Selective Breeding: A Freedom Tradition For The Di & Phi

When the Philanthropic Assembly chose last week to debate the delicate topic of selective breeding of people, we resolved Puritanically to roundly condemn this fine debate club for picking such a subject.

The Phi (and its sister and similar organization, the Dialectic Senate,) were founded in July, 1795. And behind them lies a long and glorious tradition of student expression and freedom. Thus, we decided, such frivolous topics as selective sex weren't appropriate.

No Real Off Limits

But, looking back over the founding tale of these two debating societies, we've decided that no subject—if sanely and rationally handled—is really off limits for the Di and Phi.

The Di, from the very beginning, undertook "to inspect the conduct and morals of the members." And, in doing so, the Carolina tradition for student self-government was born—a tradition that has thrived and widened in scope almost every year.

The Phi, during its initial year of existence, petitioned the faculty for reinstatement of a member who had himself expelled from Carolina for drunkenness. The society promised the faculty that it would be responsible for the boy's conduct, and the faculty agreed.

As years went by, the faculty turned more and more disciplinary matters over to the Di and Phi. By 1884, membership in one of the two societies was compulsory. The Di and Phi were truly the seeds of the University's student government.

Forum of Freedom

When the University grew, the Di and Phi were no longer centers of government. However, their function as a forum for free student expression continued—until today.

In recent years, when the Red scare has silenced many in colleges from speaking their minds, the debate floors of the Di and Phi have been open, free, loud, and controversial. Aside from this newspaper, the floors of the Di and Phi are the only places on campus where any student may speak his mind freely and without undue restraint. (The classroom, previously in the open forum category, has grown too large for such purposes.)

As for the absurd topic of selective breeding of people, which the Phi tackled last week, we see it as an interesting topic, one in which all the complications of sex-snobbery could be discussed, one which is not without humor and light hearts.

But, more important, is clearly demonstrates the complete freedom enjoyed by the Phi (and Di, for that matter) to discuss whatever topic enters their collective minds. And we're glad about it.

Liquid Refreshment: Framer's Tradition

The crowds in local beer-drinking establishments formerly reminded us of time-wasting congregations, but a professor has given the delightful pastime a new and significant slant.

When the framers of the U. S. Constitution met in Philadelphia in 1787, Ben Franklin found that men were in a much more compromising mood about a keg of brew in the Indian Queen Tavern.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor For This Issue — Rueben Ieonard

Carolina Front

'Potluck Pogo': A Dark Horse In Kellyland

J.A.C. Dunn

'POTLUCK POGO,' Walt Kelly's latest stroke of only-slightly - subhuman Okeefenokeean chronicling, has recently slammed the bookstands a resounding blow to the collective smalls of their collective paper backs. We read through our copy (courtesy of the Intimate Bookshop) in record time, chuckling inwardly, guffawing, and occasionally hanging limply over the arm of our chair and skrieking with uncontrolled, maniacal laughter. Walt done dood it again. We liked particularly the crack about the octopus who couldn't operate a hot string violin quartet because as soon as he got all four violins going he didn't have a leg to stand on; was subsequently given a bagpipe by his parents to console him, but fell in love with the bagpipe because it was the first plaid octopus he had ever seen; offered the bagpipe all eight hands in marriage and got no answer, and finally got a job waving goodbye on pier 42.

★ ★

THE BOOK goes on in typically zany Kelly vien for 179 pages. As we said, we never put it down.

However, this is the first time Mr. Kelly has ever inserted a chill into his cartooning. Part of this chill we received not from the drawings themselves, but simply from the fact that we had read some of the episodes elsewhere before: we had read about the thinking contest between Beauregard Bugleboy and Albert; we had read about Bun Rabbit "carrying the hose" when Albert gets stuck in a bird house; we had read about the Hon. Mole Macaroney trying to find a "mysterious stranger" in a bucket. This gives us an uncomfortable feeling. What is happening to Mr. Kelly that he doesn't write new Pogo for a new Pogo book? Anyone who says Mr. Kelly is drying up and can't go on inventing please follow their judgment with the qualification that it isn't true. Kelly's the cream in our coffee, he's the lace in our shoe.

★ ★

BUT THE principle contribution to the aura of macabre chill in 'Potluck' is something we fear will be hard to explain clearly.

