

The Daily Tar Heel

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CPU Roundtable

by Wyman Richardson

These days of the Red menace have seen many invasions of our traditional rights. Watch-dog committees have convicted persons of heresy and sentenced them to economic and social ostracism without a pretense at a fair trial. A federal law, supposedly a wartime emergency measure, against "conspiring to advocate the desirability of overthrowing any government in the United States by force or violence" has resulted in the jailing of eleven leaders of a political party. Suspicion of disloyalty has become an accepted criterion for firing a worker, no matter how little his job affects national defense.

What events have contributed to this state of affairs? The Berlin blockade, the Czechoslovakian coup, and the Korean War have shown the aggressive designs of world Communism. In this country, the dramatic conviction of Alger Hiss, despite his two character witnesses from the Supreme Court, and similar cases, have made us all suspicious of each other. Hence we pay attention to the diatribes of demagogues such as McCarthy, and pass the McCarran Act, creating a Subversive Activities Control Board to ferret out the Communists in our midst and hang little

red tags around their necks so we'll know who they are.

But what have we most to fear from Communism. To me, it is that this political philosophy opposes the right of citizens to hold and express opinions, to assemble peaceably and petition for the redress of grievances, to worship according to their own conscience, and to protection against arbitrary arrests and unfair trials. And the denial of these freedoms means that policy is made without the benefit of public discussion and support, and is therefore less likely to be wise. Tyrants in the past have started world wars, for example, with little public enthusiasm behind them. Indeed, they may have been motivated by this lack of support to direct the people's dissatisfaction against a common enemy.

And does this not show that the Bill of Rights is not just an old tradition to be discarded in times of stress, but a doctrine of great value to our society today? This question, and many others relating to the topic, "McCarthyism vs the Bill of Rights," were the subjects of the last Carolina Political Union roundtable discussion of the fall quarter. The Union will continue discussions of timely topics for the remainder of the year.

A Rear View Mirror

by Ed Jensen

The following is reprinted from the Pitt News, University of Pittsburgh.)

It is about that time in the school year when students are beginning to ponder on the value of higher learning. They wonder if it is all worth the effort they put into it, or, again, the effort they feel they put into it.

Much of the energy they would devote to purging that learning they expend in aimless speculation, twistings and turnings of the mind which are most often expressed in the sophisticated terminology of their favorite subjects.

Their uncertainty is explained, and even given a certain nobility, as symptoms of our times, or as indicative of the vast rootlessness and lack of purpose inherent in the intellectually delicate in this country. We offer no haven for the sensitive.

The argument is presented that matters mental are deprecated to the advantage of the materialistic endeavors. We are so engrossed in picking up a buck that we have given it a stature which it doesn't deserve.

Despite all of the free enterprise and rugged individualism propaganda broadcast by the American Legion and others like it, we have developed only a WPA attitude towards living. We want everything easy. If it does not come that way, we have manufactured inadvertently. Instead of taking what they give us a guides for living, we take them as excuses for not living. They give us high-sounding props for our failures.

So, we can't study, we can't go away alone and think. I doubt whether we ever wanted to either, but here is the answer. Just select a clause or phrase from the jargon of some study and you have your excuse—and it even sounds romantic.

Or we can blame it all on the youth of the country or on its size or on the small salaries paid mental workers. But we don't blame it on ourselves. We are here ostensibly to get some knowledge and a degree which will enable us to get some place where we can use that knowledge. The plant is here, the rest is up to us.

Instead of picking out all the fatalistic notions offered in courses we ought to pick up some of the indications that show us how to avoid the situations that bring about the fatalism. And we ought to lay off ourselves and give the books or the instructors or whatever it is we are concerned with a break.

For nothing does more to lower morale than a continuous dissertation on the depths to which it has plunged. We can talk ourselves into defeat.

But, there probably is no answer. We are what we are and we must make the best of it. Just don't blame someone else for it.

And instead of constantly saying that our problems are greater now than they ever were, and then using antidotes concocted years ago to solve them, we ought to devise a few modern solutions.

Just quit looking at life through a rear view mirror.

Happy ...

In spite of the fact that the universal editorial trend at the beginning of any new era is to toss around advice, make promises and forget to keep them, we protest.

The resolutions you made or didn't make are your very own. It's your privilege to make and break them as fast and furiously as you please. Whether you choose to look back on last year's events or look forward to this years, is your own choice, too.

Our comment on the subject is limited to a certain amount of space, which we would like to fill with inspiring and sage advice. But in view of the fact that the holiday season has become such a commercialized rat race, in which we all participated, inspiration is hard to find.

We hope that you've resolved not to complain about the coffee in Lenoir, get fouled up in any 'bell lifting' problems, cause any minor street riots or overindulge in pick pocketing.

In an unsuccessful attempt to avoid cliches, we wish you a prosperous, productive, enlightening and eventful new year.

.. New Year

Things seemed pretty discouraging toward the end of 1951, and this newspaper carried an editorial which echoed that discouragement.

To our sketchy list of the world's ills could now be added several more: Mass slaughter on the highways of the United States; and the honorary selection of Mrs. Million who was too late to know about it; soldiers of several nations unaccounted for in prison camps all over the world; bombings, beatings, and murder perpetrated by the local hate clubs of the state of Florida. . .

Tomorrow may be better. This new year may see a partial fulfillment of the hopes for peace on earth. It may somehow return sanity to the highways of America. It may see honor, courage and reason returned to the athletic camps of our colleges. The healthy men of the various nations may be returned to their homes and their peaceful occupations, along with the maimed and the dead. The United Nations Organization may become something more than a debating society and propaganda machine.

Should any of these or several other pleasant eventualities prove to be the case, 1952 will indeed be, not only a happy new year, but the true mid-century turning point of this age.

Whose Dough?

Mr. C. B. Huggins is accused of using University material and labor to build on his personal property.

Which is not serious, compared with the fact that the University is accused of allowing Mr. Huggins to do so, and in fact, of sanctioning such practices throughout the University organization.

This accusation has come because Mr. Huggins' difficulties occasioned a letter, sent out by the University administration to employees. The letter said, in effect, that (now the heat's on) such practices cannot be allowed.

That the University allowed the large labor force and stockpile of materials, paid for by State taxes, to be dipped into by individuals has been explained on the basis of a sort of pay supplement.

Granted that University employees are atrociously underpaid, we still cannot condone supplementary handouts on a favor basis.

The use of tax money for private gain is always a practice to be feared. Another North Carolinian, Lamarr T. Caudle, is being called "a man of indiscretion." Whether those who use position for private gain are out-and-out thieves, or whether they are merely indiscreet about "supplements" to an insufficient salary, the danger is inherent and apparent.

We're speaking of the danger to your pocket.

The troubles of the national administration and the troubles of the University administration do not represent a sudden and widespread moral breakdown.

The situation has merely come to light once again.

Reviews And Previews

by John Taylor

Variety was the keynote for the Playmakers' first bill of the year of three one act plays. The group consisted of a tragic play, a drama, and a comedy.

The tragedy, "A Brave Man," by Andrew Adams, begins the evening. The brave man of the title is a young Sicilian spy who is captured by the Austrians during the Austro-Italian War of 1870. He is courageous until he is told that he is to die, whereupon he breaks down. He is told by his mother who has been permitted to visit him that he is to be saved. The mother has lied to relieve his anguish and the boy is executed. Under Hansford Rowe's skillful direction, Frank Ramos turns in a fine performance as the tormented boy, nicely contrasted by Frances Thompson's touching portrayal of his mother and Gene Graves's seasoned guard.

Elmer Oettinger's "The Shining Dark" was the second play. It concerns a blind woman who is to choose which of two criminals is to give her an eye. After

various complications, she decides that she has no right to take the eye of a living man. The cast, composed mostly of newcomers to the Playmakers, did very well. Frances O'Neal was convincing as Mamie Walters, the blind woman, while Barbara Byrd was impressive as her daughter. Jake Todd, Kenneth Pruitt, Buck Reynolds, and Billy Henderson were all good in supporting roles. The direction of Frank Groseclose was on a high par.

The final play was "Pythagoras Bound," a comedy by Charles Kellogg. It was a pleasant trifle about a dentist's attempts at psychiatry (a subject about which he knows nothing) on an active young man who at the time is planning to be a boxer. It is in Jewish dialect and at times is really very funny. William Peterson as the dentist, Wisner Washam as the victim, and Nancy Green, Saravette Trotter, and Deborah Klein all are fine, as is the direction of Phil Bernanke.

On Campus

Maurie Goldberg owns a campus camera shop at Syracuse University. A couple of weeks ago his shop was robbed of \$3000 worth of equipment.

Maurie treated the event with his customary stoicism, but the Syracuse Daily Orange hit the ceiling.

The Orange characterized Maurie Goldberg as "a woe-burdened 23-year-old with a tremendous penchant for having misfortunes befall him—and always smiling through the very worst of it."

Briefly, the Orange traced Maurie's trouble-dented career:

"In four years he has undertaken at least six major business ventures, been involved in seven partnerships, lost and replaced various odd thousands of dollars and somehow earned a degree, to boot."

Then there was the time Maurie locked himself out of his own house in the middle of the night, having run in his pajamas to see an accident. And the time he discovered his phone wires were being tapped, because his roommate was "slightly pinko."

Maurie sums up his life this way, "I've had troubles since the day I was born. It snowed. Only trouble—I was born in June."