

The Daily Tar Heel

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Lt. Chuck Hauser Tar Heel At Large

FORT BRAGG—I'm having car trouble. Again.

The heap I'm driving now is the third I have owned, and up until last Friday night it had never given me any cause for cussin'. All it did the other night was refuse to start when I was ready to take off for Chapel Hill. I finally borrowed a car, and arrived in time to pick up my date at 10:30 for the German Club dance which started at 9 o'clock.

The first jet I ever owned was a 1939 Ford which had already lost its virility when my folks turned it over to me shortly after the end of World War II.

It carried me through my freshman year at Carolina, and also carried me on several football trips in the fall, to New York for a long weekend in the winter, and to the beach a number of times spring quarter. But it was costing me more money than I had, and at that time never having heard of the Nixon Plan for Living Over Your Income, I sold it.

The next year was rough. I had to walk all the way from the ATO House on Franklin Street up to Davie Hall for botany. Walking wasn't so bad, and there was always room in someone else's car for football trips, but when spring and beach weather returned, I longed for a lovable of my own.

So I bought another '39 Ford in that late spring of 1948. This one had two more doors, a different color of paint, and seemed to have a few years of potency left in it.

That little white Ford traveled from Washington, D. C., to Crescent Beach, from Knoxville to Myrtle, from Athens to Ocean Drive, and from Charlottesville and Columbia to Wrightsville.

One fateful Friday in May of 1951 we started out on our last beach trip, the little car and I. Along as passengers were Daily Tar Heel Managing Editor Rolfe Neill and two very attractive females from Woman's College at Greensboro.

Everything was just peachy keen until we got about 35 miles this side of Wilmington. Then the bottom dropped out, almost literally. The fuel pump pumped its last, the engine coughed, let out a death rattle, and collapsed, and we coasted to a stop in the middle of some country that could give the Great Dismal Swamp competition in the desolation department.

"My God, what are we going to do?" I cried out in anguish.

"Well, you might be able to get under the hood and fix it," one of the girls volunteered.

"I wasn't talking about the car, stupid," I snapped at her.

"We're out of chasers, and we've conked out in a place that looks like Death Valley's twin brother."

That revelation galvanized everyone to action, and they all promised to do anything to the best of my ability to correct the situation. Rolfe magnanimously promised to take care of the women, and I started walking.

On the top of the next rise I stopped and squinted down the road. Sure enough, about a quarter of a mile down was a country store. As quick as you can say "I like Ike" backwards 679 times, I sprinted down to the store and put a call through to the Landis at Wrightsville Beach, where I got hold of Andy Taylor, a former Daily Tar Heel editor now with a Marine rocket battery near Pamunjom.

Then back to the car I went, with Andy's promise to come

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HORIZONTAL

- lid
- Australian ostrich
- weapon
- get up
- cluct
- game of chance
- reduces corpulense dietically (humorous)
- before
- equal
- comb. form
- golf mound
- eagle
- solar disk
- possessive pronoun
- provides food
- moon-goddess
- worthless bits
- rose essence
- traps
- spar
- with block at end
- Russian rulers
- antlered ruminant
- street railway (abbr.)

VERTICAL

- river in France
- employ
- aglow
- garden flower
- celestial body
- corrodes
- fall flower
- hark!
- plant of mustard family
- scolds
- species of iris
- symbol for tellurium
- antipathy
- depend
- river in Latvia
- look for
- compulsion
- arm of
- of out
- frozen rain
- military assistant
- woody plant
- apportion
- knock
- donkey

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

CAROM SOL ART
 ARECA EVE PAW
 REPEL REVERIE
 ALAS REVISE
 CAPORAL RELET
 ABET LEPEL
 PIAR BERIET BIAT
 CAPOT PONE
 ACHAR TAMARIN
 SHARON LONE
 SELENIC LADEN
 ALE EGO ADORE
 MAR THY RAMIE

Average time of solution: 23 minutes.
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Walt Ernst Guidin' Bizness

T'other day I wuz settin' out on the front porch of that there fraternity club I belong to—jest sorta settin' there and takin' it easylike—when I got to thinkin' a little bit.

Now that I is in my last year up here at the state university, it's interestin' to look back on them three hell-raisin' years and decide jest what's handed me the most trouble in this here book learnin' other than that there hell-raisin' which I done mentioned previously.

Well, sir, right quick I comes up with the answer. I ain't been guided right!

'Course everybody's always moanin' 'bout them dumb professors theys got or the pitiful subjects theys takin' and all that stuff, but that's jest natural anyway. When you git right down to it, I reckon you can git 'bout as good a dose of book learnin' right here at the university as you can git anywhere.

But gittin' back to this here guidin' bizness—I feels I been gyped!

What us students needs is somebody to take us over in the corner soon's we comes here our first year and tell us all 'bout the subjects we can git. Some kinda system so's we could look at the whole dang set-up and git advised as to what's best. Sorta like the discussions we usta git into back home at the general store—with our feet propped up on the wood stove and all.

The only advisin' I got my first two years here wuz five minutes each quarter with some man up in South Buildin'; and I had to wait in line plumb near a hour to git that! And then he never told me nuthin'. Why, hell-fire, I flunked freshman math two times before I finally found out I coulda taken that there language the Romans usta talk and git the same credit. I'm purty good at that foreign talk, too, even though I don't git this here American too easy.

'Course once you gits around to your third year here and gits into what you're gonna major in, you sometimes git a little down-to-earth advisin'—but then it's too late. And half the time you ain't learnin' what you started out to learn anyway.

Jest yesterday I wuz talkin' to Ernie Hawfield. Ernie first came to the university to learn to be a doctor. He startin' his sixth year now and he's takin' a overload this quarter: Commerce 31, geography 38, English 2, embryology 103, and phys. ed. 5. Ernie's hopin' to git his degree in meteorology in March. Now you know damn well that boy ain't been guided right!

I been told theys got 'bout 700 professors learnin' us students here. Why not give each one of them professors some advisin' to do, instead of jest a few like theys got now? That way each one would only have 'bout ten of us students to guide and could take the time to guide 'em right.

Sorta neighborly advisin', you know. So's you could set down and find out real easy about all this book learnin' you gotta git without gittin' upset and all. Kinda slow-like, you know—maybe 'bout two tobacco chaws worth!

"Why Yes—In Fact I've Been Ready For 20 Years"



Drew Pearson The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON—It's an ironic twist of fate that the first Supreme Court vacancy President Eisenhower will have to fill will probably be that of an ardent new dealer, Justice Felix Frankfurter.

Day after tomorrow, Frank-

furter has the right to retire on full salary, having then reached the age of 70. And since Frankfurter was one of the early Roosevelt men who proposed that Supreme Court justices should get off the bench at that age, it would be consistent for him

to do so.

However, a strange thing has happened to Justice Frankfurter. Though he's accused by Republican critics of being an architect of the new deal and the man who's inspired the Acheson policies, actually he's become a strong Eisenhower man.

Gradually he's drifted away from the Truman administration, now has few friends left high up in government except the Secretary of State. Meanwhile, some of his old friends, such as Jack McCloy, former High Commissioner for Germany, and Kenneth Royall, former Secretary of War, have become Ike's strongest backers.

Express Yourself

Editor:

I take it upon myself to point out one of the places where the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees has considered the wrong question in regard to Saturday classes.

First: Let us, in theory, concede that they are right in their assumption that a goodly number of Carolina students are immaturely galavanting around the country on weekends wasting both their time and money and states'. (Although I personally refuse to concede to such an assumption.)

If this is true, how can the Executive Committee conclude that keeping this infantile student group an extra half a day in class per week will mature them to the point that they will spend a fruitful weekend in Chapel Hill studying? My opinion (for what little it is worth) is that this measure instead of producing gratifying work on the part of the misfits will, at best, simply contain their infantile carousings to a smaller area and probably just delay them 24 hours.

In contrast to this consider the injustice done to the much greater number of serious, hard working, mature students who

use this time on the week ends to a profitable end—studying, pursuing serious extra-curriculars, or visiting home once or twice a quarter to relieve the tension of their studies.

The greatest injustice will be done to those students struggling to get through school on limited finances who count heavily on the weekends for the time to earn all or part of their way. These students, who may also work through the week and use the weekends to study, are the ones who will receive the worst beating because of this Saturday class ruling. The one full day which has been their way to earn their way will be taken away from them. Some will be unable to continue in school—I won't say all because these are the type of students and men who can rise to meet most difficulties.

Now we see the question that the Executive Committee should have considered. Is it fair to make the road more difficult for some worthwhile students, just to ensure that a few worthless ones will get to sit a few extra hours in class with dubious returns for the time expended?

Andrew J. Lavin

able, with competent know-how in foreign affairs.

While Dulles also has a rich foreign-affairs background, Eisenhower doesn't seem quite comfortable with him. Their relationship is similar to that of Truman and Jimmie Byrnes, who was so aggressive and had so much know-how that he sometimes overshadowed his boss.

Paul Hoffman, on the other hand, has been taken back into the full favor of the Eisenhower smile. For a time Hoffman was on the outs. One of the original Ike-rooters and chairman of the citizens for Eisenhower committee, Hoffman soured a bit when the General embraced McCarthy and all the other isolationists. But toward the end he flew back from California and came out strong for Eisenhower.

Jack McCloy probably has the best of all backgrounds to be Secretary of State. He served as assistant Secretary of War under FDR, then head of the world bank, then took over the tough job of administering Germany, knows his European onions thoroughly.

Walt Dear Over The Hill

Do students count? Do faculty count? Do the considered opinions of our Consolidated University president and our energetic Chancellor count?

I guess not, but why not? I don't know. In spite of a survey showing that we do stick around on weekends and that we use our weekends to good advantage, despite known and intelligent dissent from everyone involved, the trustee executive committee has decided for Saturday classes. This is power, strict and unadulterated—legal, but is it fair, is it constructive? Will it be the best way of making us thinkers and citizens? Shall we be better students, men and women with more well-rounded personalities because of a one-shot three hour extra?

No. It won't and can't. It may decrease enrollment, it may make Saturday night a real hell, it may cramp studying, and it may ruin the essence of the quarter system—concentrated instruction with a weekend for absorption.

You're mad. I'm mad. We're concerned. But gripes at the house, in Lenoir, or in the social room won't take away Saturday classes. Strong-willed, immediate action of the constructive variety will make a difference. Do this if you don't want weekend classes:

1. Write to your parents. Ask them to write trustees.
2. Wire Gov. Scott. He is chairman of the Board of Trustees.
3. Sign the petitions circulated.
4. Attend mass meetings.
5. Express yourself to the faculty, administration, and others concerned.

I'm a senior. I'm not going to be here in September, 1953. But I sense with indignation what Saturday classes will mean. Seniors as well as other students should voice their complaints.

The big thing about this school has been that student and faculty opinion have always rated. Right now, our opinion and the opinion of our teachers is nothing.

Make your say count now.