

## Back In The Saddle Again With Pan-Hel

Our white charger, readers keep telling us, is waiting just outside Graham Memorial. They say this because of the alleged "crusade." The Daily Tar Heel has embarked upon, the move to get into representative student meetings.

If there is a nag waiting for us, it's probably older than South Building, student funds being what they are these days. So we'll be brief.

This newspaper's job is covering the campus, telling students what's happening. In order to tell them what takes place at representative student meetings, we have to send reporters to these meetings. It's all that simple.

When certain organizations deny reporters the right to cover their meetings, they are denying the campus the right to be informed. And we do feel it's a right—not a privilege.

Since it's our right to inform students, this paper naturally works up lather anytime a group denies this right. We even made a threat.

The threat—to boycott a group from the paper's pages—was made again to the Pan-Hellenic Council this week. And we are prepared to carry it out, if Pan-Hel continues denying what we know is a right.

That's how strongly we feel about the right to cover any representative, non-judicial student group on this campus. But everyone knows that, and our white horse is clapping around impatiently in the Morehead Parking lot.

## A Bomb For A Plaster Legend

What a pity, concludes Ed Rumill of the Christian Science Monitor, that Abe Lincoln, Great Emancipator, couldn't have watched the recent Subway Series. Rumill says he "would have especially thrilled, in his humble way, that the part the Negro ball player has had in this 1955 baseball championship."

Decidedly at the risk of our necks, we cast a bomb of iconoclasm at the Great Emancipator Legend. Unquestionably, Lincoln believed in justice, the rights of the downtrodden, and freedom from human bondage. But those little truths left out of the sixth grade history books show that Abe was far from a plaster god. He was the Great Emancipator, true, but only in a distilled, pallid way.

We anticipate the shouts for documentation and hew with it: In 1858, Abe showed that his ideas about the rights of man tended to fluctuate as he passed around the map. In abolitionist Chicago, July of that year, he declaimed:

Let us discard all this quibbling about this man and the other man, this race and that race and the other race being inferior. . . . Let us discard all these things . . . until we shall once more stand up declaring that all men are created equal.

The true voice of Great Emancipation. But wait; two months later, September 18, he spoke in Charleston, S. C., and his secessionist audience heard him say:

I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races (applause); that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors out of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people. . . .

Lincoln's role, effective as it finally was, is that of a practical politician working in his own time. It is not that of a messiah who saw screaming visions and attempted to buck great waves of public sentiment.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Something To Put Your Feet On Sometime

J.A.C. Dunn

AFTER SPENDING all this time jumping up and down and shrieking, it seems that the people who fought, bled, died, and won a class-free Saturday made a miscalculation. Nobody wants to go to a football game in Georgia — not even a Carolina football game. We don't know really who to stick out our tongue at first—the people who will not buy the tickets to go to the game, or the people who got the Saturday cleared of classes so that the other people could go to the game. On second thought,

perhaps we won't stick out our tongues at the people who freed us from Saturday classes tomorrow. We think they're fine—in that respect anyway. We like class-free Saturdays.

AND ACTUALLY, now that we think about it some more, we don't think we'll stick out our tongue at the people who don't want to go to the game either; not because we think it's a good idea not to go to the football games, but because it seems reasonable enough that someone be allowed to do what he wants on a weekend. Personally, we are taking off shortly in exactly the opposite direction—for Tennessee.

Now this brings us to what we hope will eventually turn out to be the point we are making, though this likelihood seems rather remote at the moment, considering the dawdling pace at which we have been approaching the matter.

It seems that the University big wheels don't want the students to go home. We got this impression when, Saturday classes were in the throes of being installed and the trustees' explanations for their action were publicized. In capsule form, the trustees didn't like the "mass exodus" on weekends; they didn't like the students neglecting their studies and their extra-curricular activities to go elsewhere.

WELL, WHAT is the objection to the going home? Just why is it that a desire to get out of town and see some other parts of the state (or country) is so reprehensible? We don't understand it; and we do understand why people want to get out of this town. It's a lovely town; we like it here; we make our living here and count it as our actual residence, though our legal residence is elsewhere. But we like to get out, not just because, like most people under 60 years of age, we enjoy buzzing around and seeing different places, but because we need change of scene.

