

The Daily Tar Heel

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

The Devil rapped for silence and the thunder of voices in the auditorium dropped to a murmur. It was a big auditorium, big enough to hold nine-tenths of the population of the earth. And they were there, the nine-tenths.

"I expect that most of you are surprised to be here," the Devil began. "Most of you made a half-hearted effort all of your lives to escape this place."

"It wasn't the half-hearted effort that whipped you. You couldn't be any place else. After all, you created Hell. You thought of it, named it, and deliberately set yourselves the impossible task of avoiding it."

"The few who aren't with us fall into two classes. Those who had their eyes open enough to know that Hell was a stupid idea. And those who didn't care—who really didn't care—if they were destined to it."

"Now let's get to the business at hand."

"Since there are so many of you, I have had my aides prepare a mass indictment. This is so we can try all of you at once, find you guilty and set your sentence—as you planned while you were on earth."

The Devil paused, whispered to an aide, cleared his throat and, his eyes sweeping the human horde before him, began the indictment.

"There are so many little crimes that it would take too long to name them all. Violations of the Ten Commandments, for example. Adultery. Murder. Greed. And so on."

"You are all guilty of one heinous crime, though. You are liars. In your lying, you have cheated each other and each one of you has cheated himself. It's a crime that heads the list of crimes, for it breeds all the others."

"As liars you are hypocrites. You have stolen all the time of your lives and robbed yourselves of humanity—because you have done everything you can think of to destroy Life."

"In your religion, Life was not good enough. You did not consider it a worthy goal. So you dreamed up a Life-After-Life and thought you had something in this idea of spending all of your life just trying to qualify for another Life about which you admitted you knew nothing."

"And there was no reason for creating this after-world. None, that is, except ignorance and laziness. You would have had to think and work to enjoy the real Life that you were born into. Fools."

"Then what did you do? You devised a set of rules and regulations so complex that you had to leave it to each individual to decipher and follow them. But you organized to do that!"

"You cheated yourselves in your work, you nine-tenths. Because you said in words that work was good and fun and you said in your efforts that it was hard and tasteless."

"You closed your eyes to the wonders of the universe by such stupid means as seeing movies. Look back and remember the movies. There weren't many different plots, were there? Just the actors and the stage scenery was different. And the whole mess was staged—an artifice. You could have gone outside the theater and have seen Life, but you sat in the dark and created a false, monotonous life of stupidity and shiftlessness."

"Think back to any one day. Remember what you said and did and thought. Was it worthwhile? Did it really mean something? Why—WHY—did you say it, or do it, or . . . not think it?"

The Devil turned to his aides, who had assembled behind him. "Take them all to the Spitz they created."

"The Whole Thing Is Ridiculously Simple"



Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

There are some allied topics here, which I would like to lump, loosely, under a general heading. One touches that bulky artist, Paul Robeson, the avowed Communist-loving patriot who falsely claims spokesmanship for his race.

Another skips lightly over a nice and competent kid, Whitey Ford, the ex-Yankee pitcher, and still another fastens onto the junior cause celebre, Alfred Bergdoll, and finally we could touch mildly on a professional football player, ex-Lieutenant Glenn Davis. Somewhere, deep in the heap, we got a healthy moral.

In the modern emergency Mr. Robeson is as worthy of internment as any Jap who got penned away in the last war, since by his own lusty baritone he is an enemy of his own country and a passionate espouser of those people who are now declared enemies. Mr. Robeson is pressing a suit against the State Department, naming Dean Acheson as the chieftain, to restore his passport so that he may travel abroad, and, doubtless, continue to malign the land of his birth.

Mr. Robeson has done nothing for his country but to attempt to tear it down, yet he goes to the court to have his passport restored so that he may rend America further—abroad, where the ear is more sympathetic than here at home. His home, probably beat the suit, too, if the Coplon case is any criterion.

Mr. Whitey Ford is a nice kid from these parts, who broke into the Yankees this year, pitched them to a pennant with nine straight, as I recall, and clinched the series for the Yanks with a beautiful effort, which would guarantee him anything from half-million to a million bucks for the next 10 to 15 years. Whitey got drafted, and very possibly has blown his entire baseball career. A baby, yet, but very probably finished.

