My first real contact with Wisconsin was a course at Radcliffe in my junior year. Like every Boston girl of my day I had a sound grasp of American history, luminously clear around the center of the universe, Boston and its vicinity, still firm for New York, blurring a little at Philadelphia, all but fading away below Washington, and quite nonexistent beyond Albany. But in my junior year at Radcliffe I suddenly awoke to the fact that there was a lot of America about which I knew little, and possibly it might have some relevant history beyond French and Indian wars, and the gold rush to California. Fortunately, Radcliffe did have a course on westward expansion, given, I was told, by a man who had come from "out there." My mother, who since she was a New Haven woman was not above a suspicion that a Boston education might leave one slightly provincial, readily agreed that it was about time I knew something more about my own country, but I am sure that it never occurred to her that all this would ever turn out to be anything more than an academic adventure. Of course like everybody else who ever came in touch with the giver of that course, Frederick Jackson Turner¹, I learned about the frontier. And a very exciting thing it was, for one of my, I'm afraid, rather expansive type of imagination.

Professor Turner was kindness itself, my first taste of the now familiar Wisconsin friendliness, but I am sure that his bright blue eyes must have darkened when he looked at the map question on the final examination and discovered that I, on the principle that Wisconsin was part of the old Northwest, and the Northwest wasn't as far west as you'd think it, had located Wisconsin about Nevada. At any rate I got an "A-", and was sure that it was the map question that was responsible for the minus.

After Radcliffe I taught for two years at Smith, and those two years of teaching without any supervision but only the kindly advice of older colleagues brought home to me pretty sharply the limitations of my own grasp of my hoped-for profession. When, therefore, these friends suggested that I should not only go on for graduate work, but, inasmuch as I was likely to spend my life in New England colleges, should get out and broaden my outlook by going West for a year, I was in a chastened enough mood to listen to what I thought was a pretty accurate appraisal of my limitations. My mother had no doubt about it. For years she was to wonder what I had done at Smith that they should want to send me so far away! I am sure, too, that for a decade I was my classmates' favorite example of a girl who had looked promising and then vanished beyond the horizon. My Smith friends were realistic about my prospects of staying at Wisconsin; but they assured me that it was a good place to go from.

So I came to Wisconsin in a frontier-taking spirit, and I have never quite lost my sense that Wisconsin has something of the frontier about it. Of course I realize that the old geographical frontier vanished long ago, when the ever-moving Americans reached the Pacific. But there are plenty of other frontiers that have been coming up over our horizon ever since, and one of them was in full view when I arrived at Wisconsin. Indeed, there was a real crisis here, as I may add, there has been pretty much ever since. The particular crisis of the fall of 1919 was the return of the veterans of the First World War. They were, of course, much fewer in number than the horde who were a generation later to swamp us at the end of the Second World War, but there were quite enough of them to clog up the ordinary processes of freshman English, and to make necessary the recruiting of twenty-three new instructors in all. I remember people

¹ For more information on Frederick Jackson Turner, see his entry in the Wisconsin Electronic Reader.
used to look at me in a friendly way that I could see was a preparation to looking me up, but when they heard I was in the English Department, I could see the intention fade at once in their faces. There were just too many of us.

