

The Daily Tar Heel

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

Even political science majors at Carolina can see the absurdity of some of the actions of the Truisevelt reign in Washington. Franklin, Roosevelt developed the art of keeping from the right hand what the left was doing. When the New Deal began operating as a Fair Deal, Truman carried on the tradition—in a more obvious manner.

Take trustbusting as an example. The Government has been doing its best to break up big business under the false assumption that when a business grows beyond a certain point of bigness, it is no longer operating in the best interests of the people at large.

Truman has pushed trustbusting like a bulldozer through a china shop. Any big business has been fair game to the Government, regardless of the consequences. 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 and resources.

The Justice Department is proceeding 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 interests of the people.

In the first place, A&P is not a monopoly. There are quite a few big chain store operations, such as Colonial Food Stores and the big Mammoth Food Centers. In the second place, the size of the operation makes possible 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 prices a reality.

The steel industry is the butt of Truconfusion. Although the Government is trying to break 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.

DuPont built the Government's \$350 million Hanford plutonium plant during World War II for \$1. The Government could never 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 shield 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!

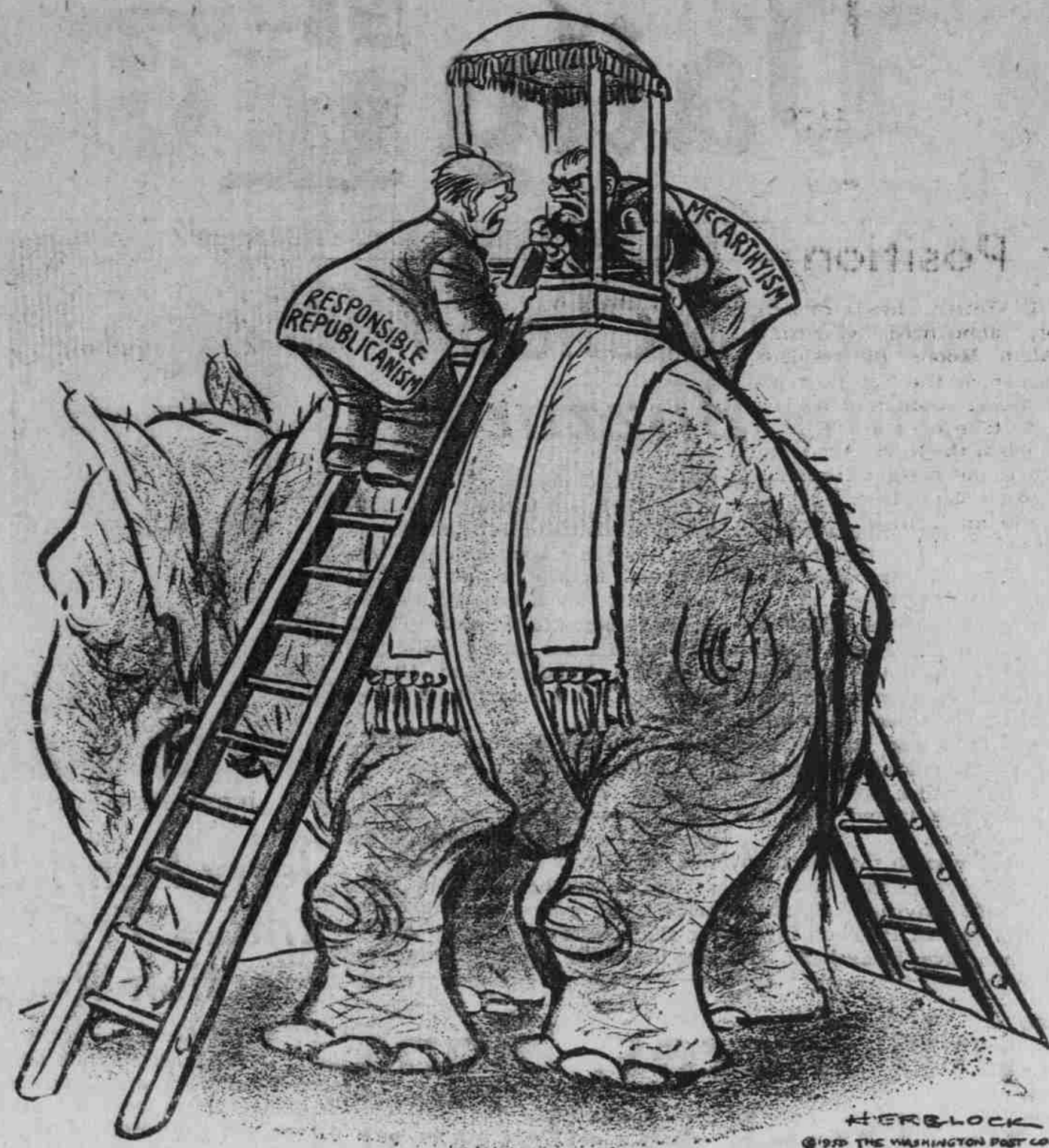
And there is no indication that the Government's Truconfusion will abandon its attempts to tear down the facilities upon which it depends in time of national crisis.

On Campus

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 said.

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

"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 pulled 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 profession 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 sharply 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.

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,

by propoganda, 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 whumped up lately.

Dr. Shokunbi agitated weird brews in a sinister-looking caldron in the back room, and served up the distillations of same to a select 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 asafetida bag around my neck as a child and thereby avoided colds, since asafetida 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 antibiotics 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.

The Sounding Board

by Wink Locklair

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-of-humor would be effective.

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 burlesque of serious music and musicians, counterpoint, and by such non-musical pantomime as sewing on a button, walking like a penguin and the tactics a five-year-old 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 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 eccen-

tricitries 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 seen 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.

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 fact 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 seems a shame that a man has to don the overcoat and the combat boots to put in time on the texts.

Frigidly yours,

John Head
 Alan Ballard
 Jack Prince

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 Homecoming spirit by "borrowing" a piece of property from the Spencer Hall display—namely, a green pup tent which we borrowed from a boy 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

I'll leave the commenting on Henry Scott's piano playing to Reviewer Wink Locklair, who gives it a going-over elsewhere on this page, but I think Mr. Scott's comedy is within the realm of my typewriter.

The clown of the keyboard is a young-looking, clean-cut gentleman who will tell you, "Professionally I'm 35, but I'm really much older." I didn't take the time to follow up his suggestion that I check on his correct age in Who's Who, but at any rate he doesn't look like he's over 35.

Mr. Scott says his Memorial Hall audience Tuesday evening 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 during the spring of 1946 and a year ago last summer. The summer show was part of the star-studded convention of the International Platform Association, an organization of entertainers which took over the campus for several days during the heat of 1949.

The comedian-pianist began slipping the laughs into his music professionally about 10 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

Hall about 8:30, and a terrific clanking started up over to the right of the stage. The entertainer's first reaction was in key with the program:

"Is that Truman breaking up his cabinet?"

Another good laugh of the evening was:

"You will notice that during the playing of the next number my fingers never leave my hands."

After his performance, Scott adjourned to the ATO House for a cup of coffee at the invitation of Student Entertainment Committee Chairman Dick Allbrook.

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 him.

But two ordinary decks of poker cards and a few loose coins were all the tools he needed to work with, and he amazed the ATO's for a solid half-hour with sleight-of-hand and completely mystifying card tricks.

When I left, he had finally gotten around to that cup of coffee, but his comedian's talents were still being exercised. I hope he made his train.

★
 Postscript to the column on Marylander Fred Greenberg 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.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS	22. Couch	31. Value highly
1. Charge	23. Artificial language	32. Fox firmly
4. Card of a red suit	24. Guessing game	33. Galley with three banks of oars
9. Weep	25. Places to sit	34. Short-naped fabric
12. Convulsively	26. Possesses	35. Communique
13. Command	27. Summit	36. Remark
14. Attempt	28. Small river	37. Island
15. English river	29. Plunged into	38. Water
16. Spread	30. Old musical note	39. Female sandpiper
17. Contends	40. DOWNS	
18. Grony	41. Hobby	
21. Small table		
22. Support for a climbing plant		
27. Silent		
28. Touch lightly		
29. Not any		
30. American humorist		

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Hobby	2. Female sheep
3. Lift	3. Desired
4. Sins	4. Sins
5. Fuss	5. Fuss
6. Ribbed cloth	6. Gymnastic
7. Stop	7. Stop
8. Stop	8. Stop
9. Stop	9. Stop
10. Fragment	10. Fragment
11. Secondary	11. Secondary
12. Strong wind	12. Strong wind
13. Chemical suffix	13. Chemical suffix
14. British	14. British
15. Dynasty	15. Dynasty
16. Demolish	16. Demolish
17. Soft drinks	17. Soft drinks
18. Unit of weight	18. Unit of weight
19. Direct proceedings	19. Direct proceedings
20. Braggart child	20. Braggart child
21. Ill-mannered	21. Ill-mannered
22. Chess pieces	22. Chess pieces
23. Angry	23. Angry
24. Scandinavian	24. Scandinavian
25. Equality	25. Equality
26. Secular	26. Secular
27. French	27. French
28. Shooting match	28. Shooting match
29. Grapa	29. Grapa
30. Palm leaf	30. Palm leaf
31. Suitably	31. Suitably