

A Threat, A Promise The IFC Aids In Informing The Campus

The Interfraternity Council didn't even know it; but when it voted to open its meetings to The Daily Tar Heel, the IFC reaffirmed the theme of this National Newspaper Week.

"Your Newspaper Fights For Your Right To Know," declares the theme of this week, when the American press pats itself on the back for informing the public.

The first part of this theme—the part about fighting—was quite true in the case of the IFC and this paper. For never before has this student group governing fraternities allowed press coverage.

Last fall, The Daily Tar Heel made it clear to the IFC that it felt it had a right to cover all student meetings, with the exception of student courts. But the recalcitrant fraternity group tossed a reporter and the editor out of its meeting.

Thus, all last school year, there was (as always) a virtual news blackout on the organization that governs the fraternity element of campus. Whatever IFC news appeared in this paper was the result of IFC-prepared handouts. In short, it wasn't news—just publicity.

But Monday night, this newspaper decided to change this unfair situation, to open these meetings to the campus. It was not easy to persuade the hypersensitive fraternity group that its meetings were in the campus interest.

To be frank, it took an open threat—a promise to boycott the IFC from these pages in every form—before the fraternity men yielded to the paper.

We're not beating our editorial chest because this paper has obtained its due right—the right to cover any representative, non-judicial student meeting on this campus.

On the other hand, The Daily Tar Heel is proud to be able to render its service to campus—to fight for the student body's right to know.

And we hereby serve notice to other representative student groups, such as the Pan-Hellenic Council—that they, too, have a duty to aid in informing the campus of which they are a part.

Loyalty: Er... That's Not Our Department

John R. Garnett, a personable representative of the U. S. State Department, answered student questions about the U. S. Foreign Service Corps clearly and frankly—except those on the subject of security checks.

After Mr. Garnett had pointed out the process for getting into government service—a stiff intelligence quiz, rigorous physical requirements, an oral interview, and a security investigation—he was asked about the latter.

Obviously flustered by the question, Mr. Garnett assured the student interrogator that security clearance was only to make certain that one is not a "communist, a subversive, or otherwise disloyal."

The State Department man went on to point out to Carolina students that only a small number of candidates is turned down for security reasons.

"How do you determine whether a candidate is a loyal American? What do you mean by loyalty?" the student asked Mr. Garnett.

"I couldn't exactly tell you. That is, we really don't handle that directly ourselves," answered the State Department man.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor For This Issue — Rueben Leonard

Carolina Front Sigafos Says Schulman Is A Dull Soph

J.A.C. Dunn

WE INTERVIEWED Mr. Sigafos, Bud Schulman's right hand mouth, just this past week. We met him behind Ledbetter-Pickard's. He was standing next to a row of garbage cans, nervously shifting from foot to foot, peering, apprehensively up and down the alley from behind his turned-up coat collar, and smoking a large pipe.

We remarked on the pipe, after having introduced ourself. Didn't Mr. Sigafos smoke Philip Morris like "On Campus" said?

"Well, the advertising contract says I'm supposed to," he muttered, "but confidentially, I can't stand cigarettes. I just don't like the taste. I like a foul, smelly old pipe much better. It's much more homey. But don't tell anyone. I might get fired if the truth were revealed."

We said we wouldn't tell a soul and suggested that Mr. Sigafos join us in a beer or two or three in the Rat.

"Oh, my no," gasped Sigafos. "I couldn't possibly do that. If Mr. Schulman found out he'd kill me."

No beer? Not even go in and sit down and watch the milling throng?

"Can't possibly. Mustn't be seen. I'm really not meant to be on any campus college at all; I'm supposed to stay away from college towns altogether. You see, it sullies the originality of Mr. Schulman's column if I go to some college and learn about it. It might make me regional, Mr. Schulman says; and Mr. Schulman believes that I should never suggest any particular college at all."

This was a shame, but did we have to stand in Rathskellar alley and palaver over a bunch of garbage cans? Surely there must be some place around town that wouldn't sully Mr. Schulman...

"We'd better stay here," murmured Sigafos. I don't want to run the risk of being seen and recognized. You see, Mr. Schulman's theory is that I am completely anonymous, that I give the impression of having been everywhere. This gives the impression of omnipotence."

WELL, THEN, did Mr. Sigafos operate in his collegiate circles entirely on Mr. Schulman's instructions, without any experience at all?

"Oh, I stay with him all the time," sighed Sigafos, drawing sloomily on his pipe. "It gets so dull. All he wants to do is sit in night clubs and flirt with the cigarette girls—just like any college sophomore."

This was something we never had suspected.

"You'd think a man that'd written books and writes all those columns and publishes in Playboy would have some adult characteristics, but he really doesn't. Sometimes I have half a mind to quit and go to graduate school."

What would Mr. Sigafos study if he went to graduate school?

"Philosophy. I've turned misanthropist what with all this routine I go through every week in Mr. Schulman's column. Philosophy is nice and moody. I don't get much of a chance to be moody these days. I always have to be either crazy or typical or riotously funny for Mr. Schulman." I read Kierkegaard on the sly.

We thanked Mr. Sigafos, and he moodily replied that he figured we might as well be welcome since he couldn't think of anything to do with us. We last saw him slinking sulkily away down the alley, misanthropically drawing his pipe, despondently headed for the bus station, presumably to spend his delinquent way back to the arms of the tyrannical and childish Mr. Schulman.

When something has to be done the people have invariably turned to the Democratic Party. This is no accident, for the Democratic Party is by its nature the party that always does something. Sometimes it does a fool thing, but it always does something, and in moments of desperation it is better to do anything than to set like a bump on a log waiting for destruction to overwhelm us.

But when the danger has been averted by the necessary action, and quiet has returned, it frequently happens that the nervous triumph and the public turns back to the Republican Party. Sometimes there is no formal change but the Democratic Party itself becomes essentially Republican, as it did under Pierce and Buchanan.

For the basic difference between the two parties is not a matter of issues but of attitudes—principles, if you will. Issues take their significance from circumstances and as circumstances change, so does the meaning of issues. What was radical yesterday is conservative today and will be reactionary tomorrow. Patrick Henry, defending states' rights, was a wild radical in 1789; Calhoun, defending them in 1850, was a conservative, and Shivers of Texas, defending the tide-lands oil steal, is a reactionary today. On any major issue each party has been on all sides at one time or another.

GOLD AND BEARS

But this does not necessarily involve any real inconsistency, for the parties can maintain their fundamental attitudes while changing sides on specific issues. The fundamental attitude of the Democratic Party in any crisis is that we have much to gain; that of the Republican Party that we have much to lose. Neither can pierce the future, but the Democrat is persuaded that there is a pot of gold just around the next corner, while the Republican expects to find a bear. Historically, both have been right, for around each sharp turn in our national history we have found a pot of gold, usually guarded by a very bad tempered bear.

As a result we find that those Americans who have gathered wisdom as their years increased have modified their ways of thinking. Fighting one bear after another tones down the exuberance of the Democrat; finding one pot of gold after another tones up the pessimism of the Republican. In extreme old age Thomas Jefferson and John Adams came to think pretty much alike. Since Washington there have



What Is A Democrat?

Gerald Johnson

(Historian and news analyst, Mr. Johnson is a former Tar Heel newsman.—The Editors.)

ANYONE CAN be a registered Democrat merely by signing the book, but to be a real, not merely a registered one, is another matter. In part it is a question of temperament, in part of education, in part of circumstances, and in part, no doubt, just the grace of God.

It is not granted to everyone to be a real Democrat; there are persons—some of them quite worthy persons, too—who can never be Democrats and ought not to try. Unfortunately, there are areas, especially in the South, in which social or economic considerations force such people to vote the Democratic ticket. They are unhappy because they don't believe in their own party; and they do no good to the party, inevitably casting an aura of fraud about it to the embarrassment of real Democrats.

Sometimes Americans, especially young ones, surveying the confusion of national politics, reach the cynical conclusion that we really have only one party in this country and that our so-called differences are only factional squabbles. That is also the opinion of our Russian friends; I remember a dinner party at which Ambassador Cumansky pounded the theory into my ears quite violently. But the explanation in both cases is simply an unrealistic view of American politics.

THE GIMMEE PARTY

As a matter of fact, we have three major parties in this country, the Democrats, the Republicans and the Gimmees, and the greatest of these is the Gimmees. A Gimmee has no ticket of his own, but votes either of the others with complete indifference as long as he gets his handout. Unfortunately, the Gimmee is frequently endowed with enormous cunning, sometimes rising to governorships, senatorships and even Cabinet posts; but whatever his official dignity he is a blackguard who would sell his grandmother's tombstone in order to grab an office. Such vermin need not be considered in any serious discussion of the basic difference between the Democratic and Republican parties, for they have no principles on which to differ. Indeed, a principle is to a Gimmee what Paris green is to a potato bug, and when the parties divide along the line of their basic principles the Gimmees die off in incredible numbers.

Y-Court Corner Conversation, Now Corpse, Awaits Burial

Rueben Leonard

THE ART of conversation is rapidly becoming extinct on campus. The ability to converse is an unburied corpse and the students are pallbearers walking nonchalantly on their merry way with the corpse on their shoulders.

ON ANY given night students will gather around the tables in the Rathskellar, Rendezvous Room, or anywhere else there are tables to gather around and talk. What do they talk about? Recent movies, drinking parties, and cars of course. Seldom a word about world affairs, music, or literature—just the same old monotonous small talk over and over again.

WE LEAVE the little group sitting at the table and journey over to the fraternity courts or out to Jack's or The Patio. The setting is the same except for the presence of members of the female species. We take a table next to a couple that appears to have danced themselves into exhaustion. The girl leans over to the boy and says, "Do you like classical music?" The boy perks up considerably at this question and says, "Yes, let's have a drink."

The couple take a few drinks and between drinks discuss the difference between 86.8 and 100 proof whiskey.

After exhausting both the whiskey and the subject, the boy decides he must appear intellectual so he asks his coed date if she has read Ralph Roysler Doyster. The girl at long last sees her chance to impress her date with her literary knowledge but, alas, the clock on the wall says its time to go so they have one last dance and make their exit.

THIS SORT of ratrace can go on for several dates or until our lovely little couple find themselves on a Sunday date when the beer emporiums are closed and the boy has forgotten to make his Saturday ABC appointment. They decide that it is time to have their first real conversation so they walk over to the arboretum to sit in the moonlight and converse. They sit in the moonlight all right.

OF COURSE there are quite a few students who do not fall into either of the above categories, but even these students aren't able to discuss some of the more commonly called-for subjects. A person who can't distinguish Duke Snider by the fact that he plays outfield for the Brooklyn Dodgers and wallops his share of home runs is in some respects as unenlightened as a certain jockey who when dining with members of the horsey set and not being able to add anything to the conversation will always pop up with, "Do any of you know the name of the guy who shot McKinley?" The diners look up in utter amazement and shake their heads in a sad nod. The jockey then tells them the man's name was Leon Czolgosz.

out despair. He is certain that the creature is only a temporary nuisance, sure to be put down as Huey Long was put down before Huey, and the Ku Klux before Huey, and the Wobblies before the Ku Klux, and the Know-Nothings before the Wobblies. From time to time we have these fits of backward-looking and the sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine, then wander forth, but never for very long. In due time the common sense of the common people reasserts itself, we elect another Democratic President and go seeking the next pot of gold.

Those who can't believe it are by nature Republicans. It is sad, and I am sorry for them, but there isn't a thing in the world that can be done about it.

Nevertheless, I am glad that a benignant destiny has made it possible for me to be a Democrat, for I think that the Democrat is the happier man. Serene in his faith that a pot of gold is just around the corner, he can contemplate even such an appalling apparition as McCarthy with-

English Cl David Orr On 'The Unfought Battle'

Certain latter-day alarmists have seen requirements of loyalty oaths for professors academicians in general a sign of increasing what they call academic freedom. Unfortun- they see not the increase but the succedent- tion of the loss of something which has been "lost" or even wrested away, but which has given up with peculiarly short-sighted ease. Most concerned, the academicians themselves.

A young professor of history at a university has written a book, *Academic Freedom*, Russell Kirk, Henry Regnery, 1953, outlining a problem and commenting on it. Mr. Kirk has many unpleasant things to say particularly those "administrative technicians" who were to run his university and who ended up with him.

It is presently great sport, among scholars liberal arts particularly, to speak with of hired administrators who run colleges and universities without having the slightest idea is supposed to go on in them or why it should a sneering moan has been made over the scholar to a deanship, or over the hired and trained "educator" to administer certain functions of higher education. This "lost" this trained educator soon begins to wonder over the moaner who then only moans continues to do so. Yet did the educator himself on the professor, or did the ex-scholar wield some deadly weapon in his rise to a of administrative power? Kirk says no, the often academicians with astounding lack of sight have given administrative jobs into the of ignorant specialists so that they, the need not be bothered with them.

What these men fail to realize is that the sort of logic indicates that the only sufficient administrators of academics can be cians themselves. The idea of having someone than a college professor run the lives of college professors and of students is so patently that one looks with unbelieving awe at the which allows and even encourages the people of college administrations shot through by academicians. Even more absurd, of course domination of college faculties and administrations alike and the formation of college policies by of trustees who knew even less about what a college is supposed to do. Mr. Kirk cites of alarming proportions indicating how few are men of learning and of how much influence wield in purely academic circles.

There is a grosser absurdity yet, which domination of the college, its administrative trustees, by the state, either through almost uniformly uninformed of academic or through the caprices of an electorate capable of judgment in this particular and the faculties have submitted to this piling masters with but few whippers. These few lions ones were quickly put down and the of their number is hardly surprising. It meant that the rights they once had were up, were not forcibly wrested from them.

Mr. Kirk points out that few of these lost the unfought battle for academic freedom so consciously, and that few did so through many presently refuse to fight for reasons. (H. L. Mencken defines pedagogues "... chiefly marked by the haunting fear of their jobs.") Kirk states that a loss of purpose confusion of purpose has been responsible present grotesque state of affairs. He defines pedagogue very simply as a truth seeking servant of truth. The pedagogue is, conversely a legislature (as in the case of state universities) or even of the electorate which pays salary.

Once the academician accepts the principle those who pay him can determine that sort of value which they wish to receive that not a servant of truth but of man; he thus to be treated as a hired man, a lackey, and must eschew those ancient rights and pertaining to those who have dedicated themselves a bit beyond man. A teacher in a trade school teach his trade for money paid him. A teacher university cannot think of himself as a anything remotely resembling a trade, or self as in any way (academically) answer the man with the paycheck. In short, a teacher no job but has rather a calling, and it is getting of this fact by the teacher which gets him into his present position of subservience.

Reader's Retort:
Faith In Human
Brain Restored

Your editorial regarding Senator Knowlton I listened intently to his "oratorical device" wondered how many of his applauders had everything the persons in and out of the U. S. whom I respect have supported. Aren't you guilty of an under-statement you speak of his "ambivalence"?