

The Daily Tar Heel

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Members Of The Board

The time: 11 a.m. April, 1955.
The place: Raleigh, Legislative chambers in the State Capitol.
Governor: The meeting will come to order. Is there a motion to suspend the rules?
Trustee X: So moved.
Governor: All in favor say aye.
All Trustees: Aye.
Governor: Opposed, no.
Silence.
Governor: The ayes have it. We will proceed with the controversy over tuition. The chair recognizes the student Trustee representing students from the Consolidated University.

Student Trustee: Governor, members of the Board: A Consolidated student committee in cooperation with faculty members have found that approximately 500 potential students would not come to Chapel Hill or State if tuition were raised. The number for Woman's College would be about 350. The committee also found that the estimated number of potential students who can't come here now because of high tuition is well over that number. These potential students have drifted to other institutions. We refer you to the UNC Chancellor's report on the number of students who are working while going to college. Tuition at the first state university in America should go down, not up if we are to fulfill the initial purposes of William Richardson Davie. This is the State University. It is a center of learning where all who are qualified, should have the opportunity of attendance. Tuition at other schools in North Carolina are lower. High tuition rates would merely shut off a source of students, a loss that would be hard to substitute for.

This purely imaginary Board of Trustee meeting could be a reality. This could be a student talking to the Trustees with the rank of Trustee. The Trustees could hear the student viewpoint in action. A student vote would be registered. The suggestion made by Ken Penegar, candidate for president, is worthy of serious study.
The old and occasionally true statement that the University is for the students could be made more real by the seating of an elected representative, of the students of the Consolidated University.

Different Twists

One candidate has a different approach. Instead of a handshake he gives you a condensed budget and waits for answers.
The student's interest perks up. "I didn't know The Daily Tar Heel got \$19,000 in student fees last year?" he says. Then the candidate says he'll try and prove things by keeping students in mind.
This education via electioneering is new to our knowledge. There is another candidate that has a new twist too. His sign says, "Politicians not wanted," then a check list of "Studying, Sleeping," or "Not Interested" is available for those who wish to remain undisturbed.
The Daily Tar Heel hopes that students will want to be disturbed at least for the top presidential posts. Campaigning is one way of getting to know people, especially people who will be in important positions. A two minute interruption by a "politician" might prove valuable.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. To wax (obs.)
5. Russian inland sea
9. Goat antelope (Asia)
10. The nostrils
12. Search
13. The setting of the sun
14. Ahead
15. Type measure
16. Member of a political party (Gr. Brit.)
17. Bright red
21. American humorist
22. Prong
23. Striking success (slang)
25. Strikes
27. Indian fig tree
31. Female pig
33. Organ of smell
34. Town (Indiana)
37. Liberal giving
39. Solitary
41. Music note
42. Part of "to be"
43. Mechanical device (colloq.)
45. Drive
47. Arabian gazelle
48. By oneself
49. Brownish-red chalcidony
50. Vats
DOWN
1. Assembly of persons
2. Sea eagle
3. Rodent
4. Elevated train
5. God of the sky (Babyl.)
6. Speak violently
7. Incendiarism
8. Wary (slang)
9. Specters
11. Inflamed swelling of eyelid (var.)
13. Merganser
15. Hebrew name for God
18. Miscellany
19. Twilled fabrics
20. Spinning toy
24. Platform on side of stage
26. Coin (Peru)
28. American poet
29. Alleys
30. One to whom lease is granted
32. Bear through the air
34. Seaweed
35. Bellows
36. Asiatic country
38. Sun god
40. Bavarian river
44. Old times (archaic)
45. Eskimo knife
46. Steal
48. Close to

