JUDSON C. ("JAKE") WARD

INTRODUCTION BY JAMES MACKAY: [Recording begins while introduction is in progress.] [inaudible, addressing audience] . . . as far as you can and then put a sign in there that says "Phoenix School" [?] and it's clear from then on, and it ought to be just an interesting [inaudible—sounds like "case"?]. The other thing is that our *Vanishing Georgia* photographic search was a howling success. We had over a hundred people participate and got a thousand pictures. And nearly five hundred of them were archival quality, and we just had a meeting of the Publications Committee; and we're on target now to have a book published by the first of October that's going to be of enormous interest to those of us particularly who've lived here a long time. The great 1985 [inaudible] Roundup is going great guns. And it's a self-starting thing—we don't have a staff to go out and write histories of people. We have to get families to write their own. I learned today that the CDC is hard at work on an oral history and a history of that place. And any time that you hear of anybody that's got a good history, check with our staff and see if we have it, because that is our purpose, is to round up all the history we can. Howard Worthing [spelling?], who is the senior court reporter in the area, has agreed to transcribe all of these videotapes; and that's another way that we preserve—and, of course, you've heard a lot of interesting and exciting history here. [Addresses audience member in back, off camera]: [Name unclear—could be "Rod" or "Ronnie" or "Riley"?], I want this group to know that you're the sparkplug in the cleaning up and restoration of the Hartman [spelling?] Cemetery, you and your scout troop. We want to thank you. [Applause] And, of course, that's one of our purposes is to get more young people like Rod [?] interested in the history. [To latecomers in back, off camera]: There are plenty of seats up here up front. Come on up. [To Dr. Ward]: Jake, we don't use any time away from our speaker. [Pauses to wait for Dr. Ward, who engages another audience member off camera; their conversation is inaudible.] There are seats right up front. Come right on up and join us. Jake, we don't use any of the time of the studio audience to give the kind of introduction that would take up fifteen or twenty minutes from your time. And we propose—I mean, with the technology we're learning—we're going to put an appropriate introduction at a later time. But you're the [inaudible—sounds like "clean up"?] for just a very fine year that we've had, and you have an hour to talk to us and to talk to [points to back of room] that camera. And if you run out of—and I don't think you will—[audience laughter obscures Mr. Mackay's comments]. We do have time, but you're critical here in this whole proceeding, by the number of eyewitnesses that I see in the studio audience. But we're very proud of the fact that a member and our chief advisor on history and chairman of the panel of the history teachers and historians that we're putting together from our population is here today as our final speaker. Dr. Judson Ward literally needs no introduction for this particular group, and he got here five years ahead of the Mackays. We got here in '34, so I can't speak until we get to 1934. But we're delighted to have him here, and we have refreshments and a little reception afterwards, and we hope that you'll stay for that and meet him, [to Dr. Ward] and you take your place up here and tell it all. [applause]

DR. WARD: Well, I feel relatively like a newcomer, having known a number of you who were born and reared in Decatur and DeKalb County, because I certainly haven't been here all of my life. I was born and reared in Marietta, Georgia, and did not get into DeKalb County until 1929, when I came to Emory as a freshman.

In the world of those days we didn't know much about DeKalb County up in Cobb. Marietta was a good place in which to live and grow up. I never go back to that city to make any

kind of talk to any kind of group that I don't thank them for the wonderful environment in which I grew up. And the reason I mention that is that it was very similar in orientation and organization and spirit to Decatur and DeKalb County. We had good schools, we had high morality in the city and county government, it was a city of churches and good people, and you could say the same thing, of course, about Decatur. About all we heard about Decatur in my early days was the rivalry between Marietta High School and Decatur High School. Of course, Decatur usually beat us in football; but occasionally we could win something like a debate tournament or something like that in our competition with Decatur High School.

When I first came to Emory, it is interesting to recall that Emory was not easy to find if you came from Cobb County. And when we first began to visit the Emory campus, it might surprise you—those of you who know the city well—to know that the way we came was come down Old, Old, Old, Old [Highway] 41, which came through Smyrna and across the river at Bolton; and we came past Crestlawn Cemetery and came in by the waterworks and Fourteenth Street, coming through Piedmont Park, to come to Emory. It was quite an expedition to come from Marietta to Emory. But I came to Emory in September 1949 [Elsewhere he says 1929.] with five other members of the graduating class of Marietta High School.

The campus at that time, of course, was very, very countrified. I cannot go back to 1919, when the college moved up from Oxford; and I'm sure you've heard some vivid descriptions of the situation at that time. But by the time I got to Emory, the college had been located on the Druid Hills campus for ten years; and I'm sure there was a great deal more of paving and there were more buildings than there were in 1919 when the college first came.

