

The Passing Scene

Where are the coeds of yesteryear? Time was—and not many quarters ago—the campus' fairer sex was in everything. Now they're in hardly anything, including the Arboretum. No politics, no Carrie Nations, no pranks, no fight for coed rights, no nothing. It's time, gals, to get off your Scottish plaids.

YOU Said It

Editor:

The Carolina intramural system represents an idea to be proud of. Every college and university in the country is able to boast a system of athletic competition which is below the varsity level.

I have heard that the major reason for having an intramural system is to give those students who desire to participate in athletics, but who are incapable of making a varsity team, the chance to participate in a program which incorporates other students of their own relative degree of athletic ability. This is supposed to be mutually beneficial by providing exercise, the opportunity to display good sportsmanship, and the gratification of competitive desire. Thus, the idea of the intramural system is good.

In most university intramural programs this system certainly proves to be mutually beneficial. This is not so at Carolina—at least not so to the extent which it should be.

Why are so many of the scores recorded in intramural contests at Carolina so ridiculously one-sided? The answer lies in the organization and not in the quality of the Carolina system.

Within the past week, at least three basketball games have been played which serve to illustrate that all is not well. In one of these games, the one which is most startling, one team defeated another by the score of 141-16. On two other occasions, one team outscored another by over fifty points.

The Zeta Psi second team would enjoy playing the Phi Gam second team. Sigma Chi-4 would welcome the opportunity to play Beta-4, but what chance to win or even to enjoy the game would the members of the Sigma Chi fourth team, composed of pledges, have against the 1952 Championship ATO-1 team? As the system stands at the present time, such a match is not only possible, but probable.

It is not my wish to belabor the point, but merely to suggest that some other means of organization be adopted whereby the intramural program is divided into leagues comprised of teams which approximate each other in strength.

In addition to providing for a far greater degree of fairness, such a system organized along lines as suggested, would foster considerable more interest.

Jim Lovelace

(Sports Editor Tom Peacock says to Reader Lovelace: You reveal the answer in your letter. With each organization entering more than one team, the murals managers must have a number of leagues. These schedule makers do not know the relative proficiency of the teams, as an organization can call its best team No. 4, or may have two teams of equal strength. Each league, therefore, is picked at random.

(Should the organizations be forced to rate their teams, and leagues be comprised of teams with the same degree of skill, the divisional playoffs would be uncommonly dull. I suggest to teams who want to play but are not scheduled: Challenge each other and play a practice game for a keg of beer.)

The Daily Tar Heel

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Another Look

Brad Stroup

(This is our second review on the Quarterly. The first was by Palinurus, our regular reviewer. The Quarterly engaged Mr. Stroup to do one, too, and it follows.—Ed)

The fall issue of the Carolina Quarterly has just come out, a little bulkier than last year, and assuredly more interesting.

The usual fare of article, fiction, poetry, and book review go far toward making a balanced diet for the curious reader. That the majority of any group of people is not curious as readers is an eternally gloomy fact to the eager publisher. Curious as moralists, politicians, householders, taxpayers, males, or females they may be, but this issue of the Quarterly is not concerned with these people.

It is a good issue because of balance rather than brilliance. The prose runs from historically critical (Barclay Jones' "Space, Time and Chapel Hill") to humorous (Phillip Thayer's "The Man Who Ate Beetles") to the slightly ponderous (Gabriel Boney's "Epiphany in E-Flat"). The majority of this is pleasant writing, some of it masterful.

The poetry is admittedly experimental, travelling a path from communication (James B. May and Phivos Delphis) to obscurity (Bob Nystedt and Louis Funderburk) onward to inscrutability (Chris Bjerknes). This gamut is normal for experimental poetry. There are lines and figures in all of these poems that are forced and outlandish. There are others which surprise one into new insights. But none of the pieces achieve uniform effectiveness.

Nystedt's "Sea Shells" is as thought-provoking a concentration of obscurity as the magazine contains, while Funderburk's "Insanity of Numbers" seems too derivative to be sincere. Bjerknes' "Two Blackbirds" is rendered unforgettably difficult through its morass of metaphor.

It seems extraordinary that the poetry editor of the Quarterly is capable of appreciating only the type of poetry illustrated by these poems. They have the common quality of being long on the enforced bizarre, the consciously novel, and short on naturalness and sincerity.

