

The Daily Tar Heel

DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—Ever since the Acheson statement supporting Alger Hiss...

This columnist has no reason to love Felix Frankfurter. Not only have his Supreme Court opinions been a disappointment...

When Chief Justice Vinson and a majority of the court ruled against any criminal action, Frankfurter even went over their heads...

However, in the spirit of fairness—which Justice Frankfurter has not always shown to others—I should like to review the whole list of so-called "Red-Hots" whom the Supreme Court Justice has brought to Washington.

Most people don't remember that Frankfurter's influence began long before the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. As a Harvard Law School Professor...

In addition to this, Frankfurter was consulted by many Republicans on government personnel. During the Hoover administration for instance he was solely responsible for the appointment of Joseph P. Cotton as Undersecretary of State...

It was during the Hoover administration also that the famed Tom Corcoran, later Brain Trustster to FDR, got started in government. Corcoran had been sent to Washington by Frankfurter as Justice Holmes' law clerk...

Thomas D. Thacher, able and conservative, who served as Hoover's Solicitor General, was also a good friend of Frankfurter's and owed his appointment partly to the controversial gentlemen from Harvard.

Frankfurter was also 100 per cent responsible for the appointment on one of our finest elder statesmen, Henry L. Stimson, as FDR's Secretary of War. The two had served in the U. S. Attorney's office in New York when they were young...

Robert Patterson, Stimson's Undersecretary of War, and later Secretary of War, was also 100 per cent Frankfurter appointee.

Suppose our modern Don Quixotes find braver windmills to lift at than the inoffensive opposite sex?

Ann Scot

Caught in the Backfire



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Carolina Seen

Mrs. FDR; Leavins' of Grass

By Bill Kellam

For once, while addressing remarks to our student body, our governor put his foot on the ground—instead of into his mouth—and did himself right proud when he introduced Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as "the first lady of the world."

Anyone who'd listen to Mrs. Roosevelt Tuesday night and to her statements during her press interview earlier that day couldn't help but agree with him, no matter what their political leanings.

Despite her age, she is more energetic and alert than 99 and 44/100 per cent of the people her age. She has that unusual, unfortunately for the world it's unusual—combination of wisdom, humor, and poise found only among the truly great.

Her devotion to her work and belief in its eventual success, though not without much hard work, is most encouraging to us of the younger generation. Amazing and inspiring is this fine lady. It's a great privilege to have her on this campus.

Holmes and was recommended to his first government post as head of the Labor Board by Frankfurter.

David Lilienthal—Former head of the Tennessee Valley Atomic Energy Commission.

Wiley Rutledge—Now deceased and a great Justice of the Supreme Court, was never a Frankfurter protege, but Frankfurter helped pick him for the court. After the appointment, however, they consistently disagreed on court opinions.

John J. McCloy—A very able Assistant Secretary of War, head of the World Bank and High Commissioner to Germany.

James M. Landis—Former head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Director of Civilian Defense, and head of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Ben Cohen—One of the Roosevelt Brain Truststers, later counselor of the State Department, now a delegate to the United Nations.

Lloyd Garrison—Dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School and chairman of the War Labor Board.

David Niles—An assistant to FDR and the only Roosevelt man remaining in the Truman entourage.

Of course, when certain columnists ridicule the so-called Frankfurter "Red-Hot" they pick only one or two of the weak spots. It is only fair, however, in gauging the controversial Justice of the Supreme Court, to review his entire list.

A most interesting remark made by Mrs. Roosevelt at the press conference has been overlooked by the state press. She said that the "people of the United States should not fear living in an insecure world. Those who want security would accept fascism and communism with great ease. Only those who are not afraid can live in democracy."

Some of her statements at luncheon bore out this remark, and are especially pertinent to the local scene. "You will find," she said, "if you are not careful, that you are fighting for democracy with the very weapons which make totalitarianism."

Mrs. Roosevelt cited loyalty oaths (ARE YOU LISTENING SOUTH BUILDING AND THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES?) as an example of this undemocratic tendency and declared that they don't achieve their purpose for "communists don't mind signing them" and the oaths "invade our privacy."

Such oaths fail because they don't make the basic distinction of justice, that of the difference between thoughts and acts. Naturally we can't tolerate enemy agents and saboteurs—those who act—in the government or where else they can harm the country, but as long as the Freistads, etc., merely rave—let them rave, they're most amusing. And if they start to act, cut them off.

A man supposedly may think what he wishes in America and will not be penalized for those thoughts, so long as he does not try to impose them on someone else. Speaking of evil or forbidden thoughts, there is probably no man in the country who's seen Ava Gardner who wouldn't be doing a life stretch in the nearest pen if he were prosecuted for the thoughts said brunette Venus inspired. What's the difference where any other thoughts are concerned?

Mrs. Roosevelt also said she belonged to a forbidden—to government employees—"subversive" group, the NAACP. Since her patriotism is well known, she's been allowed to remain as a UN delegate, but she said "IF I was a clerk way down in the State Department, I would lose my job, and no one would tell me why." Loyalty oaths, schmolyalty oaths.

