

# The Big Difference

This week the administration made clear its current policy toward Negro students enrolled here. They are to be segregated from white students in every way the law allows. The law, unfortunately, compelled the State and University to admit these North Carolinians to their law school.

The trustees were more foresighted with the medical school, and at least one department of the graduate school, agreeing to admit students who could not obtain approximate training elsewhere.

The University of Arkansas, among other far-Southern Universities has also been more farsighted than our own, in their policy of opening the doors to Negroes before compelled to do so by law.

One way or another, there are Negro students. Here. Now. They are for the most part unusual people in their ability to adjust to the situation. They have attended Northern Universities, unsegregated by tradition. Or they held officer's ranks in the armed forces during the recent war through which they learned the difficulties of social adjustment in unsegregated groups.

They are, on the whole, better prepared for such an adjustment than are most white students now here, and possibly than is the administration. Furthermore, they are anxious to help in that adjustment in every way possible.

Yet the school has placed them on a segregated floor, moving out protesting students to leave a floor empty, save for the three Negro students in residence, (this, with men crammed into basements elsewhere on campus) and has refused them student passbooks.

In the case at hand, concerning the football tickets of James Walker, the latter point was made clear. Chancellor Robert House said, "There is a distinction between educational services and social recognition." He pointed out that the law compelled the educational service, but did not compel the social recognition.

Walker, on the other hand, said, "They have put up legal barriers between us (white and Negro students), so that the Negro student, deprived of a student's privileges, would have to remain separate." Walker then made clear that he himself would have been willing to sit in the Negro section, if the administration feared trouble from white rowdies, or even more willing to remain away from the bigger games, if the administration had permitted him the normal privilege of an athletic passbook for admittance.

The difference, with which the University is familiar in their court battles, is between "you must," and "please do."

The difference is between free cooperation and compulsory dicta.

We, like our good Chancellor, feeling somewhat "conservative", deplore the compulsory act. We therefore note, with hearty dislike, that the law may once again step in to compel the University to admit its Negro students to all the privileges of free citizens in the University community.

Must the higher authority always compel us to do what is reasonable and right? We think not. We hope the courts will not again interfere in the internal workings of the University. We hope the University will attempt a reasonable program of adjustment without undue demands on the lives of all students here. And we hope that students, Negro and white, will approach the matter with intelligence and horse sense in what must necessarily be a slow acceptance of facts.

The difference is between liberty and dictatorship.

## by David Alexander

### Reviews

"Alice In Wonderland" and "Nature's Half-Acre" —Disney Productions released through E.K.O. The feature film will be shown along with the third in a series of Disney Real-Life short subjects, both in technicolor.

For all of you who thrilled to Lewis Carroll's classic, this is indeed a treat, for Walt Disney has captured the book with all the charm possible. "Alice", artistically speaking, marks a new high in cartoon length films, and though it has many good sequences it just doesn't live up to the Disney tradition set by "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Cinderella".

Compared to Cinderella and Snow White, Alice is an awkward child, reminiscent of the early Margaret O'Brien. The color is somewhat different from the schemes used in earlier Disney films, "Bambi", "Make Mine Music", and "Melody Time".

Disney may stop making cartoon length films in the future, and concentrate on live-action

## by Barry Farber

### Not Guilty

Barry Farber

Late last spring our student body president, Henry Bowers, asked me if I would go to Minneapolis in August to be a delegate at the annual NSA Congress. For the benefit of those who came in late, NSA stands for "National Students Association" and not "No Sex Appeal."

Now, I always thought NSA meetings were typical student get-togethers, packed with cut-rate crusaders and popcorn politicians, where a guy stands up, makes a speech, says nothing, nobody listens, and when he's through—everybody disagrees. And I've always nursed a bitter grudge against student politicians ever since I was soundly defeated in the race for Home Room Glee Club representative back in junior high school so when Bowers invited me to tag along I licked my journalistic chops and foamed at the mouth. In my estimation student politicians were egotistical lump-rumps low enough to read by the light of a hotfoot and nothing suited me finer than the chance to pitch a few rusty harpoons into their callous carcasses.

Besides, Minneapolis sounded like a great place to go to enjoy myself, get a lot of sleep, meet a few girls, and maybe dig up some lusty anecdotes ridiculing student politicians.

"Sure, Hank. I'll be glad to go," I smiled, drooling like a bondholder about to clip an interest coupon. After all I had nothing to lose but my self respect.

The twilight of August, 19 found Henry Bowers, Joyce Evans, Mel Stribling, Dick Murphy, Lacy Thornberg, and I perched on the banks of the Mississippi holding our first regional caucus. There was Murphy studying documents like Ridge-way studies maps of North Korea. The girls were debating the virtues of academic freedom. There was Bowers scribbling resolutions to present to sub-commission, there was Thornberg preparing his international report, and there was Farber looking so busy doing nothing he seemed almost indispensable.

I must confess I always thought conventions were orgies where delegates sit in their rooms and drink for ten days. I was quietly working my way through a jug of Minnesota wham wine when, first thing I knew, somebody wanted to start holding meetings. So with an alcoholic moan and dark circles under my disposition I grabbed pencil, paper, and portfolio and slumped into one of the seats reserved for "the gentlemen from North Carolina".

That's where the trouble started. To me Robert's Rules of Order were the biggest mystery since radar. I wouldn't know a point of parliamentary procedure if it crept up behind me and bit me and it seems that everything I said was either irrelevant, indecent, or out of order. I felt like Mortimer Snerd arguing relativity with Einstein. No matter what the issue was I always managed to make myself misunderstood. Congress doesn't know how lucky it is that I'm not a member because if the outcome of the war depended on my so much as rising to second a motion, Joe Stalin would be watching television from the east wing of the (See "NOT GUILTY," Page 8)

## by Dick Murphy

### NSA

Today begins a series of diverse opinions on the subject of National Students Association by delegates to the August Congress of that body. The funny one will be recognized as our leading humorist, Barry Farber. The intent, or serious, one is Dick Murphy, long known on this campus as a character with brains and ability, now recognized by the world organization, UNESCO, for the same things.—Editor.

August, 1951 was an important month for the American student community, for to realize what occurred then, is to realize the difference between the significance of student life 1941 and student life today. In East Berlin there occurred the Communist World Youth Festival; in Ithica, New York, the World Assembly of Youth; in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the Fourth Annual Student Congress of the National Student Congress of the National Students Association.

These meetings never could have been held in 1941, for the problems, thoughts, actions, and motivations which lay behind each of them were far removed from the mind of the world student community in the anti-bellum days. The Berlin Festival was a necessity for Soviet Foreign Policy; the Cornell Assembly a necessity for the problems of relief, rehabilitation, and international misunderstanding of the ante-bellum period; and the NSA Congress a necessity for the cohesiveness demanded of

the American student community in the light of our newly sensed community of common interest.

These problems of which I speak—the post war international situation, the domestic situation here at home, the new community of common student interest—are not merely academic to the academic community. They have not only made imperative the meetings enumerated above, but far more importantly they have demanded something much greater and far more difficult to achieve. They demand a fundamental change in our sense of values, our patterns of thought, our modes of action and even our "Carolina way of life."

For we have had thrust upon us, probably unwittingly and unwillingly, as was thrust upon the U. S. in 1898, new responsibilities which transcend in importance the geographical confines of the Carolina campus, the Greater University campuses, or all the college campuses in America. Our student lives, although never an entity within themselves, have become more of one student life, merely being experienced as part of a greater life in differing locales—such as Carolina, Duke, Chicago, Princeton, Oxford, or Calcutta. And unless we are willing to face this fact, ponder its implications, and govern our actions accordingly, the meaningfulness of our lives here at Chapel Hill, will be greatly obscured.

The next several articles appearing under this byline will have as their purpose a partial explanation and clarification of what this new role for the Carolina student is, how it came about, and how it is being played at this moment.

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**HORIZONTAL**

- donkey
- a navigation system
- church bench
- nonsense!
- feeble-minded
- past
- frighten
- allotment
- pull tight
- uniform
- evident
- bury
- mirth
- reaps
- prefix: double
- speed
- river in France
- foot-like organ
- indefinite article
- minister to
- subsided
- fortified Mediterranean island
- mistake
- facility
- diatomic run

**VERTICAL**

- Arabian garments
- seasoning
- make keen
- sorceress
- upon
- tear
- violently
- plant of lily family
- nerve medicine
- cosmetic
- personality
- prevailed
- harsh respiratory sound
- decimal units
- river in Africa
- artless
- paradise
- hazard
- East Indies chickpea
- goddess of the moon
- lifeless
- divisions of the year
- breastwork
- asterisk
- painful
- sufferer from leprosy
- fruit skins
- cry of Bacchanals
- Spanish painter
- otherwise
- male sheep
- slender finial
- Greek letter
- symbol for

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

L	O	O	S	E		M	A	N	A	T	A
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P	A	I	N	S		G	I	G	O	R	T
T	H	E				O	N	E		I	N
A	I	L				A	B	U	S	E	S
L	O	P	R	I	M		S	L	I	D	E
E	N	U	R	E	S		S	T	E	R	E
E	S	S	E	N		P	I	E	S		E
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A	V	E				E	L	K		S	I
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Average time of solution: 26 minutes.  
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## Letters

Expressions on matters of public interest are welcomed from our readers. They must be legible, signed, and free from libel. The right is reserved to edit all such communications and to condense them when they run beyond 300 words.—Editor.

Madame Editor:

In the Sept. 17th DTH there was quoted James R. Walker, Jr.'s statement of faith that "believers in Christianity" will not support the administration in its issuing to him an undesirable football ticket. The situation no doubt made Bible-readers think of the parable in St. Luke 14-7-11.

This letter does not at all reflect my attitude toward segregation, but it expresses a profound resentment, which I think is shared by many others besides me, against an inappropriate appeal to "believers in Christianity."

Cama Clarkson.

South", "So Dear To My Heart" and "Treasure Island". He is already shooting major scenes in England for the forthcoming