

Cheaters Must Go

One of the 11 points in the Student Party's "Good Deal" for the guy in the lower quad provides that if he is caught cheating he will not be suspended. Instead, he will be put on probation, the idea being that it's the first offense and here's the chance to rehabilitate the offender.

Our present system provides that in nearly every cheating case the guilty person is suspended.

We believe the non-dismissal idea sound in that it attempts to help the person who has cheated. We disagree, however, with the argument that we should not dismiss first-offense cheaters from the University.

Objection No. 1 is that we don't think the Legislature should be doing the court's business. Penalties should be within full discretion of the courts.

Objection No. Two: In proposing this bill, SP proponents assume that suspension is one extreme, and the other extreme is to ignore the violation. Not believing in extremes, the SP suggests we find the middle ground.

To the SP we suggest that suspension is not one of the two extremes at all. Indeed, it is the middle ground. For instance, at William & Mary, Washington & Lee, VMI, Princeton and Virginia the cheater is not suspended, he is expelled. His record is destroyed and he may never again enter that school.

That the proposal is at odds with the Honor System is our third objection. To understand the salient purpose of the system we must understand the purpose of the University: To teach. The most important lesson we have to learn here is the lesson of honesty. Honesty is basic to all learning. Through the Honor System we teach people to be trustworthy, teach them the honesty of doing the right thing because it's right and not because they will be penalized if they fail. The idea of a second-class student in honesty, one who must report to a probation officer, wears on the Honor System itself.

The Daily Tar Heel hopes the Legislature will defeat this bill.

On The Job

We doff the editorial Dobbs today to two gentlemen, to wit:

To Chancellor House for holding yesterday the second in a series of give-and-take press conferences. Faced with a dozen or so reporters the Chancellor made to-the-point comments about campus affairs. Chancellor-student relations have been neglected, and we are pleased to see Mr. House taking the time—and apparently the pleasure—to express himself.

To student president Bob Gorham a commendation. It took humility to say publicly he had been derelict in an area of leadership, namely, giving his opinion on student issues. He followed that admission with the promise to see it won't happen again.

Both of these improvements mean more information for students and faculty. It is in the best tradition — and we use the word proudly — of the University.

The Daily Tar Heel

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A Buck, A Right

John Beshara

Unfortunately there is a need for men to know what their rights are concerning the draft laws and what they must do to secure a deferment or rejection. In deference to governmental agencies and without dim reflections to our own military adviser, who's existence is to supply students with this information, the need is still present.

It is not my purpose, either, to censure the writers of recent letters to the editor of The Daily Tar Heel expressing "shock" and "indignation" at a paid advertisement which offered to sell students a booklet on the ins and outs of beating the draft. The agency selling the needed booklet is out to make a fast buck, that's understood. It's also inconsequential.

This observer was perhaps the most shocked person living when he was drafted. Medically speaking, I stunk. After two years in the Army, which included duty in Japan, no time lost for bad conduct or in the hospital and with service records bursting with letters of commendation, I processed for the usual medical examination preliminary to honorable separation. At that time I was told by the examining doctor that it was a puzzlement how I was ever drafted. Wouldn't it have been rather anti-climatic to tell the doctor that had I known the ins and outs of the draft laws, I would not have been drafted?

There are those among us who matter-of-factly assume they will not be drafted if they have a right to deferment or rejection. Such humbug! Personally I think the present draft laws are loaded with inequalities, but so long as the laws exist no citizen is shirking his duty by purchasing a booklet that may help him insure his rights. For a change the poorer fellow has the opportunity to get justice under the draft laws like other students whose fathers can buy influential politicians.

Sure, there will be some who will use the booklet to sneak past the draft. They're worse than vile and frustrated and will learn in the end the Army would have been a haven compared to the weight they've put on their conscience. Pity them.

It isn't the booklet that's bad, it's how it's used.

YOU Said It

Editor:

Good ideas in your editorials but today's on the "visiting lecturer" problem seems to this old-timer to miss a question you should have posed. Who attends lectures even by eminent persons; what about convocations and attendance by students?

