

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily during the regular sessions of the University at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms when published semi-weekly. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$6 per year, \$3 per quarter. Member of the Associated Press, which is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news and features herein. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

Editor: ROY PARKER, JR.
Business Manager: ED WILLIAMS
Executive News Editor: CHUCK HAUSER
Managing Editor: ROLFE NEILL
Sports Editor: ZANE ROBBINS

Don Maynard, Associate Ed.
Andy Taylor, News Ed.
Frank Alston, Jr., Associate Spts. Ed.
Fay Massengill, Society Ed.
Marie Costello

Staff Photographers: Jim Mills, Cornell Wright
For This Issue: Night Editor, John Noble; Sports, Bill Peacock

NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

The theaters and beer joints have it made in Chapel Hill. When I finish my work for the day and have a yen for doing something in the line of pleasure, I don't have much choice. I can go to Durham or Raleigh and do something, or I can stay in Chapel Hill and go to the movie or drink beer with the boys.

Of course, there are the planetarium shows, the visiting lecturers, concerts, plays and dances. There is a library with a few fiction books. And I can always go to the Graham Memorial craft shop and build a boat or something.

I have made all the rounds and I still find myself wanting to do something that you can't do in Chapel Hill. For instance, I enjoy bowling, roller skating, and miniature golf.

We did have a miniature golf course, of a sort, out on the Airport Road. The course was lousy and closed down. But as poor a course as it was, many Carolina folk made use of it.

Now I burn gas in the old jalopy to get to the courses outside of Durham. I'm lucky to have the car so I can get away from the Hill on occasion. Most students don't have cars for getaways.

We don't have a bowling alley. There is no skating rink here. Even the tennis courts have been torn up. I'm not inappetent about it. If I thought I were the only one who enjoyed these things, I wouldn't feel justified in complaining. But I'm sure that plenty of students agree with me that some additional facilities are wanted and would be used.

Several of us went over to the big skating rink in Raleigh the other night. We joined the State students, the young kids and the grandmothers who were thoroughly enjoying a fling on the rollers. The floor was smooth and the skates were good. There was an organ and an organist to provide the music. The program included roller dancing, couples-only numbers, and trio specials. And even though I had been a long time away from skates, I managed to stay on them and off my fancy.

We had a whale of a fine time. And we're going back to that Raleigh rink at the first opportunity. It's 30 miles away, but that's how far from the Hill you have to go to enjoy a sport with appeal for young and old.

In the same building with the rink was a modern bowling alley. We watched since we had gone for skating, but the individuals and the parties were having a gay time tossing the balls down the runways. A bowling alley would be a big hit in Chapel Hill.

One of my friends suggested that I write a column about needing a skating rink and a bowling alley in Chapel Hill. It was a good idea—someone might read it who will get something done. Then we began to talk about the possibilities.

The first thought was how to get some private individual interested in building and operating a bowling alley and a roller rink. Although land in the right location is hard to get and prices are steep, it would be a paying proposition. But we came up with another idea.

Either the university or a campus organization might set up and operate these facilities in the Tin Can. This would have all kinds of advantages. The building is already there. More students than ever before could make use of it more of the time. The only investment would be in equipment. Rates could be kept at a minimum since it would have to be a non-profit arrangement. The largest part of the Tin Can would be used for the rink, and could still be used for square dances and other activities when needed.

I'm all for the idea. We need it and it will pay for itself. I just hope that someone who can get something done will find a splinter in his britches until he does.

Now What?



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

CINCINNATI—I am sitting on no limb in these elections, because I figure I am a fairly average guy, which is to say I know nothing much. I talk to California and they say out there that Jimmy Roosevelt hasn't got a prayer to beat Earl Warren, but I remember somebody said Truman was a defunct duck in the last thing, too, and my, how rosy were the cheeks of the experts next day.

If I were betting man—which God forbid—my money would be rested on Robert Alphonso Taft here in Ohio, except for the fact that the temper of the people is almost impossible to test these days, politically, and you sure can't make book on it.

The best object lesson I know in the frailty of political permanence is the Governor of Alabama, Mr. Large James Folsom. Folsom got elected to the State House by the largest majority ever recorded in Alabama. A few short months later his loyal constituents didn't even think enough of him to elect him to a delegate's job in the national convention at Philadelphia. Same people, same candidate, except that the voters just got surly.

I also recall Mr. Truman at that convention. They kept the poor guy sitting in a camp chair in the alley, so dead was his cause and flimsy his chances. He came on literally after the acrobats, early in the morning. He sparked off real loud and mad over the TV, on which I heard him after knocking out a piece of deathless prose about Vice-President Barkley or somebody.