The veterans themselves were younger, less experienced than those I was to meet a generation later. They were, also, I am sure, much less well prepared, although the favorite alibi for illiteracy was the recent military experience which I obviously had not shared. "You've no idea, Miss White, what the army does to your English," they said again and again. I had no idea, but I soon found out that somebody had done something, or else, what I suspect was closer to the truth, nobody had done what should have been done. At any rate I set myself to a rescue operation. And in return they set themselves to enlightening me. For it was perfectly clear that the Radcliffe girl with the Boston accent knew very little about the relative advantages of beef cattle or dairy cattle, indeed, very little about farming in any form, and I suspect many of them had a very good time initiating me. Of course, there were lazy and careless and indifferent students among them, but there were very few of, what I had already seen all too much of, what I call the well-groomed thief; that is, the student of mediocre intelligence who has been made aware in an educated and sophisticated environment of the right things to read and appreciate and say and even think. There was little of that. What astonished me was not so much that students had been able to get into the university with their almost total lack of preparation, but that some of them in spite of an unbelievable innocence of elementary literacy were clearly young people of native intelligence and even intellectual energy. I still remember the boy whom I kept out of sub-freshman English because I thought that his test themes did show some glimmerings of sense in spite of his total lack of familiarity with grammatical decency. We both of us worked hard. I know that I put into teaching boys like him on Saturday mornings an amount of time that I would be shocked to see my young friends take from their graduate work these days. As a result of heroic effort on the part of both of us we were able to pass him with something like "D" or "D-". Several years later when I was in the infirmary I remember he gathered together all the flowers in his ward, and sent them over by the nurse, telling her that that woman saved him from sub-freshman English. And then I didn't hear from him for about twenty-five years. It was early in the war when we were doing everything to increase wheat acreage that he, now a professor of agronomy in a neighboring institution, sent me the book he had written on the subject to ask what I thought of the English. The book contained, I remember, a delightful picture of him, standing, smiling and confident, in a field of tall grain with his farmers around him. The book would be a credit to anyone. So I wrote and told him that the sentences were thoroughly clear and correct, but one didn't have to begin every sentence the same way, subject-verb. One might try varying the pattern. A couple of years later another book came with a little note asking me if held varied the sentences. Again I read it with delighted care, and, believe it or not, he had. Later when some people in an eastern college asked me what was the difference between teaching in an Ivy League institution and a state university, I told them about him. They were impressed, but an old friend of my high school days accused me of having invented him!

From the first I was deeply moved, too, by the fact that whereas in my day back in the East one had, unless one's parents were prosperous, to have a good brain, and good schooling from the very start in order to have a chance at college, here, the State supported the institution for everybody. I used to look at some of the people who came in for Parents' Weekend in those early years. I assure you they did not look as they do now, when, at the end of January if you see a woman in the Union dressed more smartly than any professor's wife, you know she's come in for Farm and Home Week. But it moved me to think that these people who had obviously worked hard and not had too many of the luxuries of life should so generously support the university. Later when I had occasion to go out to the small towns for lectures, and discovered that the husband who came to pick me up at the train or bus station would ask me if I had seen old Professor So and So lately, and the chairman of the meeting and her committee would linger long in a postoratorial session to ask me about the teachers of their sons and daughters, I understood then that the warm welcome I received everywhere was not due to any report that had drifted home about an enthusiastic young English instructor, but rather to the fact that the people of Wisconsin felt that anybody
at the university really belonged to them. It was that spirit that made me feel at home. Here was a place with plenty of room, room enough for human variety, and room enough to take a chance on people, a world in which the individual counted for a great deal.

Now of course I should be quite inaccurate if I were to suggest that I've never seen injustice or unkindness in Wisconsin. You can't know as much of any place as I have of this without remembering some dark moments, and even some dark periods, but those times, it seems to me, have been times when Wisconsin was not true to its best self. There have been times when some people thought that they and they alone had all the answers; there have been times, too, when timid or lazy people forgot that there was room for a great variety of opinion and of excellence, and that we are all stronger because of the strength of our fellows. But the best times have been when Wisconsin was true to that broader, more generous, spirit that won me when I came to its frontier.

Of course in a sense that first frontier has passed away. That is characteristic of the frontier. It has always been moving. And these last forty years have been years of constant and ever accelerating changes, and Wisconsin has had its full share of them. I remember the late Carl Russell Fish saying once that Wisconsin is a very interesting place to be, because there is no idea abroad in the land, wise or foolish, particularly foolish, but it turns up here sooner or later. Certainly we've missed few of the changes in social or cultural climate of these last decades. Take, for example, the twenties, which are so astonishingly being hailed today by people who never knew them as "the glamorous twenties." I had brought with me not a little of the social consciousness of the Boston of the early years of this century. So I met with considerable reserve what often seemed to me the excessive individualism, the strained emphasis on self-expression, the cultivated, even conscientious addiction to revolt, which characterized so much of the twenties here and elsewhere. I'm quite sure that in my hesitation to join in every depreciation of institutions, to question whether self-expression was the primary human aim, and in my daring to say a word now and then for what seemed to me some of the elements of past experience worth remembering, I must have seemed like a very sad example of repressed New England Puritan to some of my more emancipated colleagues. But I had been brought up with another brand of individualism, and so I dug in my toes for my own kind of independence perhaps as absurdly as any of my contemporaries. At any rate the twenties were thoroughly stimulating. It seemed to me then that it was very sad to lose one's illusions, and of course in the twenties there were all sorts of people around who had lost their illusions. But it seemed to me that it was even sadder never to have had any illusions to lose.

