

# The Daily Tar Heel

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**For This Issue:** Night Editor, Andy Taylor — Sports, Jack Claiborne

## on the Carolina FRONT by Chuck Hauser

If I weren't a conservative person, I would be very much of a mind to pick me up a .45 and head for LaGrange to administer a little old-fashioned six-gun justice.

The objects of my trek would be two "officers and gentlemen" of the LaGrange police force who heroically defended themselves from attack the other day by pumping eight bullets into the body of a 17-year-old Negro kid found peeping into the window of a white home.

A Lenoir County coroner's jury arrived at the decision that the two men "acted in the line of duty" concerning their part in the bloody little drama.

The policemen told the jury that they discovered the Negro lad attempting to break into a house and that he slashed their clothes with a knife. The officers proceeded to unholster their revolvers and dispatch the youth to his Maker, not with one or two shots, mind you, but with eight bullets, six of them fired by one of the men, and six of them entering the deceased's head!

I don't think we would be stretching the imagination to say that at least six of the eight slugs, and possibly seven of them, were fired into a dead body. What resolute nerve and hair triggers!

Of course the officers probably felt they were performing a public duty in ridding their county of such a scourge to humanity. You see, a number of women had reported being annoyed by a Negro on several occasions going back as far as a year. And in each case, evidence showed, the Negro causing the trouble was of similar size and color to the dead boy. So it was undoubtedly the same one.

But talking about ridding the county of scourges, it would have pleased me no end to see the coroner's jury not let prejudice influence its decision, in which case I feel fairly confident that the men would have at least lost their jobs and been subject to some sort of disciplinary action. If such were the case, of course, there would always be the possibility that they would wind up here in Orange County working somewhere, so maybe it's best that the Lenoir countians, who exonerated them, now must live with them.

Editor Jonathan Daniels of The News and Observer, who got to this subject before I did, suggests that the matter be taken before a grand jury.

Daniels says, "The dead boy was not being tried. If he had been, there was no evidence that he had committed a crime for which the punishment was death. More importantly, there was no evidence that the policemen had been authorized to execute him. The state of North Carolina imposes capital punishment, but it does not use executioners who fire upon a lifeless body."

"The sole question for the coroner's jury was whether or not the force used was justified by the fact that the man killed resisted arrest. That is an important question. It should be decided by a grand jury. The action of a coroner's jury does not preclude further action and such action should be taken. 'Line of duty' has not usually been stretched to cover unnecessary killing or shooting lifeless bodies. It should not be so stretched on this occasion."

## Cut SEC, Tarnation

Treasurer Banks Talley's informal suggestion that the Student Entertainment Committee and Tarnation magazine be cut out of the "emergency" student government budget for next year, are suggestions that should be taken under deep consideration by budget-makers, and by those connected with the two organizations.

Talley, in his budget message to the Student Legislature, indicated that next year's budget will be worked out on an expected block fee revenue of something like 25 to 40 thousand dollars. Using the present percentages of appropriation, that would allot around two to three thousand dollars to SEC, and something like a thousand dollars for Tarnation.

Both of these student activities are luxuries in the full meaning of the word. And proper budgeting principles—in fact, common sense, dictates that luxuries go first when a revenue squeeze is on.

We would hate to see either of these organizations go, and certainly they should be returned to the budget as soon as possible if they were cut out. Even if there was a chance that the two organizations could properly fulfill their luxury function with the slashed amount they would get in an "emergency budget," we would be all for retaining them in next year's budget.

However, SEC could offer no more than a token program with the two or three thousand it could expect. Tarnation could hardly operate at all. Both of these organizations have gained campus approval and respect because of their past products. They could not hope to match the past with what little money they would get under next year's budget. Such a lowering of reputation would not do the future of the organizations any good, and the money they would spend, badly needed in essential items, would largely be devoted to ineffective programs and products, thus wasting the money in a time when every dime counts.

For these reasons, the temporary suspension of SEC and Tarnation activities would seem to us to be the proper course of action. Undoubtedly, there are other purely luxury fields of student budget activity that could be carefully studied with the same idea in mind, but there are none whose case is as important as is that of either SEC or Tarnation. They are organizations whose worth in the luxury sphere has been established, and whose continuation we all want to see. But we believe that they can only suffer in their reputation if they attempt to continue under the present conditions of campus finance, as well as effectively waste what little money they could receive.

## Misguided Parents

The attitude being taken by many citizens over the Army's 18-year-old draft proposal is a case of misdirected parental concern over youth. Since the Defense Department presented its case for the drafting of those in the 18-year bracket, Congressmen have been placed in a virtual bind by a flood of "keep my boy out of the army" letters. Such an attitude, being directed at vote-sensitive Congressmen, is putting our defense effort in jeopardy. But more than that, as far as we are concerned, opposition to the 18-year-old draft proposal is putting in limbo the chances of college boys to get over the draft jitters.

According to draft experts, headed by Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, the only way to get the double-barreled draft-universal military training program underway properly is to draft those in the 18-year-old group. Coupling the lowered draft age with UNC President Gray's recent proposals on UMT, a definite program of military training can be worked out. Gray advocated a period of training for 18-year-olds, followed by college if they so desired or could meet the requirements. In this program, the drafting of 18-year-olds is a must. And in this program is the hope for college students now caught in the dilemma brought on by the present draft program.

Those who are so misguidedly opposing the 18-year-old draft on the grounds that it means wholesale slaughter of boys who are "practically in the cradle," should realize the validity of the argument for the lowered draft age, and realize what it will mean not only in terms of national defense, but in terms of a more systematized program of military training coupled with college training for American youth. Any draft-age college student of today, caught in the murky depths of the present draft situation, would probably be glad to turn back the pages of time a few years and take his chances in such a military-collegiate training program that would be possible if the Defense Department draft proposals are carried through. Standing on sinking sand in the middle of a fog bank couldn't be any worse than "stepping out of the cradle" into uniform.

## On Campus

Like to play the odds? In London, veteran bookmaker Sid Hales is offering 1,000 to 1 odds against the outbreak of World War III in 1951 and 500 to 1 odds for 1952.

Hales told a reporter at the Bookmakers Protective Association dinner that "if a bookmaker offers such odds you can take it it won't happen."

He said the quoted odds were only his opinion and admitted that not all bookmakers in the Association agreed with him.

## "MY Armies Move On Other Peoples' Stomachs"



## Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

The Army's handling of military censorship seems to have become progressively peculiar. There was, at first, General MacArthur's early insistence on complete self-censorship, which resulted in several news foul-ups.

There was, later, a sort of fangless censorship for the correspondents in Asia, in which an Army "consultant" service was rendered newsmen, but in which no heavy blue pencil was wielded. Veiled threats of withdrawal of credentials and expulsion from the theater were provided as the weapon to keep the boys in line.

More foul-ups, and several important violations of security. Then finally came semi-censorship, and odd insistence of lip-service security. But now the 8th Army has just laid down absolute censorship regulations, with several clauses that will tend to make honest reportage from the battle front in Asia nearly impossible, if they are interpreted to the letter by eager beavers.

Accept my word that the average honest reporter welcomes field censorship during wartime. I put in some time, once as a Naval censor on the staffs of Admiral Nimitz and Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, and feel as if I know a mite of whereof I sermonize.

The reason correspondents favor censorship is that it takes them off the hook on items of doubtful security. The responsibility immediately transfers to the poor slave with the ulcers and the rubber stamp that says "approved."

This allows wide freedom of attempt, blind shots, broad gambling on copy—which, if sneaked past the censor, grants opportunity for a clean beat with no "security-breaking" charges by the theater of operation. The writer does not have to brood about the implications of his copy, or the technicalities of security. That's what the censor's there for.

The newsmen also is relieved of the necessities of personally applying his own conscience to his copy, thereby risking the possibility that some less scrupulous competitor is going to bang through a piece that Correspondent A is hold-

ing up in the national interest. And finally a "good" censor, one who knows something of news and newspapers, as well as military regulation, can be extremely helpful in showing writers how to skirt or short-cut technicalities, without sacrificing the guts of his story.

Fine and dandy, if censorship is limited strictly to security. But the new regulations go farther. One sees that the old rider about "morale" is inserted. A man may not write of anything that would injure the morale of our forces or their allies, under threat of expulsion or even court-martial.

This is the heavy weapon of military demagoguery, the all-purpose control, the handcuffs that put the reporters completely at the mercy of his military accreditors. It is very nearly impossible to write an honest appraisal of any military installation or action that cannot in some way serve as a reflection on morale. This especially applies to valid criticism.

Ernie Pyle, in the last one, could not have written his now-famous dispatches under a rigid interpretation of that "morale" clause. The constructive criticisms of the conduct of some of our high officers, of our men, our supply system, our defects of materials and strategy, could not have been made—thereby precluding the corrective therapy that gave us better landing craft than we had at the slaughter of Tarawa; the relief and transfer of incompetent officers; the realization of unsound strategic moves and improvement of techniques that may have saved months, even years off the war.

There is the danger of making the censor all-powerful. So often he is a foul-up who is stuck into censorship just to get rid of him; so often he can become a petty tyrant who censors according to personal dislikes and likes; so often a protector and cover-up artist for his superiors. Without honest criticism by the men on hand, even if it does sometimes affect "morale" or even security, the people who run the effort, and pay for the effort—the people back home—are in the dark as to the efficiency of their effort overseas.

## The Morse Code by Pat Morse

"Swab those decks—please, ladies!" or it could happen to you.

There's been some talk going around about drafting women. Frankly, I think it's a good idea, and I'm a woman (at least that's what all the drivers behind me keep yelling as I hold up two blocks of traffic trying to make a left-hand turn from the right-hand lane).

A lot of people object to the drafting of women for this reason: Women, and men too for that matter, have been reared under the false perception that women are equal to men in everything but physical stamina. This is untrue. If any comparison can be made between the so-called frailer sex and those beautiful creatures with the shoulders, it should be exactly the reverse.

I don't propose that a woman challenge Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship, nor that coeds use judo on their boy-friends to get a date for Winter Germans, but it's a proven fact that men are more prone to die of disease than women. This conclusively shoot holes in the stamina theory. On the other hand, women in stature were built for having babies and not much any-

thing else. They're strong enough to push a vacuum cleaner around, but they just weren't cut out for driving tanks or playing with bazookas.

On the other hand, their mental capacity is equal in most part of that of men with perhaps a few extra convolutions thrown in to account for the "woman's intuition" and "there's nothing so complicated as a woman's mind" theories.

In my opinion, a little regimentation is the best thing that could happen to the young women of today. Their parents have spoiled them. With few exceptions they're downright sloppy. Their rooms are dusty, and most of them don't even know how to peel a potato without starting arterial hemorrhages. I'd like to take a poll sometime on the number of girls who have safety pins holding their slips up and their skirts together.

Six months or so of strict military training would be invaluable experience to the women themselves not to mention the fact that Atlas-like men could be replaced from typewriters to some other job where they might be of more service.

## Not Guilty by Barry Farber

Move Over, Kaltenborn

I was up at the Marathon last midnight breaking in a new ulcer when a buddy of mine sat down beside me, cleared his throat, and unfolded a colored map of Europe.

"The Russians are massing for an attack," he declared with that H. V. Kaltenborn gleam in his eye. I tried to finish off my piece of French pastry but the plaster of Paris kept chipping my teeth.

"They're going to strike here," he cried, pointing to a cartouze country below Switzerland. Naturally we were both experts on foreign affairs; he having passed a course in Political Science 41 and I having spent two weeks on the Continent, so we laid the map on the table and set about dramatizing the impending crisis.

A knife stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic represented Stalin's Iron Curtain while a tooth pick stood for our own European defense lines. A saltshaker showed that Communist troops were massed along the Yugoslavian border and a piece of a limp waffle represented the French Army. The threat of a Russian attack was temporarily removed when the guy at the next table borrowed the saltshaker.

Lining Up Teams

Soon our little stage was set and we could see how both teams line up. On one side stands a giant, fire-eating bear ready to chew civilization to shreds the minute Uncle Joe flicks his mustache. Millions of Russian troops together with their Chinese playmates stand ready to fight democracy until the last drop of blood flows from their indoctrinated bodies.

On the other side facing this aggregation are a handful of disunited nations, weak as a butterfly's beech, armed for the most part with outdated weapons that look like war surplus from the Spanish Inquisition. Moreover, these free people of Western Europe are swarming with Communist quislings who can make more trouble than a pigeon with a Norden bombsight. And it's up to Uncle Sam to see that the Red Bear doesn't go out of bounds. We're like an elephant dangling over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy.

If western democracy is to survive we've got to have manpower, regardless of where it comes from. We must accept every enemy of Russia as a friend of ours whether we like him or not. A drowning man doesn't care who saves him. The situation is much too critical for us to be choosy about who fights on our side.

Chiang Kai Shek is so crooked he could sleep in the shadow of a yorkscrew, but who cares? He's placed 30,000 troops at our disposal. Let's use them. Not only would Chiang's boys be added manpower but the use of yellow-skinned troops would be a great counter-propaganda device against the Communist ravings of "Kick the white man out of Asia." But no—Chiang has political halitosis so we keep throwing American boys into the Korean furnace while the Chinese Nationalists sit around cooking tea on Formosa.

## Welcome, Friends

I'm a young undergraduate about to go to war, just like the rest of you. I hate Nazism, Fascism, Communism, and totalitarianism, but the time has come for western civilization to unite or get flushed down the drain. Therefore I will snap to attention and salute any foreign power that can raise a division. That includes Nationalist China, Fascist Spain, Communist Yugoslavia, indeed the devil himself.

That sounds brutal to sensitive ears. How can we, the red, white, and blue guardians of righteousness play with these dirty-faced hoodlums from the other side of the tracks? Just remember, nobody objects to using money raised from gambling and liquor taxes to build hospitals and libraries. Besides, nothing brings nations closer together and dissolves differences as effectively as a common danger. We must welcome into our camp all free nations whether they be true allies or merely bedfellows and mold a powerful fighting force so we can punctuate our notes to Moscow with steel instead of fear. Not necessarily for war but for peace. Nobody picks a fight with the heavyweight champ.

And that, dear reader, is the latest word from your Pupcorn Pentagon on Chapel Hill.

## Lend An Eye

"The Jackpot"—Radio quiz programs are burlesqued in this amusing piece about a man and his wife who win \$24,000 worth of prizes. The tale is well handled except for occasional outbursts of cheap slapstick.

James Stewart, who is always good for a few laughs, plays a jackpot winner who is overcome by the complications that go with radio's quiz prizes. His woes mount as the story progresses. First, the sudden wealth interferes with his daily work. Then, it introduces the matter of taxes. Next, a beautiful woman causes a rift between him and his wife, Barbara Hale. This continues until he curses himself for ever giving the correct answer.

As you may have expected, everything turns out all right.

## Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- 1. Stomach colic
  - 2. Widemouthed lug
  - 3. Movable cart of a window
  - 4. Corded fabric
  - 5. Title
  - 6. Malaria-like fever
  - 7. Tunes
  - 8. Automobile accessory
  - 9. Impure of a deity
  - 10. Mental representations
  - 11. Restore
  - 12. Spent
  - 13. Divisions of a play
  - 14. Omens
  - 15. Pronoun
  - 16. Gull-like birds
- DOWN**
- 17. Saif
  - 18. Pictorial representation of a person
  - 19. Break sharply
  - 20. Sharp brilliant sound
  - 21. Pour out
  - 22. Central American state
  - 23. Acetate
  - 24. Heating chamber
  - 25. Eject
  - 26. Not erroneous
  - 27. Elitist
  - 28. Bill
  - 29. Make a mistake
  - 30. Complete collections

|     |         |         |
|-----|---------|---------|
| 10A | BAIT    | SHAD    |
| 11A | ALTO    | CHOTE   |
| 12A | KNUCKLE | CANNON  |
| 13A | SEE     | ACADEMY |
| 14A | PLEADS  | HUSS    |
| 15A | LIDS    | LEES    |
| 16A | AN      | ELAPSES |
| 17A | NO      | UNIT    |
| 18A | IDES    | SENATE  |
| 19A | EARNST  | SAW     |
| 20A | BLATS   | ACTINIC |
| 21A | BODE    | ALE     |
| 22A | ERA     | SEER    |
| 23A | LEER    | DEW     |

**Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**

- 1. Female sheep
- 2. Golf mound
- 3. Silver
- 4. Endue
- 5. Lament
- 6. Goning
- 7. dialectic
- 8. North African desert
- 9. Keyed up with interest
- 10. Certain
- 11. Domestic tree
- 12. Power
- 13. Plant of the class Musci
- 14. Grate barbed
- 15. Reaction of sound
- 16. European species of life
- 17. Produce
- 18. An oak
- 19. Soak in
- 20. Put in order
- 21. Word of warning
- 22. European species of life
- 23. Produce
- 24. An oak
- 25. Soak in
- 26. Put in order
- 27. Word of warning
- 28. Front part of the leg
- 29. Pass for skin
- 30. Slender piece of wood
- 31. State
- 32. Close
- 33. Word of warning
- 34. Draw
- 35. Before