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The FORENSIC OF PI KAPPA DELTA

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America's New Aspirin

by ELENORE KOSTER
Maryville College, Tennessee

Do you suffer from insomnia at night? Are your nerves on edge? Are you a victim of headaches, muscular pains and bodily tensions? Try our Milltown Brew, the new aid to relax you and lull you into restful sleep. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? Many seek an easy way to escape the emotional pressures of life. Some try to run away from realism through narcotics or alcohol. We loudly condemn such practices while patting our "normal" selves on the back. But aren't we being hypocrites? Aren't we just a bit guilty? Today we are condoning — in fact, practicing — an even more insidious evil, an evil which rides the modern nightmares of anxiety and tension into the homes of thousands of Americans who last year spent over \$100,000,000 on "happy pills," or tranquilizer drugs.

Actors use the pills to still stage fright, so they may appear calm before audiences; businessmen take them before trying days; housewives with jangled nerves seek peace in them; millions of mild neurotics rely on them as "aspirin for the soul" and countless Americans with worries, both real and imaginary, swallow a pill and quit fretting.

Why are so many people gobbling these little packages of synthetic bliss? Is it economic pressure — financial insecurity? Yet our national income was never so high, nor unemployment so low. Is it "the pace of modern living"? This is a phrase we often hear, but never in history have a people had so much leisure time. Why is it then, that with more security than any other nation, with the highest living standards in all the world, we spend \$100,000,000 a year trying to run away from something? And what are we trying to run away from? Normalcy — that's what! The stresses and strains that human beings were designed to endure, are perfectly able, and probably need to endure

if they are to develop into anything but a tribe of tranquil zombies.

Let us consider a few of the uses for which one manufacturer recommends his tranquilizer:

Financial worries

Family tensions caused by sickness, weddings, and funerals

Trouble stemming from differences of opinion

Tension in adolescents caused by social competition, increased responsibility, first jobs.

Without exception, the "crises" listed are the everyday problems of normal living. In fact, one must stretch definitions in order to classify these as problems. Everyone has financial worries, even millionaires. There will always be differences of opinion — or there should be. Nor does it seem to occur to the pill-pushers that by separating adolescents from their small routine anxieties we may be robbing them of one of man's most satisfying experiences — facing and overcoming new situations and circumstances.

This whole incredible business is founded on ignorant misconception of the nature and purpose of anxiety, or to use another word, fear. Fear is an uncomfortable emotion — not only the fright that keeps you from habitually playing Russian Roulette, but also the steady anxiety that keeps you doing your best from day to day — yet there is good reason for our capacity to feel it: self-preservation. These "happy-pill" eaters err in thinking that since an excess of fear is bad, all anxiety is to be avoided. Less than four years ago, these ataraxics were unknown; today Americans, quick to grasp at mental inertia, are swallowing these emotional aspirin at an ever-increasing rate, unaware of the danger latent in the tiny pills. We

are told that these psychiatric aspirin will soothe the mental aches of the patients and that the jitters and hiccups of mankind can now be stopped by a pill. Think of the social implications of such a belief! Is it desirable to seek solace from the normal pressures of life in a handful of pills? Is not some measure of anxiety and tension a condition of life that the human mind must be strong enough to meet and overcome?

Dr. Toynbee, in his study of civilization, has shown that civilization itself is built out of successful response to the challenges of anxiety. It was not until Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden that they created clothing and shelter. Among the Chinese, the Yin state of tranquility had to change to the Yang of activity before culture developed. Egypt developed the calendar, the sciences of astronomy and agriculture through anxiety to master the flood waters of the Nile. Sinic culture developed not along the quiescent Yellow but along the turbulent Yangtze River where the apprehensiveness of the people produced instruments of control over it. And in our own culture, we cannot imagine George Washington seeing the frozen Delaware, taking a pill to ease his frustration, and turning back to Valley Forge. How fortunate that Adam and Eve, the Egyptian scribes or Chinese philosophers, the George Washingtons and the Davy Crocketts did not have available happiness pills to ease their psychoses! How much pain — and how much progress — would have been avoided.

