

We Do Give A Damn . . .

This column has been rather full recently of editorial criticism on Carolina's system of big-time athletics. Today — but a scant 96 hours or so until the Duke defeat — we pause to help our team in its annual struggle with West Durham.

To students we wish a happy Thanksgiving; to Cheerleader Jim Fountain we wish a cooperative, yelling student section at the game; to the team we wish good luck, God-speed.

See you all Saturday.

Dividing The Indivisible

"Freedom is indivisible," says a former college president. "To invade it at one place is to degrade it everywhere."

Dr. George D. Stoddard, former president of the University of Illinois, who resigned in July after a running controversy with the trustees, spoke out recently at Princeton on "The Way of a Liberal."

The educator pointed out, "A severe test of our times is to keep liberalism from being declared illegal. We have to understand the issues if democracy is to prevail."

"When for example, a citizen deplors bizarre methods of investigation (knowing that they fail to observe the rules of fair play), but nevertheless feels that the end justifies the means in that a few subversives are smoked out, we should come alert. We should know that the means tend to become the ends — that the love of the chase and the kill is the true mark of Cain.

"It is not a case of patriotism gone wild or of hysteria in a world of undiscovered traitors; it is the poisonous abnormality within persons that we must guard against. It is the paranoid of mind . . .

"Are we afraid not only of our Robin Hoods but also of our Franklins and Jeffersons, our Priestleys and Lincolns?"

An editorial point may be drawn, we think, and Dr. Stoddard does it as neatly as he presents the problem:

"The mind that closes itself to political freedom will be found closed toward the intellectual processes that in any decent culture must flourish without stint and without restraint."

Others Say

The genuine human boy may, I think, safely be set down as the noblest work of God . . . There is a generous instinct in boys which is far more trustworthy than those sliding, and unreliable, and deceptive ideas which we call settled principles. — C. B. Fairbanks.

I think that a knowledge of Greek thought and life, and of the arts in which the Greeks expressed their thought and sentiment, is essential to high culture. A man may know everything else, but without this knowledge he remains ignorant of the best intellectual and moral achievements of his own race. — Charles Eliot Norton.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.—Arthur Wellesley.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science.—William Wordsworth.

All the world is queer save thee and me, and even thou art a little queer. — Robert Owen.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Too Public To Be Private

C. T. Andrews

It has been brought to our attention that the men's bathrooms, especially in Steele, Old East and Old West Dormitories, have become public rest rooms.

In our homes our bathrooms are ours. We use the facilities in them privately. No one else uses them without our permission, and it is quite rare that our permission is even asked for use of them.

Here at school the dormitory serves as our home. Therefore the bathrooms in them should be used by the residents of the dormitory, and no one else.

However, especially on football game weekends, any and every body has been coming in to use our own private bathrooms.

In the first place, the men's bathroom in a men's dormitory is not a barroom. Our alumni seem to think so. We come in after a football game, and we have to clear the bottles and paper cups out of the way before we even enter the room. In the second place, the social rooms in the dormitories would be much more comfortable for alumni congregation.

We have been told that several times in one of the aforementioned dormitories that tramps have come in to take showers. Such activity as this should be ceased by the proper authority. A small sign on the door stating, "This bathroom and its facilities are to be used only by residents of this dormitory," would be sufficient, we think.

The bathrooms in the men's dorms are getting entirely too public to be private.

Thank You

Robie McClellan

Let us give thanks. For big things. For the fact that we live in a country in which Freedom is a practice, not a theory. For our privilege to write and speak as we choose.

Let us also ask forgiveness. For taking our Freedom for granted. Let us pause and remember Valley Forge, The Alamo, Argonne Forest, Pearl Harbor, the Chosin Reservoir.

Let us ask for courage to preserve our Freedom.

Let us give thanks for little things. For personal things. For old friends who have proved their friendship and for new friends in whom we have faith.

Let us give thanks for trivial things even. For the reflection of morning sunlight on a frosty patch of grass. For the smell of leaves burning on an Autumn afternoon. For the tuneful chime of bells at twilight.

