

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Scene

More On Hans

By Bill Kellam
Seeking a bit of self-edification the other night, this columnist dropped into Gerrard Hall to hear Professor Werner Friederich speak on that Germanic genius of universal geni, Goethe. While Friederich was discoursing on the man whose name has become synonymous with originality of thought and universal knowledge, one couldn't help thinking how much the people of this supposed center of free, enlightened thought, had drifted away from the ideals of Goethe and had let ourselves be put to flight by the dogmatic utterances of another character of Germanic origin. You know who I mean, our own grimy little Hans.

As Dr. Friederich spoke of Goethe's wisdom and hate of reactionary conduct, the handling of the after effects of the last spring's Priestadt case seemed to me to be more and more ridiculous. Hysteria and fear, egged on by a sensation-mongering state and national press, have led to excessive curbs of basic freedoms which would never have occurred had we not let our imaginations run away with us.

Our emotionalism, spurred on by our fear of his totalitarian creed, has ballooned this ludicrous little man into a terrifying bogeyman whose reputation far outstrips his deeds. Our fear of his creed has forced certain people to take preventive actions far more arbitrary and repellent to our democratic way of life than the threat of Hans or his party warrant or provide a need for.

One has only to look at and listen to Hans to lose whatever fears, if any, you possessed if you are endowed with average intelligence and an open mind. So, what chance has the tyranny which he extolls, of supplanting your faith in democracy.

Hans himself appears to be the personification of the much cartooned and bejoked scholar who traditionally inhabits the lower reaches of library stacks, where sunlight and fresh air have never penetrated. You know, those stoop-shouldered little characters who disappear amid the tiers of books to lose themselves in dusty, spider-web-garlanded parchment and papyrus manuscripts. Occasionally they'll reappear long enough to refill their canteens with ink and to deposit esoterically phrased monographs or books about obscure figures in obscure fields. Then back to the bibliophilic salt mines their troop, to fight it out with the silver fish and rodents for possession of the dusty tomes.

Such characters usually aren't noted for originality of thought, although they may be quite intelligent. Hans is built along these lines. Rumor has it that Hans is an excellent physicist. But as a convincing disseminator of political ideologies, he is something less than terrific. Dogmatism dogs his every word. His fiery eloquence is more inductive to sleep than to revolution or casting off of proletarian chains. Most great leaders inspired and captured the imagination of their followers with their oratorical prowess. Hans only catches colds.

Even his appearance is against him. Hitler had a hypnotic gaze. Stalin looks like an ominous personification of the Russian bear. Hans, with his oversized spectacles and cropped head, looks like an amiable raccoon, and a near sighted one, at that. Such is the awesome figure who has put us to rout.

SITTING PRETTY - BUT NOT COMFORTABLY



This 'n That

A Tale Of SP Rashness

By Bill Buchan

"I don't know," my friend Wilbur Amberson said to me the other day, "but if I was in the Student Party, I'd certainly do a lot of thinking about all the unnecessary publicity that the SP has been getting already."

"What're you talking,?" I tried to say, but eager-beaver Wilbur interrupted me.

"For instance, first Fred Thompson comes out last week and makes himself look foolish 'cause he spouted off too hurriedly about Tarnation, then he apologizes, all the time making it clear that his views were his own and not those of the SP."

"So what?" I asked.
"So what? Well, here comes Charlie Odell this week in a letter to the editor and commits what I consider the worse and most obvious case of mudslinging that has appeared in print in a long, long time."

"Yeah, and I repeat so what, he didn't write as an SP spokesman."

"No, he didn't but he indicated clearly enough that he is a member of the Student Party and he says nothing that might keep a freshman from believing that the entire party thinks as he does."

"Well," I said, "I agree to a certain extent, because I sorta expected the SP to issue a statement completely divesting themselves from anything Odell had to say. He was pretty vicious."

"Vicious," Wilbur yelled, "vicious. That ain't the word for it. He, in plain black and white, accused Kerr of printing that

profile on Al because Kerr was mad because he was in the Orientation committee.

"But Wilbur," I cautioned, "it's nothing to get so excited about. So Thompson and Odell did speak a little hasty and make a few rash accusations, it isn't gonna cause the end of the world."

"It might not cause the end of the world, but with a few more such incidents from a few more people, folks are going to get some strange ideas about the firm SP denial of mudslinging, etc."

Again, I tried to interrupt, but Wilbur raised his hand and continued, "Just listen, I'll quote you some of their statements so you can see what I mean:

"Thompson—Kerr has resorted to malicious lies, in addition to Honor and Campus Code violations in his attempt to slander Al Lowenstein. . . ."

"The next day," Wilbur went on, "Thompson backtracked with this. 'It was never my intention to involve Tom Kerr personally in the matter as an offender of the Honor and Campus Codes.'"

"Of course," Wilbur said, "Larry Botto, the vice-chairman of the party came through and stated that what Thompson had to say 'does not represent the views of the Student Party,' but nevertheless, their chairman said it and many people automatically connect it to the party."

