

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor—Rolfe Neill; **Sports**—Bill Peacock.

The DTH Mast goes up today for the Carolina Track Squad and its victory on Fetzer Field yesterday. For the fourth consecutive year, Carolina's cindermen ran off with the Southern Conference championship trophy. So here's to Co-Captains Sam Magill and Bob Morrow, to Bill Albans, to Hal Holden, Bob Kirk, Jack Moody, and to the entire squad and their coach, Bob Fetzer.

Buttermilk Or Whisky?

Now comes the smear to end all smears. Mr. Lynn Nisbet, noted Raleigh political columnist, has charged that Yankee liquor money is being solicited for Senator Frank Graham. In his regular afternoon column Mr. Nisbet charged that Governor Scott's private Secretary, John Marshall and Carl Williamson, former head of the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board had gone north to call on liquor distillers for campaign funds for Dr. Graham. Now the Daily Tar Heel is not acquainted with Mr. Nisbet's sources of information but the students on this campus and the people who know Frank Graham know that despite all of his learning, our new Senator has yet to be initiated into the noble order of the alcoholics. Fact of the matter is, Frank Graham couldn't even tell you the difference between a mint julep and a zombie. About the only drink he likes is buttermilk. And in that immoral beverage he indulges frequently.

As to whether, non-drinker Graham would accept liquor money for political campaign purposes, only the Senator, God, and his friends and enemies know.

The record, however is this: At no time since his appointment to the United States Senate has Frank Graham accepted or permitted any of his associates to accept donations from special interest groups. Recently, there have been recurrent complaints that Dr. Frank was the hardest man to work for who has ever run for high office in this State.

It seems that he doesn't notify the press every time he gets ready to do something for North Carolina.

It seems that he turns down donations from labor unions, even though he has always fought for the rights of labor.

It seems that he refuses to attack his enemies.

It seems that Frank Graham believes he can win a political campaign by standing for things, instead of crying out against the imaginary evils of America.

It seems even, that Senator Graham stands for the platform and the leader of his Party, and refuses to attack the President of the United States as a Socialist.

It seems that he believes in the Bill of Rights and the Sermon on the Mount.

And it seems to us that if North Carolinians acquaint themselves with facts and are true to a long history of looking outward, instead of inward; of looking forward, instead of backward, they will go to the polls on Saturday and tell the gentlemen who have tried to ruin the reputation of the most Christ-like man in the United States Senate that North Carolina believes in Christian democracy and that North Carolina knows the truth about Senator Graham.

Church News

By Nancy Bates

With the end of spring quarter in sight and the lucky seniors graduating and being with us for the last time, the Chapel Hill churches are rounding up a full year with picnics and outdoor suppers.

The Canterbury Club of the Episcopal Church is having a hay ride and picnic out at Hogan's Lake Sunday evening for both Episcopal students and "heathens." They will leave from the Parish House at 4 o'clock. Recreation and entertainment are scheduled. In case of inclement weather, the event will be held in the Parrish House.

The last delegation to be sent out from the Canterbury Club this year will consist of H. B. Glover, Pat Patterson, Jerry

Kefalas and Ed Easty. They will go to the Wilson Y. P. S. L. Sunday afternoon.

Holy Communion will be held at 8 o'clock and the morning worship service will be at 11 o'clock.

The Baptist Student Union will hold a supper on the front lawn of the church Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. Dr. J. O. Bailey, English professor, will be the guest speaker, and his topic is "Religion and Literature."

The Church school will meet Sunday morning at 9:45 o'clock. Dr. P. H. Epps will continue leading a discussion based on the Gospel of John, in the student lounge. The regular worship service is at eleven o'clock.

CHARLOTTE, May 20—(AP)—Mrs. John Waslik of Franklin tonight was announced as the North Carolina Catholic mother of 1950.

Merry-Go-Round Taft of Ohio Trading With Russell of Ga.

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Civil Rights is the rock on which Abraham Lincoln founded the Republican Party. Yet Senator Taft of Ohio, who is Mr. Republican himself, has just made a cold-blooded deal with Southern Democrats to help them defeat Civil Rights.

Taft promised to hold back enough Republican votes to prevent cloture—in other words, prevent the Senate from breaking the Civil Rights filibuster. In return, Taft got Southern votes to support him in blocking the proposed Truman-Herbert Hoover reorganization of the National Labor Relations Board.

Under present rules it requires 64 votes to break the filibuster—which means that every available Northern Democrat and Republican must be present and vote for cloture. Therefore, if Taft could keep only four or five Republicans from voting, the Southern Senators would be able to talk civil rights to death.

This is exactly the deal which the Senator from Ohio made with Sen. Dick Russell of Georgia, the astute Southern spokesman. The agreement has been kept a top political secret, and undoubtedly will be denied. However, other Senators were in on it, and this column has carefully confirmed the facts.

Taft not only estimated that he could keep at least six GOP Senators from voting to end the filibuster, but he actually named them. They were: Senators Millikin of Colorado, Malone of Nevada, Bridges of New Hampshire, Gurney of South Dakota, Young of North Dakota and Hickel of Iowa—and two or three others might also be persuaded, Taft said.

Taft Goes in Reverse

In return, Senator Russell promised to give Taft a solid block of Southern votes against the reorganization of the National Labor Relations Board, a plan which would have abolished the General Counsel's office. The interesting thing about this reorganization is that it was not only proposed by Herbert Hoover, but one year ago it was also sponsored by Taft himself.

However, Robert Denham, the NLRB General Counsel whose job would be abolished, has been a faithful follower of the Taft-Hartley Act, so this year Taft reversed himself and fought tooth and nail to block NLRB reorganization.

Taft's trade with Senator Russell has already borne fruit regarding this part of the deal. For, last week, Southern Democrats delivered a block of votes to defeat NLRB reorganization—with the exception of Senator Withers of Kentucky. He voted against Taft and for Truman.

Friday it was Taft's turn to keep his part of the bargain. He himself voted against the South and lined up to break the filibuster in order to keep his record clean. He would be defeated for re-election in Ohio if he didn't.

However the six GOP Senators whom Taft said he would deliver to the Southern Democrats had already expressed their views privately as against Cloture. This is probably something which Taft did not tell Senator Russell.

For, in secret Republican councils, the above-mentioned six had argued against the principles of shutting off Senate debate. In fact, Taft had little to do with wooing them over to the other side.

Meanwhile, it is significant that Taft has been noticeably uncooperative in rounding up Republican votes against the filibuster, though fellow Republicans have not suspected the reason. Senator Wherry of Nebraska, on the other hand, has been quite active.

Dewey Backs A Roosevelt

No one would ever expect Governor Dewey to propose a Roosevelt for public office.

But, believe it or not, that's what Dewey did the other day. He sent word to Elliott Roosevelt, urging him to run for Congress from New York City against Rep. Vito Marcantonio of the American Labor Party.

Dewey's message was brought to Elliott by Paul Lockwood, one of the Governor's confidential secretaries who promised that, if Elliott could get Tammany's backing he would also have Republican support in running against Marcantonio.

Following Lockwood's proposal to Elliott, the latter conferred with Tammany leaders and their decision is expected shortly.

Capital News Capsule

Money for Rent Control—it now looks as if Congress would vote the necessary money to enable the office of Housing Expediter to continue Rent-Control Enforcement until June 30. At present the office is strapped with a new appropriation blocked by Congressman Cannon of Elsbury, Mo., where housing is no problem. However, Congressman Sabath from crowded Chicago, Chairman of the powerful House Rules Committee, bluntly told Cannon: "I have given you a lot of rules in a hurry for legislation you wanted. How about putting this across for me in return?" Cannon has now relented.

FREE MAIL—Congressman Madden of Indiana has demanded an investigation of fellow Congressman who permit their free franking privilege to be used for mailing propaganda. The probe is aimed at Congressman Gwinn of New York, General Eisenhower's pal, who has mailed out millions of propaganda letters for the real estate lobby—with the taxpayers footing the bill. Meanwhile, the Post Office runs in the red and postal service is curtailed.

CURE ON PRIVATE PLANES—Danger of surprise atomic raids may soon interfere with flights of private planes. CA Administrator Del Rentzel will ask Congress for new powers whereby no plane can make a flight without first checking with Civil Aeronautics. This is the first attempt by government to restrict the traditional right of Americans to travel wherever they please.



Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

The Melody Lingers On

There's a beggar in New York with a new sales approach: "Can you please, Mister, spare the price of a teddy bear for my sick little daughter?"

It so happens that this panderer hasn't got a sick little daughter, but that doesn't mean you have to turn him down if you meet up with him. His story is hearts-and-flowers stuff, and I'll tell it to you as it was told to me the other night by Charlie Washburn, the Broadway press agent.

"A few days before Easter," said Charlie, "I was standing in front of a toy shop on Fifth Avenue when a seedy-looking guy tapped me on the arm and asked if I could spare the price of a teddy bear. When I told him to quit his kidding, he explained he wanted it for his sick little girl, and that if I didn't think he was on the up-and-up he'd write his name and address on a piece of paper and I could have it delivered."

"Well, filled with the old Easter spirit I walked into the shop and picked out a five-dollar bear, but when I handed the slip to the girl who waited on me she gave me a funny look and said I was the third person that afternoon who'd ordered one sent to that address."

"It smelled like a good human interest yarn, and I had her wrap up the toy and set out to deliver it myself. It was a flat in a walk-up tenement in the 50's near Tenth Avenue, and the door was opened by a woman who looked as if she could use a little sleep.

"What you got there," she said, "another teddy bear?"

"How'd you know?" I asked.

"I've been getting two or three every afternoon for the last month," she said. "Where'd you run into Tim?"

"Tim, it turned out, was her husband and he had been missing for several weeks. Things hadn't been going well with them for quite some time, and when his unemployment insurance ran out last March the going got real tough. Then, to make things still worse, their three-year-old daughter, Peggy, had taken sick and the doctors at the clinic couldn't seem to do much for her.

"The teddy bear angle had come about this way: Shortly after Peggy became ill, she asked for a teddy bear and kept talking about it all the time. Tim said he thought it would do her more good than all the medicine, but what with the room rent and food, they just couldn't afford to buy one. A month ago he walked out of the house, and ever since teddy bears had been arriving at the rate of two or three a day.

"With all those toys," I said to the woman, "your daughter must be a happy little girl."

"They're too late to do any good," she said. "Peggy died two days before her father left. And the teddy bears probably wouldn't have helped anyhow—she had leukemia."

"When I told her I couldn't understand why a man was mooching teddy bears for a dead child, the woman said she was afraid Tim had cracked up. He was never one to accept reality anyhow, and in his fuzzy condition he probably still thought the kid was alive.

"Well, then," I said, "what have you been doing with all the teddy bears?"

"The woman told me she had gotten to know the doctors at the clinic pretty well, and when her husband disappeared they had found her a job at the hospital as cleaning woman."

"There are a lot of kids in the charity ward where I work," she said, "and they get a big kick out of those teddy bears."

The day before Oscar Hammerstein II left for London to wet-nurse the production of "Carousel" at the Drury Lane Theatre, we took a stroll in Central Park, and near the zoo we stopped to watch a couple of little girls who were skipping rope and chanting an old nursery rhyme:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket Kitty Fisher found it . . ."

"If that jingle were called 'Bibbity Boo,' I said in my best professional manner, "it would probably make the hit parade."

"As a matter of fact," said America's most successful lyricist, "it once did. Almost two hundred years ago under the name of 'Kitty Fisher's jig' it was the most popular song in London. But if the mothers of those kids knew the facts about Miss Fisher, they'd wash their mouths out with soap . . ."

According to Oscar, back in 1761 a heady hunk of gal by the name of Kitty Fisher hit London like the Kinsey Report; and before the year was out her list of boy friends included Admiral Anson, Britain's foremost sailor, and General Ligonier, the King's top soldier. A scribe of the period wrote her up as "the most pretty, witty, extravagant, wicked little light o' love that ever flourished," and as if that weren't enough the famous bachelor, Lord Penbroke, announced he would ever commit matrimony for the delectable doxie.

- HORIZONTAL**
1. harem rooms
5. vehicles
9. church father
12. cereal
13. oil comb. form
14. rim
15. globe
16. soak thoroughly
18. pester continually
20. apodixias
21. material of thought
24. doctrine
25. airy
27. Amazon estuary
31. Greek letter
32. dug for ore
34. silent
35. being
37. natives of the Tyrol
39. leading flyer
41. fixed tasks
42. rubbers
46. feminine name
47. hold back
49. recedes
52. writing fluid

- 53. volcano in Sicily
54. Charles Lamb pen-name
55. distress call
56. percolate
57. dispatch
VERTICAL
1. circle
2. expire
3. genus of perennial plants
4. sober
5. variety of lettuce
6. exclamation of regret
7. sellers of small quantities
8. dinner courses
9. unruffled
10. girl's name
11. simians
17. cavort
19. seed
21. allot
22. Luzon Negritos
23. say again and again
26. some
28. tractable
29. weakened by inaction
30. city in Iowa
33. feel extreme fondness
36. the Orient
38. protective river-embankments
40. waxes
42. goddess of discord
43. city in Nevada
44. inquires
45. function in trigonometry
48. drowse
50. wine-cellar compartment
51. downhearted

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.



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Write Away

Politics and Justice

The action of the Student Party in electing a member of the Student Council as the Chairman of its political destinies is a sad one to observe. The Student Party has, by this action, placed the Student Council squarely in the hands of petty politics. No longer will the Student Council be a judiciary body able to make decisions in the non-partisan manner of a court of law. Now, the Council, with one of its members the Chairman of a political party, will serve as a battle ground for future party politics.

What does this action mean? It means that the Student Party has misused a trust placed in it by the students. What was this trust? This trust was (it is no longer) faith in the Student Party to protect the highest judicial body in this our autonomous community from political influence; to maintain an impartial body capable of existing without political party influences.

Now, however, with the chairman of the Student Party sitting on the Council what is to prevent our highest judicial court from becoming a political court? What would happen if the Chairman of the Democratic Party became a member of the Supreme Court? There must be a division between persons interested in special groups and those seeking the general welfare. There must be a divorcement between political partis and student courts.

In effect the Student Council is the Supreme Court of our student government. It stands above the Honor Council in power and scope. Yet, the Honor Council is forcibly made non-partisan while the Student Council is not. The Student Party has shrouded the Council into the dunghill of party politics; it has neglected the students; it has forsaken the principle of non-political courts.

Sol Kimerling

Medea Review

By Tom Kerr

Although nature ended up playing the leading role in Friday night's opening of "Medea," it would be hardly fair to call the show all wet. The rain came to the Forest Theater half way through the second act, brought out the raincoats and umbrellas, sent a third of the audience scampering home or under trees, but didn't seem to dampen the spirits of the cast one bit. Nevertheless the rain was quite successful in breaking the mood of the show and leaving the climactic final minutes rather disconnected. All of which makes "Medea" a difficult show to criticize justly.

Parts of the show were good, other parts quite poor but on the whole "Medea" was always interesting, sometimes convincing, and fairly enjoyable. Most of the credit for the show goes to Marion Fitz-Simons, who tackled the leading role with healthy zeal, and succeeded in powerfully portraying the wounded, cruel Medea. Her performance fell short of excellence only in that the rest of the cast failed to offer that support which she needed. Even a one-woman show demands competent supporting players, and unfortunately "Medea" didn't have them.

Of the supporting cast Fred Young, John Shearin and M. A. Schlesinger were adequate in their minor roles. But Blanton Miller as Jason was without fire if not almost lifeless, while Dorothy Berry as the nurse was simply a mistake.

In this play of a woman's horrible revenge, Medea, the wronged woman, spends most of her time emoting. The greater part of the explanation of the action is left to the old nurse and the chorus. And that part left to the nurse might just have well been left out altogether. As for the chorus, considering the extremely difficult job of training a Greek chorus, we must give Director Foster Fitz-Simons credit for his twelve veiled ladies. If only they could have limbered up a bit and looked as though they weren't worried about their costumes, we might say they were more than just all right.

Certainly much credit should go to Frank Groseclose who wrote the music for this production. It is powerfully and nicely done and accounts for much of the play's desired moodiness. Unfortunately some of the chill of the brasses in Mr. Groseclose's excellent orchestration was lost in the recording, but the music remained successful.

As for the setting, lights, and costumes, they showed the usual Playmaker competence. The Playmakers always seem to succeed admirably in technical aspects, and this was certainly no exception.

That's "Medea." It's worth seeing. The disappointment is in that it is Foster Fitz-Simons' last production before a year's leave of absence. After his superb job with "Tread the Green Grass" it is unfortunate that he should finish off with a far from superb "Medea." We did not understand all of "Tread the Green Grass," but we were deeply moved; we understood "Medea" but we were moved little. The latter play suffers by comparison.

Pearson Special

NEW A-BOMB BASES—Secretary Acheson and Foreign Minister Bevin have agreed on a plan for moving American B-29 bombers to new bases in Britain. As a precaution against a surprise Russian Pearl Harbor attack, the B-29s will be moved from their present coastal bases to airfields in the midlands. These planes are manned by specially picked American crews who will be on 24-hour duty ready to carry the A-bomb to Moscow—if necessary.