

CAMPUS REVOLUTION AT YALE

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

THE "Campus Revolution" began at Yale with what local newspapers described as a "riot" on December 7, 1942. Radio reports of Pearl Harbor acted as incendiary bombs and exploded into student demonstrations and oratory. The "riot" was followed by mass enlistments, but a lot of those enlistments didn't take. By the time the boys had written home for their birth certificates, "Washington was telling us to enlist in the reserves and win the war by getting high marks."

The period which followed was difficult and jittery. It was characterized by directives and counter-directives from Washington and a lot of oratory on the liberal arts. It was a tough period to take, tough for the student, tough for the faculty, and tough even, I suspect, for the "Washington bureaucrat."

For better or worse, the epoch came to an end when the Navy

created its new V-12 program and the Army chose some two hundred colleges for the specialized training of over a hundred thousand men. It's too early to appraise the long-term effect of the military revolution on American education. It's not too soon to tell what it feels like or to look over the main points of acute impact on our traditional college system.

The rough exterior of the revolution in New Haven, at least, is noisy, colorful, and exhilarating. Men in green, tan, and navy blue uniforms march and counter-march at all hours across Yale's campuses, singing everything from the *Air Corps Song* to *Alouette* at the top of their lungs. Yale's student population has jumped from around 5000 to 8000. Of these, between 6000 and 7000 are in uniform. It has been estimated that it costs an officer eighty-nine salutes to pass

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the Sterling Library at noon-day. Every gate leading to the "Old Campus" — heart of historic Yale — is now guarded by a sentry. "Not even if you're President Seymour" will he let you by without a pass.

The Sterling Memorial Library has a bomb spotters' catwalk on the roof. Connecticut Hall — *aedificatus 1752* and with the statue of Nathan Hale in front of it — is now a dispensary for the Air Corps. And into that symbol of muscular man, the Payne Whitney Gymnasium, go 1000 trainees every hour on the hour every day. Inside, Bob Kiputh is building muscles for victory over Hitler, not Harvard. Men have been sent here to study under the elms and the ivy from 100-odd colleges and from every state in the Union. The most famous reply to the question, "And how do you like it here at Yale?", was made last summer by a sentry to a benevolent Yale professor: "I come from Harvard," said he, "and I didn't join the Army, — — — it, to guard the 'Old Yale Campus'!"

The life of trainees is meticulously regulated by whistles and bugles. A loud speaker, strung between the two wings of Berkeley College, summons men to assembly and retreat on the cross-campus. Leisurely eating habits are out for

the duration. Not only soldiers and sailors, but Masters and Fellows of colleges, stand in line and get their chow on compartmental steel trays. Trainees sleep in double deckers — six in a suite instead of two — and are allotted half a desk apiece to study on. Reveille at 6:40, lights out at 10:30; in between, a day densely packed with lectures, study, laboratory, exercise, drill, and sport.

Is this an educational revolution or temporary military encirclement? Will certain changes endure, or will they all melt under the blazing sun of normalcy on "D" day?

Of course, it's too soon for serious judgment of long-term effects, but I'm willing to take a star gazer's chance and predict that the Army and Navy program has already made several permanent contributions to the American system of education. Some are contributions — certain liberal educators to the contrary — to a *liberal* education. For example, one of them is the new emphasis on geography as an adult and important curriculum offering, geography, either plain or richly mixed with economics and strategy. The average college searched its faculty in vain for a literate, not to mention learned, geographer when the Army directives fell on

them from Washington. Since then, our higher institutions of learning have become better staffed. Properly taught both now and in the future, geography cannot only help us to navigate our planes, but do a lot to leaven and liberalize our national egotism, and prevent a post-war recurrence of isolationism.

