

The Daily Tar Heel

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Barry Farber Personally Olympic Diary

ABOARD THE S.S. AALLOTAR (Off the coast of Soviet Estonia enroute to Helsinki), July 17—Try to picture seven hundred tourists from twenty five nations, armed with the animated Olympic spirit plus barrels of tax free whiskey, jammed into a Finnish ferry boat designed to accommodate less than half that number and you may get a hazy idea how it fell to be part of the international pilgrimage to Helsinki.

This floating Mardi Gras steamed out of Stockholm harbor carrying a bulging cargo of sports lovers on their last lap of a tiring journey from all parts of the planet; America, Argentina, South Africa, and New Zealand. The first chug of the engines found over seventy five people trying to get comfortable in a stern-size cubicle that would ordinarily hold thirty—provided they were all thin, had no baggage, and knew each other well. By high noon the cosmopolitan mass of humanity had gravitated into every available cubic inch of space, including hallways, showers, and toilets, to brace themselves for the twenty hour voyage across the Baltic Sea. By supertime nobody even bothered to say "excuse me" when he found his foot lodged between another passenger's shoulder blades.

At first everybody just stared at his neighbor. Then those who could leap the language barrier began to argue. Arguing comes quite naturally for weary, irritated travellers who find themselves in such uncanny juxtaposition with equally irritated travellers of twenty five different nationalities. A Swede and a Norwegian argued over who belonged at table six. A Greek and a Belgian argued over who belonged in Cabin twenty eight. A Yugoslav and an Italian argued over who belonged in Trieste.

A Mexican accidentally splattered catchup over a Parisian's white summer frock. The Moslem swore vengeance in the name of Allah. The Mexican snarled and told the hapless Moslem to point his miserable mutt toward Mecca and meditate.

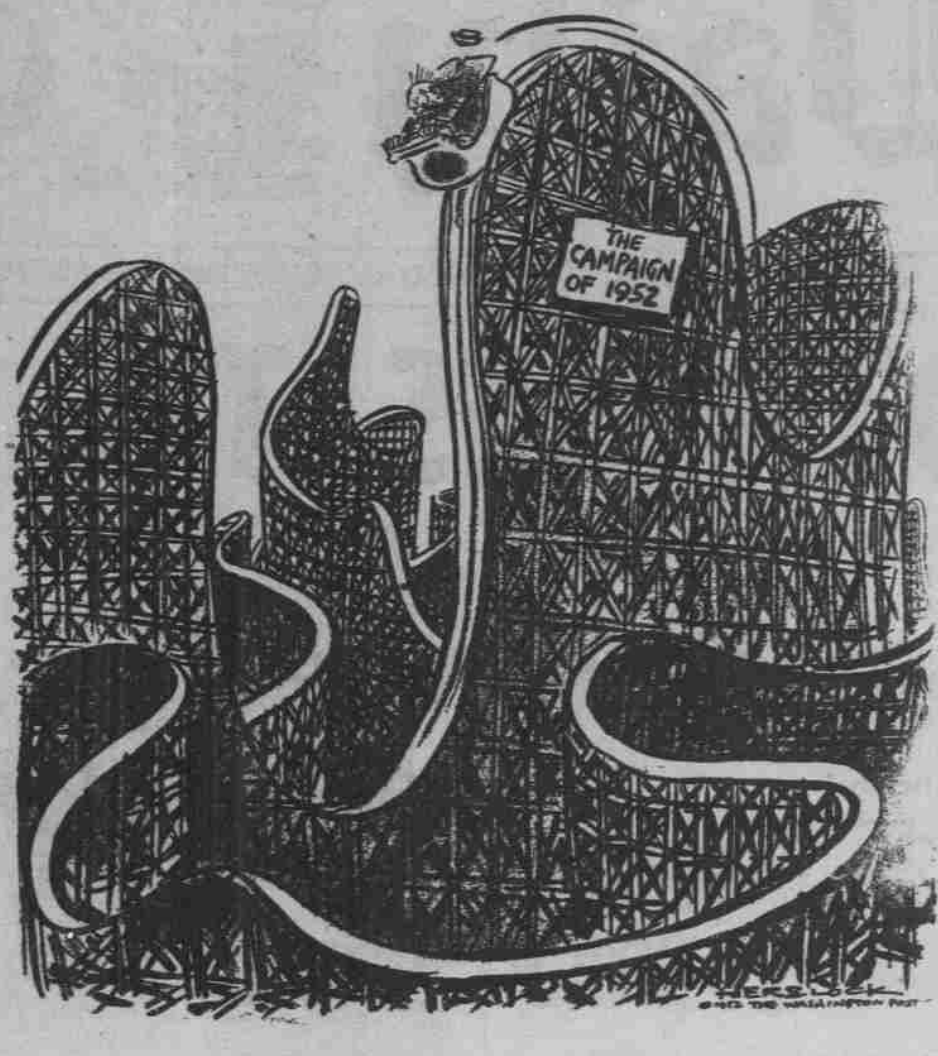
At eight o'clock the doors of the saloon swung open and the multilingual hordes proceeded to drown their differences in a tidal wave of alcohol. Everybody became old friends at once. Four Australians hoisted a bewildered Arab onto their shoulders and guided him through the lyrics of "Waltzing Matilda" as a Brazilian tried gallantly to follow the melody on his ukulele. The Mexican was showing the Moslem how to dance a fandango while a swarthy Syrian and an Israeli swapped shashlik recipes. A drunk Texan asked the purser if he was on the right boat. A drunk Swede drifted from table to table asking every woman under forty five to marry him. A drunk Portuguese bought two bottles of expensive champagne and gleefully poured the contents over the elderly passengers trying to sleep on the deck below.

Out on deck a rusty victrola wheezed Strauss waltzes and American hill-billy tunes as the ladies and gentlemen, few of whom could understand each other, danced and pranced back and forth with all the dignity they could muster on a wet floor that rolled thirty degrees every fifteen seconds.

At two a.m. the Arctic sun rose in full glory and the sleepy passengers scurried about with blankets, sleeping bags, towels, table cloths, and ponchos looking for a few vacant feet of floor space. An even hundred exhausted travellers lay entwined on the frigid deck in a gnarled pattern resembling a Portuguese mosaic. Whenever one person shifted his position to avoid arterial strangulation, everybody else had to wake up, shift in the same key, and start all over again.

At four o'clock a steward tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I would like to climb up to the bridge and take my first glimpse of Soviet Russia. A dim pin point of light on the southern horizon marked the Baltic frontier of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. "It looks much better from this side," said an Estonian refugee as the "Aallotar" veered northeast toward free Helsinki.

Wheeee!



Drew Pearson The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON — General Eisenhower commented ruefully on how easily the public changes its mind and cracked a joke about southern prejudice and the Pope at his private luncheon with Maryland's Governor Theodore "the mouth" McKeldin.

The two men and their wives were served behind the guarded doors of Eisenhower's private railroad car which comes equipped with its own kitchen and a special chef to cater to the General's tastes.

As the campaign train clackety-clacked across Maryland, Ike got to musing about his evangelical running mate, Senator Dick Nixon. The General remarked that public opinion on Nixon had reversed overnight and drew a comparison with the late General George Patton. Ike recalled that Patton had been a national heel after he slapped a hospitalized G.I., then overnight became a national hero as he drove spectacularly through Germany.

"And both of them had tears in their eyes when I met them," said Eisenhower.

This reminded McKeldin of a man who had been bitterly opposed to Patton until he learned that old "Blood and Guts" was a Virginian. After that the Virginian became a Patton rooster.

"That reminds me," said the General, still munching on an after-dinner apple, about a confused Virginian who had been listening to Anti-Catholic propaganda against Al Smith during the 1928 campaign. "I'm going to vote against this fellow Smith," argued the Virginian, "to keep Mr. Pope from running the country."

"But," argued a Democratic politician, "Mr. Pope is married to a lady from Virginia."

"Oh, well, then, that's different," replied the southerner.

Note: Mamie Eisenhower had little to say during the luncheon, except to comment that they were both having a good time but were in bad need of a rest.

The Eisenhower-Nixon talk was an extremely healthy thing from the point of view of Republican harmony, because signs of bad blood had been developing between the two top GOP running-mates.

Newspapermen covering the Nixon trip either ignored it or played the story down. However, Nixon's aides were boiling at Eisenhower for even entertaining the thought that he be dropped from the ticket. That was why Nixon deliberately ignored the General's telegram requesting him to see him "at once."

