

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"O ye hypocrites," said Jesus, "Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

We can make the Pharisees and Sadducees look silly when it comes to "discerning the face of the sky." We have named and numbered all the stars and planets, written down their sizes, weights, and even temperatures, and computed their orbits. In fact we have got every right to be pretty cocky when it comes to scientific knowledge. We have even made it a glory of our age how science "goes self-superseding on"—in theology a new truth may be greeted with alarm and a new outlook with apprehension, but in science new discoveries blasting the pride and great achievements of other ages are hailed as new peaks of progress and accepted as challenges as a matter of routine. Science—it's wonderful!

But when we come to the "signs of the times," we aren't much better off than the Pharisees. That really, is what makes the mid-twentieth century such an interesting period for young people to live in. We are living through one of the most profound revolutions of history, and the "signs" are indistinct and uncertain, pointing two ways at once, and pointing with a greater urgency than ever before.

Our grandfathers, for instance, had no misgivings at all about what the future would hold in store. The democratic tradition, they thought, would naturally prevail in backward countries. The free enterprise system would bring a steadily rising standard of living for all classes. Christianity and humanitarianism would temper the over-acquisitive instincts, and would give meaning and graciousness to our lives. Warfare was on the decline, and soon civilized nations would be able to look forward to endless vistas of calm, peace, and prosperity. "The rockets' red glare" and "bombs bursting in air" were outmoded, not startlingly contemporary.

Look at us now. All the things that our grandfathers believed to be eternally self-evident truths are sharply challenged and repudiated both at home and abroad. New faiths possessed of immense vitality scorn our democracy, and ancient heresies, once crushed, rise again to confront us. Our economic system has already undergone radical transformation, and undoubtedly will change even more. Christianity has sharply declined in strength before the new creed of liberal humanism, and, newly but not yet entirely conscious of past errors, has not risen with its reputed power against the gods of totalitarianism. The individualism of the last century has given place to the creed of social conformity, with its high premium on the individual whose ideas conform to social norms. Wars, far from vanishing, have increased in ferocity until they dwarf and previously recorded inhumanity of history. And finally the hydrogen bomb, and, considering robot weapons, can man last as long as war?

Yet, for all this, there is no other period of history in which we could rather live than in the present. No other age has been as suggestible to profound, radical, conservative changes as ours is. Ours is no age for the cowardly and unimaginative—ours is a time for greatness. The power we have, with God, to shape the course of history is tremendously greater than that of the youths of any previous age. We are seeing history being written in our daily newspapers; we are living in the very presence of history, we are history.

The questions that our generation must answer are many and complex. Which of the present tendencies in our religious, political, and social beliefs are desirable, and which must be reversed? From where comes the vitality of the ideologies which confront and threaten our own beliefs? What values and beliefs are more than fables for our Atomic Age? Which are relevant to our problems, and which should be discarded? Shall we cling to our own nationalism while decrying the nationalism of all other countries? Is internationalism of all other countries? Is internationalism really possible or desirable? What about the social indoctrination we are all subjected to? How can we stand fast against tides of propaganda? How can we know right from wrong?

If any of us want to settle down and grapple with these questions, the Montreat Retreat is the best place available for us. There'll be a discussion group on courtship, but there's more than that. Houseparties are fun, but houseparties are silly compared to this. Here, in the only activity in which all levels of the campus can get together, we will have the opportunity for discussing Christian ethics and their importantly eternal applications to our modern problems. We will have an opportunity for close and personal contact with fellow student, campus, and faculty leaders—most of our student government leaders will be there, as well as heads of other organizations.

The particular importance of this Retreat is that we will have the opportunity to see the forest without too many of the trees getting in our way. We can plan future activities for the campus and evaluate what has been done in a more-or-less detached light. This is a vital necessity; how else can we remain truly normal in an incessantly busy and buzzing abnormal world? We need this. It may well be that the world needs to stand off from itself before plunging back busily into its eternal and temporal tasks, too. The Registration Desk is in the "Y" lobby . . . so don't just stand there—sign up!

—Donnelly, et al.

## Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

Next time you meet a fellow who doesn't believe in anything he can't measure with a slide rule, ask him to give you a logical explanation of the documented case history of Patience Worth. . . .

On a July in 1913, two St. Louis housewives, a Mrs. John Curran and a Mrs. Emily Hutchings, were amusing themselves with an ouija board—a parlor pastime as popular then as Canasta is now. Suddenly Mrs. Curran felt a strong pressure on her hands and the pointer began to spell out a message: "Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name."

When the skeptical housewife asked to know more about the lady at the other end of the line, the board immediately answered that Patience Worth had been born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1694, and had always wanted to be a writer.

So began the strangest literary collaboration in the history of psychic phenomena, and during the next 15 years, with Mrs. Curran acting as medium, Patience Worth turned out four fulllength novels and almost 2,500 poems—3,000,000 words in all.

The first novel, "A Sorry Tale," was published by the reputable and unseasonably-minded firm of Henry Holt and Co., and when *The New York Times* reviewed it on July 8, 1917, it said, "This long and intricate tale of Jewish and Roman life during the time of Christ is constructed with the precision and accuracy of a master hand. It is a wonderful, a beautiful and a noble book."

The second novel, "Hope Trueblood," was the story of a peasant girl in 17th Century England, and it was extolled by a London reviewer as "a landmark of fiction." And in "Braithwaite's Anthology of Poetry for 1917," there were three poems by Vachel Lindsay, three by Amy Lowell, one by Edgar Lee Masters, and five by Patience Worth.

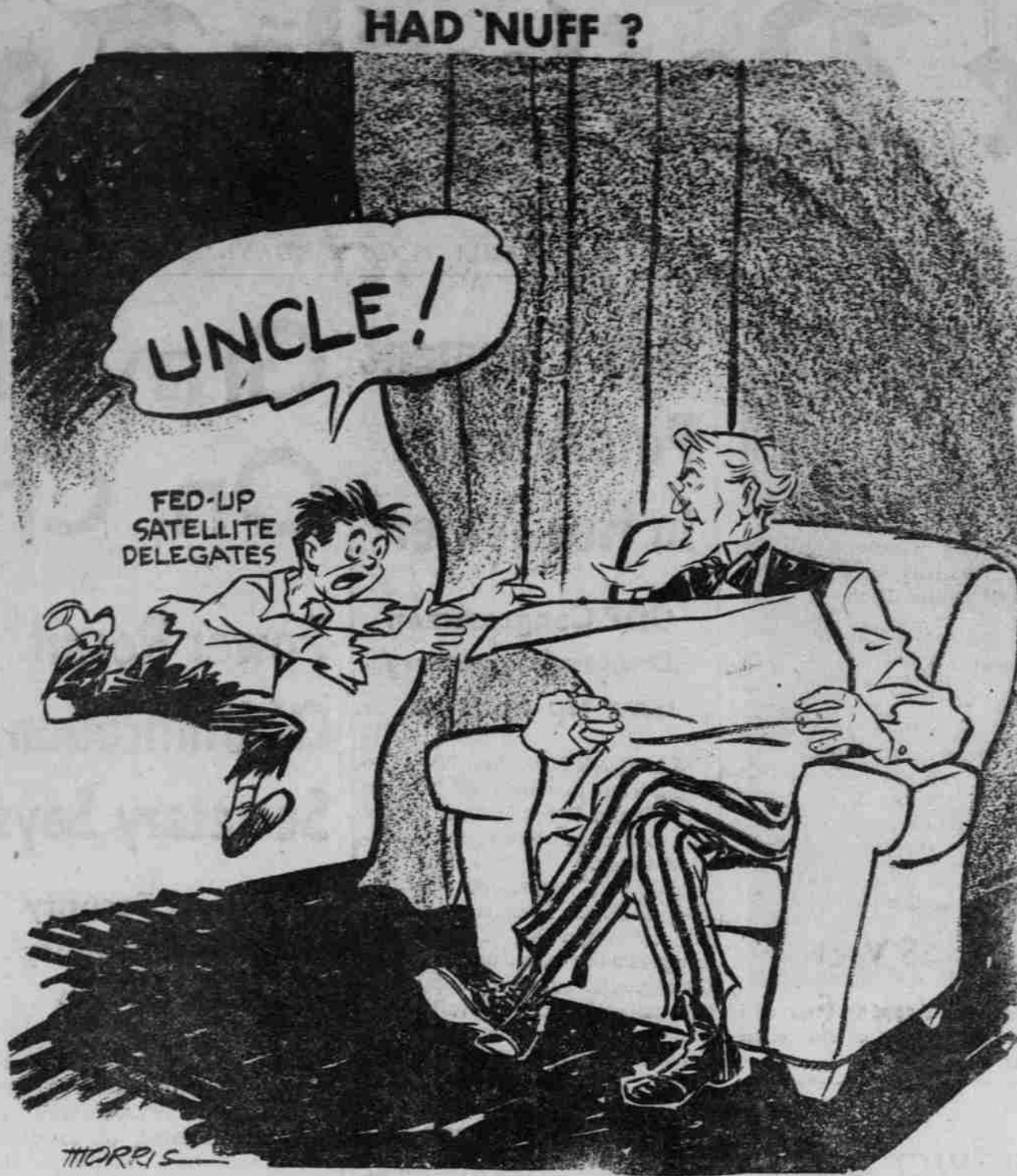
The easy explanation for this phenomenon, of course, is that the St. Louis housewife was a talented writer who had invented the story of Patience Worth to get herself a little publicity. But before you make up your mind, consider the following:

At the beginning, Mrs. Curran got her message via the ouija board a letter at a time, but halfway through the first book, she began to "see" whole words and sentences, and from then on she dictated to her husband at the rate of 110 words per minute. And hardly a dozen of the 3,000,000 words were of a vintage later than the 17th Century.

A great deal of her writing was done in the presence of reliable witnesses and investigators, and etymologists who examined her prose and poetry testified that it was impossible, without years of study and training, for a person to compose as much as a short story in 17th Century English. Moreover, they unanimously agreed that the middle-class housewife who had never gone to high school and never been out of Missouri was the last person in St. Louis to write a 70,000-word narrative in iambic blank verse in 70 hours.

Many other oddish facts about this medium confused the psychologists and non-believers who came to investigate. Mrs. Curran often worked on three or four stories simultaneously, and would skip from one to the other in the course of a sitting without losing track of the narratives. And once, when her husband mislaid an early chapter of "A Sorry Tale," Patience Worth obligingly dictated it all over again.

In St. Louis in 1920, before an audience of writers, scientists and civic leaders at the Artists' Guild, Patience Worth was asked through Mrs. Curran to make up a 25-line poem, each line beginning with a different letter of the alphabet—which she did without faltering, going



## CPU Roundtable On Taxation In U. S.

By Henry Goldstein

President Truman's recent tax message to Congress recalls to mind the old song about the "Old Gray Mare not being what she used to be." In 1930 for instance, Federal Revenue (chiefly from taxes) amounted to roughly three and one-half billion dollars, but this year Federal Revenue will probably total 38 billion. The unprecedented heights to which tax rates have risen in recent years make taxes a force which vitally affects America's economic, social, and political life.

The causes necessitating this tremendous growth in "the cost of government" are in general well known. The expense of modern war, combined with overseas aid, and the cost of running a government which has assumed responsibilities which were practically unimaginable twenty years ago have run up the bill.

Since the beginning of World War II federal taxes have dominated the national tax system. And it is the personal income tax which, in turn, has dominated the federal tax structure. At the present time it accounts for roughly a half of all federal taxes. Since this is a direct tax, however, there is often a tendency among people to let the tremendous web of hidden, or relatively hidden, excise taxes

from "a" to "z" and leaving out the letter "x" as per instruction. Who was Patience Worth?

Well, various researchers went into this carefully and reported that a girl by that name was born in 1694 in Dorsetshire County, England; that some 30 years later she migrated to America, and was killed during an Indian attack in King Philip's War. And that many of the architectural landmarks referred to in her novels are still standing in Dorsetshire, and local records indicate that others had existed around 1694.

Patience Worth stopped communicating with Mrs. Curran in 1928, and Mrs. Curran died nine years later, but to this day nobody has been able to successfully ridicule this greatest-of-all literary riddles. Many psychologists agree with Dr. Walter Franklin Prince of the Boston Society for Psychic Research who, after spending considerable time on the case, said, "Either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause operating through, but not originating in, the subconscious of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

pass almost unnoticed. It is these commodity taxes that bear most heavily upon the poorer elements in our population.

The question of justice in taxation is important. In general, and especially in recent years, the "ability to pay" doctrine rather than the "benefit principle" has characterized taxation philosophy in this country. But although this idea is recognized in the progressive income tax, yet our tax system as a whole does not in any iron clad fashion observe the maxim of "take from the rich and give to the poor."

Any consideration of taxes today must give weight to their general economic effects. Wise use of taxes can materially contribute to achieving prosperity. But the question of what is wise is a controversial one. And the political nature of our system

## Random Shots

THE SUNNY SOUTH: all winter long Chapel Hill has had mild weather and for the past week or so it has been downright summery. Three Union College (Schenectady, N. Y.) golfers decided they would head South this week, after finishing their semester exams, and get in a few practice licks on the links before going back to cold Schenectady. Al Doyle, Charlie Leader, and Joe Mendelson, the three golfers, arrived in Chapel Hill Thursday night. What happens? The cold front moved over the Hill yesterday morning, and it's been dreary since then.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12				13			14				
15				16			17				
18				19			20				
		21				22					
23	24			25			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	
53							54			55	

**HORIZONTAL**

- at a distance
- clash
- moist
- moderate
- native rock
- Great Lake
- scraps
- cutting
- sharp
- mountain spurs
- suppresses
- born
- upholsterer's tack
- impertinent interfeffers
- feminine name
- salutation
- pippens
- ogle
- load
- perfumes
- indication
- sailor
- cave
- former Turkish coins
- avoiding
- bucket
- reounded

**VERTICAL**

- father
- pedal digit
- being
- Italian
- princely family
- divisions of time (abbr.)
- exploit
- honest
- waited upon
- desisted
- Chinese incense stick
- land-measure
- revokes
- ridicule
- dry
- burrow
- made by insect
- wooden pins
- note in Guido's scale
- elongated fish
- spirited
- prefix: wrongly
- feminine name
- limitless time
- diminish
- brood of pheasants
- money
- collections
- come into view
- drowned
- dexterity
- is concerned
- topaz humming-birds
- opening
- centuries
- ascend
- snow vehicle
- correlative of neither

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

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

Average time of solution: 25 minutes.  
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## DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON—In order to keep the United States on the road to prosperity, Leon Keyserling, the President's chief economist, has warned that the public must increase its consumption by 3 per cent each year. This can be done, he suggested, by improving living standards. But if farm and factory surpluses are not absorbed, the country will find itself on the road to depression.

Keyserling presented his formula for prosperity behind closed doors of the joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report.

"You have to have a growing economy to remain stable, because your labor force grows, your population grows, your technology is increasing," he told the congressmen. "We roughly compute an annual increase of about 3 per cent in output to be absorbed by the domestic economy. So, broadly speaking," he continued, "if we are at a \$260,000,000,000 economy — it was \$258,000,000,000 in 1949 — a 3 per cent increase would be \$7,800,000,000 as the increase in all kinds of effective demand necessary to maintain full employment."

Keyserling's theory raised the bushy eyebrows of Chairman Joe O'Mahoney of Wyoming who pointed out: "During the war we were shooting away our production. In the effort to rehabilitate Europe and to carry on the war, we have now been giving it away. Now, what I am concerned about is how are we to provide the market—the free-enterprise market—that will absorb our productivity without shooting it away or giving it away?"

Settling back in the witness chair, Keyserling measured his words carefully. "With development of atomic energy," he said, "it is conceivable at some future time we might have in this country what I call genuine surpluses—in other words, a general situation where we are really producing so much that we have to translate more and more of our productive capacity into leisure rather than consumption of goods."

"Mankind," he added, gravely, "will have a real problem then." However, Keyserling pointed out that the President's Council of Economic Advisers did not foresee this for some time. Rather, he explained: "We felt there is much room in the United States — putting aside foreign countries entirely—for the lifting of standards of living among the people generally."

He gave as an example the problem of farm production. "We commonly hear about farm surpluses," the economist observed. "Yet we reach the conclusion that to furnish the people in our country with a nutritious and varied diet and to furnish our industrial plants with the fibers and other materials needed for production at full employment, we need an in-

## Letters To The Editor

**LINE FORMS TO RIGHT**  
Editor: Perhaps you have heard of me and my work. Every summer I tour part of the Country lecturing to groups on the evils of drinking.

For the past few years I have been assisted by my young friend, Joseph Michael. His was a pathetic case. A boy with a fine family, possessing a fine background; smart, many friends; a good college education; dynamic personality; et cetera; who had everything to live for. As happens with so many of us, Joseph took to drinking of the evil beverages and keeping company with "other sorts of women."

Joseph would accompany me on trips and sit on the platform beside me. I used him as an example of what drinking would do. He would set there on the stage and stare at the audience with bloodshot eyes, a drooping mouth, and bleary expression. He was truly a perfect example of a fine fellow who had dissipated and degenerated himself beyond all belief.

Again, I say — Joseph's downfall was most unfortunate. He started off taking a cocktail before dinner; then two; then three. Suddenly, he started drinking his meals. Oh, the pity of it all!

Unfortunately, last month Joseph died. A friend has referred me to you, and I wonder if there is a student enrolled at UNC who would care to take me on my next tour and take poor Joseph's place?

Rev. Gene Blake