

Looking Ahead

Tomorrow the brightest of high school scholars will visit the University to compete for the John Motley Morehead scholarships. Tomorrow, scholars—who are well-rounded students as well—from junior colleges and from colleges throughout the state meet with the Central Committee of the Morehead Foundation.

These students who are selected will receive \$1,500 awards per annum in graduate work and \$1,250 in undergraduate work. The total Morehead gift for educational aid amounts to almost \$3,000,000.



We welcome these outstanding students. There coming serves as a reminder to the University of the benefits derived from the man who "likes to do things for his University." Right now, there are men who are doing graduate study as Morehead here because of the Morehead scholars. In September there will be new undergraduates here because of the Morehead program. We look around us and see the Bell Tower and the Planetarium, landmarks now. But when the projects were first considered, a lively controversy arose as to the values of a

bell-tower or an astronomical wonderland.

Some faculty members quipped, "Why, Mr. Morehead, do you give us a silk hat, when we need patches on the threadbare seats of our trousers?" Morehead chuckled, "Some day you will grow up and the silk hat will fit you. . . . In the meantime, the Legislature may cover your bare necessities; but the Legislature never will give you a 'silk hat.'" And now that the educational program has been launched, few North Carolinians would wonder about the values of Morehead's continuous benevolence towards the University.

The planetarium, for instance, has provided the University community with a practical understanding of the stars and the universe. But its influence extends to far greater realms than Chapel Hill. The planetarium presents the astronomical story to thousands of North Carolina school children—one of whom may be another John Motley Morehead—and to visitors and friends of the University.

Just as his grandfather, whose name he proudly bears, contributed to the State as a leading governor-citizen, so has this 20th century Morehead contributed. He is a man ahead of his times. He has found new horizons to conquer, new dreams to realize. This kind of spirit, looking ahead, is the kind of spirit the University ought to engender and kindle. It is the kind of feeling that will continue to generate great things for this center of learning and for the people of the state.

Whose Business Is It?

"It's none of your business" is the general theme of Dorman Cordell's article, appearing in another column.

The column indicts the press, citizens of the State, students and faculty for being interested in the Presbyterian Church controversy.

Columnist Cordell shares the feelings of many others when he points out that this is a Presbyterian affair to be settled within the bounds of Presbyterianism and not through the press or public discussion.

The Judicial Commission, which has fired the Rev. Charlie Jones, agrees with Cordell. Commission members have reiterated that the whole matter had no business being a public affair. Many students have wondered why we have even mentioned the matter editorially, why our news columns carry the views of the commission and the church officials.

The Daily Tar Heel considers the Jones case to be a matter of student and public interest for several reasons:

Jones, whether he had been a professor, businessman, or farmer, would have aroused interest in the community. As a minister, he ministers to students, faculty, and administration, some of whom are not Presbyterians.

If Jones goes, then many students will lose faith in organized religion. Jones has a pulling power which interests people in Christianity.

The Daily Tar Heel doubts that most members of the commission are really concerned with the theological aspects of the case. If there is any possibility that Jones' "liberal" views, and his interests in making Christianity a practical matter are the reasons for the firing, then we feel the matter is worthy of public attention.

Over 150 members of the congregation disagree with the commission.

Many observers of the Presbyterian hassle feel that if the Commission is finally successful in its efforts to rid the Orange Presbytery of Jones, then other Presbyteries, other denominations will take note and begin purges of a similar nature.

The fact that the individuals of the Minister's Association here have asked the Commission to state publicly its reasons for ousting Jones is "butting into the Presbyterians' business" but at the same time shows concern over the methods used by the Commission.

For the church's well-being, for the community's welfare, and as a matter of public interest, we hope the full case will be reviewed by a higher court in public.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Graham Jones Somewhere In Korea

(Editor's Note: Graham Jones, former Daily Tar Heel editor is now serving in the Army in Korea.)

Hello Chapel Hill.

While the Four Deuces (4.2 Mortars) and the 75's are at parade rest, I'll try to keep my Puerto Rican buddies, my Polish buddies, and my Rok buddies off my ear long enough to tell you that all is quiet along the Kumwha Sector of the Central Front of Korea.

The communications from S-2 tell us the lull won't continue long, so before the weather gets warm and the Chinese come out of their winter Chink Holes, I will do my letter writing.

Time is relative here. To be explicit, we know what day it is when we eat meat loaf (Sunday usually); we know what month it is because the Esquire Magazine is always two months old by the time we "read" them; and we know what year it is because the Chinese overran one of our Outposts on New Years Eve and left Happy New Year Greetings for us to read when we re-occupied the Hill the following day.

Seriously, mail from North Carolina not only keeps me up to date with the calendar but also reminds me that it's basketball season at Woolen Gym, that the University and Student Parties are beginning to prime their candidates for the spring elections, and that it's Campus Chest time in Chapel Hill.

It was around this time of year in 1950 when under President Bill Mackie's administration and Dick Murphy's leadership, the Campus Chest was instituted at UNC. I remember because Murphy kept harassing us to help the Campus Chest when what we really wanted to do was to concentrate on basketball, student politics and Dr. Frank Graham's campaign.

Now I should like to put in a long distance plea for donations to WSSF, World Student Service Fund an integral part of your Campus Chest dollar.

The Koreans of your age were too busy fighting Chinese Communists on White Horse to enroll in colleges this year but we all hope that when students are returning to the Hill in September, 1953, our ROK buddies will be able to return to something better than a rice paddy.

Let there be no mistake, the Korean people are an intelligent, industrious and proud race. Their culture predates Genghis Khan's invasion of this peninsula. Like and GI, I don't enjoy sitting behind a heavy machine gun drinking C-Ration coffee on a hill in Korea as I enjoy sitting behind a cup of Mr. Danziger's Viennese coffee in Chapel Hill. But ROK's in Dog Company have taught me things that four years' association with the intelligentsia of Mr. Danziger and the campus didn't teach me. The WSSF is helping to train the leaders for a free Korea. Any of the GI rotatees now enrolled at UNC will tell you of the vast needs of this land. You can help insure a free Korea, a prospering Korea, and a stable Korean government in Seoul by giving a little of your beer money, a little of your date money, and a little of your coffee money to Campus Chest for WSSF.

When I read Chancellor House's progress reports in the Alumni Magazine describing the new buildings at Chapel Hill, I think: If the ROK's in Dog Company had just one of those buildings to study in when they finally "rotate," what great strides they would make on these hills agriculturally, industrially and culturally.

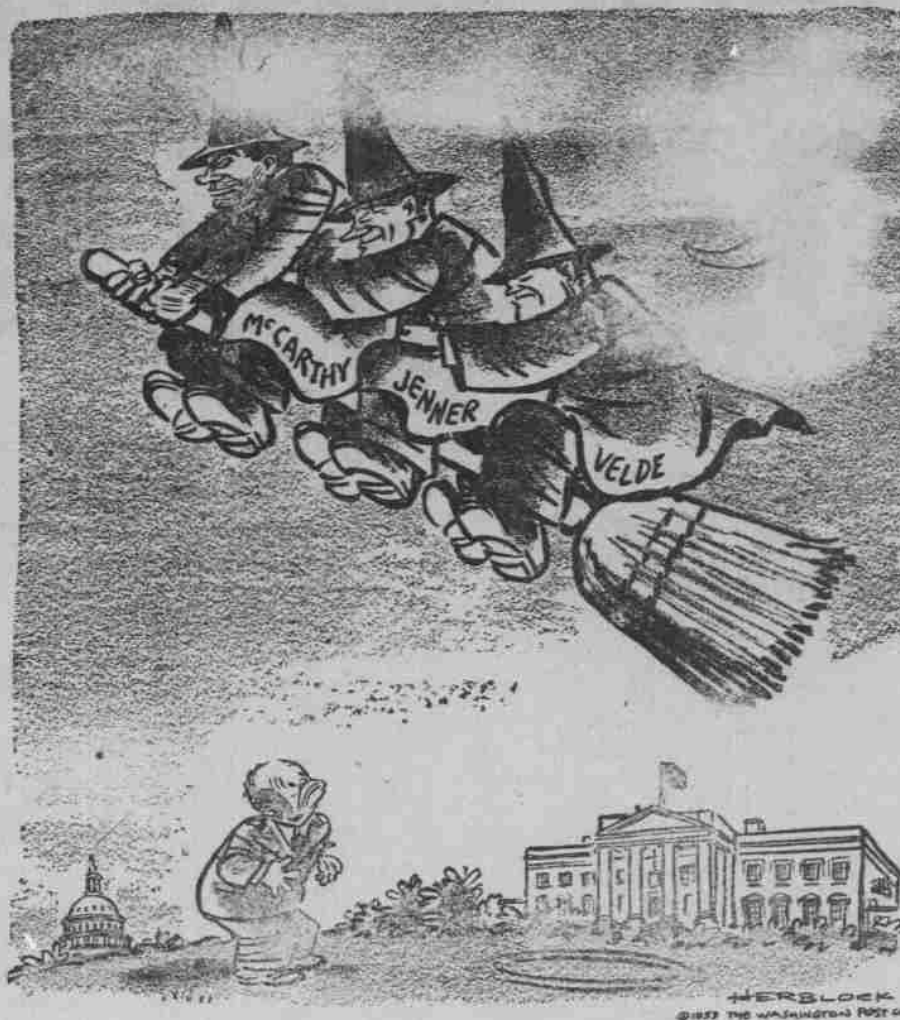
Dr. Graham once said that the minds of the young are the "frontiers of democracy." Won't you invest a dollar or two in these frontiers?

In Dog Company we have a cliché: If you've got it, you break it down. It means that when I have a fruit cake from home I split it with everyone along my part of the Commo trench. It means that the Puerto Ricans give arroz con pollo, the Poles give me peconia koria, and the ROK's give me soo choo.

You Tar Heels have got it Won't you break it down?

Sincerely,
Graham Jones

The New Broom



Norman Jarrard

The Rio Kid

It has been over ten years since I have read any Western stories but I can still remember how much I once liked them. There is one in particular I remember that was given to me when I was about twelve years old. It was called *Slim Evans and His Horse Lightning* and I must have enjoyed it more than any other book I had read up to that time. Somehow or other I managed to keep it until this week when spousal pressure and lack of space caused me to get rid of it and a lot of other stuff. If anyone is curious to see what my taste in reading was he can probably pick up the book for nine cents at the Intimate before long.

So this week I read a Western called *Rio Kid Justice*, by Don Davis (Pocket Book). It is a Triple-A Western Classic Selected and with an introduction by Erle Stanley Gardner. The introduction, I suppose, will catch the high-brow trade. The story itself is about the Rio Kid's attempt to bring law and order to a law-and-

orderless section of the West. Of course, that's what most Westerns are about. In fact, we find just about everything we might expect. "Shooting irons." "Jingling spurs." A villain with a knife up his sleeve. The leader of the outlaws turns out to be the most highly respected citizen in town. An ugly woman turns into a beautiful heroine. The hero gains valuable information about the outlaws when one night he is mistakenly taken to be a member of the gang.

I didn't object to any of this because it is all pretty funny. The author is writing in a tradition just as, you might say, an Elizabethan sonneteer did. Mr. Davis seems, at least, to know what he is doing. It is perfectly legitimate to laugh at the exaggerations, if you want to. Like this: The Kid has killed four men: "Cactus and Bilious and Two-Finger . . . and Dawson back at the river. Four in one night." Kitty counted them off on her fingers. "I suppose you're proud of that." Later on Kitty is shot: "It's just in my shoulder, I think," she told him gaily. Then a character named Yost collapsed "against the wall beside the Kid, bleeding from a dozen wounds, but laughing aloud joyously."

We even get something like literary influence when we read about "main-traveled" roads. At one place Homer's own "rosy fingers" of dawn wake up the heroine. The story has a nice circular action, ending as it was begun with the Kid writing a letter in a post office. We find a fourteener when we read about the Kid "shooting Bilious Allen through the belly as he went." To balance all this pedantic stuff we find a well-placed split infinitive when the heroine "whirled away swiftly from in front of the mirror to modestly avoid looking at the reflection of a slim young body."

What I'm saying is that we can sometimes find something to enjoy in books like these even if we have to take the attitude of Thesus toward Bottom and his crew, and then "Our sport shall be to take what they mistake."

Somewhat the same can be

John Gibson

The Turned Worm

Twice the evening of Germans, and all through the dorm,
Not a creature was stirring, though tempers were warm.
The stockings were Luxed with the greatest of care,
(It heightens the sheen, and gives twice as much wear.)
The girls were all snuggled safe in their beds,
While visions of imports danced in their heads.
And I in my Tux, and my date all in white,
Had just settled down for an evening of spite.
When up from the gym there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the car to see what was the matter.
And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a great horde of coeds, a sight to fear.
Their eyes how they shone, with madness and hate,
I knew in an instance our visitors' fate.
"Down with the imports," the voices they came,
And they whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"You cheap dashing dancers, you prance like a vixen,
"No comments on cupid, we'll give you a blitzn."
"From the top of the dorm, from the top of the wall,
"We'll give you a beating, so fly away all."
The Chapel Hill men, all gentlemen fair,
Stood by and watched with an impartial air,
For protecting their dates was a rule they all knew,
But you can't hit a woman, so what could they do?
The struggle, how fierce; the prospect how jolly,
They were fight'n for us, by gosh and by golly.
They went straight to their task, and the imports took flight,
Like the down of a thistle, (I think that is right.)
Then they laid down their clubs, and tried to look coy,
And said, "okey now chase us, it's your turn old boy."
But we men had wised up, though almost too late,
"We go fifty-fifty, or sorry, no date."
They knew they were beaten, and at least had the grace
To take defeat bravely, with a smile on each face.
They left their high horses, were soon acting nice,
We men, on the other hand, were glad to deceive.
I hope you can see the point to this fable,
Though the rhyme it is poor, for the poet's not able.
Just remember you coeds, you've oft heard us say-so,
Though greatly out-manned, you can't date a ratio.

Dorman Cordell

Leave 'Em Be

Returning after a brief absence due to tests, term papers, and attempts to get into the Coast Guard, we briefly pause to take note of the troubles of one Lee Edward Paul. Mr. Paul a couple of Sundays ago, indicated he does not hold a high opinion of this column. Well, now, to tell you the truth Mr. Paul, I agree with you personally, but who are we to argue with 6000 other readers.

Since everybody else has written or spoken about the problems of the Presbyterian Church of Chapel Hill, may we, in a rare moment of seriousness, add our view of the situation.

The Presbyterian Church is a private body which has always reserved the right to accept or reject for membership any applicant as it sees fit. It has also, so far as is generally known, called or dismissed ministers as the church itself sees fit.

No doubt Charles Jones is a fine man, and there seems to be little dissent to that. There has been no question raised as to Charles Jones' character. What has been questioned is whether Charles Jones is a Presbyterian. Apparently, some members of the Presbyterian Church in the State of North Carolina and the County of Orange do not think Charles Jones adheres in his ministry to the bounds prescribed by the Church. Therefore, this group has

said for this week's representatives in other "traditions." In fantasy there is A. Merritt's *Moon Pool* (Avon), in science fiction, Murray Leinster's *Space Platform* (Pocket Book), and in the mystery, another Barney Forge story, *The Other Body in Grant's Tomb*, by Richard Starnes (Pocket Book).

seen fit to fire Mr. Jones. A great many people have seemed quite disturbed about the situation at the Presbyterian Church since it began, and since it was highly publicized. Most of these people are not Presbyterians and many of them probably have never set foot inside the Presbyterian church. Yet they are disturbed.

If one were to check through the history of the Presbyterian Church, one would probably find that since its inception, the Presbyterians somehow take care of their affairs without help from outsiders. And Presbyterians have in the past generally taken the view that they are under no obligation to anyone but themselves and God and the Presbyterian Church.

If the Presbyterian Church of Chapel Hill chooses to fire Charlie Jones and call Father Divine to the pulpit, that is the business of the Presbyterian Church of Chapel Hill. If they choose to tear down the church building and erect a billiard parlor, that is the business of the Presbyterian Church of Chapel Hill—so long as it keeps within the laws of the political community, that it.

What the Presbyterian Church of Chapel Hill chooses to do is certainly no concern of mine, and one wonders if it is the concern of the local newspapers (including *The Daily Tar Heel*) or the local citizenry except those in the Presbyterian Church itself.

Personally, I do not expect the Presbyterian Church to tell me how to write this column, and I do not expect to tell the members of the Presbyterian Church how to run their church.

May we all therefore go forth and do likewise.

