

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## NONPLUS

by Harry Shook

The recent intensity of world crisis has renewed the agitation for allowing 18-year-olds to vote. Supporters of such a move argue, with great effectiveness, that a man who is old enough to fight, and perhaps die, for his country is also old enough to vote.

This argument naturally appeals to many 18-year-olds, to the politicians who see the possibilities of exploiting a huge new and politically naive voting group, and to many sincere men and women who feel that nothing is too good for a man who must fight for his country.

On the other hand, many clear thinking people, including a good proportion of 18 and 19-year-olds, believe that a man who is good fighting material isn't automatically an intelligent voter or a good citizen.

The average 18-year-old, under ordinary circumstances, isn't interested in and isn't capable of rendering an intelligent vote. The franchise should be given only to those who will exercise it intelligently and diligently. Without a doubt, many who now may vote do not qualify on either count. But this is no reason for extending the franchise to others like them.

There are good reasons why the 18-year-old doesn't particularly care one way or another about voting. He is a teenager more immediately concerned with his own particular social affairs and trying to decide what to do when he becomes a man. Until he has decided upon his course in life and launched himself upon it, he has little occasion to wonder or worry much about matters of state or national import.

He is busy enjoying life as he matures. He does not have the responsibility of a family of his own, his own property, and is usually not even paying his own way. He is, generally, a dependent.

This is as it should be. During the late teen years a young man must have the chance to decide what he is going to do. He must not be rushed too soon into doing something immediately beyond his scope. And with modern society requiring more time than ever in the preparation of a man to take his position as an adult, a man is older than ever before when he reaches the point of being independently responsible for his actions.

And why should the 18-year-old be allowed to vote just because he is old enough to fight? The beginner in a big corporation works for his company without having a vote on the board of directors. The son of a farmer works long and hard hours in the field without having much to say about running the farm.

But the diehards insist. After all, they repeat, the 18-year-old should have a voice in the government that sends him off to fight.

That makes poor sense, that play on the emotions. The franchise isn't a reward and shouldn't be a right. It should be a privilege, restricted to those who can and will use it intelligently and conscientiously.

A good fighting man isn't necessarily a good voter. And a good voter isn't always a good fighting man. They each meet a different set of qualifications. The move to give 18-year-olds the vote wouldn't serve the purpose intended. On the premise that a man who has to fight should have the right to vote, all the young men and women not in the service wouldn't have this "right" anyway.

And those who are fighting won't have the time to vote.

## On Campus

Remark by our favorite history professor in class the other day:

"I like the colonial times because they called a spade a spade in those days—and sometimes they called it a damned shovel."

## "Well, If It Doesn't Work Right, Why Don't You Put Your Thumb On The Scale?"



## Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark '35

Mr. Ed Pooley, a Texas editor, is a man who likes to take a full cut at foolishness from time to time, especially when it concerns governmental double-talk. He has just embarrassed the Department of Agriculture rather severely by sending in his personal check for a few items of chow.

Mr. Pooley's check was not large—only \$27.50. All he wanted to buy was 100 pounds of canned meat, at a nickel a pound; 100 pounds of butter at 15 cents a pound, and 100 pounds of cheese at 7 1/2 cents a pound.

Brother Pooley, who lives in El Paso and pays his income taxes by check, didn't feel he was asking a favor. It is a matter of fact that our government is offering surplus foods to foreign countries at these mild prices. "I feel sure," Ed wrote Secretary Charles Brannan, "that you would just as soon have an American take advantage of such bargains as you would a Briton, a Frenchman, a Dane, a Norwegian, an Arab, a Greek, a Turk, a South African, a Parkistanian, an Egyptian, a Czech, a Hungarian, or any other foreigner."

This seems reasonable on Mr. Pooley's part. He is an American citizen who pays large taxes. It is his money which makes possible the sale of these bargain-basement eatments to a flock of strangers Mr. Pooley does not know. On a basis of fair figgerin' a man is entitled at least to an even break with strangers in buying things he has already paid for.

But it does not work out this way, it seems. Mr. Pooley will get his check back, with a sharp note of disapproval. The meat was killed in Mexico as a result of our recent interference in their hoof-and-mouth epidemic, and does not

qualify for all the inspection requirements under the 1931 Smoot-Hawley tariff laws. (What ever happened to 1931?)

