

A 'B' In Lenoir & One Solution

Basically, the sanitation at Lenoir Hall is good.

These are the words of a district health officer, not the manager of Lenoir Hall. And in this statement lies the reassurance that, despite a B health rating, the University's eating hall is still safe, healthful, and wholesome.

Lenoir Hall was tagged with this second-class mark for garbage disposal problems, the presence of roaches, faulty cleaning and personnel troubles. But, as the entire story unfolds, it becomes evident that the B was partially bad luck.

According to Lenoir Hall Manager G. W. Prillaman, "inexperienced dishwashers" caused the rating drop. Perhaps, if we are not being over presumptuous, this is an oversimplification. Nevertheless, as Mr. Prillaman said himself, "a perfect rating is hard to get."

The Daily Tar Heel, like Manager Prillaman, regrets the drop in Lenoir's rating. We hope it will not reflect undue discredit upon a manager who has done much to improve Lenoir. But—at the same time—we trust the rating will serve warning that students deserve the cleanest.

Student government could perform the campus a service by using its facilities and leadership to report deficiencies in Lenoir to the management. Running such a large operation is difficult; the lines of communication are not always ideal.

With this help, The Daily Tar Heel feels that Manager Prillaman and his staff can keep Lenoir up to the level students desire.

When The Dukes Meet The Carolinas

Each fall, just before the Dukes and Carolinas meet to play football, student leaders from the two schools meet to discuss a crucial question.

We went to the meeting, an auspicious gathering, and listened to leaders talk of answers to the crucial question.

Intellectually, the Duke dean steered student minds to the problem of the "unthinking few . . . within the thinking mass." And statesman-like President Don Fowler and Duke President Herd Bennett talked of joint declarations. Student jurors judiciously issued ominous statements. In short, we were impressed.

The talk went on into the evening. A debate arose over the proper kind of joint statement by the student chief executives; there was much brow-raising over possibilities of unplanned pep rallies; and, somewhere in the proceedings, the editors agreed to write an editorial.

We felt well-fed and ennobled by the stimulating contact with the Dukes. And now the whole crucial question seems rather absurd, at least for discussion among intelligent groups like the Dukes and the Carolinas.

The question: What shall we do to cut down vandalism before and after the Duke-Carolina football game?

And, as we said, this is no problem with the Dukes and the Carolinas. They are all intelligent men and wouldn't cause childish, unthinking damage to each other's campuses.

Parking In Chapel Hill

Helene Ivey
News Leader

The professor drove into the parking lot east of Bynum Hall. When he found not vacant space he went to the lot west of the building. No vacancy was there either. He said something under his breath and looked at his watch. It was four minutes to nine. He went back and looked over the east side again. Still no luck. Then he drove down Cameron Avenue to the area between Manley and Caldwell buildings. Every space had a car. Again he looked at his watch. It was nine; time for his class to start. He hurried back to Bynum Hall and parked in a "No Parking" area. On his way to class he asked a secretary to please call his wife and ask her to come get the car. "She'll have to take a cab over here," he explained as he hurried up the steps.

Various versions of this episode happen many times each day. Why? Because there are 2000 full-time employees of the university and only 600 parking spaces.

Only full-time employees of the University are permitted to park on the campus between eight in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. Fortunately some of them walk to work or ride bicycles while others have wives or husbands who take the cars away. Students who can convince the dean that they are so disabled that they cannot walk are also given permits.

This year about 2,132 students brought their cars with them. However, as indicated, during the working day, no student, even though he be a family man living several miles from the University, may park on the campus inside the rectangle bounded by Columbia and Hillsboro Streets, the Raleigh Road and Franklin.

The parking facilities for the business section are even more limited proportionately than are those of the university. There are seventy parking spaces in the main block of Franklin Street. There are about 70 more within two blocks of this area. At present a vacant lot on the corner of Rosemary and Columbia streets is being used to park about eighty cars. This is a temporary haven, but Mr. William Sloan and Mr. Watts Hill, the owners, have other plans for the property.