What Price Another Hill

—Dan Duke—
Last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, four other Carolina students and I attended a United Nations student symposium in New York City. For these three days, we heard lectures, watched the UN in function, and discussed world problems with students from all parts of the country.
On Friday, by coincidence, I bought a copy of the New York Herald Telegram which contained ironically enough, a front page editorial asking, "What Price Another Hill in Korea?"
Jim G. Lucas, the author was deeply disturbed over the stalemate in Korea. He wanted the answers to the why questions—why are we fighting, why are American lives being sacrificed over a crummy piece of earth like "Old Baldy" for example.
These are difficult questions. Lucas, however, decided that there were no good answers, no real justification for the United States and the UN to be in Korea. I cannot agree with him.
Korea was the first serious challenge to the UN. While North Korea's attack on South Korea was a localized act of aggression, the aggression had implications of concern to almost all the major powers—especially Russia and the United States.
The integrity and purpose of the UN were at stake: could the Communist-supported North Koreans attack South Korea and get away with it? Was the UN destined like the League of Nations to disintegrate for lack of military and economic support in disputes where crucial differences existed?
The United States courageously intervened immediately — a bold step in this experiment called international collective security. As soon as possible, all but five of the sixty member nations voted their approval, and sixteen subsequently have joined and given economic and military aid to the United Nations forces in South Korea. This was a significant precedent in collective security. And in Korea lies the answer to whether collective security will succeed, to whether the UN will stand or fall.
If the UN is defeated or evacuates North Korea, the Communist aggressor nations will get their cue: They'll know that they can expand "unimportant country" by unimportant country, until the rest of the world wises up—perhaps too late.
The League collapsed when Italy was allowed to take over Ethiopia. The UN will collapse if North Korea is allowed to take over South Korea.
"Old Baldy" is a lousy mountain. It is absolutely worthless real estate. It is of no economic or military importance. But in that tiny, war-ravaged stretch of land, literally, is a world at stake. The stalemate is depressing. Its sickening to see life after life go, apparently for nothing but rocks and muddy slush. But as far as I'm concerned its better that we stop aggression now, not when we are on the brink of disaster or when it is too late.
If the UN fails or withdraws in Korea, then NATO will remain as our only hope for national security. The many small nations which are not members of NATO will have no such security. They will be left to the whims of aggressor nations.
If the UN succeeds in working out a settlement in Korea, then the world will have an object lesson in collective security. A precedent will be established, and a way to stronger international security will open.
What price another hill in Korea? What price another hill in the United States? We are concerned with the freedom and integrity of South Korea, yes, but we are primarily concerned with American security. The policy of appeasement has never worked yet. Why should we think South Korea will satisfy the Communists?

Flip Side

—Ron Levin—
As everyone on this campus realizes or should realize by now my column is written solely for the purpose of provoking a few laughs at scattered intervals from those unfortunate few who happen to glance at the printed lines and any dig, rib, or razz at anything or anyone is done for fun, spelled f-u-n, pronounced fun, u as in Philadelphia. My column in Friday's edition mentioned a few of the more interesting types of personalities to be found on campus, and as I said in the article it was only a partial rundown on these types. I took for granted that everyone or nearly so had a working knowledge of Joe College. Now it seems the one I thought least important has become a center for ridicule and criticism. But Albert old chap, (A. Z. F. Wood to you readers) don't get me wrong. I understand that your column Sunday was aimed at the type I left out and not at me, but here the issue becomes strained somewhat. You see, though I myself ride an English bike smoke a pipe, and like to be by myself, there are definite traces of Joe College inside also. This throws me under the juggernaut of your category in Sunday's edition, and I strongly resent your attack on poor Joe.
Sure, I wear white bucks. They're darn comfortable. They last a long time, and get dirtier quicker than any other type of shoe. I have no convertible, but would not turn one down if offered me. I like Marilyn Monroe, and if I didn't I would run, not walk to the nearest psychiatrist. I don't play poker, but play in a dance band instead to make a few bucks to ease financial strain. I like Jerry Lewis solely because he's funny and for no other reason. Being a musician myself I happen to like at times Ray Anthony, good Dixieland, Bop, and what have you. I not only like it, I play it. I would love to go abroad to Paris but have neither the time nor money as I am struggling to get into medical school and one fine day, psychoanalysis. At times North Carolina does become boring, but if I didn't think it was good enough for me, I assure you I would take off like a herd of turtles to points unknown.
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No Redress

—Rolfe Neill—
The new issue of Tarnation, full of some excellent jokes but otherwise pretty inane, begins with what strikes us an unwarranted apology.
Someone (presumably Ed. Tom Alexander) spends a half page groveling and recanting about material run in days of yore and (again presumably) material to be run in days to come. In effect, this frontispiece asks those whom it lampoons not to take offense, for it says, "In many cases the very, very roughest treatment will be delivered toward those whom we like or admire the most."
This is hard to believe. Rather, we think, it is an overt act of reconciliation toward several University administration members who were pretty brutally pilloried in a recent Tarnation issue. With the exception of Gordon Gray, whose profile was obviously exaggerated, the other Administration stalwarts victimized by Tarnation were very thoroughly and accurately caricatured.
Tarnation need make no redress.
Issue No. 3 out of the labyrinths of Graham Memorial lacks much stirring, witty material. However, the cartoons are excellent, a department which has kept this rating through three issues. We'd like to note that Putnam Davis Jr., Put Davis etc. is the only cartoonist we've ever read who signed his name differently to each work. Several other of the line drawings very effectively parody the local scene. Cartoonist Vogel, evidently the aquatic-minded staff member, does a couple of good ones on bathrooms and swimming pools.
Through History with Stanley R. Smith and Art Einstein makes puns readable in a double page, center section spread, and Ham on Wry is up to its usual self.
Editor Alexander says Issue No. 4 is aborning and will be out before the robins are well returned from Florida. If he gets as good a cover on it as Jerry McMahon did on Issue No. 3, the printing cost will be worth the cover alone.

"Roll Out The Barrel"



Flip Side

Since I am in a religious minority I hardly think I would qualify for membership in the local society of hooded hoods the KKK, but enough, enough.
You see there is another side to the record. I have a small collection of good serious music which I add to as my pocket permits, and I would rather read, not Spillane (though it does sell) but good, really good literature. Nothing would please me more than to discuss the life of Vincent van Gogh and other similar artists, not only in art itself but any other field of creative human endeavor. Perhaps this will give you some idea, that all Joe Colleges are not of the type you described. In fact, no one can draw a sharp line between types and say that's it. I did it in fun, merely for a laugh. The majority of Joes are swell guys. Okay, so they don't stimulate you intellectually. So they make seventy-six on an Archeology quiz. So they drink beaucoups brew and date and perform other similar normal human functions. Is this a crime? When I have no desire left to mingle with the opposite sex I hope I'm six feet under. I'd never turn down a cold beer on a hot summer day (in fact the day doesn't even have to be hot, in fact it can even be winter) and about Marilyn Monroe she can't act, but gad what personality. And another thing any senior that doesn't go barefoot on Senior Day either has no feet, one foot, thirteen toes, or such a stodgy frame of mind and so highly conservative that to him or her, going barefoot is a step backward in evolution to the days of our primitive ancestors. Oh brother, have they been away!
In short, Al, if you can't enjoy some of those things you mentioned, then I really feel sorry for you. Okay, so maybe you feel sorry for me. Here we are two sorry mothers. Sure El Greco Shostakovitch, Maughan and Wilde are wonderful and I love them too, but to shut out completely the contributions of the modern contemporary society is just as bad as being a rabid fan of gallons of beer, Lewis, Anthony, and going barefoot on Senior Day. If Joe College likes all this then



Stewpot

Once upon a time, at a fictitious institution of learning, the inmates, better know as students, were romanticists. Since they refused to face the truth whenever it could possibly be avoided, they had invented a little game.
Now this little game was known as politics and the prize was called student government. And the students played this game because they had outgrown playing house. But this game is somewhat the same because in both games you play like you are mommy and daddy and are running things. Of course, if you do something you shouldn't, mommy and daddy are still around to apply the hairbrush.
However, the fact that their game was only make-believe never fazed the students. In fact, most of them were quite happy with the whole thing, and even talked about the "influence of student government." And every time they were allowed to do something, the students would all celebrate and say, "Oh boy, just look what student government has accomplished this time." And they were so happy that no one ever pointed out this was like saying, "Oh boy, I caused it to rain," when you were wishing it would rain and it did.
Two or three times a year, all the boys and girls would hold a big celebration, which they called an election. And two or three little bunches, calling themselves parties, delegated candidates for an office known as president. And sometimes one or two others called themselves independent candidates for president.
The main purpose of these elections was so the candidates for president could go home and wow all the farmers by telling how "I am running for president up where I go." This made a big hit with the farmers to see how silly the younger generation acted, once they got away from home and returned for a visit. And the farmers all felt much better about having quit school after the eighth grade.
Now, in the world of grown-ups, which was what all this was copied after, there were campaigns before elections, so the players decided they would have campaigns too. And candidate A would go around and say, "B is a draft-dodger." And candidate B would go around and say, "A is a drug-store cowboy." Ah, yes, vile epithets were hurled by one and all.
Just before the election, campaigning would get hot and furious, and all the candidates would go around interrupting studies of the more worthwhile students to try to "influence" a vote.
Then, on election day, all the campaigners went down and voted for themselves. And all the members of the groups that called themselves parties went down to

No Redress

by all means let him. To each his own, and let him revel in it, let sleeping dogs lie (I've run out of slogans) but for gosh sakes don't get so darn bitter that just because you can't enjoy some of these things, or don't want to, or don't know how, that you must criticize and ridicule those others for doing so.
Why not turn the record over and play the other side. You might even like it. And if you are not doing anything special next Tuesday night drop into GM and watch Jerry Lewis on TV. He's a riot, try it...
vote for their candidates. And all the other students went out for a short beer.
A winner was announced, and he got a chance to make a speech, and to get his name in the paper. And then the student politicians, as they called themselves, left everybody alone until the next election neared.
But eventually, even as do all good things, their school days came to an end. And the students went out into the world of Democrats and Joe McCarthys and other horrible things. And they learned to act like grown-ups.
And eventually they had their own children who went off to an institution of learning. And the ex-student politicians watched their own progeny become student politicians. And they all sat around in the evenings and said, "Weren't we silly back then?"
The moral of this story is: Don't run for president of the student body. Get yourself elected as a trustee.



—Cox—

(Continued from page 1)
Association and the American Heart Association.
The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, a cooperative organization sponsored by some 150 life insurance companies, was set up to provide opportunities for training or experience in fundamental research, with preference to students wishing to work in the field of cardiovascular function or disease.