

Now Is The Time For All Good Men...

The Daily Tar Heel joins President Creasy in suggesting that you use your Christmas holiday to drop in on your hometown state legislature member and lobby against a cut in the University budget. The equation of the day is plain to see: Budget cut equals tuition raise. And a tuition raise equals no college education for some deserving high school graduates of the state.

The old philosophy was that the school should be "as nearly as possible tuition free." Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their alma mater and keep that worthy principle from dying on the floor of the General Assembly.

'A Looseness About This Here Freedom'

Arthur Garfield Hays made millions as a corporation lawyer on Wall Street. But whenever any man's civil liberties were being threatened, Hays always dropped his big business brief case, grabbed his satchel and caught the next train out of Manhattan.

In the steamy summer of 1925, he showed up with Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone in the restless little town of Dayton, Tennessee, where a high school biology teacher named John Scopes had committed the high crime of teaching the theory of evolution in class. Hays helped out-argue, out-general and out-yell William Jennings Bryan, the prosecution attorney. Scopes was convicted, but the rise of academic freedom in the Tennessee back-country dates from that trial.

Two years later, Hays headed North, to Boston, to defend Nicolo Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti against doubtful charges of murder and robbery. In the trial of the Scottsboro Negroes in Alabama, in almost every important civil rights case in the past 30 years, Arthur Garfield Hays played a vigorous role.

His favorite story was of a liberated slave who met his former master on the street. The master asked, "Are you as well off as before you were free?" The Negro admitted that his clothes were frayed, his house leaked, and his meals were nothing like the food had been back on the old plantation. "Well, wouldn't you rather be a slave again?" "No, massa. There's a sort of looseness about this here freedom that I like."

Hays' death this week in New York takes from our midst a lawyer whose high income clients always had to wait if somebody, somewhere else, was being denied the looseness of his freedom—an American radical, old-fashioned in his notion of the importance of individual integrity, committed to tolerance, free and fruitful speech and to the radical tradition of protest and reform.

We will have need of such a man as this in years to come. One hopes that Arthur Garfield Hays was not the last of the great, liberal giants of the law court.

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Carolina Front — What's Wrong With Dean Fred Weaver

Louis Kraar

DEAN WEAVER, at the request of some students, spoke on what was wrong with student government the other night. When he finished, the dean suggested that students might give a talk on what was wrong with the administration.

Taking the good dean's suggestion, I've decided to tell what's wrong with Dean Weaver today.

As Weaver himself said before he told students what was wrong with their government, I'd better mention some of the "specific rights" about Dean Weaver.

The dean is an educator who encourages and defends student freedom. He is, in fact, one of the outstanding proponents of student freedom I've ever heard. Weaver sees extracurricular activities as an important part of a student's education. He sees student government as "a laboratory dedicated to the idea that students can learn by doing."

The dean seems to be a sincere man, and his actions have always been highly motivated, although sometimes controversial.

As Dean Weaver himself told the students, if I may paraphrase a bit, the student's word "is not to be taken as gospel."

To further paraphrase Weaver: "The student cannot be a dean... He may be a good fellow, come up to the office to visit you, drink coffee with you in Y Court, but he can't be the dean."

NOW THAT I've qualified myself, as the good dean did the other night, I can tell some of the things wrong with Dean Weaver.

Dean Weaver—and the rest of his office—is not in close enough contact with the student body to know how it feels on student matters.

Although student government people see Dean Weaver and his assistants, the other students on campus frequently hold altogether different opinions than their so-called leaders.

If the dean and his office are going to deal with student affairs, both should first make an effort, a much greater effort than is now being made, to find out what the students think.

My second big "wrong" is that the dean doesn't make clear to students what the various problems are; he doesn't share his problems with the students that they concern.

Take, for instance, the drinking problem. For weeks, a group of students met with Weaver last spring, thinking they were negotiating. Later they learned they were just "discussing the problem" and not negotiating.

Now Dean Weaver didn't mislead or trick the students. He just failed to make it clear to them what was going on.

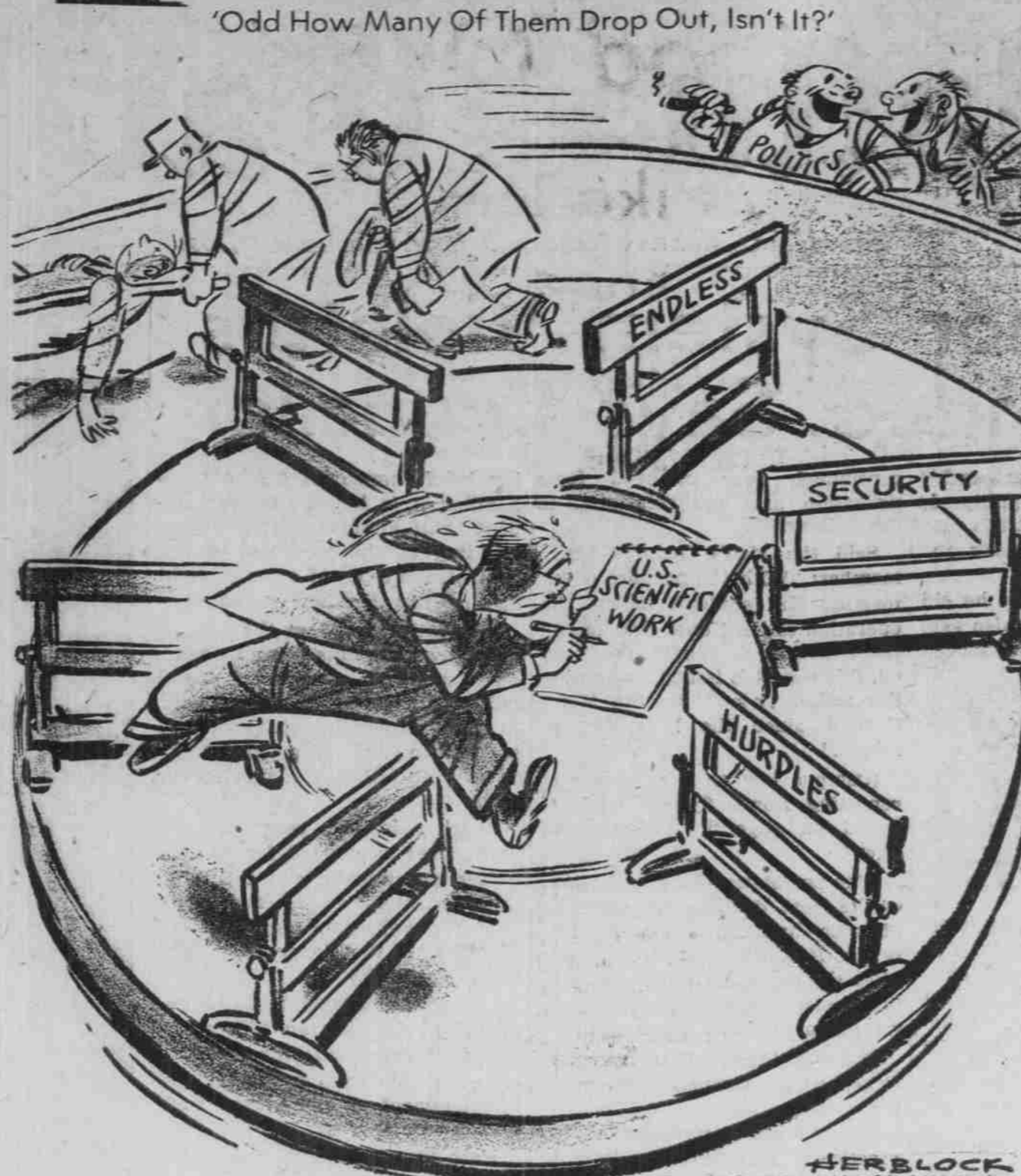
I WOULD like to invite Dean Weaver to spend an evening in one of the dorms in campus, say in the lower quad, not that it's much different than any other part of campus.

I'm not suggesting that the dean talk to a dorm meeting, but just sit in one of the rooms and try to read or do some other work that requires concentration.

The truth of the dorm matter is it's almost impossible to study in many dorms on many nights. This, I know, the dean will say is something for student government to handle. But apparently the dean doesn't know about it, or he would urge the student leaders he knows to do something.

I could go on, as Dean Weaver said the other night, but he knows what the problems are.

As Weaver said about student government, "The dean must take an outside seat," it is also apparently true that in administration matters the student "must take an outside seat."



Ike's New Bomb Shelter

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Civil Defense has now decided the President's air raid shelter, built for FDR during World War II, is not completely safe. It is not completely safe to anyone that this is buried on the White House grounds; so it's feared that a direct H-bomb hit would scoop the vaultlike shelter right out of the earth.

As a result President Eisenhower has been assigned a secret, out-of-town cave, where he will be whisked, along with his top aides and Cabinet officers, in case of an air raid. This gigantic, bombproof cave is equipped with tons of supplies and rations, special electronics and radio gear, air filters and water purifiers—everything necessary to run the nation from an emergency headquarters.

The President's exodus from Washington, of course, depends on adequate warning. The Air Force hope our radar screen in Northern Canada will give Washington four hours' notice of an enemy attack, if the warning is too short, Ike will have to take his chances in the White House shelter.

This is a small, compact, subterranean shelter, encased in four feet of solid concrete, reinforced with steel. It is equipped with its own heating system, power plant, communications network and water supply—all independent of city overhead.

Chief problem is that the White House shelter will accommodate only 20 to 25 persons. No list has yet been drawn up as to who in the White House would go with the President and who would have to take their chances with the outside populace.

Civil Defense has held several practice "dry runs" to determine how long it would take to evacuate the President and his Cabinet to their secret hideaway, together with 3,000 other top officials to scattered relocation centers.

During one rehearsal, it was discovered that a master file containing essential data was still back in Washington. As a result, photostatic copies were made of all important working files and stored in the emergency headquarters.

Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, also discovered that high-heel shoes weren't the best fashion for air raids. The rough cement floors of the Presidential hideout scraped up her heels, gave her trouble with her feet.

Friendly Rivals

Genia I George Bender, newly elected senator from Ohio, tells friends: "I was the only senator who had to win three times. I had to win the unofficial count,

then the official count, then the recount."

George says this a little ruefully, because he went through months of campaigning, and then several weeks of watching the recounting. However, sitting in the Waldorf's Norse Grill in New York the other day with Dave Jones of the Cleveland Browns, he was approached by Charley Taft.

Charley, brother of the late Senator Taft is not always been strong for Bender. He belongs to the Reform Republicans of Hamilton County, which is Cincinnati. But coming up to Bender's table he said:

"Bob, the election in Hamilton County was as clean as any in the country."

Vigorous as the Bender-Burke Campaign was, it ended on a happy note when defeated Sen. Tom Burke, Democrat, called Bender on the phone to congratulate him and say he wanted to



GEN. VAN FLEET

turn over his files on West Point appointments.

The two rivals talked briefly and pleasantly.

"It's just too bad," said Bender, "that both of us couldn't have won."

Washington Pipeline

Correction: The Public Accounts Subcommittee of the House committee which planned a study of European merchant marine costs did not take its planned trip to Europe as previously reported in this column. Staff members state that the committee has received a report from

Reaction Piece — Mundy Joins Candy Crusade With Kraar

David Mundy

One or two friends have requested that I join Columnist Kraar's "Candy Bar Crusade."

Kraar, as you may have noted, has twice tilted his well-sharpened lance against the six-cent candy bars as sold in the uptown movie (cinema to you) emporiums. I have two more cases of flagrant, well, flagrant flagrancy. One friend has complained that Lenoir has the habit of not having his favorite, a little dab of chocolate called a "Heath Bar." Another, with a more serious case, tells me that he found a spider web inside the wrapping of a bar. The spider, apparently, had escaped. Therefore, Louis, let us leap into our shining white armor, straighten our long white plumes, and be off!

My new political party, the Mundane Socialists, is off to a pretty good beginning. Already two people have requested membership and another has expressed interest. Since I desire a united front I haven't yet admitted anyone. There are too many inconsistencies with just me as a member.

I have written the party's song, though. It is to be called "The Fifth Internationale." The first, and only verse as yet, goes as follows:

"God bless state planning system divine. Stand beside her, and guide her, Just as long as the ballots are mine."

Notes from History 71: (1) Among other things, the bar sinister crossed Alexander Hamilton's name... His mother had powerful friends. (2) During those days an able bodied man got five dollars a week. What would an able-bodied young girl get? (Lugs, blushes, from class.)

I just can't extend the season of jollity and merriment to the Carolina Forum. After each occasion upon which I have complained about its biased presentations I have suffered a strong, if not violent, reaction from three columns to the left. Crusader Kraar begins each reply by calling me a "reactionary." Reactionaries, according to one definition, are people who feel that in the several thousand years preceding the New Deal something happened which benefited mankind. The implication of the crusading Mr. Kraar is that I am something nasty, at least a slightly mentally decomposed dinosaur.

The next "defense" is the statement that my charges are "wrong and much too hasty." (Quote from last Wednesday's Kraar Column.)

The contrary is true. (Which isn't exactly calling Kraar a liar, mind you.) I have checked the Forum finances. I have looked over the list of people to whom the Forum sent letters inviting them to speak on campus. I have even read some of the letters. How thorough must I be?

The Forum has thus far presented three left-wing Democrats and an actual socialist. Since the Forum is supported entirely by student funds, it has an obligation to give the students a less biased ticket. Columnist Kraar reports: "According to Forum head Joel Fleishman, this spring Republicans Homer Capehart, Indiana Senator, Leverett Saltonstall, Massachusetts Senator, and perhaps Everett Dirksen, Illinois senator, will come to campus."

A representative to the Forum has since informed me that it just isn't so. He says that the Forum is fairly sure of only one speaker next spring, and that is Sen. Humphrey of Minnesota. (Norman Thomas refers to that Senator as a "Socialist who wears the label of a Democrat.") I remain for a new year, convinced of Forum bias. Happy New Year to everyone else!

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others... Hippopotis, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was puffing along in the environs of Woollen Gym when I saw him. Was he going to exercise...?

"Am I going to exercise?" The Horse echoed. "I am exercising! Once a week, I walk in the direction of Woollen, period."

Speaking of Woollen Gym, and all that it stood for—

"—and that, me boy, is covering lotsa territory," The Horse put in caustically. "Not that they have a monopoly on being told by non-experts how experts should expert, if I make myself clear, and I trust I am expert at that."

The Horse referred to the hue (yellow) and cry (babyish) over Coach G. O'Barclay, from friend and foe alike?

"Well, I'm sorta verbally sneaking up on the topic," The Horse confirmed. "I fair shook my ribs down around my withers, I laughed so hard over the idea of Coach B. being replaced as Coach!"

Why the laughter? It had been mentioned, no?

"By dopes," The Horse shrugged. "In the first place, casting aside all thought of fair play and permitting Coach B. to work out his hired term—whaddya think this is, a Rockefeller Foundation? Our appropriations here at this seat of Southern Cutoor are carefully arrived at and even more carefully, ugh, enforced! Brer Wileo, there would be a howl to the heavens indeed, were we to coolly jettison whatever it is Coach B. is paid — say, for example, Ten Thousand Fish — and go pay it to another coach, and perhaps more into the bargain!"

Well, not if some big-hearted alumnus were to donate the money to buy Coach B's contract up without damage to our appropriation schedule!

"Yeah?" The Horse snorted. "Well, next time we sat up and begged for Athletic money, the money-handlers would say, 'Go get it where you got the last donation.' I'm not even considering the ethics of the situation, see? But, gratia Dei, someone is! Suh, other collitiches may regard their lawfully contracted employees as flotsam to be jettisoned at the snap of an alumnus' false teeth, but we do not operate that way here. Not in Football, anyway. Besides, we should have had a winning season — vide: the Tulane fiasco — and besides again, Coach B. has a darned good Frosh team coming up this next outing."

es, but—well... "All of this has a familiar ring," The Horse said. "I seem to have heard the tune before. Am I in error when I believe Coach Snavelly got a barrage of the same disloyalty?"

And from the same source: loyal, interested alumni. Didn't The Horse think they were interested? Wasn't this good, that they were? Wasn't it?

"I would be more impressed," The Horse deponed, if some of these great and good friends would toss in a few fish-heads for things like improving dorms and student-facilities. And I would be stunned if the do-gooders should concern themselves about upgrading our courses, where needed, or something in line with improvement of a university, and not with infallibility of a football club. These guys have us confounded with the Washington Redskins."

Oh, well. The Horse always gets moral and ethical at Christmas. He thinks Santa is listenin'...

'Arsenic And Old Lace' In 'Enjoyable' Opening

Ted Rosenthal

The Carolina Playmakers did an effective, workmanlike job in their opening-night presentation of Joseph Kesselring's "Arsenic and Old Lace."

They had a sound vehicle to work with. This story of two saintly old Brooklyn ladies, and their favorite charity—freeing lonely bachelors from our vale of tears, with poison-spiked elderberry wine—has become a comedy classic of the modern American theatre, a consistently "box-office play."

As such it was a good choice for the annual tour-show. Unfortunately the Playmakers' staff saw fit to Bowdlerize the script, and some of the funniest, of more rescue lines were cut. At the same time several contemporary touches were added, including a reference to the junior Senator from Wisconsin. We were sorry to see this done.

It is unfair to a playwright to emasculate parts of his happier dialogue, and then pass off the diluted product as his work, to say nothing of arbitrarily adding-material.

The staff was aware of the contents of the play when it was chosen, and if they felt it might be offensive to some of the audiences on the tour-itinerary, they were free to select some other piece, instead of blunting Mr. Kesselring's pen. (Besides since the performance in High Point, scheduled for February 19th, is to be sponsored by the American Legion post there, the Playmakers' Girl-Scout gentility may not be appreciated.)

The production as directed by Harry E. Davis, was just a little ragged in spots. In particular, the pacing of the comedy wasn't as smooth as it might have been; but during the course of the run here, which extends through Saturday night, the timing of the humor should sharpen and the cast will very likely acquire additional polish where needed.

Eva McKenzie was sparkling as Aunt Abby Brewster. She cavorted through her aberrated menage and the representation of the aunts' macabre hobby with adept grace. Marion Fitz-Simons too, as Martha, the other murderess, was quite good.

William Trotman gave a riotous portrayal of Teddy Brewster, the nephew who believes himself to be Theodore Roosevelt. In the play he makes several "charges" up a staircase which he thinks is San Juan hill; aside from this being funny, the stair-prop has to bear considerable stress, and yet be portable for the tour. James Riley, whose sets always are good, deserves special credit for his property-design here.

Mary McGuire and Len Bullock performed capably in the romantic leads, and David Patton was entertaining as the alcoholic plastic-surgeon, Baxter Sasses, however, playing the criminal nephew, made a rather leaden "heavy"; we felt his characterization too stiff and somber, lacking in spontaneity. Both Donald Treat's lighting, and Irene Smart's costuming were excellent.

Despite a few divots in the greens, "Arsenic and Old Lace" was relaxing, enjoyable, and scored better than par.