

The Twain Meet

Phoenix-like, from the ashes left over from a recent big birthday blast for President Eisenhower came a spirit whose influence will be long felt — certainly long after the birthday party is forgotten.

This spirit grew in the form of \$175,000 worth of fellowships which are to be given to students for work at foreign schools, and to foreign students for work here. The fellowships are to be given in President Eisenhower's name.

Following the memorable example of the Rhodes scholarships, these hands-across-the-seas scholastic projects are becoming more numerous and The Daily Tar Heel considers this a healthy trend. Recently, plans were announced for Marshall plan scholarships; now the name of our first citizen has been added to the list.

A challenging contemporary thought, which ties in with the announcement of the Eisenhower Fellowships, was provided this week by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who spoke on this campus last year.

Mrs. Roosevelt spoke at the eighty-third annual Congress of Correction, which was held under the auspices of the American Prison Association. This is what she said:

"We taught most of our children in the past a lot about our own country, but very little about the rest of the world. Many of our people who go out to Europe and Asia are representatives of business and government who haven't the remotest idea of what they have to combat in the form of communism or of other forces loose in the world today. . . . Many of our boys can't define democracy or what they themselves actually believe."

Need we repeat the old adage that to fight the enemy successfully, one must know him? Out of ignorance combined with a blind will to fight, comes only wasted motion. If we are to beat global communism, we must have it sharply defined in our minds. Not only must we know what Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin thought about pure theory, we must know, too, what twists daily through the mind of the Chinese or Polish man to make him turn to the Red god. It is within the intellectual make up on Europe and Asia that we are going to have to search, if we are to make these continents realize that communism off paper is no good.

If we continue along the pattern of thought of Mrs. Roosevelt and those who have established the Eisenhower fellowships, perhaps we can make this phoenix — symbol of the immortal soul — the symbol of democracy.

Finesse

Don Hendren

Omeoemy! Things are in an awfully poor state at this Univer- sity.

There are less than 300 people working on the Yack, The Daily Tar Heel, and the Quarterly combined . . . and students drink at the ball games! What will we ever do about that? And another thing . . . Practically nobody — but NOBODY — votes in campus elections. They just don't seem to give (if you'll pardon the expression) a damn who gets in office. Why, there must have been over 2,000 students who didn't vote last time there was an election. (When was it?)

And furthermore, the students don't even care enough about student government to (if you'll pardon the expression) bitch when a bunch of hot-winded holy reformers get in office and monopolize the meetings to the discredit of those who are there to really do something about things within the scope of their power and near-sightedness. Oh, it's really pathetic!

Let's face it, Levin; things ain't as good as they could be and they never will be. (Unless you subscribe to the streets-of-gold theory.)

Sure, the publications on this campus need more help to get out copy in a readable form, but only so many students are interested in publications. After all, writing (?) a column (?) for The Daily Tar Heel isn't the only ingredient in the ideal college curriculum.

Another thing, Ronnie . . . Maybe the group who have to get school spirit from a bottle on football Saturdays just fell into a habit during the past few years and will be brought out of it by the present team (who look pretty damn good, don't you think?). Let's admit that it's hard to maintain a frenzied school spirit when you're constantly on the losing end.

That celebration of the University's founding was impressive, wasn't it, Ron? (I trust you were there . . .) Those who didn't go missed, as you said, an impressive and stirring ceremony . . . Well, let's leave it at that; they missed it. Does that brand them anything? Does that keep them from loving Carolina as much as you seem to, but for a different, and quite likely as wholesome, set of reasons?

You made a few nice remarks about the honor system, Ronnie, and are to be commended for them, but to condemn the entire system for its discrepancies is not wholly wise, and neither is judging a great school (or any group, for that matter,) by its worst member.

-Rush-

(Continued from Page 1) from 9:30 next Sunday night to noon the following Wednesday. Pledge Day is Wednesday, Oct. 28, noon and after.

Informal rushing usually continues after Pledge Day.

Interfraternity Council officials pointed out the following rules: 1) A new student must visit each fraternity for which he has an invitation on the first or second night. 2) Rushees must observe the hours of rushing. 3) A rushee must not shake-up until the given day.

Well anyway, after I had pushed the motorcycle back up the side of the shoulder from the ditch and straightened out the frame, not to mention setting my arm, I was off again.

This time I came up behind a car with two old ladies in it. They were traveling at the supersonic speed of 28 miles (count 'em, 28) an hour and probably awe struck by the "superb thrill of it all". I pulled out to pass and what happens? I get up to 50 and they're still with me. I drop back down to 28 and they likewise. This goes on for several minutes until I finally pull out in a burst of speed and as I go by the open window I see one of them writing in a little black book and saying, "Oh, goody, that's the eighth one today and it's not even four o'clock yet.

But accepting this as one of the many hardships facing the American traveler I once again put on a cherry smile and set sights for Durham.

Once in town I pull up behind a long line of cars waiting for the light to change. As I am sitting there waiting I feel this slight jolt as though I had borne the brunt of a charge by a full grown male rhinoceros. I look around to find the bumper of a full grown male Cadillac under my rear fender. I look to see who's at the wheel and it's none other than good solid John Q. Citizen with a cigar stuck in his mouth and pouring enough smoke out the window to make you swear he was driving a Stanley Steamer.

Still with the cherry smile I get off and go up to him. Before I can get a word he puffs once or twice, expells a deadly cloud of fumes out the window, mutters

What's Cooking?



Passing Remark

Ron Levin

Last Sunday I got the bright (?) idea to try my little red motorcycle out on the highway. Can't you just see it now. Here goes little unsuspecting Levin the Road Rider lured by the call of the open road scooting out toward Durham to see my good friend Ed Spicer who runs the Harley Davidson agency over there.

Well, I must admit that was the worst idea I ever got, the saddest play I ever called. I am lucky to be alive now. I am lucky to be sitting here writing this column. Never before in all my life have I run across such a complete and varied collection of speed demons, homicidal maniacs, juvenile road runner, and utter idiots to say nothing of fuddy duddies and blind tons.

I start out toward Durham with the wind in my face and the sun to my back. What could be better? (In answer to this question I think a quiet afternoon at home listening to the symphony would have sufficed just as well.) All of a sudden I see a car coming down the road. I knew something was wrong.

Either he was on the wrong side or I was. I made a hasty check to find I was right, but all in vain. I blew the horn, turned on the lights, waved a handkerchief and even yelled "Beat Wake Forest" for the greater part of a minute but it was no use. The juggernaut rolled on.

Well anyway, after I had pushed the motorcycle back up the side of the shoulder from the ditch and straightened out the frame, not to mention setting my arm, I was off again.

something about fool kids on those fool contraptions and drives off this time taking my right saddlebag with him. I stand there in the street and rant, rave, scream, and tear my hair. I stamp, sizzle, and steam. I cough, sneeze, belch, and tear the other hair out. I get down on my knees and appeal to the great traffic god for help, but it is no use. A Durham policeman comes along and takes me in.

"But what're you taking me in on?"

"I'm booking you under 502 . . . putting money in a traffic meter on Sunday. This is punishable from 10 to 20 years in the . . . Aw what's the use!

-Play-

(Continued from page 1)

These, plus the need for two smaller sets inside the ship, prompted Technical Director William I. Long, who designed the Playmakers' version of the AK 601, to bring out the 22-foot turntable for the first time in several seasons.

And production problems do not stop with the set. As property master for "Mister Roberts," John Stockard, Greensboro, found himself faced with a list including two palm trees and a goat. The palm trees were easy to make, but a live goat is not exactly among Chapel Hill's more abundant commodities.

Native resourcefulness and a lot of leg work, however, have supplied the show with a goat, and although grazing space around the Carolina campus is none too plentiful, Stockard has managed to find a place to stake this cast member after rehearsal hours.

YOU Said It

Leveling Levin

Editor:

Your young hero, Ron, everybody listen to me, Levin, has given his readers some insight into the way a progressive church can fill in what is missing in church service today.

I can see the church bulletin now: "Will Jonah escape from the whale? Will Salome be successful in having John the Baptist beheaded? Come back next week to see our most thrilling episodes. See the serpent hand his seductive apple into the audience in amazing 3D (ushers will pass out glasses along with collection plates). See firsthand newsreel shorts of the falling of the walls of Jerico along with selected shorts."

Levin might have also suggested setting up a smoking and cocktail lounge for the Sunday night service. Or he might have volunteered the service of his combo for prayer meetings. Music and dancing would certainly liven things up.

A church functions through its people. The lack in our churches today, Levin, is not a lack of entertainment, but a lack of people with the strength and energy to make the church work.

Another thing: What is the relation between a man getting drunk the other night and his qualifications as a testifier? If Long's testimony is authentic, how do his private habits enter into consideration? This "rather drunk, disheveled individual" offered his knowledge of secret Communist activities to the government in its fight, however blundering it might be, against unAmerican activities while this "good American business man" refused to answer any questions whatsoever that might have led to the uncovering of Communist conspiracy here in the United States.

I think that it's about time that "Passing Remark" was passing off the paper of The Daily Tar Heel.

Carl Gregory

Hit 'Em Again

While skimming through The Daily Tar Heel the other day, I noticed the article by Ron Levin which attacks, among other things, the Carolina Honor System. I'm afraid that Mr. Levin's attitude is shared by all too many students here at U N C, and for this very reason, our honor and campus codes are not as effective as they could be.

As a member of the Men's Council I have been, for the last year, in a position to see the workings of our student courts, and to note their weaknesses. Believe me, I'll be the first one to admit that there are faults, and they surely need to be corrected. However, I for one feel that comments such as Mr. Levin's serve no useful purpose, and I'm sure that if he and the other critics who are so free in voicing their disapproval of the system, would channel their efforts toward its improvement, everyone would be much better off.

I've heard too many people say "The honor system doesn't work" and when asked why, they feel this way, they are quick to reply, "Oh, I've seen people cheat many times". It never occurs to these people that they themselves are the chain's weakest link, and by failing to report violations they merely encourage further breakdown of a system which is based on principles as basic as life itself.

Truthfulness and honesty are basic tenets of our way of life in this country, and I'd venture to say that no one on this campus would fail to report, to the police, someone they saw breaking and entering. The honor system, here at Carolina, is nothing more than our set of statutes which are designed to protect our own type of society.

I would therefore encourage the cynics to direct their boundless energy into more constructive paths.

Art Einstein

Loud & Clear

While much that the "amateur aesthete," said could be applauded, I disagree with one of his statements about the band. I approve heartily of the tempo of music played by the band this year. To my knowledge, this is the first year the band hasn't played everything at a pace better suited to "Our Best to You" than to a football game.

Now, if we could only get the cheerleaders to give us some snappy yells rather than those long, drawn-out, "slow Carolinas" — something that could be rattled off between plays. My advice would be to concentrate less on the loud and "dramatic" and more on "pep yells."

Les Jenkins

P. S. Dear Mr. Cheerleader, Sir: You're coming in loud and clear over the P. A. system. They put the thing there so you wouldn't have to shout, so how's about giving our ears a break?

Student Throws Stone At Glass House

Editor:

Let me congratulate Ron Levin and particularly you on your magnificent articles in Thursday's issue that have made all us wayward college students bow our heads in shame. A real pillar of the University you are!

It must give you a great sense of pride in knowing that you can see yourself up as a shining example of what the typical Carolina student should be. About ten years from now you'll be able to sip a highball while you tell your colleagues about all the nice books you read just killing spare time in the library. What a great hang-out! And I'll bet they really get a bang when they hear about your thrilling romps through the neighboring woods on weekends while those "no damned good students" were partying in fraternity houses.

I side with you on the fact that there are some students who show a definite lack of interest in University activities. But I believe you will find that everywhere, my friend, and nothing can be done about it as long as people take that attitude.

Are you really as perfect as you have implied? I don't think so, chum. And didn't you know that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones?

Have you ever considered going to Dook? You should—because you belong there with all the rest of the hypocrites.

Fred C. Underwood

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