

You Can Go Home Again

A man walking past Murphy Hall on his way to the game yesterday afternoon turned to his companion and said, "You know, it hasn't changed so much. It's pretty much the way it was 30 years ago."

That wasn't quite true, of course. Since 1924, the campus has more than doubled, spread out in all directions until it hardly resembles the University the man graduated from.

But in a larger sense, we think, Carolina probably hasn't "changed so much," and this alumnus may have been right. Even for those whose earliest memory of Franklin Street is of a rutted dirt road and for those who knew, in their student days, every citizen in town, Chapel Hill has remained, despite all its physical growth, somehow different. Everyone who has been here for any length of time knows it, but we have never heard that feeling adequately expressed.

It has to do with the function of this village: the process of teaching and learning. That sets it apart in the beginning from Kannapolis, which makes cloth, and Raleigh, which dispenses government, and Southport, which catches fish. Chapel Hill teaches people, and that makes it different.

So do other things, however, and it is these other things that make the word "homecoming" peculiarly applicable to our town. The alumnus of whom we spoke was coming back to the things that really haven't changed so much since 1924—the ancient hill on the edge of the Carolina Piedmont covered with the burnt, brown leaves of fall, the old oaks of the north campus, Old East and Old West, rising out of the same yellow clay from which their yellow bricks were made a century and a half ago.

And "homecoming" to a graduate of thirty years ago, means coming back to the same freedom under the sun, the same students on the South Building steps (they are dressed differently, but they haven't changed), the same unpretentious excitement in the air on a football Saturday, the same feeling of being in a vital place, a place that has come to have a greater part in the history of the state than any other, a village that is yet to grow so far beyond its boundaries that a day will come when even the most romantic can no longer call it a village; and yet even then, it will not have changed so much. What's more, at Homecoming, 1954, there will be an alumnus on hand to remark that it hasn't.

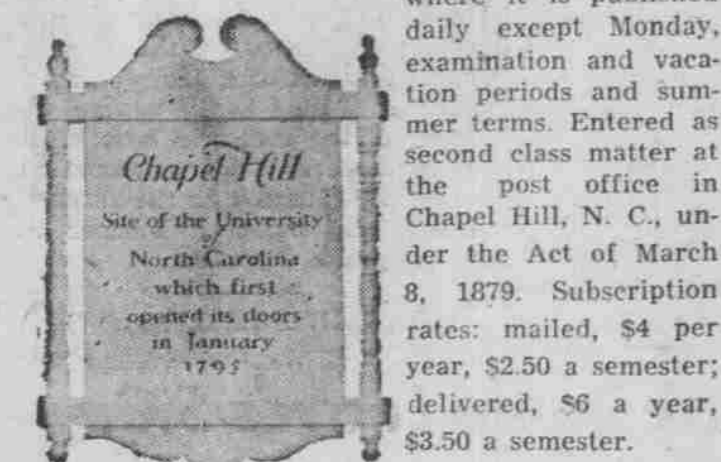
They call it "homecoming" everywhere, of course. At UCLA, there's a parade miles long; at Michigan, they crown a queen before a crowd of thousands. They come "home" to Duke, too, from Philadelphia and New York, crowd beneath the Gothic spires, slap each other on the back and make uproarious comparisons to the size of the old bald spot.

But, we venture, the significance of the word is nowhere so great as it is on this campus, where this weekend there is a coming home to Chapel Hill.

Thomas Wolfe, who knew this town, should have known better than to write, "You can't go home again..." We have seen the alumni treading the brick walks of the campus this weekend, Tom, and you were wrong. Even after thirty—or forty or fifty years—you can.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front

Bloomers To Blue Jeans: That's Coeds

Louis Kraar

COEDS AND the clothes they wear have frequently been the subject of biting criticism from this reporter.



But—after a look at the fashions of other college generations—I'm ready to reform. Thanks to that great tower of news (at least, all "that's fit to print")—The New York Times—I got a glimpse of some of our ancestor's college clothes. And, as I said, I'm ready to reform.

Back in 1867, which was probably the time when the young girl realized that college was as good a husband-hunting grounds as any, they wore hats and hoop skirts to class.