But it was still a very small college. And on the Quadrangle there were only the Asa Griggs Candler Library; the physics building; sitting back behind it, the chemistry building—which, by the time I arrived, was a four-story building. For years it had been a two-story building, and it housed biology and chemistry. There was, of course, the original building—the theology building—with its Durham Chapel; and there was the law building. And that's all the buildings that there were on the Quadrangle. But one can identify those early buildings because they were the ones that were marble-faced. And you can still identify those original buildings. There was—by the time I got here, Alabama Hall had been built. It was a so-called freshman dormitory—for men only at that time. There was Winship Hall, which has recently been demolished to make way for a new student center at Emory. And there was Dobbs Hall. And though most people do not put those buildings along with the original Quadrangle buildings, there was anatomy and physiology, which were Medical School buildings, facing science buildings that were built up toward Clifton Road. And if you visit on the Emory campus—and I have occasion to talk to students and new faculty members occasionally—it is, it seems to me, important to help them identify those original buildings, because they are the only ones that are marble-faced. Now, I'll make some exceptions to that. They kept the buildings on the Quadrangle faced with marble so that the history building, which was built after World War II, and the administration building are marble-faced. And also the Alumni Memorial Building, which was attached onto the cafeteria, is marble-faced. But other than that, all the buildings that have been built at Emory recently are buildings that are of a different architectural construction material and construction material [sic].

I suppose the biggest thing that one notices about change that has occurred at Emory was the fact that in those early years there were so many woods and so many trails and so many streams running through the campus. The campus was an extremely beautiful place. One arrived on the Oxford Road side—and I want to talk a little about the neighborhood on the

Oxford Road side. If you approached by trolley car, you came from downtown Atlanta through Little Five Points; and the trolley car came along Briarcliff Road until it came to The By Way. And The By Way, of course, was the route by which it came down to Oxford Road. And Oxford Road is one of the beautiful roads in Druid Hills, not necessarily because of the beauty of the houses but because it is such a wide street; and it is wide because the trolley car went right down the middle of that street. And it came, of course, up to the campus, passing the log cabin. Now, the log cabin was a little waiting place where you could wait and keep yourself out of the rain; and it is located on Oxford Road just about the entrance to the campus that's been closed now for a number of years by a gateway. It's open now, a few days at a time; but it is located near two dormitories and about a long block from the famous institution of Horton's that is the chief identification point in that neighborhood.

Now, yesterday I was interviewing on videotape Dean Ellis Heber Rece, and Mr. Rece made a point that I had never heard made before about the naming of the Village. The trolley car came up to the end of the line, which is about in front of Everybody's and in front of where Horton's used to be; and there the trolley turned around. But it did not actually turn around; the motorman reversed the car at that point, got out and put the connection to the electric line at the other end of the car, and, after waiting a few minutes, he went back to town. But at that point there was nothing in the so-called "Village." And Mr. Rece's point was that the Village was not called "the Village" until the Navy V-12 program was at Emory. There wasn't any village there. I don't know what we referred to it in my day--I suppose "the end of the car line." ["The end of the car line" voiced from unidentified female audience member.] The end of the car line. But "the Village," he said, came to be used because the Navy had certain rules and regulations about leaving the "deck." And the cadets were able, as long as they stayed on campus, to be under Navy regulations; and as long as they were—quote—in the Village, they were still under Navy regulation.

But at any rate, in those days there was a little building—now where Everybody's is located—and in that building was Burns filling station. And the building next door to it housed Shepherd's Drugstore. And then there, if you will take a look at that, you can identify those original buildings—others have been built on. There was one other place there that housed a tea room, we called it in those days. And that was run by Lightnin' Johnson. Now, Lightnin' was called that because he moved at a snail's pace. [laughter] But he served delicious food, and some of us, who were affluent, were able to eat a meal there occasionally. But there was no building where Horton's later was developed. There was no building there where Kroger's [sic] is located. In fact, one could still see there the remnants of the horse track where Mr. Walter Candler had paced his horses. He lived in the house where the Davison Speech School is now located; but by the time I arrived, 1929, he had moved to his house—mansion—at Lullwater. So this primitive little place that the gateway to Emory and the Haygood—what is the other name for the gateway there? At any rate, the gateway that we go under now was not located there, and there was no Glenn Memorial Church there. So you can see, the campus at that time had few buildings on it and was really isolated from Atlanta.

There was no easy access to go, except to go by automobile or go by trolley; and I suppose the most dramatic difference between the current campus and the campus of that day was the absence of automobiles. Very few students had automobiles; a few of them commuted from home. And my recollection—and there are people here who were eyewitnesses, who they can check this—[to James Mackay, off-camera] and Jamie, you know that eyewitnesses ruin a good story. [laughter] According to my recollection, all of the automobiles that belonged to the

faculty were parked in the little area right behind the physics building. And one of the popular type of automobiles, which interested me very much, coming from a small town, as I did, was the Franklin air-cooled motor automobile. For some reason, a number of the members of the faculty owned that old Franklin automobile. And they were parked behind the physics building. So there was no traffic problem. All the students walked or those that commuted—the few who commuted. And I knew two students who owned an automobile. One of them was a rich young man from Virginia; and the other was the cripple, Jimmy Carmichael, who had to have an automobile to get around. So these were the kind of primitive conditions under which we lived at Emory.

