole process was indicative of the new

president's way: clarified aims, specified targets, feasible schedules, total participation.

In the spring of 1973 Vice-President M. J. Williams resigned, and Marshall Jones became Vice President for Financial Affairs and Treasurer. Susan Smith, '72, became the first woman to be Business Manager, a distinction matched by her youth and her capability. A. P. Perkinson, Jr., also resigned and his post was taken over by Ron A. Yarbrough as Director of Development. With the departure of Vice President Julius Melton, who went to an administrative position at Davidson College, his duties were subsumed under the other two vice-presidencies and the administration became fourfold in nature. In 1974 unisex caught up with the deaneries of men and of women. Since Dean Diehl had only a year remaining until retirement, he took up duties with the Office of Institutional Advancement, and Dean Williford became Dean of Students. Shortly afterward Bo Scarborough, of Dilemma-founding fame, became her Associate Dean.

In 1973 the Presbyterian Church, U.S., reorganized itself into synods of a more regional nature. Southwestern now has 15 of its trustees elected by the Synod of the Mid-South (corresponding to the old synods of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama) and 5 elected by the Synod of Red River (which includes the old synod of Louisiana).

Finances continued a slow upturn. The faculty, after three years at the same salary level, received a  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  raise and then a  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  one, bringing income up to absorb about a third of the inflationary increase in living cost that had occurred during the five years. The I. R. Hyde Foundation of Memphis established a fund to provide ten scholarships each year, each with a stipend of about \$2,450, a truly magnificent gift. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson A. Alburty of Memphis set up a \$100,000 endowment which will award \$500 each to ten students a year. Mr. Alburty was impressed with the caliber of Southwestern graduates he had met, and wanted to "do something for Memphis, for my church, and for education."

Mrs. Charles R. Glover, aunt of Mrs. John Q. Wolf, Jr., had received a bequest from her husband, who died in 1949, a trust fund of \$300,000 for her lifetime to be bequeathed by her as she saw fit. Mrs. Glover visited Southwestern in 1950 and afterwards, and liked what she saw. At her death in 1973 she left the sum to the college, establishing the Charles R. Glover Chair of English Studies. In 1974 Hubert F. Fisher, late chairman of Cook Industries of Memphis, left

Southwestern \$50,000 to be used for the upkeep of the Fisher Memorial Gardens, dedicated many years ago to the memory of his father, where convocations and other events are held.

A campus radio station began operating in 1973 after a decade of false starts. WLYX (FM-89) interrupts a steady flow of pop tunes with campus programs by students and profs—news from various foreign countries courtesy of the Modern Languages Department, literary criticism, local history, cooking, interviews, even classical music. The staff, who have equipped the top floors of the Mallory Gym tower with professional-looking studios and offices, are at present engaged in trying to erect an antenna tower near the stadium, with headshakings from fiscal authorities, the college engineer, and the power and light company.

Faculty talent was recognized abroad. Professor Lawrence Anthony was commissioned by Vanderbilt University to produce a sculpture in copper for the busiest part of its campus where five pedestrian walks intersect. The result was a brilliantly caricatured traffic jam of eighteen campus types, a fusion of intricacy and individuality, complexity and unity, so successful the sculptor has been honored in his own country with a similar commission. Professor Jack Farris of the English Department had his novel *Ramy* turned into a television network movie shown in November, 1974, under the title of "The Greatest Gift."

Mignon Dunn, '49, had fame enough abroad for her superb mezzo soprano voice, at the Met and worldwide, but no specific recognition by her alma mater. She was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Music in 1974 to make honorable amends. Her schedule prevented her from being on hand at Commencement to receive it, but she was able to visit Memphis later, and at its October meeting the Board conferred the honor.

The Burrow Library had just reached a total of 150,000 volumes when in February, 1975, both its quantity and its quality were enhanced. Walter P. Armstrong, Jr., a Memphis attorney of national reputation and a member of the Board for many years, donated his outstanding personal library, to be transferred in yearly installments. Hundreds of rare books were included, giants of English and American literature, many in autographed first or limited editions and in fine bindings. The Trustees voted to name the Special Collection chamber the Walter P. Armstrong, Jr., Rare Book Room.

The building urge—what President Rhodes called his "edifice corn-

plex"—had been suppressed by hard times, but the Meeman Foundation came to the rescue of Clough Hall with a gift of about \$250,000 to clear up the remaining debt on the building. Sufficient means had been scraped up by 1974 to permit a thorough renovation and remodeling of the Refectory and the ground floor of Palmer Hall. The Refectory acquired new equipment, new plumbing and wiring, and new space, while traffic plan and storage areas were rearranged to make the eating process more sheltered, tranquil, and sanitary. Strikes held the work up a bit, so that for the first few days of term in the fall of 1974 Briggs, Student Center was commandeered for serving meals, with much scurrying back and forth between there and the Refectory kitchens. The Office of Institutional Advancement and the Office of Financial Aid were brought from scattered locations to the remodeled part of Palmer at the expense of three classrooms formerly used by the humanities. All of the Halliburton Tower, its Tower Building, and Palmer Hall, except for a few classrooms on the second floor and offices on the third, are now administration territory.

There was one new construction on campus, however. A mathematics colloquium of ten students, led by Dr. Jack Russell, tackled with their vorpal blades the frumious icosahedron, and set about putting together a geodesic dome of its four-frequency triacon development (this is a sort of skeleton of our old friend the twenty-triangle mirrored globe of the 1940's night club, blown up a bit by its delusions of becoming a perfect sphere, only to be constantly frustrated by breaking out into more and more triangles). The final product, some 270 struts in galvanized tubular metal, stands 14 feet high and 16 feet wide on its five piers at the southwest corner of the Science Center esplanade. It seems an eminently graceful, airy, and scientific-looking symbol of a new age in education.

The eclipse hunters of the Physics Department made their most spectacular trek of all, this time to the wilds of East Africa, in the summer of 1973. The American Eclipse Expedition, financed by the National Science Foundation at a cost of \$700,000, numbered about 100 scientists. Of these, Southwestern furnished 8-3 June graduates and 5 professors, who somehow got more than three tons of equipment into Nairobi, Kenya, and then 300 miles over primitive trails to Lake Rudolph, near the Ethiopian border. Research Corporation gave the Southwesterners some financial aid. The target was the longest eclipse since the year 1103—seven minutes at its fullest in Madagascar, where only radio telesopes could work, and five minutes in Kenya. Statistical

trophies were abundant; the Southwestern unit performed as many operations as any other team and played an important part in the whole achievement.

Less measurable darkness was marked for the hunt here at home. The Psychology Department set up a Juvenile Delinquency Diagnostic Center which, under a grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Agency, in its first year consulted with 290 adolescents referred to it by the Juvenile Courts of West Tennessee. Seven Southwestern undergraduates helped in the attempt to understand better the cause of teen-age misdoings.

The Biology Department went on one of its longest field trips in the third term of 1973-74. 16 students and 2 faculty members made up a camping caravan which traversed more than 3500 miles through the Gulf States, the Southwest, and Colorado.

The University Council for Education in Public Responsibility, which Southwestern helped found in 1962, held its second national conference at Southwestern in April, 1973, with Southwestern still the only undergraduate college among its prestigious members. Dean Granville Davis was elected its president.

Student ebullience bubbled gently but steadily. The Black Students' Association kept up a strong program of speakers, specifically in Black History Week, ranging from NAACP representatives to Stokeley Carmichael; there were also dramas and musical offerings. For the student body as a whole the most popular hassle was that over dorm security. Co-ed dorms had been sought for years, and in 1973 the administration agreed to go so far as to swap male and female habitations. Bellingrath Hall on the west edge of the campus was turned over to the women, while Townsend on the east side went macho. This afforded, if not room-by-room integration, at least more sociability. In addition to what the Dean of Students found to be "exciting developments" from the shuffle, the women found a better sense of security in having the masculine mystique nearer at hand in a time of growing crime. However, the men wanted no midnight lock-ups, since they had not known them, while the women felt too nervous without them. Bellingrath was not a problem, since it was an entity in itself, but the men of Townsend were set down in the midst of a labyrinth of sandstone corridors and feminine fear. The administration favored a key-alarm system for late entries, while students generally wanted all-night door guards. The discussion goes on.

The criminality of the time has not been a second-hand affair at



Southwestern, unfortunately, though the campus itself, with many new lights and walkie-talkie patrols, has been reasonably secure. Kenneth "Whit" Thomas, one of the more earnest and industrious undergraduates, was wantonly shot to death while working at a night-time grocery. And Duke Vincent, who for 32 years had been one of Memphis' first-rate police officers until he retired to become head of the Southwestern security force in 1972, was killed in cold blood and without warning while taking the college's daily cash to his car at a nearby bank.

Death took with a gentler hand three well-loved ladies, all handmaidens of that high mistress, music. "Mama" Tuthill, invaluable member of the Memphis Symphony and teacher of theory, had been associated with the College of Music ever since "Papa" Tuthill became its head in the 1930's. Jane Soderstrom, Associate Professor of Music and concert artist, had been a fulltime faculty member since 1961 and was known throughout the Mid-South for her musicianship; she left to Southwestern her most cherished possessions: her two pianos and her home. Mrs. Joye Fourmy Romeiser was Assistant Director of Physical Education for Women and an instructor in the Education Department for many years. She was most widely known as an accomplished dancer and a leading teacher of modern dance, especially interpretations of religious themes. There is Christian comfort in reflecting that these have not reached finale, but only a *da capo* in a higher key.

The remorseless calendar claimed five retirees in 1973. Mrs. John Quincy Wolf, Jr., for decades had lavished upon campus visitors her genuine love and enthusiasm for the college. In fact, Bess Wolf <sup>was</sup> Mrs. Southwestern to generations of prospective freshmen and their parents in her role as admissions counselor. The college lost one of its most effective salesmen when she left for her beloved home in Batesville, Arkansas. However, she had hardly reached the doorstep when the alert governor of that state put her to work again.

Mrs. Ida Tyler, who had kept things in order on campus since 1932, and whose special care had been the Burrow Library since its opening, brought to an end her 41 years of service.

Goodbar Morgan, '31, alumni secretary for 26 years, went through a ritual of retirement which didn't take since it blew the collective alumni mind to try to imagine Southwestern without his guiding hand in their affairs. Goodbar was a librarian at Cossitt Library in Memphis for several years after his graduation, and then served in the Air Force during World War II, returning to the fold in 1946.

M. Foster Moose, Professor of Chemistry, became a Southwesterner in 1946 also, after having taught in Arkansas and at Memphis State University. A native of West Tennessee, with a doctorate from Columbia University, a genial but ruthless golfer, he left his own mark on the Chemistry Department by inventing what has come to be called the "Moosematic System" for keeping up with lab and storage inventories.

Ralph C. Hon, Professor of Economics and Business Administration, came to Southwestern the first time in 1931, being, as John Henry Davis phrased it, "the last rose of the garden of genuiness and excellence planted by Dr. Diehl in the long-ago days before World War II." In 1941 Dr. Hon left to become a senior financial analyst for the Securities and Exchange Commission. He was first offered the job of junior analyst, but he refused, pointing to a book on the desk of his prospective boss and explaining that it had been written by one of his students. At war's end he returned to Southwestern, and by 1973 had put in 37 years of teaching here. In his time he chaired almost every committee available, and his chief pride was his role in instigating the program of giving Honor Scholarships, which has been important in keeping up the quality of entering freshmen. He was a constant arbiter of labor disputes; the Bureau of National Affairs published his decisions as precedents. He was a foremost fan of athletics, with an honorary "S" Club membership, and he is a staunch churchman.

The following year brought a double-feature regret to Southwesterners. Professors Danforth and Dorothy Ross retired to their cattle farm near Clarksville. Dan, a 1935 graduate who joined the Southwestern English Department in 1955, had previously been reporter and then editor of the Clarksville newspaper. He is a recognized authority on the American short story, and has had his own published in such picky journals as the *Sewanee Review*; his reason for taking advantage of early retirement age was to spend more time at writing. Dorothy, who took up pedagogy in 1967, taught art history and design at both the Memphis Academy of Arts and Southwestern in addition to being a painter of superior skill. The Rosses' home was the constant center of hospitality for a large portion of the more talented and intelligent of Memphis. Both played highly meaningful roles in the academic life of the college and in the civic life of the community. They may well be the world's most cheerful and congenial Existentialists, both with rare gifts of humanity and empathy.

In May, 1974, Southwestern held its first Renaissance Festival. George "Punch" Shaw, '74, was the moving spirit. Punch changed his

major from English to Communication Arts, and his idea was that the two departments could get together on a common project. The New Southwestern Players, of recent birth, were his chief cohorts, and a grant from the college was his chief source of power.

The whole campus joined in, and there were "minstrels, magicians, craftsmen . . . jugglers and jesters and gypsies . . . drama and dancing and music and laughter." Punch had a magnanimous view of the term "Renaissance" which included the six hundred years from Lady Godiva to Shakespeare (beautiful lines, both of them) —it was the spirit, not the chronology, which counted. Wandering troubadour combos gave forth a novel dulcetry of soft sound; the Players did scenes from various sixteenth century plays; there were booths for crafts and cookies; President Daughdrill submitted to total immersion a number of times at the dunking booth; there were poetry readings in unlikely spots for the unwary; and the impresario of it all himself appeared on horseback for a go at jousting. Specially invited guests were the school-children of Memphis, and a crowd of more than 6000 of all ages enjoyed the three days of carnival. It all became an instant tradition; the 1975 version was being planned before Punch's unhorsed opponent reached the ground.

Renaissance was the theme deliberately chosen to close this chronicle, for the college has existed by cycles of dire swoon and heroic renaissance. Faltering Masonic College was renewed by Presbyterian adoption in 1855, and re-baptized Stewart College. Stewart died away to a ghostly administration disembodied of faculty and students when Fort Sumter was fired on, and even its teaching equipment lay shattered in the streets when Fort Donelson fell. It flickered back to life with a president and two professors in the grim and bitter days of Reconstruction in 1869, acquired a flesh and blood student body in 1870 under the driving faith of the Reverend J. B. Shearer, and regained its composure when the co-operating synods promised it perpetual support, gave it a self-governing Board of Trustees, and changed its name to Southwestern Presbyterian University under the Plan of Union of 1875. It is this rebirth which will be part of the 1975 commemoration.

A half century later the soil of Clarksville was proving too feeble for growth, or even life, and renaissance came again only through a wrenching transplant to Memphis in 1925. The golden anniversary of this renewal is the other part of the double celebration of 1975. For

another twenty years Dr. Diehl carried on the precarious but determined struggle against a Depression which makes today's look euphoric, and an Armageddon that deranged the liberal arts mission for a brief while into military pragmatism. Uneasy peace brought another renewal and rededication, and for the first time a genuine endowment, tiny but extant. Then came the rapid growth (after a short palpitation during another war) into distinctive achievement and national recognition matched by few colleges of Southwestern's size, and perhaps by none with such piggy-bank resources.

The statistics of that growth serve to suggest strongly the problems of today's small liberal arts college. Since 1949 the number of students has not quite doubled, from 600 to 1097. The full-time faculty, then 55, is now 80. No part-time faculty was listed in the 1949 Bulletin, though there may have been a handful; the 1974-75 Bulletin gives 37. A recent calculation from the Dean's office shows the faculty total as equivalent to 95 full-time members, or an increase to a little less than double. Meanwhile the administrative staff has grown from 42 to 108, a multiplication of about two and a half times. It is hard to say how much of this top-heaviness is due to the increased complexities and responsibilities of the modern college, but no doubt a large portion is thus accounted for.

The whole inventory of assets in 1949 was, in millions of dollars, a little over 5. Of this, 2 was in physical plant and real estate, while 2.5 was the nest-egg endowment. Today the grand total is 25.7, including 15.4 for the physical plant with its upkeep endowment, and 8.5 for the bed-rock endowment. The operating expense for that distant and demure year was \$387,922; today it has swelled almost tenfold to \$3,459,903. Tuition then was \$500 a year; in 1975 it has become the quintuple of that figure, \$2520.

These data are only a rough outline of an equally rough situation, but they show that nowadays teaching twice as many students requires ten times the expense of a generation ago. Some of the increased burden derives from the more complex, more electronic, more life-involved nature of today's education, but most of it is due to normal and abnormal inflation.

The College Rater, Incorporated, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, devotes itself to making objective, impartial, and non-interpretive analyses of academic institutions. It bases its studies on such factors as admission standards, number of recipients of national-scale awards and fellowships, ratio of recent undergraduates entering graduate or

professional schools, proportion of faculty with doctorates, the student-faculty ratio, faculty salaries, and library collection. In 1973 it placed Southwestern above all other institutions, whether huge university or small college, in the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Oklahoma. In Texas and Tennessee, one institution each ranked above Southwestern—Rice University and Vanderbilt University, respectively. In 1974 Southwestern was rated among the top ten church-related institutions in the whole nation.

Even so, there appears to be doubt today as to just how much quality of a liberal-arts kind the nation is willing to endure. The ordeals of the past at Southwestern were rooted in local, regional, or national ills. The threats of today are more absolute and overshadowing, when four billion human beings face together the prospects of too little food, too little energy, too little living space, and too little love. To many, it seems, cultivating the self-aware individual of inner depth and resource is too much of a luxury in an age which demands the smoothly functioning human unit whose requirements are defined by bureaucrat, computer, and mass producer.

Yet if some worldwide Renaissance is to be, the only enduring kind will have to come from some such vision of mankind as that which the liberal arts seek to illumine. Ironically the small liberal arts college is on the endangered species list. The doomsayers moan that fewer and fewer Americans can be persuaded to look further than making a living, or, even, in the near future, achieving bare animal survival.

Yet a look backwards at our history, in this appropriate Bicentennial year, reminds us that it was ever thus, that Indians have always been whooping it up in one forest or another, that raising a little corn by a long day's work leaves no time for learning, except how to wield a hoe better. Yet somehow many more lads than Lincoln have stayed up late practicing high thoughts in good words on a flame-lit fire shovel; many more than Douglass have absorbed the alphabet and developed personal dignity even in peril of the overseer's lash.

It is Southwestern's belief that the average American's instinct for the higher humanity will endure. So it accepts the unavoidable challenge of the future with a realistic appraisal, and a look at old scars, and will, like any decent liberal arts college,

... follow right

To the bottom of the night, ...

In the prison of his days

Teach the free man how to praise.



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