

Dr. Harry W. Chase

Former President Harry Woodburn Chase whose death came Wednesday night in Sarasota, Florida, ushered in a new era for the University.

After serving as Dean of the College and chairman of the faculty, Dr. Chase became president in June, 1919. His administration, stretching through the year 1930, saw this school grow from a college into a major university. Enrollment went through a post-World War I upsurge; buildings, including the Library, Murphy, Manning and Saunders went up; new departments, music and commerce among them, came into being; and the University gained membership in the American Association of Colleges and Universities.

Dr. Chase established a new realm for higher education in North Carolina.

The Daily Tar Heel and the University community are grateful for his service and saddened at his passing.

Justice Goes On

"It seems to me that liberties for those we most dislike are the most crucial ones to defend," said Prof. Robert Sonne Cohen of Connecticut Wesleyan as the Seales defense opened Wednesday in Greensboro.

The Daily Tar Heel concurs with that idea. We commend Professor Cohen; and we commend in particular Professors Fletcher Green of history, Raymond Adams of English and The Reverend Charles Jones for demonstrating that they, too, subscribe to that rudiment of Anglo-Saxon justice. Professors Green and Adams and Mr. Jones, in their brief, unemotional, and concise testimony in behalf of Junius Seales' sincerity, restored some dignity to the trial now wearing through its second week.

It is next to impossible for a Communist to be tried justly today in the United States. The web of hysteria has been spun too thick. The fear of Russian power to the East, the tattered but still flapping ensign of McCarthy, and public ignorance as to the nature and real threat of Communism throw cases like the Seales affair out of kilter. In the Greensboro trial, a long troupe of excited witnesses, paid performers, spies, and incompetent press reporting have made the outcome, as the informed expected, all but inevitable.

To be sure, mean, ill-founded criticism will fly at the professors and the minister. But it will be the offspring of ignorance and will come from those who do not see the basic conservatism of what they did. Civil liberties, most of them, cost hundreds of years of revolution, abuse, slaughter and regicide. When those who believe in them are pilloried, it speaks poorly for our appreciation.

Justice goes on, fortunately; and we can thank those like the men from Chapel Hill that it does.

A Word For Wheels

The wheels of student government fortune—about 100 of them—will be turning on campus this weekend, as student leaders from the Carolinas and Virginia gather for the spring National Student Association Regional Assembly.

Student body presidents and other wheels from the three states will attempt everything from "defending the role of the student in the college community" to studying the mystical-sounding "dynamics of the group and parliamentary procedure," with some socializing sandwiched in between, no doubt.

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes the wheels to Carolina. The work being performed nationally and internationally by the National Student Association should inspire them to serious thought and a stimulating exchange of ideas. We hope they can turn their weekend workshop into a vibrant marketplace of ideas on student government.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front Of Spring And Youth & Love's Sweet Whatnot

J. A. C. Dunn

"IT IS! It is! It's Really Truly Spring!" as the Intimate Bookshop so elatedly remarks in its right hand front show window. Being of a tractable nature, we are inclined to agree with them. It is spring. Fine.

When we think of spring, however, we think not only of books (as the Intimate does),

or of "flowers that bloom in the etc. (as Gilbert and Sullivan do), but also of young men's fancies, which, we are told, have an alarming tendency to turn like worms as soon as cords and pedal-pushers pop up from under every newly-thawed stone.

Quite recently we ran across two young men, drunk on spring, whose fancies had turned to poetry. We here present their deathless (and anonymous) verse in all its poetic radiance.

★
THE FIRST POEM is more malicious than anything else, and is entitled except for a notation: "With apologies to New Faces of 1952."

Love is a simple thing;
Love is a scorpion's sting,
Vicious as a moray eel,
Painful as a torture wheel,
Sharp as an assassin's tool,
Quick as a pirana school;
Love is a simple thing.

Love is a mad dog's bite,
Deadly as Medusa's sight,
Toxic as wood alcohol,
Chilling as a banshee's call,
Damning as a voodoo curse,
Morbid as a loaded hearse;
Love is a simple thing.

★
THE SECOND POEM is a bit more sincere, and is slightly reminiscent of the poetry of Porcupine, Walt Kelly's misanthropic Okefenokee character. We asked why the author used "we" instead of "I," and he replied that he was writing in honor of Editors who had to sit in hot offices on hot spring days. Evidently he was once an Editor himself and knows first hand.

