

Tar Heel Students Are Dropping Behind Others

Something is wrong with the student body. Out of state students, viewed through the eyes of a native, are only good to the University because they bring opinions and ideas from other regions. If this were their capacity it would be well worth the tax payers' money.

But the trouble with the student body, or the North Carolinians in the student body, is that they seem altogether too willing to sit back and let the out-of-staters get all the benefits of the school's program.

Monday night a discussion on the race problem arose during the meeting of a well known campus organization. One member of the group suddenly came up with "I'm from Newark, New Jersey," and then he continued with one of the opinions the administration would like to have stimulating North Carolinians. There was only one trouble; about a fourth of the group was not from the Tar Heel state.

One-fourth doesn't sound like too big a figure, but only 18 percent of the student body does not come from North Carolina. Somewhere, down in the dorms, at the flick, or thumping to Greensboro were native Tar Heels who could have benefited from the discussion. They all could have had the opportunity to compete with the out-of-staters for a place at the meeting table, but they were somewhere else.

This really doesn't speak well for the natives. The old conception that the South is a place of indolent individuals sitting on shady verandas sipping mint juleps, is not quite true in this day of blossoming industry and discovery. But it is beginning to look like the South is staying where

it is, and the North is spreading south. Returning to the University level, it is true that the very top offices are held by natives. The offices didn't come to them just because they were Tar Heels—they earned their positions by showing their ability. But below the top leaders, the ranks hold a remarkable number of out-of-state students, who are there for the same reasons as their leader. They were either more qualified than their opponents or else were unopposed.

Now the non-Carolinians have as much right to the benefits and privileges of the University as anyone. But it seems strange that they are able to get so much more out of school than their fellow students from within the borders of the state.

It's time the inhabitants of the "vale of humility" realized why it is that they are here.

An Unsentimental Sport

Jackie Robinson's announcement of his retirement from organized baseball, coming as it did after he had been traded to the New York Giants, touched off hot words between the controversial athlete and Brooklyn Dodger vice president, Buzzy Bavasi.

Bavasi criticized Robinson for giving a national magazine exclusive rights to his retirement announcement before telling newspapermen. The vice president claimed Robinson betrayed newsmen by not telling them first.

Robinson defended his position saying he had agreed to give exclusive rights "a long time ago" to the magazine when the time came.

But whether or not Robinson betrayed newspapermen by his agreement of "a long time ago" is something we're not attempting to find out.

What concerns us is Robinson's statement "... there's no sentiment in this game."

He's right. Consider the examples of Phil Rizzuto and Babe Ruth. Rizzuto, outstanding Yankee starstopper for many years, was given the gate last year shortly before World Series time, thus being deprived of another chance to participate in the spectacle.

Ruth was traded away after the Yankees front office saw he couldn't hit quite as many home runs as he once did. And he was perhaps the most outstanding person ever to play for the Yankees.

Both were disposed of with apparently no feeling, no sentiment. And Robinson said he was determined "this was not going to happen to me."

Robinson should be praised for not letting it happen to him. And Brooklyn evidently doesn't appreciate his efforts very much.

The Sun Dial Isn't So Bad After All

Mr. Morehead's solar timepiece next to his planetarium seems to have stood the test of time, and is really not a totally unpleasant addition to the campus.

As a matter of fact the sun dial has become another of those places in Chapel Hill where one's imagination can be stimulated and one's ruffled nerves calmed. The structure has proven it can be a thing of beauty in almost any kind of weather. In the rain its shiny face reflects the surrounding area, and adds a surrealistic interpretation of its own. On a foggy night the stylus looks like the prow of a giant swordfish just breaking water. When the sun shines, the whole ornament shimmers pleasantly, and the round circle with the hour glass is a beady eye sizing up every passerby.

The slick marble face also makes a nice skating rink for school children visiting the planetarium, and, when it's wet, a deadly trap for rubber-soled students hurrying to class.

This matter of whether or not the thing was designed for walking caused some speculation at first. Now the general opinion seems to be in favor of cutting straight across the thing if time requires it, but to stroll more leisurely around it when there is no rush.

With all the children playing ring-around-the-rosy on the face, and people striding boldly across it, there is some scuffing and a certain amount of mud tracked across the shiny dial. This isn't a "don't walk on the sun dial" editorial, but people might at least wipe their feet off, and it would be nice if somebody from either the planetarium or Graham Memorial could mop it off when it gets muddy.

