

You And Eggs

Great issues are making a great hit in a class at Dartmouth College, it is reported. We like the idea, too.

The course, compulsory for seniors, deals with major issues of the day, using newspapers as textbooks and backstopping that with weekly addresses by visiting lecturers.

The Daily Tar Heel believes a great issues course would be a splendid addition to our required courses (which are being hatched away, by the way, until soon the business majors will be completely without culture). Contrary to the old teaser, the price of eggs in Russia does concern us.

We'd like to think that a great issues course would do for Carolina students what Dartmouth President Dickey hopes it will do for his college:

1. Give seniors a common intellectual experience to stimulate out-of-class discussion.
2. Develop a more acute awareness of the values involved in the great issues of today.
3. Provide a transition from the classroom liberal arts education to forms and sources of a continuing adult education.

Yea Semester

Betty Martin

Contrary to the arguments during last Spring Quarter concerning the University's changing from the quarter to the semester system, there seems to be quite a liking around campus for the latter.

In the first place why shouldn't students prefer the semester to the quarter system? Don't you think it's much better not having to go to the same old classroom, with the same dull professor, looking at the same tired faces of the overworked University students, and having to tear around like "Black's bull" each night preparing for the same hard assignments? Why not have a refreshing change for the new? After all, isn't this supposed to be the age of progress?

If a hard-boiled prof gives a doubly-hard assignment, you've still got a doubly-good chance to get back at the old "geezer" by having two days and nights in which to beat him at his own game and really hand in the work on time. Then, too, you feel a wave of relief surging through your veins when you realize that your hardest or most worthless class meets only three times a week. What a joy! Already feel better, don't you?

Another good point in favor of this semester system is the fact that the great majority of students (especially the crafty ones) can somehow or other manage to have either no Saturday classes or an archaeology class at that time.

In the case of the latter very little or no attendance is required. The truly EDUCATED student can usually manage to wiggle or worm his way into this pleasing situation. Most college students learn how to get out the easy way. After all, isn't college supposed to teach young people how to live in this cold, cruel world in the most graceful and easy way possible?

So why not settle back this winter and enjoy our new-born semester to the best possible advantage?

The Daily Tar Heel

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Chapel Hill
Site of the University of North Carolina which first opened its doors in January 1793

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Passing Komar

Ron Levin

My name is Joe Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. I am in a classroom. The name of the course is Philosophy 41.

9:00. In walks the professor. 9:01. Out come sixteen lovely spiral bound notebooks and sixteen well-sharpened pencils. I look at one coed beside me waiting for the first words to come from the mouth of the professor. Actually you can't blame her, she just wants the facts. That's all any of them want... just the facts.

Now this is a course in Philosophy, and it should stimulate one to think a little. It should arouse his intellectual curiosity. It should cause him to think deeply. To ponder, to reflect about the nature of God, of man, of life and any other thing he might like to think about. It says so right here in the first page of the text.

9:18. The professor stops to take a breath and to hopefully look around the room for any questions, doubts, or even a slight quizzical look on any of the sixteen smiling, freshly scrubbed faces. What happens? Sixteen pencils are hastily yet methodically laid down. Hands dart to packs and lighters all having been laid out carefully in anticipation of this great moment. Lighters click, flames flare up, and for a minute all is silent save the sound of sixteen lungs drawing feverishly at "The Good Weed".

This ain't funny. In fact, (I just want the facts), it's a crying shame. Here is a course where, for the first time in his college career, a student has a chance to question, to challenge, to discuss intelligently, to THINK. The word itself is refreshing in its sound after courses of fifty minutes of dictation.

(I will call no names. But what happens? When a question is thrown up for discussion all eyes stare down at the pack and the lighter and all brains are thinking feverishly. Thinking about the question? Oh, no. Contemplating how many puffs are left in their fag or who will flick the next load of ashes in the ash tray.)

This is truly philosophical meditation at its best.

Another question is put up and I venture an answer. It proves to be wrong and sixteen faces smile and look at each other as it to say, "I knew he was wrong all the time," or "who does he think he is anyway". I listen carefully and I can hear a few assorted chuckles and belly laughs from the backrow where sit the true experts.

9:50. The bells sound off and pencils are thrust in pockets, notebooks closed and the sixteen human tape recorders stop gaily out of the room. The professor stares after them mumbling incoherent little phrases to himself.

But you really can't blame them. All they want is the facts. Aw, what's the use.



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—President Eisenhower hit the ceiling the other day when Foreign Operations Administrator Stassen told him that of the \$100,000,000 worth of wheat the United States sent to Pakistan, not a bushel had reached Pakistan refugees—as the United States had officially specified.



Stassen had heard this report from a representative of CARE, following which he cabled the American Ambassador in Karachi, who confirmed it.

The wheat had been dumped in Pakistan by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Foreign Operations Administration without making any provision for distribution, and with only the assurance of Pakistan officials that it would reach the needy—especially the refugees. The latter are Mohammedans who fled from non-Mohammedan India after British India was chopped up into Mohammedan and non-Mohammedan nations.

Stassen asked Paul French, efficient director of CARE, to see if he could work out a plan with the Pakistan embassy for more efficient distribution of the wheat, and it looks as if some of the wheat program might now be saved. The Pakistan government

flatly opposes any supervision by U.S. officials in distributing wheat but has no objection to supervision by private Americans such as agents for CARE. A plan somewhat like this was worked out in Yugoslavia when the United States sent wheat to that country.

NOTE—U.S. wheat has frequently been dumped in foreign countries, steamer after steamer, without the American people getting credit for their generosity. It was the manner in which the Soviet unloaded only one cargo of wheat in Marseilles with parades and acclaim which American ships were unloading unnoticed beside it that inspired this writer in 1947 to suggest a Friendship Train of food which would be genuinely people to people.

President Eisenhower, unlike Harry Truman, has a keen sense of what is or what is not good press relations for his cabinet. His press relation having been of the best during his entire Army and political careers, he takes time to keep a weather eye on what makes a good press for his official family.

At one cabinet meeting he remarked: "I don't want any of you appearing on this 'Meet the Press' program."

"But Mr. President," spoke up Secretary of the Interior Doug McKay, "It just so happens that I've recently agreed to appear on 'Meet the Press' and it may be a little awkward if I back out at the last minute."

"All right," replied Ike, "Go ahead. But look out for that fellow Spivak."

NOTE—Lawrence Spivak is the chief cross-examiner on "Meet the Press."

YOU Said It

Editor: I cannot help but wonder if Jennifer Johnson used articles of reliable sources as a basis for her article, "That Monroe" or if the article is merely a personal opinion.

Public newspapers have a bad habit of quoting people with things they have never said. Neither could articles found in cheap, gaudy picture magazines be listed as containing valid information, for sexy articles are their business.

I should like to recommend that Jennifer Johnson, as well as every other misinformed person, secure a copy of the October, 1953 issue of Compact and read the article "You Won't Believe This About Marilyn Monroe."

Compact, a magazine for young people, is published by a subsidiary of Parent's Magazine, which is certainly estimated by everyone to be a magazine of outstanding quality.

Surely any intelligent person will have a better understanding of Marilyn Monroe, her personality, and her career, after reading the above article.

Jackie Cooper

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others..." Hippocrates; circa 500 B. C.)

WHEN I saw The Horse, he was not only in a tatter, he was positively crimson from running. He was a double-Maroon in coloration.

I wondered what gave? "You should see my mail," The Horse horsed. "Friend, I am unzipped."

I didn't catch? Start pitching," The Horse said. "We'll string along with Campy on the catching. But lissen, you think I'm a Red?"

Well, what was Phar Lap? "Dat's Big Red in Australian," The Horse shrugged in his Noo Yawk brogue. Brother, some thick donkey of an Irishman wrote a letter to The Daily Tar Heel about me. Tsk, tsk, and again tsk."

Was it that bad? "It was that good," The Horse shrugged. "The guy had it on the ball. The funny part of it is, he comes from the North of Ireland."

So? "Well, any swell old boy knows the best part of any country is the South," The Horse said. "Look what it did to straighten out the trouble at the Newton Catholic church, and what thanks did I get for it?"

We hadn't heard about that one? "Segregation," The Horse shrugged. "It seems the priest there said all God's chillun is the same color."

Gray, we wondered? "I do not know," The Horse admitted. "I figure if you can put twenty Camels in a pack, it ought to be easy to put twenty Irish footballers in a pack; but do not count on it. As a fatter of mact, I am straying away from that game."

As a fatter of mact... The Horse did a clog and sang merrily, "O, I'm upside down in shanty town, on Paddy's Day in the morning..."

Well, good deal. But let's get the show on the road. Speaking of towns, what was this about Newton? The Catholic segregation stutf?

"Well," The Horse said, "as a direct descendant of Io-Hippus, I am a Catholic. What I say is, let them put some Peroxide in the holy water and the segregation stuf is solved. All usses chilluns will be Gray."

We trusted there was no inference here? "As long as you trust me," The Horse said, "you will not have to sue me for the inference. And if anyone tells you I'm a Red... well... you be sure and see you got a fast-color guarantee."

I just don't think The Horse sees too good.

Bridge By Beshara

John Beshara

WEST	NORTH	EAST
West deals. North-South vulnerable.		
	NORTH	
	S 10 7 5	
	H K 7 5 3	
	D J 7	
	C A K 7 4	
	EAST	
S Q 2	S A J 9 6 4 2	
H 10 8	H J 5	
D 10 9 8 5 4	D A 6 3 2	
C 10 9 8 3	C J	
	SOUTH	
	S K 3	
	H A Q 9 6 4 2	
	D K Q	
	C Q 6 2	

The bidding:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
pass	pass	1 spade	double
pass	3 clubs	pass	3 hearts
pass	4 hearts	pass	pass
pass			

Opening lead: Queen of spades. Fascination and bridge are synonymous. Each hand is a different and thrilling experience in the age old hand of strategy and intrigue. This is particularly true in duplicate (tournament) bridge, where everyone plays the same hands.

The results of the same bridge hand played by different people are often as varied as the number of people playing them. So rarely does everyone arrive at the same contract and make the same number of tricks, that today's hand taken from last week's game poses interesting questions. Why did this happen on today's hand? What happened to the defensive bidding?

This hand was played at six tables with all but one pair arriving at a contract of four hearts, making five. And even this odd table did not sacrifice at the natural four spade contract.

With East-West not vulnerable against North-South vulnerable, a four spade bid by East seems automatic. Particularly with a singleton and doubleton in both bid suits and no mention made of diamonds by the opponents. Surely, East must feel that he can take seven tricks in diamonds and spades. His loss a four spades is merely 300 points, assuming that he were doubled. While his loss at four hearts is 650 points, including the vulnerable game bonus.

Defensive and sacrifice bidding is an important part of duplicate bridge. The tactics involved are often complicated, the results sometimes devastating, but the intrigue, incomparable!

STATE CHILD WELFARE DEPARTMENT Oct. 28, 1953

Dear Mr. Tolson: It has come to our attention that you are having your boy wear a straw-pipe. This not only violates Plumbing Regulation 64, but also is contrary to the Child Welfare Law, which expressly forbids such forms of torture as metal drawers. Your son's face will swell in one week. If that happens, my inspectors will call on you, in one week. If that baby is not out of that straw-pipe, he is supposed to take the baby away from you, irretrievably.

Very truly,
"The Daily Tar Heel"
Child Welfare Dept.

WHAT? YOU'D GO FEETER AWAY YOUR TIME WHILE THE WORLD TOTTERS ON THE SPINNING? PURE FRIVOLISM!

THE WORLD SERIES (FOR THE DOMINANCE OF THE EARTH) LOOMS! AND WHO PLAYS AT THIS SO CALLED "GAME" THESE DAYS? (ACTUALLY A POWER MAD PREPARATION FOR DISASTER)

IN ONE CELL IS A GROUP XCEPT THE REDS... HA! CHANGED FROM THE REDS... AN WHO IS IN BOSTON?... THE RED SOX... I WHICH ONCE WAS THE HOME OF THE BRAVES!

WHO STANDS BEHIND THE FULL DINNER PLATE CALLING STRIKES, ONE AFTER THE OTHER? THE EMPIRE! SO!

WHAT DID I DO? YOU ASKED A SIMPLE QUESTION, YOU GOT A SIMPLE ANSWER.

WHAT DO "IRREVOCABLY" MEAN? IT MEANS WE'LL NEVER GET OUR BABY BACK!!

BUT WE TRIED TO GET IT OUTA TH' DRAIN-PIPE—AN WE CAN'T FIGGER OUT HOW!! OH—HELP US OUT THAR—HELP US!!

MOST ALL O'YO! OUT THAR, IS SMARTER THAN US—SO PLEASE HELP US!!