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## Editorially Speaking

### Hunt Answers Clark

Dear Mr. Clark,

We members of the Dialectic Senate have heard of your request for a copy of our roster at the time the resolutions favoring abolition of the Jim Crow laws were passed. Because I have known something of your tactics in the past—I saw you in action at the committee hearing on the Caveness bill to create a chancellor of the University and three presidents, I took the time to peruse the *Textile Bulletin*, which, commonly, I do not read, in search of your comments. I must say, sir, that they are quite in line with what I have many times heard of you: they are in the Dave Clark tradition. You, perhaps, regard that as a compliment. I confess that I do not intend it as one. This state, I think, rather has the right to expect that so talented a son would most naturally follow the noble pattern established for North Carolina and for the Clarks by your father, Chief Justice Walter Clark. I, for one, sincerely regret that your father, champion as he was of human rights, is not alive today to be a candidate for public office and to speak out mightily against injustice and deceit wherever they may be found. It was his misfortune to be at least seventy years ahead of the nation and a hundred years ahead of his state. It seems to be his son's misfortune to be at least a hundred years behind both.

I have made no attempt thus far in this letter to spare your feelings, though my youth and your age would normally lead me to be more considerate. But I have the temerity to think that even as you speak and write openly and with vigor you would defend my right to do the same, though I disagree with you.

I should like, therefore, to tell you why I voted for the abolition of Jim Crow laws—including the ones which prevent negroes and whites from attending the same university. I do not intend to defend these beliefs; I wish only to state them for what they may be worth.

To my mind there is one overriding and supremely important fact about men: whatever their race, nationality, religion, or condition they are men. This applies to negroes; they are men; they are human beings. I cannot conceive that the mere accident of color made me superior to them, or to any other racial, national, or religious group. I know that a great many famous personages—not the least of whom was Adolf Hitler—espoused an opposite belief to mine; but my own deepest feeling and belief about men is that I cannot love a man because of his race (or nationality, or religion, or any other cause of prejudice), nor hate him for it: I simply ignore it. To me a man is a man—full of hopes and fears, subject to tempests and passions, weak and frail, strong and noble, free, bond, or master of himself despite his destiny. A man may be none of these, or one of them, or some of them, or all of them—or he may be something mortally different. I am sure of only one thing: he is a man; that is the only way I can pigeon-hole him; all that remains to be known I must learn about him—whatever he may be—whenever and wherever I may meet him.

A second compelling fact prompted me to vote to recommend the abolition of Jim Crow laws: *This is one world*. No matter how many artificial barriers we create, that is the first fact of modern life. This is a world where the atomic bomb can be caused to explode by disputes over any of these barriers. One of the tragic mistakes we petty men are making is to refuse the fact that do what we will we must learn to live together. We cannot put off living together, for, if we do, we shall certainly die together. We can begin to have peace only if we start here in the United States, here in the South, here in North Carolina, over in your town of Charlotte, here in my town of Chapel Hill.

This issue on which a new world war may well hinge is the issue of the maltreatment of the non-white races of the world. The struggle in Indonesia should indicate that. The manner in which the United States treats its non-white citizens may well determine the exact weight of its moral leadership in the world.

There is no reason to prolong this letter unnecessarily. I wish only to add that I cannot offer you any outstanding accident of birth or environment to explain away what I believe most intelligent people will call straight thinking. I do not wish to take credit for it in the way this letter makes it sound as if I do. On the contrary, my thinking on the subject was done for me at least two thousand years ago by one who recognized "neither male nor female, bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile," but saw them all as one in God's sight and, since he felt that what God had made was good enough for him, regarded men as one.

I was born in Winston-Salem; I graduated from the Greensboro public schools; my parents now reside in Rocky Mount. But, if you look for the source of these seditious remarks, turn to that most revolutionary of documents, the *New Testament*.

I regret that we do not see eye to eye. I like to think that I may be passed off by you as a foolish idealist. But I shall regret it very much if I am: there is so very little time left in which men can strive for ideals.

As the scientists have said, this has been the last war, or the next to the last.

