

The Big Sleep

After Don Fowler had smiled his way to the student body presidency with a middle-of-the-Y-Court platform and few specific promises, we noticed a marked likeness to President Eisenhower.

In these columns, shortly after the campus election, we mentioned this Fowler-Ike analogy, hoping that it would pass with the campaign fury. But, alas, President Fowler has followed the Eisenhower crusade down to the last gilded generalship.

To make matters worse, we have just received news that the student chief executive has taken to an infirmary bed with a case of sinus. So any moment now, we expect word from the now quiet presidential quarters that Attorney General Dave Reid or Vice President Jack Stevens has taken over temporarily.

But the political bone we have to pick with President Fowler is not his health (which is usually excellent), but the health of his presidency.

We suggested earlier this week that President Fowler seriously consider some plan of student limitation of student autos. All present indications are that the Board of Trustees are going to take sharp action on this—if student government doesn't.

Instead, President Fowler and committee on cars have put forth a plan for collecting parking fines to build more student parking lots—a plan which Fowler himself admits is unlikely to work.

President Fowler seems to have no other definite plan. But he firmly opposes self-regulation of student cars.

When Fowler was asked his reaction to The Daily Tar Heel's proposal of self-limitation, the student President smiled back an answer revealing another Ike fault—not reading the newspaper. Fowler talked about the evils of denying cars to freshmen—which was not the subject of the editorial at all.

And a look through last spring's files reveals still another (and even more, infuriating) Eisenhower trait in President Fowler—switching ground on an issue, grabbing an opponent's idea, and taking credit for originating it.

The impractical idea of a student court which Fowler keeps pushing (and keeps admitting is a bit impractical) originated with Manning Muntzing, the Student Party candidate who ran against Fowler last spring. Fowler last spring said he disagreed with Muntzing's plan. Now he endorses it.

But we've long since given up trying to find any consistency in Fowler, for last spring he also declared that "cars will be taken away from students if the student body fails to take an immediate and positive stand."

Yet Fowler fails to take "an immediate and positive stand."

President Fowler is lulling us to sleep.

Monotusa!

Our editorial, "Forward, With Blinds, To A House of Horror," in yesterday morning's Daily Tar Heel, has thrown us, unwittingly, into civil butchery with the English Club.

Before blasting present tendencies in the dorm-building situation, we read one too many columns by the English Club's Roy Moose (namely, the one across the editorial page today). We failed to make clear that we were hopelessly indebted, as the man said, for both idea and phraseology (e.g., our comparison of Cobb's halls to bowling alleys) to the fine pen of Mr. Moose. We came to the office, yesterday, and found a furious note from the gentleman awaiting us. We quote, in part:

"There is an old saying that 'imitation is the greatest form of flattery.' However, that editorial in Thursday's paper, which was a minicent hash of the English Club article for this week, was far from flattering to this writer. Surely the editors are not so barren of thoughts that they stoop to plagiarism in order to compose a timely editorial."

We pleaded no contention, but with the reservation that it was not done with malice aforethought. We always scoffed at those who pled "unconscious influence" when accused of out and out literary theft. But we have now learned our lesson. Unconscious influence can happen, even to the bloodshot eye of The Daily Tar Heel, and we are terribly, terribly sorry.

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 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE
News Editor JACKIE GOODMAN
Business Manager BILL BOB PEEL
Associate Editor J. A. C. DUNN
Sports Editor WAYNE BISHOP
Night Editor For This Issue Curtis Gans

Carolina Front 20-Inch Fables The Fabulous Sneaky Pete

J.A.C. Dunn

ONCE UPON a time, not too long ago, a young gentleman, fair of hair, soft of eye, considerate of character and sensitive of personality by the name of Fabian McFee was welcomed as a contestant on the famous television give-away show, "Sixty Four Forty Or Flunk."

Hal Forceps, the master of ceremonies, speaking on behalf of "Deemum," the handy home deprave-it-yourself vice kit ("It brings you living Purgatory-right in your own home!"), had accepted Fabian as an interesting contestant by virtue of his extraordinary knowledge of the Evolution of Envelopes. Fabian had glibly and correctly answered all the questions about envelopes and had finally returned to try for the sixty-four thousand dollar and forty cent jackpot.

THE AUDIENCE was tense. The television camera man was frozen on his little perch. Even Hal Forceps, veteran of many such nerve-tangling radio and television occasions, was a bit uneasy. No one had ever won the jackpot before.

"Mr. McFee," said Hal Forceps in his best hail-fellow-well-paid manner, "Sixty Four Forty or Flunk is proud to have you. I think you know the rules. We will now proceed to the question."

