

A New Sour Note: An Island Fortress & Student Tickets

Woolen Gymnasium, to most UNC students, stands an island unto itself on campus. To lower classmen and many coeds, it remains a Raleigh Road fortress of physical education. To freshmen, it's the bleak center where well-meaning men teach a nearly worthless course called hygiene. And to fraternity row and the guys in Lower Quad, Woolen Gym is the place that takes your cash for a date ticket, lots of it, too.

However, all this pocket book-paining news is old hat. And Vernon B. Crook's recent remarks on the subject offer little hope for change.

Crook, business manager of Woolen Gym, in a flurry of words expressing the University's big-time football setup's obligation to students, has sounded a new athletic note. Only it's off-key.

After visits and diplomatic prods from both student President Don Fowler and an Interfraternity Council official, cheaper date tickets will be granted—for one game.

Business Experiment By Pros

Viewing the whole affair as a business experiment in the field of big-business athletics at Carolina, Crook declared that he is eager to see "if there will be an increase in demand for these (date) tickets."

(Not a word about service to students or anything as idealistic. Just talk of demand and selling tickets.)

According to Crook, the University's big-time athletic folks feel they "do owe an obligation to the student," but not their dates. This student obligation, says the business manager, accounts for reduced rates for students.

Thus, quiet though it was, sounded the new (and still sour) note from the Raleigh Road fortress.

Woolen Gym's big-time athletic promoters—for the first time we can recall—have granted the student "an obligation."

The Daily Tar Heel remained Crook & Company of ticket salesmen that they owe considerably more than "an obligation" to students of the University. Students, whether they attend or not, buy tickets to all football games when they pay their fees.

Should Belong To Students

Student athletics, like any other student activity, should belong to the students. They have fallen into the hands of professionals, grown-ups who have taken the college boy's game and made it pay in cash and prestige.

These pros continue to neglect students in their plans. The scheduling of big games over the Thanksgiving holidays clearly demonstrates this.

But now we have the big-time athletic men conceding "an obligation." This is progress. They owe much more.

And perhaps when students become angry enough, they will demand their full due—complete control of Carolina athletics.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor For This Issue: Curtis Gans

'Maybe Next Game I Can Afford A Date Ticket For You'



MATTER OF FACT

Columnists Look Ahead

Joseph & Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—According to those who should know, the policy to date has been to underline the dark side of the President's tragic illness, in order to avoid arousing false hopes.

The area of damage to the heart was somewhat smaller than is usual, for example, but this has not yet been revealed. Again, the period of intense depression after a thrombosis characteristically lasts considerably longer than was the case with the President, who recovered his good spirits on the second day. But this has not been emphasized.

Bad luck must always be allowed for, of course, yet the fact that the President's heart attack was at least marginally less serious than is generally supposed is none the less an important fact. It explains the comparative confidence with which the leaders of the junta now running the Administration are looking to the future.

The great question, of course, is just when President Eisenhower will again be able to function as President. The accepted answer came in stages. Until the end of the two-week period in which complications are always to be feared, he will really not function at all in the vital sense of examining and deciding great issues of policy. Until the end of October he will hardly function, seeing a minimum of visitors and signing only those papers which it is essential for him to sign.

By the end of October, however, it is expected that he will be able to move without risk to his farm in Gettysburg. There, according to official forecast, he will spend another convalescent month. At Gettysburg, in the words of a high source, "He ought to be able to work about as long every day as he was working during his Denver holiday, before his attack came." That means that with due precautions to avoid getting over-tired, he will be able to devote a couple of hours daily to public business.

Finally, the presently accepted forecast calls for the President's return to Washington about Dec. 1. But for a good many months after his return to Washington, the President will have to continue on a "limited schedule." This means that he will be held down to perhaps two hours work in the morning and two more in the afternoon if he is feeling well.

Such are the limits, as it were, of the grave problem created by the Constitutional rule that the Executive branch of the American government contains no executive body except the actual, physical body of the President of the United States.

Mixed Drinks: Black & White

At the Cafe Francais, at the south end of Rockefeller Center's sunken cement gardens, a formidable old lady seated herself and a girl of about eight under an umbrella and requested the waiter, in a Midwestern accent, to bring her a dish of vanilla ice cream. "The child," the lady added, "will have a black-and-white soda."

"I am sorry, Madam," the waiter said. "This is impossible. For you, yes; for the little one, no."

"What kind of rignarole is this?" the lady said.

The waiter shook his head adamantly.

"I suppose you're French," the lady observed.

"Oui, Madame," said the waiter.

"You people are always confused," said the lady. "Under the circumstances, I'll take the black-and-white, and my granddaughter will have the ice cream."

The waiter smiled amiably, and presently reappeared with a dish of ice cream, a bottle of soda,

and a shot glass filled with whiskey. "Voilà!" he said.

The lady glanced at him with a look of cold hatred. "I meant a black-and-white ice cream 'soda,'" she said. "Do you think I would order an intoxicant for a child?"

"That," said the waiter, "I do not believe, Madame, but putting ice cream in this Black and White is, I assure you, not a very good idea."

At this point, the lady sputtered off with the small fry.

The New Yorker

Conversation Piece—On Rushing, Fraternities & A Rushee

Bill Ragsdale

"Ted, come over here a minute; there's a rushee I want you to meet. This is Sammy Funk from Jonesboro—meet Ted Smythe. 'Scuse me—I've got to run see about some more punch."

"Glad to know you, Sammy."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to know you, Ted. I could tell you were a member of the fraternity by that different kind of name-card there. I guess all the fraternity members wear them so that us fellows that are rushing can tell who you are. I mean, being members of the fraternity and all."

"Yes, they do."

"That's what I thought. I've been trying to get around and meet everybody and talk and all. If you don't talk to anyone, guys think you don't have anything on the ball. After all, that's the spirit of fraternities, fellows talking together. Meeting on a common ground, you might say."

"Yes."

"You bet. Well, this certainly is a nice house. Yes sir, a real fine house. I guess you have some real great parties here. I mean everybody drinking and laughing and everything."

"We have a fine time here."

"Sure you do. It's a grand place. I bet you all have a real fine time."

"Can I get you some more punch, Frank?"

"Why thanks, Ted that's swell of you. I've already had three, though. I don't want to seem like a hog and spoil my chances, you know."

"It's perfectly all right."

"Good. There's a chance you might have heard of me before, Ted. Just a couple weeks ago I had a letter in The Daily Tar Heel. About the smell in the gym?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I was against it. The smell, I mean. A lot of my friends spoke to me about the letter afterwards. There was quite a lot of controversy. I thought maybe you read it, and remembered my name and knew who I was previously before you met me, as it were."

"No."

"Oh. Well, like I always say it may be a small world but it sure is a big university. Yes sir, you sure can't know everybody there is to know."

"No."

"No, you certainly can't. Not on your life. Of course I know a lot of guys. You'd be surprised at how many fellows know my first name. I go walking into the Y lobby and its 'Hiya, Sammy,' here and 'Hey, Sammy, how are you boy' there. It's surprising, short a time as I've been here. Know what I mean?"

"I think so."

"Yes. Of course I'm not too much of a big wheel, but I like to pass that old ball around with the guys."

"Mmmmm."

"You bet."

"Well, if you'll excuse me, I've got to go meet some more of the rushees."

"Oh sure, Ted, sure. Say, the next night is invitational, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"I thought so. Well, I'll see you around, Ted."

"So long, Dick."

N. C. ROAD BUILDING PRAISED

North Carolina's use of the "stage construction" technique in its accelerated highway modernization program is saluted in the theme article in the autumn issue of the "Quarterly," official publication of The Asphalt Institute.

The "Quarterly," in a technical appraisal of the Tar Heel highway program, pointed out that, by employing the stage construction method, "more miles of highway are opened to traffic from available funds that would be possible if all three phases of construction were completed under one contract."

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . ."—Hippotitis, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was reading when I saw him in the lee of and on the lee of Peabody Hall.

"Waaaaaadaadadmit," he cautioned, holding up an admonitory hoof. "I got anudder fi' hunnerd words ter read, see?"

Five hundred words — I meant, words — in a minute? Impossible! And so was The Horse's Brooklynese speech impossible.

"De Bums won de Woild's Serious, yeah?" The Horse rebutted. "So it's fashionable ter be a Bum. In fact, if one is to judge by the standards of Cafe Society, Washington Administration and Hollywood trends, bums are in the majority generally and becoming more popular yearly."

Could be. But this five hundred words—

"A minute?" The Horse interrupted me. "My dear Cretin Roger, it is easy to read that many words a minute, and with increased comprehension over a slower rate; if you know how to do it. There are certain basic rules of reading-habit which may be learned by any student; and which can be learned under voluntary but competent guidance on the campus; and which must be learned by a student desirous of keeping abreast his classes with ever more onerous reading assignments, as is the academic fashion in this day and time and place."

But, students were already carrying full loads! How could they take on another voluntary class with full loads, already?

"If you mean the sort of loads I judge you do," The Horse barked dogmatically, a neat trick for an equine, "or even the loads one, or a dozen try to but do not carry, courses in reading facility are of tremendous importance."

Why weren't such courses taught, then?

