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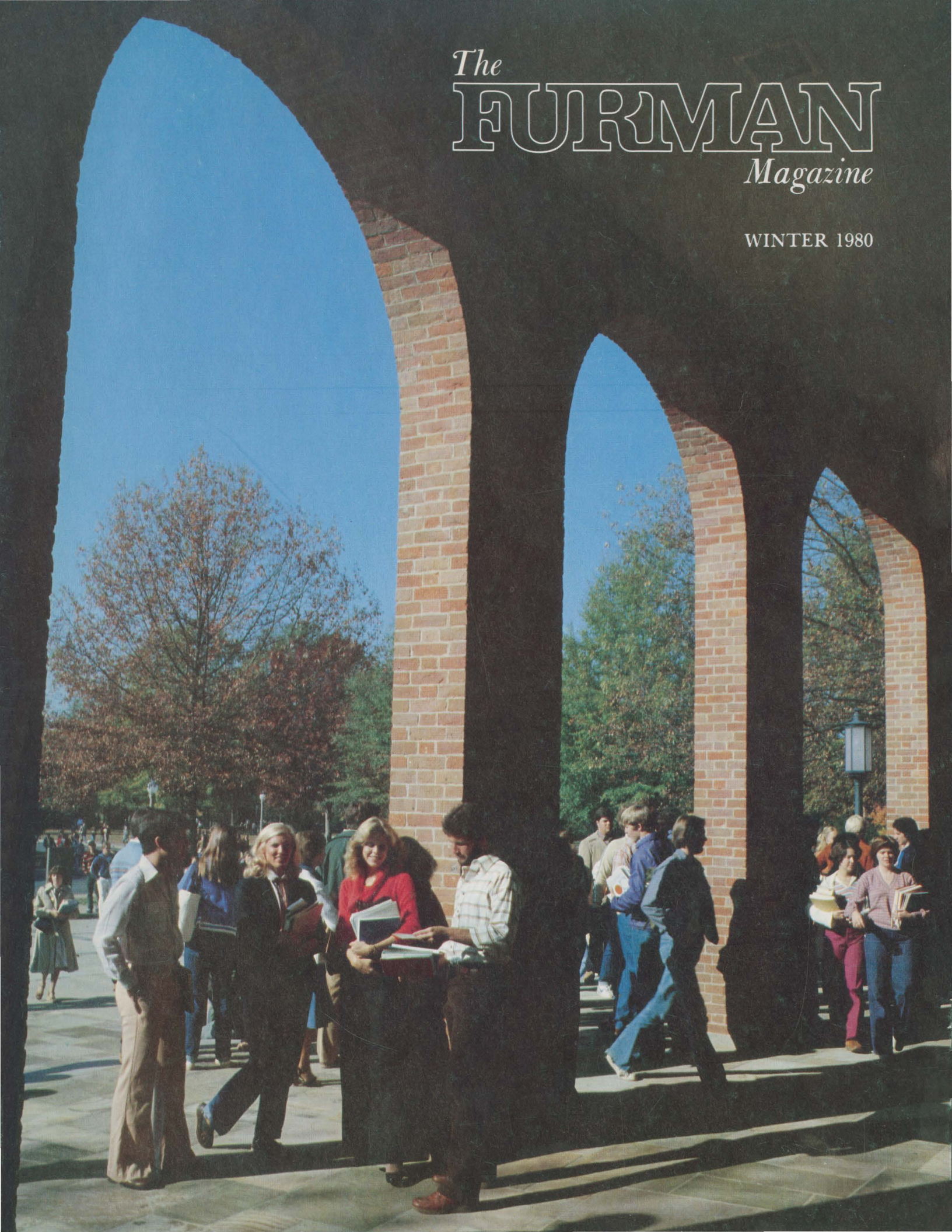
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The
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Magazine

WINTER 1980



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COVER

A record 2,363 undergraduate students enrolled at Furman last fall. Because of the rising costs of higher education and increased benefits from state and federal financial aid programs, 61 percent of these students receive some kind of financial aid. See article on page 24. Photograph by David Burke, Furman junior.

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Professor interns

by Jim Stewart

What do college professors know about the "real world"? If they could hold another kind of job for a while, wouldn't they be better equipped to help students prepare for nonacademic careers?

This idea occurred to Dr. Judith Gatlin, director of career programs at Furman, in the fall of 1978, and the more she thought about it, the more sense it made. But what could college professors do besides teach? And who would hire them on a short-term basis? If she could get a grant to pay part of the expenses, she reasoned, maybe some companies would be willing to let faculty members serve as interns in positions related to their academic disciplines.

Dr. Gatlin began at once to try to find financial support for a faculty internship program the next summer. She obtained a small grant from the Association of American Colleges almost immediately, but she needed a larger grant to complete the funding. In October she presented her idea to officers of the National Endowment for the Humanities in Washington. The program, she told them, would have several purposes:

- * to help faculty members in their capacity as career advisors to students by providing more direct knowledge of what actually happens in the working world,

- * to improve the faculty's understanding of how the skills acquired through a liberal arts education carry over into the job market,

- * to provide the faculty with personal revitalization through exposure to a new environment,

- * and to stimulate some rethinking of departmental courses, and perhaps the addition of more career-related materials to the classroom presentation.

Furthermore, she said, humanities professors are those least likely to be exposed to the working world and represent disciplines often viewed as irrelevant by business. Yet humanistic skills such as communication, logic, analysis, perspective and clarity of thinking are essential tools of business. This project should help professors and business to recognize their common interests.

"Very interesting. Innovative. Unique," endowment officials said. But Dr. Gatlin left Washington without any definite commitment.

Back at Furman, she began contacting organizations, talking with professors and setting up internships, in hopes the funding would come through. As the months passed, however, the possibility seemed increasingly remote.

It was not until April, while she was attending a meeting in Las Vegas, Nev., that she heard from the endowment. Returning to her hotel room one afternoon, she saw the message light on the telephone blinking. She called the desk and was told that she had a telegram from South Carolina Representative Carroll Campbell stating that the NEH had agreed to fund the project. "I was, in a word, ecstatic," she said.

The \$26,500 grant from the NEH made it possible for six Furman professors to become "humanists in the working world" last summer. They served as interns in a variety of organizations, ranging from a textile firm to a television station. Although each was in a different field, they made the same sort of discoveries about themselves and their new jobs.

Because this was a pilot program, Furman will distribute the final report on the project to interested colleges throughout the country. In February the university will hold a conference for deans of 35 liberal arts colleges to discuss programs linking the humanities with the nonacademic world.

Right: A.V. Huff was one of six professors who came down from their "ivory towers" last summer to work in the "real world." Actually, the steps the professor is descending belong to the famous Fireproof Building in Charleston, where Huff did research for the South Carolina Historical Society.



Professor interns

Sight and sound of selling

Dr. Carey Crantford, chairman of the modern foreign languages department, worked as a writer-producer with the Creative Services division of WFBC-TV in Greenville.

The greatest testimony to Crantford's achievements came from his supervisor at the station.

"It's been wonderful to have Carey with us," said Fritzi Mumford, director of Creative Services at WFBC. "He had become a productive person within a week after his arrival. We've got a job opening in the department now and we're trying to convince him to take it."

Crantford seemed interested. "Is the position tenured?" he asked.

That parley perhaps gives the best insight into what seemed the most pleasant aspect of Crantford's internship — his relationship with his co-workers. Crantford admitted worrying that people might be intimidated by his academic background, but found it to be more an asset than a liability.

"I got an accelerated inroad into the workings of the field," he said. "They assumed I had certain competencies when I came in, and they really got a kick out of teaching me new things."

The interaction and camaraderie among the technical crew at the station also impressed Crantford.

"They're a great group of quipsters," he said. "There's a delightful repartee, an esprit de corps that makes it an engaging place to work. These people are professionals who do their jobs well and earn each other's professional respect."

Crantford's work included complete control over production of commercials — from originating the idea to writing, editing and overseeing the taping, both in the studio and on



Carey Crantford found making a commercial much like revising a term paper.

location. He stressed that the specific skills involved in the job — creative thinking, synthesis and analysis of an idea — are all abilities a liberal arts graduate would possess.

"Doing a commercial is very much like revising a term paper," he said. "You're constantly honing, constantly revising to get a finished product. The liberal arts schools could be feeding people into this line of work. The students would have the basic skills. Once they got a position, there would be plenty of on-the-job training to help them become a complete professional."

Crantford's pet project was a \$110,000 in-house piece designed to attract the advertising of a large area chain. Working closely with the art department at the station, Crantford wrote the script, assisted in the layout of the project, and took care of the props, going so far as to buy groceries for use in the spot. The completed tape was shown to company vendors last fall.

Not all his duties were as glamorous as on-location shooting or planning a major production. He performed some of the most mundane chores, including driving the company van around town while a cameraman filmed people "giving us four" (representing Channel 4) for a station promotion.

Even that had its moments.

"You should have seen the reaction of the people as we drove by!" Crantford said. "Kids, the elderly, blacks, whites, even a policeman got into the act. I was amazed!"

Crantford sees a valuable correlation between his work at WFBC and the teaching of foreign languages — in his case, Spanish.

"The use of visuals, of sound, is very important in teaching languages," he said. "I've had an opportunity to see an entire audio-visual setup in action, and I'll be able to use the available resources at Furman more effectively."

And should he tire of teaching, Crantford can rest secure in the knowledge that he can use his talents in another profession.

Behind the scenes

Dr. Archie V. Huff, chairman of the history department, served as an editor and researcher with the South Carolina Historical Society in Charleston.

The idea for Huff's internship actually was spawned in the summer of 1978 when, while doing research

“Just because you’re a highly qualified person doesn’t mean you’re going to get a job.”

for a book he plans to write about Charleston during the Civil War and Reconstruction, he uncovered the papers of Joseph Barnwell, a prominent member of Charleston society during that era. Huff talked to the director of the Society, Gene Waddell, and learned that Barnwell’s papers were originally to have been published in 1929. Waddell welcomed Huff’s offer to complete the memoir sometime in the future. “At that time, I had no idea this internship program would come up, but when it did I was most pleased to take advantage of the opportunity to work on the memoir,” Huff said.

Perhaps more than the others, then, Huff’s internship was directly related to his field of expertise. As he said, “If I hadn’t become a teacher, I probably would have been a researcher.”

Besides editing the 150 manuscript boxes of Barnwell’s papers, Huff also wrote a brief description of the papers for the Society, assisted other researchers, and observed the day-to-day activities of the organization.

“It was an easy transition for me,” he said. “I was utilizing skills I already had to complete a job that they needed accomplished. There were a lot of similarities in that I was handling the same type of material I handle in teaching, but I was able to work at a more relaxed pace. It was more of a behind-the-scenes job.”

Huff found dealing with a different age group — more middle-aged and senior citizens interested in their backgrounds — somewhat refreshing.

