
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The University of Wisconsin Press

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Chapter XXIV

The American Council of Learned Societies

The physicists have known sin;
and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose.

—J. Robert Oppenheimer

DURING WORLD WAR II, I served for a few months as dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard; but discovering that this gaudy title covered a job in which I had responsibility but not authority, I quit it as soon as I decently could. Unfortunately, I fear, anything done at Harvard that makes the headlines attracts a certain amount of attention from the academic world; at least I can find no other explanation for the fact that I soon found myself engaged in a number of executive jobs in the scholarly universe. From 1944 to 1951, I was president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, founded in Boston in 1780 with James Bowdoin its first president and Harlow Shapley my immediate predecessor. I persuaded the academy to sell its unused library and to modernize its dusty interior with the money thus acquired; yet only a few years later, although I thought I had given them a useful and efficient clubhouse, they moved out of Boston altogether to a point somewhere in Brookline. (Now they are trying to get back into Boston or Cambridge.) I was chairman of the Weil Institute, its headquarters in Cincinnati, an endowment intended to strengthen the bonds between theology and the humanities. This job ran from 1958 to 1960, and I was gratified that, after I had retired, the Institute asked me

to give the annual lectures, which I did. They were published in 1967 as *Belief and Disbelief in American Literature*. For one year (the constitutional term) I was president of the Modern Language Association of America, one of the few presidents of that organization representing chiefly American letters and one of the still smaller number of its executives to make a serious study of its constitutional structure and devote his presidential address to suggesting changes, most of them carried out, though not always in the spirit in which I had suggested them. But of all these posts, I think the one in which I was most useful was that of chairman of the American Council of Learned Societies (ACLS) from 1955 to 1959.

The American Council of Learned Societies is an organization the constituent members of which are not individuals but various societies in turn composed of scholars devoted to the study of particular branches of learning in the humanities. And here I must pause to comment on these elusive terms, *humanities* and *learned*. Near the end of my period as chairman of the ACLS I put in summary form a definition of the humanities which, it seems to me, states their essential nature.

The humanities are, then, a group of subjects devoted to the study of man as a being other than a biological product and different from a social or sociological entity. They make certain assumptions about human nature and about history. First, they assume that man lives in a dimension lying beyond science and the social sciences. Second, they assume that his profound sense of individuation is one of the most important things about him. Third, they assume that the better traits of humanity, or, if one likes, the enduring elements of human nature, find typical expression in philosophy, in literature, in language, and in the arts, and that history is both the way by which these expressions are preserved and one of the principal modes of interpreting the meaning of these expressions to and in contemporary life. Historically, since they sprang from ancient Greece and Rome, humane studies antecede theology and are not primarily conditioned by theological considerations, but like theology they aim at a better state of being for man. Fourth, the purpose of the humanities is refining and maturing the individual who studies them sympathetically and intelligently, evidence of refinement and maturation being given by increased sympathy with and understanding of philosophy and the arts in past and present time and increased sympathy with and understanding of man not only as he is but as he has been. Humane studies tend to concentrate upon individual development rather more than upon social judgment, and differ from science in this regard also, since science properly seeks to eliminate the personal equation. Incidental to these several aims, humane learning also creates, as it were, methods and disciplines of its own, such as intellectual history.*

* Howard Mumford Jones, *One Great Society: Humane Learning in the United States* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, & Co., 1959), p. 17.

As for the term *learned*, in American usage we do not deny that a great physicist is, or may be, a man of great learning, but we commonly use the word to refer to libraries and to scholars who, using these libraries for research purposes, write books. Not all writers, of course, are humanists; and by the terms *humanist* or *learned* we commonly mean a writer who has contributed an important book (or books) in biographical, historical, or critical form. *Humanist* is, by and large, a complimentary term, so that a physical scientist, told that he is no humanist, indignantly maintains that his research has done as much for the comfort and knowledge of mankind as a lexicographer, whom Dr. Johnson once defined as a "harmless drudge."

