

Beat Dook!

The sports writing wizards who predict the outcome of football games are all agreed — Carolina over Georgia this afternoon. We trust they are right. And while we're hustling up encouragement for the



Tar Heels, let's save a little for the Boiler-makers of Perdue. Carolina rooters who remember the little scene at the Carolina-State game that is pictured here are hoping for something to holler about when the Duke-Purdue score comes over the Kenan loudspeakers this afternoon.

Break Out The Red Flannels, Ma!

While we all stood in the dusk of Wednesday evening, rubbing disbelief from our eyes, fall came. A thundershower beat down the dust in the afternoon; then the chilly air marched down from the Northwest and drove the hot air before it in retreat to the South.

Fall had put up a long, trying boycott. No one wanted to open a book during the week. No one wanted to celebrate on the football weekends. We waited, but fall demurred in the distant North. Nor would it even flash a hopeful breeze to us late in the night.

Then, as the first chilly breezes started blowing in Chapel Hill, the suddenness of it all—like drink after long perishing—imparted a certain indeterminate craze. People snatched woollens out of mothballs; they stepped about with a new spring in their toes; they even talked dizzily of building snow men on the lawns and throwing snowballs when the first snowflakes arrived.

Everybody agreed: Warm weather could have a long vacation. Fall was here.

Spencer On Shorts

After reading the case for Bermuda shorts on yesterday's front page, we were almost convinced they should be adopted by the coeds on days when chilly weather doesn't make them impractical. The coeds quoted in our feature story pronounced them comfortable and the campus is not so formal that they would be out of place.

That was before Betty Covington brought a communication from Spencer Dorm by the office. The verdict of the Spencer girls has convinced us against Bermudas, and perhaps you will be convinced too after hearing their quatrains:

Deck your lower limbs in pants,
Yours are the limbs, my sweet—
You look just fine approaching,
But have you seen yourself retreat?

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front

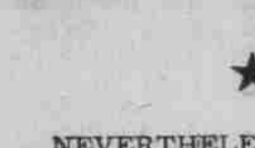
Forgotten Hero Had His Day On Grid Field

Louis Kraar

TODAY AS the fall winds flap the kick-pleats in trim coeds' skirts and Kenan Stadium fills, the ancient—but always changing—Georgia-Carolina football show will be on.

Since 1895 (when the Tar Heels threw the Bulldogs 10-6), these two schools have been taking each other on. There's been many a change since that first game. The long skirted

young ladies who accompanied their Carolina gentlemen on that first encounter in the 90's have changed almost as much as the game of football itself.



NEVERTHELESS, the wave of enthusiasm that will start this morning with the arrival of alumni and continue until dawn crashes the parties along fraternity row is the same.

And the admiration for a football hero is still present. Carolina hasn't had a real one for the last few years. If today one is born his name will be on departing alumni tongues, his picture in every coed's mind and his praises sung until the last party plays out.

The life of a football star's fame is usually as ephemeral as an edition of a daily paper, and after one's time has passed his only glory is in the record books—and the minds of those oldtimers who watched him play.

TAKE A guy who used to play football. His name was William Webb Ellis, and he played for a school called Rugby in England back in '23—that's 1823.

Football wasn't too respectable a sport then, by the way. It seems that the whole business started early in the 16th century on British village greens. Only the young fellows of the lower classes participated (the nobles never liked to dirty their hands), and the ball was an inflated animal bladder.

Fortunately, by the time of our man Ellis (Rugby, '23) the elder's objections to the rowdy bladder booters had subsided. Public schools and fewer nobles helped quite the objections, I suspect.

ON THE fall afternoon that Ellis distinguished himself, football was strictly a kicking game. Scoring was possible only by kicking the ball (or bladder) over the opponent's goal.

Ellis grew rather disgusted with the game—an intraschool tilt—because it was drawing to a close without a score. Finally, exasperated to the final degree, Ellis seized a punt. And instead of heeling it for a free kick at the goal, he ran helter skelter through his amazed opponents with the ball under his arm. Young Ellis scored football's first touchdown that afternoon.

RUGBY CAMPUS leaders were torn out about the play though. And alumni didn't praise Ellis, coeds didn't idolize; not even a little party was thrown. Instead he was censured. (Term more suitable to politics than sports these days).

Eventually, Ellis' touchdown was glorified. His fellow students a few years later voted that running the ball was perfectly cricket. And to show that they really appreciated the first touchdown, the erected a tablet in a shady ivy-grown wall come the event.

