

The Daily Tar Heel

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Marie Costello Adv. Lay-out

For This Issue: Night Editor, Chuck Hauser — Sports, Ken Barton

on the Carolina FRONT by Chuck Hauser

I don't usually worry very much, unless I really run into a problem that requires a lot of thought and care in making a decision.

I don't believe in worrying. If you do the best you can in whatever you're doing, and do what you think is best when you have to make a choice of courses of action, you'll almost invariably find that you have done the right thing in the end.

And if you find that you haven't, worrying about it won't help one single bit.

I didn't mean to slide into a philosophic discussion when I sat down to turn this one out. I meant to bring up something that worries me.

I'm worried about people who spend hours of their time for the benefit of their fellow students here and get no appreciation for the job they do. They get no pay or compensation of any kind, they get no honor or glory, and what makes it bad is they rarely even get a pat on the back from the people for whom they are working.

I'm talking about the little people, in particular, who write the headlines, the "Campus Briefs," the stories on YWCA discussion panels, and the many minor items that go to round out this newspaper's coverage of the campus.

Take a Daily Tar Heel night editor, who goes to work early in the evening, gets his hands (and not infrequently his clothes) full of greasy printer's ink, sweats out a late-breaking story that means a complete redesigning of the front page at a time when the rest of the student body is preparing for bed, shoulders the responsibility for getting the newspaper on the press with a minimum of mistakes, gets a few hours sleep, drags himself to a full load of classes, eats lunch, heads back for the office where I chew him out for letting an error slip through on the front page, and starts the whole damned process all over again.

When I said this man gets no pat on the back from the people for whom he works, I wasn't talking about myself and the other editors of this newspaper. I was talking about his real bosses, the members of the student body who pay the expense of printing the paper, choose the editor, and reserve the right to boot the editor out on his tail if he fouls up—those are the owners and publishers of this paper.

Many students even take a sneering approach to their newspaper employees. They think it is a "waste of time" to look around in such an extracurricular activity as newspapering. But they are the first ones to squawk if their Daily Tar Heel is late in delivery the next morning.

These people have no idea of the hours of labor and sweat that some of their fellow students donate out of the goodness of their hearts and the love of the game to bring them this four-page journal by 7:30 in the morning. They take the paper for granted, as if it put itself out. They have no comprehension of the enormous number of man-hours each issue of their paper requires.

It's like so many other things. I find myself, now and then, taking my school for granted. Then I'll take a walk across the campus and realize how lucky I am to be attending as fine a school as Carolina.

