

# The Daily Tar Heel

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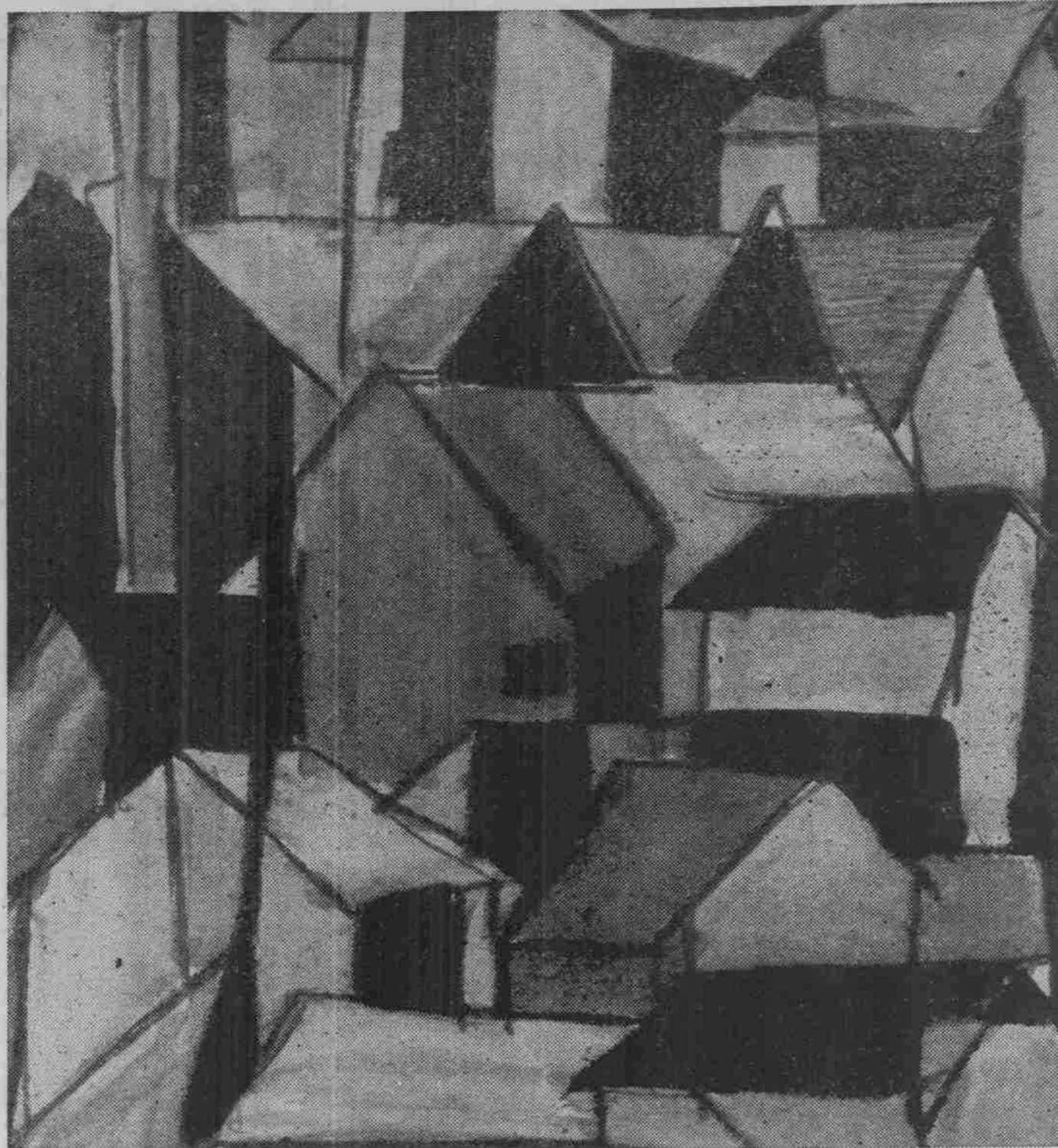
## Seceding Seven

Morton Ershler

The much talked of Southern Conference split has finally materialized. The Big Seven—Duke, N. C. State, Wake Forest, Maryland, Clemson, South Carolina and North Carolina have at last made the move that will mean the end to a troublesome, burdensome seventeen-member athletic conference. The move has been anticipated for years—talked of in smokefilled rooms behind closed doors for years—but it took only a little speed at an open session of all concerned to put the finishing touches on the movement and the split was achieved.

