

The Daily Tar Heel

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

I had a revealing experience yesterday. A local pastor ran into me for the first time in several weeks and mentioned my recent column on religion. No comment, just mentioned having seen it.

"It was just a 'beginning,'" I said. "I'll have more to say later."

"Really?"
And that would have been that if I had acknowledged his obvious intention to let the subject drop.

"I suppose you think I'm all wet," I ventured.

"Well, you wouldn't be the first to take the wrong road, although I don't particularly want to discuss it with you."

"For heaven's sake, why not?"
"All you've done is to join the ranks of those who don't believe and who welcome any chance to argue the matter," he told me. "And there's no point in discussing religion when you already have your mind made up."

He didn't really surprise me. So many of today's men of God restrict themselves to those who voluntarily accept the faith and to those who quiver on the brink of coming into the fold.

"You send missionaries to convert the heathens," I pointed out.

"Yes, but they're savages. They've had no opportunity to know the Right Way."

"Great scott, man, aren't you defeating your own purpose? Isn't it a challenge to try to convince thinking, questioning, critical men that you have the real answer? Or is it too great a task, requiring too much effort when you can find so many easier ways of serving God? Or is it that your whole philosophy of religion is too flimsy to withstand specific criticism and subjective analysis by thinking men?"

"I've got to run along, Snook. We'll have to talk about this sometime."

And he was off. I expect it took him all of a block to forget my words and concentrate on a plan of action for the next on his list of souls waiting, begging to be saved.

"United Nations — Gentlemen — Your Note Of A Few Months Ago Has Just Come To My Attention —"



HERBLOCK
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TAR HEEL AT LARGE by Robert Ruark, '35

Through some mysterious circumstance, involving a man named Joe Copps, I found myself in Toledo the other day, to midwife some celebrations involving a new railroad station the New York Central had erected, involving a cost of five million dollars.

A Southern lady, the wife of one of the celebrants, was heard to say: "I never saw so much carryin' on over a new dee-pue in all my Lora days." The lady was right.

One whole week of huzzahs was devoted to the station. Fleet Admiral Nimitz was on hand to lend the global military touch. At one point there were 18 foreign newspapermen and 19 press agents, until one extra newshound, sniffing the seven-fifty lunch, strayed from a murder and stumbled in to even the tally at 19 all. The Hollywood hams came later.

For one whole week they shook the state of Ohio upside down to herald the birth of a building in which trains and passengers dwell, and I thought it was kind of fine. Anything is fine, in this day and age, that does not package itself with the threat of sudden extinction.

Here is a nasty old capitalistic outfit like the Central, which all of a sudden bets a wad of its stockholders' money that nobody is going to blow up the world, and in the meantime the customers have a cleaner toilet and a more comfortable place to set. There isn't even a bomb shelter under the station.

A flock of us were up in the dispatchers' new offices, and the boys were doing great with radio telephones, routing trains all around. If you slid back a drawer a mite, you saw that every one still had a Morse code bug, or sending instrument, tucked away under the stationery. The phone is fine, but these lads still based their deepest faith on dah-dit-dah, tapped out with one finger.

We talked for a considerable spell with the dispatchers, and I asked one what would happen if the Russians suddenly parachuted a mess of saboteurs on the rail centers of our world, and

decided to foul up communications.

"Not much," said one, named Steve. "All the boys who are talking to me on the other end know my voice. They wouldn't pay any mind to a stranger. Wouldn't get away with it for a minute."

The method of following the progress of trains hasn't changed, basically, since about 1900, which sort of comforts me in an age of jet plane and guided missile. People at the watch-stations where the trains pass call in the necessary dope to the central board, and the man writes it down in ink on a sheet. If the freight's got hogs that have to be walked every so often, the man knows it. He is even conversant with the quality of tomatoes that some rail-borne tugboat is chuffing over a steep hill.

I'm not much on trains, as a hobby, but you can't help but admire the rugged, even stuffy, individualism of the men who run them. They all look like reserve major-generals, and a young president of a line is in his fifties. They're all sore as hell at the competition of airline and steamboat, all of which seem to get fat government subsidies. Maybe they're just jealous.

Trains do run slow, compared to the iron birds, and they bump on the tracks—and the ticket system seems unduly ponderous, but today they are comforting. They argue a permanence, an old-fashioned way of doing business, a disregard of hysteria, that seems pretty wonderful.

A flock of ancients from an Old People's Home were in the new Central Union Terminal for to see and to admire, and they just couldn't get over the fancy fixin's and the glass and the do-jiggers. The oohed and ahed and allowed as how they never figured to live to see the like.

That was pretty comforting, too. Old-fashioned progress has finally come to rail centers in Ohio, and it is nice to reflect that some are still alive who never reckoned to see it bloom. These old codgers never once asked about the presence of a radio-activity-decontamination room.

CPU Roundtable

by John A. Sullivan

In this, the fourth month of the war in Korea, reports from the fighting fronts bring the cheering news that U.N. forces are everywhere victorious. The defeat of the North Koreans is almost a surety. As the military aspect of this conflict is resolving itself, it becomes necessary for us to consider the political aspects of the defeat of the North Koreans.

Assuming that the U.N. forces are able to trap and capture the North Korean army south of the 38th parallel, should the United Nations troops then occupy North Korea? This occupation would place armed American troops along the Manchurian border. The relations between the United States and Communist China have already been strained by our stand on protecting Formosa and the accidental bombings of Manchurian towns.

Then, there is the possibility that the North Koreans will successfully retreat to the north keeping the majority of their forces intact. Should the U.N. armies then invade North Korea, inviting armed participation by the Chinese? (The Chinese have an army of two million men and are reported to have over 200,000 troops massed near the Korean border.)

Lastly, there is the slight possibility that Russia will occupy North Korea to save face and to save off any U.N. invasion. Such a move by the Soviet Union could well bring on a world war.

These questions and their ramifications will be the topic of tonight's CPU discussion at 8 o'clock in the Grail Room of Graham Memorial. All students are invited to participate in the discussion.

The Editor's Mailbox

Ban Those Automobiles!

Editor:

I think that all automotive vehicles should be banned from the streets of Chapel Hill! After all, we are hell-bent on making this a "Colonial style" town and all the cars and trucks around seem to destroy the illusion.

It would be easily enough done. Large parking lots could be set up on the edge of the village where everyone coming to town would park his machine. Horses, carriages, wagons, etc. could be supplied to give transportation into town. By-passes would be supplied for thorough traffic around the village. Funds could be obtained from rent on the horses and wagons, from the sale of hay, and from the sale of the valuable manure that would be cleaned off streets.

Of course, there would be some "modernists" (mostly Damsyankees and Communists) who would protest such a pre-occupation with things of the past but a majority of the people in the town would no doubt approve wholeheartedly. In fact, I think most of the townspeople would commend a law requiring girls to wear hoopskirts and men to wear old-fashioned knee britches.

Then we would really have something to brag about!

Homer Hartung

Thanks For The Books

Editor:

During the summer, I received this letter from the American Friends of the Hebrew University as a result of the book drive held on the Carolina campus during the winter and spring quarters of 1950. "I thought you would like to know that the books have been received and those which could be used (and there were many) have been forwarded to the warehouse for crates."

"Please accept our sincere thanks for your cooperation and assistance."
Although addressed to me, I feel that the thanks properly belongs to those members of the YWCA and IZFA (Intercollegiate Zionist Federation of America) who worked so hard for the success of the drive, The Daily Tar Heel which helped so much on publicity, and last but not least, all the Carolina students who gave so generously of their used texts to the students of Israel who have so few.

Bea Kaminetzky
Chairman, Book Drive

About That Girl Again

Editor:

I would greatly appreciate it if you would print the following as an open letter to "Miss College Senior" as soon as practicable.

College Senior:
Providing that you are not a figment of someone's imagination, (someone on The Daily Tar Heel staff, perhaps, who is seeking to create a diversion in their "journalistic" life,) yours is indeed a touching story. And a very unique one, I should say. How many Carolina Coeds are limited, as you imply that you are, in their extra-curricular activities by a shortage of suitable "material?"

In one sense of the word we are kindred spirits. I, too, am 21 and a senior. But if I'm "picked over" I am blissfully unaware of that fact. In my past three years here I have been forced to do most of my "dating around" at one or the other of our neighboring schools. (Even Dook as a last resort.) But I blamed this on the infamous "ratio" and continued to suffer in silence. But forgive me for speaking of my own problems when I should be thinking of yours.

Believe me, you have nothing but my deepest sympathy, and I feel something should be done to alleviate such an unbearable situation. I won't go as far as Mr. Cochran did and say that I could "fill the bill," but if you'll meet me at Harry's sometime I'll buy you a beer and maybe we can think of a solution while we cry on each other's shoulders.

Bill Miller

To Fight Communist Lies

The biggest peace offensive to turn up since World War II begins in North Carolina today—and it is directed right straight at pushing the fake Communist "Stockholm peace petition" out of the limelight of an unsettled world.

The Crusade for Freedom, being launched by thousands of volunteer workers in the Tar Heel state's 100 counties, gives citizens a chance to sign their names to a document affirming their belief in the cause of world freedom. The campaign will continue for two weeks.

The Freedom Scrolls signed during the two-week period will be circulated throughout the state and then sent to Berlin, along with many more from the rest of the nation, to be permanently enshrined in the base of a bell tower which will house a 10-ton Freedom Bell.

Signers will also be provided with an opportunity to back up their signatures with free-will offerings in any amount as contributions to the support and further development of Radio Free Europe. The broadcasting agency daily sends programs from a transmitter in Western Germany to the prisoner peoples behind the Iron Curtain in an effort to nail Communist lies with the truth of freedom.

Radio Free Europe, entirely a private operation, is not restricted by government protocol. Therefore, it is a most effective supplement to the Voice of America and is so recognized by the State Department.

Two North Carolinians, Senator Frank P. Graham and Representative Thurmond Chatham, are on the national advisory council, a distinguished body set up to advise General Clay. In addition to this national council, a state advisory board has been established to work with Chairman Jones and former Governor R. Gregg Cherry who is Vice-chairman of the North Carolina Crusade.

Senator Clyde R. Hoey, in accepting appointment to this advisory committee, stated that "I am strongly in favor of doing everything possible to get over to the people of Europe the American story in order to check the advance of Communism and to inform the Russians of the real facts in connection with the actions and attitude of America."

On Oct. 24—United Nations Day—the bell will be dedicated in the American zone of Berlin. Its simple purpose is set forth in the inscription around its base:

"That this world under God shall have a new birth of freedom."

But the heart of the Crusade will rest in the base of the bell tower where the names of millions of Americans who have rededicated themselves to the principle of freedom for all mankind will be permanently enshrined.

On Sportsmanship

A Raleigh Times reader up in Franklinton has thrust our feet into the fire because of what she considers a serious failure on our part in seeing our duty and doing it.

The Franklinton subscriber wrote a letter which appeared on yesterday's editorial page. The communication deplored a Times news story and picture regarding the smearing with paint of the new Reynolds Coliseum at State College the night before the State-Carolina football game.

"Why not an editorial on Better Sportsmanship Between Our North Carolina Colleges?" the letter asked. "If our papers would elaborate more on how to prevent these un-sportsmanlike acts our college students would not be such 'vandals' as they are called when they do such things as painting the buildings, etc., of their rival school."

To our Franklinton reader's point we say: "Amen." We quite agree.

The Times deplores the necessity for printing such a story and picture but getting the news is our business. However, we do plead guilty to the charge of neglecting to editorialize on the subject. We hope to take care of the chore in this editorial. What's more we're sending a copy to each of the campus newspapers at the Big Four colleges. We hope these journals will also see fit to echo the timely sentiments of the reader at Franklinton.

