

Produce or Get Out

Coach Carl Snavely is a more successful teacher than I am. He is a more successful teacher than any professor in my department and more so than most professors in the University."

It is slightly surprising to consider this statement made by a University professor and to realize that it is absolutely true. It is also somewhat disturbing. For the man who made that statement was a teacher of political science, and he was admitting that the teaching of a game is more successfully performed here than the teaching of the vital business of governing the United States.

Why is that true? "Coach Snavely has to produce or get out," the professor said. "Moreover, his students reach out and grab for everything he can teach them. Every man on the football team is eager to learn as much as he can about the game."

And why are they so eager to learn? Because they, too, must produce or get out. Snavely keeps no deadwood on his squad. Many are called but few are chosen; and because this is so, playing on the team becomes a goal to be attained and an accomplishment to be proud of. Every player works six days a week at learning football—and it is hard, dirty, driving work. Each man works because he knows that to succeed he must be not just good but in his specialty he must be among the best. It is a challenge to prove himself, and the man who meets the challenge best receives the most in return.

The desire to be "the best" has been so developed by the American competitive system that it has become almost inherent in the American make-up. If this challenge will work in teaching football it should work in teaching other subjects. We have said before that it is too easy for both students and professors to get in and to stay in this University. Of course, there are exceptions: the Law school, the Medical school and other graduate schools are tough, as is the Commerce school. It is noticeable that the tougher the section of the University, the more highly is it regarded and the wider does its reputation spread. But the level of instruction and of student endeavor is disgustingly low in the general college and in most of the University departments. Some professors such as Craig in English, Cameron in math, Cathy in history and Newman in music, are hard taskmasters. They are competent teachers and can afford to be tough, and because a grade from them means something in knowledge gained, students work for them. Many of our teachers however, are mere hacks at their trade, bored with their work and boring their students. The knowledge is there if the student wants to dig for it, but, if he does not, he can piddle along and pass anyway. There is no incentive for him to do his best. He is wasting his own time, taking up needed space and slowing down students who do want to learn.

The University of North Carolina is a great university, but it can be even greater. The principle of "produce or get out" can make any university great. It needs to be applied here.

Russia Makes a Threat

By an overwhelming majority of 40 to 6 the general assembly of the United Nations last Thursday upheld the Baruch plan of international atomic energy control. Of course Russia can again walk out in protest to the majority decision if she wants. But one thing has been proven—the nations of the world can agree on something that is vital to their welfare.

However, there is one sour note. Vishinsky said in reference to the vote on the AEC, "The control organ would have to have armed forces to enforce its order." This means that if the control organ wishes to investigate a nation suspected of making or storing bombs, they may have to use force even to get a chance to look. That would mean war or would nullify any attempts at international control made by the commission.

Let us hope, however, that Russia has learned a lesson from the recent U. S. elections. The voice of the majority of the people can not be denied. Even now as the polling booths are swept clean, the parties are unanimous in their support of the people's choice.

Listen to the voice of the world's people, Russia.

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Odds And Ends

By Rita Adams

ON CAMPUS:

TO BE OR NOT TO BE a debutante from Carolina is a good question at this point. The girls this year are watching every football game and chewing their nails over getting to the Sugar Bowl, 'cause they know that if we do hit New Orleans, they'll have one more tough time making the ball and the game in two days. And chief marshals like Dick Stoker are likewise upset about the matter.

PONY EXPRESS. What with his many trips to and from the Twin City; Graham Memorial director Bob Watson is a mighty busy man. Mike Loftis has suggested that we take up a collection to buy Bob either a motor scooter or a Shetland pony.

HOW FAST can the Carolina mails get? We begin to wonder when we hear about air mail letters between Spencer and the ATO house. Whazza matter—somebody have tired feet?

STILL WAITING. We have yet to get a report of a mud pack in the new barber shop. Say, why don't you fellows drop in down there and talk the matter over with Jim the barber? You might get a haircut while you're there even if you don't like the idea of having mud on your face.

NO CAN DO. It's down right impossible to keep rules at times; and we hear that Carrington Greter has found one of those times. He's been so happy about the election results that he can't keep from talking about it, even if he is supposed to be working a quiet job behind the desk at the library.

AND SHE'S OFF! It's folks like Liddy Bett Myatt who make us feel like so many turtles. When that gal takes off at 8:56 for her 9 o'clock class, she's gone like a streak of greased lightning.

