

The Fruit Of Liberal Learning

It has been our contention, in a discussion of the Business School curriculum that the quality of one's citizenship far transcends in importance the manner in which he seeks to earn his daily bread. We believe the B.A. School's requirement that its students take no more than six liberal arts courses during their last two years of school to be leaning too far the other way.

President Henry W. Wriston of Brown University, in a recent speech at Philadelphia, said it well:

Effective democracy requires a citizenry who will promote our distinctive way of life. Every competent American should have not only training in skills and a growing mastery over nature; in addition he ought to cultivate even more intensively the disciplines of the humanities and the social studies.

Vocational overconcentration cuts down the awareness of other values. The wider one makes his area of informed interest, the more competent he is to meet any problem with courage and clarity of mind. If we are to have peace for example, it will come from the application of knowledge, not alone the specialist's knowledge, but that humane, that wise, that temperate outlook which is the fruit of liberal learning.

Those who regard such things as frills, as merely decorations, as something with which to while away an hour are impoverishing themselves. Students have no more right to squander their intellectual inheritance than to throw money into the streets.

We do not, of course, accuse the Business School's faculty and administration of regarding liberal education as a frill. It is true that the school is among the most liberal arts-minded of the nation's business schools, some of which introduce students to business courses immediately upon entrance as freshmen. And many business professors are themselves concerned with the extreme specialization of juniors and seniors in Carolina's Business School.

But that being true does not erase the other truth: that no business student in the University is exposed as a student to the heights of liberal education that alone can produce the fully cultivated and responsible citizen.

No Frats Is An Island—II

Carolina fraternities and sororities, long looked upon askance by many for their lack of interest in the campus community and the world outside the "house," are mending some bridges.

Item: Last night's Louis Armstrong concert; the sponsoring ATO's could have made a killing for their own pockets from the full house. But all the proceeds went to the polio drive.

Item: The recent Delta Delta Delta spaghetti supper, an annual affair to raise money for University scholarships.

Item: The upcoming Panhellenic workshop, whose keynote speaker has taken as a topic: "Your Responsibility to Your Campus—Chapter and National."

This movement toward group action probably had its beginnings several years ago when campus fraternities transformed their "Hell Week" to "Greek Week"—a mass operation "Help" on community projects.

Campus fraternities and sororities are in for commendation. Their potentiality for good knows no bounds and we hope they'll show even more willingness to accept their fledgling role of altruists to the campus.

Carolina Front Cuff Notes On Spaghetti, Campaigning

Louis Kraar

HEARING THAT campus politicians gather at such august affairs as spaghetti suppers, I found myself paying a buck to a smiling Tri-Delt last Sunday night and strolling through the crowded green living room.

My notes for the affair seem to run like this:

"Greeted few Delta Delta Delta's who smiled and said they were glad we had come. Imagined they were since it meant another dollar.

"People, boys in coats and ties and girls in sweaters and other things, sitting, standing, leaning all over everything. Big fire in fireplace, but no one noticed it.

"Passed Ed McCurry on way to get food. Asked him if prospective candidates come to such events. He murmured something about not knowing, then spent ten minutes pointing to his khaki pants. Said he was only one in the whole plush place with khaki pants.

"Noticed McCurry's tie was one of few in the place with pattern instead of stripes though. Didn't say anything because he insisted that he wasn't running for anything and was hungry.

"Ate two plates of spaghetti and drank coffee. Both good, but hard to balance on knee while sitting in living room.

"Said good-bye to pleasant Tri-Delt at door counting money. On way down street remembered seeing patterned tie like McCurry's in Milton's window. Stopped and studied window on way to Dairy Bar."



'Ever Listen To The Radio, Comrade?'

Reaction Piece Mundy To The Defense Of B. A. School

David Mundy

I am gradually developing an allergy to criticism of the School of Business Administration. It isn't that I have any high regard for the school or any great interest in it; its mere physical proximity to the chemistry "department" even gives me a pain when I think of it. The "anti-liberal education" charge is nonsensical and rapidly becoming even more trite.

