

## A Handicap In The Home Stretch

As students round the semester turn and head for the home stretch (seemingly now more like the homework stretch), ideas for improving the mechanics of getting an education are as plentiful as spring picnics.

The most-needed improvement is a student reading day—a day between the last day of classes and the opening of exams to prepare for finals.

The student Legislature, overlooking the fact that the University's Calendar Committee makes up the exam schedule over a year in advance, gave students a reading day before exams. Actually, students won't get the day this spring, or any other term, unless the calendar makers agree with the student law makers.

We trust the arbiters of calendar and events will give the students a break next year and grant a reading day. Students, even bright ones, need more than one evening to review an entire term's work.

## Beware Socialistic Jabberwocks, My Sons

What is good for the Tories is good for the country; and since the Hoover Commission, the heart and soul of all good Toryism in the U. S., has recently come out for a drastic reduction in public enterprises we will have to go along like good little Tories.

The Hoover Commission has now dispatched to the Congress 22 recommendations for removal of assorted thorns in the side of Free Enterprise. Among them: abolishment of the postal savings system; transference to private industry of 288 industrial plants built at Federal expense during World War II; abolishment of all chemical research by the Tennessee Valley Authority at Muscle Shoals. We have heard of rumblings within the Commission to axe TVA entirely.

The public enterprises pay no taxes and deprive the government of revenue it could get from private funds. Their "unjustified continuance," in the words of those great Tories of the Hoover Commission, "is a definite injury to the vitality of the whole private enterprise system."

Yes, these enterprises are gross and evil. What is more, they represent creeping socialism. As John Cogley tells us in *The Commonwealth*, socialistic may be used

to describe the intervention of government in private business. There are some exceptions—when the Government subsidizes the building of factories, private housing, overseas trade and in general cost-plus contracts, for instance.

Price supports to the independent farmer do not qualify as socialistic, except in some benighted Utah circles. Government intervention in these cases is known as stimulating free enterprise.

## What It Is, Is Originality

In the new Yackety-Yack, one would expect to find chronicled the story of a campus year. But such is not the case.

Actually, Editors Cornell Wright and Jackie Park have given the University something more than just a pictorial chronicle of the year. The new Yack abounds in poetry, pictures, and life. The yearbook is as casual as a Y-Court stroll in some places and as solemn as Commencement in others. In short, this year's Yackety-Yack is the best Carolina has seen in many years.

We congratulate the Yack editors — and their staff — for putting originality into the yearbook, for breaking away from the stereotype to present something new.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front — The Decline And Fall Of Pari-Mutuel

J. A. C. Dunn

LAST MONDAY NIGHT we were in the midst of an Irish poem that seemed, for all we could tell, to be talking about a girl who was raped by a goose, when we were lifted from the fastnesses of Winston Dorn by a call from the editorial powers that be.



"Dunn, go cover the rat races at the Sigma Chi derby," said the voice. We started to point out that we were reading a poem, and that it was Irish and all about a girl who... "Go cover the rat races. Navy field." We staggered down to the rat races.

FAITHFUL TO THE very end, we forsook the Bingo table, the miniature golf course, the "Hit The Whatnot With A Thingummy" game, and the Flush the Coed routine, and panted up to the Smith Dorn Rat Race Track.

There were no lavishly dressed crowds standing anxiously in grandstands, there were no pari-mutuel windows, no one had any binoculars or racing seats. But it was post time, and there was a horde of people bending over the table and yelling and jumping up and down. At the end of the race we managed to squeeze our way in and have a look.

The Smith Rat Track was comprised of four long runways in a cardboard box, each runway walled in by cardboard strips, each runway containing one rat. There were three white rats and a brown one — the dark horse, presumably. We placed a dime on number four (Hatrack's Glory, by Registered Post out of Beerstein). The crowd swelled, swayed, placed its dimes; we examined Hatrack's Glory as it waited in its stall. It seemed restive, eager to run. Looked like a good thing.

The rats came up to the wire. Number 2 (Lucky Strike, by Taj Mahal out of Socialism II) had evidently lost interest in racing and had given his attention to a piece of dog biscuit. Number 1 (Chaos, by Cobb Dorn out of Alderman) was running in tight little circles. Number 3 (Feetlebomb, by Swinburne out of Mercomate) was frantically trying to leave the track. Last minute bets were placed. The crowd tensed. The cardboard barrier flew up. They're off!

THE CROWD ROARED. It cheered. It swore. It screamed. Several coeds were trampled in the rush. The boy beside us buried his face in his hands and wept. Not one of the rats moved. Hands were waved at them, distraught bettors beat the cardboard box and wailed. Hatrack's Glory took four steps forward, sat down, smiled up at the yelling mass of faces, and brushed its whiskers.

At this crucial point one Feetlebomb backer leaned down and murmured "Hey, rat, I'm a cat!" Feetlebomb took off as if he was going to the moon and won the race by eighteen necks and a nose. We relinquished our dime and the Feetlebomb backer collected a certificate entitling him to 20¢ worth of Goody Shop.

THE NEXT FOUR races relieved us of four more dimes. We gave up on Hatrack's Glory and put our money on Chaos. Chaos ran halfway to the finish line at top speed and then discovered he'd left his umbrella or something at the gate and ran back again. We had a go at Lucky Strike, but Lucky Strike hadn't finished his dog biscuit yet and wasn't going to give it up for any silly old race, he was the stakes in the thousands though they may. We tried Feetlebomb. Feetlebomb lost simply because he didn't bother to run fast enough. We put our last dime on Chaos again. He ran quite well until the three quarter mark, and then developed colic. We left the track a ruined man.

Editors:

You quote Professor Hutchins as having asserted that a university "is a kind of continuing Socratic conversation on the highest level for the very best people..." Since you appear to endorse this definition, you will perhaps be pleased to grant me the privilege of expressing certain of my own opinions which your monologic parrotings have inspired.

I never did care much for Socratic dialogue. And I'll tell you why. It's a one-sided deal. Socrates' opponent always turns out to be a sort of brain-washed yes-man who in his confusion is incapable of doing his own reasoning and lets Socrates do it for him.

I open my Plato—quite at random, mind you—and find myself somewhere in the Phaedo. Here, from two pages, are some of the yes-man's answers: "Very true." "True." "Very true." "True." "Quite so." "It may be." "Very true." "... yes, and swear to it, with all the confidence in life." "To be sure." I turn the page and find, on the next two pages: "That is certain." "Very true." "Yes." "Very true." "Yes, in a very great measure too." "Certainly." "Precisely." "Very true." "Yes." "Certainly." "Yes." "True."

Now here, for our enlightenment, is one side of a Socratic dialogue. Ironically enough, Professor Hutchins' definition is a good one. A university education today is, indeed, a sort of Socratic dialogue. What teacher does not like to play the part of Socrates? What student does not play the yes-man?

I would not cast reflections on the honesty of the student by insinuating that he consciously plays his ignominious yes-man part in the great farce of present-day education. I am not talking about the few who put advancement above integrity to the extent of yessing themselves into the favor of the teacher. I am talking about the average student, who is, unconsciously, a yes-man. He is the victim of an attitude into which he has been trained by years of classroom attendance. He has been conditioned to believe what the teacher says, and more often than not he does. He will even defy what he thinks to be—and what may well be—the ignorance of his own parents with what he has been taught in school. When he graduates, he is a product, the product of a system. He believes exactly what the system taught him. To say this is to say no more than that he was taught what he was taught. And I would take him as an astonishing exception as a product of our schools today if he had been taught to question what he had been taught.

Now, of course you may say, "Oh, but that is exactly what the Socratic method teaches: to examine and consider and reason upon and if need be, in the light of truth, reject." Well, that is true. That is what the Socratic method has come to mean, and that is undoubtedly what Professor Hutchins meant to convey. But the point is, this attitude unfortunately does not characterize the present-day student. Ironically, and somewhat paradoxically, he is too much like the yes-man of the Socratic dialogue to participate in the true spirit of the Socratic method. (In the dialogues it is really Socrates who does the examining and considering and reasoning. His part of the dialogue represents, actually, the totality of the method. His "opponent" merely stands there to affirm what Plato thinks is the soundness of Socrates' musings.)

## 'Rest Assured That If We Find One Polio Germ Crossing A State Line—'



## -Reader's Retort-

# Socrates, DTH, & Yes-Yes

Irony piles upon irony. In your editorial of last Sunday you yes-yessed the Hutchins statement which you had quoted a day or so before, by modestly putting yourselves forward as carriers-on of "the great Socratic tradition"; and then you proceeded to yes-yes the Phi Beta Kappa address of Professor Adams.

I don't say that you shouldn't have yes-yessed the Adams speech, but your doing so illustrated what is in your case not only a prevailing tendency but, apparently, a hard and fast rule: that is, your presumption that the educator is always right. Well, Professor Adams is right, partly. He is right when he says "even college students join the general public in the avoidance of thinking" and that "Many (students) have concluded that it won't do to think too much" and that "in a modern university, especially in a modern state university, very little creative thinking is done by the faculty."

But he goes on to illustrate the thesis of his own un-thinkingness (even deans, he says, can't find time to think) by yes-yessing the liberal-educator propaganda that the sincere concern over the teaching of un-American doctrines in our schools arise from some sort of "small-minded" delight in a "cloak-and-dagger game." Poor Adams! Poor sincere but misguided Adams! I sincerely doubt that even if he had time to think, he would wake up to the fact that he had unwittingly revealed earlier in his own speech the real cause of present-day concern over the exposing of students to anti-American teachings. Students, even college students, he had said, don't think; and "Many have concluded that it won't do to think too much..." Here is the real danger to academic freedom and, though he in his Adamitic blindness cannot see it, the real cause for the concern over what is taught.

As long as the Socrates-"yes-man" relationship exists in our schools, there can be no true academic freedom. The point that has been overlooked is that academic freedom involves more than the teacher's right to teach what he pleases. Academic freedom involves—and this is even more important—the student's position as a person taught. As long as he has an unvarying and unwavering "yes" attitude toward what seems to him an all-wise teacher, he is not free. A product as he is, from his early years, of a system which has taught him a cowering acquiescence in intellectual authority, he is not even free to "yes" or not to "yes." So fashioned, he never gives a thought to the alternatives and does not even see that he is not free.

Out of consideration of all this has come the increasing concern over the teaching of Communism and of Communist-tinged doctrines in our schools. The problem is not so simply defined, nor so easily explained away, as some would have us believe. The absolutistic "reasoning" now in vogue assumes that the student is a detached nucleus of autonomy and therefore perfectly free to accept or reject what is taught him. But he is not, and the very word "taught" belies the contention that he is.

Here, and not in impositions from outside the schools, is the real problem of "thought-control," here is the real problem of academic freedom. The solution will come when students are educated to a healthy suspicion of intellectual authority, indeed almost a contempt for it. The solution will come when students are taught to think for themselves. There is no place in American education for the yes-man of the Socratic dialogues.

John W. McDonald

## China Lobby Loses Ike & Support

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — It has been apparent here for some time that President Eisenhower is moving toward some form of disengagement in the Far East and that advocates of a hard policy in Asia and all out support of Chiang Kai-shek have lost.

Chiang's friends including Senators Bridges and McCarthy are now speaking up in the Senate to show that they realize what is happening. They are saying more or less directly that they, at least, are not deceived by any pretensions that the administration has not materially altered its course since the President "unleashed" Chiang in his first State of the Union message.

It is perhaps too much to declare that these speeches are funeral orations over a policy to which a powerful Republican faction has long been dedicated and which it has pressed to the hilt against Democratic Administrations. But barring an unexpected turn of events, that is what they will prove to be.

For the President is going to get his way, Congress is behind him, thinking that the American people are. Few Senators bothered to listen to the speeches which so well described, from one point of view, the present turning point in history.

The Senators are indifferent because the cause is lost. The mere fact that it was left to the discredited Senator from Wisconsin to mount the principal attack speaks for itself.

The McCarthy text was cogently and closely reasoned. It charted more lucidly than any Democrat has managed to do in the White House changes of direction. These the speech carried directly to the President with many pungent and quotable observations such as: "the masters never had a better pupil."

Had Chiang's friends here, now so bitter against Eisenhower, been able to persuade an influential Senator to make such a speech, obviously they would have done so.

Senator Bridges proceeded much more cautiously, wrapping up many go-slow warnings to the President in the Yalta text which he quoted copiously. Bridges, the senior Republican of the Senate, knows that the party has to have Eisenhower to win next year. He has also seen a New Hampshire poll taken by Rep. Perkins Bass which shows their home state is solidly for the President's policy.

The objective observer must admit some truth in the McCarthy charge that the Administration is pursuing an equivocal course with respect to the Chinese Nationalists. Chiang's hopes, of course, have risen and fallen with the changes in U. S. policy.

It would be possible to feel much more apologetic about this were it not that his friends have subjected this Capital for years to ceaseless and unwearied lobbying which attempted to exploit every domestic political quarrel. All foreign countries, of course, seek friends here. Few others, if any, have had the nerve to try openly to turn domestic politics to their advantage.

The China Lobby put all its chips on one GOP faction and it has lost.

## CONTRAST IN STATE PARKS

North Carolina's two most-visited State parks, Mount Mitchell and Fort Macon, illustrate the dramatic geographical contrasts of Variety Vacationland. Like all other North Carolina State parks, they are open free to visitors.

Mount Mitchell State Park is atop 6,684 foot Mount Mitchell, highest peak in eastern America. No point in the park is less than a mile above sea level. It is open from April through late October and is reached by a five-mile section of paved highway (N.C. 128) connecting with the Blue Ridge Parkway 33 miles north of Asheville. A large new building of native stone houses a restaurant; other park facilities include a refreshment stand, paved 250-car parking lot, picnic and camping areas, and hiking trails. The park covers 1,224 acres purchased by the State in 1915.

## Y-Court Corner

Reuben Leonard

IN THE three previous springs that I have spent in Chapel Hill each was characterized by the turning of young men's fancies to thoughts of crusading. This spring is no exception. It seems that once again the majority of the student body has boarded that good ship "Crusade."

The boys in the lower quad are advocating "Free love," the seniors are preaching "live fast, die young, love," and the Daily Tar Heel is endeavoring to carry the "White Man's Burden."

The thought of The Daily Tar Heel editors and their willingness to be martyrs for the segregation issue reminds me of the time that I lived there in the South than at present. In fact, the seemed further south than it does now.

INCIDENTALLY, MY name is Cuipepper, Charles D. Cuipepper the third—that is, I am a hundred and sixteen-year-old idiot. I come from a long line of Cuipeppers, and we are all just one great big happy degenerate Southern family.

Anyway, we used to live on an old plantation named Tara. The Mississippi River used to flow within a stone's throw of our house. I know, because I used to throw stones into the river. That Mississippi was an odd sort of river; it was as clear as crystal until it reached the Mason-Dixon Line, and then it became muddy and stayed that way until it reached where ever it was that it was going.

EVERY TIME I think of Tara, I think of the Civil War. My brother, Rhett Butler Cuipepper—age 7—and my mother, Scarlet O'Hara Cuipepper—age 9—and myself were the only ones living on the plantation during the war. We had 1,700 slaves to help us with the chores, but we were still short-handed because most of our slaves had deserted us for office jobs up North.

My brother Rhett and I had to keep our mother in her room. She would drink all the canned beer if we let her out. Sterno certainly was hard to get during the war.

AS I have already mentioned, everyone had left the plantation to fight the war. By the way, we Cuipeppers are all heroes. My great-grandfather, Carlton "Stone Wall" Cuipepper was the first Confederate soldier killed in the Civil War. He was called "Stone Wall" because when he was fighting the Yankees he gave out of cannon balls so he started firing granite blocks taken from the jailhouse wall. They left the hole in the wall as a monument to him.

But alas, his military career came to an abrupt halt when one of his men mistook him for a Second-Lieutenant and shot him in the back.

I'M NOT exactly certain as to the cause of "The War of Northern Aggression," but I have heard it said that some fellow by the name of Lincoln started it. They say in the South that he was a sort of king up North, and he was awfully jealous of the big white houses in the South. I suppose he wanted to be the only man living in a big white house.

Anyway, he sent a whole host of Yankee soldiers down South with orders to burn all the houses, women, and children. He also instructed his men to have heard, to capture the slaves and bring them up North to work in the mills and to help build a golf course on the White House lawn.

This Lincoln fellow was very fond of moving pictures so he would go to the theater and sit for days at a time watching the new 3-D movies. One day he sat down beside another man's wife and the man shot him.

BUT BACK to Tara and my family. One day our maid Lisa prepared one of the most delicious dinners we had ever tasted—southern fried chicken and chittlings (Lisa really knew how to fix southern-fried chicken—she would take the chicken out into the backyard, pick all the feathers out, and then kill it).

Our meal was interrupted by a knock on the door. I very casually opened the door and to my amazement saw 100,000 Yankee soldiers in the front yard.

The spokesman for the group was standing on the porch leading his men in a cheer or yell or something. They were yelling, "War is Hell, War is Hell, War is Hell." The spokesman turned around and told me his name was Sherman, and said that he had orders to burn a path 60 miles wide through the South and our house was in that path. I knew that he meant what he said because he was tough. In fact, that's the next thing he said to me, "Tough."

SHERMAN AND his men set fire to the house. Rhett and myself sneaked out a back window but we didn't let mother come with us. We knew that she would want the few remaining cans of heat that we had.

We sat comfortably in one of the hogpens as the old homestead went up in flames. I will never forget the sound of my mother's screams as the fire closed in on her. It was a rather eerie situation.

WHEN We awoke the next morning, we noticed that only the chimney remained standing. The remainder of Tara had gone up in smoke. We decided to leave the chimney standing in memory of our dear mother.

The only items we were able to save from the fire were two old scraps of paper. One was entitled "New York Express Timetable" and the other "Fire Insurance Policy." Since Rhett had graduated from college with a B. S. in Business Administration, he told me that we could collect a good deal of money on the policy and go up north to live. I had never been out of the South so I agreed to go with him.

WE ARRIVED in New York one week after the fire had destroyed Tara. New York was about the size of our old homestead so we felt right at home. We didn't have a Mississippi River near our new home, but we could go down to East River and stir it with a stick and make it muddy.

There was a little store down the street from where we lived that sold a Northern drink called martini. We didn't know much about martinis but Rhett showed them how to mix martinis and canned heat so we got along all right.

YES SIR, those were the good old days. We didn't have crusaders running about all over the country abolishing this or manumitting that, but we were happy.