

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

Remember my recent piece on the subject of educated dogs—the one in which I reported the testimony of several scientists who had examined a group of pooches in Germany and found they could add, subtract and even carry on a simple conversation via alphabet blocks?

Well, shortly after the column appeared, my office was bombarded with letters calling me a cocker-eyed liar, and insisting that no hound in the history of this billous green earth had ever done the things the professors attested to.

Okay. The objections are hereby acknowledged and duly noted. And now, with your permission, I would like to take up the question of talking horses.

In 1900, a Berlin misanthrope named Wilhelm von Osten decided he preferred the company of hayburners to that of humans, and so he moved to Elberfeld where he bought and proceeded to train a Russian stallion which he called Clever Hans.

By means of a numeral code system, he taught the animal to answer questions by tapping its hoof on a sounding board and, according to the record, in a matter of months it could "read, do arithmetic, and distinguish between dissonant and harmonious chords."

Shortly before von Osten died, he willed Clever Hans to a Herr Krall who added several other horses to the school, including Hanschen, a Shetland pony, Berto, a nearly-blind black stallion, and Muhamed, an Arabian colt which turned out to be the Quiz Kid of the class.

Two years later, we are asked to believe that the entire stable was adding, subtracting and multiplying, and Muhamed could even solve problems involving fractions, square roots and cub roots.

Naturally, the scientists in Berlin heard of these horse high-jinks, and a committee headed by a Professor Stumpf and a Dr. Pfungst (beautiful names, those) hotfooted it to Elberfeld and put horses and owner through their respective paces.

When satisfied that the educated equines could handle the simpler forms of mathematics, a Dr. Hartman of Cologne politely asked Muhamed for the cube roots of 13,824, 29,791 and 103,823. The Arabian, without batting tail or mane, tapped out the answers—21, 31 and 47, respectively. What, a Professor Sarasin of Bale then wanted to know, was the fifth root of 147,008,443? Muhamed gave a contemptuous snort, the meaning of which was plainly, "Ask me something hard," and gave him the answer. (Anyone with horse sense knows it's 43.)

What's that, dear reader? You say the professors were full of schnapps? Could very well be. But Maurice Maeterlinck, of "Bluebird" fame, was a temperate gent, and in a two-part article in the Metropolitan of May and June, 1914, he told of his experiences with the talking horses of Elberfeld. I quote: "They are not only first-class calculators, for whom the most repellent fractions and 'Pay-off' for Christopher.

Any playwright on the printed page is only half alive. He wrote to be played. He needs the instrument of the living actor and the receiving apparatus of the living audience. He counted on those things and his use of them is a part of his craftsmanship and his genius. We hope that later on we may bring you other great dramatists who are all too seldom seen in the form for which they wrote: Ibsen, whose astounding intensity and compression of power is almost totally disguised in the stuffy Victorian translation with which we are familiar; Chekhov, the tender and probing humanist of little things, of laughter and compassion; the glittering satirists of comedy, Sheridan or Moliere; the gigantic and irresistible George Bernard Shaw; perhaps the more recent dominant figures of our own American Theatre. In fact we shall again be guided by "popular demands." For us this is an adventure, we are pioneering; that too is a part of the American inheritance.

## New Quarters—Old Problems



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## Carolina Seen GM Color Story

By Bill Kellam

Those dour dignitaries gracing the walls of GM's main lounge are scowling more'n ever these days. Our worthy forefathers, who appear to have been the personifications of tradition and conservatism, are blinking in pained amazement. Never have they seen the likes of it! Any day, now, in self-protection, they'll be breaking out the dark glasses.

Why? Why just take a gander at the lounge's new furniture. No wonder the old boys' eyes are aching. The place looks like somebody got hold of Joseph's coat and used it to cover the torrid new chairs and couches now gracing the formerly sober confines of the lounge. Not that the furniture isn't nice and comfy.

But, wow, the place looks like the color spectrum. The furnishings look like an interior decorator's conception of the coming Congressional discord over lil ole Harry's Fair Deal Program. There hasn't been such an overwhelming jumble of colors in these parts since last fall's modern art exhibit in Person Hall. And pity our esthetic student interior decorators. They just can't stand, or sit, in the lounge any more. It's just (pained sigh) too much for one to bear.

The rainbow room has now incorporated about every imaginable, and some unimaginable, extreme of color and design into its ornate trappings. Tudor paneling and ceiling, 19th century chandeliers, and 20th century three-piece corner sets of table and adjacent chairs. Not to mention the motley-colored leather-covered overstuffed

square roots possess hardly any secrets, but they distinguish sounds, colors and scents, read the time on the face of a watch, and recognize certain geometrical figures, likenesses and photographs.

The playwright went on to say that he came away from Elberfeld, "magnificently dumbfounded at the facility, the quickness, and the almost joyous carelessness with which the horses gave the answer."

What ever became of these nimble-noddled nags? I have no way of knowing. A few weeks after Maeterlinck's articles appeared, World War I began, and for all I know they may have concluded that humans were no longer worth talking to.

Incidentally, if you think you think I've been lacing my and want to check on the talking horses of Elberfeld, go ahead. The story can be found on the shelves of any fair-sized library.

Of course, another way of checking is to associate with a better type of horse.

As for the colors, well, just yellow, and wine furniture. There're yellow drapes; light tan couches; even lighter tan table and radio cabinet; dark brown tables; chandeliers of tarnished gold; and green lampshades.

## Record Shop

By Gordon Woolfe

A batch of brand new records labeled "hit" are finding their way into local music shops, and promise to have the Chapel Hill air ringing in the near future with some of the new year's top tunes.

One of the finest records we have heard recently is Jimmy Dorsey's waxing of Charley, My Boy and Johnson Rag. The double-barreled hit marks J. D.'s debut on a Columbia label.

Both sides feature the Original "Dorseyland" Band. Charley is a jumpy li'l tune with a lot of life and some fine instrumental work by the old master Ray Bauduc on the drums and Charlie Teagarden on trumpet. Teagarden teams with Claire "Shanty" Hogan on a top-notch vocal job. Hogan has a refreshing voice that satisfies and should go places along with J. D. who, if he continues the good work will land right back on top of the pile.

Rag is an old-time Dixieland favorite and Dorsey does it up in fine style. Claire Hogan sings with the chorus and turns out what is probably the best revival of the old-time hit.

One of the top new bands is that of Ralph Flanagan, a former Glenn Miller arranger. Flanagan's latest release pairs a Miller-style instrumental version of the old standard Where or When with the new rave Dear Hearts and Gentle People. When is greatly reminiscent of the old Miller crew. The trombone section is the smoothest we've heard in a long time. The band as a whole seems to be better than Tex Beneke's crew which no longer follows the Miller style. Flanagan's brass section is easily as good as Beneke's and the arranging is vastly superior.

People feature Harry Prime one the vocal. Harry has been around a long time and knows the vocalists' ropes pretty well by now. He turns in a good job on the vocal. Harry has been Flanagan arrangement is somewhat slower than most People waxings on the market.

Frankie Laine seems to have another smash tune on his hands with Waiting At The End Of The Road. The ditty is sung in typical Laine style, is "solid" from start to finish, and will have a hard time staying off the nation's hit parades.

name it, and they got it. There're gold lampshades and pictures frames; green, red and yellow-striped, just plain tan table and radio cabinet; dark brown tables; chandeliers of tarnished gold; and green lampshades.

The most spectacular articles are the corner tables and four red, white, green, red, and several other - other - indistinguishable - colors chairs. This galaxy of colors is secondary, though, to the turkey-like critters woven into the fabric. You're almost afraid to sit in the chairs, for fear the fowls aren't house-broken.

The tables to the three-piece suites are quite attractive, but one fears the worst for the permanence of their beautiful natural finish. A few months of carelessly discarded cigarettes and hard knocks will find them looking like the furniture in the DTH office.

The lounge is in its present technicolored condition because GM Director Jim Rathbun tried to brighten up the drab lounge with inadequate funds. He's done the best he could and the new furniture is fine, if a little gaudy.

But we still need some kind-hearted philanthropist to come through with a big enough wad to really fix us up with a large, more adequate student union. A Y court with a roof, maybe. Rathbun's doing a fine job operating the present outgrown building with a limited appropriation, but the student body sure does need a considerably enlarged building.

## To The Editor

MORE F. E. P. C.

Whenever I hear a strong defense of the F. E. P. C. idea, I stop and wonder if the writer is a lawyer or law student, because if the bill is passed, it would plunge all industries into legal tangles that would require a full time staff of lawyers.

I am a great believer in racial tolerance, but I recognize the fact that if the F. E. P. C. bill were to be enforced, with the possible consequence that Negroes would be hired as foreman in some industries, most of the white workers under them would quit work, especially here in the south.

Like pure communism, the F. E. P. C. idea is ideal in principle, but also like pure communism, it would not work. All the laws in the world can be passed to try to make people be tolerant of minority races and colors, but the only way tolerance will ever be accomplished is by a mixture of common sense and Christianity.

Tom McMillan

**DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**

WASHINGTON—This column recently exposed the manner in which mid-continent petroleum had fixed a \$6,000,000 income tax evasion case for only \$3,000,000, after Internal Revenue Agents had recommended criminal prosecution.

Here is another fraud case, this one involving a Labor Union. The chief difference between the two cases is that the Truman Administration, despite its great and avowed friendship for Labor, has not yet let the union get away with it. Although the union tax fraud has been delayed for one year, it may still be prosecuted. The big oil company case on the other hand, was quietly fixed on the inside and was never allowed to get to the Justice Department for criminal prosecution.

The labor case involves three organizers of the United Textile Workers (CIO)—Toby Mendes, Frank Bartholomew, and J. H. Turner, who are charged with encouraging workers to falsify their tax returns at the Simmons Mattress Company, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

The Simmons Company was in the middle of a fight over whether the plant should or should not be organized by the United Textile Workers, and as one inducement to join the union, the three organizers offered to show workers how to save money on their income taxes.

The saved money all right, but largely by swearing out false church contributions, travel expenses, gambling losses, etc. Gifts to churches in Roanoke Rapids, according to the income tax returns, were so high that one preacher remarked:

"If we had received all the contributions that have been deducted from the income tax returns around here, we wouldn't have to pass the collection plate again."

Treasury investigators secured scores of sworn affidavits from millworkers telling how the union organizers encouraged them to fill out fraudulent tax returns. Here is one example of a conversation between Toby Mendes and a millworker.

Mendes: "How much do you donate to church?"

Millworker: "I don't go to church."

Mendes: "Do you pass by a church on your way to work?"

Worker: "Yes."

Q: "What church?"

A: "The Methodist Church."

Q: "Fine. You gave a \$300 donation to the Methodist Church last year."

Q: "Do you ever gamble?"

A: "No."

Q: "Do you ever play cards for fun?"

"Yes."

Q: "Fine. You lost \$300 in gambling debts last year."

In previous years, the Simmons Company had supplied accountants to help workers make

out their taxes, but chief organizer Mendes told workers that the company did not have their interest at heart and that the union would save them money.

Mendes also claimed that he and the two other union organizers were former Internal Revenue Agents, knew the inside ropes on how to save money. Later it turned out that only one of the organizers ever had been connected with Internal Revenue, and then only as a file clerk in Washington.

After T-Men unearthed the phony tax returns and in the course of their investigation, Mendes and Bartholomew burst into the Tax Collector's office in the basement of the Post Office Building at Roanoke Rapids. Four T-Men were in the room: James White, Woodrow Blue, both Deputy Collectors, and agents Arthur Selby and Joseph A. Taglieri of the Intelligence Unit.

"I understand you are looking for me," said Mendes. "You don't have to look for me. Here I am."

There being no comment, Mendes continued: "I understand you are investigating the returns we made out."

Agent Selby admitted this was a possibility.

"Well, I wouldn't if I were you," Mendes warned. "You may get into trouble."

The fraudulent tax returns were for the year 1947, and the Treasury Department concluded its investigation in 1948. More than a year elapsed after that, during which Mendes apparently tried to carry out his threat. For no prosecution was ordered in Washington.

Union officials claimed that the company had inspired the tax probe; that it was a part of intimidation tactics used by the Simmons Company to prevent the organization of their mills. Internal Revenue Agents, however, claimed that the company kept hands off. They said that Frank Williams, manager of the mill, told them he didn't want to have anything to do with the matter, didn't even want to hear anything about it.

Finally, after more than one year's dickering and delay in Washington, the Justice Department sent the case to Bryce R. Holt, U. S. Attorney in Greensboro, N. C., for criminal prosecution.

Holt, however, has informed the Justice Department that he is opposed to prosecution. He justifies this on the ground that the three union organizers got no financial return for preparing fraudulent returns and that prosecution of the case in court would boil down to a battle between Labor and Management.

That is the status of the case today.

## Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS	1. Long standing	32. Viper
2. Rump	33. Palm illness	34. Preceding nights
3. High mountain	35. Festival	36. Kind of cloth
4. Orchestral dwelling	37. Wearies with	38. Kind of illness
5. Haste	39. Tiling in	40. Asiatic country
6. Inspect	41. Hurdled	42. New England state
7. Make suitable	43. New England state	44. Begret
8. Repair	45. Fish eggs	46. Large hunting dog; archaic
9. Clever	47. Up to the present	
10. Catch sight of		
11. Head		
12. Skin		
13. Old musical note		
14. Tropical bird		
15. Large stream		

ACES	LAP	STAD
PUMA	IRA	HOSE
EREMITIC	HOISE	
RENTS	OWLET	
ARA	OLE	VESTS
PELF	ENTER	
ADDLES	ERECTS	
ARTEL	DHAK	
CONGO	TAP ELY	
AVERS	AMEND	
NOVA	SPORADIC	
ALLEN	HEN RANA	
LOST	ESS	DRAM

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

JANUARY 30th Anniversary of MARY GEORGE