"Public welfare ... must not be confined to picking up the debris from the wreckage of human lives." See "Public Assistance: Myth and Reality," starting on page 29.
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Kingdom House is one of St. Louis' few remaining settlement houses. Of the 12,000 people living in the area it serves, a few blocks southeast of Union Station, three out of four have no private bath, nine out of ten have less than an eighth grade education, and over half are receiving welfare assistance. From the very young through the aged comes a cry for help; frequently that cry is simply—

**HEY, JOE!**

**Joe Rulo is a man, but really he's a guy.** He works in a St. Louis settlement house with delinquent children, but he calls them "these lovable kids."

He despises insincerity, yet he says he's been a kind of phony most of his life.

But the twenty-nine-year-old graduate of Washington University's George Warren Brown School of Social Work is an intelligent, well-educated guy whose commitment to his kids, and to the solution of their problems, is anything but phony.

Although Joe (Joseph H. Rulo, MSW 60) has been a professional social worker for only a few years, his experience with settlement houses such as Kingdom House, where he is employed, dates back to 1936, when he was two years old. That year, his mother took him along to her new part-time job in the day nursery at Caroline Mission, an Evangelical and Reformed counterpart to Methodist-sponsored Kingdom House. The two agencies, about a mile apart in what sociologists today call "the inner city," provide day-care and guidance for the very young; recreation and opportunities for membership in democratically run clubs for teenagers; assistance in securing jobs for adults, and food and clothing for whole families; and, above all, hope for all residents of their respective neighborhoods.

Growing up in the Caroline Mission neighborhood, Joe confronted the same problems that today keep him occupied day and night, week after week: poverty, unemployment, marital discord, inter-group rivalry, crime, and delinquency. Out of such an environment, which included the divorce of his own parents when he was seven, Joe emerged with a determination to help the underdog, as he calls the underprivileged, for the rest of his life.

He's quick to admit he had a good deal of help along the way—from his mother, from the staff at Caroline Mission (especially Ralph Koeppe, MSW 53, who is now Joe's supervisor at Kingdom House), from his professors at Washington University, and even from his buddies in the neighborhood.

As a youngster, Joe was no angel. "I gave my mother plenty of problems," he confides. "I busted my share of windows, I stole my share, I truanted like everybody else (I was suspended from grade school five times and kicked out of high school I don't know how many times), but I never committed a big crime."

Avoiding the big crime and violence generally were Joe's biggest problems as a youngster. In order not to be bullied, in order not to be kicked around, he had to establish a reputation of being able to handle himself, of not being afraid to fight. "It's phenomenal how much manipulating I had to do to retain this position. How can you be tough without getting involved in something where you really hurt somebody?"

This is the pose, the phonyness, Joe admits to. "A kid normally doesn't want to fight," he claims, "and privately, away from his group, he'll admit I'm afraid." You have to
Each morning Joe sees to it that boys who might be tempted to "skip" actually get to school.

"Finding leaders is no problem," Joe says. "Developing leadership is." During club meetings members pay attention to Joe and to each other.
Joe’s clients range in age from 5 to 60, include young married people.

get these kids to realize this is normal. It isn’t being chicken. If you’re able to understand the real feelings in this kind of thing, because you’ve experienced them yourself, you have an entree with these kids.”

Entree and lasting confidence are two different things, however, and Joe knows it. “A person in trouble usually is apprehensive of, even hostile to, those who want to help him,” he says. The young social worker, who once considered the ministry as a career, also knows that betrayal of a confidence is the one unpardonable sin a worker can commit.

“A boy or girl can tell me anything, anytime, in any terms, and he knows I won’t condemn him, and usually I won’t reveal what he says unless he tells me to. The time it’s tough is when a crime has been committed.” Even then, Joe guards against acting too quickly, except when narcotics are involved; then he calls the authorities immediately.

“If a kid has committed a crime and comes to me, I assume he wants help, and what that usually means is he wants to turn himself in.” When he does, Joe goes with him—to the precinct and to court.

Even in an initial meeting, a youth is able to realize at least two things: that Joe knows who’s who and what’s up in the neighborhood, and that there’s never a question of where you stand with him.

“Do you think mom doesn’t like you?” Joe asks a wet-eyed twelve-year-old who has just been brought to him by a friend of the family. (The boy had been threatened with a court appearance the next day because of excessive truancy.)

The frightened boy nods and stares at the floor.

“You’ve been lying and shoplifting too, haven’t you?”

Surprised, the boy looks up. “Yes, sir.”

“If you decide that you and I should work together, and then you cut out on me and skip school some more, or lie to mom or to the school or to me, or steal, do you think I’ll hate you then?” Joe asks seriously.

“Yes, sir.”

Grasping the back of the boy’s neck and shaking him playfully, Joe breaks the tension and laughs. “Come on, I’m not going to hate you. I like you. And I’m going to keep on liking you. And if we work on this together, buddy, you won’t pull the rug out on me. You’d better not. Now let me see if I can go with you to court tomorrow.” Joe reaches for the phone and the boy smiles.

“Don’t smile too fast, pal,” Joe is serious again. “I’m not getting you out of anything. I’m just going to see if we can get you another chance.”

Rapid, private exchanges like this, between Joe and troubled youngsters, occur daily. The troubles they face
include everything from truancy to robbery, prostitution, homosexuality, and drunkenness. Whether in a private conference, where Joe thinks he does about eighty percent of his most effective work, or with small groups, he conveys a singular impression of self-confidence.

That impression, like the tough-guy role of his younger days, is more an illusion than a reality, Joe says. "If you're always happy with the solutions you come up with, then you're nothing but a deadbeat. Problems and causes of problems don't stay constant. You have to re-examine, analyze, re-evaluate. What could you have done? What should you have said? How should you have said it? You can kill your chances with a kid just by saying something the wrong way. The really good workers I've known always second-guess themselves. You'd think a guy like Ralph Koepp, with his years of experience, would be supremely confident and satisfied with his own answers. He's not. You ask him for a simple solution to one of your problems and he'll tell you, 'How the hell should I know?'"

Although Joe is able to verbalize his philosophy of social work in precise, knowledgable terms, it is perhaps best summarized with a metaphor of the streets: "In a fight, the more people you have on your side, the better your chances."

When Joe was thirteen, he met Ralph Koepp, one of the people who has been on Joe's side ever since. Koepp had faith in Joe. He trusted him. When Joe was young, Koepp encouraged him as an athlete; when he was a bit older, as a junior leader at Caroline Mission and as a promising student.

At McKinley High School, Joe earned varsity letters in basketball, baseball, and football. He also met Carole Christopher, whom he married in 1957, at the start of his senior year at the University of Missouri.

When he entered the university as a freshman in 1954, with the promise of a fifty-cent-an-hour job in the library and $300 he had saved, his main interest was football. "I learned quickly how good you have to be to play that kind of ball," Joe says. "I wasn't."

With that discovery, Joe's grades improved and, upon graduation, with a strong recommendation from Koepp, he was admitted to George Warren Brown to begin his professional work. Koepp also arranged a work-study program for Joe at Kingdom House.

Of his study at Washington University, Joe says, "I'd be useless without it. They (his professors) taught me two things; that there's a scientific approach to social work and that there's an art to it too. I guess I should have realized that from watching Ralph." When Joe received his Master
Occasionally, a troublemaker—even a young one—must be put out.

A family man, Joe values his weekend evenings with his wife Carole and children (left to right) Dana (Dee-Dee), 2, Joe, 7 months, and Beth Ann, 5.
There's an easier way to make the shot but it doesn't look so "sharp."

of Social Work degree, he joined Koeppe's full-time staff.

Nowadays, Koeppe repeatedly hears his philosophy, often in his own words, coming from Joe. "I guess that's to be expected after working together for sixteen years," Joe says, elaborating some Koeppe-Rulo beliefs. "The old concept of the social worker as one who doesn't, and shouldn't, get involved personally with his clients just doesn't apply to us. With that philosophy, when things don't go right, you're supposed to get your people to make the best of a bad situation, to get accustomed to it. Well, people don't become accustomed to misery—or to injustice. So here at Kingdom House, when we see someone being taken advantage of, we get mad with them—and we don't apologize for it."

Although Joe's clients range in age from five to sixty, he works especially closely with four boys' clubs at the agency—clubs like the Delicate Delinquents (ages 11-15) and the Monarchs (ages 15-19). It's pretty much up to each club what it will do and how much it will charge for dues; the Delicate Delinquents pay a quarter a week ("a lot of jack to these kids," Joe says). They learn democratic procedures; they organize teams for league competition, and they raise money, with car-washes and the like, to pay for club jackets or whatever else they consider important. (The entire lounge of the teen center in the annex building has been refurbished and painted through a joint effort of all the clubs, boys' and girls'.)

Joe's day begins at 8 a.m., when he leaves home to drive a few of his more truant-prone boys to school. "I can't be sure they'll stay," he says, "but at least I can get them there—until going to school has more appeal for them anyway." He returns home until 1 p.m., unless a meeting is scheduled or something breaks in the morning. Then he's on duty at Kingdom House from 1 until 10 at night, often later.

Last Christmas eve the final preparations for his own family's holiday were interrupted when he had to rush out at 11 p.m. to investigate the knifing of three of his older Kingdom House boys. After trips to the homes of the boys involved, to the hospital, and to neighborhood hangouts to seek the facts, he returned home at 4 o'clock Christmas morning.

