

Gimmie, Gimmie

And they want more . . . More than the \$100,000 donated by alumni and friends to further the athletic cause and athletic policy here. More money for more athletes and money out of the Book X profits.

The Daily Tar Heel does not understand the need for more money for athletes, especially money from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, when friends and alumni have been kind enough to launch and maintain a huge athletic program. Why break a Carolina tradition? Let's keep the policy of having the University take care of the academic end of scholarship programs—Chancellor House's statement. "No a cent of these funds comes from University appropriations, student fees or athletic gate receipts." is something we would like to hear three months from now.

The book exchange profits are not earmarked for athletic scholarships. There is \$100,000 for athletes coming from the "Educational" foundation. Let those who need it most get the profits under the grants-in-aid program. Incidentally, athletes aren't disqualified from grants-in-aid and scholarships, programs. (They merely have to compete with others.)

Anybody who knows much about football has known that UNC enthusiasts have paid their athletes well. The Chancellor's report, however, is startling because of the upper financial hand athletes have over non-athletes:

That is a two-to-one ratio in finances and a four-to-one ratio in numbers.

Chancellor House has recognized the need for more endowed scholarships. He points out that UNC is indeed grateful to John Motley Morehead for providing a tremendous scholarship program for graduates and undergraduates (high school seniors will be interviewed in March for the scholarships). Morehead has been a consistent and beloved benefactor of the University. His contributions in the scholarship field have made and will make the University a greater school. This new program, amounting to about \$300,000 a year will make the athletic program look like chicken feed.

What The Daily Tar Heel wants to know is why isn't their more emphasis on the real and basic program of the University, the thing that is supposed to make us distinct from the technical school at Raleigh, and Greensboro.

What kind of financial program has been launched for the liberal arts and humanities phase of the University? Funds come in for athletics; monies pour in for new business buildings, new medical schools, salaries for dental professors, and other professional programs. The annual alumni giving program which goes into affect this year is a step in the right direction to aid liberal arts, but is it enough?

The people of the State need to know that the University is more than just a football university or a vocational laboratory. It is more than just a basketball, tennis, swimming, track, or even lacrosse University. It is a way of life, an educational center in the real sense of the word, a training ground for future leaders.

It is much easier to sell football or basketball than social research or a chair in oriental history. Yet, surely, that is what the University must do if it is to have an educational policy.

The figures show a need for more academic scholarships. The University has sold its athletic program.

It is time to secure "millions for academics but not one cent for athletics."

Welcome, Mrs. Roosevelt

A former first lady visits the campus today to talk about the USA's part in the United Nations.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has appeared here as a Weil lecturer, as the 1935 graduation speaker and as a guest on other occasions. The Daily Tar Heel welcomes her once again.

Interest in the UN has been more than mild here. There is a move afoot to create a campus-sized mock UN Assembly. The Phi Assembly plans to bring an arch foe of the United Nations as a speaker here soon. Whether you think that the UN is the best agency to secure world peace, whether you think that the UN is stealing American sovereignty, or whether you are perplexed, Mrs. Roosevelt's talk should be enlightening and is worthy of your attendance.

The Daily Tar Heel

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No Way Out

Dan Duke

The fundamental and most personal freedom of Americans is the right to political and spiritual heresy. We may agree or disagree with majority views and government. If we disagree, we may violently criticize the popular views and the existing government, and we may advocate and endorse the most eccentric political and religious heresies.

Yet there are no Constitutional grounds for Communism and Communists in America, and should not be.

This seeming contradiction—that we Americans have the right to be political heretics but not Communists—is easily resolved. Communism is not a heresy. It is an out and out conspiracy. If Communism only advocated its system of government economics, it too would be a mere heresy. But this is not the case. Communism, in contrast to other heresies, does not compete fairly in the free market of ideas. Instead it openly conspires to use any means, any lies, any deception to hurry the rise and spread of Communism and to bring about what they call "the inevitable downfall of Capitalism" (Western democracy). Quite boldly they plot to overthrow all non-Communist governments. There is no compromise. They deny the very right we have already deemed fundamental—the right to political heresy. There is no way out for the Communist, except by revolt. He cannot change his mind or criticize or advocate change. Communism allows no minority rights, no Constitutional means to change the type, or personnel, of government. He is hopelessly enslaved to whatever program, whichever direction the Communist regime moves.

Briefly that is why we are against Communism. It violates our basic concepts of freedom and contradicts our value and respect for the individual.

