

# The Daily Tar Heel

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—by Barry Farber—

## PERSONALLY

...Occasionally I like to write a serious column dealing with something a little deeper than Myrtle Beach, Mardi Gras, and May queens. But every time my Remington fails to radiate razzmatazz and starts unwrapping four-syllable words, I catch poison darts from the academagogues with fluorescent Phi Beta Kappa keys who resent a smiling layman trying to horn in on their sacred monopoly of analytical thought.

Okay. So maybe my popcorn palaverer will never be bound in gilt-edged zebra-hide for the Library of Congress. That doesn't mean I can't scream my opinions just as loudly as the heavily educated thinkers who always complain about the library closing early on weekends. Where does it say you have to be a banker to spot a phony check? You don't have to be a zoology major to recognize a rattlesnake and you don't need an MD certificate to slap iodine on a carbuncle. Move over, Kaltenborne. I'm coming through with my own little set of ideas on how to bring peace to this swirling mudball called Earth.

First of all, let's examine our alternatives. The surest way to keep our boys off the battlefields is to yield to all communist demands and buy peace on the open market. Or maybe we could launch a "preventive war" and make the Soviet Union one big radioactive isotope. Some people feel that lasting peace will come to man if we turn to religion, cease all war production, and look to God for salvation.

I wish that were the answer. I wish that beginning noon tomorrow everybody would haul off and love his neighbor so we could beat our swords into plowshares and our bayonets into bobby pins and live happily ever after. But unfortunately, God is no cosmic bellboy who comes running every time we press a button.

The communists have a religion all their own which seems to fascinate over a third of the world's population and they've managed to turn the dove of peace into a mockingbird. Stalin has his own Golden Rule which reads "Do unto other before they do unto you," and the meek are not only inheriting the earth—they're getting their faces rushed into it. I lack faith, not in God, but in man. You can send a message around the globe in a fraction of a second, but it takes generations to force a simple idea through a quarter inch of human skull.

Why don't we bring the boys home from Korea, pull out of

Europe, and withdraw all our forces into the continental United States? It won't work. The defenses of Los Angeles begin at Pusan and when London falls, Philadelphia lies in mortal danger. The UN intervention in Korea was the greatest historical landmark since the discovery of fire. For the first time free men rose to crush an aggressor before he had a chance to get in gear. Our Korean campaign is untarnished by imperialistic claims. All we ask of Korea is enough ground to bury our dead.

Will peaceful negotiations do the trick? What happens when the nice little boys with clean faces, short pants, and lollypops try to talk things over with the neighborhood bully? The League of Nations' toreadors started off with a colorful grand march but were gored by the Italian bull early in round one. Prime Minister Chamberlain cashed a million Czechs and tried to buy "peace in our time" at Munich, but he couldn't keep up the installations. The United Nations' big-league peacemaking show has degenerated into a game of "truce or consequences" in an Asiatic pup tent. Appeasement won't work. Neutrality won't work. They've been tried. They are footprints on the sands of Dunkirk.

There seems to be only one way left to prevent civilization from being flushed down the drain. Get tough, stay tough, and punctuate our notes to Moscow with steel instead of fear. First we should muster every ally we can beg, buy, or borrow and stockpile A-bombs all along the Soviet periphery from Scandinavia to Siberia. Then we can settle down to the task of helping the backward masses of the world to realize the status of human beings and warn Joe Stalin that if he sticks his indoctrinated nose across a free border line at midnight, Moscow and Leningrad will be past tense before dawn. Even a maniac will think twice before he slugs the heavyweight champ. Eisenhower said it. "We intend to have peace even if we have to fight for it."

This is by no means a pleasant solution to the Cold War. If you can think of a better one you're sorely needed at Lake Success. I admit the program outlined above is, at best, a poor substitute for real peace and harmony. The idealists will cringe and say, "You're a warmonger. We should strive to make Russia and the United States good neighbors."

I agree. But a good neighbor smiles at you over the back fence. He'd better not try to climb it.

## Sheldon Joy Plager Post Mortem

Having pulled a Gallup on the last election, I have been searching everywhere for a good excuse. The best one I can offer is that the election was won by two singular events occurring just a few days before the balloting. The first of these was the spectacular newspaper handling of the hazing fiasco, with the accompanying blasts at fraternities by Student Party members. The second event was the Student Party's charges of "Block Vote." While University Party invariably means Fraternity, Fraternity does not invariably mean University Party. So the SP fell victim to their own weapon. The block vote charge gave the clue to the already aroused Greeks, and they took seriously the logical fallacy propounded by the opposition. All of which goes to prove how unpredictable these campus elections can be. Only a fool would venture to call them in advance—at this point I'll take a bow.

Of more serious consequences is the program the new order will institute. One of the first acts of the reorganized Legislature should be the establishment of a permanent Judiciary Committee. Student Party legislatures consistently blocked previous efforts in this direction, and insisted upon viewing the Courts with a holy reverence befitting a proposition to be accepted on faith only, as it might not be able to stand up to fact. If the Honor System is to continue to be effective on this campus, the agencies concerned must be revamped with an eye to a more just system of enforcement. It is time the Legislature accepted the responsibility demanded of it in no uncertain terms by our Student Constitution.