Later, as going to college became the thing for girls to do (if you could afford it and hadn't hooked a husband yet), Vassar girls went athletic. The pink V (for Vassar) became the sign of fashion.

World War I brought bloomers. And by the twenties, belted sweaters, silk stockings and high heels, racoon coats and the hip flask were standard coed equipment.

Skirts fell with the stock market in the 1930's, and pavement-pounding oxfords became the vogue (mainly due to necessity.)

By the next time the world had gone to war, the coed decided to be practical to the point of conformity, and even Wellesley girls took to blue jeans and sloppy shirts.

Today—if you haven't noticed—the coeds wear trim skirts, neat blouses and sweaters, and those horrible (I still don't like them) Bermuda shorts.

Ivy League fashion-setters predict the short skirt with high socks. I'm not sure about this either. But as long as the girls don't go back to bloomers or blue jeans, I'm all for them.

★ WHILE ON the subject of fashion, I might add that the University of Virginia has become worried about its male students and their dress.

Apparently, the Virginia gentlemen have been cavorting about campus without coats and ties (a sin, by UVA standards). In addition, these rude students have had the audacity to go around wearing T-shirts, "spotted and colored shirts" and tennis shoes.

But the student paper, The Cavalier, put them in place with this haughty slap: "If the aesthetic depravity of these 'students' continues to be in evidence, then we suggest that all gentlemen, whose tastes in clothes is on a slightly higher and more appealing plane, either forceably change the ways of their younger classmates or give up the traditions of the University to those of a state 'U'."

By all means, Cavaliers, I suggest that you don't give up your traditions for those of a state university. After all you're not a state university, you're just a country club—aided and abetted by state funds.

★ OVERHEARD IN HARRY'S: "What I need to get up in the mornings is a mistress to kick me out of bed."

★ GEORGIA TECH, with one of the college football's biggest teams in the last few years, has an angry student body these days.

After students learned they couldn't purchase date tickets to their biggest game—with Georgia—the student paper declared: "We may as well face it, the high-powered football played here in the Southeastern Conference has taken the game away from the students. Evidently the Athletic Association is more interested in cutting down a little scalping—which is impossible—and catering to the alumni than it is in pleasing the student body."

★ CALDWELL MONUMENT is still looking sad and unfixed. May I recommend to the authorities that they proceed to fix it, or should the student Legislature appoint another of its committees to "look into the possibilities of" fixing it?

Timber!



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McCarthy Aide Talks Tactics

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—On the eve of the McCarthy censure debate, a former associate of McCarthy's has given highly revealing information regarding his operations. They include:

1. An attempt by McCarthy to thwart the Senate committee probing his finances in 1951.
2. McCarthy's efforts to defeat Democratic candidates in Utah, Montana and Washington by smearing them as pro-Communist.

The ex-McCarthy associate, Harvey Matusow, is a former member of the Communist party who became disillusioned, gave information to the FBI and later joined McCarthy's long list of friends, informers and paid employees. Interviewed by this writer, Matusow told in detail how McCarthy had sent him to Utah to re-elect—of all people—Sen. Arthur Watkins, now chairman of the Senate Committee which recommended the censure of McCarthy.

Matusow did this, he said, first by testifying before a Senate committee in Salt Lake City about Communists in the government and later by smearing Congressman Granger, Democratic opponent of Senator Watkins, as soft toward Communists.

"I used McCarthy logic," Matusow explained. "I said Granger was pro-Administration policy on China... China fell to the Reds and your boys are fighting in Korea."

"I also campaigned in Montana against Senator Mansfield and in Washington against Senator Jackson," Matusow said. "But the smear technique was not successful."

Lady Witness Exits

Describing his work for McCarthy in thwarting the Senate committee probing McCarthy's finances, Matusow said he had received a call from Mrs. J. B. Matthews, whose husband was then McCarthy's committee counsel, asking him to take Mrs. Arvilla Bentley out of the United States until the probe of McCarthy's finances blew over.

