

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor for this issue: Rolfe Neill

Honest Harold

"An honest mistake" whinned Rep. Harold Velde in admitting the first big blunder of his probe into Communist infiltration of American colleges.

The "mistake" was an assertion by Velde that someone who had criticized his probe policy was the author of a letter published in the Russian newspaper Pravda. The charge was proved to be a lie and Velde blithely dismissed the matter.

This is the man who is setting himself up as a judge of what is and what is not truth in our educational institutions.

His cohort will be Senator Jenner who once flagrantly hurled charges of un-Americanism at Gen. George Marshall. Congressional branches have set up probe units but the House committee, with Velde as chairman, claims it will "bear the burden" for most of the campus investigations. However Sen. Jenner, as chairman of the Senate Internal Security Committee, has already begun hearings in New York.

Rep. Velde says criticism of his plans to clean up our colleges is coming from "those groups who are afraid of being probed."

The myopic-minded Senator probably couldn't be made to realize that we fear his intrusion on our campuses and in our classrooms for quite another reason. Most people just plain don't like the idea of having a pathetically unqualified person sit in as arbiter on what is American and what is un-American in our schools.

Indeed, the probe itself stands out as the most un-American aspect of the whole affair.

Velde says he believes that "it's a lot better to wrongly accuse one person of being a Communist than to allow so many to get away with such Communist acts as have brought us to the brink of World War III."

Would we have been farther from World War III if we had voted to end the European Recovery Program, as Jenner did; if we had voted down the move to arm the Atlantic Pact Nations, as Jenner did, or if we had followed his urging not to send troops to Europe in 1951?

What about Velde's opposition to the Korean Aid Act and his continued efforts to cut Atlantic Pact, MSA and portions of Point 4 aid? This is not to say these records imply un-Americanism, but neither do they indicate the keen judgment and insight which these textbook Sherlocks will need for their job.

Fast Action Helps Out

We like action, fast action, that is. And that's what happened as soon as the Saturday class-semester system enforcement policy broke upon us. The deans of the different schools are to be commended for rolling up their sleeves and getting down to business immediately.

Most students weren't sure of what the semester system would do to them. The only thing they were sure of was the reactionary move made by the Board of Trustees and seconded by the administration to give us Saturday classes.

Yesterday students got an opportunity to find out about the semester system. They were assured that there would be a limit to quirks, loss of credits, and general hardship in the switchover from three quarters a year to two semesters a year.

The news that students will be given special advisory time to cope with the problems presented by the institution of the semester system is easy on the ears. What could have been a mild disaster, encompassing growing discontent among students, has been averted.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS	52. Levels	16. Demand payment
1. Bottle stopper	53. Chair	19. White linen vestment (Eccl.)
5. Eldest son of Noah	54. Dispatched	21. Snare
9. Article of virtue	DOWN	22. Profound (anat.)
10. Ancient district in Asia Minor	1. Rector's assistant	24. Period of time
12. Rub out	2. Openings	28. Firearm
13. One of ten equal parts	3. Ascend	30. Silent
14. District Attorney (abbr.)	4. Cuckoo (Australia)	31. Nurses (Orient)
15. Old times (archaic)	5. Perch	32. Deserves
17. Indian (Bolivia)	6. Garden tool	34. Cask
18. Luzon native	7. Boredom	36. Instigate
20. Device that measures time	8. Resembling a miter	37. Disappoints tree
23. Trust	9. Pinaceous	39. Eagle's nest
25. Born	11. A hold (dial.)	40. Secluded valleys
26. Lord (abbr.)		
27. Plead		
29. Evening sun god (Egypt.)		
31. Part of "to be"		
33. Web-footed bird		
35. A whiff		
38. Longed for		
41. Extinct bird (N. Z.)		
42. Land-measure		
43. Breach		
45. Music note		
46. Employs		
49. Part of a coat front		
51. Steps over a fence		

MADE AGAS
 SORER WEEPS
 CRAW KANARA
 ROB TIRE SOL
 US CHEERFUL
 BETHEL ARTY
 HAM ALE
 SCAR WILTED
 CONTRADY XI
 AN ERY SON
 GOREY GOOE
 FINED OLES
 DADS BOPUS

Yesterday's Answer
 44. Cover with paving
 47. Guido's highest note
 48. Place
 50. Enclosure

Party Line

BACK ROOM STUFF: The four way battle for the Student Party's vice - presidential nomination started last weekend in dorm bull sessions and ended in the halls of Graham Memorial during the nominating session.

Bill Brown, Wade Matthews, Henry Lowet and Baxter Miller visited the party members over the weekend in the dorms. Persistent Lowet was still going strong at midnight Sunday. Matthews and the others visited many that night too.

