

The Daily Tar Heel

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Published daily except Mondays, Examination periods and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring holidays.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879.

1941 Member 1942 Associated Collegiate Press

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY National Advertising Service, Inc. College Publishers Representative 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y. CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES \$1.50 One Quarter — \$3.00 One Year

All signed articles and columns are opinions of the writers themselves, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the DAILY TAR HEEL.

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CORE...

(While Hayden Carruth and Walter Klein scrap it out in columns 4 and 5 over Klein's article, "Crip Courses," which appears in the current issue of the Mag, we here reprint a letter from senior Joe Kennedy who without bickering or biting has gone straight to the core of controversy.)

The last issue of the Carolina Magazine listed the "crip courses" at the University. That naturally brings one fact to mind—there are no crip courses at this or any other university. Sounds strange, doesn't it? Immediately, there are three thousand protests of students who say they have taken such courses or know someone who has taken them or know some professors who teach them.

Now suppose we approach it from this angle. Most of us have heard the inevitable reply to a query of how one made out on a certain course, "That lousy prof gave me an 'F' or a 'D' or whatever the case might be.

Of course, the methods will not be the same at universities as they were in high school when the student was forced to study and learn whether he wanted to or not. Now the student is paying for his education, so if he wants to waste his money, why should the professors try to compel him to do otherwise? It would just be a waste of time in the long run. Also they are busy enough trying to help the student who wants to get the most out of college without wasting the time.

It is well known that no fair system of grading has yet been discovered. All grading is purely relative. Therefore, it would be rather hard to say which is nearer right and which is nearer wrong. Still who can blame a professor for passing as many students as he can? It is only natural that he should prefer to teach the better students who take an interest in the course and not especially care about keeping any more of the "don't give a damn" students than he can help. So long as these learn the barest essentials of the course, it is fair that they should be passed, because no amount of repetitions will make them learn more.

A good scholar is not interested in crip courses, and there are none for him. He studies to get the most out of all the courses he takes and does not waste time trying to get out of as much work as possible. Even in the courses that the other type of student finds very easy to pass, he will find that the professors are more than glad to give him extra assignments, assistance, and instruction. These he will gratefully accept because his purpose is to learn as much about every subject as he can.

Then there is the other type of student. Ever since the universities grew out of the church schools during the Middle Ages, there have been students who went to them just to have fun, instead of working. They like the privileged position and congenial atmosphere they can get at a university. They will incidentally get a degree, if this will not bother too much with their other activities. They do not want to do any studying, but since a slight bit is necessary in order for them to stay in the university, they consider this a necessary evil and do as little as possible.

They always find that there are certain courses in which they can get by with a little less effort than in others, because the professors do not pay much attention to them as they are devoting most of their time to interested students, or because of some other reason like this. Immediately, they all flock to these courses with sighs of satisfaction.

Now here is our real answer. Just as a student blames a professor for failing him when it was really his own fault, so he blames the apparent easiness of these courses on the courses them-

selves or on the professors teaching them, instead of blaming the real reason—his own laziness, his own eagerness to get out of as much work as possible and to do as little studying as he can.

So there are really no crip courses or crip professors. There are only, shall we say, crip students, to put the name and blame where they belong.

TO THE LADIES...

Saturday, May 10

I hereby apologize for the article on coed elections which appeared in the last issue of Tar an' Feathers. Apparently, the persons to whom I talked misinformed me. Still the responsibility for the mistake belongs entirely to me. From what informed coed student leaders have written to the Daily Tar Heel, I am convinced that next year's women's student government leaders will be quite capable.

Sincerely, Hunt Hobbs.

NEW BLOOD...

There'll be more than a gavel handed over when Ferbee Taylor and the old Student Legislature abdicate tonight in favor of W. J. Smith and the new representatives.

We suppose that a great many of the 'old legislators will be glad to surrender their hard seats in Phi hall to the younger and more ambitious and not quite so wise. For the outgoing assembly has legalized a lot of good during the past year, and, as is customary, comes in for more than its share of cussing.

Routine work of reviewing the budgets and approving minor bills was cleared with dispatch. But it took the acid tests of the dance cut question and the issue of combination to root the legislature firmly enough that there should never be further question of its power or ability to act.

Not that the year has been one impeccable demonstration of efficiency. Legislators waited too long to take action of combination, lackadaisically let its badly needed representation amendments slide by an apathetic student body at general elections time.

And there are some strings attached to the gavel. Along with it will go issues still hanging in the fire and a major share of the responsibility for the future of Carolina student government. The year-old but nebulous student fees bill is lost somewhere, while it becomes increasingly apparent that with it the legislature would next year be able to take badly needed action to reapportion, perhaps reduce, student fees.

The too much discussed, too little accomplished campus constitution which would settle once and for all who had what power and why is not yet even complete on paper as far as we know.

From here the gavel looks more like a sledge hammer. We hope and believe that the legislature can handle it.

TREASURE HUNT...

A Treasure Hunt for five buried \$5 bills will begin Sunday, with clues published daily in this space. Sample clues will be published throughout this week to acquaint you with the Hunt procedure.

