Society Staff-Peggy Jean Goode, Janie Bugg, Alice Hinds. Advertising Staff-Buzzy Shull, Buddy Harper, Eleanor Saunders, Judy Taylor,

Night Editor for this issue: Tom Peacock

A Remedy, Too

More than 600 student hours a year are being wasted during pre-registration due to an antiquated liason system between South Building and Archer House.

During November and again in March the pre-registering student is called for a conference with his Dean. After selection of courses for the coming quarter, the student is handed a Green Form and told to present same at Archer

Upon reaching Archer house, the student hands in the umn. Green Form, receives a yellow card and is told that he may pick up his class tickets on Jan. 5.

The Green Form is changed in no way from the time Dean X hands it to Student Y until Student Y turns it in at Archer House. Yet twice a year 4,000 students are forced to make the trek from South Building to Archer House. Simple arithmetic produces our figures, based on five min-

utes time between the two houses of administration. This is a needless waste which should be eliminated. The remedy is simple: A single university employee

could make the rounds of the Deans offices once a day, pick

up all completed forms and deposit them at Archer House.

The time involved: perhaps one hour.—C. W. k, Beat Dook, Beat Dook, Beat D

What Kipling really said was, "Carolina is Carolina and Duke is Duke and never the twain shall meet." He was was wrong. Barring a late cancellation, Carolina and Duke will play football this afternoon at Kenan-in-the-Pines to decide among other things just what kind of housing the Victory Bell will have during the coming year.

For the past two years, that bell has tolled the hollow ring of defeat for Carolina. The Tar Heels haven't been on the right track in this matter since the immortal Choo Choo huffed and puffed and blew the Blue Devils down four times running-and passing, too.

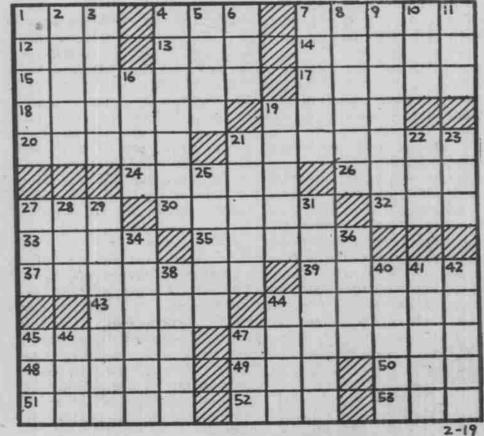
In true Brooklynese we cried last year, "Just wait 'til next year." Next year is here. And the Tar Heels are on hand. They have revived the prose of the late Wendell L. Wilkie, and now the cry is, "What we need is one Worrell." We have him.

We know we will win today. Knowing it is a big part of winning it. Victory rarely comes as a surprise. In the words of Carolina's perennial water boy, Morris Mason, "Duke just gotta go down!'

Now we don't wish to go on record as being opposed to giving the Devils their dues. Being Devils, though, you can't give them heaven, boys, but you can always give them hell. Beat Dook, beat Dook, etc.

Beauty And The

We don't know, maybe it was coincidence, but while Chancellor House was expounding "Where Beauty Dwells" Thursday night in Gerrard Hall, 70 beautiful things were holding forth in next-door Memorial Hall to get into the act as Yackety Yack pulchritude.



HORIZONTAL 47. wedge-

shaped

48. conscious

50. Tibetan

51. Arctic

gazelle

52. food of quail

49. bow

1. feign 4. explosive sound 7. test

12. black beetle 13. Japanese sash 14. flat 15, idea

17. silk fabric 18. city of Wisconsin 19. fiber of

century plant 20. choose 21. storehouse for arms

24. small anchor 26. float 27. salt 30. less common 32. gear tooth

33. culture medium 35. poison 37. set 39. damp

43. send forth 44. husbandman

SOATEES PEONY ED TSARS PRESTO MAIDEN RATE LID TARA ACTOR THREATS

Answer to Saturday's puzzle.

Average time of solution: 27 minutes, 46. brace Distributed by King Features Syndicate

6. bowling 7. point of orbit

VERTICAL

1. idolize

2. resinous

3. haul up

substance

and lash

5. orchestral

4. hunting dog

instrument

8. sow bug 9. devilish 10. black bird 11. monetary unit of Japan 16. notch dress with 21. consent 22. commotion

23. support 25. ship's crane 27. Algonquin 28. past 29. of the side 31. a type of novel 34. sucking fish 36. greater amount

38, mellower 40 likeness 41. counterirritant 42. step 44. violence 45. weaken

Bill C. Brown-Tar On My Heels

Your red-faced columnist begs your forgiveness!

After checking figures and checking with those who had also checked figures, I stated SP had a majority in the Student Legislature for the first time in the history of Student Govern-

Apparently, that question is still open to debate as the headline of the same day's paper proved. Attention is now fixed on the lone dorm district IV runoff that can decide the

Even if tied in Legislature, it still is probably the closest SP has ever come to having a majority. And I still predict big things from such body; I still predict these things for the same reasons I set forth in my last somewhat over-ambitious col-

There are other things, however, that Tar On My Heels came out with November 19 that perhaps need a little clarification - witness Jerry Cook's

The first of these things is to make clear once again that Tar On My Heels is not the official or unofficial organ of any political society on campus. Student Party members read these columns at the same time University Party members read them. This is the official and unofficial offspring of one Bill C. Brown and he is quite willing to accept the roses and curses for such. Such roses and curses should not be lauded on SP simply because I am a member of such party; Tar On My Heels is not its mouthpiece.

The only reason I stated SP sometimes has failed to represent anyone was that in trying to represent both dorm and frat residents, I have found that one faction gets more than its share of representation, leaving the other quite without anything like a full share. You see, SP has been willing to co-operate, willing to give in on a few points for the sake of harmony.

SP should continue such conciliation moves, but not at all costs. I think SP will continue to co-operate. Now that UP has all but lost control of Legislaand hope for the day.

Another point of clarification: Tar On My Heels did not mean to imply most fraternity men think of non-Greeks as so much trash. Some do; they are the notable exceptions. Some SP's undoubtedly would close down the fraternities; they likewise are the exceptions and I certainly do not join them.

I am glad UP is attempting to get non-fraternity members finally. It is welcome news, but news coming about 14 years too late. In controlling Legislature for that many years they have not bothered themselves with non-fraternity men. I feel confident the record will show something like 99% of their candidates have been from the fraternity and sorority cliques. The SP, on the other hand, as Mr. Cook points out, has about as many fraternity men as nonfraternity and nominates about as many. I am proud of the fact our outlook on campus affairs is not limited to a view of one faction; a faction which neither resides in dormitories nor knows its problems. I, personally, have never tried to hide this fact from the students, nor do I believe SP as a whole has.

Now that UP has come dangerously close to losing control of it's long held whip over Legislature, they are considering the non-fraternity man and are attempting to pawn themselves off as the great unifier of UNC. Such was not the case 14 years ago, nor is it true today.

SEOUL-United Nations rockets and artillery chased four Chinese "mechanical monsters" off the battlefield yesterday and hurled back a new series of Red attacks on Sniper Ridge. The Chinese called in four armored tanklike vehicles to saturate Republic of Korea defenses on the vital central front height with multiple machine gun fire. But Allied artillery got the monsters in range and forced the Reds to retreat with their strange machines to towering Mount Papa, 2 1-2 miles northeast of Sniper



"Think This Is Too Soon To Hang 'em Up?"

Jerry Belcher

Washington Square Confidential

From The Spartan Daily

must have been sucked in. It

is understandable if you were.

Mr. Norman Granz, the promot-

er, offered some mighty entic-

ing talent. Real famous jazz-

men like Gene Krupa, Buddy

Rich, Lester Young, Roy Eld-

Now I did not attend Mr.

Granz' presentation here, being

as I said before, no longer cool.

But a friend reports the follow-

The first number was the

"Star Spangled Banner." Per-

haps Mr. Granz is a very pa-

triotic fellow. But when his

charges jazzed the national an-

them, even the "coolest" spec-

good taste. Fortunately, for in-

ridge and Flip Phillips.

Well, I hate to admit it, but I simply am not "cool." Neither am I "Way out, Man what I mean gone!" Probably this makes me the most reactionary of reactionaries, musically ture, perhaps they will meet us speaking, but I am a man of half way. I certainly will work courage and feel I must express myself.

HERBLOCK

81952 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

Once upon a time, I was cool, way out, gone, I thought that JATP, or to the unitiated, Jazz at the Philharmonic, was simple "the greatest ever, Man!" I was fourteen at the time and young for my years.

I had pegged trousers, a string tie, a duck's tail hair-do and stomping shoes. I could leap up and holler "Go! Go! Go! Man!" with the best of them. After all, we have all sinned. Times have changed and so have I. But unfortunately for the world of music, and particu-

The other evening, JATP did San Jose the dubious honor of opening its nation - wide tour here. Had I been alert in my duties as a public - spirited, watch - dog type journalist, I would have given you forewarning. But if I may add butchery of a metaphor to my multitude of failings, I was asleep at the

ternational relations, they did not choose to improve on "God Save the King," or the "Marsellaise." larly for the world of jazz, JATP After this initial faux pas, the gentleman went off into their regular show. This consisted mainly of a great deal of writhing, facial contortions and

> Mr. Flip Phillips, who once played a nice, smooth, jaz treme dyspepsia. He and his actly what JATP should get.

foot stomping and minimum of

Unwarned, then a few of you friend, Mr. Young, also had a contest, the object of which was to produce the highest screech and the lowest burp possible with a reed instrument.

A similar contest was held by the trumpeter, Mr. Roy Eldridge and Mr. Charlie Schaeffer, and the drummers, Mr. Gene Krupa and Mr. Rich. The latter was somewhat comparable to being trapped in a gasoline barrel with two beserk jack-hammer opera-

Mr. Oscar Peterson, the large Canadian, played an enjoyable piano for a while. He often was extremely imaginative and whimsical on the keyboard. At other times, however, he soundtators cringed at the lack of ed like Mr. King Cole giving a bad imitation of Mr. George Shearing.

Miss Ella Fitzgerald, the large American, sometimes sang very well indeed. That is when she sang it straight. But she also "bopped it," which was nothing more than a perversion of the highly improbable "scat" singing in the late 1920's.

JATP wound up with a slam bang conglomeration of dissonance called "Perdido." This title, spends most of his time im- I believe, is from the Spanish itating a bull elephant with ex- and means "lost," which is ex- satisfactory solution . . .

-John Taylor-Reviews

On Thursday evening, your reporter was seated in Memorial Hall drooling over the most gorgeous hunks of feminine pulchritude that have graced Chapel Hill in a long time and having a hell of a good time laughing at the piano highjinks of Bill Collins in the interludes of the Yackety Yack Beauty Contest, when he suddenly remembered that he had an article due at the TAR HEEL office early the next morning. He was petrified, because he didn't have anything planned to write about this can't truthfully be said to be an unusual situation - until he looked up onstage and seeing Collins thought of all the very talented performers around the campus and knew that he had the basis for what he, at least, thought would be an interesting series of columns.

No one article could possibly list all the gifted acts in Chapel Hill, and that will not be attempted here. This will be the first of a series of articles that will try to give a little credit where it is due the accomplished showmen of the vicinity.

The most obvious person with whom to start is the aforementioned Bill Collins, piano virtuoso and scat singer extraordinaire. Bill, a member of the English department, is a professional, which accounts in part for the seeming ease with which he holds his audience every step of the way. Although he is very funny in straight comedy, his main forte is in the rendition of not blue, but purple songs while accompanying himself with mucho gusto on the piano. Much of his material he has written himself.

One of Collin's main assets is that he has enough imagination to vary the delivery of his material, so that no matter how often it is heard, it is still tremendously entertaining. This reviewer has heard him do much of his act previously, but laughs more and more on each reptition. It takes a real artist to have that effect on people.

Bill has appeared professionally in Daytona Beach, Florida, among other places. He has generously donated his time to perform for many worthy organizations and was recently one of the actors who presented a show at Fort Bragg.

Express Yourself

Editor:

As a '52 graduate of Carolina and a graduate student now at the University of Tennessee, I would like to suggest the following solution to the Saturday Classes problem.

They pulled that Saturday business down here and it is now an established procedure, all shouts of indignation from the student body to no avail, naturally. I yelled bloody murder when I discovered that weekends begin at noon on Saturday here - that is until I learned to do what everyone else does. Just don't go to class if there's anything interesting going on elsewhere. It's a most

Ann M. Williams











