

The Daily Tar Heel

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Solution To All

by Bill Cheyne

You know, ever since I can remember the world's been in a pretty big mess. Even back in cave men times, untamed savage-like fellows used to fight over all sorts of things. Tracing the history of Europe, all you find is a series of scourging wars, and as each century passed, the world got into bigger and more complex situations. Needless to even mention the complicated state of affairs today.

And you know, after thinking about it, you suddenly come to realize that the whole trouble stems from persons' attitude towards things, like attitude towards other folks' races and religions and living accommodations and even places where folks live. It was purely a matter of attitude which prompted Ken Wright to write that rather disgusting letter. It was just attitude that prompted that warped minded foursome to set Americans on a pedestal and let the rest of the world go to the dogs. It's just attitude towards life and towards personal desire that creates the two great dividing philosophies of life today which if they clash threaten our existence.

And after grasping this realization of attitude as the determining factor in life's problems, we can look deeper, and if we do, we will see that one of the great effectors of persons' attitude towards most everything is a little, soft-spoken, understanding person we call Mother.

The trouble is that we usually only follow her advice when we're small, ignorant, carefree children—and when we grow up, enter the University, set out on our life's career, we set her way back in the background so she can be seen, but not heard. And that's just about where the world's great complex problems have their beginning.

It's when we rely on our own intellect, derived from all sorts of books on history and science, on psychology and politics, on boundary lines and distinct racial differences—it's then that our attitudes towards things become tangled up in materialistic jig-jags, and it's then that we lose the simple insights of sincere guidance that this little soft-spoken and usually understanding lady tried to teach us.

When we do wrong as children, she shows us the right way. When we become frustrated, she assures us that things aren't so bad. When we become embarrassed, she smooths the situation down and makes us feel better.

But when these stuffed-up minds grow in our imagination, when we're sure we can solve the intricacies that we're faced with, when we fail to hear that soft voice which has stood the test for being qualified to guide us, it's then that the names are called, the bombs are dropped, the guns sound their alarm, and our attitudes turn into white crosses on sandy shores, line in line.

If we might realize that perhaps the same little old lady that told us "no" when we were young is still able and qualified to say "No Ken, that's not right" or "I'm sorry Joseph, but you just can't go without God very far."

Perhaps then, if we as a people would listen, if we would hear that still, small voice in the wilderness tell us that essentially folks are all the same, that they all have mothers and dads who want them to be decent sons and daughters... perhaps this race of men, this group of two billions of people on this down-trodden earth might know the way, might see the light of the world reflected in the golden heart of a golden person. Mother.

Let's not forget her, 'cause I don't think she ever forgets us.

On Campus

A false alarm turned in for Spencer Dormitory last night cost the town of Chapel Hill close to \$50. Would the joker who turned in the alarm care to make a donation?

Aside from wear and tear on the fire department, worry to the residents and housemother, it caused considerable havoc.

Cosmopolitan Open House by Jim Wilson

"This is not just interesting. It is important." This was President Gray's comment on the Open House held by the Cosmopolitan Club for members of the administration and faculty in the Rendezvous Room on Sunday afternoon.

The affair was attended by over 200 people, including President Gray, Chancellor House, Dean Carmichael and Dean Weaver.

Members of the Club wore their national dresses, which added color and gaiety to the scene. Displays of arts, crafts and products of various countries were a source of interest and admiration to the visitors. The countries represented were France, Germany, Luxembourg, Japan, the Philippines, India, Iran, Chile and Peru. The fabrics and silverwork from India and Peru, and the bamboo and lacquerwork from Japan won admiring comments.

The Japanese students amazed the crowd by their lightning calculations on their calculating machines. These are little frames called soroban, which are rather like the abacuses of beads on which American children learn to count in the nursery.

There was nothing childish about the performance of Sigeiti Moriguti as he did multiple

figure computations with quick movements of the fingers, accompanied by a few muttered words in Japanese. It sounded a little like high magic, and the results left visitors mystified and impressed. Mr. Moriguti, who is a professor of statistics in Japan, said that these machines originated in China and are very old. It is said that in certain cases they can produce results faster than electronic calculators, and Moriguti's handling of his toy-like frame of beads made this seem very probable.

President Gray was noncommittal at the suggestion that a battery of these simple frames might economically be installed in South Building. Possibly he was thinking about the headaches they might create among the staff in the early stages.

The room almost overflowed when a show was later presented by members of the Club. This consisted of songs by Josefina Barrios-Balea of the Philippines, Olga Malina of Chile and Bill Huntley of USA; Indian dances by Sipra and Purabi, talented daughters of Dr. Raj Chandra Bose of the Department of Mathematical Statistics; and accordion numbers by Shahen (Don't pronounce it!) Haroutunian of Iran.

Reaction-Sensitivity

by Fred Thompson

Definitions:

Mouse... one studying to be a rat.
Man... one studying to be either a mouse or a rat.
Psychology... science of pulling habits out of a rat.

"What do you know about running mazes?" a rat (imaginary or otherwise) asked me Tuesday as I was strolling by New West.

Not being one who must know one's station and genealogy before conversing, I responded with a question, "Why do you ask, my good friend?" (As those of us who know little know: A counterattack is an excellent defense. Against what? Your boner-of-contention proves the point.)

"Oh, I ran through your maze this morning." "So what?" I answered.

"It was entitled Psychology and it didn't make sense. Brother-rat, we have enough charlatans in our camp already without your adding to the confusion. Psychology is a science."

"You are right. The article of which you speak left me labeled Reaction-Sensitivity."

"I see," he said as he twirled his whiskers, "then some Hardtots are responsible for the misnomer. But what sort of cheese is this reaction-sensitivity?"

"In answer to your question, may I ask one?" "Yep—I've had my fill of Greek sage, also."

"When you are at a choice-point in a maze, how do you make up your mind which way to go?"

"My mind—what's that? My experimenter has tampered with my sense organs, brain and what not; but he never laid a hand on my mind. I'll ask him about it and let you know."

"Never mind! Let's not quibble over trivialities."

"But an understanding of each other's terminology is essential. Recently, I'd been hearing my E speak so much of the birds and bees that I thought something was up. Therefore, I put a bee in a birdcage and waited. Hours on end. Nothing happened."

"O. K., you win. To restate my question: how do you decide—period?"

"I don't," he said with a switch of his tail, "and neither would you under the same circumstances."

"But I'm not a rat," I protested.

"Nor am I a man," he countered sharply and then he went on to say, "But we both are animals. And as such we are subject to the same set of natural laws."

Before I could interrupt, he continued, "I think a certain Cere's poem is appropos: 'From out the mesh of fate Our heads we thrust, We can't do what we would

But what we must.'"

"You're a smart rodent. Now answer this one—what things combine to form the mesh of fate as related to choice-point decisions?"

"Even a properly-conditioned mouse could answer that one. My choice or reaction comes as a result of the interaction of the following factors: how 'hungry' I am, the aroma of the cheese, the direction of the wind, the type of maze and my past history—that is, the sum total of all my previous experiences and especially those related to maze-running."

"As you were talking, one question popped into—or that is arose—in my personality: How do you like your work?"

"I hate it," he said with a sigh.

"Why don't you quit; or at least express your dissatisfaction?"

"One doesn't bite the hand that feeds him. And besides, I get my kicks from making contributions to universal knowledge. You've heard about rabbits? Well, we rats outthrust them."

He paused and then said, "You know, I've great sympathy for you humans—being tied down by so many mores, inhibitions, and the like. They are a retardation to the..."

"Just a minute..."

"I'm sorry," he said as his ears perked up, "but I do not have time for a lengthy discussion. I must go."

"What's your hurry?"

"E has just blown his whistle. And he will blow his top if I don't show pronto."

"What reward will you get for not lingering when duty calls?"

"The gratification of my sadistic predispositions," he answered with a gleam in his eye. "E has a caged feline, and he lets me tease it from time to time as I'm not catty. But before I scratch-off, what's this reaction-sensitivity?"

"Oh yes; well to Thompsonize Cameron, it's a selective readiness-to-react to certain factors in an exciting situation and not to others."

"Can I pick it up at the Book-Ex?"

"I should say not. You already have it. It results from your having acquired a system of related attitudes and reactions since your first squeak."

"I see. The conversation has been stimulating. And don't let anyone pass any Limburger off on you."

To Eve: "Woman, without her, man is a beast."

To Adam: "Woman, without her man, is a beast."

To you both: Raise your cane; and also, appreciate the simple details which add so much to life.

Editor's Mailbox

Tradition

Editor: I would like to comment on John Sanders' Walter Gropius inspired article in Thursday's Daily Tar Heel.

I am glad to know that some of the students here are not as Victorian in their thinking as the "certain University authorities" referred to by Sanders. May this letter remind them that the student body does not wholly sanction this warped form of ancestor worship that is exemplified in the obsolete policies concerning campus architecture.

I, for one, would like to see some really up-to-date buildings go up on campus. But the traditionalist protests that a contemporary building would be incongruous with the pattern of our campus; it would stick out like a sore thumb. I should hope it would. Then visitors to our campus would see it and know that we had one building that is expressive of our time.

And speaking of tradition, we have none. Gropius says, "True tradition is the result of constant growth." Our architectural tradition here at Carolina became extinct in 1920 when the decision was made to retrogress 200 years and start erecting pseudo-Georgian buildings.

I am sure the pioneering souls

who laid the cornerstone for Old East and started our tradition intended for it to progress. They did not expect it to boomarang in the erection of buildings in 1951 that are dated before the first state university was conceived. I regret to have to say it, but Carolina does not deserve to be called a leader among southern universities if we continue to build such "modern" buildings as the... Planetarium. I shudder every time I pass by what used to be the parking lot behind Memorial Hall. Not one, not two, but three, three monstrosities going up at once.

The graceful architecture of the 18th century is one of our priceless heritages, and I am not degrading it. But there is something almost sacrilegious in the copying of Georgian architecture in buildings of the 20th century. It is an insult to our originality and creativeness and to the charm and dignity of the style that we try to imitate.

Architecture should be an expression of its time. I move that we revive our tradition, bring it up to date. And he who revels in the "quaintness" of Colonial architecture, let him buckle on his shoes, get into his buggy, and ride off to Williamsburg.

Ernest Paschal

Lighting

Dear Sirs; I studied in the main library lower reading room last night and was impressed by the poor lighting there. It is amazing that the University's main reading room still has the old type globe light which throws double shadows and is too dim for continuous study.

I ask anyone who feels the

Library's lighting adequate to visit the Law Library and compare the fluorescent lighting system there with that of the reading rooms in the main library.

If other students have noticed this inadequacy I suggest they write the Tar Heel and possibly something can be done about it.

Sincerely,

Jack Lasley

Thanks

Editor: I would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank all those who so wonderfully aided me in conducting campus elections during the past year—Erline Griffin, Wiley Howard, Jim Haney, Leitch Patterson, Betty Cameron, Beverly Serr, Davis Byrd, Chuck Haywood, Bill Rhodes, Sandy Riach, Bill Garabrant, Tom Costelloe, Al Donald, Peggy Warren, Jerry Cook, Buddy Herman, and John Stancliff (all who worked with the Elections Board); Mary Godbee of the "Y"; Ray Jeffries and the Dean of Students Office; Jim Gwynn; The Daily Tar Heel; the Elections Committee of the

Legislature; Graham Memorial; the University Buildings Department; Colonial Press; and all those who tended polls and counted ballots, etc.

I hope that I have not left out anyone. If I have, it is probably because you did your part of the job so well and with so little fuss (as did all the rest) that I just overlooked it in the mad rush of elections. I hope that all of you will give the new Chairman, Erline Griffin, the willing aid that you gave me. Once more, THANKS!!!, for a job well done.

Julian Mason,
Chairman Elections
Board, 1950-51

Orchids!!!

To the Staff of The DTH; We'd like to extend a warm hand of congratulations to the new Staff of The Daily Tar Heel. Your work may at times seem to go unnoticed, but believe us, there are few forces on the Carolina Campus that have as much of a unifying effect, that have as much discussion value, and that stimulate as much expression of opinion as our student staffed Daily Tar Heel.

We doubt if those of us outside the staff can fully realize the sweat that puts that familiar layout outside our door, but we can gladly offer a hearty handshake of appreciation to every

last one of the crew.

Yours sincerely,

Henry Bowers
Bob Thomason
Allan Milledge
William Prince
Becky Neer
Jerry Chandler
Carrol R. Taylor
Robert Seybolt
Leta Muller
Duncan Brackin
D. M. Kerley
Jim Mac Hollowell
Ruth S. Green
Lewis A. Phillips
Charlie Browning
Bill Cash
Dick Murphy

-Chubb-

(Continued from Page 1)
Philips Gage Discharge." Chubb has formulated a tentative theory concerning the Philips gage discharge and it will be further investigated at Chapel Hill. Chubb, who did all of his graduate work at the University of North Carolina and his undergraduate work at Princeton, will receive a check for \$50 and an embazoned certificate at the May meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society. He will be on the program of that meeting.

idents of the town or students, are eligible if they are unmarried and at least high school seniors.

All proceeds from the contest will go toward building a community youth center for the town.

-Council-

(Continued from Page 1)
cil on May 3 are Allan Milledge, rising senior from Miami, Fla., chairman, and George Freeman, Raleigh, clerk. The new judges are Joe Privott, Al House, Dan Perry, Joe Allan, Hobbie Chinis, Sam Price, and John Hazelhurst. Also on the Council are Bill Walker and Bob Strickland who were elected last fall.

-Gibson-

(Continued from Page 1)
Doctrate from Clark University. A record 380 voters turned out in Carrboro yesterday. Four commissioners were also elected.

Gibson's new post will not affect his work with University, however. He will continue teaching aside from his duties as mayor.

On Campus

There must be a new brand of political pollen in the air this spring. They're doing it everywhere.

At State College, which boasts a coed population of some 40 to 50 out of a student body of well over 4000, they have elected a woman editor of Agroneck, the yearbook.

