

## Athletic Scheduling: Disconcerting-Disgusting

The scheduling of the Duke football game over the Thanksgiving holidays was disconcerting, to say the least.

The scheduling of the Duke basketball game (our home game) during the break between semesters is disgusting.

To whomsoever it may concern, we repeat:

There are some things about university life which are now, and will continue to be, beyond the realm of any student control. There are events, decisions, and rulings which, although they greatly effect students, are none-the-less properly placed in the hands of administrative authorities.

We accept many decisions and abide by many rulings in the conception of which we have had no active part, because they are made by our elders who reside in the positions of responsibility. This is as it should be.

But because certain rulings and events are beyond any active student control, we should not glibly assume that they are beyond student concern. We acquiesce in most instances because we realize that our elders are in positions that enable them to better understand the full scope of problems and to administer justly the decisions that must be made.

But we do not relinquish the privilege, indeed the right, to raise an occasional voice in protest, when we feel that the administration has totally disregarded our concerns.

Such "disregard" appears to have been in evidence with the scheduling of this year's basketball encounters, particularly in the sched-

uling of the Duke game during the semester break.

Certainly, we should all realize that there are many factors which drastically affect the composition of one team's athletic schedule. One alteration in the schedule of any particular team is liable to rearrange the schedules of numerous other teams. And when each university is trying (we would hope) to secure the best possible arrangements for its team—and its fans—a great deal of work must go into the final arrangements.

The situation may never be changed. And, certainly, we recognize that if it ever is to be changed, it will not come about because of noise on the part of students. It surely is out of our hands, but damned if it is out of our area of concern.

And therefore, we raise a voice in protest. We are extremely unhappy about the fact that the Tar Heels play Duke University over the holidays. We know that we can do nothing about it. We know that the students at Duke are unhappy. And we know that our protest doesn't make any difference. But we did not want the event to pass without voicing our resentment.

In light of all the complexities of scheduling, it would seem that there should be some things that are basic to every year's schedule—some things upon which you build, and around which you arrange the remainder of the schedule; and it would certainly seem that one of those basic things should be the scheduling of any encounter with Duke University on a week-end when school is in session. (CW)

## Bill & The Forum: Playmates

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, Who's the fairest of them all?"

Both ends of the Bill Buckley-Carolina Forum controversy must be asking themselves this, as the debate continues in its witty and spirited way.

The Forum doesn't want to pay \$450 for Buckley's fold-out rendition of a Playboy article—and Mr. Buckley says, "Tough luck, pay up."

But all facts aside (which is the condition under which most of the controversy has taken place), it appears everyone concerned has suffered a little during this strange series of events.

The Forum has suffered—they will have to pay Mr. Buckley's fees and they know it. (The editor's agent says he must have the money to pay off National Review's debt—and Nightstand books are probably in need of William F.'s aid also.)

Mr. Buckley has suffered—for once, the novel and unusual (and universally humorous) has been turned against him. He was caught without his stinging verbs and vitriolically-dripping adjectives by the Forum's refusal to pay — and several national magazines took the opportunity to make him look a little uncomfortable.

## Drunks And Divines

For the reader tired of wars and revolutions, economic programs and cultural revivals . . . for the reader who enjoys seeing Important and Weighty Matters go lopsided and come out just a little bit upside down . . . for the reader who must keep his sanity by laughing at the ultra-serious wing of the population . . . for this reader the following two (true) news stories are offered.

Happy sanity.

Ecuador — The Ecuadorian Senate in a unanimous vote has demanded the impeachment of the President of Ecuador.

The Senate demanded following the State visit of the President of Chile. The Chilean arrived at the airport in the Ecuador capital and

was greeted by the Ecuadorian president whom, Senators charge, was in a state of complete drunkenness.

Pennsylvania, USA—A revivalist minister named Emmanuel, has charged that the famed Father Divine is being held prisoner in a Pennsylvania mental institution.

The person claiming to be Father Divine, Emmanuel said, is a Communist spy who forced the real Divine into the asylum. The Communist has established fellow comrades as heads of many of Father Divine's Havens for Peace and Rest, he said.

Emmanuel is charging two of Divine's workers with assaulting him in front of a Divine Haven.

Emmanuel claims to be a descendant of Jesus Christ. (JC)

## "That Last Guy Looked Like Kennedy"



Richard McKenna

# One Man's Tireless Quest For Education

The text of an address, entitled "New Eyes for Old: The Quest for Education," delivered before the University Faculty Club on Dec. 11. Mr. McKenna is author of the forthcoming novel, "The Sand Pillars."

By RICHARD MCKENNA

I feel privileged and a bit awed to be standing here in these circumstances. I told Dr. Kunstmann that I would talk about the quest for education. When I began to marshal my thoughts on the subject they were neither as many nor as sure of themselves as I had hoped they might be. A bit of wisdom I have learned recently came to my aid. I did not get anywhere in writing until I learned only to write of matters which I knew about from direct personal experience. So I will limit my remarks to my own quest for education and the great part played in it by the University of North Carolina. That has the added virtue of reducing the complexity of the subject by a factor of about three billion, or whatever the population of the Earth was at the last estimate.

For most of my life the word education has, to me, meant book learning. I understand well enough now the notion of character-formation contained in the word. But I must understand also that not one of the billions of people whom I am conscientiously leaving out of this discussion has reached or will reach maturity without gaining that kind of education, no matter how deficient he may be in book learning. His whole society is his teacher and no one can play hooky from that school. Of course there is much talk about good and bad character. I am not competent to tread among those razors and blades. A few years ago I was puzzled by the public dismay over the TV quiz scandals. I had not known until then that much book learning was supposed to be coupled with greater moral worth.

In my own formative years I never encountered the equivalent of Mark Hopkins; I know him best even now as a tall, glass-headed structure in San Francisco within which almost anything might happen. Yet the other end of my log was by no means unattended. Lumberjacks and miners, old cowboys and Indian fighters, Basque shepherders and Mexican section hands all sat there. As a boy I was drawn to old men and to men of exotic origins. Later there were old sailors and beachcombers of a dozen nationalities and many Japanese and Chinese in Far Eastern seaports. I have forgotten most of their names. No single one of them stays in my memory as a tremendously impressive individual. Yet I am convinced that in their aggregate they would outweigh Mark Hopkins. I think men's characters are more form-

ed by their casual daily encounters with other ordinary people, as ball bearings are brought to perfect sphericity by randomly tumbling against each other in a barrel, than by any skilled institutional machine work.

No man has to go questing after a moral education. Some kind of moral education, and commonly the most useful kind, is going to be unavoidably thrust upon him. In a course in Anthropology here I was pleased and amused to learn the distinction anthropologists make between the overt and the covert value-systems of a culture. Their methodology is much older than the science which uses it. First they ask a representative sample of the people what they would do in various hypothetical situations involving choice, and they make notes of the answers. Then, saying nothing, they observe what the people actually do when they are confronted with similar real situations, and they make a different set of notes. I think in our own culture that kind of anthropological fieldwork is performed by every child at about the age of five. When he reaches a point, if ever, where he can be once more unconscious of the discrepancy, his moral education may be said to be complete. Insofar as our society has institutionalized means of anaesthetizing the pain caused by the split in our moral personality, perhaps one might after all speak of a quest for moral education. Since I never undertook that quest, I must disqualify myself from further remarks upon it. I will talk only about book learning.

My early book learning came to me as naturally as the seasons in the public school of the little town in which I grew up. I did well, but I think I studied primarily only to please my teachers. I seemed able to appease my curiosity about the nature of things simply by looking at the world around me without much discrimination. Quite early I began to find a special charm in an unpeopled world, the waste of

lava rock and sagebrush desert surrounding my home. I was much alone in that desert and I never felt lonely. I was often more purely happy at such times than I think I have ever been since.

For many years I felt obliged to think ill of myself and hold those memories a guilty pleasure. Then I met Thoreau and later, here at the University, I met William Wordsworth and I have been relieved of that small pain.

When I was a very young man I went to China as a United States sailor. I had no very keen regrets that my education, in the sense of supervised book learning, had ended. My modest store was still greater than that of most of the men among whom I lived. I was busy learning military life and steam engineering without the mediation of books. I learned how to be alone on a ship at sea simply by leaning on the rail and looking out to the horizon. The sea yielded me the same curious pleasure that the desert had. I found that I could wander the streets and temple courtyards of Oriental cities much as I had once lingered in the desert. A screen of strangeness stood between me and the busy human living I observed. I could be tolerated as observer without being demanded to participate. So then it seemed to me that I could and often did participate in their lives with the same strange sympathy I knew how to feel toward forms in the desert. They would feel it too. Without a word of language in common, possibly by virtue of that, we could often exchange smiles or join in laughter or make a little game with children. No human interaction has ever seemed more real to me.

That was education, but it was not book learning. In connection with book learning, I want to recount just one memory of that other sort. It is a memory that often forced itself to my attention in the years when I was

## Letters

# Magazine, Yack

To the Editors:

The undersigned wish to register their wholehearted approval of the Daily Tar Heel supplement. It shows what can be done when people do some hard work.

We especially like "Mating with a Menu" by Barbara Simon, and hope to see more issues like this one in the near future.

—Tad Browne  
—Jerry Harris  
—"Soe" Price

To the Editors,

In reference to the December 18 issue of the Daily Tar Heel concerning "Dorins In Yack," I have nothing but admiration for the authors, Tom Dinero and Kelly Eanes. They are most perceptive, and seem to have gained both the tolerance and understanding they speak of. I have only to add that, along with your weejums, you take your Gant shirts and madras wallets.

—M. D. Stms III

Harry Lloyd

## Pick Your Politics Before You Enlist

With all the political groups springing up and dying on campus faster than you can say "Richard Nixon," it is becoming more important for everyone to be able to say what political ground he stands on and what its boundaries are.

You can no longer be just a joiner, like the sophomore who picked the Russian speaker, his Peace button shining so coexistingly on his left lapel.

To be a card-carrying member of the Young Democrats and a sympathizer with the Young Americans for Freedom is impossible. According to the people who think up names for these clubs, either one Young isn't the other Young or if you're for Freedom you aren't Democrat-ic.

If you're a Progressive Laborite, you're left of Communism, but if you're only in the New Left, you're just left of Kennedy. On the spectrum between such extremes must lie an infinite number of ideologies.

The wide-awake student of today needs a political no-doz to help him decide exactly what he will believe before he starts believing it. What would really help would be some well defined rules of left vs. right, liberalism vs. conservatism, welfare state vs. free enterprise, and Pogo vs. Little Orphan Annie.

For the first chapter in this primer, the following outline is suggested:

If you think we should throw away all our weapons, you are a liberal. If you think we shouldn't build any more weapons because they cost too much, you are a conservative.

If you gripe when you pay a tax on food because you think it should

be only on luxuries, you are a liberal. If you gripe when you pay a tax on food because you like to eat too much, you are a conservative. If you like federal aid because it means more spending, you are a liberal. If you like federal aid because you don't pay tax anyway, you're a conservative.

If you cut your classes because you can study better on the outside, you're a liberal. If you cut your classes because you already know the material, you're a conservative.

If you eat spaghetti because it tastes better than hot dogs, you're a liberal. If you eat spaghetti because it's cheaper than sirloin, you're a conservative.

If you don't like your prof because he's narrow minded, you're a liberal. If you don't like your prof because you can't understand him, you're a conservative.

If you flunk out of school because you couldn't concentrate on the useless general college courses, you are a liberal. If you flunk out of school because you spent all your time studying Math 6, you're a conservative.

The idea is for everyone to know all the facts before he decides who he will stand next to in the political daisy chain. For once you take your place in line and hold hands, your fist is closed and so is your mind. The biggest mistake you can make is to try to change positions after you have taken your place.

If you don't decide now, you may catch yourself buying U. S. Steel stock, falling in an overcrowded swimming pool with your tux on, playing Pete Seeger albums and pasting up "We Want Barry" stickers all at the same time.

learning that I would have to attend a university.

There was a little bar, run by a Japanese man and his wife, in the Wanchai district of Hong Kong. It had only two tables and six or eight chairs and it was clean and neat and orderly beyond the average of such places. I never saw anything really rowdy go on there. The unique feature of the place was a large wire cage on a shelf at one side of the room. In the cage were four white rats.

The rats were the entertainers. They were lean and hollow of flank and their eyes were a fierce red. They would prow the straw litter in the bottom of their cage and from eyes red with hatred they would watch the sailors drinking beer at the tables. When a customer passed near their cage they would press against the bars, squeaking faintly and hoping to get a nip at him.

The sailors relished the helpless hatred of the rats. Often a man would tease them with a finger through the bars. The rats would fly around inside their cage almost like birds, in a great squeaking rage, trying to catch the teasing finger. If the man kept it up long enough, one of the rats would usually catch his finger. Then we would all laugh while the mamasan came to unclasp the rat's jaws. The rats would not bite the mamasan.

When closing time was near, around midnight, the mamasan would put an egg into the cage. I think the rats were deliberately kept starved, because I never saw any water or any other food go into the cage. The egg made the best show of all. Instantly the rats would be at it. They knew there was food inside it. But they were not able to break the egg. They would bite at it, but they could not open their jaws wide enough to get a purchase with their teeth. Their teeth would just slide off. They would all be frantic to get at it at once. The egg would disappear inside what looked like a white ball of interwoven rats. The ball of rats would roll slowly around the floor of the cage, with a constant muffled squeaking and a constant writhing pulsation of its surface.

After a while they would break the egg, and no one ever saw just how they did it. Almost always it took them half an hour or longer. On the rare occasions when they broke it in a few minutes, the sailors felt cheated.

When the egg was broken, the rats would eat it. Afterward they would not fly at a man's finger with anything like their former enthusiasm. For that reason the mamasan seldom gave them their egg until about an hour before closing time.

I did not spend as much time in bars as this particular reminiscence might seem to indicate. If for no better reason, I simply could not afford it. I found time

to read many books, but seldom with the sense of consciously seeking enlightenment. I felt that I was reading for entertainment. Books were hard to come by and I found entertainment in more than one unlikely volume. Some ships had no libraries. Others had only a few western stores. I could not often afford to buy a new book. But in the thieves' market of Hong Kong I would sometimes find a few books for sale among the other junk. There was quite a good second-hand bookstore in Shanghai. And I soon learned that in the scores of cheap bookstores in Japanese cities there would usually be, far back in the rear, a few second-hand books in English.

Thus I did not lack for books, although I had to read a weirdly varied lot of them. Finding them in my trips ashore, was, one of my chief enjoyments. The only gripe I had was my trouble in keeping them once I had read them. Lockers for personal gear were designed to hold just the prescribed outfit of uniforms, provided that they were rolled or folded very compactly. There was no room for books. I would hide books away in crannies all over the engineering spaces the way a squirrel hides acorns. When I transferred to a new ship, I would just have to leave most of them. Now that I live ashore I will not relinquish any book and I have already had to move once to a larger house.

Very little of all that I read excited any sharply focussed intellectual curiosity in me. An exception was the frequent references one encounters to Nietzsche's statement that God is dead. That seemed to me a pretty enormous thought. I knew a beachcomber in Guam, a towering old Englishman who was said to have once been a scholar at Oxford, and I asked him about it. He confirmed the statement, but he could not explain it. He gave me a worn copy of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," to which I clung through three transfers, but I never did succeed in understanding it. I did not really try very hard to understand it. I was content to read it as I did poetry, simply to enjoy the excitement and wonder it could arouse.

The turning point came for me with World War II, when I was twenty-eight years old. I had long intended to serve out my twenty years and retire in the Orient, as many men did in those days. When I had to return to the States, with the uneasy conviction that those old days were gone forever, it was not pleasant. My future was suddenly all uncertain. I had let myself become too deeply aware of the common humanity I shared with Chinese and Japanese to force myself easily into the mental and emotional state proper to wartime. My ship came into San Francisco in March of 1942 at the time when

(To Be Continued)