

The Daily Tar Heel

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Frank Graham and Chapel Hill

In Chapel Hill we have become accustomed to men of vision, in Raleigh and Washington and at Lake Success, asking Frank Graham to fill positions of great significance and authority in the Nation and on the world scene.

We know, because we've watched him close up, how admirable a Secretary of Defense, or of Labor, or of State, he would make; and, further, we know how magnificently he would serve his country and humanity everywhere were the President of the United States.

It's not that we don't hear the other side too; indeed there are few mortals who could list as their detractors such an egregious collection of noisy and powerful men. But it is, if anything, reassuring, from time to time, to note the sort of enemies Frank Graham has attracted by his courage and effectiveness in fighting for a better life for all men.

Lately, it seems, some of these detractors have felt need to be especially active: Radio Moscow erupted into denunciations of the wicked "imperialist" of East Franklin Street who had "coerced the Indonesian Republic" with the atom bombs he has long been known to keep in his oversized pockets. Then, just last week, some of our homegrown radio noises, with political beliefs scarcely less repressive than Radio Moscow's, began telling the American Public that the security of the United States itself has been jeopardized because this same man (now a "Communist" or "fellow-traveler") had been made eligible to gaze at secret information—about these same Atom Bombs, as it happens, that he has been carrying around in his pockets for all these many months!

Against such rantings Frank Graham needs no defense for those who know him or know of him, and who believe in the intrinsic worth of human beings and in their right to live as respected, happy parts of the community. It is fitting that the "wisdom and energies" of this man should have been cited and utilized by Presidents of the United States five times picked by the American people to lead the Nation; and that his "integrity and independence" should be noted and praised by a foremost non-political Board dealing with problems of American security.

Of course in Chapel Hill we have what amounts to a vested interest in Frank Graham. The "Carolina Spirit" we speak of so much is not an isolated and unique proposition; we neither have nor want a monopoly of belief in the Christian ethic and the democratic ideal for which men so long have struggled so hard. All we can mean by the "Carolina Spirit" is that here, in our University community, we hope we can so live as to more nearly approach these universal goals than is now possible for most human beings. And in our moments of reflection, we know how very much of this "Carolina Spirit" is today dependent on Frank Graham—how beholden is the glorious Heritage of Freedom and Individual Responsibility, which is ours in Chapel Hill, to this great champion of good causes.

We are prone to take this Heritage too much for granted; we find it easy to forget how very quickly the progress of a century can be lost, if the principles underlying the progress are not felt deeply and lived with faithfully, by the entire community. That increasing numbers of us have come to comprehend this must be encouraging to Frank Graham as he stands his ground for us and for this Heritage—in so many places and, at times, against such great odds. It is, of course, natural that we in Chapel Hill have grown to depend on him to be right here, now and always; and to feel our pride and pleasure in his world stature mingled at times with a jealous anxiety lest he ever accept a position in the Cabinet or in some faroff place.

But even as he has served Chapel Hill selflessly and irreplaceably for so long, so should our attitude toward him be grounded in feelings other than local selfishness; if the call should again come to Frank Graham to serve the cause of humanity in bigger fields, and if he should again answer it, we must not begrudge other men the benefits of his wisdom, his energies, his integrity, his independence, and his goodwill.

Meantime, as the new year opens, we can resolve to fight ceaselessly to make Chapel Hill, and the whole world we live in, the sort of place where Frank Graham would have an easier task. We can impart strength to the men on the faculty and in the student body who have understood, and sought to expand for everyone, the blessings of Freedom and of rich and good living.

A personal word to Dr. Graham is in order too. With his life he has so served as to make living more worthwhile and happiness more easily attainable for millions of his fellow-beings; in his living he has personified the timeless worth of human decency; his example has been an inspiration to decent men all over who would cherish and forward the simple goodness of democratic living. And to this man his neighbors and colleagues and students extend their gratitude and proclaim their devotion.

Wherever he may be, Frank Graham must know that he lives in the hearts of men of Good Will everywhere—even as he is living his life so Good Will itself can live everywhere.

—A. J.

These Days: Footnotes On Berlin

By George E. Sokolsky
Miss Kay Summersby, in her book, "Eisenhower Was My Boss," blithely adds footnotes to history of the greatest value in appraising what happened during the war. Her account of the German surrender will be used by historians for many years as basic material. And it is to be remembered that the OWI and other propaganda agencies gave an obviously untrue account.

Well, Kay Summersby was around when the Germans surrendered to Eisenhower. We should have marched into Berlin and Vienna and the history of the world would have been different. At that moment the Russians demanded that the whole thing must start over again; that the Germans must again surrender in Berlin. Here's how Kay Summersby describes the scene:

"General Eisenhower messaged Moscow he would be delighted to go to Berlin for a formal surrender ceremony. Then, the Prime Minister began calling; Beetle (Smith) was in and out a dozen times; other staff members added to the pressure—General Eisenhower shouldn't participate in the Berlin surrender. His advisers' principal objection was one of military protocol: Marshal Zhukov was only an army group commander, far below the rank of a general of the army. Western pride and 'face' were at stake. This and other reasons brought the Supreme Commander to agreement; he sent another message to Moscow, noting that his deputy, Air Chief Marshal Tedder, would represent Britain and America at the Berlin sessions."

Ed Kennedy of the Associated Press scooped the world by telling the truth. Miss Summersby puts it this way:

"... Aside from his understandable anger, General Eisenhower was hurt. He had taken the press into his confidence throughout the campaigns from Africa to Germany, often against conscientious military advice and he was proud his confidence always had been justified. Now, at the one time when it mattered most, the AP man had shown a complete disregard for that confidence."

It never occurred to her or her boss that Kennedy's obligation was to his readers and that neither Eisenhower nor anyone else had a legal or moral right to fake the surrender. The Germans had surrendered. That closed the War.

The lady's description of the Berlin surrender should have been set to Victor Herbert's music. It was comic opera from beginning to end. Then apparently they all settled down to a big drunk. Listen to her:

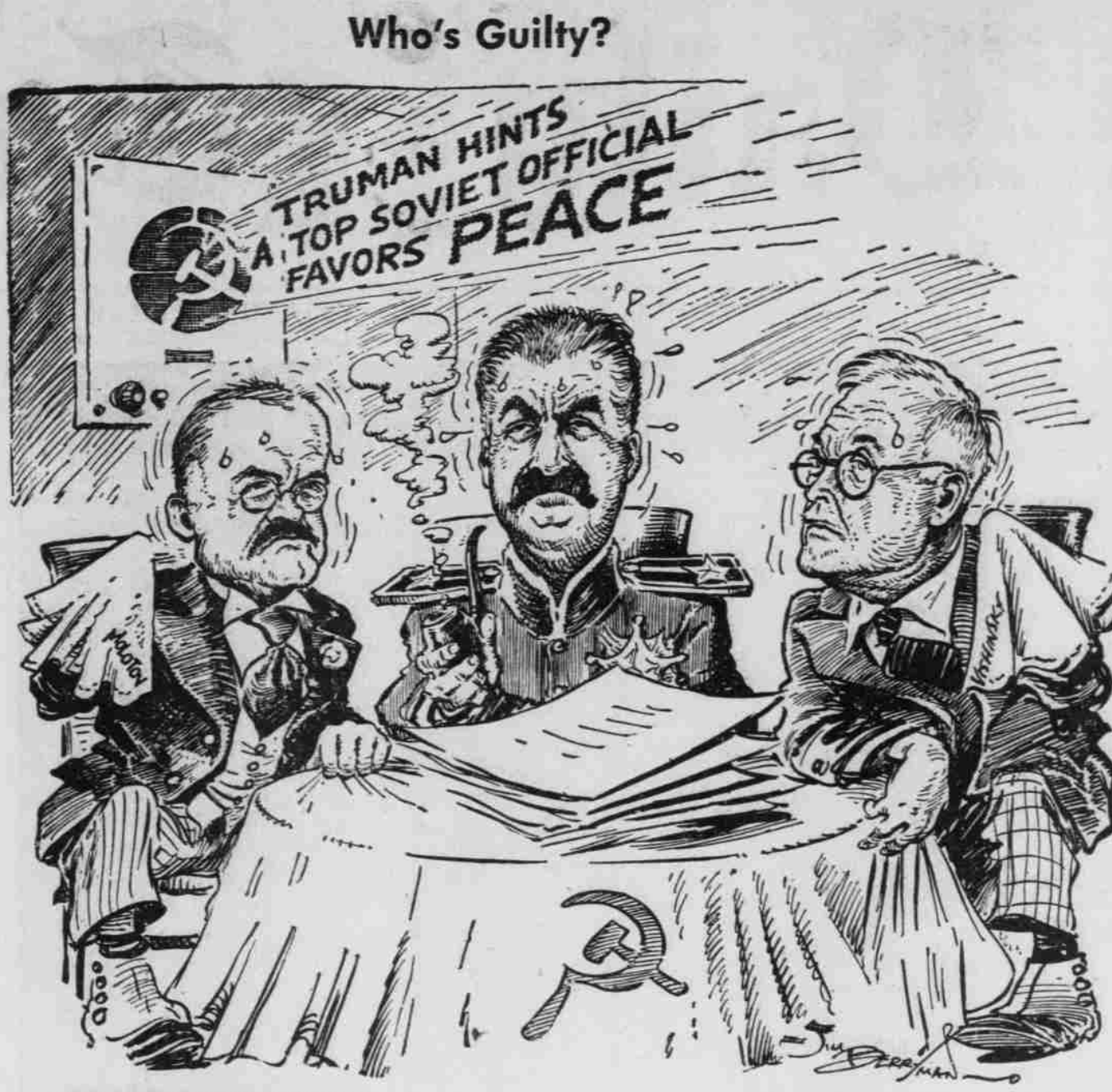
"Taking my seat, I blanched at the liquid artillery before each place: bottles of champagne, red wine, white wine, and—the Soviet secret weapon—vodka."

"The first of the coming barrage of toasts was proposed, naturally, by Zhukov, to, naturally, Premier Stalin. We waited awkwardly for the English interpretation by a Russian officer, then the Soviets all performed a bottoms-up, followed by their Western allies. I used champagne. Later, I degenerated to water; even champagne, at that pace, could be disastrous.

"For almost four hours, the entire assemblage spent its time hearing toasts proposed and interpreted, then bottoms-upped. The head table seemed to be in a perpetual uproar, as Zhukov, Tedder, Spaatz, and de Tassigny each jumped up to outdo the others in flowery toasts from their respective four nations.

At 5 a.m. the party went ga-ga. The majority of the banquet guests were drunk, good-old fashioned drunk. Among the few survivors still afloat were Zhukov, who didn't drink. . ."

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Dr. Frank in Limelight

FDR and 'Time' On Graham

TEXT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LETTER
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
June 16, 1944

Mr. W. Horace Carter, Editor
The Tar Heel
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Dear Mr. Carter:

It was good of you and Miss Yokley to write me about the feeling expressed by some North Carolinians that Dr. Frank Graham should devote his full time to the presidency of the University of North Carolina. Knowing Frank Graham as I do, I am not surprised that they want his full energies and full time. But knowing North Carolinians, I am sure they rejoice in the knowledge that the University's sacrifice in sharing Dr. Graham's services with their country is an important part of the University's contribution to the successful conduct of the war. Other colleges, corporations and institutions are lending the nation their best officials and officers. The nation is grateful for their services, but I believe that in serving America, they also best serve the companies and colleges whose free future depends upon our full victory.

I have known the University of North Carolina as one of our great institutions which recognizes its responsibility for service not merely to its campus but to the commonweal. I know I can count on the University of North Carolina and the Old North State to continue to let the nation share Frank Graham's wisdom and energies in the cause to which the State and the University have sent so many of their daughters and sons.

Very sincerely yours,
Franklin D. Roosevelt

Chollie's Follies

New Year Convolutions

By Charlie Gibson

In case more throbbing craniums than resolutions came off on New Year's Day down New Orleans way, here is a likely list of ideas that at least one of us among the approximate 7500 might use to win friends and influence readers as a '49er. So help me Ripley, I vow as follows:

(1) To study diligently, whenever Y-courting with Fernie Hughes, snacking with Emily Ogburn, sleeping, movies, dates, bridge, meetings, bull sessions, weekend trips, dances, and my roommate, permit it.

(2) To honor and respect professors, laugh at all their generation's jokes, overlook their favoritism towards intellectuals, and take note during their lectures—yeah, note of how well Art Talley works crossword puzzles.

(3) To hear no Charlie Long, speak no Miles Smith, and see no Saturday classes that I fail to cut.

(4) Not to indulge in imports as long as coeds have either cars, money, or beauty; or as long as Sarah Jane Farlow is dateless, movies are silent, and the Ra-the-koller sells milk.

(5) To mix all the cinema sins that E. Carrington Smith sneaks through town for one day stands but to catch such sure hits as the one today entitled something like "Every Mother Should Be Married."

(6) To keep informed on Carolinatics; know at which friends to throw backpacks,

knives, and rice, respectively; and to remember at least one somethingorther that is going on daily—whether, say, there is a play being made in Graham Memorial by the Laboratory theater group or in the Playmaker theater by the local dramagicians or in the arboretum by—well, Tinsley Campbell and Barbara Dalton.

(7) To be kind to dumb animals and my fellow columnists now that Editor Ed has written curtains to the weakly Comic comics trumped up by "Red" (His mother loves him anyway!) Robinson, a guy who evidently favored iron curtain tactics anyway.

(By the way, watch now for a new-style column critique to be begun soon by Don Shropshire, a lad whom none of the people agree with all of the time but whose sincerity few of the people ever question. Yours unruly long ago tried to talk Don into joining him with a companion piece to be called "Shrop's Slop.")

(8) Not to spread unchecked rumors even if Winchell would winch if scooped over the current hush-hush that a certain local novelist who knows far more about Brooklyn trees than CH dogs do is now studying divorce, too.

(10) To declare all the above resolutions and any other wild notions that were beer-born on January 1 to be null and void the first day this quarter that it rains in Chapel Hill. HAPPY NEW YEAR, all you survivors.

Recent discussion in the press and over the radio about Dr. Frank P. Graham has made particularly pertinent a letter President Franklin D. Roosevelt addressed to The Tar Heel in 1944, right after the President of the University had accepted appointment to the Federal War Labor Board. Also of interest to Carolinians is an article appearing in this week's "Time" Magazine, summarizing the connection of Dr. Graham with the Oak Ridge Institute and the Atomic projects underway there. The text of Roosevelt's letter appears in columns 4-5, and the text of the "Time" article appears below:

To the University of North Carolina's scrappy little President Frank Porter Graham, discretion has rarely been the better part of valor. As far back as North Carolina's bloody Gastonia textile strike in 1929, History Professor Graham stuck his academic neck out to fight for a better deal for labor. Over the years, he fought against racial discrimination and restriction of academic freedom. He joined numberless "liberal" committees. Franklin Roosevelt often used him on commissions on social and economic problems.

In 1946, Graham became president of the Oak Ridge (Tenn.) Institute of Nuclear Studies, a position in which he was to be given access to confidential U.S. military information. The Security Office of the Atomic Energy Commission took one look at Frank Graham's FBI file, thicker than a metropolitan telephone book, and refused to clear him for access to atomic information. Then the AEC made its own investigation. Last week, it cleared Graham. It was true, the Commission conceded, that Graham, in espousing liberal causes, had at times been associated with persons and organizations "influenced by motives or views of Communist derivation." But the commission concluded:

"It must be recognized that it is the man himself the commission is actually concerned with, that the associations are only evidentiary, and that common sense must be exercised in judging their significance. . . . The specific purposes for which he (Graham) had these associations were in keeping with American traditions and principles. Moreover, from the entire record it is clear in Dr. Graham's case that such associations have neither impaired his integrity and independence, nor aroused in him the slightest sympathy for Communism or other anti-democratic or subversive doctrines."

Write Away

Mud and Slime

Editor:
Yeah, where the heck do you guys come off, cutting out a feller's column just because he's a direct descendant of Carter Braxton, of Virginia, signer of the Declaration of Independence, to say nothing of Major Gilmer Breckenridge, of Virginia?

Could it be that you are so decadent and reactionary that you are afraid to see a real political philosophy in print? Or is it that, with true Fascist guile, you are using a few protest letters as a blind behind which you grind freedom of speech (or is it press?) into the mud and slime of feeble capitalism?

Give us more Robertson—it's half as much fun as the crossword puzzle, and twice as easy to see through. What kine editors are you, anyways, to suspend a man on, as the AVC puts it, "ideological" grounds?

R. Lee Sturdivant, John W. Mc Reynolds, Robert C. Sweet, Tom Wharton, A. Frank Moore, D. James Sharpe, William Teal

Corley's Comments

Panty-Waist Army?

By Bill Corley

The War Department's announcement that the new army will differ greatly from the armies of the past comes as a shock to many veterans. Tailor-made uniforms and kind sergeants may be all right in times when there is no threat of war and the army is only a hollow symbol of unneeded power, but in these days of international tension, we don't need a group of petted and pampered Mama's boys.

We have done too much of that sort of thing in the American Army as it is; and as a result we are destroying the greatest weapon that the American military forces have employed throughout their history. This powerful factor in the winning of the victory in the last war is known by many names and titles but more commonly as American ingenuity and self-reliance.

It was this trait that gave the G.I. his greatest advantage over the regimented German and Japanese soldiers. Yet we are systematically eliminating this important factor from our fighting forces while our potential enemies are building it up in their fighting units.

In World War II the military supply forces sent everything from roast turkey to Marlene Dietrich overseas to help keep United States soldiers happy and contented. This policy has tended to make the average man too dependent on other people and has limited his ability to function properly as an efficient combat soldier.

On the other hand the Russian soldier was given a rifle and his pack filled with ammunition; he was instructed to live off the land and to rely on himself for his individual comforts and necessities. Thus he began to develop the hardness and inventiveness which characterized the American soldier of a few years ago.

One has only to look at the list of new weapons and simple but effective war methods that came about as a result of this policy to see that it works. It works too well to be ignored if we ever have to fight Russia. Two of the most outstanding and most widely publicized developments made by Russian improvisation were the Molotov Cocktail and the use of rockets on aircraft.

When a nation's future existence is at stake in a world in which peace or war is at the mercy of an incident, then it is no time to cater to public fancy or Mothers' damned foolishness in worrying about junior's feet getting cold or someone hurting his feelings. If we are going to have an army, make it an army of men and not an army of helpless individuals waiting for some one to hold a handkerchief so they can blow their noses.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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47						48			49	

- HORIZONTAL**
1. tropical American wildcat
5. tears violently
9. policeman (colloq.)
12. fly aloft
13. standard quantity
14. wine vessel
15. calls into action
17. tapestry
19. whistle
20. bedbugs
21. short-eared mastiffs (her.)
23. flash
24. Austrian composer
25. bestow
26. personal pronoun
28. nocturnal flying mammal
29. feminine name
30. evergreen tree
31. indefinite article
32. bivalve mollusks
33. slam
34. river in France
- 35. ship's load
36. configurations
38. figure
39. flaxen fabric
40. cart (Sp. Am.)
43. native metal
44. Algerian seaport
46. press
47. foot-like organ
48. gown
- VERTICAL**
1. S-shaped worm
2. personal pronoun
3. bulwark
4. furnishing with weapons
5. Finnish poem
6. those in office
- 7. jumbled type
8. strength
9. unit of gem weight
10. Persian poet
11. go by
16. goddess of fertility
18. lease
20. laths
21. father
22. thin
23. dirt
ground in
25. snails
26. Chinese dynasty
27. hence
29. venter in law
30. agriculturists
32. contend with
33. Scottish playwright
34. country roads
35. the heart
36. spill over
37. contract for services of
38. temple
40. public vehicle
41. apex
42. every
45. international language

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

BUD TROTS SLY
ATE ROBIN POE
RECRIMINATION
RIA SPAR
CHIDDEN PRESS
LEES LARES TO
AIS TAMED TAB
IN RUNES BALE
METES STEAMER
OAST RIP
COMPLEMENTING
AVE ELATE COO
PAS SATES ORT

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