

'To Say The Least'

Frank Crowther

To say the least I was disappointed with the action of editor Young on Monday evening when he decided not to run the controversial story which brought about the demise of "The Duke Chronicle."

First of all, I think the position of our administration was, for the most part, understandable. I can sympathize with it, but not thoroughly agree with it. There are valid arguments for both sides.

My main position was that the reading of this article itself would not pervert any mind. I had been (and still am) approached by many students who were extremely interested in the article and the action taken as a result of its publication at Duke. They were arguing among themselves about all sides of the predicament — and most of them had to argue from a position of ignorance in that they HAD NOT SEEN OR READ THE ARTICLE. And, incidentally, the majority of the students with whom I talked stated that they agreed the article should be published so that they might decide for themselves. Again, most of them went further — along with editor Young and myself — in saying that the action of the Duke administration in suspending the paper was absolutely uncalled for.

Certain members of our community have also admitted that the matter might have been handled more tactfully by Duke. Hollis Eaton could have directed Dr. Herring, chairman of the publications board which appoints the editor and, in essence, controls the paper (ex officio), to call in editor Andrews and columnist Cohen and take appropriate action. That way, Cohen could have been removed, Andrews reprimanded (or removed), which we do not advocate, and the situation would not have been blown out of proportion — it might even have been restricted to the Duke campus. But the arbitrary suspension of the paper destroying the issues at the same time, is unpardonable. There is old principle which states that the actions of few should not be used to punish the many.

To be fair, I think editor Young was not correct when he said that the pressure brought to bear on him "was brought from students alone." I was with him when three members of the administration "brought pressure" against publication of the article. It is true, however, that none ever mentioned the word "censorship" and went out of their way to assure us that we had every right to print it if we so decided.

To those critics who think of our age as either apathetic or wicked, I would refer you to Kierkegaard's words of a century past: "Let others complain that the age is wicked; my complaint is that it is paltry; for it lacks passion. Men's thoughts are thin and flimsy like lace, they are themselves pitiable like the lacemakers. The thoughts of their hearts are too paltry to be sinful. For a worm it might be regarded as a sin to harbor such thoughts, but not for a being made in the image of God. Their lusts are dull and sluggish, their passions sleep. They do their duty, these shopkeeping souls, but they clip the coin a trifle . . . they think that even if the Lord keeps ever so careful a set of books, they may still cheat Him a little. Out upon them! This is the reason my soul always turns back to the Old Testament and to Shakespeare. I feel that those who speak there are at least human beings; they hate, they love, they murder their enemies, and curse their descendants throughout all generations, they sin."

We invite all interested students to the open meeting this afternoon in Gerard Hall (see story page one) wherein they may hear the story and discuss the case for themselves.

Merry Christmas

- 1. The nation is at war.
- 2. The nation is losing the war, badly.
- 3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Not Black Nor White

Norman B. Smith

Not far from home there lie the remnants of two civilizations that have been born, have flourished, and have been destroyed. Whether what now lies in their stead can yet be called a civilization or still remains an unidentifiable conglomeration I don't know.

The first one is very ancient, and only speculation, not written records vouch for its existence. But more permanent and truer than written words are bits of pottery that can be picked up on a rainy day when they have been rinsed of the dirt that clings to them and while they still glisten in the murky, yet glowing, mist that slithers in and out between the hills, in the early spring when a new crop of them has been conjured forth from deeper hiding places by the winter frosts and erosions and then is turned up by the plow.

What unknowables are locked within these fragments, bearers of thoughts and acts committed centuries and millennia ago? When was pottery first glazed, when the handle first used? Was this one broken by a careless child or by hurried packing in a sudden migration? Did this crack come from setting down the loaded urn too heavily in a year of plenty or was it made when it, the last container of grain, now empty, was hurled aside in despair some winter after a lean harvest? Did these stains come from the secret herbs used by a sorcerer?

Of a sudden a strange and cruel people descended on the land. Goldseekers they were known as in the Southern Appalachians. Other things they are called in other localities at other times. A syndrome that they all fit into though: hungry for land, madly desirous of power, thirsty for the letting of blood (under justified, i.e. any, conditions). The pottery-makers were thus overwhelmed, overwhelmed they were with the aid of small pox, rifles, dishonest treaties, and a President of the United States who usurped the Constitution.

