

While Barclay Shivers In The Outer Cold

Rampant speculation about the football coach's job adds little to the dignity of the University.

Coach George Barclay, moving into the victory-crazed atmosphere of the post-Justice days, has operated since his arrival in Chapel Hill under intensive pressure. Newspapers speculate about his chances of staying; alumni hound him for wins; the athletic governors, stopping just short of chopping off his head last year, led him as far as the slaughter pen and, in effect, drew a neat chalk line around his neck where the axe will eventually fall.

H. L. Mencken said, in one of his mordant moments, that he hated sports as much as sports-lovers hate common sense. In view of the crackbrained vengeance with which alumni groups and "sports-lovers" haunt losing coaches, we sympathize. We suspect Coach Barclay almost does too. He is in an embarrassing predicament.

In The Charlotte Observer's page one lead story yesterday, the business reached a height. Observer readers couldn't miss the staring headlines: "The Way Of All Losing Coaches - Barclay On Way Out - Tatum Favored," nor could they miss the Observer correspondent's words: "He is going out because he has not been able to snap a Tar Heel losing skin."

Do we need any other evidence of an out and out commercial approach? If Coach Barclay is to go, what other justification than the "we aren't going to play with you anymore" juvenility do athletic officials need for firing him? Has anyone indicted Barclay for malperformance of the coach's duties? Or suggested that he doesn't fill his function as an educator? Or that he is lax or lazy or incompetent? Or that his players are unsportsmanlike or badly trained? Of course not. He played a gargantuan schedule; he tried; but he lost; and in this open perversion of the idea of college athletics, he must go. The powers that hire and remove coaches appear exempt from the standards under which most employers judge their employees. They need not say Barclay has been a bad football coach. They can simply bark that he has lost and whine for a successor.

Rumor has it that Jim Tatum's carcass will be brought in to answer the barks and whines. In the current talk of the athletic underworld, we patently doubt. Tatum has no bright land in Chapel Hill; he already scolded the freshman football team with his own prospects. We hope the whole situation is false; but if it is true, a disgraceful fraud has been worked on the University.

In E. E. Cummings' words, we have pulled the wool over our toes and gone to hell... and Coach Barclay, who deserves wide sympathy, is shivering in the outer cold.

One Mistake With Two Punishments

Unfortunately for what seems to be fair administration of justice, students are frequently tried for civil offenses by both civil courts and student courts.

When we brought this matter up recently, defenders of the status quo contended that this double prosecution for the same incident does not constitute double jeopardy. Perhaps not, technically speaking, but is this present system of double trial fair?

Here's how it works: A student, for instance, is arrested in town for disturbing the peace. And, according to local town laws, he is hauled into court and, if guilty, he pays for his crime.

Then, after the student has paid his debt to Chapel Hill society, the student courts frequently take the same offender and try him, not for disturbing the peace, but for violating the Campus Code.

The Daily Tar Heel suggests that this double payment for the same mistake... though technically not the same crime... be abolished. This could be brought about quite simply: Student courts could intervene and try offenders, instead of the town courts.

Some student jurists have contended that this would involve extensive checking of local court dockets in and around Chapel Hill. To this we say: To protect even offenders against this double trial threat, it would be worth the time and trouble.

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 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester. LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER

Just Plain Prejudice

Dave Pardington

In a recent issue of The Daily Tar Heel there was a blank space prefaced by a few editorial remarks that said, and I paraphrase because I'm too lazy to check the direct quote, "We have been told that The Daily Tar Heel ought to print student opinion. Here's the space; write (or print) yours." I thought it was a clever dig, but actually, the paper is only too happy to print any letter a student takes the trouble to send in. They already print student opinion.

In collecting all the available copies of that issue for my grandmother's scrap book, I noticed that not a single space was filled in. And after the Tar Heel had gone to all that trouble! The least they could have done was fill in some of the intelligent, constructive, well-thought-out things, like those who blow hardest opine.

Example I. "Well sir, the student legislature holds the purse strings of The Tar Heel. We'll whittle the editors salary down to nothing!" (The two editors make something like two cents an hour for a 36-hour week.)

Example II. "Why don't they make a packin' lot out of upper quad? It ain't got much grass on it anyway."

Example III. "Huuuhh?" (Translation: What, me worry?)

Now this is my opinion of student opinion, and if I have stepped on anybody's toes I will gladly send him a chlorophyll gum ball, with the sincere hope that it don't break his spirit.

The Round Up

Willie Morris Daily Texan

TIME MAGAZINE, unchallenged monarch among contemporary weeklies, elicits a somewhat time-worn paradox. Its most complacent readers are those who derelict it most.

They profess hatred for the magazine, for its views, for its publisher (Henry Luce), for its publisher's wife, Clair Booth Luce, and, less openly and perhaps more ashamedly, for the influence it plays on their own thinking.