On a typical day, in one ten-minute period, a fourteen-year-old stops to tell Joe he missed school that afternoon because his twenty-five-year-old uncle, an ex-convict, had met a violent death; two pairs of mittens, stolen from a
Joe spends a lot of time listening.

Sometimes decorum breaks down during a club meeting.

Waiting to discuss a problem of one of his kids at police headquarters.
Calling on a family in the neighborhood, Joe wishes a happy birthday to a six-year-old.

Joe is proud of his clubs' teams, says they'll improve as the season progresses.

Joe's boss and long-time friend and inspiration, Ralph Koepppe, MSW '53, director of Kingdom House.

Unexplained code at teen center is "girls dance with girls." At scheduled dances boys, again inexplicably, get into act.
The young social worker is a favorite with the Willing Workers, a neighborhood women’s service club that he helped to organize at Kingdom House.

nearby store, are brought to him; three young girls try to get him to take their side in a dispute with another worker at the agency; and a squeaky-voiced six-year-old cries, "Hey, Joe, those big guys are all beating me up. Do I have to go back upstairs?"

When Joe is with the kids he smiles and laughs a lot. Alone, he sometimes wears a look of concern but never of despair. The rewards in his work are small:

— a fourteen-year-old hasn’t missed a day of school for seven weeks;
— a fifteen-year-old hasn’t been arrested for six months;
— an eleven-year-old is, in space-age terms, "at fourteen and still holding." (That’s the number of cars he’s stolen.)

But the frustrations are constant:

— a reformed truant suddenly decides he needs a day off, and he takes a faithful school-goer with him;
— a mother reports that her twelve-year-old has been getting drunk. (The availability of cheap wine is one of Joe’s toughest problems.)

Rarely does he show signs of strain. On the infrequent mornings when he awakes in a bad mood, and starts quarreling with his wife and three small children, he just stays home. (The Rulos live a stress-relieving three miles from Kingdom House.) "I’d ruin some kid if I went in then," he says.

Only once has Joe been tempted to quit, and that was prompted not by failure but by success. In June, 1961, he left Kingdom House to become a caseworker for the government in a Maryland school for the mentally retarded. "Out East, I could have had at least thirty jobs, when people learned that I had a degree from Washington University." In fifteen months there, while enjoying exceptionally good living conditions and salary, Joe helped place twenty-five retarded persons in productive jobs. The most rewarding case involved a forty-eight-year-old man who had not left the school for thirty years.

Tempting as such a life was, Joe returned to Kingdom House in October, 1962. "I had the uncomfortable feeling that I had left too much undone in St. Louis. Also, I like the small agency. If I have an idea, I can put it into effect today—right now—without any bureaucratic delay or the approval of a half-a-dozen people. And if it doesn’t work, I can stop it just as fast."

Hectic pace, moderate wages, tough hours, and problems upon problems, Joe still likes his work. "People are always telling me, ‘Gosh, you must really love kids.’ I don’t love kids anymore than anybody else—but I do love people."

This guy Joe Rulo is no phony. To his kids, and to anyone lucky enough to know him, Joe Rulo is a man.
Joe helps bring some supplies to Kingdom House. One of the city's large housing projects served by the agency is in background.

Joe works closely with the police department, is a prime mover of a new juvenile task force, an inter-agency council to help first offenders.
SOULARD MARKET

Is a city market worth saving?

It is if it's a 185-year-old tradition that has become part of the city's way of life, says Robert Vickery, assistant professor of architecture at Washington University.

One of the many WU faculty members vitally interested in urban affairs, Vickery has found in St. Louis' Soulard Market a “social landmark” worthy of preservation.

Writing in a recent publication of the Landmarks Association of St. Louis, Vickery explains that since its beginning in 1779, Soulard, like the agora of ancient Greece and the medieval open market, has been a gathering place for people.

Amid cries of "Hubba! Hubba!" and "Ten cents a head, ma'am," shoppers in search of bargains each Saturday swarm about the 275 stalls of the block-long market. Among the vendors, Vickery relates, are twenty-one families who have been renters for more than forty years and an additional sixty families with records of more than thirty years. “These business loyalties exist because the market itself still functions as a useful and important social landmark.”

The main threat to Soulard is highway construction. “Almost 50 per cent of the surrounding neighborhood has been cleared,” Vickery says. "If this process of destruction and degeneration continues, Soulard will soon be surrounded by highways and blighted housing. When this occurs, its social function for the 'meeting of people' will be destroyed—and so will its validity as a landmark.”

On the following pages, Herb Weitman's photographs, together with excerpts from Vickery's article, give a clue to why the architect sees more in Soulard than a neo-renaissance facade.
"In 184 years the vendor's format... and prices have changed (lettuce was three cents a head in 1930), but the weekly meeting of farmer, trapper, and produce agent with the shrewd eye of the housewife still flourishes... A Saturday at Soulard begins around 3 a.m. with the arrival of produce and meat trucks. Just before dawn the stalls have all opened and the warm, smoky fire barrels are surrounded by the expectant faces of vendors..."
"The first housewives arrive at 6 a.m. and by 10 a.m. the Market is in riotous life—with the color of apples, grapefruit, peppers, tomatoes, chrysanthemums, carnations, bright jewelry, and scarves ... all mixed together in the hawker’s cry of ‘Hubba, Hubba!’ In 1929 the city erected the present 275-stall structure, costing $267,000, with a social center on the second floor of the central building. The present market is a fine translation ... into building form ... of the first open Soulard Market, with its wagon circle around which housewives and kitchen slaves shopped from wagon to wagon."
"If Soulard is to be saved, two steps must be urged: . . . that no more row houses be destroyed by urban renewal without first completely investigating possibilities for rehabilitation . . . and that future development projects within the area place emphasis on people and the vitality of their environment rather than on short-term feasibility reports and the movement of cars . . . Soulard is still fun. The thrill of finding a 'bargain' is still possible. . . . It is a good place, and if its raucous cries of 'Hubba, Hubba!' die, so will a small yet valuable part of St. Louis' way of life."
During a series of hearings on the social roots of unemployment last fall, Dean Vasey presented extensive testimony before the Senate Manpower Committee. In this article, based on that testimony, he discusses the relationship between unemployment and public assistance, dispelling a few popular myths in the process. Dean Vasey joined the faculty in 1962 and this year was named chairman of the interdisciplinary committee directing the work of the University's newly formed Yale Human Development Center. He is the author of Government and Social Welfare.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE

By WAYNE VASEY
Dean, George Warren Brown
School of Social Work

In the face of a large, complex, and apparently growing problem of unemployment, we have much to worry us as a nation.

My purpose is to address myself to only one part of this problem—the plight of the person receiving public assistance. We have in this country today about seven million persons receiving aid under the various programs we have come to term “public assistance.” These are persons who have been determined to be needy and who meet other conditions of eligibility for aid. They are assisted by programs made possible by federal cooperation with the states, with the exception of a group helped through “general assistance,” which is entirely state or locally financed. Forms of aid which are federally supported through grants to states include Old-Age Assistance, Medical Aid to the Aged, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Aid to the Blind, and Aid to the Permanently and Totally Disabled. These programs cost a total of about five billion dollars a year.

It would be theoretically possible to write off people receiving aid as a group for whom nothing could be done. In effect, many of our policies tend to do just that, for payments of aid to these persons are far too small to offer them much promise of rehabilitation or encouragement.

Over-burdened welfare administrations have a difficult time trying to provide the kind of services and incentive needed to help people reach a condition of self-care or self-support.

Obviously, we cannot write off people and, therefore, we cannot consign public assistance to the outer reaches of public concern. We hold too deeply the belief that all are entitled to share in the fruits of opportunity. Least of all can we write off the futures of children in families receiving aid.

Our policies have been far from consistent. Over the years we have shown a mixture of concern for people receiving aid and exasperation with the problem. While placing emphasis on rehabilitation and service, we have had tremendous pressures, from time to time, for sweeping measures designed somehow magically to control the problem. We have tried to develop stern policies designed to impose regulations on the behavior of persons receiving aid and to give strict orders to welfare departments to “crack down on the chiselers” as an ultimate solution.

Frequently, what we do is more a reflex of frustration than a soundly designed measure for improving the situation. It is difficult to accept the fact that the problems of people who receive public assistance are difficult and
complex and that they will be met successfully only by concerted, carefully planned action. There are no easy short-cuts.

The situation in public assistance today is quite different from that which prevailed when these programs were enacted in the 1930's. Then the country was faced by large-scale unemployment and a major depression, and its antiquated system of poor relief was found woefully inadequate to deal with the human tragedy of the time. It was a tragedy in large part of persons whose problem was lack of opportunity rather than of capacity. Today, public assistance has a much larger proportion of persons unequipped by education, skill, or capacity to share in the fruits of prosperity. It has become both a social and an economic problem.

The rolls include the aged and the chronically and severely disabled, for whom the goal of rehabilitation may not be re-employment but rather the opportunity to live their lives in dignity and self-respect. This must be acknowledged at the outset.

There are others, however, for whom the goal could be an opportunity to work at gainful employment. People prefer work to enforced idleness. In our society a job is for most of us a passport to self-respect. It provides to a man or woman of working age a feeling of membership in our society. In our emphasis on the importance of work, we have contributed to the feeling of a person who is jobless that he has suffered a serious loss of status. Persistent, hopeless unemployment for the person of working age has an eroding effect on the personality and places a blight on the family, and it is a blight that will spread from generation to generation unless something is done.