In a generation the invaders calmed, gave up the search for gold that was never there in worthwhile quantity, became sedentary. They learned how to live honestly from the land by working it during all the daylight for many days and, like the Indians before them, found a different sort of gold in the fruit of their work—the gold of corn and pumpkins, the gold in stands of wheat and fields of new mown hay, the gold of honey in a bee gum, the gold of cattle grazing in the sun.

The remnants of this second civilization are the old cabin and its outbuildings, built of hand-hewn logs, split shingles, chimney stones, and chinking clay. Of this civilization we know much more, at least in the purely descriptive, material sense. We know that the now rat-gnawed organ with a kerosene lamp on one side of the keyboard and a jug of corn liquor on the other played the music for many a square dance on many a dusk-til-dawn night.

But do we know any more about this civilization, the real essence of it, than we know about the first one? Can we ever know, now that it is gone? The feeling of a self-sufficient man who grows or kills or gathers by himself virtually everything his family needs; of the simple people who live by, literally, unquestioningly, a now almost forgotten God and Bible; of the woman who accepts the help of a neighbor wife when she gives birth to a child, but otherwise looks after her own health and the health of her husband and children; of the boy who learns how to work a ten hour day before he has lived a decade—these states of mind, can they be known by us?

This thing I wouldn't call a civilization, this—yes, this invasion period which still hasn't jelled into anything recognizable, was as strange and cruel to the second civilization as the gold-seekers were to the first. Young, virile men have been lured away by the army and by the industry of the Midwest, Roads and railroads and air-trips constitute ever-enlarging gateways into the mountains, gateways that cannot be barred. Revenueurs, tourists, retired trailer-pulling Yankees have settled on the lands.

"For Heaven's Sake, Don't Hit the Elephant"



Herblock is away due to illness

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Perspectives By Yardley

Jonathan Yardley

"America's real message to the world is peace and friendship, in freedom."

With these words Dwight David Eisenhower, 4th President of the United States, outlined his basic program for the historic peace mission he embarked upon on December 4. Eisenhower's historical reputation may rest upon the success of this trip, as well as the peace and security of our troubled little planet.

Never before has the chief executive of the United States undertaken such a daring mission; the scope and purpose of this trip are greater than ever before. The United States is taking its case to the world in the person of its leader.

Eisenhower will return to Washington on December 22, after visiting all our major European and Near Eastern allies, as well as some of the most important neutral nations. He has been entrusted with the job of solidifying our friendship with allies and strengthening our relationship with neutrals. Into the latter category falls India, led by Prime Minister Nehru; situated on the Red Chinese border, India may be the key to continued allied strength in the Far East.

The most important point Eisenhower will stress is his desire for mutual disarmament. He will "try to convey to everyone our earnestness in striving to reduce the tensions dividing mankind — an effort first requiring . . . the beginning of mutual disarmament."

International disarmament is one of the most controversial and important concepts prevalent in current diplomacy. Its basic premise is that man is an essentially honest creature, which seems a trifle idealistic after Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin have played their little games before a horrified world-wide audience. It is strange that, after fifty years of concentrated and protracted horror, the people of the world can still believe that

two antagonistic ideologies can lay down their arms and live in "Peaceful co-existence."

However, we are determined to gain this goal and so must search for some conceivable method of fulfilling our President's purpose. Mutual disarmament cannot possibly be attained without extremely stringent neutral control. The proposal, made humorously in a little book by Leonard Wibberly called *The Mouse That Roared*, that the little nations be the controllers, is not without virtue. The Switzerlands and Lichtensteins, with less at stake than the world powers, might be the most unbiased and effective agents for this purpose.

Partial disarmament is an impossibility. If world peace is to be kept by taking away the military might of nations, it must be taken away from all and in entirety. No military forces may be allowed beyond those necessary for internal security. Conscription must be abolished. All military plants must be destroyed or converted to peaceful uses. Stockpiles must be discarded or exploded. Every nation with a military force must be compelled to comply with this. There must be a severe penalty for violations, to be levied by an organization similar to the United Nations but with powers of jurisdiction which that body does not possess.

