

Big Member Of The 'Team' Has Been Losing Contests

Now that football Coach Jim Tatum and basketball Coach Frank McGuire have kissed and made up and Carolina's athletics setup is one big, happy team again, we would point a finger at the central figure in the trouble.

He is C. P. (Chuck) Erickson, the University's director of athletics.

Erickson, as director of athletics, is responsible for all the athletics, not just football. Yet from watching his office in the past year or so, we would conclude that football is prime in his mind.

We understand why. Football makes money for the University's athletic teams. Basketball, baseball, tennis and the other sports don't make money; they lean on receipts from the Saturday afternoon spectacles.

But this is no excuse for Erickson to allow Jim Tatum to take over Woolen Gym, to push Frank

McGuire off into a corner of the building, to send publicist Jake Wade down to the football field-house. Erickson, as the director of Carolina's athletics, should have spread fairly the space and importance to all of the University's money they pull in.

An alert Erickson could have stopped the family feud between football and basketball long before it got to the ears of the press and the public. He could have done it fairly, without tipping the scales. (See cartoon this page) either way.

If Erickson had used all his pressure and prestige as director of athletics—especially in the past year, when Jim Tatum was settling down in Chapel Hill—he could have stopped some of the rumors, the bad talk, the suggestions, that have been floating around town in recent months. But, obviously, he didn't.

When Jim Tatum, who symbolizes professional collegiate football as much as any other coach today, came to this town we thought the University could hold its academic side up against anything he would do to increase the emphasis on the sport. Now, we see, the University has not held up its side well enough. We will have more to say about this after Christmas holidays.

But, for now, we can point to Chuck Erickson as the person who should, but didn't.

Maybe there's still time. Maybe Erickson, by assuming his office with a new sort of strength—starting right now—can keep football in its proper place. We doubt it, however.

Somebody Is Looking At Ideals

Somebody in the University administration is an idealist. Not that being an idealist is bad, but this time it could hurt somebody.

The people who put the University's calendar together have scheduled classes to end at 6 this evening. That means there will be a rush of traffic tonight leaving Chapel Hill. Now everybody knows that driving at night isn't quite as safe as daylight driving, and most people have a rough idea of how eager college students are to get home for Christmas.

A kindly soul in South Building explained the late closing hour was necessary because classes must meet a certain minimum of times a semester to be accredited; and then the good person expressed the hope that students would wait until morning to leave the campus.

Classes ended at 2 for the Thanksgiving recess, but the idea was to let the students get home for Thanksgiving eve. It was only a fortunate accident that the students had several hours of daylight to drive in.

It is too late to do anything about it this year except remind people that night driving and day driving aren't the same, and a little extra care has to be taken after dark. But when the time comes to make next year's calendar, the committee in charge ought to keep dismissal times in mind, even if it means a couple of extra sessions for some classes.

Suggestion

A suggestion for Christmas Eve: Put away all the textbooks you took home but never opened; close your mind to things commercial; shut off the babble of the family video set.

Think, even for a minute, of the meaning of Christmas. Remember, remember a second, the things for which you are thankful. Contemplate, for a moment, on what it means to be free.

Religion: Some Rules Of Combat

Editor:

Can I get into this religion squabble, with a few Marquis of Queensbury rules that have been thoroughly ignored by one contestant or another?

1. Be kind to your opponent. He may be human and you might even like him if you met him.
2. Be generous. Give your opponent the benefit of the doubt, and don't read outlandish meanings into his letter. After all, he had to condense his thoughts to get them into a letter.
3. Don't show off. Using big words like "empirical generalization" or "principle of contradiction" doesn't really impress people. It just shows them that you haven't mastered your own ideas enough to present them simply.
4. Don't stop thinking. Every college sophomore is apt to be contemptuous of the ideas he held as a freshman. But don't hold to your new ideas too stubbornly—some day you will be just as contemptuous of the ideas you are spouting today in print.
5. Read, especially ideas you don't like. There have been better thinkers than you in history, who have wondered about the meaning of life, the claims of morality, the existence of God. Be humble enough to acknowledge that their insights may not be completely outdated. The library is available; use it.
6. Remember, you aren't alone. The campus has plenty of philosophers, students, ministers and just plain smart people who may help your growth more than you know. Don't condemn them all because one doesn't touch your condition. That only stunts your own growth.
7. Talk it up. Letters to the editor never convince the reader of basic issues unless the reader is already convinced. Real growth only takes place with sustained effort over a long time.

And you can begin to feel that you are reaching maturity when you can enter religious discussions with strong conviction, humility, charity, a desire both to learn and to teach and a determination to live by the truths you profess.

L. Merton

P.S. Me? I'm a Christian.

Nothing: Just Want To Ruin Breakfasts

Editor:

We do not wish to argue about religion, coeds or the new fraternity court—to each his own.

We'd just like to see this letter in print—its importance is at least equal to that of the other letters you've printed for the last few weeks.

The vividness in some of these great intellectual epistles has contributed toward the ruination of four of our breakfasts. Perhaps the authors of the letters will have the opportunity of having a meal ruined by us today.

With kind regards and our heartfelt sympathies to others who have suffered as we.

Dot Coplon
Kay Severance

The Feud: McGuire's Valuable

Editor:

I did not read the article in The Daily Tar Heel regarding the supposed feud between Coach Tatum and Coach McGuire. I did read a recount of it in The Charlotte Observer. To put it mildly, I was very surprised.

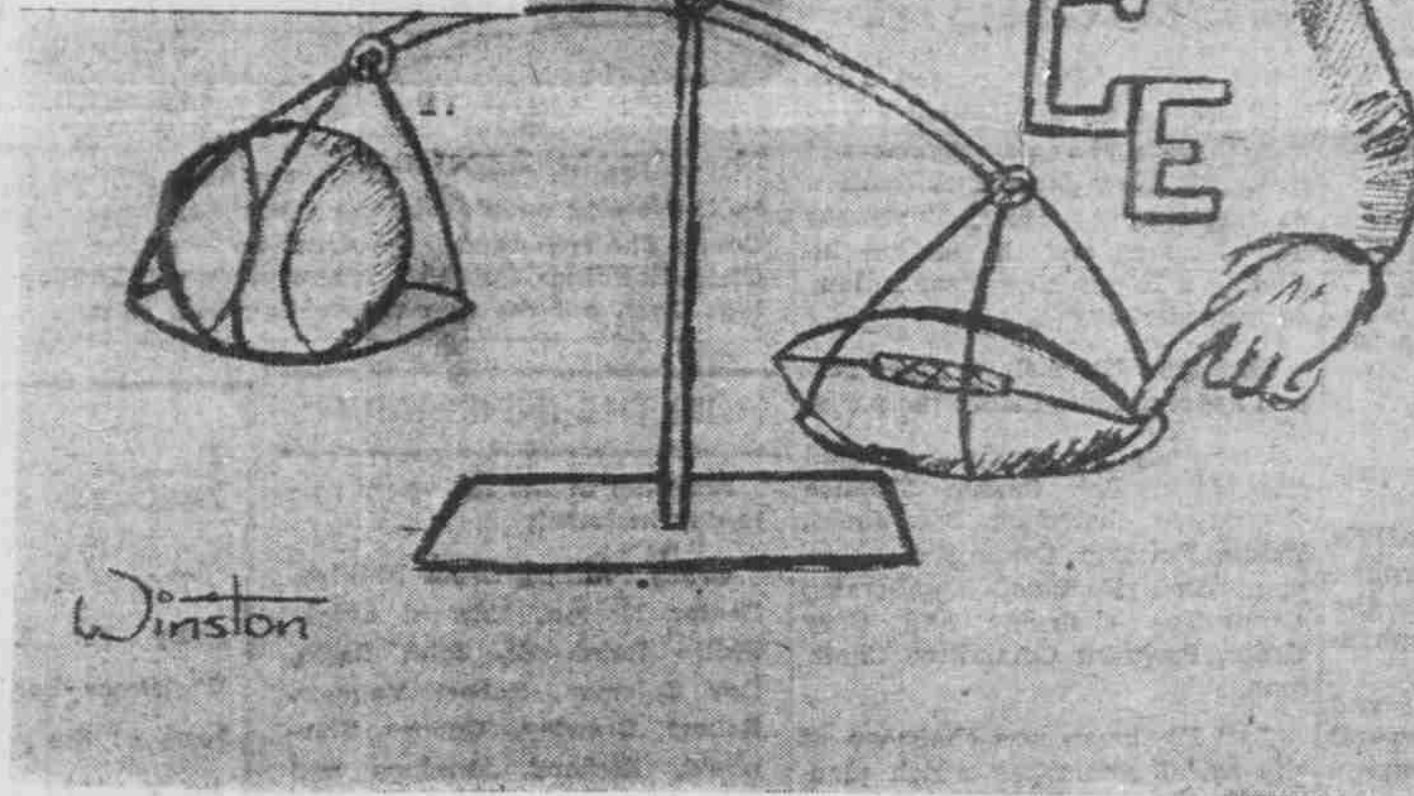
I and the majority of the student body hate to see this friction develop between these two capable men. I think the requests that Coach McGuire has made are small compared to those of any other big time basketball coach.

The football team probably made more money this year than any year since the Justice era, so it seems to me that the basketball team would get more as a result, not less. There is no reason for this friction.

Basketball has just as much a place here as does football. And I'm sure if a poll was taken of the student body regarding the issue, I think the students' tastes would be McGuirian rather than Tatumian.

Coach McGuire is too valuable a gentleman and coach to lose. We as students appreciate what he has done for basketball here and he deserves to get as much out of basketball as he is putting into it.

Donald McMillan



SCULPTURE:

Two More In Art Show

Editor:

In regard to Mr. Ronjic Milligan's article of Dec. 12 concerning James Brewer's sculpture and the North Carolina 10th Annual, in the souflet interest of ethics and equal representation, I should like to point out that two other Carolina art students, sculptor Fred Crisp and painter William Mangum, were also represented in the exhibition (which word is preferable to "contest"). Also, that Mr. Mangum was singled out as a purchase award nominee.

Of possible further interest is the fact that two of the three purchase awards were given to former USC art students, Mr. George Bireline, now on the faculty of the School of Design

at State College, and Mr. Grove Robinson, presently a student at

Columbia University.

Thomas Brame

Dogs: Heel, Writer Shaw

Editor:

Relative to the article by Stan Shaw, Dec. 12, in regard to the dog.

Wonder if Mr. Shaw could not have written this article without making any observations about how the dog-catcher looked? Certainly he was dressed for his type of work and not as an office worker. These is a chance that many other people would not agree with the adjective Shaw used.

And suppose the dog catcher retaliated by calling Mr. Shaw

a nincompoop. How far wrong would be?

The first part of Mr. Shaw's article relative to N. C. laws is ridiculous and therefore deserves no mention. If Mr. Shaw wants to wage a crusade to have our laws changed he should appear before the N. C. Legislature next month and present his views.

In conclusion, the roads are open and one who does not like it here may move on. Chances are the community will shed no tears over such a departure.

W. H. Thompson

Coeds: Here's A Challenge

Editor:

May an alumna have a few words with the coeds who aired their radical feelings in the Dec. 15 issue of The Daily Tar Heel? I agree with you girls that the typical Carolina Gentleman is probably just as you described him, but I don't believe you are looking in the right corner for what you want.

Have you tried being nice to the guys on campus who care enough about an education to work for it who can't afford to

belong to a frat—who can't afford to "party"—as a matter of fact, who can afford only a couple of Cokes in the Rendezvous Room or coffee in the Pine Room?

These guys are just as interested in girls as the free-spenders, but are afraid to expect a coed to spend an evening talking over a cup of coffee instead of giggling over a bottle of beer. I challenge you to give this group a chance.

Name Withheld By Request

Is Erickson Tipping The Scales?



WUNC & MANTOVANI:

Station Wasn't In Competition

Editor:

Several people have mentioned to various members of our staff a comment made by Wally Kuralt in his review of the recent Mantovani concert on the campus. I am writing in order to clarify a point made in the review.

Mr. Kuralt said: "Though noticeable only in quiet sections, WUNC put in its sounds via Memorial Hall's amplification system. The subdued sounds of the station took much away from dramatic lulls in the music."

The comment was misunderstood by several people as implying an intent on the part of WUNC to feed its program into the Memorial Hall public address system. Still others have interpreted the comment to imply some failure or malfunction of WUNC equipment. Neither of these viewpoints is correct.

While it is true that WUNC radiates a strong signal in the vicinity of the Swain Hall transmitter, the station's equipment is operating properly and totally within legal limitation. It is not unusual for poorly designed or inexpensive amplifiers to pick up and reproduce radio frequency signals. This fault results from the design or function of the amplifier—not necessarily of the radio station which originates the signal.

Properly designed professional amplifying equipment will not reproduce the WUNC signal even at a distance closer than the Memorial Hall amplifier is to our transmitter.

I do not mean to imply that the Memorial Hall sound installation is not a good one. On the other hand, I am reluctant to see published statements that lead the public to believe that WUNC was at fault, which indeed it was not.

In any event, all of us here on the staff deeply regret any interference with the wonderful Mantovani music.

Joseph B. Young, manager WUNC

DRAMA:

'Desire' Set A Precedent

Now there can be no doubts, if there ever were any, that the Carolina Playmakers need a new and larger theatre!

In the first place, the actors, technicians and audience should be given every possible advantage to make the most of and get the most out of the productions; and, in the second place, if the Playmakers do another show anytime soon that approaches the quality of "Desire Under The Elms," then there physically won't be room for actors and audience both in the Playmakers Theatre.

"Desire . . ." is the story of two men, Ephraim Cabot and his son, Eben, and their fight with each other for the possession of the farm on which they live and which had belonged to Eben's mother; and of a young woman, Abbie, whom Ephraim takes for his third wife.

Eben buys his two brothers' share of the farm; and when Ephraim brings Abbie home as his new bride, Eben at first sees her only as another person between him and ownership of the farm.

Animosity between Eben and Abbie turns into "desire," and aided by "nature" this union yields a son to Abbie that Ephraim believes is his. Eben finally decides to leave rather than torture himself and Abbie by living a lie.

To prove her love Abbie kills the child and tells all to Ephraim while Eben has gone for the sheriff. Eben stands by Abbie and shares the guilt, and by doing this wins the respect of his father.

Foster Fitz-Simons as Ephraim gave the most polished, consistent and convincing performance of the evening. In every gesture and movement there was strength, determination and unsurpassed will-power that made this character dominate those around him.

Jo Jurgensen as Abbie and Albert Gordon as Eben both gave dynamic, believable performances. In my opinion, this is Al Gordon's best effort on the Playmaker stage. Charles Barrett as Simeon and Ken Lowry as Peter—Eben's half brothers—more than filled the bill with their robust interpretations of these hardened, lusty, not-to-bright tillers of the soil.

Tommy Rezzuto had the un-envied job of fitting a two story house on the Playmaker stage—which has only a 19-foot proscenium arch. This was no small task and Rezzuto came up with a set that had many areas easily accessible to lighting and playing and one that was not only a production necessity but an asset.

"Desire" is the best cast show I have seen on the Playmaker stage. This, plus experience and talent in all departments, adds up to a successful production.

At intermission I heard someone say: "I can't tell where O'Neill stops and the Playmakers start." To Tom Patterson, cast, and crew I can only say that "Desire Under The Elms" is proof that the Playmakers are capable of professional work and that this should be incentive enough for them to quit resting on their laurels and turn out more work of this caliber.

If "Desire" set the precedent I would almost be willing to become a "Theatrical Conservative."

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