

Doubly Honored

Within a week the University has been doubly honored by the Carnegie Corporation.

Carolina is the recipient of a \$100,000 grant to develop the Graduate School. The University has also been honored by the selection of Dean Weaver for a traveling fellowship to study undergraduate life throughout the country.

By means of the graduate grant, the Carnegie folks plan to help the University in its liberal arts fields. First year graduate students will get a chance to benefit from 10 new fellowships ranging from \$600 to \$1000 each—the first results of the recent award. As Dean W. W. Pierson pointed out, beginning grad students had to compete with second and third year students to obtain scholarships. It is good to see that the liberal arts field, particularly teaching will get a boost from the Carnegie grant. The entire graduate fellowship program will be broadened because of the grant.

Usually, the corporation spends most of its funds on private institutions since private schools get no public support. The University, then, should feel happy that it has been singled out as one of the few southern public colleges to receive awards. In the past the Women's College and UNC has benefitted from Carnegie projects.

Dean Weaver will visit several institutions to take a close look at student life. We hope he'll have time to see how other schools work out faculty-student relationships. There is an unnecessary lack of understanding between the two here.

Only 25 such fellowships have been awarded in the past to young administrators, so the award is an honor besides an opportunity to the dean.—WMD II

by Harry Snook

Nonplus

"Ever paramount is the thought of man's relationship to the universe."

That sentence introduces a compact chapter in a provocative work by a little known author. Henry Jones' *Penetralia Mentis* is unfinished—and is not the kind of work that really can be finished—but I have read the first several chapters. Here, by special permission, is the rest of this particular one, which is chapter VIII:

"As a mortal, who must define the mind's idea of the infinite in terms that are finite, I believe that there is only the commonality of limitless energy between us and the totality of infinity.

"For if the dimensional sphere we call mind is contained in the sphere of the body, the body in the world, the world in the universe, and the universe in limitless energy, then what contains the sphere of infinity?"

"Because of knowledge and our dependence on it, our very existence, beginning to end, is but an interim arrangement of energy; we might trace our origin to the seed, but never to the sower; we will follow our future to death, but never beyond.

"So we know nothing and live only a hypothesis that, nevertheless, serves absolutely our purpose. Our intelligence, even as our reason is tempered now of necessity by doubt, has the potentiality of completeness in its own sphere.

"Since, after all, there is no occasion to distrust the next encompassing sphere, nothing we could do if it were to discharge us from life, and no more significant to us when it does than any instantaneous and total annihilation, what cause is there for concern on this count? "But the price of conflict with the larger energy is death. So long as we live, our progress is safe.

"This is a simple lesson. "Our intelligence must be used to forward living and life; those who use it to tempt death for the sole sake of morbid curiosity will find it unconquerable, insatiable.

"Of the latter we must all beware; enough of them might lose us, too, and existence itself."

Eisenhower The Politician

At last, General Eisenhower has said the long awaited and predicted "yes" to those eager to see him seek the Presidency. Perhaps the most significant sentence of his statement of Monday—significant and portentous to all who respect the electoral processes and institutions of our democracy—was the assertion that:

"Under no circumstances will I ask for relief from this assignment in order to seek nomination to political office and I shall not participate in the pre-convention activities of others who may have such an intention with respect to me:

Superficially, this would appear to be an altogether proper thing to be said by a man in uniform, one whose appeal lies largely in the fact that he stands apart from the generality of political office-seekers. Yet it takes no great political astuteness to see that this is the sort

of ideal political situation for which president-makers often dream, but scarcely dare to hope.

With a very considerable popular support today from virtually all segments of the political spectrum, Eisenhower can only lose votes by making any statement on any public issue. Thus he is in position to turn his uniform from what might otherwise be a straight-jacket into an ostentatiously valid excuse for saying nothing prior to the time when the Republican Convention may choose to cast upon him what he terms "a duty that would transcend my present responsibility."

Of the essence of democratic self-government is the right of each citizen to cast his vote for the man whom he feels best fitted by political philosophy, training, and ability to serve the whole citizenry most capably. This presupposes that each citizen will take the trouble to find out where each candidate

stands on what appears to that citizen to be the transcendent issues of the day.

To say that most voters do not exercise such a degree of responsibility is to miss the crucial issue here. If the voter has no opportunity, try though he may, to find out where every candidate stands, then he is effectively estopped from the intelligent exercise of his chief power as a citizen.

Unlike Taft, Stassen, Warren, and other would-be nominees, between now and July the General will be making no revelations of his philosophy of government, of his concept of the office which he seeks, or of his positions on the issues which are of major importance to those whose suffrage he asks—issues (See EISENHOWER, page 4)

A LITERARY QUIZZ—

WHO had 100 copies of POGO for you while all the other book-sellers thought it was some kind of jumping stick?

Never, never, never grouse about sending off for that hard-to-get book on your list?

Was the only bookshop in this area to stock enough NEW YORKER ALBUMS to care for your Christmas needs?

Has a full stock of all the important series books, including the English Penguins

Has the finest art section south of Washington?

Is your best bet for any book out of the hum-drum groove?

ANSWER — No Peeking till you've guessed.

Franklin Street. Intimate Bookshop, at 205 East You're right, pal, it's the old

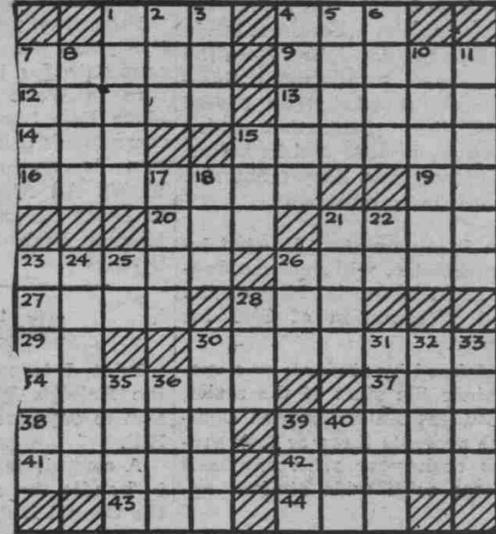
DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Small rug
 - Striking success (slang)
 - Glistened
 - Conform
 - Large artery of heart
 - Not clear
 - Blue grass
 - To seed again
 - Unites, by interweaving
 - Bachelor of Divinity (abbr.)
 - Perched
 - Glen
 - Ten-armed cuttlefish
 - Work
 - Large casks
 - Coin (Peru)
 - Sun god
 - Those of a modern school of painting
 - Ducks
 - Hasten
 - Trap
 - Censure
 - Check in growth
 - Made of oak
 - Honey-gathering insect
 - Affirmative vote
- DOWN**
- Ethical
 - Emmet
 - Beverage

- Flutters
- Harem rooms
- Salary weakens
- Loop of metal
- Indian (New Mex?)
- Tedding machine
- Soak flax
- Egyptian goddess
- Boulder
- Surrealist painter
- Jewish month
- Pressure
- Pleasingly odd
- United Nations (abbr.)
- Bowl underhand
- European wild boar
- Island off Greece
- Quiver
- Duration
- Observed



Yesterday's Answer
35. Paint, sloppily
36. Sea eagle
39. Large snake
40. Place



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