The Daily Tar Heel

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Dance Committee Solutions

There are several situations and revelations that have come out of the Student Legislature's investigation of the Dance Committee that need further looking into with an eye toward improvement, revamping, and changing.

The pertinent points are:

1. There are several archaic rules and regulations governing UNC dances that should be done away with or rewritten.

2. The procedure for hiring doormen, and the entire doorman problem, needs careful study with an eye toward economizing.

3. The Committee's procedure for handling violators of its rules should be changed so as to create greater respect for its decisions and to insure complete justice and fairness for those accused of violating dance regulations.

4. The Dance Committee activities should become more a matter of public knowledge than they are at the present time.

On the first point, it has been brought out in the investigation that there are several regulations on the committee books which are not now compatible with good sense. The most important one needing change is the rule forbidding women to leave dances unchaperoned if they intend to return. Still worse, this rule has been applied to men by some quirk of the committee's interpretation.

The rule is one of those on the committee books that has been there since the committee's inception back in 1927. When the rule was written, the entire UNC dance program was in considerable hot water, and the rules written were especially stringent. It was necessary then in order to stop some practices that were threatening the future of UNC dances.

Today the rule is outmoded and senseless. It would be silly if it ever were applied. It reflects the stringency of a system that was proper in the 'twenties, but which is archaic today if one compares it with the other rules governing conduct of coeds.

On the second point, the doorman problem is one that has been a bone of contention with financially hard-pressed fraternities for several years. In the investigation, it has become evident that such well-heeled dance-throwing organizations as the German Club and Grail have also been pinched to meet the cost of doormen.

We believe the number of doormen could be halved at most dances and still be adequate for the occasion. In Woollen Gym, where doorman policy is decided by Gym Director Huggins, the doormen should not be saddled with a double duty of enforcing Dance Committee regulations and watching out for the condition of the gymnasium. The latter duty is one for Woollen Gym personnel, not for the Dance Committee.

The Committee's high-handed manner of handling violators of its rules, while it does not usually create an injustice to violators, certainly is not calculated to create respect for the Committee, or for the campus court system.

The Committee has erred considerably in the form of the letter which it sends to those who violate its rules. While we do not believe the Committee has unjustly accused any students of violating its rules, it has unjustly handled the sentencing of violators.

The letter sent to violators should at least say that the sentence will be imposed unless the violator "shows cause" to the Committee why he or she should not be so sentenced. If, after a certain period of time, the accused does not show cause, the committee could then formally impose the sentence, while reminding the accused of his right to appeal the decision to the Student Council. The letter should also contain all the facts pertinent to the violation, and give the accused a clear understanding of his rights.

Such a procedure as outlined above is the proper way to interpret the Committee's power to enforce its regulations and to deal with offenders. A more stringent interpretation would be to hold formal trials for all those accused. However, we do not believe that such a formal procedure is necessary.

The manner in which the committee has been wording its letters to offenders was the situation that very largely brought on the investigation. Its policy on the letter was entirely wrong, and its manner in handling violators has caused a lessening of respect on the part of many students for the entire UNC court ystem. Thus, while there is no evidence that the Committee has unjustly accused any students, it has certainly committed an unpardonable wrong by lessening respect for the court system through laxity and highhandedness in handing out sentences.

And on the matter of more public light on Committee activities, we think the entire investigation of the Committee, and the many complaints registered against it could have been avoided if it were required to make regular reports to the campus of its activities, rules and policies. It was proved last spring in the matter of the Publications Board that when government organizations become too secretive in their work, whether they commit wrongs or not, they are going to be misunderstood, there is going to be hard feeling, and there are going to be stinks raised and stones thrown that would not have been necessary if the group had simply made known to all its activities, problems, and plans. The Legislature should require reports from the Committee, and the Committee should become more responsible in its relations with the student body.

on the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

I cut studying for a quiz and drove a friend over to Raleigh Tuesday night to put him on a train heading south.

He's a fellow by the name of Rolfe Neill, whose by-line and work everyone who reads The Daily Tar Heel should be familiar with.

Rolfe picked up a couple of glandular fever bugs early in the quarter and sacked in at the Infirmary for the first time in his year-and-a-quarter stay here. Doc Lindsay told him not to count on getting out any time soon.

