

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is published daily, except Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed \$4 per year, 1.50 per quarter; delivered, \$6 and \$2.25 per quarter.

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Editor:

Gene Kelly and I didn't have much in common until "Sing-in in the Rain" hit the campus. I was "A Fellow With An Umbrella" and he was just another "American in Paris." Until last Friday night, when someone eyed my umbrella resting from its labors of the yearly Chapel Hill monsoon on the back porch of McIver dorm, I was "Oh So Dry." But the monsoon must have been too much for this dry land cassanova. In a flash he was singing "You Were Meant For Me" to my over-worked but ever-ready guardian against the skies.

I don't have a sentimental attachment for it because I ushered Eisenhower into SHAPE headquarters with it, covered Jan Peerce as he entered Memorial hall, or walked with Cyd Charisse under it (who could walk?). It's just that my gal and I like it. It keeps us, whoops, kept us dry.

Reid Harris

P.S. "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall But Too Much is Falling in Mine."

by Rollo Taylor Pressing Problems

I'm downright disappointed with the reaction the gals in McIver had over the little serenade the dorm boys whipped up last week. It had all the tenderness and beauty that any serenade had—all it lacked was a little polish. Granted that the fraternity did a better job but it wasn't spontaneous like the other. Them frat boys probably practiced all night and kept everybody in the neighborhood up for two-three weeks just to get in that last little note. Now girls, you just don't appreciate the honesty that was in the second phase of your hectic night. Just because all the boys didn't know the words and none knew the music didn't mean that they were not sincere. You just got no appreciation for the rustic arts.

And because of that lack of appreciation you caused those boys to be frustrated all night. After the cops came the second time they decided you just didn't like it. With all that emotion pent up inside them they had to go down and sing to the boys in the lower quad. It was not as tender and sweet as the doses you got but at least the lower quad understood and appreciated. All but one, that is. He called the gendarmes again and before the night was over there were some bad impressions made.

Those boys were genuinely torn up about the whole night and one says he'll never sing another note. You, McIver Residents who prefer perfection to honesty, will bear that on your conscience all the rest of your life. Shame, shame on you. Squelching one of the truly great singing groups on the campus.

What Others Are Saying

A major change is taking place on college campuses over the nation. "Rah-rah" exuberance is giving way to sober purposefulness and hazing is being replaced by acts of community service. Today's college student is more mature, responsible and studious than his predecessors.

So reports Robert Stein, editor and author, after surveying more than 100 colleges and universities and talking with college presidents, deans, professors, guidance counselors and students. He describes his findings in an article on "How Wild Are College Students?" in the May issue of U.S.A., the Magazine of American Affairs, out today.

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Stein, "an account of several dozen brawling, rioting students makes more dramatic reading than the story of 2½ million young men and women quietly and efficiently going about the business of learning." That's the reason, he explains, why the big change sweeping over college campuses has gone almost unnoticed.

One clear evidence of the new atmosphere is revealed in the decline of hazing and pranking and the diversion of energies they formerly consumed to such acts as putting up student dormitories, painting and repairing homes of needy families, and performing other community services, Mr. Stein writes. He cites Wilmington College in Ohio, where students put in up to 400 hours each in constructing a \$200,000 dormitory, which, because of their free labor, cost the school less than \$18,000.

College authorities are in general agreement, he found, that despite headlines about campus disorders today's undergraduates are more serious, sober and hard-working than earlier students. They have high ideals, level heads, and are solemnly preparing, with the confidence and courage of youth, for the "grave responsibilities which will soon be theirs," he concludes.

The Magazine of American Affairs

by Joe Raff

Riff . . . by Raff

It was a cold, bleak day this last weekend of April and plans for a "sexcursion" to the beach didn't seem as if they would work out. My classes for the day were almost completed and as the rain came down harder and harder, I was thinking more and more of a trip home rather than to the shivering seashore. Mind made up, I found myself at home Friday evening and busily telephoning for dates who resent their being asked for a nine o'clock date at eight-thirty. Aside from all the disappointments from the feminine brood, there is always something super-colossally disastrous about my weekends away from Chapel Hill. This weekend was no exception.

Saturday morning was dreary as it was all over the state and I was cruising along in the family car on a home chore when out of the misty muddle of things comes a careening Cadillac down the hill aimed straight at our family's four-wheeler. Ahead of me was a catastrophe, to the left of me was an uninterested cocker spaniel, and to the right of me was a curb, embankment and someone's

front lawn. Over the curb, up the hill and onto the lawn was where the car and I went.