A certain amount of stress is the impetus to life. Happiness cannot be bought at the corner drugstore: it must be earned by resolving life's problems. Will gulping a

little tablet make the cause of anxiety go away? It will still be there in the morning — and so will the temptation to reach for another pill. These pills may not be habit-forming physically, but what about psychologically? We were shocked at the so-called turncoats in the American Army in Korea. Why should we have been? Our whole society is gravitating toward a philosophy of escapism! Our school systems teach "adjustment"; our druggists provide a way for "harmless adjustment." Why should we express dismay when G. I. Joe, nurtured on such pabulum, adjusts to a new situation — a Communist camp?

Drs. Dickel and Dixon, from the University of Oregon Medical School, have suggested to the American Medical Association that the use of these drugs be restricted, that patients be more thoroughly examined before prescriptions are given, and that more research be done. If the present trend continues, someone will have to invent a fighting pill to pop into your mouth when you need to fight back. Tranquilization, within limits, is all very well, but it can be carried to a point at which individuals are removed from participation in society, or at least made less aware of their surroundings. A community free from worry and tension could become a complacent community readily susceptible to the manipulations of a dictator. As self-governing people, we need to realize how such passiveness might affect our world strength. There is a story among the ancient Spartans that when asked "Where are your walls?" a citizen pointed to a group of young men: "There are the walls for our defense." Can America point to her young men armed with happiness pellets and say confidently, "There are our walls"?

The following oration was rated Superior at the 1957 Brookings National Convention

Of Rodents and Men

by WES CORBIN
Pasadena College, California

The date is July 22, 1367. It is late afternoon. We are in a city. The shadows of its rude buildings cast an air of gloom over the dirty, narrow, winding streets. Suddenly, a bubbling stream of music flows to our ears from the distance. It is music that would have enlightened the mind of Homer as he dreamed of his Sirens. It is music to stir the heart and the soul — the song of balmy breezes, of cool glades, of laughing, sparkling brooks, of all that is young and gay and alive. It comes closer. The lilting melody echoes and reverberates within the narrow walls. And then, winding through the gloomy street, with a last ray of sunshine seeming to lead the way, you see the grotesque parade. Rats, a huge procession of the gruesome things. Rats of all descriptions, a living blanket of them, their noses snuffling at the dusty rocks of the street. Scampering as though to a feast. Rats: all scurrying to get to the head of the crowd. Where is the source of this melody which has them enthralled? And then you see him, the musician. He is garish, clothed in a long red-and-yellow cloak. From beneath his fingers, now dancing nimbly over the keys of a curious gold-colored flute, comes that magnetic spell which draws this crowd behind him. The town is Hamlin; the year, 1376; the strange man — the Pied Piper.

It is 1957. We are in Hannibal, Missouri; Houston, Texas; Hayward, California; Hometown, U.S.A. Here, too, there is a crowd, a leader, a song. Here, too, is a tragedy; perhaps not one to be quoted in literary circles; then again, possibly one to be remembered with black thoughts by American History. For the tune that is played is that of Conformity, and the crowd follows, follows. It is 1957. It is NOW.

It has not always been thus. History

has been liberally sprinkled with lives who refused to drift with the current. There was Socrates, the gadfly of the state, who calmly let himself be put to death rather than give up his search for truth. Our own history has been blessed — in its short life-span — by those who would be individuals. Henry David Thoreau, who wrote an essay on civil disobedience, who was jailed for refusing to pay what he considered an unjust tax; Thoreau was one of these men. Or take for example Clement Vallandigham. A member of the House of Representatives just at the verge of the Civil War, he stood for compromise and peace at any price. Banished from the country, exiled in Canada, misguided but sincere and unafraid, he carried on his battle. On the other side of the political fence of that day was seated a man whose name became a household reference of scorn for his colossal blunder. But "Seward's Icebox" has proved one of the wisest investments that our nation has ever made, thanks to a man who did not fear what unskilled observers would say.

Common to all these men has been an almost fanatical devotion to truth, in whatever form they perceived it, and a kingly contempt for the consequences. They dared to think, and they dared to tell a world of their thoughts. These are not the shufflers and aimless wanderers of our conformist tableau. These are individuals.