Young people are not, constructed to stay in one place week after week, month after month, and not get out and see something different, without becoming restless and discontented.

Furthermore, we can see how easy it is for our elders and betters in South Building and in Raleigh to forget (a) what a pleasure it is to sit in a home that hasn't the grimy thumbprint of the institution all over it, and (b) how infrequently one gets a chance to sit down in a real living room and put one's feet on something when one lives in a dormitory.

CONSEQUENTLY, WHEN this class-free Saturday issue comes up again next year (and we feel sure it will), we hope The Powers will not waggle their knotty fingers and lower their craggy eyebrows and say, "You didn't want to go to the game last year. So now you can't go this year."

Going to the game is not the only reason for a class-free Saturday. One needs an outlet badly, particularly in these times when security other than the financial kind (and even that is not easily come by) is a rarity. Psychologically, the world is racking its own nerves, and the nerves of college students are not excluded. We know all too well, having observed the phenomenon in action for a little over three years, that being circumstantially bound to one small area for any lengthy period of time does not make for peace and contentment of the soul, to coin a phrase.

## —Reader's Retort— Writer Says DTH Cannot Deny Publicity To Any Campus Group

Editors:

After noting with interest the editors of The Daily Tar Heel delightedly slapping themselves on the back after their latest editorial triumph, we couldn't help wondering whether our budding Pulitzer would grow up before another great Carolina tradition goes down the drain.

Apparently the powers that be at The Daily Tar Heel now assume that in the infinite wisdom of their twenty-odd years they are capable of deciding what is to be considered public and what is to be considered private in the affairs of groups on campus with whom they are not related. Let us assume for the sake of argument that they are fitted for such decisions and are within their rights and not within the rights of others when they do so.

To assure compliance with their decisions the editors see fit to hold the bludgeon of publicity (or more accurately the threat of censorship — the non-publication of, in this case, IFC releases) over the heads of those who happen to feel otherwise.

