

Ingredients of Institute

And Determined Audience Best for the Job Before Us

Nine days and nights of the Institute of Human Relations and the many more days that went into preparation for it have ended. But the good accrued has not.

The political and societal wisdom of what was spoken by men like Herring, Martin and Judd doesn't stop with enunciation of the words. It stimulates the listeners to do thinking of their own and to respond to the "time for greatness" of which the last Institute's Herbert Agar spoke.

This Institute was not so startling as that of two years ago, and should not have been. Two years ago, the nation, and Chapel Hill included, was soaking in a tepid bath of inertia and indifference that produced the war-delaying decay. It took the bald assertions of Herbert Agar that the United States was obligated to enter the war immediately to leave Carolina's intellectual isolationists high and dry and unprotected.

This year was different. It is almost 18 months since the whole of the country was galvanized hysterically into self-defense. During those 18 months has developed a more logical calm, a resignation to necessary casualties but never defeat.

That Institute speakers of the past several days, then, did not blast their audiences out of their chairs is understandable. Chapel Hill and America are faced with the task of lucid decision and considered action on the post-war peace. Fireworks and reflection don't mix.

What does mix is the factual stimulation from the Institute and the determined calm of the audience. The basic ingredients are good, but there is still much work to do.

Of the Free

CWC No Furniture Factory

Negro Finally Gets Justice; Machine Support May Go to Candidate McDonald

By Richard Railey
(Guest Columnist)

Contrary indeed to popular belief the Carolina Workshop does not busy itself with the making of tables, book-ends, desks, and other such items usually produced in institutions of similar names, but serves the campus by effectively coordinating the work of the seven creative art departments.

Organized just a little over a year ago, the Workshop next week will present its second annual festival. And from all advance notices, this year's five-day presentation bids well to top the excellent work done last year. For this year, the workshop, in addition to presenting to the campus such greats in the arts fields as Struthers Burt, James Boyd, Josef Albers, and Howard Thomas, will also place on exhibit the best of student endeavor. The student work will represent the best at present of a campus that has given the country Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, and Hatcher Hughes. All in all, the week's activities promise much in real entertainment and information to a student body that has grown weary under the pressing strains of war.

Significant among state news of the day is the full pardon granted Thursday by Governor Broughton to William Mason Wellman, convicted last August in Iredell county on the charge of rape of a 67-year-old white woman of Statesville. This is the first pardon granted a man on death row by North Carolina's present chief executive, and is perhaps the first in over 10 years for the state. Wellman had previously been given three reprieves as the state's highest

official carefully reviewed the case. Responsible for the full pardon, was new evidence discovered after the trial proving conclusively that on the date of the crime, February 11, 1941, Wellman was working 350 miles away in Ft. Belvoir, Va.

North Carolina's political pot for 1944 has begun to boil officially over a full year before the Democratic primary to be held early next summer. Dr. Ralph McDonald of the University's Extension Division, has at last let his political desires be known throughout the state. The announcement by the educator that he will enter the race for Governor is nothing new to the "boys-in-the-know" for they had guessed it since McDonald had tasted defeat back in 1936 at his first bid for the high position. In that election, the defeat came at the hands of the machine-picked candidate, Clyde Hoey. Now, Dr. McDonald, after eight years, gives warning that much of the machine support, usually so formidable, will be on his side.

Shades of Herbert Agar were present in Hill Hall Thursday night as a handfull

If This Be Reason

By Dave Hanig

The other afternoon we saw "Out of the Fog" at the Pick Theatre. It was a simple film made from a simple play called "The Gentle People" by Irwin Shaw. And as the story unfolded we saw into it more than just the Brooklyn tale of two old men terrorized by a petty gangster. Shaw, at the time he wrote it, had called it a fable. With the onrush of events it was more than a fable, more than a picture of gentle people driven into violence in defense of cherished values. chiseler and not fight back?"

"Shall we be pushed off God's earth and water? cries one of the characters.

We weren't moved because here was a folk drama of the city with a timely theme. We were moved because we were part of the conflict. If there was laughter there were pathos in the rough humor of these fishermen off Sheepshead Bay. We could believe even in ordinary people described by the character played by Thomas Mitchell when he said they could love like millionaires and poets.

Here in a generation of shifting values, we have need of motion pictures and plays to re-affirm them. We have need of the special knowledge that when men are angry at world dictators our gentleness must take on strength.