There is a persistent myth about people receiving public aid. It has been alleged that there are large numbers who seek public aid from choice and who select it deliberately as a way of life. This is not true. The fallacy of this belief is evident in the way public assistance rolls, particularly in those categories including persons of working age, quickly and surely reflect the rise and fall of employment. In aid to families with dependent children, the average duration of receipt of aid is about two years, scarcely an indication of a permanent way of life. Certainly a check on the amounts of aid paid to families would dispel any idea of its attractiveness.

Ability to secure and to hold jobs depends upon two factors: capacity and opportunity. These are reciprocal. When job opportunities are plentiful, persons of so-called marginal status find work. As jobs are scarcer and demands for proficiency and skill become higher, the gap between capacity and opportunity widens for those at the bottom.

Policies supporting the objective of re-employment must be related to two realities. First, many of the problems of unemployment reflected in public assistance are deeply embedded in the conditions of our society. They do not originate in public assistance. Solutions must be sought which are broader in scope than public assistance itself. They must be found in the expansion and improvement of our economy. Second, the solution cannot be absolute in terms of complete elimination of need. There are certain to be casualties in a competitive society. The objective can only be to reduce the problem to a minimum.

Assistance rolls today include families in which the mother is the only parent in the home. When there are small children with her, the question of the mother's employability is a serious one, irrespective of her skills and work capacity.

The "economically marginal" is a group defined in a California study as being "at that point of income below which people are unable to maintain a minimal standard of living and still pile up any serious income surplus." This group includes largely those whose wages have been low and those whose work has been seasonal or otherwise irregular. Another group receiving assistance includes persons handicapped by reason of membership in a racial or ethnic group. Today, with civil rights legislation pending before Congress, we need to pay thorough attention to the economic effects of discriminatory practices. We know that a highly disproportionate number of non-whites is compelled to seek public aid. As has been noted, however, "even if discrimination were to disappear overnight, it would still have left its mark on the economic status of the non-white and Mexican-American population: lower levels of seniority, lower occupational patterns, and, indeed, among these, lower occupational horizons." Truly, we have a long way to go before we can redress the imbalance of opportunity for persons who have been the victims of discrimination.

The technologically handicapped are those whose skills are obsolete and unmarketable as a result of a technological change. They include many who lack the educational

background to take advantage of opportunities for retraining.

To this list might be added the hopeless and apathetic, persons who have learned from having very little for many years to expect no more. To them, public assistance may offer their only security against the rigors of a harsh and hopeless world.

The foregoing is by no means a complete list of conditions represented on public assistance rolls. They do suggest the degree of various problems and underscore the need for a remedy that does more than simply keep people alive and intact until they find their way back into the labor force through their own efforts. It is going to take careful planning and intensive work before this will be possible for many of them.

Nor are these mutually exclusive categories of conditions. In many households these conditions exist in combinations: handicapped, low educational level, minority group status, illness, and the debilitating apathy that prolonged poverty brings may be found in close companionship in public assistance homes.

To what extent is employment a realistic goal for these persons? The prospects will vary, of course, among the recipients of aid, who themselves reflect a wide range of employability. We should, however, avoid stereotyping them or seeking one answer for the problems of all. We should remember that they also are individuals.

The answer seems to be that opportunity for employment will come for a large portion of those in a potentially employable range of age and capability who are receiving aid only if special efforts are made to reach them.

Federal programs today include such measures as the Area Redevelopment Act, the Manpower Development and Training Act, and the Office of Manpower Automation and Training, designed to meet this nagging problem of unemployment through measures to improve employability. Some of these programs are helping persons receiving public assistance. Generally, however, those receiving aid for the reasons cited above are not in the first order of employability. These programs have not, up to this point, reached down in any large measure into the ranks of the handicapped, the poorly educated, or the other less-advantaged who make up such a large proportion of the public assistance rolls.

There can be little doubt also that some policies have the unintended effect of diminishing the prospects for employment of recipients. Harsh and restrictive measures may discourage or hamper efforts of rehabilitation which might result in re-employment. We should take account of the impossibility of goading people into taking jobs that aren’t there for them.

Policies may be essentially negative both in intent and in effect. This is not to deny that there are people who take advantage of welfare programs just as there are people who take advantage of many other kinds of measures, but pressures to design a whole program on this basis hurts many to get at the very few. In repeated studies on the subject, the percentage of fraud in public assistance has been shown to be extremely low.

One of the most tragic effects of restrictive devices based on the assumption that all people receiving public aid are necessarily depraved or unfit is the fostering of deception and the creation of a culture of poverty which looks upon all officialdom as a mortal enemy. In such a culture, the way to get along is to beat the rules, or to get around them in a surreptitious way.

Of the measures creating this kind of attitude, one of the most serious is the “night raider,” the unheralded investigator who goes at night into the homes of persons receiving aid on the chance of catching some wandering adult male, or of finding some other hidden ineligibility factor concealed in the home. How many cases of misrepresentation or fraud have been discovered by this means is not known, but it is certain that this represents an abridgement of human rights.

Such measures are more an angry gesture of futility than a means of achieving any desirable result. It is time we realize that it is no more possible to control dependency by punishing its victim than it was in a less enlightened era to cure insanity by flogging the sufferer.

Policies that seem most defeating in relation to encouraging a return to self-support for an adult, or offering a chance for self-support for the child reaching maturity, are:

(1) Inadequate amounts of assistance. Continuing deprivation at this level of want cannot help but impair the ability of people receiving aid to maintain an adequate level of functioning. Many states pay only a portion of so-called budgeted needs and the budgets are by no means high.

(2) Failure to include the unemployed parent in aid to families of dependent children. The federal law makes possible the inclusion of this group of families, but only fifteen states have taken advantage of it. This may actually have the result in states with a significant unem-
PUBLIC ASSISTANCE

employment problem of breaking up families or of sending them on migration when unemployment compensation expires or is insufficient to meet the need. Others may be compelled to leave their families in order to make them eligible for aid.

There are certain eligibility provisions unrelated to need which have presented problems. In many places, aid is denied when there is an able-bodied adult male in the household. It may seem superficially logical to insist that a man accept responsibilities of parenthood or get out, but the situation is not that easy. The policy is frequently extended to older children as well as to adults. It is not related generally in any case to the actual chance for employment of this able-bodied male. When administered automatically and without regard for the individual circumstance in which the problem exists, these policies can be most unfortunate.

What can be done? It will take a nationwide, thoroughly planned and well supported program to keep public assistance from becoming and remaining an economic ghetto. It will not be simple in any sense, and even with the best efforts, no miracles will follow. It will take time to make up for years of deprivation for many families on public assistance rolls. Nor should we forget that for many of our people, handicapped for employment by age or infirmity of body or spirit, success will be measured in terms of human fulfillment through lives well lived.

If we are willing to make the investment of money and effort in this enterprise, the following steps are among those which may be undertaken.

Rehabilitation starts with an adequate standard of aid. Services are a poor substitute for a decent diet. When people are so deprived that they are at or near a level of degradation, they are poor prospects for rehabilitation. Adequate and prompt assistance to keep families from falling below a minimum level of living, as normal community residents in decent health and housing, is necessary if the transition to self-support and independence is to take place.

Next, there must be an intensive program of education and job retraining. This program must include the essentials of literacy training, since a number of those receiving aid are "functionally illiterate."

Health and physical rehabilitation services must be stepped up. It is difficult to believe that it is possible in this society for health needs to be neglected.

There should be an increase of effort in our manpower and employment areas of retraining to reach down into the ranks of those not immediately employable.

Intensive efforts should be made to keep children in school. In seeking to solve the much dramatized problem of the "school dropout," perhaps we should begin by offering equality of opportunity to the youth making this tragic choice as an alternative to further study.

This brings us to the civil rights measure, which is inseparably related to the problem of public assistance. Anything that raises the aspirations of our Negro fellow citizens, and their hopes of realizing them, is sure to have a constructive effect.

We need more consistent and adequate support for welfare services. Welfare departments have in many areas demonstrated what can be done with staff adequate in numbers and training, and with the opportunity for intensive work. In many other areas, departments of welfare have struggled against heavy odds as they have been faced with inadequate support for the services expected.

In 1962, the Congress enacted welfare amendments stressing rehabilitation and services. In that same year a new Welfare Administration was formed in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. These were important and constructive steps, but more progress is needed if welfare is to play a vital and positive role in our society. The objective was stated by the late President Kennedy in his 1962 message to the 87th Congress, in which he states: "Public welfare must be more than a salvage operation. It must not be confined to picking up the debris from the wreckage of human lives."

These are only some of the measures needed. There is nothing in any of them that has not been suggested before. What would be new in our experience with the public assistance problem would be a comprehensive, sustained effort, mobilizing resources in a planned, national attack on economic dependency. It would represent a coordinated, community-wide effort to bring resources to bear simultaneously on the problems of underemployment and unemployment of this most disadvantaged group. Above all, it would demand a commitment on the part of the American public to assure that the job will be done.