Underneath all of Mr. Kelly's cheerful insanity and alluring nonsense we find a shadow. The brightness, the hail-fellow-well-said - the - hell - with - the - next - page - until - we - get - to-it feeling, the airy and heartening disdain with which Mr. Kelly picks up the world's problems, examines them down an inky nose, smirks casually, and lacerates them; all this does not, we suspect, originate in a bright, hail-fellow, airy, disdaining, and smirking person. We cannot quite say why we feel this way, but the impression we get of some solemn, silent, despondent gloom behind the sparkle of Pogo is unmistakable.

It may be the poetry that makes us feel that way. All of Mr. Kelly's poetry we had read before 'Potluck' we found rather sad and mournful in a gentle sort of way and this never worried us. But there is a poem in the beginning of 'Potluck' that is more cheerful, and some imp of perversity prods us to see an even deeper despair in the Kelly shadow as a result.

And furthermore, in Mr. Kelly's postscript, the last sentence has stuck with us immovably for the two or three days elapsed since our reading of the book: "In this dark when we all talk at once, some of us must learn to whistle."

Maybe we're nuts; maybe we're on the wrong track altogether; maybe all this suspicion of morbidity is a figment of what, in our less inhibited moments, we are wont to call our imagination. But it seems to us that there is too much profundity in Pogo for Mr. Kelly's brilliant drawing and satire to be nothing but fizzy gaiety. There's a dark horse in the cast somewhere.

—Battle Is On—

English Club Writer Challenged: Calling Humanities 'Ornamental' Tends To Discredit & Damage Them

Elisha Douglas

(Mr. Douglas, of the University History Department, is the author of Rebels And Democrats.)

Editors:

A few days ago the English Club, in its opening pronouncement of the year, deplored the fact that the humanities are often advertised by faculty members as "practical" subjects in an attempt to convince students of their value. It is intimated to the students, the Club continued, that the mastery of the humanities will in some subtle way increase their earning power. This policy, according to the Club, is both a deception practiced on the students and an attack on the true glory of the humanities. The humanities are not practical. They are things of the spirit, a precious heritage from the past, and their main purpose is ornamental. Like all beautiful things they should be loved for themselves and not for what benefit they can confer on those who show interest in them.

'PRACTICAL INDEED'

So runs the argument of the English Club. But as one who believes and has often said that the humanities are very practical indeed, I should like to raise a few objections for the Club's consideration. In the first place, I would agree entirely with the contention that a mastery of the humanities does not necessarily increase the financial reward one expects to find in business.

Certainly the cash value of the humanities is low, as the size of the salaries of teachers in this field demonstrates. But it does not follow, as the Club indicates, that because the humanities have little cash value they are "impractical." Practicality is measured in a much more valuable coin that dollars and cents. All means which enable the individual to adjust successfully to his environment, which give the understanding and tolerance of fellow men necessary for societal living, which promote individual and group decisions most conducive to the general welfare—these achievements are much more practical in the long run than the acquiring of a large bank balance.

Success, then, measured in terms of rewards to the individual, means much more than material prosperity. The formulas for success, in this larger context, are almost as numerous as the number of men who have lived on this earth, but a well-balanced education has usually been considered an important ingredient. It is with in this framwork of balance that the humanities play an important part.

NO ORNAMENT

Down through the generations the humanities have been contributing to the understanding man has of himself, his neighbors, and his universe. Their contribution has not been as immediately evident as that of the occupational studies, or even of the social sciences. While the former group of subjects provides economic security and a useful and rewarding life work, and while the second group attempts to find solutions for a broad range of social problems, the contributions of the humanities seem vague, undefined, and intangible. Indeed, a convincing demonstration of this point is the apparent inability of the English Club to find any purpose in them. If students of the humanities consider their subject an "ornament" useful primarily for the titillation of esthetes, then less erudite observers may be pardoned for failing to see practical value in these studies.

A positive demonstration of the value of the humanities is admittedly difficult, but a negative demonstration can be more fruitful. Supposing, in our burgeoning technological civilization, we had no history or literature. Bath tubs, refrigerators, sports cars and atom bombs—yes, but no Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, or Wordsworth, no memory of the American Revolution or the origin of the Constitution, no doctrine of states-rights. Would we be as well off? It would take a hardy and an ignorant man to say yes. If history may be defined broadly as the collective and rationalized memory of the race, then a race without history is a race with amnesia. Without a fund of experience to draw upon for decisions, it would find rational action as difficult as would the individual man with such an affliction. Inevitably it would destroy itself. A race without literature would certainly be impoverished esthetically, but worse, it would be deprived of its more fruitful source of information regarding the standards and values necessary for the happy life, for the understanding of the emotions, and for the cultivation of the sympathy and understanding of the fellow man indispensible for social living.