The ladies in the audience fluttered their hands around their throats and the men rubbed their jaws with that can-I-get-away-without-shaving? gesture to which most men are condemned. The question, written on a slip of paper, was handed to Hal Forceps by an armed guard. He read it aloud:

"Mr. McFee, for sixty four thousand dollars and forty cents, of what substance was the gum made on the envelopes which the Duke of Wellington used to enclose his messages to the Prussian General Blucher during the Peninsula war in Europe in the early 1800's?" Hal Forceps repeated the question, "You have thirty seconds, Mr. McFee. Think carefully."

FABIAN THOUGHT carefully. Of course he knew the answer without thinking, but he thought anyway. He looked out at the fidgeting, jowl-rubbing audience, waiting to see him wake a fabulous fortune—or go down in shame. The seconds ticked by, 19, 20, and a slight smile appeared on Fabian's face, 23, 24, and he thought of his wife Chlorine, and his two children, and his job as assistant floor manager of the ten cent store, and his friends in the barbershop, 26, 27, and picnics in the summer and old Mrs. Kuickbicker next door, and . . .

"Your time is up, Mr. McFee," announced Hal Forceps commandingly. He repeated the question again. An expectant hush fell.

"There wasn't any gum on Wellington's envelopes," said Fabian. "He used a wax seal."

"You're right! Ab-so-lute-lee RIGHT!" shouted Hal Forceps triumphantly. "We have here a check for sixty four thousand dollars and —"

"I DON'T want it," said Fabian quietly.

Hal Forceps' mouth dropped audibly open. "I beg your pardon, Mr. McFee?"

"I don't want it, thank you. What do I want all that money for? It's just a game, after all." And Fabian walked out before anyone could stop him, leaving the audience in a state of murmuring wonder.

And Hal Forceps, veteran of many nerve-tangling radio and television occasions, had a very difficult time talking his way through to the end of the program.

THREE WAYS

County Agent John E. Piland in speaking to the Clayton Rotary Club recently related:

"My father told me there are three sure ways of going broke. They are: (1) to gamble, (2) to spend money on women and (3) to grow cotton."

"He said the first way was the fastest, the second way the most fun and the third way the most certain."—Smithfield Herald.

LESSER

There were two boll weevils who grew up together. One worked hard and became a Big Shoot. The other didn't and remained the lesser of the two weevils.—The Lion.

'Maybe They Can't Find Anyone Who Can Be Cleared'



ENGLISH CLUB

Amid The Cries—A Plea

Ray Moose

Amid the cries for greater enrollments, taller buildings, and better football teams there is significantly absent any faint murmur at all for an atmosphere conducive to proper study here at Carolina. Bricks, mortar, and ugly-green paint, as many learned men have noted, do not necessarily produce an educated man. Yet today it appears that the education-minded public is interested only in facts and figures, while the suffocating student cries out with Milton:

"See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

(Paradise Regained, Bk. iv, ll. 244-46)

For it is true that the student at Carolina no longer has the sylvan scene that is so necessary to study and contemplation. At one time Carolina did possess such an "Academe" atmosphere, and at one time the campus of the University of North Carolina was rated one of the three most beautiful in the nation by Lewis Mumford. Carolina, along with Georgia and Stanford, were admired for the spaciousness of the campus, the abundance of wooded areas, and the freedom of student movement. Yes, at one time the student could be

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

(As You Like It, II, vii, ll. 11-12)

But what is the situation today? A speedway runs through the middle of the "Academe"; the trees are being massacred wholesale without reforestation; a graveyard presents a Charles Adams picture of delight to a third of our dormitories; the mill-town factory-inspired buildings are rising to blot out the spaciousness.

Such conditions can be corrected by a concern on the part of the campus planners for that intangible quality called *Beauty*, a quality that Aristotle calls "the gift of gods"; but it has been demonstrated time and again that the quality of beauty can be achieved by man himself with careful planning by great minds. Certainly, among the "Academes" Oxford, Cambridge, and Harvard have achieved it and retained it during this period of mass student invasion. And Carolina, with its ideal location on an isolated hill, has greater possibilities than either of those three.