As a people we have shown repeatedly the ability to rise to the challenge of a national need. The challenge in this area is one of providing an opportunity for full citizenship to millions of Americans. Can we make the necessary commitment of time and energy to this problem, this national need? I hope we can.
LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES

Two words that seem to me to be badly abused are "liberal" and "conservative." I think the debasement of these words has had a lot to do with the debasement of our political dialogue, and a lot to do with why the political dialogue has become so strained, so full of invective, so full of violence. I remember one of my good friends in the past who was one of the ablest correspondents ever to serve in Washington. That was Sir Wilmot Lewis, who was correspondent for a number of years in Washington for the London Times. Bill Lewis was a very remarkable man. He had begun life as a busker, one who sings or stands on his head or whatever outside the theatre in London during the intermission and takes pennies from the people who are waiting. Lewis was self-educated, self-made, but a man of great discernment and perspicuity, and I have always tended to take Sir Wilmot Lewis' definition of a conservative, which is this: A conservative is one who wants to conserve the best out of the past, while recognizing that change is the inevitable law of life.

At the height of the McCarthy era, I was shocked to find conservatives who believed that Senator McCarthy was a conservative, because it seemed to me that Senator McCarthy was a radical. And there are radicals of the right just as there are radicals of the left. I thought that Senator McCarthy was a radical because, above all, he seemed to me to have so little respect for the rights of the individual; rights that have been built up so painfully, and so slowly, over the centuries, into a system of law and order that is the framework of this precarious society in which we live.

The word liberal is far more difficult (you tread on more dangerous ground here), and I suppose the word is far more abused than the word conservative. In the mid-nineteenth century, John Stuart Mill wrote that the creed of the liberal was that any intervention in the economic process was inherently wrong and, in fact, immoral. The word liberal has undergone a great change in 100 years, and perhaps that is one reason for the confusion; for today, I think, it is more often than not used to describe one who believes in the necessity for government intervention. In a world that has undergone such fantastic changes in the past century, who can still believe that intervention is not necessary, if the economic process is to function and preserve some element of freedom in the face of the enormous concentration of economic power in the great corporations and in the trade unions that exercise nation-wide bargaining?

In my definition, a liberal—perhaps the word had better be progressive, which again is a very debased piece of political coinage—is one who believes in the necessity of a degree of government intervention in order to preserve the heritage of freedom out of the past to the largest measure possible—one who accepts, if reluctantly,
that a degree of government intervention is necessary.

As I said, it seems to me that the debasing of these terms, and therefore of the political dialogue, is probably a symptom of where we are today politically; and I would like to suggest that we are in danger of fragmenting, of splintering our two great political parties. (And I must say that in my opinion it is the extreme right that tends above all to debase the word liberal, to make a liberal equivalent to a Socialist or a pseudo-Communist.)

I think, on the whole, these two parties of ours have served us very well through the years. They have been great circus tents, and each has sheltered a wide diversity of opinion through the years. Various forces were willing to submerge their conflicting interests in a national election in the interest of the party. We only have to look to France to see how disastrous it can be when a democracy tries to function through fragmented, splintered, fractional parties. It seems to me that in the thirties the danger of fragmentation came from the extreme left. It came when there was in this country a Communist Party of small numbers but perhaps considerable influence. There were a great many fellow travelers. (I say a great many, but I wouldn't know how to compute the number.) Many of them were naive, rather innocent, rather foolish people, and it seems to me that they were victims of what is the greatest fallacy of our time. It is a fallacy that is not singular to our time but perhaps it characterized that era of the thirties. It is the fallacy that you can superimpose an economic and a social system upon a human society, and thereby transform that society automatically into a great and good and noble and free and pure society.

Now that's a great oversimplification of what Marxism-Leninism professes to do. But it seems to me to get at the heart of the fallacy. I would guess that that fallacy over the centuries has led to more human suffering, more human tragedy, than any of the fallacies the poor old human race has embraced. It has certainly been true of the Soviet Union.

While I don't mean to exaggerate the danger of fragmentation that came from the left in the thirties, I suggest that today the danger of fragmentation comes from the right. This is because within the extreme right there are those who believe that the present political system does not provide them an opportunity to affect political change, and so they become radicals, radicals of the right, as we saw radicals of the left in the thirties.

I'm not sure how important this movement is or whether or not it is merely a kind of political excrement, such as we've often had in our past—a kind of political measles from which as often before we have recovered. But I do think there is a danger of a splitting off, the kind of a splitting off we saw in New York State in the election last year. Governor Nelson Rockefeller was the Republican candidate, and a Conservative party entered a candidate against him. That word conservative drew 100,000 votes which might have prevented his re-election. The situation was similar in 1948, when there was a so-called liberal-labor party, the Wallace party, that threatened the re-election of Harry S Truman.

There are two issues in particular over which I think we are in danger of seeing something like a breakdown of our system. The first is the issue of civil rights. The present Congress has been in session for eleven months and the civil rights program has been before the Congress for most of those months. (If we are honest with ourselves, we will say that this issue has been before us, the American people, for 100 years.) I was reading the other day in the London Times Literary Supplement a brilliant essay based on a new edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin brought out by the Harvard University Press. It told the anecdote, which was new to me at least, about Harriet Beecher Stowe coming to visit Mr. Lincoln in the White House. Mrs. Stowe came to Washington in late 1862 to visit the President because she and the other Beechers were intensely suspicious of Mr. Lincoln's intentions. They strongly suspected that he never intended to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. She came to the White House and Mr. Lincoln greeted her by saying, "So here is the little woman who made the big war."

That was a hundred years ago. We have a great sense of living in this centennial anniversary. We have cherished the illusion of separate but equal, less perhaps in the North than in the South, but in the North, too. We are
now beginning to understand and realize that there has not been equality in any aspect of the life of the two races, whether in housing or in education or in jobs or in any other aspect. We’ve come to this confrontation 100 years after Mr. Lincoln’s Proclamation. And the present Congress, I am greatly fearful, will not pass a civil rights bill at this session. There you have a process of delay and obstruction. If Congress were an industrial plant, I suppose it would be called politely a sit-down strike. Perhaps if the time weren’t so late, it wouldn’t matter. We would have two years or three years to get beyond this extremely difficult point in our national life.

But I’m afraid the longer this is postponed, the more difficult it becomes to arrive at a reasonable and a fair compromise solution. I recognize that a law is only the beginning. But a law is the beginning. What I fear is that if a reasonable civil rights bill is not passed by late February or March, after the two sessions of Congress virtually merge into one, then the extremists will not be denied. We shall risk widespread civil disobedience throughout the country, not merely in the South where it will be far more dangerous and hazardous, but in the North as well. The radicals in the Negro movement, including white supporters, believe that only extreme measures can prevail. Now this will come in a presidential campaign year. It will have fearful, and it seems to me, tragic repercussions. The hope is that, if not at the end of this session, which now seems most unlikely, then early in the next session, a reasonable civil rights bill will be passed. It will achieve certain limited objectives, and will include, perhaps, a fair employment practice provision and a public accommodations provision; and I don’t think that any bill that fails to include a public accommodations provision, leaving out Mrs. Murphy’s boarding house, will satisfy the moderate leaders of the Negro movement.

The Second Issue I’d like to discuss is a tax reduction—not so much tax reduction itself as what it signifies in relation to the powers of government. I suppose it would be hard to find a greater apostle of free enterprise than the new German Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard. But Germany with Erhard as the Minister of Economics has used a range of governmental devices to try to prevent what has happened in this country on the average of every two years; namely, a recession that has cost us heavily in unemployment and in tax revenue. I said I didn’t think there was a greater apostle of free enterprise than Erhard; I should not have excluded former President Eisenhower. The irony, and in a sense the tragedy, I suppose, of President Eisenhower’s administration was that he had to go through three of these recessions during his eight years in the White House, and in one of them the Federal deficit was over twelve billion dollars, the greatest Federal deficit we’ve ever had in peace time.

This was under a President who was opposed entirely to government intervention and yet he found himself in this predicament three separate times. On the question of a tax cut now, the President’s tax reduction bill has run into widespread opposition—opposition from liberals in the Senate who feel it is far too generous to high-bracket taxpayers and opposition from conservatives who feel that there should be no tax cut until the budget is brought into balance. In putting that tax bill forward, the President was saying in effect this: I believe we should use the power of taxation to stimulate the economy in order to try to prevent another recession from occurring. We’ve had roughly thirty months of the present upward swing. In the decade since 1953, none of these upswings has lasted very much longer than that. I’m afraid that this issue is likely to be delayed through this session of the Congress. If it is passed, it will be at the next session.

Again, this projects a very difficult and emotion-laden question into a presidential year. Why has this delay occurred? It has occurred, it seems to me, because of precedent and custom and tradition out of the past that put a premium on delay and obstruction. Men are re-elected year after year in one-party states and one-party districts; they are elected by a very small proportion of the electorate because only a very small proportion of the electorate actually votes in these one-party constituencies.

Delay and obstruction in Congress are practiced by committee chairmen who, out of deep conviction, oppose almost all legislation. For example, Mr. Howard Smith, the chairman of the House Rules Committee, holds that the less legislation Congress passes, the better off we’ll all be. His is a convenient and happy belief that derives from the eighteenth century and from an America that was an empty continent. The system as it operates today puts a premium on obstruction and delay. And the question above all I would like to leave with you is how long...
this can be tolerated in a world of revolutionary change, in a world of technological change that is so fantastic that we can hardly take it in, in a world of incredible danger.

