

Where's Evidence?

"I think the Dean of Student Affairs Office is against student government," Charlie Wolf said this at a Student Party meeting this past week, adding only that "student needs are not being met." He made no other clarification of this serious charge; he mentioned no specific "needs" that are "not being met."

Student leaders, like so many slogan-salesmen, are frequently uttering such judgments—without offering any evidence. To Wolf and other student leaders who feel that Dean Fred Weaver's office is "against student government," we ask for specific evidence.

How can one pass judgement without evidence?

Something Old Has Been Added

Just how extra are extracurricular activities on campus?

A group of Yale University professors this week concluded that their Ivy League school will have to put classroom studies ahead of athletics and weekends. The Yale men revised their curriculum to emphasize a harder course of study.

Meantime, in Chapel Hill the extracurricular cacophony can be heard from Navy Field to Graham Memorial, though the fires of spring exams are about to flare. The extracurricular circle is always wide and fast-moving.

And according to the Eli educators, all this extracurricular activity is detrimental to "intellectual achievement."

The emphasis on athletics, extracurricular life, weekends, and a beehive of activity outside the classroom on which prestige and success are felt to turn, now make an environment which involves serious conflict with important educational goals," reported the Yale committee.

While the obvious purpose of this University is the pursuit of learning—intellectual achievement—extracurriculars serve a vital purpose.

Perhaps Dean Fred H. Weaver put a precise finger on the role of extracurriculars last spring, when he said:

I wish we could get away from this artificial distinction between the curricular and the extracurricular, between instruction and student activities. Surely a student playing the role of Ophelia in *Hamlet* for the Carolina Playmakers is engaged in an activity which is not less educational than studying *Hamlet* in English 50. Taking part in a debate may be less academic, but it is hardly less educational than English 44—Public Speaking. Some student activities are closely allied with the instructional program. But, as we all know, many student activities have nothing whatever to do with education in the formal sense. But these activities are here and they are here to stay, and it behooves us to put them to the best possible educational use. Let us then consider college education as a process in which everything that happens, whether for good or for ill, is a part of the educational experience.

If more of Carolina's extracurricular activities would emphasize intellectual stamina rather than brute force on the playing field, or popularity in the political arena, they could be deemed "cocurricular" activities. Surely, they would contribute more to what Dean Weaver termed "the educational experience."

Since this isn't likely to happen in the near future, we advocate, along with Yale, more emphasis on classroom activity. At times, we almost "extracurricularize" ourselves out of an education.

Carolina Front A Heigh Ho And A Patch On Our Eye

J. A. C. Dunn

WE ARE ALWAYS interested in advertising. In fact almost any of the countless methods man uses to draw the attention of other men to himself interests us. But publication advertising interests us particularly, because the magazine or newspaper advertiser must catch the reader's eye in silence. The radio can make a loud noise and say "Get out and buy it today!" and television can (and frequent does) say the same thing, simultaneously make arresting faces at the reader. But magazines and newspapers can only work through the eye.



OUR ATTENTION WAS drawn to the progress that has been made in publication advertising by an ad we saw in an old copy of the University Magazine published on this campus about 60 years ago. "GENTLEMEN get ready for winter," the ad said half-heartedly. "We are now ready to sell you . . ." and the advertiser drew a deep 14-point breath and launched himself wearily into an extended list of his wares.

We can also recall a few ads we saw in some 30-year-old copies of National Geographic: the tonic plug which depicted a beautifully drawn but wholly uninspiring bottle of whatnot; the automobile ad self-consciously praising the relative virtues of the Pierce-Arrow car; the milinery ad crowded with pictures of ladies' hats that all looked like two thirds of a cannonball hollowed out and befeathered. They are rather grey-looking ads; they look more like a layout man's space filler than a merchant's attempt to sell.