To see that great, affluent university now, with all those magnificent buildings and beautiful flowers and shrubbery and so forth, it was quite in contrast to the Emory which I first saw in September 1929. When we arrived, we arrived in rain. The first two or three weeks were so rainy that we were all soaking wet, our clothes were mildewed. And we were welcomed to Emory by Dr. Harvey W. Cox, the president of the university, at a meeting of our freshmen in Durham Chapel. And the great incident that occurred there that none of us in the Class of 1933 will ever forget is the fact that one of these freshmen, named Andrew Turnipseed—he later became a high official in Methodism in Alabama—Andrew Turnipseed had the gall or the audacity to stand up and respond to the president's welcoming words. [laughter] And we were all taken aback by that gesture.

I want to remind you, too, that during those days the fraternities were located in houses in the community. Fraternity Row was just beginning. My recollection is that there was one house on Fraternity Row; that was SAE. That was the first house that was built. But ATO was located in a house that had—that was later occupied, I suppose by Dr. Turner's family on—oh, it's at the intersection of Emory Drive and Ridgewood—and it has recently been repainted and looks very nice, but that was a house located out in the community. The Sigma Pi fraternity, of which I was a member, was located on Oxford Road—the last house before you cross Peavine Creek on the little bridge. The house next door to it was a fraternity house; the next door to that, going up the road toward Horton's, was occupied by Chi Phi before it moved to the Connolly mansion on Fraternity Row. And located between the Chi Phi house and the end of the car line, there was a house run by a lady named Mrs. Coker. She ran a boarding house, and a number of us ate in that boarding house from time to time.

We were always searching for some inexpensive place to eat. Because I want to remind you of the most basic fact about all of this, and I'm sure all of you know this from reading history if you weren't alive to experience it, that in the fall of 1929 occurred the great stock market crash, which brought to dramatic realization the fact that the country was about to go into deep financial depression. Now, as a matter of fact, that didn't mean anything to the Ward family. We owned no stocks; the stock market crash meant nothing to us. We didn't know any difference between the normal poverty in which we lived and the stock market crash. [laughter] But my father had great confidence in me. I had worked in a grocery store at home in Marietta during my years, so he said, "Now, you know the value of a dollar. And you go to Emory and write any check that you need to write, and we will take care of it by the time it clears the bank."

And during that year—that first year—I lived like a king. Now, I did not work on Saturday—that is, work for pay. I worked for the upperclassmen in my fraternity who had us cleaning the house and so forth. But I suppose in that first year at Emory I must have spent as much as six hundred dollars. Tuition was seventy-five dollars a quarter. I lived on campus five, six days a week; and you were able to eat in the Emory cafeteria by buying a meal ticket—five

dollars' worth of meals you could buy for four dollars and a half. And a four-dollars-and-a-half meal ticket would usually feed you for the week. So during that year I paid fraternity initiation fees, fraternity dues, transportation back and forth to Marietta when I went home, and all of the other expenses—dormitory fee, because I lived in Alabama Hall during the freshman year—for about six hundred dollars.

But after that, times got harder; and I began to go home to Marietta and work on Saturday to make two dollars and a half to help pay expenses and to bring food back and eat for a day or two out of the fraternity house. Because in the sophomore year I moved into that brick house which I pass every day again now—it's still standing there, now a boarding house, on Oxford Road. And we would bring such things as sausage and eggs and cheese and loaves of bread down, and we would cook this in various little pots and hot—heating units in the fraternity house. It's a wonder we didn't die of ptomaine poisoning because we had no refrigeration there and no way in the world to keep these things clean except an ordinary lavatory and sink.

But I tell you these things to illustrate the financial conditions in which all of us lived. Nobody felt poverty-stricken or put-upon; all of us were facing the same basic kind of condition. But we were all hard-put for financial assistance, for finding the wherewithal to stay in college; and talking with Emory alumni now, I realize that many of them dropped out of school because of financial difficulties or had to stay out of school a quarter or two or a year because these were very hard times financially.

There was not much entertainment, the idea of going to the Omni or going downtown. But there were some things that would interest you, I think, because they are a little bit of an exception to this hard time. I don't want to give you an idea that nobody ever had any fun and that there was nothing to do. It is my recollection that the Fox Theater opened in the fall of 1930. That might be checked and found to be 1929. But we began, after going through a rather hard freshman year—academically, that is, where we studied pretty hard—we began to loosen up in the sophomore year. And my recollection is that many of us went to see the first performance at the Fox on Monday afternoon. Now, what they had at that time was the grand organ put on some kind of concert, and then they had a stage show, and then a movie. And in those days, the movie was a very important part of one's education. This was the era of the great movies that were made in Hollywood. And so we had that kind of entertainment.

We frequently, after studying till ten or eleven o'clock at night, would hop on the side of and get inside Carmichael's coupe, which would seat only three people. But you could put two on each running board and one on the back end of it, so you could take about ten people downtown. And we would go to a place that's located right there at—near Davison's store—that was called the Tastee-Toastee. And we used to go there. We would—someone would come into the fraternity house and say, "Who's ready for a hen-berry expedition to the Tasty-Nasty?" [laughter] Downtown we'd go to have scrambled eggs and toast at eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

There were dances, of course. Dancing was forbidden on the Emory campus. But there were dances held by the fraternities. They were usually referred to as "receptions," but they were held at various places in town. And during those years we had happy times with what would be called "little commencement," which was something in which the whole campus engaged, and they brought in big-name bands. Ozzie Nelson and Harriet was one that came one spring that I remember--"Jelly" Leftwich and Jan Garber and orchestras of this sort. And there would be dances for two or three days at a time. There would be a tea dance at five in the afternoon and then an evening dance, and this would be on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. And

this would be—girls were imported from their hometowns, and they would find places to stay with friends and the like. And this was the big event; this was the spring event at the university.

