

Reorganize Classes

Again another academic year begins at the University without the presence of an organized class system. Only a select few in South Building have any idea about just who is in what class. Now it may appear that it makes little difference whether classes are organized or not. We grant there are many special students and that the job of organizing the classes to pre-war standards is a vast undertaking, but the need is even greater if the college ever expects to resume its pre-war completeness.

Here are a few of the reasons why the class structure should be again instituted as an integral part of Carolina's government system: One—the yearbook has to charge each senior who has his picture in the book \$4.50, a great per cent of this goes for engraving, and portion for the actual print of the picture. In other words unit cost is much higher for seniors desiring representation in the yearbook.

Under the class system a fee could be levied at much lower cost per individual student. As it now stands a student pays a publication fee, which partly covers the expense of publishing the yearbook, plus a couple of bucks if he wants representation. In the long run the total expense of the book per individual runs into a nice sum of money.

Two—Student government cannot expect to operate at maximum efficiency over the entire student body as one unit. If the student body were broken down into four separate units, the problems of student government administration would become easier. Potential student leaders in campus government and publications could be trained better under the class system.

Three—Competition which the class system affords would bring a closer spirit. Handling the student body with facility would come, by the operation of a class system.

Four—Students would like to know what class they are in because one of the highlights of post-college life are class reunions. Under the class structure students would be able to know their classmates better.

So far there have been no announcements about organization of the classes. Last year the editors of the Yackety Yack tried to organize the classes so that all could be represented. They were successful in handling only the junior and senior classes. The yearbook staff has enough to do to publish the book without having to organize classes. Must we continue to operate under a lethargic system. It virtually amounts to half-way doing nothing as it now stands. Class organization seems a must, unless some better way is suggested.

Heed This Plea

Today's the big day. Approximately 2000 Carolina students are making a mass exodus from Chapel Hill to follow the Tar Heel football team to Baltimore for the Navy clash.

The spirit demonstrated by the large size of the caravan is praiseworthy. The week-end should be a successful one all the way around, but this is certainly the time and place to sound one big warning note.

DRIVE SAFELY. We can't impress those words upon you enough. One injury or death can turn the glorious week-end into a tragic affair. From past experiences we know that students are apt to let their enthusiasm run away with them on such trips, even behind the wheel of a car.

DRIVE SAFELY. Already this fall, four University of Virginia students have been killed in automobile accidents. With more students than ever before on the roads with more cars, every precaution must be taken in the way of highway safety.

A safety council is in the process of formation here on the campus now. The DTH has been and is strongly behind such a move, for stringent safety rules must be imposed and enforced on this campus to the nth degree. Student drivers must slow down and exercise more caution.

But our present concern is the trip to Baltimore. The majority of Carolina students are going by car. We all want to enjoy a wonderful week-end. A little care will go a long way towards avoiding tragedies we shall regret forever.

Heed our simple plea—**DRIVE SAFELY.**

The Daily Tar Heel

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Keeping Tabs

... with Randy

Look, maybe I'm an old codger and maybe I'm living in days of the past around here. I've seen many things go by the boards which Carolina students of pre-war days held dear and near. But, one thing that is absolutely repulsive to me and the rest of the "Olde-Tyme" Carolina students is to see letters in the Daily Tar Heel and to hear talk around the campus about "disregarding the honor system" and abandoning it because "it just doesn't work, anyhow." My answer to that type of thinking and that type of reasoning is "Gentlemen and ladies, you are off your noggin!"

In my opinion, anyone who thinks the honor system cannot be made to work is not the type of neighbor I'd like to have in my community. And, I wouldn't want him in my community simply because they haven't yet devised a burglar-proof house, or a pick-proof lock. The type of guy or gal who is so damned sure the honor system cannot be made to work is just the type of guy or gal that might take advantage of that little lack of protection to relieve me of the burden of carrying around some cash, or eating with nasty old family silver.

