

The Daily Tar Heel

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No Cousins Of Ours

"Cousin" Wayland Spruill of Bertie County is no cousin of ours, thank goodness. And neither is John Kerr, Jr., a member of the Board of Trustees and former speaker of the State House of Representatives.

If we may clarify, let us quote:

Kerr, in a telegram to various members of the General Assembly, said Monday: "In view of the action of the Executive Committee University Trustees, only way to meet situation is cut out appropriation to any schools that do not follow segregation. That has been done in Georgia and is going to be done in South Carolina. I have amendment if you want it. That will bring them around to some sense. People of North Carolina are opposed to this proposition."

"Cousin" Wayland, according to a story by the *Durham Morning Herald's* Raleigh bureau, "showed interest in the wires and said he was considering introduction of legislation that would choke off money going to any school that admits Negroes and whites together."

In other words, these two bigots wish to see the University appropriation in the Legislature eliminated if the courts or the Board of Trustees rule that Negroes may come to Carolina.

Well, the picture has changed a little since friends Spruill and Kerr made their statements. In Richmond yesterday the U. S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the Federal District Court at Durham and remanded to it a suit brought by Negro students at North Carolina College in Durham. This Circuit Court said that the lower court must grant the injunction sought by the Negroes to prohibit University officials from denying them admission to the UNC Law School.

A source close to the Legislature in Raleigh told us yesterday that "the boys are pretty much ignoring Kerr and Spruill. I think they're just hopping on the old segregation bandwagon for some free publicity." If that's the case, we're very happy about it, and we hope the Legislature continues to ignore Spruill and Kerr.

Whether the Board of Trustees chooses to rule at its April 4th meeting that Negroes may enter the Medical, Dental and other graduate units not provided for them elsewhere is beside the question. The federal government has ruled that the University must admit Negroes to the Law School. We will abide by that decision, and we believe all other true North Carolinians will.—C.H.

It's Not Working

Think the Honor System's working pretty well these days? Take another think—it isn't.

Most students at Carolina understand the Honor System and think they are abiding by it. Only they don't stop to think often enough. When they walk into a quiz and sit down, watch the professor leave the room, and start to work, the great majority of students at Carolina are repulsed by the idea of looking on someone else's paper or glancing at "crib sheets" tucked into pockets, cuffs, or where-have-you.

But those same students are not so averse to copying a lab drawing outside of class, or retyping a law brief, changing just a few words here and there to avoid detection. Maybe those students really don't realize that they are violating the letter and the spirit of the Honor System when they do those things.

What it will take to wipe this blot off the Honor System is a little introspection and some self-discipline from the student body. If students become conscious of the fact that their copying of themes, law briefs, lab reports, and term papers are just as much Honor System violations as looking on someone else's paper during an exam, then the Honor System will begin to mean a lot more at Carolina.—C.H.

The Durham Sun

Frank Graham's Job

Speculation as to the exact meaning of former Senator Frank P. Graham's new post and the defined field of his operations has been settled to a degree. The first task placed before the persuasive North Carolinian is one difficult enough to tax all of his capabilities in the sphere of conciliation.

As the Nation has wondered what Mr. Graham's relationship, within the Department of Labor would be to the Defense Mobilizer, Charles E. Wilson, it develops, startlingly enough, that Mr. Wilson is one of the targets in the move. While Mr. Graham is defense manpower administrator within the Labor Department, Mr. Wilson, of course, has the first and final word on manpower as the mobilization chief.

It is revealed that Frank Graham has been called into service as conciliator extraordinary; for Mr. Wilson, himself, is at odds with Labor or, to put it the other way, Labor is at odds with Mr. Wilson and such a situation, since it involves the high chief of the whole arrangement, assuredly calls for an emissary extraordinary.

Actually, whether it was Mr. Tobin's idea or President Truman's, the selection of Frank Graham is something of a master stroke. He is gentle enough and modest enough, yet commands sufficient respect and bears enough prestige to approach both the sensitive and proud Mr. Wilson and the equally volatile and angry leaders of Labor. If there is any person who can bring the two vital forces together in the Nation's time of crisis, Frank Graham is the man.

on the Carolina

FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

A friend of mine named Mort King from George Washington University (he isn't really a friend of mine; I just steal his stuff now and then) told of a party he went to the other night up in the nation's capital.

"Very strange sort of party," Mort said. "Wasn't a starving painter or writer in the bunch. All healthy, satisfied-looking people."

One guy there, Mort related, had a Parakeet named Morgan. Another person said there were four different ways to speak Greek—Historic Greek, Hellenistic Greek, Modern Greek and some other kind which Mort forgot but which fits in between there somehow.

There was one who said the more he went to college the more he realized how little he knew. A girl said how much she hated oleo, and another fellow told how he had to lift up a blanket so the coroner could look at the bodies of four people burned to death.

The talk covered love, marriage, Stalin and how good the cheese spread was with potato chips. But the best thing about the party was Morgan.

"Morgan," his owner said, "is the only bald-headed Parakeet in existence. When he was two years old, Morgan was scalded by an affectionate dog we had also named Morgan (my sister thought Morgan was a nice name). He made a completely bare spot on the top of Morgan's head."

"As you probably know," he continued, "birds are very delicate animals. The bare spot was drafty. Morgan caught cold and nearly died. After we cured the cold we had to figure out a way of keeping the bird's pate protected."

"My girl friend knitted a little cap but it wouldn't stay on. Every night Morgan would knock it off. He caught another cold and nearly died again."

"But we pulled him through. We were getting tired of pulling Morgan through."

"Then one day, in a fit of inspiration, I brought home a box of Dr. Scholl's corn plasters, the little round kind, and pasted one on Morgan's dome. It covered the bald spot completely. Morgan had a pink toupee."

"Of course it didn't look as nice as the real feathers had looked. But it gave Morgan a distinguished air that became him greatly. An elder-statesmanish scholarly look. We had pulled Morgan through for the last time, we hoped."

"But the next week my sister was painting the room. The fumes got into the cage and before we knew it Morgan was dead."

"Huh?" Mort said.

"Yes," the answer came tearfully (obviously the man had been drinking). "Morgan was dead."

"How about the bird you got now?" Mort asked.

"This is another bird. We name them all Morgan. My sister thinks it's a nice name."

"Oh," Mort said, terribly let down because he expected a moral or something. And before they knew it Morgan was dead. Just like that. Bop. Bald-headed, too.

"I also have a wristwatch," the bird-lover went on. "It's the only sun-burned wristwatch I've ever seen. It happened that the watchmaker put a magnifying glass on the face instead of a crystal and the sun came in and burned it so badly I couldn't read the numbers. Looked just like toast."

Fine party, though, Mort says. Not a starving painter or artist in the bunch. All healthy, normal people.

★
Add letters we never finished reading:
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
225 Fifth Ave., New York 10

"Dear Friend:
"Are you getting the most out of life?
"Why do I ask? Well, it's because I have been thinking..."

"All Right, Comrade, Hand Me The Sledgehammer"



All In A Day

by Lewis Ripps

This is the first in a series of articles which is based upon a survey of 90 political science students. This survey was originated by Mr. Thomas Aiken and Mr. Gordon Cleveland and was carried on with the cooperation of several members of the Political Science Department.

It is indeed interesting to note the reaction of a fairly representative group of students to the problem of the admission of Negroes to graduate school. Of the 90 students polled in the survey, 25 would admit Negroes to graduate school.

It is difficult for me to understand why such a problem should arise. There is only one distinction between the Negro and the Caucasian. That is the color of the skin.

The Negro may be just as intelligent, good-looking, industrious, honorable, well-mannered and athletically inclined as a member of the Caucasian race and he can live on the same social level as the Caucasian.

Therefore, the Negro should not be denied the major factor in his social, moral, mental, and physical development. He should not be denied the opportunities granted by a fair and equal education.

It is even more difficult for me to understand why 65 of 90 students would not be in favor of admitting Negroes to the graduate schools. It is difficult for me to comprehend why any college student would hesitate to favor the admission of Negroes to the undergraduate school.

A college student is thought to have a reasonable amount of intelligence and is supposed to be the backbone of a movement towards more liberal government. But nevertheless, the stu-

dents at Chapel Hill are innately backward when it comes to displaying any kind of liberal thought or action.

I'm tired of hearing the cry that Negroes are afforded equal opportunities for a good education at the schools set up for them by the State. I've been told too often that the process of educating the Southerner to accept the Negro as his equal must be done in a slow and 'cautious' manner. And I'm growing rather impatient waiting for the South to accord the Negro his equal rights as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

I've grown up in a city which does not 'accept' the Negro. The people 'accept' no one. The Negro is as much a part of the city's government, education, and even culture as any other person residing in the town. I've gone through 12 years of school without even noticing the Negro. But nevertheless, he was there. He sat on either side of me in class, he went to the school ball games with me, he sat with me at the movie, and he shot the bull with myself and others in the high school soda parlor hangouts.

There is no discrimination between races in my hometown and this I attribute to one thing. I attribute it to the fact that the Negro has been given the equal education and other human rights granted him by the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments to our Constitution.

As one of our earlier statesmen said, "The wealth of a nation is measured by its capacity to educate its people." Our nation would be greatly enriched if it educated all of its people equally and justly.

On The Soap Box

by Bob Selig

Ignorant anti-Communists weaken our side. I have been thinking more about that discussion that took place in Steele. I saw something there that reminded me of a thing I'd seen a long time ago, but I couldn't figure out what it was. Last weekend it came to me. It was some of those people who argued against Julius Scales and Robertson without knowing what they were talking about. They reminded me of a small boy I once knew who cried as though someone had hit him whenever a new food was placed in front of him. But when asked why, he didn't know; he just cried.

Princeton University did some research a few years ago which uncovered some appalling facts. Eighty-three percent of adult Americans think that most Russians are members of the Com-

munist Party. Seven out of nine Americans don't know that Russia produced most of the war materials that the Red Army used during the last war. Sixty-three million adult Americans believe that all goods are public property in Russia, that a complete communal system is in force. Sixty-four percent think that everyone is paid the same in Russia. Finally, there are thirty-eight million Americans of voting age who "don't know at all what kind of government Russia has."

Something is lacking; we don't know enough about our opponent. The logical place for us to learn about him is in the universities. I for one would suggest that:

1. All college students be made to read the Communist Manifesto before being awarded a diploma, that they be tested on it for memorization and un-

derstanding.
2. That a course in the theory of Communism and its application in Russia be made mandatory for a B.A. or B.S. degree in this country. In this way, it would be assured that at least a large minority of Americans would know something about our greatest antagonist.

If more people of this country had a good knowledge of Russia and of Communism, we would have a better chance than we now do of preventing a full-scale war. And if war did come—well—Adolph Hitler discovered that it is a pretty poor idea for a country to go to war without knowing its enemy. The cost of knowing for Germany was paid in dead soldiers whose bodies were heaped high outside the walls of Leningrad and Stalingrad. Surely there are easier, cheaper ways of getting to know our enemy.

The Editor's Mailbox

A Plug For Victory Park

Editor:

Veterans and other students with wives and families and without a high income are going to continue to come to the University. Will these students have to continue to live in trailers ad infinitum? My point is, Mr. Helguera-Seis, why is it not recognized that low-rent housing is a necessity? The new Medical School is nearly finished. Is there low-rent housing contemplated to take care of its married students or will they move into the Trailer Court?

When the Trailer Court and Victory Village were erected we looked forward to a time of security—to the replacement of temporary housing within the foreseeable future. Now we are forced to recognize that there is no security ahead. Home-building is out of reach for many of us. Victory Village is likely to be with us for a long time to come.

Why can't its surroundings be landscaped, the coal piles housed, play areas cleared for children, etc., etc.? Why can't more houses or apartments be built to replace the trailers and provide more much-needed moderate-rent housing? The houses in Victory Village are comfortable and pleasant. If they are going to be there for a while yet, why cannot the general air of impermanence be altered and Victory Village become Victory Park?

Emily Chapman

Who's On First?

Editor:

For three years I have been attending baseball games at Emerson Field and I've had to put up with stupid decisions on the part of our "official scorer." I think it's time somebody made an effort to give the job to someone who knows a little more about the game.

Sunday morning I was reading the account of Saturday's game with Boston University and was disgusted to read where "a bases-empty homerun by Mike Corcoran gave Boston a 2-0 lead."

In the first place the bases weren't empty as second baseman Tucker of the Terriers was on first. In the second place Corcoran couldn't have been awarded a homerun or even a triple since a nice throw by rightfielder Bud Wallace and a relay by first baseman Henning erased Tucker at the plate. Corcoran did circle the bases and slide safely home to score about 10 feet behind Tucker.

However, to be awarded a triple with a teammate on first, a batter must advance the base runner safely home to score!

The scorer might conceivably have given Wallace an error on the play since he dropped the ball but if he chose to give Corcoran a hit it should have been only a two-base hit and not a homerun.

Let's have a little more efficiency in the future. It's a great game but nobody around here seems to give it much consideration.

Mickey Heyward

Election Day Responsibility

Editor:

Open letter to all students:

April 12th—Election Day! To many on campus this will be like any other Thursday at Carolina. They might notice a few extra signs around with vaguely familiar names and faces on them, and, if they get the urge and have a spare ounce of energy, they might amble over and play a guessing game with a ballot. After they've made several interesting marks beside any old names they'll drop it in the box, heave a sigh of relief, and then forget about the whole regrettable incident. Some on campus will completely ignore their privilege to vote, while others will be forced by political factions to cast their ballots against their will and better judgement for the "best" guys running.

Yes, the little picture I've sketched above of Election Day will be, as it has been in the past, a reality on April 12 if each and every student at this University does not wake up to the fact now, that it is their duty, as a member of the student body, to have a keen interest in the working of student government and to vote intelligently for the people they personally feel most capable to lead them in all branches—executive, judicial, and legislative.

Here at Carolina, student government gives each student an equal opportunity to gain invaluable experience in the political workings of our campus community—a small-scale United States government at its best.

It is only by setting up and working in a good governmental organization here, that will enable us as citizens to help make our national government as clean and good. We can only accomplish this by active interest here, and right now! All of us are responsible for the ultimate success or failure of student government. Vote intelligently on April 12—Who knows, maybe you'll be seeking a position in student government next year. You can, you know, if you're interested in making it your government!

Jane E. Jenkins

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. High mountain
4. Bone
5. Drinking settlement
12. Tiny
13. An English queen
14. Operatic solo
15. Posture
17. Sodium chloride
18. Uncommon
19. Thick
20. Patron saint of sailors
23. Diners
25. Cuts of meat
27. Flowed
28. Strike out: colloq.
29. More ample
31. Take out
32. Always; contr.
36. Short sleep
38. Kind of antelope
39. Commands
40. French capital
45. Unseize; poet.
47. Alighted
48. Close of day
52. Solitary
53. Give for temporary use
54. Wheeled vehicle
55. Wooden pins
56. Insects
57. Watch closely

PASS-TO-DO SLID
APE-ARIA-CODE
RED-MARRIAGES
EXAMPLE-TEAK
TEA-COLT-TEAK
EVEA-OTOE-EYE
TALLER-ATONED
ANY-VERA-VAZE
WISE-SAM
SEPAL-FILLERS
TRANSMUTE-LEA
ANTE-USED-ELM
REED-GEMS-DYE

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

DOWN
1. Away; Scot.
2. Bent
3. Allow
4. Good-bye
5. Harden
6. Make precious
7. English river
8. Bar for blackening threads in a loom
9. Changes core
10. Is in trouble with
11. Deist
12. Solide sarcasm
13. Sand hills
14. English
15. Otherwise
16. Easy gait
17. Reflecting
18. Urcin
19. Transmits
20. On the top of
21. Tidings
22. Penitence, same
23. Smallest amount
24. Fought to be genuine
25. Commemories
26. End out
27. Feeder
28. Medical plant
29. Conclude
30. Old musical note
31. Cowardly
32. Period between morning and night
33. Before