However, I fully realize that one should not have the right to condemn without himself suggesting positive concrete recommendations to reinforce those criticisms. Thus, the following are a few corrections that can be made without too much effort or too much expenditure of money that can restore to the campus the proper atmosphere for study and contemplation:

1. Cameron Avenue, the Indianapolis Speedway of the campus, should be closed between Old East and Old West dormitories. No parking places would be eliminated, and any inconvenience to the speed-demons of the town would be mitigated after the first week when they learn to turn right at the Carolina Inn stoplight. The result would be a unified campus from Franklin Street to the Raleigh Road. With the ever increasing enrollment of students this step becomes more imperative each day. The most widely used spot on the campus is the area around the YMCA, and the congestion in that area of Cameron is acute. Moreover, with the numerous blind and crippled students the danger at that point is even greater. Surely the student at Carolina can expect a free flow of movement through the main areas of the campus. Many are the times that I have heard the students remark with Matthew Arnold,

"Peace, Peace is what I seek, and public calm."

2. Concomitant with the closing of Cameron is the necessity for building a tunnel under the Raleigh Road for the same reasons as stated above. Nurses must cross that road to get to the campus; zoology students must cross it to get to Wilson; public and students alike must cross it to get to the football stadium; and with the construction of the new dormitories below the road the residents there must cross it for each daily necessity.

3. Carry out a program of reforestation on the campus. McCorkle Place especially is in a chaotic state. At one time the whole area was cool and shaded. Now hurricanes and disease have left it in a maimed condition. The trees that are still standing are patched, pruned, and pared until little but trunks remain. We are fortunate to inherit as pleasant a place as the campus is due to the foresight of those men such as President Battle of years past. To grow an oak such as the one that the band uses in the summer time for its concerts required a hundred years. Yet, what will be the state of the campus fifty years from now if no new trees are planted at once? Surely students as well as the administration should be concerned over the regression of the campus to the state of every other little hot treeless southern factory town.

Nobis placeat ante omnia sylvae.

4. An attempt should be made to acquire more competent architects for our buildings. The monopoly of George Watts Carr has resulted in a series of brick creations that defy all categories of architecture. Cobb is a monstrosity that can only be hidden by ivy and trees. Hanes and Gardner Halls look like Mooresville Cotton Mills from the back. And the new Institute of Government Building will kill the esthetic soul of the most callous person. If we must have Georgian architecture, which is indeed a beautiful design for academic buildings, we should contact a firm such as the one in New York that specializes in that design.

5. The graveyard behind Connor, though it gives a decided Gothic mysteriousness to the campus, is certainly out of harmony with the effect that is produced by the Georgian style. Such a Charles Adams decoration is certainly more suited to a place, say, such as Duke University, where one might expect ravens, monks, and walking ghouls. In any case, the graveyard should have been moved years ago. Since it hasn't been moved, the administration should immediately include the project in the next budget. The university is growing rapidly and land is becoming a premium in Chapel Hill. The longer the administration waits, the more expensive the project will be. Four beautiful quads of men's dorms could be built in the area thus cleared, and the result would be a peaceful, quiet vista to anyone entering Chapel Hill from the Raleigh road.

6. Efforts should be made to avoid building great brick monstrosities such as is proposed for the new 710 man dormitory. True, quadrangles are more expensive; but the administration should think of the result of its building as reflected in the quality of the student product that emerges after four years of residence in those buildings. Our forefathers who built Old East, Old West, and Steele dormitories were cognizant of the need for quiet and restful surroundings by building dormitories after the continental stair-case system. Huge buildings with long hallways are tantamount to coca-cola bowling alleys. Certainly the upper and lower quadrangle residents can confirm this item.

With the adoption of these suggestions, I feel sure that the students will be able to exult with Shakespeare over the results: "Peace, Dear muse of arts, plenties, and joyful births."

Why Are We Here?

Editors:

These past two hectic weeks of exams and rushing has, unexpectedly, been a period of mind opening. Often associated with fraternity rushing in the minds of many is [that the emphasis of the fraternity is social and not primarily intellectual. I do not believe this to be necessarily true. In meeting and speaking with certain fraternity men, I have found that I am able to express myself now more easily than I had previously experienced.

★ ★

Last night I was speaking to a number of fraternity men, and we discussed our instructors and courses here at the University. In discussing our social science and economic courses the talks often went off tangentially to numerous problems of the world and how we were personally affected by them. In these sort of discussions I, and I am sure, others, were left mildly frustrated by this as we could merely talk and obtain no results. Usually, I am not affected very much by this frustration as there always seems to be something else in my mind shortly to make me forget about it. But tonight, questions have been popping into my mind one after the other.

One question in particular keeps coming back to haunt me. That is: "Why am I studying at this, or any, university?" A slip of paper in the records office states that I am studying for an A.B. in economics. True, that is my goal in a sense as it is my interest and my hoped for future vocation; but is this gold not secondary to a more important one? Are we at this University merely studying required courses toward the realization of only a degree in our major? I believe that there are many who are here for that purpose alone. This is not the purpose of the University, but I fear that the trend is going in that direction.

