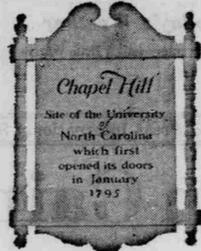


The Daily Tar Heel

70 Years of Editorial Freedom



Chapel Hill
Site of the University
of North Carolina
which first
opened its doors
in January
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Dear Faculty: Silence May Be Golden, But It Can Also Be Misinterpreted

Paul Green had an awfully good point when he asked in his University Day address why more UNC instructors haven't voiced their opposition to the gag law.

Why have they been so remarkably silent?

We expect the answer has to do with the fact that many instructors were gone during the summer, when the law was enacted; with the fact that there has been so much else to worry about these first few weeks of the fall semester, in getting organized and all; with the fact that no convenient outlet has been available for the collective voice of our professors to express itself through.

Hopefully, therefore, the silence that continues to emanate from most of UNC's faculty is the silence before a storm of carefully thought-out and well-

directed protest.

The fact remains, however, that because of this silence the notion may already have gotten abroad that most UNC instructors — and their brethren at our sister institutions — don't think the Speaker Ban is such a bad law.

Thus, when action comes, it could easily be interpreted by many of the ban law's proponents as Administration-provoked and not the sincere protest of concerned faculty members.

This would be, of course, a false notion. But how do we convince those backers of the law who are sincerely misinformed about the law's effect and ramifications of that? Especially the ones who are fond of seeing a big plot behind everything?

Obviously, the best way for our mental guides to answer Paul Green's charge is by speaking out, and soon.

That SPU Cartoon Was Good For Our Livers, But What About Our Lives?

Like many of you, we got a good laugh out of the Student Peace Union (SPU) cartoon carried on this page last Saturday. It probably represents one of the most trenchant observations on a local matter ever carried in these pages.

But if the effect of the cartoon was to make our average reader, whoever he or she is, think that he or she has been right all along, that the SPU is just an overgrown Mickey Mouse outfit, then the cartoon's fire will have miscarried.

For the SPU, however improbable and unrealistic was its protest march and statement last week about South Viet Nam, is nevertheless a very worthy organization.

It seeks to get all of us thinking and talking about the problems of peace; to make us aware of the nuclear precipice on which the world uneasily lives these days.

Too many of us are dangerously ignorant of the great problems the world faces. Too many of us can't even locate South Viet Nam on a map. Too many of us are just too unconcerned to care.

Without realizing it, those of us who fit that description are spiritual ancestors of the people who are largely re-

sponsible for the world being in the situation it is in today.

Apathy is and always has been one of man's own worst enemies. Because of it dictators rise and democrats despair; because of it, to a large extent, we as a nation let great problems reach the boiling point before we bother even to consider them, much less propose rational solutions to them.

Well, the SPU members are trying to crack this iceberg of apathy. Sometimes they strike out and sometimes they don't. Most of the time, as last Spring when they paraded to protest our Armed Forces slogan of 'Power For Peace,' they just succeed in getting people mad at them.

This, however, is a start. Many times before this, blind anger has become calm deliberation, although the occasions certainly have not been overwhelmingly numerous.

But at the least, the SPU is focusing attention upon problems which ought to concern all of us far more than they do.

So while that cartoon may have been good for our liver, in making us chuckle at the SPU's expense, it won't be good for our lives if all it did was to lull us back to sleep again.

The Barren Harvest Of Ill-Sown Seeds

Some of our more conservative legislators may be shocked to find that their recent Speaker Ban law does not just af-

fect this hot bed of radical thinking here at Chapel Hill. The most recent loss has been suffered by our sister institution in Raleigh.

The National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences is currently sponsoring a tour by a real live Communist. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sokolovskiy is director of the Laboratory of Plasticity in the Institute of Mechanics of the Academy of Sciences of the Soviet Socialist Republics. He spoke at Duke Monday at one of the university's mechanical engineering seminars, but the last we heard State had a fair to middling engineering school too.