Answers to yesterday's sample clues: No. 1—The clue can be found on the curb of the Med building, on Pittsboro road.

No. 2—The clue can be found on the speaker's stand in Memorial hall.

Today's sample clues (solutions tomorrow): Clue No. 3.—(Don't forget ANY of the keys on your typewriter!)

3TTQ 6D 4T1/2RP6I

Clue No. 4.—

MFGU TJEF TFDPOE TUFQ MJCSBSZ

The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features

the weary wisher...

By Hayden Carruth

For the first time since I have been in the University of North Carolina I have felt sorry for the humor magazine staff. The Daily Tar Heel knocks people down, the Carolina Magazine knocks people down, even the Weary Wisher knocks people down (and tramps on 'em)—but Tar an' Feathers apparently can't whisper an editorial opinion without a torrential deluge vehement and bitter protest, much more vehement and bitter than the opinion in the first place.

I'd be the last to deny indignant coeds right to refute an opinion expressed by the much-battered "humor" staff, but, if the said much-battered wants to stick its neck out and express an opinion, why squawk about the fact of expression? Merely because Tar an' Feathers and its bent and maimed family three has up 'til now published next to nothing but semi-humor, dirt, and other stuff in a jocular vein—that's no reason why it should not turn editorially serious for about a quarter-galley and express an opinion. Let the girls express a counter-opinion if they will, but also let them shut up on the score of the validity of expression.

I'll let "Little Boy" Klein off with a paragraph. Few articles have wreaked so much injustice as his in the latest mag: "Crip Courses." Despite advice from those more experienced in the affairs of the campus, Walter Klein published the article. No consideration was given to the experience of the professors involved, the type of course offered, or the type of students who have been registered for the courses in question. A completely false story, based on one sided statistics without thorough investigation.

It looks as if friend Damtoft has got the goods on Harris' organization this time. Lou Harris, mogul who has done a tremendous amount of both good and bad for the campus, has failed in the OSCD. He has never produced an integrated organization, has never employed discipline with his staff, has used the office for ISS and CPU headquarters most of the time, has started most of the OSCD projects at the advice and investigation of Dean Wettach, Raymond Rains and other town officials, and failed to produce any training for his recruits, numbering more than 500 (which was misprinted 50 yesterday in Dammit's column) in a mid-winter quarter drive. I know whereof I speak. I headed the OSCD publicity department since December 7.

To remove the frown and put on the sweet smile—Harley Moore, completely without an engraving budget, put out one of the best Carolina Magazine of the year. Make-up was good; content was, on the whole, good. Brightest spot was the Saroyan satire by Mike Beam, converted from the slush-bucket tripe of Tar an' Feathers.

Stone walls cannot a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; But, man, how little thoughts can take The freedom from a sage.

This appendage to the famous poet strikes me as particularly appropriate this afternoon. I am fed up with the stupidity of the world and the campus. Another thing I forgot before: why did Lou Harris, despite his beliefs of yesteryear, keep Harvey Segal, best informed student in his field, out of the CPU? Red baiting is good stuff in Washington, eh, Lou. Next time I'll list some of the good things he's done.

angle...

It was rather ironic the day after May Frolics weekend ended to hear numerous hangover Joe Colleges announce the firm intentions of undertaking a "health program"—until junior-senior weekend.

We suppose that they are rather elated now that their self-imposed martyrdom is almost ended. For they have been quite out of character. We have missed their joyous shouts downtown, at the lakes and in the meadows.

We have only one misgiving for our "health program" boys. Because within six months or a year at the "outside, what with gasoline rationing and current strict rules about a.w.o.l., they won't have any junior-seniors to break the monotony.

The library contains more than 400,000 volumes and houses the widely known Southern Historical collection.



grit your teeth...

By Walter Klein (Who Hates You All)

First, friends, I should like to account for the bandage over my left eye, which has caused me embarrassment no end. All day yesterday students have approached me with the query, "Who socked YOU?" They suggested that my "attacker" was Harvey Segal, Louis Harris, Roland Parker, H. K. Beale, E. E. Ericson, Hayden Carruth, Pau. Komisaruk, Roger Mann, or any one of the professors listed in my "Crip Courses" article in the Mag. (The fact is, I hold considerable admiration and trust for all of these men.)

Now, chums, let's get this straight. Nobody hit me (but plenty have tried.) It just happened that a girl threw a baseball to me at an IRC party Monday afternoon. Sun got in my eyes and the ball hit me, crushed my glasses, and cut me up a bit. Honest, fellas, that's all there is to it... no kidding.

In two of his "Weary Wisher" columns, one of them printed on this page, H. Carruth has called my articles inaccurate, incomplete, slanderous and untruthful. Which, in my humble opinion, is going too damned far. First he called my Di Senate article on the student government abolition bill outright criminal and intentional slander, a statement which is libelous in its own right. (Slander is verbal accusation and libel is written, Mr. Carruth.) Today he states that my Crip Course article in the April Mag is false, uninvestigated and unjust.

If Mr. Carruth would consult Mr. Roland Parker, the man I was supposed to have slandered, he would find that Parker had long ago forgiven me for my very obvious mistake. The Di Senate publicity was no more intentional than Carruth's own May Day story which awarded the Playmakers cup to two of the wrong people. Secondly, although my Crip Course article is highly disputable and easily challenged, it is as complete and accurate as such an article can be, to which Dean Hobbs, Henry Moll, and Harley Moore, who know the investigation and checking I went through, will testify. Also, I didn't publish the article, Mr. Carruth, Moore did. Moll, using his own mind, assigned the article. All I did was write it. Lastly, the statistics printed in the Crip Course article were the only ones that could be used. Without them the article would have had to be based entirely on opinion, rather than black-and-white facts.

And to those professors and students who called my news reports of the Free Browder petition "red-baiting smears," it might interest them to know that Harvey Segal, student proponent of the Free Browder movement, said that "those Browder articles you wrote did the movement a lot of good." Some people don't know a smear when they see one.

In very recent days this colymunist has been the victim of three very laughable (ha, ha, ha) accidents with Book Ex milkshakes. Just thought I'd pass them on to you, so you can try them on your friends (and get your head smashed in.) Most ingenious trick is to sneak up on a milkshake drinker in the YMCA, stick a pencil through the bottom of his cup, and let the milk stream out over the floor and the victim. Great fun. Second and third methods are crude, but oh so effective. You merely punch the milkshake out of your friend's arm, spreading the residue over costly material, which must be paid for, or push the milkshake into the victim's face, which is the prettiest sight you'll see for many a day. Go ahead! Try it! (And I hope he kills you.)

OK, you can go now.

in dubious battle...

By Jack Dube

Scoop: Art (the golb) Golby has finally broken out of the Infirmary. He made the "break" single-handed but with the aid of a file and a brace of guns which Syl Meyer and Hayden Carruth sent him baked into a pie... we know there's grounds for criminal action there but Art would have been the victim of a mercy killing if he hadn't gotten out soon...

War Worries: Sign in a travel bureau in New York: "Visit Medieval Germany"... in the spring a young man's fancy (like Adolph or Hiro) turns to thoughts of an offensive with blood... more blood... and gore...

Hill Highlights: There is a group of some half-hundred fellows on this campus who enjoy one another's company very much. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 o'clock they stand in front of Saunders talking to one another. Then suddenly, as if by a pre-arranged signal, they all rush into the building... just after Miss Pat Fuller walks in... imagine what trouble a gal like that could cause the profs in that building if she came in late one day... The Four Sounds singing blithely away (except for an occasional brew) in front of the University Cafe... We see that the War Production Board has limited the making of ice-cream to twenty flavors... it looks like a tough summer... During a distraction experiment in Psychology lab some gink leaped up yelling, "No wonder they run rats crazy in this joint"... Bill Rucker has become known as "the King of the U. D. H." For reference he offers the third vegetable girl on the left...

More Lites: We like to hear about the frosh who called up the Chi O House and wanted to know if any of the fellows wanted a ride to Washington... and then pondered over the presence of a girl in the place at that hour... Bud Imbrey says with the advent of tire rationing, the "Fifth Wheel" has become the life of the party... One of the reasons we like Chapel Hill so much is because of news like that of the elevator strike in New York... The S&F show scheduled for next Saturday afternoon packs surprises and satire.

Neighboring Institution: A credit in the Playbill of the Dook Hoof and Horn Club announces thanks to the SAE Fraternity for the use of the bar in the Tavern Scene... and a song entitled "I Can't Get You Off My Mind" was written by Higgins, Biz Dilts, Goldberg, and De Marco... well, if you're going to be that way about it, to Dook with you...

across the desk... Late April Fools—The boys who have hoarded gallons of gasoline to find that the OPA will allow them enough to get their cars home... The gas shortage makes us wonder what the "Sorry we're out of gas" boys are going to do on a date. Since most dates will be transported via trolleys and buses in the future, we have visions of healthy bribes to bus conductors to fake a break-down... Who knows. Maybe the pedestrian can hold his own now... Life and accident insurance premiums should go down with the roads cleared of most women and South Carolina drivers (we can't decide which are worse)... We've also got visions of the peep-hole bootlegger. A secret knock, a quick look out the peep-hole, a password, ten bucks, and a quart of petrol!...

across the desk...

Some students have voiced aversion to the "long-hair" entertainment offered by the Student Entertainment Committee. If any of these chanced to hear Norman Cordon Monday night, we are sure they have changed their opinion, at least for a while. Cordon was about the most genial looking chap it has been our pleasure to see on the stage. But more than that, he had a voice that even the most un-musical person would be bound to enjoy... Cordon is one of the few performers we have seen start his program by leading the audience in a mass rendition of The Star Spangled Banner (followed by Hark the Sound for this particular audience). It's a swell idea. Too bad so many people don't even know the words to their National Anthem... W. D.

Person hall art gallery is the second oldest building on the campus. It was constructed in 1795 and was recently renovated.