

Men Will Be Boys, At Least In Fall

The Saturday radio sounds of a kinetic Wake Forest team overpowering our own football squad reminded us just what a sports defeat means today in big-time football.

Talk today will center around who will replace the present coach (not whether he should be replaced), and alumni will have their heads together conjuring up new grid-iron talent for next season.

No one enjoys a football victory for Carolina more than The Daily Tar Heel. But the seriousness of a defeat these days has passed beyond the carefully controlled limits of a game, a sport, a pastime.

Whenever we point to this gross professionalism that pervades our campus athletic scene, local Woollyen Gymites respond with generalities about school spirit and sportsmanship as virtues of the game.

Now, we like the game-well-played concept and earnestly embrace good sportsmanship. But if this were the main purpose of college athletics (and it is not at UNC), why so much bawling when we lose a game, or two, or three—or all games. Since sportsmanship is probably better learned in playing the role of good loser, it would seem that blows of defeat would be somewhat mitigated. But they aren't.

The reason is simple. Big-time athletics at the University are not amateur, but professional.

The Ivy League has set an ideal pattern in athletics by doing away with athletic grants-in-aid and restoring the game to its proper perspective in an academic world. (We might point out that Ivy League football crowds are still large, noisy and enthusiastic.)

What should be the position of football—and all athletics—on the Carolina campus?

Athletics at UNC should be games, activities for students and run by students. Now they are a big business, administered by experts, professional in standard, if not stature.

Frankly, we'd rather see alumni put their heads together over the amount of foundation money, or the quality of teaching, or the state of dorms at the University.

But some men can't grow up and always must play the game of college boys, pining bitterly when they lose a football game. Perhaps, some of this talk to college students about growing up, about maturity, should be administered in stiff doses to footballing elders.

Mr. Presidents, (All Of Them)

Whenever we mention "the President" these days to well-informed acquaintances, we find ourselves choking in ambiguity.

They wonder just what, or whom, we are talking about. The President, at least on the Carolina campus, could mean Gordon Gray (or Acting President Purks) of the Consolidated University, or student President Don Fowler, or just plain-President Eisenhower.

For fear that editorial readers have also gone to make clear our stands on all these being confused, we feel a moving moral obligation to make clear our stands on all these Presidents, in order of importance.

President Eisenhower, popular though he may be, we feel has been ineffective, ill-informed, and aided more by Democrats than by his own faction-ridden party. (In short, we want another White House occupant, and his name starts with Adlai.)

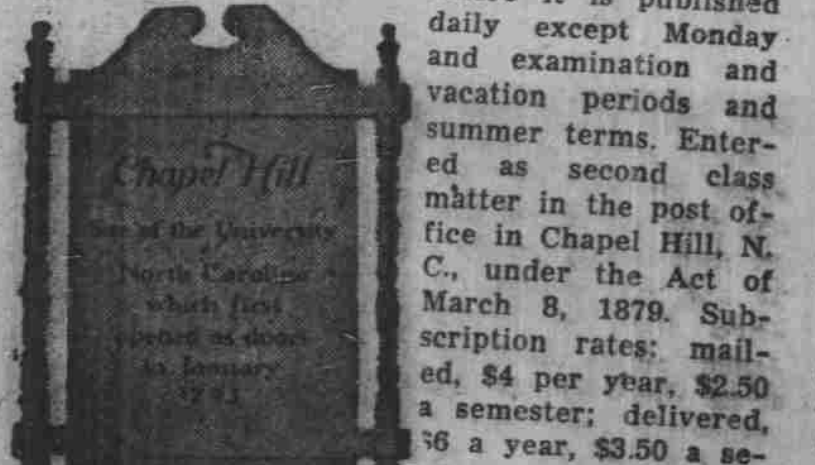
As for Consolidated University President, we want an educator. No more need be said.

Viewing the student presidency (a sluggish sight these days), we hope Don Fowler is feeling better after his infirmity visit.

An then there are dorm presidents....

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 at 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.



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Goettingen Letter

Dave Mundy

I had imagined that I would find in Europe a few minor mis-understandings of the United States.

Before two weeks had elapsed I fancied across an Englishman who displayed what I imagined only a singular degree of ignorance. I explained, for example, how the President is elected. He had never heard of the process. (And he is, God save the queen a.u. us too, planning to enter the foreign service.)