Not everybody in the nineteen-twenties was either flapper or philosopher. Many were just "up and comers," who believed that the modern American world offered one a chance to get rich, indeed, an obligation to get rich, such as the world had never offered before, and an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of wealth which a man would be a fool to pass up. "The best is none too good for me," was a declaration of personal policy one often heard in those days. In response I tried to drive home Matthew's Arnold's criticism of the pursuit of wealth in some of my early classes. There was no danger that they would think me a dangerous radical. They just thought I was silly. Einstein's relativity which most of our students did not have enough mathematics [sic] to judge scientifically, but which was enormously popular when translated into moral terms, which Einstein certainly never contemplated, was much more engaging. And so was Freud. I always remember gratefully that sophomore of mine who wrote that Dr. Freud discovered sex. I don't think that young man needed any Dr. Freud to discover sex for him, but I do think that he like his contemporaries owed a lot to Freud because he gave them plenty of rationale for paying a lot of attention to what they'd have found interesting anyway, and to feel very modern and enlightened to boot!

But when the whole world blew up in the great Stock Market collapse at the end of the twenties and we came into the depressed thirties, Freud and Einstein began to give way to Karl Marx. Students leaving school over the weekend, rooms for ten dollars a month, the week's food brought in on Sunday night from
the farm, and presently a distribution of milk at the university, that was what the world changed to almost over night. One year I was on the Undergraduate Scholarship and Loans Committee. If a man had forty dollars a month, I put him on my list of those who were not to be looked at again until we had taken care of those who had only twenty-five dollars to live on. Graduating seniors who managed to land fifteen-dollar a week jobs felt they were lucky. I an proud to say that-when older and wealthier universities made good their boast of never cutting faculty salaries by firing even assistant professors, the faculty of Wisconsin took a voluntary waiver so as to save the young instructors. It is hardly surprising that under such conditions the reaction against social irresponsibility went to the opposite extreme. Indeed, people like myself presently found ourselves pleading that the individual was important, and that compassion for human weakness was needed as well as a passion for social justice. Only a couple of years ago I heard a distinguished colleague who was young in those days reminding present-day students that in his time in Wisconsin undergraduates spent long hours arguing social issues. But when the younger generation looked a little too abashed, I reminded my colleague that in those days he and his friends, alas, did not have much else to do for entertainment. And many a time since when various people have asked me about the radicals of those days, I have pleaded with them to remember what the times were. Some of those hungry and anxious youngsters did, I am sure, despair that the when promise of democracy would ever be realized, but/some of those old midnight Utopian visions became puzzling, and presently heartbreaking realities, it was reassuring to find how many of those who had been most free with their cynical skepticism rallied to the defense of a dream which they had always hoped would come true.

I happened to be away from the University in the crucial year of 1939-40; so I was curious about the mental climate I would find on my return. I shall never forget the shock of watchfulness that went through a lecture group in the fall of 1940 when I made some passing reference to the threatening international scene. I don't suppose those young men and women in the anxiety of their generation could guess the anguish with which one, who had seen one war end a bright and overconfident world, watched the shadow of another war falling again.

But even that frontier Wisconsin took when it came. One had only to see the overwhelmingly feminine classes in which the infant prodigy and the 4F made rare masculine exceptions. Then the various trainees came, and I shall never forget them first sloping up the hill portentously in their combat helmets through the mist of six-forty-five on a war-accelerated winter morning, and all the rest of us standing still and watching them. Nor the first of the girls in uniform, marching up University Avenue with all the men on the sidewalk anxiously counting time as if they could help them along their pioneer way. Nor the mounting roster of those whom we now knew we should never see again in this place where they had been so briefly young, and where the bright memory of that first promise would never be dimmed by any shadow of what came after.

