

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is issued daily during the regular sessions of the University by the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examination and vacation periods, and the summer terms. Entered as second-class matter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8.00 per year, \$3.00 per quarter. Member of The Associated Press. The Associated Press and AP features are exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news features published herein.

Editor: DICK JENNETTE
Business Manager: C. B. MENDENHALL
Managing Editor: CHUCK HAUSER
Sports Editor: TAYLOR VADEN
News Editor: Roy Parker, Jr.
Editorial Board: Zone Robbins, Adv. Manager; Oliver Watkins, Bus. Office Mgr.; Ed Williams, Nat'l Adv. Mgr.; June Crockett, Photographer; Jim Mills

Greek Week For Hell Week

At a meeting of fraternity presidents and pledge masters on campus last week, the idea of having a combined Greek Week for all the fraternities was discussed. The discussion was held under the leadership of Dr. C. S. Jones of the Dean of Students office. The proposed Greek Week would have as its purpose eliminating much of the "foolishness" of Hell Week and in turn making the pledges of the various fraternities acquainted with other pledge classes through a joint series of activities. Jess Dedmond, past president of the student body, presented the plan, which he is drawing up in conjunction with the Interfraternity Council.

While some of the proposals of Dedmond's plan will not be readily accepted, basically the idea of Greek Week is sound, and its underlying purposes are good.

However, from the comments of the presidents and pledge masters the idea of Greek Week has a long way to go before it is accepted by Carolina fraternities. Some modified form probably will have to be tried. They contend that such practices as making pledges wear old clothes and ribbons to class during Hell Week will continue, regardless of the Greek Week proposal of making pledges wear coats and ties during initiation.

While the DTH can never condone carrying this fraternity ridiculousness into class, we nevertheless accept the fact that there is nothing that can be done about it if the fraternity members themselves do not desire to see it halted. The president of a fraternity alone cannot halt it.

Each fraternity has its own concept of just how an initiation should be conducted, yet the acts of one reflect on the entire group. The fraternity presidents should make every effort to convince their chapter membership of this fact. One fatal step by just one fraternity could prove disastrous to all fraternities.

It is with this thought in mind that the idea of Greek Week was begun. Fraternities must wake up to the importance of public relations. Having a pledge parade around the Y-Court in long underwear may seem very funny to the members of that particular fraternity and possibly to coeds. However, the non-fraternity man and general public see little humor in the display. They would tend to look upon it as a bunch of boys showing off the fact that they were about to get into a fraternity, rather than just a good old college custom. Perhaps everyone doesn't look at these displays in this light, but some do.

At any rate, each fraternity should give serious consideration to do just what good it accomplishes to have a pledge dressed ridiculously in class. Some activities of the old Hell Week are definitely beneficial to the pledges, but these are the activities between fraternity and pledge. Greek Week would not interfere in this event. The general public should not be subjected to the activities of Hell Week, however.

The whole idea of Greek Week is first to bring favorable publicity to fraternities; and secondly, to avoid unpleasant episodes in the eyes of the public. In short, it is a move designed to better fraternities from the public relations standpoint.

The Interfraternity Council is currently engaged in drawing up plans for a form of modified Greek Week. It is the interest of bettering the reputation of fraternities in this state that the plans are being made. Fraternity men should give their suggestions to their IFC representatives, and when the plans are complete each house should pledge its complete cooperation insofar as is possible. Certain conflicts in the Greek Week schedule are inevitable, but every effort should be made to have 100 per cent cooperation in the activities.

Pep Rally Thursday

The never-say-die University Club, perpetual athletic booster is all set to stage another basketball pep rally Thursday night prior to the Carolina-Duke game in Woolf Gym.

The last time the UC planned a rally for the Tar Heel cagers, 28 rooters turned out to join in the lung-bursting festivities. At the final count, there were more University Club members and basketball players on hand than there were students.

This time, however the club is certain that the big "Beet Dook" rally will be a success. Committee Chairman Frank Allston said yesterday that he is "sure of a big crowd Thursday night."

"Tom Scott Night" will be celebrated in conjunction with the Memorial Hall rally.

The rally that fizzled was held just prior to the Carolina-State game last month, and the Tar Heels, disappointed at the poor showing by their boosters, went out and played far over their heads in holding the big, bad Wolfpack to a tight four-point victory.

After the game, Bob Curran, columnist for the State weekly, offered a few coaching hints for Tom Scott and ridiculed the Carolina "troops," suggesting that we "take a little lesson from the reception that was put on for the Pack when they returned from New York recently."

We believe that Carolinians are still capable of out-yelling, out-playing, and out-shining State in anything short of a hog-calling contest.

Iva's Aide

Accompanying Remarks

By Harvey O. Brown
(Mr. Brown is Miss Kitchell's piano accompanist.)

There is no accounting for the inner workings of little Iva Kitchell's mind, for they are as whimsical and unpredictable as the many characters that she portrays on the stage.

I, Iva's accompanying pianist, am deep in a triple murder detective tale, with which I am passing the miles and the hours while Pullmanating between Logan, Utah, and La Grange, Oregon. A loud squeal from across the aisle leads me to believe that a fourth murder has just been committed.

But no, it is Kitchell. Apparently, she too has been book-engrossed, but with a book on applied psychology. It is a large, tome, too large for Iva's tiny hands. According to her wont, she has cut away the first half of the book that she had finished reading in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Wildly waving the mutilated and pencil-notated remaining pages, Iva follows up her initial squeal with a perfectly executed Grand Jete (Ballet term for a leap) and lands beside me, right on top of my freshly pressed overcoat.

"Harvey," says she, "I have an idea." I groan, knowing from experience what is undoubtedly involved in that one small phrase and reluctantly postpone the solving of the triple murder. Iva, it seems, has just given birth to a new number, this one satirizing a woman who is buying a new hat.

What, you may ask, has that to do with applied psychology? A question more easily asked than answered. The combined efforts of F. P. A., the Sphinx, and the Quiz Kids would do well to solve the why, when, and where, or what of Kitchell's "ideas." "Maisie" first saw the light of day in the Metropolitan Museum of Art while "The Tales of a Bird" was sired by a 19th Century music box—

I gave my choice detective book to pullman porter, for I know that I will never finish it. Six weeks will pass before we will be able to shop for music at Schirmer's, Lyon & Healy's, or the Half-Price Music Store. Iva and the Woman with the Hat can't and won't wait that long; so I resign myself to many hours of composition and manuscript work.

I wish I might add "a well-stocked musical library" to our list of requirements in each concert-booked town. In that case, "Sonatina Rocco" might have been set to music by Clementi, "Portrait of a Hostess" to Gershwin or Gould, and "Obsession" to Hindemith. But since they were all "created" on tour, they had to settle for music by Brown, and I guess the Hat Lady will have to follow suit.

