

The Daily Tar Heel

DREW PEARSON
The WASHINGTON
MERRY-GO-ROUND

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Stars Can Fall On Carolina, Too

When maternity fees for the Morehead Planetarium topped the three-million mark, certain doleful souls took pretty dim view and made with grief about a million other things that Carolina needs.

This was in tune with shortage, here and there, that laps up money like a kitten laps up milk.

Must Carolina put up with a "freakish" thing, they asked, to satisfy a rich friend's whim? There was scant dissent to their stand.

Well, time passed . . . and dignitaries cut the ribbon . . . and the "stars" began to circle in their orbits. Dr. Marshall and his staff were on the job.

Would the darned thing feed more babies? Question moot.

More time passed, as even revolved those "stars" of man-made cycle. And lo and behold, those "heavens" showered visitors. They came by the galloping quad. They came to look not only at the Marshall "planets," but also to tour the Carolina works.

And Chapel Hill, accordingly, grew tall.

Folks took a look at the Davie tree; traipsed the stadium from end to end. They said, "This is ours; it's pretty good!" —and met a bunch of decent Joes who were not afraid to give right back with a friendly smile.

And some of these visitors paused to munch the thought that, "This is where our own kids, someday, ought to be."

With such grand Carolina folks to do that kind of thinking, a finer student crop, come time, is bound to spring. So this:

The Planetarium for what it gives for admission? — a swell and worthwhile show. But in all-out use as public relations magnet?—brother, it can't be beat!—"D.O.C."

Ballots Come Hard

By Chuck Hauser

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT BODY:

For many, the spring general election is over, and the results strongly indicated the popular choice of the campus. May those who have won their respective races enjoy the best of luck and the utmost of support in their new jobs.

Along with a few others, I face a forthcoming runoff. It is one thing to run against a candidate, in the first ballot, whom one is sure of defeating on the better merits of newspaper aptitude alone. That case was settled by popular elimination Tuesday, and it cannot be changed by bitter, vicious (and libelous) statements such as appeared on the front page of this paper yesterday.

It is something else, however, to run against the sustaining candidate—especially when one respects his sincerity and ability right down to the heels, and considers him among the closest of personal friends on the Carolina campus.

Under such circumstances, I cannot—I will not—raise a hand to gain a single vote at his expense.

If I am victorious in the runoff, I will certainly think long and hard to find a Daily Tar Heel spot for Graham Jones which reflects his sincere, hard work and superior level of integrity.

This I hope he would accept. Not only for the sake of a better Daily Tar Heel itself, but because I could do nothing short of this to pay a debt of personal respect. And if things chance to go the other way, he can count on my all-out support.

As far as issues are now concerned, that of the Publications Board can be relegated to the cemetery. I think it was mainly political and the Board has come out of it with a clean bill of health.

One thing in connection with that however, is still in my mind:

The Board and its business functions cannot be overhauled from the outside. But there can be thoughtful devoted toward its work from within. Both the finances of The Daily Tar Heel:

The things that come to mind, first would be so much support

talk and would run too much to the technical side of operations to be interesting. But they concern saving a mile here, a lost motion there, the duplication of chores, the bottlenecks of traffic flow—a lot of little things that get in the way and all add up toward loss of time and money.

I don't have any specific plans, because between running a campaign and putting out a newspaper, I haven't any time to think about it. And proposing any such plans now would be taking an unfair disadvantage of my friendly opponent.

In his province, it is still undiscovered territory, and I know through trial and error the patterns and methods concerned.

I would be interested in discussing this with any person or group of persons, however, whether in an official capacity as chairman of the Publications Board or as an individual. I believe there I have been given my mandate to continue with the Board doing the best job possible, since no opposition arose to my UP-SP double endorsement for re-election to the publications finance body.

Going back to the discussion of a statement released yesterday by the third-running candidate in the Daily Tar Heel election, I would like to point out for the record that my present opponent did not get a chance to see that article because it came in so extremely late in the day.

