

## The University's Ragged Orphan—II

This morning, by your leave, we will take the part of that building with columns in the northeast corner of the campus—the one you see from the distance while cutting behind BVP on your way to Harry's.

It is called Graham Memorial. It has been there longer than any of us like to remember. It is the student union building.

Some day, an enterprising graduate student will write a master's thesis on why Graham Memorial has never grown into its full stature. We haven't the room to do more than dash off a quick list of reasons:

1. It isn't big enough to serve more than an inconsequential number of students; it was crowded from the day it was built.
2. It is in a bad location, away from student living quarters.
3. It has a poor architectural plan.
4. It doesn't have enough money.

The first three shortcomings of our student union clearly point to the need for a new building—like those at State and W.C.—in a central location and constructed to accommodate Carolina's large student population.

But the telling complaint is the fourth. Inadequate as GM is, it has found new life in the past two years and is now operating at something approaching peak efficiency for the money it has. It does not have enough.

More money would mean an expansion both internal and external for Graham Memorial. It could set up its services—dances, concerts, lectures, exhibits—and its game facilities and so forth; and it could expand these services to the more densely populated areas of the campus.

What's more—and most important—it could hire a professional director. GM, as you likely don't know, has hired graduate students and interested, untalented friends on two-year hitches for many years. Sometimes, as in the last two years, it has been lucky with this slap-dash brand of selection. Sometimes, well . . . like we say, we could use a professional director. We should have had one in 1931; we certainly should not put off getting one beyond 1955.

Whatever it takes to elevate Graham Memorial to proper prominence as the student union of a university of 6,000 students should be done. And what it takes is money.

The student Legislature can raise fees another two dollars per year without red tape; that should be done, as a bare minimum. From there, an attempt should be made—by student referendum, administration and trustee action—to raise the fee still further.

Our \$8 activities fee is among the lowest in the nation. The six dollars GM gets from that sum puts the student union near the bottom of the list among national unions. We're being hog-tied just three or four dollars a year short of an effective student program—the sort of program that can put vitality in a dragging student government, lift intellectual tone, and inject a few cc's of morale into these whereabouts.

There are those who dream of a mighty structure in the center of the campus; that building will be a reality some day, but don't hold your breath. We are still many years away from a sparkling new student union.

But that doesn't lessen at all Graham Memorial's present need.

## Carolina Front Ray Harris, The Arts & The Philistines

Louis Kraar

THINKERS HAVE been concerned about the position of the liberal arts long before Business Administration schools were envisioned.

That's one of the reasons that letter writer Roy Harris' contention that the liberal arts people have a course called Business Administration Criticism is so ridiculous. If Mr. Harris would unrumple his financial feathers a bit, along with some of his BA contemporaries, he would see the real point behind so much talk about the liberal arts.

What has concerned liberal arts proponents is not the rise of the Business Administration School in all its shining glory, but the neglect of the liberal arts.

★  
"SO WHAT?" BA backer Harris may shout. And this brings me down to the purpose of this piece.

Obviously the humane letters—liberal arts—are of great value or they wouldn't have attained the place they hold in our University. But why?

Writing in 1867, Matthew Arnold concerned himself with this same problem and came up with a lucid answer.

"Now the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so," Arnold wrote.

"If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines.

"The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines.

★  
"CULTURE SAYS: 'Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make up the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?'"

"And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present."

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ALTHOUGH I took the liberty of paraphrasing Arnold, whose writing is not always easy to read but whose ideas are exciting, let me put—for Mr. Harris' sake—the explanation into his vernacular.

There is more to this life than making sales, having a Cadillac, and watching television. If one spends his time learning how to make money—taking mostly BA courses—it is going to be difficult for him to be exposed to these other things.

This is not to say that all BA majors are Philistines, or that there is anything wrong with studying to be a business man. But if one spends the amount of time on business courses currently required by the University, it is going to be increasingly difficult for him to see these other things.

## 'I Don't Know, Fella—I'm A Stranger Here Myself'



## Humanities: An End In Themselves

### The Mirrors Of Genius

Neal W. Klausner

(Dr. Klausner is Miller Professor of Philosophy and chairman of the department of philosophy and religion at Grinnell College. This article is excerpted from *The American Scholar*.—Editor.)

