

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editorial

The Bold War

What this campus needs is originality. Early last Friday morning, a group of University dorm troopers did the same thing other campuses have been doing all over the country. We need some new ideas for things to do.

Research has indicated that this whole idea of garment grabbing originated in Gimbel's and/or Macy's bargain basement. It seems a shame that college men don't know the difference between department stores and dormitories.

Psychologists have offered various reasons for the current participation in the next-to-the-skin game, but none have suggested a solution. It might be expedient for all women's dorms to be equipped with clotheslines to be stretched from tree to tree out front. The girls could hang their belongings on these lines, thus being saved a rude awakening every time these would-be "law students" need briefs to study late at night. Better still, the clotheslines ought to be used to string up this elementary element of the campus. The boys would soon find out that there's many a slip between Spencer and the lower quad.

The place for midnight shows is in the Carolina and/or Varsity Theatres.

—B. B.

by T. Mac Long

'I Go Pogo'

OKEFENOKEE MARSUPIAL SUPPORTED FOR PRESIDENT. Crossing New Hope Creek on the way back from Charlottesville, Virginia, where everybody was wearing an orange pin which carried a picture of the people's Possum, and the words "I GO POGO", we saw a spy glass round the bend, closely followed by Porkypine who alongside Pogo was sitting on the bow of "The Rameses."

The skiff also contained Albert Alligator, fiddle in hand, Owl, Turtle, and Houn' Dog with an election placard that read, "I GO POGO." They were traveling to the Chicago Conventions where the likabobble possum's name has been entered by Walt Kelly as a Presidential Candidate.

"Albert here done paddled us up from Okefenokee in ole Georgia", said Pogo as he landed on the shore.

"Us done heard bout some human beans, Mistas Long and Perry, members of the fourth escape, who is our campaign managers here at the University and North Carolina," said Owl as he took a sip of our Ruppert's.

We promptly pointed to our "I GO POGO" buttons, which we had fished up at Charlottesville. We asked if the "Marsupial Lobby" and Pogo would like to follow us back to the campus, where we would go see Mista Editor and request that he write ol' Walt a natural born letter to get us here some "I GO POGO" buttons.

On our way back we had trouble with Albert and his "ceegar" plus Houn' Dod who insisted that Pogo accept the "calling of his native land, namely the U. S. and A., and go fourth and champagne for his natural born Votes."

Cries of "Pogo for President, the people's Possum," and "He's got it in the bag," greeted the swampland marsupial and his campaign managers as we drove up Franklin Street. By the time we reached the Planetarium there were almost 2,000 students and coeds following us and it was only minutes before the whole conclave was ushered inside to talk to Mista Editor—who speaks Okefenokee also.

Mista Editor exclaimed, "Why that's great! It's got WHAMBO BAMBO! I'll send word to ol' Kelly right away by diplomatic pouch."

Pogo offered to take the message in his own natural born pouch, to which Mista Editor agreed. Then we adjourned outside so that Pogo could meet his supporters.

"If elected, he began, "I shall be in favor of wimmin and chillun sufferage, to never impede the flow of the Mississippi River, to build a new Student Onion, to keep the Missouri Mule indy-and-pendant, to fight Saturday and any other kind of classes, and to keep up cordial foreign relations in accord with the ones wez been having with Miz Hepzibah."

As we drove the "Marsupial Lobby" back to "The Rameses", so that they could continue their journey to Chicago, Pogo assured us that Mista Kelly would have our champagne buttons in ole Chapel Hill right away. Al Perry working with T. Mac "P.T. Bridgeport" Long, volunteered to handle the distribution of the buttons.

And, fellow natural born voters, let us remember that although Pogo has been seen with cowbirds, he certainly is not and never has considered bean a cowbird.

The Livespike

A nice quiet fellow by the name of Andy Gutierrez is bringing some fine movies to Chapel Hill through his Varsity theater. One of the best to be shown here is "The Man in the White Suit," a Sunday-Monday run yesterday.

The lead is acted by the incomparable Alec Guinness who develops an indestructible fiber which threatens England's textile industry. If you've ever seen Guinness you can imagine what happens from there.

Aside from the light comedy we got a big charge out of the rather vicious digs "The Man in the White Suit" takes at capital and labor. It pictures with equal authenticity the grasping mercantilist and the average worker lost in the labyrinth of a textile concern.

The English movie also got big laughs with its chemistry scenes and the weird music which came with every scene that showed Guinness' strange contraption which produced the indestructible fiber.

Gutierrez, who took over the old Village last spring and rechristened it the Varsity, said he originally scheduled foreign films for week day fill-ins between Hollywood shows. He tried "Lavender Hill Mob," another Guinness production, one weekend with good box office success and now is using foreign films to start the week with when they merit it.

If you'd like to spend a pleasant hour and a half with good entertainment, take in "The Man in the White Suit" the next time it's in Chapel Hill.

The abortive raid on the coed dorms early last Friday ayem was another example of asinine student action which hurts the name of UNC out in the state and the rest of the country as well.

When the Men's Honor Council hauls up the few accused in the early morning lawn party sure to head the list is a pair of males who helped direct the entire operation from their cars equipped with two-way radios. One tailed the town police and reported back to the other stationed at McIver Dormitory.

Police have indicated they would seek action against the pair also if the students are not within their Federal Communication Commission bounds.

Off Campus

The Student Life at Washington University has one of those wise old sayings of Confucious concerning exams; He who makes no noise in dorm before exam makes no noise to teacher after exam.

A couple of coeds at Syracuse University expressed grave disappointment in the college boys of the age. "What has happened to the rugged outdoor man? He is no longer rugged. He eats soft food, sleeps too much and considers the slightest physical exertion too much for him. He is never outdoors, his social life being centered around the parlor . . . the girl must even plan to spend the evening entertaining the man, who has lost the power to take an active part in conversation."

PERSONALLY

Below you will find the first instalment of "The Bill Oatis Trial—Backstage" written exclusively for The Daily Tar Heel by Britisher John Clews, Vice President of the British Union of Students and personal friend of the Associated Press correspondent now held prisoner by the Czechoslovak communist government. Clews was in Prague during the spring of 1951 when Oatis was jailed and was subpoenaed by the Czech authorities to bear witness for the prosecution. He managed, however, to stay clear of the proceedings.

I first met John Clews in Yugoslavia last October. He was covering the Zagreb Peace Conference for a string of British newspapers and we were invited to tour Tito's Balkan Fortress together.

Clews can best be described as the kind of chap who could walk through a revolving door behind you and come out ahead of you. He has traveled through more of the communist world than any other non-Marxist alive. The Iron Curtain becomes a venetian blind when Clews gets the urge to investigate. Last summer he was sipping Chinese tea in Peking as the guest of Mao Tse Tung. Late August saw the be-spectacled Mr. Clews pitching bread crumbs to the pigeons in Moscow's Red Square. Last winter he was relaxing at a Romanian ski resort after having spent a few leisurely months in Prague and Warsaw.

The Great Briton never seemed to be bothered by the customary visa documents and travel permits. In Belgrade he spent his afternoons playing chess on the terrace of the hotel while I was downtown at the American Embassy frantically

slashing my way through jungles of red tape. He's as cosmopolitan as a comet. He speaks of Singapore and Siberia as though they were just on the other side of Hogan's Lake.

Clews, whose writings have been published by the *New York Times*, now reveals for the first time how closely the Oatis case is tied in with the International Union of Students (IUS), Moscow-controlled student movement with headquarters in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

In his letter to The Daily Tar Heel from London, Clews states, "I am only sorry that my style is more suited to English consumption than to American. However, don't you dare try to emasculate it beyond the normal editorial alterations." There follows the unemasculated observations of John Clews concerning the much-publicized Oatis affair.

Graduating Protest

Editor:

I noticed on the front page of a recent issue of the Daily Tar Heel that you quoted Emily Post as to the proper time to send out invitations.

I would like to know her advice as to the proper thing to do when the date shown on the invitation is wrong. Should one enclose an engraved apology for someone's stupid error?

A June 2nd Graduate

The invitations indicate that graduation is May 31 through June 1. Actually, graduation is May 31 through June 2. Emily could not be located at press time, so we plan to use a neatly inked correction.—Editor.

'I Knew Bill Oatis'

by John Clews

A meeting has just ended in West Berlin out of which has arisen the new International Federation of Journalists, in opposition to the present Communist-dominated International Organization of Journalists in Prague. It is doubtful whether this meeting hit the headlines anywhere outside Germany, for little startling came of it. Little, that is, except a reconstruction of the trial of William N. Oatis.

Bill Oatis, it will be remembered, was the Associated Press correspondent in Prague who was arrested a year ago by the Czechoslovak security police and later arraigned before a high court on "espionage" charges. These, needless to say, were "proven" to the self-satisfaction of the Czech Communists, who have now put him away in the Pankrac jail for ten years.

My own interest in Bill Oatis was more than casual, since I knew him well in Prague, well enough for my own name to be dragged into the trial by the Czech prosecutor. There are a number of facts of the case which are not well known outside a rather limited circle, and one of these is how student affairs were to affect Bill's life.

I was living in Prague for several weeks before the World Student Congress met there in the summer of 1950. I arrived in July, shortly after Oatis had been assigned there to replace the former AP man, who had been declared "persona non grata" (unacceptable person) by the Czechs. Already in July, Bill had been having various little pin-pricks. When I met him, his nerves were none too good. He was one of those small men full of a natural nervous energy, but his condition during the whole of those hot summer months was more than just that. He was plain jumpy.

Bill told me he wanted to attend the Student Congress being organized in late August by the International Union of Students, but he was having difficulty in getting any response to his application for a press pass. It might be added here that a special pass was needed, not only to get into the Congress hall, but even into the grounds and a tight security check was kept.

Bill was certainly not exaggerating the difficulties, as I found when I tried to get passes for him and Russell Jones, the UP man. In the end I got them only by cornering Joza Grohman, the Czech President of the IUS, and using a little loud-voiced persuasion. His scribbled signature on the applications did the trick and in they both came.

Tomorrow Clews tells how Oatis was suddenly stripped of his pass without any warning or explanation.