

## The Budget

It is too soon to tell exactly what will be the effect of the new state budget on the University. Better financial heads than ours are pouring over the budget book in the South Building business office, trying to decipher its significance for Carolina's next biennial course.

Some things, however, are clear. The University gets no permanent improvements—that is, no new buildings or major renovation jobs. We get no new faculty members and no new staff. That is a four million dollar disappointment to those who realize the acute need on this campus.

Too, dormitory room rents will be upped 20 to 30 dollars a year and the coeds who live in Spencer will have to pay more for their food in the dining room there. This added revenue will total about \$88,000. Here, we feel, the Budget Commission made its biggest mistake. Much as The Daily Tar Heel has opposed a raise in tuition, we should still have preferred that to a general raise in dormitory room rates—a hike affecting only a segment of the campus, and by and large, the segment that can least afford to pay.

But there is another side to the ledger. WUNC-TV, if the budget passes the Assembly, will get \$434,800. In a year of hardship, that is an encouraging vote of confidence in our fledgling television station. And minor betterments—a new organ for Hill Hall, new equipment for the physics department and the like—will be allowed.

So, at first glance, (and assuming that these recommendations will be approved) the University seems to have been dealt a serious blow in the denial of new teachers and buildings, but a blow tempered by the granting of money for smaller works and projects.

Nobody really expected more. And, in fact, the Commission should be commended for not taking the expedient course in drawing up the budget—drastically increasing fees and reducing salaries and services to meet the state's deficit.

## With Protection & Security For All

End of the week—and time to clean out a basket full of the fortnight's little triumphs of "security" over reason. They'd be funny if they weren't so scary.

Only day before yesterday, for example, the watchful old American Legion protected the youth of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania from the acting of Charles Chaplin. An ancient film had been scheduled in an art film series, but the Legion said no, and, well, the College decided the Legion had a point. They cancelled the show.

Then there's the Forest Hills home owners association which makes you say you're not a Red before you can join the group.

The latest Girl Scout Handbook is off the presses, and this time, we're happy to report, without a taint of subversion. The "One World" badge of the 1953 edition has become the "My World" badge. "You are preparing yourself for a world citizenship" now reads, "You are preparing yourself to be a friend to all." "Make up a quiz game on the UN" has been changed to "Make up a quiz game on the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts."

The nation's scientists, of course, are still feeling the squeeze of "security," but at least one young man in the field has the right idea. We recommend that all our readers who are worried about present-day encroachments on the realm of free thought adopt the philosophy of James M. Hawk, who this week wrote thusly in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

"At one time I was disturbed that my performance in academic work toward a graduate degree in physics was not equal to that of the top scientists. But I am encouraged now that the government is doing me a service by cleaning out all those at the top. I may be stupid, but boy, am I loyal!"

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front 'Art' At WC Gets Censure & Headlines

Louis Kraar

IS A CAMPUS literary magazine the place for uninhibited self-expression?



This became more than an academic question at Woman's College last month when a drawing of the male figure in undraped detail appeared in "Coraddi," WC's magazine.

The magazine's editor, Debora Marcus, took the position that the nude was "art." She and the entire staff quit after Chancellor E. K. Graham censured them for poor taste.

Miss Marcus, who lives in New York at 1246 Shakespeare Ave. (of all places), argued that anything worth creating as art merited exhibition to the public.

Chancellor Graham seemed to have other ideas when he pointed to the wide range of opportunities on campus for self-expression. He cited galleries, art booklets, and other media on the campus besides general publications for viewing this expression.

This controversy over the nude seems to have raised the academic argument of art as well as the blood pressure of the gals at our sister institution to a new level. And aside from a little unfavorable publicity, the whole argument was probably a good thing.

I noticed the now-infamous drawing in "Coraddi" a week or so before the controversy started. Flipping through the pages of the magazine in the WC student union, I felt mildly surprised at seeing the picture, but it wasn't offensive.

The blare of publicity that resulted from Chancellor Graham's censure, however, was offensive. It didn't help WC's reputation nationally either.

One of the more sensational news services described the controversy as "an uproar" in "the nation's biggest women's college." The article also said, "The official attitude was that such 'art' should be confined to galleries."

The chancellor would have done better through a quiet chat with "Coraddi's" staff. As it turned out, Graham's censure made as many campus headlines as McCarthy's censure did nationally.

Now that the girls at WC have calmed down, probably to concentrate on recruiting a new staff for the literary magazine, perhaps someone can settle the academic argument.

Should nudes be restricted to art galleries, or do they have a place in campus magazines?

I FIND myself aching in many (some unmentionable) places this week.

I mention this personal note only as explanation to my friends and enemies for what may be viewed as unusual conduct.

Returning from the holidays with various pains, I took a jaunt over to the dent school to find that I had contracted some long-named gum inflammation. After gum packings in my mouth and penicillin shots in the opposite area of my body, I find sitting difficult and talking impossible.

So to my friends I ask pardon for not being able to talk. (Perhaps I'll gain more friends.) And to my enemies, I say enjoy the blissful silence while you may.

A CHAPEL HILL squirrel walked into a Durham ice cream parlor and ordered a cone of vanilla.

The squirrel inquired the price and was asked for 15 cents, after which the counter man coaxed up to him and said, "We've never had a squirrel customer before." The squirrel replied, "No, and you won't be getting any more if you don't do something about these prices."

## Living It Up At Lotus Lake

Joseph Alsop

NONGKHAY, Northeast Thailand.—This reporter is currently recovering from giving a New Year's Eve party which perhaps deserves recording on a higher level than the expense account, if only because it was a dinner-dance for 150 people that cost thirty-five dollars.

It was born of a decision to spend Christmas and New Year's day in this lovely northeastern region of Thailand, which is also the most exposed to Communist pressure and the most penetrated by fifth columns. When I got here, my friend Rod Hemphill, who runs a local silk factory, said no one could understand northeastern Thailand without getting the feel of village life.

It was a pity, Rod added there was no village party coming up, because going to a village party was the best quick way to see what a Thai village was really like. And so I asked whether I might give a New Year's eve party at the village of the Lotus Lake, where Rod's silk factory is situated.

From here, Rod's charming and intelligent Thai partner, Kun Nom and he externally able, tough village headman, Som Si quietly took over. There were a couple of preliminary crises, about the price of the cow that was to be the main dish, and about the difficulty of obtaining the truly superior brand of local white mule that is made across the Mekong River in Laos.

But Kun Nom, and Som Si were as efficient a catering service as any in Washington. On the morning of Dec. 31, they reported that my thirty-five dollars had provided a cow, half a buffalo, and several ducks and chickens; plus about fifteen gallons of white mule for the common people with a specially invigorating and precious bottle of white mups mixed with black monkey's blood for he honored guests; plus the most celebrated player of the ken, a local instrument halfway between bagpipes and pan pipes; plus prizes to persuade the young ladies to dance, which they are reluctant to do without suitable inducement.

Rod and his beautiful wife, Annong and I sat off for the party in the late afternoon. The children of Lotus Lake village were driving the village buffaloes home from their wallow; the herons were gloriously winging their way back to the heronry by the Lotus Lake, and the lowering sun was gilding the rice straw in the fields. But this perfect atmosphere of pastoral peace was shattered, when we reached the ballroom (Rod's silk factory). Som Si had insisted on installing the powerful American public address system that the village bought last year to brighten up its festivals.

The noise of alternating records of Bangkok songs, local ballads and arias from Thai classical

opera was downright deafening. Besides half the village was already there. The white mule was already going around. And the conversation was beginning to show that added brightness that always marks the cocktail hour.

The first item on the program was the idea of the village elders—to wind the bai see strings which bring good luck on the arms of Rod, Annong and me. The ceremony involved sitting on the floor through an interminable, imitation Pali chant, and being wound with the strings while all those not busy string winding held hands to strengthen the life forces.

After that, the party really got going. The white mule circulated rapidly by an efficient loving cup system. The cow and the buffalo appeared in the form of laap, which means that they had been chopped fine with the fiercest red peppers available, extra seasoned with spices and rather summarily cooked, with laap and curry and salad and white mule in plenty. The usual second stage of every party, when the conversation almost overtops the music, was easily reached.

Then the ken player took over the microphone. With many a shy gesture the young ladies took the floor, and the village bucks stepped out for the circle dance. This involves revolving, very remotely, around your partner, making elegant hand and arm gestures. An American buck would find it unexciting, but Thai bucks think differently.

And so we reached the party's final phase, which continued, with louder and louder music and faster and faster circle dancing, until all could wish one another a happy new year. There were the usual late party incidents—the headman's son went a bit too far, as headmen's sons often will. There was also the usual group who could not resist the temptation for "just one night-cap," so the Lotus Lake village was still ringing with song in the dawn. But as a party it was a clear success.

And what useful information did I gather from this evening, it may well be asked. Well I earned from all those present that Thai villagers are charming, gay and friendly people. From Som Si and one of two other intelligent and sober elders, I learned they hate the Chinese and Vietnamese with an intense passion, and equate communism with its great Asian converts. And just by listening to the loud speaker, I learned that this was a semi-neolithic community, experiencing a violent impact from Western civilization whose final outcome you could not predict.

And I also learned that Kun Nom was not factually accurate, when he promised that Laos white mups mixed with black monkey's blood never gave you a headache.

## 'Care To Start Making Changes Here?'



Tonight At The Moom Pitchers

## Or Would You Rather Be A Prairie Dog?

If you are one of life's tormented individuals, ready to toss in the towel and call it quits, we ask you to spend a few hours at the Varsity Theater tonight and observe what type of life the average prairie dog faces.

Walt Disney's newest creation, "The Vanishing Prairie," is the current attraction, running through today.

Prairie dogs play a major role in the picture which, although excellent, falls somewhat short of its predecessor, "The Living Desert."

These prairie dogs seem to have more troubles than you and Mendes-France put together. How would you like to live in a hole in the ground, way out in the middle of nowhere in

particular, faced with a constant battle for life? Woe be the prairie dog, who has more enemies than N. C. State has talent scouts. His natural predators include the coyote, rattle-snake, badger, owl, prairie falcon, black-footed ferret, and buffalo. Sympathizing with him, you will feel like a million bucks.

The title of the picture is used as a theme throughout, and Disney effectively puts across the point that conservation efforts, though thorough and beneficial in other areas, are needed badly in the prairie. Buffalo, whooping cranes and certain other species of wild life are fast disappearing from the scene, an old tale retold once more in natural drama.

A flash prairie fire and flash flood also are pictured.

## YOU Said It

## An Appeal For Ol' George

Editor: George is a good dog. The evidence against him, according to The Daily Tar Heel, is not enough to convict him of petty larceny. Since when is the anonymous complaint enough to jail someone in this democracy of ours?

If there are not enough facilities or money to take care of George until he gets a proper trial, I'm sure that there are enough kind-hearted students and townswolk who would be willing to take care of him until he is proven guilty or innocent.

Here is a dog of dogs. Let's not make any mistakes that we may regret later. Kill George and you kill a part of Carolina.

Alan McSurely

## Writing, Anyone?

Editor: This is the quickest way I know of contacting students at the University who are interested in writing.

I have had a letter from Mr. Nolan Miller, professor of English at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, who is editing an anthology of student writing for Ballantine, to be published next fall.

The collection, "Campus Writing Today," has received material from all over the nation, but so far no submissions from the Tar Heel state. As Mr. Miller is very much interested in a representative selection, and since North Carolina is producing so much through student writing channels, it would be a shame if nothing went in for consideration for the anthology.

Creative writing students and others interested in submitting material may obtain details from Mr. Miller.

Doris Betts

## Thanks

We would like to express our sincere thanks to you for helping make the Orange County Empty Stocking Fund a success this year.

You will probably be interested to know that more than 1,300 people benefitted from your help.

It is a real pleasure to know that people are willing to help those less fortunate than themselves and whatever feeling of satisfaction you may have is truly justified.

Gayle Childress

## Ladejinsky's Demands Met By White House

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — The White House met Wolf Ladejinsky's price for dropping his embarrassing fight against Agriculture Secretary Benson who had fired him as agricultural attache in Tokyo on security grounds.

Ladejinsky wanted more than a comparable job. He demanded and got a full security and loyalty clearance before he accepted a Foreign Operations Administration post in Viet Nam. He will do there the same land reform work he did for General MacArthur in Japan.

Like MacArthur, Ladejinsky will return. A Democratic civil service committee will bring him back as part of their investigation into the operations of the Eisenhower security system. He is exhibit A in their thesis that the Eisenhower program is being systematically warped into a modern version of the old spoils system.

Ladejinsky's partisans include influential Republicans as well as Democrats. With the press, they raised a storm of protest to which the White House felt compelled to how even though it meant the public reversal of a favorite Eisenhower Cabinet member, Secretary Benson.

But while the President was willing to admit that in this case Mr. Benson was wrong, Mr. Benson had no such misgivings. He has been outvoted two to one, as the State Department earlier and now FOA have given Ladejinsky full clearance and marks of perfect confidence.

The Secretary was calm and self-assured as he confronted a large press conference for nearly an hour. He conceded that "reasonable men" might not always take the same view and he deplored the anti-Semitic issue raised in the Vitt letter which his executive, Milan D. Smith, made public.

He still felt he had had the facts—though he has still to meet, much less talk to, Ledejinsky. He made the decision according to his best lights. Furthermore, Mr. Smith has his confidence though Smith made an "unfortunate" mistake. The Benson security officer, a newcomer, who initiated the proceedings, is okay too and will remain.

It had a familiar ring to those who were accustomed to hearing Harry S. Truman defend his cronies until after hell froze over.

In the Truman manner, too, Benson admitted no doubts about the system under which such storms arise. It permits two Cabinet members to be exactly opposite conclusions and it is widely debated by responsible people, but the secretary showed no trace of concern.

The most unkind cut of all was the personal one. Wolf Ladejinsky has worked for the Agriculture Department for 19 years. During that interval he has earned great praise and the confidence of a widely differing assortment of politicians and government officials, including General MacArthur.

He was fired without a hearing on the say-so of two newcomers to the Agriculture Department, Smith and security officer Cassidy. Mr. Benson accepted their word completely and still does. Ladejinsky's efforts to see him even after the White House expressed concern failed.

The land expert leaves the department he served so long without a single generous word or gesture from its head. Reporters gave the Secretary opportunity to discuss the case from every angle. Somehow he never got around to Ladejinsky, the man, a faithful government servant accused by indirection of being capable of treason.

The Secretary said he had a successor in view who will be named to the Tokyo post shortly.

## The Army Ends Segregation

Condensed From The Reporter

The end of segregation in the U. S. Army was first carried out in a few service units in Northern posts and in the Army's troop-training program, but until the outbreak of the Korean War most regular units remained segregated. Segregation was eliminated in Korea, not as a social experiment, not as an ideological measure, but as a practical answer to immediate combat needs.

The Army's study addressed itself to the question of how Negro soldiers could best be employed in the war effort. It began in April, 1951. At that time—but not all—of the combat units in Korea contained some Negro soldiers who had come as badly wanted replacements; yet, the vast majority of Negro troops were still in Negro units.

It was a changing situation, one which provided the opportunity to compare what happened under widely varying circumstances.

Within a period of four months, in Korea, Japan, and on ten Army posts in the United States, a research team brought detailed questionnaires to 12,000 officers and men, and interviewed almost 1,200 others. (Only Negro members of the team talked to colored troops.)

They collected numerous records and documents and made many systematic observations of troops on and off duty. They found that the worries about integration were largely unfounded.

Clearly, there are many important differences between race relations among young men in military service and youngsters attending Southern schools.

Military discipline was an important factor in reducing incidents during the transition, but by no means the only one. The Army's study showed that Americans learn to get along with each other, even in unaccustomed situations.

"It's all in your mind. Once you get it out you're O. K. If you can live with whites, you can live with most colored."

The man who said this was from Virginia. The South's traditional racial code does not mean that Southerners are "anti-Negro." Of the thousands of white southern

troops who answered the questions, only a relatively small percentage said they disliked or "hated Negroes."

"Southerners are not without understanding of how Negroes feel, or without sympathy for the idea that Negroes should stand up for their legal rights. Take this problem: 'A colored soldier is sitting in a service club reading a magazine. Three white soldiers enter; they stare at the colored man, and one of them says in a loud voice, 'Don't you know this place is for white men only?'"

White infantrymen in Korea were asked, "If you were the colored soldier in this



situation, what do you think you would do?" Here are the answers they selected:

7%: Did not answer.

11%: "I'd apologize first and then leave the Club."

7%: "I'd put down my book and walk out of the Club."

19%: "I'd just keep on reading and pay no attention."

14%: "I'd call in whoever was in charge."

42%: "I'd say, 'This place is for anybody who wants to use it.'"

And Southerners picked the same answers as men from other states. Findings like these make the Army's experience a source of encouragement for those who face the difficult task of ending segregation in the schools.