

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## Freistadt - Atomic Energy Scholar!

Hans Freistadt, graduate student in physics and the leading exponent of Communism on campus, is attending the University on a scholarship—given, amazingly enough, by the United States Atomic Energy Commission! Readers of this page are thoroughly familiar with Freistadt's philosophy, for the Stuttering, Austria, native is the most prolific "Letters to the Editor" writer at Carolina. He has consistently attacked the American form of government, its theory, and its practice—the same government which is giving him \$1,600 to study in college.

The fact that it is the Atomic Energy Commission which is making it possible for Freistadt to attend Carolina makes the situation triply disgusting. It isn't necessary to point out that this is an explosive period all over the world, with the United States and Russia invariably on opposing sides. The situation is such that American youth are being drafted into the services for defense of the nation, presumably against Russian aggression. Meanwhile, back home, the government is paying a man who for all purposes is a Communist to attend college and further his background in physics for eventual study of atomic energy. If war should come, can't you imagine Mr. Freistadt perfecting some atomic weapon to be dropped on Russia? The idea is ridiculous.

Freistadt has held this atomic energy scholarship some time. We had heard a rumor to the effect that he was here on scholarship but neglected to investigate the matter. Fulton Lewis, Jr., however, in his radio broadcast Tuesday night finally unveiled the whole messy situation. Many students on campus disagree with Lewis on various issues and others follow him avidly. But his revelation that Freistadt is attending school on money paid by the Atomic Energy Commission is one which will arouse the entire student body.

The Commission certainly pulled a "boner" in selecting Freistadt for the award. One wonders just how naive a committee can get. Of all the 100 per cent Americans with loyalty unquestioned, the Atomic Energy Commission has chosen Mr. Freistadt! Of all the thousands of students scraping to get through college and the thousands others never able to attend, Mr. Freistadt gets a \$1,600 scholarship! Surely there are numbers of good physics students in the U. S. who do not have a background entangled in Communism. What has happened to the Atomic Energy Commission's reason?

Freistadt came to Carolina from the University of Chicago, where he headed the Communist organization in that school. Here he is the leader in the propagation of the Communist doctrine and heads a little group which he calls the "Karl Marx Study Club." He has been investigated by the F.B.I. We don't know if Hans has a card in the Communist Party or not, but to us it really doesn't matter. The opinions he espouses are enough to type him. He has all the earmarks of a Communist.

Who was responsible for Freistadt receiving his appointment to the scholarship? We don't know, but David Lilienthal and his Commission certainly showed recklessness and incompetence in giving Freistadt a scholarship.

The Atomic Energy Commission can compensate for its poor judgment by depriving Freistadt of his scholarship immediately. If they don't, they are not only wasting the taxpayer's money but endangering the safety of the nation.

We are told that right now Freistadt has no access to the Atomic energy secrets. He is in the training period. But he is in line for advancement eventually to a post where he will have access to the secrets. However, we believe Hans Freistadt will never get that far. The American public will wake up one of these days. Still it is the height of foolishness to continue the scholarship which enables him to come to Carolina. It should be given to some person with loyalty unquestioned.

Meanwhile, Hans Freistadt sits back in Chapel Hill, pen in hand, writing out his Communist beliefs for publication in the paper, utilizing to the fullest extent Carolina's liberalism. It is one thing for Mr. Freistadt to go to school and criticize our government while paying his own expenses. It is a horse of a different color for him to accept a scholarship from the U. S. and then turn on the hand that helps him. Just how Freistadt can eulogize Russia while exercising the freedom and generosity of America is beyond our comprehension.

And the really great sufferer in the whole affair is the University of North Carolina. Through rumor and exaggeration the word has gotten out that this institution is a hotbed of Communism. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ninety-nine and a fraction per cent of the students have no interest in Communism whatsoever. The University and students cannot help it if the Atomic Energy Commission sees fit to approve a scholarship to individuals with questionable reputations.

Many say that the best way to deal with Communism is through not publicizing it. We are inclined to agree, but when one of its leading advocates is given a scholarship to prepare for eventual work in an atomic energy laboratory, then the matter calls for action.

The students and nation have just cause to be indignant. Hans Freistadt publicly brags of being a Communist. He in no way merits governmental assistance. He should be deprived of his scholarship immediately, for the sake of the good name of the University of North Carolina, the taxpayer's money, and the welfare of the nation.

## The WASHINGTON SCENE

By George Dixon

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WASHINGTON, May 10—My literary crony, Mr. Louis Bromfield, decided to grace Washington with his presence the other day and determined the great event should not go unnoticed. So he sent an advance wire to our top society feeder, Mrs. Perle Mesta, demanding a party in his honor.

