

that they ignore or discredit him have unlimited support.

I am sorry to say that men can be bought, like sacks of potatoes, even in the scholarly world. And the man who cannot be bought has to eat just like the others. If nobody in the scholarly world is willing to pay such men for honest work, they have to find their work and pay elsewhere.

One foundation with the resources of Carnegie or Rockefeller or Ford that understood the problem would have a chance to restore health to the intellectual world.

It is not beyond the range of possibility that careful and sustained criticism and public pressure could bring the trustees of Carnegie or Rockefeller or Ford to see that there are some things in American tradition worth preserving in American life. It would

be unfortunate if all the foundations tumbled in this direction all at once. Scholars are human beings too, and can be demoralized by the power of money. So far, the great foundations have done more harm than good to the social sciences. They dangled the carrot that led the donkey into the bog. Whether they can now do anything to correct the damage they have done is, I believe, extremely doubtful; but this seems to me the best chance.

I do not know of any cure for men who have the answers, who are wiser than Socrates, who know how to fill the great office of the teacher and take no chances with the hemlock. But I will take my chances on the view that the rope and the public are a part of the original scheme of things and cannot be escaped.

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### *Three Students, Bearing Gifts*

Be mery and not sad;/ of myrth is oure  
sang.

. . . Prophetys haue spokyn:

To so poore as we ar/ that he wold appere,  
Fyrst fynd, and declare/ by his messyngere.

*The Second Shepherds' Play,*  
Towneley cycle

In parka, GI jacket, split-tail tweed,  
the shepherds come to usher in Noel.  
The Towneley rustics donned no gayer garb  
to wrap their cherries, bird, and tennis ball.

I spread potato chips and cokes as foils  
to college fare, detach the holly seal  
while half afraid that I should muff my cue  
and tremble like a lover or a fool.

A super-grain Kaywoodie, and pre-smoked,  
a Ronson—never fails, and balks the wind,  
a shirt, monsignor red, for partying:  
their trinity of splendor burns my hand.

December lowers, and I light a lamp  
much in the way I would switch on a star,  
but no one-hundred-fifty watts will tell  
that it is I who am the wanderer.

Though sky and cloud are voicing bitterness  
against the outside (or the inside) wall,  
we chat of bowling scores, of ski jumps  
cleared,  
the softball future, Shakespeare's staring  
owl.

And thanks for all your presents, merry  
men;  
pull up your monk's hood, Jim—that sleet  
is wild.  
I'll bask in flame of lighter, pipe, and shirt  
(but not until I find, and gift, the Child).

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

*The Swiss do not talk about "education for a democratic society." They discipline the mind; and the disciplined mind takes care of the democracy.*

## *Some Lessons from Swiss Education*

HAROLD L. CLAPP

Almost every newspaper that rolls off the press these days offers new revelations concerning the spectacular educational advances of Soviet Russia. And properly (albeit belatedly) alarmed, we are opening our eyes to the lag in our own public school program.

To be sure, we did not *have* to wait for a chance to peek over the Iron Curtain. Our complacency about American education might have received the same therapeutic shock years earlier if we had ever been at all curious as to how our schools compare with those of any other Western nation. A good many American parents get assigned to jobs abroad these days, and have to put their children in foreign schools. Did you ever talk with one of these parents? All of them that I have met are indignantly persuaded that most American schools come off a poor second.

For instance, take Swiss education. Two of my children had to take it, in spite of a language barrier, when I had a year's hitch in Geneva a few years ago. They attended a grass-roots, small-town public school. What I learned that year as a Genevese parent *pro tem* increased my respect for the Swiss as educators and defenders of democracy. I'm afraid it only increased my blood pressure as an American parent and taxpayer.

From kindergarten on, going to school in Switzerland is serious business. Swiss school authorities believe in discipline—and that doesn't mean just good manners. In my dictionary, discipline is "training that develops self-control, character, or orderliness and efficiency." Naturally that *includes* good manners. In fact, Article No. 106 of the Regulations of the Canton of Geneva leave little room for monkey business, for it states flatly that pupils must:

"Observe order and quiet in class and in the school;

"be obedient, attentive, industrious, and diligent;

"conform to the rules of politeness and *savoir-vivre*;

"maintain with their teachers relations characterized by respect, confidence, and frankness."

Elementary school grades are sent home each week—and "conduct" grades carry full weight when the teacher figures up general averages. I knew of one sharp little Swiss joker whose behavior pulled his average down below what it took to win an academic prize that year. He cried real tears when he found out what had happened, and (let us hope!) learned a lesson.

But other kinds of discipline get just as