

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student newspaper of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is published by the Publications Board daily during the regular sessions of the University except Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms when it is printed weekly. Printing is done by Colonial Press, Inc., Chapel Hill, N. C. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$3 per year, \$3 per quarter. Reproduction of the masthead, flag, or the name "The Daily Tar Heel" is prohibited without the express permission of the Publications Board.

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More On McCarran Act

Not to push an issue, but there is one more aspect of the McCarran (Mundt-Nixon-Ferguson) Act which should be taken into consideration.

Because of the storm of public protest when the bill was debated and passed, the official word handed down in Washington (our D. C. correspondents tell us) has been to take it easy, go slow, don't push enforcement.

This is in order that it may appear harmless for the short while usually necessary for the public to forget. The Act is not being used, but it is intended for use when the pressure is off.

An old law gains a veneration and respect, simply for being an old law. A new Congress hesitates to repeal another Congress's actions. The active opposition, the prepared arguments, are gone with the old Congress, and the law has the greatest argument that can be made for a measure: it is The Law.

So new lawmakers are slow, even if there is public opinion to bear against them. This, too, is difficult to achieve, once opposition has lost its voice in Congress. The people grow tired of the same wrangles, and do not hesitate to say so.

A case of constitutionality would be difficult, with the present behavior. The only persons yet apprehended under the McCarran Act have been active Communists, against whom some argument could be found of danger to the nation. And any Communist appealing to the Supreme Court on grounds of constitutionality, would have the full weight of public opinion against him.

Hence, word comes down that enforcement won't be pushed. Don't give the opposition any new arguments; let them forget about it first. Then we crack down.

According to The Law we can:

- 1) Arrest any person not born in this country, whether a citizen or not;
- 2) Convict him;
- 3) Fine or imprison him at will, all without his ever seeing the light of a jury. Furthermore, we can ban the entry of any or all citizens of any foreign nation. By implication and contact (if necessary by extension of the law, once enforced?) we can suspend many of the basic rights of any citizen.

Is anyone really thinking this way? Certainly, for too many of the top brass, and of us, the plain, voting citizens of every community, find justification for the law and what it allows in the great menace across the world. We don't like it, runs the thought, but if it is necessary, then let it be so.

It is not necessary. Let us not forget too easily.

Greensboro Daily News

The Day's News

From General MacArthur's headquarters in the Waldorf came a communique from his spokesman, part of which caught our eye:

General MacArthur is "aware" of the "smear campaign" in Washington against him but he does not read the newspapers except for battle reports.

If the general will pardon us, we would like to suggest that he may be missing something. There are a number of interesting items in the papers nowadays, outside the battlefield. For instance, big parades and celebrations have been held in Washington and New York lately and one is in progress right now, we believe, in Chicago.

We don't guarantee that the news will make sense, but it is generally interesting and sometimes piquant and not infrequently a perusal of it will be helpful to anyone who wants to know and understand what is going on in the world.

Of course you can argue the other side too. We don't claim that the world is particularly coherent. But it is certainly doing a lot of talking and acting.

The other day in this country a statesman who had worked hard and effectively for national unity in foreign affairs died but people were too busy splitting into two camps to pay much attention to his funeral. In Britain the Labor Minister, Aneurin Bevan, quit office because he thought the government ought to spend more money on false teeth and less on defense; this one is a little hard to figure out on any theory except that in a last ditch defense Britons could bite their enemies instead of gum them. And L'il Abner is having trouble finding a suitable husband for Daisy Mae.

But there are some things a general can learn if he reads the papers, such as why he is where he is. As foolish and fragmentary as the day's crop of news may be, it is the raw material of history and there is a pattern in it if one has eyes to see.

Honors

The Daily Tar Heel mast goes up today for the Order of the Golden Fleece. Monday night some 1,800 students joined members of the honorary society at Memorial Hall in the 48th annual induction ceremonies.