These things are ours. May we be truly thankful for them. May we have no envy, no bitterness because of things we do not have.

Help us, O Lord, to realize that many have less. Help us to help them. Amen.

Veracity does not consist in saying, but in the intention of communicating truth. — S. T. Coleridge.

He is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. He shines and stinks like rotten mackerel by moonlight. — John Randolph.

There're Some Things I Want You To Dig Up Next Year



HERBLOCK ©1953 THE WASHINGTON POST

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — In the four months following Dr. Milton Eisenhower's whirlwind South American junket, Pan-American relations have slipped to their lowest point since U. S. Marines occupied Nicaragua, 20 years ago. And U. S. diplomats report that things are still on the downgrade all along the one-time "Good Neighbor" front.

This is no personal reflection on the President's affable, scholarly brother, who sincerely did his best to learn something about the complex and varied problems of ten countries in five weeks. Yet one phase of that tour did contribute importantly to subsequent bitterness south of the border.



PEARSON

Although newspaper and magazine stories played up the fact that Buenos Aires was included in the doctor's itinerary only at the last minute and with "reluctance," nevertheless citizens of other republics were surprised to observe his eager chumminess with Dictator Peron.

Moreover, U.S.-Argentine relations since then seem to get more official attention than that paid to other countries.

Latin Americans have remarked, perhaps a bit cynically, that Washington seems painfully anxious for a kind word from the man who has done more than anyone outside the Kremlin to foster anti-American sentiment. And taking into account the events which came just before this new try at U.S.-Argentine

rapprochement, the rest of South American couldn't be blamed if they never accepted another high-minded U. S. pronouncement at face value.

Stated very simply, it looks to everyone else in the hemisphere as if our State Department went panting after the glib Gaucho's friendship this time because he signed a trade pact with Soviet Russia. In consequence, half a dozen other Latin republics have now announced that they, too, would start doing business behind the Iron Curtain.

Uruguay recently signed agreements with communist Hungary and Czechoslovakia to trade wool, hides, beef and oil seeds for machinery and consumer goods. Chile is considering a Russian offer for all her copper exports, at four cents a pound above the best U. S. price and with no strings attached. Brazil's Minister of National Economy told newsmen the other day that his country was eager for trade with Red-held eastern Europe.

Not all this is inspired directly by the belief that the best way to get more attention from Uncle Sam is to play footsie with Russia. High tariff sentiment in the present Congress and among some Republican bewigs has had a lot to do with it.

"We know that a lot of enlightened businessmen, economists and labor leaders in your country are sincere free traders," said Samuel L. Giraldo, a prominent South American manufacturer, said recently; "But we don't see any sure signs that they'll win out against the high-tariff crowd. If we sit tight and wait to see what happens, we may get caught terribly short."

"After all, we've been hoping for a real break from your government, economically speaking, ever since 1945. Today it looks less likely than ever. Most of us have decided it's about time we went out and found markets for ourselves, wherever they may happen to exist. Ideals are fine—but nobody can live indefinitely on democratic principles and nothing else."

Another kind of discontent with U. S. policies and leadership has cropped up in Central America, where the new Costa Rican regime of dynamic, liberal "Pepe" Figueres proposed to neighboring governments that they all stay away from the next Pan-American Conference, scheduled for April, 1954, in Caracas.

Figueres, educated at MIT in Boston and a staunch friend of the United States, is deeply displeased at the idea of holding such a conclave under the dictatorship of Venezuela where all civil liberties have been abolished, opposition parties outlawed or taken over, and the jails are crammed with political prisoners. He thinks the United States should insist that Venezuelan strong man Perez Jimenez institute reforms before the conference is held there.

Since the State Department has turned a deaf ear to such suggestions, Costa Rica's president is now trying to organize a boycott. It is probable that Guatemala will support the idea, and perhaps El Salvador and Panama. If even two governments declined invitations to the meeting, it would be the gravest blow to Western Hemisphere solidarity since 1942, when Argentina balked at breaking off relations with the Axis.