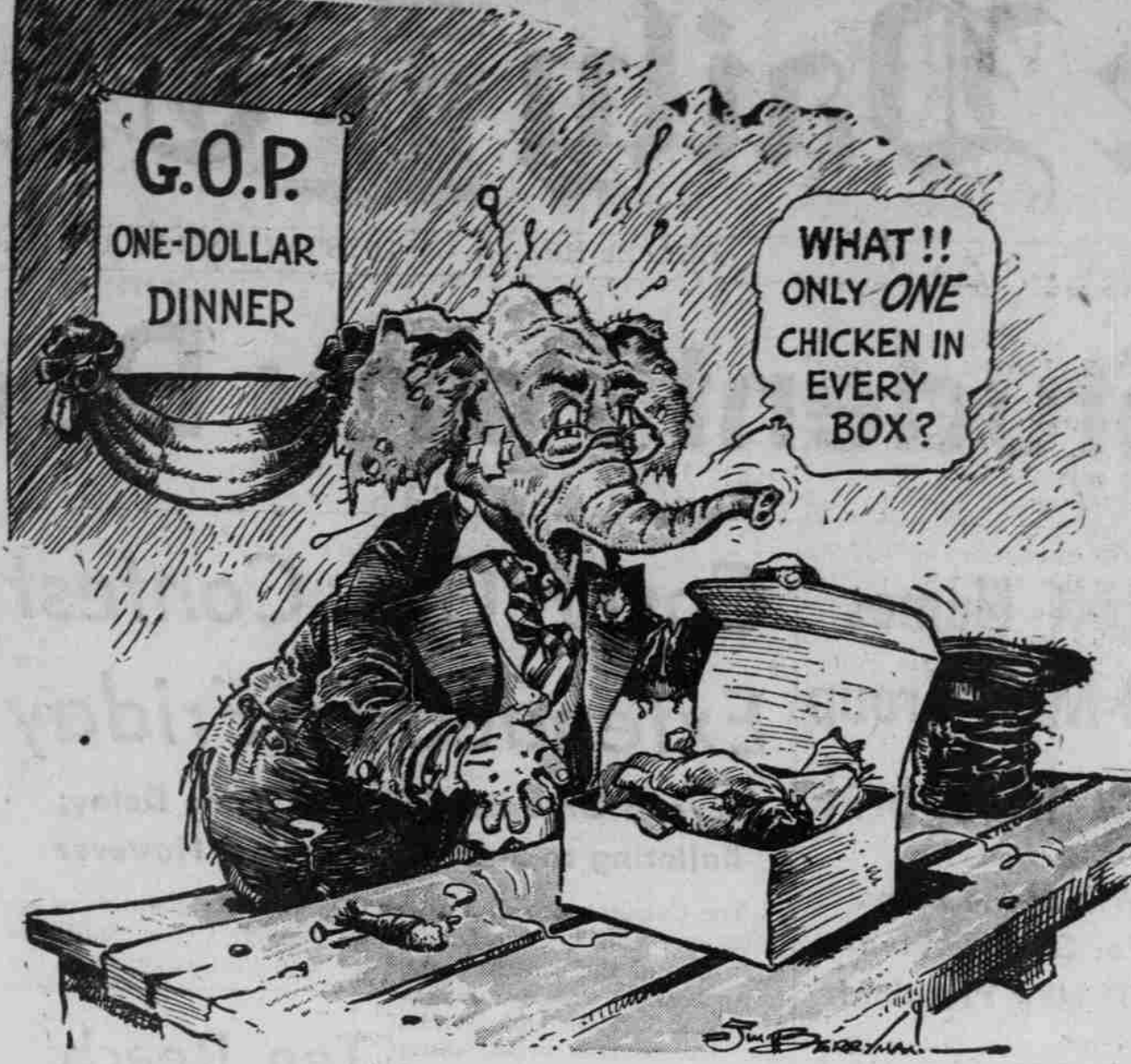
From this point on, department and dime-store girls lie strewn in our path as Iva goes on a shopping binge to get just the right materials and accessories for the new number's costume. Singer Sewing Machine stock jumps three points as Iva rents a machine in each concert town. She madly cuts, bastes, sews, and stitches in all her spare time.

When we finally breeze into Corvallis, Oregon, the "ideas" swaddling clothes are complete. Not so the dance or the music. We do have to devote some time to preparing for, as well as giving four to five concerts each week. So for about half a dozen concerts, we "improvise" the "Hat Woman," dance and music, as an encore. Usually Iva nonchalantly inaugurates such proceedings as a "prize" to the audience—they are such to me as well. She strikes when she is "in the mood" and takes it for granted that I am similarly inclined. But Iva's accompanist, like her audiences, finds it well night impossible to be in a mood dissimilar to that of Iva herself.

Well enough is never enough for Kitchell, for it is usually a year, at least, before she is satisfied with her new child. Meanwhile, she takes it through a long process of "bringing up." Not until the new number and the music has been cut, beaten, changed and disciplined, is it finally admitted to that charmed circle of "Kitchell's Kids."

About that time I buy another detective book, but I

On Short Rations



Distributed by King Features Syndicate by arrangement with The Washington Star

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—Of all the great metropolitan sucker joints dotting the U. S. A., none, perhaps, furnishes easier picking for the gambling fraternity than Southern California and the bordering coast of the Eastern United States—Florida. And no place in Florida has become a more lush sporting ground for underworld than the strip of castle-on-the-sand called Miami Beach.

There Joe Adonis, partner of Frankie Costello, who in turn is a partner of Bill Helis, the good friend of President Truman's military attache, General Vaughn, runs the roulette wheels of the famed Colonial Inn. There also a county sheriff has been known to get a campaign contribution of \$20,000 to elect him to office that pays only \$7,000. And there also the swank hotels receive up to \$125,000 annually merely for the lease of their bookmaking concessions.

