

Here For The Taking

Carolina is a hot-bed of communistic propaganda. It's the biggest country club this side of the Mason-Dixon line. "I won't ever send my son to this school, it's dangerous to moral standards and the great American Democracy." So said one of the summer school visitors.

That's okay lady. We hope you're contented in your generalities and accusations. We feel only sympathy toward you for missing the basic fundamentals that are present here for your taking. These basic principles are for the plucking anytime you want to listen to the professors or lecturers. They are in the books you have been assigned and they are being "lived" every day under the name of the Carolina Code.

Some of us who have been here call the philosophy we have developed here the "long view" or the "lets-get-along" idea. We know we have a great University on the hill. Graduates for many years past have contributed their strength to the world and to their state. We have developed here understanding of people and their religions and creeds and their ways of life. We have learned how to get along by letting our previous prejudices be washed under by fresh ideas and thereby developing new outlooks upon the human race and its objectives. Some have not been so fortunate, because they have remained deaf, dumb and blind through their years at Carolina. Others like Herschel Johnson, and Dr. Frank have taken what the University has offered and now are contributing to a world in which all of us will live and work.

Here's luck to you visitors. Come back and stay with us during the regular sessions. The good of our state, our University and our world is in our thoughts and ideas. This is our chance to learn. It's here for the taking. Let's not miss it.—L.K.

Don't You Trust Them, Dean?

During the summer months many members of fraternities did not return to school, leaving vacant rooms in some fraternity houses. On the other hand many non-fraternity men were looking for rooms. In the face of this situation five fraternities admitted one to three non-fraternity men, personal friends of their members, to occupy space in their houses—and because they did so no member of these five fraternities may take a coed date into his house. These fraternities are excluded from the House Privileges Board visiting agreement which goes into effect this week.

It is evident that as long as both men and women students attend this University the two are going to get together for dates. The members of the five black-listed fraternities are going to continue to date coeds in spite of the fact that they can no longer take dates to their houses to dance or to converse with friends in a congenial atmosphere or to get a snack from the kitchen. They must take their dates elsewhere, but where? The Rendezvous Room of Graham Memorial and the Veterans Club are ideal places, but if fraternity men are forced to use them entirely, they will crowd out non-fraternity men who like to take their dates to these places. There are two movies, always crowded.

Where else? If you have a car you can drive your date out to a drive-in and drink beer. If not, you can get beer in town. If you have a car you can drive out and park and neck. If you don't have a car, the arboretum or the stadium will do. Can it be inferred that Dean Weaver and Dean of Women Carmichael consider this preferable to having a coed enter a fraternity house in which one or two "outsiders" are living?

On behalf of their members, the four excluded fraternities do not like this situation. If no provision is made for changing it, they will have to kick the visitors out of their houses. On behalf of the visitors they do not like this inhospitable solution either. A change can be made only after consideration by the faculty Advisory Board on fraternities—and Dean Weaver appears to be in no hurry to call a meeting of that body.

In explaining his stand on the visiting agreement to the Interfraternity Council, Dean Weaver said in effect:

"Because your fraternities are closely knit organizations and operate on a principle of brotherhood, we can trust you to abide by the visiting agreement. The outsiders in your houses are a different matter."

No provision was made for allowing the less-than-a-dozen resident "outsiders" to sign a pledge to uphold the visiting agreement.

What's the matter, Dean, don't you trust anybody but fraternity men?

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editor ED JOYNER, JR. Business Manager T. E. HOLDEN

Managing Editor Bill Buchan Sports Editor Billy Carmichael, III Assistant Business Manager Betty Ruston Advertising Manager Baxter Morris

For This Issue: News Staff: Lincoln Kan, Jim Dickinson, Sam McKeel, Emily Sewell, Carolyn Taylor, Clyde Osbourne, Sunny Rollband, Ann Humphrey, Charlie Gibson, Bill Kellum, Beatrice Metcalf, Betty Holbrook, Mildred Leonard. Sports Staff: Bill Gallagher, Bob Ousley. Circulation Mgr—Owen D. Lewis; Asst. Circulation Mgr—Don Snow.

Hodgepodge George Is A Character

By Ed Joyner

George is a Character. George is a Character with a capital C. George is a banjo player, too—one of the best. He is also a very fine person. But first, last and always George is a Character.

George's real name is George. He also has a last name—Pegram—but to the thousands of people in Kenan stadium who watched and listened as he played and sang the old ballads during the Carolina Folklore Festival Friday and Saturday George was just "George."

From the time he unwound his lanky six feet plus, topped by a ten-gallon Texas Stetson and garbed in a black cowboy shirt with white piping, from the time he lovingly clutched his five-stringed banjo and stepped up to the stage microphone, from the time he threw back his head and roared out "That Good Old Mountain Dew," with his right foot patting time for his music—from that time on George belonged to the crowd.

