

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina in the Spring

It rained in Chapel Hill Monday as most of the students returned to school after the spring holidays. But with the first day of spring yesterday, Carolina came to life again. A sun which is slowly growing warmer each day came out in full splendor, bringing out the lazy instinct in everyone and banishing tales of snow and ice encountered over the holidays last week.

Things were back to normal, and the order of the day was a siesta on South Building steps. Most of the professors turned their students out of class early and the old Y-court was crowded all morning. Chapel Hill's dog populace was on the rampage again, with gangs of ten or more dogs galloping over the campus. Cokes were showing signs of replacing coffee as the between-class favorite snack, thanks to the warm weather.

Typical first-day conversation centered around the usual complaints over class schedules or how horribly we had been cheated on our grades last quarter. But the talk soon ran in a lighter vein. Many of the students were talking about projected beach excursions over the spring weekends, and others had thoughts of long, lazy afternoons out at Hogan's Lake.

Yes, the politicians were at it again too. Posters blared forth the merits of candidates on all the bulletin boards and the office-seekers were circulating through the Y-court crowds, shaking hands and patting backs.

Such was the Carolina scene on the first day of classes, Spring 1950.

It all boils down to the fact that Chapel Hill is a mighty pleasant place to be in during spring time.

## Red Cross vs. Community Chest

All over the nation today the Red Cross is conducting a campaign to solicit funds necessary to carrying on its many service duties to distressed persons in this nation, and all over the world, for that matter. But unfortunately the Red Cross will not be permitted to carry its campaign to the campus of this University because of Legislature's action last year in setting up a Campus Chest committee, empowered to consolidate all welfare fund-raising on campus into one unified drive. The motive of the legislators in enacting this piece of legislation was good, certainly, in that the Campus Chest was designed to save the students from the inconveniences of a multitude of solicitors who had made a habit of invading the campus periodically.

Most students, therefore, wondered why the Red Cross, perhaps the best-known of all the welfare organizations, was not included in the Carolina Campus Chest. The answer lies in the Red Cross' policy of not participating in any "community chest" drive, a policy which led the local board to decline the opportunity to participate in the Carolina Campus Chest.

The logic behind this Red Cross policy is sound, and those who criticized Red Cross for its refusal to join the campus chest should read a little booklet published by the Red Cross recently titled "The Case for Freedom in Welfare Fund Raising."

Briefly then, here are some of the reasons why Red Cross is opposing the trend in this country toward a community chest in which all welfare organizations are compelled to obtain their funds through this one joint community or campus drive.

Red Cross explains that the concept of compulsory fund raising is "that all welfare fund raising efforts should be carried on locally through joint fund-raising agencies armed with authority to scrutinize and control welfare budgets and to establish fund raising quotas for each welfare agency."

"That these local fund raising units should be controlled, first, by state-wide governing bodies and, eventually, on a nation-wide scale by one national authority."

And so the Red Cross is opposing the community chest concept because it fears "that compulsory federated fund raising, if carried to its ultimate conclusion on a state-wide and nation-wide scale, will serve to establish in this country a huge welfare 'trust' not in keeping with the best interests of welfare work as a whole and certainly contrary to American principals and practices." Then the Red Cross feels this national dictatorial control would constitute a "positive threat to Red Cross freedom of action."

In addition to fearing dictatorial national control, the Red Cross also points out that Community Chest drives never have netted enough money. "Only by a multiplicity of appeals... is it possible to achieve the sum total of financial support that our private welfare organizations require."

In short Red Cross wants welfare fund drives kept on a voluntary basis. "Only so will the sense of individual responsibility for private welfare be maintained in the face of the pressure toward government financing of all health and welfare projects out of increased taxes."

Red Cross has other valid reasons for not entering unified drives. It is unfortunate that such an organization will be unable to collect funds from Carolina students.

## Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

To: William "Blackie" Lalomic

Wherever you are

Dear Blackie:

As you probably know by now, Joey Vitulano walked into my office a few days ago and admitted he was one of the four men who illegally entered my house on the night of January 26 and removed therefrom a safe and other valuables.

When Joey told me this, I immediately phoned my lawyer, Arthur Garfield Hays, and shortly after he arrived the three of us went over to the stationhouse on East 51st Street where, in the presence of Asst. District Attorney Denzer, Vitulano told how the whole job was planned and executed. Two of the four men he named are now in the Tombs awaiting trial, and according to Joey you're the missing member of the quartet.

Now, I'm not saying you are the fourth man—all I know is what Vitulano told us, plus the fact that you dropped out of sight shortly after the burglary and nobody in your old neighborhood has heard from you since. One thing, however, is dead certain: Whether you're guilty or not, hundreds of snapshots of your thumbs are being circulated around the country and your photograph is getting a lot of attention in a lot of police stations.

In other words, you're between the devil and the deep blue uniform, and wondering what to do next. Well, if you want to listen to an old umbrella hustler, I think I can tell you—and it isn't complicated. If you aren't the man the police are looking for, come in as fast as you can and clear yourself. And if you are the man, come in even faster.

I'll tell you why. Sooner or later, as any experienced lamster will tell you, you're a cinch to get caught, and the smart thing is to get caught in a way that will do you the most good or, to put it another way, the least harm. Obviously, the least harmful way to get caught when you're being chased by cops with guns is to catch up with them before they catch up with you. Bullets, as you know, aren't particular whom they air-condition.

An important thing you're overlooking, it seems to me, is that you've never been convicted of anything, and that a first offender in this country usually gets a second chance. Besides which, human nature being what it is, police and prosecuting officers are less likely to throw the book at a fellow who comes clean and cooperates.

By this time, moreover, you don't figure to have much money. Your share of the loot, as Joey told it, was less than \$1,000, and that kind of dough doesn't go very far when you're trying to keep a jump ahead of the cops. But even more important than money, as I see it, is the fact that things can get pretty lonesome for a young fellow who's away from home and can't even give his right name when he hits a town. When I was a kid, I, too, bummed around a bit, and believe you me there were plenty of lonesome stretches, even though I could give my right name.

All very touching, you say, but what has the fire got that the frying pan hasn't? Well, let's see if I can't be one-two-three it for you.

For one thing, cops don't shoot unarmed men who walk into stationhouses and surrender.

For another, you're entitled to the services of a lawyer, and it figures his case will be a lot better if his client has cooperated with the authorities.

And for still another, I understand you're in your early 20's and, if you shoot for a minimum rather than a maximum rap, there's an excellent chance that this will all be behind you long before your future has passed.

Naturally, you're asking yourself why should I, of all people, be concerned about you? Well, Blackie, I admit I was plenty mad when my house was burgled a couple of months ago, but since then I've cooled off considerably, even though you're as hot as ever. In addition,

## Lights! Action! Camera!



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## Carolina Seen

### Sunday Library Hours

By Bill Kellam

Some quarters ago Tarnation ran a very clever cartoon map of "Chapelina" by Bill Harrison. The general area of the University Library was marked "uncharted territory." Perhaps the library remains an unknown quantity to many residents of Chapel Hill, transient or otherwise.

However, there are students who do know the whereabouts of said building and use it quite frequently for studying, catching up on happenings in comic strips not carried by the DTH, or to look at magazines not readily accessible at Jeff's for tariffless perusal.

Many of these students go home on the weekends, too. Those who remain in the village on Saturday and Sunday traditionally like to go out on Friday and Saturday evening and frolic about a bit.

Come Sunday afternoon they're ready to start the week off right by catching up on the work they've been putting off for the past quarter or two. The "Y" not being open and malt beverages not being available at local and suburban pubs, what else is there to do but go to the library?

So after a leisurely lunch, friendly chats along the way with acquaintances out for a stroll in the ever-present, ever-radiant Chapel Hill sun, one finally reaches the library. It's a pretty strenuous climb up those steep front steps, so one has to recline on their—the steps—bottom and overcome their ennui by a weed or two and more conversation.

Thus you're ready to go to work about 4:30. No sooner are you settled than the dissonant tones of a badly tuned bell shatter the lassitudinous silence. It's time for the place to close. So what's happened to the studying you were gonna do?

If the library remained open till 10 on Sunday nights, there'd be plenty of time for everyone to study, especially those who'd gone homeward for the week-end.

So, this columnist heartily recommends that the library tion to which, on general principles, I can't help feeling sorry for anybody who gets himself

in a spot like yours—not to mention the fact that I'd like to see this case closed and start catching up on sleep myself.

If you think I'm leveling, I'd suggest you do one of two things: Walk into the nearest police station and give yourself up or, if you prefer, call me collect at the Ziegfeld Theatre, Circle 5-5200, and I'll come out and get you myself.

Sincerely,  
Billy Rose

## DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—One day last December, an American newsman walked up to a stocky, pipe-smoking diplomat in the delegates' lounge at the United Nations — Vladimir Clementis, foreign minister of Czechoslovakia.

"Mr. Minister," said the newsman, "what's this I hear about a purge in the foreign office in Prague?"

"Ridiculous!"

"A purge which, they say, might even eliminate you." "Absolutely ridiculous. Look here, why don't you fellows print something true about my country? Why don't you tell the story of our great advances in agriculture and industry, under the communist regime, instead of printing silly rumors about purges!"

Clementis wouldn't call them silly rumors today. He has now been purged.

Note—Reason for the latest Czech purge probably was to pave the way for a complete taking over of Czechoslovakia by Russia. Hitherto the country has been run by Czech Communists. But Poland is now under the dictatorship of a Russian General and this will probably follow in other satellite countries as a crack-down on growing unrest.

High taxes brought a fusillade of forensics from Congressional Republicans last week.

"Suppose a young man decides to propose," opined Congressman Bob Rich of Pennsylvania. "He has to pay a 20 per cent tax on the engagement ring. Then another tax on the wedding ring. And suppose in due time they acquire an offspring."

"Then the taxes really start—20 per cent on baby oil, baby powder, baby lotion and baby creams."

Mom and sis had a defender in Representative Les Arends of Illinois. "And when the tax gougers made up their 'sucker' list," Arends said, "you ladies were placed at the top and you have been there ever since."

"These are not luxuries," continued Arends, referring to toilet articles and cosmetics. "The American way of life has made these articles as essential to you women as shaving to menfolks. The truth is that the Washington tax-masters regard you women as a 'soft touch.'"

Rep. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, not to be outdone, got in a plug for the men-folks. "From the time they get up in the morning men pay a tax on everything," she said, "their pajamas... their bath soap and shaving lotion... their razor and hair tonic... everything they eat for breakfast... and that all-important smoke!"

Democrats seemed to enjoy the show as much as Republicans until GOP Rep. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania tearfully recited:

"No baby oil for you, young man."

Bareback babe, with cheeks of tan.

By the rule of Uncle Sam You're a luxury, little lamb. The skin we loved to touch with powder

We sadly pat while you yell louder;

So now you know, my little man,

Why mama votes Republican."

The Senate hasn't seen the end of the feud between Minnesota's breezy, young Senator Hubert Humphrey and Virginia's apple-cheeked Senator Harry Byrd. Humphrey is still trying to sprinkle salt on Byrd's tail.

The brash Minnesotan raided Byrd's favorite nest, the Senate Economy Committee, with a charge that instead of saving money it was wasting money, he pointed out that the committee hadn't even met for two years.

This brought the Byrd forces to the Senate-floor in full array. More Republicans and Democrats turned out to defend Byrd than listened to the debate on the Marshall Plan and Atlantic Pact. One by one they lambasted Humphrey, who couldn't get a word in edgewise. When he finally gained the floor, the Byrd forces drifted out, left him to talk to a near-empty chamber.

Bouncing Senator Ken Wherry of Nebraska, the Republican leader, actually hustled among the Republicans, urging them to leave Humphrey stranded. "This guy has given us a rough time," Wherry whispered. "Now let's give him a rough time."

So, many Republicans joined Southern Democrats in trailing out of the Senate chamber.

By Al Capp



L'il Abner

## Stop Worrying Mom — I'm Eating at HARRY'S



By Milton Caniff

Steve Canyon



By Chic Young

Blondie

