

# A Lance For The Great Worm Fafnir?

In the Volsung mythology, "the worm Fafnir" is so gigantic a serpent that he is like the Empire State Building crumbled on its side; his venomous tongue is as powerful as a Mack truck and his breath like a blast furnace at Republic Steel. It must be obvious that he is no worm, but some weird quirk of Anglo-Saxon semantics, in the sagas where he appears, makes him out as one.

Like Fafnir, the "worm" of our own educational community — big time athletics — may be of greater dimension than we think, or than its defenders profess.

The national United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa have their own reservations about the size and power for evil of the "worm, big-time athletics." The latest statement of united chapters policy lists four essential points of athletic probity, under which member chapters within the colleges and universities are urged to re-examine their own ethics:

1. Complete and direct control of athletic policies and procedures by joint action of the Administration and of authorized representatives of the Faculty;
2. Adequate safeguards against recruitment practices that contribute to the professionalizing of intercollegiate athletics;
3. Restriction of eligibility for varsity teams to students making normal progress toward a regular bachelor's degree;
4. Assignment of all scholarships, grants-in-aid, loans and jobs by a Faculty Committee on Student Aid on the basis of need and/or academic distinction or promise, with no differentiation between athletes and non-athletes and with no "gifts" to individual students by persons or groups outside the control of the Faculty Committee. This means that financial assistance for athletes, including scholarships, grants-in-aid, loans and student jobs, will be in approximately the same ratio to the number of athletes in the student body as all financial assistance is to the total number of students.

How do we stack up against that list of essential requirements? While it is open to question that administrative-faculty control of athletics policy here is either "complete" or "direct," the retention of Coach George Barclay last year when the Alumni Association's indians were howling for his scalp proved that control is still in the right hands. If it had been left to the indians, the University would probably have breached its contract with Barclay.

This school's most overt violation of the Phi Beta Kappa policy came last spring. The trustees voted, over President Gordon Gray's objection, to exempt so-called "scholarship holders" from an out-of-state tuition boost. The catch, and violation, was that over 90 percent of the out-of-state scholarship holders turned out to be athletes. Advocates of the exemption argued at the time that "the Educational Foundation and the Wolfpack Club (for alumni athletics support) are having their troubles."

The University's report card is part good, part bad. It should be improved; otherwise, even so giant a "worm Fafnir" as big-time athletics may get the lance altogether. It would not be bad riddance.

# The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in 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 — Gathering The Strings In A Handy Bunch

J.A.C. Dunn

IN GENERAL, these days are toddling along pretty well, and so while the air is comparatively mud-free, we think it would be a nice idea to gather up the strings into a handy little bunch so that when the rocks begin to fly—and they are sure to pretty soon, with everything so quite as it is—all the summing up of sunny days will be done with.

SOME PEOPLE went to the Georgia game today, and a lot more went elsewhere; since we are prewriting this column, you can consider us as having already gone elsewhere. The Rendezvous Room has been doing a thriving business in gatherings lately. We went down last Saturday to cut a tiled floor or two, and the place was jammed. Very jolly and happy, everyone bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, having a wonderful time-wish - you - were - here.

We saw two enterprising young men outside Battle Dorm the other day. We don't know what dorm they came from, but they were sitting on the lawn just opposite the Post Office on, believe it or not, a sofa. Evidently they just decided to go out and make an afternoon of it, and set up camp with sofa, cigars and magazines to watch the Pissing Parade.

On the steps of Murphy last Wednesday we observed a sophomore sitting waiting for the bell to ring and watching the cœds with avid interest. We watch every coed we can with avid interest. The sophomore's comment was what really interested us. We had sat down behind him to help out with the avid interest department and were doing fine when a particularly chesty type happened along.

"Preposterous!" the sophomore announced aloud. "Biological wonder!"

EVERYTHING IN this column seems to have happened last Wednesday. Another item of interest occurred on that day when we went out to Carolina Motors in Carrboro to get gas. Back in the rear of the shop was Tex Burleson, chairman of the GM Outings Committee, dressed in greasy overalls and bending over his minuscule Crosley Hotshot. We asked what was the trouble, wouldn't it go anymore? The rear wheels were dismounted, the hood was up, and there were odd bits of important Crosley ingredients strewn about the floor.