"They were," The Horse averred, "at the college level and in secondary schools, until fairly recently. They were dropped in favor of more showy and fashionable courses. Now, they dropped even the teaching of it for teachers. At least one-half of most any textbook, save perhaps a Math text, is padding, fat, stuffing, waste. *Ifs, ands, buts, maybes, on-the-other-hands.* Size tends to justify textbook prices. The trick is to be able to wade through a large text, picking out the passages of importance and ignoring the stuffing; and at the same time to comprehend what you are reading. It has been established that analytical, or low-gear, reading thwarts comprehension. Fast reading enhances it."

Did the general public read in low gear?

"At the rate of a seventh-grader in elementary school," The Horse whinnied horsemanically. "They look at words instead of absorbing ideas. You will, also; unless you learn the knack of fast-gear reading. Until recently, until funds were curtailed in favor of more fashionable doings, The University Testing Service had a Reading Lab set-up which was used by smart cookies bent on cooking more efficiently in the classroom work, and with a tremendous savings in homework time—outside-reading, and the like."

Oh? And it was all gone, now, the Lab?

"The Testing Service still has some texts on the shelf," The Horse said. "And it could be they can lend them out and perhaps even render other aid . . . when and if they have the time . . . to anybody interested in doubling his capacity for study and at the same time halving his, or her, worktime."

Well, I was interested! But . . . not altogether convinced I needed it, or that it would work.

"Try me Friday," The Horse murmured, his eyes swivelling slowly to comprehend the gyrosopic import of two coo-eds reading as they panthered past. "I am now engaged in low-gear, or analytical, reading . . ."

Gosh, if I could double my reading and halve my time! Golly, if we all could! See ya Friday!

Yours Truly

"Letter-writing: that most delightful way of wasting time."—John Morley.

"The letters a man receives often tell us more about him than those he writes."—Edward Sackville-West.

"The only kind of letters most women love to receive are those which should never have been written in the first place."—Anon.

"One of the pleasures of reading old letters is the knowledge that they need no answers."—Byron.

"I have received no more than one or two letters in my life that were worth the postage."—Thoreau.

"A woman seldom writes her mind but in the postscript."—Richard Steele.

"I have made this a rather long letter because I haven't had the time to make it short."—Blaise Pascal.

"The law gives a man the right to open his wife's letters, but not the nerve."—Anon.

"Correspondences are like small-clothes before the invention of suspenders; it is impossible to keep them up."—Sydney Smith.

"You say there is nothing to write about. Then write to me that there is nothing to write about."—Pliny the Younger.

"When an actor has money, he doesn't send letters, but telegrams."—Anton Chekhov.

"A letter is an unannounced visit, and the postman is thus the agent of impolite surprises."—Nietzsche.

"Lives of great men all remind us As we o'er their pages turn, That we too may leave behind us Letters that we ought to burn."—Anon.

"The ideal love affair is one conducted by post."—George Bernard Shaw.—Compiled by Paul Steiner for The N. Y. Times.

Carolina Front Who Will For President This Spring

CAMPUS POLITICS again over the hills



same tonight. All hopes are to be held in future, the current candidates for president. This is really a lemon at all, but something for the fill the time between coffee tipped around a smoky back room.

THE STUDENT pace in the arena and the University have to counter with it has to make the near close. It is Bob Young will be the GMAB and in a very over an even larger the student population has previously (if ble). Young, recipient IFC's Andy Bershak is not in a fraternal Bershak Scholarship not allowed to join fraternities. Regardless of the kind of guy that by both fraternity and down quite a few votes in fraternity courts.

LUTHER HODGES Martin seem to be the men in the UP who Young a run for Hodges may not get when nomination around unless he recently. Too many of the wigs still remember dropping out of competency in the UP to support Don Fowler last spring when Daning against Luther's brother Ed McCurry.

Opinion has supported Fowler's reasons and political not the least of their word independent by date's name is often campaign on this picked up quite a few the trade" in his part Fowler's "Red-run" is well oriented in of student government among other things of the Consolidated Student Council and Honor Council his the spring elections (he runs) will be Hodges, who will time be running for North Carolina. It is touchy situation. It wins people will if his father's popular deciding factor. This to Luther Jr. but, must be, must be.

JIM MARTIN is a man to run as far as concerned. He showed spring's campaign popularity, drive, and three good attributes of a presidential aspirant.

Whether Jim Young is a topic for the present time that he could, but the effervescent person spreads easily and directly politically making over enough of the result in a majority election day.

IF ELECTIONS be held tomorrow spring, the results something like this leader in votes but jorily. Hodges second third. Martin would enough votes to run-off between Hodges with Young Hodges in the run-