

Loyalty Oaths

It seems that the University of North Carolina does not take the words "academic freedom" quite as seriously as it might.

North Carolina has been reputed to be one of the most liberal colleges and universities in the nation, but despite this fact every since 1941, faculty members have been required to take loyalty oaths on their allegiance to the federal constitution and to the state constitution, except where the latter conflicts with the former.

Moreover on their application for membership on the UNC faculty, staff members must put their former organizational membership and whether they are now or ever have been a member of the Communist Party or a Communist controlled group.

It is high time the University's Board of Trustees realized that this type of restriction and this type of question is an invasion of individual privacy, and from a purely practical standpoint, it isn't helpful in ridding subversive elements.

Freedom of conscience is something is the possibility in a democracy. It is a possibility that is being strained by the University loyalty oath demands. A man does not have to accept the United States constitution article by article to be a good citizen. Indeed, even more to accept the State constitution to be a good citizen. He need not accept either to be a good teacher, and would have difficulty signing an oath if he was a person who believed in freedom of conscience and the privacy of man's thoughts.

Moreover, no communist would have the slightest qualms in signing an oath, for if subversion was his object, scruples would not matter in the slightest.

Even worse is the statement in the application form, which obviously sets up as a criterion of a person's teaching merit his associations now and prior. There was a time not too long ago that it was fashionable to be a member of the Communist Party, when reflected the ideas of Karl Marx and would benefit the large majority of people. Yet, this can be potentially held against him in an application form. The plain fact of the matter is that none of these criteria bears any relation to the merits of a person as a teacher.

Academic freedom has meaning. Freedom of conscience has value. Things such as loyalty oaths which tend to tarnish the meaning should be eliminated.

Fire Extinguishers

The situation concerning fire extinguishers in the dormitories is shocking. That only a handful of dorms have the means to eliminate fires is appalling.

An old cliché says something about an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and in pure dollars and cents evaluation, the lack of fire preventive devices may cost the University great amounts of money.

What is more important, however, is the human factor. The University which makes pious statements on student conduct such as drinking and takes upon itself the responsibility of a mother away from home, should think somewhat better of having no preventive measure for the sake of human life in the dormitories.

Mr. Bennett ought to awake to his responsibilities in this area. Money and the loss of fire extinguishers just do not equate.

Mostly Shades Of Gray

Norman B. Smith

I drew back with horror at the sudden realization that my uncle had two fingers missing from his right hand. I gazed fixedly, fearfully for a long time at the Red Cross handbook illustration of a person whose head was bound as is a mummy with only two eye holes visible in the swaths of bandages. Panic welled within me when my father, looking somewhat puzzled and annoyed, half dragged and half prodded me into the room where the blind man sat. These are among the most vivid of my childhood memories.

Though not so obviously manifested, this revulsion and fear of people who are somehow "different" stayed lodged in me, and all the reasoning I imposed on myself would not jar it loose.

Last month I met Bernice "Chick" Mikeal who lives downstairs. It wasn't long before I noticed that he was blind. "Chick" has been blind since birth. He sees light and notices a blur when he looks directly at a large well-lighted object, but since the visual association areas of his brain have never developed, these views of the outer world are meaningless in form and dimension to him. When he dreams, he dreams of sounds, of smells, and of feelings, but never of sights.

"Chick" comes from a family of relatively limited financial resources. None of his brothers or sisters have gone on to college. He went to the School for the Blind in Raleigh, completed two years at Appalachian College, and he is here to get a degree in Radio-TV. Later will come graduate work in religious education.

He wrestles and swims, has a single room with no one to help travels by himself, and has now learned to go just about any place on campus without assistance. He types with amazing speed, doesn't write at all, takes and reads Braille with great facility, learns most of his lessons from tape recordings.

As is common among the blind, he has an almost infallible memory for both what he hears and what he feels with his hands. His hearing is so sensitive that the presence of trees, buildings, and other large objects are determined by echo sounds as he approaches them.

I walked into the dark room where Chick sat with Ed Edens, a blind law student, and then I shut the door. They identified me as soon as I spoke. (I notice later that I had to turn around and look before I could recognize my roommate when he addressed me on the street.)

Now it was I who had the handicap. I sat there surrounded by an impenetrable black veil, knowing I couldn't move without tripping over some silent object nor reach for anything without getting a handful of emptiness. And "Chick" talked with Ed as though nothing had changed with the closing of the door—for them there had been no change, for the world of darkness had been conquered long ago. There had been adjustments, modifications, adaptations, accustomization, and its mysteries were not more.

But something had changed for me. There was a consummation, an insightful grouping of the impressions I had gained from being with "Chick" every day; something changed dramatically in the dark room on that dark night. The last of the suppressed revulsion, and fear, and aggression left me, and so did the inordinate pity. I began to think of "Chick" first as a person, only a person who had made particular behavior alterations to meet particular conditions, and just incidentally and secondarily did I think of him as being blind.

The fear, revulsion, and aggression we harbor for those who are "different" are deep feelings. Sometimes they are "different" because they are blind or deaf or lame; sometimes they are "different" because their skin is not white or because their great grandfathers and grandmothers were bound in involuntary servitude; sometimes they are "different" because their God doesn't appear to be the same as our God. Because of the environmental circumstances that have attended them since the day they first began to breathe, they have met situations and solved problems in ways different from those ways which we in our conceit have fixed as norms. Therefore we have developed Faubias and Eastmanias against them and we self-righteously bomb their temples.

Overweight Problem

Ken Wheeler

What is the greatest problem on this great campus? Is it lack of school spirit? Or money? Could it be drinking? Maybe walking on the grass? After a consultation with the crystal ball of Stacy Dorm (which has failed to be incorrect in 72 decisions), I find that trouble around here is obesity. (That's fat to the layman.)

The enigma occurs, of course, in finding a working method to eliminate superfluous flesh. May I offer a few humbles suggestions certain to work:

1. Don't eat. Although this method is certain to bring about lowering of poundage, it is 99.96% fatal. Be careful. The only existing case in which the patient survived the cure was that of Sturgeon M. Quisote, class of '32, who became chief engineer of the Vanguard project.

2. Eat 21 meals (using the term loosely) a week at Lenoir Hall. If you don't believe that this suggestion will cause weight lowering, ask the man who eats there. That food poisoning does wonders for cutting scale embarrassments.

3. Diet. The overweight person should locate a prescribed diet, approved by doctors, for the easiest and quickest method of losing some of that avoirdupois. If you like, I will list the sure-fire diet devised by Mother McCorkle's in her Masterpiece of Handy Date:

- Breakfast:
- One raw egg
 - One egg shell (cooked if preferred)
 - One small glass of milk
- (On odd numbered Sundays, one-half grapefruit is permitted.)
- Lunch:
- One potato salad sandwich with pickles
 - One minute glass of tea (unsweetened)
- Dinner:
- One slice of lettuce

This diet does not repeat NOT-work for freshmen or chemistry majors unless Venus is in the first quarter stage. It is reported that Myron I. Terjsky, son of book-maker Sherman A. Terjsky, attempted the diet as a freshman and consequently lost the sight of all three eyes. For this reason, Mother McCorkle, imprisoned by authorities, devised the Venus 3/4 rule to give legal leeway in the future. Also Check "The Congressional Record" for Sen. Thurmond's latest filibuster, which provides exceptional dieting rules.

4. Exercise. My friends tell me that the best way to lose weight is to touch your toes 35 times a day without bending your knees. So how can a man with 44 inch waist bend over?

After close scrutiny of the existing possibilities for dropping bulk, I would suggest that the obese grin and bear it, for tomorrow you may die.

"Don't Throw Bouquets At Me..."



Cultural Understanding

Gottfried O. Lang

(The following is a continuation of an article which appeared in the most recent issue of Commonweal.)

Our tendency to moralize makes for another stumbling-block in our relations with the peoples of underdeveloped lands. The moralizer is either shocked by the lack of adherence to our kind of "ideals," or he accepts the reality of another people's behavior and goes along with it, but showing his contempt and condescension. He feels morally superior, but is willing to make "concessions" in order to get his goals accomplished.

All of these unfortunate attitudes can be corrected by a proper understanding of the concept of culture. To recognize the reality of cultural differences is to recognize that culture acts upon its bearer like spectacles, through which the wearer views the world and which modify what he sees according to the character of the lenses. The difference in the way peoples "see" things is particularly obvious in our dealings with Latin America. Although Latin Americans share with us many cultural traits common to the Western heritage, some of their attitudes differ significantly.

For instance, we tend to look at the social world with a strong egalitarian bias. We admit that we live in a class society, but we are proud of the fact that an individual can move up in the class structure. In much of Latin America, however, social relationships are much more rigid and defined along lines of dependence and submission. With us, there is a tremendous value placed upon pushing ahead, fostered by ideas of independence and freedom. In contrast, change in Latin America is not valued for its own sake, and freedom which also means responsibility may be thought undesirable. If in being free to make a choice one should make a mistake, it would not only be an error and possible loss for the individual, but one which would also bring loss of status to an entire family. The family, which includes many relatives, is very important to the Latin American, and disgrace to the family is a greater crime than failing to get ahead. We, of course, separate our public life and our family life.

Failure to see that social class is relatively immutable in many sectors of Latin American society may mean that the Yankee innovator, with his egalitarian attitudes, may appear as a threat to the whole social structure. If he begins his work without recognizing the established social order, the Yankee's well-meant attempts to help may well result in frustration and failure—and all because of a failure to recognize the importance of cultural differences.

On the other hand, it would be equally wrong to assume the inalterability of the rigid social structure just sketched. Changes under the influence of industrialization are taking place everywhere, including Latin American countries. In ever more instances the pen of former days does take on responsibility, and when he finds it is rewarding, he develops a whole new set of expectations and attitudes. Obviously, then, changes that are occurring must be taken into account just as much as traditional patterns.

(To Be Continued)

Letters

Editor:

After watching a week of rehearsals and then taking two dates to see the Playmakers production of "Oklahoma," I want to say that I thought that the production was great.

I have seen the Broadway production and the Hollywood production—and I still enjoyed seeing the Playmakers production more than either of the other two.

I liked Oklahoma because it made me laugh at times, it made me sad at times, and other times I felt exhilarated by the songs and dances.

But it did reach me!

When a singer was weak I listened harder, if an actor was scared I took into consideration that this was the first time he had even been on the stage.

I liked it because of the particular people that were cast in it and the way they executed their part.

Furthermore, I think that two best performances in it were done by John Sneden (who is always good) and Margaret Starnes. It is primarily because of them that I kept coming back to see the show rehearsal after rehearsal.

I was sorry to see your art editor pan the show (as usual). I am also curious to know why he has panned Margaret in everything she has ever done.

Why does he compare the Playmakers with the top productions? To be sure the Broadway and Hollywood productions were better. They certainly should have been. After all they do have month's of rehearsals, top salaries for all the main characters, equity for the little ones, and they both have a purely professional staff and cast who do nothing else.

But is the comparison fair? Absolutely not!

Would you compare the writings of John Steinbeck with those of Anthony Wolfe? If you did, then Anthony would most assuredly get the short end of the stick. He, too, would be panned to death by the critics.

But as soon as you compare Mr. Wolfe's writings with that of his peers, then he will stand out as a very good writer, along with Gail Godwin and Norman Smith.

Every writer seems to have one particular field or subject in which he is completely subjective and blind. Here the ego does the writing and not the intellect as it should be.

Mr. Wolfe's major weakness lies in exactly that. He can't write drama reviews! Furthermore, he never has been able to!!!

He has never praised the Playmakers for anything. Certainly no group that sells out at almost every performance can be that bad.

It is unfortunate that the only reviews printed around here are done by such a subjective critic.

The same critic that does such an excellent job on book reviews, and in most all other fields of journalistic writing as well.

I say, get another critic who will criticize a performance for itself and not for the history of the particular play.

Cort Edwards

Editor:

I propose that at the next home game all right thinking Carolina fans supply themselves with a bag of very squashy tomatoes, plus a few hard apples, and when we are subjected to the volunteer entertainment of a bunch of arrogant stupid drunks—let them have it! Of course, some of the solicitous friends of the drunks might accidentally get conked! I have never seen such tender loving care extended to slobbering bores.

The student body seems to be made up of mama's boys who can't hold their liquor and permissive nursemaids who haven't the guts to control them.

E. T. Fitzpatrick

Editor:

In her letter to Mr. Wolff, Miss Ennis praises him thusly, "Your review is another example of the fact that the quality of book reviewing in college papers these days often surpasses that of many of our most August journals." Capital "A", August, a nice month, but poor for book reviews. Evidently we are to understand that Mr. Wolff's reviews would not merit such praise if the reviews of the September through July journals were considered. Second the motion.

D. Randall

(The word august should have been in lower case. The error was the proof reader's.—Editor)

On Friendship

P. W. Carlton

Of all the many virtues in this life, one of the most valued is that of friendship. For from friendship springs cooperation and brotherly love. My roommate and I enjoy a sterling relationship, the epitome of true filial affection.

We have devised a system for assuming personal rights in matters concerning dorm life. Our room is divided squarely down the middle, half his, half mine. Here the true spirit of friendship appears. Up until recently he let me peer from his window and I let him utilize my door with utter recklessness. However, since he is a blasphemous character of inferior morals, we recently came to dissension over some triviality or other. Following our argument he bisected the room with a broad black line and advised me to stay the perdition on my side of it. This suited my purposes perfectly, as I intended denying him access to the exit. It was fascinating to watch him spring across "no man's land" on his new pogo stick and land triumphantly in the hall. However, I discouraged this evasion by denying him air utilization on the west side, emphasizing legal rights by sniping at my airborne associate with bits of limestone, shoes, and an occasional goose. Actually it has been quite pleasant save for the fact that it's pretty crowded sharing my bed with the bureau. (It was on his side of the line.)

A little dissension stimulates intellectual endeavor and artifice. We're both constantly busy thinking of ways to harass one another. Roommate knows how I love fresh air and sunlight in the morning, so he closes the window tightly and pulls down our blackout curtain, smugly enjoying my agony. I tried to open things up one morning, but the vile wretch had replaced several mouse traps which thwarted my future, barefooted overtures. He's also trying to develop a technique for preventing air from diffusing across the line into my half of the cubicle. In my research lab I am now perfecting a method of bending the rays of light emitted by the overhead fixture so that they'll be confined to my part of the cell. Scientific endeavor is thus being promoted by our relationship.

There's another little sport I have with my reprehensible companion. It consists of waiting until he allows some portion of his anatomy (usually pedal digits) to hang 'most the boundary, at which juncture I neatly remove said portion with machete. At present I have four of his toes and one belonging to a hapless neighbor. In return for this tender of my affection, roommate has burned a cigarette hole squarely in the middle of my post prized abstract, (though I'm not sure it isn't the better for it. Hard to tell about abstracts.) He also painted a mustache on my mother's picture and sprinkled popcorn kernels and salt in my bed.

These little skirmishes are carried on in the most jovial of attitudes, with delightful oral accompaniment. Roommate habitually attacks my night attire, consisting of a stylish blue (or a little purplish) warm up suit, likening my appearance to that of a gigantic purple grape. I, in return, comment bitingly upon the emaciated condition of his legs and advise immediate medical treatment for his mutilated visage. He intimates that my vocal attempts closely approximate those of a passion-stricken bovine, at which juncture I advise his sojourn in that warmer climate located someplace beneath our feet. Thus it goes. We like each other.

I've been attacked violently for my printed views, and have been climaxed to some degree. For both I am grateful. In my writing I have always attempted to present a view liberal enough to be reasonably compatible to the mass. There is logical reasoning involved. I believe strongly in friendship and in the virtues of humanity as a whole. I do not enjoy hurting people and feel that often times more thought can be provoked by humorously constructed satire than by a biting exhortation. For we tend to close our minds to attack, while we clasp to our hearts those thoughts that make up happy.

The joy of true friendship is almost unsurpassed, since it embodies love, trust and mutual understanding. Those who truly strive for friendship are among the happiest souls treading this orb. Communion with fellow mortals tends to bring out the goodness that is an integral part of us all. Observing the grossest personality from a positive angle will reveal something one can admire about him and thus will the experience of both be enriched. By giving of oneself in the search for friends, a person is assured a plentiful harvest of goodness and respect in return.

On Writing

Sidney Dakar

How many pages must we write? This question never fails to be asked when a professor assigns a term paper or any other paper to be written out of class. Almost everyone seems to have the belief that it is twice as hard to write a ten page report as it is a five page one. Anyone who has used the written word to express himself many times will say just the opposite.

It is far easier for me to explain some idea in a full length column than it is to express the same thought in half this space. To go over your writing and discard the unrelated thoughts and make the related ones more concise is one of the hardest jobs of writing.

A good short-story writer must be much more skillful in choosing his words than does one who writes full length novels. Every word must count in a good short-story. A writer of novels can ramble on for pages without really saying anything.

A friend once asked Franklin Roosevelt how long it would take him to prepare for a five-minute speech. Roosevelt said that it would take about two days. "What about a fifteen-minute speech?" asked his friend. "Oh, about a day," replied Roosevelt. "Well, how long does it take for you to prepare for a thirty-minute speech?" the man continued. "I'm ready right now" was Roosevelt's answer.