George was good. George knew George was good and the crowd knew George was good and each knew the other knew that George was good, so George and the crowd got together and had themselves a fine time.

George stole the show. Lamar Lunsford, who was directing the festival, got a little bit irked and the other people who were trying to perform didn't like it too well, but the crowd loved it. They wanted George—and George gave them George.

It didn't matter what group was dancing or what band was playing, George was right up there in front. He sat in with almost every band that played and in between times he soloed. The few times he was off stage the crowd roared to have him back—and George was just as anxious to get back on stage as the crowd was to have him there.

"I want to do a buck 'n wing for them," George said. "I can dance too."

Like Sports Editor Billy the Third said, George has color. Billy the Third is something of a character himself, and he hasn't any use for athletic teams or people who don't have "color."

By Saturday afternoon half the people on campus knew George. Everywhere he went they'd yell, "Hi George." And George would yell back and wave his big hat. And everywhere George went he took his banjo case with his precious five stringed banjo.

That five stringed banjo was George's pride and joy. "Paid \$380 for it in Greensboro," George said. "Yep, \$380. In Greensboro. Tell you what. I'll give anybody a hundred dollars if they can find another one like it anywhere in this part of the country. Yep, anybody. A hundred dollars."

Friday night a group of students kidnapped George and took him to the Buccaneer. Saturday he went to the ATO house for supper. After supper he sat on the front porch with his banjo and sang "Mountain Dew" and "Nobody's Business." He stopped talking. People came out of all the houses in earshot to see what was going on. People walking by stopped on the sidewalk. People in cars pulled over to the curb to listen. And winking at the people near him with his one good eye, George gave them their money's worth.

"I was good this afternoon, wasn't I," George said. "They liked me out there, didn't they. Did you hear me on the radio? I guess they heard me all over the country this afternoon, didn't they. I shore wish I could hear myself on the radio."

"You come up and hear me me at the Asheville festival in August," George kept telling everyone he talked to. "I'm really going to be good up there. They already told me I'm goin' ter be the star of the show."

He probably will be, too.

Is He the One?



Thomas E. Dewey

G.O.P. Convention

May Parallel 1920

By Pete Gerns

REPUBLICAN LEADERS WILL CHOOSE their presidential candidate this week at Philadelphia, at a convention which may run parallel to the party convention held in 1920. Then, as now, two major candidates were favored. Leonard Wood and Frank Parker stood perhaps more firmly entrenched with their respective following than Taft and Dewey. A deadlock was created after a close fight in which neither side would waver, and Harding, of Ohio, who had not even been conceded an outside chance, rode to victory on the 10th ballot. Perhaps someone will pull another Daugherty."

Numerous rumors regarding the selection have been circulated, largely for psychological reasons. Heading the list, and perhaps with an element of truth in it, is the assertion that Stassen will back Taft for Taft's support in the vice-presidential race. Dewey and Warren have been linked by the "guessing gang" for similar motives; in addition, New York's governor has been said to have certain obligations to Pennsylvania's Ed Martin. Regardless of who will win, however, the Republicans will not be likely to impose another darkhorse of Harding's caliber on the nation. Mouthings like: "Not nostrums, but normalcy, not revolution, but restoration, not surgery, but surrender, not heroics, but healing" do not appeal to the majority of voters of this day and age.

The Republicans are most likely to succeed in electing their candidates next November. The public wants a change as it did 28 years ago. This brings us to another consideration. The Democrats will hold their convention in Philadelphia in July. Truman should get the nod. Suppose, however, that Eisenhower should reconsider his stand on the issue of nomination for the presidency and should be nominated, could he be elected? We think not.

The people have just been given a Selective Service act which will be in full force ninety days after the affixture of the presidential signature. The advocates of this measure wanted it for reasons of safety, in this writer's opinion for passive rather than active security, however. The voter, therefore, will be likely to feel that election of a former general to the nation's highest office coupled with the re-activation of the draft would over-balance the trend in our country's government.

A VERY UNNECESSARY STEP was taken the other day by Sim DeLapp, state Republican party boss from Lexington. The issue: ratification of Judge Warlick's appointment to the Eastern Carolina district court. Boss DeLapp ran up to Washington to speak in favor of blocking the appointment. The reason: the judgeship is a life-time proposition and was to be held open until the Republicans took office.

This sort of horseplay is accepted as sound political principle (the reader may not believe that there are principles in politics) in an election year. It can perhaps be condoned for positions to be filled on the ICC, FTC, etc. It seems to us, however, that politics should be kept out of the judiciary. Judge Warlick has an excellent record. We need more of his kind in government.

ON THE LOCAL SCENE: It is regrettable that girls attending summer school have to put up with Aycock and Graham dorms. Girl students are kept on duty during certain hours of the day to help relay messages from callers due to the lack of an adequate buzzer system. Students who live on the Eastern half of the first floor have to pass the lounge en route to the washroom. It seems to us that this state of affairs could have been prevented. The new dormitories were ready for occupancy at the beginning of the term and it stands to reason that one of them could have been turned over to the girls. We recommend that one or more of the new dorms be used for this purpose next summer.

And as we are talking about summer school, we go on record of reprimanding the Coed senate for cutting week-end hours back to midnight. Surely, impairment of health cannot be claimed to be adequate reason for such action.

Canton, N. C. —(UP)— The settlers of this mountain community of 5,000 named their home in honor of the Ohio city which built their bridge.

Canton was incorporated in 1891 as Pigeon River, after the roaring highland stream which drove their power mill. Two years later, however, a citizen noticed the name of Canton, O., engraved on the bridge which spanned Pigeon River.

Canton sounded like a good name, and it stuck.

Jersey Joe For President

By Sergei Burgess and Charles Odell

Be sure to check your radios before you turn them on and try to tune in on either the Republican convention or the Louis-Walcott fight Wednesday night. Unless you're careful, you're liable to latch onto something like this:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Now we present the feature bout of the evening, the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world, between... Senator Vandenberg, and his notable opponent, Thomas E. Dewey. Walcott, the challenger. And in this corner is the world's heavyweight champion, weighing 204 pounds and wearing purple tights... Harold Stassen. Now coming up onto the speakers' rostrum is Senator Taft... in white tights and weighing 194 pounds. And now, here's the bell. Louis comes out, looking for Walcott. Walcott looks nervous, he's being stalked; Louis is looking for a quick knockout. The champ draws back his fist and lets go with a smashing right to... Stassen's final tabulation. Now we can see the delegates from Nova Scotia forming a ring... which a quick left jab by Walcott just knocked Louis out of. And there goes the bell, ending... Dewey's chances for the nomination.

The delegates are in an uproar; there'll be a second ballot to determine just who will... be the next heavyweight champ of the world. Now out of their corners come Taft and Vandenberg. They're in a crucial spot because it's their first chance to land a smash to Louis' jaw... Taft walks to the rostrum where... a left to the chin floors him! The ref is counting one, two, three, four, five, six, seven... hundred votes for Harold Ickes as a dark horse! This is startling. Nobody but... Gillette's Calvacade of Sports... would have polled such a surprising return from the New York delegates. There's a general uproar among the delegates from the Southern states—both of 'em—the delegates from North Carolina, a young woman, insists upon being allowed to sing "Love for Sale"... to Walcott, who is stepping back from a battering attack on... the final returns of the second ballot. The dark horse... Walcott reels as the bell ends round four.

"Now they're coming out of their corners, with... Stassen looking haggard, smoking nervously, and running his hands through his hair. Taft also looks nervous as he... looks for an opening. Now he finds one and lets go with a long right that catches... Dewey without a

single delegate. Some of the delegates—I think for Taft—are staging a rally now and are marching around the Hall... throwing punches at one another. It's a real slugfest. Louis steps back as Jersey Joe hooks a left to... Governor Warren's jaw, which is set sternly. Warren walks to the speakers' platform and is going to say something. Listen. During the past sixteen years the administration has given the country nothing but stumbling bureaucracy, radical policies, and... seventeen silver dollars to the lady in the balcony Dr. I. Q. is brought to you by the... judges who have just handed in their decisions. The referee, Mr. Goldstein, gives eight rounds to... Douglas MacArthur... in the stomach, which was the best blow of the fight!... Dewey is smiling happily as he considers the long fight which lasted only... eight rounds for Walcott... who will be the Republican Candidate for President. And the vice-presidential race... practically in the bag for... Arnold Wilson, manager of the Rendezvous Room, who says that... Convention Hall in Philadelphia... is the place to bring your dates for plenty of... the Sharpest Edges ever honed!"

There. You see.

We Love Southern Comfort

By Bill Buchan

Of all the various characters who eventually wind up on the Daily Tar Heel staff, one—perhaps the favorite—has never gotten any publicity, and she does as much, if not more, work towards the publication of the paper as any person on the staff.

This staff member is a broken-down, but good rumbling station wagon named "Southern Comfort". People on the campus who do not know her personally, are apt to ridicule her and make corky jokes because of her present condition, but you'll never find a DTH man or woman degrading her in any way.

If you haven't seen her, she is a Ford—model number unknown. Her grill is broken and the hood bends in the middle when you lift it up to take a gander at her insides. Right now the horn is sorta out of fix and blows every time anyone steps on the brakes. We contend, however, that that is merely Southern Comfort's way of making conversation. Some

of the wood around her rear end has rotted away and she has no right front door. The left front door won't open, either, and her roof leaks a little here and there. But aside from that, she's a pretty good looking vehicle.

At one time, not so long ago, she had no brakes, no North Carolina license plates and the accelerator had to be pushed by one man sitting on the floor and working with it. But just right last week, she sailed through the state inspection lane without hesitating. Some people were surprised, but Southern Comfort took the whole affair in her stride.

Her only fault is her temper. Thursday, for instance, she staged a fit beside Manly Dorm. Out of a clear blue sky, she popped her fan belt, got her horn stuck and began pouring smoke from under the hood. What she got mad about, we haven't figured out yet, but a quick trip to a local garage and she was in good shape for delivering copy to the print shop and for taking circulation manager Owen Lewis on his regular delivery route Friday morning.

We suspect that Southern Comfort is slightly inclined to be jealous of the newer model convertibles and Cadillacs running around campus. The other morning, while Lewis was delivering papers in Victory Village, Southern Comfort took advantage of him and when he was checking his route, she bumped whambang into a shiny car parked along the street. Southern Comfort, of course, was unharmed except for some added black paint. The other car, however, required \$50 worth of repair work.

The maddest she has ever been, though, was one day recently when some joker saw her parked on Franklin street and slipped a very sarcastic note under the steering wheel. The poor wagon was so angry and hurt that she absolutely refused to start for five minutes.

So when you see her parked, or when she passes you on the street, please speak to her in a cordial voice. If you don't, she might fling another fit and we'd never the the papers off the press.

But You're Cuter Neuter

(We usually leave this sort of thing for Tarnation, but just to show you what you are missing because we publish a decent newspaper we are reprinting this column from the "Record" of Antioch College, Ohio.)

By Shelly Platt

Sex is a phenomena that occurs whenever men and women of either gender mingle. This may sound hard to believe, but we've got to face facts sometime. The main trouble with sex is that it is so permanent. There's no use struggling, it's got you and you might just as well get used to it.

Standards are rules set up to govern our standards—they are NOT rules. This is an important point to remember since it is the foundation of practically our entire social system (the region between the digestive and circulatory ones). They were first discovered in prehistoric Bessarabia and gave rise to fertility dances which later developed into Council meetings.

The main duty performed by standards is to keep people informed as to just what they are doing in case they are interested. They very rarely are, hence Student Counseling.

I have been busy on proposals that will settle the whole issue.

- 1. The sponsorship of a "Read a Good Book a Nite" club.
- 2. Hot laxatives nightly for anyone under twenty-six.
- 3. Request all women to

leave.

- 4. Request all men to leave.
- 5. Request everyone to leave.
- 6. Presentation of gold buttons stamped in blue with "I Abstained" to lucky winners.

There they are—every one a sure-fire gem in itself. As a matter of fact, what I'd really like to see is mass sterilization of all incoming freshmen.

There's an idea with some zip to it. We'll push it with slogans like "You're cuter neuter," "You're a solid sender without a gender," and a host of others too numerous to mention mainly because I haven't thought of them yet.

Now is the time to act—we haven't got all year you know. Look at the Polynewsians.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ACROSS
1—To entertain
2—Like the Andes
3—Mark remover
4—Piece of decorated metal
5—Spir of "to be"
6—Finger joint
7—Pronoun
8—Takes little
9—Sings
10—The pigeon pea
11—Bishop of Rome
12—Number
13—Tiny insects
14—Through
15—Hottentot
16—City in England
17—Asia's
18—Industrial area
19—View
20—To declare again
21—Finger and
22—Ringing sound
23—Narrow
24—Ruled railway
25—Pregnancy
26—Silver (symb.)
27—Zet. to Italy
28—Pronoun
29—Ripper
30—Commander
31—Chemical salts
32—Glimpse

DOWN
1—Cause
2—Costly fur
3—Georgia (abbr.)
4—Inquire
5—Man's nickname
6—Lizard
7—Leg joint
8—Nothing
9—Profound
10—Byzian deity
11—Wing-footed
12—Observers
13—Roman orator
14—Winged horse
15—To carry on
16—Rich man
17—To cut
18—Scratch (dia.)
19—To dine
20—Attached by the base
21—Having a veil
22—Statue
23—Brook
24—Derivative laugh
25—Lizard
26—Finishers
27—Erodes
28—To weary
29—To break off suddenly
30—Territory (abbr.)
31—Roman bronze
32—In direction of
33—Dichotomy (symb.)

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