It is unfortunately true that the earth, desperately though it may need it, will not be remade overnight. But whenever the opportunity to make it better comes, I, for one, do not conscientiously believe I can stand in the way.

Sincerely,  
DOUGLASS HUNT.

## Report: From Carolina Delegation To Mock State Assembly

The students from the University of North Carolina who attended the meeting of the State Student Legislature in Raleigh—both those who favored inviting the colored colleges of the state to send delegates to next year's meeting and those who opposed it—agree to the following statement of facts:

(1) Since any person who wished to attend from Carolina was invited through the Tar Heel to do so, and since the delegation was not chosen to represent the University of North Carolina, the statement in the newspapers that the Carolina delegation was not representative of the student body is irrelevant: anyone who wished to be represented could have gone himself!

(2) The motion to admit delegates from the negro colleges next year had not been discussed by the Carolina delegation prior to its introduction on the floor by Buddy Glenn. Indeed, Mr. Glenn decided to introduce his motion without consulting any other member of the delegation.

(3) Of the forty-three members of the Carolina delegation at least four voted against the motion. The vote on the motion was 110 "for" and 48 "against." If the entire Carolina delegation had abstained from voting, the motion would have carried by 19 votes. The Carolina delegation did not "railroad" the State Student Legislature into inviting negro delegates to attend its sessions.

(4) Secretary of State Thad Eure was not on the floor during the discussion which preceded passage of the motion and is therefore not qualified to say what transpired during that time except by hearsay. The Carolina delegation carried no "official photographers." A Carolina student, with whom photography is a hobby, took some pictures for his own personal use.

(5) Mr. Eure is quoted as asserting that a student not a resident of North Carolina, who was attending the University under the G. I. Bill of Rights, said "To hell with appropriations!" The student is a native of North Carolina now a resident of the eastern part of the state. He is not attending college under the G. I. Bill, though if he were he would have had as much right to speak as any other. The remark about appropriations has been quoted in the state papers completely out of context. The situation when this remark was made was such, we feel, as to justify the indignation expressed, if not the words used. Rumors and threats had become prevalent on the floor

that if the resolution were passed: (a) there would be no more student legislatures; (b) appropriations for the University would be cut; (c) appropriations for the negro colleges would be cut. It was in reply to these rumors that the speaker, urging the assembly to disregard outside threats, said that if the cost of doing right were to be a cut in appropriations, then, "To hell with the appropriations!"

(6) Newspapers have carried repeated assertions that "non-resident" students led the fight and were responsible for passage of the motion. The motion was made by a North Carolinian. It received vigorous and vocal support from North Carolinians. Further, it received the support of a minority of "non-resident" students from South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia, as well as from "the North." During discussion on the passage of the bill, only one student from a state north of the Mason-Dixon Line spoke in behalf of the bill.

(7) The Carolina delegation regrets the fact that the newspapers have not mentioned most of the business transacted by the State Student Legislature. Among the bills considered by the Legislature were: (a) a bill to create a world government; (b) a bill calling on the President and Congress to take steps to oust Franco as dictator of Spain; (c) a bill to abolish segregation on public vehicles; (d) a bill petitioning the governor to call a session of the state legislature to consider physical consolidation of the University of North Carolina; (e) a bill calling for revision of the G. I. Bill of Rights; (f) a bill to appropriate \$100,000,000 for roads in North Carolina; (g) a bill calling for 12-month salaries for teachers—in all, a total of thirty-nine bills.

(8) The Carolina delegation regrets that the coverage of the meeting has been so completely distorted.

## Quips and Kernels

PASSING FANCY

I'm done with dames  
They fuss and they lie;  
They prey on us males  
Till the day we die.  
They tease and torment us,  
They drive us to sin . . .  
Say, who was that co-ed  
That just walked in?

—The Virginia Tech.  
Sweet young thing's voice from  
darkened theatre: "Take your hand  
off my knee! No, not you. YOU!"  
—Clipped.

Mahatma Gandhi left college because  
all the girls were after his  
pin.  
—The Technique.

