

Welcome Back

... And we hope you enjoyed your vacation Monday

The Demands Of Business & Democracy

We watched a Business Administration major thumbing through his class cards yesterday (economics, business organization, accounting, corporation finance) and reflected on a speech made this year at State College by William Ruffin of Durham, president of the Erwin Mills and former president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

The over-specialized college graduate, said Mr. Ruffin, who ought to know, "can feel the lack of enough training in the humanities, in language and literature, in the arts." And he added:

Describing a man as "well-rounded" has, I suppose, long since become trite, but give me a better expression. At least give me a man for leadership in industry or commerce who is on good speaking terms not only with the technical phases of his own business but with many other important facts of life to which he will find himself exposed—the languages, literature, the arts and, neither last nor least, religion.

He will find himself sorely in need of them and in my opinion cannot develop his full potential without them. He will even find it difficult to hold his own in the lower echelons of industrial and business leadership unless he is a well-rounded man.

I predict... there will be more demands from industry and business to give broader education in the liberal arts courses to the college man working for the specialized degrees.

These are not, we repeat, the sentiments of an English professor, but of a businessman. They have been echoed, in the last 12 months, by such distinguished Southern businessmen as the personnel director of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, the president of Carolina Power and Light Company and the vice president of the Norfolk and Western Railway. The General Electric Company is spearheading a convincing national crusade for the humanities. The Ford Motor Company is emphasizing liberal arts education as training for its new employees.

There is, in all this, the suggestion that a graduate of the University may be a whiz in accounting and business organization and still not be prepared to succeed in business without a little Plato under his belt; that, in fact, the progressive corporations of the day might prefer an employee made intelligent through humanistic studies and sciences humanely approached to the most aggressive business-trained graduate.

There is one consideration more: that the strength of a democratic society is directly proportionate to the number of its citizens whose thinking is not limited by their occupation and their class. If, in the end, democracy has any implications, one of them is that its citizens must become involved in it, and not just through their jobs, but through their lives.

This seems to us to place the one-track mind behind the times and to form a sermon to the student with the one-track batch of class cards: Greek civilization may be as important as corporation finance, to your employer as well as to yourself.

Carolina Front
Spring Signs:
A Campaigner
And A Coed

Louis Kraar

"YOU'RE THE most powerful coed on campus. I could win with your support," the prospective student body presidential candidate told the girl at his side.

She smiled, looking about her at the smoke, noise, and people in the crowded Greensboro Plantation Club. And the campaigner went into the second verse of his line.

"You know, I really think the coeds on campus are intelligent," the candidate declared, pausing to sip his drink in an almost dramatic manner.

The coed, "the most powerful coed on campus," kept smiling and made a conscientious effort to look intelligent. She was intelligent, but she tried particularly hard to appear that way after the campaigner's comment.

Soon the conversation between the hopeful candidate and the intelligent coed was drowned out by Student Party politician Louis Brumfield telling a story about "my judge friend in Yadkinville."

The Student Party boys (and girls), at the suggestion of Jim Turner, had gathered for an informal party with some Daily Tar Heel staffers. But several of the SP pals decided that the occasion would be a good one for campaigning. So they did.

A toast to the Democratic Party brought only minor objections, fewer than those raised about an insistent waitress set on making the group pay their check early in the evening.

Turner, host to the affair, had managed to gather together Manning Munting, Larry McElroy, Norwood Bryan, Ruth Jones, and other prominent party members.

Before long all the toasts were over, a poor floorshow ended, the music stopped, and I got up to leave.

The ardent campaigner gave my hand a good squeeze, muttered something about mutual respect for the press, and the party was over.

On the way back to the Hill, I suddenly realized it was almost spring—and election time.



COEDS WHO stayed on campus during the between-terms break really had it tough. Hours were 11 o'clock all weekend.

Dean Carmichael explained the early hours this way:

"Technically the dorms are closed during holidays. This was a student holiday. However, we kept most dorms open.

