

The Daily Tar Heel

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Open Season

Sororities at Carolina observed open season on unaffiliated coeds last night as the fall rushing program got under way. The remainder of the high-tension period will see apprehensive young ladies sipping punch in immaculate reception rooms while the actives, decked out in all their radiant plumage, circulate among the prospectives to see that the congenial conversation is unblemished by awkward lulls.

To the lady Greeks we say, good hunting. To the neophytes we say, may your social ship find a cosy berth in the harbor of its choice. And to those whose sweaters remain unadorned by a dainty, crisp pledge ribbon, we say absolutely nothing. You've been around here long enough by now to realize that the fun, frolic, social activity, and camaraderie of Chapel Hill is by no means monopolized by those houses whose alabaster portals bear the Greek insignia.

Express Yourself

He's Unhappy, Too Glad To Meet You

Editor:
So! You traded POGO for Pearson, eh? Well, yes! Somebody else is unhappy. Namely me. I don't see Drew running for President of the U. S. and A. and as far as I know, Pearson hasn't been tagged as one of the greatest of natural-born philosophers either. Oh, I'm on to your game, you sly and crafty deceiver, you. You want Pearson because he takes up more SPACE, but so does air. I think you'll find others who agree with me that this anibobble, POGO, says more in less space than Pearson ever will. I know not what course others may take, but as for me I GO POGO.

R. L. Reincke

And More Pogo

Editor:
In answer to your question, "Anybody else unhappy" (in the substitution of Pearson for Pogo)? Good Gosh, YES!
In a sense, Walt Kelly is this generation's Will Rogers. He pokes fun at those customs, institutions, and people that should be poked fun at. Some folks may be piqued, but no one is really hurt in the process. I think Pogo is funny as hell.

Pearson belongs to all generations, and yet no generation would claim him if it had the option. He is Senator Joe's counterpart, though Joe doesn't even like him.

Whereas "Pogo" is based on humor and insight into people, Pearson's column is based on narrow-mindedness, fabrication, and, at best, distortion of the facts.

Give us back Pogo, and leave Pearson to the bored housewives. You've got guys on the Daily Tar Heel who can write better anyhow, though that is hardly a compliment.

Outragedly yours,
A. Z. F. Wood, Jr.

Annoying

Dear Sir:
Wandering into the 'Y' for a pack of Cigarettes between classes today and who grabs me but a Camel salesman. After I got him to turn loose my shirt (that took about five minutes) it wasn't hard to get away. Camels are as good as any cigarette to me but they'll never sell that way.

The question is why do we have to put up with salesmen in the 'Y' at all? In their position in the doorway, you can't get by until they want you to. If the 'Y' is to be operated for the students, lets keep the salesmen behind the counters.

Neal Reichle

Editor:
I write this letter in the defense of my name and my loyalty to the school of my choice.

In an article written by Lt. Chuck Hauser for the Sunday edition of your wonderful paper, I am referred to as "the gentleman (apparently from Texas)." The article itself was quite a compliment and I wish to thank the writer, but to be called a Texan when I am a North Carolinian, born and bred, is a little more publicity than I like.

My name is Herbert R. Dowd, Jr. I am a junior transfer from Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. A Kappa Sigma, I am living in the fraternity house here. Playing the guitar, singing and yodeling is a hobby of mine that I enjoy. The boots, big belts, etc. all go along with it. And if the people here at Carolina enjoy this type of entertainment just half as much as I enjoy rendering it, well . . . we'll get along fine.

In closing I would like to add that if ever at any time I may be of any assistance to you or your staff, the pleasure would be all mine. . . .

Herbert R. Dowd, Jr.

Whose Paper?

Editor:
Yes—I too am a Pogo fan, and truly believe he should be put back in the D.T.H. Last year when Al Capp married L'I Abner, in a statement he made in LIFE, he said that the American People have lost the ability to laugh at themselves. Now truly, POGO is something that makes people laugh at themselves, if people understand him. Walt Kelly has some great philosophy in his column, again, if people understand him. Pearson, his rather poor substitute, may appeal to some, but I, for some unknown reason, unless you would consider the above reasons, think that POGO is a better thing to carry in your, and our, paper. (I am beginning to think the latter isn't as true as the former.) After the panic that POGO caused on campus last spring, when practically everybody was wearing a POGO button, how can you take him out of the DAILY TAR HEEL? How many times has that book store across the street been sold out of I GO POGO, Walt Kelly's latest book???

R. Mallett II

(Our Pogo policy is based on abject adherence to the whims and fancies of the owners of this paper—meaning you out there. No anti-positum faction has usurped the power of The Daily Tar Heel since last spring. It was our considered opinion that the students wanted a change of pace from Pogo to someone as meaty, provocative, and controversial as Drew Pearson. Convince us that we're wrong and Pal Pogo will stage a triumphant return.—ED.

Olympic Diary

Barry Farber
Personally

HELSENKI, July 18—Olympic Helsinki is like a valiant young magician trying to squeeze the Queen Mary into a dixie cup. Nearly a hundred thousand tourists speaking thirty five languages and dialects are combing the once tranquil boulevards and neat alley ways of the Finnish Capital grubbing for food that isn't there, rooms that are already occupied, and tickets that have long since been bought, folded, and lovingly tucked into wallets and pocket-books from Boston to Bangkok.

A normal city might knuckle under and surrender to the chaos, but Helsinki has assumed her burden as host to the 1952 Olympics with typical Finnish grace. Office buildings, school houses, abandoned street cars, and even an abattoir have been converted into dormitories to house the international influx. The Finns have mobilized their war-surplus field kitchens to drive through the mobs and pass out chunks of bread and salami. Prices are fantastically low and tips are vigorously refused.

Americans generally think of Finland as "that little country that paid us back." To a Russian, Finland means a spunky rockpile up north whose handful of white-clad ski troops harassed and humiliated everything the Red Army could throw their way back in 1940. If a Broadway producer were to drop in on Helsinki today he would think it was a summer stock road company rehearsing the Tower of Babel scene from Genesis.

Americans, Armenians, Greeks, Dutch, Danes, and Egyptians are running around radiating a cacophony of language with the same effervescent gusto as sophomores at an out-of-town football game.

I'm standing on the corner of Mannerheim and Alexander Streets which use to be a placid quadrangle where the elder burgers could lounge around and pitch bread crusts at the pigeons. Today the place looks and sounds like a Brazilian Mardi Gras being held on the shop floor of a boiler factory.

A drink stand is selling Coca-Cola, for the first time in Baltic history, and the Hungarian swimming team is lined up behind the Americans to enjoy their first taste of the "ruddy Capitalistic nectar." A screaming street car conductor is trying to shake off clusters of riders hanging onto the rear railing who can't understand what he's saying and wouldn't pay any attention if they could. Some of the Russian lady discus throwers are standing like a range of lesser Himalayas before a department store window admiring a Scandinavian selection of silver plate and fur stoles.

In fact, the whole panorama is not unlike Chapel Hill three hours before the kickoff on a sunny fall Saturday. Bands are blaring, flags of all nations flutter in the Baltic breeze (the Finns are careful to fly the Russian flag and Old Glory at the same level). Men who live on opposite sides of the ocean and have never met suddenly embrace and slap each other on the spine, united by tankards of tax-free cognac. People shove, old folks mutter, children gape, and cheerleaders run around in monogrammed sweaters shouting "Let's go, Bulgaria."

International bartering is rampant. Three American girls giggle over their newly acquired Stalin emblems as a Russian wrestler makes his way through the crowd wearing a giant "I like Ike" button. A G.I. on leave from Germany gives a sparmint life-saver to a grinning Turk, who puts it in his mouth, lights a cigarette, and tries to blow smoke rings through the hole. Silk fezzes from Egypt, wooden shoes from Holland, and Indian handcraft from South America circulate at par value. Black Communist smoke from Yugoslav cigars trickles through American T-zones as the Slavs exhale the bluish haze of free enterprise Chesterfields.

An Indonesian high hurdler summed it up like this: "They ought to let the athletes sit in the parliaments of the world and make the diplomats run around a cinder track all day. Then peace, fellowship, and teamwork would be the keynote and war would be shoved to the sidelines to wither and die."



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON—Gen. Eisenhower's income taxes, when and if published, will contain some small and interesting enterprises that the public doesn't know about. There's nothing wrong about them, but the public doesn't ordinarily think of a five-star general investing in a lipstick company or a restaurant.

However, Eisenhower has a stock interest in the "Charm-More" Company which puts out lipsticks. He was one of the original investors when the company was first organized.

He also owns part of a Howard Johnson restaurant in Washington, D. C. George Allen, the former White House jester got Ike into this deal, along with another famous Democrat, Ed Pauley, the big California oil man. The restaurant is located in downtown Washington.

Ike also has his farm in Gettysburg, which he bought through George Allen.

Only embarrassing thing in Ike's income tax returns in addition to the generous capital gains tax which the Treasury let him pay on the \$1,000,000 received on his book, is an exemption on his house received while president of Columbia.

In 1948 the General wrote the Treasury asking that his house, plus 12 servants and upkeep not be considered as income since he was required by the university to live there. The Treasury ruled in his favor, gave him tax exemption on his Columbia expenses.

In contrast, the Treasury has balked at letting waiters, waitresses, bellhops, chamber-maids, who also may have to live in hotels, deduct their meals and lodging. These must be treated as taxable income, except under certain circumstances.

For instance, waiters in restaurants do not have to treat as income a noon-day luncheon served while they are on duty; but cannot deduct dinner at the end of the day if served to them when their work is over.

Nurses who have to live in hospitals were finally given more favorable treatment than waiters, though only after a long treasury wrangle; whereas Eisenhower got his ruling without any trouble.

The man who gave him the rulings on both the book, which saved him about \$500,000, and the house at Columbia was Charles Oliphant, who resigned after bitter criticism by Republican congressmen.

Note—At Columbia, Eisenhower received his regular army pay of \$15,751, plus three aides or stenographers, plus a car, in addition to Columbia University remuneration.

The Eisenhower train is far better organized than Governor Stevenson's entourage. Little is left to chance around Eisenhower, especially the advance men who precede the train with banners, signs and even balloons.

ates caused Mike Reilly, former White House Secret Service man now guarding Stevenson, to remark:

"Harvard is going to have to start a new course—'How To Select a Presidential Candidate.'"

There was some frantic backstage manipulating aboard the Eisenhower train as it rolled into Maryland. The general had been tipped off that Edward Grammer, on trial for murdering his wife, then putting her in a runaway automobile, would try to subpoena Eisenhower as a character witness.

This started some urgent telegrams to Maryland authorities beginning at 3 a.m. Finally, Maryland's Secretary of State dug up an old law which held that a man need not testify as a character witness if he signed an affidavit that he didn't know the defendant. Eisenhower promptly signed such an affidavit and quit worrying about process-servers.

Friends of Senator Kem of Missouri are planning a last-minute sneak attack on Stuart Symington, now running against Kem for the senate. They will charge that Symington was once convicted for stealing an automobile in Baltimore.

Of course, politics can be pretty dirty. But the real facts are that Symington, when seventeen years old, went for a ride with two other boys in a car belonging to their next-door neighbor. That was in the days when there weren't so many automobiles. Unfortunately the boy who was driving ran the car into a ditch. The neighbor naturally got sore and the three boys were fined \$25 each.

However, the neighbor, Harry Dorsey Watts, learning that the incident might be used against Symington in the Senate race, wrote him a letter:

"Your father," he wrote, "one of my closest friends, immediately got together with the parents of the other boys and paid me in full for the damage. The incident was only a prank, and it's absurd that it could be considered anything else 34 years later."

Note—One man who really tried to clean up Washington is Symington—regardless of any joy-riding in his youth.

The Institute of Public Opinion head by Dr. George Gallup recently put the following question to people from coast to coast in such a way as to represent a balanced cross-section of people in all walks of life: "Which presidential candidate—Eisenhower or Stevenson—do you think could handle the Korean situation best?"

Sixty-seven per cent of the people interviewed replied they thought Eisenhower could. Nine per cent said Stevenson could, five per cent said it would make no difference and 19 per cent had no opinion.

The Korean situation is a very important one. The lives of the young men of America are at stake if not the life of the Nation itself—The Greenville (S.C.) Observer.

AI House On The House

The magic of the name "Ike" Eisenhower is of tremendous force in this presidential election which gives evidence of being the closest and most exciting election since Wilson's narrow victory in 1916. The emotional plan of the Republican campaign apparently is predicated on Eisenhower standing on his own popularity and being careful to avoid taking definite stands on issues that might alienate large blocs of voters, particularly in key states. His popularity is evidenced by the huge enthusiastic throngs that have greeted him wherever he went—even in the heretofore solidly Democratic South. Just how many in those huge throngs would actually vote for him and how many were there out of desire to see the great General are unknown quantities.

Such is the nature of the Eisenhower candidacy and the Republican ticket; it is an unknown quantity which, while millions of voters will applaud, when it comes to the decision of to whom to entrust our government, will not purchase with their ballots. Unquestionably the Republican party could not have chosen a finer candidate, from the standpoint of ability to win voters. But as one has already indicated, the "face of Eisenhower on the Republican Elephant just isn't big enough to hide the rest of the elephant with its 20 year record of reaction, isolationism, and opposition to New Deal policies written all over it."

While it is heralded that Ike represents a new, fresh approach in the G.O.P., it is inescapably true that the same element of the party that nominated Dewey in 1944 and 1948 prevailed again in 1952. The Eisenhower forces at Chicago charged that Taft was trying to steal the convention with fraudulently obtained delegates in Louisiana, Texas, and Georgia. What moral right did the Convention, in plenary session, have to overrule the state machinery, the Republican National Committee and Credentials Committee and take away the votes from Taft and hand them and thus the nomination to Eisenhower. Those charges and counter-charges of the "Big Steal" at Chicago deeply hurt the Republican party; the wounds are still sensitive and have left something of a

cleavage in the G.O.P. But Senator Taft (Mr. Republican) has now seemingly won the upperhand in the campaign and is dictating the terms of his support to Eisenhower. Evidence of Taft's ascendancy is the "joint" statement emanating from the Taft-Eisenhower meeting, which Taft later admitted he drafted himself and Ike only suggested minor changes. Of course, Taft, the master political statesman, went into the meeting with the statement already prepared, while Eisenhower, the political newcomer, was caught unprepared, and afraid to lose Taft's support, assented to the joint statement.

Eisenhower later said he was "in complete agreement with Senator Taft on domestic issues" and that their differences, on foreign policy was "only a matter of degree." Is it a matter of degree that Taft was willing to sacrifice Greece and Turkey to Communism in 1947, opposed aid to those countries, opposed N.A.T.O., opposed Mutual Security Administration, the Point Four Program, and other programs designed to strengthen the free world today to prevent an atomic war tomorrow? Is it a matter of degree that Taft, who ridicules our "halt-Communism-aggression-here" policy in Korea, the same policy which Eisenhower defended before the campaign, and which is attacked today?

Eisenhower is in "complete agreement with Senator Taft on domestic issues." Does that mean that Ike supports Taft's opposition to the extension of parity prices to farmers, to an extension of Social Security benefits, to public housing projects, public power development and even (believe it or not) to an extension of the services of the Soil Conservation Service? All these things the G.O.P. blandly labels as "creeping Socialism leading us down the road to Communism." Is it necessary to point out that the closest this country ever came to turning to Communism was in 1931 when 13,000,000 people walked the streets unemployed and were willing to turn to anything. They were saved from the necessity of even considering such by the New Deal of Roosevelt.

Will the American public stick with the Democratic party or will it buy the unknown quality—the magic name of Eisenhower. It'll be an interesting election.

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38				39			40	41	42	43
		44	45			46		47		
48	49				50		51			
52					53				54	
55					56				57	

- HORIZONTAL**
1. wing
4. high, in music
7. move with swaying motion
12. Anglo-Indian weight
13. expire
14. stabs
15. participate in 17 entrances
18. in any case
19. public storehouses
21. networks
23. before
24. Malayan peninsula
27. harass
29. germ
30. take into custody
33. puffed up
35. alkaline substances
36. suffered
38. Bulgarian coin
39. street rail-ways (abbr.)
40. viper
44. folding frames for pictures
- VERTICAL**
1. former Turkish coin
2. depart
3. authoritative decree
4. feminine name
5. similar
6. South American monkey (var.)
7. primitive Christian love feast
8. fashion
9. breast of quadruped
10. allow
11. S-shaped worm
16. clans
20. Russian independent union
22. bronze ruff
25. female ruff
28. annex
28. insipid
29. seat for rider
30. entire amount
31. Gypsy gentleman
32. generated
34. meadow
37. land body
39. capital of Ruhr
41. thick
42. finisher
43. femora case
45. feminine name
46. portico
48. sesame
49. macaw
51. endearor

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

S	H	E	A	T	C	O	R	A					
P	A	R	A	R	N	O	A	P	O				
A	L	I	E	N	A	T	E	N	E				
S	T	E	R	N	S	S	T	A	R				
S	A	U	L	A	D	E	L	A					
M	A	R	E	R	A	D	I	A	T	E			
E	R	E	B	E	T	E	L	T	O	O			
S	U	P	P	O	S	E	S	E	S	B	A	N	S
A	M	A	I	N	R	E	T	E					
I	C	E	D	R	O	A	M	E	D				
P	O	R	K	I	N	T	I	M	A	T	E		
A	B	E	L	R	E	E	L	S	U	E			
N	I	D	E	T	E	D	S	H	I	D			

Average time of solution: 21 minutes.
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