

War Is Not Inevitable

This is United Nations Week commemorating the third year of its existence. We feel the following editorial quite appropriate.

The world today faces the greatest crisis in its history. War, we are told, is inevitable. Some, including many of our prominent and experienced major-domos of military and state service, claim it is imminent. The distressing point, about which there is scant debate, is that sooner or later it will be here.

This attitude is all the more distressing and alarming in that it suggests a feeling of futility and lost hope among not only our leaders but the populace itself. It suggests further that we as a people have lost sight of and confidence in the ways to peace. It suggests that the people of the world are a part of history and not of its determinants.

If this is true, if we are a part of history, then it's time to throw in the towel and put on a uniform. It can be true, tho, only if we believe it is true. If, on the other hand, we choose to believe that we determine history, then it is true that we do.

For God has given us the power to believe as we wish, to think without regard for physical pattern. This is mankind's greatest asset. Unfortunately, it also gives us the power to believe in God, or not to believe in God.

If we believe in God, as most of us claim, then war is not inevitable. For, in giving us this power, He necessarily gave us the corresponding power of acting as we believe. Acting, that is, on our environment. War can not be inevitable.

If we do not believe in God, and some of us do not, then war most certainly may be in the offing. For in such a case, history, nature, the universe, or any other similar force is the determinant.

Let us act then with a belief in God. Let us think of ourselves second only to Him. Let us think of nature as running a poor third. Then we can have peace. We can also have war. We can do as we wish. But we must lean upon Him for support.

It was Benjamin Franklin, speaking at the Constitutional Convention in 1787, who said:

"And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?" (Reprinted from the Syracuse Daily Orange)

Dangerous For Girls

The "powder bowl" ain't gwine be, according to latest information because tag football is "too dangerous for girls." There, we can stop and contemplate for several hours at least on this subject.

The boys are sorry that the game was called off and doubtlessly the coeds who were going to participate are also. We boys had fifty yard line seats reserved and were all ready to have a roaring time watching the Hopeless Hussies battle the Last Chance Fightfuls.

We suppose the powers that called off the scheduled game in Emerson Stadium had a right to do so but those girls, would have been mighty attractive tearing each other apart on the gridiron.

If it could be done, why not have the coeds sign an agreement to play at their own risk, then sponsor the game under the WSSF banner. All the men we know would gladly pay for reserved seats to see their favorite pinups attired in such famous numbers as 22 and 50.—B.B.

The Inquiring Eye

Each day we marvel more at the blessings that Man has been given. In the past great historical events have failed to be recorded unless caught by a painter, but today we have the movies and the still photographer.

A few days ago, Carolina students were able to benefit from the photographer's all seeing eye. The Carolina theater had a feature on the United Nations. Our great president Dr. Frank Porter Graham was seen by his students signing the agreement between the Dutch and the Indonesians when he was serving in the Good Offices committee last year.

E. Carrington Smith, manager of the theater is to be commended for his cooperation with the Collegiate Council for the United Nations which has a state headquarters and a local chapter at the University. Good work CCUN. We need faith now and you can help us find it.—L.K.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Odds And Ends

By Rita Adams

ON CAMPUS. EAGER SPOOKS. Folks are still wondering what the score on the Rendezvous Room is. True, they've been knocking themselves out on good programs this fall; but this time they got so far ahead that they had Halloween coming all of a week too early. It was a mistake, but there is going to be a program down there Friday night.

CARRYING THE TORCH for Tommy Thomas, Becky Holton didn't quite set the world on fire with her latest idea. She took off down town and got a beauty of a cigarette lighter, then went over and bought cleaning fluid to pour in it. But it seems that the doggone stuff was non-inflammable.

MEN OF DISTINCTION. At least, that's the self-applied term of the 17 students who are now living in Sutton Heights, "Chapel Hill's classiest neighborhood."

BUSINESS ITEM. Stock quotations on fraternity pins have jumped considerably due to PIKA Ted Wall's latest venture—will these quotes continue to fluctuate in the future?

AND THEY'RE OFF! Believe us, the Dixieland spirit is getting into folks around this town. Ab is flying the dear ol' Stars and Bars in his window; rebel yells resound throughout the halls of Graham Memorial; everybody's wearing gray skirts, pants, and sweaters; and they're calling Carolina the first team in the Confederacy.

HAIR TODAY and gone tomorrow are the way most birthdays go. But how 'bout asking Hot Rod Rodman about the one he had this week. He should be blowing his top about it for the next six weeks.

WE QUOTE. "I say there, has anyone got an extra dollar?" That's the way it was at the KA house this past week-end. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when the hat was passed around to keep the Bull City Night Hawks playing, but who wanted to keep them playing? The KA's wanted to go to bed—especially one hard working soul, namely "Goot". So it goes Carolina life—all fun but no sleep.

