

'These Barriers Are Remarkably Fragile'

Timothy Wood, when he wrote the letter to The Greensboro Daily News reprinted on this page, probably did not know that this is Brotherhood Week.

He didn't need to. What he had to say about segregation in the University came directly from his experience, and from his beliefs about the fighting ability of a man, no matter what his color.

In the interest of Brotherhood Week, here are some comparable statements by others, who, like Carolina's Timothy Wood, have come to know what brotherhood is.

To Brooks Atkinson, the New York Times theatre critic, the word "brother" is the most sublime word in the English language. In his book "Once Around The Sun" he says,

Understanding between brothers does not have to be renewed by frequent demonstrations of affection, for it is permanent year after year, and unspoken clear across the globe and possibly into eternity. The finest world that people can imagine is the brotherhood of man.

Ralph J. Bunch is a Negro, a United States representative to the United Nations, one of 4,000 staff members of all colors, religions, languages, and cultures. Is this a Tower of Babel at 42nd and First Avenue in New York City, Ralph Bunch?

We find that these carriers are remarkably fragile. All of these people, so widely diversified in origin and background, work and play together in impressive harmony. Genuine friendships cut across all lines; there is an easy informality and camaraderie in relationships; and there is, of course, no little courting and marriage. It is a genial human company, enriched by its very diversity.

After all, there is nothing so important in this world as people giving expression to the good that is in all of us by amity toward each other, by respecting each other and by acting generally like civilized beings.

Faith Baldwin, too, seems to talk Timothy Wood's language.

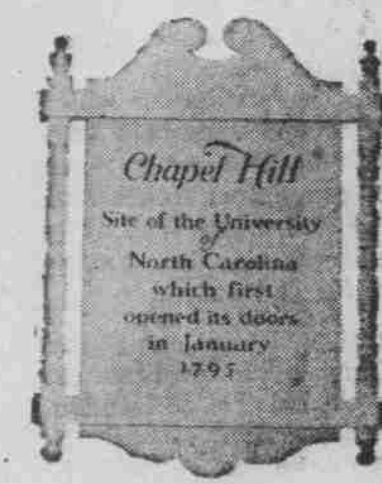
If we're to be a united nation, consolidated in the old ideals growing only in the soils of freedom, we cannot afford prejudice. Nationality, race . . . these spring from the impartial accident of birth, reflecting neither credit nor discredit. They're as unimportant in judging the quality of an individual as the set of an eye, the color of hair. Man's brotherhood is inherent in the experiences shared by every human being; birth, pain, struggle and death; innocence and guilt; worship and love. None is unique; none escapes.

Take a knife. Stab a Jew, a Christian of any creed, a Negro. Each bleeds. This is the blood spilled on many battlefields; the brother-blood. Few would attempt the experiment. But too many of us stab daily, with the light word, the criticism, ridicule, rumor, and lie . . . and in the back.

God, forgive us.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front

Who's Running For President This Spring?

Louis Kraar

AS THE intrigue of campus politics heightens each day (for the politicians), names of presidential candidates and their supporters change.

However, by now it is quite clear that the Student Party will run either Manning Munting or Don Fowler for student body president.

The University Party will run Ed McCurry for president.

★ THE REBEL Yell, the "news of Stacy" dorm, summed up the blazer situation this week quite adequately.

Blazers, as you remember are the school jackets "being pushed by the Inter-Dormitory Council.

Said the Rebel Yell: "Don't think those blazers sold as well as the I.D.C. had hoped they would. We understand that only about a hundred were sold in the two days they were on sale. Probably more of the blazers would have been sold had they been a little cheaper and advertised differently."

★ AFTER SO much talk about how Dook students invade Chapel Hill haunts (like the Rat), I decided to turn the tables on the Durham imitators of the Ivy League.

"Open to Duke students and their guests," the sign read in front of the Devil's Den. Overlooking the misspelling of Dook, I proceeded down the steps to the plush dance place and—at the same time—tried to look Ivy League.

The Den is Duke's counterpart voices of friends and critics of about twice as fancy, but also has an air of complete coolness. Even the photo murals on the walls have a detached air.

Specialties of the Den are fruit drinks (non-alcoholic, of course) with alcoholic-sounding names. It's a nice place, so if you find your week-end haunts dominated by Dookites, just swing over to Durham and repay the visit.

★ MOST STUDENTS remember poet Carl Sandburg by a short thing about the fog coming on "little cat feet."

Sunday night, over the NBC radio network, a salute to Sandburg was presented. And, after hearing the show, my faith in radio has been restored considerably.

Narrated by Dave Garraway, the Sandburg show told the story of an American poet through the voices of friends and critics of his work. Sandburg, the man, came through more clearly than high-C's on high-fi records.

The poet's brother-in-law described Sandburg at his first meeting: "He had a bang of hair like a big blob of snow on a pine tree." A friend observed him at work in a book store: "I don't think any human being smokes a cigar down to the minute dimension that he does." These, of course, aren't important facts about Sandburg, but they are the personal touches that round out his personality.

Sandburg's voluminous work on Lincoln seems to have established him permanently as an American literary figure. When Ernest Hemingway received the Nobel Prize, he cited Sandburg as just as worthy a recipient.

Sandburg himself joked that when future generations ask whether the poet ever won a Nobel Prize, critics will say: "Yes, Sandburg won a Nobel Prize—from Ernest Hemingway." It's heartening—at any rate—to see radio pay tribute to authors at a time when many college English departments require an author to be dead before they can praise him.

★ CARVED IN a desk in a creative writing classroom on campus: "Tommy Wolfe, 1920." However, I wouldn't suggest that Wolfe fans believe that the relic is genuine.

Shape Of Things To Go



After Catastrophe, The Millenium A World Embracing Vision

Ed Yoder

(This is the second of two columns on the Bahai Faith and Walter Wooten.—Editor.)

Must civilization be "purified" by destruction?

The members of the Bahai faith believe so—and believe that what Walter Wooten, the representative of the new faith on the Carolina campus, called a "severe upheaval" will not be long in coming.

The purge by catastrophe to which members of the Bahai faith look will, they say,

parallel the flood of Noah's time, will clear the air for the millenium.

The catastrophe will clear the air for the millenium of world government. Believing, as the Faith does, in the oneness of man, the uniform and continuous base of all higher religion, in world parliament and tribunal, it believes too that world government is the natural end of political progress.

SUPER-SPHERES

No matter what personal theological view you take of the Bahai teachings, their recognition of the need—and actual existence—of unity in the world holds an essential place. The Western world, for example, has gone a long way from isolation and city-statism in pre-Christian times to the super-spheres of influence cut out by Russia and the United States. Toybee, the great British historian, sees federation as the true end of political advancement.

So it is not inconsistent with world trends that in a time of division Bahai stresses—and has stressed since the first of Baha'u'llah's utterances—unity; that in a time of conflict, or impending conflict, Bahai stresses peace.

BAHAI AND THE LEAGUE

Interestingly, the Bahaiists believe their faith had a significant impact on Woodrow Wilson's thought in the days before his noble but ill-fated fight for the League of Nations. Wooten pointed out that Wilson, according to the testimony of his daughter, burned midnight oil over Bahai literature before 1909. The idea of world unity left its stamp on the thinking of Wilson—and one of the early sources of that idea, Bahaiists like to think, was the writing of Baha'u'llah. Man, according to Baha'u'llah's teaching, finds his identity in dedication to the cause of unity: "That one indeed is a man," he

wrote, "who, today, dedicateth himself to the service of the entire human race. . . Let your vision be world embracing rather than confined to your own self. . ."

The fundamental purpose animating the Faith of God and His Religion is to safeguard the interests and promote the unity of the human race, and to foster the spirit of love and fellowship amongst men. . . The earth is but one country and mankind its citizen."

MERCHANTS AND MONARCHS

But, the Faith holds, the new faith he represents have, perhaps, a significant message for this hour and generation. They deserve a hearing.

instruments of war—or by geological catastrophe—and at any time.

Space has not permitted much beyond a surface consideration of Bahai theology. Mr. Wooten urges those who find an interest in the faith to attend his periodical meetings.

But certainly any faith which stresses as strongly as Bahai the need for unity and harmony in the world has, by that virtue alone, a mandate on the consideration of thinking students.

Walter Wooten and the new faith he represents have, perhaps, a significant message for this hour and generation. They deserve a hearing.

Maryland, My Maryland: In The Classroom

Time Magazine

When Harry ("Curley") Byrd ran for Governor of Maryland last fall, his Republican opponents raised quite a fuss about one aspect of his career: his 18 years as president of the University of Maryland. As most Maryland voters knew, the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools had recently completed a thorough examination of the University, and rumor had it that its confidential report was far from favorable.

After keeping it under wraps for a month, the university's secret is out. The association's hayermaker: unless Byrd's successor William Elkins straightens out the campus by April 1956, the university may no longer be accredited . . .

Although football players number 1.5 percent of the student body, they got 54 percent of all undergraduate scholarship funds. Furthermore, said the association, some of their academic records were a farce.

Among the cases the association cited:

A physical education student who, in spite of credits earned for passing examinations in "Varsity Sports" was dropped after his freshman year in 1949, was readmitted the next fall even though he did not report for make-up summer school. Then he flunked out again, only to be readmitted in 1953.

Another physical education student who flunked out as a freshman in January 1953 but was promptly readmitted in February . . .

A football co-captain who, in spite of cheating on a physiology exam, inched himself up—after five years—to the junior class. His "junior" year curriculum: Sport Skills (a required freshman course which he had already taken), an advanced Sport Skills (a required sophomore subject), Basic Body Control (another required freshman course), Introduction to Education (which he had taken in his first year), American Government (which he had taken in his second year), History and American Civilization (which he had taken twice before with grades of D and F).

A New View The Petition

Timothy Wood

(The following appeared yesterday in the Letters to the Editor column of The Greensboro Daily News. Timothy Wood is a freshman in the University from Hope Mills.—Editor.)

Editor of the Daily News: I feel it my duty to comment on an article contained in your paper of Feb. 15 headlined, "Integration Opposed At UNC." This article stated that over 1,000 students signed a petition protesting racial integration in public schools, which includes and refers to the University itself.

The very fact that only 1,000 out of a total of over 6,000 students in the student body signed this petition is eloquent proof that by far the great majority are not in accord with the minority group.

As a former paratrooper attending Carolina on the GI Bill, I feel insulted that a fellow trooper with a different complexion is not wanted at the same school as myself. Perhaps if the cosigners of this petition had fought side by side with Negroes in combat, their views on racial prejudice might have been different. I hope so.

Both Sides Of Formosa Debate Ignoring Facts

Joseph Alsop

TAIPEI, Formosa—The amount of drivel being talked at home about a Formosa cease-fire really exceeds the reasonable public drivel allowance by many decibels. Judging by the echoes here, both sides of the debate have achieved an almost total disregard of the on-the-spot facts.

Presumably what they are arguing about is a guaranteed cease-fire down the middle of the Formosa Strait. The Chinese Nationalists would give up their remaining offshore islands. The Chinese Communists would give up their ambition to conquer Formosa and the Pescadores. And this arrangement would be guaranteed by other powers, with America and the Soviet Union in the lead.

Those like Sen. Knowland, who turn purple and bellow "appeasement" at the mere mention of such an arrangement, have forgotten the real facts of the Chinese Nationalist situation.

THE RE-LEASING

The offshore islands are only important to the Chiang Kai-shek government if one of two things is going to happen: if there is going to be an immediate battle for Formosa itself; or if the re-invasion of the mainland is going to be attempted. But the object of the cease-fire proposal is to avert a battle for Formosa. And the talk about re-invasion of the mainland is dishonest, or moonstruck, or both at once.

In the first place, as Sen. Knowland must know, Chiang Kai-shek has now been carefully re-leashed. The secret protocol of the Formosa treaty absolutely forbids any Chinese Nationalist attack on the mainland without American consent. American consent will certainly not be granted unless there is a general war.

In the second place, the Nationalists would not be able to attack the mainland without the most massive outside help, even if Chiang Kai-shek were unleashed all over again. Despite the inflow of American arms in fact, the Chinese Nationalists are steadily growing weaker in relation to the Communists.

The Peking government today has something like 20 divisions of all kinds, and it is strong and growing stronger in the air. The Generalissimo's government has not more than 24 divisions, with a very small air force. Even Chiang's navy is now inferior to the Communist navy. What honest man can talk seriously of re-invasion when this is the balance of strength?

In addition, the Generalissimo's soldiers from the mainland are aging fast. Replacement with Formosan recruits has already started.

The Formosans appear to be increasingly reconciled to the Taipei government. The American military advisory group thinks they will make good soldiers. But they have no personal attachments to the mainland. And Formosan troops will surely balk at any such hair-brained adventure as a re-invasion of the mainland that is not part of some much larger effort.

These facts bluntly indicate what should be the real role of Formosa. On the one hand, there should be a strong military force here, not for dream invasions, but to constitute a permanent threat on the Communist flank just in case the Peking government decides to start a general Asian war.

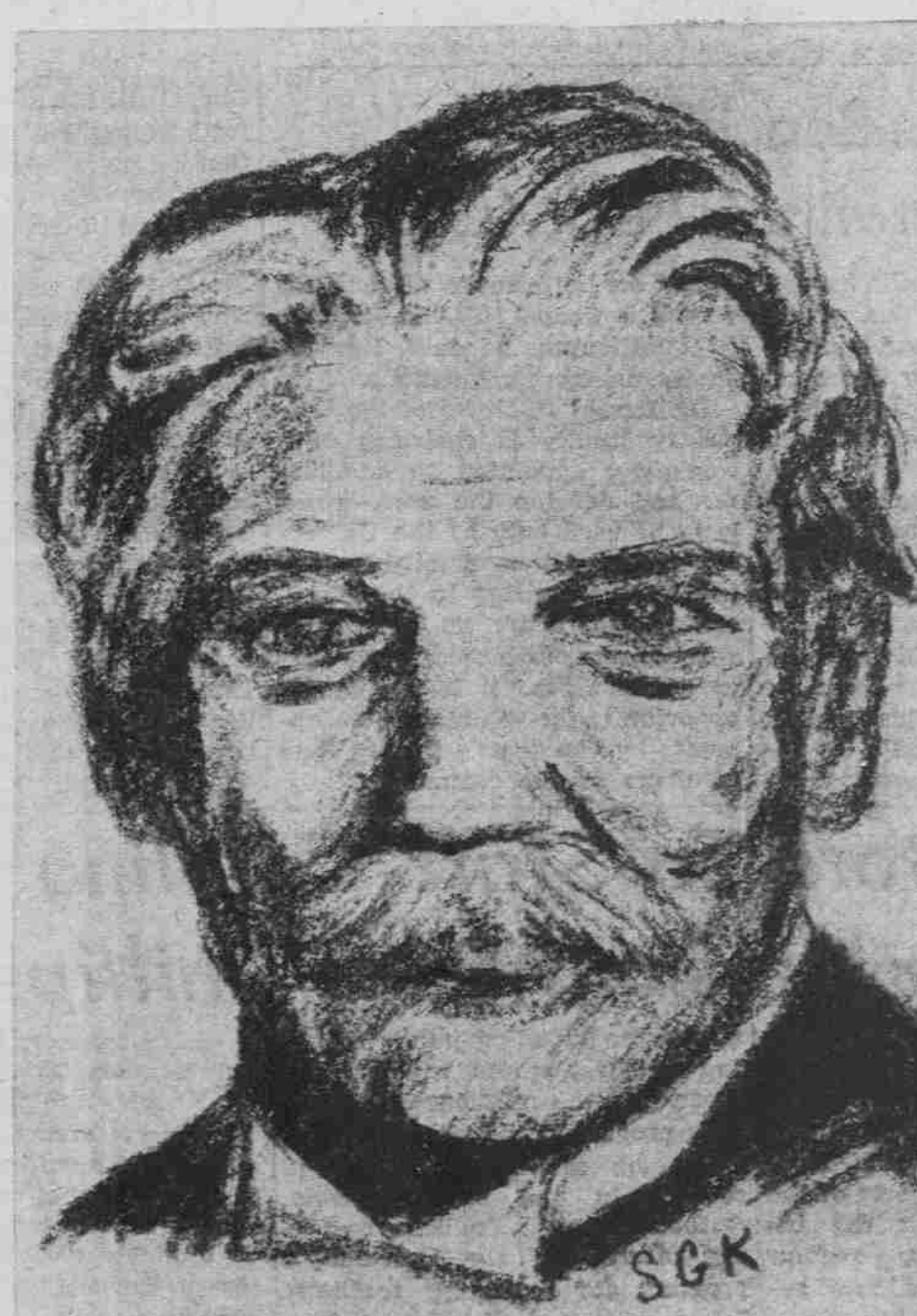
On the other hand, Formosa's primary aim should be that "political re-invasion" of the mainland which Prime Minister O. K. Yui himself admits must precede the military re-invasion. Conditions on the mainland are bad and growing worse. The Chinese people are like camels, bearing heavy burdens for long periods but finally rebelling at last straws. When and if the Communist last straw comes, Formosa should be able to offer the people of the mainland a hope and an alternative.

But the error of Clement Attlee, Sen. Morse and even President Eisenhower is to believe that a cease-fire can be obtained by wishing for it. It should not be necessary to answer the Attlee-Morse theory, that they way to do business with Communists is to be nice to them—to show goodwill by giving them the offshore islands as a gracious present.

Unfortunately the theory of the President and his policy makers does not seem to be much more workable than the Attlee-Morse theory. Judging by the Communist demeanor, there is almost no hope of getting a cease-fire on the present system, by mumbling that we just may fight for the offshore islands if we happen to feel like it that day.

There will be more hope of a cease-fire if we say that unless we get one, we are ready and willing to fight for the offshore islands, period! But even then, alas, the odds will only be even. The ugly truth is that a cease-fire may well be unattainable until the conventional moment, which is after there has been some firing.

Thinker, Doer, Healer, Artist



ALBERT SCHWEITZER

... No man is permanently a stranger

primitive, but suffering from even deeper diseases.

Schweitzer's religion is the religion of love. "No man," he has said, "is ever completely and permanently a stranger to his fellow man. Man belongs to man."

That sort of belief deserves examination in the day of Total Destruction. No man, we venture, should long remain a stranger to THE WORLD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER.—C. K.