

The Daily Tar Heel

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Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

Comrade Mashie, chief of the Yugoslav co-op farm, invited us over to the Community Reception Hall which was actually a barn with a cream extractor in one corner and two pigs in the other. A barefoot milkmaid came with the inevitable plum brandy and we began to discuss communist farming.

seem perfectly happy and content despite the hard work, the drought, and the Soviet Army massed a scant hour's drive to the north. Indeed they seemed to pity me because I had to return to my "wretched capitalistic society."

Boris quaffed a slug of brandy and asked for questions. "Tell me," I smirked. "What are your major criticisms of Marshal Tito and his farm policy?"

There followed a stony silence and the gurgling of the cream extractor took over the conversation. I waited for an answer. It was like dropping a rose petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting for an echo.

"Any more questions?" said Mitka. Just then a burly Serb barged into the chamber and shouted that America and Yugoslavia were the shining symbols

by Bill Hood

Consolidation

I am happy to report that the expansion program here at the University appears to be coming along just fine. Things are simply humming along at the new School of Business Administration, while over on Pittsboro road, at the site of the Medical School, construction is progressing like everything.

The other day I happened to be walking by the latter location and noticed an individual of nondescript appearance standing there, gazing gloomily at the imposing structure, which seems to be nearly completed. I joined him and we both just stood there for a while, in silent contemplation.

"Something, isn't it?" I offered finally.

"It is" stated my unknown friend emphatically "a monstrosity, sir," I jumped.

"S-h-h-h" I cautioned, glancing around nervously, "someone might hear you."

"Furthermore" the stranger continued, ignoring my warning, "it has no style. That is, it has too many styles. The architect appears to have achieved the difficult, if inartistic, feat of combining the neo-Gothic with the pseudo-Colonial, not to mention a trace of early Italian Renaissance."

"W-e-e-ell," I muttered, "I wouldn't..."

"Decidedly a monument to bad taste!" my new acquaintance continued, breathing heavily and waving his arms violently. "A memorial to all the architectural blunders of the past two thou-

sand years! Have they never heard of Wright... of Dewey... of Fitzpat..."

"Quiet!" I hissed, clapping my hand over his mouth, "think, man, where you are! This is a classicist stronghold!" My friend was not to be restrained

"Here" he announced thickly, "is to be established a School in which will be taught the latest scientific theory, the most modern methods. And in what would they house it? That relic! That architectural mutation, by Arch-conservatism, out of J. A. Jones!"

"Please!" I interjected heatedly, "Granted what you say as true-which I do not-is style of supreme importance? It will be the function of this school to produce badly needed men of medicine; men to heal the sick, to alleviate the sufferings of the populace."

"You just can't please some people!" I added, looking him straight in the eye. I stalked off.

I had gone a little way, when I turned for a last look at the building under discussion. I could not help admiring the imposing facade; the gleam of new brick, the rows of windows sparkling in the sun, the white-uniformed men and women bustling about; in short, the whole antiseptic atmosphere of the place. Of course, the front did look a little like you'd think the back ought to look. Those columns, now, must fulfill some useful function or they wouldn't be there. Would they?

For a while we couldn't get much out of Boris. He comes from north Yugoslavia where they speak Hungarian and his Serbian was a little rusty. I come from America where they speak English and my knowledge of Hungarian is limited to one nasty slang expression. Mitka, our interpreter, comes from Macedonia where they speak lord-knows-what and he couldn't understand Boris, even when he was praising Tito. Clews spoke English, French, German, Dutch, and Polish—none of which helped out here. And the brandy just made things worse.

Finally we decided to call in one of the wine pressers who could speak both Serbian and Hungarian. He got the word from Boris in Hungarian, relayed it on to Mitka in Serbian and from there it filtered down to Clews and me in English. Through this "O'Brien-to-Ryan-to-Goldberg" combination I managed to glean the following story.

During the war the peasants of Yugoslavia decided that co-op farming would mean more bread and brandy for everybody so when Marshal Tito's Army of Liberation swept through Serbia they "organized to overthrow the filthy landlords." When Germany surrendered and the Peoples State was proclaimed each comrade pooled his land, cattle, and plowshares with those of his neighbors and lived happily ever after.

The peasants, who have never known any better way of life,

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of liberty and Truman and Tito were the arch-defenders of peace and that I, my family, and friends should all live ten thousand years.

"Just keep sending us guns," he said, "and we'll beat holy hell out of Russia if they cause trouble."

I drank to that.

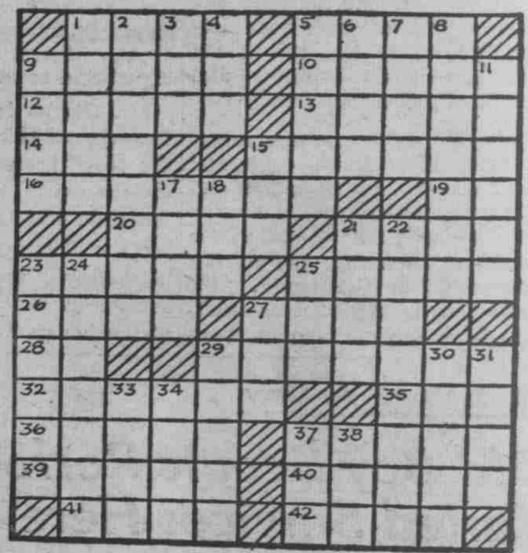
DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Cicatrix
 - Play boisterously
 - Shop
 - Beetle
 - Speaks
 - Arranges systematically
 - Eskimo tool
 - Vouch for
 - Laments
 - Ireland (abbr.)
 - Broken coat of cereal grain
 - Old Norse work
 - Bony framework of head
 - Metal
 - Attitudinize
 - A blessing
 - Land-measure
 - Enumerated
 - Salt
 - Frozen water
 - Of the cheek
 - Passageway between seats
 - Breathe noisily in sleep
 - Place of worship
 - Mineral springs
 - Haze

- DOWN**
- Not fresh
 - City (Ohio)
 - Chest
 - Property (L.)
 - Floats
 - Leave out
 - Masculine
 - Act as official head
 - Part of a check
 - Relating to the stars
 - Girl's name
 - Voided escutcheon
 - Indian mulberry
 - Famous boys' school (Eng.)
 - Those who practice dentistry
 - Convulsions
 - People of Korea
 - French coin
 - Japanese holiday
 - Centers
 - Brilliant success
 - Antlered animal
 - In a lopsided state

SCOT RAFT
 LAMA AGAR
 SENECA AVOW
 LU RICK OWE
 ATE TEE RET
 THUS SEPALS
 LAC NOB
 ILOILO ELMS
 BAG OBI EAT
 IMI PEND LU
 SIZE YEOMAN
 NEWS ROAD
 ASEA TRAY

- Yesterday's Answers
- Girl's name
 - Old liquid measure (Du.)
 - River (Sov. Un.)



Reviews

The Longines Symphonette with Mishel Piastro had some afternoon tea music to offer Thursday night in Memorial Hall. The orchestra was well synchronized, and the strings with Piastro added kept good Swiss time throughout. Some things on the program might have been interesting: some Kreisler numbers, a Haydn symphony and an Aria by Bach which turned out to be something on Piastro's G string without the string Suite that goes with it.

Some guaranteed pleasantries mixed in with these, Strauss, Rodgers ("Oklahoma," "The King and I"), Debussy rounded out the middle-aged "Our Best to You" program. Everybody was pleased and life looked a little rosier after tea than before. It was entertainment that couldn't be called ungentle.

—J. B. Stroup