In order for disarmament to be effective it must be enthusiastically supported by every nation. It cannot be a halfway matter. We must join with the rest of the world in proclaiming a genuine desire to promote world peace; America, as well as the Soviet, must persuade herself that she does not want to conquer or control. Every nation must be content with developing her internal resources and expanding a free world trade.

This, then, is the immense problem which our President carries to the world. We wish him well, and pray most fervently that his 60 years will be able to bear the burden of this, the most strenuous trip a President has every taken. Good luck, and Godspeed.

Reader's Repository

Dear Mr. Boodleheim:

The residents of the second floor of Everett Dorm were deeply moved by your stirring call to action, which appeared in Thursday's paper. We have a damn good cause, but we are not quite sure of the best method for raising the hell necessary for remedying the situation.

We have been invaded by the foulest monsters known to man — the dorm inspector — and his henchmen, the painters. Yes, earlier this week, two jolly brush wielders crept into our dorm and repainted many of the rooms at the occupants' expense. Why was this misdeed perpetrated? It seems that the dorm inspector had discovered fingerprints (horror!) and scuff marks (woe!) on the walls.

We bear no malice toward the painters; they were cheerful souls, although they did veto our requests for Carolina blue and white color schemes. Our wrath is directed against the University Secret Police, who spend their time searching for fingerprints (especially by light switches) and delight in finding dirty streaks on the walls.

To be fair, though, we must point out that our ceilings were replastered free of charge, as a sort of student special. This was done because several students had been reported to some council for failing to paste fallen plaster back onto the ceilings before room inspection. Oh yes, it is a violation of the rules to have palster anywhere in your room except on the ceiling.

Now, this is our problem. How can we avenge this dastardly act? Mr. Boodleheim, we are appealing to you for guidance. As the author of "The Key to Chaos," we feel that you must have valuable advice for us. Here are some suggested methods. Please advise us as to which one you consider to be the most effective.

1. March in a body to the Infirmary and plead illness due to paint odors. This idea isn't too bad when you consider the havoc that would be created by dorm after dorm crawling up "Pill Hill" because the painters have invaded our domiciles. Of course, the University will foot the complete bill.

2. Invade the hallowed halls of South Building in two waves. The "A" team will enter first and notate on impressive looking clipboards, any fingermarks, smudges, thumback holes, etc. found on the walls.

The "B" team clothed as painters, will follow the "A" team and slap paint onto any fingermarks duly recorded on the work sheets. Naturally the occupants will be assessed for the privilege of having their walls painted a lovely shade of black!

The charge will be led by the one dorm resident who successfully resisted the painters' efforts to get into his room. You will recognize him by the green cross mark on his face.

3. Thumb through the Campus Council Catalogue and find a council sympathetic to our cause. (Never underestimate the power of a Carolina Council!) If we cannot find a suitable council, we can form the Second Floor Everett Unfair Painting Assessment Council, which will capably dispose of the matter in a manner which is best left to the imagination.

The war is here! Thank you for your message of inspiration.

Sincerely,
The Residents 2nd Floor, Everett Dorm
P.S. The rest of you better not laugh; your dorm is next!

What's In A Greeting?

Fraser Smith

(I hesitate to begin a discussion that will lead to any further lambasting of the female sex and, in particular, the sometimes infamously designated "Carolina Coed." Therefore I wish to make clear my realization of the universal nature of the malady I am about to describe. Possibly I should make an affirmation of faith for the better half of mankind which, incidentally, I find getting better all the time.)

Imagine yourself on the way from your dorm or fraternity house to your eight o'clock class; imagine yourself in Y-Court or walking down Franklin street. Do you comport yourself with confidence? Do you find yourself scanning the scene for people whose faces you know? (I say faces because without them the number of those students included in your circle of acquaintances might diminish considerably had I used another designation.) Suddenly you spot "that guy in my geology lab". Your eyes are suddenly attracted to oil stain on the sidewalk. You can't remember his name, so you take the coward's way out. You don't "see" him. At the instant his perambulations bring you into closer proximity you have a terrible struggle with yourself. I wonder if he knows me? So you peek.

Another memory failure of this type is manifested in the form of a social blunder. You and your date have been running around trying to find out why her roommate has parked her car in the drive-way, taken out the keys and gone home for the weekend with a friend. You aren't really interested in doing this bit of civic service, but she's the blasted girl's roommate. You're exasperated at the inconvenience it has caused, but you can't be mad, so you use a little dis-arranged. You go to the house and light your way down into the bar. All you want to do is sit down and rest. Then you unwittingly and irrevocably mark yourself as a nim-wit and idiot in front of your date and fraternity brothers. One of those charmers has taken his girl by the hand and brought her over for you to meet. You don't even know he's there until it becomes time for you to reciprocate. Brother you've had it.

You can't remember his name. So you start your act. You pretend that you're pretending. You can't remember his name so you make him think you're ribbing him. But there is a point past which this ruse will not take you. At that time you look off into space as if you had forgotten what you were about to do. Then everyone either looks at you quizzically or he laughingly inserts his name, smiles at your date and glides away. You must decide whether to tell her how you had been affected or to pass it off as jolly good fun. No matter what the final word, you cannot describe the way you feel, even to yourself. A silly giggle is about all you can muster.

There are a myriad of frustrated gesticulations that can be observed at the conclusion of such a painful meeting. One of the most unexcusable may be seen by the astute observer and is bitterly recalled by the harried memory-misfit. This example derives its pathos in manner opposite to that of the first. You know someone's name and you're almost positive he or she doesn't know yours.

You long to pass him or her on the street, and when finally you have your victim cornered, you stride by saluting him with the greatest aplomb. You watch him squirm, you delight in the spasm that constricts his throat and stomach. You are engaging in the height of sadism; you know how he feels, man, because you've been there. Your qualms are only momentary, however, because you are redeemed. There is at least one more sufferer.

Now to the crucial segment of this article. The next example has none of the power to provoke trauma that impregnates the first two. You must be at least a second semester freshman to go, completely unaffected, however. The class bell rings men and women pour out of Bingham, Saunders, and Murphey. Some stop at the foot of the steps creating at least three pedestrian traffic jams. The majority hit the bottom step and strike out for there next class, to the Y-Court, or back to the rack. You're coming from Bingham wary as ever when you note that the immediate mass of humanity is male. When its female you don't worry. A bouncy, bright-eyed blond (she could be a dormitory girl or a sorority member), approaches from the opposite direction.

"Hey, Hi (due to the speed with which this word is articulated, I cannot say for certain how it is spelled) you?" she says. Eyes brighten almost imperceptibly and pearly white almost blinds you. But not quite. You continue up the brick sidewalk. "How ya dooin'?" . . . "Hihi Bill!" (She finally remembers!) You'd answer but they flit on by, their minds occupied with considerations of greater moment. You could be lying flat on your back in the Infirmary and the greeting would be the same.

If you should be so bold or so lucky to greet one of these lovelies under the right circumstances (On the way to an eight o'clock class early), you might venture to add to you greeting a casual "How are you?" In Chapel Hill you may ask that question under any number of meteorological circumstances. It makes little difference however, because she's "Just fine" every time. Everybody always is.

I know that we can see how democratic this system is. No matter who you are you get the same consideration when it comes to being greeted. Of course the system evolves to a laissez-faire situation and if you successfully adapt, you may be able to join one of the groups that block traffic, a privilege devoutly to-be-wished.

In conclusion it must be granted that a few have attempted originality of salutation and that the fair sex is not singularly guilty of such tedium. I offer this not as a complaint for I know well the exigencies of the situation. The problems that confront us here are all-encompassing. To divert ones' thoughts even for an instant requires great personal sacrifice. Thus, we have, most of us, adopted a pat greeting, one that will require a minimum of absence from our cogitations. We all realize the situation and we tolerate it because we realize that under other circumstances we would be at liberty to devote ourselves to being friendly. Perhaps we would agree that a greeting there is everything and nothing.



POGO

PEANUTS

BY KELLY

BY SCHULZ