

Professor Morally Bound To Follow Course Outline

The Carolina professor, in most respects an admirable specimen of academic prowess and dignity, has failed in one important aspect of his position. He has, in many cases, violated the contract that is automatically in effect when a student registers for his course.

The difficulty lies in the fact that, although his course is previously advertised or announced as the study of a certain subject, the class-work actually proves the contrary to be true. It is because of this that many students feel that they have lost time, energy and money at the completion of many courses offered by the University.

A notorious example is a course now being conducted by an outstanding member of the Political Science department. Publically announced in the DAILY TAR HEEL as a course dealing with Problems of International Organization in the Post War World, the course thus far, only two weeks from the end of the quarter, has covered nothing but the Versailles treaty and a few other aspects of international organization connected with the last war.

Now, more than ever, this is a matter of deep concern. As Dean Roland B. Parker has so many times pointed out, Time is now an important element in Chapel Hill. Before, it wasn't. Difficulties before were straightened out in the course of time. But today, because we have deadlines that have been placed upon us by those more powerful, we cannot wait for the course of time. A wasted class now may mean failure to graduate; whereas, before, the student merely had to come to another session of summer school.

No professor should be forced to follow a specified classroom procedure. Each professor should be free to teach his course as he finds best. But no professor should be allowed to cheat the students, consciously or not.

The remedy is simple. An investigating committee should be established to look within the class rooms and make certain that the professor is following the prescribed subject matter.

Shameful Behavior Marked Dormitory Blackout Period

In the last eight years, a brief span in the life of an institution, I have seen two college generations at work and at play on this campus. I have watched with justifiable pride students grow in stature, develop in body, mind and spirit, and take the best of Carolina with them "to build more stately mansions" in the state, the region, and the nation. Many of our gracious women, yesterday concerned with the coming weekend dance, are now hard at work in the factories and defense plants; countless hundreds of our men, yesterday boys at play, are now giving their lives in order that places like Chapel Hill may endure.

Throughout these eight years I have seen many things which have been also a source of disappointment: "the cheating ring" . . . but even so, there were the handful of courageous student leaders who had courage to face the problem, bring it into full light of day, and fight it to a finish. There have been isolated cases of ungentlemanly and unladylike conduct . . . for instance, the passing of an open whiskey bottle at a public gathering in the auditorium. But these have been minority groups. More recently, everyone on the University faculty, staff, and administration has had occasion to be alarmed about the failing Carolina spirit in many instances, as, for example, lack of sportsmanship at games, and the defacement of Carr Dormitory by Carolina students. Here again this, no doubt, was done by minority groups, although, of course, it cannot be excused on these grounds.

But last night in the surprise blackout, the conduct in Old East and Old West was such that it calls for some disciplinary action, if not voluntary on the part of the Student Council, then compulsory on the part of the administration or by the law enforcing bodies of the town. It had the distinction of being the most disgraceful group performance I have ever witnessed. Lights blazed almost entirely through the blackout; lights flashed in window after window all over both dormitories; flashlights circled out of the windows; a bedlam of shrieks and yells, including vulgarity of the worst order, could be heard all over town; fireworks, especially firecrackers, added to the general confusion.

We did not think it could happen here. Here at Carolina. Here while their own college mates were fighting bravely through air raids which knew no mockery. The group of a half-dozen people who were at work last night in South Building walked home in dejection, feeling that the homes represented in Old East and Old West, the schools, the home-town communities, the churches, and last but not least the University, have all failed miserably somewhere—or everywhere—all along the line.

A woman from South building

Stand Taken For Walkers

A number of the more prominent social consciences on the Hill have been rebuking us for our carelessness, thoughtlessness, and general lack of consideration and proper sense of values as evidenced by our complete disregard of their agitation against walking upon the grass.

They have made several grave errors, in assuming, first, that our position is thoughtless, and second, that because it is thoughtless it must be indefensible.

I represent a substantial but intelligent minority, who, far from being blissfully unaware of the consequences, have more or less carefully weighed the consequences, and taken a stand, or a walk, on the grass.

The byline-conscious columnists, ever seeking some cause celebre for their polemic natures, and blindly following the mercenary hint of frantic officials appalled at the thought of planting grass every spring, have attacked the very root of the grass problem. With characteristic economy of intelligence they have completely missed the point.