Those tapped by the Fleece are outstanding members of the student body. They were Banks Talley, Terry Holmes, Dick Jenrette, Bill Cash, Dick Bunting, Bob Payne, Jim Wilson, Dick Murphy, Buddy Vaden, Larry Botto, Ed Bilpuch, Jim McIntyre, and Ted Leonard.

In selecting Professor Woodhouse and Dean Brandis the Fleece honored itself.

For the many outstanding students not chosen The Daily Tar Heel can only say as did the Fleece . . . the most outstanding honorary society is composed of humans, and humans however outstanding are not omniscient.

Let those who were tapped use this new honor humbly and wisely; let those who were not selected continue their pursuit of proving themselves worthy in their own eyes and in the eyes of their friends; and let all join in the ever-continuing struggle for anonymous reward for honest service.

To Elect Or . . .

by David Kurley

The retiring editor has admonished us to discontinue the popular election of editors for this newspaper. It is not sufficient to dismiss this suggestion as the mere anguished farewell of a departing editor whose own choice of a successor was not endorsed by the electorate, although one must admit his advice on such issues carried more weight before the election. He deserves an answer on the assumption that his advice reflects a well considered view, for, in fact, many others have defended his position. Indeed, we have always had with us many who did not trust the capacity of any electorate to govern its own affairs, and many others who felt that the confusions engendered by the democratic processes outweighed the advantages of democracy.

The editorial in question observes that "newspapers are not state-owned or political in organization." It fails to mention that this newspaper is owned by a political entity, the student body. It is not the property of one man, or a small group, but a collective enterprise financed by some 5800 students. To these students, as owners, properly falls the responsibility for selection of the editor.

The trend of democracy has been notably toward the direct election of principal officials, and few will deny that the editorship of our newspaper is one of the most important offices within the jurisdiction of the student body.

The editorial then alleges that "the newspaper is often used unfairly by candidates and friends of candidates." This I cannot challenge; nor is anyone who read the Daily Tar Heel during the recent campaign likely to challenge it. But the selection of an editor by means other than popular election would not relieve him of political selection pressures, or make him less the product of political selection. He would still owe his selection to somebody. Why should that somebody not be the student body which foots the bill?

(To be continued)

On Campus

Psychology class at Coe College, Iowa is really progressive, according to an item in the State College News. The story told about a word association test being given by one of the psych professors at Coe. The usual black-white examples were given, then the prof came up with "love." Ventured a timid student, "Neck!"

Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

June 26, 1950, was a rainy night in Oslo, Norway. I was walking down the main drag wondering what ever made me want to come to summer school at the University of Oslo. I was miserable. Lady Luck had been slapping me in the face all day long.

First I flunked a pop quiz in economics. Then my baggage was held up at the customs house because the authorities couldn't decide whether my tiny Confederate flag was a "toy" or the "official emblem of a foreign power." Next my date stood me up and finally I lost my passport, ration book, and travellers' checks. Lucky me! I'm sure if I ever went into the hat business little babies would start being born without heads.

I was expecting at any minute to step on a land mine or get hit by a meteorite when suddenly a beaming blond female spotted the little American flag in my lapel.

"You big brave 'merican boy!" she screamed wrapping me up in a bear hug.

"Oh, Farber, you little lover," I said patting myself on the back. She said she wanted to buy me a drink so I followed her into a little beer cellar near the King's Palace. What a brawl! At least two hundred people were crammed and jammed around the bar loudly toasting everything American from the Boulder Dam to the Statue of Liberty. A huge American flag hung from the mantle and a tired organist was lustfully playing what I later discovered to be the "Star Spangled Banner."

"Why all the star-spangled hoopla?" I asked.

Then she told me that Communist forces of North Korea had attacked South Korea and President Truman had sent the American army into action and Norway was plenty happy because Uncle Whiskers had shown the commies that the free world didn't like being pushed around. What a miserable day! First I flunked a pop quiz, then I lose my money and get stood up, it rained all day long, and now a war breaks out! It was just one of those days when you get a pon the wrong side of the world.

