

# The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily during the regular sessions of the University at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examinations and vacation periods and during the official summer terms when published semi-weekly. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8 per year, \$3 per quarter. Member of the Associated Press, which is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news and features herein. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

Editor: ROY PARKER, JR.  
Executive News Editor: CHUCK LAUSER  
Managing Editor: ROLFE NEILL  
Business Manager: ED WILLIAMS  
Sports Editor: ZANE ROBBINS

Don Maynard, Associate Ed.  
Andy Taylor, News Ed.  
Frank Alston, Jr., Associate Spts. Ed.  
Faye Massengill, Society Ed.

Staff Photographers: Jim Mills, Cornell Wright  
For This Issue: Night Editor, Rolfe Neill — Sports, Buddy Northart

## NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

If you're alive but lazy, like most of us, you should not go any further with this column. The sum and substance of it today are to pose several questions that will require a great deal of honest effort even to try to answer.

The cards are stacked against you from the start.

But if you can answer them, completely and honestly and accurately, you are either fooling yourself or you are very rich. Watch that "accurately" because that's where most of us trip.

Here they are:  
Why must we live dully? What is it within a person that allows acquiescence to convention for convention's sake?

Why is the price of freedom almost more than freedom itself? Or does a man actually seek freedom? Does it make sense that man would deliberately enslave himself?

Can a man know himself, ever? Is the greatness of knowing yourself always at the expense of others? How can another be of meaning unless you are known to yourself honestly and conclusively?

Must a man believe? And, should his belief be the essence of futility, can he believe?

Supposing you know what you want to do, is that what must be done? Is it that men are doomed to be each less than a man?

How can one man love two women? Is there really something greater than love? Is there really something more human in us, or even in some of us?

For the love of body and of the mind and even of the heart is not enough, is it? Even with all of these, there are more, aren't there? Or, at least one more?

Is contentment romantic or realistic? Can you choose one or both of these? Or is it that no choice exists?

Is compromise the only answer always? Isn't it true that the many look for what the few have and don't see that the few are looking for something more than they have?

If all practical men are fools in dishonesty and all romanticists are fools in futility, which are the more satisfied? Are either satisfied?

## Constitutional Bugaboo

Here we go again. The bugaboo of fall elections dates is once more upon us. It is getting to be a rather laughable situation. The new Constitution was expected to clear up the tangle, but another kink has been found.

Referred to, of course, is the "unconstitutional" date chosen by the Student Legislature Thursday night. It set the election for November 30—a Thursday. And still the bugaboo followed them when it was brought out that that is less than five days away from Thanksgiving holidays—and that it is against the Constitution to set elections for such a time. And, as was pointed out, if the election was moved to a "constitutional" date—say a week later—the runoff would be during exam week, and that is also unconstitutional.

What are we going to do? About the only thing to do is to once again, as has been done twice in the past, violate the constitutional provision. Unfortunately, that is the only way to handle the situation. It is terrible for student government to have to break the top campus law, but that is the only way, what with the impossibility that is presented by the wording of the Constitution.

Everyone concerned with the problem should realize the dilemma, and be tolerant. Such actions as contesting the election because of its unfortunate unconstitutionality do no one any good, and would be an indication of hypocrisy. Students should realize that this is not a "flagrant" violation of the Constitution.

But those concerned with the problem should also take immediate steps to for once and all rectify the tangle. An amendment to the Constitution giving the Legislature the power to simply "set the date of fall elections" should be on the ballot during the "unconstitutional" fall elections. The amendment should give the power to the solons without any qualifying clauses. Only by doing that can the situation be remedied.

## Fault Of Students

The troubles caused when the Publications Board cut the commission of the Tarnation business manager is another incident that points up the unfortunate lack of student interest in campus organizations.

The Board, operating fully within its powers, sliced the commission percentage from 30 to 20 per cent. Deeply chagrined, several members of the humor mag business staff quit their posts, and the Tarnation faced a crisis. The Board has since reconsidered its move. Temporarily, the commission percentage has been restored to 30 per cent, while the Board carries on a survey of salaries and commissions throughout the publications field.