What are the chances of reform? A proposal for an inquiry was put through the Senate Rules Committee by men like Senator Case of New Jersey, Senator Clark of Pennsylvania, and others who are acutely aware of the danger of the slowdown. That resolution of inquiry resembles the La Follette-Monroney inquiry that was carried out in 1946. But unfortunately, in order to get that resolution through and up to the Senate finally for a vote, it had to be emasculated. It provides that no consideration can be given to Senate Rules, and above all Rule 22, which is the rule providing that only by a two-thirds vote can debate be shut off; the rule under which the Southerners plan at the end of the current session or the beginning of the next session to talk the civil rights bill to death. No consideration can be given to rules, and no consideration can be given to precedence or priorities or traditions, and of course that means seniority. It seems to me that, above all, seniority is the reason for the slowdown and the delay.

I don’t want to sound like an alarmist coming out from Washington to sound wild cries of alarm. But while we like to think of our government as the best in the world (certainly it is the government that has survived longest and has the deepest roots, roots of which we’re intensely proud), I wonder if you realize that thus far in the eleven months not even the major appropriation bills for the departments essential to carry on the routine functions of government have been passed by the Congress.

I admire a great many men in that Senate, men with whom I may disagree politically, and one of them is Senator Case. Senator Case has put forward some interesting proposals for reform. One of them would require that a legislative proposal, sent by the Chief Executive, should be acted upon within thirty days; that a committee should, within thirty days, pass it on to the House or Senate for action, not recommending passage or defeat, but simply giving the Congress a chance to vote the measure up or down. At least three-quarters of the proposals from the Executive get buried in committee. There is never a vote. I often used to feel compassion for President Eisenhower during his presidency, because he struggled to reach among the American people what he called a consensus. I’m not sure that he wasn’t looking for too large a consensus. I’m not sure that he wasn’t fearful that if you had ninety per cent, it still wasn’t a consensus. But I believe that there is a consensus in this country for a reasonable civil rights program, and I believe that there is a consensus for a tax reduction program.

The other day I was fascinated to hear Mr. Henry Ford II and Mr. Saunders, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, engaging in a debate with Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, the chairman of the Finance Committee. These great captains of industry were arguing the need for a tax cut and Chairman Byrd was saying, “No! No! No! They shall not pass.” Senator Byrd, again let me say, out of real conviction, is one of the most skillful of the strategists of delay and obstruction; a man of enormous personal charm, but a man who believes that the best government is the least government, if indeed he does not believe that the best government is no government at all.

As we approach these next twelve months and a presidential election, I hope one thing we’ve not lost—and that is our ability to laugh at ourselves. We’ve had that to a wonderful degree in the past. We’ve had sardines like Mark Twain; we’ve had men like Artemus Ward; men like Finley Peter Dunn. We could laugh at ourselves.

Returning to the question of alternatives, it is my hope that in the coming election, we shall be given constructive alternatives, that while we may have abandoned the optimistic slogan that “politics stops at the waters’ edge”; that still, there will be some small area where national self interest will transcend the claims of either party or either candidate; where violent attack will stop short of damaging the national interest at a time when our leadership in the world is held in question and when our purpose and our resolution are challenged; when it was never more important that we hold to a steady, reasonably resolute course. And so then, I hope that a year from this day we shall find that we have come through safely and that we can face another four years with equanimity and with the hope that perhaps the stalemate, the slowdown, will have broken, and that we can demonstrate that ours is a government capable of meeting the enormous test of the changes in this fantastic world in which we live.
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY'S young Department of Music, always a lively place, is positively bursting with excitement these days: It had two internationally known concert artists as teachers for the fall semester; it has several ambitious programs in rehearsal and new performing groups; and it is making plans for its first electronic music studio.

Having concert artists on campus isn't really new; the "artist-in-residence" program, which brings them to the music campus, is fourteen years old. This was the first time, however, that two artists of the rank of Jennie Tourel, a mezzo-soprano, and Rosalyn Tureck, a pianist, were present at the same time. It was a kind of musical double feature, and a good one.

Miss Tourel, who was teaching voice, is noted particularly for her versatility; she sings everything from Mozart to contemporary music. Rosalyn Tureck, on the other hand, who taught piano, is a specialist known as the "high priestess of Bach," and a popular concert performer who blends scholarship and virtuosity, according to critics. Both artists performed with the St. Louis Symphony and in the Sunday Evening Concerts sponsored by the Department of Music.

The purpose of the artist-in-residence program? "To expose students to the highest level of teaching and performance," says Dr. Leigh Gerdine, Blewett Professor of Music and chairman of the Department of Music. The program, he feels, draws students to the department—and this year, perhaps coincidentally, there are more music students than ever before (115 majors and advanced degree candidates, as well as 173 undergraduates taking courses in the department).

Misses Tourel and Tureck were here for a semester; two previous artists-in-residence liked the University so much that they stayed. Leslie Chabay, a tenor who has appeared with the Metropolitan and other major opera companies, has been on the faculty since 1955. At present, he is on leave in Japan on a Fulbright grant. William Schatzkamer, a concert pianist, arrived in 1951 as a teacher, now conducts the University Symphony Orchestra and four other orchestras. He still performs regularly in the Sunday Evening Concerts, as does Chabay.

Even without artists-in-residence, the Department of Music would be whirling these days. The Department not only teaches music (besides bachelor's and master's degrees, it offers the Ph.D. in Musicology and Composition), its performing groups present music ranging from opera to band concerts. The caliber of all the programs is high.

"A music teacher at another university couldn't believe the symphony orchestra sight-read the Bartok viola concerto," says Conductor William Schatzkamer, who thinks the symphonic group does "an extraordinary job" for an orchestra in a liberal arts college. A devotee of contemporary music, like most of the music faculty, Schatzkamer usually has his group concentrate on difficult mod-
ern works. For its first concert of the year, the orchestra played the Bartok concerto and the first performance of a highly complicated work by the Israeli composer Paul Ben-Haim, called *To the Chief Musician, Metamorphoses for Orchestra*.

("When does Cleopatra come on?" asked one of the student wits about the Ben-Haim work, which is full of oriental touches.)

A brand-new organization is the Wind Ensemble, composed of faculty, graduate students, and undergraduates. The group's premiere performance, given in November, featured contemporary music, as will future programs. Clark Mitze, director of the ensemble, also leads the Student Concert Band, an organization which tackles works such as Handel's *Water Music*, as well as more standard fare for the football field.

Last spring, another of the department's performing groups, the Opera Theatre, underwent a real resurgence with its first full-scale production in years, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, which played to packed houses in the St. Louis City Art Museum. Director Harold Blumenfeld made a new English translation of the opera for the production. "Hlie," as members of the Opera Theatre call it, was such a shot in the arm for the group that this year they are boldly scheduling such productions as Pergolesi's 1735 opera *Livietta and Tracollo* ("very risque," Blumenfeld beams); the American premiere of *Caschi the Infernal* by Rimsky-Korsakov, and three *Opéra Minutes* by Darius Milhaud.

The department's five choral groups are keeping pace with the furious musical activity. (Why five? "To give everyone on campus who wants to sing a chance," explains a music faculty member.) A new organization, a men's glee club, was revived this year and is still "getting into shape vocally," according to Conductor Armand Kitto. Kitto also conducts a women's chorus which this year will present several concerts of serious music written for women's voices—including Vaughan Williams' *Magnificat* and Claude Debussy's *The Blessed Demoiselle*.

For those who like their choruses big, the two largest University singing groups, the 70-member WU Civic Chorus and the 50- to 60-member Choir, join forces for a few concerts each year, one with the St. Louis Symphony. Early this season, they sang Verdi's *Requiem* and a scene from his *Aida* in the Symphony's Verdi Festival. Later, they'll sing (and probably record) Milhaud's little-heard *Sacred Service*. Each group also presents its own concerts.

Shortly after the Verdi program, Conductor Orland Johnson received a letter from Eleazar de Carvalho, the new conductor and music director of the St. Louis Symphony. De Carvalho wrote: "All of you are deserving of a loud 'Bravo' for your splendid performance with our orchestra in the two Verdi works." Praising the "precision and intonation" of the WU singers, he added, "I can honestly say that yours was the best-trained group of amateur singers with whom I have ever collaborated. Your singers outdid many of the groups I have conducted..."
High soprano Jennie Tourel was guest-in-residence last fall. She taught voice, thrilled concert audiences in the area.

Performing groups attract both music majors and other students, present ambitious programs of high quality.

The harpsichord requires fast footwork, too—Rosalyn Tureck wears these soft shoes when she plays the instrument.
or heard in Europe and South America. . . . May I say, too, that the singers have reason to feel fortunate to work under such a highly competent director.

The sixteen-voice Madrigal Singers, also directed by Johnson, present a more subtle kind of music—not only madrigals, an early form of unaccompanied secular choral music, but baroque, medieval, and modern pieces. This season, Johnson has scheduled new works by faculty composers Robert Wykes and Paul Pisk, as well as an unusual unpublished piece by Archangelo Crivelli, a seventeenth-century papal choirmaster.

The unusual is really usual in the Department of Music, however. The performing groups make a strong effort to present music that wouldn't otherwise be heard in the community—or, for that matter, in many other places. "Everything can't be on the hit parade," Harold Blumenfeld says. "We resuscitate things." The department not only resuscitates, it "pioneers," in Dr. Gerdine's words. "We help mold taste," he maintains. "In a university, we can perform music for its own intrinsic value." Accordingly, the performing groups present a high proportion of new compositions and regularly commission works from faculty and other composers. The Sunday Evening Concerts follow the same philosophy.

The experimental music studio will be a big step in this direction. To be located somewhere on the crowded music campus (its exact location is still causing furrowed brows among the faculty), the studio will house tape recorders and other electronic equipment necessary for composing, playing, and teaching experimental music. Versatile Robert Baker, who is associated with both the Department of Music and the Computer Center, will set up the studio and later teach there.

Exciting things are obviously happening on the Department of Music campus; no letdown is in sight. Among a host of plans, the most important, perhaps, is one calling for a much needed practice studio and rehearsal hall to be built behind the main building. The proposed building would form the fourth side of a little music quadrangle. Inside the quadrangle would be space for an outdoor performance area. Other plans include an extra chorus, a more intensive graduate program, experimental music concerts, and additional performances with the other arts on campus. The sound of the Department of Music is going far beyond its own quadrangle.

Tenor Leslie Chabay sings with Soprano Carole Godwin at recent concert, accompanied by Robert Wallenborn, noted concert pianist and artist-in-residence.
NEW SOUNDS IN MUSIC

Vehement motions of Eleazar de Carvalho, conductor of St. Louis Symphony, dramatize a rehearsal of University Chorus and Choir singing with the Symphony.

Combined WU Chorus and Choir performed Verdi's Requiem and a scene from Aida with St. Louis Symphony this year. Conductor De Carvalho called group best-trained amateur singers with whom he has worked.
Ever since Plato opened his academy several thousand years ago, it has been the fashion for students to look back over their formal education and pronounce it a failure. In more recent times The Education of Henry Adams, printed privately in 1907 and published in 1918, set the pattern. When I was on the campus, it was the book the well-informed had heard about, read, and recognized as the classic statement on the American disillusionment with education. But what else could an Adams say? With a great-grandfather and grandfather as presidents, and a father as Lincoln's minister to the British government, where could Henry go from there? That education contrived by man or God could answer his frustrations? My own experience will not let me be "fashionable," for try as I will, I can deplore nothing, resent nothing, regret nothing in the education it gave me. If I must scare up one or two regrets, they are: (1) that I had only four years to spend on the B.A. and M.A. degrees; (2) that to French, Spanish, Latin, and Italian, my adviser would not let me add Greek. ("You're already taking twice as much as the law allows.") But even these slights to my education, self-imposed as they were, are an indication that Washington University forty years ago was forty years ahead of its time in flexibility and imagination. Indeed, I like to think that the University was first in the field before the program of "advanced standing" was given a name, for, if I remember rightly, though I still had a few undergraduate credits to complete, I was admitted to graduate school with full status. I was just under nineteen in that September of '22 and suspect that my age had raised a considerable question in Dean James's mind and perhaps troubled Graduate Dean Heller's even more. But in a rare instance of accidental Broadway English, Dr. Heller finally ruled: "If you can do the work, you're in." Isn't that the theme the University of Chicago dreamed up a decade later and Harvard only a half dozen years ago?

This last is particularly interesting if we can remind ourselves how far back in the history of the national image we must go when we turn back the clock forty years. It was the age before Hemingway—he had not yet published The Sun Also Rises. It was the age before Faulkner—his first book had yet to appear. Scott Fitzgerald had just come out with This Side of Paradise (1920) and The Beautiful and Damned (1922). Ludwig Lewisohn was scolding the academic world for its intolerance ("How could a Jew teach English?") in his bitter Upstream (1922). O'Neill had just won the two Pulitzer prizes in successive years for Beyond the Horizon (1920) and Anna Christie (1921). Sinclair Lewis had hurled his thunderbolts into the American scene with Main Street (1920) and Babbitt (1922).

These were the writers who took our world apart over the weekend (our only time for unassigned reading), but somehow we could take the world back to the classroom on Monday and put it together again; if it didn't fit as well afterward, I believe we at least understood it better, along with our place in it. I think that might have been because we were a less "angry," a less impatient group, than students often seem to day. Yet we, too, had just emerged from a World War no more of our making than World War II was of the present students' making. Which is not saying that we were more secure or asked fewer unanswerable questions. I suggest rather that our teachers brought a different kind of influence into the classroom from that of today, an influence not so much better in quality as in clarity. Perhaps what I am hinting at is
Mrs. Middlebrook (the former Leah Ruth Rudman) received both her B.A. and M.A. degrees from Washington University in 1923, when she was 19. For the last 40 years she has been teaching English at several universities and writing for a wide variety of journals. She was recently named acting chairman of the English Department of New York University's Washington Square College.

In answering an inquiry from the University about her recent appointment at NYU, Mrs. Middlebrook remarked that she would like some day to write an article about how good a WU degree was 40 years ago. Her offer was accepted immediately and here is the article: a fond but realistic look at the Washington University of 40 years ago.

that not all advantage lies on the side of involvement in the many causes, in addition to scholarship, which students nowadays expect their teachers to embrace; and this in no way implies that teachers should not be responsible citizens. But in our day the teachers’ first call was on the classroom. Now the story is less clear.

I think we profited from that earlier clarity or singleness of commitment. Teachers seemed more free to be themselves then. They seemed more in the great tradition of teaching. We wanted it that way. No one put it into words, but somehow we all knew that there had to be a natural distance between student and teacher if guidance was to “take.” Now education is too much a frightened, self-conscious walking on eggs: like the parents of our students, too many of us are afraid of not being loved. Of course I say nothing new here. As a witty college president once observed, Adam no doubt said to Eve as, hand in hand, they took their solitary way from Eden, “My dear, we are living in a time of great social change and our institutions are crumbling about us.”

What a pageant of minds and personalities the University had assembled for its teaching staff! Who can forget Roland Usher, the most handsome and most polished lecturer on the campus? Or Roy Mackenzie and his opalescent (pink-green) hair and toga-like cape draped with studied carelessness over one shoulder? I can still hear his deeply resonant voice winding up the lecture on Hamlet. “The readiness is all,” he is saying as the clock strikes eleven and the magic hour is over. Or Walter McCourt, the sandy-haired Scot with a perpetual blush (or was it windburn?) on his face. Superb lecturer that he was, he could make diastrophism sound like a contribution to the humanities.

Or R. F. Jones, that man for all seasons, of infinite modesty and profound intellectual integrity. Or Gaston Douay, bless his fractured English. “I am disgusting, you are disgusted,” he once scolded us. His dedication to Montaigne, Pascal, and Amiel I shall always cherish. And, finally, Edgar James Swift, who was so homely that he was beautiful. Bandy-legged, square-shouldered, bulbous-nosed little man with a large head, had he gone barefoot and worn a mantle, he could have passed for Socrates. Swift was the sweetest-tempered man God ever gave breath. The University could do worse than republish his Psychology and the Day’s Work, still tenable, still readable.

But I cannot leave this rehearsal and memory without also naming those students in my day who, for one reason or another, were the promise and adornment of the campus. There was Morris Carnovsky, whom I saw only the other day at Stratford in what, I am confident, will be the Lear of our generation; and Abe Sachar, who in a brief decade and a half as its president, turned a provincial institution into Brandeis University; and the sculptor Walter Hancock, to me the one true genius among us; and Hale Moore, the intellectual enfant terrible of the campus—golden-voiced, fiercely opinionated, the terror of his teachers, the envy of his classmates. And of course there was Tom Dawson, the Scott Fitzgerald among us, who, like Hale Moore, died tragically early in life; and John McDermott, the shyest and most informed student in the lot of us; and Edwa Robert, imaginative, poised, with the instincts and talents of the professional writer. I save for last Florence Walters, green-eyed, titian-haired, frighteningly wise and witty for her years, even as a freshman.

Is this the “lost” generation my classmates and I were supposed to turn into? Somebody forgot to tell us.
Owen Sexton has been a member of the Washington University faculty since 1955. His research during the past seven years has taken him to Venezuela, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and Panama. It is his experience as a scientist and as a guest in a remote culture that he describes in this article.
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY has encouraged and supported biological research in the Republic of Panama for several decades. The impetus for this effort came originally from the late Professor Robert Woodson, Jr., who, in his joint capacity as herbarium curator at our sister institution, the Missouri Botanical Garden, conceived the idea of publishing a flora of the Republic. The research project that has taken me to Panama five times in the past three years got its first boost from the same man.

Bob Woodson called me to his office one day in 1959 to tell me about a project of his, sponsored by the Office of Naval Research. His group planned to spend a summer in Darien, the Panamanian province adjacent to Colombia. Woodson told me that the governments of Panama, Colombia, and the United States were planning to construct a section of the Pan-American Highway through Darien and into Colombia, over areas that were, at that time, roadless and largely covered by mature but secondary areas of tropical vegetation. The highway had proceeded as far as Chepo, a small town thirty-five miles east of the Canal Zone, and began again in Colombia. This situation was ideal for a study Professor Harold Heatwole and I had planned during previous studies in Venezuela. (While Heatwole is on the faculty at the University of Puerto Rico, he has been a research associate at Washington University in the summers.)

In Venezuela, the forest-clad mountains paralleling the northern coast are occasionally crossed by narrow roads passing from the coast southward to the interior. While there, we noticed that the roadside fauna was characteristic, not of the adjacent forest, but of the lowland llanos, or plains, stretching southward from the mountains to the Rio Orinoco. Many plains animals had succeeded in entering the mountains by moving along the roadside which, because of man’s persistent bent for “order,” resembled the grasslands of the plains. Hence, an opportunity was provided to study the migration of the lowland species into the mountains. Ideally, though, such studies should begin before the construction of the roads, and that was precisely the situation in Panama that Woodson described.

The Darien situation also would give us a chance, we felt, to study the distribution and behavior of animals in relation to the geometry or structure of their habitat before, during, and after the great changes which would be set in motion by opening of the road. If a habitat is disturbed sufficiently to change the geometry drastically, animals dependent upon specific structural features cannot survive. On the other hand, if the changes introduce new structures necessary for other species, those species can then invade the new habitat. In the past, such changes in behavior relative to the geometry of the habitat have been noticed only after they have happened. Darien, we felt sure, was where we should go.

Our grant application to the National Science Foundation was approved in September, 1960, and I spent the
next nine months getting ready. Heatwole preceded me to Darien in May, 1961, and set up our base camp in a hut perched on a bluff about thirty feet above the Chucunaque River. We were to find that this hut, its inhabitants, and its surroundings were to give us a good idea of the interaction between man and environment in this part of the world.

Briefly, we selected different stands, areas representative of major vegetational units through which the highway would pass, and sampled these for the characteristics of the vegetation and for the presence of amphibians and reptiles. Some of the stands were undisturbed forests and others had already been disturbed by man. We found, for example, that one small gecko lizard tended to be restricted to the trunks of trees which were two feet or more in diameter and which had scaly bark. Another lizard, an anole, related to the chameleon purchased at our circuses, is found most often perching head downwards from vertical stems. A frog lays its eggs in a froth nest plastered against a vertical surface. On the basis of these descriptive studies, made over eighteen months, we have performed in our St. Louis laboratories a series of experiments, through which we have identified the environmental structures with which the lizards are reacting. We have also discovered some of the different ways in which they react to those structures.

ONE DAY BACK IN ST. LOUIS, I was discussing with Dr. Robert Dressler the problem of where to take our students in our joint course in Tropical Field Biology. (Dressler, who was a member of the Botany Department faculty, now holds a permanent position in Panama.) Formerly, we had taken them to northeastern Mexico for two weeks during spring vacation, but we tentatively decided to take our group to Panama in the spring of 1963.

As a project we elected to try to measure the abundance of the anole I had studied previously in Darien. The Smithsonian Institution maintains a biological field station on Barro Colorado Island in the middle of the Panama Canal. The area was cut off as a hilly island when Gatun Lake was formed by damming the Chagres River and has been set aside as a biological study area. Complete dining, sleeping, and research facilities are provided so that the biologist working there can devote himself completely to his studies.

In addition to Dressler and me, we were joined by three graduate students, Reinhold and Betsey Rasmussen and Floyd Brown, plus Mrs. Erna Eisenbrath, an assistant professor of botany, and Mrs. Emily Norcross, a friend of the University. Funds for the students’ expenses came from the Graduate School, from their resources, and from research grants. After much letter-writing, we finally arrived in Barro Colorado on March 23.

We set to work almost immediately. Our plan was to screen-in areas of the forest and to collect all the lizards within these areas. In spite of stinging ants and other hazards, we set up eight such quadrates and collected an astounding number of amphibians and reptiles. From these samples, we estimated that there were about 450 anoles on each acre of forest land. This figure seemed to confirm our belief that some species of vertebrates are indeed common in tropical forests, in contradiction to current theories about species distribution in the tropics.

While our research was our major interest during working hours, the relationship of Darien to past and contemporary peoples became our leisure time interest. The entire province of Darien has had an exciting history. When Balboa crossed the Isthmus in September of 1513, that crossing was probably within ten or so miles of one of our camp sites. One sees pictures of this conquistador-clambering through forested hillsides clad in armour. It is likely that such a picture is partly or completely untrue, for Darien was, at that time, rather densely populated by Indians, and certain workers feel the countryside was probably quite open. The picture of Balboa walking through corn fields is admittedly more disenchanting, but probably more accurate.

Following the Spanish occupation, the Indian population in Darien dropped drastically. Today, there are two groups in Darien: the Cuna Indians and the Chocó. The Chocó, moving up from Colombia, have replaced the Cuna in much of eastern Darien and now inhabit the area studied most extensively by us. Darien has been the successful and unsuccessful home for many other groups: a Scottish settlement failed, but runaway slaves succeeded in establishing small towns in parts of Darien, and their descendants still make up the greatest proportion of such towns as El Real and Yaviza. A famous gold mine at Cana rewarded its owners for many years but was finally abandoned. In the intervening centuries, however, Darien reverted to heavy forests and is only now being developed a second time. European culture is limited to a few towns, oil exploration (as yet unsuccessful), and some plantations and logging camps.

A SECONDARY INTEREST was the Chocó, who quickly convinced us that humans do modify the environment to the detriment of some species but to the advantage of others. Consequently, the activities of the Indians became of increasing concern.

This interest would have developed anyway. The Chocó are a charming and hospitable people, and we were accepted graciously into their midst. Our host, Porras, and his family seemed representative of the families in the area. During our first visit of seven weeks, Porras and his family did not occupy the house regularly but used it as an overnight camp between boat trips from their permanent home about twenty miles downstream on the Rio
Washington University's Dr. Nathaniel Rowe examines the teeth of one of his downstream Chocó patients.

Dr. Sexton’s home in Panama was this two-story hut belonging to a hospitable family named Porras.

Chocó families spend much time on the rivers. This piragua boat is heading up the Rio Tuquesa, a tributary of the Chucunaque.
Tuquesa, a tributary of the Chucunaque. We were visited by many families who used Porras' house for the same purpose. Under these conditions we were able to observe family life closely. During our later trips, Porras was occupying the house regularly, and we obtained further insights into Chocó customs.

The Chocó have no tribal organization and the functional unit is a rather large family group of up to fifteen persons of somewhat uncertain (to us) relationships. Marriage tends to occur at an early age and sons evidently go to live with their wives' families at least for a year or so. Then the new family sets up a home nearby. Divorces are frequent, and in such a case the wife returns to her family's home with the children.

Along our part of the Chucunaque there are few organized villages, and the individual family huts are on the bluffs along the river. Each hut is surrounded by a clearing that might include any of about forty kinds of cultivated plants, and is usually filled with children, skinny dogs, and sometimes pigs and chickens. These units are anywhere from 100 yards to a mile or more apart. Members of the family units seem to be on affable terms, and the affection shown children is touching. The children feel free to approach any one of the group and are fondled by all. The women and children do the household chores and the men do the work associated with boating, hunting, clearing land and keeping it cleared, and building and repairing houses. Actually, a great deal of each day is spent merely lying about the hut. Meal preparation occupies most of the women's time. Green platanos, a type of large, starchy cooking banana, are boiled, fried, roasted, or baked and are supplemented by anything available. At meal times, the men and older boys sit to one side of the hut and are served by the women and girls and sometimes by the younger boys.

Physically, the Chocó are small; few are over five feet tall. The young men are muscular and well proportioned. The women tend to be rather dumpy. The costume of the people varies from place to place and according to the occasion. In Yaviza, the men wear khaki trousers and some sort of shirt, while the women wear a brightly colored cloth wrapped around their waist and another skirt or tunic about six to eight inches wide and three or more feet long. The women wear skirts and sometimes jewelry, particularly necklaces. Young children are usually naked. Because of their natural modesty, the Chocó appeared much less naked than did some of us in our swimming trunks.

The economy of the Chocó centers about two things, platanos and the river. The people seem to be river Indians more than forest Indians, for most activities take place along the river bank. The Chocó use the river as a water source for bathing (which they do frequently) and sanitary purposes, as a source of food (fish, mussels, and crayfish, and turtles and their eggs), and as a highway. Some of the men enter the forest for hunting but this activity seems to be restricted to certain individuals and is rather casual. The large yellow and blue macaw parrot, agoutis (a large and delicious rodent), monkeys (Heatwole was polite enough to eat a paw he came upon in a communal stew), deer, tapir, iguana, and peccaries are among the game hunted.

The Chocó are skillful boatmen, and we were the butt of many jokes after they witnessed what passed for our boatmanship. Their boats or piraguas are gracefully formed from single tree trunks. Each hut has at least a small plantation of platanos, and some have rather extensive ones. Platanos and families are loaded into the piraguas at the upstream home and are taken downstream to Yaviza where the bananas are sold to commercial dealers from Panama for a penny apiece.

It is in the continuing effort to keep the house area and the surrounding crop area cleared of weeds that the Chocó have had an important impact upon plants and animals. Between Harold Heatwole's first visit in June, 1961, and a later one in December of that year, the clearing surrounding our hut had filled with weeds nine feet tall. When living in a hut, the Chocó must regularly cut these weeds by hand with a machete. Naturally cleared areas usually exist in Darien only along the shores of the rivers which are swept by frequent floods.

Norton Nickerson and two undergraduates, Alan Covich and Holly Andrews, went with me to Darien again last June. That team was interested in the agricultural practices of the Chocó. They visited about twenty-five homes along the Chucunaque and Chico Rivers, and they identified the useful plants and plotted their locations at each home site. At present, the group is examining its data to see if there is some relationship between the agricultural patterns and the ecology of the crops.

During that trip, Nat Rowe, an associate professor at our School of Dentistry, accompanied us to study the incidence of mouth cancer and of dental caries among both the Negro and Chocó populations. Unfortunately, illness cut short his work.

At the present time, Heatwole and I have curtailed our work in Darien. The Panamanian government is rethinking the entire road project in terms of how it will be affected by the damming of rivers for hydroelectric power and by other factors. Hence, the exact route of the highway is still uncertain. When the route has been definitely proposed, we will return to Darien to continue our work—and possibly to find out still more about our friends, the Chocó.
Marriage and motherhood occur early. This 15-year-old is nursing her second child.

Dressing up for a night out means painted faces for Chocó males.

Mrs. Reinhold Rasmussen, a graduate student and member of Dr. Sexton's group, prepares to place mosquito netting in trench as part of a species-sampling procedure.
A REBUTTAL

Mr. Freund attacks three proposed amendments to the federal Constitution as "a clear and present danger" to our government or, in plainer words, as undemocratic. While Mr. Freund is entitled to his opinion, there are many who do not agree that these proposals are either a clear or a present danger, either in toto or in part.

The first proposal objected to by Mr. Freund deals with the method of amending our Constitution. His main objection seems to be that a minority of states (population-wise) can combine to amend the Constitution. Anyone can list a parade of horribles to prove any point. But is it likely that the thirty-eight states required would be the thirty-eight having the smallest population? Those who are aware of the political makeup of these states realize it is unlikely, just as it is unlikely that such a combination of states will always combine in the electoral college to elect a minority president. True, we have had minority presidents but never by a mere forty per cent. Likewise, under the present system, amendments could be proposed by a bloc of Congressmen representing less than a majority of the population. Alaska, Nevada, and Wyoming have one representative each, or one-half of that of Connecticut, but their combined population is less than one-third of the Nutmeg state. Their combined electoral vote is greater and their representatives in the Senate three times greater. Then, after such an inequity of proposal, the same thirty-eight smallest states could ratify the amendment under our present system. But, as a practical matter, such things do not happen.

Concerning Mr. Freund's objection to the proposal regarding state legislatures, I would have to differ considerably. He states that preventing the Supreme Court, or federal judiciary, from interfering with apportionment would (as they did in Baker v. Carr) "destroy the essential form of our government as we have known it since the adoption of our Constitution"; he characterizes the change as "radical in the extreme." On the contrary, I believe our founding fathers, men such as Madison and Marshall, had no thought of the federal judiciary overturning the basis for their states' two-house legislatures. They patterned the federal Congress on the system used in many states—a bicameral legislature where each state had equal representation in the upper house, and proportional in the lower, but even the smallest having at least one representative.

Can it be said that Baker v. Carr preserved this essential form of government? Lower court decisions since then have held unlawful the composition of state legislatures elected under the same principles as the federal Congress, and it is not too unlikely that if a test case were brought in Missouri, the provision of the Missouri constitution for at least one representative for each county would be overturned. In fact, by carrying the decision to its logical conclusion of "equal suffrage," which Mr. Freund evidently proposes, each state should have a unicameral legislature elected at large. Yet, this is contrary to the system established by our federal Constitution. Hence, an amendment preventing such can scarcely be said to be radical or destructive of our form of government.

One federal decision would reject a form of legislature recently approved by the voters of an entire state in passing on a new Constitution. Is it essentially democratic for a federal court to tell the people they don't know what is good for them? If a system is unfair, can not the people of many states institute a law or amendment by popular initiative, where each vote counts as one?

The Missouri Constitution, providing for what under Baker v. Carr is disproportional representation, was written by delegates from the entire state and adopted by a vote of all the people in 1945. Civic leaders from the urban areas heartily supported it. Should we now say that a federal court, which is not necessarily reflective of the problems of Missouri, should say each representative shall represent the same number of people? If so, why have two houses? Also, how can we apportion each district in so even a manner without either electing all at large or having absurd county-cutting boundaries? The former would destroy representative government in Missouri and the latter would lead to chaotic voting conditions. Both would destroy the concept of our founding fathers in regard to representation of districts and not numbers. Thus, I would contend it is Baker v. Carr, together with its results in subsequent federal decisions, as well as its ultimate implications, that is radical in the extreme and would destroy our long established form of government, rather than the proposed amendment which would leave to the states themselves to decide whether to keep the traditional bicameral legislature where counties are represented as entities in at least one of the houses.

While I respect Mr. Freund's right to advocate his beliefs, I do not believe he should be so dogmatic in representing the other side as radical in the extreme or as attempting to destroy our form of government. On the contrary, it may be they are attempting to preserve it.

Paul V. Lutz, AB '49, LLB '51
THere may be forty musicians—or twenty. In the middle of a number, a player may be summoned to the telephone and not return. The members who show up for one rehearsal may not make the next. But the players like it and so does the conductor. It's the St. Louis Doctors' Symphony, which rehearses in the Washington University bandroom and is conducted by William Schatzkamer of the WU Department of Music.

Members of the Doctors' Symphony are physicians, members of their families, medical students, and, in a few cases, Ph.D.'s. They can't give much time to rehearsal, but they're full of enthusiasm. They play only classical music, specializing in composers like Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, who wrote music for smaller groups (but not, so far as is known, for groups of doctors). Sometimes an impromptu German band oom-pahs during breaks.

According to their conductor, it's a "fun" group primarily, not be taken too terribly seriously in a musical sense. According to the doctors, it's a great way to work off their tensions—creatively. Concerts? Maybe, in the future. Until then, the doctors play for themselves, their best audience.
Conductor William Schatzkamer of the Department of Music staff finds the Doctors' Symphony congenial in two ways—he's a self-described "medical buff."

Dr. Ben C. Mannis handles the trumpet with a dexterity he uses in working hours as a surgeon.

Taking a breather from his saxophone during a rehearsal is Dr. Ben H. Senturia, an ear, nose, and throat specialist.

The professional-looking clarinetist is really a radiologist—Dr. William Allen.
Doctors' Symphony

Intert technicians of the tympany is Leroy Keller, a medical technician.

A cellist who may have to stop the music to deliver a baby is Dr. Mary Morris, an obstetrician.

Finding a good rehearsal time is the biggest problem for the musical doctors—at present, they play on Sunday mornings, attracting more members.
Comment / The University and the City

This year marks the 200th anniversary of the founding of the City of St. Louis, and the city-wide, year-long birthday party has just begun. Quite appropriately, Washington University will share in the festivities, for the University has been a part of the St. Louis scene for more than half of the city's 200 years and the history of the two institutions is in many ways inseparable.

While teaching and research are the primary functions of a university, community service has become an increasingly important by-product of those essential activities. Moreover, the relationship with the community is reciprocal and mutually beneficial: the university helps the community solve its problems and enrich its life, and the community, in turn, provides the base from which the university operates and gives it not only students and financial support, but a large-scale laboratory in which its teaching and research can be tested and its discoveries applied.

Most of the articles in this issue of the Magazine illustrate this interdependence of town and gown (although in one case the community is 2,000 miles away in the tropical forests of Panama). Joe Rulo and other Social Work graduates like him work directly on the community's urgent problems, bringing to bear on them the knowledge, insights, and techniques they gained at the University. In the process, they broaden the knowledge, deepen the insights, and sharpen the techniques.

Dean Wayne Vasey's article about unemployment and public aid is another example of the scholar's concern for the real and pressing problems of the modern city. As chairman of the interdepartmental committee formed to direct the program of the University's new Yalem Human Development Center, Dean Vasey and his colleagues will be working even more closely with the community. The Soulard Market article illustrates an interest shared by the University's architects, as well as social scientists, in the preservation of an historic St. Louis landmark and the way of life it expresses.

The article on the Department of Music portrays this same kind of university-community interaction in an entirely different light. Like the School of Fine Arts and the Steinberg Galleries, the Music Department is a cultural asset to the whole community and, in turn, the Department benefits immeasurably from the city's rich musical heritage.

The list of examples could be multiplied indefinitely: the impact of the School of Architecture on the very face of the city, the influence of the School of Medicine on the community's health, the active cooperation of the University's scientists and engineers with St. Louis industry. Yet, all of this is the direct result of the University's location in a great metropolitan area. The St. Louis of today would be quite different if it had not shared its last century with Washington University, and the University would certainly not be the institution it is today without the community in which it has grown.

What may turn out to be one of the most significant developments in the long history of University-community relations is the formation of a new Faculty of Urban and Regional Science, announced recently by Provost George Pake. In the words of the chairman of this new organization, Joseph R. Passonneau, dean of the School of Architecture, "The Faculty . . . is a modest institutional invention to unite members of various departments with an interest in urban and regional studies . . . a free association of free members, each a scholar in his own discipline."

Conceived primarily as a teaching faculty, this new "free association of scholars" will conduct research into a wide array of urban and regional problems, develop graduate programs in different areas of urban study, and help to coordinate the many and diverse programs already underway in the field.

The Faculty of Urban and Regional Science at its inception includes members of the Schools of Architecture, Law, Social Work, and Engineering, and of the Graduate Institute of Education, the Social Science Institute, and the Departments of Sociology and Anthropology, Economics, Political Science, Psychology, and History. No doubt the Faculty will eventually include representatives of other disciplines, many of whose concerns might seem far removed from the subject at present. However, there may be grounds for the opinion that all modern problems are urban problems.

If a layman may venture an opinion, we feel that the organization of the WU Doctors' Symphony, reported in this issue, is a healthy development. However, our diagnosis is that this group is an association of general practitioners, musically speaking. Our prognosis is that they will inevitably follow the trend of modern medicine toward specialization and eventually form separate orchestras for each of the medical specialties. We can hear them now: the dermatologists practicing scales, the ophthalmologists sight-reading "Dark Eyes," the orthopedic surgeons sawing away on "The Ill Tempered Clavicle." The possibilities are endless.

-F.O'B.