Presidential Memo

President Bob Gorham

Our school spirit thus far has been terrific. In my four years here at Carolina I have never seen the cheering and sportsmanship on a better plane. Though our team's record may not be the best, we definitely have represented UNC in a very respectable manner.

I can recall one incident that occurred during the Notre Dame game. The Fighting Irish were down on our two-yard line with a first down. On the first play they went to the one. Suddenly the Carolina cheering section broke into the old familiar: "Blue and White." The stadium literally rocked under the tremendous noise. On the next two plays our line held fast. Now the yelling shifted to a slow "Carolina." I have never heard anything like it; it was the loudest cheering ever to be witnessed in Kenan Stadium.

On fourth down the Irish pushed over for the score; it was a heartbreaker. Then I heard the ring of "I'm a Tar Heel Born, I'm a Tar Heel Bred. . ." as the entire cheering section sang at the top of their voices. It was really great. The true Carolina Spirit was coming through in defeat even as in victory.

This week we play our rival, Duke. It should be a terrific game. Our cheerleaders, Cardboard, and University Club have planned a big show and with most of us there to help it should be a gala event.

I sincerely hope that we as Carolina students will maintain our great spirit and sportsmanship attitude between now and the game, during the game, and after the game is won.

YOU Said It

The PB Is Assailed

Editor: The existing situation in the Publications Board of the student body has got to go and quick. It is without a doubt the most apathetic of the apathetic organizations on this campus. In the past six weeks the board has had not one meeting. The fall term is perhaps the most critical stage concerning the two UNC publications, The Daily Tar Heel and the Yackety Yack.

The business managers of both of these worthwhile publications have asked time and time again that a meeting be called to take action on matters pressing their respective publications.

Even when the Legislature rared up on its hind feet and shook its ugly head and said, "Give us the \$12,700 is your surplus," and hearing no reply took it, the Board which in the past has been as stingy and as tight as Old Scrooge, did not bother to call its members together to inform them formally that they were being nailed to the wall by the Legislature, and ask the question, "Are we going to let them do this to us?" No, they merely sat back and watched while the Solons picked their pocket to the tune of twelve and a half G's.

Elections are coming up and two new board members will be elected. Taking for granted that there will be no meeting of the (almost defunct) board between now and election day, this writer hopes that the newly-elected members will add a little life to that group and get it back on the road to functioning.

As business manager of the Yackety Yack, I have become fed up with the situation that exists now when I can't even tell whether we'll have a Yack or not this year, until I can get some official action from the board on a small question of the printing of the yearbook.

It is too bad when a body of responsible persons, holding the strings to a purse of over \$40,000 of the students' money, can't at least make a pretense of carrying out that responsibility placed upon them by the students.

Russ Cowell, Business Manager The 1954 Yackety Yack

Come Out Little Coed

EDITOR: You are a man who knows how to cry out against injustice in high places . . . and I have a plea.

Why do so many of these lovely coeds insist on dining exclusively in their Spencer cafeteria where we can never meet them? If they don't like to walk across campus to eat, they could at least invite us over once in a while.

It could be fun!

Carl Newton

Letter On Letters

Roger Meekins

Around nearly every dormitory mailbox on the campus there are to be found many letters apparently being claimed by no one. Look above, on the floor below, or on a nearby table and you can see at least a dozen letters which have either been addressed incorrectly, or else the occupant has graduated.

Some of this mail may be important. Some of it may belong to be filed in the proper receptacle with a lot of other second-class matter. Nevertheless, some are important looking letters—air mail, with either a personal or business return address.

These letters should be re-addressed and re-sent to the proper party.

At other universities some organization does this type of work as a public service, since the post office won't do it. YMCA's, YWCA's, fraternal organizations, various clubs each devote a little time every day to readdressing missent mail. If some organization here should jump to the rescue they might be praised highly for their public service.

As it is now, some people don't receive part of their mail. And, at any place like a university, where the students sometimes change address two or three times a year, it seems almost essential to have a service of this kind.

All the equipment necessary for this service will be a pencil, a student directory for this year, and one for last year. Mail addressed to a student no longer on campus can be sent to his home address.

Who will be the first to provide this badly needed public service for the students?

