

The Daily Tar Heel

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Barry Farber Personally Olympic Diary

EVENING AT THE THEATER

LONDON, June 26—I went to a little theater last night down in the twisted alleys of twilight London.

It was a most unusual theater, with propaganda banners instead of advertising displays decorating the entrance. And the patrons of this little theater came for neither culture, relaxation, nor entertainment. They came only to join their screaming comrades in a blazing orgy of hatred against Wall Street, the American Army, and the people of the United States.

Supper time found me down in a Soho cellar cafe breaking in a new ulcer with a tortured flounder and some cremated French fries when British journalist John Clews (the same chap who accompanied me through Yugoslavia last fall) ambled over with one of his quaint suggestions for a pleasant evening.

"How would you like to take a ringside seat at a Communist 'Hate America' rally?" asked Clews. I admitted I would like to very much.

"Come along, then," he said, glancing at his watch. "I'll take you right into the crater of the volcano."

A half hour's ride on the tram and the tube (streetcar and subway) put us in front of a dingy little auditorium on Goldington Street. A crimson banner proclaimed we were entering the Unity Theater, an amateur playhouse whose productions picture America as a land of warmongering, baby-killing, blood hucksters and play up the Soviet Union as a dedicated defender of peace and a radiator of eternal bliss.

A placard informed us that the purpose of the Unity Theater is "to foster the art of the drama in accordance with the principle that true art, by effectively presenting and truthfully interpreting life as experienced by the majority of the people, can move the people to work for the betterment of society."

Strangely enough, these "truthful interpreters of life" were determined that nobody should view their "effective presentation of art" except card-carrying members of the Communist Party or affiliated organizations, which meant that I had to wait quietly outside while Clews (himself an avowed anti-Communist) tiptoed backstage to execute his peculiar brand of gate-crashing magic.

Clews had had an uncanny knack for being where he doesn't belong. He has travelled more extensively throughout the Communist world than any other non-Marxist alive and he knows more international secrets than a Hungarian headwaiter. It was Clews who warned Bill Oatis to take the first train out of Prague months before the American correspondent was seized by the Czech police. It was Clews who gave His Majesty's government first-hand information on the Chinese military build-ups near the Manchurian border and again it was Clews who predicted the purge of Romanian boss Ana Pauker three weeks before the message came from Moscow.

He seems utterly immune to the cold war red tape and travel restrictions that plague the inquiring journalist in countries behind the Iron Curtain. Last summer he was sipping saki in a Peiping, China dope den after having been shown through the Kremlin by Moscow officialdom. Hotel stickers from Warsaw, Prague, and Budapest were still fresh on his suitcase as he waxed his skis at a Rumanian mountain resort last fall before going on to Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Clews crosses the bayonet border of Germany and Czechoslovakia with anti-Communist documents easier than most of us can get across Orange County line with a fifth of Seagrams.

So it came as no great surprise to me when he emerged a few minutes later with a pair of tickets in the front balcony.

Inside we could hear a tired organ wheezing the strains of the Communist "International." A newsboy was selling copies of the London Daily Worker. An attractive brunette was busy thrusting Communist leaflets into eager hands. We gave her two shillings for popcorn and a program and then marched "in-to the crater of the volcano."
(To Be Continued)

Greetings



Drew Pearson The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Washington.—General Eisenhower is scheduled to speak in Baltimore tonight in clarification of the reasons why he embraced some of the isolationists of the Republican Party and tolerated such extremists as Senator Jenner of Indiana and Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin.

The inside story of the General's relations with this wing dates back to his first arrival in the U. S. shortly before the Chicago convention. At that time his personal prejudices were vigorously opposed to the GOP isolationists and extremists.

But his counselors, reminding him that he was a novice at politics, urged that he antagonize no one, but concentrate only on the goal of winning the nomination. After he was nominated, they said, there would be time to do his political weeding.

That was why the General, in his maiden address at Abilene, trod so delicately, embraced even the MacArthur wing of the party.

But in Denver last Summer, Ike had another showdown with the extremists—this time over McCarthyism.