"Closing early was a way of lightening the burden of the dorm hostesses."

Perhaps it is tough on a dorm hostess who is supposed to be on vacation to stay up until 11 o'clock. But it would seem that something could be worked out for the Carolina coed who stays in Chapel Hill—then can't enjoy the place past 11 o'clock.



MY NOMINATION for the most agitated coed after exams is a young lady who came over to me in the Dairy Bar, put down a penny, and thanked me for lending it to her.

When I told her I wasn't the lender, she decided the girl next to me was the one she owed. The penny-giver handed it to the girl beside me, thanked her warmly, and left.

"Who was that?" I asked the girl who had just acquired the penny.

"I don't know. Never saw her before. But she was so embarrassed that I had to do something."

Guided Missiles—The Ultimate Weapon

The Grim Race We've Got To Win

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON — By those who should know, this country is now given an even chance of beating the Soviet Union in the race to be first to get an inter-continental ballistic missile into the air.

Although this whole subject may seem impossibly remote to most people, this should rate as about the best news the country has had for a long time. For until rather recently, intelligence studies of the Soviet effort in the field of long range guided missiles strongly suggested that we would almost certainly lose the race for the inter-continental ballistic missile—the I.B.M. And this is a race which the United States simply cannot afford to lose.

The I.B.M., married to a hydrogen warhead, is the true ultimate weapon. It can be fired from one continent to another to destroy a great city, in much the way that a murderer fires a bullet through his victim's head. The difference is that a man can hide, and a city cannot.

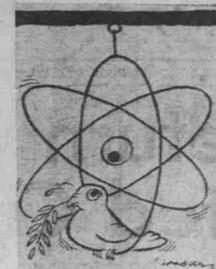
As of today, at least, there is hardly even a theoretical defense against the true inter-continental guided missile, except to get the weapon first, to make it better, and to make it in greater numbers. Until recently, the effort to win the I.B.M. race was strangled in red tape and hobbled for funds. Today, a greater effort could, and undoubtedly should, be made. But at least the effort is now a serious one. And it is already beginning to pay off.

If we beat the Russians to the I.B.M.—and thereby avert what would surely be world catastrophe—a good share of the credit, according to those who know, should go to a youngish California engineer-businessman, called Trevor Gardner. Gardner was brought into the Air Force by Secretary Harold E. Talbot to get the long range missiles into the air.

In the process, Gardner has stepped on a great many toes—so many that his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Air Force has been held up in the Senate. But Talbot and Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining have backed him up, for which they also deserve credit.

By dint of toe-stepping, much has been accomplished. Pentagon red tape has been slashed. An able Air Force man, Brig. Gen. Bernard Schriever, has gone to the West Coast to ride herd on the big companies, like Northrop, North American, Convair, and Lockheed, which are doing the actual work on the missiles.

Totally unrealistic requirements—like the requirement limiting the margin of permissible error in the inter-continental missile to 1,500 yards—have been rescinded. And funds for the missile efforts have been fairly sharply increased. The amount of increase is hidden in



the over-all Air Force budget, but it is said to be substantial.

As a result of this effort, the timetable for our entry into the age of the long range guided missile has been revised downward all along the line. Most significantly, the State Department and the British Foreign Office are now negotiating for a 5,000-mile missile firing range, extending into the Atlantic from Florida to the Ascension Islands.

The immediate reason for this negotiation is the SNARK, the jet-propelled, pilotless aircraft guided by the stars, and which flies just under the speed of sound. But the SNARK is only the fore-runner.

After the SNARK comes the NAVAHO, the ram-jet which is a true guided missile, flying more than twice the speed of sound. Then comes the mighty ATLAS, the true inter-continental ballistic missile which climbs an incredible 600 miles into space before it plunges to the kill. And at some point—depending on a decision which has not yet been made—there comes the first man-made, artificial earth-satellite. But, for the immediate future, ATLAS is the decisive weapon.

