

The Daily Tar Heel

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 Sports Staff—Tom Peacock, Eddie Starnes.
 Photographers—Cornell Wright, Bill Stonestreet.

Personally

A funny thing happened in Helsinki this summer. Around the middle of July five hundred athletes followed by a hundred thousand happy sports fans from seventy one nations put their hates, prejudice, and ideology under wraps and congregated in the cozy capital of Finland to match skill, speed, and muscle in a radiant spirit of Olympic harmony.

In Korea jet fighters and bombers were busy peppering the enemy with block busters and gasoline jelly blobs while glaring negotiators played "truce or consequences" in a blood-soaked puppet near Panmunjom. And the Communists staged monster pep rallies in Paris and Rome while in Teheran a wispy little premier named Mossadegh threatened to ignite the simmering oil of the middle east. Jews and Egyptians spat four-letter oaths back and forth across a desert barricade and down in the Malayan jungles the mournful cry of the chimp and parakeet was punctuated by the gasp of the flame thrower and the shrill whine of the heavy mortar.

But Helsinki wasn't interested. For three weeks this sub-arctic sanctuary for sports lovers forgot about the Iron Curtain, Malik's veto, the prisoner of war muddle, and the charges of germ warfare and young boxers and swimmers from England, Argentina, and America took advantage of this time out in the Cold War to swap snapshots, T-shirts, and shaggy dog stories with high huddlers from Moscow, Prague, and Warsaw. For a brief interlude the laughing, hand-shaking javelin throwers from Minsk and Minneapolis, Budapest and Baltimore made monkeys out of their elder diplomats who so far have been able to do nothing better than stumble into a U.N. chamber, exchange grunts, and then throw pieces of Asia at each other.

If a casual visitor from Mars circling the Earth had poked his head out of a flying saucer over Helsinki, the Olympic spectacle would have ruptured his cosmic eyeballs out of their sockets and left them dangling by the optic nerve.

"What a looney planet!" he might have uttered. "On one side of this swirling mudcake everybody's slinging dynamite, daggers, and dead cats at each other. Then a few healthy delegates from each country slip away to a huge stadium up north; they meet, they shake, and first thing you know they put on short pants and start jumping around in a sawdust pit together."

Our interplanetary tourist wouldn't have been the only one puzzled by what went on when belligerent East and West temporarily set aside their feuding and played games instead. For instance, who in Helsinki ever dreamed that Russian and American yacht crews would sit together in the crepe-decorated cellar of a Finnish castle chewing sirloin and quaffing cognac while Arabs and Israelis joined in frivolous folk dancing down at a barbeque beach party thrown by the French and Germans? And who could help but blink and blink again at the sight of two students, one from the University of Leningrad, the other from Cornell, down on both knees helping a South Korean boy adjust the weights on his iron barbell?

The Olympic story has been told in millions of words in dozens of languages by every newspaper on seven continents, but there's still enough untapped drama and intrigue to keep hack writers battling away at the Remingtons until Gabriel blows that high note. So I've decided to rip out a few pages from my logbook to bring you my description of a Communist rally in London, an Eisenhower rally in Oslo, Olympic Helsinki, a grand Tar Heel reunion on the banks of the Baltic, an interview with the Bulgarian gymnastic squad, a two hour train ride through Soviet Russia, and a two week ocean voyage with refugees from Communist terror.

(To Be Continued)

There were 398 school bus accidents in North Carolina last year which injured 116 children.

Last year there were 176 children under 15 years of age injured in bicycle accidents on North Carolina streets and highways.

"Hey-That's My Fountain Pen"



—by Drew Pearson—

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

ABOARD THE EISENHOWER CAMPAIGN TRAIN—Ike Eisenhower had settled down to whistle-stopping with the verve and gusto of Harry Truman when the \$16,000 Nixon bombshell hit him. After a hesitant and faltering start during the first part of his trip, the general had really learned how to harangue the crowds and seemed to like the hustings.

Then suddenly came the word that his side-kick, the candidate for vice-president and the man who had been held up to the public as the model young man of America, had received \$16,000 a year for expenses from a "Millionaires' Club" in California while serving in the Senate.