Mrs. Bentley, former wife of Congressman Alvin Bentley, had "loaned" \$7,000 to McCarthy, while the congressman "loaned" \$3,000. And the Senate wanted to question her regarding this and other contributions. Mrs. Bentley, Matusow said, had also paid for a Mutual network broadcast which McCarthy made before the 1950 elections.

Matusow said McCarthy knew all about the idea of taking Mrs. Bentley out of the United States away from Senate probes and that he, Matusow, had talked to McCarthy "himself about it. He also said that McCarthy's attorney knew about the plan.

Mrs. Bentley remained in the British Bahamas outside the arm of a Senate subpoena for about two weeks, then came back to the United States, Matusow explained.

"Was this \$110,000 the money used by McCarthy to speculate on the soy-bean market?" Matusow was asked.

"That's correct."

"Did Mrs. Bentley have any idea that McCarthy was going to use it for speculation?"



SEN. KNOWLAND

...a watering down will be tried.

"No, she did not."

"Did she express any opinion to you about it?"

"Very definitely," Matusow replied. "She said that if she had known Senator McCarthy was going to speculate with this money, she never would have loaned it to him."

Matusow also said that McCarthy had asked him to investigate the New York Times, Time Magazine and other newspapers with a view to pinning the Communist Party label on them.

"They had been attacking Senator McCarthy," the ex-McCarthyite explained, "and he was sore about it and wanted to take his revenge."

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Lone Star Revenge

There was an interesting inside reason why the Republicans elected one lone Texas Congressman, Bruce Alger, from Dallas. It was a pure case of Democratic revenge.

The revenge was not against the Republicans but against Democrat Walter Savage, who had double-crossed the Democrats in the 1952 Presidential election.

Savage, who ran for Congress last week, was Democratic state chairman two years ago when he turned the Democratic machinery over to the Republicans in the presidential election and helped swing the state to Eisenhower. While Savage was Democratic state chairman, his partner, Alvin Lane, was Republican state chairman. They formed an interesting GOP team.

This year Savage decided to run for Congress as a Democrat. But when Dallas voters went to the polls on Tuesday, thousands of Democrats boycotted the Democratic candidate. Remembering the man who as Democratic chairman had thrown the party machinery to Eisenhower, many Democrats either voted against him or just didn't vote at all.

Meanwhile, the Republicans, who used Savage in 1952, destroyed him in 1954. They elected their own man, Alger.

Note—Savage had been so confident of victory that he had lined up his staff and even rented a house in Washington.

