

### Education & A Coach: A Matter Of Purpose

The final whistle has tooted, the grid games are over, and now armchair-quarterbacking alumni are huddling over their latest play—to live a new coach.

Tonight's Athletic Council meeting represents the first period in that post-season game which probably will determine the University's future athletic policies—and the future of Coach George Barclay.

There's little doubt in Chapel Hill that Coach Barclay will go the way of all big-time football coaches who fail to win enough games, the way out. But, fortunately for this institution's higher sense of fair play and ethics, a number of checks and balances stand between the Athletic Council and the hiring of a new coach.

And somewhere along this path of checks, we trust, a sane voice will rise and the University can return an amateur team to the field with dignity, no professional, win-at-all-costs priming.

#### The Rumors

Jim Tatum, so this week's rumor goes, is the favorite to replace exiting Barclay. But, so another newspaper rumor runs, the present salary limit for a Carolina coach is lower than Tatum's price, and Big Jim wants the security of the directorship of athletics, now firmly in the hands of Chuck Erickson.

The state press not to its credit, has puffed up these and other rumors and speculations to make headlines, alternating between the different versions to sell more papers. None of these papers, including the Charlotte Observer, has imparted a single fact of new information.

#### The Final Decision

If the Athletic Council decides on a new coach tonight, this decision will then have to pass the approval of Chancellor R. B. House, who puts education before professionalism in athletics. Then, even if the chancellor is pressured into hiring a big-time coach, the President has his vote. Finally, the trustees will officially hire Carolina's football coach.

It is evident, then, that the line between the influential Athletic Council and the new coach is a long one. As Council member Grady Pritchard put it yesterday: "The Athletic Council is footmat on the bottom of the stairs that lead to the trustees." Locally, the selection burden lies with Chancellor House.

The Daily Tar Heel strongly urges the chancellor, since the Athletic Council's past actions show obvious big-time-mindedness, to carefully consider the matter from the standpoint of what is best educationally.

Perhaps the outside pressures are too great for this time to the University to view its conflicting interests with any fairness, perhaps with the alumni are too strong.

#### A Matter Of Purpose

But if the University is going to continue considering education its main business—and not professional sports entertainment—the chancellor is going to have to withstand such pressures.

Is the University going to field a team of students, or a group of semi-professional athletes?

Educators have an answer; alumni have another. But the chancellor is the man whose vote counts after tonight. And he is an educator.

### The Daily Tar Heel

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### Carolina Front Not So Still A Quiet After Duke's Storm

Louis Kraar

A FORD coupe bearing a Carolina sticker eased up to the police station, and a tuxedoed undergraduate went inside.

He reported that his sport coat had been stolen from his car, while his date sat patiently in the front seat. This was about midnight, and the quiet after the Duke football storm settled uneasily on the village. Aside from a few drunks the police were having a quiet evening of it.

The special officer guarding Graham Memorial and Morehead's hulking Planetarium was bored, and so was I.

INSIDE THE Tar Heel Sandwich Shop, dozens of rapid-looking young men in gray flannel suits sat in booths talking to their drawly dates.

The right window of the shop had a breezy cavity in it, so the warm hot dog went down comfortably.

This was one of the weekends during which the so-called Carolina gentleman let go and enjoyed himself. The imports, coeds from other schools, fluffed about campus looking more attractive than they ever had—or ever would look again.

But what do they all sit in the booths and talk of in the late Saturday hours of these weekends?

I wondered, so I listened. And the Carolina conversation was mostly as dull as students accuse their professors of being.

An occasional open, hardy Southern laugh, talk of other weekends, cars, foods—these were the topics. First they were lightly brushed over between football plays, warmed up to during cocktails and supper later, and by now being warmed over to pad out the evening's end.

FRANKLIN STREET, glowing with electric Christmas candles, was quiet, too. But two tipsy gentlemen broke the silence in front of Battle Dorm.

"They couldn't do that to you in Washington, I'll tell you that," said one in a clipped Yankee accent.

"Well, they sure as hell can do it here. The cops can kick you out when they want," opined his partner.

"You know, I've got to go tell that lousy cop what I think of him," said the first, as he mounted the hood of a parked car and began dancing on it.

The other boy climbed up on the hood, and, after a brief not-so-soft shoe, both got inside and drove down the street slowly.

BLUE RAMS peered down from the walls of Harry's Cafe, but I seemed to be the only customer returning the glances.

A few couples wandered in for coffee, and a give-'em-hell juke box roared forth with some of the current noise. Still, all was pretty quiet for the night after the Duke game.

It was about one, and getting away from the juke box was soothing.

A CROWD and two police cars had replaced the two drunks in front of Battle Dorm.

"They just pulled away his car," someone offered helpfully. "Anybody hurt?"

