

# The Daily Tar Heel

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**For This Issue:** Night Editor, Don Maynard — Sports, Zane Robbins

## on the Carolina FRONT by Chuck Hauser

I've got no particular gripe about the Dance Committee or the job it is doing. I just don't like the way it is doing it. We need such an organization to keep conduct at our dances on a gentlemanly plane. I've seen too many schools where a campus dance seems like more of a conglomeration of tuxedoed drunks than a bunch of college kids having fun.

I don't want our dances to be that way, and the Dance Committee has done an admirable job of keeping the drunks out of dances here. I would guess right offhand that a majority of the students attending most big dances here have had a snifter or two before they get there.

But the presence of Dance Committee members does a double job of keeping the drinkers from imbibing too much before they go to a dance and assuring that they don't show the effects of their socializing when they get there.

The procedures of the Dance Committee, however, are strictly rotten. The group has been in a rut for at least five years, sentencing students without giving them trials unless they ask for them (and they can't ask for trials until they have already been informed of their guilt and punishment).

Every year, when the new Dance Committee comes in, the chairman of the court (almost always a holdover member), faculty adviser Marvin Allen, and Ray Jefferies of the Dean of Students office explain the procedures to the new members, and the Committee starts the year by doing exactly the same thing that every Committee before it has done.

I'm a little afraid that the public hearing on the Dance Committee scheduled for Graham Memorial at 3 o'clock this afternoon will hear more complaints about specific actions of the group than about its procedure, which is more important.

But some attention should certainly be paid to specific issues, such as:

1. Who selects men to get the cash rake-off for serving as "doormen" during campus dances?
2. Why aren't the doormen hired through the Student Aid Office in South Building, so the jobs would go to students who need the money to put themselves through school?
3. Has the sale of the Woollen Gym soft drink concession by the person granted the franchise ever been authorized, and if so, by whom?
4. Again, why is this job not filled through the Student Aid Office, subject to the approval of Woollen Gym officials?

I will be watching that hearing this afternoon with a great deal of interest, and I would like to see a great many other people there, too. This is something which should be of interest to a large number of students.

My heartiest congratulations to Vice-President Herb Mitchell, who appointed the investigating committee. Herb saw a bad situation and is taking steps to correct it.

The Dance Committee situation, however, is not the only bad one on campus at present. I'm looking forward to more investigations and/or some introspection and self-induced changes in a few other organizations around Carolina.

## Why Dance Investigation?

This afternoon a committee of the Student Legislature will conduct an open meeting into "the procedures and past actions" of the University Dance Committee. It should be the duty of every student to raise questions in his own mind about the Committee, and, if an unanswered perplexity arises, seek to find out about it by participating in the hearing.

To clarify the reasons behind the Legislature investigation, and to throw a little light on the "procedures and actions" of the dance control body, it is necessary to know a little past history, and to read the Student Constitution.

The Dance Committee is made up of representatives from several student government and private organizations, including the Grail, the German Club and the professional schools, members appointed by the president of the student body, some holdover members, and a faculty adviser.

Its job is to "make rules concerning the conduct at dances, subject to review by the Student Legislature, and it shall enforce these rules." Furthermore, it has original judicial jurisdiction in cases arising from these rules. Those beyond its jurisdiction are referred to the appropriate council.

The Dance Committee assigns members and employees to all dances employing "live" music given by bona fide University organizations (Grail, German Club, fraternities). These employees and members have the power to remove from dances any persons who violate dance regulations. Drinking, causing undue disturbances, and unjustified non-raising are against committee rules. Besides expelling violators from the dances, the committee has the power to prohibit violators from attending any dances under the jurisdiction of the Dance Committee for certain periods of time.

The most dramatic incident relating to the committee was one that came to light in a column last week by Chuck Hauser, Executive News Editor of The Daily Tar Heel.

The student described by Hauser, evicted from a dance by the Dance Committee, had received notice by mail that he had been suspended from attendance at all dances under jurisdiction for the rest of the quarter. He had not been called for trial or hearing before the committee. He had privately admitted his violation.