There will be a further report in this space on these strange and terrible gadgets. Here it is enough to say that in each case the prospects for early success are immeasurably brighter than they were a year ago. But there is still no cause for complacency. Our chances of winning the I.B.M. race have improved—but they are still no better than even.

Those in a position to judge believe that we could be almost certain of winning this race we must win, on one condition. This condition is a national sense of urgency, leading to a major effort on a war time scale to win the race. This would involve greater expenditures. But the concentration of energy and talent which a national sense of urgency brings forth is a more important element in the equation.

And this sense of urgency is now lacking for a very simple reason. The secrecy syndrome from which this Administration suffers has made the I.B.M. an unmentionable subject.

'We Want To Try Liberating The Girl'



HERB LOCK
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Formosa Policy: 'Something For Everybody'

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — The Eisenhower resolution on Formosa is a medal showing a different face to each of the opposing forces in the struggle over U. S. Policy in the Far East.

It draws a defense line at Formosa and the Pescadores and it seeks a cease fire under United Nations auspices between the Chinese Nationalists and the Communist government of Peiping. This side of the medal

is for our anxious allies and for those who fear that the objective of Chiang Kai-Shek is all-out war with U. S. participation to regain the China mainland. The other side of the medal invokes for Chinese Nationalists and their powerful political friends here a picture not just of a safe-guarded Formosa and Pescadores but such "protection of related positions and territories" as may seem vital to the President who will, of course,

be advised by the military. When it is realized that the present chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is Admiral Arthur Radford, an avowed apostle of a naval blockade of Red China and the bombing of mainland installations, the pull of the pro-Nationalist side of the medal is readily apparent.

Senate debate has already proved that the pro-Nationalists like what they think they see in the resolution more than the Senators who are determined to protect but to neutralize Formosa care for the picture shown to them.

When Senator Wayne Morse had concluded an impressive review of his apprehensions regarding the resolution, Republican Senate Leader William Knowland jumped to his feet and attacked him for "misleading Peiping" and "endangering the security of the country." This line is nicely calculated to discourage Morse's probing into the meaning of the resolution.

It was Knowland's first public utterance, when ordinarily he does not mind denouncing a Presidential position on foreign policy almost before it is spoken. His smiling silence, indeed, has been perhaps the most significant aspect of the situation. It gave consent—and Knowland has never hitherto given consent to anything that did not represent unflinching support for Chiang and all Chiang's works.

In an old Sherlock Holmes story, Holmes called attention to the significance of the barking dog. "That is what is significant," Holmes replied.

It is said privately by responsible sources that the President himself is committed to the cease fire, that he will never consent to be drawn into war on the mainland of China. The obvious question is: "Does Senator Knowland know this and is it really all right with him?"

Senate debate will be directed toward clearing up what Morse has called "the alarming implications and broad scope" of the Eisenhower resolution. It will be enlightening to watch both the Knowland faction and the extent to which Eisenhower spokesmen explain the President's own attitude.

The technique of the medal with two attractive but different faces is distinctively John Foster Dulles'. The Secretary of State in his career here has been adept at putting something for everybody in his foreign policy moves to hide or smooth over the deep divisions in his party on that issue, and to cloak his own changes of direction.

This time, however, the sharp legal brain of Morse and the intuitive political insight of Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota sniff war in the Dulles technique. They will try to get plain answers which may not please everybody but will explain the true goals of the Administration.

A Negative Look At Positivism

Ed Yoder

There's been talk around this campus of getting that apostle of the practical hosannas, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, to make a speaking appearance.



Dr. Peale's fame as a "pulpit toastmaster" has been leaping. To judge by the taste of the reading public, his windy treatises on religion, ethics, morals, and how to win friends and lose gray hairs by religious positiveness, stand superior on the non-fiction front to the work of stylists and thinkers like Elmer Davis and E. B. White.

Davis and White have both had books on the best-seller lists within the last year or so. But neither of those books could bounce up and displace for long Dr. Peale's *Power of Positive Thinking*.

In this age of nerves atrophied by war-scare and nuclear fever, the nation's readers have in general laid by the sounder and more realistic thought of White and Davis for the polyanna-voice of Dr. Peale.

Everyone by now knows Dr. Peale's formula for peace and comfort: If you are worried because large numbers of people are hungry; if you are disturbed because Indians live in mud-huts in the midwest; if you are afraid the top of your head might be blown off tomorrow by a hydrogen bomb—take heart. All you have to do is go to the mirror, look yourself straight in the eye, and inhale. Then you say,

"Now look here, Fred. What's all the strain about?" This done, you simply think that the situation isn't as bad as others make out. You go about your business mumbling, instead of "it's later than you think," "it's better than you think, it really is better than you think..."

We'd be surprised, maintains Dr. Peale, how much better things would be if we just thought they were better. I've tried on the Formosa crisis. It doesn't work. What about his qualifications to speak on the campus of a state university?

It is true that the associated Exhibitors of the National Education-Association has chosen Dr. Peale to receive the 1955 American Education Award. But this should be considered more feathers tarred to the hide of the "Associated Exhibitors" than a feather attached to the hat of Dr. Peale.

Dr. Peale, with his specious education for the readers of this country in the pages of *Power of Positive Thinking* has thrown a finely ground dust in the eyes. The aim of education, contrarily, is to clear the eyes.

That's not the half of it. If Dr. Peale's attitudes toward the broad range of education may be judged by the organizations with which he has linked his name, his score dips to the minus category. Dr. Peale was at one time chairman of the Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government. Another member of that same committee, R. C. Hoiles, a California-Colorado-Texas newspaper owner, argues that public education violates the Constitution and the Ten Commandments. Dr. Peale has taken membership in the Select Advisory Committee of Spiritual Mobilization and in the advisory committee of Freedom Clubs, Inc.

According to an editorial in the current issue of *The Nation's Schools*, both Spiritual Mobilization and the Freedom Clubs participated "in the campaign to bar UNESCO materials from the Los Angeles Public Schools."

These are the qualifications as speaker at a public school that Dr. Peale would lay at the feet of those who want him here.

Then... the lights would dim in Memorial Hall, the band would strike up the themesong of the "I don't care girl," a shiny new Trojan Horse would appear, rolling to a halt at center stage—with appropriate advertisements for *The Power of Positive Thinking*—and out would jump Dr. Peale, apostle of the practical hosanna.

'Horse Sense' & The Role Of The Intellectual

The Charlotte News

The principal speaker at a gathering of Charlotte businessmen a few days ago was introduced as a "Ph. D. with horse sense." The implication was, of course, that a combination of higher education and "horse sense" nowadays is remarkable indeed. We found the incident strangely symptomatic of a growing disillusionment about the role of the intellectual in modern society.

The professor—and to a large extent the traditional intellectual values he represents—has become the subject of suspicion and the target of ridicule.

He is accepted in certain company only if he possesses "horse sense." Now "horse sense" in this instance does not necessarily mean the hard-headed, practical realism associated with yesterday's rugged individualists. More often it indicates simply an acceptance of the popular, sloganized cynicism of postwar America. The intellectual with "horse sense" is thus the intellectual who denies or at least conceals his intellectuality.

It is a surprising transition—this falling from grace of the professor. In many minds he has changed from a respected figure to a foolish or even dangerous one. He is associated with fudgy-headed economics, moral softness, naivete about Communism and something we have heard described as "visionary nonsense."

The real danger is that social pressure from today's militant demi-intellectuals will compel the professors actually to abandon their visionary hopes and motives; that, in their fear of being thought naive, they will replace intellectual values with "horse sense" (in its most limited modern definition).

That would, we believe, be a tragedy.

The Daily Tar Heel

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