

The Daily Tar Heel

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

"What's the matter, pal?"
 It was at the Rathskeller, Beer and the crowd and the dim light have a devastating effect on so many people in that popular dungeon that it's always good for something new. This fellow was sitting by himself, arms on table and chin in hands, and the saddest sad face I've ever seen.

"What's the matter?"
 He replied: "I'll tell you."

"Here I am, sitting here, feeling good, and thinking about people and everything. And I think that here it is Year Six of the Atomic Age."

"The emphasis seems to be on Bigger and Better Things for everyone. You know, Progress with a capital P, with better houses, more luxurious cars, longer wearing clothes and better food. And I'm thinking how nice it's going to be when we get all the things we are trying to get."

"A horrible idea strikes me and I see where Bigger and Better Things are gonna get us."

"We're even hot after making a bigger and better bomb. And maybe the end is getting close as we develop a hydrogen bomb. We might just eliminate the human race and all of its problems with one big blast."

"But I don't like this thought, since I am optimistic by nature. So I start thinking about getting some of the other things we're working toward."

"I think about discovering a material for clothing that will never wear out. Everyone would soon have more clothes than he could find room for, and the garment and accessory industries would go out of business."

"Then would come the invention of a new, light and indestructible metal. Houses, cars, refrigerators and other things made out of this metal would never wear out. Think of it, I said to myself. It would be used to build enough of everything, then industry in general would close up shop."

"Then I remember that we've eliminated business and labor, for the most part, and there's not much else to want. Everyone gets interested in government and we build a real world democracy where everyone's equal and all."

"We find a new means of synthesizing food that costs nothing and will never run dry, it completes the list of essentials and we sit back and play Canasta or politics."

"I start thinking about all the ramifications that develop. We get tired of Canasta and even the churches begin to fold up because there's no insecurity any more. The only people who go to church are the ones who worry about where they're going when they die."

"The medics, in their search for the preventions and cures of diseases, stumble upon the secret of life. Everyone lives forever, and the church really quits for good. Births begin crowding things a bit."

"But science doesn't let us down when we get that close to Utopia. Science develops a perfect contraceptive and the human race is no longer in danger of smothering itself off the face of the earth."

"And there we are. No work and no worries. Nothing much to do. Everything's all cut and dried and people don't even have to think. Since we don't have anything to do but have fun, we don't have so much fun anymore."

"You know what, I'd kill myself if I had to live in a world like that. And the way it looks to me, it doesn't make much difference whether we build a bigger and better bomb and use it or get all the other things we keep wanting."

"One is the quick way, and the other is the slow way."

So I told him to have another beer and start thinking about the pretty women he knew and all the people he hated. As I was leaving, I saw that he was smiling to himself. He forgot all about the dire state of the human race.

But I haven't forgotten what he said.

Now Is The Time—



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

I waited a long time to meet this man, a man I never knew. Seven years I waited, to say simply, thanks.

This is a purely personal piece about war, and is devoid of heroism, histrionics, or social significance. But it is a partial explanation of just how war is important to men who are drawn briefly together by accident, some hint of the extraordinary bond that exists between strangers who impinge on each other as the result of war.

I never met Dr. Sidney Sideman of Chicago before this week. Yet Dr. Sideman knew me well. He labored over my carcass for three hours one day in a sun-scorched tent in a stinking jungle on Russell Island, in the Solomons group. I was out of my head, most of the time, and remember the doctor only as a wraithy face that floated back and forth like a dream of a giant.

I had more or less ripped off an arm, in a peculiarly unromantic accident that was just as painful as if I had stood off a battalion of Imperial Japanese Marines. Dr. Sideman, whom somebody dug up in the middle of the jungle, tacked it back on. He tacked it back on with a set of nuts and bolts and screws and spikes that were especially adapted to the job.

It was, as a matter of fact, the only set of machinery of its type in the Pacific at that moment. It was Dr. Sideman's personal property. He gave it to me, to wear away on a transport, because in the delirium induced by pain—we were not using anesthesia that day—I kept yelling about catching my ship. The ship sailed at 2 p.m. I went aboard her at 1:30 wearing Sideman's metal antlers in my arm.

Ordinarily, I would have been due for at least a six months' sojourn on Sideman's tronic island, with later reassignment to God knows where. Something strange moved him to give up his only set of surgical pins, before duplicates could be made. I dunno. Neither does he. But the fact that I caught my ship was one of those odd turning points that decide even such serious things

as life and death, let alone health and happiness.

It is unusual that Sideman never forgot me—possibly, he says today, because I hollered so loud and used such foul language. He was rooting through his records the other day and stumbled through the old X-rays taken in the jungle. With a surgeon's passion for neatness he deduced that Lt. (jg) Ruark and a late-sprung columnist might be the same guy, and summoned me to Chicago to complete his records with final X-ray. A big, gray-headed, kindly man, he does not today resemble the ogre I remembered.

All of this means nothing very much except that Sidney Sideman and I are, today, on the strength of one lunch, older and greater friends than many a life-long acquaintance. We sat and yapped at each other for three hours, with a kind of solid camaraderie that civilians rarely know.

Remember that I never saw Sideman except through a fog of delirious pain, because the guy was driving spikes into me with the earnestness of a railroad tracklayer. He handled thousands of similar cases during the war, men who passed briefly under his hands and went away. But all of a sudden we are the oldest of buddies.

We talked with the intensity of two old women with a hamper of gossip to exchange. The heat and the jungle smell came back, and I could suddenly remember people, things and places I had forgotten long ago. Minute details of life aboard ship and on islands sprang back into clarity. The whole adventure—to me, now, a stodgey civilian—was sharp again.

I suppose every man who was ever in a war met a stranger who performed some favor or service that switched the tide of his destiny, which could account for the closeness of communion between men who shared unreality. Dr. Sideman is my personal touchstone, and it is very nice to meet him, for the first time, after seven years. Although I must say his magic pins used to hurt like hell.

when five boys who played Lacrosse (last week, I think) walked me home to Carr. They didn't say who they're playing next.

Honestly, the way this place ships H2O shouldn't happen to Duke. If it rains much more I may hibernate indefinitely, if my raincoat doesn't sober up and come home.

I was passing by Graham Memorial the other night and guess what I heard! "Twelfth Street Rag!" right here in the middle of all this culture and knowledge. I was so overcome with emotion that I went in and found out that an orchestra was being formed. I promised them I'd come down tonight with my comb.

Friends, I have just become highly dissatisfied with Carr, because they put too much wax on the floors—here of something, and the girls have sliding races. I got a splinter.

I went over to Durham the other day. After all I've heard I don't know just what I expected, but I was very favorably impressed. I suppose it depends on what you look for in a town. I went after a raincoat.

My family was good enough to drive me back before my lab was quite over.

The Editor's Mailbox

Thoughts On A Giant Oak

The other day as I passed the giant oak which stands in front of Caldwell, I stopped and stood in awe as I noticed for the first time the great limbs and how they extended far from the tree trunk in every direction. This huge trunk supported these great limbs and spread them over a large area. Yet, as I walked on, I realized that the true strength of the tree and its limbs was not in themselves but in the tremendous roots which I imagined must dig themselves into the very source of the strength, the earth.

This picture made me understand the character of life with more clarity. I realized that we were each of us like the trees; like the trees spreading themselves over the earth, some strong, some weak, some over a great area, some over a small, each of us spreads our influence over the earth in the same manner. Like the trunk of the tree which is proportional to our influence on the earth, like the different kinds of trees with the different appearances and capacities, we are different kinds of people with different appearances and abilities—we are not all oaks and redwoods; like the different trees grounded in common faith, faith in God, the alpha and the omega; like the trees which dig their roots deep into the earth and branch them into every pore of the soil—depending on this for their very strength and beauty, we people must further our faith and dig it into every part of living. We must be nurtured and receive the life-giving benefits and love of our God. And when we die we may truly and honestly return to the good earth.