Then, of course, we found something else that was popular in that day that's unheard of, I assume, today—I don't know, maybe it's been revived. But it was pop-calling on Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening. Come back to the fraternity house and, rather than study, somebody would get an automobile, and we would drop in on girls' houses. Parents were there, and it was an informal, quick pop-call. You didn't stay very long, and if they had a Coke or a bowl of punch, well, you'd have a bit of that and stay around and visit five, ten, or fifteen minutes, frequently as, interestingly, with the mother and father as with the daughter. But there'd be five of us who'd call, and then we'd move from that house to the house of another popular young lady and spend five or ten minutes there on pop-calls on Sunday afternoon.

Now, for some reason, part of it being, I'm sure, transportation, I never dated Agnes Scott girls. That was too far away and too hard to get to. Most of these girls that we dated at that point were high school girls. They were members of the high school sororities—OBX, and I don't remember the names of others of them—and they went to North Avenue Presbyterian or Washington Seminary or some place of that sort. So this is the kind of social life—I still have, I should have brought along today, a card that was a dance card from the first formal dance that the Sigma Pi fraternity put on on February 12, I believe it was, our Founders Day, at Druid Hills Country Club. And that would be a big event. Each fraternity would have a spring or a yearly dance. And at that time, the custom was to "break" on girls. These—break dancing was quite different from what you hear about break dances nowadays. So there was a lot of mixing and mingling among the fraternity. They were not as exclusive as fraternities have come to be branded. You would invite ten or twelve members of other fraternities so they would provide breaks for your date, so that you wouldn't get stuck with a date and have to dance with her an hour or all evening.

This, it seems to me, are some of the highlights of the college years. I must say seriously about Emory that Emory was made up, at that time, of very wonderful faculty members. Now, they were not universally great; some of them were lesser caliber and more boring than others. But in general the faculty was made up of very fine human beings and very well-trained people. The same year I came to Emory as a freshman Dr. Lemker [spelling?] came. He was a very distinguished philosopher. He died recently in retirement in Florida, but he was one of the most learned men on the Emory faculty. He had majored in math, he knew music, he knew literature, he knew history, he knew theology, and he was a philosopher. In my day if you didn't take a course with Lemker [spelling?], you missed an intellectual treat. Of course, you could go down the line and name many other great people: Professor Rumble [spelling?] in mathematics, Professor Steadman in English. Everybody got acquainted with Dr. Gosnell in political science—we called him "the Goose"—Goose Gosnell, because there was a great baseball player on the Washington Senators' team named Goose Goslin. And so Goose Gosnell got that nickname. Now, no matter what course you signed up for with Dr. Gosnell, you got the same thing. [laughter] If you were studying international relations, well, you got the County Unit System in Georgia, because that was the hobby that he was riding. And in that sense, he was a great pioneer, because he was one of the leaders of the crusade that finally was able to outlaw the County Unit System about the time he retired and about the time he died, unfortunately.

But there were these characters in the faculty. I want to make this serious point: The faculty spent a great deal of time with the students. The faculty was not a research-oriented faculty. It was a faculty that was oriented toward teaching, and it was a faculty that spent a great

deal of time with students in student activities. Professor Goodyear in Romance languages coached the debate team, and various other faculty members were connected with the International Relations Club, they coached the athletic teams, and they were available in their offices. They didn't work very hard. They had their degrees, they knew their subject matter, and they had no pressure on them to publish or perish. And therefore, they had time to spend with the faculty [Does he mean "with the students"?]. And after four years at Emory, if you were involved in that—in activities, athletics, or other kinds of activities-- you had come to know a great many of the faculty very well.

I asked Dean Rece yesterday at the end of his interview what kind of impression he got of the faculty during those early years. He came to Emory in 1924. And he agreed with what I have heard down through the years, that there was a spirit at Emory in those early years, now, have moved up just from Oxford—now, of course, they joined the school of theology, the school of law, the school of medicine, and the school of business that were all organized on the Atlanta campus. But the spirit of the college was to make here a great university. They had aspirations toward excellence and quality that were very marked. Dr. Baker, who came in 1919 as a graduate student, was impressed with the same thing. There were three or four men who worked under Dr. Harvey Cox, who was the first president, who had that quality in mind and who worked constantly to put it into force. They were J. G. Stipe, who was an expert in Spanish literature, though he was an administrator and registrar of the university; there was Professor Hinton in English, who died my freshman year, unfortunately; and there was Goodrich C. White, who later became president, as you know.

