

Why Not?

Back when he was trying to please both sides on the book burning controversy and not succeeding with either, President Eisenhower said, among other things, he thought Americans should know the enemies they are fighting. To do this Americans must read books about communism and its theories, the President said.

We would like to add to the President's plan.

Why doesn't our University, if it considers itself a university, teach a course about communism. Why don't we explain what Marx said. Why don't we explain why it won't work, giving its good as well as its bad points. Why don't we invite a communist to come to the campus to speak.

The question is: Should a competent, clear exposition of Marxist doctrine be given? The answer is yes. We cannot land punches; we cannot fight with conviction if we are boxing shadows.

Spirit In It

The thing we like best about this year's football team (better even than their creditable won-loss record) is the team spirit.

This spirit was very evident in Saturday's game with Georgia. Although we were behind with no hope of even tying the Bulldogs, the Carolina squad played with all the fervor it demonstrated when the game started.

To us this is an instance of the famed Carolina Spirit: Though the possibility of a win is gone, the will to win is still there.

Maryland Diamondback

Southern Hospitality

The now-infamous Carolina away-weekend brings back some rather unfond memories of the "Boston Tea Party of 1949."

Maryland students are being given a full-blown treatment from press and Chapel Hill residents both . . . "Vandas . . . definitely not Southern gentlemen . . . destructive morons . . ."

Now it appears that the university has received a letter of apology from Carolina for Tar Heel hospitality over that glorious weekend.

Perhaps the antipathy exuded by the Carolinians was the result of the pressure built up by the blow UNC received as a result of its first at-home defeat by the Terps. Then there was the little handshake scene on the football field following the game; Coach Barclay's fraternal grip with Tatum had all the warmth of an Antarctic iceberg.

Maryland had a pretty favorable press concerning Carolina weekend, but quite a few details were left out of these stories. Did any paper mention the difficulties that certain Maryland fraternities had in even entering their chapter houses at UNC? Or the needling Terp students got as they walked the main drag of Chapel Hill?

This paper is not leaving to the defense of university students responsible for minor riots and major chaos which developed from their antics last weekend. But we feel that such low-caliber Maryland discreditors were in the minority at Carolina.

The Daily Tar Heel

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PHOTOGRAPHER—Cornell Wright.

Night Editor for this issue: Louis Kraab

Miserables

—Bob Barlowe—

It is an affirmation of the timeless quality of "Les Miserables" that the magnificent film edition of Victor Hugo's nineteenth century classic bears its hallmark of Twentieth Century Pictures. (Now merged with Fox) Despite its costumed surfaces this odyssey of the greatest manhunt in literature possesses a topical significance in 1953 as real and moving as it did in 1862, and it is as undated as man's inhumanity to man.

The film will be shown free of charge at 7 o'clock tonight in Gerrard Hall under the sponsorship of the YMCA-Hillel Forum. A University professor will lead a discussion afterward.

In a work which represents the perfect blending of many talents it is difficult to award the laurel adequately. But we can come pretty close by applauding Richard Boleslawski for his monumental direction. Gregg Toland for his remarkable photography, W. P. Lipscomb for a screen play which is a model of telescopic writing, and the distinguished performances of Frederic March and Charles Laughton.

Despite the rich kaleidoscopic variety of the drama, it is always at the bottom of the story of the hunted and the hunter of Valjean, the tragic and eternally defeated man, and Javert, the eternal policeman, who had to pursue his quarry down the nights and days, and even down the labyrinthine ways of his own mind, because the law was his religion, his blood and his life.

It is one of the great merits of Mr. Lipscomb's screenplay that it brings Valjean and Javert down to the end of the story together, eliminating the anticlimax of Valjean's death, as Hugo would have it. Thus the drama fades out powerfully with Valjean free at last, and Javert a suicide in the near by Seine he could atone only by forfeit for the sin of mercy, for which he could atone only by forfeit his own life.

If your memory for drama is as bad as mine, you will not resent being reminded that life-time purgatory of Jean Valjean began when he stole a loaf of bread to feed his sister's starving family. For that breach of law in the France of 1800 he was condemned to the galleys for ten years (it was five in the book). His penalty was increased because of his rebellious conduct, and when he was turned loose, theoretically a free man, he found his independence a cruel mockery because everyone's hand was turned against him.

The Bishop Bienvenu alone sheltered him. When Valjean made off with the good man's silverware and was dragged back by the police the bishop saved the wretched Valjean from another turn in the galleys by pretending that the theft was actually a gift.

Valjean never forgot the bishop's kindness. In the years that followed, although he became a sainted man out of his sufferings, the implacable Javert traced him down, uprooted him, and sent him fleeing. Even when Valjean spared his enemy's life on the barricades Javert pursued him, because the pursuit was a disease in him which only death could cure.

Charles Laughton is an actor of such brilliant range that it is folly to estimate any single performance of his in relation

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—John Foster Dulles, who has worked hard and bounced around the world more than any other Secretary of State in pursuit of a more stable peace, came back from London none too happy. He did not succeed in his mission of dissuading Sir Winston Churchill from going to Moscow, but he did come back with renewed admiration for the grand old man of England.

Churchill convinced "Foster," as Ike calls him in cabinet meetings, that his trip to Moscow was not all personal vanity but rather to probe and exhaust every last possibility of understanding with the Soviet before throwing up our hands and admitting it's no go.

Unless the mission to Moscow is undertaken, Churchill told Foster, unless the French are convinced we have taken every possible step toward a Soviet agreement, the French will not ratify the United European Army Pact and the rest of Europe will not re-arm.

Churchill argued so eloquently that Dulles was almost convinced he was right. As a compromise, however, Dulles finally persuaded Churchill to put off the meeting for three months. He still thinks a meeting with Malenkov is kow-towing appeasement to the Russians, will only give Moscow a propaganda megaphone to shout insincere mouthings about peace.

NOTE—Meanwhile, the biggest debate going on inside the Pen-

to those before or after this stertrembling lips, the relentless the cropped head, the hideous ing performance. But his Javert, monotone of his behavior, is one of the great screen portraits. Mr. Marsh's Valjean in a flawless thing, strong and heartbreaking. It reveals Mr. Marsh as a screen player of enormous resource when, as on this occasion, he is properly cast.

tagon is whether big land armies

are hopeless for defending Europe, whether we should pull out our troops, depend on atomic defense and save money.

Leonard Lyons, the Broadway columnist, got a letter from Harry Truman the other day which recalled Truman's last dinner in the White House. His only guests were Leonard and Sylvia Lyons and old family friend Mrs. Florence Mahoney.

At the dinner Truman jokingly appointed Lyons as a judge and Mrs. Lyons as ambassador to Mexico—his last official acts.

Writing to his new appointees the other day, Truman began: "Dear Judge Leonard and Ambassador Sylvia Lyons:

"This salutation offends me because it violates protocol. And an ambassador comes before a Judge.

In reply, Lyons wrote: "Thanks for the belated confirmation of our appointments. Regarding the matter of protocol, you are referring to the old days in Washington. Today many things are backward, including protocol. Nowadays an Ambassador comes after a judge and the President and Secretary of State come after a Senator from Wisconsin."

Taxes are still worrying the Ike administration. The tax experts don't quite know where to turn—for three good reasons:

1. The treasury doesn't yet know how much it will have to raise for defense spending.
2. There's tremendous opposition to a sales tax—either in the form of a manufacturer's tax or in any other form.
3. There's evidence the economy is taking a deflationary turn.

Dr. Arthur Burns, head of Ike's council of economic advisers, has warned that a slight business slump can be expected in the next three months. He doesn't

think it will be dangerous, but he's put up a precautionary red flag.

As a result, the Treasury has abandoned the hard-money policy almost in toto. It almost broke sincere Secretary George Humphrey's heart to do it, but for the time being he's won over.

Meanwhile Humphrey's experts are toying with the idea of going to Congress with a staggered tax program, instead of a lot of tax changes to become effective at one time, the changes would be strung out over a period of three years. This has the advantage of fighting one tax battle with Congress at one time, instead of every year, with taxes taking effect in different years.

Republican leaders knew in advance that Ike was planning his press conference bombshell taking himself out of local elections. They did their best to change his mind but failed.

Following the local Democratic victories in Connecticut and the congressional victory in Wisconsin, GOP leaders were especially eloquent in telling the White House that the Grand Old Party was in trouble. Not many of them it's true, got in to see the president himself. Most saw Sherman Adams, or even lesser lights. They made little impression.

After the Wisconsin upset, White House aides calmly reminded the politicians that the Gallup Poll showed Ike more popular than ever. Sourly remarked one Republican leader, after talking to White House aide Homer Gruenther:

"It looks as if the White House wants a Democratic Congress."

