Textbooks: The Times Theme: Human Freedom

The University has a crying curriculum need—the need for a comprehensive course in current national and international problems.

Carolina students themselves have demonstrated the need for a current affairs course with both their apalling ignorance of the world about them and the intense interest in the single political science course that covers the broad field.

Under the direction of Gordon Cleveland of the Political Science Department, Political Science 42—the Processes and Problems of Government—has developed into a first-rate course in national and world affairs. Student interest has expanded the sections taught to the present number of six.

This course in current affairs is for the pre-med student, the business major, and the others who want to know why and how the nation solves its problems. And the response of so many students to Political Science 42 clearly shows that the University needs to provide further instruction of this sort.

State College, often dubbed "Cow College" by wise-cracking critics, has taken a firm and liberal step in this direction wtih its course in contemporary civilization, required of all engineers. This course, as one professor put it, "has the Sunday New York Times as its textbook and human freedom for its theme."

Patterned after the Great Issues course at Dartmouth, State College's current affairs course utilizes outside speakers, newspapers, and even fictional works to dramatize current problems.

Chapel Hill has all these elements—vital outside speakers, an excellent periodical room in the library with useful vertical clippings files, and students who have demonstrated an interest in the course.

This is the place at which students should confront the issues of our times. The issues are complicated and the responsibilities great. If students are going to be prepared to meet them, the University will have to take the broad step—and add a current affairs course.

The 100-Proof Squirt

The latest Yale Daily News throws out a sprawling page-7 ad for Spanish Beverage Bags that "squirt with a squeeze."

"The wineskins are really great!" says the advertising Yale Co-Op, which imported the beverage bags from Spain — hand-made and in limited number. Our first thought was of those wasted souls of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, Jake Barnes, Lady Brett Ashley, and Robert Cohn: all standing in the streets of Barcelone dizzily spraying their dusty throats with Basque Wine.

But the Yale-Co-Op suggests a new twist: "Fill them with what you want and bring them to the game." And we had another thought: How students have been showered with empty beer cans, fluttering toilet-paper rolls, crushed Dixie Cups, and sailing stunt-cards — all dangerous, and all while the football games were in high swing.

If the projectile-flinging must stay on, a few quick runs to New Haven's Yale Co-Op could be channeled into a more constructive vein. Instead of a dull plunk on the noggin from a toilet paper roll, you might even be squirted with 100-proof bottled in bond I. W. Harper Kentucky bourbon.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Goettingen Letter

David Mundy

(David Mundy, UNC exchange student in Germany, is dispatching frequent reports of his impressions. Here is the first of three just received.—Editors)

GOETTINGEN, Germany — at the age of six, little Germans climb out of their baby carriages, strap their briefcases on their backs so that they won't drag the ground, and toddle off to school. I'm not sure what the little ones talk about, but there is no cessation in their flow of speech until they get so old that they can only listen to two-hour speeches. On any given day of the year more words are emitted in Germany than in the whole of the U.S.A.

In a general way, the German educational system works like this:

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For the first years everyone goes to the "grundschule." At the age of ten about 20 percent enter the "Middle" or "Upper" schools, the gymnasium. Some end their schooling at 14 and take technical training apprenticeship in a trade. Others leave at 16 and take training in slightly more technical subjects. Those of the 20 percent who enter and survive the gymnasium usually enter a University or technical "Hochschule" at 19 or 20.

Thus the decision made when the child is 10 determines what the remainder of his life will be. Social class, intelligence, industry and personal characterstics largely compose the basis for the decision. The matters of finances and social class—workers' sons just don't go to universities—are especially important in West Germany. Finances and social class don't matter in Communist Germany, but political liability does.

★ ★ ★

Don't mark as uneducated those who leave school at 14 or 16.

Take the actual case of Werner L., from a little village near Bremerhaven. At 17, three years out of school, he would probably place in the upper 10 percent on UNC placement tests and get a semester's worth of credits by examination. His English is better than my German, his French almost as good.

He speaks Hochdeutsch, Plattdeutsch and a dialect of the North Sea coast. He knows as much math as at least one UNC student who managed to pass (barely) an intensive course in calculus. He knows more chemistry than most non-science majoring U. S. college graduates. His knowledge of European history is stupendous. The credit is more that of the school system than Werner's. Except that he prefers Toscanini to Louis Armstrong, he is typical of those who drop out at 14 or 16.

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Would he like to go to a university? "For what?" he asks in perfect innocence. "The students they've got plenty up there," he says as he taps his head, "but they won't even talk to a working boy."

They do have plenty in those heads. Those who go to an Altspruch gymnasium begin with Latin at 10, English at 12, and Greek at 13. What they learn about English would make some U. S. English majors blush with shame. Those who attend a "Newsprach gymnasium" may omit Greek and take a choice between English and French. The extra time goes for natural sciences. The big moment comes at about 19, when the gymnasium student faces his "Abitur," an examination roughly comparable to a U. S. Ph.D. examination.

'Carry Me Back To Old Virginny'

— Reader's Retort —

Clearing Up Misunderstanding: Steele Dorm Is Not McIver

Editors:

I have been requested to write you with the hope that the publication of this letter will clear up a misunderstanding involving the boys in South Steele, the girls on 3rd floor McIver, and the telephones located therein.

The telephone number for South Steele is 8-9143.

The telephone number for 3rd Floor McIver is 8-9134.

It seems the student directory listed identical telephone numbers for South Steele and 3rd Floor McIver, that number being 8-9143. Now that was a pretty grave error right there, but then all the politicians came around putting up posters with telephone numbers listed for all the dorms, and they did the same dern thing. This seems to indicate that they (the politicians) indeed fit into that category ascribed to them by e.e. cummings. . . .

The residents of South Steele aren't trying to become isolationists like that fellow Dave Thoreau, (he wrote a book called Walled In.) but these extra phone calls lead to confusion. People call all the time, asking for Sally, Ruth, Jeanne, and I don't know who all else. . .(Somebody even asked for Magnolia Blossom.)

I answered the other day when some sweet little coed called. . . "Is this third floor McIver?" she growled sweetly.

Well, me being the honest fellow that I am, I told her that it surely was.

"Then what are you doing up there?" she growled. (a little more sweetly this time.)

Well, I told her that I had been on third floor for two days, and. . .but before I could finish, I heard her scream, drop the phone, and run down a stairway. (I don't yet know if she ran to the police or to third floor McIver.)

See what I mean? Nothing but confusion. . .

I called the telephone company before I wrote this letter. I know Mr. Bell (Alexander Graham) could straighten this thing out. But the lady down there told me that Mr. Bell was dead, and then she just laughed and laughed. Well, I told her how sorry I was about his dying and everything, and then I told her it wasn't very nice of her to be laughing like that, not with her boss dead and all. . .

Anyway, I figured that perhaps you would publish this letter, so as to let people know the truth about the telephone number of South Steele and 3rd Floor McIver.

In closing I want to thank you; and so without further to do, I will Thank you.

Bob Ellerbe
President, Steele Dorm.

Gerns Has Correction For Elections Board's Figures

Editors:

To Bill McLean, chairman of the Elections Board

Tabulation of election results:

Assuming the elections board's tabulations of election results in yesterday's Daily Tar Heel to be correct, numerically speaking, a number of miscalculations, all involving honor council seats, should be called attention to:

The basic requirement for attainment of offices or participation in a run-off is the "majority of votes cast." The following recital will show that the Elections Board was perhaps unfamiliar with this basic parliamentary rule, or was careless in arriving at the proper results.

(1) Junior seat, Men's Council. Total votes cast here were 2,881, which means that those who gained a majority thereof (1,441) in descending numerical order are entitled to participate in the run-off for both vacancies. Jim Exum (914), Dave Connor (521), and Marion Griffin (417) fulfill this requirement. These three should participate in the run-off. Jim Exum's total of votes received did not automatically entitle him to a seat on the council as stated in yesterday's paper.

(2) The same case obtains with regard to the freshman seat. The total of votes cast were 1,534 (Majority 768). Therefore Jim Long (431), Nicky Hester (332) and Jeff Hare (325) are entitled to participate in the runoff. It was stated that only Hester and Long were so qualified. This is incorrect since their combined votes totaled 763, five less than the required majority.

(3) The tabulation of the race for the Woman's Council seats showed a total of 1812 votes cast. It follows that the girls whose combined votes equalled a majority of 907 are entitled to participate in the run-off. The following qualify: Jackie Aldridge (238), Martha Barber (187), Nancy McFadden (184), Pat McQueen (178), and Martha Richardson (168). The total vote cast for these five girls amounted to 955 votes. For reasons stated above, Jackie Aldridge was not elected yesterday, but the number of votes received by her entitle her to continue further. It was equally incorrectly stated that Nancy Ford and Jo Ruffin were in the run-off. Unfortunately, they can not be in the contest for the four vacant seats.