When the waiter stuck a mug of beer in my hand I let it crash to the floor. I never drink during wartime. It gives me too much courage. A man in uniform came over and promised me

Reviews and Previews

Pick Of The Pix

Here is a picture that is worth cutting a class to see. In fact it is worth cutting two classes. I won't go as far as to say that it is a great picture, but it is one of the warmest, human, and most inspiring films that I have seen in a long time. You will have to have a heart of stone if this movie does not stir your emotions just a little.

"Follow the Sun" follows the career of Golfer Ben Hogan (Glenn Ford) as he and his wife Valerie (Anne Baxter) struggle along on shrinking funds from tournament to tournament before he hits a champion's stride. He practices interminably, frets over his game, the antagonism of a sport columnist, and his victories over a happy-go-lucky golfer friend (Dennis O'Keefe). Then comes the near fatal crash in which he is almost crushed to death and his gallant fight to walk. The doctors doubt if he will ever walk, but Hogan, yearning to play golf again, recovers the use of his legs and makes his stirring comeback in the 1950 Los Angeles Open.

Glenn Ford's interpretation of Ben Hogan makes him a completely natural human-being. It is Ford at his best. Anne Baxter gives the picture much of its sparkle as she interprets the role of his wife and narrates the story.

—Robert Schrader

that if the Russians strike he would give me a gun, a nice uniform, and a quick commission in the Norwegian Home Guard. I thanked him, but, frankly, I didn't feel the least bit more secure. I'm no sharpshooter (I'd need a bomb-sight on my finger to dial the telephone) and if the outcome of the war depended on my so much as hitting the broad side of an iceberg, Stalin and Molotov would be telling each other shaggy dog stories on the front porch of the White House.

But the people of Norway were happy. For years they had asked themselves "Will America stay neutral again while the communists pick us off one by one?" Now they had their answer as GI's were beating out "Yankee Doodle" with 50 calibers all along the 38th parallel. All night long grateful Norwegians were congratulating me, thanking me, and trying to shove cognac down my throat. I don't mean to be corny, but for the first time I was proud to be an American. The celebration went on. Norway was happy. I was confused.

Suddenly a profound hush fell over the crowd. I soon found out why. Standing in the doorway was a massive figure wearing the uniform of the Russian Army. He had so many medals on his breast they had to double park and his dazzling over-jacket was so flashily it looked like some Cadillac was going around without seat covers.

A Russian in Norway is about as popular as a tsetse fly with halitosis, and this poor guy looked as out of place as a Kappa Sig on the third floor of Alderman Dormitory. The organist hesitated a moment, then came out with another round of the "Star Spangled Banner." The Russian sat down at a table by himself and began to look mean. I figured if I could draw him into a conversation it might make a good column for the Daily Tar Heel so I sauntered over to his table and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Sir," I said. "If you don't mind I'd like to talk with you." He looked at my American flag, thought it over for a while, then motioned me to sit down. He ordered two beers and for the next four hours we talked.

I'd like to tell you about that conversation in tomorrow's column.

Local Color

On exhibition from April 28th to May 27th in the left gallery of the Morehead Building is a sampling of the recent work of artists in Chapel Hill and Durham. The show presents a considerable variety in mediums and techniques. The wide range in quality is flattering to the finer productions.

George Kachergis' "Still Life with Vase" has rich texture in low, subtle tones; delicate scratch-technique accents an otherwise precious use of paint. Jerry Caplan's small "Figure" shows exceptional use of a medium; concentric rings in the grain of the wood emphasize salient points of the sculpture. Frances A. Calhoun in her "River Scene" has mastered the difficult technique of water color. Thomas S. Hughes' "Abstract in Lemon and Lime" unites blocks of cool color into a pleasant harmony.

