

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

On an October morning in 1903, in a village not far from La Rochelle in eastern France, a young priest paled as he listened to his first confession.

"Yesterday afternoon," he heard the penitent on the other side of the curtain say, "I met a strange girl on the dirt road that runs by the pond. When I tried to make friends with her, she laughed at me, and I got mad I picked up a stone and hit her to make her stop laughing. She fell down, and when I yelled and she didn't move I got scared and buried her behind some bushes."

Father Antoine recognized the voice as that of a 15-year-old who was known in the village as "the story teller"—a boy who was always talking about his daydreams as if they had actually happened.

Even though he didn't know whether the confession was fact or fiction, the priest imposed the most severe penance, and in addition ordered the boy to visit him every day after school for a friendly talk.

A few weeks later, Father Antoine was almost certain the "crime" was an hallucination. For one thing, there had been no report of a missing person in the district and, for another, the boy's descriptions of the murder grew more and more confused.

One afternoon he finally admitted to the priest that his story was a fabrication. "I did meet a girl," he said, and she got me so angry that I wanted to kill her. But I never touched her, and afterwards I got all mixed up about what I wanted to do and want I really did."

"I suspected as much all along," said Father Antoine, "but I must admit I was shocked at first. You see, you were the first person who had ever confessed to me."

Two years later, the boy's family moved to Paris and the priest all but forgot the incident—until a new paved road was laid alongside the old dirt one. Under a bush near the pond was found the decomposed body of a girl, and the coroner testified it had been there about two years and the skull had been crushed by some heavy object.

Bound by his vows, Father



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Antoine could say nothing, and for the next forty years the secret remained with him.

The years of the German occupation were difficult ones for those who lived in the La Rochelle District, but many of the villagers did what they could for the resistance movement—and not the least among them was the priest, now in his late 60's. And when the liberation came, a great celebration was arranged with Father Antoine as the guest of honor.

After the dinner there was a good deal of reminiscing among the veterans of the underground, but when someone asked the priest to tell of his own adventures, he smiled and declined. "The occupation was eventful for all of us," he explained, "but in my calling the eventful is almost an everyday occurrence. As a matter of fact, the first confession I ever heard was of a murderer."

Then, remembering his vows, Father Antoine apologized for his off-guard remark, and despite the urging of the guests would say no more.

Later that evening a delegation of underground workers from other districts joined the

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### MORE FROM GERNS ON TMA COMPLAINTS

(Due to circumstances beyond our control, the following part of Mr. Gerns' letter on the TMA-TGA dispute in yesterday's DTH was omitted and is herewith presented to the reader. Ed.)

Handbills, distributed on campus during the past few days, advocating non-ratification of the revised constitution, approach their objective in a sentimental, rather than logical manner. TMA and TGA are not representative of town students

celebration and on of them, a colonel in the Marquis, was asked to say a few words.

"Meeting Fater Antoine tonight is a great pleasure," he said to the gathering, "and not only because of his war record. Although he doesn't remember my name or face, I knew him when I was a boy—as a matter of fact, I was the first person who ever confessed to him."

Pete Gerns

## While the Ballots Pour In . . .

As the Daily Tar Heel editorial deadline approaches, there is no one on campus with even the slightest inkling of just who or which party emerged on top in yesterday's spring elections primary. Probably the matter of who is to be the next president of the student body or who will be editor of the Daily Tar Heel next year will not be decided until the runoffs next Tuesday.

About the only comment that can be made on the election at this time is that it will go down in the books as one of the hardest fought on this campus in a number of years. Perhaps we may yet see more fireworks before next week. But no matter what happens, no student can say that there were no issues involved in this campaign or so little interest manifested that he did not see fit to go to the polls and cast his ballot.

Furthermore, warm weather and cloudy but rainless skies presented no obstacle to going to the polls and voting. All told, the vote yesterday should have been considerably heavier than last year, particularly because of the heavy debate which has been raging over campus for the past week.

A lot of charges have been made. A lot of candidates have slammed others in public statements—and there have been some hard feelings during the campaign. The DTH sincerely hopes that all these personal arguments will be dropped immediately upon the conclusion of the election.

There are few enough persons sincerely interested in the workings of student government as there is without petty arguments leading the defeated candidates to retire from the public scene. The losers should pledge their all-out cooperation with the winners, with all working toward a common goal of a better University of North Carolina.

## The Only One We Have

Sunday afternoon, at Graham Memorial, a thoughtless person dropped a lighted cigarette into a crevice of a leather chair in the main lounge. There it smoldered for some time, and finally ignited the stuffing.

An observer saw smoke emerging, and notified George Drew, a staff member. He, in turn, extinguished the fire by a hurried application of water.

The damage done to the chair itself was hidden, and perhaps of minor nature. However, there is certain cost entailed in the matter of repairs.

It is possible that the person who dropped the lighted cigarette was not fully aware of the overt act. It is just as much of a ponderable, though, whether the same person might not have become slightly touched with guilt or panic, to have made hasty exit without the thoughtful benefit of notifying the office, or otherwise trying to control the danger of fire.

Such an act is scarcely the mark of a Carolina Gentleman. In fact, we think it stinks. It matches, in disgust, the recent incident when an unidentified person set fire to a Graham Memorial bulletin board after closing hours; a blaze which could be marked down as nothing short of deliberate.

One further wonders what might have happened if the cigarette had been dropped late at night, with none around to discover its consequence. Would evidence of such carelessness, in series, eventually mean a ban from smoking in the lounge?

After all, it's the only Graham Memorial we have. Could we not appreciate its service in better measure than this?

## A Happy Profession

(Reprinted from Durham Morning Herald)

One of the greatest needs of the teaching profession today, perhaps, is the practice advised in the familiar hymn, "Count Your Blessings." That is what Professor Arthur M. Whitehill, Jr., of the University of North Carolina has done in an informative article, "What's So Bad About a Professor's Job?" in the Saturday Evening Post of March 18.

It is true that Dr. Whitehill is concerned with college professors only. He makes an interesting answer to his question. The salaries, although not the largest paid, are substantial; fees from outside services and writing supplement them. He finds definite advantages in the hours of work and their flexibility, in the vacation periods, in opportunities to educate children. All of which adds up to the sum that the Carolina professor enjoys his work and finds the compensations satisfactory.

A public school teacher might do the same thing, for the benefits are similar to those given by Professor Whitehill for college teachers. It would reflect a satisfaction in work which it is evident many teachers have. Teaching is not a profession to be avoided; with some emphasis upon its attractive features, it can become again a popular vocation.

Because he has taken a positive approach and has shown that some teachers are not unhappy in their situations, Professor Whitehill has rendered his profession a real service. His is the attitude one likes to find in teachers. Such an attitude, of course, does not prevent one from seeking an improvement in salary and in working conditions, but there is the suspicion that boards are more favorably inclined to grant such increases and improvements to teachers who radiate a happy atmosphere about their calling.

Steve Canyon By Milton Caniff



L'il Abner By Al Capp



Blondie By Chic Young



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

WASHINGTON—Those who have watched the gyrations of of harum-scarum Senator Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin now believe they have tracked down the source of some of his wild statements, and that he is being fed by Fascist-minded Joseph Kamp, now under conviction for contempt of Congress.

McCarthy has vacillated all the way from claiming 207, card-carrying Communists in the State Department down to 57 Communists, though he has yet been able to prove one. After making these statements, he has retreated from claiming card-carrying Communists to "Communist sympathizers and fellow travelers." And, after stating on the Senate floor February 20 that "I will not say anything under the cloak of immunity that I would not say anywhere else . . . and that day I will resign from the Senate," he is now leading over backward to protect himself against a libel suit. In fact, he even stamped advance copies of his speech sent to the Senate press gallery with the notation that he was acting "as the agent for the Senate," in order to protect himself against libel.

A comparison of McCarthy's charges with those of Fascist Joe Kamp shows they are almost identical. In case after case, McCarthy almost paraphrases charges made by Kamp in some of his inflammatory publications which have received the hearty endorsement of the Ku Klux Klan.

Kamp, original name Kampf, was born in Yorktown, N. Y., made several trips to Germany, and finally shipped his German-born father back to the Fatherland shortly before the war started. He was convicted in 1948 for contempt of Congress, and this conviction was affirmed by the Court of Appeals.

Some of the loudest boos ever heard in the House plus shouts of "How much did you get?" greeted Congressman Wilson and his three colleagues when they changed their ballots.

NOTE: Senator Joe McCarthy is in the doughhouse with Wisconsin voters for another reason besides his irresponsible attack on the State Department. He also voted for the Kerr Bill, which is such a hot potato in Wisconsin that McCarthy's colleague, Alexander Wiley, made a thumping speech against it.

That is the inside story of how the vote to kill the Kerr Bill was miscarried into a vote to pass by a margin of 176 to 174.

Here's the inside story of how supporters of the Kerr Bill manipulated the votes to jam it through the House of Representatives last week.

Actually, the Bill was defeated on the first roll call by a vote of 179 to 173.

However, just before the outcome could be announced, Congressmen from the Southeast states swarmed into the well of the House demanding to know how they had been recorded on the roll call. This was a delaying tactic to give

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			
29	30	31			32			33	34	35
36				37				38		
39			40				41		42	
43			44				45		46	
47								48		
49										50

- HORIZONTAL**  
1. genus of grasses  
6. Oriental weights  
11. bushy shrub  
12. authoritative decrees  
14. stem  
15. milk curdler  
16. prevarication  
17. germs  
19. salutation  
20. cry of Bacchanals  
22. variety of bean  
23. German admiral  
24. autocrats  
26. exhaust  
27. goddess of plenty  
28. patriotic society (abbr.)  
29. newly married woman  
32. revokes  
36. country road  
37. prefix: wrong  
38. patron saint of sailors
- 39. printers measures  
40. genus of moths  
42. wine vessel  
43. marbles  
45. English painter  
47. occupant  
48. builds  
49. slight depressions
- 50. tropical fruits
- VERTICAL**  
1. reach  
2. small insectivorous birds  
3. night before holiday  
4. promontory  
5. certifies  
6. late  
7. god of war  
8. eagle  
9. generic name of Indian tribe  
10. masculine name (var.)  
11. lost color  
1. horse  
18. goddess of dawn  
21. species of lyric poem  
23. a frolic  
25. unclose (poet.)  
26. river in Poland  
28. canceled  
29. cry of goat  
30. roamed  
31. mad  
32. sped  
33. quick look  
34. ants  
35. flies aloft  
37. becomes blurred  
40. canvas shelter  
41. gentle breeze  
44. light brown  
46. steep flax

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

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

Average time of solution: 22 minutes.  
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