

Flying A Red Flag

A relatively new periodical made its way into the offices of The Daily Tar Heel a few days ago and deserves, I believe, some editorial comment in passing. The magazine bears the title New Foundations and carries the theme, "The earth shall rise on new foundations."

The magazine is quite interesting for leisure reading but it all boils down to the same old Red malice wrapped up in collegiate clothes. In principles set forth by the editor, Ed Israel, "New Foundations is a publication guided by the philosophy of Marxism-Leninism, the philosophy of socialism—and is dedicated to the democratic rights and interests of American college students."

The magazine is slightly more than three years old but its new to this office. And, I might add, it's a bit amusing. The Reds are still hiding under democratic covers to spread Joe Stalin's hand-me-down, state-above-all type of government.

It's rather amusing to think that the Commies themselves can believe such illogical, mocking propaganda. To think that it is their belief that they can sweet-talk any thinking American into believing the same brand of poppycock borders on the hilarious.

But maybe that's our trouble. Maybe we in America are a bit too content with our way of life, our democratic principles, and our unparalleled standard of living. Maybe the Reds fight on in the belief that our supreme self-confidence will wither and die in the face of the repeated propaganda—the "Big Lie"—that is tossed at us every day from Moscow headquarters. We might easily lull ourselves into a feeling of false security and then have "Uncle Joe" lower the boom on us just as he is trying to do with the peoples of Europe and Asia.

The price of democracy is eternal vigilance. We cannot afford to lend one serious thought to the idea that we are all right and "they" are all wrong. We cannot afford to read the laughable propaganda sheets with mild amusement, toss them aside and go on our merry way. We must resolve to fight down anything that smacks of communism. Thus this editorial is presented to give a picture of what Moscow would have the American college student believe.

New Foundations dedicates its current issue to "The Martinsville Seven," and pledges, "We will never forget them nor the struggle that their deaths symbolized. And we will fight on to kill the Jim Crow system that killed them."

The magazine, published in New York, presents a remarkable insight into Southern prob-

lems—an insight that a great many Northerners seem to possess. Alin Martin wrote the "lead story" concerning the "framing" of the seven Martinsville Negroes who were executed last month for the rape of a white woman whom Martin described as "a former mental patient."

In an obvious attempt to stir up racial troubles, Martin claims that the Martinsville seven were "convicted on phoney evidence by a rigged jury and sentenced to death by a lynching judge." He made quite an event of the case, even going so far as to say, "February, the short winter month of Washington's birthday and Lincoln's will be remembered now as the month of the lynching."

Maybe the pink shirts are right about the whole affair—and maybe they aren't. But until somebody proves the Virginia court was in error, I, for one, will continue to take the side of the American court system that has been doing very well for itself since the 18th century.

Other articles in New Foundations included stories on how the United States "imperialists" are mistreating the people of Puerto Rico, how the walls are tumbling down all over the nation and allowing Negroes to enroll in state and private colleges and universities, how the U. S. is drafting "killers" to carry out its "imperialistic program," the usual "peace" hoopla, and a story on Negroes and whites in college sports.

As mentioned previously, the magazine shows a remarkable insight into the problems of the Southern Negro. It stirs up a lot of ill-feeling and raises a lot of questions, but, in typical Communist fashion, cures no ills and comes forward with no logical remedies for the admittedly-bad conditions that exist in certain phases of our democracy—Negro and white, North and South.

It's just one more example of how the embittered Reds are attempting to invade our thoughts by playing on a conscience that they do not possess. By stirring up racial spats and consistently pointing to the flaws that exist in any government, the Stalin-led puppets hope to puncture our democratic way of life and set us up for what might prove to be a death-dealing blow from Moscow.

The Reds have hurt the cause of the Negro in this country much more than they could ever help it if they wanted to. It will be a long time before those who are sincerely interested in helping the Negro will be able to get an appreciative audience if the Communists are continually encouraged in their selfish efforts to better their own cause while hiding under a crusading banner for the black man.

Playmakers Show Tabbed 'Competent'

By William Peterson

Lo, the Angel, a new play by Nancy Henderson, was presented by the Carolina Playmakers March 8 and 9. The production and cast were competent, and there were scenes of considerable impact.