“In your day-to-day activities at the Society, the people you meet are already interested in the work you’re doing. You don’t have to try to awaken an interest in them. In teaching, though, you’re dealing with students who often could care less about what you’re saying. You have to convince them that Western Civilization is important other than as a graduation requirement.”

Huff feels his experience will be a



Working at the Society was “refreshing” for Huff. He did not have to convince anyone of the value and importance of history — a problem he sometimes faces in the classroom.

HENRY



Greenville's acquisition of the Andrew Wyeth collection created a need for all sorts of educational programs, and Olaf Sorenson wrote, directed and lectured his way through a healthy portion of them.

great benefit in advising students about career opportunities in the field. He said a large number of Furman students are interested in historical research, but emphasized that a student must be realistic about the number and kinds of jobs available.

"As in many professions, who you know sometimes means more than anything else," Huff said. "Just because you're a highly qualified person sitting on somebody's doorstep doesn't necessarily mean that you're going to get a job."

Huff feels interested students should start early, as volunteers if no other opportunities are available. Such work could lead to a paid position during the summer and possibly entrance into the field upon graduation.

Huff found the internship program particularly helpful in two ways: it gets the faculty member into a different frame of reference and into a world outside the structured environment of the classroom, and it gives people in the business and professional world a different perspective of the academic world. "Not all people have pleasant memories of their college days," Huff said. "Their views of a faculty member in class might be

much different from their opinion of him as a colleague. That makes it an excellent revitalization program from both standpoints."

Wyeth & co.

Dr. Olof Sorenson, chairman of the art department, worked at the Greenville County Museum of Art. His chief duty was to prepare video programs on the recently acquired collection of works by noted American artist Andrew Wyeth.

Sorenson's internship came at a most exciting time for the museum. He found himself caught in the middle of the all-out effort to promote the Holly and Arthur Magill collection of Wyeth's works.

Besides producing the video programs, Sorenson also was one of the lecturers for a course on Wyeth offered by the museum and taken by some 60 people, including museum staff members and local art students. He assisted in approving photographs of Wyeth prints for publication in various brochures and spent time at the *Greenville News-Piedmont* dis-

cussing the newspaper's role in the Wyeth opening. The latter venture proved quite profitable: on Sunday, September 9, three days before the public opening, the *News-Piedmont* ran a five-page spread on the Wyeth collection, including a critical piece by Sorenson.

Sorenson found that "the life of the star is not easy." Writing and taping the programs were grueling. Reshooting, timing and pacing were problems, and the taping of the gallery lectures took up part or all of five days. Sorenson worked closely with museum media technician David Rasberry (Furman '76) in determining how best to conduct the taping.

The tapes are part of the museum's comprehensive course on "Andrew Wyeth and the American Realist Tradition." Besides the three gallery-tour lectures, Sorenson also completed a two-part slide-lecture critique of Wyeth and engaged in a "gem" of a debate with Dr. Keller Freeman, professor of aesthetics at the Museum School of Art, on "Is Andrew Wyeth a Major American Painter?" Sorenson chose the con argument.

The video programs are being used for the instruction of interested museum patrons, including school-age children. For this reason, Sylvia

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*“What a difference it makes
if one raises the eyebrow
at just the right time.”*

Marchant, education director of the museum, arranged for local elementary and secondary school teachers to attend “brainstorming” sessions to help determine how the museum could best meet the educational needs of local students. The teachers read and criticized Sorensen’s program scripts; they found them too difficult for the school-aged child, and he was forced to rewrite. While Sorensen found the rewriting process tedious, he termed the two sessions with the teachers “very productive.”

Sorensen called the work a “great experience.” “The most valuable part of the experience was making the video tapes,” he said. “What a difference it makes if one looks good, if one raises the eyebrow at just the right time.” He also gained insight into job possibilities, operating procedures of the museum and “how hard others work.”

“Besides the videos, I guess the best part of the job was the ego boost I got from being appreciated. It was flattering, and essential to my productivity.”

Sorensen’s internship at the museum has developed into an ongoing relationship. He returned to the museum last fall to repeat the course lectures, and his close work with the Wyeth paintings will certainly mark him as a major authority on the collection.

Pioneer playwright

Dr. David Parsell of the modern foreign languages department worked with the South Carolina Educational Radio Network in Columbia.

Parsell was on sabbatical leave in Binghamton, N.Y., when he learned that the National Endowment for the Humanities had agreed to fund the internship program.

“The people I spoke with there felt that this was a wonderful idea, that the NEH should have a national program of this type and accept applications from throughout the country,” Parsell said, adding that he got a similar response from colleagues at a conference on comparative literature at New York University. “I think people would jump out of their shoes to participate should the idea ever go national.”

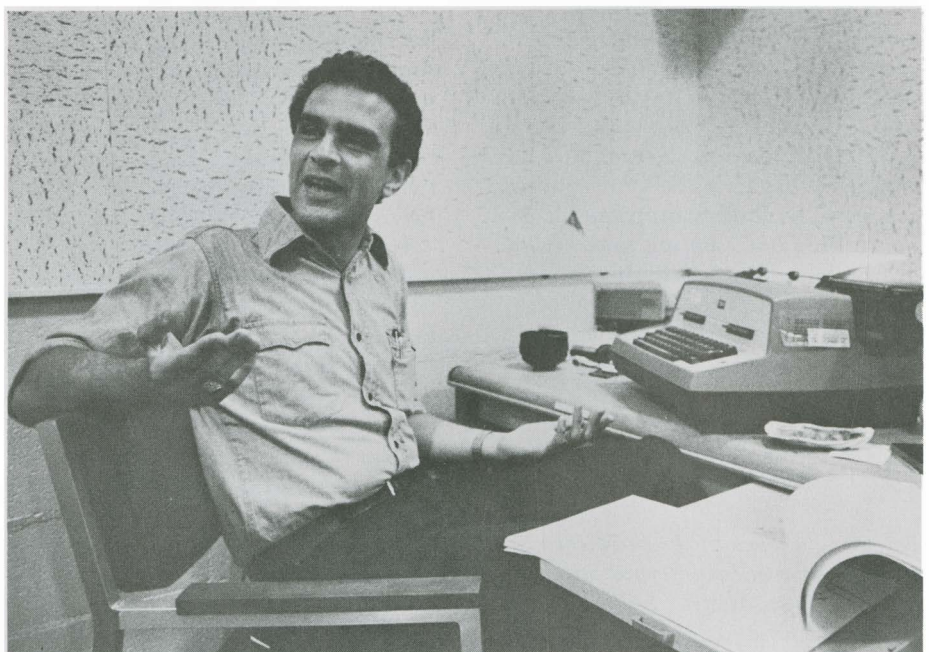
Parsell’s main duty with the South Carolina Educational Radio Network was to write radio plays. In doing so, he became a pioneer in generating radio drama in the state. Herb Reeves, deputy director of SCERN, had long wanted to begin work in the field, but had not previously been able to spare anyone on his staff. Parsell, who feels he has “a singular talent for writing radio plays,” was the perfect choice to fill that need.

Parsell completed two plays during the summer, with the expectation that they will be aired sometime in the future. He also conducted

interviews for the network, and the prospects of a continuing relationship through playwriting, reviews and/or interviews are good.

This was not Parsell’s first experience in radio, however. He had worked with the school network while an undergraduate at Hamilton College and while in graduate school at Vanderbilt University, he worked with public radio in Nashville, Tenn. His work in Nashville was done on a volunteer basis, and the programming was not always exemplary or stimulating. He recalled, for example, the night of the Johnson-Goldwater election, when he ran a 30-minute piece from the British Broadcasting Company “on the care and feeding of giraffes in captivity.”

Those experiences are an extension of Parsell’s long-held desire to be a radio announcer: “When I was seven years old, my big goal was to have a 6:00-to-10:00 show. I still harbor some of the same ambitions, so actually nothing could have been better than to get paid to horse around in a radio



For David Parsell, his work for public radio was unadulterated pleasure.

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station for six weeks.”

Parsell feels that radio is a fast-growing business and that the liberal arts graduate could find a future in the field.

“To program meaningful stuff on radio, you should have some sense of the relativity of time. Both TV and radio programming demand a broad general culture. You should be able to take a phenomenon and relate it to something else.” A liberal arts graduate would have developed the thought processes needed to understand and relate events. “At least in the liberal arts, we encourage kids to do their homework,” Parsell said.

He enjoyed his relationship with the staff at SCERN, particularly with those “in the next generation younger than me. It was nice to have kids 16 years younger than me calling me by my first name.” Not until the end of the internship, when a few calls filtered in for “Dr.” Parsell, “was anyone aware I had a title. And I was just as happy with that.”

He agreed that the program was good not only for faculty, but for other people as well in helping them gain a better understanding of the lifestyle of the academic community.

“It would be good for the work force in general to work with a couple of academics every so often to see that we do have the same concerns they have — child rearing, mortgages, hair falling out,” Parsell said. “A lot of people need to realize there’s not that much difference in the way we put bread on the table and the way everyone else does.”

Harsh realities

Dr. Donald Aiesi of the political science department interned with the office of Third District Solicitor Billy Wilkins, whose jurisdiction includes Greenville and Pickens counties. Dr. Aiesi, a specialist in criminal law,

was admitted to the South Carolina Bar in November, 1978.

“My very first day, they had me crawl in the window of a house where a woman was attacked. We were trying to find some blood or footprints for use as evidence. The door was supposed to be open . . . the window would only open so far, and I was the only one who could fit through it. There I was, dressed in a suit. I hadn’t expected anything like that.”

Such was Aiesi’s introduction to the inner workings of the criminal justice system. Throughout his six-week internship, he was actively involved in all aspects of the Solicitor’s Office — from drug raids to research, from writing papers on capital punishment to accompanying the vice squad on its rounds, from observing in Family Court to visiting the local detention center.

Aiesi’s primary duty was to conduct preliminary hearings, in which the prosecution seeks to show that there is enough evidence to tie the case over to a grand jury.

One of the funniest experiences in the courtroom involved an alleged shoplifter who had stolen articles of women’s clothing and hidden them in a men’s dressing room. Aiesi feared he might not have a case because, at the time of arrest, the accused did not have the evidence on him.

Fortunately, Aiesi was able to lead the arresting officer back through the events until they located the clothes in the men’s quarters. The telling question proved to be, “Do men usually try on women’s clothing in the men’s dressing rooms?” The answer was obvious. “When the judge commented that we had either a shoplifter trying to unload his goods or a transvestite, I knew I had shown probable cause.”

Overall, Aiesi felt he couldn’t have had a better experience. “I had a marvelous opportunity to put the courses I teach into perspective,” he said. “I

*“Most crimes committed
reflect an absence
of values...”*

teach criminal law and the criminal process, and I was having to practice what I preach. I now have examples to illustrate every chapter in my textbook; I have a beautiful idea of the coordination between theory and practice.”

He also gained firsthand knowledge of the harsh realities a prosecutor faces.