Prose is the standard merchandise of literary magazines, and it is the standout of this issue. Barclay Jones and Phillip Thayer are refreshingly readable. Jones' article on Chapel Hill's campus architecture is an informative tribute to the men who built the University, although he despairs of the uninhabitable "Southern Colonial" structures that lie south of Cameron Avenue. Mr. Jones does not, however, explain the bases of his judging some buildings "very handsome," and "there being a grandness of scale about them." In effect, the article is more worthwhile for its information than its discriminating taste.

Phillip Thayer's "Man Who Ate Beetles" is Sunday afternoon reading: witty, comfortable, shrewd. In *The New Yorker* fashion the *Utile* is quietly ignored while two devilish children on board ship are out-deviled.

Mr. Thayer's writing is as delightfully entertaining as Gabriel Boney's is somberly "profound." "Epiphany in E-Flat" is a power-

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — White House advisers, previously split as to whether the President should crack back at Senator McCarthy, are now less divided. The McCarthy strategy of swamping the White House with telegrams, plus his charge that the White House was concealing Western Union figures, plus earlier McCarthy criticism, has made even General "Slick" Persons realize that Ike can't appease McCarthy.

General Persons, with Vice President Nixon, has been the most persuasive of the Ike-advisers who believe the President must get along with McCarthy, not oppose him.

But now it's the belief of almost everyone who tries to counsel an idealistic but politically inexperienced President that the Senator from Wisconsin has used the Eisenhower Administration to build himself a rabid following which can't be dissipated overnight. In effect, the Administration has supplied the steppingstones by which the man who now defies it has risen to power.

fully written story, full of sound and color, emotional intensity and skillful subtlety. But in Mr. Boney's longwinded profundity he almost breaks over into the ridiculous, the way Gounod's *Faust* does for high-school students; one has the feeling the commotion is all over nothing. It is extremely difficult to base a whole story directly on the distinction between talent and genius in musicians (or any artists, for that matter). The distinction's reality being questionable, the theme is liable to ludicrousness.

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Here are some of the steppingstones the Administration has inadvertently handed its chief Republican critic:

Stepping Stone No. 1—Carbon copies of all Eisenhower Administration investigations are automatically given McCarthy. That was how he knew the Army was probing the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N. J. The Army had been working on this for months, and after McCarthy obtained copies of Army reports, it was a simple matter for him to call witnesses, usurp the headlines.

Stepping Stone No. 2—Attorney General Brownell whitewashed the Senate investigating committee's report on McCarthy; also let the statute of limitations expire on the Senate probe of the Maryland election and McCarthy's part in it. A Senate committee had submitted a unanimous report, including amazing photostats of McCarthy's concealed financial operations. Yet Brownell announced that the matter was being dropped.

Stepping Stone No. 3—The Administration appointed two McCarthy men to the Federal Communications Commission. This is one reason the big radio and TV networks have leaned over backward to give McCarthy free time. The White House even appointed to the FCC, Robert E. Lee, the McCarthy henchman who, according to a Senate report handled some of the money in the Maryland election. Lee's extremely limited knowledge of radio or TV came as a moderator for the McCarthy-Hunt TV program, "Facts Forum."

Stepping Stone No. 4—The Administration gave McCarthy's chief financial angel, H. L. Hunt, and other financial backers, a tax reduction on contributions to his TV program, "Facts Forum." In other words, the administration