Cutting of salaries and commissions should ordinarily be the first move when faced with a shortage of funds. There ordinarily should be plenty of people available to step into positions made available when people whose salaries have been cut quit their jobs. Unfortunately, that is not the case. As a consequence, quality of the magazine will have to suffer in order to keep enough people at work to produce Tarnation.

We have no harsh words for those who quit their jobs when their salaries were cut. That is certainly the prerogative of any employee, and they would be foolish not to exercise that right. The fact that their resignations caused such a furore, however, is an indication of the unfortunate state of personnel affairs in student organizations. Their jobs are not highly technical. There are plenty of students who could handle the jobs. But the fact that such students do not take an interest in campus organizations has forced the Publications Board to take a step that is not in keeping with good policy. Only when students realize the crying need for personnel in campus organizations and seek to alleviate it can such an unfortunate situation be bettered.

## Deepening Faith's Roots

(This article is the first in a series of daily meditations written by the Worship Committee for Religious Emphasis Week. They are expressions of faith, and have been written by students for their fellows in the hope that a sharing of beliefs will lead to deeper religious thought on the Carolina campus.—Ed.)

It has become practically a truism for us to say that a man's actions are guided by his beliefs. However, while there is continual discussion of morals and mores, there is little real, well-founded searching into our basic faith, no matter what it may be.

Vague ethical codes based on nothing more than childhood habits are like unto a "house built upon the sands." Once they are confronted with real temptation, they crumble, offering only passive resistance.

The plight of our present day civilization in the West can be attributed to the lack of strong religious zeal among the leaders of this culture. We must reorient our frames of reference. We must plant our lives firmly on the rock of a strong unshakeable belief in the Fatherhood of God. Once we have found this, the brotherhood of man will follow as a necessary by-product.—Payne Jackson



## Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

COLUMBUS, Ohio—I have read a mess of stuff about prisons—shockers, explainers, excusers—but one of the things that was never so clear to me before is the effect of economics on the circumstances that put men in a big jail like the Ohio State pen.

It is just a touch horrifying to watch the serried faces of the men who inhabit a Big House, and to realize that about 90 per cent of the faces are a dismal mirror of their lowly status in the land of their birth.

I do not mean, at all, to give belief to that old and disproven theory of Lombroso concerning the criminal stamp on a culprit's kisser. There ain't no such animal. A great many callous murderers own fine features, and the highest cultural level of this academy seems to be the property of the perverts.

What I do mean is that when you look at a few thousand faces, all shut away from society, is that you are largely seeing not comeliness of countenance. What you are seeing is the brutish trace of early poverty, early desperation, early deprivation of the few necessities of living that can turn a man into a criminal.

"Our murderers," the warden says, "are our best citizens in this jail. They seem to have a higher moral sense than the others, more intelligence. It's a funny commentary on crime that the murderers and the perverts are the class of the institution."

When you look at the faces of the rank and file of convicted criminals you see pimples and lop ears and scowling skins, malformed features and bad rhinuses. You see bad teeth and receding chins and unhealthy hair. You see a lot of stupidity and a lot of blankness but very little meanness or evil.

You see the insoluble stamps of malnutrition, the graven marks of debased living dating back to childhood. Slum is written large on the faces

of nearly all—slum, a factory town, a drunken father, a sloven mother, a lack of education, a lack of sanitation.

There are, of course, the unusual exceptions. There is the county treasurer who took the county funds, the passion killer who slugged his lady love. One of the dental technicians here is a lad who made the Brink protectors for several thousand in an inspired stickup, and there are naturally the aberrational criminals. But they come precious few to the cell.

I have spent some time in leper colonies and the symptoms are the same. Nobody ever caught leprosy on purpose. The stigmas of that disease are no less pronounced than the stigma of the bulk of people who reside in prisons today. They are almost all involuntary victims of unhappy accident.

I know of a recent case of a man who stuck up a few filling stations and netted a fast \$300 for his work. Somebody got scragged in a stick-up and he drew 80 years. His pleas was a hungry wife and baby. I believe it to be true, but a hungry wife and baby are not defense for the dumb de-pression that leads a man to violence. Eighty years of jail is a rich premium to pay on \$300.

I know of another lad whose skill with an airbrush put him among the first rank of commercial artists, but I note that this baby is back in vile de-pression again. He just likes to burgle houses. Explain him you cannot. He may draw like an angel but the mark of early hunger is on his face.

