

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## on the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

Since I have used this column space more than once to criticize the actions of Ben James, chairman of the Student Audit Board, I feel that it is only fair to let Ben use the same space for a rebuttal.

It's all your, Ben.  
Editor: If Chuck Hauser is using his "Front" column to carry on a little one-sided feud with me, I want no part of it; The Daily Tar Heel is not for that purpose. If, however, he must continue to distort facts and cast conjecture at everyone as to political motive in everything they do, whether it be drinking beer or making audit reports, there must be some sort of explanation for those few who still have any of that bewildering respect for Hauser and his rather small column.

As for the audit report that was given to the Student Legislature on Jan. 25; If Hauser had been present he would have heard me state that the dated report (it had been given to the Legislature last November) was important now only in form and not necessarily in content—that it was purely to familiarize the new representatives with a budgetary outline. If Hauser were as familiar with the Student Constitution as he professes to be, he would know that the Audit Board is required by law to make at least two published reports to the Legislature annually.

If Hauser were at all familiar with the less sensational workings of the Legislature, he would know that it was not the Audit Board but the Legislature (to whom his column in letter form was written) that voted to "waste student money" in printing this constitutionally required money. Incidentally, I cannot understand why Hauser waited until almost spring to comment on something done last fall.

I challenge Hauser to point out to me any "mistakes (outside those typographical), distortions, misrepresentations and hogwash" in the report. Hauser is too often making broad and unqualified statements that sound loud but mean absolutely nothing. There were, indeed, some distortions in the budgetary report, necessarily so, but they were quite clearly explained in the final analysis of the exposition.

The \$5,000 operating surplus that Hauser harped on—that he claimed was so necessary in the budget last spring—I still maintain would have done us no good this fall with the sudden decrease in income. Such a surplus in the original budget would be completely used up one way or another by now, and we still would have had to recut the budget and allocate another surplus item. Such a large surplus is necessary, however, only when times are uncertain to the extent that we must sequester our appropriations to cover one contract, then another.

The arrogant Hauser goes on to say that we misrepresented facts concerning the wire services used here. First, let me say that the four-page Daily Tar Heel probably could compete with the Greensboro Daily News with its mass of wire facinories. After personally investigating the matter with people in the School of Journalism and others I found last quarter that (1) The Journalism School wire can be used for publication a day late at extra cost—needless to say much of The Daily Tar Heel wire news is at least a day late in publication, as compared with bigger papers; (2) The Western Union wire in Jake Wade's office could receive much of the sports necessary for The Daily Tar Heel from anywhere in the country at any time. (The local office is closed by 10:00 each night.) This would be somewhat cheaper than the half-hour long telephone calls that are sometimes necessary in telephoning in sports stories; (3) We of the Student Audit Board are aware that one of The Daily Tar Heel wire contracts has been cancelled and that the other two-year-notice will probably have to be broken. Only in the interest of the newspaper did we warn The Daily Tar Heel of this in our report and then offer them a possible alternative. Sorry if we offend—(See FRONT, page 4)

## "Maybe I Was Better Off When I Wasn't Invited"



## Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

We are celebrating a sad sight in New York this week, as Mr. Lawrence Newman, an ancient, renegade bachelor takes unto his spavined bosom a bride. He is not only committing matrimony at an ungodly hour of the morning, but is requiring his best friends to rent stripe pants in order to officiate at the sacrificial rites. This comes high.

It is certainly no reflection on the charm or beauty of the bride, a Miss Mary Frances Falvey, that Mr. Newman's late blooming betrayal of his guild is regarded with a note of wistfulness by his friends. It is just that Mr. Newman had come to be regarded as a solid symbol of incorruptible bachelorhood, together with his friend, Mr. Frank Conniff who has fled back to the wars in Korea rather than witness his buddy's drop from grace.

You must understand what supposedly permanent bachelors mean to their brethren, bowed beneath the velvet yoke for many's the dreary year. When things got tough in the house, and mamas began to fling weight and weapons about, the likes of Harry were a refuge. We of the hard-earned-shoulders could go and press our sad, tear-stained little faces against the stony facade of Frank and Larry. We could reflect that here, at least, was a pair that would never know the sweet and bitter pangs of mutual blessedness, enforced with the lash of legality. It was vicarious living of a high order for the love slaves who

turned over the pay check intact. The presence of a bachelor in a community is a wonderful thing, indeed, in that no hostess need fret about the extra hand at dinner, and all wives feel free to commiserate about the dreadfully unhappy life the poor bum is living, all by his lonesome in a hotel, being forced to eat awful restaurant food night after night—plus, of course, the sadness of living without a woman to guide him.

The husbands, too, ringed around with the boon of matrimony, subject to bills, in-laws and the patter of tiny feet, also maintain a spurious superiority to the bachelor, founded strictly on jealousy. Men want company in misery, like drowners, and it is an awful thing to watch the way they will gang up on a bachelor, while secretly hating themselves for what they are doing to the poor soul.

This long-sought prize is the only male I know who is getting a shower, there being a broad conspiracy in the city to make him rich as a recompense for lost freedom.

The rites come off Saturday, and the man is much too far gone to bolt the barrier and flee to Singapore. He will doubtless be disgustingly happy, and will become a cringing serf like the rest of us. But it is possible to mourn the passing of an institution, and if Newman treads the hallowed aisle, the atom bomb cannot be far behind. Ave atque vale!

## On The Soap Box

by Bob Selig

An epidemic has broken out. An epidemic of indignant letters condemning the columnists of The Daily Tar Heel, myself in particular, and American columnists in general. I am in basic disagreement with these letters and with the attitude they represent.

The letter writers complain of contaminated and offensive ideas. What they meant was that they disagreed. Apparently, these people are adherents to the "Snow White" school of journalism and to its subdivisions: the "Wahoo," "Twaddle," and "Flim Flam" schools of journalistic writing. Let us examine them one by one.

"Snow White" journalism is best illustrated in the fairy tale, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The queen had a magic mirror. Every morning she would get up, go to the mirror, and have it tell her how wonderful she was. One day, when the mirror said that she was no longer the most beautiful of all, the Queen smashed it to the ground. She hadn't heard what she wanted to hear, and she couldn't stand to be insulted, not even by the truth. Too many American columnists submit to this attitude and make a profession out of telling their readers what they want to hear.

"Wahoo" journalism is the natural outgrowth of the "Snow White" school. It is merely a matter of exaggerating things by saying them at the top of your lungs. Say what the public wants to hear, only say it more vehemently than it expects. This will make your column seem strange and new to your readers, and yet the ideas will be just what they want to read.

The "Twaddle" school of journalism makes fun of itself and takes nothing seriously. It of-

fends nobody, because it says nothing. A writer of this type would write a column called "Random Rambles Through The Arboretum," which would contain nothing but jokes and anecdotes. Such a columnist is thought a very pleasant fellow and is loved by men, women, children, and dogs alike.

"Flim Flam" journalism is very influential in this country. It involves the constant repetition of the expression, "on the other hand." It involves the statement that "such and such may be so, but, on the other hand, maybe it isn't, and then again it could be half so and half not so." No concrete conclusion is ever reached. It is, perhaps, the greatest danger, because it has justification when not carried to an extreme.

I believe that a column should express an opinion, a personal one. I believe that no one column can express the truth. That the writer should rather strive for an entertaining, lucid, and vigorous expression of his own opinions. It is only in the sum total of all that is written in all newspapers that the truth can even be approached.

I agree that American journalism is becoming debased, but not in the way that the letter writers imagine. Writers are becoming afraid. They dare not speak their own opinions. Certain topics are becoming too sacred. The best credo that I know of for a newspaper columnist to follow was stated almost one hundred and fifty years ago. It was stated by a man named Thomas Jefferson:

"I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

## The Editor's Mailbox

'You Can't Please All The People'

Editor: Things have come to a pretty sorry pass on this campus and in this country when freedom of the press and speech are threatened with the gag of physical violence. The whole nation was appalled when our President stooped to such petty behavior as name calling and threatening to punish a music critic in the near for daring to write an unflattering criticism.

Now we are faced with the same sort of thing on the UNC campus. First on the firing line was Harry Snooks, then Chuck Hauser, and now it's Bob Selig. Let me repeat what a famous American once said: "I may not always agree with what these gentlemen have to say, but I will always respect their right to say it."

It seems a veritable paradox that the ROTC boys can claim such 100 per cent loyalty and patriotism on the one hand and then seek to destroy, the very right for which their brothers are dying in Korea right now. Is it possible that these boys don't know what they're fighting for—and they, themselves, may soon be dying for?

One letter writer even had the temerity to say he was sorry that the good old days are gone when journalists were proud to answer personally for their diatribes. The good old days when fearless editors were beaten to death and their offices sacked and burned by mob violence. Westbrook Pegler and Drew Pearson, among others, would have been beaten into insignificant silence long ago were this the rule.

What must the columnist do—wait until everyone comes to his opinion and agrees with him? You can't please all the people all the time—there's always somebody on the other side of the fence, even though the majority of the time it's a minority of the people. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not blaming the ROTC boys or the USC students or anyone else for justifying themselves, or defending themselves against an opinion contrary to their own.

But what earthly good do they think physical violence will do? Will beating up a columnist right a wrong, or prove their point? No! The only thing it really proves is that either they haven't the ability to defend themselves in a civilized manner—or they haven't the sense. Dogs settle their differences by fighting—that's one reason why they are dogs. At least we human beings have a choice, even though some people never realize it.

Anytime a column appears and it has a byline under it, it means: "This is my opinion, take it for what it's worth." Are we now to allow no one to speak his mind because it might displease someone, because it might make someone think for a change? If the time has come when a man is afraid to stand up and express his opinion because of the dread of mob violence, then we have indeed taken the first step toward Fascism.

As long as the Bob Seligs and Chuck Hausers and Harry Snooks are around to express their honest criticisms free from fear and as long as some of their readers disagree with them on an intelligent basis, then you can be pretty sure we've a healthy democracy. Freedom of press and freedom of speech are the most dreaded enemies of Fascism and Communism—those who would deprive us of these freedoms are the more dreaded enemies of the people.

Andy Adams

## A Mother's Fear

Editor: Mr. P. L. Burch Victory Village Rental Office:

Along with other residents, I have joked about the inefficiency of the Victory Village maintenance department for three years. But two times in the past week I have had to use my emergency telephone to summon the Chapel Hill Fire Department because of potentially serious fires in identical units across the street. Both of these fires were caused by undetected leaks in kerosene lines leading to the space heaters. Because of these fires I have been inspecting my space heater frequently.

Last evening at 8 o'clock the floor under my space heater was dry. At midnight there was a pool of kerosene. So I turned off the heat and let my 10-week-old baby and small daughter shiver through one of the coldest nights of the winter while I lay sleepless haunted by the fear that some night the leak might begin after I had gone to sleep. Improper installation and lack of adequate maintenance have created such fire hazards.

While the distraught tenants feel that they must sleep in shifts if at all, the head maintenance man, instead of assuming his responsibility, feels that the two Polk Street fires, since they were not disastrous, should serve as an object lesson to the tenants.

My neighbors agree with me that if catastrophe is to be prevented, there must be adequate standards for installation and maintenance of space heaters under competent supervision. Events of the past week prove that immediate and frequent inspection of space heaters is essential.

Mrs. Lowell D. Ashby

## Tuition—Matter Of Principle

This matter of tuition raises has come to a point of principles and purpose.

We had always assumed that the purpose of the University of North Carolina was to "extend to the youth of North Carolina the benefits of its services, as far as is practical, free of tuition." That is what the constitution of the State has to say on the subject.

The University has repeatedly been called the "University of the people." That is what it was called the day it was opened. That is what it was called by its most recent president, Dr. Frank P. Graham. What they meant, it is generally agreed, is that the University is supposed to be part of a great state-owned educational service plant which is to make sure that another section of the constitution is carried out. That section asserts that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Now it is a fact that conditions have been modified quite a bit since the time the constitution was written. And it is so that there is a "as far as practical" clause in the constitution on the subject of University tuition rates. Undoubtedly, there are just and practical grounds which make some tuition charges necessary and proper. There is a reconciliation to be made between the services offered and the means of those who use the services.

But some of the facts being used to battle the proposed raise in Medical School tuition rates point up a situation that cannot be reconciled with the avowed purpose of the University.

These facts show that rates at this state-owned university are right up there with those of private institutions. In fact, most of our rates are competitive. And that goes for undergraduate rates as well as those of the medical services.

If we are going to compete, it would be well to sell the University to a private organization. Being a "university of the people" it is our purpose to provide education for the people. When the people are paying to provide a service that is not within reach of the people, it is government subsidization of a private, competitive organization. And such is not the purpose of the University.

It is unfortunate that the most recent tuition battle must be fought over rates for those in the medical profession—a profession whose income scale is perhaps so high that there is every justification in making its cost scale high. Conditions within the medical profession make this scale high, thus justifying the high costs. Other conditions within the profession have caused a terrific shortage of doctors in least desirable areas. This would justify to wretches. But the field of improving the medical profession's ills is something far too complex to take up here.

In the main, however, the point of just and equitable tuition costs has been reached, and probably passed, within the last few years. The competitive nature of the University's rates bear out this fact. It should be the duty of every student to make known this argument to those of the General Assembly and others concerned with tuition.

It is now time to evaluate principles and purposes and realize that this University has passed the practical tuition rate limits called for in the constitution.

## Hear Mark Clark!

A talk that University students can ill afford to miss is Army Ground Forces Chief Mark Clark's speech tonight in Memorial Hall.

Clark, one of the youngest high-ranking generals in the Army, is a speaker whose past experiences would make him an interesting person to hear. But it is in his present role as coordinator and boss of the ground units of the Army that he will undoubtedly make his greatest contribution to his country. Using his knowledge of his field, and his past experience, he will be as interesting a speaker as has appeared here lately.

The Carolina Forum has always had a knack of bringing up-to-date and highly interesting speakers to the campus. Clark, being as he is boss of one of the biggest military units in the world, will have a valuable, interesting talk to make. It will contain information that every college student and potential citizen should know.

Students should turn out in great numbers to hear tonight's address by General Mark Clark.

## Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS  
1. A formal agreement  
5. Japanese cash  
8. The crop of birds  
12. The Tent-maker  
13. Kind of vase  
14. River in Siberia  
15. Ocean  
17. Possesses  
18. Prevaricate  
19. King of jelly  
21. Back of the foot  
22. Scrambled dietarily  
23. Aced  
27. Lecky  
28. Gloomy  
29. Jumbled type  
30. A second  
31. Roman brogue

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	
						52			53	

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

- 1. Danish territory
- 2. Visited
- 3. Follow in a straight line
- 4. Meadow flowers
- 5. Arouse again
- 6. Not in
- 7. Contract a debt
- 8. Shining
- 9. Be the matter with
- 10. Girl's name
- 11. Rival
- 12. Symbol for lead
- 13. Military
- 14. Assistant
- 15. Indian
- 16. Omit
- 17. Turf
- 18. Peared
- 19. Lee
- 20. Shrub-like
- 21. East India
- 22. Showing over
- 23. Be the matter with
- 24. Part of the foot
- 25. Summer
- 26. The matrix
- 27. Watch dogs
- 28. Symbol for platinum
- 29. Head covering
- 30. Devoured
- 31. River in Scotland
- 32. The night
- 33. Change the color