A thousand Yale College graduates, six months after Pearl Harbor, wrote their Alma Mater saying the greatest mistake they had made as students was not to take enough math. The new emphasis on mathematics will stick. Like the need for geographical literacy, it reflects more than a V-12 or A-12 military requirement. Mathematics is an all-service tool, but it is also the only *language* in which certain truths about the structure of the physical universe can be written. At least 75 per cent of our liberal arts college graduates are illiterate in that language.

II

Unfortunately, a lot of the effectiveness of the AST (Army Specialized Training) and the V-12 program both as basic education and as basic military training has been lost because so many of the trainees have been sent to college ill prepared.

A batch of ASTP students, for example, arrived at Yale last summer and were expected quickly to review all math up to calculus. "But how," one boy asked me, "can you review algebra when you've never had it?" A college president was asked what he thought of the first quota of trainees sent him under the new military programs last spring. He answered: "They're splendid — fine physical specimens, of good moral character, and high native intelligence. The only criticism my faculty have to make," he added, "is that they cannot read and write, add, subtract, multiply, or divide." This is an exaggeration of an important truth.

But turning from the general to the particular: Just what are the ASTP and V-12 boys taught at Yale during their brief bivouac on a college campus? Well, the course Yale gives V-12 freshmen is pretty close to our regular freshman year: mathematics, English, history, science, plus Naval Organization — how to tell a cop from an admiral, etc. But after freshman year, the V-12 program is an all-purpose cornucopia. It includes not only training for deck and Marine line officers, but courses suitable for producing — in the shortest possible time — Naval engineers, doctors, and chaplains.

And the ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program)? That program, administered in three twelve-week terms is a concentrated *table d'hôte* of mathematics, physics, and chemistry. English (mainly how to speak and write plain English), history (some acquaintance with the institutions we're fighting for), geography, and engineering drawing in the third term. The program calls for twenty-four classroom hours a week and puts twice as much of the students' time into math and science as into the liberal subjects, which is perfectly in line with the Army's purpose of preparing mainly for pre-medical and engineering studies. The War Department has never made any bones about the fact that they are not using the colleges to give a liberal education or to develop officers as such, but to train specialists.

The quantity, as well as the quality, of education allowed in either program varies a lot. For instance, if you're an advanced engineering student in the Navy, you may stay at Yale for eight terms — three academic years. If you're training to be a deck officer (and enter as a V-12 freshman) you'll get four terms; as a naval aviator, only two before you leave for pre-flight training. Foreign Area

ASTP students get no more than thirty-six weeks.

The question is often asked: Have all liberal arts courses, except the most elementary, been liquidated? They have not. A moratorium has been declared upon a good many, but others flourish and find takers. NROTC candidates, for example, who were taking liberal arts majors before the V-12 program was created, are now permitted to finish their majors in history, English, anthropology, or what have you. Chauncey Tinker is still giving his famous course in "The Age of Johnson" this year to men who are about to graduate as ensigns in the United States Naval Reserve.

From a purely educational standpoint, "acceleration" is probably the worst feature of both programs — but the Army's suffers most. A whole sheaf of legends has collected around it. There is the story of the Army trainee who looked out the window in a mathematics refresher course, and when he looked back, found he'd missed trigonometry. There's the V-12 student who took a walk to East Rock. When he returned an hour and a half later, he was told by his Dean he'd missed sophomore year.

Almost as one man, the faculty feel that over-speeding is not only

squeezing them dry, but squeezing most of the cultural juice even out of the liberal side of the curriculum. They grant, of course, the war's necessity, but joyously predict the colleges will snap back to four years the moment the pressure is lifted. Some also are prophesying that liberal arts courses, far from having been killed by the war, will when peace comes attract more students than ever. The rationing they have suffered from will make them as popular among the American people as beefsteak and frigidares.