There are several other facets of the Dance Committee character that have been questioned by students. One is the question of pay received by committee members and employees for their policing chores. Another is the question of just how many committee members are needed, at the present nightly rate of \$5 per member to police dances. Still another is the question of how far does the jurisdiction of the committee go, and to what extent is justice being rendered by the committee in its decisions.

All these questions will come up in the investigation being conducted by the Student Legislature. There are perfectly satisfactory answers to some of them. Others need answering. There are undoubtedly some procedures, practices and customs that should be revised. There are some past actions that could stand looking into. Students should be on their toes to keep up with the investigation of the committee. The Daily Tar Heel editorial column will have more to say on the problems and finding of the investigation.

## Topflight Speaker List

The speakers scheduled to appear here under the auspices of the Carolina Forum are men whose views, experiences, and present duties will make their talks doubly interesting in view of the present world and national situation.

General Clark, Senators Kefauver and Saltonstall, and radio commentator Edward R. Murrow are all well-versed in their fields, and all have had ample experience in their profession. And even more important, these men are all recognized as leaders or as future leaders of important segments and aspects of the nation. Clark, one of the youngest of high-ranking Army personnel, is slated for even higher position as our armed forces expand. Kefauver and Saltonstall are both on the rise in prestige and influence in their respective political parties, and in the service of their nation. Murrow is one of the most objective, learned, and astute journalists of today, and his pioneering of radio journalism promises a bright and useful future.

The forum speaker list is an imposing and interesting one. Students should take advantage of the excellent opportunity to gain insight and knowledge of the nation and the world's problems.

## On Campus

The president of the Consolidated University, Gordon Gray, has quite a stake in the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., makers of Camels, in case you didn't know.

And the news has just rolled in off the wires that Camels outsold every other cigarette on the market in 1950. (They're also a good advertiser in these pages).

Following the humpback ciggies were Luckies, Chesterfields and Philip Morris, in that order.

Pardon us while we run out to bum a weed . . .

## "Where Were You Guys When We Were Winning?"



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

I bade a tearful farewell to the nickel, to other day, when the cost of the common phone call soared to a dime, and so bemoan the passing of the work horse of our coinage, the simple jit.

For years the little round hole on the right, in the public telephone, has been an arsenal of yesterday's values and source of considerable comfort to people who do not understand Bretton Woods, parity, or the Brannan plan. You were secure, at least, in the knowledge that they hadn't yet been able to inflate a phone call.

The childhood of my generation was founded firmly on the nickel, with its cute little components, the five firm copper cents. You could be sick for a week on the licorice whips, striped jawbreakers, Johnny cakes and all-day suckers to be had at the corner grocery for five cents.

The price at the Friday movie, when Ben Turpin or Tom Mix or Mabel Normand were providing simple pantomime, was ten cents, or two nickels. The wonderfully gaseous assault by the foot-tall soft drink cost only a nickel. Except on special occasions when you hit up the old folks for a quick touch, you started at a dime, and gladly for a nickel, and were not too vain to accept a single cent.

If you went back far enough, the red-fronted stores which proclaimed their five-and-ten-cent wares, actually had a multitude of delectable merchandise for those sums. The nickel cuppa-caffe was standard, as was the nickel hot dog, the nickel bus fare, and the nickel sandwich. I recall a nickel milkshake, too, in lieu of its lordly successor which now approaches Scotch whisky in terms of barter.

If there is sufficient gray in your whiskers, you remember when a nickel got you a nod of thanks from a waitress and served acceptably as a tip to a cabdriver. It did not own the dime's dignity, true, but many a bellhop palmed five cents from a professional baseball player and

said thanks, even if he didn't mean it. A quarter was riches to a youngster. Today I still get a thrill out of a round, solid 50-cent piece that I have not recently been able to extract from the dwelling of a denatured dollar in my jeans. Hard money has ever been a comforting presence in the pants.

In not-so-recent years, it is possible to recall that the sandwich-and-lemonade man made the rounds of the campus each night, accepting a jit for each of his wares with pleasing humility and the certainty of a profit. Fifty cents bought a pint of nourishing, home-cooked corn whisky, which provided the same effect of yearling Scotch at 90 cents an ounce.

If you had 20 nickels you had a full day's sustenance, a pack of cigarettes, and transportation two ways, with a gob of gum thrown in for baksheesh. The 20-cent haircut was no stranger in a good barbershop, and the shoeshine cost five single pennies. I believe the going price for a swift neck trim today is either a buck or a buck-and-a-quarter, while the shine boy spits in your eye for less than two bits.

A little less than 10 years ago, on an extremely modest salary, I was the proud proprietor of a seven-room-brick home, one servant, one car, one wife, and 13 bird dogs. The summation today is the same, except that I-somewhere lost the house and 14 of the 13 dogs. This does not seem to be financial progress.

But all told you might have gone along with the 50-cent decrease in buying power of your bedraggled buck if they had left us at least one symbol of old times, the five-cent phone call. If the nickel dies, as die it has, the dime's death is just around the corner, and day after tomorrow I suppose we will uncheerfully get up two bits for three minutes of small talk on Mr. Bell's modern miracle.

## Now Hear This by Jack Lackey

There have been a lot of changes in our Student Council set-up proposed recently. Most of them have been based on the uncertain future of campus life and are supposed to strengthen the Honor System so that it can survive the rocky days ahead. This interest and concern is a very healthy sign. The suggestions, however, have not been characterized by much deep thought.

The old cry "abolish the appeal" has been heard again. Some student leaders have been trying to change the two-court appeal system ever since it was adopted nearly five years ago. How they can oppose a device which helps insure an accused student of a fair deal is hard to understand. They want to return to a set-up which was proved unsatisfactory when it was in effect before.

The most recent exposition of this idea contained a statement that when the student constitution was originally proposed in the convention of 1946 there was no reference to the right of appeal and that somebody "slipped in the appeal." This is not true. Dissatisfaction with the old council system was one of the primary reasons for the Constitution in the first place. From the first draft the two-court appeal system was in it. In fact the appeal was accepted as being

desirable from the start of discussions in the committee which drew up the Constitution. There was good reason to be unhappy about the old system. In those days a student could be accused, tried, convicted, and riding the bus home in the course of one evening. There were rumors that occasionally students had been framed. Justice was so rapid then that it was hard to believe that it was entirely fair.

It is difficult to see how the appeal, which is designed to help insure justice, can possibly be a cause of anyone becoming disillusioned about the Honor System. There is no justification for any public bickering between the lower councils and the Student Council. The judgment of the Student Council is the final authority as far as student court cases are concerned. If the Men's or Women's Council members' feelings are hurt that's regrettable. If they make a mistake that can't be reviewed and corrected, that's deplorable.

It is not the purpose of this article to imply that there is nothing wrong with the Honor System. There are many faults in the way it is operating today. Most of the troubles come from the lack of emphasis on "honor" and not from deficiencies in the "system." Let's keep our right of appeal. Someday you or I may need it.

## The Editor's Mailbox

### 'Give Us More Of Barry Farber'

**Editor:**  
Give us more of Barry Farber!  
Budget cutting and fewer issues of The Daily Tar Heel would go unnoticed with this fellow around. He can say more in two paragraphs than anyone on your paper.  
Why? Because he combines:  
Maturity.  
Timeliness.  
Humor.  
Individuality.  
Impartiality and a host of other qualities needed by a newspaper man.  
Let's hope it does not take too long to hear from him again!  
Louise Lamont

### We Had A Letter, But . . .

**Dear Editor:**  
I don't write this letter because I have to. See? But I was a proofreader last night for The Daily Tar Heel and I looked on the editorial page and there's four big inches of nothin'. Pure snow-white blank space. So, I write a letter to the editor, like everybody else.  
We had a letter once, but the author called us up and claimed he was out of his head when he wrote it, so . . .  
I ain't gonna write about the Dance Committee, because I don't dance . . . and I ain't gonna write about what's wrong with the Honor System. Proofreaders have no honor. I don't give a darn about Student Aid, the Draft, Commies on Campus, Coeds With or Without, and Mattoon, Illinois, Sex Clubs. Maybe I just want to see my name in print once before I graduate from this joint.  
Excuse me, but a guy who reads everything that The Daily Tar Heel prints gets an urge to write once in a while. Once in a long while, thank goodness.  
Al Perry

## Rolling Stones by Don Maynard

This is the story of a car. It's the meanest, most ornery, most ingratiating vehicle Mr. Henry Ford ever devised. But I love the jalopy.

You've probably seen the thing roaring through the streets of Chapel Hill at a nasty 20 mph. It's a green coupe with dirt all over it and four new tires. It was born in 1935, had its insides reworked and a new heart of steel installed in 1937.

My car is 16 years old, looks 32, tries to run like it's a newborn babe, but all it does is grind around like an oldtimer who has been on social security for 10 years.

I have had it for a year and a half, and have loved every moment of my association with it. In those 18 months I have come to know it intimately, inside and out. How else could I have kept it running this long?

Our friendship has run hot and cold, depending on whether it was winter or summer. The heater doesn't work in the winter, but the engine certainly does the job in July. So you see, it's a very versatile auto. It operates with car temperatures which range from 120 to close to zero.

I last became very, very mad with my car this past summer when the needle valve on the carburetor gave up the ghost and stalled the engine right in the middle of Fayetteville Street in Raleigh. But, like L'il Abner's French taxi driver, I gave the valve a rap with a hammer, and it ran long enough for an emergency operation at a nearby garage.

My car and I came to be good friends in the months that followed. Rain or shine, hot or cold, it always started, always stopped when I desired to, always carried me wherever I aimed it. Until Saturday night, we were good friends.

I pointed its nose toward Durham about 5 o'clock that afternoon, with two of my lady friends and myself tucked inside its two-passenger cabin. Upon arrival at "five points," it very neatly stalled in the middle of the intersection. Fortunately I had company aboard, and the three of us pushed it to the curb, where I fixed it. That is, I tapped the needle valve (that old trouble) with my hammer.

And it started up again. So, we three rode to the Waffle Shop, parked the car and went in the eatery for a snack. The car was left outside to wait.

Headed to Chapel Hill back from Durham, and with the trouble "fixed," it only stalled in the middle of the highway four times. Fortunately some considerate motorists happened along each time and pushed us until my Ford's engine coughed back to life.

The last time it conked out, however, no amount of pushing would start it. Happily, a tiny two-pump service station fully equipped with a V-8 mechanic and Ford parts was right on hand.

It took the mechanic two hours to take out the entire fuel pump, carburetor and affiliated parts, install a new pump and get my little car running and healthy again.

So now I have a dependable car once again, and we are on the best of terms. But does any one want one slightly used, somewhat worn out fuel pump. It's for sale, cheap . . .

### Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**

1. Small bed
4. Former coin unit of Spain
9. Vegetable
12. Keel-billed cuckoo
13. Worship
14. Strange
15. Fragrance
17. Crimson
18. Surfaces
19. Rodent
21. Buddhist dialect
23. Kinsman
25. Bristlelike organ
28. Half an em
29. Exile
31. English river
32. Is not
34. Decomposes
35. High mountain
39. Beetle
40. Man's nickname
41. Again; prefix
42. Incline
44. Oscillate
46. Hop kilt
48. Propel a boat
50. Domesticated
52. Very much; prefix
54. Hostility
55. Geological period of time
59. Chambers
60. Female deer
61. Limb
62. Vessels for heating liquids
63. The bitter yetch

**DOWN**

1. Vehicle
2. Single unit
4. Story
5. Partial images
6. Kindness
7. Segment of a circle
8. Look askance
9. Prohibiting
10. Belatedly
11. Communism
16. South African antelope
20. Lobe
21. Pertaining to the tides
22. Old-womanish
24. Beseech
26. Rattle
27. Any item of value owned
30. Terminal
32. Age
33. Showing mercy
36. Part of the foot
37. Wood of an East Indian tree
45. Negative
46. Greek letter
47. Astart
49. Goods
51. Lichens
52. Elongated fish
55. Fish eggs
56. Negative adverb
58. Crazy hill
59. Affirmative