

# The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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NOVEMBER 22, 1960

VOLUME LXIX, NUMBER 59

## Infirmiry: Good Care, Bad Food

We have just returned, shakily knees and all, from a seven-day bout with one of the virus diseases in the U.N.C. Student Infirmiry, a spot which has received little editorial attention since the Asian Flu swept the campus in the fall of '57.

There are a great many aspects of the infirmiry which should be highly commended, a few which should be heartily decieved. The six regular doctors, as well as Head Physician Hedgepeth, deserve not mere commendation but hearty praise.

We do not believe that any other infirmiry or hospital could boast of a group of men so dedicated to their job and so willing to perform it with good humor and diligence. Students have always found these men more than ready to hear their tales of woe, hypochondriacs or not; they attend to their ministrations with dispatch and manage, somehow, to give each patient the certain knowledge that, whether he has influenza or a torn ligament, he will be well and on his feet as soon as possible.

Likewise the nurses are worthy of praise. They are friendly without neglecting their duty in the temptations of joviality; rarely are they overly severe and almost invariably they let the whims which college patients find so alluring run rampant as long as they do not endanger anyone's health. And they suffer through endless buzzings of the little board which summons them to bring some student a glass of juice, a bit of cough syrup or a little wanted sympathy.

The food, however, is another

matter. It is so vile and tasteless that upon release a student is likely to view Lenoir Hall as comparable to Sardi's or Twenty One.

In the morning your scrambled eggs are cold and look as though they had been dished out with an ice cream spoon. The toast is soft and soggy. The coffee is made of some substance so foreign that it is unidentifiable: we think it is Mongolian mud.

Lunch is of an indefinable nature. At times it slides under the door, slinks up the covers and suddenly appears before you in the form of a jellyfish that gave up; at other times it batters down the door and hits you in the face, turning into a piece of corn bread that never matured beyond the ear. There is always the chance, of course, of your getting a bowl of cold white soup which, upon investigation, reveals a murky substance at its bottom. We admit to cowardice: we pushed it aside.

Dinner is the most substantial meal and as such comes marching in at five o'clock—a rather unsophisticated hour, we must say—complete with warm milk (that is a regular feature of every meal) and soggy bun. Your meat is invariably a slab of some formidable cut off the shank of some furry creature and your vegetables lies, unprotesting, in a little bowl segregated off by itself. Desert chickens out, off and on.

If you are sick, go to the infirmiry. Your examination will be complete and your care will be devoted. You will, in short time, be well—unless the food kills you.

## Gable: He Left Big Shoes

Clark Gable is dead and there is no one to replace him. He was the undisputed high priest of masculinity and glamor in Hollywood since the day in the 1930's when he amazed American moviegoers by slapping Norma Shearer in the face; now there is no actor or personality to assume his throne.

Gable was not merely a glamorous man; he was a good, simple and modest person who never completely realized what he was to his public and who always was amazed at the devotion tendered him. He was not much of an actor, but he was one hell of a lot of Gable, and that was enough to satisfy the men and the women who loved him.

His big ears and his bulky frame wandered across the screen in many motion pictures, and every

time he drew the people to the box office in droves. They came to see a real man, not to see a pandering little singer or some self-satisfied bully; in whatever Clark Gable did he always left the impression that the stamp of sheer masculinity had been placed upon it.

He brought a new life and dimension to the screen, because he seemed so much a real person in every role he acted; if he could not declaim his lines with heroic poise, he could invariably leave the indelible mark of humanity on everything he touched.

We are left now with a breed of actors and "stars" who are half-men, half the creations of the glam studios. The Rock Hudsons and Tab Hunters emanate only an odor of sterile cleanliness; one always felt that Gable sweated, whereas these gods of the screen seem incapable of such debauchery.

Perhaps some of Gable's charm has been captured by the Dean Martin-Peter Lawford-Frank Sinatra triumvirate, but again there is something missing; these men seem tainted by the evil of the world, and their cinematic image carries this image across. Gable may have been rough and tumble but he never was evil.

America will miss Clark Gable, perhaps more than she realizes. He exemplified many of the things that we have always thought were good in what is basically America; his vigor, his strength and his basic honesty were inherently and totally American. Some of these qualities will vanish from our public life now that he is dead.

## More On The Budget

President William C. Friday apparently intends to have his board of trustees take up the controversy with the State Board of Higher Education over budget slicing recommendations.

Friday said a special call meeting of the University's trustees has been set for Dec. 6 at North Carolina State College.

The request for a call meeting to discuss the 1961-63 budget needs of the Consolidated University was approved by the trustees Sept. 12.

"At that time," Friday said, "a full report will be given to the board on the status of University budget requests for the next biennium."