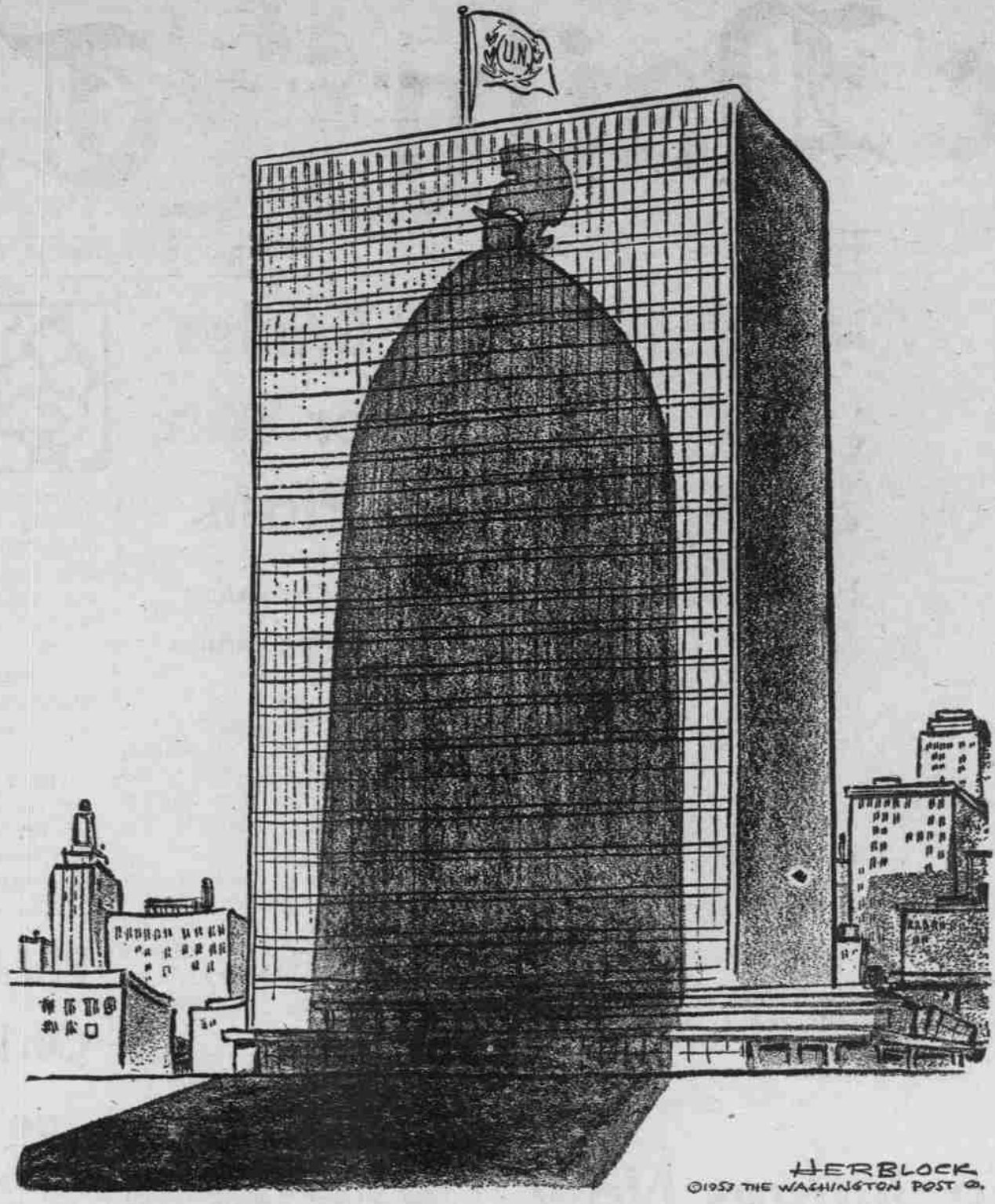
which has suffered from McCarthy's attacks helped build him up by ruling that those who finance McCarthy's TV program get a tax deduction of 20 percent for individuals and five percent for corporations on the amounts they contribute.

This TV program gives significant insight into the McCarthy propaganda network. If the Republican Party tried to get away with the same tax deductions it has given McCarthy's followers, it would be laughed out of court. However, "Facts Forum," though touted as educational, is actually an effective propaganda vehicle for the philosophy of America firsters, isolationists, and the fascist fringe.

On its advisory committee are Gen. Robert E. Wood, former head of the America First Committee, which vigorously opposed war with Hitler; also Gen. Hanford McNider, an active leader in the same group. Yet President Eisenhower's policies are the exact opposite. He commanded the chief offensive against Hitler, later advocated international cooperation as head of NATO in Paris.

A typical "Facts Forum" lecturer is Allan Zoll, whose American Patriots organization was put on the Attorney General's list as subversive and fascist. Among the books and literature which "Facts Forum" urges TV viewers to buy are those written by Merwyn K. Hart, who Justice Jackson described as "well known for his pro-fascist leanings."

President Eisenhower, of course, has taken exactly the opposite stand from these McCarthy followers, has made public pleas for tolerance and understanding. Yet his Treasury Department gives tax benefits to an organization fighting his policies under the guise of education.



The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was strutting across the campus when I saw him. I wondered what had him so set up?

"I'm happier'n a durn puppy-dog with two tails," The Horse stated, his eyes crossed with emotion. "But I'm scared, too!"



So? "All my horsed-up life I've regretted I didn't go to college," The Horse said, squatting on his haunches, "and ever since I got here, I felt like a dope, shagging my gray locks into classes with guys younger than my own children."

