



## Literary Musings

By PROF. ROBERT MULDER

THE BALLAD OF TWO BROTHERS. Try as we may, we cannot refrain from commenting on the local hit parade favorites. If one stays tuned to our local station as we do, he cannot miss them.

Now that "Harper Valley P. T. A." has lost some of its punch, a new ballad eagerly awaits its place—this time the honors go to the much-too-sentimental story of a young soldier killed in Viet Nam.

This, by no means, is the first eastern war song to hit the top. Some months back a fellow wrote to his girl from a foxhole and in between the touching paragraphs, this one would "rise up and shoot me another enemy."

As our present story unfolds, Bud, the parents' favorite son, marches twenty miles a day over there in the interest of freedom while his younger brother, Tommy, demonstrates (marching twenty blocks—check the parallel) back home against the war.

Poor Tommy has been misinformed about Communism by his economics professor at the State University. (So now you know who's behind these demonstrations.) He, complete with beard, sign, and conviction, works himself down with extra-curricular activities while his soldier brother gets killed in action.

We listeners are brought to shed a tear as Tommy hears the tragic news of his brother, throws in the signs of protest, writes Mom and Dad of his change-of-heart, and joins the Army. (Obviously he didn't burn his draft card.)

All this is done in their letters home while the orchestra plays the stately "Battlehymn of the Republic" under the tear-directed sympathetic voices.

"The Battle of Two Brothers" has not been with us very long, but its popularity is gaining. As this article goes to press, the recording is rapidly working its way to the top. We predict (with no help from a crystal ball) that the ballad will soon cut its golden record mark. It really has to.

What with such music in the background as the touching "Battlehymn." Why this selection could be played at a rattlesnake killing to invoke sympathy for the victims.

This, along with the slaughtered soldier and the repentant student, always goes to make a best-seller. Now all we have to do is to wait for the answer-record. Surely there'll be one, seeing as how these record makers are about as non-profit as General Electric.

MORE ON MYRA. We should expect a feed-back from our local paperback racks. Since our mention of it in a recent column, every copy of MYRA BRECKINRIDGE at the three local dealers has been sold.

We're additionally told that the library copies are among the most popular works of fiction in circulation.

Furthermore, we can't review the book since some well-meaning enthusiast "lifted" our copy, and we need it to see how Vidal spelled some of his words.

That one chapter having only four words stands out in our minds right now. It's the time when she discovers that a part of her anatomy has been lifted (literally).

May we paraphrase by saying: Where is our MYRA?—the copy of the novel, we mean.

BOOKSTORES IN OUR CITY. Perhaps some of our readers are not aware of the paperback locations in Murfreesboro. We can see nothing wrong with a little free advertising by way of this column.

The Murfreesboro Pharmacy has a circular rack which usually promises a treat for every reader.

One may find a new shipment of paperbacks reaching the Varsity Shop around Tuesday or Wednesday every week. Here also is found a good assortment of magazines.

Additionally there is a rather large selection of paperbacks in the beautiful new Belk-Tyler's store on Main Street.

We feel that our students will not go lacking for paperback reading while in Murfreesboro. Too, there is Whitaker Library on campus where much of the latest fiction may be borrowed.

Every student may not know where the Library is, however. Just last week we were asked directions by a sophomore. Let's hope he was joking.

WHY DRESS UP? In a recent editorial (Smoke Signals, October 18) discussion concerned dressing



### Make it talk, George!

George Ethridge, a sophomore from Portsmouth, Va., and a student in the Department of Graphic Arts, was caught by the photographer while setting some copy for one of the many "printing jobs" done by the school of Chowan. For those who don't know, George is operating a Linotype machine.

## Community split by state line

Associated Press Writer

WENDOVER, Utah (AP) — Wendover, age 61, is a strange little community—population 750—with a strange history. And it sits on the edge of some of the strangest countryside in the world, a sheet of snowy-white salt.

Split down the middle by the Utah-Nevada line, half the town observes the conservative laws inspired by Utah's Mormon Church. The other half is an around-the-clock miniature Las Vegas, replete with flashing neon, gambling, liquor and go-go girls.

One of the two casinos on the Nevada side is just inches over the line. A sign outside proclaims "This is the Place," a not-too-subtle play on Brigham Young's declaration to his pioneer Mormons when they arrived to settle Salt Lake City, 120 miles east of Wendover.

Despite the casinos, there is no bank. And no cemetery; those who die are buried in Tooele, 75 miles east, the county seat on the Utah sides, or Elko, 110 miles west, the county seat in Nevada.

Deputy Sheriff Marion Carter enforces the Utah law, while Deputy Earl Lacey handles the Nevada trade. And each has his own jail.

Wendover is a watering hole for the American tourist, who doesn't find much to tour within a hundred miles. Another sign says "Where the West Begins"—a roadside refrain found at dozens of towns from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

Most of Wendover's residents are salt miners, railroaders, or employees of one of the casinos, two hotels, seven motels, four

restaurants, 13 service stations and two garages.

More than 17,000 men once were stationed at the base.

Within an airhorn blast of the trucks that roar down U.S. 40 through Wendover are the Bonneville Salt Flats, a 200-square-mile section where the salt is at its purest and lies perfectly level.

It's the world's best racing surface. Late each summer, men with sleek, high-powered machines and a platoon of mechanics put up at Wendover for a few days of speed on wheels.

The story of the salt is the story of Wendover. It begins millions of years ago, when the entire West, from California to the Rockies, was undersea.

Limestone beds of the sea floor were faulted and cracked, producing mountains and valleys.

In western Utah, the mountains formed a closed circle and glaciers flowed down the peaks to create prehistoric Lake Bonneville, once as big as Lake Michigan.

The effect, as one geologist explains, was "a giant bathtub—a tub without a drain."

Most of Lake Bonneville evaporated over time. What's left is the Great Salt Lake—itsself 25 per cent salt—and the one-half billion tons of salt on the flats.

To the pioneers, the salt was a barrier worse than any mountain.

In 1846, George Donner led a party across the salt to Pilot Peak, just north of Wendover. Scores of oxen and other animals died in the horrible journey. Tracks of the surviving wagons are still etched in the salt.

up on Wednesday evenings for supper. The writer was serious and nearly begged for a response.

Come on, Chowanians! Express yourselves on these issues. Write a letter to the editor.

Remember: You can tread on someone's sacred cow without cutting his head off.

## Scorpion is found

Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, chief of naval operations, announced that "objects identified as portions of the hull of the submarine USS Scorpion have been located about 400 miles southwest of the Azores in more than 10,000 feet of water."

The discovery, reported by a Navy oceanographic research ship Wednesday night, culminates a search of more than five months since the atomic powered submarine disappeared with a crew of 99 officers and men en route from the Mediterranean Sea to Norfolk, Va.

The Scorpion last was heard from by radio on May 21 when it was about 250 miles south of the Azores.

Although there have been periodic reports that the general location of the remains of the Scorpion was known, Moorer's announcement was the first word that the resting place had been found.

The 10,000-plus foot depth where the hull pieces were located is far below the "crush depth" of the submarine, which was reported able to operate only as far down as about 1,200 feet.

The research ship Mizar reported that the Scorpion's location "has been confirmed by means of remotely controlled underwater photography," Moorer's announcement said.

The Mizar and another research vessel, the Bowditch, using underwater sensors and cameras, have for months been scanning the ocean bottom in the general area where the find was made Wednesday.

Last July, this was called a "highly suspect" area.

The Navy said the Mizar is remaining on the scene "in an attempt to locate and photograph additional portions of the Scorpion's hull."

After that, the Navy said, the research vessel will return to port and photographs will be flown to Washington and Norfolk for a detailed analysis.

"Present information is considered fragmentary and consists of on-scene interpretation of initial photography," the Navy said.

In light of the discovery, a seven-man Navy court of inquiry will be reconvened at Atlantic Fleet headquarters in Norfolk.

The inquiry court was convened first on June 4. It has prepared a report, not yet released, which was understood to have made no specific judgment on what had happened to the submarine.

The search, which began shortly after the Scorpion failed to show up at Norfolk, involved more than 40 ships and 6,000 men, as well as many patrol planes.

At first, the searchers ranged over the entire track, about 1,200 miles, from the Scorpion's last known position to Norfolk.

Gradually, the search area was compressed.

It had been hoped initially that the sub might be located somewhere on the relatively shallow Continental Shelf where the Navy's rescue equipment could have reached it.

Navy officers felt all along there was no hope for the crew if the Scorpion had gone down farther out to sea, where the floor of the Atlantic drops away as deep as 18,000 feet.