

# The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor, Chuck Hauser — Sports, Art Greenbaum

## the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

A lot of Americans didn't feel like celebrating the advent of the new year when 1951 showed up the other day.

And a lot of Americans couldn't if they'd wanted to. They were six feet underground in the frozen soil of North Korea.

Here at Chapel Hill, it was with no particular pleasure that I tacked up the bright new calendars in the office and tossed the gaudy bulletin board Christmas cards in the wastebasket. I kind of hated to see 1950 leave us.

Because 1950 will long be remembered as the last year in which there was any hope for peace in the world. Not only the last year in which there was hope for peace, but also the first year of World War III.

And if you think World War III hasn't started, that it didn't start last June 24 when North Korea moved south, then you've got your head so far in the sand it'll take a derrick to get you out.

And talking about getting out of things, isn't it about time to pull out of Korea altogether?

Don't get me wrong. I don't mean pull out of the Far East and curl up in our Western Hemisphere shell as Herbert Hoover suggested. I mean pull out of the bloody little peninsula where so many American GI's have died and so many more are scheduled to die.

Only on one condition would I advocate remaining in Korea. That condition is that Chiang Kai Shek be allowed to invade the mainland of China with the 300,000 troops he has at his disposal in Formosa.

An attack on China by those troops would force the Reds to pull enough divisions away from the Korean front so that our armies would have a chance to retake the twice-lost ground above and below the never-to-be-forgotten 38th parallel.

Otherwise, let's withdraw to the Japanese line of defense and count on our air and sea superiority to prevent an invasion of those islands.

It should be clear by now. Unless something drastic happens (such as the proposed invasion of the Chinese mainland by Chiang) we are doomed to defeat in Korea and thousands more American troops will die while we are sitting in comfort, drinking beer in the Rathskeller, and joking about the war.

## "Five Hundred Million Of Them—All Expendable"



## Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

Mr. Bernie Baruch, a discredited statesman (discredited by the Truman Administration, which still employs Harry Vaughan and Dean Acheson) has returned triumphantly from the southland with a fresh record.

Mr. Baruch, well past his 80th milestone, has just reported, over the signature of four witnesses, the deaths of 15 bobwhite quail with 13 shots. For a 16-year-old genius with all his reflexes intact, this is impossible. For a deaf old gentleman past 80 it is nothing less than black magic.

But it seems to me that there is a wonderful analogy between Mr. Baruch's career, the 15 dead quail, the Truman Administration, and Mr. Baruch's record of never being wrong. If we concede that anybody can rack up a million bucks on his 30th birthday we prove nothing, but a man who can perform the impossible with a shotgun at 80 is wasted when a vindictive and cynical government refuses to use him in an hour of crisis.

Whom do you know today who can slay 15 quail with 30 shots? Which, as Gen. Omar Bradley will attest, is better than shooting in the low seventies on any golf course. Few pothunters, armed with unplugged repeaters, can bang down 15 birds with 20 shells. Mr. Baruch has hunted quail for 60 years, and his best record until recently was 15 birds, 16 shots.

Whom do you know today who called for full-scale mobilization, months ago, on the day of America's entry into the Korean War? Who screamed for, and almost pushed across at a Senate hearing, all-out everything, including wage and price controls, full war powers for the President, full drafting of manpower? Baruch did, and was ignored, or nearly so, because of a

petty animosity in the White House.

Even slight heed to the Baruch prescription, a few months back, might have at least seen us prepared at the moment, might even have averted the Chinese intervention. But the elections, kids, were coming up.

As opposed to the distinguished records of our incumbents in Washington I hesitated to present the old boy's credentials as an adviser to Presidents, his conduct with war mobilization, personal finance, the atom and the rubber shortage of WWII.

Baruch lies fallow today, as a herd of very small people dash aimlessly about, making big mistakes for such small people. His vast common sense goes begging while the fumbler fumble. This is only because he affronted the large vanity of Mr. Truman, over a matter of personal integrity. Personal integrity is a hard word for some politicians to spell.

