

Conforming Class Of '57: Will The World Be Cruel?

When the senior class of 1957 marches proudly through Kenan Stadium for the last time next June, one fact will be certain: It will compose the first edition of a strange, new generation, called "silent" by some, "careful" by others.

No matter what adjective may be applied to the current generation, we feel it is certain that its greatest characteristic is its conformity.

When conformity is mentioned, people immediately start thinking about belts-in-back and three-buttoned jackets. With this we do not fully agree. Clothes are an excellent indication of mental condition; and it is easy to identify the Ivy Leagued student whose vocabulary is limited to "Don't sweat it" and equally stupid terms with the opinionless, close-mouthed, security-seeking majority of today's undergraduates.

This student, and the others like him, are responsible for the campus apathy. They are responsible for quiz files in the fraternity houses, and they are the reason Lenoir Hall workers dropped their fight for frater pay. They are the reason students can't get up enthusiasm about anything, including the football team, studying, the DUkathon or four visiting Israeli students.

Because they are in the majority here, the University is slowed down. Until they have gone their way, seeking even more security from the cold, cruel world, we cannot really progress.

But, clothes or no clothes, practically everyone here is a conformist in the bad sense of the word. Even those who profess to be non-conformists are usually found conforming together in their literary tastes; they sit together on the floor and read T. S. Eliot, and they look equally sloppy. Even in them there is conformity, and it is no good.

What this University needs is a majority of students who are non-conformists in the mind — who think not what they are told to think, or what they feel it expedient to think, but what they feel inside themselves, after consideration and contemplation.

Food Fight Shouldn't Die

A spokesman for Lenoir Hall workers has said the majority of the students there are now "satisfied" with their pay conditions.

If the workers are satisfied, we can hardly see why. All their minor revolution has accomplished has been an offer from the management to throw in an extra two cups of Pine Room coffee per day. The old deal—\$1.90 worth of food per day for two and one-half hours' work, with no holdovers and no one to help eat the food—still holds. It still looks silly and

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The Town of Chapel Hill, which has the intelligence (town government-wise) of a metropolitan area, also has the energy of a very small village. We refer to holes that are left in streets long after the pavers and levelers are gone.

The town always has been sloppy in this respect. It does street work promptly, but leaves ditches and holes to be filled in with the rubber from poor motorists' tires.

Gracious Living in Chapel Hill could stand a little dirt in those holes. What say, Mr. Rose?

The Daily Tar Heel

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GOETTINGEN LETTER:

In Germany: Student Freedom

Carolina students John Raper and Dan Southerland are currently on exchange with the University of Goettingen in Germany. Here, Southerland tells of the scholastic life of German students.

GOETTINGEN — How would you like to forget about that eight o'clock social science class and sleep through 'til ten?

You, the English major, would you like to stop sweating that mid-term exam in your Shakespeare course and just take one big test at the end of four years to get your degree?

You, the chem student, conjugating irregular French verbs which don't seem to be important for your future job in the lab, but are part of the General College requirements, would you like to throw the French book in the waste basket and spend all of your time working on problems and experiments?

If your answer is yes, you folks should study at a German University where you have "Studienfreiheit," freedom of study.

At the German University you have unlimited cuts and no regular tests, only an exam at the end of several years and perhaps a test in the middle of your study. There are no required courses such as we have in the General College and you have no set study plan. You hear the lectures you want and study what you want according to your interest.

Under this system, the talented student can go as fast and as far as he wants. For instance, in Physics, he can do 30 experiments in one semester or one experiment in two semesters and the prof does not care when he gets the work in.

Under this no-control system, the student can develop self-reliance and resourcefulness.

However, the German student type — and only in relation to study can one characterize him — is much better suited to this freedom, because unlike many of us in the States, his main concern is study.

You see this interest in the classroom. At one popular lecture on the history of the German novel, I have to be there 20 minutes before the lecture begins in order to find a good seat. At the beginning of the semester in this lecture, students sat on the floor, in the aisles, on the window sills, and on the stage with the lecturing professor in order to hear him.

At a regular public lecture on the history of World War II, the first 10 rows are reserved usually two hours ahead of time.

Outside of the lecture hall you see very little burning of the midnight oil. Why should there be cramming? There are no tests, no pressure. The German student studies consistently and goes as deep as he wants into his subject.

You find very few goof-offs. To be a student in Germany is much more of a privilege than in the United States. It is much more difficult for a German to get through the "Gymnasium" (10-19 years old) and to pass his "maturity" or final exam

than it is for us to get a high school diploma.

The BMOC is not to be found at the German university. Firstly, because nobody would know him if he existed. Most students couldn't tell you who the president of the student body is. And secondly, students don't have time to be BMOC's. They want to work and get finished as soon as possible.

The main concern of the German university is the issuance of knowledge. The American univer-

These individualists miss something which we have on the U. S. campus, that is living together. No matter how much you dislike your roommates coming in drunk while you are in the sack at night, you must admit you've learned something more about human nature having lived with him.

There are very few possibilities for German students to live together. In Goettingen, only 270 out of 5,500 students live in student homes. Most live in private

student refer to "my university" as we do. There is no such thing as a "Goettingen man" in the same sense as a "Carolina" or "Harvard man."

Students change universities on the average of one or two times before taking their final exams. Since the universities are generally of much more equal rank than in the States, a student might choose to study in Freiburg in the winter semester be-

'When Do We Come Out With A New Model?'



sity is interested in the education of the whole person. We see extra-curriculars and social life as essential.

Our ideal "product" is a person of high character, can get along well with others, is well-pounded, and has knowledge which can be applied. If the German university has such an ideal, it is an "educated" person, a person who can "think." This picture doesn't include the "personal" traits of the student.

Our colleges tend to produce a Joe College type. We have conformity as a result of mass education. On the other hand, most German students are individualists.

and therefore find it more difficult to make contact with other students.

Private student fraternities and political clubs bring students together, but the University itself makes no provision for social life.

A student would identify himself sooner as a member of a fraternity or the Christian Democratic Party than he would as a member of the Goettingen student body.

There is absolutely no unity in the student body. Students are far apart as their University buildings and their rooms which are scattered all over the town.

You never hear a German stu-

cause the skiing is good there or in Munich because he likes the theatre and opera and the life of the big city. He considers these things as well as the men in his faculty whom he would like to hear.

The German student has the chance to work completely isolated. He can study without getting to know another student or professor. There is always the danger that he will become narrow minded and specialized as well as individualistic.

The responsibility for what he learns is his alone. He is faced with an impersonal university which says, "here is the knowledge, it is up to you to get it."

No Competition For Prillaman

Editor:

I know a humble man who is the master of a one cow - two pig farm of a few acres of land and 50 chickens. Each day he milks his cow and collects the hens' eggs.

Now he does not feel that he has done his chores for the day as soon as he has provided himself with the bounty of his stock. No, while he is not connected with a great institute of learning, he is still aware that the productivity of his farm will cease to be if he does not provide proper water and food for his animals.

I guess it is because he is humble that this man realizes he must provide so that he may be provided for. He must give the cow fodder so that she will be able to produce wholesome milk. The chickens cannot lay well without proper feed. And the pigs will never grow fat unless they are well stopped.

My farmer is kind and providing for his animals because he knows that he has to be if they are ever to be of any profit to him. In the same manner businessmen are solicitous of their clientele, and this is so for the same reason.

This holds true in the world. Would that it did on the UNC campus!

I wonder just how many people would willingly eat in Lenoir Hall if it were not at the University? I wonder how many people feel that Lenoir's food is either nourishing or fit to be put into the human stomach?

I am sure that my friend the farmer uses more loving care in fixing his pigs' slops than anyone in Lenoir ever uses in throwing together their ambrosial delights for the scholars of tomorrow.

There surely are few places in the free world that can boast so captive a market as can a university cafeteria such as ours. There are few people who like such food as that dished up by Lenoir, but there are many who have no choice about eating it.