Even on West Franklin Street the problem is acute. On many occasions women on marketing missions can find no parking space near the supermarkets and must go to Glen Lennox to buy groceries.

Then Merchants' Association may build off-street parking facilities in the near future to prevent the outflow of business.

The university, too, is concerned about the situation. The planning board has recommended that several plots, one on either side of the Bell Tower and one adjoining Emerson Field on the Raleigh Road, be used for this purpose. But only about 100 cars could be accommodated there. Eventually the space occupied by temporary buildings, including the Institute of Government barracks, will be used for parking lots.

A member of the planning board suggested that Country Club Road in the vicinity of Cobb Dormitory be widened 20 to 30 feet to permit diagonal parking there, but the board rejected the idea.

A parking lot is being considered south of the stadium. It would hold about 200 cars and be connected by the by-pass highway. Thus it will drain off the Eastern and Southern football visitors.

The Board of Trustees have set aside for a park a plot of land across the street from Cobb Dormitory. It is possible to have a road with diagonal parking spaces within about twenty feet of the perimeter of the park.

But the great problem in finding parking space is that the trees would have to be cut down. In Chapel Hill that is a serious

'Well, That Takes Care Of That Problem'



READER'S RETORT

Graves, Billiards & Manners

Editors:

I have just finished reading the editorial column by one Louis Graves, of the Chapel Hill Weekly staff, in which is stated the belief that the students are adolescents or incompetent or both, and that their opinions on various subjects, such as the restriction of cars, should be disregarded. Mr. Graves obviously feels that the University officials should dictate any policy to the students that they see fit, regardless of student opinion about it.

Ed Rowland

Editors:

The recent article of Mr. Louis Graves on the automobile situation at UNC was read with interest, and while it is not the purpose here to deny that a change is in order, the invective of the imminent editor against the student body is certainly open to challenge.

We quote from Mr. Graves' article: "The great majority of students are minors in the sight of the law, and, when any question of University policy is up for discussion, they should also be regarded as minors by the faculty. Listen to what they say, treat them courteously and sympathetically, but don't let them usurp functions that belong to grown people."

Yes, Mr. Graves, listen to what they have to say, pat them on the head and tell them "now run along and play, Sonny, and let papa make the decisions." He forgot to add, "give them some marbles to play with." Such a policy would undoubtedly insure that UNC turn out responsible citizens able to make decisions for themselves.

In his desire to treat students like errant school boys, Mr. Graves has condemned the student body en masse for the possible caprices of a few. Is it altogether unthinkable that a large portion of UNC students, possibly even a majority, are capable of making sound, reasonable decisions? Or in these modern times does age have a curb on intellect? Are the views of the student body to be condemned before they are heard? When are young people to be given the prerogative of making decisions that affect themselves? Perhaps when they have reached Mr. Graves' level of "knowledge and experience" and they are so shackled with guidance by others that they can never cast off the habit.

Not only is Mr. Graves' article an insult to UNC students, it is also an insult to many parents who send their sons and daughters here to gather, besides textbook knowledge, a certain amount of independence and ability to make decisions in their

own right, and further, it is an insult to the University of North Carolina's policy of student rule.

Edward L. Mann
Don M. Seaver

Editors:

ZUT TO YOU TOO!

Apropos of your editorial wherein you lament our return to the use of "pool" just as soon as Charlie Peterson's back was turned; I assume that you have reference to the ad we ran in which students were exhorted to play pool in the pool room. Be advised that Graham Memorial was acting in good faith and had nothing whatever to do with this return to the plebeian. The fault, if any, lies with your advertising staff which, apparently, does not read the news page. Kindly address your Zut, whatever that is, to the other end of your organism.

And, if you have a spare minute, come down to the billiard room and shoot a game of pool.

Jimmy Wallace
G. M. Director

Editors:

The time has come to call to the attention of college students the great damage they are doing to their personal reputations and the reputation of their universities. The University of North Carolina is no exception in this damaging behavior.