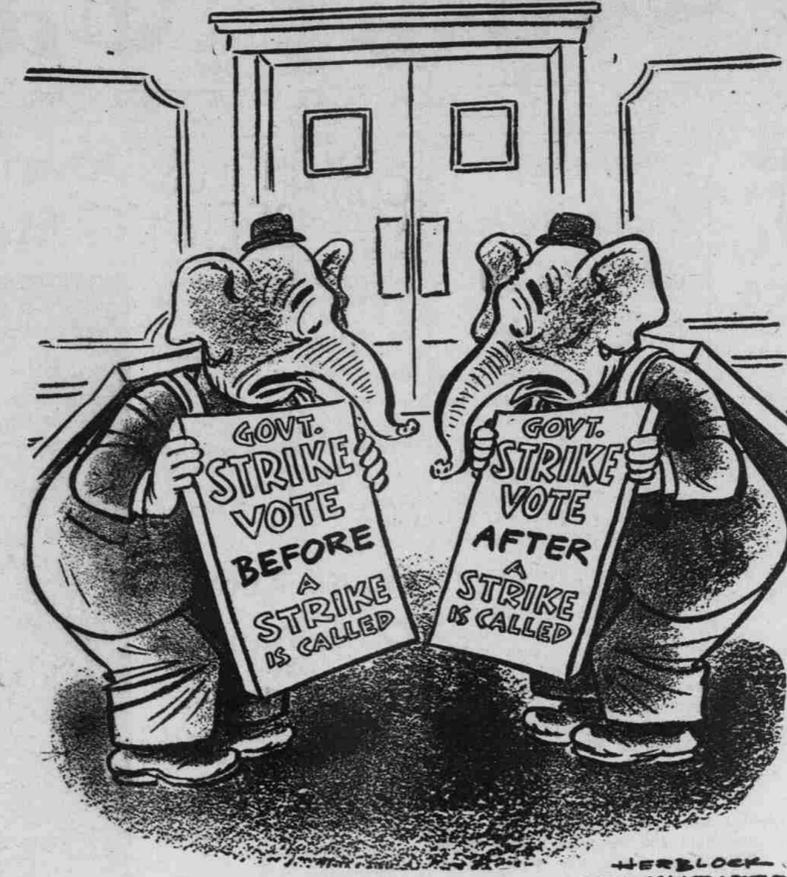
Students are conspicuously elsewhere as compared with townspeople and faculty, so don't blame it more on expense than you do on the apathy of those for whom these lectures should mean the most — the students. Of course, we have some notable exceptions like beloved Robert Frost. I haven't made a count but in scanning a 30-year period, it seems that student interest in convocations and lectures has been on the wane.

Very sincerely,
An Old-Timer

Others Say

Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night.—Edgar Allan Poe.

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages.—Horace Greeley.



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — The Eisenhower Administration almost scared the shirt off big business the other day.

It did so when the Justice Department showed its teeth on anti-trust prosecutions in a more glowering manner than Thurman Arnold and Franklin D. Roosevelt. What it did was bring suit against Pan American Airways, long considered the sacred cow of both Republicans and Democrats.

A few weeks ago Sam Pryor, vice president of Pan American in charge of Washington lobbying, spoke with confidence about the Eisenhower Administration. "Things have changed in Washington," he said happily. "We don't have to take all that guff we used to take. And we're not going to tolerate it."

Sam had reason to be happy and confident. In the first place, he was long a member of the Republican National Committee from Connecticut, a top manager of Wendell Wilkie, and a generous money-raiser for the Republicans. So even though his friend and wire-puller for Pan American, Sen. Owen Brewster of Maine, had been defeated, Sam had every reason to expect well of the Eisenhowerites.

He knew that, back in the Hoover Administration, Pan American had been able to get Postmaster General Brown to send an amazing and unprecedented instruction to the State Department asking that "all practical assistance be given to the Pan American-Grace Airways in preference to any other American company." This was in violation of the age-old ruling that the U. S. government does not favor any one company abroad at the expense of another.

Even under Democratic administrations, Pan American continued to get just as many favors. Ed Stettinius, brother-in-law of Juan Trippe, Pan American president, was long in the Roosevelt Administration and for a time a member of the cabinet. FDR liked both Ed and Juan Gripe and he also liked Pan Am. The latter got the heaviest mail subsidies—and still does. And, when trust-busting Thurman Arnold, assistant attorney general, proposed prosecuting Pan American for violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, he was stopped dead in his tracks.

"If you insist on this," warned Attorney General Robert Jackson, "you'll have to resign." Arnold backed away for a time, but still made noises about going after Pan American. Shortly thereafter and much to his own surprise, he was abruptly promoted to the U. S. Court of Appeals.

Imagine the surprise of the aviation world, therefore, and particularly Sam Pryor, when the Eisenhower Administration this week slapped exactly the same antitrust suit on Pan American that Roosevelt had vetoed. Pan Am with the Grace Steamship Lines and their subsidiary, Panagra, were charged with monopolizing air transportation between the United States and Latin America.

Ironically, the suit came shortly after Robert C. Hill, vice president of Grace, was rewarded by

the Eisenhower Administration by being made U. S. Ambassador to Costa Rica.

Senate investigators are calling upon the automobile industry to supply the answer to the nation's most common juvenile crime—auto thefts.

The Hendrickson Committee, investigating juvenile delinquency, has found that nearly 150,000 autos are stolen each year, mostly by teen-age kids. If cars could be made tamper-proof, it would help curb this flagrant contribution to delinquency.

As a result, the committee will invite industry spokesmen to explain what is being done to protect automobiles from juvenile "hot wire" specialists. This is the name given to auto thieves who pick the ignition lock, cross certain wires and start the car without a key.

Committee investigators have found that thieves usually break into a car by forcing the side window-vent or picking the outside lock. What is needed, they say, is a side window that can't be smashed or forced, an outside lock that can't be picked and an inside lock on the ignition.