III

What has happened to college life? That question is an interesting one at Yale, where the undergraduate's devotion to his extra-curricular "career" has long provoked envy or sophisticated scorn. Where are the perennial Yale "heelers" of the *News*, the *Lit*, Dramat, Glee Club, and all the rest? They're in foxholes or submarines or in the ASTP or V-12. BMOC's (Big Men on Campus) are nostalgic memories. Symbolic is the fact that the "Britton Haddon Building," home of the "Oldest College Daily," is now V-12 headquarters. And the fraternities? They lead a sort of shadowy, skeletal existence, taking a few

trainees out of the V-12 program. Symbolic is the sign "ASTP Headquarters" on the DKE house.

The U. S. Navy permits a V-12 trainee to engage in "undergraduate activities," join a club, play on a varsity team, providing he's in good standing both with his Navy Commander and his civilian Dean. The Army won't let its trainees play on varsity teams or join a student fraternity. It does let them participate, however, in intramural athletics. Practically, either for a pfc. (private first class), or an apprentice seaman or Marine Corps trainee, there's little time or opportunity to absorb the flavor of pre-war Yale. With one interesting exception.

Total war has strengthened rather than weakened what is known to Yale men as "the college system." Ten years ago, ten separate "colleges" were established at Yale in order to preserve "some of the advantages of the small college" in the midst of a large and impersonal university. In peace times, they consisted of around 250 to 300 students — drawn from the sophomore, junior and senior classes — together with "masters and fellows." Each college has its own dining hall, common room, library, its own football, soccer, and baseball teams.

Today, whatever of the flavor

of pre-Pearl Harbor Yale seeps between the close fitting joints of the accelerated military programs derives from the college system. The Master is the official friend, counselor, and Dutch Uncle of the trainees. Together with the Fellows, he eats with, talks with, and even helps to tutor the Army and Navy men in his college. And when the military pressure permits, he sandwiches in a party.

As for athletics, intramural sports have never been so popular at Yale as since the Army and Navy took them over. Calhoun is an Army college. Its football team last fall so Calhouners say, could have wiped up the Bowl with the Varsity. Calhoun's first-string eleven boasted former football players from Michigan, Ohio State, Washington, etc. They included one Rose Bowl player and the star freshman, Victor Tataranowicz of Notre Dame.

The formal military side of the revolution on the campus hits you in the eye. It's easy enough to see and to sense it. On the other hand, there is another internal social and moral transformation going on which is harder to grasp or interpret.

The Army and Navy program is picking up a coal miner from Pennsylvania, a cowhand from Texas,

a soda jerker from Newark, a banker's son from Detroit, shoving them all into the same classroom, paying each \$50 a month while they "go to college." Boys from the East are going to Western universities, boys from the West to Eastern ones. At Yale there is an old tradition of drawing students from all parts of the country and many walks of life, but the war has infinitely expanded and accelerated that tradition. It's also given the all-American urge of some universities a new dimension. For example, men who would never have gone to college at all, save for the war, are now at every leading American university. And men from nearly every college have been transferred to every other. At Yale, for example, are undergraduates formerly of Dartmouth, Pomona, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Carnegie Tech, Oregon, Michigan, Duke, Harvard, Notre Dame, and scores of others.

The war is tending to make many of our colleges more all-American in a social, not gridiron, sense, but it is also to some extent giving a global flavor to an American education. The trainees at Yale, for example, include Chinese, Polish, Dutch, and Free French students. No one can live through these days on a college campus

without himself becoming a part of a unique educational experience. A Fellow of one of the colleges stood beside me on the cross-campus the other day. We were watching a company of ASTP students who had just been ordered away and were marching to the railroad station with their duffle bags. "I hope they come back after the war," he remarked, "to finish up their education *and ours*."



TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PASS

BY LESTER EWING

IN this hour I have felt
The cruel fact of time,
As absolute, as palpable,
As chilling to the flesh
As steel.
A thing so real
The eye must turn away
When it has looked upon
The edged structure of a moment,
The throat be torn with half a scream
When the clutching hand,
Grasping at a phantom instant,
Touches a real thing,
Closes hard upon a substance,
And feels the awful shape of Time.

This too is an agony;
Each kiss so fierce
The heart recoils against it,
And each caress
Possessed of all the savage strength
Of a last embrace.
There is such a little time for tenderness
That tenderness itself
Must be as hard and pointed as desire
In such time as is left us.



The doctor talks to Mrs. Roberts about Rheumatic Fever

THE DOCTOR says Jimmy has rheumatic fever. The boy's anxious mother wants to know all about this illness... the most serious disease of childhood years.

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Mrs. R.: Is rheumatic fever catching, doctor?

Doctor: No, it isn't catching like measles or chicken-pox, but it seems to run in families. We don't know the exact cause,

but children between the ages of 5 and 15 are its chief victims.

The great danger lies in the damage it can do to the heart. Fortunately nowadays the majority of children who receive good medical care are leading normal, useful lives.

Mrs. R.: But I didn't notice any unusual symptoms!

Doctor: That's just the danger! Early rheumatic fever symptoms are sometimes very slight—a sore throat, a slight fever, nosebleed, poor appetite . . . perhaps rapid heart action and fleeting pains in muscles and joints. Any of these may or may not mean the beginning of rheumatic fever.

Mrs. R.: How long will Jimmy have to stay in bed?

Doctor: As long as the disease is active. He may be up in a few weeks, but I have known cases to last for a year or more. The only way to lessen the possibility of damage to Jimmy's heart is *complete rest in bed* until all symptoms and signs disappear.

Mrs. R.: How active can he be when he is able to get up?

Doctor: Children can usually resume normal activity gradually. I don't know why Jimmy should be an exception. Of course, I will want to examine him at regular intervals, even though he appears well.

Mrs. R.: Is he likely to have another attack?

Doctor: It's very possible. In fact, this attack shows Jimmy is susceptible to the disease. You can help prevent recurrence by keeping his general health at a high

level. He will need to eat well, dress warmly, and get lots of sleep. And since sore throats, colds, and other respiratory infections frequently precede an attack, you must take *extra* precautions against them. *Protect him from others who have colds!* If he gets a cold, put him to bed immediately . . . and let me know.

Doctors hope that it will not be long before there are surer ways to prevent recurrences. Medical experiments are now being made with small, regular doses of certain drugs for this purpose. These drugs seem to show great promise, but should be used only under the direction of a physician.

For additional information about rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 24-L, entitled, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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► *Background of a fateful
Balkan civil struggle.*

THE RIDDLE OF YUGOSLAVIA

BY LEON DENNEN

A CIVIL war is now under way in the tortured, bleeding, poverty-ridden Kingdom of Southern Slavs — Yugoslavia — between the Chetnik guerilla forces of General Draja Mihailovich and the Partisans of Marshal Josef Broz, the communist leader popularly known as Tito. Tragic in itself, the struggle is alarming as a portent of what can be expected in Poland, Greece and other Balkan and East European countries. An understanding of Yugoslavia is vital for Americans because its struggle is a symptom of deeper cleavages throughout Europe.

What is the truth about Mihailovich — the man not so long ago glorified in the American press and in Hollywood as a very symbol of resistance to the Nazis? Is he, as Tito's spokesmen here claim, merely a reactionary monarchist and even a friend of the Nazis, or is he, as millions of Yugoslavs

believe, one of those legendary Balkan hero-liberators?

And what is the truth about Tito, the former Croatian metal worker? That he is the general secretary of the Yugoslav Communist Party, at one time a volunteer in the ranks of the Russian Red Army, is not disputed. But is he merely one of Stalin's agents in plans to make the Balkans a Russian "sphere of influence," or is he, as communists and some liberals assert, a symbol of new social revolutionary forces released by the war and stirring everywhere?

These questions are easier asked than answered. Unclear to start with, the issues are further obscured by the fact that Tito's cause has been promoted in the United States by groups of well-placed communists and by pro-Soviet propagandists like Louis Adamic who have succeeded in "selling" Tito to portions of our Office of War

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