

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is published daily except Saturday, Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates mailed \$4 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered, \$6 and \$2.25 per quarter.

Editor: WALT DEAR
Managing Editor: ROLFE NEILL
Business Manager: JIM SCHENCK
Sports Editor: BIFF ROBERTS

News Ed.: Bob Slough
Sub. Mgr.: Carolyn Reichard
Ass't. Sub. Mgr.: Bill Venable, Tom Witty, Buzzy Shull
Office Mgr.: Nina Gray, Jane Carter
Soc. Ed.: Deenie Schoeppe
Circ. Mgr.: Donald Hogg
Asst. Spts. Ed.: Tom Peacock
Adv. Mgrs.: Charles Collins, Charles Haskett
Exch. Ed.: Alice Chapman

Night Editor for this issue: Rolfe Neill

Charlie Haskett 'Nuff Said

Like typical college folks, Carolina students often have a passionate yen to gripe about certain phases of the University organization.

One which has been dragged up and down "Gripe Hill" is the Infirmary. Every so often a letter to the editor blasts away at the lengthy procedures of admittance and the quality of service and the meals.

I had been lucky enough until recently to have no occasion to visit the Infirmary. Having been saturated with pessimistic views, I hated to make the supreme sacrifice of marching back into the woods.

But after a three day visit, I'll gladly side up with the affirmatives.

A few questions aimed directly at the pessimists: How many days have you had breakfast, dinner and supper served in bed? How many mornings have you had your bed made up for you while you stood idly by and watched? How many of you have a loyal servant that appears every time you pull a string or push a button?

Some "children" complain about the food. They yell it's not what they would have ordered, or it's not prepared correctly. Why does the Infirmary hire dieticians to prepare balanced meals when the University is so gifted with thousands of food experts? Every patient in the Infirmary professes to know twice as much as the hired food specialists.

I heard one extremist sound off against the service. Perhaps as I was a patient during "Better Infirmary Week," because there were two nurses on duty 24 hours, seven days a week. The doctors made at least two rounds a day checking, observing, and recording.

Pessimists speak up, "Well, so what. That's what they get paid for!"

Granted. But I'm yet to hear an extra allowance when a nurse goes on a treasure hunt for an apple or orange for one of her patients; wanders up and down the hall looking for unused radios so they can listen to the ball games; relinquishes her personal lamp to keep her studious patients from going blind and free-ly hands out her own cigarettes to the professional moocher.

Some pessimists can't understand why a little temperature calls for putting to bed. An excellent example was noted during my visit.

A hefty freshman had been in bed for a couple of days and his temperature had leveled to normal. When the doctor was making the morning rounds, the student pled that he was fully recovered and that he just had to attend the basketball game Friday night. The doctor checked his chart.

"Well, your temperature has been normal for some time now, and all the symptoms have disappeared. Still, I think you should not leave until this afternoon."

But the student insisted that he was well and that his chart proved it. Since the chart agreed with the patient the doctor gave in, but he advised the student it would be best if he remained in bed until later in the day.

The freshman left. Three hours later, a wheelchair was pushed through the ward door. A snow-faced form slumped in the seat. The freshman had returned.

After a first hand observation, my red, white and green corpuscles are extended to a hard working but little credited, group of first-class germ exterminators at the Infirmary.

CAMPUS ROUNDUP

Chicago (ACP)—The University of Chicago Maroon "needs help," according to a front page banner headline.

In the first place, "the lack of news space in this week's Maroon is no joke." In the second place, "we have not enough ad salesmen." And in the third place, "we do not want to go further into debt."

"Only through an increased amount of local advertising," said the Maroon, "can we afford to continue publication."

Laramie, Wyo.—As a student at the University of Wyoming remarked, "It isn't so bad to sleep through all your classes, but when you start to wake up automatically every 50 minutes during the night—you've had it."

Big Operator



English Club In Distrust Of Liberty

I have not hesitated to candidly entitle this prospectus with the motto that has always confirmed the feelings of most men. Those who distrust liberty and believe that it is a dangerous heresy are increasing. It is therefore time to proclaim our land a land of Conformity. After all, who today is seriously interested in maintaining his share of the burdensome privilege of defending liberty? I have every encouraging reason to believe that there are not many of these die-hard Deviationists left.