WE
The heartsong song somewhere sung for us
Is sung in the heart of you, we hope.

The windblown soul that is whisked along
Like a leaf, is blown toward us, we hope.

The starlit face questing, lighthouse-like, for a mirror
Reflects in our face, we hope.
The sun-bright smile meant to warm and soothe
Is aimed at the person of us, we hope.

The song of the soul is the smile of the face;
The face is the soul of the smile.

And the smile in the song is the face of the soul,
The soul is the face of the song.

The windblown heart is lit by the stars,
The sun-bright wind is warm.
And the leaf, the mirror the lighthouse, all
Are aimed at a whisk around us, we hope.

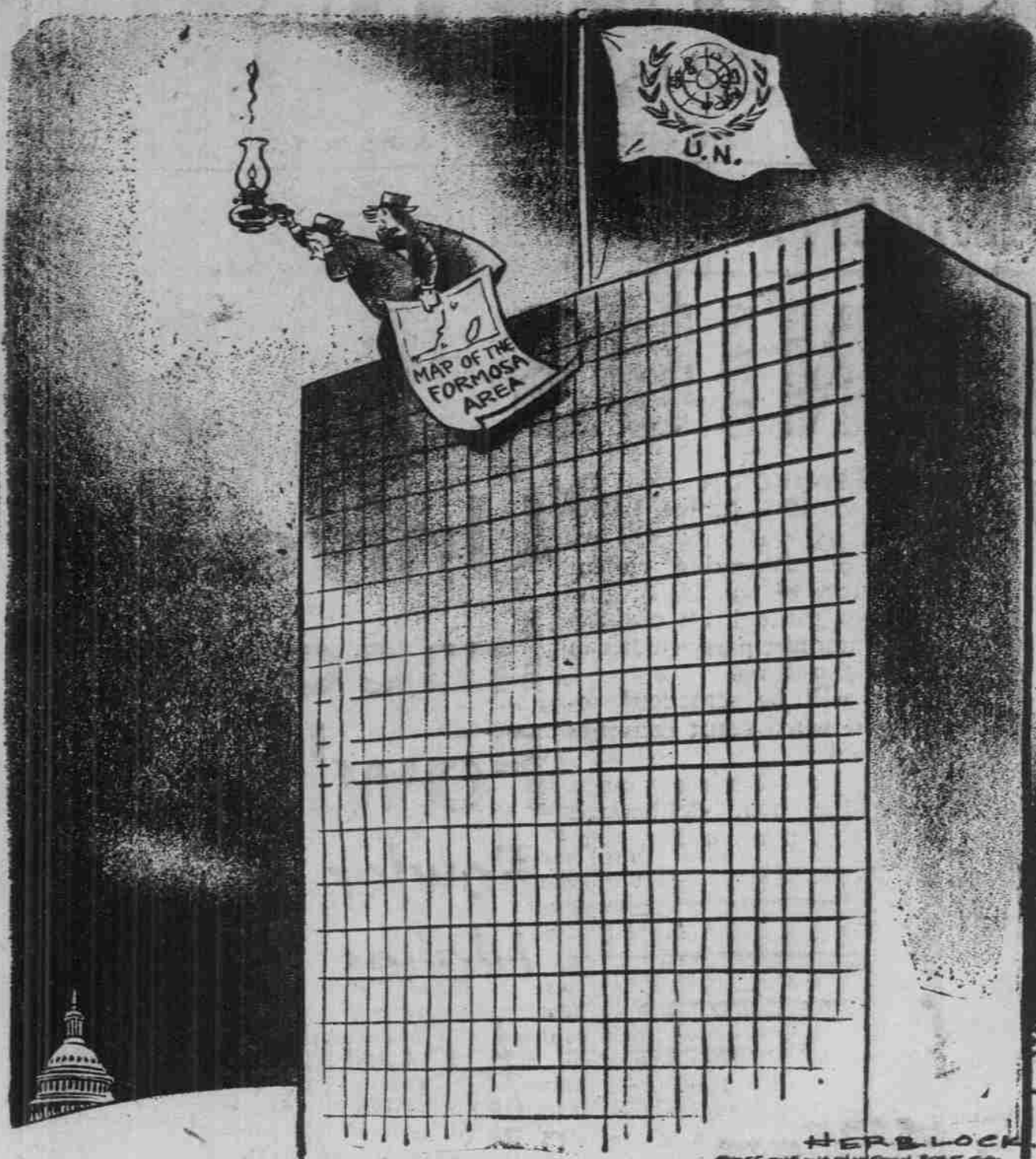
WHERE THEY GO

Three thousand five hundred teachers in Pennsylvania will be leaving this year for a variety of reasons. These include: 6 percent—marriage or family, 11 percent—going to other states, 18 percent—entering other types of employment, 20 percent—miscellaneous other reasons, and 45 percent—retirement for old age or disability.

ALL INCLUDED

Deep sea and Gulf Stream, sound and inland fishing are all included in the North Carolina central coastal area, from vast Pamlico Sound to Bogue village on the sound of the same name.

'See Anyone Coming Yet?'



THE STRAIGHT SCOOP:

He Pakked His Cah In Hahvahd Yahd

J. B. Severance
Harvard, '58

(The following is the substance of a letter written by a Harvard freshman to a friend of his giving an impression of Harvard after eight months of residence there. Maybe our readers can find parallels.—Editors)

I have it straight from a fine arts lecture that in pre-Revolutionary days Cambridge was intended to be governmental city for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and when Boston got the job instead, the authorities founded Harvard in Cambridge as a sort of compensation. Be that as it may, the institution grew and all the New England social elite attended it.

At one time the standing of a student in his class was determined by the social prominence of his family rather than by the student's brilliance. However, the situation has changed a good deal since then and though the Groton-Harvard type still exists (there are some in the freshman class today), the University now strives for what it calls "even geographical distribution." The Great Plains area must still be pretty sparsely populated because some of the types from west of the Mississippi strongly resemble the American Bison, at least mentally, and in many cases physically. I don't say that this holds for all of them since I happen to room with a broad-minded Texan.

THE YARD:

Harvard Yard is the center of the University and the original area of the place. Among its many features are the freshman dorms, Offices of the President and Fellows, University Hall (the administration building in which lurk many smiling deans and polite secretaries), a statue of John Harvard (which is very inappropriate since the date on it is three years off, Old John was not the real founder, and it's not a statue of the real John Harvard anyway), three libraries, an old water pump about which old grads are supposed to be very nostalgic, and Sever Hall, now a classroom building, which is considered to be one of the most important architectural achievements of the nineteenth century but which makes me wonder what else the nineteenth century produced.

THE SQUARE:

There are a number of merchants on the Square who claim to have been serving Harvard men for generations. All I can say is that the experience they have gained has been put to good uses—most of their prices are almost half again as much as they are elsewhere. However, I have to admit that there are a good many worthwhile institutions in and around the Square.

RADCLIFFE:

What slim pickin' there are are really not so bad as rumor would have it.

THE GREY FLANNEL SUIT:

The Grey Flannel suit is, as everyone knows, the Ivy League uniform. It is predominant at Harvard and may be bought anywhere on the Square. There is al-

so an unsavory element around the Yard which leans toward the zoot suit and the flashy silk tie. Individuals in this class purchase their unlabeled purple shirts at Leopold Morse next to the UT. The really discriminating Harvard man buys tailor made tweed suits at Duncan MacAndrew's. In general, though it can be said that the Grey Flannel suit is the dress of the average Harvard man.

Publications:
The Harvard Crimson has taken advantage of the fact that the Boston papers are revoltingly unreadable, and is consequently one of the better college newspapers in the country. Unfortunately it is fully aware of this fact and rather conceited. Since it has such an iron grip on affairs it can get away with the most outrageous slander and misquoting imaginable and frequently does.

The Harvard Advocate is run by a very serious-minded group of writers, and is a quite readable magazine. Recently they had a monopoly on stories involving people with neuroses and odd frustrations, but it is now on the up and up and even has some rather able poets.

The Cambridge Review, a splinter from the Advocate, is a bit smart-alec, but passable.

The Harvard Lampon is at present riding on a very good reputation. Unfortunately for the past three years it has been dominated by a very able writer who now works for the New Yorker. The result of his ability was that it stifled everybody else's and no wthe Lampon is a cheap pamphlet of forced humor. Many Harvard men prefer to get their humor reading the Yale Record, which, in view of the facts, is extremely broad-minded of them.

328 DRINKING DRIVERS
Under the heading "driver's condition" the Motor Vehicles Department summary of last year's fatal traffic accidents lists 328 drivers who had been drinking. Other driver defects—eyesight, hearing, fatigue, illness, and sleepiness affected only 83 drivers involved in fatal accidents. In all there were 880 death dealing traffic mishaps which produced 991 fatalities during the year.

REAL BARGAIN
Used car salesman: "You don't often get a chance to buy a car like this. I tell you it's a real opportunity."

Prospect: "Must be. I hear it knocking." —Ottawa Journal.

SMALL TOWN
A small town is the place where a fellow with a black eye doesn't have to explain to people, they know. —Coast Guard Magazine.

Harry, Ike, And Ulysses Grant

Ralph McGill
Atlanta Constitution

WASHINGTON—As time goes on more and more persons are realizing that whatever may have been his failures, Harry S. Truman was a strong President.

"I like a tough fighter. So, coming down on the elevator in the Mayflower Hotel with Sen. Walter George and Miss Lucy, his wife, on the way to the Sam Rayburn dinner I got off at the fifth floor. The reason I go off was that when the elevator stopped at that floor I saw Truman and his wife there with some friends. I went up to him and put my arms around him and said that it made me feel wonderful to see him looking so good.

Now, we come down to the real story for which the foregoing is a sort of preamble.

Two veteran senators, who have been around for a long, long time, talked freely, though not for attribution, about President Eisenhower. They like him. What they have to say is not said in hostility or rancor. They think, as do all of us, that he is a good, decent, honorable man.

THEY LIKE IKE

But this, in essence, is their summary of him as a President. "Ike," they said, "is a lot like Gen. Grant when he was President. Grant had won a war. The people felt he was a strong man, able to make decisions. Actually, as we know, he was not. He was a good man but not at all aware of how to govern. His Cabinet was not able and some members were corrupt. The Republican Congress was a pliant tool of special privilege, as is a majority of the present Republican House and Senate. The worst of the Republican party hid behind the shield of Grant's personal integrity.

The people came to know this, but they almost nominated Grant for a third term. In a sense, President Eisenhower is like that. War threatens. The people look to a general.

They say what has become well known; namely, that Ike, the good, decent man, is not skilled enough in politics to know what is going on.

"He doesn't seem to realize how transparent he is. He keeps trying to run away from the presidency," said one of the veteran senators. "But you can't run away from it. Wherever the President goes, there is the presidency. When Ike plays golf with Dr. Cary Middlecoff the presidency is right there with them.

There is a story going around Washington.

There was a conference with congressional leaders about the Asian situation. It was not reassuring. The chiefs of staff, who are the professionals, were divided.

"We all stood there," said the congressman who told me about it, "and we felt sad and blue. There had been no leadership, only indecision. As we stood, waiting for the President to go, he looked at his watch and said, 'Gee, I have time to get in nine holes of golf.' When we got outside another congressman said, 'Golfing while Rome burns.'"

FOIL FOR REDS

That, of course, is not quite fair, but it illustrates a lot of feeling here.

Sen. George, for example, thinks the administration has deceived the American people by making Quemoy and Matsu the major issue. "The Communists," he says, "are not ready or able to take Formosa, but they are about to take Indochina by default. Things are very crucial there. It looks as if Viet Nam is to be lost. And if it is, then Burma, Malaya, Laos, Cambodia and all southeastern Asia are endangered."

Sen. George also feels very strongly that the African-Asian meeting which began Monday in Bandung, Indonesia, should have had our blessing.

Harry Truman criticized the Republican press for "covering up" the administration's errors and failures. The one thing which privately dominates the press here is the great disappointment in Sec. Dulles. The Democratic senators and congressmen who know say that he is a timid, rabbit sort of a man who simply cannot stand against pressure. They think Ike gets a bad assist in a critical job.

Security Climax

Stewart Alsop

A showdown fight involving the government's whole loyalty-security system is now shaping up. The fight will center on a minor official in the International Monetary Fund, called William Henry Taylor.