I didn't think that was the only reason he should feel like a dope. I thought he should just naturally feel that way. "You're about as funny as a pop-quiz on a Monday morning," The Horse growled. "The thing is, I felt embarrassed when the editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* suggested I try a column for him."

The Horse meant, he couldn't write? "I meant," he said, snatching some Botany One from the Geography-38 lawn and doing a Lenoir Hall with it in a manner he never learned in Hygiene-11, "I hardly thought I represented the average student in age, viewpoint, or purpose."

I was with him on the age; but if the average student had The Horse's purpose and viewpoint, we'd all be fired tomorrow.

"Why, Roger!" The Horse murmured reprovingly. "I study furiously each ten-minute period before a class; I never miss a home game; I carefully inquire how many cuts I am allowed the first day of a new class; I write my pledge on quizzes so legibly that the professors give me twenty-extra for penmanship—or whatever is required to get me a passing grade—and I look with affection, if not with nostalgic recollection, upon all the coo-eds."

Oh? Had he then gone to school with coo-eds, before, if he recollected so nostalgically?

"Nope," The Horse munched, "but I used to wish I had. It might be they would have had a refining influence on me. But look what's happened, now! Durned if these great guys and dolls didn't go and elect me to Legislature!"

Only one hundred and eight of them had been so myopic that they marked the wrong vote-box.

"Well, none the less I am at the command of the whole campus," The Horse said. "One lad stopped me and took me to task for not campaigning; but I explained I figured my job every Thursday night would be to try to work for them if they elected me to; and not just to go ask them for their votes and forget them forever after."

Did he mean he would not be like a certain Cheese-state solon?

"I won't be caught putting the McCarty before The Horse," The Horse snorted. "I aspire to lofty statesmanship."

"Wump!" Mr. Wump, the Frog, said, from behind a rock.

"That low-visioned churl," The Horse shrugged, "is burned up because he has to work Thursday nights getting the low-level view of things. Neckley is a chap more to my kidney. Look at the lofty view he takes of everything!"

Neckley, the Giraffe, was staring noncommittally over New East.

"Me and Ike," The Horse stated. "Statesmen, that's us."

Did The Horse mean he would speak out only once a year?

"If I have nothing to offer, I'll hold my tongue," The Horse stated emphatically. "I won't say a word in Legislature."

I knew the other forty-nine Legislators would be so happy to know this. But about statesmen—I had read somewhere that a statesman was a successful politician who had died.

"Well, that lets me out," The Horse sighed. "I wasn't too sure of that. Several times, some of his classmates had thought The Horse had died of old age in class. Several other times, they were sorry they had been mistaken in this wise."

"I chop my teeth now and then," The Horse admitted. "It is a good thing to do. You sit silent in class and the professor starts to thinking, 'What's with this character staring at me with fish eyes and closed trap? Is he maybe so dumb he can't think of anything to say? Or is he afraid if he says what he is thinking I will decorate his next quiz with a large and boisterous F?' So, I surreptitiously swallow a couple pep-pills, drop my jaws slack in what I hope passes for admiration, but my eyes rapidly a few passes, and try to put in homely horse-talk something the professor said a few minutes ago so it will sound original with me."

Did it work?

"The principal reaction I recall," The Horse said, "was one professor who said, 'Thank you, Mr. O'Horse, for your unsolicited contribution, and may I state in closing that I prefer my own words to those in which you have less than fascinatingly restated the proposition.'"

Wasn't that rough? "Nope," The Horse grinned, "it was smooth. Some of the others I tried this 'Hey-look-I'm-alive!' technique on, gave back with fishy eyes of their own. But I guess it is like they say in *Psee-colo-zee*, as the French Term it: I got conditioned wrong."

How was that? "Well, one prof here has a gimmick wherein he asks, in disarming gentleness the very first day of his class, 'Are there any questions concerning this first lesson?' And when the misguided student takes him up and asks—and like Barnum says, there is one in every class—some inoffensive question, this friendly chappie snarls, 'You got a textbook, haven't you? Well, stop wasting my time with foolish questions!'"

Say, that was rough! "I estimate it works for him, though," The Horse said, "the way it is designed to. No more questions get asked in class, ever. I suppose it is only incidental that his classes have the highest percentage of flunkies on the campus, according to a reliable report. There's only one thing to do when you catch a deal like that, and that is to recall the clever twist of the old saying, 'Time heals all wounds.'"

And that went . . . ? "Time wounds all heels," The Horse said placidly. "Wump, wump, wump!" Mr. Wump whumped.