He was even more interested when informed that there were 48 states, each with a governor not under federal control. By the end of this explanation I had so warmed to the subject of politics that I provided an hour-long commentary on North Carolina politics, Olla Rae Royd and Kerr Scott, Sam Ervin and Lawrence Brown. (Lawrence, the friend of the common man and Brown has been Sheriff of Buncombe since the days of my great-grandfather.) For good measure I threw in the Raleigh News and Observer, the Yadkinville Ripple and the JP system. He found it amusing, somewhat.

But it develops that he is no singular exception. A professor was shocked to learn that the police in the United States aren't a "national police."

"Do you mean to say, Mister Mundy, that they don't all wear the same type of uniform?"

The same individual was moved to remark philosophically, just as I was explaining the election of presidential electors and their balloting a few weeks later.

MONEY DOES LOTS

"Ah yes, I imagine that money can do a lot of things in the United States."

My biggest shocks came after the President's heart attack. An Oxford tutor inquired solicitously, "Should the President die, how long will it be before new elections are held?"

For two or three days German newspapers were front-paging the "inside dope" that the military was taking general control of the government. I don't recall the name of the General who was supposedly in charge; perhaps it was the chairman of the Joint Chiefs; perhaps the United States was just being confused with Argentina.

About a week later it was decided by the German newspapers that the German public should instead keep its eyes on "Finanzminister," George Humphrey, who appeared to have "wrestled" governmental control from the military. Last week the papers belatedly discovered the vice-president and his importance.

Among other things, the Frankfurter Allgemeine in an editorial has referred to U. S. News and World Report as an official publication of the Department of Defense. This from Europe's best newspaper!

CROWNING BLOW

The crowning blow to my imaginations about well-informed Europeans was delivered by a Belgian student (Louvain University).

"As we all know," she remarked, "in America the workers are the slaves of the capitalists."

I reflected on the guaranteed annual wage, the basic daily pay of \$20.35 for miners, golf-balls and income-tax provoked managerial ulcers. Thinking of ulcers reminded me of lunch time, which time it was, so I walked out.

But under no conditions could this lack of information about the United States be called mass ignorance. I have yet to discuss politics with a European who cannot comment glibly on the McCarran Act, McCarthyism, witch hunting, isolation and lynchings.

The Till murder in Mississippi provoked as much European editorial comment as the American Revolution. It was regularly reported, incidentally, as a vasse "lynching." The Communist press and radio are still having a field day.

—The Livespike— A Few Notes From The M E's Desk: Waynick, Gray, Purks & The Forum

Fred Powledge

(Beginning a weekly column by The Daily Tar Heel's Managing Editor—Editors.)

THE LIVESPIKE, according to newspaper terminology, is the thing that sits on the managing editor's desk. It is a plain spike, such as that used by clerks and accountants to spindle notes the managing editor writes to himself, little facts that need filing for brief periods of time and other such trivia.

I've never checked, but I suppose it is called a "live" spike because it holds messages that are immediate, hot, thus live, like a "live" wire. So that's what this weekly column is supposed to be: Messages, comments, mostly brief ones.

The title belongs to Rolfe Neill, who lent it to me once before, when the Livespike appeared in a weekly paper down in Klan territory—Horry County, S. C. I am sure Rolfe, who wrote the Livespike years ago, will let me use it again. He's a Stars & Stripes man now, writing on G.I. copy paper in Tokyo.

WHEN MOST BIG MEN in North Carolina get "named," or elected, or appointed, they are in line for hundreds of speaking engagements. North Carolina's closest claim to a statesman, Capus Waynick, has been delivering a constant string of speeches ever since he installed himself

in Gardner Hall as head of the Governor's Small Industries Group. He has talked to dozens of groups interested in small industry, he has driven to Washington to accept the Nicaraguan government's highest decoration, he has talked to the University's Dialectic Senate.

Waynick is the man on whom you should keep your eye. He isn't being "mentioned" as possible candidate for anything right now. He doesn't need to. He has served in many a state and federal capacity. Right now, he's working in Gardner Hall, trying to find a reasonable way for North Carolina's small industrialists to become big. It's a big job, and Waynick is the sort of big man to carry it out well.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER big man in North Carolina who has been "named," and who hasn't delivered many speeches yet. He is J. Harris Purks, who is currently in the Consolidated University's hottest seat. He has the job of acting president of the University, and he has the responsibility of acting as president while the real president performs functions for the United States government. It is truly a hot seat. But Dr. Purks has not yet squirmed, at least not noticeably. He has been carrying out his acting presidency quietly. He hasn't tried to enact any great changes from the Gray administration. He can't.

