

The New Petition

The circulation of petitions will not, it is true, lead men to accept racial equality. But the student petition calling on North Carolina to accept the Supreme Court's segregation decision deserves your signature.

It deserves your signature because it is an effective repudiation of the idea in the minds of some North Carolinians that University students and faculty members are all opposed to integration. That idea was born with the widely publicized petitions of Dr. W. C. George and the pro-segregation student petition delivered recently to Governor Hodges.

It deserves your signature because what it calls for is nothing more than the obeying of the law of the land.

In its first day of circulation, the petition met with a surprising and heartening number of enthusiastic signers. There seems to be little doubt that it will far surpass in its number of names the pro-segregation petition.

In Chapel Hill, where dissent against bigotry is traditional, that is as it should be.

Critic—Or Slave?

The chief danger confronting education today is not its possible domination by church or state, but the temptation to become subservient to the business culture that rules America.

This sentence comes from a speech delivered in Providence, Rhode Island earlier this month by the president of Harvard, Dr. Nathan Pusey.

"Universities," said Dr. Pusey, "are not the creatures of modern industrial society and should not be enslaved to that society."

President Pusey is right. From the Middle Ages the university has been a kind of independent third force between church and state. It has always had to battle against threats and pressures from both and against other forces that are always working to make the university conform itself to the world. Universities have often been hard-pressed—as they are today—to keep from becoming subservient to the culture in which they find themselves.

That they must not become subservient would seem to be self-evident. The university is properly conceived as a critic—not a slave—of society. It is a force always calling for fresh endeavor and pointing the way to a higher road, a better life. It cannot perform that role as an underling of the modern church, the modern state, or modern business.

The danger to American universities is clear, and is apt to grow as they look increasingly to business and industry for the money they need for sustenance. Even at state universities such as this one, the problem is felt; how many inroads can business make? How much support and control can be countenanced from business?

The answer, frustrating to those who must make the wheels go around, build new buildings and pay faculty members is—not much. For if a university is to lose its freedom or any considerable amount of its freedom it can no longer perform as a critic, a leader, and it will no longer be a university. The danger of encroachment from church and state have come to be well recognized; the threat from organized business (or any other organized group in society) is also clear to most educators.

"It is not time not," as Dr. Pusey asked, "to hammer out a fresh justification for the university in modern society that will give it a sense of direction, and at the same time save it from excessive preoccupation with the ordinary in life and from idolatrous service of economic activity?"

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front

Tell Me When You Begin That 'Political Junk'

Louis Kraar

"I WISH you'd tell me when the paper is going to start running the campus political junk so I can quit reading it then."

That's what a student said on campus the other day. I laughed at the time because campus politics have always seemed to me too amusing to miss.

But later I realized that this student was cheating himself out of having a say in spending money — his money.

Every spring I hear students griping about those "damn campus politicians." It has at last occurred to me that they don't realize what a hand those politicians have in their pockets.



WITHOUT A doubt the most important thing the student Legislature and student government in general do is to "levy and collect all student fees except athletic fees."

The quotes are from the student constitution, which goes on to list other powers of student government.

The student Legislature decides what "offenses against the student body" are and provides for their punishment. In other words, they decide the working rules for the University in regard to the Campus Code and Honor System.

All funds for student activities — publications, the Forum, Graham Memorial — are doled out by the Legislature.

Thus, to the debunks of student government I offer these things — the student politicians spend your money and they make the laws under which you stay in school (or become kicked out of school).

Next question?



IT'S TRUE that the campus has a circle of students who concentrate every moment of their spare time into campus political activity. These people are the campus politicians.

Some are leaders, some are ridiculous, and most of them are interesting people. Many like to tell themselves that they are dedicated to "doing something for the students," but most of them simply enjoy politics.

This is not to say that many aren't interested in bettering the University. It's just that their love of politics is the main motivation for participation.

The Student Party, despite shouts to the contrary from its members, is primarily a dormitory party. Of course, the SP contains many fraternity members, but most of its time, legislation, and efforts is directed to the dorm element of Carolina.

On the other hand, the University Party is made up mainly of fraternities and sororities. This year UP representation in the dorms has hit a new high. Thus, like the SP, the UP isn't strictly one class of students. But — at the same time — most of its members belong to fraternities and sororities.



NEXT YOU may ask me, "What has student government done this year?"

Actually, this reporter believes this school year has been a rather dull one in student government circles.

The Forum, publications, Graham Memorial, and other student activities have rocked along with usual vigor — all financed on money from the student Legislature.

A battle over the question of first-offense leniency in cheating cases did much to inform the campus on the nature of the Honor System. A student vote indicated that the campus didn't desire first-offense leniency, but at least students had their choice. I could go on and on, but why bore students with "that campus political junk?" It's only their money and the laws they live under that are involved.

All These Things, These Moods

What Is North Carolina?

The Charlotte News

What is North Carolina? she asked. Is it a 'cropper's house on the edge of a field? Is it the rusty cough of a 'lint head? Is it Jim Crow hiding in the rear of a bus? Is it crowded prisons and road gangs and murder in Harnett? Is it a 'Gastonia incident? Is it the homeless and the hungry and the cold?

Her voice mingled with the heavy metallic drone of the engine. The car sped over a wide, black satin ribbon of highway, rolling and tumbling westward from Raleigh.

The sky was yellow with sunset and she squinted into it, all the time talking of leaving the South and going home to the North. It had been a revisit to Raleigh which now lay miles behind her. Off to the left were the Sandhills, to the right a rise called Chapel Hill. Ahead were Liberty and Asheboro and Concord and Charlotte.

Is North Carolina these things? she questioned.

Yes, she was told, they are North Carolina too.

But North Carolina is also Virginia Dare and Kings Mountain, the Courthouse at Hillsboro, Reconstruction, Buck Duke and Billy Graham, Green and Odum, and Kay Kyser. It is the folk music in the mountains and the rollicking canticles of the Outer Banks.

It is the hum and the whirl of looms, the pun-

gent odor of tobacco, the bent fields of grain, a harvest of strawberries, factory smoke and honking horns, a Bible class at Gardner-Webb and an atom smasher at State College.

It is a sociologist explaining away our foibles and a professor discussing ESP, it is vast medical centers and a horse doctor, it is muddy spring roads of orange and hot, brown summer days.

It is a debutante ball and a barefooted boy, steaming factories and airconditioned offices, it is a pot-bellied stove in a one-room school house and a sprawling school plant in a large city.

It is an orator from Buncombe, a barber from the east in the Assembly, it is a 'high school girls' basketball team and a national champion, a prize-winning poet and great illiteracy, it is a novelist and a songwriter and 30,000 people singing on the side of a mountain.

It is fancy cloths of synthetic yarns, an apron from a flour sack. It is a highway heavy with people to see the scenery and a '32 Ford twisted with six dead.

It is a mind—a troubled, restless, unhappy mind fighting for life. It, too, is a confident, hardworking, happy mind.

All these things, all these moods—all of this is North Carolina.

Then the sun fell behind a distant hill and the evening was still and red.

And she said, I see, I see.

'What's Good For General Motors'



The Administration & Union Unity

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON — The merger of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations is a defensive action. Former President Truman struck the keynote for it on Labor Day, 1953, when he warned:

"If you don't hang together in this present situation there will be some people only too eager to hang you separately."

The Eisenhower Administration has contributed materially though negatively to the new unity.

Labor believes that the wind from the present White House is decidedly chilly. They do not expect it to change, since their observations convince them that Treasury Secretary Humphrey and Commerce Secretary Weeks have vastly more influence with the President than Secretary of Labor Mitchell.

For example, Secretary Mitchell attacked the right-to-work laws of the states which are the pet hates of all unions. The White House hastily backed away, and that cause seems lost.

How much the Administration can be blamed for labor's present difficulties will be disputed. But it is a fact that the drive to organize workers has slowed down. This is not because so much has been done; only about a third of non-agricultural workers in the nation are unionized, and some major industries — chemicals, for example — have not been penetrated at all.

In Congress labor has been getting nowhere fast. This has been true since Republicans captured the 80th Congress dur-

ing the last half of Truman's first term. It looks now as if it would be true still, in spite of the fact that Democrats have weighed their labor committees in labor's favor.

For that legacy of the New Deal years will remain with the new labor movement. The trade unions of the United States will continue to take political action on a national scale.

The CIO theorists have lost their battle for a labor party. The national labor newspaper they once plugged for seems nowhere in sight. The present

Little Man On Campus



Reaction Piece

'Way Of Life', Religion & H. Matusow

David Mundy

The typical "Carolina Gentleman" is supposed to spend his afternoons either sleeping, at the movies, or in an uptown pub; preferably the Goody Shop. Nights are supposedly devoted to fraternity frolicking and/or escapades having to do with some Durham "emporiums of delight." At least, this is an impression held by some alumni writers, and parents who are unduly alarmed.

But there exists another facet, and a contrasting one, to the "Carolina Way of Life." This is the religion shown in "religion," to use a fairly free terminology. To a few on campus it is "cornball stuff." The great majority largely ignores the subject. The pressure of studies to a few, campus politics, and social life all combine to force religion out of the lives of most students.

But religious interests do manifest themselves. This summer, groups of two and three dozen even had weekly "Bible Studies" in some of the dorms.

Those who participate in the student church groups, the 'Y,' and the few who are really concerned about a religious faith are probably as numerically large as the "hotbloods" who are supposed to give the University its "country club" reputation.

Why don't these people then make more of an impression on campus life — or at least on the general impression of what campus life is?

According to a little pamphlet received last week, that will be one of the questions discussed this weekend at Camp New Hope, when a group of collegiate Christians assemble for what the pamphlet terms a "Midwinter Weekend." The theme: "Every Christian a Missionary."

The titles of the talks and discussion topics would sound almost ludicrous to one schooled in the supposed "Carolina Tradition." "Ambassador for the King of Kings, The Source of Daily Strength, Living in Fellowship with Others, and The Campus as a Mission Field" are the items to be discussed.

The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, sponsors of the meeting, may yet affect the campus enough to partially change its general reputation as a place of "high living." The members of the IVCF at least have a challenge, if not the capabilities.



A change of thought to the field of national politics might seem rather abrupt, but it is part of the same trend. Wondering about people's religious beliefs easily changes into wondering about their 'ethical' behavior in the field of politics.

Actual corruption, Kansas City fashion, and vote "irregularities," Ninth District fashion, worry be considerably less than the intellectual dishonesty of the more vocal members of the political "left," the self-labeled "liberals."

Their handling of the Matusow confession is indicative of their behavior. When Matusow admitted to perjuring himself when giving testimony against Communists the liberals reacted strongly.

Characteristic was a Herblock cartoon, which was of course carried in the DTH. The caption: "This Could Spoil the Whole Racket, Men." Signs posted around an office inhabited by four shady-looking men went like this: "Testimony to order. No job too small. You name the victim and we do the rest." "We can remember anything to fit. Word rates."

A sign, "Association of Professional Ex-Communists" of course carries the cartoon's implications to all those ex-Communists who have offered testimony about their former associates. Naturally, Matusow's lies are to be deplored as are all lies.

But the liberals gave quite another treatment to one of their number, another liar who was caught in his own fabrications about former associates. But was this "purveyor of untruths to congressional committees" stigmatized as such by the liberals.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse see imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others.—Hippocrates, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was crowded close to a table-tennis layout, his hammer head swivelling right and left, right and left, right and left. I was puzzled, because there were no players present, no pingpong ball ping and ponging.

"This is the way you watch contests of this sort," The Horse explained. "Haven't you ever watched folk watching tennis, table—or gravis—or clay-tennis?"

To be sure. But nobody was playing! "I studied Journalism," The Horse shrugged. "It is s. o. p. in Journalism, it would seem, to regard such trivia as genuwine presences."

I thought this was a non-sequitur. "No-o-," The Horse judged, his eight-balls of eyes still round on the non-existent contest. "But some Journalism would seem to require non-sequiturs, as well as imaginary conflicts; or don't you follow the news and observers of such fetid press misreportings?"

Didn't The Horse have a word for this sort of thing: Churlism . . . instead of Journalism?

"That was coined for such jacksoninities as publishing the nauseous details of revolting crimes and piously mouthing apophthegms anent truthfulness reporting," The Horse snorted. "But the lecherous leer winked through the linotyped grummels of indecency. What I refer to now is the studied lie, the half truth, the sophomorical sophistries, the loaded questions, the hypocritical answers. And all in the interests of fighting a bugbear that is as chimerical as this table-tennis game that I am watching and that is not going on."

Oh, oh Was this the Undercover War against Educational Television, again?

"O'r O'Richard said, 'Love your enemies; they tell you your faults.'" The Horse declaimed, ducking an imaginary wild ball. "But he didn't say a word about the alleged friends who sweet-talk you out of one corner of their mouths while they lie out of the other corner about you."

Tut-tut, Horsie, ol' hoss, tut-tut! Or, could he cite chapter and verse?

"On the hypocritical 'friend' pose, yes," The Horse snapped. "And it is all done under the still disguise of The Unfettered Press. This greeeeeeeceeeeceat 'friend' who brags of matriculation at our noble seat of North State Cultoor & Erudition also supports a column which basely and without vestige of truth calls us Commies, and tosses in a cheap appeal to prejudice by tagging a lot of us as Furriners."

Well . . . The Horse did admit he was a bore, equine, no? Or, no?

"You're darn right I am," The Horse stated loudly. "By birth. And I moved to where I wanted to, I didn't just land here by the accident of birth. Item Two—the ostrichlike mewings and drool which perhaps hope to maintain a stern view of friendliness whilst the birdbrained head of the creature chirrups the childish sophistries."

Facts, please?

"Well, a recent example of stupidiana is the pious deploring that poooooooooooooooooooo State College hasn't enough mney to distribute the books they have in their library; But—there is money for Edooocational TV!" The Horse exemplified. "A further spot of such bilge is the sanctimonious plorinb that poooooooooooooooooooo Women's Colleges lacks money for someadditional building; But—there is money for Edooocational TV: A third an even snider sophistry is the statement that 'by a odd coincidence' the money asked to propogate Edooocational TV is almost EXACTLY the sum of which old-age pensions must be curtailed the year."

Well, was this true? Any or all of it?

"In so far as figures are concerned, yes," The Horse admitted. "It would be just as true, perhaps to compute the monies this and other publishers gain by free-loading in below-cost mailing charges for their papers and matching it against what Federal Pensions would benefit if they paid cheery-by-jowl with ordinary users' of the mail. Or, you might compute the monie s they spend personally these publishers, on personal goods, and cry out that if they were to give this money to one or dozen different and deserving causes, the world would not have to cut old-age pensions, or well payments. Carry it to its ultimate absurdity, an you would have exactly what the Russians have: a dictated economy where rationally thinking men cannot pick and choose, in Representative Republic processes, how and where and why they may money spent here instead of there; or the other place."

Well, it was a free country. And freedom of the press permitted a publisher to say his bit.

"That is Roger-Dodger," The Horse affirmed. "You are R-5, S-5. Your signal is loud and clear. What we, meaning myself, gripe about is that some baffling reason, this greeeeeeeceat and goodooooooooooooo frind apparently hasn't the 'intestint' fortitude to come out flatfootedly and honestmolythedly speak his bit. Doubtless lusting to drink Edooocational TV's blood, he also lusts for good advertising lineage . . . and fears to offend the industrialists and tycoons who so generously gave of their time and money to test—without cost to the state!—the edooocational possibilities of TV as contrasted with the formal and cloistered schooling known heretofore as the only way to get the people of a state edooocated. All I object to is the pose of friendship while the knife is driven under the trusting toga. I hate a mealy-mouth, and I never yet knew one who was a good publisher or writer out a good paper. We are not gazing upon an exception here. But the real pity of it, is, it is so baseless, this fear—for such it is—that means the deathknell of newspapers. A smart publisher would study the gimmick that is TV and find a place to catch hold and boost his circulation. There are a dozen ways to ride with the tide; why-buck it?"

Didn't fish swim up waterfalls, Horsie? "You got something there, Roger me boy!" The Horse grinned. "But I'm durned if I ever read a newspaper put out by fish. Not knowingly, though. Well, one thing is sure. Poor Richard said, 'false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.' And if you think he is off his rocker you just ain't watching Edooocational TV!"

Mr. Wump wasn't about, so I said it for him. "Wump!"