

The Daily Tar Heel

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The Eyes Of Texas

Probably many students haven't noticed the disappearance of a tall gray-haired and mild-mannered Texan.

If they knew Dr. Logan Wilson, now president of the University of Texas at Austin, they may have known that he was Academic Vice-President and Provost of the Consolidated University. What that title meant, however, to students, would be a good question.

Dr. Wilson's duties were largely "unpublicized" as President Gordon Gray points out. When Gray first came here two years ago, he knew that he needed a right hand man in academic affairs, for after all, one of the chief consolidation aims was to provide for an integrated curriculum for all three branches.

The main problem facing Dr. Wilson was probably "Who should do what?" Is that a State College job, a task for Woman's College, or should the University at Chapel Hill handle the work? This allocation of functions was a matter of chief concern to Dr. Wilson during his short two year stay. Other duties of his post included the composition of a consolidated faculty manual, in which identification on policies of tenure, etc., were stated, a "Who's Who" of the Greater UNC, and committee leadership on varied academic matters, including the educational television work. Dr. Wilson sliced in half Gray's burden in the most trying of times for the former Secretary of the Army. Here was a transitional period of the most difficult type. A man trained to administer newspapers and armies, had to begin all over again and administer a great University, over 12,000 strong. Dr. Wilson made possible the concentration of Gray's efforts in other equally important areas, areas that might not have been touched if such a position had not been created.

Mr. Gray described the departure of Dr. Wilson for the Lone Star state as a "real loss to all three institutions. He noted, "I'm sorry that they had the wisdom to offer him the job. We regret that he received the call from Texas but not that he saw fit to take it."

It is always difficult for students, particularly, to visualize the program of the Consolidated University. It seems that the State Legislature's Advisory Budget Commission has the same difficulty. (The Commission refused a request for the inclusion of salaries for the academic vice-president's job and others connected with Gray's office). If we are at Chapel Hill, then we want Chapel Hill to be first on the lists for consideration. This applies to students at State and W. C.

The purpose of consolidation, however, is one of economy of effort, greater utilization of resources, and development of an enlarged program for the benefit of all citizens of the State. Dr. Wilson's post is a key one, and his departure leaves a vacancy that will be hard to fill.

The Daily Tar Heel recommends that Greater UNC seek out another scholar, one with a broad educational background and a man with a cooperative nature who will continue and enlarge upon the programs already initiated by Dr. Wilson.

Pulque

Everybody's Going to Connor Dorm Today, Are You?

The Open House at Connor dorm, between three and five this afternoon, is rather a significant event. It is important not only to the graduate students, but to all the campus. For this is the first time that visiting privileges have been granted a men's dorm.

Today's gathering will mark a milestone in the school's social life, and more particularly in the graduate social life. And, as they say in the movies, it happened because of years of planning and hard work on the part of a determined group of people. The Committee that finally put it across was made up of Earl Diamond, Paul Somerville, Conrad Warlick, Dan Fabb, and Jay Hodes. Those graduate students who have taken the time to climb out of their self-imposed shells of academic boredom will know that all of these men have contributed a great deal to this campus, besides being good scholars in the process. Earl was one of the stalwarts behind the successful but short lived run of the Graduate Club last year.

Indeed, Connor dorm has been the main, perhaps the only force behind what few social activities the graduate students have had. The open houses at that building, and the dances at Kenan, are the bright spots on an otherwise rather dull mural of graduate life. And they are important spots too. Many graduate students are able to convince themselves that they have much too much work to do to get out and mingle with others. Every once and a while they are right, but more often it is simply a handy rationalization to cover up a plain social laziness. To the students who argue that we are here to learn, I say "granted." But we are also here to become academic people, not academic minds. We live in a milieu of other individuals, and if we would enjoy life to the utmost, we must learn to get along with our neighbors. We should, perhaps, imitate the undergraduate in this respect, just making sure we don't carry it quite so far.

But getting back to the men at Connor (and I sincerely urge you to go to Connor today) they deserve a lot of credit for their work. And so do some others. This action has been made out as a battle royal between the students and the administration. This makes good newspaper copy, but it is not the whole story.

There have been many folks in South Building working along with the students most of the time. The main force acting against the scheme was tradition, and you can't blame that on any particular individual. Today's open house should be regarded more as a cooperative success, than a smashing victory. So to the folks in the administration, who usually get more brick-bats than flowers, this columnist would like to say, "thanks a lot." Ditto to the students who had a finger in it.

There remains but one thing for the fellows in Connor to do. That involves solving a rather difficult paradox. There is little doubt that the graduate students, more than any others, needed a place of their own to meet. Yet one very much fears that they will not take advantage of it. Graduate students sort of float around in an academic limbo, isolated from each other, and from the rest of the students on campus. They come here, live here, and leave here, without ever getting to meet many of the really wonderful people who make Chapel Hill their temporary or permanent address. Lost in a disciplinary specialization, they soon fall into a social none. Today's party offers a chance to begin the breakdown of that isolation. Let's make it a good start.

AT N. Y. U.

Student reaction to a recent snowfall on the New York University campus evoked the following statement from two NYU deans:

"When snow is on the campus, we ask you to please refrain from throwing snowballs in front of the buildings, into or out of classroom windows, and along heavily-travelled walks and roads..."

And so another of life's little pleasures is restricted.

RAH!

In Richmond, Ind., after seeing her first football game, three-year-old Candice Elias, daughter of the Richmond High School coach, devised a new bedtime prayer: "God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy, Rah, rah, rah."



Dorman Cordell

STEW POT

Once, many, many years ago, there was a first-class confidence man in an ancient civilization, who saw the follies of man, and how easy most persons could be hoodwinked.

And this man saw that people wished to be "cultured" above all things, and would pay all sorts of money to reach that goal. They bought pictures, went to concerts, and read books, all to be cultured. And all those who called themselves cultured were constantly on the lookout for new art, music, and literature.

And a great inspiration came upon this first-class confidence man. He said to himself, "I will create new art, music, and literature for all these cultured folks."

First, he decided to enter the field of art. Gathering around him several kinds of paints, he took a smidgin of this, and a bit of that, and a little of this, closed his eyes, and smeared it all together on a piece of canvas. When he looked it was horrible.

"Ah, just what I wanted," he exclaimed. And off he went to the nearest art exhibit, to enter his painting.

And all the patrons strolled by to gaze at all the cultured paintings. But when they came to the confidence man's painting, they all stopped and stared.

"Ah, my friends," said the confidence man, "I see you recognize true genius at a glance."

And each patron turned to the other, and said, "Yes, it is wonderful, isn't it?" Because they didn't wish to show their ignorance of true culture.

The paintings were shown all around the land, and all who wished to be cultured mused, "I don't understand it, so it must be great." And they called the confidence man blessed.

But the peasants were ignorant, and lacked feeling for the finer things of life. And one peasant said to another, "It is just a garble of colors, and is utterly senseless." And the cry went up among all who heard.

And great cultured persons all over the land rose to the defense of the modernistic art. They used much space and many spoken and printed words to express the feelings and artistic expressions shown in the paintings.

And other artists also seriously began to paint the new modernistic kinds of paintings, and a whole new school of art was founded.

But the first-class confidence man had by now tired of his sports, and was fabulously wealthy from his paintings. So he decided to reveal the truth about his paintings. And he stood before the world, and said, "The paintings were all hoaxes. There was no meaning to them at all. It was all a joke to play on you would-be cultured people."

However, the cultured folks and the critics and the artists all rose up, and decried the words of the confidence man. "Oh, yes, your paintings did depict great inner emotions and feelings, whether you knew it or not, and you are unconsciously a genius." And none would believe they could have been fooled so thoroughly.

But this was, of course, many, many years ago in another civilization, which crumbled with the advance of time and learning. And today we rejoice that men could never be fooled by such a confidence man. For after all, today our artists are sensible, and the people are sensible, and they would never stand for such tomfoolery.

Ah, it's wonderful to be living in the age of enlightenment!

LAND OF THE FREE

"The increasing divorce rate is rapidly making America the land of the free, all right," a visiting Englishman said to an American friend.

"Yes," said the American, a somewhat hen-pecked husband, "but the marriage rate is increasing too, showing that America is still the home of the brave."

Review

All campus coffee-cup and dormitory philosophers—and some who are more advanced—should run a copy of Bertrand Russell's Unpopular Essays (Simon & Schuster, \$1.00). It will provide some good lean meat to go along with the fat that is chewed in the ordinary bull-session. Since sex and women are frequent topics among the men (I won't presume to speak for co-eds), knowledge of the greatest living philosopher's opinion on the subject should make anyone automatically one-up on his opponent in any discussion. Such opinions are scattered here and there in the book. At one place he talks about the times when sex is and isn't "sin." He says, "One eminently orthodox Catholic divine laid it down that a confessor may fondle a nun's deletion, provided he does it without evil intent." But, as Russell goes on to say, "I doubt whether modern authorities would agree with him on this point."

There are many other things in this book, though. Altogether there are twelve relatively short essays (although the cover advertises fourteen). The thread that holds them together is Russell's consistent opposition to any and all kinds of dogmatism, or, stated affirmatively, support of the Liberal creed of "live-and-let-live, of toleration and freedom so far as public order permits, of moderation and absence of fanaticism in political programs."

Appropriately, the longest essay is titled "An Outline of Intellectual Rubbish," from which the above quotation was taken. In it he discusses "sillinesses of our day" and former times. A reader may want to turn to it first, before turning to more serious parts. A less interesting essay is "The Functions of a Teacher," in which Russell sees part of the business of teachers in endeavoring to "instill into the young the habit of impartial inquiry, leading them to judge issues on their merits and to be on their guard against accepting ex parte statements at their face value." Other essays that I particularly liked were the following—with a quotation from each: "Philosophy and Politics": "That Plato's Republic should have been admired, on its political side, by decent people is perhaps the most astonishing example of literary snobbery in all history"; "Philosophy's Uterior Motives": "I should define it 'philosophy' rather as 'an unusually ingenious attempt to think fallaciously'; "Ideas That Have Helped Mankind": "If we wish to understand natural laws, we must get rid of every kind of ethical and aesthetic bias"; and "Ideas That Have Harmed Mankind": "It is one of the drawbacks to asceticism that it sees no harm in pleasures other than those of sense, and yet, in fact, not only the best pleasures, but also the worst, are purely mental."