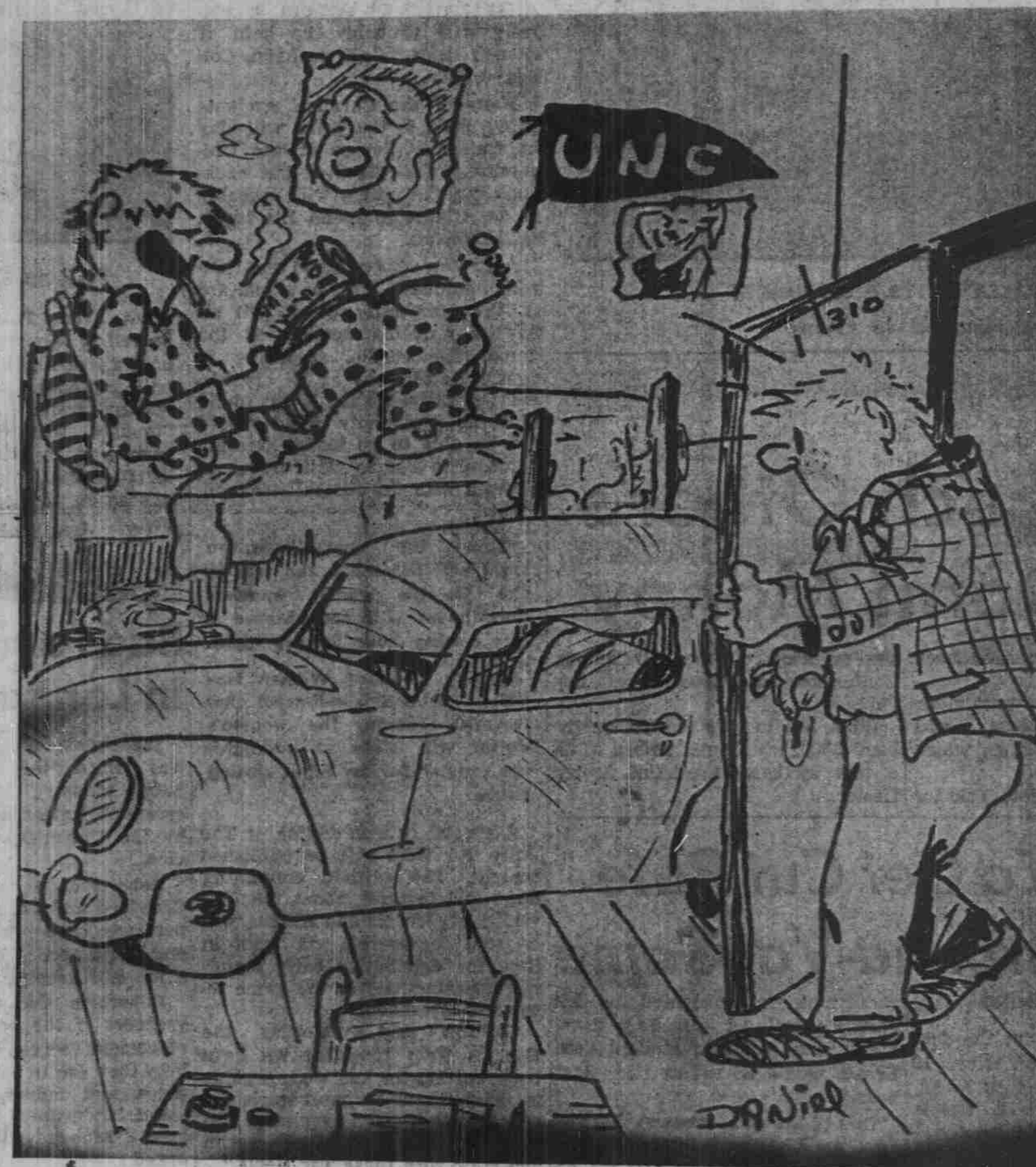
The editors overlook certain basic facts. The Daily Tar Heel as a University-supported student institution has certain functions on this campus — among them publication of news relating to all aspects of student life — not just those approved by the editorial board. The complete freedom which the paper has is dependent on its performing its functions. Freedom of the press, which you defended so vociferously, Mr. Kraar, does not mean that The Daily Tar Heel has the right to refuse publicity to anyone. Freedom of the press does not mean the freedom of the editors to print or not print legitimate news items as they choose. They have a right to say what they please — on the editorial page. If they choose to

damn fraternities, the football team, or Robert E. Lee, more power to them. If they detect facism in Frat court and consider it their duty to say so, fine, write editorials every day until fraternities are abolished.

However, the fact remains that the newspaper has a function above and beyond that of catering to the editors' ideas of political and journalistic virtue. The Daily Tar Heel is a sounding board not for six people but for 6,000. Why not refuse to mention football in the paper because the team is subsidized? The editors do not have the right to refuse publicity to any organization. The logical conclusion of such thinking is obvious. Such an eventuality would fully justify the University's taking away the Tar Heel's traditional liberties. The old saw "with freedom goes responsibility" could not find a more pertinent subject.

Charles Blankstein

'It Was The Only Spot I Could Find'



## Backstage With The GOP

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON—The Republican National Committee is scheduled to meet next January to issue the call for the 1956 GOP Presidential nominating convention. Party strategists still think that date is just about right, assuming of course that the President continues his satisfactory progress toward recovery from his heart attack.

They suggest that by January everyone—the public, the politicians and the Eisenhoweres—will have had time to assess the condition of the President's health and to sort out their own feelings about it. It is expected that the President will give his party a very prompt clue to his own thoughts about his future.

NO HURRY

Men of long experience in planning national conventions see no reason why changes in GOP plans must be hurried if they are to be made. According to one of them, Republicans would probably switch to Chicago with its many hotel rooms as late as six months before meeting. This is the more true since the necessary arrangements for telephone, TV, etc., are already planned there for the Democrats.

Most professionals believe, however, that when January comes Republicans are going to have to take a long hard look at their plans for a late August convention to be held in San Francisco. That convention was planned as a mere jubilee to celebrate the unanimous re-nomination of the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket with only one session a day in a hall far from the center of the city. The election was viewed as a shoo-in.