The higher board recommended that the University's requested \$14 million budget for the next biennium be reduced to slightly more than \$4 million.

Friday immediately protested the board's action saying it would "severely damage the quality of the University" and retard efforts to offer competitive salaries to its professors.

L. P. McLendon, chairman of the higher board, defended the action and attributed the controversy to a "difference in philosophies."

He said the board's philosophy "is that the colleges should concentrate on improving existing services before they move on to new programs."

McLendon said the recommended budget would meet 60 per cent of salary requests for the first year of the biennium and 52 per cent during the second year.

UPI

## 'THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS'

### Preoccupation With Sex Fades As The Plot Thickens

"Each one of you thinks it is he who fights on the side of the angels. What a marvelous new race of men . . . Impossible, but marvelous."

These words, spoken by a Romanian who seems to be introduced into the novel primarily just to speak them, form the key of the philosophy underlying *The Side of the Angels*, a new novel by Alexander Federoff. The book has already been purchased for the screen by Otto Preminger and underwritten three publications before its date of publication yesterday. In short, it seems destined for a rapid ascent to the upper echelons of the best seller lists and, probably, to a lot of Christmas packages.

The author, a young man with roots in New Orleans, is concerned in the book with the generation which came into maturity immediately after World War II and the problems which have faced it since.

Specifically, he is concerned with seven individuals and their roles in the upheavals and resettlements that have been taking place in America since the first V-J Day.

Helen Maclean is a young girl from the Midwest with one great desire in life: to get ahead. He pursues her destiny to Chicago and falls into bed and other places with an errant husband who helps her go to secretarial school; she soon rises in the world of fashion, but is thrown over by her lover and goes to New York. There she rises and rises in fashion circles, but is faced with difficulty when she wants to marry Dr. Marvin Kaufman, whose Jewish parents object to his marrying a Gentile.

Zeeda Kaufman (Marvin's sister, as a matter of incidental intelligence to prove how everything works in) gets involved in a sexual encounter with budding author Steve Williams but ends up as a Communist agitator. Her road leads only one way—down.

Steve Williams's road, on the other hand, leads up. He becomes a successful writer and marries Margaret Cowan (after an affair in New Orleans, supplied for a little idyllic adventure and more sex) who is the daughter of a big wheel in the Republican Party. Her brother is queer, and falls in with

Warren Taggart, who suffers what the advertisements call a "sexual aberration" after an unfortunate affair with a prostitute and heads for New Orleans to work in the bank and escape his girl. There he meets Mike

"So, You See, The People Really Elected Barry Goldwater"



## MIKE ROBINSON

### Holiday In New York

It is pleasant to act foolishly in the right place.—Horace.

New York this Thanksgiving holiday promises to be a wonderful madhouse of screeching and sedate merriment. Everything from Dave Brubeck to Manet prints will be found in the Big Town this week. Some cost like the devil, while others are free, but certainly New York will make you exclaim "It's great, but I wouldn't . . ."

#### The Theater

THURBER CARNIVAL—This James Thurber grab-bag is stupendous, literate nonsense especially when comic genius Paul Ford is on stage. Anta Theater, 52 St. West of Broadway. Tickets available. Thanksgiving Day matinee at 2:30 instead of Wednesday matinee.

THE WALL—Drama of the destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto provides dynamic theater in a grand manner. A jolting jab to the brain and a round-house right to the stomach, with superb acting. Billy Rose Theater, 41st W. of B'way. Tickets available. T-Day matinee.

IRMA LA DOUCE—A sassy jaunty musical farce with a brilliant performance by Clive Revell and a good performance by saucy Elizabeth Seal, who plays a girl of whom no one can say 'tis a pity she's a whore. Music Box Theater, 45th W. of B'way. T-Day matinee. Tickets not available, but you might slip in by taking single seats.

TOYS IN THE ATTIC—A prize-winning drama about moral decay in a New Orleans family. Lillian Hellman shines like a floodlight in comparison to spot-sized contemporary playwrights. Hudson Theater, 44th E. of

the same room, which proves that coincidence can happen if only you keep your eyes open.

Federoff seems, for the first hundred pages of this rather long book, to be engrossed in the sexual lives of the characters, as though he were trying to give a medical history of each. Helen Maclean starts right in at the old game in the second chapter (in lurid detail) and Steve Williams goes to work as soon as he enters the book. The other characters all get a chance.

Then, as suddenly as he started, Federoff stops and there is no sex for the rest of the book. One gets the feeling that he felt it

necessary to pull the reader into the novel with sex and then saw no reason to carry it on when it has served its usefulness.

In general the novel is written well, if somewhat awkwardly. The author's control of dialogue is excellent and as long as the characters are talking the novel moves with a fast pace. His narrative passages are less effective, if only for the sheer reason that he seems to be straining to be effective.