Maybe this is why the Religious Emphasis Week Committee decided on the theme: "Deepening the Roots of Our Faith."

Albert S. Newton

The Guest Box

(The following article, from The Cavalier Daily of the University of Virginia, discusses the problem at UVA, created by a rule that chaperones must be present at all fraternity parties. The name of the writer was not revealed by The Cavalier Daily.—Ed.)

Fraternities at the University of Virginia in the process of planning a weekend party invariably are faced by the problem of securing a chaperone.

This is not always an easy task. Often the persons approached for this job seem able to invent a myriad of reasons which make them unable to spend the evening at a fraternity house. Many potential chaperones regard the idea of playing watchdog at a party here with little enthusiasm, feeling that the work is long and lonely.

When a willing couple or lady has finally been obtained to keep a not too watchful eye on things, the next problem that confronts the fraternity is that of seeing they are entertained. Various members of the house are requested in no uncertain terms to devote a portion of the evening to chatting with the chaperones and to seeing that they receive a plentiful supply of refreshments.

There are many ways to amuse these party police, and every device from parlor tricks to kicking out chandeliers has been tried during the history of chaperoning at the University.

A few years ago some members at one fraternity on the Grounds decided they could relieve the watchers of their boredom by teaching them the merits of a poker game. The results of these lessons were disastrous for the fraternity men, as the ladies they attempted to teach

were the leading players in a local poker club. The ladies forgot to mention this fact before the game began, and by the time the evening was over, the chaperones had the bulk of several monthly allowances safely deposited in their pocketbooks. They were quite willing to come back for further instructions, but the poverty-stricken teachers decided that if they were to appear again, the fraternity would be too poor to have any parties.

In a few instances, a fraternity has found itself confronted with a chaperone who has inhaled an over-abundance of the "party spirit" and thus is unable to get a very clear picture of what is going on. In such cases, the fraternity often discovers that it must chaperone the chaperone.

Thus year in and year out, the fraternities run into the dilemma, "who can we get for tonight's party?" Certain local residents have claimed for some time that this situation could be relieved if the houses around the Grounds would adopt a policy of paying their preservers of social order.

Such a proposal is generally received with howls of protest by fraternity men, but many persons in Charlottesville say they would be quite willing to serve as party supervisors for a nominal fee. "After all," they argue, "baby-sitters get paid almost as well as a college professor these days and they only have to watch one or two babies at the most. We are asked to sit for a group of young people who are quite capable of raising just as much havoc as the most devilish baby that ever lived, and at least a small tot gets sleepy by a fairly early hour."

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
 1. Small cubes
 5. Mountain comb. form
 8. Apostrophe to the Gentiles
 12. Scent
 13. Male sheep
 14. Russian hemp
 15. Heavenly food
 17. Compass point
 18. Genus of ducks
 19. Dizzy
 22. Epoch
 23. Negative
 25. Conjunction
 26. Former U. S. President
 29. Yangtze river
 33. Always
 34. Meadow
 35. Wild ox

DOWN
 37. Aromatic wood
 39. Wealthy
 41. File
 43. Article
 44. English letter
 45. Generous
 50. Regiment in the Turkish army
 51. Like
 52. Seat of the University of Maine
 55. Reputation
 56. Edge
 58. Roman road
 59. Hastened
 60. Speak
 61. Salamander

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
				13						
				20		21				
22	23		24		25					
26					28		29	30	31	32
33				34	35		36			
37				38	39		40			
43	44	45		42	43		44			
50				51		52		53	54	
55				56	57		58			
59				60			61			

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
 1. Mountain in Crete
 2. Conjunction
 3. Met
 4. Sea eagle
 5. Indigotine
 6. Hindu queen
 7. The end
 8. Pertaining to a dinner
 9. Indigotine
 10. Two-toed sloth
 11. Not so much
 12. Italian river
 13. Road tax
 14. Printing
 15. Fish sauce
 16. Donatist
 17. Full of chinks
 18. Later comb.
 19. form
 20. Story
 21. Not any
 22. Portia
 23. Armadillo
 24. Word used in college
 25. Opera
 26. To
 27. Felt
 28. Rowing implements
 29. Support
 30. Grafted
 31. Heraldry
 32. Untried
 33. Worthless
 34. Leaving
 35. Beginning to use

Everyone A Principal

The appeal by the defendants in the case of North Carolina College students seeking admittance to the University Law School is a move on which hangs as much significance as the original suit itself, and students should follow closely, and with open minds, the progress of the suit as it takes off into the higher echelons of the federal judiciary.