So this afternoon in Kenan if Carolina finds another Justice, I'm for the alumna talking him up, the coeds looking starry-eyed, the parties continuing past dawn—and a tablet in some shady walk.

Saturday Night In Western Europe



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Teller's Bomb A Dud?

Joseph & Stewart Alsop

(The following is excerpted from the Alsops' syndicated column.—Editor.)

There is publicly available evidence which strongly suggests that the hydrogen bomb designed at Dr. Edward Teller's Livermore Laboratory turned out to be a failure during the Pacific test series last spring.

This evidence, it should be said at the outset, is in no way secret. It is all on the public record.

The evidence may not be conclusive—on that point, the reader must be allowed to judge for himself, yet it is worth reporting, simply because an extraordinary campaign is now under way to picture Dr. Teller as the true and only "father of the H-bomb", and virtually every other American scientist as a fuzzy-minded fool or worse.

The first part of the evidence consists of an official release by the Atomic Energy Commission itself. At the time of the test series at Eniwetok, in the Pacific, the AEC announced that both the Livermore Laboratory, established to give Dr. Teller a free hand in designing an H-bomb, and the great Los Alamos Laboratory, were "participating" in the tests.

The second part of the evidence consists of a statement by Dr. Norris Bradbury, Director of the Los Alamos Laboratory. This statement was made at an extraordinary press conference called by Bradbury on Sept. 14, to refute charges in the book, "The Hydrogen Bomb", by James Shepley and Clay Blair Jr., that Los Alamos resisted the H-bomb program.

The Los Alamos Laboratory, Dr. Bradbury said with emphasis, has "developed EVERY SUCCESSFUL THERMONUCLEAR WEAPON THAT EXISTS TODAY" in the free world. The capitalization of the above words is to be found in the official

Los Alamos release.

This statement certainly looks like a broad hint that only the Los Alamos bombs worked—that the H-bomb or bombs designed at Livermore failed. Dr. Bradbury should certainly know what he is talking about. An even broader hint came from Sen. Clinton P. Anderson. As ranking Democratic member of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, Anderson should know what he is talking about.

Asked to comment on the Shepley-Blair book, Anderson said: "I wish that the AEC would remove from its classified character the report of what happened to the bombs designed by Dr. Teller and the Livermore Laboratory. The authors... might have asked the AEC how Dr. Teller's thermonuclear bombs have thus far exploded."

The conclusion is obvious. The "New Mexican," the astutely edited newspaper which serves Los Alamos, drew it. Anderson's statement, the well-informed "New Mexican," noted, "most nearly says what informed Los Alamos opinion has left unsaid." Quite obviously, what informed Los Alamos opinion has left unsaid is that the Teller-Livermore version of a hydrogen bomb was a dud.

There is nothing shameful about this. Although, as far as is known, there has never been a previous failure in the many AEC nuclear tests, failures are no doubt inevitable in so unexplored a field. Moreover, his bitter critics do not doubt that Dr. Teller is a brilliant scientist. Yet in the rewrite of history now being promoted, Teller is not only brilliant, he is the virtually single-handed creator of the hydrogen bomb.

Teller, according to the book, "was at least within citing distance of a successful H-bomb"

The Ram Sees

Fall is definitely here and winter is rumbling in the background. Y-Courters have deserted the trees beside the Y for the sun-drenched steps of South Building, and the greenery on campus is beginning to sneak into autumn colors. All of a sudden you can tell who belongs to the Monogram Club and who doesn't, for to a man they break out in their sweaters. (And more power to 'em.) Coffee sales pick up in the Boox Ex, and winter clothing purchases boom downtown, which pleases the merchants no end. Ah yes, good old fall weather. You can have it, We'd rather sweat.

Notes and things: ... Only to a far rightist like David Mundy could the late Senator Pat McCarran seem "liberal and progressive"... and Mundy doesn't have to tell people he is not

Rameses. Rameses at least has a speaking acquaintance with the king's English... All this talk about Bermuda shorts for the ladies seems a bit belated. A movement to put them in slacks or long woolies or something on that order would seem more appropriate to the weather. Brrrr...

Today is the last day to sign up for the Carolina-Maryland trains and buses to Washington, D. C. And today, also, is the day when the Tar Heels, to the theme of "Marching Over, Under and Through Georgia," will show that they can rid themselves of their fumbles and intercepted passes and romp to a victory which should announce to the world that we have a team to be reckoned with. We'll be there, Bushy and I, and we'll be listening for some real noise from the stands. BEAT GEORGIA!

Integration Won't Work, Says Creed

Dick Creed

Racial integration won't work.

One of the tragedies of our time is that it doesn't work and that a look into the future shows that it never will.

It won't work because people don't want it to, even those who are fighting for it most.

Because they are fighting not for integration, but for an idea.

An appeal to the spiritual, aesthetic, and democratic mind which this nation has evolved tells us that segregation should and must work. And we have a manifestation in tangible form of this mind's one big idea. It is the Constitution.

This is the idea over which the fight is waged. The Negro is secondary in the fray. It is inconceivable to the champions of non-segregation that the elements of that idea which they have inherited and which, they fancy, forced them to act was misconceived, or that, being conceived, it has been misinterpreted.

It is needless to say that we are a young country. And it should be just as needless to say that our evolution is far from complete.

Though it may be said that whatever we do and whatever this country becomes has its foundation in the spiritual, aesthetic, and democratic ideals which we best, practically must be reckoned with.

Complete racial integration is not practical.

When the evolution of our national mind is complete, the beneficent ideals will still be around, but on a more practical and realistic basis. They will be applied only to dealings between members of the superior race.

Brotherly love won't mean love for one's brother, but for one's kind. The dignity and rights of the common man won't mean that, but the dignity and rights of those with whom one has everything in common.

In other words, nothing will mean anything, and our evolution can end only in chaos.

There's something unfriendly about the smell of fresh paint.

They were just getting well under way toward painting the stairways and hallways of Everett when school started this year, and the dorm just didn't seem to when I came back in the fall.

The dorm just didn't seem to be as friendly as they used to be as the friends of whom, "is energizing whom."

There is irony in this episode. But there is tragedy too. The tragedy does not lie in the expensive failure at Eniwetok—if such is was, the real tragedy is Dr. Teller's, Gordon Dean, former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has called the Shipley-Blair book a "blood-strained Valentine to Edward Teller." The blood, of course, is that of Dr. Teller's fellow scientists. The scientists are the more bitter because Teller has not yet seen fit to repudiate the "blood-stained Valentine," and to expose the falsehoods and distortions in the book, which he is in an excellent position to do.

YOU Said It

Strengthen The Honor System

Editor:

It seems that every time the words "Honor System" appear in the DTH, or are mentioned in conversation, there arises a multitude of quibblers saying, "Do you want a professor staring at you every time you take a quiz?"

Pray tell what it is so terrible about that? I can immediately see two definite advantages: (1) Did you ever want to ask a question and have to walk two flights of steps, or go from office to office looking for the prof? Why can't he remain present during the quiz and avail himself for questions which might save you valuable time needed to complete the quiz? (2) Do you prefer kissing your girl in the presence of a crowd? No? Then you prefer waiting until you are in private. So must a person prone to cheat like as much privacy as possible while carrying on his undercover activities.

Critics immediately point out that students are on their honor to report violators of the Honor Code. Does a person lose his honor when an instructor pre-

sents himself during a quiz? Of course, he doesn't. But I believe that chances of him having to invoke his responsibility can be greatly reduced.

There is no perfect system, but a combination of two good ones might lessen the frequency of statements such as this, "I know I saw him looking on your paper but I couldn't prove it; it was just my word against his."

Why not remove some of the temptation for the weak to stray from the straight and narrow?
Stanford B. Morton, Jr.

Why Anonymous?

Editor:

In Friday's paper Mr. Louis Kraar notes that your column "The Ram Sees" is headed by an unknown person.

Saturday's paper contains some attempt at defense of not signing in "The Ram Sees," but both this column and "The Eye of the Horse" continue to be published without their writers being identified.

Just why is this? Both columns seem at times fairly readable examples of undergraduate journalism.

Thomas G. Smith

Sounds

Tom Spain

(This is the first in a series of Saturday columns on recorded jazz, mostly modern, by Tom Spain. It will be interesting reading for the connoisseur and a guide to good jazz for the neophyte.—Editor.)

Enthusiasts of jazz as an honest basic art have something to live for. The many who suffered the decline of real New Orleans and Chicago jazz, watched the fade-out of Goodman and Shaw, tolerated the end of the bop era, and are presently awaiting the end of this age of imitation, can again look for new, different, and good music. It was with sorrow that many watched the dollar do to jazz in the thirties just what Whiteman did to Bix Beiderbecke in 1929. A seemed lost when it came to finding jazz that was creative and new as it was back then, and the relic could be found only in a not-so-difficult choice between old-time record reprints and the Norman Granz boys.

But today's story is different. What happened in New Orleans and Chicago back in prohibition times is happening in uptown New York and Hollywood.

The comparison is a good one. A look at a '24 issue of Metronome would reveal many unknown artists and titles, Condon, then unknown, was featuring "I AIN'T GONNA GIVE NOBODY NONE OF MY JELLY ROLL," and Jimmy Noone was playing blues numbers of untold characteristics and titles. But to the followers of early jazz, "I'VE FOUND A NEW BABY" meant as much as "YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS" means to the United Fruit Co. The bandstand and hotelroom improvising of the jazz artists was something new. It was creatively honest and pure without impediments of any sort. Its quality will never lose its luster and feeling.

A latest copy of Metronome will allow a similar picture; only the year and styles differ. The musicians' names and the titles, too are different, but as in the Twenties, the music is something new, untried and fresh.

Nobody's quite sure just what the new stuff is called. Modern-Progressive is an apt term, although it connotes bop. There's no doubt about Harry Basin and Gerry Mulligan being both modern and progressive in their music, but its definitely not bop. Critic John Hammond says that today's jazz is a no-man's land as the opinions as to its origin run in two general directions. Some say it began with Leadbelly's strumming an ill-tuned guitar in a New Orleans train depot, while others maintain it is a result of a refining process of better bop. It's true that many of the most prominent artists in the progressive school are refugees from the late forties, but their stuff isn't the same. One sure way to identify today's creations in sound is in reference to the West Coast or Uptown.

One of this year's most delightful recordings is by Buck Clayton and an assortment of musicians picked at random by a pair of Columbia's jazz authorities. In an effort to achieve spontaneous improvisation, eleven artists were invited to participate in a jam session at Columbia studios. Some of them met for the first time, while others renewed old acquaintances; some had played together; some had only heard of the others. But their styles and musical feeling were similar.

Clayton, certainly an old timer—but an adaptable one—was picked to lead and name the selections. They were asked to play what they wished, in any way they wished, as long as they wished, "HUCKLEBUCK" and "ROBBINS' NEST" are the selections picked for the first session. There were no time limitations, no arrangements and no rehearsing. They simply sat back listening and awaiting their solos, making one of the first and definitely the finest jam session in captivity.

Improvising all the way, they ramble through sixty-three choruses of Huckle-Buck, developing setting up riffs, and experimenting. The pace is easy, set by a Basietype rhythm section which is led by Sir Charles Thompson on piano, Walter Page and Jo Jones, bass and drums respectively with Freddie Green on guitar could fill out no finer section in any band. Clayton and Joe Newman (Basil's lead trumpet) set up a question and answer team on six choruses, their styles sounding so similar that one might think Clayton in an echo chamber. Urbie Green, perhaps the finest trombone man around, is backed up by Henderson Chambers, who can hold his own in anybody's jam session. On reeds we find Charlie Fowlkes, baritone, Julian Dash, tenor, and Lem Davis, alto. The entire ensemble is made up of eleven great soloists, yet excellent team musicians.

The performance of both numbers is truly outstanding. The easy, definite beat is most relaxing, and the solos aren't forced or hammed up. "ROBBINS' NEST" and "HUCKLEBUCK" are real creations in sound, the results more pleasing than can be imagined or described. Take about thirty-seven minutes of Kemp's time and pick up on some of the best in jazz—jazz as it was meant to be.

Quote, Unquote

A multitude of Americans will remember James Street best as the author of such best sellers as "The Gauntlet" and "Tap Roots." Certainly he was an author deserving a lasting place in the people's memories. But some of us newspaper folks in North Carolina are going to remember James Street best as the champion of non-conformity who stood boldly in Chapel Hill a few days before his death and exclaimed, "Keep your dirty hands off this University!"

Don't let the trustees tamper with freedom of the University. Don't let the President tamper with it. Don't let the writers tamper with it. Don't let anybody tamper with it. Keep the University free. That's what James Street said. And his audience burst into spontaneous applause.

Though none of us knew it at the time, this was a farewell message to newspaper people from a man who bounced to fame as a novelist from the newspaper world. This was the real James Street speaking. And if he could be among us once more with an opportunity to choose a farewell message, we have the feeling that he would still exclaim with compelling fervor, "Keep your dirty hands off this University!" —Smithfield Herald.