Students attending public performances are prone to rude and degrading behavior in the form of profane, obscene language and boisterous conduct. Irresponsible members of the student body create disturbances because they are not willing to show any respect or consideration for fellow students and citizens.

Even our classrooms have fallen victim to this ungentlemanly behavior. Professors of long standing and with many years service to the student body and the University are being treated very disrespectfully by boos and hisses in their own classes.

Students, let's put a stop to this sort of behavior and set an example for the other colleges and universities. Let's show the public that our Honor System and Campus Code require more than a simple refraining from cheating on exams and that we believe in and live by this honor code.

The decision rests with every student as an individual. What will your decision be on this very important issue. Will you be a Carolina Gentleman?

Joe Wheeler

The Problems Sen Kefauver Now Is Facing

Doris Flesoon

WASHINGTON — Senator Estes Kefauver's problem is not whether or not to deal now, as suggested, with Adlai Stevenson for second place on a Stevenson ticket; his own lively sense of the vicissitudes of politics will preclude that. Like every professional, he has seen many promises broken, many alliances come apart in the clinches.

What he has to decide is how and where to show strength without creating controversies which will ruin all his convention chances and damage the party's prospects in the general election.

Kefauver believes and has warned publicly that Democrats are in a much tighter contest for the Presidency next year, even without Eisenhower and against Vice-President Nixon, than most of them think. He can see them throwing away the election with one of the family fights with which they have often diverted the public.

The Senator is much too astute not to understand the nature of his own following. Their feeling for him is very personal, very emotional. They think he got "the works" from the bosses in 1952 and that it is the bosses who don't like him now. They could easily be led into standing at Armageddon and believing they were battling for the lord.

Such struggles make wonderful news stories but by creating those peculiarly lethal family antagonisms, they lose elections and almost certainly ruin the future political prospects of their leading figures. Estes Kefauver wants to go places. He is only 52 now.

HE CAN be mistaken but many shrewd observers think he is not mistaken in his assessment of the situation and of his own role. It is a heavy responsibility for him to decide what he ought to do and the important part in the Presidential picture on either side is going to have to start getting his ducks in a row.

For one thing, the legal requirements for the primaries start being operative about them. The present suggested pattern is for Stevenson to take the Minnesota and Illinois primaries without interference from Kefauver. In return Stevenson would not enter New Hampshire which, while a small state, holds the psychologically important lead-off primary, or Wisconsin.

This disposes of the first four primaries. Stevenson could conceivably trade New Jersey (No. 5), where he has Governor Meyner's support, leaving Kefauver alone in Massachusetts (No. 6) where oddly enough, the Tennessee seems to have quite a following.

After that the way is unclear. Both men need the Oregon primary as a test of Northwestern sentiment and already the local Democratic talent is starting to run a partisan fever as between their own possible nominees. When, for example, Carmine DeSapio, the New York leader, ventured West in behalf of Governor Harriman, Oregon state chairman Howard Morgan met him with a blast which appeared to suggest that DeSapio and other Democratic city leaders presided over the modern counterparts of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Then there is California, the second largest state, so great a prize, so complex a political problem. Kefauver is singularly isolated as he works on his plans. He is a real professional who has fought his way up, but his support is still largely amateur. Fortunately for him, his massive energy and temperamental calm seem equal to the tasks he sets himself.

CORRECTION: Harry S. Truman did not, as I incorrectly stated last week, carry Indiana in 1948. He came close, losing it by 13,246 or less than one per cent of the 1,656,214 votes cast for President.

Four years earlier, Thomas E. Dewey carried Indiana with 94,488, plurality out of 1,672,091 votes cast. Four years later General Eisenhower carried the state with 334,729 plurality out of a total vote of nearly two million.

These are wide swings. Thus the point of the column is not vitiated. It is that lately Indiana city elections have correctly forecast the latent Presidential pulling power there of the two major parties.

Over The

Charles Dunn

From the time that some crazy stork caused my maw and paw the way up to some little Northern Philadelphia I believe, until the smuggled me back across the Atlantic folks would thin I was a natural Yankee. I heard all kinds of talk about that according to my folks, was second only to the "promised land."

It was during these early months of the North that I really first heard of the South. My maw and paw didn't know much about it, as they wanted me to move back so that I could find a job for myself, sort of like waiting to find all the good things under the tree, but other folks were always ready to say about it; and I'd rather have the nature of these sayings.

At last when I was demanding more space, reckon I was nearly twenty years old, maw and paw pulled up stakes and me into the South, suh. It was the body was so nice to me, wanting to offer me sips from their falloff, sometimes forgetting and teasing me they called my "Yankee accent."

Yes suh, these early years in the just a heap of fun. But then when I ten or twelve, my maw put shoes on me and I would have to be going to school for two or three years, "so I could be my paw." Being natural like, I didn't get too well there at first, but after I was older than the teachers I reckon I got to school.

Everytime I'd turn around somebody talking about the great war for Southern dance. Quite natural like I fell into thinking about how the brave youth had taken up arms against Yankee to protect their homeland and Southern way. It sure did rile me up when one of my got mad at me and told me his "three or three more" were figuring on this weekend and "putting them Yankee yours in their place."

Finally the time came for me to pack bags and go down to college for a year. My paw called me to him, handed me white lighting, and told me "to learn to be aware because Yankees had white books that ain't nothing but a pack of lies."

It was at college when some Yankee tried to tell me that was the North great war of Southern Independence. Next time I went home I asked my paw me this here story.

Boy, as you well know, it was that Robert E. Lee who was a leading force against them Yankees, who were but in numbers only. He was a fine man and was going to town pushing them over the countryside.

Then one day when the Yankees had so fast that the Southerners couldn't keep them, and thus the fighting had ended for a few hours, Old Bob Lee was in the countryside wondering how much would make to the acre, when all of a sudden he realized that he was kind of tired that he would like to stop and rest for a while.

Lee sat there thinking how nice the and how lucky it was to have a fellow in the blue uniform who had the water. Soon the fellow in the blue came back in and gave General Lee the water to make him comfortable. At last the boy asked Lee if he couldn't take his sword would be more comfortable. Lee thanked him his sword so as he would be comfortable.

It was only after that did General Lee the little fellow who had taken his name some Yankee general by the name of Lee, well he was just too much of a gentleman to ask for his sword back.

That's what really happened even now books will say differently.

After my paw had told me this to school, and when ever someone said "Dixie" I joined in with just as loud as I could, 'cause I was (and am) proud to be a Southerner. And it really did something to the strong voices blended together singing that song, which had stirred other folks before.

Then one day, when I had nothing to be thumping through one of them Yankee books called "A History of the Old South" came across these words.

"Like the cradles, coffins, patent machine line skirts, tall silk hats, indeed, most of the factored articles which the (old) South was imported from the Yankees. It was in New York City in 1859 that Dixie was Mount Vernon, Ohio, a blackface song for the first time. 'I wish I was in the cotton—Dixie land.' Its stirring tune and nostalgia were so appealing that it was unofficial anthem of the Confederacy."

Quite natural like, I took this with a salt, but couldn't help but wonder about it, so some consarned Yankee singing praises about the South, just like he was born Southerner. He must have been one of them that saw the light, but "Dixie" was a Yankee.

Finally, after losing some sleep over I went home and talked to my maw and paw over some old stump hole that had been brought in from the still in the South.

Like me old paw seemed kind of puzzled. Yankee saving all them nice things about it but he didn't stay puzzled long. He up and ain't like we all down here didn't know wonderful this South land of ours is. He don't go around shooting off our mouths about it. It took a damyankee to do that.

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Editors: LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Managing Editor: FRED POWLEDGE
News Editor: JACKIE GOODMAN
Business Manager: BILL BOB PEEL
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Sports Editor: WAYNE BISHOP
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OFFICE TELEPHONES—News, editorial, subscription: 9-3361. News, business: 9-3371. Night phone: 8-444 or 8-445.

Night Editor For This Issue: Curtis Gans