I think, if I may be allowed another pertinent digression, that the grim and graceless prose that disfigures the pages of learned journals, monographs, scholarly books, and learned lectures is the result of following false gods—the notion that what is scientific or scholarly must be impersonal, and the notion that to announce a scholarly discussion is to renounce personal delight in the making and meaning of discovery. The humanist sometimes worships at this false shrine of objectivity. Great scholars and great scientists are not like this. It was not thus that George Lyman Kittredge or John Livingston Lowes or Karl Viëtor or Jules Jusserand did their writing. If you cut their books, those books will bleed. Such men mastered materials; they did not let materials master them. I suppose the worst professional writing in the world is that of medical men as a group. In their professional journals, it would seem, they perform no experiments; experiments perform themselves and are reported, apparently from a great distance, by telescope. Can one think of *The Origin of Species* or Paul Henry Oehser's *Sons of Science* being written in this manner? But let us get back to the ACLS.

I was a delegate to this body at a period when it had reached its lowest ebb financially and intellectually. But I should explain something of the origins of the Council. It was founded in Washington in 1919 by a small group of scholars with Dana Carleton Munro as chairman. The constituent societies represented in that first year were eight in number, two being the oldest learned societies in the United States, the American Philosophical Society (1743) and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (1780). In 1920 four more societies were admitted, including the Modern Language Association of America, which was founded in 1883 as a kind of gentlemanly club and has grown into a wholesale organization, the membership of which now runs to about 40,000.

As long as the ACLS was confined to a few harmless meetings of bookish experts, the newspapers left it severely alone or turned a cub reporter loose to bring in a "funny story" about these pedants concerned

with cuneiform inscriptions or the paternity of Alexander Hamilton. Even the great national foundations, which had originally contributed to the support of the ACLS, began by and by to withdraw their annual or triennial subventions. If the National Science Foundation could stand on its own feet (but did it?), and the Social Science Research Council could acquire a solid endowment of millions, why couldn't the third great branch of learning do likewise? By 1955 the ACLS had about \$100,000 for the current year, out of which to pay its rent, its salaries, its printing bills, and its postage. At the time I knew little about the financial status of this body, when on one gloomy afternoon in Washington, where we delegates had assembled for a meeting of the ACLS, Dean Roger Philip McCutcheon came to see me in the privacy of my hotel room and asked me to take over the helm as chairman of the Board of Directors.

Roger McCutcheon was a man to pay attention to. A Scot by ancestry, he was then dean of the Graduate School at Tulane, a position he had raised from virtually nothing to a place of eminence among both southern and national institutions. He had organized a Southern Conference of Graduate Deans, not omitting the deans of black graduate schools; and though he was a quiet man, you listened to him. I remember once calling with him on the president of Atlanta University at a time when fanatical racists had moved to have the several southern state legislatures designate as the official graduate school for blacks the worst possible Negro college in the state in order that racists might say: "You see! We told you so! You can educate a nigger just so far, but the Almighty has decreed that their brains are inferior and there is nothing the white race can do about it." President Clement of Atlanta University saw the danger in this adroit move, and he and Roger agreed that if you pulled down the standards of graduate school education, black or white, in the long run graduate education in the South would deteriorate.

Roger and I had driven out in a taxi to President Clement's office from our meeting in downtown Atlanta. We had what was, for me at any rate, a long, absorbing, and candid conversation. About one o'clock in the afternoon President Clement suggested lunch, but we had to go back to our meeting, and Roger proposed calling a taxi. President Clement said he would telephone for one if Roger insisted, but that in his experience the last call ever answered by a taxi company was one from Atlanta University. We would get to the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel, where we were domiciled, quicker by public transportation. By and by a streetcar came along, and we boarded it, the only passengers.

In order to prevent racial contamination, blacks in Georgia were then supposed to ride in the rear of such a vehicle and whites in the front. The

car stopped more and more often, and more and more blacks got aboard, until Roger and I, the only whites in the vehicle, found ourselves pressed against the body of the motorman. The motorman let us off at the hotel, and the car went on its way to the black business district of Atlanta. Roger and I looked at each other, shook ourselves slightly, said nothing, and went to our meeting. I thought I detected a special note of suppressed indignation in Roger's luncheon address. At any rate, the wretched legislation proposed by white segregationists was not passed by any southern state.

