

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor, John Noble — Sports, Bill Hughes

NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

Should women go to college?
It is surprising to me that this is still a topic for lively discussion. So many women have put their college work to such obvious good use that there seems little basis for any question on the matter. But a lot of people, including some women, maintain that the average coed is wasting time and money in getting her degree.

And there are even a few who claim that college spoils what otherwise might have been a good woman.

Well, I disagree with those who disagree that college agrees with the girls. I think college is good for the women who go and who get something out of it. And this implies that what the women get gives them more to give.

Sure, college has ruined some women. No doubt about that. You meet a woman every so often that has college indelibly stamped on her in pure snottiness. And some girls have absolutely no intention of learning anything when they leave home for school.

But these number among the minority.

I was interested in the results of a questionnaire asking women alumnae what values they got from college and would presumably use. They listed five general items: A greater self-confidence, a sense that the world was larger than themselves, a feeling of balance which helped them see points of view not like their own, the habit of seeing problems and then acting upon them and training in and delight in doing research.

When I think about women in college, I don't include the girls who actually intend to launch themselves upon some particular career. For the women who choose to devote their lives to professions, there can be no question that college is not only important but also necessary.

The women who might be included under any question of whether college is worthwhile are the majority of females who find fellows, get married and settle down to manage homes and families. What do they get from college that is useful?

They learn things of an infinite variety that makes them better wives, mothers and citizens. They learn of history and art and science and people. They develop into better-poised, clear-thinking people who are able to extract more from life on both the spiritual and the materialistic planes.

The college woman is better prepared to train and educate her children into the ways of the world. She has a finer perspective in sharing with her husband the problems of his business. She can do more with less in making home brighter and smarter. Her vote at the polls is worth more because she understands more of what is going on and why.

And the college woman can get a better job with higher pay, than can the woman who's stopped short of higher education. This is an important point the college woman has: when the family finances depend upon the wife's job as well as the husband's in so many cases.

Employers are smart people. They like college-educated women. They know from experience that the college girl is more responsible, better trained in some technique of work, and more apt to conduct her business with a broader perspective on matters in general.

Managing a home is complicated business, to be done well. I know this from fact. My wife tells me . . . She's looking over my shoulder now, my wife is. That first line attracted her attention. I know she will approve of my stand, too, because she's a college woman.

On Campus

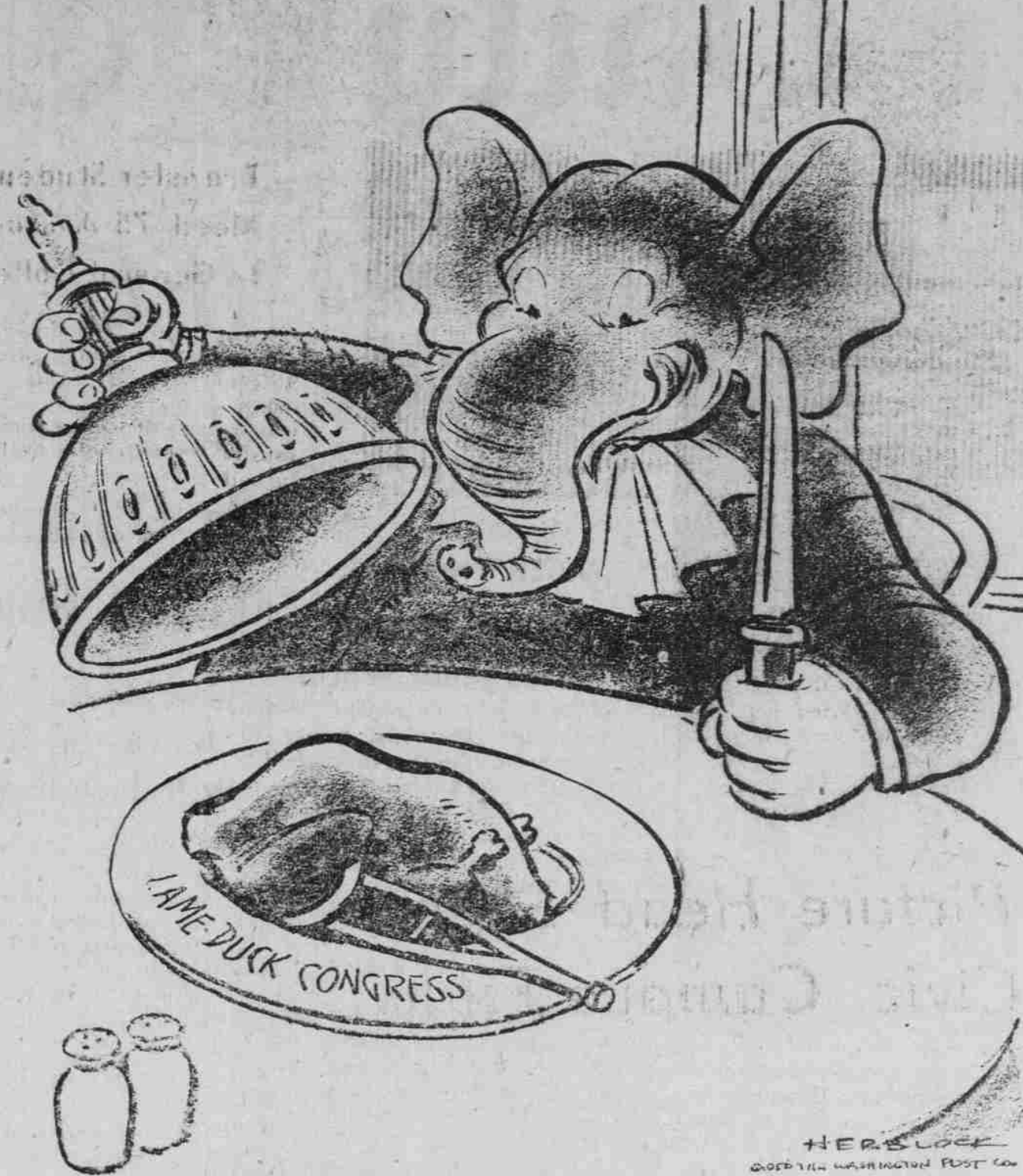
We know of a married veteran who had a friend visit him in his Victory Village home the other day.

After being introduced to the caller, the fellow's wife went into the bedroom to do something, and the visitor whispered to his host:

"My, she's beautiful! Can she cook?"

"She can make the best ice cubes you ever tasted," the husband whispered back.

Thanksgiving Bird



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

BIRMINGHAM—We were speaking the other day of Charlie Boswell, the totally blind football star who lost his eyes in the war, and who has licked his infirmity miraculously. Charlie rides horses, is the international blind golf champion of the world, and, I am told, plays one helluva game of bridge.

Charlie's golf game is worth talking about. He never touched a club until a shell shattered in his face and put out his eyes. He now shoots consistently in the middle eighties. He has grooved his swing, and never has to worry about keeping his eyes on the ball. He is a fine putter. He has mastered chip shots so that today he relishes a sand trap.

When Charlie plays golf somebody points his feet in the right direction, and nestles the club-head behind the ball. Charlie takes over from there. When he putts, somebody tells him how far he is away from the hole. He feels out the terrain of the green and bats the ball gently into the cup. Before he is much older he will probably shoot a hole-in-one.

Living in the dark poses a number of horrid handicaps to happiness but I truly believe that Charlie Boswell is a happy man, an adjusted man. Certainly he earns a living that is devoid of undue sympathy, since he holds down a department store job that would tax the abilities of any man equipped with eyes.

He has memorized the city of Birmingham in his brain, and with his cane, which is NOT painted white. He goes where he wishes. All he needs is initial orientation. He times his bus rides by curbs and steps and jounces. His wife, Kitty, could take him to work in their car. He considers that a waste of her time and handles his transportation on his own.

Charlie uses the word "see" constantly. He has to "see" a man about a deal. Such-and-such was the funniest thing you have ever "seen." He goes to New York annually to "see shows." He

attends sports events constantly, and "sees" them through the eyes of the announcer, his companions, and the roar of the crowd. He "saw" South Pacific, and he says Mary Martin is the cutest gal he has ever "seen."

There is at least one instance of Charlie going off on a football weekend with a sportswriter friend, who promised solemnly to look after Charlie. Said chum got loaded, Charlie spent the weekend steering his buddy around. "One of the first true cases of the blind leading the blind," Charlie says with a snort.

I mentioned earlier that Charlie was furious at fate when the medics told him, finally, that he was kaput in the eye department. Then and there he made up his mind to accept none of the usual social crutches of the blind, especially the war-blind. He gets furious at overcasted sympathy. His life—from the dressing of his children to a Saturday stint at the barbecue pit—is as normal as that of any man with sight—except, of course he can't see.

"I never measured a distance in my blind life," he says. "I am not sensitive, though. You just take me to the door of my department store, and some pretty old girl will steer me to the elevator. After that I'm home."

To see Charlie among his sports stock in the department store is a sort of miracle in itself. From a fishhook to a shotgun, he knows his inventory as intimately as he knows the razor he shaves with or the necktie he knots impeccably every morning. Charlie has full disability pay from the Army, of course, but today he doesn't need it. He can compete with the average man who has his sight.

Charlie Boswell is a happy man, happy with his home, his job, his wife, his kids. Charlie is having a pretty swell time, eyes or no eyes, which ought to be of some aid and comfort to the lads who come home from Korea today as victims of a mighty mean trick of fate.

The Carolina Front

by Chuck Hauser

If you have a weak heart and are still on your feet today, it's a cinch you weren't in the Ratskeller last night when footballer Dick Bunting was "murdered" in a surprise barroom brawl staged by the Phi Alpha Delta legal fraternity.

I knew about the darned thing in advance, and my hands were still shaking when it was over.

The coed at my shoulder who screamed gave me the jitters worse than ever, but a touch of humor was added when senior Dortch Warriner, who wasn't in the know, heroically tried to protect the good name of the University and Dick Bunting by trying to keep one of the lawless photographers from shooting pictures of the bleeding "body."

It wasn't generally known until the compulsory meeting of all fall election candidates last night, but both political parties pulled a boner in making nominations for one of the Legislature seats.

The boner was that the parties nominated for a seat that wasn't open in the election.

Here's the way it happened:

One of the University Party legislators in Town District III, a Beta by the name of Biff Roberts, resigned from the Legislature but his name was never turned over to Elections Board Chairman Julian Mason. So naturally Mason

didn't know Roberts' seat was open and did not provide to fill it during the election. The term runs until April.

Ordinarily two one-year terms would be up for election in the fall, but the recent reapportionment cut the number down to one. The UP nominated Sheldon Pflager for the one-year seat and the SP nominated Alan Donald.

For some reason, the UP assumed that the seat left vacant by Roberts would be up for election as a six-months term, and it promptly chose Ben James as its nominee for the post. Naturally it wished to keep James in the public eye as a possible presidential candidate for the spring, and it had no reason to run him for more than a six-month post in the fall, assuming he would be a candidate for higher office after six months.

When the SP was nominating for the single one-year term open, Ben James, visiting the opposition party meeting, informed the SP members that a six-month term was open also, since he was running for same. The Student Party duly nominated Tom Sully for the non-existent seat, on the basis of James' information. See the moray?

At any rate, Ben will get to sit in the Legislature come winter quarter, because he will be appointed to fill Biff Roberts' seat. Which also should point a moral of some kind.

The Editor's Mailbox

Freshman Assembly Criticized

Editor: We are writing this letter for the purpose of bringing to the attention of students and university officials a very deplorable incident which occurred last Tuesday. Being freshmen, we entered Memorial Hall for the semi-weekly meeting of the freshman assembly, a meeting which, incidentally, all freshmen are compelled to attend. The speaker was Mr. Al Lowenstein, who was introduced by Orientation Committee Chairman Bill Prince as the National President of the N.S.A., and who, we were told, would enlighten us as to the functions of N.S.A.

Instead of talking about the functions and accomplishments of the National Students Association, Mr. Lowenstein launched into a mighty tirade about the so-called witch-hunt of Senator McCarthy and other Republicans in such a manner that would have greatly pleased Mr. Truman.

Not content with venting his feelings on Senator McCarthy, Mr. Lowenstein focused his attack on such outstanding conservatives as Senator Robert Taft and Senator-elect Willis Smith in a pure political speech as we have ever heard.

Now this would be all right in its place, but this is our point. All freshmen are compelled to attend Freshman Assembly as part of the orientation program, but we are two freshmen who are not going to attend one of these assemblies to hear political propaganda. It does not aid our orientation in university life in the slightest way. We trust that University officials will take proper measures to see that a political speech of this kind does not occur again at a Freshman Assembly.

William K. Scarborough
Barry W. Bryant

(Mr. Lowenstein, as head of an organization which, rightly or wrongly, represents the majority opinion of U. S. college students was going very deeply into what he thought were the troubles and solutions with the way in which this country is battling for its life with Communism. What he was saying is going to be the official opinion of his organization—and therefore, the opinion of American college students—when he is called on to state that opinion. Your statement about such talk not aiding your orientation or university life seems to us to be hypocritical. Whether you are in agreement with Mr. Lowenstein's views or not, the hearing of such views is education itself. We presume that education is what you are here for. Closing your ears is not the way to become educated. If you are so fearful of hearing such "propaganda" that you want to be "protected" by the University administration, we suggest you lock yourselves in your room. By doing that, you will not be subjected to opinion, fact or fancy. That should be the basis for a good education—Russian style.—Ed.)

CICA Discusses Sadie Hawkins' Day

Editor: We wish to thank The Daily Tar Heel for the publicity given our Sadie Hawkins' Day though we kept hoping you would mention the fact that the event was sponsored by the Independents. Guys who humanely enough wanted to get credit for the work and the success as well as for the fiasco.

You and all the campus may be interested to know that the square dance Friday night was said to be the best dance of the kind in years. More than 200 people came, the music by "Fiddling Bill" Cunningham was very good, and everybody seemed to be having a fine time. Dean Carmichael, in green anklets and green leather jacket, was approving and smiling as she swung into her first set with Walt Leonard.

The Chesterfield Company awarded prizes to best square dancers and to the three winners of the hog-calling contest through its representative on campus, Martha Byrd. Hog calling experts, by the way, were Maurice Richards, Walter Leonard, and Frank Wamsley with techniques ranging from a bawl designed to carry against a stiff wind over the mountain to a softly persuasive cluck with little grunts interspersed. Jane Hogan, Pat McDonald, Harvey Culpepper, and Ed Currence stepped away with cartons of C. C. Sternum for the best dancing.

We enjoyed the dance, felt it was worth while and that all the rest who came enjoyed it. As for the rest of the day—there was a parade as scheduled though we were the only participants—may we commend ourselves for entering a float, Duke and South Carolina and Thanksgiving notwithstanding. We thank Mike McDonald for his admirable portrayal of Marrying Sam and Ruby Egan for bravely braving the elements bravely as Daisy Mae. Pat Ciffin did Cap's L'il Abner justice.

We extend our regrets to those organizations who were busy to help us make the whole day a success and too busy to enjoy the successful part with us. We would have loved to have had you.

The Carolina Independent Coeds

Happy Thanksgiving

The Daily Tar Heel takes this opportunity to say "Happy Thanksgiving" to the student body. May you all have as much enjoyment and turkey as we of the staff hope to have, and may you return Saturday in time to see the footballing Tar Heels clobber the rivals from over Durham way.

Holidays are always happy days for Tar Heels, and Thanksgiving has always been one of our favorites, coming as it does in the midst of the turmoiling fall quarter. We hope and trust that everybody will enjoy the free time as much as we hope and intend to do. See you Saturday.

Watch Shenanigans

The purely political shenanigans that have characterized the nomination and selection of freshman class officer candidates should be analyzed just a little bit if freshmen are not going to be completely at loss when the time comes to try and pick their officers.

First, we think, the shenanigans should not be taken as an indication of an increased interest by freshmen as a whole in their officer elections. In fact, we would look upon the many schemes, expertly done deals, and actions of the candidates as indications of a complete disregard for the whole affair by most freshmen. The ease with which some candidates have entered the race, and the fact that there are so many in the race, seems to us to be an indication of a complete lack of unity of purpose on the part of freshmen. Admittedly, class elections are not very important in the scheme of things. Especially is that so far as the freshmen are concerned. Far be it from us to attach too much importance to the election of class officers, and for that reason, we don't look with any great alarm on the lack of interest being shown by most freshmen, or with the shenanigans that have grown out of the situation. Until class officers become important because of the duties they would entail, the election of class officers should get only such interest as they deserve.

However, there is one big danger in letting such shenanigans get completely out of hand, and so completely into the realm of politics. And that is the fact that such stuff may be taken as standard procedure, even when it comes to electing folks to jobs that have real responsibility. That is why freshmen should do some evaluating of the actions by certain members of their class. There are at least two freshmen presidential candidates who, we believe, should be classed as opportunists to the hilt. Whether they, in their own desire for office, would still be better presidents than the other two, we wouldn't attempt to say. The fact is, however, that opportunism seems to be their principle characteristic right now. And the fact that there have been some purely political moves—moves that would do credit to veteran political wheelhorses—should make freshmen even more wary and even more cognizant of their responsibility at the polls. When pure politics get in the driver's seat, whether it be in such jobs as class officer or in the president's chair, it usually takes nothing less than near-revolution to get them out.

A realization that such farcial actions are not an indication of a heartening awakening of interests by the majority will help freshmen to better make their choice at the polls. Such a realization should also show others that there is no such awakening, and that the awakening is not going to come until class officerships become jobs of responsibility.

Hawkins Day Dilemma

The complete flop of UNC's Sadie Hawkins Day is simply beyond comprehension, even by such staid observers as the editorialist. Even more amazing is the reason behind the flop. On a campus where females are outnumbered so completely, and where males are usually on the lookout for a way to crack the tremendous male-to-female ratio, the flop came because there were not enough men! Truly, it was amazing.

There they were, a group of coeds who were willing to run to grab a man student. And no men showed up to be chased. It must be an indication of some significant change in something or other. Possibly a far-reaching investigation and study should be conducted into something, we are not exactly sure what. More mature minds would claim that it is a heartening sign, an indication of a growing maturity on the part of the student body. Traditionalists would bemoan the flop, since UNC was one of the first to take part in the cartoon-inspired manhunt. Student Party would claim that it was a University Party plot. UP would claim backknifing by the SP. And on and on.

Such an investigation would at least provide a new field of study into many areas. Paramount among them would be the Daily Tar Heel editorial columns, where the same old problems have been gathering editorial dust for many student generations. For that reason, alone we would advocate a thorough study into the matter.

Word puzzle and crossword puzzle section with clues and solutions.