My farmer would be out of business if he did not care properly for his pigs. I wonder how long Mr. Prillaman would be in business if he had any competition? I wonder if Mr. Prillaman himself ever eats at Lenoir?

If he does, then surely he could not in good faith have said what he did the other day to the students working at Lenoir.

As I remember from The Daily Tar Heel article, he said he would not allow them to use their food credit in the Pine Room because he wanted them to get three square meals a day. I truly wonder how he expects them to do that anywhere in Lenoir.

Of course the calorie content of the food may be as high as any of that at Maxime's, but at Lenoir calories are thrown together into such unwholesome tastes and sad appearances. If Mr. Prillaman thinks that this is not so, if he thinks that Lenoir's food is in the least appetizing, then he is guilty of something or other which is surely gross (bad judgement, perhaps). On the other hand, perhaps he is simply being human.

Why should he care whether the food is any good? He has no competition to take his business. The powers that be (i.e., South Building and the trustees) seem content with Lenoir's handiwork. (These men, however, all seem to eat at either the Monogram Club, the Carolina Inn, or at home.)

In other words, Mr. Prillaman is like a student who on the first day of class knows that he will be automatically passed. So why should he work in the course? Now don't throw in the argument about knowledge for knowledge's sake; that's long been out of vogue here. Lenoir is within the trend of the times—why be any better than you have to be.

But then surely there is some Providence that will make things better if they have to be better. Perhaps that Providence is in an irate student body, a student body that is willing to give visible proof that it is not satisfied with the sullen looking mess that Lenoir puts forward as its handiwork under the misnomer of food.

Students of the University unite! You have nothing to lose but that vile stuff at Lenoir which you'd be better off without.

Daniel S. Silvia Jr.

Sound And Fury Looks Promising

Charles McCorkle

Remembering the colorful, tuneful, spectaculars that were Sound and Fury last year, we stopped by Memorial Hall the other night to see how it's done. We had received inside information that the company, under the intrepid direction of senior John Ludwig, was hard at work, with performance slated for March 30 and 31.

The hall was a seething mass of frantic thespians rushing around aimlessly and shouting contradictory orders every few seconds. The chorus, a lusty group of some 30 members featuring two girl baritones, was on the stage stumbling through the overture.

Miss Blynn Durning, who deserves orchids for her bravery in returning to choreograph the show for the third consecutive year, was in their midst, repeating a few simple steps which nevertheless seemed beyond the grasp of the singers.

With a despairing sigh we dropped into a seat. But as we watched, order suddenly grew out of the chaos and we were confronted with a snappy, professional song and dance which could easily have graced a Broadway stage.

We leaned over into the pit and discovered Cecil Hartsoe, familiar veteran of Sound and Fury since way back when, pounding away on the piano, producing wonderful melodies out of nowhere.

Enough complications follow to conveniently fill two lavish acts of songs and dancing and to utilize the talents of a generous number of talented performers, but eventually the diamond reaches its final resting place—we wouldn't be so crass as to reveal exactly where this is, but you can take our word that it's pretty nauseating—just in time for the finale.

TV Preview: Government, Miss Booth

Anthony Wolff

At 6:30 tonight, Channel 4 continues its weekly series on "American Government." Tonight's segment deals with the Supreme Court and features Justice Harold H. Burton. This should be of interest to political scientists, segregationists, anti-segregationists, southerners, Northerners, Americans, etc.

"Climax," on Channel 2 at 8:30 p.m., presents a drama about the goings-on in a recording company. I suspect that this is all an excuse for Jill Corey to sing a little ditty touchingly titled "Let It Be Me."

Shirley Booth returns to the TV screen tonight in "The Hostess With The Mostes" on Channel 2 at 9:30. The allusion is obviously to Pearl Mesta, Washington social whiz and, in her spare time, U. S. Minister to Luxemburg. The play may very well be good, and if it isn't, Miss Booth will be.

L'il Abner



Pogo



By A! Capp



By Walt Kelly

