

The Daily Tar Heel

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Roy Parker's Column

There is a bug in the Morehead Scholarship Pie.

The scholarships — to be awarded for the first time this year — were established by Mr. Morehead to help students who are supposed to be the future leaders of the state.

And yet, they do not solve the problem of the rising cost of education that seems to be saying, "who is there going to be around to lead?"

It is a fact, according to University officials, that the tremendous increase in all kinds of costs is making a college education something for the well-to-do. Yet, the University was set up to take care of those North Carolina citizens who desired college training, and it was supposed to provide that training at free of cost as possible.

That freedom from costs has long since gone by the boards. The North Carolina General Assembly hasn't minded forgetting the state's obligation to its University when faced with other considerations. And outside costs have risen so much as to almost overshadow the comparatively insignificant rise in tuition costs.

So it would seem that any monies put up by the state, or by citizens who wished to do the most good for the University and the state, would be used to help better the spectre of costs.

To do that, they would, it seems, have to be based at least partly on financial need.

We are not showing ungratitude for the two-million-dollar grant that will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the University and the welfare of North Carolina. Nor are we trying to bite a hand that has been most generous to us.

But the gift is such a tool for great, good works that we think it should be used to its utmost. We are sure that such is the feeling of its donor. And with the prohibitive cost of education the principal dilemma of University officials and students alike, we don't think that such is the case.

It is a known fact that the financial aid—both in scholarships and self-help—available at the University is something woefully inadequate in the face of the costs of today. Even with a \$500-a-year scholarship and a self-help job paying as much as seven or eight hundred, a student without any parental help can't get through the University without living in a pinched condition. And there are few such good deals as this. The fact is, many UNC scholarships are going begging because they would be little more than a pittance.

And yet, the Morehead scholarships are based on something that is nebulous to say the least. Who can gauge the leadership potential of a person 20 years before that leadership would appear. And isn't it much easier for those without financial worries to make themselves good prospects for such a scholarship by being able to devote their time to studies and extracurricular activity? In other words, the Morehead scholarships could easily become the playthings of those with the money and time to meet their qualifications.

That doesn't seem to us to be maximum use of such a force for good. The Morehead gift is a tool for good of such magnitude that it deserves a great amount of study by all those connected with it.

In its present form, the gift is a two-edged sword. It is a mighty sword. Swung in the right direction, it could add honor and glory to its donor, the University, and the state. Let's make that direction the right one.

On Campus

According to the Clarkston Integrator, the mathematics department of the University of Akron is going to make it easy for students to get hold of old tests. The department is setting up a file system in the university library which will include the examinations of the previous four semesters.

Applied Architecture

by John Sanders

The slavish and unimaginative cleaving by certain University authorities to a rather weird version of Georgian architecture is always a subject for debate hereabouts. But the issue goes considerably deeper than whether this or that mode or style happens to "fit" in Chapel Hill. Being an educational institution, it should not be heretical to maintain that the buildings in which a university's functions are housed should be designed with the object of contributing to the educational process.

Walter Gropius, architect of the new Graduate Center at Harvard, has some illuminating comments on the subject of college architecture in a recent Harvard Alumni Bulletin. Most of the article, "Tradition and the Center," is an explanation of the reasons for the radical departure from the red-brick and hipped-roof motif in designing the Graduate Center there. The following passages, however, are as pertinent to Chapel Hill as to Cambridge:

"Prevailing methods of education are reflected in the general indolence of people toward art and architecture. If we consider the vague feelings of the average contemporary toward the arts, we find that he has developed a humble belief that art is something which has been decided long ago and that all we can do about it is to study what has come down to us and apply it."

"The student emerges from school filled with historical knowledge, but he has rarely been engaged in trying his own ingenuity in art and in attempting to give form to his own conceptions. By the time he has grown up, he has developed fixed ideas of what art and architecture are, and he has ceased to think of them as something to be freely approached and shaped by himself."

"Here, then, we find the very reason for the timid attitude so often shown when the architectural character of new college buildings has to be decided upon."

"We need a new code of visual values. So long as we flounder about in a limitless welter of borrowed artistic expression, we shall not succeed in giving form and substance to our own culture, for this implies selective choice of those artistic means which best express the ideas and spiritual directions of our time."

"The impact of environment on a young man during his college years is certainly decisive. If the college is to be the cultural breeding ground for the coming generation, its attitude should be creative, not imitative. Stimulative environment is just as important to free the student's creative talent as vigorous teaching."

"Accordingly, the student needs the real thing, not buildings in disguise. So long as we do not ask him to go about in period clothes, it seems absurd to build college buildings in pseudo-period design. How can we expect our students to become bold and fearless in thought and action if we encase them in sentimental shrines feigning—a culture which has long since disappeared?"

"Genuine architecture of organic growth implies continuous renewal. The physical and spiritual functions determining the design of a building are interdependent. They are both part of our present life. It is an anachronism to express the physical functions of buildings with the newest technical means but to express the spiritual—functions by borrowing a historical shell from the past. Such an attempt confuses the art of architecture with applied archaeology."

"As history shows, the conception of 'beauty' has changed along with progress in thought and technique. Whenever man imagined he had found 'eternal beauty,' he fell back into imitation and stagnation. True tradition is the result of constant growth. Its quality must be dynamic, not static, to serve as an inexhaustible stimulus to man."

Reviews And Previews

by B. Fleischmann

The stories of the conventional office clerk who is passionately in love with flying kites and of the prim colonel's lady with a violent soul complicate the central theme to show that the most drab lives are often most strongly affected by the hidden force.

The stories are excellently acted throughout and the camera-work reveals a subtle director. Mr. Maugham's own narration binds the stories together very well. QUARTET is English studio work at its best. No one can afford to miss seeing it.

Quartet

No author's stories are as photogenic as those of William Somerset Maugham. QUARTET, a four-leaf clover of Maugham creations, shows this splendidly. The theme which runs through the four separate parts of the film is that some hidden force, greater than man and stronger than human planning, creates the joys, sorrows, and odd quirks of life. We see this idea reflected in the characters of the young innocent at Monte Carlo and his uncanny luck; and in the young man of wealthy family who is driven to neglect everything to become a mediocre pianist.

Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

It was the night Korea exploded. I gingerly sat down beside the gaunt Russian officer in that Oslo barroom and showed him the big black headlines which flatly stated that Russian-equipped Communists were slugging it out with American soldiers north of Seoul.

"I see where you guys have given the world 24 hours to get out," I said by way of opening the conversation.

"Someday you Americans will learn not to meddle with world communism," snapped the Russian. We sparred around for a while and then he lashed out with a barrage of questions. Why does Truman want war? What were the Yanks doing in Korea in the first place? How many negroes have I lynched? What's all this "democracy" hogwash? What can I say for my degenerate culture of cowboys, comic books, and strip-teasers? According to him, America had contributed nothing to civilization except the T-formation and the bubonic plague.

I explained that, to me, democracy means I can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell. It means nobody's going to knock on my door at midnight and throw me in the cooler because I called Truman a nasty word and it means nobody gives a howling-hog-hoot where I go on Sunday. I pointed out that we have Carnegie Hall and Caruso along with our cowboys and comics. I told him that a good degenerate strip-teaser appeals to me—just like a nimble ballet dancer appeals to him and, besides, it's right much fun to get a little degenerate once in a while. Then I had a few questions of my own.

Why does Stalin want war? If the communists have a legitimate claim to South Korea why don't they take it before the UN? How many Poles have you liquidated? Why do you need an Iron Curtain across Europe? At this he erupted.

"There's no such thing as the Iron Curtain! If there is it's three miles east of New York City."

We sat and glared four letter

words at each other. Then a funny thing happened. He told me a corny anti-Truman joke and I laughed. I told him an even cornier anti-Stalin joke and he laughed. I reached into my coat pocket and gave him my last spearmint lifesaver. He looked at it a minute; then put it in his mouth, lit a cigarette, and tried to blow smoke rings through the hole. He offered me one of his black Russian cigarettes. It completely demolished my T-zone and after four puffs I was spitting solid chunks of carbon, but it was a good smoke. We ordered a couple of beers and sent our ideologies to bed for the night. I put the newspaper in my pocket and we became old friends immediately. For two hours we pleasantly

chatted about the weather, the Olympic games, caviar, Yankee Stadium, television, and the striking architecture of the Kremlin. He showed me a picture of his little brother in Kiev. He looked just about like my little brother in Greensboro. He gave me a pack of his communist cigarettes and I thanked him. I'm sure he appreciated my pack of free-enterprise Chesterfields.

At three o'clock I was getting sleepy and I figured it was time to feed the bed bugs. I asked him if he'd care to have Sunday dinner with the American students out at the summer school.

"Oh, no," said he. "That will be quite impossible. Tomorrow I fly to Korea. I'm to be a 'tech-

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Finely divided rock
6. Kind of meat
8. Scarce; Scot.
12. On the side away from the wind
13. Self
14. South American country
15. Clothed
17. Native of an Asiatic country
18. Surgical thread
19. Traverse again
21. American Indian
22. Failure to keep
24. Make better
25. Poverty-stricken
26. Prohibit
27. Rouse from sleep
28. New Testament spelling of Noah
29. Dramatic musical composition
37. Equalizers for vehicles
39. Partner; slang
41. Congealed water
42. Deformation
43. Part of a tire that touches the ground
46. Flesh of swine
50. One who goes past casually
52. Brother-of-archaic
53. Beverage
57. Sinks below the horizon
54. One for whose benefit a thing is done
55. Counsel
56. Archipelago
58. Beverage
59. Sinks below the horizon

DOWN
1. Pouches
2. Drug-yielding plant
3. Cozy home
4. Roundabout route
5. Sewed edge
6. Device for aging cloth
7. Pouch
8. Thinly settled
9. Fuel oil
10. Brazilian parrot
11. Scour
12. Vexatious
13. Joins
14. Wagnerian character
15. One of a negro tribe
16. Ready
17. Piece out
18. June bug
19. Affirmative
20. A king of Midian
21. Feast
22. Greek sea god
23. Station
24. Box scientifically
25. Lower part of the ear
26. Source
27. Gaelic
28. Instruct
29. Coloring
30. A king of Midian
31. Huge wave

Editor's Mailbox

Pax Americans

Editor:

It is time for all Americans to wake up. Let us deceive ourselves no longer. The U. N. does not work, the Atlantic Pact exists only on paper. In any war tanks are likely to defeat useless plans.

Today we are hated and envied by the entire world! We must arm, we must prepare ourselves for the inevitable armageddon! Let us pile up overwhelming power and fear no one. We should go forth in our righteous strength and tell the world to either stand for or against us. The timid ones cry that we would be buried in a sea of men—then let us go down in a blaze of glory. If we can not live in peace, let us do our damnest to wipe out the species! Perhaps then future races will look upon our smoldering ruins and marvel that a race could achieve so much.

If Chinese interfere in Korea, then raze their cities and sow their fields with bacteriological death. Perhaps then the world would see that we mean business, but we fear that the Russians would object; then tell them to disarm or expect the same! The British and French would object and be shocked—tell them to join us or Russia, then annihilate them all! After these warmongers are out of the way, there would be a Pax Americana.

After much honest consideration, we believe that this program would give us prolonged peace.

God bless America; to hell with the rest of the world.

Jack McGowan
Billy Boles
Herman Pickett
J. B. Bateman

Policy

Editor:

I wish to register a strong protest against and to request a clarification of the present editorial policy of The Daily Tar Heel. In recent months I have written several letters to the editor. All of these letters were in reply to articles or letters which had already appeared.

About a week ago I submitted a letter concerning an attempt by Mr. Farber to make a joke of the horrors of modern warfare. This letter was published and was followed immediately by a long open letter addressed to me by Mr. Farber. In this open letter Mr. Farber intimated that the readers of The Daily Tar Heel were tired of the same old debate on the same old subject. My rejoinder, including the text of a petition for a FIVE POWER PACT OF PEACE, was never published and I considered the possibility that Mr. Farber's suggestion that the "argument" be dropped had been carried out. However, on Wednesday a new debater appeared on the scene. With a modest confession of ig-

norance of international politics, Mr. Roth proceeded to give a slanderous interpretation, contradicted by innumerable facts, of the peace-loving policy of the Soviet Union.

Am I permitted to reply? If I am not, only one conclusion can be reached. It is that The Daily Tar Heel will allow discussion in its columns of the most important issues of our times provided that such discussion is not objective and that propaganda for lasting peace is excluded.

Bill Robertson

(Editor's note: We would like to point out to Mr. Robertson that since the above letter was written, a new staff has taken over the policy of The Daily Tar Heel, who cannot be responsible for policies of the old staff. The Daily Tar Heel is happy to devote a large portion of its editorial page to letters to the editor, but cannot be bound to a policy of printing them all, due to space and other limitations.)

More on Diggs

Editor:

Mr. Wright is quite wrought up over the breaking of what he terms a "tradition of the Carolina Campus." Perhaps he is a disciple of Alexander Pope who advised caution before innovating. Since, however, the status quo has been altered by a "fait accompli," it should be evaluated in a rational manner and not in the "appeal-to-passion" way employed by Mr. Wright.

If he were a potential candidate for admission to the Medical School Mr. Wright's personal attitude would be understandable; perhaps he has some friend who has been rejected. In connection with his purely personal evaluations of this new situation, Mr. Wright has allowed himself to indulge in some rather illogical reasoning.

His premise is that Edward Diggs has received his pre-medical training elsewhere, that some UNC pre-medical student has been rejected to make place for Diggs' admission. Yet there is a guarantee or inherent privilege accorded a UNC pre-medi-

cal student for admission to the School of Medicine after he completes his preliminary course of training. It? It seems highly unlikely.

Mr. Wright states categorically that "some hard working Carolina student who has undoubtedly better qualifications than some dark-congo boy" will find his rejection to have been promoted by Diggs' admission. On what authority does Wright base such words as "undoubtedly better qualifications?" Moreover, the use of such a deprecatory term as "dark-congo boy" is a reprehensible device. It has a definite appeal to prejudice, but contributes little to rational thinking processes.

Disregarding the moral aspect of the admission questions concerning Negro students, there still remains the legal aspect to be considered. The simple fact is that the state of North Carolina does not provide any graduate medical school facilities for its colored citizens. Edward Diggs is a citizen of the state. Evidently the Admissions Committee considered his qualifications to be outstanding since he had already qualified for entry to two other prominent medical schools when he was selected by it. On the basis of these facts the "utter contemptible injustice" would have occurred if Diggs had been rejected although he possessed such superior qualifications.

It is difficult to adapt oneself to radical innovations, but when such a course becomes necessary, isn't it better to approach the situation with reason and not let false logic and rancor guide one's attitude?

James R. Grant
Robert E. Calvin

(Editor's Note: The above letter is only one of the many which have come to this office concerning Mr. Wright's letter. We are printing another letter on the subject, covered so thoroughly in yesterday's paper, only because of the unusual response.)

SENIORS

Get Your Tickets To Senior Class Picnic
—TODAY!—
LENOIR HALL & "Y" COURT

Most Evil ...

In a five-three decision last Tuesday, the Supreme Court of the United States lashed out at the United States Government for branding organizations as Communist without a hearing.

When the top judicial agency in the country brands the government's overall policy toward suspected subversives as "tyrannical practices" smacking of "a most evil type of censorship," then, at least, it is time for the governmental agencies directing the current witch hunt to re-examine their principles.

The court also stated that the issue is "one of the gravest of our generation," and that the government's action illustrated a trend in times of tension to "set in motion a subversive influence of our own design that destroys us from within."

The United States today, as the court has indicated, really faces two major dangers. It fears the great danger presented by a world torn apart; by the picture of two great military forces set in opposition to each other and now tensing themselves for world conflict. But this country must not be so blinded by stupefying terror that it leaps headlong into a totalitarianism of its own making.

We must clearly see and conscientiously follow the fine thread between national defense and preservation of basic liberties, because if our liberties are lost to self-protection, then the nation will no longer be worth defending.

Spring And Trash

The approaching Senior Barefoot Day is only one of the many signs of the spring heat wave which is now upon us. The annual army of town gardeners is out in full force, many of the elder women in straw hats and sunbonnets, the men down to their undershirts.

The arboretum has on its very best dress, carpeting the new grass now with petals from the fruit trees. From the violets to the japonica, brilliant colors are everywhere.

The girls are beginning to look like flowers too, with all the colors of full-skirted cotton frocks, and bare arms and backs and legs bearing the colors of new tans in various stages.

The bank in front of Alexander is as crowded as the beaches at Hogan's and Clearwater. The ATO's are out every afternoon, taking turns with field glasses aimed at Spencer's sun porch.

Beach parties are being planned everywhere, as are fishing trips. And in lower quad, the air is thick with baseballs.

The back steps of South building show that it is spring, too. Office workers there have a hard time threading their way through the crowds of students and dogs, soaking up the sun. Spilt coffee and cups of every size appear as the steps begin to clear about noon, and for the rest of the day, or until a janitor can get all the trash picked up, the litter left by students dominates that beautiful old building.

Even taking spring fever into consideration, it is hard to understand that sort of laziness, as there are no less than four trash cans in the immediate vicinity.

The placement bureau even tells us that prospective employers have more than once commented upon our "litter-ature society."

That's a nice reputation for the University of North Carolina.

A Tribute

A United Press dispatch from New York reported last week that North Carolinian H. Galt Braxton, publisher of the Kinston Free Press led more than 1,000 U. S. publishers in a moving tribute to the dead La Prensa of Argentina.

The American Newspapers Publishers Association passed by standing vote a resolution expressing "horror at this blow to a free press which has silenced this great voice in behalf of freedom, truth and fair reporting."

The tribute was actually directed to Dr. Albert Gainza Paz, editor of La Prensa, which, until its expropriation by the Peron dictatorship, was considered one to the truly great newspapers of the world.

The publishers' sympathy for Dr. Paz, an ex-editor in "darkest Argentina" at the bottom of the world, is admirable. It is appropriate that the publisher of North Carolina's admirable Free Press instigate such a move.

We would only wish that certain others of those 1,000 publishers display the same sympathy with the ideals of freedom to their own hamstrung editors.