

Gray's 'Concern' With The Big-Time

In his latest 18-page report to the Board of Trustees, President Gray has pointed a firm finger of "concern" at big-time athletics in the University.

Even Gray's most vehement critics have seen the President as a man of great integrity, of conscience. In his perhaps-too-quiet way, President Gray has tried to deal with the big-time athletic problem for some time now.

Two falls ago, President Gray met with athletic coaches from both State and Chapel Hill to lay his policies on the line. Strict adherence to conference and N. C. A. A. rules were to be the University's rules. Gray told the athletic leaders. Then athletes were kept from getting their 25 percent cut of Book Exchange profits. These are just two recent indications of a great concern for the encroachment of athletics here at the University.

Now the President has raised his administrative voice a decibel higher in what seems to be another plea for sanity in the athletic arena.

The demands of athletics often become pervasive throughout the institution and have an adverse effect on other and more central parts of our program," Gray declared. "Athletics, particularly 'big-time' athletics, have a way of becoming an issue in other areas of our work. On occasion, the pressures supporting athletic activities in seeking to determine athletic operations create a threat to the morale and effectiveness of administrative and faculty action," he added.

These "pressures supporting athletic activities," we suspect, are the minions of men who dabble in the boys' games, winning every time the University loses one of these games, and forgetting that they are just games.

Gray concluded his discussion of athletics by complaining of the recent General Assembly's action of "in effect subsidizing athletics by not requiring out of state scholarship students to pay the general increased rates."

We salute you, President Gray, for this bold and true stand on big-time athletics. Big-time athletics right now are as professional in Chapel Hill as the movies (though not making nearly as good a showing). And strong administrative action might remedy this unhealthy situation.

Adlai & Realpolitik

The brothers Adlai suggest, gently but knowingly, that Adlai Stevenson, if he wishes to be President of the U. S., must make certain concessions to the brute realities of politics. This is actually old hat. We have heard since Stevenson's defeat in 1952 that the American people won't bestow the great toga on anyone unless they can first splash it with mud.

Well, we hope that the pundits crying for Stevenson to "come down off his pedestal" will be bolting a sizeable crowd dinner as of November, 1956. We hope so, first, for Mr. Stevenson's sake—we admire him extravagantly—and second, for American political integrity's sake. As citizens we like to talk about principle; and when it comes to so-called "sincerity," we make a cult of it. But there is poisonous contradiction here if Mr. Stevenson's principles must be dunked in muck to gain our electoral approval.

Just what concessions does Realpolitik require? An illustration from the 1952 campaign at least touches on the dilemma: President Eisenhower's stock zoomed unbelievably when he announced that, should he be elected, he would tour Korea. Stevenson had quietly made the same decision, but kept it to himself for fear of stepping into that blackest mud of all: demagoguery. Who was right? Stevenson, we think. General Ike got the votes, but Stevenson, whose no-stars probably could have done every bit that Eisenhower's five stars did in Korea, kept his integrity intact.

If Mr. Stevenson maintains his standards in 1956 (provided, of course, he runs) he will have to tell the South some impalatable things about his feelings on racial discrimination. He will have to do the same for the American Legion, the China Lobby, the Texas oil interests, the business monopolists, et al. But we hope he will do so unflinchingly.

If there is consistency between American everyday ideals and American election day ideals, he will not suffer thereby. If not, he will still have his reward; for there is a higher order of principle than that surrounding the U. S. Presidency.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER

Goettingen Letter

David Mundy

Goettingen—Communist propagandists proceed on a very simple basis: that favorable to their cause is correct; all else is wrong. This foundation, once accepted without question, provides no basis for the slightest inner conflict. And from this foundation, elaborate super-structures are built.

Techniques of course vary. One set is used in the Soviet Union where there has been a generation of indoctrination without competition. Techniques vary from the well controlled countries of Eastern Europe through the two Germanies, France and Italy with their large Communist parties, to the United States.

Factual errors about organization, aside from policies, increase in number as one goes into more firmly-controlled areas. A Soviet publication, in German translation, gives the following schematic representation of U.S. government. "1. USA General Staff 2. Wall Street Banks 3. Armaments Industry 4. OSS 5. President 6. Jackson Board 7. Congress 8. State Department."