But Dr. Purks hasn't talked yet. Sure, he's spoken to various faculty groups, but those talks have been behind very closed doors. He has addressed alumni groups, but a talk to an alumni group is

not necessarily a speech.

It would be nice, from Dr. Purks' standpoint and from the student's standpoint, if Dr. Purks were to deliver a speech to the students. He has a lot to say. He has remained in the semi-dark background for several years, and now people want to know what he's like. He is certainly not like President Gray.

The campus has enough opportunities to invite Dr. Purks to talk. The Carolina Forum, you might remember, is bound by its charters to bring speakers of national, state and local importance to the campus. Every year Forum chairmen are in a tizzy about 10 minutes before their speakers are scheduled to speak, for fear the hall will be empty. This year's Chairman Tom Lambeth wouldn't have that fear if Acting President Purks were speaker.

And he might not be acting president much longer. The executive committee of the Board of Trustees will meet Nov. 14, and will almost certainly accept Gordon Gray's resignation. Purks, some South Building people think, may move permanently into Gray's office.

AND SPEAKING of the presidential situation, here's a note from a column in The Daily Tar Heel in April, 1954. It was written by Chuck Hauser, who's now writing for The Chapel Hill Weekly, and who's keeping himself very informed of the presidential situation:

"THOUGHT For today: Gordon Gray Is mostly Away."

'It Seems Like Only Ten Years Ago'



Best We Can Find In The World

A group of students in Chapel Hill who have a proper and natural interest in the qualifications of a new president for the Consolidated University have drafted a statement of six requirements which they think anybody selected should meet.

Their final proposal that he be "an academician, not a technician"—as it puts emphasis on an educator for this educational job, is good. It would also be good, of course, if such a man could be found among native-born North Carolinians who have had classroom experience within the Consolidated University itself. Certainly such a man should be deeply interested in all education and not merely the work of one institution. But the limits within which to find the best possible man should not be so restricted that the search would, practically be limited to those natives of North Carolina already on the campuses Duke, Wake

Forest and Davidson Colleges would all have other presidents today if their trustees had been so limited in their choices. They chose men who had been born in Williamsbury, Missouri; Willow Grove, Tennessee; and Charlottesville, Virginia. All of them are undoubtedly serving education in North Carolina as well as if they had been born in North Carolina.

It would be good to have as new president of the University a native North Carolinian who had distinguished himself in scholarship and education. But scholarship, education and ability should not in any choice have less weight than North Carolina nativity. The Consolidated University needs the best president it can find in the world. The University should be the last place where, in intellectual leadership, State borders should be turned into an iron curtain.

A Torrent Of Letters—II

Editors:

"Let he that is without sin cast the first stone."

"Breasting a wave" of nausea, the readers of The Daily Tar Heel were enlightened with a three handkerchief expose splattered with "gin scented tears", and prolific discourse on the "evils of the behavior of the espoused American male."

The author seems to have a keen insight on the existence of "double standard ideology". Ambiguity reigned and I still don't know whether the author was one of the "ladies-in-waiting" or whether she was jealous because there were so many "young and pretty coeds... with the lure of fresh exuberant youth," or that she failed to get her quota of attention from the multitudinous "philandering" husbands that were on the loose.

If the "ladies-in-waiting" of those Black Knights had had any initiative or had cared what hubby was doing they could have done something to remedy the situation, to wit: there are about four males to every female on this campus, therefore, wife, had a little better opportunity to display a little "Auld Lang Syne" than did the "Old Man". It's more fun to stand around with the other members of the "Temperance and Chastity Above All" League waving banners, "casting stones" and shedding "gin scented" tears into lacy white (for purity) handkerchiefs than it is to "show the old man a thing or two."

I agree with the author that "divorce is certainly the social cancer upon the face of America," but I don't think that the old "Holier than Thou" treatment is the cure to be prescribed for our existing "social cancer". The prognosis... must come from within, and how better can we put this into action than by a good old self-examination before we try to reform our degenerate society?

Paul McCauley, Jr.

Editors:

There is an old saying that "imitation is the greatest form of flattery." However, that editorial in Thursday's paper, which was a mince-meat hashing 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.

