

That Confab On Gravitation Isn't Just Another Seminar

Although most students and members of the general public don't know beans about gravitation or physics, it is very good news that the University will be the site for an international conference on both those subjects.

The first world conference on "The Role of Gravitation in Physics" to be held in the United States, the meeting will bring to Chapel Hill 40 top-rate physicists from the United States and foreign lands.

This, not only football and basketball and the Ugly Club, is publicity for the University. It means those 40 physicists will go home with tales to tell about their meeting in Chapel Hill; it means the University will be spoken and thought of and written about more than ever before — although not quite so much as when Charlie Justice was here.

Best of all are the reasons the conference committee chose Chapel Hill:

1. Establishment of a space-time-gravitation project here by University people.
2. The young and energetic physics faculty at Chapel Hill.
3. The "truly excellent conference facilities" here.

Shame In The Libraries

The North Carolina General Assembly should be thoroughly ashamed of itself. But it probably isn't.

The shame should come from the recently released fact that Carolina's Wilson Library has started slipping in rank with other Southern libraries.

It used to be first in size. This year it is third. Next year it probably will be even lower.

The General Assembly appropriates money for the University. For this two-year period the legislators, many of them Carolina alumni, cut the University's library budget in half. That left about enough to run the library, very little with which to buy books for hungry student minds.

The Legislature's slaughter was an act of pure idocy. But the legislators don't seem to mind at all. Very few citizens of this state cussed the General Assembly out for cutting the Library funds; everyone seemed to feel the state's solons were wise in cutting where they could.

For years now the state Legislature has been unfair to Carolina, very fair to N. C. State College when it came around to money. For years now the Legislature has got away with it.

The Daily Tar Heel

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TIME FOR EVALUATION:

Looking Over The New Year

Woody Sears

Now that the Christmas rush is over and we've had time to make our respective New Year's resolutions, it's time to wonder just what the new year holds in store for us.

And it is something to wonder about, for so many things are happening now that threaten to change our lives drastically. With things having quieted down some on the Hungarian scene, there are still many problems to be resolved there. And on the Egyptian front, things

are far from normal. For awhile, things looked mighty bleak, and though they now look much rosier, there is still the element of doubt.

Will there be a World War III and will it come this year? With an abundance of optimism, our leaders say that it won't happen, but we never know. We can just hope and pray that it doesn't.

It's a time to stop and evaluate our way of life, and be truly thankful for it. And while we're evaluating, let's take a look a little closer to the Carolina home front.

The Supreme Court has ruled that segregation on public carriers is in violation of their emancipation program. This has brought the kind of trouble that many segregationists have been promising since the issue became one of concern.

This trouble is the sniping at citizens done by over-zealous segregations (we assume) down in the nether regions of the Southland. It would seem that those folks are putting a little too much emphasis on the seating arrangement in the buses.

There are a lot of folks around who don't cotton to the idea of integration, but shooting at helpless people is not the best way to cope with the problem. More than likely, it's the worst way.

Will 1957 be a Happy New Year for the Carolinas, or will it be a year of horror?

As the evangelists say, "The hour of decision is at hand".

Old Coaches Fade Away

Lets face facts, Carolina has never and will never have an outstanding team in any major sport as long as the present administration is in power. This has never been more evident than it is today.

When a coach becomes too successful, there are those who become resentful, and the screws are applied. The latest to feel the pinch is Frank McGuire.

Five years ago, Carolina's basketball team was the doormat of the conference. Today, they are the number two team in the nation. What thanks does Mr. McGuire get? His budget is cut, and all for the football team, the futilist of the futility.

Mr. McGuire, you are a great coach. Believe me, there are many more who are just as disgusted with the turn of events as you. The smartest move that you could make would be to get away from this coaches graveyard and move on to a school which has an athletic department of the same calibre as your teams.

Here, you will only get a lot of talk and not much action, just as did the fans who were conned into buying last seasons football tickets. You won't get your new gymnasium, and soon you will go the way of Carl Snavely and all of the rest.

Oh yes, and Mr. Tatum, take heed. Your day will come too.

Name Withheld by Request

PROSPECT & RETROSPECT:

Athletic Heads Have No Comment

Neil Bass

Athletic Director Chuck Erickson had "no comment" to make concerning the reported rift between Coaches Frank McGuire and Jim Tatum when questioned Thursday.

Erickson, who dismissed any conversation with this reporter very hastily by saying he had just "brisked in from Miami" and needed a breathing spell, said he had not read reports of the rift.

This statement from Erickson, coupled with a statement by Mr. Charles Shaffer of the Educational Foundation, autonomous fund-raising organization which appropriates money for athletic scholarships, that his organization had no control whatsoever over the athletic director makes some wonder if Erickson is the pitching, driving athletic head that UNC needs. It also raises the question as to whether or

not proper control from proper authority—student and administration—is being exerted on Erickson to keep him in line. Shaffer's taking over the purse-controlling Educational Foundation's secretary's post from pro-McGuire Frank Hogan is an indication of the current trend toward Tatumian policies.

And with Director Erickson in the financial driver's seat at Woollen—an admitted devotee of Tatum—is it not conceivable that he might become a puppet for the man in the grey felt hat?

It was evident that the Athletic Dept. made no arrangements for procurement of tickets to the basketball team's games on the New York trip, the same trip for which the Carolina delegation was financially trimmed by athletic officials.

An interested student helped procure tickets without sanction from the athletic folks.

We're not trying to rack the

muck or rabble-rouse; but we do feel that the Dixie Classic champion and the No. 2 team in the nation deserves at least 50-50 attention along with the football team when Woollen purse strings come into play.

We'd also like to hear what "breathless" Miami Traveller Erickson has to say about the purported rift.

While on the subject of athletics, perhaps a comment should be made on the current relationship between athletics and scholastics.

As the News and Observer pointed out Thursday, when it requires practically all of the Consolidated University president's time investigating the N.C. State "bribe" episode, isn't the "tail wagging the dog?"

That is to say, athletics are an important part of an educational institution; but certainly its main function, by virtue of its name alone, is education of our nation's

youth—preparation for useful citizenship.

We are not asking for de-emphasis. Athletic competition and good sportsmanship are certainly preparation for useful citizenship.

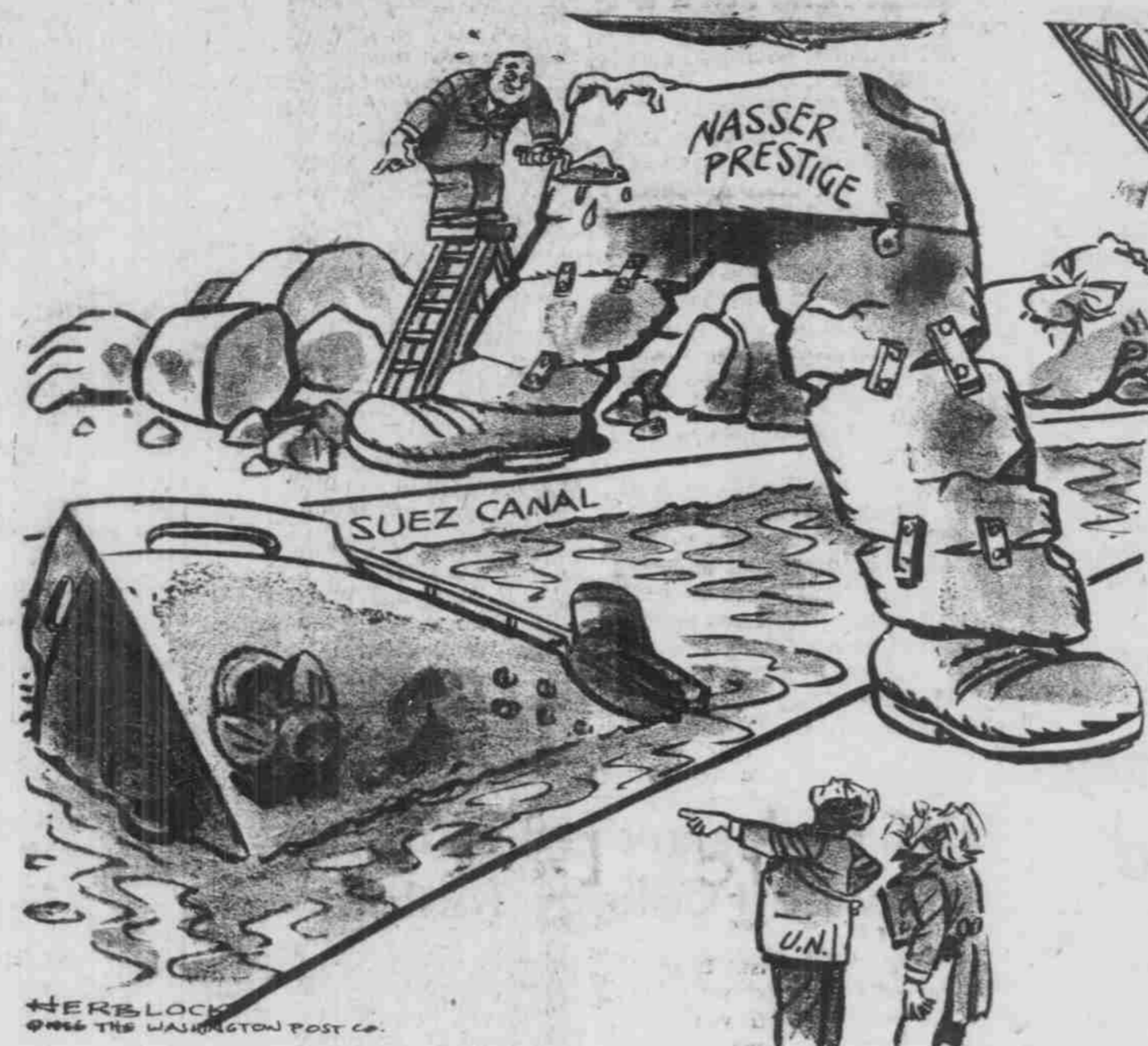
But as the News and Observer says, "Let's put first things first!" The University student who played cross-burner for the benefit of Dr. Frank P. Graham certainly had his wires crossed.

Not only is a man of Dr. Frank's tolerant nature vitally needed in his United Nations advisory capacity, but he is completely harmless to both white supremacists helpless to integrationalists.

As a matter of fact, the United Nations, while ideologically superb, is apparently harmless to everybody.

That is to say, now aren't the aggression upon Hungary, for which the U. N. has done nothing, shades of Mussolini, Ethiopia and the League of Nations?

'Oh, You Mean THAT Salvage Job'



HERE LOCK © 1956 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

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L'il Abner



Pogo



YOU Said It:

Reader Comments: On Killing Dogs

Editor: I am not oversentimental about animals. Although I believe that the variety of nature ought to be preserved and regret such evils as the extinction of our own Carolina parakeet, my feelings about the larger animals are limited to this concern for the preservation of the species.

The predatory ones also should be encouraged in suitable surroundings. It is natural for the wolf and the panther to kill deer, and it is foolish to denounce them for it.

I sometimes hunt small game, and enjoy it. Hunting, if properly regulated, stimulates an interest in the preservation of nature in a region densely settled by man. It is the lack of regulation and education that has led to tragedies in the past.

In addition to hunting wild game, I have helped to butcher hogs, and have killed my share of chickens. I do not make pets of that sort of livestock.

When it comes to killing dogs, by which I mean killing domesticated dogs that have in some manner known the companionship of man, my feelings are not as simple. Dogs ought to be controlled by their owners, and where dogs run wild, men and women are to be blamed for the conditions of the dogs.

Dogs ought not to be let go wild, because they are not a part of nature on this continent, and that extent I can agree with H. Mack Owens, who wrote about the subject in the December issue of "Wildlife in North Carolina."

However, I would not care for the task of shooting dogs. In particular, I would not care for it where the dog is obviously very well domesticated, and is probably the property of some child who knows little and understands less of the dog confinement laws, or is unable to obey them because of a lack of help from the child's father and mother.

The hangman was never a popular figure in any society that I have read of. His is a profession that few men envy, and many there are who care not for his companionship. In the minds of boys and of thoughtful men, the dog catcher shares the profession and the personality of the hangman. Both are hired killers of helpless creatures, profiting from the deaths of beings who in most cases have in no way offended them.

The afternoon of Dec. 10, . . . as I walked from Venable Hall across the campus towards the Post Office, I saw the same thing described by Stan Shaw in Dec. 12th's Daily Tar Heel. A small gathering of dogs and people were watching a fellow who was dragging off a good-sized black dog by means of some sort of noose about the dog's throat.

By the time I talked over there, he was back after the small white one that he had killed. He had shot her, and somewhere there on the grass by the Caldwell monument, in the shadow of the Davie Poplar, not far from the place where the University holds its outdoor concert in the springtime, she had bled out her officially unwanted life.

It seems to me that if there are dogs to be destroyed, that is hardly the place for it. To kill one there under the trees between Person Hall and the Morehead building is a little too much like shooting a man in church. Although executions of men are sometimes necessary, they are not usually carried out in a school yard.

I recall looking with some interest at a hangman's tree near an old mining camp in Arizona, but my feeling is that the Davie Poplar would not be properly used as a hangman's tree, and that the lawn nearby ought not to be used for the shooting of dogs.

Aside from the inappropriateness of the setting, there are a couple of other points on which I would like information. Does the law make any provision for confining dogs before their killing, and what is the official attitude towards shooting on the campus?

With every Dick Tracy of the dog-killing squad out blasting holes in the lawn, is there not some danger of losing a few students and professors to stray bullets? The nature of a man is such that when he finds himself living in a continual gunfire, he seeks weapons for himself. If the men students take to wearing Bowie knives and 44 caliber Peacemakers, will the administration object?

Loose dogs do not fit very well into the age of mechanized bureaucracy, but they do serve as reminders that some of the rest of us do not fit very well, either. Rebellious Hungarians do not fit, and neither do believers in the traditional American form of government.

I recall several pleasant visits to Clinton, Tennessee, where I sometimes went with friends to look for a good dinner served family style at the little Park Hotel, which belonged to a level of civilization that the "Atomic City" has not yet achieved.

I have no great desire at this moment to go back to work on a government research project, and it is probably just as well that I do not, because I should not care to feel like a traitor every time the secret police came to drag away a few of the neighbors, as they have been doing in Clinton lately, to charge them with impeding the approach of the great High Yellow Millennium.

What decent man will be able to watch the coming schedule of mass arrests and trials without jury, already beginning in Tennessee, without despising the tyranny of Washington? There is a close parallel between the demands of Soviet satellite students for classes in their own languages and the demands of Southerners for the right to live out their lives among their own people.

Who will be able to watch the local traitors betraying their own state for the sake of an alien fad or a political favor, without wanting to go home after his gun?

How many will cringe at home when the grandfathers, mothers, and little brothers of their friends are dragged away by the secret police, and when children assembled in a schoolroom are threatened, as they have been threatened in Tennessee, that the all-powerful Federal Bureau of the Eyeballs is watching them?

How many, at least in the South and the West, will not wait cowering in the dark for the knock on the door, but will choose to die under the political guns in the broad light of day, as the Hungarians died in Budapest, or as the dog died under the Davie Poplar?

John M. Ruth