

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is published daily except Saturday, Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates mailed \$4 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered, \$6 and \$2.25 per quarter.

Editor: WALT DEAR
Managing Editor: ROLFE NEILL
Business Manager: JIM SCHENCK
Sports Editor: BIFF ROBERTS

News Ed.: Bob Slough
Sub. Mgr.: Carolyn Reichard
Ass't. Sub. Mgr.: Bill Venable, Tom Witty
Office Mgr.: Buzzy Shull
Assoc. Ed.: Nina Gray, Jane Carter

Soc. Ed.: Deenie Schoeppe
Circ. Mgr.: Donald Hogg
Asst. Spts. Ed.: Tom Peacock
Adv. Mgrs.: Charlie Collins, Charles Haskett
Exch. Ed.: Alice Chapman

EDITORIAL STAFF—A. Z. P. Wood Jr., John Gibson, Dorman Cordell, Dan Duke, Curt Ratledge, Tom Parramore, Louis Kraar, Dave Herbert, Jim Wilkinson, Harrison Dunlop, Don Thornton.

NEWS STAFF—John Jamison, Louis Kraar, Tom Parramore, Ellen Downs, Jennie Lynn, Jerry Reece, Sara Leek, Ben West, Jim Wilkinson, Jess Nettles, Sally Schindel, Manning Muntzing, Dave Herbert, Hubert Breeze, Harry Dunlop, Tom Neal Jr.

Night Editor for this issue: Louis Kraar

To See Ourselves

(Editor's note: The following article was written for the Lambda Lite by Dr. James E. King, Jr. associate professor of history and here and a member of Phi chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma.)

It is an ironic fact that the fraternity system which owes its existence to the inherent propensity of students to achieve a sense of brotherhood with fellow students generally succeeds in sowing the seeds of brotherhood. Whatever its undoubted merits from the standpoint of individual members it should be clearly understood that in the very act of association these members have voluntarily assumed a burden of ill will which, however veiled or sublimated, will tend to separate them during their college careers from the non-fraternal student body. This demerit of the fraternity life is so real and serious that every every candidate for admission should be urged to carefully weigh his decision before accepting a pledge pin. The companionship of a few may not compensate the loss of cordial relations with many.

On every campus where fraternities flourish a large body of distinguished students are encountered who have rejected here but the wise fraternity man will not ignore or shrug off fraternal bids on the grounds of principle. Their objections to the system are too well known to require trite repetition such opinions. Moreover there are members in every fraternity, and not necessarily unpopular or uncooperative members, who freely admit that they retain some conscientious scruples opposed to their participation. Too there is a large group of fraternal alumni, possibly a majority, who several years after college doubt the wisdom of having joined up in the first place.

Canon requires the recognition of obvious faults in the system but that does not mean, of course, that when all its virtues are considered fraternities may not still be justified on moral and practical grounds. Real society is, after all, inevitably compartmentalized into voluntary associations on every level in which men are concerned with other men. An affinity of interests, political, moral, or intellectual attracts certain people to the company of certain others and leads to relatively exclusive groupings which can serve constructive or aesthetic purposes. It is true, to be sure, that the selection of associates in a fraternity too often is based upon artificial rather than intrinsically valid criteria. It is no less true, however, in a society which draws its strength primarily from the product of the freedom of individuals that in the final analysis the acceptance or rejection of the fraternal life would rest upon the considered and free choice of individuals. Even if it were assumed that the fraternity possesses questionable value as an element in college life, an abridgement of the right of the individual college men to form such voluntary associations would establish a highly illeberal precedent.

The fraternity man may then justly insist on his right to associate but he would at the same time preserve an awareness of the natural social penalties involved in this decision and he should continuously strive, so far as it is possible, to remove those penalties. Undoubtedly many partial remedies to the problem of fraternal and non-fraternal relations will occur to anyone who is animated in the private conduct by the decent rules of courtesy. Tact, amiability and modesty then fused with an active program of participation in campus projects will go a long way towards establishing a desirable reapproachment.