“I saw pictures of victims that would make you sick. Heads blown apart, a five-year-old shot by her mother . . . you get a different orientation because you know about the victim, you’ve seen the pictures, you’ve been to the scene of the crime. None of my textbooks have pictures of the victims.”

Then have his views on the criminal justice system changed?

“I’m still sorting that out,” Aiesi said. “I’ve always been pretty balanced in my teaching, but now I’ve seen the problems and consequences of crime. I have a feeling I may be more prosecution-oriented; whereas before I may have been looking more for a way to get the defendant off.”

One thing is certain: Aiesi’s exposure to the seamier side of the legal system underscored his belief in the importance of the value system he feels is inherent in a liberal arts environment.

“I’m more convinced now than ever that the values of life, family and society that are parts of a liberal arts community and the sensitivity to human needs that one gets in a liberal arts education need to be passed on,” he said. “That is one of the main points of the summer. Most crimes committed reflect an absence of values, a lack of respect for human dignity. The importance of what the liberal arts teach became very apparent to me.” □

Jim Stewart, class of 1976, is news director at Furman.



HENRY

One of the more pleasant aspects of Don Aiesi's internship was working with former student Joe Watson (r), now a Greenville County assistant solicitor.

A Springs summer

by Duncan McArthur

Furman English professor Duncan McArthur, one of six summer interns, found “a certain elegance” in this corporate world.

The freshman packing his suitcase in early September has, I suspect, that feeling I had in early June, just before reporting for work at Springs Mills. There were moments then when I was not altogether optimistic about my prospects in what people kept calling the “real world.”

Within the university we use the label “real world” and its opposite, “ivory tower,” facetiously; unfortunately, others take them seriously. The impact of the ivory-tower stereotype in a time when jobs are scarce would be difficult to measure, but certainly it is one of the forces now turning students away from a liberal education founded in the humanities toward an education in business, journalism, advertising or something else that promises “marketable skills” and a job.

The internship at Springs offered me the opportunity to get beyond the stereotypes — including, I must admit, my own stereotypes of the corporate world — to see what were the relationships between the needs of business and the values, attitudes and skills cultivated by an education in the humanities.

The experience was clearly of practical value. But equally important to me, it was also a continuation of my liberal education, an experience of learning about something that was new, interesting, broadening and, therefore, worthwhile.

Bob Thompson, Springs’ director of public relations, met me at the executive offices in Fort Mill, S.C. After showing me where I would work in the Corporate Communications Department, he took me on a tour of the rest of the offices. When I discovered that the late president Colonel Elliott White Springs had been whimsical enough to have modeled this seat of power, this corporate headquarters, after a blimp — with his office as its bridge — and that, on the other hand, his successor

had been wise and prudent enough to hire a Furman alumnus as director of public relations, I began to suspect that this world was mixed, too — that it might not be so alien after all.

When I was told that Colonel Springs had earned his living as a novelist before managing Springs Mills, the suspicion grew. And I was sure that, after all, there must be just one world when I saw hanging on the corporate walls certain famous Springmaid advertisements, the high quality and low humor of which are attested by their also hanging on the walls in the mens’ dormitories at Furman today.

Interest at Springs Mills in the power of words, pictures and the imagination may have begun with Colonel Springs, but has clearly continued under his successors. Springs’ communications department is the largest in the industry. It includes not only writers, editors and photographers, but an artist to direct an annual art show in Lancaster and arrange in New York City photography exhibits, such as the current retrospective show of Ansel Adams’ work.

The importance communications has at Springs is suggested also by the fact that the head of the Corporate Communications Department reports directly to the chairman of the board. And the importance of art and the ability to appreciate it is suggested by President Peter Scotese’s remark that he would not hire anyone as his successor who was not interested in art.

My interview with Scotese occurred during a visit to the New York offices during the fifth week of the internship. By that time I had toured plants and offices, talked to dozens of employees and executives, read hundreds of reports, manuals, articles, and the *Encyclopedia of Textiles*, had learned the difference between carding, combing, sliver, slubbing, and slashing, had written a public

relations letter, an article and a new corporate purchasing policy — and was beginning to believe I was really learning what big business was like.

Scotese told me, though, that Springs was different. He said that it was not a typical corporation, that its history of family ownership and its location primarily in small South Carolina towns had colored it differently from most other corporations. The next day Alvin Chereskin, head of AC&R Advertising, which handles Springs’ account, told me much the same thing. Was I to think, then, that there were two worlds after all: a real world and a real corporate world?

I concluded, at least, that many of the humanistic qualities I had found attractive about Springs Mills — the sense of humor, the informality, the courtesy, the mutual respect and loyalty among employees, and the interest in art — were probably attributable to this difference and not common in corporate business. That they *could* flourish in corporate business, however, interested me — and still does. I cannot help believing that they benefit Springs as they benefit the people and communities associated with Springs and that they are worth a job candidate’s seeking.

But what are the corporations seeking in a job candidate? This is the question that worries students and their parents and seems to some of them to rule out a liberal education. I asked the question of nearly half of Springs’ executives. None of the answers bars liberal arts graduates:

- someone with a college degree as evidence of perseverance and intelligence,
- someone who is interested in working for Springs and knows why,
- someone who can deal with other people,
- someone who can write well and speak well.

Except in accounting, finance and research departments, whether a person has studied philosophy or

*Intern Duncan McArthur with
Furman alumnus Bob Thompson,
Springs Mills' director
of public relations*



physics or business does not seem to matter much. I was told that Springs now hires liberal arts graduates for the management program that trains executives for every area of the company. I was also told that humanities majors often fail to get jobs, through no prejudice of the employer, but because either they don't know what they are aiming for or they aim at too small a target. Some have no interest or have done no homework and consequently have no *basis* for interest in the specific company interviewing them. Other humanities majors appropriately consider themselves qualified for work in personnel departments, but overlook other possibilities. So they miss out.

If they get in, however, they tend to do well. Corporate Executive Vice President Malcolm West studied history at Wesleyan and now supervises approximately half of Springs Mills — from a bare desk. West remarked that the ability to conceptualize, to think in abstract terms, to see relationships, is his chief asset. He first discovered his ability, he said, in an interdisciplinary humanities course in college, and he considers the liberal arts an ideal education for management and consulting.

The higher ranks of Springs' management endorse an education in the humanities and liberal arts more warmly than others do. They recognize in their jobs the need for creativity, historical perspective and a critical habit of mind. But these jobs are not entry-level positions, and the executives in them rarely select the entry-level employees. Students who believe that liberal arts graduates have a harder time getting first jobs than do students in other areas — and that they will be paid less once they do get positions — are probably correct.

This is true for several reasons. Some are legitimate, but at least one is not: the stereotypical image of a humanist as someone who has not

prepared himself for the real world and has little to offer a corporation. Employers need to see through the stereotype. It threatens to limit either the education or the employment opportunities of some of our most intelligent and promising young people; and ultimately, by depriving corporate leadership of the broad education that will serve it and society best, it hurts business and society as well.

Sometimes, I believe, liberal arts graduates seeking jobs are limited because of the suspicion and even antagonism that exists between business and the academic world, especially that part of the academic world associated with the humanities. Scholars inquire into, and sometimes criticize, the way business affects society; this is their responsibility. Few of us, though, in either community, take criticism well. Antagonisms develop. Stereotypes are reinforced. Communication suffers. And nobody is the better for it, least of all young people interested in both communities.

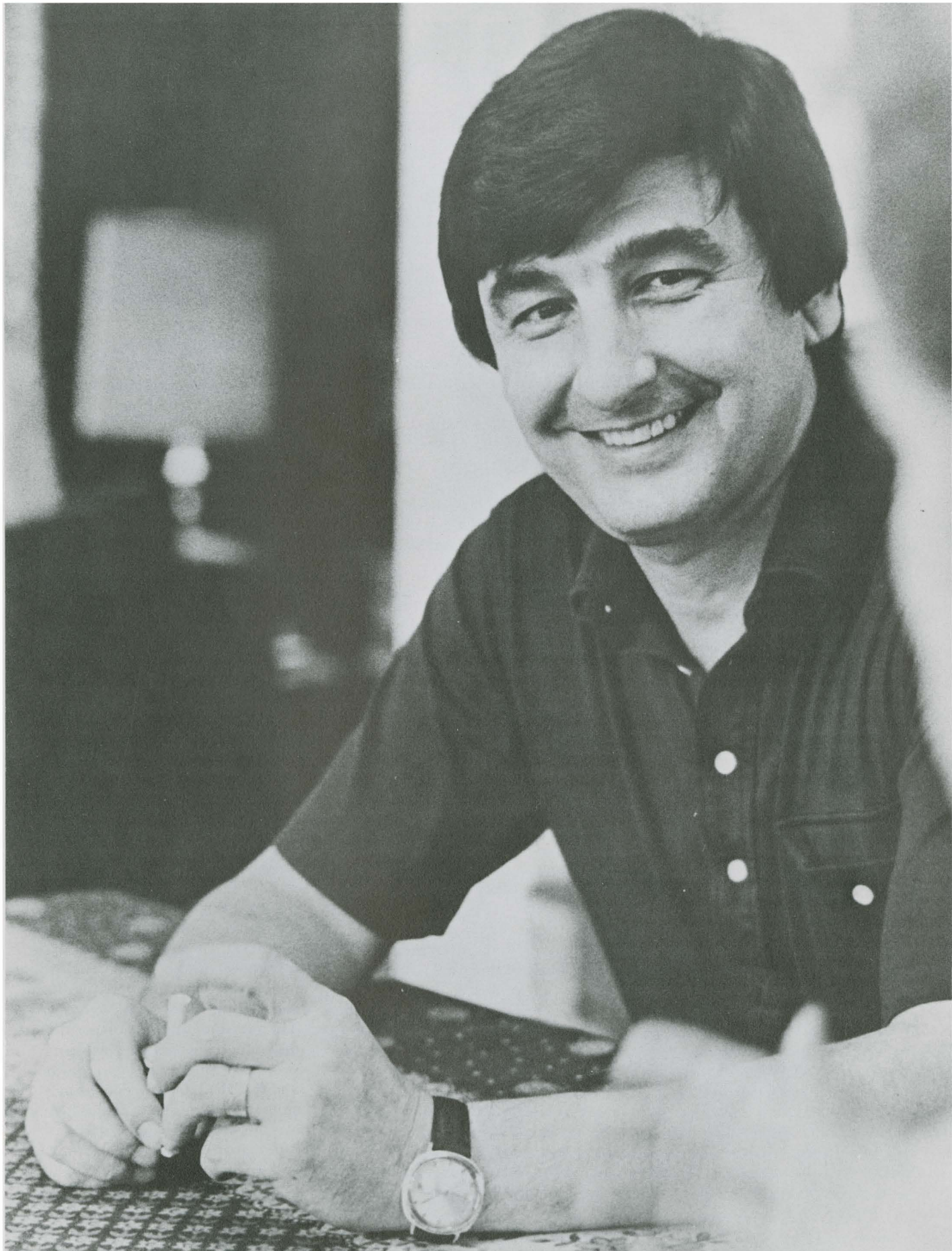
I admit that the power of large profit-making (and governmental) institutions still gives me pause — as I believe it also must any thoughtful individual responsible for using such power. I admit also that I still have what I would call a healthy suspicion of corporate entities — be they university faculties or big businesses. While such associations are beneficial, indeed essential, the shared responsibility they entail poses a danger. It can lead to an individual's passing the ultimate buck — to his abdicating his own values and responsibility before the corporate goals, or in favor of an abstract

corporate responsibility.