But ours is a new age, and a new age demands new men. Do they step to the front in this age of need, or do they follow the enchanting strains of the Piper's tune? I must conscientiously observe that the "yes-man" would seem to be in the majority today. We live in a society fearful of itself, cringing at its own components, and observing those individuals parts shrink back at the thought of an expressed opinion. This fear manifests itself in many

ways. Look for a newspaper poll — any poll, on any subject. Let your eye wander to the column labeled "Undecided." Note the large percentage of our people who perennially reside there. "Undecided": a mute testimony of the unwillingness of John W. American to take a stand.

More amazing, we have not only transported ourselves into such a state of conformity and indecision, but we have also insured that our children will become heirs to just such a vascillation as we now enjoy. Through our educational system we have insured that child's training be primarily devoted to teaching him a group-consciousness and dependence. This has reached the heights of absurdity at far-too-frequent intervals. Joseph Wood Krutch tells of school consultants advising against giving a baby a hobby horse which does not develop the group spirit. David Reisman reports a mother who will not let her son play the piano as much as he likes because she wants to keep him a normal boy. Thus we sacrifice a budding Paderewski on the altars of "normalcy." And I fear that within the next generation we shall reap the fruits of our labor: a society of well-adjusted, unchallenged anonymities.

On careful reflection, it may well be for the best that our educational machine is molding such products. Our society today is a cold unfriendly place for one who dares evidence a trace of individuality. Witness, for example, the situation in intercollegiate speech in 1954, where the Annapolis and West Point debaters were forbidden to take the affirmative side of the question of recognizing Red China. What utter folly! But the Piper plays, and we scurry along behind.

We are succeeding in producing a specie of yes-men. But lest some pseudo-psychiatrist hail this as a psychological victory for contented personalities, consider with me this cryptic statement: if it were not for the neurotics, we should all be living in caves. Socrates was not normal. He was obsessed with the idea of finding truth. Send him to a psychiatrist. Samuel Adams was not normal. He was obsessed with the idea of American independence. "Just lie down here, Mr. Adams, and begin with your childhood." Abraham Lincoln was obsessed with the idea of preserving the

Union; Braille, with teaching the blind to read; Cyrus Field, with laying a telegraph cable across the Atlantic; the Wright Brothers, with building a machine that would fly. Neurotics, all of them: Abnormal. We are normal. We live in an age of normalcy. We live in an age so normal that you can ask 200 people what they believe and get the answers, "I believe what Stevenson believes." "I believe what Eisenhower believes." Or mostly, "I don't know." We live in an age of yes-men. We live in the age of the mental strait-jacket. We live in an age of those who look for a Piper to follow, and who follow blindly and will not be awakened.

It is the custom of orators to paint such grim pictures and then with one minute of time left to speak, to bring the answer to the problem wrapped in a dazzling blanket of glittering generalities. This problem is not that easily resolved. It will take a new concept of the place of human thought, to be engraved upon the minds of educators and educated, politician and voter, you and me. There are encouraging signs on the horizon. Bust most important, in fact, vital, must be the change in attitude demanded today. We must seek to cultivate a sacred curiosity about the riddles of life and nature. We must realize with Nietzsche that the surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently. Finally, we who call ourselves a Christian nation can and must bring to bear upon this problem this concept: that to Christ, mankind was and is something to be surpassed, that He came that we might have life, and might have it more abundantly.

It is May 16, 1868. We are in the chambers of the Senate of the United States. The room is crowded, packed with dignitaries of every description. An electric current of suppressed excitement fills the room. This is the day on which the vote is to be taken for the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson. The trial has been completely biased. Bribery and political pressure have run rampant. The Chief Justice begins the roll call. "Mr. Senator, how say you? Is the respondent Andrew Johnson guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in the article?" A

hush envelops the chamber. Only the voices of the Senators proclaiming their votes are heard. Thirty-five votes are assured. Thirty-six are necessary. The tension builds as the roll continues. And then — the crucial moment. "Mr. Senator Ross, how say you?"

