



Dr. Arthur M. McAnally, director of University libraries, holds John Milton's Areopagitica, the one-millionth volume to be acquired for Bizzell Memorial Library. To commemorate this milestone in OU's history, a special dinner was held at which the rare pamphlet was presented formally by its donor, Mrs. George Livermore, an alumna who now lives in Lubbock, Texas. Principal speaker was Dr. Laurence Clark Powell, author and dean of the School of Library Service at UCLA, whose address appears below.

YOU, JOHN MILTON

Milton's plea for literary freedom from censorship without due process is timely today

When we added our millionth volume at UCLA, we made it easy for our speaker. How did we do it? By choosing a dead book, a harmless book. True, it was an item of great rarity, only one or two other copies being known of this overland narrative, important certainly as a mosaic piece in western history, but stylistically a dud, and influentially a dead book. Probably no one but the author read it when it was published, and only occasional historians and bibliographers since. And so our speaker at the ceremony had it easy, compared with my task tonight.

In choosing Milton's *Areopagitica* for your millionth volume, you have chosen an immortal book, an influential book, a book born 322 years ago as a thin pamphlet, a baby as it were among the great folios the 17th century produced in vast numbers; a book which has gone on living and growing, until now in 1966, this pygmy pamphlet by John Milton doth bestride the world far more than any of those colossal 17th century folios, having been translated into most of the modern languages and reprinted in English more times than I care to count, not coming to you tonight as an enumerative bibliographer.

In the *Areopagitica* occur these prophetic words, oft quoted, yes, but always worth quoting again, describing as they do so perfectly the book itself in which they appear, and which we gather here tonight to honor, as the capstone of Oklahoma's millionth volume, as well as the cornerstone of its second million.

"For books are not absolutely dead things," Milton wrote, "but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a violl the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragons teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand unless warinesse be us'd, as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book; who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, Gods Image; but he who destroys a good Booke, kills reason it selfe, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmd and treasure'd up on purpose to a life beyond life."

What do I mean when I say that your choice of the

Areopagitica makes it hard for me? I mean two things: one, a live book, such as Milton clairvoyantly described his own, is not easy to speak about. It's like trying to catch a trout with your bare hands. It won't hold still, and if you do manage to seize it, it slips out of your grasp.

Thus this pamphlet whose title-page reads, *Areopagitica; a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England*.

Ever since your president called me on the phone last month and asked me to speak, I have been in trouble, trying to catch this pamphlet and hold it. Figuratively, of course, for I'll tell you what I promptly did as soon as I had been nailed by your Cross.

I went to UCLA's William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, which I have had the good fortune to direct these past 22 years; went to the shelf in the rare book room which houses our Drydens and Miltons, took the *Areopagitica* in my hands, sat down in the peaceful drawing room, opened it, and read it through.

The book itself, the physical book, gave me no trouble; but oh, the ideas, the overtones, all the turbulent richness of 17th century England, my favorite epoch, began to thunder and lightning in my mind. And the figure of Milton himself, austere, unlovable—he gave three successive wives trouble and you'll remember him blind, dictating to his daughters—the man himself, by no means dead, came to my side as I sat there reading and said warningly, "Take care when you speak of me and my work."

And I replied, "You, John Milton, kindly go back to the shelf where you are classified, and let me do this my own way."

One of the problems of course is language. How to speak in our 20th century, watered-down English of work written when our language was as full-bodied as Churchill's brandy. My task became a little easier when I realized that Milton's prose in the *Areopagitica* does not reach the organic majesty of Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia*, his *Urne-Buriall*; nor had Dryden yet grown up to clarify English prose once and for all.

"It is often said," wrote Douglas Bush of Milton, "that the most severely disciplined of English poets wrote the most exuberantly undisciplined prose, though Milton's sentences should not daunt a generation that has assimilated William Faulkner's."