Moseyin' Around with "Doc" Blodgett

The lop-eared dawg that slept here on The Daily Tar Heel floor last night has just gotten up to stretch. Mebby he'll do for a starter.

There is vaguely reminiscent touch about this mutt herewith. We don't accuse him as kessin'-kin, but he reminds us of some hounds (?) that done us dirt. Deal shaped up like this:

Possum were on the go, and the Hunter's Moon was in the sky. We arranged with friends to take the chase. Tally ho, and all that sort of stuff. Nothing barred except the derby and the riding crop. No companions barred if they could wiggle.

Hope was full, and so were some of the guys. All we needed was "the pack" to round this winding neatly into line. Somebody called a farmer who said, "Yep, I've got 'em. Blue-bloods one and all. Just be sure to bring 'em back."

Our Doubting Thomas queried, "Will they hunt?"

Retort came back that burnt the wire, "Sho', man, they'll hunt anything!"

From an ancient truck forthwith lolled off the darndest canine trio ever seen. Flea-bit, nondescript, and weary. They looked in need of prayer and chow.

"That's the way to keep 'em honed in shape," remarked the man.

Somewhere off toward Durham we gravely told 'em, "Stay away from Dook; good luck!" Then we turned 'em loose. Nose to the spoor, they moched off like a holy streak. Howls and yowls sashayed across the night. This indeed was portent of the brush and high success.

Losing ground, and far to the rear, advanced the human element with "Yoiks and tallyho" through brambles, swamp, and pause at the flowing bowl.

Then came silence that somehow didn't hit.

Mr. Alfred Bergdoll is the son of our best-known draft-skipper from World War I. He has papa's prejudices against serving his country in time of need. He is ideologically opposed to war. Who ain't? But his principles are stronger than his loyalty, as were the fugitive father's principles.

Mr. Alfred Bergdoll draws five years for draft evasion, for which sentence, hurrah for Judge Sylvester Ryan, who said quietly, "You have made yourself the object of scorn and contempt."

We come now to ex-Lieutenant Glenn Davis, "Mr. Outside," the toast of that fabulous West Point team that got its tax-paid education and considerable of its gridiron experience during a war—the last one. Mr. Davis worked for the Army for a couple of years of the recent post-war, to pay off Uncle Sam, quit his commission and is now playing professional football as anticlimax to his romance with Elizabeth Taylor.

Several of Mister Davis' former teammates are dead, as result of fulfillment of duty in the current little squabble in Korea. It must seem a touch odd, to Mister Davis, who beat one war as an athlete, and seems likely to beat another. As an athlete. And he's a professional fighter, too, by education and training.

I buy Mr. Whitey Ford, a fuzz-faced kid, who went when he was called and didn't holler, at least publicly, and him with more cash-conventible talent than anything to hit the major pike since DiMaggio. I also buy Judge Ryan, who tucked away the Bergdoll brat, as an illustrative nuisance.

But I leave Mr. Robeson, the unwilling American, and Mr. Davis, the unwilling professional warrior, to the archives. Maybe the archives will know what to do with them.

The Editor's Mailbox

Serious Situation In Self-Help Field

Editor:
 Mr. C. E. Teague, Business Manager
 Mr. R. B. House, Chancellor
 Mr. W. D. Carmichael, Jr., Comptroller
 Mr. Gordon Gray, President

Gentlemen:
 Your attention is called to a serious situation! Forty-five or 50 students may have to leave Carolina before the end of this quarter, and they are not draftees or volunteers. Why?

These boys may have to leave Carolina because they will not have enough funds to make ends. These are the boys who, prior to this year, have had the guts to work a part-time job to enable them to get through Carolina. And these same guys are all top-notch students!

There are a bunch of men, great men such as Governor Charles A. Aycock, Judge John J. Parker, Luther Hodges, O. Max Gardner and our own Frank P. Graham, who never would have gotten through college but for the aid of the Greater University of North Carolina. It has always been the policy of this school to get as many needling students through school as possible.

Are we breaking away from this tradition? This fall the students mentioned above and many reported to the Student Air Office as usual to secure jobs, scholarships or loans. Most of them succeeded in obtaining one of the three. Of the jobs available, they were placed as part-time workers in the following University establishments: Lenoir Hall, Carolina Inn Cafeteria, Monogram Club, Book Ex, Scuttlebutt, Library, Graham Memorial, the Planetarium, or in dormitory jobs. With these jobs the boys began to feel secure, for \$50 or \$60 a month saved was a lot of money to them. They now looked forward to a bright Carolina future.

