

A Way To End The Marathon

The marathon of fraternity rush is on. Since clean-cut, reppied, freshly-pressed freshmen begin their pilgrimage over to fraternity row tonight, we feel a few timely (and, in many respects, timeless) remarks about this annual ritual are in order.

Fraternity rushing was appropriately named. It is a swirling, tiring, frantic week of shaking hands, appearing at one's best, and making decisions. Fraternity members deliberate until the early hours. Rushes wonder and wonder if any decision is a correct one.

When it's all over, everyone involved goes back to the books. And rushes have picked their fraternities. If a rushee's choice is a happy one, no union of men can be more beneficial or enjoyable than that of a successful fraternity. If the choice was a mistake (and many are), the freshman is a miserable man with no place to turn.

The Daily Tar Heel favors a plan of delayed pledging.

The reasons are clear in the very nature of rushing as it is—the pressure of the current rush period is too great for many to make a wise decision.

We suggest that fraternities end this marathon and extend the rushing period to at least a month.

Such a plan would allow a freshman to deliberate without pressure, to participate in rushing without getting on shaky academic ground.

This additional time and removal of pressure would aid rushes in making wiser, lasting fraternity choices.

J.A.C. Dunn

AN ACQUAINTANCE of ours offered us a small white card the other day which we quote here: "By Trustee Regulation, all students must register their cars with the office of the Dean of Student Affairs, 206 South Building. Since this car does not display an identifying sticker, the license number is being turned in at the Dean's office. If this car is owned or operated by a student please attend to registration within 2 days from this date." The date was then stated and the announcement was tersely signed "Police Department."

Aside from the fact that we can picture in our minds hundreds of innocent visitors to the campus scattering in panic over the country, continually haunted by the knowledge that they have been reported to the Dean of Student Affairs at the University of North Carolina for appearing on campus in an unlabelled car, there is one interesting facet to this whole business: the person whose car was branded with this institutional stigma had already registered with the Dean of Student Affairs, 206 South Building, and was displaying an identifying sticker.

If anyone, such as the Police Department, has an explanation for this little symptom of travel-control, we would be interested.

UNLESS OUR sources of information are shaking on their knowledgeable stilts and producing lies, if you go down to the frats today you're in for a hell of a shock, for today is the day the fraternities start their rushing.

As we sit here with egg on our chin and stroke the five straggling strands of our mouldering editorial beard, we recall our own rushing days with something of a chill up and down the spine. We had a new suit at the time, three invitations to three different frats, an unfortunate lack of savoir faire, and no particular wish to join a fraternity.

However, our philosophy (or one of them) always having been that no matter how big it is the bullet must be bitten, we donned the first, put the second in a pocket of the first (along with a map of the campus; another philosophy since seconded by Tom Lehrer: Be Prepared), girded around us what little supply of the third we had, so to speak, fought down the natural appearance of the fourth, and went to the Pika house.

The Pikas were very nice to us. They gave us a coolish Coke, and showed us the bar and the necking room, and asked where we came from.

We then went to a fraternity over on the corner of Cameron Avenue the call letters of which we have, it seems, permanently forgotten. They showed us the bar and necking room and a picture of a nude behind the bar, and gave us a Coke, and asked where we came from and did we know any girls in Tallahassee?

WE NEXT went to the St. A. house. The St. A's were very nice to us. They gave us three Cokes and asked what we thought of this and had we heard of that and what were we doing with ourself, and showed us the bar and introduced us to the house-boy, whose name we think is spelled Eulas and with whom we were fascinated. We went back there the next night, but on the third night we were scratched on the north turn by an untimely black-bull. We were also black-balled by the Pikas, God rest their fraternal souls, and were once, next year, informally rushed by the ATO's, whom we failed to impress sufficiently to be invited back again.

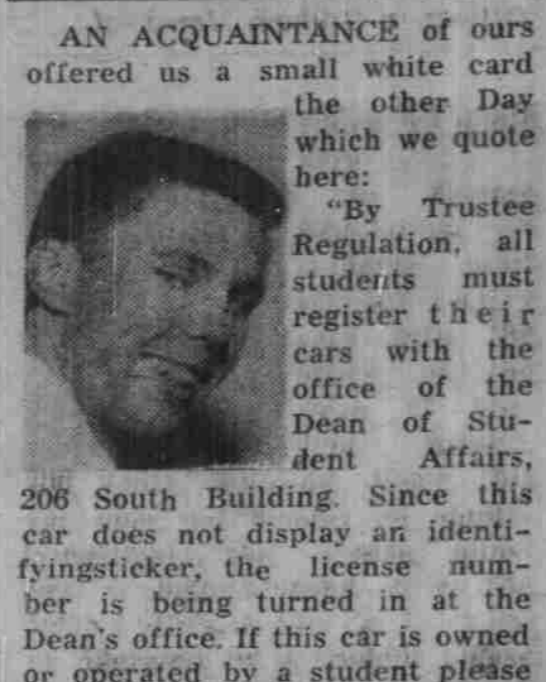
We have also had some brief dealings with the Theta Chis, which were very pleasant on the whole, but which convinced us that, individual friendships notwithstanding, we were just not built for fraternities.

Any moral evident in this history is free for the taking. We don't see any moral, but if you do, fine.

Morever, Desapio speaks the

Carolina Front Department Of Here We Go, Already Yet

J.A.C. Dunn



WASHINGTON — Six months ago, hardly anybody thought that W. Averell Harriman was a serious contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Now, almost everybody thinks so. Six months from now, if things work out according to plan, Harriman may well be the man to beat.

The plan is that of Carmine DeSapio, shrewd chief of Tammany Hall and Harriman's principal political strategist. DeSapio is, of course, not showing his hand to anyone. But, as he is fond of saying, "You don't have to draw a diagram," and the essence of his strategy is already clear enough.

Like all really expert political strategy, the DeSapio plan has the merit of being simple, and above all, relaxed. All recent American political history has established the rule that it is fatal to press, to seem too eager, to seek to transform the existing situation rather than to take advantage of it. DeSapio has learned the rule well.

He has carefully avoided any appearance of beating the bushes for support for Harriman. For one thing, Harriman would not have permitted him to do so. For another, it has not really been necessary. New York is, after all, a city of many attractions, and in the course of time a great many influential Democratic professional politicians show up there.

It is entirely natural that the Democratic leader in the city should roll out the carpet for such persons. It is also natural that he should introduce at least the more influential of them to the Democratic Governor, for a long private talk.

Over the past few months many visiting firemen have come to New York and been impressed. They have been impressed by the job Harriman is doing as governor, and by Harriman's oddly impressive personality. They have also been impressed by the position occupied by DeSapio himself.

As one Democrat thoughtfully remarked, "Adlai didn't make Jack Arvey Secretary of State," Harriman has not only made DeSapio (State) Secretary of State. He has left such matters as patronage almost entirely in DeSapio's highly professional hands. Things are therefore run the way professional politicians like to see them run.

DeSapio Plan Operating To Get Harriman Democratic Nomination

By The Alsops

languages of the professional, which is not true of anyone in the immediate entourage of Adlai Stevenson. DeSapio is on very friendly terms with the Democratic professionals who will carry decisive weight in Chicago next August, men like Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, John Bailey of Connecticut, Paul Dever of Massachusetts.

For the future, the DeSapio strategy is equally simple and relaxed. Harriman has repeatedly said "I'm for Stevenson," and he means it. Harriman greatly admires Stevenson, and will certainly support him if Stevenson shows that he is a strong, fighting candidate with the united support of the party. But there is likely to be a simple test of whether Stevenson is this kind of candidate.

If so, Stevenson will be faced with a hideous decision. He must either meet Kefauver in some primaries, or seem to duck a contest with him. Harriman, since he has said all long that he is for Stevenson, faces no such decision. So, as always, the DeSapio strategy will be formed by the unfolding situation.

If by next spring it is clear that Stevenson has lit a fire in

—A Quiet Development—

DeSapio Plan Operating To Get Harriman Democratic Nomination

the land—if, for example, he has taken on Kefauver in a number of primaries—and roundly trounced him—there will be no problem. Harriman will support Stevenson with everything he has, and so, for that matter, will DeSapio. Then, New York's 96 delegate votes are likely to go to Stevenson in Chicago on the first ballot.

But, by the same token, if the fire in the land remains unlit—especially if Kefauver beats Stevenson in a primary or so—then the time will come to launch the Harriman candidacy. DeSapio can be counted upon to launch it with professional skill. As for Kefauver, hardly anyone thinks that he can take first place. But he has a real following, and, without drawing any diagrams, it is obvious that a Harriman-Kefauver ticket might make a strong combination.

Stevenson, it should be added, is still very much front runner, with his solid popular and organizational support and his proven ability as speaker and party leader. Yet the above may suggest why the position of front runner is so often perilous in American politics.

Y-Court Corner Birth Of A University... 162 Years Ago

Reuben Leonard

IT WOULD be interesting to note just how many of the students sitting and standing on the grass in front of South Building today as University Day ceremonies are being held know exactly what is being celebrated. Some will probably think we are celebrating the 166th anniversary since the school was chartered in 1789. Others will think we are celebrating the 160th year since the doors were first opened in 1796. Actually it is neither of these. We will be celebrating the 162nd birthday of UNC. For it was on October 12, 1793 that William Richardson Davie, "father of the University," laid the cornerstone of Old East, the first building. It was only proper that Davie, as Grand Master of Masons, laid the first stone since it was he who had sponsored the chartering of the University in the General Assembly of 1789.

THE UNIVERSITY was given 20,000 acres of land by Benjamin Smith and with this land, and \$2,706.41 in cash (about the same amount of money that many out-of-state students spend at Carolina each year) UNC began its career. The legislature did make a loan of \$10,000 in 1791 which was later converted into a gift.

Carolina seemed headed for its ultimate doom from the very beginning, but by constant struggle and appeals for donations, the general poverty, opposition to taxation, denominational hostility, and sectional controversies between the eastern and western sections of the state were defeated and the University held its head above water.

ALTHOUGH THE Old East cornerstone was laid on October 12, 1793, formal opening exercises were not held until January 15, 1795. The first student did not arrive until February 12 and for two weeks he was the student body. By the end of the term 40 more students had arrived and were attending classes under two professors.

Form the opening of school until 1804 Carolina did not have a president. The University was under a succession of "presiding professors." It was clearly evident that this system was inadequate and in 1804, Joseph Caldwell was elected president. Under Caldwell the University grew from a small classical school to a very worthy liberal arts college. After 1815, and probably much to the dismay of the professors, natural sciences were placed on equal terms with the humanities.

DAVID L. SWAIN succeeded Caldwell in the president's chair and under Swain's administration the school and state were drawn closer together. More emphasis was placed on history, law, rhetoric, and public speaking—subjects preparing men for public service. General culture was overshadowed by this ideal of public service prior to 1860. The enrollment reached a high of 456 in 1858.

DESPITE THE early hardships of the institution and even the Civil War, the University kept its doors open. In fact, Carolina supplied the Confederate armies with both students and professors, and still managed to remain in session.

The hand of fate finally caught Carolina and in 1870, in the days of Reconstruction, the University was closed for five years, reopening with the Rev. Charles Phillips as Chairman of the Faculty. Dr. Phillips served in this capacity for the remainder of 1875 and 1876. From 1876, until the present time the University has had eight presidents (not including acting-president J. Harris Purks) and as one can see by looking out over the campus Carolina has come a long way and is now, as in 1789, attempting to carry out "... the indispensable duty of every Legislature to consult the Happiness of a rising Generation, and endeavor to fit them for an honorable Discharge of the Social Duties of Life, by paying the strictest attention to their Education."

Quote, Unquote: Terrible Mr. Mendon Speaks

What men mistake for beauty in the usually nothing save a certain hollow revolting flashiness, the superficial splashing prancing animal. The most lovely considered in the light of genuine esthetic no more than a study in vulgarity; his found, not in the Uffizi gallery or among monies of Brahm, but among the plush clocks and hand-painted oil-paintings of rate auction-room. All women, save the telligent, penetrate this imposture of eyes. They know that the human body, in a brief time in childhood, is not a beautiful but a hideous thing. Their own bodies delight; it is their constant effort to conceal them; they never expose them but only as an act of the grossest sexual stage. If it were advertised that a troupe of virtue were to do a strip-tease act upon stage, the only women who would go to the tainment would be a few delayed, psychopathic old maid or two, and a dignant members of the parish Ladies ty.—H. L. Mendon, In Defense of Women

The Wheel Will Stop

Bill Corpening

(Mr. Corpening, of the news staff, to cover the Pan-Hel meeting last week)

What with the Daily Tar Heel being bogged down in quicksand, and ed its reporters' time, it is indeed a its funeral knell has not already been haps it is because the DTH is really a fligate after all.

The DTH goes about getting its ways: either some representative of comes into the office and requests that ment of a forthcoming event be printed, sends reporters busily scurrying down branches to find the news. The news comes via the latter method.

CLOSED DOOR

For years these reporters have these journalistic corridors busily items up along the way. But at the corridors they have inevitably run door. Last week, at long last, one of finally opened by the Interfraternity other was bolted by the Pan Hellenic

Mr. Reuben Leonard, who, after the gall to declare that the DTH had declare the right to freedom of press, hastily retreat and hide his face in a er, made the ridiculous statement that in fraternities have no interest in fratres it ever occur to Mr. Leonard that person is not in a fraternity, that does that he will never join a fraternity, ne never be interested in finding out about of which he may some day be a part?

Last week there were quite a few interested in the World Series, although they were playing in it. Suppose that New York had decided that their encourage private and personal engagement, and results should not be revealed to the press less to say, the newspapers would protest like manner, the DTH protests against the

Mr. Leonard makes the brilliant suggestion the IFC appoint a publicity chairman to ment news to the DTH. In other words, ously offers the IFC to make the choice what is news and what is not. It is not cal that a newspaper, being more acquainted the matter, should make the choice?

WORLD SERIES ILLUSTRATES

Let us use the World Series again to this point. If reporters were denied the cover the games, and instead, a spokes hired by the Yankees to reveal the Series, undoubtedly his account would be prejudiced. On the other hand, an expert porter's coverage insures an exact, unbiased that the public can read with interest.

A further advantage to such publicity says Mr. Leonard, is that it would give er more time to cover something else. Leonard, have reporters at all? Why not publicity chairman for every institution in try and allow him to submit selected newspapers? Indeed, why even have newspapers? Why not let the institution mimeograph the distribute it to whomsoever it pleases?

Finally, the presence of one reporter Hel or IFC meeting is hardly an embarrasation of secrecy. On the contrary, these tions should be proud to have coverage. dicates that they are considered worthy ty. The DTH is not trying to slip up on sisting on news coverage. Instead, it is insure its readers of faithful presentation of happenings. Again, may I say, the sole a newspaper is to inform.

According to Mr. Leonard, "the st around and around and where it stops knows." But, kind sir, we do know where It will stop as soon as the DTH is given to completely inform its readers—no later no later.

Reader's Retort

Editors:

Shades of brimstone. The fire-tongues are leaping across Y-Court again — this time from Reuben Leonard's corner. It seems Mr. Leonard has boiled his column down to vivid self-expression and/or blasts at various people and organizations. Friday morning what I had been expecting for days happened. The corner-dweller jumped onto the bandwagon and opened up on the University band for voting down the trip to Georgia. One paragraph read, "As for there not being enough time to prepare a suitable program... 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?"

Okay. But if Mr. Leonard had cared to pry himself out of his four-walled corner in Y-Court and do a little investigating and sound reasoning, he'd have realized the following: (1) In the spring the band is neither prepared nor expected to practice marching. It takes all their time to work up concerts. (2) Even if the band could practice marching in the spring, there are nearly 30 freshmen in the band who, try as they might, can't read minds. Of course, they could form a band boosters club and pat their feet while a poorly instrumented 30 piece band charges out to represent a university of 6500. Before the first game this year there were five rehearsals. A minimum of two had to be spent on organization and fundamentals — then the grind began.

Ronald Oldenburg called the band "blind sheep." Sheep, followers, they may be, but they're by no means blind. The ones who seem sightless in this case are wolves who are preying on that well-sheared flock. But why shouldn't they? It's in style!

Eddie Bass

Alas Poor Dunn—II

Editors:

Memo To J. A. C. Dunn after reading his Thursday's column:

If you don't have anything to say, just don't write at all.

Robin Fuller

'I'll Save You—Just Give Me 40 Or 50 Years'



A Crackbrained Attack

The American Legion has stigmatized the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic for its "left wing biases."

The Legion's crackbrained attack on the Fund for the Republic smacks of the same stuff of which the Reece Committee's now-discredited attack on the tax-free foundations was made. The Reece Committee, even less specific than the pitiful Legion, indicted the foundations for every sin from "moral relativism" and "empiricism" to subverting American home life. "Paranoia" is what Bernard de Voto called it.

In the first instance, the Legion was born in selfishness, to lobby for special favors for World War I veterans. Its self-styled patriots have never seemed to realize that patriots seek no special favors for services which they owe the country as a matter of course. Turned away from the special favors it sought, the Legion has hung on, a blunt tool of reaction.

Most reputable members have since seen that the Legion deals persistently in quackery and worthless censure; they have bowed out, leaving the organization in the clutches of petty martinets, who set the style for legion national policy. Since World War II ended, they have easily installed it in the same category with the D.A.R. and the McCarthy subcommittee.

The sooner its senseless, paranoid clap-trap ceases, the clearer the atmosphere will be.

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