I had to be away a good deal during those years. Back in the early days of the New Deal when all the economists of the country, and particularly those of that seed-bed of the new experiments, Progressive Wisconsin, were being summoned to Washington, I used to think a bit enviously, I am afraid, that Washington would never find any excuse for calling the English Department in for advice, but the forties changed that as they changed so many other things. When the war was over, and feeling the need of a little professional rehabilitation myself, I tried to get hold of my university world again, I was astonished at how many people there were on the faculty whom I, who had known almost everybody who "did things," had never laid eyes on. But with the tremendous surge of the veterans I had little time to think of that or anything else. How they pressed us with their maturity, their eagerness to make up for lost time, their knowing where they were going and why! Toward the end of that period, one of the veterans who gave us the first officers of the National Student Association, at a meeting in my apartment suddenly put a question that was beginning to arise in many minds at that time: "What is going to happen to the National Student Association when we're gone and you have just undergraduates to take the leadership?" Of
course, I laughed and reminded him that we'd kept house at the University for a long time with just undergraduates, and the teen-aged girl secretary said quietly, "Thank you, Miss White, for saying a good word for undergraduates." But all of us knew that the veterans were a privilege to teach. Not that there were no problems. Most of the men had been afraid they would never come back, and now what they had come back to looked very good indeed. So it was hardly surprising that they had a quite unyouthful passion for keeping what they had, and that something of that over-concern for security was to communicate itself to their younger brothers and sisters. The yearning for security is all too humanly understandable, but it has its own dangers. For one thing it can make a man suspicious of anything that threatens it, and nothing is more destructive than suspicion. And, although, a respect for the social whole is something that anyone who has seen the fabric of civilization torn apart in a world war will cherish, nothing can be more deadening of creative impulse than unreflective and mechanical conformity.

But if there was danger of complacency and stagnation after the war, the critical fifties, as they wore on, shattered the illusion! We might know the world we wanted, we might be very anxious to get back to normal, but the very world we lived in would not let us forget the turmoil of need and change and possibility beyond. Presently the conservative reaction had to yield to some willingness to face the inconvenient facts. I think even before the first Sputnik, the critical spirit was abroad in the land, and men were beginning to wonder if we were doing all we might, but Sputnik certainly underscored that question, and I don't need to tell you that, as we head into the sixties, even the most insulated of us have been troubled, and the most complacent made a little humbler.

These have been some of the great things. There have been the little, too. Of course there have been all the shifts in college fashion. They've ranged from slacks to crinolines, from lumberjacks to coonskins, from cloches to babushkas, from blue jeans to Bermuda shorts, from crewcuts to beards, and all the rest of it. Sometimes they have been touching as in that spring when every girl was wearing white cotton gloves because it was about the only piece of fresh elegance everybody could afford in that pinched time. Or as in that wonderful February when all the army came back to school at once in blue overcoats. Later on all kinds of uniforms and pieces of uniforms reappeared, but the blue overcoat was the sign of the return to civilian life.

But even as one talks of these general movements, one never really thinks of them as that; it is the students who count. And one thinks of them in terms of the individuals that emerge from the crowd, the men and women who even from those first years still send Christmas cards, and pictures of the family, and now and then, letters, and articles, and books. Of course, one is proud of the doctors, lawyers, clergy, politicians, government officials, businessmen, labor leaders, artists, writers, teachers, and leading citizens in general, whom one had the privilege of knowing way back when even a modest English teacher's interest and friendship could help a little, and whom one has loved ever since. But none move me more than the mothers who come back here to enter their children in the university and look me up on the way. Once a science graduate student, who had explained to me that he could not afford to teach, was dusting my books in my absence, when one of these revenants climbed up the stairs to my old third-floor apartment to leave an affectionate note on the kitchen table. When I returned, the boy called my attention to it, and then as he saw my face light, he said thoughtfully, "Teachers do have something, don't they?"

Of course there were difficult students. There were students that one knows one failed to understand. I think of one on whom I spent a lot of time a good many years ago, when I was more prone to try to save souls in a hurry than I am now. Years later when another old student of mine printed a too kind sketch of me, this man, who had troubled me so many years ago, now a distinguished journalist, wrote in to protest. He said that it all made me sound like a pleasant old lady. I wasn't anything of the sort. Apparently from what he remembered fighting with me was all that had saved his sophomore year and his faith in the educational process. Still I don't think I have any real regrets for the students I was hard on. My deepest
concern is for those that I made excuses for and let get away with what I should not have tolerated. The teacher who does not discover a student's best possibility fails himself, but the teacher who does not hold a student to that best fails the student, and that is much more serious.

