

We Aren't On Madison Avenue, Heliotrope - Haters

We hear of dark machinations at the University of Virginia, where everyone who fails to wear his belt-tailed khakis, his button-down shirt and black tie, and his cord coat this time of the year is censured with vengeance.

U. Va.'s founder, none other than Tom Jefferson, is to be seen in portraiture across the campus, and the trouble with Tom is that he's dressed Eighteenth Century — with ruffled shirt and cutaway coat — and not Ivy League. Proposed by the high censors of clothing at Charlottesville is a major re-touching job on the portraits: They want Tom to don his black knit, his button-down his cord jacket, all by a few touches of the paint brush.

Brooks Brothers be praised, no such lunacy afflicts this campus. One is not subjected to condemnation because of the way he dresses — yet, that is. But we may as well tell you that we experienced domestic upheaval when our columnist, Rueben Leonard, slid his yesterday's copy across the desk. He spoke of a freshman who dropped by the Y coffee counter for a morning cup, and we quote:

"What really perturbed the old boys was his mode of dress. He wore a heliotrope shirt, a pair of black pegged pants with one inch welt seams and pistol pockets. We need more boys like him on the campus — of Duke."

We don't censor what our columnists write and so didn't put grease pencil to that crooked judgment. We hope, however, that readers who don't equate a freshman's worth or desert to stay on this campus with the size of his pantcuff will join us in a resounding boot, together with raspberry, for Rueben (we really do like him dearly but he slipped) Leonard.

Are we so staid that the picture of Jay Gatsby of West Egg in a pink suit has no meaning?

We will no doubt make the proposal to follow in the teeth of cries ("Hypocrisy!"), since we have been guilty of the cord and the button-down ourselves; but we do have a word for the scoffers at heliotrope shirts, the old boys of the cloth who would commit hari-kari before pegging their pants.

Let them all put on their somberst grays and browns, fall into ranks spaced at reppie's length, and march on their best cordovan soles to Charlottesville. They will be welcome there, and maybe they can help bring Tom up to sartorial date.

Recent Runners, Quo Vadis?

Very quietly — almost with ominous silence — some students have decided to revise the constitution of student government.

Aside from the startling fact that the Board of Trustees have never approved the present constitution, little in the present document seems bad. And much seems good — because it has proved a workable constitution, an effective one.

Reformers of the student constitution should make perfectly clear exactly what changes they seek. The wheels are turning now for a so-called constitutional convention, but no reasons why have been given.

Such silence is, at worst, suspicious. And, at best, it's confusing.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front — Pete Kelly: 'We Just Want The Blues, Ma'am!'

J.A.C. Dunn

WELL, PETE Kelly done come to town, tiddy um tum tum, and done gone away again, rickety tickety tin, and hardly anyone seems to have been the wiser, least of all Pete. We hear no mention of Pete. No one in Y-court says to his neighbor "Seen Pete Kelly's Blues yet?" No one mentions Pete on the street. No one mentions Pete in the papers. Pete doesn't blow a very loud horn.

WE REALLY shouldn't have started writing this column at all. We have been putting it off for two or three days now, having seen the movie, trying to think of a gimmick to go with it; we can't think of a gimmick and we have to write something and we have what we think is a beautiful head for this column and we have to fill twenty inches, so just being with us. If you are beginning to balk at all this introspective glark we don't blame you. We hope it won't go on for much longer, but we can't tell, we haven't finished twenty inches yet. You can either bear with us or just stop reading altogether and concentrate on the head, which, to tell the truth is, as we said, beautiful. It is not often that a pun as neat as that one fits so nicely into a thirteen-count, single column, three line head. We wish the comment were our own.

THERE'S ANOTHER four inches. We wish this were done. We don't really want to write on and on about Pete Kelly and his horn problems. He degenerates into cops and robbers, dum da dum dum, and the picture ceases to be worthwhile after the first few minutes. Of course we stayed all the way through, waiting patiently for some decent acting. We practically got it, too, when that bad man what's-his-name McCart went upstairs with a scowl on his face and beat the whatnot out of poor old 35-year-old Rose, after which she fell downstairs in a highly dramatic manner indeed, and subsequently went into an insane asylum, where she gave daily tea parties for a rag doll (and, incidentally, once invited Pete Kelly, tum diddy tum diddy tum tum, to join her, out of which tight spot he narrowly squeezed by the skin of his pearly white teeth).

