

## Lenoir ...

Classic subjects for letter-to-the-editor writers are vigorous criticisms of columnists, the administration, specific courses, student government, The Daily Tar Heel, athletics, and Lenoir Hall.

We concede the at least occasional errors and rightful public wrath accruing to all the above ... with the single exception of Lenoir Hall. The big barn where several thousand meals a day are prepared and served has been accused of harboring mice in the potato bins, insects in the salad, dishwater in the soup, and graft in the accounting department (or "somewhere").

As a matter of fact, we observed a large cloud of termites hovering over the brick walk in front of Lenoir yesterday.

But mice, grafters, or other parasites, if they do exist in Lenoir, must be feeding on bricks, for pickings are slim indeed, after eight or ten thousand meals are served at the prices set by the management.

Hearty, well prepared, and well balanced meals are not the only features offered by Lenoir Hall. Prices, for one thing, are lower than anywhere in town—as far as we know, than anywhere in the country.

The coffee urn (with real coffee now) serves several hundred mid-morning escapees from the Y Court, and the downstairs Pine Room takes care of snack-seekers far into the night. A little-flaunted feature are the upstairs private dining rooms which anyone may use, simply for the trouble of carrying a tray upstairs.

For those who tire of the auditorium atmosphere of the main cafeteria, there is the little cafeteria, serving the same food. On occasion (such as during summer school) the little cafeteria has dealt exclusively in sandwiches, salads and milk, for those who want lighter fare.

Lenoir has demonstrated its willingness to serve the University community in whatever ways will please that community. The recent balloting of patrons as to their opinion of a monthly plan of family style meals was inspired by the suggestion last Spring of a presidential candidate that such a plan might be feasible.

The winner of that campaign took up the idea with the management, and action was the immediate result. Historical note: Swain Hall (now the home of UNC's communications center) was the University dining hall before Lenoir was built. Swain served family style meals, and all students who ate there were assigned to tables, ate at scheduled hours, had no choice as to what was served, and called the place Swine Hall. The new Lenoir Hall was hailed as a liberator.

Which is just what it is today—from high prices.

by Barry Farber

## Not Guilty

I received a letter today from a nice lady in Philadelphia urging me to circulate a petition demanding that Congress cut off all aid to Marshal Tito because Tito has communist leanings, he's a wicked person, and patriotic Americans have no business sending money to wicked people with communist leanings.

Personally, I consider American aid to Tito the greatest investment this country has made since a fast-talking Dutchman wearied Manhattan Island from the Indians for two dozen bucks and a load of wampum. Tito is definitely a communist (he claims to be slightly to the left of Marx and Engels), but so what? In 1945 he ruptured relations with Stalin and today his exact army stands poised along the bayonet borders of Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria ready and eager to sling dynamite, daggers, and dead cats eastward the minute Stalin orders his satellites to become shooting stars.

Unfortunately, we're in no position to punish wicked allies. Let's face facts. Uncle Sam is happy to give guns to anybody who will shoot Russians. The Yugoslavs are happy to shoot Russian with anybody's guns. Before the Red Armies can hope to complete a forward pass into western Europe they first have to buck through Tito's left tackle to the Adriatic, or risk leaving a tender flank unprotected. With proper equipment, Tito will fight on our side until the last drop of evil blood oozes from his wicked body.

Also, Tito offers us a dandy opportunity to play international political baseball, a game in which America consistently pops out to the infield. Imagine for a moment that you're Klement Gottwald of Czechoslovakia, Rakosi of Hungary, or even Mao Tse Tung of China. Your morning mail from Moscow brought nothing but propaganda posters. Meanwhile Marshal Tito, formerly a charter member of the Kremlin's Cockroach Clique, is busy opening red, white, and blue gift packages of butter and bayonets, salami and shrapnel, jelly beans and jet fighters.

You see the dogmatic deadlock in Korea where the Chinese communists, "Gallant Red Trumpets of a New Era," have been forced to compromise with civilization in a pup tent near Panmunjom.

Maybe you begin to ask yourself, "Was Tito a rat leaving a sinking ship, or a ship leaving a sinking rat?" Without stretching the imagination too far, you may even try to break with Moscow yourself and hop into bed with the West.

Pipe dreams? Not entirely. The Czechs are already wavering. Rumania is restless. The Poles have hated the Russians since before the invention of algebra and the Albanians are slowly dying on the vine. Every ounce of aid to Tito drives a few more rusty rivets into the Iron Curtain which might result in a few more unhappy satellite states becoming chips off the old Moscow bloc.

by Bill C. Brown

## Tar On My Heels

I have just passed what is, without a doubt, the most boring, tedious, unorganized, unethical, uninspiring, contradictory course at the Greater University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

I cannot for the life of me figure out such a course as Psychology 25—reportedly known as "The Crip."

In a grand flurry of instructors, lab instructors, graders, machines, and the Lord only knows what else, Psychology, built on the curve, proceeds along, boring the life out of some two-hundred students per quarter.

And I still don't know what the course is. I told this to one of the lab instructors, who, promptly asked, "How many courses have you taken in Psychology?"

"Psychology 25. And that's enough for me."

"Well," he said in a small voice, "If you take several advanced courses in it, by the time you're a senior, you'll begin to conceive what it is."

If I have to wait that long, by the time I've found out, I will have lost interest.

In class, looking around the room, I found out of some ninety students, only about five were even paying attention to what the instructor said. The rest of the class was engulfed in a maze of Daily Tar Heels, crossword puzzles, sleep and you-name-it.

How can a teacher look at a class like that and possibly think he is teaching a beneficial course? (I noticed on the first typing of this column, I made a typographical error and typed "curse" for "course". Perhaps it wasn't too much of an error at that.)

And what have I learned in Psychology 25? Absolutely nothing. The entire course is made up of contradictions. No one agrees with anyone else. The instructors disagree among themselves. The lab instructors disagree among themselves. They all disagree with one another, and the whole course disagreed with me.

Not only is the course complicated, one never knows where his grade is. First each test is curved. Then, after passing all your work, it is still possible to fail the course because the total number of points made on the tests and exam are added up and another curve is made out. "I surrender, dear."

Then comes my pet peeve. The department is either so naive or lazy, or they just don't care, that they refuse to make out new tests each quarter. Instead, quarter after quarter, they give the same tests and exams. So all you really need for Psychology 25 is a good quiz file. If you've got that, don't even buy a book.

(Author's note: This column was written after this columnist had been begged, prodded, and threatened by his fellow psychopaths.)

BUY  
EASTER  
SEALS

## What Others Are Saying

A Senate investigating committee is looking into communist activity on university campuses, including infiltration of Red propaganda in college newspapers and textbooks.

The Communists make a special appeal to an organization called Students for Democratic Action.

The propaganda is having an effect. At the University of North Carolina the student newspaper, The Daily Tar Heel, in a front page editorial, which was described as expressing the publication's official policy, a purile appeal was made to students to start battling for their freedoms.

Since most of the students appeared to be unaware they had lost any, the response was less gratifying to the author, a campus hot shot who is leader of the Students for Democratic Action.

He says thought and discussion have been stifled on the campus and bemoans the fact the Communist-inspired Stockholm Peace Petition got a rough going over in North Carolina, just as did Communist John Gates, who wanted to speak to the students in a campus auditorium, but wasn't allowed.

From where I sit, the Senate investigators could do worse than begin on the University of North Carolina campus.

### USA Confidential

There has grown up in the land a superprivileged class—the teacher. As a consequence of belligerent radicalism over twenty years, we are inoculated with a completely false doctrine—the teacher knows best and we must not interfere.

This craftily created "right" flies a flag bearing neither stars nor stripes, but blazoned on its synthetic cloth is the slogan: "Academic Freedom."

It means that any and every semi-idiot, semi-man, semi-woman and all others who fear the battle of life and take refuge in the somnolent security of instructing the young may propound whatever ideas, ologies, and isms he or she chooses, and such pronouncements may not be disputed.

Most people who decide to train for teaching are already frustrated failures, afraid to face a constructive world; and when they are given immunity against public policy which would hold them to account in any other field, like all midgets with a bludgeon, they go haywire. They are social misfits to begin with, in a capitalist system, so they use their protected "freedom" to attack a way of life in which they are handicapped for open competition.

This was foreseen by the mongers of discontent who realized what teachers could do for their cause if they were insulated so no metal of criticism could touch them. And with that was born the inspired dogma of academic freedom.

(The authors list practically every large University in the country, most of the state school systems, and ivy league campuses, as harboring "communists, homosexuals, and non-virgin clubs." Included in the blanket indictment are the following:)

Despite frantic denials, the University of Virginia is deep

pink. Among left-wingers on its faculty are Alfred Fernbach, Charles Mecaud, and former State Department employee John Grange. They are only surface dressing, hiding a genuine Communist cell among other professors and students. Some instructors are the commissars. The only tradition these radicals did not want to shatter was to shutter "Marguerite's" the campus cat house which was established by Thomas Jefferson for the gentry "to relieve themselves."

The neighboring University of North Carolina harbors the same types. The welcome mat was out for them during the presidency of Dr. Frank Graham, later appointed to a U. S. Senate vacancy. When he ran for the full term he was licked: but Truman rewards his socialists, so Graham won a UN appointment, as mediator in India. He was a miserable flop. The collective intelligence of the Senate is not high, but many who saw Graham in action during his brief moment of glory wondered how he could tell time to get to the sessions. While he was at Chapel Hill, the Commies literally stole the campus—what was left after the crooks got theirs. Homos were a big thing there, too, during his reign. This was considered "self-expression."

USA Confidential, Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, Crown Publishers, Inc., N. Y. C., 1952.

"Educators have built up a self-perpetuating priestly class. They choose their own successors. They seek to extend their influence over everything affecting schools and colleges, not only curricular, but problems in politics and economics. Such organizations as the National Education Association and various teachers' unions especially in New York City are left-wing. They use public schools for partisan propaganda, to poison the minds of children with social welfare gospel, backed by shaded mendacities and subversive jokers in textbooks slipped past lackadaisical parents and 'conditioned' schoolboard members. This is the first that taxpayers in Newark, Buffalo, Detroit, and Cleveland will have heard that many marms are passing out Red plugs to their schools.

So successfully have the teachers taken over the minds of the students that organizations like the United State National Students Association representing 600,000 students in 185 colleges are roaring radicals. The Americans for Democratic Action have student chapters on most campuses. Many schools spearhead its drive for socialism. The ADA recently declared for repeal of the Smith Act which makes attempts to overthrow the government a crime. The chief tenet of the new educational order is that the state owns the child's mind. Teachers represent the state.

### THE DAILY TAR HEEL

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