

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is issued daily during the regular sessions of the University by the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examination and vacation periods, and during the official summer terms when published semi-weekly. Entered as second-class matter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8.00 per year, \$3.00 per quarter.

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The WASHINGTON SCENE

By George Dixon
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WASHINGTON, April 28.—Secretary of State Dean Acheson was nowhere near ready to reveal our government's new policy on China when the big story broke. The untimely disclosure provides another fantastic illustration of how highly confidential stuff in the Nation's Capital suddenly becomes unconfidential.

Acheson was sitting on the thing like a mother hen in a wolf-infested neighborhood when Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, came up with his aid-to-China bill. The measure would involve \$1,500,000,000 for that country, and also use of our silver to revitalize the Chinese monetary system.

The Secretary of State decided he needed some help on Capitol Hill to squelch the McCarran Bill so he wrote a letter to Senator Tom Connally, of Texas, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, outlining how he stood.

To make it perfectly clear to Connally, the Secretary of State went the whole hog.

"There is no evidence," he wrote, "that furnishing of additional military material would alter the pattern of current developments in China. . . . such a move as proposed in the McCarran Bill would involve this country in an undertaking so great in magnitude it would almost surely be catastrophic."

The president of a Rhode Island silver company wrote Senator Theodore Francis Green, of that state, asking how the McCarran proposal would affect the silver business in this country.

Senator Green turned the query over to his administrative assistant, Edward J. Higgins, in the routine course of business. Still following routine, Mr. Higgins wrote the State Department asking how Secretary Acheson stood on the McCarran bill, etc., etc.

One of Acheson's assistants handled the query. He looked through the files to see if the boss had put any views on the subject into writing—and found the letter to Senator Connally. It seemed to cover the matter, so he sent a copy to Senator Green's office.

Mr. Higgins, anxious only to be of service to a constituent, retained the copy to the silver company president.

The latter digested it—and a couple of days later mentioned it to a fellow on one of the Providence newspapers. This fellow decided it was news.

That's how it got back to Washington—and out to the world.

Looking for a Chance to Perform



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EVIL DISGUISED

Editor:

Reverend Dr. Samuel Tilden Habel in a recent editorial hails the end of an age of "rash and ruthless iconoclasm." Modern man symbolizing this iconoclasm, is depicted by Dr. Habel as being forlorn and lost in the immensity and imperceptibility of the universe. Modern society as such seems to him empty and devoid of value. One must agree with the Reverend, that these are chaotic times in man's moral and spiritual history. It is natural also that man, sensing this moral abnormalism, should turn to his religion, not just for comfort, now, but for understanding as well. For he knows that, irrespective of its qualitative values, religion is the greatest of moral forces.

Today, the common man sees himself in perspective. His mental playground covers not just his home and church community, but the entire world around him. And upon seeing it all before him, he sees also himself in the midst of it. Is it so unnatural that in a world of such diversity of belief and custom, that one man, seeing himself beside another, should compare his lot? And is it so unnatural that in comparing his lot with that of others, that man should find this or that one or his own, lacking?

This is the attitude of which you speak, Dr. Habel; it is the critical attitude and the one by which man, unavoidably viewing this or that outcast state, seeks to liberate himself and others. This critical attitude, the outstanding feature of modern man, is not purposefully iconoclastic. It seeks only to fulfill those new needs that man finds co-requisite with his increasing mental scope. That a man should in turning to his religion, now, find it lacking, is only the proof of his sincere desire to better mankind.

Many of us, who today turn with this attitude toward the church and what it represents, find it sorely lacking. And because of its great influence upon our children who cannot yet judge its values, our critical attitude at times takes proportions of the extreme. But we who would strip off every taboo and sacred altar, even though sometimes acting in extreme, are not the "lost" ones; we have in the truest sense found ourselves.

We now know that this critical world view that modern man possesses did not give rise to the chaos that seems to exist in the world today, but that on the contrary, the chaos that

SOMETHING SACRED

Editor:

(In reply to Dr. Samuel T. Habel's editorial of April 24, entitled "Something Sacred")
Something sacred you seek, Dr. Habel? . . . I have it! Something more meaningful to me, more worthy and more precious than all your religious rituals, something truly sacred—life itself. Even you would have it, as I and all men.

Can we not put a bit of our faith in man himself? Is it not our primary duty to aid man in the mastery of himself and his surrounding universe? Yet do we do this by continually preaching to man that he is no more than a weakling, dependant upon an "Almighty" for sustenance? Do we improve man's lot by urging that he crawl back into the mother's womb—and eternal sleep? Sir, do not tempt us with Death. We tire and would die cowardly.

Rather, teach us to have faith in ourselves and to make our own way. Teach us to honor, above all things, this life we now possess. Impress us with the sacredness of our own being, if you would have something sacred. Then man truly will not treat life so lightly and reverse death so highly, as he now does. Could a beneficent God deny us our freedom?
These four lines, I think, best express what I would like to say:

Of men we know; of gods we but surmise,
And one thing's true indisputably—
A faith in mankind and without disguise
Tends more to life than all religiosity.

John Brock

TAYLOR CRITICIZED

Editor:

As a man who has been reading the Tar Heel for about 10 years, and who by some coincidence enjoys it I find great fault in one of your current columnists, who parades under the almost unbelievable name of Vestal Taylor.

In his column Wednesday Mr. Taylor with thumbs hooked in his vestal continues to set himself up as an expert on the local theater scene. He had the air of putrifaction about it. Personally most of my friends and I prefer Mr. Wink Locklair, who spends more time telling you authentic information about the theater and less time telling you of the authenticity of Mr. Locklair.

Personally I would rather be hoodwinked than Taylor made.
Name Withheld by Request

Walter McCraw

Mouth-Fools

This Game Golf

By Jimmy Rutherford

The local golf course as well as the other putting grounds around the vicinity have been fully occupied during the past week due, no doubt, to the fair weather. I wonder if they have been busy in the daytime?

I have heard that one student amorous in attention took his girl out on the links one starry night and got teed off. Another one got apprehended by the police for reckless driving. When you're out on the green you can't afford to be.

Like the rest of the students around here, I have become interested in this game of golf. A game where the ball lies poorly and the player as well.

During the past week on a sunny afternoon, I decided to try my luck on the local links. Arriving there I saw an old friend of the family who had a young daughter who was an old friend of mine. I inquired about his health and politely asked about his daughter's golf. He told me she was going around in less and less every week. I don't

doubt that but I still wondered about her golf.

What they say about the language at the golf course is true. I know. One ship captain's parrot who used to swear as bad as a truck driver with a flat tire was reported to have dropped dead on the links the other day. That is no place for the children.

One exasperated golfer took seventeen strokes coming out of the rough; seventeen strokes—not counting one apologetic.

The caddies out there don't help matters either. Everyone of them try to be a joker. Whenever they go out with me, they don't carry a watch but a compass. I would have knocked one guy's block off but I didn't know what club to use.

I told one of them that he was driving me out of my mind, and he said that wouldn't be a drive but a putt. I would have dismissed that smart alec right then, but I didn't know the way back.

I would like to warn all golfers now about those caddies. Everyone of them is a thief. They'll swipe every new ball you bring out on the green. Take my word for it. Don't put it past them.

Golf is a great game for the professionals. It is also a dangerous game. I had to hit my dog out there once. He wasn't mad, but then he wasn't so pleased either.

In closing I would like to relate this little tale I have heard on the fairways. This is a story of a man who came back from practice so visibly excited that his friend in the locker room asked what was wrong? "What's wrong?" was the bitter retort. "I just killed my wife. That's what is wrong!" "Holy smoke, how did you do that?"

"I was out there practicing and didn't see my wife come up from behind me. I took a back swing and hit her on the head, and she dropped dead."

"Gosh that's too bad! What club were you using?"

"A niblick," mourned the golfer.

"That's the club," said his friend happily.

Jean Riden

Getting the Best Students

Tomorrow Chapel Hill will be literally taken over by visitors. Many will come to witness the Blue-White football classic in Kenan Stadium, but the vast majority, 10,000 in all, will be high school students of this state visiting the University in the annual High School Day festivities.

High School Day at Carolina is certainly one of the most important events of the year as far as the University is concerned. Each year the most outstanding students in the state visit Chapel Hill on this occasion, and usually they go away with glowing opinions of Carolina. The favorable impression made at this time probably has prompted many students to attend Carolina in preference to other colleges. Thus, every effort should be made to provide proper entertainment for the visitors.

In many states, the state-owned universities have little competition for the outstanding high school graduates. However, such is not the case with Carolina. Each year many of the best scholars in North Carolina make the other state schools—Duke, Wake Forest, and Davidson—their choices for continuing their education.

Carolina obviously has many advantages over the other state schools, both from an academic and physical standpoint. A more concerted effort should be made to acquaint high school graduates with these advantages. The crowded conditions which prevailed in the state colleges just after the war are gradually diminishing, and with this comes increasing competition for the top students. More programs such as the High School Day affair tomorrow are in order. One suggestion would be to invite the students with the best averages over to Chapel Hill some weekend as guests of the University. There are endless possibilities for entertainment, such as tours of the planetarium, Woollen Gymnasium, the library, and other interesting points on the campus.

Carolina gets its share of the scholars, but with a little effort, even more of them could be attracted to this University.

Coed Column

Big Party Weekend

Harriet Williamson

What's been going on lately at old Chapel Collich? You'd be surprised to know the true scoop of last weekend's May Frolics success. . . . When a number of disheartened collegiates saw their parties threatened by nasty weather, a delegation of students led by Nelson Taylor stormed the Weather Bureau and negotiated for the sunshine. It seems the bribe included a bona fide invite to all the P J parties at Hogan's!

Then there were those who thought the weekend could be most enjoyable at the beach. One Charles Vernon met a delightful conversationalist at the Surf Inn—a Polly parrot by the name of Polly. Charlie would converse in intimate words of "Hello Polly!" whereupon the parrot would reply, "Hello Charlie—Awk! Awk!" Did you know that there was a parrot in the London museum named Robert who laid an egg at the age of 127 years—whereupon the Bobbies changed her name to Roberta.

If you happen to notice eight girls crawling upstairs to classes and eating off mantelpieces instead of sitting as per usual,

it is just Charlotte Wilson, Jimmie Faust, Ann Green, Marilyn Stanley, Julia McHenry, Jody Armstrong, Zo Donnan, or Anita Gates who have been in training for cheerleaders next year. What are you doing to them, Norm?

Recently there was a fire that gutted out a colored home in Chapel Hill so that everything was totally destroyed. At the suggestion of Becky Otter, the girls in Melver dorm took up a collection and went shopping with the six little girls of the family. After purchasing little dresses and toys, the troop ended up at Sutton's Drug Store for double dip chocolate ice cream cones. One little girl named Marie got more chocolate down the front of her dress than in her mouth, and it took B. A. Austin a long time to repair the damages.

After Valkyrie Sing the other night, one of the black-faced Chi Omega chorus girls was overheard giving her date a hard time. Nell Lee Greening couldn't understand why he did not particularly want his face black, too.

Fiendish chuckles have accompanied the dark secrets of

the plans for the beeg Carnival this Friday night. . . . it is rumored about that the Chi Phis are really going to have a squirrel shooting game, the Phi Deltas a penny-pitching booth, and the Kappa Alphas a sidewalk cafe.

These surprise fire drills are enough to drive a coed mad! During the latest one, a house president reported a most successful evacuation of her dormitory with one casualty. It seems that one girl wouldn't be awakened even if it were judgement day, and consequently would have roasted alive if a real fire had broken out. One helpful suggestion was to borrow the gong the Valkyries use at tapping and run through the halls screaming, "Foo Man Choo is loose in the dorm!"

Wasn't it a shame that due to lack of coordination of campus activities Dr. Polgar's magic show was scheduled for the same night as the Carolina Independent Coed Association's fashion show. Although a lot of care and preparation went into the fashion show by CICA and the Chapel Hill merchants, the show was a financial failure besides being poorly attended.