

### Keep Your Bonds Dry

A possible presidential veto that has not fazed the Republican Congress in the least is the bill making it legal for a veteran to cash in his terminal leave bond after September 1. The roll-call vote that summoned the full strength of the House down to the last man, will soon go before the Senate, and it is certain to pass.

But why shouldn't the bill pass? The only group that has had one word to say against it was the Treasury, and it has not worked against the issue. It simply stated that it will cause inflation.

There are many things in favor of the measure that would give the GI's an opportunity to convert their bonds into cash. The money is rightfully theirs and it should be available for their use when they need it. The Army Times Vet-Letter discloses the story of the "sharp operators" who are on the job to convert the veteran's bond into ready cash. The bond owner gets 50 per cent of the face value of the bond in cash now. When the bond owner signs the bond upon maturity, he receives an additional 25 per cent. Rackets like this will be smashed by the new bill—and veterans will be able to get ready cash in case of emergency for the paper that today is not worth a cent.

But bond owners should not liquidate their bonds just because they have the opportunity. The bonds should be kept until they mature, or until the owner is in dire need of additional funds. Remember, they are drawing two and one-half percent interest per annum, and are helping the owner as well as combating inflation.

### Destructive Pastime

Vandalism has again become a favorite pastime in Chapel Hill. Dr. Lawson, who mapped out the local golf course and has supervised its activities since its beginning, reports in a letter elsewhere on this page an account of property destruction at the privately-owned country club.

In willing the property to the club Dr. Coker made the request that no hunting, fishing or nature destruction be allowed on the property. The clause was also inserted in the deed.

Since the golf course was constructed around 18 years ago there has been continuous trespassing upon it. Students have persisted in holding parties, and the like, on the greens and on the porch of the clubhouse at night. During the past year it has grown to such a degree that wives of the club members have hesitated and even refused to play on the course because of the debris that is left on the greens, marking the spot of the activities of the night before.

But until the fourth of July there had been no vandalism. The club property will be strictly policed from now on to prevent such future displays of ungentlemanly conduct. Let us hope that patrolling of the property will not have to be a permanent feature of the club and that vandalism and deliberate trespassing and devastation of private property will cease.

## WRITE AWAY

### Vandalism

The country club and its golf course is owned and conducted by a distinct organization. Its entire property, club house and golf course, has clearly, visible, posted placards advising that trespassers, hunters, fishers etc. will be prosecuted. Students have been using the property as a rendezvous for petting and drinking parties—almost daily the caretaker must visit and clean waste matter from the "greens". It has become a disgusting nuisance, and recently vandalism occurred. The night of the 4th of July, a party parked around the little storage house at No. 1 tee—window panes were smashed, benches wrecked, a drink stand overturned, four crates of empty bottles were broken and thrown over the entire No. 1 fairway.

This is not the first time destruction of private property on private land has occurred. These occasions, and the evidence at hand, points clearly to some vicious, unscrupulous, student drinking party which may result in the club's elimination of student participation.

Plans are to have the property (entire acreage) patrolled nightly. The officer with full legal power may arrest any trespassers after 8 o'clock on the property and the officers of the club, with full agreement and promise of the Dean of Students, will prosecute any and all to the full extent of the law in the Chapel Hill court. "Remember the property is posted land."

The officers of the golf club have offered the students (those who play golf, not beginners) the privilege of playing the course. However, these are days when the course is crowded with members and students, consequently many are turned away and not permitted to play on such days. In the future, if the practice is continued of allowing students to play,

they MUST do as the members of the club and arrange themselves in foursomes (not including a beginner) before they appear at the course. They must respect the greens and fairways, and replace divots. Any violator will be excluded from the privilege of playing the country club course.

Dr. Robert B. Lawson  
Chairman Club Directors.

### Carried Away

Dear Sir:  
Could it not be possible that Harold Brock in discussing the connection between preparedness and wars was carried away by his thesis and erred in too freely applying generalizations to a specific case? This is a failing so common that one need not be ashamed too much if caught in it.

In order to try to bring order out of a riot of statistics gone wild, it may suffice to mention a few simple facts. In the first place, we are considering the question of preparedness of one nation only, the United States, which is no more to be grouped, either geographically or ideologically, with nations of the Eastern Hemisphere than is a policeman to be identified with a gang of quarreling boys. In the second place, one marvels at the facility with which the lack of preparedness of the United States prior to the two World Wars is passed over, this which may be the crux of the whole question. Finally, this is perhaps the first time that anyone suggested that isolationism on the part of the United States be committant with arming rather than disarming. Historical precedent seems again disregarded when convenient.

There is undoubtedly some truth in what Harold Brock says, but let's have it more calmly and coolly and less hysterically.

Your truly,  
FREDERICK MILLS

## Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS  
1—Oath  
6—Leaves of book  
11—Veer wildly  
12—Spanish farms  
14—Indefinite article  
15—Roman six  
16—Robin  
17—Exist  
18—Period of devotion  
21—Had been borne  
23—Closest  
25—Precious ones  
26—Mine entrance  
27—Four-base hit  
29—Compass point  
30—Cut  
32—Part of "to be"  
34—Velvetlike fabric  
35—Scrape with something sharp  
38—More rational  
40—Narrow waterways  
42—Musical signs  
44—Abrupt  
45—Dawn (comb. form)  
46—Suffix changing verbs into nouns  
47—Clergyman's degree  
48—Musical note  
49—Camp follower  
51—Digs  
53—Secret meeting  
54—Large plants

DOWN  
1—Puddled  
2—Biblical city  
3—Go back  
4—French river  
5—Printer's measure  
6—Team  
7—Pleased  
8—Idle wanderer  
9—Edward  
10—Curved swords  
11—Garden flower  
12—Realize  
13—Conceited  
14—Whirls  
15—Child's word for father  
16—Villages  
17—Come together  
18—Predatory woman  
19—Declared  
20—Beast of burden (pl.)  
21—Elephant driver  
22—Impudently  
23—Twist together  
24—Cubic meters  
25—Medieval sports  
26—Sodium (symb.)  
27—Less polished  
28—Kind  
29—President's initials  
30—Delirium tremens (abbr.)  
31—Vote eminence (abbr.)

Answer to today's puzzle may be found on Page 4.

### The Plebian Entry

## Worker's 'Birth of Thought' Credited to GOP Activities

By Earl Heffner

Whatever else the wild wanderings of the Republicans are creating, the activities of the paunch politicians at least are giving birth to thought—although sometimes by Caesarean section—to some of the nation's more plebian gentry. Several night ago, I was unfortunate enough to ride in one of the Rockefeller's Rolls (We roll your pocketbook), Riders, more commonly known as the careening cabs.

While I bounced along with the driver in his over-sized jeep, two night owls, back seat politicians, were discussing the Taft-Hartley labor miscarriage. Their conversation went something like this:

Mike: "You know, Jim, it's gettin' to whare a man's 'traid to quit his job without breaking one of those damn laws."

Jim: "Yea, I know. Those crooked devils we have in Congress want to turn this country over to the Russians."

Mike: "Maybe they aren't so bad at heart. It's just that they drink that damn vodka that Molotoff gives 'em so they won't know when he's pulling he wool over their eyes."

Jim: "Damned if 'in it doan look thata way. Why look't that bill that Taft got passed. Even Truman couldn't stop the — from making it a law."

Mike: "Yea, but you just wait. Our labor men in Washington ain't agonna stand for stuff like that. I was reading just the other day where Sidney Hillman of the A. F. of L. and Green of the C. I. O. doan like the bill. They'll tell Taft a thing or

two and then we workers will show Congress how America should be run."

At first glance, this appears to be a profane, shameful conversation. Profane it is. Shameful? Yes, to an extent.

Sure, the character didn't know that Hillman has been dead lo these many years. But he probably never thought much about anything until the present Congress began its Republican-sponsored program. History will record the worth of this program.

But the program itself marks a new trend, a trend of thinking by the working man. That in itself is a major accomplishment. For a thinking nation never yet has fallen to the wiles of subversive peoples whether these be Fascists or Communists.

Maybe their thinking wasn't straight. And maybe their facts were completely in error. But never was a baby born talking save Gargantua who left from his mother shouting, "Drink! Drink! Drink!" And maybe he heard of Jeff's.

### Cement-Mixer World

## Outside World Proves Hard As Poet Deserts Arboretum

By Bob Sain

"Athelstan," I asked, "where were you last week? We missed your goat-cry; the arboretum was empty without your satyr-sounds to startle young lovers on their grassy couches." My friend, the poet Athelstan Boniface, was democratically sipping coffee with me at the Y. He stroked his long chin, on which a goatée was a-grow-ing.

### Looks at World

"I looked at the world last week. I grew tired of the village and ventured into the cement-mixer fury of the industrial world."

"And you found . . ." I prompted.  
"I found many things. I found people with their forearms tooth-gnawed to the elbow—the result of fingernail-biting about the prospects of a war. I found one man certain that the flying discs were little reconnaissance planes with Russians in them. I found a housewife saying, 'I don't worry about food prices; I've got eating,' and I found one young woman who said, 'I like Chapel Hill even if it is a hot-bed of Communism.' Needless to say, I inquired as to how she had ever decided that the village was a pint-sized Moscow. 'Well, that's what the papers say,' she answered me, and I told her forthwith not ever to believe what the papers said."

### No Parlor Pinks

Athelstan shook his head doubtfully. "I have found many things in this sequestered hamlet. I have found reactionaries and Republicans; I have found Jew-baiters and Negro-

haters; I have found would-be liberals who regard Westbrook Pegler as a second Jehovah; I have found simple, happy souls content to gaze at the coeds without regard for their political leanings; but so help me Thomas Wolfe, I have never seen one single communist, nay, not even a parlor pink! If there is communism in Chapel Hill, it has already gone underground," he concluded.

### Foul Situation

Ath turned his cup up and drained the last of the muddy fluid. "It's a foul situation," he said, "and I am growing tired of it. I do not care whether a man is a Communist or a Jehovah Witness; I do not care whether he is a fundamentalist or an existentialist; I do not care what he is. It is none of my business."

I tactfully changed the subject. "Have you written any more poetry, Athelstan?"

"Yes," he said, "I have been watching the moon. Last night the moon was like a great glowing wound in the phosphorous body of night . . ."

And he continued in that vein until he saw a girl he know, whom he followed out.

## Carolina Spirit Becoming Ghost Due to Formality, Haste, Neglect

By Russell G. Baldwin

Greatness is a combination of simple things. The University of North Carolina is great because it contains enough of those simple things vital to greatness. I cower before the thought of naming the many things which contribute to Carolina's greatness. It is beyond the ability of any man to define greatness, and I am not one to attempt the impossible. One of the pillars of greatness of a university, and of any organization, is "esprit de corps"—the spirit of the group. Beyond that, I will make no dogmatic assertions.

### Dead Spirit

The famed Carolina spirit is becoming a ghost. It is dying because of smugness, formality and haste. It is dying because those who must foster it are overly concerned with more tangible things. Students who knew pre-war Carolina sigh wistfully and get that far-away look in their eyes; and, at times, a tear finds its way into the stream of saddened emotions. That magical air of friendliness that pervaded the pre-war Carolina campus is no more. It fell before the onslaught of war and there it lies today, trampled in the dust of apathy.

### Several Factors

School spirit is composed of several factors; but chief among them is the relationship which exists among its students. The traditional spirit at Carolina has been one of friendliness

and informality; a common pervading spirit of enthusiasm, devotion, and jealous regard for the honor of the group. That spirit, great and essential as it is, has been deserted and left to die.

When I was a member of the A.S.T.P. (Army Specialized Training Program), I had the good fortune of being assigned to Auburn, Ala. The campus with its stately buildings had a forbidding look and I quite naturally felt ill at ease. But not for long. Even before the college paper, The Plainsman, blared forth with, "Make those A.S.T.'s speak" and numerous other slogans, we were captured by the friendly atmosphere, the warmth of fellowship.

Rarely do two students on this campus speak unless they know each other. That is a mistake. The exchange of greetings is the recognition of a common bond of kinship, a vicarious sharing of the joys and sorrows of others, an expression of friendship. Sss CAROLINA SPIRIT Page 4

### Mudville Mutterings

## Victory Village Grows Up: Council Tackles Problems

By Dan Sapp

Victory Village has suddenly become an honest to gosh village and finds itself faced with honest to gosh problems. The village council wrestled with some of these problems in its regular meeting Monday night.

Dick Balance, who is chairman of the fire-fighting committee, reported that progress is being made, though slowly, toward getting a fire extinguisher for each apartment in the village. The present equipment is something less than adequate and the need is great.

Lamar Ager reporting for the safety committee brought word that the roads are actually going to be paved after all. Ager reported that top soil is being laid on the roads and that paving will begin the first of next week. The safety committee has also been at work on speeding. Ager told the council that road signs giving the speed limits had been ordered and are expected soon. He expressed the opinion that there is a real need for someone to enforce the 15 and 10 miles per hour speed limits which have been agreed upon for the village area. Bill Bragaw, chairman of the council, asked that all council members and everyone living in Victory Village observe these speed limits until they can be enforced by law. He said that only through cooperation of the entire population could these rules be enforced.

Aside from matters weighty and governments, there are problems in our village which cannot be legislated. There is a feeling in certain quarters that the children of the recently arrived Jackson Circle citizens cry louder and longer than do those of the "Old Guard." This may be partially due to the fact that the offending children have been suppressed for

so long by Chapel Hill landladies. Perhaps as soon as they realize that they may cry whenever they wish without fear of eviction they will lose interest, and peace will be restored.

From another quarter comes the story of an irate father who wishes to pass a law limiting the amount of noise and length of parties. It may be difficult to ascertain just how loud a loud party can be but maybe by means of a seismograph this can be done.

The creative urge is running rampant among the newly arrived. Anywhere you may see an astonished victorian sofa getting a coat of orange paint or having its legs removed.

One couple has gone to the bathroom for inspiration. What was once a very necessary article of bathroom furniture has been converted into a dressing table bench with hooks around the inside for shoes.

This column is dedicated to Carolina's forgotten women, the student wives. If you have anything of interest which you want published, scandalous or otherwise as long as it isn't libelous, come by apartment 196-A, Jackson Circle or the D.T.H. office.

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