Malvina Lindsay In The Washington Post

The vigor with which industry's annual manhunt on campuses is now getting under way, six months ahead of graduation, promises that the current success ideal if the young will continue to get deeper rooting.

Greater numbers of talented and capable youth can look forward to being well paid "organization men" with growing families and two-car homes in Suburbia, and with expectations of secure futures through company retirement plans.

Industry's talent scouts, now out on one-night stands bidding for services of promising seniors, are reported offering salaries 5 to 10 per cent higher than last year. The companies prefer "talented" students, but will settle in some lines for "capable" ones.

The student rushes, in their bargains, tend to beat out the picture sociologists have been drawing of postwar youth. What they consider most important to the job are opportunity to do interesting work, good training programs, chances of advancement, salaries equal to others in the field, retirement security, location for good living conditions.

This ties in with an analysis of the aspirations of the college class of 1955 made at the Center for Study of Leisure at the University of Chicago. Time magazine turned over to the center its interviews with seniors representing 20 colleges. These were based on what the seniors expected to be doing 15 years hence.

David Reisman, author of The Lonely Crowd and Faces in the Crowd, who participated in the study, contrasts in the fall issue of The American Scholar the ideals of this class with those of pre-1946 classes, especially the one in 1931 to which he belonged.

In his article, "The Found Generation," he says that class reports of graduates of major Ivy League colleges between 1920 and 1946 show a certain coherence. These graduates remembered the depression, and part of them attended college in a wartime era of transition.

Such graduates, he thinks, tended to have more drive for individual success or adventure than those of the postwar era. They did less planning of their lives, married later, changed jobs more frequently. They had less "floor" under them, also less "ceiling" above.

While the earlier graduates often looked to big cities, especially to New York, as their goal, today's graduate looks rather to living "outside the ulcer belt" in a small community, or in a suburban area that will be suitable for child rearing and for civic activities.

Today's graduate is gregarious and he thinks of both his occupa-

tional and social future as related to groups.

The earlier graduate was more of a lone wolf, possibly because the corporation had not then become so much the modernized successor of the feudal protector.

Realistic though these later graduates are in refusing to try to hitch their wagons to stars out of reach, they yet naively ignore the threat world conditions offer to their plans. For them, says Mr. Reisman, "the national and international scene

holds neither fear nor fascination." Their vision is that of "life on a plateau."

But even if serious international explosions and domestic depressions are prevented in the years ahead, the future pattern of the good safe life to which many graduates aspire may meet some alteration.

The last decade has been one in which new job seekers have "never had it so good." Needs of the defense program, plus the shortage of youthful manpower, caused by low depression

birth rates, have provided a sellers' market for graduates.

But between now and 1960, according to Census Bureau estimates, the number of those seeking their first jobs will rise 225,000 a year. Ten years hence it will become a flood with about 900,000 newcomers annually wanting jobs.

Expansion of industry may keep up with this. But coming graduates face the possibility the plateau on which they expect to live may have a few ditches.

'We Must Protect Minority Rights — For Senators, That Is'



OTHER NEWSPAPERS SAY:

Is Aid To Hungary Or To Kadar?

The New York Times

For the past two months the United Nations has been trying to get observers into Hungary. The Kadar Government, which on Nov. 4 began to act as Moscow's agent in Hungary, has arrogantly and insultingly refused. It would not even permit a visit from Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold himself.

But last Friday a different sort of news became available. Most of the Russian tanks seemed to have been withdrawn from the streets of Budapest. The bodies

of Hungarian patriots killed in the defense of their country have been buried. The survivors are in prison or exile. The bloodstains have been washed away.

The Kadar regime will therefore graciously permit a U. N. mission of four persons, headed by Under Secretary Philippe de Seynes, to spend a week-end in Budapest.

This newspaper's correspondent, Kathleen Teltch, reported from the United Nations Headquarters in this city: "The Hungarians apparently were willing to waive their former objections to an earlier visit, particu-

larly if it would call the attention of member states to their grievous need for outside assistance."