Those of the faculty who most frequently levy the charge are, interestingly enough, in the "humanities" and social sciences, or more specifically, in the history and English departments. (Most of the students who take courses in those departments are there for a very simple reason: they are required to take English and history courses. Only two economics and B.A. courses, Ec. 31, 32, are required of any considerable number of under graduates.)

Were the B.A. school to trim its staff a bit, and surrender one of its buildings to an above department, they could fairly effectively bring a halt to such criticisms.

The students from whom the criticisms come present an even more interesting case. Almost to a soul they are majors in one of the humanities, English and history. Desirous of being some sort of educational arbiters, they vow that the B.A. majors are being harmed by being allowed so few free electives. (They do have to satisfy all the G.C. requirements.)

These poor little B.A. majors, they say, should have a well-rounded education. They should take a large number of courses in the humanities, in the English and history departments. But how many B.A. courses do the liberal arts majors take? Very few if any.

You will find even fewer of these B.A.-critic majors taking courses in the sciences, once they fulfill their requirements for laboratory courses. They grimace at the thought, say, of a calculus course. Their intellectual capabilities ended with college algebra. Their interests lie in literature or history, just as the B.A. majors' interests lie in the field of business Administration.

According to the theory, every graduate should have a well-rounded education. The usual critics protest that the B.A. majors are getting no such education; but their criterion of such an education is taking courses in their own departments, English and history. Such a criterion is not only invalid; when pressed it is dishonest. As "Farmer Bob" Marlon puts it, "I'm real ma-ad."

It is of course desirous that that everyone receive a fairly well-rounded education. There should be a large number of humanities, yes, and perhaps even some B.A. courses, in every one's schedule.

And these semi-pro liberal arts critics of the B.A. school should be given some courses to "round out" their liberal education, a full dosage of math, chemistry, and physics. Professional crip-hunters that they are, they wouldn't be around next fall. Most of them wouldn't even last a semester.



DR. CLIFFORD P. LYONS
chairman of Creating Writing Steering Committee

Honors For Creative Writers

By Sue Quinn

By next September, if all goes well, Carolina students who are pretty good at creative writing may have a chance to get more hours credit for the writing they do during the school year, have their work criticized by a board of professors, and graduate with honors in the field.

This is all part of a program being formulated by a "Creative Writing Steering Committee," which was appointed last fall by Chancellor Robert B. House. The committee, composed of faculty representatives from the English, Dramatic Arts and Radio, Television and Motion Pictures departments, has been meeting since December, and expects to complete its work by the end of the month.

The plan will then have to be approved by the three departments, the Division of the Humanities and the Board of the College of Arts and Sciences before it can go into effect. Dr. Clifford P. Lyons of the English department, chairman of the committee, seems to think its chances are good. The idea behind the program is to give help and encouragement to undergraduate students who are interested in creative writing, and who can show some proof of ability along this line.

Seniors and possibly juniors who are judged eligible by the board administering the program would then enter an honors course, in which they would take creative writing courses under at least two different professors. These classes, and the special honors course which would be taken in the student's senior year, could be counted as allied courses, but would not take the place of required major subjects.

who are judged eligible by the board administering the program would then enter an honors course, in which they would take creative writing courses under at least two different professors. These classes, and the special honors course which would be taken in the student's senior year, could be counted as allied courses, but would not take the place of required major subjects.

'Quarterly' Comment
Instead of taking the writer and oral examinations required for honors in other fields, participants in this program would meet regularly with the board to discuss their work, and would submit a writing project.

If members of the Carolina Quarterly staff are at all typical of the creative writers on campus, the plan should be successful among students. As Jim Dunn, editor of the magazine, puts it finding time to do any writing while you're in school. This way, students could get credit for the time they put in.

As usual, there are some questions that immediately come to mind. For instance, would students in the program be likely to register for too many writing courses (there are six, at the present time), and exclude other courses which they ought to have to give them a broad background? Dr. Lyons believes this can be avoided by limiting the number of such courses the student can get credit for in any one semester.

any good until it's bought and printed, and posthumous fame isn't common enough to count on.

There are good arguments for both points of view. Maybe any student participating in the program could write with the understanding that he must try to sell work, but the committee could still have the final say-so in conferring the honors, even if all the aspiring writer got for his masterpiece was a pile of rejection slips. Certainly whether or not a student can sell his material shouldn't have anything to do with his getting hours credit for the courses.

Quote, Unquote

State's Wrong & Washington

Every time we hear somebody say:

"There's too much Federal government... We favor state's right... Why don't we get Washington out of our affairs and end big government..."

... We want to ask a question.

The question is: "Will you help foot the bill—pay more local taxes in order to cut federal taxes?"

Let's face it. The Federal government all too often takes over "states rights" because of "state's wrong," as Adlai Stevenson said. What he meant is that where a job needs to be done and if the people of the state refuse to do it, sooner or later the government moves into the picture and puts its finger in the dyke. That's something to remember.—Mexico (Missouri) Evening Ledger.

Do Sales Count?

Another problem involves the standards by which work should be judged. Should a student have to sell his stuff before he can receive honors? There seems to be two schools of thought. One is that the public's taste is no valid criterion, and some of the greatest writers weren't even read until after they died.

The other theory is that, no matter how well you write, your material isn't going to do anyone

YOU Said It

Editor: In regard to the announcement of Paul T. Chase's forthcoming blast, I beg leave to quote you the last four lines of T. S. Eliot's poem "The Hollow Men":
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.
R. B. Clowers

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things minimizing others.—Hippopotis circa 500 B.C.

THE HORSE seemed to have something wrong with one of his legs, when I saw him outside The Playmakers' Scene Shoppe, otherwise Caldwell-X.

"It's WUMP, not me." The Horse replied with insouciant disregard of good English. "Wump is ailing."

I deplored his lack of good English, I said.

"I have ever deplored it, also," The Horse shrugged, "but whatcha gonna do when they ain't no good English?"

Why, this was terrible. What sort of view was this. Not that I had meant the English people...

"Well, I do mean them." The Horse said, his port foreleg continuing to twitch spasmodically. "And it is an Erse view of the English. Wasn't it Poor Fitz-Richard who said, 'Share an' the only good Englishman is a dead Englishman?' Or was that McRichard No... I was O'Richard, OI moind me history, th' same which I'arned at the knee o' me great-great-grandmither."

Well, The Horse hadn't learned much. "Aye, it is th' Erse," The Horse continued in his best Seventeenth of Ireland brogue. "But bad cess to yez if ye blame great-great-grandmither McChree, she who had but knee bein' she lost the other foightin' th' Black an' Tans, Slantha wallager!"

The English might hear what his views were! "Bedad, an' innit Redcoat is welcome to me Erse view on request," The Horst stated firmly. "I'll meet wid dem, come one, come all, innyplice, mark an' exception: Boyne's Waters. Poor O'Richard said, 'Kape your mouth wet an' your feet dry.' Slantha wallager!"

Well, I thought The Horse had something; I knew his mouth would never be damped around water, at all, and doubtless he had scores of forebears yet bleaching their bones under Boyne's Waters!

"Leave us change the subject," The Horse lost interest and brogue with an alacrity which would have amazed Shakespearean professors. "Mr. Wump may have a shide fever. He has been working too hard."

Well, where was Wump, The Horse's specialist on the low-level view of things? And what had Wump to do with The Horse's twitching left foreleg?

"He's under it," The Horse stated, lifting the twitching hoof to reveal his Amphibian colleague all but squashed flat. "See? Looks bad, huh?"

And why not, with The Horse standing on him? "I'm taking his pulse," The Horse stated loftily. "Mr. Wump, being a cold-blooded creature, very sensibly restricts his heart-beats to a minimal amount calculated to sustain life, otherwise he would freeze to death. Catch? The faster his heart beats, the more cold blood he pumps through his body, and the colder he gets. Right now, his pulse rate is—six!"

