

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, examinations 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: 38 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.
Executive News Editor: CHUCK HAUSER
Managing Editor: ROLF NEILL
Business Manager: ED WILLIAMS
Sports Editor: ZANE ROBBINS
Staff Photographers: Jim Mills, Cornell Wright

Don Maynard, Associate Ed.
Andy Taylor, News Ed.
Frank Alston, Jr., Associate Spts. Ed.
Faye Massengill, Society Ed.
Neal Cadieu, Ads. Mgr.
Oliver Watkins, Office Mgr.
Shasta Bryant, Circ. Mgr.
Bill Sandler, Subs. Mgr.

News Staff: Edd Davis, John Noble, Walt Dear, Charlie Brewer, Barrett Boulevard, Stanley Smith, Billy Grimes.
Sports Staff: Joe Cherry, Lew Chapman, Art Greenbaum, Biff Roberts, Bill Peacock, Ken Barton, Harvey Rich, Dave Waters, Leo Northart, Eddie Starnes, Bill Hughes, Paul Barwick.

Society Staff: Nancy Burgess, Margie Storey, Evelyn Wright, Marvel Stokes, Sarah Cobbel, Luis Overton, Nancy Bates, Helen Boone, Jimmy Foust.
Business Staff: Boots Taylor, Marie Withers, Charles Ashworth, John Poindexter, Hubert Breeze, Bruce Marger, Bill Faulkner, Pat Morse, Chuck Abernethy, Martha Byrd, Marie McGerity, Lamar Stroupe, and Joyce Evans.

For This Issue: Night Editor, John Noble — Sports, Bill Hughes

NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

Like most people, I'm particular where I eat. But I've not been as particular as usual during the past few weeks. I've spent my money and taken my chances with the food and service at all of the eating places in the Chapel Hill vicinity.

I confirmed two popular ideas almost immediately. One is that eating out is expensive. And the other is that no food tastes as good as the food that's cooked at home.

Many people—students, visitors and some faculty members—have no choice. They have to eat out and they have to pay the price. For these people, here are comments drawn from notes made in the field.

By standards of good food, reasonable prices, satisfactory service and pleasant surroundings, only two eating places fall into what I would consider a four-star category. They are the Carolina Inn dining room and the Porthole.

The Inn dining room is quiet, which immediately sets it apart. You'll find cloths on the tables, uniformed waiters and good service in addition to good food. While the menu rarely offers exciting dishes, they are always well cooked and served in substantial quantity.

Prices at the Inn dining room are surprisingly reasonable for the class of service. A complete meal, from appetizer to dessert, costs about \$1.40, which is out of range of the average student budget.

The Porthole offers better food than the Inn, but under contrasting circumstances. Where the Inn dining room is quiet, the Porthole is filled with music via a live musician. Porthole service is good and prices are only the least bit above average. Little things, like excellent hot biscuits with plenty of butter, more than make up for the difference in prices.

There's only one serious disadvantage in planning to eat out at the Porthole. It's always crowded.

There are more than 20 eating places in Chapel Hill, but, in my opinion, only these two deserve top rating. However, three others are very close to being of the best. They are the Carolina Inn Cafeteria, the Coffee Shop and Danziger's. I rate them at three and a half stars.

While the food at the Inn cafeteria is usually above reproach, you must serve yourself, as in any cafeteria. And, as in most cafeterias, you spend more money getting the same meal than in a restaurant.

The Coffee Shop deserves a lot of credit for giving the customers their money's worth in food and service. Breakfast, lunch and dinner periods at the Coffee Shop find the large number of tables and booths filled, but quick service means a short wait for late arrivals. The one complaint that I would lodge against the Coffee Shop is that the menu remains too much the same from week to week. But this might account for the favorable prices.

Danziger's is that essential for every college town, the "Bohemian spot." At Danziger's you will find a change from the modern interiors of the eating places already mentioned. Colored lights, framed pictures, and a truly Bohemian atmosphere make even ordinary food taste different.

Danziger's is noted for its rich food and excellent pastries. And it is also known for exceedingly poor service. You can go into Danziger's right after lunch and be ready for dinner by the time food arrives.

Now for the three-star list, which will complete the places I would recommend to anyone.

Brady's, on the Durham Road, will provide you with generous servings of hot hush puppies, french fries and slaw with a half fry of chicken—all for \$1.25. Brady's is too far from town for students without cars and it is the one place that gives Danziger's for poorest service rating, but that chicken is good!

For steak, make it The Pines, on the Raleigh Road. Here, again, you need a car, but it's worth the trip. Service is good and prices are right. And you can get beer with your steak—in a private room, even, if you prefer—at The Pines.

I'll mention the places that I wouldn't recommend, and why, in tomorrow's column.

"I'm Doing My Best To Get You In, Pal!"



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35.

MIAMI—Fifty-four gamblers, gambling-syndicate chieftains and allegedly corrupt county officials were indicted here by a special grand jury the other day, and as a result Greater Miami is cleaner than an amateur gambler at a rigged roulette wheel. Prospects for "action" in the winter sessions are slim.

Bookies are not to be found. The lush gambling casinos are closed. A hoodlum, big or little, with or without a simonize job, seldom struts publicly. The heat, and it seems to be honest heat, is on, and figures to get hotter this time.

In August, 1947, a former FBI agent named Dan Sullivan was retained by a group of civilians. Sullivan's job was to painfully dig up the criminal case histories of men who now lived in opulence and respect among Miami's citizens.

Sullivan is a big, black-mustached Irishman who was with the FBI for years. He was parcel of the Chicago mob squad that knocked off John Dillinger and was also in on the famous Ma Barker siege. He went to work on a salary provided by the informal crime commission. It was the only salary—all the other men worked free.

Big Dan snooped. He checked realty records.

He checked prison records. He checked with other states. Since his appointment he has dug up enough evidence to show mob ownership of hotels, of restaurants, of all sorts of businesses. He made a unique set of scrapbooks. These books showed the photos of the hoodlums, photos of their rich homes, photos of their thriving business establishments. It also showed records of their criminal histories.

When Sullivan's scrapbooks contained some 150 dossiers of documented hoodlums, now high in Miami economics and society, a delegation went to President Truman with the books. Mr. Truman said he was shocked. "Why haven't I been told of this?" he asked. Nothing more was heard from the White House. Former Attorney Gen. Tom Clark saw the dossiers and did nothing. A regional counsel for the Internal Revenue commented that Miami's crime was no national problem, "but was crime merely at a local level," although the documented records showed Sullivan's rogues gallery to be composed of high-and-low level hoods from every major criminal combine in the country. Miami's vigilantes kept right on plugging, as you will see.

Presidential Memo

by John Sanders

Next month, heads of nearly a score of national unions of students will gather in Stockholm to discuss ways and means of promoting mutual cooperation in opposition to the Communist-dominated International Union of Students. Representatives of the student communities of free Europe, the British Commonwealth, and the United States will participate. We will, of course, be represented by the president of the National Student Association.

The International Union of Students was formed in 1946, and since 1947 has been little more than another mouthpiece for the Soviet line. While there was still hope of the non-Communist national student unions of France, Britain, and other countries of Western Europe gaining control of IUS, USNSA did not completely close the door on all possibilities of cooperation.

Financed by the Czech government, headquartered in Prague, and largely run by Moscow-trained leaders, IUS has been waging for three years an unopposed campaign to spread Communism across the face of the globe. Colonial and semi-colonial areas—Indo-China, Indonesia, and the like—have been given special attention in this campaign.

Teams of students and bales of propaganda have been sent out by IUS. Students in backward areas have been told that the only hope of attainment of their ideals of national independence and decent living standards for their people lies in cooperation with the Soviet Union. We know the emptiness of such promises, as do the oppressed students of Rumania and Poland. But there has been no real effort to show to the students of the Far East and elsewhere that cooperation with Moscow means submission and subjection.

Now, at last, work is being begun to counter and defeat the efforts of the International Union of Students to subvert the minds of the students of those nations which hang in the balance be-

tween East and West. In the meetings in Sweden, the students of the free world will be looking to the students of the United States, even as do their elders look to the U. S. government, for leadership in this fight. Even though USNSA is the junior of its European equivalents by many years, it must take the initiative in facing the very real menace to the free way of life which Communism and its tool, the IUS, pose.

In the Stockholm meeting, and in similar meetings over the next few years, we must develop a program which will, in the words of NSA President Lowenstein, "include ways and means of telling the students of critical areas of the world the truth about democracy. We must tell them what we are fighting for, and at the same time work out processes for rendering services within the international student community."

The responsibility for world leadership now devolves directly on the American student community. Ours is the only hand which, extended to the students of colonial areas, is likely to be received trustfully. Certainly Britain, France, Belgium, or Holland would be initially suspected in any efforts they might make to help "people who have lived under their rule for centuries."

Why not leave this sort of work to the State Department entirely, rather than involve students, comes the question. Simply because we as students can more effectively approach the students of other lands directly, without handicapping considerations of protocol and the niceties of international politics.

We, the students of the United States, through NSA, face an international challenge appalling magnitude and terrifying significance. To refuse it is to deny our own strength and our conviction that ours is the way of freedom and justice for all peoples. To lose it is to deny the free and freedom-loving world the support of that undecided third of the world's population whose decision will turn the tide of world history towards the East or the West; towards slavery or freedom.

The Editor's Mailbox

'George Not Seeking Education'

Editor:

In regard to a letter appearing in the November 19th issue of The Daily Tar Heel, there are a few things which we should like to bring to Mr. George F. Smith Jr.'s attention.

It is our opinion that Mr. Smith has failed miserably to prove that this University is inhabited by "joy hounds" who endeavor to distract the attention of others from their studies. We find that nearly all freshmen require considerable time to adjust themselves to the campus, and surely Mr. Smith is no exception.

There are some very beautiful buildings on this campus devoted to the entertainment of the students, but we fail to recognize the broken furniture and loud talking in the Library, and the uncomfortable furnishings in the dormitories. There are also numerous buildings which remain open at night for the convenience of those people who have difficulty in studying with other people around.

We do not believe that Mr. Smith is sincere in stating that "UNC is secondarily meant for the truly ambitious," because ambitious people do not become disturbed by their surroundings. Instead, they strive to overcome any obstacles that they might encounter in achieving their ambitions.

We fail to recognize a lack of interest in anyone who is anxious to learn, but it is evident that our pal, George, isn't very eager to study since he can sacrifice time in order to criticize UNC and to observe the various places for parties. We interpret his idea of a real university as a place equipped with soft, plushy chairs, "hearty rest" mattresses, soft lights and artistically designed walls in every building. It is our belief that George is not seeking an education, but a country club life associating with educated people.

John Edward Lester
Jesse Wellons Fields
Charles Thomas Wimshis

The Carolina Front

by Chuck Hauser

We've known a fellow for the past year or so who probably has more school spirit than any other 10 students you could name combined. He's not on the cheerleading squad, or in the University Club, or on the Card Board, however. He's just got spirit.

His name is Harvey Ritch. Harvey showed up at the house last Friday night late, looking for volunteers to help put out some Carolina propaganda throughout the Duke campus on the eve of the big game Saturday. I offered to go along, and he figured the two of us could do the job.

Goal for the night was the distribution of some 2,500 small "TS cards" with holes punched for the Tennessee, Wake Forest and Maryland games, all Duke losses for the season.

A fourth black circle, with a Carolina tag, was on the card. Instructions said "Get yours punched after the game."

The cards were printed at private expense, and their existence was unknown to the University Club, the cheerleading squad, or other official Carolina "school spirit" groups.

It took us better than two hours to circulate those things, but when we were through, they were scattered in practically every men's dormitory on campus, and profusely placed at the campus post offices on both East and West campuses.

We met hardly a single Duke student on our rounds, but we did get to know four campus cops, all of whom were friendly and cooperative in letting us go about our business, as long as we didn't have any paint under

our coats. One of them said he had been following us for the better part of an hour, at times being so close he could touch us. But let's get to the point of our story.

Harvey's school spirit kept him up mighty late that night, and as a result he slept through work the next morning, Saturday. He had a job at the Carolina Inn. I say "had" since he lost that job because of oversleeping the morning of the game.

I don't know who does the hiring and firing at the Carolina Inn, but whoever gave Harvey the gate seems to have been awfully hasty in light of the reasons for his absence from work. And I understand the person in question was told the whole story behind the prodigal worker's disappearance.

Which all goes to show that school spirit just doesn't pay at times. Especially since we lost the game.

I've got a new gripe about the coffee bar in the Book Exchange, in addition to the continuing complaint that the coffee is still weak as branch water.

The reason things move so slowly at the coffee bar is that there are only two sugar containers on the counter, which is possibly half the number needed. Persons who have been served and should clear out of the way are forced to stand at the bar for several minutes at times waiting for the sugar.

Come on, folks. I know you're making money, and a couple more sweetening utensils can't cost that much.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Thin, narrow strip
2. Fractions
11. Pollen brush of a bee
12. Unyielding
14. Hut
15. Region of western India
16. East
17. Fabric
18. Natural metal
20. Confusion; colloq.
22. Serpentine
23. Silkworm
24. Operatic solo
27. Yarn
30. Force
31. Pace with stone
32. Measure of capacity
33. Eager
34. Embrace
35. Part of an egg
39. Spread for drying
40. Swamp
42. Large wagon
43. Desert dweller
44. Head
45. Legislative bodies
46. Head covering
49. Emphatics
50. Lines

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11				12					13
14				15					
16			17	18				19	
20		21	22			23			
		24	25			26			
27	28	29				30			
31				32					
33				34			35	36	37
38				39			40		
41		42				43	44		
45						46			
47						48			
49						50			

DOWN
1. Tally in a game
3. Regards with affection
4. Minute
5. Soft mineral
6. Photographic apparatus
7. Empty of water
8. Candelabra tree
9. Worker
10. Trapping
11. Decent
12. Fact
13. Disturb
14. Cut
15. Post
16. Inimical
17. Feminine issue
18. Variant
19. Transportation
20. Honors
21. Obvious
22. Units of work
23. Pressure
24. Abhor
25. Apparent
26. Abhor
27. Units
28. Very small child; colloq.
29. Daughter of Zeus
30. Deface
31. Meadow

Reduce Districts

It is about time for some real radical revamping of campus legislature districts. Elections Board Chairman Julian Mason advocated the move when he gave his most recent report to the Student Legislature, and a study of his report will bring out a host of reasons why the problem should be carefully and completely looked into and sweeping corrections made.

There are at present twelve campus districts. They range in population size from 196 in one men's dormitory district to 964 in another. There are seven representatives elected from the largest districts and a single representative chosen from four of the districts. The immense problem of processing elections for legislators can be seen when it is realized that there are fifty seats to be filled, half in the fall election and half in the spring election.

The inadequacies of the present setup stem from several glaring faults. First, there are far too many districts. The situation created at the beginning of every quarter in the Legislature, when from two to a dozen legislators are forced to resign because they have moved out of their district is a direct result of the number of districts. This disadvantage, plus the fact that there may be several persons of legislative quality in a district that is limited to too few seats, offsets any advantage that can be gained by having a large number of districts. The main advantage of a large number is supposed to be that "the fewer persons a legislator represents, the better he will be able to know the prevailing opinion of his constituency." But we think the quality of legislators suffers because of the limiting factor of a large number of districts.

What would seem to be a big step in clearing up the mess, then, would be to drastically reduce the number of districts. Say cut the present setup to three men's dorm districts, two town districts, and an overall coed district. That would be within the framework of the Student Constitution, make any further redistricting unnecessary, reduce the number of resignations in the Legislature, and make possible a wider range of talent from which to choose solon material. Such a setup would also mean that the number of students in a given district would remain fairly constant, what with the number living in dorms a constant figure, and a wholesale migration on the part of town-dwellers necessary to cause any big change in the relative size of town district population.

The purely political advantages of the present setup could be very nearly eliminated by a reduced number of districts. The gerrymandered situation that now exists can be illustrated by the fact that the University Party, which did not receive a majority of the total vote in last year's spring election, has more legislators than the Student Party, which won all the campus-wide posts, save one. This is not the outgrowth of an evil plot on the part of the UP; it is simply a result of the districting setup.

For all these reasons, a drastic change, such as the one suggested here, is needed to clear up the districting problem. Student government leaders should get down to serious work on the problem and come forth with a plan approximating the six-district idea. The move would show up in a more intelligent, responsible, experienced Legislature, a reduced amount of work on the part of the Elections Board, and less confusion and political shenanigans on the part of parties and students.

Close A Chapter

With the advent of real chilling winter weather, we would like to close a chapter of many years' length in the Daily Tar Heel editorial column. We may be cursed in years to come by editors looking for a dull-day editorial subject, but it is high time a few of the old edit standbys were closed anyway.

And what do we think of when cold weather blows in? Nothing but the traditional, long-blasted and long-cursed walks of the campus. Those pathways, now completely modernized with antique brick, have fulfilled their usefulness as an editorial subject. Gone are the days of ruined shoes, jokes about men who sank out of sight in the goo before reaching their destination, and the cries of oldtimers who bemoaned the passing of a grand old tradition.

This year there will be no such stuff. Traditionalists have been silenced by progress, shoes now last for years, no one ever turns up missing in the mud, and the brick walks are in the "taken for granted" class. No doubt, tales from the mud-versus-brick chapter of University history will crop up from time to time in later eras. But no longer will students, administration, or others read anymore about the epoch in the editorial columns of The Daily Tar Heel. When such a point is reached, surely it is the end of a real period in time. Goodbye forever to editorial words on brick, mud, shoes and a passing tradition.