

Business Mgrs. Aplenty

The coming weeks may bring another president to the Consolidated University. Since we do not feel that speculation is out of order, both as to person and qualifications, we have made so bold as to offer it. The Charlotte Observer, in a splendid lead editorial, has made salient points in the matter which we enthusiastically endorse. But let The Observer speak for itself:

The University, its best days still before it, needs solidity and the type of planning that can come only with certainty and permanence at its helm. The label of "acting" cannot long suffice in such an important area.

The question of Gordon Gray's successor is one to challenge the wisdom of the Trustees who overlook the University's affairs. We will offer no suggestion as to the man, but experience has taught clear lessons on the type of man most desirable.

The University is an academic undertaking, the greatest such that the South has seen. It is in this realm that it must make its strides, and it is in this realm — we think — that it must seek its leadership.

The University scored its greatest advances under the direction of Dr. Frank Graham, a man who had taught history in its classrooms. He channeled its interests into unhampered scholarship, and he made it one of the foremost citadels of the free mind in this country.

Business managers are in ample supply at Raleigh, Greensboro and Chapel Hill. What the University most needs is a president who can soundly chart its future in those things for which universities are established.

Onward, With Blinds, To A House Of Horror

The University has its \$2 million government loan for new dormitories now, but you don't have to be a wizard to see the folly and short-sightedness of present building plans. If we plan now to build a 700-man monstrosity atop the hill overlooking Keesee Pool, our vision is masked with horse-blinds.

We propose to chase the lovers and nature-communicants out of the stately pines of Kenan Woods, to subject the swimmers in the outdoor pool to the atmosphere of a crowded suburbia; and to surround the residents who must live in the house of horror to a constant stream of football, basketball, and automotive traffic. Is this within the tradition of Chapel Hill as we have known it?

Consider the dorm itself. The University plans to install another giant single-building dorm, again forsaking the traditional quadrangle system. It has tried this before in Cobb, with the results hardly glorious. At almost every waking hour of the day and night, the halls of Cobb resound with echoes commonly heard from howling alleys on busy evenings. Cobb has been the seminal point of water fights, demonstrations, firecracker bombardments, riots, panty raids, in short, abject chaos. The housing authorities look on all this with fearful dread. What do they expect when over 700 men (as compared with Cobb's 440) are crammed into one vast, echoing hall?

Beyond that, as we said above, what of the new building's appearance? Take a look at Cobb, then compare its environs to the stately beauty of the Upper Quad. The latter's four buildings and grounds eclipse Cobb in all respects.

We don't think new building should climb hallowed Kenan Hill; it ought to go the other way, that is, in the direction of the present tennis courts and cemetery. The tennis courts should be removed to the huge area behind Navy Field, leaving a perfect location for a new quadrangle to go up under the government loan. We must, as well, face the formidable fact that the cemetery must be moved, and should have been moved years ago when prices were lower. Today it will cost dearly to move the cemetery, but such is the price of short-sightedness and delay. To delay more is to invite incalculable additional cost.

The question surrounding upcoming building is more than superficial. Most importantly, it is not a question merely of where the new dorms are to be put; but whether the campus is to remain a pleasant garden of tree-shaded, casual Georgian beauty, or to become a treeless desert crowded with desolate piles of brick without form or plan.

The Daily Tar Heel

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ROBERT RUARK'S *Something Of Value* climbed up the best-seller ladder 23 weeks ago and since then has fallen no further than fourth from the top.



LEONARD

has been praised by many and damned by others. Some people compare it to Norman Mailer's "The Naked And The Dead" in that it is not even a "good dirty book." Regardless of the opinions, *Something Of Value* has been selling at a fantastic rate and former UNC student Ruark sits over in Spain reaping royalties from these sales.

Since the publication of Ruark's book, many other books about Africa have been run off the publisher's presses. *Pondoro, last of the ivory hunters*, by John Taylor, is a chronicle of thirty years of adventure in Africa. Taylor explains how to hunt, outwit, out-manuever and outlive all the royalty of the animal world from elephant to leopard. A sample of Taylor's information: "Where To Aim. 'I've seen a charging animal come on with a large hole through his heart. He was mortally wounded, but it's small satisfaction to kill your beast if he runs you down before he dies. That is why it is best to aim for the shoulder.' I'll go along with that."

JOHN GUNTHER, author of *Inside USA, Inside Europe, Inside Asia and Inside Latin America*, has come up with another book. The title of course, *Inside Africa*.

Mr. Gunther traveled 40,000 miles in preparing this book—from Morocco to Kenya, from Johannesburg to Dakar. In preparing his book, Mr. Gunther not only interviewed 1,100 people in the 103 countries he visited but also discovered many facts about Africa, her people, and her beasts that are unrelated but very amusing. For example, Mr. Gunther says that a lion licks the skin from a human body before devouring it. That the capital of Bechuanaland is in another country. That the King of the Bakuba in the Belgian Congo weighs 350 pounds and has 350 wives.

Gunther compares British, Portuguese and Belgian colonial rule. "Taken all in all, British rule is the best... the average African in British territory has more copious access to the two things Africans need most—education and justice."

AUSTRALIANS HAVE evidently developed their own version of "the taste test" and have decided that beer is best—and prove it by drinking more beer per capita than any other people in the world.

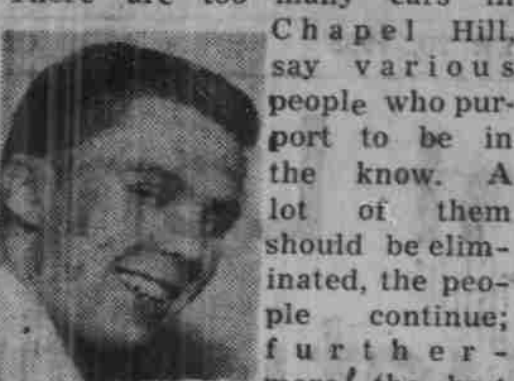
Statistics released by the Australian Government show that Australians drink an average of 24 gallons of beer a year. Federal Treasurer Sir Arthur Fadden estimated that 219,000,000 gallons of local beer would be drunk this year from which the Government would derive \$213,964,800 in taxes.

The increase in Australia's beer drinking is a post-war phenomenon. Fifty years ago the Australians averaged only 12 gallons. The figure stayed the same until 1939, but by 1949 it had risen to 18 gallons, and last year it was 24.09.

The amazing thing about these statistics is that the women drink very little beer and children un-

Autos With No Place To Park

J.A.C. Dunn
 NOW ABOUT all these cars. There are too many cars in Chapel Hill, say various people who purport to be in the know. A lot of them should be eliminated, the people continue; further more, the best place to start eliminating is with the freshmen and sophomores. Don't let them have cars. They don't need cars. They're only freshmen and sophomores.



THIS DOESN'T quite make sense — not because the freshmen and sophomores should necessarily be treated with deference, but simply because, in our opinion, the automobile situation in Chapel Hill has just about reached the point where the problem facing Chapel Hillians and students is one involving different categories than the ones now under consideration.

Instead of saying arbitrarily that juniors and seniors will be permitted to keep cars and freshmen and sophomores will not, we think perhaps it would be a better idea if a committee were set up, equipped with a set of standards, which would decide which category of car-neediness a person fell into.

The standards might well be set up something like this: Married students and veterans would be permitted to have cars. Handicapped students would be permitted to have cars. Students living outside a 250 miles radius would be permitted to have cars. This qualification is made on the assumption that, by the slowest method of travel, which is generally bus travel, having to go more than 250 miles by bus would slice so much time out of a weekend that it would be impracticable to plan a weekend at home.

Students going through college under extraordinary circumstances, such as having to commute, or working part time at a job which requires a car, would be permitted to have cars.

OF COURSE the faculty and bona fide residents of Chapel Hill, student or otherwise, would also be permitted to have cars. Now before the maddened populace comes raging up to our office with machetes unsheathed and pitchforks tipped with poison, may we explain our thinking behind all this.

At first thought, it appeared to us a good idea to arbitrarily prohibit freshmen and sophomore-owned cars. However, several reasons have subsequently been pointed out to us which indicate the fallacy in this thinking. First of all, trivial though it may seem, there is a terrific morale boost in having a date or two every so often; furthermore,

der 18 virtually none. This means that the average male over 18 consumes approximately 70 gallons a year.

Now we know why they are known as the people from "down under." They have drunk themselves, not down under the table, but instead, down under the world.

SOMEWHAT NEARER home than Africa, Australia, and Spain is the giant roadside sign on the Raleigh-Durham Airport road. The sign is one of those numerous things that usually extoll the wonderful qualities of a certain product. But not so this sign. In huge letters is written a simple sentence, "You'll Be Glad You Did." You probably will.

dates on this campus are hard to get without a car. They are also difficult to arrange in Greensboro without a car. Since freshmen and sophomores have a hard enough time with their social lives, there does not seem to be any point in making it harder for them if there is a more acceptable solution.

In addition to this, there is a strong possibility that the freshmen and sophomores between them may not own enough cars to alleviate the traffic situation sufficiently if they were prohibited.

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE are those North Carolinians who will become galvanized with righteous horror at this suggestion, and say "Are we to be forbidden cars in our own state university?"

The answer to this is, quite simply, yes, you are. The traffic problem here has become such that regional allegiance cannot be considered without bollixing up the whole works. This sounds like favoritism for out-of-state students, but actu-

ally it is not. We are all Carolina students. We are not Carolina students who happen to be going to college with some students from other states.

Another objection which may be brought up is the query "Who is going to constitute the committee which decides whether a student will be permitted to have a car or not?"

The obvious answer seems to be the students themselves. Perhaps the committee should be elective, perhaps it should be appointive by some high ranking student or, equally powerful denizen of South Building.

FINALLY, THERE is that old ogre, the question as to whether students should be allowed to go home at all, or perhaps we should say whether student trips to home should be facilitated in any way.

We say they should. In the days when the trustees were around here, it may have been considered accepted practice to stay in Chapel Hill month after month and enjoy life within the town limits, or reasonably close

thereto. Proponents of this theory maintain that college is the place to which one goes when one first starts getting out in the world on one's own.

Now that's all very well, but may we observe with undeniable, though trite, accuracy, that times have changed?

Two or three decades ago, and even farther back than that, there was a great deal more security kicking around than there is now. Youth takes its security quotient from its elders, and youth's elders way back then were sitting fairly comfortably. Nowadays, however, we have an atom bomb to deal with, and communism, and all the other troublesome little blemishes with which civilization is currently dotted.

Youth, we believe, feeling a bit unsettled in the face of all this, clings to whatever security it can get. In many cases this security is none other than Mom and Dad and a girlfriend back home, and we cannot see any reason why, if they can find security somewhere, they should be denied it.

Harriman's Strategy

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — One of the casualties of President Eisenhower's illness is the prudent strategy of Governor Harriman's Presidential boom.

The original plan was that the Governor of New York should remain available and let the front runner, Adlai Stevenson, absorb the inevitable liabilities of that position. It was believed that Stevenson would be reluctant to enter the state Presidential nominating primaries, and that even if he did, Senator Kefauver, widely accepted as a popular favorite, would defeat him often enough to tarnish the

Stevenson legend.

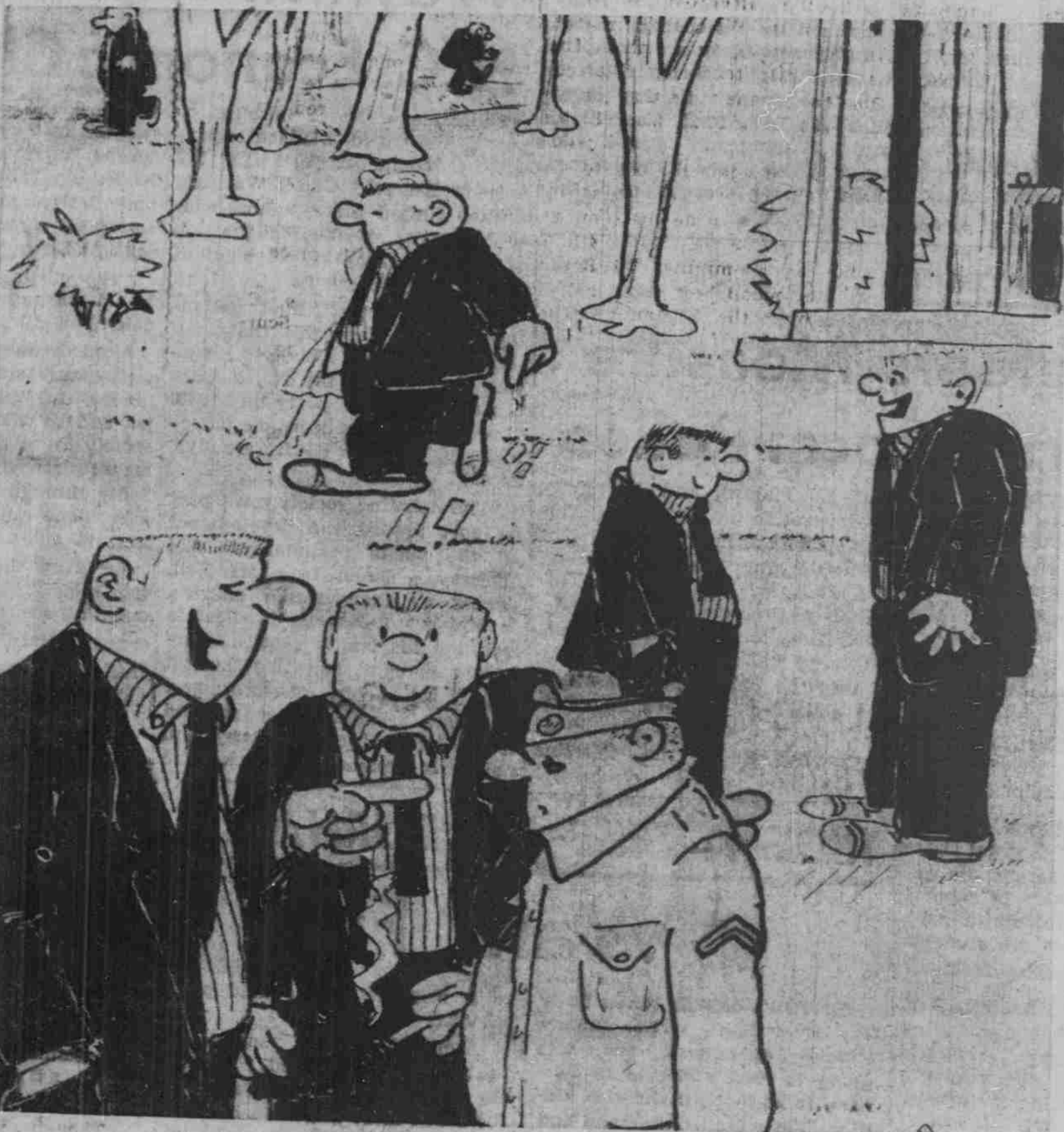
THERE HAS never been any doubt that the former Governor of Illinois, whether his ideas were right or wrong, thought in the general interest. But there has been a good deal of question whether he was persuading people that he felt their problems.

It is admittedly a hard task for an intellectual to achieve such communication. Truman achieved it effortlessly because he was the people. What made them mad, made him mad; what pleased them, pleased him. To a degree, President Eisenhower, whose simplicities — Western stories and popular tunes — are smiled at by sophisticates, has the same advantage.

Stevenson is aware that this is one of his problems. He has a horror of hypocrisy; he is also sure that if he tried to behave in any manner not natural to him, he would do it badly.

WHEN Stevenson advisors discuss the situation, the question of the Stevenson jokes comes up. It is the firm opinion of some, including the former National Chairman, Stephen Mitchell, that the Stevenson humor is his best claim to earthiness. Mitchell believes Stevenson should be encouraged to "be funny," which he does so well, and that the Republicans scoff at it because they are afraid it goes over.

'I Don't Like The Army Because Everyone Looks Alike'



Compliment For Cheerleaders

Editors: The Carolina student body should have cheerleaders of such superior pep rally which the cheerleaders led. It was a day night was an unforgettable occasion. cements together our two universities and camaraderie for a long, long time until the Carolina-Duke game. Thank you for your help. It was an unforgettable evening.

Quote, Unquote

Proverty is a soft pedal upon all human activity, no expecting the spirit. Time is a great legalizer, even in the morals. All successful newspapers are ceaseless and bellicose. They never defend anything if they can help it; if the job upon them, they tackle it by denouncing or someone else. To be in love is merely to be in perpetual anesthesia — to mistake a young man for a Greek god or an old woman for a goddess. Poetry is a comforting piece of more or less lascivious music.—H. L. Menck

'Beat It—We've Got An Election'



Some Advice For College Literati

Bill Ragsdale

It's sort of hard to make a definition concerning what is good and what isn't in modern writing; no matter what you say there is going to be someone to disagree with you and to have a pretty good argument to back up his case. Consider, for example, modern campus fiction. There are plenty of people who like it. There are those, this columnist included, who don't think it's worth a darn.

or looking or listening has a chance to share in the life and the observations of the artist and to thereby more fully realize himself. The other type artist creates only what he feels with little or no regard for form or reader. In other words, while the first artist writes for other people, the second types out what is best suited for a psychiatrist's couch in a sort of general expose of what's going on down in the subconscious.

A good writer is a devil of a hard thing to be. He is under a great obligation if he wants to write anything that says something significant. He has to learn as much as he can about his subject, which, for a creative writer, is life. You don't learn much about life by any other way than

living; to try and get to know what's going on by any other means is to get a poor second-hand version.

And that's the gripe. In many cases, the campus writers are much more concerned with how they're writing rather than what they're trying to put across. They have not become aware of the fact that if a person has something to say worth saying he can probably do it without much trouble. A wide range of assimilated experience is of much more value than a mastery of the style of any other writer, be he copied Hemingway, Dos Passos, or even, God forbid, Marcel Proust. Maybe somebody will come up with

something new this year, not just the old themes on "The Night Aunt Sue Died", or "Young Sweet Priscilla, and Her Untimely Pregnancy", or worse still, "My Affair With Sam, By Ed."

Bill Scarborough comes out with a slick-covered Carolina Quarterly long about the first of December. Let us all wish him luck, because if no one brings him good material, he sure as heck can't come out with any. And a brief note to those of you with writing ability, so called: if you have anything to write, please do so. And don't get all up in the air with it. You're not good enough. If you try to get too bloody profound you'll be talking to yourself.