The *Areopagitica* then is not the work of a man writing prose. Milton's rhetoric was overheated by his intellect. The fire of his ideas scorched his prose. The crucible of his mind was at white heat when he sat down and wrote these opening words:

"*They who to States and Governours of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or wanting such accesse in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the publick good; I suppose, them at the beginning of no meane endeavour, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their mindes; some with doubt of what will be the successe, others with feare of what will be the censure; some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speake. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I have entered, may have at other times variously affected; and likely might in these formost expressions now also disclose which of them sway'd most, but that the very attempt of this addresse thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion, jarre more welcome than incidental to a Preface.*"

I called Milton austere. As these words of his reveal, he is also passionate. And thus he becomes a complex, not a simple man. And correspondingly difficult to speak about.

But you asked me to speak of a book, not a man. Impossible. Great books, such as this one, are written by men, not machines. If and when a computer writes an *Areopagitica*, we can proceed to dispose of man as obsolete.

And thus the man Milton—you, John Milton—drew me as much as your book. Neither man nor book would play dead, and allow me to portray them as a still life. Truly, great books are *not* dead things.

I said there were two things that made my task one of difficulty; and I have spoken thus far only about the first.

The second lies in the subject matter of the *Areopagitica*. The liberty of unlicensed printing, or as we know it today, the freedom of the press. Now in 1966, as in 1644, we are living in a time of threat to our liberties. And the threat does not come alone from those who would curtail our freedom to speak, to write, and to assemble. As I see it, the threat comes as well from those who abuse these freedoms beyond the point of license. I mean the flaunting of four-letter words in public; the use of the telephone system to disseminate hate and distrust; the libellous vilification

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Milton's *Areopagitica*

OU's one millionth acquisition will be in the rare book collection in Bizzell Memorial Library. The full title of the work, which is one of the most famous pleas for freedom of the press ever written, is *Areopagitica: A Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England*. In 1643 Cromwell's Parliament had renewed an old order forbidding unlicensed printing. Milton's marital difficulties with his young first wife, Mary Powell, caused him to publish, without license, several widely discussed pamphlets on divorce. One of these was attacked before Parliament and, in another action, Milton was accused of violating the licensing law.

His reply was the *Areopagitica*, in which he warned Parliament that if it wished to crush knowledge, it might as well suppress itself, since only a free government makes a free spirit and "If you would have us slaves, you must be tyrants."

The pamphlet was a speech in name only, since Milton had no intention of delivering it to Parliament. He modeled his work on Isocrates' *Areopagiticus* in which the Greek orator and philosopher urged the restoration of the freedom of the *Areopagus*, the public meeting and debate in Athens. Although the Order of Censorship remained in effect until 1694, its effectiveness was largely diminished by Milton's pamphlet.

tion of the President and the Chief Justice and lesser public officials.

Pushed too far, society might take corrective steps to prevent licentious actions. Then the danger is that responsible freedoms will also be restricted by the backlash of reaction.

This is indeed a perilous situation, and I shall comment on it only as it affects my main concern, the liberty of the press.

Let me examine Milton's position a little more closely. What did he want Parliament to do, when he wrote the *Areopagitica* in the form of a speech? I shall let him tell it in his own words, as they appear in a later work:

"Then pursuing my former route through France, I returned to my native country, after an absence of one year and about three months, at the time when Charles, having broken the peace . . . the necessity of his affairs at last obliged him to convene a Parliament. As soon as I was able, I hired a spacious house in the city, for myself and my books, where I again, with rapture, resumed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence, and to the courage of the people.

"Lastly, I wrote my 'Areopagitica' after the true attic style (let me interpolate here, reminded as I am by Milton's reference to the classical Greek style of oration or speech, that the Areopagus, from whence his title, was the sacred hill of Ares, near the Acropolis, whereon the Athenian Council of State met) in order to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered; that the power of determining what was true and what was false, what ought to be published and what to be suppressed, might no longer be entrusted to a few illiterate and illiberal individuals, who refused their sanction to any work which contained views or sentiments at all above the level of vulgar superstition."

What Milton urged on Parliament was a control on published books, by due process of law, rather than by the pre-publication, Star Chamber censorship of books in manuscript. He was against having "a Booke stand before a Jury ere it be borne to the world."