But I admit, too, that I found the corporate world extremely interesting. There is a certain elegance in the harmonious operation of a large, well-organized, well-managed corporation. And when that corporation is making, from something that grows out of the ground, an article as useful and appealing as a printed sheet or fabric for clothing, the operation takes on an additional appeal — basic and aesthetic. I can appreciate now, better than I could before the internship, the variety of interests and appeals of working in business.

People have intellectual, spiritual, emotional and aesthetic as well as physical and material needs, and most of these vary. Neither corporation nor college is the real world in its entirety, and neither do the two of them together comprise the whole thing.

It follows, though perhaps not obviously, that anyone in any community should, as a reasonable person, recognize his isn't the only way of seeing things. A liberal education, I would maintain, teaches this above all else. It teaches also that people can learn from talking, from considering issues with each other. The pressures and stereotypes that discourage interchanges between people in colleges and corporations and that dissuade students from studying the humanities and liberal arts are, therefore, particularly unfortunate. We have much to learn and much to gain from each other. For better or worse — and I think it's for the better — there is just one world, and we're in it together. □



MOBLEY

Marshall Frady

in sight of the promised land

Author of a highly praised book about Billy Graham, Frady is one of the most successful American journalists.

by Sam Hodges

At age 39, with two score magazine articles and three books behind him, Marshall Frady seems a short distance from the literary promised land, that seldom-gained territory where writers are well paid by publishers, highly regarded by critics, and instantly recognized by the reading public. In fact, he may already be there. If having one's latest book reviewed favorably, in one instance ecstatically, by the *New York Times Book Review*, the *New York Review of Books*, and the *New Yorker* magazine is proof of residency, then Frady lives well within the boundaries of the authorial Canaan.

From the moment of introduction, at the front door of Frady's two-story frame, uptown Atlanta home, to the moment of departure an afternoon later, I found Frady to be an undeniable verbal treat, speaking effortlessly in sentences nearly as long and as well crafted as those which end up in print under his name. While talking with him about his new book, *Billy Graham: A Parable of American Righteousness*, or about Furman, the university we both attended, I couldn't help wondering how this sport-shirted man — who looks on this day like a golf pro, tan and fit, and moves with a kind of nine iron grace — ever got from tabula rasa to where he could speak and write so uncommonly well. His gift for speaking may be unaccountable, though he does claim to have attended more than his share of Southern Baptist Conventions, events which he says are "oratorical Olympics" and "still the best example of public speaking I have ever heard." As for writing, he has been doing that seriously since age twelve, when the managing editor of his hometown newspaper, the *Chronicle* in Augusta, Ga., returned Frady's first short story ("I had no more wit at that age than to think newspapers printed short stories") with an encouraging letter.

Now, 27 years after his first attempt at publication, Frady is among the most eminently publishable journalists in the country. His first two books, *Wallace* and *Across a Darkling Plain*, secured for him a small audience which realized that this Southern Baptist preacher's son was quite good at the so-called new journalism, the kind of writing that Norman Mailer, Truman Capote and Tom Wolfe were experimenting with, that took a living subject, such as George Wallace, and worked on him with

the novelist's tools, with description, scene and dialogue.

Wallace, in particular, is regarded as a classic of political reportage. Those who know George Wallace, and who have read the book, and who are not a part of that massive bloc of Alabamians who will, on any occasion, defend their former governor, maintain that Frady was eerily successful in delineating both the facts and the soul of a man he calls "the most utter political creature I have ever met." A selection from the book, describing Wallace's courtship of his first wife, would seem to confirm their opinion.

On a warm August afternoon, Wallace, his dump truck parked at the curb outside, strolled up to Lurleen's counter — the still air filled with a sleepy whir of fans, the scent of popcorn heavy and delicious — and asked for a bottle of hair oil. He had about him then a kind of thick, dark, vivid glamour. "I remember liking him from the start," says Lurleen. "He had the prettiest dark eyes, and the way he'd cut up!" Their courtship was quiet and perfunctory — bus rides in the drab light of buses into town to the Bama Theatre for a picture show, chill autumn nights on her front porch with the slow and intimate and regular creak of the swing chains, Sunday afternoon dinners with her family. He was living in a Tuscaloosa boardinghouse — a skinny youth in old droopy pants and a borrowed coat, ravenously ambitious, impatient — as Lurleen remembered, "He ate quite a lot when he came over to our house."

His second book, *Across A Darkling Plain*, was an extension of a magazine article on the Middle East. While spending six weeks in Egypt, Israel and Jordan he managed, for the sake of authenticity, to gain acceptance to a guerrilla commando outfit. One night he was summoned to participate in a raid that was eventually called off, but not until Frady had donned fatigues and climbed aboard a jeep patrolling a contested border. "That might have been extending the limits of participatory journalism a bit too far," he says now. The reaction to the publication of that book was, he admits, "a little like a tree falling in the forest," but he says it is his favorite, the one he worked hardest on and poured more of himself into.

There was probably no one better qualified to write the story of Graham's life and ministry than Frady.

Before, between, and after these two efforts Frady published articles in a commanding lineup of magazines, including *Harpers*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Life*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *New Times*, *Playboy* and the *New York Review of Books*. These were further revelations of a style he calls "ultra writing," an attempt to describe the event or character with such thoroughness and originality that the reader is "haunted" and "given an enlarged vision of life." In 1975, in a typically lengthy and comprehensive piece for *New Times* magazine, Frady wrote about every candidate for the Democratic Party's presidential nomination, including Jimmy Carter, who seemed then an unlikely ascendant to the White House. "Go look at what Marshall wrote about Carter back then," another Atlanta writer instructs. "Reading it now, it seems almost like prophesy."

It was on another magazine assignment, an earlier one, in 1974, that Frady arrived at the subject of his latest

book. *New York Magazine* had commissioned him to write on how Billy Graham, the spiritual advisor to an embattled Richard Nixon, was dealing with Watergate, a moral crisis Graham was at least nominally associated with. In Raleigh, N.C., while attending a Graham crusade as research for the article, the idea for a full-length biography occurred to him.

"After a couple of evenings attending this crusade it struck me that what he had meant in the folk life of this nation since the end of World War II was worth more than a magazine exercise. Even at that point he seemed to me one possessed by this almost heroic simplicity, and I thought that his keeping the center of assurance together in the general American righteousness over these 30 years was really an incredible epic feat of certitude."

There was probably no one better qualified to write the story of Graham's life and ministry than Frady, one whose early years, like Graham's, were spent attending countless

Iconoclast at Furman

Marshall Frady had not wanted to go to Furman University or any school that had a religious affiliation. But his father had gone there, and a friend of the family, another Furman graduate, had spoken convincingly about "the energy of the teachers" and the brightness of its students. So he went to Furman, instead of to his first choice, the University of Virginia, where he had a partial scholarship. Though he claims his time on the pastoral campus "seems like three incarnations ago," Frady has no difficulty describing the intellectual ferment which took place in him at Furman.

"After being there three weeks it was like this supernova burst of discovery and excitement. It was just the unfolding of incredibly rich and opulent horizons and vistas. And there were some teachers there who were just graced. They were seers, almost in the occult sense. Crabtree was certainly one, and Reid."

He credits Dr. John Crabtree, professor of English and current academic dean, with teaching him "the wonderful mechanics that are at play in Shakespeare." An American drama course with Crabtree was, Frady recalls, "feverishly engrossing." He mentions other teachers, some whose names he cannot recall, but in talking about Furman Frady repeatedly calls the name of the late Dr. Alfred S. Reid, and designates him as the single most important influence throughout those years.

"Reid was the first teacher I really connected with. He was a great encourager, a detonator. The first thing I

wrote in college was a composition for his class. He returned it with just the word "remarkable" penciled on the top and in a way that's a dizziness I haven't recovered from yet."

Frady entered Furman with the notion of becoming a lawyer, but further exposure to great literature, and the reaction he got to works published in the student newspaper and magazine, helped convince him that he was meant to write professionally. Asked if his time at Furman advanced his writing career, he replies: "I think it did in curiosity and recognition of what is really going on in writing."

Frady was an iconoclast at Furman — he was once summoned to Dr. Francis Bonner's office for helping organize a strike against the dining hall, and the composition Dr. Reid found remarkable was entitled "Storming the Fortress of Chastity" — and he was not afraid then, or in his first years after Furman, to criticize the church in general or the Southern Baptist denomination in particular. He admits to having tempered his views markedly over the years, but maintains that his season of rebellion was necessary.

"It has been a long and erratic circle back around, not to precisely where I started, but awfully close to it. Everyone needs to pass through a period of rebellion, a kind of Byronic apostasy, and that's a part of what was going on with me at Furman."

Sam Hodges

*“You’ve got to take Billy
on his own terms which are
the terms of the Gospel.”*

Sunday schools and training unions and revivals, so much so that he can say with assurance that, “I know the questions of faith, such as discipleship, and why they matter to him.” He spent six months reading everything he could find about Graham, then ventured to the evangelist’s home in Montreat, N.C., to tell him what he planned to do.

“I presented to him in this initial session the misgivings I have about his ministry, about how I am not sure that on such a collective mass pop scale he can ever rhyme with the original script.”

Though Graham could have understandably declined to cooperate with Frady, he did not. Frady spent the next year in what he calls “live research,” following Graham to crusades, interviewing him in various situations, but spending most of his time talking with other persons, such as former high school classmates, who had known Graham at different stages in his life.

“It finally ended in these marathon sessions up at Montreat that lasted, literally, from after breakfast on past dusk. One was a ten or eleven hour session and it was not passed in light manner. It was deep plowing talk, and very exhausting. I wonder about all the technology, if that in effect is not a part of Satan’s sphere. We got into this and it bothered him. He is sincere to that extent. He will allow it to really fret him, he will wrestle with it, but he is never quite able to bring himself to fully confront these questions. He can’t afford to. Not at this stage of the game.”

What emerged from Frady’s labor is not the expose some people expected (“There’s not a lot about Billy to expose”), rather an attempt to find out who Graham is, where he comes from, and how he alone among evangelists has reached such stature that he regularly advises American presidents. Upon publication, the Graham book received critical response from so many quarters that it seemed clear Frady had written profoundly about a man who must be understood, if one is going to understand post-World War II America. Writers like Gary Wills, Elizabeth Hardwick and Robert Coles felt compelled to interrupt their own full-length projects to write book reviews of *Billy Graham: A Parable of American Righteousness*. To varying degrees, they each praised Frady, citing the book’s high level of research and Frady’s quixotic attempt, through words, to incarnate Graham in the 512-page biography.

