

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is published daily during the regular sessions of the University at Colonial Press, Inc., except on Sun., Mon., examinations and vacation periods and during the official summer terms when published semi-weekly. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8 per year, \$3 per quarter. Member of the Associated Press, which is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news and features herein. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

Editor ROY PARKER, JR.
Executive News Editor CHUCK HAUSER
Managing Editor ROLFE NEILL
Business Manager ED WILLIAMS
Sports Editor ZANE ROBBINS

Staff Photographers Jim Mills, Cornell Wright
Don Maynard, Associate Ed. Neal Cadieux, *Adv. Mgr.*
Andy Taylor, News Ed. Oliver Watkins, *Office Mgr.*
Frank Alston, Jr., Associate Spts. Ed. Shasta Bryant, *Circ. Mgr.*
Faye Massengill, Society Ed. Bill Saddler, *Subs. Mgr.*

Business Staffs Boots Taylor, Marie Withers, Charles Ashworth, John Poindexter, Hubert Breeze, Bruce Marger, Bill Faulkner, Pat Morse, Chuck Abernethy, Martha Byrd, Marile McGerty, Lamar Stroupe, and Joyce Evans, Marie Costello, *Adv. Lay-out*

SOCIETY STAFF
EDITORS Nancy Burgess, Faye Massengill
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Evelyn Wright, Margie Story, Marvel Stokes, Sarah Gobbel, Lula Overton, Nancy Bates, Helen Boone and Jimmy Foust.

REPORTERS Evelyn Wright, Margie Story, Marvel Stokes, Sarah Gobbel, Lula Overton, Nancy Bates, Helen Boone and Jimmy Foust.

For This Issue: Night Editor, Don Maynard — Sports, Bill Peacock

the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

Sometime during the fall quarter you undoubtedly noticed a little brindle Scottish terrier prancing across the campus. Maybe he attended a class with you or maybe he was around during a Y Court period.

But he hasn't been seen around this quarter. The pup's name is Mr. Cork, and he belongs to Charlie Long, a well-known campus politician and student leader who graduated last year.

Charlie's been living in Chapel Hill since graduation, and is now on active duty with the Army in Raleigh, commuting between the office and home.

On one of Charlie's days at work, Mr. Cork disappeared, and he hasn't been seen since.

So if you happen to see a Scotty that looks like it's lost its way, or if you happen to hear of anybody who has recently acquired a Scottish terrier under suspicious circumstances, how about giving Charlie a ring—phone F-5278 or 408 East Rosemary Street. He'd appreciate it.

The move to open up social rooms in four men's dormitories is something that has been kicking around student government bull sessions for a long time. And it even made the floor of the Legislature once or twice.

But the *fait accompli* has been released for all the campus to hear—A, B, C and Whitehead dorms have their social rooms open and (not quite) ready to go.

It seems a shame that they would open up just at the time when the male population of the campus is about to leave for the wars where it won't be able to enjoy the new luxury.

I understand that Kappa Delta, Carolina's long-awaited sixth sorority, is in the market for a house and hasn't found anything satisfactory yet.

Just relax, girls, there will very likely be several fraternity houses ready to be rented for the duration before long.

On Campus

The story is told on one of N. C.'s Big Four football teams. A very promising frosh prospect had taken a lot of lip all season from the first string star.

During an exceptionally rough scrimmage one day, the understudy knocked out one of the ace's teeth. The next time the two lined down, several days and a couple of dentist trips later, the scrub snarled:

"You now have 31, would you like to try for 30?"

This prank costs a little money but Sheboygan, Wis., kids seem to think the laugh is worth it.

The boys watch for a traffic officer to place a red ticket on a car after time has expired on a parking meter. When the officer leaves, the boys drop a penny in the meter then wait for the car owner to show up.

The show starts when the car owner looks at the ticket and then discovered he still has a minute left on the meter. But there's a bigger show at police headquarters when the irate motorist protests that he "wuz robbed."

You can't say that college educations don't pay off—some-one.

In New York, the American Museum of Natural History says that in its last fiscal year it outdrew Yankee Stadium. Nearly 2,500,000 persons visited the museum and its Hayden Planetarium.