And these men worked diligently to build here a reputation of excellence, and they did things that did not make Emory popular from the beginning. Emory is not an extremely popular institution. There are people, who appreciate it, and there are people who respect it, but it does not inspire the kind of enthusiastic loyalty that the University of Georgia, Georgia Tech, and the Auburn War Eagles do. It has not had the athletics to attract that kind of people and to give vent to that kind of means of expressing one's appreciation or love or loyalty. And part of this, in my opinion, stems from the fact that when Emory first began, it did some things that did not make it lovable in people's eyes. They denied admission to people. Well, now, this was unheard of. We generally, at the college level, in the 1920s and '30s, had what you would call "open admission." Now, that's quite different from open admissions now; but open admission was that you applied, and if you had any kind of qualification and had the money to attend, you could get in. It was not hard to get in most any school, and it wasn't hard to get into Emory Medical School. I knew plenty of students that I was a college student with who entered Emory Medical School with a C average. But once they got in medical school, Butch Plinkel [spelling?] flunked them out. [laughter] That was the hurdle, the anatomy course. And the point I want to make is that people were denied admission, they didn't like this, and people were dismissed for misbehavior and for academic failure. And, therefore, Emory got off on the foot of being tough. Mean. And somehow or other, there came about a feeling that Emory didn't need anything, that Emory was a rich institution, that the Candlers had enough money to take care of Emory, that either the Candlers or the Coca-Cola Company—there were plenty of people who thought Emory owned the Coca-Cola Company—or the Methodist Church or somebody was going to take care of Emory. And there wasn't a spirit in Atlanta that developed early that might well have developed that Emory University was a community enterprise which served the community well enough for the community to rise and support Emory financially. Now, this doesn't mean that corporations haven't come forward in recent years to do so. But this wasn't the great tradition at Emory.

Emory was set apart. It wasn't in downtown; it was located out there in swanky, rich Druid Hills.

Another thing that certainly must be said is that when I was a student at Emory during those five years, the richest people in Atlanta didn't live in Buckhead. They lived in Druid Hills. This was where Asa Candler, Charles Howard Candler, Walter Candler, and many other rich people lived—up and down Springdale Road, Oakdale Road, Fairview Road. They had moved from Inman Park, where many of these rich people first lived—the Woodruffs—and they moved to Druid Hills. And, therefore, this was a very affluent neighborhood. Faculty couldn't live there. The Emory faculty lived in little houses built over on the hill where now the rehabilitation center and Egleston Hospital and the Turman dormitories are built. Some Emory faculty lived over on McLendon and in the Little Five Points area, so that they could get to Emory by riding the trolley car. But they could not afford houses in the Druid Hills area at that point. Now, I did not have much to do with this county and community after those five years. I spent five years at Emory. My fifth year was a graduate year in which I earned a master's degree in history.

I don't know what else to say about the general academic situation at Emory, except to say that during those years, when Emory was not a great university, did not have any reputation as a great university, it was in a way a good small college surrounded by new graduate and professional schools. And it had not been brought into the unity that we've tried to bring into the university in recent years. Research and other things tend to bring a unity to the university that wasn't there at first. But let me tell you that in those years Emory produced some great graduates. In the scholarly world people like David Potter and Vann Woodward, two of the most distinguished historians in the country. And there were—there was a spirit of excellence in scholarship—of course, you could name dozens of others who came out of those years. And Emory began to build a reputation for at least aspiring to quality. A Phi Beta Kappa chapter was inaugurated there, in 1929, is my recollection. We got the highest accreditation from the Southern Association of Colleges.

And I left Emory and was not in this county for about ten more years. I came back into the county in 1948, when I became dean of the undergraduate college at Emory; and we moved into this community. Our first house was in Decatur. We lived on Mount Vernon Drive, a little closed circle off Glendale. My family and I lived there. And, of course, we drove our automobile to Emory and found parking problems beginning to be difficult, but they were not impossible at all.

By the time I came back, Dr. White had become president of the university, Dr. Cox having retired and had died by that point. Dr. White had aspirations for leading the university toward further greatness by developing graduate schools in research. But this was blocked for a time by the great influx of veterans that came into all institutions and particularly into Emory--well, not any more particularly to Emory than anywhere else—in the veteran period right after World War II. And this was a glorious period at Emory. Now, the problem was finding faculty members. As hard as this may be for you to believe, there was a great shortage of faculty at that point because we had the great influx of students, and we had not prepared great numbers of faculty people during the World War II period. I was not here during that period, but the Navy V-12 program was obviously the thing that helped keep Emory open.

In this period after the war student housing was a terrible problem. We built temporary housing across the railroad, about where the dental school building is now located. It was very temporary and very rough up there with a great deal of mud and difficulty in getting the garbage

carried out, and this was called "Lower Slobovia." [laughter] We had on campus, about where the Woodruff medical administration building is now, a great many trailers, so that there was a trailer village, where these young married couples out of the war, ambitious to get an education to use their GI Bill of Rights. And one walked across the campus at that point frequently between rows of diapers that were hung out on the clotheslines to dry. But it was a glorious period because these young men who came back to Emory—and most of them were men—came back to get an education. And I think, in the history of higher education in America, there's going to be no more glorious period than the period of the GI Bill of Rights. This gave opportunities to the young men and women, but particularly to young men, who never would have had an opportunity for a college education, because they couldn't afford it. The GI Bill paid their tuition. The government paid their tuition. This was their reward for being the veteran, for having participated in the service. And it really added to the educational level of this country and particularly in the South, where so many have been deprived of higher education because of its cost.

