

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carelessness to Blame

The wave of fraternity and sorority house robberies which has been recurrent at Carolina over the past few years once again has sprung up. The robberies of the Chi Psi fraternity and Pi Beta Phi sorority houses this weekend should serve as a warning to other Carolina students, whether they are living in a fraternity or a dormitory. Over the past few years nearly every fraternity house and many of the dormitories on campus have been looted.

The Chi Psis were double victims this weekend, with the second floor residents of the house being robbed of cash early Saturday morning. Then during the football game Saturday afternoon, the robbers returned to walk off with an assortment of suits, clothing, and luggage.

The robbery of the Pi Phi sorority house is believed to have occurred during rushing Friday night. All the sorority girls were downstairs from the hours of 7:30 to 10:30, and the robbers apparently took their time in systematically fleecing the upstairs floors as the girls were conducting rushing.

The first of the month, when many students receive checks, and football weekends, when the fraternity houses are filled with strangers, seem to be the favorite time for the robbers. However, if it were not for the carelessness of the students their task would not be so easy.

Residents of fraternity and sorority houses should be well aware by now that they are the favorite prey of these thieves. It isn't hard to find a safer place for one's money than the desk drawer or a pair of pants thrown across a chair.

A few safeguards by the students would go a long way toward making these fraternity and sorority operations unprofitable for the robbers.

No Rogues in the Gallery

A large number of students whose surnames begin with the letters A-D won't get their pictures in the 1950 Yackety Yack. It's their own fault, though. This group was scheduled to be photographed last week. All week long Yack Editor Bill Claybrook begged the students to come up and get their pictures taken.

A few more came around Saturday morning. After that it was too late, for there'll be no makeup period for those who were too "busy" to spare a very few minutes to have their pictures taken. Thus, no 1950 Yack pictures for them.

The photographing will continue for three weeks. Students with surnames beginning with the letters E-K will be photographed this week. Those from L-R are scheduled for the week of October 10. October 17 opens the week for those from S-Z.

So, come early and get a good picture. The Yack staff and the photographers will appreciate it.

Growls From the Quonset Huts

The University of North Carolina, like colleges all over the nation, is feeling the efforts of severe post-war housing shortage. It has tried in every conceivable way to house as many students as possible in the available space, and has even erected several new dormitories which are beautiful to behold; but try to get a room in one of them!

The housing office has one of the most able and sympathetic staffs one could ever hope to find. The staff members listen patiently to everything from vicious threats to temporary nervous breakdowns, and after hearing your heart-rending story, they smile, hand you an aspirin, and assign you to a Quonset.

A Quonset is a large galvanized iron pipe about 25 feet in diameter which has been sliced down the middle. These two halves are placed on a slab of concrete, open side down, and people can go in and out of either end. These huts were figured out many years ago by a bunch of wild Indians who couldn't see the teepee, and the federal government bought them into use again in a severe national emergency.

Once inside a Quonset, you will immediately be struck by a question: What is the ceiling, and what is the wall? The answer is simple; The wall is the ceiling, and the ceiling is the wall.

At first you may think you are in a mausoleum, as, on either side, stacked one on top of the other, are niches where a person can assume a horizontal position during the night and wait for classes to begin in the morning.

Should it still appear tomb-like, one has only to drop a match into the oil-burning booby trap which looks like a stove, and the illusion will escape him along with most of his hair and clothing.

Most of us associate night with sleep, but here we are in for another surprise. Stack any twenty men in a single shelter, and you will have as many conflicting daily routines and personalities: The bull sessioners; The midnight-oil burners; The all-night radio fans; The two-beer inebriates; The man whose nocturnal exhalations are as noisy as a Sherman tank. Result: No sleep.

It is my serious contention that if the University must resort to such extreme measures to house its students, it would do better to increase its waiting lists. Better to do this than to have them come to Chapel Hill and get such a thorough disillusionment about college dormitory life.

—William F. Heitman.

THE WASHINGTON SCENE

By George Dixon

(Copyright King Features, 1949)
 By George Dixon
 WASHINGTON, Oct. 3—Ideas thought for today: Do you suppose the Russians will put out guidebooks and maps showing the location of their atomic plants such as we so obligingly did in the fifth semi-annual report of the Atomic Energy Commission?

Having found that even the oldest inhabitant has difficulty getting around official Washington without a guide, the Senate Committee on executive expenditures has put out a chart diagramming the administrative branch of the federal government.

These charts measure 34 by 44 inches and show the 1,800 components into which the executive branch of the government is divided. Senators who can find sufficient room for the map have pasted it up on their office walls.

I discovered one thing by looking at the chart that had hitherto escaped my attention, and that is that we have a new thing in Washington called the General Services Administration. It was created—apparently while my back was turned—by merging the War Assets Administration, Federal Works Agency, National Archives, etc., etc.

* * *

In presenting his credentials to President Truman the other day General Shanker Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, newly appointed Minister to the United States from Nepal, announced that he was doing so at the command of his brother, the Prime Minister, Maharaja Mohun Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana.

I understand, however, that their mother just calls the two boys Shank and Moe.

* * *

Senator Robert C. Hendrickson, of New Jersey, came into the Senate Chamber the other afternoon sniffing as if his little heart would break. He plunked himself beside Senator Irving M. Ives, of New York, and asked tearfully: "What's the count today?"

"Eighteen," sniffed Mr. Ives. They weren't talking about Geiger counters, uranium discoveries, or billions for Europe. Both are hay fever sufferers and Ives was giving his colleague the daily pollen count.

* * *

Senator Wild Bill Langer, of North Dakota, said that his state is a paradise on earth because of its comparative freedom from insects.

"Our weather," he explained, "is not good insect weather. It's so hot in the summer they get sunstroke and die and it's so cold in the winter that they freeze to death."

Rep. Charles A. Eaton, of New Jersey, ranking Republican member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has largely gone along with New and Fair Deal foreign policy. He is a sort of Vandenberg of the Lower House of Congress.

* * *

The global-thinking Mr. Eaton ran into Rep. Arthur L. (Doc) Miller, of Nebraska. The latter confided that the voters of his district were becoming increasingly critical of foreign spending.

Rep. Eaton looked around to make sure they weren't being overheard. Then he whispered:

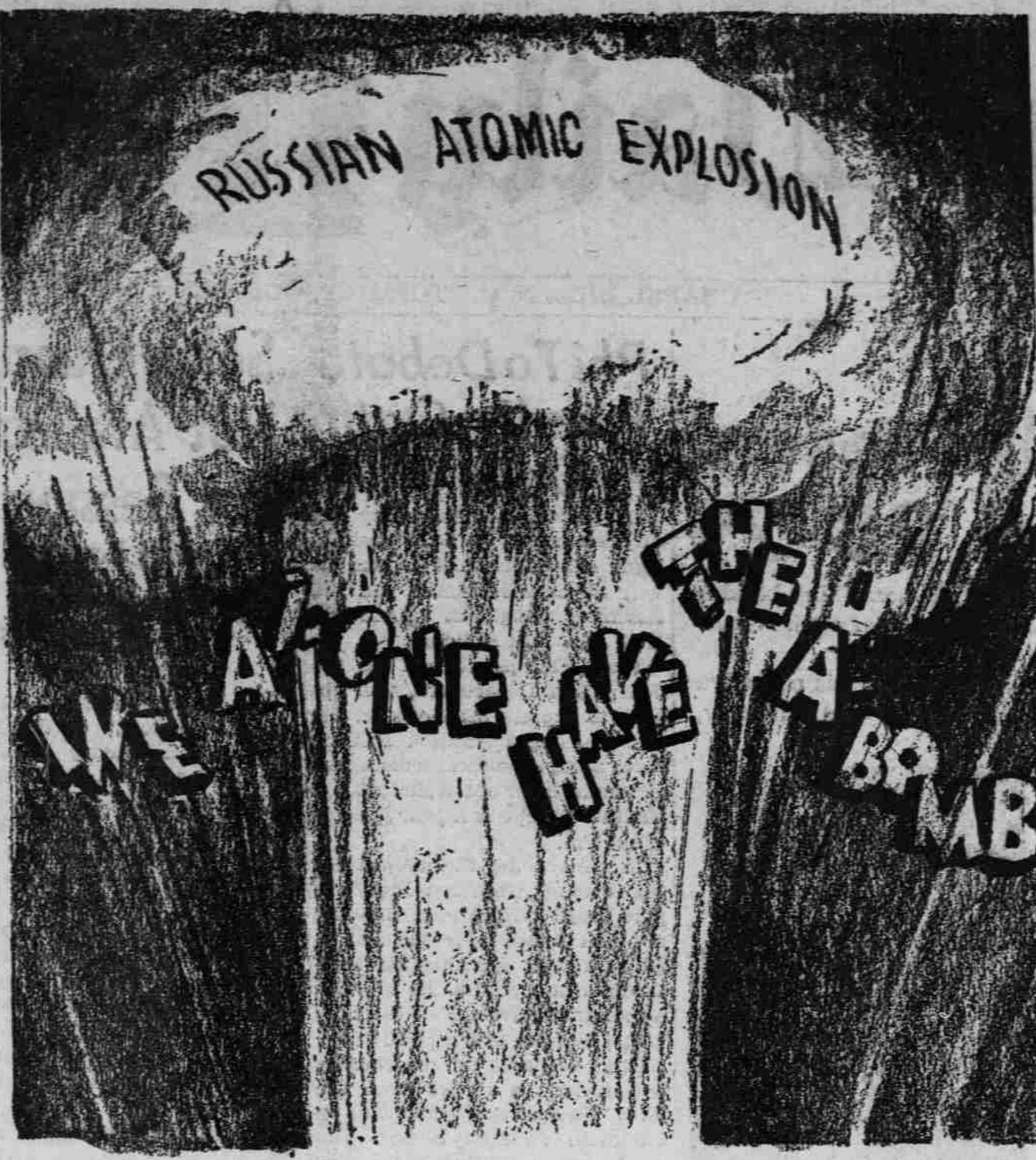
"That's funny! The people in my district are beginning to bear down on me, too."

