

# The Day of The Thoroughly-Oiled Machine

Loudest hand-clapping of the week goes from us to Dr. Hugh Lefler of the history department, for telling a Charlotte Observer reporter what we suspect most faculty members feel on big-time athletics but won't say: The purpose of educational institutions is to develop brains, not bawn.

These crazy pressures that say you have got to win... We're letting the side-show run away with the main show. Intercollegiate football does not develop athletes—they're players when they get here, or they wouldn't have scholarships...

There's a certain amount of hypocrisy in intercollegiate athletics. The pressure to win often makes honest men dishonest... But, Dr. Lefler, that's heresy. This is the day of the thoroughly smug, the thoroughly oiled system. This is the day of the big time system with a motor of frenetic outside fans, with directors who are embattled commercial entrepreneurs, with many executors who play for pay and cars and things.

Most of the faculty deplores what is happening," adds Dr. Lefler, "but it is not in our hands."

Strange, isn't it, that some faculty members have the naive, cobwebby idea that an educational institution depends on its teachers and that they ought to have some small say-so? Crochety of them, isn't it, to dare say that some of the thousands lavished on football and basketball teams would look better in books, buildings, and teachers? Old-fashioned of them, isn't it, to advocate development of the brain in universities?

Perhaps the naive one, the idealists, the dwellers in the ivory tower, are walking relics of an antique age when football players studied math on the bench. Perhaps education has gone out of education.

Perhaps, if we may be indulged a spurt of psychology, sanity is out of date.

## Time For Reviewing 'The Alumni Review'

The current issue of *The Alumni Review*, like other issues of this monthly magazine, seems to serve as a sad reminder that this organ is doing little to stimulate intellectual interest in the University.

As the single contact point between the University and most alumni, *The Alumni Review* falls decidedly short of its mark of reflecting the University. Instead, it tends to resemble a promotion pamphlet.

The contents of the magazine are frankly just these items: (1) News rewritten from the past month's newspapers (2) Promotion items asking for money (3) Columnious pages of car notes.

Carolina is a place where minds work, where teachers carry on research and teach—not just a physical plant, a place for football games. But the alumni magazine concentrates more on the latter than the former, more on the superficial aspects of the University than on its real work.

Since the magazine goes to every Alumni Association member, it has great possibilities of aiding the University; its potential for good is unlimited. Thus, we strongly suggest some concrete and quick changes:

1. The Alumni Review should draw upon the faculty of the University for interesting and informative articles of intellectual interest. Many faculty members, though scholars, write sharp, interesting prose, and most have something to say. Why not let them say it to the alumni?

2. Class notes should be limited, instead of allowed to crowd the bulk of the magazine.

3. News items should be interpretative. Since the initial happenings are usually several weeks to a month old, the Review could explain their significance and give their background.

Perhaps with these — and other — changes *The Alumni Review* would pack more intellectual punch and would depict the University as it really is, not merely its physical facilities and athletic events.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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# GOP Attempt In Campaign Just Flops

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON—The top Republicans who are trying to put foreign policy out of bounds in the 1956 campaign are giving the Democrats credit either for complete loss of memory or a truly unlimited capacity for Christian charity.

As a political maneuver their efforts are a flop. Democrats are inflamed by their pious attitudes, and observers are recalling with relish the proficiency shown by these same Republicans with foreign policy brickbats in 1952, 1953 and 1954.

President Eisenhower first picked up approvingly a statement by Democrat Senator George of Georgia that foreign policy ought to be nonpartisan in an election year. Vice-President Nixon chimed in, supporting Eisenhower. Then Secretary of State John Foster Dulles got into the act, just as George was beating a retreat with the stand that "constructive criticism" was okay.

Dulles loftily called on both Republicans and Democrats to abstain from "partisan debate" in the coming campaign. He incautiously added that Republicans had an excellent record in this regard.

That did it. Democrats regard Eisenhower as an echo and Nixon as an imitator of whatever tactic seems most likely to succeed at the time. But Dulles in their view is the architect of what they call the slander that their failures in foreign policy were tainted with treason.

