

The New Pattern Of Diplomacy

The words in the week's news, and it may become the word of the year or of the century, is coexistence. It seems clear that the government has now begun planning for life in a coexisting world.

Despite the alarm of Senator Knowland whose position would logically call for war against Communist China, the new long-term policy appears to be one of political and economic action rather than military action. One careful reporter, Joseph C. Hirsch of The Christian Science Monitor, this week went so far as to say that the Korean war phase of postwar history is actually closed and that the world is back in the situation it was in before the outbreak of that war.

The new direction in our policy means that we must develop economic and political weapons along the lines of the Marshall Plan and the Voice of America to a new degree of potency. We must liberalize our trade program in Europe and point technical aid and loans toward Asia. We must, in short, sharpen up the old technique to meet changing situations.

Coexistence, of course, does not imply a *capitulation* to the Cold War, but simply a turning point in it. No one is suggesting that we should not keep our military guard up. Otherwise, in this time of zig-zag diplomacy, the next Russian zig might catch us behind the ear. But there are encouraging signs that coexistence can work, that the Third World War might never come.

Malenkov has acknowledged that another war would destroy both Eastern and Western civilization. In the Soviet Union, there are concessions to political prisoners, an increase in consumers' goods, participation in the work of specialized UN agencies, signs that anti-intellectualism is receding, a relaxing of travel restrictions.

Both Moscow and Washington seem to have recognized the end of the "hot" phase of the Cold War. Both have indicated a preference for reverting to less dangerous instruments for waging the power struggle. One can almost feel the world relax a bit. But (even with the angry disturbance of the mood by the Chinese Communists last week) there has been a sort of whispered suggestion that the world can live without another fighting war. And the whisper came from the President himself.

Coexistence, then, might turn out to be the beginning of an era of deepening security for the world. Once the immediate fear of destruction is removed, the world will be able to face the future more confidently; and it appears we may be taking the first, hesitant steps toward ridding ourselves of that haunting fear.

It is all worth trying, anyway. The inadequacy in the political philosophy of Knowland is one that he has not yet been able to answer: If not coexistence, then what? The answer, Adlai Stevenson has said, and we agree, is no existence. That appears to be the alternative to the success of the ambitious and high-pitched program to which the United States and the world now look for salvation.



Why They're Singing About Mr. Sandman

Louis Kraar

A WAITRESS in a tiny South Carolina eating place was humming it. The car radio vibrated with it as I rode through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee over the holidays. It makes one realize all at once what it is that this country shares. And it makes you wonder why.

I'm talking about the popular song they're all singing about a sandman. The catchy tune seems to have most of the country whistling and singing about a lonesome lady who wants a lover "with the soul of Pagliacci" and "long, wavy hair like Liberace."

Like a batch of viruses at a house party, the popularity of songs spread until all the waitresses, society matrons, and college population are singing and buying records.

Here in the village the largest record dealer has found the sandman ditty "hard to keep in stock." Over 100 copies have been sold in Chapel Hill, which is supposed to be good for this town.

What is it about a tune that captures the ears and dollars of us all?

First, it's the tune. You hear a tune about a sandman, and you start humming it later. Then, you listen to the words, which are always more sentimental than the talk we use these days. After awhile, the song has you. But it lets you go just as quickly, as soon as the radios start playing another ditty.

It seems to me that we're not very sentimental these days. To express any emotion stronger than those you buy on a fifteen-cent greeting card is considered "corny." So we let our songs say the things we feel, and are ashamed to express.

So maybe it's a good thing that college people, waitresses, and high society take two and half minutes to worry about a lonely gal talking to a sandman, next week, they'll be humming about someone else's love affair to another tune. But now it's just the sandman song, and I like it.

HOME DURING a holiday is always such a switch from Chapel Hill life. And to me, the biggest difference is television.

Outside the Hill (where every dorm has TV) the darkened living room and the glowing 20-inch screen dominate households. Conversation is limited to station break and commercial time. Friends come in, sit through a few shows, mutter farewells above commercials, and depart. To the visitor (like myself), people seem more like ushers than a host.