The Square Wheel

Dorman Cordell

Lo, brethren, woe is upon me. There are awful rumors going around that a movement is afoot to replace the square wheel with a round one in Chapel Hill. And you know what that would do to the dear old traditions of Chapel Hill. Ah, woe is us! Just look about you. Think of the atmosphere we have by preserving the good old days intact. You can remember it when you walk down our dirt sidewalks. And when you sink in mud up to your elbows, or fall into one of those gullies which are too deep to climb out of, sing the praises of the status quo. Anyhow, don't you think it will develop your feet to get all those pebbles in your shoes when you walk down the sidewalk?

Those terrible advocates of modernism just haven't looked at our beautiful traditions or they couldn't possibly want to institute that nasty old round wheel and upset everything.

After all, we've done our darndest to keep the colonial atmosphere. The town fathers have decreed that all commercial concerns shall be built on a colonial style of architecture. Now this appeals to everybody, even if it does cost a few thousand extra dollars to build a building this way. After all, it's only money.

Then we have done our best to preserve our dear old well. The only thing is, it isn't quite in its old form. Some radical did away with the hog wallow that was there after that scabby little rebellion about 90 years ago, and they have taken down the old oaken bucket. You see, that's the kind of thing these irresponsible innovations are likely to bring about.

And there are other dear old traditions of Chapel Hill which one only has to see to appreciate. But just think: the introduction of this round wheel will upset everything. If we let this happen, the next thing you know, they'll want us to educate women and let them vote, or they'll try to make us put bathtubs in our houses, and all those other new-fangled things.

We must forget that change in itself is not necessarily good. Arise, Chapel Hillians, speak out at once against this dangerous innovation. Keep the square wheel for Chapel Hill.

"Hello, Ike? I Think We're Under Attack"



Ron Levin

Conglomeration

Plagued with gnawing pangs indicating that E Hour was close at hand, our friend, Joe, quickly fell in line at one of the many up town fashionable, attractive, and altogether obnoxious eateries in our fair city. This was a cafeteria and the very word struck an ominous note, for Joe had been through three major skirmishes here and once was even recommended for the Purple Heart. (This had come about when an elderly lady in front of him dropped her little plate of cookies and Joe, leaning over to pick them up for her, was jabbed in the logical spot with a fork by an over irate coed for causing her to be late in getting to the main trough with her girl friends.)

The trays loomed up ahead and our hero anxiously waited with clammy hands. Pouncing upon what he thought to be a clean one, Joe was dismayed to find a few remnants of Monday's spinach lying quietly in a far corner of the tray. But the offensive had begun and there was no turning back now. Several of the older veterans passed the word along to "close it up" and faces became grim. The salads were first and Joe reached out for a full bowl. He was, however, faked out by a music major with long arms and dexterous fingers, and after a few feeble attempts the assault was given up. (Salads

aren't good for you anyway . . . too much roughage.) But big things lay at hand. T-Bone Hill was not far off, and already a silence fell upon the line. Joe saw there were two small steaks left and there were two people ahead of him. Anxiously he awaited their decision. "T-bone . . . make it two." Muttering small curses Joe resignedly accepted his Slobbovian meat loaf and marched on. After procuring two small bowls with a few peas in one and a rather large lima bean in the other, he moved on. The bread line was not too crowded and a few stale crusts were soon added to the growing (pile?) . . . on the tray. However, the worst was yet to come. Joe stole himself for the moment when confronted by ice water, butter, chocolate, and plain milk, tea, coffee, dessert, and a particularly obese cash registrar he would have to be quick yet sure in his choice. This was it. His hand darted out and the vision in front of him was obscured by a flurry of darting fingers. Joe looked down to see what he had gotten, and found three lemon slices, two small cream jiggers, and a broken glass staring at him from the tray. Ah well, he had been entirely too optimistic although rumors had been circulated around that one day at a fairly slack lunch hour, one student had actually gotten a half pint of milk, but one could hardly take these rumors at full value. He reached in his pocket for a wrinkled bill, and as he did the line behind . . . ever pushing onward, pushed ever so slightly and the crash resounded throughout the mess hall as the 'tray hit the fan . . . uh . . . floor. Older veterans turned with a barrage of contemptuous haughty glares, and several gleeful titters came from the nearest trou . . . 'table of coeds. Joe meekly looked up at the cashier who with a horrible leer said in a voice loud enough to be heard in Woolen, "that'll be a dollar eighteen with the tax."

Princess

(Continued from Page 1) the Playmakers, with Elise Cortese, professional singer, in the title role created this season by Nancy Murray.

This season, "Princess Ida" is again something new, keyed to the times by director William Hardy, and played against colorful stylized sets by William I. Long. Several members of the cast toured last spring with the Playmakers' original hit musical, "Spring For Sure."