In retrospect, Frady says: “You’ve got to take Billy on his own terms, which are the terms of the Gospel. There’s no other way to write about him.”

The dust-jacket prose on the Graham book asserts that Frady is currently at work on a biography of Martin Luther King, Jr., and two novels. He confirms this, but stresses that of the three projects the King biography is the

most important.

“This has got to be the main exertion. I am still in the initial reading phase now, but the literature on King is, not surprisingly, far more rich than that on Graham.”

Frady’s ordering of priorities is to be expected, based on his feeling for, and involvement with, the civil rights movement of the 1960s. He was a reporter for *Newsweek* then, working out of the Atlanta bureau with a team assigned to review the small and large dramas occurring all over the South, at schools and lunchroom counters, on buses and voter registration lines, in cities like Montgomery, Saint Augustine, Greensboro, Selma. He found George Wallace, a principal character in those days, to be the source of his first book. It was probably inevitable that Wallace’s antithesis, Martin Luther King, Jr., would someday be the subject of another exhaustive attempt by Frady to comprehend a crucial event or person in recent American history. Even now, when talking about the struggle by blacks for equal rights, he is capable of remembered exhilaration.

“The breath really hit the bottom of the lungs in those days. It was such a swashbuckling moral pageantry, and things were so clear, the issues and the villains so palpably distinct, passionately distinct. It was really a lyric season.”

No right-thinking friend of Frady’s would discourage him from continuing with the latest biography, but there are those within his acquaintanceship who wish he would first finish the novel he has been promising for so long. Frady feels the pressure. He is free with details about his latest idea for a novel, almost as if talking about it will insure that one day the book will be published and he can finally claim the title of novelist. But after divulging the novel’s setting and theme, he pauses. Then, for the first time in two hours of conversation, his voice goes soft with self-doubt, doubt about whether he has really been faithful to his potential in exclusively writing nonfiction, which he calls “factual truth, a low grade kind of truth.” He speaks this doubt in the form of a confession, as if the literary promised land, despite his current fame and fortune, has not yet been realized, indeed, may never be.

“I had always considered journalism just a detour until I got back to what I had really meant and supposed to do, which was novel writing. But I’ve wound up stalled in that digression now for twelve years. And it occurs to me that this may be my strayed star, that I may be an aborted novelist left only with journalism. That comes to me in the darker hours of the night sometimes.”

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Sam Hodges, who graduated from Furman in 1977, is an editorial writer with the Shreveport (La.) Journal.

Reflections on my own past and everyone else's future

by William E. Leverette

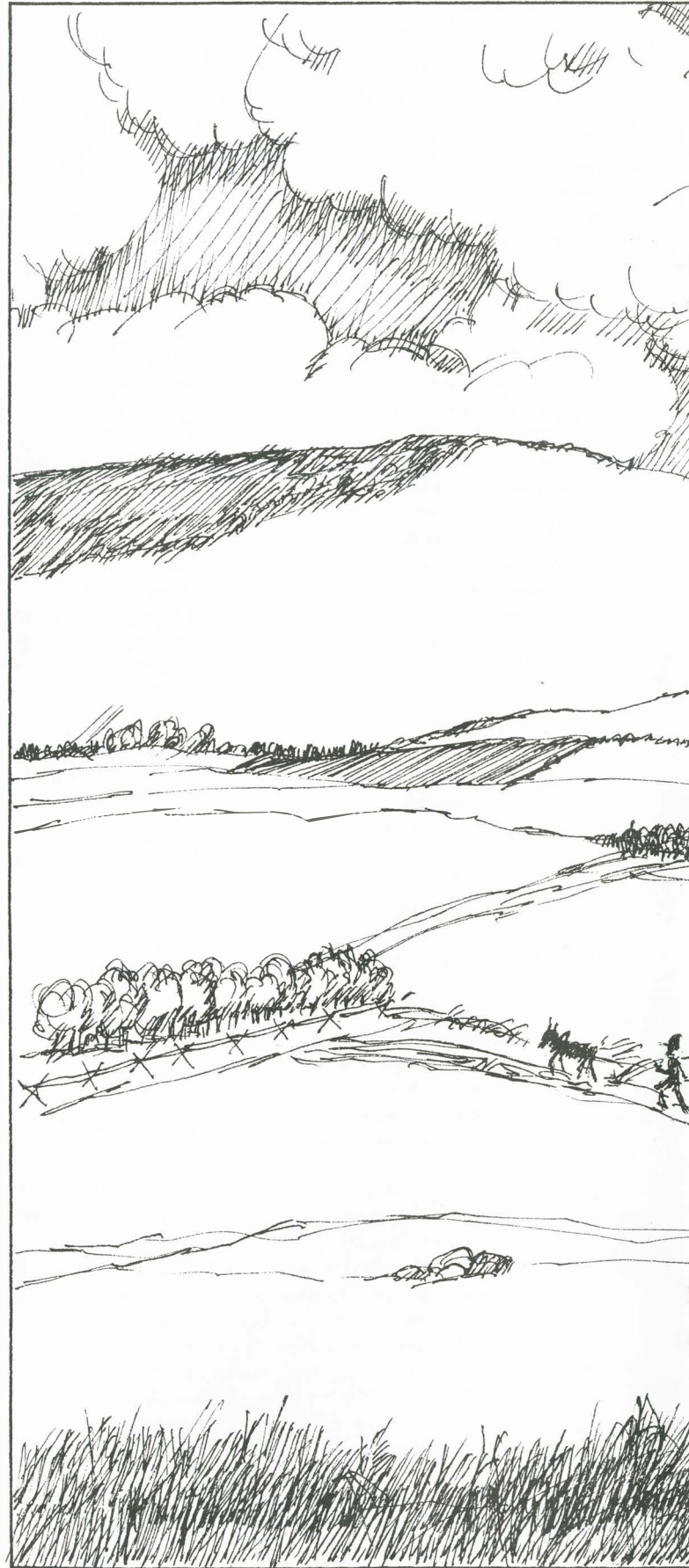
*Fifty years after the Agrarians
called for the return to a simpler way
of life, some people are doing it.*

Half a century ago Vanderbilt University was the intellectual center for a group of writers who thought that greater urban and industrial growth for the South would not only be deplorably Yankee and vulgarly commercial, but immoral and ungodly. It would, they thought, destroy a traditional way of life that was ennobling, emotionally and economically right, and aesthetically pleasing.

These writers, who became known as the Vanderbilt or Southern Agrarians, thought the South should stay wedded to its agrarian ways, based on a wide degree of small property holdings, including local and small scale commercial enterprises. "Modern" achievements like technology and electricity should be limited to clearly perceived human purposes, responsive to individual and community use and control.

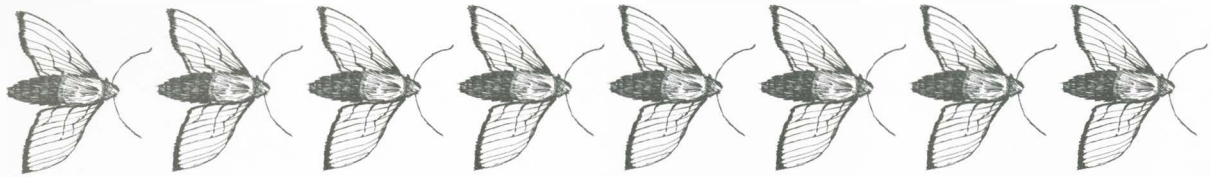
Politically, the Agrarians wanted to restore regionalism, a measure of political and economic independence for the South in a reorganized and decentralized American federalism. They believed in decentralization of all institutions as salvation against the dehumanizing centralization of life in modern societies. They opposed massive economic and political power in any form — finance capitalism, fascism or communism.

The Agrarians stood for a society made up of small, middle class, independent farmers, sometimes including the plantation owner and even the independent black farmer. They wanted to restore the land to the people — the honest, religious, hard-working people, who also had a sense of simple pleasures, domestic crafts and the graces of unhurried life. Men should live in harmony with nature, they said, not seek its conquest. Those who lived simply and frugally were more likely to have true freedom.





Illustrations by Thomas E. Flowers



According to these writers, the rest of the country had forgotten these truths. Absentee landlords and non-Southern interests now owned the land. Multitudes of farmers had been first corrupted and then enslaved by urban lures of material things. Multitudes of others had fallen into the near-slavery of share cropping and tenantry.

The Southern Agrarians, signing themselves “Twelve Southerners,” achieved a degree of national prominence with the 1930 publication of their declaration of Southern cultural independence, *I’ll Take My Stand*. Coming the year after the onslaught of the Great Depression, the book’s criticism of industrial capitalism and its whole-hearted support of apparently regressive economics was bound to create a stir. Since the writers admitted mulling over their ideas at least five years before the book’s publication, they seemed to have anticipated the collapse of the economy. At any rate, many of their criticisms paralleled Marxist complaints, but more nearly the outcries of the Romantic poets and isolated geniuses such as Thoreau.

But the Agrarians deplored communism and finance capitalism as equal threats to the society they favored. Throughout the thirties they took issue with anybody important or otherwise who proposed massive schemes to solve the great social and economic problems infecting the United States. Their targets included the planners and bureaucrats of the New Deal, for which they had limited hopes at one time. Socialists, big business, the left-tending major journals such as the *New Republic*, even the patron saint of American-style social democracy, John Dewey — all fell short because all proposed more organization, more complexity, more centralization.

To be sure, the mainstream thinking in the thirties ran counter to the Agrarians’ nostalgic view. Planning, spending, alphabet agencies, quasi-socialist experimentation, currency manipulation and just plain tinkering dominated the New Deal. A few programs of the type the Agrarians liked were tried, but not the way they or other champions of homesteading liked. The New Deal, followed as it was by World War II, was another massive centralizing enemy of true liberty. Few in the South, especially farmers, followed many Agrarian prescriptions beyond planting gardens, which they did anyway. No doubt many were self-subsistent on beans, fatback and collards, but hardly out of choice.

Now and then the Agrarians sounded nostalgic and unrealistic, racist and elitist, economically ignorant and provincial. But despite their shortcomings, they impressed a few critics such as Edmund Wilson and Crane Brinton, sophisticated Yankees, who found their message unrealistic but beguiling. The Agrarians were after all sophisticates themselves, with a delicately poised

provincial tone.

By the late 1930s they had turned increasingly to wider fields — history, poetry, literary criticism and fiction. Among them were some of the great and near-great figures in twentieth century American literature and scholarship, including Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Donald Davidson and Frank L. Owsley.

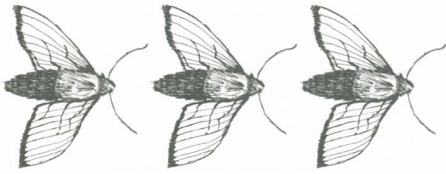
When I returned home to Nashville in the late forties after “my” war, I enrolled in Vanderbilt, because most anyone who grew up in Nashville went there, or perhaps Sewanee. Vanderbilt was “the” quality school for the mid-South, its leading university, with a reputedly superior med school. It was where most of one’s friends went. It offered a pleasing mix of as much academic seriousness as you wanted, lots of girls and parties, a little art and theatre, plenty of sports, spectator and otherwise. All in all, a darn good school, well supported by Nashville’s affluent. We, the students, weren’t even aware that it needed to be anything by national standards. (The Grand Ole Opry, by the way, was going strong, and we went, but that institution was not the city’s major claim to fame.)

But for me Vanderbilt also exerted the pull that it had been the home of the Southern Agrarians. One or two of its history and political science professors, and the most awesome of its English professors, Donald Davidson, had been members of the group. Most of the Agrarians (and Fugitives, a group of philosophical poets and critics who were also Agrarians) had left by the time I got there. But their spirit still pervaded the university, although the golden age was past.

Some newer professors thought it was high time. They wanted Vanderbilt to forget the Agrarians and join the modern age. They wanted it to join the post-war rush for prosperity, industrial growth, internationalism, objective scholarship (publish or perish) and soon, plastic shine.

All this is my memory and can only count as such. But I know that in addition to the usual faculty divisions over purposes and the curriculum best suited to them, Vanderbilt did have a kind of Battle of the Books going on. The traditionalists, whether Agrarian-Fugitive shading into New Critics (English) or disciplinary-objective (English and history), seemed to have the side of wisdom but lacked, I thought, a sense of the broader, changing world. The modernists were mostly discipline-bound pros on the make for publishing and better jobs, slick, shiny and shallow.

Brought up in Nashville as I was, I thought I stood for tradition, the Old South, a secure society of established and accepted ranks, good manners, food and conversation — plus a lot of time in the woods and country. My politics were conservative. One side of Vanderbilt seemed



"I thought I wanted truth and beauty, within the limits of a moderate and tasteful hedonism"

sued to me; the other was irritating but excited my curiosity.

I thought I wanted truth and beauty, within the limits of a moderate and tasteful hedonism. Above all I wanted an interesting life; the army had made me dread boredom and monotonous tasks. A life of service to others had some vague appeal, provided it did not get too much in the way of pleasurable activities. All in all, I was a typical veteran who went to college and drifted into the smugness and self-centered materialism that is commonly attributed to those who entered adult careers in the 1950s.

Focusing my academic interests on English and history, and later philosophy, I finally decided to teach history, hoping to deal with something called the history of ideas, especially how science affected other areas of thought. By taking this direction, I resolved certain problems that I foresaw for my conscience if I specialized in anything related to the South. I was able to dismiss my

Agrarian mentors as brilliant essayists on values, who had, however, no real practical relation to the ongoing twentieth century. Gradually becoming mildly liberal in politics, I spoke out for civil rights, but did little, entered the perilous adventures of marriage and parenthood, making middle-class ends meet, teaching college history.

Why go into such a personal history in an essay on the Agrarians? First, I do not believe that many scholarly types enter their specialty for *purely* intellectual reasons. One has emotions and loyalties. That is certainly the case with me. My concern with history is a concern with self, with loved ones, friends, colleagues, students, ideas of value, with objects I like, with pleasures I want to keep enjoying. Man is the only valuing animal, hence the only one capable of deliberately destroying or enhancing what he loves.

That is what history is all about, behind the abstract-sounding generalizations, a systematic inquiry into the dreams and hopes men have been capable of, and what was good or bad, practical or foolish in their behavior. Why they failed. And what may still be of value. This is another reason I have again become interested in the Agrarians. It is a question of values, and their possibilities to guide life.

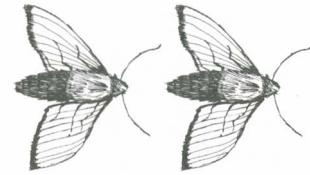
In the last two years I have learned that the Agrarians were not only restating in their own way an old vision of the goodness of pastoral life as an alternative to urban industrialism. They were also part of a chapter in our history not yet fully told, the story of men reacting to events they found unpleasant by reformulating values of a past time. Such reactions to industrial change have taken many forms, including calls for a return to nature or to the land, as well as demands that society be completely restructured.

Two responses in particular have come to interest me recently. One embraces the conservation and preservation movements. The other is the back-to-the-land movement appealing to urbanites frustrated by the problems of modern city living which increase with the decades — crowding, pollution, high costs, standardization, and unhealthy and unnatural living conditions.

Since the 1890s the conservation and preservation impulses have captured some loyalties; the back-to-the-land notion has appealed to others. The conservationists have said that if we want to thrive and survive, we must use nature's resources wisely and sparingly, under the guidance of science, but using technology with care. The preservationists say that if we want to save some places where God is exhibited in all his grandeur, we will have to keep some wilderness, excluding technology and at times even man himself. The back-to-the-landers say that to have the health and peace with nature our



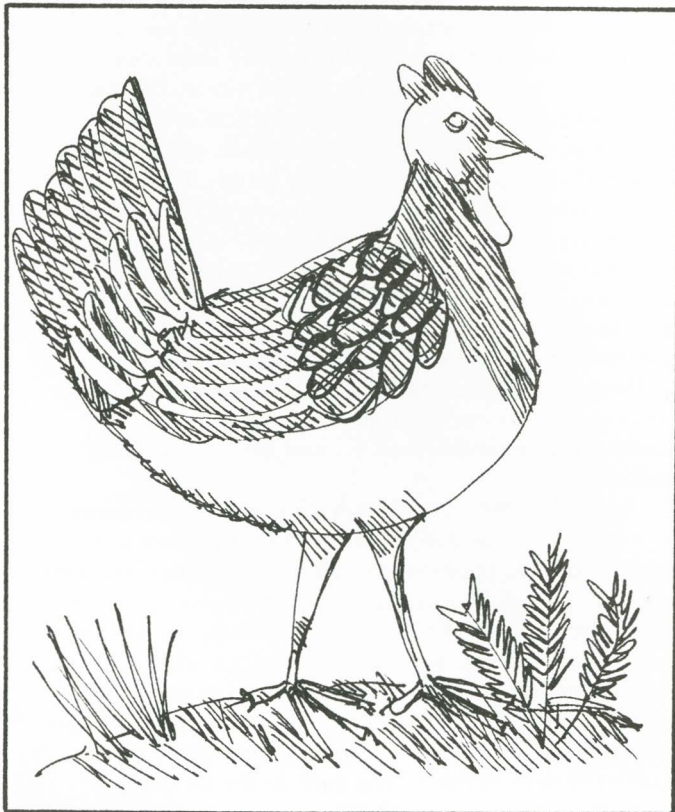
*"We had it both tough and good,
and we seem to be leaving
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ancestors had, plus economic independence and some control over our lives, we must find a little place in the country, work hard, and use only the technology we clearly need and can control.

The Agrarians agreed with conservationists in their desire to conserve the land from heedless commercial exploitation, although their intent was not to conserve for future exploitation. In that they placed a religious value on nature, they were similar to the preservationists, but they hardly yet saw the virtues of wilderness. The Agrarians were obviously sympathetic with the back-to-the-land movement.

Now what does all this mean in an immediate practical way to a professor no longer young, who claims to have something to teach to students? What one honestly has to admit to himself and his students in the last quarter of the twentieth century is that there are trends and events enough to make anyone lose his nerve. Enough to make anyone doubt not only technology but more fundamentally the American or human capacity to take rational action on the basis of wise, moral and considered judgements. We do seem to have worked ourselves into a corner by developing a civilization and life style dependent on a level of consumption for which the resources will not be

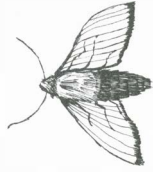


available much longer. We are faced with problems, absolute and relative, no other period in history has faced, and all the sweet and sanctimonious pseudo-optimism of the white middle class of my generation cannot explain away these facts.

Nor is there much use in criticizing the generation which came to maturity in the 1950s, which fought and won the war and did what it could to understand and reconstruct the world, by its own limited wisdom and with considerable positive reinforcement in material goodies which are now running out. That is my generation and our failures are obvious. We had it both tough and good, and we seem to be leaving our heirs in a terrible world. But we do not welcome the deluge which comes after us because — very simply — we love our children, our students, and our rapidly aging Mother Earth. (The saddest thing about getting older, or studying history, is learning you have lost your favorite scapegoats. The older generation is now you.)

But perhaps there is some hope. Today conservative programs are increasingly attractive to many people in a nation and world in which the economy is threatened by such massive forces as energy shortages and inflation. Fortunately or unfortunately, economic questions appear to dominate at the moment. Conservation is likely to attract the most support, as millions see the threat of drastically reduced energy. The Sierra Club and the Wilderness Society, tiny but very vocal minorities of the middle class, increasingly support concepts of wider appeal than wilderness preservation, such as anti-nuke campaigns and education, alternative energy sources, and urban park and garden programs. Whereas both conservation and preservation were once mainly elitist movements, their contemporary proponents see that the issues facing society today are fundamentally related to human survival, not just to middle class interests — comforts, renewable resources, adventure and immersion in nature.

The back-to-the-land movement today is also booming, among many people who doubtless never heard of the Southern Agrarians. Home gardening is today America's biggest outdoor activity, in terms of numbers of participants. There is a decided population shift toward rural areas and small towns. The Department of Agriculture's 1978 *Yearbook of Agriculture* heralds the change in its title *Living on a Few Acres*. Millions are turning to supplying some of their needs by home production, rather than shopping center purchases. Hundreds of thousands are building parts of their own homes, if not the total structure. The wood stove and fireplace have again become sources of heat for those lucky enough to secure wood. Individuals, groups, colleges and increasingly government sponsored agencies



“After three decades of incredible prosperity and energy profligacy, the trend is now toward accepting less...”

are experimenting with wind and solar energy.

After three decades of incredible prosperity and energy profligacy, the trend is now toward accepting less, using less and conserving what you have. No one, of course, can offer any statistics for most of these facts (although the next Census probably will). In addition, the people primarily involved are probably mostly middle class, those with enough to say they can now limit their needs. Unfortunately, this generalization holds true for nations: the less fortunate nations may not be willing to limit consumption.

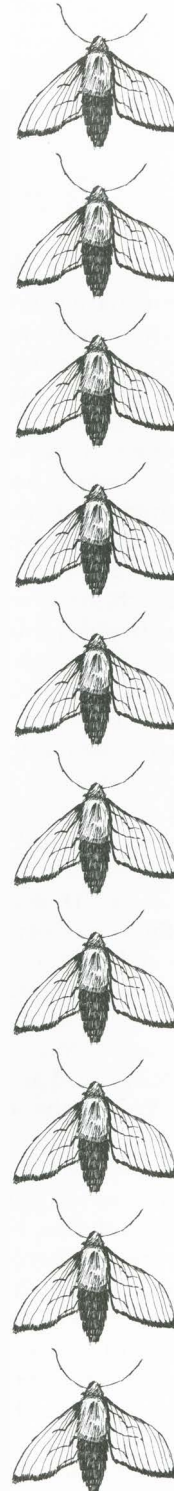
The counterculture of the sixties led the way, to some extent, in the search for self-sufficiency and simplicity. If the American middle class today has not for the most part adopted the community arrangements of some of the dissenters of that troubled decade, many are looking for a simpler, more secure, more individually responsible way of life.

