

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## —Jim Wilkinson— Cultural Lag

Everyone past Freshman sociology knows about the Cultural Lag. A rehash of the cause and effect would be as dull as the minds that allowed it to happen.

Briefly it is this: Scientists and technologists in our society are winning in the race to get somewhere—who knows where—first. The laggard is that element loosely defined as Culture.

A favorite device of anyone who sees he is losing a race is to sidestep the main issues and turn in wrath and vituperation upon whoever is out front. The motive is simple—it deflects attention, at least momentarily, from the laggard.

This device has never been better illustrated than the current clash between these two elements—Culture and Science. Admittedly the lag has taken on serious proportions. Science far more than Culture has proved itself to be acculturative. New theories and premises are established on old ones, oftentimes before the old ones themselves have had a chance to be digested. It's a snowball effect we get, a wild headlong plunge that has gained unbelievable momentum and long ago lost any sense of direction. We dare not call it progress. Better we term it an age of experiments, and of course we all know who the guinea pigs are.

But wise or unwise, sane or insane, that is the situation in which we find ourselves, the Culturalists and the Scientists alike. Where do we go from here? There are only two real alternatives, backwards or forward. People don't "plan" to go backwards, at least not consciously, so we'll rule that one out.

Say everybody agrees we want to go forward. Well, let's not worry about the technologists—they seem to be making out all right. Let's take a look at the laggard. How are they meeting the challenge?

For the most part they have adopted a most dishonest and backhanded approach. Recently there has broken out in the press and on the rostrum a rash of cowardly attacks upon all those who don't attack to the same set of values. The attackers would never think of placing the blame on their own weaknesses. They enjoy being martyrs to the machine age—they find it easier than fighting back.

It's not a question of the idealist versus the realist, but rather the "doer" versus the slackard. An idealist can take positive action as well as a realist. The trouble is those who bemoan the Cultural Lag discuss antidotes in the obscure terms of pseudo-intellectuals who actually don't give a tinker's dam about what happens to anyone but themselves. They would panic at the very idea of taking any sort of concrete steps one way or the other. They prefer to languish in their own stagnant pools of self-pity. It's these flaccid, nebulous-minded characters that are the real stumbling block. Their very weakness is the cancer that is killing incentive among their ranks.

Of course a 20th Century Renaissance would be the answer. But we may have to wait along while for another such age of enlightenment.

In the meantime, those caught in the backwash should not try to pull themselves up by lowering the level of competition. Let them rather, direct any reflection upon themselves and see if they can't come up with some positive solutions, some real works, ideas that fairly jolt the world with their truth. They had better let the world of science alone—there's little they can do anyway—and concentrate upon their own shortcomings.

—Dedication—  
 (Continued from page 1)  
 dress the convocation. Greetings will be extended from the various professional societies.

That afternoon there will be separate meetings for doctors, dentists, hospital officials and nurses present for the dedicatory exercises.

Dr. David P. Barr, professor of medicine, Cornell University Medical College and Chief of Medical Service, New York Hospital, will address the physicians' group.

## "If A Fire Breaks Out I'll Put In An Order For One"



HERBLOCK  
 © 1953 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

## —Louis Kraar— Party Line Lowdown On Penegar

Ken Penegar, who believes in having a student member on the Board of Trustees, who eats in Lenoir Hall and who doesn't wear ties to class, talked about his campaign the other day.

We approached the Student Party's favorite son in his favorite eating place and asked him what he wants to do if he is picked president of the student body. He downed the last swallow of his iced tea and, pushing aside his plate, started his political pep talk.

"The reason students don't have respect for their student government," said Mr. Penegar enthusiastically, "is because they can't see any benefits from it." He went on to say just what benefits student government would dish out if he wins this presidential race.

"I'd like to save the students some money for one thing," said the former Di Senate Speaker, former Student Union Activities Board chairman, Carolina Forum chairman and ex-fencing team member. Thrifty-minded Penegar said that he would like to see the practice of compulsory payment of Athletic Association fees done away with. "Why, there are grad students and many others who never go near the gym and still have to pay ten bucks a year in fees."

Penegar has held just about all the positions in student government that one usually holds when he aspires to the presidency. Like the rest of the SP candidates for executive posts, he's a fraternity man, a Kappa Sig.

We asked him if his political poster represents an innovation since it depicts him without the typical politician's necktie. Growing a little serious, he said, "Why, that's nothing new. Ham Horton's posters last Spring pictured him without a tie." He added, though, that this wasn't the sole factor that won the race for the University Party candidates last year.

"You know," said the SP presidential candidate who someone talked of the other day as looking



Ken Penegar

as warm and friendly as a big old Saint Bernard, "I've been trying to go around and see all the students. I'm starting tonight to go around to all the dormitories. If there's anyone I don't get to see, I sure hope they'll drop by and see me up at Old East."

Since three other candidates are running against him, we asked him if he thought there might be a runoff. He responded with a broad smile, "I think so." Finally after some more questions about a runoff, Penegar said, "Assuming that I am in the runoff, it will probably be against Bob Gorham." Gorham is the University Party candidate. The other aspirants are independents Wade Matthews and Tommy Sumner.

Finally, we asked him what he thought would happen in the runoff and Penegar reminded us of the presidential race in 1951. Ken's big brother, Dick was the UP candidate and he lost.

The winner, said Ken with an expression of party pride, was Henry Bowers, the SP candidate. Bowers beat the independent Ben James in a runoff.

We turned to leave the Student Party's Penegar, and he asked, "You're not going to print any of

## Tarheel Indeed

The State Department of Conservation and Development has published a new promotional pamphlet. The title of it is: "North Carolina—The Tarheel State." Think of it! An agency of our government is giving almost official sanction to this mis-spelling of Tar Heel, the nickname of our State.

That comes under the heading of dirty work at the intersection. And it becomes even worse when that dirty work is compounded by dragging in General Robert E. Lee's name to sugar coat the pill. In a section called "Facts About North Carolina" it is baldly stated that Tarheel was the name applied by General Lee "to describe the sticking quality" of North Carolina Confederate troops.

General Lee may or may not have said that. But the point is that the origin of the name goes back to the time of the American Revolution. When Lord Cornwallis was marching northward, he crossed the Tar River near what is now the town of Rocky Mount. A part of the river is shallow at that place and the British troops easily waded across. However, the soldiers noted that after they had crossed the river a black sticky substance clung to their feet. It was fresh tar that had been dumped there by the tarmakers who had thus disposed of their boiling tar rather than have it fall into the hands of the British. Weeks later, when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, his soldiers still had tar on their feet, and they swore that the people in North Carolina must all have tar on their heels.

But the worst thing that the Department of Conservation and Development has done is to merge the words Tar Heel into one. All these years true North Carolinians have uttered and written the words distinct and apart. At Chapel Hill it's the Daily Tar Heel. The song goes:

"I'm a Tar Heel born  
 I'm a Tar Heel bred,  
 And when I die  
 I'm a Tar Heel dead."

The change is outrageous. Those of us who were born Tar Heels may have to die Tarheels if the Department of Conservation and Development has its way.

Making one word of Tar Heel is as crazy as merging other good words for no good reason. North Carolina has a General Assembly now in session that ought to call officials of the Department of Conservation and Development on the carpet and ask them if they have ever heard of the Tarriver, Atlantic Ocean, Essequamvidere, and Billumstead.

There ought to be enough capital H's left in Raleigh so that Tar Heel can be spelled the way it traditionally has been spelled.

The Winston-Salem Journal

## —Drew Pearson— The Washington Merry-Go-Round

It doesn't often happen that a government bureau writes a secret memo aimed at killing little business and then proceeds to carry it out. However, this column has obtained a copy of a confidential plan, drawn up by the Civil Aeronautics Board in 1949, and carried out since then, to drive the non-sked airlines out of business.

These airlines sprang up after World War II and carried cut-rate, cross-country passengers who couldn't otherwise afford to fly. Most of the outfits were started on a shoe string by pilots just back from the war.

Ironically, they were encouraged and set up in business by the same CAB that later started shooting them out of the skies with economic regulations after they gave the big airlines competition.

At one point, the CAB was forcing the non-skeds into bankruptcy so fast that the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee called for a "stay of execution." The Senate small business committee also raised such a fuss that the CAB promised to try to find a place for the non-skeds in the aviation industry. What the Senators didn't know was that the man the CAB put in charge of this study, Louis Goodkind, was none other than the author of the secret blueprint to wipe out the non-sked air lines.

Goodkind's secret plan was to repeal the blanket authorization that allowed the Non-Skeds to operate, then force each line to come before the CAB separately for a certificate to operate as a regular airline or for permission to continue on a non-scheduled basis.

"Either procedure has the advantage of affording a means for ultimately terminating the operations of this group of carriers," Goodkind brazenly wrote in his secret memo never supposed to leak into print.

"A second reason in favor of either proposal," the memo continued, "is that it should not lay the board open to criticism of stamping out, without due process, these carriers which they have permitted to come into being..."

Dated September 16, 1948, Goodkind's master plan to wipe out the non-skeds was followed to the letter by the CAB, which is supposed to guard the public interest, not protect the big airlines from competition.

On April 18, 1949, the CAB abolished the blanket authorization and ordered the non-skeds to file individual applications if they wanted to stay in business.

Of the first 103 applications acted upon, 78 were turned down cold, thus forcing them out of business. No decision was handed down on 14 applicants, whereas only ten were approved. Significantly, the ten that got the OK were too small and insignificant to give the big airlines any competition.

This was also according to Goodkind's blueprint, which made the point that "the small (non-scheduled) carriers continue to perform a negligible amount of (See PEARSON, page 4)

## Trustees And Politics

Senator Grady Rankin's suggestion to the State Legislature that it is "bad policy to elect folks from the Legislature" to serve on the Board of Trustees is good advice.

Rankin has told his subcommittee, whose job is to select new trustees, to bear in mind the person's qualifications, where he or she is from, and his affiliation (whether from Carolina, State or W.C.). The senator doesn't want to exclude Legislators because that would shut out a man, who perhaps might be a trustee but who wanted to run for the Legislature. But he does think that the preponderance of Legislators on the board is unnecessary. He wants board members to thoroughly represent the people in the state and yet to take it out of political.

The Daily Tar Heel agrees with the senator to a degree. Having legislators on the board helps in matters of appropriation. A legislator who is continually facing the electorate has an opportunity to tell the citizens of the state about the university.

Another contention by Rankin is more worthy of attention. He notes that there are 56 UNC members on the board, with State and W.C. having a minority of the 100 seats. Rankin, a Carolina graduate himself, thinks that State and W.C. deserve more representation. The committee selecting the new members (there are about 27 seats, either vacancies or term expirations) should take this matter into consideration.

## A Priceless Stroll

A walk at sundown around this area is revealing. Away from the clutter and noise of the city (this little village of Chapel Hill is almost a city), students can get an infinite amount of lazy enjoyment from nature. Right opposite Cobb Dorm and the Monogram Club there is Battle Park. Around Kenan Stadium, there is a wealth of Springtime reminders. Along Morgan's Creek, on the Pittsboro Road there is plenty of nature to enjoy.

If the outer parts of the campus or the surrounding countryside are too far, just stroll on the campus proper. The dogwood blossoms are readying to greet you. The red buds are still with us. In front of the planetarium there are azaleas. A stroll through the arboreum will bring relaxation and inspiration to the weariest.

We know students who have been here for four years that never got nearer to nature than a "short subject" at the movies, or a required biology course. They won't even take the time to look at the flowers, or even the moon at night. Their life is a life of buildings, signs, and cement walks with no trees, no bushes, no birds.

You don't have to know the names of the plants or the vines. You don't really have to figure out whose chirp sounded last. All that is necessary is a pair of willing eyes, and perhaps, some energetic legs.

## DAILY CROSSWORD

**ACROSS**

- Shelter for sheep
- Portico (Gr. arch.)
- Approbation
- The seashore
- At a distance
- Pin to hold parts together
- Jellylike material
- A hill (So. Afr.)
- Speak
- Shake with cold
- Rough lava
- Frost
- A king of Israel
- Edge
- A size of type
- Finest
- Hasten
- A firmative vote
- Shabby
- The wallaba (Brazil)
- Italian goddess of harvests
- Tuber (So. Am.)
- Mansions of lords
- Smell
- Fruit of the oak
- Diving bird
- Flying lampreys

**DOWN**

- Coffee shop
- Egg-shaped figures
- High, craggy hill
- Erbium (sym.)
- Area
- Little child
- Cereal grains
- On the ocean
- Cigarette (slang)
- Attempt
- A sheltered bay
- Thrust with the foot
- Cues
- Stormed
- Warp-yarn
- Part of "to be"
- Exclamation
- Luzon native
- Title of respect (Turk.)
- Part of "to be"
- Helps
- Jumps (colloq.)
- Musical instruments
- Warble
- Wine
- receptacle
- Agreement
- Wild ox (Celebes)
- Male swans
- Land
- Sphere
- Coin (Swed.)
- Earth as a goddess

COCA PAPA  
 GRAN MARG  
 SHARED MORE  
 UT ARO LID  
 COD BAMBROUS  
 RUIN BEEN  
 ERGOT RIGHT  
 ROOD BEER  
 WENTLES DEE  
 ARE LAUD HE  
 ROSS PRACAS  
 SEAM GROW  
 EGGY ENDS

Yesterday's Answer

- Wild ox (Celebes)
- Male swans
- Land
- Sphere
- Coin (Swed.)
- Earth as a goddess

THREE YOU IS? WHAT IN THE EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED WORLD IS YOU UP TO?  
 PRACTICIN' I IS BEEN TOLE I IS A MIGRATORY BIRD AN' GOTTA GO NORTH WITH THE ROSEBANK.  
 WHO TOLE YOU?  
 WHOOSH! PUFF! OL' MOLE TOLE... WHOOVE! MY FLYIN' IS RUSTY.

YOU ALLUS DO ANYTHIN' FOLKS TELLS YOU?  
 WELL, OL' MOLE IS A EXPERT ON ME... HE IS THE BEST BIRD BRAIN AS GOES ROUND IN THEM ORNITHOLOGICAL CIRCLES.  
 PHOO... HE GOES ROUND IN CIRCLES OKAY... BUT NOT SO VERY CIRCUTIO—AN' NOT HARDLY LOGICAL AT ALL.  
 HOW MUCH DO IT COST TO GO NORTH BY JINNEY-BUS? I DONT BLEEVE I CAN GIT OFF THE GROUND IN THIS NET!

IT'S TOBACCO RHODATI!  
 SO THEY WANT A GAL SPARRING PARTNER, EH?—WELL, AN' I KNOWS A FEW RASSLIN' TRICKS!—FOR INSTANCE, MAH 'NAVY-TWIST BODY-TWIST' WHICH AN' DOES THE WIF NO HANDE!  
 FREE BEEF STEAK  
 TRAINING CAMP

RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF—  
 AN' NOW FO' TH' FREE BEEFSTEAK!  
 YO' IS CHOMPY, FOOLS NOT TO SWIPE A COUPLE O' STEAKS FO' YO'RE SELFS!  
 NOW—A FUTURE MOTHER GOTTA SET A GOOD EXAMPLE FO' HER UNBORN CHILD. EF SHE ET SOMETHIN' STOLEN, IT MIGHT HAVE A BAD EFFECT ON THE LIL' VARMINT.