"No, the two are right here," was cracked "to hell," as officer put it, and the two pavement-busters climbed slowly into the police car's back seat. The cops gently scratched off, and the crowd went home to sleep.

#### RECIPROCAL

A poll discloses that what children value most in their mothers is understanding. Just for a flyer, we will guess that what mothers value most in their children is understandableness. — St. Louis Dispatch.

#### ODD FELLOW

Men are peculiar, just as women have long suspected. For instance, a fellow who hadn't kissed his wife in five years, shot a fellow who did.—Gosport, Pennsylvania, Fla.

### 'I Told You Not To Ask About Nixon'



#### THE EYE OF THE HORSE

### An Answer For Gov. Griffin

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was flicking his wounds outside Dook Field when I saw him. I wondered what he and his friends (if any) had seen of the Dook Game?

"Me." The Horse meed ungrammatically. "I saw most of the game. But my immediate friends saw a lot more, if vicariously, than I did."

Oh? So?

"This tycoon character," The Horse offered, "who is either my wife's nephew or my nephew's wife, depending on what you are looking at at the time, and I always am, started acting like a navigator. I had during War Ptui (as differentiated from War Won.) He did indeed. He was looking back the whole game."

I thought if there was one thing worse than being an astrodroming sky-gazer, it was being one for The Horse. My experience was that navigators characteristically expected the worst, and The Horse's own navigators got the worst.

"I concede I had more time upside down than right side up." The Horse shrugged a calloused stern. "But then I was herding B-Twenty Fours about. Even their original designer didn't know which was up, in them. That airplane was nearly as fanciful as was our navigator's idea of where it was at any given time. Truly, we were segregated so far as facts were concerned."

Speaking of segregated—what did The Horse think of Gov Mar Griffin's (Georgia) Voluntary Segregation plea for the Rambling Wreckers versus the Pitt Panthers, in the Sugar Bowl?

"Trickle-down Culturo," The Horse deemed the Craker's crack about melanin granulated peoples. "We thought of it first right here in Tarheelia. Yup. We even do Television shows about it—and one of the handsome things about Voluntary Segregation is, you don't have to look and listen to the program: all you have to do is twist the dial and seek an equally repulsive other program, Black, Brown or white, if such exists, which is debatable."

I wondered if The Horse had an idea how Voluntary Segregation would work on the football field?

### GOP Beating Drums In Chicago For An Ike-Nixon 56 Ticket

Doris Fleeson

CHICAGO—The Republican National Committee is beating the drums here for an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket as if the President's heart attack had never occurred.

The isolation of other candidates is complete. No risks are admitted, so doubts are allowed.

The gospel as expounded by Chairman Leonard Hall and Administration spokesmen, is that the President, if he recovers his health as he seems to be doing, is the indispensable man. One gets the impression that this doctrine is being beamed at the Eisenhower fully as much as at the public.

Hall argued to reporters that the President could campaign exclusively by television and so avoid the rigors of the old type of personal campaign. A few minutes later he was saying that there was no substitute for the old-fashioned shoe leather politicking in the precincts. Hall is,

of course, exempting his candidate for President from all the old rules and customs.

The chairman is not giving the committee members much chance to debate with him in private over his bland assumption. He said that he would report on his visit to the President at a public meeting of the committee, which will be held Thursday when he would say all he had to say about it.

That meeting will be brief, a short speech and lunch will follow and then adjournment. The whole session here is being held to 36 hours.

A few Old Guard committeemen are grumbling in dusty corners about Hall's steamroller but the vast majority make no complaint. They are either able to believe that Hall's course is wise and right or that alternatives are too terrible to contemplate.

Few will even discuss the question of whether the public inevitably will re-elect Eisenhower at nearly 65 with a heart condition and a Vice-President widely disapproved of outside the party and not universally admired in it. There are a brave few who do admit it's a point, but nevertheless pooh-poo it.

In his foreign policy address to the chairman's dinner, U. N. Ambassador Lodge made a powerful effort to build the concept of President Eisenhower as the man above party who can keep the peace. His temperately reasoned defense of the Eisenhower leadership in this field was a million light-miles removed from the GOP platform on foreign affairs shaped in the same hotel three years ago.

As the President's pre-convention campaign manager in 1952, Lodge argued almost exactly as he does now. It won then and very plainly, he hopes and believes it will again.

To this end no flaw was admitted in the world situation, an

### A & T And Gov. Hodges

William D. Mason Jr.

A & T Register

(When Governor Luther Hodges mispronounced the name of the Negro race—"Nigra," he said—at a speech before an A & T College audience, one of the loudest controversies in the state was set off.

(The Governor's diction error provoked snickers from students. The college formally apologized, and Hodges answered with a curt note. The fight was on, and letters to state newspapers haven't stopped coming since.

