

Survival Between The Exhaust Blasts

Start studying as soon as you sit down at your desk. Avoid daydreaming. Work intensely while you work. Keep this one job clearly before you. Forget everything else. —Phi Eta Sigma Hints On How To Study.

These lofty lines struck us as being a trifle dated yesterday as Chapel Hill filled with students, who in turn began filling themselves with vacation tales and beer.

It's not that study and concentration and thinking in Chapel Hill are — like Charlie Justice—a thing of the past. But to plod back to the Hill, sit in a classroom, and (in the words of scholars) "keep this one job clearly before you" is becoming more and more of a dream.

And the dream is not likely to be realized anytime soon. Intruders from the outside world are upon us in the forms of draft boards, grim news stories, and glowing economic reports. The whole country, gleaming with an Eisenhower grin of economic prosperity, is squirming—and we are counseled to "avoid daydreaming."

The country is shaky in its armchair of plenty for many reasons. All of them haunt us as we eat more and better food, drive more shiny cars, and make more money. In Nevada, the Air Force schools youngsters in the he-manly art of avoiding communist brainwashing techniques. In Moscow, diplomats from West Germany make like fraternity presidents during rush week. And on Franklin Street, there are more cars, more students, and nicer store fronts.

The truth is that we are a scared country, a nation of havers who are wondering where it will all lead.

As student editorialists, we don't know all the answers to the communist problem, foreign policy issues, or the lower farm income. But we do know there's no one on earth with more confidence than a college student. And this confidence comes from youth and regular visits with the things that will survive and endure—scholarship, literature, and others who have both youth and confidence.

No, this morning we'll find it difficult to "forget everything else," as the study booklet advises, but some of us will. Then the brash confidence of a college student will pay off. We suspect what the country needs is a return to some of its humble and basic beginnings.

Perhaps, between exhaust blasts from the new cars and notices from the draft board, some will truly "forget all else," peer deeply into the books. There, we think, there's an answer.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Duel...



Carolina Front Inside Gunga Dunn: 'We,' & The 4th Estate

J.A.C. Dunn

MOST OF our 6,500-odd lovable readers no doubt expect this, the first column of the year, to dwell on some subject related to the beginning of school, and fall, and the return of the native to classes, and various other sundry events of this ilk. Those who are laboring under this deluded anticipation had better stop, because such topics, can't be further from our minds at this moment.

ON THE contrary, we are going to talk about us. First we would like to get a word in in defense of the Editorial We, to which figure of speech we are immovably addicted. Recently people have been crawling all over our neck about the Editorial We. "How are you?" they ask, in the course of the normal exchange of amenities. "How are you? All of you, that is." Others are less subtle. "For God's sake why'n'tcha use the first person singular and quit bein' so smarty pants?" they say.

OK. So "we two form a multitude," so we're smarty pants; so we haven't got the guts to come right out and smear a good, round healthy "I" across the edit page. So alright. Our theory is this: first, there is safety in numbers.

Second, the Editorial We is more professional. That is to say, the New Yorker uses it, and we adhere to the New Yorker. Anyone who doesn't like the New Yorker and consequently doesn't like us, knows what he can do with this column.

AFTER THAT belligerent little beginning, we feel we really ought to say something worthwhile. Believe it or not we have something to say which we think is worthwhile. It concerns the Press versus the Government.

For some time now, or in other words ever since time began, the Government has been reaching down the Press's back and ripping out quite essential journalistic vertebrae by the handful; likewise, the Press has periodically slit the Government from its chops to its knave and left it bleeding on the floor. The student Legislature takes a political swipe at The Daily Tar Heel every so often, and The Daily Tar Heel generally returns the gesture by setting off editorial A-Bombs under the student Legislature's rostrum. The Government comes to the DTH offices and snaps pencils in two and jumps up and down and carries on about how poor the reporting is and how they've been misquoted and what kind of a newspaper is this anyhow; the Press prowls around muttering insurrectionistic imprecations in its best journalistic about how the Student Government doesn't know its whatnot from a thimble and they're all a bunch of slithery politicians anyway.

YOU KNOW this is true. You have seen it happen too many times to deny it.

In the first place, practically everyone who is involved in the Press versus the Government hooraw on this campus is of college age. When one comes to college one does not arrive knowing everything; one comes to learn. Therefore, the student legislators don't really know much, and the student journalists don't really know much. As a matter of fact we don't really know much either. Of course there are some bitter souls kicking around who maintain that you don't really know much when you leave, to say nothing of when you come. This is a horse of a different odor. So we don't know much, any of us, and we're here to learn something. Evidently the way to learn is by slitting each other's throats almost daily. So be it.

