

The Daily Tar Heel

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What Are YOU Doing?

It is sad commentary on the state of student affairs when some students will complain about the student newspaper, yet do nothing toward contributing to a better paper.

The Daily Tar Heel is not a student paper just in the sense that it is published for students to read. It is also a student paper in that students do the work of putting it out.

Students who serve on the staff take much pleasure in trying to do an important job well. They know that a good newspaper is essential to everything we consider exceptional about our Carolina campus. In addition to discharging their obligation as students to help put out this student paper, the staff members profit personally. Their experience with people and words proves invaluable to them throughout their lives.

If you can write and if you are willing to spend a small amount of your time in helping put out a better Daily Tar Heel, there is a job for you to do and a place for you on the staff. You'll enjoy it. You'll learn through it. And you'll be discharging an obligation to yourself and your fellow students.

Always needed are news reporters to cover both regular beats and the activities in a particular field or of a particular organization. Feature writers, who put into print the unusual and interesting sidelights of campus life, are always in demand. There is always room for another good sports reporter.

How Long?

The Student Legislature pulled another boner last night. In consideration of an item in the newly devised budget that would give the Daily Tar Heel an additional \$4,000 over last spring's budget, the student solons included a stipulation dictating exactly what the money is to be used for.

In effect, the Student Legislature has now set a precedent by which it can virtually control the publication policies of the newspaper, an unconstitutional point in itself. In this particular case, the Legislature has allocated the money, "subject to the condition that the Daily Tar Heel reverts back to the standard size newspaper."

According to the figures of such competent people as Ernest Delaney, financial adviser to the Publications Board, the newspaper cannot possibly revert to standard size and continue, through the spring quarter, on anything like a daily basis. The Publications Board rejected this advice, and, in turn, the Legislature has followed.

So, now we have a Legislature that rejects the advice of the financial advisers it hires; it rejects the advice of an editor who was elected on the basis that she publish as "daily as possible" a newspaper; and we have a Legislature that proposes also to dictate to what has heretofore been known as an independent student newspaper.

We can give the solons some benefit of the doubt in that many of them have, as before, failed to fully acquaint themselves with the reliable facts. But how long are they going to ignore these facts? How many more times will they pass measures that are suspect for unconstitutionality?

How long do they intend to dictate in the true Hearst fashion?

Letters

Madame Editor:

At last I know why I am, a failure, scholastically and socially speaking. I am a member of the great unwashed; I have

failed in the most vital factor of college life, I do not belong to a fraternity.

You are absolutely right in saying that "non-fraternity men

by David Alexander

Reviews and Previews

"Come Fill the Cup": One of the finest dramatic offerings to come out of Hollywood this season. The story behind the complete degradation of a newspaper man. As Lew Marsh, James Cagney gives what I believe to be the best performance of his long career. Phyllis Thaxter plays the girl he loves, but because of his drinking, she seeks happiness in the form of marriage to Boyd Copeland, played by Gig Young. It seems tragic, perhaps, but Boyd, too, develops a liking for drink.

This picture pulls no punches, and is sure fire entertainment. Excellent in supporting roles are Raymond Massey, James Gleason, and Selena Royle.

This film plays the late show, Saturday night, and opens Sunday for a regular run, at the Carolina Theatre.

"The Golden Horde": The perils of a beautiful Persian princess, and the accomplishments of Genghis Khan furnish ample material for a Universal-International technicolor adventure. Ann Blyth, as the princess, is quite alluring to say the least, and makes every attempt to put this film across.

Against a background of battle without, and intrigue within, she makes the plot interesting by luring two foes into combat with each other, hoping to gain the assistance of the victor.

Best acting in the film comes from Marvin Miller, who portrays the great Khan. On hand as a villain again, is George MacReady. This is one that will dazzle you, from start to finish, even though it is escapist entertainment.

"The Golden Horde" will play Friday night late show, and starting Sunday at the Varsity Theatre.

invariably leave college immature and incapable of contributing to this nation's wealth of culture." I agree with you wholeheartedly in that "frat" men are superior in every phase of life. I go farther; I say that no man unfit for fraternity membership should be allowed to enter the colleges of America.

Only that small, select, group who attend college for the all-important social function, should be the leaders of the new world. Let us all bow down and serve the omniscient and omnipotent fraternity men of America. Only they can show the way to the true democracy.

Jack McGowan

Madam Editor:

Again and again I have had the displeasure of witnessing the utter disregard on the part of student leaders for experienced opinion. The issue involving the size of the Tar Heel involves this and more. It is also the disregard of the voice of the students. We all know that the students voted last year for a daily paper in the form of a tabloid. That issue has been well publicized.