(The following is reprinted from the A & T College student paper, The Register, and is written by the editor, William D. Mason Jr. It gives the student side of this controversy.—Editors)

The "incident" which occurred during our recent Founders' Day exercises has been the subject of many discussions on the campus and elsewhere. The press, both local and national, has presented and reviewed the issue from multi-varied aspects. This writer, however, feels that an accurate account of what happened and the factors, cause and effect, bearing on the incident have yet to be presented.

#### CAUSE

The interruption of Governor Hodges' discourse can not be truly called spontaneous. On the other hand, it did not come of formal planning. Most of the people present had heard or were aware of the context and presentation of Governor Hodges' speech this summer, on voluntary segregation. They didn't like it.

Also to be considered are the Emmett Till case and the "South Carolina Squeeze" which add to the Negro discontentment with the present southern picture. This unrest manifested itself earlier this school term, when a segregated "outhouse," built by a pipe-laying firm which was working on the campus was burned mysteriously.

Therefore the murmur which arose during the Governor's speech was prompted, not only by his idea and pronunciation, but by a sum of other things as well. Unfortunately, the Governor threw gasoline on smoldering embers.

#### POLITICAL

The Governor must have been cognizant of the Negro sentiment toward his plan. Why, in view of this fact, did he prepare a speech which might be unfavorably accepted here?

This is perhaps the answer: Upon ending his speech, had he been warmly applauded, he might have later announced the acceptance of his plan by A&T students. That would have been a feather in his cap.

As it stands, he has received much free publicity and become the champion of pro-segregationists.

#### COURTESY

Displays of poor social behavior can not be justified, no matter what the provocation. What has happened is, in many ways, detrimental to A&T and our race. In the future, let us hope that expressions of displeasure, if any, will be more subtle and in better taste.

#### A&T

The friction between students and administration can readily be alleviated. The trouble here stems from a poor communication's system between the student body and the administration. An uninformed student body can not be expected to understand and support administrative policies. Conversely, the administration can not act upon student problems of which it is not aware.

Closer harmony of the student body and the administration would be realized if... the student council were given a faculty advisor and a more respected voice, the REGISTER were accorded more editorial freedom, and presidential addresses to the student body were more frequent.

attitude also taken by Hall. Their cheerful views of world affairs are being rather generally contradicted by the press, radio and magazines but it seems to have no effect on them.

The newsstands downstairs, for example, are prominently displaying the conservative U. S. News and World Report which asserts in its lead article that "the Russians were winning four years ago, are doing even better now." It is, the magazine says, World War III, Russian style.

### Roundabout Papers

### The Straight Scoop 23rd Century History

IN THE hope that two or three from now some social historians will read someone else's old private papers...



...worn, dog-eared and read this column... shout to his college... at this! Here's a... college sorority life... stab at immortality... the KD pledge... of which have... aided. Hall 23rd... ally over my prose!

THE KD's are one of the most variegated collections of girls I have ever seen. From the girl who is biologically silent to the girl who is psychologically of much of anything more congenial, gentle smile. KD girls have charming manners, a little worldly-wisdom, a touch of brawn here and there. KD girls know how to handle things. Their shingle hangs on their foreheads over a very attractive house. The atmosphere of unconscious (and ungentility. The KD's, to sum them up, are girls what am girls.

WITH THE first tendrils of the germinating in the culture dish of myself into a dress shirt last night, I crept stiffly over to the Carolina pledges were scheduled to be presented or whoever it is pledge classes are presented ceremony, it seemed to me, succeeded them only to the orchestra, which I add up, quite, but which could not oversight—or should I say underestimate. The ballroom of the Carolina Inn, by the intrusion of the common heat by saying "Private Party," was decorated coeds in evening dresses, and among which commodified stuck immovably present. I arrived and hid paramount pillar to smoke a cigarette. On the note to 23rd century historians: a combination of four, five, six or more different instruments like the saxophone, phone, the telephone, or the gramophone, the combo's advantage to use the latter because it affords the members of the blissful joy of being paid without the need to be present in person), named the "Star Dreamers" dreamed starting tunes everybody dances to but not Battalions of men in evening clothes smattering of those wearing the prevalent of the dress sword, i.e. the tie and cummerbund, whirled brilliantly around through the courtly pen the fox-trot.

More battalions arrived, more people gathered in the lounge and bend the fronts of their shirts or skirts, lounged, and exchanged curtly, as if trying desperately to hasten the pace of their conversational productivity.

Presently Ray Jefferies scaled the Star Dreamers, flashed his appearance, and announced that the pledge class of 1955-56 would now be The 1955-56 Kappa Delta pledges could deliberate grace, down the four-story dance floor with the help of a spotlight identities exposed by Ray Jefferies, and to their places on the floor. Ray Jefferies glassily at the last one, and they were by.

After this, the evening hurriedly elevenish stage, punch was stamped. Star Dreamers hit it up again. A good was had by all.