Mr. Truman's speech narrowly avoided making me immortal as a prophet. I shelved the other story and wrote a thing which said that if Harry kept hitting the same notes on his cam-

paign, he would whip the trousers off the smug and confident Mr. Dewey. I copyread this effusion in the presence of witnesses, and then touted myself off my own effort.

"This," said I, "is ridiculous. Truman couldn't beat Adolph Hitler in a popularity contest in a DP camp."

So I tore up the story and crawled out on the limb with the rest of the experts, and have been hating myself in the morning ever since.

The people I have talked to in Ohio are firm on two counts. One faction says that Mr. Taft will be re-elected over Jumping Joe Ferguson or else the world is wrecked and free enterprise will perish from the earth. They also say Mr. Ferguson is a rubber stamp for the CIO.

The other faction says Mr. Taft has not the chance of a poorly clad Chinaman; that Mr. Ferguson cannot miss, and that Mr. Taft is but a rubber stamp for the vested interests. I am moved to say here that I never saw an interest with a vest on it, but aside from that refrain from opinion.

We have made a graven image of the Taft-Ferguson campaign, and I still don't know if that ever-loving common man is as upset about Rapid Robert and Jumping Joe as we make out. If the likes of Mr. Dewey and Mr. Taft are the GOP's last best hope, the honest man can say that the GOP could deal with a little more political sexiness. But there again, the likes of Mr. Jimmy Roosevelt and Mr. Walter Lynch and Mr. Warren and Mr. Ferguson are not all pimpled out with appeal, either, and I quit neutral. I suspect that the answer is more men with more muscle, but to now we do not seem to be mass-producing same.

Presidential Memo

by John Sanders

Efforts at more harmonious student-administration relations got a healthy boost last week with the reformation and revitalization of the old Student Welfare Board.

The successful operation and cooperation of both student government and the University administration necessitates a working liaison between the two, mutual respect and confidence, and a willingness to work together on mutual problems of concern. Personal acquaintance and personal contact are the best means yet found for promoting these ends.

Back in the 1920's, Dean of Students Francis Bradshaw saw the need for a common meeting ground for all those concerned with the problems of student welfare outside the classroom. The Student Welfare Board, composed of the chief instructional and administrative officers of the University, was formed to meet this need. Sitting in an advisory capacity was a committee of a dozen student leaders.

This student-faculty-administrative group met periodically to discuss problems of mutual concern in the field of student welfare. While not actually possessed of policy-making powers, the board did in fact influence the manner of solution of many of the problems brought before it.

With the growth of the University, and the increment of deans and students on the Board, it eventually reached a size—almost 40 people—which made the give and take of free discussion impossible. During the past few years, it languished and became dormant.

But the problems which called it into existence in the first place had not died. Indeed, the need for an established and continuing opportunity for administrative and student discussion of the problems of student life on campus is greater today than ever before. Realizing this, adminis-

tration and student government leaders sought to reorganize the old Student Welfare Board, or more correctly, to establish a new group to take its place. Since the chief cause of failure of the old board was its size, the new group was limited to five administration members and eight student government officers.

Members of the administration sitting on the board are Chancellor House, Mr. Teague, Business Manager of the University, and Deans Weaver, Carmichael, and Friday. Representing students are Vice-President Herb Mitchell, Speaker of the Coed Senate Kash Davis, Student Council Chairman Larry Botto, Attorney-General Dick Murphy, Daily Tar Heel Editor Roy Parker, President of the IFC Dale Morrison, President of the IDC Ted Leonard, and myself.

Meeting monthly in luncheon meetings, these officers will have an opportunity to air mutual problems and grievances, and to study ways and means of alleviating them. They can get to know each other as more than simply bearers of officious titles. As the Board does not actually have authority to make decisions, the scope of its discussions and concern is unlimited. Any phase of student life from dormitory social rooms to admissions policy may be considered. The student point of view can be registered where it counts, and the administration can point out to us some of the limitations within which they must operate. Efforts can be joined in working to eliminate those problem areas which hamper the well-being of students, whether it be the food situation in Lenoir or lack of parking space.

Thursday's meeting was largely devoted to getting acquainted, and to discussion of the function and scope of the group. Both students and administrators declared it a very promising beginning for the new board.

The Editor's Mailbox

A Neighbor Writes A Letter

Editor: A recent check of the football calendar reveals that it won't be long before the renewal of the "Battle for the Bell." We over here at Duke feel that Christian charity dictates that we warn you that this year will be our year. For the past several years the Tar Heels through the grace of Providence and the use of a \$275,000 machine have managed to eke out undeserved victories. From over here it looks like you could use a little oil. We don't say we're going to slaughter you but think it would be a good idea to have that new hospital finished by Nov. 25. By the end of the afternoon the boys figure they will have made a pie out of that "paper" All American Huckleberry Holdash, have Hayes in a haze, decked Dudeck, and draped Bunting in black.

We hear that this new "A" formation is really terrific. Did you actually make 37 yards against Wake Forest? We're real impressed. Let's face it, the Tar Heels are a bunch of duds. When are you going to send those boys back to the coal mines where they know what they're doing?

I hope you, the editors, and also the student body will accept this as a challenge to a battle of words which I think is preferable to painting the Bell Tower or the Duke Chapel. Besides, the Chapel looks damned unattractive in baby blue.

John W. Caffey, Jr.
Duke University

Defense Of The Fair Sex

Editor:

Rolling Stones: I am not a woman driver, but I am a woman and I hope not the type you described. I hereby write this letter defending our fair sex.

You have made several statements which are generalized, narrow, and blood-boiling. You classified women as demanding and clinging. This only proves your association with them has been very limited. I have met that dizzy, hon-ey type you described as a representative of womanhood, and I am revolted as much by them as you are. I have also come in contact with the independent woman who is an intellectual companion when need be without losing any of the feminine characteristics.

These latter type of women are the ones who fight against being looked upon as a piece of property by a male. They are not, on the other hand, the hard-boiled, cold, stereotyped career women. They are the ones who offer more than a pretty face, a nice figure and a blank mind. They offer a well-groomed form and a varied mind. They meet tight situations calmly and intelligently as do your "superior" males.

I hope you will meet such persons and then you will see that not all women are dizzy frillies whose prime object in life is to get married and bear children.

Ruby Benjamin

The Carolina Front

by Chuck Hauser

MEMORIES OF A WEEKEND IN KNOXVILLE, driving over the mountains through beautiful fall-painted scenery... watching the football game from under a blanket, fortifying against the cold now and then from the inside out... dialing the number of every woman's dormitory in the telephone book to get dates, only to have the housemother answer in each one...

Yes, that was the trip in a nutshell. And, all in all, it was a good weekend... except for losing the football game, which was disheartening to say the least, considering the long distance we had driven to watch the Tar Heels play.

Driving back over the mountains on Sunday, we lost another football game. And when the Giants beat the Redskins with a field goal in the last five minutes of play, we figured it was time to quit. All the way next week, Choo Choo.

Knoxville was, for the most part, friendly. There were the usual unpleasant moments, and one time we almost got in a riot on the outskirts of town at a night club called the Doggy

Patch, but we cleared out before things got serious. Casualties amounted only to two slightly bruised jaws, and one of those belonged to a Tennessee man sticking up for Carolina.

It was Tennessee's Homecoming Weekend, and all the fraternity houses were decked out in the most elaborated lawn displays we have ever seen. But a torrential rain cascaded down on the campus Friday afternoon, reducing the majority of the displays to so much pulpy cardboard and crepe paper. The judges showed up just ahead of the water, however, so no one minded too much.

Tennessee's Shields-Watkins Field has a nice-looking press box from the inside (even though it looks like an oversize piano crate from the outside) but the service was lousy. As cold as the day was, no one on the Volunteer staff thought to provide coffee for the visiting newsmen, and sandwiches were available only if you wanted to make them yourself. For our money, Jake Wade's got the edge on press box hospitality for the South.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Curves, prefix; 2. Melayan coin; 3. Increased amount; 4. Fowl; 5. Instrument for measuring air pressure; 6. Particulars; 7. Stop watch; 8. Appellation of Athena; 9. Poem; 10. Short jacket; 11. Wound with pointed weapon; 12. Saucy; 13. Cotton; 14. Distant; 15. Romantic tale; 16. Genus of the frog; 17. Negative; 18. Related; 19. Artificial fluids; 20. Diminished; 21. Cease; 22. Bitter vetch; 23. Imitation oil; 24. Painting; 25. Expression of disgust; 26. Learning; 27. Genus of the Virginia willow; 28. Sailor; 29. Hurried; 30. Metal.

DOWN: 1. Poorest part of a fleece; 2. Turnerite; 3. Wheeled vehicle; 4. Sign of the zodiac; 5. So be it; 6. Carry; 7. Sea road; 8. Danger; 9. Menaces; 10. Enlarge an opening; 11. Insects; 12. Mud; 13. Trial; 14. Parts growing above ground; 15. Notion; 16. Harem; 17. Fish-eating duck; 18. Friendly; 19. Mountain lake; 20. Room in a house; 21. Century plant; 22. Wagons; 23. Accept; 24. Part of a fabric; 25. Eager; 26. Mouth; 27. Filling of a opera; 28. Song from an opera; 29. Withered; 30. Drove a nail; 31. Vegetable; 32. Possessed.