It may be that none of these developments can overcome the powerful inertia of modern history. As with the Agrarians and decentralists of the 1930s, such piecemeal, small-scale efforts of individuals do not promise to have much effect on the stupifying problems confronting us today. In many cases too, decentralists and others of like mind have seemed more concerned with their own liberty than with social needs, even lacking in compassion. But if one believes that among life's desirable goals are economic independence, simplicity, close ties to small community and harmony with nature, then one must make the effort — whatever the trend of history.

If their values are difficult or impossible to live by in today's world, do the Agrarians have anything to offer besides fine prose? Perhaps not. But are self-sufficiency, nature, community, a sense of control, tradition, religion, courtesy and conversation outmoded altogether? True, we could not have gone to the moon in a decentralist economy. Or been blackmailed by the OPEC countries. We couldn't wage nuclear wars either, or defoliate small Asian nations, or “bug” our neighbor's privacy. We would be too busy working the land. One has to make one's choices. For me at least, the Vanderbilt Agrarians illuminated some of the values by which such choices can be made.

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Dr. William E. Leverette is professor of history at Furman. (See article on page 20.)



The Leverette House

by Marguerite Hays

Furman professor Bill Leverette and his wife, Pat, have built their own mountain home—board by board.

Bill and Pat Leverette have never been ones to go along with the crowd. Ever since they came to Furman in 1960, it has been apparent that they don't do things because other people do them or because other people expect them to do them.

For this reason, no one was much surprised when, in the winter of 1974, the Leverettes announced they were going to build their retirement home in the mountains (with retirement at least 15 years away) and move into it. This was something you might expect, their friends reasoned, knowing how much the Leverettes loved the mountains. But most of their friends probably didn't understand at first what the Leverettes really meant when they said they were going to "build" a house. They didn't understand that the Leverettes meant that they literally were going to design and build the house and that they would probably spend the next five to ten years completing it.

To understand the Leverette's house, you have to know a little bit about the Leverettes. Bill grew up in Nashville, Tenn., and attended Vanderbilt University, where he received the B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in history. In 1952-53 he studied at the University of London on a Fulbright Scholarship and later received a Ford Foundation grant to take part in a program to prepare college teachers. Pat was raised in Tuxedo, N. C., where her father owned summer camps. She received a B.F.A. from William and Mary at Richmond and an M.A. in psychology from New York University.

The Leverettes met in 1953, while both were teaching at a private school in New Orleans, and married the following summer. They moved to Helena, Ala., where their two children, Will and Ann, were born and where Bill taught in an experimental prep school. In 1960 Bill was offered a job at Furman, which had the advantage of being close to Pat's home. They came to Greenville that summer, never expecting to stay more than a few years.

At Furman, Bill soon became known as a "hard" teacher, whose classes were sought out by better students. "He seems to have an extraordinary ability to get students to pursue the intellectual ramifications of the facts and concepts they are dealing with," said one colleague. "He has been an 'inspiring teacher' in the old fashioned sense for some of our best students."

A soft-spoken man with a sometimes caustic sense of humor, Bill is impatient with anything that seems phony or irrational. He chafes at bureaucratic red tape and grumbles about doing any sort of administrative chores.

As for Pat, she went to work as a psychologist for the Greenville County schools and now works for various agencies, including Head Start and Hollis Center. She specializes in diagnosing learning difficulties in children and works with their teachers and parents to help them overcome their problems.

Pat is known as a "private" person who, like Bill, has little patience with artificialities. Both Leverettes love the out-of-doors.

When it became apparent that they were going to stay in Greenville more than a few years, they built a small house a few miles from the Furman campus. Later, they built a larger house closer to Furman. In both cases, Bill designed the houses and they hired people to build them.

The Leverettes started thinking seriously about building a house in the North Carolina mountains when they learned that a place in the mountains of Georgia, which they owned with two other families, had to be sold. Since Pat's father and other relatives owned land near Hendersonville and the area was within commuting distance of Furman, they decided to build on an eight-and-a-half-acre tract of land on the side of a mountain near Tuxedo.

Having settled on the location, they started to think about the house. The house should be located on a lower slope of the mountain, they decided, so it would be protected from the north wind and so they could have a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains to the south. It should be two stories, for economy and the view and so they could finish one floor and live in it, while finishing the other floor.

"We wanted it to have a contemporary as well as a rustic flavor," said Bill. "We wanted lots of glass and lots of fireplaces. We wanted it to have a big, dramatic living room-dining room combination and a kitchen related to that, but separate. We don't have a formal style of life, so we don't need a formal dining room."

They decided to use post and beam construction so that the interior walls would not bear any load. This gave



HENRY

From their dining room table the Leverettes have a magnificent view of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

“Living close to nature in the way we do is hardly primitivism.”

them more flexibility in designing the rooms. “Pat decided she didn’t want a house with ordinary square and rectangular rooms. She was bored with that,” Bill said. “To prevent her having the boredom of a square house, I drew a 36-foot square and instead of dividing it along rectangular lines, I divided it right down the axis, from one corner to the other. This way the central section could be a big room 24 feet wide and we could have smaller rooms of 12 feet width to the sides, their shapes avoiding the horrors of right angles.”

The second floor, they decided, would be the main floor which they would finish first. Besides the living room-dining room and kitchen, it would include the master bedroom, dressing room and bath. As an afterthought, they decided to build a carport onto the house and use the space above it as a study for Bill and a storage closet. There would be a sixteen foot wide stone fireplace in the living room-dining room and a smaller one in the bedroom, they decided, and sliding glass doors along the south and west sides would look out on a wide wooden deck which would run around three sides of the house. The rooms downstairs would be smaller versions of the rooms upstairs and would include bedrooms for their son and daughter, who by that time were in college.

During the summer of 1975 they cleared the dirt roads which ran from Highway 25 to their land. After that, they cleared the house site and hired someone to do the grading.

“We had to get one piece of professional advice,” Bill said. “We had to find out from an engineer-architect friend of ours what width beams we would need in order to hold up the roof. After that, we had to figure out how to make the beams because the size we needed — 8” X 14’ — is virtually unbuyable and, besides, they would have been too long to get around the curves in the road.”

In the early part of the summer of 1976 Pat and Bill laid out the house on the ground, with only a carpenter’s rule, a water level, and a giant, homemade T-square as surveying tools. They put in the foundations for the posts themselves, because they did not trust anyone else to do so. “We were afraid the house would fall down, if each post were not in exactly the right place,” said Bill.

Beginning in July, two “wonderfully tolerant” carpenters and their helpers worked with the Leverettes for six weeks to put up the framing, position the windows and doors, pour the concrete floors and put on the roof. During that fall and winter the Leverettes insulated the walls and put up some of the outside siding.

In the summer of 1977 the Leverettes put their Greenville house on sale and received an offer sooner than they expected. Agreeing to be out of the house by September 1, they worked feverishly the rest of the summer to complete the upstairs of the mountain house. By the time they

moved in, most of the top floor was finished, except the kitchen, and the stove was put in a few days later.

During the summer and at other times during these years, various people helped them, including Will and Ann and their friends, Furman students and some of Pat’s relatives. But Pat and Bill did most of the work. Bill was the “most available” unskilled laborer, he said, while Pat, who had watched a lot of construction at her father’s camps and had taken courses in woodworking, was the skilled craftsman and supervisor.

Together they laid the wooden floors and paneled the rooms in wormy chestnut and cypress. Bill did much of the unfinished work, while Pat built the kitchen cabinets, laid the tile on the kitchen counter and did the rock work on two of the huge fireplaces.

By the end of last summer most of the interior — both upstairs and downstairs — was completed. The largest job remaining is the rock work around the outside of the house (one story high), which Pat intends to do, with Bill’s help.

The Leverettes heat mostly with wood — in the fireplaces and in an efficiency stove in the kitchen. They have no need for air conditioning. They have two gas-efficient cars — a Volkswagen and a Subaru — and a jeep for the mountain roads. Bill can get to Furman in about 25 minutes, and so far he has never missed a day because of ice or snow.

Unfortunately, in August of last year Bill suffered a heart attack and, later, an attack of phlebitis. Although he has now almost completely recovered, he took the fall term off from teaching and has just returned to Furman this month. Because of his illness, he was forced to rest, probably for the first time in years.

Now that he and Pat have lived in the mountains two years, how do they like it? “We love it,” said Bill. “I guess we have to live in the woods because we’re both kind of freaks about noise. We don’t want any noise. We used to play more music, but I’ve found I like to sit and be quiet, especially in the summertime with the windows open. The birds in the morning are just lovely.

“Living close to nature in the way we do is hardly primitivism. It is an escape, frankly, and a privileged one. We have worked very hard for it, in ways the average middle-class professional can hardly imagine, but we are definitely not ‘roughing’ it. It would be silly to say we are. We have all the necessities, and not a few luxuries — we just have to work more and plan more to have them than people who live in the suburbs.”

The Leverettes mountain house is more than just a home. It is a statement about their lives and their values. And it is even more than that. “The house is Pat’s work of art,” Bill said.

□



Top: A view of the house from the South. Left: Bill Leverette in living room. Above: Leverettes in kitchen.

Mr. Financial Aid

by Marguerite Hays

As director of financial aid, Benny Walker probably makes more people happy than anyone else at Furman.

Benny Walker saved my life! These are the words of a young woman who reentered Furman last winter after an absence of several years. Having dropped out of college to marry, she suddenly found herself widowed with a small child and realized that she needed to finish her education. She talked with Benny Walker, director of financial aid at Furman, and he arranged for her to receive enough financial aid so that she could return to college.

"I found that state and federal grants would pay for almost everything," she said. "I had no idea you could get that kind of financial aid at a private school."

As director of financial aid, Benny Walker probably makes more people happy than any other person on the campus. In his work he is able to make life easier for many students and their families, and he often helps people attend Furman who never thought they could afford it.

This year in particular, because of dramatic changes in state and federal programs, he has been able to help more students than ever before. "This year we met the demonstrated financial need of 90 percent of all students who applied to Furman," said Walker. "Two hundred more students qualified for financial aid this year than qualified last year. This was supposed to be 'The Year of the Child,' but it should be 'The Year of Financial Aid.' It has just been fantastic."

Like the young woman returning to college, most people who come in the financial aid office for the first time know very little, if anything, about financial aid. They have no idea what kinds of aid are available or what kinds of aid to apply for. Most of them think in terms of applying for a single scholarship which might be given for good grades or for some sort of special ability.

In fact, a single scholarship seldom meets the needs of

any student. "Packaging is the key to financial aid today," said Walker. "We evaluate the financial needs of students and their parents and put together a package of aid from different sources."

According to Walker, the foundation for all financial aid packages is the Basic Educational Opportunity Grant (BEOG). In November of 1978 Congress passed the Middle Income Assistance Act (MISA) which increased the funding for the BEOG program by 23 percent and expanded the program to include students from middle income families.

"It was the biggest piece of student aid legislation to come down since the GI Bill," Walker said. "In 1980 the budget for Basic Educational Opportunity Grants will be \$2.1 billion by itself. That's bigger than all the other financial aid programs put together."

In 1978 students from families with incomes of \$15,000 or less were eligible to receive BEOGs ranging from \$200 to \$1,600. Beginning in 1979, most students from families with incomes of \$25,000 or less with moderate assets qualify for grants ranging from \$200 to \$1,800.

"Not all \$25,000 families qualify," explained Walker. "On the other hand, some \$35,000 families may qualify if, for instance, there are six in the family and three in college. It depends on size of family, number in college and assets."

If students are from South Carolina, said Walker, they may be considered for South Carolina Tuition Grants. Here again middle income students may be eligible for assistance: most students from families with incomes of \$40,000 or less and assets of \$50,000 or less qualify for a maximum grant of \$2,000.

In addition, graduates of Greenville County high schools may be eligible for Sistine Scholarships.



Some students think they can't afford to attend Furman—until they talk with Benny Walker.



All students seeking financial aid must fill out the Financial Aid Form. Senior Gigi Mills has filled out her last FAF.

Established by the will of the late J. E. Surrine, these scholarships, ranging from \$200 to \$2,000, are awarded to students on the basis of academic excellence and financial need. This year Surrine Scholarship trustees awarded 519 scholarships, totaling \$424,410, to Greenville County students.

Students from out of state may also qualify for another federal grant, a Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant, Walker explained. These grants, ranging from \$200 to \$1,500 a year, are for students with exceptional financial need who would be unable to attend college without this additional assistance.

After exploring the possibilities for state and federal aid, Walker considers students for scholarships administered by Furman. Every year Furman awards several hundred scholarships of varying amounts to students who best meet the particular requirements of each scholarship. There are, among others, scholarships for “needy” and “deserving” students, scholarships especially for men and women, scholarships for upperclassmen, scholarships for students with special abilities in music, mathematics, the natural sciences and athletics, and even a scholarship for American Indians.

Most of these scholarships are awarded to students who

have financial need and show academic promise, Walker said. However, Furman does have some funds, specifically the Duke Scholarships, which are given solely for outstanding achievement in high school. These scholarships range from \$200 to \$1,500, he said.

“Lack of funds for the academically superior student is our greatest weakness,” Walker said. “We can’t compete with scholarships like the Morehead Scholarships at the University of North Carolina. We need scholarships like this which would pay full tuition. As it is, we can only recognize academic excellence with token scholarships and as a result we lose a lot of excellent students.”

Many of the scholarships administered through Furman’s financial aid office are for students who plan to enter church-related vocations. In fact, Furman promises to meet the financial needs of all students going into full-time Christian service.

Ron Jackson, a senior from Greenville, is one of the ministerial students whose expenses are paid almost entirely by scholarships and grants. Jackson receives a Basic Educational Opportunity Grant and a scholarship provided by the South Carolina Baptist Convention.

Having married after two years at a junior college, Jackson served a church full time for several years before applying to Furman. “I didn’t think I could afford to go to Furman,” he said. “But I talked with a friend who said I was crazy if I didn’t try. He told me the people at Furman are willing to work with you and he introduced me to Benny Walker. Benny is a super guy. He goes the extra mile for you.”

To make it possible for more local students to attend Furman, in 1977 the university established the Commuter Scholarships. Students who commute to Furman from six upstate South Carolina counties are eligible for these scholarships.

When Scott Keever graduated from Berea High School two years ago, he knew he needed some financial assistance to attend college. “But I didn’t know what kind of financial aid to apply for,” he said. “I just didn’t know where to turn.”

His high school counselor suggested that he talk with Benny Walker. Following Walker’s advice, he applied for and received last year a Commuter Scholarship, a small South Carolina Tuition Grant and a loan. This year he is receiving a much larger Tuition Grant, a music scholarship and a small Basic Grant.

If scholarships and grants do not cover all of a student’s needs, he or she may apply for a National Direct Student Loan, which must be repaid beginning nine months after graduation. Many students pay part of their expenses by working in the College Work-Study program, which is supported by federal funds. The financial aid office also helps locate summer jobs for students.

This year 61 percent of Furman students will receive a total of \$3.9 million in financial aid.

Although Walker spends a lot of his time with prospective students and their parents, he probably spends an equal amount of time with current students. Students call on him frequently to help them straighten out their accounts. Mostly, however, they come by to tell him of changing family circumstances and their need for more financial help.

"Many come to tell me that their parents are getting a divorce, which means less money for college," he said. "Others tell me that their parents are out of work. One boy told me today that his father has been out of a job for six months and he may have to take an early retirement. These are the kinds of situations we deal with."

Walker has made it possible for many students on financial aid to take part in Furman's foreign study programs. "I don't think kids would be penalized just because they receive financial aid," he said. "If students are willing to work to help pay their way, we will certainly try to help them."

Because of Walker's reputation as an authority on financial aid, students who plan to attend other colleges often call on him for help and he spends a lot of time with them. "Besides just helping people," he said, "this sometimes pays off for Furman. Sometimes a student will say, 'I've always wanted to come to Furman, but I know it's too expensive.' Then I show them how they can afford it and they end up coming here."

Benny Walker has worked with prospective Furman students for the past eight years. After graduating from Furman in 1971, he went to work immediately as a counselor in Furman's admissions office. He served as assistant director of admissions until 1974, when he was named director of financial aid. In 1975 he received an MBA degree in the Furman-Clemson Master of Business Administration program.

With his office just across the hall from admissions, Walker still works closely with the admissions staff. To be considered officially for financial aid, prospective students must have applied and been approved for admission to Furman. When students fill out the application for admission, they may also fill out a form requesting financial aid.

Applying for financial aid is not as complicated as it used to be, says Walker. All students applying for any need-based aid must fill out the Financial Aid Form (FAF), which also serves as an application for the Basic Educational Opportunity Grant. The College Board College Scholarship Service in Princeton, N. J., evaluates the FAF, determines a student's financial need and furnishes this information to Furman. Students applying for special scholarships and grants, like South Carolina Tuition Grants, must fill out relatively simple application forms.

Grace Capps, a sophomore from Piedmont, S. C., had not planned to come to Furman until a Furman music professor told her that she could probably get several kinds of scholarships at Furman. She describes her first visit to Benny Walker's office:

"I was so confused. I went in with all these numbers whirling around in my head. But it turned out to be the easiest thing I've ever done. I'm not a dependent person. I don't just latch onto people. But I was amazed at how much time he spent with me. I felt like I was the only person who needed help."

According to Walker, the most important thing for high school students to remember is to meet the various application deadlines. FAF forms should be filled out as soon as possible after the first of the year since it usually takes about six weeks for them to be processed. The deadline for applying for admission to Furman and for financial aid is February 1.

As soon as Walker is notified that a student is approved for admission to Furman, he starts putting together a financial aid package for that student. About a week after students are notified of approval for admission (about the middle of March), they receive a letter from Walker telling them what aid they are eligible for and what other programs to apply for. As Walker is notified of additional awards to students, he notifies them. Usually by late spring or early summer students will know the total amount of aid they will receive their first year at Furman.

The financial aid operation at Furman (and at most other colleges) has grown dramatically in the past ten to fifteen years, mainly because of the growth of federal programs. In 1966 the federal government spent \$870 million on financial aid for college students, while in 1979 it spent \$5.1 billion, an increase of about 580 percent. In 1966 only 41 percent of federal aid was awarded to students through colleges, while now 94 percent of the aid is awarded through college financial aid offices.

In 1972 only 35 percent of Furman students received financial aid. That year the Basic Educational Opportunity Grant Program, the South Carolina Tuition Grant Program and the J. E. Sistine Scholarship Program were created. This year through these three programs alone Furman students will receive \$1.7 million. This year 61 percent of Furman students will receive a total of \$3.9 million in financial aid.

Despite the pressures of working with hundreds of students and dealing with all sorts of government regulations and forms, the atmosphere in Benny Walker's office is usually relaxed. Surrounded by a hanging plant in one corner and a Bicentennial rug on the wall, Walker works in shirt-sleeves with soft music playing in the background. His low key, matter-of-fact approach to



Benny Walker makes it easy for students, like Charles Pate, to apply for financial aid.

problems has a soothing effect on those who seek his help.

Explaining his attitude toward helping students, Walker said, "I try to give each student as much service as possible. Coming from a modest background myself, I think it's important that a student doesn't think he has to humble himself to me to get my help."

Students frequently stop by Walker's office to thank him for helping them. "Sometimes I can't remember what I did for them," he said. "But it makes me feel good to know that I helped."

With the growth of state and federal programs, Walker finds himself going to more and more out-of-town meetings and training sessions. As a member of the state and regional associations of Student Financial Aid Administrators, he often serves as an instructor for new financial aid officers. For four years he was a consultant for the College Scholarship Service, conducting workshops on how to use CSS forms in six states.

He was president of the South Carolina Financial Aid Association in 1978 and is now vice president of the Southern Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators and a member of the Long Range Planning Committee of the national association. He also serves or has served as a member of the advisory committees to the South Carolina Tuition Grant Program, the J. E. Surrine Scholarship Program, the South Carolina Student Loan Corporation and the Higher Education Commission of South Carolina.

Walker believes all of these professional activities are important. Legislative committees depend heavily on recommendations of the financial aid associations, he says.

"I used to just react to whatever happened in Columbia or Washington. Now, as a member of these committees and organizations, I can actually help decide what some of these programs are going to be like. This is really exciting."

Although Walker is pleased that more financial aid is available this year, he emphasizes that aid is just catching up with a need that has existed several years. With the rapidly rising costs of higher education, he says, middle income families especially have needed this kind of help.

"In 1971-72 the cost of tuition, room and board at Furman was \$2,400. This year it is \$5,073. That type of jump — double digit inflation — is exceeding the families' ability to pay, even with two workers in the family. In my tenure in financial aid I've seen the federal and state governments — and the colleges to some extent — share this parental obligation to educate their children."

Financial aid is the wave of the future, Walker says. "If you look at the 10-year projections of our costs, when one year of college will cost \$10,000 to \$15,000, not many families will be able to afford to send their children to private colleges without some kind of help."

Where will all this money come from? Walker thinks tax credits to parents will be the next step in financial aid. After that, he isn't sure. But he is optimistic.

"There is a tremendous commitment to higher education in this country," he said. "We may argue over how we're going to support it, but we will always support it." □



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