If he had seen it, I'm sure he would have felt the same way I would have felt if our positions were switched and the statement were supporting me: "I appreciate any support in the coming election, but I desire the spirit in which this support is being given. I want people working for me, not merely against my opponent."

A number of people, however, are deliberately and carefully working against me in this election. They are trying to defeat me for a number of reasons. The biggest of these is the fact that I have stepped on many toes as Managing Editor by refusing to play favorites.

I have done everything within my power to be non-partisan, (See EDIT, page 4)

WASHINGTON—Most newspaper readers, even though disagreeing with Senator McCarthy, consider him sincere in his charges against the State Department. But Senators who sit alongside the likable young Senator from Wisconsin have a somewhat different view, are beginning to classify him as another Huey Long.

Like the Louisiana Kingfish, Joe McCarthy is an engaging manner, great personal charm, tremendous energy and an insatiable desire for putting headlines ahead of public welfare. Also like Huey, McCarthy is getting the reputation of picking up almost any ball and running with it, providing it brings enough publicity. This, colleagues explain, was why he smeared the U. S. Army for giving the death sentence to 12 SS men responsible for massacring 350 unarmed American prisoners of war at Malmedy during the Battle of the Bulge.

Malmedy was one of the most gruesome and ruthless murders of the war. The 350 Americans were prisoners, had no way to defend themselves, had not been guilty of espionage. Yet they were lined up and shot in cold blood. With them were shot 100 Belgian civilians.

Came the end of the war, and the 73 Nazi Storm Troopers responsible for the massacre were tried and found guilty. Most of them confessed. "The atrocities," according to a Senate report, "were committed by the combat group Peiper and were members of the Waffen SS . . . which had a long, notorious military record on both the Western and Eastern fronts."

Despite this record, despite the cold-bloodedness of the murder, and despite the fact only 12 of the 73 got the death penalty for killing 450 men, Senator McCarthy put on a terrific campaign last year to get the convictions reversed.

In his 60 years of living and loafing, the only topic on which Charlie agreed with the rest of the world was that Man o' War was a fabulous hunk of horse, and when the bangtail was retired to stud in 1921, my uncle stopped betting, for keeps

votes changed at the last minute, Congressman Tom Pickett of Texas, a Speaker Rayburn scout, arranged his switch . . . Republicans will also play up the way top Democratic leaders took a run-out on consumers — including House Democratic Leader John McCormack of Boston. He represents thousands of gas consumers, but he voted against them—which influenced several other Democrats.

Senate Leader Scott Lucas also took a run-out powder, didn't bother to come back to vote . . . (No wonder the Republicans are gloating) . . . However, their idol, Senator Taft, also voted against the consumers, which will increase natural gas costs to the big cities of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Toledo, Akron.

After the first vote on the Kerr Bill, scores of Congressmen swarmed into the House well to ask how they were recorded. Actually, they knew how they voted, but to consume time to give "All for Love" Frank Boykin of Alabama, and "Two Cadillac" Charlie Halleck, Indiana Republican, time to buttonhole members and switch some votes. They did. . . . Others who ran out were freshmen Chester Chesney of Chicago, a Democrat and former Chicago Bears football star, who was swept into office by a 1948 accident; and Democrat James Buckley, also of Chicago. A former President of a United Auto Workers local, Buckley phoned his office from Chicago to say he wasn't returning to Washington until after Easter because there was nothing important in the House to require his vote. (He didn't think the Marshall Plan, supposed to save our liberty, or the Kerr Bill, which will cost Chicago households five million bucks, important.) . . . The two Negro Congressmen, Powell of Harlem, N. Y., and Dawson of Chicago, also ran out on their constituents. Dawson took the trouble to arrange a pair against the Kerr Bill, but neither were on hand to fight . . . Also GOP Congressman Kunkel, now trying to persuade Pennsylvania Republicans to send him to the Senate, didn't take the trouble to either vote or arrange a pair.



