

The Daily Tar Heel

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

NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

Why is the most important word in the world. And why is the most neglected thing in the world. Why usually results in nothing more than just because, which is an excuse for lazy people and the reason for many of the tragedies of all time.

Why this stress on why?

The lack of a good, solid why is a lack of faith in and enthusiasm for what we do and don't do. Now, few of us do what we should do and most of us do what we shouldn't do.

We should do everything we can to make ourselves into better people, a better nation and a better world. But ask the typical person why he should do these things. If he offers an answer, it will probably be just because.

We should study hard to learn more, work harder to do more and sell the idea of growth and progress to others. Why?

We shouldn't be lazy, ignorant, mean or dishonest. We shouldn't refuse to think and act in matters of religion, politics and education. Why?

Motive is the key to any human activity. And why, asked in a loud voice, exposes motive. Unless the motive is understood, the activity is hard to understand.

It's fairly safe to say that people are becoming less able to understand more things as time goes on. These people fall back upon rules and regulations for guidance. And the rules become habit and action and, eventually, goal.

Then a few people find themselves in a position where they may control many people. The mass doesn't ask questions except of the simplest, easiest kind to answer. The mass follows the rules. So the few merely devise rules and simple rational arguments to support them.

And the mass of people gets farther from the complete truth and more under the control of the rulers and regulators. Just because they didn't ask enough good, solid whys.

Make the break. Start asking why to everything you think or do. Start with the ground-breaking question, "Why not ask why?"

On Campus

While most schools are trying to fight off a boost in the price of a cup of coffee, students who eat in the college cafeteria at the University of Buffalo have a unique worry:

The customary pickle enhancing the hamburger is now considered a separate item—a penny a pickle!

At the University of Minnesota a week or so ago, the editors of The Minnesota Daily really scored a scoop in true journalistic style.

When the head football coach, Bernie Bierman, announced his resignation, the Daily rushed an extra onto the press. Before the student papers could be distributed, however, the word came to the office that The Minneapolis Star, the downtown competition, had just hit the streets with its first edition, including the story on Bierman.

The Minnesota Daily still scored its scoop. It merely had its staff members go to town and buy out every newsstand which had received copies of the Star. A few minutes later, the student publication hit the streets.

Of course you have to wade through knee-deep Stars now to get to a typewriter in the Daily office.

Number One Boy



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico—The sermon for today concerns the barber, the siege, the radio announcer, the garbage can, and the Hero of the Dirty Towel. It is also a postscript on the semi-silly Nationalist revolution which threatened the lives of both President Truman and President Munoz Marin of this island.

Pedro Albizu Campos, the funder of the uprising, had a very good barber named Vidal Santiago. Vidal was a brave man who believed strongly in the anti-American principles of Albizu Campos, the man who masterminded the attempted assassinations.

So it happened that when some of Albizu's radical boys shot up a post office in a San Juan suburb, adjacent to Vidal's barbershop, the cops came, and so did the National Guard. Attention was then turned to Vidal's barbershop, which was known as a Nationalist hangout. Vidal resisted arrest, and unlimbered a gun. The battle of the barbershop was joined.

An enterprising radio man named Luis Enrique Marrero, otherwise known as Vivi, then produced the most amazing journalistic feat of the season. Vivi, 27, had a portable transmitter. He also found a garbage can.

Using the garbage can as a shield, he crawled right up to the door of the barbershop. He got his transmitter working, and not only got on the air of his own station, WIAC, but hooked up with some 18 others. The battle progressed from 5:15 p.m. to 7:20—more than two full hours.

Vidal, the barber, stood off a collection of several dozen police and National Guardsmen. (The legend has it now that over 200 men tried to take the barbershop.) Guns roared and bullets whistled, and the enterprising radioman collared all the color from his vantage point in the garbage can.

More: Announcer Vivi performed an audience-participation feat that must go unchallenged for initiative. He would beckon a member of the besieging force and perform what

we used to call a "Joe Blow" in that tired old World War II.

"This is Sergeant Juan Rodriguez of Villa Palmeras," Vivi would say into his mike. "Say a few words to the audience, sergeant."

Sergeant Rodriguez would then say: "Hello, Maria, hello, mama, hello, papa. It is a tough fight but I think we will win." Then Sergeant Rodriguez would reload his carbine and throw a few more shots, for the benefit of the radio listeners, at the beleaguered barber.

At one time, a smoke bomb was to be heaved into the barbershop, and the thrower was taking too much time. A tough cop said, directly into Vivi's mike, for all the island to hear: "Come on, you so-and-such idiot, throw the this-and-that bomb."

Vivi's voice smoothly filled the aching void behind the profanity. "Senores y senoras," he said, "you must forgive Sergeant Gomez' roughness of tongue. He is unduly excited by the battle, and we are rather close to the area of combat."

Several thousand people gathered to watch the battle of the barbershop. After two hours the barber quit. When they carted him out he owned some 27 separate wounds. He was sent to the hospital, where he is recovering today. He has asked God to forgive him, and repents his sins of Nationalism.

In some random firing after the siege a small child was killed. Vivi got a bonus from his radio station. And after the attempted assassinations of President Truman and President Munoz Marin, they went to collect the revolutionist chief, Albizu Campos. They fired one shot over his house, and Don Pedro came out waving a dirty towel.

That is why he is known today as the Hero of the Dirty Towel, and his barber is already a legend. Except for the sad fact that people occasionally get killed in Latin revolutions, they all should be set to music. Preferably by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Elections As Expected

The fall campus election came off about as expected, with the University Party taking most of the Student Legislature seats, and all of the class officerships, except one. The Student Party took a single Woman's seat on the Student Council.

The vote was little better than the usual fall vote, although it did surpass last year's vote of the same election. It was also a little better percentage-wise, since there are not as many students in the student body. There is another bright spot in the outlook when one remembers the dearth of campaigning that preceded the election, a dearth that, we believe, has never been matched in the past. In other words, it was a dull campaign.

The freshman class, for the second time this year, has proved that it is poll-conscious. It cast nearly a third of the votes cast, just as it did in the special election held earlier this year. The unusual interest created with four presidential candidates in the field could have been the reason for the large freshman vote. We hope, however, that it means the first-year students are more cognizant of the duty at the polls than have been their predecessors. The fact that so few freshmen took part in a candidate-picking session during freshman assembly, but twice that number voted in the election, would seem to back up the contention that the freshman vote was an indication of a poll-consciousness not completely attributable to interest in an unimportant election of class officers.

The political implications of the vote seem to be nil. The success of the University Party was in line with a pattern that has been true for at least two years. Although the UP did fare a mite better than it did in last year's fall ballot setto, there is no indication of any great upheaval of the Student Party ability to beat the UP in campus-wide elections.

All-in-all, the vote and result was about as dull as the campaign that preceded the voting. We think maybe the election got just about the attention and vote it deserved. There were several capable persons—at least, persons of experience—chosen for the Legislature, and the size of the freshman vote was heartening.

The Editor's Mailbox

It's Not A-Bomb Time, Yet

Editor:

Dear Harry Snook:

So you want to drop the A-bomb. You think it's time to flex our star-spangled biceps and make the whole Manchurian border radioactive in a supreme effort to end the war and save American lives. A lot of people agree with you and there's no denying you have a convincing argument. But, Harry, if we drop that bomb now Joe Stalin and his boys in the Kremlin will have their biggest celebration since Stalingrad, their biggest laugh since Yalta. Here's why:

The minute the bomb explodes, over 500 million Asians will be united for the first time in their history into an organized bloc for the sole purpose of destroying the United States. Communist photographers from around the world would swarm to China to do nothing but take pictures of women and children and death and destruction. The Reds have enough material to feed their propaganda machine as it is. We can't afford to write their copy for them.

Don't forget that Russia has the bomb, too. Any advantage we'd have in an atomic war would be short-lived. Britain and France have threatened to wash their hands of the whole business if we use the bomb in Asia. We need every precious ally we can get. If we didn't we wouldn't be flirting with Tito. We still have anti-Communist friends among the Chinese. If we use the bomb it'll ruin a beautiful friendship and we'd be playing right into the Communists' hands.

Use of the atomic bomb would not mean the end of a small war but the beginning of a terrible war. The world still has a chance for peace. We lose that chance if we drop the A-bomb and our generation will have the dubious privilege of watching civilization go down the drain. This isn't the proper time to play our ace card. Our armed forces need more time to grow and organize. The United Nations, although shaken, is still intact and negotiating. Besides we've always fancied ourselves as the true blue guardians of democracy and righteousness. The atomic bomb makes the ovens of Buchenwald and Hitler's Gestapo look like a sorority initiation. Dropping the bomb at this time is neither the military nor the psychological nor the moral thing to do.

Just look at it from the profit and loss angle. If we use the bomb we gain perhaps some limited military victory. On the other hand we open ourselves to swift retaliation by the Communists. We cause dissension among our friends and incur the venomous hatred of our enemies. The bomb won't "end the war" as it did in the case of the already-crushed Japanese. It will merely ring the bell for round one.

This isn't to accuse you of bloodthirsty warmongering, Harry. This is no "Stockholm Appeal" designed to outlaw use of the bomb. Naturally if a full-scale world war pops and we find ourselves fighting for survival, use the bomb by all means. But not yet! I pray to God, not yet!

Barry Farber

The Carolina Front

by Chuck Hauser

When you feel the hot breath of exam week blowing down the back of your neck, you know it's not only time to start studying but it's also the beginning of the Christmas season.

From the lights and decorations downtown, you also get a hint that the holy season is here, but at times it seems that the holy aspect of it has been lost in a maze of commercialism.

Back on Dec. 10, 1948, Daily Tar Heel staffer Charlie Joyner, now working on The Rocky Mount Telegram, also had a complaint about a Christmas season practice, but we'll let him tell you about it:

"With WW's clm setting the precedent, the English language is becoming so abbreviated that in generations to come, students of history will undoubtedly have a difficult time deciphering the writings of our civilization. However, University students will continue to unspectacularly sign up for these courses as they are sure to be listed in the cat. as cryp. (for cryptography) courses. (Students today may take cryp-

courses at any morticians school. Any body interested see the ghostwriter responsible for this deadline.)

"What with the YMCA, the CPU, the IFC, the ICC's, SP and everything else from UP down, it looks like there's nothing left on campus that isn't abbreviated except coeds' skirts!

"Any day now we may expect to see a copy of A. L.'s G. A. come out looking something like this: 4 score & 7 yrs. ago our 4 fats, brt. 4th in this cont. a new nat., conceived in lib. and ded. to the prop. that all men r created equal.

"Seriously, though, we can take all abbreviations except Xmas, and that is one word we would like to see x-terminated. Without Christ, Christmas has no meaning, and none of us should be in such a hurry that he must abbreviate the birthday of our Lord. Those who stand up for the abbreviation argue that X is the proper symbol for Christ, but the majority of those who use it never heard or thought of that reason for writing it that way."

Buy Christmas Seals Now!

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- High mountain
 - The candlelit tree
 - Faction
 - Meadow
 - Joke; slang
 - Principal part in a piano duet
 - Compete with
 - Stratagem
 - Inclose in a box
 - Deal with
 - Canine
 - The turner
 - Anticipate with shrinking doubt
 - Matured
 - Trickery
 - Tags
 - Arma

DOWN

- Vigilant
- Animal of the monkey family
- Arma
- Momentary halt
- Turkish title of respect
- Comrade
- Things to be done
- Small log of wood
- Flower
- Differ from the standard
- Feminine name
- The sun
- Conductor
- Simmer in water
- Three; prefix
- Long fish
- Public notices
- Intend; Scot.
- Brassia
- Small round mark
- Belgian commune
- Comrade
- French river
- Condition of the atmosphere affecting bodily comfort
- Snell
- Lit.
- Disposal of goods
- Nominate
- Toward the shore
- Side
- Patrol
- Son of Abijah
- Mark of duplication
- Stabilish

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13			14				
15		16				17				
18			19			20				
21		22	23			24	25	26	27	28
29			27			28				29
30	31	32				33	34			
35						36	37			
38			37			40	41	42	43	
44	45					46	47			
48	49					50	51			
52						53				54
55						56				57

Lend An Eye

MY BLUE HEAVEN—If La Grable is forced to appear in another stinker of this caliber, in the future she'll have to rely on more than that beautiful frame she throws around. Betty Grable has led a phenomenal career. She has appeared in no less than six floppers and still manages to pull them in. The customers, that is. This one is no better than the usual Grable vehicle and even lacks the saving grace of at least having a few entertaining production numbers.

All the numbers are flat and dull and some are pretty feeble excuses for song and dance. A newcomer, Mitzi Gaynor, shows promise. She has a sharp sense of comedy and is a better dancer than Grable.

Usually we can take anything in music and technicolor, but E. Carrington couldn't do much worse than this. —S.W.

