

So We're Superior

(Today's guest editorial, condensed below, was written by Ed Kent, Chairman of the Yale Daily News. It is a commentary on the Holiday article which proclaimed the superiority of Ivy League Colleges to all others and — among other regrettable phrases — referred to state universities as "rabbit warrens of education.")

To judge by the communications which we have received from non-Ivy League colleges recently, Henry Morton Robinson's recent article in Holiday magazine on the "Natural Superiority of the Ivy League" has probably done as much to set back the cause of the liberal arts (Mr. Robinson supported them) as any other single publication this year. An eloquent representative of the lost generation (BA Columbia, 1923), Mr. Robinson imposes grandiloquent rhetoric upon a jumble of partially comprehended educational theories and practices to achieve a brash if scarcely convincing synthesis—the superiority of the Ivy League. A true son of his generation, Mr. Robinson's faith in this ideal seems to be as hollow as his own brand of Ivy League self-confidence. He concludes his article—"In the intellectual Armageddon now looming over America, the enemies of higher education will attempt to destroy all cultural standards but their own; and if they succeed our final state of mediocrity will be infinitely worse than anything that has yet been seen . . . the conferring of meaningless BA degrees on students who couldn't possibly have earned them under the present high standards of Ivy League education."

The mock heroic romanticism of the twenties so capably exemplified by Mr. Robinson is a valuable historical study for our present generation because it represents a weakness which we ourselves must overcome. In the early decades of the twentieth century our Ivy League predecessors were emancipated from traditional cultural controls by the relativistic discoveries of the social sciences. Unfortunately, the zeal with which our forebears attacked old cultural values left them scarcely sufficient time or energy to discover new ones. Freedom can be a dangerous goddess, and for many of our Ivy League parents it was associated with negative reaction from values rather than positive selection of the best values for the individual, the acceptance of responsibility which follows inescapably from freedom.

It is as unjust to categorize all Yale students as intellectually immature as it is to call them socially adolescent, but a quiet conversation with any fraternity steward or New Haven taxi driver will soon convince you that Yale's prep school product is as naive about the facts of social life as the wretched high school junior, or foreign student aged 12. The most obvious symptom of this immaturity is the typical fraternity attitude towards drinking. Any civilized man knows that there is a proper time and place for drinking, that quality, not quantity determines drinking enjoyment. However, possibly at a loss for conversational subject matter due to their immature approach to education, all too many of our fraternity brethren are thrown back upon that alcoholic oblivion which they hope perhaps will disguise their lack of individuality and intellectual ability. We would not mourn their loss scarcely so much if they did not impose their weakness upon others less fortunate than themselves, namely their dates. It seems to have become an acceptable Yale practice for some of our young heroes when the evening is not going so well to exit via the bottle.

For the future of Yale it is encouraging to note the increasing population trend which should permit Yale to be more selective in its entrance requirements. . . . And perhaps, too, dates can come to Yale with some assurance of meeting men rather than boys. To alter Mr. Robinson's sentiments somewhat, maybe we will extend Ivy League standards such that we will no longer need to confer BA degrees on students who couldn't possibly have earned them!

Carolina Front— Alumni Cheer, Critics Jeer The Big-Time

Louis Kraar

EVERY TIME someone calls for a bit of sanity in college athletics, the cry goes up—as if led by rows of alumni cheerleaders—that the critic is a traitor.

This reporter, finding himself in that position at the moment, has observed that it's no longer a lonely stand. Others, distinguished educators like President Griswold at Yale, hold the same view—that college athletics should be amateur.

I like football. I like Carolina. And I enjoy seeing Carolina win football games. But I don't like to see coaches fired simply because they can't win all their games, students in school just because they can play football, and emphasis on winning so strong that it obscures all else.

OTHER VOICES have been raised lately about this winning fever. None seem as frantic as big-time football's ardent defenders, but many sound more reasonable.

The University of Missouri student newspaper put it this way: "College football has ceased on the 'big-time' level to be an amateur sport. At many colleges, football players are scouted all over the country. Large gifts and scholarships are paid for the services of promising high school athletes. All this is done with one thing in mind—an undefeated football team that brings fans and folding money into the kitty."

Then, if prefer a more Southern point of view, take the University of Miami. Its paper declared recently: "... Overemphasis on football has in far too many instances split the team from the student body in all but name. Except on game days, the players are about as remote from the student body as the Board of Trustees.

