

Our Elders Show Lack Of Faith

What—if we may turn the popular phrase about—is the older generation coming to in Chapel Hill?

Chapel Hill Contributing Editor Louis Graves, fresh from a trip abroad, has decided that the campus auto problem is "something for grown people to decide." And he suggests in a recent editorial that the faculty, administration, and trustees treat student opinion in this manner:

"Listen to what they say, treat them courteously and sympathetically, but don't let them usurp functions that belong to grown people."

(The complete text of the Graves edict appears in the adjoining column for those interested enough to follow this line further.)

We admit, as always, that students are not always right. As a matter of fact, The Daily Tar Heel has been contending for some time now that student leaders are mishandling the auto problem.

However, such a venerable Chapel Hillian as contributing Editor Graves knows full well the equally venerable University tradition for student self-government. The University Administration — because it is both educational and convenient — delegates enforcement of many student rules to the students themselves. And, despite what Mr. Graves terms "lack of knowledge and experience," (a shortcoming of many older people, too, students have handled their affairs efficiently and justly, for the most part.

Just as we'd recovered from Mr. Graves' lack of faith in student opinion, we turned to the Greensboro Daily News and O. J. Coffin's column, "Shucks and Nubbins." And there, too, we found the former Journalism School dean grinding young'uns into editorial dust.

Said Mr. Coffin of the fact that more than 350 Duke students are reported to have signed petitions protesting the school's policy of prohibiting Negro students from North Carolina College from attending Page Auditorium plays:

"That's higher education for you: Campus exhibitionists fall all over themselves to put on the same act."

It probably never occurred to the venerable Messrs. Graves and Coffin that — whether right or wrong — students try to assert opinions in good faith, after due thought.

But we waste our time running on, for these fine gentlemen both equate wisdom with age. And we of the young and idealistic turn are to them far from wise.

Duke In Nurse's Arms

Our semi-weekly contemporary across the woods, The Duke Chronicle, is puzzled and powerful let up, because the Carolina Forum, without honorariums, gets better speakers than their student union, with honorariums.

"What," the Duke newspaper cries out in anguish, "is the secret drawing card our friends have over the hill?"

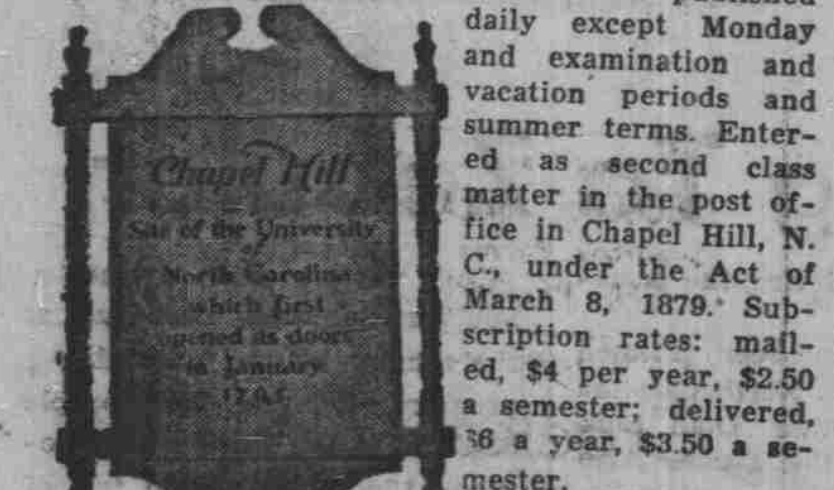
Well, sons, the answer seems as clear to us as the beard on Rip Van Winkle's chin. It's a matter of age. You're looking 'cross the hills and woods, at a place with some age on it; it's been a long time, a time of growing veneration and prestige, since 1793—and a right much longer time at that, sons, since your fathers hauled that Eno River rock up to Durham and built your gothic spires.

If melancholy Jaques (of *As You Like It*) had the seven ages of man right, we reckon we're at least as far up the ladder as the justice, "in fair round belly with good capon lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances."

We hear tell, sons, that the janitors are busy night and day, sanding the medieval look into your stone stairs. When they finish that chore, maybe you can take a shaky step up to the second rung. But for now, look at Jaques' first line — about the infant, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." That's your answer.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Something For Grown People To Decide

Louis Graves
Chapel Hill Weekly

One of the first published statements that met my eyes when I got home last week was one by John W. Umstead, citizen of Chapel Hill and member of the University's Board of Trustees, to the effect that if the University administration did not do something about restricting the possession of automobiles by students, the Trustees would. I hope the Trustees will not find it necessary to act on this, but if the administration doesn't I hope the Trustees will.

I have said in these columns several times that I thought the possession of automobiles by students should be restricted, and I am still strongly of that opinion. The University administration seems to think that this is a matter in which considerable weight should be given to what the students think. There is certainly no objection to giving them an opportunity to express their views, but these views should not be taken as highly important. Many of the students are still adolescents, which means that they are incompetent, from lack of knowledge and experience, to form sound judgments; and most of the others are such a short way beyond adolescence that they are still immature. The great majority of students are minors in the sight of the law, and when any question of University policy is up for discussion, they should also be regarded as minors by the faculty. Listen to what they say, treat them courteously and sympathetically, but don't let them usurp functions that belong to grown people. The University administration is in loco parentis with respect to students and its decisions on student privileges and student behavior ought to be based on that fact.—L. G.

Editors:
Attention Mr. Louis Kraar:
How can anyone admit admiration of a historian of Dr. (Hugh) Lefler's reputation one day, and later express appreciation of Mr. Truman's "... American historical archives — his memoirs?" Either you like and admire good history written in an academic and accepted manner, or you prefer a low level of historical interpretation presented in a biased, "give 'em hell" way, which constitutes the overall idiosyncrasies of our former chief executive.
Or are you younger just plain naive? Ten years from now ask yourself: "Was I ever that stupid?"
Think it over, kid, when you write your future editorials.
C. W. McGee
Age: 44
(Reader McGee would do well to read these youngsters' editorials a bit more closely.)
We do admire Professor Lefler and all the historical integrity for which he stands. We never praised Truman as a professional historian; we only tagged his memoirs as "a fine addition to American historical archives," which no historian would ever debate.)

Reader's Retort

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GM CONCERT
Sandy Moffett, GM Music Committee chairman, has announced that a concert of popular music and jazz will be presented Friday night at 8 in the Rendezvous Room of Graham Memorial.
The program will include such songs as Lazy River, One Mint Julep and It's a Sin to Tell a Lie. Among the performers will be George Ballard, Dave Davis, Mickey Young, Jan Strubling, Bob Olsen and Sandy Moffett.
Moffett said that the performance will be informal. He said that it is the first of a series sponsored by "the popular music half of the committee." According to Moffett the group is trying to work this into a "periodical thing" similar to Petites Musicales.

MONOGRAMMERS MEET
The Monogram Club will meet tonight at 8:30 with an important meeting scheduled. President Jerry Vayda urged all team captains to attend this meeting. Vayda also requested the letter-winners who sold tickets to the dance to please attend the meeting and bring the returns.

The Eye Of The Horse

'What We Ain't Got, Roger'

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was carrying himself against the ivied walls of Gerrard Hall when I saw him. What did we have, an itch?
"It's what we ain't got, Roger," The Horse said it, "that has me Iyving my epidermis. I want I am able to be recognized by Harvards, Elms and Penns and others of my ilk in more than mere football de-emphasis."

Why, what made The Horse think we were de-emphasized pigskinnishly? Had our policy changed?
"Didjou," The Horse didjoued me, "see the so-called Tennessee game? The score could have been 96-7, had Bowden Wyatt of Tennessee so desired."

Yes; Tennessee had played its second and third string shortly after the second period opened, save for occasional injections of Drum Majors and his driving dervishes. An impressive gesture...

"Well, we started our second string," The Horse shrugged, "so whatever comfort there is in it, we outgusted them. But in one way, we are ideally situated."

Yes; Chapel Hill was a lovely setting.
"I mean, ideally situated in a footballly manner of speaking," The Horse corrected me, chewing on a cud of Ivy. "Here is a perfect moment in which to give the game back to the boys; they certainly couldn't do any worse with it than Saturday's fiasco. And we could all of us Tar Heels say, 'Share, they beat the whey outa us; but the boys here run their own team on the field, and it's their game, and not a contest between two coaches and two sets of professional assistants to the two coaches.'"

Oh oh! Going to get onto Barclay, were we?
"Nothing of the kind," The Horse contradicted my suspicions. "Let the powerful alumni block do that, if they wish; it was their idea to bring George down from Washington & Lee, just as it is now their idea to bring Jim Tatum in from Maryland. And just as it was their idea to bring Carl Shavely here, and their idea to boot him out again. My beef is, such a set-up as we now operate under results in bringing praise or censure on a professional coach, and not on amateur athletes."

The Horse did not believe in Coaching Systems? "I believe," The Horse stated firmly, "that the functions of a coach are: (1) To be a leader in whom every man-jack on the squad has confidence, and whom every lad on the squad respects, if not reveres; (2) To instill in the lads a philosophy of the game; (3) To teach them the simple but so important fundamentals of proper blocking, proper tackling, proper ball-handling; (4) To keep them in good physical condition and proper mental balance; (5) To teach them only further-than-basic attack plays as they demonstrate their ability to master basic plays on attack; (6) And on game-days to retire to the grandstand and let the lads, via their Quarterback and their Captain, be he one or several, run the game."

At the moment, "The Horse ignored my display of amazement, "we are engaged in grinding out squads of followers and not of leaders, which the game states to be good for — turning out leaders. Why, the coaches not only say who shall play and who not, but they even now disdain the rule against coaching from the bench if and when their 'substitutes' they send in do not carry the message to the Garcias, or the Olinskys, or the O'Tooles, in satisfying manner."
What! The Horse had seen coaching from the bench? Truthfully, had he!

"Not from the bench, but from the sidelines, which are nearer yet," The Horse averred. "And on both sides of the field, too. Further, it is but right that the 11 lads on a team at one time, or the whole kit and kaboodle of the club, get the fame or the blame, win or lose. I must admit that now, by devious and sly methods, coaches have a cute way of blaming the boys if they lose, and of calling for constructive praise for themselves when their team wins."
What were some of those ways?

"Benching first-stringers from the line because a backfield quartet hasn't mastered the basic position of holding onto the ball on attack. This cute stratagem silently accuses the hard working line of flubbing things," The Horse said it. "Or saying, 'I can't understand what got into the boys to-day, they were gashly; when the truth of the matter is, the better-coached opposition is what got into and among and around and on top of the boys.'"

Well, who and what built up the Coaching Myth?
"A few good coaches, and some enterprising newspapermen who wanted to dramatize their copy," The Horse said. "And that is the whole of it."
Did last Saturday's game mean Bowden Wyatt, in his first season, was the kind of leader that football players followed to his school: Like Fritz Chrysler of Michigan, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, Amos Alonzo Stagg of Chicago fame?

"How could it," The Horse stabbed that question, "when not one man of the Tennessee squad is a Wyatt recruit? No; I think it is our fault — the fault of the schools' administrations — that permit coaches to be built up as supermen, or despised as saps, when the results invite such pro or con action. I could have cried for Barclay last Saturday when I watched him stand there on the line and see the ugly slaughter of his and our hopes. But more than a modicum of my sympathy went to our lads who either would not or could not hold onto the ball, or tackle, or block, or run."

Well, what could we at North Carolina do about it, it was a system!
"Are we not supposed to think constructively, and to take action commensurate with thought?" The Horse quizzed me. "Are we an educational institution, dedicated to progress and sanity and truth; or are we a collection of bindlestiffs and buildings created for the alumni to shove around... and a largely unthinking segment of the alumni, at that? For my part, I am not in the slightest

'What We Ain't Got, Roger'

interested whether Coach Wyatt is a better coach than Coach Edwards, of State, say. What I am interested in is in seeing our Tar Heel warriors acquit themselves, win or lose, in a game that makes for teaching team-play, leadership, quick-thinking, fighting gamely against odds, and fair-play."

The Horse thought his proposal really good?
"The coaches ought to love it," The Horse said. "All they would have to do would be to field teams that knew the fundamentals and with as much hipper-dipper on attack as reasonably they could be

asked to show... after they had mastered the fundamentals! The boys, I know, would go for it, for this way they'd get credit for winning, and not just for losing. And the fans should eat it up because it would be pride in a team, and not in a coach or in a coaching staff."

But, who in our Conference would go along with us, who...?
"Virginia," The Horse chattered gaily. "The other half of the Class of the Conference!"
Durned if I don't think Ol' Hoss has something, for a change!

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MATTER OF FACT

More Geneva Spirit

WASHINGTON—The remarkable result of the first manifestation of the "Spirit of Geneva" is still being generally underrated. Most people in this country cannot quite believe, as yet, that there really is a serious danger of war in the Middle East.

At the State Department, however, the Soviet sale of arms to Egypt, Syria, and Saudi Arabia is frankly stated to have produced a warlike situation of extreme danger. The chances of full-scale war breaking out between Egypt and Israel are variously estimated, of course. But at least one highly responsible authority has stated that the odds are even on an outbreak of war within thirty days.

This, then, is the alarming problem with which the harassed Western Foreign Ministers are trying to cope at the current Geneva conference, in the intervals of arid debate with Vyacheslav Molotov. And this Middle Eastern hornet's nest was stirred up by the Kremlin when the ink was hardly dry on the final communique of the summit meeting at Geneva whose famous "spirit" the Foreign Ministers are now supposed to translate into justice.

It can now be disclosed, furthermore, that the first sales pitch to the Egyptians, to purchase surplus Soviet arms at a low price, was actually made before the summit meeting. The Soviet feeler was put out early last spring, in talks between the Czech and Egyptian Ambassadors in one of the Western capitals. Thus Khrushchev and Bulganin went to their summit meeting with President Eisenhower full of smiles and soap, but with full knowledge, too, that they were about to create a Middle Eastern crisis bristling with menace to the Western Powers.

To drive the point home, as it were, an exactly parallel operation is plainly taking shape at the other end of the Middle Eastern fertile crescent, in Afghanistan. The country is small and infinitely remote, but it is strategically situated. It lies on the flank of Iran. It is the route from Russia to India. In the wicked old imperialist days, the British fought their Afghan wars with the main object of preventing Russia from gaining the upper hand in Afghanistan.

There have been warning signals in Afghanistan for a considerable period. The present King, Mohammed Zahir Shah, is strongly influenced by his cousin and Prime Minister, Prince Daoud. The policy and the administration of Afghanistan are largely in the hands, today, of Prince Daoud and the Minister of Finance, Abdul Malik. And Abdul Malik and Prince Daoud have been playing at put-

ting their hands in the bear's mouth.
Thus far, the game has chiefly taken the form of accepting Soviet credits and admitting large numbers of Soviet technicians to build the roads, graineries, oil storage facilities and other works on which the Soviet credits are being spent. The total of the Soviet credits has been substantially less than the total of American technical aid and of U. S. Export-Import Bank loans to Afghanistan, but the political pay-off seems to have been substantially greater.

Now, moreover, a new phase almost certainly lies ahead. The Afghan radio has just announced the departure of a special mission to Czechoslovakia, to discuss arms purchases there—which is another version of the Egyptian pattern. In addition, Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin are to visit the Afghan capital, Kabul, on their way to or from their visit to India's Prime Minister Nehru.

The Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to Kabul is expected to produce a new Soviet-Afghan treaty, an arms agreement and an economic agreement. The first effect will be to bring Afghanistan rather decisively within the Soviet sphere of influence. But this will not be the only effect.

With Afghanistan under Soviet influence, and with Tibet being dotted with Sino-Soviet airbases and laced with Chinese military roads, the two great Communist powers will command the historic conquerors' approaches to the Indian sub-continent. All of India's long series of invaders, from the dawn-time when the Aryan war bands poured out of the Himalayas to destroy Mohenjodaro and Harappa, have come by these routes until the British, who arrived by sea, Tibet and Afghanistan may seem remote to Indians with historical memories. Communist control of these positions must inevitably affect the course of events in India.

One kind of effect can already be foreseen. Afghanistan and Western-allied Pakistan have been engaged in a fruitless but bitter and interminable dispute about their borders, and about the status of people of Afghan stock living within Pakistan. Feeling ran so high last spring that the Pakistanis closed the border during most of the summer, thus cutting off almost all Afghan trade with the outer world except through the Soviet Union.

Soviet arms in Afghan hands will certainly make new trouble between the Egyptians and the Israelis. So the result of the next manifestation of the "Spirit of Geneva" is likely to be the same as the result that now confronts us—another menacing crisis in a region of great strategic importance.

The Roundabout

Robert Burns
'Wee, Wee, Tim'rous'

"I PROPOSE said to my inner voice... be not quite so... If he is deprived... How say you, my...
The Director of... led the water in... man you're going... column about that... viously. "You might... your time going... earning some... change."

I soothed the... nance with an oil... turned an inquiring... Director of Emergen... The Director had... temptatively laced... ing at the ceiling... do what you like... don't bother me."

"How about Burns... tain Rusty's Burns... suggested the Direc... dency. "I have... which, if put into... lish, might well... point." I invited the... continue. "It goes... recited smoothly."

"He has a fault... nackets: Rusty air... jackets, Wad hand the... in tackets, A foam-p... And parritch-p... saut jackets... Before the Pa...

"If translated, B... has an abundance... nackets: rusty iron... ling jackets, woul... three Latham's... good twelvemonth... pots and salt bu... Flood." See how... and innocuous... sounds? I think... right."

"Waste of time,"... Director of Financ... The Director of... Measures confined... plate the ceiling...

"How about the... Burns — 'The Wee... Tow' or 'The Wee... Yarn. Here, now... verse 3:

"There sat a be... Beyond the light... And of the... 'soak, To drink the... "If you put that... reads, There sat... hole in the wall... flame; and always... other suck, to... yarn." Completely... Burns hadn't spok... might never have... The whole book is... examples! Look... gentlemen."

"Hear, hear,"... of Expediency... "Profiteers, profit... ed the Director of... "I have a poem... Scottish poetry... tor of Expediency... dreamily, looking... ceiling for the first... like this:

"You put the... And I'll put the... before you; For me and my... never meet again... On the boat... of... "All right, all... do, sir, that will... tor of Expediency... outraged.

"I will not be... shouted the Direc... gency Measures... "As a matter of... request that the... urgency Measures... order!" countered... Expediency.

"If you continue... the situation will... sis, in which case... tion will be — a... my poem interpe...