

### The Whirlwind & Of The Wrong Sort

The declamation roars, but our passion sleeps.

Oratory, that onetime fine art, has now come to such a pass within the Republic that certain politicians, President Eisenhower not excluded, cannot open their mouths without exuding piety. To listen to much political speechmaking is to believe that the divine hand rests now and forever on our own national brow — that our golden ship is in.

Not since the "Archangel Woodrow," as H. D. Mencken — not without a kernel of truth — once dubbed President Wilson, has there been in power a President who saw us as so bathed in the Divine Light.

### Which Side Of Table

If we are to believe Mr. Eisenhower's presumptuous words, God followed us and sat on our side of the hollow table at Geneva. And you may be sure that few nights have passed when He was not in contact with John Foster Dulles.

The phrase, "Under God," has crept now into the pledge of allegiance to the flag. The implication, seemingly, is that if you do not believe in God as well as in the flag you may as well not believe in either. In effect, that your patriotism is remiss.

One prominent Republican congressman said, a few weeks ago, that he had faith "in God and Dwight Eisenhower." The sentiment would have been admirable, had it been divorced (as it was not) from national politics.

An embattled Victorian politician was heard to say, once, that he could face the fact that the lucky Gladstone always had the Ace of Spades up his sleeve; what he couldn't countenance, he added, was Gladstone's ever-present boast that God put it there.

### Prayerfulness, Not Cocksure

Well, that's what needles us. We had thought—before this linking of God's will and United States' prowess fell about us—before our leaders in Washington began to see the pillar of cloud by day and of flame by night—that the claim to divine knowledge was the pre-emption of Father Divine and Prophet Jones. The proper national attitude we thought to be one of prayerfulness, not cocksurenance.

The United States Constitution recognizes the Creator as the source of our absolute, unalienable rights, since absolute rights must be grounded on an absolute. But nowhere does it presume to say that the nation has divine assistance in every project to which it turns its hand.

Those who have seen into the whirlwind have zoomed beyond our mortal pale. They must be canonized, not elected.

## The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editors — ED YODER, LOUIS KRAAR

Managing Editor — FRED POWLEDGE

Business Manager — BILL BOB PEEL

Associate Editor — J. A. C. DUNN

News Editor — JACKIE GOODMAN

Night Editor For This Issue — Rueben Leonard

### Carolina Front — Here We Go Again, Boys! Napkins! Poof!

J.A.C. Dunn

IN THE dark, comparatively inactive reaches of the night, say between about 11 p.m. and 1 a.m., we are in the habit of dropping by the police station to see if anything noteworthy has happened or is happening—something like an assassination or a Guy Fawkes plot on the Bell Tower, or something thrilling. We have been doing this all summer; all summer long we dropped in to the police station nightly and asked the sergeant on the desk (sergeant Durham, Merritt, or King, whichever was on duty) if anything was cooking in the underworld worth reporting. Invariably the answer would be, "Nope. Nothin' at all. Pretty quiet." After a couple of months of this routine we got a little bored. Sometimes something happened, but we were either not there, or were notified by some other means of communication. For the last three weeks or so, however, the whisper has been flying around the battlements of Chapel Hill's constabulary stronghold, i. e. Town Hall. "Just wait until the freshmen get back. Then things will begin to pop." So we waited.



WELL, BY now not only the freshmen are back, but also everyone else, including those who extended their vacation to include the first three days of classes. The town is indeed popping; the affairs of the student underworld seem to be picking up somewhat, but they have a long way to go. An example of this occurred one night late last week. Having just spent the evening engaged in a brisk drive from Chapel Hill to Raleigh to Chapel Hill to Raleigh to Chapel Hill, we wandered into the police station at about one of the ac emma, hung ourselves wearily over the little counter with the barred window, and asked sergeant Durham, who was on duty at the desk, if the long arm of the law was flapping any spectacular jacks in its great, grey, green, greasy misdeemeanor-frying pan.

"Well, yeah," said the sergeant unconcernedly, examining a thumbnail with the greatest of care. "The boys in the car just had a call over 'the Mouza. Dunno what it is. Some kinda trouble I guess."

As the sergeant was uttering the "za" of "Mouza" we were flying out the door, car keys jangling, pencil raised, notebook at the ready.

ODDLY ENOUGH, there was hardly anyone at all in the Mouza. There were a couple of late-working men in overalls sucking down coffee at the counter; Mouza and his minion were prowling phlegmatically back and forth behind the counter; officer Graham Creel was sitting at the counter unburdening himself of death-dealing drags on a cigarette; and there were two boys sitting in one of the back booths. We asked what was happening, had the shooting ended, who was hurt, when did it take place, who was involved, did anyone get their license number, had the sheriff been noti...

What? No masked bandits? No black sedan? What was the police force coming to? "Just a couple of boys started tearing napkins—you know, lots and lots of napkins," added Creel in an explanatory tone of voice. "Just tore 'em up one after another. Graham couldn't make 'em stop tearing up napkins so he called us. Now isn't that a childish thing to do?"

We admitted that it was a childish thing to do. Officer Byrd came through with a busy look on his face and talked to the two boys in the back booth, who were evidently the napkin-slayers. They looked very sheepish, and when Byrd was through talking, sternly, paternally, with a hard glint in his eye, the two boys went and paid a dollar and fifty cents napkin damages, as well as their food bill, and departed into the night.

We bought a cup of coffee and went into it, dreaming of speeding black sedans and the chatter of sub-machine guns.

### —An Open Letter To Fowler— Nothing Like Your Opinion

Dear Don:

In your recent letter to the Board of Trustees, you stated, "As president of the student body of the University of North Carolina I feel compelled to clarify what seems to me a confused impression of the sentiments of our students regarding the question of integration in higher education... the majority of students here would support the recent action of the Board of Trustees to refrain from integration at this time..."

I wonder if even the Oracle of Delphi, great mystic that he was, would have made so bland an assertion. Have you, Don Fowler, any concrete evidence for such a statement? You have taken upon yourself the awesome responsibility of articulating the opinion of the majority of students in a student body composed

of over 6,500 men and women. How many of them did you talk to? How does that number compare with the number "6,500?" You have written a letter to the highest governing body of the University and have, in effect, signed it "The Student Body of the University of North Carolina." Neither you nor anyone else can speak for this student body. It has always spoken for itself when the occasion demanded it.

You say that the pro-integration petition prompted your letter to the trustees, but you were strangely silent when a pro-segregation petition was circulated. Were you silent because you felt that a pro-segregation petition would arouse no misunderstanding? Or was your silence a tacit approval?

If you will act only when you feel that the majority of the stu-

dents condone your action, then you will have to establish concrete rapport with over 3,000 persons. This, of course, is impossible, and no one expects it. You were not elected to conduct public opinion polls (the value of such polls was clearly established in the national elections of 1948). Rather, you were elected to think and act on the strength of your own convictions, and supposedly the student body regards you as a man of superior intelligence and capabilities because it chose you to be its President.

Take your own stand and give your opinion with regard to major issues. If you get too far astray, the student body will let you know about it. But do not presume to speak for the majority of the students. They can articulate their own opinions.

Ken Pruitt

### 'We Saved Four Million Dollars On The U. N. Technical Assistance Program'



### 'The Intoxication Of Thinking'

Agnes De Mille

(Miss De Mille, known for her contributions to the dance and for her best-selling autobiography, "Dance To The Piper," has, as readers will readily see, valuable reminders to give us about the fundamental values of education. Distractions are many, and sight of these fundamentals tends to escape us. — The Editors.)

A college should not be considered chiefly a marriage bureau, nor an employment agency, nor a social club, nor an arena; no, nor yet a technical school for crafts and skill; and if we force the faculties to think of universities primarily in these terms, we are perpetrating a perversion and a very grave one. It seems to me in our present world a college is the one place where standards are considered and not prices, the one place that is not a market. Everywhere else for the rest of our lives we will be called on to justify ourselves and render account. Here we only recognize.

Here it gains us nothing to say a thing is sound if it is not. We can have the joy of thinking for the intoxication of thinking and for no other purpose—not because, for instance, it will enable us to buy a more expensive dinner. Here we can ask, "Is this true?" without the withering caution as to what might or might not accrue to the answer. We can say, "This is beautiful—my heart turns to it," in pure love. The questions asked during these years are fundamental questions and the answers given are classic—that is, they are enduring and passionate. And the

people who dedicate their lives to helping us ask and answer are set apart from others.

Teachers exist and work not wholly for themselves, but in large part for others; and they seldom have axes to grind. They ask only attention. They ask this, and they ask that the student do the best he can with no thought of immediate profit. It seems little enough, but in actuality it is very much. It will not be demanded again of us in a hurry. This is the point of view of the artist and of the pure scientist, of the true scholar and of the true friend. This is an important moral experience and one which we certainly cannot afford to miss.

Remember that free thought has always been kept alive by students in cloister or university, that the university is always the first line of battle. Remember that Hitler hit the universities first and destroyed their freedom. And until he had done this, he could do little else; and once he had done this, all else he accomplished followed as a matter of course. It was the universities in Poland that gave the first evidence of the breach within the state as it was the Polish faculties that were murdered first. Bear in mind the gallant and, most important, the effective stand taken by faculties of the University of California in the matter of regents' oath and by the president and faculty of Sarah Lawrence college in the question of free speech and American Legion strictures—and be grateful for their enlightened courage. Remember always most solemnly that the person who determines your way of living and

your chance of salvation is not the man who pays your wages, nor your president, nor your doctor or policeman, nor yet even your spouse, but the one who looks you in the face when you are young, calls you by your true name, and says, "Go forth."

### Reader's Retort: Hope Between Exhaust Blasts

Your editorial of September 15, 1955, "Survival Between Exhaust Blasts," seemed to convey the feeling that the American public has been lulled into a false sense of security. True, the country is wearing "... an Eisenhower grin of economic prosperity..." but there is no reason to wonder, as you have stated it, "... where it will all lead."

We are faced at the present with a situation similar to that of the nineteen twenties and if we realize this, as I believe the leaders of this country do, something can be, and is being done about it. The Federal Reserve Board has raised rediscount rates, making it harder for the public to obtain loans. In the stock market, credit has also been tightened because of the huge number of stock sales that we have witnessed in the past year. These and other steps, both by government and private agencies, are attempting to make economic prosperity not insecure, but safe and sound for the nation.

Realizing these facts, I believe we can more easily look into our textbooks and "... forget all else."

John F. Hilgerdt

### Y-Court Corner — Chit-Chat, From Tar Heel To Dum-de-dum

Rueben Leonard

THE DAILY Tar Heel office was jam-packed yesterday afternoon. Freshman boys and junior girls sat, stood, and squatted awaiting orders from managing editor Fred Powledge.

Between drags from his cigarette and sips from a gin-finish looking beverage (which later proved to be ginger ale), Powledge slowly but surely spewed information and directions at the patiently awaiting journalistic eager beavers.

AT AN order from Powledge, several students would jump for a typewriter. There being a minimum of typewriters in the room resulted in a number of hits and misses. The misers usually ending up on the floor with the hither sitting placidly at the typewriter pecking out a story.

The telephone rang for the umpteenth time; Powledge answered it. "What do you mean, do we have anyone working in the office right now?" roared Powledge. "We've got so many people in here they are writing on the walls."

THE SILVER lining among the clouds of confusion in the DTH office yesterday was the following story that allegedly took place in a central North Carolina courtroom this summer.

A young Negro girl from the piedmont section found herself in the motherly way without the benefit of clergy. The result of her findings was soon in the shape of a pudgy little boy sitting on its mother's knee. After listening to the advice of several friends who had been in similar circumstances, the girl took the alleged father of the child to court.

The lawyer for the defendant asked the judge to let him question the girl. The judge granted permission and the lawyer started the examination.

"Are you certain that you know whom the father of your child is?" asked the attorney.

"Yassuh, I knows who he is," answered the girl.

"Would you please point him out for the jury to see?" asked the lawyer.

"Yassuh, I'll point him out. Theah he is rat theah," said the girl, "his name is Raymond. Dat's him alrat."

"Well," said the lawyer, "if you knew who the father of your child was, why didn't you tell him as soon as you found that you were going to have a baby?"

"I did, I did," expounded the girl.

"And what did he say?" questioned the attorney.

"He said, 'scuse me,'" answered the girl.

WHILE WE are on the subject of witty retorts, Earl Wilson, who usually publishes the ones he hears, really got one pulled on him. It seems that Wilson had to telephone Tallulah Bankhead to get a verification on a bit of spiciness he had picked up. Earl Wilson has a high piping voice anyway and when he heard Tallulah answer in her deep throaty voice he asked, Tallulah, has anyone ever mistaken you for a man over the telephone?"

"No," answered Tallulah, "have they you?"

DRAGNET'S VERSATILE Jack Webb moved into the Carolina Theater last night for a three day stay. Webb not only plays the lead role, but also directs "Pete Kelly's Blues." The movie has taken a terrific beating from the critics. Most reviews have said that Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald are the only bright spots in the movie.

Time and Newsweek magazines jumped on Webb with both feet. One of the mags said that the funniest scene in the picture wasn't supposed to be funny. When Webb stands beside the wooden Indian, they claim not to be able to figure out which is the Indian.

### Automation & An Educational Change

Frederick E. Pamp, Jr.

In The Harvard Business Review

(Still questioning the purity of their own the advocates of liberal arts education are, theless glad to welcome spokesmen from management into their camp. Frederick E. Pamp, Jr., Director Manager of the American Management Association, a representative of management, feels that the executive of the future must on ground others have not stepped on, and a broad background of liberal arts study is requisite.)

The practice of management will be profoundly affected by the rapidly approaching forces of automation and statistical decision-making.

Many of the quantitative aspects of the executive's job are going to recede into the innards of a computer.

Thus, in one company, dozens of clerks work laborious days on their slide rules to produce data for what are no more than calculated guesses on top of which management built a whole pyramid of deliberate decisions. A computer can now read the whole spectrum of data at any desired, give the relevant figures their proper weights, and come up with production schedules, orders for materials and financial budgets to insure maximum efficiency of operation.

Straight-line extension of the norm that has led the company this far will not necessarily suffice in the future. Top management can expect to pick its succession exactly in its own age and get away with it.

The first question a company must now ask its candidates for executive responsibility is: "Can you do that a computer can't?"

### CASE FOR MENTAL DISCIPLINE

On one point all authorities have agreed: narrow specialization is not enough; this is also responsible for most of the present inability of middle-management executives to be considered promotion.

Thus there has been a growing call for "broad" in educational preparation for management, an surprising degree of agreement of the need for more liberal arts in college.

Wider subject matter, more courses about things in the contemporary world, will give student more breadth.

But it is also apparent that in a day when executive will be able to dial the electronic reference library and get all the facts about the subject he wants, mere accretion of facts will not win his putting in the time to prepare merely to state the facts.

The call is for the ability to move with confidence on unfamiliar ground. Tomorrow's executive must be able to move surely from policy to action situations that will be different from anything a generation has experienced before.

The study of the humanities—of literature, and philosophy and of the critical terms that the disciplines use to assess the world—is startlingly more pertinent and practical than the "practical" vocational preparation.

### AS A PRACTICAL HUMANIST

An executive must be able to interpret the social and political environment in which his company operates. One must be familiar with as much of the growing body of knowledge of human behavior as possible.

Clarence Randall president of Inland Steel, it thus: "The weakness of technical education as preparation for a business career... when it is not balanced by participation in liberal disciplines is that it leaves in the mind of the student the impression that all problems are quantitative and that a solution will appear as soon as all the facts have been collected and the correct mathematical formula evolved. The mysteries of human behavior from which come our most complex modern problems do not lend themselves to quantitative analysis."

What can humanities offer that is pertinent to the executive's job? There is plenty of testimony that a common factor in executive success is the ability to express oneself in language.

Alfred A. Houghton, chairman of the board of Corning Glass, poses the problem bluntly: "The executive does not deal with physical matter. He deals exclusively with ideas and with men. He is a skilled and practical humanist."

The fullest kind of training for this ability is actually given by the practice of reading, analyzing literature and art.

### BUSINESS LEND SUPPORT

Without some awareness of the possibilities meaning in human life he is not equipped for the central job of managing people. That awareness is a direct function of the humanities.

Ralph Barton Perry says: "A course on the documentary technique of tribulation, or the chemical technique of restoration, or the historical sources of style, or the administration of museums, though given by a department of fine arts, is easily dehumanized; but he who is instructed on Titian, Velasquez, or Rembrandt must risk the chance that his students will see and enjoy Titian, Velasquez, or Rembrandt."

The procedures which now devote the potent executive's most imaginative years to apprenticeship to figures and techniques can perhaps be changed to take advantage of the stimulated imagination, the taste for general ideas with which graduate emerges from college, without losing the advantages of buckling down to work and getting a responsible job done.

The humanities in the college are now struggling to put the pieces of the specialties back together again in order to make the integrated management management can best use.

If they get the sort of direct support given by Corning Glass Works, General Motors, General Electric, as expressed in their sponsorship of the College English Association's conference, in the research projected by that organization, the disciplines can prove the most valuable single source available for the management of the