# 'One More Question: Do You Play Golf?'



THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

# Grave-Diggers Ride Again

J. A. C. Dunn

NOW THEN, about this Smith dorm grave business. The plot gets thicker and thicker. Every time I turn around someone else has gotten himself included in the list of those involved, or some new development has reared its ugly head.

AS a result of several telephone conversations with gentlemen who speak in muffled voices, and clandestine meetings with people in little-frequented nooks here and there, I am now at liberty to tell at least part of the background to this whole affair.

In the news story explaining the more visible facts of the Smith dorm grave last Thursday, there was mentioned a student who admitted to having engineered the delivery of the flowers to the Smith Dorm coed, and who admitted to having trotted out late at night on a local highway and dug up some dirt so he could create the grave. This student says, however, that the whole plot is not his idea. Whose idea is it? Well gather 'round, dearly beloved 'earners...

The student was put up to it by a mysterious gentleman who claims to be from the University of Virginia and who knows more about the student than the student knows about him. This gentleman also claims to belong to a club called the "7-13 Club" (thus the numbers "7-13" on the grave marker perhaps, whose members call themselves (appropriately, too, one would think) the "Birds of the Wilderness." (hence the Greek letter "psi" on the gravemarker, which is possibly not "psi," but a bird track). The Birds are behind it all, using the nameless Carolina student as an operator.

FURTHERMORE, THE Birds aren't through. The operator, the nameless student, received a telephone call the day before yesterday from one of the Birds, who said that the next caper (just to use a real thuggish, Spillane-like term was called off, that publicity was getting a bit out of hand (news stories about the grave appeared in the Durham Herald and the Winston-Salem Journal on Thursday), and to wait for orders.

The "next caper" was almost unbelievable. The next time the coed who received the flowers had a date, her date was to call her for her neatly laid out in a hired hearse. Flowers, a grave, a hearse; the sequence is a little bit out of order, but the effect is the same—about as macabre as one can get. The classified ad about the grave which appeared in

yesterday's DTH was put under my door with instructions to wave it round.

What comes next I cannot say. Perhaps I shall have to undergo a few more muffled telephone calls and furtive meetings. It should be interesting though, considering the amount of money which has already been expended in convincing the poor Smith coed (who has my complete sympathy, for what little good it does her) that someone was a bit put out when he discovered that she didn't love him with scorching passion.

Of course it would be fun if there were some more developments. I rather like playing detective, go-between, sleuthing journalist, private eye (I've always wondered what a "public eye" was), and, generally, a cum laude graduate of a Night School For Young Halfwits. Perhaps the OSS or the FBI needs me. Or, better yet, perhaps they need the Birds of the Wilderness.

Lots of clever little fibs, you say? Maybe so. I have yet to meet or even see a Bird of the Wilderness. All I know is what I write for the papers, and I only learn that by muffled phone calls. Tune in next issue for the next blood-freezing installment.

NOW THAT I have my head under the journalistic guillotine, I would gabble a word or two about Odell Stutts.

Mr. Stutts ferreted me out of my recluse the other night and said perhaps I might be interested in the fact that he had taken over the Wishing Well from Bob Fine and was revamping same.

I expressed interest by borrowing one of Mr. Stutts' cigarettes.

The Wishing Well, said Mr. Stutts, would be open for the Duke game under a new system, which involves, basically, the fact that the establishment is now being run primarily for students. No more cover charge on weekends, inside and outside service, a good place to take your late outside town, away from academic hurly-burly. After December 9, Mr. Stutts said he was going into business on a slam-bang scale; this includes changing the name of the Wishing Well, and various other improvements. But he will be open and operating today and tonight, ready to receive sundry students, Carolina students, Duke students, any kind of students.

Of Mr. Stutts himself, it is interesting to note that he graduated from the Business School here last June, after having earned his way through school working at the Port Hole, the Carolina Inn, and the Village Grill. He is now finishing off a tour of duty with the state revenue department, and living in the Village Apartments with his wife.

# Reader's Retort: On The Presidency

Editors: I see that the AAUP suggests that the next University President have, among other qualities, "a formal education, broad and intensive, of a quality that commands the respect of educators." My question is—can such an education be obtained at this University? Are not those professors wanting something that they cannot find in their own bailiwick? N. C. State college does not produce such men, nor does any

science department here at Chapel Hill. I feel. Maybe the English Department requires of its Ph.D.'s a "broad and intensive formal education," but I think not. Everyone knows that products of English departments are not broad but very specialized. And yet there is an urge in many students to go the "broad" way but they are continually advised to go the narrow. If you major in physics, you minor in math, etc. etc. So let the AAUP committee suggest (yawn) a man with broad and intensive formal education, the lawyers suggest an honest millionaire who is against socialism, the students a reformer, the farmer a native son, and the city dweller Arthur Godfrey. And who would I suggest? I would suggest an honest man or that next best thing, an active man. For if a man does not act, how shall we know him? Mortimer Adler is my choice. Charles Lucas

# Survival In The Election For President

James Reston N. Y. Times

WASHINGTON—The Society for the Exposure of Political Nonsense was organized in Washington this week and drafted a list of suggestions on how to survive the Presidential election of 1956.

The S.E.P.N. is an anti-bokum or counter-buncombe organization whose purpose is to oppose massive silliness, to limit the duration of Presidential campaigns to a month or two if possible, and to revive and sustain the art of audible laughter, whistling and other forms of heckling at political rallies.

It is not opposed to milder forms of nonsense. It recognizes and welcomes the need for frivolity in a long campaign and has no use for solemn bores, but it is against the deadpan circulation of political trash, quackery, lies, phony slogans and all other form of political hokey, regardless of their source.

The idea for the organization came originally from Gov. Averell Harriman's statement that he was "for" Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, but not necessarily for him for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

It got another boost when Senator Estes Kefauver said he had trouble being "coy" and indicated that he might not run in 1956 because he wanted to be home with the kids.

Gov. Goodwin Knight of California helped along the idea, too, by announcing, honest injun, that he really wasn't trying to gang up on Vice President Nixon, and the Vice President himself made a contribution by indicating that the one (1) and only thing he was thinking about these days was the efficient operation of the Government while the President was away.

There have been some other provocations, such as Senator Richard B. Russell's tactical and temporary flirtation with Gov. Frank Lausche of Ohio, and Stevenson's crack that Eisenhower was running a Government "of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich," but the thing that really put the S.E.P.N. in business was the mounting pressure to make the Presidential campaign and even the Presidency itself look like a rest cure.

Representative Joseph W. Martin the Republican leader in the House, remarked the other day another term by a landslide and with "no strain at all."

"He would need to do very little campaigning," added the little champion from Massachusetts. "Make three or four radio and television speeches, and that's it."

Mr. Martin's theories about the comparative strain of life in the White House and life on a farm were even more original.

"I can see how it would be less strain in the White House than it would be on the farm in Gettysburg," said Mr. Martin, explaining that a man might be tempted to do many things on a farm while he might "hold back" in the White House.

Mr. Martin was kind enough to leave the decision up to the President, but Senator George H. Bender of Ohio, the loudest bell-ringer in the Republican party, called a press conference yesterday and said straight out that President Eisenhower "should and will run for re-election."

The statement from Chagrin Falls differed from Mr. Martin about the speeches the President would have to make. He said Mr. Eisenhower could win without making any speeches at all, and he added, in one of the philosophical gems of the century (borrowed from Teddy Roosevelt), "We must all either wear out or rust out, every one of us. My choice is to wear out."

Mr. Bender did not say what Mr. Eisenhower's choice was, and of course he knows no more about it than the Nizam of Hyderabad, but he told the reporters that he was sure the President agreed with him "He would not want to spend the rest of his days on a rocking chair rest the man the rocking chair on his farm in Gettysburg."

That did it. Mr. Bender's wisdom was on the ticker at 12:12 Friday afternoon. By 1 o'clock the Society for the Exposure of Political Nonsense was in business, and by 2:30 a draft of the suggestions for enabling the poor voter to survive until the first week in November of 1956 was in circulation.

The suggestions follow: Ignore all political statements until Christmas. This is the political silly season.

# The Eye The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was busy having about Carolina Blue and Innocent White rickety frame, when I saw him. I think he was a zebra...

"Nope; and I'm not even a horse of Roger." The Horse stated, "although campus stalwarts, both of the undernone-of-their-business type, thought oned ancient Football's place in affairs."

What! Only a very few said so? "Well, after all, I listen to only a bodies ever." The Horse shrugged, on the subject do not mean I am and a dyed-in-the-hide one."

Didn't The Horse mean, dyed-in-the-Horse horsed, "But perhaps the argument I heard in favor of professional ball at this here now seat of North Carolina is at the same time as handsome a history as you'd care to hear."

"That was." The Horse affirmed, "impossibly to disguise his generally a triple coating of Carolina Blue, of the Alumni Giving lists and the lists would reveal a preponderance of friends who gave to Football also university's general good, the inference they became ennuied with our underes, year after year, to professional for example, Dooks, Sooners, South Twerpish Terps, and their likes—contributing to Alumni Giving."

And The Horse perceived errata in "Yup." The Horse yipped. "Then and them as has money are called various gimme gimmicks that are at them. Indeed, it is likely that if rifice academic validity to pishin anxious solicitations would receive tort, "You're making enough dough to run the whole she-bang—so... go go go."

The Horse, then, saw no economic having us a bigtime Football club!

"Shure I do, shure I do." The ed me by being reasonable. "I pre supporting a good and comprehensive Department and general athletic program. So?"

"So we have Big Business, in the cheek-by-jowl with Dedicated Education. avered. "And this is all well and a proper sense of proportion is maintained. So! The Horse was agreed with Footballing!

"As usual, Roger," The Horse murred "you are a blubber-brained boob. I sense of proportion," didn't I? Well, heard of an American businessman Wall Street, Churchman or Saloon-Knight mitted he was getting enough of and or Little Silver, even when he might a take of perhaps double what he might regard as proper proportion? If a Big Program succeeded in culling two dollars, next year's aim of the Big ballers, next year's aim of the Big inhuman nature, that's all, for Mill through for all you can get, and not need."

But if Big Business Football would in—wasn't it okay to go after it?"

"By the same token, Roger," The absently drinking a noggin of the past the basement of a church on the second it would pep up vespers and add to unveil a Jackie Gleason chorus of a church choir simply because it would backsliders off their backs of a Sunday into church?"

I thought that was—well, geececece "Would you suggest we move The of Lenoir's bargain-basement and onto Level of our wonderful Library to enter and to provide, out of the profits to pay and a little more staffing for the That would be silly!"

"Shure it would," The Horse shuttered you aren't interested in horseing the Library. The Library is only the life of campus body it is not a pretty Football show the sensation-loving public."

Well, gee, after all, it wasn't the ness to maintain itself as a money-making "So why is it Football's place in as a money-making venture to support athletic activity on campus?" The "Because somebody discovered that made, under certain conditions of sure and propaganda, to do just that."

I thought The Horse exaggerated, argument to make a questionable point a logical way to support an Athletic "Ah, yes, logical," The Horse chided him when he chitters!—through Carolina "But is it logical to demand that in a class get an A on every quick? ask a professor to present nothing but

Silly, silly, silly. The Horse was "Well, the Big Business Footballing The Horse snapped, "by asking our to get an A on every Football game, every Saturday, every year, jack on our team to be an All-American to be Coach-of-the-Year every year. The Horse, then, didn't think winning portant?"

"Only," The Horse grinned evilly, game! Brother, if we win this one, we and Bud Wilkinson to assist Coach of year. Beat Dook! Beat Dook BEAT Dook give George another three years!"