Then there's Odell, my C-grade friend went on, "he comes out in a letter and says the

Tarnation' . . . has been loose in its use of invective and slander. The personal bitterness of one of its composers over not being selected as orientation counselor is being quoted confidentially by some people as being the reason for their latest villification."

"Now folks wouldn't even know that Odell was a SP member," Amberson said, "if he hadn't thrown that 'P.S.' on the end of his little love-letter. 'Yes, Mr. Kerr—Thank God, the revolting elements did leave the Student Party.'"

"What he was referring to," Amberson informed me, "was part of the Lowenstein profile that mentioned the exodus of certain people from the SP to other parties."

"Now, don't interrupt me," he said, "the reason I have taken pains with you to point out all this is to make one point clear. The Student Party should hire themselves a good public relations man who will prevent any of their group from making rash statements or writing rash letters which will be published."

We had been standing out in the Y court all this time, and I was tired of standing and listening, so I began walking away from my gentle friend.

"Buchan," he shouted at me, "this problem is serious. What are we going to do about the SP?"

I started to reply, but then I spied Mac Copenhaver walking towards me, so I hurried to her and left my thinking friend alone.

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON. — You can understand why folks get cynical about good government when you watch the parade of little income-tax evaders who are hauled to court every week, while certain big boys get their cases postponed interminably.

For instance, it has now been one year since this column—Oct. 19 1948—first reported the shameless manner in which two road contractors living under the nose of Washington officials, had cheated their government in building the network of Mac-Adam roads which wind around the largest building in the world—the Pentagon.

The two contractors, W. J. ("Doc") Hardy and F. McKenzie Davison had been caught by treasury agents quick-changing Uncle Sam out of \$500,000 by all sorts of devious tricks. Among other things they made out checks to two other contractors, W. W. Thomas and S. M. Redd, who later gave T-men affidavits that they never received the checks. Instead Tardy and Davison forged the endorsements, cashed the checks, and deducted this as expense.

However, when the treasury and justice departments finally caught up with them, the two Virginia asphalt kings appealed to powerful Senator Harry Byrd, plus other Virginia politicians. A series of conferences followed. The Justice Department listened patiently, but stood pat.

Last July the income-tax case of the two men who gypped their government on war-contract taxes was sent to U. S. District Attorney George Humrickhouse in Richmond for criminal prosecution.

This writer, querying Humrickhouse in July, was told there would be no delay in prosecuting the Hardy-Davison case. It would come before the first grand jury in the autumn.

But when Mr. Humrickhouse was queried this week, he was evasive. The autumn grand jury had been in session for some time, but he said he had no immediate plans for presenting the case. In July he had said he was quite familiar with the case. But on Oct. 17, he talked as if it was something he had never heard of and devoutly hoped would be forgotten.

Note — Mr. Humrickhouse was appointed to his key job as district attorney through the powerful Byrd machine of Virginia.

President Truman hasn't given up on the Brannan Farm program, despite the kicking-around it received from Congress. It will definitely be the farm plank of the Democratic Party's 1950 campaign. Truman recently assured National Farmers Union Boss Jim Patten.

"The current battle over farm legislation has had at least one good effect," The President told Patton. "It has served to smoke the boys out into the open. We know how they all stand, including some we expected to

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS: 1. Jason's ship, 2. Swiss river, 3. Exists, 4. Artists, 5. Sheared, 6. Article of food, 7. Search, 8. Kind of rock, 9. Withered, 10. Public estimation, 11. Fugitive, 12. Negative, 13. Concerning, 14. Sphere, 15. Town in Ohio, 16. Extinct bird, 17. European river, 18. Unit of weight, 19. Scatter, 20. Shower, 21. Symbol for calcium, 22. Jewel, 23. Approve, 24. Tapering solid, 25. Room in a house, 26. Harem, 27. Burst forth, 28. Battle, 29. European finch, 30. Chess piece, 31. Gaze, 32. East Indian, 33. Boiled butter, 34. Chess piece, 35. Tabulation of the year, 36. Ship's boat, 37. Break into, 38. Lists, 39. Avoid, 40. Entered, 41. Chief, 42. Relative, 43. Hindu deity, 44. Son of Seth, 45. Small bird, 46. Hop kilt, 47. West Indian survey, 48. Beverage, 49. Note of the scale, 50. US organization, abbr.

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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49								50		

Gripes and Grumbles

If it's like the Army to gripe, it is also like the student body. The deal has been going on for years. Of late, though, we've observed a trend of gripes — the last one appearing in the "Letters" column of this issue. Let's examine this one first, and then get into some of the others:

The complaint is a messy cup, as discovered in Lenoir Hall. The complainant says that cigarette ashes were coagulated to the side. Such a find is not a pleasant one—but instead of questioning the "A" rating of an eatery in which the university does its level best to provide good substantial chow at a lower rate than can be found elsewhere, it might not be bad for the complainant to search out the "story behind the story" which brought this thing to light.