WE WISH this column were over and done with. This is first time we have ever felt his way about a column, and unless someone begins forcing us to write daily about economic trends in Central America during the late 1800's, we seriously doubt that we will ever feel this way again — unless we come down with jungle rot, or something equally spirit-lowering, in which case we shan't feel like writing much of anything at all.

Anyway, back to Pete Kelly. You must be getting awfully bored by this time. We are too. We were bored at the corresponding point in the movie. There were some interesting old cars. One of them had a tapered trunk, and if someone would like to write in and tell us what kind of a car it was, we would be much obliged; we don't care what kind of a car it was, but our date of that evening wants to know. She takes an interest in cars.

But we were talking about Pete Kelly in a desultory kind of way, or trying to. The drunks in the movie were not at all badly done. Jack Webb seems to be pretty good at directing people to be drunk. Poor Johnny Firestone, whose untimely demise at the hands of a professional sub-machine gunner named Bethesda, or Berchtesgaden, or Birdwatcher, or something that began with B and went on and on and on, forms the motive power for the plot's moving the very short distance it does — ha, we've finished twenty inches. Now you can go back and read the head again and forget this whole horrible Pete Kelly business completely.



From The Continent Of The Past:

The Mysterious Journey From Darkness And Insensibility

Archibald MacLeish
In The Yale Review

(In The Public Philosophy, Walter Lippmann, the journalist, philosopher, and political analyst, is concerned, largely, with "modern men who find in freedom an intolerable loss of guidance and support . . . men who rise up against freedom, unable to cope with its insoluble difficulties and unable to endure the denial of communion in this passionate answer, Archibald MacLeish, poet, public servant, teacher, finds in that fearful freedom our biological and human destiny — a reality which must be faced and conquered if we are to reach where "safety lies, security lies, where hope lies — on ahead." —The Editors.)

In a time when the dangers are dark and threatening and terrible like dangers in a nightmare, when the decisions are indecisive, when action, like nightmare action, seems to have no consequences, seems to move without motion like a runner in the sand — in such a time, the temptation to give up the long labor of liberty is a powerful temptation, and the vision of community becomes a vision which enchants. For the vision of community, being a vision from the past, is inevitably a vision in which everything is sure, everything is certain. Actions in the past have consequences. The sun shines from behind. To go back — back into the twelfth century, back into the world of Rome — is to go back into the light. And the longing for that distant light can be very strong.

It is for this reason that the apparent deterioration of our attachment to the idea of freedom must so concern us all. Unless we are truly committed to the forward dream of freedom, that other dream — the dream of the awakening into the past — may entice us, and if it does our greatness as a people will be over. No one truly wakes into the past. All any nation can wake into is what the past was when it too had still to be lived — darkness and danger and difficulty and only so much light as those who live in it can find. We Americans cannot wake into the state of mind which produced the great postulates of the medieval world: we can only continue, wherever we are, in dream or in reality, to struggle for the postulates which pertain to us. And these we will not find unless we are ourselves. We will be most ourselves when we are freest to discover who we are.

THE DREAM OF COMMUNITY
What is wrong, that is to say, with the dream of past community is the fact that it is not a dream

but a remembrance. Mr. Lippmann's book ends in the sand because he has mistaken the direction of history. The flow of human life is not backward toward closer and closer association but forward toward greater and greater individuality. Man's journey is a journey from the remote insensibility of the jelly of his biological beginnings toward the fulfillment of consciousness, and the fulfillment of consciousness is an individual, not a herd, achievement. As his biological destiny is emergence in and to himself, so too is man's spiritual destiny. But ever-increasing consciousness, which means ever-increasing individuality, is the law of human gravity and it cannot be reversed. Particular generations may dread their emergence into individuality and loneliness as our generation dreads it. They may attempt to stampe backward into the warmth and darkness and protection of conformity as millions in Europe and Asia have done in our time, and as an increasing number of our fellow citizens would do if they could drag the rest of us with them. But the flow of life is in the other direction. The mind can no more return to its womb than can the body. It can only go on — on in increasing intelligence when it can, but, whether in intelligence or not, still on.