The Cadillac sped past, and worst of all the detached spaniel all but snubbed its nose to me walking away hardly looking back. I looked at the huddled mass of bent pistons and at the arrogant cocker striding down the highway. Then I noticed the lawn I was using for a parking lot. A neon flickered on and off "Veterinary Hospital." Such luck could only be mine.

Others have also had bad luck and especially anyone who has ever written their first newspaper column and eagerly waited to see their by-line on the morning the paper is delivered. I am referring to Mickey Rouse who wrote her first music critic column (Turntable Topics) and received no recognition for half a page's work. This column was in last Sunday's issue of The Daily Tar Heel under the title, "One Night In Venice Intriguing"—a far cry from Turntable Topics. Her column will appear weekly from here on out.

Letter From Home

If you've ever wondered what little brothers (grammar school) write to big brothers (college) here's what:

"Dear Warren,
"Mother Daddy and I have just received your letter today on Monday.

"I am sorry to say but I do not want the puppy mongrel. If you could try and get me a beagle, or a pointer I would be very happy.

"My rabbits are getting bigger every day now, but the only trouble is I couldn't let out since we been having this rain, talking about rain, we been

having rain for 6 days, 6 whole day. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon.

"Wednesday we got a subtotot teacher for Mr. Yunghans. He went to Richmond Virginia. The teacher we had was a lady. We through spitballs and parts of eraser. Somebody put pencil shavings on her chair. We called her a Warren and were the jallbirds, my number is—Vicious 59034 Dangerest, sing sing.

"17 Kisses.
Love Terry

P.S. I hope you will get a dog for me."

Hark The Sound

Today is May Day. To millions of Americans it means a day of sunshine, laughter, maypoles with candy-colored streamers, and beautiful women.

But while we dance and play in the sweet air of freedom, a million singing slaves of the Soviet Union will pack Red Square in Moscow to pay homage to Marshall Stalin and cheer their comrades the world over onward to a sweeping overthrow of the "fascist elements of reaction."

The first of May is the day communists all over the globe have chosen to unfurl their ideology and fling it into the faces of the free world. You would be amazed at the number of people who are thinking about you today. Thinking and hating you and your way of life with a venomous passion unequalled in all history.

The Kremlin celebrates tonight. And the streets of Paris will vibrate with the frenzied cries of a proletarian mob urging the "Yankee swine" to pack up the Marshall Plan and go home. American MP's in the western sector of Berlin may have to use tear gas to keep the parading hordes of communist youth from overflowing the boundaries of their own cesspool into the Allied zone of Germany.

Loud, cackling laughter will echo out of Rome as General Eisenhower is hanged in effigy and the civil police in Oslo, Brussels, and Copenhagen will work overtime to keep violence at a minimum. American embassy staffers throughout Latin American will peer out the window into the hate-infected faces of workers screaming "Down with el imperialismo yanqui" and report to Washington "Anti-American sentiment less pronounced than in years past."

Communist parties in Africa, China, and the Middle East will renew their charges of "germ warfare," "parachuted potato bugs," and "Korean babies impaled on American bayonets." Top party leaders in Bulgaria and Albania will yelp with delight as Asiatic mothers explain to their curious children that the red flags mean "freedom" and the hammers and sickles mean "food for everybody" and the American flag (burning in the gutter) symbolizes exploitation, oppression, and gasoline jelly bombs.

Tomorrow the force of the hate binge will have been spent. The blazing banners and propaganda posters will be torn from the walls by the local garbage disposal services (except in those areas where the communists have gained control of municipal government) and the followers of Marx and Lenin will simmer down to another year of lies, deceit, and silent subversion.

These world-wide reverberations of animosity cannot be laughed off as our nation trots blissfully around the maypole. But we predict that the day is coming when the Red tidal wave dwindles to a ripple—because the peace-preaching hucksters of hate have overlooked one vital axiom, as old as algebra, which persistently leaps forward out of history to crush every dictator bent on world domination.

"Many will fight for power, but many more will fight to be free."

Fiat Chest

Alan Tate, chairman of the 1952 Campus Chest, is in tears.

Over a fourth of the pledged donations have not yet been turned in and the May 15 deadline is rapidly approaching. Two weeks ago three hundred and fifty dollars was given by the Campus Chest to the Red Cross Southern Tornado Relief Fund. This is typical of the good work the Campus Chest does to alleviate suffering and distress.

The other agencies benefiting from this year's Campus Chest Drive are The North Carolina League For Crippled Children, The North Carolina Heart Association, The World Student Service Fund, and The American Cancer Society.

Pledge money may be turned in to the Campus Chest in the YMCA Building.