The dish-washing equipment is modern, and of the best. But—it is intended to wash dishes, and dishes only. It is not good for bathing dogs, sloshing down sidewalks, or putting the dummies on the line. Which all resolves to this:

The manufacturers cannot find ways and means to keep careless persons from making garbage-cans out of dirty dishes. That means, in specific, the butting-out of cigarettes on anything that looks like chinaware. The stuff has a way of sticking, and the best mechanical dish-washer in the world is not always able to scour such messiness out.

Instead of asking the near-impossible, then, or pot-shooting at Lenoir, would not the more pertinent question be: "Do people of college-level age do this at home?" Is it the restraint and good breeding that typifies Carolina? The question must be answered by the individual.

The secondary matter of lipstick on a cup is one that puzzles restaurant owners from coast to coast. The gals like the stuff on their lips, but they don't like its traces on the cups. Neither, we agree, does anybody else. For an answer to this, *cherchez la femme*—aye wot? It's the coming thing, though, for managers to disallow such women in their business places who wear the stuff and gum the works.

Now in line with these gripes about Hans. The more the noise, the more the fuel. Martyrs like to be crucified, and Hans is asking for it. The thing to stem his deal the quickest is to ignore him. So much for that.

Now, for the deuce of it, let's get into a thing or two that sets this university above the rest.

Where—at the moderate price one pays—can earnest men and women get in better touch with broader ideas, more books, more fun, more to do, in any other university than this?

Where can one see better games? Or get in touch with better folks? Where, in the main, can one come into friendlier touch with a better, more able, faculty? You tell us, and we'll back down! Where can one leave \$50 worth of textbooks kicking around, and expect to find them an hour later? Show us any other place, in this, than Chapel Hill! And, come to think about it, where on any other campus does one step to a convenient phone and put in a call for free? Or where does one catch better prices on better movies?

Yes, Chapel Hill, now and then, bumps into dithers and difficulties—what community this size doesn't? But in the main we're sticking! The gripes will roll off as they come, and things will surely get fixed. They always have; they always will. It's just a matter of patience—and a bit of consideration—that brings up the lag to set it right.

When the smoke has rolled away, you look around. If you look smart enough and fast enough, you see an alumni group that can't be beat, a student body that gives you 50 gentlemen to every bum (and that's a good average), buildings and grounds that keep reaching out to fill the growing needs, a respect from the outside world that takes hold when you really look that far, and, as time goes by, a dream that mellow with the years and gets a hold on your heart.

From Quonsets, then, to Fraternity Row, things keep moving ahead. And gripes or none, old Chapel Hill stands out with placid fortitude. And, as long as the Well still stands, and waters flow, we'll keep her there—God bless her!

—E.B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ATTENTION LENOIR HALL

If this is the complaint department, I would like to register one.

Why can't we have clean eating utensils in Lenoir Hall? Two times within a week I have received a dirty coffee cup for breakfast. The first one had lipstick on it. But today topped all records. When I was about half through with my coffee, I noticed something BLACK on the inside of the cup. Upon investigation I found that it was cigarette ashes pasted to the side. I doubt that it had been washed at all! How does Lenoir maintain an "A" rating?

It seems to me that if a cup should get by the kitchen dirty, the men on the serving line should also inspect them before handing them out.

I hope something can be done about the situation.

Harold Cummings

HOW ABOUT IT STUDENTS

I wonder how many people on this campus are tired of reading about Mr. Hans Freistadt and his Communist Party? Mr. Freistadt was the subject of almost the entire "Letters" column (Oct. 21) and has been the subject for many previous issues. America is the land of the free, yes, and everyone has the right

to state his own opinions as long as it does not advocate the overthrow of our government, but, has it ever occurred to any of us that the best way to cope with a situation such as this is to ignore it?

We are aiding the cause of the Communist Party when we continue to give it such publicity.

Nat Swann, Jr.
Ed. note—We heartily agree, with you, Nat, and are tired of the subject, too. But practically every letter we get deals with Hans, Communism, etc. So apparently the students want the discussion to continue. The DTH would welcome further comments on whether to curtail these discussions.

Di Debates Arms

No Decision On Unification

By Tom Wharton

The Dialectic Night ended its Wednesday night session this week by reshelving a bill calling for the "Unification of the Air Forces." The bill, the second one treated by the Di Senate this quarter, was introduced by Senator Gus Graham and provoked such detailed discussion from the military experts of the body that time ran out before the issue could be decided.

The bill called for the resolution that "all branches of the air forces employed by the United States be incorporated into a single Air Force under one General Staff," and that "this Air Force include carrier-based aircraft, which are currently operated by the Navy, as well as land-based tactical and strategic air forces of all branches of the Armed Forces."

Force brass who know nothing about navigation, etc.

Proponents of the bill included Senator Gus Graham, who introduced it to the floor, and Miss Peggy Moon, of Hilo, T.H., who witnessed the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. Senator Peter Cooper assumed the rostrum to point out the "bad effects" of the duplication of effort by the present branches of the service in the air and the "unnecessary complexity of several separate air arms."

In all, seven speakers for the opposition attained recognition by Art Murphy, President of the Di Senate, while only three speakers for the proposition were allowed to speak.