The butter and cheese, agriculture said, can't be sold to U. S. consumers because it would only force the government to buy corresponding amounts on the open market to hold up prices on Pooley's order, as required by the price-support law. This is known as bureaucracy in full flower, or how to make an enemy out of the grocer by not paying your bills.

Mr. Pooley, being very disagreeable, points out that the same butter which is being sold to the foreign friends for 15 cents a pound is being offered for resale in this country for 63 cents a pound, giving the government a profit margin of three cents.

"I do not like to believe," Mr. Pooley writes, "that my government would deliberately hold up prices of the necessities of life to its own citizens and virtually give them away to other peoples."

But then, you see, Mr. Pooley does not understand the grand concept of global meddling. He does not understand how it is enriching to the soul to pay a buck a pound for meat when the neighbors get it for 15 cents. He is the kind of man who would quarrel with the plowing under of little pigs and who would never have seen eye-to-eye with Henry Wallace.

No, Mr. Pooley is not a visionary economist, in the modern sense, or even a follower of Lord Keynes. All I wish is he was Secretary of Agriculture, or even President. To Mr. Pooley a straight line is still the shortest distance between two points.

## Rolling Stones

by Don Maynard

We've almost gotten through another year without a really serious change in the calendar, except that Thanksgiving has been juggled back and forth so that we thought it might be forgotten in the confusion. But no, South Building has decided to make a decision.

Thanksgiving holidays for the University will commence at 1 p. m. Wednesday, Nov. 22 and will end at 8 o'clock in the morning the following Monday, Nov. 27. That's official, students, and came about because "the fourth, rather than the last Thursday in November, has been designated nationally as Thanksgiving Day." Let's all give thanks.

We may be behind the times, but we only heard the other day about one of the sly ones put over by a local fraternity last year. It seems the group thought it would be a nice idea if rushees visiting the house during the 1949 rushing could look at teevee while drinking their punch. So, the boys bought a set—on the installment plan.

It was working fine, until the man who sold them the set dropped around to see how it was working. Not knowing who he was, and perhaps a little slow on the pickup after a week of late hours, one of the brothers let the cat out of the bag.

In answer to the salesman's query, the brother replied that it was working fine, but that they really didn't care if it did or not, because "we're going to send it back as soon as rushing is over."

Might be an idea worth remembering.

Over at the big ditch being dug for the Medical School, a Chapel Hill lad was watching the progress of a steamshovel. After a while, not having gotten the word, he turned to a workman and asked just what was going on. Were they digging to Korea?

Not at all, replied the laborer, the new medical school was going in that big hole.

"It's too big," countered the lad.

"Well then," the laborer tried again, "we're going to throw all the S.O.B.'s in Chapel Hill in the hole and bury them."

"Huh," snorted the lad, "who's going to be left to cover them over . . . ?"

To our latest acquaintance, Bernice, we offer our humblest apologies. A dear friend of Bill Buchan's, she wrote us a letter the other day and demanded that we use her name correctly. "My name is not Beatrice!" she complained. "My name is Bernice."

A mere bust of a girl, nevertheless, we apologize.

In the serious vein, this columnist wishes to offer his sincere condolences to the W. P. Jordans and to their nephew, John, upon the sudden death of John's father, J. C., or "Jakes" is one of our nicest acquaintances, and the Jordan family the best.

## The Editor's Mailbox

Size Of Vote Regrettable

Editor: It is regrettable that so few students chose to vote in last Thursday's election. At a time when so much is now dependent on student government, around 1,200 students went to the polls to express a democratic choice. That means that about 1/6 of the students chose to support their leaders who are faced today with problems of proposed tuition increases, the entrance of Negro students, cooperation with downtown merchants, and proving itself to a new president. One out of six isn't many for an organization that not only spends \$100,000 of your money, but also decides whether you and your friends stay in school on Honor Code violations . . . in short, one out of six is downright disappointing.

So what's the problem? Simple . . . get more students interested in their student government. That shouldn't be hard, you say, after all, something that affects students as much as student government does should be able to excite enough interest in itself. Unfortunately, such is not the case. So where does an answer lie? I'm afraid no one can give a concise and adequate solution. Perhaps it lies in a different basis of orientation; maybe some publicity from The Daily Tar Heel would help (few people had read of a campaign until a headline appeared on election morning). But the best way is for a recognition of responsibility on the part of Carolina's political parties—the SP and UP.

It's this simple: Here at UNC, we're trying to change you—for the better, we hope. Our job here is to mould you for a life outside among a grown-up and oftentimes harsh world. We're training you to be an American . . . and don't laugh, for some of us could pitifully well use it.

And one mighty big obligation is voting—choosing not only who your big boss will be, but also who the little subordinate bosses will be. That responsibility applies just as much to student government and South Building as it does to U. S. government and Washington. Our bosses are looking to you for direction . . . the only way you can give them direction is to speak in a loud voice . . . the best way you can speak in any kind of voice is to vote . . . last Thursday, Carolina whispered.

The Student Party heard that whisper, and aware of its great responsibility, is justly concerned. At its last meeting, the SP overwhelmingly passed a resolution to increase their endeavors in behalf of student government, and in the coming fall election to make a renewed effort to bring to North Carolina the kind of student support that has for so long been needed. And that support is support from you—you, the student body, 6,800 strong; for in your combined voice, right and justice will emerge triumphant. To that end, the SP dedicated itself.

The Student Party in the past has tried to give the candidates who were intelligent, honest, and capable. We think that the recent SP victory, personified in Roy Parker, is an indication of the trust that the students place in the unimpeachable integrity of the Student Party. Just as we have supplied that type of candidate in the past, so can the students continue to anticipate that same kind of leadership potentiality that will be offered in candidates endorsed by SP in elections to come.

Bob Evans  
SP Chairman

## In Re William Evans

Editor: Feeling myself unequal to the task of discussing an issue so mixed up with the Communist issue, I hesitated to write this letter. After thinking about it, however, I came to this conclusion: that the fact that we were quickly losing our civil liberties with the McCarran Bill, the Taft-Hartley Law, etc., was not the Communists' fault, but our own. So after careful thought and sober meditation here it is:

Your editorial on William Evans shows an intemperate and hasty judgment. Also, your facts were incomplete and inadequate. About two months ago, Durham Recorder Judge A. R. Wilson, overstepping his authority and misusing the vagrancy laws, stated that he would arrest circulators of the Stockholm Petition on charges of vagrancy. For this, Wilson was editorially condemned by every reputable paper in the state. Among others, my hometown newspaper, The Asheville Citizen-Times, condemned him for this.

The point to watch for here (which your editorial chose to disregard) is this: Evans, in challenging this despotic threat to the first amendment which guarantees the right of any citizen "to petition his government," also secured for us the right to petition. Our forefathers paid for that amendment with blood, and it is not for some Recorder's judge to take it away from us.

Communism is not the issue. When the German people forfeited the rights of Communists and non-Aryans, they had forfeited their own—and a horrible price they paid for it, too.

It is the right and duty of everyone, of all of us, to fight for minority rights lest we lose our own. The editor of The Daily Tar Heel should not have waited for Evans to challenge this outrage. As Thoreau would have said, the editor, being in a position of leadership, should have challenged it himself. In doing so, he would have been able to come back and write a more intelligent editorial.

Emanuel Coulakis

## Have YOU signed the Freedom Scroll yet? Then do!!!

**Crossword Puzzle**

**ACROSS**

- Business getters
- Kind of dance
- Public vehicle
- Cudgel
- Similar
- High card
- Pass
- Renderers
- Suitable
- English river
- Republican party; abbr.
- Cosy home
- Wing
- Constellation
- Ancient substance
- Flat caps
- Small space
- Muddle

**DOWN**

- Encourage
- American theatrical manager
- Norm
- Friend; French
- Tramp slang
- Hint
- Drove of cattle
- Uncle; dial.
- Component of a molecule
- Bay windows
- Mexican dish
- Fruit stone
- Foreign
- Unfavorable
- Solid water
- Ward off
- Boy

**Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**

- Six
- Animal skin to the giraffe
- Spread to dry
- Headland
- Deeds
- Most excellent
- Fish
- Room in a barn
- Devoured
- Kind of water wheel
- Arabian
- Went ahead
- Fit exactly
- Guido's highest note
- Horse
- Omit
- Electrical device
- Famous
- Electrician
- Scottish cap
- American Indian
- Scandinavian navigator
- Ceremony
- Spanish wide-mouthed pot
- Score at Canada
- Extend over
- Roma
- Negative prefix