

The President And The Physicist

In a secret room somewhere in Washington today, the president of the University is performing for his government the most vital task to which he has yet been called.

It is Gordon Gray and his two fellow members of the Atomic Energy Commission's board of inquiry who will decide on the loyalty of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the pioneer atomic scientist.

The charges, made public by Senator McCarthy and others, that Dr. Oppenheimer opposed the H-bomb program with dark motives and that he even supplied the Communists with atomic secrets, will be sufficient to brand the man a traitor in the minds of many.

Guilt by accusation, however, is not yet the law of the land. And the only acknowledged doubt about Dr. Oppenheimer's loyalty—that as a young man he associated with Communists—was effectively scotched in advance by Dr. Oppenheimer in 1949 when he wrote to the late Senator Brien McMahon: "It would be foolish to suppose that a young man sympathetic to Communists in his student days would by that fact alone become disloyal and a potential traitor. It is basic to science and democracy alike that men learn by error."



This is an expression that will, we are certain, be remembered by Mr. Gray and his board members. The importance of their job is heightened by a world condition of crisis and suspicion in which the non-conformist opinions of free men are being taken in some quarters as a proper basis for judgment of their loyalty.

President Gray's fair mind and innate calm and unprejudiced nature will find heavy use here. We wish him well.

Take One Giant Step

We are taking our first baby steps today in an area previously reserved for the giant strides of Editor Rolfe Neill. We find, upon first use of his typewriter, a simple fact that needs acknowledging: He has been the best Daily Tar Heel editor of all.

Beyond the things well known about Rolfe Neill—that he has stated his belief articulately, that his editorial skill places him in the first rank of his profession, that he has made you laugh and made you mad—some less public accomplishments should be recorded:

For a long time, he has patiently put up with his less-dedicated associates, smoothed their egos and copyread their spelling. His field of interest has reached to all points of the universe and the University; little is above his attention; nothing is beneath his regard. He has held fast to his own opinions, allowing always for a contrary view. He has drawn from the past, not letting tradition become an impediment.

His newspaper has attested, we think, to his competency. In the language of the vaudeville circuit, he'll be a hard act to follow.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and during the official Summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editor CHARLES KURALT
Managing Editor ROLFE NEILL
Associate Editors CHUCK HAUSER, LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Sports Editor JOHN HUSSEY
Business Manager AL SHORTT
News Editor Jerry Reece
Society Editor Eleanor Saunders
Asst. Sports Editor Dick Barkley
Circulation Manager Don Hogg
Subscription Manager Tom Witty
Advertising Manager Jack Stilwell
Asst. Subscription Manager Eugene Polk
Asst. Business Manager Tom Shores

NEWS STAFF—Fred Powladge, Ken Sanford, Tom Clark, Babbie DiIorio, Richard Thiele, Jennie Lynn, Dell Hoyle, James Wright, Benny Stewart, John Jackson, Warren Love.

EDITORIAL STAFF—Bill O'Sullivan, John Beshara, John Taylor.

SPORTS STAFF—Larry Saunders, Jack Murphy, Ray Linker.

ARTIST—Stan Smith.

Night Editor for this issue: Rolfe Neill

Tar Heel At Large

—Chuck Hauser

THE ROAD TO HELL got a lot of paving stones over the holidays as hundreds of students carried books and lecture notes home and to the beach to "study" while they relaxed.

THE CAMPUS changed a lot in just five days. The trees are finally full, hiding buildings behind thick green fans. You can walk down through McCorkle Place, past Davie Poplar, the Caldwell Obelisk, and Silent Sam, and never get touched by the sun. Grass has sprung up around the newly-planted Old Well garden area, where the tired azalea blossoms are gasping out the last of their beauty.

AND AS WE enjoy the fresh, young and glorious sensations of another spring at Chapel Hill, men are dying in agony half-way around the world, their bodies ripped open and torn apart by mortar and artillery shells, burnt crisp by napalm, and chopped to pieces by machine gun slugs. In Washington, the Republican strain to convince themselves and the American public that "we're not going into Indochina... well, maybe not..." and they sweat out the votes the party would lose if the administration which went into office on a promise to get us out of one war turned around and got us into another. And a lot of people who can see farther than the next election look at their maps, and wonder what the difference is between Indochina and Korea, except that Indochina is much more of a keystone in the defense of what's left of the Free World than the bloody and scarred Korean peninsula. . . .