CARRY A MESSAGE

The great works of literature, therefore, are practical because they carry a message which can be incorporated into the fund of experience which produces rational decisions. The message is often obscure and intangible, to be sure, but it is none the less read. Works of art are not received on Mount Sinai; they are produced by fallible men under imperfect conditions. The gloomy Dane lives on not because of Shakespeare's poetry but because of the terrifying picture of what can happen when a man who cannot make up his mind is presented with decisions of life and death. The poetry of Wordsworth is immortal not because of its rhyme and meter but because of its revelation of the intimate union of man with nature. The orations of Cicero are read not because they are fine Latin but because they give insight into the meaning and standards of public service. The list might be indefinitely extended, and although individual interpretations as to the exact message of any literary work of art will always vary, it cannot be doubted that a message is there.

UNFELT INFLUENCE

Any apparent impracticality in the humanities comes not from internal deficiency but from manner in which these studies impart education and from the widely held impression that they are in fact impractical. Obviously a fine play, for example, does not put its point across with the clear precision of an experiment in Chemistry I; the philosophy of Josiah Royce does not reveal itself with the brilliance of an atomic explosion; the poetry of Walt Whitman is not as explicit as a railway time table. Yet the influence of the humanities is none the less significant for being unfelt. In all of the great literary works and in history we see a constant procession of people reacting to problems, sometimes effectively and sometimes futily. We instinctively evaluate the wisdom of their decision—we see a solution they missed, or a better solution than the one they took.

Throughout the long process of a study of the humanities, then, a slow and perhaps unconscious education is being acquired. We are accumulating vicarious experience of a type which will enable us to handle effectively the types of problems which impinge most closely upon our social living. We are coming to understand human nature better, we are able to form more accurate judgments on what relationships and attitudes in human affairs bring the most favorable results.

This is not the conscious education of required courses, grades, and quality points; it is a continuation of the silent education of growing up, of coming to maturity. In this case the humanities, by imparting vicarious experience, advance the maturity level beyond what is possible with personal and actual experience. In a pharse, education in the humanities is education in how to live. What more practical objective can education have?

PILLAGE BY ESTHETES

Believing that the humanities are impractical is a fine way of making then son, for this is just one of several means of pillaging them of their message. Those esthetes who attempt to snatch them from the catagory of practical education, who attempt to mould them into a liturgy for the esoteric enjoyment of an intellectual elite, constitute one of the greatest dangers facing the humanities today. If the humanities are interpreted in such a way as to lose the common touch, their educational —and therefore practical—value will be gone. In some fields the kidnapping of the humanities has already progressed rather far. The painters who have made art a display of psychoneurosis and the musicans who glory in barbaric yawps have gravely injured their media of artistic expression. By refusing to acknowledge the responsibility of artists to say something understandable to someone else besides a coterie of confederates in confusion, they have heaped ridicule upon themselves and their work. Art does not deserve the name unless it can evoke a fairly uniform artistic response from rational observers.

The esthetes have not gone as far as the artists and musicians in discrediting the humanities, but they appear to have taken the same road. It will be unfortunate, to say the least, if those who believe in the practical education value of the humanities should by default allow allegations of impracticality to spread. If the day should ever come when we read Cicero soley to get sent on his style, we might all better jitterbug to Perry Como.

Justice Douglas On 'Faceless Informers'

William O. Douglas In Peters V. Hobby

Confrontation and cross-examination under oath are essential, if the American ideal of due process is to remain a vital force in our public life. We have here a system where government with all its power and authority condemns a man to a suspect class and the outer darkness, without the rudiments of a fair trial.

The practice of using faceless informers has apparently spread through a vast domain. It has touched countless hundreds of men and women and ruined many.

It is an un-American practice which we should condemn. It deprives men of "liberty" within the meaning of the Fifth Amendment, for one of man's most precious liberties is his right to work. When a man is deprived of that "liberty" without a fair trial, he is denied due process.