What we are really witnessing in our time, despite the outcries and the polemics, is not a vast human protest against a wrong steer into a hundred and fifty years of mistaken individual freedom, but a small human boggling in the face of a series of startling and decisive steps toward individuality — steps imposed in part at least by new techniques which tend to free men from their direct dependence on family and clan and tribe. The modern city is a lonely place and the modern universe is lonelier: men who fear loneliness wrap conformity around their souls and attempt to wrap it around their neighbors' also. But the evidence of the contemporary arts — and there is no other dependable evidence of the condition of the human soul in any age — is convincing proof that the human journey has not, for that reason, ended or turned back . . .

ALEMBICS AND FIRELIGHT
Rilke is writing of Isben when he says: "Farther in than anyone has yet been; a door had sprung open before you, and now you were among the alembics in the firelight." . . . But Rilke himself had made the same far journey. And so too have the novelists — Joyce and Proust and Kafka and their successors — who seem to us most characteristic of our time.

Apologies
The editorial, "Parking On Rosemary," published in Tuesday morning's Daily Tar Heel, appeared originally in the Chapel Hill News-Leader. It was written by Phillips Russell, who should have been properly credited. The editors apologize for their oversight.

Textbooks Change As Soviet Schools Shift Emphasis

Manchester Guardian

The curricula for the new school year which began in the Soviet Union last week differs in many respects from those of recent years. A leading article in "Pravda" put much emphasis on the change-over to "polytechnic" education, that is, training of the young for a great variety of vocations. But there is also a subtle political change which, while all to the good, has necessitated the rewriting of many textbooks.

The disappearance of the Stalin cult, which was fostered even more assiduously in schools than in other walks of Soviet life, has led to a revision of the teaching of history. Since nothing that was ever done on the party's authority is ever "revised" — for this would mean that the party is fallible—the revision has been described in the Soviet press thus:

"The general history curriculum has been made to accord with the new data of Soviet historical science. Particular attention has been paid to the decisive roll of the mass of the people (i.e. not of one man—Stalin) as the maker of history."

Only 38 textbooks of nearly a hundred that are marked down for revision have been rewritten so far. The teaching of literature, too, which through the special treatment of the works and passages studied was given a definite political bent, is to be less "an analysis of ideological content" and more of literary values, "to which due attention was not paid in the old curriculum."

But the political significance of these changes is overshadowed by the economic and social considerations which have recently led to a campaign in the Soviet press designed to discourage the majority of young people from pursuing a university education, and to encourage them to go straight to the factory bench from school. The children of the well-to-do have been flocking to the universities ever since the introduction of school and university fees during the war, and this has resulted in perpetuating the new "middle class" of Soviet society. It has also deprived Soviet industry of an active and wide-awake sub-managerial class, which it badly needs.

This was due not only to social circumstances, but also to the nature of teaching in the schools, which provided a general education with an eye on the university. Now all this is to be changed. The humanities, which used to occupy the bulk of the time, have been reduced to 47 per cent and are to be reduced still further. A considerable number of youths are being "directed" straight into industry and agriculture after matriculation. "Manual labour," agriculture, and engineering are to be taught in all the grades of the ten-year schools which children enter at the age of six. Last year 268 technical schools were opened for youths leaving the senior classes of ten-year schools, and still more are to be opened this year.

The Soviet "middle class" is not taking very kindly to these measures, and there have been articles in the press ridiculing the petty bourgeois ambitions of parents for their children. School discipline is being tightened too, and it is going to be harder to get good marks. In the event 257,000 young people will enter Soviet universities this year, out of an estimated 750,000 candidates. This will swell the number of students to 1,850,000, but about a third of these take only correspondence courses or attend evening classes.