★ ★

We are required to study certain courses here that the directors believe will give the student a broader and more liberal education before going into our major. But, has not the University been defeating its own purpose? Have not these requirements limited the studies of the students? The University's intentions are good. The objectives are to stimulate interest in many different fields; but have the directors overlooked the point that forcing these studies upon the students has had an opposite effect in numerous instances.

The trend for many a present day student is to study for an exam and a degree. Is this the student's fault? No. The pressure brought upon the student has resulted in the feeling that obtaining good grades is first and foremost. The active mind can actually become stagnant under this sort of policy. With this burden that has been placed upon the intelligent and active mind we find that expression has become no more than repetition, studies no more than out-and-out competition, and new ideas and concepts thwarted and driven into other channels. We see our lives. The lost art of conversation is but one death of many in this modern world of ours. Is this University going to sit back and channel modern thought into the ever increasing tide of conformity? Are we to let cynicism, defeatism, and escapism be the remains of our education?

★ ★

The further we get from the idea that a college education is the preparation for a vocation in future life, and the closer we get to the point where objective reality and spirituality are so closely interlocked that they are indistinguishable, then the University is actually fulfilling its objective. To attain this objective let us remove the pressures of grades, exams, and requirements. I do not mean that they should by any means be abolished, but rather that their emphasis be diminished and their interpretation changed.

John F. Hilgerdt

The Eye of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was hoofing proudly in the Carolina Playmakers' Theatre, him.

"Ondine," he explained before he gave an explanation. "The Jean Giraudon fantasy. A knockout of a play, excellent sound effects, with knockout costuming out directing."

I hoped The Horse wouldn't knock out reaching for phrases in praise of Rosenthal, in his review for The Daily had at once said more, and less, than

"Critics, amateur or professional," he judged, "feel called upon to jeer at a cheer."

Oh? This was a requirement of the

"In a way," The Horse shrugged, "should understand, are playwrights, in fact. They cannot think of anything themselves, and when somebody else tells them they must perform act as if they were not written this play because it was their Art. In short, they didn't think it was not worthy of their thought. Ergo, thrust their uncreative index fingers, or at any rate enthusiastically, into the flaws. Show me a completely kind and critic, and I'll show you a critic whose will soon be cancelled."

Well, drama critics did inform, did

"The stated function of a drama critic is to state what is to state what is driving at; how or not he succeeds; driving; and the quality and the effect of the dramatic aids, human and/or mechanical, way they work their trade, it is to tell them they are trying to make you believe you like what you thought you liked; or, if you liked what you thought you did not."

The Horse thought them expendable!

"Save for theatre goers who wear their or their dislikes like uniforms," The Horse said. "There are those who put a lot of store in Dress—You can't wear this, old boy!—but wear that, old boy!—and there must be a lot of store by Coarct Thought, think for themselves, or fearful they are not Fashionable, they require other's."

But, there were certain rules for Dress and—

"Spare me your sophomoric utterances," The Horse yawned. "Rules are made by me. My recipe for a good play—to me, good entertainment. Okay, so it entertains me to me. Now, I quite willingly concede it may be another's nausea, or boredom, or versa. The most I require of a critic is what the play is about, where it is going long it runs, on what days and nights, much it costs. Plus, perhaps, the names of the directors, and the acoustics permitted the stage action, and the hearing of the poetry, etc."

But, some critics were more clever than phrasings than others, was it not?

"At the expense of a person more than they, yes," The Horse agreed. "Literary and Literary Criticism are fleas of a dime lad. And Drama is, or it should be enacted on a stage. The difference is, tells you who, what, when, where and how the Parasite latches onto the veins of an artist and converts his blood into countess which would have died unborn, creative artist created. It adds the Parasite the established classes of alleged human. And they were . . ."

"There are those who can create, enumerated. "Then, there are those who steal, but who can copy. Next, there are those who can neither create, nor copy. And the Lesser Steerage, Class—those who create not, but who tell what is wrong with what see."

I'd like it better if The Horse could specify?

"With pleasure!" The Horse murmured, "balls of eyes clicking on a trio of eyes who were co-ordinating cutely as they . . . "Now, do you want I should discuss with these Beauchesse babes; or . . . Class dismissed!"

'Social Sports'

James Gerity Jr., Notre Dame alumnus, donated \$5,000 to his alma mater with the hope of stimulating interest in golf and bridge because "more social sports" than football.

Now how about donations here and there to non-social sports as reading and writing such anti-social sports as mathematics and Greensboro Daily News