And then it happened! Lenoir Hall suddenly decided to switch one of its cafeteria lines from student part-time laborer to full-time non-student labor. They thought it would be cheaper. Then the Porthole, a non-University run establishment followed suit and converted completely to full-time non-student employees. Then came the Carolina Inn, which over the summer had already converted its dining room from student labor to full-time non-students. On Monday of this week 13 boys were laid off to cut expenses. This, possibly, is justifiable. But on Tuesday, the very next day, the boys on the dishwashing crews (12 in all) were laid off in succession and immediately replaced by full-time laborers (non-students!). This was a hard blow. It came without warning and without conscience.

To me this seems a direct abandonment of the University's traditional policy. Is this what the University wants—to no longer do their utmost to get students through school? Does the University propose to make this institution a cash-on-the-barrel affair? This prompts me to ask some serious questions: Has the installation of full-time non-student labor in preference to part-time student proven in fact and figures an actual economy to these establishments mentioned above? That is, can it possibly be cheaper to pay outside labor in money and meals rather than students in meals alone? And, examining this matter from the new employees' point of view, is it fair to submit them to the constant pressure of students desiring jobs? But here is my all-important question! Is this so-called new economy, these few more dollars profit or saving, worth the loss of 50 or more top-notch students to the University? Is it, gentlemen?

So far I haven't lost my job. But with the trend towards installation of non-student labor, I'm quite worried. In my own interest, in the interest of these 50 fine fellows, in the interest of the Carolina tradition, I lay our problem to you, sirs. I hope this "open letter" emphasizes the gravity of the situation to you and to the administration, the students, the alumni and all connected with this institution.

And so a somewhat disillusioned student leaves this problem with you, gentlemen, with the hope that with your power and influence will do something in our behalf.

John Daniel Duke

Lend An Eye

The agent of enjoyment in "All About Eve" is witty dialogue, which in itself is enough to set it off from most Hollywood pieces. Acting is a strong support, but the writing and delivery of the lines, particularly by Bette Davis, are largely responsible for the success of this movie.

Bette and Anne Baxter have the lead parts. Bette portrays a famous stage lady who worries about her age (40) and career. Anne is an eager young lass who has no scruples in the game of becoming a great actress. With these two, and doing George Mankiewicz's writing full justice, are George Sanders, Harry Merrill, Hugh Marlowe and Celeste Holm.

Anne aspires to stardom and lays out what appears to be a flawless plan for achieving this position. She assumes the ingratiating manner of a stage-struck kid to win the confidence of the famous Bette.

Along with Bette, Anne lines up her "idols" influential stage companions for further use. Once firmly entrenched as an overly considerate friend, Anne proceeds to unsettle the lives of numerous trusting people. The institution of marriage takes the worst beating.—SW

Crossword Puzzle

- | | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------|
| ACROSS | 1. Advanced in years | 51. Corroded |
| 2. At home | 52. Sacred city of the Mohammedans | |
| 3. For hammedans | 53. Narrow opening | |
| 4. Librarians' treatments | 54. Senseless | |
| 5. Arrived | 55. Withdrawal from business | |
| 6. Block | 56. Slur | |
| 7. Except | 57. Measured the duration | |
| 8. Ostrich-like birds | 58. Grease | |
| 9. Fix | 59. Bitter vetch | |
| 10. Cupola | 60. Violent anger | |
| 11. Restrict | 61. Shude live | |
| 12. Wanders | 62. Exchange premium | |
| 13. Mite | 63. Kind of cheese | |
| 14. Lid | 64. English letter | |
| 15. Tardy | 65. Web-footed bird | |
| 16. Storehouse | 66. Withered | |
| 17. Exit | | |
| 18. Land | | |
| 19. Measure | | |
| 20. Shoot from ambush | | |

