

Icon Breaker To The University

The recent news story about the retirement of Professor Phillips Russell from the University will have untold significance for those students, past and present, for whom Phillips Russell is the University, for whom he epitomizes all the virtues of liberal learning, thoughtfulness and frankness.

His journalism will still be here next year in The Chapel Hill News Leader; but his great teaching, his Socratic classroom manner will be lost to the University. Hundreds of newspapermen who know him and learned from him and love him will be sorry for that loss.

One such newspaperman, a friend of his, wrote to us this week:

To me, he is one of the last of the eccentric professors—eccentric because he questions almost everything, and thus conforms to almost nothing. He is one rebel whom the weight of years has failed to tame. Something on an icon breaker, he is perhaps basically conservative; because his radicalism stems from insistence that the basic principles of freedom, democracy and justice be applied. And withal, he is (I suspect) a great teacher and (I know) a great gentleman.

Phillips Russell's production, in books and newspapers foreign and domestic, cannot be measured by the standards of journalism alone, or even by the standards of teaching.

For Phillips Russell, the non-conformist, does not lend himself to any such yardsticks. He is in a class alone—in independent position—a writer and teacher of signal wisdom and honest purpose and high accomplishment.

A Sterner Stuff Than Cinerama

Thoughtful Americans in all walks of life have greeted with gratitude and respect the General Electric Company's plan to stimulate donations to privately operated American colleges and universities.

What General Electric already has set out to do in the realm of higher education, says an editorial in the current Theatre Arts magazine, can and should be applied to the arts in America.

Says Theatre Arts: If it is axiomatic that it is vital to aid privately operated American colleges, then it is equally important to aid the arts. Even more so, in a sense, simply because we are living in an atomic age in which practical or physical values tend to overshadow aesthetic ones unless we look beyond surface considerations.

So let us go beyond surface considerations. The magazine argues that it is just common sense to encourage the culture which is just as much our heritage as our stockpile of technical resources.

We agree. Our survival, and that of our allies, depends not alone on our ability to blow up people but on our ability to show people that we have a better way of life—and that means cultural accomplishment along with our streptomycin, washing machines and bank accounts.

These latter things everybody knows we have. But culture? A recent American performance of Porgy and Bess in Belgrade reaped more expressions of gratitude—and amazement—from the Yugoslavs than all our military and economic aid, according to a New York Times reporter on the scene.

Why doesn't private enterprise come to the aid of the arts? They believe it is good business to foster education, and it is. It makes equally good sense, for our own and our friends' sake, to help painting, sculpture, music and the theater along.

We need to let the world know we're made of sterner stuff than Cinerama and Dynaflo.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.



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Carolina Front Why Do They Have To Just Teach Texts?

Louis Kraar

"I'M TIRED of having professors just teach us the text," she said quite unhappily.

This was a friend talking about Carolina. She had just transferred from the Woman's College in Greensboro and sounded a little disappointed.

"You read the text. Then, when you come to class the next day, they tell you what you've read. By the time they're through going over the assignment—telling you what you've already read—the bell rings," she said.

This idea of professors just teaching quizzes is an old one, but there is valid basis for complaint many times. Particularly in the General College courses does one find that the professor wants a student merely to memorize.

The old joke that professors want students to take down what they say and give it back with as little thought as possible is hardly a joke when it turns out to be true. And, even here, it is brutally and prosaically true at times.

I like to think of the classroom as a place for the exchange of opinions and ideas. Of course, this assumes that the students have read and mastered assignments before coming to this forum. And if the University is to do more than teach by rote, students must do this and faculty members must stop parroting back text assignments.

STUDENT PARTY people, still embarrassed over the overstated complaints against the campus paper, made it clear that their legislative caucus didn't even know about the "investigation."

Nevertheless, it is equally clear that all the speakers for the probe were Student Party people. I might offer one suggestion to the would-be investigators: Why not have WUNC-TV broadcast the investigation a la McCarthy vs. the Army so that all the dorm dwellers for whom you bought sets might see you in action.

JACK HUDSON, SP politician, bet me an ice cream cone that Don Fowler would win the nomination.

DAVID REID supporters are disappointed in the Student Council's ruling that he can't run.

And they have a right to be disappointed. The law that the Legislature recently passed requires an overall average of C. Reid has that average.

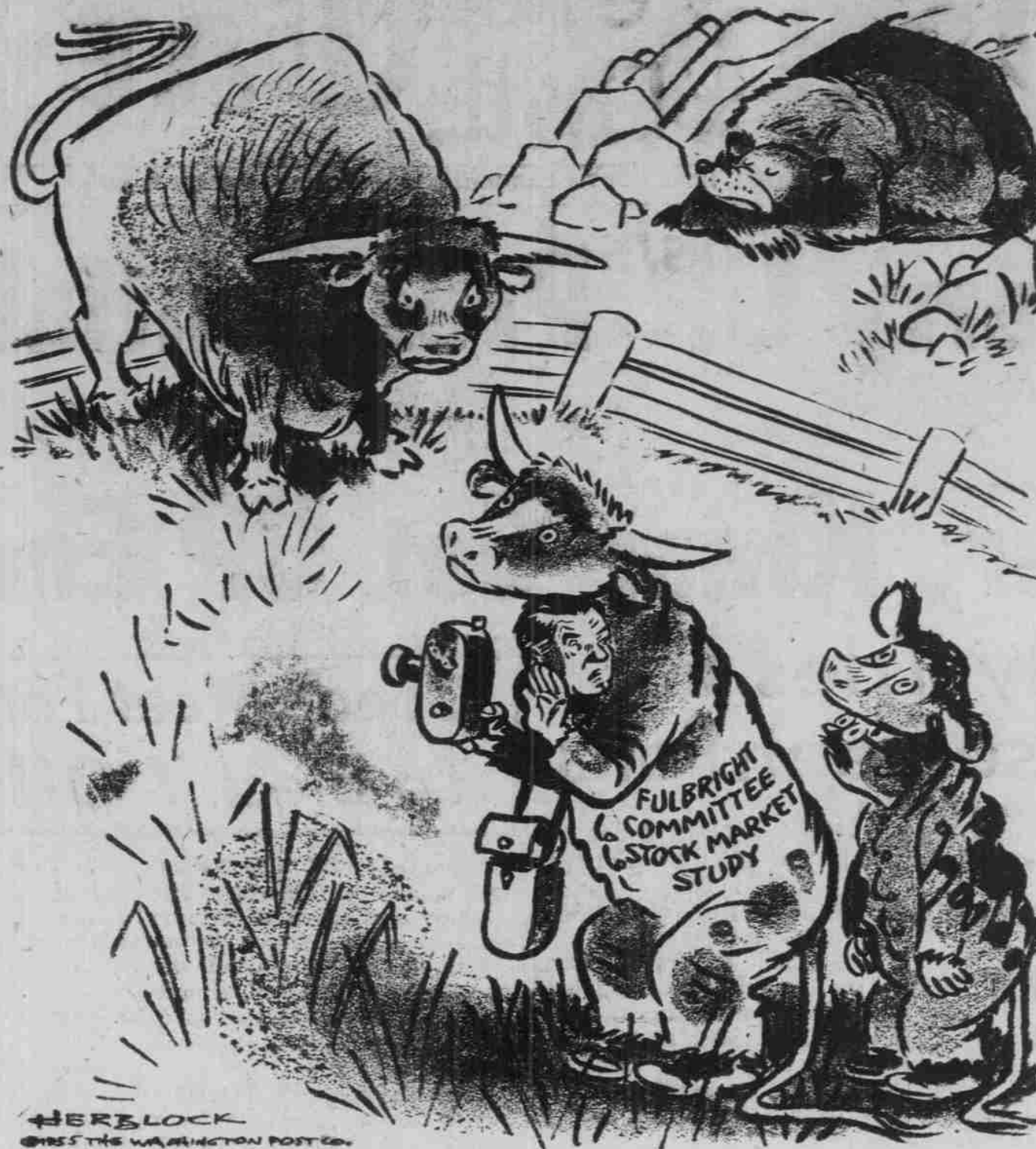
The Student Council, however, declared that courses taken to remove entrance deficiencies don't count toward the C average. This means that Reid can't run.

While I'm making no accusations, it is clear that most of the Student Council is strongly University Party in sentiment. Reid supporters point to this.

WHEN BOB Young got up before the Student Party meeting Monday night and suggested that Muntzing run for vice-president, he was—like most of the speakers—completely ignored.

Fowler's supporters thought this would be a shrewd move. Only trouble was that by the time they got around to suggesting the deal, it was too late. It's hardly likely that it would have been accepted anyway.

'Remember Now—Don't Make Any Sudden Moves'



YOU Said It

Criticism Of A Criticism Of A...

Editor:

As a professional writer for and associate editor of national magazines, I have watched with interest for the past thirty years the publications of various colleges and universities, among them the University of North Carolina. It is in these publications that editors find talent—and the writers and editors of the immediate future.

Frequently one also finds, and forgives, various other manifestations, such as preciousness. But there is one manifestation that one does not often find, nor so easily forgive, and that is pure destructiveness. It is of this that I should like, if I may, to speak.

In a recent issue of The Daily Tar Heel, there appeared a full-length, two-column article which was, in effect, a review of a review. The original review was a fair criticism of the University's literary magazine, the Carolina Quarterly; the two-column article was a criticism of this criticism.

The young man who wrote this two-column article—and obviously he is a very young man—is caught in nearly all the pitfalls which youth digs for itself: prolixity, bombast and the use of a glittering if somewhat unsteady vocabulary. ("Artistic nihilism" was, I think, my own favorite; but there were other expressions—among them 'vestigial advertising'—of an equally exotic inaccuracy.)

The young writer (whose name is Scarborough) in attempting to expose the shortcomings of the Quarterly has succeeded merely in exposing two weaknesses in himself: One, a fundamental flaw in judgment; and two, a flagrant breach of good taste.

Having read his "review," I secured and examined carefully the latest issue of the Quarterly; I had previously read the fall issue with a good deal of interest. As a reader, and as an editor, I liked and enjoyed them both. I consider them at least average in literate, mature content and above average in editing. I liked some of the fiction pieces better than others; I thought less of the verse than of the prose. But knowing, as of course one does, the financial and cooperative difficulties with which a college magazine is invariably forced

The Hydrogen Bomb:

'Outside The Scope Of Control'

WASHINGTON — There is an immense gulf between the atomic and the hydrogen bomb. The atomic bomb, with all its terror, did not carry us outside the scope of human control.

The words are Sir Winston Churchill's, from his brilliant and moving speech to the House of Commons on Tuesday. In these words, Churchill has said in effect what almost every informed American official tacitly recognizes—that the world has passed the point of no return. Even if the will to do so existed on both sides, it is no longer possible to regulate or control the new weapons.

THE VITAL DIFFERENCE The hydrogen bomb is amazingly easy to make, and very large numbers have already been made. But the vital difference is in the bomb's power. Nowadays, because of the special characteristic of fall-out, only

to cope, I consider both issues to be not only excellent as college publications, but a vast improvement on those of the past few years.

Young Mr. Scarborough, however, disagrees; and he is unwise enough to pin his criticism down to specifics: He does not think the editing is worthy because "the pages are of uneven length." (I do not know precisely what this statement means, but clearly nothing good.) He objects to poetry being "crowded under the endings of stories in inconspicuous places." (He is, apparently, unfamiliar with the pages—all of even length, of course—of such amateur publications as The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine and The New Yorker.) And he complains of various other things. This young man, who is not, in fact, equipped to make a professional criticism of any publication, has done so at vast length—and all quite destructively.

But there is still the matter of taste. The young writer refers several times to "Editor Dunn"; he cavils with "Editor Dunn's" policy. I cannot find Mr. Scarborough's name on the masthead of the Quarterly—in this issue; I can, however, find it in the issue of last fall. In a skeptical, and quite possibly cynical fashion, this writer asks himself whether Mr. Scarborough has, by any chance, a personal ax to grind?

For there can be, I think, only three valid reasons for the writing of any such piece of pretentious nonsense as this review. One: the writer wishes, deliberately, and from simon-pure (although mysterious) motives, to kill all interest and belief in the Carolina Quarterly. Two: for some purely personal reason not visible to the casual reader, he is determined not only to disparage the abilities of "Editor Dunn," but (a far more serious goal) to accuse him of a lack of integrity. Three: the writer likes very much to see himself in print.

May I be allowed therefore to point out that, regardless of the personalities involved, this sort of criticism must inevitably work a hardship upon a small, struggling magazine which deserves the support of a large and famous university?

E. E. Clarke
Charleston, S. C.

Reaction Piece More Money Needed For The Band

David Mundy

The University band has been out on the wrong end of all too many limbs.

It, more than any other student organization on campus, represents the University to the people of the state. Numerically, it is even one of the largest organizations. From the first performance of the marching band at the first football game of the season until the final performance of the concert band at Commencement, directly or indirectly, it represents the University. If the members march out of step or play out of tune the visitors add that impression to their general impression of the University. The students looking on just groan.

Why doesn't the University have a better band? Band Director E. A. Sloucm and Assistant Director Herbert Fred are susceptible to no criticism on either musical or organizing abilities.

It is even more difficult to criticize the present members of the band. Some of them, as music majors, do achieve some reward in the form of 'experience' for their hours of practice. But that reward is infinitesimal, considering their contributions to the University.

And more surprising than that is the exhibition of "service to the student body" which is presented by the non-music majors who are members of the band. Why do they employ their talents in hours and hours of practice, just to march around in old uniforms with old instruments? They receive no reward but some sense of satisfaction for serving the University. There is a "loyalty and devotion" beyond the "normal call of duty" which no other campus group exhibits.

Yet they have troubles, both in relation to the size of their membership and to the quality of their performances.

In a list of solutions to almost any problem, you are able to find the mention of money. And it is present here.

The budget for 1954-1955 amounts to exactly \$2670. It is a ridiculously low figure for the operation of a college band.

Most of the band's financial support comes from the Athletic Association. In more stringent words, the Athletic Association barely keeps the band in existence.

Its support cannot be entirely from altruistic motives: it needs something to watch while the football team is off the field during the half. And from the music department the band chiefly obtains the musical talent, rehearsal space, and occasional instruments.

The student Legislature made an attempt to assist in obtaining new uniforms by appropriating some money from its unappropriated surplus. But that move ran afoul of what could loosely be called "responsibilities of the student government."

The attempt to obtain these new uniforms has practically been abandoned. The band's best hopes at present are for new caps and coats, which would cost, according to a manufacturer, about \$3850.

This amount, more than the total present budget, appears to be unavailable from any source. Band Director Sloucm estimates that a sufficient budget for next year would amount to approximately \$6000. The increases are necessary not only for new coats and hats, but for the one thing which would increase the attractiveness of participation in the band: trips to play at "away" football games. And as the attractiveness of participation increases, the quality of the band should increase with the accompanying increase in the size.

But where does the money come from?

The Thumper Goes Fishing

The Charlotte News

Fishing has always been considered a pleasant, plebeian pastime for which a fellow could lay out 50 cents for a cane pole or \$50 for a surf casting rig and be happy as a zillionaire. As long as worms were under the backyard soil, fishing never seemed to be in danger of joining polo or fox hunting as a sport of the Coupe De Ville set.

But a photo on the nation's sports pages raises doubts. It is a simple picture of a handsome man holding a freshly-caught fish. The blue skies of the Florida Keys are behind him; the man is wearing a tee shirt and a look of contentment; the photo is one of outdoor innocence and delight. But this is not a common snapshot to tuck into a fisherman's wallet with a faded notation ("1 2-lb. snapper caught 2-28-55"). The handsome man's name is Theodore Samuel Williams, alias The Thumper, alias the highest paid baseball player in the world.

Not since the Sheppard trial finale has the citizenry, especially those of the Boston Red Sox persuasion, so eagerly awaited a verdict. Has Ted Williams quit baseball, as Ted Williams said so firmly last summer? Or will Ted Williams join the Red Sox again this year, as the baseball writers insist?

Meanwhile, the man in the tee shirt cranks up an outboard motor each morning and putt-putts across the blue Florida waters in pursuit of bone-fish. Doubtless there has never been an angler so stubbornly dedicated as Ted Williams, who is giving up \$100,000 a year in baseball salary to enjoy his casting. For purity of purpose, does not such fanaticism rival that of Edward VIII, who also abdicated a throne for love?

Why, even if Williams hauls in 1,000 fish per annum, our accounting expert figures they are costing him \$100 a catch. This gives our dangling of creek minnows in the faces of Catawba River bass the associative tang of strolling down Wall Street.

Thus, Williams can become a folk hero in a new way. Let the hated Yankees win the pennant, let Fenway Park crumble to dust, let Tom Yawkey's millions lie unspent. The Thumper is going fishing.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others.—Hippocrates, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was lying on the deck of his stable, when I found him, and not alone inert, but downright truculently so. His eight-balls of eyes rolled and flashed like summer lightning in the night.

I wondered was he not well...?

"I am horse-de-combat," The Horse stated in a low murmur, and with his usual confused French. "It is desired to maintain a stable state of affairs, so why stall around? As Caesar said when Cleopatra came panthering across the Rubicon, 'J'y suis, J'y reste.'"

Ai, yi, yi! Two months of Educational Television had achieved this result?

"I did a little extra scholarship on the side," The Horse shrugged his lips modestly. "Burned the midnight oil a nonce or three. 'T helps, 't does.'"

Was The Horse certain it was not midnight fuses oil...? 'T was MacMahon, the Frenchman, who had said that in 1855 when advised to give up the Malakoff, that 'J'y suis, J's resté.'"

"Well, anytime anyone named MacMahon is a Frenchman," The Horse growled. "I give up. But I still think what Caesar said to Cleopatra would make better reading, if banned in Boston or not."

I wondered if I could report that The Horse was in the throes of spring fever, apparently? I wondered could I say he had been downed by an annual lassitude common to vernal joys?

"Alas, Roger me bhoy," The Horse sighed, but with a flicker of interest in his eye, "I am rapidly achieving the sum of years when lassitudes smile at me indulgently as they leopard past; and when vernal joys are relegated to sniffing in the breezes blowing from Germany for the first nares-provoking titillation of the mead of the wort."

If The Horse meant bock beer, why didn't he say so? Since I had been also listening to the Take A Word chapter of WUNC-TV's Almanack Hour (6 to 7 p.m.-ly Mon. through Fri.) I had cultivated the dictionary habit to some degree, and I knew that bock beer was brewed from a strong Spring wort, or plant. And doubtless The Horse went for hogwort?

"Spiderwort," The Horse corrected me, "is my chere, because it is not unknown that vernal enthusiasms render four legs, even as sturdy as mine own, an insufficient number for ambulation when evoes, not to mention heads, are ringing. Centipedes have their points, me lad. Certain fluids have certain unattractive effects on certain heads, and many exhaustive researches by Darwin, Huxley and Ball inconclusively prove that The Horse, as exemplified by recent studies of goniocraniometry, are especially prone to such disturbances."

If The Horse meant headaches were induced by converting grains into liquids and consuming them, then why not give up such pursuits?

"All for research and progress," The Horse said piously, or was it pie-eyedly?

"Did you not note I said the researches heretofore were inconclusive? Besides, my approach is new: I am relating potvaliancy to the angles of the head rather than to what is in the head."

I thought this inescapable so long as The Horse was concerned so personally with it.

"Shaddup," The Horse ordered, "and anyway, with the Chapel Hill P.-T.A. discussing the advancement and support of their children's a-b-c's via A. B. C.s, it is only patriotic of me. But it is something for us to think about, and thus it leaves me cold."

And hot or cold, I was leaving The Horse, also. How were things otherwise?

"Wump!" Mr. Wump, the low-visioned frog, clarified for me from a rafter. "Double-wump!"