

CWC Presents a 'Freedom'

Workshop Panel to Include Speakers, Exhibition of Student Art Expression.

Outside the realm of the shadow of War there dwells another kingdom. A fertile land where produce is cared for, where little things grow into large entities. This is the land of plenty in the midst of chaos. This is the home of equality, freedom of thought for all who endeavour.

The produce is creative expression. The land is Art. Here is a home for the pent-up. Here is the State that cannot be stifled by Fascism.

The people who live in this world cannot be torn away from it by external discord. They can be temporarily removed by dialectic materialism, but, their never-ending frustration that comes from lack of expression toward the Good, will force them back to its fields of fruition.

There is, however, a tendency on the parts of some people to understress attention toward creative expression in the black light of concentrated and necessary "War Talk." And people sometimes tend to look down with disdain on some of the projects in the Arts. It was for

that very reason that the Carolina Workshop was born last year after Pearl Harbor. The Workshop, an organization designed to integrate the Creative Arts and to promote and project student creative art activity more adequately to the campus, had its first Spring Festival last April. The five days activity was an unusual success. Over 3,000 people attended.

This year, strained by much greater odds, the Workshop is preparing another five day festival for the Campus. The opening panel and its distinguished artists promises much controversy and will prove stimulating. The following four days, student activity will display the tops in student art expression. The Carolina Workshop has met War's challenge. We still advocate what it represents here on the campus is one of the "freedom's" boys at the front are fighting for. Soon, these young artists will also be in the service ranks. Before they go, let's all turn out and see what they have to offer.

Pre-War Policy With Japanese Attempted To Insult, Provide Weapons Concurrently

By Howard Ennis

"There was no difference between the bombs that fell on Mukden, China, and those which fell on Pearl Harbor," said Congressman Judd at the IHR session Thursday night. "What right did we have to be surprised when we were the ones who were bombed instead of someone else? Japan had given every indication from the beginning what she intended to do.

"But from the time the Japs first took over Formosa, to their occupation of Korea, and invasion of Manchuria and China, we followed a policy of 'wait and see.' We were like a man with a cancer on his toe, who refuses an operation because he fears he might lose his toe. So he decides to 'wait and see,' while it spreads to his foot and leg, hoping that somehow it will stop of its own accord.

"The determination to do something is a decision, but the determination not to do something is also a decision," said Judd. "The patient fears an operation might cost him his life, but no operation is certain to cost him his life. It is a question of alternatives. To 'wait and see' is not a safe policy; it is the most dangerous policy.

"The only way to avoid going to war with one side is to take sides soon. Was there any difference between what Hitler did to the Jews from 1933 to 1939, and what he has done to other people since? When Hitler marched his troops into the Rhineland, he marched them down the main street of Chapel Hill and of every other city and town in this country. We cannot pretend that other people's problems are theirs alone. Daniel reserved the lowest rung in Hell for those who are neither for God nor the Devil, but for themselves alone.

"I don't know whether it was right for us to send scrap iron and oil to Japan," said Judd. "Nor do I know whether it was right for us to condemn

their policy, and insult them and discriminate against them. But any person who can put two and two together and get four knows we ought not to have done both at the same time. You don't go up to a person and insult him, and hand him a revolver.

"When the Japs attacked us at Pearl Harbor, we asked, 'What kind of people do they think we are? Don't they know we will wage war against them until they are utterly defeated?' But we might have asked ourselves for the past 50 years, 'What kind of people do we think they are? Do we think we can insult them and pass laws against them and not have them resent it?'

"The Indians might also ask the British, 'What kind of people do you think we are? Do you think you can send us to Oxford and Cambridge and teach us about the Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and not expect us to want the same things for ourselves?'

"The negroes in this country might ask the same question and add, 'Do you expect us to fight for democracy all over the world, and be denied a job in a defense factory here at home?'

"Do we really believe in the things we say we are fighting for? Are we honestly convinced there are certain inalienable rights, which can neither be taken away nor given away, the rights to life,

liberty, and pursuit of happiness? If we don't believe in them, then we are on the wrong side in this war. If we do believe in them, for God's sake, let's proclaim it to the world, and let the people of Asia and the rest of the countries know what we're fighting for.

"The Indian question is largely psychological," said Judd. "The Indians do not object to the presence of the British and Americans in India. But they want to be masters in their own homes; they want the British there as guests, not as rulers. They are tired of eating at the servants' table in their own home. The Bible says, 'He who exalteth himself shall be humbled; but he who humbleth himself shall be exalted.' If we go to the head of the table, we will be resented, and asked down. But if we go to the foot of the table, we will be welcomed and asked up.

"Evolution is no one-way street," said Judd. "The history of Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome is not just the history of the rise of those nations, but the history of their rise and fall. The British Empire is also on its way out, just as surely as I'm standing here, and this American Republic will be on its way out unless it recognizes certain changes which must come about. This does not mean that the English people are on their way out, but the system of empire which they have built up is. We must recognize certain necessary democratic changes, and not oppose them by sitting on the cap of the volcano."

Community Group Will Hold Panel Tomorrow Night

Monday night at 7:00, in the Grail room of Graham Memorial, the Community Life Commission will hold a panel discussion on "How the War Affects Your Community." Dr. Brooks of the Sociology Department will head the panel. Participants will be: Mrs. Guy Johnson, who will represent the consumer; Mrs. James Snipes, who will discuss the war's effect on education; Mrs. L. L. Connor, who will present the farmer's viewpoint, and Mr. Buss, who will discuss the effect of the war on business.

At the conclusion of the panel, a general discussion on the same subject will be held with members of the audience taking part.

Weary Women

By Kat Hill and Sara Yokley

Coeds are now working in Lenoir dining hall, managing the business end of publications, drilling up and down Kenan stadium and making plans for working in the gardens of Chapel Hill.

It's hard to realize that girls were looked upon in bellum days as ornaments, housekeepers and mothers, but not as human beings.

Back in the pre-Civil War days girls didn't worry about 2:00 permissions; their main problem was how to get an education under any conditions. As one professor put it, "higher education for girls wasn't very high." A typical paternal view of education is expressed by a father in his will: "I will that my daughter be taught to read and write and some feminine accomplishments which may render her agreeable and that she be not kept in ignorance as to what appertains to a good housewife in the management of household affairs."

If a daughter of the old South was allowed to go away to school her choice of subjects was limited. Music was studied "to soothe feelings, build up the spirit, keep away sadness and control the passions." Painting was engaged in "to beautify the home and keep away evil thoughts" while girls studied history because it imparted lofty contemplations and offered many moral lessons.

And shades of V-4... each girl at Salem was given a garden spot in which she could cultivate flowers.

Girls' schools in those days had fiercely maternal policies; they were noted for their watchful care and suspicion. Attending parties, balls or dancing schools was strictly forbidden. Leaving the grounds without permission, receiving the attentions of young men or even corresponding with young men in any way was entirely against all school rules.

The movement for coeducation in North Carolina was a slow one. Four negro schools admitted girls as well as boys long before the University allowed coeds.

By a curious twist of the English language the term "rising generation" in the charter of Carolina was construed to mean "boys only." And so 102 years passed before the University realized that at least half of every rising generation is composed of girls, that girls have every right to come to Carolina. And now we're here to stay... in the four girls' dorms, Harry's, Marley's, the Arboretum, South Building, Graham Memorial. It's a pretty good thing the University decided to open its doors to girls. Somebody has to look after Carolina for the next few years.—S. Y.

Perry Corrects Exam Locations

Yesterday's story in the DAILY TAR HEEL on V-1 and Marine Reserve examinations erroneously reported the time and place for the two tests, W. D. Perry said yesterday.

The V-1 examination will be held in Phillips 206, while the Marine test will be given in Bingham 103. Both tests will be given in two sections, morning and afternoon.

Of the Free

Returning Soldier Leaves Message of What We Defend

By Richard Railey

He had returned to the Hill for one last day before he would go "across" in another month. He had left the University just one year ago. He had been restless ever since Pearl Harbor. He wasn't alone in his feelings at the time, but he was one of the few who had the nerve to voluntarily ask for action. Maybe his was the easy way out; maybe we who chose to remain in school until graduation were wrong. We don't know now who was right. But he had left then.