Prime Minister Churchill has sent a diplomatic though pointed warning to President Eisenhower that Britain wants to be kept fully informed during the secret Russian-American talks on atomic energy.

Churchill has sent a special message to the White House pointing out that Britain, as an atomic power and ally of the United States, must be consulted every step of the way.

He did not say so, but Churchill is reported to be burned up because Britain has been frozen out of the first stage of the talks. The old British war horse believes Eisenhower and Dulles are doing exactly what they urged him not to do—namely, to talk to the Russians in secret.

Eisenhower has now promised the British Embassy that they will get a day-by-day fill-in on the talks but, even so, Churchill is still fuming.

Let us permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we.

—Montaigne

Lack Of Discipline

Ed Yoder

(A historic discussion centering about Thomas Wolfe is concerned with his alleged lack of literary discipline. It was an expansiveness with words, as pointed out below, that caused his failure in drama. It was this expansiveness that led to a magnificent collaboration between Wolfe and Maxwell Perkins; and a difference in point of view of the effect lack of discipline had on Wolfe's style led ultimately to a tragic break between author and editor. This is the first of several columns that will deal with the Perkins-Wolfe relationship, the effect it had on Wolfe's writing, and the break between them.—Ed.)

When Thomas Wolfe got his Master's Degree from Harvard, he was, more than ever, the disconnected giant. He stood with his heavy talent, on the outside of the publication world, unable to gain entrance.

After years of aspiration to be a successful playwright, he found failure staring him in the face. It was not because of a lack of talent that the drama couldn't admit him to its ranks. Rather, it was because he suffered from a chronic lack of literary discipline extended back to his boyhood days in Asheville when his high school English teacher was first to discover it. She had scribbled on one of his themes that if he continued not to paragraph she would never grade another of his themes. "Pegasus has to be controlled," she wrote, "even if it must be by one who has no wings."

That Wolfe was unable to discipline himself as a writer was an upshot of his desire to put down everything, omitting nothing that was pertinent in the vaguest sense. When the torrents began to pour from him he did not pause for mechanics—sometimes even the basic mechanics of syntax. His Western Journal—the diary of a two week, fly-by-night tour of the Western national parks — is a gem of spontaneity and quick impression. It epitomizes the haste with which he always composed, scribbling on yellow scrap paper with a stub pencil, sometimes using a refrigerator as a desk that could accommodate his towering frame.

Lack of discipline, then, was his most awesome obstacle. When he wrote plays it was like trying to put a sea in a thimble.

The Wolfe plays which were actually dramatized by the Playmakers and by the "47 Workshop" at Harvard were models of uncontained literature. Perhaps the most notable play he produced in the workshop was "Welcome to Our City." It dealt with

the race question in a southern town. What he said about it was typical:

"I have written this play with 30 odd characters because it required it, not because I didn't know how to save pain t. Someday I'm going to write a play with 50, 80, 100 people—a whole town, a whole epoch a whole race. —for my soul's ease and comfort."

He never scaled what he considered the highest pinnacle of literary success. He was told again and again that his inclinations were overgrown for playwrighting. After years of preparation, with this one field in mind, he resigned himself to his fate. He placed himself, now approaching his 30th year, on to a wider avenue. The novel.

He started the novel in "old, cobwebby London," and was able to submit the manuscript, "O Lost," which ran to something over a million words, to the round of New York publishers.

After having been rejected repeatedly, sometimes bluntly, sometimes with a note of encouragement, it landed on the desk at Scribners of a Maxwell Perkins assistant.

A long, fascinating friendship and author-editor relationship that was to end in tragedy.

The Cooler

Don Kurtz

Yesterday on my way down to the gym I happened to see Pete the Bopster sitting on the steps behind Lenoir Hall. "Where ya headed, Gate?" He spoke as he got up and brushed himself off.

"Oh, I thought I'd breeze down to the gym and take in some Hygiene. I gotta go to class today, we're having a quiz."

"Wait a sec and I'll leg it with ya." He retrieved his note book and carefully tucked a newspaper inside. "I'm fighting that stuff myself. Are you one of the cats that don't dig that rag at all?" Before I could agree he went on. "That's some nervous course. If my ole' man could see his long green flowing for that jazz, he'd hemorrhage! And the least is that it's required. It'd be cool if it was a senior elective for those strange cats that need quality points to graduate!"

We crossed the road in silence and then I noticed a theme protruding from his notebook.

"What's the theme for, you're not taking English, are ya?"

"Naw, that's a book report I have to spout for Hygiene. Big deal—everybody reported on the same book!"

"Whatta you mean, everybody reported on the same book? What was the book?"

"Masterpieces of World Literature in Digest Form!"

"Now wait a minute," I interrupted, "You can't tell me those guys all made their reports from digests without reading the books."

"I guess you're right, I did flip it a little. All of 'em didn't make their reports from the Digests—one guy made it from a six page pamphlet and three guys made it on movies of the book."

We were now at the gym and he turned to go inside. "Why don't you come by the room tonight, man, we've got a wild poker game going!" With this he turned and disappeared inside.



PEARSON



Thomas Wolfe

