

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-ninth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

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"Red" Talk Subsided; UNC Riding Smoothly

A week of reflection apparently has calmed some people's fears as to the spread of Marxist doctrine on the University campus.

The last several days have seen a decrease in let's-go-get-those-dirty-Reds editorials and public declarations, and a corresponding rise in snickers directed at the American Legion.

But one aspect of the Legion demand for an investigation for Communists still seems to be bathed in confusion.

Into what kind of activities does the Legion want investigation?—Propaganda? Rallies? Professional indoctrination? Subversion?

In those areas which are peculiarly its domain—first, as pertains to the employment of professors and what goes on in the classroom; and second, concerning the general activity of Communists on the campus—the University has always insisted that it should do any "investigating" that is done.

(But the Legion wants the investigating to be done by the state legislature. . .)

The third possible area of action concerning Communists would be the handling of physical acts of subversion—which only the Durham Sun (not even the Legion. . .) has suggested may be occurring in Chapel Hill.

Peace Corps: Why?

With some last-minute hustling, the YMCA and the Student Party have arranged a panel discussion on the Peace Corps for this coming Sunday night. The almost impromptu arrangement of this program is quite a feather in their collective cap.

The discussion would seem to be a potentially fair opportunity for prospective Peace Corpsmen to ask some pertinent questions of those in a supposedly good position to provide answers. Although the Corps draws from all age groups, its largest source appears to be the college campus.

The Corpsmen will no doubt quite often be faced with questioning students—groups of people wanting to know why they joined, what they think they can do, and why should any other individual join.

Is the Corps purely an altruistic enterprise, or are they going abroad to reap harvest for Uncle Sam? Are

The chancellor has said the University never "knowingly" hires a Communist for the faculty. Simultaneously, there is no disclaimer affidavit on UNC employment forms and no absolute hiring policy—leaving the University free to make individual decisions concerning individual professors.

The other major area of University concern is with campus groups which are labelled Communist by the Red-hunters.

At present the New Left Club is seeking University "recognition", whatever that means—apparently the right to hold meetings on University property and have the same privileges generally accorded to student groups.

The University correctly sees nothing wrong with any student group meeting and holding discussions about anything, including "Marxism-Leninism."

And, as some groups which originally jumped on the Red Hunt bandwagon are now realizing, what goes on at UNC is preeminently the business of the faculty, administration and students. Time after time they have spoken for a free exchange of ideas, regardless of the nature of these ideas—and have spoken against repressive measures being directed at any unpopular groups or individuals. (JC)

they going to Latin America to aid in the development of backward areas, or are they going south to combat Communism? Does their training provide them with the background for spouting endless clichés about the freedom of North America, or does it train them to deal with a questioning and apprehensive people?

We feel that it is probably a healthy mixture of each. That is to say, we feel confident that interesting and informed citizens of the United States are being sent abroad to help others help themselves, that the Corps will provide an initial spark to Latin American bootstrapping which will free borderline countries from any need of turning to Communist aid. (CW)

Fence - Straddling

A story in Thursday's Tar Heel listed student reactions to the American Legion's demand for an investigation of Communism at the proposed investigation "uncalled UNC."

The president of the YMCA called the proposed investigation "uncalled for" and an "absurdity." The Pan-Hellenic president said "highly superfluous." "A futile effort," said the GMAB president. The comment of the YWCA president was "rather ridiculous."

. . . A picture of unanimous opposition to an investigation, and a general feeling that the Legionnaires looked a little bit foolish. . . Except for the comment of the president of the student body, Inman Allen, who took the fine old art of fence-straddling to a new high.

"I have no strong feeling on it," the president said, "If they want to conduct an investigation, it's their prerogative to make the request."

Come on now, Mr. Allen—if the YWCA can take a stand, you can too. It's really not so difficult. (JC)

Waiting For The Other Shoe



Editorial Comment

American Legion — Wheee!

For getting on towards half a century now, the American Legion has occupied a very special place in our National life.

As everybody should know, the Legion is as American as Mom's apple pie, the old Brooklyn Dodgers (before the team was integrated, of course), as soda pop at the drugstore on Saturday night, bank night at the movies, Halloween, strikebreaking, and Joe McCarthy.

The mere mention of the name is enough to bring forth tolerant and friendly chuckles.

Who can ever forget the appeal-

ing boyishness of a legion convention: the bags of water dropped from hotel windows, hand buzzers, exploding cigars, walking canes that go bang each time they tap the pavement, jet streams that blow young ladies' dresses over their heads, firecrackers thrown from an old 40 & 8 train, the T-model that rears up on its hind wheels and backfires like a howitzer, the charge of the loaded brigade, and twenty-three skiddoo.

Who can help but smile at the recollection of the mass rabbit clubbings in Iredell County?

This is good, clean, red-blooded, loyal American fun. A trifle immature, perhaps. But like the fellow said, in every man there is a grinning mischievous little boy.

The boys at Chapel Hill American Legion Post No. 6 got in a mischievous lick a couple of weeks ago with a resolution and recommendation calling for an investigation of communist activity at the University here.

Dredging up the theoretical bones of Hans Freistadt and Junius Scales, Post 6 charged that the University has never purged itself to the extent that it was no longer a "Red Nest." The immediate cause for the Progressive Labor Club, whose members are mischievous in a somewhat different way than the Legionnaires. (As a matter of fact, the Progressive Labor Club boys will have no truck with the communists, whom they consider to be too conservative. In another important respect, the Progressives go right down the line with the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are still keeping a watchful eye

on the British buildup in Bermuda.)

Whatever the Progressive Labor Club has in mind, Chapel Hill Post 6 wants an investigation. The investigating committee would not include any of the University trustees, faculty members or administrators. (The Legion Post did not rule out students, former students, or perhaps of present, former or prospective students, which seems to have been an oversight.)

The purpose of the investigation would be to determine to what extent Marxism has taken hold of the University, and to recommend remedial legislation necessary that "freedom loving North Carolinians may be saved from a possible academic Frankenstein of their own creation."

The idea of the resolution and recommendation seems to have been promoted by Col. Henry Royall, chairman of Post 6's Americanism Committee and a man whose loyal red blood boils at the thought of a "knee-jerk liberal" or at the sight of a U. N. tree. Presumably with the blessings of a majority of the rest of the boys at the Post, the resolution has been passed along to the Legion's State Department GHQ in Raleigh for appropriate action.

As it happens, most of North Carolina's top Legion officials are now in Las Vegas for the National Convention. With luck, maybe the resolution will get lost at one of the roulette tables; or barring that, somebody will fill it with water and drop it from the top of The Last Frontier Club. It is altogether too much to hope that it would land on Col. Royall's head.

—The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chuck Wrye

Manly Madras Squeelers, Please Leave

(. . . "Doo Yuh Looee Me, Bay-bee? Umh Hun, ugga ugga. Wow . . ." to the sound of distant jungle drums pulsating sensual in the background: "thom, thom, thom, thump thud.")

—A Popular Folksong, circa. 1960

The other night I had the gross misfortune of occupying a table in a local restaurant next to a few of our truly priceless Carolina Gentlemen. They had obviously consumed a few beers and were feeling more chipper than usual. And not being square souls they were swilling the booze to the soothing sounds of an ancient nickelodeon. Blaring forth were the strains of "Do You Love Me?" "Sherry Baby" and a special one called "Green Onions."

This was no passive enterprise, listening to rock and roll, that is. These gents were compelled, by some mysterious all powerful god, no doubt, to actively "participate" in each musical endeavor. As each

number came on, they would strain to be the first to recognize what this one was. Then, the lucky or clever chap that recognized it first, which he seemed to do only when it was the one he had played, would look around slyly grin broadly and announce for all, all in the establishment, to hear that this was . . . Usually following up the pronunciation with "Boy, I really played a great one this time. Just listen to this one, gang, it's really cool."

As the "thump, thump, thump" of the bass beat out, they would drum their frail fingers on the table, look at each other cleverly, roll their heads down in a slight Krupa lull and say, "Great, man, great. Just listen to this song I played, it's really great."

As the contours grunted and booped and screeched their way onto the juke box, the madras-clad sockless neaties would tuck their chins to their chests, roll back their eyes,

Chris Farran

Bloodshed, Beauty Characterize Bible

A BOOK REVIEW

The beginning of this vast and fascinating book would almost seem to be grounded in science-fiction. It tells of the creation in six days of the earth, stars, and universe. This is a bit much, but it serves admirably to introduce the power and the glory of the hero of the plot, God.

"And God said, let there be light: and there was light." This is no mean feat, and throughout the chronicle, God's powers (pillars of fire, floods, parting of waves, etc.) rival those of our boyhood hero, Captain Marvel. The great difference is that Billy Batson had to yell "Shazam" or something before his hocus-pocus, while God's powers are often quieter, and usually more creative and lasting.

After this spurt of creativity (" . . . He made the stars also . . .") God "rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." This of course set the precedent for our current practice of working hard for six days of the week and sleeping late Sundays.

Incidentally, much of the book's great charm and power comes from the simplicity and beauty of the prose: "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food."

Of course God also made man (in his own image, if that is any consolation) and woman, Eve, whom he created from Adam's rib. Now, woman was from the beginning an untrustworthy type. Here she had an entire unspoiled and beautiful world around her, and of course she ate from the only tree in the Garden God had asked her not to touch. Women are like that. Often they seem to be more trouble than they are worth. Because of the forbidden fruit transgression, "the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." In other words, if Eve had minded her own damn business, you would not be buying \$50 suits and \$20 dresses at Milton's; things would be as inexpensive and as pleasing to the eye as they were in the beginning: ". . . and they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed."

Again incidentally, there is much sound and fury today over the amount of sex and violence in books and magazines, in motion pictures and on television. Certainly the Bible, generally agreed to be "the most beautiful story ever told," contains more sex-violence than you could ever find in a library of Vladimir Nabokov and James Jones: Samson slaying thousands with the jawbone of an ass, King Herod ordering the infants in Egypt killed, the sinful cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, Joseph sold into slavery by his brothers.

Of course Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden and here begins a long narrative of the troubles of many people. Noah, who escaped from the flood, was 900 years old at the time and lived for 350 years afterward. That is another part of the book we must take on faith alone, because Life didn't have a photographer there. Also there were Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rachael, Jacob, Joseph, Saul, and David, to name just a few.

The cast of this book surely outdistances that of War and Peace, and, like the Tolstov novel, various producers have attempted to put all or parts of the story on film, though never with the passion and conviction achieved by the original cast. This may be partly because

motion picture audiences today just won't believe in people living 137 years (Sarah) or being turned to salt (Lot's wife). From the motion picture angle, the Bible is a book to make the special effects men earn their pay: rods turning to serpents, rivers turning to blood, aforementioned pillars of fire, parting oceans, like that.

The idea of the book is magnificent enough, and the leading character has great appeal. This is perhaps because God, along with some slight-of-hand, is a fickle figure much like us all (look around you; we were created in his image, remember; emotionally and mentally as well as physically, perhaps).

God is at once generous (He led Ishmael and the infant Abraham to water in the middle of the desert) and gentle ("Blessed are the meek . . ."); yet he is also capable of almost "inhuman" anger (plagues of boils) and violence (" . . . my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.") This is, certainly, the impressive aspect of God. Many of the good things God could do, man can do also (save lives, compose music, write books, build churches and hospitals and libraries) but no man is capable of such ungodly jealousy and fury. It is indeed a shame that so many obey God not out of awe for the good things He can do, but out of fear for all the hell He can raise.

After Genesis (the Creation) and Exodus (the flight from Egypt) the next book is Leviticus, a repetition of God's laws to Moses, few of which we take seriously today: "And if a man entice a maid that is not betrothed, and lie with her, he shall surely endow her to be his wife."

Much of the rest of the book is a chronicle of the many wars fought for or against the glory of God. It was as true then as it is now that few religions on earth teach that war is just, but probably without exception every war since time began has been fought over some point of some religion, however primitive, or at least over the principles and ideals thought by some religion.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the story of Job; of his many afflictions, his initial belief, his later doubts, his final return. It is, after all, a very interesting theological discussion; the several stages of belief and disbelief we probably all go through.

At one point Job voices the same lack of hope you have probably felt have having to go to an eight o'clock class after a Friday-night drunk: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." Job returned to belief eventually, and lived to be 140, and ". . . also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before . . ." which seems a promising way out for you disbelievers.

The Bible undeniably makes fascinating reading. You can look at the beauty of the prose and think, "Gee, I wish I'd said that." Whether or not you believe it is your own business. Like idealism, religion is difficult to defend but must certainly be emotionally satisfying. There is great security in belief. And though few of us take the Bible literally, men have fought for many years on many continents to uphold the ideals it teaches.

Whether or not you believe the Bible, or in any God at all, the beauty of the book cannot be denied, and certainly no book written has caused more bitter bloodshed or such high aspirations.

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