

The Daily Tar Heel

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Freedom Unlimited

Having recently returned from a national conference of collegiate editors, we are prepared to declare without fear of contradiction that our Daily Tar Heel enjoys the most absolute freedom of expression of any college publication in the world. Perhaps other student newspapers can boast of the same degree of freedom that we do. None can boast of more.

The Daily Tar Heel is student-run, student-written, and student-censored from the first capital letter of the banner headline to the final period on the back page bottom right. No paternalistic "faculty advisor" peeps over our shoulder to ensure that our writings "conform" with policy and dictates handed down from above. Neither are we pestered by any "supervisory committee" with darting red pencils weaving a mosaic pattern over our "objectionable" copy. In fact, as far as we can remember, nothing even so strong as a mild suggestion has been beamed our way from South Building, the Board of Trustees, or any other center of authority.

Coupled with this rare measure of self-government is a responsibility on our part to bring you the news as we see it, interpreted according to our conscience, and presented with prudence tempered with fundamental common sense.

Our freedom is guaranteed by a University administration unaccustomed to meddling in student affairs. Whether or not we fulfill our share of the obligation will be determined during the next nine months.

—Ham Horton—

Presidential Memo

We couldn't possibly start a column without mentioning first of all the top-notch job done this summer by a happy go lucky, perennially smiling boy from Rocky Mount, who is always insisting that he's going to "take it easy next quarter". It's our good fortune that it's always "next" quarter, and not "this" quarter, because we've learned to lean on Bob Gorham when we want a job especially well done. And Bob's job as Orientation Chairman has been magnificent, to put it mildly. A new orientation counselor's handbook was printed, complete with Bob's own Gorgehuesque philosophical footnotes, for the first time in our memory a picnic for the freshmen was held, and most important of all, the group Bob chose for his committee and the counselors they chose were just the type boys to introduce a new class to Carolina.

Bob spent the better part of his summer preparing for the Freshman orientation program, and from South building on down the unanimous opinion is that it was time well spent. Thanks Bob!

Flowers should also be tossed to Mr. J. S. Bennett for his work this summer in giving us social rooms in the upper Quad. All four dorms had walls knocked

out between two rooms, which gives the boys there the elbow room they need to live in the splendor to which they would like to become accustomed. If you get a chance, drop by one of the upper quad dorms and look in—they're really elegant.

The people around the "Y" tell me that Harry Phillips also did a service to the sweltering summer school students. Harry seems to have produced several square dances and a particularly successful watermelon feast. Harry heads a committee for student government that we hope will give us a similar program the year around.

"Tarnation's back and the man responsible for the dastardly act more than anyone else is Tom Alexander. We were a bit apprehensive when we returned to campus—thought Tom might have given up the idea as being too much to attempt. But instead found Tom brandishing advertising contracts and spouting plans for a great little humor mag. Incidentally, Tom's somewhat of a celebrity. Had his picture on the lead article of the Sat. Evening Post last week! Ah fame!

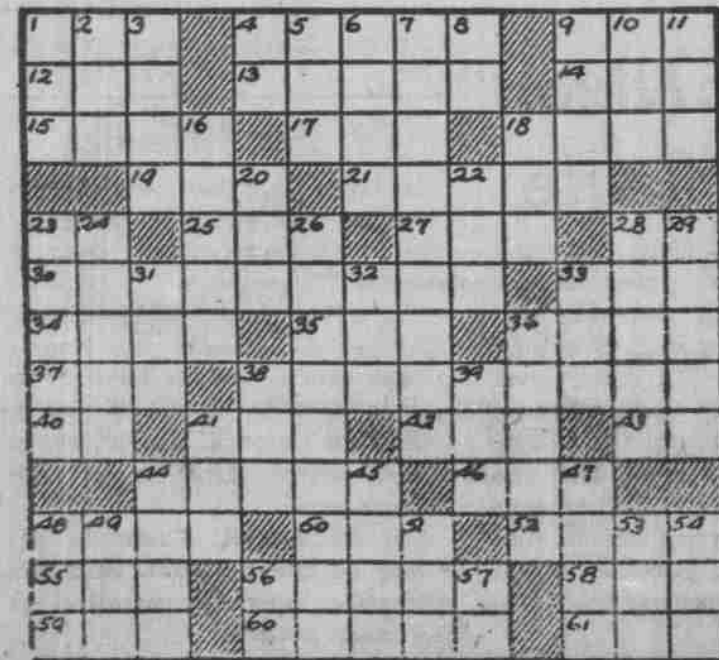
Next week you may be interested in coming to the first legislature meeting. What with dorm redistricting, an annual chestnut, coming up, it might be worth dropping in.