All but drowned in the cheers of the old grads and the downtown quarterbacks are a few voices pleading that the first function of a University is education. They deplore the practices that present fierce competition has led, to such as double academic standards, alumni subsidies and other special deals.

Finally, the aristocratic-minded Cavalier Daily has spoken out against the evils of big-time athletics. The University of Virginia paper put it this way: "Of course athletics must be an integral part of the life of a University, as must social activity and many other areas of development for the student. But none of these can rival or overshadow the primary object of the school, when such occurs through overemphasis, it can only weaken the complete structure."

NATURALLY THERE's another side to the story.

At Iowa State College, one of the football coaches teaches an informal spectator class in big-time football. According to the Iowa State Daily, such classroom training on "various offensive and defensive systems on the blackboard" will give a "more lasting appreciation for the fall sport."

And at the University of Texas, the paper contends that only at a football pep rally will one find the "great sense of institutional feeling, felt in the books and ideas and the ambitions, but embodied only in Saturday afternoons of young autumn."

SUCH IS the situation at other schools. I have mentioned these at length because I think they lend some perspective to what will happen here this week.

Unless my guess is wrong (and it's not really my guess), the present football coach will be fired—will not have his contract renewed, as the officials put it. Coach George Barclay probably will be the victim of big-time football at Chapel Hill. That decision is up to Chancellor R. B. House, who will rule with the advice of the alumni-dominated Athletic Council and the Faculty Committee on Athletics.

I hope the Chancellor makes the right decision, the one that his learned mind and good heart tell him is best. The pressures are strong. But he can be strong, too.

'Other Than That, We Got Nothing'



A Frenchman Looks At Hodges' 'Report To People'

Yves Laulan

IN READING GOVERNOR HODGES' "Report to the People," one cannot help being struck by the weakness of the reasons he gives in favor of his program for a voluntary segregation of schools. It is very easy to point out the support of "some prominent Negro leaders," so long as their numbers and names are not revealed. It is equally easy to assume that the "colored citizens will in time realize the benefit of such a program," all the more as they are not asked to voice their opinion for it. In fact, one might question whether segregation of the educational system can really be efficient, fair or simply democratic.

ECONOMIC ARGUMENT

It is no use to consider the constitutional issue which this program raises, for this question has already been discussed again and again, but the economic grounds of such a program appear at the outset rather unsound. This report acknowledges a grave deficiency in school building in the state, a situation common to the whole of the United States; on the other hand, it is also admitted that the economic and financial situation is not so good, since its improvement this year is due "to some other states' misfortune rather than our good fortune" in the very words of Governor Hodges. Besides, it is well known that a twofold educational system is about twice as expensive as a single integrated one. It thus follows that the separation of the schools will impair the improvement of educational means on the one hand, and add to the financial difficulties of the state as well.

FAIR OR EQUAL?

Even if the principle of segregation, to be discussed further on, be granted, can it be seriously contended that such a system will provide for fair and equal chances? It is well known that the standard of colored schools are not equal to that of the white ones; this is due partly to a staff of poor quality so that they provide, so to speak, for a second rate education, probably because of a lack of financial support.

It might be added that which everyone acknowledges: that the degrees delivered by such schools or universities are not deemed equal to those issued by white colleges or universities. This can hardly be called "a fair chance," since it appears as a moral treachery to the individual who has under gone long and hard labor to be finally rewarded for his efforts. Likewise, it is not in accordance with the purpose of that program which is supposed to raise the colored population to a level to the equal to that of the white people by education.

BASIC CONTRADICTION

This precise issue enables us to expose the basic contradiction which underlies the principle of segregation in any field. Segregation has its roots in the postulate that the white and black people are inveterately unable to live together. There is of course no rational ground to justify that assumption, but rather instinctive reactions: "They have no morals," the soundness of which need not be discussed further. Some people give historical reasons ("Those fellows were our slaves some hundred years ago"), which do not imply that they still should be. One might add furthermore that some 200 years ago, the Americans were subject to the English crown, and some 20,000 years ago, our ancestors lived in caves, which does not necessarily imply that we still should

do so. The logical corollary of that assertion is that there must be a radical separation of both races in the intellectual, social, political fields; which does not mean that the help of the colored people will be discarded in case of war, or when cheap labor is needed. Segregation must particularly be applied to schools, perhaps for fear that in utter innocence and sincerity of youth, the children should realize the likeness and prejudices should be unable to grow and strengthen in them.