Last Friday's paper carried an editorial beginning "Editorial orchids this week go to Larry Botto..." A careful perusal of that by several ATO's netted

the idea, carried out at dinner that night, of presenting Botto with a bouquet of live orchids.

Professor Armogida, of the School of Education has come up with another suggestion for improvement of The Daily Tar Heel. He has told his classes that grades in this University would rise two points per student if The Daily Tar Heel were circulated at one o'clock in the afternoon.

The seven Spencer girls who

went fishing last Thursday had quite a bad day of it. After being caught in a rainstorm deep in the woods near the Haw River, being scratched by briars and tripped by roots, falling in a creek, being startled by snakes, accosted separately by one highway patrolman and three (no less) game wardens, having their car stuck in the mud taken to a Pittsboro court, and fined \$20, they got back to Chapel Hill with three little perch and two catfish.

Carolina contest, which will be held this year in Burlington, July 18-20.

William M. Alexander, president of the local Jay Cees, indicated that he expected twice the number of aspirants by the time the entries close on May 14.

Girls between the ages of 18 and 27, whether permanent res-

has won two varsity soccer letters and has been tapped by Scabbard and Blade, honorary military organization. He is a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

-Beauty-

(Continued from page 1)
The winner will represent Chapel Hill in the Miss North

-Navy-

(Continued from page 1)
have scholarships and only take one summer training cruise.

Midshipman Stephens, son of George M. Stephens, Sr., University Class of 1926, and a nephew of Captain Benjamin Moore, U. S. Navy, is a graduate of the George School, Bucks County, Pa. While attending Carolina he

Today's Elections

The town of Chapel Hill is holding elections today. Incumbent Edwin Lanier is seeking the Mayoralty unopposed. Lanier has served for the last two years in two jobs, holding up the Central Records office for the University while serving as Mayor.

Six men, some of them professors in the University, are seeking three seats on the Board of Aldermen. In addition, Paul Robertson and William Stewart are seeking the judgeship of the local Recorder's Court, where students are tried each week for traffic violations.

The University and the town are inextricably bound up together in today's elections. Many of those in town government also hold posts with the University. But the government of the town effects students in more direct ways than that.

Right now, the only direct voice students may exercise in town government is through petition. Students petitioned the Board of Aldermen to allow the Curve Inn to continue in business, without success. Last year, they successfully petitioned for unrestricted parking on South Columbia street.

When students park illegally on or off campus, they are given tickets by town authorities. Students pay many hundreds of dollars annually into the town coffers through indirect taxes. They help pave Chapel Hill streets through the gasoline tax. A part of what they pay in sales taxes comes back to the town. Those who own dogs pay the town for the privilege of keeping them.

Students have a stake in the town where they are in residence for nine months of the year. And the town has a stake in the students which in large measure support it, for without the University, the town would yet be a small village, or perhaps non-existent.

Chapel Hill presents an unusual situation in college-municipal relations. There is no chicken-or-egg question here. The University was established first, and the town grew around it.

Most students cannot vote. Only those who are over 21, and in residence in town may exercise the ballot today. We urge every student who is registered to go to the polls today.

Rackets

Governor Scott reminded the people of this state that "gambling, whiskey and racket interests are getting a hold on the political life of North Carolina," in an address to the Men's Faculty Club here.

Governor Scott's reminder was intended to offset any undue feeling of security stemming from the fact that North Carolina was not among the areas singled out for investigation by the renowned Kefauver committee.

But he was also referring to the apparent inability or unwillingness of the recent legislature to pass laws affecting the dog tracks, affecting stream pollution, affecting organized gambling, narcotics, and illegal whiskey control.

Along this line of thought, we direct the attention of the local citizenry to the thriving Butter and Eggs racket in Chapel Hill and Carrboro.

SENIORS

Get Your Tickets To Senior Class Picnic
—TODAY!—
LENOIR HALL & "Y" COURT

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
1. Wash
5. Part of the mouth
9. Antiquity
12. Chief Norse god
14. Chinese pagoda
15. Lumber
16. Figurative narrative
18. Go away
20. Countries
21. Heavy hammer
23. Entirely
24. Kitchen utensil
26. African fly
- DOWN
1. Or little
2. Fuss
3. Curved structural member
32. Kind of cloth
33. Quantities of wool
35. Comparative ending
36. New Testament book
37. Part of Noah's ark
39. Brazilian capital
40. Elevated road
42. Fiddle wave
43. Thoughtless
45. Too
51. Uncluttered poet
52. Solitary
53. Laceration
54. Seed container
55. Units
56. Border

HEW SWAMP SEE
OAR TAPER PAR
PRESENT ORATE
SERE EVER
SATAN SNEAKED
OF MERIT PLEA
BIT RIDER ERR
ERIE PERIL IN
RETAMED VOTES
USER HALE
PALER MALLETS
ERA GAUZE MAT
PER ENDED SPY

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22
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