Crossword Puzzle

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| ACROSS | 35. Pedal digit |
| 1. Evil | 36. Withered |
| 4. Extreme danger | 37. Open with a lever |
| 9. Feminine pronoun | 38. Toward the fore |
| 12. Row | 40. Compass point |
| 13. Scout | 41. Hawaiian food |
| 14. Mow | 42. To: Scot. |
| 15. Take unscrupulously | 43. Old English pronoun |
| 17. Knock | 44. Station |
| 18. Carried | 45. Stimulate: slang |
| 19. Married | 48. Discussion of fictitious causes for |
| 21. Speedy | |
| 23. Proceed | |
| 25. One circuit around a race track | |
| 27. Prepare leather | |
| 28. Steamship: abbr. | |
| 30. Spontaneous | |
| 33. Female pig | |
| 34. Pack | |

S	L	E	D	C	E	N	T	P	E	N
H	A	V	E	A	R	E	A	O	R	E
O	V	E	N	P	R	E	T	E	R	I
P	A	R	T	I	E	S	T	A	T	
I	N	S	T	E	R	R	O	R		
A	T	O	N	E	B	A	R	R	A	G
L	O	R	E	O	U	R	P	I	L	E
A	N	I	U	R	N	F	A	T	E	D
R	E	G	E	N	T	C	U	R		
J	I	R	M	A	N	A	G	E	R	
P	I	N	A	S	T	E	R	P	O	
O	R	A	O	I	S	E	R	S	E	
E	E	L	N	E	S	T	T	E	E	S

- Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**
- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4. Parent: colloquial | 6. Make a mistake |
| 5. Crucial | 7. Anxious |
| 6. Below | 8. Note of the scale |
| 7. Anxious | 9. Supplied with shoes |
| 8. Note of the scale | 10. Possessive pronoun |
| 9. Supplied with shoes | 11. Female sheep |
| 10. Possessive pronoun | 12. Underneath |
| 11. Female sheep | 13. Gain |
| 12. Underneath | 14. Moccasin |
| 13. Gain | 15. Pants |
| 14. Moccasin | 16. Extravagant |
| 15. Pants | 17. Inspired by love of country |
| 16. Extravagant | 18. Person from Sweden |
| 17. Inspired by love of country | 19. Also |
| 18. Person from Sweden | 20. Go-an |
| 19. Also | 21. Pleasing to the taste |
| 20. Go-an | 22. Dandy |
| 21. Pleasing to the taste | 23. Fanciest |
| 22. Dandy | 24. Fondle |
| 23. Fanciest | 25. Compelled |
| 24. Fondle | 26. Forbidden by social usage |
| 25. Compelled | 27. Annoyance |
| 26. Forbidden by social usage | 28. Cut down |
| 27. Annoyance | 29. Be in debt |
| 28. Cut down | 30. Obtain |
| 29. Be in debt | 31. American general |
| 30. Obtain | 32. Guided |
| 31. American general | 33. Note of the scale |
| 32. Guided | 34. Concerning |
| 33. Note of the scale | |
| 34. Concerning | |



Olympic Diary

STRATOHOPIING THE ATLANTIC

ALOFI, June 24—I'm in the cocktail belly lounge of a giant BOAC Stratocruiser happily humming at twenty thousand feet above the western coast of Ireland and I don't mind admitting I'm as nervous as a nudist crossing a barbed wire fence. I despise anything that takes me off that ever-loving Earth for as long as a split-second; elevators, ferris wheels, and upper berths included.

The only reason I chose to fly to Europe for the Olympic Games in Helsinki is because it's cheaper. (The National Student Association runs charter flights across the ocean for impoverished students every summer at a cost equal to that of third-class ship travel.—End commercial.)

Some people claim they like to fly. I think I'd rather dangle by my heels over an erupting volcano, fight Rocky Marciano with one are tied behind me, or walk barefooted over radioactive plutonium. I don't have claustrophobia or altitude sickness and I'm not susceptible to the bends. I'm just a coward. From the minute I step into the graceful fuselage until I'm safely in bed at my destination I'm as jittery as a sword swallower with the hiccups.

It was a dark, misty morning when sixty frisky, giggling students piled into this silver Stratocruiser at New York's International Airport. We taxied to the far end of the concrete strip knifing our way through damp layers of persistent fog prior to the take-off.

"Aren't we going to wait 'til the smog lifts?" I asked the stewardess trying to appear as though I didn't care in the least whether we waited or shot right up into the vortex of a hurricane.

"Oh, no," she gurgled. "We'll be over it all in just a few minutes," she added thinking she was making me happier.

I fastened the seat belt and opened the little booklet the air line gives you which proves that flying with BOAC is 500% safer than driving a used Pontiac over a rusty drawbridge. I'm sure the drumming palpitations of my heart were sketching curlicues on the seismograph at Fordham as we kissed the ground farewell and leaped skyward. The other kids were knitting, singing, and playing five-hand canasta. I was chewing my fingernails so much my stomach needed a manicure. I uncorked my large flask of Portuguese wham wine and went at it with a zeal.

Two hours later we were over the ocean, which looked like a vast desert of gleaming tin foil, and for the first time I noticed I was sitting beside a beautiful girl. She, too, seemed perturbed with fear so I lent her one of the eight life jackets I was wearing.

"Dull trip," she finally muttered. I drank to that.

"Read anything exciting lately?" she continued.

"Sure," I snapped showing her the BOAC brag-booklet. "If we're forced down at night between the longitudes forty-five and sixty a navy destroyer will leave Halifax and pick us up."

"Why are you drinking so much?" she asked. "Not scared, are you?"

"Of course not," I belched. "My uncle got married last night in Denver."

She traded seats with the elderly wife of a history professor who soon fell asleep. The only friends I have up here are my four cartons of cigarettes. They're a big comfort to me on any flight. I chain-smoke and they help me measure distance. For instance, from New York to Gander, Newfoundland is twelve Camels and nine Pall Malls. Gander to London is forty Camels, ten Kools, and eight Pall Malls—provided you don't stop for supper, which I don't. From London to Paris is a mere handful of slow burning Luckies. You can't puff as fast as before because your mouth feels and tastes like it's been fit snugly over the exhaust pipe of a speeding Greyhound all day.

At three a.m. the stewardess nudged me in the short ribs and whispered, "Would you like a cup of tea?"

I screamed. I thought she

'They Really Ought To Put In Revolving Doors'



—Drew Pearson—

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON.—A lot of people have been wondering how dynamic Dick Nixon, 39 years old and a newcomer in politics, managed to latch on to the No. 2 spot on the Republican ticket at Chicago.

The story is one of an extremely astute and opportunistic young man plus the hit-and-miss habits of a political convention in picking its candidates—especially the Vice-President.