* * *

Late release from the Interior Department's Fish and Wildlife service:

"The sportsman afield this fall is more likely than ever to find a banded duck, goose or mourning dove in his bag."

Personally, it would surprise hell out of me.



This 'n That

Georgia Aftermath

By Bill Buchan

Georgia victory notes: A report from the Sigma Chi's indicate that a fine 'ole party was

had progress as "Steve's" (better known as Cafe Seville these days), Friday night with good music, and to quote one man's opinion, plenty of sexy women.

Pete Moore, ATO, no less, was over at the PiKa's early Saturday morning, as were a great many other people. Ted Wall, currently a 2nd looie in the Marines, was back visiting his brothers. Ted was president over there in '46-'47. Wrightsville Beach buddy Jay Quinn, informed us that he is the newly elected PiKa president. Other officers are Andy Toxey, Wood Williams, Bob Daye, Sam Craven and Walter Allen.

Don't know where all the Kappa Sig's were, but their house was invaded by Georgia folks Friday night. There was a real, genuine pep rally in progress. Stump Parker was visiting and wearing a red Georgia cap. "It was hard as the devil to get it," Stump said, "but I finally made it."

Ike Williams, a Bulldog man from Quitman, Georgia, was praising Chapel Hill and Carolina. "Chapel Hill is one of the finest places I've ever visited." Maybe he meant it, too, because he was surrounded by Georgia folks and could

have come on a Friday, November

11th. Is he the first to arrange things thus?

Another Georgian, Ed Lewis, added that the North Carolina people were certainly showing him a good time. Thanks, Ed. We appreciate those comments, because some of us have bad memories about red enamel paint and black cars in Athens last year.

Al Winn was elected as the first year law school representative to the law legislature. Mrs. Josephine Munson was also elected treasurer of the first year class there. As usual, a woman handles the purse strings.

Old buddies Russ Batchelor and Jack McGee were staggering in the Rathskellar Friday night. "We're handsome, rich and have personalities," they quoted, "why doesn't some naive coed call us for dates." Well, ladies, they live in "C".

By the bye, when is the Board of Trustees going to get around to naming those three alphabet dorms. We're still in favor of Daniels, Wolfe and Ehringhaus.

Don't know why, but Louis, the local Milkman, gave Max Mitas, the local restaurant owner, 75¢ the other day for a haircut. Is business really that bad, Maxie?

As a result, official Moscow stood on its ear. The Soviet Ambassador in Prague protested to Czech Minister Fierlinger, and the threat was implied that unless Czech uranium mines remained under Soviet jurisdiction, the Red Army would march in again.

Since the mines are only three miles away from the Soviet zone of Germany, this was no idle threat. Meanwhile, the extraction of uranium by German prison labor, continues. Whether Russia has any other sources of uranium is not known,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BAD TASTE

Editor:

Wha-hopen to the Rendezvous Room? That disgraceful performance Friday night would put the Tarnation in the shade! I can not understand how anyone can stoop so low as to insult the fine talent of the pianist and vocalist by telling filthy jokes on the same program. If the jokester is under the impression that any of the couples appreciated his joke, I think I can safely say his is strictly "from hunger."

I found complete lack of enthusiasm among all the couples around me and noticed there was no applause, though there was an abundance of whistles and exclamations from the stage on the floor.

Now I enjoy a good joke as much as anyone, but there is a time and place for everything. Up until Friday the Rendezvous Room was the one place where boys could take their dates to enjoy refreshings and talented entertainment. Let's face it! How much talent does it take to tell a dirty joke?

A gentleman is always appreciated, no matter how bad his guitar playing might be, but perhaps the guitar player

lacks confidence in his musical talent.

I hope the Rendezvous Room will not turn into a spot where we will be ashamed to bring our dates. I just happened to have a date with a young lady from another campus who has been misinformed about the calibre of the Carolina student.

I am afraid the erroneous impression which she carried with her when she left Friday night was not conducive to dispelling any of the rumors which she has heard. I would have been just as ashamed of the performance if I had been escorting a Carolina co-ed. A lady is a lady, home team or not.

Let's keep it clean. It's just as much fun and much better appreciated.

Dayton E. Speer
 The above letter has been read and the advice taken to heart. Rest assured that the Rendezvous Room will continue to be a place where a boy can take his date with no fear of embarrassment.

James Rathburn
 GM Director
 Editor:
 After I read your Animal Life and Chapel Hill in today's Tar

James P. Rogers

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON — The famed General George S. Patton probably turned over in his grave when President Truman announced that Russia had the secret of the atom. For Patton was one man who came near preventing, or at least retarding, the Russian development of the atom.

In the first week of May 1945, Patton's 3rd Army crossed the Czechoslovak border and entered the city of Pilsen, headquarters of the vast Skoda Munitions Works. Patton had romped into Czechoslovakia before the Red Army had time to move its ponderous forces, just as U. S. troops advanced to the suburbs of Berlin, only to be ordered out by General Eisenhower.

When this columnist reported the peremptory withdrawal of U. S. troops from Potsdam at Russia's request, it was officially and categorically denied. However, General Patton's diary, now published, together with other memoirs show that these withdrawals were based on the Roosevelt-Stalin agreement at Yalta defining the limits of Russia's advance into Europe.

As a good Mormon, Sen. Arthur Watkins, Utah Republican, isn't supposed to drink tea or coffee. But he was caught at luncheon the other day with a teapot in front of his plate.

The incriminating pot was spied by Sen. Ralph Flanders, Vermont Republican.

"Ah!" exclaimed Flanders.

And he lifted the lid off the teapot triumphantly.

But the pot contained only plain hot water.

You won't catch me drinking tea," smiled Watkins. Then he explained that he was drinking "Mormon Tea"—hot water, milk and sugar with no stimulants.

Note—it is also against Watkins' religion to use tobacco or liquor. To show the moral of this, he ordered the library of congress to furnish him with statistics on the smoking and drinking habits of non-Mormons which disclosed that Americans have been spending \$67.22 per capita on liquor and \$26.39 per person on tobacco—but only \$21.79 per capita on schools.

In any administration, whether Democratic or Republican, the key cabinet post from a political viewpoint is that of the Attorney General. For it's in the Department of Justice that the anti-trust cases against big business can be prosecuted—or fixed; where income-tax cases against political friends can be pushed—or dropped; where the big gamblers who contribute heavily to most political campaigns can be sent to jail or winked at.

For instance, the political power of the Justice Department to break big city machines was one reason why forthright Attorney General Frank Murphy was kicked upstairs to the Supreme Court.

Because if this it is always dangerous to put a politician in charge of the Justice Department; and for that reason a lot of people will be watching Howard McGrath, just appointed Attorney General after serving as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Crossword Puzzle

SHAD	CAR	EROS
HUGE	AGA	LOVE
AMOS	ROB	ALIT
HEGIRA	BIPEDS	REMAINS
DEMETER	HELEN	ODA ALIBI AWE
ODA	ALIBI	SERAII CABARET
SPARSE	OTHERS	INHABIT
HARM	WO	RIM
EVEA	ERS	SPARSE
DEAN	RAH	NEENA
RAH	SEEP	SPARSE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

DOWN	GREENLAND	WEDDING

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