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Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

Of all the people I know, my Uncle Charlie is the champion when it comes to changing bosses, and as I see it this is largely due to a temperament which has never permitted him to see eye-to-eye with an employer—or anybody else for that matter.

In his 60 years of living and loafing, the only topic on which Charlie agreed with the rest of the world was that Man o' War was a fabulous hunk of horse, and when the bangtail was retired to stud in 1921, my uncle stopped betting, for keeps

and quits. "If it was my horse," he once told me, "from now on he would get sour cream with his hay."

But let me get back to my uncle's employment record. Four Autumns ago, unless my Aunt Frieda is fibbing, Charlie was fired from his job at Silverman's Candy Factory for putting ketchup in the halvah on the theory that the mixture would appeal to the Italian trade. This example of capitalistic injustice hit him pretty hard, and for weeks he moped around the house until it finally got on Frieda's nerves.

"Shouldn't you maybe find yourself some other type employment?" she suggested.

Such treachery from within was too much for my emotional kinsman, and before you could say "Bettie Davis" he had launched into a speech which might have been lifted straight out of "King Lear." At the end, overcome by his own eloquence, he burst into tears.

"Save please the waterworks," counseled my aunt. "With such an act, you could get a job boo-hoing in Herzog's Funeral Parlor."

Frieda was only kidding, but my Uncle Charlie is a literal-minded man. "Why not?" he said. "I got more grade-A genuine emotion than anybody."

It should be explained at this point that the professional mourner is still a fixture in lower East Side life, and that when relatives want to give a man a classy send-off, they generally hire a set of by-the-hour banshees to provide the tears and lamentations. Eulogies are all right in their place, it is contended with some reason, but the true worth of a man can be more accurately assessed by the amount of breast-beating and hair-tearing which accompany his grand exit.

My uncle got the job at Herzog's and, if I may be permitted a bum joke, made good with a splash—in fact, within a few months he was conceded to be top man in his field. That is, with one exception: a cadmium-throated gent named Willie Gittel who had been sobbing professionally since the age of 9. And as was inevitable, an epochal rivalry sprang up between Willie the Weeper and the new contender, Charlie the Crier.

The following Spring, my uncle suffered a major setback—at the funeral of an important noodle magnate he was badly out-blubbed by Willie. "He rung in on me a onion," Charlie told everybody who would listen. "What kind ethics is that?"

His point, of course, was well taken, since lacrimal stimulants are outlawed by the Mourners' Guild. But these professional niceties didn't interest my aunt. "Onions, bunions," she said. "Next time you cry, you got to

show up that Gittel. On it depends the room rent."

The big test came that November at the funeral of a wealthy butcher, and for hours before the event Rivington Street buzzed with excited talk about the two contestants. However, because of the Crier's poor showing at the noodle man's send-off, the smart money installed the Weeper as a 9-to-5 favorite.

Well, by all accounts it was the most ear-piercing funeral since Benji the Bum was shot in 1931 and his pals imported hog-callers from Chicago. Friends of the deceased stood in awe as the professionals wailed, and wept and whimpered; but it was soon evident that my uncle was in trouble. Willie, pacing himself like the pro he was, managed an horrendous shriek every time Charlie paused for breath—still keeping enough in reserve for a hurricane finish.

An hour later—when it was all over but the shoveling—Aunt Frieda edged over to Charlie and stuck a piece of paper in his face. My uncle looked at it, clapped hand to forehead and then came to life with the most unhibited series of screeches ever heard this side of the Walling Wall.

This brought forth a gasp of admiration from even the corpse-hardened Mr. Herzog himself, while less inured onlookers had to make fists to keep from breaking into applause. As for Willie Gittel, the outburst unnerved him completely, and that night from Delancey Street to Union Square, glasses were raised to the winner and new champion.

What had Aunt Frieda shown Charlie to spur him on to victory? Well, I'm afraid it wasn't exactly ethical, but remember there was the room rent to consider. It was a newspaper which headlined a simple and tragic piece of information—Man of War was dead.

—Scott—

(Continued from page 1)

Erwin said.

He added that the North Carolina League for Crippled Children, which has headquarters here, "is rendering greater service today than at any previous time."

"I consider the contribution of the League in its work with the Special Education Division of the State Department of Public Instruction, the University, and East Carolina Teachers College Summer School to be outstanding and worthy of our wholehearted support during the Easter Seal campaign and throughout the year."

Governor W. Kerr Scott, in a statement released at League headquarters, also strongly appeals for contributions to the League's program.

An Open Letter

Mr. Dick Jenrette, Editor: Dear Dick.

I know you will be glad to get rid of all the headaches that Chuck or I will inherit following next Tuesday's elections. Would appreciate some white space for the letter.

An Open Letter to the Students

They say that to lose an election makes a person feel very humble; I have lost some and know that to be true. To know that 950 Carolina students, by their votes, have told me that they are willing to trust me to edit their daily paper, is both gratifying and humbling. I have no illusions about Tuesday's voting, realizing the strength of my opponent. Whatever you do decide on Tuesday, I can assure you that I will work for a better DTH.

You deserve to know where your new editor stands on the campus questions that have been raised in this campaign and those which will be raised during the next 12 months.

Here is my policy for your paper:

1. A DTH that is responsible and responsive to the wishes of the people that own it—the student body.
2. A completely objective and fairly written front page that will report the news as it comes without bias.
3. An editorial page containing those syndicated columns and features that the students want, and as many student columns as possible in the space which we have.
4. A sports page that will continue the good coverage that we have had in the past in major sports with as much space as possible to intramural and minor sports.
5. More extensive and more accurate coverage of all student affairs—organizations, socials, churches, and student government.
6. Expansion of the DTH to six pages only if it can be paid for through advertising and without further taxation of the students.
7. A realistic attitude toward controversial issues that will give all concerned an opportunity for their say in the DTH.

Since entering student politics I have tried to represent the people in Dorm District 2 who elected me, and the campus as a whole on such questions as the block fee which I opposed from the beginning.

Back in January, Billy Carroll's cotton dress, open up the michael, III, was given a great hem, then carefully launder the deal of space on the front page former hem line before making of the DTH to convince us that a new hem.

Mend before washing whenever possible. Ironing not only may make the break larger, but will also make a repair much less conspicuous.

In lowering the hem on a child's cotton dress, open up the michael, III, was given a great hem, then carefully launder the deal of space on the front page former hem line before making of the DTH to convince us that a new hem.

I appreciate deeply the support promised me by staff members and those who worked for the S.P. nominee, Bill Kelliam.

Graham Jones

7. small greenish finch
8. prefix: three
9. macaw
10. liquid measure, unmarked
11. ore excavations
12. dance step
13. newspaper paragraphs
14. English author
15. river in Switzerland
16. lofty mountain
17. place in charge of
18. mien
19. head
20. dress
21. French coin
22. realm
23. smoked
24. spirited horses
25. capital of ancient Poland
26. strike with the hand
27. flying
28. Greek letter
29. present time

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE:

T	A	R	T	L	I	S	P	B	A	R
A	V	E	R	A	R	I	A	O	B	I
N	A	P	E	C	O	R	T	E	S	E
E	A	T	E	N	T	A	G	E	S	T
T	I	N	D	E	R	P	E	R	E	R
A	N	T	E	A	G	E	R	N	E	S
S	E	E	L	T	I	N	S	T	O	A
S	E	D	I	M	E	N	T	S	H	A
B	A	D	A	I	D	E	R	S		
R	E	S	I	N	E	G	G	E	R	S
I	N	T	A	G	L	O	L	E	N	A
A	T	A	L	O	R	N	T	A	I	L
L	E	G	E	W	E	S	A	L	O	E

Average time of solution: 22 minutes.
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