His tract had no immediate influence. The Press was not delivered from the licensers until 1694, twenty years after Milton's death and an even half century after the *Areopagitica*. It was 1738 before the pamphlet had separate republication. Since then, as I have noted, editions have sprung up all over the world. Along with *Paradise Lost*, it is Milton's most reprinted work. *Habent sua fata libelli*, the Roman said, meaning that little books have strange fates. Such was the fate of the *Areopagitica*; its seeming to have been stillborn was an illusion. It contained the seeds of immortal life.

Our problem today, again as I see it, is what control, if any, to place on books that show no restraint in describing the natural functions of procreation and elimination. The

key word to me is *natural*. For example, I have never been shocked by *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, because I find it a sincere, even moral effort to relate our natural functions to good health. When I balk is when cruelty and perversion and violence are an author's chief concern. Would I therefore ask that such books be suppressed? If so, by whom? Local government? Police? Library boards? Librarians? Who's to bell the cat?

This concern has gone all the way up to a kind of District of Columbian Aeropagus; and we read last month of the United States Supreme Court's concern that it might have to devote its entire time reading already published pornographic literature, in order to decide whether or not it has the redeeming social or literary merit which would sanction its circulation..

You, John Milton, should be alive at this hour. Here is a job for you. Did you not once write, "I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest judgement on them as malefactors."

I can speak of my own criterion for judging whether or not a book is good or bad. I ask of it a single question, From how deep and true an impulse did it spring? Was it written merely to shock? Only to make money? Or was it written to create something more perfect and more lasting than life experience from which it came?

When I offered this criterion to my students at UCLA, they countered with their own question. What was the impulse that prompted John Cleland in the 1740's to write *Fanny Hill*? And I had to admit that it was no deeper than that to make enough money to get him out of debtor's prison.

And what is good taste and social acceptance in one generation is anathema to another. Christopher Marlowe would never have been poet laureate under Queen Victoria. To Whittier and Longfellow, Whitman was obscene. We all know the divided reaction today to that modern *Huck Finn*, *The Catcher in the Rye*. Confusing, isn't it?

I am afraid I shall have to leave you in these quicksands of confusion, hoping that when the time comes for Oklahoma to add its two millionth volume, society will have pulled us out of the mess in which we now flounder. We are indeed in trouble, but let us not despair. Let me close with the octet from Wordsworth's sonnet entitled "England, 1802," a trumpet call which needs sounding in this year 1966:

Milton! Thou shouldest be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: She is a fen
Of stagnant waters: Altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!

The Professors Pick

Sooner Magazine asked a group of University professors to name the book or

author that had meant the most to them. Their answers follow:

Dr. Lloyd Williams

Professor of Education

BOTH OF MY parents were omnivorous readers with wide-ranging interests. Books were a major part of childhood home life and they were stacked around the house by the hundreds—poetry, essays, history, engineering, law, and miscellanea. Of all the books in my background, perhaps the Bible, which so thoroughly permeates the thought and literature of the Western mind, had unconsciously influenced me the most, although I now perceive it as history, poetry, and philosophy. Consciously, “Ecclesiastes” and “Proverbs” have profoundly shaped my view of life.

Endless hours of my childhood were spent on the floor or upside down in a lounge chair looking at pictures in books. Even though long immersed in books, perception of their potential greatness grew slowly with me. My happiest childhood memories are of my mother reading to me from *David Copperfield*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Ivanhoe*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Lady of the Lake* or something similar. Scores of unremembered volumes have unquestionably influenced my philosophy of life, but from my student days five books in particular stand out: Plato’s *Dialogues* (especially the “Apology”), Marcus Aurelius’ *Meditations*, Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Emerson’s *Essays* (especially “Self-Reliance”), and John Dewey’s *Reconstruction in Philosophy*.