If he were condemned by Congress and made ineligible for government employment, he would suffer a bill of attainder, outlawed by the Constitution. An administrative agency—the creature of Congress—certainly cannot exercise powers that Congress itself is barred from asserting.

Those who see the force of this position counter by saying that the Government's sources of information must be protected, if the campaign against subversives is to be successful. The answer is plain. If the sources of information need protection, they should be kept secret. But once they are used to destroy a man's reputation and deprive him of his "liberty," they must be put to the test of due process of law.

The use of faceless informers is wholly at war with that concept. When we relax our standards to accommodate the faceless informer, we violate our basic constitutional guarantees and ape the tactics of those whom we despise.

Is 'Dixieland' To Survive The Crowbar?

Paul B. Mason

ASHEVILLE — What is going to happen to "Dixieland", the famous Thomas Wolfe house on Spruce St. in Asheville?

That is a question which may find its answer next week at a meeting Monday of the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Association, on the famous writer's birthday.

This group has planned for more than five years to take over the old boardinghouse from "Look Homeward Angel". But according to Wolfe's sister, Mrs. Mabel Wheaton, the financial portions of these "plans" have never been completed.

Mrs. Wheaton is now anxious to see the house set in a more permanent trust — if citizens of the state feel that it is of sufficient literary value to preserve.

"What do you think?", she inquired several weeks back. "Is it worth keeping?"

To those who know the sister of Tom Wolfe, there is little doubt reported in the way that she feels. But at the same time, there remains the obvious problem of what will be done. And of who will do it.

"Why, we have been wanting somebody to take it over for years," Mrs. Wheaton declared. "After all, it's too much for me even now. I am eleven years older than Tom"—refering back to Wolfe's birth in 1900.

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" At may age, it's terribly hard for me to look after the house," she reflected. And it is not only the present problem that disturbs her.

"We are interested in 'what is to be done' in terms of fifty or a hundred years," explained Mrs. Wheaton — who of all the family has taken the most active care of the property. "The whole point is," she went on "Is the house worth keeping?"

"It costs to keep that place going," she emphasized, stating that much of the upkeep has been borne by the family. "And it's time to do something!"

"I moved away things like Mama's silver," but there are still a great many things of value to be looked after in the big rambling house, which is nearly three quarters of a century old.

In 1949, the Thomas Wolfe Association proposed to buy the building from the family. In fact they put up some of the money. But Mrs. Wheaton says that it was possible for the group to make only two payments. "And the last one," she added, "was over three years ago."

Admittedly, there is some hope that the organization can still raise the money. It has a new head named Sam Bass. "And if anybody can round up the dough for this project, he can," a local observer commented.

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But if nothing can be done in this direction, Mrs. Wheaton sees just three possibilities — short of simply tearing the old structure down. If friends cannot finance the project, she though maybe the City of Asheville — never totally fond of Wolfe — might take over.

"If they can't, perhaps the University—or even Harvard might want it." Both institutions of course have special Wolfe collections. (And it is said in some places at UNC that their collection might have been even better had the University showed more interest at the right time.)

So far there has been no comment from either institution about such a proposal. But it is recognized that being given a "literary shrine" as far away as Asheville would certainly be almost overwhelmingly difficult to care for.

Though no solution is at hand—one thing is certain. A decision to tear down "Dixieland" would be sure to raise up cries and protests from all parts.

Several months ago, it was necessary to raze another "Wolfe house" in Asheville — a condemned structure which a half-century ago was the author's birthplace. A wire service carried the story and a huge clamor fell from all sections.

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While a solution is sought, visitors still come to the old house almost daily. They take pictures outside, or walk through the halls of the rambling old building. On the walls are plaques with excerpts from "Look Homeward Angel" identifying each scene.

The bed on which the children were born is there. So is the brass bed on which his father died. There are tools from the latter's stone shop at Pack Square. And downstairs is Eliza Gant's old-fashioned kitchen.

The Need ... Aid-Poster

Bill Ragsdale

'Tarnation' Editor

The seats in Memorial Hall have ... for so long that many of the old timers ... have become rather sentimentally ... them. Our attachment to them, however ... much more physical sort and one that ... ressively worse the longer we sit on ... wards the middle of a long program. ... not withstanding, we find ourselves ... cerned with where to put our aching ... with the happenings on the stage. In ... year's promise of many attractions in ... ium, the writer went up to South ... other morning between classes to see ... be done about getting something new ... fortable in the old place.