May I say that had this happened in the classroom I would most certainly have turned the whole mess over to the Honor Council? After all, the editors of our paper should practice what they preach to the layman.

You will recall that the column was given personally to the editors last Monday. Thus I want to take this opportunity to inform your readers that it was "ye editors" who "borrowed" from the English Club column, and not vice versa. Since both the "original" editorial and the column are on view to the public, I will let the readers themselves judge this particular trial and forego the Honor Council.

Roy Moose

Editors:

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT UTTERED BY CAROLINA STUDENTS:

(With apologies to The New Yorker)

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 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

and Many are the times that I have heard the students remark with Matthew Arnold,

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

(From "Amid the cries—A Plea", by Roy Moose, DTH, Oct. 21, 1955.)

Mary Frances Morris

Editors:

I'm just recently back from Berlin; the problems of resettling myself necessitated a slight delay in sending any further missives. I had prepared two little articles on the "Spirit of Geneva" as far as Europe is concerned. But then during the stay in Berlin I saw and heard so much that I changed my opinions more than somewhat. INDICATION EXAM- PLE NO. 1—The foreign policy under Acheson, barring perhaps China and Korea, was the best in 20 or 25 years. (Editors' Italics.)

... It might be safest to talk about the weather. (Few snow flurries, yesterday!)

David Mundy

Carolina Front

J. A. C. Dunn

BECAUSE THE editors are come all over our back to write copy, cause most of our seven readers, peruse columns, and because a perverse individual of that nerve deliberately does things wrong just to



ple sweat over it, gird irritating self, our equally irritating plurality and writing thing that has nothing to do with the campus. WE USED to be of a crew, long years school day. This information of those sports world, is pronounced "Cox's" were a cox'n. The shells we coxed were husky 17 and 18-year-olds, four of them. Most racing shells nowadays are eight, about 40 feet long and under two man shells are about two thirds the length, and of the same beam. They are sheet mahogany only a fraction of the molded around oak or pine ribs, and stern sections, forward and aft of the of the shell in which the oarsmen sit, over with oiled silk.

The seats slide back and forth on oarsman pushing and pulling himself, his feet are in wooden-soled leather shoes.

The average oar is somewhere between or nine feet in length, usually hollow, near the blade, which is cupped, and has saw teeth on the handle. Part way down fairly near the handle, is a leather collar the oar rests and turns in the oarlock, collars are greased.

The oarlocks are, of course, on outriggers, are, nowadays made of tubular aluminum bolt onto the splashboards of the shell, the gunwale.

The coxswain sits in the stern (the slide) and steers the shell with ropes attached to the rudder. The rudder is a foot long, which means that a shell can't have a very tight circle; furthermore, the coxswain's demand that the rudder be used while the oars are actually in the water is red is used while the oars are out of the during the "shoot," to use the technical shell's balance is thrown off, and since draws about seven or eight inches of water as we said, a beam of less than two feet to see why balance is extremely important.

Shells are extremely expensive (for an eight-man shell), the shell maker is cornered by a gentleman named Gordon who hangs out in the state of Washington, a business of manufacturing beautiful shells. Shells are easily damaged if hit broadly, absolutely lethal when tangled with heads of their tin, torpedoe shape and very sharp.

A RACE goes something like this:

First the crowds gather at either line or the starting line. On very few occasions possible to see the entirety of a race, because courses are half a mile, or three quarters long. Then the shells arrive. Behind the starter and perhaps a coach or two to the crews when they do something wrong during a race is not considered cricket, coaches just like to ride and see what are made, so they can be corrected watching movies of a football game.

The shells are lined up with their actly even on an imaginary line between on either shore (of the lake, river, or body of water the race is held on). The process is extremely difficult to effect the shells keep drifting and moving out. The tension mounts unbearably. When are in position, the starter yells "X, are you ready? X, are you ready? Ready all. Row!" and "Row!" both shells dig out like highly accelerated stroke during the strokes. Then they settle down and during the first 30 seconds of a race. After a race can be restarted if an accident during the first 30 seconds of a race, the crews are on their own. 30 or 40 seconds the end, the stroke is raised to increase sometimes the stroke is raised before the crews end a race rowing no more than strokes a minute, but a 40-stroke has 10 of.

Traditionally, the winning cox is left water after a race.