The large-scale attempts fail in point of composition. Gerard Tempest's tragic figures suggest the wood carvings of saints in a European "Country Church;" however these figures occupy a small area of a huge and otherwise badly organized canvas. An unusually wide piece of composition board proved too much for Marianne Manasse, the central one of whose "Figures" is nevertheless solid and forcefully drawn.

—Fred Springer-Miller

Government Clique

by Paul Barwick

To those who are close to Student Government, it was encouraging to see the turn-out of the students on voting day. I do not know the exact percentage of the Student Body that voted in the first election or the run-off, but I do know that it was much higher than had been anticipated by the "prophets."

There is one thing that has been thrown on the table that I wish would be taken off indefinitely. That is this rag-chewing and absolutely ridiculous statement that Student Government is a "clique" and if you're not in the "little group" you're lost. In most cases the people who go around spreading this propaganda are those people who like to sit back and find fault with everything.

What I would like to see happen in the next few days is for the students, who have even a vague interest in Student Government here at Carolina, to drop by the Student Government office and ask if they can help in some way. Now, there might not be work at the time you present your services, but you can leave your name and say you are willing to work if called upon. Too, if there is no work now, come back later and ask for work.

It has been said many times before and I would like to stress it again in bringing this thing to a close. That is, Student Government is no more than the

students who constitute it. You are a part of Student Government and by participating in one of its many functions you cause

Student Government to plant its feet in a solid foundation which will be able to weather the storms.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
1. Irrigate
 6. Hourly
 11. Puffs up
 13. Prepared for publication
 14. Streams
 15. Plumber
 16. American humorist
 17. City official
 18. 400 square meters
 20. Identical
 22. Rut
 23. Emulates
 24. Jewish ascetics
 25. Care for
 27. Bend the head
 28. Went swiftly
 22. Treatise
 32. Replies
 36. Abnormal breathing sound
 37. Uppermost part
 38. Converge
 39. With the matter
 44. Command
 42. Turn to the right
 43. Heavy hammer
 45. Put the position
 47. Flight of Muhammad from Mecca
 48. Labors

Crossword Puzzle

- DOWN
1. Move gently
 2. Disentangles
 3. Consumed food
 4. Tenure
 5. Attempted
 6. Slave
 7. Scent
 8. Spanish for river
 9. Achieve
 10. Looked askance
 11. Prepare for
 12. Display
 13. Enclosure
 14. That which poisons
 15. Negative
 16. Make lace
 17. Feels regret
 18. Rubbish
 19. One who reviles
 21. Assesses
 22. Staff
 23. Entertain sumptuously
 24. Sesaw
 25. Stallion
 26. Move with
 27. Man-eating monster
 28. Underground part of a plant
 29. Noise
 48. Cravat

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49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

Editor's Mailbox

"Disgusting. . ."

Editor:

Ken Wright Jr.,
Your letter to the Tar Heel was the most disgusting, selfish, narrow-minded, snobbish piece of trash that I have ever read. You little unmitigated punk, who in the hell do you think you are that you are so much more qualified than a Negro? In the first place, Med. Students are selected purely on the basis of ability and qualifications. And if a Negro has more on the ball than you, more power to him. Your terminology of "dark Congo boy" is the sort of mean, contemptible slander that brings abuse on the heads of all of us in the South. You don't deserve to be called an American, much less a human being. You had better lose that rotten, puffed-up pride first.

As for the front-door, back-door nonsense, you don't even rate being allowed in thru a crack in the roof. You belong in the sewage! Wise up fellow, you're not in Fascist Germany or Communist Russia. If allowing capable Negroes to enter Med. School is an injustice, I want to see more of that injustice.

Jerry Jones

★

Editor:

It hits deep in my heart that a Carolina student should write such a letter to the Tar Heel like the one Ken Wright, Jr., wrote yesterday. I am thoroughly ashamed now each time I pass a Negro—ashamed that any of my race advocate such warped, prejudiced views.

A "tradition" has been broken at Carolina, but it was one which violated the greater, more sweeping Carolina tradition of liberal democratic thought and action.

No person—white, black or polka-dotted—enters UNC's Med School "graciously." Only by the sweat of his brow and a broad scope of ability may an individual now enter Medical School. Nor did the Negro in question enter Med School via the "back door," as Mr. Wright stipulated. He was one of many who applied for entrance, met the qualifications, and was accepted. No underhanded methods were used to "push" the Negro into Med School. He was simply one of the best qualified to make the best doctor, which, after all, is or should be the desired end.

In my short 19 years, I have heard views from many radically prejudiced, and have even expressed similar views myself at one time; but Wright tops them all! He himself is a disproof of his own implied argument that white Carolina students have undoubtedly better qualifications than "dark congo boys." With such reasoning Wright would have a tough time on a logic test. It seems obvious to me that he is arguing that color makes the difference, but should his intended thought be that Carolina students are just better qualified than Negroes, then the "equal protection"

clause of the 14th Amendment is being violated, and Negroes would have grounds to demand entrance to UNC's undergraduate schools. I feel reasonably sure this isn't what Mr. Wright intended; it would be too great a blow to his "pride."

It is understandable, but I think unfortunate, that people yet support views so seemingly detrimental to democracy and beneficial to ideologies and philosophies adverse to democracy, the moral and ethical standards of the whole society must be, as they are being, changed.

Our democracy is a growing democracy; and while in practice it is yet far from its ideals, I think the admission of the Negro to UNC's Med School is one step of many necessary steps in the right direction; and I hope the others soon follow. As for the immediate present, there seems no way to retaliate against these greater injustices. God forgive those who think like Wright—and God bless all the "congo boys" who have had the patience and tolerance to hold up under such injustice and for their forbearance to restrain from further, greater embitteredness against those who inflict such injustice. It really takes guts on their part to endure so many injustices for so long!

Dan Duke

★

Dear Editor:

Until Tuesday's paper (1 May 1951) appeared, I doubted that even Carolina's eastern end could produce a college senior so filled with bigotry as Ken Wright, Jr. It is against my deepest convictions to sit idly by while hate, uninformed prejudice, and malicious untruths are spread across our newspapers by unthinking, naive bigots who resist any progressive efforts to extricate them from the binding mud of southern traditions. It is vilely disgusting to witness printed crocodile tears shed over the "diligently" laboring Carolina student—white, of course—who will miss out on Medical School because a better qualified Negro is accepted. Does your type of pigment produce more brains, Wright? Does a brown skin cancel out intellect, mechanical ability, and social decency? Perhaps we should admit all white students, including the idiots and morons, then take the genius-class of Negroes. In other words, Wright, no matter how low, how stupid, how filthy, degraded, uncouth a white man is—do you wish to place him above any Negro, no matter how brilliant? I consider your typical slur, "congo-boy," an insult to intelligent people of both races. You have told us of "utter, contemptible injustice" from your point of view; I refer you to Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* for the other side. Obviously you've neglected to profit from observation of your environment—perhaps this good book would fill the oblivious gaps.

Jack W. Hopkins

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
1. Wet so as to sputter easily
 7. Dangerous
 12. Mental state
 14. Lodger
 15. 100 square meters
 16. Sun
 17. River bottom
 18. As far as
 19. Body bone
 21. Supplications
 22. Performed
 24. Tavern
 27. Quantity of medicine
 28. Destructive
 30. 22 Down
 31. Language of the Angles
 23. Small particle of fire
 35. Recites in monotone
 40. Slender and thin
 41. Donkey
 42. Hire
 43. Peculiar
 44. Remnants of combustion
 46. Greek letter
 47. Hypothetical force
 48. Godless of the harvest
 49. Mongrel dog
 61. Public carrier
 52. Grating
 54. Giggle
 56. Composition for six
 67. Cubic meters

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