The first five months away from Chapel Hill had been spent in Maine where he studied aviation mechanics. For the last seven he had been in the Army Air Corps' ground force. He was one of the fifteen who helped to keep one pilot in the air. In these seven months he had trained in Kentucky, Texas, Missouri, and now, Indiana. He had talked to people in those parts, too. He had heard their views, their beliefs, their hopes, their philosophies, their thoughts. And theirs hadn't been too different from his own or those of his school mates back at Carolina, in the provincial South. All were American; all were full of the golden rule; maybe we are our brothers' keeper.

He had trained with boys at Kansas City who 72 hours later were flying on the battlefronts of North Africa. He had trained with boys who had returned from the fox-holes of the Philippines; boys who had in war dodged shrapnel, bullets, planes, guerrilla attacks,

shells, knives. He had trained with boys who had seen war; boys who had seen women and children mass-murdered; boys who had seen plunder, rape, robbery, pilferage, savagery. He had learned with them to hate our enemies. He knew he was fighting against something. Fighting against the Axis; fighting to beat hell out of the Germans and Japs before they beat hell out of us. We free Americans.

But what is he fighting for? That has worried us who are still on the campus too. He had seen some of the results of war. He knew now that he didn't want his children to go through the same. We are fighting for something, something we can feel. We call it the American Way, but that's trite and flag waving. But that's what it is. We are fighting for a chance to further improve that which we have been trying constantly to improve now for these 165 years. These service men want to know to what are they coming back in America. Will there be jobs? Will there be inflation? What chance of security? The security they are fighting for. What about the Four Freedoms? Are they to be for ALL Americans?

He's gone now; gone back to the strict regimentation of an army bound for the warfronts. He left something with me this time. Something that now I can feel, too. I can keep on dreaming for now I know that those who are fighting don't intend to be misled by the Lodges, the Nyes, the Wheelers. See RETURNING, Page 4.

What Went, What Goes

'Freezing' Begins; Food? McDonald's Hat; V-1 Quiz

Plans for freezing student government began to take form as speaker of the legislature, Terrell Webster, set a committee to work organizing all available information on student organizations. The going looked tough, will probably get tougher as conflicting lines of authority become evident.

Also, many misunderstood the implications of the term "freezing," and thought that such action meant a total abolition of student government. Student leaders tried to point out, however, that their aim was to put away for a while only the present top-heavy form of student government and to replace it with a streamlined form suitable for a reduced and occupied student body. The present form would be well iced and packed away so that future student bodies of normal complement could unpack it, find the records complete, a new beginning easy.

Not a few heads worried about the availability of cheap food at reasonable locations for the civilian student body when Navy reservists go on active duty this summer. Dean F. F. Bradshaw admitted that Swain would probably be unable to handle regimented reservists and civilians. The Inn cafeteria and Graham Memorial grill would then remain the only University run eating establishments besides Spencer dining hall. Whether or not the grill would go to the pre-mets until September rests in the hands of the board of directors of Graham Memorial for consideration this week.

Civilian fears of long walks for high-priced, poor quality food would appear justified unless the administration takes steps to maintain additional eateries in town.

Ralph McDonald, Carolina's extension director, and the state's political miracle man, tossed his hat in an empty ring for the 1944 Governorship on Friday morning, and by sundown the circle was crowded with the Stetsons of Judge Wilson Warlick and Gregg Cherry.

The Chapel Hill educator, who scared hell out of the established machine in the last primary by piling-up an unparalleled 214,000 votes, hasn't been an enemy of that machine in the past few years; and his traveling duties for the University have brought new friends into the fold. Whether Gaston county's election-wise Cherry was worried, and Newton's scholarly Warlick had much to fear, will be decided come June when the state elects its next democratic governor.

V-1 Naval reservists and Marine reservists abruptly realized Saturday morning that the Navy wasn't kidding about requiring them to pass a test on physics, math, and English. W. D. Perry's office announced that the test would be given Tuesday morning.

Several brows were wrinkled, and many realized that the grade on Tuesday's test meant the difference between ensign's stripes or "bell-bottomed trousers and coats of Navy blue."

The Daily Tar Heel

—OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN THE SOUTH—

The official newspaper of the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$3.00 for the college year.

Member Associated Collegiate Press

BUCKY HARWARD
ERNIE FRANKEL
BOB COVINGTON

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
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