Battleground USA

Liberal arts are fighting a battle in American universities today, in danger of being unseated from their traditional place atop the curriculum's heap.

A twist came the other day when Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, announced that Brooklyn's concern for the "vitality of our basic liberal arts program is beginning to pay off."

This is heartening to those who can see the slow decay of literacy. And for evidence, President Gideonse cited the scholarships and fellowships being won by his graduates to the country's grad schools. The number has taken quite a leap in the past ten years, he said.

The news that another college (where, oh where Carolina?) is taking an aggressive approach to the liberal arts vs. technical training jousting is joyous to The Daily Tar Heel. Our position in the matter is not openly opposed to technical training. Quite the contrary. Bue we do set much store by a rigid grounding in the social sciences and humanities to brace up whatever technical occupation a person decides to follow.

Broadly speaking, the ranks of the liberal arts seem to be, within themselves, progressing sharply. Here at Carolina, progression in liberal arts is certainly the mode. In a nationwide poll of scholars last summer, Carolina's College of Arts and Sciences turned up in seventh place in the nation. Furthermore, the departments of English classics, and romance languages were rated among the top five of their kind. Since this is scholars' opinion of scholars, it has added significance, we believe.

Judging by this poll, the difficulty in our own case is not internal. It is external. The deficiency lies, not in those who have chosen to major in one of the liberal arts, but among those who have chosen technical courses. We think that a few generalized courses are insufficient for most people, no matter what occupation they plan to follow. Certainly a meager liberal arts background cancels the opportunity of a person to begin to be educated, unless he is one of those rare Jeffersonian individuals who can educate himself. Whether by making the General College course longer, or more intense, the times and trends demand that more liberal arts be integrated into the curriculum-for all.

The idea seems to prevail that we can do business and progress scientifically in a literary vacuum. We don't think so.

CREDO

Todd

By the time most of the students at a university have attained the age of 18 or thereabouts, their minds are made upeither one way or another on most of the subjects they have encountered.

It is the exception rather than the rule who changes materially after he enters college. He may not have decided on the form that his decision will take, such as political party, church affiliation, career, etc., but the form is of minor importance, since the content is determined.

If the foregoing paragraph is accepted as true, then it follows that the most important formal educating influences in the lives of most people come before college: grade and high school. These are the institutions that shape the minds of the bulk of the population of the nation, inasmuch as teachers shape opinion.

And, unfortunately, they are perhaps the least prepared to do so. They are underpaid to the extent that it is more profitable to drive a brewery truck, overworked to the point that they often have to teach four classes a day with forty or more students in each class, and spend a good part of the "free" time correcting papers. Their training consists of a degree from the School of Education, not in the subject they teach. They may continue their education beyond the formal level, but it is difficult to see where they get either the money or the time to do so. Consider the facts above, and decide for yourself. Would you go into high school teaching when you could so easily find a better job? Would you sacrifice better pay and less work for service to humanity?

That's what it would take for the superior person to decide to teach, when he has so many opportunities placed before hlm. He must, in most states that I know of, take a series of courses in the school of education, which I have never heard called anything but dull.

He most look forward to a

John Foster Dulles doesn't have the best press in the world, but he is sincerely dedicated to the idea that the American people are entitled to know just as much as possible about the conduct of their foreign affairs. At present he is engaged in opening up more avenues of information to the public; also has brought Henry Suydam, editor of

-to be used, frequently, in criticism of the State Department. Though Mr. Dulles is a successful Wall Street attorney, he is a slow, hesitating speaker, sometimes painfully so. Sometimes, despite great care, he makes a mistake. Such a slip can be costthe Newark, N. J. News and for- ly, for his words reverberate mer press aide to Charles Evans around the world. After the press conference, a conference digest is prepared from the stenographic notes, and a copy sent to Dulles for correction. It then goes to every top officer in the State Department so they will know exactly what their chief has said and make Most people don't realize how

ters inside the State Department including free typewriters, free stationery, free telephone service

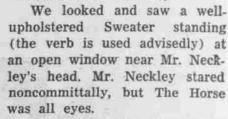
The Eye Of The Horse Roger Will Coe.

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . ." Hipporotis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE and his two friends were on the lawn at Spencer Dorm when I saw them. The Horse was cropping grass, an activity which had Mr. Wump, the sponge-rubber Frog, on the jump to avoid being incorporated with the Horsely victuals.

Mr. Neckley, the motley-colored Giraffe, was nibbling daintily into some upper branches of a tree hard against Spencer's second-story windows. He paused his browsing when a feminine voice squealed with an indignation characteristically used by the very - but not too - young.

"Fresh!" this coo-edish voice then accused. "Go 'way!"



"Sometimes," The Horse murmured, "I envy Mr. Neckley his laughable evolutionary inheritance. Would that my ancestor,

Io Hippus, had been as sagacious and developed such a neck!"

Why hadn't Mr. Wump's ancestors also done so? "A sensible avoidance of competition," The Horse saw it. "Neckley takes the high road, and Wump takes the low road. Me, I'm a middle-of-theroader." He called in a shrill neigh, "I say, Neckley, old boy, how do things look up there?'

The Sweater was now hand-feeding Mr. Neckley out of a bon-bon box and alternately tickling his India-rubber nose. I was nonplused by her transmogrification,

"Yeah?" The Horse asked enviously. "Can you see that well, too?"

I meant, Mr. Neckley had been annoying her, and now look!

"It is a pleasure to acquiesce, Roger," The Horse said, "in your invitation to look. What annoyed her was, Mr. Neckley was not paying attention to her." He chittered loudly, "Oh, Neckley, old chap, how is it up in the wild blue yonder?"

Mr. Neckley remained silent, but his stub of a tasseled tail was wagging like a puppy-dog's.

"A noncommittal brute, isn't he?" The Horse commented. "Ah, the lack of friendly communication in this world of ours!"

We were settling down to sit with Mr. Wump when a resounding slap startled us. Mr. Neckley was backing from the window, a something pink dangling from his teeth.

"Fresh!" The Sweater accused again, and her window went down.

"Gad!" The Horse exclaimed, when Mr. Neckley dropped the pink somethings (they proved to be plural in a way) to the ground nearby and stared noncommittally over the trees. "UNC's first success ful panty-raid!"



'Eh? Oh, Yes-Very Pretty'



HERRLOCK PIPIT THE WASHINGTON POST CO

Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON - White House advisers say that when and if Charles E. Wilson steps out of the Defense Department his successor will be Gen. Lucius Clay, former U. S. commander in Germany, now head of Continental Can and one of Ike's closest unofficial advisers.

"Clay can have any job he wants in the administration," one White House adviser confided. "He can write his own ticket. I career which has little or no think, also, he's ready any time Ike needs him."

Actually Wil-

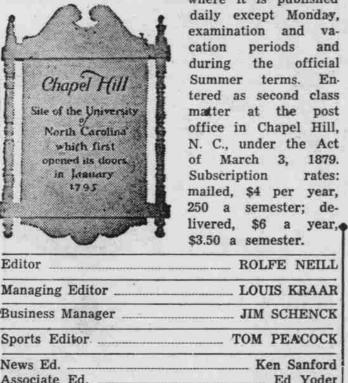
Dally, Rally, Tally

There are pep rallies and then there are pep rallies. Tonight's, on the promise of Jim Fountain, will be one of the latter. (You might come just to find out the difference.)

The weatherman. Jim and the cheerleaders, and the band promise to cooperate. Won't you?

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Night Editor for this issue: Rolfe Neill

praise. He must meet and deal with parents. He must satisfy the principal of his school, the superintendent of the area, and the board of education. His personal life is subject to a scrutiny to which few people in other professions would submit. He is

reproach.

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Any person, especially one of superior intellect, must certainly chafe at this rigorous routine. Finally, he is expected to teach just like everyone else teaches. He must not teach what he thinks, but what is on the curriculum. And classes are given under the most inauspicious possible circumstances: Old and small classrooms are the rule; minimum equipment, and books that are usually old, generally dull, often inaccurate, and almost always

worn out are provided. This is all supposed to be for the benefit of those who will solve the problems that we and our elders will have left them rates: by the time that they take their place as the generation in power. It is time for a change.

OL'OWL GONE

-AH CAIN'T UNDERSTAND

WHY THET DOTTER O'MI

MOONBEAM, IS SECH A

SLOB. AN ALLUS TRIES

TO SET HER A GOOD

EXAMPLE-)

GREAT

INPEED.

upset over his defense secretary's sudden brusqueness and was extremely irked when Wilson shot off about the innocuousness of the Russian H-Bomb at a time when other administration leaders were warn-

However, It's recognized that Wilson is performing a useful and necessary function by knocking Pentagon heads together --one of the toughest and most thankless jobs in Washington.

NOTE-When and if General Clay becomes Secretary of Defense, he would have to get a special dispensation from Congress. For no military man can be appointed to that post unless he's been out of the armed services for 10 years. General Marshall got such a dispensation.

MY SCHOOL DAYS ... THE GOLDEN YEARS IN FIRST GRADE WERE

GONE TOO GOON ... I'VE OFT

AN' FOOTBALL

COACH .

WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED

TO OUR MANUAL TRAININ' TEACHER

WHAT SHE NEEDS IS A HUSBIN!

WISH'T SHE'D TRY T'KETCH ONE

IN THE SADIE HAWKINS DAY RACE

NOVEMBER 14th-)

Hughes, to take over State Department public relations.

Compared with other Eisenhower officials, the State Department today shines as a beacon of light when it comes to giving information to the public.

much behind-the-scenes work goes into the holding of a State Department press conference. Actually, the Secretary of State begins preparing for the conference one hour in advance. At 10 a.m. his top officials come in to brief him on the latest news from Trieste, Israel, Korea, and other trouble spots. They also bring him a written summary of developments around the worldinformation he may need to answer scores of questions fired by 100 or so newsmen.

At 11 a.m. the conference opens, usually lasts 45 minutes, sometimes longer. Newsmen from all over the world can ask any question they want. Even the representative of Tass, the Soviet news agency, can put the Secretary of State on the griddle.

This is a system existing no place else in the world. Newsmen, including the Tass representative, are given press quar-

A LADY ... MISS BOOMBAH .. WE

HER "515" WE HAD A CHEER FOR

WILLACOOCHIE! GLORIOUS

ILLACOOCHIE EVER TRUE.

PAPPY!

LOVE!

IS IN

SPORTING CONTESTS .: YAY

FIGHT ON, CHARTROOS

BUT SHE'S TOO LAZY !! - IF SHE FELL IN LOVE -

THAT MIGHT GIVE

HER SOME GIT-UP

OVED HER LIKE A BROTHER ... CALLED

no counterstatements. After lunch, newsreels and radio networks pick out a couple of paragraphs from the stenographic record, and the Secretary of State comes back to the press - conference auditorium, reads these paragraphs in front of the Klieg lights, while the newsreels grind out the picture for TV and movie trade.

This takes up a good part of one day in the life of the Secretary of State. He does this once a week. John Foster Dulles takes the view that he is not doing it as a favor to the press and the newsreels, however, but as an obligation to the American people. A successful foreign policy, he feels, must be based on an informed public.

Ex-Gov. Paul Dever of Massachusetts lost 40 pounds at White Sulphur Springs, Va,-A sure sign, say his friends, that he's "getting in shape" to run for governor again .

WILLACOD - CHEEE! SIS BOOMBAH.

MEANWHILE-

AH IS IN LOVE ! -HE'S TH'ONLY ONE FO'ME,

ON ACCOUNT HE'S THE

ONLY ONE WHO

MAH FIGGER !!

THUNK SHE WOULD

LOUDER'N ANYBODY.

Mr. Wump whumped. Was he taking a low view of all this?

"Whaddya think ya are, Wump?" The Horse snapped. "A Trustee, maybe? A Raleigh cop? How'd you like to go before Holy Joe?"

On what grounds, I wondered, could McCarthy inquisit Mr. Wump?

"On the same grounds the pink panties are," The Horse said.

But, Mr. Wump hadn't taken them!

"He's the one nearest them now, isn't he? Guilt by association, a fine new American principle! Too, being a Frog, he is submersive by nature."

McCarthy was after subversives, not submersives. "Holy Joe will settle for the smallest frog in the shallowest pond, when the hunting is bad," The Horse stated. "After Hallowe'en, with all the witches grounded, he would flatten Wump so utterly that not the least insect could Crouch behind him!"

Would this last Long? Could I be of Service?

"You'd tip the Scales in Wump's favor, and that would be disastrous," The Horse stated darkly. "It is his continual low view of things that has him so whumpy all the time. If only we, his friends, could help!"

Mr. Neckley didn't move a hoof or make a sound as he lowered his chin flat to the grass. Mr. Wump flipped neatly up between Mr. Neckley's knobby ears without opening his lids. Mr. Neckley then swiveled his head up and close to that certain window. Once again the window came up, and the cooedish voice cooed gooey things. The Sweater stood (my word on it, sirs!) there again.

The Horse shook his head sadly and quoth, "'For want of a nail, a shoe was lost, for want of a long neck, a Horse was lost.""

That was not what Napoleon had said.

"I bet he'd like to be able to say it," The Horse said. "But I do see a point of similarity. Napoleon was foiled by Quatre Bras, while I am frustrated by none." He stared up at the window enviously. "We're all pals together, eh, Neckley, old boy? What do you see up there, chappie? You may speak frankly, old fellow! Eh?"

But Mr. Neckley continued to stare noncommittally out over the trees. It was Mr. Wump who answered. "Wump!"

Lines From Belloc

I shoot the Hippopotamus

With bullets made of platinum

Because if I use leaden ones.

His hide is sure to flatten 'em.

A flama is a fleecy sort of wooly, hairy goat, With an indolent look and an unduating throat

-Like an unsuccessful literary man.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:

"His sins are scarlet, but his books were read." (Hallaire Belloc, French poet who was the epitome of the pin-sharp French wit, after some 80 years of pricking people with it, passed on this summer to the happy hunting grounds for poets.-Ed.)