Most of television seems to be aimed toward the ten-year-old level. Some shows (and there are few) deserve the attention TV takes. But for the most part, I find my 13-year-old brother cynical about the programs.

Take the one that blared over the set in our living room the other night. A school girl in this TV saga had a crush on a music teacher, and she declared: "I'm seventeen, and I'm a woman. Do you hear me? A woman!"

As the TV actress raised her voice, by little brother commented, "You're a loud-mouth, if you ask me."

Then there was another show in which a smiling adult primed children for cute sayings about their parents. I shuddered thinking over eight million viewers gripped by some ten-year-old saying her Mother Goose.

Still another television show, an affair called "Winky Dink," allows the youngsters to tape a plastic cover on the screen (available at stores for \$1.50 up) and trace unoriginal drawings of such things as Christmas trees, kangaroos, and TV antennas.

Some day after graduation, the Army, and matrimony, I hope someone will ask this reporter if he owns one of those 20-inch monsters.

"Don't have a TV, I'll say. I have friends I enjoy talking to."

Do You Mind If We Put Another Aisle In Here?



Joe & The Ten Million

WASHINGTON—If the Senate ever investigates how the so-called "ten million Americans" are mobilizing McCarthy petitions... which it probably won't... some interesting extracurricular methods would turn up.

In order to see how these signatures against censoring McCarthy are being collected, a representative of this column dropped in on one of the hottest Joe-Must-Stay centers just outside Boston. The atmosphere smacked somewhat of a football rally with undertones of the Nazi-Communist fear technique in the background.

In Newton, Mass., a loudspeaker in the home of Francis Monahan, prominent local lawyer, at 1045 Center Street, blared forth invitations to passers-by to come in and sign up. From listening to the loudspeaker it appeared that the petitions were against Communism rather than for McCarthy.

At near-by Woburn, Mass., 16 stores and places of business near the Woburn town square were listed in an ad in the Woburn Times where citizens were urged to go in and sign up. The places were: Guy's Smoke Shop, Mac's Smoke Shop, North Woburn Package Store, Dean's Lunch, Joe Wells' Gas Station, Jerry Bennett's Gas Station, Bob McGuinness' South End Diner, Charlie Annas' Candyland, Larry Murphy's Drug Store, Joe Kelleher's Taxi Office, Gavin's Market, Doherty's Package Store, Anne's Store, Patrick J. Gill & Sons, Leanos Restaurant and Woburn Daily Times.

"My phone calls have gone up 150 per cent since I got in on this McCarthy kick," he says. "The people who are against him don't bother to call me as much as the people who are for him. But when they do, they're at least civil. The others just call up and cuss me out."

"I took some of my mail in to McCarthy's headquarters to show the ladies how vicious their friends could be," continued Feller.

"The ladies at Joe's headquarters had seemed rather nice and I thought they ought to know about the mail. But when I got in there, they swarmed around me as if I were a monster. I just had to leave. I was scared."

The ladies at McCarthy's headquarters told a somewhat different story. "That Sherman Feller's a terrible man," they said. "He came in here the other day and accosted some of the ladies. We think we have a right to our own opinions, and he shouldn't attack us for them. He's obviously just a Communist sympathizer."

By the next day, Robert J. Sullivan, Professor of Biology at Merrimack College, one of Joe's most ardent rooters, was telling people that Feller had come into McCarthy headquarters and tried to beat some of the women up.

Such is sentiment in Pro-McCarthy areas in and around Boston, an atmosphere in which anyone who is against McCarthy is a Communist and in which an associated Press reporter, when informed that 15-year-olds were signing McCarthy petitions, remarked:

"I'd like to write that story, but if we did, people would start saying we were communistic."

Note: This attitude is not true of the AP in other areas, however. In Milwaukee the AP dug up a story that the man who allegedly hurt McCarthy's elbow couldn't be located and that the manner of the accident remained a mystery.

THE BIG SMILE... and a tip of the hat for over-enthusiastic rooters.



Drew Pearson

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McCarthy's Ride

Joe McCarthy was so sick that the Senate suspended for 10 days but he was not too sick to slip out of Bethesda Naval Hospital on Nov. 25 to take a ride down Connecticut Avenue and spend the evening with friends.

McCarthy was spotted at 6:50 P.M. in a big black Cadillac, with Wisconsin congressional license plates, between Albemarle and Ellicott streets on Connecticut Avenue, driving toward Washington. His wife, Jean, was at the wheel, and an unidentified man, possibly a bodyguard for McCarthy never moves without one — was in the back seat.

A news inquiry at the Naval Hospital that night brought no admission that McCarthy had been permitted to leave. But next day Capt. G. B. Taylor admitted that the Senator had been allowed to leave for a trip downtown. He said he did not know why the senator wanted to leave, that this was not the concern of the Hospital. All it was interested in was whether McCarthy was in physical condition to leave, and that he was.

Battling Nell & Her Big Fat Folder On Local Reds

Ed Yoder

Ovid, the Latin poet and mythologist, tells a story about a person who couldn't keep trivial information to himself.

The story is about King Midas' barber. The barber, only man in the court who could look under the king's hat, discovered one day the asses' ears that Apollo had given Midas (the man of the Golden Touch) for his stupidity. Midas, then and there, swore his barber to secrecy. But the barber was so tortured by his information that he ran one day to the fields, dug a hole, and whispered down it, "King Midas has asses' ears."

He had relieved himself of the onerous knowledge that his King had strange ears. But then spring came. Up sprouted some weeds. And whenever the wind blew through the weeds, they whispered, "King Midas has asses' ears."

Somehow, Miss Nell Battle Lewis, who writes a glorified "reaction piece" for the Raleigh News and Observer, reminds me of King Midas' barber. She writes in this week's column that she possesses a "fat folder labeled Communism at Chapel Hill."

Once again, following a well drawn pattern, she has opened that folder to make a few comments on the Scales arrest. The folder seems to be burgeoined with trivial information that she feels she can't keep out of the newspapers.

The only difference between her wise saws on Communism, "muddle-brained" liberalism, and "traitorous" activities at Chapel Hill and Midas' barber's whisperings about his King's ears is that Miss Lewis chooses her column rather than holes in the ground for exposing them.

Miss Lewis indicates that she has a good bit of important material on "Communism at Chapel Hill"; it has become an obsession with her. If you are a gambling man and want good odds, bet that Nell Battle Lewis will write on this subject in her next column. By and large you'll have made a good bet.

"In my fat folder labeled 'Communism at Chapel Hill,'" writes Miss Lewis, "I have, of course, numerous articles about Scales and several of the mimeographed Communist leaflets which he circulated among the students at the University as director of the Communist Party's 'student section' there."

She goes on to quote from a notation on one of the mimeographed leaflets written by a student in Business Administration here. The writer moans to Miss Lewis that "the beloved University... indeed is as red as Santa's drawers."

I, for one, dislike the intimations Miss Lewis makes when she mentions her "fat folder." I get the impression that, as she waves the folder, she uses the technique popularized by Senator McCarthy when, brandishing some trivial periodical or leaflet, he begins, "I have in my hand..."

If she wants to bring in her "fat folder," I, for one, wish that she would be more specific. To judge by what she says, she must have some pretty condemning information in the "fat folder." She writes, later in the column, that "Scales and his Redlings had been operating on The Hill with the full knowledge and consent of the municipal and University authorities." Like so many of those who have declared all-out war against "Com-

munist at Chapel Hill," she fails to differentiate between present time and past time. How do I know when redness exists or existed at Chapel Hill? Does she mean to imply that the University is, in the year 1954, as "red as Santa's drawers?"

I have been a student at Chapel Hill for two and a half years. As far as I can determine, the political hue of the campus would clash violently with the redness of Santa's drawers. I have never met a single Communist here. Furthermore, I find the thinking on this campus, as a whole, moderate and middle-of-the-roadish. We have few enough outspoken liberals—let alone ardent radicals, Fabian socialists, Mensheviks, or Communists.