One is very glad that Mrs. Roosevelt has brought these vital issues out into the open. They are a matter of great concern and pertinence. For we must be careful, that in our rush to destroy the menace of the extreme left, that we don't rush to the totalitarianism of the extreme right. With people like her to guide us, we shouldn't, if we heed their advice.

People like her are good for a liberal's soul.

(Several persons have expressed a desire to see the rest of Tuesday's review of "Tread The Green Grass," the end of which got mowed off due to a misallocation of length. So just for kicks—by the readers, here it is.)

ers as elderly, porcine, stupid fellows. Brother Cadavers is a coarse, egotistical, cowardly fop (according to the script). Make-up problems and the age of the cast prevented the Playmakers preachers from appearing tushy. All four reverends, with their trim black beards, ramrod carriage, and neat clothing, looked like be-whiskered boy scouts. John Shearin tried his best to be pompous, but an exaggerated bass voice was hardly enough to convince us it was a three-dimensional Brother Cadavers we were seeing and hearing. None of the other characters were sufficiently developed by the author or members of the cast to come to life.

The ending of the scripts and that of the play differed markedly. Mr. Green had an insane Tina led away by her broken-hearted parents, a vengeful, blood thirsty—for Davey's corpses—Harvey, and the reverends, who are still chanting their blind faith in de laud.

By having Harvey to stand—bathed in celestial light, gazing rapturously heavenward—holding Tina's luscious corpse in his arms, Director Fitz-Simons destroys the whole point of Mr. Green's previous development of theme, which is there, no matter how vaguely. That makes Mr. Green look silly.

Much of Mr. Fitz-Simons

To The Editor

HOUND DOGS

Editor: Apropos the many debates, opinions, and letters to the editor during the past month on the admittance of Negroes to the University, I should like to direct a question to those people who are opposed to any tilt at than the inoffensive measure that seeks to accord to the Negro people a fair share of human dignity. My question: "Is it consistent with Christ's teachings to assume that the Negro is merely a quantity of protoplasm to be stepped on and kicked about, in the same fashion as some of our Southern people treat their dogs?" Now I'm from south of the Mason-Dixon line, and I also was in the service, but I shall treat these facts, as they relate to the Negro situation, in another letter.

Jack Bennett

The Little Giant

By John Wheeler

This is a success story every youth in the United States who thinks the Government ought to support him should read. Of course, that view has been encouraged recently by some of our Washington leaders.

Billy Rose was born on the lower East Side of New York. He had to hustle from the time he could walk. He became a stenographer, and not being satisfied with second place, he made himself one of the best, winning the National Championship for speed and accuracy. He learned how to write lyrics and authored many hits. Then he produced great stage successes such as Carmen Jones and spectacles such as the Aquacade at the World's Fair.

Three years ago this five-foot three stick of dynamite, mixed with red pepper, started a newspaper column, called Pitching Horseshoes. Today, according to available information, it is published more widely than any other feature. "Let's look at the record," as Al Smith used to say. The total number of subscribers in the United States and Canada counts up to 2,300 newspapers, and this total does not include those publishing the column in England and in various languages all over the world, as in South American countries in Spanish and Portuguese, in France, Japan, etc.

Mr. Rose a year ago took a trip around the world for pleasure, but he always found time to draw a deep breath and talk to the local editor about his column. He came home with many orders. But he is not satisfied with being the champion. He wants his column to be the best, and his appetite for new subscribers is never jaded.

Strangely enough he doesn't need the money. Lots of people hang around Billy Rose, hoping some of his smartness will rub off. Recently a new show opened at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York—"Gene-un-called for emphasis on the Dawnce looked rather silly. As stated Tuesday, the gestures of the Dawnce and spoken drama look rather silly when combined. Spoken pantomime it was, no les.

Despite these defects, the play moved amazingly rapidly. Much credit is due Miss Martin and Rezzuto for their enthusiasm and honest effort which carried the play through. The audience was entertained, though baffled. Whew!

Ilemen Prefer Blondes"—and was acclaimed by the critics as a hit, second only to "South Pacific." It is in HIS theater, and all he has to do is gaze through the bay window which looks out on the audience and stage from his office upstairs and watch the crowds and the money roll in.

Because the Bell Syndicate distributes Billy Rose's column, and because I run the Bell Syndicate, the question fired at frequently is,

"Does he write his own stuff or does he have a ghost?"

So one day I went up to the Ziegfeld Theater where the Little Giant has his office and an apartment on the top floor built in by Flo Ziegfeld himself, and told the telephone girl I would like to see Mr. Rose's ghost. She seemed a little startled by the request, but is used to handling strange characters, including actors looking for jobs. She announced me and then told me to go on up.

"Is this Mr. Rose's spook?" I asked as I walked in and saw a dapper little man in his shirt sleeves sitting in a slot at a round desk.

"It is," he answered. "What can I do for you?"

"You look enough like Billy, himself, to be his double," I observed.

"That's funny," he replied. "A lot of people have said the same thing."

"Then, could I see Mr. Rose?" I asked.

"You're talking to him."

There you are, Billy and his ghost are one and the same. Why? Because he is prouder of that column than anything he does. He gets great satisfaction out of the creative work, so that is why he insists on doing it himself. My friend, John Golden, who is in the theatrical business, too, one day was talking about the success and appeal of "Pitching Horseshoes."

"I was picking at the counterpane in Paris one night about two o'clock in the morning a year ago because I couldn't sleep, and started reading the Paris edition of the Herald Tribune. I found Billy Rose's column, and the stuff was great. If he had a ghost writer who was that good, the guy would quit in two weeks and start a column of his own and show Rose up. I didn't think he had it in him, but he has all right, and he's kept it going for nearly three years now at the same speed to hold the interest of his readers."

11x11 grid with numbers 1-51 and shaded cells for a crossword puzzle.

- WORD LIST: 1. obstruct, 2. Hebrew high priest, 3. French cardinal, 4. admonishes, 5. space, 6. slight drink, 7. breast-works, 8. coat of arms, 9. meadow, 10. storage compartment, 11. in addition, 12. senseless, 13. epoch, 14. boxes, 15. made joyful, 16. head, 17. wanders, 18. breathe, 19. convulsively, 20. a singing voice, 21. most severe, 22. stain, 23. accompany, 24. paddle, 25. cease, 26. Hindu deity, 27. tailless jumping amphibian, 28. those in power, 29. vogue, 30. mineral spring

Average time of solution: 24 minutes. Distributed by King Features Syndicate

A Necessary Decision

The decision of the Panhellenic Council to restrict sorority parties to Sunday night coffee hours and other Panhellenic functions will be welcomed by the five campus sororities. In the past, many fraternities have made a practice of entertaining sororities at individual parties, and the sororities have always returned these affairs at a later date.

Under the new ruling, sororities may accept bids to parties given by fraternities but may not return the invitation with an individual party of its own. The sororities will attempt to make amends by giving a dance later in the year, sponsored by the Panhellenic Council, in addition to the Sunday night open houses.

Armenia Eure, speaking for the Panhellenic Council, explained that it was not that the sororities did not want to return the fraternity parties; rather they just did not have time or money. She added that many of the girls' organizations found themselves seven or eight parties behind on their social calendar at the end of the year.

Carolina sororities, in addition to being small in number, are organized on a two-year basis, thereby making returning of the fraternity parties even more difficult.

The idea of fraternity-sorority parties was begun in the first place to make the respective members better acquainted with one another. However, the sororities soon found themselves entertaining every night in an effort to keep up with the more numerous fraternities. The parties came to be more of a burden than a pleasure.

The new ruling does not mean that a sorority cannot accept an invitation to a fraternity party. Rather it sets forth the reasons why returning these engagements are impossible.

Students should not get the idea that sororities do not enjoy the parties. There's just not enough time or money for them to repay them all.

Letters

To The Editor

TYPICAL

Editor: Harvey Culppeper's letter (The Daily Tar Heel Jan. 27) is a typical example of the South's present attitude toward the question of abolishing segregation. There is always the reference to "damsyankees" interference and then the conclusion that the South is the Negro's best friend and will give him equal opportunity, but with segregation. The South has been singing the same song for the past eighty or ninety years.

In reply to a few of Mr. Culppeper's questions: I am a native North Carolinian; I am from the town; since I was not of age at the time, I did not have the opportunity of serving in Uncle Sam's segregated armed forces, who defended this country so that its citizens might continue to enjoy "life" liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I do not think, however, that such shortcomings in my life have prevented me from becoming acquainted with segregation and its consequences. Moreover, whether I am from the country or the town or the North is irrelevant and will not alter in the least the evil character of segregation. Segregation is an insidious poison injected upon one race because of the economic and social fears of the other. It is a blanket that smothers the mind of a man, saps his vitality and will to live a decent life, and fills him with resentment and hatred. There are no moral grounds for segregation; it is merely another form of slavery.

The Negro is a human being and should be treated as such, with respect and dignity, and freedom of movement

and thought. To think that equal opportunity can be given him with segregation is absurd. Sooner or later segregation would stifle the Negro, limit him, "put him in his place," lead to more resentment. Equal opportunity can truly and sincerely be given only without segregation.

The problem is the white man's responsibility. It is a result of our actions and at our exploitation. We should move to correct the injustices of the past and begin to act as human beings living with human beings, freely associated, and understanding one another. The sooner we start, the better.

"Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you."

Robert Lee Marks CRUDE, RUDE, PUERILE Editor:

How much longer are the coeds going to have to endure the crude, rude and puerile jibes of the many purrulent male minds on the campus? While I have no desire to take up the cudgels on behalf of those who are obviously more concerned with their own dignity than any desire to lend their beauty to the highly laudable Campus Campaign, I do object most strongly to such statements as "Many of our coeds would look like me if their hair were cut off."

Has it yet occurred to the writer thereof that that statement could equally well be construed as a sorry reflection on the masculinity of the average male? After all, Providence either provided us bountifully or left us flat in more ways than one, and there is nothing we can do about it, magazine advertisement notwithstanding, while a man is at least respon-

sible for his own vitality.

Suppose our modern Don Quixotes find braver windmills to lift at than the inoffensive opposite sex?