Could Mr. Sokolovskiy speak there? Obviously, no.

He is a Communist. Not a sly, devious, home-grown Communist seeking to subvert our philosophy, infiltrate our schools and government and turn us from God and Country, but a full-fledged, fire engine red, Russian Communist who has something of value to say on plasticity.

Some of our unbending legislators might find a lecture on plasticity very helpful.



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Gag Law Must Go

From The Gold and Black Wake Forest College

House Bill 1395 was enacted by the General Assembly of the state of North Carolina in the brief period of 39 minutes. This action, taken in the closing days of the session, was entitled "An Act to regulate visiting speakers at state-supported colleges and universities." This act makes it unlawful for members of the Communist Party, those who advocate the overthrow of the United States Constitution or of the State of North Carolina, and those who have pleaded the Fifth Amendment in regard to communist and subversive activities to speak at any state supported school.

The action of the General Assembly does not affect Wake Forest College, for which we are quite thankful. Nevertheless we are concerned with this blow to academic liberty and freedom of speech in the bas-

tile of liberalism in the South, the Old North State. We must be concerned with any attempt to shun the traditions of intellectual freedom and Jeffersonian liberalism any place at any time. The way has been opened for further legislative acts which could mean the end of free expression of ideas and beliefs on any college campus or on any platform in this state.

We have talked long and hard of the tradition of academic freedom at Wake Forest, expressing our belief that this was the one tenet above all else this institution passed on to her beloved sons and daughters as they departed. H. B. 1395 originated in the House of Representatives and was introduced by a son of Wake Forest College. We must pause and take stock of this situation. The college, her faculty, and her students can take no pride in the fact that one of her sons struck

the first blow toward halting the free and uninhibited discussion of ideas on the campuses of North Carolina's great universities. The ideals of the past and the glories of yesterday must not become just that. They must be living, breathing things, as much a part of our school as is the never ending pursuit of knowledge.

The intention of the supporters of this bill was no doubt good. But they have taken the wrong path to achieve their aims. It is the rule of every educational community to make the truth available to its students and provide them with the tools of self-dissemination. It is not the role of any college or university or of any body of elected representatives to adopt the habits of communism by feeding its students only one line of thought. This idea is alien to the democracy in which we live, and to the theory and beliefs of those who founded this nation "with liberty and justice for all."

Indeed, we are today engaged in a life or death struggle with the masters of the Communist world. Those countries now under the domination of the hammer and sickle are those where communism was a new idea that swept through the land before thorough and complete reasoning could find the ever-present faults in the Communist argument. We believe that Communism is a bankrupt dogma. The best way to bring ultimate and final defeat to the communist ideology is to hear it, read it, and discuss it. It will come to the forefront only when it is

Our Money For Powell And Rope

By CLYDE WILSON

Some time ago a man wrote a letter to the editor of the Richmond News-Leader. He had just read in the paper that Anthony Celebrezze, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, had sent a telegram to every member of the House, urging passage of a certain bill. The measure failed. The government paid a \$2,636 telegraph bill. The Secretary could have made use of a number of idle messengers who were paid employees of the government. But what particularly aroused the reader was that that was exactly the sum he had paid in income taxes the previous year.

As he put it, in one inexcusable afternoon, one wanton bureaucrat had squandered money which represented three months of hard work on his part; money which could have sent his son to college for two years, made the down payment on a new house or bought him a new automobile. This true story brings home an overlooked fact of life. The money spent in Washington, no matter what the distance is between the place where it is collected and the place where it is spent, is our money. Mine and yours.

If the government is going to take a part of our earnings for public purposes, we, as free men, have a moral right to be certain that the purposes are legitimate and necessary ones.

Missiles cost money. Jet bombers cost money. Nuclear submarines cost money. Few are the Americans who are not willing to sacrifice to make sure that America has all the missiles and bombers and submarines that she needs. Few are the Americans who would willingly give up one penny of their earnings for someone they have never seen to squander.

Some shocking examples of government waste can be catalogued. In 1956 the Hoover Commission discovered a rope factory employing 140 people which had been operated in Boston since the Civil War. The gov-

ernment subsidized the operation of the factory and then sold its products, for which it no longer had any use, at a loss. Powerful politicians intervened and prevented even the gradual shut-down of the factory. It is still producing rope, at a loss. It costs in excess of \$1 million dollars per year to maintain each Congressman in the capital. Some of this money goes to pay salaries to wives and children who are ostensibly members of the Congressmen's staffs.

Then there is Rep. Adam Clayton Powell of New York. He recently married his secretary and raised her salary from \$8,000 to \$18,000 a year. She continued to collect months in salary while spending six months in Puerto Rico undergoing pregnancy. Rep. Powell spent his last summer on the Riviera. At my expense and your expense. He was supposed to be investigating women's working conditions in Europe.

Government is naturally wasteful and waste is not confined to the Federal government. One need only compare the output of a city work crew to that of a crew hired by a private company for a vivid example. One need only sit in on a meeting of a typical city council or county board to be appalled at the flippancy with which those public servants toss around large sums of money.

In the early days of the Republic there was a much deeper sense of morality about the public funds. Washington and Jefferson watched their spending down to the last paperweight and goose quill pen. That spirit, and that sense of obligation about the spending of other people's money, has disappeared.

Unless Americans begin to reassert their moral indignation, Congressman Powell is going to be spending his summers on the Riviera and that rope factory is still going to be turning out rope two hundred years after the Civil War!

Lacking In Color

By NINA KING
"Spectacular Rogue: Gaston B. Means", by Edwin P. Hoyt; Bobbs-Merrill, 1963.

"Engaging was infamous, he swindled widows and governments and was accused of virtually every crime in the book: forgery, theft, conspiracy, obstruction of justice—and murder. J. Edgar Hoover called him the 'greatest faker of all time'; yet, until the end of his infamous career, his fluent tongue and his dimpled smile beguiled even the most sophisticated."

In the preceding quote from a cover blurb, Edwin P. Hoyt's "Spectacular Rogue: Gaston B. Means" reaches its climax. Technically and thematically the direction thereafter is downhill, the speed most deliberate. It is incredible that a book which has as its subject the boldest scoundrel of the century should be boring, but Mr. Hoyt has succeeded in making his work a long and dreary anticlimax to the excitement promised by the cover.

A one-time student at UNC, Gaston Bullock Means began his career as the dean of common in 1915, reached his apogee of audacity during the corrupt years of the Harding Administration, and died still scheming in prison in 1938. During his 23 active years, he served as an espionage agent for Germany while his boss worked for England, used his rather vague connections with the Justice Department to promote magnificent swindles of leading bootleggers, wrote a best-seller proving that Warren Harding was poisoned by his jealous wife, and attempted a flamboyant exploitation of the Linbergh case.

The genius of Gaston Bullock Means lay not in his successes—more often than not his under-takings were spectacular flops. Rather it is to be found in the enormous imagination of this dimpled-cheeked husband and father who was able to convince his clients that even the mem-

bers of the Supreme Court could be had for a price—if one used the proper Means.

Only occasionally in "Spectacular Rogue," does the flamboyant personality come through. Emerging from a three year stretch in the penitentiary Gaston was met by a crowd of eager newsmen.

"What was he going to do in the future?" a reporter asked. "Anything I can," Gaston said. And, laughing, he entered the car and was driven away."

Passages such as the above are rare, however, and it is obvious that Mr. Hoyt spent far more time on his impeccable footnotes than he did on his text. In other hands, such extensive documentation could serve as an excellent basis for a psychological discussion of a strange personality, but no such attempt is made by Mr. Hoyt. Neither does he provide the transitional material and conjectural asides needed to evoke a colorful man and his era. We learn little more about Means than the facts of his greed and his dimples.

Nor does the book serve, except indirectly, as an expose of the Harding administration. Mr. Hoyt seems incapable of even the most elementary editing, of finding a point and directing his material towards it. He includes everything he has learned from lengthy research—and he has learned much—but his chapters are the most arbitrary of divisions, his summations and conclusions nonexistent.

Thus, except for an occasional anecdote which managed to creep unnoticed into the author's notes, the value of "Spectacular Rogue" is limited to that provided the historian of the Harding era by the facts and figures. Historical writing being the selective meter that it is, the book's posterity will probably be an occasional footnote mention in weighty tomes to come. And Gaston Bullock Means, native son and national menace, still awaits a worthy chronicler.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A Friend!!

Editors, The Tar Heel,

Regarding recent letters of criticism of the DTH—I don't agree. So it isn't a NY Times, nor even a Mad magazine, but I think the coverage of Carolina SPU activities and of HUAC's interest in a UNC staff member are news.

If students think such matters are not representative of the student body—to which I agree—then, perhaps, something should be done to establish a more representative image of Carolina. Would an augmented section of cartoons in the DTH do this?

While I don't believe "Blood on the old Well" or Cuban trips are all that UNC has to offer that is newsworthy, neither do I believe the DTH should stick its head in the sand. The Editors have made the best case AGAINST such non-representative groups as the SPU in any student spokesman. And, thankfully, they have not resigned themselves to trying to make everybody happy. Even Pogo can't do that. I can't help thinking that there is more to an education than keeping up with Peanuts, Pogo, Otelia, and, by means all the weather. They are, no doubt, part of it, but, hopefully, not all. And, of course, if students dislike the paper's version of a Liberal education, isn't that what this column and the vote are for?

Jerry Kroe
314 Aycock

Pro Otelia

Editors, The Tar Heel,

It has been my observation that people have been too free to criticize Otelia Connor too quickly. I am willing to come to her defense on one point. Otelia said that she stirred her coffee with a soup spoon because she wanted to; but I am sure that Otelia had her tongue in her cheek when she said this. I am not sure where Mrs. Connor grew up and not nosy enough to ask her, but in Western South Carolina, where I was reared, it was customary for the very best families—the Aristocracy, no less—to use a soup spoon or even a tablespoon for stirring tea or coffee. My mother said that it was an old English tradition, but one that respectable people still use.

This alone, though, is not enough. There is a recently pub-

lished pamphlet, *Table Customs That Came and Stayed*, by Joy M. Journey, which will clear up this point. Mrs. Journey's whose word, I feel, can be trusted, says, "the custom of using a larger spoon than the teaspoon for the coffee originated with the dunking of bread or cookies into the liquids. . . . The cookie was placed into the spoon and lowered into the cup in order to keep the . . . fingers dry." To me this seems reasonable; and I suspect that Otelia has read Mrs. Journey's pamphlet. I suspect that the majority of South Carolina aristocrats still dunk their bread at the table. Inform me if I am wrong.

Betty Powell
Cobb Dormitory

Poor Taste?

Editors, The Tar Heel,

I think your recent "cartoon" on the peace marchers was entirely irrelevant and definitely in poor taste.

John Blackford

Bad Manners!

Editors, The Tar Heel,

Although it may be a false image, I have always thought of myself as a neat, petite, motherly housewife. Men usually treat me as a lady.

I came to Chapel Hill Friday with my husband to visit his daughter, who is a freshman here. Although he had to return early, I stayed and went to the Graham Memorial Movie, *Portrait In Black*. I was never so embarrassed when two boys crowding in on either side of me stepped on both of my toes at the same time.

I would appreciate a letter of apology if you two are the kind of Carolina Gentlemen I would want my husband's daughter to marry!

Mrs. W. Stephens
31 Groves
Dennis, N. C.

Three Cheers

Editors, The Tar Heel,

Three cheers for Warren C. Osgden, Jr. and W. S. Berryhill, Jr. They have the right idea.

Christopher Thomas Myers
810 Old Pittsboro Road