

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor, Andy Taylor — Sports, Eddie Starnes

the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

I imagine most of you have been wondering for the last week what has happened to Harry Snook, who columned his way through the fall quarter in this spot without missing a day.

I guess you could call Harry a war casualty, although not in the usual sense of being in uniform.

The rising cost of living hit Harry, and he is now working full-time in his Bike Shop down on Rosemary Street across from the Town Hall, keeping himself and his pretty wife well fed, well housed, well clothed and enjoying life.

Harry's not planning on going into service anytime soon, since he spent some two and a half years in the Army during the last hot war.

When I started knocking out this column last Friday evening, my purpose was to explain why Harry had quit writing for The Tar Heel. But on Saturday afternoon I talked to him on the phone and he made a remark about how much he missed writing the column.

I suggested that he might have enough time to do one or two columns a week, instead of one every day.

So tomorrow Mr. Snook will return.

The explanation aside, let me tell you something about Harry Snook, the man who told you what he thought about everything from teapots to television day after day last quarter.

Harry began work in professional radio when he was going to high school in Columbia, S. C. Before he was 20 he had worked with WCOS in Columbia, WAYS in Charlotte, gone into the Army and gotten married.

After leaving uniform, Harry ran a production agency in the Northwest for a while, then moved to WBT in Charlotte, where he became the youngest production manager in the country of a 50,000-watt key network station.

He then set himself up in business as a special station consultant, planning, staffing, programming and selling radio; launching and operating new small stations until they could stay on their own feet. He started such stations as WLTC in Gastonia and WIRC in Hickory, and pulled WETB in Johnson City, Tenn., out of the red.

"I always want to know more about everything I can," Harry says, and that is the reason why he showed up in Chapel Hill in the fall of 1949 and registered as a freshman in the General College. He's been here since.

He started the Bike Shop last March to pick up extra money to supplement his GI check. In his own words, "I started the shop on a shoestring—a sandal shoestring—and now it is a substantial small business, as differing from General Motors and United States Steel."

In other words, Harry was proving to himself that private enterprise isn't dead—yet.

That's the story of Harry Snook, a man who has led a long and varied life, considering the fact that he is only 23 years old today.

Can anyone match it?

Rules Of The Victory Road

President Truman laid down a mighty course of action for this nation in his State of the Union speech before Congress yesterday. He made it plain that this nation intends to live up to its role as the arsenal of democracy and the citadel of freedom.

One point he stressed seems of great importance to us. The President called on the Congress to "put fulfillment of the task ahead of party and personal interests." He then told the legislators that he did not mean a complete stopping of Congressional criticism, but urged the legislators to make their criticism constructive, and to keep the right paramount.

Such a call to unity of purpose has always come from leaders in time of strife, and it would seem that this is just the same old cliché. However, we believe the call has mighty significance today. With the future of freedom walking on a shaky tightrope, unity of purpose is the most needed quality in those men who will be the leaders. Such highly selfish antics as the quasi-isolationist views of many of our most influential leaders, the moronic rantings of Senator McCarthy, and the political backstabbing at Secretary of State Dean Acheson, are indications of a willingness on the part of many to torpedo unity of purpose with actions based on party and personal reasons.

The President has indicated a willingness on his own part to lay aside many semi-political programs in order to best meet the all-pervading challenge that is before us. In his speech, he subordinated his medical insurance plans, his civil rights program, and his old-age and social security program to the greater task. By taking in more and more members of the political opposition into his administrative team, he has shown his determination and willingness to subordinate party to purpose. He has shown a greater and greater willingness to heed constructive criticism, no matter from which side of the political fence it emanates.

Such is the type of actions necessary if unity of purpose is to be achieved. Never before has such unity been so important. So important, indeed, that its achievement or lack of achievement may well be the difference between freedom or slavery for the people of the world. Such is the tremendous responsibility and challenge for those upon whose shoulders leadership rests. The President has pointed the way down which we must all march with purpose and with unity. At the end of the road we travel is victory, a victory achieved through such unity of purpose.

Solving Money Problem

The sharp drop in enrollment for this quarter, and the even larger drop sure to come in the Spring, has put a monetary bind on student activities that is going to require stringent and drastic curtailment and retrenchment. The drop this quarter is estimated at about 800, while the student body is not expected to be much over 5,000 come springtime. Such a drop in enrollment means that the \$100,000 estimated in the student activity budget is going to be something like \$75,000. Even the 15 percent "voluntary" cut taken by student organizations at the end of last quarter is not going to be sufficient.

Already paring to the bone are the big money-spenders, including the three publications, the Student Entertainment Committee, and the executive branch of student government. This paring must be continued if the monetary bind is to be loosened. Leaders of student activities are going to have to work closely together and with understanding if the crisis is to be met and weathered. Students are going to have to bear with their leaders if the problem is going to be surmounted.

The monetary situation is one that is caused by conditions entirely beyond the control of student leaders. In other words, the solution of the problem is one that should not be colored by selfishness or campus politics. It is a problem that should be met squarely and with a give-and-take attitude. Only by understanding action can we make the most of the bad situation.

Another SEC Triumph

Tonight the Student Entertainment Committee will bring another of its excellent attractions to the campus. The Robert Shaw Chorale, America's greatest singing group, will go through its vocal paces on the stage of Memorial Auditorium.

The program is one that deserves attention, and, if possible, attendance from UNC students. Shaw can make the most of a singing group, and his genius is recognized wherever music lovers congregate. His work has brought down the praises of all who have been fortunate enough to hear it.

In bringing the Shaw Chorale to the campus, the SEC has once again lived up to a habit and a tradition of making available topflight entertainment to the appreciative audience that is the Carolina student body.

"Can't Take Any Chance On Having Varmints Around"



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

There is quite a passel of indignation loose upon the streets at the suggestion that we just knock off the hostilities in the East, pretend they never happened, and shed a short tear for the thousands who are already dead for an ideal that we have promoted all along.

The bar-and-grill consensus is that we were possibly stupid to stick out the neck in Korea, but we stuck it out. That being so, we were real dumb to get fouled up in the United Nations at all, since we have to finance it, and, largely, implement it. But fouled up in it we got, finance it we did, and implement it we have.

Our bosom buddies, England and France, have bounced merrily along with us to date in all our fine sensibilities, but now, with the dough on the line, they say knock off. How you going to knock off, Bud? The only history that is sadder than the history of aggression is the history of bended-knee appeasement to aggressors. England wrote the book on that one, and France, heaven help us all, has certainly been unable to administrate its own affairs since they built a flimsy picket fence called the Maginot Line.

There is no future in fighting China, but there is less future in backing down once you've chosen up the adversary. We shoved out the chin, for God, country, and a flock of tired dependents. Said chin remains out, whether to be knocked off or withdrawn is yet unknown.

If you will pardon a personal intrusion, I went to sea for a living once (\$10 a week, no overtime) back in the mid-thirties when jobs were scarce. As a fresh college graduate I was a spit in the eye to professional sailors, though I was as hungry as they.

On the first trip out, I had a lot of fights. Some I won, some I tied, and some I lost. On the second trip I had no fights. This was because I attempted to appease nobody in the foc'sle. While a lot of the boys aboard could whip me, it got to be too much trouble to bait a guy who answered a dirty crack with a fist. Moral being that Mr. Chamberlain is remembered only for his umbrella.

We got a thing in our hip pocket today which the hoodlums call the "difference." That would be the atom bomb. Anybody with the "difference" on his person does not have to be cuffed around by people armed, for the moment, solely with brass knucks.

This thing cannot string out, like an interminable fight between dogs. No economy will support it, when the weight of aggression is provided by puppets, by hirelings, by slaves infected with indoctrination. Nor can the pleas of impotent allies for peace solve any immediate question, apart from the exposure of what Mr. Churchill used to call the soft underbelly.

Guys like me say let's do whatever we have to do, now, wrong or right, but now. We are hip-deep in fancy talk and foolish policies, but in them we are and in them we stay unless we fight our way out. This does not include the kowtow to the Chinese Reds, the Russians or to our weak-kneed conspirators for peace without honor. Nobody in history ever satisfactorily staved off a showdown.

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On Fraternities

by Bob Selig

I believe that the fraternity system is an evil, but I have joined one. Why? Because fraternities are a necessary evil, just like death and taxes.

Why are they necessary? They are necessary because most people have mediocre personalities. They cannot run into a person on campus, say hello, shake his hand, and become his lifelong friend. They are too uninteresting to make friends easily. Some, of course, may be really fine men and women, but introverted and withdrawn. They are in the same boat as the dull ones. Such college students find that they are not making as many friendships and contacts during their college life as they should, and these are two of the most important things to be found at a college or university. A fraternity is the best answer for these students. A college campus is, after all, a big place, and fraternities can be a big help to anyone in getting to know people.

Why, then, are fraternities evil? What's wrong with them? They encourage snobbery, inequality, discrimination, and personal abuse. Too many of the practices and activities of a fraternity are a waste of valuable time. And they may curtail the freedom and individuality of a sensitive individual to a point which is intolerable.

Why does one man get 15 bids and another none? Because he has whiter teeth and a bigger grin? Possibly, but probably not. I think the reason is that he belongs to the right family, the right religion, the right social class, and has the right amount of money.

If a fraternity member is asked to cut up paper streamers out of Kleenex for a big weekend winding up, as a result neglects his psychology homework, or his work in student government, or his publications job, then he is wasting his time and so is the fraternity.

If a fraternity man is coerced into going to the big lacrosse match at Hogwash, South Carolina, when he would rather be home making finger paintings or visiting his girl in Washington, then his freedom and individuality are being curtailed.

If a pledge is blackballed or a member gets a knife in the back from another fraternity man because of personal reasons, that is personal abuse and a very ugly thing.

There is a wide range of abuse in fraternities. Some are more enlightened than others. Some are aware of the limitations and drawbacks of the system. Some are trying to correct them. The elected head of my fraternity disagreed with what I have written, but had no objections to my going ahead and printing it. That is a pretty good example of fair mindedness.

But too many of the evils of fraternities are part of the fraternity idea and inherent in the system. What would we do without it? I really don't know.

The Editor's Mailbox

Farewell By Collier

Editor: Sophomore Classmates:

You probably feel that the officers you elected last spring are uninterested in the class. By this, I mean that so far this year we have had no activities. The fact is that our activity fund is very limited and we decided to wait until the spring before planning any functions.

Much to my regret it has become necessary for me to drop out of school and join the Air Force in order to avoid being drafted. I feel very good about leaving the leadership of our class in the very capable hands of our vice-president, Ben Wilcox, and the other qualified officers, Pat George, Dick Schwartz, and Joe Nelson.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all the best of everything always. I hope that you all will have an opportunity to meet as many of your classmates as possible before the year is over because we do have a very fine class. I just regret that I won't be able to graduate with you.

Bobby Collier,
President, Class of '53

Moseyin' Around

with "Doc" Blodgett

Forgive the early reappearance of this particular brand of tosh, but this newspaper's Top Command has been singing the blues. Seems like the war (or what?) has snubbed off all the old and reliable staffers. Hence this sorry department appears in terms of command. The fact that "Moseyin'" exists at all is an open invitation for sharp young talent to appear at The Daily Tar Heel.

Now to the golden text:

The other night we saw our friend Toby Selby (it takes the student directory to reveal that he was christened Talbot R.) all rigged out in a new motif of sartorial splendor. The GI summer-weight pants were simply the worse for a lot of wear, but it was the torso-drape that caught the all-out fancy.

