

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tune In

Duke University will officially open its Duke Football Network Saturday with a broadcast of the season's opener with Washington and Lee.

Have you heard the latest news yet? Duke has taken to the air... They are sending their own games out to the nation... They provide their own announcers, and they have no need of sponsors; they just spend their whole darn time deifying their blue monsters, 'cause there's no one to dispute their adulation...

They monopolize the broadcasts with their football players' broad pasts... from their day of birth to their matriculation... There's just one thing I've been fearing: That the day is quickly nearing... when their mikemen in their praise of Duke so avidly are cheering, they'll forget to name the college which the Dukes are bravely smearing... and I'll tune them off and find another station!

—McCorkle

"And Now For A Change In Tempo"



Tommy Sumner VITRIOL

"Undoubtedly some of the 182 projects would not be under construction today if Congress had had reliable information from the Corps of Engineers, developed by competent engineering and planning."

This statement is from a congressional report investigating excessive costs of construction projects of the U. S. Army Engineers. It seems that the engineers have a habit of making an estimate which is based on chance approval rather than cost of construction and then going ahead and spending the funds in order to make it necessary to commit more to rescue the first.

An example of this technique was a certain Missouri Valley dam project. The original estimate was exceeded by over 3,000%—more than thirty times the estimate.

More recently there was a little air base project started over in Africa. It isn't finished yet—about half done—so the present estimate is only 50% over the original. The difference amounts to about a dollar for every bureaucrat, taxpayer and child in the nation.

One might expect that the results of would be of superfine quality. Does it happen? Uh-uh, the runways (laid six months ago) of those African bases are already breaking up.

With all that gravy the engineers should be downright obese compared with certain five percenters.

And as if this weren't enough

Once Upon A Time

I MET A MAN ONCE WHO SAID:

I missed out on my college days. You see, I didn't enter into it quite all the way. I never really got acquainted with a professor. Or even a textbook. Not seriously. I never learned the thrill of digging fossils on a mountain side. Or working till dark over a test-tube. Or getting on the trail of something in the library and searching it down feverishly for hours. I told myself that people who did that sort of thing are queer. And I said that professors were dull and I complained about the classes. I could learn more out of school, I said. I slid through some way without even letting my mind grow curious. And, it's funny, but do you know I feel kind of regretful now when I talk to a scholar. Or go to a library. Or wander through a museum. I missed out on all of that. And I find myself wishing I could go back to college and live those days over again.

I MET A MAN ONCE WHO SAID:

I missed out on my college days. You see, I didn't enter into it quite all the way. Working my through school took all my time, or I told myself it did. The fellows my way used to go bumming around at night and sometimes they'd ask me to go along, but I had to study. It seemed to me a lot of foolishness, the way they used to hang around the college drug store, or loiter on the library steps, or go to snake dances or rallies. I even missed the football games. Froth, I called it. Wasted time; I was in school to study. And, it's funny, but you know I turned away now every time I see a group of college men gathered in a drug store or on a corner of the campus. And every time I see two old college chums slap each other on the back and say, "Remember the time that we..." I gulp a little because I missed out on all that, and I find myself wishing I could go back to college and live those days over again.

I MET A MAN ONCE WHO SAID:

I missed out on my college days. You see, I didn't enter into it quite all the way. I was afraid, I guess. I wanted to try for a part in the school play once, but I didn't; I intended to. I went up to the room the night they were reading the parts, but I didn't go in. There were so many there who were better than I, and I turned away and went down the hall. I wanted to try for the football team, too, but I told myself I was light and turned away from the practice field. And it's funny, but do you know that I can't go to see a football game now, because I see myself out on the field or on the stage as I might have been if I hadn't been afraid. And I find myself wishing I could go back to college to live those days over again.

—The Miami Hurricane

CROSSWORD - - - By Eugene Sbeffer

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| 47 | | | | | | | | | 48 |
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- HORIZONTAL**
1. underneath
6. crook
11. Spanish seaport
12. revealed
14. positive poles
15. mad
16. breach
17. public warehouse
19. wind direction (abbr.)
20. arrow poison
22. thing, in law
23. biting
24. golf game attendants
26. bear heavily
27. sick
28. river in England
29. steal along
32. blots out
36. raised with exertion
37. continuous loud noise
38. quoit
39. be in debt
40. becomes dim
42. Greek letter
43. leaser
- VERTICAL**
1. tropical fruit
2. ran away secretly
3. youth
4. S-curve
5. spendthrift
6. jaunts
7. fermented grape juice
8. ancient name of Nio
9. posture
10. a game
11. necromancy
13. actions
18. bronze coin
21. Roman magistrate
23. provided with weapons
25. kind
26. close comrade
28. central mass
29. inadequate
30. citadel
31. broad highway
32. prefix: two
33. tilted
34. ancient Jewish ascetic
35. border
37. grimes
40. repair
41. plant formation changes
44. light brown official title

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

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| ADORE | ITS | ALE |
| LAPEL | LEE | GAR |
| ABELE | LINEATE | |
| RACK | LACTIC | |
| CLATTER | TRENT | |
| HATE | TATOU | |
| AYE | ACTOR | PIE |
| ASHEN | ROVE | |
| STRIP | LATERAL | |
| LEADER | LIVE | |
| INTERIM | LEMUR | |
| DOT | SPA | ERATO |
| ERI | EAR | RENEW |

Average time of solution: 23 minutes. 46. Moslem official title
Distributed by King Features Syndicate

Welcome Back Students!

