

How We Are Exploding

The four professors — Cameron of mathematics, Hall of philosophy, King of history, and Wells of English — who conducted the experiment in accelerated learning with 26 freshmen of "high intellectual caliber" last year were careful to state, in their report, that they "studiously avoided strained, artificial and superficial correlations" between the branches of knowledge.

Any correlations strained, artificial, or superficial — or all three — mislead the student. The body of knowledge man possesses does not interlock neatly like a big jig-saw puzzle; it does not have the ordered dignity of a Persian rug; it is, in fact, more like chaos and to suggest that it can be whipped into rank and file is to strike down one of the great reasons for education: search into the unknown. The professors were correct in their caution.

But it is undeniable that one of the demanding needs of education today is correlation — valid correlation. We cite, for authority, a beautiful piece of musing by Mark Van Doren in the new *American Scholar*. He complains that the scholar of today is too content with introspection; that he does not look for relationships outside his own chosen and mastered field:

We do not hear him asking what it is, if it is anything, that the poet and the mathematician know together, or the historian and the chemist, or the musician and the doctor, or the moral philosopher and the atomic physicist. The sum of human knowledge... might be a single sentence, a single word... Granted that the sum is inaccessible, man still may speculate as to its parts, and as to the niceties of this relation. Contemporary man, at least in universities, refuses to do so. He lets the study of literature be altogether different from the study of bacteria and the stars... He assumes a perfect absence of relations; and so if he is a student of poetry he is content with total ignorance of energy, proportion and equation, though poetry is built of just those things; and if he is a natural scientist he does not stop to wonder whether it is more than a coincidence that art must be natural too, or must seem so if it would exert its utmost force; nor does he ask that force to confess any resemblance it may bear to gravity and whirlwinds, to natural selection and a mushroom cloud.

Mr. Van Doren overstates the case, we think, but not violently. The campus is too full of scholars and serious students who engage in a sort of Narcissism within their own fields and disciplines. They read a poem like Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," without considering the force with which Sartre's philosophy of despair can play upon it and cast it into relief; they work physics problems set up by the reason of Einstein without seeing a quite natural correlation between it and metaphysics — which they would say, must be left entirely to Caldwell Hall. Everything must be studied as if it had just been removed from a refrigerator; and the farther the alien air of other knowledge has been kept away, the better.

An answer can be suggested: That we return to something closer to the notorious "Renaissance man," who not only knew a good deal about everything, but knew a great deal about how philosophy and biology, or poetry and astrophysics (as he knew them) came together. Of course we immediately plead that we know so much more than they did, thus are doing well to learn all we can about one microcosmic, isolated mass of data. Certainly we grant that the great jig-saw puzzle gains more pieces every day.

But isn't it possible that the more the pieces increase, the more they will fit together? The sad fact is that we aren't making an effort to answer that question. We scientists, or we philosophers, or we students of literature, or we historians have all taken our own pet pieces and are shooting away from each other like the fragments of an exploding star.

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On The Town

Chuck Hauser
Chapel Hill Weekly

DEPARTMENT of higher education: We were sitting around talking about the vices and virtues of coffee-drinking and whether the stuff kept one awake at night through a psychological or physiological effect. The young lady said she used to drink a lot of coffee at Vassar.

"We used to have demi-tasse in the parlor after dinner" she explained. This sounded perfectly reasonable to me. Demi-tasse in the parlor after dinner at Vassar. What could be more natural at a leading school for polished young female members of society?

She continued, "We'd drink it sitting around on the floor playing bridge." This struck an incongruous note.

"At Vassar?" I asked incredulously. "You drank your demi-tasse while sitting on the floor?"

"Yes," she said. "And we wore bermuda shorts. We all owned one skirt which was a size too large. We'd put on the skirts over our shorts for dinner, and then all we had to do was slip right out of the skirts and get comfortable so we could enjoy our demi-tasse and our bridge on the floor. It was quite messy. Everyone kept spilling coffee on the rug. But we had a solution for that, too. We kept cans of corn meal, and we'd use the corn meal to soak up the coffee on the rug. You know, like sawdust. Oh, we had everything but a finishing school atmosphere at Vassar." Not trusting myself to speak, I merely nodded my head in agreement.

I made a few notes.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"You and Vassar have just made the public press," I announced solemnly.

"What funny handwriting you have," she said. "Do you know that I can't write? In script, that is. I can print, but I can't write. I went to a progressive school in Bronxville, New York—and they only taught us how to print. I didn't go to school there until after the second grade, so if I try to write script it comes out like a second-grader." And she demonstrated. It looked more eighth-gradish to me.

I was reminded, I told her, of the penmanship classes which I struggled through in the fifth and sixth grades in Oklahoma City. Our English class (why I remember this I can't imagine) met late in the morning (I'm sure it was at 11 o'clock), and we would study English grammar for 50 minutes and then spend the remaining 10 minutes on penmanship.

We used notebook paper with wide lines, and we would practice flowing continuous circles—which looked something like peep-peering through the end of a bedspring from a slight bias—and vertical up-and-down movements—which resulted in a picture of something similar to a tightly compressed accordion.

I illustrated these practice exercises, and then began doing an alphabet as I had been taught back in my Oklahoma City days. I discovered the G's and the S's and the F's and a lot of other capital letters came out entirely different from the way I make them today.

"What do you know?" I asked myself out loud. "I guess I do a lot of printing myself, instead of script. At least as far as capital letters are concerned."

"That's all right," she soothed. "don't feel bad about it."

I promised her I wouldn't.

(Chapel Hill Weekly columnist Chuck Hauser confirmed our informed guess that the former-Vassar gal in this piece is senior Lois Owen, a former staffer on this paper.—Editors)



Russell & Moderate Progressivism

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — The Democratic effort to take over the Eisenhower look of progressive moderation for the purposes of the 1956 campaign has now been made official by Senator Russell of Georgia. An astute cloak-room operator, Russell is a major architect of the middle-of-the-road policy pursued in Congress by the Rayburn-Johnson leadership.

Russell can convincingly argue the case for that policy as wise and politically practical. He was somewhat less convincing when he had to suggest a Democratic Presidential possibility who embodied it.

The Senator proposed the Governor of Ohio, Frank Lausche, Lausche has been a winner in his state and has shown himself able to attract Republican support for state-wide office. To that extent he fits the conception of a central coalition which Johnson, Russell and other leading Senators apparently want to force on the national convention next August.

Silhouettes & Stocks

The sight of women in their new fall finery will not help the state of mind of the investors who are jittery about the stock market. Sheath skirts, waistlines at the hips and inverted saucapan hats bring reminders of 19-29, especially the exponents of cycle theories. Fashions of the jazz decade, despite the laughs they have long occasioned, now seem to be taking over in a mid-century version. Nor does it help those who fear that history repeats itself to hear of the popularity of The Boy Friend, British musical based on the 1920's and of still another revival of F. Scott Fitzgerald—this time a play on Broadway.

The ultra-feminine, "new look" fashion cycle that followed the war seems to be ending, with vertical lines coming to the fore. This, according to some cycle exponents, bodes trouble. It is the look of feminine discontent, they say, and precedes upsets—military, political, economic. These oracles also point to some fashion features inspired by 19-13, that last happy year of international innocence for Americans.

Yet the 1920's are not being repeated in social attitudes—as the marry-and-settle down movement and the trend to thought conformity of youth attest. Moreover, clothes (like the economy) are "different this time," fashion authorities insist. They are more moderate, sane, normal, stable than those of the 1920's. Yes, fashion (like the economy) is going to keep its head. No knee-length skirts, rolled hoes, cropped heads or flattened chests. (And no stock market block Tuesdays.)

Washington Post & Times Herald.

POGO



But as a public figure and a party man, Lausche is a lone wolf. He holds his cards close to his chest and rarely helps other candidates, rarely tips his hand. Perhaps he endeared himself to Russell by giving Harry S. Truman the back of that hand occasionally, Truman not being a Southern favorite.

Because Ohio is a large and politically important state, its Governors are customarily listed among the Presidential possibilities. When Lausche has been mentioned in past years, Ohioans have pointed to the equivocal course he has pursued. Few lay claim to being in his confidence or to understanding him well enough to testify to his own feelings on the subject of the Presidency.

At their many conferences, most state governors jump at the chance to get some national publicity and court the Washington correspondents. Lausche is amiable but uncommunicative.

The role of candidate for the central coalition was, of course, being tailored to fit Senate leader Johnson. His own recent heart attack will prevent him from filling it but the spadework has

been done and the role is there. The candidate who really would like to pre-empt it is Adlai Stevenson. It appeals to him as a personal conservative and an intellectual. Now that it is being presented as the most practical course, he will be more than ever tempted by it.

Stevenson's problem is that as the front runner he is and will continue to be challenged by Governor Harriman and Senator Kefauver, both further left of center than he is. They create pressures on him to take stands which he would prefer to postpone or evade at present.

'Onward And Upward'



READER'S RETORT

A Slap At SP Bob Harrington

Editors: To: Student Party's Bob Harrington: Ever since last spring's election results, you and certain of your fellow S. P.'s have been dragging the majority party (University Party) through the mud in a manner totally unbecoming to a person in a position of leadership such as yours. Such rabble-rousing orations as you have been issuing in your party meetings and in the Legislature indicate only a childish, bitter defiance of your opposition party. This type of conduct is completely uncalled for in politics here at Carolina. Political parties are necessary in presenting people to fill important positions in government. They are not to be used as a means of causing heated controversy, friction between groups on a college campus. When elections are over, it is the duty of the majority and minority to cooperate to do their collective parts to give all the students the most student government can offer. The other night you accused the University Party of working "for one section of the campus." Yet I recall a recent session of student Legislature in which you very emotionally tried to have passed a bill to set up a fund for the repair of dormitory TV sets. With the exception of ex-representative Baum, you and such of your S. P. colleagues as Lewis Brumfield have, since last spring elections, coming up with some adolescent (although amusing) outbursts in Legislature have only increased the delay of which you accuse the U. P. Your attitude, sir, has done little toward creating the smooth-running, cooperative machine which is a good student government. Please, then, turn your efforts to a more gentlemanly and positive attitude towards the U. P.; or stop helping set up an S.P. platform consisting of slander, emotionalism, and generally childish tactics.

Charles V. Covell: I for one sure appreciate the fact that Pogo is now back in The Daily Tar Heel. It just goes to prove what good editors we have this year, and, boy, am I proud. Now how about more opinion in your columns. I don't think the editorials reflect student opinion at all. I know you won't print this.

John Clavis: By Walt Kelly

The Roundabout Papers

On Smoky Lindsay 'Anyone Got A Match'

IN FRONT of number 321, Lindsay residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Franklin, already the nucleus of a crowd gathered two fire engines arrived. The house, white, frame, one storey, was issuing billows from under the front porch, the eaves, and from under the front door. Volunteer firemen charged the front door handle, and found it locked. They puffed up carrying the nozzle end of the hose and poked around the bushes looking for a place to put the water under the front door. One of the two men at the front door performed an almost perfect demonstration of that footed kick that wrecks one another, the front door inward, and its two windows before the avalanche of smoke that came pouring out of the house.

Meanwhile, the fat man with the small tie tucked under his chin and the hosing water under the porch. Around the house three men were peering into the window, one of them aiming the thick stream into the smoky darkness of the furnace room. In back of the house three engine pump motors was not quite so as it was in front. Three or four men were looking for a way to get in. The windows door were locked fast.

"IT'S RIGHT under here somewhere," that," shouted someone as I returned to the porch area. The pump motor slowed down a minute, then speeded up again. The smoke pouring out of the front door, and the squirting water under the porch remained enough water under here to go swimming. A little boy about ten years old with a motorcycle cap on ran to the front door excitedly in, got a face full of smoke, and rubbing his eyes.

A man with a green gas mask strode to the front door, strapped an oxygen tank on and the mask over his face, walked through the front door and vanished in the smoke. "Ed, whattaya find?" called someone from the side. Ed reappeared taking off the mask. "A thing," he said. An electric lamp was and Ed went back in again.

A Negro lady in a green waitress' uniform, evidently Mrs. Franklin. Mrs. Franklin ordered worriedly and aimlessly from among the crowd of firemen. One of them take her keys to unlock the back door. Some of the smoke out, but she said she can't unlock the back door with a key, she had the night latch off. Ed with the gas mask to take the night latch off, and presently she had thinned sufficiently to let other men go house, from which they emerged at frequent coughing and red-eyed. Mrs. Franklin in to inspect the damage and came back immediately blowing her nose and dabbing her eyes.

PRESENTLY THREE men came quickly to the still smoky door and shouted that the little hose. The little hose was carried one whistled to the man at the pump motor, and the roar subsided once more in a plaid skirt ran up to the porch. The boy with the lavender cap by the arm of him away.

In the small front hall the baseboard torn away from the wall around the door and there were scorch marks on the wall plaster. A booming roar came from the house, where a heavy stream of water was played on the furnace through the ceiling. The men in the hall chopped at the plaster started prying up the floor boards. The hot coils embedded in the insulation. "It's really burnin' under there," said a man. Franklin came through from the back porch, still sniffing into her damp handkerchief.

THE MEN moved the furniture and the hall, and felt around on the floor for the walls for tell-tale heat. The man with the squeezed himself and his oxygen tank up the ladder to the attic and came down reporting nothing but smoke.

Three or four men crouched around the gister in the hall conferred on the fire. "It all burnt down here and the heat the wall. There's nothing burning up there, steam coming out there."

"If we could disconnect the furnace..." "Have to disconnect the gas line..." "Is it connected to the power? Here's going up from it..." "That's the thermostat wire..." "There's no more fire in there..." The little boy with the lavender cap at the front door accompanied by a man standing on the porch put a cigarette in his mouth, felt his pockets, looked around, and "Anyone got a match?"