Interspersed in the narrative are passages which serve to remind the reader of historical events taking place at the time of the story: Marshall Plan, Truman Doctrine, etc. These passages are well handled and generally heighten the dramatic effect of the book.

The characters are well drawn and come to life for the reader. Particular mention should be made of the characterization of Tiger Rizzuto. It is handled with genuine sympathy and makes the plight of a man caught between being decent and making money to support his wife and daughter seem very real and pitiable.

One objection we raise to this novel is that Federoff will become entranced with one or two characters for a long period of time, leaving the reader in the dark about the activities of some of the other characters. Steve Williams becomes the focal point of the book and, perhaps, can be viewed as the autobiographical element in this first novel.

The novel is styled in the panoramic vein of John Dos Passos' U.S.A. trilogy. The latter is more successful, primarily because it commutes more sense of history. One tends to wonder where Federoff's convictions lie, whether they are with Steve Williams, Zeeda Kaufman or her brother. The book radiates a lack of deep philosophical thought.

Despite this, the book is quite a good one. It is a fascinating glimpse into the people who now are leading our nation, the generation that spawned our next President and much of his cabinet. And it is a powerful story, told with a flair for the dramatic and for the touching.

Readers will find this a good reading extra, and will probably make a big success out of it. There have been better novels since the War, but this is one of the best about the people who were involved in or touched by the War.

Alexander Federoff, "The Side of the Angels." Ivan Obelensky, Inc., New York. \$5.95. 518pp.

Jonathan Yardley

## Article Was Biased?

To the editor of the Daily Tar Heel—

While reading the Daily Tar Heel's article of Sunday, November 13, which pertains to the proposed revision of the Student Constitution of the University of North Carolina, it became obvious to me that something was amiss. I feel that I should contain my remarks to the article as presented, rather than to the proposed revision, of which I know less than I would like.

This article was presented as a news item, and not as an editorial. Therefore, I feel I must object to the obvious, as well as subtle bias of which Mr. Lindell is guilty. I do not object to Mr. Lindell's methods of presenting this bias to the student body.

It is evident to me that this article was intended to be an early attempt to "shape-up" student opinion in favor of the proposed revision.

Mr. Lindell is also guilty of this subtle slanting in the body of his article. I must admire Mr. Lindell's choice of words. For example, he states, "The greatest single innovation of the new constitution is the shake-up in the structure of the judicial branch of Student Government." "Greatest" mind you, not "major" or "biggest."

Although these are singular points, I feel they are indicative of Mr. Lindell's approach to the entire matter. The tone of his article conveys the impression to me that there is no question but that the proposed revision will be adopted. I cannot help but feel he is trying to "put something over" on me, as well as the student body at large.

Mr. Lindell proposes that we are in dire need of a new constitution. I personally question whether or not we even need a new constitution. According to Mr. Lindell, this is the sixth revision to be presented to the Student Legislature since 1947, the last one being in 1957. I question the necessity of another revision at this time on the grounds that the present Constitution has not been given adequate time for it to be seen if it can be made to work effectively. (I also seriously doubt whether there has been any serious attempt by the present administration even to make it work effectively.)

Mr. Lindell says that we "need a more up-to-date framework in order to keep pace with the needs of a growing student body," and that the proposed revision will lead to greater flexibility on the part of the president of the student body as regards his duties and capacities. I feel that this so-called "flexibility" may lead to a rubber-stamp legislature, with too much power in the hands of the president and his appointees. I feel this proposed revision advocates expediency at the expense of justice and democratic procedure.

I would refer specifically to the proposal to drop the jury-trial option. Mr. Lindell supports his argument by stating that the jury-trial option has been little utilized, and that dropping it will result in simplification and expediency of trials and related matters. Regardless of whether the option has been employed or not, I still feel that a student should have the right to a jury trial if he so desires.

My major question concerning the proposed revision is how does it propose to "greatly simplify and expedite" the legislative and judicial processes? . . . at whose expense and for whose benefit? Mr. Lindell's article leaves me woefully uninformed on this question.

My major objection to Mr. Lindell's article is his attitude that the new constitution has been "signed, sealed, and delivered." It has not, and I must wonder just why Mr. Lindell has adopted this attitude.

In view of Mr. Lindell's obvious editorializing, I feel that the Daily Tar Heel made a mistake in not placing Mr. Lindell's article on the editorial page.

Charles W. Troutman

## The Daily Tar Heel

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The Daily Tar Heel is published daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations. It is entered as second-class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant with the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2 per semester, \$7 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is a subscriber to the United Press International and utilizes the services of the News Bureau of the University of North Carolina.

Published by the Colonial Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.