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| DOWN | 1. Playing card | 3. Vile with |
| 2. School of whales | 4. Crave | 4. Crave |
| | 5. Rhyme | 5. Rhyme |
| | 6. Encourage | 6. Encourage |
| | 7. Negative | 7. Negative |
| | 8. Article | 8. Article |
| | 9. Over | 9. Over |
| | 10. Term of a condition | 10. Term of a condition |
| | 11. Sweet-sop | 11. Sweet-sop |
| | 12. Deak with | 12. Deak with |
| | 13. Musical | 13. Musical |
| | 14. Syllable | 14. Syllable |
| | 15. Catch with a lass | 15. Catch with a lass |
| | 16. Turkish vegetable | 16. Turkish vegetable |
| | 17. Gay festivals | 17. Gay festivals |
| | 18. Deck with ornaments | 18. Deck with ornaments |
| | 19. Nervous | 19. Nervous |
| | 20. Dappled | 20. Dappled |
| | 21. Movable arm carrying | 21. Movable arm carrying |
| | 22. Young woman | 22. Young woman |
| | 23. Cattle meters | 23. Cattle meters |
| | 24. Printer's measure | 24. Printer's measure |
| | 25. Toward the sheltered side | 25. Toward the sheltered side |
| | 26. Group of three | 26. Group of three |
| | 27. Conclude individual | 27. Conclude individual |
| | 28. Being | 28. Being |
| | 29. Long-nosed fish | 29. Long-nosed fish |
| | 30. Scotch uncle | 30. Scotch uncle |
| | 31. Indian maiden | 31. Indian maiden |

Join The Coin March

In place of an editorial, we would like to quote from a speech by Basil O'Conner, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. In it, O'Conner is declaring the case for support of the March of Dimes drive, which will start in Chapel Hill on the 19th of this month. Students will be included in the drive.

Mr. O'Conner speaking:

"For 13 years it has been our (the foundation's) job to go to the rescue of those who are faced with the overwhelming personal crisis of infantile paralysis and who need help in carrying the heavy economic burden that accompanies this disease."

"Too often in the past, costs of treatment had placed adequate care beyond the reach of most families. We have separated the economic factor from the physical problems of infantile paralysis within the family, and by doing that we have succeeded in eliminating to a very great extent the deformities and distortions resulting from inadequate treatment."

"There is not other epidemic disease in which the economic factor plays such an important role as in polio. A single severe case can wipe out the lifetime savings of a prudent family in a matter of months. The costs of rehabilitation can continue for years, running into thousands of dollars, and the average family just doesn't have that kind of money."

"The March of Dimes was inaugurated to correct the situation that denied proper care for those without funds. With voluntarily contributed funds we have committed ourselves to pay all or part of the cost of polio care and treatment for all who need help, regardless of race, creed, or color."

"So serious is the economic impact of polio that four out of every five of those stricken by the disease have found it necessary to accept the aid offered."

O'Conner went on to say that the increase in the number of polio patients has been responsible for the financial difficulties of the foundation. While an annual case load of 10,000 was common 12 years ago, the organization is now handling the demands of more than 100,000 cases which have originated in the past three years.

He said, "Some time back a heavy polio year usually was followed by a year of respite, but the epidemics of the last three years have knocked all such precedent into a cocked hat. In three consecutive years we have had the most vicious polio attacks of all time."

All of these reasons, we think, are good enough argument for whole-hearted support of the March of Dimes. In this state, where polio has been an especial problem, we think that support of the annual dimes drive is a must.

The drive is something in which even financially-pressed students can contribute without making too much of an effort. And it is something that will pay dividends in future years. Remember the facts when the local drive gets underway late next week.

Long Faces And Snapshots

Yackety-Yack Editor Jim Mills has another problem, and is once again walking around with his angular face just a little more droopy.

Jimmy wants some snapshots to put in his pride and joy. Pictures of students, for students, and, most important right now, by and from students. In fact, if some more folks don't bring snapshots up to the Yack office, there will not be any in this year's yearbook.

The yearbook is working on a rigid schedule, attempting to be on the press sometime next month. Editor Mills himself is Air Corps bound, and that situation makes quick production of the book even more imperative. If there is going to be a yearbook at all, it has to be done quickly, and that is the reason for the new long look being worn by publications' most sad character.

And, certainly we all want those popular snapshot sections in the Yack. They are the spice of the work, and in years to come they will be a source of much delight to alumni, who can bounce grandjunior on the knee, point to the dusty old yearbook, and say, "There's grandpa on the floor, right behind those two coeds fighting over the gin bottle. Yep, them were the days."