And today in Miami Beach one of the most interesting political moves in the U. S. A. is taking place—a move by gamblers and others to remove a Miami Beach City Councilman, Melvin Richard, who favors enforcement of the law regarding gambling.

Melvin Richard was elected to the City Council with the help of the man who now is seeking to recall him, one Harry Plissner. This is the most interesting phase of the picture.

cal miraculous aspects of Christianity and the Bible may have shocked the fundamentalists in the group, but they need to be shocked into less ostentatious devotion and more action.

The only defect, if it may be called so, of the retreat was its brevity. Because of the lack of time, each person could be a member of only one commission, each of whom met only three times. This was frustrating, for each group discussed a subject which deserved days of probing by all.

It's unfortunate that the entire student body didn't have the opportunity to participate in these discussions so that they might re-realize how dynamic, vital, and universal Christianity can and, if we are to survive the atomic hydro-genic age, must be.

Tarnation Review

"It Is Best To Forget"

By Don Maynard

Another issue of Tarnation arrived on campus today.

Its upside-down, full color cover is something new, and so is Miss Anne Martin as a cover girl. But the contents are still the same. The well-aged gags and cartoons continue to prove that, beyond a doubt, humor may be found seated about the tables in Harry's, or around a bonfire at Hogan's, but not in the pages of Carolina's humor magazine.

It is unfortunate that the University is not planning another football trip above the Mason-Dixon Line until next fall, because some of the '50 graduates will never get to see Tarnation come into its own again.

But let's overlook the cover and wander among its 64 vest-pocket pages for the third time this year.

Editor Kerr has made a mountain out of a moulty "Over the Hill," but if you look and read far enough into it, you'll pass the gripe section and come to a whimsical piece predicting that with the advent of Gordon Gray, Mudville next year will be known as Carolina Military Academy.

So much for the first 11 pages.
Charles Zeb McCorkle

Hauser takes over the next feature also, and delivers one of the two interesting articles of the mag, "ECHH." We liked it, because we've had a bellowing acquaintanceship with the colorful Billy for the last 18 months. The portrait fits and is fitting to a T-for-typewriter.

Tom Kerr himself comes up with the other, an insight into that question which has been on the University male's mind for some time: Just what does the coed think of the Carolina Gentleman? If the coeds gave honest reports to the Tarnation poll, and men read the statistics, we may yet have smoother dating relations with those gals men can't get along with, yet cannot get along without.

Except for the "disgusting" ID cards—as notoriously bad as they are shown—which are reproduced halfway through Issue Three, that's all, brother. Tarnation's jokes and cartoons are up to their usual par—grandpa—but Jack Niles and Hugh Gale have plucked two sketches from their drawing boards which redeem the mag somewhat: "Portrait of Nemo" and a quickie depicting the early morning Miller and Nash halls lavatory rush that some of us know so well.

Seven pinups are featured: one, the cover; two, Miss Dot Moorefield, and numbers three through seven, Miss Betty Ann Yowell. The last five prove that delectable Betty is not the Dionne quintuplets, the mag says.

Then there's J. P. Brady's "We Return You to Willy," an ordeal that will have to be tolerated again when baseball gets into full swing, we're told. Following Willy is another Brady special, "Sam, You Made the Pants Too." J. P., the story, also, was too long. Without the byline, readers are bound to figure Zeb wrote that one, too, or at least the two studied style together.

Herb Nachman makes a worthy attempt to replace Billy Carmichael on the cinema cynicism, but Herb is too good-natured to be a cynic. Dave Sharpe proves himself unhoneed again.

Editor Kerr and company, you say you remember "those bricks back in October. We say, you had better start ducking again, because from here, it looks as if you're back in the glasshouse.

Sydney Smith once penned a gem, Mr. Kerr: "It is wisely written—what is impossible to change, it is best to forget."

Carolina Seen

Montreat Retreat Is Treat

By Bill Kellam

Approximately 125 students retreated some 220 uncomfortable winding miles into the fogbound fastnesses of Western Carolina this past weekend for the YM-YWCA Retreat. And when it was all over, everyone of the enthusiastic, extremely sleepy pilgrims had to admit that it had been one of the most stimulating religious experiences they'd ever known.