Edmund G. Ross — Young, newly-elected, at the beginning of his career, hesitates, looks down into his open political grave, and says, "Not guilty." Ostracized, villified, attacked physically, reduced to poverty, unremembered by succeeding generations, these were his rewards; but to Edmund G. Ross we owe the preservation of the American system of Government

It is May, 1957. We are on trial. Our children will both judge and reap the harvest that we sow now. How say you? Shall we be led like sniveling rodents, following the Piper's tune of conformity? Or do we dare to stand as free individuals, as men? You must cast your vote; which shall it be?



In Memory of E. R. Nichols

by ROBERT CATHCART
Los Angeles State College

I'm sure that many members of Pi Kappa Delta share my feelings of sorrow about the passing of Egbert Ray Nichols. It is almost impossible to think of Pi Kappa Delta and not think of the man who had so much to do with its development as a forensic honorary fraternity. For over forty years E. R. Nichols literally devoted his life to debate and other forensic activities. When he came to the University of Redlands in 1913, intercollegiate debating was all but unheard of on the West Coast, but he brought with him such an avid interest in this activity that it was only a matter of time before debating was firmly established in this area. E. R. Nichols made debate his first

love and continued to exercise a positive force for its betterment throughout his long and active career. He worked to make Pi Kappa Delta an outstanding national honorary organization, he faithfully supported its regional and national tournaments, and he was directly responsible for the establishment of several chapters in California. In addition to his work for Pi Kappa Delta, he sponsored high school and college forensics tournaments, he developed the Southern California Intercollegiate Forensic Association, he published debators handbooks, he edited the annual volumes of intercollegiate debates, he was co-author of an excellent book on debating, and in later years he spent practically all of his time and money in a single-handed effort to establish a useful speech activities magazine.

However, to those of us who were students and debators under E. R. Nichols, these are not the things we remember him for. Rather, we remember him as the approximation of that person which Quin-

tillian referred to as the good man speaking well. In the classroom, he was not the smooth lecturer who held the students spell-bound, as a debate coach he did not harangue his teams with pep talks or urge them on to victory, but he was always a man of deep conviction and complete devotion to duty. He was a deeply religious man, not by proclamation, but by the fact that he lived the part of a Christian every hour of every day. He had an abiding faith in the democratic process and an unshakeable belief in the values of debate and persuasion as a part of that process, and so he devoted his life to imparting this feeling to his students. He never seemed to tire of this task and he was always ready to listen to just one more debate. His office and his home were always open to his students and his time was completely theirs as long as they wanted to learn something more about this process of debating. Even after his retirement he traveled to Japan on a Full-bright Fellowship to teach debate as a tool of democracy to the students of the new republic.

It was this complete faith and belief in debate and freedom of speech that filtered through to students and made them respect and love him. He was a very tolerant and understanding person who became impatient only with those who would sneer at debate as a training activity, or those who wanted to abolish debate because it taught students to uphold the arguments on both sides of a proposition. Unlike some persons who prefer to sit back and write or speak philosophical treatises about the value and limitations of intercollegiate debating, he preferred to teach debate in a way which would imbue students with an understanding and respect for this important democratic process.

Although E. R. Nichols had been retired for a number of years he stood as a positive force and a guide for those who would uphold intercollegiate debating as a valuable and worthwhile activity, and he will be missed by these people. By his old students and debators he will be missed also, but he will be long remembered as a good man who did his job well.

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Theta—Kansas State Teachers, Pittsburg
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Lambda—Sterling College, Sterling
Mu—Bethany College, Lindborg
Nu—Fort Hays State College, Hays
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Delta—Mississippi Southern College, Hattiesburg

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Nu—Drury College, Springfield
Xi—Rockhurst College, Kansas City