Everyone was very helpful. It seems ... seats in use up there now were taken ... auditorium, a towered monstrosity that ... present hall look like something designed ... Llyod Wright, and screwed into the new ... floor with no regard for the fact that the ... was flat. This accounts for those people's ... posteriors or rayon pants who occasionally ... their seats and slip under the bench ... them. It appears on first glance that all ... that would be needed is just a jacking ... front ends of the seats, but that still would ... do the trick; the benches are too close ...

Mr. Barrett, down in the basement ... figured that it would cost about twenty-... per unit to replace the benches with seats ... those in Carroll Hall, which, since the ... holds about nineteen hundred now, ... around forty-five or fifty thousand ... the Legislature of this state is not ... for its generosity to certain aspects of ... University, the idea of new seats anyway ... gan to look pretty well shot.

The first flicker of real hope came ... office of the Grand Old Man of the ... Chancellor House. A few years ago ... class left almost two thousand dollars ... for a fund that was to be added to by ... classes, until a sufficient amount was ... new seats in.

Another thing that came to light was ... that Harvard has done not too long ... chaps up there sold subscriptions to ... old benches to their alumni, and then ... up into ten-foot lengths, burned "HARV... them, and sent them out to the mis... grads. The Chancellor really liked that ... started talking about hauling them out ... ting the Old Well and the Belltower and ... Seal on them until his secretary, whose ... it was originally, finally asked about ... Rameses' picture on them too.

Mr. Charlie Shaffer, in a secluded ... third floor, takes care of the Annual Alumni ... campaign, which has only been going ... but which has already done a considerable ... for the University that the Legislature ... can't do. The leader of this program is an ... able gentleman who had three very relevant ... to say: (1) while the best thing possible ... to get some wealthy alumnus interested ... fork over the requisite cash, such a ... too likely for the same reason that only ... class has contributed; that is, giving a ... seats, however much they are needed, ... have the appeal that a less useful but ... mental gift has. (2) Many classes have ... over in their treasuries that could be ... this purpose —the Class of '34, for example ... hundred and seventy-six dollars left over ... ing to spend it for— (3) The Annual ... Fund, since it receives money to be used ... discretion of its trustees, might well put ... cash into the project within the near future ... ticularly if the students show an interest ... tributing themselves through, for example ... year's senior class.

Whether we get new seats or not it, like ... everything else around here, up to us. If ... them bad enough we can get them.

Benson Gives

Secretary Benson has now officially ... before a congressional committee that ... a mistake in firing Wolf Ladejinsky as a ... risk. His department's press release defending ... firing was written, says Mr. Benson, "in ... hard."

Mr. Benson says the records of Mr. ... sky's security status have been corrected. ... "I do not want further injury done to Mr. ... sky." This may be construed as an indirect ... ion that injury has been done to him.

Mr. Benson says he has revised the ... Department security review procedures, ... ommended to President Eisenhower change ... Administration's over-all security program ... may be construed as an admission that the ... system which permitted a Ladejinsky case ... pen was defective in the first place.

As an individual the Secretary of Agriculture ... an upright, conscientious man. Why is it that ... office holder he has had to be pressed and ... for months on end before he would ... make these minimum admissions?

Mr. Benson fired Wolf Ladejinsky as ... tural attaché at the Tokyo embassy last ... Weeks passed, Mr. Ladejinsky was hired ... FOA, and yet Mr. Benson did not express a ... regret or modify his Department's ... Mr. Ladejinsky until a presistent news... Clark R. Mollenhoff of *The Des Moines* ... obtained a back-handed admission of error.

Mollenhoff kept inquiring at the White ... week after week, whether the Administration ... dorsed Mr. Benson's action. He finally ... June 24, a White House letter which quoted ... Benson as indicating that "the press" (re ... Ladejinsky) was probably written a bit too ...

Mr. Benson has now made the phrase ... but somehow these words do not seem adequate to describe an official statement which ... out proof, branded Mr. Ladejinsky as ... trusted by his Government. Secretary Benson ... do much more to make amends than he has. ... Why does he still resist a full-expression of ... regret for the harm done?—*St. Louis Post* ...