Mr. Bell Arion, in his letter to the DTH says that most of his friends are reluctant to be their "brother's keeper." Granted. But, let's begin at the beginning. In the first place, Mr. Arion, you and your friends have no choice. If you'll think back to the joyful moments when you filled out your application to Carolina you might remember that you swore on your honor that (1) you understood the Honor system, and (2) you promised to abide by it. Mr. Arion, you and every other Carolina student signed their name to that pledge when you applied for admission. If you didn't, you wouldn't be up here.

You see, Mr. Arion, considering one's self his "brother's keeper," and the inherent meaning and spirit of the honor system are about as far apart as the two poles. Simply stated first, the honor system is a set of rules which we have adopted to govern ourselves at Carolina. If you don't like to live and play under those rules, go find yourself another sandpile. You have already agreed to live under them, and signed your honorable name to that agreement.

The Honor code is not a code which has been imposed on the students by the faculty. It is a code worked out by long and hard efforts on behalf of the thousands of students who were here before you, Mr. Arion. Those students believed that in order to prove to the faculty and the world that we are big girls and boys and can govern ourselves and obey the elements of a simple method of living; we must maintain certain standards.

It is false to think that if a student cheats "he is not hurting you." He is hurting you, Mr. Arion, simply because his cheating is a direct reflection on your ability to live in a civilized community under a set of fair rules; not imposed from above but from the feelings and sentiments of your fellows. If you want to go back to the jungle of snooping professors watching your every step like your grade school and high school teachers did... well then, simply follow your present line of reasoning.

But, like I say, maybe I'm an old

What Do YOU Say?

By Sam Daniels

Today's question

Do you think the city should have prohibited the sale of beer on Sunday?

The answers

No, it's no more harm to drink beer on Sundays than it is on any other day.—Howard Bailey, Chadbourn.

No, I see no harm in selling beer on Sunday. If a person is going to drink beer he doesn't care what day it is, he is going to drink it anyway.—Ralph Gorrell, Greensboro.

I favor a broad outlook on the question. Even tho I am uninterested I think that Chapel Hill should keep certain dignities. If these dignities are observed I see no reason for the city's action.—Charles Warren, Washington.

If some people enjoy drinking beer on Sunday and have the means to pay for it, I see no reason why the city should prohibit the sale of beer at any time. (Some people can't get along without it.—Peggy Pierce, Warsaw.

I see no wrong in drinking beer on Sunday, but it should be done so as not to cause any undue disturbances.—Mary Moore, Lumberton.

I don't like the stuff so it doesn't affect me but I guess there are lots of people who do. If these people don't drink beer they'll drink something else. Prohibition never has worked and it never will.—Kaki Pace, Durham.

Next week: Do you think the fraternity system is beneficial to college life?

codger. Or, maybe I'm sure the Honor system can work stems from the fact that I've been around here long enough to have seen it work. And, seeing, is believing.

Short, Short Story

Scribe Interviews Denizens Of Danziger's Gay Patisserie

By Tookie Hodgson

One day last week, having nothing else to do but study, and being quite unwilling to do that, and thus being acclaimed a colossal boor by the entire student body of our ancient institution, I decided to drop in at Herr Danziger's gay patisserie and see how the habitudes of that most worthy sweet shoppe were faring. Therefore, without further ado, I climbed aboard my tugboat, "Talulah Lou," and in a few moments, was proceeding briskly over the turbid flood of water, sometimes known as Franklin Street, towards my predetermined destination.

Docking at the Danziger private wharf, I shed my foulweather gear, and entered the store's threshold. Inside, I found the usual array of good things to eat and smiling proprietors, but having my forthcoming interview ever-present in my mind, I was forced to reluctantly ignore the goodies and their affable dispensers. Rather, it was the slim, aesthetic, young gentlemen talking most earnestly to their quite socially-conscious female companions, which first held my attention.

All the young men, I noticed, were wearing polka dot bow ties and horn rimmed glasses. The young ladies were wearing raincoats tastefully decorated with such slogans as "Workers of the World, Arise!" "Stop this governmental force," "Long live the International Soviet!" and "Stalin for president in '48."

Although most of these charming people were unknown to me, I had the good fortune to glimpse at a table in a far corner, a trio of such artistic and intellectual talents as have never before been seen on this campus. The awesome threesome were none other than Willy E. Clung, far famed for his pungent remarks concerning Beethoven, the Campus Constitution, and a place called Prague, Czechoslovakia, Historionicus O'Leary, the noted thespian, who recently portrayed the rear end of a horse in the Playmaker's stirring rendition of that famous drama, "East Lynne," which scored two consecutive nights in Chapel Hill, thereby setting a record for that sort of thing; and last but not least, petite Nostalthia Mugwump, that fairest flower of free thought, and co-author of a forthcoming novel to be entitled, "So Red, The Wind Blows," or "Nothing But Nihilism."

At the kind invitation of these three charming people, I sat down at their table and with a delicate flourish of my lace handkerchief-perfumed for the grand event—I ordered a cup of tea especially brewed with Arabian Rose Water. Then I lit my ten inch gold tip Turkish cigarette and placed it in a two-foot platinum holder—also procured for this interview—and with an air of bemused nonchalance, which well suited the delicate sensibilities of my companions, blew delicate smoke rings into the rarefied ozone of the room.

"Tell me, friends," I queried, "What are we discussing today?" "L'homme est bon," replied Mr. Clung.

"I beg your pardon!", I answered. "Oh, Willy has decided to speak nothing but French today. However, I think he'll be willing to converse in English, considering that you are our quest, and that you would probably like to know what the hell's going on around here," quoth Nostalthia giving her polylingual chum a few friendly blows with the hammer and the sickle which she was in the habit

of wearing as a novel sort of costume jewelry.

"Thank you, Miss Mugwump, and you too, Mr. Clung, for your graciousness in this matter. But tell me, my friends, why is yon eminent dramatist, Historionicus O'Malley, so silent? I thought all actors were rather ebullient characters."

"Well I'll tell you, Hodgson," began Mr. Clung, "Somebody told Historionicus that he was about to be cast in one of Eugene O'Neil's most distinguished plays, "Desire Under the Elms," and naturally, being great thespian, Mr. O'Malley is already practicing his part."

"What is his role in this great play, Mr. Clung?" I queried.

"Mr. O'Malley will portray the part of an elm," solemnly replied the great politician.

"Well, now," I answered, "that is news. But tell me, Mr. Clung, are you engaged in politticking this Fall?"

"Yes, my naive friend, I am" answered Willy, the magnanimous. "I believe I am the perfect leader to extricate the campus from its post-war dilemmas. As you know, the students around here cannot get decent food, living quarters, or clothing. With one bold stroke I cannot only secure those necessities for them, but also give them the advantages of learning a trade, travel, and retirement after 30 years. Truly, my plan seems fool-proof."

"But sir," I replied in an agitated manner, "I don't think that's going to go over here very well. I have guessed your proposition, and even in French, it doesn't sound any better."

"Ah Hah!" said Willy, "I have a stratagem. We'll start a line offering free tickets to the Dook game, and unwittingly will the war wearies fall for our subtle ruse."

"Tell me," I exclaimed, exasperated beyond reason, "why do you want to perpetrate such a foul deed upon your fellow students?"

"I'll tell you," cried Nostalthia rising to her feet, and raining blows on friend Clung's noble cranium. "It's because the ratio of men and women here is six to one. Willy wants to get all the men off the campus so the women will be 1000 to his one! Aint that just like a man, though!"

"Flutter, flutter" said Historionicus, shaking imaginary leaves off his head. "Goodbye," I said, dashing aboard my ship, and veering off towards gentler waters.

Letters

To The Editor

Well, Gentlemen . . .

To the Editor:

There has been a lot written in the DAILY TAR HEEL lately about these poor dateless Carolina 'Gentlemen.' I have a complaint to make about this. I don't know if you realize it but there are a lot of coeds on this campus whose dates are few and far between. It has been said that even 'Lena' could get a date on this campus. I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Speaking for myself, I know I'm no ravishing beauty, but neither am I ugly. I may not have a sparkling personality, but I'm no 'drip.' If these boys want dates so badly why don't they look around a little more?