British bombers were over Berlin;  
the sirens were screaming, and  
people were racing for shelters.  
"Hurry up," cried the housewife  
to her husband.  
"I can't find my false teeth,"  
called back her spouse.  
"False teeth," retorted the exasperated  
wife, "what do you think they're  
dropping? Sandwiches?"  
—Yellow Jacket.

## In This . . . Poet's . . . Corner

By Jinx Helm

Winter Moon

Winter moon . . . shed your silver  
shafts of light . . . with care this  
night . . . upon hearts untouched  
by longing for the undefined.

Be soft . . . be gentle . . . when  
you weave your spell on the  
young in heart . . . the young in  
mind.

Make this night . . . one of endless  
delight—as once you did for me;  
sprinkle stardust in their hearts  
. . . shield them from reality.

The air is crisp . . . the night is  
clear . . . the month is that of  
December; but yours is the power  
in this moonlit hour . . . to make  
it a night—to remember.

Darkness

Darkness . . . is that which comes  
when light relinquishes her claim  
to day; for when the last crimson  
shades of sunset melt against the  
dimming sky . . . and drip into  
the bay—darkness is on the way.

And yet . . . there is no darkness  
ever void of light; for in the direct  
of human plight, a candle glows  
in the heart that knows . . . the  
power of a steadfast mind.

We make our own darkness . . . dim  
or bright, as we make our burdens  
. . . heavy or light.

As darkness comes at the end of  
each day only to vanish . . . as  
dawn wends her way in a cloak  
of misty grey . . . so must we  
live at times without light . . .  
to know the mighty strength of  
Right.



## Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Panall

If the road is tedious, the wheel knows it not, for it rolls o'er all relentlessly.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

The current sticky fingers epidemic in McIver should be checked, and quick!!

If another epidemic, namely flu, doesn't slack off soon, South Building might better see to the good interests of its charges by calling a rapid halt to all gatherings, including classes, as soon as possible!

It's just about time for that navy gun to be moved from behind the Buildings Department and put where it belongs!

Another unsung hero of Carolina is due a lot of credit for a thankless job. His name? Nathan Jones, the handicapped, but able janitor of the "Y." Over fifteen years of service can hardly be belittled!

Orchids are the order of the day for the newly initiated Chi Omega pledges. Nice goin', gals, it's a great pin.

While we're in the orchid department, many of the same to Dewey Dorsett for his presidency of the Veterans' Association. A good man for a tough job!

It's high time something was said about the action taken by our illustrious delegates to the Student Legislature—Assembly held last week-end in Raleigh. The same guys who have shown time and time again in the past that their own ambitions overshadow their judgment, have tried to bring about the impression that they, twelve students, voice the opinion of the entire student body of Carolina!! By this time it is evident that by advocating and voting as they did on the negro entrance to Carolina question, they did no more than accomplish their own aim of focusing

the limelight on themselves, and consequently bringing a misunderstanding of OUR viewpoints and considerable criticism from alumni all over the WORLD! The old story of one in every crowd comes to the fore again!

Midnight Musings:

It's gratifying to see that Dr. Woodhouse appreciates Varga pin-ups as much as his male students. Not bad, eh, Doc??

Believe me, kind people, something WILL be done about the Student Entertainment. La Meri? Unique, but hardly student entertainment!

Carolina is really becoming world-wide known! Last week brought the appearance of five Turkish students on campus! Good luck, fellows—sorry I can't say it in Turkish.

Ben, dispenser of good will and ditto spirits at Harry's, asks that anyone wanting to enter said establishment after closing hours, kindly knock on the door, and pu-lease don't kick out the windows!

I wonder how many know that the majority of the chimneys atop the Carolina Inn are no more than duds! Just bricks, kids, no smoke! Still can't understand how Doc Sutton gets away with charging 10c for a cup of coffee! The war is over, Doc, and the Pre-Flights have gone!

According to Wallace and Nello, of Porthole fame, they miss their old friends and customers. Drop by, nightowls, the boys are still there and lonesome!

Without a doubt:

Space will be reserved each issue for the very promising basketball squad that started their season with a win over Camp Lee last Wednesday night. More power to you, men, and in 2-point hunks!