But it would be a mistake to think that understanding each other is the business of university teaching. The business of university teaching is the advancement of knowledge and the making it possible for one's students to enter into the excitement of that advancement, and to take their part in it. My own field of English literature is one of the fields in which great advances have taken place within my life time. It happened that I went to college when the Romantic Movement was fading before the Naturalistic emphases of the first decades of the twentieth century. I had the privilege of great teachers in a great institution, but when I left college, like most of my generation, I regarded allegory and symbolism as something proper to the Middle Ages, but nothing that any future I would know was likely to be much interested in. I remember hearing one of the most brilliant and popular Harvard lecturers of my day say that poetic drama with all those artificial devices like soliloquies was all right in Shakespeare's day but nothing that could ever find a place in a modern, scientific, naturalistic world. It must have been about that time a student who was to become one of the great dramatists of our day was listening to those same generalizations, I've always had a suspicion that one of the great inspirations of Eugene O'Neill was what Professor George Pierce Baker said was out of date. Indeed, I've often wondered myself if maybe the inspiration I've given some of my students might not have been of that indirect I-will-show-him variety. But when I contemplate what has actually come to pass in our world, with its great interest in non-representative art, in abstraction, symbol, and ever, allegory, I am sobered. I realize that I have lived through a very great revolution in artistic taste and judgment.

All this has, of course, taken a great deal of work by a great many people. In the process literary studies have perceptibly toughened. I remember -when sensitiveness and vague appreciation were all too common ideals of literary study, and unrestrained self-expression too frequent an end-all and be-all of literary creation. The scientific study of language as a foundation for establishing and understanding a text, the exploration of biographical and historical backgrounds for the appreciation of literary intention, had already made their contribution to a firmer discipline of literary study. So presently did the emphasis of the New Humanists of the early twenties on the importance of the ethical values which inspire literary expression. Meanwhile the growing interest in the metaphysical type of poetry, particularly that of Donne and the other English poets of the early seventeenth century, brought many students and creative artists alike to a fresh realization of an old truth, that literature, particularly poetry, is something which demands the best of a man's mind, as well as of his emotions. Later, the emphasis on the history of ideas with its insistence that ideas are not static or simple things, but that they are ever moving, combining and recombining in the shifting social context, was to prove useful and stimulating to the reinforcement of literary investigation by insights from many other fields of learning. The exploitation of the resources for exploration of the interior life of consciousness and its analysis that Freud and the new psychologists had opened up, sometimes was exaggerated, but it was in its total effect stimulating to the literary imagination. So was social criticism with its emphasis upon the relations between social and even political and economic circumstance and the ideals and values of society which the artist reflected and even sought to mold and affect. So, too, was the insistence upon the close reading of the text which the new criticism brought with its great emphasis upon form, its serious approach to problems of technique, its recognition of the purely artistic value of the work of art. Of course there have been people who have tended to go to extremes, or what I think is more serious, have held in contempt everything but their own approach, their own way of doing things. I have seen some prime demonstrations of the folly of such partisanship.

But usually one may be sure that such excess will beget its own reaction, and presently something sane in human nature itself will demand a restoration of balance. My own disposition is to conclude that all of
these movements have made valuable contributions, and to be grateful for the resources that they have put into our hands. Indeed, the real problem now is that it is difficult to take advantage of all the resources of the present and not be swallowed up by them.

But that is true today of our intellectual world in general, and of our university world in particular. To take one example, I often think how relatively few were the opportunities for aid to advanced study when I was young. I felt so grateful for my Guggenheim year in London that I threw myself without reserve into the campaign for what was in those days about the only real opportunity to obtain for other women what had meant so much to me, the million-dollar Fellowship Fund of the American Association of University Women. Later I was to have a chance to help plan the Fulbright program with its millions upon millions, and then to see the National Science, the Woodrow Wilson, and the National Defense fellowship programs go beyond even that. It is true that there is not as much help yet for the artist and the poet and the student of literature in general as there is for the scientist or the mathematician. But there is a great deal more than there was when I began, and I think even more is in sight. That means that the young man (or woman) of superior ability and energy and determination will have a better chance than ever before in the world's history to make the most of his personal gifts and advance himself in his own chosen field of endeavor, and particularly will this be true of our university world.

That is why it is so important for all of us to take to heart President Kennedy's inaugural reminder that it is not what our country or society can do for us, but what we can do for our country and society, and even the world, that is the crucial thing now.

But today that takes more than youthful idealism. We can see that clearly here at the University. We have been very strong on the human element in this institution. Ours has been a university in which faculty control and consequently faculty responsibility and obligation have been a reality. You may have noticed that throughout I have talked as if the familiar segmentation of the University life of which we hear all too much in some quarters today, did not exist, as if there were nothing basically incompatible between research and creative work and teaching and administration. I myself have always believed in what the contemplative writers call the "mixed life," the life in which the insights of solitary reflection and contemplation are expressed in the worship of the day's work, and in which the common routine is inspired and illuminated by the explorations and the discoveries of solitude. The result, I will admit, is on any particular day a scramble. And I doubt if any one person should attempt more than two or three of the things I have mentioned, but that they are all facets of the same enterprise, that only human limitation breaks their integrity, should never be forgotten. Even confusion is better than dictatorship, however benevolent, or refuge in irresponsible specialization.

But there is no denying that the swelling flood of numbers does present a basic challenge to just this sort of approach. It is going to be much harder to do things the Wisconsin way with an enrollment of thirty thousand students than it was with one of ten thousand. And that is only a reflection here on our familiar ground of the problem of size in our time. With all of the opportunities and the demands of 1965, and still more of 1970, the problems of control, of purpose, and of design are going to be more important than ever before. And when we look beyond the campus the prospect is even more involved. We are talking today of young Americans going, not only to Europe, but to Asia and to Africa. We are talking of young Americans going not alone to new areas of this earth, but beyond this earth, perhaps one day to new worlds. They will be traveling on many types of transportation, ships, planes, and rockets, and perhaps vehicles not yet dreamed of, and they will carry with them all sorts of marvelous tools and techniques, but always they will carry with them one thing more important than anything else, and that is themselves. The multiplication of techniques, the multiplication of instruments will make more important and not less important the human being who controls and directs.
That is why I have no fear for my field of English. We're going to need to know more of our various technical specialties, but we're going to need to be capable of a more complex and a more flexible approach to the life within. We're going to need to cultivate our sensibility, our power of emotional response, our imagination. We're going to need to deepen and to enrich, to make more sensitive and alert our capacities as human beings. The need for literature is greater today, not because, as some people will tell you, the amount of leisure available to the average citizen is growing, and the problem of the gracious and fruitful use of leisure has never been really solved, even for a limited aristocratic group, to say nothing of attempted on so wide a social front as we have undertaken. It is rather that we need literature for every aspect of our human effort today. Literature bridges the gap between men. It gives us access to an experience wider and more varied than our immediate one. Literature helps us to understand what has happened to us, but, also it helps us to understand what is beyond our experience.

It helps us to enter more profoundly into the endless exploration of what is within the simplest of us, and it helps us to sense the inevitable limitations in even the greatest of men. That is why Homer and Dante and Shakespeare can still companion us on a journey into a world they never dreamed of. And that is why they can help writers of a later day to find form and symbol and word and image for a world that we cannot imagine. Man only in this human experience of ours is never obsolete, and never complete. We need all of the human experience on this earth of ours for the never-finished making of ourselves. It is precisely because we are facing a human crisis, a crisis in human understanding and in human cooperation on a scale beyond anything that the world has known, that we need all the resources of the human experience. It is one of the major privileges of our freedom that we can draw upon past, present and future, for what we need. It would be the worst sort of betrayal of that freedom if we failed to do so as we struggle with the common human predicament of our time.

That predicament manifests itself in different forms in different places. One of the most obvious forms that is confronting us here at the university is the basic issue of quality. How can we keep quality and equality in tension, how can we lift the sights and spur the energies of of our most able without losing respect for the capacities and the needs of the less gifted? We're going to have to inspire our people to make the right decisions about capacities and objectives without losing sight of certain basic human values. And of these I think from the point of view of the University, the most basic is the recognition that on the one hand, the less gifted man who grudges the recognition of superior gifts cheats himself of his full human possibility, and, on the other, the more gifted man who uses his superior endowment only for his own aggrandizement desecrates his own gifts. Respect for individual difference, a passion for individual dignity, and a devotion to an ever-rising standard, not of material comfort but of human excellence, these are the things we shall have to work for. These make up one of the most important frontiers that we are going to have to take here at Wisconsin in the years ahead.

I hope some of you will feel, as I do, that one of the best ways to have a part in all this is to be an English teacher. You'll be very fortunate indeed if it is your lot to be an English teacher at Wisconsin, but if it isn't, there is no reason on earth why you should not try to make some other place more like Wisconsin, perhaps even to do elsewhere what we cannot do here. It is out of the richness of these forty years of frontiers at Wisconsin that I ask you, who are young, to address yourselves with confidence to your own frontiers. I cannot wish you better than that you may find them as stimulating, as instructive, and as humanly rewarding as I have found mine.