There is not one of us who would not wish to help the people of Hungary in their desperate hour, if there were any way in which it could be done. But certainly the large majority of U. N. members who voted to condemn Soviet Russia for its actions in Hungary will want guarantees that any aid sent into the stricken country will be used for the benefit of the people thereof and not to support the Kadar Kremlin Government.

Ike Deserves Military Power

C. S. Young

President Eisenhower has asked Congress to grant him the power to use force, at his own discretion, to prevent the spread of Communism in the Middle East, and I guess to a lot of people this appears to be another example of the President's course of action in his attempt to take over and control everything in the government.

It might appear to some that the President wants to be in a position from which he can operate on his own in tremendous proportions, with little serious regard for the judgment of the members of Congress, or others in important positions. And I am here to say that this is exactly and perfectly correct.

A couple of days ago, North Carolina's own W. Kerr Scott put his two cents worth in by stating that he is of the conviction that President Eisenhower is trying to walk on both sides of the road at the same time.

Now this, ladies and gentlemen, is a very profound outlook. I wonder how any man can become so brilliant in only one lifetime. Could it be that Sen. Scott implies that the President is attempting to observe and seek solutions to the problems of people other than those in his own political party?

If this is what Sen. Scott means, then I can readily understand why it is so exasperating for him. "Politicians" just don't do things like that.

Their primary concern is to show themselves as good party members, and they are so busy at it that they seldom have the time or opportunity to do any effective legislating.

The people of this country have been subjected to, for want of a more accurately descriptive term, the inadequate judgment of so many "politicians" for so long, that it is difficult for them to see and realize what a God-send they have in a man like Dwight Eisenhower. So many of the people involved in politics are so narrow that they do not have the dimensional fortitude to cope with issues of problems on a world-wide basis.

It should be clear to those who have looked closely that Dwight Eisenhower is a politician, not a "politician".

They saw a man put before them who had the ability to control a nation, its people and its problems. They put that man in office, and the people of the world who are open-minded enough will be thankful that they did.

One of the most difficult things for most people to understand is that Dwight Eisenhower is not operating for Dwight Eisenhower. He is not operating for the good of the Republican Party, or any other special and limited group. He is operating for the common good, and the common good includes all the people of the world.

If this is a utopian concept, then why not strive for a utopia for a change, instead of dismissing the entire idea as impractical and impossible, and even foolish to think about? Is it so wrong to be idealistic?

When I hung up my uniform a couple of years ago, I was of the firm conviction that I wanted no more of war unless the country was faced with a national emergency, and I am still of the same conviction, but there is another thing of which I am equally as strongly convinced, and that is if President Eisenhower says that we are facing a national emergency, then it will be time for all of the able-bodied people of this country to get into uniform, whether for the first time, or second or third.

And all you skeptics and slackers who are more interested in progress on your own personal behalf than on behalf of the people of the world had better change your way of thinking, drastically, and fast.

President Eisenhower may have to issue the call, if and when he does, I wonder how many people would willingly answer. I wonder how many real Americans we would see.

A Rousing Silence For Brother Hoover

The Reporter

Soon the corridors of the State Department will see the last of Under Secretary Herbert Hoover Jr., the man who came in more than two years ago as the son of the Great Engineer to sit at Mr. Dulles' right hand, and who now goes out of office amid a chorus of resounding silence.

He had been appointed not because of his wide knowledge of world affairs or his experience at large-scale management—he had neither—but because an administration anxious to appease its own right wing had thought that to honor a Hoover scion with high office might do the trick. Dulles, after all, would remain his boss.

But Mr. Hoover the younger, outwardly a colorless, silent man, soon displayed such an outstanding backstage ability at crossing up, slowing, and frustrating his boss—and, on occasion, the President himself—that the trick worked only too well.

He opposed the scope of Dulles' foreign-aid program, particularly with respect to India. He opposed Dulles' plan for cultural exchanges with the Communist world.

As chairman of the Operations Coordinating Board, Mr. Hoover opposed the closer dealings with Tito that Dulles had been advocating. During the Suez crisis, while both the President and Secretary Dulles were absent from the capital, he found so many obstacles to throw in the path of prompt U. S. oil-tanker relief of Britain and France that the several weeks' delay further embittered inter-Allied relations.

He disappears from the scene with a "Dear Herbert" Presidential letter of thanks. We are thankful too.

L'il Abner



By Al Capp

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

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