

The Daily Tar Heel

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Express Yourself

Editor:
 In the United States we have a Northern Presbyterian Church and a Southern Presbyterian Church. They are two distinct bodies, and the former is usually felt to be characterized by more liberalism than the latter. When you speak of yourself "as a Presbyterian . . . concerned with Presbyterianism" and with the "problem of the church's relation to the community," you neglect to mention that you are of the former church.

In the Southern church we hold dear the teaching of Jesus and are striving toward fulfilling his will on earth, but we hold as equally important his being the son of God and being of divine origin.

If you speak with a member of the commission you will find that Mr. Jones is not in complete sympathy with the Southern church in this respect. It is not so much what has been preached at Mr. Jones's church but rather what has been neglected and the doctrine that is crucial to the commission's carefully made decision.

The decision was presented to the church officers at a secret meeting and was to be disclosed to the congregation calmly next Sunday. Unfortunately, one of the officers is a reporter for a Durham newspaper. This publicity is unfortunate for Chapel Hill.

Name withheld by Request
 Editor's note: I haven't had the opportunity to speak with members from the Commission, but I have spoken to Mr. Jones recently. And I believe that he is in basic agreement with the

A Very Sad Story

A. Z. F. Wood, Jr.

"Be sure to be here Monday, gentlemen, or you'll have to fill out one of these little yellow cards."

I took heed, because I knew that to fill out one of the little yellow cards would mean I would fork over \$2.50 to South Building, the penalty for missing a class after holidays.

And off I went to my home for the holidays in my little Crosley, affectionately called Anastasia. Though the drive down was bumpy at times, it was a delightful trip, as was the whole week-end.

Then I started back, never dreaming that Anastasia would betray my trust. But betray it she did, about 150 miles from Chapel Hill.

She began smoking and skipping. I patted her soothingly on the dash-board and said, "Now, now, Anastasia."

"Foo!" said Anastasia. "Anastasia!" I exclaimed, "What's come over you?"

"Fwttt!" said Anastasia. "But Anastasia," I said thinking quickly, "if you quit now, I'll have to pay that nasty old South Building \$7.50, and you won't have any nice gasoline to drink."

"Sweet!" said Anastasia. "Come on you *?\$/C*," I said banging the dash-board.

"Ka-pow! Sssst! Foo!" said

fundamental doctrines of the Southern Presbyterian church. A minister, when ordained, agrees to uphold the doctrines of his church.

The Northern and Southern churches are closer than you might believe. A move to unite both branches of Presbyterianism will be made soon.

Anastasia. And then all was silent.

I sighed philosophically and began the task of flagging down cars, which was pretty tough, for it was at night and I guess I'm pretty ugly. Presently, however, a guy uglier than I stopped and said, "Having trouble?"

I stifled an appropriate answer and explained the situation to him. He told me that inasmuch as the next town was but one he would push me. This maneuver was executed without mishap to a service station.

After an hour of tinkering, a sadistic attendant advised me that the situation was hopeless unless I could find a Crosley dealer. I discovered that the nearest Crosley dealer was 50 miles away, and since it was the night of the Sabbath anyhow, the idea of getting the little beast fixed that night disappeared.

Arrangements were made whereby the sadist was to chaperone Anastasia until I could get down there again the next week-end. (I still don't know what I'm going to do when I get there.) I inquired about the bus schedule, and was told, though quite cheerfully, that the next bus wasn't until six-thirty Monday morning; so out came the thumb and the toothy smile (which I managed by saying "whiskey"). After an hour's wait, I was picked up by a man of some 105 years or so, and we hadn't gone 20 miles before the right-rear tire went "ka-pow" and being my companion's junior by some 80-odd years I was ethically obligated to change the tire. This took a

while because the bumper-jack was rusty and the lug-wrench was rusty and the old man had not finished his rusty joke which led to two more, rustier than the first.

A little weary from my evening's activities, I slept. When I awoke, it was daylight and we were in Roxboro. I asked why, and the old man said that he plumb forgot I was with him. I mumbled something, he let me out, and I began thumbing back. I made it just as the bell dismissing my last class was ringing.

South Building was unmoved, and since I wanted very much to receive my diploma so that I can still get a cup of coffee for a nickel, I coughed up the \$7.50. I never did fill out those little yellow cards, though; I just paid the money.

Express Yourself

Editor:
 I am writing this letter for a friend and myself to ask you to publish our names and addresses in your college paper.

We are both serving with the 1st Marine Division in Korea and have been receiving very little mail from the States.

We would like for you to publish our names and addresses in your paper asking if there are any girls who would like to correspond with a couple of Marines.

Our names are:
 Pfc. Ben B. Smith 1285683
 K-4-11 1st Div FMF
 c/o F.P.O. San Francisco California
 Cpl. Ed. J. SENSEL 1167068
 K-4-11 1st Div FMF
 c/o F.P.O. San Francisco California
 Respectfully yours,
 Cpl. Edward J. SENSEL

The Woman's Point Of View

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees has lowered the boom on the University of Chapel Hill. There is a mass exodus from the campus every week end, say the Trustees; and the remedy, they claim, is Saturday classes. Therefore they have resolved that our Chapel Hill brethren stretch their working week from five to six days. After all, they say, this is a Consolidated University; and since Woman's College and State have Saturday classes, why not Carolina?

As one might expect, there has been much weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Petitions have been circulated and demonstrations held. The students protest that they need the extra day for catching up on study, sleep, work, and social life. The faculty is not at all happy about the new development. And administrative officials have expressed the conviction that this should be an administrative matter.

Having endured four years of mournful Saturday mornings, we feel that we can understand the problems involved in this situation. And having considered the situation rather carefully, we feel justified in supporting our friends at Carolina. We believe there are fundamental arguments against this innovation. Here they are:

1. We do not believe that the lack of Saturday classes is the only reason for a mass exodus. Other campuses (including our own) dwindle each week end at a rate only slightly smaller than that of the UNC campus. It has been suggested that some of the factors contributing to the week-end exodus in Chapel Hill are the barrenness of the dormitory rooms; the lack of recreational facilities on the campus; and the fact that a number of students are able to obtain work at home on week ends.

2. The argument that UNC should go to class on Saturday because State and Woman's College do is illogical. Woman's College is on the semester system; and State is a technical school with an unusual proportion of lab courses, a situation which requires more time in class. A more logical step, toward greater consolidation, we believe, would be putting Woman's College on the quarter system.

3. It seems to us that the administrative officials, who have been trained to meet such problems, who will work more closely with them, and will be directly affected by them, are the ones to decide whether such a program should be put into effect. According to Ham Horton, President of Student Government at Chapel Hill, not a single member of the Executive Committee is a professional educator.

4. Having struggled through Saturday classes for four years, we believe we are entitled to express the opinion that they are not exactly a panacea for educational ills. The arguments for more leisure for sleep, study, work, social life, etc., although overly-emphasized by more agitated members of the Carolina student body, are not invalid. And why stretch classes over six days that can be scheduled in five?

The Carolinian, WCUNC

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THIS IS A MIGHTY LUMPY CLUMMOCK YOU GOT HERE, WILLOW MCWISPER.

YOU BEEN COMPLAIN' EVER SINCE YOU BEEN LEADER ALBERT.

YEAH... IT'S A WONDER YOU WOULDN'T DO SOMETHIN' LEADERFUL...

THERE! LOOKY! IT STOPPED RAININ'... NOW'S THAT?!

YOU CAN'T TAKE CREDIT FOR THAT!

WHY NOT? IT HAPPENED DURIN' MY ADMINISTRATION, DINT IT?!

HE'S RIGHT, WILLOW, US GOT TO BE FAIR.

THE EARLY WINNERS BEGN RETURNIN' TO THE FINISH LINE—

AH NOW PRONOUNCES YO, CORNELIA OTIS MULESKINNER, AN' TH' CONTENTS O' THET ROTTEN STUMP MAN AN' WIFE?!

FINISH LINE

CHON OUT, HUBBY, DARLIN'—ANY LEMME SEE WHO YO' IS OR AH'LL...

PUT DOWN THET AXE!! AH'LL COME OUT?!

THAR WAS ONE SHE PICKS, AH RECKON!!

NO! TAKE HIME!

WHICHEVER TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME!

THIS IS WHAT AH DREAMED OF AS AGALL MEN ON THAR KNEES IN FRONT O' ME!

THAR WAS ONE SHE PICKS, AH RECKON!!

NO! TAKE HIME!

WHICHEVER TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME! TAKE HIME!

MEANWHILE—ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

IN ONE MINUTE—HE'LL BE MINE!!

(AH CAN'T DELAY NO LONGER, AH GOTTA PULL TH' DIRTIEST TRICK IN TH' HISTORY O' TH' SENATE!)