

The Daily Tar Heel

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Coed Senate

Coed Senate is dying and its decease should be viewed with respect but with no remorse.

Let the Senate die—die the death of an organization which has served its purpose in the past but which has long outlived its time. Let the Women's IDC be free to make and administer those rules belonging peculiarly to coeds as the Men's IDC deals with those problems belonging particularly to the men students. Most important—let us have one efficient, progressive, representative student government.

In 1948 the dollar per term coed fee was legally abolished, and, though the Senate continued to illegally collect that tax until last spring, it exists no longer. Thus the Senate no longer has funds to administer. Its function as benefactor for a sheaf of non-self-supporting women's organizations is ended.

Since the passage of the revised Student Constitution the membership of the Senate is ten at large members plus the presidents of each women's dormitory and sorority house. The present Coed Senate is a glorified IDC, nothing more.

Coed Senate has no reason for existence. More important, it has become a dead weight, an organization without real function, funds or support. It is in the province of the Senate to make those laws which relate to coeds alone. With the exception of social rules, no such all-coed laws exists. Those social rules are the province of the Women's IDC. Thus Coed Senate exists as a formality, a rather worn satin cushion for the IDC—the IDC which constitutes a majority of the Senate. The IDC is an active, effectively workable group yet its technical status is established as that of a committee of Senate, it is tied to Senate, the funds allocated to it by Student Legislature must be doled out through Senate channels.

The time has come for this symbol of a day when coeds were a new quantity at the University to disappear. The governmental system at Carolina is one of student government—one government for and of all students. This is the medium through which effective action may be taken. Surely, there is great need for effective coed work and action in Student Government. Shall the efforts of coed leaders continue to be diverted into the ineffectual eddies of a dying Senate?

Coeds have equal representation in the Student Legislature where campus laws are made. Women students have taken leading campus roles in all branches of Student Government. To deny the duties and opportunities of one government, to cling to a dead tradition is not only foolish but a denial of the responsibilities of campus citizenship.

by David Alexander

Reviews And Previews

Ever since Dore Schary resigned as production head at R.K.O. to become a rather big wheel at Metro, Howard Hughes has tried to put his studio back into shape. The first attempts proved to be failures, but with names like Jerry Wald, Norman Krasna, Edmond Grainger, and John Farrow, and stars like Mitchum, Donergue, Russell, and Wayne, R.K.O. seems to be going great guns.

One of their biggest drawing cards right now is a good film called "His Kind of Woman", which will play the late show tonight at the Varsity Theater and also starts a run at that theater on Sunday.

If someone offered you \$50,000 just to vacation in a remote Mexican resort, would you take it? Probably so, but you would have to know about the strings attached first. Robert Mitchum accepts and finds things somewhat hot south of the border. It seems an exiled American wants to re-enter the country, and Mitchum would like to forget all about the whole affair, especially since federal agent Tim Holt has been murdered.

Even though I am personally prejudiced against Mr. Mitchum, and haven't wasted any time seeing Jane Russell on the screen, this film does interest me, as I know it will the average movie-

goer. Miss Russell, who pressed several platters with Kay Kyser on Columbia Records, manages to deliver several catchy tunes, and looks good in general.

Acting laurels however, must certainly go to Vincent Price, who is Mark Cardigan, ham Hollywood actor, who likes to hit the bottle and play with guns. Mr. Price emerges from this film, a fair comedian. Marjorie Reynolds, again in blonde tresse, is on hand to add glamour, and Carleton Young, currently in "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful", is along for the ride.

The film originally ran two hours, but has, been, and quite wisely too, cut down to run an even ninety minutes of well blended comedy and rather serious drama.

Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

Time to go to Washington again. How many of you remember the last Tar Heel trek to the nation's capital back in '48?

It was a sunny autumn afternoon when twenty-eight thousand Carolina fans waving the Stars and Bars stormed across the Potomac and proceeded to dance in the streets, turn over taxis, "redecorate" three hotels, and shoot roman candles at the Russian Embassy. The South never showed so much moxie since Fort Sumter was fired upon. Maybe we were a little too rowdy, but we had more fun than a pigeon with a Norden bombsight.

The Tar Heel legends that were born that weekend would stretch from here to Valhalla, but my favorite concerns the Carolina Gentleman who went to meet his lady friend at four o'clock in the morning in the corner room on the second floor of the Ambassador Hotel. He knocked. No answer. He kicked. Again no answer. He shouted a galaxy of four letter words. Still the room remained black and silent.

But this worthy Tar Heel was not to be stood up so easily. With a single lunge he knocked the door clean off its hinges.

Now, it seems our friend had misunderstood a few minor details. In the first place his date was waiting, not in the corner room, but in the room next to the elevator. In the second place, it was on the eighth floor and not the second, and in the third place it was the Williard Hotel and not the Ambassador.

Furthermore, it so happens our Gentleman had disturbed the beauty sleep of a somewhat high strung Mexican woman, who, for some reason, got sore and called the manager. The manager dashed up the hall in a night shirt and started spitting out legal terms while our hero was placidly offering the snarling senorita a martini.

The manager finally simmered down and graciously offered to settle out of court for a flat sum of \$29 to pay for the door. Our cocktail Casanova swung around and, after showering the manager with a volley of lusty remarks pertaining to his ancestry and sex habits, he reached into his pocket, shelled out twenty-nine bucks, hoisted the door onto his shoulders, and very quietly disappeared into the night.

Before you go, please listen to an old timer with a little advice. Watch that Yankee traffic. It's treacherous. Be as careful as a nudist crossing a barbed wire fence. Better to step on brakes and be laughed at than to step on the gas and be cried over.

As you wander through the twisted alleys of the twilight world you're liable to be tempted by hard drink. Don't drink on an empty head! A little water, taken in moderation, will never hurt anybody.

Make love to every woman you meet. Even if you get a return of only five per cent on your outlay, it's a good investment. Enjoy yourself. Eat, drink, and be merry. Tomorrow we may all be radioactive.

Letters

Madam Editor:

I have always been very timid and diffident around people. They scare hell out of me. I'm not very large and I can slip around unnoticed most of the time.

Well, Saturday, I sneaked over to Kenan Stadium to see what all the noise was about and was about this fellow Green trying to get people to hold up cards for the Collier's man to take pictures of. His entreaty fazed me. I was sitting in the top of a pine, trying hard not to get in the way, but I came down to help him out. It took guts. It was the only decent thing I ever did for U.N.C. had to hold up cards for two people but, no kidding, I was glad to do it. I did something wrong, I guess. Everybody hates me, I know that. They threw these funny looking cards with sharp corners up in the air and they fell all over me, making painful and wavy bumps all over my face and pate. I ran all the way home and by the time I got there I was so mad, I pinched my grandmother. Twice.

You see why I hate people. You're a great bunch of profigate, depraved, vitiated, nondescript, derelicts, a species of atavistic degenerates. And what more you're just plain mean.

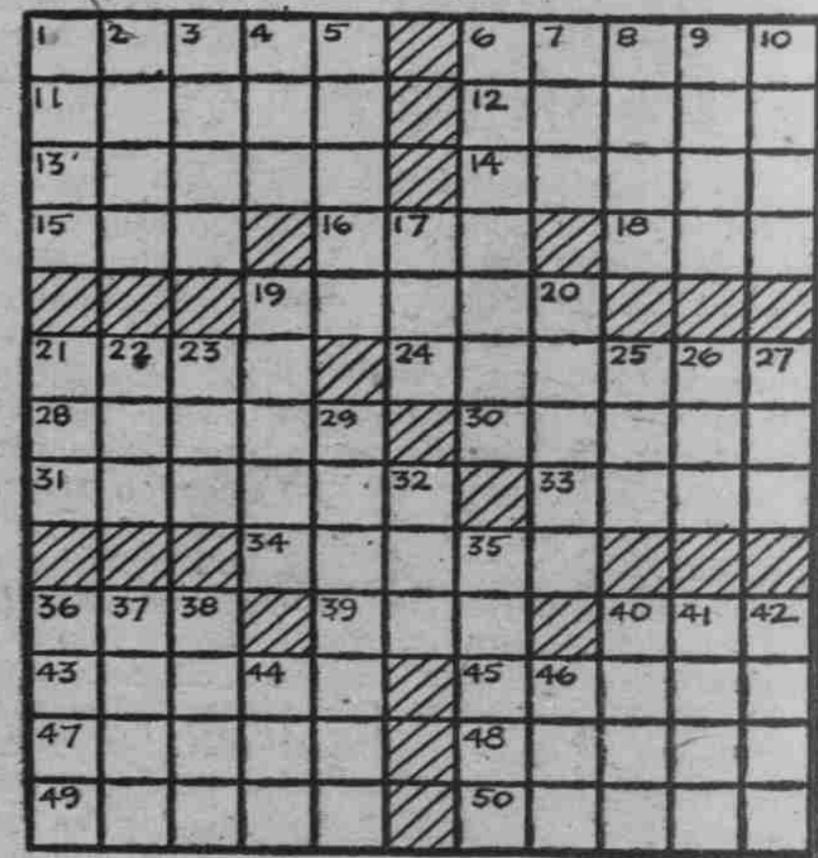
Eddie Styer

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- City (Mass.)
 - Entitled
 - Hardy (var.)
 - A daisy
 - Garret
 - Scorches
 - Sheltered side
 - Feline
 - East-Indian inland mail
 - Exhibitions
 - Corridor
 - Distractions state (colloq.)
 - Assumed name
 - Girl's name
 - Looked slyly
 - Quantity of paper
 - Live
 - Definite article
 - Letter T
 - Milkfish
 - Means of communication
 - Quick
 - Gaseous element of air
 - Musical instrument
 - Sharp ends of hammers
 - Senior
- DOWN**
- Valuable fur-bearing mammal
 - Poker stake
 - Musical instrument
 - Assam silkworm
 - Birthplace of Mohammed
 - One side of the nose
 - Hewing tool
 - Fermented drink
 - Wildcat (So. Am.)
 - Writing upon table
 - Help
 - Rack for drying fish
 - Begin
 - Befall
 - Malt beverage
 - Falsehood
 - Shade of a color
 - Epoch
 - Male sheep
 - Church bell-ringers
 - Perish
 - Wait upon
 - Snare
 - Long-eared rodent
 - Border



Yesterday's Answer
40. Footless
41. Trick
42. Jewish month
44. Electrified particle
46. Trouble



On Campus

The Graham Memorial Travel Agency will be closed Friday and Monday because Frank Allston, Director, has been called out of town unexpectedly.

The travel agency has been doing a heavy amount of business for the past week due to the large number of students making railway and airline reservations to Washington.

Canterbury Club

There will be a meeting of the Canterbury Club Sunday night at 6:00 for supper and a movie on the church.