Express Yourself

"More on Tickets" represents a new low in journalism, even for a Daily Tar Heel editorial. As usual one must suffer through several paragraphs of nonsequitur and insinuation to get to its self-righteous thesis. Dispensing for the moment with the editors' personal grievances with the athletic department and their noble disdain of the dollar, what are the facts?

1. The odd-even passbook priority has been instituted to insure that all the students get an equal opportunity to attend the home games.

2. Tickets not claimed by both odd and even numbered passbook holders by a given date are put up for public sale.

What a sinister conspiracy! Think of the hardship imposed on those loyal, tried and true, red-blooded American Tar Heels. They have to walk all the way down to Woolen Gym just to pick up a ticket that entitles them to watch a basketball game. But of course the real suffering is mental: they have to decide a whole week in advance whether the basketball team will still be good enough for

them to watch by the time the game rolls around, or perhaps they should go home for the weekend, or just stick around and swill beer. And while our noble students (without whom "... there would be no faculty and no university") wrestle with this weighty problem, everyone else must wait.

Well, that would be fine except that the "foreigners with loot" (mostly alumni, student's parents, dates and other nonentities) don't know till one minute before game time whether there will be any seats available. As a result, people from out of town, being reticent to take a long trip for nothing, don't see the games. This is as it should be if the students filled the gym at game time. If enough don't go, however, it means seats are being wasted. (The editor graciously admitted that many students don't have either the time or the inclination to see the games.) Thus, in order that the fair weather fans can have enough time to decide whether their team is really worth supporting, people who really want to see the game are deprived of the

Bubu of Montjarnasse

"Mr. T. S. Eliot of St. Louis, where Yogi Berra comes from," picked a good one this time. It is Bubu of Montjarnasse, by Charles Louis Philippe (Avon, 125 pp., 25c), carrying a five page Preface by Mr. Eliot. The interpretation of the book given by Eliot seems ineffective in the main—not so much wrong as misleading. He says of Philippe, "He had a gift which is rare enough: The ability not to think, not to generalise." But there are too many epigrammatic passages in the story for that statement to be convincing. As a matter of fact, one of the main reasons I liked Bubu is because of its unadorned use of pointed and concise phraseology. Early in the book there is this description of Paris at night, when "vanity, gaiety, lust walked amid the lights": "Paris seemed like a weary dog, still chasing a bitch in heat." The feeling evoked from that simile is one that is appropriate for the book as a whole, which is the story of the women of the streets of Paris, and their men, of the period around 1900.

The action centers on Berthe Metenier, a young girl who trades in pleasure, Maurice Belu (Bubu), her lover who lives off her earnings, and Pierre Hardy, a customer of Berthe's but one who likes her for her value as an individual rather than as a commodity. In a sense it is an old story, but so are most stories. A story well told—particularly a simple one such as this—is always worth reading.

The book seems put together with care. There are numerous pleasant stylistic surprises. There are verbal echoes used modestly, for which a reader is always thankful because they help to get across to him what seems im- a thematic nature are welcome, portant to the author. Echoes of too. When the plain-clothes men come to look around, "stiffly, the street walkers pass, without turning their heads, well aware in their slavish minds that might is always right." Berthe "discovered that all Maurice's friends beat their women, and she understood that the ruling law of this world is might." At one place, "Bubu realized that he who is right, must show his might."

Another aspect of theme reminds us even more clearly that this novel was written in the heyday of the naturalistic novel (someone may want to compare Bubu to Sister Carrie). We get this sentence: "When the five thousand francs are spent after two years of life in common, our destiny is not shaped that day, but its course has already been determined by every gesture we have made and every person we have frequented." As Pierre Hardy walks along the Boulevard Sebastopol we find this comment: "A man walks carrying with him all the properties of his life, and they churn about in his head, something else excites them. For our flesh has retained all our memories, and we mingle them with our desires. We pass through the present with all our luggage, and wherever we go, at whatever instant, we are complete."

Although this is the story of a prostitute, it is also a story of a pure woman, somewhat like Sister Carrie, even a little like Tess Troublefield. Eliot's most apt comment is a good summation: "In his book, we blame no one, we blame not even a 'social system'; and even the most virtuous, in reading it, may feel; I have inned exceeding in thought, word and deed."

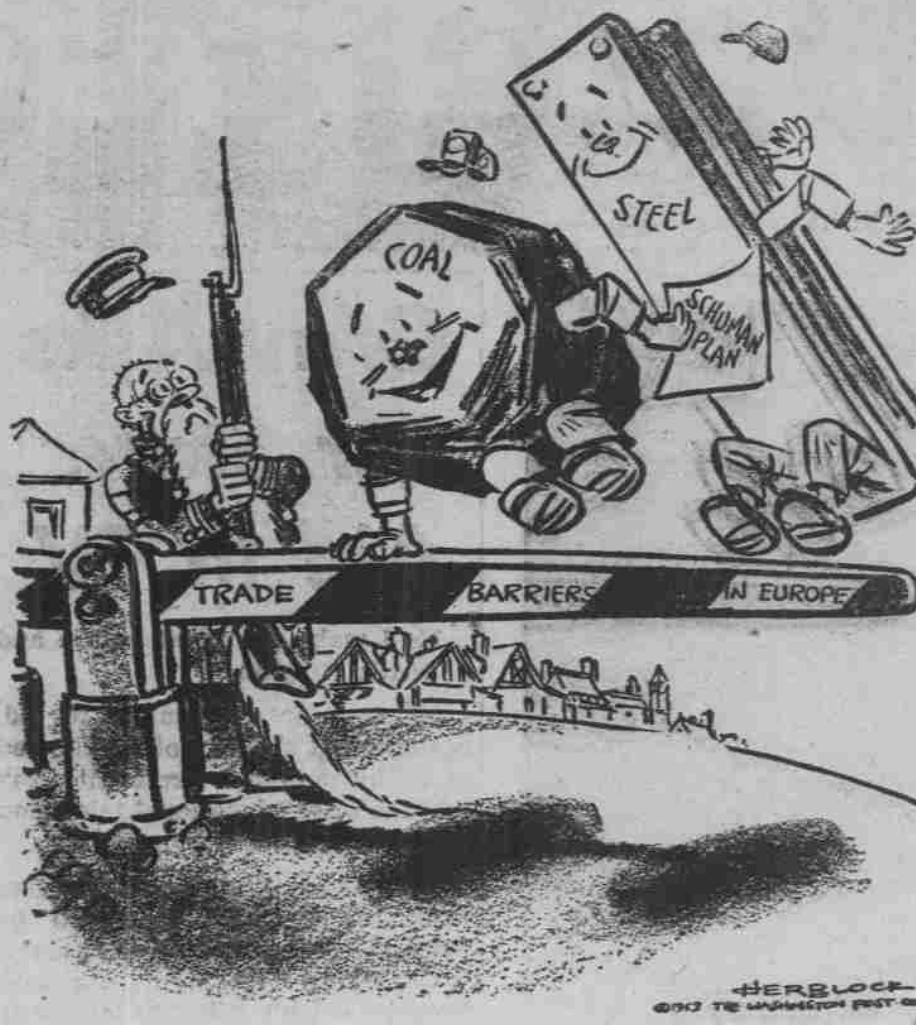
opportunity. Then there is the tri- the athletic department through non-use of the wasted seats. Our ofty editors speak so indifferently on this venal topic that I fear for them lest McCarthy start his investigation right here in Graham Memorial.

The entire editorial somehow reminds me of the grotesque figure of Don Juan romantically vial matter of the money lost to flailing at the windmill. Between "More on Tickets" and "The Wolves" I wonder whether the primary requirement of a Tar Heel columnist is paranoia (de-informed).

*To the Waves, by Dorman Cordell. (One of a number of fairy tales for college students and idiots.)

Lee Edward Paul
(Editor's Note: Watch your wind, pal. It was Don Quizote.)

"One Side, Bud—Le're Citizens of Europe Now"



CPU Roundtable

The Carolina Political Union has finally been persuaded to leave temporarily the high levels of intellectual discussion and consider a topic on a somewhat lower level. The Union, an informal discussion group, has been concerned for some time with questions such as the nature of a liberal university, academic freedom and such abstracts as the nature of progress. Just as one has difficulty that such questions are culty in convincing the general important, that they can determine whether he himself is to be an industrial slave, bound to a desk or machine, whether he can be punished for thinking, and whether he will be able to aid his society in progressing toward a more perfect state or whether he will impede that progress, knowingly or unknowingly, one also has trouble in convincing the politician or philosopher that such questions as the nature of athletics can be important.

Most of us at one time or another have felt dissatisfaction with the athletic system at Carolina, if only after losing a game. Other times many of us are unable to obtain tickets or decent seats for sporting events. Others of us sorrowfully look on while the University cashier bills us for athletic privileges we have no intention of ever wanting to use. Others of us look at the athletic scholarship lists, painfully remembering the one we needed so badly and could not get. Others of us when buying our books for the quarter hold out our hands out of habit for the rebate slip to provide us with pen and ink for the quarter and then recall that rebates are not being issued any more.

There are a great many more valid complaints that could be hurled against the Carolina way of athletics, but none of these, by themselves, seem to be of prime importance to us. The one evil I see in Carolina athletics is not a practice, but an attitude—the belief of purposes upon which the great University physical education plant is built. That premise seems to be, as well as I can determine, a belief in athletics for the sake of athletics. This is the belief, which to my way of thing-

ing, leads to professionalization of football. It leads to glorification of the winner and vilification of the loser. It leads to high tempers by coaches when mistakes or losses occur. It leads to the futile attempt of a five thousand population university trying to compete successfully with a twenty thousand population university. It leads to importation and the erection of false goals.

There are many good things that can be said for athletics; if there were not I would not concern myself with improvement but abatement. But why can't the Department of Physical Education realize that its first responsibility is to the general student in the University? Why cannot it contract with teams in its own conference, class and background? Why cannot we be concerned with the ope of sport, of trying and improving, and not with winning, and glory, and records, and gate receipts? In short why can we not restrict our athletic activity to the real, the attainable, so that all students may benefit, instead of reaching out for false stars and overstraining finances and tempers in the process and eliminating the weak in favor of the strong.

Express Yourself

Editor:

Since when have you become so endowed with divine insight into the problems of the local Presbyterian Church, even yet into the very soul of man, that you consider yourself qualified to accuse and to judge as you have been doing about the matter of ousting Rev. Jones? Stop and consider, if you will, that there may be those who see beyond your own narrow concept of right and wrong. Who are you to call consecrated Christian leaders of the Presbyterian Synod wicked, evil, foolish, and criminal? Is it for you to say that their souls are lost, to wish upon them the fate of finding no forgiveness

Bills Mailed Home

John Gibson
While thumbing through the Tar Heel, On a winter morn, I came across a clothing ad, That made my heart grow warm. It heralded no sale, No socks to give away, No neon tie, no cashmere gloves, No suits like Garroway. It was a very simple ad, (Done in monochrome) And carried, too, a simple theme, "Your bills are mailed home."

Oh great delight, oh happy day, A message sure to thrill, For we can charge, and charge, and charge, And never get the bill. Just like the Federal Government, No balance do we keep, We purchase here, and purchase there,

At prices dear or cheap. To and fro across the land, On buying sprees we roam. Taste alone our only judge, Our bills are mailed home.