The major interest we have in the liberal arts is with man and his achievement. But it is not the abstraction "man" that concerns us. For it was not man that wrote *Hamlet*, but Shakespeare; not man that composed *Don Giovanni*, but Mozart; not man that painted the "View of Toledo," but El Greco; not man that completed the *Summa Theologica*, but Thomas Aquinas. It is the human being together with his creation that draws and compels our admiration and study.

The humanities, a general name for such studies, describe a sensitive, imaginative, reflective being, who is puzzled by his own existence, by its promises and frustrations; who reaches out for friendship and love; who is eager to try the powers which he feels moving within him.

HE IS WHAT HE IS

It is in the humanities we discover that a man can never be adequately understood merely by an examination of what he is at any given moment in history. He is what he was and what he will be. He is a being able to take the requisite action needed to transform the actual by reference to the ideal. His history can never be written perceptively, in physical, physiological or sociological terms alone. Without the pertinent vocabulary of aspiration he is inarticulate, distorted and misconceived.

There is a tendency among the teachers of the humanities to be greatly encouraged when business executives express their approval of the liberal arts education. When a director or manager of some vast enterprise says he needs men of character, with broad training, able to supervise people and to think effectively, and in possession of a solidly based sense of values, and that these ends are achieved primarily by a study of the humanities, then we think our work has received its ultimate justification.

★  
BUT HAS IT? Suppose none of these ends were achieved by the humanities, or no more so than those studies which have vocationalized our education. Would this mean that the humanities had failed? Certainly in part. But I wish to defend the idea that the humanities are best thought of as ends in themselves, rather than means; man has the capacity for sheer personal enjoyment and satisfaction, and

finds this deeply in the arts, literature, philosophy, history and any other subject that expresses man by telling of his birth, struggle, achievements, decay and death.

THE SILVER CORD

I do not mean that the justification of the humanities lies only in a psychological state called enjoyment, which may be induced by almost any slight titillation of the senses. If this were so, our culture would have reached its culmination in the comic book, the juke box, and the "art calendar."

But we know there is a difference between a surface manifestation of sorrow and mutual grief; between minor irritation and mutual hatred; between momentary attraction and mutual love; between effervescent gaiety and mutual joy. And this gives us the clue. A prolonged and comprehending study of the humanities may bring about an experience of mutuality between creator and perceiver so that the agony and joy of the creation is repeated again and again whenever the two meet in understanding.

Here is the silver cord that unites man with man, nation with nation, past with present. This is why Plato is no longer an aristocratic Greek philosopher, nor Jesus a humble Jewish prophet, nor Dante an exiled poet.

HOBBY SUBJECTS?  
When I suggest that the humanities may lead to an experience of re-creation between one mind and another, or between one age and another, it may be thought that the necessary relation between knowledge and preparation is minimized in favor of a leisurely, passive absorption.

This curious and utterly mistaken view that the humanities are simply ways of appreciation, which one can postpone or avoid until there is nothing better to do, is based on the false premise that the humanities are the hobby subjects of the curriculum, which calls for no rigorous preparation but only personal interest and a distaste for exactness.

This seems to be the attitude of many of the educationists in our day, who are responsible for sending into the schools of the nation teachers almost totally blind to what is human in the human situation. The results are sadly evident in the first year at college.

No, the humanities cannot be passively absorbed. Their knowledge must be earned by effort, their truths mastered by the critical intellect.

NO CYCLOTRONS  
It is true that we do not have glass tubing and Bunsen burn-

ers, or microscopes and slides, or cyclotrons and spectroscopes; nor do we find very useful statistical tables and correlation coefficients, all of which are designed to give a rigor and trustworthiness to the claims to knowledge of the social and natural sciences.

But one may be extraordinarily facile with all of the apparatus of the humanities and still be shallow or empty of either knowledge or understanding of humane learning. We must look to the humanities to free us from methodolology and prepare us for the great gifts of genius.

For the humanities live on in the geniuses of the race. It is not their function to perpetuate mediocrity. The legions of the dead past are sifted exceedingly fine by the criticism of time, and we may become intimate with only the best—a privilege not open to their contemporaries. The point is that art lives on art, literature on literature, and philosophy on philosophy.