What is liberty? To judge from the way it is practiced, it can be best defined by those who preserve it with lipservice as something they really know not of, they care less about, and besides it is considerably more of a bother than it's worth. Many of my converts have privately admitted to me that in their weaker moments they still found themselves entertaining thoughts of personal liberty, but preferably Liberty for themselves. After grave consultation they always confessed their errors in deviationist thinking. My duty has been, of late, to sneak in some noble defenses of Conformity as opposed to this errant and ignoble aberration known as Liberty. But perhaps I should introduce myself.

My parental name is not important (it smacks too much of that abomination, individuality); my assigned name is Comrade Fine Print. The fraternal title "comrade" is used by me and my colleagues out of deference to our most vigorous well-wishers who, at present, dwell for the most part in a distant Utopia—a utopia constituted on the people's principle of Unthinking Obedience.

Of my past little need be said except to explain the origin of my name. It was my duty to supervise the insertion of the many useful and lucrative "fine print" passages found usually in contracts, constitutions and footnotes. As of late my pupils have become so apt—especially the lawyers, politicians, and scholars, that, un-

happy day, I was out of work. Unrelieved was my misery until I created the new field of Conformity for the further enlightening of men and for the greater glory of the Infernal Politburo and their chosen deputy, Comrade Bigger Brother.

In my recent, annual report on Conformity to Comrade Bigger Brother I could state with pride that it is getting more and more dangerous to think; fortunately, human nature being what it is—lazy and indifferent—this has never been a serious problem. Moreover, it is becoming especially dangerous to believe in or praise men like Jefferson who taught that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. Such free thinking? Even our Arch-Enemy's statement, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" is being rewritten and sung to the pleasantly different tune of "We are the sweet selected few, obey us if you can; yours not to reason why, yours to conform or die." Progress is definitely being made.

One instance may suffice: that great bulldog of Miss Unliberty (I have heard that her name is being corrected after many years of individualistic ignorance), the American Legion, has banned and threatens to picket any showing of a film made by an individualistic actor; their reason is quite sound: the film though not apparently unAmerican is patently dangerous because the actor's right to return to this country has been questioned. Aristotle would have been struck dumb with the beauty of such simple, clear logic. Several people have informed the manager of a local theater that they intend to abstain from seeing the picture. Better and better!

It is with angelic, though fallen, glee that I can amend the patriot's statement to read, "These are the times that convict men's souls."

Yr. mst. Obt., Hmb! & Dvtd Srvt, Comrade Fine Print

A.Z.F. Wood Jr.

Free Throw Line

The game of basketball is in a mess. When the players are on the move, it is an exciting and beautiful game to watch, but no sooner does a good play start to develop, than some guy in a striped suit goes "Tweet" and says, "Number fifteen, your little finger jabbed his elbow!" and the play stops developing or else some guy doesn't get credit for swishing a left-handed hook from the corner. And, as often as not, the foul committed didn't have anything at all to do with the play. The last three minutes of the game is often about as exciting as a hop-scotch game as "Tweet" follows "Tweet", and the spot behind the free-throw line is worn as Grandma's living-room carpet.

About twenty-five fouls are called on each team per game, and each team gets about thirty points on fouls. There are nearly always more free-throws made than baskets, often twice as many. The last ten minutes of the Duke game this year, for example, seemed to be little more than a free throw contest, which is all very skillful but not nearly as much fun to watch as a basketball game.

And then to top it off, somebody thinks it would be just dandy if the one and one rule were put into effect, whereby the guy gets another shot if he misses the first one and the whole philosophy of the game is junked. I have a suggestion, which I admit has plenty of room for loopholes, but which I believe could be a step in the right direction: Combine girls' basketball with boys', and then strike out the time element.

Specifically:
(1) Divide the game into twenty point quarters. That is, the quarter ends as soon as one team has scored twenty points that quar-

ter.
(2) Stipulate that no player can hold the ball longer than three seconds ANYWHERE unless he is dribbling.

(3) Instead of contact with another player constituting a potential foul, stipulate that only contact that hinders the execution of a pass or a shot or the movement of a player, such hindrance being consequential to the process of the game, should constitute a potential foul. (I realize that this puts the decision wholly up to the discretion of the referee, but isn't it in reality up to his discretion now anyhow? It would certainly eliminate a lot of meaningless and inconsequential fouls.)

(3A) If, of course, the contact is obviously intentional, whether consequential or not, a foul would be called.

(4) If, after a two shot foul is called (ONLY if committed while the opponent is in the act of shooting), and the man makes both shots, his team automatically gets the ball out. If the man misses the first and makes the second, a jump ball is automatically called. If he makes the first and misses the second, the present rule stays as is (rebound).

These ideas have many loopholes, such as (3A) where it is hard to determine what is intentional and what is not, but I think that with these suggestions, there'd be fewer fouls committed, fewer fouls called, and maybe we could watch a basketball game. You might wonder if the elimination of the time element might tend to lengthen the game, but with the three second rule, I don't think so. And the object of the game at all times would be to make baskets, not freeze the ball so that the clock will run out, because there wouldn't be

Jim Wilkinson

Last Chance

The average man on the campus is usually willing to express with strong conviction his views on most anything from the state of the Union to world trade. You won't find that conviction in discussing the "Rosenberg case."

There are good reasons for this indecisiveness. In the first place, two lives hang in the balance. Many people are automatically repelled by the idea of capital punishment whatever the circumstances. This is especially true if there is the slightest doubt of justice.

Also, the trial in July, 1950 that resulted in conviction did not attract too much public attention at that time. But when Federal Judge Irving Kaufman, denouncing the pair as "worse than murderers" imposed the death penalty, the public was suddenly more concerned. Not that it questioned the decision, it was just a little surprised. It began wondering about the facts, but the trial was over.

Then began a series of delays appeals and stays of execution during which the cries for clemency grew from a whimper to a world-wide protest. Much of it, especially in the beginning, probably came from Leftist groups. But then respectable organizations and individuals, unquestioned in their loyalty, joined in. This compounded the confusion

in the mind of the public. They wanted reassurance that the Rosenberg's deserved to die.

The couple was first sentenced to die last April. The Supreme Court has twice refused to review the case. Both President Eisenhower and President Truman refused executive clemency.

On Monday, Judge Kaufman once again set the date, this time for the week of March 9. But Tuesday, a three-man appeal court granted a stay of execution until March 30 or longer giving the defense a chance to appeal once again to the Supreme Court.

Said a member of the court in citing his reasons for not refusing the stay: "I would not want to have it on my conscience." Such remarks leave an unsettled feeling in the mind of the public.

Call it sentiment, Leftist, a desire for justice, anything you like—the people aren't sure and neither, so it would seem, are all the judiciaries of the country.

If the Supreme Court accepts this appeal to review the case, it will undoubtedly clear up the issues that are presently fogging the picture. Furthermore, a decision from the country's final and highest reviewing authority would go a long way toward allaying any doubts that persist in the mind of the American public.

A Salute To APO

Over three million boys and men are in the Boy Scout movement. We see the Boy Scouts on Emerson Stadium each year participating in an annual camping jamboree. We see former Scouts active on the collegiate level through Alpha Phi Omega, national Boy Scout service fraternity.

APO goes about its work quietly and effectively. Among other things it has provided guide service for high school students visiting here; it sponsors Parent's Day each spring, operates first aid stations at football games, has cleaned up Battle Park, cooperates with the Red Cross when the Bloodmobile is here, and provides ushers for concerts and forums. One of the best things about APO is that you can count on the organization for results. It is an call every day to take care of some student need, to erase a deficiency, to promote the University.

APO's latest achievement has been the operation of a student Book X, incidentally a successful operation which has been a definite help in allaying some of the student dissatisfaction with the present Book X setup.

Last week the nation celebrated Boy Scout week. We may well be proud of the Boy Scout movement in colleges. Probably one of the most difficult things for a person to do is to continue his worthwhile activities, taken up in high school or earlier, through college. APO gives the Boy Scout program, learned in the early stages of youth, more meaning, more significance.

The Daily Tar Heel salutes APO as an outstanding contributor to the campus' welfare.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- 1. Sound of a small horn
- 5. Heroic
- 9. Debate
- 10. Wall painting
- 12. Attic
- 14. Asian desert
- 15. Affirmative vote
- 16. Beverage
- 18. Wooden block
- 19. Lance
- 21. Exclamation
- 22. Burmese measure
- 25. Most infrequent
- 27. Country in Asia
- 29. A star in Orion
- 30. Experts
- 32. Flower
- 33. Music note
- 34. Short stockings
- 36. Vex
- 38. Kettle
- 39. Place
- 42. Biblical name
- 44. Revolve
- 46. River (Fr.)
- 48. Citadel
- 49. Close to
- 50. Male descendants



Yesterday's Answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9				10			11
12				13			14
15				16			17
				18			19
22	23	24		25			26
27				28			29
30				31			32
33				34			35
36	37	38		39			40
41				42			43
44				45			46
47				48			49
50							

- DOWN
- 1. Trunk drawer
- 2. Monster