Even more disturbing is the

by Barry Farber

Not Guilty

New York, Oct. 22—

If somebody had come up to me forty eight hours ago and told me I was going to fly to Yugoslavia Monday afternoon, I'd have wrapped him up in a straight-jacket, bundled him over to the psychology building, and run him through a maze.

Nevertheless, in a few minutes I'm scheduled to take off from Idlewilde Airfield for a pleasant week in the Balkans as guest of the Yugoslavian Student Organization.

Here's the way it all popped. I left Chapel Hill Friday morning with every intention of driving to Washington, yelling for the Tar Heels, take in a few shows, behave myself, and then drift back to the Hill. Well, at halftime at Byrd Stadium who should I bump into but my old buddy Bill Dentzer, National President of NSA.

"Hello, Barry," he smiled. "Want to go to Yugoslavia next Monday?"

I smelled his breath. He was remarkably sober.

"Sure, I'll go," I burped.

Then he smelled my breath.

"You may have heard," Dentzer continued, "that NSA is supposed to send some sort of delegate to some kind of conference sometime next week somewhere in Yugoslavia."

"Sure, Bill," I snickered. "I've heard something about it but I didn't get the details until just now." Anyhow, I accepted. Dentzer made some kind of unfunny joke about the Bulgarian Army massing at the Yugoslav border and disappeared into the crowd.

I called my parents long distance. I took the whole three minutes to convince them I wasn't drunk. Then I called my date for the German dance.

"Hello, Sweetie Pie. Gotta break the date. I'm going to Yugoslavia."

She hung up on me.

We cranked up the Plymouth and sped southward, arriving in Chapel Hill at 9:30 p.m. Sunday night. I strangled some clothes, buried them in a suitcase, grabbed pants, pocketbook, and passport, and dashed to Greensboro. After spending eight minutes at home I hopped the midnight train for New York.

Got to New York before noon and went to the Yugoslav Consulate where they gave me a smile, a warm handclasp, a fifteen day visa, a round trip ticket, and a thick, black, miserable cigarette.

Now I've got to run. I'll write later.

disregard on the part of the Publications Board for the best and most authoritative opinions available on the issues involved. Let's look at the facts. During the hearings of the Publications Board the Editor of the Paper, its Business Manager, the Faculty Business Manager, the Faculty Advisor to the Board and the professional advisor to the Board all supported the small paper. This group of people represents that opinion that should demand the highest respect from the Publications

by Joe Haff

Riff by Raff

What would you do if you met a guy at a football game and he asked whether you would like to fly to Yugoslavia the next day? Nine Y court cowboys out of ten would probably smell his breath and inquire as to his vertical stability, but that last adventure-possessed Balboanbred Carolina gentleman would, no doubt, be the pride of the Piedmont—Barry Farber.

There we were the Carolina representatives at Byrd Stadium. The first half was over and without the hunger for franks or the call of the kidney, Farber leaves his seat in search of something he knew not what. The magnetic masterdom of adventure overtook our helium hero and he just went for a walk around the horseshoe. The conversation went something like this, "Barry, how are you? I've been looking all over for you. Been trying to see you for the last three days."

"Hey Bill, what are you doing here," replied the old sea dog.

"Farber, you want to go to Yugoslavia?"

"Yeah, Bill. When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Okay."

Not the most enlightening conversation ever recorded, but, nevertheless, true.

The other half of the two-way parley was Bill Dentzer, Ohio student from Muskingum College and president of the National Student's Association. Marshall Tito was having a little get together for the boys of the world and Dentzer couldn't attend. Naturally our triple-triple-threat (nine language speaking) linguist was elected to the post, Zagreb, Yugoslavia was waiting and Farber was packed.

The following hours were hectic. Each minute was filled with European protocol, passport packing, cross-country phone calls, and garrulous good-byes—"I'm going to Yugoslavia!" There was hardly time to make Farber's mother believe he wasn't higher than W.C. Fields on New Year's, much less to relate the whys and wherefores of his trans-oceanic flight. A youth-convention in Zagreb is hardly a convincing statement on a football week-end in College Park.

Well, our Iron-Curtain Issador, The Balkan Barry Bolshevik, will be back in three weeks. Until that time we will receive columns from our behind-the-barricade, cold-war correspondent.

Farber stated as he boarded the Swiss Airline ship at Idlewilde in New York, "Now that I am the good-will ambassador for American students I leave one remaining and repeated thought—Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we all may be radio-active."

are most immediately concerned with putting out a newspaper. And who supported the large paper? A coed who has no official job in publications, a columnist and the President of the Board. And yet the Board voted 5-1 for the large paper.

This action represents a new low in Student Government responsibility.

Bob Clammit