The main character is Liza Bethune, a Negro woman who faces the numerous difficulties of a deserted wife attempting to keep her family together in wartime. Her mother's superstitious religious belief becomes the dominant theme, and it provides the climax of the play in her death and funeral, inevitable after Liza has lied to her and caused her to break faith. This is a powerful motif, and by itself it would have made a good play.

The piece may have been conceived as a problem play, but it has problems. There is much extraneous material which contributes little to the play's climax. All art must be selective, and drama is so constricted that irrelevant scenes, no matter how entertaining, are not admissible. The numerous scene breaks disturbed the continuity of effect, and it was difficult to reconcile the elements of humor with the intensely tragic tone of act three. Spirituals and songs were used extensively. Lo, the Angel should probably be called a "play with music."

Frances Thompson gave a consistently excellent performance as Liza's mother, Anne Leslie played Liza with considerable restraint, no doubt intended to emphasize the general application of her catalogue of difficulties. Tommy Rezzuto, Phillip Bernanke, Ruth Lewis, and Patricia Jewell gave rewarding performances in demanding roles. All the members of the cast were satisfactory, although there were occasional vocal inadequacies.

Now Hear This About The Woes Of A Columnist; Don't Expect Lack Of Prejudice

By Jack Lackey

This column is supposed to concern itself generally with student affairs. Since we have a nice big campus election coming up soon I would like to take this last chance to drift off the subject.

What kind of a person is it who will sit down and hack out a column one day a week? I often wonder about this when looking at some of the other efforts that appear on this page. Why bother? What do we get out of it?

The main reason, I suppose, is that there is a tremendous kick in seeing some of your own words in print. In my case, this is coupled with a very old love for student politics. This combination led to the revival of Now Hear This this past year.

If you harbor a hidden flame to write something like this each week it is only fair to warn you that there are many hazards involved. One of the biggest is seeing something that you did not write in your column. This does not happen often, but it is a definite hazard. Sometimes the editorial pencil is the villain. More often, it is the work of a demon called the linotype man. He has a positive genius for leaving out or combining sentences and thoughts.

Another drawback in writing one of these things is that some weeks you may not have much to say. You have a deadline to meet and that won't wait for some muse to inspire you. The most discouraging thing, however, is the after effect of some of your most sincere statements. I have been called every thing from a bigot to a drunk in the past few months—and by some of my best friends too.

Now my boss, the editorial page make-up man, has asked me to do a series on the present campus election campaign. I am going to try to fulfill the assignment during the next several weeks. It is only fair to tell you, if you haven't guessed it by now, that I am not an unbiased observer. My views and prejudices will be presented as they have been in the past.

With at least three candidates for student body president and four for The Daily Tar Heel editorship, there should be a lot to talk about. Next week we will start looking into the candidates—why they are running, who they are, and who their friends are.

from George was a telegram Wednesday saying, simply: "Well? I'm still waiting..."

From the Rambler, St. Benedict's College, Kansas: "It seems rather sardonic that one of the freedoms we are fighting for, we ourselves are abusing to such an extent that those whom we are fighting are gaining comfort by this abuse."

Ed note: Yes, and a little confusing, too.

Letters To The Editor

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes letters on matters of general interest and will publish all such communications which are signed by the writer. Letters exceeding 250 words as well as defamatory or libelous letters and letters which are not in good taste will be condensed, edited, or withheld from publication at the discretion of the editors.

Did Jake Have The Right Slant?

Editor:

Old Dr. Lukos told me an interesting story a friend of his had told him about a basketball referee whose name was Jake. It seems that one Thursday night Jake was refereeing a basketball game between two college teams. The game was scrappy and the tension was heated. As the pace quickened, more fouls were committed, a few players injured, and a couple were put out of the game. When tension was the highest, Jake suddenly blew his whistle and called out, "Double foul on all the players of both teams!" Each player received one free throw, but, since this procedure was a little unusual, both captains called out and demanded of Jake an explanation. Mentioning something about an Elastic Rule, Jake continued something like this:

"You men are supposed to be basketball players. When you came out on the court, you had been trained to play basketball. But you are not playing basketball! Basketball is recreation, you're making it work and sweat and strife. It is supposed to be enjoyment, but your faces are set with frowns. It should be teamwork, but you are fighting between individuals and seeking your own fame. It should be filled with encouragement, but your mouths spit out curses. The purpose of basketball is in playing, but you only seek to beat the other team by any means. You are supposed to be playing basketball, but you are not even playing!"

The teams were quiet with wonder, but then they jumped center and Jake ordered, "Play ball!" And they PLAYED BALL. But Jake was thrown out of basketball for "not going by the rules." Only a few people ever saw Jake at the basketball games anymore, and basketball continued to be played as before. But the players on those two teams did not forget, and they taught other men who wanted to play basketball how to play and about Jake who had taught them.

Does Jake need to teach us how to play basketball today?
Ed Smutts

Carolina Front

Runaround Only Reward For Writer

By Chuck Hauser

An inquiring columnist sure does get the runaround.

I called South Building at about 5:30 yesterday afternoon, to find out if the Trustee committee discussing admissions policy had finished its meeting. The conversation ran this way: Hauser: Has the Trustee committee meeting broken up yet?

Mrs. Johnson (Gordon Gray's secretary): I don't know.

Hauser: You mean you don't know whether a meeting being held in Mr. Gray's office is over or still going on?

Mrs. Johnson: That's right, I don't know.

Hauser: Well, could I speak to Mr. Gray then?

Mrs. Johnson: He's not in.

Hauser: You mean he's left South Building?

Mrs. Johnson: No, he hasn't left the building.

Hauser: Thanks a million.

★ Governor Scott was in town Tuesday evening for a dinner meeting of the Watauga Club at the Carolina Inn. Also attending were Gordon Gray, Billy Carmichael, Chancellor House and Law School Dean Henry Brands.

I don't know exactly what the purpose of the meeting was, but we'll bet an old Underwood typewriter that the boys spent a little time discussing the situation in the courts with reference to admitting Negroes to the University, and also the special Trustee meeting here yesterday in Gray's office.

Back To Normal

It looks like things are just about back to normal on The Daily Tar Heel after a few hectic days in which no one knew what was coming off.

After official approval by the Publications Board yesterday afternoon, Roy Parker, Jr. returns today as editor of the student newspaper.

It's a long, confused story but boils down to something like this:

Parker, following advice from his doctors, resigned his post as boss of the DTH at the end of the winter quarter and recommended that a new editor be appointed before the opening of the spring quarter. The board, acting in good faith and on Parker's recommendation, appointed me as interim editor.

In the meantime, Parker's doctors informed him that he would be able to return to school this quarter and he decided to withdraw his resignation. Before the Publications Board was informed of Parker's decision, however, one or more anonymous muck-rakers put their somewhat-twisted brains to work and came up with a plan to "preserve" The Daily Tar Heel.

After circulating a number of pure lies in several State newspapers concerning the DTH and its disputed editorship which has never been in dispute, the instigators named five journalists with varied experience who had allegedly offered to serve as an advisory board to the paper and see that it survived until the situation had been cleared up.

At least one of the men named on the proposed "advisory board" has contacted me naming the man who approached him about the plan. He said that he did not agree to anything like the proposal that was printed and certainly would not attempt to settle the problems of the paper without knowing the whole story.

Parker said yesterday that he knew nothing about the story until it was printed and the Publications Board was not contacted although misinformation concerning the business of the board was printed, thanks to some campus "wheel" who knows it all—but not enough to find out the real facts.

It was an unfortunate incident for roll con-

cerned—The Daily Tar Heel, the Publications Board, Roy Parker, and myself.

All is peace in the office of the DTH at this time and I hope for smooth sailing from here on out. If the politics and campus busy-bodies will leave the paper to solve its own problems the DTH will do very well.

I would like to thank the Publications Board for my appointment to an office which I have never sought. I stepped in and served to the best of my ability. Now, thank God, I can slip softly back to the sports department where I will find myself much more at home than I have here.

Give me baseball, tennis, lacrosse, and track. You take the Reds, politicians, and other assorted people and affairs that the editor has to contend with.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.
—CARLYLE

Rolling Stones

Tarnation Needs Humor, Gals, Etc.