Nixon, a resident of Whittier, California, near Pasadena, had come to know an automobile salesman in Pasadena, Paul Hoffman, who later became President of Studebaker and took over the most important reconstruction job in the world—head of the Marshall Plan. Last winter Hoffman became one of the three top advisers to General Eisenhower and head of the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee.

Prior to the Chicago convention, Eisenhower cohorts were casting around for a way to wean the powerful California delegation away from Governor Warren and over to Ike. Nixon was approached by Hoffman as to how this could be done. Naive at politics, Hoffman even suggested that Nixon himself run for President in the California primary, with the idea of weakening Warren's hold on California's 76 votes.

However, Nixon, not anxious to buck either Governor Warren or Congressman Tom Werdel, who had already been drafted by old-guard Republicans to run against the Governor, declined. Instead he suggested that he would become a delegate from California and work from within to switch Warren delegates over to Eisenhower on the second ballot.

Nixon figured that as a senator, "We're falling into the sea."

Within two more hours we're scheduled to land in London, at which time my fear will evaporate as though touched by the magic wand of a fairy princess. I'll jerk away the safety belt, curse the air line for being eight minutes late, and stalk down the rampway with arrogance enough to dwarf an Alp.

"Only way to travel," I'll say to the first nervous passenger I meet in the waiting room. Then I'll bark at the redcaps to hustle my baggage through customs and make my way downtown to the hotel feeling as brave as a Bulgarian stevedore and as cosmopolitan as a comet.

NONPLUS

(The editors are happy to welcome such a provocative and controversial columnist as Harry Snook back to regular appearance in The Daily Tar Heel. During his years on the Carolina Journalistic scene Harry has been denounced by some as a clear and present threat to western civilization and hailed by others as the glimmering trumpet of a brave new era.
(He has been praised, attacked, applauded, assailed, and spat at. He has never been ignored.—ED)

Reader, be forewarned! If you're an average person, Nonplus will infuriate you during the next year. This column is convinced you're a liability to the human race.

You know little about the important issues of life. Your serious endeavor is apathetic to the point of being nil. Your fun is superficial and destructive. And you have the gall to be extremely smug about everything.

The hell of it is that you know this. When you think about it, you do something about it. But you don't waste much time thinking.

Nonplus will try to provoke you to thought.

Sex is a sure-fire subject. Everyone's interested in sex, but most people have only a perverted understanding of it. When something as fundamental as sex is so easily distorted, it's not surprising how all human relations get so snarled.

Dishonesty and ignorance have made complicated and vulgar something that is utterly simple, naturally beautiful and vastly important. Nonplus can blast away at conventional sex attitudes and enjoy a worthy cause.

Then there's religion. Humans are innately religious and most of them recognize the absolute necessity of faith. But look at the sticky mess most of us erect in the name of faith.

It is astounding to witness the childish and suicidal efforts of those who substitute church attendance for religion, dogma for faith and ritual for genuine humility. With our churches we seem to have chained ourselves to phantom gods that make it impossible to enjoy the life we have or to make improvements.

Exposing the deceit hidden within many church structures won't be difficult. Hitting superficial Christians where it hurts will be a pleasure.

Campus affairs, including our hypocritical "honor" system, are certain to get many lusty whacks in Nonplus. Too few of the students at large are aware of the power of student government, wielded by a handful of self-glorified do-gooders. Calling for a lot of publicity is the role of the university administration in manipulating student government as a tool for its own devices.

Great things are happening at Carolina. Many projects and quite a few individuals deserve attention and credit. Nonplus will ferret out as many of these as possible.

But the column's primary function is to criticize.

There are plenty who shout their own virtues, butter up others for theirs and generally muddy the waters of progress. Because someone's toes always get mashed when there's criticism, everyone's too eager to overlook matters that need corrective attention.

Nonplus isn't.

Lost And Found

A French news agency in Saigon, Indo-China reports that over two hundred elephants used in road construction have "mysteriously disappeared."
"Gee, fellows. Did you look everywhere?"

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