BUT NOWDAYS ONE can see a startling change in advertising gimmicks. There is, for instance, the Hathaway shirt man, who sails a boat, drinks cocktails, and photographs wild animals, all with a patch over his eye (and a Hathaway shirt on his back). There is Fearless (perforated) Fosdick, who takes salary cuts with a grin and finds it impossible to call anyone except the chief of police by his right name all for the sake of Wildroot Cream Oil. On the pages of The New Yorker we find the notorious Commander Whitehead, who goes backstage at the theater, entertains his nephew with an impromptu piano recital, paints pictures of flowers, and even (we suspect) sleeps with that Schweppes Sparkling Water stuff, accompanied continually by a hefty cash backing and an alluring beard.

And we must not forget the 107-pound weakling who, sneering contemptuously at Charles Atlas, George Hackleraiser (or whatever that man's name is who makes one "commando tough"), and others of that ilk, slouches across the magazine page and whines, "I was a 107 pound weakling; then I bought a Carrier Air Conditioning Unit. I'm still a 107 pound weakling, but boy, is my bedroom cool!"

Of course, to complete the picture—which it really doesn't since we could go on like this forever—there is always Max Shulman, who, in his column "On Campus," manages to choke out a few euphemisms about Philip Morris cigarettes every few days in paragraphs diluted with tepid wit and horrid syntax.

ALL THIS MODERN advertising may sound pretty grim (and a lot of it is), but it does have one virtue. Though one may not rush right out and buy a Bendix as soon as one sees the full page spread, one can be thankful that the picture of the silly woman gesturing gaily at an empty Frigidaire affords one some sort of visual oasis from the grisly Sahara of articles like "I Spent Six Days Going Over Niagara In A Barrel."

-Matter Of Fact- Will Ike Run Again In '56?



THE LATE JUSTICE VINSON SWEARS IKE IN
Will '53 inaugural scene be repeated?

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—Whether President Eisenhower will run again in 1956 is sure to be debated endlessly, until the President himself gives the deciding word. Pending that time, this reporter has attempted to put the debate on a slightly—very slightly—more scientific basis, by taking a one-man poll.

In a long day on the telephone, twenty Senators and twenty newspaper reporters were reached—an adequate sampling, according to polling theory. There seemed to be more Republicans than Democrats with their noses to the grindstone, so the final proportion among Senators was twelve Republicans to eight Democrats. All interviews were "not for attribution," to promote candor. The answers to the question "Will Ike run?" broke down as follows.

THE POLL

Flat, confident no: Two Democrats, two newspapermen, no Republicans.

Hesitant yes: One Democrat, four newspapermen, still no Republicans.

Flat, confident yes: Seven Republicans, one Democrat, five newspapermen.

Hesitant yes: Four Republicans, four Democrats, eight newspapermen.

Unsettled fence-sitter: One Republican.

Stern refusal to participate: One newspaperman.

This works out to 72.5 percent "yes," 22.5 percent "no," and 5 percent no answer. The heavy majority view that the President will run was perhaps not very surprising. Yet the pulse-feeling did develop some features worth remarking.

CYNIC

Except for one cynical newspaperman who thought the President's supposed reluctance was an act, everybody assumed that the President really did not want to run. Why should more than seven out of ten think he would run, despite his own genuine inclinations?

Part of the answer is found in another very general belief. Two Democratic Senators and a couple of reporters thought that the President might be beaten. But almost everyone else agreed in substance with a Democratic Senator who has himself been spoken of as a White House possibility:

"For the first time, just in the past two or three weeks, I've begun to think he might not go. But I still just can't see how he can resist the pressure. Hell, anybody we put up, he'd knock his head off, and if they put anyone else up, we'd knock his head off. So the Republicans just can't let him go."

Gettysburg.

Over and over again, in one form or another, came the phrase: "He can't resist the pressure." The Republicans naturally tended to put the matter on a high plane. "Ike's a soldier," said one Republican who spoke for the rest, "and he's got a tremendous sense of duty. He knows he owes it to the country and the Party to run, and he's never shirked a duty yet."

The reporters and the Democrats tended to be more cynical. One literary Democrat compared the President to the reluctant lady in Byron's "Don Juan," who, "whispering 'I will never consent,' consented." A reporter, no admirer of the President, had this to say: "Ike's really a pliant kind of guy, at least about politics—look at the '52 and '54 campaigns. They'll really hold his feet to the fire this time, and in the end he'll go."

One of the two Democrats who flatly predicted that the President would not run had an odd explanation: "Smacks, I like golf too, and I'm up in '56. Suppose I'd already made up my mind not to run again, why, I'd be out on the course half the time. But I want it, and here I am up here running myself ragged. Ike's not running himself ragged, not by a long shot."

If women's intuition is worth anything, the majority is wrong. Sen. Margaret Chase Smith has publicly voiced her doubts about the President's running, and one reporter's wife who answered the telephone agreed: "All the women I know say no."

MALE MAJORITY

Yet her husband, a brilliant White House reporter, spoke for the male majority: "Ike really does love that farm, and he really does hate Washington—he says so openly—and Mamie really does want him to retire. But what can he possibly say when the men he admires most tell him: 'Mr. President, you've got to run, or everything you've stood for is lost.'"

The results of this pulse-taking were, obviously, even more inconclusive than usual; since the one person who could give a really authoritative answer was not available for questioning. But the interviews did suggest the amazing extent to which President Eisenhower now dominates the American political scene. "The man's a great political genius," one reported remarked. "He does what no politician in American history has been able to do—he makes hardly any enemies, only friends. And the Republican party's not going to let its one and only political genius retire."

Over The Hill Y-Court Corner

Charles Dunn

MISTAKE: There was a fellow who always carried his dates around to see some of his friends. One night, when the fellow was dating a certain girl for the first time, he drove up and one of his friends walked out to the car. The fellow with the date started to introduce her to his friend, who in turn ended what could have been a beautiful friendship by saying "Oh yes, I met her the last time you brought her by."

BUSY JOB: It was during the ten-minute break between classes and everywhere everyone was rushing to his next class, when co-editor Ed Yoder leisurely strolled down the walk, flanked on either side by an attractive and attentive coed. He was busy thinking about something important, and everyone knew it. That is almost everyone.

But from the opposite direction came one who knew not the look of thought, and knowing Yoder and hoping to meet the coeds almost yelled, "Hello Ed." Editor Ed made not a sound, turned not his eyes from the path, broke not his thought-train. The supposed friend stopped short, surprised and wondering.

But the situation was well in hand. The coed on Yoder's left turned, smiled sweetly and said, "Hello." And then returned her attention to the co-editor.

THE OTHER: Most folks around these parts know that every year along about this time the ladies and gentlemen from the University have parties. And at some of these parties, it is a known fact that limited quantities of beer are consumed, such is the setting for this bit of space filler.

At the University there are some ladies who like the taste of beer, and there are some who don't. The case is the same with the men. Some men date women who like beer, and vice versa. Then again there are some men who date women that don't like beer, and vice versa. There are some ladies who like beer that want their dates to learn to like beer. Such are the characters in this bit of space filler.

By combining the setting and the characters, we have a boy trying hard to drink the beer, but finding it quite a task, even with the encouragement of his date. She begs, she threatens, and at last she promises "that she will kiss him for every swallow of beer he drinks."

Knowing quiet well that she wouldn't kiss him with all the people around them, he agreed and proceeded to force down several swallows.

She did.

MORE BEER: Three of the boys broke loose the other night and attempted to drown their sorrows; each in a can of beer. After a bit, they finished their beer, and all they had left was the can and a little free time. One found a stack of old newspapers and began folding them the way he used to fold them on his delivery route.

They made nice little throwing objects, so he threw a few at a light, but it was too far away, and they had little success in hitting it. Then they thought of the empty beer cans, so they stood them on top of each other and the game began. Each fellow had three folded papers to throw at the stacked beer cans. A point was given for each can knocked to the floor (they must have made a lot of noise), and the game was 20 points.

Seems hard to believe but these boys had fun, and the games lasted for a couple of hours. And nobody knows or cares, who won the most games.

THE DAY of reckoning approaches. Final exams will begin one week from Tuesday and end only Heaven knows when. For a week and a day students will suffer a living Hell. Business majors, English majors, history majors and drum majors will tear their hair. There will be a general weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Now all this moaning and groaning is very necessary for a well-balanced educational aquarium.

The teeth gnashers will be sent to the Dental School for the molarmen to experiment on, the waiters will be sent to the Psychology Department to undergo several tests to determine their complexes, and the weepers will end up crying on their instructors' shoulders. Next semester the University Testing Bureau will interview all those that flunked and try to determine what is wrong with them. Yes, it takes all kinds of people to make the world go 'round. But as our friend Kerr Scott says "So will a good swallow of tobacco juice."

EVEN THOUGH we stand on the brink of final exams and disaster, all is not lost. Here is the solution to your problems. Take all your textbooks for this semester, and place them neatly on your desk. Then borrow a pencil from your roommate and carefully erase all marks you have made in your books. After you have done this, bundle them up in a little stack and head for the library.

This is where the fun begins. Don't go to the library—stop off at the Book Exchange and sell your books. You should be able to sell at least two of your total for about ten cents on the original dollar that you paid for them. If you had any money at all when you started out for the library you add that to what you received for your books and you will probably have enough to go to the movies.

Take the extra change in your pocket and buy popcorn—this will serve two purposes. One, you will have to eat one less meal at Lenoir Hall, and two, you will be subsidizing the popcorn growing farmers that graduated from State College thereby relieving the government of several billion dollars in subsidies.

SO YOU are sitting in the theater. The picture isn't very good so your mind starts to wander. You think of the Thanksgiving you spent in New York (along with two hundred dollars). You remember the evening you sat in the Fulton Theater watching Elliot Nugent and Sally Forest tickle the audience's spine with a "Seven Year Itch." You laugh inwardly at the remembrance of some of the choicer lines. You take another look at the screen and realize that "Seven Year Itch" has been made into a movie and you will be able to see it again.

KNOWING THAT Tom Ewell and Marilyn Monroe play the leading roles, you wonder if MM's lines will replace the verbal lines that were undoubtedly by the censors.

Sex is a funny thing you think. Sex always attends all the parties that you do, but it is seldom if ever mentioned. Sex stands up on the coffee table and pounds itself on the chest and says, "I'm really quite funny—I'm sex and nobody ever talks about me."

The subject of sex makes you think of your marriage final. Why don't they let you make out the final exam for the course? You laugh aloud at the thought. The other students turn around to see who is laughing—they think you are crazy—what a lousy flick.

THE MOVIE finally ends. You leave the theater and walk east on Franklin St. Chapel Hill high-schoolers pass at rather frequent intervals. One boy has his arm around his girl friend so tightly that she lets out a howl. "Whata you think I am," she blurts, "a bottle of 'Poof.'" The boy snickers and they move on. You pass Jeff's, see the girlie magazines in the window, and almost stop. "No, the magazines won't do me any good," you say to yourself cut by the censors.

It's the old touch that counts. You pass Harry's. Damn nice people, those Macklins. Harry has been in the hospital. Mrs. Mac and little Harry have been running the place. They don't have to worry about finals. No sir—just customers. You remember the time you asked one of the waiters what "lox" were. He didn't know—why should he? The aromas of salami and pastrami curl lazily past your nose—as you move on.

What a night. The sky looks like someone has taken the bubbles out of a champagne glass and sprinkled them over a sheet of atmosphere the color of that-girl-in-your-history-class' eyes. You don't stop. You keep walking.

IN FRONT of the Post Office you stop long enough to read for the ten thousandth time the signs advocating the pleasures to be derived from an enlistment in one of the branches of the service.

Join the Navy. Join the Marines. Join the Mao. See the world. Learn a trade. Hunt headhunters. The thought of headhunters makes you wish that a tribe of the "shrink-your-own" boys would abduct a few of your instructors.

You continue walking down the street. The very idea—the head of the department's head sticking on a pole. It would make nice conversation in Y-Court.

YOU ARRIVE back in your room and start to undress for bed. Your freshman roommate is sitting in a corner pouring over his textbooks. Little does the stupid fool realize that instructors never take their final exams from the textbooks. He'll learn.

You turn the ceiling light off and finish your cigarette. Your roommate is still in the corner studying by the light of his desk lamp. As you pull the cover up over your head you congratulate yourself on a day well spent.

'Hey—Don't Get Too Far Ahead'



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