

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor Andy Taylor — Sports, Bill Hughes

Goodbye To Class Officers

Bigness of student body at the University bids fair to spell the end of class officerships. And while they may be moaned as a fine old tradition, their purpose, function, and use certainly went by the boards many years ago.

A section of the elections law amendments bill now in the Student Legislature calls for the discontinuance of class officer elections under the jurisdiction of the Elections Board. The class appropriations which have always been in the student activities budget will be cut out this year. This means that class officers will not have any official position or classification in student activities.

Back in the days of a 1,000-student campus, class organizations were very tangible and real things. Competition between classes was keen, the class groups were just about large enough to be a satisfactory social group, and often the four class groups lived by different sets of rules, thus necessitating special class administrative organizations.

Today all such conditions are removed. Class officers have become forgotten people. The nomination of candidates for the purely honorary offices has become the greatest of purely political football games. In short, no feeling of unity or oneness on the part of the classes exists that would necessitate class officers.

Doing away with the officerships, then, is not a great blow at any important segment of students and it is not a tricky political move. It is simply a recognition of the passing of a fine tradition, but a tradition that is, unfortunately, out-moded and useless in the face of today's conditions.

While graduating classes will continue to name their permanent officers at the end of each year, and classes are still free to name officers in convention, the hoary old sinecures known as class officerships, we hope, will disappear from the official roles as soon as the Student Legislature acts on the elections law amendment bill.

Worthy Tip

The University Midwinter Conference, commonly referred to as simply, "the Montreat trip," comes off this weekend, and the YMCA and YWCA are still looking for a larger number of students to make the trip.

The conference, always a high spot in YM-YWCA activity, is a fine UNC institution, and one that every student with the time should look into. It, perhaps better than any other gathering of University students, binds its members in a fellowship of knowledge, discussion, social activity and understanding.

Today is the last day that students may register to attend the Montreat conference. Any student who really seeks to gain a greater insight into Christianity, meet and talk with interesting and interested collegiate colleagues, and have a weekend of inspiration, knowledge-gathering and fun should take advantage of the trip.

A Bad Bill

The North Carolina General Assembly now has under consideration a measure that would make anyone who is a member of the Communist Party a criminal by branding such membership a felony. This "little McCarran Act" has once again given Communists a chance to use patriotic phrases in their attack against the measure.

The bill has the same defects as does the McCarran Act. It has some sections on loyalty oath-writing, thought control, and enforcement that make it sound very much like a police state regulation.

And the Communists have taken full advantage of the hysteria inherent in the bill. Junius Scales, head of the Party in North Carolina and a Carrboro resident, has issued a two-page blast at the bill. In it he has used some phrases that sound highly patriotic and have elements of truth.

The measure is a product of hysteria-borne thinking and should not be passed by the General Assembly. Its thought is nice, but once again, as in the case of the McCarran Act, its loopholes and dangers are far bigger than its advantages.

on the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

Since we seem to be on pretty good terms with the neighboring institution over on Methodist Flats these days (except for me), I am in the habit of perusing The Duke Chronicle when it rolls into the office.

The editor of The Chronicle is a nice fellow by the name of Lee Baldwin, who has been considered for a Rhodes Scholarship and who had nothing to do with the last (and I do mean last) issue of The Duke and Duchess, Duke's erstwhile humor magazine. With those two things to recommend him, I'm sure he couldn't be on Senator Joe McCarthy's list, so there's no danger of my unconsciously swallowing any subversive propaganda by reading his newspaper.

While running over last week's issue, I hit the answer to a question asked on campus many times. I'm going to reprint the answer here, without the permission of Wink Boone, the author of the piece, or Lee since it costs 20 cents to call Durham (all Duke calls are person-to-person) and the Publications Board is hurting financially.

Take it away, Wink:

There are two things that stick in my mind as a result of the 10 days' unpleasantness that always characterizes the end of January. The first is an ephemeral thing. It is that inexpressible "it's all over" feeling. But, unfortunately, that lasts only until mid-semester exams the next term.

The second thing is more permanent. It's this: After one exam, I put down my pen and sat back to unknot my fingers. Then something struck me. I had really enjoyed the course! And as I glanced over the scribbled blue book, I realized with somewhat of a shock that I had actually learned something. My first impulse was to inform the professor in a concise little note at the bottom of the page of the miracle he had wrought. But what and how to say it?

"Dr. ———, Your course has been extremely enlightening and not one bit painful." No, that would never do. He would think that I was polishing the well known apple for an A or B or what have you.

So, this is what I've been thinking. . . . How is it possible to let a professor know, frankly and honestly, and with no grades attached, what you think of him and his course?

Whether good or bad, there's no way that I can see.

You might wait until you have graduated and left school. Then you could sit down and write your favorite professor or professors:

"Dear Dr. ——— Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed taking ——— under you last year (two years ago, three years ago). I can truthfully say that I found your course one of the most interesting that I took, and you yourself one of the best. . . ."

No point in continuing; the letter sounds terribly silly already. Then too, the no doubt pleased professor will probably have a hard time placing you.

Student rating sheets do not solve the problem because we are all human and are apt to let a low grade lower the professor. If we like him, of course we can always take another course from him, but there is something about required and related work that interferes with this.

The only answer, if there is one, lies in a personal, face-to-face statement of some sort. You must look your favorite professor in the eye, while visions of highly polished fruit dance through your mind. This, if not impossible, is certainly not easy.

There should be a way for a student to voice his unbiased opinion. I, myself, have no solution . . . except maybe this. . . . Just walk right up and blurt out:

"Sir, your course has certainly been a happy addition to education here at Duke," or if that's not expressive enough, "It's been real—and if I had one jigger of Scotch left, you could have it."

I realize this isn't the most practical answer, but if someday you see me clutching my pinch bottle and heading down campus, you'll know where I'm going.

"I Haven't Changed Anything Except The Crew"



Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

Next summer France celebrates its 2,000th birthday. Britain plans a gala festival for the tourist trade, and once again all Europe will dance to the enchanting rhythm of the American dollar. Students from all over the United States will flock to the Parisian banks of the Seine in search of beauty, education, adventure, and—well, you know! If you feel you absolutely must join the culture caravan to the Continent, here's fair warning. From North Cape to Gibraltar Europe is bristling with "tourist traps" ready to milk you and your innocent countrymen to the tune of plenty millions of dollars. The people of western Europe are trying to heal their ruptured economies and when money talks they don't miss a word.

In Bergen, Norway last summer a shady character promised me "the greatest thrill enjoyed by western man since the beginning of time" for only two dollars. The same thing flashed through my mind that just flashed through yours so I plunked down the necessary currency. And what happened? The guy shoved me into a cable car and took me up a steep hill.

"From this lofty peak," he cackled, "You can see Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France, Yugoslavia, and parts of Asia Minor."

Big thrill! It was so foggy I couldn't see the lit end of my cigarette. Over in Sweden I paid ten crowns to visit a most unique castle which, the guide said, showed definite Gothic influence and had the southernmost brass weathervane in Scandinavia. For another five crowns they let you wander alone through the murky corridors. It was enchanting. It was exotic. I wandered for half an hour and still couldn't find the men's room.

By the time I got to France I had been in so many cathedrals, churches, and temples I felt ready to be ordained a bishop. I spent the night in one of those quaint French hotel rooms with built-in cockroaches and this room was so small the roaches were hunchback. The service was typically European. If you needed anything all you had to do was ring a bell and immediately a servant would come and show you how to do without it.

The next morning I discovered they had automatically doubled the rates on me because Napoleon once slept in the same bed. They still haven't changed the sheets. I might add that opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the French Chamber of Commerce.

Why go to Europe? If you're out to dodge the draft, it won't work. Uncle Sam's got an iron hand with a boarding house reach and if he so desires you'll be sporting khaki before morning. I don't care if you're in the middle of the Gobi Desert. If you can think of any other reason for crossing the Atlantic just bring me a note from your psychiatrist and we'll argue.

Despite all my feeble efforts next summer will see thousands of rich Americans drooling over the incandescent glamour of the Riviera, the haunting intrigue of olde England, and the gripping majesty of the Swiss Alps. Jimmy Durante summed it up quite aptly when he said "Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once." Today many people fear that Europe lies in danger of being overrun by the Russian Army. Don't worry about that one bit. I'll bet my passport against yours that the Russian Army goes broke before it reaches the Eiffel Tower.

Now Hear This

by Jack Lackey

Did you know that you were a member of something called the "National Students Association?" Did you know that you have a "voice" speaking for you? Well you do, and it is quite a voice.

We are all members of this organization. It was founded some few years back and UNC has been a member from the start. At the present time the head of it is a former Carolina student, Al Lowenstein.

Al is a darn good boy. Those of us that have known him for some time all like and admire him. He's got a lot on the ball. If, however, it can be shown that his opinions are in line with general student opinion I'll eat this issue of The Daily Tar Heel.

The NSA has been fighting valiantly for several great causes recently. They have been hot for colored students admitted to all schools, for one thing. Another has been their fight for the "rights" of the professors out in California who refuse to sign any oaths of loyalty to our government.

This is the "voice" of American students. Is it your voice? It's certainly not mine. What are we doing being tied up with this outfit? Do we need to be represented by a pressure group? Is

it possible for the many varied interest of ours to be collectively expressed by a national spokesman? I doubt it.

NSA was formed by a bunch of students who had attended a meeting of world students at Prague, Czechoslovakia, in 1946. This meeting was dominated by Communists. Our students were embarrassed. Few, if any, of them were Communists themselves. The delegates from the other countries represented their national student organizations. Our delegates were really not official spokesmen. The United States did not have a national student organization. When the boys and girls got home they set to work organizing the NSA.

One of their chief arguments then, as now, for having this NSA was that many other countries have such a thing. Just because the banana republics and proletarian dictatorships have a "voice of the students" is not any reason why we need one.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for us to get out of this NSA? It offers us no benefits, no services. It "speaks" for us in a voice that is not our own. It conducts a lobby for causes that the majority of us do not subscribe to. For this we pay \$600 a year. It isn't worth six cents.

