

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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THE INCREDIBLE MR. CLARK

QUESTION: When is a university not a university? **Answer:** When it can no longer award advanced degrees in one or more special fields of advanced study.

QUESTION: What makes a good university? **Answer:** Good, strong departments directed and staffed by scholars of outstanding ability.

With that little introduction, we direct today's issue to notable behavior to one John Clark of Franklin, N. C., a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, who consistently demonstrates an extraordinary paucity of qualifications for the position.

Mr. Clark, along with his fire-breathing associate, Mark Lassiter of Snow Hill, have been ramrodding the small but vocal segment of the Board of Trustees opposed to admission of Negroes to this prestigious graduate school.

Mr. Clark was the only member of the executive committee to vote against a resolution affirming the University's policy of admitting students on their qualifications without regard to race or creed. He made a harsh attack on President Gordon Gray when the full Board of Trustees adopted the resolution last April 4, charging that President Gray had been influenced by "Northern race agitators."

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It seems logical that political as well as military affairs will be discussed by the two men. If purely military affairs will be discussed, surely an Army or Air Force man would have represented the U. S., as Spanish naval strength is negligible.

This country's leaders would be well-advised to proceed with great caution before they try to herd Franco into the Atlantic fold. Despite the number of lunatics made by Congressmen and other U. S. leaders to Spain, which would seemingly indicate that Franco's favor should be sought, the little Spanish dictator needs a lot more than we need him.

Military men like to talk about Spain's one million anti-Communist soldiers, Spanish naval and air bases and "strategic withdrawal" of American troops in case Russia overruns Western Europe.

Somehow, the idea of withdrawal to the Iberian peninsula goes over with a dull thud in France, which hasn't forgotten its last occupation. European leaders remember better than do Americans, Franco's vigorous support of Hitler and his remarks like "what joy to see the German bombers one day punishing the insolence of the skyscrapers of New York."

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to gain her Ph.D. in Spanish. Mr. Clark moved that the University stop granting Ph.D. degrees in Spanish rather than admit her. His buddy, Mr. Lassiter, went so far as to say he would have the University sacrifice its entire medical school rather than open its door to a single Negro. Mr. Clark's motion was voted down overwhelmingly. The petitioners will be admitted to the University.

The University of North Carolina is a collection of departments. And the University's fine rating nationally is the sum total of the ratings of its departments. When Mr. Clark in his unbridled anger, struck at the Romance Language Department (Spanish, French, Italian, Portuguese), he struck at one of the very best.

Men like Holmes, Huse, Lyons and Wiley in French and the Savitt, Adams and Stodolme in Spanish, to name but a few, have built the University's Romance Language Department to a position of pre-eminence. All over the nation men who have received their Ph.D. degrees at the University are serving in positions of responsibility and distinction. To cease granting Ph.D. degrees in University departments would be to remove the keystone from the State's impressive edifice of learning.

To paraphrase the old adage, it apparently takes all kinds to make a Board of Trustees. Fortunately, the John Clarks and Mark Lassiters are in a minority on the University Board. In the end, they may carry a positive value. For one of the jobs of any University is to turn out young men whose actions are dictated by reason, not by blind emotions and irretrievably illogical impulses. University undergraduates may profit from having these two object lessons around.

FRANCO'S NOT WORTH THE BOTHER

APPARENTLY Admiral Sherman's visit to Franco means that the U. S. plans to tighten our ties with Spain despite vigorous objection from our Atlantic Pact allies.

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'We Mustn't Offend Them—They're Very Influential'



A Five-Year Friendship

The Story of 'Mrs. Chips'

(Note: A good many years ago, The News was privileged to meet an occasional story about Amy G. Bassett, who is now living at Huletts Landing, N. Y. Until the following story about her arrival in the States, she had not been heard from Mrs. Bassett for longer than we like to remember. Since The News carried a recent story about the chips and the chips, we are especially pleased to print this story to pass along Mrs. Bassett's explanatory note: "In these days of battered human relations, it is good to have a new real friend among the footed."—Editors, The News.)

BY AMY G. BASSETT

HULETT'S LANDING, N. Y. I SHALL never name another wild animal that must still live in the wild nor allow it to tame itself. Fear is the one great element of protection and to take this away is to leave an animal at the mercy of its enemies—human as well as others.

Mrs. Chips tamed herself, taking over this house as her own particular domain and us, the long-time owners of it. She was a small and very beautiful chipmunk in a land of many chipmunks, but she stood out from among them with characteristics entirely apart and very near by.

It began, I suppose, by my feeding them in late Autumn. My mother used to say that the busy little jaws leading up until you thought they had in the old days something four-toothed but considerable damage. Then when I took over, I figured out that if these unknown invaders were supplied with sufficient Winter food, they would be polite enough to leave runs and books and blankets alone. After all there is little nourishment in the cover of a book—it is merely the cover that counts, and chipmunks are too wise to bother with history or philosophy, having no doubt seen us make such a mess.

So I began to buy some 50 or more pounds of corn in September and did it out, watching the busy little jaws leading up until you thought they had in the old days something four-toothed but considerable damage. Then when I took over, I figured out that if these unknown invaders were supplied with sufficient Winter food, they would be polite enough to leave runs and books and blankets alone. After all there is little nourishment in the cover of a book—it is merely the cover that counts, and chipmunks are too wise to bother with history or philosophy, having no doubt seen us make such a mess.

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Adam Had Nothing On Ruark

Who Has Ali And Kaluku Too

By Robert C. Ruark

TANGANYIKA. HOME is the human ideal, which follows the line of life. Just looking around you is a mighty thrill, for we are fortunate in this world of ours. It presents Africa as it might have been 300,000 years ago. And at a time when life is stumpy elsewhere.

There are marshes full of buffalo and plains full of antelope and a mosquito net full of the mosquitoes, but it is home and it is pretty and we love it.

Home is composed of sleeping tents for Mama, the Harry Shilly, the boss of this viceroy, and a little girl's room tent, and a small corner for the camp, who is very pretty and we love it.

Home includes Jessica, the Jeep, and Annie Lorry, the truck. Harry, Mama, and I ride in the front seat of Jessica. Mama has had some gunrunners, and Chaboni, the camp, ride in the back seat with you would see Chips, with waving tail, come strolling silently before the pounced.

Last Autumn the cats came. One afternoon, by my horror, I saw a great grey thing sitting by one of the holes. Another day there was a loud gallop and my heart stood still. They would sink off and wall-wild themselves, as they were the lost tribe of the cave men, thinking that had Sumner them as kittens and deserted them when it was no longer convenient to feed and house them. But in this life here, surrounded by birds, woodchucks and Chips, the last thing I wanted was a cat.

It was the end. I have never seen her since that time. One morning there was a cat. Chips! I had known it would be like that. Mrs. Chips! All sense of rest of both people and that which surrounds the cave men, thinking that had Sumner them as kittens and deserted them when it was no longer convenient to feed and house them. But in this life here, surrounded by birds, woodchucks and Chips, the last thing I wanted was a cat.

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Like Would Avoid Bitterness Of A Taft-Truman Campaign

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON. THE CHIEF enemy of the Republican party has just given a new stretch to the definition of "last dubious exception to an American." According to the Chicago Tribune, anyone who supports Dwight D. Eisenhower for President in 1952 is un-American.

That should put the final nail in the coffin of a candidate who has been floundering more loosely than any other in our time. As applied to the backers of Eisenhower, it covers a wide range of individuals from Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York to former Senator Harry Dwyer of Kansas, with a lot of plain citizens in between. No Taft-Truman campaign can be relied upon, like is at this point far and away the most popular of both Democrats and Republicans.

The reason this should be so becomes clearer as Taft's own increase of a race between President Truman and Senator Taft. A campaign between the two would arouse such bitterness and venom as has rarely, if ever, characterized our political life.

The McCarthyism of the Eisenhower era would be a smear Truman and the Administration foreign policy with the Communist agent.

The decision, in all probability, would be close, whether Taft or Truman. But the family trends in the South believe that with Taft at the head of the Republican ticket, a Democratic victory would not succeed in swinging even as many as the four southern states that went against the President in 1948.

With Truman the victor by a narrow margin, the House would be dominated by the same coalition of Republicans and Democrats who have dominated the House since 1946. The House would be determined to cut little pieces every item of legislation, whether it was a bill or a policy, against the President.

Taft, victorious by a comparatively small margin, would face some of the same handicaps. But

House would almost certainly be a conservative on domestic policy. He has several times expressed concern over the trend toward economic nationalism and the tendency of the individual to rely on the government. His opponents would be hoping for a return to Federal intervention which at least approximate those of Senator Harry F. Byrd.

Regardless of this outlook on domestic affairs, I believe that Eisenhower would be a conservative. He would be hoping for a return to Federal intervention which at least approximate those of Senator Harry F. Byrd.

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