

The Daily Tar Heel

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Welcome??

This should be the traditional "Welcome Freshman" editorial, so first of all, you are welcome. If this has not yet become apparent to you, our belated voice may be ineffective. Be that as it may, we welcome you, along with Chapel Hill—the community and the University.

The one element which makes a University or a community a good one is people. Which is why we hesitate about this welcoming business. A welcome properly comes from a host to a guest, and you are not guests. You belong here. This is now your home. Furthermore, you are needed here. You are the essential element in growth—the new people.

You will soon find your place in the community, and turn your hands to the particular work that must be done for a University known for sustained growth. Because it is now **Your University.**

Welcome? No.

Thank God you're here at last.

The Big Problem

Football is once again upon us. Thousands of people who cheer for the big blue team in Kenan Stadium next Saturday will think of them as Carolina boys, and we can be glad that those who play football are still a part of the University.

In too many schools, a gradual disassociation of the athletes from the rest of the campus, professionalization of the games, and large sums in "scholarships" have led to scandals of widespread notoriety.

The exposure of widespread basketball bribery last winter was just a prelude to the exposure of widespread cheating at West Point. At least 90 boys broke the honor code.

We live under an honor code too. And so we are truly grateful that football players as yet are a part of campus life.

There are unfortunate signs of danger. Freshmen here on athletic scholarships were the worst offenders during orientation week. They refused to attend classes arranged for them by their advisors, even when arranged at their convenience.

This is serious because these men will not be properly indoctrinated into the Carolina Way of Life. How much will they know of the honor code? And, more important, how much will they believe in it?

It is more serious because it appears that the new athletes do not wish to know anything of the Carolina way of life, beyond the single factor of Saturday sports.

One of a group of student leaders discussing the problem this week with Orientation Chairman Ken Barton expressed the hope that "about a hundred of our players get kicked out for cheating, too," because then "maybe they'd wake up."

We cannot share this hope. We hope that "they"—athletes, alumni, and students at large, wake up to the problem without so serious an eye-opener.

The men who should know—the football coaches—are already concerned. Coach Carl Snavelly was quoted early in the week as referring to the matter as a basic and serious issue. He urged freshmen athletes to learn, through the scheduled meetings, of their campus.

The men who carry the ball on the football field are only a segment of those who carry the responsibility of an honest and free way of life on this campus.

And on the seventh day...

A cartoonist by the name of Abner Dean brought out a book a few years ago which featured a lost little man, nude in a world of naked people and utterly confused about the why and wherefores of such a life.

"What Am I Doing Here?" was the title of the book and of the poor lost soul's general attitude. A lot of newcomers to campus have been feeling much the same way, and asking themselves the same question. The confusion, the strange patterns of life and culture to be met and assimilated in a brief period of time are too much for the mind to take without serious doubts as to the purpose of it all.

A time of transition is always so—contradictory and maddening.

The cartoonist extricated his little man and brought him out of the confusion into a more or less clear course of action. Not by clothing him, but by making him feel at home among the naked. He did this in a second book called "And On The Seventh Day."

The great dawning of the light of purpose and plan and reason may not have come to all freshmen and transfers at the end of the week of orientation. But to some certainly, all the new facts and faces and ideas met during that week finally fell into a pattern and a purpose—and on the seventh day of orientation.

The seventh day, however, is a mythical term. It means at the end of the confusion. Let us hope that at least five and a half or six of those days are over for all of us. And for the world.

Reviews and Previews

By David Alexander

Reviews: "The Flying Leathernecks"—Here we go again with that worn formula of two friends in the service who fall out over policy, are ready to shed blood (their own), and at the end, we have some soul stirring music, and a brotherly handshake.

I don't object too highly to the weak plot material, but the trailer shown in the theater says that this picture will rank among the screen's great love stories, I am insulted.

As it turns out, John Wayne is married to Janis Carter, and they appear together for a total of some eight minutes. I would hardly say that it is in the same class with "Camille", "Romeo and Juliet", and "Seventh Heaven".