That afternoon when we left the Pick we had a postal from a friend now at Camp Upton. We learned that Art Golby, Paul Komisaruk, Hayden Carruth ("The Weary Wisher") were there. Each in his own way here at Chapel Hill had contributed towards the warmth and laughter of university life. One had given pleasure from a Playmaker's stage, another had given us current knowledge of our way of living in a Tar Heel column and still another gave of his time and worth to the continuance of a literary magazine. They wrote of their adjustment to soldier life. To us they were millionaires and poets.

We were overjoyed when "Out of the Fog" came to town the other day but doubly thankful when, at the same time, we heard from our friends. It was fitting. It was right.

of interested students and faculty members heard young Dr. Walter Judd, Republican from Minnesota, give probably the most logical presentation on this campus since Pearl Harbor of why we should be ready after this war to cooperate in the establishment of some kind of post-war world that will insure peace. Judd, along with Herbert Herring, expert on Latin American Affairs, contributed largely to make an otherwise fair Institute a little better. The Institute this year has been quite disappointing, even for the few faithful who have managed each evening to leave their other duties and to attend the nightly sessions.

Probably biggest disappointment, however, has been the apparent laxity of the University in general to move themselves to attend. But then, maybe they had sensed early that the sessions wouldn't be too valuable. There were exceptions in the nine-day program, but all-in-all this year's efforts were a good deal below those of two years ago, last Institute in peacetime.

CPU Round Table

FSA Death Would Mean Hungrier USA Next Year

By Bob Epple

One thing to remember about the farm bloc's recent attempt to kill the Farm Security Administration is that it does not only affect the poor tenant farmer in the South. It affects each and every American, because without the FSA we are likely to have less to eat next winter than with it.

The program of the FSA touches less than 10 per cent of all the nation's farms. But this small portion under the program's guidance accounted for more than half of the country's increase in milk products last year 32 per cent of the increased production of eggs, and a full third of the increased production of certain vegetables.

But the under-employed and poverty-stricken farmers affected by the FSA need its help in financing and guidance. Abolishing the Farm Security Administration would deprive them of this help and every consumer would feel the decreased production of foods.

The attempt to kill FSA reached a climax when an Agricultural Appropriations Bill was railroaded through the House Appropriations Committee in less than an hour. This bill not only abolished the Farm Security Administration, but killed the Federal Crop Insurance program, cut \$3,000,000 from the Soil Conservation Service's budget and refused to authorize full parity prices. In taking these steps the Committee followed precisely the recommendations of President Edward O'Neal of the big farmer's lobby, the American Farm Bureau.

But the lobby's victory over the FSA was the most sweeping. The Appropriations Committee turned the entire Farm Security Administration program over to the Farm Credit Administration and the Extension Service. Both of these organizations sympathize with and represent the big farmers and the farm owners while working closely with the farm lobby. They have never been greatly interested in the welfare of the tenant farmer and the sharecropper, whom the FSA aided towards independent farm operation.

The Appropriations Committee made no provision to extend or even continue the FSA's system of guidance which was largely responsible for the success of the small farm operator in increasing

food production.

The committee sought to justify abolishing the Farm Security Administration by charging that the agency had lent excessive amounts to individual borrowers, hired careless and inefficient employees and experimented in "collective farming which seemed to resemble the collectivist practices followed in Russia." It also accused the FSA of failing to liquidate its loans.

It is reasonable to be a little skeptical of the accuracy of these charges in light of the fact that besides a few spokesmen of the American Farm Bureau, the only witness testifying in favor of abolishing the FSA was one Oscar Johnston. Now Mr. Johnston is manager of one of the largest cotton plantations in the world. It is a 50,000 acre "farm" located in Mississippi, owned by British and Dutch interests and operated by American share-croppers.

But there is hope in the fact that the House Rules Committee has taken action which will place the entire Appropriations Bill, subject to amendments to restore FSA appropriation, before the House of Representatives.

The fact is that the farm lobby went a little too far for the House and the attempt to kill the FSA has been blocked temporarily. What the Rules Committee did was to refuse a special rule limiting House consideration of the Appropriations Bill.

What remains is a fight to provide the FSA with the funds necessary for its operation. The fight is still far from won and very close to lost. But now it will be fought in the House and Senate where we may hope for a more adequate representation of the small farmer and less dominance by the Farm Owner's lobby.