All this is topped by Russell's own "Obituary," in which he says, "His principles were curious, but such as they were, they governed his actions." Another of his books within the means of students is The Conquest of Happiness, Signet, 25c.

Norman Jarrard

OBSERVANT

The most observant person in the world was the one who noticed Lady Godiva was riding a horse.

Ambition

Economy just on the verge of collapse,
A public now waiting in panic,
Enemies lurking to strike us, perhaps,
With terrible weapons titanic.

Government reeling, corrupt to the core,
Congress, a subject of mirth,
Sons gone to fight a perpetual war,
In a land at the end of the earth.

Crime taking hold at a furious rate,
Threatening shouts from the mob.

Down by the hull is the old ship of state,
(And to think that he ran for the job!)

Express Yourself

Editor:

Hissss . . . no, you are not in the Reptile Division of the Bronx Zoo, but rather in the Carolina or Varsity Theatres here in Chapel Hill. Any night you might feel brave enough to sally forth and attempt to enjoy a movie, (which, by the way, Hollywood tells us are getting better than ever, and I might name "Pony Soldier", "Flat Top", "The Wizard of Oz") you will invariably prick up your ears at some wierd sound that would seem to be the mating cry of the East Indian Cobra (backed by Percy Faith and the Crew). What you hear is the war cry of the Chapel Hillian Cobra, species Collegus, josephus. (References taken from Carl Dittmar). Whether it be a good or bad movie, here the lines will be lost in this veritable onslaught of hisses and you will need to take you a portable combination radar - snorkel-sonar system to pick up any lines of the dialogue that might accidentally seep through. If Truman's picture is flashed on the screen . . . Hiss. If President Eisenhower's . . . Hissss. I don't doubt that if the countenance of Zapata, Pogo, (Copyright 1952 Walt Kelly All Rights Reserved) or Disgusting Yokum were flashed on the result would be the same. Please, in the future for the sake of those who would like to enjoy the movie let us confine this imitation of a giraffe with laryngitis and hoof and mouth disease (mit complications yet) to the Jan Garber shorts, pictures of McCarthy (not of E. Bergen fame), or stuff like "Ride the Nag Down" or Mack Sennett comedies and let us leave the good pictures alone. Guess everybody will read this, laugh, throw the paper away and wonder who wrote it. Let's go watch the fights on TV!!!

Ron Levin

WORKING OUR WAY

The old romantic concept that students who work their way through college get more out of it was dealt a low blow recently by an administrator at Michigan State Normal college, whose survey of students working showed that out of 110 students surveyed, 29 had less than a C average and 12 withdrew before the semester ended.

DAILY CROSSWORD

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|----------------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 19. God of war (Norse) |
| 1. Speedy | 1. Sickle-shaped | 21. Grampus |
| 5. Father (A title of honor) | 2. Miscellaneous | 22. Lixivium |
| 9. Poker stake | 3. Steps over a fence | 26. Frozen water |
| 10. Farm building | 4. Web-like membrane | 27. Organ of hearing |
| 11. Thresh | 5. Warp-yarn | 29. River (Eng.) |
| 12. Edge | 6. Stripe | 30. Native of Arabia |
| 14. Actinium (sym.) | 7. Sharp | 31. Rate |
| 15. Important branch of Tai race | 8. Girl's name (poss.) | 33. Encountered |
| 17. Observe | 11. Deceptive | 35. Affix |
| 18. Tardy | 13. Part of a lock | 36. Type of architecture |
| 20. Sociable | 16. Often (poet.) | 37. Lift with exertion |
| 23. Pig pen | | 38. Talk at length |
| 24. Attempt | | 41. Formerly |
| 25. Weird | | 44. A dance step |
| 28. Pinaceous tree | | 45. Half ems |
| 32. Rotating piece (mach.) | | 47. June bug |
| 34. Epoch | | |
| 35. To cleave to | | |
| 38. A fuel | | |
| 39. Female deer | | |
| 40. Thrice (mus.) | | |
| 42. Twice (prefix) | | |
| 43. Arrange, as folds | | |
| 46. Means of communication | | |
| 48. Man's name (Gr. arch.) | | |
| 49. Portico | | |
| 50. Luck (Anglo-Irish) | | |
| 51. Gull-like bird | | |

ROGUE GAP
RETURN ALOE
ANTS GEMER
MOO BAN ATA
NALLEET
BEAUL HEAT
FAMES PANTE
GASH PUNGER
TURKEY
AWA ROE COO
TALON ALITE
REVIS GUBHIT
VIA SPACE

Yesterday's Answer

- | |
|--------------------|
| 38. Talk at length |
| 41. Formerly |
| 44. A dance step |
| 45. Half ems |
| 47. June bug |