THE HOUNDS ARE OUT, but Tarnation is not. The editors say it will be out when we see it. In the meantime, if anybody sees "Scoop" Campbell, put a ball and chain on him and bring him around to the Tarnation office. That might help matters a bit.

NO CHECK—CHECK! When you fill out those football score-guessing forms, be sure to black the blanks. They're easier to tabulate that way.

SO RIGHT. That freshman down on the steps of Lenoir knew what he was talking about when he made his profound statement on the election. And we quote: "Well, the national polls were right on one point—We states' righters really did take the lead in our four states."

COME 'N GET IT! The boys in Elliot Lawrence's orchestra have mail in the office of Graham Memorial they haven't even used yet. Fact is, it looks as if they'd be booked up for the next six months if they'd come by for it.

THANKS, COW COLLEGE. We're happy to report that 16 boys from State brought the lost ram's head home to Old East last week.

NEUTRAL TERRITORY? Wish you'd help us explain this one. Student party freshman class president nominee—gads, what a title!—Bill Prince and another member of the party—namely Frances Green—were seen addressing cards for the Campus party the other day.

PLEASE, PLEASE, and another please! Whoever took the note book with "OGB" on the cover bring it back to the DTH office or get it to Bob Smith. Otherwise, yours truly will be in no less than 16 sliced bits.

HOPALONG PETER. Tough about that football game that almost took Pete Burk's leg away from him. Best he stay here at the Hill and not take off to wild, wooly places like Charlotte.

These Days

On The 1948 Campaign

By George E. Sokolsky

I spend election night from 6:30 p.m. to 10 a.m. at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, the headquarters of Governor Dewey. And there I had a wonderful opportunity to study psychology. What's the use of trying to analyze the votes; let's talk about people.

During the early hours of Tuesday night, the assembly was gay. It was a sure walk-over. The new day was dawning. Then the Truman votes came rattling in and the gloom began to spread. The walkover, the sure thing was not what it seemed to be. I had made it my business to look carefully for the Old New Dealers who had hopped on the Dewey bandwagon when it was rolling along. They were there up in front; the smart converts. Somehow toward the middle of the night, they began melting away. They had hopped too soon. I regretted that duty (I had suddenly become a commentator on television) kept me from going to the Biltmore Hotel, where the Democrats were gathered. Perhaps those New Dealers who had bet on Dewey as a sure thing were now making their peace with Senator McGrath.

And the same is true of lots

of folks on the air. There ought to be monitors about to tell some of them what they had said the week before. Some of these prophets had studied the Gallup and Roper polls and had decided to get in right with Dewey before he actually reached the White House. And it was terrifyingly interesting to see how they were soon throwing out hints that they had known it all along.

Well, nobody knew it all along. Nobody seriously concerned with politics expected what happened to happen. Seventy-four per cent of the American newspapers, according to the Twohey Analysis of Newspaper Opinion, supported Dewey and expected him to win; nine per cent supported Truman and expected him to win. Most of the politicians and foreign observers and the man-on-the-street expected Dewey to win—and most of them anticipated a landslide. And nobody has an alibi. It just went the other way.

But you should have listened to the discussions between 4 a.m. and 8 a.m. on Wednesday. Each one had a different explanation, ranging from the people liking the

little scrapper to nobody turns out an administration during a period of prosperity. The best argument I think was that the Solid South remained Solid South and that the Wallace vote did not materialize.

The latter point is very interesting:

In July, it was expected that Henry Wallace would get about 5,000,000 votes. By October, it looked like 2,500,000. While this discussion raged, Henry had under 1,000,000 votes, but Truman bettered Dewey by 1,300,000 votes, so it was assumed that the 1,500,000 who failed to vote for Wallace voted for Truman and that made the difference. Well, maybe! Who knew in July or October what the Wallace vote would really be?

Most of us finally gave up trying to understand what had gone wrong. It did not seem to matter much. I cannot get excited about it. I believed firmly that the country should have elected Dewey and by a decisive vote. A large number of voters differed and that is each man's right in a free country. Men here do not have to agree or follow a leader or accept the dictates of anyone or even the wisdom of the pundits.

Slightly Satiric

The New Saga Of Roland

By Bev Lawler

We are proud to announce the birth of another campus tradition. It seems that late at night the boys in the Quonset huts can hear weeping and wailing from the deserted hut at the edge of the forest. Whenever they investigate they find a small 39 pound ghost, who shimmers and glows rather unconvincingly and who advises everyone to go to the drugstore if they ever have a sore throat. Being rather blasé individuals, the boys listen for a while, yawn, and then retreat to their beds, but the TAR HEEL reporters are made of sterner stuff, so here is the complete, uncopyrighted story.

The ghost's name is Roland and the story begins many centuries ago when meat was cheap and automobiles plentiful. It so happened that Roland was hoarse from cheering the Big Team to another routine victory, so he strolled to the dispensary to succor his wrecked membranes. Casually giving his name to the receptionist, our unwary hero walked into the examination room and found it empty. Never one to miss an opportunity for sacking-time, he relaxed in a comfortable chair and let his natural inclination take its course. He never heard the door open and never saw the doctor stride into the room, eyes flashing, nostrils aquiver with

anticipation, every sense alert for the smallest, most elusive symptom. Gently prodding Roland to his usual state of near-consciousness, the doctor pushed him upon the examining table and began a series of short left and rights to the midriff.

"Does it hurt," he inquired?

Roland rubbed his battered abdomen and gave an emphatic, "Hell, yes," nod.

Firmly grasping Roland, the doctor ordered a nurse to prepare a bed. This rang alarm bells in the noble cranium of our hero, who sat up to declare his need of a little medication of the throat. Assuming that he was reaching the delicious stage, the doctor laid him low with a gentle rabbit-punch.

Awakening, Roland found a lovely young nurse applying a king-sized needle to his posterior regions. Blushing at his embarrassing position he unwittingly called attention to his revived condition, for Roland was the type that blushed all over. Catching her eye, he emitted a croak intended to convey his disapproval of the entire situation, but she only backed away, flexing her muscles. Roland started to sit up, but memory of his last attempt and the resulting "coup de grace" convinced him it was better to remain dormant and concious.

Ten days later they decided that Roland could go free,

since they had given him all possible tests and decided that he was free from cancer, heart trouble, chiggers, and needed no pre-natal care. His bed was filled by a young man who had a flat tire in front of the Medical Building and walked in to ask if they had a spare wrench.

Rested up, though he was down to 39 pounds, Roland strolled over to his dorm room. It was filled with pin-ups and people. They carefully explained to him that since he had not been in possession of his room for so long, the Housing Office had demoted him to the Quonset Huts. Since Roland had waited three and a half years to get a room, he hastened to see Mr. Pilesworthless and complain, in his penicillin-shot voice, about the situation. Mr. Pilesworthless promised a room inside of two years.

Wearily dragging his meager belongings behind him, he retired to an abandoned hut and sat down to count his resources. They came to \$17.50. At that moment he received his first letter in days. It said, "Ten days meals at Dispensary @ \$1.75 per day. . . . \$17.50. Roland thought of the safty soup at \$58 1/2 per lukewarm bowl and then tried to draw consolation from the free water, but he failed. That is why the boys so often hear the ghost of poor Roland—39 unhappy, ectoplasmic pounds.

Stooping to Steal

Black Eye For Honor Code

By Pete Gerns

The newsboys working at Lenoir hall and the YMCA are doing the student body a service by making newspapers available to us during all hours of the day. Rising at six in the morning, they deliver their papers that we may get them in time for breakfast. The same service is performed for the other meals.

It so happens that the newsboys are trying to make a living. They are students like ourselves, some of them married, working on a self-help job to keep themselves in school. Their sales of newspapers constitute their livelihood.

It seems, therefore, preposterous to assume that there are students among us who would stoop so low as to steal (strong language, but true) papers rather than give up a nickel. Think I'm kidding? Although not an excuse, is that

Let me tell you the facts, then: The fellow who handles the Winston-Salem papers, taken at random, during the week ending October 16, lost \$4.85! That's almost 70 cents per day. The boys taking care of the Durham and Raleigh papers find themselves daily in the same predicament. Think it's odd, with an honor code on the campus? You can bet those fellows do, too.

I took off the other day to check with one of the fellows some of the coin boxes. We started out at the YMCA. He had 45 papers there when he started in the morning and should have found \$2.25 in his cache at the end of the day. But no, five people had helped themselves to a free paper meanwhile. The Durham paperboy lost almost \$1.00 on a single day last week.

An interesting sidelight, although not an excuse, is that

the lack of government checks and the running out of money that the veteran gets from Uncle Sam has a direct bearing on the losses sustained by the boys. Losses increase toward the end of the month.