Judge Johnson Hayes' historic opinion is one that will be as carefully studied and weighed as did the distinguished jurist study and weigh in deciding and writing his judgment. As the folks who are as much tied up in the suit as are the principals, students must, in order to clearly and fairly understand the multiple problems it brings up, make good use of all information pertaining to its travel through the higher courts.

Whether the present decision stands or falls, there are aspects, problems, and decisions arising from the case that will have to be faced, no matter the final outcome. Solving them will be a job that will require deep understanding on the part of all concerned, and no one is more concerned than students of the University.

LSU Daily Reveille

Objective Ideal

A New York educator in a recent talk scored the "passion for objectivity and a kind of intellectual neutrality" which many college teachers possess and cultivate.

He was of the opinion that it is better education for the teacher to admit that he is animated by a passion for truth-seeking.

We have all experienced the kind of instruction wherein we record much comment about it and about, but suffer for a conclusion. At its best, this kind of "neutrality" in a professor might be called "intellectual modesty." At its worst, it is very near condescension. In the first instance, one does not ask a question because he will get only a finer-drawn balance of the evidence; in the latter, he is likely to get a superior smile and, perhaps, an epigram about the ultimate nature of truth.

The two extremes, one supposes, depend on the nature of the teacher and whether he puts himself or the student first.

The issue is certainly fundamental. It touches at the very essence of education—as applying both to the teacher as a man with his own accumulated learning, and to the student who, perhaps, expects a formalized passing-over of certain concentrations of data.

One cannot blame the teacher as a man. He is entitled to his view of the scheme of things and to liberty of expression. One cannot deny him this. In a democracy it is a duty (to switch to political symbols) for each man to speak out. A free exchange of ideas is basal to the philosophy of democracy.

And as the ideal of knowledge in today's world is almost exclusively the scientific one, it is not remarkable that the most enlightened people cultivate objectivity as the only honest approach to knowledge and to life. Suspension of judgment until all the data is in is the indispensable condition of the scientific method, a method which is not confined to the laboratory, as some think, and since the data is always being added to, suspension of judgment is fairly general.

The question is, of course, one of immediate and remote objectives, and it applies, perhaps, differently to the teacher and the student.

Often the student does not cherish the scientific, objective ideal. As often again his accumulations of data on a subject have not fallen into evidential patterns, which make up the whole cloth of conclusions; or he lacks the temperament or capacity for neutrality.

Then the teacher has to choose among his own ideal of education, that of the student, and that of the taxpayer—assuming always that he enjoys academic freedom of choice.

Should he pass on the patchwork of data to the students and indicate the probable pattern, or should he maintain the "neutrality" which he may honestly consider his role?

His own ideals (if he is first, the man, rather than the teacher) must come first with him, and he will temper the austerity of his own ideal to the expediency of notebook conclusions as he sees fit.

The choice leaves the student to his own resources of reception and cataloging (with such exceptions as the teacher may make possible) and (if he is a good student) it will not fail to benefit him; but certainly the ideal of all honest people—teachers or not—is objectivity.

And if he is a poor student, it is questionable that he should seek the higher levels of knowledge and attainment—a tentative conclusion, this, arrived at by scientists. Legislative bodies may decree that everybody should or shall have so much formal instruction. Their responsibility ends there. One's fitness to receive is determined by those better able to pass on the question.

For a passion for truth is best evidenced by a caution and a knowledge of truth's credentials. Impetuous courtships with truth, however charming and forceful, are seldom remarkable for an acquaintance with the desired object.