This season, as 20 years ago, tickets are selling for the Playmakers' "Princess Ida," which opens Friday for a three-night run in Memorial Hall.

News Briefs

(Continued from page 1) TAIPEH, Formosa—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek yesterday hailed President Eisenhower's declaration that the U. S. 7th Fleet no longer would block any Nationalist China attempt to attack the Chinese mainland as "militarily and morally sound." And he added, "I would like to assure our friends abroad that the Republic of China will not ask aid from ground forces of any nation to achieve our goal." But he did not mention air or naval support, and observers here thought it was implicit in his statement that he would welcome sea and air support.

The Battle Rages

Sacred Past

The professor had asked one of his students to see him after class.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "I see where you have selected a novel by Hemingway for your parallel reading."

"Yessir."

"After I said that you'd do better to choose a nineteenth century novel?"

"Yessir," said Jones, "But you gave us our choice, and I'm more interested in the twentieth century. I live in it and I'm more interested in its problems."

"The function of the study of the humanities," said the professor, "is not to teach a man to solve contemporary problems, but to equip him to lead a rich contemporary life."

"Oh," said Jones.

"And I feel quite sure," said the professor, "That you will be able to write a better report on a novel like Moby Dick, and you will surely get a better grade."

"Oh," said Jones.

"You see," said the professor, "By reading the works of dead writers, your life will be made more significant, your mind will be broadened, and you will know more about yourself as a man."

The professor paused so that Jones could fully grasp what he was saying.

"And by improving ourselves generally as men," the professor continued, "We become by accident more able to deal with the practical problems of life."

The professor paused and looked into Jones' eyes, which were now very dull and listless.

"My course," said the professor, "is a survey of American literature from 1850 to the present. The term is short, and I must select the better literature. Obviously then, we must concentrate our efforts on the literature of the nineteenth century. And what time is left we devote to the twentieth century—early twentieth century."

"Then, you don't think we'll get to Hemingway or Steinbeck?" said Jones sadly.

"No," said the professor, "You see, those men are still alive. The Humanities should deal with dead people. They are the ones who have wisdom and sensitivity. They are the ones who stimulate one's intellect, subtilize one's feelings, and give one a calm inner understanding. They are the ones who will take you to the great storehouse of learning. They are the ones who will make you a complete man."

"Oh," said Jones.

This little literary controversy is getting pretty good. It's nice to get away from politics and war every now and then and to interest ourselves in gentler topics. The main point of the present discussion is well stated in the article written by an English Club member for Tuesday's Tar Heel. Its thesis is presented in such a way that almost no one will want to disagree with it. If it, or the less calm articles by Wood and me, move you to want to say something, for heaven's sake write it out and drop it at the Tar Heel office. Seriously, the tone of the paper would be helped considerably by the inclusion of a few more pieces by non-staff members on art, philosophy, and literature.

Again I have to say that Wood doesn't practice what he preaches. His comments on The Old Man and The Sea show use of words as something other than mere tools. Notice his use of repetition and parallelism. Those are rhetorical devices which Hemingway uses a great deal too. He goes on to say that Hemingway used "no superfluous words or phrases,"—he has fooled you Mr. Wood. The story only gives the appearance of having no superfluous words, because Hemingway is adept at what Horace would call "the art of concealing art." As matter of fact, Hemingway originally wrote down the story in one paragraph. No. I don't think fiction ever was the presentation of a story in the least number of operable words.

Wood says that he does not think The Old Man is "allegorical or symbolic," and I suspect those words to him stand for something bad (since one finds them where words are not used to say directly what one means). I will end with a well-worded quotation from Bernard Berenson on this point: "No real artist symbolizes or allegorizes—and Hemingway is a real artist—but every real work of art exhales symbols and allegories. So does this short but real masterpiece."

Scientists of Baylor University's Biology department dispose of completed experiments by throwing out the window everything from elephant's trunks to snail's shells can be found lying outside the building. Inevitably several complaints were registered by passersby. The debris has caught some of them off guard. The head of the biology department answered the complainers by saying, "This just isn't the way to dispose of used biology experiments."

Marine

(Continued from page 1) air assignment. According to the announcement, a majority of new officers are now afforded the opportunity to attend specialist schools for additional training in such subjects as communications, supply, artillery, naval gunfire, naval flight training, ordnance, tank, motor transport and others. The remainder are assigned to various billets in the fleet Marine force. All serve on active duty for two years.

The officer training program is open to both married and single men. Interested men should contact Maj. F. C. Caldwell at the Naval Armory here.

