

There Is More To Life Than A Cadillac

Education, we have been saying of late, is more important in a university than empirical training for a business career.

Our quarrel with the School of Business Administration is that it does not allow students sufficient breadth in their studies—a maximum of six courses outside business and economics in their last two years.

And we have pointed out that America's most progressive businesses are seeing the light themselves. There has been full scale admission by business lately that there is more to life—even to an executive's life—than a Cadillac.

Now, comes the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania with the boldest scheme of all, a full-time, ten-month liberal arts course for business-drenched, humanities-starved young executives.

Let Time Magazine take it from here: The plan for the course began when Pennsylvania Bell's President Wilfred Gillen decided that something was lacking in the average rising young businessman. For all his competence and specialized knowledge, Gillen felt, the young executive seemed to have neither the background nor the ability to make the sort of broad decisions that modern business demands.

In planning the curriculum, (it was) decided to make it not only as broad as possible, but as tough. Each morning, instead of reporting to the office, the students were plunged into a world of philosophy, literature, history and art. They took courses in logic, ethics, gulped down big doses of music, economics, architecture, studied some of the major concepts in the social and natural sciences.

Through their classwork was done mostly in seminars, they heard lectures by such scholars as Anthropologist Carleton Coon, City Planner Lewis Mumford, Yale's Henri Peyre (who spoke on Rousseau's *Confessions*), Brandeis University's Ludwig Lewisohn (*Faust*) . . . They visited the UN, the museums of Washington, Philadelphia and New York; they attended a Quaker meeting, heard concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

They read everything from Beardsley's *Practical Logic* to Crane Brinton's *Ideas and Men*. They studied the Bible and the *Bhagavad-Gita*, proceeded to the *Iliad*, the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare. Dante's *Inferno*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Remembrance of Things Past* . . .

Each man got copies of all the books assigned, kept them as a nucleus for his private library.

Among the changes, big and small, that the ten months brought:

A student from Minnesota who admits that he had a "kind of void" in the arts, has now become interested enough to subscribe to a print-of-the-month club and to buy some originals on his own. What did he hang on his walls before? Mirrors.

A student (who says) "I used to go home from the office, listen to my wife tell about her day, turn on the television and go to bed. If my new attitude sticks, it would be criminal to go back to the old way. I've found there is so damn much I want to know."

Says another student: "I used to think there was nothing in life but earning money and looking forward to a Cadillac. Now I ask myself what is right, rather than what should I do or what am I expected to do. There have been innumerable times since leaving the institute when I've said to myself, 'You wouldn't have thought of that a year ago!'"

Bell Telephone, it should be emphasized, paid these men to study logic, literature and art because the company thought it was a good investment.

Consider, then, the situation: Students at the University are studying business to the virtual exclusion of courses, which, at the insistence and expense of business, are being taught to graduates like themselves.

Perhaps if we were a corporation, instead of a University, the liberal arts might have a higher place in the esteem of the business school curriculum makers.

Carolina Front

What Are The Objections To Brigadoons?

Louis Kraar

OPPONENTS TO the proposed Brigadoons, say their main objection lies in the financial obligation that the project would bring for each dorm.

Brigadoons as you recall, is the Inter-dormitory Council's plan for name band dances for dorm populace. The individual student would pay for the dances. In other words, the IDC would be selling student dances.

Under the present proposal, each dorm is responsible for selling a number of tickets equal to one-fourth its population. Thus, if Old West, for instance, didn't sell 25 per cent of its dwellers (or an equivalent number of outsiders) tickets to the dances, the dorm would have to fork over the difference.

Where would the money from the dorms come? From each dorm's individual social fund.

If the campus wants Brigadoons, this reporter has no objections. But, at the same time, students should know what their financial obligations will be.

★ IT'S HEARTENING to see the Men's Council do its job and make a report of cases tried to the paper.

I'm not down on the keepers of the Honor System; but if they are elected to an office, they should do their job. Reporting cases to the paper on a regular basis is part of their job.

Now that the Men's Council has made its report for last semester, one would expect to see periodic reports on a regular basis—as this semester progresses.

★ TWO RUFFIN dwellers have sent me "an epistle of appreciation," and I'm flattered beyond blushing.

"B.K. (before Kraar) the economic philosophy of the candy-capitalists at the Carolina Theater showed a definite propensity to grind the faces of the poor," write Dick Jones and Joe Sturdivant.

Only thing is, Dick and Joe, I had nothing to do with the candy prices. I like popcorn myself.

★ INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: "Pajamas are in order" at Smith Dorm house meetings, according to a poster in the parlor. Nothing like casual gatherings.

★ MONDAY NIGHT on campus is another of the many times when there is almost too much going on.

If one's inclinations are literary, Dr. Floyd Stovall's Humanities Lecture would seem in order. On the other hand, the Press Club will have Kenan Professor Hugh Lefler talking on "Early North Carolina Newspapers."

And the Student Party will have the most knocked-out political meeting of the year. They're picking a student body presidential candidate.