The Editor's Mailbox

Eyewitness Account Offered

Editor:

The Daily Tar Heel's conception of what constitutes good journalism has always been (let's face it!) a sorry one. Last Saturday in Scism's column you hit the absolute rock-bottom. I've seen better stuff in Hearst papers and Klan sheets.

I've followed the Martinsville 7 case with concern and interest for two years. I've read most of the papers that carried any kind of a story on it, including the Richmond Times-Dispatch, etc., and others. I saw nothing at all that even hint the things that Scism presents as "facts." I conclude that they are fabrications made from whole cloth. (This is a nice way of calling a lie—a lie.)

Letters to the editor should be brief. If the Tar Heel is interested in some clean journalism, I would be glad to write up a truthful, documented account of the wholesale execution of seven Negro men that aroused vigorous world-wide protest. In addition to a good file I have kept on the case, I was in Richmond the Tuesday of the execution week, so I could give something of an eyewitness account. I can also give about a hundred thousand instances to exemplify the kind of justice Negroes habitually experience in the hands of southern courts.

Who is it, knowing the first thing about the Negro people, can concoct the story of a Negro mother shoving to her husband and six other men a white woman for rape? And with a "snarl," no less. What cesspool to compare with the mind that could make up such a lie!

Jack Scism, you a journalist? Go read the life of Lincoln Stephens and see how far you've missed the boat on your chosen profession!

Emanuel Coutlakis

(Obviously, the newspapers could not carry the sordid details of the assault and rape. Columnist Scism got his facts from the attacked woman, who told him of abuses to her husband and actions of the Negro wife which are unprintable. She is now, and has been for two years, in Duke Hospital receiving treatment for her injuries, some of which will injure her for life. We invite Mr. Coutlakis to join the undermanned staff of The Daily Tar Heel and help us judge what is and what is not "good journalism." However, we agree letters to the editor must be limited to 300 words.—Ed.)

'Think On These Things'

Editor:

My opinion (note that word) of Bob Selig as an editorialist hit the ocean bottom when I discovered that he and another writer friend reverted to the pitiful plea of freedom of speech for support of the cynicism he expressed of the ROTC. I lament with you, I do.

But before you touch the inner emotions of your readers, "think on these things:"

1. He who defies God, who has no moral code by which to live, who verbally persecutes the very religion Christ here instituted, is not an expresser of opinion—he is a fool. Take that as a personal statement or as a biblical quote.

2. He who insults a friendly neighbor is like a weed 'midst a garden of flowers whose only recourse for recognition is in projecting the ugliness he has, thereby destroying the friendship that once existed.

3. The American who complains of the raising of the Stars and Stripes under any circumstances is not an expresser of opinion. He is alien to the American traditions so dearly paid for and so long established.

When you refer to the ROTC unit, you refer (1) to a unit trained for the defense effort; (2) to a group of men, if you please, who are just as eager for peace as you; who are perhaps more eager to do their part in maintaining that peace than you; who have emotions and resentments along with their human selves; who want to speak freely and at the same time within the realm of justice; who believe that careless names spoken by careless tongues are not tools of public opinion, but are the weapons of noisy little "chatterboxes" out of which comes only noise.

Say what you will, write what you will, and throw dirt where you will—but don't plead "freedom of speech" when you attempt to tear down the character of a man, of an organization, of a friend, or of a GOD without justic or regard.

So, "think on these things," lest your reputation be injured further.

William A Cheyne

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Small draft of liquor.
2. Parts of a day.
3. Liquor.
4. Medial plant.
5. Pear-shaped fruit.
6. Ibsen character.
7. Publishing without authority.
8. Sign.
9. Devoured.
10. Exist.
11. Bound with narrow fabric.
12. Hygienic activity.
13. Kind of cockatoo.
14. Tope.
15. Pedal digit.
16. Revolve.
17. Balled leaves of young plants.
18. Came face to face with.
19. South American mountain.
20. Erosive agents.
21. Devil.
22. Turn to the right.
23. Frequently.
24. Swiss mountains.
25. Ways of access or transit.
26. Particle.
27. Slime coin.
28. Bristle.
29. Sassy colloq.
30. Affirmative.
31. Equal.

DOWN
1. Polynesian paper.
2. Alighted.
3. Angry slang.
4. Ocean.
5. Burning.
6. Ocean-going passenger steamer.
7. Urge on.
8. Small wild oxen.
9. Took part in a contest.
10. Large vegetable organism.
11. Girl.
12. System of raising money for charity.
13. Perform a certain chemical analysis.
14. Age.
15. Tooth or a part of a wheel.
16. Take up.
17. Fish eggs.
18. Trills.
19. Cakes.
20. Feminine adjective.
21. Quietest part.
22. FIVE resources.
23. Ambassador.
24. Coward.
25. River barriers.
26. Latin word name.
27. S-shaped molding.
28. Festival.
29. Former ruler.
30. Remunerate.
31. Serpent.

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
1. Polynesian paper.
2. Alighted.
3. Angry slang.
4. Ocean.
5. Burning.
6. Ocean-going passenger steamer.
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