Well, Dr. White really moved to lead the university toward a higher status. The Ph.D. degree was authorized in 1946, and the first Ph.D. degree was conferred to a young man who graduated in chemistry in 1948. The dental school was added in 1946. It was located downtown, but it became a part of the university. The nursing school was moved to a degree-granting status in the period right after World War II. And new buildings began to appear. In the '50s the history building was added on the Quadrangle. The administration building was added. In 1957 Bishops Hall was added to give another building to the school of theology. And in the college the biology building and the geology building were built. And the Rich Foundation—made possible by the Rich's store—built the business school building, so that the university began to expand. And, of course, this brought the necessity for new roads and parking and all of the problems that go with an expanding student body.

When I was a student at Emory in the '20s and '30s, I don't know what the enrollment was; but it was, say, 1500—in the whole university. Because we had in that day required chapel. And all the students of the university could sit in that room above the cafeteria in the old student union. And when Glenn Memorial was built during my day as a student—I'm moving back to the 1930s—Glenn Memorial was built, well, we had chapel—required chapel—once a week in Glenn Memorial, and you had an assigned seat. And I you cut chapel three times, you were out. You were dismissed from school. So that Emory was governed by that kind of regulation. Well, one of the big changes that came after World War II, we had no place to have required chapel that would house the whole student body. So required chapel was restricted to freshmen and sophomores. Well, you can see that to logical-thinking young people, this didn't make any sense that if chapel is something that ought to be required, it ought to be required of everybody. And, therefore, there came erosion; and we had to give up required chapel. Well, it was resisted very heavily, not only by students but arguments by logical faculty people. And we turned to a period of optional chapel. And we had programs in Glenn Memorial, and you [sic; means "it"?] could be embarrassing to invite an outside speaker and come to speak in Glenn Memorial auditorium, the audience wouldn't be any bigger than this [refers to audience present at this presentation and recording]. Students did not come to "optional chapel." This went through about the period of Dr. Walter Martin's administration. Dr. Martin came in 1957 and spent five years at Emory, resigning in 1962; and we gave up required chapel.

And we continued to progress in the graduate area. Five departments were authorized to begin to make the work available in the Ph.D. degree: chemistry and biology and English and

history, and I forgot what the fifth department was. But very slowly Emory began to expand to graduate work at all of the levels. It was at this time, of course, also that the medical school made its big move. The medical school had operated—I couldn't believe this until I read it in history—I didn't know this, of course, as an undergraduate student—but there were no full-time people on the medical faculty in the 1920s and 30s. The only full-time person on the faculty paid by the university was the dean. All the rest were people who were volunteer faculty. They made their living from fees from patients, and they volunteered their time to teach medical students. Well, as we began to move to a full-time medical school faculty, naturally we ran into the terrible problem of financing. Where was the money to come from? And during those early years in the late '40s and early '50s, Mr. Robert Woodruff began to develop an interest in the medical school. And he picked up the deficit in the medical school in that time. The deficits didn't run much—a quarter of a million dollars or something like that—but he paid that deficit off at the end of every year. And finally he said, "I don't like that kind of an arrangement. Let's arrange something whereby the university can pay its own bills." And so Boisfeuillet Jones and Robert C. Mizell and Dr. Scarborough, whom he had brought in, worked out a scheme whereby Mr. Woodruff would give a million dollars to build a building to house faculty who would be clinical faculty, who would earn their pay by seeing patients in a building owned by the university. And four million dollars he gave as endowment that would produce a quarter of a million dollars to pay off the deficit. So the medical school began to be financed as part of the university. And Mr. Woodruff's interests at that time were solely in the area of medicine. He did not give any money to support other aspects of the university.

Dr. Atwood came in 1962; and the biggest thing I remember about Dr. Atwood was his coming from an Ivy League school, Cornell University. And he told this Emory faculty—[to audience member] I don't know, Bob, whether this impressed you as it did me—but he told this faculty right away, "You are better than you think you are." And he began to raise the expectations and the aspirations of the faculty; and he said to the board of trustees, "If we're going to pay this kind of faculty what it ought to have and to recruit faculty of comparable ability in the national market, we've got to begin to charge comparable tuition fees." Now, I want to make an observation that seems important to me. We have not lived in recent years in what you would call a stable economy. In the '20s and '30s we lived in a stable economy, and you know what that meant? That meant that people went for years and years and years without an increase in salary and weren't unhappy about it because prices didn't go up in the grocery store. Rent didn't go up, and tuition didn't go up. I need to check this to be sure whether I am specifically correct, but it is my impression that from the beginning of the college in Atlanta in 1919 until World War II, tuition remained the same at Emory: seventy-five dollars a quarter. And it was not until after World War II that tuition began to increase. When I came as dean, the top professor at Emory College was making $5,250. Dr. Atwood said—now, this is a few years later, in 1963 [sic], when he came, "We've got to begin to increase tuition, and in increasing tuition, we increase financial aid to students"--but not anything like enough to take care of it [Note: unclear whether or not Dr. Ward intended these previous ten words to be part of Dr. Atwood's quote; context suggests that words reflect Dr. Ward's own observation rather than Dr. Atwood's].

