

Hey, Gals - Cut The Commercials

Welcome, Welcome, Welcome to fraternity row.
 Welcome, Welcome, You're the girls we want to know.
 We are (sorority) tried and true;
 We hope you'll be a sister too, so
 Welcome, Welcome, Welcome to fraternity.
 —a sorority rush song.
 If your ears or feet or rush invitations lead you down sorority lane this week, songs like this will greet you.
 Now we like singing. And we think sorority gals are swell. But why can't the rushing Greek lasses greet prospective members with a natural hello, instead of these ridiculous singing commercials?

Heart, Not Intellect

"As long as there are people like me around there will be trouble," an acquaintance told us the other day. He referred to the trials of desegregation, which he strenuously opposes.
 By now he must be disappointed to find the ranks of his comrades in trouble-making so shallow.
 We have heard little more than the grumbings of the professional malcontents since the three Negro undergraduates, Brandon and the two Fraziers, were enrolled in the University. If our ears don't deceive us, even that grumbling has lost decibels.
 The revolution has gained its foothold quietly, unanswered by grenades, counter-revolutions, and exposures of Ku Klux mentality within the student body.
 Outside of the Board of Trustees, there seem few left who believe an appeal of the court directive will avail any stay. Thus, overnight, has the University's mandate in the matter of desegregation passed from the first to the second stage; but the second stage has not lost its magnitude.
 The obligations at the second stage are well pointed up, we think, by Dr. E. McNeill Potat in The Greensboro Daily News. Writing on the conflict between recognition of individual need and zeal to protect institutions, he has this to say:
 It has always been easy to forget individual need in our zeal to preserve or argue about the institutional structural of our times. The reason for this lies in an apparent contradiction in our impulses: We solve our personal problems in terms of our needs; we tend to solve the problems of others in terms of principles.
 We cannot dispense with either aspect of the problem since each is necessary to the other. Nevertheless one may wonder what would happen if by magic the concern of the world could suddenly and for a sustained period be turned to human need even if, for the nonce, concern for dogma could be reduced.
 Suppose . . . instead of protecting our denominational system we united in creating a Christian Community.
 Our loitering at the level of academic argument has been cancelled. The court has ruled out the dogma of Jim Crow admissions policy, and has barred the way to quibbling about institutions and so-called principles. The institutions undeserving of permanency have gone the old route, but human need remains.
 We have been given the situation and told to cope with it, and it should be clear by now that human need—resulting from the historic deprivation of some citizens of their rights to equal education—must be our guideline.
 Our worthiness in the way we acquit ourselves will depend, for the most part, upon the heart and not the intellect.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front A Tower Falls With Jolly Old Liplunch & Gah

J.A.C. Dunn

IN THE course of a roving search the other day for adventure, high life on the low road, and swashing buckles in general, we wound up in Carrboro under a water tower. The water tower, once the town of Carrboro's, is now being dismantled for use elsewhere by a crew of specialists under the name of McLean who operate out of a large red truck liberally coated with engineering accoutrements.
 We arrived in the late afternoon and sat on a prone ladder. Directly in front of us was a red mobile power unit anchored with steel cables to a stake driven in to the ground. Beside the machine, dancing on pedals and swinging on levers, was a young man clad in a green monkey suit, wearing an aluminum safety helmet and clip on sun glasses, and studiously gnawing his lower lip. He kept his eyes constantly turned upward.

WE FOLLOWED his gaze with our own eyes and discovered that way up on top of the gradually disintegrating water tower was a complete crew of men separately established independent of the earth. After a few minutes of concentrated observing, it became obvious that the McLean entourage's system of water-tower demolition went something like this:
 On the ground was the power unit being danced over by the green young man eating his lower lip; this was connected by long steel cables to a block and tackle rig; the block and tackle was supported by a boom on the top of the water tower; the boom was supported by a portable davit rigged inside the now decapitated drum of the water tower. The crew of men on top of the water tower had some sort of machine which undid rivets. It made a horrible metallic chattering noise and ran from another power unit on the ground. When the rivets were undone, a section of water tower was lowered to the ground.