Yes, college students are missing a passing grade in sportsmanship by a mile when they visit rival campuses and damage or destroy property. This doesn't prove who has the better team on the field Saturday afternoon nor on the hardwood floor during basketball season. All it does prove is that one of the schools involved in such an incident is better skilled in the unmanly, un-sportsmanlike and un-called for art of campus vandalism.

The sad things about such destruction is that no one ever wins because there is no end to it. No one college could ever come out ahead in such regrettable doings unless one were demolished with atomic bombs—football team, basketball team, coliseum, bell tower and all.

The ultimate result of such vandalism—and there was plenty of it on both sides before last Saturday's football game—will be the termination of any kind of athletic competition between the schools involved.

The Raleigh Times urges faculty and student leaders, and fellow newspapermen on the campuses, to convince their respective student bodies that this sort of thing hurts everyone—the school, the athletic teams, the individual students and sometimes that poor guy, the taxpayer.

—The Raleigh Times

On Campus

Received from a friend at the Mooresville Tribune in yesterday morning's mail:

As a rule, I don't read Eleanor Roosevelt's column, not if I can help it, but it was raining the other night and I couldn't get up to the country store, so I got down to her column as the last resort. I'm mighty glad I happened to look it over. She had been visiting a few hours with the Trumans and said that Harry showed her the rose gardens and explained that the rose bugs had about ruined it this year.

I never dreamed, with all the money they are spending in Washington, that they didn't have a Bureau for the Protection of the White House Rose Garden. I'd a thought that they would have such an organization, with a Director, Field Superintendent, Bureau Chemist, Book-keeper, Receptionist, and Janitor. They could take such an organization and tie it in with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and then they could set up what they call a Liason Department.

It seems a Liason Department, is one of them organizations that links up two departments when they tie in together. That way, instead of having just two departments, you can have three, one to link 'em up, and that gives many more jobs than just having two departments. Somebody up there is asleep at the switch for not discovering about them bugs in the President's rose garden. Ordinarily, them politicians up in Washington could take a situation like that and create about two hundred jobs out of it.

Funny thing, too, about Mrs. Roosevelt's column, was that she didn't get the point at all. She just saw it as a situation where nothing but bugs was involved. But I reckon by now some politician up there has read her column and in another week they will get going on the Bureau for the Protection of the White House Rose Garden.

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53					54			55		

HORIZONTAL

- wild hog
- venomous snake
- astound
- eye
- small bushy herb
- an astringent
- skin of aquatic animal
- monkhood
- oriental inn
- having made and left a will
- for
- next
- persist
- milkfish
- on shielded side
- time
- be prominent
- Japanese tree
- work unit
- without inclination or clipping
- start

VERTICAL

- stud
- S curve
- in the axil
- backslide
- flatboat
- satisty
- flat-bodied ray
- salt of titanic acid
- one
- form of address to king
- title of book by Haggard
- negligence
- equivalence
- Biblical judge
- adjust
- before
- lived
- branch of learning
- affixing signature to king
- woodland spirit
- walked
- low-growing pine
- woe is me!
- cabbage-like plant
- sharp, horny nail
- fly through
- borough of Allegheny County
- placed on golf cone
- past

Answer to Saturday's puzzle.

P	R	O	D	O	R	I	S	H	O	P	
E	O	N	A	N	I	S	E	A	R	A	
N	E	T	T	L	E	D	L	A	S	T	
C	A	R	E	S	E	C	T				
C	A	R	E	S	D	U	C	H	E	S	S
E	R	I	E	H	A	R	T	E	T	O	
A	D	O	P	A	T	E	S	D	O	R	
S	O	S	A	N	E	R	P	E	R	T	
E	R	R	A	N	D	S	L	O	B	E	
A	C	T	S	A	I	D	A				
H	A	R	S	H	P	R	E	S	T	O	
A	V	E	E	L	O	T	E	P	I		
G	A	R	R	A	I	L	S	A	P		

Average time of solution: 27 minutes.
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