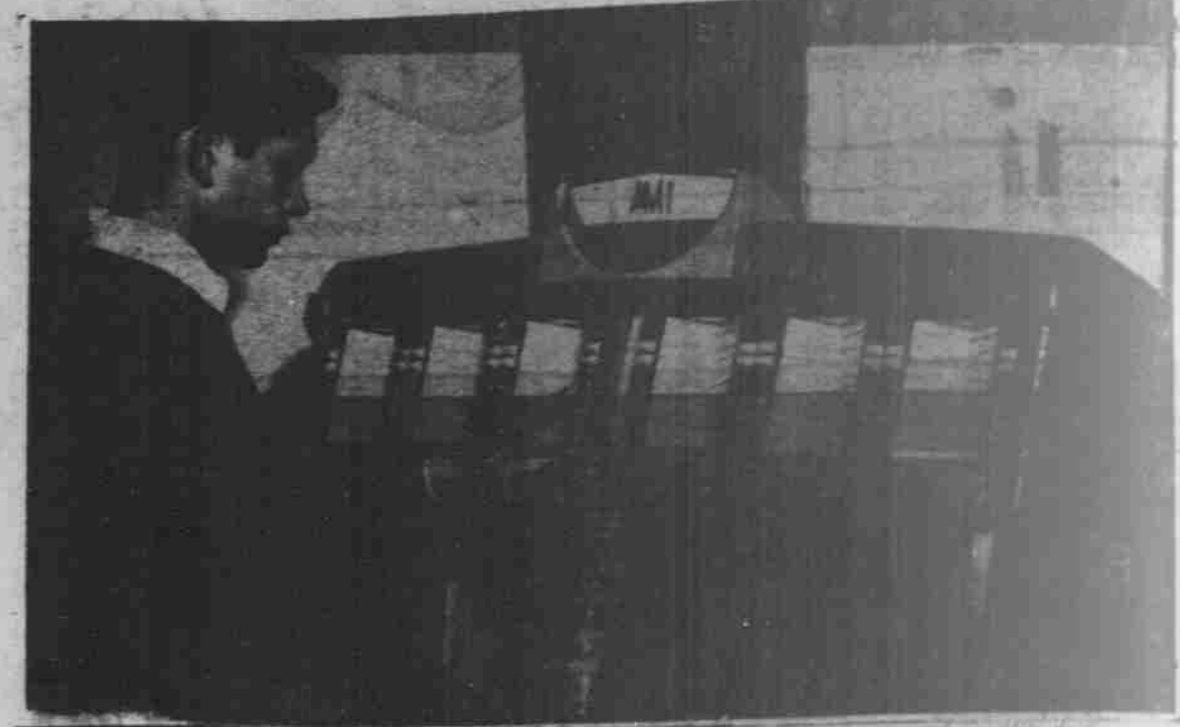
Republican Headache

Republicans are worried that the McCarthy censure session will turn into a party brawl with the Democrats sitting serenely on the sidelines.

Their chief concern is that McCarthy, who insists he can't be bought off with anything less than acquittal on the censure charge, will aim his smear machine at Republicans and drag them down with him. To avoid this, a group of moderates headed by Majority Leader Bill Knowland will try to water down the censure resolution and persuade McCarthy to accept it.

McCarthy is almost sure to refuse and will carry his fight on for weeks, no matter how much the censure resolution is toned down.

God & The Juke Box



LOCAL NICKELODEON GETS CUSTOMER'S COIN for a talk with the Man upstairs?

(These are excerpts from an article by D. W. Brogan in the British newspaper, The Manchester Guardian. They afford a look at an Englishman's look at this year's spate of religious popular songs.—Editor)

When you sit down in a dining-car of the New Haven Railroad you find on the table a little card on which are printed three forms of grace before meat—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. It is not perhaps worth insisting on the fact that the New Haven, for reasons best known to itself, does not print a form of grace after meat. What is more significant is the attempt to recall the passengers of the line to their religious duties. And it is only one sign among many of the degree to which religion is being pushed, "sold" as the advertisers might put it, to the American people.

It is easy and tempting to smile or even laugh at some of the manifestations of the revival of religion. To see on the filthy wall of a Harlem slum a poster advertising the good results to be expected from regular church-going is to be tempted to irony. For this so prosperous middle-class pair with their smart little boy and smart little girl belong not to Harlem but to Westchester or Fairfield County. Their churches, their religion, seem to have little relation to the religious or social condition of Harlem. It is possible to smile, too, at the unconscious identification of God with the free enterprise system. This is a God who rewards here and now. "Grace and gear," as Burns put it, still go together in America.

Perhaps the oddest example of American religiosity is to be found in the field of popular music. God has invaded the juke-boxes. It is not a matter of Negro spirituals or hymns like "Silent Night." There is a special juke-box religious music.

YOU Said It: A Plug For Leniency

'Not Asked,' Says Panhellenic Council

Editor: A referendum is before the students which, if passed, will raise the honor system out of the judicial doldrums and give it real meaning for each student.

Ask yourself, "What is the trouble with our honor system?" Why don't students support the honor system any better? The answer is simple: we have a system of punishment and intimidation, not of honor. A student reporting an offender for cheating will hurt him, not help him. As long as this is the case, the old stigma on "stoofing" will remain the powerful inhibition it is. Until reporting an individual can be considered as doing him a favor we cannot expect maximum participation on the part of students. And we must MAKE it a favor. No greater lesson can be learned than honor.

The honor system is the best system possible. But it is not perfect and it can be improved. It can be improved by greater student support and by treating offenders as individuals.