For a time it took most of the campaign wind out of Ike's sails. He looked pretty grim the next morning when he spoke at little midwest towns along the way. Ike went through the usual motions but you could see his heart wasn't much in it anymore.

Back in the rest of the train, Eisenhower's advisers discussed the pros and cons of Nixon's "expense" gift.

According to normal tax practice, income used for living expenses is taxable. It cannot be tax-exempt as Senator Nixon treated it, and, therefore, he opened himself up to a charge of income-tax evasion—if the Justice Department wanted to deal with Nixon the same way the Republicans have demanded that it deal with others. Likewise those who gave the expense gifts to Nixon would be vulnerable—in case they deducted the money from their own income taxes.

Finally, it is against the law for any member of Congress to accept a fee or gift in connection with any claim, legislation or case against the U. S. Government. It is quite possible that some members of California's so-called Millionaires club could have had government contracts, or could have filed for

a radio or television station, or could have had other matters pending against the government on which Nixon used his influence.

In this case he would be open to criminal prosecution and a jail sentence of two years. Sen. Barton of Kansas once went to jail in such a case, while the criminal division of the Justice Department recommended the prosecution of Congressman Gene Cox, of Georgia, a Democrat, for taking a gift of stock in connection with a call he made to the Federal Trade Commission to secure a radio license in Albany, Ga.

Meanwhile, newsmen, most of them representing pro-Eisenhower papers, asked press secretary Jim Hagerty for a statement.

"No comment at this time," replied Hagerty usually one of the most obliging men in the world.

"But this is something the American people have a right to know about," pressed Vance Johnson of the San Francisco Chronicle, a paper supporting Eisenhower and Nixon.

Ed Follard of the Washington Post, also an Eisenhower paper, backed him up, as did others.

"I'm not going to get a statement for all you Democratic papers," gibbed Hagerty, half joking.

"But I happen to represent a paper which strongly supports your candidate—at least momentarily," shot back Johnson.

Hagerty couldn't help himself. He knew that the general was in the rear of the train at that moment with Senators Calson of Kansas and Seaton of Nebraska, two of his closest advisers, trying to decide what to do.

Next morning Hagerty came forth with the General's statement which many construed as strong support of Nixon though Ike also said he would talk to his Vice Presidential running mate.

A moment later, the train

stopped for a usual whistle-stop appearance. Ike was grim as he stepped out on the rear platform. But he went through with his corruption routine.

"We have to get rid of people who regard public office as an opportunity to get rich and aggrandize themselves," he said. "I believe the cure has to come from top to bottom. I sincerely believe I can do the job with the men I gather around me in Washington."

General Eisenhower looked stern indeed as the train pulled on to the next whistle-stop on the Midwest Prairies.

Strangely absent from the Eisenhower train are some of his original boosters. Sen. Jim Duff of Pennsylvania, who first started the draft-Ike movement and made speech after speech last winter when the general was still in Paris, is not only absent but unmentioned. Duff is not a Taft admirer.

Also missing is Paul Hoffman, former head of the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee and one of the most effective organizers in helping Ike win the nomination. Hoffman also is not an admirer of Taft's. Reports persist that he has broken with Ike, not personally but politically.

Also missing is Herbert Brownell, the Dewey campaign manager who, along with Dewey, did so much to beat the Taft forces at Chicago. During the convention, Ike never made a move without consulting Brownell. His most frequent remark then was: "What do we do next, Herb?"

In New York, Brownell sometimes drops around to Ike's headquarters at the Hotel Commodore. But the calls are not frequent and Herb always comes up by a back elevator.

The political backers of any candidate are bound to change, as his views change, but the complete turnover of the men around Eisenhower has been a little quicker than usual.

On Campus

(The editors have invited Bill Roth, director of Graham Memorial Building, to introduce the new students at Carolina to the program of activities and available facilities of our student union center. Roth is serving his second year as Graham Memorial director.—ED.)

There is little that remains to be said to the many new students in the way of welcome. Counselors, advisers, administrative officials, and old students have made many welcoming speeches, they have shaken many hands, and, by this time, the "newcomers" feel somewhat like "oldtimers."

In short, the new academic year is underway, and, once again, the University has rolled out the carpet to a new crop of soon-to-be alumni.