WIDE OPEN

What the party now faces is a wide-open convention, contests between individuals and between factions for place and power, and the necessity of then closing ranks and building up sentiment for a new ticket, and possibly a somewhat altered policy. To make it harder, California is already sending East stories about the three-cornered rivalry between its Governor, Goodwin Knight, its senior Senator, William F. Knowland, and a third native son, Vice-President Nixon.

Party sources there are described as admitting the going will be rough if they can no longer count on Eisenhower's name on the ticket to keep peace among the warring factions. A

very much longer and more difficult convention than the one originally planned, that would leave scars to be patched up in a short time would almost seem a certainty.

It is no wonder that as they look ahead, many Republicans are showing themselves loathe to believe that the President cannot head the ticket. The descent into Avernus from a heaven of political certainties is hard to face.

NOT HIDING

National Chairman Leonard Hall is not in hiding; he is keeping his engagements and talking to reporters as they find him. All full dress press conferences and official gatherings of prominent Republicans are being avoided, however. The lid has been put on conversation and speculation as much as possible. But many private conversations are taking place and the news will soon reflect the direction they are taking.

Sometimes special elections to fill a House vacancy or other important office afford some clue to what the voters are presently thinking. In a remarkable change from the immediate past when the Congressional death

## Y-Court Corner Mothballs For The Band & Cheerleaders

Rueben Leonard

"THIS IS going to be a very enjoyable weekend," said Head Cheerleader Collie Collison.

If this statement had appeared in The Daily Tar Heel on Tuesday instead of Wednesday it might have been construed as the understatement of the week, but coming at the end of a news story erasing the special caravan train to Athens makes it the overstatement of the year.

This weekend most certainly will be enjoyable for Georgia — with no Carolina Band, no caravan of Carolina students, and consequently no hell being raised by the Carolina delegation.

FIRST, LET'S take the band apart at its musical seams. Last year there was a big controversy in the paper and on campus about the sorry looking uniforms the band had. The band wanted new uniforms and most of the students wanted them to have new ones, especially since one of the band's major functions is to accompany the football team on its trips to other schools. A neatly dressed band makes an awfully good showing for its school.

A bill was introduced in the student Legislature to buy these sorely needed uniforms. But at its time of introduction the student Legislature's financial condition made the passage of the bill impossible. Maybe we're lucky the bill didn't pass.

TOMORROW THE Tar Heels play Georgia in their first big game away from home and when the roll is called down yonder the band won't be there.

Mr. Earl Slocum, former director of the band, said the main reason for the band not going to Athens was, that there was no time to prepare a show adequate for the occasion.

Ronald Oldenburg, member of the band, said the band, " . . . following like blind sheep the persuasive words of Director Herbert Fred and Drum Major Guyte Cotton, voted not to go to the Georgia game." This is great. Just think, if the band had got their new uniforms last year they could have stored them in moth balls this fall and they would have lasted for many years to come.

As for there not being enough time to prepare a suitable program for the game, the usual campus answer to that is, BULL.

The football schedule was drawn up long before the band went home last spring. Is that time enough to prepare a program?

NOW FOR the caravan and Collison. Collie knew that we played Georgia on October 8 our only class-free Saturday. Although he has done a very good job with leading the cheers at the first two games, he missed the boat completely on this one.

Work should have been started much much earlier on the caravan trip and student minds should have been filled with train fares, time of departure, post-game plans, and deadlines for buying tickets. Very little has been done to inform the students on these items. Indeed, are we supposed to conjure up a genie who informs us on all matters of this sort or are we to depend on the ones who are elected and chosen to make arrangements.

Oh well, maybe we won't have all this fuss about next year's caravan trip—because we may not have a class-free Saturday. The day off was given so students could go to Athens, not Greensboro, Raleigh, or Charlotte.

A word to the football team, "fight furiously fellows," and to you Mr. Collison, "impress them with your yelling—do."

toll was high, only one member of Congress has died since adjournment. He is Rep. John Dingell of Michigan and he is from a safely Democrat district. The special election to fill his place could only be important if Republicans win a surprise victory. They are the first to say it would be a surprise, indeed.

## The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was in a sweatshirt and slides on the Y-Court pavement, when I didn't know the World Series was Baseball put to bed for 1955?

"Shure, Roger," The Horse shured, have comment to make on same and I got condition. Whaddya think I am, a manager? Oh? Had The Horse ever written Sports? "I usil to be a big Sportswriter," The his eight-balls of eyes reproachful and ting his breath. "A real big Sportswriter."

Should this be told to the Horse Manager? "Well, I usil to write Sports, and I weighed two-hundred and ten pound." The outqualified Durham's Jack Horner. "So."

The Horse was guilty of a balk when he ed's panthered past. This forced in a rags the coo-ed's bases were full.

"So," The Horse continued, "I feel to speak of The Battle of the Two Boob Stengel and Falter Alston."

The names of the managers were Car and Walter Alston, Horse of Horse!

"I'm not giving no Irish nickname to a headed Dutchman," The Horse said stubble the same time shaming the Footnote Bingham Hall. "Beides, the Irish only when he is winning. As for Dodger-Manage, he never looked sillier than when he was and confabbed with Karl Spooner, his the first inning of the sixth game with the two runs in and two on base. The Great Baseball left Spooner in, and wham! A home hit. Then what happened?"

Then Alston took Spooner out.

"Real Brainy!" The Horse jeered. "Al Stengel — why'd he pull Byrne and the through no errors on his part? He'd pulled head play by leaving Skowron in at First, he was his poorest fielding first-sacker, and to take the pressure off himself via Byrne, managed one good game; Stengel managed games."

The Horse thought managers overran. "In this day of the bounding baseball, the Horse acknowledged. "Me, I'd insist my be a playing-manager. That's where the what's going on: on the firing-line. They have a manager to keep the lads in condish business arrangements and the like, but games are played, the team should be ran boys who are on the field. A manager is than his material—barring a few cases where manager will act dumber than another and him, and make the other manager look up it is in the American Tradition to build a boob into a show-piece and let the real work his job for him."

McGraw, Connie Mack, Huggins, McGraw, Scrapper, Tactician, Psychologist, Shap. The Horse judged these great managers in der. "But all capable judges of good Ivory, writer Hype Igoe called players. Okay, lads of players; but let the players play and team afield. It's their game, let them play wire. Hire them, yes; train them, yes; manage yes; handle the detail work, yes. Run the games, no!"

Did this go in Football, also?

"There are more players on a football The Horse hedged, "and the plays are cate. Besides, watching on the sidelines cover things that can't be seen on the field still go for the players running their game they have the ball. They know what they cannot do much better than any showpiece. But in baseball — your manager makes good paper copy, but lousy decisions. Walter less than Dutch botched; but it was The Boobs, in my book!"

We thought we had better go away from before The Horse's column became a book!

## Quote, Unquote

Reverence for Life

In this very great phrase, "Reverence for (Albert Schweitzer), I, too, found what I had for so long. It explained not only my thoughts the emotions and instincts which I had experienced as a man. It is one of those which, stimulating thought to an almost degree, illuminates the darkness like the on of a powerful light bulb—a phrase which and keeps breeding thought upon the ception upon conception. It was like the of a rocket high in the darkness of the night."

The phrase "Reverence for Life" brought elements of the mechanistic and the material ther with the ethical and even the spiritual, thing that the church, in all its forms, has been unable to do and the attempt at which apparently abandoned.

Louis Bromfield in "From My Exile (Harper & Brothers).

The Good Man

Man, at his best, remains a sort of animal, never completely rounded and polished a cockroach, say, is perfect. If he shows any quality, it is almost unheard of for him any other. Give him a head, and he lacks. Give him a heart of a gallow capacity, and he holds scarcely a pint. The artist, nine times ten, is a dead-beat and given to the debauched virgins, so-called. The patriot is a bigot, often than not, a boulder and a poltroon. Of physical bravery is often on a level, indubly, with a Baptist clergyman. The intellectual has bad kidneys and cannot thread a needle. My years of search in this world, from the Gate to the Vistula in the East, and from the New Islands in the north to the Spanish Main south, I have never met a thoroughly man who was honorable.

H. L. Mencken in "Prejudices: Fourth (Knopf).