

the higher learning, one offered it with a sort of regal disdain, content in the surmise that only a few would win out and earn their chevrons in the intellectual army. But now we have learned a great deal both about the learning process and about young people. The college has become a church in which the surviving portions of the soul are to be saved. Modern educational psychology, one infers, is a great deal like what Loyola whispered into the ears of missionaries going forth to redeem the world. One seeks to corral the academic sinner and persuade him of the righteousness of culture. Unfortunately, the average teacher is still way back in the days of take it or leave it. The pressing business of college administrations as well as of graduate schools is consequently to bring him up to date.

Mr. Tead summarizes very effectively several varieties of adrenalin which might be injected. A group of observers, Whitehead and Kilpatrick among them, have recommended what may be described, perhaps, as the psychology of dissatisfied cooperation. This teaches that one doesn't really care to learn what another teaches unless it can be proved important to oneself, and that, therefore, student and professor must spar around until they can really trade punches. Mr. Tead's analogies are somewhat more decorous, but this I believe is what he means. Again, the campus, if no longer convertible to the plain living and high thinking of Wordsworth, should at least be receptive to echoes of Emerson.

This little book, built around a Yale lecture, ought to be circulated among students even more assiduously than among teachers. I fancy that it could provide many a confused young person with a yardstick for measuring his instructors, and that if he then went about applying it some of the siesta-like atmosphere would desert the Faculty Club. But, frankly stated, my own opinion is that the kind of bustling, noble, adventurous, and steadily progressing intellectual life which Mr. Tead envisages would scare most of our students to death. What they desire is the greatest possible amount of veneer for the least possible effort. They and many of their teachers have accordingly struck what to them is a satisfactory bargain. To swallow an ounce of literature and a teaspoon of political science will strain few mnemonic muscles. But wrestling with a problem and staying up nights with it are forms of torture which many Americans associate with the Middle Ages.

My feeling is that there ought to be a winnowing of students and a sifting of teachers. It seems to me

that Mr. Tead has offered a good many excellent recipes for so doing. His thinking is fresh and carries an edge. He knows that if human beings are really going to live in a world brimful of things with a feeling that the place isn't hopelessly cluttered up, they must design some sensible kind of landscape architecture for their minds. If I were to quarrel with him at all it would be over a relatively major point.

It seems to me that education is eagerness to extend horizons, and that, therefore, scholarly inquiry is its most effective symbol. Undoubtedly many

scholars do not stop to think that what they do is less important for what it adds to the sum-total of human knowledge than for what it provides in terms of example for the young. Our task, therefore, is not to take the emphasis from inquiry but to add to the sense of responsibility. How we shall do that is the great American educational question. Personally I think the answer will be attained less through a reform of the graduate school than through what might be termed a revolt of students—which, I think, in the making. I shall give a lusty cheer for it when it comes.

Life of the College Beautiful



—From the book.

Henry Fowle Durant—"time, energy, and fortune" on an experiment.

WELLESLEY: Part of the American Story. By Alice Payne Hackett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 304 pp. \$5.

By ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

VASSAR was an infant, Smith in embryo when Wellesley came into being. Anti-feminism in the Seventies made even secondary-school instruction for girls hard to come by. Yet Henry Fowle Durant, Wellesley's founder, believed so heartily that "women can do the work" he was willing to stake time, energy, and a large share of his fortune on an experiment in higher education for women. The author of this lively and loving tribute to her alma mater says that Wellesley has justified his belief. For, in spite of war, depression, change, and ordeal by fire, it has hewn to the line of his basic tenets of "truth in knowledge and service to others."