But now that you are here, well-settled, and ready to embark upon a career, we would like to re-state a welcome to the use of facilities in Graham Memorial.

The building, and everything that is in it, is for the use of the student body, old students and new students alike. The class of '56 has already taken advantage of the reading, TV, radio and lounging facilities of the spacious GM Lounge. They have had tea and cookies with us on the front porch, and now, we hope that they will get acquainted with the remainder of the building.

If you "don't know from nothing," if you want to reserve a room in GM for a meeting, if you want to check out some records for a little listening pleasure, or if you just want to shoot the breeze, then you should come by the Information Office of Graham Memorial. If you like the music and lights soft and low, then the Rendezvous Room in the basement is just the ticket. All you have to do is watch The Daily Tar Heel for doings in that quarter.

We can practically guarantee that you will be able to stir up a good bridge game, chess game or checker game if you come by the Lounge and make known your intentions. (Check out the necessary paraphernalia from the Office.)

And, if your leisure hours begin to hang heavy upon you, there are possibilities along the upstairs hallway which is lined with under-staffed offices. The procedure is simple; merely walk past the open office doors at a slow pace, and, occasionally, an arm will snake out and grab you. The Daily Tar Heel like the Yackety Yack loves Company.

The Carolina Quarterly, for the veddy, veddy practitioners of the haute culture, is to be found on the left mezzanine as you enter. The Travel Agency, if you are thinking of leaving in a hurry, can be found on the right mezzanine ditto. Tarnation, the "humor" magazine is starting to whomp up a funny batter in what used to be the kitchen, on the main floor, to the left as you come in.

But our main claim to fame is the Student Government offices. On the main floor, right, is the office of the President of the Student Body, Ham Horton. Upstairs, the offices of the other student government personnel are located. We recommend that you not arrive in the various Council offices as a culprit, but that you choose the route of getting elected.

So, once again, here's to the class of '56, and a new year, and a bigger and better Student Union program.

In the United States last year, nearly 87,000 child pedestrians were killed or injured by motor vehicles. Almost 30,000 of them were under 5.

Howdy

From the halls of the medical school, to the shores of Hogan's Lake, the staff wishes a happy new school year to all participants of Chapel Hill's four-year plan.

Whether you're a freshman on the ground floor on the way up, or a senior at the top of the stairs on the way out, your newspaper will be on the inside looking out for you step by step.

This is the year of elections, Olympics, and a split-T formation for Carolina. It is also the year of a seven-column DAILY TAR HEEL to give you bigger helpings of the world stew, hot off the press.

We want to be your guide by keeping you posted six days a week every quarter of the way until you must leave us. Whoever you are, whatever your purpose at the University, wherever you come from, you are of interest to us and we want to be interesting to you.

No news is bad news to THE DAILY TAR HEEL, so your ideas and contributions are of front-page importance in our department. Remember that whatever you don't say may be held against you in the quality of your newspaper. Let us hear from you.

To the football squad, we say good punting; to the sororities and fraternities we say good hunting; to the freshmen, welcome; to the sophomores, welcome back; to the juniors, welcome back again; to the seniors, welcome back once more.—B. B.

Express Yourself

For the next nine months the editors of this paper will be shooting their opinions into your face at the rate of six volleys per week. Sometimes you will say our editorials are the zenith of lucid, intelligent thinking. (Meaning you agree.) Other times you'll claim we have rocks in our heads, meaning you happen to embrace an opposite point of view.

At any rate, why confine your reactions and counterattacks to that mellow area inside your own cranium? Drop us a line instead so the campus, the community, and the great world beyond can bask in the radiance of your self expressed thoughts.

We're anxious to hear what you, the students, have to say on everything from the library to the Kenan seating arrangement to the Berlin Air Lift. If you like the way some particular facet of Carolina life is being run you might inject a few well chosen accolades via our editorial pages. On the other hand if you feel that a certain situation in our academic community is abominable and could stand improvement, just sharpen your tongue, cruise over the target, and drop a few adjectives on it.

So if at any time you get the urge to drip honey, splash vitriol, or merely present some pertinent comment, you can rest assured that your offerings will be warmly received by the Editors.

We ask that your letters be typewritten, if possible, and double spaced with ample margins. We must know your name and address which we will withhold upon request. Usually letters are limited to 350 words, although we will gladly allot you more space if we feel you have a message of graphic import to our readership.

Our address is: THE DAILY TAR HEEL; Chapel Hill, N. C. Don't let us monopolize the conversation all year long.

Off Campus

From the Daily Kansan, University of Kansas
BIG NIGHTSHIRT PARADE SCHEDULED FOR FRIDAY

Plans for the annual Night-shirt parade to be held Friday night were announced today by the All student Council tradi-

tions committee. It will include the traditional snake dance down Massachusetts Street and a bonfire rally at South Park. Dress for the parade will be anything from pajamas to nightshirts.

May we wear blankets in case it's cold and do the sack dance?

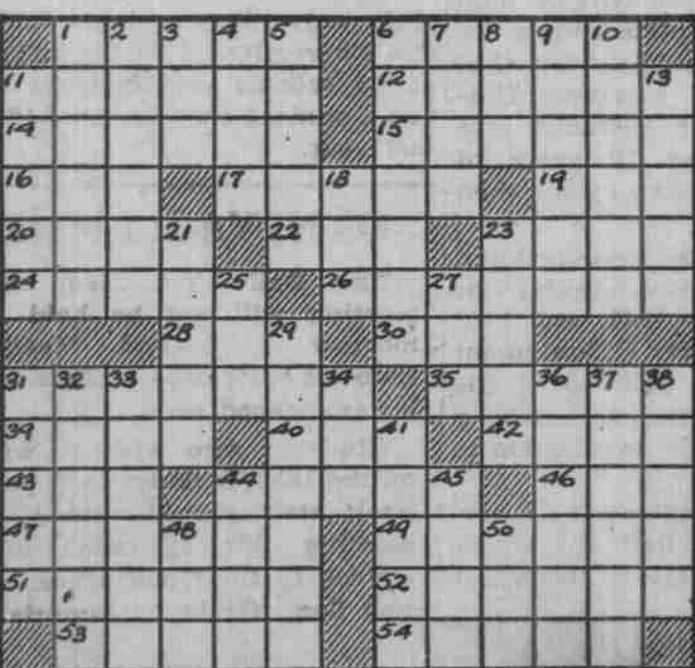
Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- Capital of France
 - Hue
 - Anything crushed to a pulpy mass
 - Supposed
 - Adjusted to form a line
 - Pave again
 - Free
 - Mends
 - Obtain
 - Cease
 - By birth
 - Nothing more than
 - Fisher for eels
 - Wall decorator
 - Vehicle on wheels
 - Younger man
 - Larger
 - Massive
 - Berest
 - Result of infection
 - County road
 - Goat
 - Inn
 - Meadow
 - Glider
 - Reveler
 - Pertaining to old age
 - Finishers
 - Has an opinion
 - Long grassy stalks
 - Retined
 - White crystalline powder
 - Went swiftly
 - Frozen
 - Type of automobile
 - Pertaining to the eyeball
 - Opened post.
 - Part of the mouth
 - Wild ass of Asia
 - Venerate
 - Resolve into elements
 - Prevent from action
 - Corded fabric
 - Kind of nut
 - Honor
 - Rodent
 - Knave of clubs in loo
 - Rests
 - Amorphous transparent substance
 - Disturbed
 - Type of fur
 - Track worn by a wheel
 - Seasoned
 - Gibes
 - Divisions of time
 - Negro tribe of Cape Verde
 - Tillar
 - Row
 - Decease
 - Poem

ACT BEE ELECT
DOR ELM DOLOR
ENAMEL MIG MI
SCAN NIT APE
STEW VAN BIRD
HID MATA BELE
ET SECURED HO
STAWARES PEW
STOW TAT CONE
EIR HEL MASS
NO ROD SEPTIC
SNAIL HOT AVE
ESSAY EWE LED

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

- White crystalline powder
- Went swiftly
- Frozen
- Type of automobile
- Pertaining to the eyeball
- Opened post.
- Part of the mouth
- Wild ass of Asia
- Venerate
- Resolve into elements
- Prevent from action
- Corded fabric
- Kind of nut
- Honor
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- Rests
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Campus Favorite

L'l Abner

Starts Tomorrow