As far as the record book is concerned the split was here long ago. The seceding schools have consistently carried off honors in the major sports as football, baseball, and basketball; they have usually come out on the long end of the toughest athletic conferences in the nation to win a championship in, and while they have the necessary leadership available to make them the most progressive conference in the country we suggest that they take into consideration the following ideas which can make them the undisputed champs of the nation:

1. Include four more big schools in the new conference that are willing and capable of playing ball on the same level as the Big Seven. Suggested are: Virginia, West Virginia, Florida State and Miami. Even though travel will be costly, increased gate receipts as a result of this addition should cover the expenditure.
2. Tie-up with the Orange Bowl so that the conference champ will definitely get a bowl bid, but allow the other teams in the conference to participate in other bowls around the nation if they are invited. The Southeastern Conference last year had five of their schools participating in bowl games.
3. If an alignment with the Orange Bowl is made, and teams are allowed to play in other bowls too, let the Conference divide the bowl money into shares such as the Big Ten does in the Rose Bowl. This would increase the revenue of all schools in the conference.
4. In writing the by-laws of the new conference, make it clear just who shall determine athletic policy for the schools concerned. It is felt that it is not the job of the university presidents to formulate policy and ramrod it down the throat of the conference, but rather each school's athletic council shall determine policy with the help of their president, and pass it on to the conference through their director of athletics.
5. It is finally urged that the new conference bring the question of subsidizing athletes out in the open. Make subsidizing a legal affair with certain agreed upon limitations. Let us start our new conference right... by pulling no punches to begin with, even though we may not end up that way.



It Must Be Truth Or It Cannot Exist, Says Artist

(With this painting by Lewis Ennis, The Daily Tar Heel inaugurates a weekly feature on its editorial page.—Ed.)

Ennis, a senior art student from Durham, describes his work:

It is my aim to organize space and form in nature. This is true, perhaps, because I know I "cannot copy 'that' nature." I want to utilize nature in order to bring about an organization of "things" that will be meaningful and compatible to myself, and with a desire the same organization will also be meaningful and compatible to others.

If I choose to draw from "that" nature certain shapes and forms that will add unity to my own being; if I choose or feel the need to take this rooftop and that chimney; if I choose to turn around and take this church steeple or that window, then I do so because I feel that window, then I do so because I feel that this nature can help me ex-

press the emotion, idea, or even the humor that I wish to make manifest.

I feel that if the artist is to seek truth he cannot allow himself to become "restricted" by the nature in which he must live. I realize this. I am aware of the existence of things that cannot be added to or made better. Therefore, I strive to organize space and form.

I believe that a work of art may be an expression of my own inner feelings or vision, and that it may be a thing useful to society, but I also believe that beyond both of these it is a "thing-in-itself." Regardless of whether it is an emotion, an impulse, an ideal or a funny story—regardless of whether it is intellectual, spontaneous, or psychological—it must have a unifying organization which is divorced from the mere copying of another's creation.

It must be truth or it cannot exist.

## Foot Loose

Chapel Hill's aldermen have gotten tough with delinquent fraternities and sororities on correcting the fire hazards in their houses. However, this is only one half of the program Inspector P. L. Burch announced in January.

After condemning 35 Greek abodes, the inspector said the inspection would be extended to town lodging houses and they would be required to make any necessary alterations. So far, the town fire check has not materialized.

Mr. Burch has said "We'll have to get our foot loose from the fraternity-sorority houses before we can take anything else." He added that "We would have to determine which are 'rooming houses' as specified in the law, and which are private dwellings which don't come under the law."

Having set June 5 as the last deadline for the Greeks, Mr. Burch should be free shortly afterwards to continue with his inspection work. Now that the program has started it should be thoroughly continued until complete.

## Spirits

With a new Coed Visiting Agreement in their brief cases, the Administration meets Tuesday to consider the student recommendations about visiting and drinking in fraternity houses.

The nine-point proposal of the Inter-Fraternity Council is a realistic approach to a rather insoluble problem which in the past has been regulated by farcial, hypocritical rules. Stressing self-regulation, the new Inter-Fraternity plan calls for individual and fraternity responsibility, not for some flying brigade of vigilantes.

This new visiting agreement is the fruition of several years' work; this year, somehow, its proponents have persevered and apparently they're about to get their end-of-the-rain-bow pot of gold. May the Administration add its blessings this Tuesday.

## Tarnation

Dorman Cordell

Tarnation has managed to come out again, and although it is nothing to have hysterics over, it is the best of the year. It seems that each issue has been better than the last.

Jerry McMahon's Slob is on the cover again, and McMahon also has several cartoons inside which are pretty good. In fact, his cartoons have been the one bright spot in some of the previous issues.

Professional cartoonist Bill Harrison contributed two on the subject of graduation, and the professional touch is evident immediately.

The two-page spread by Stan Smith is fair to middling, and may provoke a yuk among Y-Court dwellers.

On the writing side, Barry Farber's "Into The Fire" is good for two or three columns, but then becomes a little tedious. However, it is, on the whole, probably the best in the current issue.

"Men of Destiny" by Kit Crittenden and Steve Chaseman is short but sweet.

Daily Tar Heeler Louis Kraar relieved some of the nation's surplus of corn by using barrels of it in "Georgi Peorgi," which is amusing if you like the "1000 Jokes" or "Charley Jones Laugh Book" sort of thing.

The jokes in the new Tarnation seem to be fairly new (at least to this reviewer) for the most part, although some from Grandpa's heyday insist on popping up occasionally.

As college humor magazines go, Tarnation does as well as most, what there is of it.

## The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey won't know it when he presents his ideas to the House Ways and Means Committee today, but the tax cards are completely stacked against him. Chairman Dan Reed's feathers are ruffled over the whole tax situation and he just isn't going to cooperate.

So no matter what Humphrey proposes in the way of new taxes, he just isn't going to get much from his fellow republicans. In fact, he'll probably get more cooperation from the democrats.

What Humphrey has been working on in the way of a tax program is this:

A.—Continuation of the excess-profits tax.  
 B.—No cutting of income taxes this year.

C.—As a sop to business, Humphrey is considering more generous depreciation rates, thereby permitting a quicker write-off of capital investments. But regarding the future, Humphrey believes congress can-

not cut taxes substantially without jeopardizing national defense.

What the Secretary of the Treasury doesn't know, however, is that Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee, who are supposed to support him, have entered into a secret deal to let the excess-profits tax die on the vine June 30—no matter what he recommends.

Furthermore, Uncle Dan Reed got quite nettled the other day when Humphrey made the understandable mistake of conferring with Sen. Gene Millikin of Colorado about taxes before he consulted Reed.

Doesn't he know, fumed Uncle Dan at a closed-door meeting, that tax legislation originates in the Ways and Means Committee, not in the Senate?

Of course, Humphrey is only a plain, hard-working Cleveland businessman, though a most successful one. And he probably didn't realize the niceties of congressional protocol, and whom he

should talk to first.

However, the result of all this is that there's almost certain to be no tax legislation passed at this session of Congress. Taxes will be caught in a deadlock. The House, following the advice of Uncle Dan Reed, will do nothing. The Senate, led by Chairman Millikin of the Finance Committee, will accept the advice of Secretary Humphrey. But out of the impasse between the two, no new tax bill is likely to be written.

This means the excess-profits tax will automatically expire June 30 and personal income taxes automatically will be reduced 10 per cent—at the end of the year.

Chinese are tired—U.S. Intelligence experts are now convinced that the Chinese Communists want to end the Korean War. For example, not a single anti-American sign showed up in the Peiping May day parade. In contrast, even before Korea, every May day parade featured anti-American signs.

## The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others..." Hippopotis: circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was filching some laundry-bags from the University Laundry and was not at all disturbed when I suggested he might get caught.

"It will be worse if I get caught without the bags," he chattered. "I'm staying for the Summer quarters."

I didn't get the connection? What did laundry-bags have to do with education?

"Education?" he sneered elegantly. He gathered his loot and started away, past the Port Hole, past Hill, and on toward the library. "You are definitely old hat, my boy. It is no longer fashionable to 'Educate.' To-day, we INducate; or perhaps ADDucate, if you are an optimist and believe much of it even stays stuck to you."

Would he be less obscure?

"Okay," The Horse said, sprawling out in the shade of the Y-Court. "Attend me, Roger. 'E-duco' is Latin for 'I bring out,' or something equivalent, right? Well, in the old days the schools did bring out whatever was in the student, and just that. You think they try to bring out whatever is in the student in the way of talent, now?"

Didn't The Horse believe so?

"Alas and welladay!" The Horse sighed. "How juvenile you are! To-day, we are not concerned with what a student can give us. Barring the price of tuition, that is. To-day, our concern is in giving him things. A bit of this subject; a dash of that; a splattering of some other. You stand in line like Oliver Twist begging at the board of Education; you hold the little bag open; we dump you in some alleged knowledge; you get going. And no repeats!"

Was it possible The Horse was a radical, a mal-content?

"A realist," The Horse corrected. "The only fun in being a horse is you got horse-sense. The important thing to-day is, what you do not know. You meet with some other coltish folk socially, say, five years from now, and you worry that the guy you are talking with may know more than you do. So you ask, after a bit, where he went to coltich, and what degree?"

"Yale, A. B., majored in History," he answers. Right away you feel relaxed. He doesn't know any more than you do, and he paid more money not to know it. But if the guy says, 'Boston Tech, and I'm a Chemical Engineer,' get moving! They got to know something to get that! But if he should say, 'I got a B. S. degree at East Cupcake Abnormal,' start patronizing him, because they don't have to have such big bags for a B. S. as for a B. A. If he is an M. D. or an LL. B. or D., stare him down, because he will want your business."

I thought The Horse was a cynic?

"I'm a stoic," he growled, pushing to his hooves and collecting his bags for summer school. "How else could I stand you?"

I think The Horse hears imperfectly, also...



## The Aardvark

A.Z.F. Wood Jr.

(Browsing in the Intimate Book Shop the other day I came upon Will Cuppy's "How to Attract the Wombat," in which were sketches of various animals, common and uncommon, including, much to my consternation, the earthworm and the opossum. So I am now duly apologetic for trying to out-Cuppy Cuppy. But there are a few animals which he has not sketched and one of them is the aardvark. Thus:)

The aardvark is a member of the family mammalia and the order Tubulidentata which means he's got teeth but they're not very good. He hasn't got any in the front of his mouth and the twenty-six he has got have neither enamel or roots.

The aardvark is a stout, hump-backed, scraggly-haired, rabbit-eared fellow between five and six feet long, one-fourth of which is tail. He eats ants. He is equipped with very strong claws with which he tears an ant-hill all to hell and a flypaper tongue with which to lap them up. His diet is apparently exclusively ants and he seems to have little trouble finding plenty of them.

Aardvarks are to be found mostly in South Africa, though if you went down there to see one you would probably be very disappointed. They are very shy and if they hear you coming they'll burrow straight down into the ground and be gone before you can say, "You're a Communist."

The Dutch call the aardvark the earth-hog and that just shows how unimaginative the Dutch are. Just because the aardvark burrows around in the earth and has a snout like a hog, is that any reason to call him an earth-hog?

Because of the fact that the aardvark has teeth, no matter how lousy they are, he has never been accepted into the Grand Order of the Edentata, which is an exclusive club for all toothless ant-eaters. So the aardvark went out and founded his own order (Tubulidentata), but apparently his feelings were hurt, for he has become nearly extinct everywhere except in South Africa.

So far as the sex life of the aardvark is concerned, all I can say is that he's got one. They have one or two little aardvarks by the usual mammal process and are nursed in the usual mammal way. How many times they go through this I don't know, but apparently not enough to make up for the hurt feelings and ensuing road to extinction brought on by the snooty Edentata.

1—And I am told that the aardvark has not got halitosis. Let the Colgate people figure that one out.

2—if this diet seems a bit unbalanced to you, remember, you are not an aardvark.

3—I do not know why they are so shy. They are supposed to make very good pets: gentle, easily house-broken, and simply wonderful picnic companions.

4—The English called the Dutch Boers; so maybe the Dutch took it out on the aardvark.

5—I haven't been able to find out what happens when about twenty square miles of inch-long driver ants come into aardvark territory. I have a hunch that this has something to do with his quasi-extinction.