#### PAGE TWO

# Much Culture, No Dough: WUNC

Without stirring from your easy chair, you could have heard, during the past week, President Gray's significant State of the University speech, the presentation of the O. Max Gardner award and Governor Hodges' speech at the award ceremony, the Cincinnati Symphony in a concert, a speech by the Chinese educator, Dr. Y. C. Yen, and a lecture-recital by poet Robert Frost.

The University's FM station, WUNC, broadcast all this to its listeners last week, along with a fat schedule of fine music, interviews and educational programs.

When it is remembered that half of these special events came from Raleigh and that Yen and Frost spoke at the same time in different buildings on the campus last night (WUNC recorded one speech and played it back later) some of the advantages of this literate, cultural voice in our midst become apparent.

Now-consider this: WUNC's FM interest, entertainment and education is dispensed without a budget. The student-run station has been operating for years without a slice of the state appropriations pie.

University television is asking for \$434.-000 from the General Assembly; and TV needs it, and should have it. But we can't help thinking that some small portion of that giant figure-say, a pittance of \$10,000 or so might be channelled toward radio, which, unheralded and unbudgeted, has become an intelligent speaker and a genuine servant to the University.

### New Model

The Spring 1955 model of American foreign policy went into the State Department showroom vesterday.

Says Secretary Dulles: U. S. forces everywhere are now equipped with special pur pose atomic weapons designed to kill tactical targets without killing civilians.

So now its minimum, rather than massive, are nothing new. retaliation.

## A Shortage **Of Barefoot Boys**

### Carolina Front Sophistication & Chapel Hill's Younger Set

Louis Kraar THIS UNIVERSITY town has always struck me as having a

sophisticated air, but not until yesterday did I ealize the extent to which his enchantment affects the younger

Three youngsters, two girls and a boy, had found comfortable seats among the magazines in Sutton's. Their twelve-year-old reading habits seemed to find an outlet among the slick-covered publications. The little girl read comic books. But the young boy-obvious under the sophistication of the Hill-sat intently studying The New Yorker.

#### 1

THE NEWSBOY in front of the Post Office seems to improve in his salesmanship each afternoon

I was entering the Post Office with an afternoon paper already under my arm, when the boy asked insistently, "Paper?" I pointed to the one under my arm. And he replied, "Are you sure

SINCE MEN began reading the Bible, I guess, they've used quotations from the good book to justify a wide range of actions. The current speakers for and against racial segregation who Editor:

that it's today's though?"

arm themselves with Bible quotes Irish name to me; but this is Thus, when South Carolina Methodist Minister John P. Roquemore accused evangelist Billy advise your readers to do like- have to offer. Graham of "misinterpreting" the scripture, I had to laugh.

North Carolina Irishmen-and our numbers are many-reserve since prejudice is in bad fashion It all took place the other day at a place called New-Hi Delpha

'He's Perfectly Healthy-Just Terribly Sensitive'

### THE DAILY TAR HEEL

### 'I REMEMBER . . .'

### 1912: 'I Knew **Every Teacher** And Student'

### Chancellor R. B. House

(Second in the new Daily Tar Heel series, "I Remember Chapel Hill," reminiscenses of some of the University's most distinguished graduates Today, Chancellor House recalls his student days:-Editor.)

In September, 1912, I took the S. A. L. at Thelma, changed to a branch line at Henderson, changed to the Southern at Durham, changed to a branch line at University Station. got off at Carrboro, and rode in to Chapel Hill in a two-horse carriage. Sam Brockwell, Joe Durham, Tank Hunter and Colonel Shakespeare Pendergraph were running automobiles from Chapel Hill to Durham: On other travels to and from Chapel Hill I used these automobiles. ROOM: \$2

Arriving on the campus I went to my room in Vance-\$10.00 a month, too rich for my blood. I changed at once to Dr. Battle's cottage, \$2.00 a month. I ate at Commons Hall, \$10.00 a month. Sometimes I ate at Mrs. Farrar's, or Mrs. Archer's, \$15.00 a month. White I was here Swain Hall was opened, with meals at \$12.50 a month. I settled down there. Tuition was \$60.00 a year, but I got that free by agreeing to teach school a couple of years.

Chapel Hill was as beautiful then as it is now, but there was no paving. We were in dust part of the time and in mud the other part. But, being here, I stayed here. I went home at Christmas, at Easter, and for the summer. Walking was the universal hobby. I explored with friends every possible hike with, in ten miles of Chapel Hill. HUNGRY FOR BOOKS

Socially I knew every person on the faculty and in the student body-not ultimately, but generally. As now, organized or unorganized, we had cliques, groups, and circles of more intimacy. The dlass was far more

# Eye Of The Horse

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1955

### Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others,-Hipporotis, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was currying himself in the lee of Graham Memorial, when I saw him. Patiently waiting their turn at the wire-bristled brush were his sometime companions, Mr. Neckley and Mr. Wump. Was all this for Paddy's Day, ohone?

"It's fer iviry day, me lad," The Horse brogued me in honor of The Seventeenth of Oireland. have quit the DTH, complete with my high, and low-level vision assistants. I'm off to less ofnony and perhaps more money-green pastures. Neckley and Wump and sternly stern about this, too, Double-stern? What meant this?

"Solid behind," The Horse said, "me. And speaking of stern-who caused mine to be sheared off in last Sat'day's issoo? Nipped in the bud is bad, to be sure; but to be nipped in the buddock is the unkindest cut of all. My tale was docked. My col-

yum ended ere its end." But, Chollie Kuralt had explained that.

"Explanations be domned!" The Horse reverted to The Ould Sod again. "We put out what must easily win the booby prize of America for fouledup printing. And I do not refer to merely causing the ink to meet the paper. If there is oconnecee thing in God's clean newspaperdom which can offer no excuse, it is petitious errata."

### Oh, come now, Horsie!

"I'm not ired, merely tired," The Horse shrugged his platinum mane. "I don't care if I get my copy in two or three days in advance, it comes out looking as if the Print Division of Dix Hill had been at work on it. And for a colyum which strives for a whimsical effect, this is devastating. It is the death-knell. No wonder the kids can't understand it."

I'd heard that mentioned, yes.

"Yeah, I was investigated," The Horse laughed. "Some wondered why the DTH persisted in printing what was constantly puzzling to the students. Well, I do not claim to teach, in my colyum; but if instant understanding were the criterion, no school could open in the following semester."

What did The Horse regard as being his goal, in his colyum?

"Fun with words and ideas," The Horse offered. "Mental gymnastics. Whimsy, fantasy."

What if it depressed some who didn't followthe-leader with The Horse leading?

"Mental depression is a form of mental exercise," The Horse saw it. "It is akin to touching the brain's toes, and tightens the brain's wasteline. But who wouldn't be depressed when the teller of a joke, after taking up people's time with the groundwork, suddenly says, 'Aw, to hell with the end?'

#### Back to that again, eh?

"Yup, back to my end," The Horse agreed.""It is the example closest to hoof. Here I am considering scheduling a seminar on The Eye of the Horse; and what happens? The Horse's tale is docked." Kuralt had mismeasured The Horse's colyum of that day. I explained again. So he had provided copy to fill it out to a full-colyum length. "It was already a full-colyum, and Chollie had been so informed," The Horse neighed me. "But it is understandable he mismeasured. So what? So when the proofreader-paid proofreader- saw the addenda was not needed, why not just toss it out?" What! After spending money to set it? "Well, money was spent to set my tail," The Horse reminded me. "And it proved a tonsofial service I and the readers could have done without. We return to the prime consideration, me lad, and this is-why cannot the great and good University of North Carolina get themselves a mechanically well-turned-out paper? Yoicks, they have trouble enough, the editors do, with what is readable. But to send out to every major campus' in America a sheet of loused-up spellings, upsidedown pictures, punk grammar and clobbered reporting is to advertise that we here at North Carolina's Seat of Cultoor & Erudition are not journalistic realists. What is said is important, yes; but nobody listens to an uncouth illiterate when words of wisdom are being sought. And we fit the indictment when we turn out, day after day, a paper which could well be hailed as a compendium of errata." Did The Horse really think the readers were interested in this hashing over of mechanical details? "When there remains no excuse for such, yes," The Horse yessed me, although I had hoped he would no me. "I don't care how smart and wise a man is, if he steps into the highways and the byways indecently clad he will be arrested long ere he gets to any lecture hall. My first consideration when scanning the qualifications of editors and or a printery or a proofreader would be not, 'Can you put out a clever and provocatice paper in a workmanlike way?' but, 'Can you put out a paper?' There is no mystery to how a clean-looking paper is made. The copy must be legible and on time; the editor must specify certain details such as typesize, width, and so on; the linotyper runs the copy off in lines, on his machine; the proofreader reads the proofs and calls for corrections of this and that, or okays the other thing; it is corrected; final proofs are scanned; final corrections are madeand wheee, off we go!" Mechanics were everything, with The Horse? "Nay, nay," The Horse neighed floudly. "Merely the first thing. And holding a strict line of discipline here works wonders with a newspaper staff. The editor who won't swallow mechanical faults won't gulp sloppy writing and wrong dates and bad grammar. It is really an editor's duty in training his staff to see that they strive for accuracy and polish. Newspapermen are dictionaryhounds, atlas-conners, date-seekers, almanac-devotees; and curriers of words, phrases, clauses, sentences, paragraphs. But why go to all this trouble and then have some one cog in the mechanics louse up the whole thing? Naw, I'm getting set to quit. were truly great, I am grateful I am a copyrighted Horse, and I fear I have forgotten one vital fact: What costs nothing is usually worth just that . . . and is treated thusly." Ho-ho! ho-ho! The Horse was quitting, then? "I'm hard to start, and hard to stop," The Horse said, currying the Frog furiously, "I'll continue to quit in my next issue." "Wump!" Mr. Wump whumped his views of this,

St. Patrick's Day Notes viewing this current mediocre terms: They saw Ireland safe under the British umbrella, fed by her convoys and protected by her airforce, her very neutrality guaranteed by the British armed forces: they saw no return for this protection save a condoned

the day the Irish wish good theme, "home rule for Ireland," health to the whole world. So I'll take the Lady any day in be wearing the green, sir, and preference to anything the Irish sabotage of the Allied war ef-But this is prejudice; and fort; and they were angry-permanently angry. As they sailed in your newspaper, I would like past this smug coastline, past

HERBLOCK

### The Charlotte News

The word is out that the people who give Horatio Alger Awards are finding it more difficult every year to dig up a sizeable list of candidates. There are fewer and fewer success stories in the barfoot-boy-makes-good vein.

Actually there never were very many real-life Horatio Alger heroes in America. A recent analysis made of 300 notable Americans chosen for the Encyclopedia Of American History indicated that at least 204 came from privileged backgroundsfrom families of wealth, social position or strong cultural interests. Few actually rose from poverty.

Why then has the rags-to-riches formula been so prominent in American folklore? It goes back to the earliest days of the republic. It can be traced to the persistent conviction that the roots of American democracy were nuctured in the backwoods and farmlands of the nation. The selfmade man has always been the American hero. It's a pretty picture but most of the nation's multimillion dollar happy endings today trace their happy beginnings to the day a latter-day Huck Finn marries the boss' daughter, picks up a stake in a floating crap game or awakes in his birth bed to find a silver spoon in his mouth.

The Daily Tar Deel

The official student publication of the Publieations Board of the University of North Carolina.



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daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered 48 second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

where it is published

Editor CHARLES KURALT FRED POWLEDGE Managing Editor Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER Business Manager TOM SHORES BERNIE WEISS Sports Editor News Editor Jackie Goodman Advertising Manager . Dick Sirkin Circulation Manager Jim Kiley Subscription Manager Jack Godley Bill Bob Peel Assistant Business Manager \_\_ Assistant Sports Editor Ray Linker Boyden Henley Photographer Susan Andes Society Editor

NEWS STAFF-Neil Bass, Ed Myers, Ebba Freund, Peggy Ballard, Lois Owen.

Night editor for this issue \_\_\_\_ Eddie Crutchfield

Grange Hall in Darlington, S. C. "Don't let them misinterpret the scripture. God gave Africa to the black man," roared the Methodist minister

According to news accounts, the minister went on to accuse other ministers of being "brainwashed when it came to relating the Bible verses correctly." And I never realized there was one "correct" way to relate Bible verses.

SEVEN GIRLS, who harmonize nicely on "Tea For Two," stopped students in their tracks the other evening as the septet strolled by Graham Memorial singing, "Picture you upon my knee . . ."

A POETIC friend of mine (a male) left a verse called "A Thought for the Politicos" on my typewriter the other day: "Little men with books and

thoughts Supplied by commissary means Stroll up and down the bricklaid walks And smirk in their perplex-

ity." 寅

LEWIS BRUMFIELD, who has had an ample share of publicity in this paper lately, will probably run for cheerleader. No one will question his ability to excite audiences by what he says and how he says it.

× A YEAR ago today the University Party had just taken 20 seconds to acclaim Tom Creasy student body presidential candidate, Don Geiger began his campaign as Student Party presidential candidate, the Di Senate was debating McCarthyism, and Cobb Dorm had come up with a new art cult to replact BRAT. All candidates were promising to do something about class cuts, free Saturdays, football trips, and "getting closer to the students."

JIM MONTEITH, who lost the vice-presidential nomination to Jack Stevens this week, may bolt the University Party and run independently.

Friends of veteran who beat SP wheelhorse Jim Turner in the fall Legislature race are urging DULLES BRAIN WAVE him to run. And with one in-

dependent already in the field, it would certainly split the party candidates' votes.



YOU Said It

unless you're Lady Astor

our good cheer this year to all except Lady Astor, who came near spoiling our day with her ill remarks of last week. So-top o' the morning to you all! Except for the old Virgin-

ian named Astor. Bad cess to her! And may her disposition see better days. R. R. O'Brien

### A Word To The Irish: 'Vive, Lady Astor!'

Editor: Re: Lady Astor and the Irish. Having just returned from

Is There Political Mileage Left In The Yalta Agreement?

"Kuralt" danna sound like an flick called "Captain Lightfoot"

### **Doris Fleeson**

WASHINGTON-The latest hassle over publication of the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin conversations at Yalta ten years ago raises the question: is there any political mileage left in Yalta.

"Certainly not," Democrats answer. "Everybody knows by now that Roosevelt and Churchill accompanied Alger Hiss to Yalta.

But some Republicans answer yes, plenty, and they appear to enjoy the cooperation of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. As a result at least 40 copies of the official Yalta transcript in galley proof are now extant, all "confidential."

Unfortunately for proponents of publication these copies so far have only one political parent, the GOP. No official taker of Democratic party persuasion can be found to receive them and so put himself in a position to be blamed when the inevitable leaks occur.

Thus Mr. Dulles' State Department still owns all the copies. lock, stock and barrel and it has announced it would not pub-

to let someone else speak. would like to call your readers' attention to some reflections when Nicholas Monsarrat gives us in The Cruel Sea. He had been discussing Great Britain's ailies and her enemies in World War II-and those who were supposed to be neutral.

on the still more mediocre

. . . It was difficult to withhold one's contempt for a country such as Ireland, whose battle this was and whose chances of freedom and independence in the event of a German victory were nil. . .

"From a narrow legal angle, Ireland was within her rights: she had opted for neutrality, and the rest of the story flowed from this decision. She was in fact at liberty to stand aside from the struggle, whatever hnrm this did the Allied cause. But sailors, watching the ships go down and counting the number of their friends who might have been alive instead of dead, saw the thing in simple

people who did not give a damn how the war went as long as they could live on in their fairytale world, they had time to ponder a new aspect of indecency. In the list of the people you were prepared to like when the war was over, the man who stood by and watched while you were getting your throat cut

would not stand very high."

I dare say that no one in Great Britain, nor for that matter anyone in America whose ancestors came before the potato famine in Ireland, gives a damn about a possible Irish anti-Astor uprising. Furthermore, I hardly think an Irishman is one to talk about Lady Astor's role in world affairs in view of the dastardly little trick Ireland pulled in World War II.

As for my own opinion, I'll shout it so that every shanty Irishman in Boston can hear me: "Vive, Lary Astor! Rule, Brittania- God Save the Queen!"

> Wilbur M. Boice, Jr. Whiteville, N. C.

'BA Criticism'

New Liberal Arts Course:

Every time I pick up the Daily Tar Heel, I see where some selfstyled expert is airing his views on the BA School. In fact, it seems to be the fashion now for the "liberal arts boys" to compete in such criticisms. I haven't noticed it before but there must be a liberal arts course entitled Business Administration Criticism. Otherwise could all these liberal-minded scholars with only a year or year and a half in the school of liberal arts become so qualified to evaluate a portion of the University that has been in existence since 1919 and growing constantly? It really must be a helluva course since so far only students and none of the faculty have felt thus qualified. perceived instantly the scape-

The BA School doesn't give a goat role for which they were damn about such criticism, but being cast and the general re-I. for one, have personally gotfusal to accept the copies by the ten sick and tired of reading Democratic committee chairmen such bull almost everyday, especially from persons who usu-The State Department is now in retreat: When Dulles played ally have no idea of what they fair with the Speaker and Senare talking about, but just find it a good excuse to show their letator George on the Formosa reter-writing prowess. To use the solution he got perfect results. well worn but still applicable The results he will get from this maneuver are precisely what he term, "GET OFF OUR BACKS."

Ray Harris

a unit then than it is now. of My class has always been a closeknit body.

I came here to study and I never let any other interest interfere with study. I believe to this day that a student's chief business' is study. I revelled in the library. I was hungry for books. I still believe that the



CHANCELLOR HOUSE

### ... nothing interfered with studying

library is the most inviting place on the campus. My studies were mainly Greek, Latin, and English, but I took every introductory course in science that was offered except Botany, and I wish I could have had that.

THE GREAT TEACHERS I let the faculty worry about requirements; I followed my bent as far as regulations allowed and chose persons rather than courses. The persons were wonderful-John Lasley (still at it) in Mathematics, Wilbur Royster in Latin, Bully Bernard in Greek, George Sneath in English. Only one, Bully, was a professor. The others were new Instructors. One was just as good as the other it seemed to me. More important, each was good enough to be some miles ahead of me, anyway. Greenlaw, Rovster, Hanford, Foerster in English, Horace Williams in Philosophy, Collier Cobb in Geology, H. V. Wilson in Zoology, H. W. Chase in Psychology, Venable in Chemistry, Patterson in Physics

to them. Administration was simple, both as to money and plant and as to education. I don't think my class made a suggestion in . four years to improve any of it. We were too busy enjoying it.

### lish them because it would in-Editor jure national security and our

relations with other powers. The Dulles brain wave of passing the copies around Congress liberally might have succeeded had it not been for that handy invention, the telephone. When this plan was solemnly announced at noon, reporters dashed to telephones to break the news to such men as Speaker Rayburn, and Chairman Vinson of House Armed Services that at long last they were to be privileged to peek at the secrets of Yalta. These men have an average of 40 years service in Washington and in their creative moments they cannot imagine a political story that 40 members of Congress could keep secret. They

DEMOCRATS SAY NO

followed

asked for.