The magic of these simple words, Is something to behold. For college students are we now, Our judgment sure and bold. We are adults, our knowledge great On politics and sex, On science, law, atomic power, And other things complex. Our voices heard above the crowd, Our frenzied features foam, Naught care we for worldly goods, Our bills are mailed home.

What other lesson half so well Carries through the theme, Of growing up, of learning how To work and yet to dream. Of self-reliance, judgment fair, Of confidence in life, Of choosing well the simple things, From golf clubs to a wife. Our lessons learned, the school is out, We leave with sure aplomb. Within us housed a strength unmatched, Our bills are mailed home.

for their sins, to title their sponsorship and protection of the great Presbyterian Church "theological claptrap"? By whose authority do you set the Rev. Jones up as "the best among you?" True, you are entitled to your personal opinion. As a gifted writer, you are entitled to put your opinion on paper if you so desire. But it seems in rather poor taste to continually clutter up the pages of our student newspaper with your bitter babblings.

Have you stopped to consider that there are many parents throughout North Carolina who seriously desire their children to spend four of their most formative years in a college community where their religious life is influenced by a tried and proven doctrine of faith and devotion taught and loved by thousands of Presbyterians down through many generations, rather than in a community where the denomination of their choice is represented by a church where the pastor preaches a mere personal philosophy rather than the Christian religion as interpreted by the denomination of which he professes to be a part. The teaching of the personal philosophy of any mere human, no matter how good that person or that philosophy may be, should

The Livespike

Rolfe Neill
The fellow who makes Ann Page peanut butter and other items on the A & P's well-stocked shelves, has turned to movies. Whether or not you like his grocery items you're sure to enjoy his flicks.

Huntington Hartford, heir to the A & P food store fortune, took up movie making as a hobby, and "Face to Face", which is on today and tomorrow at the Varsity, is his initial venture into the celluloid field. Judging by his first born, Mr. Hartford should stay in Hollywood for in our estimation he ranks with Stanley Kramer, Wald & Krasna and the few other creative souls who are Hollywood's excuse for existence.

"Face to Face" yokes a Stephen Crane story to one by Joseph Conrad. Conrad's "The Secret Sharer" is a men and the sea affair. However, the only concession it makes to the typical wind and wave plot is some salty parlance to direct the sailors in their duties.

"The Secret Sharer" is the story of a murdered and a young captain taking over his first ship in the Majesty's fleet. James Mason plays the tormented captain, imparting a feeling in the process though that if you had to be faced by stormy waters or alien guns you'd like to have Cap'n Mason giving the orders. Mason is excellent in this role. Although his ship doesn't get underway until the film's end, the English actor is as taut as The Ferora's main-sail—and, as you'll see, for good reason.

Other than some dragging in the middle, "The Secret Sharer" is a suspenseful drama well acted and directed.

The second half of the movie is "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" by Crane. This is comedy plus. Robert Preston is the bashful marshal who corrals the men with his shooting, and tames the women with—"Well, shucks, I never was much a hand for them." Despite the self-confession about matters of love, Preston brings his youthful bride back to Yellow Sky.

Minor Watson plays the town drunk who's as handy with the trigger as the jigger. With due respects to the White House, we point out that Watson, in his more loquacious moments, resembles President Eisenhower in his more loquacious moments. Another pleasing character in "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" is Marjorie Steele who runs the town's Weary Gentlemen Bar.

For superior entertainment, you'll be delighted with your investment in "Face to Face."

—R & RN

"Read 'em and weep, Suckers" was the headline greeting student readers at San Jose college as they looked at their examination schedule.

be confined to the classroom and the lecture, leaving the pulpits of our churches reserved to the preaching of Christ's Gospel.

I humbly ask that you think on these things before making any further such rash outbursts as appeared in Thursday's Tar Heel. Charles Edward Bizzell

