

The Daily Tar Heel

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Legislative Review Solon Baiting

By Gifford Hay

The grand old American custom of legislative-baiting showed up last week in Billy's Carmichael's three-day series of stories on the block fee system.

Now, there is nothing wrong with legislative-baiting. Every good citizen know a couple of jokes about Progress vs. Congress; and persons of note from Harry Truman down to the local garbage collector take pleasure in berating Congress, the State Legislature, the Board of Aldermen—and in this case, the Student Legislature.

Ex-Publications Board Chairman Carmichael believes that if the Legislature has been stamped before, to the detriment of Publications, it can be stamped again, this time in the other direction. And he may be right.

On the other hand, this Legislature, like others, may come to take roundhouse punches from the press as a matter of course, with only mild irritation and increased stubbornness when appropriation time comes around.

Carmichael was wide of the mark in blaming the Legislature for all the fiscal ills of the Publications Board. Actually, the Budget originates with the President's Budget Committee, an arm of the Executive Department, which has been at fault in overestimating collections of fees.

The completed Budget then goes to the Legislature's Finance Committee, which makes changes as it sees fit. The Budget is finally passed by the whole Legislature that has acted after the Budget has been passed, in order to cut appropriations to fit new collection figures.

Specifically, Carmichael calls for a three-point program for fees: Correct 'em, Raise 'em, and Guarantee 'em. Here is the Hay prognostication on what will probably happen:

1. Correct 'em, that is, raise yearly graduate school fees of \$11.55 to approach the \$15 undergraduate fee. This can and should be done, but it will take some careful, tactful negotiation with a raft of deans to get the increase through.

2. Raise 'em, the Publications Board suggests, a dollar per quarter, to \$18 a year. Whether this increase would be passed on to the graduate students, the articles didn't say. A fee increase will be hard to get.

The present Student Administration is bound by the decisions of previous Chief Executives; and a tax increase isn't a good plank to put in a Spring platform.

3. Guaranteeing Publications its appropriated share of fee collections will be taken up later, if the Board decides to push the idea. It hasn't got a chance.

For the next month, it falls on Chairman Chuck Hauser to carry out the Board's program. Whatever comes out of the Budget Committee will be a compromise, less than the Board asks for and more than it got last year, which is right and as it should be. Hauser's conference with the Legislature's Finance Committee on Friday points to a program of cooperation, information, patience—and constructive action.

Letters to the Editor

Editor:

In his recent column, Dave Sharpe—alias Gifford Hay—inferred that Student Party legislators had been guilty of "backscratching" because the S. P. members voted for some University Party candidates in the legislature races. Dave, who is U. P. whip in the Legislature as well as a supposedly objective-minded columnist, observed that "Nobody seems to know what this backscratching means, if anything." Since the editorial pages of the DTH have had a U. P. smell to them for some time, we who represent the Student Party in the Legislature believe it wise to point out to the student body that the S. P. record has always been one of supporting the best candidates, regardless of party affiliation.

In the fall elections, for example, the Student Party nominated Don VanNoppen—a member of the opposition—for the Student Council. The S. P. appreciates the fact that machine-minded U. P. politicians never has and probably never will understand the logic of nominating the best students available.

We think Dave's column is well-written despite its obvious bias. Since no man can be completely fair, we would ask Mr. Editor, that names and not aliases be signed to columns in the DTH.

Sol Kimerling
Ed Best
John Hazelhurst
Graham Jones
Don LaRue
Otis McCullom
John Sanders
Gene Shaw
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Letter of the Week

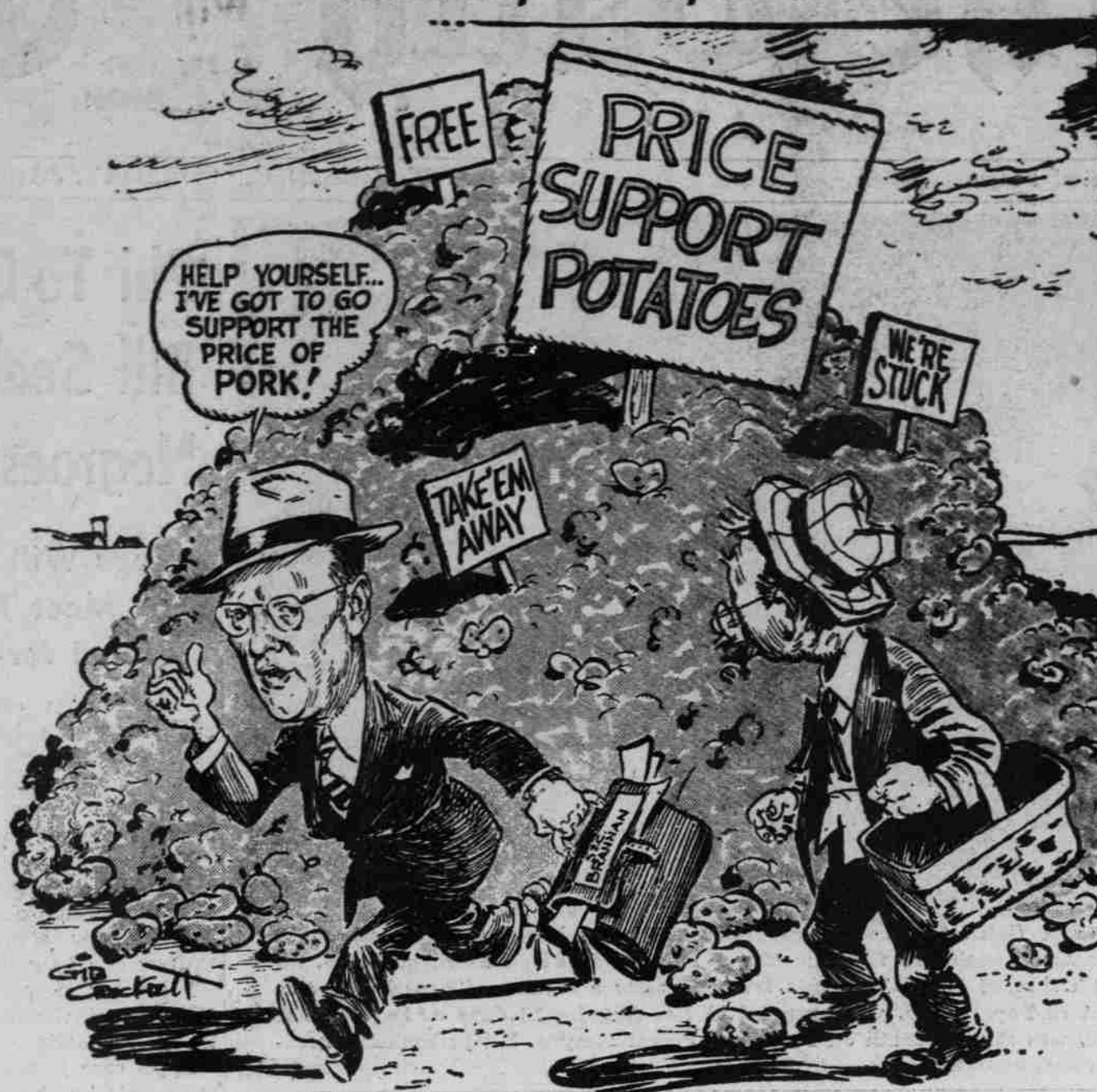
Each week Chesterfield's campus representative will award a carton of Chesterfield cigarettes to the student on campus who has written the best "Letter to the Editor" during the week. The winners will be picked by the DTH editorial staff and announced each Tuesday morning.

Letters must be typewritten, double-spaced, and on one side of the paper. The address of the writer should be included.

This week's winner of the Chesterfield award is Mark A. Mobley, who authored the letter "Service, Please." In his letter Mobley praised the installation of the new snack bar in the Pine Room of Lenoir Hall. However, he complained of the slow service to customers.

Mobley may pick up his cigarettes by dropping by the DTH editorial office in Graham Memorial each afternoon before 4:00.

Somebody Will Pay For Them



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Carolina Seen In The Pink

By Bill Kellam

Hollywood at long last shows welcome, well-overdue signs of advancing beyond its present moronic standards of entertainment (?), if one may consider "Pinky" as the forerunner of a new trend in our celluloid culture center. "Pinky" is the realistic treatment of the troubles of a light-skinned Negro gal who crossed the color lahn up nawth and then found it mighty hard to come back—to her home and race.

Although "Pinky" was most engrossing, the reaction of the audience was more interesting. Male and female spectators alike were aroused to great heights of righteous indignation and sympathy as our heroien's saga of misery and discrimination was splattered on the clean, white screen.

Irate gasps and snide remarks at the villainy of the blackguards who dogged "Pinky" at her every step were quite common throughout the picture. But, one still doubted that the converts would preach this newly-acquired gospel of equal opportunity and civil rights very long after they left the confines of the cinema.

However, that's not surprising, for student evangelism rarely extends beyond the confines of the campus these days. But the picture apparently did shock a few people, and if some frequenters of the local cinema were aroused from their blasé lethargies, that's good. Not many things can do that in this sophisticated days of enameled plumbing and 25c beer.

"Pinky" had been publicized a bit, and deservedly highly praised by the critics, as a frank treatment of a phase of the Southern race problem. But "Pinky" had received nothing, in the South, anyway, approximately the lurid ballyhoo given such infantile epics as "Samson and Delilah," "Captain China," etc.

Apparently the worth of a Hollywood production is inversely proportional to the bull slung about it by the publicity departments. Such huckstering is only common sense, on the part of the producer, though, for no fan will plunk down his dough to see drive like "Simpleton and Delirious" unless he's browbeaten into it by ads picturing scantily clad, or unclad, babes lolling invitingly on their plush posteriors, or couches.

The picture was memorable in that it vividly captured the hopelessness of the oppressed (to use if I may without risking the stigma of communism, favorite Daily Worker word) Negro, and we must admit that he is discriminated against. The sadistic small town cops; the backbreaking daily washing and ironing performed by the Negro mam-

my; the young drunks' attempted assault of the young colored girl (Pinky); the squalidness of the native-American ghettos; the sullen, vicious prejudices of a small town. "Pinky" managed to depict this without lapsing into the usual trite, maudlin philosophizing which characterizes most Hollywood didacticism.

There was noteworthy acting accompanying Elia Kazan's skillful direction. Ethel Barrymore proved why the Barrymore's were Hollywood's first family with her portrayal of the indomitable old spinster who won't give in to anything, even death, until she's good and ready.

Ethel Waters catches the pathos and cheerful resignation of wise old colored mammy who's known nothing but hard

work, but who has still managed to retain integrity and pride. Jeanne Crain does a fine job with a very difficult role. Perhaps she's not quite up to the role at times, but her unreacting is much more convincing in such a role.

The find of the picture, though, is the big, fat, colored fellow who unfortunately remains anonymous in the billing (and thus here). He delivers a performance which is Falstaffian in dramatic stature. Never before has this columnist seen on the screen such a good-natured but worthless scoundrel. He steals every scene with ease. Given a chance, he'll make a worthy contribution to the Hollywood picture.

You may not agree with what "Pinky" has to say, but it's one of the worthiest pictures of the year. Don't miss it.

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HORIZONTAL

- thick cord
- Scandinavian land division
- saurel
- Mohammedan cleric
- deface
- narrative
- crime
- plant genus
- gazing fixedly
- city in France
- small tooth
- spaces
- nothing
- pedal digit
- swiftly
- medicine givers
- goddess of harvest
- thing, in law
- virulent epidemics
- American statesman
- rock resembling slate
- vessel-guiding devices
- midday
- spoken
- Ireland
- ignited
- mien
- feeble
- printer's measure
- fodder
- leave out
- show-offs
- supplicat
- catkin
- brink
- prefix: three
- cubic metric unit
- masculine name
- plant of lily family
- lairs
- acted speedily and carelessly
- put in
- early Christian champion
- bustle
- knock
- small squares, as of glass
- worthless bit
- S-shaped worm
- river in Scotland
- start
- wrench muscle
- steal along furtively
- purse, as game
- small merganser
- this place
- operatic solo
- speed
- competition
- snow vehicle

VERTICAL

- freezes

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

IMPET DAL OLA
 MOOSE ELL SEN
 NURSE FIE LEO
 REE BEE CORN
 AND BANNER
 LI GLAD NATAL
 SNORES CAVITE
 OGNRES MOTE TA
 ESSENE TEN
 PAWN ONE RES
 EVE BUD PINTA
 DEN ASE APSES
 ORT REP WEEDS

Average time of solution: 26 minutes.
 Distributed by King Features Syndicate 46 Island Dr.

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Drew Pearson

(Ed. note—Another of Drew Pearson's series of columns on national crime networks and Costelloism.)

Washington.—One year ago two Justice Department lawyers, Max Goldshien and Drew O'Keefe, began studying a stack of crime reports three feet high gathered from various cities of the U. S. A. Thus, very slowly at first, began the current probe of the nation's far-flung gambling networks.

Actually, the Federal Government cannot investigate gambling. It has the power to investigate narcotics, white slavery, immigration violations and income taxes, but although the public doesn't realize it, these are closely meshed with the great gambling syndicates, until the organized underworld of the nation is now integrated and divided in about the same way that a railroad changes crews and engines at division points.

Two powerful officials have tried to block this investigation. One was inside the U. S. Treasury in Washington, the other high up in the State of California.

Despite this, however, the probe began to bear real fruit when, last week, 16 members of a California narcotics gang were indicted. Leader of the gang is Joe Sica, and his arrest illustrates how closely organized crime is integrated from coast to coast.

Sica is a New Jersey boy and a part of the original Costello gang, having trained with Willie Moretti, the gambling king of New Jersey. Moretti has been Frankie Costello's No. 1 man in that area.

General Vaughn, the President's military aide, has admitted under oath that one of Costello's partners, Bill Helis, the Golden Greek, contributed through him, Vaughn, to Truman campaigns; while John Maragon has admitted oath under that he worked for another Costello partner, Phil Kastel.

Coming to California, with that state's wartime growing pains, Joe Sica became Mickey Cohen's bodyguard, then gradually climbed the ladder of crime until he is now Southern California's No. 1 hoodlum. Like Mickey, he runs a haberdashery shop on Sunset Boulevard (under the sovereignty of good-natured Sheriff Gene Biscual, rather than the tougher Los Angeles Police) and also operates a health club as a blind for a bookie joint and a narcotics center.

And, as the gangster star of Mickey Cohen waned, Joe Sica, the boy from New Jersey, became more potent and has more or less taken Mickey's place.

Being ambitious, Joe was not satisfied with the sovereignty of Los Angeles alone. Up the rich Central Valley of California are some of the wealthiest farmlands in the world, and an old stamping ground for Sica. Once he served as bodyguard for Jos Cannon, the gambling king of Fresno, while one of his narcotics runners, Alex Berry, was pilot of Cannon's private airplane.

So Joe Sica became narcotics king of the Central Valley. Pine Lake Lodge, just outside Fresno, for a time became headquarters for the mob, with 11 teletype machines bringing in news of the racing world. (Pine Lake Lodge is now purged of the mob and under completely new management.)

Diagonally across from the police station in downtown Fresno, operated Joe Cannon's swank gambling joint, the Plantation Club. Not many of Fresno's overwhelming law-abiding citizens connected Cannon with any outside mob, and ex-Police Chief Ray T. Wallace, when asked why he didn't close the Plantation Club, naively replied that he couldn't get his undercover agents inside it—even though an ex-policeman was the elevator operator, and even though newsmen had no difficulty gaining access.

Furthermore, not many of Fresno's largely law-abiding citizens realized that the 32 houses of prostitution in the city paid an average of \$175 per girl per month to the police with about \$5,000 to the powers that be in order even to get started. To take over an old lease on a house of ill fame cost as much as \$35,000; so it was cheaper to start a new house for \$5,000. Meanwhile, cheaper gambling establishments paid at the rate of about \$150 a month for police protection.

One gambling house, the Club Alabam, was even owned by Lieut. S. A. Meek of the Fresno Police Force.

The Police Chief responsible for keeping order in Fresno at that time was blue-eyed, heavy-set, likable Ray T. Wallace, who received a salary from the city of \$450 a month.

Not many people in Fresno probably took the trouble to investigate Chief Wallace's property holdings, though such investigation can be accomplished merely by looking up the County Tax Assessor's records. This columnist did look up the records, and was surprised to find that the police chief or his wife owned some 16 ranches or parcels of land totaling 1,742 acres.

This does not include three lots in the city of Fresno, two ranches recently sold, a hotel and restaurant on G street, and the "OK Rubber Welders," a tire-recapping establishment that is owned in partnership with Wallace's son.

These were some of the facts confronting courageous Gordon Dunn, the Stanford University athlete, after he found himself elected mayor of Fresno last April. These facts also may have been one reason why he promptly fired Police Chief Wallace and Lieutenant Meek, owner of the Club Alabam, and rebuffed the proposals of his campaign manager, Robert Franklin, to open up the city.

Mayor Dunn also clamped down on a long string of tawdry hotels and houses in Fresno's red-light district. In addition he cracked down on every gambling club in Fresno.