Articles like Miss Lewis's, generalized, violating all of the basic rhetorical rules against sweeping statement and illogic, making no distinction between present and past conditions, can work irreparable harm against the name of the University. The Communist Party has only recently been outlawed. If she has clear-cut information about existing evils at Chapel Hill that should come to the attention of the authorities, the authorities would welcome it, I suppose. At any rate, let her bring her facts (if she has any) into the court of reason where they may be evaluated.

I suppose I fall among the ranks of the "blind and burning" and "muddle-



The Reporter

headed" (to use Miss Lewis's words) liberals, who, she writes, "confuse treason with freedom of thought."

Following the latter line of thought, I would like to remind Miss Lewis that thought has nothing to do with treason. Treason depends, Constitutionally, upon action—levying war against the United States; giving aid and comfort to her enemies. But what a man thinks, what political sympathies he happens to hold, what sentiments he has toward current political or economic affairs, should be clearly distinguished from what he does, what action he takes.

I hope that Miss Lewis will, in the future, take time to think out the implications of the harum-scarum writing on "Communism at Chapel Hill" that she incorporates into her column almost weekly. Otherwise, her words will spring back on her as the weeds sprang up on King Midas' barber and will continue to haunt her.

'Jaundiced Journalism' In DTH

Editor:

As students here for the past 5 to 7 years we have acquired some resistance to the usual jaundiced journalism of The Daily Tar Heel, but even so, we were not prepared for your latest betise.

First, you endorse a free-charge bill, and you now have the naivete to say, with minimal qualification on your part, "You're wrong!" to a former chairman of the Dept. of Anatomy, when he has made a statement pertaining to a field in which he is an authority.

In your first editorial on this subject there was the strong implication, if not the statement, that Dr. George is singular among recognized scientists in the stand he takes. Your statement, of course, is founded on a shallow knowledge of the subject upon which you write. We suggest, therefore, that you begin closing this awful gap in your fund of knowledge by reading some work such as Free and Unequal (1953) by Roger J. Williams, a professor of biochemistry and an outstanding scientist at the University of Texas.

Perhaps the strongest argument against Dr. George's views is the fact that the white race periodically produces such individuals as yourself with more spare ink than foresight. We can think of one still better way to refute his opinion on the evils of miscegenation. That would be for the Student Legislature to discontinue the publication of The Daily Tar Heel and divert those funds to finance a safari to darkest Africa, thereby allowing you to find evidence of anything similar to either a Parthenon, a Mona Lisa, a William Shakespeare, a Ludwig van Beethoven, an Isaac Newton, or an Albert Einstein. Albert Switzer (sic) will not count;

he's an import.

You would be automatic leader of the safari, and if you anticipate any difficulty in the quest, take along a few psychologists or anthropologists. They are not as confined by the mandates of science as are the embryologists, and therefore are usually able to find or prove whatever they propose.

Bob Holmes III
Neill Lee
Victor G. Herring III

(Miscegenation may or may not be an evil. Writers Holmes, Lee and Herring, as medical students, should know that little in this area has been scientifically proved one way or another. The fact which the editorial stated, and which we now re-state, is that Dr. George is practically alone among scientists who believe as he does, Mr. Williams of Texas notwithstanding. No reputable psychologist or anthropologist that we know of agrees with him. Dr. George, a fine scientist, is being unscientific in the extreme when he suggests that one race is superior to another.)

(As for that safari, we'd like to take Holmes, Lee and Herring along—to show them the advanced and elaborate governments in Buganda and Liberia and the evidence of large, cultured city-states that thrived on the African West Coast before the arrival of white men.)

(Or, if Holmes, Lee and Herring want to bandy great names about, we'll ask them to remember the names of Booker T. Washington, singer Anderson, scientist Carver, Nobel Prize winner Huncher, who have risen to preeminent positions in their fields, despite every conceivable kind of barrier in their paths.—Editor.)

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