By Don Maynard

It has fallen my lot in the last two years to read and comment upon the little one Tarnation magazine. My reviews have been complimentary at times, critical on other occasions. And now, the next to last issue has been thrust upon us and I am obliged to applaud as Tarnation rehearses its swan song.

It's not that I with anyone ill, but several thousand dollars have been spent for the magazine, and some of it has been my money. Frankly, I wouldn't buy the pocket-sized publication if it were on the newsstands.

But, let's overlook what pretends to be a cover, and quickly glance through Tarnation, item by item:

1. Jokes—if you've read Tarnation before, you know what to expect in the way of jokes. Several good ones are chuckled off, and the rest are read. I still maintain the advertisements are funnier.

2. Cartoons—I counted 10 of them. I particularly liked the "Campus Views" spread by Bert Wade on page 43. The layout located in the middle of the magazine and done by Hugh Gale is well-drawn. I'm willing to bet many students will tear it out, save it and 20 years later gaze upon it saying: "I once lived in that town for four years."

3. Cheesecake—didn't find any, unless you can count that photo by Mill, located at the bottom of page 54.

4. Stories—I read Barry Farber, again, and enjoyed his treatise on army physicals and espionage entitled "Operation Femme." Chuck Hauser runs hot and cold "Over the Hill," and Harry Snook treats brother-in-law Jim Mills with a great deal of insight. Mills' photo quiz is typically Mills, and my only wish is that the faculty does not read it too closely. Remember the Buccaneer?

On Campus

George Todd Colvard, well-known Graham Memorial bridge expert, although he is known as "The Fanatic" in his fraternity house circles, seems always to have the boom lowered upon his trusting back.

The last sad story we heard of George, he had been scalded while reading in the men's room. But, more recently, George has had other troubles.

Last week, George accompanied a fraternity brother, Steve Fasul, as far as George's home in Richmond. Steve continued to Washington, D. C., assuring George he would pick him up on the return trip in time to attend the first day of classes Tuesday.

But Steve forgot all about George, and came to Chapel Hill without him. The last word

Crossword Puzzle

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|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 25. Stop |
| 1. Best quality | 27. Constructed |
| 4. Value | 28. Title |
| 9. Mince | 40. Malt beverage |
| 12. Veritate | 41. Oil suffix |
| 13. Mourful | 42. Allows |
| 14. noun | 44. Wild animal |
| 15. Implement for opening a lock | 46. Greek zodiac |
| 17. With the thin part | 47. Flavor |
| 20. Dipped | 48. Focused |
| 21. Floored | 52. Vulgar ad-mirror of wealth |
| 22. Aromatic seed | 55. Hall and farewell |
| 24. Formerly | 56. Object of virtu |
| 26. Short for a man's name | 60. Portable shelter |
| 29. 100 square rods | 61. Understand |
| 31. Silk worm | DOWN |
| 33. Unwilling | 1. Flap |

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59			60							61

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| SACS | CRY | SAMP |
| ANOA | LEB | OVER |
| LIMPNESS | LOTE | |
| ALP | OAT | DINES |
| DEARER | DID | OE |
| CRAS | DUER | ERN |
| STET | DON | DUST |
| PODD | IMP | BAR |
| ER | DOG | PAROLE |
| APORT | ALL | PEA |
| KENO | TOBE | DIATE |
| EDEN | TEA | DATE |
| ROSE | OLD | ANON |

- Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
- Be the matter with
 - Placed before
 - Concerning
 - Composite of
 - Machine for spreading hay
 - Urge on
 - Stainers
 - Related
 - Footlike part
 - Organ of sight
 - Existed
 - Irritate
 - Afternoon functions
 - Texas division
 - Pertaining to shins of war
 - Measure of paper
 - Passageway between seals
 - Subsequently
 - Smallest U. S. coin
 - Chemical substances used in detecting other substances
 - Rented again
 - Steep, as flax
 - Behind a vessel
 - Build
 - Pronoun
 - Was aware
 - Fire entrance
 - Feline animal
 - Feline name
 - Beget
 - Native metal
 - Secretary
 - Bone

The Daily Tar Heel

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