I am writing this anonymously because I have too much pride to announce publicly that I can't get a man.

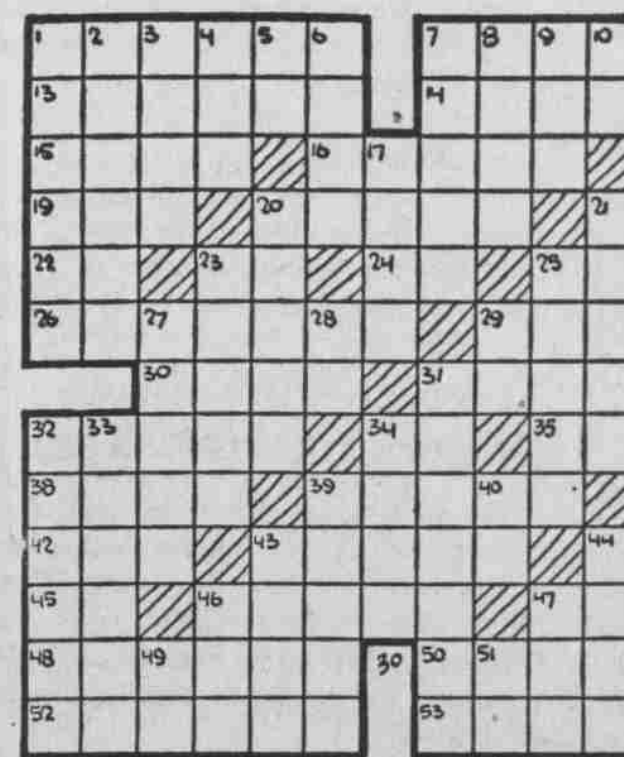
But . . . I just want to let you know that I am sick and disgusted with this complaining . . . when here I sit . . .

A DATELESS COED

Pittsburgh, Pa.—(IP)—The School of Nursing, University of Pittsburgh, is in receipt of a grant of \$60,000 from the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, Battle Creek, Mich. The grant furnishes funds to help support three major projects. It will develop industrial nursing, train more supervisors in psychiatric nursing, and provide a workshop in nursing education.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
 1—Solid again
 2—Good timber
 3—Gloomy pain
 4—Acid salt
 5—Out
 6—Having hair on neck
 7—Pronoun
 8—Trouble
 9—A whisper
 10—British air arm (abbr.)
 11—Afterthought
 12—Lung ailment (abbr.)
 13—Perform
 14—Ice cream receptacle
 15—Narrow bodies of water
 16—Yawner
 17—Chubb calendar
 18—Coffer's cry
 19—Piled lock
 20—Chinese weight
 21—Island off Britain
 22—Giri's name
 23—Loam
 24—Negative
 25—Bitter wash
 26—Buckets
 27—Warlike agency
 28—Toward
 29—Where dogs are kept
 30—Literary collections
 31—Accessory for old gun
 32—Valuable fur
 33—Mocks
 34—Decayed



ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES

MORAL PHI SNA
 ENOLA AES ANA
 TENET PALAVER
 DUET PARENT
 BEETREE NESTS
 ELAS PLODS
 EMU BEANS LEG
 BEETS SOME
 PANEL EELPOUT
 IRITIS TOOT
 NEPHEWS WREAR
 TAA VIA SERGE
 OSS EGG ESSEN

- DOWN
 1—Repaired tires
 2—Volunteer
 3—Go for boat ride
 4—Electrical unit (abbr.)
 5—French article
 6—Shade trees
 7—Musical composition
 8—Away from wind
 9—Nourished
 10—Tantalum (symp.)
 11—Element of natural gas
 12—Doped cigarette
 13—Helps
 14—Sojourn
 15—Cowboy
 16—Linger
 17—Concerns
 18—Makes loud noise
 19—Toward
 20—Baseball player
 21—Dirtd
 22—Part of torso
 23—Crazy
 24—Looped
 25—Praises
 26—Steamship (abbr.)
 27—Needy
 28—United group
 29—Prefix before
 30—Amount (abbr.)
 31—Pronoun
 32—Artificial language

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