

The Daily Tar Heel

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SUAB

SUAB is the Student Union Activities Board, newest organization on campus and potentially the most functional of Carolina's numerous committees.

SUAB will serve a two-fold purpose, according to Ken Penegar, President of the organization. First of all, it will coordinate campus activities by bringing together the leaders of all student organizations who will keep each other informed of the schedules and programs of the various groups. This method, it is hoped, will alleviate mix-ups, such as having two lectures, one concert, ninety-seven meetings and a dance on the same evening.

The idea was perpetrated in response to lamentations from The Daily Tar Heel, South Building, student organizations, and in general, everybody concerned. SUAB was proposed at the Student Government Clinic last spring and was adopted by the Graham Memorial Board of Directors.

Another purpose of this coordinating robot is to augment the program of the student union by bringing more students into direct participation in Graham Memorial activities. The work will be done by the coordination council and the chairmen of twelve committees representing various interest fields on campus.

We say that the first signs of recovery from "student apathy" are apparent. A full recovery is possible. —SB.

Room For Several Hundred

Now it has been done. The bleachers problem has been solved.

Yes, the Athletic Association has made it possible for the men students to sit with their foreign dates (imports) at the football games. Heretofore, the boys dating imports sat in the student section and watched the team make all the passes while their dates sat on the opposite side of the stadium.

Now the imports are back in the game. By a simple transaction at the ticket window over at the gym, all the girls can enjoy all the privileges of a full-fledged coed.

Maybe someday, the coeds can enjoy all the privilege of the imports at other campus social events.

Send The Daily Tar Heel Home

CROSSWORD - - - By Eugene Sheffer

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HORIZONTAL

- variety of lettuce
- feminine name
- queen of the fairies
- not employed
- variety of corundum
- former European coin
- in force
- leaves again
- steeps flax
- heep
- lower foreleg
- retards
- stops
- sister of Ares
- moon-goddess
- salutation
- listens
- by
- personal pronoun
- strays from truth
- vestige
- pleads
- sweettop
- frees

VERTICAL

- head
- possessive pronoun
- barren
- flesh food
- wrong
- Babylonian god
- symbol for erbium
- lyric writer
- afflictions
- turn into particles
- epochs
- government grants
- Great Lake
- harsh respiratory sound
- threadbare
- gaiters
- curved molding
- observe
- discharge obligation
- adult male
- beverage
- annex
- symbol for neon

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

HOSTS ANA IDE
 AVERT DECIDES
 MEDEA OPENERS
 RINGER SHAME
 HALT LET ALAN
 ATI BURIAL
 SEARED STERES
 ODESSA ERA
 PART RIO EVAN
 UNITE STAVES
 REVENGE VENUS
 EMENDER ENURE
 EON SEA STEEN

Average time of solution: 24 minutes.
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Barry Farber Personally Olympic Diary

HELSINKI, July 19—I got up on the wrong side of the world this morning.

Or at least I thought so when the opening day of the Olympic Games found me without tickets, without clothes (The Finnish railways accidentally gave my baggage to a Hungarian named Fazer.), and without money (Helsinki banks won't cash a check without a passport—which I lost.) With my luck, I think if I ever went into the hat business little babies would start being born without heads.

At noon I was up in my hotel room trying to learn enough Finnish to get downstairs when the desk clerk phoned and offered to lend me a pair of Swedish navy dungarees until Mr. Frazer saw fit to repatriate my luggage. I slipped on an old Carolina monogram sweater and hopped a tram out to the Olympic Stadium. That's where the fun started.

The ticket situation looked hopeless. The Olympic committee had been sold out since early May and over a hundred thousand people were bitterly fighting for the seventy thousand seats. The Finnish Army had a triple cordon rigged around the three gates; the outer gate, the inner gate, and the inner-inner gate. I stood there half-hoping somebody would drop dead so I could haggle with his heirs over his ticket, or maybe a millionaire countess would fall in love with me and invite me to sit in her guest box, when suddenly one of the guards spotted my NC monogram, snapped to attention, and saluted. He called over three of his buddies, who also saluted, and together they proceeded to escort me through the players' entrance.

I caught on quick. They thought I was a participant in the Games and they were anxious to show off their northern hospitality. I didn't have the heart to disillusion them. Instead I told them I was a half-back on the Swiss soccer team and acted hurt because they didn't show up sooner.

They convoyed me to what would be the upper card section in Kenan Stadium and shoved aside a group of tuxedoed diplomats shouting "Make way for the athlete." (This sweater routine worked faithfully all through the Games. Gate keepers, street car conductors, and hot dog salesmen all refused my money at the sight of the Carolina monogram. It was embarrassing when the little Finnish children, who also thought I was an Olympic ace, clustered around for autographs. When I tried to explain I was just another tourist they thought I was being modest and prodded me all the harder. There was nothing to do but grab a pencil and sign my name between the scrawled signatures of Mathias and Zatopek.)

The Olympic ceremony opened with a welcoming speech by Finnish President Paasikivi and was followed by a lustrous parade of athletes from seventy one nations. Then a sensational fiasco exploded which was largely ignored or underplayed by the world press.

Immediately after the lighting of the Olympic torch by Paavo Nurmi, Finland's long distance wizard of the 20's, a willowy figure in white drifted down from the bleachers under the scoreboard waving a scroll over her head and raced past the guards onto the track. The teams broke ranks to cheer the snowy apparition onward as she made her way unobstructed to the speakers' platform. Even the well rehearsed officials thought it was all part of the act until the "Lady in White," Fraulein Barbara Pleyer of Stuttgart, Germany seized the field mike and began to speak on peace through Communism.

The crowd was shocked into silence as the chairman of the Olympic Committee leaped from his box, darted across the cinders to the platform, and began struggling with the frenzied woman who was fending him off successfully with one hand holding the mike with the other, kicking policemen with both feet, and shouting her message to the world all at the same time.

Finally the Finnish Army managed to lead the spirited young lady from the field and the show went on according to the program.



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON—After General Eisenhower spent two days at a New York film studio recording radio and TV "spots" for the wind-up of his campaign, the Republican high command is at odds regarding their use. More specifically, they are at odds on how to raise the money to buy the radio and TV time for their use.

The subject came up at a meeting of top GOP money-raisers in New York recently, at which Lloyd Dazell, dynamic, young tugboat operator, offered to raise \$600,000 to \$800,000.

"I will raise the money, but only to be used for the General's spot announcements," he said.

However, others were skeptical; not over Dazell's ability to raise money, but over the same issue which has caused friction inside the Republican party in the past—local leadership vs. National leadership.

Winthrop Aldrich, head of the Chase National Bank and brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, was afraid that Dazell's money-raising would conflict with local money-raising. He feared he would tap the same moneyed people that local leaders will have to tap. Others agreed. Even if the national ticket should lose, they argued, Republican organizations must be kept strong locally and local tickets must be elected.

Jock Whitney, who once served in the Roosevelt administration and married Jimmie Roosevelt's ex-wife, took the opposite view. He felt nothing was more important than raising money for the spot radio and TV time.

These consist of radio recordings and TV kinescopes in which Eisenhower answers current political questions. They are to be used in the last three weeks of the campaign to "saturate" key states in the East and Midwest, which Truman carried in 1948 by only a narrow margin.

This idea was evolved by Rosser Reeves, ace advertising specialist for the Ted Bates Agency. Cooperating with him was Mike Levin of the Erwin Wasey Agency. Later Fred Rudge of Fisher, Rudge & Neblett came in.

Note—Presiding over the finance meeting was Sidney Weinberg, head of the giant banking house of Goldman-Sachs. Born in Russia, brought up in Brooklyn, Weinberg is a director of more corporations than he can recite himself, got to know Gen. Lucius Clay during World War II days in Washington, later got Clay his job with Continental Can. It was through Clay that Weinberg got on the Eisenhower bandwagon.

Dynamic Dick, the GOP vice-presidential hopeful, can certainly rub newspaper editors and publishers the wrong way.

Holding a press conference with the top editors at Oklahoma City last week, Nixon declined to answer questions, gave editors the brush-off.

Commented Wheeler Mayo, publisher of the Sallisaw Times and Claremore Daily Progress: "Never in my 20 years of owning and operating newspapers and as past president of the Oklahoma Press Association

Harry Snook NONPLUS

"You ought to write about the infirmary."

My fellow student was dead serious. With several minutes before class and a lot of curiosity, I waited to hear his story.

"That place is the best argument against socialized medicine you'll ever find," he went on. I was doubly interested now because I could guess the train of his thought.

"Don't like the way it's run, huh?" I prompted him.

"It's lousy," he said. "Let me tell you what happened to me."

"I sprained my arm during summer school and trotted out to the infirmary. The nurse at the desk is talking with some guy when I go in. He seems a nice, quiet fellow who isn't too handy with words. He's trying to get the dope on filling out some papers, but the nurse is so damned snippy with him that he never makes her understand. I mean she was snippy, too—even I can see his problem, but she never tries. Finally she resents him saying 'I don't think you understand what I'm after in a very quiet voice, nice. You just go somewhere else with your troubles,' she tells him.

"Then she rattles some papers on her desk and the guy leaves. After a couple minutes she notices me standing beside the desk. 'What do you want?' she asks.

"I tell her I want to see a doctor, that I've hurt my arm. She tells me the doctor will see me soon's he can, and that's all she says.

"So I sit down in chair outside the doctor's door and wait. "He finishes up with a patient about ten minutes later. He's alone in his office, I think about about going in. The nurse sees what I'm thinking and says she'll let me know when.

"The doc comes out in the hall, looks around, goes for a

drink of water. This pregnant woman comes up and takes a chair across the hall. When the doc comes back, he asks if she wants to see him and she tells him no, that she just came for a shot. The nurse goes to help her, the doc goes back in his office and I sit there.

"I've been there about 40 minutes when I hear the doc talking over the phone to some friend. I ask the nurse how soon the doc can see me and she snaps at me: 'Are you in a hurry?'"

"She says wait, so I wait. The doc comes out in the corridor again to talk with some other docs. The nurse doesn't say a thing.

"After I waited almost an hour, I went down town to a private doc and got fixed up right away.

"That'll show you what I mean. It's happened to me before and I've heard other students talk about it. They get your money in advance and then they don't give a damn. Treat you like they thought you cluttered up the place."

"Yeah," I agreed with him. "It's happened to me, too."

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Rev. Julio N. Sabanes, Uruguayan minister of the Central Methodist Church in Buenos Aires, and Rev. Angel Sainz, an Argentine pastor of the United Protestant Church at the fashionable seaside resort of Mar Del Plata, were both notified by the Peron government a few days ago that they would no longer be permitted to conduct services.

Significantly, the charge sounded like the pretexits of Communist regimes to eliminate independent religions.

The two Protestant pastors were formally accused by the Argentine Ministry of Foreign Relations and Worship with having denounced the high cost of living.

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