

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## The Case... For A Student Union II

This is the second in a series of articles designed to state the case for expanding the student union facilities at Carolina to the student body, administration, faculty, alumni, and other friends of the University. The articles are written by members of a committee for a new student union.

As a great University, after two decades of consolidation and growth, makes more secure its high place among the universities of the nation, we come increasingly mindful of some of the needs which until now have been deferred.

The dislocations caused by rapid growth and the emergence of a broadened concept of the University's relation to the lives of its students, serve to clearly demonstrate the need for applying a strong and continuing force for unity in the rapidly fragmenting student community.

We sincerely feel that the construction of a new Student Union Building is of vital significance in any program calculated to focus the energies and activities of campus life and re-capture the traditional values associated with the basic concept of a university.

To that end, and with our eyes lifted to the future of a University destined for greatness, we present the following case for a Student Union Building:

In 1895, the first college Student Union building was constructed on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. By 1936, there were fifty such buildings on as many campuses throughout the country. In 1946, there were 73. Today, the number continues to increase, and the National Association of College Unions has 113 regular members and 77 associate members (as of May, 1950).

Such phrases as "the living room of the campus", the "community center", a "home away from home", are constantly repeated in the literature from these student unions, whether from the more decentralized and frequently less ambitious structures common to the region East of the Mississippi, or from the more grandiose efforts which characterize the student union buildings in the West.

This remarkable development of student unions in America during the past half-century, a development which might well be called the "student union movement", has roughly paralleled the growing complexity of American higher education and the rapidly-increasing collegiate student body. And, whatever the conceptual scheme behind the student union, whether it be the "home away from home" idea, or the "campus living room"; whether the facilities be centralized or decentralized, the notion of a student union, and its tangible symbol, the student union building, is a dynamic and ever-growing factor in the picture of American university life.

In the early thirties, after many years of unremitting effort on the part of Alumni, Administration, students and other friends of the University, our own Graham Memorial was opened and became the center of student life on our campus. For over twenty years, it has played its part well, serving as a focus for the social, recreational, and extra-curricular activities of thousands.

But, while Graham Memorial has been eminently successful in serving the campus needs insofar as its facilities would allow, the last decade of University growth has made its limitations manifest. The most obvious limitation is the physical plant. While the needs of 2000 students might be accommodated, the needs of 6000 or more students cannot be adequately met. (For example, the entire upper floor of Graham Memorial is composed of meeting rooms which are in use most of the day. Rooms must be reserved in advance, and quite often, organizations are forced to seek meeting space elsewhere. The Main Lounge, while adequate as a reading room, cannot also simultaneously accommodate those who wish to listen to the radio, watch television, play cards, listen to records from the records collection, or play the piano.)

Greatly increased enrollment and academic specialization during recent years have contributed to a fragmentation of student interests and a feeling of campus disunity. These conditions, if substantial unity and common purpose are to be regained and preserved, require that a great unifying force be applied. It is our belief that the best possible answer to this need is a student union building, physically adequate, centrally located, and sufficiently broad in scope of operation.

## by Barry Farber Personally

The recent Western Union strike which silenced the tickers throughout most of the continent gave veteran newspaper correspondents a chance to swap "My Favorite Communication Stories" testifying to the ingenuity of the press in times of crisis when the lines are down and the "scoop" must go through.

In the days before Sammy Morse decided to study electricity, dashing horsemen on sleek stallions were dodging arrows in a race to get the story on Andrew Jackson to the desk of the news editor in time for the morning edition. The Associated Press had whaleboats stationed off Canada to intercept schooners with news from Europe when Marconi was just a worried look in his mother's eye.

The last war saw intrepid knights of the press resort to smoke-signaling between Pacific atolls, posing as Italian officers, and taking over Bulgarian cable stations at gun point in order to get the story in bold-face type on front pages from Raleigh to Rangoon. But one of the most fascinating yarns of all, concerns the *New York Times*, Admiral Richard Byrd, and a radio chief named Fred Meinholtz.

Just before Christmas back in 1928, the two ships of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition were bouncing off icebergs a few hundred miles from the South Pole. By short wave radio they were in direct two-way communication with the *New York Times*, which had exclusive rights to the Expedition's news releases. In those days, short wave radio was barely out of the embryo stage and Fred Meinholtz, head of the *Times* radio room, spent much of his spare time at home eavesdropping on the latest gossip from the bottom of the world.

On this particular evening, a young *Times* reporter was writing a feature story about the radio equipment carried by Byrd and he wanted Meinholtz to check on the details. He tried in vain to reach him by telephone — Meinholtz's son, it seems, had unhooked the receiver. The reporter described his plight to a *Times* radio operator and the two managed to cook up a little scheme whereby the whole problem could be readily finessed.

They went to the transmitter and banged out a message which was immediately picked up by one of the Byrd ships. Meinholtz, meanwhile, was listening in on Byrd communiques. Presently, he heard the Morse code from the Antarctic spell out his own name along with the words "Please replace your telephone receiver. The *Times* is trying to reach you by telephone."

Meinholtz immediately called the office, which was less than twenty miles away, but the message had travelled eighteen thousand miles to reach him.

Who said the shortest distance between two points is a straight line?

Students at Yale University made an unsuccessful attempt recently to institute set-ups at college dances. They pointed out that "the duty of Yale is to give a social as well as an academic education to its students."

Snapped the dean, "If we need liquor to sustain the college system, then we had better abandon the college system."

by Sue Burress

## Let's Coordinate

Last Thursday night the campus was oozing at the seams with visiting dignitaries of one sort or another.

Maurice Tobin, Secretary of Labor, talked to himself and a few others in Memorial Hall. Sir John Sheppard, a British scholar sponsored by the Classics department, chatted with a handful of interested by-standers in Gerrard Hall. At the same time on the same night, Miss Mary Gray Clark, 'cellist, and Mrs. Lydia Bernstein, pianist, struck a few chords of Beethoven which echoed through Hill Hall.

Tobin hampered Sheppard hampered Bernstein and Clark hampered Sheppard hampered Tobin etc. etc. ad infinitum.

The need here is for a coor-

inating body, committee, commission, service or what have you, for the purpose of calendaring events of significance. This proposed group could, as a service to the University, arrange programs with sponsoring organizations, so that all the apples would fall into the same basket. Were this task accomplished, the echoes would not be quite so booming in an empty hall and the embarrassment and humiliation of the speaker or entertainer might be lessened.

This so-called coordination committee of course could not do the job left up to the 5000 students who were in the booze basements, the dorms and fraternity house Thursday night. It could, however, serve to direct them to one spot . . . not three.

by Joan Stieber

## The Whole Truth

You want to know something? There's a country far, far away from here where folks were happy all the time. Not just a few months or a few years maybe, but ALL the time. Everyone got along okay with his neighbor and war just wasn't in their vocabulary.

Why, these people didn't even have a tiny, teeny weeny little squabble. No ulcers either. Or frazzled nerves. Or even high blood pressure. Why, after they had done all their work and all their playing and they had plenty of time left on their hands, they just sat around and smiled at each other contentedly. And you want to know something else? Something mighty peculiar. They didn't have any history books. Nope! No one in the whole country had ever written up any history about what they had done or about what anybody else in any other part of the country had done.

Then, golly, Pete! all of a sudden something happened to these nice, peaceful folks. Some learned scholar, someone who had a lot of opinions about this, that and the other thing began to write one of those books about the past. He wrote about what happened the week before in the western part of the country. As he saw it, naturally. A bird's-eye view, so to speak. Only this opinionated pipsqueak lived in the eastern part of the country.

The people who lived in the western part of the country had eyes that made them see everything red and the people in the other part saw everything blue. Naturally this history enthusiast wrote the whole business up in a blue light. When the westerners got hold of his little epistle they were so mad because of this blue cast that was spoiling everything they just about blew a gasket.

Know what they did? They bounced right over there to the eastern section and chopped off that scholar's fool head with a big hatchet before they had time to think about it. Now they have

wars all the time. Can ya believe it? All the gosh darn time!

It is no different with the world today. History books are partly responsible for all the wars we are going through. Take the United States, for instance. If you pick up a Southern history book its pages tend to glorify the valor of the Confederate soldier and to minimize that of the uncouth Yankee.

Russian books are filled with the horrors of those dead-end Al Capone, gunblazing maniacs better known as Americans. American books yell about the inhuman qualities of this and that country.

In most of our history books the Americans were always right, and the English, or whoever we were fighting at the time, were the black-mustached villains.

Don't misunderstand. America, naturally, is the greatest of all. Still, if history books told the straight facts about everything in every country of the world, there would be much less antagonism, and I'll bet my bottom dollar, less war.

When you start to color history with the paint that your folks have always used, even splashing some over on the sides of another color, the result is nothing but mud instead of an accurate picture. It causes people to hate one another for what they have read, and not for the truth.

An excellent example of this can be found right here in our own back yard. Look at all the disgust (friendly disgust but still disgust) that exists between the North and the South. No one can see the other's point of view because of the mud slinging.

If the slate of the earth could be wiped clean, and we could have a chance to start everything over, I would be the first to raise my hand and ask that it be made a rule, just like eating, that history books had to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help them God!