★ AN INFORMANT swears he saw a coed on Franklin Street whose nose (due to a cold, no doubt) was as red as her lipstick.

All of which goes to prove, no doubt, that they're making lipstick lighter this year (or noses darker)—or that my informant is a good coed observer.

★ BILL SANDERS is another good possibility for the University Party choice as a vice-presidential candidate.

★ NEWS THAT a new club is being formed to discuss and criticize movies comes rather late. Organizers of the new club might do well to drop into any eating place on campus after the show lets out. They'll find plenty of discussion and criticism. It's been going on for years, I'm told.

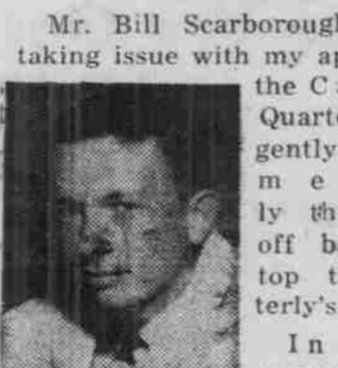
'That's Not The Way We Plan To Celebrate It, William'



Continued:

The Quarterly Controversy

Ed Yoder



Mr. Bill Scarborough's article taking issue with my appraisal of the *Carolina Quarterly* has gently and diametrically thrown me off balance atop the *Quarterly's* soapbox.

In large measure, I grant without hesitation that what Mr. Scarborough says can well be taken to heart by those (seemingly few) students and faculty members on the campus who are still vitally concerned with the welfare of the literary magazine.

His letter, good-humored, yet serious and sound, raises in my mind a fundamental question: What is the proper relationship of a student critic to a student publication? Apparently, Mr. Scarborough and I differ rather

Whitesides: 'Excellent'

The "Petites Musicales" series sponsored by the Graham Memorial Student Union which were so successfully launched in the previous semester were resumed on Sunday, evening with a song recital by William Whitesides, tenor.

Mr. Whitesides presented a varied and well chosen program of songs in four languages by John Dowland, J. S. Bach, Handel, Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Brahms, Ravel and Copland. He displayed a voice of beautiful quality which is evenly developed throughout most of its range, and his performance was characterized by individuality of style and interpretation together with excellent diction.

This writer did not always agree with Mr. Whitesides' reading of the German songs, particularly the two Schubert numbers taken from the cycle: "Die Schoene Muellerrin" in which certain indications in the dramatic content of both music and text were overlooked and which were taken too slowly to be fully effective. However, these minor deficiencies did not hinder the singer from completely delighting his warm and responsive audience.

At the piano Mr. Whitesides had the faithful and sympathetic cooperation of Mrs. Norma Weaver, who coped with the unsympathetic and well known obstinacies of the present Grammy Memorial piano with unusual success.

Lillian B. Golde

YOU Said It: Letter From Crossbones Crossroads

(The following letter, headed "Crossbones Crossroads", was written by Karl F. Knight, 29 Old East.—Editor)

Dear Mr. Grimes, My fellow-American, I hope you will pardon the tardiness of this epistle in response to your illustrious letter which was printed in The Daily Tar Heel. As seems to be the case with you, I am so far out in the provincial areas of Our Great State that it takes a right good while for news to filter in and out.

Me and some of the boys, all good Hundred Percent Americans, were talking about your fine letter and we thought it would be a good idea to let you know that we appreciate the good that you are trying to accomplish.

The president of the Thursday Night Billiards Club is our biggest manufacturer. Since he works most of the niggers in his mill, it seemed to us that he ought to have the most to say about how things should be run around here. We don't wear Black Shirts or Brown Shirts or anything like that. We believe that our white skin is enough of a symbol of our greatness and dignity.

It has been a hard job keeping our Gracious Southern Culture the way we want it. The only way to keep everything like the Good Lord intended is for us to stick together. We're in contact with some of the boys in South Africa. If you are interested, we can give you some good addresses. They have a good system and they are always glad to pass along helpful information.

None of us fellows ever went to school at Chapel Hill. Don't you worry, though; we don't hold it against you. We can see what you are. We have heard lots of stories about how it is down there at that hotbed of Leftism. It's good to see that a strong-minded and well-principled Southerner like you could stand up against it.

Well, I guess you know where we stand. To paraphrase a Yankee statement, "What's good for Crossbones Crossroads is good for the South."

If you see Mr. Clark, give him our best wishes.

John Q. Ostrichhead, Esq.

Integration Would Be 'Disastrous'

Editor: I have a few comments I'd like to make in reference to the article by Charles Dunn on the pro-segregation petition.

Contrary to what he seems to imply, I have not been concealing my name from anyone and I make no apologies for my opinions.

Although we received some assistance and advice on the petition from some other students whose names may not have been mentioned, we think a petition should be judged by its own merits rather than in terms of personalities. I myself took a very active part in circulating the petition and trying to contact students to help us, just as I was approached. I am happy that I did it and would do it again.

I don't see why my being from the North should make any difference. Just as there are Southerners who are for and against segregation there are likewise folks up North who favor it and other Yankees who are opposed.

Having witnessed the results of integration in New York, some of which are social intermingling and intermarriage of whites and Negroes which occurs frequently there, I think it would be disastrous for both races if the same were to happen here in the South, which is the place I am now living and hope to remain.

We had better hang together, as I think Benjamin Franklin once said, or we'll all hang separately.

Bennet Michael Bobrow

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

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

THE HORSE was very ill... or very well organized, in an ABCedarian way of speaking; either condition is homologous to the other in appearance, as well as in cost.

All I am doing," The Horse replied indignantly to my concerned query, "is leaning against this tree and singing *Old Man River*, the all-time hit-song from the Kern-Hammerstein opus, *Show Boat*." Well, why the beating of the sternum (breast-bone, that is) with the hoofs... the pain-wracked expression of what The Horse used for a face... the twisting of the equine hammerhead thisaway and thataway... the intermittent flexing of the hind legs... the strangled moans issuing from The Horsely rubberlips?

"*First Steps in Acting*, by Prof Sam Selden of Dramatic Art, tells how it is met and fitting one should accompany one's lines with appropriate gestures to carry the import of one's feelings." The Horse said in a stable manner, "I was singing, not groaning; and my gestures of accompaniment should be easy to interpolate."

I had interpolated them as being inspired by a combination of delirium tremens, acute indigestion, cardialgia, kidney spasms, buxerfly belly, housemaid's knee and general malaise.

"Well, I haven't been rehearsed," The Horse shrugged. "There is family tradition against it."

A family tradition against being rehearsed? "One of my forebears was treacherously pressed into service to pull a hearse, once," The Horse related darkly, "and the family has always had a fear one of us might again be similarly ill-used, might be rehearsed."

Thus pun had me feeling ill... and no ABCedarian supply dump closer than Durham, a lamentable situation which the Chapel Hill P.-T.A. was trying to rectify. Or was it the WCTU?

"You mean the Epworth League," The Horse corrected me. "But that's neither here nor the other place, wherever that is. I'm agog over seeing *Show Boat* again."

Oh? The Horse had seen it before? "Plural times," The Horse led me on a Tom Waldman 'Down Memory's Lane' tangent. "I was arguing with myself only last night, was it Jules Bledsoe or Paul Robeson I saw play in the role of Joe — and singing *Old Man River* — the first time? I think it was Bledsoe, who left the cast to take the lead role in *Porgy & Bess*. David Small will play that part in the Carolina Playmakers production.

"And I hear Suzn Elliott's handling of the Julie part, played by Helen Morgan in the original, will have Carolina lasses sitting on their pianos for a decade to come!" The Horse nostalgiated, "Ahhh, Helen Morgan!"

Didn't The Horse mean, Ahhhhh, Suzn Elliott? And I had heard no unchivalrous comment anew when Carolina lasses sat on pianos or less imposing (in size) structures.

"You will understand that two decades and more can effect the nuances with which one Ahhhhs an entertainer," The Horse suggested. "Armed ushers prowled the aisles when us young Horses expressed our approvals, in those days, and more than once La Morgan slithered down from the piano to use it for an outpost defense."

One trusted this would not be necessary again, since The Horse had a nefoo, one P. (for Princeton) B. (for Burlly) O'Horse hoofing about in the cast?

"A smart gal like Suzn-Julie Elliott-Morgan will have my nefoo carrying the piano," The Horse speculated, "instead of storming it. I recall Charles Waininger played Cap'n Andy, in the original, and if I get a name or four wrong, think nothing of it and make your own corrections... silently. Also, we gotta stop talking because you gotta get your ticket, Roger. Don't come complaining to me later ifn you can't get in. You do beat your gums a lot, you know."

I was speechless... for once. So was Mr Wump. But The Horse had something: Get your tickets now for *Show Boat*, March 4, 5, or 6, at Abernathy Hall or at Ledbetter-Pickard's, in town.

Ike: Dilemma For Democrats

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—The hassle over taxes neatly illustrates the hideous dilemma confronting the Democrats. The dilemma is so seemingly insoluble that it has the Democratic leaders of the House and Senate, who are about the shrewdest politicians in the United States, baffled, irritated, and divided.

The dilemma can be defined in a couple of questions: How are the Democrats to win back the White House when it is seemingly political poison even to criticize the well-liked President? And what issues are Democratic Congressional candidates to run on, when the Administration keeps snatching all the best issues out from under their noses?

THE TWO SOLUTIONS There are two theoretical solutions to these conundrums. One is to use every means to present the Eisenhower administration as the friend of the rich, casting the Democratic party in the role of the defender of the "little guy." Meanwhile, the Democrats should be ready to stand up and slug it out with the President when need arises. Solution number two is to avoid direct conflict with the President, concentrating instead on building up the Democratic party as unified and responsible and the Republican party as irresponsible and divided. As for defeating Eisenhower (everybody assumes he will run again) that is a nasty little problem for the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be.

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North Carolina
which first
opened its doors
in January
1793