## Cosmo Capers

"I thought it might be indecent to dress as the Indians in my country do—in just the beads!" said the lovely senorita from Quito, Ecuador, Bobbie Zwart. She had just claimed the prize for the best costume at the Second Annual Cosmopolitan Club Dance last Saturday night in the Pine Room. In the explanation of her costume Bobbie told that the many strings of beads that she wore were made by the Indians near her home and were made of bird bones, berries, beetle shells of an iridescent green, and jaguar teeth. Her headdress was of brilliant red and green parrot feathers and she wore a brown sarong—her own addition, she explained modestly.

There were people from many nations to applaud the award of the miniature cup won by The Cosmopolitan Club of W.C. for the best-all-round costumes and the prize won by Miguel Muniz from Havana, Cuba, of State College for the funniest costume. These people were members of the Cosmopolitan Clubs of The Greater University and of the International Clubs of Duke University and Meredith College. The occasion was the last in the series of the annual dances given by the clubs of U.N.C., W.C., State and Duke, but it was the first

## Express Yourself



Editor:

Again the complaint that professors are not interested in the students. I think the truth lies in another quarter.

In my one year here I have had classes with only seven different professors, but without exception I have seen these men not only respond with interest and sympathy to the questions and even problems of their students, but I've seen them encourage, stimulate and seek out the opinions and views of their students. Several of them have made definite efforts to get to know their students individually, both in and outside of classes. Two of them invited their classes to their homes for a stimulating mixed social and educational evening. We were entertained with graciousness and hospitality. And this is not unknown in the experience of my friends. The lack of response seems to lie largely with the students. I have both heard this opinion from several professors and seen evidence of it myself.

I think we tend to put the burden too much—though perhaps understandably—on the professors. Some initial show of interest must come from us. Do we often have or demonstrate real interest and enthusiasm for what our professors are trying to show us? Enough evidence for a positive answer to that question is not yet apparent to me. Some of the fault for this much talked about and prevalent lethargy for so many of the activities that are outside the social whirl lies with our families, I think, for giving us or letting us acquire the view that college is just another of the things that are due us or expected of us.

Too often it appears as if we thought of these years in the

university as a pleasant, mildly useful filler between adolescence and marriage, or as marking time until the Army takes over our thinking for us, and not as a place and time to learn to think creatively, constructively and for ourselves. Also, some of the fault does lie with those professors who have given up trying to interest us (perhaps because of slim response), and with those who seem to have a tendency to lower their standards to fit our natural disinclination to really work on a subject.

There are those professors who teach just to get a living in order to carry on study; sometimes they are valuable enough to keep as teachers. There are those who don't take an interest in their students, or only in those who make A's (perhaps this is more often found in the large, required, foundation courses). They don't belong in the teaching profession. These people are the exceptions, I think. Most of the others teach because they want to—because they are interested in students. It seems to me more and more obvious that we should want to learn, no matter if the right psychological approaches aren't used in every class we take.

Getting to know anyone is a job, but usually a rewarding one. It should and does prove especially so with these people who spend much time and effort trying to help us become thinking and educated men and women.

It isn't so much Mr. Chips who's vanishing as it is his devoted and interested students. Let's apply more effort to correct this instead of trying to take the blame entirely off our own shoulders.

Margaretta Eldridge

—by David Alexander—

## REVIEWS

THAT GLORIOUS FEELING: To be "Singing In the Rain" might currently describe our local weather, but for me it's a pleasure to describe a motion picture of the same title now showing at the Carolina Theater.

This musical from the celebrated master of musicals, M.G.M., is perhaps the freshest, and the most enjoyable one to come along in some time. Gene Kelly, maintaining a good status after such films as "On the Town," "Summer Stock," and "An American in Paris," is joined by Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor in kidding the life out of the early motion picture studio, stars, dress, et al.

Jean Hagen, who got her first film break in a Hepburn-Tracy film which also starred Judy Holliday, is made up as a blonde movie queen, who sounds amazingly enough like the dumb broad which Miss Holliday portrayed in "Born Yesterday." Donald O'Connor sings a novelty selection which must have been copied from a Cole Porter

at which prizes were offered. The costumes added much to the color and gaiety of the evening.

The foreign students wish to invite and urge more American students to join them in their regular and special activities.

number, "Be A Clown" which Gene and Judy Garland sang and danced in "The Pirate." One of my favorite sequences in this new film is the "Broadway Melody" number, patterned after other Kelly numbers, but featuring Cyd Charisse, who could easily pass for Ava Gardner in a ballet sequence. There are a couple of new songs, with a nice blend of some older ones such as "You Were Meant for Me," and "You Are My Lucky Star."

Debbie Reynolds, a comparative newcomer in films, is another reason that I have for looking forward to better motion pictures. As long as Hollywood can produce personalities such as she, television won't drive the film mecca out of existence.

By now, you must have seen "Singing in the Rain," or you have heard about it. At any rate, you can't beat it for entertainment, and it probably (pardon the expression) will leave you with a song in your heart.

### Minor Matter

An atomic scientist was recently asked if an atomic bomb, through chain reaction, could destroy the earth.

"So what," replied the man of learning. "It's not as if the earth were a major planet."