When a student breaks the honor system, we want him to change his ways. This can be done in two ways: rehabilitation and punishment. Punishment has two great drawbacks: it is brutal and wasteful, and its objective can be achieved easier—through rehabilitation. We want offenders to accept the honor system as THEIR honor system. What is important is not the fact that they broke the honor system but WHY they broke it. Offenders can not be dismissed as malicious incorrigibles fit only for exile. They must be understood as individuals with individual problems. Until you have done this you have done nothing.

Why suspend a student for first offense cheating? Is it assumed that because he has cheated once he will cheat again? Does his presence here contaminate honest students and make them dishonest? I think not. Is it possible that ostracism will bring about correction better than sympathetic individual attention? I think not. Is it necessary to disrupt a student's entire life—perhaps permanently—for a mistake that could be corrected more easily and an effective without a personal revolution. Hell, no!

If we want to make the honor system really work, the students must abide by it because they want to—not because they are afraid not to. I suggest the best way to reconstruct an erring individual is to guide him in his efforts, not to push him off the cliff and expect him to crawl back alone. If you agree, vote FOR the referendum for leniency in first offense cheating and put some honor in the honor system. Charlie Wolf, Student Council

I first noticed this when I listened idly to a tune called "Talk to the Man Upstairs." I thought at first that this was a variant on a common amorous theme. But I realized suddenly that the "Man Upstairs" was God. I listened, too, to "Are you friends with the King of Friends?" There is another song called simply "My Friend," but the singers are made so inarticulate by their snobbing that I have been unable to determine who the friend is. It may be that this invasion of the juke-boxes is simply a result of the fact that this is a very poor year for popular music. The song that most assaults the ear is a melancholy and quite undistinguished ditty called "Take me in your arms." It is difficult to get a glass of milk in New York without having to endure this. It is the old theme of Venus and Adonis, and Adonis, like Orpheus, would be well justified in taking off "down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore."

It is perhaps no wonder that a different theme should have some appeal. And of course the propagators of juke-box religion may ask with Rowland Hill "Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?" Alas! the religious tunes are not good not as good, for instance, as a California wine firm's current commercial "jingle." And I wonder whether the propagandist effect is always what is hoped for. I was recently in a bar presided over by a former star of the Howard Athenaeum (of Boston, Mass.). It was full of young people "horsing around" as the saying goes. A young man and a young woman were wrapt in the pursuit of love and were feeding nickels, more or less automatically, into the juke-box. They gazed into each other's eyes to the tune of "Steam heat" (the title tells all). Then came "The Man Upstairs," but as I left the bar Eros was winning over Agape hands down.

Editor: I am writing this letter as a point of information to anyone who is interested in the issue recently brought up in legislation concerning the abolishment of tests during rush periods.

Since the question of sorority approval on being included in such a bill was not brought to the attention of the Panhellenic Council before its proposal, I would like to mention some of the points which may have been overlooked concerning the sororities' position.

Panhellenic has its rush week at the beginning of the school year for the convenience of both students and administration. At that time they are not confronted with the problem of tests. Since rushing is an extra-curricular activity and does not concern the whole student body, there is an endeavor to keep it in its proper perspective.

In conclusion, the doubt lingering in my mind is why sororities were included in such a bill without the endorsement of their official organization.

Joan C. Leonard
 'Normality' in Venable & More Bunsen Burners

Editor: There is an amusing side to every situation and even Venable with its somber dark halls has a little cheer now and then. It seems during a lecture for students having trouble with calculations in lab, the lab instructor discovered why students were receiving 30's as grades. These students were using the bottles of solution on the side shelf with a given normality. The instructor enlightened these unfortunate victims that those bottles were marked incorrectly and therefore their lab results were incorrect. This was so delightfully hilarious to the instructor that he held his sides and screamed for joy.

Why not, it only meant a few students had to re-do twenty-four titrations, weigh twenty-four samples again, heat twenty-four solutions and clean their equipment twenty-four times. What could be funnier than going to lab Monday through Saturday?

Think what a joy it will be for those people to be able to toast their bread over a bunsen burner in the morning and sleep on those soft desks over night, or perhaps just bring a cot over and stay at Venable for a few months.

Joan Hudson