

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 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 of Chapel Hill, N. C. under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price \$3 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 contributors are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

Editor: ROY PARKER, JR.
Executive News Editor: CHUCK HAUSER
Managing Editor: ROLFE NELLS
Business Manager: ED WILLIAMS
Subscription Manager: TOM McCALL
Sports Editor: ZANE ROBBINS
Staff Photographers: Jim Mills, Cornell Wright
Don Maynard, Associate Ed.
Andy Taylor, News Ed.
Frank Alton, Jr., Associate Spts. Ed.
Faye Massengill, Society Ed.
Business Staffs: Boots Taylor, Marie Withers, Charles Ashworth, John Poindexter, Hubert Breece, Bruce Marger, Bill Faulkner, Pat Morse, Chuck Abernethy, Martha Byrd, Marie McGarity, Lamar Stroupe, and Joyce Evans, Marie Costello
For This Issue: Night Editor, Don Maynard — Sport, Bill Hughes

on the Carolina FRONT by Chuck Hauser

There's a "mail order" court operating on campus, convicting men without giving them the benefit of a trial and sending them a notice of their sentence.

The court in question is the Dance Committee, set up by the Student Constitution to "make rules concerning conduct at dances . . . and . . . enforce these rules."

The Dance Committee was originally established to save the time of the Men's Honor Council, which otherwise would have been burdened with the trials of a great number of violators of what are rather minor rules. But the Committee has for many years apparently been more concerned with saving its own time.

It is common practice of the group to sit in private session, without calling the accused man before it, hear the report of the Committee member who "approached" the violator, and then pass sentence. The defendant is informed of his punishment by mail.

For the information of those new students who don't understand what rules we are talking about, the Dance Committee is empowered to try any student found intoxicated at an approved University dance (whether the dance is held here or off the campus) and any student found drinking at or during a dance.

Put yourself in the place of a student being "tried" by the Dance Committee. You go to a dance and are told by a Committee member that you must leave, since you appear intoxicated. If you can convince him you are not tight, he lets you go. If you can't, you leave the dance.

A few days or a week later you get a letter by intra-campus mail stating that "at the meeting of the Dance Committee last night it was reported that you had been drinking prior to and during the sorority dance on . . . This is the exact wording of a letter sent recently, with the date and name of the sorority deleted.

The letter continues, "Your conduct leaving us no other choice, you are hereby suspended from attendance at any and all dances and concerts at this University or under the jurisdiction of this Committee for the remainder of this, the winter quarter. You are reminded of your right to appeal this decision to the Dance Committee."

What would your first reaction be?

I think I would be inclined to yell, "But I haven't been tried yet. How could I have been convicted?"

The next step that comes to mind, if you are innocent, is to appeal. But look at the letter. It clearly states that if you wish to appeal, you must appeal to the same court which has already convicted you once.

*In other words, you have an opportunity to be tried by a jury which has already made up its mind that you are guilty.

Is that justice?

I am worried about the psychological effect of this type of goings-on on the students who have been convicted by the Dance Committee.

One man I know of has completely lost respect for the entire Carolina student court system because of the way he has been handled by the Dance Committee—convicted without a trial and without ever getting a chance to testify in his own defense.

I hereby make a strong recommendation—no, a demand—that the Dance Committee revise its procedure immediately to provide for a personal trial of each person accused of a violation of its rules.

Every time the Dance Committee convicts a student by mail, another member of the Carolina community loses respect for the governmental system under which he lives.

"Just A Minute—I Take A Cut Out Of This, Too"



Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

It has been a popular American custom to refer to the children of the 1920's as a "lost generation," victims of a life they never made, and many tears have been sprinkled over their plight.

The late Scott Fitzgerald was the bellwether of the era, and to go back and read the sobful stuff you would think those kids really had trouble. They got constantly loaded and moaned about betrayal and joined the Commos and let their necks get dirtier than necessary, and, so help me, according to our present standards, they never had it better.

Let's see what they had to holler about. They had a war behind them, true. Old WW the First—one in which they smartly figured. It was something less than a Commando action, insofar as we were concerned. Don't check me on the statistics, but I bet we lost more people from influenza than we did from shrapnel. It was even such a naive war that air power was an experiment.

They had prohibition after. The noble stupidity deterred nobody from drinking. The speakeasy era was a profound adventure in humanity, and humanity's profound to insult its stomach. In conversational fuel alone, Prohibition was worth while.

They had a Wall Street crash. Some few speculators did back-spans out of windows. Some larger pieces of the population went broke, while operating out of their league. Then we had a depression, in which a great many people were not rich. But we handled that one pretty well, too. I never saw anybody dead of starvation in the streets, and some of us learned the value of a job and of a dollar.

During the distraught '20s we had several golden ages—of sport, of the airplane, of whoopee, of splendiferous foolishness. The '20s bred Texas Guinan, the formalized gangster, Damon Runyon, Babe Ruth, talking pictures, radio, and all the so-called "important" writing talents. The

'20s presaged a primmer period, the earlier '30s, which dealt us all lessons in restraint. The later '30s, then led by the nose by optimistic politicians, reversed the lesson.

None of it was awfully rough, in the mass, as you look back on it. It was certainly no title so tough as the young man of the moment is beset by time and progress.

The gin-soaked maanderings of the '20s' lost generation seems a sight silly when compared to the lot of the lad and lassie who were born in a war, were children in a depression, and who have been confronted by two major wars, inflation and the A-and-H-bomb in a few short years.

We deal today with a 50-cent-dollar. We truckle to taxes that would stun a bull mastodon. Apt leadership to recent date has been practically nil. While recovering from a depression, we fell flat into a big war. While recovering from that war, we fell flat into more taxes and another war so vast of concept that when a streak of lightning dyes the sky, citizens wonder whether they have finally dropped the big quietus on us.

Our goal used to be riches; unless a man, today, is crooked or in the oil business, no amount of achievement is worth the effort. You can't keep it, Mac.

The dollar dwindles, daily. Security is nil. Annuitants dubious. A man I know who just made vice president of a big company heads back to being an infantry captain. People who love children ain't having any. Figure they got no future. All the wonders of the modern time, such as color TV, are now being subordinated to the urgency of staying alive.

Yet our group doesn't seem to whine nearly so loud as I remember the moans of the old "lost generation." Toil, toil and trouble, I do believe we have more dignity, more courage, and less of what the prizefight people used to call ki-yi. That means dog, or yellow or whine, or lack of guts.

On The Soap Box by Bob Selig

Gentlemen. Sex appeal in a woman is not enough. You must pay attention to some other things.

One of the saddest stories I have ever heard was told to me by a friend of mine named Alvin, who lived up north in the big city.

"When I was a young man, and I was young once," said Alvin, pointing to the bald spot on the top of his head, "I went crazy over a certain woman. I always saw her on my way to work. I would see her standing on the corner waiting for a bus. Every morning at exactly the same time and exactly the same place and in exactly the same way.

"She had long, gold hair with that scrubbed clean look, and it fell across her shoulders in a smooth cascade. She had the most delicate features and the reddest lips that I have ever seen, and pure white teeth which she kept on flashing. Her figure was something that I cannot describe. It was small and round and firm all at the same time and made most of those movie actresses look like the washerwoman from next door."

My friend shook his head. "I fell in love with her, of course.

"Well now, I was always a painfully shy young man. I kept thinking and thinking God knows what thoughts, but I never did anything. I was timid. I was scared."

My friend grinned.

"I began to lose my appetite, and I began to look forward to seeing this young girl as the high point of my day. I never did anything but look, you understand. But even just that was quite a pleasure with this woman."

Alvin frowned. "Finally, I decided to speak to her. I got up very early in the morning, took a bath, shaved carefully combed and brushed my hair to perfection; slipped on a little cologne; and put on the best, newest, and cleanest clothes that I owned. I really slicked up good."

Alvin scratched his ear and winked at me from under his deeply furrowed brow.

"She was standing on the corner, as usual, when I got there. A bus came roaring by and failed to stop. I saw my chance. I cleared my throat several times and then spoke. 'Those bus drivers are not very polite, are they, Ma'm?'"

My friend paused. "What did she say?" I asked impatiently.

"She turned to me," said Alvin, "and gave me a cowlie stare. She breathed at me, and her voice smelled of many things. Of beer, garlic, onions, cabbage, and raw fish. Then she opened her beautiful lips and spoke. Her voice sounded something like a belch.

"She said, 'Got you vant, boy?'"

"I turned on my heel and hurried away. I didn't want anything."

The Editor's Mailbox

Questions Flag Finance

Editor: In Wednesday's editorial you stated that the emblem of our nation should be displayed as a reminder of our heritage and duty—in this I agree. You also stated that the lack of a proper place to fly the flag had often embarrassed the administration. However, the administration of this University should be even more embarrassed now after its recent statement that the flag would only be flown on special occasions due to the cost involved.

We read of an eight million dollar budget for the University for the next two years—we read of the new construction program currently costing eighteen millions. Surely from these vast sums a few hundred dollars could be set aside to be used for flags for the campus.

Many elementary schools and small businesses throughout the nation fly the flag every day—certainly a wealthy state supported university could do the same. If not, then perhaps some modern day Betsy Ross will help out in this great financial crisis.

Or else I would be glad to contribute to any fund which might be set up to purchase an Old Glory or two for UNC so that the "shiny addition" of which you speak can serve its useful purpose.

W. F. Loy

Now Hear This by Jack Lackey

According to last Tuesday's editorial in The Daily Tar Heel, the "purely political activity that has characterized much of our student government effort amounts to practically a crime." Now wait a minute, Mr. Editor, what's wrong with politics and student government being associated together? Isn't a political activity the essence of representative self government? Do you want all our elected officials to agree with everything each other proposes? Do you want them to forget the students who put them in office? The purpose of a minority party is to provide opposition to and constructive criticism of the party in control of the government. When they cease to do this you have an authoritarian government, which may be efficient but certainly won't be democratic.

What's the matter with the word "politics" these days? The poor beat up little thing has become one of our major smear words. Whenever it's used there seems to be at least a dirty, a stinking, a lousy, or a something even worse coupled before it. It is not that kind of a word. What is happening to it should not be happening to it. It is a very good little word. We need it. We need it so badly that we should be a lot nicer to it.

What is the word "politics," anyway? The newest version of the American College Dictionary says that it comes from *politikos*, which means characterized by policy; sagacious or prudent. "Rogert's Thesaurus" puts our most abused word between "diplomacy" and "Machiavellism" which is better company than we now seem to associate it with.

Politics is what happens when self government is operating, Mr. Editor. The day we don't have politics in student government is the day we will no longer have student government. Politics is an honorable word. Politics is an honorable activity. If students are interested in their campus government enough to disagree with each other it would not seem wise to discourage it. Where is there unanimity and harmony in government today? Russia has achieved this delightful state. So has Argentina and Spain. Are these the models that we should emulate here at school?

There is a great shortage of interested student government workers. This unfortunate situation has been with us for years. Is it wise, though, to advocate the elimination of politics so as to conserve the talents of those who are interested? It would seem a better course to encourage students to increase their participation in student government. Editorials which condemn politics, which is the participation in representative government, would seem only to discourage further interest in the matter.

Many years ago it was a tradition that a Southern gentleman either stayed home and ran his plantation or else he entered politics. If he chose the latter course nobody thought that he was engaging in a particularly dirty business. There was considerable dirt back on the plantation, of course, but that was pay dirt. Politics was a public service, an honor, and a duty. Something has happened to that idea. Something has happened to politics and government too. Perhaps if we could resurrect the idea that political activity is honorable, constructive, and downright necessary, then we could also bring back a better state of government. This not only applies to the great unknown beyond the boundaries of Chapel Hill but also right here in our student government.

Most of us profess a great belief in democracy. We are busy trying to convince the whole world that our system is "it." Why then must we condemn those poor souls that participate in operating our ideal state? If you don't like the politicians or what they are doing, then get out and do something about it. Don't go around damning politics. It is a good word.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Enemy
8. Attack
12. Public notices
13. Giva out
14. Medieval story of an Icelandic hero
15. Degeneration
18. Mental picture
19. Take
20. Heavenly body
21. Pillar supporting a lintel
22. City in Algeria
24. County in Wisconsin
25. Type squares
28. Coarse fabric

DOWN
29. Dries up
30. Fortune
31. Malt beverage
32. Amidst
33. Persian fairy
34. Shut noisily
35. Greek poet
36. Mollusk
39. Under surface of the foot
40. Restored to normal condition
41. Press
42. Axes
43. Sailer
44. Prepare fish for eating
47. Arrow
49. Pilsen

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Calculate
2. Fashion
3. Poem
4. Flat cap
5. Genus typical of Amidas
6. Capital of Brazil
7. Filtered
8. Garden flower
9. Located
10. Keved up with
11. Menthally sound
12. First garden
13. Flowers
14. Profoundly
15. Spoken
16. Jewish holiday
17. which can be separated into sub
18. Greater amount
19. Atriate
20. Drawing room
21. Outdoor camp
22. Required
23. rock
24. Halsey
25. Bore's bed
26. Valorous
27. person
28. Image or representation
29. Presently
30. Man's name
31. Coyote
32. Arid

Tuition And Sacrifices

It is generally agreed that the conservative money-spenders are in control, and probably in the majority, of the North Carolina General Assembly. So far, the election of conservative Frank Taylor as Speaker of the House, and the appointments he has made to the appropriations and finance committees, seem to indicate that is going to be hard to get any even half-way extravagant measures through the Tar Heel legislative body.

And all this means that University students had better be on their toes about the General Assembly. That is, if they do not want to wake up one morning and find their tuition rates upped.

With the federal government increasing taxes to meet the tremendous cost of the national emergency, it is going to be well-nigh impossible to get the state solons to raise their revenue sights. Added to that is the fact that costs of all kinds are on the upgrade. Together these two situations mean that things are going to be tight all around the state service circuit.

And with the money available, there are quite a few jobs that the state has pledged to do. Some of these jobs are bigger in the minds of the state's leaders than is the tuition rate at the University. Some of them may in the long run be of greater service to the people and of greater worth to the welfare of the state than will be the effect of a low tuition rate. Such jobs as improving health, increasing the state's productive power, and providing adequate secondary education are those that rank right along with proper educational opportunity on the collegiate level.

However, there has been a pledge of a sort made to the University in regard to tuition rates. The raising of rates at the 1949 General Assembly was based on the fact that such a raise would "bring the rate into line with what a state-owned institution could properly ask from those desiring its services." The measure that upped tuition rates was passed only after those who asked for the raise assured everyone concerned that there would be no more in the future.

We think that the present tuition rate is the maximum that could be asked by a state-owned institution of higher learning. A higher rate would mean sacrificing our ideal of collegiate educational opportunity to the other jobs, which, while they are just as important to the state's welfare, should not be favored by sacrificing in another equally important field.

It is the job of the student body to protect their right to an equitable educational opportunity. The General Assembly and the state administration should be made to realize the worth and necessity for such an opportunity.

Dimes For Research

We had a lot of infantile paralysis in this nation last summer. Too much of it. Even one case of polio is too much. Just one kid, robbed of his God-given right to run and walk, and have fun, and grow up in health, is one youngster too many to have polio.

But let us face it, and realize that last year was the second worst in the recorded history of the disease in the United States.

At the same time, let's ponder the following and hopeful fact: research into infantile paralysis never has presented a brighter front than it does today.

We can thank the March of Dimes for a great deal of our reasons for optimism.

During the past 13 years, scientific investigators have come a long way since Dr. Underwood, an English physician, noted polio's peculiar symptoms back in the 18th Century.

Scientists now know what causes polio: a group of viruses. They didn't know that too many years ago. They now know how to grow the virus in test tubes—a truly important step in the research for a vaccine, drug or serum to control the disease. That was achieved only two years ago. Scientists have also reduced tremendously the high fatality rate in bulbar polio, most serious form of the disease. This alone is a notable blessing.

Yes, we have had a rough polio year. A lot of kids and grown-ups came down with infantile paralysis. But we can take heart in the knowledge that research is advancing. Someday, you can bet your last dollar that superimposed over the word "polio" will be the word "conquered." The nine million dollars authorized so far by the March of Dimes organization for virus research will have a lot to do with the final victory. It's worth bearing in mind when you make your contribution to the 1951 March of Dimes.