Instead, the potential next vice-president of the United States flew not to the Eisenhower train but to Missouri, Mont. And when newsmen queried the Nixon entourage in Los Angeles as to why he wasn't going to see Ike immediately, Nixon's press secretary James Basset bluntly replied: "We are going to Montana."

Nixon's strategy was first to show that he was not a boy candidate to be pushed around;

second, to let public sentiment build up in favor of keeping him on the ticket.

Furthermore, it was no accident that Nixon asked his listeners to send telegrams to the Republican National Committee, not to the General. He knew its members, most of them professionals, would be much more sympathetic. Also Nixon's staff made it all too clear to the newspapermen around them that they bitterly resented the General's telegram from Cleveland that "my personal decision will be based on a personal conclusion."

Press secretary Basset has been one of the most zealous Nixon aides, and was one of those who virtually took the telephone away from his chief in Portland, Ore., to tell Senator Seaton of Nebraska aboard the Eisenhower train that Ike advisers should get some backbone. This was why Basset was brought into the picture when the two candidates finally met at Wheeling.

Originally it was arranged for Eisenhower and Nixon to meet in Rooms 782 and 784 in Wheeling's McClure Hotel. Mrs. Eisenhower and her elderly mother, Mrs. Dowd, were down the hall in rooms 790-792, while the security guard was in room 780 next to the General. However, when the two candidates learned of the crowds outside the hotel, the two men went to the special train instead.

There they talked for an hour. They did not, however, discuss the \$18,000 expense fund which had set the politics of the nation almost on its ear. Not a word was said about it. Their main decision was to concentrate the campaigns on what they decided to call the "big three"—Korea, Communism and corruption.

Republican surveys have shown that these three issues have made the biggest impact on the voters, of which the most important is Korea.

Only way in which the \$18,000 fund was touched upon indirectly was because Eisenhower had been provoked at Nixon for not clearing his first statements. He urged closer cooperation. And since Ike had an early whistle-stop appearance, Senator Seaton of Nebraska paternally insisted he go to bed.

After this, Basset and Jim Hagerty, an old campaigner under Governor Dewey, joined the conference.

Basset, puffing a big cigar, made the compartment resemble the Blackstone Hotel's famous smoke-filled room. Finally candidate Nixon asked Basset for a cigar, leaned back and smoked what he said was the first cigar of his campaign. He was feeling a lot better.

Note—There have been other cases where the president and vice-president, though members of the same party clashed. Most famous is probably the case of Calvin Coolidge and Vice-President Charley Dawes. Dawes was even suspected of arriving late for an important tie vote in the Senate in order to thwart his chief in the white house.

Harry Snook NONPLUS

"What say, Jim, 'nother pitcher?"

"Sure, might as well. Got th' whole quarter ahead for study."

While his roommate gets the sixty cents' worth of light, Jim is thinking. This is not unusual for a freshman, but Jim is a sophomore and should know how to ward off such rare moods. But then sometimes a student gets to be a senior before he never thinks anymore.

When Quip returns with the beer, he sees Jim's face all screwed up and knows he's in for it. Jim, however, carefully pours his glass full with a minimum head before he begins to talk.

"You know, Quip," he says then, "I been wondering about people and how come they're kinda backward."

"Take politics. Everybody talks about how sad politics is these days. There's a lot of crooks in office, and all these investigations. And you don't know who to vote for because all the politicians make so many promises you know they can't live up to 'em. Everybody sees this and cusses a little about it."

"Then we get out and vote for the fellow that made the most promises."

"Yeah," Quip answers in very lackluster fashion. "What's that got to do with sex, huh?"

"That's what I'm telling you. It's sex, too."

"You go around and hear complaints about the obscene magazines and the vulgar movies and how the billboards use too much cheesecake."

"But whatever's got the most sex with it, that's what most people buy or read or go see."

Quip doesn't say anything when Jim quits talking long enough to fill up with suds again and he's hoping his friend's thinking spell has run its course.

"There's religion," Says Jim emphatically, and Quip lets out a big sigh.

"The biggest SOB I know at home is an elder in my church. He's downright fanatical about Jesus on Sunday mornings, and you'd never know he'd heard the name any other time during the week."

"But what really gets me is how you'd expect things to be different at a university like this. You'd think this'd be one place where people would practice what they learn. But it isn't."

"This here so-called honor system."

"You gotta sign a little card saying you're honorable. Tell me, just tell me, who wouldn't sign it? It's like those I'm-No-Communist pledges—the comics jumped at the chance to sign 'em."

"And where does honor come in?"

"Does anybody take your word for an absence? Hell no,

you got to have a signed excuse. I know a fellow that woke up one morning with a terrible cold and ended up with flu because he had to go to the infirmary in the rain for an excuse."

"Yeah, it's a bunch of crap," Quip interrupted. "What say we turn in, huh?"

"Yeah, guess that's a good idea."

Express Yourself

From the Heart

Editor:

On behalf of the Durham-Orange County Heart Association I wish to thank the Campus Chest for its generous donation to our fund in 1952. It was this donation which finally put us over the goal set for this year. The Heart Association is very grateful to the individual donors who made this allotment possible.

Sincerely,
 Lois Foote Stanford, M.D.
 President, Durham-Orange County Heart Association

A Texas farm hand being inducted into the Army was asked by the sergeant if he belonged to any party whose aim was to overthrow the government.

"Yes," snapped the Texan. "The Republican."

The impatient driver of a new Buick with Massachusetts license plates was futilely trying to honk his way through a traffic jam in a small town in southern Georgia.

"Hey, Bud," he shouted to a shuffling pedestrian. "What's the hold up?"

"It's like this," drawled the southerner contemptuously. "We've just caught another Yankee and there's going to be a lynching."

Chloe!

Prior to Saturday's game a multitude of visitors were futilely combing the campus trying to locate friends, acquaintances, sisters, and ex-roommates who were well dispersed throughout the dormitories, fraternity houses, and private rooms in town.

There was no central bureau with names and addresses of all the students neatly indexed to supply information. Despite the gallant efforts of the YMCA, the student directory won't roll off the presses for several weeks so in many cases it was just a timely coincidence when searcher and searchees managed to get together.

For years guests have left Chapel Hill with only one complaint—"It's impossible to find anybody."

Take a hypothetical case. A coed from Cornell drives into Chapel Hill one night and tries to look up a sophomore she met on a houseparty at Wrightsville Beach last spring. Or it might be somebody with an important notice or an emergency message.

South Building is usually vacant before five p.m. which eliminates that mean of locating a student. Copies of the student directory are frequently hard to come by, and even if one can be found chances are excellent that the student's address is outdated. The visitor's only recourse is to grab a telephone, make himself comfortable, and launch a haphazard manhunt.

The campus stands in need of a central agency, bureau, office, or secretariat which is equipped to provide up-to-date addresses of students and faculty members from morning until midnight.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL recommends that an early session of the Student Legislature address itself to the problem of helping our friends find us and emerge with a workable solution for speedy implementation.

Athens Paper Please Copy

Okay, so the Tar Heels lost last Saturday. The Boys in Blue were decisively impaled upon the jagged Longhorns of the invaders from Texas.

So what? Let us all bear in mind that there's many a camp fire the forest rangers thought were extinguished that ended up burning down three thousand acres of timber.

CROSSWORD - - - By Eugene Sheffer

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- HORIZONTAL**
- multitudes
 - anecdotes
 - cyprinoid fish
 - ward off
 - settles
 - sister of Circe
 - instruments for opening
 - encirler
 - chagrin
 - stop
 - allow
 - short-eared mastiff (her.)
 - mountain aborigine
 - internment
 - blasted
 - cubic metric units
 - Black Sea port
 - epoch
 - section
 - river in Brazil
 - masculine name
 - combine
- VERTICAL**
- cotton fiber knots
 - high cards
 - standard of perfection
 - true skin
 - Ruhr capital
 - breathe in
 - evader
 - possesses
 - French painter
 - couch
 - Luzon
 - Negrilo
 - decayed
 - income from property
 - obliteration
 - river in Poland
 - Canaanite chief
 - thick soup
 - wind: comb. form
 - split
 - happening
 - completes
 - class of birds
 - to the right
 - Japanese
1. son of Noah
 2. ate too much
 3. seats near altar
 4. river in England
 5. male caribou
 6. worshiper
- Answer to yesterday's puzzle.
- ALA ALT AMBLE
 SER DIE GORES
 PARTAKE ADITS
 EVER ETAPES
 RETIA EERE KKA
 B ESET SEED
 ARREST ELATED
 LYES AILED
 LEY ELS ADDER
 TARNNS ATTENDS
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