

The Daily Tar Heel

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Advice to the University

Chapel Hill and the University of North Carolina have always been favorite sites for conventions, institutes, banquets, and other get-togethers. This weekend the Daily Tar Heel is proud to roll out the welcome mat to the several hundred high school journalism students who are visiting the campus for the Ninth Annual Scholastic Press Institute.

Because the current visitors on campus are journalists, the DTH takes a special interest in them. But there's another reason why we are particularly interested in this get-together—And that is because the delegates are high school students.

It seems to us that this University makes all too few efforts to attract the most outstanding students in this state to Carolina. And that's why we always are particularly glad to welcome high school visitors to Chapel Hill.

This is not to say that the University is sitting back on its reputation, making no effort to interest the top students in coming to school here. State High School Dal, Boys State, and other programs and meetings are notable efforts to sell the University. Yet more could be done.

Here is a suggestion which the Daily Tar Heel would like to present to the University in line with selling Carolina to outstanding high school seniors. Why not begin a policy of having perhaps four or five high school students visit the University each weekend? If enough student leaders could be interested in this undertaking, then they could serve as official hosts to these visitors each weekend. There are plenty of boys on this campus who would be willing to undertake to "explain Carolina" to some visiting high school senior, and it would not be necessary for any Carolina student to serve as host for more than one weekend.

Since informality is one of Carolina's greatest talking points, why not bring these high school students up in small groups so that they might get a look at Carolina as it really is?

Also in many Northern colleges, school officials make use of fraternities in entertaining high school visitors. Such a policy has proved highly effective in schools where it has been tried, and our University might try it if the idea of individual student leaders acting as hosts did not prove advisable. The fraternities probably would welcome an opportunity to make themselves useful to the University.

These are just a few thoughts on methods of maximizing the competition from Duke, Wake Forest, Davidson, and out-of-state schools. At any rate, University officials should give serious consideration to the problem, as each year many of the best students are being lured off.

The DTH is convinced that Carolina has more to offer than any school in this state. But it's rather hard to explain these sometimes intangible qualities which make this University great. Certainly little of the college atmosphere of Chapel Hill can be conveyed to several thousand high school students roaming over the campus. Only in small, intimate groups, with University students acting as hosts, can we really begin to hit at our goal of conveying the meaning of Carolina to the high school visitor.

Fine Attitude

The fact that there have been very few complaints about the closing of Lenoir Hall, the campus dining center, on Monday is certainly a tribute to the student body. Because of the great crowds of visitors who will be on campus Monday for the beginning of President Gray's inauguration ceremonies, it was found absolutely necessary to close the dining hall all day in order to prepare for the massive banquet Monday night.

Because of this, there was no alternative but to close Lenoir for the day. University officials did this only with the greatest reluctance, realizing that it would work an inconvenience on many students.

However, the good graces displayed by the students over the inevitable closing of Lenoir was gratifying indeed to the Administration, which already is besieged with the many details of planning the inauguration.

Lenoir Hall will be back open again Tuesday, and perhaps it will be better received by the students after a one-day's absence. Conditions probably will be crowded in other campus dining spots Monday, but the inconvenience should not be too great.

At any rate the students are to be commended for their fine attitude.

NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

The Modern Marriage Strategy for Females makes me want to vomit. It's so damn stupid. The girls double-cross themselves while they send a lot of good men to hell.

It's a familiar line. Oh, you strong man. You know I can't beat you in any sport. Why, I would never try to rush you to the door. You magnificent, unconquerable, supreme human. Do you really want to conquer little me? The wife of a friend of mine discovered how all this can backfire. And my friend learned that the conquest is just the beginning.

All the pleasures of two as one kept them happy for a year. Then came the awakening. All was not so rose tinted and scented.

There were bills to be paid, dishes to be washed and sheets to be laundered.

He liked to drink beer and talk, with his friends. He didn't like to work and had the courage of his preference. Her opinions, once important, were reduced to an echo of his.

She gave him the reins back during courting days, and he kept 'em.

She subordinated her desires to his. She talked about what he wanted to talk about, did what he wanted to do, thought like he wanted her to think.

Typical marriage. Husband as Big Boss, wife as the hireling. She was relegated to a position she didn't like. Caressed in public. Nothing more than a servant and bed toy at home.

If he wanted a human mirror, a shadow of himself, a reflector, and an echo, he had it. If he wanted a full-fledged partner, an equal with whom to share troubles and pleasures, he didn't have it.

He lost interest in her. Even their most intimate of intimacies lost their zest.

He had an affair with another woman. She had an affair, a brief, glorious fling. They found each other out. He wanted a divorce.

She said so, and it's an impasse now.

Modern marriage. Begun in ignorance of what each wanted in a lifetime mate. Begun with an outlook that went little further than realms of hugs and kisses.

A hug and a kiss will go a long way. But that's dessert. You need a main course.

On Campus

There's a gent over in the Romance Languages Department who got carried away during his lecture the other day.

With a nostalgic twinkle, the French Prof imagined how nice the spacious sidewalk along the south side of Franklin Street would look transformed into an outdoor Parisian cafe.

And while a group of Carolina students were on a foreign tour this summer, each vied to have a big collection of something to bring back.

Now there's one particular young coed, a '49 graduate, who had nothing to say about her collection. She only smiled when everybody bragged about their menus, match covers, and assorted junk.

Finally, the adviser gave way to his smouldering desire and asked her what she was collecting.

"Well," she said, "I wanted to be unique. Something that's different from the rest of the group."

And the clincher: "You know, I'm collecting French toilet paper. And I've got 34 kinds already."

There's a sign over a University office door which strikes you squarely in the face as you leave.

The admonition: "Think, there must be a harder way."



Rolling Stones

by Don Maynard

I once had the privilege of working beside a Brooklyn lad named Fontleroy F. Murphy, often called just "F. F.," and more often just called "Murph," in one of New York's largest banks. We were mere peasants in the organization—bank messengers, to be exact.

But lowly as he was, Murph was always a thinker, and charmed me for hours with his philosophical wanderings. Certainly, there were times when he wandered so far that he became lost in the maze of his own brain cells, nevertheless he was fascinating. Occasionally he writes to me, and more times than not, he hits the nail on the head with his words.

I remember Murph used to say he was never going to college because he felt it a waste of time. He had a good high school education, and he was content to work his way up. Now, one of his letters comes to me with a gripe. He complains that college grads are coming into the bank and securing jobs far superior to his, though he has been with the organization some eight years now. He can't see how college men with no practical experience can step right into a job he has been doing for years and immediately subordinate him.

"They are not much more intelligent than I," he writes, "but they have that almighty sheepskin. That makes the difference. And what irritates me is that most of them act as though they had just come out of high school. Like a bunch of kids."

Murph's failure to rise in the ranks is no doubt due to his lack of initiative, he was always content to set and suck on his pipe while others ran the messages. But his remark on the immaturity of college graduates seems to me poignant.

Evidence points to immaturity and a high schoolish attitude when supposedly grown-up

men, we'll leave the women out of this, run around on neighboring campuses painting up venerable buildings with their school colors—just to prove they "have the spirit."

But how can they be taught to grow up when, in the classrooms, a high school attitude is slowly coming into the fore? Take this chalked note I read on the blackboard of a psychology lab: "Lab reports that are turned in late will be UNJUSTLY AND CRUELLY PENALIZED, unless accompanied by an especially heartbreaking excuse—in writing."

The instructor who scribbled that on the blackboard is one of the men who, according to theory, is to teach the high school graduates, now entering the University in droves, to think. I'll let the reader form his own conclusions.

It has been proven time and time again that the majority of college professors and instructors, highly intelligent, true, nevertheless do not know how to pass their knowledge on to their students.

No wonder the college degree of today is being compared in job-getting power to the high school diploma of 10 years ago. Education is not being taken seriously enough. Note the fraternity average of last year: 17 of the 27 campus fraternities below the all-men's average.

Could it be that higher education in our colleges has ceased to be a proving grounds for life and preparation for a career and has now become a playground for those graduated-but-still-in-that-stage high schoolers who want a good time and not an education?

Maybe Murph was right. Maybe a lot more of us should "have stood in high school." Our colleges are turning out just "a bunch of kids," it seems.

Think it over, children.

You Name It

by Elaine Gibson

I have just arrived at the rash conclusion that if I want to keep my friends and influence people I must learn my way around this place. Yesterday I thought I was in Murphy 312 and I ended up in a calculus class in Bingham.

I didn't mind. The professor did. And night before last I was looking for a friend and husband (hers) at a rooming house somewhere in the vicinity of the Porthole, and about three hours, two packs of fags, and I don't know how many cusswords later (hers and husband's) I was still painting flats in the Playmaker Theater.

Please, does anybody have a map?

Do you all remember the day it rained? I hope you do because it was then that my faith was restored in mankind. No, Man.

Anyway, it was coming down in buckets. I mean the rain. And when I finally waded over to the Y for a cup of coffee, in the words of Winchell or somebody else famous who can use cliches instead of thinking, I was absolutely chilled to the epidermis.

But the Y was no good because it was crawling brought me over a cup of coffee. I've forgotten his name. I think it was Bill Floyd. No, Bill's the other nice boy I know. Anyway, next time, I will think before I tell myself where all men can go.

I hope the sororities and frats are getting along nicely now. Also that they'll soon be back at their all time criterions, whatever that was or is.

Honestly, I was so rushed during rush week that I didn't realize it was here until it was gone.

Attention, Freshmen

Sunday's issue of the Daily Tar Heel will carry a special editorial written for members of the freshman class who are about to head into fraternity rushing, which begins Sunday night. Advice to the rushee and general rushing information will be contained in the story. Rushing hours are from 7 until 10 o'clock tomorrow night.

The Editor's Mailbox

On The Question Of Admitting Negroes

Editor: I read with some dismay and disgust the letter entitled, "Why Not Fight It All The Way?" As they said there are people still in this wonderful Southland of ours who seem unable to throw off the shackles of prejudice and hate and accept everyone, regardless of race, creed or color, as their fellowman.

I am dismayed because I thought the average college student would have no objections to extending to all the citizens of the state the same opportunities which he now is enjoying by virtue of being enrolled here at Carolina. I am disgusted that we, the fellow students of Messrs. Banks and Wood, have neglected our obligation to them.

The letter states that "we should take this thing all the way to the Supreme Court and that we should not be afraid of publicity which would result from such a move." The publicity is a small thing compared to the expense which would be involved without even thinking of the time wasted.

In the same paragraph the letter reads "that the court may rule in favor of the state, for a change." This is a bit confusing to me because I had always thought that the state meant all the people who are citizens residing within the boundaries of the state in question. If I am wrong, or just being naive, I will be happy to be corrected.

In the same paragraph the letter reads "that the court may rule traditional Southern views on this matter. In reference to this let me first say that I, too, like tradition where it does not hold back the progress of mankind. I would like to quote from the Bible a couple of verses which I think have bearing on this idea of tradition retarding progress. They are taken from the seventh chapter of Mark, verses eight and nine.

They read, "You leave the commandment of God, and hold fast the tradition of men." And he said to them, "You have a fine way of rejecting the commandment of God, in order to keep your tradition!" In all of his teachings, Christ showed how we should act toward our fellow men. He made no mention of any group having the upper hand in any of the affairs of the land but that all men are under one God and should serve Him.

I look forward to the time when our traditional Southern viewpoint will not be mixed with prejudice and we can truly hold our heads high, proud of the knowledge that we have not kept anyone from enjoying life to the fullest, and with a feeling of reverence knowing that God is truly the Ruler of the universe.

Ed McLeod

And Miss Nelson Makes A Reply

Editor: Dear Harry, I am grateful for the "full credit" you have paid me for being able to think and for the invitation to support my way of thinking. The point to which my thinking goes is at best an uncertain one, but I am eager to defend it.

No one, Harry, is more in favor of provoking thought and discussion on serious matters than I. Nor do I object to the injection of an amusing note. When we lose the ability to laugh at our own ridiculous mistakes sanity will not be an easy thing to maintain. Again, I do not object to one person with many opinions, but now we are getting closer to my objections.

To be specific, I do not find the note of defeat and finality in your column lamenting the state of our modern world desirable in the writing of a crusading young newspaperman. And I deny that I have found an escape from reality, whatever the word may mean. Since it has been a problem of the philosophers of all time, I cannot be as confident as you seem to be concerning its nature.

My objections remain as they were stated, perhaps vaguely, in my previous letter; and deal with your method rather than your motive.

They are: that your cynical attitude is not going to improve conditions; and that in analyzing problems of grave significance and serious consequences it is doubtful what a statement of your private views will provoke. "Nonplus" is, I am sure, intended as an attempt at provoking serious thought; and if written in a spirit of genuine truth-seeking could accomplish this end.

But remember, Harry, that in its present state your column provoked my indignation rather than my thought.

Christeen Nelson

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