

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor, Don Maynard — Sports, Art Greenbaum

on the Carolina FRONT by Chuck Hauser

Ben James, who is chairman of the Student Audit Board, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Student Legislature, and a very nice fellow to boot, is kidding himself that I am carrying on a personal feud with him. You're wrong, Ben, this is a political war.

Ben cries out for all the world to see in a letter to the editor yesterday (1) that I am feuding with him, (2) that he wants no part of it, and (3) that The Daily Tar Heel is not for that purpose. Then Ben proceeds to feud right back at me for a solid ream of copy.

1. Ben says the Audit Board is required by the Constitution to make at least two published reports to the Legislature annually, and that the Legislature voted to have the Audit Board print its recent financial statement.

That is right, Ben, but money was wasted when the Audit Board handed over to the mimeographer a set of figures showing how each organization's budget would look if it was cut 15 per cent, when in actuality probably no organization on campus will be cut exactly 15 per cent. The report confused, rather than informed, the Legislature.

2. Ben challenges me to point out any mistakes, distortions, and misrepresentations in the Audit Board report.

I'm sorry, Ben, but I spent an entire column doing that last Friday, and I don't want to repeat myself.

3. Ben says the \$5,000 surplus cushion in the budget that I harped on last spring "would have done us no good this fall with the sudden decrease in income."

It only takes a little common sense, Ben, to see that if a \$5,000 unappropriated balance had been left in the budget last spring, there would have been \$5,000 more to cushion the shock of decreased enrollment this year, and the overall budget would not have had to be cut as drastically as 15 per cent.

And don't forget that Mr. Harry Kear, the Student Activities Fund auditor, also consistently recommended a surplus of a minimum of \$5,000, so I didn't stand alone in the suggestion to be prepared for a situation which you pretended would never exist but which faced us with dramatic suddenness this fall.

4. Ben still says he thinks we can use the AP wire news wire in the Journalism School "a day late."

Sorry, Ben, I can't buy that. And neither can the students who want to read the war news the day it happens and not a day later.

5. Ben says the Western Union printer in Sports Publicist Jake Wade's office "could receive much of the sports necessary for The Daily Tar Heel from anywhere in the country at any time."

One of the main reasons why the Publications Board voted to contract for the AP wire, Ben, was to eliminate the vast amounts of money our sports department was spending on telegraph tolls and long distance phone calls. The UP wire which we were then receiving exclusively did not provide us with state sports service after 3 p.m.

6. Ben says the AP contract (which calls for a two-year cancellation notice in advance) "will probably have to be broken."

Tell me, Ben, is it the usual policy of the business-like Audit Board to consider breaking perfectly legal contracts made in good faith. The Publications Board has never operated that way, and that is the exact reason why we are taking the UP wire now in addition to the AP—to make good on a contract which the Board failed to cancel in time (I was not a member when this slip occurred).

7. Ben says if I have any personal gripe with him he would appreciate me having the guts to tell him personally.

I repeat, Ben, my gripe is political, based on the fact that you have often played politics with things that should be handled above the plane of politics, and I have told you personally many times.

"I'll Make The Down Payment For You"



The Editor's Mailbox

That Man Again

Editor: Honest to goodness, it's more fun writing a letter to the editor than a column. Especially when I have incentive such as the letter by William A. Cheyne, who made certain protests.

Trouble is, a letter like that provides for so many retorts. Of course, I like to retort. So I will, in the firm belief that a good argument is a healthy outlet for a lot of emotion.

So:

(1) William lambasts the "character" of the articles appearing in The Daily Tar Heel. Yet William ends his own contribution to an outhouse level with his toilet paper references.

(2) William says he thinks the rotten expansion of rotten ideas in The Daily Tar Heel are just to attract letters to the editor. So why does William issue that dramatic challenge about the editor printing his letter?

(3) William says Snook completely defies religion and the existence of God. Snook does not. William either hasn't read Snook's columns or hasn't understood them. Snook does up William in his effort to brand anyone with different preferences, religious beliefs or political opinion as "devilishly low" and "dangerously offensive."

(4) William doesn't like Hauser's columns on the University of South Carolina. Why not, William? Quite a few South Carolina students agreed in print with Hauser. Guess truth will out, William, no matter what.

(5) William shows his wounds when he protests Selig's column re the ROTC matter. My thinking on the matter is that the ROTC program is a splendid one and that there are only a few boys in it who shouldn't be. But about that early morn. flag raising revelry—I'm patriotic myself, but I don't hop out of bed and pay attention when the radio sings off the air by playing the national anthem at five after midnight. And, as yet, Carolina is a college campus.

I'm just having fun, William. No harm meant. But—one last question. Did you write your letter to the editor on that appropriate paper you mentioned? You know, that flimsy stuff?

Thanks for the excitement, William.

Harry Snook

British Campus Politics

Editor: Letters such as these and handbills of all descriptions call upon students to participate in all sorts of activities. With studies and other important doings (dating, drinking and the like) it is utterly impossible for the student to do all the things that he might like.

Although recognizing this to be the case, we think some who do or do not subscribe to the popular generalization that the British are 50 years ahead of us Americans might be interested in a discussion scheduled for tonight at 7:30 in 105 Caldwell Hall.

At this meeting, Dr. William A. Robson, a popular visiting professor here from The London School of Economics and Political Science, will give us some insight into "Political Activity on the British Campus."

Students For Democratic Action
Fred Thompson, Chairman

A Cheer For Choosing

The action of the University Party in junking the cheerleader-candidate choosing board was based on some good reasons, and reflected good sense.

The party said it was junking the board, which has been used one time, because "a campus run by non-partisan boards and bureaus, will eventually kill all interest in student government." While this doesn't hold true for quite a few campus government posts, we think it does hold true as far as the choosing of a Head Cheerleader is concerned.

Undoubtedly, some strictly selfish political motives ran through UP heads as it junked the selection board idea, seeing as how present Head Cheerleader Allman Beaman is an almost sure bet to be the next UP cheerleader candidate. Incumbents are hard to beat. The move, however, was justified on more grounds than this.

The job of Head Cheerleader must, ideally, be held by a person of dynamic personality. A person who by his very nature, can make a group of dispirited students cheer a team, no matter the score. And we think that the student body is a better judge of who that person is than is a selection board of folks who, while they may know all the tricks of cheerleading and card stunting, cannot speak for an entire campus.

Norm Sper, who was probably the best of UNC cheerleaders since the day of Kay Kyser, thought up the selection board idea principally as a means of continuing his "dynasty" in the post. It didn't work out like he thought it would.

We believe that the student body should get a better chance to name the ants-in-pants guy who will inspire them to great feats of cheering. Thus, we cheer the action of the University Party in taking the initial action of returning the selection of the Head Cheerleader to a strictly partisan basis.

Blood And Faith

The response of students and others to the recent Red Cross Bloodmobile unit's arrival on the campus was gratifying and wholly in keeping with the character of this campus and town.

The call went out for 400 pints of blood. The response yielded a total of 529 pints. Such was the rush that the Red Cross had to call in an additional unit to handle the mob of students and townspeople who crowded Graham Memorial.

The blood contributed in the drive will ultimately be used to succor those men who are fighting for the freedom of this nation and world on the windswept wastelands in Korea. That should give those who contributed a warm feeling within, as well as a knowledge that they have made a contribution not only of life-giving blood, but of faith in the cause and purpose of those who continue to offer their lives as an instrument in the achievement of freedom for all the world's people.

Humor And Filth

The suspension of the Duke University humor magazine, "Duke and Ducusness," because of a recent issue that offensively satired Miss Doris Duke proves that "humor" magazines have a responsibility to a code of ethics.

As another branch of journalism, we should probably be standing up on editorial hind legs and blasting the "tyrannical" action of the University authorities in banning the D and D. However, we will just say there is probably a more subdued way out of the problem than cutting off the mag completely.

Certainly the magazine should not have been persecuted if the only reason for the persecution was the fact that it "embarrassed" the University because it satired one of Duke's benefactors. A little embarrassment never hurt anybody.

But humor is humor, and filth is filth. Humor mags are dedicated to humor. When filth creeps in, then the magazine is not fulfilling its function, and is not living up to its bounden duty. It is going too far in its humor when humor offends the majority of those who are subjected to it.

Which all goes to say that both sides in the issue were at fault in some phases of the incident. But the fact remains that the D and D brought its banishment on itself. The University authorities did not base their reason for banishment on any too just grounds, but the idea was there anyway. Probably the high cost of emergency would soon force the magazine to knock off for the duration, anyway. Still, it was a pretty good mag when it stuck to its subject and played the game according to the humor mag code of ethics.

Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

In the general tearful uproar over our belated decision to impose controls on the commerce of the country, in some sort of gasping effort to keep the price of bread and beans within the reach of an ordinary poor millionaire, I would like to point out one thing:

The fresh tax rise of 16 billion bucks, as demanded by Mr. Truman, is almost the exact cost of the craven delay by the government in imposing those controls.

I like my figures encased in bathing suits as a rule, but this set of digits is almost as intriguing as Dagmar in a Bikini. The broad wholesale index shows a jump of about 14 per cent from early summer of 1950. Throw some heavy government buying of inflated war materials into the pot, and you are not too far off in an estimate of a 30 per cent over-all inflation in disbursement of tax moneys, necessitating a budget leap from 55 billions to a demanded 71 billions.

A little simple arithmetic works this out to a rough 16 billion "skins" liability we have accumulated through rising costs pretty close to the balance of the wholesale index increase, and the estimated huge advances in the cost of wartime necessities. Such as wool.

This is to say simply if we had invoked the now obligatory economic controls of freeze and ceiling last summer, we save ourselves a neat 16 billions, and duck the second tax bump that

Harry invokes to cast out the devils of inflation. As if towering inflation were not already here, plus two tax hikes in less than a year.

The one thing I would like to remember, come poll time, is that the hesitancy, the abject cowardice employed in the Administration's refusal to nail down the economy when a blind moron could see the necessity of spiking inflation by harsh control, is that the desperate demand for control was loudly presented to Washington. And nobody in the halls of leadership had guts enough to make the decision, for fear of alienating the voters.

So now they will chew another chunk out of your pay check, to pay for something that never needed to exist at all.

Sixteen billion dollars is a lot of potatoes. It is a trip you won't take, a house you won't buy, a case of whisky you won't drink, a suit or a dress you won't wear, when parlayed through your simple income.

And from this point on, every time I get out my prayer rug and point toward Washington, I aim to be "sore with poignant grief of insulted virtue, with high disdain against the pride of triumphant baseness." I forget where I swiped that one, but it means the boys could have saved us a lot of dough if they'd had guts enough to act, in time, on a dead-sure cinch of baleful necessity.

Rolling Stones by Don Maynard

Now, I'm not one for tall stories, at least I'm not noted for my ability to think them up, but in a bull session the other night, tales were growing taller than the famous Oklahoma corn which, it is said, grows higher than an elephant's eye.

It all started when one of the members of the aforementioned bull session chimed up with the fact that he was once in a wind storm so severe the wind blew a haystack the length of a 10-acre farm and into a pines woods. Not only that, but the sticks of hay were driven into the tree trunks.

The next morning, he claimed, the farmer went into the woods, sawed the pine trees into convenient lengths and sold what he had as hair brushes.

Well, that started it. Another said that in his home town, Chicago, the windy city, the wind blew so strongly venders stood on street corners slicing the wind and putting it in Mason jars. In the summer, they'd unpickle the wind slices and sell them at five cents per slice to cool coffee.

Pretty good, for amateurs. But I have one that I'll have to steal from the N. Y. Daily News if I'm to tell it. This fish story appeared in that paper's sportsman column not long ago:

It seems that a group of fishermen sailed off the Georgia coast in a sloop one summer, hunting for white whales. Several hundred miles off the coast, the story goes, they ran into a freak storm and the water froze all about them for a great distance.

Not to be stymied, and getting hungry, they chopped a hole in the ice and began fishing. Suddenly, one of them landed a balloon fish. After a struggle, the fish was overpowered and stored on the deck of the small vessel. The men resumed their fishing and not long after, one hooked a swordfish.

Here's where the story gets deep.

They used the swordfish's saw to cut the sloop free from the surrounding ice, leaving a border of some three feet all around. Then they tied the balloonfish to the ship's mast and waited for a favorable wind.

When it came, they tickled the fish until it inflated itself with air. This made the sloop an airship and it rose into the sky. The favorable wind filled the ship's sails and they were blown to land.

Inland now, the fishermen punctured the balloonfish with the swordfish's saw and they began to fall, ship and all. But the icy border they had left about the sloop acted as a parachute. To make their fall even less hazardous, they selected a Georgia cotton field for the landing.

It's a good story, and I'm a pretty gullible guy. But I don't believe it. Who ever heard of the ocean freezing up in the middle of the summer.

And off the Georgia coast, at that?

Now Read This

In the January issue of Coronet magazine, there's an article all good Americans should read. Especially those who walk hand in hand with newly found "Hemispheric Hoover." It's titled, "Russia's Plan for World Conquest," and the author is a fellow we all know something about . . . Joseph Stalin.

The article is taken from the Stalin Archives of the National War College in Washington. Here are a few ideas of its content:

"Now that the Soviet Union has become a major power, the world is severed into two camps," says Dictator Stalin. He goes on to reiterate Lenin's teachings that as soon as Communism had taken hold in Russia, the world revolution could begin, and it would include conflicts and wars, and final victory over capitalistic countries. He explains the means by which this is supposed to be done.

"Communists must go into the unions . . . if workers refuse to make war, then war against the Soviet Union becomes impossible." Stalin continues with his defying attitude. "The revolution is everything, and reforms that revolutionists may sponsor are only a means to an end."

Now, this is the statement that keeps ringing in the ear of a free, peace-loving man. "We put the interest of the party above the interests of formal democracy. For us Communists, democracy is a trifle."

That the United Nations can be organized for peace, for freedom, for democracy as instituted in the soul of man, and yet condone the insults, propaganda, the chocolate covered pill of poison that Russia is offering to this fearful world is beyond my comprehension.—BILL CHEYNE

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Permit
4. Lump
8. Valley
12. Exist
13. Object of worship
14. Great Lake
16. Penetrate
17. Panel
18. Tinkled
19. Oculomotor
21. Acrilate
23. Diner
25. Large rope
27. Occidental
28. Entire

DOWN
2. Before
3. Dreadful
4. Carriage
5. Proverb
6. Dyrnakard
7. Rained and snowed
8. Leave
9. Axes
10. Cord
11. Allure
12. Fertilizer
13. Replant
14. Blenish
15. Store
16. Constant
17. Cornpond
18. Rubber
19. Interpret
20. Arch
21. Resolute
22. Pominals
23. Toler
24. Corrode
25. Steward
26. Entrance
27. Measure of length
28. Asser
29. Aftersh
30. Tub
31. Female deer
32. Sumner
33. Frenid

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	30
31			32	33				34		
35			36				37	38		
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42	43	44			45	46				
47				48	49				50	51
52				53				54		
55				56				57		