The ACLS, to return to my account, was composed of representatives of member societies, and the expenses of the annual meeting were at that time supposed to be borne by a fee exacted from each member of each society and sent to the ACLS treasury by the treasurer of the member society. But such a treasurer had no means of collecting the fee from his organization's membership, and the central office of the ACLS had no way of compelling him to do so. A huge organization like the Modern Language Association could, I suppose, have supported the ACLS out of its treasury, whereas a tiny organization like the American Numismatic Society did not contribute enough to pay for postage. The ACLS had no control over the admission of members to constituent societies nor of the dues they should pay. Thus, the Mediaeval Academy of America was "hard to get into," whereas, whatever the rules, almost any adult could become a member of the American Historical Association.

We were thus dealing with an association of societies, each society having, through delegation, one vote. Unfortunately, delegates were not necessarily chosen for their political sagacity or for their diplomatic skill; and the only continuing officer in any society was likely to be the secretary, who had to brief his representatives about what was going on. The practical way to meet this issue was to form, so to speak, an inner ring of participants and an outer ring of secretaries. The inner ring sat at a long table and voted, and the outer ring—secretaries and "stateless" people who had no vote—had valuable information which the delegates or the president or the chairman of the meeting felt free to tap when needed. These parliamentary absurdities finally resulted in the creation of two societies, one of the delegates proper, who legally constituted the Council, and the other the Council of Secretaries, who sometimes sat with the ACLS proper and sometimes met apart. There was still a third ring, composed of the staff of the central office, who frequently were acquainted with some problems before the ACLS and sat with that body unless formally requested to withdraw. Business meetings commonly lasted two days. They were conducted with dispatch because the

chairman of the ACLS was a permanent officer until he resigned, and he had therefore acquired experience in running so amorphous an organization. None of these elements could be spared, yet the presence of all at an annual meeting cost a good deal of money, since the ACLS paid all travel expenses for each individual and since the high point of a session included an expensive dinner with a noted speaker.

After Roger McCutcheon had asked me to take over as chairman of the board, I consulted Mortimer Graves, the permanent head of the organization, I consulted Rensselaer Lee of Princeton, I consulted Whitney J. Oates, the treasurer (known as Mike Oates), I consulted those members of the permanent staff who seemed to have their heads screwed on their shoulders, I consulted other bodies with permanent officers in Washington, I consulted everybody and anybody who seemed to me to have useful information. I consulted the representatives of the foundations, and I reached four conclusions:

1. The foundations had, for whatever reason, lost confidence in Mortimer Graves.
2. The headquarters of the ACLS would have to be moved out of Washington to New York.
3. The organization would have year after year to present to the nation a public program, or else stand idly by as an antiquarian curiosity.
4. The Council needed to have a solid financial structure.

Mortimer Graves was a fine scholar in the tradition of philology, an admirable citizen, and a modest man. One of his difficulties was that, like the poet Gray, he never spoke out. He had general organizing ability up to a point, and to him, more than to anyone else, we owe the shape of the ACLS. He had also a certain prophetic insight: long before the country anticipated danger in the Far East, he had insisted over considerable opposition that the ACLS set to work to prepare elementary manuals in Tagalog, Thai, and other dialects and languages used in Southeast Asia. To these the army gratefully turned after Pearl Harbor. He was a gentleman and a scholar. Why, then, had the heads of all the principal foundations that had earlier backed the ACLS later ceased to have confidence either in him or in the organization? I do not really know the answer, but my guess is that he was overly modest. He did not make noise enough in the raucous chorus of Washington, and he lacked that genius for personal influence only too evident among lobbyists in the national capital. At any rate, one by one the big foundations in New York refused to give money towards the support of the humanities.

The ACLS was housed on the second floor of an ancient brick building not far from the Capitol. This might well have been built by the

Pecksniff firm when *Martin Chuzzlewit* was a new book. The offices were at the end of a long flight of stairs almost unlighted, down which an imaginative person might have expected Little Dorrit to descend, and he would not have been surprised if, when he reached the top landing and opened the door, he had seen Tom Pinch mending a quill pen. Mortimer alone had an office to himself; his staff—also gathered, as it seemed to me at first, out of Dickens—seated themselves where they could. There was neither sufficient shelf space nor closet room for the records. The largest room on our floor of the building was taken up by a long deal table where the Council held its meetings. There were a few modern touches, like a telephone or two and some typewriters, but when one opened the door of the ACLS for the first time, he stepped back a hundred years. The lower floor was given over to the offices of a dentist or a doctor, I forget which; but at any rate he announced his intention of purchasing the whole building, a fact which compelled us to move, whether we wanted to or not.

