

# Down In Front

by Biff Roberts

## Is There A Doctor Around?

What's wrong with Carolina? Whether you look at it in the fall, winter or spring, the Carolina sport scene has been anything but bright this year. Our athletic teams have failed in almost every case to come up with clear winning records (there are exceptions). The football team won two while losing eight; the basketball team, picked before the season started as a great improvement over the 1951 team, did little to make Tar Heel fans get excited; the track team, which ruled the Southern Conference for so many years in what ever manner it pleased, now sports a mediocre three-three record; and the baseball team, despite a fine record against Southern Conference and out-of-conference teams, has little to show for its efforts in Big Four play. Think back over the year. How many times have we beaten Duke this season? Even the tennis team, which has an impressive record, fell down there.

## What's Wrong With Carolina?

What's wrong with Carolina? We've got the potential on every team we send out. The lack of ability can't be the answer. The same coaches which have brought us great teams in the past are still around but not getting the same results. You can't put the blame on them. What is the answer?

To me it's a case similar to that of a fighter I use to watch up in Asheville. He was a Negro middleweight and a great fighter when he was broke. But when he had won a few fights, made a little money, and satisfied his appetite along every line, you couldn't get a worthwhile fight out of him. He wasn't any count until he started to get short of money and hungry again. Then the vicious circle would start all over again.

Carolina teams enjoyed a glorious four years from 1946-49. We took on all comers and beat just about all of them. We were the kingpins in every sport.

But in the past two years, just like that up-and-down middle-weight we've been too satisfied. We've had things on a silver platter a little too long. We've forgotten what it's like to fight.

We've had the potential on every team we've fielded last year and this, but just about all of them have failed to come through. This lack of wanting to be on top and stay on top and fighting to get there is the best answer I can give to our problem.

But you can't put all the blame on the members of the team. This world of ours has gotten so hard and cynical that sentiment has disappeared almost entirely. It has become trite to speak of Carolina spirit. It's something to laugh about now. I'm not just speaking of being shot with rah-rah and wearing all-blue clothes, and waving Tar Heel flags. I'm speaking of something more intangible. A spirit which has been on the decline for the past few years and which, frankly, is just about gone now.

There was only one case this year that the Carolina spirit looked like it was going to revive. That was in the Notre Dame game when the crowd of students actually was a part of the team which almost whipped the Fighting Irish.

Athletics is not the only field that has shown this student apathy. The whole past year has been one of student gripes and complaints, and one of little accomplishment. Our sad athletic fortunes have been more predominant only because they are publicized more.

Our appetites were satisfied after four gluttonous year of athletic supremacy. Now, when we expect everything on a silver platter, we are getting beaten—and beaten bad. In this past year we have complained of our losses, we have mocked our teams and their fortunes—but what have we done to construct.

They say that athletic fortunes run in cycles. Maybe they do and maybe we're headed for another Promised Land. But I keep thinking of an old adage that says things will get worse before they get better. It's too late to do much this year but if something isn't done in the fall then we won't be able to expect as much success as we had last year.

Where do we go from here?

# Oliver Leads At Half-Way Mark In Greenbrier Tourney

Special to THE DAILY TAR HEEL  
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va.—May 9—Ed Oliver really earned his nickname of Porky yesterday by literally eating his way into the halfway lead of the 72-hole Greenbrier Open.

He certainly didn't shoot it in the second 18 holes yesterday. The veteran pro from Lemont, Ill., went over par-70 by a stroke and it might have been worse if he didn't quit during a violent rainstorm to feed his face.

When the 5-foot 9½ inch 220-pounder went into the rough at the eighth he was already three behind par. When he returned, the worst of the storm was over and the sun soon was shining again.

Oliver, who had an 81 in the opening round, lost another stroke on the 13th but then snared three birdies for a 71 and a 36-hole total of 132.

That left him one stroke ahead of Jimmy Clark of Laguna Beach, Calif., and Sam Snead, the host pro, who had finished through the worst of the rain, wind, thunder and lightning.

It was the lightning which allowed Oliver to call time. The U. S. Golf Association rules authorize a golfer to halt play while it's going on. Clark also got a

break but it was from the starting lineup. He went off first so that when the storm struck he (See GOLF, Page 8)

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