WITH THIS laboriously deducted information safely salted way in our head we settled down to watch a huge, curved sheet of steel, one of the sections of the side of the drum, being lowered. Attached to the lower edge of the sheet of metal was a long guy rope on the other end of which a man in a plaid shirt sweated and tugged to keep the lower edge of the sheet from striking the supports of the tower.
 Slowly, uncertainly, noisily, the big unwieldy sheet slid down the block and tackle. About fifteen feet from the ground it stopped.
 The man in green went into a brief convulsion, stamped on a pedal, twisted a little knob (obviously the throttle, judging by the reaction of the motor), jerked desperately at a lever thereby disengaging something excessively important, and yelled, "Yowhaaah!" We still don't know what Yowhaaah means, but a head appeared over the top of the water tower way up above and replied "Wheegoo?" The green man just waved his hand imperatively, and the sheet of metal resumed its descent.
 We stepped closer to the power unit and inquired over its roar where the tower was going to be set up again.
 The young man in green leaned on a lever and nibbled his lip. "Don't rightly know," he said, and turned to twist the throttle again.
 After a certain amount of straining the hook was detached from the sheet of water tower, and the sheet laid on its back on the ground. We asked the man in green, thinking that he would have a little more time to talk with the sheet successfully rescued from the stratosphere, what that rubber hose was that went from the other power unit to the top of the tower.
 The young man gave us a look of utter contempt and walked away unexpectedly toward the tower. We followed, persistent, undeniable, journalistic (and, no doubt, maddening) to the end. The man stopped. We stopped. We waited for an answer.
 The young man glanced around and pulled his safety helmet a notch lower on his forehead. "Y'know, you can get killed out here," he said. We retired to the ladder, sulking, and presently discovered by simple reasoning that the rubber hose must be the

'He's Carrying The Crystal Ball For A Gain, Folks'



Matter Of Fact

The New Style Communism

By STEWART ALSOP

BELGRADE — Yugoslavia is living proof of how far the process of change can go in a Communist state, once it gets started. All qualified observers agree that some sort of process of change has started also in the Soviet Union. And it is therefore tempting to speculate whether the change in Russia might go as far as it has here.
 Make no mistake about it, Yugoslavia is a Communist state, and a dictatorship. But is a very different sort of Communist dictatorship than it was seven or eight years ago, when Yugoslavia was threatening Trieste, shooting down American planes and actively supporting the Greek Communist guerrillas.
 In those days, according to reliable witnesses, the Tito regime was in some ways tougher than Stalin's. The suppression of all vestiges of liberty was as total as in Russia, the secret police was as ruthless, and the life of the people was even more drab. Now, Tito's Yugoslavia presents a startling contrast even to the milder post-Stalin Soviet Union.
 Some of these contrasts are trivial, like the fact that the Belgrade newspapers print "Donald Duck" and "Jiggs and Maggie." And yet would it not have a certain political significance if Moscow's leading newspapers suddenly began using, and even paying for, American comic strips?
 Or take, as another example, the party which dictator Tito threw the other night for the Greek King and Queen. If the late King Alexander had been around to haunt the white sugar-candy palace he built himself here in Belgrade, he would have felt right at home. He would have applauded particularly the impeccable full dress of the Yugoslav officials and the red-on-blue dress uniform of the Yugoslav generals, and he would have been impressed too by the elegant amiability displayed toward their Royal Highnesses by Marshal Tito—who, after all, has spent most of his life plotting the downfall of Royal Highnesses of all sorts.
 No such scene could possibly have occurred in the Soviet Union, where even the simple dinner jacket is condemned as a source of pneumatic power for the de-riveter.
 When we left, the young man was going a spirited Morris-dance on his pedals and maneuvering three cokes up the cable hoist in a rusty bucket to another man at the top who was leaning casually into space trying to catch the bucket as it came.
 "Gah, gah," he shouted, as he clashed his levers.

symbol of 'bourgeois decadence' and official receptions are about as elegant as a bear-hug. What has been happening here—and what may yet happen in the Soviet Union—is what one astute Western observer calls "the bourgeoisie-ization of communism." The break with Stalin threw the Yugoslav leaders into close contact with the West, willy-nilly. And certain habits and viewpoints of the West were absorbed, by a sort of osmosis, simply because they made life easier and pleasanter.
EASINESS
 To be sure, there are in Belgrade the same dreariness and drabness which are apparently inseparable from communism. But, in sharp contrast to Moscow, there are pretty girls on the streets, dressed with a certain sense of style. And what is no doubt more important, there is an atmosphere of casual human easiness here which is still utterly lacking in Russia.
 You can have a meal alone with a Yugoslav official or newspaperman. You can talk with him, argue with him, joke with him, in a way wholly impossible in Russia. The Yugoslavs are even capable of making jokes about the sacred doctrine. One very high official, asked about the Marxist doctrine of "the withering away of the state," roared with laughter and said: "Well, I'd have to wither away first, and so far I feel all right." Nobody makes that kind of joke in the Soviet Union.
 Actually, the Yugoslav leaders take their own special brand of Marxist doctrine very seriously indeed, even though, unlike the Russians, they are capable of joking about it. According to the Yugoslavs, they discovered in about 1950 that the Russian system—of total dictation from the center and ruthless agricul-

tural collectivization just didn't work. So they have elaborated their own brand of Marxism. Its catchwords are "decentralization" and "economic democracy."
NEW BRAND
 Reliable observers claim that workers in Yugoslav enterprises really do have something to say about their conditions of work and the division of the profits, and that control from the center really is much lighter than in the Russian system. At any rate, the Yugoslavs are sure that they have invented a new and better kind of Marxist state. One of the top Yugoslav officials solemnly told this reporter that "Yugoslav Democratic Socialism will mark as great a crossroads in world history as the victory of capitalist democracy over feudalism."
 The Yugoslavs, as this remark suggests, are perhaps the cockiest people in the world. And by the same token, they are quite sure that, far from Yugoslavia being being attracted back to the Soviet Union way of doing things, the Soviets will eventually see the wisdom of emulating the Yugoslavs, adopting "decentralization," "economic democracy," dress suits, jokes, arguments among themselves about politics, and all the other aspects of Yugoslav life.
 Could the Yugoslavs perhaps be right? Could it be that the "bourgeoisization of communism," which has gone so far here, has really begun to get under way in the Soviet Union too? Could the doctrinaire irrationality which has so long threatened the world give way in time to something milder and mellow, something that could at least be lived with? Here in Belgrade, it looks at least possible, though no more than remotely possible.

Reader's Retort: Student Boasts Pride In Honor

Editors:
 I hope that my fellow students will regard with pride the new signs in our classrooms concerning the Honor System. I, for one, am in a position such that I can appreciate the Honor System as I never did before. This past summer I ended another of our state's schools where the old-fashioned "watch-dog" system still prevails.
 The amount of cheating that went on in the institution was appalling. There was little concealment of this dishonorable conduct; indeed, it was treated almost like a sport!
 What a slap in the face this is for students who do not have the privilege of being put on their honor! What a difference it would make to them if they were allowed to realize that the question of cheating is one of honor, and not of sport! How can education be without a sense of honor? If our college graduates — our leading citizens of tomorrow — are unaware of moral responsibility, then the future certainly looks dim to me.
 I am proud of our system, and I am sure that we all respect our faculty for not assuming the roles of policemen and watch-dogs.
 Phil Thomas

Y-Court Corner Behind Gloom Clouds Lies World Doom?

Rueben Leonard

COLLEGE STUDENTS today seem enveloped in a cloud of uncertainty. Many students think that it is impossible to prepare for the future since world conditions are susceptible to immediate change. Where one day there is peace and happiness, the next day there is war and havoc. Playing the leading role in this drama of uncertainty is the hydrogen bomb bolstered with a supporting cast of less destructive nuclear weapons.

IT IS not very comforting to think of what would happen if all at once the powers of the world engaged in an inning of nuclear warfare. Neither is it especially encouraging to realize that if one country decides to pay atomic ball the other country or countries may never get to take their turn at bat. For these reasons we must have conferences and more conferences. Although nothing concrete seems to emerge from the numerous peace talks, we at least know we are on speaking terms.
 Let's have international debates; not international war. War will never decide who is right, only who is left.

THERE IS also another cloud of uncertainty shrouding future hopes and plans of our younger generation. Military service. Regardless of the fact that present military hitches last from two to four years, it is nevertheless a period facing college students upon graduation that can not be completely planned for. Knowing that a stint in the service is in the offing, students have an automatic damper put on their plans for marriage and post-graduation means of earning a livelihood.
 In summary, students see little else save darkness. Compulsory military training darkens the near future and possible nuclear warfare looms over the distant (or maybe not too distant) future.

OF COURSE there is an entirely different kind of student who does not worry about such things as hydrogen bombs and military service. This creature is a misanthrope. He trods his dismal path muttering between breaths that "people are no damn good." This sort of person we don't like. He is the person the atomic bomb was invented for.
 THE TYPICAL campus misanthrope usually can find an opportunity to spread his gloomy philosophy among his fellow students. He has never met a person with good intentions. It seems evident that he doesn't especially want to.
 ONE DOES not have to look very far to find misanthropes at Carolina. They are in the dorms, fraternities, classrooms, and beer emporiums.
 The typical misanthrope will walk down Franklin Street, take a look at the prices in the stores, and mutter some remark on how he thinks yesterday's whittlers are being replaced by today's chiselers.
 WHEN POLITICAL season rolls around, our misanthrope friend is the first to declare open season on the politicians. He puts "Politicians, Keep Out" signs on his door. He thinks the politicians can do nothing individually so they set up committees to decide that nothing can be done.

THE ONE consolation our local "down in the mouth" friends have is that they will never have to worry about venturing out into the cold, cruel world. They are already in it. They don't care whether they become successes or failures.
 Yes, it's a great country, you get fined if you go wrong and yet get taxed if you succeed. Pass the cobalt, please.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was getting his mane combed when I saw him. I feared this meant he was *Daily Tar-heeling* again?
 "Jealousy, just jealousy," The Horse chided in remembered form. "You depreciate Art in meaning me, because you are incapable of simulation."
 "Was it Art to be obscure? Was it a false obfuscate? Could The Horse deny that there many who did not understand his columns?"
 "It's a singularly plural proposition," The shrugged. "People don't understand me, I am gular; I don't understand them, they are plural. Thus, it is worse for me than for them, because there are so many more of them."

There he went, there he went! At it again, begin with, why was The Horse a horse at all? Why didn't he pose, like so many other artists, as a human being?
 "Well, Roger, you ol' codger," The Horse butted nimbly. "me posing as a horse is a more likely success, than some journalists posing as human beings. You got to admit that, but seriously, don't you understand what it means *The Eye of the Horse*?"
 Oh, shure, shure; I remembered that study the ancient zoologist, Hipporotis; 'The eye of the Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things and minimizing others.' But what we wanted today, perfect vision, especially in journalistic scribbles. We thought we had it coming to us!

"And nobody would rather see you get what coming to you, Roger, than The Horse," The said with an abortive attempt at humor. "How this once I am going to accept you at your evaluation of dumbness, improbable though I estimate is, even for you, I, The Horse, am personification—or, if you will or if you want, animalization—of Interior Monologue, made lionable by James Joyce, practiced by every man when his wife is talking, and requisite to fantasy . . . and even you, Roger, will concede life is compounded of Fact and Fantasy in varying with the Factor and the Fantasier."

Amazingly, he fell silent for a nonce. Then "Sound travels at a rate of twelve and tenths miles per minute," The Horse stated. "Light travels one hundred eighty-six thousand three hundred miles per second. But the speed of a more measurable term, as Fantasy. Indeed, attempt to catalogue Fantasy is like trying to plain an Irish bull . . . as unconscious Irish he is called."
 And how was that, please?
 "Well, three Kerry cows are lying down in shamroek pasture in Erin," The Horse explained. "The one standing up is the bull."
 But . . . the bull doesn't exist. In short, bull isn't!

"Nor does Fantasy," The Horse murmured only. Yes, if you don't see the bull, you can't admire the pretty cows. However, in the I shall attempt to delineate the feminine bo ruminants more titillatingly, so that the non-tastist will not experience udder frustration."
 Ah, well, better than being left hanging on horns of a dilemma!
 But The Horse didn't hear me. At that moment Something-in-Black went panthering past, and eyes of The Horse went undulating off with her.
 But—The Horse's back, isn't he!

Parking on Rosemary

In the opinion of this paper, the proposal to ban parking on Rosemary Street deserves the approval it has been getting, but it should not be decided on without thorough study and research into of all the factors involved.
 There is no question that a street park to Franklin must be developed and added so as to take some of the traffic burden off the town's present chief artery. The evident from the congestion that has descended upon Franklin Street now the new University term is beginning.
 But to impose a parking ban on the west of Rosemary Street under present conditions might bring on inconvenience and injury to some persons, and possibly legal action.
 It has been proposed that Rosemary closed to parked cars from Boundary Street to the terminus in Carrboro. It is a question if that is not taking in too much territory.
 There is also the question of enforcement of the ban if adopted. For enforcement to take the whole time of a police officer, that at a time when the Chapel Hill and Carrboro police departments are already handicapped.
 Rosemary is a street containing both residences and business establishments. Virtually every block has its individual peculiarities. Before definite action is taken on the proposed parking ban, each block should be studied in relation to the whole thoroughfare and in relation to Franklin Street.
 Hardly anyone doubts that the indefinite parking of cars must be banned on Rosemary in the central part of town, but before the ban is extended further, either up or down the street, there might be a complete closure of the street in all its parts.