Plato has permanently shaped my passion for truth through his clear and inspired defense of Socrates in the face of the thoughtless and compulsive multitude. Gibbon has permanently shaped my taste for literature and made me profoundly skeptical of human motives and aspirations. Emerson has permanently shaped my conviction of the necessity for intellectual self-determination. John Dewey has permanently shaped my view of the nature of reality through demolishing the adequacy of classical philosophy. But if one volume must be chosen above the others, then that one must be Marcus Aurelius. Purloined from my father’s library long ago, George Long’s translation of *The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* has been read so many times since that its pages are loose, their edges are worn, and not a paragraph has escaped artificially imposed italics. No other book has commanded so many of my contemplative hours; no other has

Dr. Paul Ruggiers

David Ross Boyd Professor of English

IT IS DIFFICULT to say which book or author has meant the most to me over the course of the years. As you know, one’s mind and spirit are shaped by a great many things to which one is exposed. I have always been drawn toward those writers who reflect a kind of optimistic realism, those who recognize the role of reason in human affairs, and at the same time, recognize how much all of us are influenced by deep-seated, often irrational drives. Such writers are almost impossible to find. In the world of literature the one who offers the most in the way of world-view, with the complete philosophical system and with the highest skill in poetic techniques is the Italian poet, Dante. I never fail to find something of interest or amazement in every

so definitely shaped my view of the meaning and purpose of life.

Marcus Aurelius was a truly good man. He was always kind, sincere, generous, restrained, and sensitive to the larger social good. A pagan with profound sense of charity and resignation, he readily perceived his obligations to others. One of the greatest passages in all educational literature is his acknowledgement of indebtedness to his teachers. He honored fidelity even though his wife casually scattered her favors around the court. He solicited the good will of the gods and the good will of men toward the gods. He enjoined reciprocation of goodness for evil, thoughtfulness for thoughtlessness, truth for falsity, and always insisted that men should cheerfully accept the order of things as decreed by nature.

He never doubted that truth was more precious than wealth, that wisdom was more desirable than ignorance, that honor was more to be cherished than power. The conscientious performance of duty he taught as a moral necessity. Reason he thought man’s surest guide to life; nature he thought generally good; the society of men largely folly. Although vanity and conceit were everywhere in evidence, he advocated and practiced forbearance. Recognition of the evanescent nature of all things he held essential to philosophic understanding. Time and space he thought boundless and infinite. Typical is his comparison of man with the infinite: “How small a part of the boundless and unfathomable time is assigned to every man.” And although this brand of Stoicism is largely pessimistic in essence, he nevertheless counsels compassion for all creatures. Ethically, nothing so typifies Marcus Aurelius as the suggestion that “men exist for one another.” Therefore, sharing, not greedy accumulation, is the better part of rational living.

Many modern philosophers consider the purpose of philosophy the systematic analysis of language. I share the ancient prejudice that the quest for wisdom—approximated as we achieve perspective on the inconsequential nature of man in the vastness of time and space—is the purpose of philosophy. What veneer of civilization I have acquired and what little I understand of life is largely the result of good parents, good teachers, good fortune, good books, and the good influence of Marcus Aurelius’ *Meditations*.

reading of his major work. Even in translation he offers a great deal to the searching reader. One quality I do not find in him is the kind of good humor and balance with regard to the human condition that we associate with poets like Chaucer and Shakespeare. But one cannot have everything.

Dante is central to the tradition of the West up to the Renaissance. Much influenced by Aristotle and Aquinas, among others, he has something to say about most of man’s major interests: economics, psychology, government, religion, theology, metaphysics, ethics, and aesthetics. Besides which, one has the satisfaction of watching a great mind work with great ideas, never proud or boastful of this intellectual skill and satisfied to arrive at a healthy attitude with respect to experience. Many readers bog down in extraneous and mechanical details, or stop at a

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point early in their reading of *The Divine Comedy* largely because they have to work too hard to get at Dante's ideas. But those who stay with him gradually come under the

Dr. Clayton Feaver

David Ross Boyd Professor of Philosophy

WHEN ONE REMEMBERS those who have written—from the early expositors of Vedanta to Radhakrishnan, from the prophets of Israel or the “Big Three” of Greece to Paul Tillich—it is difficult to isolate the book or the author that has had the greatest influence on his thinking or behavior.

In the Introduction to Spinoza's *Ethics* (Everyman's Library), Santayana says that “Spinoza is one of those great men whose eminence grows more obvious with lapse of years.” Surely this is so—or at least the reading of the *Ethics* this year excels all previous readings. Of course, the title is misleading. The *Ethics* is at least a triple-treatise:

Dr. C. E. Springer

David Ross Boyd Professor of Math

TO BE ASKED to single out for public display one's favorite book or author is cause for “perpending,” if I may use that archaic term. In order to respond to this request it is necessary to engage in a bit of reminiscing, and this is not easy to do without what someone has called “an indecent exposure of one's personality.” Naturally, there is a desire to appear to be somewhat profound even in reading for diversion, and this desire might lead one to name, for instance, some heavy book on philosophy. There is the inclination, too, or, should I say, the felt obligation to mention books on further higher values such as religion. And, no doubt, in at least one period of my life, the Bible would have come first to mind as the book of greatest influence.

I must make the assumption that my remarks are for the general reader. This precludes any discussion of favorite books in my professional field. Therefore, I shall disregard

Miss Mildred Andrews

David Ross Boyd Professor of Music

DURING MY FIRST year of teaching organ at the University of Oklahoma, my mother gave me a new book to read: *Madame Curie*, a biography by Eva Curie, translated by Vincent Sheean. After I had read a very few pages I realized that this book would help mold my life. The biography was written by Madame Curie's younger daughter with beautiful simplicity and understanding as it recorded a life of heroism, selflessness, and genius. Madame Curie discovered radium and was perhaps the greatest of all women scientists. Her work changed the course of the world's thinking and enabled men to reach out toward new frontiers.

Reading the story of Madame Curie's life and work gave me an idea of what really makes life worthwhile and what is true greatness. I realized that as a professional organist I was entering what was considered a “man's field,” and

spell of the excitement of facing up to the most difficult problems that have beset the human race, and there is always a kind of health in doing this.

one in metaphysics, one in psychology, and one in ethics. The latter builds up to an extraordinary conclusion: The good life is not one of abstinence or prohibition, or of anything that is not the living of life in its fullness—and with all one's strength. Rather, the good life is participation in all activities open to humans so long as such participation is rational—kept in context. In a rather profound sense Spinoza could say, to laugh is to live—to be a joyful participant in particulars seen in perspective, in proper (appropriate) relation to the whole is to live.

Of course, one does not read Spinoza as he runs. Perhaps he purchases a copy of the *Ethics* and reads it proposition, proof, even corollary and note at a time, and pauses to ponder the occasional Q.e.d.; and re-reads . . . for one, five, fifty years.

the literature of mathematics and the closely related sciences.

Because I find it impossible to decide on a single most influential book outside my professional field, perhaps the best solution is to mention some books that spring to mind which I should like to read again. I must admit that, on further reflection, this list might well be supplanted by another. I have been fond of the works of the historian A. L. Rowse. His *The Churchill* and *The Elizabethans in America*, for instances, are delightful to read. But my personal acquaintance with this author may well have added to the charm of his writings. Numerous trips to archeological sites in Mexico have nurtured an interest in the accounts of ancient cultures as described by Eric Thompson in *The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization*, and by Victor von Hagen in *The Ancient Sun Kingdoms of the Americas*. I found much interest and pleasure in *The Summing Up* by Somerset Maugham. On the lighter side there comes to mind the wit of Stephen A. Leacock and of Laurence Sterne. *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy—Gentleman* by Sterne was delightful reading many years ago, and it is on my re-reading list when leisure permits.

it was a real challenge for me to read about Marie Curie's great integrity and love of her work; she did not know how to be famous, and she never considered herself a celebrated scientist. She was interested in only one thing: giving something important and lasting to the world. She never spoke of her difficult childhood in Poland and the dangers and extreme fatigue that she suffered; she thought only of her work. She was not elected to the French Academy of Sciences because she was a woman, but she never commented by a single word and did not let it affect her. From childhood the poor Polish girl had carried the curiosity and daring of an explorer with her. This was the instinct that had driven her to leave Warsaw for Paris and the Sorbonne and to get her doctor's degree. After many long years of experiments Madame Curie discovered the existence of radium. The following paragraph has come back to me many times when I had a difficult time with a student: “It is not in a scientist's power to struggle against his vocation: even on his days of disgust or rebel-

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lion his steps lead him inevitably back to his laboratory apparatus."

Radium was a most useful miracle that contained life and death. It did something for the happiness of the human race, and because of Marie Curie the armament of medicine gained a tremendous new weapon against cancer.

