

Lazy Days

Some days, we feel sort of lazy. Particularly, these Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings, and the nights of both days, when we hear the guys and girls going about their weekend pleasures.

We listened yesterday to a group below our second floor Graham Memorial windows. The coeds in the party were debating happily about whether to wear heels to today's game. The men were flipping a coin to see who would stop for whiskey, on the way to Virginia. When the three couples parted, they called to one another, "See you at U. V. A.!"

We got a little envious. The guys from The Daily Tar Heel who will be in Virginia tomorrow to cover the game were probably thinking about what fun it would be to be in the student section, instead of hovering over a typewriter in the press box.

The people who will be in our offices this morning and this afternoon rounding up the campus news, and those who will be at the print shop until midnight of later this morning finishing the paper, may think of the dates they'd like to be having.

Of course, the ones who work here do it because they love it, because they want to be journalists, and because they can get the best collegiate training in the state right in these offices.

But sometimes, they wish there were a few more people who wanted to get some of that training, to help out in tight spots, and let some of the others off to go to Charlottesville. Well, excuse us for bragging.

Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

Wednesday night, Oct. 24, Enroute from the Yugoslav border to Zagreb—Our first stop in Yugoslavia was the small border town of Jesenice. The coaches were quickly filled by citizens and soldiers of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia on their way to Belgrade, the capital city.

I immediately won social acceptance with the local gentry by passing around a pack of Old Golds. When they discovered I was an American they surrounded me and peppered me with outlandish questions.

"How did I escape from America?" "Did Dean Acheson know I was in Yugoslavia?" "How many negroes have I lynched?" "How many workers have I exploited?" "Did I have any more American cigarettes?"

Finally the third degree hot-box simmered down and one of the comrades produced a spicy jug of Balkan wham-wine. We drank toasts to Truman, to Tito, to the Marshall Plan, to Tito, to the U.S. Army, to Tito, to the defense of western Europe, and to Tito.

Four hours after crossing the Austrian border our train pulled into Zagreb, the capital of the province of Croatia and site of the International Peace Conference. The exuberant Slavs carried my luggage into the station, shook my hand furiously, slapped me on the spine, and shoved Yugoslav cigarettes down my throat.

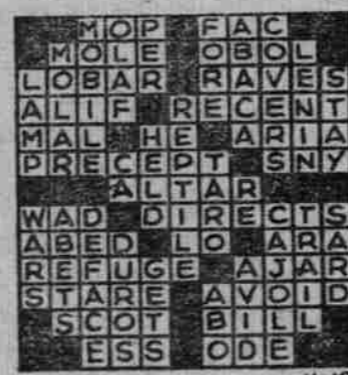
I'd been anxiously looking forward to my first glimpse of a communist city. I expected it'd be like walking into another world and as I made my way through the train station to the city square my little heart was all aflutter. I figured I'd see lusty, singing peasants happily reaping the harvest and throwing darts at a huge picture of Senator McCarthy. What a let down! Actually the hot town of Zagreb looked just like Newport News the morning after New Year's Eve. The same red-caps fought over my baggage, the same gray buildings stared at me from across the street, and the same taxicabs splashed the same mud on my same trousers.

Soon a gentleman from the welcoming committee piled me into his Oldsmobile and took me to the Hotel Palace where they had reserved a room for

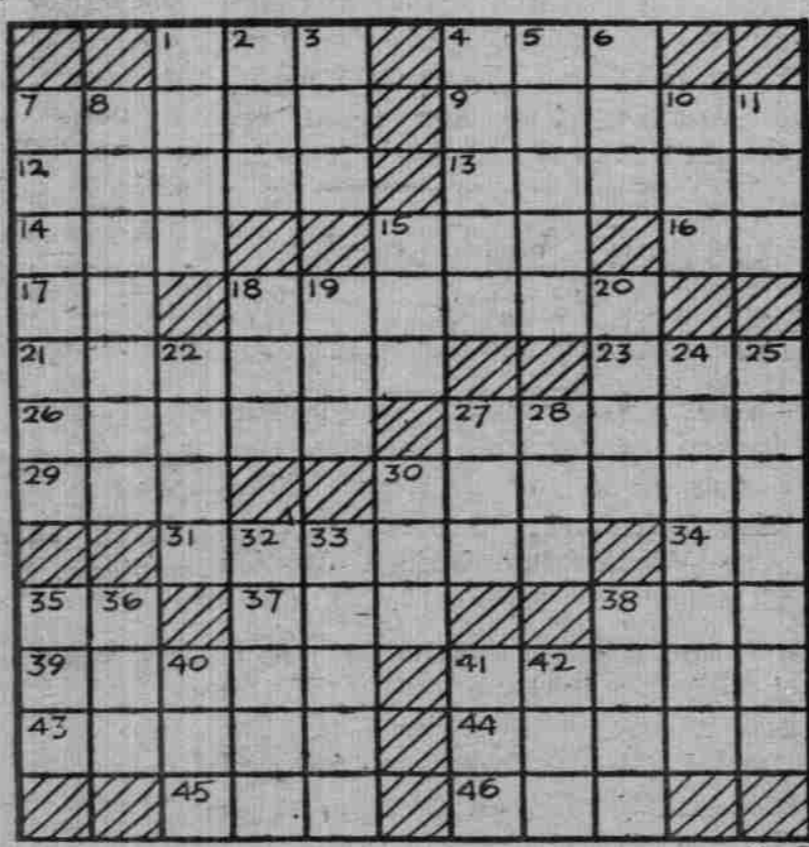
me. The innkeeper took me upstairs and set me up in a lavish layout that would make the Waldorf look tacky. Double bed, two easy chairs, a picture of Tito, a closet the size of a reception room, flaming oriental tapestries, and even a slot for dumping old razor blades. I relaxed in beautiful bourgeois bliss and enjoyed the quietest night ever spent in a Balkan state.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 19. Malt beverage |
| 1. Deep hole | 1. Chums | 20. Apportion, as cards |
| 4. Moving part (mech.) | 2. Frozen water | 22. Playthings |
| 7. Shore | 3. Old form of "Your" | 24. Small areas |
| 9. Not likely | 4. Healed | 25. Those who spread grass to dry |
| 12. Narrow roadway | 5. Old womanish | 27. Expression used to frighten |
| 13. More mature | 6. Chart | 28. Humble |
| 14. He is (contr.) | 7. Island group (Br. W. Indies) | 30. Travel back and forth |
| 15. Lamprey | 8. Component part | 32. Touches, end to end |
| 16. Affirmative vote (var.) | 10. A size of coal | 33. Fails to win |
| 17. Part of "to be" | 11. Attempt | 35. Shoshonean Indian |
| 18. Marked with a band | 15. Half ems | |
| 21. Good conductors of electricity | 18. Not good | |
| 23. Consume | | |
| 26. Positive pole | | |
| 27. Harsh noise | | |
| 29. Pig pen | | |
| 30. Contributed to a fund | | |
| 31. Yellowish | | |
| 34. Old Dutch (abbr.) | | |
| 35. Personal pronoun | | |
| 37. Youth | | |
| 38. Malt beverage | | |
| 39. The ankle (anat.) | | |
| 41. Oil of rose petals | | |
| 43. Choice group | | |
| 44. Ceremonies | | |
| 45. Large worm | | |
| 46. Body of water | | |



Yesterday's Answer



Letters

Madam Editor: We do not often have the privilege of hearing such a concert as Mr. Conley gave Thursday evening. The Student Entertainment Committee has brought great artists to the campus—Rise Stevens, Jan Peerce, the Robert Shaw Chorale—but in my opinion none of them have sung a more magnificent concert than Eugene Conley. It is a tribute to SEC that on a much more reduced budget they brought a man of such high caliber to Carolina. And I wish to pay tribute to Mr. Conley for giving us a memorable concert.

Bill Wolf

Madam Editor: The political hell-raising season has now formally opened. Once again the campus will echo the mating cries of the almost extinct politico-birds, which runs something like: "Tu wit, tu wit, tu wit, voteformycandidate butifyoudon'tpleasegoandvoteany how."

Naturally nobody at Carolina is safe from these predatory creatures with their petitions, ballot boxes, and glaring posters, but my roommate and I are giving ample warning to whom it may concern.

Last week one of the vote-getting semi-wheels jumped the gun a bit on us, and attacked early.

He poured kerosene under our

dormitory door and lit it when we wouldn't let him enter to expound his politics. Naturally it was all done in a spirit of Carolina fun, but it nevertheless burned a helluva hole in our rug and scorched the door.

Fair warning! The next time

Names Withheld By Request



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J. C. HERRIN
B.D., Student Chaplain

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Student Class taught by Dr. Preston Epps

11:00 a.m., Sermon Topic: "STAND UP AND BE COUNTED"

Anthem: O Save Your Precious Saviour
George Pirtle, Soloist

6:00 p.m.: BSU SUPPER FORUM: Graduate Student from India, Ram Singh: Student Contributions to World Peace

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