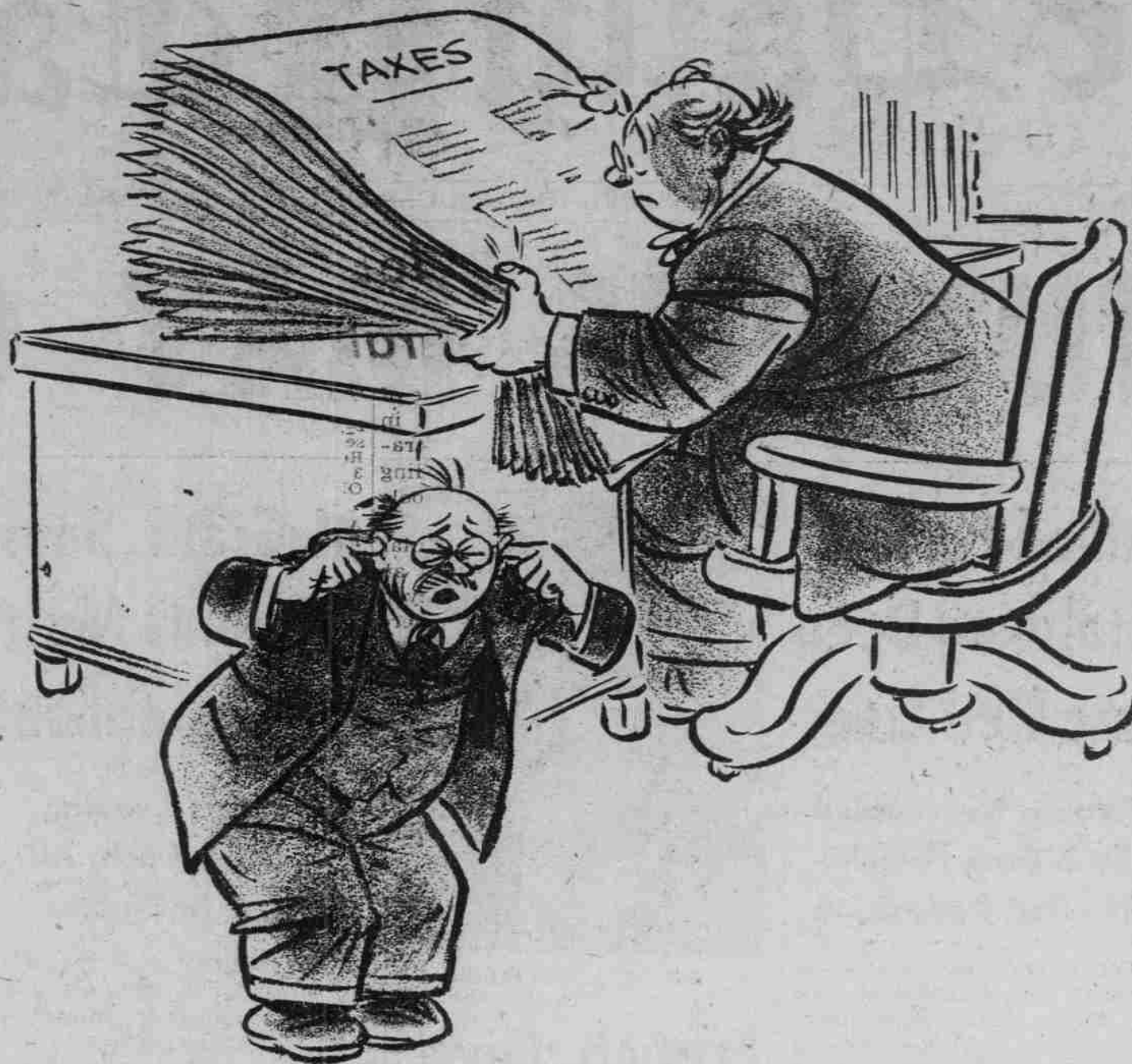
On that walk, as I begin to wake up again, I look at Old East Dormitory with a new respect—and I'm proud of the fact that it is the oldest building on the campus of any state university in the nation.

I look at South Building and realize how fortunate I am to be in an institution, run by as respected an administrator as Gordon Gray. And I remember with warmth how privileged I am to have met and known the great man who was formerly president of the University.

I look at Davie Poplar, and the Old Well, and become fully conscious of the fact that I am a part of the glorious heritage that is the University of North Carolina.

And I remember to appreciate the things that I had begun to take for granted.

"Okay, Let's Have It"



Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

Budd Schulberg has committed one of the superior novels, "The Disenchanted," based on his old acquaintanceship with Scott Fitzgerald, the disillusion prophet of the 1920's.

Budd's a friend of mine, and I practically raised his kid brother, Stuart, in what we laughingly refer to as the newspaper game. So maybe I'm a prejudiced witness. But it seems to me that this guy Schulberg is working himself up into the big-talent stage, and largely because he is taking his time. And writing about what he knows.

He was a kid when he wrote "What Makes Sammy Run?" a biting but non-vicious appraisal of Hollywood. Budd was fetched up in the town, where his Papa was a high-shot producer for years and years. When "Sammy" hit print Hollywood did a backflip.

"Sammy" was an amazingly perceptive book for a young'un to write. Its honesty never outweighed the skill with which it was compounded. The second Schulberg effort, "The Harder They Fall," was something of a disappointment to me, at least, because it dealt with the life and times and exploitation of Primo Carnera. Budd picked up a couple of hundred thou from the movies for it. His background knowledge of fights and fighters was sound, but it didn't have the writing. At that, it was nowhere nearly so awful as some of the early—later—writing of the late Sinclair Lewis. Anybody who remembers "Free Air," "Mantrap," or "Bethel Merriday" and "Kingsblood Royal" knows what I mean.

But with this fresh appreciation of a public character, the late Mr. Fitzgerald, Schulberg has done a job of which Fitzgerald, before he came apart at the seams, might have been very proud. There are some loose ends, sure, and some over-devotion to reportage at the sacrifice of imagination. But it looks very much as if we are raising a modern writer of strong stature, and a lot of people have been complaining that the field was pretty desperately fallow.

Budd hasn't written a "Babbitt" that a "Main Street," or an "Arrowsmith" or "Dodsworth."

yet, but he's farther ahead of himself than Sinclair Lewis was at roughly the same stage. And he's hewing to the same sort of attack—the acute perusal of a certain segment of the population.

Schulberg is one of the fortunate writers who takes his time. Reversing the Greeley axiom, he started west and worked his way east. He sits out in an old house in Pennsylvania, surrounded by children, and works. He's got another 20 or 30 books in him, and his period of gestation is not too limited by economic necessity.

I think Budd may be one of the most honest writers going. He took on Hollywood when his Pop was a big producer and he stood to lose himself up permanently for that lush market, when he wrote "Sammy." He is no less harsh with the city, or empire, in "Disenchanted," after having grabbed off a large hunk of movie money for "The Harder They Fall."

This is a time when a big best-seller makes no author rich, from straight sales alone, and if Hollywood doesn't buy it there isn't much profit in heading the Times' list. Budd still has enough honesty to be awfully impolite to the cinema city and the people who make it go.

We have had some mighty encouraging doings in the writing trade in the last few seasons. Mr. L. B. Guthrie, with "The Way West" and "The Big Sky," retrieved the historical novel from acute prostitution. Lee G. Miller put out a startlingly skillful and honest biography of the late Ernie Pyle, a man whose later years were smothered in saccharine. Robert Lewis Taylor's "Professor Fodorski" may well be the funniest novel ever written, although it has sold something like 200 copies and I have bought at least 19. The introspection of childhood has been abused until it should be a federal crime to remember, but Max Wyllie did a nice job in "Go Home and Tell Your Mother."

We do not seem to have many Titans around—the Tom Wolfes and Fitzgeralds and young Hemingways and Red Lewises—but we aren't destitute, by a long shot. At least some of the lads are spending more time working than whining.

CPU Roundtable by Ed Williams

One of the main topics of conversation among college students at present is mobilization and the possibilities and uncertainties it presents to all of us. To date only a small fraction of the total available manpower has been mobilized. Several hundred thousand men have been drafted or have volunteered, four National Guard divisions have been called in, and many individual reservists have been recalled.

The future has been left rather hazy by pronouncements from Washington. On one hand we hear that all available manpower including those previously considered physically unfit may have to serve, and that even women may be drafted. On the other hand some Congressional leaders, frightened by the howls of the "Moms," have balked at lowering the draft age from 19 to 18. If failure to do so promises to result in the drafting of veterans, there will be a greater and more justified howl. After all, most of the veterans were drafted at 18, so why shouldn't the present crop of 18-year-olds chip in their nickel's worth?

What are the prospects? For the 18-year-olds things are very uncertain. They will just have to wait until Congress makes up its mind about whether or not to draft them. They'll be draft bait in a year anyhow. Draft age non-veterans who are not in the ROTC have several choices: (1) Wait and be drafted and take their chances on being put in the infantry. (2) Join up now and choose their branch of service, and tear their hair if their drafted buddies get out before they do.

(3) Join a reserve unit. Practically no organized reserve units have been called, and there's little prospect of their being called except in case of total mobilization. (4) Join the National Guard. Prospects aren't as good as for the reserve. More NG divisions are likely to be called next spring and summer.

Veterans look pretty safe for the present, except for those who are in the reserve but not in an organized reserve unit. There aren't many left in this category. Most of them have been called, and the ones who haven't had better get in a unit quick like a bunny. Of course in case the international situation deteriorates enough to warrant total mobilization all bets are off, and the people in the National Guard and reserve units will find themselves in on the ground floor with good ratings and with jobs and people they know.

What to do while waiting? The main thing is keep studying. Don't fall into that stupid don't-give-a-damn attitude and let your grades fall. If you think that University officials, honorary fraternities, scholarship committees, and employers will later on take into consideration the fact that you were worried about having to go fight, you've got rocks in the head. No, sir! Most of them operate on the theory that the guy with the good grades gets the goods, come hell, high water, or shrapnel. Any D's or F's you make now are there to stay, and unless you plan to become a brick-layer at a mere \$100 a week, you'll regret them when all this is over and you get back to school.

The Editor's Mailbox

Mr. Ruth Is Flattered, Disturbed, Confused

Editor: I note that Mr. Hauser was sufficiently agitated to honor me with considerable attention. I am flattered, and would like to express my appreciation. Probably I should consider his remonstrances one by one, in order.

(1) Having been away for several years until this past fall, and not having known either candidate, I could hardly be bitter about the result of the election. What disturbs me is the mystery surrounding the need for a special election.

(2) Apparently a student is to be offered these two alternatives: (a) Give up his plans for doing what the old-fashioned citizen would call "studying" in order to waste his time on The Daily Tar Heel, or (b) Salute with one hand while he pays with the other, and dare not attach any suggestions to his check, I am not convinced that these exhaust the possibilities, and no repetition of long-discredited catch-phrases will convince me.

(3) No comment. I heard that one year ago.

(4) How's that?

(5) Some people's ideas of what is proper for entertainment are, uh, one might discreetly say peculiar.

With regard to atmosphere, I will admit that the atmosphere of my high school was much cleaner and more wholesome than what Mr. Hauser thinks is a "college atmosphere." I might be willing to go back if I could transfer my credit for my graduate courses and then finish the requirements for my degree. However, the graduate school atmosphere is better than that exuding from Graham Memorial.

What really worries Mr. Hauser is the possibility that I might not get lost. To that extent, I do not fit into the scheme.

There is much more that needs to be said with regard to his complaint number 2. I may be old-fashioned, but I have always thought that the primary purpose of a college or university is to teach, and that teaching is not easily done unless the student cooperates by studying. (You will please excuse my use of that word "studying." Apparently it has fallen to the status of a dialect form).

Certainly it is not reasonable to assume that the student who has other things to do is therefore obligated to permit himself to be misrepresented by a noisy little clique that insists upon "representing" the student body. As long as I must pay I shall insist upon the privilege of commenting upon the use of my money. Don't you really believe any of that claptrap about campus democracy that is fed to the unsuspecting freshmen?

John M. Ruth

(There is no mystery surrounding the reason for the special election last fall. The editor of The Daily Tar Heel elected last spring simply failed to return to school.—Ed.)

Wants More Farber

Editor: I just can't resist writing you to let you know that I think The Daily Tar Heel is "dern good!!" Also wish to offer my compliments to Barry Farber for his column "Not Guilty," which gave me a good rib tickling 10 minutes and many happy thoughts for the rest of the evening. Why not more??

Janie Besch

(Thanks, Janie, and we're doing our best to convince friend Barry that he should write more. Another of his columns will be coming up next Tuesday or Wednesday.—Ed.)

Lend An Eye

"Tarzan and the Captive Girl!" —Lex "Tarzan" Barker and his retinue of animals cavort about the jungle again. This time they collaborate in an attempt to free some native girls captured by a neighboring kingdom. Many problems block the way. To name a few, there is a romantic triangle, a deadly plague, a belligerent tribe of Indians, and a scheming prime minister. Wandering aimlessly and with more intricacies than a Sam Spade story, this bit of nonsense becomes so hopelessly snarled that I wonder if the director can read the script.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- High, pointed rock
 - Drop the bait gently
 - Metalliferous rock
 - Roman official
 - Geological age
 - Lessened gradually
 - Lox boats
 - Astronaut
 - Wax
 - Esquimo canoe
 - Extremist
 - In proximity to
 - Sweetened drink
 - Standard of pressure
 - Ward
 - Transactions
 - Drunkard
 - Lady of Arthur's court
 - Award for merit
 - Behold
 - Retributive justice
 - Ballots
 - Scheme
 - Froz
 - Metal tag at end of a lace
 - Complications
 - Fish eggs
 - Anery
 - Small mound
 - Insane
 - Provinces in Greece
 - Consume

FOE	BARS	ALAS
ADS	EMIT	SAGA
DETERIORATION		
IDEA AVENGE		
COMET PIER		
ORAN	DUNN	EMS
MAT	SERES	LOT
ALE	AMID	PERT
SLAM HOMER		
CHITON SOLE		
RECONDITIONED		
IRON	ERAS	TAR
BONE	DART	STY

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzles

DOWN

- Small child
- Anglo-Saxon money of account
- Reimburse
- Dried
- Imperfactions
- Branch of learning
- Cover
- Powerful deity
- Imperfactions
- Branch of learning
- Dinos step
- Dinos step
- Elaborate sole
- Boxed
- Mountain range of northern Burma
- Make amends
- Governor
- Heard
- Plant of the family lily
- Street name
- Having slight skin depressions
- Uncivilized human beings
- Deplete
- Smooth fabric
- Samples
- Stevenson
- Limb
- Tibetan asset
- Barrier
- Afternoon gathering
- Pix
- Artistic