It was 12 days later when Rolfe walked out the front door and into the sunlight. He was thin, pale, and still felt about as sick as he looked, but he had urged the doc to let him go so he could get back on the books.

Rolfe planned to do nothing but study and regain his strength for at least a week before returning to the managing editor's desk at The Daily Tar Heel. But before his second day "out" was over, he knew it would take more than just staying away from work to make him feel better.

The doctor told him it would be at least a month before he felt up to par again, and Rolfe wisely decided to throw in the towel. He had been released from the Infirmary on Sunday, he made his decision to withdraw from school on Monday, and on Tuesday night we rumbled off into the darkness of the Raleigh Road to keep a date with the Silver Comet headed for Columbus, Ga.

The first day Rolfe walked into the offices of The Daily Tar Heel seems like years ago, but in reality it's only been something over a year. In that year, however, he showed that he not only had the know-how it takes to make a good newspaperman, but also had the love of the game it takes to make a good Daily Tar Heel staffer—the willingness to sacrifice many valuable hours at little or no pay to put out the best newspaper possible.

Rolfe walked in that first day and asked for a job. I put him to work cutting copy off a battery of teletypes and knocking out headlines on the side. Just about one year later, he was sitting in one of the most powerful positions on campus—the managing editorship of this newspaper.

Anyone who has ever worked with Rolfe Neill or had any contact with him respects him for being as honest as the day is long, a fearless reporter of the facts who plays no favorites and gives fair treatment to all.

It's kind of hard to write about as close a friend and as good a newspaperman as Rolfe is without hauling out a few cliches, but you get the idea.

It wasn't easy to say "so long" in Raleigh and watch him walk into the Seaboard station. It's not easy to think of doing without him here in the office until next quarter.

But when spring comes, and you spot that "By Rolfe Neill" on the front page again, you'll know that one of the best newspapermen ever to hit this campus is back on the job, working for you.

On Campus

Yack Editor Jim Mills very nearly had himself "thrown off campus" by an irate administration member who didn't like the picture Mills toook of him.

Central Records head Ed Lanier was hovering about Mills one day when the photographer was snapping I.D. pictures. Lanier thought it would be funny if he stuck his head in front of the camera and made a face. He did. Mills thought it would be funnier if he took Lanier's picture. He did.

The end result was that someone came into the possession of the snapshot and showed it to Lanier with the assertion that it was "disgraceful." Lanier promptly hauled Mills on the carpet and threatened the jokester with dishonorable discharge from the University. 'Twas all in fun, however.

"Well?"

Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

As a continuation of our recent message on the punishable liability of the draft dodger, the conniver, even the conscientious objector, we might mention a few alternatives in handling the man who is too proud, too scared, or too "dedicated" to lump himself with his fellows when the country hollers, "Come."

Last sermon raised a bumptious point: If shooting is good enough for people who get summoned to war, why is shooting not good enough for people who say, flatly, "No," and proceed therefrom to internment or jail?

When old J. Hancock scrabbled his name on the original document, we were dedicated to equality of handling. The old come one, come all. During a century and more of few laws, much space, and large opportunity for individuality, if a man didn't like his local laws he picked up his traps and took off for more clement climes.

But today government has fallen upon us, and has smitten us hip, thigh, and bank account, to where everybody seems liable for some participation in what the bossmen order—order out of hand, with small time or opportunity for debate by elected representatives. This makes all hands liable for the penalties of mass action.

The news of the last few years has been fly-specked by incidents of people who claim special privilege. "I am ideologically opposed to war," says one. "I am religiously opposed to war," says another. "I am exempt from war because of my value in other fields," says still another. "I am just plain scared of it, and wish no part of it," mutters another, but only to himself, while he dives frantically into a contrived deferment.

'Tain't right, any more, if some go and some stay, largely according to individual choice or pull or persuasion. Not if they can tax you, with no personal recourse, and draft you, with no real personal arbitration, and organize you for civil defense, and slap you silly with restrictions and codes and rules and regulations.

There has, in past, been a big thing in the services about "screening," to insure a majority of "proper" personnel. This has not always applied to other important governmental functions, such as the State Department. Anything as big as an armed service needs little screening outside of positions of minor trust. I would define minor trust as giving a man a BAR or a pouchful of grenades, or a sextant, or a signal flag, and putting him in business for himself.

We flung a flock of "Conchies" into jail the last war, when we could just as well have employed them profitably on KP in non-critical military centers. We dilled and we dallied with the dodgers, and we convicted a few, at great waste of time and money. We could have set them to sweeping the streets or tending the cattle barns.

Only yesterday we expended the valuable time of many a valiant home lover in foolish, lint-picking jobs, when the subject man would have preferred a plane or a gun or even a trench knife. There are so many dull, silly, boresome sidebars to any big effort that you can use bodies profitably, under supervision, whether the bodies are smart or dumb, willing or unwilling.

If you say me nay on this one, I will cite you any big hoosegow where professional work gets done. Nobody ever went to jail with the idea of bending either his brain or his back to his work. But work gets done. Pretty competently, too, against the workers' will—as often, a hill or a beach gets taken, against the honest inclination of the takers. War is a jail, you know.

So in the new trouble we do not really have to shoot the dissident. You just put 'em to work, unpleasantly. Over-all it's no worse than dying the hard way, as a hero.

On The Soap Box

by Bob Selig

There was some really fancy cursing the other morning in Steele dormitory. And rightly so. Early in the morning, very early, there was heard the pounding of drums and the loud blaring of bugles right underneath the windows. It sounded as though they were trying to fight the whole Revolutionary War over again somewhere between the Library and South Building. It was the campus tin soldiers going out to raise the flag.

One gentleman in an upper bunk was so terrified that he hit his head against the wall getting out of bed. He had been having a nightmare. He dreamed that he'd been drafted, shipped overseas, and that he was hiding in some dunghole with the bullets flying over his head. That gentleman was me, and my head still hurts.

Now, if a college student wants to go and join the ROTC, all right. If he joins merely to stay out of the draft, that is understandable and excusable. If he joins because he wants to play tin man, because he wants to act like a great, big soldier boy, I don't like it. But that's all right too. Just so long as he doesn't go marching around in his pretty uniform, at 7 o'clock in the morning, banging drums and blowing bugles when good people are still in bed.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not against raising the American flag. I'm for it; I think it's a fine idea. What I don't like is pseudo military ceremony, and drum beating, and tin soldier parades.

I would rather see some civilian going out quietly and raising the flag. Even if he had patches in his pants, a dirty old shirt with torn sleeves, and even if his shirt tail hung out in back. Even if he walked with a limp, a foolish swagger, or a hesitating shuffle. Even if his shoulders slumped forward, his stomach sagged, and his head lolled to one side in an unmilitary manner. Even with all those things, I'd rather see some battered old civilian raise the flag.

The war effort is necessary, and we ought to do our best to get ready for whatever is coming. But this place is the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and not West Point or Annapolis. Let's keep it that way.

The Editor's Mailbox

Basketball For 'Dimes'

Editor:

I'd like to enter this letter as a plea to the students here at the University of North Carolina.

On Thursday evening, February 1, the Monogram Club will hold the annual March of Dimes basketball game in Woollen Gymnasium. The varsity football linemen and the backs will compose the two teams.

It probably won't be the best basketball game you've ever seen but it will be held for the best cause, the March of Dimes. Have you ever really stopped to think about the people here in Orange County who are stricken with infantile paralysis?

At the present time, the local area is way behind in its collections. There is large deficit of the books and that means that people needing treatment will not be able to receive it.

Mr. E. Carrington Smith, who is in charge of the drive in the Orange County area, spends a very large part of his time trying to raise money to help these people. To help Mr. Smith, the Monogram Club has pledged itself to aid in raising money during the drive.

If you have ever wanted to really help, now is your chance. Even if you can't come to the game, it really would be a noble gesture to buy a ticket anyway.

We really need a great deal of help this time. There will be 3,000 tickets on sale so let's all go and have a good time.

Art Greenbaum
Secretary-Treasurer, Monogram Club

On Allston's 'Windy Column'

Editor:

Frank Allston, in his rather windy column of Tuesday morning, took a shot at State College basketball that was about as wide of its intended mark as some of the shots taken lately by our own White Panties. He accused N. C. State, a part of the Greater University, of winning games through the use of partial officiating, when it is generally accepted that Everett Case secured the best referees available in the East.

State's big-time squad wins by putting the most through the hoop the quickest, it seems to us, not by fixed officials as Frank intimated. We feel that this sour-grapes attitude should not be allowed to discredit this fine team which has brought so much prestige to this area, and like a great many other Tar Heels at Carolina, we'll travel 30 miles anytime to see them perform.

Frank didn't mention Coach Loeffler's profane outburst at the officials, and as far as we could see, Coach Case did not step onto the playing surface as the column stated, but was rather dragged there by Loeffler. As for who was the bettter team, State played like a true champion by overcoming an 11-point deficit at the half with a great spurt in the second period. We can's recall Tom Scott's cagers playing that type of ball lately.

Frank closed his column with the statement that Carolina can't beat a seven-man team. As a matter, of fact, we can't recall any five-man teams Carolina has beaten lately. The sour taste in the mouths of the Wolfpack's victims is the dose of defeat so ably administered by Coach Case and his boys. Since the only thing that brings Carolina fans (including Tom Scott) on their feet at our basketball games is the final gun, perhaps Tom Scott should try the same medicine.

Clem Wright
David Darr

Lend An Eye

"Copper Canyon"—Not much can be said about this film except that it is a bad western. Ray Milland, MacDonald Carey, and Hedy Lamarr must have been hard up for money or they wouldn't have wasted their talents on something like this.

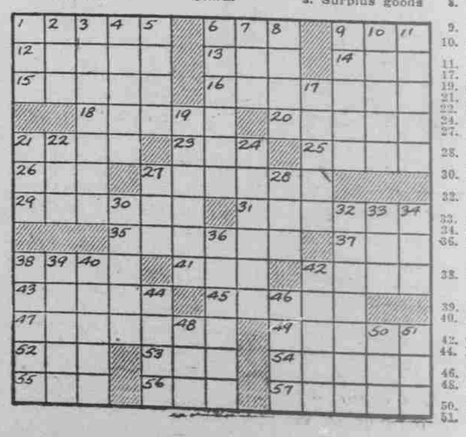
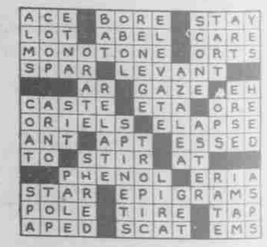
"Copper Canyon" has to do with a group of mistreated copper miners who have little luck in fighting the unjust managers of some mining interests. The abused partisans are former Confederate soldiers and are hapless without the leadership of Ray Milland, Civil War hero.

Reluctant to lead an open fight for the miners' rights, Mr. Milland furthers the cause by patiently surveying the situation and harrassing the badmen on the sly. His main opponents are Miss Lamarr, a saloon keeper, and MacDonald Carey, a cruel sheriff. In what could be called a climax, our fearless Mr. Milland abandons his Lone Ranger tactics and finally leads the goodies against the baddies for the usual bang-bang finish.—S. W.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Spanish American laborers
6. Vegetable
9. Southern constellation
12. Pertaining to plowed land
13. Went swiftly
14. Lick up
15. Creed
16. Use
18. Mature
20. Work
21. Culture medium
23. Guided
25. Titles
26. Floor covering
27. Divide in two parts
29. Covering of the eye
31. Those failing to win
35. Rough
37. Small round mark
38. Stretch across
41. Drunkard
42. Obligation
43. Pertaining to punishment
45. Purposive
47. Repeat
49. Elude
52. Former President's nickname
53. Wheeled vehicle
54. Threads introduced underneath the skin
55. Malt beverage
56. Comparative ending: plural
57. Large shrubs

DOWN
1. Moccasin
2. Before
3. Surplus goods
4. Lowest point
5. Slush
6. Trims
7. Take food
8. West Indian shrub
9. Excuse
10. Cutting instrument
11. Imitators
17. Endures
19. Ignores
21. Exist
22. Steadying rope
24. Take out
27. Place of storage
28. On the negative side
30. Pertaining to the moon
32. Cultivate mentally
33. Spoil
34. Pigpen
36. Those having suffrage rights
38. Star in the constellation Virgo
39. Flower part
40. Give extreme unction
42. One who dives
44. Fine openwork fabric
46. For fear that
48. Thick, viscous liquid
50. Female deer
51. Type measures



Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle