

RANDOM RAMBLINGS:

Cliches: Faithful As Mother Earth

Al Walker

Today I shall write an example of what a good theme should look like for you Freshman who are about to be depressed by the grades on your first theme.

A COUP DE GRACE TO CLICHES Sooner or later a step in the right direction would have to be taken, to stem the tide of a large school of thought, who with all their might and main are trying to make cliches a thing of the past.

A cliché, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, should not be buffeted by fate, as has been the case in the past. Most dictionary definitions of cliché leave much to be desired. Contrary to my belief, dictionaries always say that clichés are trite and hackneyed expressions. It seems to me a cliché is a word or group of words which are constantly in the public's eyes. Some are old, as the hills, whereas some are relatively new.

How do cliches become cliches? Constant repetition by a certain group who think they've hit on something cute is their usual conception.

A striking example of this is the men of the working press's overuse of certain idioms. As a matter of fact, the situation got so out of hand in one big tabloid's office, that the editor was forced to give an ultimatum to his newshounds, straight from the shoulder. He said, "Within limits, clichés aren't so bad, but mark my words, we betide any man or beast who uses the phrases—foremost authority; ...spectators lined the curbs; 'unconfirmed rumor,' or the hackneyed headline—'Thousands Flock to the Beaches for Relief.' And I don't mean maybe."

Many politicians would be like a ship in a storm if they were not armed to the teeth with thousands of these helpful phrases. Although you couldn't get a true politician to own up to it, it is an established fact that any public speaker who knows the ropes will lower his intelligence level to prevent his words from falling on deaf ears.

Two sterling examples would be Sir Winston Churchill and Adlai Stevenson, passed masters at the art of words, both of whom rely heavily on cliches to win their points.

Subtlety and cleverness would go in one ear and out the other of the average audience, and so a good speaker often employs cliches to give the listener the impression that he is a good down to earth fellow who knows how to express himself.

I hate to mention it, but English teachers and English books are the cliché's foremost aggressors. Everyone knows that the last words on any English teacher's lips are, "Get some originality into your writing." May it rest in peace.

Nevertheless, cliches are here to stay. They fulfill a definite need in the English language. A day's vocabulary not blessed with a single cliché would be rather scanty indeed.

And so I say to you—lend me a helping hand. Step by step we shall restore cliches to their rightful position. Leaving no stone unturned, we shall put our shoulders to the wheel and as I live and breathe, in less than no time we shall make our enemy, the English teacher, see the writing on the wall.

I thank you.

THE HILLTOP:

Squirrel In The Gray Flannel Suit

Nancy Hill

All the creatures in Chapel Hill don't reside in The Ivory Tower. There are some who live as mundane a life as the man on Madison Ave. or Main St., U. S. A.

The Squirrel in the Gray Flannel Suit is one particular Madison Ave. type. Squirrel lives in the tree at the corner of Saunders and works in the Law School. He commutes every day to and from work. Unlike most commuters, however, he goes home for lunch.

He probably thinks Chapel Hill is New York, and may well consider in his furry way that his well-travelled path is the Long Island Railroad.

If he speaks with the tongues of men—and had time to speak—he might be quoting Shelley: "Look on ye mighty and despair."

The Carolina Quarterly, according to Editor Christian Lefebure, is on the lookout for poetry and fiction copy readers—and writers.

Quarterly offices are located on the landing on the lefthand side of Graham Memorial. As we stated in this column Sunday, the Quarterly is interested in seeing any fiction, poetry, or articles on the humanities from Carolina students. Lefebure stated that any art work in form suitable for publication, including photographs of sculpture, will be considered.

The Fall, 1957 issue will go to press in late October or early November.

WISE AND OTHERWISE Mobile Capital, Or Ike's A...

Whit Whitfield

The Press has once more struck out at President Eisenhower because of his numerous and lengthy vacations. This last terse verbal attack on the editorial pages of The Daily Tar Heel was most uncalled for. Why, he had only twenty-seven days this last time, and the Arkansas fiasco wasted quite a bit of this for him. Not only that, but the Southern Governors' Conference committee cut it short.

The headline of a UP story in The Durham Morning Herald read "Ike Ends Disrupted Vacation For Southern Governors Talk." Now isn't it a sad state of affairs when he has to interrupt his vacation to attend to the affairs of the nation? Who wouldn't call out the Airborne if he couldn't have his vacation in peace and quiet?

As we have said on another occasion, a good president needs plenty of rest to give him the much needed strength he needs to administer to the affairs of the nation. On purely this basis, Eisenhower must be a great president, for if he certainly takes enough vacations.

It can't be too difficult to deal with the nation's problems from Augusta, Denver, Newport, or wherever else he may be on vacation, for if it were, conditions in the nation would not be so serene.

Since the nation can operate smoothly with its chief executive on the move so often, it may be a good idea to move the capital with him, allowing other cities (with good accommodations for congressmen, newspapermen, and staff counsels) to have the distinction of serving as capital of the United States. Let us not be selective and just use Newport, Augusta, or Denver. Move it around. Give the other cities a chance. After all, that's the democratic way to do things. If all men are created equal, then why not all cities? Why discriminate?

If this idea were carried to its logical conclusion, then we could have a summer government in the Catskills and a winter government in tropical Key West. Quite possibly the Riviera might even be a better idea. The climate in southern France is reputed to be conducive to good health (among other things).

(Special footnote to The Southern Governors' Conference Committee.)

"It's Getting So You Can Hardly Stone People In Peace Any More"



READERS' REPOSITORY:

Stevenson's Wrinkled Forehead & Adlai's Brilliant 'Interlect' (sic)

EDITOR:

Now, please, don't get me wrong—I AM a Stevenson fan, and like the other college students, I consider him the darling of the political world—the only (if you'll pardon the expression) politician who understands those of book learning.

Consequently, when I heard I would actually get to see in person, in color, in flesh, blood and sweat, the man who's "greater in defeat than most men are in victory," I dashed over to Memorial Hall and camped there, missing three days of class. But it was worth it to obtain a choice spot in which to view every brilliant wrinkle on that magnificent forehead.

I cannot express my admiration for the immobility of his disinterested expression during the speeches, especially as I realize he was absorbing every word like a sponge (Dupont, of course). When he was finally given the opportunity to arise, I was surprised to see he was a little man—no matter, he grew bigger as he spoke with charm, he complimented Gov. Hodges, whose face turned a shade pinker as, in happy modesty, he nestled deeper into his chin.

Stevenson's sense of humor was

as witty as ever; no one was more aware of the fact than he. Along with the grateful audience, his face broke its usual composure and acknowledged this gift. The subject being education, the audience was warned against producing non-thinking students who might misunderstand future Stevensons.

When Mr. Stevenson mentioned audio-visual aids, the loudspeaker system (as if responding to roll call) came to a brief moment of life. It was stated that the two major problems in education today are federal aid and segregation; the former was said to have been a lost battle, the latter question was carefully avoided. A brilliant dissertation was heard on the inability of the student to gain adequate knowledge of today's complex system of government. This was followed up by the suggestion that the schools stress independent thinking.

In a strong finale, Stevenson proclaimed that he "didn't mean to criticize."

To tie things together nicely, the master of ceremonies again arose, issued a joke, and further reinforced the impact of the discussion by stating that, "we don't propose to tell you how to run your schools."

Joyfully, I left the auditorium.

confident that my mind had begun to be filled with worthwhile information at last.

SINCERELY DOROTHY BLITZER

EDITOR:

When such a distinguished distinguished gentleman, in his own rights, as Adlai Stevenson will make a visit to any place and particularly to Chapel Hill and to the campus of North Carolina, anyone with any sense will take the very pleasant opportunity to listen to such a man. I believe that it is almost sinful for the administration of this University not to suspend class to give those people who value Adlai Stevenson's interlect, interlect or what ever the Daily Tar-Heel may call it, a chance to hear him.

Adlai Adlai Stevenson's experience and knowledge far surpasses that of anyone who is now connected with the present administration; and although the editor of the DTH may consider Adlai Stevenson as a gentleman or as anything, the un-cultural editorial printed in DTH Sept. 26, 1957 edition can go to hell.

JAKE B. SENTAL

L'IL ABNER



by Al Capp

POGO



by Walt Kelly

Faubus's Intelligence Thoroughly Exploited; All Gray Matter Listed

Greater Than Fanatics Ol' Huck & Jim, Yes'um;

You just can't do nothin' that'll erase the literary significance of figures like Ol' Huck and Jim.

And the humor of scenes like Huck's description of a river boat explosion which didn't hurt nobody:

"No'm, just killed a nigger." Will be long remembered, long after the fanaticism of racially hyper-sensitive censors is put down—as low as a catfish swimmin' in 'evy winter-time water.

It shore seems sensible that any brand of folks would be proud of their heritage—their grand-daddies and great — grand-daddies, and what they done—and not try to put that that down to shame.

Times are right much better now. And it looks like they're gonna keep gettin' better if folks will just keep their heads screwed on, and not go ravin' and ravin' 'bout the least little sign of one brand of folk gettin' treated better than another brand.

You've just got to keep your head. Nuthin's gonna be solved by tryin' to kill everything you're ol' man and his man and so on done. It's really kinda' sumthin' to look up to. Everybody's gotta have sumthin' to look up to.

In more current dialogue, we report an editorial from The Wall Street Journal:

The New York City Board of Education has removed "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" from approved textbook lists for elementary and junior high schools, and the New York Times reports that one publisher says he was told by school officials that his contract would not be renewed for the book because it contained passages that were racially offensive.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Ath. Dept. Blindfolds

Student representation on the Athletic Council is purely figure-headed—for appearance sake.

It is increasingly appalling to find that the small three-member student representation on this all-important committee is sworn to silence and utter secrecy—through a blood oath or some other ritual.

And the student body is elbowed into a dark corner—from which no illumination is cast on the actions of the athletic department. The small student delegation on the council, to make matters worse, is denied representation on the Coaches Committee which lets coaches' contracts.

Yet students pay huge athletic fees into athletic department coffers.

It's the equivalent to emptying your wallet while blind-folded.