This started out to be a piece about quail shooting. The South Carolina bobwhite weighs less than half a pound, gets off the ground with a tremendous noise, and is out of your sight in five seconds. He flies about 60 miles an hour.

It takes a very able man to hit a quail, even if he can hear, which Mr. Baruch cannot, without his special hearing aid. He does not wear the aid when he shoots quail. His big "difference" is that what he sees he generally knocks down.

I asked him recently for a prescription for defense of America against Communism.

"Arm yourself, first," he said. "Then, figure out how to use your arms."

Mr. Baruch never goes quail hunting without a gun. He figured out, a long time ago, that it was just a waste of time.

## Rolling Stones

By Don Maynard

If you sit down and think a moment, which is a dangerous thing these days, you come to the ever-remarked-upon conclusion that this certainly is a strange world we live in.

Things are going on all around us and we never notice them until we are hit in the head with the fact that something you never thought would change has. Like the high cost of living.

I was well aware that butter had risen to somewhere about 80 cents per pound, but bus fares had been increased, that the old familiar six cents air mail stamp had dropped to five cents and gone back up to six.

But I shrugged them off with a sigh and the words, "Well, that's life." The cost of living had never really hit home to where it hurt. That is, until I went to New York for the Christmas holidays. It was there I discovered my old faithful, dependable, and completely indispensable friend, the nickel cup of coffee had gone up to 10 cents.

A guy doesn't realize he's lost a friend until something like that happens. It's like finding

your parked car with a flat tire the next morning, or like the first time you found out there's no Santa Claus.

Coffee has gone up to 10 cents.

Some happy New Years ago I had resolved never to pay that price for such a few moments of pleasure. Like going to school on Saturdays, I fought the idea of an increase in the price of java.

But when the Automat in New York says it can't furnish the usual quality of coffee for a nickel, then cuts down on the size of its cups, doubles the price and lowers the quality of what was hailed as "New York's finest" brother, it hurts.

Next we'll have sugar rationing, and cream will become another mobilization casualty. The thrill will be gone.

Woe unto the restaurateur in Chapel Hill who gets such ideas into his high-priced head.

If he does, I'll pull out my plastic-reinforced teabag with nylon dunking cord, order a cup of water and two straws.

## The Editor's Mailbox

Defense By Greenbaum

Editor:

In the Dec. 7 issue of The Daily Tar Heel, Ronald Younts, a freshman football player, feebly attempted a rebuttal of my article which appeared on the sports page. Mr. Younts, who probably had good intentions, stated that the article which concerned the "Golden Era" of Carolina athletics, had pierced him to the quick.

The column that appeared on the sports page was purely fact. As far as the fans (mostly the public) are concerned, the enthusiastic interest expressed by them between 1946 and 1949 has vanished.

No matter how many faithful rooters there are, most of them decided Carolina's winning fortunes have ended for the present. I am wholeheartedly for the betterment of Carolina spirit which Mr. Younts elaborated upon in his letter. But this does not alter the fact that the "Golden Era" is over for the present.

When Carolina fails to draw sellout crowds for the five home games, something must be wrong and it's not exactly the spirit, Charlie Justice and his cohorts may have been the drawing card for four years but his tenure has ended. You, Mr. Younts, have the problem to solve. If you have the fortune of making the varsity next fall, let's see what you can do to improve things.

As for the quick: the dictionary states that it is figuratively the seat of emotions and feelings. I hope it pierced you higher than that.

Art Greenbaum

## The Guest Box

(The following editorial appeared just prior to the holidays in The Davidsonian, student newspaper at Davidson College in Western North Carolina. We think it is important and even timely enough to warrant reprinting here.—Ed.)

The approach of any holiday season brings with it a spirit of joy and happiness in the hearts of everyone, but this spirit should not entirely overshadow some sober reflection on a drama in which three Davidson students have played the leading role during the past three years—Death on the Highway.

One who goes about preaching impending doom is generally unpopular and the subject of no little amount of ridicule; but be that as it may, the fact remains that some student, perhaps you or me, has a rendezvous with death if we can use experiences of the past three years as any standard for judgment. Traffic accidents have taken the lives of three students, and all three occurred during the holiday season, one during Christmas and two during spring vacation.

The time has come when each student who drives a car must realize fully the potential deadliness of the machine in his hands, and exert every effort to see that Death's victory streak among Davidson students will stop at three. This can be brought about by not driving with an overloaded car, obeying all traffic regulations, being particularly careful when driving at night, keeping within the speed limit in short, driving as

you would if a highway patrolman were sitting in the front seat beside you.

Unfortunately, looking out for yourself on the highways is not enough today. The highways are crowded—particularly during the holidays—with idiots who have not comprehended the responsibilities they assumed when they became licensed to operate an automobile. They drive about with reckless abandon, passing on hills and curves, exceeding the speed laws and creating a general menace to other drivers and pedestrians as well. There is little an innocent driver can do to combat this situation but to remain constantly alert so that instantaneous action can be taken if the need arises.

A look at some staggering figures on highway deaths will give some indication of this wholesale slaughter. During 1949, 10,540 persons were killed in cars as a result of collision alone. It has been established by the National Safety Council that in the majority of the accidents it was one driver alone who was breaking the traffic laws, usually by speeding, and furthermore, that nearly 60 per cent of the drivers involved in fatal accidents were violating a traffic law of some kind at the time of the accident.

None of us can know when serious accidents or death may strike. But all of us can, by using a little horse sense and obeying traffic laws, decidedly lessen the chances of Death's claiming another victim from among the student body.

## Year Of Decision

Along with the rest of the world, the University is faced in the new year of 1951 with an uneasiness and insecurity that seems to have no immediate solution. With total mobilization becoming a reality, the futures of many students seem to be dark with the prospect of military service, and there is a general attitude of hopelessness and "what the hell" type of thinking.

Truly, the situation is one of uncertainty. But we would like to think that the situation will not be worsened by the type of attitude described above. If there is any time when clear heads and resolute action is needed, it is now. And that goes for college students just as it goes for political leaders and people generally.

The year 1951 should be a real "year of decision" for college students as well as for others, and we believe it will be for students at the University. The proper decision should be clear to everyone. Our course is one of making the most of a bleak situation, and doing our proper job for a country.

And right now our job is to put to good use the opportunity that has been granted us for gaining education and training at the University. Our leaders have recognized the great need for college-trained people by making it comparatively easy for collegians as far as military service is concerned. But we can only deserve such an opportunity by using it in the manner for which it was granted. That is our job in the immediate future, and that is what we owe to ourselves and others. To do less is falling down in our part of the total effort.

University students and University administrations have always faced up to bleak situations with a determination and resoluteness that has been encouraging to see, and, what is more important, has been successful in its purpose. The situation of today, and the situation of the immediate future, is one that requires such determination and resoluteness. faced with total mobilization.

## Another Casualty

The plans for a Daily Tar Heel engraving plant have, unfortunately, fallen through. We hope students will scratch the collapse off to war. The plant would have been a great addition toward the interest of a campus newspaper dedicated to good service, but the financial situation, largely caused by the impact of the current national and world situation on the campus, has made the engraver an impossibility.

The Daily Tar Heel, being the biggest money-user on all extra-curricular-campus activities, naturally feels the pinch of money difficulty before any other organization. Such a situation now exists. The Daily Tar Heel will continue to do its utmost to bring to the campus a newspaper it deserves and needs, but we hope that students will be tolerant of our situation, and meet our difficulties with the determination with which we intend to meet them.

## For Good Of Freshmen

The decision to do away with freshman dormitories, reached at a meeting of the Student Welfare Board a few weeks back, is one that should be welcomed by everyone, and certainly gets the plaudits of The Daily Tar Heel.

The decision was reached after a thorough study of the worth and unworth of the present arrangement, and the doing away with the arrangement was based on excellent reasons. The inability of the present freshman dorm advisors to effectively aid first-year men in their studies and their other problems was one of the biggest arguments put forth against freshman dormitories, and we think that that will be remedied by the new arrangement. Most folks improve by example, but when there are so few examples, such as a half dozen advisors to 300 freshmen seeking guidance, it is pretty hard to make an improvement, either in mind, manners, or morals.

By sprinkling freshmen in with upperclassmen, there will not only be an improved chance for first-year men to really get to know people other than those in their own age group, but an improved chance to gain knowledge and understanding by association with comparatively mature minds.

The gaining of maturity, knowledge, and richer experience on the part of freshmen will be made easier, more effective, and speedier with the doing away of the freshman dormitory arrangement.

## On Campus

When the student who delivers the Winston-Salem Journal here left Chapel Hill for the holidays, the son of a prominent University official took the job.

But one Sunday morning the boy woke up with a case of flu, and was unable to deliver his papers. So his father offered to fill the breach.

Setting out on the job after breakfast, the man headed for the Carolina Inn, left his bundle of newspapers, and headed downtown for his next stop, a drugstore.

The man at the counter spotted the bundle of Journals and asked the substitute carrier, "Why the hell didn't you bring the Durham Herald?"

The man replied he wasn't supposed to. He was only delivering the Winston-Salem Journal.

At the next drugstore stop, a little farther downtown, the man accidentally knocked another pile of papers off a counter onto the floor when he set his bundle down.

"Hey, Mac, what's the matter with you?" yelled the clerk behind the counter.

"Sorry," the new paper boy apologized meekly, and he stooped over, picked up the papers, and placed them carefully on the counter.

It wasn't until the next day that the word reached the various businessmen up and down Franklin Street that their new paper boy had been Gordon Gray, president of the University.

## Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**  
1. Monkey  
4. Arrive  
5. Relatively  
9. Pronoun  
12. Guided  
13. Mythological queen  
14. Perceive  
15. Disorderly  
17. Possess  
18. Western central state  
19. Distorted tool  
21. Russian river  
22. Lick up  
26. Story  
29. Religious body: abbr.  
30. District attorney: abbr.

**DOWN**  
23. Mendow  
24. Unit of weight  
25. Perception  
28. Feminine name  
40. Goddess of dawn  
41. Sloth of So. America  
42. Coast: prefix  
43. Embankment  
45. Boon  
47. Withered  
49. Young fairy  
51. Frenchman  
52. Nourished  
53. Stupid  
60. Bird  
61. Smallest in degree  
62. Little child  
63. Turkish title  
64. Spanish gambling game  
65. Uncle: Scot.

**MALAR PAC CAP**  
**AWAKE ONA ARA**  
**DENIM MIRAGES**  
**ANIMAL BEAT**  
**LET TEDIIOUSLY**  
**EVER WENDS**  
**WADES DECOY**  
**MARIA SORE**  
**DILIGENCE NET**  
**EROS STEWED**  
**ROSEATE ELITE**  
**ANE HER RIGOR**  
**YES ADS SANDI**

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Entire  
2. Vegetable  
3. Man's name  
4. Backwater  
5. Of the nose  
6. Type measures  
7. Be the matter with  
8. Japanese tree  
9. Separate

10. Fuss: Scot.  
11. Japanese coin  
12. Inch  
13. Weight: abbr.  
14. Clear  
15. Thin: abbr.  
16. European ship  
17. To follow  
18. One decorated  
19. Playing card  
20. Having no subject  
21. Electrified particle  
22. Character in fiction  
23. Elevated railroad: abbr.  
24. To discharge  
25. Puff up  
26. Having no  
27. Poker term  
28. Watch pocket  
29. Female sheep  
30. New: colloq.  
31. Letter of the Greek alphabet  
32. Mountain in Massachusetts  
33. Summer: French