"The museum attendance figure for the past year," its annual report says, "far exceeds that of Yankee Stadium, and almost equals the combined attendance for the full year of 1949 at the Belmont Park, Jamaica and Aqueduct race tracks."

What culture can do!

"How's That Again?"



Right To Decent Rates

With the North Carolina General Assembly opening its 1951 season in Raleigh this week, University students should be on their toes to keep a close eye on its doings, especially those pertaining to the University.

The main theme of the new Tar Heel legislative gathering is, as usual, to find and give out the monies that keep the State and its governmental services going. Indications are that the Legislature this year will frown on higher taxes, try as best it can to keep services up to present levels, with minor improvements, and get its job done as quickly as possible.

The desire to keep from raising taxes, however, may be a blow to the University in several ways. The rising cost of living and learning is going to put a pinch on University finances that will not be relieved unless there is more money. And without a larger appropriation, that may well mean increased fees and tuition rates, or a curtailment of services.

There will undoubtedly be a raise in the student rates in the under-construction Medical School. While we hate to see raises in any student rates or tuition charges, the raising of the bill for medical students is almost a necessity, and is the lesser of evils when compared with a raise in tuition rates for the entire student body. The tremendous investment made in the new medical facilities to a large degree justifies an increase in tuition rates for those who use the facilities. The raises will, as far as possible, put the Medical School rates on a par with the services offered.

There has been no call for a raise in tuition rates for the entire student body, and administrative officials have indicated that such a move is highly improbable. We sincerely hope that there will be no such action. The higher cost of living makes it imperative that student tuition stay as low as possible, and the present rate is, if anything, to high, even in these days of emergency. Students should be cognizant of the actions of the General Assembly and stand ready to defend their right to a justifiable tuition rate.

Social Room Problem

The opening of social rooms in several dormitories is good news indeed, and a tribute to those students and administration officials who have worked long and hard on a problem that is probably one of the oldest and most perplexing that has beset the campus.

The new rooms will do all that they are designed to do, we are sure. There is no need to go into a detailed account of the advantages of dorm social rooms. The advantages are well-known and well-recognized. There are several problems that will arise out of the opening of the social rooms, however, and they are going to have to be met immediately.

The main problem is how to make the rooms most effective in their purpose. The size of the rooms, in relation to the number of students who must use them, is going to create a problem that will require the utmost in cooperation on the part of dorm-dwellers. Unless such cooperation is shown, dorm social rooms may become a great burden and source of discontent, rather than the blessing they are intended to be.

The Interdormitory Council should get to work immediately with the problem, and seek to work out such rules, regulations, customs, and mores that will be needed to get the most out of the new dormitory luxuries. We wouldn't attempt to define any such rules. That must come from those who are much closer to the problem than The Daily Tar Heel, but the IDC and dormitory residents should realize the problem for what it is and try, as best can be done, to solve or alleviate it.

The long, hard, and perplexing battle to make dorm social rooms a reality should not be turned into defeat by improper and ineffective use of the rooms.

Good Work And Good Luck

The efforts of students and administration to add a new sorority to the UNC campus have brought forth fruit in yesterday's announcement of the coming of Kappa Delta. The Daily Tar Heel congratulates Kappa Delta, and says "well done" to those who have made its coming possible.

The tremendous job of making the new social group a success is still ahead, however, and it is really going to be a job of some note, and of some difficulty. Colonizing, finding living quarters and making a success of the new addition to the social group scene will be a task that will require the utmost of all those concerned. We sincerely hope and believe that Kappa Delta will become a successful reality and fill the bill for which it was intended.

Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

The new mechanical heart, while undoubtedly a lengthy stride in science, is going to set the cause of love, as illustrated by song, story and poetry, a far piece backward. It slays me even to contemplate a heartache that can be eased by a shot of machine oil.

You know about this new heart thing, of course. It's about the size of a medium radio. It can conceivably be so harnessed as to retrieve a corpse from the hereafter. It has been known to keep a dog alive for as much as 71 minutes, without help from the pooch's own ticker. In fine, it can stand by for both human heart and human lung for indefinite periods.

I am not real sure how the heart got mixed up with turbulent emotion, but it has come to represent the bodily organ that is most affected by same. All the songs say so: My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, My Heart Stood Still, My Foolish Heart, Sweetheart, Hearts and Flowers, Heartache. I guess the gimmick is that if the heart quit, love went out the window, although the definite site of emotion is more apt to be centered in the tummy. Love, as I have clocked it, always seemed more like an attack of green-apple misery than a swift pain in the aorta.

In past, there has been no real remedy for a broken heart. Now, if modern scientific news be accurate, you just call a mechanic. He removes a non-functional washer, tightens a spring, loosens a nut and click-clack! Heart is whole again.

The whole business bothers me. How are you going to warm the cockles of this heart, with a blowtorch? How is a maid to think with her heart, while a man thinks with his head? Heartburn, henceforward, means a non-functional bearing. If a man is defined as hearty, we assume he spends most of his time in a machine shop.

What we have done is just wreck two pages of the dictionary with a meddlesome invention.

I admire progress, but eventually we learn an entirely new language and tear down all the old signposts of the day when man knew less about man and handled him with considerably more imagination.

The word "atom," which a short time ago meant teeny-weensy, now connotes hugeness and horror. Likewise, a heart used to beat, pulse, tick or hammer. Now it goes "pocketa-pocketa-weep," like the tremendous machine once foreseen by Mr. Walter Mitty. Only I doubt you will be able to fix the new mechanical heart with a fountain pen, as did Mr. Mitty in his dreams.

They say we also have mechanical brains, now, so that the necessity of thinking is no longer parcel of the human struggle. Harness the mechanical heart to the mechanical brain and we have just about explained away the necessity of mankind. This is regrettable: Man is an undisciplined bum, but in him is a capacity for fun that no machine, no matter how well lubricated, will ever achieve.

Maybe I am prone to superstition, but I remember too starkly an ancient play called R.U.R., which had to do with a flock of robots, or mechanical men, who took over and harassed the bejabsers out of the human beings. Also the oldie about Frankenstein.

To that end, I wonder what we build today, and if our own wisdom does not eventually put us out of business as people. In past dealings with mechanical devices I have noted that they are possessed of definite personalities, and are prone to sulk, brood, non-perform and exult in their skill. What happens some day if a machine wishes to be dictator?

Ah, me. My heart is sick. I suspect it's because somebody just fed it a dose of emery dust, or forgot to strain the high octane that runs it.

Take It Easy

by Rolfe Neill

He sat there fondling a well-thumbed Yack. It had been his son's.

"I've come to do the hardest thing I've ever done," he said softly, "I've come to get his things."

This was the father of a Carolina student who died in an automobile accident last quarter. He asked for a couple of copies of The Daily Tar Heel which carried a story of the tragedy, and lingered briefly to talk.

The gentleman spoke of his son as a gardener would a rare plant which he had nourished and protected, then just before bursting into bloom was blighted.

He had several letters from people he'd never seen. Each told of how the writer had known the boy. How the student had done a kindness or a favor.

The father himself had been in attendance at the University exactly the number of years ago as the age of his son at death—21.

"He would have gone into med school soon. My wife and I were happy in his success. The boy made the dean's list and was anxious to continue toward his med work."

You can't quite understand until you've experienced it. Until you've had such a thing strike home.

Then he told of his other son who is only four and a half years old. But you could see in the father's eyes a comparison which cascaded 16 and a half years ahead.

Our conversation ended in a few minutes. He got ready to go. He was going to the dorm where the boy had his clothes, a half dozen odds and ends accumulated during University years, and a battered tennis racket.

"Thanks," he said, "thanks a lot. You've helped more than you realize." And he left the office.

Take it easy on the highways, won't you?

Moseyin' Around

with "Doc" Blodgett

A Rough Sort Of Trend

Here at Carolina, the 1951 opener finds the outlook grim. Here today and gone tomorrow. You know why. We may as well face some right unpleasant facts that don't increase our love for Josef Stalin and his crew.

Over coffee cups on Franklin Street the New Year's greeting is far afield from the usual pleasant query about scholastic plans. More likely it comes as, "When do you leave for camp?"

It's a quiet, hopeless wringing of the hands. In Old South, too, faces are equally grave.

The question asked by all is, "Whither now?" Your reporter makes no stab to answer this. He is just as much fouled up as a thousand other guys whom he could name. He wishes-to-hell he knew enough to steer his own size twelve. His one conviction, gained thus far, is scant brain-fodder for the Good and Great, but it shapes like this:

Isn't it sort of borrowed grief when a bunch of able students toss the sponge before they even start? When they take that wild-eyed look and say, "Why should I bother to register or crack the books at all?" Seems like crossing bridges in advance.

Carolina does not stand alone in this odd attitude. Your reporter has picked up similar threads from Cornell University southward down the map. A rough sort of trend to encounter.

Theory By The Big Boy

A ray of common sense broke through this kind of fog here yesterday, when the Big Boy accosted your scribe. Let's skip the fellow's real identity; it's enough to note that he was "plenty Navy" during World War II.

Said he, "I'm old enough to take things in their stride. When I was sophomore age, I wanted security ahead (and three square for myself) over time in 20-year chunks. Felt sort of lost without it. Came the Pacific show, and I pared things down to day-by-day. Wrote each one off as glad to be alive. Today I slice time even finer. Just tell myself that the next five minutes is going to be great, and sail through it accordingly. Then a fresh five minutes rolls around . . ."

We thanked him for an all-consolin' word; took solace in the thoughts of time.

For the student body here, no two hour-glasses will likely spill the same amount of sand, but there's still "a little time" to spread around here at the Hill while Top Brass, somewhere else, is making up its mind about a lot of destiny. Let's have at this time and use it—wo?!

Somebody, of course, stands to get clipped with those "greetings" in each day's mail, but it doesn't decimate the student body overnight. There are plenty of folks who still stand around to await their insecure turn.

Perhaps then, in such an undecided mess, the common sense approach would be to "git to class while the gittin' is good." Fill that undecided space with something right to do.

It's in the cards that some will have to draw the long and dreary watches later on—and where courage comes from then depends on what a man can draw from deep within himself.

The Key Is At Hand

A chance remark from somebody's class might even yet provide the key to some unwritten victory; personal slant or troops. It's happened that way before.

Of passing note, one of the finest men we ever knew was facing personal grief. A friend asked, "Denny, how do you take this things as well as you do?" He grinned and said, "Keep busy."

There's a lot to calling one's shots. There's plenty to keeping busy. It's as honest a way as any to approach the unencountered phase of 1951.

Specific chores, for instance? There's the blood bank campaign coming up. You can give yours too. Then again, the Red Cross deal on sweaters. Could you sweet lovelies switch the plays from Argyle stuff?

Let's pull out of the funk. The cumulative spark from one-man teams could change this current pessimistic wave to something pretty special overnight. It's just a case of taking hold.

Hard tasks challenge strength. Hard chores lie ahead. If you can't think 'em up, then topsides will. But the question is, "Can you do 'em?" Your reporter subscribes that the answer is yes. Old Bill Davie's camp has seen this kind of going before, can stand and take it again.

Shall we not take a fresh hitch on the belt and turn our faces to trouble?

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Coated fabric
2. Talk informally
3. Small bundle
4. Anger
5. Veneration
6. Act of
7. To prevent
8. Small round mark
9. Beard of grain
20. A fresh
21. Brazilian coin
22. Implore
23. Sorrowful
24. Hum
25. Excited
26. Bird's beak
27. Box
28. Musical notes

DOWN
10. Drinking vessel
11. Organ of vision
12. Precipitator
13. Age
14. Feminine name
15. Astonishment
16. Differentiated
17. Momentous
18. Unrefined metal
19. Trial
29. Sea eagles
30. To rub; Scotch
31. Crinkled silk fabrics
32. The goddess of love
33. Edge of a garment
34. Crinkled silk fabrics
35. Singing voice
36. Molester
37. Genus of fish
38. Fish-bottomed boat
39. Founder of an order
40. Hoop skirt
41. Unit of weight
42. Pale
43. Gaelic
44. Baseball implement
45. Self
46. Paint
47. Worker
48. Negative
49. Before
50. Secure
51. 8th month of the Hebrew year
52. Draw into
53. Tilted
54. Worker
55. Material used for making cloth
56. Island
57. Hoarfrost
58. Serpents
59. Tail
60. Persian fairy
61. Parakeet
62. Light bed
63. Hotel

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66