

# The Daily Tar Heel

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by Harry Snook

## On Campus

### Nonplus

A note on Christmas, 1952: Highways and streets were icily impassable on the Tuesday morning before Christmas. Early commuters at the Chapel Hill bus station were coldly gloomy as the weather. The first bus to Durham was three hours late in beginning the trip.

Mouth corners were down as the passengers stomped aboard. The driver's warning that no bus might be able to make the return trip stripped the last shred of pleasure from the air.

A hulking, ugly man grumbled his dissatisfaction for all to share. An elderly lady informed the driver that a little ice wouldn't halt transportation "up north." Two girls complained that they would lose their jobs.

It was a civilized monster, that bus, as eight tons of hard steel slithered down the highway, cringing before nature's mild ire. Rain splattered the windshield and tapped on the metal roof.

Halfway down Strowd Hill stood a very small figure waiting for the bus. The boy was nearly shoe deep in the thick red mud of new road construction. Under one arm he carried a brightly wrapped and somewhat wet package.

"Hello, Harold," said the driver as the boy struggled up the two big steps.

"Hi!" said the boy, looking around and laughing, unbuttoning his coat. "I fell down. I slipped and fell down in the mud!"

"You must be going to a party," said the driver with a nod toward the Christmassy package in Harold's hand.

"I am!" the boy shouted tri-

umphantly and the bus rang with his young voice. "I'm going to a party and this is the present I'm taking!"

The bus began rolling forward, slowly. The boy, flushed and laughing, chanted, "I'm going to a party, I'm going to a party!" as he looked for a seat.

Every seat was occupied, but a grey-haired, bespectacled gentleman called to the boy.

"Here, sit here, Harold," he said, making room. There wasn't enough room for the boy, the coat and the package, so he put the boy on his lap.

"He's awfully young to be riding a bus by himself," commented a woman from the rear. The boy heard.

"I'm five years old!" he announced loudly. "And I'm going to a party!"

The windshield wipers sang and the rain was rhythmic as faces relaxed and smiles transformed them. Only the big, ugly man resisted.

"What are you going to do at the party?" asked the man holding the boy.

"Sing!" And the boy sang then, without prompting. Warmth sighed through the steel bus as it slid gently along the crusted highway.

"We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we traversed afar,"

Though the words were clear and loud Harold rushed the tune here and stumbled slightly there. Once he repeated a whole line to the melody of the next one. But no one seemed aware that technical perfection was lacking.

Even the ugly man turned to look at the boy. And he returned the boy's smile.

A student ring at Washington University, St. Louis, has been breaking into campus buildings and offices with a master key to get examination data. All locks have now been changed.

Five students have been dismissed and the University is guarding its papers with renewed vigor. A student survey indicates that cheating is "fairly widespread" in all classes.

Declared Chancellor Arthur H. Compton: "Discussion in universities circles throughout the country indicates that student insecurity over the draft and world conditions has led to a decline and breakdown in student behavior and has increased cheating."

Washington University was spotlighted a few weeks ago when it refused admission to a Negro girl. The University, said authorities, did not want to risk placing itself "outside the community." But WU's Student Life pointed out that St. Louis University has removed racial barriers without losing community prestige.

In an editorial on Washington University, The Nation commented, "A University that will not admit qualified students to all departments . . . is hardly in a position to lecture students on a 'breakdown' in moral values. As long as the university locks out Negroes, it has little reason to complain if a few students appropriate the master key which unlocks the answers to examination questions."

The dismissal of the five students has not brought to any end discussion of the problem.

On the contrary, Student Life, the campus newspaper, is still filled with news, editorials and letters concerned with cheating.

"While cheating has been on the increase here and in other universities," said a surprising editorial, ". . . by the looks of things it will no doubt remain with us for some time longer."

"In dismissing these men, the University was, in part, attempting to set an example. It felt justified in perhaps disrupting five lives if such action would deter others from cheating.

"Legally, the expulsion was justified . . . Morally, we are not so sure there is justification . . . The administration must ask itself two questions:

"Had it created an atmosphere that would cause students not to cheat? . . . Did a situation exist on this campus so that students would not want or need to cheat?"

Students writing letters to the paper had somewhat different views of the problem. Said one student: "As long as competition is said to remain the essence of a student's existence, as long as a student's worth must find its expression in quizzes, monthly tests, quarterly exams, semi-finals and what-have-you—so long will cheating be a temptation on this campus."

Faculty members interviewed seemed, to feel that the blame for cheating should be placed on students who desired good grades rather than a good education. An assistant dean, according to Student Life, blamed the "student desire to get away with as much as possible."

But a professor of botany believed dishonesty could be traced in part to the commercial attitude of universities—"the selling of grade points for dollars, as much as a marketable commodity is sold.

## Welcome

Probably the major and most valid criticism of Mr. Gordon Gray's predecessor as President of the University was that he spent too much time away from his duties here looking after other jobs.

Mr. Gray, who showed alarming symptoms of the same trouble when he accepted Mr. Truman's appointment to the Psychological Warfare Board, has kept his promise to the University to return to his duties here.

It seems awkward to extend greetings to Mr. Gray in what is so particularly his bailiwick, but that is just what we are doing, because his presence has been missed.

Welcome home, Sir.

## Ibid OYCI

There are still some OYCI's prowling around the campus. Their damage is worse than ever before. Today, en masse, they attacked the Y Court steps in the greatest campaign ever staged in Carolina history.

Every effort possible is being put forth to rout the trash demons who, in a wild fury, hurl every piece of debris in sight. They not only hurl weight weapons, such as paper cups and the like, but also liquid bombs filled with slimy, sickly mixtures resembling coffee and cokes.

The results of the grubby war are phenomenal. Elderly gentlemen in their distinguished sixties have been known to slip on banana peels, en route to eight o'clock classes. Men, women, children, thieves and garbage collectors are appalled at the tremendous amount of debris on campus.

Word has spread all over the globe that The University of North Carolina in the quaint town of Chapel Hill, is requesting government aid in the extreme crisis. No school, college, university or prison has ever deemed to stoop so low.

These horrid monsters who hurl trash in every direction, are suspected to be of an atomic nature and originating in another planet. For these reasons, their capture may take years of reaserch and possibly FBI aid.—SB

## Elegy

Once in a while an editorial writer observes the passing scene through the small scope of personal troubles or happinesses. And occasionally, the effort to be objective lapses for a while when, out of such experiences come certain thoughts which may be of some value to the reading public.

Take this business of death.

The family doctor tells us that you're born, then you immediately start dying, and finally you're so dead they take you out and bury you. But this life of dying is the purely biological process.

There is also a life of living to be seen in the mind, the soul, the what-have-you, the original unity that makes an individual a person.

Someone dies. Someone says, "her mind was like a ballet dancer," and you think, how uniquely true of just this person. And a small boy knocks at the back door and asks "Where?" And you wonder.

Where has it gone—the singing mind, all the books and ideas absorbed, all the knowledge of all the people that no one else will ever have? What has become of the constructed life, of the particular wisdom, the human errors, the love expended, and the endurance of pain?

And then, of course, the terrible answer that it is simply gone. Out of this world, this time, at any rate.

And so you send a telegram or write a letter or bake a cake. Or you give a donation to a library, or to a cancer research organization, or to an orphanage. Or you institute a living memorial of some sort.

Or you take your children on a trip, because Christmas suddenly seems a hateful thing to have in your house. Or you give just the perfect Christmas gift of garden material, because Christmas is such a perfect time to show love, and gardens come out of the winter into the spring. Or you make a stew for your family, and worry that it will be too salty with tears. Or you build a log fire, and sit in front of it with your girl.

Because there isn't anything else to do, and even the best thing seems to make little sense.

And then somehow, all the words, and the little acts begin to take their proper place in the living pattern. They resume direction—Christmas is just an institution, gardens and stews are made in just such ways, open fires are habitual, libraries and orphanages instead of withering flowers, and love strong and apparent—because the generous joy, the intelligence, and the guts of that unique ballet-dancer mind exist, through the people whom it touched.

## Riff . . . by Joe Raff

There is quite a difference between schooling and getting an education. This oft too-neglected variation often presents itself in areas of higher learning such as the University. Many students are under the impression that receiving a liberal education extends only to the point of meeting an eight o'clock class and reading over the assignment which the professor has written on the blackboard at the end of the class period. Anything beyond this has gained the reputation of being bookish, boring and totally without the realm of the "average" college student. If there can be an "average" college student I should like to think of him as a well rounded individual accepting responsibilities and taking it upon himself to seek learning rather than shy away from it.

Specialization is the hall-mark of this day and age and we owe much of our progress to those who have set themselves on one path and remained with their chosen fields. The philosopher has all but disappeared and few pursue the so-called higher flights. The culture of the United States is largely built around its economy leaving little room for the American business man to invest in financially non-profitable fields.

This main current has evidently fallen from the adult

groups to their off-spring. It is illustrated by the tremendous enrollment of students in commerce school and business administration courses. This is economically good for the nation and will maintain stability in our country, but it will not heal the wounds of our suffering culture. The decadence of our culture is nothing to become alarmed about because we are substituting a new one in the old one's place; however there is cause for alarm when schooling becomes more and more remote from receiving an education and learning becomes obligatory rather than pleasurable.

There are all sorts of opportunities for students who desire an education, but relatively few take advantage of them. Here on the campus we have a well equipped library, reading rooms, available music and paintings as well as the chance to audit other classes. We have a language laboratory, a planetarium and numerous exhibits. Off campus in neighboring cities there are concerts, operas, ballets, and drama productions almost every week and frequently we have them here.

The willful attraction to these offerings is the origin of an education and schooling is only a part of the great whole which exists.