They treat the grass as an ornamental asset; they revel in possession, in the fact of verdancy. They point with pride to a close-cropped lawn—but this is all they do. Let us ask, what is grass for? To be pointed at? To be possessed? Is the chief purpose of grass the satisfaction of sponsorship? Or is there perhaps a more basic and more personal enjoyment to be derived from grass?

We of the CGW think that there is. Have none of you ever known the sensuous thrill of feeling your shoes grow soft beneath your feet? Have you lost indeed the sense of naturalness, the sense of belonging, of independence and personality which is achieved so easily from a random stroll upon the turf? (I speak not here of lying upon the grass, except to suggest that y'all try it sometime). Few simpler satisfactions of the *dolce far niente* could be devised than the mere stepping across of a gutter; yet this you would deny us in the interest of a scrubby landscape.

We came to you from a far country, where there is always grass; where the grass grows in the fields and in the streets, in yards and in cellars, on polo grounds and cinder tracks and tennis courts and jai-alai frontons. We were cradled in the grass; we went to school and played our games and fought our battles and read our books and took our ease on the deep green carpet; indeed it may well be said that we cut our teeth upon it.

We come as sojourners in a savage land of dusty baked red clay, we come to you in full understanding of the glory and wonder and background majesty of this green, and we have been set upon with flail and torch, scourged and crucified as vandals, knaves and heretics.

But it is not in vain. Through the years the hords has grown, young people following their natural bent, following the lust for understanding, their hunger for life, and this new objection shall not stay. The chains that bound us, the signs that screamed at us, the hands that threatened us, all we have swept from our path. Neither shall the columnists regiment us into gravel walks; they shall go down; their bylines shall be their epitaphs.

Jack Campbell, Spokesman Carolina Grasswalkers.

Weary Wisher

He Who Would Curb the Arts Must Face the Wisher's Fire

Gerald Johnson, managing editor of the Baltimore Sun, nationally-known political writer, and former head of the UNC journalism department, gets off a few glib nifties in his column which appeared yesterday in the Greensboro Daily News concerning the status of liberal arts education and of the people who study such topics and believe in them.

Of course, Mr. Johnson has hit the nail on the head in his observations, he has come embarrassingly close to the root of the troubles with liberal education when he describes its non-utility in materialistic pursuits. He says this ". . . it is not far from the truth to say of the world that shrewd men own it, energetic men rule it, and philosophical men enjoy it."

His last statement is a conclusion. His tenets may be all right and his information may be accurate, but his conclusions are not. Mr. Johnson confesses liberal arts education with pure and theoretical learning of philosophy. This is evidently erroneous since philosophy is studied by a small percentage of students and also since most philosophy courses deal with ethics and certainly Mr. Johnson does not erase the necessity of ethics from daily bread-getting.

"If the college boy is normal," writes Mr. Johnson, "his interest in philosophical affairs is bound to be reduced . . . One of the average boy's finest traits is his ardent desire to have a part in the adventure of life, the very thing that makes it all but impossible for him to concentrate on liberal arts."

When Mr. Johnson calls this a dangerous situation—this "cluttering of young minds with liberal arts"—he is uncomfortably close to the target in view of some of the narrow-mindedness in certain universities in so far as the fluidity of curricula for individuals is concerned. He forgets, however, that a man is not pre-

pared to take his right place in the "great adventure of life" without a background of general knowledge. We don't mean that a leader of men must know every geological revolution for the last 2,000,000,000 years, but we do mean that a course in World Resources and Industries acquaints a man with the human and complex problems confronting his peaceful existence in the world.

Mr. Johnson states that Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini, the five most powerful men in the world today are men who act, not think. Personally, I am loathe to feel that FDR acts without thinking, and I am of the opinion that Hitler could have better directed his energy with a little intelligent study of the humanities.

Nevertheless, Mr. Johnson goes on to say that "it is the arrogance of the cultured which leads them to assume that everyone desires the particular sort of cultivation that comes from a profound and understanding study of men."

Apart from the fact that this is a slight misconception of what a liberal arts education constitutes, Mr. Johnson represents the typical attitude of the practical engineer. "An army commander knows his men only as parts of a machine," he elaborates, "he would be better off with a study of tanks rather than of Shakespeare."