This looked like the end of the line for the American Council of Learned Societies. There was about enough money in the treasury to pay the salaries of the staff for the next three months, and I could not see any prospect of income beyond that time.

Fortunately, darkness preceded dawn. Frederick Burkhardt, president of Bennington College, had taken all he could stand of that “progressive institution” and had resigned as president. As he was, fortunately for us, still a delegate to the ACLS, Mike Oates, Rens Lee, and I, with a few others, huddled together in secret session with Burkhardt like members of a Venetian Council of Four. We persuaded Burkhardt to take over Graves’s job as the permanent head of the Council, changing his title to that of “president,” while I kept that of “chairman.” This we did in order that Fred might not lose any diplomatic dignity. He accepted—an act of courage for which I admire him to this day—and we four insurgents set about reinvigorating the organization without changing its outward form.

As chairman I summoned, that evening or the next, most of the Council to a virtually secret dinner in a Chinese restaurant somewhere in Washington, explaining later to those who had not received the invitation in time that we had had difficulty in locating their addresses. That dinner lasted until past midnight. We had four immediate problems. The first, of course, was the invention of the office of president, which, as chairman of the Board of Directors, I had little difficulty in achieving. The second, more difficult, question was tactfully retiring Mortimer Graves. The third was moving the Council out of Washington; and the fourth was the eternal problem of money.

After a long discussion, we hypocrites decided that Mortimer Graves had given the best of his life to the service of the Council, and as he was getting older, he should not be called upon to bear this burden any longer. By way of expressing our gratitude for his services, we gave him a year's leave on pay and resolved to make the next annual dinner one in his honor. When I went to see Mortimer next day, as I was bound in duty to do, he took it like the gentleman he was and congratulated us on securing the services of Fred Burkhardt.

The next item aroused a storm of contention. The ACLS had always been in Washington. Why should it move now? We insurgents pointed out that, like it or not, we would have to move in three months, that the offices of all the great foundations with few exception were in New York, and that it was far more efficacious to make an appointment with the head of a foundation by telephone and go to see him than it was to write long letters or to talk endlessly over long-distance telephone. Happily, I found unexpected support from associates who were sick of the old brick building and longed for the business atmosphere of New York. My two real reasons for pressing this move I did not at the time make public. The first was that Washington is a city in which conversation takes the place of action and a problem is supposed to have been solved when it has only been talked about. My second reason was what I called the three-martinis-for-lunch fallacy. No problem could even be talked about except at lunch, no lunch could be held unless three martinis had been drunk, and no business could be done on a Washington afternoon, since luncheons commonly began at one and ended at four. My office experiences in New York had been transient, but I had learned that there was a smaller consumption of martinis, a more direct discussion of problems, a quality of decision-making, and a general air of business alertness such as I could never discover in Washington. Members of the staff with homes in Washington naturally protested about being uprooted and growled about higher costs of living. Nevertheless, where were we to go in Washington? When this point was made, I announced to two startled associates—Fred Burkhardt and Mike Oates—that they and I would constitute a committee to investigate possibilities in Manhattan. I had picked them after considerable thought, but I had said nothing. I was never more fortunate in my choices. President Burkhardt had been intimately associated with those parts of Manhattan which had to do with school and college finances; and Mike Oates had a brother who was high up in investment circles and, worshipping Mike as a scholar, gave Mike the best of down-to-earth business advice. There remained the ultimate question of funds, but my hunch was that, once the ACLS showed signs of life, money would be found.

Fred proved to be a whiz when it came to negotiating with that thick-skinned class, New York City realtors; and as I watched him in action, I learned something about when a president has to be hard-boiled and when he can afford to be lenient. In those years the United Nations building had at last been finished on land ceded by the federal government and the city government, which gave it in perpetuity to an independent political unit, freeing it from all local police and traffic regulations. However the land was laid out, it was to interfere as little as possible with the normal flow of New York traffic. The United Nations had its own police force, its own postal department, its own set of laws, and its own guides. In 1950 the land was first occupied; in 1952 the first General Assembly was held on its own land. The United Nations occupies all the territory along the East River from Forty-second Street to Forty-ninth; and of course since the first building went up other structures have been erected. The Rockefellers gave \$8,500,000 to acquire the land on the shore of the East River, an area formerly known as Turtle Bay and notorious for its breweries, slaughterhouses, and cheap tenements. The swiftness with which these blotches on the riverbank disappeared, to be replaced by a nest of modern buildings, a park, sculpture, and other improvements, is a tribute alike to city officials and to Wallace K. Harrison, the supervising architect.