The conference was held to arouse and encourage rational, progressive thought on, as the title declared, "The Meaning and Role of Christianity." Thanks to the careful selection of pertinent subjects for discussion by the

know that that too will never finish, On page 109, while reading myself to sleep after a concert in Goose Neck, Texas, my hotel room phone will ring. Something will tell me that it will be Miss Iva Kitchell, internationally famous Dance Saitrist, announcing to me, and eventually to the world, that she has an "idea."

The aforesaid detective book will probably be left for the hotel maid to discover whodunit, while I join Iva in adopting and adapting the latest "idea."

Miss Kitchell, new Hat Lady idea, and all will be seen here tonight at 8 o'clock in Memorial Hall under the auspices of your Student Entertainment Com-mittee.

commission, the skillful direction of the discussions by the student and resource leaders, and the fascinating, progressive oratory of guest-speaker Dr. Paul Weaver, the conference was most successful in achieving its objectives.

No half-demented, over emotional backwoods evangelism swept the conference, fortunately. All emotion, save that inherent in a calm faith in the teachings of Christ, was subordinated to Christianity's practical application to life. Reason and sanity predominated and each student soon realized how vital and necessary to happy human welfare is a workable merging of secular realities with Christian ideals and belief.

Dr. Weaver, the world famous Dean of Religious Life at Stephens College, emphasized the importance of this union. He called for this combination of the secular and ecclesiastical worlds. Weaver said that too many people go to church only on Easter and Christmas and prescribe to the principles of Christianity only while they're in church.

These same devout look upon the teachings of the Bible as quaint but rather impractical aphorisms which have little bearing upon the harsh realities of life. However, if these same realists, or wise guys, let the teachings of Je-

sus influence their conduct, perhaps the realities of life wouldn't be so harsh and the world powers would be trading goods and good will instead of hatred and maybe hydrogen bombs.

Some of the retreaters may have been surprised or disappointed because they underwent no great eruptive emotional uplifting or—a la Wheaton College—derangement. Or perhaps they were surprised when they found out how fresh and pertinent the "old" ideas and beliefs which they learned years ago in Sunday School still are.

Many expected Dr. Weaver to voice some startling theological panacea for the world's ills. Perhaps he did. He told us that to make Christianity work, we had to practice it, every day, every minute. Not do it Sunday morning lip service or just give periodical financial contributions to the church fund. This advice may, and should, have jarred those of the complacent.

Dr. Weaver's talks and his amazing delivery were the features of the weekend. He, to say the least, is a most unique speaker and personage. Which is what he tries hard to be. His realistic attitude toward religion and its application to everyday problems was most practical and acceptable. His disbelief in the mythologi-

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13			14				
15			16			17				
18		19			20					
21				22				23	24	25
26			27			28	29			
30	31				32					
33				34						
35			36	37			38		39	40
			41				42			
43	44	45				46			47	
48					49				50	
51					52				53	

- HORIZONTAL**
1. large tub
4. variety of lettuce
7. uva
12. wander
13. on strike
14. ship of the line
15. narrow inlet
16. furnishing
18. feeling
20. rodents
21. otherwise
22. for fear that
23. female ruff
26. heads
28. Mohammedan prince
20. fence steps (pl.)
32. hardships
33. analyze grammatically
34. virulent epidemics
35. goddess of malicious mischief
36. Biblical weed
38. being
41. son of Jacob
42. more loyal
- VERTICAL**
1. stanza
2. air spirit
3. become known
4. contend
5. possessive pronoun
6. accumulates
7. sparkles
8. frees
9. cuckoo
- 10. writing implement
11. unit of work
17. duct
19. closes hermatically
22. French article
23. restored to confidence
24. lamprey
25. bitter vetch
27. see-sawed
28. ecclesiastical address
30. mineral spring
31. make lace edging
32. golf mound
34. stamps
37. salutation
39. river in France
40. appearing as if gnawed
41. river in Russia
42. canvas shelter
43. knock
44. house addition
45. complete
46. dove murmur

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.
C A P C A I R O G A P
O V A A B N E R A D O
M E T E S N E G A T E D
E R R A T A D A L E
I R E N E N A S T Y
E R O S G R A I N H E
D O T T U N I C R I A
A S M I S E R R A S H
M E D A L S E P A L
O R L E D O L L A R
M A R K E T S S E I N E
A L T R O P E S E S S
P I E S S I N A R E S A I T
Average time of solution: 28 minutes.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate