

## Noiselessly & Inconspicuously

"It seems to me," the professor said, "that this generation of students is lethargic." It was 10 o'clock class in Caldwell. The professor was digressing from his lecture. "The zeal for reform that has been present in students since Socrates' time seems somehow lacking," the professor said. He walked to the window and looked out. "In the midst of great world tides," he said, "students today appear unconcerned. Perhaps they are afraid to think; perhaps they do not care to think."

He turned back to the class. "Students have traditionally been critics of their society and have helped bring progress to straight-laced cultures. But students today are hardly ever heard from. They seem uninterested in controversy, passive and inert and sleepy."

And the class, no longer taking notes, listened quietly.

Except for the student in the second row, whose head was down, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes closed.

He could hear nothing, because, noiselessly and inconspicuously, he had gone to sleep.

## Please, Mr. Gray, Study That Psych!

The news that President Gray is taking a course in psychology assumes added significance when it is pointed out that his teacher is a visiting professor from Duke.

How did this happen, anyway? Did Mr. Gray sign up for the course intentionally, figuring these home-grown profs are too tough and hoping for a crib? Or did he just get fouled up in registration like the rest of us?

Another thing we'd like to know: What's going to happen when the grades come out next spring? Mr. Gray is risking one of Carolina's finest undergraduate averages in this bold venture. He's kept pretty busy these days playing papa to three big campuses and might not find time to hit the books sufficiently. So if he gets a D or an F, what then?

Well, it will louse up that average. But what we're most afraid of is the inter-institution crisis that will develop.

All the glib talk about Duke-Carolina warmth and cordiality will fade into the background. Mr. Gray, hot under the collar, will have his secretary ring up West Durham. "Hollis," he will say, "Gordon. Now about this D, er . . ."

Perhaps it won't come to that. Maybe the boss will pass his exam, get his quality points, and everything will be all right.

But it's a scary situation just the same, and one we'd just as soon Mr. Gray hadn't gotten into.

## Phi On You For Not Joining Earlier

The General Assembly of the Philanthropic Literary Society (founded 1795), better known as the Phi, an ancient and honorable debating organization, can use a few new members. It has been doing poorly recently, and the Phi figures it's because you don't know how painless and pleasurable it is to belong. Moral: If you like to engage in lousy argument, or just mostly sit and listen, go see the Phi upstairs in New East, any Tuesday night at 8.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front No Talking While Grades Are Recorded

Louis Kraar

HAVE YOU ever wondered who puts those hand-written pencil marks on your report card?

I found the answer the other day when I came into Hanes Hall basement and saw six tables of women working. Grades are recorded by hand on a form that makes four carbon copies—one for the dean, one for student aid, one for central records, one for your folks, and one for yourself.

It takes the recorders about a week to mark all report cards. And from the looks of the women working at it, the job is tedious. A big sign overhead warns: "No conversation while recording grades." But coffee breaks are scheduled, according to another sign, at 1:30 and 3:30 in the afternoon.

CAROLINE COED, an anonymous young lady on campus who scribbles off critical letters to this reporter from time to time, came through yesterday with criticisms of "ponography" in this column.

Miss Coed said, "There are certain depths of ponography, I am told, below which even the writer of a collegiate newspaper column is loath to sink. Thank goodness you have finally reached this level, otherwise we would never have been enlightened on the subject of stenciled lingerie."

Although it might not occur to prim Caroline at the moment, most people living in the 1950's aren't offended by the mention of underwear in a piece of writing, provided the reference is not otherwise in bad taste.

And after all Caroline, even you have to mention them right out in public every time you purchase some of the unmentionables.

AFTER FALLING blindly for years in matters of love, the mental and physical phenomenon has been explained for the Carolina male and the world.

"That oracle of fashions, pinups, and entertainment—Esquire magazine—has just served up the answer in an article called 'Why Men Fall In Love.'"

According to Esquire, it's neither sex or sentimentalism that makes the male's heart throb. Instead, so say the psychiatrists, men fall in love because they are "suffering from internal discontent, feelings of guilt and anxiety."

Here's how it works, according to the analysts: Three conflicting forces rule man, "a subconscious image of the man you think you ought to be," a feeling that you're not measuring up to what you should, and the ego ("the man you think you are").

Thus, all a guy needs, say the psychiatrists, is some gal to make him think he's the guy he'd like to be. Falling in love, then, is sort of a truce with the three warring forces.

NOTHING SOUNDS more unsentimental than the psychiatrists' description of love. So try another one offered by psychologists.

Summed up, the psychologists say: "Love is biological, normal, healthy, vigorous." This sounds a little better than the psychiatrists' version that says the whole business arises from guilt.

And neither explanation seems to measure up to the sentimental standards we're supposed to have.

I prefer Alistair Cooke's explanation of why men fall in love. When he was asked what made a man fall in love, he replied: "Of course, a woman."



'What Hath God Wrought?'

## Bahai—The New Faith

Ed Yoder

Walter R. Wooten, senior in public administration and industrial relations, has a unique mission on this campus.

He is the advocate, missionary, and teacher for the Bahai World Faith—a new, world-wide religious movement aiming at a conjunction into one of all the world's higher religions.

the world's higher religions.

## History's Little Joke In The Tachen Islands

Joseph Alsop

TACHEN ISLANDS. If you want the real measure of what has happened to the Eisenhower administration and American foreign policy in the last two years, consider the story of those barren, controversial rocks—the Tachen Islands. It is not so serious it would be a cosmic joke.

The background of the drama of the evacuation of the Tachens has been simple enough. It is no secret that for ten days or so, Chiang Kai-shek balked bitterly at making a present of the Tachens to the Communists.

The Eisenhower administration had to press Chiang very hard indeed to take his troops off the Tachens before the Chinese Communists attacked them.

The joke lies in the fact that just two years ago, the shoe was on exactly the other foot. Those were the brave early days of Eisenhower policy-making. There was no talk then of cease fires and peaceful co-existence and the like. Instead the watchwords were liberation, dynamic new foreign policy, recaptured initiative, and the "unleashing of Chiang Kai-shek."

President Eisenhower's dramatic announcement that after being wickedly held in check by the Truman administration, the Generalissimo had now been boldly unleashed by the Republicans, caused a wave of reaction that reached all the way to the rocky Tachens.

At that time, the islands were hardly more important than those which fought for Yikiangshan through close to three bloody days. The Formosa government considered the Tachens too distant from the main island to be covered by air or supplied by sea. The Generalissimo and his military advisers did not wish, therefore, to commit either their prestige or large components of their regular forces to the defense of the Tachens. In short,

"World turmoil," Wooten said when I talked with him in the Graham Memorial lounge Tuesday, "is the signal of the death of an old era that has lost its spiritual power, and the birth of a new and golden age animated by the teachings of a new prophet of God."

That new prophet of God, believe Wooten and the other members of his faith, was Baha'u'llah, a Persian saint of the 19th Century who proclaimed himself the new Messiah.

The first chapter of the Bahai drama, according to Wooten,

closed on July 9, 1850, when The Bab, the prophet of the coming of Baha'u'llah, was publicly shot before a firing squad of 750 men. According to Bahai teachings, the execution of the Bab was accompanied by a whirlwind, an earthquake and a cholera epidemic, both of which claimed thousands of Persian lives, came within short order.

The focus of events in the 1840's and 50's holds great importance in the Bahai scheme. It all hinges on the references in Revelation and Daniel of Biblical prophecy to the "1260 days."

Both by reference to other passages and to logical mathematical computations, Wooten showed me (and will be glad to show you) that the years 1843 and 1844 can be arrived at.

These years have certain significance in United States religious history. Miller and his Millerites, believing an apocalyptic event was at hand, moved out of society; in Germany, the Carmelites followed essentially the same pattern.

Bahai teachings also claims another strange coincidence. On May 23, 1844, supposedly the day upon which the Heraldic Bab appeared, Samuel F. B. Morse sent his famous first telegraph message, "What Hath God Wrought?"

Baha'u'llah, the "most High Manifestation of God," the second Messiah, was himself born in Teheran in 1817. His father was Minister of State under the Shah. He made his public declaration as a Messenger of God in Baghdad in the year 1863. George Townshend, one time Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, Ireland, sometime Archbishop of Clonfert, now a convert to the Bahai faith, writes of Baha'u'llah's significance:

"He affirmed that His appearance fulfilled the promised return of Christ in the glory of the Father. He brought a Teaching which though ampler and fitted to a more advanced Age was in spirit and purpose the same as that of Christ. He revealed those 'other things' which Jesus told His disciples He had to give them but which they could 'not bear' at that time. His mission was to bring the work of Christ to its completion and realization, to reconstruct the social order of the world and build the long promised Kingdom of God in very fact."

Baha'u'llah, having made his identity known, was banished from Persia to Baghdad, where he gathered a large following; he was soon banished from Baghdad to Constantinople, from there to Akka, Palestine, across the Bay from Mt. Carmel. Al- years in prison during his life, together Baha'u'llah spent 40

## YOU Said It: Petitioner Sees 'Apathy'

Editor:

I cannot resist the urge to record here some of the varied reactions I observed while obtaining signatures for the petition being circulated favoring appropriate legislative action to uphold the Supreme Court ruling regarding racial segregation in the public schools.

Student A walked by the table at which I sat as if the room were empty. If he is for segregation, fine. Student B read it, shook his head and said, "I can't sign this." That too is fine. I believe every man should uphold what he believes in.

Yet others, as student C, said, "This is fine; I'm glad to see you do this, but . . ." Or student D, who, when asked if he was for it, said sheepishly, "I'm not for either petition." They tell me an apathetic person leads a happy life.

Of course we sooner or later had to meet student E. He felt that his signature might someday prevent him from getting a job. "After all, I have to think of myself." Yes, I guess so, I hope I never want food or wealth so badly that I abandon principles which may inconvenience me.

Student F, a young man wearing the uniform of an ROTC cadet, couldn't sign it either. I wonder if he thought even a little about the many United States citizens of every race and creed who have died wearing the bar he will someday wear on his shoulder.

I have no quarrel with those who disagree with me; but apathy I cannot forgive. One cannot help but wonder how much more effective propaganda the communist world will derive from not only the prejudiced, but from the indecisive and the uncaring.

Richard E. Albert

## All Those Ads

Editor:

After reading this morning's Daily Tar Heel, I was very disturbed about the tremendous amount of advertisements and the consequent lack of news. The sports page, which is undoubtedly the most widely read page of the paper, usually contains half the ads in the paper and today was no exception. On crowded days of advertising, I would suggest that the editorial page run the comic strips and crossword puzzle; therefore, this would leave more room for sports news.

I think that there is altogether too much advertising in the paper. It looks more like a billboard for local merchants than it does a student newspaper.

Gordon Jones

(About half of The Daily Tar Heel's financial support comes from its advertising; with receipts from the student Legislature below normal we must accept all the advertising we can get. This advertising is received late on the day before publication, usually too late for changes in the editorial page makeup. Whenever it is possible to foresee a heavy advertising day, we switch the comic strips and crossword puzzle to the editorial page. Such foresight is, unfortunately, not always possible.—Editor.)

## Elementary

Editor:

A Primer for ROTC students (and certain other members of our society):

(PICTURE OF A GUN)  
This is a gun.

(PICTURE OF A BOY WITH BLOND HAIR AND BLUE EYES)  
This is Joe.

(PICTURE OF A BOY WITH QUASI-ORIENTAL FEATURES AND COLORING)  
This is Ivan.

Joe has a gun. Ivan has a gun. Joe can shoot his gun. Ivan can shoot his gun. Joe does not shoot Ivan. Ivan does not shoot Joe.

Joe does not shoot Ivan and Ivan does not shoot Joe; not so much because one is afraid that the other will shoot back but rather because they love each other.

Hopefully,  
Thomas G. Smith

## The Over-Trained Concert Audience

Goddard Lieberman  
In The Reporter

Nothing sweetens the air at a concert quite so much as applause. Yet, in the last fifteen or twenty years, applause—this precious oxygen given off by audiences which, more than money, gives life to an artist—has been steadily discouraged, slowly stifled, suppressed, and deadened. Consequently, concert halls have become stuffier, and graveness of mien a prerequisite for him who fancies himself the intelligent concertgoer. The fun is gone, or going, and music has come to be worshipped instead of enjoyed.

It all began subtly enough: the unsmiling face of a violinist or pianist after a sonata; a reluctance to face around on the part of a conductor, or his refusal to lower his arms at appropriate (which he considers inappropriate) moments; and sometimes even a hand lifted in repressive gesture toward an audience which dares to express enjoyment with a tentative burst of applause.

Thus the great solo artist becomes a kind of reluctant professor of music, too serious to acknowledge his students; the conductor a monolithic, monolithic father figure, grim, repressive, demanding of obedience and love. Like an unsmiling, humorless Mr. Darling of "Peter Pan" he seems to say, "A little less noise there. Just watch your decorum—we are worshipping the divinity Music—keep your feelings to yourself." But only saints are adept at private ecstasies, and to ask this from the music public is asking for too much.

Or, wonder where the foolish conception of "serious" music began. Was it an attempt to guarantee a posterity that otherwise seemed lost? Yet *bon vivants* are kindly remembered: We honor Dante, but we also honor Boccaccio; we are grateful to both Marcus Aurelius and Petronius. And are we not correct in our suspicions that the artist who "seriously" strives to create "serious" works which will be remembered by succeeding generations is at once doomed to failure?

I cannot help but believe that what we now call "serious" music was once listened to in quite a different way, that concert rooms were neither study halls nor places of worship, and that the atmosphere at music-giving gatherings was one of great social fun. Indeed, one has only to look at an old print depicting Handel as the conductor of his own music surrounded by a conglomeration of audience, singers, and instrument artists to know that a concert for those people was a robust frolic, not unrelated to other robust frolics, and nearly as much fun. I should imagine that our jazz concerts of today would come closer to approximating what concerts then were. At these concerts, faces are smiling, the air is electric with enjoyment, the applause is lusty and grateful.

One wonders: How many years of repression have gone into forming our serious music audiences? It must have meant many years of training, because the natural reactions to the exhilaration that music engenders are applause, dancing, even vocal expressions of joy. Wasn't there once a time when applause between movements of a symphony was not considered a coarse gaucherie? Today, the unhappy creature who involuntarily and ecstatically claps his hands together after the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the center of malevolent looks, whispered "sssh," and perhaps spoken insults from close relatives who expected a little more sensitivity from a respectable fellow. It is all heartbreakingly unfair. Particularly since Beethoven, if he were alive and not deaf, would be delighted, I am sure, to stand and bow in acknowledgment of the applause. And what joy for a contemporary composer if he were to hear an inadvertent burst of applause from an exuberant admirer!

Our generation, in all aspects of life, has completely rejected the fastidiousness of Victorianism save in this one area—the concert hall. There the clinging plush, the dim lighting (as if to suggest gaslight), the grim art that hangs on the walls, and, above all, the somber atmosphere, suggest that the antiaesthetic still lives, and that Alfred Lord Tennyson has crossed no bars.

Soon music will have become such a serious matter that it will entirely be left in the hands of experts. That is, unfortunately, the direction in which it is now moving. It is the responsibility of everyone concerned with music to re-establish its pre-eminence in the field of entertainment, as an essential social (of course, in the broad sense) activity. A good way to begin would be to convert our musical audiences to the concept of the enjoyment of music, and to leave study and worship in the edifices designed for their use.

## The Annual Auction

Burke Davis  
In The Greensboro Daily News

Interest is picking up in the biennial auction of trusteeships of the Greater University, and bidding promises to be as brisk as it has been in the past two scrambles. Committee Chairman John Umstead of Orange, who long ago had a try at civilizing the method of selection, and has given up, is having numerous requests for information.

This is one of the legislative scandals crying for reform, but no one has come forward with a feasible substitute for the present log-rolling scheme. Picking names from a hat would be an improvement. Umstead once attacked with a bill preventing Assemblymen from becoming trustees while serving in the Legislature, and that failed—perhaps fortunately, for service in the Assembly should not automatically bar a statesman.

Several new trustees who emerged from the 1953 scene (which looked something like the Stock Exchange floor on Black Friday) replaced veterans who had contributed much to the university. Not all newcomers have made, thus far, startling contributions of their own—nor even been very regular in attendance at meetings.

This time Guilford County, which now has six trustees, comes up with terms expiring for two eminent friends of the university: Maj. L. P. McLendon and Spencer Love. They will surely inspire fights among the statesmen to see that they keep their seats, but there will be other candidates in the field as well.