It is interesting to note, the techniques used in Communist Germany, where propagandists have to "fight for their audience." That they have a difficult job there is a credit only to the Germans, not to U. S. information services which are first-class flops. The Communist propaganda there is directed almost entirely against the "monopolists, mind-buyers, and militarists" as typified by the U. S. Here are some of the samples, in my own rough translation. Perform your own analyses.

"John Foster Dulles, foreign minister of the USA, a representative of Wall-Street and American munition magnates."

"Wall Street controls the direction of the psychological war."

"AP—large American news agency... like all the other large American news agencies works together with the CIA... through coloring of news, fabrication of events, above all through suppression of news unfavorable to war preparations."

"McCarthy Committee—set up by American monopolists of the munitions - industries and the Wall Street banks in order to use the methods of terror common to the witch-hunters of the Middle Ages."

"The McCarthy Committee 'cleans' libraries, newspapers, etc., of any real democratic and peaceful material."

"(This comes from a 1955 publication. The fact things don't now exist never keeps a European from talking about them.)"

"ECA and the various ECA agencies stand under the Office of Strategic Services and the CIA."

"INS—Behind this Hearst Concern stand the Wall Street banks as well as especially the automobile from Ford and Co."

"OSS is a department of the American General Staff, in which the strategic plans of the 'Cold War' are developed, which plans are carried out by the CIA and sub-organizations."

"The Bonn Democracy' is only the designation for a half-colonial government of the western area of Germany which through corruption, terror and mind-buying has been set up by the Western Powers under the leadership of the USA."

"The Institute Fur Demoskopie has the task of suppressing really democratic elements in West Germany — is the again-revived GESTAPO of Adenauer — is an organ of the American CIA."

Many of the features of Communist propaganda are common to all propaganda. To refer to an anti-communist as a propagandist is for a Communist like calling him a SOB (Schweinhund). But the Communists in their own publications have no qualms about calling themselves propagandists.

The propaganda is similarly directed against anti-communist espionage, sabotage, control of news organs, etc. Not that the Communists are opposed to these methods. Anti-communists propaganda is wrong only because it is anti-communist.

Undergrad Writers: Living Growing & Always Learning

Doris Betts

(From Doris Betts, winner of the Putnam Prize in fiction, comes this timely communication on columnist Bill Ragsdale's "illogically built and none too coherent admonition for more clarity and coherence in fiction.")

Mrs. Betts says in a note to the editors: "I am not now a campus writer, nor am I a UNC student; but I have been both, and I still a writer, and I fall into the age group of the maligned college writers. Campus writing, and working on a literary magazine at W.C., and studying writing there and at UNC have been a great help to me in trying to continue as a writer, and I dislike seeing a whole generation of fairly conscientious workers dismissed so easily as in Mr. Ragsdale's article. I, for one, am much indebted to many people who taught me many things—and a good deal of that was in college.—Editors"

Now that Bill Scarborough and Ralph Dennis have so ably come to the defense of the young campus writer, the rest of us are stuck with making only a repetition, and likely not so well phrased. But after an article such as the rather uninformed one written by Bill Ragsdale on the Litterati (awful term), one has a strong desire to stand up and be counted in the matter. It is far from pleasurable to see a whole generation of fairly hardworking serious writers discussed in terms which apply to very few, particularly when those terms refer much more to the generation of the 40's than to this one.

The type of collegiate-writer to whom Mr. Ragsdale has directed his admonitions is long since out of date. It is almost as hard to locate a young writer of that ilk these days as it is to stir up a real red-hot argument about whether or not man came from monkeys. The avant-garde I-am-a-genius variety of writer has been out of style since World War II.

Most of the ambitious young writers I know do not grow beards, sleep with each other indiscriminately (either hetero or homo); memorize swatches of the Cantos, or write da-da poetry. A lot of them are fairly responsible citizens who would like to do a good workmanlike job in several fields—including writing. Some of them do their writing of necessity, with an eye to the grocery bill; some do not; some smoke pipes (not for exhibitionism, but because they like pipes); to my knowledge very few of them drink rubbing alcohol or eat goldfish or sit up all night on a Saturday worrying about the problems of Underserved Pain in the Universe. They have little patience with obscurity for its own sake, and none at all for sloppy work.

Most of them are—admittedly—doing the same old, stilted things: trying to communicate, trying to communicate experience, and trying to make that experience intelligible. Onto the great basics (which, as Mr. Ragsdale complains, are fairly standard—birth, death, loss, love, victory, sex etc.) they are attempting to impose some form and shape and meaning. That they do not always completely succeed is the whole history of man; but the mere possibility of succeeding once or twice, or half a

dozen times—that is what makes writing one of the most exciting adventures in the world.