YOU NAME HER. Have you noticed the ad that runs as follows? "Do you have nice teeth, a good figure, slender legs, natural colored hair, clear skin, good posture; and do you speak Spanish fluently? Would you like to be an airline hostess? If so, see the representative in 301 A dorm"

ALL WET. The Carolina swimming team should hit the top this year what with extra encouragement from the Mer-men who presented Ralph Casey with a whip. They figure that if they give him a whip, he'll take a mile.

SIGN HERE for newest club on campus—the Monotone Club. The line forms to the right two hours and 15 minutes after every football game. Incidentally, the charter members are Ann Carlton (who took the cake as president because she couldn't even speak), Pris Moore Pat McNutt, Emily Baker, Frank Cox, and Bobby Williams. All you gotta do is get yourself unable to hit more than one note.

MISSED HIS TRAIN. Have you noticed the catastrophe in the Carolina Pharmacy window display that's left over from homecoming? Seems Choo Choo's effigy toppled off the train while the rest of the team is still charging on down the field. Guess he stopped off to block a State man.

RIDING HIGH and mighty happy about the whole situation is Helen Stephenson, proud possessor of a new Dodge. According to Carolina standards, she really should go places now.

UP AND AT 'EM! Those coeds are really knocking themselves out this week to develop muscles—for what purposes, we won't reveal. Anyhoo, their intramurals started Tuesday, and the crowning blow will come with today's Powder Bowl.

Riding the Coattail



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Lines on Literature

Melville is Rediscovered

By Roy C. Moose

Like many other great writers Herman Melville has been denied the appreciation and acclaim he deserves from the reading public. Yet he has written what is perhaps the greatest novel ever written by an American. His Moby Dick seems to be the only American novel capable of holding its own when compared with the great novels of the world.

The American public, however, completely forgot Melville and ignored his masterpiece. This might have been due to Melville's own way of living for he shunned the world. At 26 he was unknown. At 32 he had written all the books for which he is known. Then he spent the next 40 years in seclusion. He never stopped writing but just discontinued publishing. During these last years he developed a complete contempt for life. At his death in 1891 he was unknown to the newspapers. Moreover, he was unknown to the reading public and to the colleges. Even his Moby Dick had been denounced by the critics when it was published.

However, in the early twenties he was "rediscovered" and a great revival of Melville's works began. The colleges began to investigate his work. After the flurry of the revival was over, his popularity waned again. But this time a small but determined group kept Melville's works alive, and there has gradually grown a solid appreciation of him.

She Smiles, Too

This Hippo Can Snuggle

By Claire Cox (United Press Correspondent)

Rosie, a hippy hippopotamus at the Central Park zoo, is unhappy. Her middle-aged millionaire boyfriend who tickles her tonsils at least once a week has been standing her up.

Ever since Rosie came to the zoo 18 years ago, her boyfriend has been a regular caller. She likes him because he scratches her throat from the inside. She always greets him with her hippopotamus grin, a small replica of the Mammoth caves. But for a long time now he hasn't been coming and Rosie feels jilted.

The millionaire is the zoo's "angel," but he does not want his identity revealed. He donated Rosie and bought it many other animals.

But Rosie is his favorite. He named her after one of his best friends. When he misses the weekly dates and when he is in Florida for the winter, he telephones often to ask about his two-ton girl.

This realization of Melville's greatness has now culminated in a booming "rediscovery" destined to equal last year's great revival of Henry James. For no less than six books by or about Melville are being published within the next few months and others are in preparation.

Oxford University Press is publishing his Moby Dick (at \$3.50) with an introduction and notes by Willard Thorp. Melville's novel is the product of one of the most imaginative minds in literature, for it takes in the whole universe for its province. From a period of great story tellers such as Poe and Hawthorne, Melville has emerged the giant of the group. He wrote his book so that it can be read on three levels: as a sea story (which is the least important); as a comprehensive picture of the whaling industry; and as a tremendous allegory like Gulliver's Travels (the most important level).

The theme of the book is that man takes the whole universe for a vast practical joke, although the joke is at the expense of man. The central figure is Moby Dick the whale, symbolizing the universe, the most prodigious of all whales in magnitude and malignity. Reading and re-reading Moby Dick is a fascinating experience, one that seldom comes from present-day literature. Somerset Maugham has selected it as one of his "10 best" novels, and his cut version of it is due soon.

For the first time his Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent, 1849-1850, edited by Eleanor Melville Metcalf is being published. Due November 10 is Melville's Billy Budd, edited by F. Barron Freeman. The latter is the first publication of his Billy Budd, Sailor together with his last novel Billy Budd.

Farrar, Straus, Co. now has ready volume two of the Complete Works of Herman Melville entitled Piazza Tales. In preparation is a biography of Melville by Newton Arvin for the American Men of Letters series being published by William Sloane. Other critical analyses are being planned which should come out within the coming year.

Moreover, there is hope that the many reprint houses will follow the trend and schedule publication of his sea stories such as Typee, Omoo, and Mardi.

In addition to the interest accorded Melville by publishers there is more and more emphasis being placed on him by the colleges. The result is that Melville is now resting solidly on top of the American novel writers, although it took the public nearly one hundred years to place him there.

OF LOCAL ORIGIN: Paul Green's play The Common Glory, which is produced at Williamsburg, Va. each summer, was published last week by the University of North Carolina Press.

Write Away

Rebuttal Continued

(This is a continuation of an overlong letter begun in yesterday's Write Away.)

Editor: Mr. Debardeleben, with the evident relish of a Junior Com-mando busting up a shmootic spy ring, has accurately branded me for what I am—an active member of the Progressive Party. (Bob, you don't know the half of it. I wore out two good pairs of Tom McAn shoes this summer circulating the Wallace petition, not to mention nearly getting my thick skull bashed in when I asked a 220 pound Dixiecrat to sign.) I imagine that most of those who read my letter surmised I was a member of the Progressive Party before Mr. D's typewriter started clacking. Wouldn't it be a bit naive to suppose that a person who writes letters to editors praising Henry Wallace is not a member of the Progressive Party?

As to the reference to my friendship with Junius Scales, let me say that I class him as one of the truly superior individuals of this village. After several years acquaintance, before and after he went to war, I can honestly say that Junius is intelligent (check his scholastic record), cultured, clean, an interesting and pleasant conversationalist, soft-spoken, unobtrusive, considerate of others, impeccably well-mannered, tolerant, intensely humane and human, honest and sincere. It just so happens that those are the traits that command my respect and admiration. Junius' politics are his own business. As anyone who knows him will tell you, you don't have to be a pink or red to like—and be a friend to—Junius Scales. (I am surprised that Bob, who is himself an intelligent and pleasant fellow, should allow himself to be victimized by the old routine of "Yah! Yah! He must be bad on account he knows so and so...") It sounds more like something that might be written by an eighth grader in a DAR essay contest, not by a University student.) Thus, I believe Junius, or any other American citizen, should have the right to think and speak as his conscience dictates. (Have you forgotten Plymouth Rock? It isn't only a chicken, you know.)

One more thing, Comrade, before I gulp down my vodka and limp to the salt mines: Wendell Phillips, the statesman and orator, worded, for my money, what might well be the golden rule of all hep-cats of Free Speech (or are there any such critters left)? "No matter whose the lips that would speak, they must be free and ungagged. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves. If there is anything in the Universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack!"

Claude V. Dunnagan

Strange Invitation

Editor: The other afternoon I happened to be over in Graham Memorial and I was invited by leaders of the University Party to attend a U. P. meeting. Being a student who is sort of interested in student government and related functions, I accepted the invitation.

Imagine my suprise when a short time later after the usual preliminaries of a meeting and a few small matters had been disposed of, I was asked to leave the meeting!

Now, the University Party is entitled to have closed meetings if it wants to, but is it really necessary for them to invite innocent bystanders to their closed meeting that are announced as "opened?"

Fred Thompson

A 10x10 crossword puzzle grid with some cells shaded. The grid is numbered 1 through 57.

- HORIZONTAL: 1. century-plant, 6. decay, 9. lofty mountain, 12. more recent, 13. wander, 14. city in Brazil, 15. division of National Park, 16. showy flowers, 18. field of combat, 20. adolescent years, 21. Brazilian coins, 23. S-shaped worm, 25. being, 26. eternity, 27. listen, 29. declare, 31. endowed, 35. South American monkey, 37. topaz humming bird, 38. feminine name, 41. lair, 42. imitated, 43. figurative use of a word, 45. stage, 47. modifying words, 49. ethical, 52. pedal digit, 53. observe, 54. rugged mountain spur, 55. bitter vetch, 56. spread for drying, 57. ancient country, 1. malt drink, 2. aeriform matter, 3. reaches, 4. fluctuates, 5. Gaelic, 6. meal, 7. native metal, 8. jog, 9. sign of zodiac, 10. legal claims, 11. sheriff's band, 17. necessitates, 19. profited, 21. the turmeric, 22. goddess of dawn, 24. cardinal numbers, 27. land measure, 28. born, 30. Russian stockade, 32. diminished, 33. twilight, 34. father, 36. annoyed, 38. declare, 39. vehemence, 40. rambles, 44. formerly, 46. Mohammedan cleric, 48. social gathering for work, 50. mountain aborigine, 51. meadow