

A Fee Raise Plug-I

Come next Tuesday, you will be asked to express your opinion on the proposed fee raise amendment.

Lifting the limit on the amount of money which student government can collect from you for your benefit is a constitutional matter. The question will rest with you in Tuesday's important referendum.

The proposed amendment to raise the limit on student fees is already meeting with opposition in some quarters. Opponents will undoubtedly try to cut the amendment out as a design to lighten your pockets of untold amounts of money.

First off, then, we would like to indicate the possibilities of the amendment: to show you, as a matter of fact, that the bill—of untold value in the benefits that could grow from it—would work no earthquake-like changes in the student taxation system.

The present limit on student fees per year is \$20. The amendment on which you will be asked to vote simply proposes to raise that limitation to \$25. The existing limitation has gathered the dust of five years. Now, as indicated by the fiscal difficulties which led recently to a major slash in The Daily Tar Heel's budget (among others), student government needs more money.

Students who want to maintain vigor in student activities and services, students who believe in the principle of self-taxation, will weigh the need for added funds and vote wisely.

In succeeding editorials, we will attempt to persuade you that the dust of five years weighs heavily on our economic livelihood and that the new services from a slight boost in student fees are imperative.

Carolina Front Of Education— a b c d, PMLA Ickey Toko-Ri

J. A. C. Dunn

THE DOOR OF the English Department Reading Room was standing open as we loitered aimlessly in the hall of Bingham the other day, and so, hoping to fill one of the numerous gaps in what, in our lighter moments, we call our education, we trickled in.

The Reading Room is very academic-looking. There are shiny topped tables, shiny-bottomed chairs, and bookshelves filled with all sorts of scholarly impedimenta. We wandered round in an awed sort of way (being careful not to disturb the papers on the table—probably someone's thesis in embryo); there were shelves marked "General Reference;" there were shelves laden with countless copies of PMLA at random, opened it at random, picked a sentence at random and read: "The renunciation of egocentric isolation, of narcissistic forms of attachment, and of Bohemian freedom must take place, first of all, in the domain of personal relationships." We put the PMLA down at random.

The other shelves had in them 17th century literature, 19th century literature, Anglo-Saxon and Medieval literature, some rather battered Encyclopaedia (or should it be Britannica?), all absolutely crawling with footnotes and whatnot. As we were leaving we cast an eye over the papers we had been so careful not to disturb. They were written in pencil on theme paper. The title of the top one was "My Senior Year at High School."



Diapered Dan, Pea-Brain Threat —Reader's Retort—

Ed Yoder

(Conclusion)

But what will happen to man, proud man, as we wait and let the Deciding Dans do our thinking, supposing, for argument, that we all start pushing buttons for ready-made thoughts? We wouldn't become, as someone has predicted, the spindly little creature with the enormous head; we wouldn't degenerate from the brain down. Instead, the trend of our evolution from the jungle-tree swingers would reverse itself. We would become the creatures with big bodies (arms kept strong with poker playing and pushing buttons; legs and torsos kept hefty with pacing up and down before the miles and miles of reflecting machines and eating copiously at our plentiful leisure.)

But we would become the race of animals with the only true pea-heads, of dinosaurian dimensions. We may doubt that man would be able to implement the momentous wisdom the Deciding Dans could hand him, what with his own brain shrunk by non-use to the measurements of a slightly-worn agate shooting toy.

'DOUBLE-THINK'

Then there would be the additional danger of the evil-plotters, the Mrs. Smarts and the McCarthys and the Oateses who would exercise their brains with bad designs just enough so they would soon outgrow their fellows. Then the evildoers might collaborate with a traitorous scientist to produce an untruth serum to bias the germanium diode tubes, to introduce Dobule-think into the electronic brains. What then?

The era of the Deciding Dans could be fraught

Editors: Have question. Please answer. Quite confused. Come to Carolina from less enlightened universities to the North. Didn't have student self-government one reads about here. Didn't have Honor System one reads about here.

This is where question comes in. Remarkable experience last night. Attended off-campus fraternity dance. Nice dance. Sober dance. Rather strange dance. No one left floor during dance. Amazing! Not even to get breath of fresh air! Amazing! Did see one fellow head for men's room, looking guiltily over shoulder. Hmm. Half way thru dance decided to walk around block and see what Raleigh looked like. Amazing thing happened. Large fellow with firm grip halted me four feet short of elevator. "Sorry Mac, can't leave the dance unless you are not coming back" . . . Fellow wearing ribbon. Thought he might be looking for cattle judging pavilion. Nope. Dance Committee.

Now in the unenlightened universities from whence I came, we did not have the wonderful Honor System. Enforced. Told we were going to college now. Supposed to act like adults, etc. Not only didn't get to have an Honor System, but didn't even get the guards to enforce the thing. Sad. But here question arises.

What is honorable about an enforced honor system?

Thomas L. Gillette

with all sorts of dangers, and I find myself heavily on the side of international control of the electronic brains. Perhaps, as an anthem for our movement, we would paraphrase an old hymn:

Gimme them old-time prefrontals,
Gimme them old-time prefrontals.
They were good enough for Einstein
And they're good enough for me!

The Raleigh-ic Oracle-I

The furnace is blasting, trala-trala. La. And we will, from time to time, clip from Nell Battle Lewis's News And Observer column some of the choice scorchers. Here, for your general amusement, comes number one:

Last Sunday I noted in this paper the news photo of the Russian flag with hammer and sickle that had been raised by what were called "pranksters" on the campus of the University of North Carolina. Members of the student ROTC were shown lowering it from the pole from which the American flag usually flies. But I can't understand why they took the Soviet flag down. Doesn't it belong there—"neath the (Red) oaks of our old Chapel Hill?"

The Screen Darkens After Enlightening

A striking example of what the University's television station can do and news that the General Assembly might further chop WUNC-TV's already-trimmed budget come to our attention simultaneously.

Monday night's presentation of a round table review of Walter Lippman's, *The Public Philosophy*, by distinguished faculty members demonstrated just how educational our educational station can be.

However, word about a possible cut in the station's appropriation worries us. If the station has to return to its original source—private donations—this will mean other sectors of University education that depend on private grants will lose out. It's easy to see that contributing to a TV station might have more glamour to many friends of the University than buying books for the library, for instance. But it's equally clear that the University needs both.

The Daily Tar Heel hopes that WUNC-TV will not have to turn to private grants for support. If the General Assembly's scissor-handed operations snip the WUNC-TV budget, we urge a shorter broadcasting day with the emphasis on low cost programs like Monday's round table review.

WE RECEIVED A letter smelling of the Charles River from a freshman at Harvard not too long ago telling of the wonderful opportunities for applied education offered by that venerable institution.

Our freshman has a room in Hafvahd Yahd facing Massachusetts Avenue (if you can), and right across the street there is a movie theatre. Late at night, when the usher is putting up name of the next attraction on the marquee, our freshman and window and correct the man's his crimson cronies lean out the spelling, since it evidently needs correction. A case in point is the instance cited in the letter, when the usher put up a sign saying:

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI
starring
GRACE KELLY
WILLIAM HOLDEN
ICKEY ROONEY

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

- Editors: ED YODER, LOUIS KRAAR
- Managing Editor: FRED POWLEDGE
- Business Manager: TOM SHORES
- Sports Editor: BUZZ MERRITT
- Associate Editor: J. A. C. DUNN
- News Editor: Jackie Goodman
- Advertising Manager: Dick Sirkin
- Circulation Manager: Jim Kiley
- Subscription Manager: Jack Godley
- Assistant Business Manager: Bill Bob Peck
- Night editor for this issue: Eddie Crutchfield

POGO



By Walt Kelly

L'I ABNER



By Al Capp

Passing Remark Bermuda Ban Out Of Step With 'Zeitgeist'

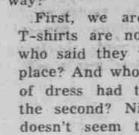
Ron Levin

IT HAS been reported to this columnist that there is a ban on Bermuda shorts being enforced in one of the Women's dorms on this campus.

When I heard the sad tidings, I went over to find out for myself, whether or not the humor was true. It is. What is all this business anyway?

First, we are informed that T-shirts are not esthetic. Well, who said they were in the first place? And who said our manner of dress had to be esthetic in the second? Nineteen fifty-five doesn't seem to be a particularly esthetic year anyway. Quemoy, Matsus, radioactive fallout, and other such similar terms are not especially pleasing to the ear.

To those latter Victorian personages who are somewhat disgusted with the collegiate attitude toward dress today, I add the rather humble apology that we are only trying to keep in step with the *Zeitgeist*. Now, there's an esthetic word for you.



CONGRATULATIONS to Dr. Nash of the Religion Department for attacking the three cut rule in the recent All-Campus Conference and calling it a "stupid inconsistency".

Perhaps, if more professors would speak their thoughts in this manner, there might be results within the dark towers overshadowing Y-Court. I understand all too well that the majority of the faculty were against the cut system, and I also realize that every student is of the same opinion with regard to this rule. But it seems, the rule persists, and nothing is done.

I had thought education was the responsibility of those who understood the problem best, namely the teachers, but it seems it has become the business of a small but efficient police state residing within the scholastic community.

My deepest regrets to those unfortunate students who will labor under this medieval torture device in the years to come, and a big bag of onions to those who were behind it. If the shoe fits . . .

IT SEEMS that in the spring a young man's fancy likely turns to thoughts of things other than love. The University of Nebraska experienced a panty raid that was considerably larger in dimensions than the usual prison riot on cell block thirteen.

I am sorry that there have to be such demonstrations by the students in an effort to assert themselves, but I am likewise pained at the rather futile and archaic attempts of a university to govern its members.

Y-Court Corner Rueben Leonard

THOSE CONSTRUCTING Cousins of ours over at Raleigh really have a hard time. After Carolina led the way, as usual, in the quest for girls undies, several boys from "Methodist Flats" hopped into their cars, rode over to the cattle country, and helped organize a raid on Meredith. When this heterogenesis mixture of bloomer boys reached Meredith they were met by 100 flat feet in the form of 50 policemen. Now wasn't that frustrating.

We will probably pick up the newspaper some morning and read: State boy meets girl; State boy loses girl; State boy builds girl.

WHEN SEVERAL students were arrested by the local police last week for participating in the patty raid, many students felt that there were no grounds for arrest. Three Stanford freshmen probably felt the same way after one of their extra-curricular activities.

It seems the three piliated frosh were climbing up a fire escape in the wee hours of the morning. Much to the amusement of nearby sleepers they were making noises like a turkey and shouting, "I'm a turkey, you're a turkey." "Everybody's a turkey!" Unfortunately the campus cop didn't take kindly to being called a turkey. The three celebrants were booked for 'Gobbling on the fire escape at 2 a.m.'

NEXT MONTH a friend of ours is going to marry one of the nurses on the Dix Hill staff. I suppose that he can truthfully say that he has a girl at Dix Hill who is just crazy about him.

TODAY'S SENIOR Picnic promises to be a real treat. Food will consist of approximately 1,000 feet of weiners, another 1,000 feet of rolls, and mountain of slaw and onions, and a vat of soft drinks. Since it is illegal to buy firewater with student funds, all intoxicants will have to be on a BYOL basis. A word of advice, don't get so skunk-drunk-to-the-gills that you end up in Honor Council in alphabetical order.

REMEMBER THOSE Senior Week schedules you received in Sunday's Daily Tar Heel? Bob Eberle, a member of the class publicity committee, worked from 12:30 until 5 a.m. inserting the handbills in the paper.

At 3 o'clock Bob stopped long enough to smoke a cigarette and throw a disgusting glance at the press which was turning out papers much faster than he was inserting: "I've certainly learned one thing tonight," he sputtered, "never try to fight the press."

I HATE to stay on the subject of Senior Week, but I thought the tickets given out for the free movie at the Carolina Theater were rather amusing.

The tickets were for "The Star of Bethlehem" Planetarium show and were to be used for admittance to "Beveled." Well, you'll have to admit that both the planetarium and the movie deals in "Heavenly Bodies."

Public opinion had it that Mr. John Motley Morehead had annexed the Carolina Theater and gained a monopoly on stars.

"THREE FOR THE SHOW" certainly convinced me that it takes more than big name stars to make a good flick. As we watched plump Betty Grab go through her paces we were reminded of the time we sat in a dingy little club in Greenwich Village watching an obese stripper digging her grave with her torso.

There were too elderly gentlemen sitting at the table next to us talking quietly between sips of their "Nebraska Stumpflifters." One of them with that "Gad, the old battle ax looks better than that" look on his face leaned over to his companion and said, "Just a fat old madam."

EVER WANT to write a best-seller? Nothing to it. All you have to do is to slander enough people so that they will have to buy a copy of your book in order to read what you said about them. In the meantime, their friends will buy a copy for gossip fodder and, of course, their enemies will need a copy to help prove their points.

You should make enough money from the sale of the book to pay off all libel suits. One prerequisite, go to law school. The money you save by being a lawyer will be your profit on the book.

It appears that the monsoon season is just around the corner. Alert yourself for girls in yellow raincoats and maybe you can win a scholarship with the F.B.I. Chances are you might add a new twist to the investigation business—being an F.B.I. agent for the F.B.I.

WHILE WE are on the subject of F.B.I. agents and investigations, we naturally think of communism and communists. One of the best descriptions ever written, I think, of communism is that the government takes a quarter out of your pocket and puts a dime back in. Now that is a square deal if I have ever heard of one. Let's us not be squares that get that sort of deal.