

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Monday's, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed \$4.00 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered \$6.00 per year and \$2.25 per quarter.

Glenn Harden — Editor-in-chief
 Bruce Melton — Managing Editor
 David Buckner — News Editor
 Bill Peacock — Sports Editor
 Mary Nell Boddie — Society Editor
 Jody Levey — Feature Editor
 Joe Raff — Literary Editor
 Beverly Baylor — Associate Editor
 Sue Burress — Associate Editor
 Ed Starnes — Assoc. Sports Editor
 Nancy Burgess — Assoc. Society Editor
 Ruffin Woody — Photographer

by Barry Farber

Not Guilty

The campus Rover Boy is off again, this time to a pan-American student conference in Rio De Janeiro. We will bring you his impressions of the trip and the talk as long as he favors us with them.—Editors.

BETWEEN LIMA, PERU AND RIO, JAN. 24. Last Wednesday, I received a cable from Bill Dentzer, President of the National Student Association, asking me to grab a Portuguese gramma and fly to Rio De Janeiro to represent NSA at the First Inter-American Congress of Students.

You may remember a similar message from Dentzer last quarter that jerked me out of Byrd Stadium at halftime of the Maryland game and left me stranded for eight weeks in the Balkans. This was pretty much the same story with a dash to the dean, a search for the passport, phone call to Mother, strangle some clothes, bury them in a suitcase, midnight train to Miami, down on hands and knees at the Brazilian Consulate begging for a visa, and finally snug on board a sleek silver bird winging its way

southward toward the Amazon.

This plane stops at Havana, a charming young lady with sparkling eyes and a beautiful profile all the way down boarded the plane and took a seat just across the aisle. I tightened my safety belt and swallowed a dramamine tablet; however, the seat beside her was ridiculously empty and inside of ten minutes, I had gravitated across the aisle and occupied the vacancy, complaining that my original seat was too close to the radar flaps.

I proceeded to lean my eyes against her but she returned my glances unopened. I asked her where she was from and she said California. I asked her where she was going and she said Peru. I asked her what she thought of Chiang-Kai-Shek and she said she never thought about him. I figured the poor girl was too scared to talk so I lit a cigarette and began to read the little book the airline gives you which proves that air travel is 850% safer than mixing scotch and bourbon.

When we reached the airport at Lima, Peru, the exotic land of the Incas, there were at least fifteen policemen trying to keep

th surging crowd from dashing out to meet the plane. A battalion of newspapermen and photographers were adjusting cameras and licking the ends of their pencils. The mayor of Lima was there with a bouquet of flowers, and a brass band clad in crimson blared a bombastic welcome.

"Well, whattayaknow," I chuckled to my disinterested companion. "How did they find out I was on this plane?"

The big door of the plane swung open and I strutted down the ramp with austere diplomatic dignity prepared to give the newsboys a crisp statement of global preponderance.

It so happened, however, that the tuxedoed gentlemen brushed me aside as though I were a garlic salad they hadn't ordered. It also so happened that the charming young lady was Kathryn Grayson of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who climbed into a Cadillac and sped off to a reception at the American Embassy.

I suddenly felt low enough to read by the light of a hotfoot. Forty-five minutes later we left Peru and leaped skyward across the Andes.

On Recapitulation

Every student should add a weekly afternoon of private thought to his extra-curriculum.

The main purpose of education is to teach people how to think.

From Monday until Friday, students are plied with a conglomerate of facts on various subjects. This fact-gathering process is valuable, but it does not stand alone. If we are not able to weave this objective matter into everyday situations for the purpose of formulating opinion and creating for ourselves some general philosophy, education's mission is lost.

Professors do not allow time for such assimilation. A lot of instructors are leaders of the Marathon Union and put their workers on a 12-hour day with overtime at night required.

Perhaps this general student-thinking strike could be remedied if union leaders would set aside one day a week for free assignment.

Everybody needs a catch-all day. We need time to do a little reading. We ought to be able to borrow a few hours from graduation requirements in order to plan and direct our lives.

The problem is this: Too many students are drowning in facts with no channel for an S. O. S. (Significance of Subjects).

Currently, it's not the quality that counts. It's the points. —B.B.

And Yet Again

A story out of California in the current issue of Editor and Publisher relates:

"Forty years of editorial independence ended last week for the Daily Californian, University of California student newspaper.

"The University's regents directed that an advisory board be created to oversee the Californian's policies and conduct. Additionally, the associated students executive committee favored appointment of a full-time 'advisor' to work with the self-titled 'Monarch of the College Dailies' in the conduct of its day-to-day editorial routine.

"Observers disagreed as to whether this meant actual censorship—and both regents and the University's president, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, denied such intentions. But at least the Californian, which has one of the top circulations among college dailies—16,600—had lost its autonomy.

"The action was a consequence of two articles favorably presenting life behind the Iron Curtain as seen by two students who traveled in Russia last Summer. At a meeting of the regents, clippings of the two stories were displayed and President Sproul was instructed to report on the Californian at the next meeting. Decision to create an advisory board resulted.

"Despite some restlessness over the Californian's independence, and its occasional editorial faux pas, the university's brass have steadfastly upheld the student paper's right to freedom. Even attacks on the board of regents and editorial stands embarrassing to the administration brought no retaliation.

"But in California where legislative committees stalk the countryside seeking evidences of communism, and college professors sign oaths that they don't believe in it, pro-Russian articles were something else again."

Although no one has accused the Daily Californian of harboring any communistic or pro-communistic staff members or tendencies and in fact, Dr. Sproul advised the regents that such was not the case, the California administration is so fearful of a free press that two articles suggesting that Russia is not altogether a living hell frightened it to death.

An outside source cannot blame the administration of the University of California for this move entirely. Rather the blame must lie on the government of that state and of the nation, which harbors men who use the age-old technique of terrorizing the populace for political gain.

The university is rightly afraid in a state which exemplifies the reign of fear now being introduced in this nation and in the world.

The Daily Tar Heel yet believes with Franklin Roosevelt that we have nothing to fear but fear itself. We believe that this nation is a great nation, and that its government can withstand all attacks from without and errors within.

This is not a little country, composed entirely of little minds. This is a great big country, of some 140 million peoples, with the greatest industrial potential and present action ever seen by mankind. We cannot be destroyed by an aggressor, although we contain the ability to destroy ourselves.

The disciples of McCarthy, the men of greed, and those who love to hate, may yet accomplish self-destruction, through the blind terror that they are forcing on our people.

Man and the Machine

The second of two articles by Dr. Edmund Perry of the Department of Religion at Duke University, originally delivered to the annual North-Carolina Press Association dinner in Durham.—Editors.

You newspaper people are no exception to this enslavement to machines. You don't go out where the news is happening. You listen to it over the radio, print it and then sell it to people who also have already heard it over the radio. Or you take ticker tape off a machine, transfer what the machine has reported to your own presses and then sit down to write a commentary on the machine's reports for the day. All day long you sit at the typewriter. Now there is the newspaperman's silent partner. You are married to your typewriter more surely than to your wife. You used to love it more than you did your wife but now you think it is as stubborn as she. You beat the keys, but no commentary. You go sap more ticker tape from the machine; come back and plead with the typewriter again. Still no commentary. Along about noon your edition of the tickertape news is ready for press, but no editorial page. In desperation you go to the files, pull out a column produced by a machine in New York and circulated to hundreds of newspapers under the title, "The New York Ferris Wheel". Of course your readers don't give a tinker's damn about the New York Ferris wheel or any other ferris wheel, but your newspaper has got to have an editorial page so there it is.

Newspapermen like everybody else have become enslaved to machines. Not only have our daily associations become predominantly associations with machines; our cliché ideals correspond precisely with the ethics of machines. We want men to perform with precision and

invariability. In organizations and in industry men are not really supposed to think; they are expected to conform and consequently to perform efficiently. Efficiency—that is our magnificent obsession for that describes perfectly the conduct and ideal of the machine.

In the educational world we begin to fashion little children into efficient little cogs at least by the time they reach the first grade. I've had no experience with kindergartens but I have recently been brought up-to-date on first grade education.

Now I went to grammar school in Georgia. In Georgia everybody is a Democrat so we are very slow down there to give way to any innovator or innovation. When I was in the first grade for example, twenty years ago, we were still learning as our first assignment the ABC's. This was prerequisite to learning to read and if we didn't learn the ABC's in our heads we took them home on some other part of our anatomy. But first grade education in Georgia is not nearly so inefficient any more.

by Dr. Edmund Perry

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Box scientifically
 - Selected
 - Leg bone
 - Hang fluttering in air
 - Near (poet.)
 - Dropsy
 - Not good
 - Female ruff
 - Property (L.)
 - Musical instruments
 - Wanders
 - Comfort
 - Manacles
 - Inside
 - Colored, as cloth
 - A turn at bat (baseball)
 - State flower (N. Mex.)
 - Resort
 - Romanian monetary unit
 - Perform
 - Custom
 - More painful
 - Mistake
 - Roman official (var.)
 - Yugoslavian river
 - Valley (poet.)
- DOWN**
- Pierce with a sword
 - Pineapple
 - In bed
 - Narrow inlet (geol.)
 - Chirp
 - Coal scuttle
 - Across
 - Sown (Her.)
 - Epochs
 - Marshals
 - Bitter vetch
 - Lean-to
 - Convenient
 - Species of cassia
 - Man's nickname
 - Attempt
 - Spawn of fish
 - Cuckoo
 - Coin (Jap.)
 - Unit of work
 - Stamped in
 - Frozen water
 - Extreme
 - Young salmon
 - Hillside dugout
 - Melody
 - Prison room
 - Woody perennial



Saturday's Answer
 42. Electrified particle
 44. Strange