And something began to happen at Emory that has not really been interpreted: Emory began to lose its contact with Southern students, because as tuition went up, they couldn't afford to come; and the people who could afford to come began to come in from the East and Midwest. And Emory began to be more and more a non-Georgia, non-Southern institution. To a Northern

student Emory's tuition and its quality was a bargain. A bargain. A student sat in my office once and said, "You know, my girlfriend"—he was from New York state—"goes to Tufts University. She pays more tuition than I do. She doesn't get nearly as good an education as I do." He said, "Emory's a bargain." But it wasn't a bargain to people in Alabama and Mississippi and Georgia. And, therefore, Emory began to attract a great many more Northern students; and its student body in the decade of the '60s and '70s has changed a great deal. In my day Emory was—as a student—Emory was largely a provincial college and university; most of its students were Southern, nearly all, and a great many of them Georgians. But that would not be true in 1965 and '70.

So when the troubles came in the '60s and '70s—the trouble over Viet Nam; the troubles over, quote, integration; and Emory admitted its first black students in 1962—that makes a rather interesting story in itself, because the law provided at that point that an educational institution, not just Emory, but an educational institution would not have its property exempt from taxation if it taught blacks and whites together. And the chairman of Emory's board, who was also legal counsel for the university, Mr. Henry Bowden, made the case for all private institutions in Georgia that declared that law unconstitutional. We would not admit students and get charged and have to be hauled into court because of violating the law. Emory's board decided that it would test the law beforehand. And so it was possible for us to admit students without regard to race or color in 1962, and we did thereafter.

One day, one Sunday, black students at Emory—not many of them—invaded the worship services in Durham Chapel. Some people did not interpret it as an invasion; they interpreted it as these students' wanting to come to have a discussion. At any rate this infuriated people—some people—on the campus, and these students went over to Cox Hall and blocked the lines, and there were many people there eating on Sunday, as usually the case, who were not students at Emory; and this infuriated people. So we began to have troubles on campus between some faculty who felt one way about student rights and student opportunities and obligations and responsibilities; and this came along about the time of the Vietnamese war, so Emory was afflicted with what was called at that time "student unrest."

And we had some student problems. But the great thing is that Emory had nothing like what was carried on at Columbia University and at the University of California at Berkeley or Duke University, for example, where students moved into the president's house and occupied the president's house for a week. The Emory students were still small enough in number and well-enough known by faculty, and the Emory administration handled the situation so skillfully, letting the students let off steam, meeting with groups of students, that we had no great damage; we had no fires started; we had no occupation of the president's office; we had no damage to buildings. One day I well remember, the dean of students finally permitted the students to go through the administration building in kind of a snake-dance. And these students who were gathered on the Quadrangle and yelling and shouting and wanting a confrontation were permitted to snake through the administration building. They went through the first floor, then up on the second, then up on the third floor, shouting and singing and doing whatever they liked—no damage. I shall never forget this young woman, whom I didn't happen to know; but if you called, were able to call students by name, you know, it tended to tone down the violence. Those students in Columbia didn't know the faculty or the administration, but at Emory we did. But this young woman stopped and shouted, and I use this just to illustrate the terrible tensions under which students were operating, "Burn it down!" she said. "Burn it down! Burn this building down." And this was the mood of students across campus.

We lived through that era without any great damage to Emory, as I said, and thanks, I think, to a number of things. Our general Southern culture was still predominating—of civility and courtesy. Our smallness, so that we knew students, and the willingness of the administration really to talk with students. Never did the president refuse to come out and at least answer questions and appear and talk with students, and the deans spent much time that way, and I'm sure the faculty spent much time doing the same thing.

The mood on the Emory campus now is entirely different. I call that [students from the '60s] the Grim Generation because when you would meet students on the Emory campus, they looked at you as though they said, "You S.O.B., what are you doing around here?" [laughter] Students now are pleasant, they speak to you, they're relaxed, they have a good time, they're after their own goals. They are not unconcerned. They are concerned about nuclear war, they are concerned about conditions in Central America, they're concerned about apartheid, they're concerned about the infringement of human rights in Russia, and they express these in different ways. They attend meetings, they write letters to the editor, they write articles in the newspapers, and they let us know that they're concerned; but they express themselves in quite different ways. There's no violence; there's no such mood as predominated in those days.

I have an idea that the time is about to reach an end, and I want to say just a few things that Emory, of course, while developing here, has seen the development of the whole community. The rich people—the very rich people—moved out of Druid Hills and into north Atlanta. The areas around Decatur have expanded so that Emory now is not an isolated, rural, quiet campus; but it's literally a part of metropolitan Atlanta, surrounded by traffic problems and streets and buildings and apartments on every side. And this has brought the problems that go along with it; fleas go with the dog. And so we have more problems of—criminal problems on campus, theft and attacks on female students and the like, though this has not reached any epidemic proportions by any means, so that we know that we're a part of the bigger community.

