

# You Can't Can-Can Like A Candidate Can

Dawn this morning, if it was like previous election day dawns, brought a heaping of clever signs and political gimmicks to clutter up the campus landscape.

And sometime ere midnight we will have a new president (or what is more likely a run-off), new legislators, new Women's Athletic Association officers, Party dreams of conquest, a "dynamic pep program", text book prices at the Book Ex are at stake in this seasonal strutting and fretting.

But thump the political barrel and what you get is a distinct hollow sound. Who among the dozens of candidates has firmly established his viewpoint on such a thing as segregation, with which, as a student officer, he will certainly have to deal next year?

No one, that's who. They have all side-stepped the issue without missing a step in their can-can before the sleepy audience.

Which of the candidates has looked beyond empty phrase-making to the University's real problems? Which of them has shown any interest in the University's first concern—education? (Besides opposition to Saturday classes, we mean.)

Time was, believe it or not, when there were candid candidates who, even at the expense of a few votes, felt it necessary to unburden themselves of their solemn convictions before asking for election.

After this most extensively watered down political season of the half-century, it is not hard to conclude that that time is past. But it would be out of character for a student editor/ist not urge you to get out there and vote on election day. So — get out there and vote, especially if you have been able to perceive, amid the glacial wastes, the penguin you think to be worth it.

# Last Things First

And what is it, we'd like to know, about legislative bodies in the spring? Our three favorite deliberative organizations stack up this way:

(1) UNC student Legislature—with the University entering on dark days, has been bogged down in pre-election pyrotechnics like calling The Daily Tar Heel names, and worse.

(2) North Carolina General Assembly—faced by gigantic budget difficulties, has had at least one hot debate; not, as you might suppose, over schools, roads or public works, but over the whammy, an amoral device used by the state cops to catch speeders. Has so far declined to uphold the Constitution it is sworn to support by re-districting legislative representation.

(3) Congress—Shows every sign of once more ignoring civil defense in the face of growing danger to great population centers. Has cut UN technical assistance funds (in the House) by half in the face of growing international antipathy and need. Biggest talk among members: Yalta, which happened to years ago.

The list could, of course, be lengthened beyond the meager evidence presented here. All we're suggesting is there must be something in the March air that befuddles representatives at every level on the matter of what's important and what's not; and what, amid the jumble of legislation they face, ought to come first.

# Progress Report

Our men on the Progress In The Arts & Sciences beat has called our attention to an AP news story datelined College Park and outlining the following equivocal step forward at Good Old Maryland:

The University of Maryland Board of Regents today gave tentative approval for establishing a new (2-man) department of classics and building an 18-hole golf course on the campus at College Park.

Or, as Herblock puts it, "Ankle to ankle, men, and backward into the fray!"

# The Daily Tar Heel

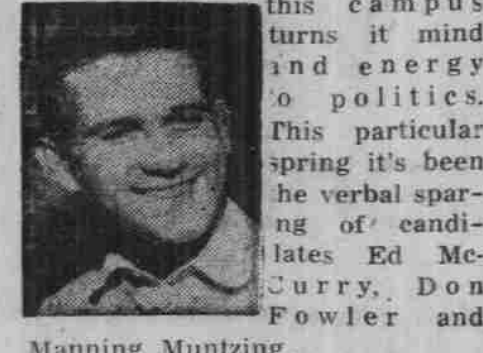
The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879.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

Editor CHARLES KURALT  
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE  
Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER  
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News Editor Jackie Goodman  
Night editor for this issue Eddie Crutchfield

# Carolina Front — A 'Thrillingly Imminent' Time Of The Year

Louis Kraar

CONTRARY TO poets and Kinsey, spring is the time when this campus turns its mind and energy to politics.



This particular spring it's been the verbal sparring of candidates Ed McCurry, Don Fowler and Manning Muntzing.

It is the time when all leaders of the campus world compete to see who can wear the best smile for the longest time, who can win the most votes.

Here at Carolina, politics are taken pretty seriously. The campus politicians, above all else, take themselves more seriously than their jobs. Those who are running find the spring a treadmill of campaigning, and the voters (about half the students) find the whole business a pleasant diversion from academic duties.

THE TEMPO of the campus, usually a rather casually-paced place, steps up to a point at which life is "thrillingly imminent," as alumnus Thomas Wolfe once wrote. In "Of Time and the River," Wolfe—who was somewhat of a politician himself in his undergraduate days, reflected:

"It was just that season of the year when the two events which are dear to the speculations of the American had absorbed the public interest. These events were baseball and politics, and at that moment both were thrillingly imminent.... Both events gave the average American a thrill of pleasurable anticipation: his approach to both were essentially the same. It was the desire of a man to see a good show, to 'take sides' vigorously in an exciting contest—to be amused, involved as an interested spectator is involved, but not to be too deeply troubled or concerned by the result."

