

Signed For Themselves

Recently we heard a rather shocking remark, and it was that all the efforts of the Hague, the League of Nations, the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations and all other efforts of man to seek understanding and peace have been of no avail.

Why? Because the signators were signing for themselves. The men who signed the great documents to give man peace did not represent the men for whom they were signing, only themselves.

Is the above thesis true? If so, the signers of the Constitution of the United States were also signing only for themselves, for they had no means by which they could get the full will of the people.

We believe the signators of the United Nations charter had every faith in their people and signed their names representing their people and their nations.

However, according to the thesis presented by the unknown intellectual, the peoples of the nations did not endorse the pacts and promises.

Evidence that the people might not have endorsed the deeds of their representatives can be gathered by looking at the world today. It is a world of cold suspicion, of hate and boiling war bubbles ready at any moment to burst. Only this time the bubbles are radio-active and will engulf all the world and its peoples.

The signators of the nations involved in the various agreements were truthfully sincere. Those men and women who are our leaders really thought that by their acts our world would be united as one. They were people who were sane and rational, and who realized that only through cooperation between all mankind can the world reach a point of relative security and peace.

Unfortunately there is an element of truth in our unknown observer's statement. Our leaders and representatives did sign for themselves. We the people have deserted their faith and have failed to back them up.

Our signators sought peace and we think war, suspicion, superiority and dominance.

It is only right that we must educate ourselves now so that we may understand what our representatives do and also be able to give rational support for any future moves toward peace. We must know what we want and then fight for it. We must be able to support our leaders intelligently unless we desire and want to sink into the morass of wars and more wars to the total destruction of ourselves and all mankind.—L.K.

To Arms, To Arms!

The lax administration has, as usual, failed to accomplish its acknowledged duty. We refer to the recent rains that have inundated the campus, causing pediatric disaster to the student body, not to mention cranial drenchings and similar inconveniences.

With faculty members known to have rain-making powers, it is obvious that they must have rain-stopping authority. Let them be hauled out of their dusty little rooms, force them to cease their study of the schmoos situation and turn to practical things. Now is the time for rain-stopping dances in full regalia, for mysterious incantations at midnight, for dire curses directed against the black sky.

Let the seldom-busy Rainmaking Department of the University earn its keep in matters of practical consideration! Let the notorious administration rise in defense of the students! Enough time has been wasted, enough students have suffered! —B.L.

Note To Pan Hel

With a mad week of rushing almost behind them, during which they have been freshly impressed with all the evils that accompany a short, hurried rush period, the sororities by now should be ready to put pressure on the Pan Hellenic council to alter rules which now govern taking in of new members.

Three days of smiling continuously at one face after another while faces and names blur into a hodgepodge of confusion is too unstable a foundation upon which to base two years of close sisterhood.

The fraternities, also faced with this problem, last year moved to lengthen their rushing periods in order that both members and prospective pledges may have a better opportunity to meet each other and to arrive at an unhasty decision.

We suggest that the Pan Hellenic council start now toward working out some such improvement for sorority rushing.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Odds And Ends

By Helen Highwater

ON CAMPUS— EFFECTIVE: Bill Miller has found an effective way to stop long winded speakers. When Bob Coulter exceeded his three-minute time limit while addressing freshman assembly yesterday, Miller calmly shot him, and Tom Cunningham just as calmly dragged the carcass off the stage. Five other speakers took note and shortened their talks.

INEFFECTIVE: Dorch Wariner has come up with a novel but not recommended method for meeting coeds. Walking from the Y with coffee cup in hand he stumbled and splashed the contents on a coed's coat. Always the gentleman, Wariner apologized, offered to pay for the cleaning, and asked her name. All he got was, "N. D." and "I'll have it cleaned myself, thank you."

BIG JOKE: Then there's the one about the freshman who remarked "They didn't tell me about the Chapel Hill rain until after I was accepted."

WISHFUL THINKING: W. C. Bostic, III, of Forest City must have been a bit flustered when he filled out an application for one of the student organizations. He gave his address as 220 Alderman. Wonder if Sarah Turlington and Mary Beth Lockwood know about their new roommate?

PLEDGE STUNTS: Dating couples who have had their "goodnights" interrupted can blame it on the Lambda Chis. It's their pledges who have been scrubbing down the steps of Alderman and McIver dorms at closing time. And Pledges Leland Jones, Joe Duke and Ralph Davis were the soap box orators haranguing U court crowds on the virtues of Truman, Thurmond, and Dewey yesterday. Two others, Mo Morrell and Johnny York came up with a new version of Testudo, the missing Maryland mascot. This one was painted a violent red.

SLIGHT ERROR: A United Press wire story out of Atlanta yesterday reported Georgia betters rating Carolina as two-touchdown underdogs. Publications personnel immediately made up a pot and sent managing editor Chuck Hauser south to collect the mana. Ten minutes after he left, the UP made a correction with the odds favoring the Tar Heels.

MYSTERY MAN: A character named John is causing lifted eyebrows hereabouts. Joanne Carpenter kept him on third floor spencer for several days and was seen dancing with him at the veterans club. Latest word is he has moved his domicile to Sutton Heights.

OFF CAMPUS— SOME ENTHUSIASM: At least one person had heart attack upon hearing the results of last week's football game. Via postcard from the University of Missouri, ex-UNC students Milton Jordan, Dan King and Richard Moseley of Asheville, and Charlie Craven of Greensboro report "When four good Tar Heels heard the score over the radio, they came forth with such shouts of glee that their landlady suffered a heart attack."

HEADED HOME: Claude Shannon, we hear, is on his way home to the Hill from Vancouver with a mighty swell little gal—namely the new Mrs. Claude Shannon.

HILLSICK: Charlie MacRae, another ex-Tar Heel, writes that he is now at Columbia University, "but not for long. Already my bones are itching for Chapel Hill."

IN TOWN— TASTE TEASER: Probably the most interesting thing on Franklin street these days is the colorful "Pep" ice-cream window at the Varsity. Dishes of luscious looking sundaes, banana splits, sodas and fruit revolve on a pedestal backed up by mirrors. There's only one catch—it's all imitation.



But Do We Need A Law?

By George E. Solosky

Miss Edna Lonigan raises an interesting point in an article in "Human Events":

"It can be true," say the pseudo-liberals. "The Grand Jury would have indicted. The FBI would have proved them guilty." But guilty or what? Most American followers of the NKVD have committed no crime. They have violated no law. If every statement in the testimony of Miss Bentley and Mr. Chambers is proved true, the Grand Jury will still find it difficult to indict. We have no law compelling government employees to propose only ideas that are for the good of their country."

That is why such committees as the Thomas, the Ferguson and the Revercomb committees are having such a difficult time of it. Let us take the Hiss case as an example. It has not been established that Alger Hiss is a Communist, a Communist agent, a Russian spy, an NKVD agent or even a fellow-traveler. All that has been proved about Hiss is that he once kept some very bad company and tried to cover up and failed.

We may assume that all those who decline to answer questions on the ground that to answer would incriminate them are guilty of some offense. Otherwise, nothing that

they said could incriminate them. They have been advised by their lawyers that they have a legal and constitutional right to silence. We know from the investigations of the Dies committee, the Rapp-Coudert committee in New York, the California Legislative investigation, the Canadian report and other sources that Soviet Russia has been operating in this country, as she has in every country, through natives directed by Europeans. The more native the native, the better he is for the kind of work they need to have done.

This pattern is universal. One meets it in Korea, in Germany, in China, in Czechoslovakia. It is the American pattern. But it is not an illegal pattern. Certainly, Louise Bernstein - Bransten - Berma Bernstein - Bransten - Berman has a right to serve mankind as she chooses. Cleverly she places herself on the lofty pedestal of noble service. Tommy Manville spends his money on gals and mink coats; she spends hers on the underdog. So does John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Is anything wrong? What about Mr. Adams? She legally refuses to answer about him—to answer would incriminate her. And that is her legal right. Was Mr. Adams an underdog or a spy?

While he was trapesing around this country, the Hearst press exposed him as a spy and tried to trace him down, but he was permitted to leave the United States with valuable documents. What is the FBI record on Adams? That secret has been guarded by President Truman and is only now being forced out. And so far there is no record that Mrs. Bransten did anything contrary to the law, except her own acknowledgment that if she talked it would incriminate her—and legally the statement does not raise the presumption of guilt no matter what you or I may think about it.

There is, however, this essential difference between John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and this lady. Through his foundations or personally, he has publicly accounted for his contributions. The American people can know how he spent his money. Mrs. B. B. has spent her money without notifying the public. That, too, is legally her right. She can spend it on dogs, cats, philosophies, artists, men and women, spies and jewelry, Communists or Prohibitionists as she will. It is all within the law.

So how does this nation protect itself against its own sons and daughters? Ask Jan Masaryk! Maybe now he knows.

This Changing World

Our Dog-Eat-Dog System

By Bill Robertson

Last week we discussed the defects in our educational system and revealed how they are linked up with our dog-eat-dog social system. This week we have a few remarks to make about this dog-eat-dog social system itself.

A great French writer, Anatole France, who later became a Communist, once defined "Western democracy" as that which gives a rich man and a poor man the right to sleep under the same bridge together. Now this definition isn't bad. It goes to the root of things. In our country, for example, we have formal democracy; but, in practice, this democracy does not exist. Why is this so?

Because, whether we like it or not, there are two important classes of people in our country—the owning class of people and the working class. The owning class has the time and money at its disposal to pretty well run (that is not a split infinitive) this "democracy" of ours. Thus we have the Taft-Hartley anti-labor legislation, and the removal of price controls against the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the American people. The working class is forced by its position in society to sell its ability to work to the owning class. (And we might add that a large number of intellectuals are forced by their position in life "to sell their

souls" in defense of our dog-eat-dog social system.)

We need hardly add that the fact that the owning class controls the radios and newspapers makes it possible for them to develop utterly fantastic "war scares" from time to time. These "war scares" are supposed to take the people's minds off of the real day-to-day problems of high prices, low wages, no jobs, etc., and their causes.

The supposed enemy is the Soviet Union. (shades of Adolf Hitler!) But the Soviet Union is engaged in a "peace offensive" which will inevitably expose the whole Wall Street line. This almost happened last May during the exchange of votes between the American and Soviet governments. Vishinsky's latest proposal, in the general assembly, that armies and armaments of the leading powers be reduced by one third within a year, has our armaments kings and aeroplane manufacturers frantic—not to mention our textile kings who are looking for fat contracts for army uniforms.

But let us calmly appraise the real causes of the mad ravings of big business. During the war, big business "earned" 52 billion dollars profit. Also, the ability to produce was increased by 50 percent. That is to say, during the war it was proved that as regards the ability to make things, our country is able to provide sufficient food, clothing, and shelter to take care of everybody. The

problem is one of distribution.

Since the war, profits and high prices have "narrowed the market" and started us on the road to a severe economic crisis of "over-production"—and this at a time when millions of ordinary people would like to have a little more of the good things of life. The big shots, of course, seek a way out through a war boom (remember that 52 billion dollars, official government figures, Department of Commerce).

course, seek a way out through a war boom (remember that 52 billion dollars, official government figures, Department of Commerce). It is the duty of all patriotic Americans to help to expose the dangerous enemies in our midst, and thereby to check them. It is true that they have won a temporary victory in the "battle of ideas". They have temporarily convinced large numbers of us that war is inevitable. They have given us "the blues".

But World War II was not fought in vain. The forces of dying imperialism and race-hating cannibalism have received a crushing defeat. For example, in our country, World War II has given a tremendous impetus to the growing struggle of the oppressed Negro people for their full rights. The common people, everywhere, are on the march toward final victory—and with that victory will come the establishment of lasting peace for all mankind.

Chollie's Follies

Nuts And Nutshell

By Charlie Gibson

Toushay For Today: So you believe that international peace is to be maintained only through international understanding, tolerance, and, above all, good-will and friendliness, do you? Then name one foreign student on the University campus whom you know well enough to speak to?

Trustee: At the close of the last school year there was considerable student demand for the installment of Coke machines in men's dormitories. The YWCA did and does handle refills and profits from the Coke machines supervised by a responsible girl in each coed dormitory. It seemed logical for the YWCA to attempt to obtain similar drinking facilities for men this fall. Logical, that is, to everyone except the mad maharajahs behind South building. According to some University ruling or other, dormitories and Coke machines are not mixers. Please, trustees, don't confuse chivalry with sex discrimination. The ladies' own WCTU would surely be the last to discourage this surprising thirst for soft refreshment. Anyway, the only dormitory accommodations that men and women use differently are certainly not Coke machines.

Heard Among The Herd: "Last year my roommate was a psychology major, and he brought home textbooks with titles like 'Living with Children'. This year's roommate—why, if he wanted to telephone Raleigh long distance, he'd bum a ride from Chapel Hill to Durham to save a nickel on the phone call."

UNScenes: Helen Stephenson's designs for the upright piano in her sorority house would make Dail and Disney both dizzy. It seems Helen painted the entire pianoforte in bright green and then decided on gold splashes for the underside of its raised top... When George Sibold sported a loud red tie branded with the hand-painted head and horns of a Texas steer, folks said he bet on the game. Well, did he win or lose? ... Where was Tarzan Saturday? ... There's a box in the "Y" lobby with a card reading "Suggestions for improving the cheering squad." Oh, Gad! What more can hard-working old Norm Sper hope for—hula skirts? But maybe he better check card stunt photographs that all the State papers use next time to be sure black and white reproductions do Justice to his cardioings. ... Note the way one look at Pat Frizzell makes men's eyes freeze. ... Newly pinned-up Martha Manning and Ed Davenport are taking the marriage course together this quarter...

What happened to the male Stray Greeks who planned last year to organize themselves as transfer fraternity men whose frats were not on our campus? Can't the IFC help them? ... Understand Tom Eller, Student Body president last year, is breathing easy again with his name in only one headline in the six DTH issues so far this year. After all the headlines yelling for and at him in the past, Tom must feel like a corpse mummied away in Law School obscurity. ... Listen how often husky male voices answer the telephone in Smith dormitory. ... When Mintie Cantrell "Y" courts these days, she tries to find Earl Fitzgerald, the Grail member who promised her "a date with the best looking man on campus" for selling tickets to the Grail dance. Maybe she can borrow Joe Satterthwaite.

Actually found among freshmen files: the middle name "Ice-man" ... Afraid Dover Moore might strain himself. Rover Dover says he is trying hard to say something catchy enough to get his name in print. Harlan-Landed: "Now, class, archeology includes everything in the world that has ever been made by man."

Write Away

We Will Remember

Dear Editor,

I am Anne Cooke and I am five. You printed a little story about me in your paper, but didn't spell my name the way I spell it.

There is a "E" on the end of both of my names.

Please remember this.

Your friend, Anne Cooke

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Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

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