Dr. William Keown

David Ross Boyd Professor of Business

TWENTY YEARS AGO *On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures* was a fortuitous find for a graduate student who was tracing the origins of basic concepts in job evaluation. Charles Babbage, the author, improved upon Adam Smith's description of pin making and identified the chief entrepreneurial gain resulting from the division of labor. Most of the book is a lucid and fascinating description of the state of the manufacturing arts in Britain and Europe; but nearly one-third of the pages contain the author's forthright views on such timeless topics as "the causes and consequences of large factories," "combinations amongst masters or workmen against each other," and "on combinations of masters against the public."

However, the book was a by-product: a consequence of the study of manufacturers' capabilities which Babbage undertook as he developed a "calculating engine" actuated by punched cards. A small model was exhibited in 1882. An enlarged machine was developed during the next six years, but a disagreement over the government's support brought the project to a halt. A still more complex "analytic" machine was designed but never constructed; this was the true precursor of Hollerith's mechanical tabulator and

Madame Curie always worked with the same incomparable intensity. She was afraid of seeming pretentious, yet her life was more thrilling and more dramatic than any hero who has ever lived. Albert Einstein said, "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted." She never wanted power and glory; to her death it was science and mankind she cared for, not fame. Inspiring and deeply moving, *Madame Curie* is a true classic of biography.

today's electronic computers.

This book and this invention represent but a fraction of the output of this renowned mathematician with an inventive mind. Behind these works stand the man. Babbage had a "somewhat desultory education in private schools" and was self-taught in algebra. He entered Trinity College at 18, took his degree three years later, and was elected a fellow in the Royal Society before his twenty-fourth birthday (in 1816). He was one of the founders of the Astronomical Society (1820) and the Statistical Society of London (1834) and an officer in the early years of each. He held the Lucasian chair of mathematics at Cambridge (1828-1839), a chair once held by Isaac Newton. He published some 80 works. In his later years he became "the implacable foe of organ-grinders" for he considered that "one-fourth of his working power had been destroyed by audible nuisances."

Although readers of nearly every contemporary management text see the name of Charles Babbage, probably very few come to know of his research, his writings and his philosophy: "One of my most important guiding principles has been this—every moment of my waking hours has always been occupied by *some train of inquiry*." Because this former graduate student is indebted personally and professionally to this man and his works, I have been introducing Charles Babbage to Oklahoma students for sixteen years.

Dr. William Ragan

David Ross Boyd Professor of Education

THE TITLE OF the book that has meant most to me is *A Sociological Philosophy of Education*. It was written by Ross Lee Finney, an educational sociologist at the University of Minnesota, and published in 1928 by The Macmillan Company. Although it was reprinted six times between 1928 and 1937, it has seldom been recognized as one of the great books in the field of educational sociology. This article is, therefore, not concerned with *Famous Books in Education*, *Famous Books in Educational Sociology*, or *Famous Books in the Philosophy of Education*; it is concerned with the book that has meant the most to me.

This book has, for more than 30 years, continued to ignite my imagination. It is the one book in Bizzell Library that I checked out regularly, once or twice each semester, for more than fifty semesters. There must be a reason, or perhaps several reasons. The writing is briskly alive; the author uses languages with precision and distinction; it is a fine example of clear, forceful, competent expression

which elicits the admiration of the reader. Note, for example, the beauty and grace of this sentence: "There still runs current in the popular mythology the notion of the born leader who is endowed by nature with some supernatural traits by which he throws the spell of an hypnotic magnetism over all with whom he comes in contact." (P. 382)

Writing at the time when Herbert Hoover was moving into the White House, he was advocating a system of education that would put into the hands of all American youth the intellectual and cultural resources for a worthy, satisfying life instead of the popular conception of education for the purpose of helping a few fortunate ones to escape from the social class of their parents.

Living at a time when education has become the magic work in Washington and in the legislatures of all the states, it is pleasant to be able to call attention to a book, written almost four decades ago, which sets forth so boldly the theoretical foundations for many of the programs of action which have been developed recently for helping people through education to increase their standard of living, to contribute to the economic growth of the nation, and to share in the benefits of a free society. END