I wanted to say something, if there is time, about the public school problem. You know, I passed over completely the fact that the 1954 decision of the U. S. Supreme Court that declared an end to legal segregation in the public school brought big problems to Emory. I spent a great deal of time as a dean then in making plans for running a public school—or an elementary-secondary school, I should say—by the university in case the public schools were closed, because the Emory faculty were much concerned about the continuation of the education of their children, and they threatened to leave Emory and to leave Georgia if the public schools were closed. Well, you may have forgotten it, but the legislature was battling with the problem and in such a mood that it appeared that public schools in Georgia might be closed. And that great statesman, Mr. John A. Sibley, led a commission that met around various congressional districts in the state and tested public opinion and let people blow off steam so that our public schools were not closed. But we went through a period of great concern and anxiety, and I went to many meetings of H.O.P.E., "Help Our Public Education," in which the citizens of this county were much concerned. We had a public school superintendent who handled all of this fairly well, though one must say that the real reason there was no more trouble in DeKalb County than there was was the fact that we had no large black population, and certainly not an aggressively demanding population, at that particular time. The public schools in DeKalb during the '50s and '60s had, I suppose, the reputation of being about the best schools in the state. And Mr. Cherry was able, because of help from administrators and the willingness of the people to pay taxes, to keep us from having double sessions and the need for a new schoolroom every Monday morning. He was able to stay ahead in construction so that there was very little, if any, double session; and

the public schools were an asset to the county. Druid Hills, when I was a student, was a special school in the county. By the time Mr. Cherry came along, Druid Hills became just another one of the good schools in the county, along with Briarcliff and Avondale and the other schools that developed in that period.

But Emory, in that point in our development, had a rather strong department of education; and we had our students doing their practice teaching out in the system. That has changed a good deal. Emory's education department is not as influential in the public schools because it is much smaller, and it is much more addressed toward research and theoretical than it is toward the practical teaching. And the people who can afford to pay Emory's current tuition are not likely to be choosing careers in public school teaching, where the compensation is so relatively small. Most of the students who come to Emory now are aspiring to further education. They intend to go on either for MBA—Master of Business Administration—or law or medicine or dentistry or nursing or librarianship or some other profession. Tuition at Emory is unbelievably high, as far as I'm concerned. It's $8,500 a year, so that four-year college education costs you about $40,000 now. But the wonderful thing that has happened is that out of the hundred million dollars which came from the Woodruffs, a great deal of that money is being applied to financial aid for students. The financial aid available to students at Emory now has quintupled in the last five years. Instead of being a million dollars, it is now five million dollars; and this helps a great many students, who come and get what is called now in higher education a "package": a loan, financial aid in the form of a scholarship, and a part-time job. A great many students take advantage of this, and you would be proud of them. If you get the idea that all students at Agnes Scott and Emory and other private institutions are rich people driving around in foreign automobiles and going to [inaudible—sounds like "Daytona Beach"?], I could regale you with stories that would really warm your heart, of people who work forty-hour weeks and go to school, who have a full-time job at night, and all kinds of things to show you that there are still plenty of wonderful young people in this country who are ambitious to move up in the social and economic scale; and they are taking advantage of their educational opportunity. [Pauses for questions]

QUESTION FROM AUDIENCE: Is this scholarship thing helping Southern students?

DR. WARD: The drive at Emory at the present time is to recruit primarily in the South and especially in Georgia. They've been able to increase the percentage of those applying from Georgia a number of percentage points—six or eight—and to admit a great many more students from Georgia this fall than we have in the past at all. They don't have to recruit much in the North anymore; the word has gotten around. [To audience member, acknowledging question]: Yes sir.

QUESTION FROM AUDIENCE [Speaker later identified as Dr. Ruhr—spelling?]: Did Emory have any part in getting the VA Hospital where it is now?

DR. WARD: They have nothing to do with the buildings. They provide supervision of the medical services at the VA Hospital. But the government supervises and administers the physical plant.

FOLLOW-UP FROM SAME AUDIENCE MEMBER [Speaker later identified as Dr. Ruhr—spelling?]: I mean, did they give them the land? There's a story about that. I'm not sure if we have time.

DR. WARD: I didn't really hear that last question.

VOICE FROM OFF CAMERA [possibly Mr. Mackay?]: He wanted to know whether they gave the land for the VA Hospital.

DR. WARD: I never knew that. It's my impression that we sold them the land.

FOLLOW-UP FROM SAME AUDIENCE MEMBER [Speaker later identified as Dr. Ruhr—spelling?]: We sold them the present land. We gave them land for a VA hospital, Howard Candler—the Candler estate, where the zoo was? We gave that to the VA right at the end of the war [World War II], with the idea that they'd bring a hospital in there. Instead they put up a hospital in Augusta and turned that land over to the alcohol [rehabilitation and treatment] group. [laughs] And then later they decided they had to build a larger VA Hospital and move the one down from Brookhaven, and we decided we'd sell them the land this time.

DR. WARD: Dr. Ruhr [spelling? Roher? Ruer?] is telling you a great deal that I am not an eyewitness to, so I can't verify it or deny it. [laughter]

MR. MACKAY: We're going to have a reception in the courtroom, and if all of you will move in there and meet our speaker, I think we all want to join in thanking him for a most interesting hour. [applause] END OF RECORDING

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