SUBJECTION

It is, then, hardly possible to conceal the fact that the real purpose of segregation in all respects is to keep a set of people in a state of inferiority and subjection to another. Indeed the idea that it is possible for two races living on the same spot of ground to keep separated is basically wrong and illusory. It is obvious that the fundamental social functions and institutions must be unique and untied; there cannot be two administrations, two diplomatic bodies or two governments; and since the educational system provides for those functions there cannot be two different educational systems in a democratic country. Otherwise, the members of those two races will not have access to those functions, and will be thus deprived of both their individual and social rights. There is very little likelihood that it will be the white people.

Reader's Retort: Band 'Music Hall Orchestra'?

Editors:

"Whether we like bands or not, we must put up with them: let us therefore, in self-defense, help them to make themselves fairly efficient. It is certain that they are not so good as they might be at present and that as long as they never hear anything better than their own music they will remain much as they are."—G. B. Shaw

Evidently, complaints about bands are not new, but they are becoming more frequent after each home football game. On these occasions the band performance grows more and more offensive with its half-time entertainment attempts. In these fiascoes the band has repeatedly chagrined the student body by attempting to stage "half-time spectacles" without benefit of material or imagination.

It seems that the football band has renounced its original purpose and has adopted that of a music hall orchestra employing acrobat chorus girls, dramatic sketches, "pop" and semiclassical music to dazzle the spectators.

This undertaking is successfully accomplished by some schools such as Michigan, Ohio State, etc. but unless it can be done well, why inflict poor attempts on a captive audience.

The Lenoir High School band illustrates that a military band which plays marches without hesitation and drills with perfection can be a great credit to the school.

Thus, a proposal is made to the band to return to a mission of adding spirited music and drill to the games and abandoning inadequate attempts to delight the crowds with enchanting little imitations of Broadway extravaganzas.

William Elliott



Fred Powledge

IT WAS NICE, I think, of the University to send its men out in the cold Friday morning to sprinkle sand on the walkways so students and professors wouldn't slip.

There was a forecast of sleet and icy walkways, and some ice did develop early in the morning. The University's sand certainly aided negotiating the brick walks. There was even some sprinkled on the fire escape beside Caldwell Hall which the political science students use a lot.

FOOD AND DRINK in Chapel Hill seem to be getting worse than ever.

Once, someone once told me, coffee was real coffee. It was ground, then rushed in steaming, sealed bags to hotels and restaurants for making and serving and drinking.

People who make coffee at home ground their own. It is said that coffee loses its power and richness of flavor rapidly after being exposed to the air. Modern coffee manufacturers have allegedly skirted this problem by sealing their products in vacuum-packed cans.

That's all right for home consumption. In fact, when I went home over Thanksgiving holidays I found our can of coffee, rerealed rapidly after each coffee-making, was really turning out good stuff.

BUT BACK TO Chapel Hill.

Here, it is impossible, unless you go to an eating place outside the town limits or to the higher-class, coat&tie places in town, to get a good cup of coffee. Chapel Hill, known world-round for its "liberalism" and quaint atmosphere and all the funny people, doesn't have a good cup of dime coffee to its name. Nor does it even have a bad cup of coffee for a nickel.

I suspect some restaurants and eating places make a big batch of coffee early in the morning and use it all day. At any rate, by the time I drink it the coffee is old.

THE WORST COFFEE in town can be bought for a dime at Graham Memorial. It comes from a machine, and if there is anything that disgusts a real coffee drinker, it is getting his coffee from a damn machine.

It comes in a wax paper cup, six ounces, and it allegedly comes with your choice: Black, cream alone, sugar alone or sugar and cream. Any way you drink it, it is bad.

The machine sometimes cheats the purchaser by delivering about four ounces, and it always cheats him by delivering bad coffee. It is so bad that three cups of it will ruin my system for the whole next day, and I swear I can feel melted paraffin go down my throat when I drink it.

No amount of sugar or cream of faucet water will take away its own distinctive taste. Once you drink it, it has you.

I DON'T EXACTLY know why I say all this about coffee. Maybe it's because, to me and some others, good coffee remains one of the nicer things of life.

It is easy to drink. It can hold its warmth long enough so you can put it down for a minute, then drink some more. Good coffee provokes conversation, and it marks the end of a meal or the end of a hard day.

It wakes you up in the morning, and it (for me) goes well with studying at night. It is informal, yet it is social.

But you can't get it in Chapel Hill unless you brew your own.

SILLY QUESTION

The social worker, visiting the inmates of the local workhouse, asked a variety of questions as she went from cell to cell.

Finally, of one prisoner enjoying a long rest at the state's expense, she asked: "What is your love of liquor that brought you here?"

"Heck no, lady," answered the inmate. "You can't get nothin' in here."—Tracks.

Roundabout Papers— Tarnation: 'Go Satire Is Hard To

"WELL, HERE we are again" with cheery optimism, albeit a bit late in the year, and goes on to outline the frenzied summer it spent writing a wide variety of articles from North Africa to the Mountains. "Satire is just like Life magazine," it continues. "A Good Satire is Find. Further, the purpose of its function is the lighter side of the instruction."



lina Way of Life, and the editorial facing its editorial fingers copy with a somewhat suppliant, however that "the above" is an attempt to vote.

With the tone thus set, the light camera grinding, as it were, I held my plunger on.

PAGE SIX is not funny, nor is it lists of places to take one's date are, though often useful, as Tarnation. There is also a cartoon on page six.

"Ham On Wry" is, while smoothly, fortunately unlaughable—except for the story about the three med students who All I can say about "Ham On Wry" is through it waiting for the next article. I admit that finding good short jokes, quips, and whatnot is a rough job, but to thin jokes is that if they're not to be printed. Also there are some "But Sir . . ." a satire of the newspaper advisor, is well written and readable. I tried awfully hard to laugh, and almost at the "Yoho the Crow" scene, but just wouldn't come out.

I craned my neck and read "SKOLIA of pome," but it all seemed awfully long with sorrow in my heart, I could not there is a cartoon.

AT THE risk of boring the reader to say that "The Blackguard" is a farcical treatment of classroom behavior back of the mind of the author of a lurking shadow of J. S. Perelman, either. A bit, overdone. Miss Mousie liked, but the fact that a female "Hack" five times is, to my mind, a son for approving a whole fare.

"Twin Bill" is a fine idea. A twin on the three sets of twin coeds near the campus tandem style is something Tar Heel should have done already. I have done so, though I can't remember a cartoon.

BURIED IN a welter of jokes and comments is the familiar form letter, it crosses out the undesirable words and doesn't have to write a stroke in an informative letter to send home one's name happens to be Tom, Dick, bata, Jean, or Betty). There are some too.

The Tarnation Book Section is the original idea in the magazine. "In This in 'Year" reviewed by Max Hymen in Time For Poets is OK, I guess. It runs itself from time to time, but an excellent "Carolina Cookies," you'd be dead with parodying a local columnist and his editorial We is a good idea. I like writing sounds much like me (except for and I myself would have laughed at been called "J. X. Y. Z. -Rate." How cake has icing (as I believe the Cookies page 35). Also a cartoon.

The "sneaky preview of the Carolina is a golden opportunity fairly well staged of. I liked particularly "The Abelard Came Down With Psoriasis."

EXCEPT FOR Charley Daniel's cartoon the four-shot necktie sequence, the book is something I have laughed at. Daniel's ideas are extremely excellent will no doubt turn out an excellent little polish.

On the whole, I was disappointed in Tarnation. I wanted to laugh, but I couldn't.

However, Editor Bill Ragsdale, discouraged by an adverse review, if I were editing a humor magazine, know where to start looking for material, editorial says, good satire is hard to appreciate the problem of finding good material, though with some rather startling results and there. One gets the impression of white space throughout the issue, but are you going to put in a magazine if got anything to put in a magazine?

On thing for which I think the nation are to be complimented in efforts to clean the magazine up, just because there is nothing else to do, the Tarnation staff has taken a rather, by refusing, in the face of an obvious copy, to resort to what more witless would haul right off and flaily call.

A good editing job, a good nation, but it lacks sparkle. Some of the college humor line might be a good And now for the Carolina Quarterly should rock the stands within two

The Daily Tar Heel

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