PAGE TWO



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Toward No Headache

For the first time since the traffic problem became such a headache, the parking regulations have been relaxed in favor of students. The action of the Traffic and Safety Committee in opening the "little arboretum" parking lot to student commuters should be an indication of good faith and earnest application to the parking dilemma that has characterized the work of the committee. Their's has been a job that has been thankless, very nearly hopeless, and filled with seemingly unsolvable problems.

The opening of the new lot came after an extensive survey showed that the area-formerly restricted to facultywas not being used to maximum capacity. The ever-growing problem of long-distance commuters was recognized as paramount when the decision was made as to who was to be allowed to fill up the lot. Admittedly, the lot will hold barely a third of these cars. However, the action of the committee should prove to students that it is working as effectively and honestly as possible to meet and surmount the perplexing traffic problem.

And the hard work and devotion to duty of the committee should be an example to student car-owners. Without wholehearted support by all those concerned with the traffic situation, the near-crisis that is always present in the problem could easily become chaos. And out of that chaos would, almost certainly, come the removal of car-keeping rights for a large number of student drivers.

According to most members of the Traffic and Safety Committee, the present regulations are working better than any in the past. There are, of course, some incidents of gross refusal to comply, but the committee is highly optimistic over the way the present regulations have been accepted. The traffic problem is one that requires the utmost in student cooperation. Students should realize that the Traffic and Safety Committee is working for the most equitable and suitable solution to parking problems. They should continue to realize the enormity of the job and back the work of the committee by wholehearted cooperation in its decisions. The recent action of the committee should be a signal for even greater cooperation on the part of student car-owners.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL

"One Side, Bub-I Just Won A Big Victory"

Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

MEMPHIS—A real gone trial just ended here, with a jail sentence for Dr. Samuel Shokunbi, a real gone witch doctor from the Yoruba section of Nigeria, Africa, with tribal scars on his cheeks to prove that he went to Heidelberg, or something, I disremember exactly what.

Dr. Sam just nulled nine years in the old clinkeroo, which I think is a shame. All he had been doing was antagonizing the Pure Food and Drug boys by selling some tinctures of dried newts' livers for the purpose of sprouting fresh hair and curing what ails you, while occasionally performing scientific experiments in the dark of the moon. For that they shove him in the jug, though many a witness testified they felt better after a slug of "Tree of Life" or "Asthma Aid." Although Dr. Shokunbi has done a small stretch, before, for playing too fast and loose with the medical protession and the fraud laws, it seems a shame that in this epoch a witch doctor should be burnt at the governmental stake when so many of his contemporaries are getting rich. I think here of "Scalp Food," a hair growing tonic from whose manufacture the Doc was enjoined sharp.y to cease or desist. It cannot possibly be less effective than the other remedies for glossy skull that are so frantically advertised with testimonials appended. Most of the witch doctor's pet recipes, he said, were culled less from the Congo than from a dog-eared volume compiled by a Dr. Culpeper of England, who kicked off in 1640. That was a long time ago, when a man took a snort of wolfbane extract for the miseries in the absence of expensive physicians who still prescribe a snort of wolfbane extract for the miseries. I recall that a presently dignified potion ain't nothing at all more than that weary old witch's stand-by, Deadly Nightshade.

by propaganda, that he was helping them. A great many said he had helped them. That is as rough a definition of modern psychiatry as I have is a young-looking, clean-cut evening was: whomped up lately.

Dr. Shokunbi agitated weird brews in a sin- "Professionally I'm 35, but I'm the playing of the next number ister-looking caldron in the back room, and really much older." I didn't take my fingers never leave my served up the distillations of same to a select the time to follow up his sug-

The Editor's Mailbox

Heat Is Missing

Editor: Spring is sprung and fall is fell, winter is here and it's getting mighty cold. We don't mind the University saving money, in the this economy we are all for, but not on coal.

Being true, blue (actually) Southerners, we like heat, a commodity which we find extremely scarce on the third floor of Steele Dormitory. Never thought we would look forward to an 8 o'clock so much but it is the only way we have of getting warm. It seem a shame that a man has to don the overcoat and the combat boots to put in time on the texts.

John Head

Frigidly yours,

Alan Ballard Jack Prince

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1950

P.S. Please excuse the typing, I don't do too well with my mittens on.

Pup Tent Is Missing

Editor: Two weeks ago on the weekend of the Homecoming football game, students expressed a phase of school spirit supposedly with highly successful results. However, someone violated the Homecom ing spirit by "borrowing" a piece of property from the Spencer Hall display-namely, a green pup tent which we borrowed from a boly scout troop for use in the display.

We know that some of the rest of the display was innocently taken by students of the University, but it was of no value. However, since the tent must have been of some value and utility to the lender, we would like very much to recover it.

Inside the front flap of the tent is the name Billy Halford. Wilson, N. C. We would appreciate the return of the tent or any information regarding its whereabouts.

The Committee on Homecoming Display, Spencer Dormitory

The Carolina Front

by Chuck Hauser

on this page, but I think Mr. with the program: Scott's comedy is within the realm of my typewriter.

The clown of the keyboard gentleman who will tell you,

his cabinet?"

"You will notice that during

HERBLOCK GISS THE MASHINGTON POST

I'll leave the commenting on Hall about 8:30, and a terrific Henry Scott's piano playing to clanking started up over to the Reviewer Wink Locklair, who right of the stage. The entergives it a going-over elsewhere tainer's first reaction was in key

"Is that Truman breaking up

Another good laugh of the

There the maestro showed he

had other talents, too. Magic,

he said, is one of his hobbies.

and he was sorry he didn't bring

some of his apparatus with

poker cards and a few loose

coins were all the tools he need-

the ATO's for a solid half-hour

But two ordinary decks of

God-Our Merciful Father

a

Man - The Seeker of God Through Devotion and Service

How many times do we hear skeptics condemn religion as an escape, as useful only for people who haven't the stamina to assume responsibility for their own actions? Such critics are both right and wrong. It may be used as an escape, but then it is not true religion. It is the individual, not the institution, that is at fault.

So let us think for a moment of our responsibilities as religious people. We are privileged in our religion, and privilege always carries with it the idea of responsibility. To vote is a privilege; it is our duty to study the candidates to determine, as best we can, which is the most capable man. To attend the University is a privilege; it is our duty to work hard, to make the most of our opportunities so that when the times comes we may be able to become intelligent members of society.

It is the same with our religion. Great new areas of thought and experience are opened to us when we say, "I believe in God." But to profess our faith is not enough. We must also practice it.

For the essence of faith is action. No matter how firmly an anemic person believes in the efficacy of liver pills to cure anemia, he will not be benefited greatly until he takes the pills. So it is with faith. Belief is the foundation stone for communion with God, but action through service is its natural expression.

The form our service takes is relatively unimportant. We can't all be preachers or teachers; but we can function in smaller ways, by dedicating whatever work we do to God and by making our lives reflect His spirit through the love and understanding and selflessness we bring to bear on the associations and problems in everyday life. Even here at school, how much more productive we would be if, instead of feeling oppressed by our study, we could feel that each new thing we learned was making us better fitted to carry out God's work.

It is when we come to the method of service that most of us run into difficulty. Yet the Bible makes clear the "how" -through sacrifice. We are told that we must give up our lives if we are to save them. But we rebel at that. We feel that in giving up our ambitions and desires we are giving up the very things which make us individuals capable of accomplishing something in this world. But in reality we are only giving up those elements which limit us, thus making way for the limitless power of God. "Not my will but Thy will be done." "My will" is limited by all the fears, complexes, environmental influences, desires, and such that "I" have. But His will is clear and free and capable of accomplishing anything. Will we not then be capable of much greater service by giving up what we call "self" and letting God work in us and through us? Our achievement will then be the measure of our faith and our personal sacrifice. The more "self" we give to Him, the more power we receive to use in His name and for His purposes.

Thus in service and sacrifice, we have the true expression of our faith in God and in His way of life, which is the hardest and yet the easiest way of all .-- Louisa Cartledge

up big operations, it is threatening nationalization of the steel industry unless the private operators expand at an even faster rate than the record one they are now establishing. Perhaps the most clear-cut

paradox is the one involving the gigantic DuPont organization.

Even political science majors

at Carolina can see the absurd-

ity of some of the actions of the

Trusevelt reign in Washington.

Franklin, Roosevelt developed

the art of keeping from the right

hand what the left was doing.

When the New Deal began op-

erating as a Fair Deal, Truman

carried on the tradition-in a

Take trustbusting as an ex-

ample. The Government has

been doing its best to break up

assumption that when a business

grows beyond a certain point of

bigness, it is no longer operating

in the best interests of the peo-

Truman has pushed trustbust-

'ing like a bulldozer through a

china shop. Any big business

has been fair game to the Gov-

ernment, regardless of the con-

sequences. The Government,

itself the biggest big business in

the country, seemingly refuses

to recognize that many things

dear to the American Way of

Life depend upon the organized

control of tremendous capital

The Justice Department is pro-

ceeding at full throttle to break

up the string of A&P stores

across the nation. Government lawyers assert that A&P is a

monopoly not serving the in-

In the first place, A&P is not

a monopoly. There are quite a

such as Colonial Food Stores

and the big Mammoth Food Cen-

ters. In the second place, the

size of the operation makes pos-

sible mass volume and lower

food prices. A&P can buy at

lower prices because it can buy

so much at one time. And A&P

can get by on a smaller profit

margin than a smaller operation.

These factors make lower food

The steel industry is the butt

Truconfusion. Although the

Government is trying to break

prices a reality.

few big chain store operations,

terests of the people.

business under the false

more obvious manner.

big

ple at large.

and resources.

DuPont built the Government's \$350 million Hanford plutonium plant during World War II for \$1. The Government coul dnever have built the plant itself, so DuPont, in the interest of the nation, did the job cheerfully. It had the organization of special talent and financial resources to do it. And DuPont did so well that the Government has asked that DuPont build the hydrogen bomb plant.

So DuPont, which is the only firm big enough to undertake such a special task, took the new job. But DuPont did not want to take it-President Crawford Greenewalt has excellent reasons for wishing that it could have shied clear of the new contract with the Government

DuPont did not want to take any chances with being further maligned as a "merchant of death." Principally, however. DuPont did not want to provide further information for the Truman trustbusters.

For, while depending upon DuPont's bigness to do a job essential to the nation's security, the Government has filed three different suits to break up the DuPont organization!

And there is no indication that the Government's Truconfusion will abandon its attempts to tear down the facilities upon which it depends in time of national crisis.



A few weeks ago a geology professor was explaining to his class the reaction of molecules under increased temperature. "As the temperature is increased the molecules expand and tend to bunch together," he

'You mean, professor," a coed spoke up in an effort to clarify the statement, "hat the hotter things get the more they get together?"

Of course Dr. Shokunbi is a fraud, although he actually seems to have been born in Africa, but I doubt he is a greater fraud than a great many of his licensed conferees. He told people, number of ailing people who had money. I do not believe that this is a violation of modern medical science if modern medical science will allow a patient to stretch at full length for years, on a couch, while the witch doctor with the pince-nez enjoins him to reach 'way back into his subconscious to recall whether or not he had an early, boyish antipathy to garter snakes.

Also, I am not inclined to knock herbal medicine, since I once wore an asafoetida bag around my neck as a child and thereby avoided colds, since asafoetida smells so bad it keeps people with colds away from you. Much can be said of the curative powers of garlic, and as I remember it the antibodies such as penicillin ain't nothin' but ordinary mold, while something called quinine comes from bark. In a section of the nation which worships cure-all brews I do not see how they can criticize "Tree of Life" and "Nervine."

To keep the American Medical Association off my back I will rip off a ringing endorsement of surgery and aspirin, but I sure do hate to see the powers gang up on a contemporary. Anybody in his right mind knows of the efficacy of the rabbit's foot and of High John the Conqueror powders when one wishes to ward off the demons of the night. Everyone knows that psychiatric suggestion is here to stay, and that half the cure of anything save cancer and traffic accident consists merely of summoning the sawbones. I hope they don't treat old Doc Skokunbi too rough, because I would like to consult him pretty soon. I been wheezing something terrible in the morning, and my hair is falling out. I can skip "Tree of Life," but that "Scalp Food" deal sounds just fine.

After his performance, Scott gestion that I check on his coradjourned to the ATO House rect age in Who's Who, but at any rate he doesn't look like he's for a cup of coffee at the invitation of Student Entertainment over 35.

Mr. Scott says his Memorial Committee Chairman Dick Alls-Hall audience Tuesday evening brook. was "wonderful-very appreciative of both the humorous and the serious. That's the kind of audience I like to have." He added later that he couldn't

remember appearing before a more appreciative crowd, although this is his third appearance here at "Chapel Hill. His two previous engagements were ed to work with, and he amazed during the spring of 1946 and a year ago last summer. The sum- with sleight-of-hand and commer show was part of the star- pletely mystifying card tricks. studded convention of the

the heat of 1949.

When I left he had finally International Platform Associa- gotten around to that cup of tion, an organization of enter- coffee, but his comedian's taltainers which took over the ents were still being exercised. campus for several days during I hope he made his train.

him

Postscript to the column on music professionally about 10 Marylander Fred Greenberg

years ago, and he says it's not only fun but he has an ulterior motive-"Comedy is a potent way to bring music to people who might not come otherwise." Scott had radiator trouble during his concert. Apparently the heat went off in Memorial

The comedian-pianist began

slipping the laughs into his

Sunday Listed on the police department blotter before the weekend was over were Maryland student Claude R. Marshall, arrested for shooting fireworks, and Terp Herbert Smith, Jr., for public drunkenness.

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When Henry L. Scott made his second appearance in Chapel Hill during the International Platform Association's convention (summer, 1949) the opinion of many who heard and saw him was that he showed great versatility as a comedian, as a pantomimist and as a pianist. There was some doubt, though, as to whether a whole evening of this anything-goes-sort-ofhumor would be effective.

The Sounding Board by Wink Locklair

Well, Mr. Scott was back in Memorial Hall Tuesday evening for the third time in four years, this time under the sponsorship of the Student Entertainment Committee. The audience, more uninhibited than usual, was large, but far from capacity. They came to be entertained and they were entertained for more than an hour by Mr. Scott's wide-open buriesque of serious music and musicians, counterpoint, and by such nonmusical pantomime as sewing on a button, walking like a penguin and the tactics a five-yearold boy, a high school boy, and a college student might employ while dancing.

From the moment he walked onto the stage in Memorial Hall (in itself a great accomplishment of nerve and stamina) Mr. Scott established a feeling of friendly rapport with his - er listeners.

As a clown beating a melody from the piano with an orange and a grapefruit ("Chopin in the Citrus Belt"), or showing some of the eccentricities of his former pupils such as whistling, squirming on the bench, and breathing (breathing? When has that become eccentric?) Mr. Scott was often hilarious. But most everyone would agree who saw the performance that he is no "Will Rogers of the piano" as he was advertised to be in the advance stories. His approach to humor is anything but the late Rogers variety. Scott's laughs come from pratfalls, facial grimaces, exaggerated gestures, wigs and props.

Then, too, his being billed as a "great concert virtuoso" is certainly misleading. There are at least a half-dozen music majors in Hill Hall who could play such numbers as the Liszt Second Hungarian Rhapsody and the C Sharp Minor waltz of Chopin with more skill and polish than Mr. Scott did. He is not a serious musician and that part of his publicity should be played down. He is a clown, a good clown, and the music he arranges for himself he plays adequately. His music is not to be taken seriously, but his other business is meant to panic the audience, which it often does.

All in all Mr. Scott is somewhere between Victor Borge and Oscar Levant as a humorist and as a pianist. Once you've see his act, as we had last year, there is not too much fun in sitting through it again because much of his material is the same. But the first time you go to see him he will likely win you over. Which was the case with most of his audience Tuesday.