In the second place no Government really understands the Press, and vice versa. Anyone who says this is not true is fibbing. So when the Press and the Government fight, each is fighting something it doesn't really understand. We think it would be well to remember this.

'See If You Can Find Somebody Named Davy Crockett'



HERE LOOKS... (BY THE WASHINGTON POST CO.)

-FIRST LOOK AT UNC-

Bugs & An Evaluation Of Freshman Camp-ByFrosh

(While most veteran UNC students were shaking the beach sand out of their white bucks and dreaming of football Saturdays to come, an enthusiastic group of freshmen took over Camp New Hope for an advance peep at Carolina life.

Two of these freshmen—Charlie Sloan and Jim Purks—submitted accounts of their first view of Carolina life which The Daily Tar Heel deemed worthy of presenting to the campus. The views, while different, both reflect the vigor and life that Freshman Camp provides. Perhaps, they reflect something also of freshmen reporters Sloan and Purks—Editors.)

By CHARLIE SLOAN Between September 5 and 8 thousands of the insect inhabitants of Camp New Hope were sent to the happy hunting ground of the 160-odd freshmen attending Freshman Camp.

The massacre included the long black varmint with yellow legs who fell from the trees, and the short yellow creatures with black legs who crawled out of our shoes every morning. Countless other color combinations were smeared into the good Carolina-earth during the course of the four-day camp.

Of course these pesky demons fought back tooth and stinger; even the campers who thought they were immune to the attacks got it in the end.

Camp was more than an annoyingly close study of Carolina insect life, however. Acting President Purks, Chancellor House, Roy Armstrong, and many other faculty men and students gave the scratching freshmen a preview of things to come. After these kick-off talks bull-sessions on religion, fraternities, Carolina Spirit, the Rathskellar's spirits, and females ran late into the night.

Some of the more musically minded bug-slappers gathered their instruments of torture into a combo, and, after squeezing gallons of lemon juice from their battered brass, came up with some pleasant sounds for the talent show given the final night in camp.

No one has reported how many insects were defeated when the cheer leaders arrived for a short pep rally, but it's certain that thousands were trampled when the word spread that real girls

were around.

That was Freshman Camp—a mass of welts and sore-spots, a group of new friends, and a pile of dirty laundry. Yet it was worth every minute of lost sleep, incessant scratching, and will someone lend me a flit gun?

By JIM PURKS

One hour before it was time for Camp New Hope to be evacuated, all the boys who attended the three-day Freshman Camp program sponsored by the YMCA gathered together for the last time in order to evaluate Freshman Camp after their first-hand experience.

The purpose of this meeting was to give Scotty Hester, Graham Rights and others who arranged the schedule an opportunity to find out exactly how the boys felt about the camp so that any flaws could be checked and avoided next year. This meeting demonstrated the eagerness of the YMCA to improve its activities whenever necessary.

The most significant thing about this meeting was the noticeable lack of criticism. Everyone was given the chance to speak freely, no holds barred.

As a result, there was praise instead of criticism during this evaluation meeting. The boys especially praised the manner in which discussions were handled this year. They noted there were no long, drawn out speeches to listen to. Instead, every individual was given a chance to give his opinions and to ask questions on the problems which primarily concerned him. They praised the system of having a University official in every cabin during discussions because the presence of an older, more mature person who knew more about the University stimulated the cabin talks and made them more interesting. Numerous other things were lauded too, including the visit of some attractive girl cheerleaders who made a pep rally especially exciting and lively.

In conclusion, it can be said that the YMCA can truly be proud of its success with Freshman Camp this year. Every boy had a sample of the Carolina spirit and will be out at Kenan Stadium cheering just as loud, if not louder, as the upperclassmen when UNC takes on Oklahoma.

Y-Court Corner Exit Vacation; Enter Coeds With That Look

Rueben Leonard

THE LONG lines of dusty cars have finally panted into Chapel Hill and into the waiting arms of the campus cops. At 8 o'clock this morning the Morehead-Patterson Bell Tower will shake its head, coffee lines will disintegrate, and fall semester will engulf the campus. Vacation will go out—vocation will come in. Dormitories will give a sigh of relief as students ooze from their exits. Until nightfall these overstuffed dorms will breathe deep comfortable-pre-fall 1955 breaths until they are once again filled by students returning to their rooms.

THE SCENE will be the same this morning as it has been on any other first-day-of-class morning. Freshmen will scurry across campus to their initial meeting with higher learning. Upperclassmen, on the other hand, will stroll leisurely in the direction of Murphey Hall. There they will be greeted by Dr. Harlan and his already waiting band of "armchair archaeologists." There will of course be those who don't find it convenient to attend the first day classes. This group will stand in Y-Court, slap each other on the back, and discuss their summer vacations. Avoid these people; they aren't in school—they are just taking a winter vacation.

PREDICTION: COEDS will be the talk of the campus this year. And from what can be seen of them from The Daily Tar Heel office window, they are something to talk about.

It is rumored that in the past boys often referred to coeds as "pigs" and "pogs" (pog being the past participle of pig). From the general outlook it seems that those days are gone forever.

I MANAGED to corner one of the new coeds long enough to ask her why she came to Carolina. She muttered a few sentences about the academic standing, excellent curriculum, and Germans weekends. Not wanting to embarrass her, but still interested, I asked her if marriage was also a motive. She not only answered my question, but some of the epigrams she came out with would have had Earl Wilson drooling. She said she would consider marriage if she met the right person, but she would have to be awfully certain that it was the right person. I mentioned the fact so many young couples don't realize until after they are married that all is not milk and honey, and they usually end up in divorce court. Her reply to that: "What we need is less permanent waves and more permanent wives." I agreed.

A LOOK at the national scene. On the Greensboro Daily News editorial page amidst endless columns of political and segregationist hash there appeared a one-sentence revelation, "Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said to be excellent flap jack cooker." Now ain't that comforting.

Headless Horseman Sleepy Hollow Next?

In the Biblical adage that no man serve two masters there is inescapable truth. That truth is applicable now to the headless state of the Consolidated University. President Gray, appointed an assistant secretary of defense by President Eisenhower, and now filling that office, remains president of the University.

It is, regardless of personalities, a situation which cannot be tolerated.

In June the Trustees of the University gave evidence that they can tolerate the sense of a de facto head for the University when they balked at Mr. Gray's offered resignation. Like the Trustees, we respect Gray's dedication and abilities. But the is, plainly, that the University no longer has him and that his first allegiance, at unpredictable time, will be directed where.

University First

We think we are right in assuming the Trustees acted in good faith when they refused to accept the President's resignation. But it is questionable that they acted in judgment. A great University, of expanded dimensions, pressing potentialities, and to its duty to this state—and, let me add, get crucial and dangerous legs—must be tended with hourly, not when things go down in Washington.

A temporary administration with a head of liquidation in its pocket—an "acting" administration, in short—cannot function. Dr. Purks, a man of high caliber, has pledged that the University will be "static." We are sure he means that and prove it. But an acting president will be strung by forces which are beyond his power to mitigate.

It would be possible to look with patience on Mr. Gray's prolonged absence if it promised to be short, which it does, and if it related to education, which it does not. Mr. Gray has revealed since his appointment that he gave his loyalty to the Eisenhower campaign in 1952. Seen in that text, his move into the defense department becomes more than a bit political. Dr. Ham, as President, fell under bitter attack because of his aid to the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. But his leaves, spaced over a decade and a half. Since he came University head in 1950, Mr. Gray accepted two other Government jobs: Chairman of the Psychological Strategy Board, the other as chairman of the Oppenheimer Security Committee. One cannot get a sense from the feeling that he likes Washington.

Sleepy Hollow?

Mr. Gray said last June that he left the University after having weighed his duty here against his duty to the nation. So what conflictingly, Doris Fleeson reports his reasons for departure are "personal," they are, indeed, "personal," will a leaf indefinite length, while the University quishes without leadership, change their any event, the argument that he might turn months hence is light counterpoint to the needs of the University.

The fault for the limbo in which we ourselves is not, it ought to be clear, President, Gray's; it is that of the Trustees.

But North Carolina, educationally speaking, must not become a Sleepy Hollow in order to accommodate its present head-horseman. Wherever the fault lies, the power which incurred it is still the power to move it.

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Dear Hal Yapp Kinely reserves a ticket to Yappland for mahi chile, Honest Abe. Ah aims to surprise him with it on his twenty-first birthday. He is now 2 1/2 years tooled by the Yappers. P.S. Ah is in class in a pitcher of the baby so you kin rekkanize him when he arrives.



... For Peo