Such is the Carolina student's approach to campus politics. He spends hours listening to would-be statesmen promise elaborate dormitory facilities, extra holidays, and football trips; he argues endlessly about the relative merits of candidates; then he votes with the casualness of purchasing a coke in the Y.

On the other hand, the candidates have decided that it's high time someone started "doing something for the students." In his mission to serve the students of this first state university, the candidates discover that the campus dining hall—a place featuring prosaic, but wholesome food—is the platform from which to save the campus.

First things come first to candidates, so when the campaign gets heated classes are sacrificed for the sake of "doing something for the students." Candidates are seen on posters, knocking on dorm doors, attending every conceivable social event, and anywhere else where they might glean a vote—in classes.

ALMOST ALWAYS in a campus campaign (and this year may have been an exception) someone is accused of lying. And always the politicians swear that they are "not one of those politicians."

Nearly always — particularly this time—there are no issues, except which candidate is most popular. The dormitory party promises things for fraternities, and the fraternity party promises fraternities parties to the dorms. And so it goes on and on for several noisy weeks.

After it's over, administrators nod their heads in agreement over the great educational benefits of the political season. And they have reason to nod, for the University has turned out many state governors, Congressmen, and a U. S. President (James K. Polk).

The candidates will quietly sink back into comparative obscurity after the battles, return to classes to learn, and stay away from voters to forget their promises.

A prominent history professor, amused at the spring sorties between campus politicians, seemed to sum the whole business up when he declared:

"Politics? That's just another way of talking about human nature."

# Classical Controversy (Contin.)

# Tom Dunston Quoted Acts 26:24

(The writer of the following letter is Kenan Professor of Greek.—Editor.)

I regret having to ask space for this, but Dr. Henderson's comments in Friday's Tar Heel seem to leave no choice in the matter. If I had had the slightest idea that a personal letter would ever be used in such a manner, I would never have written it. How Dr. Henderson could consider his statement a "vindication of the principles of classical scholarship," remains a mystery to me. Here are the facts, which I offer and leave it to the reader to decide for himself.

In his article in the Tar Heel of March 11, Dr. Henderson quoted Tom Dunston as saying to Dr. Alderman: "Marse Ed, what's got into you? I believe you is going crazy. As Epaminondas said to Themistocles, 'Much learning doth make thee mad' (italics mine). Where Tom could have picked up the famous saying of Petronius, no one knows."

It was this sentence that evoked my letter. I wrote and suggested that Dunston might have picked his quotation up from the King James version of Acts 26:24, since the Bible was so well known in those days even to illiterate people. It seemed natural to me for Dunston to have mixed his quotation up, as unlettered people frequently do, and to have attributed a Biblical quotation to two Greeks with big sounding names (neither of which appears, by the way, in Petronius).

I merely added that my Latin colleagues didn't recognize it as coming from Petronius. (I have since discovered that Dr. Ullman misunderstood my question, since I asked him about the quotation during a lively informal discussion about the source of another quotation, "veni, vidi, vici," after a doctoral examination. He had, of course, known the passage for years.) On March 16th, I had a reply from Dr. Henderson quoting the passage in section 46 of Petronius' work. The Latin reads: *scimus te prae litteras fatuum esse*. This is not what is called good Latin, since Petronius had his parvenu speak in the vulgar Latin of the day. But, translated according to the Latin, without any added "filler" or any reading into it, this quotation says: "We know you are foolish as a result of literature," or one might say "literary studies." This then is the issue, which Dr. Henderson for some reason ignored: The language Dr. Henderson attributed to Dunston, namely: "Much learning doth make thee mad" is the exact language of the King James version of Acts 26:24, and cannot be a literally correct translation of the Latin quoted above from Petronius. Moreover, it seems certain that no one could ever "translate" Petronius' Latin into the exact words of the King James version of Acts 26:24, except one who knew already the King James version. The French translations by Ernout and by Rat seem to bear this out, since the French vocabulary they use is not even remotely like in meaning to the King James version. Such a meaning as Dr. Henderson gives might, of course, be read into the Latin but it cannot be legitimately read out of the Latin. Such so called translations are loose paraphrases and not translations, even though many translators, who know better, use such paraphrases apparently to give a more modern tone to their versions.

As to this quotation from Petronius which Dr. Henderson translated as follows in his letter to me: "We know that you are mad with too much learning" (italics mine), there is no Latin word in the Petronian statement for "too" or for "much." Moreover the unabridged Lewis and Short Latin Dictionary does not allow "mad" as a meaning for *fatuus*. The only meanings it gives for this word are: (adj.) foolish, simple, silly, awkward, clumsy, insipid, tasteless. As a noun the meanings given are: fool, simpleton, jester, buffoon. Moreover, the Latin dictionary does not give any meaning, even for this Petronian passage, which is equivalent to the Greek *mania*, from which the "mad" in the King James version comes. The only synonyms the dictionary gives for the Greek *mania* are *furor* and *insania*. The only Latin quotation mentioned in Dr. Henderson's letter which might legitimately yield his translation of the Petronian passage is Jerome's version of Acts 26:24.

This reads: *Multa te litterae ad insaniam convertunt*, and strictly translated means "Much learning (or literature) is turning you toward madness." One has only to compare this with the translation given above of the Petronian passage to see how impossible it is for the Petronian passage to yield this meaning.

I saw what had misled Dr. Henderson the moment I read his letter. It is something we have to combat continually in courses in Greek and Latin literature in translation. By about the middle of the 19th century there had grown up among translators of the classics a pernicious practice of departing from translating and resorting to loose paraphrase by well known kindred, though not equivalent, phrases and statements. Such translators must have known perfectly well that they were not translating in such passages but were giving only a rough kindred idea which would make their translations seem more up to date and also more attractive to readers.

To give just one example. In *Choephoroi* 313-314 Aeschylus says that a very old saying states this: "The doer must suffer." Morshead translates this statement, "The doer must suffer," as follows: "Who'er shall take the sword shall perish by the sword." That is how far such translators can desert their texts to bring in some well known paraphrase. Even Stevenson, Duff and Hesel-

tine, whom Dr. Henderson quotes, have yielded to this temptation. One of the worst offenders in this respect is Professor Gilbert Murray, who knows as much Greek as any living scholar, yet his translations are generally so inflated with such paraphrases that they are too misleading to be suitable for texts in classes where the teacher knows how far they vary from the Greek. Anyone interested in seeing how extensive this is in Professor Murray's translations should read T. S. Eliot's essay entitled "Euripides and Professor Murray" in his volume of *Selected Essays from 1917-32*.

There is no space here to go into the tortured question of what is translation, but what I have had in mind throughout this statement is what is generally regarded as correct translation. I am not speaking of mere verbal metaphrase. I submit therefore that no Latin professor who knows his Latin would accept "We know that you are mad with too much learning" as literally correct translation of the Latin in Petronius. He might very well accept it, as Duff, Hesel-eltine etc. do, as a loose paraphrase redolent of the King James version of the Bible.

Such are the facts back of Dr. Henderson's statement in last Friday's Tar Heel, and back of his similar oral presentation before Mr. Robert Frost and a group of his callers last week.

Any one caring to should not have much trouble deciding for himself about this question. We don't have to depend on secondary sources, translations or paraphrases. We have these four things:

(1) Petronius' Latin, which simply means: "We know you are foolish as a result of literature."

(2) The inflated paraphrases (not translation) used by Dr. Henderson, which says: "We know that you are mad with too much learning."

(3) The King James version of Acts 26:24, which reads: "Much learning doth make thee mad."

(4) And finally the direct words attributed by Dr. Henderson to Tom Dunston: "Much learning doth make thee mad."

As can be readily seen, the King James version (No. 3) and Tom Dunston's words (No. 4) "tally verbatim, even to the 'doth' and 'thee,'" whereas neither the King James version (No. 3) nor Dunston's words (No. 4) tally with either the translation (No. 1) or the paraphrase (No. 2) of Petronius. It seems clear, therefore, that Dunston's words could not have come from Petronius' Latin, but must have come from the King James version of Acts 26:24.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for this space, and for your indulgence.

P. H. Epps

# Square Bashin' Vs. Typewriter

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON.—The Administration is now at long last asking itself seriously whether it is really such a brilliant idea to reduce American ground strength by 30 per cent, to a million men. But there is also another question which ought to be asked—why do we get less than twenty divisions out of a million men, when the Russians get more than forty-five?

During the last war, this reporter developed a theory which has a bearing on this question, and which may be worth repeating, for what it is worth. The theory is that the greatest problem for any army, aside from fighting, is what to do with trained troops when they are not fighting, which is most of the time. The whole character of any army is determined by the way this problem is solved.

### FAMILIAR EXCHANGE

Take the British army, in which this reporter served during the course of an unheroic but peculiar military career. Anyone who knows the British army will recall the following familiar exchanges:

Captain: "I say, Sergeant Major, what on earth will we do with the troops today?"

Sergeant Major: "How about a spot of square-bashin', sir?"

Captain: "I say, splendid idea. Lay it on, Sergeant Major."

Square-bashin', or drill, is the British army's way of solving the problem. British drill has no relation at all to war. It is an end in itself, a kind of military ballet, beautiful to watch when well done, infinitely time-consuming.

### WITH SPEED AND STOMPING

When an American soldier receives the order, "about turn" he turns around in the way the human body was designed to turn. Not so the British soldier. He must execute six separate and difficult movements of his feet, plus added movements of his arms, and he must be able to do so at various speeds, with varying degrees of stomping.

Moreover, just to be sure that the absolute maximum of time is wasted on drill, the British have devised orders fiendishly calculated to entrap the unwary (this reporter was caught every time). For example: "Platoon will ADVANCE in columns of three. To the REAR, march." Or "Company will move to the RIGHT in columns of three. LEFT turn."

For reasons hidden in the mists of time and the mysteries of national temperament, the American army has found an entirely different solution to the same problem. The American army's solution is the typewriter.

### HANDWRITTEN ORDERS

When this reporter, at the front in Italy, was given a chance to transfer to the American army, his British colonel gave him the customary "chit-ty"—a handwritten note, torn out of the colonel's notebook, authorizing the bearer to "go to Algiers to join the American army." When the American army asked for "orders," the chit-ty was produced. It was regarded as a sort of horrible joke throughout the American army, and this reporter was "out of channels" from the very start.

In the American army an order is not an order until it has been typed in innumerable faultless copies, validated at headquarters, perhaps even in Washington, signed, stamped, processed, and Heaven knows what else. Any American soldier—as the hearings in the case of the celebrated Major Peress served to recall—proceeds through the army in a vast suffocating sea of documents.

### VOCO SQUEEZED US THROUGH

This is unquestionably a brilliant solution to the problem of keeping soldiers busy. In our army the number of man hours daily devoted to composing orders or other documents, and tying or mimeographing or printing them, and signing and stamping and distributing and processing and filing them, and even reading them, is absolutely astronomical. There are those who swear that in the last war the system would have stopped the American army dead in its tracks, before a shot was fired, if the brilliant device of VOCO—"Verbal Orders of the Commanding Officer"—had not been invented in the nick of time.

It is hard to see how any sensible man can disagree with Gen. Matthew Ridgway, Army Chief of Staff, when he argues that this is no time to be cutting American ground strength. Even so, maybe Gen. Ridgway ought to try a revolutionary experiment—an absolute ban on typewriters, at least below the division level. After all, wars have been fought and won with absolutely no typewriters at all—and by American armies.

# Quote, Unquote

Freedom from interruption may be counted by artists as not the least of the five freedoms. —Charles L. Morgan

Races didn't bother the Americans. They were something better than any race. They were a People. They were the first self-constituted, self-declared, self-created People in the history of the world. And their manners were their own business. And so were their politics. And so, but ten times so, were their souls. —Archibald MacLeish in *A Time To Act*

Heroes are created by popular demand, sometimes out of the scantiest materials... such as the apple that William Tell never shot, the ride that Paul Revere never finished, the flag that Barbara Frietche never waved.—Gerald W. Johnson in *American Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

I haven't been abroad in so long that I almost speak English without an accent.—Robert Benchley

If you make people think they're thinking, they'll love you. If you really make them think, they'll hate you.—Don Marquis.



# The Furry Ones Residents Of 1600 Penn. Ave.

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON.—Senator Richard Neuberger's plea to President Eisenhower to spare the White House squirrels made only the late editions of the afternoon newspapers that day. Yet his mail the next morning contained more than a hundred approving letters with \$30 in small contributions toward his fund to build a squirrel-proof fence around the President's putting green.

### BOX-TRAP TREATMENT

The President ordered the squirrels deported because they scratch up his putting green at the back of the White House. An effort was made first to scare them away with electronic shocks but it failed. Now they are box-trapped and taken off to the West Virginia woods and released. The theory is that they will not be able to find their way home.

Operation Squirrel is Mr. Eisenhower's first experience with one of "the little things that count." Like that pastel mink coat, a squirrel is an easily comprehended symbol to many people for whom the stock market, synthetic rubber plants and reciprocal trade have only academic interest.

### OLD-TIMERS

The White House squirrels who have failed to respect the President's passion for golf, are as Neuberger pointed out, a Washington tradition. Tourists and their children may fail to meet or see any important politician but with a handful of peanuts they have long made the acquaintance of residents of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue whose antedates Mr. Eisenhower's.

He is not the first to find them something of a nuisance. The country-bred Harry S. Truman laughed off the complaints

of gardeners about the squirrels and appointed a five-year old boy as their official feeder.

### NEUBERGER COUP

Animal-lovers protest that the present deportation system releases in woods household pets who are too domesticated to flourish wild. Others insist the operation is futile because deportations can't keep up with squirrel capacity to breed.

Senator Neuberger caught the Republicans off guard with his decision to celebrate National Wildlife Week by an offensive in behalf of the White House squirrels. As he began to speak they decided instantly that discretion was the better part of valor and vanished from the floor, leaving only Senator Kuchel of California to hold the fort. Kuchel did not permit himself to smile but he did not answer back either.