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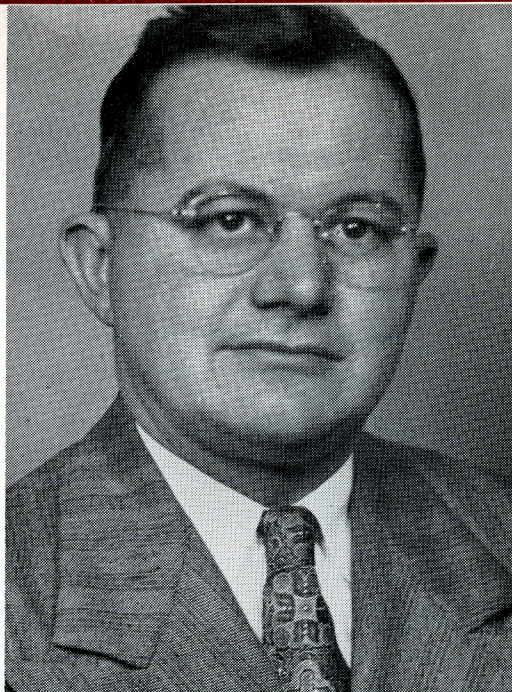
Alpha—Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln
Gamma—Doane College, Crete
Delta—Hastings College, Hastings
Zeta—Kearney State Teachers College, Kearney
Theta—University of Omaha, Omaha
Iota—Wayne State Teachers College, Wayne
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Zeta—Marietta College, Marietta
Eta—Bowling Green State University, Bowling
Green
Iota—Kent State University, Kent



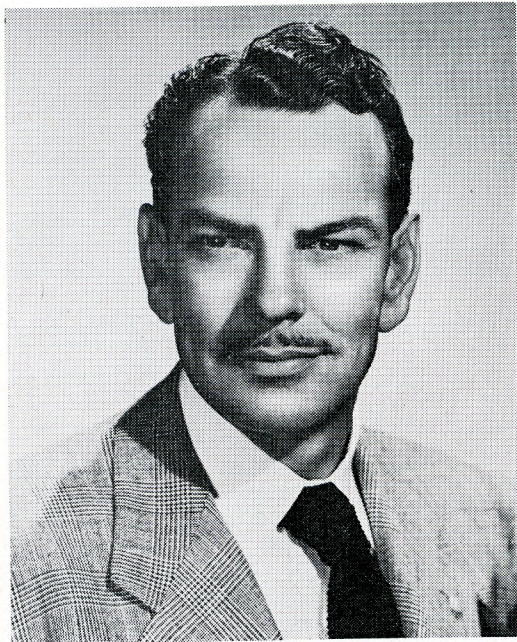
Meet the Governors

EMIL R. PFISTER

Central Michigan College

Professor Emil Pfister returned to old haunts when he became the debate coach at Central Michigan College. It was from that school that he graduated after an active career in forensics. Of the twenty-six years since Professor Pfister graduated from Central Michigan, he has spent twenty-three working in forensics. He holds the Masters degree from the University of Michigan and the Doctor of Philosophy degree from Michigan State University. One always wonders when he reads of the many years that leaders in the fraternity have put in on the very time consuming job of directing forensics, how they could find time to get higher degrees or take on outside activities. But many of them do. Professor Pfister is no exception. From 1951 to 1955 he was Associate Editor of *The Forensic*. During that period the magazine developed in general appeal and excellence. He also found time to author the *High School Debaters Guidebook*. He has served as President of the Michigan Speech Association and the Michigan Intercollegiate Speech League. Thus, Professor Pfister has had many years of service to forensics through his work in directing forensics, editing, writing and providing leadership.

Meet The Governors



TED KARL

Pacific Lutheran College

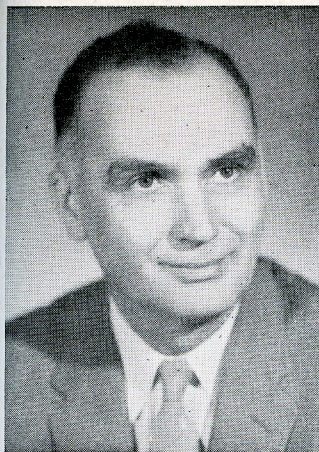
Like so many of the leaders of Pi Kappa Delta, Ted Karl has devoted much of his life to forensics. He participated for four years in the tough competitive atmosphere of Minnesota as a debater, orator and extemp speaker at Gustavus Adolphus College. Following his graduation he stayed on at Gustavus to complete the masters degree. With the Masters degree in hand he turned to teaching speech and coaching forensics at Los Angeles City College and Pacific Lutheran College.

Professor Karl began the speech department at Pacific Lutheran in 1940. From 1942 until 1948 he was absent from the forensic scene during one of America's great arguments. He returned to Parkland,

Washington to pick up the job of building a fine department of speech and in 1949 organized the chapter of Pi Kappa Delta at the Pacific Lutheran campus. The department he built carries on a varied program in public address, drama, radio-TV, and speech correction. In a school of 1200 students he has built a department of four instructors and intends to increase the number next year. His forensic squad usually has from 35 to 50 people in competition. Elsewhere in this issue is an indication of the excellence of his coaching. Probably for the first time in history the Western Speech Association tournament this year had the same school winning the senior men's and women's debate. The school? Pacific Lutheran College. Over the years a standard of excellence has prevailed on squads coached by Professor Karl.

But Ted Karl is not content to carry home the hardware. He has worked tirelessly for the improvement of forensics and for that matter of all education. He has served as a member of the executive council of the Western Speech Association and as its Speech Activities Coordinator. The latter job involved him in the planning for the largest tournament on the West Coast. He was careful enough to hold back his debaters from their most spectacular win in that meet, however, until he was no longer the coordinator. This year he is second vice president of the Western Speech Association.

In addition to his B.A. and M.A. degree at Gustavus Adolphus he has studied at the University of Southern California and Stanford University. He is a member of the Speech Association of America, American Educational Theatre Association and the Children's Theatre Conference of the American National Theatre Association. He is a member of Special Distinction of Pi Kappa Delta and is listed in the *Directory of American Scholars*. Except for the war years, Professor Karl has given continued leadership to the field of forensics and speech. We can look forward to hearing much more from him as he moves more and more onto the central stage of speech education.



President's Letter

Welcome and Farewell. A welcome from all the members of Pi Kappa Delta to all of you who have joined our organization within recent weeks. You have been chosen as members, not because you have achieved high honors in college forensics but because you have demonstrated the interest, ability, and desire to work toward greater success. The honor of belonging to Pi Kappa Delta increases with each advancement you make in degree and order. We believe that you who meet minimum requirements for membership, who have the potential for leadership and the desire to succeed can achieve your goal most effectively through close association with those of similar interests. Therefore, Pi Kappa Delta has an interest in you from the very beginning of your forensic career. We hope that this interest will be mutual. May the association with fellow members on your campus as well as the friendships which develop with Pi Kappa Deltans everywhere be an inspiration for achievement.

A farewell to the seniors. I have recently returned from our Illinois-Missouri Joint Provincial Tournament held at Illinois Wesleyan University where the Illinois Alpha Chapter was the host. Here many students were participating in their last collegiate contests. I think I speak for all the directors of speech activities when I say that the greatest reward we obtain comes from observing the progress you make over a period of four years. If you could see yourselves as others see you during this period of increasing maturity, you would be even more assured of the values of forensic activity. Your skill in analysis and reasoning, your objective approach toward the solution of vital problems, and your effectiveness in communication have developed into permanent attributes. We value the opportunity to work in an environment where the advancement of such skills can be so easily observed.

To the seniors who have attained Special Distinction in two Orders, we extend extra congratulations. You have reached the goal which Pi Kappa Delta established for you. I hope you have had the satisfaction of reaching Distinction by way of all four major speech events — debate, discussion, oratory and extempore speaking. Each has distinct values which will make your achievement more meaningful in the future. You have also served as an inspiration to all new members. I know you join me in hoping they have the opportunity to advance to the highest degree in all activities.

But of course this is not a final farewell. Through your local Chapter, the *Forensic*, the natural crossing of paths, and the Pi Kappa Delta key, you will be able to maintain your interest and incentive. The many opportunities to use the skills developed in forensics will frequently remind you of the high purposes and ideals of Pi Kappa Delta.

Don't forget the 1959 National Convention which will be held at Bowling Green State University, March 22 to 27. Some of you seniors may be in the vicinity of Bowling Green and if so, be sure to set aside a day to renew friendships. Some of you new members may have the opportunity to attend your first convention. All Pi Kappa Deltans should begin to focus right now on the 1959 National Convention.

A pleasant summer to all.