

### Welfare With A Wide Screen

Modern American political thinkers have often referred to the government's positive forces in the field of economics as creating a welfare state. And they may have something there.

Nevertheless, the crux of 20th century liberalism is that man should use his political machinery to make economic and social adjustments. And we go along with this.

However, when the student Legislature uses its welfare functions to shower television sets on dormitories, we begin to draw back. There is nothing basic, not yet at least, in owning a TV set. If the legislators had talked about food or clothes or books, it would be different. But not TV.

This thing could go on and on, each dorm (and fraternity and sorority) claiming its just handout from student funds. Stacy Dorin was the latest to lay claim to its due handout.

We bristle, not at Stacy, but at a student government that has taken the welfare principle to an alarming extreme.

### Is He Or Ain't He?

We admire former President Harry Truman's industry, which is going into a fine addition to American historical archives—his memoirs. But it is hard, as of his latest cancellation of plans for the Weil Lectures, to get away from the idea that he is playing footsy with the Weil Lectures committee and the Institute of Human Relations.

His appearance on this campus was scheduled for last year's Weil Lectures. At the eleventh hour, he cancelled the engagement and shifted it to March of this year. His decision threw things into a flurry.

This week, again with "regrets," our favorite ex-President has written that he must slide the date for his appearance back.

We understand that the Institute planners and the Weil Lectures chairman have taken firm action this time to find out whether Mr. Truman means to keep his word. Mr. Truman seems to find plenty of time for the campaign wars — and his schedule for that cause on 1958 must be piled high with dates. He explains that his change of plans for the March Weil Lectures is due to the memoirs. Their deadline has been shifted forward. Is this the real reason? We can't help feeling that it is not an I that he plans to be speaking from Democratic platforms about that time. His interest in the Democratic Party's success (which we share) is natural and respectable.

But he has an obligation to appear in Chapel Hill which should be filled, we think, before any partisan callings. If he insists on putting the partisan callings first, he ought, for the sake of both Institute and Weil Lectures, to make that fact clear.

Lecture plans for the spring in Chapel Hill should not be overturned again.

### The Daily Tar Heel

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OFFICE TELEPHONES—News, editorial, subscription: 9-3361. News, business: 9-3371. Night phone: 8-444 or 8-445.

Night Editor For This Issue: Curtis Gans

### Carolina Front Snuff Sniffers In Smith Dorm & A Letter

Louis Kraar

SOME GIRLS at Smith Dorm all but broke up a house meeting recently with a volley of sneezes. The girls were sniffing snuff.

When I heard about the Smith incident, I recalled my own snuff-buying days in Atlanta, Georgia. I never used the ground tobacco myself. But one kindly, rotund Negro maid—Maggie—did, and I was the one who was hustled off to buy it.

Maggie had been in my family since my dad was about 12. So, even if I disliked the errand, I was duty bound to purchase that box of snuff several times a week.

At first I felt quite grownup asking the drugstore clerk for "a box of Buttercup snuff," but, as I grew older, I began to notice the strange looks he'd give me when I called for the snuff.

Maggie would dip the snuff on to her tongue, where it lay all day as she worked. I liked the sweet smell fine, so one day I tried dipping some myself and almost choked. It was terrible. That was the last I had heard of "Buttercup sweet snuff" until I learned of the Smith girls.

Wonder what brand the girls used.

ONE OF the most enjoyable times of day for me is when I get mail, both here at the office and at home.

At home, it's usually personal. But here I always look forward to comments from readers. It's almost as though you work in a vacuum writing for a paper; you write, it's printed, then you wait for reaction.

This paper has always made it a policy to print letters, when they are signed. We received an interesting bulletin—a mimeographed letter posted in the Y-Court—called "Rebel Yells." The letter, crudely drawn by hand and written in poor taste, took issue with an editorial.

The letter accused the editors of not being men enough to print it. Although it was never submitted to us, we'll be glad to run it—if the writer will sign the rather shoddy document.

Obviously, though, he (or she) is not man enough.

THE CAR problem is a common one today in colleges, it appears from the other campus newspapers that make their way here.

However, it can be used to advantage. At least Los Angeles City College did by offering the dean's parking place to the winner of a cleanup campaign. Cleanup campaign, anyone?

### The Meaning Of 'Merit'

Announcement of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation is indeed "breath-taking," as educators have been quoted as calling it.

To be sure, it attacks the problem of "higher education" but from one side and the financial plight of privately endowed colleges only indirectly. But when the Ford Foundation follows its grant of \$50,000,000 to raise faculty salaries, with another of \$20,000,000 for "merit" scholarships, and when other foundations join substantially in the latter, the attack becomes an assault of break-through proportions.

There have been two sides to the "college problem." One has been to enable American institutions to accommodate the legions of young men and women who, usually for laudable reasons, want to go to college. Quantitatively speaking, no encouragement is needed here. The other side is to give those young people best qualified to make the most of a college education the opportunity to have one. It is this side the National Merit Scholarship Corporation has chosen for its target. And the measure of its accomplishments will hinge on its answering the two questions: What is merit? And how can merit be discovered?

The point of reference in this case is making the most of a college education. Therefore "merit" must have a very considerable intellectual content. Ways to measure that have long been known.

### Down In Havana At Daiquiris In The Florida Bar: A Meeting With Papa Hemingway

Ken Anderson

(Ken Anderson is a senior majoring, as he says, in English.—Editors)

Ernest Hemingway is a name to conjure with; for it brings to mind the romantic enigma of a man who has constantly flirted with death and danger in all of the strange, desolate, and romantic spots of the earth. He looks the part.

Like a rugged, battered old prizefighter, his face bears many ancient scars, earmarks of his trusting with fate.

He often cups a hand behind his left ear and bends towards the person who is speaking. He explained that his ear has not been right since his plane crash in Africa. Always when he is speaking, his keen blue eyes seem to be penetrating everything about him.

My meeting with Hemingway occurred quite by chance down in Havana this summer. Through an old drinking buddy of his, a chief quartermaster on my destroyer, I learned that one of the author's most frequent handouts was the Florida Bar. The chief was a 20-year man with a taste for alcohol and a vocabulary of curse words that Henry Morgan would have envied. In his years of service he had seen duty in every major part of the world.

DAIQUIRI GRADLE Both American tourists and Cuba's well-to-do younger set gather at the Florida ("Florida" in Spanish). It has a reputation for good drinks, hospitality, and has been called "La Cuna de Daiquiri," "the cradle of the Daiquiri."

Hemingway's warm smile and firm handshake quickly put me at ease. I mentioned the fact that I was an English major and he seemed interested. He was curious to know what contemporary writers we studied at Carolina. I ran down the list and paused when I reached his name. He

seemed pleased that we studied *A Farewell To Arms*.

Secretly, I have always harbored the idea that the tragic love affair of Frederic Henry and Catherine was an autobiographical event. So I asked how much of the story was true and how much was invented? He admitted that some of the events were actual happenings, but that it was mostly made up.

NO TRICKS Hemingway was quick to say that the story was the most important thing to him. "There are no tricks to my writing," he said. "I just write a story. Some authors often employ symbolism to help tell their stories or to put their point across. I don't place much faith in conscious symbolism."

At that point a rather obnoxious young man who had just walked up, thrust himself into the conversation. "Why," he asked,

"is it always raining in *A Farewell To Arms* when anything important happens?"

Countering quickly, Hemingway replied, "It was the rainy season. It generally rained every day." Personally I think this



'Critics Get Paid'

answer was only to put down a wise guy. Rain is so predominant in the novel at the appropriate moment that it adds profoundly to the mood and meaning.

Rather than stop there, the pest began to ask about symbolism. "I leave that to the critics," Hemingway said. "They get paid for it. I don't." At this the young man mustered his dignity and left.

DELICATE SUBJECT Symbolism seemed to be a delicate subject with Hemingway, so I decided to drop it.

Hemingway said that at present he was at work on another novel. When I quizzed him further he politely refused to reveal any of the details about it.

His daily writing chores begin at six in the morning and last until around noon. He often quits earlier if he finds a good stopping place in the story. This place must be a good place to begin anew on the following day. Much of his time is spent rewriting and revising his work. 500 to 750 words is a good day's work.

The rest of the day he spends in reading, lounging by his pool, or visiting his friends in Havana. He often drops in at one of his favorite bars during the afternoon for a drink and a chat with friends or patrons.

He says that when he hits a snag and the story just refuses to come, he drops it rather than think about it. "If you don't force them," he said, "these things always work themselves out in your subconscious mind."

With a glance at his watch, Hemingway broke the spell. Thanking me for my interest he invited me out to see him at his home. My ship left the following day so I thanked him. Then, excusing himself to "meet 'mama' (his wife), he left. I watched the slightly bent, bear-like figure cross the floor and pass out the door into the street.

### The Livespike Di's Not Too Circusy Circus; Gray Report

Fred Powledge

ALTHOUGH EDITORS Yoder and Kraar have compared one campus-arguing society to a three-ring circus, the Tuesday night debaters this year have moved to a much higher plane than the academic year before.

Members of the Senate of the Dialectic Literary Society and of the General Assembly of the Philanthropic Literary Society, as the Di and Phi are properly known, have grown in mind during the summer, or at least they appear to be more mature in their selection of topics for debate.

Last year, the societies argued about abolishing the United States Senate, and abolishing the states and redividing America into "regions."

The joint debate of the Di and Phi, usually a big deal in debating circles, last year concerned itself with a comparison of the European mistress system with the "American" system of having combination wife and lover.

But this year the societies have turned to more sane, more local topics, which is very good. The head of one of them, announcing the topic of debate one week, said his group was "exercising its power of watchdog of the campus."

Debate has ranged from the alleged "present existing ills" in the local police department to abolition of "survival schools" in the armed forces. The Phi has concerned itself with the question of election of the United States' chief delegate to the United Nations, and the Di talked about agricultural price supports.

Debate has become more timely, with the groups talking about assumption of presidential duties in case of the President's death, and arguments about the possible successor to Gordon Gray as president of the Consolidated University.

The societies are getting better, and their leaders report attendance is getting better, too.

NEWS OF THE WEEK from Chapel Hill was President Gray's report to the trustees, governor and taxpayers of North Carolina. It contained a well-written, thorough report on the state of the state's too separate and not enough consolidated universities.

The state's newspapers jumped right on President Gray's recommendation that the "situation"—his leave of absence as president—"should be constantly reviewed in the months ahead."

And that's where the state's newspapers were on the wrong track.

Gray's resignation, offered to the trustees and turned down last summer, won't be "constantly reviewed." It will be reviewed, I feel, exactly once by the executive committee of the Board of Trustees on Nov. 14. They will accept it, draft a statement of recognition of Gray's service and start looking for a new president.

Anyway, Gray's statement about his situation wasn't the most important thing about his report. Nor was his statement of "continued concern" over big-time athletics and the University.

It was (and it was hard to find, I'll grant you) Gray's feelings about enrollment.

Students are coming. Gray knows that. His successor, whether he be sitting in Gray's office right now, or whether he be on the other side of the country right now, will find that the Big Worry, the big long-range plan for this university, is its enrollment.

And how are you going to educate more and more students per year when your facilities aren't enough for the enrollment two years ago?

The General Assembly knows this. But the General Assembly has repeatedly shown — especially this year — that it tends to fumble, fool around and in general act like a bunch of kindergarten children.

So who is the man with the Big Worry? Who will sit in an office all day and sit at home most of the night and think about the enrollment problem? Gordon Gray did, for five and one-half years, and for many people thanked him for it.

### The Roundabout Papers 'Ugetsu,' 'Trial,' 3 Kinds Of Cigarettes

J. A. C. Dunn

THE CRITERION Theatre in Durham had a showing of "Trial" which I was expecting to see juvenile delinquency very by the scruff of its undergarments and made to sit up and behave itself for canonization. I couldn't have been taken.

The movie is filled with that elated actor whom one has seen several times before. He can only identify himself by describing his (or her) hair. Glenn Ford, John Wayne, Dorothy McGuire are to remember than the other actors' names as I walked out of the theater show.

The story centers around a young man who went on a private beach where he long, met a girl he knew, and married briefly in a spirit of passionate defiance in court that after having completed course he wasn't sure just how to proceed which doesn't speak very well for the course. As a result of the necking, rectly or indirectly I was never quite girl died of a heart attack. She had a begin with, which made it easier.

AT THIS point Glenn Ford, stammering, and learned in the law, antagonistic foot in the dramatic door to defend the boy (ironically named Perez) in court. Incidentally, Mr. Ford is once more the pedagogue getting off letting the world scar him a bit so he the harsher facts of life back into his life. Many people will recall him doing just hatched his way through the Blackboard eraser.

A local lawyer, brilliant and earnest, legion whose real names I have forgotten, earnest Mr. Ford on as a law partner. He and (b) the employer of Dorothy McGuire, a super-efficient secretary with a unique, music background of her own. From the wire is up, the betting is off, and she will Mr. Ford marry Dorothy? Of course will the lynch-mob be dispersed by some warden "Fats" Sanders, to whose judge dollar bills stick like leeches? Of course Will handsome young district attorney, school football captain and now backing tion so he can later run for governor, get Angel Chavez convicted? Not so some Ford pant through enough of the lead in three hours to find a legal loophole but will it work on the Negro judge who has already shortsightedly (though not insulted? Slim chance. Will the brilliant lawyer raise enough money at the party New York to pay for the trial. Why yes, and enough for about seventeen more trials. Will they all live happily ever after? Angel starts necking with weak-hearted they probably will.

AS FOR "Ugetsu," the tongue fish quite so glib. I had never seen a Japanese before, and I doubt if my spiritual, psychological development will be served if I don't see any more.

This movie, as in "Trial" only to a extreme, is crammed to the back teeth with whom one is not only unable to recognize names one cannot conceive of as ever heard before. I know very little Japanese. I told that "Myonka sobi" means "your turtle" in Japanese, but unfortunately "Ugetsu" called anyone else's mother. I have heard of samurai before as being sword one trips and falls on when one Samurai was mentioned, but more as a of warlike person, and not necessarily one tripped and fell on at that.

Of course there were English subtitles one in front of me in the Varsity Theater head in the way, which made the dialogue. In general I was, by strenuous effort, able to glean from a very well-constructed, deftly mingled realism with myth, that the movie dealt chiefly with pottery and the fare and ladies' ghosts in the 10th century, greed, and sin," the words with Gutierrez described the movie on the V queue, sum it up pretty well. Actually, in Japanese with murky photographs and crying at the drop of a hat—frequent benefit of the hat.

IN RESPONSE to my insatiable lust for fertilizer, I bought a pack of Camels in the other day. As I picked up my change, a gentleman standing next to me remarked, me, sir, but I see you're a cigarette smoker. I pardoned him.

"I'd like to do something for you," he grandly. "Ed, let me have a pack of yours. The man behind the counter said the pack of Luckies," I represent the American Company," he announced, "and before you that pack of Camels, I'd like you to try fresher, smoother Lucky." He smoothly the cleaner pack and shook a fresh one out between my pearly white teeth. He I puffed. Cleaner, fresher . . .

"Now let me do something for you," generosity welling up from the depths of my saintly soul. I took out the flat pack of Churchman's No. 1 cigarettes which of mine had recently brought me from Churchman's are made with very fine bacco, colored a lighter brown than blends, and much more tightly packed. He one. He mouthed it. I lit it for him. He I leered at him: "Cleanah, freshah, hole tobacco, what?"

### 'If You Love Me You'll Get The Coffee'



But educators are well aware that "merit" in the sense of one's value to society (and, incidentally, to oneself) depends also on another element. "Socialization" is the term educators use. And it acquires of qualities which means, in this connection, the acquirement of qualities which fit one to live helpfully with

others—with his family, his community, his nation. These qualities are far less simple to measure objectively and judge competitively.

No one should discount the brilliance of an Einstein as an asset to civilization. Nor could one very well undervalue the "socialization" of a Lincoln—who never got to college and who might not have ranked his class if he had.

How to define "merit" in specific cases and how to keep consideration of these qualities in balance throughout its operation will be the challenge the new enterprise must face.—Christian Science Monitor