His old friend Paul Hoffman in his maiden address at Abilene, trod so delicately, embraced even the MacArthur wing of the party.

He also indicated that he might testify against McCarthy himself.

This leaked back to Arthur Summerfield, Republican National Chairman, who immediately went into a huddle with the General.

Summerfield pointed out that if Eisenhower opposed McCarthy he would also have to oppose Senator Jenner. And if he opposed Jenner he would also have to oppose Senator Cain of Washington, who has consistently sided with McCarthy.

Summerfield argued at length and convincingly. In the end Eisenhower concurred.

When Ike got to Indianapolis, home of Senator Jenner, he experienced one of the most awkward moments of his life.

Jenner had made a speech on the Senate floor Sept. 15, 1950, calling George Marshall a "front man for traitors" and a "living lie."

"Either he is an unsuspecting stooge or an actual conspirator with the most treasonable array of political cutthroats ever turned loose in the executive branch of the government," said the Senator from Indiana.

Eisenhower no doubt remembered, as he arrived in Indianapolis, how this same George Marshall had taken him to a map of North Africa early in World War II, without telling him anything about the proposed North African invasion.

"It looks O.K. to me," replied the younger man.

"You'd better think so," shot back Marshall, "You're going to be in command."

Marshall, then chief of staff, had promoted Ike up from lieutenant colonel to lieutenant general in the space of about a year, sent him to North Africa, then on to England to command the greatest invasion army in history. And during the tug-of-war between Eisenhower and MacArthur as to whether Europe or the Pacific should get more material, Marshall always threw his weight to Eisenhower.

So Ike, now running for president, was ushered into the same room with the Senator from Indiana who had called his friend and benefactor a "front for traitors" and a "living lie."

Marshall had been unable to defend himself when Jenner attacked him, for speeches in the senate are beyond the reach of the courts or a libel suit. So Marshall's friends had hoped that General Eisenhower when he returned would utter some word in his defense.

However, he didn't. Perhaps he couldn't. Perhaps in the new role of politician he was too anxious to please his mentors, the men who coached him what to do and whom to greet.

The "gentleman from Indiana" made the most of the General's embarrassment, holding up Ike's hand while the cameras clicked, getting in front of the photographers at every opportunity. Ike moved over to another part of the platform, but Jenner followed him. Finally the General sat down.

Speaking later, he endorsed "all" the ticket in Indiana.

Ike has another isolationist problem in Michigan, where Congressman Charles Potter, now running for the Senate, is just the opposite of the late Senator Vandenberg, whose seat Potter is trying to win. Congressman Potter voted against Eisenhower's Mutual Security funds at the very time Ike was in Europe trying to build up the defense against Communism. . . . Governor Schriker of Indiana, now running for the Senate, is cutting the head of his ticket, Stevenson. He's leaving Adlai's name off the billboards. . . . Eisenhower forces were all ready to oust Congressman Carroll Reece as the Republican leader of Tennessee. But after the Taft breakfast, they got a phone call to continue Congressman Reece in command. . . . Eisenhower has a new ghost writer, Brigadier General Robert Cutler. This makes five different teams of ghostwriters for Ike, one headed by C. D. Jackson of Fortune Magazine, another by Stanley High, who once wrote for Franklin Roosevelt, another by Gabriel Hauge, another by Arthur Vandenberg, Jr.

"What do you think of it?" Marshall asked.

Young Democrats

(The following is written by a member of the campus Young Democratic Club. The Daily Tar Heel welcomes columns of a similar nature from campus organizations of any political complexion.—ED.)

The Young Democratic Clubs of America welcome into membership all present and prospective members of the Democratic Party. The only requirement is an allegiance to the essential principles of the national Democratic Party.

Like its senior counterpart, the YDC has an extensive hierarchical organization, extending in full form from the precinct, up through the county, congressional district, and state levels to the national organization. While the YDC elects its own officers, and sets its own policies, free from dictation by the senior party, we maintain a close working relationship with the Democratic organization at all levels, bottom to top.

Essentially, the object of the YDC is to bind together into an effective working organization the younger Democratic voters and not-quite-yet voters. Within the clubs, people of like political views can get to know each other, and to join their energies and enthusiasms in working for the betterment of government, state, federal, or local. YDC serves as a training ground for all of those interested in political activity, whether as active participants in the great game of politics, or simply as voters who want to know what goes on, and to have some part in it.

Politics we look upon as the art (or business, if you will) of government, and we know that neither government nor politics will be any better than those participating. We accept the party system of American politics as both an existent fact and as the most effective means available for the maintenance of the strength and integrity of our democratic form of government. A voter can have influence on the selection of candidates for most political offices, and sustained influence on the course of political affairs, only through affiliation with and active participation in one of the major parties. The independent can usually do no more than vote on the candidates presented for his consideration by the established parties, and thus such influence as he has is a single-shot affair, incapable of demanding of the candidate voted for that he carry out his promise, once in office.

We call ourselves Young Democrats because we have great respect for the accomplishments of the Democratic Party over its century and a half of striving for the well-being of all the American people, and because we have faith that it bears high promise of the further achievement of those goals which most of the American voters have adjudged desirable.

While the YDC takes no official part on one side or the other in party primary contests, it does seek impartially to get the candidates and their views as widely known to the public as possible. One of its particular concerns is to get the new first-voters registered—Democratic if possible, but registered any-

Express Yourself

The board of directors and the executive staff are extremely grateful of the generous contribution made to the North Carolina Society for Crippled Children and Adults from funds made available through the spring campaign of the Campus Chest. These funds will go a long way in meeting some of the urgent needs of the many handicapped children of North Carolina.

To Mr. Allen Tate, Jr., chairman of the Campus Chest, his co-workers, and the entire student body of the University of North Carolina, we extend our sincere appreciation.
D. Hiden Ramsey, President

way. There is of course, no restriction on the activities of members of YDC as individuals in support of any candidate or faction within the Party.

Once the slate is chosen, the real work of the Young Democrats begins. As believers in the necessity of political parties, the YDC as an organization supports the Party ticket, once chosen. By its constitutions-national, state, and local—the YDC is committed to the backing of the ticket of the regular Democratic Party. We believe this is essential to the maintenance of party responsibility and accountability in government. It is not a slavish adherence to the ticket and the party, come what may. The exit is always open to those who basically disagree with the Democratic Party or its candidates on fundamental issues. But we believe that only through a strong, active, alert, and forward-looking participation in the activities of the Democratic Party, can it be made and maintained as the instrument through which the people of the state and the nation can obtain the kind of self-government they deserve.

The YDC here at Carolina will be resuming operations on Monday night. We invite all of you who wish to share in its opportunities, and in the work which will go along with them, to join with us.

Rolfe Neill The Livespike

Chapel Hill aborigines and their descendants make a cult of referring to and trying to preserve this place as the quaint village where the state teaches the arts and humanities and trains zealous young men in the healing sciences. No tree is axed, no house torn down that the fervent band doesn't start bewailing the passing of "the village."

Louis Graves, venerable editor of the Chapel Hill Weekly, has been here most of the time since his barefoot days so it is natural that he should act as spokesman for this long-live-the-village congregation. In any week's issue usually there can be found some item referring to the diminishing village. So it was with surprise that we noted recently that Mr. Graves seemingly endorsed abolishing one of the customs that is the mark of any village—community spreading of lunches under the old oak, aspen, sweet gum etc., trees.

The Merchants Association here this fall is asking football visitors not to bring their lunches, but to eat at any of Chapel Hill's restaurants. Now this is an understandable point of view from the merchant, not, however, from Mr. Graves.

In the news item he carried on it, the Weekly editor said in part: "For some years it has been the tendency of Chapel Hill's football crowds to arrive as late as possible, unpack and eat lunches on the streets and parking lots, and leave town as soon as possible after the game. . . ." The remainder of the article is in a vein that does not endorse this practice.

It is odd that Mr. Graves should preside in condemning "lunch on the University grounds"—surely an event looked forward to by every visiting family and certainly one of the folkliest customs we have.

At the 24th International Congress Against Alcoholism held recently in France, delegates left behind them this wake of facts: The French spend 10 percent of their average budget on drink.

France has the world's largest percentage of alcoholics—22 per 1,000 inhabitants, while the U. S. has 10 and England but three.

A Southern farmer was introducing his family boys to the president.

"Seventeen boys," he said, "All are Democrats, but John, the little rascal, he got to reading."

We're Not Saying

A national election is only thirty-nine days off and the editors of THE DAILY TAR HEEL have been besieged, berated, and bewildered by scores of curious partisans who want to know if we plan to throw our editorial weight behind one of the presidential candidates; if so, which one; if not, why not?

We feel obliged to present a positive declaration of intentions which will explain our somewhat unusual behavior pattern during the coming weeks.

First of all, the editorial policy of THE DAILY TAR HEEL is vested exclusively in the Editor and whomever he may choose to consult. Here we are confronted with a paradox, because the minute this newspaper leaves the city limits of Chapel Hill (and it goes from Hong Kong to Helsinki) the editorial pundits are interpreted as representative of the entire University from the lofty dome of South Building to the lowest niche in the Lower Quad. Therefore we deem it unappropriate, imprudent, and even unethical for us to superimpose our partisan political views onto the left hand columns of this page and pawn them off as the sanctified voice of the University of North Carolina.

Actually, some of us like Ike, some like Adlai, some like both, and some like neither. Regardless of how much we might like to usurp space to further the man of our choice, we feel that the decks should be cleared to allow maximum freedom of expression for all political points of view—and not merely those of a minority in a strategic position.

Elsewhere on this page you will see an article devoted to the enhancement of one political organization on the campus. Other groups are invited and urged to make use of our columns to present their case and solicit student membership. We shall endeavor to balance the space allotted to each side to a degree approaching absolute mathematical equality.

So the floor is now open for you to make known your political sentiment via our Letters to the Editor section. THE DAILY TAR HEEL will mirror the partisan feelings of all who wish to be heard and act as a referee rather than as a high-handed thought leader.

Glad To See You Back

Thursday afternoon found the Roland Parker lounges in Graham Memorial brimming with new volunteers in rip the shrowds off Tarnation, defunct campus humor magazine, and get back into business again. THE DAILY TAR HEEL commends President Ham Horton and Editor Tom Alexander for nourishing the Tarnation revival from the planning to the galley proof stage within the span of a summer vacation. We now extend moral support to our long dormant sister publication plus best wishes for a happy reincarnation.

CROSSWORD - - - By Eugene Sheffer

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- HORIZONTAL**
- 1. idolize
 - 6. of that thing
 - 9. beer
 - 12. part of coat
 - 13. shelter
 - 14. pikelike fish
 - 15. white poplar
 - 16. having threadlike marks
 - 18. torture
 - 20. of milk
 - 21. rattle
 - 24. river in England
 - 25. abhor
 - 26. giant
 - 28. armadillo expression of assent
 - 29. doer
 - 30. exclamation of simulated shock
 - 33. pale
 - 34. range
 - 35. diver
 - 38. of the side
 - 40. dull gray
 - 42. wide awake
 - 43. meantime
 - 45. animal of Madagascar
- VERTICAL**
- 1. wing
 - 2. flatfish
 - 3. work
 - 4. pertain
 - 5. choose
 - 6. bad
 - 7. lime tree
 - 8. legislator
 - 9. size of type
 - 10. ancient language
 - 11. found
 - 17. unbleached
 - 19. fore-and-aft rigged vessel
 - 21. rolled tea of Central Asia
 - 22. ballad
 - 23. musteline animal
 - 27. pertaining to tone
 - 29. slander
 - 30. oversteer
 - 31. herb eve
 - 32. greedy fish
 - 33. officer in attendance on President
 - 34. adore
 - 35. glide
 - 36. course
 - 37. weight unit of India
 - 39. doorkeeper
 - 41. drink from juice of E. Indian palm
 - 44. spoil
 - 46. Shoshone
 - 47. line
- Answer to Saturday's puzzle.
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- Average time of solution: 36 minutes.
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