ADD SIGNS of Spring: Students swiping sheets of lens paper from zoology labs as coeds hit the roofs and field glasses are dusted off and put to use.

QUESTION of the Week: What does the University do with all those \$2.50's it collects just before and after a holiday?

THE DISPUTE over whether Jim Fountain can or cannot legally be appointed as head cheerleader caused me to go to the elections laws and see just what the statutes say. From Article XIII, Section 2: "In every vacancy filled by appointment, the appointee shall have the same political status as the officer who held the position. The appointee shall fulfill the requirements of Art. VII, Sect. 3." So I turned to Article VII, Section 3. It lists the academic requirements for all office-holders—"he shall have passed a minimum of 40 hours in three quarters immediately prior to that quarter in which he is nominated, which shall be accompanied by an overall grade of C or higher." Fountain does not have an overall grade of C or higher for last year's work. Now you answer the question—is he or is he not eligible?

You Thinking About My Security Or Yours?



Nixon's Getting Ike Buildup

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—The international political furor kicked up by Vice President Nixon's speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors has now subsided, leaving two main points very clear:

1. Dicky Nixon looms more and more definitely as the man Eisenhower has picked to succeed him in 1956.

2. There is no question whatsoever that the Eisenhower Administration contemplates the use of armed force in Indo-China if necessary. Despite a modifying statement by the State Department following Nixon's speech, both the use of American ground troops and small atomic bombs have been under discussion.

PEARSON

The Nixon speech before the editors was not only a masterpiece; it was calculated to win him recognition from a powerful group of opinion makers. Even Democratic editors who didn't like Nixon came away admitting that the college degree he took in public speaking was paying dividends. Jim Bassett, Nixon's old public relations man, now pro for the GOP National Committee, purred as he listened.

Nixon spoke for one hour without reading a manuscript and, scarcely looking at his notes. His delivery had force, earnestness and a grasp of his subject. He was not partisan. The first half

hour was devoted to a disarming exposition of the problems of Southeast Asia, interlaced with "I was there" observations.

For instance, he told about the pleasurable variety of personal difficulty of getting along with cantankerous but courageous President Syngman Rhee in Korea. Then in almost the same breath he quoted a British general who was asked what was needed most in Indo-China.

"Nothing would stand us in such good stead," said the general, "as another Syngman Rhee."

The latter part of Nixon's talk was devoted to the difficulties faced in Indo-China, the political problems of the French Laniel government which could easily be overthrown because of Indo-China; The great problem of creating a spiritual leadership among the native peoples; and the U. S. alternative policy of appealing Red China by admitting its Communist government to a seat on the United Nations.

Someone has to grit his teeth and face up to things, Nixon warned. . . it would be more expedient to compromise by giving Red China a seat on the UN, but we must adhere to principle. . . The Administration has a duty to the higher interests of the nation, even if unpopular. . . It is necessary to take definite action despite the handicap. . . American policy cannot be bogged down by uninformed public opinion on one hand or reluctant allies on the other. . . We may have to go it alone in Indo-China even though unpopular. We must hold the line at any cost regardless of political repercussions.

Note—general reaction among editors was that the Vice-President did a brilliant job and enhanced himself with the newspaper profession, but that the American public was a long way from being ready to send troops to Indo-China.

Some editors figured the Nixon fireside chat was a mere trial balloon sent up by the Administration's no. 2 man, so that Eisenhower himself, if necessary, could deny it later. This writer deduces differently for the following reasons:

A. Ike has repeatedly, deliberately relied on Nixon to speak for him, no later than the reply to Adlai Stevenson. He has also let Nixon carry the ball as negotiator with Joe McCarthy, as the pacifier on Capitol Hill, and as the all-round political handyman of the Administration.

This began partly because Ike gets both bored and tired while Dick is an eager beaver; partly because Ike doesn't understand politics and Dicky loves politics; partly because Ike hates political chores and the Vice Presidency is a job where time hangs heavily on one's hands. Subbing for the President began as an accident, but has now become a habit—a habit likely to be recognized when the Republicans start looking for Ike's successor in 1956.

B. The plan to stand firm in Indo-China, with U. S. Forces if necessary, was drawn by the National Security Council to which Ike now delegates major decisions on foreign policy. Its Indo-Chinese decision has now become the hard-and-fixed policy of the Eisenhower Administration.

On The Carolina Front

Louis Kraar

After the holidays at home, we've just about decided that rock-skipping is better than dodging woman shoppers in a supermarket, and that country life has it all over city life.

We first were introduced to the manly art (although I hear women do it) of rock-skipping at a friend's suburban home in Charlotte. The sport is simply a matter of making a pebble sail across a lake bouncing at intervals on the surface.

A flat pebble is required, along with more side-arm than a girl boomerang tosser. You have to get right down to the water's edge, so it's a good way to get your new white bucks dirty before school starts. If you give the pebble just the right push, it will bounce right along the lake, making several neat little ripples.

The Payoff

After an afternoon of watching this rural pastime from the comfort of a low-slung hammock, we were sold on the quiet life of the country. And after a trip back to town, we were ready to sign an oath against city life and civilization.

What cinched the deal was a shopping trip to one of those huge supermarkets where you buy everything from caviar to the latest Mickey Spillane novel. Our shopping chores were small. All we wanted was some spaghetti and a carton of soft drinks.

Armed with empty bottles (we were told at home that this would make our shopping easier and cheaper), we advanced into the store. Conveyor belts were moving goods along narrow counters and cash registers clanged out totals. A mob was in the place.

Before we realized what had happened, one lady had thrown a body block at us that would have put Choo-Choo to shame. We took advantage of her nearness and asked where to put our empty bottles. Finally, we found ourselves handing the bottles to a cashier and getting money. Here we had come into the store to buy, and they were paying us.

Country Style For Sure

Then we had to find the spaghetti. A man in a white coat said he didn't know where we could find it, since he worked next door at the drug store. Another man in an apron told us counter five. And we found our spaghetti.

At last, it was time to pay. We got in line. Our turn was next, so we put the few goods on the counter. All at once a conveyor belt pushed the groceries down the counter, along with our wallet, which we had put on the counter, too.

Leaving the store, we decided that next time there's something to be bought, we'll make it our business to be away—perhaps at a friend's house skipping rocks across a lake.

'A Sad, Romantic Town'

Jake Wade

(The author of this piece is sports publicist for the University. Every once in a while, as on an April day when students are away for spring holidays, Jake Wade wanders from the sports trail and writes about his town.—Editor.)

This is a town touched by strange magic and one to which its peoples, many of them a curious breed, hold a rare and somewhat inexplicable attachment. Our town has no rivers, no mountains, no sea, but in the spring it is beautiful and in all seasons it is both wonderful and sad, romantic in the spirit of the youth it harbors in the educational processes of the great State University, which is the town's principal industry.

Chapel Hill, where bells wake you in the morning, regardless whether you live in the Beta house, Cobb dormitory or on Laurel Hill Road. . . and where bells ring periodically the day long, with the chimes taking over in the majesty of twilight and on certain important occasions such as the big football games. . . A town as tragic as Pasadena, California, and as lovely and charming. . . A town which a native son, a brilliant and beloved artist, called "The Southern Part of Heaven" in a best-seller he wrote between painting and who, then, in his own home in this gentle village he loved so much and dwelled in so happily, shot himself one black fall morning.

In Chapel Hill you can purchase a first rate steak with a good salad and a bushel of french fries for less than what an appetizer and sandwich will cost you in some places. . . Chapel Hillians, like the folks in your town or city, play poker, bridge, scrabble and canasta, but, strangely, little or no gin rummy, and they play golf and handball. . . Chapel Hill, where the tiniest tots are accomplished swimmers, and old men play an exciting brand of tennis. . . Where you keep in the right traffic lanes when you are going straight ahead as well as to turn right. . . Where student golfers, lolling in the clubhouse awaiting members of their foursomes, read Cervantes and Shakespeare. . . One of the millionaire retired band leader's closest friends is the folksy retired (from big time) village editor. . . A famous singer breaks bread often and attends games with a Kenan professor. . . A coach has tea regularly with a celebrated author. . . A University department head finds more wisdom, truth and beauty in the philosophy of a local tavern keeper than in the ivory towers of his own intellectual level and prefers his company. . . But Chapel Hill is a town of neighbors who are bird watchers and tend their flow gardens with loving care and talk over picket fences or stone walls, and drink their coffee or cocktails while talking oftenest about their children and grandchildren. . . Yes, in Chapel Hill the college Chancellor can be seen almost every afternoon rolling a baby buggy down the main drag, stopping now and then to tuck in his grandbaby or to light his pipe. That's Chapel Hill, God bless it and its gentle way of life.



Wednesday Nite is Ravioli Night at the RATHSKELLER — 90c — A II You Can Eat