Godness knows I make no moral here. Unless it's that few nice folks go to jail. And the reason the people who go to jail aren't nice, generally, as we count niceness, is that they never had much opportunity to explore the term. Niceness means a full stomach and a firm family, and these poor guys have had small experience with either.

## The Carolina Front

by Chuck Hauser

Twenty-year-old Fred Greenberg, a visitor from the University of Maryland, found himself in the long arms of the Chapel Hill law late Friday evening.

Fred was with a group of Terps uptown, and the major pastime of the boys seemed to be tossing Virginia-bought firecrackers out into Franklin Street.

Several members of the Chapel Hill police force cruised by in a patrol car and warned Fred and his friends that there was not only a state law but also a local ordinance against fireworks. Fred should have known that cops in a college town are usually pretty lenient guys. And our Chapel Hill gendarmes are typical examples of good-natured college-town law enforcement officers.

But you can't push anyone too far. After Fred and the other Marylanders had been warned several times about cutting out the fireworks, the men in blue stepped out of their car and told Fred he'd better come along with them.

Trailing the patrol car went a group of several dozen Terps, marching around the corner toward the Town Hall. Fred was walking up the steps into the building when the crowd came into view, grown to about 50.

The officers were serious about the whole thing. Their orders had been consistently ignored, and there was nothing they could do but make an arrest. Fred could pay a bond and appear in Recorder's Court on Tuesday, or he could spend the night in the calaboose.

Fred had no desire to catch his 40 winks in a cooler, and he certainly couldn't cut classes at Maryland to appear in court without suffering pretty rough consequences.

Fred was sweating, the officers were adamant, and on the outside the growing crowd began yelling for the release of their compatriot. They may not have realized it, but their yelling wasn't helping Fred one damned bit. It was doing just the opposite.

Finally Big Bud Simpson told Fred he could go in and talk to Chief Sloan, who was sitting in a side office at the police station. The Chief explained things to Fred, asked his cooperation in getting his Maryland buddies to cut out the firecracker childishness, and sent him on his way with a pat on the back.

Chapel Hill's not such a bad place, after all, in our opinion. We hope the visitors here this weekend from Maryland agree, especially Fred, who should realize that he got a square deal if there ever was one.

## The Editor's Mailbox

On The Social Science Forum

Editor:

Dear Students:

Like Thanksgiving, the Social Science Forum at Woman's College is an annual event. As the former motivates us to give thanks, the latter inspires us to think. Unfortunately, our annual celebrations and events are of a relatively short duration as is our response to them. We reserve our "Thank You, God" for the last Thursday in November and we remain blissfully unaware of our individual and group responsibilities of thinking in a democracy until we are taken by surprise with a question like, "Are you aware of the interests represented by the news commentators you regularly listen to?" or "What are the policies of the newspapers you read daily?"

Interests? Policies? . . . Well, liberal, conservative, radical, reactionary . . . "leftist" or "rightist" or "middle of the roadist" . . . or any of a hundred descriptive adjectives we read or hear quite often in relation to some publication. It's a pro-labor or pro-management, it's a pro-Democrat or pro-Republican. If it's "pro" whatever you happen to be "pro" at any given time, you can bet it's a good "unbiased" publication . . . whatever "unbiased" signifies.

"Public Opinion in a Democracy" . . . hrm. Public opinion. What is "public opinion" . . . how it is made . . . and measured. Leonard Doob, outstanding Sociologist and noted authority, defines the term . . . "Public opinion refers to people's attitudes on an issue when they are members of the same social group." He continues . . . that in order to have a reaction from the public there must be a controversial issue against which to react. Well, up comes such an issue which is transmitted to us via radio, newspaper, pamphlet, magazine and more recently, television. The issue may be editorialized in our daily paper and in a rival daily . . . each written with an entirely different slant. Because we accept without a doubt the information relayed to us by our paper we reject conflicting reports or are simply not cognizant that another point of view exists.

In questioning 100 local college girls recently as to the magazines they regularly read, a majority reported "Life," "Reader's Digest," and "Time" as the only sources of news. This report seems to indicate a lack of incentive on the part of the students questioned to reach a sound basis for opinion and thus lessens the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory understanding of any conflict. Simply stated, these people are probably not well-informed on many vital issues. Why? . . . because the three magazines, while possibly giving an adequate coverage of news, are too similar in policy . . . "Life" and "Time" are edited by the same party. A student's objective should be to read as many and as conflicting sources of material as possible—and as citizens our objective should be the same.