And though life ceases for us all, the cogs grind on . . .

## VIEWS of the NEWS

By Sara Tillett

We do not have to look as far as Michigan to find what is happening on America's domestic scene. In Durham, ten miles away, there is an industrial conflict which involves several thousand people.

The Problem

The War Labor Board recently set up a wage rate for textile workers. Both the employers and employees of the Erwin Mills accepted this rate. But management held that the amount of work done per worker per hour was not enough, that employees had more fatigue time than they needed. Consequently, management proposed to increase the amount of work done by each employee by one-fourth. On October 8, in protest to this proposal, employees of the Erwin Mills went on strike.

Whether management is right in

declaring that the work load should be increased or whether labor is right in insisting that it should not, one fact is clear. The employers of the Erwin Mills are using a back-door method to get more work from its employees for the same amount of money.

Fair And Square?

Below the surface, there is another issue involved in the Erwin Mills strike. The textile workers requested a public hearing. This request was refused. The union offered to arbitrate. This offer was refused. It is hard to find an honest reason for management's refusal to present the case to a disinterested body.

"Windfall"

At present there is an epidemic raging among textile manufactur-

See NEWS, page 4.

## Stern Applauds 'Murder in the Cathedral'

By Dick Stern

Writing so soon after seeing the Playmaker production of Mr. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," one almost feels ashamed of using words, words similar to those employed in the making of this really amazing verse drama. Ten minutes is not enough to efface the thrill of the finest, most moving production that has been seen around these parts for a long, long time. This criticism must be one hallelluia of praise for everything and everybody who combined to create an experience which is a worthy and valid enough one to, by itself, justify the existence of the Carolina Playmakers, if not of the whole University.

To analyze, (and thus break down) the sweeping unity and coherence of the production, so that each person and each action may receive its due praise, seems wrong, for here the aim of drama was attained—the whole was greater than the sum of its parts. But if praise can stimulate these people to ignore the cry of the box office again, then any praise will be inadequate. However, we know that praise can not satisfy the minds who created this production; only the inner realization of a job magnificently done can

compensate for the physical and mental effort which must have gone into the making of this job.

For there was effort and sweat—of that we can be sure. As divinely inspired as a thing may seem, it is mortally directed and mortally born. Primacy of praise herein is largely a random matter, but nevertheless the director of this play Mr. Foster Fitz-Simons must come near, if not at, the beginning. It was he who molded this play into the shining crystallization of ideas and emotions that it was. It was he who orchestrated the women of the chorus into a superb symphonic instrument which strung the themes of experience into a counterpoint of life and finally into one synthesis of faith which swept and purged all who watched and saw, and yes, felt with them. It was this chorus which Dr. Eliot has borne, Mr. Fitz-Simons midwived and the Misses Warnshuis, Cooley, Pepper, Illig, Fulton, Pinckney, Noblitt, Dockery, and Cain brought to life that is perhaps the most original dramatic tool of the play and certainly, as it was done by these people, one of the most effective.

The other outstanding performances of the play (and these can be compared to super-suns in a universe of suns) were those of Douglas

Hume as the martyr, Thomas Becket, and Leroy Love as the fourth tempter and fourth knight. The former's was a dramatic, yet restrained, subtle, yet clear, exposition of one of the most remarkable characters in the modern theater; the latter's was the most volatile, appreciative performance of a mature personality that has been done in the Playmaker theater for a long time.

Other admirable performances were added by Roger Hall, Hanford Henderson, Robert Armstrong, and the Jameses Riley, Crutchfield, and Geiger. No one was less than good.

The exalting quiet of Mr. Burrow's settings and the always helping lighting of Mr. Chichester were as effective as they were unobtrusive.

As we can see, the production rose to the heights of the play, and despite the difficulty of comprehending the profound, sententious words of T. S. Eliot, despite an inability to revoice the profound implications of this ever timely, ever beautiful drama, we can still somehow feel the enormities of what we saw, enjoy the passionate humanity of the chorus and the hilarious satire of the knightly pleas for justice, and be purged for a few hours, at least of the pernicious temporality of our partly-lived lives.