

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor Edd Davis — Sports, Ed Starnes

on the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

Somebody in the German Club should be hogtied and shot at high noon in the Y Court.

The man I'm gunning for is the one who was responsible for bringing Woody Herman and his band (?) to the campus for Fall Germans.

I felt during the Herman weekend that Woody and his musical (?) congregation were about the worst substitute for a name band that had ever been dragged onto the Carolina scene, but it took the past weekend and the marvelous music of rambunctious Ray Anthony to make me realize how terrible the Fall Germans really were.

In four years of being a member of the German Club, I must point out that the Woody Herman concert was the first one I ever felt compelled to walk out on before it was over. I darn near left before the first half of the outrage had finished being perpetrated, but I waited until intermission to run from Memorial Hall, feeling slightly sick at my stomach.

I would like to take this opportunity, however, to compliment each and every member of the German Club Executive Committee for providing us with a terrific weekend for Mid-Winters.

Anthony's Dixieland is the finest I have ever heard done by a modern orchestra, and stacks up brilliantly with the Dixieland combo specialists I've hit in the French Quarter in New Orleans... and that, in case you're not familiar with the New Orleans brand of Dixieland, is quite a compliment.

When Ray and the boys marched through the crowds at Woolen Gym and the aisles of Memorial Hall trumpeting "The Saints," I felt like hopping out of my seat and marching right along with them.

And if you think Ray Anthony was great, just wait until Spring Germans. It hasn't been officially announced yet, but the German Club has signed up Ralph Flanagan. It ought to be a dilly.

Chapel Hillian Max Steele, who got his A.B. here in 1946 and won the Harper Prize Novel Contest with his "Debby" which was published last March, turned out a masterpiece in miniature for the December issue of Harper's Magazine.

If you locate a copy, pick one up and read "Promiscuous Unbound." The story concerns a six-year-old kid named Mutt, a lost baseball, a murdered dahlia-raiser, and a married woman with a rather questionable reputation. And it's funny as hell.

Author Steele, a member of our Chapel Hill writing colony, has recently taken off for Rome to study comparative literature, work on a second novel, and do a dramatization of "Debby."

Steele has done most of his writing here since his graduation in '46, after a three-year interruption of his studies as an enlisted man in the Army Air Corps.

"In the Army," Harper's tells us, "he had become a weather observer, by some quirk of fate and the military order, but apparently the meteorological drama failed to deflect him from his pre-war bent for the literary life, which had caused him to start in on a course of playwrighting when he entered the University."

On Campus

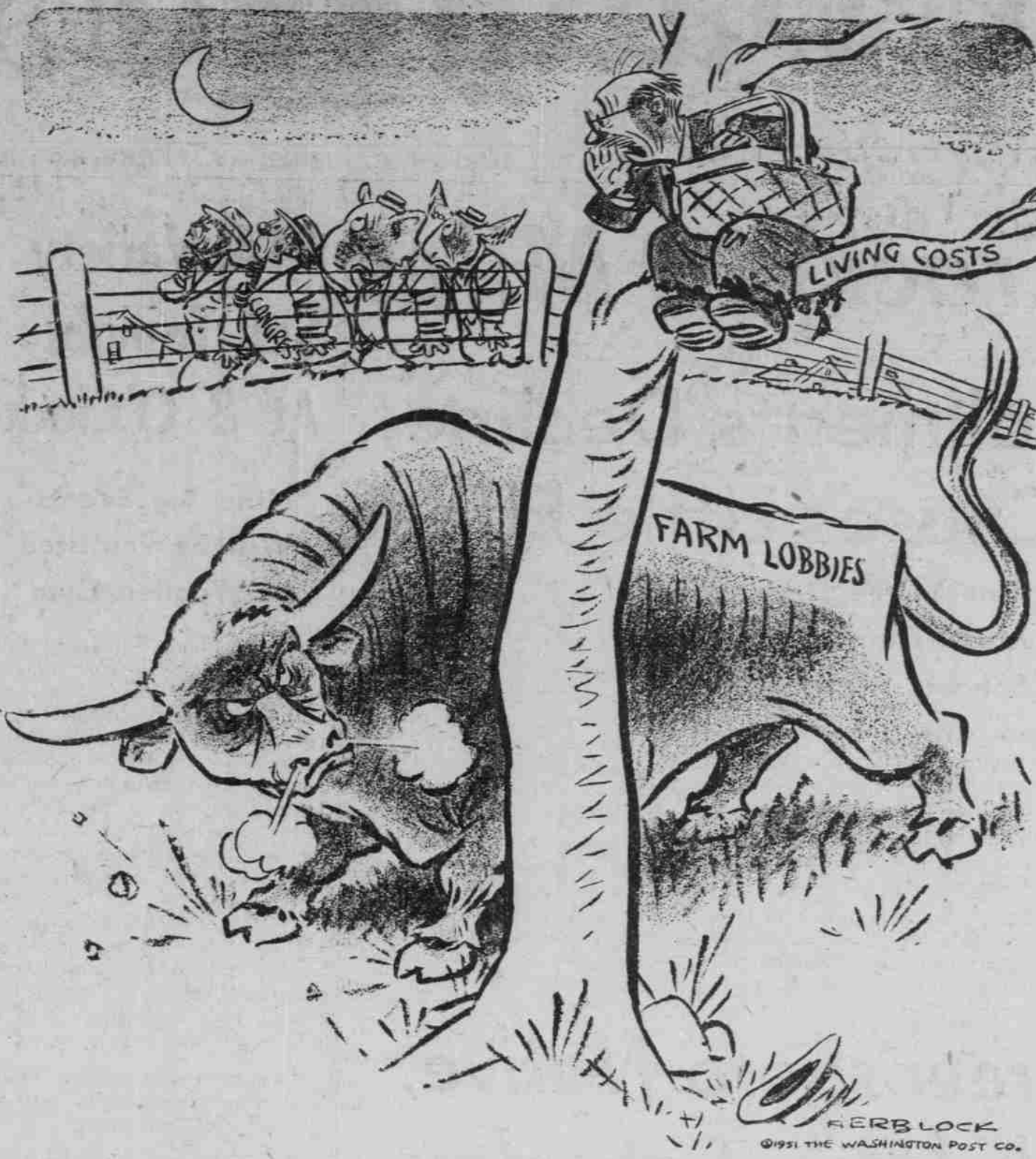
Students of geography were a little puzzled the other day when they saw a story in the News and Observer about those avalanches killing so many people in Europe.

A secondary headline above the story read: "Uncounted Numbers Reported Missing In Switzerland, Australia and Italy."

And another sign, this one in the men's room of Ragsdale Dormitory at Woman's College in Greensboro:

"Please flush the toilet after each using. It cannot be heard from the hall."

"Yoo Hoo — Hallooooo — Hey!"



Tar Heel At Large by Robert Ruark, '35

If you can dig for the kernel of pressure in this draft wrangle, which now might lead to the drafting of childless marrieds in order to give the 18-year-olds another year of tether to apron strings, it is spelled Mother. M-O-T-H-E-R.

There is, possibly, no more selfish creature, no more shortsighted creature living than a mother, when her male spawn is affected. The fierceness of her protective instinct brooks little interference by man or beast.

This is the seat of the conflict between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. Ma has ever resented the delivery of her eye's apple to another woman. Along the same lines she is as jealous of the armed force that takes her boy from her. She almost singlehandedly, assisted by a craven Congress, wrecked our standing forces at the end of the war, with a shrill insistence that junior be returned to her lap.

You will hear no heavy opposition from the mamas about the drafting of married sons, with or without children, because Junior is lost to Ma when he gets married. He is the property of some other dame, of whom Mama is already jealous, whether or no she admits the jealousy. She will hold still for the implied wreckage of a son's matrimonial estate, and might even be a touch subconsciously glad to see it wrecked.

The smallest price we can pay in a draft is a call-up of youths, who have not as yet formed a firm position in society. An 18-year-old is rarely married, rarely established in a home, rarely employed seriously. He is as largely free of obligation as he will ever be.

Yet, he is a man in body, swift of reflex, and

still more amenable to training and less sensitive to danger than an adult with responsibilities, set behavior patterns, and an inculcated caution. Nor do I believe that 18 is roughly any younger, physically or mentally, than 19. It is a hobblede-hoy stage that doesn't swerve sharply toward manhood outside the early 20's.

Audie Murphy, a country kid of frail physique, joined the Army at 18. He was under 21 V-E day. He earned more decorations than any other soldier, including the highest, the Congressional Medal. He was promoted to officer in the field. He is officially credited with killing or capturing or wounding 240 Germans.

If Murphy was atypical as a candidate for distinction, it was because he was much frailer than the average G.I., and his life prior to enlistment at 18 had been almost entirely devoid of sufficient cultural influences to place him on a par with his fellow soldiers. Murphy's mama died when he was 16.

In any case, the squabbling over the difference in eligibility between the 18's and 19's is sheer hair-splitting. No living mama is any less eager to keep a 19-year-old than an 18-year-old. She simply doesn't want to lose her lad at all, to another woman or to a war.

The immunity of the 18's, at the expense of the young marrieds, veterans, or non-vets with dependents, would seem to me to be a horrid injustice to American family life in the mass, and this is one instance when the mama lobby ought to haul in its horns.

More From The Mailbox

'A Traditional Attitude Of Prejudice'

Editor:

Prejudice! Segregation! Two powerful and strong meaning words, and both very definitely exist as far as the Negro problem is concerned. But, why should there be a problem? Are Negroes not human beings who should under the Constitution of our United States be entitled to equal opportunities in life? Did not the Bible say, "Love thy neighbor?"

The members of the Negro race are our neighbors—but do we acknowledge their rights and show our love for them? No—many don't, for they have been brought up in a traditional attitude of prejudice—but, tradition has been broken in other matters, so why not do away with this, the strongest of all prejudice, right now, in this our generation. I admit, it takes time to overcome anything that is so deeply rooted—but if we all see the way clear and pitch in together, racial prejudice can be non-existent in our time.

It is deplorable to think of the conditions under which the Negroes right around us here at Chapel Hill are compelled to live. If you'd like a small insight on it, drop around at the Y some Wednesday at 2 o'clock and join the Human Relations Committee on its weekly journey to Damascus. Out on a lonely dirt road in the heart of the country you'll be introduced to conditions you might have thought existed only in story books—but believe me, they're real!

Out there on that lonely road is a little red-roofed, one room schoolhouse occupied by 27

darling little, children from seven to fourteen years old, and their charming teacher, Mrs. Hollaway. There is no electricity and the room is heated by a pot-belly stove in the center. A small house is conveniently situated at the rear of the building. The children come from the adjoining countryside, some having to hike a good two miles every day to school.

It is evident that these children will not have an opportunity to continue their education, for as I said before, the eldest is 14, a girl, and the eldest boy is a bit younger. Just where are the older children? In this case the majority are destined to spend their lives on a small plot of land in the country, while in other sections of the country they will be servants or work at slave labor wages. They just don't have a fair chance to progress. Why shouldn't they have equal higher educational opportunities? They certainly deserve it! I think that anyone willing to walk four miles every day to go to school deserves only the best in education and life—don't you?

Actually, the Negroes want little more than equal educational and vocational opportunities, and a feeling of belonging to our present-day society as a personality—not a color oddity. If we, in our generation, get to know the Negro race through personal associations, I'm sure we will all after our present mental attitude and accept them as equal human beings. Remember, the Bible says, "Love thy neighbor." Do you?

Jane E. Jenkins

The Editor's Mailbox

'Hats Off To Robbins'

Editor:

Did my eyes deceive me—or was that a column by a University of North Carolina writer praising a Duke basketball player in The Daily Tar Heel of Wednesday, Feb. 7.

My hat is off to Sports Editor Zane Robbins on his column about Dick Groat. If the University is making an effort to better its athletic relations with Duke—well, I'd say Sports Editor Robbins has made the biggest step in the right direction that I've seen in quite a long while at either institution.

Whattaman Mann of Duke asked me a week ago to write a 25-word quote for him on Groat's greatness. I knew he was good, but I didn't realize he was really great until I heard a Carolina man say it.

More power to Mr. Robbins and The Daily Tar Heel.

Carlton Byrd

Sentinel Sports Editor

Winston-Salem

On The Soap Box

by Bob Selig

"The South," said a Northern friend, "is like a dog. It keeps dirtying the rug of race relations. Every time that it does, you must give it a good kick in the behind. It will finally realize that whenever it's naughty, it will receive a swift kick, and it will stop dirtying the rug."

"Some day," I said, "this so-called dog will turn around and bite you in the leg."

My friend has a common idea about the South. Harry Truman's civil rights program embodies this same idea. It will not work. A social movement must come from within, not without. The South must help itself, and a kick in the pants will not help it. There are, however, good reasons for this attitude. There are some Southerners who supply hot-headed Northerners with plenty of ammunition. I saw a good example one Friday night.

I went to the Carolina Theater to see a picture called "No Way Out." It was one of the finest pictures that I have seen this year. By the time that I got up and left the theater, my knees and legs were so tight from the tension that they ached when I walked. The picture had propelled me completely into its problem; I forgot my own identity and felt as though I, personally, had taken part in the action. That is something that has not happened often in my years of movie going.

The picture was about the Negro question. A Negro doctor in a Northern city is put on the staff of a white hospital. He finds that certain white people make things pretty unpleasant and is persecuted by one Negro hater who threatens to kill him. The film depicts intense racial hatred in one of the most powerful studies of a social problem ever put on the screen.

There was one thing wrong. Some people in the audience

hissed the picture. Some people in the audience made obscene comments about the Negro characters in the movie. These comments were not the usual kind of college audience humor. They were vicious and directed at the very purposes and motives of the picture. They came at the most moving moments when most of the audience didn't want any interruptions.

I would say that those who hissed and made dirty remarks were probably just stupid and insensitive. The picture was powerful propaganda, but it did not lie. It presented a valid, actual problem which does exist. Perhaps, it exaggerated and stacked the cards by making the villain unusually despicable and malicious, but that is dramatic license.

The problem stands. There are many intelligent and highly cultured Negroes, who are treated by most people the same as they would an ignorant and uneducated one. And yet, no one would think of treating a white physician in the same way that they would treat a white bathroom attendant.

The picture contained self criticism. It was made by Northerners, and the setting was in a Northern city. The colored ghettos were Northern ghettos, and the race fanatics were Northern race fanatics. This seemed to me to be a fair enough presentation. But to persons so rabid and full of hate that they will not try to understand an opposing view, it would not seem so. Nothing is reasonable or fair to the unreasonable and the unfair.

It's this kind of narrowness which makes Northerners think that the South is incapable of helping itself or of solving its own problems. It's this kind of an individual who deserves to be kicked in the pants by his fellow Southerners.

Crossword Puzzle

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ACROSS
1. Period of ten years
7. Burnish
13. Open declaration
14. Exhibit
15. Tropical fruit
16. Sign of the zodiac
17. Exclamation of disgust
18. Clump
19. Number
20. Verifier
21. Base of the decimal system
22. Insects
23. Peculiar
24. Compliment
25. Compliment of an arrow
26. City in Yugoslavia
27. Thought

DOWN
8. Gentle
9. Free
10. Cut
11. Grayish-brown
12. South African
17. Become
18. Dispatch
19. Skill
20. Fortune
21. Indicating
22. Laboring man
23. Distort
24. Quantity
25. Speaker
26. Rambles
27. Cylindrical and tapering

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
1. League
2. Expect
3. Inhabitant of Denmark
4. Guide's highest note
5. Ice-cream
6. First name of Gertrude
7. This hat
8. Theatrical
9. Atherion
10. Througness
11. Old
12. Highest mountain
13. Sail by a
14. Legume
15. Pinhead
16. Old weight for wool
17. By the matter with
18. Place to sleep
19. Hone
20. Whimsical
21. Ponder
22. Wire oak
23. Silica
24. Baseball team
25. Siberian
26. Prater
27. Place on ground
28. At the present
29. Person in the
30. Unpleasant
31. Combustion
32. Small round mark
33. Snow-cub
34. Before

Long Live Weather

Truly, Chapel Hill has the world's greatest climate.

Where else in the here or hereafter could folks be one day gamboling in that epitome of winter—in other words, snow—and the next day sit back and watch spring sun bring out pleasingly-clad coeds. One day the sport is snowballing and sledding, the next it is sitting and sunning.

In other words, this here is a fine place, climate-wise, no matter how much we moan about the weather. If it isn't consistent, it is at least pleasantly surprising. It would certainly be a dull place if the weather acted like it does in some places.

Long live Chapel Hill weather.