

The Daily Tar Heel

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Merry-Go-Round Trygve Lie World Citizen

By Drew Pearson

(The brass ring, good for one free ride on the Washington Merry-Go-Round, today goes to Trygve Lie, secretary-general of the United Nations, now on an important mission to Moscow.)

WASHINGTON—Shortly before Trygve Lie left New York on his current mission to Moscow, President Truman had announced that the world looked better—a statement which Truman reiterated last week. And Trygve Lie, talking privately to a friend immediately afterward, said:

"I am glad they (the press) did not ask me to comment on President Truman's statement yesterday that the world situation is better than in 1946!"

For the Secretary-General of the United Nations thinks the world situation is in a very dangerous state—not because of an immediate threat of war but because the U.N. is threatened for its very life. This is the reason for his trip to Moscow.

"I am going to tell them," he told a friend before he left. "What do you want to do about the United Nations; we must decide now, because in another six or eight months if the deadlock is not broken, this organization will collapse."

Lie added that he thinks the Soviets recognize that their walkout has been a blunder, just as the Berlin blockade was a blunder. But Russia is a big power and it cannot extricate itself from this situation without some face-saving. Here he made a little circle with his thumb and forefinger, and peeped through it, and said: "Some little peephole—just some little peephole."

Since then the search for the peephole has been made by Lie, the British Foreign Office and the French. The final result now depends on Lie's talks in Moscow.

Cornerstone Layer

Most Americans think of Trygve Lie as a stout, cornerstone-laying character, with a heavy Scandinavian accent, who does something or other at the United Nations.

This vagueness is partly Lie's fault. He has operated for four years on the conviction that the Secretary-General of the U.N. should keep out of controversy. But he has changed in the last few months. Lie is now displaying some of the fire he used to display when, at 16, he became a local president of the Norwegian Labor Party—or the kind of fire he displays now on a Long Island tennis court when the score is six games to six and he wants to break the deadlock.

For, in these last months of his five-year term as Secretary-General, Lie is determined to break the deadlock of the Cold War. He is throwing his old caution to the winds. He doesn't care any more whether he has the support of the State Department.

Actually, he has lost it. Inside fact is that the State Department tried to sidetrack his mission to Moscow.

As a European, and especially as ex-premier of a country with a long border adjoining Russia, Lie is fearfully worried. He thinks the policy of both sides—name-calling and arms-building—will lead to an eye-for-an-eye and a bomb-for-a-bomb. And his strategy is to try to knock together the heads of what European delegates call "Les Deux Grands"—"The Two Bigs."

For a long time he has been working behind the scenes with the skill of the best Washington lobbyist. One day, he whisks the Cuban delegate out to lunch at the Lies' Long Island home. Next day he makes a private appointment to meet a British or French delegate at the Manhattan headquarters of U.N.—where talks are more unobserved than at or near Lake Success.

And the next day, a Polish or Ukrainian delegate for dinner—possibly mixing them with some of the New York City officials in talk about the headquarters building.

Guests who meet Lie in his own home, or at a private dinner, find him a great surprise. He is not the fence-sitting diplomat he seems to be in public. He talks with candor. He even expresses vigorous opinions about such things as "the dark combination of votes" that forced through the internationalization of Jerusalem.

Lie said at the time that he had never seen such a combination—of Catholics, Communists and Arabs—which rammed through a decision that he regarded as unworkable. He said he decided this after having talked with the U. N. military expert, Gen. William Riley, who, though himself a Catholic, reported that it would be impossible to make Jerusalem international without force.

Started As Office Boy

Now 53 years old, the Secretary-General of the United Nations was born in Oslo, the son of a carpenter. His first job was as an office boy in the headquarters of the Norwegian Labor Party. At 16 he became president of a local labor branch, and at 23 he was one of the leaders of the party. At the outbreak of the war, Lie was Minister of Commerce in the Norwegian government and by February, 1941, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, then in exile in London.

Lie's catapult into U.N. affairs came during the San Francisco conference which founded the United Nations, where he served as chairman of the commission which drafted the charter of the Security Council.

At that time—and since—he has sometimes sided against the United States and Great Britain. In fact, during the early U.N. days, he was nominated by Ambassador Gromyko to be the first president of the General Assembly. Now his influence is emphatically against his onetime supporters.



Pitching Horse Shoes

He Gets Paid For This Stuff

By Billy Rose

The Saucer That Cheers
 At the risk of being laughed out of court and countenance, I'd like to report that I've seen Flying Saucers.

It happened on a clear and moon-minus night two summers ago in Newton, Conn., on the lawn of the home belonging to Paul Osborne, the playwright. Among my fellow oglers were Paul and his wife, Director Josh Logan and his missus, and Author John Hersey and his. What's more, none of us was in his cups the night we watched the flying saucery.

The show began about 10 p.m. while we were sitting outdoors, enjoying and shooting the breeze, and the first thing we noticed were several searchlights some miles away poking their yellow fingers into the sky. A few minutes later, three bits of celestial chinaware skittered into view, and from then until midnight they skipped and scampered above our bewildered heads.

As nearly as I could judge, these Whatzises were at least 200 feet in diameter and were flying at an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Their edges gave off a ghostly glow, very much like blue neon tubing seen through a heavy fog.

When the searchlights finally cut off and the discs got lost in the stars, we put what was left of our heads together and decided that what we had witnessed must have been some kind of hush-hush military exercise. We also decided that, if we didn't want a butterfly net slipped over our heads, it would be smart to keep our lips zipped about the whole thing.

How come, then, that with my bare face hanging out in print, I'm spilling the story now? Well, until recently the talk about the persnickety pancakes has been more loose than lucid—according to some writers, they were manned by Martians two inches tall; according to others, by Russians two droschkiis wide. Recently, however, documentation has begun to replace delirium, and it's becoming evident that the overgrown man-hole covers are not only real, but, despite all denials, one of the top-secret weapons of our own Navy and Air Force.

The most convincing testimony was offered April 3rd by Henry J. Taylor on a General Motors broadcast over the ABC network. Taylor, after trekking all around the country and talking to people who had seen, touched and even flown these credulity-cracking craft, made the following flat and unfrivolous statements about them:

One type of saucer is the "true" disc, which ranges anywhere from 20 inches to 200 feet in diameter, is unmanned and generally guided by some form of remote control. The other is a jet-driven platter which carries a crew and is cap-

able of such supersonic speeds that in flight it looks like a hundred-foot flaming cigar. Furthermore, according to Henry J., a "true" disc was actually photographed near Wildwood, N. J.; another was found in the vicinity of Galveston, Texas, and stenciled on its surface was the following:

Military Secret of the United States of America
 Anyone damaging or revealing description or whereabouts of this missile is subject to prosecution by the United States Government. Call Collect at once. (Then a long distance telephone number, and the address of a U. S. Air Base, and finally the words on the "saucer" in big, black letters: **Non-Explosive.**)

"I know what these so-called flying saucers are used for," Taylor concluded. "When the military authorities are ready to release the information it will be a joy to tell you the whole to a sorority."

story, for it is good news—wonderful news."

Well, I don't know what the saucers are for, but on the basis of this and other reports—plus the evidence of my own bug-eyes—I'm convinced they exist and, praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, are ours. Moscow papers please copy.

As you may remember, I wrote a column last week about the bureaucratic blabbermouths in our nation's capital who, at the drop of a daiquiri, blurt out top military secrets to anyone who will listen. Well, I'm plenty happy to learn that—at least as regards one vital weapon—there are some folks in Washington who not only know their beans but can keep from spilling them.

The questionnaire asks if a girl is glad she joined a sorority, if the membership should be larger, if there should be another sorority on campus and if she belongs to a sorority.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12				13				14		
15			16				17			
18							19			
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22	23	24			25			26	27	28
29				30					31	
32				33					34	
			35					36		
37	38	39				40		41	42	43
						45				
46					47				48	
49					50				51	

HORIZONTAL

1. swabs
 5. epoch
 8. tent dweller
 12. masculine name
 13. female religious
 14. ramble
 15. crumbles
 18. admission
 19. most unique
 20. knight (abbr.)
 21. the pineapple
 22. edible green seeds
 25. more comely
 29. male offspring
 30. lock of hair
 31. weep
 32. concern
 34. female horse
 35. parcels of land
 36. Chinese weight
 37. Mexican shawl
 40. servile

VERTICAL

1. constructed
 2. god of war
 3. gone by
 4. smiles affectedly
 5. grafted (her.)
 6. regret extremely
 7. most wrathful
 8. mountain in Turkey
 9. roar of surf
 10. the birds
 11. choicest
 16. seine
 17. talks wildly
 21. iron
 22. Greek letter
 23. eternity
 24. insect
 25. shams
 26. river in Brazil
 27. wander
 28. gypsy gentleman
 30. figure of speech
 33. puffs up
 34. trifling
 36. the lion
 37. stretch over
 38. eagle
 39. steeply flax
 40. fabricate
 41. Bohemian river
 42. woe is me
 43. ancient harp-like instrument
 45. pedal digit

Answer to yesterday's puzzle:
 SLOP ORAN SAW
 AERO RIDE ELA
 YEAR ITERATED
 TEEPE ERASE
 MAIDEN RUE
 ISO ATTESTING
 SINS AHA ESAU
 TASTELESS ORT
 ASS SURGES
 APART TENOR
 PARTAKER OAST
 OCA TINT SPUR
 DAL ENDS THEY

5-11
 Distributed by King Features Syndicate
 Average time of solution: 23 minutes.

Write Away

Permission Granted

Editor:
 I hope I may be permitted to protest two recent instances of anti-Negro bigotry that have appeared in your paper, and to comment on these.

The first appeared in "Talk Away" on May 7. To a question about "Gin Drinking Co-eds" a janitor in Everett is alleged to have answered: "Do what? I'll try. Oh! Why, I don't think I know what I think." The second instance appeared in a radio-telephone poll story on May 7, in which one of the persons called gave a reply which allegedly began: "Law honey child," and ended "I've just done plum forgot all about it."

I want to make clear from the start that I have no objection to publication of Negro dialect per se. On the contrary, some of the most stirring literature that has come out of America (unfortunately suppressed in most schools) is in Negro dialect, and to be appreciated, must be written as such.

What I do object to is the presentation of Negroes as stereotypes, slow, irresponsible, indolent, and inherently funny in mannerisms, language, and appearance. This is the stereotype developed by the white supremacists to justify the oppression of the Negro people, and leads inevitably to the slander that the Negro is either undeserving of, or not interested in his full freedom and citizenship, education, equal access to the professions, social equality, and so on. While there are a few Negroes who deliberately cater to the concept of the stereotype, and attempt in this fashion to adjust to a Jim Crow society, it is obvious, when one examines movements like the recent gigantic Civil Rights Crusade of the NAACP, that the overwhelming majority of the Negro people reject this attitude, and have adopted for motto: "Full citizenship NOW; nothing less will do."

In my opinion, there is no validity to the answer that may well be given to my objection to the two stories, "After all, the people we interviewed DID say what we put down" (which I doubt, incidentally; your reporter was obviously very unfamiliar with Negro dialect, and adhered to the white supremacist version rather than to Negro dialect as spoken). Even if they did, any editor, writer, or journalist cannot record EVERYTHING; he exercises judgment in selecting what is representative, and puts it in the proper context, so that the final work will give a correct picture of the whole; he must have a sense of responsibility for the effect that his writing will have. That is what is supposed to distinguish the ethical journalist from the Hearst hireling. Nothing is easier than to present a thoroughly distorted picture without writing anything strictly untrue.

To present a lazy and stupid Negro, a money grabbing Jew, a dishonest Mexican, and so on, as types of their respective national groups is gross slander to the people from whose ranks have risen Frederick Douglass, Einstein, and Cardenas. Such slander feeds the flames of racial and national chauvinism; it is irresponsible journalism, and I hope that you will instruct staff to desist.

Incidentally, if the reply your story attributed to the Everett janitor is correct, it does not present a very flattering picture of the inhabitants of Everett; apparently no one in that dormitory has deemed it worth his while to engage in conversation with the janitor except to demand that he do one thing or another.

Let us understand that as part of the fight to break down the color barrier, we must attempt to make friends with Negro people wherever possible: we must take the initiative, to make our Negro friends realize that they are not alone in their struggle for full citizenship. Let us understand that if we do so, it is to a large extent to help ourselves, as the oppression of the Negro people has held down the South and the nation as a whole; for example, our education suffers because the state maintains three separate school systems.

There should be more interracial activity on the campus. I would suggest that student organizations and departments establish fraternal relations with their counterparts at N. C. College and A. & T. College. For one thing, this would be good preparation for the day—soon to come—when Negro students will be admitted to the University. For another, it would make us students more aware of problems, aspirations and struggles of the Negro people, and once and for all wipe the stereotype concept of the Negro out of those minds where it still is present. If such fraternal relations were the general practice, instead of being limited to a few left-wing and religious groups, I am sure the two anti-Negro articles would have brought forth a deluge of protests. (You, Mr. Editor, could take the lead by corresponding with the editors of student newspapers at some nearby Negro colleges, and telling us about the activities there in your columns. (I for one would gladly do without polls about Gin Drinking Co-eds, if you are wondering where to take the space from.) Perhaps the need for such material would become more glaring if you conducted a poll along the following lines: How many have any personal Negro friends? How many read the Carolina Times? (The most popular Negro paper in the state!) How many know anything about the biography of Harriet Tubman?)

I sincerely hope that some of these suggestions will bear fruit, and that the fight for Negro liberation has not yet completely become a casualty of the cold war on this campus.

Hans Freistadt

Those Summer Jobs

Besides this immature outlook the college employee has for the summer operator other disadvantages. There is the tendency to stay up late, carouse, and generally disobey house rules which fault Mr. Lewis criticizes in the enclosed article. I have found in writing here, there, and elsewhere checking references young girls give that such carousing is in many instances the reason and they do not seem to know it that they are not required. Even more serious is the lack of honesty. Students sign to work at several hotels and in the end disappoint all but one. Often they send untrue excuses, such as death in the family, but oftener they simply fail to appear. They also break working contracts seemingly without remorse. When a college student has earned what she thinks will carry her through the next year, she rationalizes, talks herself into doing what she really wants to do—have a good vacation before school. I have found contract breakers especially numerous among Mid-Western girls. They are essentially tourists who seldom want to repay your first year's training with a repeat performance. Regardless of the departure date appearing on their contract, they will leave in late August "to see New York, Atlantic City, the ocean" or something they can't see on their own fresh water campus. Some first class resorts have long since instructed their employment managers to eschew college help, and mainly for this reason.

We small operators have the choice of accepting college help or of competing with the larger houses for migrating professional help. Most of us prefer to stay with the former. We, however, believe the college can and should give us aid.

First, the registrar should end his academic year later than he does so that the students would become available after the middle of June—a very slow month for resorts. Second, he should set his registration date for late September at least. Now, for example, some students are at a disadvantage with other college students with later registration dates. September is a better month for resorts than June and college and student should make an effort to meet the demand. The college placement service should handle all resort help and should insist on reports of student work. There is an incentive to do well if the student knows his progress in his summer job will appear on his college report. Home Economics students at Cornell, for this reason, are good hotel help. Colleges without such service are not doing all they can to promote summer jobs for students.

This year with the largest pile of summer applications before him since the "thirties," the thoughts that are running through a resort manager's mind are as I have set them down. I can say this because I have seen the questionnaires they send to your bureaus; they want exact dates for departures; they want to know if the applicant has integrity, a sense of duty. They want to know why he is applying for the job. They want to know how many years he will be available. One operator asks of the applicant that he take his own personal vacation in June and work up until fall registration.

Since I know something of both the University and the Hotel life I would venture this suggestion. Offices such as yours should be enlarged and more closely integrated with the administration of the institution. With better facilities you could serve the student, the summer hotel, the university. I have already indicated how. For the first mentioned there is a better chance to get the right person into the right job; there is a meaning and a purpose to his summer work; with the proper orientation there is a better opportunity on his part for success. For the summer resort there would be some relief for its worst problem, and for the University there would be a better picture of the student's progress, and since he would be better financed, a likelier chance of his continuing his studies with profit. All this is better than heretofore. Thank you again for your time and with best regards I remain

Cordially yours,
 Arch Delmarsh
 Member
 Central Adirondack Association