As Miss Hackett relates it, Wellesley's is a typical American success story, and she manages to inject considerable suspense and excitement into her narrative of pioneering, progress, crisis, and achievement of eminence as one of America's great liberal arts institutions. Woven into the texture of her report are bright strands

contrasting the looks, costumes, customs, attitudes, and behavior of the typical Wellesley girl through seventy college generations. Criticism of student frivolity and lack of academic seriousness began around the turn of the century, recurred during prosperity, and died down in depression and war. But standards have been raised repeatedly and today's girl must pass stiffer entrance and exit requirements. Of the numerous obligatory subjects on the original curriculum of 1875 only two courses are still compulsory, English and Biblical history, the latter, as explained by the retiring President Mildred McAfee Horton, not "in uncritical conformity to a nineteenth-century founder's theory of education for a Christian college for women" but because it maintains "Judeo-Christian tradition as a dominant fact in the cultural heritage of American students." Countless other modifications and changes are noted. The original college consisted of one building in a setting of fields, woods, and water, on the edge of a country village; today the meadows are filled with edifices, the woods have receded, and downtown Wellesley has become a clamorous small city. The student body has grown from 314 to approximately 1,500; tuition from \$250 to \$1,600. Chapel attendance is no longer required, smoking is permitted, and the rules on chaperonage have been increasingly relaxed through the years. Changeless in this changing world is the traditional Wellesley of Tree Day, Float Night, Step Singing, Hoop Rolling, and the musical cheer "Tra-la-la-la-la, Wellesley."

An occasional man flits through these chapters, but Wellesley's story is overwhelmingly feminine. For several decades no man graced the faculty, and the founder's desire that the president should be a woman has been honored through the years. Four

of these stand out from the pages: the youthful and magnetic Alice Freeman (1882-87), who dissipated the artificiality of the religious tone which Mr. Durant had given the college and whose radiant legend persists graphically in the noble memorial to her in the Wellesley chapel; Caroline Hazard (1899-1910), the first president called upon to foster public relations with a view to necessary endowment, and therefore chosen for her urbanity and background as much as for her intellect; Ellen Fitz Pendleton (1911-36), longest-term administrator in the college history, thought by many to be Wellesley's greatest president, and the enormously capable and popular Mrs. Horton (1936-49), who also served as WAVES director during the war.

Names—of teachers, trustees, deans, students, parents, visiting lecturers, alumnae, employees, donors, and plain well-wishers—jampack the story, along with dates, facts, figures, and anecdotes. Notable additions to the faculty included Katharine Lee Bates, author of "America the Beautiful"; that stormy petrel Vida Dutton Scudder, who became noted for her course "Social Ideals in English Letters" and notorious for her Socialist leanings; Mary Whiting Calkins, philosopher extraordinary; Henry Raymond Mussey, economics instructor, champion of civil liberties, and campus leavener; half-blind and wholly lovable Eleanor Acheson McCulloch Gamble, internationally known for her researches on the sense of smell; Olive Dutcher Doggett, warm and witty professor of Bible, and Margaret Pollock Sherwood, whose poetry and fiction stirred ripples far beyond Lake Waban's shores. Strange to relate, the only Wellesley student to become a world figure is not American but Chinese—Mayling Soong, '17, the present Madame Chiang Kai-shek. But the college takes pride in such other alumnae as Margaret Clapp, '30, who won the 1948 Pulitzer Biography Prize for "Forgotten First Citizen: John Bigelow" (and who since this book was written has been appointed Wellesley's eighth president at the age of thirty-eight); Ruth Nichols, leading American aviatrix, and SRL's Elizabeth S. Kingsley, '98, to name but three.

Miss Hackett's life of the "College Beautiful" makes fascinating reading, and in view of the nostalgic pleasure it afforded at least one old Wellesley girl, even to frequent lumps in the throat and tears in the eye, it may seem ungrateful to file these demurrers. The book is written in the monotone of an everything-is-for-the-best-in-this-best-of-all-possible-(college)-worlds style. It is hard to see or confess faults in a beloved mother, but
(Continued on page 38)

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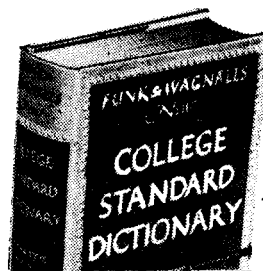
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Almost anyone could identify these words as Jackie Robinson's. Almost anyone, too, North or South, East or West, would have to admit their bitter, bruising truth. Mr. Robinson's statement before the House Un-American Activities Committee was a masterpiece of its kind. Even in his career as one of the most artful of the Dodgers, he has never made a cleaner hit. His were words in the fight against discrimination and for democracy which deserve to find their way into the anthologies. For his people and the country he performed a service equal to Paul Robeson's disservice to both. Mr. Robinson was not fooled. He knew he had had “a chance open to very few Negro Americans.” Yet he spoke as an American and not as a Communist dupe.

The problem he discussed is the problem which provides “Lost Boundaries”* with its theme and point. The terrible, the appalling, the recognizable touch of truth is upon this Louis de Rochemont film. It is there in the effective episodes no less than in the weak ones. It makes itself felt as an anguish beyond a scenarist's contrivance, with the reality characterizing a documentary. No doubt its presence is explained because the story it tells is based upon the account W. L. White wrote two years ago for *The Reader's Digest* of a real Negro doctor and his family who were accepted as white in a small New England town.

*LOST BOUNDARIES. Screen play by Virginia Shaler and Eugene Ling. Based on W. L. White's true story of the same name published in *The Reader's Digest* and issued in book form by Harcourt, Brace & Co. A Louis de Rochemont production released by Film Classics, Inc. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. Photography by William J. Miller. Screen adaptation by Charles A. Palmer. Musical score by Louis Applebaum. Additional songs by Albert Johnston, Jr. With a cast including Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer, Richard Hylton, Susan Douglas, Canada Lee, Rev. Robert A. Dunn, Grace Coppin, Seth Arnold, Leigh Whipper, Morton Stevens, Royal Beal, Emory Richardson, etc. At the Astor Theatre.

To look white but not to be wholly white must, if anything, be more terrible for an American than to be manifestly black. The black American lives confronted by facts, outrageous and humiliating. The white American whose looks belie that he has any Negro blood lives not only with the full knowledge of these facts but, if he has “passed,” with the constant fear of being found out. He goes through life weighted down by that heaviest and most intolerable of burdens—a secret. In addition to being exposed to all the agonies of prejudice, he is denied the pride and comfort of being one of his own kind. The world he inhabits is a half-world built on insecurity and filled with fears. Like any Ibsen character, he is condemned to living a lie, though the lie he lives represents society's sin, not his.

The doctor in “Lost Boundaries” has kept his secret from his son and daughter. He is a good man, rightly proud of his Negro ancestry. His original choice was not to pass himself off as white. But economic need and the obstacles lying in the path of a colored man seeking to get on a hospital staff have forced him to do so. Once settled in Keenham, once having proved his

worth and having won the confidence of his fellow-townsmen, he has become one of the best liked and most valuable of citizens. His family is as popular as he is.

Yet behind all this outward ease, behind this knowledge of usefulness, and the pleasures of friendship, there is always the secret with which he must dwell. It is the most uncomfortable of companions. It is forever ready to inflict such wounds as those which come when the doctor's son has a young Negro friend as a house guest, and his sister's angry comment is, “Of all the boys in college my brother's got to bring home a coon!”

THE doctor's secret might have been kept, had not the most ironic of circumstances brought it to light. In the film as in life the doctor is penalized for his patriotism. When the war comes he volunteers and is about to get his commission as a lieutenant commander in the Navy. An investigator, doing his routine duty, digs into his past. The American who was respected and wanted when thought white is spurned and rejected after he is found to be a Negro. The Navy's language in refusing him his commission is a model of double-talk and insult. The letter from BuPers speaks of his “inability to meet physical requirements.”

Once his secret is out, the good, unprejudiced people of Keenham, who were the doctor's friends, turn on him. His children, in their different ways, are compelled to adjust themselves to the new life which has so painfully become theirs. But at the



“... [a] new life which has so painfully become theirs.”