

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## About Those Block Fees

The Student Legislature faces some hefty problems on the subject of messed-up student block fees tonight, and it would conceivably be very easy for them to make a mistake in their search for a solution. At least two bills will come out on the floor of the law-making body:

1. A proposal to call a student referendum to decide on the matter of a fee raise, to be morally binding on the Legislature.

2. A compromise fee raise measure, with no consideration of a referendum, consisting of a final undergraduate fee of \$5.50 and a graduate fee of \$5.

The first bill, concerning the referendum, doesn't carry much weight at this point. Sensible legislators have come to the realization that a referendum would kill any chances of a raise in the block fee. And almost all the members of the body realize the seriousness of the financial situation by now. They can look at the black-and-white figures and see that unless all student activities are to be drastically cut back next year, the raise in fees must go through.

The latter bill involves a much more serious problem. One faction presents a very strong argument that if fees are to be raised at all, graduate and undergraduate fees should be equalized, since both receive nearly the same services, and any discrepancies in services rendered could be corrected by mutual agreement. The \$5-\$5.50 measure might provide enough money to operate activities at the status quo next year, but it would not leave much margin for error.

If all fees were equalized at \$5.50 it would most probably provide for status quo operation and also leave a cash cushion for student government to fall back on in case of emergency or any misfiguring in the budget. Harry Kear, student activities fund auditor, recommends that the Legislature provide for "at least a \$5,000 unappropriated balance in its budget" if it is to guarantee to all student organizations that they will get the money promised them in the 1950-51 budget. And we may assume that no one disputes Mr. Kear's knowledge of student financing.

But here's the rub: Even if the Legislature agreed to equalize all fees at \$5.50, which would guarantee safe and steady operation for the next fiscal year, by the time the 1951-52 budget came up for inspection, it would be discovered that the \$5.50 fee would not provide enough money for status quo operation in the following year. Enrollment, which will take a sharp drop next year, will go down even further the following year before the big enrollment boom hits a year or two later with the completion of the new Medical School, commerce addition, and other campus expansion plans.

The only way to set things straight for more than one year at a time, and it would be wise for the Legislature to do some long-range planning for a change, is to raise all fees to \$6 per quarter. This would give the student government budget plenty of elbow room next year to correct financial mistakes which have been made in the past, and would bolster the fiscal defenses for the deeper monetary slump coming up in 1951-52.

Let's look to the future for a change, boys. And the future means a lot farther than next year. It's not only time to straighten things out in the financial field of student government, it's time to see that they stay straightened out for some time to come. And the only way to do it is with a full \$6 per quarter student block fee. —C.H.

## Lots Of Interest So Far

The race is on as far as the campus political situation goes. Both political parties have nominated their presidential candidates for the spring elections, and the University Party also has chosen its vice-presidential candidate. The Student Party veep nominee has not been chosen yet following a deadlock between two candidates for the position last week.

The most encouraging feature of the nominations is the wide interest which they have been characterized by thus far. For example, the University Party had 75 students jammed into a tiny Graham Memorial room for its nominations yesterday, and the Student Party had a turn out of around 60 at its nominating meetings. This attendance is far larger than that at most of the regular meetings of the parties and is an indication that student leaders all over the campus are taking an active role in choosing the candidates for the spring elections.

It is to be hoped that attendance is equally good at future political rallies for the purpose of nominating for the other positions. Publications nominations, legislature seats, and Student Council positions all will be contested within the parties in a few more weeks. To insure capable candidates for these positions, continued participation in the nominations by a large number of students is absolutely necessary.

## Carolina Seen Kitchellova

By Bill Kellam

Iva Kitchellova and The Imperial Invisible Ballet Company opened the 1950 Dance season at the Chapel Hill Memorial Opera House Monday night before an extremely enthusiastic, appreciative, and distinguished audience which filled almost every seat in the auditorium.

The Kitchellova troupe's stunning performance marked the first appearance in Chapel Hill of Madame Kitchellova and company, who are now disseminating culture in the hinterlands after a fabulously successful 198-week stand in the 69th Regiment Armory in New York City. The program was well received, and at its conclusion, the audience accorded the premier danseuse etoile its fullest approval and demanded that she respond with an encore, which she did.

The music was rendered by the Flatbush Symphony Orchestra under the able baton of composer-conductor Harvey Brownneff, former director of the Vladivostok Symphony and the orchestra of the Nicolai Lenin Ballet Trade Union, companies and other decadent forms of capitalism no longer being legal in that proletarian republic.

At all times the orchestral was entirely peripheral. Not once did its frequent cleverness cause it to deviate into, a two-dimensional brittleness. The music was full, rich, and emotionally mature. The choreography was not fettered by the accompaniment, nor was the musical background subordinated to the dance forms. The orchestration for "Soul In Search" was especially clever, consisting completely of hauntingly rhythmical and inaudible pianissimo passages.

Madame Kitchellova pulled off and individual tour de force, in addition to various articles of clothing during the evening's proceedings. The audience was overwhelmed by her free invention—which never lapsed into uncritical self-indulgence—her range of technique, and her masterful simplicity, which, often verged on underplay, although it frequently seemed to be overdone.

The numbers varied greatly in them, tempo, style, and choreography. Yet in each, her style, individuality and inner intensity commanded and held the complete attention of even balletomane present, although quite a few left at the intermission. It was an occasion rather than a performance, occasionally.

The remainder of the ephemeral company contributed profound substance and maintained the continuity of the illusory dramatic and choreographic themes. They brought distinction and authority to the diversification and ennui of the production.

The Kitchellova attained her climax with her final number, "Ze Ballet." Her interpretation combined that crisp, clean technical style, the daintiness, preciseness, musically, the shape and definition, the ribaldry and extroversion, and the warmth and gracefulness that belong to the true grand ballerina. Madame Kitchellova's individuality was also most unique. Established technique were discarded or reversed by the prima in her original presentation of the host of production problems confronting a ballerina during a major performance.

Obsession, a modern dance number, achieved the greatest amount of dramatic force in the briefest time. Kitchellova, who is in wonderful form this season, highlighted the dramatic suspense with some stunning moments of frustrated action as she sought a meaning for her turbulent existence by dynamic, controlled movement.

Those of us now familiar with Kitchellova's expressive postural movements will never be content with anyone else for that smoldering inwardness is hard to equal and these characteristic intransigences of movement are virtually impossible for another dancer to justify. We were left with a magnificent obsession for her admirable sense of line.

A change of mood marked the choreography of such numbers as "The Vert Bros. (Intro and Extro), Chanteuse-Danseuse, Something Classic, and Growing Up."

## STOP WORRYING ABOUT THE A-BOMB!



## Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

### Open Letter

To the bums who burgled my house

Addresses unknown (at this writing)

Dear friends and felons:

A couple of Thursdays ago, while the missus and I were out seeing a show, you laddybumps eased your way into our house and helped yourselves to several handfuls of our shinier knickknacks, including a wedding ring which belonged to Eleanor's mother.

All in all, it wasn't too bad a haul for half an hour's de-sultory work, especially since it's not subject to income tax or social security deductions, and at the moment you figure to be a very self-contented set of bums. However, I don't think the self-contentment is going to last long, and with your patience and permission I'd like to tell you why.

For one thing, many of the trinkets you stuffed in your pockets were gifts and had initials carved all over them, and after all the stuff in the less fence is apt to shy away from ice as hot as that. As a consequence, our brooches and stickpins may rattle around in your pockets for quite a spell, and that kind of rattle, I understand from people who know about bums, can be very rattling to bums like you.

For another thing, chances are you're not getting much sleep these nights, and I'm told that gets to be very wearing on a bum's nervous system, which is nothing to write home about to begin with. Besides, as you must know, some of the smartest Hawkshaws in these latitudes are currently scouring the environs for you, and whether you think so or not, you bums can't possibly have had as much schooling at your trepidacious trade as the soft-spoken and

### Letter Of The Week

The Chesterfield Letter of the Week award this time goes to Jack W. Hopkins for his letter, entitled "Naive" in the Thursday, February 9, issue of the Daily Tar Heel. Whether one believes in Mr. Hopkins' political and social ideas is one matter, but no one can safely deny the danger pointed out by him of certain lines of criticism.

Mr. Hopkins may pick up the cigarettes at the editorial office.

soft-soled lads have had at theirs. All in all, I think you'll agree, the chances are pretty good that you heels will wind up cooling your heels in one of the better-known coolers for a long time to come.

Now, don't get me wrong—I'm not lecturing at you bums because you picked a line of work that isn't nice. All I'm trying to establish is that it's bad on the nerves, downright dangerous, and for the long pull, not especially remunerative. At the same time, however, I don't deny that bums like you have a serious vocational problem and, whether you believe it or not, I'd like to help you get yourselves straightened out.

Obviously, you are the type bums who like gold and the various by-products thereof, like money, and that in itself, I assure you, is nothing to be ashamed of. But what is reprehensible, if you'll pardon my saying so, is the way you go about getting this gold, and among the many reasons why it's reprehensible is that it's apprehensible. In other words, you bums are not smart.

How, you ask, do underprivileged bums like yourselves go about getting some gold except by taking it away from someone who has it? There, gentlemen, is the crux of the pudding, and my answer is that the obvious alternative is to latch onto some yellow metal that another bum buried—preferably in another century.

To show you how I feel about you bums, I'll go even further and tell you where there's a million dollars of such gold waiting for someone to take it to the bank. The address, and you'd better write it down, is Oak Island, a mile-long hunk of land in Mahone Bay up in Nova Scotia, and the Halifax Chamber of Commerce will be glad to show you the exact spot where you can start digging.

If you think I'm kidding, go to the library and you'll find that ever since 1795, a lot of people have known about this buried treasure, and varied attempts have been made to bring it to the top. The difficulty, as I get it, is that the chests of loot are in a tunnel which connects up with the Bay, and that to bail out this tunnel, one would darned near have to bail out the ocean. However, if I may be permitted a mild joke, you bums figure to know a lot about bail, and you may very well succeed where organized treasure hunts have failed.

No one knows for certain which of the Jolly Roger mobs planted this gold—whether it was Captain Kid, Sir Henry

Morgan or one of the other safe—crackers who used the bay as rendezvous point. But actually it doesn't matter—he swag can be disposed of legal-like at any pawnshop, with no questions asked about the initials on it and no need to cut in a fence.

For a change, too, your pictures would appear in the papers instead of in post offices, and you'd also have the satisfaction of knowing you succeeded where a pretty smart fellow once failed—Franklin Delano Roosevelt did a little determined shoveling himself on Oak Island in 1909.

Why am I bothering to give you bums all this advice? Darned if I know, but if you feel at all appreciative, Eleanor and I would take it kindly if you mailed back her mother's wedding ring.

Sincerely,  
Billy Rose

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### HORIZONTAL

- above
- hard wood
- Tibetan
- monk
- East
- Indian
- palm
- find out
- seed coat
- blind
- place of bliss
- tapestry
- free
- eager
- denary
- pertaining to a porous reddish clay
- solicit
- scent
- mythical bird
- turf (Bot.)
- high hill
- of the pine family
- false hair covering
- beret
- astute
- stroke
- chargeable

### VERTICAL

- handle (Archaeol.)
- row
- skilled worker
- talk
- symbol of quick death
- cauterize
- heterodox

- freighted
- tune
- omit
- on shielded side
- fish pickle
- title of respect
- airship
- fortune
- commotion
- twenty hundred weight
- tree-kangaroo of Queensland
- large bird
- fuel
- covered with wax
- fiber of American aloes
- intimidate
- uncanny
- except
- an Indian
- glut
- Elire
- fragrant flower
- lamb's mother

Answer to Saturday's puzzle.

VAT	COS	GRAPE
ERR	OUT	LINER
RIA	PROVIDING	
SENSE	RATS	
ELSE	LEST	REE
PATES	EMER	
STILES	TRIALS	
PARSE	PESTS	
ATE	TARE	ESSE
LEVI	TRUER	
REVERENCE	RIO	
ALINE	TON	ENS
PLEAD	SOT	DEE

Average time of solution: 27 minutes.  
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## DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—The big Democratic Dinner in Washington tonight contrasts sharply with the Republican Box Supper ten days ago. It will be the biggest banquet in the history of the world—even bigger than the banquet once given to Julius Caesar. If the Democrats are smart, however, the contrasts will be a red flag of warning.

The Democratic Dinner costs \$100 per plate—not a bad idea to raise political money. But what's happening is that the Fat-Cats who once backed up the Republicans now flock to the Democrats, for a very simple reason: the Democrats have power.

In other words, included among the guests tonight will be a few who have income-tax cases to fix, who want to get a government contract, who seek to influence White House policy or are angling for an airline franchise. Two tables seating ten guests each cost \$2,000—and sometimes the investment is worth it.

It used to be that the big-money boys flocked to the Republicans, but—except for the very faithful—a lot are now switching to the Democrats. This doesn't mean that they are really for Truman. They just think it pays.

Illustration of how Democratic dinners may be mixed with Big Business was the contribution of popular Bill Pawley, ex-Ambassador to Brazil, to the December 2 New York Dinner. At the dinner, Pawley took four tables. Cost: \$4,000.

Pawley, a great friend of Bob Hannegan, made a big killing after the war when he bought surplus planes from the British in China, turned round and sold them to the Chinese. Since Pawley made the deal outside the U. S. A., it was tax free—so he raked in a handsome profit.

More recently, Pawley has been pulling wires to help the Nationalist Chinese to whom he sold these planes. A good Democrat, high in Party councils, his expensive four tables at the Waldorf Dinner may have had no business motive. And it should be noted in fairness that if Pawley tried to use political influence with Truman and Acheson re China, it didn't work.

When Charles Luckman, the deposed Czar of Lever Brothers' soap empire, raps the gavel at the Democratic Dinner tonight, it will be a triumph for a roly-poly little man with a high-buttoned coat sitting in the audience.

He is Public-Relations Expert Ben Sonnerberg, who has achieved a public-relations miracle by having two of his proteges chairman the two big Democratic Dinners. In fact, it's got so that when the Democrats hold a dinner they figure on "Menus by Oscar" and "Chairman by Sonnerberg."

The last New York dinner, which netted the Democrats more than \$250,000, was presided over by earthy Tom Morgan, the North Carolina boy who rose to be head of Sperry Gyroscope and who, like Luckman, is a client of Sonnerberg's.

To understand how the amazing Mr. Sonnerberg was able to perform this miracle of putting his clients in front of the speakers' stand twice in a row, you have to understand the gentlemen himself. And even his wife says that is difficult.

Coming to this country from Poland as a boy, Ben never has forgotten his humble beginnings, reminds his friends that his grandfather was a Rabbi and his father a pushcart peddler.

Ben represents some of the biggest corporations in the country—Texas Oil, J. S. Bache of Wall Street, Remington-Rand, Philip Morris and Lever Brothers. But he has a heart of gold and never is to busy to help out the nonpaying little fellow.

Though he takes good care of his clients, he is brutally frank in talking about himself and once explained his high stiff collar and tight-fitting coat this way: "I chose my clothes because I knew that wherever I went, people would say, 'Who in God's name is that?'"

"I don't care what they say about me," adds Sonnerberg, "just so they remember me." It isn't the clothes that make the man, however it's the fact that he delivers.

A quarrel over the gravy train is about all that's holding up the adding of a new Senator to the Democratic Party.

Lusty "Wild Bill" Langer, one of the few, old-timer Bull Moosers left in politics, is planning to pull up stakes and leave the Republican Party. The only hitch is that Dave Kelly, the North Dakota Democratic National Committeeman, does not want to split the Democratic Patronage with Senator Langer. Hitherto he has had the distribution of all Democratic jobs in North Dakota.

Langer, the Senator with the long stride, bull voice and habit of chewing cellophane-wrapped cigars, proudly lists his bolts to Robert La Follette and Hiram Johnson when they ran for President.

Today the Senator is virtually independent of the GOP, because the Nonpartisan League which controls North Dakota politics is solidly pro-Langer.

Another factor which makes Langer lean toward the Democrats is the revolt against Republican Farm Policies now spreading across the Dakotas. When the GOP policy statement was issued with such fanfare in Washington, a South Dakota dirt farmer, Axel Beck, pleaded with National Chairman Guy Gabrielson to let real-for-sure farmers draft a positive agricultural program. But Beck was given the brushoff.

Tomorrow a trial opens in Hungary, the trial of an American who has had no chance to consult Counsel, see his friends or have any contact with the outside world.

During the trial of those accused of the Reichstag fire, Adolf Hitler permitted Defense Counsel and foreign observers to be present. But the high-handed operations of officials in satellite countries are far worse than anything perpetrated by Hitler, as witness the arrest of Robert Vogeler, Manager of International Telephone and Telegraph, imprisoned in Hungary for three long months.