Indeed, the effect upon the whole area was almost magical. Ancient brick structures came tumbling down as new and modern buildings fronting both the East River and the United Nations Plaza took their places. In one of these, a building at the foot of East Forty-sixth Street that housed such international organizations as the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Fred found the space and the quality of rooms we needed. We moved into our brand-new quarters without quite knowing how to pay the rent. I shall not forget the feeling of pride with which the ACLS Council met for the first time around a modern table in a bright room with modern fenestration, not to speak of the cloakrooms, the conference rooms, the library, the telephones, modern electric lighting, and the thousand and one conveniences the business executive takes for granted. We left one representative temporarily in Washington, and some of the old staff declined to move; but the rest followed us, and Burkhardt shortly filled any vacancies with a corps of assistants whom he knew where to find and how to keep.

Who was to pay for all this? We were running a magnificent bluff. We visited various foundation heads, some of whom seemed startled to learn of our new address, but none of whom seemed inclined to grant us a large sum of money, or, if they were so inclined, did so only for a limited project and a limited time. Mike Oates and I did most of the soliciting,

since Burkhardt had to return to Vermont to tie off the odds and ends of his presidential term. Mike Oates's face tended to redden under question or opposition, but he controlled himself magnificently. I do not know what I looked like. Hard-boiled foundation heads, more used to beggary than not, were inclined to ask perpetually the same questions: Why are you continually coming to us? The National Science people don't. Why don't you get an endowment like the Social Science Research Council? Why are we expected to pass on your projects, and how long are they going to last?

I think I did most of the replying, but I do not mean that Mike was silent. He pointed out that the National Science people could always fall back on the federal government if they had to; and he and I together pointed out that although some of the foundation secretaries swore that they never gave any money for endowment, the millions which formed the security of the Social Science Research Council was a gift from one of the foundations long ago. "Perhaps so," said the official to whom we were then talking. I retorted: "The humanities have been here a long time. They were here before the social sciences were born. They were here long before anybody had dreamed up a National Science Council. They are probably the oldest intellectual invention of man. They will be here when you and I are dead, whether you give us any money or not. This is a basic fact of civilization. You can either help us or not, but the responsibility will be yours."

"Your policy of not granting the ACLS money sufficient for an endowment simply means that we must come to you or some other foundation, hat in hand, to beg for a sum sufficient to carry out a needed project. In fact, it gives you complete intellectual control over what we do, since you alone supply the money. If you and your friends wish to occupy the seats of a bench of dictators, there is nothing we can do about it. It is possible, of course, that we can pick up a few thousand here and there, but in comparison with what you have just pointed to as the solid foundation of the Social Science Research Council, we shall look like mere weaklings. We have already furnished you with a list of national projects that need doing, and Mr. Oates and I can go back to the office and double the list if this is what you want. We are the experts in the branches of humane learning—something the country greatly needs—and I submit that you are not."

Neither Mike nor I knew that the man in front of us had been newly appointed to the Ford Foundation, and he had not yet learned that the essential art of a foundation official is to say no gracefully if he can, firmly if he must. He was W. McNeil Lowry, and I think he was deeply

impressed and somewhat moved by my oration. At any rate, the meeting broke up, he shook our hands warmly, and he assured us we would hear from him tomorrow or the next day. I do not know what conferences were held among members of the higher staff of the Ford Foundation, nor what intercourse they had with the Carnegie people, but within a very few days as chairman of the ACLS I received a letter from the Ford Foundation granting us several million dollars for an endowment and additional millions for several projects that seemed to us and to them essential. Carnegie also came across. Since that time the ACLS annual budget has increased to almost four million, and the dozen or so societies which sent delegates to the Council in my time have reached the number of forty or more.

There was a second source of funds to which we might appeal if a change of administration in Washington or some other cause reduced or erased the annual grants from the great foundations. This was the business world, and I had not been long in my seat as chairman of the ACLS before I discovered that even highly placed executives were not *au courant* with the humanities. Mike told me, as I remember, that even his brother—a corporation president and obviously proud of Mike's great répute as treasurer of the ACLS—did not seem to know what is meant by scholarly research or what good it does in a busy world. The Council of the society and I discussed this problem at several meetings; and it was finally voted that the ACLS set up a commission, with Mike Oates and me as members, to produce a document that in simple terms would explain to a generous-minded but puzzled organization chief what the ACLS was all about and what it intended to do.

The Council decided wisely that if the job were worth doing at all, it must be done well; and they therefore granted the commission, or—what is the same thing—secured from other sources, enough money to finance the project for two years. Some of the members died before the report was completed, and one, I regret to state, withdrew. But when our book came out, it seemed evident to me, as it did, I think, to a wide audience, that the commission was so constituted as to touch on all aspects of the problem. From the business world we secured the help of Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., of Corning Glass, and of Louis M. Rabinowitz, once dubbed "the zipper king of America" but chosen because he was a bibliophile who respected learning. Harvie Branscomb of Vanderbilt, an experienced executive, represented the interests of theology, religion, and the humanities; Lawrence H. Chamberlain of Columbia University and William C. De Vane of Yale were appointed because they could see the humanities from the point of view of the whole college curriculum.

Charles W. Hendel came aboard as a philosopher, and Pendleton Herring, then chairman of the Social Science Research Council, took time off from his daily duties to see where the humanities and the social sciences clashed and where they met. Robert Oppenheimer spoke out for the scientists. Roger H. Sessions represented the fine arts, in his case, of course, music; the philosophic Francis Henry Taylor, quondam director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, helped us to see the blending of history and the creative artist. And there was Robert Ulich, formerly of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, German-trained, who was less a pedagogue than a European philosopher.

Except for the summers, the commission met monthly for dinner at the Harvard Club of New York City during most of 1955 and 1956, beginning its deliberations before dinner and continuing them afterwards. Before his death Francis Henry Taylor arranged in the spring of 1956 a remarkable three-day session of the commission, the whole board of directors of the ACLS, and several invited scholars and museum directors at the Worcester Art Museum. Having had some experience with meetings of this sort, I am led to say that I have never been to a large meeting on a general subject that stuck as closely to its theme as did this three-day session. At the conclusion of our many meetings, I was authorized as chairman to write the report, which was published as *One Great Society* in 1959, the preface making clear that I was not speaking for myself but for the consensus of the commission and of those whom individual commissioners had consulted.

The report begins by putting eleven questions it had gathered from businessmen, government officials, and other sorts of citizens, the first one being "What are the humanities?" and the last, "I feel I have a responsibility as a business leader and a citizen to apply time and energy, and support the things that are worth while. Are you suggesting things that will take my time, energy, support? If so, why should they have priority over my present interests that help keep the community running?" These questions were answered, at least in part, by a book of 241 pages, written as simply and directly as possible and approved as a whole by the members of the commission. One part of the study was devoted to showing, one by one, what the societies constituting the ACLS were trying to do, and the last section, to the question "How can the layman help?"

Let me add as a modest appendix to this brief discussion that I put the book together, chapter by chapter, while I was a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences near Stanford University from August, 1957, through January, 1958; and I circulated the text,

chapter by chapter, among the nearly fifty Fellows at that admirable institution. I cannot better express the purpose of these years than by quoting from the last part of the preface of the book:

A philologist cannot hope to compete with an atomic physicist for acclaim or for support, nor does this report make any such assumption. It does assume, however, that there is a limit of neglect below which a great nation cannot afford to sink its support of humane learning. This book is intended to help restore balance, not in the sense of taking his money away from the scientist or his key position in government or business from the social scientist, but in the sense of indicating that, wonderful as science is and influential as are the social sciences, they are not the whole of culture. Thoughtful scientists and social scientists never argue that they are. But that portion of the public which is essentially concerned about the drift of American values is not perhaps as fully informed about the theory and practice of humane learning as it would like to be; and it is to such citizens that this volume is directed.

I have written and published a good many books, but I think I have been responsible for none more directly aimed at American values than is *One Great Society*. "There is," wrote Wordsworth, "One great society alone on earth: / The noble Living and the noble Dead."