"Because he has that farm out in Ohio," said Mrs. Mesta, in rounding up the guests. "He has convinced himself he is a plain, simple, tiller of the soil. He says in his telegram that he wants a 'lap' supper. What do you suppose he means?"

"Old Farmer Bromfield wouldn't know about it," explained one of the prospective guests, "but we have a new-fangled French word for it here in the effete east. We call it a buffet."

The honored guest arrived in due course, fairly immaculate in dinner jacket, except that his legs were encased in high cowboy boots of a violent shade of brown. Moreover he insisted on tucking his pants into his boots.

This proved somewhat of a shock to the dames, who had gotten themselves all horsed up to meet a polished gentleman of letters. Mrs. Mesta, who entertains so many peculiar people anyway, didn't appear to notice.

After lapping up our lap supper, which would have tasted just as elegant sitting at a table, Mr. Bromfield began holding forth on practically every subject. He even gave pointers on military matters to ex-Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall.

He was going really good when Mrs. Mesta said: "Hold this for me for a moment, Louie" and thrust a flat object into his work-garled hand. It proceeded to emit the most hellish noises; being a hand siren thoughtfully brought along by Mr. Lawrence Wood (Chip) Robert, former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

It halted the Bromfieldian flow of forensics—but only until it had run down. Then the author-farmer took off again.

Mrs. Mesta tried repeatedly to cut through the word barrage. Finally, in desperation, she shouted:

"Louie—listen to me! Louie—I'm going to get married!"

It was probably the only thing that would have worked. It did. Mr. Bromfield halted in mid-sentence, his mouth still open.

"Eh? Who?" he gasped. "Not Vice President Barkley?"

"I won't tell you," replied our hostess. "I want you to just sit there quietly, and guess."



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## —The Sounding Board— Miss Hamilton, Notes

By "Wink" Locklair

For many people, the highlight of Sound and Fury's recent "Merrily We Love" was "We are the Girls of the Chorus, Kick!" a number sung and danced with reckless enthusiasm by the most outlandish line this side of "The Gayety" in Washington. And of all these young ladies, each of whom contributed to the popularity of this second-act scene, the most consistently hilarious was a blond, gum-smacking, tough-talking floozy seated (occasionally) at a dressing table on the extreme right, played by Virginia Hamilton.

This was not Miss Hamilton's first experience at scene stealing. Those who saw The Beggar's Opera in Memorial Hall last March will recall her humorous performance as Mrs. Slammekin, a scraggly, boozey, frequent of taverns near Newgate Prison. Mrs. Slammekin was considered her first theatrical role at Carolina.

We talked with Virginia for over an hour the other afternoon in the lounge of Spencer dormitory and found her to be amiable, entertaining and most modest. She doesn't understand why people burst out laughing when she appears on the stage because, as she explains, "I haven't ever had an actual part in a play. I'm always in the chorus!"

"One time I did do a serious role, though," Miss Hamilton recalled. "It was when I was with the Harbor Players in Manhasset. I played Madame Atherton in a really gruesome tragedy called 'Children of the Moon.' Everybody else in the play was going crazy but me. I was the only sane person on the stage. Some part!"

Her home is Manhasset, New York, and she attended Central College in Fayette, Missouri, before coming to Chapel Hill last September. (One of her three brothers, is studying there now. She has a sister, also.) At first Virginia thought it would be nice to major in psychology, but something—probably the courses involved—changed her mind. On the recommendation of one of her professors, a Dr. Shaff, who graduated from Carolina many years ago, she decided to come down here.

Major confusion still plagued her, however. Mrs. Hamilton was more or less anxious for her daughter to play the cello and Virginia did for a while, but she soon decided that she not only looked awkward with the instrument, but that she was just so much dead wood in the orchestra. Her cello now stands forlorn and unfilled in its case under the stairs in Spencer.

So far as is known, Virginia is now majoring in Dramatic Art, a turn of events which may have been inspired by a recitation she once gave of "Casey at the Bat," during an "Oral Interpretation" class. At any rate she has been interested in the theatre since that time and has been seen or heard here in "H.M.S. Pinafore" and with the Women's Glee Club, in addition to the other shows mentioned. She was sound technician for "Apple Tree Farm," assistant electrician for "The Little Foxes," and has worked on crew for "I Remember Mama," "Egyptian," and several one-act experimental.

This summer Virginia will continue her program of obtaining a well-rounded education by taking sociology at Adelphi College in Garden City, Long Island, and, if possible, she'd like to do something in summer stock. Next fall she will return to Chapel Hill where she feels sure her talent will again be relegated to the chorus. "I'm hopelessly typed," she moaned. But it is no moaning matter when a member of the chorus continues to dominate the stage without saying more than a word or two which is just what Virginia Hamilton has been doing a good many times this season.

NOTES. . . The University Men's Glee Club will leave by bus for Lynchburg, Va., tomorrow where they will sing a joint concert with the Randolph-Macon Women's Chorus Friday evening. They will return to Chapel Hill Saturday. . . The excellent article in the current issue of TIME magazine on the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra and Conductor Swalin was prepared by a Miss Moran of the magazine's Washington bureau.

She was given the assignment by Dorothea Bourne who had done research on the story in New York. Miss Moran met the orchestra in Laurinburg, covered the concert there, rode with the musicians on their special buses from Laurinburg to Charlotte, took a plane from Charlotte back to Washington and filed her story from there. Next year LIFE magazine is going to send photographers out with the Little Symphony when it begins touring the States.

Anyone who saw the entertaining performances here of "Le Medecin Malgre Lui," may be interested to know that the Moliere's opera Charles Gounod composed from that play will be given a performance tonight in Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the title of "The Frantic Physician." It will be part of that city's annual music festival.

## —The Joy-Killer— Peace Conference

By Charlie Kauffman

"It's going to be a rough and tumble affair, this Paris Peace Conference," Lord Balfour said that in 1918 and Charlie Kauffman said that in 1949. On Thursday, Philip Jessup will leave for Paris to construct with Bevin's and Schumann's representatives the allied front which the three Western foreign-ministers will present to the Russians on May 23.

The terms for real peace therein will not approach generosity. There will be no consideration of the peace of the world. The Russians can either take what we choose to offer or pack up their portfolios and fly back to Moscow.

No wonder no enthusiasm was shown in official Washington circles when the conference date was announced. They know the Soviet cannot possibly accept our terms with any vestige of honor. But then our whole foreign policy stinks.

We aren't going to be satisfied, that we won the Battle of Berlin, try to sit down with the Russians and "work out a compromise, satisfactory to all parties in the interest of world peace."

We continue to bandy these old cliches around, President Truman is particularly good at it, knowing full well that we are not going to compromise and that we are not going to act in the interest of anybody's peace, even our own. We could at the least hold our own position if the Russians would not compromise. But wait and see: they will not have a chance.

It doesn't take a great mind to comprehend the events of the years since 1945. Because Russia has taken it upon herself to absorb as much surrounding territory as she could digest, as we have done on several occasions, we have condemned her vigorously.

We insist the Russians are hell-bent on world revolution. They are "aggressive." It took a little more than naïveté to get us into Greece and Turkey.

As far as her economic system is concerned, the Soviets believe we are hell-bent on its overthrow. It is extremely difficult for us to get rid of the idea

that Russia is all wrong and we are all right. In fact it's almost as hard to do as it is to convince either Hans Freistadt or J. R. Cherry, Jr., that he's full of mud.

The attitude of our campus is certainly reflected in our policy: we aren't going to give and take and we don't give a rip about the peace of mankind if it means we do have to give.

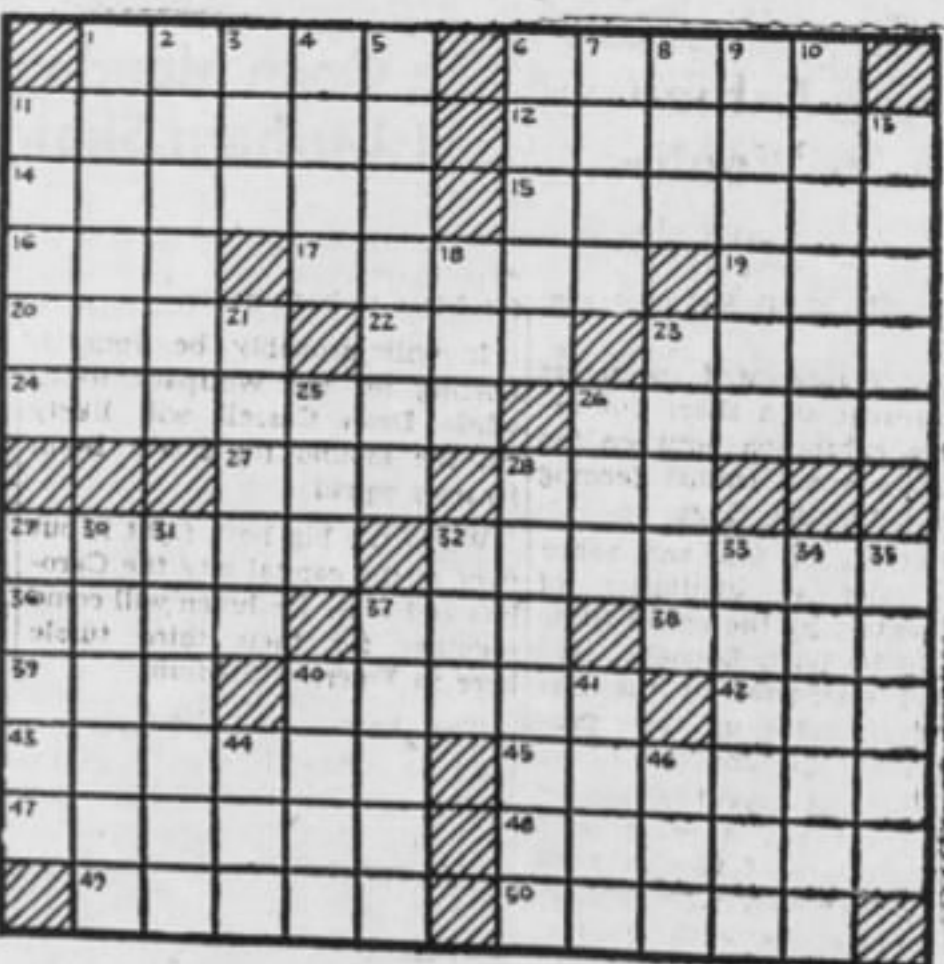
While we have thoroughly frightened each other over the "Red menace" (some people have apparently never been told that all Powers have spy systems operating inside all other Powers), we have succeeded triumphantly in forgetting that it was 80 millions of these square-headed Germans who required 500 million allies 5 years to beat down.

Our newspapers and our State Department do not tell us that German nationalism was never so unrestrainedly rampant as it is today. Never before has German youth been so fanatically Nazi. And never before has the German soul been so determined to resist the intruders upon the sanctity of the Fatherland.

While we, in an effort to defy the Russians and all their interests, have turned our backs on Germany, 80 million of these folk, so capable of combat and so willing to fight with blood for the fulfillment of their destiny, are preparing a third onslaught against another group of 500 million allies.

As soon as the inevitable U. S. economic depression falls on us we will see in Europe an unholy sight something akin to the 1932 situation: a powerful Germany, a stronger Russia, but still on the defensive, a bankrupt Britain and France, and a Soviet Italy. And given a few years Germany will be prepared to launch the third act of her grand drama upon the world, a world whose history for the past century has revolved around her ambitions, played by a people who have by no means taken their final bow.

But why fret? Let's cheer for our side and send Dean all our grit and best wished for "good luck" at Paris.



**HORIZONTAL**

1. humble  
6. facing glacier  
11. Russian premier  
12. large arteries  
14. rose essences  
15. mean  
16. wide, deep  
17. French statesman  
19. primary color  
20. frosts  
22. former name for Nio  
23. flat table-land  
24. moving swiftly  
26. hurls  
27. unit of work  
28. equivalence  
29. feminine name  
32. wild talkers  
36. short-eared mastiff (her.)  
37. Anglo-Indian weight (var.)  
38. slash

**VERTICAL**

1. ancient Grecian republic  
2. hitter  
3. wing  
4. titles of address  
5. following  
6. navigates  
7. man's nickname  
8. worthless scrap  
9. cubic metric units  
10. most lucid  
11. reliable  
13. collections of Old Norse literature  
18. reckoning: comb. form  
21. bear mug  
23. markets  
25. wrath  
26. preserve  
28. imitative birds  
29. persons of masculine sex  
30. straghtens  
31. disconcert (colloq.)  
32. the turner's  
33. puffed up  
34. hardships  
35. leading performers  
37. stalks  
40. native of Scotland  
41. Great Lake  
44. mountain in Crete  
46. malt beverage

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

GOA PLATE SEW  
OWN FLANLIN TRI  
BEG ADD TRAIT  
ULNA PEAR  
GALES CARTELS  
HEAT FIRES IN  
ERR SATED AVA  
NI SPIED TREK  
TESTERS LOIRE  
MANY TANS  
STIRS DIM INN  
PER ERODE NEO  
AES RAGED GET

Average time of solution: 22 minutes.  
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