Maybe you think that the blame shouldn't be put on students? We thought of that too. So what do you think when one of the paperboys stands near his stand in Lenoir one day a couple of weeks ago and sees two of his buddies swipe his mealticket. Well, he'd rather not make enemies, and he doesn't call them down.

Think of all this when you get a paper next time. If YOU GOT A NICKEL, PUT IT IN THE BOX (The girl at the cigar counter will gladly make change for you). If you haven't, read your buddy's paper - Let's not make the paperboys suffer from lack of decency on our part.

Write Away

No Proof of Talk

Editor:

Until now it has been possible to regard the letters and columns of Communists and their sympathizers as merely imbecilic but I'm beginning to wonder how long this definitely minority group will continue to fill with their inanities space far out of proportion to the size of that group on this campus.

I have yet to see any definite proof of their so plentiful statements. To quote from the latest:

"Nothing in the sham that passes for democracy is more childishly foolish than legislation in the U.S.A." Mr. Shaw may be a great writer and a great wit, but as a critic of other people's government which he must criticize in order to express his dear little individuality or something, he's a great bag of wind. Evidently he thinks his insulting words will camouflage his lack of sense.

"To suppress Communism the American government has arrested 12 persons and charged them with advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence, which is exactly what Washington and Jefferson did, thereby creating the United States of America." Washington and Jefferson didn't create the U. S. by themselves, there were a lot of other people there, too. It was by the desire of all the people, or at least a vast majority, that the Declaration of Independence was framed, not that of a minority under the pay and or influence of a foreign power.

"The founder of Christianity was a Communist with 11 faithful apostles, chief of whom struck a man and his wife dead for keeping back their money from a common pool instead of sharing it. But American legislators, . . . don't read the Bible." Neither, obviously, does either Mr. Robertson or Mr. Shaw. According to my Bible it was God, not Peter, who struck down Ananias and Sapphira, and Peter's reproof made more of the lie they told than of their failure to yield all the money.

If Mr. Robertson is an example of a man of "intellectual intelligence" I prefer to remain criminally backward, since I personally am having rather a good time in this "dark turmoil of decaying capitalist culture," a sight better than the average citizen of Communist-held countries, anyway.

Mary E. Barker

On Visiting Spain

Editor:

I wish to congratulate you upon your new advertiser. Surely Gen. Franco will not feel too out of place in the pages of your liberal newspaper of this liberal university. "Rare opportunity," states the ad; (as well it might) "travel in Spain." Might I suggest a visit to the Majorcas on which Junkers 88's used to fuel up for their raids against North Africa? And a visit to the southern ports from which careful watch was made, and reports promptly forwarded, of our convoys entering the Mediterranean? I am sure that hundreds of our G. I.'s who went down beneath the blows of Nazi dive-bombers in those waters would appreciate the suggestive ad.

Yes, do visit Nationalist Spain. Visit the flourishing black markets; and I hear the slums of Barcelona and Madrid are something to see. One night visit the many prisons as well, in which hundreds of thousands of political prisoners still languish. One might even be so fortunate as to witness some of the daily executions of those who fought against Hitler's legions and Mussolini's brigades. And, before leaving Spain, one must remember to visit the thousands of American graves of those young men who died at the Ebro, at Mologa, at Jarowa in the battle that ended in Berlin. It would be particularly educational to visit Garcia Luca's grave. Franco so loved this poet he could not bear him to suffer living.

Yes, visit Spain. I am indeed happy to see that Gen. Franco is welcome in the liberal pages of your liberal newspaper.

Sidney Shanker

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HORIZONTAL

47. one who invests
49. weary
50. English school name
51. feminine name
52. Mohammedan titles
53. observes
54. twenty-four hours
55. cozy retreat

VERTICAL

1. cardinal number
2. Italian coin
3. hardened like bone
4. resounded
5. warm-blooded vertebrate
6. citrus drink
7. re-exhibited
8. clergymen's residences
9. insects
10. Indian arrow
11. youths
12. bodily joints
13. wagger
14. cereal grass
15. put in
16. renew
17. suffer
18. negative
19. vote
20. fury
21. fire-whistles
22. plaid
23. French article
24. pastries
25. grafted (her.)
26. cry of
27. bacchanals
28. supplicate
29. epochs
30. egg

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

C	O	L	S	T	E	R	E	P	R	E	
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A	N	D	R	I	A	N	T	E	V	E	
Y	E	S	S	O	R	T	S	A	W		

Average time of solution: 21 minutes.
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