"Sure, it'll run," said Tex. "I'm just overhauling it for the race in Raleigh Saturday night."

Did he mean he was going to race that little thingummy of a car in a sports car race?

"Sure, I took fourth last sports race they had over there. I've fixed it so I get twenty more horses out of it now," he beamed.

Great God, we thought piously. The Wonders Of Science.

THE DAY after our column on the revered Mr. Sigafos came out, we walked into the Chapel Hill Weekly office bright and early in the morning, journalistic verve drooling and mixing with the egg on our chin.

"Ever heard of a book called 'What Makes Sammy Run?' asked Chuck Hauser, with a sort of just - give - me - a - couple - of - more - sentences - and - I'll - have - you - cornered look on his face. We said we had.

"Who wrote it?" asked Chuck. "Bud Schulberg, of course," we replied. We major in English, and we know about these things.

"Ever heard of a book called Barefoot Boy With Cheek?" continued Chuck in the same inquisitive vein.

"Sure," we answered confidently. "Max Schulman wrote it. Oh God! It's not Bud Schulman at all — it's Max Schulman and Bud Schulberg. Fweep!"

"It sure is," said Chuck, rolling a gloating R.

# —Reader's Retort— An Independent Defends The Greek Way In Battle

Editors:

I, an independent and believer in democracy, protest your crusade to open the Greek Letter world to public scrutiny and I protest the method to which you resort to achieve your end. In your zeal to insure freedom for the press and coverage of news events you seem quite ready to tread upon other freedoms which are equally necessary to a democracy. I refer to the freedom of association.

The Greek Letter organizations and their councils are private organizations, and are concerned primarily with their own internal affairs. What they do is, for the most part, their own private business, and they are entitled to privacy in conducting it.

It is true that the University has an interest in the affairs of these organizations, such as the dances of the German Club, but there are practical limits to the serving of this interest. For example, the University wants me to do passing work, but there is no one standing over me to make me study, or following me home to see that I get enough sleep.

If I fail to study and live up to what the University expects of me, then I shall be forced to leave school. Likewise the Greeks. If they fail to meet their obligations to the University they will lose their charters. But please let us not have policemen—reporters sitting in on every meeting of the Greek Councils. Neither The Daily Tar Heel nor the student body has the right to the information that the Sigma Omega Betas are making the liquor

run or that the Bi-Gams are going to be hostesses at Fort Bragg for the weekend. These are Greek affairs, and they are entitled to settle them in private as they deem proper. If they misbehave, then the University can take action against them, but they should be free to settle their affairs in private.

As a student newspaper (?) you are certainly entitled to state your opinions on these matters, but you have no right to use your monopolistic position to threaten and intimidate others into surrendering their rights, even if it is National Newspaper Week. Your position on this point is dictatorial, and I submit that a dictator is a menace to any society, even though he acts in the name of democracy.

Your ultimatum to the Greeks is a two-edged sword which, once thrust, is bound to cut one of two innocent parties. Either the Greeks must yield their rights to privacy or, you have the gall to threaten, you will deny to the whole University that information which the Greeks deem to be of public interest.

Your position is untenable. To achieve your own private ends you would deny to either of two parts of the institution which you exist to serve the measure of your services due them. I suggest that you withdraw your nasal protuberance from that which does not concern you.

Yours for a screeching change in policy,  
Thos. B. Canfieri

# Y-Court Corner — Campus Greeks And DTH Are At It Again

Rueben Leonard

THE INTERFRATERNITY Council has finally allowed The Daily Tar Heel to infiltrate its ritualistic halls and bare to the public the intricate workings of that organization. This is not good. Students on campus who are not in fraternities are no more interested in which fraternity is doing this or that than the fraternity men are interested in which dorm is holding a picnic out at Hogan's Lake.

True, there are many things that the IFC does that students should know about. Things like awarding the Andy Bershak scholarship to a deserving high school senior, subsidizing foreign students, and giving Christmas parties for orphans. But to include these altruistic endeavors in The DTH does not necessitate the presence of a reporter at each meeting.

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# Over The Hump — Charles Dunn

The Carolina Gentleman comes in sundry types. One of the latest is the fellow, who likes to make the most of the onds served in Lenoir Hall, and often stretch it into thirds. Of course this gentleman doesn't want to appear greedy and get his third cup of tea, and if he send someone that is eating with him.

The gentleman being discussed tried with little or no success to get a certain gentleman received, via mail, a little containing two tea bags and a poem entitled Tea-Bag or A Treatise on Stimulation. The ed "Harmony Dispatch," but was the coed who didn't want to get the second or third cup of tea. The poem:

A tea-bag for you  
And one for the pot  
To prove that I'm not  
The most stubborn of the lot  
For I'm not so stubborn  
As it would appear  
I give you some tea —  
To prove it — Here!  
You've fussed and I've fumed  
Until I am spent  
And our topic of gab  
Has just about went.  
So I'll give in and end  
All this darn condemnation  
And help you overcome  
Your tea-bag frustration.  
But remember that it's not  
Completed just so,  
For you must supply  
Ye Olde H<sub>2</sub>O.

# 'I Know That Dorms Are Crowded, But This Is Ridiculous'



# U.S. In Minority In Crisis Over France's UN Withdrawal

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON—Washington was surprised and shocked by the diplomatic crisis in the United Nations which finds France withdrawing its delegation in protest against an Assembly vote to debate the Algerian issue. There is good reason to believe that a complacent U. S. delegation to the UN was also disagreeably surprised to find itself in a minority on this issue.

The State Department, running absolutely true to form, is attempting to gloss over the new unpleasantness which finds the Soviet Union on the winning side again. There are hearts and flowers for France; Secretary Dulles assured his press conference that that "great nation" would "continue to play its historic role." Private reminders are peddled that the colonial issue is always difficult, you know.

It is indeed, which is all the more reason why Senators interested in U. S. leadership and the good health of the UN are asking why the West, led by America, Britain and France, lost by one vote on an issue in which beleaguered France was, for once, right.

INTERNAL PROBLEM  
Senators whose liberal principles cannot be questioned are the first to say that Algeria, a department of France, is an internal problem falling exclusively within France's domestic jurisdiction. They were relieved to note that U. S. delegate Henry Cabot Lodge made that point in the Assembly discussion.  
But as they scanned the roll call by which the Assembly flouted such counsel, they began to wonder whether the U. S. delegate had really done his homework. Six Latin-American nations voted with the Soviet Union and its satellites, the Arab states and a number of Asian nations including The Philippines. Most of the six Latin-American governments have close and friendly ties with the United States. Nationalist China, Iceland and Paraguay were among the five nations which abstained from voting.

Nobody expects Ambassador Lodge to buttonhole delegates in the manner of a national convention floor leader. They are distressed to find that the United States apparently has not more influence on the East River with certain nations when it takes so firm and positive a stand.

HIGH STATURE  
Ambassador Lodge has a high and unique stature in the Eisenhower Administration. He was the President's campaign manager at Chicago; when he failed of re-election to the Senate the President gave him his choice of jobs. The UN Ambassador does not have Cabinet status but President Eisenhower invited Lodge to join the Cabinet sessions as an equal.

Many listings of Republican presidential possibilities have emanated from the vicinity of the President, some very directly. All have included Lodge's name. It is clear that he has influence in the Administration above and beyond the ordinary.

It is probable therefore that Secretary Dulles has been keeping hands off, perhaps too much so. If any one thing is clear about the present Secretary of State it is that he goes to extreme lengths to avoid sharp encounters with other people of influence. Wherever the fault lies in the new crisis there will be questions asked about it when Congress returns to Washington.

LET'S LOOK at this situation from the fraternity point of view! The Interfraternity Council is actually a body of representatives from each of the 24 campus social fraternities. The meeting of these representatives is in effect a fraternity chapter meeting but on a much larger scale. The Daily Tar Heel would not attempt to barge in on a chapter meeting, but has the gall to declare that it will either be admitted to the IFC meeting or else bar that organization from its pages.

THE OBJECT of fraternalism is to promote closer relations among its members and strive together for the mutual benefit of both its members and the society in which it exists. In order to do this there must be an air of secrecy—this makes the members feel that there is a bond between them, a bond which no one outside the organization shares. As the old saying goes, "A tree when its roots are exposed to the sun withers and perishes." So shall a fraternity when its basis for existence is exposed to vulgar gaze.

I AM speaking as a student who has been a member of the Interfraternity Council for three years and in that three years I remember the council seldom doing anything that merited inclusion in the minutes, much less The Daily Tar Heel. News coverage at the IFC meetings would be a waste of some reporter's time. Why not let the enterprising young newsman devote his time to writing up other campus news and let the IFC appoint a member as publicity chairman and let him submit it to the paper. This would not be an abuse of freedom of the press, but rather a service in that it would obviate the use of a newspaper reporter in order to let him devote his time to something else.

OF COURSE the publicity chairman would withhold all news of bitter disputes occurring in the IFC meeting—why shouldn't he? Who wants to know that one fraternity is opposed to holding formal rush in the second week in October, while another fraternity is opposed to holding it any other time than the second week in October? What students want are results—not the haggling over the question. The publicity chairman could furnish these results to the paper.

NOW, THERE is a dispute between the coed equivalent of the Interfraternity Council, the Pan-Hellenic Council, and The Daily Tar Heel. The Pan-Hel girls say that they don't want a reporter at their meeting and the paper says that they have two choices—a reporter and coverage—or no reporter and no coverage. The wheel goes around and around and where it stops nobody knows.

Everybody likes to receive mail. They hear from their folks, girlfriends, just occasionally someone will complain that not having any news in them, and that bad enough will write and ask just what is going on.

One of the fellows got into this situation write wondering if nothing ever happened his girl friend lives. She wrote back: "I see you want to know what is happening the North. Well, the Dodgers are moving (as you can see the letter was written some ago), three World Wars are going on, Time was blown up by a hydrogen bomb, the State Building was hit by a flying saucer and New York was invaded by Russian see, absolutely nothing has happened."

Reader's Retort  
Reader Confesses  
'Crime' On Campus  
Yesterday I committed a crime, and being cries out in anguish and repentance that I could hide this fowl deed from my fellow man, but in doing so I was from the public a matter of grave concern that our local police force is a hotbed AMERICAN ACTIVITY!

A grave charge you say? Yes, but based on glaring evidence. However, it is that I can condemn these scoundrels, will state the case and allow the words to your minds, simmer in your hearts, and gently in your hands as you depose these scous villains.

It was the last of the seventh week's were putting Mantle in as a pinch the crowd was getting tense, and as I drove my battered car my grip tightened on the wheel.

I was looking for a parking place and much luck when suddenly an inspiration hit my mind. "Where", said the inspiration, and every good, clean-cut, solid-as-rock the-wool, anthem-singing, red-blooded police officer be at 2 p.m. during the seventh of the last game of the world series. Pounding the pavement of his regular beat. He would be of course, checking the of some building (or the like) where I saw a TV or a radio. So with this in mind, I saw the chemistry parking lot, dashed into (where there was a radio) secure in my my car would not suffer the indignity of a search.

But the best laid plans of ... and when I left the lab at 5 p.m. and looked in my car, my eyes grew misty for there on the seat was a traitor's calling card: a blue parking ticket. I have no malice in my heart for such a villain. I leave him with these kind words of Chaucer:

I wolde I hadde thy coils in mine  
In stede of relics or of seintuarie.  
Lat cutte hem of, I wol thee helpe here  
They shul be shrined in an hogged  
Jean

On The Town  
THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL has nearly 10 million dollars, but it can't keep its pencils sharpened on its writing tables. Every go in to make a deposit, I either have my own pencil to write out the deposit slip or my pocketknife and sharpen up one of the pencils which are fastened by little clips to writing tables. I have probably sharpened the Bank of Chapel Hill's pencils through the end of Chapel Hill has. I think I will send one of these days. Just keep an eye on you use a pencil at the B of CH, notice the end. If it has a fresh, knife-carved point, thank Hauser.—Chuck Hauser in The Weekly.