

Tilted Noses And Other Unrelated Things

"The Board is greatly concerned about housing of married students and has come to the conclusion that the State cannot advisedly undertake to provide housing for married students except those in professional schools and those doing graduate work, and even in such cases only to a limited extent. Justification for this distinction is found in the fact that . . . it is essential to the good reputation and educational rank of our University system that strong programs of professional and advanced graduate education be maintained."—Recommendations of the Board of Higher Education for the biennium 1957-1959.

The connection between housing married students enrolled in professional and graduate schools and the programs carried out by those schools escapes us.

After all, students are students, whether they be married or unmarried, undergraduates planning or not planning on entering professional or graduate schools, or students already in these outstanding divisions of the University. And without students of any or all of the above categories the University would be at a loss, if not for students, at least for the outstanding individuals who fit in one of the missing categories.

But the Board would rather preserve the high academic standing of the graduate and professional school than see the 20 per cent of

the student body which is married properly housed, providing of course there is some connection between the two.

For the graduate and professional schools to lose the high standing they hold among the nation's institutions would be a tragedy, but the loss which is already occurring is also unfortunate. That is the loss of outstanding individuals who never come to the University because they can't find a place for their family at prices they, as students, can afford.

The connection of housing for married students with the standing of the graduate and professional schools of the University seems more like a case of academic snobbery than sound reasoning.

An Old Standby Returns

An old stand-by is back on campus. Nothing exists as openly, or is condemned as often as student apathy. Every year student leaders, University officials and casual bystanders carefully point out that participation just doesn't seem to be as wide as in years past.

There are numerous reasons for student apathy, but from time to time one reason stands out above the rest.

For current outstanding background behind this fall's "So Whatism" it will be necessary to go back, ala Bridey Murphy, to the time before the mental rebirth that supposedly occurs after entering college.

Back to high school then, to see where the weeds of apathy are sown.

The University is a liberal place, free liberal, not leftist liberal, but often students arrive with sour tastes in their mouths from having youthful ardor squelched by high school teachers.

With the alarming rise in juvenile delinquency in places where it has never been noted before, high school administrators and educators have a right to be leery of bursts of independence on the part of pre-college students.

So new students arrive on campus and as a general rule split into two groups. There are those who have not tasted Carolina's kind of

The Daily Tar Heel

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SKYSCRAPER CAMPUS

Moscow University Starting Place

Chuck Hauser

Author Hauser is a former acting editor and managing editor of The Daily Tar Heel. He gathered the following impressions of the University of Moscow during a trip to Russia this past summer while on leave of absence from The Chapel Hill Weekly. He has recently joined the staff of The Charlotte Observer.

I knew the University of Moscow was going to be different from the University of North Carolina, but I'm afraid I was still a bit startled by what I found.

In the first place, instead of having a sprawling horizontal campus, this academic world is built on a vertical plane. The main University building, a huge monster of a structure, has a central tower which soars 33 stories into the Russian sky.

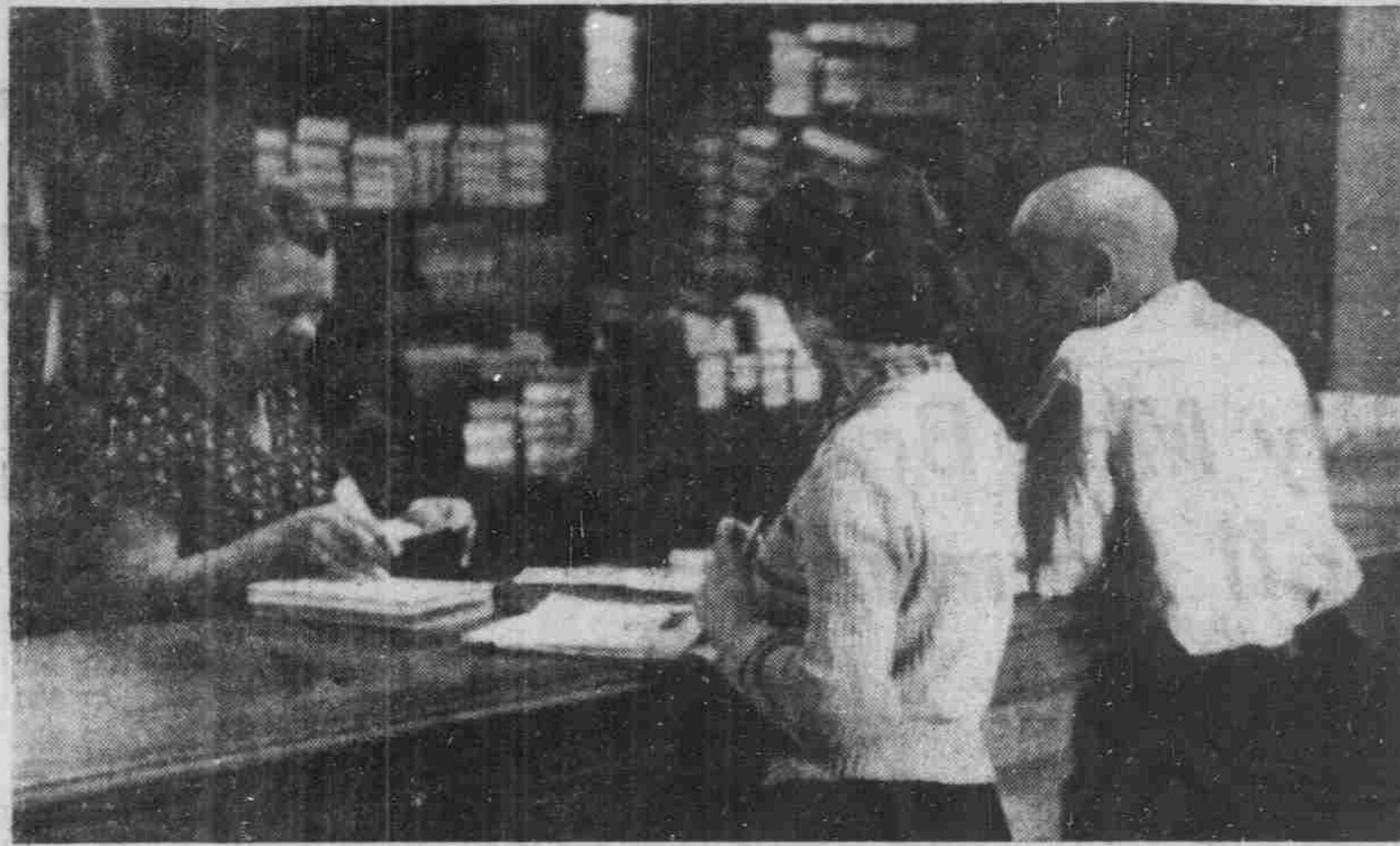
The tower is surrounded by four wings, two of which rise 18 stories and two of which reach only nine. Classrooms, laboratories, libraries, dormitory facilities, and the other requirements of a student body of 22,000 are almost entirely housed in the one building.

This is the new campus of Moscow University, opened only three years ago in the rolling area known as Lenin Hills on the southeast edge of the capital city. The old campus, in downtown Moscow, is of a more familiar style, and is still being used.



Iron Curtain Campus

This uniformed young lady is a door guard at the front entrance of the University of Moscow. With her aid, the University maintains its own Iron Curtain, and visitors may be admitted only with special passes.



Ivy League, Moscow Style

A male student with shaved scalp (not required) and a Russian coed check out books at the University of Moscow's geology department library.

The new campus is unquestionably magnificent, but at the same time it has a sterile look. The area around the main structure, dotted with a handful of additional buildings (including an indoor track and a basketball stadium), is almost devoid of trees of any size. A formal garden is laid out at the rear of the central building.

At the front door you run into the University's own version of the Iron Curtain in the form of a stony-faced young woman wearing a blue uniform and a perpetual frown. No visitors are allowed to enter without special permits.

When you try to take her picture, she shakes her fist once and then retreats behind a door

out of the reach of the camera's long lens.

A large wooden platform draped with red crepe paper has been erected on the front steps of the building. Workmen are busily setting up microphones and testing television equipment. Summer vacation is about to begin, and a big sendoff is planned for thousands of students who have "volunteered" to help farmers in the fields during the warm months.

Your interpreter obtains the necessary passes, and the young woman in the blue uniform reluctantly permits you to pass through her door.

Inside, you find polished marble and a tomb-like atmosphere. An enormous battery of elevators waits to take students to classes in their vertical campus. In the great hallway, a large book stall displays scientific publications and general magazines.

The University has no central library. Each department and school, scattered up and down the 33 floors of the building, has its own stacks and reading room. In the geology department library on the 29th floor a man with a shaved head and a plainly dressed young woman wait patiently for textbooks.

Living quarters for students, in one of the wings, are comfortably furnished and well lighted. No three-men-to-a-room routine here. Each student has individual quarters, equipped with bed, desk, dresser, bookcase, reading lamps, a chair and a state-provided radio with which he tunes in (you guessed it) Radio Moscow.

Each undergraduate is provided a room containing eight square meters. For each two rooms, there is a shared bath.

Russian youngsters earn their places and free tuition and expenses at the University through competitive examinations. They attend classes in 48 "professions" under 12 major departments and schools.

In the student cafeteria, at ground level below the main floor, food is appetizing and amazingly cheap. A ham sandwich sells for one ruble (less

than 10 cents in true value); a bowl of salad costs one ruble; and a glass of milk goes for only 50 kopeks (one-half a ruble).

At a table in the cafeteria sits a young girl in a white smock and a white kerchief, adding up her counter's receipts on a black-beaded abacus, the standard "adding machine" of the Soviet Union. There is noise here in the dining hall, and youthful sound, and the friendly clatter of dishes and silverware.

The huge central auditorium of the University is dominated by a sweeping mosaic dealing with world peace (practically every



One Man Rooms

...author's interpreter tries bed mural and mosaic in the country hammers peace slogans at you) and Soviet history.

Marble columns, fluorescent-tube chandeliers and rich draperies add an air of magnificence to the immense chamber.

Flanking the stage are engraved marble plaques bearing quotations from Lenin and Stalin. Over the words are bas-reliefs of the two Russian dictators, poised high over the audience like all-seeing Big Brothers, even in death.

ONE WAY . . .

Point Of Honor; A Missing Wallet

Barry Winston

This isn't very funny. It isn't even intended to be. A week ago Friday, on the 21st of this month, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, a man stepped out of Manning Hall and walked the fifty yards or so to Lenoir Dining Hall. It was just another coffee break.

At ten o'clock he got up from his table and went to the cashier's stand by the magazine rack in the north end of Lenoir. He made another purchase and paid his tab with a dollar bill from his wallet and eight cents out of his pants' pocket. Then he walked the fifty yards or so back to the Law School.

Two and a half hours later he made a discovery. His wallet was missing. So he went to look for it. He didn't find it. I just finished talking to him, and he still hasn't found it. He's just about given up on it. Can't say as I blame him, since it's been a week, now.

What was in the wallet? Just a driver's license, some notes and the usual odds and ends that a man carries around in his billfold. And two hundred dollars.

The fifty yards between Lenoir and Manning is all open ground—sidewalk, mostly. In two and a half hours a couple of hundred students shuffled their way to class along that sidewalk.

The man asked at the cashier's stand in Lenoir. Nobody had seen it. He posted a notice in the Law School. Nobody had seen it. He ran an ad in the Tar Heel. Nobody had seen it.

But somebody saw it. Somebody HAD to, because it's not there anymore—not in Lenoir, not in the Law School, and not on the sidewalk. I think it's in somebody's pocket.

This is not an isolated incident. It is an extreme, but the same thing happens every day on this campus, to a lesser degree. Textbooks disappear. Raincoats are "lost". And billfolds somehow rarely ever get back to their owners, once gone.

It seems to me that I remember reading something, a long time ago when I was a freshman, that started out, "I am on my honor, as a gentleman . . ."

I thought everybody had to sign that thing before they could get into school. It must be that some people figure that because they were given no choice about signing it, they're not really morally obligated to abide by it. But they did have a choice. Nobody made them come to Carolina. So they didn't have to sign it, did they?

But they did. And I'm betting that one of them is losing sleep nights, trying to figure out how he's going to spend that two hundred bucks.

I hope he has a real big time.

REACTION PIECE

More Opinions On Sunny Jim

Dave Mundy

The time has come for Tatum's turn. For those who are interested, I am organizing the first chapter of a string of "Tatum's Scalp" (or T. S. for short) clubs in honor of Sunny Old Big Jim Tatum. It is hoped that the clubs will stretch from Manito to Murphy, or at least from Raleigh Road to Franklin Street.

Our program is very simple: it calls for the immediate retirement, resignation, transfer, dismissal (all with reluctance, of course) or promotion of one Tatum as Head Football Coach, Dean of the Faculty, and acting president of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. As long as something is done.

This is not to declare that we advocate the complete severance of his relations with the University. If sufficient additional funds can be obtained we plan to raze the library and endow in its stead the Snavely-Barclay-Tatum Institute for post-graduate advanced research in football techniques.

But it will be no ivory "football" tower. To keep the members of the institute down-to-earth, they will be required to hold seminars for football players on such subjects as how to pronounce "academic curriculum."

If these don't pan out, we are almost certain of persuading the trustees to give Tatum a special Kenan professorship in football research. They know as well as you do that this university will never get its name in a single national newspaper until it has a better football business.

Admittedly, we shouldn't be judging boss Tatum so early in the season. Decision could be postponed until after the Oklahoma game, but why wait?

As a special adjunct to the Snavely-Barclay-Tatum Institute there should be a "Department of Cheerleading", inasmuch as this also seems to be one of the professions most valued by college students. It is difficult to decide whether it should be named after Reichskanzler Hitler or Cheerleader Bynum.

The simplest way to decide would be to call Adolf back from the dead and pit them against one another in a straight contest, with impartial people like me for judges. (Even though I have a strong prejudice in favor of Adolf, secretly.)

Adolf (Hitler, not Bynum) would probably do all right down in Kenan Stadium, although it compares with neither of the stadia in Berlin or Nurnberg. I can hear it now: "Geben sie mir bitte ein' C . . . Geben sie mir bitte ein' A . . . Geben sie mir bitte ein' R . . . Bet Bynum couldn't roll and R like Adolf. And he has no moustache.

But the cheerleader (Bynum, not Adolf) might even up the score with his arm-waving and high-pitched screams. Thanks to his calisthenics he might even do pretty good at goose-stepping. (Wonder if Adolf took calisthenics every morning?)

This is just a suggestion, but what about 'Pelvis Presley as the first Professor of Cheerleading and Mob Action? At least he should be invited over to try out for the job. Now isn't that fair enough?

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

L'il Abner



By Al Capp