Probably no other periodical in the nation, with the exception of Facts Forum and others of the school, produces such egregious partisanship under the physiognomy of objectivity. Time is undilutedly Republican. It is scurrilous in its treatment of left-wingers, yet staunchly favorable to racial desegregation. And only in a few isolated departments does it fail to show a brutal opposition to all things.

Among the rather elusive genre of the informed, Time is a reincarnation of the Scripture. It is bound and shelved in a matter becoming only the slick-paged, academic National Geographic. It is read diligently from cover to cover, quoted, and cherished as ultimately authoritative on everything from the galaxy to the anemic amoeba.

Despite its rather obvious bias, Time continues to be read.

The reason, we believe, is finely enmeshed in the human element. Its scribes are experts in contriving humor from the humors. Into the world's salient happenings they inject the flesh and

blood of daily living, amply frosted with some of the most picturesque language on record. They combine the dramatic with the tongue-in-cheek, and they are unchallenged masters at the ticklish game of making the readers read.

Its verbiage can be intensely descriptive. "Molotov, among the Yugoslavs, seemed as uncomfortable as a Sigma Chi at a Kappa Sig rush party," or "The Gross National Product, like an electrocardiogram on the nation's economic heartbeat, condenses on one graph the pulsations of the whole U.S. economy." And on.

But the real drawing card, probably acknowledged quite unconsciously by the average reader, lies in a thing called perspective. Bias and all, Time is the only magazine that brings the news of the globe together so that the reader can own some sort of perspective on the happenings of the day.

Casual reading of newspapers won't do it. One could read daily the front pages of every paper in Texas and still remain abysmally ignorant of the trends of the times. Time parcels the seemingly unrelated events of a week into well-laid compartments. The rest is comparatively easy.

To draw mention in a Time article is the sign of sure success. And to make its cover is the hope of every man for himself, his wife, his son, his professor, and his fraternity brother. Such a distinction is unmistakably the mark of immortality.

Even Time has said as much. And, if you're a Republican, or a fence-straddler, or a sometimes Democrat, that means it's irrevocably so.

Let Me Take You Away From All This



State GOP Line Dusted Off Again

To Purist Be Or Not

Adlai Stevenson tried to carefully avoid splitting an infinitive when he announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for President. His text contained the phrase, "If my party sees fit to so honor me." By quick thinking, Mr. Stevenson managed to successfully change the wording to "see fit to so honor me" the first and second time he read it for the avid newsreel cameramen, but the third time it came out as written.

Our own reaction is to slightly balk at the "see fit to so honor me" construction. We feel that the way it was written is about as good word order as one is likely to practically manage. Robert Benchley once tried to effectively cope with this kind of problem, in the sentence "It is our purpose to further cement trade relations," and after a number of false starts recommended that it be changed to "It is our purpose to let trade relations slide," since, he explained, he did not care that much about trade relations.

This ingenious way out is not open to Mr. Stevenson, who clearly does care that much about whether his party sees fit to honor—or even, we suspect, if it came right down to it, to so honor—him. Either way there will be no widespread doubt of his meaning. So it wouldn't seem to substantially matter.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

White House Education Conference

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON—The long-awaited White House Conference on Education which was planned as a calm, controlled exercise in propaganda meets this week in a potentially explosive atmosphere.

America's drastic shortage of teachers and schools, which many felt was a national humiliation, was abruptly moved last week into the realm of national danger by Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss. Strauss warned that Soviet education was outstripping ours in the vital areas of science and engineering. The AEC now plans to ask Federal subsidies to train nuclear experts.

With this, Strauss has cut squarely across the line taken by managers of the White House Conference who have carefully refrained from spelling out any such emergency as he describes. Their handbook for the 2,000 delegates mentions a rough estimate of the financial needs of U. S. schools but generally implies that the case for Federal aid still needs to be proved.

Their attitude has already caused doubts and misgivings among educators, politicians and labor. The attempt of the national committee to soft-pedal the question of Federal aid especially met with resistance in the state conclaves which preceded this week's meeting. In New York, for example, the state conference revolved against its leadership and forced inclusion of a recommendation for outright Federal aid to schools.

This demand has been echoed by individuals and in other states. The new admissions of the Atomic Energy Chairman about the crisis in national defense growing out of school and teacher shortages will strengthen the hands of those who want action and not more talk.

What form the fight will take remains to be seen. It is a very large conference here, by far the most extensive undertaken in this field. The delegates will be apportioned to 180 tables of eleven persons each with a chairman of its own selection. This has already led to complaints that the chairmen are being "handpicked." Later however each table gets to select its own chairman and from panels of those chairmen will come the final recommendations.

There are as yet no signs that the "activists" have any plan for joint action, but such plans could easily develop. For example at least four Democratic National Committee women are delegates all formidably articulate and all representing Governors who are outspoken liberals. They are Lucia Cormier of Maine, Margaret Price of Michigan, Thelma Sharp of New Jersey and Emma Guffey Miller of Pennsylvania.

Any attempt by the White House to use its close control system to stifle discussion would certainly provoke rebellion in which the educators would join. Many of them are frankly eager for some kind of explosion which would arouse the public to the need for action.

Whatever happens here this week, the question of Federal aid for education will be a political issue next year. It is on Democratic leader Johnson's list for Congressional action, and it is widely expected that the Administration will offer its own plan.

THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

Christmas On Franklin St.: Ragtime Drums

J. A. C. Dunn

Chapel Hill underwent its annual Santa Claus Parade last Monday night. Generally speaking, Chapel Hill is pretty susceptible to parades. One has only to nudge one's neighbor, it seems, and mutter "parade" and before one has time to get out of the way the streets are lined with people all waiting for the local bands to pass in review.

Monday was no exception. I took up a stand in front of Obie Davis' Esso, stamped my feet, turned up my collar, blew on my hands, and invited a small wayward child to get off my shoe because he was driving all the blood out of my foot and hadn't he better put his mittens on so his hands wouldn't get any colder than they already were? The small child looked at me as if I were the last word in zombies and vanished behind his mother.

"THEY'RE RIGHT down there where that blinking red light is," said a father to his daughter, the wind whipping icy tears into his eyes. The Carboro police car walled once or twice and hove slowly into view followed by a red station wagon swathed in a banner, which invited all within sight to "Fill An Empty Stocking."

Close on the exhaust pipe of the Empty Stocking came four marines in dress uniform, guarding the colors, stamping professionally, and shouting orders to one another.

Executing an energetic and rather helter-skelter dance step, six drum majorettes of the Chapel Hill high school doggedly followed the marines. The whole entourage stopped momentarily right in front of me.

"Is it cold?" someone in the crowd shouted to one of the drum majorettes. "No, it's hot," answered the girl, pulling at her collar with a black-gloved hand. "Except for my legs. My legs are freezing." Her legs did look a bit cold. She glanced at me and gave me a look as if

READER'S RETORT

A Dissenter 'With Much Disgust'

Editors:

I have read your editorials all year with much disgust, but the one entitled "All Mankind—Minus One" goes too far for me. I will not go into other articles, but this one is a shame, not only to the University, but to you. How on earth can you even think of siding with a convicted Communist traitor?

I for one don't see that Mr. Douglas or anyone else owes "Servant of Brotherhood" Scates a damn thing in the way of debate. He has had his "day in court" and had for many years the right to debate. Why does any one with any self-respect have to argue with Mr. Scates now that he has been convicted under the Smith Act? The only thing wrong with his conviction was that they did not hang him.

Sure, you must have freedom of speech, but not from a dedicated Communist who has as an objective the overthrow of our government.

More power to Mr. Douglas and

anyone else who steers clear of any person or organization who has, as its objective, the airing of traitors' opinions or views. I don't think anyone owes Mr. Scates a damn thing but six years in prison and that is too good for him.

By the way—who gives you these editorials you write? I know they don't reflect "student opinion" as I am quite sure the majority of the students don't endorse them. You look as if you could be "toeing the well-known line" a little better.

Driver's Clinic

Q: How many seconds will it take to safely decelerate from 60 miles an hour?

A: At 60 mph you are traveling 88 feet per second. If you decelerate at the rate of 14 feet per second, it will take about six seconds to stop. While this rate is comfortable for adults, it can throw a small child out of the seat.

Q: How can you sign if it is snowing?

A: By its setting. Q: Why should you walk on the left side of the road? A: By facing the wheels they can see your speed and load condition to quickly detect danger there.

'Be Sure To Give Mine Special Attention'



SANTA CLAUS came next, riding the trailer behind a tiny little car, pulled by a tiny little boy, the whole of it possessively surrounded by a boisterous little boy scouts. Santa Claus, who was himself, waved heartily and almost fell over the trailer.

After him came the Lincoln high school band, a striking six-foot Negro boy who busily which added another foot to the band was drumming frantically. Negro seem to be able to do anything simple, whang it up and go like seventy. The jazzy speed is quite a relief after a color guard. Anyway, the Negro, like seventy in ragtime as usual, of perfection, they were marching. I can't do that, I thought to myself. I drum that fast and march at the same time they did, and with them came a steady Negro children flooding along the parade.

After they had streaked out of the street like billy-bred-damned, there came a load of unidentified, heterogeneous people whom were whispering a Christmas of whom were waving to friends in the crowd was a large, cryptic sign on the rear, coolly announcing "Merry Christmas."

AFTER THE migration of Negroes past, and after Bontosaurus Reel, the parade was, had swung faintly away, the Lincoln high school band, who were joyfully and triumphantly in front of the Smith Building on Columbia Street, with the help of Norman Gordon, who was of a PA system) could be heard haltingly, persently Santa Claus put in another wowed, scratched where his beard touched the throng below for a session and general merriment.

I never did see that drum majorette who is "Ree" to whom the people in the crowd cheerily wished a Merry Christmas.