Grapevine

Local Films Fail to Live Up To Previous High Ballyhoo

By Jud Kinberg

Two muchly-publicized films came out last week and both were something of a disappointment.

The first was a local premiere, "Keeper of the Flame," the other a world premiere with all the prewar glitter of Grauman's Chinese about it "The Outlaw."

"Flame," heralded as the successor to the now-famous Hepburn-Tracy debut, "Women of the Year," had the same stars but not the same quality. It was a melodrama dressed up with patriotic bunting. As a mystery story it had some obvious faults, outstanding among which was the laxity in cutting. Running almost two hours, the film was slow in spots and only in the last 20 minutes did it tingle a mean spine.

True the technique of the film was to build up suspense slowly, step by step; but that is no excuse for minutes that drag. Messers Hitchcock and Reed, the prime exponents of that method, manage very capably to keep interest alive from the first incident. No, "Keeper of the Flame" would have benefited from the burning of a few hundred feet of the finished film.

Miss Hepburn looked underfed, but that voice is still magnificent.

"The Outlaw" was another

film and another proposition. In and out of Hays office hot-water more than any film since the days of Mae West, the Howard Hughes epic finally emerged into the light of critical surveyal. The opinion of Time: "a strong candidate for the flopperoo of all time."

Star of this little extravaganza was Miss Jane Russell who is no stranger to readers of Yank, Peek or Pic. This lovely lady has had more publicity than any other film star in the last year, certainly more than the one picture she made warrants.

The film deals with the life of Billy the Kid, the desperado, and Rio, the woman in the case. Miss Russell fills the part of the woman very well. Jack Buetel, another novice, is the Kid. Both stars, according to the men who profess to know, need a bit more training before being eligible for community theater roles.

In all events, Howard Hughes has sunk \$3,000,000 in a picture whose only assets seem to be Miss Russell, the serviceman's dream. Walter Houston, praised by Time for doing "perhaps his greatest acting," mainly because his conveys to the audience that "he thinks the whole thing is impossibly bad" and interest created by a friendly Hays office which tried to censor some torid scenes.

He would be better off with both, Mr. Johnson. A commander who understands his men only as cogs in a machine is going to get shot in the back of the head by a corporal from Tennessee.

Mr. Johnson concludes with the ratiocination that since every man is not going to be a doctor, lawyer, writer, teacher,—someone who deals with the individual mind—why try to give the whole population, or any segment of it, education that is needed and appreciated by a few?

"Then," he writes, making a deadline, no doubt, "if conditions beyond our control prevent our administering training in the humanities to hordes who neither need nor understand it, is that an indication that ruin hangs over the republic? Are we not, in fact, doing perforce what we should have done voluntarily long ago?"

Often, Mr. Johnson, we think that many people are in college who shouldn't be there. We say that not because there is nothing in college for them to get, but because they are too lazy to get it. If you told one of these "hordes" you speak of that he is too ignorant to get anything out of college, or that he doesn't need to know anything about the men he lives with, he would think you were the Anti-Christ.

If the number of men who attend a liberal arts school increases proportionately the number who learn something about humanity, we are not on the wrong track, Mr. Johnson. In fact that event, we are heading toward a goal which lies beyond your vision, I fear. Our goal is an enlightened mankind, working with his fellow because he understands his fellow. I assure you, Mr. Johnson, even the most backward student in our sociology department feels in his heart that human understanding might solve the problems of our area to some extent, and that if the present leaders of our region were instilled with some of these "humanities" we speak of, you enlightened gentlemen above the Potomac would not write with derision of their so-called "backward" tendencies.

Mr. Johnson, when you preach education for the selected few, utilitarian training, vocational teaching without the civilized background of culture, you talk fascism.

When you say that philosophers have never won wars, you forget that the philosophers also never got a chance to write their kind of peace because of people who think as you think.

Mr. Johnson, where did you go to college? —S. M.

PU Applications

Applications for managing editor and business manager of the DAILY TAR HEEL, business managers of the Yackety-Yack and the Carolina Magazine must be given to Ben Snyder at the Phi Gam house or in the Yackety-Yack office by tomorrow.

Appointments for interviews will be made Monday afternoon in the Grail room.

STATIONARY
Ledbetter-Pickard

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