You are Invited To Make VARLEY'S Your Headquarters For The Coming School Year, Taking Advantage Of Wearing The Latest In Fashion & Economical Buying—

Varley's MEN'S SHOP

"Tell us, little Ivan," she began. "Who gave us this wonderful school building with a playground, workshop, and exquisite shrubbery?"
"Comrade Stalin," answered the cherub.
"And who gave us this magnificent city with skyscrapers, museums, and broad boulevards?" continued the teacher.
"Comrade Stalin," came the reply.
"And who has transformed our one desolate homeland into a socialist paradise of peace and plenty?"
Once again little Ivan uttered the magic password.
"Excellent," beamed the teacher. "Now tell the class, do you have a portrait of Comrade Stalin on your wall?"
"No."
"Why not?" snapped the shocked, indignant tutor.
"We don't have a wall," whimpered Ivan. "Our family lives in the middle of the room."

Ed Yoder Freshman Camp

To most of Carolina's freshman newcomers, Wednesday, Sept. 17, was the big day—the first day of college. Early in the afternoon on that day, however, another group, easily distinguishable by the rather haggard and unusual air imparted by several days of rustication, made their appearances.

For them, the new life was not just beginning. They were already well on the way in pursuit of Carolina Tradition.

I think that I was lucky to have been a member of this group—of the approximate 170 boys who attended the University Y.M.C.A. camp at New Hope, seven miles from Chapel Hill.

For us, Orientation Week gave knowledge to be stored, not upon a vacuum of ignorance, but upon an already-sound foundation of the spirit, love, cordiality, and loyalty of Carolina.

Remembering the upperclassmen and faculty members who had come to Camp New Hope to talk, sing, laugh, and meditate with us, we felt that we had gained a head start upon the later-arriving freshmen toward the love of the campus and the school. And there were few who had not made many first acquaintances that will lead to lifelong friendships.

Under the direction of Y.M.C.A. board, students, faculty and administration leaders, the Freshman Camp got underway Sunday, Sept. 14.

Most of us who had come to Carolina had expected friendliness and helpfulness to be qualities of those leaders whom we were to meet. Yet, the actuality of these expectations surpassed our hopes.

We learned something of the "Carolina Spirit." We became familiar with the magnetism and wonder of this sincerity that binds men with traditions and with an optimism toward the future, not only for themselves, but for the world.

We had mental glimpses of the inspiration of a Thomas Wolfe, a Joseph Caldwell, a James

Knox Polk, a Frank P. Graham, and of the meditation that is the fruit of a literal melting pot that molds, from men, buildings, and idealism, the substance of a great state, and of a nation.

Of the many activities of the Freshman Camp program, there were but a negligible few that did not meet with the hearty approval of the campers. From the high regard of "Men and Traditions at Carolina," as interpreted by Director of Admissions Roy Armstrong, and "The Expression of Religion in our College Experience," by Dr. Preston Epps, of the Department of Greek, to the singing of "Hark the Sound," one could sense that here, in this open environment of camp, were being shaped the men who would exalt Carolina and all of its meaning to an upper stratum of their minds and hearts.

What phase of Carolina life could not be complete without discussions, informal debates, and interest-inspired forums? Certainly, these things were not omitted at Camp New Hope.

Great impressions were left, as persons, from members of the faculty, administration, Y.M.C.A. and student body, led groups of freshmen in hashing over topics that would be vital to them in the future.

Some questions were answered. Some, upon the never-ending topics of such things as student and national government, religious life, and politics, were covered thoroughly, then left to the decision of the individual.

Vice President Logan Wilson's final night address, "Faculty and Students—Co-workers in a Community of Learning," was the summation of the freshman camp atmosphere, the realization of the campus's freedom, the allied responsibilities, and wakefulness to the fact that the student's twenty four hours are his own.

Out of the intellectually broadening facets of the camp (See FRESHMEN, page 3)

Walkin'-on-air fun and songs as a Hollywood star is born!
FRANKIE LAINE
BILLY DANIELS
ARTHUR FRANZ
CHARLOTTE AUSTIN
ROUND MY SHOULDER
Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder
Ain't Misbehavin'
Bye Bye Blackbird
She's Funny That Way
Wonderful, Wasn't It?
Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams
Written by BLAKE EDWARDS and RICHARD QUINE
Produced by JONIE TAPS
Directed by RICHARD QUINE
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
LAST TIMES
T-O-D-A-Y
Varsity

WHY DON'T I SIMPLY JUST NICELY KNOCK HIM OFF?
YOU FOOL! IT'D MEAN ANOTHER BODY TO DISPOSE OF!
LET HIM IN—AND I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO THE "MURKIN" BOYS! IT'LL BE THE GREATEST SHOCK OF HIS YOUNG LIFE!
EXCOOZE ME, MA'AM—TH' REASON AH DRAPPED BY IS—
OF COURSE!—I KNOW—FOLLOW ME!!
YOU WANTED TO MEET "THE BOYS"?
GASP!—THIS IS TH' GREATEST SHOCK O' MAH YOUNG I-LIFE!!
L.I. Abner
A.I. Capp