The Fourth Annual Social Science Forum topic is especially significant at this time. When fear prevails among a group of people, as the present fear of Communism, we are limiting ourselves in personal freedom of expression. We are, today, in danger of allowing ourselves to relinquish our rights to free thought, or what is worse, allowing the pressure of individuals and groups to limit this freedom. Are we aware of the limitations of free thought to which we willingly submit ourselves through our many channels of communications? If not, perhaps the Social Science Forum at WC the 16, 17, and 18 of November will bring about this awareness and motivate us to THINK, not once a year, but at all times . . . and critically. Let's not just "Make Democracy Live" but function—effectively . . .

Bunny Greenberg  
WCUNC

## You Name It

by Elaine Gibson

Since today is Sunday, I thought I'd try to write something besides everyday ya-ta-te-ya-ta, but I thought again. And I'm not. Because it's really this, the everyday things, that we take Sunday off to enjoy and be thankful for.

Do you follow me? If not, I don't mind too much. I hate crowds.

What I'm talking about is all those million and one tiny little things that make life worth the time. Things like the way your eggs taste so much better after a dash of salt. Like occasionally finding some hot water left for your shower. Or getting back your own socks from the laundry. Things like someone speaking to you in the morning even though you haven't shaved for a week or haven't a stitch of lip-

stick on, as the case may be.

Like watching the acorns on the oak trees blow down in sheets around the Old Well. Like finding half an inch of Listerine in the bottom of the bottle after eating a hamburger with onions right before your date. Or discovering at the last second that you *have* read the material for today's pop. Things like the way the moonlight shines in your window and keeps you awake. And even though you're dying for sleep, you rather—than miss a single minute of the peace and beauty of it all. Yes, even things like love. And the thin hope that somewhere someone you, too, are loved—just far being you.

This, to me, is life. All of them, I mean.

## Crossword Puzzle

- |                        |                             |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Breeze              | 11. Hairier than            |
| 2. Pines               | 12. Bomb heat               |
| 3. Soft, fn            | 13. Kilt                    |
| 4. Sweet wine          | 14. Snail                   |
| 5. Vessel              | 15. Receptacle              |
| 6. Hiffed              | 16. Boy                     |
| 7. Jew                 | 17. Organ of hearing        |
| 8. Street urchin       | 18. Lath                    |
| 9. Outer garment       | 19. Son of Noah             |
| 10. Jumbled type       | 20. Present eat             |
| 21. Color              | 22. Year ahead              |
| 23. Sine               | 24. Spur                    |
| 25. Season             | 26. Half-breed              |
| 27. Kind of cabbage    | 28. Pleasure excursion      |
| 29. Article            | 29. Hair prefix             |
| 30. Drive away         | 30. Daughter of Cadmus      |
| 31. Preference         | 31. Partially buried carbon |
| 32. Orbital wild sheep | 32. Gander of the dickers   |
| 33. Sewed container    | 33. Spurch cake             |

MORAT	DOT	LAP
OPINE	ETAGERE	
REIN	TANAGER	
ARE	DOOR	PAN
LABE	DU	YATOR
RES	PAR	OBSE
RESUME	CLOSED	
ARENA	CREW	SALT
PEN	HERO	SALT
MAT	LAWN	GAR
PI	PLAT	ABATE
ITERATE	GAMES	
RES	WED	STARS

- Solution of Saturday's Puzzle:
- Scale
  - Operated
  - Along
  - Determine
  - Rock
  - Denny
  - Haber
  - Part of a coat
  - Unit
  - At home
  - Wireless
  - Piece of baked clay
  - Temporary grant
  - Chain
  - Lantern
  - Kind of dog
  - Page
  - Large boat
  - Device for transmitting motion
  - Long narrow opening
  - Burlingame fabric
  - Tul
  - Incline
  - Units apart
  - Wireless
  - Cleared space in a forest
  - Amplify
  - Language
  - Prison
  - Receive
  - Mingle
  - Plant
  - Accomplish
  - Midwestern state: abbr.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55