The humanities do not depend upon the spirit of inquiry as do the social and natural sciences. This is the spirit that has dominated the intellectual world since the Renaissance, fed from the sprigs of curiosity in the human psyche and the need for guiding principles of action. When this spirit is in the ascendant, man's first question is, "What is there?" and his last question is, "What is there in it for me?"

But the humanities cannot live at the level of curiosity and practice. Their interrogations probe the deeper passages of anxious and perplexed man, not to inventory his skills, but to affirm his character. Here man's first question is, "Who is there?" and his last is, "Am I there too?"

MIRRORS OF GENIUS

The answers to these questions are sought in philosophy, literature, history, language and the arts, and in some of the sciences. That is why the humanists must constantly protest the increasing vocationalization of college curricula and why they are distressed by any attempt to eliminate language requirements. For somehow these seem to be ways of lowering standards—not merely standards of academic achievement, but the standards necessary to make man realize his deepest potentialities.

The humanities are not medicine for a sick race, nor amusement for a bored people, nor vehicles to prestige for the intellectually ambitious, nor exercises designed to mold a character out of the morally shapeless. The humanities are the mirrors of genius in which we may see ourselves.

## Formosa Strait-Jacket: The Enemy Power Superiority

Joseph Alsop

HONG KONG—Probably the worst danger of the Formosa crisis is the danger of drifting into the same mistake that was made when we intervened in Korea.

President Truman and his advisers wrongly believed that the Korean aggressors could be halted without using American ground troops. They gave the order to intervene on the false assumption that our Navy and Air Force could do the whole job. But within forty-eight hours these planned "limits" on the war had to be hastily cast aside.

A repetition of this pattern now seems entirely possible, judging by the authoritative picture of Chinese military preparations that you get here in Hong Kong. This picture, which shows the enemy much stronger than seems to be supposed in Washington, broadly falls into three parts.

Part one concerns the Matsu Islands. The necessary enemy ground forces for an attack on the Matsus have been in position for a good many months. On the nearest point of the mainland the enemy is also emplacing very long range Russian heavy cannon. These will be able to cover the islands with artillery fire. But the real drama of an attack on the Matsus will be the air battle, which is always crucial in a major amphibious operation.

It is precisely the enemy's preparations for the air battle which are the most menacing element in the picture. Jet and rotary engine bombers can reach the Matsus comfortably from the great airbase complex that the Communists have built in Chekiang and Kiangsi provinces. From the most southerly of these airfields, the shorter ranged Mig 15's can also fly high cover as far as the Matsus.

Hence all units in the Chekiang-Kiangsi airbase complex will count in an air battle for the Matsu Islands. This means that the enemy will enter the battle with a minimum force of considerably more than 450 Mig 15's plus a couple of hundred assorted rotary engine bombers well suited for close support missions, plus at least one squadron of their jet bombers, the Ilyushin 28's.

The confirmed presence of a squadron of IL-28's at Shanghai is a new and most disturbing element in the picture. It means that the enemy is ready to use these bombers which are the greatest single threat to our naval carriers—which have indeed almost the same speed as our carrier borne fighters.

It can also be revealed, moreover, that the Chinese Communists have approximately doubled their strength of IL-28's in the past year. They now have no less than 250 of these formidable aircraft. And although the main body is

still in North China at present, they can be redeployed southwards at very short notice.

In addition, there are reports, thus far unconfirmed, that the enemy recently brought a division of Mig 15s into the Chekiang-Kiangsi airbase complex. These planes, represent a substantial improvement on the Mig 15. They can be a serious challenge to our F-86s, the best American fighters on this side of the Pacific. Ington may be thinking of "limiting" these bleak statistics is extremely simple. In the main, an air battle over the Matsus is going to be a battle between our naval air and a massive land-based enemy air force.

This is not the kind of contest that should be entered with a light heart and one hand tied behind your back. Washington may be thinking of "limiting" this air battle, but it looks very much as though the Chinese Communists are thinking of winning it.

The hope of such a victory in the air is the best explanation, in truth, of the apparent Communist decision to make the Matsus their first target. In all other ways, the Matsus are harder to attack than Quemoy. But the Matsus can be covered from the airbases where the main enemy air strength is concentrated.

Quemoy, of course, is the second part of the picture. If American air strength has already been impaired, and if the fighting is still "limited," the defense of Quemoy will be a pretty hopeless proposition. The place is ringed by enemy heavy guns. A landing there is no more than a river crossing. And the enemy will be able to give some air support to an assault on Quemoy with the bomber squadrons and the hundred or so Mig 15s that are based around Canton.

As for the third part of this picture of enemy power, it is still in the future. Supply is always the key to every Chinese military problem. The enemy is preparing to support operations against the Matsus and Quemoy from air fields inconveniently distant to the North and to the South, because supply problems dictate this plan.

The big tonnages of fuel needed to sustain jet air operations just cannot be laid down on the much nearer airfields in Fukien Province over the mountainous roads that are Fukien's only links with the rest of China. But when and if the Matsus and Quemoy fall to the enemy, the coastal shipping route will no longer be blocked. The Fukien airfields can then be supplied by sea.

That is the real importance of the off-shore islands. Once the enemy can supply and occupy the Fukien airfields, he can bid for air supremacy over the Formosa Strait, we shall hear no more vainglorious talk about an attack on Formosa and Pescadores being "out of the question."

## Ezra (A Pretty Boy) Ate The Tulips Petal By Petal

Ed Yoder

The Bingham Hall conference room and some twenty of the Bingham staff had a distinguished New England visitor Thursday morning.



The distinguished visitor, of course, was Robert Frost, looking hipper and reminding over his eighty-odd years as an American and a poet. Mr. Frost is an unmistakable New Englander—by appearance, by accent, by mannerism, and by what he says—and the most striking thing about him is that you would almost expect him to be a character from his own poems; some poets aren't like that. But he dislikes having his poetry associated totally with the New England climate and people—as much as he likes them. "I'm always annoyed," he told his rapt audience, "when some one says: I like your poetry—my grandmother came from New England, too!"

If Mr. Frost is not a New Englander—(poetically speaking)—neither is he an Englishman. Answering a battery of questions from the students (and perhaps aspiring poets) in the conference room, he advised against an early attachment to Europe.

England, where Mr. Frost himself went at 38 with a wife and four children, and where his first publication came, offers what the poet called "a peasant life"—a rock-bottom standard of living for those who have no money—which proves favorable to the poet. There, he said, to buy a farm with lots of countryside around it and—he quoted Walt Whitman—"invite one's soul" is not difficult.

But, at the same time, he pronounces a warning: He thinks aliens in other lands—Americans in Europe and Europeans in America—contract a strange malady and worry about their own native lands. "I've seen it in the German students who come to America—the ones I've followed—and I've seen it in Rhodes scholars," he said. His final comment on the question: "Go as an exporter, not an im-

porter."

As Mr. Frost talked about his early visit to English shores, his recollections seemed to drift magnetically to talk about Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot—two American poets of somewhat later generation than his own—and two American poets who've spent a good deal of time on foreign soil. "Ezra," Frost said, "was always trying to tell me how to dress." But he recalled that Pound was not a particularly natty dresser himself. Pound, invited to the home of the venerable editor of the *Everyman Book Library*, "came in his sweater." Nor was "Ezra's" manner anything to write Emily Post about, recalled Mr. Frost. Not only did Pound appear for dinner and conversation in his sweater; when he sat down at the table which had a bouquet of tulips as its centerpiece, "he leaned forward and ate the tulips, petal by petal." "Ezra always was a sort of pretty-boy," he said.

Turing to a serious comment on Pound's poetry, Mr. Frost told the story of the careless sea captain who let everything go perilously wrong and then saved his ship anyway: the captain's superiors gave him a medal for saving the ship, then shot him for carelessness. Mr. Pound, suggested Mr. Frost, should be given some medals for his poetry. But his reasonable activity, Mr. Frost considers, put him in the same category with Tokyo Rose.

On T. S. Eliot, Mr. Frost remembered a conversation he'd had with that author of "The Wasteland" and Nobel prize winner about income tax forms: It seems Frost and Eliot have hesitated to list their occupations as "poet." Eliot, Mr. Frost said, has gotten around that by listing himself as a publisher with the British Firm, Faber and Faber—and justified that title by the fact that he writes book jackets for the publishing house. Frost himself, who is not a publisher, didn't have Eliot's excuse. He thought about putting "farmer" on his income tax form, "but you don't like to call yourself a farmer—people think you are putting on airs."

## The Daily Tar Heel

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