As far as the war is concerned, the story is even weaker. It seems technically snafu to see the same actor dying twice, and already destroyed planes taking off for battle.

As a result of "The Sands of Iwo Jima", John Wayne was voted the top male actor of last year by Motion Picture Daily. The Daily lists only the top twenty. As a result of this film, John will be lucky to even remain on the list.

"The Man from Planet X"—From the sublime to the ridiculous. This little opus concerns a being from space who lands somewhere in Scotland, is discovered by a scientist, who just happened to live near-by.

The ads on the pic state that it is so fantastic that you must see it to believe it. I saw it and I don't believe it!

Hollywood and the Summer Lull: Judging from the poor offering of films throughout the nation, it seems that some studio heads and screen writers could take a dose of that Hadacol that some of their stars have been selling. Here are a few stipulations from the will of the deceased movie season.

To Paramount: A complete map of the United States, so that they will realize that there is another territory besides the west. After "Passage West", "Redhead and the Cowboy", "Warpath", "Last Outpost", "Branded", we could dust off the sagebrush and have a little variety.

To M. G. M.: Some face powder to hide their red faces after losing Arlene Dahl, and Judy Garland, and for making two un-released stinkers, "Mr. Imperium", and "Across the Wide Missouri", at a great expense of stars and technicolor. The latter is said to be so inferior, that it may never be released. Such a waste of Ezio Pinza, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, and Ricardo Montalban.

It wouldn't hurt to release "Love is Better Than Ever" with Liz Taylor and Larry Parks, that is unless you want to clutter up the studio with cans of un-released flickers.

To Fox: Quit waiting your time trying to coax Grable and Haver out of retirement, and let Mitzie Gaynor and Gloria DeHaven work some. Both sing and dance with greater skill.

Give Susan Hayward a vacation. After "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain", "Rawhide", "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" and "David and Bethsheba" she could possibly use a rest.

To R. K. O.: Buy some headache tablets after trying to get in the black with "Vendetta" and "Where Danger Lives". To Faith Domergue, our hope for better luck.

To Universal-International: Put Francis out to pasture, let Ma and Pa Kettle stay on the farm, and give de Carlo some reducing lessons.

To Warner Brothers: Take a bow for giving the best series of films in years. Your "West Point Story", "I Was A Communist for the F. B. I.", "Strangers On a Train", "On Moonlight Bay", "Captain Horatio Hornblower", "Jim Thorpe-All American", "Force of Arms", "Streetcar Named Desire", and "Starlift" all rate cheers.

To Columbia: Give the go-ahead for Rifa's new film. There are enough males around to warrant it. Divorced, separated, or not, she still is Rita Hayworth, the goddess of song and dance.

Business is evidently so poor in sections that bank nights are returning. A Caravan of some 50 important stars is on tour in 330 cities to spur business. The remaining stars seem to be migrating to Broadway. Ann

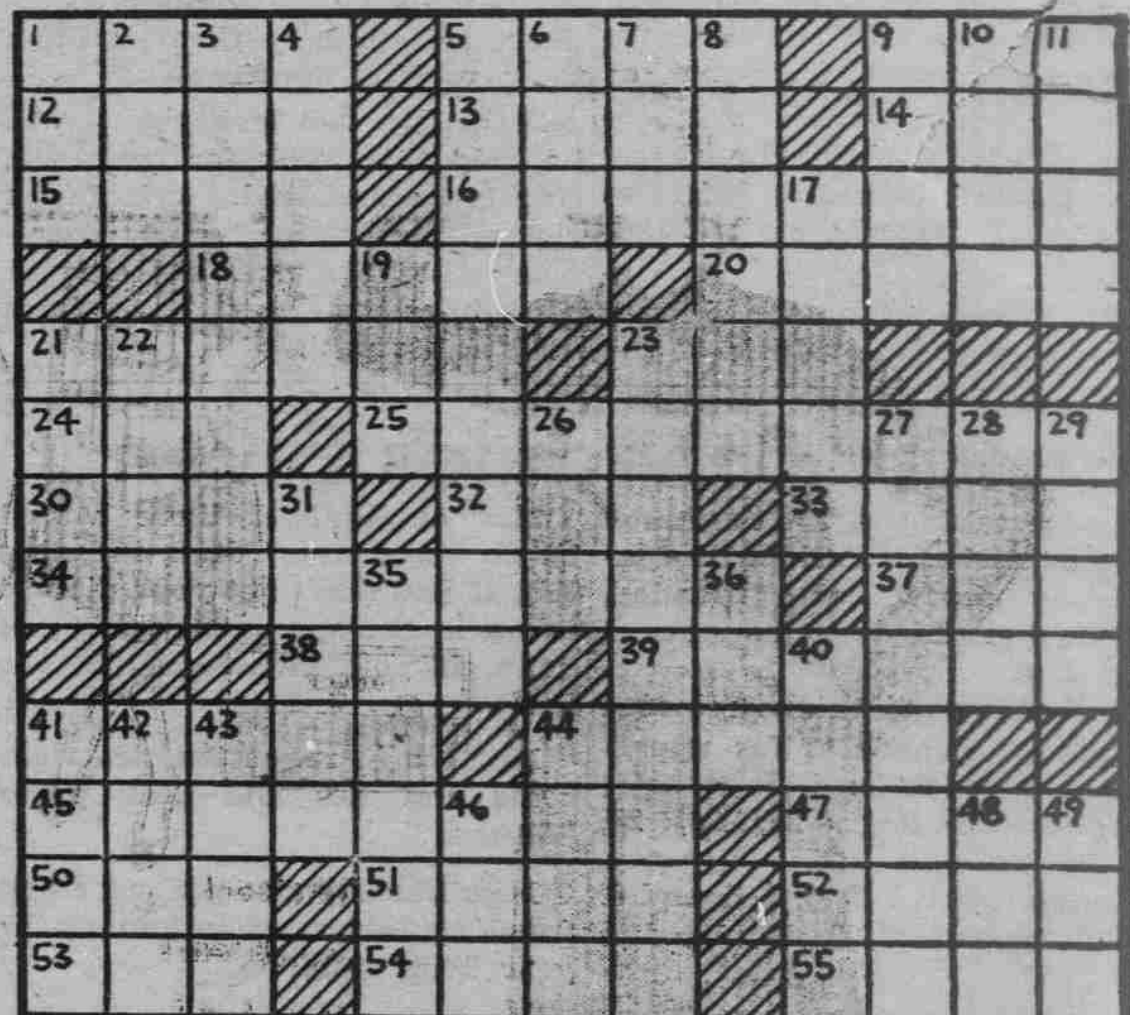
Sothorn, Judy Garland, Ginger Rogers, Melvin Douglas, Dana Clark, June Havoc, and Barbara Geddes head the list at the moment.

NOTES: Word has it that Jean Pierre Aumont didn't tell that story that the doctors soothed him about his late spouse's heart attack. He recalls that Maria Montez had threatened suicide a year ago. . . Franchot Tone, currently residing in a hospital, will marry Barbara Payton, the cause of it all. . . It seemed strange to hear I Mille's name on Lux Theatre monday last. You remember that he M. C. program for a decade.

Put your academy nomination bets on Shelly Winters, after seeing "A Place In The Sun". That gal can act. . . "Sub Command" will be Bill Holden's fourth straight film with Nancy Olsen. Lucky for wife Brenda Marshall that he is happily married.

Latest in the line of pictures with musical titles, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" and "I'll See You In My Dreams", both from Warners. New Hit Parade material. "Wonder Why" from the new Jane Powell pie, "Rich, Young, and Pretty". This is written by the same team which wrote, "Be My Love".

To the sceptics: Ann Blythe did sing in "The Great Caruso" ditto MacDonald Carey in "Me After the Show".



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30. grieve 29. disrupt
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33. yetch 35. take away
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41. compact 43. cod-like fish
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