

The Daily Tar Heel

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PURDUE EXPONENT

'Smash The Machine'

The National Collegiate Athletic Association gave the American Public a new topic of conversation Wednesday, but it will probably be several years before the question of the iron man as opposed to the specialization of the two platoon system will be settled—or at least quieted down.

The new regulation, which kills the free substitution rule, can be argued pro and con and each side can be backed up by the able arguments of coaches, players, and spectators. We can lay no claim to being an authority on athletics, but as a spectator and follower of football, the new rule struck us as being very sound.

Coming at a time when football was under fire for being overcommercialized, it looks like this rule should alleviate part of this criticism. Competition for talent will be keener between schools, but the mass drafting of high school ball players should take a drop.

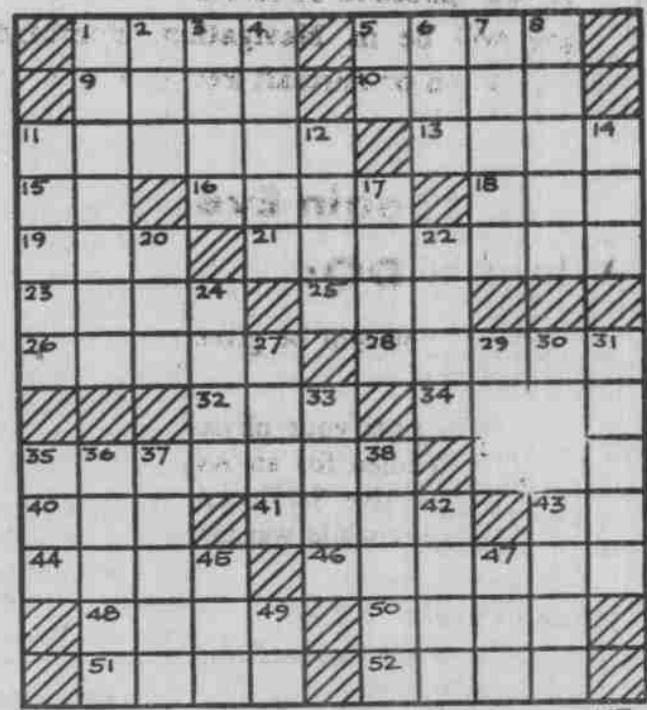
It seems to us that this will naturally raise the athletic standards, as it will take trained athletes to play the game, not just players to fill up a slot in the lineup. Coaches will have to start teaching the fundamentals of the game, instead of training specialists. Players should have a greater opportunity to prove their ability on both offense and defense, for the possibility of being sidetracked into one particular spot will be eliminated. The football spectators should see a return of the boys who play for sport of it and not for other considerations.

Obviously, with fewer numbers, football will be less expensive for the schools involved, and more universities will be able to field competitive teams. Schools, such as Chicago who dropped from the Big Ten because they would and could not compete with big business will be able to return to the game.

There is always criticism of those who suggest we return to the good old days, but perhaps the "golden era" of football was better than the two-platoon system. It seems that the idea of scientific specialization reaches a point of diminishing returns, and when this happens, it is time to go back. On the other hand, this seemingly backward movement is in reality progress, for when the machine turns on the man, it is time to smash the machine. Many people have said, "give it back to the boys," and this looks like the first step in that direction.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- 1. Bird's stomach
- 5. White matter of spinal cord
- 9. Long-eared rodent
- 10. Farm building
- 11. Spice
- 13. Swine
- 15. Overhead
- 16. Smell
- 18. Born
- 19. Enemy scout
- 21. Small sparkling object
- 23. Rip
- 25. Greek letter
- 26. Ear shell
- 28. Garden tool
- 32. Turf
- 34. Always
- 35. Meat pies
- 39. A wing
- 40. Wine cup
- 41. Tardy
- 43. Part of "to be"
- 44. Dips lightly into water
- 46. Search for provisions
- 48. Uprising
- 50. Desire
- 51. River (It.)
- 52. The Orient
- DOWN
- 1. Spruce
- 2. Hastened
- 3. A constellation
- 4. Obnoxious plants
- 5. Jewish month
- 6. Fold over
- 7. Fetch
- 8. Celestial being
- 11. Zest
- 12. Thick cord
- 14. Observe
- 17. Rodents
- 20. Sweet potato
- 22. Back of the neck
- 24. Pause
- 27. Render muddy
- 29. Polynesian drink
- 30. Joyful satisfaction
- 31. Rub out
- 33. Unable to hear
- 35. Mat
- 36. Beetle
- 37. Nocturnal mammal (C. Am.)
- 38. American authoress
- 42. Assam silkworm
- 45. Male descendant
- 47. Beast of burden
- 49. Toward



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

is LONGFELLOW
A X Y D L B A A X R
One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

C N L Y D G S V M W V G V H H D G L
P G L H N V S M J N L S D S L N W H R D H C
D S L ' H Y D S L A - T V H G W L R V .

The Failure

By A. Z. F. Wood Jr.

The date is September 10, 1974. The place is Charlotte, N. C. In a modest but comfortable living-room a father is talking with his eighteen-year-old son.

"Why do you want to go to UNC, son?"

"Well, pop, it's hard to say. It's about the best school in the south and one of the best in the country. I just like the place—I just got a feeling. Lot of my friends are going there. It's just the best college for me to go to. That's all."

"Sure you want to go to college at all?"

"Why, sure I am. Don't you want me to?"

"Oh, yeah. But why do you want to go?"

"To get an education, I reckon. Or get a start, at least."

"What makes you think you'll get an education at college?"

"Gee whiz, Pop, what is this? I sure can't get it throwing beer-cases on a truck like I've been doing all summer. What is this anyway?"

"What are you going to major in?"

"English or History. I don't know. I haven't decided yet. Maybe journalism. What the hell?"

"Now, don't get mad. I'm just interested. I went to UNC too, you know. And I didn't know what I wanted to do either. I didn't decide my major till the last minute. I wanted to write; so I picked Journalism. Now, I'm an insurance agent. Doesn't that strike you as sorta funny?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm not writing. I'm selling insurance."

"You've got a good job."

"I wanted to write."

"You are writing. You write stories and stuff all the time. Good too."

"Thank you, son, but I haven't sold a one."

"Hell, all the magazines want is junky love-stories."

"No, that's not it. If my stuff was good enough, it'd sell someplace. It's just not good enough, that's all."

"I don't believe it."

"Thanks for the loyalty. But it's so. And it's not that I haven't tried. Your mother and I starved for five years while I tried to write. Of course, it may be that I didn't have it to start with. But it also may be that I had it and lost it. And I may have lost it right where you're planning to go."

"Huh, what do you mean?"

"I may have written so many quizzes, memorized so much stuff out of textbooks, and listened to so many lectures where I took down word for word what the lecturer was saying, that I lost what life and freshness I had. UNC is a fine school, son, but it doesn't encourage creativeness and originality. Some of the professors do, but most of them just want you to absorb a lot of facts and then write them down on quizzes. It's sort of like an assembly-line machine in a way. And if you're not careful, it'll crush you—so far as originality is concerned. I wasn't careful, and I want you to be, that's all. If you'll stay awake, you can guard against it and get an awful lot out of it too. Good courses up there. Good teachers, and you'll get an excellent education or a good start. But be careful. I don't think you want to be an insurance agent."

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Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON—It was just seven years and nine months ago on a balmy April afternoon that a frightened little man sitting in Speaker Rayburn's office got a phone call that something had happened to the President; come to the White House at once!

It was a humble, nervous vice president who rode down Pennsylvania Avenue that day on his way to become president. And it will be a somewhat different Harry Truman who rides up Pennsylvania Avenue tomorrow on his way to see another man become president.

A lot has happened in the seven years and nine months between those two rides. Harry Truman is not so humble now. He's a little more peppery, just as vigorous, and has a sublime self-assurance that history in the end will place him in his proper niche.

Reporting on that memorable night of Roosevelt's death I predicted seven years and nine months ago that President Truman would go out of office as severely criticized as Andrew Johnson in the post civil war days when a move was made for his impeachment.

The new President heard my broadcast that night and sent word to me next day that he didn't like it.

While I am not a historian, only a newspaper reporter, I see no reason materially to modify that 1945 prediction. In fact, the more I think of Harry Truman's tempestuous years the more I believe they resemble Andrew Johnson's.

Like Johnson's, the Truman Administration will go down in history for courageous policies which shaped American destiny. Also like Johnson's, it will go down in history for fumbling many of the policies Truman wanted most to carry out.

Harry Truman had the courage and foresight to rush aid to Greece and Turkey in 1947 when Congress was skeptical and the public unprepared, but when without aid this vital area would have fallen to Russia. He also

The Livespike

The English, oft accused of having an odd sense of humor, seem able to get more laughs out of American movie audiences than our own film producers.

The best example I know of this is "The Promoter," which ends its three days at the Varsity today. It stars Alec Guinness with a sexy assist from Glynis Johns, a pert Briton miss whose sultry voice almost undoes The Guinness.

The plot... an ordinary success story of local boy makes good. But with Guinness playing the part of the washwoman's son who ends up as mayor of the small English town with a countess in his cheering section, it's a scintillating poke in the ribs of society.

Without resorting to slapstick or impossible situations, "The Promoter" makes you laugh and laugh often.

Part of its comedy comes from a gold mine which Hollywood so far has not dared prospect. In "The Man in the White Suit," Guinness took frequent digs at business and the people it exploits, and now in "The Promoter" he digs at everything in camera range. Reporters, public officials, snobs and others in the menagerie are dead ducks before the star's comedy gun.

A self-invitation to the countess' ball starts Guinness on his prosperous way but his career as the promoter dates back to his schoolboy days when he doctors up his grades and wins a scholarship. From that time he continues to assist fate and the riot's on.

Look out Hollywood, the English have done it again.—R & RN.

Carthy, and well before anyone else. His loyalty board was set up, with a Republican as chairman, to eliminate communists two years before McCarthy's first speech.

But some of Mr. Truman's press-conference remarks about "red herring" so confused the issue and gave the opposition such excellent ammunition that the public now believes Truman was really protecting communists.

These are some of the things Mr. Truman may be thinking about as he rides up Pennsylvania Avenue tomorrow.

He may be thinking about the time he bawled out Foreign Minister Molotov a few days after Roosevelt died when Molotov came over to pay his respects. Molotov has deserved plenty of bawlings-out in his day, but at no time less than on this particular occasion. Or Mr. Truman may think about the time he bawled out Stalin for being late at the Potsdam conference.

Or he might even wonder to himself in retrospect why he held so tenaciously on to Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan who caused him such grief and pain; or why he stuck to John Snyder whose tragic failure as Secretary of the Treasury got Truman into so much tax-erruption trouble.

Again, Mr. Truman may let his mind roam back to the sizzling letters he wrote Bernie Baruch and the Washington Post music critic; or the statement he made about the "demagoguery" of the man seated beside him as they ride together toward the capitol.

Harry Truman, however, is a

Party Line

Gripes against President Ham Horton's suggestions of Legislature are easier to get this week than coffee in the Y.

Some of the complaints are legitimate. Others are not. At any rate, the whole atmosphere after Horton's talk was one of lack of information on the part of legislators in general. Horton also was in need of more background on some of the issues, particularly that of Yack rebates.

Floor leaders and party wheels argued about SEC and NSA and Yack rebates. Half the legislators didn't know what the triple letter designations meant and the rest didn't seem to care.

Meantime, students on campus—the guys in lower quad and the girls who sit on South Building steps with them in the mornings—became lost in the jumble of alphabet organizations.

The point is: If a student is elected to represent others, to spend their money, he should take the effort to be informed. Then he can report to those he represents and do what they want rather than follow the wishes of a few party leaders.

HYPERBOLE KIDS: During floor elections at Legislature, some politicians would have made writers of cigaret and beauty cream ads hock their typewriters. The superlatives used were not unlike those of a circus barker. Here's some samples: "If we took him out, it would be just like picking up South Building and hurling it in the river." "He just oozes and uses ability." "She has interest that will supercede all other interests." "Why, he has a money mind."

GRID CLASSIC: The National Student Association kicked around like a pigskin this quarter.

FOUNDING THE BEAT: Joel Fleishman's (SP) energetic execution of floor leader duties on his opening night... Prexy Ham Horton's (UP) fluent oratory charm... Bill Brown (SP) editing a party blurb sheet... and revamping plans under way for the University Party.

On Foreign Campuses. This story appeared in the Oregon Daily Emerald: "Alpha Tau Omega was fined \$10 fall term for being one-half man over their quota, Dick Morse, Inter-fraternity Council president, announced Thursday evening.

In The South. Eight faculty members of the University of the South, Tenn., have resigned in protest over a decision by the trustees not to admit Negroes to the Theological school.

The resignations leave only one seminary faculty member, the Rev. Bayard H. Jones, who did not resign and took no part in the protest.

Classes Cut? A poll at Smith College, Mass., shows that sophomores do more class cutting than other students. Fifty-eight percent of the class cut at least once a week. Three main reasons for cutting were given: Studying for exams; dull classes; and out of town weekends.

man of great self-confidence and few regrets. And he may not think of these things at all tomorrow as he goes from the capitol to the Union Station to catch his train to Independence and the relatively humdrum life of the second living ex-President of the United States.