Taylor was one of those named by Elizabeth Bentley, the famous former Communist espionage courier, as a member of the espionage group in the Treasury Department during the war. The Bentley charge was aired in substance before a Senate committee by Attorney General Herbert Brownell in 1951, when he testified on the case of the late Harry Dexter White.

Taylor, who has never taken the Fifth Amendment, has repeatedly and flatly denied under oath that he was ever a Soviet agent or a Communist. He has now demanded, in letters to the members of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, that his case be investigated publicly; that he be allowed to confront his chief accuser, Miss Bentley; and that his guilt or innocence be finally determined.

At the same time, he has asked the Loyalty Board which has been hearing his case to call Brownell and FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover to answer questions about what he alleges to be demonstrable falsehoods in Miss Bentley's testimony. In short Taylor (and his lawyer, former Congressman Byron Scott, are now determined to force a public showdown.

HEAVY CLOUD OF DOUBT

One result of the showdown could be to prove that Taylor is guilty. Another result could be to clear his name. But if Taylor's name is cleared, a heavy cloud of doubt will be thrown over all Elizabeth Bentley's testimony, and indeed over the Justice Department's methods and the whole security system. It is easy to see why the Taylor case could start a major row.

Taylor's position is extraordinary. He has, after all, been named by the Attorney General of the United States as one who could be used by a "parallel of Soviet intelligence." Yet he still holds a public position, and part of his salary, at least, is paid by the United States Treasury.

Taylor is, in fact, the last of those named by Miss Bentley who still holds a public position. Very heavy pressure has been brought to bear on the Monetary Fund to get rid of him quietly. Among other high officials, both former Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder and his successor, George Humphrey, have written to the Fund urging that Taylor be fired.

CASE UP IN 1953

The Fund managers, however, have quite properly taken the position that the charges against Taylor should first be heard. His case was therefore assigned early in 1953 to the International Organization's Employees Loyalty Board.

This board has been holding intermittent hearings for a year and a half. During all this time, despite the statement of the Attorney General to the Senate committee, the board has been unable to establish that Taylor is guilty as charged, or even that the "reasonable doubt" required for firing as a security risk exists. Accordingly, Taylor still holds his job.

Taylor's defense before the board has been simply to challenge the veracity of his accuser, Miss Bentley, not only in his own case, but in the case of Harry Dexter White and others. In a public showdown, he will make the same defense.

Taylor and his lawyer have prepared a dossier of more than 100 pages, which purports to demonstrate that Miss Bentley's testimony is a morass of contradictions. Some of the contradictions cited in this remarkable document are trivial, the sort of small mistakes any human being makes. But some do not seem trivial. For example, according to the dossier, Miss Bentley at one point testified that Taylor passed her documents, and at another point she testified that she had never met Taylor.

THE JUSTICE DEPT. AT FAULT

Miss Bentley's testimony may of course prove substantially entirely accurate, and Taylor guilty as charged. There is no doubt that Communist spy nets did indeed operate in the government during the war. Because ex-Communist informers like Miss Bentley have been useful in establishing this fact, there are fierce pressures to suppress all challenges to their veracity.

Justice Department officials, including Brownell, have come precious close to taking the ridiculous and profoundly un-American position that anyone who would cast doubt on the word of an ex-Communist must be part of a Communist plot. The best commentary on this nonsense was supplied by Brownell's own action last week, in firing the Justice Department's whole collection of professional full-time informers. But just because Miss Bentley's testimony has been so important, and because Brownell himself is committed on Taylor's guilt, the pressures will be particularly fierce in this case.

Yet surely Taylor should have a chance to prove, one way or another, once and for all, whether he took part in espionage, and thus betrayed his country.

It is monstrous and intolerable that a man branded as Taylor has been branded should be denied a chance to clear his name.

Quote, Unquote

Memorable Words From Doctor Einstein

Albert Einstein on education:
It is in fact nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant, aside from stimulation, stands mainly in need of freedom. Without this it goes to wreck (sic) and ruin.

On war:
War seems to me to be a mean, contemptible thing. I would rather be hacked to pieces than take part in such an abominable business.

On Relativity:
When a man sits with a pretty girl for an hour, it seems like a minute. But let him sit on a hot stove for a minute—and it's longer than any hour. That's relativity.

On his profession, if he had to do it over again: I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances.