

The Daily Tar Heel
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One Year Later

Because man can never completely transcend the limitations of his environment and because reason does not always triumph over passion, truth is never free from error. This we know and by this are humbled.
Yet the fact that man can never attain pure truth does not invalidate that part of truth which he does hold and can share with others. This has been our encouragement to write.

Circle Goes Unbroken

Prediction of things to come: The Dean of Students office and Dean Fred H. Weaver will continue to stall the coed visiting-drinking negotiations until the agitators have graduated, repeating the pattern which by now has become an annual tradition.
We're disgusted with the hairsplitting, philosophizing, and platituding which has gone on in the student-Administration meetings while today—12 days since the agreement's suspension—things are just as before: blissed.

Death Ahead

In a morning class yesterday with Weimar Jones, the stimulating visiting journalism lecturer who is editor of The Franklin Press, we were excited by a male student who said: "What difference does it make about Indochina? We're all going there to be killed anyway."
The "difference," we thought, is a vast one. It is reflected in the expressed attitude of the average citizen's feeling today—and the average student's feeling, too—that the Government is something far away and unassailable. That we, the directed, cannot challenge the director, even though we disagree. This is a lonely fatalism which says we are propelled and guided without our consent.

Then we reflected on how conditioned we have become to accepting the Government's word: about Korea, Indochina, Communism, atomic energy—in other words, those vital areas that mean our lives. Accepted it not because we agree with it (we often don't), but because we feel compelled to. How little we express ourselves in our democracy. Some of us, silent because we are incapable of articulation, more of us silent because we have become accustomed to feeling that the Government, in matters of war or national emergency, is all wise; when not wise, at least invincible.
Speak out, students. Protest. Challenge. Question. Accept nothing solely on the basis of its genesis. Concomitant with the public's right to know is the public's right to act. In our lack of action we may even lose our right to know.

Used Kidney Stones

We're happy to hear that Adlai Stevenson has parted company with a fellow traveler—the kidney stone which was giving him trouble when he was in North Carolina recently.
The Democratic party will be missing a bet if it lets this kidney stone go the way of all unwanted kidney stones at the Passavant Hospital in Chicago. We suggest that the Democrats enshrine the relic in National Headquarters in Washington, or possibly auction it off to enrich the party coffers for the fall elections.

Goodbye
Walter Prichard Eaton

(This is reprinted from The Chapel Hill Weekly, recently sold by long-time owner and editor Louis Graves. Mr. Eaton is familiar to Daily Tar Heel readers as the contributor of a review earlier this year on a play produced at Carolina and written by a former student of his now at UNC, Thomas Patterson. Illustration by Stan Smith.—Editor.)

Dear Louis:
I write this letter I am filled with sadness. It will be my last communication to the Chapel Hill Weekly. By the time you print it I shall be searching for stable manure in Massachusetts with which to heat my hot bed, and by the time I find the manure and get my seeds planted you will have retired to that elegant leisure which you have long anticipated but do not in the least comprehend.

No longer can I hope to prod you into starting a crusade of my choosing. For example, I want to see a crusade started against the idea that a man must always stand up when a lady enters the room. I should not have the courage to mention this if your neighbor, Albert Coates, hadn't told me that he favored forming a society of men dedicated to such a sit-down strike. He was moved to confess this when we observed a lady in the Inn cafeteria pause to chat at a table where a couple were seated. The man, of course, arose and stood there helpless while the two women chatted and his food grew cold.

You know how it is; a woman comes into the room, you start to unlimber your creaking joints she says to you sweetly, "Don't get up!" you sink back relieved, and a look of pained astonishment comes over her face. It is, I suppose, a hang-over from the age of chivalry when we kept women in her place by pretending she was a queen. But now that she's a member of the Faculty Club she should not expect deferential treatment—or do I mean differential?

How long has it been, Louis, since you rode in a subway or street car? Did you then gallantly rise and offer your seat to a female? Now that you have retired I strongly advise you not to ride in public conveyances lest the same thing happen to you that happened to me not long after I was retired. As I swayed in the aisle of a careening bus a personable young female rose and offered me her seat. I was inexplicably shocked to realize how obvious my decrepitude must suddenly have become. In fact, I was so shocked that I sank gratefully into her seat. I trust you will avoid such a painful experience by keeping out of buses.

I had an English professor in the '90's who said that Tennyson's poetry "sounded as if worn



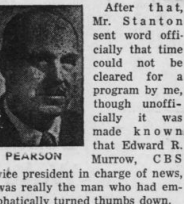
en had just left the room." I wouldn't go so far as to say that modern poetry sounds as if women had just come into the room, but their presence certainly makes little difference these days. They are queens no longer; they are contemporaries. If you cannot keep your seat when they enter the room without a twinge of conscience try a twinge of arthritis in the knee joints. Nearly all ladies can understand that.

Alas, no crusade can hope to bring the walls of Jerusalem these days without press support. Mr. Coates realizes this and is devoting his energies to the erection of the new Institute of Government building. All the daily papers are too absorbed with crime and politics to devote any space to a reform of manners. You, Louis, were our only hope, but now you have voluntarily put yourself on the shelf. No more crusades for you. May you keep having to get up and sit down and get up and sit down and get up and sit down at endless tea parties, with a tea cup in one hand and a drippy little sandwich in the other.
And so, Farewell.



McCarthy Actually Helps Reds
Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — On Dec. 15, 1950, I lunched with Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, during which he appeared enthusiastic about a sponsor's proposal to use my radio-TV program on his network. Later that same afternoon, Senator McCarthy delivered a speech against me from the libel-proof safety of the Senate floor demanding that my sponsor cancel, and that newspapers drop the column, and that no radio network use my services.



After that, Mr. Stanton sent word officially that time could not be cleared for a program by me, though unofficially it was made known that Edward R. Murrow, CBS vice president in charge of news, was really the man who had emphatically turned thumbs down.

From this background, I watched Senator McCarthy's TV castigation of Ed Murrow the other night with more than usual interest, understanding, and I might add, sympathy.

It seemed to me that McCarthy did a more effective job than the anti-McCarthy critics gave him credit for. He had, of course, the help of some of the best Hucksters along Park Avenue. Two ad-men from the famed BBD & O firm helped him prepare the film, though they did so without the knowledge of the firm's head, Bruce Barton. Carl Byoir, prewar

public relations man from Nazi Germany, also helped. And the film which resulted can be shown and reshown by McCarthy all over the USA with no chance by Mr. Murrow for rebuttal.
What McCarthy very cleverly did was to accuse the old Stalin technique that any man who was the enemy of Stalin was also the enemy of Russia. McCarthy's enemies likewise, were the enemies of the USA, ergo Mr. Murrow being an enemy of McCarthy is responsible for the growth and expansion of the Soviet Union.

Now it happens that Mr. Murrow has done a great deal to warn of the expansion of the Soviet Union. It also happens that McCarthy has helped rather than hindered that expansion. For if there is any one man in the U.S. Senate who has indirectly voted for the growth of Soviet Russia and directly helped those expansionist objectives it is Joseph R. McCarthy.

This, I recognize, is a statement which will make McCarthy sympathizers see red. But let's look at the black-and-white indisputable record of the senator who spent so much time the other evening warning of Soviet expansion.

The Communists vigorously opposed the Marshall Plan to strengthen free nations of Europe. McCarthy repeatedly voted against the Marshall Plan.

The Russians have spent millions of rubles to build powerful jamming stations to block the Voice of America. McCarthy's reckless heckling of the Voice of America did more to undermine it and weaken its influence

than all the Russian rubles put together.

3. McCarthy's first crusade in the Senate was to accuse American Army officers of torturing Nazi prisoners who shot down 150 defenseless American prisoners in the Malmédy massacre. His false, unfair charges seriously hurt American prestige and the U.S. military government in Germany.

4. More than anything else the Kremlin would like to undermine the morale of the U.S. Army. Judging from McCarthy's Malmédy attacks and his current heckling of the Army he is succeeding where the Communists failed.

5. The Kremlin would also like to undermine the American diplomatic service. No single person has contributed more toward that goal than McCarthy.

6. Moscow would like to encourage isolation in the USA, make the American people apathetic, discouraged, resentful toward the rest of the world. That is the kind of an atmosphere in which Soviet expansion can continue with no risk of intervention from an aroused American public.

Unfortunately the constant harping by McCarthy on the alleged mistakes of American diplomats, of the American Army, of our allies, has indeed such an atmosphere. For instance, in 1948, when I suggested democracy letters to Italy during the Italian elections, an average of 1,000,000 letters a week crossed the Atlantic. Today we could not hope to encourage this kind of U.S. participation because of the McCarthy scare.

YOU Said It
He Had To Tell Parents Three Things

Editor:
It appears that some people have set themselves up as demigods. Heavens! I admit right away that I have not been at the University of North Carolina for three years, only two, and that probably doesn't raise me to the stratosphere of demigodhood. However, I've been laboring under the impression that the most important function of this and all universities was to prepare its students for life. I'm sure that all future employers are going to set up a schedule for our lives immediately when we accept positions with them. For example: we will not be able to stay out until only 11 p.m. each evening and we cannot drink at any time. How far that is from being the truth.

The coeds are given no responsibilities at UNC. Why shouldn't they be granted the privilege of drinking in the fraternity houses? This university is an adherent to modern methods of education, but it is holding fast to the age-old belief that coeds should be tied down socially. Isn't social life a part of their career after graduation?

Socialization is the greater part of a college education. Any coed can be a bookworm, but who wants to hire a bookworm? I say give the coeds responsibilities and prepare them for their careers socially as well as scholastically. It seems to me that the University should awaken to the fact that the coeds are human beings and not puppets to be dangled on a string.

The reputation of UNC is questionable in the minds of numerous people, it is true. One side of the story has been presented, but how about an-

other side? I've not contacted hundreds of people, but I have talked with several serious-minded parents who were contemplating sending their daughters to UNC. They have asked me if the University offers an opportunity for young ladies to broaden their social education. Unfortunately, I've had to tell them these three things: (1) the coeds aren't given the privilege and the responsibilities of drinking in the fraternity houses; (2) they are only granted the privilege of visiting in two men's dormitories and that is a privilege that the dormitories must have approved each time; (3) they have no chance to assume the responsibility of being a lady except under age-old standards. These parents have given me a look of disbelief and have sent their daughters to other schools where they would have responsibilities and would be treated as human beings and not as puppets. After all, the coeds are adults and not children in grade school.
I'm so nauseated with these demigods that have placed themselves on a pedestal and are granted the privilege of judging their fellow students. Who are those narrow-minded, prejudiced, biased individuals to say what is good and what is bad? Wake up you demigods and learn that you are of this 1954 world and not way back in 1890.

I live in a dormitory and the fraternity drinking doesn't affect me in the least. Let's give the coeds the chance to prove that they are adults and ladies in their own right and not puppets subject to string pulling.

R. B. CLEWERS

YOU Said It

Editor:
Because I do not have the addresses of so many of John's friends, all I have done so much for me, I must resort to this method of expressing my heartfelt appreciation.

I wish to thank my son's friends; the professors and students of the University, and the doctors, nurses, and other personnel of the North Carolina Memorial Hospital for all their kind thoughtfulness toward John and myself during his long illness and subsequent death.

Though possibly I shall never be able to return your hospitality and other kind deeds, I shall never forget nor cease being grateful to each of you.

Marie E. Gilsdorf
Bangor, Wisconsin

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others..." Hippocrates, circa 500 B.C.

THE HORSE was at the Y-Book-X coffee-bar, of all places, daintily dunking his hooves in the stuff and licking them off thoughtfully. I wondered what was on his mind?

"You flatterer," he murmured. He paused to watch Something in Magenta panther past. "I wonder what's become of Joe Di Maggio?"

"Tsk, Spring really was here! But, what else was on The Horse's mind, if I could decently inquire?"

"Oh, lotsa things," The Horse mused, his eight-balls of eyes misty and his nares dilating and shrinking in emotion. "I was at the Valkyrie Sing last eve, and I'm prouder than a puppydawg with two tails. The kids were great. Just great. Charlie Connor, the well-known Publicist, purty well expressed the way I feel about UNC several days ago, when we were having a cup of coffee."

"Where was this? Here, at the Y?"

"I said, coffee, not a coffee-drink." The Horse rebuked me. "Anyhow, Charlie Connor said, in discussing things in general, 'I love the University of North Carolina more than anything else in my life.' Now, this sentiment is one I go for. Indeed, it so expresses what I feel about the campus and the town and everyone who has to do with it, that I wish I had said it myself."

"Tut-tut! Wasn't Roger O'Horse from Noo Yawk, and thus one of those whom Battling Nell Lewis was pleased to list as a furrier? And did The Horse not tread the current pink brick walls, rather than step along quaint sand paths? And did he not admire red tulips and red azaleas, and had he not been heard to speak sympathetically of pastors and preachers who had preached scripts and scriptures not censored by boards of thesa and thatta, and did he not especially admire profs who spoke out for intellectual honesty and freedom of teaching?"

"Guilty on all specifications," The Horse acknowledged.

And were not The Horse's ancestors Yankees, and, before that, from the South of Ireland? Zounds, not to mention well-ada! Further, was The Horse not of a religious persuasion which had a genuflecting, as well as a nodding, acquaintance, with Latin?

"All true, and no apologies to anyone on tit or tittle of the facts enumerated," The Horse shrugged. "As for the Yankee part, look what a service we did y'all Johnnie Rebs in making it possible for y'all to boast y'all licked we-uns for four years. Pard on, for fo' years. As for the South of Ireland part—well, the south is the best part of any country, is it not?"

This was unfair. I could not answer this flatly.

"I accept your tacit acknowledgement of the universal law," The Horse shrugged. "The South is the best part of any country. As for my religion—well, if this was any of your or anybody else's business, I might discuss it with y'all. And if this were not Holy Week, I'd feel free to succumb to the temptation to tell you just how little my religion is of your business. But I do invite your consideration of one incontrovertible fact: when Bishop Waters, of Raleigh, recently allowed in a pastoral ruling that souls had none of dark pigmentation, no boards, committees or conclaves gave him the pastoral heave-ho. Latin may be in our Christian ritual, but none of it translates as double-talk. However, I do not qualify as an authority on this Church, since I am a member of it, and I have always noticed that those freest with opinions on most questions are those whose pronouncements are not bothered with any trifling things like knowledge whereof they speak. Leave us to other questions, eh, Roger?"

Okay, okay, Now, this offer of The Dawg's of \$150.00 for anyone who boffs The Horse on the beeper . . .

"My good wife, Dottie O'Horse, gratefully accepted the offer," The Horse revealed, turning his head to give us a gander at a "shiner" and a puffed and crimson nose. "I do hope she does not have to bring The Dawg before the Honor Council to collect."

Why didn't The Horse offer something to get The Dawg's nose punched?

"That I should professionalize such a popular amateur sport as pinking The Dawg's pug nose!" The Horse breathed devoutly. "Anyway, I do not have The House of Morgan behind me."

"Wump!" Mr. Wump agreed sourly.

Others Say

Few rich men own their own property. The property owns them.—Robert Green Ingersoll.

The rare Few, who, early in Life, have rid themselves of the Friendship of the Many.—James McNeill Whistler.