

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## An Open Letter To A Boy...

Dear Mike:

Your letter of this morning sort of hit me where I live. Even a sixteen-year-old like yourself has to sell a whooping lot of peanuts at a college baseball game to come out ahead with three dollars—and when you send it to me, saying, 'Pop, I live a long way from Senator Graham's people...' but I kind of believe as you do about better national government... and I kind of wish you'd throw this in the Graham kitty just to help him get along—son, there's something about that gesture of yours that inspires my respect and pride.

The rest of your letter puzzles me a bit, and I don't quite know how to reply. Let me commend you for your own-dug-up idea that it takes cold cash to make a campaign tick—and I thank you for your follow-through. That's the mature approach. I could write off the rest as "sixteen-year-old thinking", but it would scarcely be fair to you. A fellow must endure the "sixteens" before he settles down to grasp his problems like a college-educated man.

What you tend to ask is this: "What's the matter with the University of North Carolina (organized as such) that it doesn't go all-out for Doctor Frank? Why no official endorsement? Why no signs to plaster the campus? Why no king-size portrait over Old South door?"

Son, by longest chance have you been dreamin' Huey Long? Don't you buy stock in that kind of movie!

Surprising as it may seem, though—and this should take the sting from any gentle rebuke of mine—the trend of your query interlocks with similar questions asked by undergraduates right here at Chapel Hill. Most of them want desperately to give themselves all-out for Doctor Frank. They'd walk the other mile to shine his shoes. This rash of loyalty is nothing starry-eyed; the man has earned it down the years.

But there's still that quiet question, "Why the Old South silence when it's the word that counts?"

(Old South, by way of making this more clear... as some fine day I hope you'll get to know... is the students' concept of Almighty Grace, or some-such. From it emanates *The Word, Selah!*)

Well, let's face facts as they stand:

There are two good ways of looking at Old South. Set the brick and stone aside, and you've got a bunch of people. Mighty human ones at that. Put 'em on their own as citizens—off-hours—and they'll get you everything from Bach to third-rate golf.

Turn 'em loose *within Old South by day*, conversely, and the situation takes on different color. Then this group of men and women is a team which operates in iron-clad restriction. Administration is the job—and the code which covers it is one of strict impartiality. This means service to the Old North State alone, with not a trace of "lean" toward any political segment.

This, of course, is as it should be. They honor a thing called duty, which rides ahead of the heart. They honor stewardship in terms of commonwealth which favors no man's politics. It's moral fibre such as this that keeps the University free and strong.

I think that answers your question, Mike, and now you see why Old South's hands are tied. The last on earth to have it otherwise would be Doctor Frank himself. He is part of Carolina, in our hearts, as long as Carolina stands—but in this particular show, he is working on his merits as a man apart, a Senator.

You can see (as can I) the supporting value of a university like this as a campaign weapon. The files... the contacts... the reach... the public respect... and such. If put to work in all-out force, it could sweep Carolina like fire. A wicked-built potential! What years have not yet given your eyes to see, perhaps, is the hidden backfire in it. Those who beat the drums for Doctor Frank's opponents predicted at the start that he would make full use of such potential. In this they failed to see one thing; his honesty.

Doctor Frank would be as likely to shoot birds out of season (and he doesn't own a gun!) as to open up one single campus file. It simply isn't in his honest kind.

I respect him the more for his stand, as do I equally respect Old South for tending to its knitting. Don't you? It's good to note that the Old North State (nor ever yet her people's university) is not the sorry ilk of Huey Long.

Before I sign this off, my son, there's one more point I want to clarify. It's this:

The word "university" has pretty flexible scope. Thus far we've spoken only of the boss-men... or, as they sometimes delightfully call themselves, the "hired hands of the state". Now let's just expand the frame to take in the students too.

Here comes all the freedom in the world, with every man on his own. Kind of a good thing, this—don't you think? I wish you could see the growing enthusiasm, here, as every day sweeps by. It's a movement quiet as yet, but strong. I've only wished that I, myself, could be in a thousand spots where the merits of this modest, unassuming man are driven home a little deeper. In part of this, I'm taking hunch from you.

Thanks for the list of clippings. I'm mailing them to spots where people vote. Hope my friends will do likewise; everything decent they see. It keeps the ball in motion where it counts.

But thanks most of all, old Mike, for those good hard-earned three bucks. They'll keep working while we sleep; we need more like 'em. It makes me very proud that I'm your Pop.

"Doc" Blodgett

## Merry-Go-Round Red Star Land Waits For U.S. Depression

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Speaking off-the-record to a civilian orientation conference last week, Secretary of Defense Johnson dramatically declared: "We know—and I say we know—that Russia does not plan to conquer the United States by force or war. She intends to do it by driving us into economic collapse which will give the Communists an opportunity by infiltration to take over."

Johnson went on to explain that Russia doesn't have the resources to attack the United States, but will try to bluff us into bankruptcy instead. He also added: "there is complete agreement in the defense department as to what the danger is and what we need to meet that danger."

This "complete agreement" did not seem to be borne out, however, by General Omar Bradley, who squirmed uneasily when put on the spot about Johnson's remarks. As Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Bradley was asked why the United States should worry about attack if Johnson's diagnosis was right.

Generals Disagree  
"I have talked to the Secretary about this matter," fumbled Bradley. "What I think the Secretary meant is that Russia won't be prepared to wage war for three months, six months or possibly a year or even longer."

When it came the Navy's turn, Admiral Forrest Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, gloomily remarked: "the evidence of the last couple of weeks would indicate that all is not peace and harmony abroad in the world."

Most outspoken dissenter was General Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, who warned that American air strength is lagging behind Russia in many categories.

"We haven't any air defenses worthy of the name," he said in reply to an inquiry.

Despite this, the Secretary of Defense was insistent that the real danger from Russia is not armed aggression but economic collapse.

"I'm not going to retreat at all on budget economies," Johnson insisted. "In fact, I am going to have more of them."

Johnson and Abe Lincoln  
The Secretary of Defense started his off-the-record talk to leading businessmen participating in the orientation course by declaring that, like Lincoln, he didn't intend to answer his critics.

If he did, his office would be closed to all other business. Having said this, the genial Johnson proceeded to spend most of his speech indirectly answering his critics.

"I want to state specifically that I am not a candidate for President," he said, obviously in reply to the whispers of ardent Trumanites. "I am for Truman, and I am doing my job the way Truman would have it done. So reports that I am not getting along with Truman are just malicious."

Johnson also gave Gen. Eisenhower a mild rap on the wrist in regard to Ike's testimony that the military budget was weak on air power and Alaskan defenses. He described Eisenhower as a "very able and very capable man" but not "well informed"; and expressed regret that he hadn't been able to consult with Eisenhower before his testimony.

"Eisenhower is wrong about Alaska," Johnson bluntly maintained. "The big problem there is housing and nothing else."

But the main point that stood out during Johnson's talk to civilian executives was: he intends to hold the line on economy.

Long Tom Connally  
Senator Tom Connally of Texas, noted for pulled something seldom seen on the Senate floor. He walked out in defiance of the Senate rules, which say that a Senator cannot be excused without unanimous consent.

Both his wit and his pure cussedness, recently Alabama's Senator Lister Hill wouldn't give Connally his consent, because he was needed to make up a quorum. Hill who was acting majority leader, pleaded: "I hope the Senator from Texas will not press his request at this time."

"I will not press it," snorted Connally, "I will just get my hat and go home."

Without further formality, long Tom marched out of the Senate cheerily waving gay good-byes to his colleagues. He was going to a dinner for the President of Chile.

The Senate could have ordered the Sergeant-At-Arms to bring Connally back. Instead the Senate simply got along without the loved but sometimes ornery Texan.

Congressmen and Home Folks

Rep. Winfield Denton, homespun Democratic Hoosier from along the Ohio River, thinks he knows the answer for what's wrong with Congress. "We ought to have more money for travel," says Denton, "so Congressmen would get home more often. Every time I walk down Main Street I know how phony is the atmosphere of inspired letters and pressure in Washington."

A few days ago I was mighty worried about letters on economy and balancing the budget. But when I got home, people stopped me on the street and asked if the new Social Security Bill would help them. Small merchants said they'd like to have the same protection as their employees.

Merry-Go-Round

Clark Griffith, the tight-fisted owner of the Washington Nats, is no pal of the White House reporters. He refuses seats to the opening ball game for the boys who have to trail President Truman at every public appearance. Senator Bob Kerr was a good sport when he got the surprise news Mr. Truman vetoed the Natural Gas Bill. "No revenge," he told colleagues, "All's fair in love and politics."

Speaker Sam Rayburn's words over the long distance from Texas on the same subject must have brought blushes to the operator.



## Pitching Horseshoes

### Billy Rose

## And His Pal

By Billy Rose

I was sitting at my desk the other day browsing through some escape literature when a buddy of mine staggered in looking like he'd been overdrawn at the blood bank. He had a strange tale.

"It was horrible," he began. "Yours is the first human face I've seen in three days."

"Don't be silly," chuckled I. "How could you go three days without seeing a human face?"

Well, it seems this chap had finally located that nearby nudist camp Zane Robbins wrote about and it was three days before they caught him. After talking this fellow into drawing me a road map and floor plan I went through the fraternity files of "Sunshine and Health," the official peep sheet, which, by the way, the only American magazine that hasn't done a full page spread on Charlie Justice.

Quite a cult! On page three was the "Sunbathers' Manifesto" bemoaning the trials and tribulations of the American nudist. (In summer time those mosquito can be as bothersome as a pigeon with a Norden bombsight.) Following were some unique close-up shots of outstanding nudists, who Milton Berle describes as individuals with no coat and no vest with trousers to match. After my blood pressure had simmered down to 300 I read on about the fellow with 14 kids who—but wait a minute.

Maybe I'd better condense the whole works into pamphlet size and let the Western Union boy sell 'em at a quarter a throw.

## Chapelhillia

Congratulations to the Fleece initiates who are joining a long list of distinguished students...

Johnny Clampitt, Bob's big brother who ran for president and vice president of the student body while here a few years ago, was in town over the weekend. Bob was no doubt pointing out to Big Brother the landmarks on the campus commemorating Selby's recent "last stand". Frosh and sophs had a nice dance Saturday. Mebbe Leader Dowd will have a Dowd Memorial Junior-Senior Dance or prom or something next year. Little publicity and little goodwill on the classmen's part and little effort and a dance like that could be something to remember. Attention: Mr. Dowd... Ice show over in Coliseum must be right good. Everybody who went came back a happier man.

James K. Polk attended the University in his student days. The president of the United States was active in extracurricular activities, having been president of the Dialectic Society.

## Reporter Goes Snooping

Remember Fred Thompson?—They say he was carrying a rope in his raincoat pocket just in case he happened to catch me alone in some dark alley. Fred spoke to me the other day, however, and things have been looking up ever since.

Robert Emerson

After that amalgamation of type in yesterday's column about Tarnation, I have reservations about quoting anybody on anything. Really, that was the most gummed up mess I ever saw. Why, imagine Tarnation having a "nervous breakdown", because some "der" over in Kenan says Tarnation is a "pretty good little good." And can you believe that the Notre Dame issue was "taken away from her Pathology of Life course?"

In the undergraduate world all the reaction seems to be about the same with regards to my little Bantam friend Tarnation. "It's pretty good," or "I like it," seems to be the general feeling of all and all seem to add a comment which goes something like this: "The jokes could be improved on."

I asked the little pocket fellow what he thought of the reaction in yesterday's column, and he replied by saying, "Things weren't too bad. At least not as bad as they once were. Why, it hasn't been a year since people were threatening to lynch me whenever I showed up. I was afraid to step out of Graham Memorial for six months after the first issue came out last fall—"

Not wanting to invade the privacy of the little girls, I was, nevertheless, persuaded to make the venture (note the small v.) and so we slipped in the side door and up the stairs we went. We decided that it would be best if we could get up to the attic and put our EARS (note ears) to the floor.

Dot Teague was talking with her roommate about various matters, including Tarnation. Dot said she "liked the mag very much, but I'll tell you," she said, talking to her roommate I suspect, "I don't read anything, expect the jokes." The second version sounded a bit like Sally Thomas. She remarked that she had read all the jokes before they appeared in Tarnation. "I think it's fine, though."

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49								50		51

- HORIZONTAL  
1. Tibetan gazelle  
4. paddle  
7. catkin  
12. adjust  
14. craze  
15. funeral hymn  
16. school book  
18. observe  
19. read  
20. deed  
21. speak  
22. acid  
23. high cards  
24. into  
25. nude  
26. regret  
27. ancient Jewish ascetic  
29. soft  
32. born  
33. note in scale  
34. arguable  
37. classify  
38. come together  
39. possessive pronoun  
40. neck hair of horse
- 41. moccasin  
42. draw  
44. American novelist  
46. negotiate  
47. mount in Washington  
49. grasslike herb  
50. lofty mountain  
51. feminine name
- VERTICAL  
1. percussion-drill  
2. prayers  
3. authoritative decree  
4. single unit  
5. symbol for silver  
6. save  
7. verily  
8. prefix: ill  
9. entangled
- 10. female relative  
11. small pies  
13. grow old  
17. equivalence  
19. painful  
21. expire  
22. lucid  
23. female relative  
25. root vegetable  
26. respite  
28. made explosive nasal sounds  
29. lacerated  
30. constructed  
31. sleep flax  
33. prefix against  
35. defensive ditches  
36. exaggerated  
37. pouch  
38. feminine name  
40. ship officer  
41. woodland spirit  
43. tatter  
44. fruit of a rose  
45. epoch  
48. diminutive for Alfred

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## Write Away

REGISTER AND VOTE

Editor:

There is, I believe, a widespread misunderstanding with reference to the residence requirements for eligibility to vote in the May primary which may prevent some eligible persons from registering and which, therefore, should be cleared up. The state election laws require a residence of one year in the state and four months in the precinct in order to be eligible to vote in a general election. The important point to note is that the registration now taking place is for the general election in November as well as for the primary elections on May 27 and that any person who will be eligible to vote in the general election in November is eligible to register now and vote in the primary on May 27. The date with reference to which the residence requirement is figured is the date of the general election, that is, November 7, 1950. Thus, a person who moved to Chapel Hill in the fall of 1949 before November 7, with the intention of making this his permanent residence, is eligible to register now and vote in the primary on May 27, even though he (or she) will not have been a resident of the state for a year until after the primary election. Also, a person who will have reached the age of twenty-one years on or before November 7, 1950, and who is otherwise qualified, is eligible to register now and vote in the primary on May 27, even though his (or her) twenty-first birthday may occur after the date of this primary election.

C. B. Robson, Head of Dept. of Political Science

## HOGAN'S HOLIDAY

Editor:

Now is the time for all good juniors to throw orchids at their class officers. For the first time, since history knows when, a class at U.N.C. is going to have a function that's really going to be great.

Previously, the only function the classes had was to elect officers once a year. All of us wondered what these officers did—the general supposition was nothing. Many of us thought these positions were only honorary with their only virtue being to help fill the Yack.

When President Ned Dowd took over this year, he inherited the responsibility of handling a nice sizeable sum of money. This sum had accumulated from the block fees that all of us have paid for the last three years. Dowd immediately asked us classmates how we wanted to spend our money. The majority wanted a picnic at Hogan's Lake. Now we are going to have it—and it's going to be the greatest thing since Cleo played with Caesar around the Sphinx.

This Friday all the juniors will wear their shirt tails out and a straw hat. This day is the spark needed to kindle the class spirit that's going to make Saturday a roaring success.

Barbeque and all the trimmings are going to be served FREE to all juniors and their dates. The tickets to the meals are being passed out in the Y just for the asking. Everybody ought to pick up their bid as soon as possible so they will know how many to plan for.

From what we hear, there will be plenty to do for those who, can stand up long enough to participate. Of course not everyone will be able to stand up at all for various and sundry reasons.

The most terrific of all plans is that transportation is going to be furnished for us without autos. Busses will leave from the "Y" Saturday morning and bring us back that afternoon. We've elected some great officers this time and we are getting a great blowout. After all the planning and time they have put into Junior Class Day and the picnic and after all the pennies we've paid in block fees, we ought to make it the biggest success since Davie found his Poplar.

Class day is Friday. The picnic is Saturday starting at 10:00 a.m. and will run 'til the last bottle is thrown in the lake.

Guy Evans  
Don Latta  
Clarence Tugwell

Clay Brittain  
Gerald Thomas

## OPEN LETTER TO JOE

Thanks a lot, Joe—you taught me a very valuable lesson today. I just came to Carolina this year, Joe, as a transfer student, and I'm just beginning to realize what goes on around here and why.

You've selected your cheerleaders now and I guess you feel pretty good about the whole thing. I was among those who didn't quite make the grade and I feel I've got to say a few things in regard to your policy in selecting cheerleaders. Now understand, I'm not howling because I wasn't among the chosen few myself, but I am howling because of what I believe went on at the try-outs and what goes on everyday around the campus. I believe that your selections were not only influenced by other "groups or persons," but biased right from the beginning. Wouldn't it have been a great deal more honest to have just told the struggling aspirants (the first day that they had no connections and to go to their rooms and forget about the whole thing? I saw some boys who looked mighty good, leave and some sorry ones remain. I wonder if you honestly believe, Joe, that you got the nine best men from that group? But Fuzzy does need help with the ram occasionally.

I see now that to accomplish much of anything around here you've either got to know somebody who knows somebody or keep your nose in the right place a good bit of the time. Politics, I believe they call it—always politics. It always seems to be something like, you're not in a fraternity or else you're in the wrong one. And Brotherhood Week was only a month ago. Ah, well, that eternal cry. However, some honest souls do manage to get ahead somehow. Take a bow, Mr. Editor. I never have practiced any of these finer points but then I never have gotten much of any where either.

A non-partisan board selected you as a candidate for Head-cheerleader, Joe. Was your "board" of selection non-partisan?

F. X. Wamsley