Campus Grapevine

By The Staff

A Reporter's Notes:

The staff was amazed and touched by the controversy caused by the special IHR platform on the Indian question. Accusations, pipe-dreams, small fanaticisms made the rounds. Bull-session factions were set up. Over at the Graham Memorial there were the fence-perchers who could see both sides of the subject and one girl went so far as to murmur that thought without action is treachery (whatever that means). The staff reporters continued their chore of turning out copy and worrying about the day-shaking horror of meeting a deadline. Between the hours of 2 to 6 there was a quiet tense riot of mixed emotions. Others went out for a mid-afternoon coke. Everybody agreed it was a great day to be alive.

We still hear of people leaving town to take overnight flyers for home. We hear of their returning to face long cuts and into-the-night studies to make up for the borrowed time. Seems senseless to us. Must be because of no vacations this coming Easter.

And we're reminded of last Easter and a couple of Easters back. Leisurely times those days were. Those windows in town are already Easter-trimmed. Better than nothing at any rate. Still, copy must be turned out for we must hearken to Tar Heel voices every a.m. Easter or no Easter we still get mail from the outside world and that is something. Come to think of it, wouldn't be a bad idea to have a section entitled "V-Mail Digest" for desk-bound civilians. Could be interesting.

The Chapel Hill Weekly on our desk and interesting to the scribes. Editorial page is well-balanced. An edit. on the need of a day nursery... a place where mothers who have to go to work may have their children cared for. Defense takes so many women out of the home. Chapel Hill can certainly use one. Certainly our social majors might take a look-in on the problem.

hard but none uv them really looked like he knew how to fite a fire an they wuz all a runnin aroun thet little woodshed, one of 'em hollerin to git out the big hose an the other one sayin it warn't no use, an the little red fire waggin was a pumpin away making that little hose what was fastened to it spit a little water, an all the time them shed wux a burning rite on down.

thing i was wonderin about paw wuz jest how our state leg-latters is agoin to feel if'n a big fire gits started in a dormitory or klass-room an thet little red fire-waggin coughs its last cough an won't pump no more water, or if'nt the firemen stand an argue whether or not to use one hose or the other one, and somebody git burned up, or if'n one of our beautiful buildings gits burnt.

course they's nobodu likes to watch a fire more than me when its somebody eles fire and nobodu ain't a gittin hurt, but i'm rite afraid that unless we gits a new fire truck and a trained fire man to direct them hard-working volunteer men, some ov my friends may git there pants skortched ifn't they wuz ever to be a dormitory fire.

give my love to maw, yore son, hiram, jr.

Among The Damned with Damtoft

Hayseed Letter

dere paw, sorry your youngest son has took so long to rite you a letter but i've been rite busy a trying to figger out just whut kind uv a life i'm a going to liv when the Navy puts me in one of them cute little sailor soots.

reckon i'll be gettin out uv the ole rut i've been in hyar since i don't ritely reckon that uncle Sam would like it so much if'n i decided i wanted to sleep late an just ignored revelry an turned over an went back to sleep, cause he ain't provided for no cuts for classes or drill, and i reckon mr. harry ain't goin to see much of me durin the week cause the Navy is expectin us to do about 60 hours of school work a week an that don't leave much time fer little brew parties, or as the real modern fellers say down hyar, "to scuttle a little suds."

an i also don't reckon that i can go a sashayin off on week-ends whenever i want to since the Navy calls that AWOL an they don't jes put you on cut probation for bein AWOL, seems they kin hang you to the

yard-arms fer such things.

well so much fer the Navy paw, an now i want to tell you a rite funny story about a little fire they hed hyar yestiddy when some wood-shed caught fire over near the ole hi skool buildin.

you see paw we've got whut they calls a volunteer fire department hyar and one little red fire-waggin whut somebody says tried to help put out the fire Sherman started in Atlanty. well thet little red fire waggin came a rolling up to these two woodsheds and they hauled a little hose off it an begin trying to put out the fire, but that little hose squirted about as much water as little bruthers water pistol, an finally some feller decided to take the big hose off'n the truck an they hooked thet to a hydant an started really a pourin water on the fire but them wood-sheds wuz gone then an it didn't do much good.

well paw, the reason i wuz a telling you this story warn't to belittle the volunteer fire men 'cause they worked real

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