It is the duty of the Elections Board members to acquaint themselves with these basic requirements and to enforce them rigorously. Whatever caused the incorrect tabulation—it stands as a warning to all of us to do our share in student government with constant diligence at all times.

Peter H. Gerns

40 Years Contemplation Brings New Grid Rules

Editors:

New rules for the great game of football, submitted after 40 years of deep contemplation:

(1) Pass a rule that all coaches of both teams must sit in the press box with a keg of beer and no telephone. (Allow the team captain one course credit for the resulting leadership training).

(2.) No team shall put more than 22 players in uniform. It violates a man's constitutional rights to put him on the bench—all dressed up and no place to go—sitting there unused, in hopeful frustration for two long hours. He's got a right to go home and get drunk.

So the boys that play would get tired? Heavens forfend, but what is stamina for? (When playing Pittsburgh, allow 33 players).

(3.) Quit all those time-outs during a quarter. Why pull the curtain every time the show gets exciting? On a hot day stop one minute for a drink of water.

So they would fake injuries? What! is sportsmanship dead? Put a neutral doctor out there as the fifth official. He will either gently put the boy on his feet, or send him to the hospital, or cite him to appear before his school's honor council. If guilty, he must leave the team and take a course in dramatics. (How would a boxer look if he called for time, after a sock in the jaw?)

(4.) Let all the customers see the ball at the start of every play. Snap it back at least six feet. And paint it red. Stop letting the quarterback embrace the center. That is, nuts to the T formation. Make it illegal. (If you want to see magicians do sleight-of-hand tricks, go home to your TV set.)

(5.) No silly point after touchdown, of course. If the score is tied, after an over-time period, allow one point to the team with the prettiest uniforms.

(6.) No half-time shows, please. Let everyone get up and stretch and yak with his friends, and have 100 pretty girls serve coffee and doughnuts, with the compliments of the host team. This will increase the gate receipts. (Free beer under the stands.)

William A. Olsen

Just Plain Prejudice

Dave Pardington

(We welcome to these pages today the first of a regular series of columns by Dave Pardington, junior from Winston-Salem. —Editors)

●

There is a nasty bit of propaganda around Chapel Hill that has been put to a particularly infectious bit of merry-go-round music. It is of course the song, Love and Marriage. I find myself whistling it incessantly, and when I hear it played, I invariably come on like seven-pipe calliope with a *bohm dat da da, bohm dat da da.*

Then one night, after a weighty, Pine Room seminar on love and marriage with a group of friends, one of whom is haunted, taunted, disjointed, in a word, about-to-be-married, I heard the lyrics for the first time. I immediately visualized the allegory and saw a poor, old hoss, once proud, frisky, etc., schlepping a heavy cart, with blinders yet!

I suddenly reopened the seminar with, "I tell you that marriage is the distruction of love!" Those who opposed, I met with a clever anthology of aphorisms and saws, slightly remodeled.

Shaw on marriage vows: "If the man is happy, why lock him up? If he is not, why pretend that he is?"

Dr. Fredrick Creighton Wellman: "A man gets dewy-eyed, and wants to get in bed with a woman, and if he is a gentleman he marries her. If he finds that he can love her, he is very lucky." "You buttered your bread, and now you're gonna have to lie in it." And we went on and on for two coffee pots and three ashtrays.

But Shaw was married, Dr. Wellman three or four times, and I—well, I guess if a fish is hungry enough he don't care what hook he hangs on, but I can't help feeling mine'll be different.

Vacant Chairs At Ringside

WITHIN a few hours Sunday night, two distinguished U. S. writers suffered heart attacks and died. They were Robert Sherwood, the Pulitzer prizewinning playwright, and Bernard Devoto, the Pultizer prizewinning historian, critic, novelist and scholar. In a flash, the American scene was stripped of two of its sturdiest timbers.

Both men left their marks on the times —Sherwood with plays like *Waterloo Bridge, The Petrified Forest, Idiot's Delight, Tovarich, There Shall Be No Night* and *The Great Abe Lincoln In Illinois;* De Voto for books like *Mark Twain's America, The Year Of Decision* and *Across The Wide Missouri* and his department, *The Easy Chair,* in *Harper's* magazine.

Both, too, wrote of man's perpetual struggle against the hosts of darkness his efforts to transcend the past, his individual frustration in times of crisis. In varying ways, both taught that man can indeed transcend his past. But in a sense they felt that man always lives within history too in that he is enmeshed in a given historical situation which he must transcend.

Sherwood and De Voto contributed good writing and good sense to the nation's library storehouse. Their fine, steady pens are needed today. They will be missed.—*The Charlotte News.*

THE FORD CHANGEOVER

(Christian Science Monitor)

Something no less revolutionary than the switch from Model T to Model A is happening at the Ford Motor Company. Overturning the rule of family control which has governed this vast enterprise since it was founded in 1903, nearly 7,000,000 shares of voting stock are to be sold to the public. The family will retain 40 per cent of the voting rights.

The decision has been largely influenced by the desire of the Ford Foundation (which holds 88 per cent of company stock but has no connection with its operation) to diversify its capital holdings. But it appears to run counter to the early view of Henry Ford, who felt stockholders "ought to be only those who are active in the business and who will regard the company as an instrument of service rather than as a machine for making money."

The Eye Of The Ho

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfections, somethings, minimizing others . . . circa 500 B.C.)

THE HORSE was in Room 211 at when I ranged down the corridor, what ailed him?

"If I look as poorly as I feel," with un-Horsely solemnity, "I am am fleeing from here as from a flen of

I watched him eating some sort of zled over the way his first-baseman curled back from his teeth at each this an odd reception to accord a key?

"Turkey, my hoof," The Horse is crow. C-r-o-w. And I don't mean But it is 100-proof."

Ah! Eating crow, hey? Actually, admitting to error? Tsk, tsk, he he elucidate?

"Thank you for the offer," he off the stuff. However, to explain this undelectable bird which confron myself out on a limb in a too-subje I made to what I considered unfair fine broths of boys in a recent Foot The Daily Tar Heel."

And? The Horse had found a crow

"In my zeal to defend the lads" plained, "I was guilty of the same I had credited, or debited, said Foot dreamed up a crevice anent the coach failed being the epitome of sapience."

A sapeint crevice? What was that?

"Oh, all right, a wise crack, if uncultured," The Horse shrugged. is a sort of Bottled in Bond manner Richmond P. Bond, that is, whose our fair campus bear a stamp of genu not to be beleagured even in the League. And ordinarily, Roger, I 'Beleaguered in the Ivy' save that circulation this week to explain which I have rendered gratis for sev *Bon mots* which require explaining

Well, that paragraph had filled be sure! But what of The Horse's our Football setup?

"There has been a lot of gobbl around on, 'What is wrong with Football — The Players; or, The after last Sat'dy's come-al-ye with ing Irish, and with a thoughtful dule, I, The Horse, wish to state opinion that there is nothing wrong and nothing wrong with the coaching Barclay. And if we-uns are not we shall with pride and with alacrity gentleman in question to affix his and equally long contract as the one rently terminating."

Oh? Then, we did all right, after six and winning but two, thus far.

"In my opinion, which is worth feathers on this here now crow I'm Horse stated, "no team in the faced with a rougher schedule. And sulted—first, we had not one Sat really could relax, could enjoy a cuperate; and secondly, it does no any good to get shellacked week just simply isn't human nature contest after contest when you're end."

Well . . Virginia was said to be week; and they hadn't done too well.

"I know it," The Horse said sadly. class of conference—Virginia and culturally speaking—fighting it out around the bottom of the heap."

Hey, now, a moment, a moment Atlantic Coast Conference agreed class?

"Everybody," The Horse replied in alphabetical order, Clemson; North Carolina State; South Caroli Forest. Yup, Horsie is all for our set-up; and Horsie is for standing by relatives and employees when they or, at any rate, not eating high offa member — everything averages. Just The Dooks have whupped us five we will in turn, some sweet day, whup or ten years a-running. It has happe shall happen again. But time, let us of proper proportion and of decent go nibbling on the flanks of coach playing boy just because they are ning chips. Many are called to the but few are chosen winners. Maybe but one of the next two; and maybe then both. But win, lose, or tie, let's the team, and behind the coaches. winners; but let's be gentlemen and

The Horse looked at me curiously him over a bit and reached for his

Well; I could use a sample of that