As to "living life," people who so blithely advocate this procedure seem to imply there is a point at which this full and vigorous "living" gets underway, whether by volition, or accident of situation one is not quite sure. Perhaps it occurs when one attains a certain age, like acquiring a Roman toga, at the age of 12 or being baptized. Perhaps the child "lives life," or the sophomore, or the graduate, or the husband, or the parent, or the old man. The truth is that life is always being lived and used up by all of us; the undergraduate is "living" too. He will come yet to larger and (almost certainly) to more meaningful days and thoughts and ideas than these; but this does not discount the discoveries he is now able to make at this point in space and time. One is glad to see a child stumble even though one hopes he will someday walk and run and ascend mountains. All of it is walking; even the times when he falls on his face are a place to grow up from. The wonder is that campus writers do not fall on their intellectual faces more often than they do.

Mr. Ragsdale has one sentence which no one can quarrel—"A good writer is a devil of a hard thing to be." To which one might add that studying writing, and reading good writing, and practicing the fine art of writing itself can surely do no harm; and presumably will help a little.

For today's young writer wants to learn the craft itself as well as he can; because—contrary to Mr. Ragsdale's belief—he is not interested in shouting into a fake microphone merely to hear his own voice; he is terribly concerned that there be a radio set at the other end in good working order.

The last is important. He may ask his reader to be "in good working order," to bring a bit more to this particular story than he might take to Zane Gray on a tired evening, or Nero Wolfe, or Mickey Spillane. But he does not ask that the reader turn into an author himself and put any meaning on the story which suits him. If a story is all things to all men it may be a miracle in the history of language; but it is lousy fiction.

As Mr. Ragsdale suggests, it is a fine thing to get our experience from time and assimilation, but if we do not gain any further and wider experience by reading the works of other people, we are in a dilemma indeed. We are faced with the necessity of living hard and learning everything ourselves, so we can write it all down for the benefit of people who must also learn everything themselves and can't be bothered by reading us.

I submit that this generation of writers is developing a technique and a sense of balance and form which will always stand them in good stead, and which will serve as a good vehicle both for the young and for the less young discoveries which they make and seek to impart. I submit that if all goes well, there will be books and stories from these people which will enrich us all.

I hope Mr. Ragsdale will not be too busy living Life to The Hilt to read a few of them.

Reader's Retort

Historical Function Of The Humanities

Editors: Mr. Calcott's criticism of Dr. Douglass' statement on the humanities ignores the historical function of the humanities. To suggest that answers to the important questions of existence are given in this discipline is to misinterpret its purpose. The concern of the humanities is not to hand out a mimeographed sheet with "the facts," but to train the mind of the student so that he may find his own answers.

Mr. Calcott seems to say that the sciences (social, political, etc.) have arrived at Truth—at least he would maintain that to learn the answers one might better go to the sciences than to the humanities. This, of course, presupposes a faith in experimentation (which constitutes scientific fact) that "objectivity" supplies truth.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Calcott believed that man and the world could better be understood through literature, the graphic arts, history—each of which bears the imprint of man, the individual—than in second order studies which divide him in parts to be observed in test tubes, perhaps he would find humanities less amusing. Living, breathing, thinking man loses his identity in becoming "objectified." What can be said of him at all in point of understanding his problems, in aiding his search for Truth, must come not from the laboratory, but from confronting him in his wholeness—in a play, a poem, or a history book.

Dinnie Gratz

Campaign

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON—One of the things Adlai Stevenson's best friends have not hesitated to tell him is that his campaign for the Presidency in 1952 was a sloppy affair. Authority was never centralized so that no one person could be blamed for the general inefficiency, but this only made it all the more frustrating for the press and politicians generally.

For several reasons, not much was made of this at the time. Stevenson was the underdog, and it was obvious to everyone who had a chance to make comparisons that he was getting nothing like the money and help accorded General Eisenhower. Much was forgiven him, too, for his speeches which hit a new high in campaign oratory.

Reporters might groan as their deadlines approached and the candidate with his own little pencil was still polishing up a paragraph or changing a word, but at least they could get a lead for their stories out of the end product. It almost made up for the fact that at some point in their day they were going to have a struggle with the mere mechanics of covering Stevenson.

In an effort to erase these memories and get an efficient operation underway, Stevenson has been shopping east and west for a campaign manager of proved executive talent. He would prefer a Catholic in the recent party tradition for such posts.

The South is already represented at headquarters by Harry Ashmore, on leave from his duties as editor of the Arkansas Gazette. Mr. Ashmore has been heard to refer to himself as the poor man's Sherman Adams. He has started organizing a press staff and has been trying also to keep happy the visiting firemen who keep coming to see Stevenson in increasing numbers.

One of those sounded out for the campaign post is James Finnegan, the Philadelphian who was a candidate for National Chairman last fall. Finnegan has recovered from the illness which hurt that candidacy, but he is not sure that he ought to leave Pennsylvania. The Democrats have been making a comeback in the state and unexpectedly elected a Governor last year, George M. Leader. But Leader is having his troubles with a Republican legislature and his tax program; the next year will be a critical one in the attempt to consolidate Democratic gains.

The Roundabout Papers

Alas Poor Dunn IV

No Curb Is An Isle



DE AXE done befell, ehle, the times on my neck. Slice number (or should it be "cleaved?") off by anonymous crew who sent me the size of a pillbox. Always a good gimmick, as fascinating packages in the mail can't be anything but and idiotic like a slice for the cold, or a slice left behind some summer vacation—very small package—terribly heady and

ANYWAY, CONFIDENT that the package would be worth its salt fully open with my cleanest fingernails catch hold! Within I found a small slip accompanied by the following note, referred to my recent column celebrating ginning of fraternity rushing: "From That fraternity from which er Be Blackballed."

This consoling little missive was SOB's." I feel properly consoled. My little heart goes pitifully thump! at the assurance that I will from the SOB's.

SLICE NUMBER five was hewn from ing hide by a lady named Dorothy Dunne in France (Paris, to be exact), and chides me for seeming to agree with her on the Luther Hodges question, loudly hedging, the fair Miss Dunne me of trying to take advantage of a vulnerable position.

I am awfully sorry, Miss Dunne, that the passage of time has wrought indifference on the Hodges question has now (I presume) chief fault in this whole matter seems to be that I didn't make myself clear in the My stand on the question is simply the candidate may admittedly need publicity (to borrow, with subtle daring, Bill Stevenson's word) to anyone interested in people must probably consist solely of Hodges by now, that it might be a man to have something to publicize besides and since he can't help but publicize his regardless of whether or not he has to to publicize, it is my contention that he should not cheapen the whole business by gesting that the name is all Mr. Hodges lie. If I make this sentence any longer contradict myself, which is bad because tradition is profoundly confusing and, somnia, neuralgia, aches, pains, harts, and myopia of the medulla oblongata, which complaints I should most strenuously favor of avoiding, which seems to give me practically to the point of placing the ken homes' category.

AND NOW let us glance briefly into macabre, but intriguing world of criminal situation comes immediately to my own brush with the law in that respect as the best example.

It seems that even Carrboro is cross with its parking tickets. Chapel Hill ticket clerk who does nothing but clerk Carrboro is not far behind.

I recall dimly having been issued ticket at the News Inc. in Carrboro recently for parking on the sidewalk. I was doing for some time, but evidently the constabulary call a spade a spade and sidewalk the sidewalk, which is, indeed, able of them. Needless to say, I complained about the ticket. It just slipped my mind Monday, that is, when I was about to park in front of the News late in the afternoon.

MY PROGRESS was halted by the in the Carrboro police car, which drew of me. Chief Williams got out and greeted me congenially, and walked around my license number. Then he came back for my driver's license. I gave it to him.

He copied down my name, assured me the facts that my hair really was BRN on the license, and that my eyes were "BLU."

"You remember receiving a parking ticket the other night, James?"

I managed to control the shock of "James," and replied yes, I remembered.

"Why haven't you paid the ticket?" Williams sharply. A natural question, I myself.

"I forgot it," I said glibly. This was truth, I had.

"Is it worth \$6 to you to forget a parking ticket?" inquired the Chief triumphantly.

I jumped slightly at the sum and wondered that it wasn't worth it at all—sir.

"Well, that's what it's going to cost you don't get around and pay the ticket on o'clock," said the Chief.

He almost had a speeder on his heels, I haste did I shriek round the corner and the Carrboro Town Hall, dollar waving in air, tattered, BRN hair streaming in BLU eyes agogge.



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