Mr. Big Shot's Call

Also maddening is the call from Mr. Big Shot. The operator gets you on the line and if it is long distance she transfers the call to Big Shot's secretary who asks the operator if the party is on the line. When told that he is she takes over. She asks you to hold on for a call from Mr. Big Shot. You agree. The line goes quiet. You hold for what seems ages. Finally Mr. Big Shot comes on the line. He has wasted precious minutes of your time. But that doesn't count. The big fellow is a busy man and all who talk must wait their turn.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was rocking with laughter, saw him, and I looked to see who he really was?"

"Roger, you ol' codger." The Horse was his breath and making me wish he hadn't wonder that the so-called funnies — the comic supplements of our newspapers — had over to Crime, Adventure and Pseudo-Scientific factious reports of the doings of American columns of our daily press are so funny that humor hasn't a chance."

Did I not detect a smidgin of Menckelstein in?

"Yup." The Horse yipped cheerfully, "But us not strain over who said it first, me or the pant Philosopher of Terrapin Town, the sad it is true: the USA is the only genuinely funtion in the world. We can look sillier doing in deadly seriousness than a clutch of jungle higher than kites on whiskey-soaked catnip."

As, for example? TV-Commercial person

"Ugh!" The Horse burped, his eighth eyes clicking in distress. "God save the mphony hucksters, it took TV to show us what a little liars the advertisers of yesteryear was Roger, I am enjoying, at the moment, the occasion at Southern Pines, in this our Land of Tarheelia, when a character with a dis concentration of melanin granules in his pigmentation bought a so-called luxury home in an ly high-class and restricted residential area."

Oh! The Negro who had bought a house Southern Pines suburb called Kenwood?

"The same." The Horse nodded. "They're calling him names, despite the obvious fact it took a white person to make the sale possible. And just to make sure the story nice and dramatic, the reporters tagged the home' and the 'restricted residential section' nations on. Just stop and think: the house sold for Ten thousand smackeroos. You call luxurious? and one of the complainants and bors is a truck driver. Just how silly can we

And didn't the Negro then want \$20,000 sell and get out? And he'd paid only \$12,000 the \$10,000.00 luxury home?

"Yes-" The Horse grinned toothily, "he shrewdly saw it was a question of Supply & Demand he had been Supplied one house nobody else him to have; and he Demanded twenty get out. You ask me, the alleged Negro never acts suspiciously like a good ol' Scotsman, integrating quite rapidly, you might say."

But, the aroused Kenwoodians would see hell, first, they said!

"Nope, apparently they will see him in Kenwood first." The Horse horsed. "Pride goeth before the almighty dollar goeth before all other most people . . . and this includes pride. Purse whilst I hoss-laff!"

Just The Same Tired Tune

Vice President Nixon's farm speech plowing contest in Wabash, Ind., reminded us how of a certain Republican party platform

After defending the Administration's policy as "basically sound," and promising to prevent a farm depression emergency, Mr. Nixon went on to outline a long-range Administration program. In addition to continuation of flexible supports, this program included the following points.

1. A "bold, imaginative" program to open new domestic and foreign markets. This reminded us of the G.O.P. platform pledge "to furnish government assistance in disposing of surpluses in trade."
2. Increased research to reduce farm production and increase use of farm products. This reminded us of the G.O.P. platform pledge "to facilitate agricultural production and increase consumption," to promote the industrial use of farm products.
3. Continuation of soil conservation, and farm programs. This reminded us of the G.O.P. farm pledge to pursue "the Republican program of soil conservation and land retirement and restoration of land resources."
4. A program of rural development, marginal farmers. This reminded us of the G.O.P. platform pledge for "acquisition of abandoned non-productive farm land by voluntary sale and the devotion of such land to appropriate use, such as watershed protection and reforestation."

Mr. Nixon being the Republican Vice President in a Republican Administration, it may be worthy of remark that his ideas apparently those expressed in a Republican platform ever, the G.O.P. platform which is quoted as the platform of 1936. We believe that Mr. Nixon and his party will need either to develop new ideas or to find new ideas if they are to solve the farm problem of 1956 in a "bold, imaginative" —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.