It's true Ike has been getting better cooperation from Democrats on major issues than from the Republicans, but what GOP leaders are worried about is the organization of Congress and possible loss of committee chairmanships.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . ." Hippotitis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was cropping up grass in the lee of Alumni Building when I found him. I thought the grass was lusher around on the other side.

"Who you calling a lusher?" he snapped, his eight, balls of eyes glowing red spots and his teeth looking formidable. "Huh?"

Why, nobody, of course.

"In the Southland," The Horse chewed on, "it is patriotic to be on the Lee side of places."

I thought I could grant that. "I knew a horse in Jeb Stuart's cavalry," The Horse recalled, "who was shot for less."

How was that? "Aw, he was married to a crabby old mare, and every night he Custer out, and Custer being a Fed general — well, you see?

Yep, marriage can get you into real serious trouble. You know they got classes on Marriage right in this here now Alumni Building? Yep. I was just to one."

How was it?

"Darn interesting," The Horse conceded, stretching out on the grass to watch Something in Purple Pants go panthering past. "Trouble was, I ran into a pop-quiz."

How had he done?

"I got an F for effort," The Horse mourned. "The lecturer was real good; but some of the questions were — well, not tough, but they sort of invited counter-questions instead of answers."

For example?

"Us Classicists say *exempli gratia* instead of any-thing so common as 'for example,'" The Horse reproved me. "But by happy chance, I can give you four examples, for example."

I thought The Horse punned worse than Shakespeare.

"Why not, my classmates claim I am as old," he shrugged. "Well, one question was: Why Do Men Marry? Grasp that, I invite you! Why Do Men Marry?"

And The Horse's answer?

"Why do bears let themselves get made into rugs?"

Well, bears got trapped and skinned and—

"Question Two: Why Do Women Get Married?" The Horse's answer?

"Why do dog-licenses cost more than marriage licenses?"

He meant it was cheaper to get a husband than to get a dog?

"Not only that, they rub it in they got a bargain. The first time the poor guy comes in late, she says, 'You dog!' The man, in this case, has a right to demand Two-fifty extra to make up the difference she should have paid to get a dog. The third question was another near-miss: Why Do People Get Divorced? My answer was, Because They Got Married. I still think my answer is right."

The fourth question of the pop-quiz?

"Will A College Woman Marry A Man With A High-School Ed? Yes, she will."

His answer?

"How Much Dough Has He Got?"

So The Horse had four misses.

"If I had four Missus," The Horse exclaimed, "I would be a Mormon, and that's illegal, not to say dementia praecox! I had a friend in the cavalry, a handsome, big, gray horse who had a military wedding. Oh, it was a beautiful thing. No wonder he got married!"

Oh, yes! Ruffles and gay drums and bugles, and the happy couple marched under a bridge of sabres?

"Oh, no," The Horse murmured. "The couple marched ahead of her pappy, who had a shotgun. Well, I'm off for Equitation 51. Room 213 Caldwell. That was Poly-Sci. 51. What did it have to do with horses?"

"It's about 'How To Have a Stable State Government,' isn't it?" The Horse horsed. "I'll be seen' ya."

Rosa La Rosa

Fred Powledge

Looks like Arthur Godfrey's hip operation had something to do with his temperament. He seems to be quite "jaundiced," as the boys back in the Blue Ridges would say, about his personnel, Julius La Rosa in particular.

According to the AP, Godfrey said, "Whenever I take anybody on my show it's because I go a little crazy about a quality I see in them which, for lack of a better word, I call humility."

"And I saw this quality in Julie—His voice wasn't too good—he was the kind of fellow you wish you had 10 sons like him."

But King Arthur said that as La Rosa's fame grew, he became rather swell-headed and began to disregard instructions.

So, Monday Arthur announced to his millions of fans that Julie was through. And then he had Julie sing a little song . . . the boys up in the Blue Ridges would call it the "grandfi-nall-ee" . . . but Godfrey called it his swan song.

Now Julie is without his thousand per week. But not without friends. Thursday night Jimmy Capps, the well-liked MC of "Our Best To You," announced a policy—a rare occurrence on OBTV.

Jimmy said that he was going to play a Julius La Rosa record and would keep playing them. He said that he too liked humility and that he would appreciate any letters from listeners who also respected that virtue, and that if he happened to get any such letters he'd see that they went to the right place."

I don't know what Julius La Rosa would call that, but the boys in the Blue Ridges would call it "gumption."