Miller, called a darkhorse by some SP's, got the votes though. The Student Party couldn't have compromised with a more carefully chosen candidate. But why so many speeches?

MURPHY MUSES: Dick Murphy, for years a cog in student government and now president of the National Student Association, came back to Chapel Hill this week for the NSA conference. Murphy said that he felt Carolina would support NSA in a referendum.

UP PICKS: University Party politicians seem to be able to make shorter speeches. When extolling the virtues of a candidate, a speaker will receive a lot more attention from his audience if he's brief. And the "business at hand," as they say, will be taken care of quicker.

VOTE APPEAL: Newest twist in getting nominations is getting an attractive coed to vouch for the candidate's "vote appeal to the coeds." It may not persuade too many dyed-in-wool politicians but it sure brightens up the humid aired, smoke filled meetings.

LOWET'S LULL: Rarely has there been a more enthusiastic bid for a post than Henry Lowet's. He had enough speakers for seven banquets who alone said enough words to fill this reporter's notebook. And they all had such new cliches too.

POUNDED THE BEAT: Ed Starnes picked to run for one of the Publication's Board seats.

Bob Colbert, managing editor of the Yack, interested in running for editor... and who are all those strange faces at party meetings during nominations?

On Other Campuses

WSSF, WSSF, and more WSSF was sprinkled all over newspaper columns last week.

To those initiated into the language of initials, WSSF signifies the World Student Service Fund—an organization that does everything from clothing students in bombed Germany to providing a warehouse dormitory for Italian students.

The Campus Chest at Carolina will provide WSSF with a portion of the total it receives in the March drive for funds. But drives for the organization in other colleges have already netted a tidy sum to send worldwide. The University of Chicago gained \$500 in its first week of contribution. The mid-western institution set \$2,500 as a goal for their student-to-student giving.

WSSF secretaries from Germany, from Japan, and the national officers are touring the country to enlist student support for education abroad. Not the least of these visitors is Makoto Fujita who was loaned to the University of Hawaii by WSSF. On a scholarship from the organization, Makoto knew exactly what he was talking about in requesting \$1,850 from the University.

As of the past week 19 is an undesirable age for any North Carolina male. All 19-year-olds at the University of California share that feeling because this

Express Yourself

Editor: One thing has me most perplexed: The DTH is over-sexed. Its pages filled with buxom women. In fewer clothes than one wears swimmin'. Perhaps the men enjoy such sights, But ain't the coeds any rights? And one more thing I want to know: What do you owe that gal Monroe?

Janie Bugg

"It's Not Customary, Mr. Wilson"



Catechism

Written upon reading that the Commission of Ten of the Orange Presbytery had unanimously recommended the dismissal of the Reverend Charles M. Jones.

How many Pharisees stood apart
 When Jesus healed Magdalen's heart?
 More than ten. More than ten.

How many Chosen passed in their pride
 The hated Samaritan on the wayside?
 More than ten. More than ten.

How many Scribes found how many flaws
 In Jesus' regard for ancient laws?
 More than ten. More than ten.

How many money-men hated the more
 For overthrown tables and cash on the floor?
 More than ten. More than ten.

How many pieces of silver were paid
 When (with a kiss) He was betrayed?
 More than ten. More than ten.

What was the number of those who bore
 Charges to Pontius Pilate's door?
 More than ten. More than ten.

When force had won, and He was gone,
 In how many hearts did He live on?
 More than ten.

Yr Mst Abt, Hmb! & Dvtd Srvt,
 DISCIPULUS

month the draft boards got the word that 19-year-olds were ripe for picking. And the draft boards are picking!

As Dan Duke theorized and concluded on race and religion, as Controller Carmichael begged for more funds for NC College to keep Negroes in Durham, as brotherhood week drew to an end, Northwestern was blowing up a storm of attitudes and prejudices of its own. The inter-dorm council recommended that the administration assign roommates "without reference to race." This means that in independent housing units Negro and white students will live together. A minority protesting this plan will be respected and their names not placed on the housing list to be assigned irrespective of creed, race, or color. The plan is effective this semester.

The Oregon Daily Emerald, hav-

ing no pet gripes about rah, rah spirit in basketball games, did a biting editorial on "the costumes of the yell leaders." The column describes the cheer leaders as wearing "loose, smock-type sweaters that hang nearly to the knees like old-style night-shirts (virtually the same architecture); and shoes one naturally suspects of having been donated for shoveling fertilizer or milking an obsteporous goat." The editorial reminded the rally troupe that it represented a few thousand students when they chose to look like models in a bargain basement.

The State of Iowa is poverty-stricken—at least the State College thinks so. The proposed state budget is skimming and pinching pennies like a needy miser. No money for new state buildings anywhere in the state for two years, no funds for professors' raises, no chance of edu-

Tar Heel At Large

SAN FRANCISCO—As far as I'm concerned, you can strike the match for Frisco Fire Number Two anytime you're ready.

This is the most sprawled-out, the most up-and-down, the most mountainous, and the most dirty city I have ever set eye or foot on. It's not friendly; it's not hospitable and it's definitely not a Tar Heel type of town.

Frisco is good for a day of sight-seeing and a night of partying and then it's all washed up.

For sight-seeing, I recommend the cable cars. They're antiquated trolleys with open sides that people hop on and off with a careless abandon that would strike terror into the heart of any normal traffic cop, but occasions not even a frowning glance from San Francisco's Finest.

I rode the cables for several hours in the afternoon. I'd hop on one line, ride it for a round-trip, and hop another. I saw the whole town that way, from Fisherman's Wharf to Chinatown.

For partying, all the tourists go to the Top-O-The-Mark for at least one snort. It's not worth it. If you're smart, you'll get a

bottle and go back to the hotel. San Francisco is a marvelous place to commit suicide, whether you're planning on it or not. Just step out into any street at almost any time, and at least one or two cars will do their best to cut you down. And if the cars don't get you, there's always a cable car bugging down the hill which will handle the job.

If you're looking for good food, almost any place down on Fisherman's Wharf will fix you up. There are a number of restaurants down there where you can select the crab or lobster you want to eat while he's red hot and red as the Ace of Hearts.

If you're a hot-shot with a Kodak 35, there's always Alcatraz and the Golden Gate Bridge to fill your lens, and if you're a maritime fanatic, you can watch the ships and fishing boats come and go to your satisfaction.

And if you're like me, you'll be ready to move on at the end of the first day.

Next stop on the road to Triangle Hill: Camp Stoneman, California.

Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time there was a rabbit named Elmer. As a boy Elmer was a very smart rabbit, and right after high school he got a scholarship to go to college. This was very fortunate, because it not only offered him a chance to learn more, but kept him out of a big stew that many young male rabbits were getting sucked into at the time. In college Elmer studied very hard, and soon he became a graduate rabbit, which meant he was too smart to study with the other rabbits, but not smart enough to teach them. It was at this time that Elmer learned he would have to specialize if he wanted to become an expert, which was, of course, the aim of every graduate rabbit.

Elmer discovered that all rabbit knowledge was divided into two areas. The first was the study of the tops of carrots, with an emphasis upon the importance of sunlight. This was called greenology. The other area was a study of the roots of carrots and the affect of rain upon them. This was the science of rootology. Elmer chose the first field, greenology, because his major professor was one of the leading proponents of this field.

Elmer then got down to real work, and studied very hard and wrote many articles, which some how or other were always printed under the name of one of his professors. He dated often in his free time (you know rabbits and once even got to see two movies in a single quarter. He joined all the proper professional societies, and one day his advanced standing was recognized when he was investigated by a congressional committee.

One day after completing a very interesting paper about greenology, Elmer took the document to his major professor. However, he

was out of town on a lecture tour, so Elmer asked some other professor to read it. Unfortunately, he made the mistake of giving the work to a rootologist. This wise rabbit studied the paper very carefully, and then told Elmer, "Well, son, this is a very interesting piece of work, but of course it is useless." Elmer was very disturbed, and asked why. "Well," went on the authority," everybody who is anybody knows that rootology is the only real science, the only real discipline that will ever yield any useful information. Greenology is all right for folks who have nothing better to do, but it is really pretty much a waste of time. Everybody knows that the only significant part of a carrot is the piece that you eat."

Elmer was very disturbed, as you can imagine, and when his professor returned he went to him and told him the whole story. "You must not be disturbed," said this old sage, "rootologists talk a lot, they have too, because they never really come up with anything interesting. You stick with me, boy, and I will see that you are president of THE SOCIETY some day."

Elmer was a little reassured by this talk, but it started him thinking. (This is perhaps the most fatal mistake one can make.) Can it be, thought Elmer, that both the top and the bottom of a carrot are important. Might not the sun affect both the greens and the root, and might not the amount of rain have importance to the whole plant. This seemed like a pretty good idea to Elmer, so he wrote a paper about it, and gave one copy to his own professor, and one to the rootologist. Well, you can imagine what happened.

For the first time in their lives, the rootologists and the greenologists got together, and even more amazing they came to a common decision. Elmer would have to be liquidated.

They would have done it, too, but they could not agree on a method.

