

Thoughts On Dixiecrats

The Carolina Thurmanites have joined the Wallacites on our campus in revolt against the Democratic party. No one was surprised that the Dixiecrat supporters organized a group here, rather we were surprised that they delayed two weeks in doing so.

Some seventeen of Thurmond's supporters met Monday night for the "organizational meeting" of the "Young States Righters." It is encouraging for those of us who believe in either the Republican or Democratic party to see that such a minority of students had sufficient interest in the proposed organization to be present at the meeting.

It is difficult to keep from comparing the Dixiecrats to Wallace's Progressive party. Their interests are as far different as any two party platforms could be, but they are alike in that they both have seen fit to bolt from their mother group.

Yet, if sides had to be taken between the two groups, the Wallacites probably have a better reason for their actions. They are not preaching just against the presidential candidate of one party, but are wholeheartedly attacking every candidate of practically every party on the voting ticket.

The Dixiecrats, however, are against President Truman and President Truman alone. They haven't even bothered to condemn Senator Barkley, his running mate, who must believe in the same civil rights program that Truman proposes if he consented to be his running mate.

We must concede then, that the Dixiecrats are merely fighting a grudge and are not particular in the methods that they choose to do it. In arguing with a Thurmond supporter, one finds that he is usually unwilling to discuss the possibility of the damage that the Thurmond-Wright ticket will do to the Democratic party. They can talk only of "teaching the White House powers a lesson". We cannot help but wonder, however, if the lesson that is taught will not be learned by our erring Southerners.

The Republicans—to all public appearances—are firmly united behind Thomas E. Dewey. The loyal Democrats—also as far as the public is concerned—are behind Truman. The fact that both parties may have men behind the scene who are planning to fight the civil rights battle after the election is over, is kept strictly on the quiet side.

Whether we be Republicans or Democrats, the movements, the shouting, the accusations of the Southern Dixiecrats seems to be a losing, silly fight of a few stubborn men. If they lose their battle, as they surely will, and if Truman is defeated by Dewey, it is not pleasant to contemplate the thoughts of the Southern gentlemen who led the "revolt" during the next four years. —B.B.

To Avoid Delay

The coed visiting agreement, which regulates conditions under which coeds may visit fraternity houses, was signed by Deans Carmichael and Weaver yesterday and will go to the fraternities for approval today. Since the agreement is the same as that of last year, there seems to be no reason why it should not be signed by most groups in time to go into effect Friday at noon.

However, if there had been any changes made, negotiations between the administration and fraternities might have taken a longer time with coeds being denied the visiting privilege in the meanwhile. For this reason we suggest that the House Privileges board submit next year's agreement in the spring rather than waiting until school reconvenes in September. In this way the board and administration officials will have time to make any necessary negotiations before the summer vacation and the agreement will be ready for fraternity approval immediately upon the reopening of school.

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Odds And Ends

By Rita Adams

ODD AND MAYBE THE END: The following brief from T. D. Kemp's column of last Sunday is enough to scare the stuffin' out of all of us.

"Worry, of course, does no good. You may recall the old lady who said: 'I've had lots of troubles in my life; and most of 'em never happened.'"

"If you really enjoy worry, read what some of the scientists have to say. For example, Dr. Hugh H. Brown, of Douglaston, N. Y., warns that our planet is about to upset. The trouble, Scientist Brown says, is that the ice in the Antarctic is getting thicker and heavier. The earth is wobbling. Soon the slosh will come, causing the two poles to move their positions. Most of mankind will be drowned and the survivors will enjoy new climates. The last time this shift occurred, he says, caused Noah's flood."

THAT'S NEWS, SON. Ask Phil Stone about the man-bites-dog incident he saw last week-end up Virginia way. It seems that when a Heinz (all 57 varieties) dog licked the face of a little, four-year-old boy, "Junior" grabbed hold of his tail and took a lusty bite. Phil jumped even higher than the dog when the animal yelped, and said that the last he (Phil, that is) saw of him was the remains of a tail hanging from Chapel Hill and safety.

SCALPERS TAKE HEED. We have an honest, dependable gentleman here in the DTH office who is very eager to possess just ONE ticket to the Duke game. Line forms to the right.

CLASSIFIED—BUT HOW? As our good deed for the week, we'd like so much to find three dates for the Wake Forest game for three new students over in Quonset hut 24. Puz Nichols, J. C. Singleton, and Brownie Smith say they have the transportation and all the trimmings—so let's form this line to the left.

It was brought to our attention that the P. A. tobacco and pipe salesman who was holding down fort in the "Y" this week practically chain-smoked Chesterfields the whole time.

CHARGE OF THE SOAP BRIGADE. Along with thoughts for the future we should be planning for more than one wash room for the quonset huts. Cold weather is upon us and all those boys have upon them are bath towels, with tooth brushes waving in the air.

LEST YOU FORGET. Just a helpful reminder to boys who are planning on getting their dates' tickets for out-of-town games. Be sure to have her I.D. card with you! Otherwise, "Sorry, sir, she'll have to come down and get the ticket herself. Just ask Earl Somers about that situation."

CLASSIC. When his music appreciation class was asked if they had ever heard of Claude Debussy, Ed Darnell replied, "No, but won't Roy Acuff do just as well?"

UP AND COMING. The planetarium is beginning to take shape, in case you haven't noticed. Maybe in a few more weeks we can climb that big, tall fence and take a gander at the inside.

CPU is calling for new members in their Sunday get-togethers. They meet on second floor Graham Memorial at 8 o'clock every week.

GETTING UNDER WAY is the WSSF drive for this fall. The group held its first meeting this week; so we should be hearing more about the group before too long. Leave us hope it's not another coed auction. Some of us poor victims are still being labeled as "Going, going, gone!"

Ready to Present Their Case



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This Is Carolina

By Lincoln Kan

There was no muttering under our breath when this columnist approached the type-writer to tell our reader (?) more about Carolina's organizations. The subject matter had already been promised days before.

As we said in the column about the IRC, there was an organization on the campus that made it its duty to keep the student body informed on national happenings and trends. This group is the Carolina Political Union.

Each Sunday evening you will find its members seated around the round-table in the Grail Room at Graham Memorial discussing the latest political issues or making plans to provide the campus with some new analysis of the current problems before the nation.

The key to the founding of the CPU was discovered in the many heated sessions in Dr. Edward J. Woodhouse's classroom. It may have been under the trees, where our philosophical political professor likes to take his class on warm sunny days that the ideas of Floyd Fletcher of Raleigh, who was then a senator, took root. Nevertheless the first chairman of the CPU Frank C. P. McGinn of Philly solidified the then neophyte organization and resolved that

all major political parties should be at all times represented in the membership and that the CPU will do its utmost to bring a political consciousness to the campus on national affairs. Dr. Woodhouse stayed with his class geniuses and became their faculty advisor.

At the outset, Memorial Hall where the CPU held its public meetings looked as if the walls had been built around a small group of bull sessioners. Gradually the 1800 seats in the hall were filled to capacity as the CPU instituted a special debate on the Supreme Court packing bill in 1937, between Representatives Maury Maverick and Ralph Brewster of the U.S. Congress.

The defense to the Supreme Court plan straight from the horses mouth by way of the then Postmaster-General Farley came in the year 1937-38. The CPU began to expand and their help and cooperation with other campus organizations became an unwritten law in the framework of the aims of the CPU.

Then came the glorious year of 1938 when this columnist first entered the University of North Carolina. It was the year of Stirny Stirnwiss of football fame, Paul Severin the Carolina All American, Voit Gilmore the guiding hand of the CPU, IRC the newly awakened power of weakening international organizations and

the arrival on our campus of the greatest president of our time President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on December 5, 1938, sponsored by the CPU.

Since that time the CPU has shifted from emphasis on state politics to national politics by presenting a galaxy of important men and women from the rosters of our public servants, Senators, Representatives, Governors and officials of the United States government. When World War II crashed onto the campus, the trend began to move toward subjects of international consequence.

The War has been over for three years, and the CPU is now beginning to come out of its wartime doldrums. A new spirit is present among its leaders to maintain the pledges of the CPU to the campus and to help a stronger outfit.

Herb Alexander, the chairman for the year 1948-49 had this to say: "The CPU this year intends to branch out into other activities such as student polls, forums and conferences. I sincerely believe that the Union will be of great service to the campus this year. We hope to be worthy of interest and respect from the student body."

We hope you will achieve all that you set out to do CPU, but watch your expansion. The campus will be watching you. Good luck and many members.

Concerning Do-Hickeys

By Ben Lawler

The University recently had a tragic and pathetic incident occur which involved one Jasper Twirthead, freshman, of Slippery Ball, North Carolina.

During lunch at Lenoir Hall, Jasper was unusually thirsty and decided to re-fill his glass of water. Approaching the counter, he edged into the line and extended his glass under the do-hickey. Before he could activate the mechanism, a firm voice stopped his fingers in mid-air.

"Have you a card for a re-fill?"

Jasper quailed, being easily intimidated by authoritative voices. He admitted that he had neglected to obtain the necessary form.

"See your advisor," snapped the voice, "He will furnish you with one."

So Jasper left the Hall, dinner half-finished, steak half-masticated, coffee half-quaffed, in search of his advisor. Striding quickly to Fiddle F, he

walked into the advisor's office. Seeing the elderly gentleman busy improving his culture quotient with an old ESQUIRE, Jasper sat waiting for the lascivious savant to conclude.

Glutted with Petty, the gentleman leaned back and gave Jasper a disgustingly phoney smile, saying, "Well, my boy, whatever can I do for you?"

After hearing of Jasper's difficulty, he consulted the catalogue, his mind obviously on page 53 of another manual concerning girls in leaves, and finally declared that Racttime 42 was closed for the quarter. Jasper finally straightened out the distinguished scholar and obtained a blue ticket entitling him to chit-chat with the Dean of the College.

The Dean was busy working on the latest DTH crossword puzzle and told Jasper to return on the following day. With a faint grumble in his internals, Jasper went back to his humble bed between the Quonset huts and dreamed of

water and fried advisor steak.

When the dawn came, Jasper found himself rebuffed at the door of Lenoir, with another stern voice ordering him to straighten out his affairs before he returned to eat. Sadly, Jasper waited until five in the afternoon, when the Dean cracked the puzzle and produced a card for him, telling him to carry it to Venebalz.

Standing in line the next morning, a bit hungrier, he collapsed twice and lost his place in the line both times. Upon finally reaching the door, in late November, he ran into unfortunate news. There were no more Water-Refills left. However, he was offered advice.

"Go to the Head of the Basketweaving and Latrine Construction Department, he may permit you to join the waiting list for replacements to the priority list for Re-Fills."

Poor Jasper began the weary search for Hophead Hall which (See CLEAR WATER, page 6).

Write Away

Scuttlebutt Wanted

Editor:

Someone in your paper Monday wanted to know why the Scuttlebutt at the east end of Emerson Stadium had been closed. The reasons for this are, in my opinion, two-fold. One is a matter of practicality; the other a matter of downright inefficiency.

The Monogram Club Circus Bar is a real beautiful little hole in the wall but it cost a lot of money to build it and it isn't big enough to supply the demand for drinks and other such articles that it should sell. By closing the Scuttlebutt the powers that be, and try to find out and see who they are, thought they would pay for the Monogram Club bar. Well, it was a wonderful thought, but I'll wager that the bar at the Club isn't doing a third of the business that the Scuttlebutt was doing. If you lived in Ruffin Dorm, would you walk to the Monogram Club to get a coke at 11 o'clock at night? Hell no, you wouldn't. But you would walk to the Scuttlebutt just across the street. Maybe the Umstead Act is the reason that they can't open both of them. Well, that's wrong too. It's just inefficiency and practicality—they often rhyme.

The other reason is that when our esteemed Coalition Cabinet met and decided to do something about the closing of the Scuttlebutt; in re, they decided to make, circulate, and present petitions to the administration asking for the reopening of the Scuttlebutt; but they forgot that an ounce of action is better than their sitting there and talking their heads off for 16 weeks. No one is running their little show and you can't do things unless you have someone who is able and willing to work at the wheel. They gave the Daily Tar Heel no information. They probably think that those petitions will get up and walk to South building and plead their case for them. In other words, they think up wonderful ideas, but can't make them work. And they talk about the importance of Student Government.

The reason that I'm writing this letter is that I circulated one of those petitions down in Alexander Dorm last Thursday night and practically everyone in the Dorm signed it. They think that the leaders of our campus are going to make an attempt to get the Scuttlebutt re-opened. I know these men will vote next year because they now see what a vital part Student Self-Government plays here on our campus. Or do our leaders in the Coalition Cabinet know this.

This is one man's opinion — it could be wrong.

Gran Childress

Rah Rah Russia!

Editor:

I am a disillusioned man. For almost a quarter of a century I have believed in the American way of life. In my innocence I imagined America as a land of freedom and opportunity. But, now — thanks to Bill Robertson — I realize that I have been taken for a ride by the treacherous capitalists.

All the things which I once held dear and vital to my well-being and happiness are now alienated from me by this new-fangled knowledge. There was a time when I enjoyed reading Life magazine — but no more. It recently printed a capitalist-inspired article by a capitalist-backed psychiatrist (who, no doubt, was forced "to sell his soul in defense of our dog-eat-dog social system") which purported to show that even chickens are class-conscious. Needless to say, this thesis is loaded with dangerous implications.

Taking into account the "chickens are class-conscious" thesis, (and I admit the article was convincing, in a treacherously logical sort of way), one might assume that much-maligned man, himself, is inherently class-conscious. One might further assume that to impose a class-less society on man would NOT eliminate the factor of class-consciousness. But that is absurd! One has but to consult Marx to see his error.

How we in America can remain so blind to the glorious Russian example — where true democracy is a living reality; where the state, which will eventually wither away, is the complete servant of the people; where the government is so wise as to predict the wishes, thoughts, and actions of the people, (See RUSSIA, page 6)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
12				13					14			
15				16					17			
		18		19					20			
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26			27			28			29	30	31	
32					33		34					
35						36			37			
					38			39			40	
41	42	43					44			45		
46						47	48			49	50	51
52										54		
55						56						

HORIZONTAL

1. applaud with hands
5. father
9. high, in music
12. loathe
13. fasten hermetically
14. game of chance
15. fills with reverential fear
16. healthy
18. misses
20. frees
21. Hawaiian food
23. landed property
26. deputy
28. bodily organ
32. medicated ointment
34. epic poem
35. bed canopies
37. wrathful
38. peaceful
40. spread for drying
41. Russian
44. follow after
46. fondles

VERTICAL

1. Oriental tea
2. legal science
3. workshops
4. Mexican dollar
5. donkeys
6. animals
7. interdict
8. fourth caliph
9. mountain range of Turkestan
10. title of nobility
11. playthings
17. quake
19. breed of dog
21. agreement
22. curved molding
24. consumed nourishment
25. subjects
27. indigenous
29. naturally camouflaged
30. whale
31. pay attention
33. before
36. scoops
39. insertion
41. boat used as lighter
42. wash
43. native of Arabia
45. Javanese tree
47. personal pronoun
48. title of address
50. bustle
51. descendant

Answer to yesterday's puzzle:

C	O	P	T	A	D	A	R	A	B
E	V	O	E	A	L	L	R	O	B
N	E	S	S	R	E	S	E	R	V
T	R	I	T	E	S	T	R	E	E
T	A	R	N	E	A	T			
E	R	I	T	R	E	A	N	S	P
R	A	V	E	S	A	D	E	R	I
G	E	E	S	T	R	E	A	M	E
C	O	L	D	E	A	L			
A	S	T	O	R	I	A	S	N	A
P	O	R	T	E	N	D	I	S	
E	R	I	E	G	I	N	T	E	E
S	A	P	S	S	T				

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