Were it dairy country hereabouts, we'd be inclined to call the thing a milking-jacket. As is, we might suspect that Toby talked this fine blue denim job off the back of a handy convict.

We greeted Toby with "Where you preachin'?"

Sez Toby, "I'm preachin' the simple life. It's my theme for the duration. Winston Churchill wore his own kind of rigg'in—and I'm wearin' mine. Don't aim to take it off until I get good and ready."

It's barely possible that Toby is out in front with a pretty good deal. He sees the American version of "Guns Without Butter" ahead—as lots of us will damnwell see it soon—and he's out to practice austerity.

A crack at this "simpler life" isn't altogether a bad thing to get conditioned to. We're going to need it. Friends in the faculty brackets, having holidayed in Washington with all ears to the pipe-lines, come back with predictions that Harry's administration isn't fooling about the rough stuff. It bids fair to get sprung at an earlier moment than we'd think.

(Mebby Harry was practicing the "simple life," himself, when he took after that music critic.)

Around the local scene, it's a cinch already that the brick-layin' clan has gone all-out for the bucolic life, and we've even got the University's president peddling papers. Perhaps we could enlist Mr. Gray's ingenuity in seeing that The Daily Tar Heel reaches more of its involuntary customers; your humble servant dredges out his own copy from the dirty dish department over at Maxie's.

Clyde Baker (of the off-blue hybrid Packard job) has also simplified life's woebegon mechanics. Castle Rock-House out in Carrboro Downs stands no longer as the Baker freehold. He's given it back to the Indians, front yard lake and all. Clyde now lives in the shower room at B.

This, in turn, since Clyde was landlord to yours truly, puts the "Thoreau touch" on still another human frame. The new address is the Snake Pit, cozy little dive. Central spot, where the better allies meet. Deep enough down to discourage a bomb. Right warm, too; no windows to wash.

Only trouble now is getting organized. One blanket still in B; can't find Glyde. Other blanket stashed in Dr. White's garage; can't bust loose that far to dig it out. Razor still in a certain local lavatoire (note to lino op: don't make that "abbatoir"); made nice try, but gal was taking a bath. Other shirt still hocked in local laundry; man makes mention of cash.

Ah well, the room-mate's bathrobe helps to while the nights away thus far. We'll get rigged, come time.

This simple life (enforced or not) is not without its points. You can look yourself in the eye and say, "Blessed be nothing at all." Good little workout for this new austerity.

Mebby Toby's hep to the times at that.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. High mountains, 5. To blind, 9. Automobile, 12. Moslem, 13. Pale brown, 14. Unit, 15. Inmate, 16. Seedless, 18. Ward off, 20. Perception, 21. Order, 24. Stens for passage, 26. Twice material, 28. Nutritive, 30. Brother of Jacob, 31. Insect, 32. Small candle, 24. Upon: prefix, 25. Pierce with a pointed weapon, 27. Thin piece of fired clay, 28. Sock, 29. Bristles, 41. Wild rubber, 42. Small brooks, 46. Throw, 48. Force, 51. River in Egypt, 52. Electrical particle, 53. Not hot, 54. Fly, 55. Blister vetch, 56. Even numbers, 57. Closes.

Solution of Saturday'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	30	
31				32			33		34	
35			36		37			38		
39				40		41		42		
43				44			45		46	47
48						49	50		51	
52						53			54	
55						56			57	

DOWN: 1. Among, 2. Mineral deposit, 3. Dimensions, 4. Required a shoe, 5. Div, 6. Small shield, 7. Sun, 8. Goggles, 9. Careful thought, 10. Reminiscence, 11. Thin, new, 12. Poker term, 13. Fissure, 14. Quiet garment, 15. Subject, 16. Send forth, 17. Sustain voice, 18. White, 19. Cancel, 20. Harvest, 21. Large dance, 22. Choose, 23. Sash, lightly, 24. Frozen water, 25. Dressed, 26. Pressive, 27. Pronoun, 28. Contend, 29. Note of a dove, 30. Mixed calligraphical symbol