What was normal, for Wump. "I don't know, because he is not a normal Frog." The Horse shrugged. "Not at all normal."

Well then, why take his pulse at all? Besides, was standing on him s.o.p. in Frog Therapy?

"It is one of the unnecessary services I render, being a modern Horse and wishing to keep abreast of Culturo and Civilization," The Horse said. "And if standing on a Frog is not standard operational procedure, it should be: just where or how would you take a Frog's pulse? He has no wrist."

How about a leg, then. "And bruise it, and lessen his market-value as Frog's Legs!" The Horse snapped. "Little wonder you are small potatoes in the money-marts, Roger me bhoys: you just haven't acquired the civilized and cultured knack of using your friends to the utmost."

Ohhh! Well, how did The Horse plan to use Mr. Neckley, the Giraffe, when he no longer was useful, then he no longer could wag his tale of High-Level Views?

"I am somewhat of a fringe-case in the Neckling world," The Horse understated magnificently, "but as some philosopher said—shure an' was it Poor McRichard now?—'You're never to old to yearn.' Had I been blessed with even a modicum of self-interest, I would have done away with Wump and Neckley long ago, when I was in my youth. Man, oh, man!"

How was this? "Well, can you imagine, if I had possessed myself of my camelopard friend's necking possibilities, and Wump's springy legs to get me around and about? I'd make Rubirosa look like Fauntleroy at an Epworth League ice-cream saturnalia!"

Yes; but— "Aw, you and your Yes-but's!" The Horse sighed. "Can't a guy dream? Must you always be so sobmatic?"

Sobmatic? Didn't he mean, dogmatic? "Being s.o.b.-matic, since you have to have things spelled out for you," The Horse chattered (I hate him when he chatters-), "is being dogmatic in Spades. Really can you imagine me with Neckley's neck and Wump's legs? Can you?"

Not without recourse to Old Stepfather, of something equally deady. I couldn't! Further, just how Don Juanish would he be, with Wump's cold blood and Neckley's rubber lips? Ugh!

"True, true," The Horse mused, his eight-ball of eyes clicking thoughtfully. "What would people say of me as I passed? I mean, what would they say that would make me think they were speaking of me, of the real me?"

Well... they'd perhaps perhaps comment on that horse's tail that was going by? And what was Horrie doing outside Caldwell-X?

"Oh, I'm showing the lads and lasses how to set up the scenery for Show Boat, our forthcoming Musical to be held in March in Memorial Hall in honor of St. Patrick Himself," The Horse stated loudly. "We are the first collegiate group to be allowed to stage the famous Broadway and Hollywood smash-hit, and to make certain it is sensational, I have been requested to supervise the important part of scene-building. I—"

"Wump!" said Mr. Wump, as The Horse dithered into the Scene Shop. The Amphibian's low-level view of things was unimpaired, for all of The Horse...

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editor CHARLES KURALT
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE
Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Business Manager TOM SHORES
Sports Editor BERNIE WEISS
News Editor Jackie Goodman
Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin
Circulation Manager Jim Kiley
Subscription Manager John Godley
Assistant Business Manager Bill Bob Peel
Society Editor Eleanor Saunders
Assistant Sports Editor Bob Dillard
Photographer Boydon Henley

NEWS STAFF Neil Bass, Ruth Dalton, Ed Myers, Woody Sears, Peggy Ballard, Sue Quinn
EDITORIAL STAFF Bill O'Sullivan, Tom Spain, David Mundy, Paul Chase
SPORTS STAFF Ray Linker, Al Korshun, Bob Colbert
Night editor for this issue Eddie Crutchfield

PAI Hear he man ing Dr Com tures Pres Lect If I find If tha ing f tion. The is hot Intim a boo low. rever Love heart Peter quota of the Sonni Adolf or a beth love. This Bentio n Cerfu The Word heart that wort as ps can.